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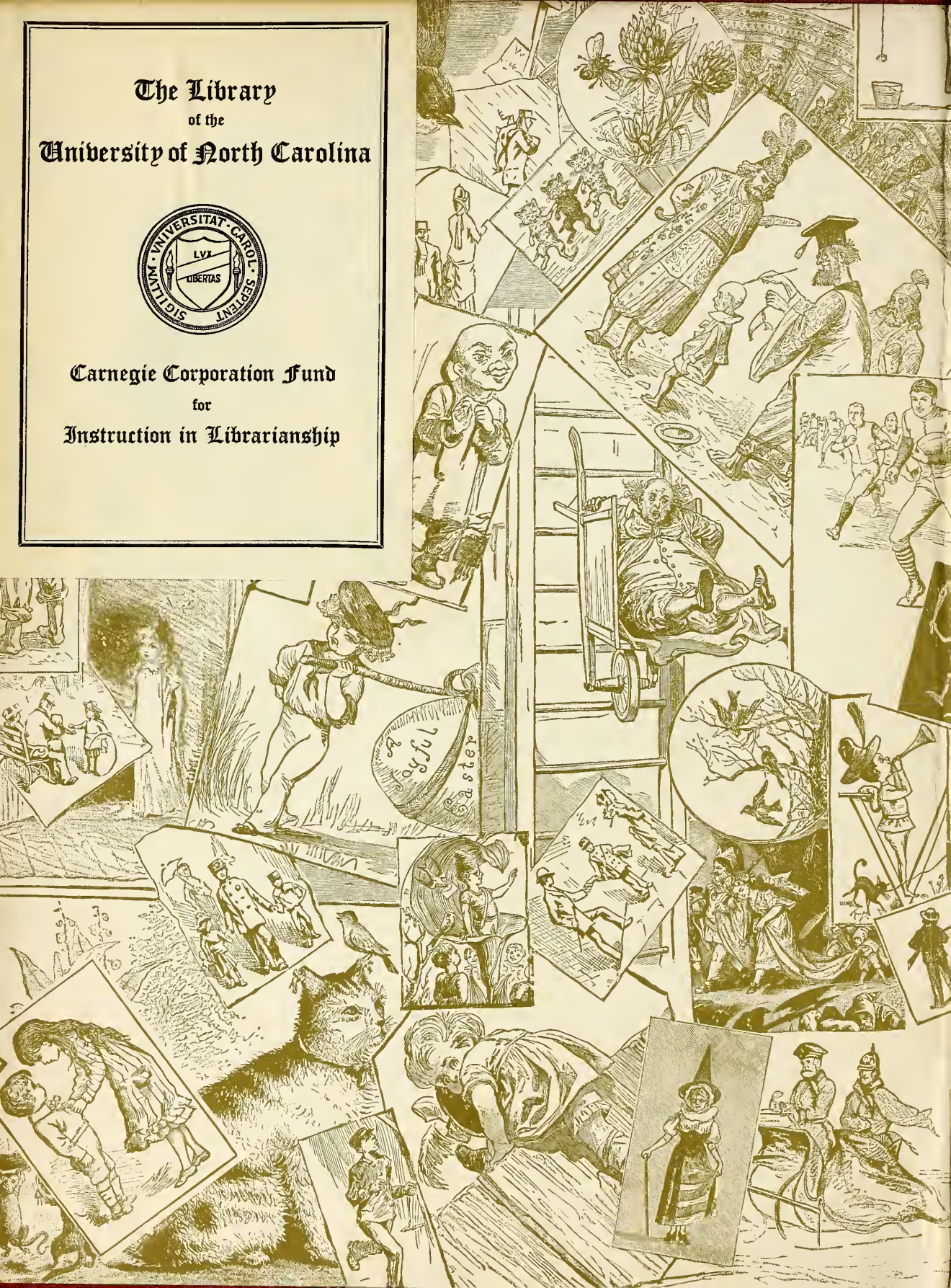
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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XXVI.

PART II., MAY, 1899, TO OCTOBER, 1899.

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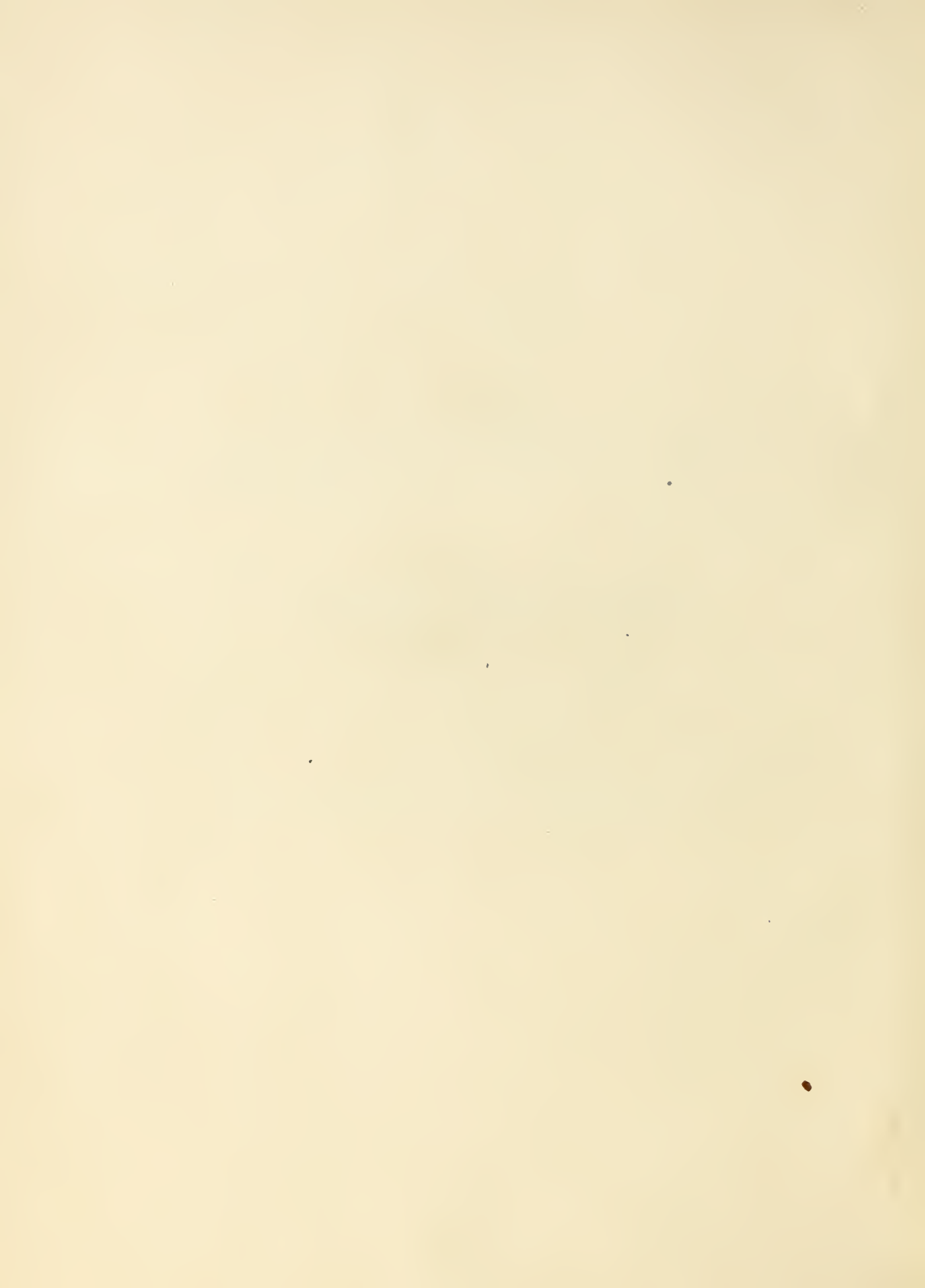
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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXVI.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1899, TO OCTOBER, 1899.



CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XXVI.

	PAGE
"APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL." Picture, drawn by Victor S. Perard	790
ARKICHITA: A TALE OF AN INDIAN DETECTIVE. (Illustrated by Jay Ham- bidge)	} <i>Lieut. W. C. Bennett</i> 893
BABY'S FIRST OUTING. Picture, drawn by W. E. Chapman	544
BAND, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated by George A. Williams).....	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 1005
"BELINDA" IN THE FORE-ROOM. (Illustrated by H. A. Ogden).....	<i>Ethel Parton</i> 757
BETTY, THE STORY OF. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 561
	650, 737, 840, 915, 1017
BOY'S RIGHT, A. Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary A. Gillette</i> 715
BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY. (Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer)	<i>E. H. House</i> 602
BUTTER BETTY BOUGHT, THE. Jingle	<i>C. W.</i> 861
CHESS CHAMPION, PAUL MORPHY, THE. (Illustrated by Otto Bacher).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 931
CHIQUITITO. (Illustrated by Henry S. Watson).....	<i>Stella Walthall Belcher</i> 1026
COLORED SUNS.....	<i>Dorothy Leonard</i> 808
COMING STORM, THE. Picture, drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer	1025
CREW OF THE "SANDPIPER," THE. (Illustrated by George A. Williams) ...	<i>Isabel Gordon Curtis</i> 709
CRUEL MISS NEWELL. Verse. (Illustrated by F. Y. Cory)	<i>Charles Battell Loomis</i> 861
DESSERT LAND, IN. Verse. (Illustrated by F. Y. Cory)	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 772
DEWEY, ADMIRAL GEORGE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 1045
DEWEY'S SWORD, ADMIRAL. (Illustrated)	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 591
DOES N'T HE? Jingle. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford).....	<i>Gertrude E. Heath</i> 987
DOZEN FROM LAKERIM, THE. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Rupert Hughes</i> 582
	680, 774, 862, 936, 1036
DROLL LITTLE FOLK OF SLEEPY DELL, THE. Poem. (Illustrated by F. Y. Cory)	<i>John Vance Cheney</i> 625
EARTHLY JOYS. Jingle.	<i>Christopher Valentine</i> 609
ELEPHANT, RIDING ON AN. (Illustrated by E. Potthast).....	<i>Lilian Allen Martin</i> 569
ELEVEN CITIES, THE STORY OF. (Illustrated)	<i>Emma J. Arnold</i> 1006
ENGLISH LANGUAGE, A SHORT STORY OF THE.....	<i>Jessie A. Chase</i> 593
FAIRY RING, THE. Picture, drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell	943
FAIRY STORY ABOUT A PHILOSOPHER'S STONE WHICH WAS LOST. (Illus- trated by the Author)	} <i>May Bowley</i> 817
FAMOUS LACROSSE STRUGGLE, A. (Illustrated by Henry S. Watson).....	<i>George Hounsfield Ford</i> 825
FASHION-PLATE GIRL, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Ina M. Boles</i> .. 722
FIGHTING "TÉMÉRAIRE," THE. Picture, engraved from Turner's painting.....	912
"FLOWERY." Verse	<i>Amos R. Wells</i> 1033

	PAGE
FOURTH OF JULY. Verse. (Illustrated by Charles H. Provost)	<i>Frances Amory</i> 723
FOURTH-OF-JULY JINGLE	<i>A. H. Honk</i> 773
FOURTH-OF-JULY JINGLE.	<i>Harriot Brewer Sterling</i> 773
FOXGLOVE FREAKS. (Illustrated by W. H. McIntire)	<i>Edith Carrington</i> 545
GNOME AND GOSLINGS. Picture, drawn by Maurice Clifford	860
GOLF ON THE PRAIRIE. Picture, drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell	928
GOOD FISHING. Picture, drawn by Mary B. Baker	911
GOOPS. Jingles. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Gelett Burgess</i> 611 699, 875, 963
GOOSE, THE STRANGE STORY OF A. (Illustrated by Mary B. Baker)	<i>Ella Rodman Church</i> 735
GREAT RED PLANET IN THE WEST, THE. (Illustrated)	<i>Mabel Loomis Todd</i> 663
GUIDE, MY LITTLE. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Will N. Harben</i> 1011
HAMMOCK, IN THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis)	<i>Annie Willis McCullough</i> 824
HAZY, MAZY, LAZY DAY, A. Picture, drawn by John Bolles	851
HOW B COMPANY BROKE THE STRIKE. (Illustrated by W. V. Cahill)	<i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i> 997
IMPROMPTU, AN. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Bertha W. Kennedy</i> 542
IN THE MOONLIGHT FIELD. (Illustrated by I. W. Taber)	<i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i> 955
JINGLES	609, 614, 645, 723, 773, 807, 823, 861, 892, 987, 1005
"JONESEY." (Illustrated by H. D. Nichols)	<i>Carrie Clark Nottingham</i> 692
KING, A. Verse	<i>Ella Matthews Bangs</i> 1005
LACK OF ATTENTION, A. Verse	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 823
LACROSSE STRUGGLE, A FAMOUS. (Illustrated by Henry S. Watson)	<i>George Hounsfield Ford</i> 825
LITTLE CADDIES. Pictures, drawn by George A. Williams and M. O. Kobbé	872
LITTLE RHODY. (Illustrated by William L. Jacobs)	<i>Charles Newton Hood</i> 619
LITTLE SUSAN BOUDINOT. Verse. (Illustrated by W. D. Stevens)	<i>Ethel Parton</i> 531
LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, A. (Illustrated from } photographs)	} <i>Rosalie Kaufman</i> 674
LUCINDY LISTENS. Verse. (Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis)	<i>Esther A. Harding</i> 551
MAGNETISM OF THE FISHING-ROD, THE. Pictures, drawn by Henry Meyer	754
MAKING OF A MASCOT, THE. (Illustrated by Henry S. Watson)	<i>Samuel Scoville, Jr.</i> 552
MARS: THE GREAT RED PLANET IN THE WEST. (Illustrated)	<i>Mabel Loomis Todd</i> 663
MARS, THE PLANET OF ROMANCE. (Illustrated by W. H. Drake)	<i>Mary Proctor</i> 658
MARY MAUD. Verse. (Illustrated by F. Y. Cory)	<i>Elizabeth L. Gould</i> 871
MAY MORNING, SONG ON. Poem. (Illustrated by A. B. Shepley)	608
MINOT'S LEDGE, ON. (Illustrated by M. J. Burns)	<i>Gustav Kobbé</i> 795
MOAN FROM THE GUARD-HOUSE, A. Jingle	<i>John C. M. Valentine</i> 614
MOONLIGHT FIELD, IN THE. (Illustrated by I. W. Taber)	<i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i> 955
MY LITTLE DOG. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Walter H. Cady</i> 807
MY LITTLE GUIDE. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Will N. Harben</i> 1011
NEW THEORY, A. Jingle. (Illustrated and engrossed by the Author)	<i>Maurice Clifford</i> 892
NIL DESPERANDUM. Verse	<i>John C. M. Valentine</i> 789
OPEN LETTER, AN. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 560
OPTIMIST, AN. Verse	<i>James Buckham</i> 687
OUTWARD BOUND. Picture	590
"OVER THE OLD RED BRIDGE." Picture, drawn by George A. Williams	722
PAUL MORPHY, THE CHESS CHAMPION. (Illustrated by Otto Bacher)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 931
PELICANTOWN. (Illustrated by Charles Knight and from photographs)	<i>Frank M. Chapman</i> 905
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE. (Illustrated from } photographs)	} <i>Rosalie Kaufman</i> 674
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE WHICH WAS LOST, A. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>May Bowley</i> 817
PHIL'S SECOND BUBBLE SHOW. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Meredith Nugent</i> 809
PICTURES.	544, 590, 624, 722, 754, 790, 797, 851, 860, 872, 911, 912, 914, 928, 943, 1025
PLEASED WITH HIMSELF. Verse	<i>Theodore C. Williams</i> 645
POLITE DEER, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 904
QUESTIONER, A. Verse	<i>Clara Marie Platt</i> 1024
QUICKSILVER SUE. (Illustrated by W. D. Stevens)	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 594 666, 764, 852, 944
RHYME FOR VACATION. Verse	<i>Isabel Russell McCurdy</i> 851
RIDING ON AN ELEPHANT. (Illustrated by E. Potthast)	<i>Lilian Allen Martin</i> 569

	PAGE
ROBERT SALETTE. Verse. (Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 707
ROUGH RIDERS, WITH THE. (Illustrated by George Varian).....	<i>Henry La Motte, M. D., 726,</i> 832
SAIGO'S PICNIC. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Anna A. Rogers</i> 533
SAILING-MASTERS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....	<i>Helen Gray Cone</i> 725
SAINT OLGA'S BELL. Poem. (Illustrated by Granville Smith).....	<i>Emma Huntington Nason</i> . . 848
"SANDPIPER," THE CREW OF THE. (Illustrated by George A. Williams) . . .	<i>Isabel Gordon Curtis</i> 709
"SEARCHLIGHTS." (Illustrated by H. Methfessel).....	<i>C. A. Methfessel, U. S. N.</i> . . 975
SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT. Picture, drawn by M. Clifford 624
SOAP-BUBBLE MAGICIAN, A.* (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Meredith Nugent</i> 746, 809
SONG FOR AUTUMN, A. Verse. (Illustrated by F. Y. Cory)	<i>Eric Parker</i> 988
SONG OF THE SEA, A. Poem. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Eric Parker</i> 883
SONG ON MAY MORNING. Poem. (Illustrated by A. B. Shepley)..... 608
SOUTHERN CROSS, THE. (Illustrated)	<i>Mary Proctor</i> 971
STAR, THE. Verse.	<i>Virna Woods</i> 808
STORY OF ELEVEN CITIES, THE. (Illustrated)	<i>Emma J. Arnold</i> 1006
STRANGE STORY OF A GOOSE, THE. (Illustrated by Mary B. Baker).....	<i>Ella Rodman Church</i> 735
SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Rose Mueller Sprague)....	<i>Caroline Evans</i> 609
SUMMONS OF THE SEA, THE. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Gerald Brennan</i> 688
TEARS OF PRINCESS PRUNELLA, THE. (Illustrated by F. Y. Cory)	<i>Evelyn Sharp</i> 989
TO A LADY IN THE MOUNTAINS. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 1034
TRAINING FOR BOYS. (Illustrated by Henry S. Watson)	<i>Samuel Scoville, Jr.</i> 638
TRINITY BELLS. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea)	<i>Amelia E. Barr</i> 571 627, 715, 798, 884, 977
TRIO, THE. Picture, drawn by Harriette Amsden 914
TURNER THE PAINTER. (Illustrated)	<i>Susan Preston Miller</i> 913
UNDER GREEN BOUGHS. Verse.	<i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i> . . 1033
VACATION TIME, IN. Picture, drawn by G. Bonawitz 797
WALKING PURCHASE, THE. (Illustrated by W. V. Cahill)	<i>George Wheeler</i> 1029
WARNING TO THE LAZY, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Charles Hope Provost).....	<i>Christopher Valentine</i> 960
WHAT DID N'T HAPPEN TO THOMAS. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Henry Wallace Phillips</i> . . . 928
WHAT WILLIE DID. (Illustrated by William L. Jacobs).....	<i>Frank H. Spearman</i> 645
WHY THE SEA IS SALT. Verse. (Illustrated by F. Y. Cory).....	<i>Mary Bradley</i> 924
YOUNGEST SON, THE. Verse	<i>Catharine Young Glen</i> 987

FRONTISPIECES.

"Little Susan Boudinot," by W. D. Stevens, page 530—"Little Rhody," by William L. Jacobs, page 618—"Robert Sallette," by B. J. Rosenmeyer, page 706—"The Lighthouse on Minot's Ledge," by M. J. Burns, page 794—"Hey for a Bucket, and Hey for a Spade," by George Varian, page 882—"A Moment of Rest," by Jessie Curtis Shepherd, page 970.

DEPARTMENTS.

BOOKS AND READING	607, 695, 782, 873, 961, 1049
COMPETITIONS. 695, 782
CURRENT EVENTS.	

Our Foreign Affairs—English Courtesies—The Largest Vessel—The Swiftest Vessel—American Ship-building—Progress in the Nineteenth Century, 612; The Division of China—The Samoan Rebellion—Telegraphing without Wires—An Enormous Telescope—Star-gazing at Midday, 697; Uncle Sam's Domain—The Oldest City in the United States—Room for All—A Virtue of Dust, 964; Glass Streets and Glass Houses—Light in Dark Places—An Animated Ironclad, 1051.

THE LETTER-BOX. (Illustrated)..... 613, 700, 788, 876, 965, 1052
THE RIDDLE-BOX. (Illustrated)..... 615, 703, 791, 879, 967, 1055



"LITTLE SUSAN BOUDINOT."

(SEE PAGE 532.)

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LITTLE SUSAN BOUDINOT

Daughter of Elias Boudinot,
President of the
Continental Congress.

Ethel Parton



LITTLE Susan, only nine, at the Governor's to dine
(Turkis locket, buff brocade,
Muslin tucker frilled and fine —
Far too fine to feel afraid in such elegance arrayed),
With her round young eyes a-shine,
Sat up still, and straight, and staid.

Little girls, as well she knew, should be seen, not listened to,
In their elders' company,
So her words were shy and few;
But her smile shone sunnily on *Sir* and *Madam* grand to see —
Towering comb and powdered queue,
Ruffled chest and ribboned knee.

Noting beau and belle in turn, much indeed she hoped to learn,
Till—alack, the startled haste
Of the wakening!— came an urn,
By a pompous butler placed nigh the hostess—silvern, chased,
And fragrant! *Tea*, that true folk spurn,
Tea—*taxed tea*!—she would not taste.

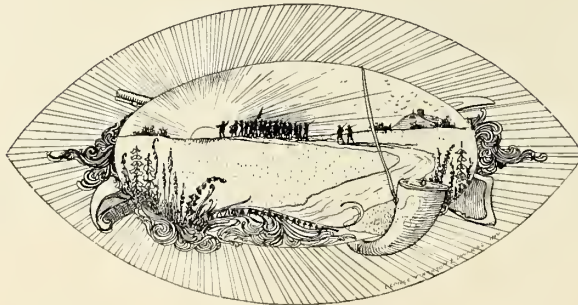
But her childish heart beat fast as the steaming draught was passed;
 Whig and rebel through and through,
 Daring half, and half aghast,
 Wondering just what she must do when a willow-patterned blue
 Cup should come her way at last —
 Brave to be, and courteous too.

Waiting — would they laugh or blame? — till the fateful moment came,
 And before the company
 The stately hostess spoke her name,
 Smiling toward her pleasantly: "Susan, here 's your cup of tea."
 Susan blushed with pride and shame,
 But she took it, mannerly,

Raised and touched it, face aglow, to her lips; then, curtsying low,
 (Very small and dignified,
 Darling Susan Boudinot!)
 To a window open wide crossed, and rained the tea outside
 On the marigolds below,
 That shriveled up and died!

Royal Governor and guest, startled Madam with the rest,
 Whig and Tory, laughed outright
 At the treason thus expressed:
 At the lady-air polite, and the blue eyes anger-bright,
 As the rebel stood confessed
 And fearless in their sight.

Soft cheek changing, red and white, little hand still grasping tight
 Her empty tea-cup, and below,
 Tapping wrathful, quick, and light,
 Where the full skirt ceased to flow, a tiny satin slipper-toe
 And a twinkling buckle bright —
*That, a hundred years ago,
 Was Little Susan Boudinot!*



SAIGO'S PICNIC.

BY ANNA A. ROGERS.



THE invitation was three yards and a half long, and trailed on the floor, as Hotsu, the head *amah*,* translated it into a mixture of Japanese and Chinese Pidgin-English to the four Story children, who stood in a row and listened feverishly, until the meaning came slowly out, half smothered in Japanese politeness.

Lee stood with his hands in his pockets and his feet so far apart that chubby Ned, who imitated everything his elder brother did, spread his short legs so ambitiously that he toppled over every now and then, and had to gather himself up and start a fresh balance. Nannette, who was next to Lee in age, and who had a twist in her nature for which she got far less sympathy than if the twist had been in her leg or arm, looked out of the nearest window, and pretended to herself that she was not interested. As for baby Julie, she had n't the very least notion what it was all about, but cleverly carried off the situation by sitting on the floor beside the second *amah*, and having a timely attack of giggles, her face hidden in Sona's long sleeve.

Briefly, the letter was from their little Japa-

nese friend, Saigo, youngest son of the Count of Minamoto, who humbly craved the great honor of "Lee-San and Edward-San Story's distinguished presence at the *sakura* (cherry-blossom) viewing at Mukojima, Tokio, on the following Tuesday."

Then it went on to say (setting aside Hotsu's strong *amah* accent):

"As it is your amiable foreign custom to allow sisters the privilege of being much in their brothers' society, I beg also for the presence of the Honorable Miss Nannette and the Honorable Miss Julie; in which case my own hardly-to-be-mentioned sister will be allowed to attend."

"Excuse my faint smile!" interrupted Lee, giving a snort of boyish delight at this, and proceeding to stand on his head and beat a wabbling tattoo in the air with his feet.

Ned's face flamed with a sense of deep injury, as there were mortifying reasons why his own babyfied costume prevented his following Lee's lead with any sort of dignity. The pang of killed manhood was only momentary, and echoing, "'Scuse my faint smile," he began to

* Nurse.

whirl madly about, looking more like a twirling dervish, with his full skirts flying, than he had any idea of. With a wild shriek of glee, Julie sprang up and entered the contest, thankful that the conversation had at last got down to a level quite within her comprehension. Nannette, her pretty face one pucker of misery, kept saying in a loud voice, so they would all be sure to hear:

"I sha'n't go to the horrid old picnic. You can all go, but wild oxen won't budge me! The idea! I think Saigo Minamoto is a — a — perfect —"

"Now, Nan, don't you go and be 'mimsy,'" shouted Lee, in his very comfortable voice, from his very uncomfortable position.

But Nan went on muttering, determined to be "mimsy" at any and all costs.

"Too much bobbery — more have got — no can finish," scolded Hotsu, looking severely about over her enormous native spectacles. Quiet was restored, and she droned on through the remaining foot and three quarters of invitation.

Of course they accepted and went — Nannette with the rest; Mrs. Story managed that without any outside assistance from "wild oxen."

Mr. Story was the American consul-general at Yokohama, and as he had weathered three consecutive Republican administrations, it followed that all the children had been born there. They understood and spoke Japanese after a fashion of their own, and had many friends among the Japanese upper class.

Count Minamoto was one of those obstinate old-fashioned nobles who lay like boulders in the path of new Japan. Not an inch would he yield in politics, costume, or manner of living to the pressure of his government toward European ideas, at that time all-prevailing. His sons were taught English and several other languages simply that they might be prepared later on to thwart the endless tricks of wicked foreigners, who, the count considered, were fast ruining his beloved country. Saigo's acquaintance with the Storys was encouraged solely on that account; and then, the count thought, surely the Americans were too young and primitive a people to have lost all their virtues! But, of course, neither the Japanese nor the American



"SAIGO BOWED SLOWLY TO EACH OF THE GUESTS IN TURN."

children knew anything of these important matters.

They were a riotous lot, — the Storys, — and when Hotsu and Sona took them up to Tokio, that fine April day, they were very thankful that the guard of the train had locked them into their compartment in English fashion.

When they arrived in Tokio, their young host Saigo met them at the Shimbashi station. He was about Lee's age, but half a head shorter, — a straight, lithe, dark little fellow, with a fine, delicate-featured face, splendid white teeth, and a smile "you could eat with a spoon," as Lee expressed it. Saigo was dressed entirely in the old-style native costume of his class: a short, square-sleeved, stiff coat, and very wide trousers (called *hakama*), all of rich, dull-colored silk; his hair in a queue on the top of his head, with temples smooth-shaven, — a tiny copy of his old-fashioned father. He bowed slowly and,

of course, without shaking hands, to each of his guests in turn, drawing in his breath in the most approved style. Two men-servants stood behind him, and bowed each time their little master did. They wore dark-blue costumes, with the Minamoto crest stamped in white on their dark "mushroom" hats and loose cloaks.

As the Minamoto family was so ancient and of such lofty degree that it could easily have counted back to the birth of the moon (no one daring to lay claim to the sun but the mikado himself), the second amah, Sona, was so overcome that she doubled herself up like a jack-knife, and remained so until Julie jerked her sleeve and said scornfully:

"Bowin' 's all finish, Sona; no wantcher chin-chin all day!"

Whereupon the tiny amah straightened up reluctantly, ducking suddenly again if the sacred eyes of the young Japanese turned in her humble direction. Neither Sona nor Hotsu approved of the offhand way these obscure American children treated his Honorableness.

Standing in front of Lee, Saigo began a slow, labored speech:

"It is thing better to visiting the cherry-trees immediate at Uyeno Park; for if a wind arise, alas! the flowers fly lige [like] birds away."

Here he gained time by throwing in a supplementary series of low bows, and the Storys unconsciously imitated him; even Julie dipped a tiny curtsy. Saigo then continued:

"So, if meeting with your approve, we going at the instant to Uyeno, and then, after the eye's enjoyment, we meg [make] hastily to Mukojima, there to partage [partake] the most miserable tiffin, and then meg try any small amuse."

Lee felt that the occasion called for what he would have termed "lugs" of some sort, and he was greatly embarrassed. He could have carried it off easily enough with any other boy by a jolly slap on the shoulder, but he had tried that once with Saigo, and it had worked disastrously; for all Japanese hate to be touched by either friend or foe, and Saigo had told Lee as much with flashing eyes.

There was an awkward silence after Saigo's speech, broken finally by Nannette, who said hurriedly:

"We think your plan is lovely, Saigo, and

have n't anything to say, but thank you ever so much."

Saigo turned a surprised look on her, and then on Lee's relieved face, and thought to himself: "What a strange people! The woman talks for the man, even when not addressed. The men are not as we are—my father has often said it."

After these necessary ceremonies they filed out of the station, and found awaiting them four handsome black-lacquered, double jinrikishas, also marked with the family mon, or crest. There were eight *kuruma*-men, or runners, two apiece for each little vehicle.

O Haru ("Miss Springtime"), Saigo's tiny sister, sat in one of the jinrikishas, and looked like a gray-and-pink butterfly with long, folded wings. She bowed slowly again and again,



"SAIGO'S TINY SISTER, 'MISS SPRINGTIME,' BOWED AGAIN AND AGAIN."

with a shy smile on her pretty painted face, the silver pins in her little black head fairly shivering as the Storys greeted her with a family shout.

Near by was a *betto*, or footman, holding

Saigo's rough-coated, half-broken Chinese pony, who twisted and pranced and pawed, and who had to be watched every second for kicks and bites.

Saigo gave an order, and in a flash he was on his pony, the children and amahs scrambled into their places; the servants harnessed themselves in a twinkling, one in the shafts of each jinrikisha, and one to a long rope, who then dashed on ahead with a shrill cry of warning to the crowds that filled the narrow streets beyond the station square.

Away they flew. Even Nannette, sitting beside little Springtime, forgot all about herself in the excitement, and she laughed aloud with the others. Of course Lee and Ned led the procession, and Saigo, his betto running beside him, kept as well as possible within talking — or, at least, within smiling — distance. Coming last, but happiest of all the long retinue, were Julie and Sona, chattering together in their funny English, as merry as two orioles swinging in their nest.

On and on, mile after mile, the dark-winged betto lightly flew beside Saigo's pony, having enough breath left to give the warning "Hei-i-i!" at each crossing. After a while a pink radiance appeared ahead of them on a hilltop, and Saigo called out to Lee:

"Uyeno! The cherry-blossom!"

"Uyeno, Nan!" called Lee, loudly to his sister, who, in turn, passed on the news to Julie, and Julie cried lustily:

"Amah tell baby chelly-b'ossom a long time; did n't you, Sona?"

And the two laughed in triumph.

And soon they were in a perfect pink world — above them everywhere, and under their feet, a carpet of fallen petals. The picnic party fell into a walk amid a crowd of gaily dressed, smiling, gentle-mannered people, out for the "sakura-viewing," pronounced by their morning papers to be perfect on that day.

Nannette's eyes filled with tears — she did n't know why, unless it was part of that very trying thing she had overheard grown people call "Nan's disposition."

An hour's rest and happy strolling at the park, then off they started once more for Mukojima, far away over by the river. Again the rush and the shouts and the wild excitement along the streets, and then again the line was forced into a walk by the crowd, far denser than before, only a little gayer, louder, freer, and not so well dressed.

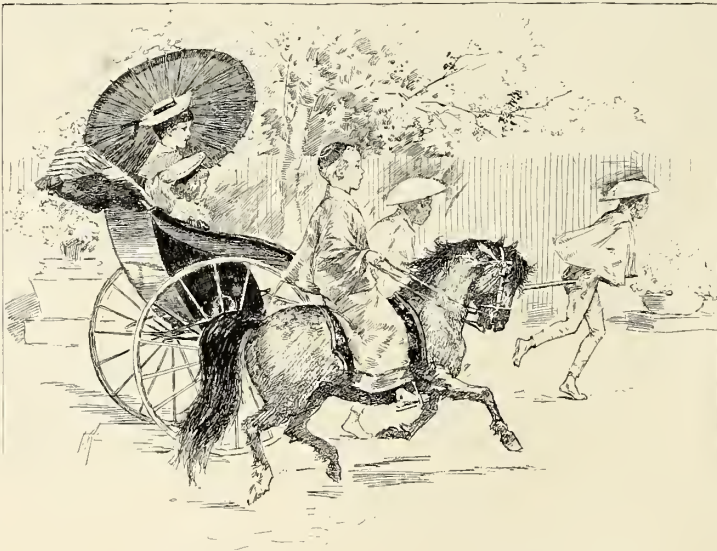
For two miles they went slowly along the beautiful avenue of flowering cherry-trees. On one side was the river, full of lazily floating house-boats, from which came sounds of music and laughing. Near the very end of the avenue, somewhat off the highway, was a quiet spot which had been selected for Saigo's picnic.

Under an old cherry-tree, which spread over him like a large bright parasol, was Mr. Pleasant Prospect, the Japanese tutor, whose dress was a greenish-gray silk, awaiting the party's arrival.

Mr. Pleasant Prospect wore a long, unsuccessful beard, and it

was to be seen at a glance that he had taken as his model Tenjin-San, the god of penmanship.

The coolies laid bright-colored rugs on the



ON THE WAY TO THE GROVE OF CHERRY-BLOSSOMS.



"AND SOON THEY WERE IN A PERFECT PINK WORLD — ABOVE THEM EVERYWHERE, AND UNDER THEIR FEET A CARPET OF FALLEN PETALS."

ground, and the children were soon seated, and all were watching with hungry eyes the unpacking of sundry interesting-looking boxes and bundles.

Saigo gave orders to the string of servants with all the serious importance of the colonel of a regiment, which illusion was somewhat spoiled by the way the regiment ducked and bobbed and smiled without a second's rest.

The tiffin was very long and complicated, with knives and forks thoughtfully supplied for the Americans, instead of the more proper chop-sticks.

The Storys got pains in their legs and agonies

in their backs, and they twisted and turned and wound and unwound themselves, to the vast astonishment of the Minamotos, who of course sat perfectly still on their heels, serene and comfortable through it all. The elaborate table etiquette of little O Haru was a sight to behold, and the contrast between her — to make no mention whatever of Saigo — and the Americans became at one point in the proceedings extremely painful. After several disappointing courses had been served, and the red lacquer plates and bowls had been ceremoniously changed a really wearisome number of times, little Julie suddenly announced in a querulous tone:

"My wantcher sam handwich, big and fick, and with lots of musted!"

Lee's "Why, Julie!" did not prevent a still louder repetition of the same uncivil but natural desire. The Story family as a solid body rebuked her. The Minamotos' little black eyes were riveted on their chop-sticks.

A sudden spirit of utter rebellion against empty ceremony seized Julie, and, probably with the fierce determination of keeping herself and her wishes well before the public, she rolled over on the blankets almost into the very center of the feast.

Thereupon, Lee and Ned rushed upon her, Nannette in a fury upon them all, and Hotsu had to be summoned before peace was declared.

It was an excessively shocking scene to the Minamotos. Saigo and Mr. Pleasant Prospect turned their heads away and pretended to be entirely absorbed in some grave question with the servants. Poor little O Haru sat with her head lowered on her breast, and even through all the white powder a deep blush showed as it ran over her delicate face and neck. She knew no etiquette for such an unheard-of emergency as this. When she reached home she must ask some of her elders, she thought, and so be prepared another time.

As Nannette arose from the family maelstrom, her eyes instantly took in this silent figure of shame and distress, and it made her very thoughtful and very unhappy.

After an awkward pause, the amahs and coolies once more flitted about, and the tiffin went smoothly on to the end.

Finally everything was cleared away, and the fifteen servants, all told, retired to a respectful distance to eat their own *taberu* (luncheon).

The children had a lively game of blindman's-buff for the much-needed exercise. Then Saigo suggested:

"What thing, my friends? Shall we now not writing the ode to the sakura?"

The Storys stared blankly at one another, not understanding him in the least. After several attempts at explanation in both Japanese and English, Lee exclaimed:

"Oh, I know! I've seen the papers hanging on the plum-trees at Suniat. You write some sort of poetry things to the trees,—compli-

ments and all that,—and then tie 'em up on the branches. Funny business, I think."

"But we can't do it, Saigo," said Nannette with a frown.

"Shall we, however, not attem' to try for what Lee-San says, 'for fon'?" asked Saigo, with smiling condescension.

"Fun?" growled Lee to himself. "Heaps of it — lyin' round loose!"

Turning to Mr. Pleasant Prospect, who sat apart reading, Saigo very politely made a request in Japanese. The tutor, evidently very much amused, began to prepare the ink tablets, and produced from his belt and sleeves several tiny writing-brushes and slips of paper, winning an almost embarrassing amount of applause when he proudly presented a lead-pencil to Lee, who cut it into thirds with an enormous pocket-knife.

Then began a great frowning of small brows, a twisting of mouths, and long, quivering sighs from the Japanese poets; and "Oh, dears!" and "Don't let 's!" and "Botherations!" and other even more active signs of the tortures of composition from the American youngsters. Fortunately for the more perfect flow of soul, Julie was sound asleep on Sona's knees, as the amah leaned nodding against a pile of baskets.

Lee almost regretted his recent surprising recovery from measles when he found he had to lead in the reading of the poems. His contribution proved to be such a jumble of American and English slang, spiced with coolie Japanese, that even Saigo's etiquette was put to it for the proper terms of admiration when it was over.

After much mixed abuse and coaxing, Nannette read hers very hastily and with averted face:

"Pink snow from a cloud fell.
This snow had the sweetest smell;
It must be so where fairies dwell."

Saigo fairly gasped, and did not get entirely over his astonishment all the rest of the day. He turned and translated it to Mr. Pleasant Prospect, who stared in his turn; and although Nannette never knew it, the direct result of her poetical effusion was a long and exhaustive study of the education of European women,

which kept the midnight *andou* (lantern) burning many a night in the tutor's modest room.

Ned relieved the pressure of the moment by reading triumphantly from his slip :

"Dear Miss Cherry-Tree,
Many thanks from me,
For you 're very nice to see;
But no cherries ever will be,
And that 's hard on a fellow that 's hungry."

Whereupon Lee laughed in brotherly fashion, and poor little Ned's heart suffered its first pang of unappreciated effort.

When Saigo's turn came, he said :

"With us the finish words of an ode do not — how do you say? — coincide to the ear." Then, after many further explanations and abject apologies, he was finally brought to the point of reading the following :

"The spirit of the Two-Swords is awakened in my inside heart when I look upon Japan's great beauty. I would be gladsome to fight for it some day, perhaps to die."

He looked so proud and fierce as he read this that they all felt very subdued for an instant. Then Lee bethought himself to pronounce it "'way up!" and of course no further comment was necessary.

Tiny O Haru had sat through all, with her pretty pretense of listening, and her low bow and smile of appreciation after each reading; but when Saigo took her paper to read it for her, the meeting broke up with a laugh, for there was n't a mark of any kind upon it. However, Mr. Pleasant Prospect stamped it with the Minamoto crest, and Lee held down one of the low-hanging branches of the beautiful old tree so she might tie her tribute with her own dimpled hands. When Lee was near dainty-O Haru he always felt as he did when he handed his mother her cup of four-o'clock tea: he liked the honor, but was glad when it was safely over.

A breeze hurrying by just then rustled the floating papers, and sent a shower of pink petals down upon the happy little upturned faces, and Nannette knew it was the sakura-tree's way of thanking them.

To Lee's great relief, there followed a very sudden and complete reaction from this un-

comfortably exalted state of mind by the appearance of a troupe of roving acrobats, who planted themselves close by and promptly began their performance. It consisted of four boy-tumblers, mere fat babies, whose bones were evidently of india-rubber. It was considered almost mean to let Julie go on sleeping, and soon her joyful pipe was added to the rest of the hubbub. An opposition show drew near, and was rewarded with instant success; for this time the theatrical company was comprised of two brown monkeys, dressed, of course, in tiny kimonos, with blue coolie handkerchiefs tied about their heads. They began by bowing in true Japanese fashion to the delighted audience; then they fell to fencing, with a terrible clashing of spears fully as long as pencils; and between each round the showman opened wee red fans and handed them to the supposedly overheated artists, who comically squatted and absent-mindedly fanned the grass about them. Lee and Ned fairly rolled on the ground with laughter, and Julie had to be held firmly on both sides, such was her frenzy of excitement. With a snort of perfect contempt, the other showman began to beat his drum and give sharp orders to his boneless babies. But they palled, after the monkeys; and no matter how many ages they stood on their poor little heads, nor how many scores of wheels they wheeled, despite their twists and tumbles and starts and screams and clappings and bowings, the eyes of the audience wandered back to where panted the sad-eyed monkeys in their striped cotton kimonos, glancing about with marked disapproval and a settled melancholy regarding the world at large.

Attracted by the jingle of copper sen, showed equally by the sympathetic tutor, other roaming shows and musicians drew near, and soon the picnic party was the enraptured center of a hullabaloo that could be heard a quarter of a mile away. Such was the stress of the occasion that Ned and Julie could no longer be treated as if in their right minds. Through all, the Japanese children never for an instant lost their quiet, smiling, dignified air of condescending amusement.

The drums of the acrobats beat furiously; the samisens tinkled; the showmen shouted; the

children laughed and screamed. Finally, just as Lee had to himself pronounced the occasion to be unquestionably one of the really greatest hours of his life, what should queer Nannette do but surprise all the party in an odd manner; for she suddenly burst out sobbing! No one ever knew how "poor Nan" was going to take a thing! Mr. Pleasant Prospect secretly smiled and thought to himself: "Oho! behold the same woman under all." Then he waved off the traveling artists, and peace and silence followed once more under the old sakura-tree.

Hotsu then must needs assert herself, and demanded the time; whereupon three abnormally large silver watches, dragged from masculine abysses, agreed (more or less) that it was four o'clock, and high time they were catching their train. Then ensued such a rush and scramble among the amahs and coolies, such a hasty packing and slamming and stuffing of baskets and boxes into jinrikishas! And then off they started in line once more, each little head turning for a last look at the cherry-tree, which would certainly have made a bow if there had only been a little more wind.

Fortunately, the crowd had greatly abated since morning, so they made fair time down the long sakura avenue.

At the end, O Haru, from her jinrikisha, bade

them good-by, as she and her amah were to return directly to the Minamoto *yashiki* (dwelling). So, with many a bow and soft "Sayonara, sayonara" (good-by), turning to each of the little

guests with a smile, O Haru floated around the next

corner, like the gayest little butterfly in all that land of brilliant flowers.

The long wait had had an unhappy effect upon Saigo's vicious pony, and when they started he did everything but stand on his head after his small master's sinewy legs gripped his sides. He kicked, he bolted, he backed, he tried every ruse known to the horse-brain to get the bit between his teeth; but Saigo sat like a little bronze statue—solemn, apparently all unconcerned, and excessively dignified. How any boy could manage it with silk trousers as broad as Nan's petticoats, and an arrangement of hair popularly known as the "gun-trigger" style, was frankly beyond Lee's comprehension, if well within the lines of his honest admiration.

The antics of the pony forced Saigo finally from the head to the foot of the line, with only the ever-alert capering betto beside him.

With the reverence for all animal life deep



"LEE HELD DOWN ONE OF THE LOW-HANGING BRANCHES OF THE BEAUTIFUL OLD TREE SO SHE MIGHT TIE HER TRIBUTE WITH HER OWN DIMPLED HANDS."

down in his Buddhist heart, Saigo was bent on avoiding trampling upon two sleeping dogs who sprawled comfortably in the road, deaf even to the betto's yells, when the horse shied so violently that even Saigo lost his seat, and was thrown to the ground before the betto could do more than catch the pony's rein.

"You are hurt, *danna-san!*" (master) cried the frightened betto, clinging, swaying, to the horse's head, and striving to reach and help Saigo. A crowd gathered, shutting them off from the rest of the party.

The Japanese boy struggled to his feet, and even before he could speak he beckoned imperiously to the betto to bring his horse to him.

"I beg the honorable master not to mount again; I beg, O my *danna-san!*" exclaimed the betto, backing away.

"Bring the horse at once," ordered Saigo.

The betto was a quick-witted fellow, and under the pretense of earnest entreaty he let the reins slip, and with a neigh of triumph and a flourish of unshod heels, off went the pony.

Then Saigo-San's black eyes and quivering nostrils were a sight to behold, and the betto stood with bowed head and took the storm which followed—smiling, of course, to show that even the scolding of the distinguished master was a pleasure and privilege to listen to. Suddenly Saigo stopped and turned very white, and staggered rather than stepped into a passing jinrikisha hastily summoned by the betto, who had noticed that the little master's right arm hung perfectly limp and helpless by his side. However, he dared say no more than "Minamoto *yashiki,*" to the coolie in the shafts.

"No, no, betto! How dare you give an order? My guests are awaiting me. To the Shimbashi station at once; and hurry—hurry!

A silver yen if you catch the train!" cried Saigo-San; and away they flew. Even as he spoke he leaned back and shut his eyes in agony.

As the betto sped along, pushing from behind, he pictured himself kneeling before the great master, telling him about his son's courage in such glowing terms that his own shortcomings should be left in the shade or forgotten outright in the first gush of fatherly pride, and he would be allowed to lift his forehead from the floor and depart backward, a chastened but freely forgiven under-betto.

At the station Saigo tossed a silver piece to the breathless coolie, turned to the betto, and said: "Silence—do you understand, you wooden thing?" Then, with a face white and dripping with perspiration, but with a firm step and the smile that masked everything, the boy drew a deep breath, and hurried through to the inner platform. The Storys greeted him with so many questions that it was not necessary to answer. There was time only for a shower of good-bys and thanks, which became part of the queer loud singing in Saigo's head.

The Americans climbed into their places, and promptly leaned out of the car windows, chattering like magpies. Saigo stood bowing and smiling; beside him Mr. Pleasant Prospect; close behind him the watchful betto; and back of that a perfect dark-blue sea of Minamoto servants, panting, bowing, and murmuring, "Sayonara, sayonara."

The whistle of the locomotive sounded, the native guard blew his toy trumpet, and the train moved slowly off. A little cloud of Story handkerchiefs waved frantically from a car window; and then, when it was all over, the smile died suddenly out of Saigo's face, and he fell back unconscious into the arms of the betto.



AN

IMPROMPTU.

By

BERTHA W. KENNEDY.



THIS impromptu was a play. The stage was in the back parlor, and "Bluebeard" was to be produced for the first time by home talent. The young performers required only a very short time to make all their preparations and arrange their costumes, including the manufacture of the very important blue beard. First, a scrap was torn from the old white fur rug in the play-room, dipped into strong blueing water, and laid on the register to dry. This made a beautiful blue beard, a trifle stiff, perhaps, but all the more fearsome-looking for that. While this was drying there was time for a hurried search in the attic for dresses. Fatima found an old pink cambric gown, which she tucked up a little in front and left to trail majestically behind. Sister Anne arrayed herself in a white Mother Hubbard, and tied the sash well up on her waist to give it an Empire effect. Bluebeard was helped into his baggy trousers (old golfing trousers were just the thing), a carving-knife was stuck under his belt, then the beard, with a great deal of care and a very little mucilage, was properly adjusted, and all were ready to go before the footlights.

When the curtain was drawn, and Bluebeard came on with awful strides, it must be confessed that the fair Fatima trembled—or did she shudder?—as she watched his imposing approach.

Truly he did look fierce. The bright blue of his beard seemed to cast scorn upon the brilliant red of his hair,—she had not noticed this

before,—and each individual freckle stood out boldly, indignantly protesting against the insult offered to, or, more properly speaking, glued on to, his pink cheeks. And then, he carried such a frown!

"Wife," he roared,—and she trembled still more,— "I am going on a journey, and I leave my keys with you. You may open all the doors in the castle, but DON'T YOU OPEN THIS ONE!" And he carefully selected and savagely shook one of the keys in her face. She took them, and was evidently relieved when her bellowing spouse departed.

Now Sister Anne came tripping in, and Fatima quickly recovered herself. Here was this huge castle to be explored, and all its fabulous treasures to be examined. Together they tiptoed around the room, turning keys in imaginary locks, and exclaiming with admiration over each familiar rocking-chair and picture. At last they stood before a bookcase with its doors closed and locked.

"Let's just peep into this room, Fatima," suggested Anne.

"He said I must n't unlock it."

"Pshaw! I would n't be afraid of my husband!" (That is the advantage of an impromptu, you know: you make your own lines and can speak your own mind.)

Slowly and with trembling fingers Fatima turned the key, in the real lock this time,—it was all getting very real to her now,—and slowly she opened the bookcase door. A row of poets in red bindings met her eye, and with a horrified shriek she fell back into her sister's arms. The careful Anne whispered to her to drop the key; then she too shrieked aloud, and the curtain fell on the end of Act I.

When the storm of the applause had ceased,

and the audience had somewhat recovered itself, the curtain was lifted once more, and Act II. began. A basin stood on the piano-stool in the center of the stage. Fatima and Sister Anne were busy scrubbing the telltale key—with care lest they should rub off the red ink. Loud steps were heard approaching. Fatima

Fatima tremblingly held out the bunch. Without even a glance at them, he frowned an awful frown, and said:

• “They are not all here; get me the other one.”

It was useless to stammer out any excuses; she was too much frightened. Looking genu-



“‘ARE YOU READY?’ THUNDERED BLUEBEARD, AS HE FLOURISHED THE CARVING-KNIFE.” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

started, and slipped the key into her pocket just as Bluebeard appeared in the door.

“How d’ ye do?” he said, with a cheerful smile. Then, suddenly remembering himself, he dropped his voice to its former awful tone and demanded: “Wife, give me my keys!”

inely guilty, she took from her pocket the blood-stained key. He glanced at it,—for the sake of appearance only,—and said briefly: “Now you have got to die.”

Then—according to the picture in his book—he seized her and held her by the hair.

"O Sister Anne, go up into the tower and see if our brother is coming!" (They could afford only one brother.)

Sister Anne promptly mounted the back of a large library-chair in one corner of the room, and bent her eager gaze far off upon the wall-paper.

"In three minutes you must die!" roared the awful Bluebeard.

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?" called Fatima, as she knelt trembling before her slayer.

"Only the grass in the fields, sister dear," replied Anne, in a mournful tone.

"Only two minutes more!" warned Bluebeard—who, in spite of his ferocity, seemed, after all, rather accommodating and willing to give the delayed brother a chance.

"O Sister Anne, Sister Anne! don't you see any one coming?"

"Only the dust in the road," replied Anne, in the same sad tone.

"Are you ready?" thundered Bluebeard, as he flourished the carving-knife. This was too much. Poor little Fatima lost faith in the coming brother (Joe never was on time), lost faith in the blue-bearded brother (he had never been like this before), and bursting into a flood of tears, she rushed out into the audience and threw herself at her mother's feet, sobbing: "I didn't—know—Tommy—could—be—so—fierce!"

Bluebeard and Sister Anne looked on astonished.

"That is because you are a red-headed Bluebeard," she said in an accusing tone.



THE BABY'S FIRST OUTING.



BY EDITH CARRINGTON.

LET me caution everybody against going to sleep, as I did once, beside a tall foxglove with my head close to a furze-bush, for fear they should have such a vision as I had—a vision that, I am afraid, will make me feel small for the rest of my life.

It was a wild place where it happened—a bit of moorland covered with rough lumps of gray granite, which sparkled here and there between the patches of orange and brown lichens. There were dwarfed furze-bushes in between, all yellow with bloom, and great foxgloves shot up here and there from the matted heather all the way down the steep hillside. Some of them were as tall as a man, and they trembled and bowed, nobody knows how or why, although no air seemed to be stirring; and then all the downy dappled bells shook themselves with a dreamy murmuring.

I had lost my gloves and torn my dress and broken my sunshade, and done all the things that one always *does* do in scrambling across a piece of moor, and I was tired.

It was no use searching for my gloves any more, so I found a comfortable thymy bank and a slanting stone to lean against. There was a furze-bush growing close to it, and a small fir-tree above, which gave a little shade, and under it a great foxglove,—the king of all the foxgloves, I should think,—with four bells abreast down below, and a dwindling spire which tapered away seven feet at least from the ground, before it ended in the tucked-up

primrose-green buds. This foxglove was quite a piece of business for a bee,—and it took him a long while to work his way to the top. I watched one doing it. What an air of vexation he put on when he found that another bee had been there before him! He came out of the bell with a kind of fling, and with a sullen boom plunged into the next, or went round to the back of the flower, and impatiently tore a hole to get at the honey in a house-breaking sort of way—quite flying in the face of “holy Mr. Herbert’s” words:

Bees work for man, and yet they never spoil
 Their Master’s flower, but leave it, having done,
 As fair as ever and as fit for use;
 So both the flower doth stay and honey run.

Then a pair of hawks came skimming round the corner of a great rock close to me, with pointed wings like two skiffs, and rapidly tried to back water, with a tremendous scutter, bustle, and flapping when they saw me. Next a small wren came, with something in its beak, and put its head on one side, making a scolding noise, so evidently directed at me for being too near the great ball of an overgrown nestling,—the last of the last brood,—which it was going to feed, that I edged myself a little farther round, closer to the foxglove and the furze-bush.

In a minute there was a rustle in the grass, and a tiny brown mouse peeped wistfully at me, and dropped the seed it was carrying. The look said so plainly, “You ’re sitting on my

burrow!" that I had to move again—till I was almost in the middle of the furze-bush.

"It's too bad!" I said to myself, as I lay sleepily back. "I seem to be intruding wherever I go; and it is n't in the least comfortable here." It was n't, either; for a spider, with a marvelous body like a green pea, only twenty times brighter, and a scarlet head and legs, had let himself down out of the fir-tree. He sat on my lap for a few minutes, "with his arms akimbo," as if he were thinking where to begin—for he evidently looked on me and my sunshade as an opportunity for a web which might not occur again. So he began weaving a mesh all over me. Even my nose was not respected, for he let out a floating line to it as if it were a sort of cape or headland, and then ran across it like a bridge, and tickled my face and woke me up as fast as I fell asleep.

"There's no peace anywhere, I believe!" said I, as I drove the spider away for the fourth time.

"Peace?" cried a shrill voice at my ear. "No; of course not."

It was not the spider. He had taken umbrage at last, after being brushed away so often, and was gone to the gorse-bush instead.

There was no one near that I could see. I looked round. There was the pale blue sky the same as before, and the great foxglove with rows of bells—row above row—towering over me. It swayed gently to and fro, and a gentle tinkle seemed to come from the topmost bell. I could see something moving inside it which at first I thought was a bee or an insect of some kind. But presently there dropped from it a little fairy man with a crown on his head. I watched to see what he would do. First he dragged at the tallest grass-stem he could find till he managed to root it up; and then, using the tufted end of the grass just as the little street boys use their sticks when they clatter them along the area-railings, he struck it down all the foxglove bells, one after another, and set them all a-ringing like a thousand chimes. And out of the bells swarmed—I could see them plainly—clouds and clouds of tiny winged creatures like himself. From all the bells they poured in troops, and the first

one, with the crown on his head, flew down and settled on my knee.

"Why don't you leave folks' gloves alone?" he said. "Because you have lost your own gloves, is that any reason why you should take other folks' gloves?"

I looked down at my hands, and saw that in an idle mood I had picked up the cast-off pink hoods which the foxglove had shaken down, and had fitted one on to the top of each finger.

"I did n't mean any harm," said I. "I will take them off, if you like."

"You can't!" said the wee man. "Only just try!"

And sure enough, the pink hoods would not come off without tearing, and as fast as they tore they mended themselves again.

"If only all gloves would do the same," I thought to myself, "how very convenient it would be!"

"You are in our power, now that you have put our gloves on," went on the little man, "and you are my prisoner."

"Nonsense!" said I, "I shall go home when I like"; and I tried to get up and go away, but I found myself caught by the hair. Thousands of the little beings I had seen had seized each one of them a hair, and had tied it separately to one of the spears of the furze-bush. I could no more move than I could fly. It was only by squeezing my head round and looking out of the corners of my eyes that I could see them, all busy like so many minute sailors with ropes.

It was of no use for me to put up my hands and try to free myself, for the tiresome fairy gloves made my fingers all thumbs, and I was too fond of myself to endure the wrench it gave me to try to get my head clear by sheer dragging.

It was not pleasant, but somehow I had a kind of soothing sense, underlying everything, that it was a dream, and that I could wake up if I tried very hard.

"And now," said the little fairy on my knee, "where do you expect to go to when you die?"

I really was not prepared to answer this question all of a sudden, so I shuffled. "I

don't think I am going to die just yet," said I, evasively.

"Don't be too sure!" said the little fellow, earnestly. "Think what a good riddance it would be if you did! What does such a great lump of rubbish as you do here, lumbering up the place?"

"Come, come!" said I. "It is not so bad as all that." For I quite flattered myself that I was rather a useful person. "I can't help taking up a little room, it is true, but I try to do something to earn my keep."

"Earn your keep!" cried the little sprite, with a shrill shriek, getting up and springing about in an ecstasy of excitement. "Earn your keep! Here—show this puffed-up human creature what her keep is! Add up the bill and tell her what it comes to! Then let her see what she has to set against it!" And he began to rush wildly to and fro till he found a hollow stalk of grass, put it to his mouth like a trumpet, and blew the most piercing blast I ever heard—just like a gnat in the very inside of your ear.

At the sound the air became quite thick with little fairies of all sorts and sizes. Some came rowing down through the air on boats made of leaves; some came on the backs of grasshoppers or butterflies; some seemed to spring up out of the ground.

They all came crowding round me in swarms, like the flies on a hot day—some of them settling on me in the course of their airy dance.

The king of the foxglove sat in the middle. "What did you have for dinner yesterday?" said he, solemnly.

"I don't remember," said I, "and it really is not of any importance."

"What are you going to have for dinner to-day?" he went on.

"I don't know," said I.

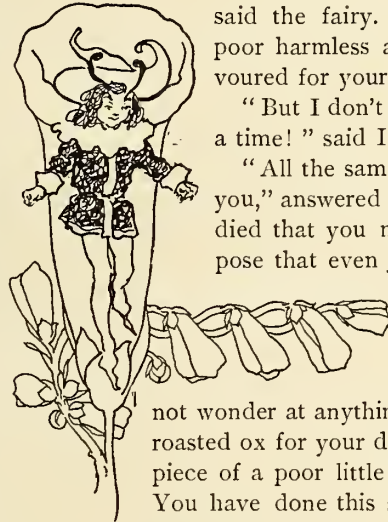
"Show her! show her!" cried the little king; and instantly millions of the fairy things held up a mirror before my eyes—it looked just like the tiny pool among the rushes which was a few yards from my feet. But the mirror seemed to be alive, for the things in it were

like a moving picture. There were green fields and rivers, and in the fields were cows feeding, and sheep and lambs by hundreds and thousands. There were hares and rabbits, pigeons, partridges, and pheasants, too. And every sheep, lamb, and ox, as well as every other creature, lifted its eyes and glared at me reproachfully until all the mirror seemed a mass of eyes like a peacock's tail, and I hid my face in my hands, for I could not bear the sight.

"That is only a part of your 'keep,'" said the fairy. "Those are all the poor harmless animals you have devoured for your dinner every day."

"But I don't eat a whole animal at a time!" said I.

"All the same, they were killed for you," answered the little fairy. "They died that you might live; for I suppose that even *you* would not like to



take bites out of them while they were walking about—though I should not wonder at anything you did. You had roasted ox for your dinner yesterday, and a piece of a poor little lamb the day before. You have done this sort of thing for over thirty years, and it mounts up. An account is kept, though *you* may find it convenient to forget. That is not all. Look again."

Then the face of the mirror seemed to melt into water, and I was looking into the depths of the sea. It was full of fishes, both little and big, even down to shrimps and prawns, and they all stared at me just as the beasts had done.

"And now, look here," said the fairy, and the scene in the glass changed to dry land again. There was a sort of sandy desert, with things moving about on it as far as the eye could see. It looked like one vast poultry-yard.

"You are wrong for once," said I, "if you mean to say I ate all those. I don't like poultry, and I never touch it."

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?" said the little elf, mockingly. "If you eat an egg every day for the year—let me see: there are three hundred and sixty-five

days in a year; and you are over thirty years old, you say?"

"I did n't say so; and I don't *always* eat an egg for my breakfast," I broke in.

"Well, if you don't, other people do," said he, "and some of them eat two or three."

"But I hope I have n't to answer for what other people do; have I?"

"I don't know," said the little sprite, very slowly, with his head tilted on one side as if he were thinking deeply. "I am not sure. If *some one* had n't invented eating eggs, for instance, and set the example, other people would n't have gone on, you know. What do you see in the mirror now?"

"I see a thing like a cabbage-garden, or like a wood—at any rate, a lot of growing things. And if it is a cabbage-garden, I don't eat cabbages, because—"

"It is n't a cabbage-garden," said the fairy. "Look again. The mirror is clearer now."

"It looks like a lot of trees; and there are little brown things skipping about in them. Squirrels—yes."

As I spoke one of the squirrels suddenly darted out of the wood and sat up on the ground close by me.

"Last year she ate a whole forest," said the squirrel, looking reprovingly at me, but speaking to the fairy.

"I did n't," said I.

"You did," said the squirrel,—"for dessert. As if you had n't eaten enough (and too much) before!" And the squirrel set up his brush of a tail quite stiff with indignation, and pointed to a picture in the mirror of a plate of filberts with a pair of nut-crackers at one side.

"It's too bad!" said the squirrel, sulkily. "You'll go and do it again this year. I only wish you had to split them with your teeth, the proper way; that would make you slower, at any rate. As it is, if the nuts you eat were only planted—"

"She lays waste acres of corn-land at each mouthful of bread she eats!—let alone destroying whole orchards by eating apples!" said a very small treble voice, which came from the little mouse whose domestic arrangements I had disturbed before.

"There's no safety from her! Wherever

she goes she treads on people!" said a humpy-looking beetle, who was crawling up the rock in a sticky, slow way in his blue-black coat of mail.

"She's a burglar!" cried another voice, which was rather muffled, as if the person who spoke had his or her mouth full; and I saw that it was a large snail with horns in full play, looking quite pugnacious. "Burglary with violence is an every-day affair with her. How would *you* like it if somebody broke into your house and smashed it while you were sitting comfortably inside? Look at my brother there in the path—nothing but a squash! It is most distressing—and I had a narrow escape myself."

"I am sure I don't like stepping on snails," I began; but I was interrupted by a thousand voices above and around, all crying: "Something ought to be done with her! She's a perfect nuisance, coming out here, treading everything to bits just as we are blossoming so nicely!"

"How am I to mend *that*, do you think?" and a frail little yellow rock-rose nodded its head at a baby bud on which I had accidentally set my foot.

"It's the same with the wild thyme and heather!" cried all the little flower-spirits. "You trod them under with your great boots, and they are quite crushed, I tell you. You have done more mischief in half an hour's walk than the fairies can mend in a whole year!"

Then all the scolding and shrieking died away, as if everybody were waiting for an answer.

"Say something, do!" said the little fairy man, impatiently.

"I am very sorry," began I; "but I really can't help it. What am I to do? I must exist somewhere, you know; and if I can't do it without causing so much havoc—"

"Havoc, *indeed!*" cried all the injured voices again. "Burglary, murder, and destruction dog your footsteps wherever you go, and your breath poisons the air! Have you nothing to say for yourself, instead of sitting there like a great silent heap?"

By this time I began to feel rather "low"—like poor Hamlet when he said, "What do

such fellows as I, crawling between heaven and earth?" It really did seem, now that the matter was fairly set before me, so terribly disproportioned an amount of waste that went to the support of my life. Yet I plucked up my spirit, and said, rather falteringly, it must be confessed: "Well, I can't help it; I must live."



"*Must* you!" cried the fairies, and the air was filled with mocking shrills of laughter. "Why, what's the good of you? What's the good of *you*—of *you!*—*you!*" The sound echoed away like a sudden rushing wind dying down among lonely hills, and there was a pause again.

"A great deal of good!" said I, indignantly. For, however much we may like to say that we are useless, we generally prefer that other people should contradict us; we don't like them to say so, too. Besides, I flattered myself, as I said before, that I was rather a useful person, and should be a loss to society if "anything happened" to me; and I was nettled by the way in which the little fairy with the crown skipped up and down in a perfect agony of laughter, doubling himself up, and rolling from side to side.

"Well," he said at last, when his dance of derision was over, "let's hear what it is you do—*you*, forsooth!—in return for your keep. You think you work; but you work for money, you know, so that does n't count. It's money, money, money, with you."

"It is n't," said I, angrily. "I don't work for money at all!"

"If it is n't money, it's payment of *some* kind, or you would n't do it," said the little fairy. "'Nothing for love; all for pay.' That's *your* motto."

"This is really too much!" said I, struggling to get up, and making a pounce at the provoking little man. But I could not get free, and the little sprite only hovered like a feather just out of reach, while I vainly pinched that place in the air where he had been a minute before.

"What do you know about my motto, as you call it, or about what I do? I tell you I spend all my time for others. I write books for them to read, and I never made a farthing by one of them yet, although the books are full of the most beautiful sentiments, expressed in the most elegant language." I really thought I had better speak up for myself.

"Then if you don't get money, you get fame."

"That I certainly never do," I broke in—for it was true; I did n't.

"Then you hanker after it," said the fairy. "You write them for *some* reason, and depend upon it that love of self is at the bottom of it."

"And I go to see the poor," said I.

"You like doing that," said the fairy. "*That's* no credit. It makes your imaginary troubles fade away by comparison with real ones. Besides, I have seen in the diary that you keep—"

"I don't keep a diary," said I.

"I have seen *in the diary that you keep*," persisted the little man, shaking his head and lifting his finger,— "for everybody keeps a diary, whether they like it or not, written on their faces,—I say, I read on a certain date: 'To-day I visited John Smith and Jane Brown and Mary Jones. How good of me! What a bother it was! I need not go again for some time.' You came home yesterday with that written on your face."

"It is n't fair!" said I. "According to you, I never did a disinterested thing in my life."

"I don't believe you ever did," said the little man; "and that is why we tied you up, that you may n't go about the world doing mischief any more. You do no good; and, on the other hand, there's your keep—*besides* your break-ages."

Then once more all the pictures flashed over the mirror, one after another, and were gone.

"What do you do in return for it? That is the point to be settled before we can let you



go free to pursue your useless if not altogether harmful existence!"

I tried to think, but somehow everything went out of my head.

"I took all the strawberries out of the garden to Thomas Martin," I began in desperation, for I could not think of anything else.

"And you liked seeing his face brighten up, and hearing the things he said to you, better than eating the strawberries or staying comfortably at home. There's no merit in that. It's a matter of taste. One person likes strawberries and comfort; another likes smiles and flattery better."

"I go to church, and say my prayers," said I, as a last resource.

In an instant the little fairy threw up his arms and tossed back his head with a doleful cry. The melancholy sound was caught up by all the others in mournful cadence. He wrung his tiny hands and wept streams of tears, and the air was full of sobbing—like the sobbing sound of a hidden brooklet among the sedges.

"I know nothing about all that! I know nothing about all that!" he wailed.

"We know nothing about that!" echoed the thousand silvery voices from the foxglove bells, where the fairies had taken refuge again as if they were frightened at something, while the foxglove swayed in an agitated way till all its bells tinkled again. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, they went, like the sound of a peal of village bells far off.

The sound seemed to conjure up before my eyes the little moorland church where we went on Sundays. I saw it quite plainly, and I could hear about the honeysuckle over the porch the humming of the bees, which always came in so plainly on Sundays at the open door. One solitary butterfly was fluttering inside the church, attracted by the bright, mellow colors of a fine stained-glass window.

But in another moment the church had melted away, and I was out on the open heath again, and the voice of the little fairy was going on just as if nothing had happened to interrupt him. There was no change in anything, except that my little rough dog was lying asleep at my feet,—and how glad I was to see him there, it looked so natural,—and I was

beginning to be so tired of the odd glamour which possessed the place.

I suppose he had missed me, or had felt some remorse because he had gone back when we were starting and had climbed only half-way up the hill. "Pixie" was getting old, and he always pretended to be lame when he saw me turn up the steep way toward the moor—unless he happened to meet a rabbit, when he would forget.

The little fairy still mocked at me, and laughed his silvery laugh again.

"You have n't thought of one thing yet that you were n't paid—and well paid, too—for doing," said he. "Come! can't you think of *anything* to set against your keep? The *smallest* trifles *most* gratefully accepted. If you can, we will let you go. We are not anxious to keep you here, I can tell you."

I did not say anything, but sat looking at Pixie, who was lying in a lazy way, snapping at the flies.

I had often wished that Pixie could say something to me; I felt sure that it would be something sensible and nice, if he did, although human speech would be quite a waste to him—he could do so well without it. And now, at last, he did speak; but the remark was disappointing; it was: "Nobody saw you, you know."

"Then it must have been something wrong that I was doing, I suppose," thought I to myself; "and now he is going to tell of me."

"Nobody saw you do it," said Pixie, getting up and stretching himself as if the subject bored him. "Nobody thanked you, and what you did it for I don't know. It excited me for nothing, because I thought you were picking up stones to throw for me. But you cleared up all those bits of orange-peel from off the pavement, all the way to Thomas Martin's house."

"That will do," said the little fairy king of the foxglove. "You got no pay for that" (and, indeed, I had not, except a backache), "you thought of no reward, and you did n't praise yourself for doing it; so you can set that against your keep."

"What!" cried I, in consternation. "Think of all the things I have done all my life long—much greater things than that; and is picking

up a paltry bit of orange-peel to be chosen out?"

"It is n't what you do, but *how* you do it," said the little man, more gently. "There may be one or two other things of the same kind—I think there are—written in the diary. But, depend upon it, they are things that would astonish you by their smallness. Some big things are so *very* little, and some little things so very big. Undo her hair, all of you!" he went on, "and take care what you are about. Don't pull them out or break them."

Then I gave a start, and woke up to find my hair all tangled in the furze-bush just as the wind had blown it, and I thought my dream must be coming true.

* Pixie was really asleep at my feet, but there were no foxglove caps on the tops

of my fingers, only two or three rose-purple bells lying in my lap, shaken down by the wind.

So I sat still to think for a little while before I went home to dinner.

"I am sure I shall be ashamed to have an appetite after that dream," I said to myself, rather ruefully, for I was very hungry; "and I hope there will never be nuts at dessert any more, for I can't resist them, and after my dream I shall feel as if I could not look a squirrel in the face again if I eat any."



LUCINDY LISTENS.

COME, sit by me, Lucindy,
And hear what I would do,
Were you my little mother,
And I a doll like you.

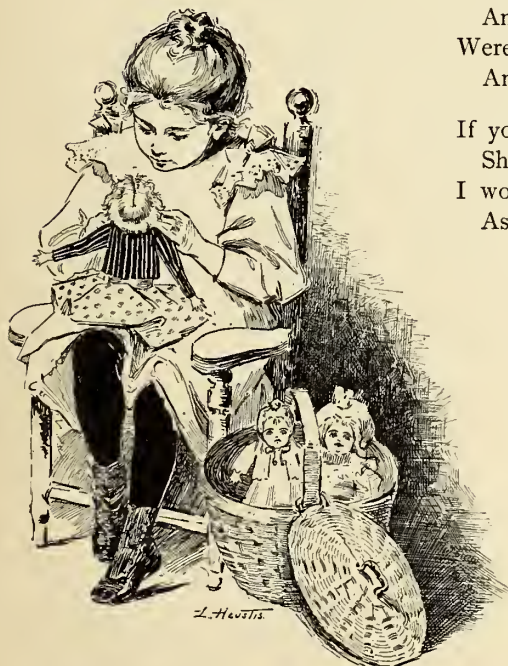
If you a lovely secret
Should whisper in my ear,
I would not keep on staring
As if I did not hear.

And when you sang, Lucindy,
Your sweetest lullabies,
And said, "The dear is sleeping,"
I 'd *try* to close my eyes.

Or, s'pose that in the twilight,
We two were taking tea,
I would *pretend* to eat, dear,
The bread you held for me.

In fact, my dear Lucindy,
I 'd give my brightest curl,
Were you less like a dolly,
More like a little girl.

Esther A. Harding.





The
Making of a
Mascot
By
Samuel Scoville Jr.

JACK, what 's a mascot?" asked Tommy.

Tommy was standing with his chubby hands rammed as deeply as possible into the pockets of his knickerbockers, in exact imitation of Jack's favorite attitude; for Tommy regarded his wonderful brother as a model in every respect. Was he not captain of his college athletic team, an athlete himself, and, above all, a Senior worthy of the utmost reverence from his small brother? And though Tommy had rather vague ideas of what the duties and privileges of a Senior were, it certainly was something very grand and important, for Jack had come back for the summer vacation, the year before, wearing a mysterious-looking gold pin on his waistcoat, and when his father had slapped him on the back, and congratulated him on being a full-fledged Senior, he had turned very red, but looked so happy and important that Tommy surmised at once that to wear that pin and be a Senior must be the event of a lifetime. And then, ever since that time, Jack had known so much on every possible subject, that even their father, Tommy's infallible authority, occasionally deferred to his superior knowledge. Thus it was with the firm conviction that he would receive fullest information that Tommy put the above query.

Jack stopped perusing the athletic page of

the morning paper, and gave his somewhat limited mustache — another product of senior year — a reflective twirl.

"Why, a mascot," he said slowly, "is — is just the opposite of a hoodoo."

"Ye-e-s," responded Tommy, somewhat doubtfully, not liking to display any further ignorance.

"It 's something that brings good luck," Jack explained more fully.

"Do you have them up at college?" Tommy questioned further, regarding the mustache admiringly.

Jack finished reading the last account of what the crew were doing before he replied again.

"Why, yes, kid, of course we do," he said, tossing away the paper. "Every team carries around a mascot which is supposed to make it win. Don't you remember, at the football game last fall that you went to with father and me, that just after the men lined up, a fellow led a bull pup through the goal-posts? Well, that was 'Handsome Dan,' the mascot of the eleven, and it was all through that pup that we won"; and Jack regarded his small brother quizzically.

"Honest, Jack?" said Tommy, catching the twinkle in his big brother's eye.

"Well, I won't say but what the team might possibly have won without their pup," answered Jack, laughing; "but still, every college team feels much safer if it has its mascot along.

Why, there was once a nine from up North somewheres, that came down to play us, and brought a bantam rooster along for their mascot; said they 'd never lost a game since they had him. But the night before the game he got the pip, or something, and died, and they always claimed that was the reason we beat them. Our athletic team won't have any mascot this season, though," Jack went on, after pausing a moment out of respect for the fate of the unfortunate fowl. "We had a 'smooth' one last spring—a little old man with a long white beard named Pop Smith; but the baseball men

Just here an idea of surpassing brilliancy flashed through Tommy's mind.

"Jack, why can't I be your mascot, and go around to the matches with the team?" he shouted excitedly.

"You mean hoodoo, don't you, kid?" said Jack, teasingly.

"No, I don't, neither," answered Tommy, throwing grammar to the winds in his excitement. "I can bring you just as good luck as any old bantam pup or Pop Smith, or—or—anything, and it would be just bully to go around with you fellows. Do let me, Jacky."



"'JACK, WHAT 'S A MASCOT?' ASKED TOMMY."

got hold of him early this year, and offered him a uniform and 'varsity sweater if he would go with them, so he deserted us"; and Jack sighed as he thought of the perfidious Pop.

Jack reflected. He was very proud and fond of his sturdy little brother, and felt sure that the team would take to him at once; but still, anything connected with so important a

matter as the team-mascot was not to be decided lightly.

"I'll tell you what we can do, kid," he said at last; "I am going to stay up at college during Easter week with the trainer and ten or twelve of the team, and you can come up then and stay with me. If you get along well with the team, perhaps we can finally accept you as a mascot, though it's a ver-y important position, and it's ver-y nervy of a boy of your age even to think of aspiring to such an honor"; and Jack assumed an air of the most intense solemnity.

Accordingly, Easter week found Tommy regularly installed in Jack's college room in place of his "wife" (as room-mates are termed at college), who, not being an athlete, was free to return home during the recess.

Tommy was greatly impressed with the beauty and elegance of his big brother's room at college, and privately resolved to have one just like it when he entered. The walls were rich with trophies of various kinds. Hideous masks worn by Jack during secret society initiations were hung over torn caps wrenched from unlucky freshmen during the "Rush." Most of the chairs were rheumatic in their legs, and they all bore traces of hard usage—a condition which a battered-looking pair of boxing-gloves on the wall could probably have explained. In one corner hung a long string of signs, which, as Jack explained, he and his wife had "borrowed" at different times. Fencing-foils, hockey-sticks, tennis-rackets, cutlasses, flint-lock pistols and muskets, were festooned by flags that Jack and his wife had waved at many a college victory. Scores of photographs were nailed wherever there was a spare square inch, and medals and cups of all kinds hung about, including the great silver challenge-cup for the mile, which Jack held for this year.

Tommy was never tired of learning the histories of all the trophies which had accumulated in the room during the four years of Jack's course, and was hugely delighted with all the college customs. It gave one such an important feeling to be awakened every morning by a private "sweep" with such a black, shiny face and expansive grin, who polished the shoes, tidied up the room, and retailed

various scraps of college gossip as his patrons dressed.

Then, the training table, where the team had their meals, was a source of unending delight to Tommy. Jack, as captain, sat at the head of the table, and Tommy, as a prospective mascot, occupied the post of honor at his right, though he was occasionally ousted in favor of some alumnus or ex-athlete that happened to be passing through the town and dropped in to see how the team was progressing. Every morning, promptly at seven, Tommy rolled out of bed, and, following Jack's example, splashed cold water all over his small self, and ended by a brisk rub with a huge, scratchy towel, that left him in a glow, with the blood tingling in every vein. It took Tommy some time to learn to dress as rapidly as Jack, for four years of continual practice in dressing, breakfasting, and getting to morning chapel all within twenty-five minutes gave the latter a great advantage. But Tommy would hurry into his clothes as rapidly as possible, and then, imitating the captain's majestic air, would stroll across the campus with that august personage to the "Fence," where all of the team were bound to meet at sharp seven-thirty, and woe be to the man who was a minute or so late! He might expect a scathing rebuke in the presence of the whole team, for Jack was a great disciplinarian. When they were all assembled, the captain led the way for a brisk mile walk in the sharp morning air, and they would reach the breakfast-table with wolfish appetites. Tommy enjoyed training diet immensely. To be sure, it seemed a little strange at first to have no bread, but only dry toast; and the water looked so queer and milky that he hesitated to drink it until Jack informed him confidentially that it was only because oatmeal had been boiled in it. There was no pastry or sweets, and the only delicacies were immense dishes of oranges and stewed prunes, and rice-pudding. But the great steaks, a good two inches thick, the substantial mutton-chops, the foaming pitchers of creamy milk, and dainty pats of butter would disappear like magic, and Tommy did his full share in the work of devastation.

In regard to the training table, there were sundry strange customs handed down from

time immemorial, as Tommy soon learned. On their way over to his first dinner at the table, Jack remarked impressively to the would-be mascot: "Kid, if any one asks you to-night what kind of pudding there is for dessert, be sure to say that it 's 'the same old kind.'"

"Why?" queried Tommy.

"Never mind," said Jack, grimly; "only do as I tell you."

So that night, when platter after platter of rare beef had disappeared, to say nothing of sundry gallons of milk, stacks of toast, and other incidentals, "pudding-time," as it was called, drew nigh. The team was in great spirits that night, and all were roaring with laughter at a comical story that "Fatty," a long, lank sprinter, was relating. Old Frontes, the dignified darcy who had acted as waiter at the athletic team training table for years, entered solemnly with an enormous dish of smoking rice-pudding, which, in accord with the time-honored custom, he proceeded to take first to the captain and then to the man on the right, who chanced to be Tommy.

"Say, Tommy Mascot," sang out Fatty, from the other end of the table, "what kind of pudding is there to-night?"

It was just on the end of Tommy's tongue to answer, "Rice-pudding"; but Jack gave him a glance, and he remembered his warning.

"Same old pudding, Fatty," he piped up — everybody is called by his nickname at training table.

Instantly, to Tommy's intense bewilderment, each one at the table hurled something at Fatty. Oranges, pieces of toast, napkin-rings, everything not too hot or heavy, came sailing about the ears of the unfortunate Fatty in such abundance that he was finally forced to go under the table head foremost, until the storm should cease. When at last the bombardment

ceased and Fatty had emerged from his ignominious position, Jack explained the mystery of this seeming outbreak of insanity to the amazed Tommy. The origin of the custom



"TOMMY WOULD RIG HIMSELF UP IN SWEATERS AND JERSEYS MILES TOO BIG, AND RUN RACES WITH THE HAMMER-THROWER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

was not known, but every newcomer at training table had this same innocent question asked him. If, ignorant of the custom, he gave the name of the pudding, every one at the table was privileged to throw something at his unlucky head; but if, acting on the instruction of some experienced friend, he gave the answer given by Tommy, the storm descended on the questioner instead.

Every morning, with the rest of the team, an hour or so after breakfast, Tommy would clam-

ber into the big bus which had "VARSITY" painted in staring blue letters along the side, and would go rolling out to the Field, which was nearly two miles distant from the city. There, under the directions of "Mike," the famous trainer of the college, the men would train for the various track and field events; and Tommy would rig himself up in sweaters and jerseys miles too big, and run races with the two-hundred-pound hammer-thrower, who, as Mike used to say, could run about as fast as a road-roller. Tommy and Mike became fast friends, and the former treasured up all the words of wisdom coming from the great trainer,—who had turned out many a world-record breaker,—and soon became quite proficient in times, records, pacing, and all the varied lore of the track. Often, after the morning's practice was finished, the men, with small Tommy in the center, would cluster around Mike on the sun-warmed bleachers which surrounded the track, and hear him tell for the hundredth time how W. G. George beat Cummins at Stamford Bridge track in '86, on the day when the world's record for the mile went down to $4.12\frac{3}{4}$; or of Johnson the professional's great run, when for the first time in the history of athletics a man covered one hundred yards under ten seconds. All these Mike had seen, and many other wonderful athletic performances in England and America. And the team, too, Tommy found, were hardly the demi-gods he had pictured them, after all—only big, lusty, clear-eyed fellows, who thought a great deal of their college and captain and trainer, and who soon included their mascot in their affections. For they all became much attached to little "Tommy Mascot," as he was nicknamed, and taught him many weighty secrets in regard to running and jumping.

At last the week was up,—far too quickly for Tommy, who had never had such a good time before,—and he was duly accepted as the mascot; and the night before college commenced, Fatty, who had become one of Tommy's greatest friends in spite of the pudding episode, rose and proposed his health in a speech that convulsed the table. Everybody drank his health, standing, in glasses of oatmeal water; and then they all joined in the college song, and shouted

a chorus of "Here 's to Tommy Mascot; drink it down, drink it down!" until the room shook.

The next day Tommy went home, with the understanding that he was to accompany the team to New York on May 30, and act as their mascot at the great intercollegiate meeting, where all of the principal American colleges send teams to compete for the championship in track and field events, and where the winner carries off the Intercollegiate Challenge Cup to hold for a year.

The weeks seemed to Tommy to go very slowly, though Jack and Fatty wrote long letters to the mascot, and told him all the gossip of the team. But at last the great day came. Jack was to run in the mile that day, and Tommy and Tommy's father,—an athlete still, in spite of gray hairs,—his cousin, an ex-football player, and a crowd of other assorted relatives, all went up to Manhattan Field to see Jack run and his college win if possible. The rest of the party have seats in the grandstand, but Tommy, as mascot, is to watch the games from the porch of the training quarters, where the team is stationed.

One by one the preliminary heats in the sprints are run off. Fatty wins his heat in the 100-yard dash; and Tommy watches the events from the porch, with those of the team who are not competing, all of them pale through the tan with the awful nervousness that comes over them before a race.

At last a man wearing a flowing badge roars through the house, "All out for the mile run!" and the great event of the day is to be decided.

The long list of entries is read off by the clerk of the course, and the runners, wearing their different college colors, begin to take their places in two long white lines across the track. Tommy feels a great deal more excited than Jack, who with his spiked shoes calmly digs out his "marks" for his feet to stand in, and then, gripping tightly the pieces of cork that every runner holds in his hands during a race, stands awaiting the starter's last command, "Get set," which comes just before the pistol-shot. Tommy thinks that he has never seen Jack look so grand, as he stands there in his scanty white running-suit, which allows the freest play of his lithe brown muscles, while



“THE SAME OLD PUDDING!”

the great letter on his breast, on which sparkles his “sacred” senior society badge, rises and falls with his deep breathing.

When the sharp crack of the pistol at last sounds, and the runners leap off in a confused white bunch, each man fighting desperately to get a good position on the first turn, Tommy loses sight of his brother. The white mass strings out a little as it goes up the back stretch. Many of the new men lose their heads, and, making desperate efforts, draw away from the

cool-headed runners, who have been in many a mile race before, and have learned better than to “kill themselves” on the first quarter. It is not until they all speed past the starting-post, at the end of the first lap, that Tommy again catches sight of Jack—not up among the leaders, but running with provoking ease back in the bunch. Two more laps are nearly finished, and the little crowd of leaders becomes smaller and smaller as the tremendous pace tells, and one by one men begin to drop back.

The last lap is nearly at hand, and still Jack keeps his place far back.

"Hit it up a little, old man!" howls Jack's cousin, the ex-football player, prancing up and down with excitement.

"Get ahead of 'em, my boy! It's your last lap!" shouts his father, remembering his old rowing days.

"Go it, Jack!" pipes Tommy.

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Jack Ainslie!" roars his college delegation from the grand stand, while the team cheer on their captain from the training-house in voices hoarse from excitement. But to none of these cries does Jack pay the least attention. With his long stride, easy as the swoop of a swallow, he lopes along, thirty yards back of the three leaders — two men with a crimson bar across their breasts, and a crack "miler" who wears a great orange "P" on his black jersey.

Now the bell on the finish-post sounds its quick clang; and every runner hears it, and knows that the last lap of all has come. A great hush has fallen on all the immense crowd of spectators. The leaders begin to quicken their stride, but their legs shake and their breath comes in sobs. Down the long straggling line, here and there, men are dropping out; gasping and almost sick with the terrible strain they stagger off the track and throw themselves panting on the ground, while it seems as if their heaving lungs never would be satisfied. Now Jack is far down the back-stretch. Fifty yards more, and the leaders will have turned the last corner into the home-stretch. Suddenly a quiet-looking man with a sweater thrown across his shoulders and a stop-watch in his hand, who has been standing close by the track, calls in a voice that rings up and down the silent field:

"Now, Jack, me boy!" and this time Jack hears. Like a flash that long stride quickens and becomes even longer, and, spurting magnificently, yard by yard he closes up on the leaders. The last turn has come, and neck and neck the three leaders swing into the long home-stretch, with Jack a scant yard behind the inside man. The pace commences to tell on



"MR. AINSLIE IS STANDING ON HIS CHAIR."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

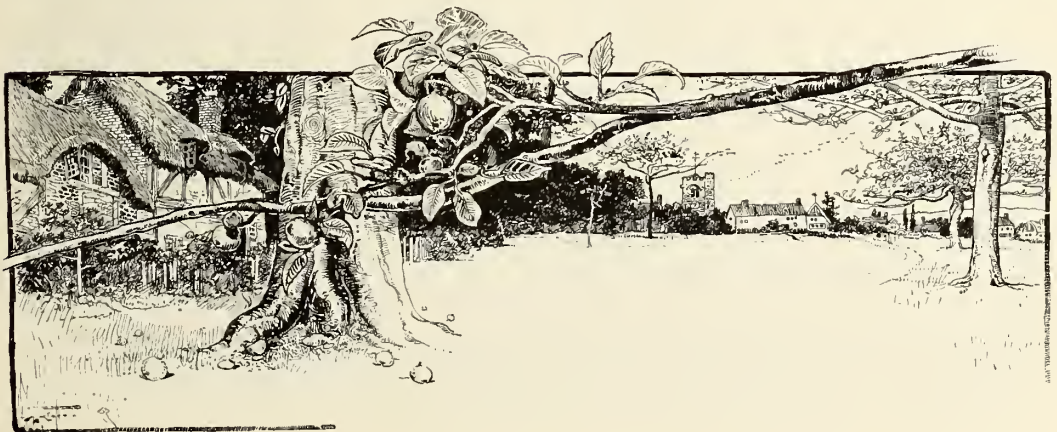
the orange-and-black runner, who has been forced by the crafty leaders to go on the outside of the long curve. He staggers, begins to drop back, and all in a moment is out of the race. Now the red thread is stretched tightly across the track from the two white finish-posts. The man who first breaks that thin line wins the

race. The two leaders are running now in staggers, lurching along, but still that yard ahead, and the finish is so frightfully near. From the great tiers of seats up and down the grand stand and along the bleachers run deep waves of sound. The "brek-e-kek-kex, co-ax, co-ax!" cuts through the nine slow "'rahs," and all the thousands of adherents of the other colleges, seeing that the race lies between the Blue and Crimson, lend their voices to one or the other. The "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!" is heard for the blue; while the wearers of the royal purple, the adherents of aristocratic little Williams, and the brown-and-white-ribboned men from conservative old Brown, join with them. On the other hand, the "Hal-lab-aloo! hal-lab-aloo! Amherst!" and "Cornell! I yell! I yell!" join with the crimson-ribboned men.

Mr. Ainslie is standing on his chair; Jack's cousin has torn the brim half off his new straw hat, as he waves it wildly; while Tommy, with the tears of excitement running down his face, is shouting himself hoarse with the team, who, in a little group on the porch, are cheering on their captain in an agony of earnestness. One man has dropped back side by side with Jack; but the other, a veteran who has won the intercollegiate mile for years, still leads, and but a scant ten yards are left. Suddenly the quiet-looking man close by the judges at the finish raises his hand, and for the first time Tommy

notices that it is Mike. Jack sees the signal; his teeth set, back goes his head, while his hands clench on the running-corks until the knuckles are white, and little flecks of foam are on his parted lips. Now he has drawn away from his companion, and is neck and neck with the leader. Now they are almost at the finish. A last desperate plunge, and the great blue "Y" breaks the tape six inches ahead of the crimson bar! The race is won, and five points are added to the score of Jack's college, which, as it afterward turns out, gives them the victory, and the privilege of carrying back to the trophy-room the coveted Cup.

Tommy watches the crowd of joyous men carry his brother on their shoulders in triumph to the training quarters, very white, but with a grin of utter content on his face; he sees upper-class men, graduates, and even staid professors pass up to shake his hand and congratulate him; and Mike, for once forgetting his usual silence, come rushing up, swinging the sweater over his head, and fairly hug Jack, exclaiming in a stentorian voice: "I knew you could do it, me boy! I knew 't was in you to win!" As Tommy views all these ovations, and sees the passionate love for the honor of their college which fills all these young athletes, he vows to himself that he, too, will be a runner, and some day become a member of the team which he has so successfully mascoted, if, as Mike says, it be "in him."

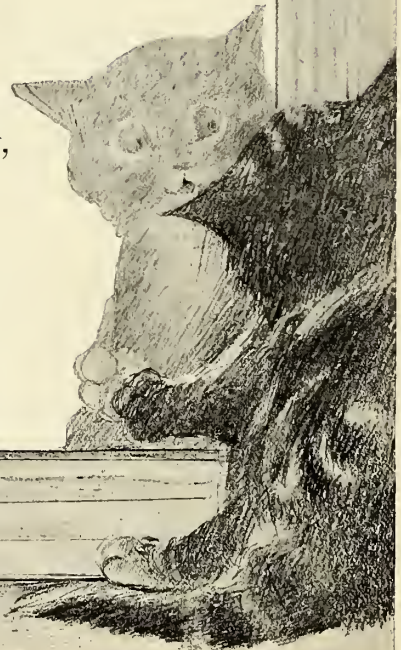


An Open Letter.

By Oliver Herford.

Dear Editor:

I hereby take
My pen in paw to say,
Can you explain a curious thing
I found the other day?
There is another little cat
Who sits behind a frame,
And looks so very much like me
You'd think we were the same.
I try to make her play with me,
Yet when I mew and call,
Though I see her mew in answer,
She makes no sound at all;
And to the dullest kitten
It's plain enough to see
That either I am mocking her,
Or she is mocking me.
It makes no difference what I play,
She seems to know the game;
For every time I look around
I see her do the same.
And yet no matter though I creep
On tiptoe lest she hear,
Or quickly dash behind the frame,
She's sure to disappear!



Oliver Herford

THE STORY OF BETTY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

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

CHAPTER IX.

BUYING A GRANDMOTHER.

Now, Mr. Dick was jesting: he had n't engaged a baby sister at all, and he only made them think so for a joke. And as Betty had set her heart on the wee Polly, the state of affairs was easily explained to the guardians of the other two infants, and so the question was settled.

Mrs. Van Court went to the asylum to see the child, and approved of her appearance, after which she took great interest in buying the little one's wardrobe. Some toys were provided too, and a baby-carriage with white rugs and cushions. A nurse had to be secured, but the question of servants had not yet been discussed.

"Popinjay," said Mr. Dick, one morning at breakfast, "I've found a grandmother for you."

Betty looked at him doubtfully, for she remembered the baby-sister joke.

"Yes, I have, honor bright—a beautiful grandmother. Apple-cheeked old lady with silvery hair, pleasant voice, and spectacles. Dost like the picture?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty, demurely; "is it for sale?"

"Well, it will be on exhibition this afternoon, and you can look at it and see if it suits you."

"What are you talking about, Dick?" said his sister.

"Why, I'm in dead earnest, Grace," replied the young man, "and if you'll listen I'll tell you all about it. I was up at the Sandersons' last night, and they were awfully interested in hearing about Betty; and when I inquired if they knew of any grandmother looking for a

place, they told me of one at once. She's a lady they've known for years, and she's a bit eccentric and old-fashioned, I believe, but they all sang her praises at the top of their lungs. I think she must be delightful, but I did n't buy her at once, for I thought probably you'd engaged a lot of 'em in your wholesale way. She's old enough for gray hair and glasses, and yet young enough to keep house for the Popinjay, and look after her welfare mentally, morally, and physically."

"Well," said Mrs. Van Court, with an air of great relief, "it would make the whole thing seem more possible to have a woman like that at the head of it. And any one the Sandersons recommend is sure to be all right. Is she eccentric in her dress, Dick?"

"They did n't say so. I imagine she's of the 'old woman clad in rusty black' variety. But Popinjay, here, will change all that, and deck her out in lo-and-behold gowns of all colors of the rainbow."

"Indeed I won't," said Betty, quickly; "she shall have a pretty brown dress for every day, and a gray silk for Sunday."

"Oho! going to keep all the bright colors for yourself and little Polly, are you?"

A quick answer rose to Betty's lips; but she was learning to control her temper, so she dropped her eyes and said nothing.

"Don't tease her so, Dick," said his mother. "Betty's love of bright colors is not a crime, and when she learns the appropriate times and occasions she can gratify it as much as she likes. Tell us more of this interesting lady. What is her name?"

"Her name is Mrs. Kinsey. She is a widow, and lives entirely alone now; but she has been accustomed to taking charge of a large house and family, and would like some such position again. But Mrs. Sanderson gives a tea this afternoon, and she sent invitations for you all

to come; and as Mrs. Kinsey will be there, Betty can size her up and see if she is the 'not impossible she.'

Miss Van Court and Mr. Brewster had an engagement for the afternoon, but the other

tions as to her behavior; but that lady only told her to greet her hostess politely, and after that to look pleasant and say very little: for Betty when trying to be very correct always made her worst blunders in speech and accent.

"Watch mother," said Mr. Dick, "and do exactly as she does."

This was a bit of mischief, for he knew that when Betty tried to copy Mrs. Van Court's manner, she succeeded not wisely, but too well, and presented something of a caricature of the dignified lady.

"You stay by me, Betty," said Mr. Morris; "I'll look out for you and help you over the hard places."

The Sandersons' home was a very handsome one, and Betty was quite dazzled by its grandeur as she followed Mrs. Van Court through the lofty hall decorated with statues and tall palms, and came at last to the Turkish tea-room where their hostess waited to receive them.

Mrs. Van Court entered, and, her gown being very long, according to the prevailing fashion, she raised it a trifle with her left hand as she crossed the thick rugs. Still holding it, she lifted her right elbow and shook laterally Mrs. Sanderson's extended finger-tips.

"So glad to see you," murmured the hostess, and then Mrs. Van Court presented her young charge.

Unconsciously Betty had imitated Mrs. Van Court's every movement, and daintily holding up her short skirt, she crooked her elbow and offered her finger-tips in exact imitation of her model. This perform-

ance much amused Mr. Dick, who came next, and he resolved to warn Betty about it later. As soon as she could make an opportunity, Mrs. Sanderson came to Mrs. Van Court, and pointed out her candidate for the position of grandmother to the small heiress.

Although Mrs. Kinsey was in full view, she was sitting in the next room, with her face turned partly away from them, so the pros-



"UNCONSCIOUSLY BETTY HAD IMITATED MRS. VAN COURT'S EVERY MOVEMENT."

four concluded to go and see what Mrs. Kinsey was like.

They went in a carriage; and Betty wore a soft white wool dress with cherry ribbons, and her beloved Leghorn hat with its many feathers.

She felt very grand and grown-up going to an afternoon tea, though she had no idea in what that ceremony consisted. As they went she asked Mrs. Van Court for special instruc-

pecting party could discuss her appearance without fear of being overheard.

"I think she looks charming," said Mrs. Van Court, who was a lady of quick decisions.

"So do I," said Betty, who was quicker yet, "and I 'm going to ask her if she 'll come."

The child darted away, and in a moment they saw her talking eagerly to Mrs. Kinsey.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Morris, excitedly, but in a low tone, "what an impulsive child she is! Whatever is to become of her I don't know—I don't know."

"Let her alone," said Mr. Van Court; "she 'll come out all right. She *will* have her own way, and as her own way is often the best way, why interfere?"

"Yes, of course," said his mother; "but I can't get used to seeing a child of fourteen so independent and self-reliant."

"But she needs to be, my dear madam; she needs to be," asserted Mr. Morris. "In her unusual position, what would become of her if she were of an incapable, undecided nature, and never knew her own mind?"

"That would be far better, for then she could be put in care of some responsible older person and looked after properly."

"I 've an idea Mrs. Kinsey will look after her properly," said Mr. Dick.

And truly it seemed so, for now Betty was sitting on a stool at that lady's feet, and talking to her very earnestly.

When, with one of her sudden impulses, Betty had decided that this was the very grandmother she wanted, she had lost no time in trying to secure her.

Mrs. Kinsey was sitting in a large arm-chair, and for the moment no one was talking to her.

Betty walked swiftly to her side, and taking the lady's hand in both her own, said: "I have n't father or mother. Will you be my grandmother?"

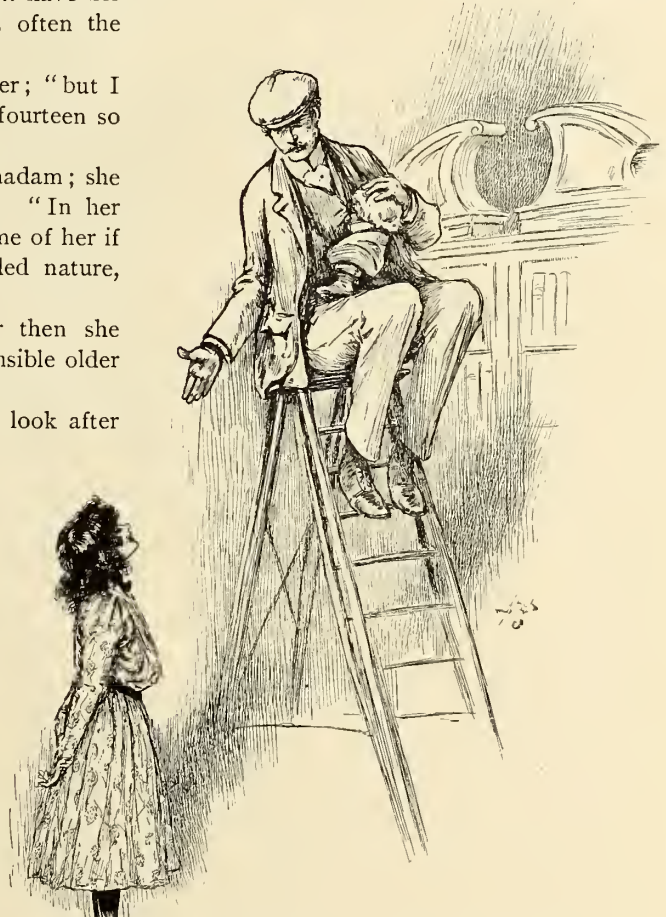
Mrs. Kinsey smiled kindly at the little girl, for she was an astute old lady, and saw that Betty was asking in all honesty, however absurd her question might sound.

"Are you looking for a grandmother?" she inquired.

"Yes, 'm, I am; but you 're the first one I 've asked, and I do hope you 'll come, for you 're just the very one I want."

"Bring that little ottoman, and sit down here and tell me all about it."

When Mrs. Kinsey spoke she did n't look old at all; indeed, her whole appearance was quaint and old-fashioned, rather than aged. She wore her silver-gray hair looped loosely round her ears and caught up at the back with a single comb, after the fashion of Mrs.



"POPINJAY, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO ASK SUCH DIFFICULT CONUNDRUMS," SAID RICHARD VAN COURT. (SEE PAGE 566.)

Browning or George Eliot. Her face was thin and white, but with bright, dark eyes, and a firmly set chin that told of shrewdness and will-power. Her dress was of plain black silk

made in the fashion of many years ago, and she wore a wide lace collar and a brooch of woven hair.

Betty brought the stool and sat down, feeling more and more that this was the right one, if she could only persuade her to come. Her anxiety made her very earnest, and she forgot to be careful of speech or manner.

"Well, ma'am, you see I was a poor girl workin' out at service in a boardin'-house; an' all of a sudden my gran'father died somewhere in Australia, an' left me all his fortune. An' it's a great deal of money, an' I 'm takin' it to buy me a home an' a family. An' after that I 'm goin' to buy me some education, for I want to learn all that 's in the books. An' I chose for my family a gran'mother an' a baby sister an' a brother. My brother 'll be Lame Jack, but I hope he can be cured of it; my little sister I have spoke for from the orphan asylum already; an' it's you I want for my gran'mother. Mr. Morris is my lawyer, ma'am, an' he says I must n't try to *buy* a gran'mother, but to engage one an' then pay her a salary. But I 'm thinkin' it's all the same; an' will you come, ma'am, dear?"

Betty's voice had grown wheedlesome, and she caressed softly the lady's delicate hand with her little brown ones.

"What would be your notion of the duties of a grandmother?"

"I thought she could keep house for me, ma'am, an' at the same time be teachin' me to keep it for myself once I 'm older. An' I thought she 'd sit at the head of my table an' pour tea an' coffee, an' I 'd like her to give the orders to my servants, for I 'm afraid they 'd have disrespect of me. I 'm Irish, you know, ma'am, on my father's side; but my mother was an American lady, an' I want to grow up like her. I can't even tell you my own story as it should be told,—I 'm too ignorant,—but I 'll let Mr. Morris tell it. The Van Courts, ma'am, are true friends, an' you would n't believe how kind they 've been to me. Here they 're comin' now."

As she spoke, Mrs. Sanderson approached, bringing the Van Court party in her train. She introduced them to Mrs. Kinsey, and the grandmother project was discussed.

Mrs. Kinsey was straightforward and businesslike. She treated the position as that of an ordinary housekeeper, and stated definitely her qualifications for such service. At the same time she had taken a decided liking to the little Irish girl, and resolved in her heart to become a true "grandmother" to her in as loving a way as possible.

Mr. Morris stated clearly the advantages and disadvantages of the undertaking; for, though the actual work would be light, there was a great deal of responsibility to be assumed by some one, and this would devolve largely on the housekeeper; and in view of this, he offered what seemed to Mrs. Kinsey a munificent salary.

She said, in reply, that she appreciated the responsibilities of the position, and if she decided to assume them would conscientiously do her best for Betty's welfare in every way. She said she would consider the matter overnight, and would send them her answer the next day.

Then a hush fell on the whole company of guests, for a lady stood up and began to sing.

Betty could not understand the words, and knew nothing at all of music, but the beautiful sounds went straight to her ignorant little soul, and when they ceased her eyes were full of tears.

"I don't know why I cry," she said apologetically, as Mr. Dick looked at her, apparently ready to tease; "I am not sorry for anything, but I can't help it."

Mrs. Kinsey seemed to understand, and she patted Betty's shoulder with a kindly touch.

"If you enjoy crying over music, Popinjay, I 'll take you to a comic opera to-morrow afternoon. There's nothing so sad as a comic opera. May she go, mother? I 'd like her to hear some really pathetic music."

"Yes, take her if you like, Richard, but don't tease her."

"No, ma'am; I won't. Popinjay, will you

'Come, oh, come with me?
The mo-on is beaming'

—it will be, really, you know. The scenic effects of a comic opera are far ahead of nature. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty; "with pleasure."

The next day being Saturday, they went to a matinée of "The Mikado." Miss Grace and Mr. Brewster went too, and they all sat in a small curtained room that they called a "box,"

listened to the music with a rapt, far-away expression.

When they went back to the hotel, Mrs. Van Court received them with the good news that Mrs. Kinsey had called, and said she would accept the position of grandmother-house-keeper, and could be ready to come in a week, if they desired her so soon.

She and Mr. Morris had had a long talk, and she had proved so clear-headed and kind-hearted that he felt convinced he could not leave his charge in better hands.

They were all glad of Mrs. Kinsey's decision, and as their errands were now accomplished, they began to think about returning to Greenborough.

They decided to go back on Monday; and Mr. Morris, who had only one more week before sailing for Australia, said he would go back with them and remain a few days. Betty felt sorry at the thought of parting from her good friend, but rejoiced that, instead of sailing with him to his far-distant home, she was soon to be installed in a home of her own, which promised in all respects to be what she had longed for.

CHAPTER X.

"DENNISTON HALL."

THEY reached Greenborough Monday evening, and

it took the rest of that week to get the house settled. Even after the carpets were laid and the heavy furniture put in place, there was much to do in the way of hanging pictures and arranging ornaments, and each of Betty's good friends continued to superintend the special apartments they had chosen.

Betty wandered about the house from room to room, wondering why her friends were so good to her.

She stopped in the music-room, where Rich-



"MISS BETTY, I 'LL WURK ME FINGER-ENDS OFF FER YE, SO I WILL!"
(SEE PAGE 566.)

though Betty could n't see why. It was much more like an elevator, only it did n't go up and down.

The performance on the stage pleased Betty beyond all power of speech. She soon discovered that the sadness of it was only one of Mr. Dick's jokes, and she laughed merrily at the songs and funny speeches and the grotesque antics of the Japanese characters.

She reveled, too, in the gorgeous colorings of the costumes and stage settings, and she

ard Van Court was at work, and put the question to him.

The young man was sitting on top of a step-ladder, and held in his arms a marble bust of Franz Liszt.

He scowled at her, and said: "Popinjay, you ought to know better than to ask such difficult conundrums while I'm carefully placing Liszt in his niche. However, I'll answer you, as I'm so good-natured. Hello! I've made a startling discovery. The late lamented Franz Liszt had a defective ear. Now who would have supposed that? Yes, it's certainly chipped. Methinks 't would be better to present the gentleman to the public gaze in profile. But to return to the subject in hand—why, child, we are not setting up your household gods out of pure charity. It is principally because we enjoy the work ourselves. Brewster, in there, is just in his element arranging those books on their shelves; Grace is having a lovely time in the parlor; mother is happy pottering about upstairs; and old Morris is doubtless all the happier because the kitchen range smokes. So you see, Jocoseria, it is not all disinterested affection, though we are all fond of you. See?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty; "and I'm glad you like it, for I could never repay you otherwise."

Even the stately Miss Margaret Van Court wanted a share in the goings on, and she offered to look after the great front veranda. This she transformed into a most inviting place, with awnings, rugs, palms, hammocks, and wicker settees and tables, and the whole party sat here one afternoon, resting from their labors.

"What are you going to call this place, Betty?" said Mr. Dick. "Your local habitation ought to have a name."

"Oh, yes; let us think of some appropriate name for it," said Miss Grace. "How would 'Brooklawn' do?"

"Too wishy-washy for such a unique home," said Mr. Dick. "Think of something expressive, like 'The Popinjay's Nest.'"

"No," said Miss Margaret; "choose a name that describes the house."

"The house is mostly hall," said Mrs. Van Court, laughing. "I never saw so many halls and stairs in one house before."

"Yes, that's a good name—'Mostly Hall,'" said Dick, gravely. "How do you like that, Popinjay?"

"It's pretty," said she, unconscious of any joke; "but I'm thinkin' I'd like a name that would be remindful of my gran'father."

"That's right, that's right," said Mr. Morris. "Old Dennis McGuire's name ought to be honored by his granddaughter. Dennis—Denniston—'Denniston Hall.' How's that?"

"I think just 'Denniston' is prettier," said Mrs. Van Court.

"Now, wait a minute," said Mr. Morris. "'Denniston' for the whole place, and 'Denniston Hall' for the house itself."

And so the name was settled. Of course the story of Betty's fortune had spread rapidly among the gossips of Greenborough, and she had become what Mr. Richard called a "local celebrity." Whenever she returned from a trip to the village, he inquired if the spectators had thrown buns to her or poked her with their parasols.

Betty did n't mind his chaff, but her wealth subjected her to many petty annoyances. It seemed as if all the domestics in town wanted to enter her service. Applicants of all kinds, from butler to scullery-maid, fairly swarmed round the Denniston doors, and even attacked the Van Court house. But Mrs. Van Court finally arranged the corps of servants to her complete satisfaction, and Betty's modest establishment consisted of a cook, a kitchen-maid, a neat waitress, and a parlor-maid.

Ellen was the cook. She had been among the first applicants for the position, and reminded Betty of her promise. As she had already left Mrs. Tucker's house, Mrs. Van Court felt no hesitation in engaging her, and Betty was delighted to benefit her old friend.

Pete, the ashman, was employed as head gardener, for Betty remembered his kindness; and though he had little knowledge of gardening, he had great administrative ability, and was to act as overseer and general utility man about the place, and to let the under-gardeners do the work.

"Miss Betty," he said, falling at once into the attitude of respect called for by her changed position, "I'll wurrk me finger-ends off fer ye,

so I will; an' I 'll niver shlake, night nor day, but pathrol the place ag'in' the burgulars."

However, this extreme watchfulness was not necessary, for Greenborough was a quiet place; and besides, Mr. Morris had presented the young housekeeper with an enormous St. Bernard dog, which, though gentle as a kitten to his friends, was yet a safeguard against intruders.

The dog was named "Sydney," in honor of Mr. Morris's Australian home; and the day the little lawyer left Greenborough, he told the dog that Betty was to be his especial charge, and he must let no harm come to her.

And now Denniston was rapidly nearing completion, and Betty was impatient to take possession.

Lame Jack had been adopted as a brother. There was no formal adoption, of course, for poor Jack had no guardian to dispute his possession. Betty simply asked him if he would come and live at Denniston for the rest of his life.

"Will I!" he exclaimed, his eyes wide with astonishment. "Well, I rather guess I *will*! Do yer *mean* it, Bet?"

"Yes, I do," said she, as she grasped his outstretched hands, this being the only method either knew of ratifying a treaty. "I want you to come; an' you must n't call me Bet. An' we 'll both learn things, an' be real nice people."

"All right, Bet—Betty, I mean. I 'll do jest what yer want me to, an' I 'll try an' be a tip-top brother. Say, are yer goin' ter be yer own boss?"

"Why, yes, Jack, or—no, not exactly. I 've bought me a gran'mother, an' she 'll tell me some what to do; an' I 'm goin' to have a governess to teach me book-learnin' an' train me in good manners."

"H'm!—who 's goin' ter boss me?"

"Nobody will boss you, Jack, unless you want them to; but I know you 'll love the gran'mother."

"Well, I 'll come; an' if you 're too high-toned fer me I 'll light out, fer I can't stand much fixin's, an' that 's sure."

"All right, Jack; come and try it, an' if it don't suit, you can leave whenever you like."

Saturday afternoon was the time set for Betty

to install herself in her home, and Saturday morning the Van Court ladies went over to



"ALMOST PETRIFIED WITH FRIGHT, BETTY STOOD PERFECTLY STILL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Denniston to assure themselves that everything was in readiness.

The servants had arrived, and Mrs. Kinsey was expected on the four-o'clock train, and would bring the baby and nurse with her.

Betty could scarcely wait until luncheon was over; then she ran for her hat, and sat down on the Van Courts' veranda to wait for the carriage which was to come for her—her own carriage, driven by her own coachman! She could n't realize it, but then she had long since given up trying to realize things. It all seemed like a

fairly tale, and she often pinched herself to make sure she was not dreaming.

Presently the carriage came, and Betty said good-by to the friends who had been so kind.

"Oh, no, Betty, not good-by," said Miss Grace, "only good afternoon; for we shall come to see you often, and you must come here whenever you wish."

"Yes," said Mrs. Van Court; "if anything goes wrong in your household,—and sometimes things do,—come at once to me for help."

Betty thanked them again and again, and her eyes were moist as she stepped into her carriage. They let her go alone, for they knew her independent spirit, and felt sure it would not seem so much her own home if any one else had even a seeming authority there.

So Betty drove away in state, waving her hand to the ladies on the veranda, and feeling as if she had grown up very suddenly.

"To Denniston," she said to the coachman, with the same air and intonation that Mrs. Van Court used in giving orders; and the man, Barney, who had considered Betty's patronage as a joke, realized at once that she was mistress.

As they neared Denniston, Betty pinched her arm, saying to herself: "I *am* awake, an' I 'm goin' in my own carriage to my own home. I 'm Betty McGuire still, but at last I 've got a home an' a family!"

Up the long avenue of trees, and then they stopped at the steps of the beautiful veranda. Betty got out, saying, "I 'll want the carriage again, please, in time to go to meet the four-o'clock train," and smiling so pleasantly that Barney concluded his small mistress was as kind as she was dignified.

Betty went at once to her own lovely room, which Mrs. Van Court had further beautified with fresh flowers that morning, and taking off her hat, threw herself on the couch in a burst of happiness.

"It 's true, it 's true!" she exclaimed, "an' I 'm here, an' my family is soon comin'; an' oh, how happy I am!"

Then she roamed about the house, peeped into some of her new books, struck a few keys of the piano, and finally paused before a door she had never noticed before. It was locked,

but the key turned easily, and the door slid back, disclosing what seemed to be an elevator.

"It is," she thought. "I remember now that Mrs. Ryan said, 'That 's the elevator to the tower,' an' I did n't know then what she meant; but I know now: it 's like they have in the big New York stores an' the hotel. But I don't know how this one works."

She stepped inside and pulled the rope, as she had seen the elevator-boys do.

Then the door slid softly shut, and the elevator began to rise. Betty laughed with glee, wondering if it would go to the tower without stopping. It did; and being automatic, when it reached the top, it stopped at a closed door, the sill of which was about a foot wide.

Betty stepped out on this ledge, and tried to open the door, which was evidently a sliding one; but it would not open, and, to her horror, she felt rather than saw the elevator going down again. She turned her head, only to discover that it was too late to jump into the descending car, and, almost petrified with fright, she stood perfectly still. Indeed, that was the only thing to do. With her face and outstretched hands against the smooth wood of the door, and her feet on the narrow sill, she knew that if she looked round again, she must become dizzy and fall at once.

But what was the alternative?

Only to stand there until help came, or—until she lost control of her senses.

Betty had never fainted, but she knew what it meant, and she knew the necessity for keeping calm. She set her teeth, and resolved to stand perfectly still and call for help. She had to turn her head a little to run any chance of making her voice heard, but she dared not turn it far enough to look down into that dreadful abyss. Then she called:

"El-len! El-len!" But no one replied.

"El-len!" she called again; then, more hopefully: "Pete! Pete!"

But no one downstairs could hear the voice of the little girl away up in the tower, and at last Betty's hands began to grow numb and all her joints seemed to stiffen. With a last despairing cry of "El-len!" her voice failed her, and she stood helpless.



RIDING ON AN ELEPHANT.

BY LILIAN ALLEN MARTIN.

ONE evening, when the children in America were just going to bed, a baby on the other side of the world opened her gray eyes and lay watching the sunbeams shining through the shutter-door at the foot of her crib. Before she got tired of listening to the sparrows twittering and scolding in the eaves of the veranda, and of looking at the amusing little gray lizards chasing one another over the walls, her nurse came in to dress her. This nurse did not wear a pretty gingham dress and a big white apron; she had on a very scant cotton skirt with stripes of blue, yellow, and brown running around instead of up and down, and a tight-fitting white muslin jacket. Over her shoulders she wore a rose-pink scarf. Through large holes in the lobes of her ears were thrust gold cylinders as large around as a cent. Her glossy black hair was arranged in a neat knot,

which was adorned with the fragrant green and brown blossoms of the *ih'lang-ih'lang* tree.

When the gray-eyed baby, whose name was Ruth, saw the shining earrings and the flowers, she laughed and called, "Um Ma, Um Ma!" which was her way of saying her nurse's name, Cum Moon. All the babies for hundreds of miles around had black eyes, brown skins, and stiff black hair. Most of them were fed with bananas and rice, made into pulp for toothless infants by their mothers or older sisters. The baby with gray eyes, soft brown fuzzy hair, and a pearly white skin, who was fed only with milk, seemed a very dainty creature to her many dark friends, who called her always "nai noy" (little lady).

Cum Moon, the nurse, took Ruth from her crib and sniffed with her nose the warm little cheek and neck; this is the Laos way of kissing.

"Nai noy pi doy!" ("The little lady is going on the mountain!") she repeated many times while dressing her. Out on the broad veranda where Ruth spent all her waking hours it was very lively and entertaining. Such a running about and ordering and packing as there was! Mattresses, pillows, and blankets were strewn over the floor; dishes, clothing, and provisions were being packed into bamboo baskets. In the open space before the house, below the high veranda, four big elephants leisurely broke up and chewed long, juicy banana-stalks, making a great rustling noise as they swept the broad leaves over the ground. By and by the hubbub on the veranda quieted down. The filled baskets were fastened two by two, one on each end of a short pole; this pole was hoisted over a man's shoulder, and off he trotted with his load.

Down among the elephants was a great shouting and groaning and straining. The elephants were made to kneel down while the heavy howdahs, or elephant-saddles, were put in place on their backs. Two of the howdahs were packed with bedding, two folding-chairs, a coop of chickens, a stone water-filter, cans of kerosene—whatever could not be put into the bamboo baskets. The third elephant was led up to the first landing of the long flight of veranda stairs, and Ruth's mama stepped upon a chair, then on the stair-railing, and then on the elephant's head, whence it was easy to reach the seat of the howdah. Papa made the passage to the howdah more quickly and with less trepidation. Lastly, dear Dr. McGilvary, who was speeding the expedition, handed the baby over to papa, and a chorus of "Nai noy pi doy!" went up from an admiring crowd assembled below. The procession moved out of the gate, the brass bells at the elephants' necks chiming melodiously.

On the huge head of each beast was perched his driver. Brown-skinned people hastened past, walking much faster than the slow-moving elephants, and many called a word of greeting to Ruth and her parents. "Where is the teacher going to come back from?" was their polite form of inquiry, oft repeated.

The women generally exclaimed: "Nai noy pi doy kah?" ("Is the little lady going on the mountain?")

The little train of servants and carriers walked near the elephants until they came to a long bridge, over which the foot-travelers crossed a river, while the elephants went on to a ford a short distance above. At the brink of the stream the animals paused and cautiously tried the river-bottom with their trunks, took a step forward, tried the bottom again, took another step, and thus they carried their loads slowly and safely over. There were a number of elephants at the ford. One mother elephant had a baby elephant with her, and when he got into water over his head he held on to his mother's tail and was towed along. A young elephant was being bathed by his driver, and he squealed and bellowed like a naughty boy having his face washed. Just as the opposite bank was reached, a long string of mules carrying rice came down to cross the river; and as elephants have a great dislike to mules and ponies, all the drivers had their hands full. The elephants were controlled by shouting, and by being poked in the head with iron-pointed sticks.

For the next hour the path led over the plain, past the city of Cheung Mai with its crumbling walls and deep moat full of lotus-plants. By the side of the road grew scarlet cannas and castor-oil plants in almost the same profusion with which the goldenrod and aster bloom with us. Over some muddy places little yellow butterflies were fluttering, and one poor elephant worked himself into a fever of nervousness over them, appearing to be very much annoyed by the little things. Another was alarmed by a white cloth that had been thrown over a bush to dry.

In captivity, the elephant is the most timid and easily discouraged of animals. He has to have the best of care, to be carefully fed and kindly treated; if over-worked or neglected, he simply gives up the struggle of life—lies down and dies.

Just as the sun was becoming uncomfortably hot the shade of the woods was reached. At a brook-side the foot-travelers were waiting for the elephants, and the whole party halted to rest and give the animals some water. As they went on, the broad road came to an end, and only a very narrow path, made by generations

of passing elephants, showed the way. It was very quiet in the forest. The soft feet of the elephants made no noise. Now and then a low-hanging branch brushed over the roof of the howdah. Occasionally the driver called "Koy, koy!" to remind their charges to be careful of pushing the howdah against the trees. In some places where the foliage was very thick they used the big knives from their belts to chop a space for the howdahs to pass.

The swaying motion of the howdah and the noonday heat made Ruth very sleepy. Papa laid her down on the cushions, and soon she slept as soundly as if she were in her own crib. The sure-footed elephants climbed up, up, past precipices so deep that mama kept her eyes shut for fear of becoming dizzy; they descended steep slopes, dragging their hind legs; they ascended steeper ones on their front knees, keeping the howdahs quite level all the time. Always up they went, until, where the trees allowed glimpses out, one could look down on

the plain far below. The gilded roofs of the Buddhist temples glittered in the sun. One could trace the river by the feathery bamboos and tall palm-trees that marked its fertile course. Here and there clustered groups of fruit-trees and of betel-palms told of the hamlets of low huts concealed beneath their shade.

At last came a very steep ascent. The elephants panted, and the drivers shouted words of encouragement to them. The thick growth gave way to a small clearing in the heart of the forest. On a high knoll overhanging a mountain brook stood a long bamboo hut, raised by posts about six feet above the ground. A veranda with a light railing partly surrounded it. In one place an unrailed space had been left, to which the elephants were taken, and papa and mama were glad to make a return passage over the elephant's head and on to the veranda. Cum Moon held out her arms for the baby, and sniffed her rapturously, exclaiming, "Nai noy yo doy!" ("Little lady is on the mountain!")

TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

[This story was begun in the April number.]

CHAPTER II.

"SO THE NEW DAYS COME, AND THE YEARS
ROLL BY."

HOME, sweet home! Never had home been so sweet to Catharine as when she stood again on its threshold with her mother's arms around her. The journey had been made slower and more difficult by a severe storm, and it was nine o'clock in the night when Mr. King left her at the door of the Van Clyffe house on Broadway. But the late hour, accounted for, no longer troubled either mother or daughter. There was so much to feel, so much to say, so many questions to ask and to answer.

The night was a little frosty, and a few oak logs burned brightly on the hearth, while Catharine, healthily hungry, feasted on the

fried chicken and peach-pie and new milk spread for her refreshment before the fire. They were in "mother's parlor," a little room set apart for Madam Van Clyffe's use between the house-place and the fine front rooms reserved for festive occasions. It contained only a wide sofa, a round table, two or three chairs, and the great carved *kas*, or cabinet, in which Madam kept her best china, her foreign preserves, and the silver in general use. After the bare simplicity of the school-rooms it seemed a very palace of comfort; and Catharine was not too old, or too affected, to be charmed anew with its air of homely beauty, or to eat with real enjoyment the delicacies prepared for her.

"But where is Paul?" she asked, as soon as her first excitement was over.

"He will be here very soon, my dear little Katryntje! I have already told you how kind the master of Trinity school has been to Paul;

and he is yet studying with him for two hours every other night."

"I thought, then, that Paul had passed all the Trinity classes?"

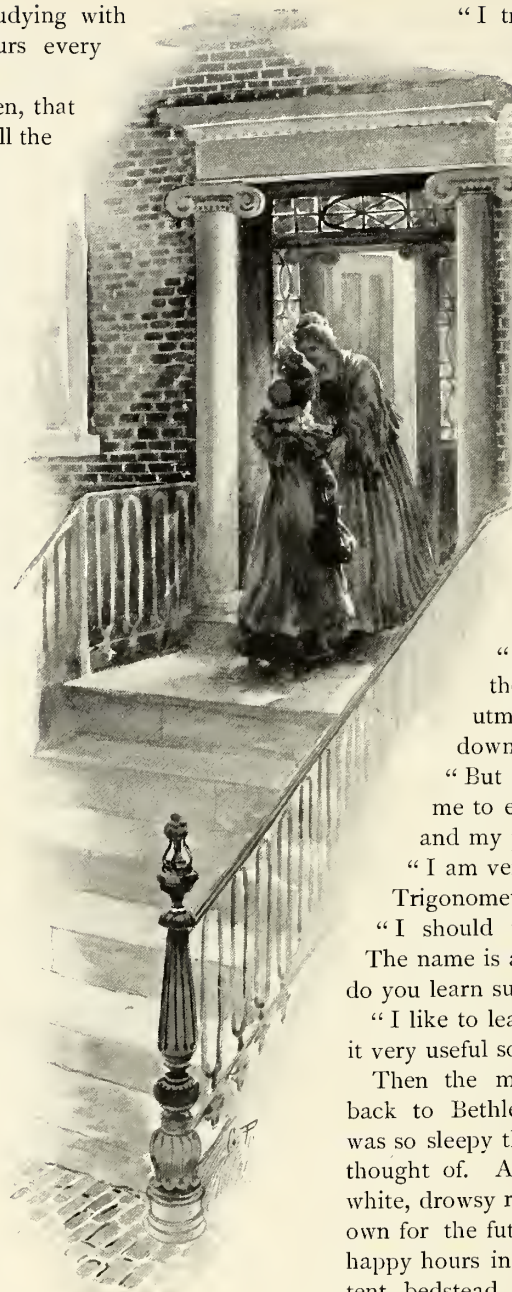
"That is so. But now he is learning—I know not what; something with a very strange name—something that is all curves, and lines, and figures."

"Then it will be, I suppose, some kind of arithmetic. How do boys learn, and even like, such things? As for me, mother, I have always hated even 'twice two is four.'"

Madam's face had a momentary shadow; she did not smile or answer Catharine; and the girl, looking quickly up, was aware of some change which she could not define. It troubled her. She thought instantly of her father, and so asked: "When is my father coming?"

"I know not, dear one."

"Mother! I thought surely, when you sent for me, that my father was very near to his home," said Catharine, almost reproachfully.



"NEVER HAD HOME BEEN SO SWEET
TO CATHARINE AS WHEN SHE
STOOD AGAIN ON ITS
THRESHOLD."

"I try to believe that he is, for he has been so long, so long away! To-night we will not speak of this subject; in the morning there will be much to say. Tell me now of your school, and of what you have learned this year."

This was a topic on which Catharine could easily be eloquent; and she was in the midst of a conversation about Elsie Evertsen when Paul flung the door open with a cry of "Welcome! Welcome, little Tryntje!"

"Oh, Paul! It is good to see you again!" she answered. "And how tall you have grown! You are almost a man, Paul."

"Indeed, I think so," answered the youth, stretching himself to his utmost height, and quite looking down on his pretty sister.

"But even so, Paul, sit down and help me to eat my supper of tender chicken and my peach-pie."

"I am very willing, for I am very hungry. Trigonometry is not easy work."

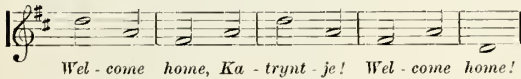
"I should think it was very hard work. The name is as bad as a day's journey. Why do you learn such a thing?"

"I like to learn it. I think, also, I shall find it very useful some day."

Then the mother turned the conversation back to Bethlehem, until Catherine said she was so sleepy there was nothing but bed to be thought of. And oh, how delightful was the white, drowsy room which she was to call her own for the future! Madam had spent many happy hours in preparing for her little girl the tent bedstead with its white dimity curtains, and the pretty dressing-table covered with snowy drapery of the same material. The rush chairs, the pretty blue rugs on the waxed and polished floor, the silver candlestick, the exquisite linen with its faint scent of lavender, the large Dresden vase full of asters, and the "Imitation," lying open at the "Four things

which bring much peace" — all these tokens of thoughtful love and care filled Catharine's heart with inexpressible pleasure. She crept into her white, sweet nest with a happy, grateful prayer on her lips, and immediately fell into a deep and restful sleep.

A long sleep of nearly ten hours, and then, in a moment, she was wide awake. And with this first alert consciousness there came — as if her angel had planned it so — the sound of the bells. She smiled, and lay still, listening :



That was exactly what they said to her; and then they struck eight o'clock.

She was as happy as if she had been blessed by a holy friend. She put her small bare feet out of bed quickly, and dressed herself in a smiling hurry. What would they say at Bethlehem if they knew she had slept until eight o'clock? And then she pictured to herself the busy school-room, and felt her indolence all the more delightful for the imagination. And oh, how good it was to see her mother's face, and to hear the loving "good morning" as soon as she left her room! Truly she had been used to kindly stranger faces, and to very gentle words; but who can look into a girl's face as a mother can? And who but a mother could put a heaven of love into just two words: "Dearest Tryntje!"

"I am so late, mother, I deserve no breakfast."

"But it is waiting for you"; and she called Bosnay, a favorite negro slave, to bring in the chocolate and eggs and hot cakes. Madam was kneading the fine wheat bread, and Bosnay served the girl with an affectionate familiarity, talking to her, the while, entirely in the Dutch. Madam also gave all her orders in the same language. But Catharine now found it a little difficult always to understand the voluble negress.

When Madam had put her loaves under a white towel to rise, Catharine had finished her breakfast; and her mother looked at her with a tender irresolution, as if she was trying to decide some question that seriously affected her. And,

in fact, this was the exact case. When Bosnay had cleared the table and left the room, a sudden silence — a silence full of feeling and meaning — fell between Madam and her little daughter. Catharine tried to break it by telling her mother how sweetly she had slept, and how delightfully she had been awakened from her sleep. "The bells called me, mother," she said. "They rang out, '*Welcome home, Ka-tryntje! Welcome home!*' as distinctly as possible. They did indeed."

"Dear one, I doubt it not. And yet, I am so sorry they had to welcome you; but I saw not how to prevent it." And her face was so sad, as she spoke these words, that Catharine at once understood there was trouble in her heart.

"My mother," she answered, "to be with you, that is my great happiness. Is there, then, something you wish to tell me — some reason why I *could not* stay longer at school?"

Madam sat down, and drew a chair for Catharine close to her side.

"Sit close to me, Tryntje," she said; "sit very close, my dear one. There is a great reason. It is this: I have no more money."

"Oh, mother, mother!"

"Your father is now two years gone away, and I have heard not one word from him these ten months. Always, when he was not coming home, he sent word to Claes Brevoort how to give me money; but Claes has heard nothing at all from him since he left. I am without money, Tryntje, and what to do I know not. Every morning I think before night your dear father will come. I listen for his step till my ears ache; and if there is a quick knock at the door, I run to open it, I am so sure it is he. But no! Every night I pray the good God to have pity on us. I sleep not, until I am tired out with thinking and watching. Tryntje, Tryntje, I could bear it no longer without you!"

"Oh, my mother! So glad am I that you have brought me home. Do not be so distressed. There is more than one way to make money. We have friends also, and we can work. What says my brother Paul?"

"Paul has such a hoping heart. He says always, '*To-morrow! To-morrow, mother!*' But no. Even Paul has now begun to fear.

A month since he went to his Uncle Jacob and said: 'Let me work with you.' My poor Paul!" Here she ceased speaking, and Catharine saw with an unspeakable pity the large tears drop from her mother's eyes. She was shocked. She spoke almost in a whisper:

"Then Paul has gone to the tanning-pits?"

"Yes."

There was a bitter pause. The position seemed impossible to Catharine, for the question of money had never entered her mind. She had some knowledge of other sorrows,—of sickness, separation, unfriendliness, even death,—but the want of money, that was an idea strange and almost incredible. However, she was a girl of quick instincts and ready sympathies, and she accepted without dispute the fact of their poverty.

"Have you told my Grandmother Van Clyffe?" she asked.

"No one have I told but Paul and yourself."

"May I tell grandmother?"

"To that question, Tryntje, I know not what to answer. She loves me not; and she is angry at your father because nothing but a ship and the world-wide seas will please him."

"As if a Zeelander could help loving the world-wide seas!" cried Catharine, indignantly. "The sea to my father is everything that the fatherland is to a landsman. However, let me go and see grandmother. It is my duty to do so; and if I get the right moment, I will speak; and if I do not get the right moment, I will not speak."

"Go, then; and whatever you think it best to say, that I give you permission to say."

In a short time Catharine was ready for her visit. She put on her brown camlet frock, with its tippet of the same material, and a straw gipsy hat, tied under her chin with a wide brown sarsenet ribbon. Her fair hair lay in shining curls upon her shoulders; at her throat was a small gold brooch; and in her hand she had a posy of yellow asters. A blooming little maid all brown and gold, with a face serious but not sad, and eyes that shone with love and loving purpose.

Her grandmother, Madam Judith Van Clyffe, lived in an old house in William Street. She had gone there when she married Roelf Van

Clyffe; and in spite of the British occupancy of New York, and of the fact that her husband and three sons were with the continental army or navy, there she had remained. Not without prudent management, however. She had permitted a noted Royalist during the war to occupy its first floor with his shop, on condition that she had the use of the upper floor. Into this upper floor she removed all her treasures, and then she suffered its windows to become covered with dust and spiders' webs, and to take on generally the appearance of being merely the storage-place of the shop below them.

Ostensibly she removed to her son Jacob's fine farm on the Bowery, and there she busied herself in making such delicious butter, and in growing such fine vegetables and fruits for the governor's and the officers' families, that they naturally protected her in a position so necessary for their own comfort. So Madam held her tongue, and worked hard, and made a great deal of money; and whenever she put away a British guinea, she said, with a little laugh of satisfaction: "It is a spoiling of the enemy; and when my men come home again, of the gold they will be glad."

But Roelf Van Clyffe never came home again: he died on the battle-field; and his eldest son died in hospital; and as Jansen was at sea with his ship, only Jacob came home when the war was over. Then Jacob took possession of his home, and Madam went back to her house on William Street; and there she was living when Catharine went to see her. The same store was still in the lower part of the house,—only the Royalist now paid a large rent for the premises,—and Catharine went into it to ask if Madam Van Clyffe was within. The place had a pleasant smell of teas and spices, and she lingered a moment after she had been answered. So it happened that her eyes rested on the figure of an Indian god, seated on a shelf among bundles of cinnamon bark, and bowls of nutmegs, and jars of preserved ginger. And the shelf was like a page out of a romance. She instantly began to wonder what brave sailor-man had brought the image over thousands of miles of tossing seas; and the thought of the long ocean miles made her father very

present in her memory. As she went up the bare, rickety stairs leading to her grandmother's rooms, she thought only of him, and her heart was suddenly troubled with fears for his safety — fears which she had never before felt.

"I have left school, and I wished to see you."
 "So? Well, then, here am I." And she stood squarely before the girl, with her hands resting on her hips, and her keen bright eyes fixed on the fair, flushing face lifted to hers.

She was a tall woman, with a broad, strong countenance, and thick light hair tightly drawn backward under a white linen cap without any border. She wore a dress perfectly Dutch in its character—a tight-fitting bodice, and a short quilted petticoat of the same cloth; home-knit stockings of gray worsted, clocked with scarlet; and low-cut shoes, fastened with silver latches. But Catharine saw none of these things. The old woman's personality dominated all such accidentals as petticoats or stockings. She did not notice even the string of large gold beads round the neck.

It was the masterful look in her gray eyes,

and the sense of power in her strong mouth and erect figure, which affected Catharine. That this power came from concentration of will, and from that oneness of mind that has never a doubt or a second thought behind it, was a fact which Catharine neither recognized nor reasoned about. But she did understand at once that this grandmother, of whom she knew so little, was a woman to be respected, perhaps, when she was truly known, even loved. So she smiled as she looked in the old, shrewd countenance, and said softly:

"I see, grandmother, that you are very like my dear father."

"Not so, not so," was the quick, curt reply.



"SHE LED THE WAY INTO THE FRONT ROOM, AND THEN, TURNING TO CATHARINE, ASKED:
 "BUT WHY ARE YOU HERE?"

The stairway ended in a narrow passage, and there were two closed doors in it. She tapped lightly on one of them, and in a moment or two it was opened wide, and her grandmother stood looking at her.

"Well, then, who are you?" she asked.

"Grandmother!"

"What?"

"Grandmother, I am Catharine."

"You!"

"It is so."

"Come in, then."

She led the way into the front room, and then, turning to Catharine, asked without preface:

"But why are you here?"



"IT DELIGHTED THEM SO MUCH THAT FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THEY FOLLOWED EACH OTHER ROUND AND ROUND IN THIS TUNEFUL FUGUE OR UNISON." (SEE PAGE 580.)

And then came the question: "Why have you left school?"

"My mother needed me," was Catharine's quiet reply.

"And pray, then, at this strange school what have you learned?"

"I have learned to play on the pianoforte and the guitar; I can draw and paint very

needlework. But I like not pianofortes. Your cousins Gertrude and Alida last week were cross and unhappy because they also want a pianoforte. Why do they want such a thing? I must say that it does not seem to me a thing needful. I never had a pianoforte, and yet I am very contented."

"If you could hear my dear teachers sing

well; and I have been taught to speak the French tongue."

"*En wat omtrent de Hollandsche taal?*"

"*Grootmoeder, ik heb mÿn moedertaal niet vergeten.** Also, I have been well grounded in all useful branches of learning; and there is nothing that can be done with a needle that I cannot perform. Tambour embroidery and filigree-work I understand well. I can sprig gauze, and embroider ribbons, and also make the most beautiful artificial flowers."

"Rest a little. A girl so clever is a girl out of a book. Who, then, is to do the spinning and baking and cleaning and cooking, the making of clothes and the mending of them? Heaven be thanked, to such fine schools all the girls do not go!"

"Grandmother, I can spin thirty-four cuts of flax in one day; and the other things I shall learn, in time, from my dear mother."

"To speak truth,—for I like the truth,—I see not what use there is in this music and French. A different thing is the fine

* "And what about the Dutch language?" "Grandmother, I have not forgotten my mother-tongue."

their sweet songs to its music, then you also would want a pianoforte, my grandmother."

"I would not; of that I am sure. Your cousins have a negro man who, when they want to dance, plays the fiddle very well. And they have music in the church. I am not opposed to music in the church, but music in the house, when there is no dancing and no company, that, in my opinion, is not moral or respectable. It is not the Dutch style. Listen! The good Father gave you not life to waste it."

"I do not intend to waste my life, grandmother. I intend to work, and to use my life for something good."

"To work!"—and she lifted Catharine's small white hands and then let them fall, with a shrug of her broad shoulders. "Work! What can those hands do? Look here!"—and she held out her own hands, large, capable, full-veined, and graven all over with the unmistakable signs of daily labor.

"You shall see that my hands can work, grandmother."

"So!" She spoke with a tone of incredulity, and Catharine rose and went to look at a magnificent piece of Middleburg tapestry hanging against the wall.

"How beautiful is this work!" she cried in an enthusiasm. "Such a border is beyond all praise. Oh, how much I should like to copy it!"

But Madam Judith Van Clyffe made no answer to Catharine's eager desire. She watched her a few moments, and then said: "If to work you want, then go not from one thing to another, like a key that will not fit any lock. What you will do, choose, and then stand firmly by that choice. And in a hurry be not. With time every one gets into his right place. Now, then, I wish you to go away. This afternoon I have many things to do. And listen to me: say not to your cousins that you have been here; for then they also would come; and it is not my desire to be disturbed in my own house."

She spoke coldly and with determination, and Catharine felt that she was no longer wanted. No opportunity to speak of her father's absence had been given her, and her abrupt dismissal made it impossible. Her affections and her pride were both wounded,

and she thought it best not to go at once to her home. The beloved mother had sorrow enough; why should she add to it? So she walked down to the Battery, and stood there and let the fresh, salt wind blow away the little fret and tumult of her hurt feelings; and as she waited her thoughts were busy with the future. She knew she would have to work, and she looked earnestly at the small, slender hands which had provoked such scornful unbelief in their ability. Between her and the happy life she had dreamed of living there seemed suddenly to have arisen a high, blank wall. Would those small hands be able to help her over it? And as she wondered, a thought leaped into her mind, and it was as if she had seen a door open in that wall. With an eager light in her eyes and a smile on her lips, she turned and began to walk rapidly homeward.

Her mother was standing at the window, watching for her return, and she instantly resolved to say nothing of her grandmother's hasty dismissal; for perhaps, after all, she had no reason to take offense; so she met her mother with pleasant words, and they sat down to talk of her visit.

"It is a far better report than I expected," said Madam Van Clyffe; "but did you not speak of your father at all to her?"

"Only once; and she put the subject away with a curt answer. Is she very angry with father?"

"I fear so. He grieved her many years ago, and she does not forgive."

"But at last she will forgive; for I do not think she is really hard. I shall pray to the good God about it; for the heart that is closed to us may be open to God."

"Dear one, that is the truth. Now, then, I will talk to you of the only thing that is to be done. Many nights and days I have thought it over, and I am sure that we shall not fail. You see that this is a very beautiful house. There are in it many rooms, all well furnished. We can rent four, even six, of them, and then there will remain more than we require for our own use. Claes Brevoort is of my mind. He says that he knows the captains of all the large foreign packets, and that he will speak to them about us. They bring many rich travelers,

who will be glad to pay for comfortable lodgings. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother."

"Bosnay will do the cooking, Sibbey the laundry-work; Jane will be the chambermaid and wait on the table; and old Pop will cut the wood and keep the fires going. I must be house-keeper; and you, my dear little girl, must set the table, and dust the parlors, and wash the fine china and silver. Can you do all this?"

"Oh, my mother! I can do all you say, and much more. So glad I shall be to have my hands full from morning to night! I also have a very good thought. I will write a little note to Mrs. Van Horne and to Mrs. White, and tell them how beautifully I can sprig crape gowns, and embroider ribbons, and paint hand-fans, and work crests and initials on handkerchiefs and fine linen; and when I add that I learned these things from the Moravian Sisters, I shall have plenty of such work, and can make, I think, a great deal of money."

"Darling Tryntje, I cannot permit you to do such a thing! Do you not know that these ladies have been intimate with me—when the government was in Philadelphia, and I was staying with my father? I have often thought that I would renew my acquaintance with them when your education was finished, in order that you might have the advantage of their society. Oh, my child, how can I bear to see you embroider their gowns, when I have always hoped that you would be received by them as their friend?"

"Mother, I shall be quite as happy embroidering as dancing. Besides, I am yet too young to go to balls and parties, and before the right time comes who knows what may happen?"

There was a Scotch girl at Bethlehem who used in every disappointment to comfort herself with an ancient rhyme that went like this:

'Bide ye yet, and bide ye yet;
Ye never ken what will be-
tide ye yet.'

And, at any rate, father may come home some day when we are not thinking of such a good thing."

But Madam Van Clyffe was hard to persuade; it was not until Catharine laid her wet cheek against her mother's, and with loving kisses pleaded for her own way, that she gave in so far as to promise that, if Paul was willing, no further opposition should be made to her proposal. These plans gave them much to talk over, but they also comforted their hearts with new hopes. Life began to look possible to Madam Van Clyffe; and Catharine had all the bright, the self-denying enthusiasms which make youth so lovely and so lovable. It is true she was disappointed; and a flush of annoy-

ance flamed in her cheeks when she thought of Lucia and Mary and Elsie. She had dreamed of so many pleasures, and had promised to write them full accounts of all her mother's visitors, and all her own amusements, in the gay and great city of New York. It would be humiliating to acknowledge the change which had taken place in her circumstances, and for a moment or two she felt that she must break her promise, but she soon put down the unworthy thought.



PAUL VAN CLYFFE.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Catharine's mother said: "My child, your brother would certainly tell Gertrude and Alida of your return. I think, then, they will call here very soon. Will you not wish to put on something that is prettier than your brown dress?"

Catharine glanced at her simple gown and her small white apron with its ruffled bib, and answered: "I think this dress is quite proper in my own home, and there is now no time to change it. Some one is knocking at the door, and I dare say it is my cousins."

They listened a moment in silence, and then there was a sound of voices and a rustle of drapery, and the parlor door was opened for two girls who seemed to be about Catharine's age. Both were pretty, and the younger, Alida, was considered a beauty; but all three girls had the curling golden hair, the brilliant complexions, and the tall, supple figures of those Zeeland women who for centuries had drunk in health and beauty from the great North Sea.

Madam Van Clyffe soon left them alone, and then Gertrude at once threw off her great-coat of dove-colored taffeta and her large hat, heavy with feathers. Alida instantly followed her example. Then they asked Catharine to play on the pianoforte, and were filled with amazement and some little envy at her skill.

"Father would buy us an instrument," said Gertrude, "but our Grandmother Van Clyffe will not permit it. To be sure, we have to obey her, for she is very rich; but, for all that, I think when women fall so far behind the times they ought to — retire."

"However," said Alida, "she is not against the singing-school. It is held by Mr. Keller in the vestry of the church, and Gertrude has been asked to sing in the choir."

"Then I am sure you will sing for me," said Catharine, turning to her cousin; "and here are some of the newest songs."

"I know all the hymns and songs in the 'Chorister's Companion,'" answered Gertrude; "but they may not be the newest. However, both Alida and I can sing by note."

"Here are the latest songs, then," said Catharine. "This English hunting-catch, 'A-hunting We will Go,'—do you know it? Or 'Soldier Tired with War's Alarms'; or 'The Cot-

tage Maid'; or 'The Heaving of the Lead'; or Gluck's 'Come, Sweet Sleep'; or, if you like best an American chorus, here is one sung on the last Fourth of July." And as she touched the notes she began to hum softly:

"Fly, fly, swift-winged Fame!
The news proclaim
From shore to shore;
Let cannons roar,
And joyful voices shout
Columbia's name!"

"We know not one of those," said Alida. "Are they pretty?"

Just at that moment Trinity Bells began their hour chime, and the girls ceased speaking until the delightful melody was finished. Then Catharine said, with a charming excitement: "Now I know what will please us all! I have here a famous bell-round. It is for three voices. Let us learn it together. It will pass half an hour so delightfully. It is called 'Christ Church Bells,' but we will sing it for Trinity Bells."

They were delighted at the proposal, and eager to begin; and as the music was easily read, in ten minutes the three voices were filling the house with the old-world melody:

1 Hark to sweet Trin - i - ty Bells! One,
2 Hark! the first and sec-ond bell, That
3 Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, To
two, three, four, five, six. They sound so wond'ry * great, so
ev-ery day, at four and ten, Cry, "Come, come, come, come,
call the children home; But there's none will sleep till
wond'rous sweet, And they troll so mer-ri-ly, mcr - ri - ly!
come to pray'rs," And the verger troops be-fore the dean.
they hear the deep, Deep boom of "Might - y Tom."

* "Woundy" means "very."

It delighted them so much that for nearly an hour they followed each other round and round in this tuneful fugue or unison. Then they were tired, and Alida began to ask questions.

"Who or what is this 'Mighty Tom,' Catharine?" she said. "Is it possible that you know?"

"I know," answered Catharine, "because Brother Van Vleck, the principal of Bethlehem school, told us when we learned the music. He would not allow us to sing what we did not understand. He said that 'Mighty Tom,' or 'Great Tom,' is a large bell given to Christ Church, Oxford, in the year 1545, and that it strikes one hundred and one strokes every night to remind people of the splendid charities which had founded there one hundred and one scholarships. He told us, also, that there was a 'Great Tom' of Lincoln; and a 'Great Peter' of York; and that 'Dunstan' of Canterbury and 'Edward' of St. Paul's all were famous bells. When a King of England, or an Archbishop, or a Lord Mayor of London dies, then the clapper of 'Edward' of St. Paul's is muffled. This clapper weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and its muffled tone—so dull and booming—is said to be awful, and not long to be endured."

"All this is very interesting," said Gertrude; "but let us now see some of your needlework. Aunt Sarah has told us about it, and, to be sure, Maria Van Vleck, who was also at Bethlehem, has some very fine things to show."

Then they went together to Catharine's room, and examined her embroideries and paintings; and she gave to Gertrude a pretty fan which she had painted, and to Alida a piece of ribbon embroidered with rosebuds. Then they talked of her school experiences and companions. Gertrude said she had seen Elsie Evertsens at church. "And her father is very rich," she added. "They have a fine country house in Greenwich village, and they own many slaves, and live in a most genteel manner."

About five o'clock the girls were all tired. They had talked and sung and wondered and criticized and praised and explained till every subject was exhausted. "And I think we ought to go home early," said Gertrude, "for there was something unusual happening, I am sure. Everywhere in the streets men were

standing together and talking as if they were angry. I dare say it is war. For my part, I shall not be sorry if we made up our minds to give those insolent Frenchmen a few lessons in minding their own business."

"I do not understand," said Catharine.

"But very soon you will understand. Nothing else is now talked about but war—war, and only war. Every young man is for fighting France; and, indeed, many of the old men have also the same temper. My father says, 'We must be protected in our trade and commerce; lawfully, if possible—lawfully with violence, if need be.' I think to-day, perhaps, there has come the 'need be.'"

As this conversation was in progress, Catharine was assisting her cousins to put on their greatcoats and hats; and as soon as their toilet was completed, they went away, with many expressions of pleasure and friendship. But Catharine was sad, and she knew not why until she found her mother knitting by the window in the house place. Then she understood. It was care. She had put it away while entertaining her cousins, but it was there waiting for her; and, somehow, the hope that had lightened it while she talked with her mother had fled away. She almost felt as if she had done wrong to be so happy while that dumb fear about her father was in her heart, and while their future was so unsettled and uncertain.

"You have had a happy afternoon, Tryntje, I think."

"Yes, mother," she answered; "but I should have been happier alone with you. I tried once or twice to tell Gertrude and Alida what we must do; but, mother, it seems so hard to talk of poverty. You would imagine people knew when you were going to begin, and purposely turned the conversation."

"It was better not to speak until our plans are settled. To-night Paul will not go out, and we can talk everything down to the last letter. Paul has a great deal of fore-sense, and he is not discouraging."

In fact, Paul proved to be full of encouragement. He said Mrs. Daubigny and other ladies of the highest respectability rented part of their houses, and also that Catharine's plan was entirely sensible and very creditable. And

with this assurance they talked over each proposition in all its relations; and Paul took a piece of paper and noted the probable expenses of the house, and the probable income from all sources. It seemed businesslike to him, and Madam Van Clyffe had the most profound respect for figures. So when Paul had added up his lists, and declared that there "might be a surplus of perhaps fifty dollars a month," all were confident and happy. Fifty dollars a month seemed a very nice sum to come and go on; and Madam felt even a slight stirring of that spirit of thrift which the Dutch nature is seldom quite without. Her mother-in-law's cleverness and economies during the Revolutionary War were a standing subject for family pride, and there came into her heart a glow of commercial ambition. Perhaps she also might make some money, and be able to prove to this woman, who had always slighted her abilities, that she had not deserved the scorn meted out to her.

It was nearly ten o'clock when they separated, Madam and Catharine both full of hope, and almost eager for the morrow, that they might at once begin their new life. But Paul, as soon as he was alone, sank to the level of his own feelings, which were neither happy nor hopeful. It grieved the young man that he could not make sufficient money to support the mother and sister whom he so tenderly loved. And besides this, the money he did earn was

made in sorrow and in disappointment. His whole nature cried out for the sea, and he hated the business of tanning with an intensity which he dared not explain. It made him sick. It filled him with unspeakable longings to run a thousand miles away. He had nearly finished his course of navigation, and his hands burned for the wheel. He could think only of ships and the sea. He was like a stormy petrel shut up in a cage; and he believed no one understood or pitied him.

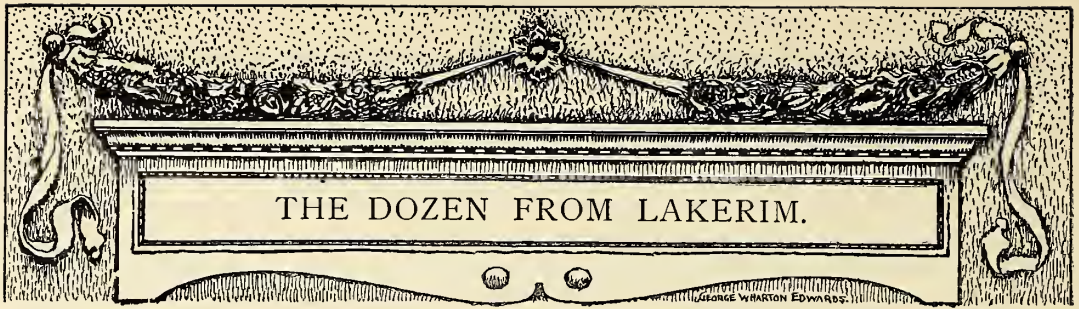
For a little while he indulged himself in this dangerous luxury of self-pity; then he remembered not only his mother's and sister's unspoken sympathy, but the expressed fellow-feeling of a man so undemonstrative as his Uncle Jacob. It was on a certain hot day when his work had been specially intolerable, and he had not hesitated to express his hatred of it. Without anger Jacob Van Clyffe listened to his complaints, and thus answered them:

"Paul, thou art dissatisfied. For thee I am sorry. Yes, indeed. But complaining is not for men. Patience! The better time will come. The bare twigs, the frozen river, do they complain? Not so. *They wait!*"

And Paul was not sorry to remember that he had looked up at his uncle with grateful tears in his eyes. "*They wait!*" The words comforted him. He said them over frequently, and finally went to sleep with the comforting words on his lips: "*They wait!*"

(To be continued.)





THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

(Author of "The Lakerim Athletic Club.")

CHAPTER I.

YOU may not find the town of Lakerim on the map in your geography. And yet it was very well known to the people who lived in it. And the Lakerim Athletic Club also was very well known to them. And the Lakerim Athletic Club, or at least the twelve founders of the club, were as blue as the June sky, because it seemed to them that Father Time — old Granddaddy Longlegs that he is — was "playing a mean trick" upon them.

For had n't they given all their brain and muscle to building up an athletic club that should be a credit to the town and a terror to outsiders? And had n't they given up every free hour for two years to working like Trojans? though, for that matter, who ever heard of any work the Trojans ever did that amounted to anything — except the spending of ten years in getting themselves badly defeated by a big wooden hobby-horse?

But while all of the Dozen were deep in the dumps, and had their brows tied up like a neglected fish-line, the loudest complaint was made, of course, by the one who had done the least work in building up the club — a lazy-bones who had been born tired, and had spent most of his young life in industriously earning for himself the name of "Sleepy."

"It's a shame," growled he, "for you fellows to go and leave the club in the lurch this way, after all the trouble we have had organizing it."

"Yes," assented another, who was called "B. J." because he had jumped from a high bridge once too often, and who read more wild

Western romances than was good for his peace of mind or his conversation; "it looks as if you fellows were renegades to the cause."

None of the Twelve knew exactly what a renegade was, and so, although it sounded unpleasant, the men to whom the term was applied did not lose their tempers, and the debate went on in a peaceful manner.

The trouble was this: Some of you who are up on the important works of history may have heard how these twelve youth of the High School at Lakerim organized themselves into an athletic club that won many victories, and how they begged, borrowed, and earned enough money to build themselves a club-house after a year of hard work and harder play.

Well, now, after they had gone to all this trouble and expense, and had enjoyed the fruits of their labors barely a year, lo and behold, one third of the Dozen were planning to desert the club, leave the town, and take their good muscles to another town, where there was an academy! The worst of it was that this academy was the very one that had worked hardest to keep the Lakerim Athletic Club from being admitted into the league known as the Tri-State Interscholastic.

And now that the Lakerim Club had forced its way into the League, and had won the pennant the very first year, it seemed hard that some of the most valuable of the Lakerimmers should even consider joining forces with their rival. The president of the club himself was one of the deserters; and the rest of the Dozen grew very bitter, and the arguments often reached a point where it needed only one word more to bring on a scrimmage — a scrimmage

that would make a lively football game seem tame by comparison.

And now the president, or "Tug," as he was always called, had been "baited" long enough. He rose to his feet and proceeded to deliver an oration with all the fervor of a Fourth-of-July orator.

"I want you fellows to understand once for all," he cried, "that no one loves the Lakerim Athletic Club more than I do, or is more patriotic toward it. But now that I have graduated from the High School, I can't consider that I know everything that is to be known. There are one or two things to learn yet, and I intend to go to a preparatory school, and then through college; and the best thing you fellows can do is to make your plans to do the same thing. Well, now, seeing that my mind is made up to go to college, and seeing that I've got to go to some preparatory school, and seeing there is no preparatory school in Lakerim, and seeing that I must therefore go to some other town, and seeing that at Kingston there is a fine preparatory school, and seeing that the Athletic Association of the Kingston Academy has been kind enough specially to invite three of us fellows to go there and has promised to give us an especially good show on the athletic team, why, seeing all this, I don't see that there is any kick coming to you fellows if we three fellows take advantage of our opportunities like sensible people; and the best advice I can give you is to make up your minds, and make up your fathers' and mothers' minds, to come along to Kingston Academy with us. Then there won't be any talk about our being traitors to the Dozen, for we'll just pick the Dozen up bodily and carry it over to Kingston! The new members we've elected can take care of the club and the club-house."

Tug sat down amid a silence that was more complimentary than the wildest applause; for he had done what few orators do: he had set his audience to thinking. Only one of the Twelve had a remark to make for some time, and that was a small-framed, big-spectacled gnome called "History." He leaned over and said to his elbow-companion, "Bobbles":

"Tug is a regular Demoserenes!"

"Who's Demoserenes?" whispered Bobbles.

"Why, don't you remember Demoserenes?" said History, proudly.

The fate of the Dozen was a still more serious matter, because the Dozen had existed before the club or the club-house, and their hearts ached at the mere thought of breaking up the old and dear associations that had grown up around their partnership in many an hour of victory and defeat.

But where there are many souls there are many minds, and it seemed impossible to keep the Twelve together for another year. It was settled that Tug and Jumbo and Punk should accept the invitation of the Kingston Athletic Association, and their parents were glad to pay their expenses, knowing the high standing of Kingston among preparatory schools.

History was also sure to go, for his learning had won him a free scholarship in a competitive examination. "B. J.," "Quiz," and "Bobbles" were to be sent to other academies—to Charleston, to Troy, and to Greenville; but they made life miserable for their fathers and mothers by their pleadings, until they, too, were permitted to join their fellows at Kingston.

Sleepy was the only one who did not want to go, and he insisted that he had learned all that was necessary for his purpose in life; that he simply could not endure the thought of laboring over books any longer. But just as the Dozen had resigned themselves to losing the companionship of Sleepy (he was a good man to crack jokes about, if for no other purpose), Sleepy's parents announced to him that his decision was not final, and that, whether or not he wanted to go, go he should. And then there were eight.

The handsome and fashionable young "Dozener," known to his friends as Edward Parker, and to fame as "Pretty," was won over with much difficulty. He had completely made up his mind to attend the Troy Latin School—not because he loved Latin, but because Troy was the seat of much social gaiety. He was, however, at length cajoled into consenting to pitch his tent at Kingston. And then there were nine.

The Phillips twins, "Reddy" and "Heady," were the next source of trouble, for they had recently indulged in an unusually violent squabble,

even for them, and each had vowed that he would never speak to the other again, and would sooner die than go to the same boarding-school. The father of this fiery couple knew that the boys really loved each other dearly at the bottom of their hearts, and decided to teach them how much they truly cared for each other; so he yielded to their prayer that they be allowed to go to different academies. The boys, in high glee, tossed up a penny to decide which should go with the Dozen to Kingston, and which should go to the Brownsville School for Boys. Reddy won Kingston, and rejoiced greatly. But though Heady was very "blue," as he expressed it, over his enforced separation from "the fellows," yet nothing could persuade him to "tag along after his brother," as he phrased it. And so there were ten.

The deepest grief of the Dozen was the plight of the beloved giant, "Sawed-Off." There seemed to be no possible way of getting him to Kingston, much as they thought of his big muscles, and more as they thought of his big heart. His sworn pal, the tiny Jumbo, was well-nigh distracted at the thought of severing their two knitted souls; but Sawed-Off's father was dead, and his mother was too poor to pay for his schooling, so they mournfully gave him up for lost.

Heady was the first to leave town. He slipped away on an early morning train without telling any one, for he felt very much ashamed of his stubbornness; and he and his brother shook hands with each other very nervously.

A few days later the five sixths of the Dozen that were booked for Kingston stood on the crowded platform of the Lakerim railroad station, bidding good-by to all the parents they had, and all the friends.

Just as the engine began to ring its warning bell, and the conductor to wave the people aboard, there was a loud clatter of hoofs, and the rickety old Lakerim carryall came dashing up, drawn by the lively horses Sawed-Off had once saved from destroying themselves and the Dozen in one fell swoop down a steep hill. The carryall lurched up to the station, came to a sudden stop, and out bounced — who but Sawed-Off himself, loaded down with bundles, and yelling at the top of his voice:

"Stop the train and wait for me! I'm going to Kingston, too!"

There was just time to dump his trunk in the baggage-car, and bundle him and his bundles on to the platform, before the train steamed away; and the eleven Lakerimmers were so busy waving farewell to the crowd at the station that it was some minutes before they could find time to ask Sawed-Off how he came to be among them. When he explained that he had made arrangements to work his way through the Academy, they took no thought for the hard struggle before him, they were so glad to have him along. Jumbo and he sat with their arms around each other all the way to Kingston, their hearts too full for anything but an occasional "Hooray!"

The journey to Kingston brought no adventures with it — except that History, of course, had lost his spectacles and his ticket, and had to borrow money of Pretty to keep from being put off the train, and that when they reached Kingston they came near forgetting Sleepy entirely, for he had curled up in a seat, and was in his usual state of harmless slumber.

It might be useful to insert here a little sketch of Kingston Academy. The town itself was a drowsy old village that claimed a thousand inhabitants, but could never have mustered that number without counting in all the sleepy horses, mules, cows, and pet dogs that roamed the streets as freely as the other inhabitants. The chief industry of the people of Kingston seemed to be that of selling school-books, mince-pies, and other necessaries of life to the boys at the Academy. The grown young men of the town spent their lives in trying to get away to some other cities. The younger youth of the town spent their lives trying to interfere with the pleasures of the Kingston academicians. So there were many of the old-time "town-and-gown" squabbles; and it was well for the comfort of the Kingston Academy boys that they rarely went around town except in groups of two or three; and it was very bad for the comfort of any of the town fellows if they happened to be caught within the Academy grounds.

The result of being situated in a half-dead village, which was neither loved nor loving, did

not make life at the Academy tame, but quite the opposite; for the boys were forced to find their whole entertainment in the Academy life, and in one another, and the campus was therefore a little republic in itself—a Utopia. Like

shade and comfort to any little groups that cared to lounge upon the mossy divans beneath.

The school-grounds were spacious enough to furnish not only football and baseball fields and



“STOP THE TRAIN AND WAIT FOR ME! I 'M GOING TO KINGSTON, TOO!”

every other republic, it had its cliques and its struggles, its victories and its defeats, its friendships and its enmities, and everything else that makes life lively and lifelike.

The campus was beautiful enough and large enough to accommodate its citizens handsomely. Its trees were many and tall, venerable old monarchs with foliage-like tents for

tennis-courts, but meadows where wild flowers grew in the spring, and a little lake where the ice grew in the winter. Miles away—just enough to make a good “Sabbath-day’s journey”—was a wonderful region called the “Ledges,” where glaciers had once resided, and left huge boulders, scratched and scarred. As Jumbo put it, it seemed, from the chasms and caves and curi-

ous distortions of stone and soil, that "nature must once have had a fit there."

But this is more than enough description, and you must imagine for yourselves how the Lakerim eleven, often as they thought of home, and homesick as they were in spite of themselves now and then, rejoiced in being thrown on their own resources, and made somewhat independent citizens in a little country of their own. Unwilling to make selections among themselves, more unwilling to select room-mates from the other students (the "foreigners," as the Lakerimmers called them), the eleven drew lots for each other, and the lots decided that they should room together thus: Tug and Punk were on the ground floor of the building known as South College, in room No. 2; in the room just over them were Quiz and Pretty; and on the same floor, at the back of the building, were Bobbles and Reddy. Reddy insisted upon this room because it had a third bedroom off its study-room; while, of course, he never expected to see Heady there, and did n't much care, of course, whether he came or not, "still, a fellow never can tell, you know." On the same floor were B. J. and Jumbo. Jumbo did not stoop to flatter B. J. by pretending that he would not have preferred Sawed-Off for his room-mate; but Sawed-Off was working his way through, and the principal of the Academy had offered to help him out, not only with a free scholarship, but with a free room, as well, in Middle College, an old building which had the gymnasium on the first floor, the chapel on the second, and in the loft a single store-room fixed up as a bedroom.

The lots the fellows drew seemed to be in a joking mood when they selected History and Sleepy for room-mates — the hardest student and the laziest, not only of the Dozen, but of the whole Academy. Sleepy had been too lazy to pay much heed when the diplomatic History had suggested their choosing room No. 13 for theirs, and he assented languidly. History had said that it was the brightest and sunniest room in the building, and if there was one thing that Sleepy loved almost better than baseball, it was a good snooze in the sun after any one of the three meals. His disappointment was keen, however, when he learned that

the room chosen by the wily History was on the top floor, with three long flights to climb. After that you could never convince him that thirteen was not an unlucky number.

The Lakerimmers had thus managed quietly to ensconce themselves, all except Sawed-Off, in one building; and it was just as well, perhaps, that they did so establish themselves in a stronghold of their own, for they clung together so steadfastly that there was soon a deal of jealousy among the other students toward them, and all the factions combined together to try to keep the Lakerimmers from any of the good things of academy life.

There was a deal of skylarking the first few weeks after the school opened. Almost every day some of the Lakerimmers would come back from his classes to find his room "stacked" — a word that exactly expresses its meaning. There is something particularly discouraging in going to your room late in the evening, your mind made up to a comfortable hour of reading on a divan covered with cushions made by your home folks, only to find the divan placed in the middle of the bed, with a bureau and a bookcase stuck on top of it, a few chairs and a pet bulldog tied in the middle of the mix-up, and a mirror and a well-filled bowl of water so fixed on the top of the heap that it is well-nigh impossible to move any one of the articles without cracking the looking-glass or dousing yourself with the water. The Lakerimmers tried retaliation for a time; but the pleasure of stacking another man's room was not half so great as the misery of unstacking one's own room, and they finally decided to keep two or three of the men always on guard in the building.

There was a deal of hazing, too, the first few weeks; and as the Lakerimmers were all new men in the Academy, they were considered particularly good candidates for various degrees of torment. Hazing was strictly against the rules of the Academy, but the teachers could not be everywhere at once, and had something to do besides prowl around the dark corners of the campus at all hours of the night. Some of the men furiously resisted the efforts to haze them; but when they once learned that their efforts were vain, and had perforce to submit, none of them were mean enough to peach on their tor-

mentors after the damage was done. The Lakerimmers, however, decided to resist force with force, and stuck by one another so closely, and barricaded their doors so firmly at night, when they must necessarily separate, that time went on without any of them being subjected to any other indignities than the guying of the other Kingstonians.

Sawed-Off had so much and such hard work to do after school-hours that the whole Academy respected him too much to attempt to haze him, though he roomed alone in the old Middle College. Besides, his size was such that nobody cared to be the first one to lay hand on him.

There was just one blot on the happiness of the Dozen at Kingston. Tug and Punk and Jumbo had started the whole migration from Lakerim because they had been invited by the Kingston Athletic Association to join forces with the Academy. The magnificent game of football these three men had played in the last two years had been the cause of this invitation, and they had come with glowing dreams of new worlds to conquer. What was their pain and disgust to find that the captain of the Kingston team, elected before they came, had decided that he had good cause for jealousy of Tug, and had concluded that, since Tug would probably win all his old laurels away from him if he once admitted him to the eleven, the only way to retain those laurels was to keep Tug off the team. When the Lakerim three, therefore, appeared on the field as candidates for the eleven, they were assigned to the second or scrub team. (The first team was generally called the "varsity," though of course it represented only an academy.)

The Lakerim three, though disappointed at first, determined to show their respect for discipline, and to earn their way; so they submitted meekly, and played the best game they could on the scrub. When the varsity captain, Clayton by name, criticized their playing in a way that was brutal,—not because it was frank, but because it was unjust,—they stood this injustice as quietly as they could, and went back into the game determined not to repeat the slip that had brought upon them such a deluge of blame.

It soon became evident, however, from the

way Clayton neglected the mistakes of the pets of his own eleven, and his constant and petty fault-finding with the three Lakerimmers, that he was determined to keep them from the varsity team, even if he had to keep second-rate players on the team, and even if he imperiled the Academy's chances against rival elevens.

When this unpleasant truth had finally soaked into their minds, the Lakerimmers grew very solemn; and one evening, when the whole scrub eleven happened to be in room No. 2, and when the hosts, Tug and Punk, were particularly sore from the outrageous language used against them in the practice of the afternoon, Punk, who was rather easily discouraged, spoke up:

"I guess the only thing for us to do, fellows, is to pack up our duds and go back home. There 's no chance for us here."

Tug, who was feeling rather "muggy," only growled:

"Not if I know it! I had rather be a yellow dog than a quitter. I 've got a better idea," he said, "and one that will do us more credit. I 'll tell you what I 'm going to do: I am going to take this matter into my own hands, and drill that scrub team myself, and see if we can't teach the varsity a thing or two. I believe that, with a little practice and a little good sense, we can shove 'em off the earth."

This struck the fellows as the proper and the Lakerim method of doing things, and they responded with a cheer. Tug persuaded Reddy, B. J., Pretty, and Bobbles, who had not been trying for the team, to come out on the field. He even coaxed the busy Sawed-Off into postponing some of his work for a few days to help them out. He thus had almost the old Lakerim eleven at his command; and that very night, in that very room, they concocted and practised a few secret tricks and a few surprises for Clayton, who was neither very fertile in invention nor very quick to understand the schemes of others.

Clayton was too sure of his own position and power to pay any heed to the storm that was brewing for him, and was only too glad to see on the scrub team a few more representatives of the Lakerim men for him to abuse.



“IT WAS EVIDENT THAT A SEVERE STRUGGLE HAD TAKEN PLACE.”

It was to be the first full game of the season on the Academy grounds, and every one was eager to renew acquaintance with the excitements of the fall before. It is too warm weather now to describe a football game at any length, and you have doubtless seen and read about more games than enough, and you will be glad to skip the details of this contest. It will be unnecessary to do more than suggest how Clayton was simply dumfounded when he saw his first long kick-off caught by the veteran full-back Punk, and carried forward with express speed under the protection of Tug's men, who were not satisfied with merely running in front of Clayton's tacklers, but bunted into them and bowled them over with a spine-jolting vigor, and covered Punk from attack on the rear, and carried him across the center line and well on

Tug did not put into play the whole strength of his eleven, but practised cautiously, and instructed his team in the few ruses Clayton seemed to be fond of. Tug was looking forward to the occasion when a complete game was to be played, before the townspeople, between the varsity and the scrub; and Clayton was looking forward to this same day, and promising himself a great triumph when the Academy and the town should see what a rattling eleven he had made up.

The day came. The whole Academy and most of the town turned out and filled the grand stand and the space along the side lines.

into Clayton's territory before Clayton, realizing that several of his pets were mere "straw men," had dashed violently and madly into and through Punk's interference, and downed him on the 15-yard line; how the spectators looked on in silent amazement at this unexpected beginning; how promptly Tug's men were lined up, a broad swath opened with one quick gash in Clayton's line, and the ball shoved through and within five yards of the goal-post, almost before Clayton knew it was in play; how Clayton called his men to one side, and rebuked them, and told them just what to do, and found, to his disgust, that when

they had done it, it was just the wrong thing to do; how they could not hold the line against the fury of the scrub team; how the ball was jammed across the line right under the goal-posts, and Clayton's head well whacked against one of these same posts as he was swept off his feet; how Tug's men on the line were taught to avoid foolish attempts to worry their opponents, and taught to reserve their strength for the supreme moment when the call came to split the line; how Sawed-Off, though lighter than Clayton's huge 200-pound center, had more than mere bulk to commend him, and tipped the huge baby over at just the right moment; how Tug now and then followed a series of plain football manœuvres with some unexpected trick that carried the ball far down the field around one end, when Clayton was scrambling after it in the wrong place; how Tug had perfected his interference until the man carrying the ball seemed almost as safe as if Clayton's men were Spaniards, and he were in the turret of the U. S. S. "Oregon"; how little time Tug's men lost in getting away after the ball had been passed to them; how little they depended on "grand stand" plays by the individual, and how much on team-work; how Tug's men went through Clayton's interference as neatly as a fox through a hedge; how they resisted Clayton's mass plays as firmly as harveyized steel; how Clayton fumed and fretted and "slugged" and fouled, and threatened his men, and called them off to hold conferences that only served to give Tug's men a chance to get their wind after some violent play; how Tug was everywhere at once, and played for more than the pleasure of winning this one game—played as if he were a pair of twins, and only smiled back when Clayton glared at him; how Punk headed off and garnered in the longest punts the varsity full-back could make, and how he kicked the goal after all but one of the many touch-downs the scrub team made; how little Jumbo, as quarter-back, passed the ball with never a fumble and never a bad throw; how, when it came back to his hands, he skimmed almost as closely and as silently and as swiftly over the ground as the shadow of a flying bird, and made long run after long run that won the

cheers of the crowd; how B. J., Sawed-Off, and Pretty, as right-end, center, and left-end, responded at just the right moment, and how Pretty dodged and ran with the alertness he had learned in many a championship tennis tournament; and how Reddy, as left half-back, flew across the field like a firebrand, or hurled himself into the line with a fury that seemed to have no regard for the bones or flesh of himself or the Claytonians; how—but did any one ever read such a string of "hows"? I vow this sentence is getting to be longer and more complicated than the game it is pretending not to describe; so here 's an end on 't, with the plain statement that the game resulted in a victory of 34 to 4 for the scrub team, and that the headlines of the Kingston weekly paper read thus:

SCRUB ELEVEN BEATS THE VARSITY.

Kingston Football Team Meets with a Crushing Defeat at the Hands of the Second Eleven.

SCORE, 34 to 4.

VARSAITY OUTPLAYED AT EVERY POINT.

Popular Opinion Forces Captain Clayton to Resign in Favor of "Tug" Robinson.

KINGSTON TEAM TO BE COMPLETELY REORGANIZED.

Mr. Robinson Declares that Favoritism will have no Part in the Make-up of the New Team, and Magnanimously Offers Ex-Captain Clayton a Position on the New Eleven.

There is no need telling here the wild emotions in the hearts of Clayton and his faction at the end of the game, and no need of even hinting the wilder delight of the Lakerimmers at the vindication of their cause. The whole eleven of them strolled home in one grand embrace, and used their jaws more for talking than for eating when they reached the long-delayed meal at the boarding-house, and after supper met again at the fence, and sang Lakerim songs of rejoicing, and told and retold to one another the different features of the game, which they

all knew without the telling. So much praise was heaped upon Tug by the rest of the Academy, and he was so fêted by the Lakerimmers, that he finally slipped away and went to his room. And little History also bade them good night, on his usual excuse of having to study.

It was very dark before the Lakerimmers had talked themselves tired. Then they voted to go around and congratulate Tug once more upon his victory, and give him three cheers for the sake of auld lang syne. When they went to his room, they were amazed to see the door swinging open and shut in the breeze; they noted that the lock was torn off. They hurried in, and found one of the windows broken, and books and chairs scattered around in confusion; the mantel and cloth and the photographs on it were all awry. It was evident that a fierce struggle had taken place in the room. The

nine Lakerimmers stood aghast, staring at one another in stupefaction. Reddy was the first to find tongue, and he cried out:

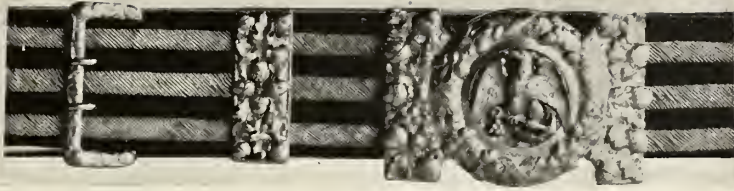
"I know what 's up, fellows: the hazers have got him!"

Now there was an excitement indeed. Punk suggested that perhaps he might be in History's room, and Bobbles scaled the three flights three steps at a time, only to return with a wild look, and declare that History's room was empty, his lock broken, and his student-lamp smoking. Plainly the hazing committee had lost no time in seizing its first opportunity. Plainly the Lakerimmers must lose no time in hurrying to the rescue.

"Up and after 'em, men!" cried B. J.; and, trying to remember what was the proper thing for an old Indian scout to do under the circumstances, he started off on a dead run, and the others followed him into the night.

(To be continued.)





THE BELT AND CLASP.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SWORD.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

TIFFANY & Co. of New York City are the successful designers of the Sword of Honor to be presented to Admiral Dewey, the victor of Manila Bay.

This weapon, authorized by Congress in June, 1898, is now completed, and in wealth of decoration is worthy to take a place among the jeweled swords described in the "Arabian Nights."

Both blade and scabbard are of steel, but overlaid entirely with pure gold, and all other parts are of solid gold exquisitely wrought.

The steel blade was made at the United States arsenal at Springfield, and is finely tempered to the exact degree of flexibility required to make a perfect sword-blade. This blade, graceful in shape and well-balanced, is damaskeened with gold, on which is engraved this inscription: "The gift of the nation to Rear-Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N. In memory of the victory at Manila Bay, May 1, 1898."

Further ornamentation on the blade consists of a procession of Phœnician galleys, emblematic of sea power, a flight of eagles, the symbols of our nation, and festoons of laurel, signifying glory.

"Olympia" is engraved on the pommel of the sword, also a device representing Capricornus, which is the zodiacal sign for December, the month in which Dewey was born. On the collar of the sword are the arms and shield of our country, and below them the arms of Vermont, the admiral's native State, and its motto, "Freedom and Unity." These are enameled in colors, and the collar is further decorated with stars and oak-leaves. The grip or handle of the sword is covered with shagreen, or shark-skin, held in place by gold wire, and studded with gold stars, while the guard represents a flying eagle bearing in its beak a laurel-wreath.

On the golden scabbard is the monogram "G. D.," and below this, "U. S. N." These letters and the sprays of *rosmarinus*, which is a delicate sea-plant signifying fidelity and remembrance, are set with one hundred and fifty diamonds of the first water. The sprays are interlaced in a series, with a star in the center of each, and a row of swimming dolphins on each side.

The scabbard is further ornamented with designs of oak-leaves and acorns, and the ferrule, or lower end, is formed by two gold dolphins gracefully twined together.



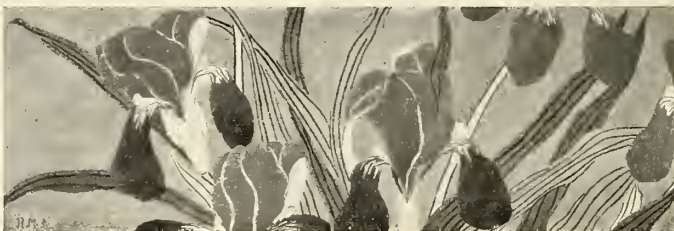


TWO NEARER VIEWS OF THE HILT AND UPPER PART OF THE SCABBARD.

The belt is of specially woven material, with buckles, slide-rings, and swivels all of gold, and ornamented with oak-leaves and acorns, while the bullion tassel and trappings are much handsomer than those usually made, being of chosen material, and finished with especial care.

The whole fits in an oaken case lined with blue velvet, on the cover of which is a gold eagle and a shield inscribed, "Rear-Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N."

On March 3, 1899, Dewey was made Admiral, an office first created for Farragut, and hitherto held only by him and by Porter.



A SHORT STORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY JESSIE A. CHASE.

DID you ever wonder where the English language came from? It came from England, of course, to the United States; but where did it begin?

When Cæsar went to Britain, in 55 B. C. (and that is the first time that we hear of the Britons in history), there was no such thing as the English language. No; it is only about twelve hundred years old. And for the first hundred years or so it was a baby language! For it did not grow to look and sound at all as it does now until after 1000 A. D.

But where and when was it born?

The Romans, from Cæsar's time on, ruled a large part of Europe. Spain and Portugal and France are still called "Latin" countries, as well as Italy, because in all these regions the Latin race and the Latin language became supreme.

Not so with England. In the fifth century the Roman soldiers gave it up and left Britain. The people had adopted some of the Latin words, but the language of the natives was old Celtic. This, however, was not the mother-tongue of English; the modern forms of Celtic are Scotch-Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, Manx.

No; our English is the child neither of the Latin nor of the Celtic, but is descended from an ancient Germanic language brought to Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries by some tribes from the shores of the Baltic Sea—the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes. The dialects of these tribes were much alike, and were gradually woven into one language, called Anglo-Saxon at first, and afterward Old English (from the most powerful tribe—the Angles).

But surely, when we study Latin and French, we find a large number of words that look like English words of the same meaning. Where did these come from? English has always been a great borrower; and just as England has colonies all over the world, so that "the sun never sets" on the Queen's dominions, so English has words taken from all languages.

We have noticed that some of the Roman soldiers' words were left in common use among

the Britons of the fifth century; these were adopted, in turn, by the Anglo-Saxons; and as the Romans said *strata via* for a *paved way*, so the Anglo-Saxons said *stræt*, and we say "street." I wonder if Cæsar would recognize the word! In 597 some Christian missionaries went over from Rome, and many more Latin words were adopted by the Saxons—"priest," "church," "psalm"; also words for plants and animals—"lily," "pea," "lobster," "trout."

In the ninth century the Danes invaded England, and left some of their words.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries France and England were closely united, the English king and court being for a long time Norman-French; and English then adopted a multitude of French words, which, in their beginning, had been, most of them, Latin.

And since that time English has been taking words from Greek and Latin, from French, Spanish, and Italian, from German, Dutch, Russian—even from Hebrew, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, and North American Indian!

For example, when we say "Amen" at the close of a prayer, we are using a word taken straight from the ancient Hebrews.

When we say "telescope" we are using the words a Greek boy might have used two thousand years ago: "*Tele skopeo*"—"I see at a distance." When we call a certain study "geography," we are putting together two words that to the Greek boy meant "writing of the earth." When we name a certain formation of land a "peninsula," we take two Latin words for "almost an island."

When we say "boudoir," we use an old French word that meant a place to go and "pout" in. And if we call a certain little animal a "squirrel," we are speaking, also with the old Greeks, of a little creature "sitting in the shadow of its tail."

Ought we not to remember always that even for our language we owe so much to those that have lived before ourselves,—some in distant countries, and many in the far-off centuries, even before "history" begins?

QUICKSILVER SUE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING EXCITING.

"MOTHER! Mother! he has a daughter! Is n't that perfectly fine?"

Mrs. Penrose looked up wearily. Her head ached, and Sue was so noisy!

"Who has a daughter?" she asked. "Can't you speak a little lower, Sue? Your voice goes through my head like a needle. Who is it that has a daughter?"

Sue's bright face fell for an instant, and she swung her sunbonnet impatiently; but the next moment she started again at full speed:

"The new agent for the Pashmet Mills, mother. Everybody is talking about it. They are going to live at the hotel; they have taken the best rooms, and Mr. Binns has had them all painted and papered,—the rooms, I mean, of course,—and new curtains, and everything. Her name is Clarice, and she is fifteen, and very pretty, and he is real rich—"

"*Very rich!*" corrected her mother, with a little frown of pain.

"*Very rich,*" Sue went on; "and her clothes are simply fine; and—and— Oh, mother, is n't it elegant?"

"Sue, where have you been?" asked her mother, rousing herself. Bad English was one of the few things that did rouse Mrs. Penrose. "Whom have you been talking with, child? I am sure you never hear Mary Hart say 'Is n't it elegant?'"

"Oh, Mary is a schoolma'am, mother! But I never did say it before, and I won't again—truly I won't. Annie Rooney told me, and she said it, and so I did n't think. Annie

is going to be waitress at the hotel, you know, and she's just as excited as I am about it."

"Annie Rooney is not a suitable companion for you, my daughter, and I am not interested in hotel gossip. Besides, my head aches too much to talk any more."

"I'll go and tell Mary," said Sue.

"Will you hand me my medicine before you go, Sue?"

But Sue was already gone. The door banged, and the mother sank back with a weary, fretful sigh. Why was Sue so impetuous, so unguided? Why was she not thoughtful and considerate, like Mary Hart?

Sue whirled upstairs like the wind, and rushed into her own room. The room, a pleasant, sunny one, looked as if a breeze were blowing in it all day long. A jacket was tossed on one chair, a dress on another. The dressing-table was a cheerful litter of ribbons, photographs, books, papers, and hats. This made it hard to find one's brush and comb sometimes, but then, it was convenient to have the other things where one could get at them! There was a writing-table, but the squirrel lived on that; it was the best place to put the cage, because he liked the sun (Sue never would have thought of moving the table somewhere else and leaving the space for the cage); and the closet was entirely full and running over. The walls were covered with pictures of every variety, from the "Sistine Madonna" down to a splendid four-in-hand, cut out of the "Graphic." Most of them had something hanging on the frame—a bird's nest, or a branch of barberries, or a tangle of gray moss. Sometimes the picture could still be seen; again, it could not, except

when the wind blew the adornment aside. Altogether, the room looked as if some one had a good time in it, and as if that some one were always in a hurry; and such was the case.

"Shall I telephone," said Sue, "or shall I send a pigeon? Oh, I can't stop to go out to the dove-cote. I'll telephone!"

She ran to the window, where there was a curious arrangement of wires running across the street to the opposite house. She rang a bell and pulled a wire, and another bell jingled in the distance. Then she took up an object which looked like, and indeed was, the half of a pair of opera-glasses with the glass taken out.

Holding this to her mouth, she roared softly: "Hallo! Central! Hallo!"

There was a pause; then a voice across the street replied in muffled tones: "Hallo! what number?"

"Number five hundred and seven; Miss Mary Hart."

Immediately a girl appeared at the opposite window, holding the other barrel of the opera-glass to her lips.

"Hallo!" she shouted. "What do you want?"

"Oh, Mary, have you heard?"

"No. What?"

"Why, there's a girl coming to live at the hotel—coming to stay all summer! Her father is agent of the Pashmet Mills. She is two years older than we are. Is n't that perfectly fine, Mary? I'm just as excited as I can be about it; I can't stand still a minute."

"So I see!" said Mary Hart, who had a round, rosy, sensible face, and quiet blue eyes. "But do try to stand still, Sue! People don't jump up and down when they are telephoning, you know."

"Oh, I can't help it, Mary! My feet just seem to go of themselves. Is n't it perfectly splendid, Mary? You don't seem to care one bit. I'm sorry I told you, Mary Hart!"

"Oh, no, you're not," said Mary, good-naturedly. "But how can I tell whether it is splendid or not, Sue, before I have seen the girl? What is her name?"

"Oh! did n't I tell you? Clarice Packard! Is n't that a perfectly lovely name? Oh, Mary, I just can't wait to see her! Can you?

It's so exciting! I thought there was never going to be anything exciting again, and now just see! Don't you hope she will know how to act, and dress up, and things? I do."

"Suppose you come over and tell me more about it," Mary suggested. "I must shell the peas now, and I'll bring them out on the door-step; then we can sit and shell them together while you tell me."

"All right! I'll come straight over."

Sue turned quickly, prepared to dash out of the room as she had dashed into it, but caught her foot in a loop of the wire that she had forgotten to hang up, and fell headlong over a chair. The chair and Sue came heavily against the squirrel's cage, sending the door, which was insecurely fastened, flying open. Before Sue could pick herself up, Master "Cracker" was out, frisking about on the writing-table, and dangerously near the open window.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Sue. "That horrid old wire! Cracker, now do be good, that's a dear fellow. Here, I know! I had some nuts somewhere—I know I had. Wait, Cracker—do wait!"

But Cracker was not inclined to wait, and while Sue was rummaging various pockets which she thought might contain the nuts, he slipped quietly out of the window and scuttled up the nearest tree, chattering triumphantly. Sue emerged from the closet, very red in the face, and inclined to be angry at the ingratitude of her pet. "After all the trouble I have had teaching him to eat all kinds of things he does n't like!" she exclaimed. "Well, at any rate, I sha'n't have any more eggs to boil hard; and Katy said I could n't have any more, anyhow, because I cracked the saucepans when I forgot them. And anyhow, he was n't very happy, and I know I should just hate to live in a cage, even with a whirligig—though it must be fun at first."

Consoling herself in this wise, Sue flashed down the stairs, and almost ran over her little sister Lily, who was coming up.

"Oh, Susie," said Lily, "will you help me with my dolly's dress? I have done all I can without some one to show me, and mama's head aches so, she can't, and Katy is ironing."

"Not now, Lily. Don't you see I am in a

terrible hurry? Go and play, like a good little girl!"

"But I 've no one to play with, Susie!" said the child, piteously.

"Find some one, then, and don't bother. Perhaps I 'll show you about the dress after dinner, if I have time."

Never stopping to look at the little face now clouded with disappointment, Sue ran on. There was no cloud on her own face. She was a vision of sunshine as she ran across the street, her fair hair flying, her hazel eyes shining, her brown holland dress fluttering in the wind.

The opposite house looked pleasant and cheerful. The door stood open, and one could look through the long, narrow hall and into the garden beyond, where the tall purple phlox seemed to be nodding to the tiger-lilies that peeped round the edge of the front door. The door was painted green, and had a bright brass knocker; and the broad stone step made a delightful seat when warmed through and through by the sun, as it was now. The great horse-chestnut trees in front of the house made just enough shade to keep one's eyes from being dazzled, but not enough to shut out the sunbeams which twinkled down in green and gold and made the front door-yard almost a fairy place.

Mary came out, bringing a basket of peas and a shining tin dish. She sat down, and with a welcoming smile made room for Sue beside her.

"This is more satisfactory than telephoning," she said. "Now, Sue, take a long breath, and tell me all about it."

Sue breathed deep, and began again the wonderful tale:

"Why, I met Annie Rooney this morning, when I went down for the mail. You remember Annie, who used to live with us? Mama does n't like her much, but she was always nice to me, and she always likes to stop and talk when I meet her. Well! And so she told me. They may be here any day now, Mr. Packard and his daughter. Her name is Clarice. Oh, but I told you that, did n't I? Don't you think it 's a perfectly lovely name, Mary? It sounds like a book, you know, with

long golden hair, and deep, unfathomable eyes, and—"

"I never saw a book with golden hair," said Mary, "to say nothing of unfathomable eyes."

"Mary, now stop teasing me! You know perfectly well what I mean. I am sure she must be beautiful, with a name like that. Oh, dear! I wish I had a name like that, instead of this stupid one. *Susan!* I don't see how any one could possibly be so cruel as to name a child Susan. When I grow up, Mary, do you know what I am going to do? I made up my mind as soon as I heard about Clarice Packard. I 'm going to appear before the President and ask him to change my name."

"Sue, what *do* you mean?"

"My dear, it 's true! It 's what they do. I 've read about it somewhere. It has to be done by act of legislature, and of course the President tells Congress, and they see about it. I should *like* to have that very same name—Clarice. It 's the prettiest name I ever heard of; don't you think so, Mary? But of course I can't be a 'copy-cat,' so I am going to have it Faeroline. You remember that story I told you about Faeroline? Faeroline Medora, or else Medora Faeroline. Which do you think would be prettiest, Mary?"

"I like Sue better than either!" said Mary, stoutly.

"Oh, Mary, you do discourage me sometimes. Well, where was I?"

"You had got as far as her name," said Mary.

"Oh, yes. Well, and her father is rich. I should think he must be enormously rich. And she must be beautiful—I am quite sure she must; and she dresses splendidly, Annie says; and—and they are coming to live at the hotel; and she is fifteen—I told you that? And—well, I suppose that is all I really know just yet, Mary, but I *feel* a great, *great* deal more. I feel somehow that this is a very serious event in my life, Mary. You know how I have been longing for something exciting to happen! Only yesterday, don't you remember, I was saying that I did n't believe anything would ever happen, now that we had finished 'Ivanhoe'; and now just see!"

"I should think they would try to rent a

house, if they are well off," said practical Mary. "It must be horrid, living at a hotel."

"Oh, Mary, you have *no* imagination! I think it would be perfectly delightful to stay at a hotel. I've always just longed to; it has been one of my dreams that some day we might give up housekeeping and live at the hotel; but of course we never shall."

"For pity's sake, I should hope not, Sue! With a good home of your own! Why, what would there be to like about it?"

"Oh, it would be so exciting! People coming and going all the time, and bells ringing, and looking-glasses everywhere, and—and never knowing what one is going to have for dinner, and all kinds of good things in little covered dishes, just like 'Little Kid Milk, table appear!' Don't you remember? And it would be so exciting! You know I love excitement, Mary, and I just hate to know what I am going to have for dinner."

"I know I am going to have peas for dinner," said Mary. "At least, I want them. Sue, you have n't shelled a dozen pods. I see I shall have to go and get Bridget to help me."

"Oh, no! I will; I truly will!" cried Sue; and she shelled with ardor for a few minutes, the pods flying open, and the peas rattling merrily into the tin basin.

"Do you remember the three peas in the Andersen story?" she said presently. "I always used to wish I had been one of those—the one that grew up, you know, and made a little garden for the sick girl. Would n't it be lovely, Mary, to come up out of the ground, and find you could grow, and put out leaves, and then have flowers? Only, I would be sweet-peas, not this kind—and look so lovely, just like sunset wings, and smell sweet for sick people, and—Mary! Mary Hart! who is that?"

Sue was looking down the street eagerly. Mary looked too, and saw a carriage coming toward them with two people in it.

"No one we know, I think," said Mary.

"They are strangers!" cried Sue, in great excitement. "A man and a girl! Mary Hart, I do believe it is Mr. Packard and Clarice! It must be! They are strangers, I tell you! I never saw either of them in my

life. And look at her hat! Mary, *will* you look at her hat?"

"I *am* looking at it," said Mary. "Yes, Sue; I should n't wonder if you were right. Where are you going?"

"Indoors, so that I can stare. You would n't be so rude, Mary, as to stare at her where she can see you! You are n't going to stare at all? Oh, Mary, what 's the use of not being *human*? You are too poky for anything. A stranger,—and that girl, of all the world,—and not have a good look at her? Mary, I do find you trying sometimes! Well, I am going. Good-by."

And Sue flew into the house, and flattened herself behind the window-curtain, where she could see without being seen. Mary was provoked for a moment, but her vexation passed with the cracking of a dozen pods. It was impossible to be long vexed with Sue.

As the gay carriage passed, she looked up quietly for a moment, to meet the unwinking stare of a pair of pale blue eyes which seemed to be studying her as a new species in creation. A slender girl, with very light hair and eyebrows, a pale skin, and a thin, set mouth; not pretty, Mary thought, but with an "air," as Sue would say, and very showily dressed. The blouse of bright changeable silk with numberless lace ruffles, the vast hat like a flower-garden and bird-shop in one, the gold chain and lace parasol, shone strangely in the peaceful village street.

Mary returned the stare with a quiet look, then looked down at her peas again.

"What, oh, what shall we do,"

she said to herself, quoting a rhyme her father had once made,

"What, oh, what shall we do
With our poor little Quicksilver Sue?"

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW-COMER.

SUE PENROSE went home that day feeling, as she had said to Mary, that something serious had happened. The advent of a stranger, and that stranger a girl not very far from her own and Mary's age, was indeed a wonderful

thing. Hilton was a quiet village, and it happened that she and Mary had few friends of their own age. They had never felt the need of any, being always together from babyhood. Mary would never, it might be, feel the need; but Sue was always a dreamer of dreams, and always longed for something new, something different from every-day pleasures and cares. When the schooners came up the river in summer, to load with ice from Mr. Hart's great ice-houses, Sue always longed to go with them when they sailed. There were little girls on them sometimes; she had seen them. She had gone so far as to beg Mr. Hart to let her go as stewardess on board the "Rosy Dawn." She felt that a voyage on a vessel with such a name must be joy indeed. But Mr. Hart always laughed at her so, it would have been hard to have patience with him, if he were not so dear and good. She longed to go away on the trains, too, or to have the pair of cream-colored horses that were the pride of the livery-stable—to take them and the buckboard, and drive away, quite away, to new places, where people did n't have their dresses made over every year, and where they had new things every day in the shop-windows. Her dreams always took her away from Hilton, for it seemed impossible that anything new or strange should ever come there to the sleepy home village. She and Mary had always made their plays out of books, and so had plenty of excitement in that way; but Hilton itself was "asleep,"—her mother said so,—and it would never wake up. And now, all in a moment, the scene was changed. Here, into the very village street, had come a stranger—a wonderful girl looking like a princess, with jewels, and gold chains, and shimmering silk; and this girl was going to lead a kind of fairy life at a marvelous place called a hotel, where the walls were frescoed, and you could make up stories about them all the time you were eating your dinner; and the dinner itself was as different as possible from a plain brown leg of mutton, which Katy would always do-over three times, in just the same order: first a pie, then a fricassee, then mincemeat. Katy was so tiresome! But this girl with the fair hair and the beautiful name would have surprises three times a day,

surprises with silver covers,—at least, they *looked* like silver,—and have four kinds of pie to choose from. And she came from New York! That was perhaps the most wonderful part of all. Sue sat down on her window-seat, gave a long sigh, and fell into a dream of New York.

They drove curricles there, glittering curricles, like those in books. (Sue was very fond of books, provided they were "exciting.")

And the houses—well, she knew something about those, of course; she had heard them described, and of course it was stupid to have them all alike outside, row upon row of brown-stone; but, on the other hand, perhaps it made the mystery of the inside all the more amazing.

To go in at a plain brown door in a plain brown house, and find—find—oh, what would not one find? There would be curtains of filmy lace—lace was always filmy when it was not rich and creamy—well, on the whole, she would have the curtains rich and creamy, and keep the filmy kind for something else. And the carpets were crimson, of course, and so thick your feet sank quite out of sight in them. ("I don't see how you could run," Sue admitted to herself; "but no matter.") The walls were "hung," not papered—hung with satin and damask, or else with Spanish leather, gilded, like those in the Hans Andersen story. Sue had begged piteously, when her room was done over last year, to have it hung with gilded Spanish leather. She had quoted to her mother the song the old hangings sang after they had been there for ages and ages:

"The gilding decays,
But hog's leather stays!"

But it made no difference; the room was papered. Sue had chosen the paper, to be sure, and it was certainly pretty,—but she sighed as she looked around, and fancied the Spanish leather creaking in the wind, then sank into her dream again. The rooms, downstairs at least, were in suites, opening out of each other in long vistas ("vista" was a lovely word! there were no houses in Hilton big enough to have vistas, but probably they would have them at the hotel), with long French windows opening on to velvet lawns—

No! Sue shook herself severely. That was the other kind of house—the kind that was embosomed in trees, in Miss Yonge's stories. Of course they would n't have French windows in New York, for thieves could get in. The furniture would be just perfectly fine,—rosewood and satinwood, and one room all ebony and pale yellow satin. You wore a yellow crape dress when you sat there, with—yes, now came in the "filmy" lace, lots and lots of it round your snowy neck, that rose out of it like a dove—no, like a swan, or a pillar, or something. Then, upstairs—oh, she had n't got to upstairs yet, but she must just take a peep and see the silver bedstead, all hung with pale blue velvet—oh, how lovely!

And—why, yes, it might be—in the bed there would be a maiden sleeping, more beautiful than the day. Her long fair hair was spread out on the pillow (when Sue was grown up she was never, never going to braid her hair at night; she was always going to spread it out), and her nightgown was all lace, every bit, and the sheets were fine as a cambric handkerchief; and her eyelashes were black, and so long that they reached half-way down to her nose, like that paper doll Mrs. Hart made. Well! and Sue would go up and look at her. Oh, if she were only a fairy prince in green and gold, or could change into one just for a little while! But, anyhow, she would look at the lovely maiden and say:

"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,—"

But these tresses were fair! Well, never mind; she could change that:

"Love, if thy tresses be so fair,
How bright those hidden eyes must be!"

That was really almost as good as the real way. It would be just lovely to be a poet, and say that kind of thing all the time. Sue wondered how one began to be a poet; she thought she would try when she got through with this. And then the maiden would wake up, and say, "Hallo!" And Sue would say, "Hallo! What's your name?" And she would say, soft and low like the wind of the western sea, "Clarice!" And then they would be friends for life, the dearest friends in the world—ex-

cept Mary, of course. But then, Mary was different. She was the dearest girl that ever was, but there was nothing romantic about her. Clarice! It was a pity the other name was Packard; it ought to have been Atherton, or Beaudesert. Clarice Beaudesert; that was splendid! But Mr. Packard did n't look as if he belonged to that kind of people. Well, then, when Clarice grew up she would have to marry some one called Beaudesert, or Clifford—Clarice Clifford was beautiful! And he would be a lord, of course, because there was the good Lord Clifford, you know; and—and—well, anyhow, Clarice would get up, and would thrust her tiny feet into blue velvet slippers embroidered with pearls (if there had really been fairies, the very first thing Sue would have asked for would have been small feet, instead of "these great things," as she called them), and throw round her (they always threw things round them in books, instead of putting them on) a—let me see—a long robe of pale blue velvet, to match the bed, and lined with ermine all through; and then she would take Sue round and show her the rest of the house. That would be perfectly lovely; and they would tell each other the books they liked best, and perhaps Clarice would ask her to stay to tea; and then they would sit down at a small round ebony table with a snowy cloth,—no, bare would be finer if it was real ebony,—and glittering with crystal and silver (they always do that), and with rose-colored candle-shades, and—and—

Tinkle! tinkle! went the dinner-bell. "Oh, dear!" said Sue; "just as I was going to have such a delightful feast! And it's mincemeat day, too. I despise mincemeat day!"

When she was not dreaming, Sue was planning how she could make the much-desired acquaintance of the new-comer. Mary advised waiting a little, and said her father was going to call on Mr. Packard, and the meeting might perhaps come about naturally in that way. But this was altogether too prosaic for Sue. She must find a way that was not just plain being introduced; that was stupid and grown-up, and unworthy in every way. She must find a way of her own, that should belong entirely to her.

Of course the best thing, the right and proper

and story-book thing, would be for Mr. Packard's horse to run away when only Clarice was in the carriage. Then Sue could fling herself in the path of the infuriated animal and check him in mid-career by the power of her eye—no, it was lions you did that to. But anyhow, she could catch him by the bridle and hang on, and stop him that way; it did n't sound so well, but it was more likely. Or if Clarice should fall into the river, Sue could plunge in and rescue her, swimming with one hand and upholding the fainting form of the lovely maiden with the other, till, half-unconscious herself, the youthful heroine reached the bank, and placed her lovely—no, said that before!—her beauteous burden in the arms of her distracted parent. Oh, dear, how exciting that would be! But nobody ever did fall into the river in Hilton, and the horses never ran away, so it was not to be expected. But there must be some way; there should be.

So it came to pass that on the Sunday after the Packards' arrival, Miss Clarice Packard, rustling into her father's pew in all the conscious glory of a flowered organdie muslin and the biggest hat in town, found in the corner of the pew something that made her open her pale blue eyes wider than usual. It was a large heart of red sugar, tied round with a true-lover's knot of white satin ribbon. Looking round, she became aware of a pair of eyes fixed eagerly on her—the brightest eyes she had ever seen. They belonged to a little girl—well, not so very little, either; rather a tall girl, altogether, but evidently very young—sitting across the aisle.

This girl was dowdily dressed, Miss Packard thought, with no style at all about her; and yet, somehow—well, she was pretty, certainly. It seemed to be one of the best pews in the church. Her mother—that must be her mother—was “real stylish,” certainly, though her gown was too plain; and, after all, the girl had style, too, in her way. It would be nice to have some one to speak to in this dreadful poky little place that papa would insist on bringing her to. The idea of his not trusting her to stay alone at the boarding-house! Clarice had wept tears of vexation at being cruelly forced, as she called it, to come with her father to Hilton. She had called it a hole, and a desert, and

everything else that her rather scanty vocabulary could afford. But now here was a pretty little girl, who looked as if she were somebody, evidently courting her acquaintance. There was no mistaking the eager, imploring gaze of the clear hazel eyes. Clarice nodded slightly and smiled. The younger girl flushed all over, and her face seemed to quiver with light in a way different from anything Clarice had ever seen. There might be some fun here, after all, if she had a nice little friend who would adore her, and listen to all her stories, of which the other girls sometimes tired.

Two persons in church, that Sunday, heard very little of the excellent sermon. Sue could not even take her usual interest in the great east window, which was generally her mainstay through the parts of the sermon she could not follow. To begin with, there were the figures that made the story; but those were so clear and simple that they really said less, when once one knew the story by heart, than some other features. There were the eight blue scrolls that looked almost exactly like knights' helmets. And when you looked at them the right way, the round blue dots underneath made the knights' eyes; and there you had them, all ready for tournaments or anything! Scruples of conscience obliged Sue to have them always Templars or Knights of Malta, and they fought only against infidels. One of the knights had lost an eye, and the number of ways and places in which he had lost it was amazing: Saladin had run a lance into it at Acre; he had been tilting, just for fun, with Tancred, and Tancred hit him by mistake and put his eye out; and so on and so on. Then there were the jewels, high up in the window—the small, splendid spots of ruby, and violet, and gold, which Sue was in the habit of taking out and making into jewelry for her own adornment. The tiara of rubies, the long, dangling ear-rings of crystal set in gold, the necklace of sapphires—how often had she worn them to heart's content! And to-day she did indeed make use of them, but it was to adorn her new beauty, her new friend. She would bring them all to Clarice! She would put the tiara on her head, and clasp the necklace round her slender neck, and say, “All is yours!” and then she, Sue, would go by dale

and would go by down with a single rose in her hair, just like Lady Clare; but Clarice would call her back and say, "Let us share our jewels and our joys, beloved!" Oh! Sue quivered at the thought, and looked so brightly and earnestly at the minister that the good old man was surprised and pleased, and said to himself that he should hardly suppose his comments on Ezra would so impress even the young and, comparatively speaking, thoughtless!

When Clarice Packard came out of church she found her would-be acquaintance dimpling and quivering on the door-step.

"Hallo!" said Clarice, with kind condescension, just exactly as she had done when Sue waked her up in the dream.

"Hallo!" whispered Sue, in a rapturous whisper. This, she told herself, was the great moment of her life. Till now she had been a child; now she was—she did not stop to explain what, and it might have been difficult.

"Did you put this in my pew?" the newcomer went on, secretly displaying the sugar heart. Sue nodded, but could not trust herself to speak.

"It was just perfectly sweet of you!" said Clarice. "I'm real glad to have somebody to speak to; I was feeling real homesick."

Sue was dimly conscious that it was not good English to say "real" in that way; but perhaps they did in New York; and in any case, she could not stop to think of such trifles. She

was in a glow of delight; and when Clarice asked her to walk down the street with her, the cup of happiness seemed brimming over. She, Sue Penrose, who had never in her life been out of



"MISS CLARICE PACKARD RUSTLED INTO HER FATHER'S PEW."

Hilton, except now and then to go to Chester, the neighboring town—she was the one chosen by this wonderful stranger, this glittering princess from afar, to walk with her. She did not see Mary at first; at length she became aware of her, gazing in wonder, and she gave a little quick, rapturous nod; there was no time to explain. She could only catch Mary's hand, in passing, and give it a squeeze, accompanied by a look of intense, dramatic significance. Mary would see, would understand. Of course Mary

would share her treasure, her new joy, sooner or later, but just now she could not surrender it to any one, not even to Mary.

As Clarice passed an arm through hers, Sue straightened her slight figure, and looked as

if the world were at her feet. And so they passed down the street; and Mary, left alone by her best friend for the first time since she could remember, stood in the church porch and looked after them.

(To be continued.)

BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY.

BY E. H. HOUSE.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONVERSION OF HARRY.

"UNCLE CLAXTON," Harry began, "for several months you have been telling us good stories about remarkable people and things, and have taken a lot of trouble to make them interesting to everybody—even a lazy fellow like me. I don't say a word about the others, but so far as I am concerned, I would give a great deal to know if it is n't because I never could get on with my history, and you wanted to show me how foolish I was."

"Well, Harry," his uncle answered, "it is possible that I had some idea of that kind when I began; but you must not suppose I have tried to ransack my memory for your benefit alone. I hoped I might help all of you to look at one branch of study, at least, in a new light, by showing you that it is not so entirely blank and dreary as a good many young people suppose."

"Truly, uncle, I believe I should have taken kindly enough to history if I had ever expected to find such things as you have talked about. It would be jolly fun to hunt for them now, if I only knew how to set about it."

"You would make a mistake, Harry, if you fancied that history would turn out particularly 'jolly.' It is nothing more nor less than a record of what has been done by human beings who lived in other ages, as you and I are living now. We can sometimes be jolly, as you call it, and so could they. As to what you seem to

consider the choice bits, most persons are contented to take them as they come in the general course of their reading. That was my way, and by good luck I remember a few of them. You can't expect to find them packed together in a lump, and I'm afraid you have n't the patience to pick them out carefully."

"I'd like to try," said Harry, "if somebody would put me on the right track, to begin with."

"Somebody' means me, I suppose," laughed Uncle Claxton. "But I doubt if you are as much in earnest as you imagine at this moment. Better stick to your text-books, and let me help you now and then, if I can."

"Oh, the text-books!" exclaimed Harry. "They put me to sleep, and the people they tell about never seem like real men. They are no better than wooden images, labeled with big names. Come, uncle; give me a start, and see if I can make anything of it."

"I could n't, my dear boy, give you more than a start, at the utmost. It would only do you harm if I went beyond that. Nobody gets much good out of work that is made too easy for him. But if you really feel like doing a little private foraging, you might set about it in this way. Think over the passages of history, so far as you have advanced, which have attracted you most, and fix your mind upon the most promising features. See what you can discover about these in your father's cyclopedias and hand-books of general information. He has a dozen or more in his library, and though they will not carry you very far, they refer directly to the authors who tell us everything we know about the past. Your father

has most of their works, also; and they are well provided with indexes, so that you can push along without much trouble. Now, that is all you will need to hear from me. If you 'mean business,' you will have to get on by yourself."

"Good enough, uncle! Vacation begins next week, and after Fourth of July I 'll take one turn at it, anyway."

"Listen to that, all of you," said Uncle Claxton. "Behold this young scapegrace setting himself up as a pattern of enterprise and industry in holiday-time! There 's a picture for you:

"Young Harry Carey
In the li-bra-ry,
Hunting up his-to-rye.
He puts in his thumb
And pulls out a plum,
And says, 'What a good
boy am I!'"

"Go on, uncle; hit me as hard as you like. Only, you wait a little—my time may come."

"Why not, my lad? They say wonders will never cease. Why should n't our Harry turn himself into a juvenile Cato between now and next school term?"

"Which Cato, uncle?" asked Percy. "There were more than one of them; I know that much myself without going to any authorities."

"In this case it makes no difference, Percy. Cato was a name commonly given to sages in old Rome. The most celebrated of those who bore it was really of the family of Priscus, but he was called 'Cato' on account of his

superior wisdom. Harry might do worse than follow him as a model. But perhaps the ex-



DEMOSTHENES IN HIS STUDY UNDERGROUND.

ample of Demosthenes would suit him better. Demosthenes certainly did show what could be done by a young man who set out to be studious in good earnest. He had a room built underground, in which he used to work

steadily for weeks and months at a stretch; and to keep himself from wandering idly about, he had one half of his head shaved. He knew he would never venture out to be laughed at, and until his hair grew again there was no getting away from his retreat. How would you fancy that, Master Harry?"

"Just as you please, uncle. You may lock me up in the cellar at home, if you like. It will be the most comfortable place in the house, now that warm weather is coming on. And you may shave the whole of my head; then I shall be cooler still. But what can I do without the library? I suppose father would n't let me have it carried down below for the summer."

"Well, I should judge not. To tell you the truth, Harry, I think you are just as likely to study in one place as in another, so it will do no harm to drop the idea of the cellar. You'll drop plenty of others, I dare say, before many holidays pass."

"Are you not afraid, uncle," suggested Percy, mischievously, "that father's library is too small for Harry's purpose? I don't believe it has more than three thousand volumes."

"Never mind," rejoined Harry, with lofty indifference to sarcasm. "If I run aground at home, I'll take a turn at the Boston Library. That ought to be big enough."

"I hope so, Harry; I really hope so," said his uncle, very much tempted to wink at the rest of the children. "But there's no telling what will happen when you let yourself loose in the historical field. You could n't ask, I suppose, for leave of absence to explore the great library of Paris?"

"Is that the largest in the world?" inquired Harry.

"It is the largest now. There were larger ones in ancient times, although books were less plentiful than they are to-day. The collection once amassed at Alexandria would have made the French Bibliothèque look small—in bulk, at any rate. It's a pity that the ruthless Omar could not have foreseen your sudden thirst for learning, Harry. He might have relented at the last moment."

"What did he do, uncle?"

"Something that you will not forgive, in your present humor. Omar was a fanatical

calif who overran Egypt about the middle of the seventh century. He proclaimed that, since the Koran contained everything that human beings ought to read, no other books had any right to exist; so he condemned to destruction the immense library founded by the Ptolemies and constantly enlarged by their successors until the advent of the Saracens. How enormous it was you can imagine from the fact that for six months the manuscripts supplied the fuel of four thousand public baths. It was the most terrible blow ever inflicted upon literature, though a good many barbarities of the same kind have been perpetrated, and not by Mohammedans alone."

"I shall make a note of Omar," said Harry, in a very determined tone.

"Hardly worth while," replied Uncle Claxton. "His name would be almost unknown but for that one action."

"Would a man do such a thing," asked Amy, "only to keep his name alive?"

"Omar had probably no such motive. He was satisfied with rendering a service to his religion, as he supposed. But a good many men have tried to secure fame—or infamy—by similar deeds. You can hear of one of these whenever you go to see 'Richard III.' performed—the 'aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome.'"

"Oh, I do remember hearing that," said Amy, "but I never knew what it meant."

"The 'aspiring youth,'" Uncle Claxton explained, "was Eratostratus, an Ephesian who set fire to the magnificent temple of Diana in that city, believing that he would always be remembered for his act of sacrilege. He certainly succeeded in establishing a permanent record for his monstrous crime, though it can hardly be said that his name has remained as notorious as the deed he perpetrated. The temple perished, as people said, partly because the goddess to whom it was dedicated was too busy at another place to save it. At least, that was what the flatterers of Alexander the Great declared in after years. They insisted that Diana was in Macedonia at the time of the fire, presiding over Alexander's birth, which occurred on the same night. The great conqueror was apparently pleased with this con-

ceit, for he offered, when at the height of his power, to rebuild the edifice at his own cost, on condition that his name should be inscribed upon it as the patron. The Ephesians preferred, however, to undertake the work themselves, and erected a fane which surpassed even the original in splendor, though that had been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. As for Eratostratus, he had his wish. The legend of his wickedness has never been forgotten, and his name still holds its odious place in history."

"And Shakspeare," said Amy, "knew the story, and reminds us of him even now."

"No, not Shakspeare, my dear."

"But it is in 'Richard III.,' uncle."

"In 'Richard' as you see it in our theaters, but not precisely as Shakspeare wrote it. Many of his plays have been rearranged, since his day, by people who thought they understood popular effects better than their master. Colley Cibber, an actor of the last century, produced the version of 'Richard' which is now used. I don't think he meant to be disrespectful. He was a clever man in his way, and nobody can deny that he showed good judgment in shortening the original piece, nor that he added to the principal part some lines that audiences are always delighted to hear. The reference to the 'youth that fired the dome' is Cibber's, not Shakspeare's. It sounds well on the stage, and even the most conscientious tragedians are unwilling to omit a passage by which they can gain applause. But dear me! we are wandering far away from the subject of libraries, about which Harry is more concerned than about anything else."

"That Omar was a bad lot," said Harry; "but there have been plenty of better men, who thought more of creating than of destroying libraries."

"Indeed there have been, Harry, from the very beginning of civilization. What the Ptolemies did in Alexandria, Pisistratus had done before, though not on so grand a scale, in Athens; and Xerxes, when he invaded a part of Greece, seized this treasury of knowledge as a noble prize, and carried it away to Persia. Private collections of great value

were common among the Romans, the most celebrated being that of Lucullus, which Cicero was fond of visiting, as he himself has told us. You will like to read his description some day, Harry. Julius Cæsar proposed to convert the library of Lucullus into a public institution, adding to it the books accumulated by Sulla and others. He had made most of the necessary preparations, and selected the learned Varro to serve as librarian; but after Cæsar's assassination no more was heard of the project."

"Do you think, uncle," inquired Harry, "that I could find what Cicero wrote about the library?"

"Oh, yes; that is easy enough. A great many of his letters have been preserved; and though I doubt if you are quite ready for such things yet, there is no reason why you should not open an acquaintance with them as soon as you like. You may not enjoy them at once, but you ought to by and by. You said, awhile ago, that the people in your class-books did not seem like real men. Cicero's letters will make you feel that he and his associates were as real as any of our own little party here in this room. If you can get fairly interested in writings of that sort, you will soon discover what genuine delight there is in history. The characters you looked upon as 'wooden images' will become alive, and you can follow their actions, and often their thoughts, with as much pleasure as if you had actually known them. In fact, you *will* know them, if you read with intelligence and sympathy. And if you are as fortunate as I have been, you will gain some friends worth having, though so many centuries have passed since they walked the earth. When you have reached that point, Harry, my boy,—as I hope you will, in course of time,—you will wonder that you ever talked about hating history."

"I wonder *now*," said Harry; "and I 'm sorry—indeed I am. That is n't saying enough, either. I 'm ashamed of my foolishness. But I am not quite so stupid as I was a few weeks ago, thanks to you, uncle, and I 'm going to make up for the time I have lost—you see if I don't. Only you 'll not expect too much at first."

"I won't expect anything at all at present,"

answered Uncle Claxton. "The zeal of new converts sometimes dies out before they know it. But I shall be very much pleased to see you interest yourself, even a little, in historical study, and you may be sure I will not discourage you if you are in earnest."

"Harry is n't going to disappoint you," declared Amy. "I have seen him at work already, all by himself, but I suppose he did n't know exactly how to go on. He will not stop after this. Do you think I might try with him, uncle?"

Uncle Claxton looked very kindly at his niece. "You are a good girl, Amy," he replied. "I perfectly understand what you mean. Of course you may try with him. And—who knows?—perhaps Percy will be inspired by your example, and join you by and by."

"Suppose I don't wait till by and by," said Percy. "Why should n't I take hold when they do? If the study of history is good for them it will be good for me, too."

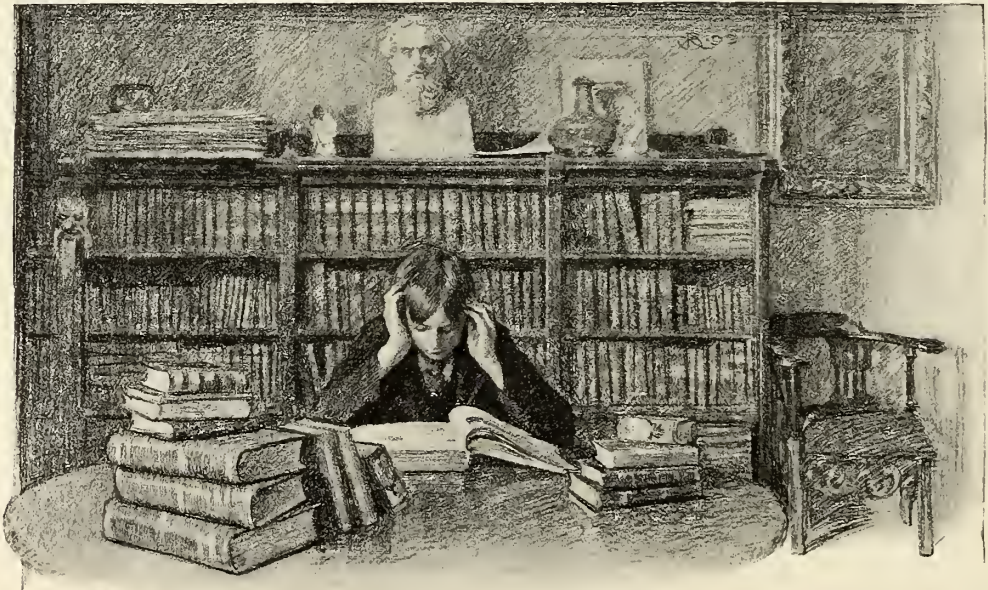
"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Uncle Claxton in pretended amazement; "has the spirit of learning suddenly descended upon the

youth of the Carey family? Who would ever have thought it?"

"It 's all your doing, uncle," said Percy, "and you 'll have to stand by us."

"Stand by one another, and you will do very well. Give Louise a little chance, too, if she wants one; she has shown herself worthy of it to-day. Dicky will be content to wait and look on, with me. One thing you must not forget: ask your father for the books that you need, and make sure that he approves before you begin to read them. And now you ought to be on your homeward road. We must leave this matter where it is, and a week hence you shall tell me how much strength there is left in your resolution. You need not fear that I shall desert you, and I can say very sincerely that if, in consequence of our conversations, you put yourselves on friendly terms with books of the right kind, and learn in your own fashion that wholesome study can be made bright and cheerful, it will be one of my greatest pleasures to remember that you were first inclined that way by seeing something of the BRIGHT SIDES OF HISTORY."

THE END.





BOOKS AND READING

FOR YOUNG FOLK.



PUBLISHERS of to-day, in their issue of cheap editions, are doing only what was done four hundred years ago, at a time when printed books were new and rare. These early works

has been used by a number of other people since.



THE ALDINE ANCHOR.
[Taken from a book printed by Aldus.]

were issued by the famous printer of Venice, and his little pocket editions of the Greek, Latin, and Italian classics sold for a sum equal to about fifty cents of our money. You would have to pay a good many times that amount for one of them now! This Venetian printer was named Aldus Manutius, and so his books were called "Aldine" editions. The same term is used also for a particularly fine and beautiful form of type introduced by Aldus, and said to have been copied from the handwriting of Petrarch.

The principal object of Aldus was to preserve in permanent form the Greek classics, and to that end he employed only Greek workmen, and that language was used exclusively in his household.

You will know the Aldine works, when you see them in museums or collections, by the device of a dolphin and anchor. Their motto was *Festina lentè*, which, as you know, means "Make haste slowly," and this motto, like most wise sayings that contain advice good for all time,

No more curious manuscripts of modern times exist than those of Leonardo da Vinci. They are generally written backward, and were said to have been done with his left hand. To be read, they must be held before a looking-glass. Their contents are very valuable and interesting, and treat of almost every branch of science, art, and philosophy; for Leonardo da Vinci was not only the celebrated artist, the painter of "The Lord's Supper," but a scholar in every direction—an astronomer, engineer, geographer, inventor, architect, and musician. He could do almost anything he liked to try, and therefore his advice was worth having, and his writings have been of the greatest assistance to students ever since his day.

Here are a few useful paragraphs chosen from one of a set of articles in "Babyhood." The series is one on children's reading, by Kate M. Cone:

Of all forms of literature of universal attraction, poetry is the richest. To love it with a child is for many persons to arrive for the first time at its full beauty. The frequent repetition, the careful explanations, and the resemblance between a child's mind and a poet's, combine to bring out meanings and charms previously undiscovered.

Nothing which Tennyson has written strikes home to a child as does "The Charge of the Light Brigade," so clear to see it, so plain to hear, so soul-stirring and inspiring. Not far behind it comes "The Ballad of the Revenge." The Yorkshire ballad of "Old Ro'a" is a fine dramatic story whose elements—a boy, a dog, and a fire—appeal to youth.

Browning wrote two fine poems for children—"How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

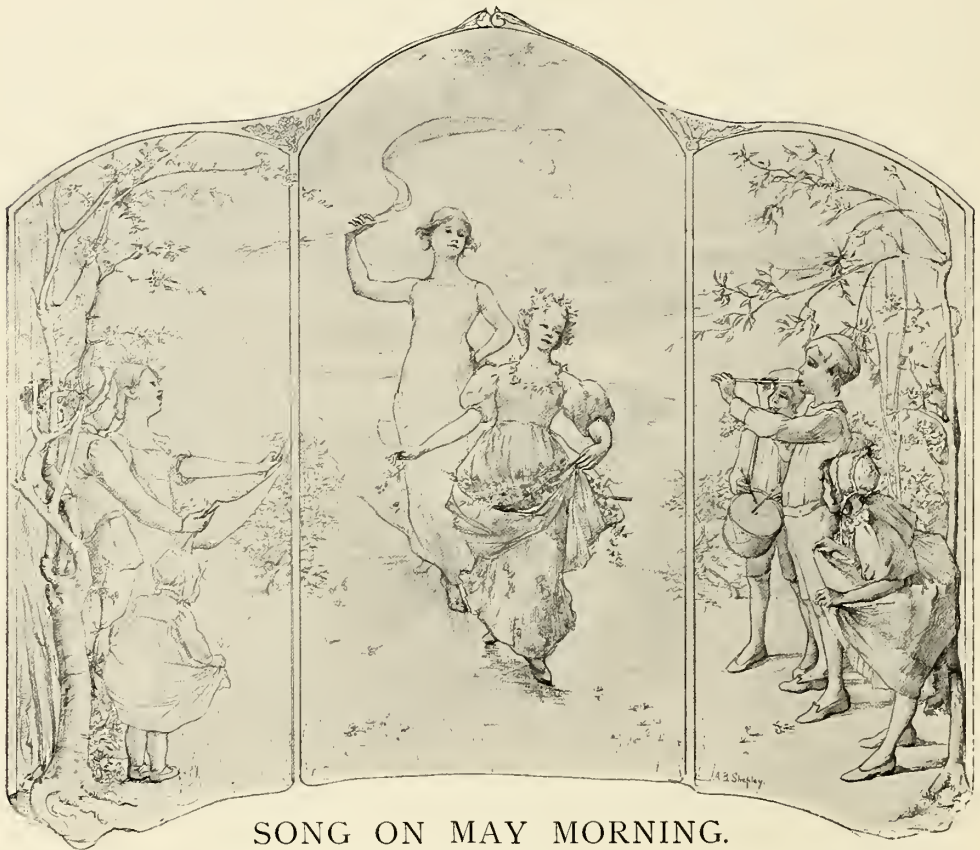
Of collections of poems for children, among the best are Whittier's "Child-Life" and Coventry Patmore's "Children's Garland." Agnes Repplier's "Book of Famous Verse" is excellent. Henley's "Lyra Heroica" is, as its title indicates, full of poems of heroism and peril.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" has passed through more editions than any other book except the

Bible. Although written by a man of small education, and at first read almost exclusively by the common and ignorant classes, it is yet, in the opinion of such a scholar as Lord Macaulay, the best model extant of the English language of the period when it was written.

There are so many curious things in our language. For instance, perhaps you did not know that "window" means a "wind-eye," that is, a hole for the wind or air to come through. Our common "daffodil" was origi-

nally called "asphodel," and the present word is a modernized form of the older name. A "journey" means properly a "day's travel," and comes, of course, from the French *journée*. The Italians have the word *giornata*, meaning a "day's work." Perhaps the strangest corruption in English is that which gives the name "Jerusalem artichoke" to a certain plant — a kind of sunflower. It has nothing whatever to do with Jerusalem, but is a singular change of the Italian *girasole* (pronounced *gi-ra-so-le*), the name in that language for sunflower.



SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with
her
The flowery May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

John Milton.

EARTHLY JOYS.

I WORK and wait the whole week through
For Saturday and Sunday,
Then, while I wonder what to do,
They 're gone, and it is Monday.

Christopher Valentine.

A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

BY CAROLINE EVANS.



A LITTLE woodland fairy
Behind an old stone wall
Once had a quiet study,
All cozy, cool, and small.

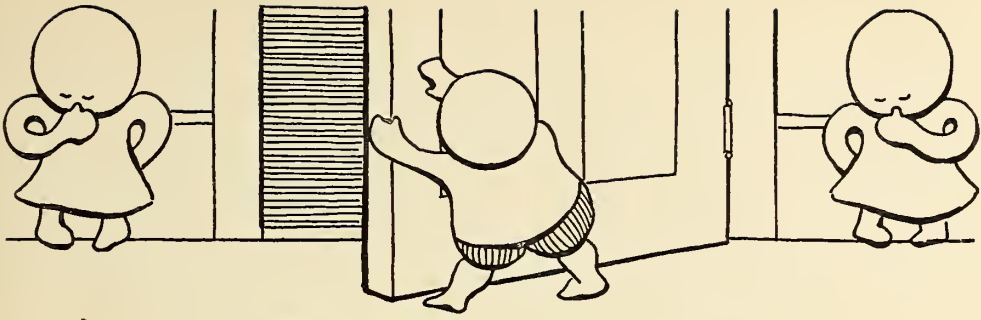
A mushroom formed her table,
A mossy stone her chair,
A humming-bird's bright feather
Her quill of pattern rare.

With dewdrops from a berry
She daintily would write
The fairy tales of fortune,
On daisy petals white;
And one could ne'er imagine—
Such plots she 'd weave and blend—
Till the last leaf was finished,
How any tale would end.

So pleasing are her stories,
Each summer brings again
A new edition, issued
O'er meadow, hill, and plain;
And little lads and maidens
Still linger, as they pass,
To read with wistful glances
The daisies in the grass.



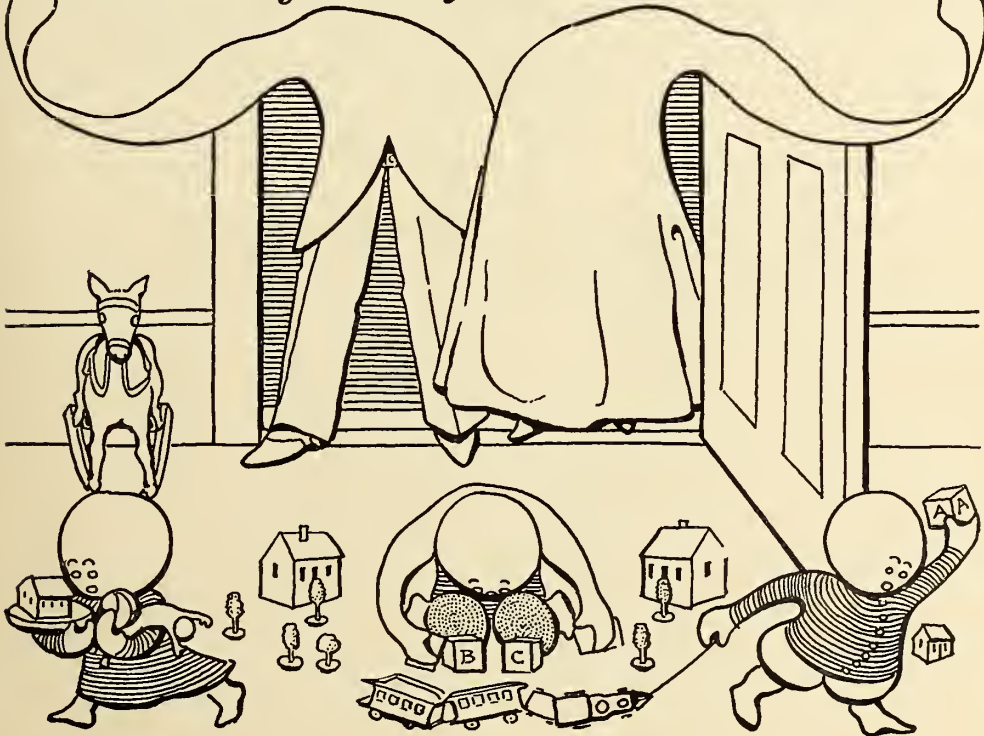




REMEMBER

by Gelett Burgess

Remember not to suck your thumb;
Remember, always shut the door;
Remember when the callers come
To take your toys from off the floor.



CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICS.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. The United States is now pleasantly situated in its relations with foreign powers. The Queen Regent of Spain has signed the treaty of peace without waiting longer for the consent of the Cortes. Germany, knowing that the Americans felt irritated by the attitude a German admiral assumed in the Samoan difficulty, recalled the offending official, and made earnest representations of her good will toward us.

ENGLISH COURTESIES. The English show more cordiality at every opportunity which presents itself.

Not long ago a large body of American troops was reviewed by an English officer in Malta, a famous old island now ruled by Great Britain. These troops were on their way to Manila, and made a short stop at the island. It must be remembered that it is a very rare thing for a country to allow foreign soldiers, bearing arms, on its territory.

Not long ago, American troops, on their way to Alaska, were obliged to give up their arms before marching through Canada. In spite of civilization, nations look on one another with suspicious eyes, and seem to take it for granted that the other party in any question means to do them an ill turn, if possible. Thus the Malta incident, while in itself it may seem a small thing, was really a great compliment paid to us by Great Britain. Our country means to wrong no one, and it is gratifying to find that the world is beginning to believe this.

THE LARGEST VESSEL. For years the "Great Eastern" held the record for size, and it was thought that she was too large to be of service — except for the one thing that has made her famous for all time, the laying of the first Atlantic cable. But now comes the "Oceanic," successfully launched last January, and dwarfs the former giant. The Great Eastern was 680 feet long; the Oceanic is 704 — three city blocks! The Oceanic needs twenty-two feet of water to float her, even when unloaded; fifteen and a half feet sufficed for the Great Eastern. The latter vessel displaced an

amount of water weighing 11,844 tons. The new ship adds 6200 tons to these figures. She is 68 feet wide and 49 feet deep.

THE SWIFTEST VESSEL. The Oceanic is not expected to be very speedy, in which she differs from the "Hai-Lung," a torpedo-boat destroyer built in Germany for the Chinese government. This vessel made 40.8 miles per hour in a heavy sea, which is by far the fastest time ever made by a boat, and is almost equal to railway speed.

AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING. It is pleasant to add, in speaking of ships, that ship-building seems to have taken a new lease of life in this country. Many Americans regret that most of our enormous foreign trade is carried by vessels built and owned in other countries; but it is probable that this will not be for long. This country now ranks first in the production of steel, the material used for the building of modern ships. Therefore we ought to be able to compete with the world in this business. Many millions of dollars' worth of ships are to-day being constructed in our shipyards.

PROGRESS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A great English man of science has written a book to remind us of the achievements of the nineteenth century. He shows that there has been as much, or more, done for the advancement of the race in the last eighty or ninety years than in all previous time taken together! He is speaking, of course, of material improvement. He credits to our century the railways, steamships, electric telegraphs, the telephone, matches, gas and electric lighting, photography, the Röntgen ray, spectrum analysis, anæsthesia, and modern surgery. And, in addition to these conquests, we may say without exaggeration that every science has been so enlarged and so systematized as to be really a new creation.

It would be well if the arts were as much advanced. Painting, music, literature, and the drama still find their great masters here and there at random through the centuries.

ST. NICHOLAS
LETTERS

THE LETTER-BOX.

AN officer in Manila writes to his daughters, describing his life in the tropical land where our soldiers are now stationed.

MANILA, P. I., Oct. 23, 1898.

DEAR MYRTLE AND ETHEL AND LOUISE: You wrote me three letters all in one envelope, and I will write you three letters all in one — see?

I have a native servant whose name is Lionardo, who has a yellow skin and straight black hair. Lionardo speaks no English, and I speak little Spanish; but he is willing to work, and I am willing he should, so being of one mind we get along very well, as why should n't we? Lionardo is only fifteen years old, and does n't know much, and the most charming thing about him is the utter absence of all pretensions to knowledge, and his desire to learn and to give satisfaction.

Lionardo blacks my boots, gets out my linen, mops the floor, keeps my desk tidy, — and you know what a job that is, — unmakes and makes my bed, gets out my towels for my bath, waits on me at table, and makes it his business to anticipate my wants. Duty became so hard on the men that I had to let Siverson go, and fill his place by a native servant; and I am making all the officers do the same.

There are five of us at our table, and we have three native servants to pass our food, so we get along very well. They have already learned to come on one's left side with the dishes they are passing, and it is amusing to see them guess at things when we ask for them in English. They keep picking up things until they find the right one. They already know "butter" and "bread," and will soon pick up enough English so that we won't have to bother with Spanish.

I can't say I worked very hard with Spanish, although I understand it much better than I speak it.

The weather here is very rainy; it rains some every day, and the soil and air are saturated with moisture. I start to put on my shoes in the morning, and find them covered with mold; put on my belt, and it will be moldy; as I put on my cap I see that the sweat-band is moldy. I hand them over to Lionardo, who makes them clean again, but in a few hours mold reappears.

We use condensed milk or Highland cream at table. We did buy milk, until I rode into the country, one day, and found the natives milking the cow of the water-buffalo. I went a little farther, and found a drove of them lying in the mud and ooze of the swamps, and some, coming out, were plastered with nasty, ill-smelling mud all over their bodies. We returned to canned milk on short notice.

I have a room overlooking the Pasig River, and I frequently sit at the window and watch the canoes and cascos and other quaint-looking craft passing up and down. We have a water-gate where one can enter a boat, and where our supplies are landed.

We have a large garden in front and another in rear

of the palace, and on the ground floor are several dark and gloomy dungeons where prisoners have been confined. The walls of the rooms are covered with magnificent mirrors, and we did have very expensive furniture, but it was removed, because I did not wish to be responsible for it. My room is 30 by 40 feet in size, with a covered balcony on the river side, and a dressing-room and a bath-room, with a shower, on the west. I have a mosquito-net over me at night, or I should be eaten alive, the mosquitos are so thick.

Well, darlings, I must say good night. Be good girls, and write to me often.

YOUR FATHER.

OUR readers have heard of "Prince," the dog who was on the "Resolute," and of the kitten captured from the "Colon"; and now comes a description of another, and a less attractive pet, rescued from the wreck of that Spanish cruiser.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is an officer on the U. S. S. "Oregon." One day, when I was on board of her, while she was at the Brooklyn yard, I saw the black pig which was taken off the "Cristobal Colon," and was named "Blanco" by the sailors out of compliment to the Spanish general. One of the officers told me that Blanco used to be very sociable and come up to have his back scratched; but so many people have



"THIS IS THE FIG."

pulled bristles out of his back, that the poor pig runs whenever he sees any stranger coming toward him. What will souvenir-hunters take next?

When the Oregon crossed the equator, Neptune and his suite came on board, as they always do when a ship crosses the line, to initiate the landlubbers into the mysteries of the deep. The sailors are first shaved with a large wooden razor, and then tipped over backward into a tank with about four feet of water in it, so that they get a good shaking up and wetting.

Father's Chinese servant was so afraid that he would be ducked that he hid behind the curtain in father's state-room all day, except when he was waiting on the table during meal-times.

I am always your interested reader,

CATHARINE GREENE STEPHENSON.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My dog's name is "Bevis," and he is about three years old. He is a bull-terrier, and does a great many tricks. When we got him he was three months old and very cute. He used to curl up on a cushion if he could get one, but he is too big now, so he gets into chairs themselves; he has his own chair, which he likes best of all, but he often gets up on others. He can beg, and die, and talk, and jump through a hoop, and give his paws. When any one goes out he will give his paw if you say "Good-by" to him. We tried to teach him to ring a bell, but when he heard the bell ringing he would run. I spent almost a whole morning trying to teach him. I put the bell on his collar, and he nearly went frantic, so I had to take it off. When he was a puppy he used to like to empty the waste-paper baskets and chew everything up that was in them, but he does not like it any more. He is pretty big, and sometimes I take him up on my lap and rock him, but he does not like it. He can talk beautifully, and when he wants to he can have a regular conversation, and he will speak low or loud, just as you tell him. Of course his *talking* is barking. He loves to lie in front of the fire with his head on a footstool. He was very angry once, when a lady was calling, for she sat down on his chair. He pawed, but of course she did not know what he meant, and the minute she left he got into his chair. I have a camera, and almost every picture I take has Bevis in it. He can play hide-and-seek beautifully with a handkerchief. If you hide it somewhere on you he will find it. He does not like cats, and often chases them, but he never hurts them.

We got his name from "Woodstock," Sir Walter Scott's novel; we thought it such a pretty name that we gave it to him. We got him for a watch-dog, but he would not touch any one; but he barks at the iceman, and the postman is his very good friend. The dog we had before him was cross, so the people thought Bevis was cross, too. One time a lady was coming here in the evening, and she asked a boy if we kept dogs, and he told her that we did, but that we never let them loose till nine o'clock. She was very much frightened, thinking we had some very cross dogs, and was surprised when she saw Bevis. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was about four years old, and I am ten now. I like it very much, and look forward to the 25th eagerly.

Your loving reader,
FLORENCE E. REMEMAN.

A MOAN FROM THE GUARD-HOUSE.

'T WAS in a fit of childish pique,
I struck my captain on the chique.
He got so mad he scarce could spique,
Then ordered me for many a wique
To occupy this cell so blique.
Oh, would that I had been more mique!

JOHN C. M. VALENTINE.

RATHLIN, INVERLEITH PLACE, EDINBURGH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Scotch girl who lives on the outskirts of Edinburgh. I was just fourteen a month ago, and ever since I could read have read you. We have taken this magazine since 1886, just two years after I was born; but I have two sisters older than I who read it, so you see we have known you a long time. I enjoyed "A Boy of the First Empire" very much;

also "Denise and Ned Toodles." We have a large park in front of our house, where boys collect every Saturday to play football and shinny in winter, and cricket in summer. It makes a very pretty picture—the boys, with their many-colored blazers, in the foreground, with the city behind surmounted by the castle. At the top of our road there stands a very beautiful college, which is built on the Scoto-baronial style, all turrets and windows. It was founded by a gentleman who began life as a grocer's boy and worked his way up.

Your devoted reader,

WINIFRED C. LETHEM.

LIKE this friend from Scotland, many readers mention the serial stories in writing to the magazine, but seldom speak of the shorter stories and articles. We should be glad to hear when shorter pieces also are especially liked.

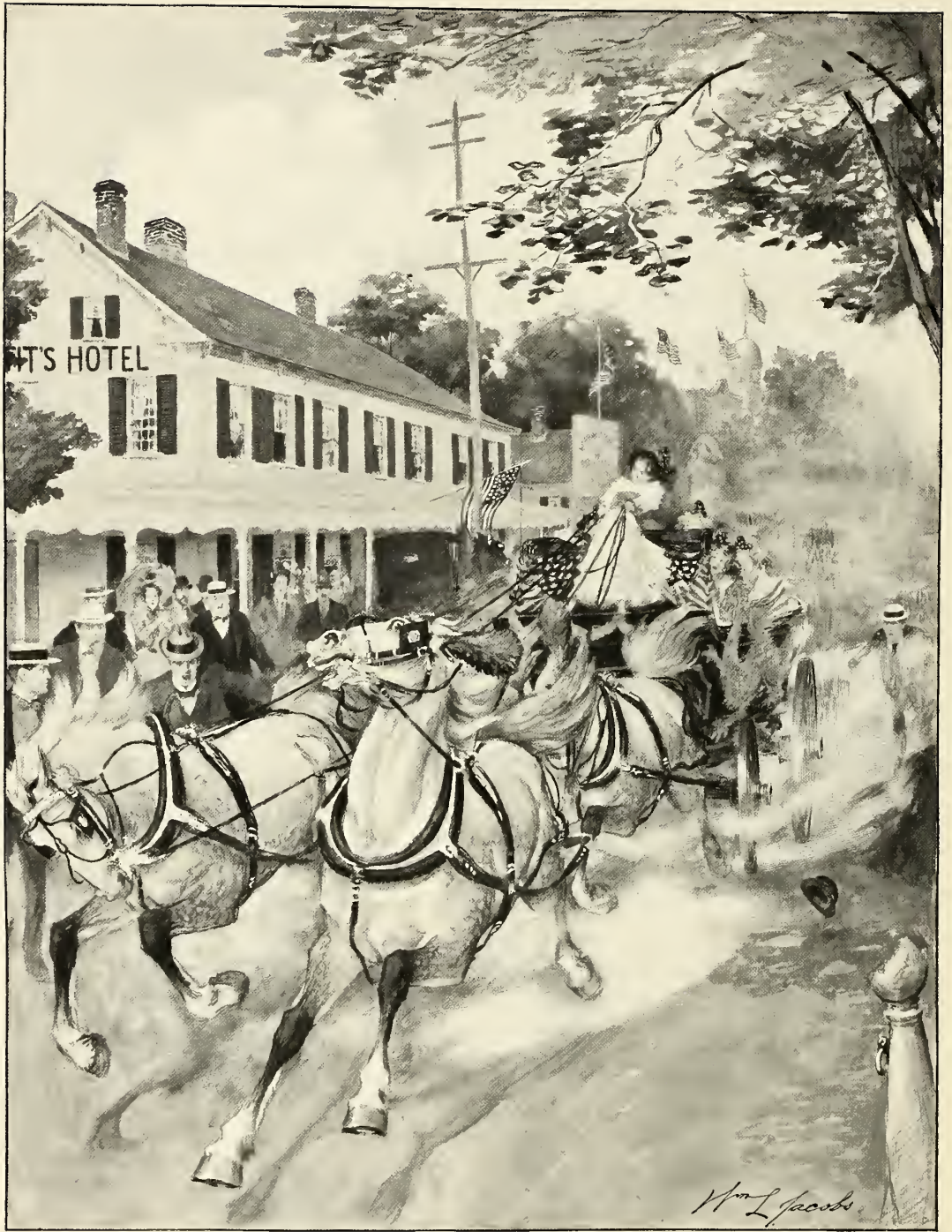
PLEASANT VIEW, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last June I went to the western North Carolina mountains, to a place called the "Land of the Sky." Every morning you can see the clouds obscuring the tops of the mountains. One day when out picking strawberries, which grow wild there, I saw my father and uncle out hunting, and they called me over to where they were, and they had found a crippled crow. We caught him and took him to grandma's and made him a cage. I kept him a day or two, and then he killed a chicken, and then we turned him loose. In a few days we went on a fishing trip down Pigeon River to Cataloochee Creek. We fished two days and a night. I did not catch anything. That night we slept on the ground, and it was fine fun. Just before we left North Carolina a lady gave my little brother a pair of rabbits. I carried them over five hundred miles. He got tired of them and gave them to me. They are so tame now that they will eat out of my hand. I have thirty-six first cousins in North Carolina. I am nine years old, and have been reading ST. NICHOLAS four years. My aunt gave it to me for my fifth birthday present. The stories I liked best were "Danny and the Major" and "Jed's Windmill," among the short stories, and "With the Black Prince" and "Two Biddicut Boys," among the long stories. I spoke of fishing and said I did n't catch any fish, but the others caught two hundred and fifty.

I remain your interested reader,

WILLARD CONWELL TEAGUE.

WE owe thanks for their interesting letters to the correspondents whose names follow: Alice W. Cone, Pearl and Fern Cammack, Rowland H. Rosekelly, Margaret B. Bannard, Paul Arnold, Janette Cooper, Mary Esther Ballard, Edward Leigh, Janet Corbin, Given E. Beaumont, Garrison Pine (who sends some rhymed valentines), Lemuel A. Wright, Dorothy Sommerville, Isabelle Miller, Ralph E. Smith, Ernest W. Curtis, June J. Joslyn, Malcolm S. Nichols (whose account of his pet bird "Dewey" we enjoyed), Arthur Warren Ingalls, Harold F. Johnson, Margery Jenks (who gives no address), Mary Floyd C. (to whom we could have sent a few posters, if she had given her name in full), Zeno N. Kent, Waldemar Fries, Margaret M. Hilles, Joanna Russell Auchincloss (the proud owner of three rabbits, "Dewey," "Sampson," and "Hobson"), and Sallie Leach.



"LITTLE RHODY."

"THE GREAT HORSES, WITH EARS BACK AND NECKS OUTSTRETCHED, WERE HURLING FORWARD WITH MADDENED BOUNDS." (SEE PAGE 623.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 8.

“LITTLE RHODY.”

BY CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

THERE was on the big Memorial Day poster one announcement which caused a flutter among the school-girls of Washington village, and thus it ran :

THE GRAVES OF THE FALLEN HEROES WILL
BE ADORNED WITH FLORAL TRIBUTES BY
THIRTEEN CHOSEN YOUNG LADIES,
IN COSTUME, REPRESENTING THE
THIRTEEN ORIGINAL STATES.

And the “thirteen chosen young ladies” had not, as yet, been selected, the committee deeming the engagement of the band and speakers, the raising of the necessary funds for the expenses of the day, the soliciting of flowers, and the preparations for the grand parade, of far greater importance. So, indeed, they were; but meantime the anxious hearts of the fifty-two young ladies in the Washington Village Union Free School beat impatiently.

Perhaps the members of the committee had become a trifle appalled at the problem which confronted them in the selection. It had seemed all easy enough when the plan was formulated, but so many hints had been given to them respecting their selection by fond mothers and brothers and fathers of willing representatives of original commonwealths that the “prominent young business men” who composed the committee, and who desired

to offend nobody, after several fruitless meetings were almost in despair.

It had been intended, at first, to have all of the States represented; but the Union has grown so large that this plan seemed impracticable. Then the plan of having only the Northern States represented was discussed; but this idea was promptly voted down as not carrying out the “no North, no South” ideal of the present generation, in the letter as well as in the spirit.

Then the idea of having only twenty of the larger States represented was discussed; but, as the chairman said, “Washington village desires to slight no commonwealth in our glorious Union”; and it was at length decided, as by all odds the best solution of the problem, to have only the thirteen Original States represented, just as on the Fourth of July.

Then followed the difficulty of selection. A bright member of the committee finally saw a little light, and suggested that only daughters of soldiers be eligible. So with this decision the committee tramped up to the Washington Village Union Free School, and made known their errand to the principal.

It was quickly found that the “daughters of soldiers” idea made the task of selection very easy, for the principal could recall but ten of his pupils who were eligible. These ten accepted at once and with pride.

The principal, addressing the school, asked if there were not some other young ladies who were daughters of soldiers, and two more girls arose and proved their claim to the honor.

The principal looked puzzled. No one knew much about the new girl. She was an orphan who had come from somewhere in the West only the week before, and she was living with an aunt in Washington village.

"Can you tell us, Rhoda," asked the principal, "your father's regiment?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little girl; "he was in the Twelfth Alabama Cavalry."

The principal turned red, cleared his throat, and looked helplessly toward the committee. Two or three of the girls giggled in that nervous, mirthless, senseless, meaningless way that some school-girls have, and the new girl understood in a moment. Her eyes filled with tears, and her lip trembled, but she stood her ground.

Then it was that the young business man who was chairman of the Memorial Day committee proved his right to the position by stepping quickly down from the rostrum, walking over to the little girl, and grasping her hand.

"Thank you, little one," he said. "We're proud to have you take part with us. I've heard of the Twelfth Alabamas, and they were brave men, every one."

And so the question was decided, and many meetings of the "thirteen chosen young ladies" were held to discuss the plans and costumes for the day.

Although the dresses of the girls were to be practically all alike, each daughter of a soldier chose a State to represent; and the little Western girl, partly on account of her size,

and partly on account of her name, was assigned Rhode Island, and promptly nicknamed "Little Rhody."

She became something of a favorite at once, and would have been much more popular had she not been so shy and reserved, and also if



"AND THEN THE NEW SCHOLAR, RHODA IRELAND, ROSE TIMIDLY TO HER FEET."

"We need only one more," remarked the principal. "Is there any other young lady in the school who is a daughter of a soldier of the Civil War?"

And then the new scholar, Rhoda Ireland, rose timidly to her feet. "I am, sir," she said.

it had not been for the almost universal custom of school-girls in their teens to have always one and only *one* dearest girl friend and chum at a time; and in a company of thirteen girls there was bound to be an odd one; so Little Rhody did most of her discussing about her costume with her aunt, and felt proud but lonely.

It is so pleasant to write a tale without any "villain" or mean person in it, and there was n't one of those twelve other girls who was not as sweet and nice and good as any girls that you ever knew or read about; and if they were not as cordial and chummy with Little Rhody as they might have been, it was thoughtlessness and nothing more.

When the thirteen girls were dressed in their pretty costumes on Memorial Day afternoon, they presented indeed a fascinating spectacle. Their dresses were of gauzy white, their sashes of brightest red, and their Goddess of Liberty caps of deepest blue spangled with gilt stars. They looked like patriotic fairies. At one o'clock they met at the school building.

All day long the little village had been filling with country visitors, and the streets were crowded. Bunting and flags and flowers were everywhere, and detached members of various civic and military organizations, in full uniform, were hurrying importantly through the throng.

The president of the day, a very pale little man, who sat up very straight on an exceedingly large, black horse, rode frequently down the street and back again, apparently with no definite object, but seemingly much burdened with his responsibility; and two open carriages, which were to convey to the cemetery the village officers, the clergy, and speakers of the day, were standing in front of the leading hotel.

Up somewhere in one of the buildings, the Washington Village Silver Cornet Band could be heard putting the finishing touches of rehearsal on "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Red, White, and Blue."

The "thirteen chosen young ladies representing the thirteen original States," gathered in a picturesque group on the school-house steps, voiced a united "Oh!" of delight as four beautiful gray horses, with plumes in their bridles and with flower-trimmed harnesses,

pranced proudly around the corner and then came to a stop directly in front of the school building.

The fine four-in-hand was attached to the gorgeous band-wagon owned by the Washington Village Palace Livery, and the proprietor of the Washington Village Palace Livery himself sat upon the driver's seat and handled the reins.

The procession was to move promptly at two o'clock, and was to form "at half-past one sharp, upon Eagle Street, with the right resting on Main." It was now twenty-five minutes after one, and the proprietor of the Washington Village Palace Livery, who prided himself greatly on always being on time, or a little previous, adjured the girls to "climb in lively, for the people down street is all waitin' to see you!"

The young ladies accordingly scrambled into the wagon as rapidly as possible. Now, the band-wagon had three double seats, each accommodating four persons, two of whom faced forward and two backward, and there was one small extra seat in the extreme front. The driver's seat was high above the rest, and on each side of it and extending back were highly gilded, carved figures representing savage dragons, so that the little extra seat was a very inconspicuous one indeed. How it happened no one of the girls, or her chum, could have told; there was nothing premeditated about it; but when Little Rhody finally got into the wagon, all of the seats were fully occupied, except the small one hidden away between the dragons.

As the equipage moved slowly down the street to reach the starting-point of the parade, it attracted a great deal of attention from people who were hurrying toward the main street to see the procession, or toward the cemetery a mile away to hear the exercises. Had one taken the trouble to count the fair representatives of the States, he would have had trouble to discover more than a dozen, for only the tip of Rhoda's cap was visible above the dragons. But Rhoda did n't mind. She knew scarcely any one, anyway, and she was so modest and shy that she was half glad that she did not have a more prominent place.

As it happened, however—but we will tell the story in proper order.

"Well, we 're the only ones on time," remarked the jovial driver, as the equipage turned into Eagle Street, where the only portion of the procession waiting was the "flower-wagon," loaded down with tier upon tier of beautiful bouquets in solid banks, wreaths, baskets, and floral designs, and with every portion of the wheels and body of the wagon concealed by trimmings of flowers, vines and evergreen, while floral blankets covered the horses, and a canopy of evergreens over the wagon sheltered the flowers from the direct rays of the sun.

Near the head of the street, the "Chariot of the States" was drawn up on one side of the roadway, just ahead of the flower-wagon; for the "thirteen chosen young ladies" were to have the place of honor, third in the line, preceded only by the president of the day and his assistants on horseback, the officers of the village, ministers, orator, and poet in carriages, the Thirty-ninth Separate Company National Guards of the State, and the Washington Village Silver Cornet Band.

As always with processions, this one was late in starting. The hot May sun beat down stifflingly upon the girls in the uncovered bandwagon; but to little Rhody, fresh from the extreme temperature of New Mexico, it seemed like only a pleasant, sunny day.

"I wish that we could have brought our parasols," sighed Pennsylvania, a very stout girl, as she fanned her flushed face violently with her handkerchief. "Just look at Rhoda Ireland, girls. Why, Rhody, you don't look as if you minded it at all!"

"I don't, much," said Rhoda; "I've been used to living where it is pretty hot nearly all of the time."

Just then the driver, who had been grumbling loudly for ten minutes about people who were never on time, noticed a strap in the harness of the "nigh" wheel-horse which was incorrectly adjusted, and laying the four reins carefully over the back of his high seat, and looking over at Rhoda, he said, "Jest hold the ends of them lines a minute, little girl," clambered down the side of the wagon, and began the readjustment of the offending strap.

"Oh, Mr. Colt," exclaimed North Carolina, nervously, "is n't it dangerous to leave the horses like that? Suppose they should start?"

"I 'd catch 'em," replied the driver, as with head down he struggled with the harness. "And besides, they won't start. Oh, them hosses ain't afraid of nothin'. Why, I could drive them hosses right up to an *en-jine*, an' they 'd eat oats off it. I—*whoa!* WHOA!"

For at this moment the Thirty-ninth Separate Company National Guards rounded the corner just back of the wagon, and the band struck up a lively air. The horses, who were used to bands, though the music always made them a trifle nervous, would have been all right, except that the very instant after the music struck up, an innocent little bit of paper, floating on a gentle breeze, flapped lazily into the view of the "off" leader.

Coming just at the moment when the off leader had not fully decided whether the band was the usual thing and perfectly safe or not, it startled the animal, and he gave a quick little jump. This alarmed the three other horses, already nervous, and they all moved forward a few steps very quickly—so quickly that the fat proprietor of the Palace Livery Stable was tumbled heels over head against the curbstone. The horses trotted along a few steps. Six or seven of the States shrieked in concert. The new drum-corps of the Washington Village Cadets turned in from another street, and the horses hurried along a little faster. Then, not feeling the hard pull on the reins and the reassuring voice of their driver, they lost their heads entirely, made up their minds that something dreadful was coming behind them, broke into a wild run, and rounded the corner into Main Street at a speed which almost tipped over the clumsy vehicle.

The frightened girls clung together, shrieking wildly.

"Stop that noise, girls!" Little Rhody, timid and abashed no longer, was standing up in the bounding, swaying chariot, and was speaking in a tone of command. "Keep still; you frighten them more. Hang on tight, now, and don't any of you dare try to jump!" she cried, as she placed one foot on the back of one of the dragons, and, hanging tightly to

the four reins, climbed over on to the high driver's seat, just as the four maddened animals straightened out into the main street.

A brave man in a veteran's uniform made a dash at the heads of the leaders, but was thrown down.

Calmly, and without pulling a particle, Little Rhody was arranging the reins in her hands, just as her father had taught her on the box of the Santa Fé stage-coach, when she took her regular fortnightly trip with him so that the best driver of the route could keep acquainted with his little girl; and even in the peril of the moment she remembered how he used to let her get the reins all nicely adjusted, and then yell at the six mules until they were running like mad, laugh at her good-naturedly as she struggled to pull them down, and pat her on the back and tell her that she was her father's own girl, when she handled the team nicely.

She was all alone now, and the chances were desperate, but she must do the best that she could.

Slowly, and without a word to startle the horses afresh with a strange voice, she settled back on the reins with a steady pull.

"They'll probably run straight," she thought, "until we come to the turn that goes to the stable."

"If you can't stop 'em," her father had said, "don't try. Keep 'em in the road and tire 'em out."

And Little Rhody could n't stop them.

The great animals, with ears back and necks outstretched, with terror-stricken eyes and dilated nostrils, were hurling forward with maddened bounds, dragging the great, thundering, clattering chariot after them with terrific speed.

It was the residence portion now, and the thoroughfare was comparatively clear; but on ahead the crowded business section was growing nearer and nearer.

The Washington Village Independent Engine Company, marching up the street in their new red shirts, were met and scattered like a flock of sheep.

A shout of horror went up from the throats of the hundreds of people who lined the side-

walks, aghast at the prospect, yet powerless to help. Horses and carriages were hurried out of the way; but the streets were so crowded that a terrible catastrophe seemed imminent.

A clumsy driver, in his haste to escape, backed his wagon directly across the way, and in an instant it was struck by the heavy chariot and smashed to kindling-wood.

The rushing horses veered a little to the left, and missed, by a hair's-breadth almost, a carriage filled with ladies and children. Unconsciously the animals were beginning to follow somewhat the guidance of the little girl who, with her gaudy liberty-cap blown back and her black hair streaming, stood, braced backward on the foot-board, pulling desperately upon the reins.

Again the horses sheered slightly to the right, and the great crashing wheels only brushed the mass of people crowded out into the street at a crossing, and yet left unharmed the baby-carriage abandoned by a frightened nurse in the middle of the street. It was marvelous.

Now they were approaching the turn which led to the right, down a steep alley, to the Palace Stables. Beyond the turn Main Street was straight and clear. Could she get the horses by? They were already veering toward the awful turn. The prospect was frightful.

Little Rhody, pale as death, and with teeth hard set, waited until the noses of the leaders were directly opposite the alley, and then, throwing all of her strength into a pull on the left-hand reins, she yelled at the horses again and again that old, free, wild yell of the stage-coach days.

For a tiny instant, puzzled and startled by this new, strange voice, the horses forgot for a single moment their insane desire to turn that home corner, and in that instant the brave little driver prevailed.

With a wide half-circle which carried the chariot up on to the alley crossing and back into the street again, they were past that danger and away again.

"Now let 'em run!" muttered the little girl, repeating the words of her father; and run they did, straight down the center of the wide, smooth, clear street, like a stampede of wild horses, over the stone bridge and out on the

North road, without slackening speed, guided by that firm pair of little hands.

Country people, driving in to see the parade, crowded their horses and wagons close against the fences to get out of the way. Plucky young farmers rushed out into the road ahead of the flying horses, but drew back, knowing that their efforts would be futile.

Half a mile out, the horses began to tire a bit, and lagged a trifle; and then little Rhoda, fearing to have them stop while still comparatively fresh, actually urged them on to speed again, until, three quarters of the way up Cemetery Hill, they finally dropped into a trot, then into a walk, and finally into an exhausted tug up the remainder of the ascent.

The soldiers' plot in the cemetery was crowded with people awaiting the arrival of the procession and the beginning of the exercises; and a dozen men sprang to the heads of the reeking, panting, subdued, but nervous horses; while "twelve chosen young ladies," representing twelve of the Original States, tumbled, helter-skelter, out of the chariot.

But poor, overwrought Little Rhody, now that the danger was past, collapsed into a trembling little red, white, and blue heap on the foot-board, buried her face in the cushions of the high driver's seat, sobbing hysterically.

By and by the people began to catch up,

the proprietor of the Palace Livery Stable ahead, in the flower-wagon, driving at a break-neck pace; then the president of the day on his big black horse, with his assistants close behind; and then everybody who had horses to drive; and finally the procession itself, very much disorganized and blown from much double-quicking—the Washington Village Silver Cornet Band, the Thirty-ninth Separate Company National Guards, the Independent Engine Company, the Washington Village Cadets, the sons of veterans, the veterans themselves, the civic societies, and the village officers, clergy, poet, and orator in carriages.

And everybody said that what Little Rhody had done was wonderful; and they made so much of the little lady, who was once more a shy, modest, retiring little girl, that for a long time the exercises could not be begun at all; and when they began, the president of the day made Rhoda, in spite of her protests, come up and sit beside him in the front row on the platform, where everybody could see her; and once, when the speaker of the day compared the bravery of Little Rhody with the bravery of a soldier on the field of battle, the throng cheered and shouted and yelled so loud and long that the band had to break in and play "The Star-Spangled Banner" through three times before the orator could go on.



"NOW, MR. PAINTER, I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME A VERY DETERMINED EXPRESSION, BUT PLEASE DON'T MAKE MY BILL LOOK TOO LARGE."

THE-DROLL-LITTLE-FOLK OF-SLEEPY-DELL-



BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THEY sleep the livelong day,
And in the starlight play,
The tiny people hid so well,
The wee, wee folk of Sleepy Dell.
I have never found in any book
The words to tell you how they look;
But every hue of the wood they wear,
And softest colors won from the air—
Pale greens and browns and yellows and
grays,

Mixed secretly by the nights and days.

Some time you
may meet them
on their round,
Marching about
the mossy
mound,
Or sitting in rows
by the singing
brook;

Then you will
know just how
they look.

If only I could
paint a sum-
mer day,

Or tell what sun-
beams to the
daisies say,

Or what is the dream of the cloud asleep,
Curled up so snug where the blue is soft
and deep,

Then I would try to make you see
How the quaint little people look to me.
Their homes are so frail, when the winds
come out

And run on the roofs, they rock about,
And swing this way and that, like weeds at
play,

Shy, all alone beside the summer way.

It 's a very, very hard thing to tell
Of the wee, wee folk of Sleepy Dell!

'T would make the witches wink and think

To name the
dainties they
eat and drink.

I know some
three or four—
That many and
no more:

The breath of
leaves and
flowers,

The sighs of mid-
night hours,

The dreams that
now and then

Float from the
sleep of men—

I really thought I
knew onemore,



But they told me only three, not four.

The midget mischiefs hid so well,
The wee, wee folk of Sleepy Dell!

Oh, to hear them put in sound
 The charms of their enchanted ground!
 Never the winds so tender
 music make,
 Rocking the baby leaves, too
 long awake,
 As the wee, wee people pipe
 and trill
 When the sun has dropped
 below the hill.
 Once, it chanced, they let me
 hark
 By their doors of woven dark.
 Not a firefly lamp was allowed
 to burn,
 Not a breath to stir the slender
 fern.
 Then first I heard, so sweet
 and dim,
 The song they call the "Shadow
 Hymn."
 That song I cannot sing again,
 But sing I can their "Song
 of the Rain";
 And this is something the way
 it goes,
 To a tune as sweet as the last
 wild rose:

(Treble voices.)

The east it is gray,
 And over
 The clover
 The dew-sparks play!

(Bass voices.)

The swallows fly low,
 And under
 The thunder
 The toadstools grow!

(Chorus.)

Wet or dry, oh, what care
 we?
 Whistle, wind, i' the hill-
 top tree!

The blissful folk that hide from light,
 The tiny people of the night!



Sometimes I think they slip away
 And over the children's pillows play,
 Roguishly peep
 Into their sleep,
 To make them see and hear
 Queer things. They plan, next year—

I told them, though, I
 would n't tell,
 The droll little folk of
 Sleepy Dell.



TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.

"WAKE up, Catharine; you have a great deal to do to-day." This was what the busy-hearted girl said to herself, as soon as she opened her eyes. She was eager to begin her new life, and full of almost impossible resolutions as to the amount of work she could do. Her heart was so brave and loving, her ideas of duty so large, her confidence in her own strength and abilities so great, that things impossible seemed reasonable. All she feared was that the days would not be long enough to permit the accomplishment of her plans.

Her happy, hopeful temper soon influenced her mother, and even sent Paul to his hated work with a lighter heart. No one could resist her air of busy happiness, and that assuring quality of success which entered into all she said and did. The first of duties was to remove from the rooms to be rented all family portraits and personal properties and to empty wardrobes and drawers of clothing and linen. In this work Catharine was especially useful. To and fro from room to room, up and down stairs from floor to floor, she went, carrying out her mother's instructions with a cheerful intelligence. And no one need to be told how this kind of work threw the whole house into confusion. Pictures had to be rehung and fresh places found for clothes and linen; and when all this was accomplished, glass and paint already spotless must be made more spotless, and floors already waxed and polished to the danger point must be waxed and polished still higher.

The Dutch passion for cleanliness was inherent in both mother and daughter, and for a week they indulged it to its fullest extent.

It had been latent in Catharine's nature hitherto; but in this one week of action it obtained a position in her ideas that no after experience altered. Henceforward her room was not only neat and tidy, it had an almost religious atmosphere of spotlessness. And there were times when this atmosphere was of great—though perhaps unrecognized—moral service to her; when she found in the stillness and repose which accompanied its purity and order a peace and strength that would not have been present in a room full of the restlessness that abides with confusion and disorder. So that, apart from all other service, she endowed herself in this one week of household duty with a sensibility to order and neatness which affected her whole future in the most favorable manner.

And though she was not aware of the fact, never had her great beauty been so remarkable. Her home dress had always been Dutch in character, and this dress she felt instinctively was the most suitable for her employment. But then, how pretty it was! Her little feet in their buckled shoes were admirably complemented by the short quilted petticoat and white linen bodice; while the last touch of quaintness was given by the peculiar small white cap which she had worn at school, and which she now assumed to cover and keep in place her beautiful hair. Nowhere, out of a picture, could have been found so lovely a girl, in a dress so picturesque and so suitable. When she first appeared in it her mother involuntarily smiled approval; and Paul stopped drinking his coffee to look at her, and then sentimentously declared: "For the Dutch girl there is nothing so beautiful as the Dutch dress."

It certainly, after this experience, became a favorite house costume with Catharine. Even if she put on a more fashionable dress in the

afternoon, it was a little Dutch girl in short quilted petticoats and pretty linen bodice that came pattering downstairs every morning and went singing about the house place, setting the breakfast-table, and rubbing the least speck of dust from the furniture. And it was a little Dutch girl that, a month after this, might always be found in her mother's parlor, painting fans and screens, or embroidering gowns and ribbons, with an industry that grugged every hour that chimed; so much so that she would frequently say:

"Oh, bells, I know you are all wrong! It is surely not half an hour since you said, 'Ten o'clock, Katryntje,' and now you are chiming eleven!"

This month had been, on the whole, a very interesting one. Madam had not, indeed, rented her best rooms, but the three on the upper floor were occupied by Jacob Van Clyffe's bookkeeper, and by two of the clerks in the Bank of New York. To be sure, the fifty dollars surplus which Paul had so confidently predicted was not apparent; but then, as he said, "Every business must have time to grow; and to make expenses is not a bad beginning."

The undertaking had met with no opposition. When the house was ready for strangers, Madam went to see her brother-in-law. She explained to him her position and her plans, and he approved what she had done, and promised to help her in any way within his power.

Then they spoke of the Golden Victory and her captain, and Jacob was much distressed to hear of his brother's long silence.

"But dead he is not, Sarah!" he said, with great positiveness. "At sea you cannot make things go smack-smooth. My dear brother Jan home will come—perhaps with the shadow of many far-off countries on his face, but yet home he will come! As for me, I do not fear for Jansen. In the great South Sea there are calms than any tempest far worse. On some unknown island he may be cast. Rich lands he may have come to, never before seen by any man. So many strange, unlikely things can happen to the ship and the sailor. Sarah, fear not. In the right hour home comes every wanderer."

"Jan was always so careful to provide for our wants. I think it will grieve him much, Jacob, that I have had to rent my house."

"Not so. To be poor is not sinful. Whoever is poor may say so. There must be poor people; that is necessary."

"Claes Brevoort is of your opinion; but not so Jan's friend, Van Beveland. He thinks I do a wrong to Jan to work and to take strangers into his home."

"Van Beveland! He, indeed! He is proud; he scoffs at honest labor. Go your way, Sarah, work boldly, and leave the rest to Heaven."

It was Catharine who broke the news to her cousins. She had written that morning a letter to her school companions, telling them plainly of her father's long absence, and her mother's want of money, and their intentions for the future. It had cost her a little pain at first to do this; but as she wrote she gathered courage and independence, and the closing page of her letter was full of hope and anticipated success, so that she was in a very good mood for a further explanation.

Yet, with an instinctive wisdom, she dressed herself very prettily for a visit to her cousins.

It was a beautiful day at the end of September; and as soon as she had passed beyond the city the still serenity of the autumn was all around her. The air was subtle and ethereal, the foliage of the trees thin and delicate, and the wild vines covered every wall and fence with a drapery of scarlet and purple and gold richer than was ever woven for a king's robes. Over the few late flowers the bees hummed in a melancholy manner, but the birds sang no more. Even the merry wrens were changed. They had become shy, and they twittered and complained, and were restless and anxious, like those going on long journeys.

Jacob Van Clyffe's house was not far from the East River bank, perhaps three quarters of a mile beyond the city. It was a long brick house of two stories, with a red roof and big square chimneys, and a side door having a little roof of its own, and a kindly-looking green front door, the upper half of which was open. Through it could be seen the wide, dusky hall, with its queer table, and large china vases filled with sweet clover and woodbine. In-

serted in the bricks above this front door were some Arabic numerals: "A:1700:D." It was therefore a century-old home—comfortable and prosperous-looking, standing well back in a fine garden sloping down to the river bank, where there was a shelter for a boat, and some fishing-tackle. Catharine noticed these things as she walked up to the door through a path bordered with flowers and shrubs, and sweet with the delicate incense of the odorous everlastings.

Her cousins saw her coming, and ran out to meet and to welcome her.

"Such a long time you have



"FOR THE DUTCH GIRL THERE IS NOTHING SO BEAUTIFUL AS THE DUTCH DRESS."

been in coming, Catharine," said Alida, reproachfully. "Every day we have looked for you, and every day we have been disappointed."

"I suppose, then, it is the genteel thing to wait ten days before you return a call from your near kindred," said Gertrude.

"I know not anything about genteel times, Gertrude," answered Catharine. "I could not

come before to-day because I have been helping my mother, who has been very busy indeed."

"Is it the winter cleaning time? But no; grandmother says in three weeks it will be soon enough to put up stoves and lay the carpets. Then what misery it is! But there is no help for it—one must have a winter cleaning."

"It was not the winter cleaning," answered Catharine. "Mother is going to rent most of our house, and I was helping her to prepare it." Then she went on, a little hurriedly: "Mother is obliged to rent, because we have heard nothing of my father for nearly two years, and we have no money."

"How dreadful!"

"It is very inconvenient, Alida, but I do not think it is dreadful. For my part, I am sure it will be rather pleasant to work and to make money. I am going to embroider, and paint fans and screens. I wish to help mother all I can."

"The idea! The very idea of such a thing! Why, you are only a school-girl!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Grandmother will not like it. She will say it is not moral and respectable—everything she disapproves is 'not moral and respectable.'"

"That I cannot help," answered Catharine. "It would be still less respectable, and still more immoral, to borrow or beg, or even to complain. I think mother is exactly right. Paul thinks so also; and Paul is sensitive, and has very fine feelings."

"Paul is Paul Van Clyffe; that, and nothing else," said Gertrude.

"That is sufficient. One cannot be more than one is." Catharine spoke with a little tone of offense, for she was very fond and proud of her brother; and Gertrude instantly understood the feeling.

"No offense was meant, Tryntje, and so none need be taken. I will tell you what thought has come into my mind. Suppose you teach Alida and me the pianoforte. Suppose you ask my father. He will not refuse you; and if he says yes, even grandmother will not be able to say no. Have you any objections to teaching us, Catharine?"

"It would be a great pleasure."

"Father is now in the garden, among his dahlias. He is always amiable when he is in the garden. Come, let us go and talk to him."

"Very well. Brother Van Vleck used to tell us never to lose an opportunity. I should think this was an opportunity."

"Well, then, come and see," said Gertrude.

They went hand in hand through the dim, sweet hall, and out through the off-dock, full of bright milk-pans, into the garden. The walk through it down to the river was lined with big maples—maples that had the last night suffered an enchantment, and changed their green dress for one of crimson and brown and orange. Beyond them were masses of flaming dahlias—scarlet, and yellow, and purple, and white, their lovely leaves fluted and folded with the most delicate precision and beauty. Jacob Van Clyffe stood among them, with a pair of scissors in his hand. He was snipping off all that was withered, and pruning all that was yet growing, and his face, strong and placid, had something in it of the innocent pleasure of a child. He looked kindly at the three girls, and stooped and kissed Catharine on the forehead.

"Welcome, little one!" he said. "So, then, school is over for thee?"

"Many things, uncle, I have yet to learn."

"That is the truth. Always going on, in some way, is the education of life."

Then Gertrude looked at Catharine with eyes which would not be denied, and Catharine said: "Uncle, you know that at the present time we are poor. I wish to help my

mother, and so I think it would be a kind thing if you permit me to teach my cousins how to play on the pianoforte. They are very desirous to learn, and I can teach them just as I have been taught. It would be a very great kindness, Uncle Jacob. What say you?"

He did not answer at once.

He lifted his eyes and looked steadily at Catharine. In a simple, modest way, her bright face looked back at him with a charming expression of hope, of goodness, and intelligence. He felt its influence. A smile gradually spread over his countenance, and then he answered:

"It is the way. Talk to a woman, or even to a little girl, and then she asks something from you."

"But, dear Uncle Jacob, to whom shall little girls go but to their fathers and their uncles? Of ourselves what can we do?"

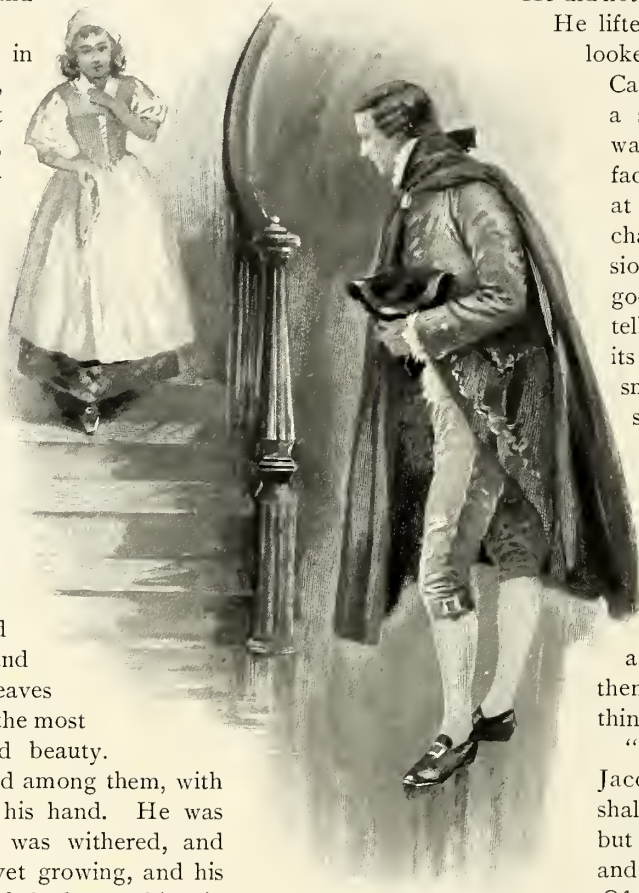
Her uncle smiled at her eagerness.

"That is the truth, little one—that is the truth! So you must work?"

"I wish to work, uncle."

"Yes, yes! But let me tell thee something. Work cheerfully. Work may give us daily bread, but it is cheerfulness that gives daily bread relish."

"To work does not trouble me, uncle. It is necessary; therefore it is to be done."



"MR. ERRINGTON WAITED, WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND, UNTIL CATHARINE HAD PASSED HIM." (SEE PAGE 636.)

"To be sure. And this is also the truth: if a girl rejects work, then nothing great or high will ever come out of that girl's life. Work, and then also have the courage to be happy."

"I am happy. I do not fear."

"Fear!" cried Uncle Jacob, snapping his fingers. "Fear is made of nothing. No trouble that can come will shake the brave heart. And I will tell you, moreover, that the troubles of life are like hills. In the distance they look high; but when near you come, there is always some way over them."

"That is true, uncle," said Catharine. "But what about the music?"

Then he laughed. "So! I see that you have your grandmother's way—you stick to the question."

"I will teach for one guinea a quarter, uncle."

"What said I? First, girls ask from you a favor; then they desire you to pay them for taking the favor; that follows as the thread follows the needle. I should also have to buy a pianoforte. I should have to endure the noise of it; and I am a peace-loving man. I like to be quiet—to think—"

"If you had only heard Gertrude and Alida singing to the pianoforte last week! They have most sweet voices. And you could sing with them, uncle; it would be a great pleasure."

"What say you? I think it would make me a great trouble. Your grandmother would take it as an affront."

"But a man does as he likes, uncle; and grandmother to you would say, 'If you wish to buy a pianoforte, son Jacob, then buy one.' It is only to Gertrude and Alida she says, 'There shall be no pianoforte.' My cousins must come to you for their desire. You have said when we come we want something. So it is. Do not refuse us, Uncle Jacob. I must make some money; I wish, then, that my first money should come out of your purse."

And her bright young eyes looked at him with such eager hopes he could not bear to dash them.

"You are a good girl, Katryntje!" he answered. "I think that you have one of those sweet souls in which nothing will turn to bitter-

ness. You may teach Gertrude and Alida, and I will pay you one guinea each quarter."

"For each pupil, uncle. It is best to understand at the beginning."

"You are right. For each I will pay one guinea. To-morrow you must go with me to the music warehouse of Seton & Irving, and show me how to choose a good pianoforte. If then I make a mistake, I shall have you on whom to put the blame."

At these words none of the girls could restrain their joy. They put their arms around his neck and kissed him. They told him in twenty different ways how happy he had made them all. And surely, as he stood there among his dahlias, with the bright young faces against his face, and their glad words bringing the smiles to his lips, he also was happy, though he pretended to be quite alarmed at the thing he had done.

Then the girls knew it was best to go away with the promise they had obtained.

"Father will think it all over among his flowers, and come in satisfied," said Gertrude. "And when shall we begin, dear Catharine?" she asked.

They talked the matter fully over as they strolled and stood in the garden; and it was finally agreed that each girl should have two lessons weekly, but that they should never both come on the same day. Then Catharine said she must go home. "Mother feels so lonely without me," she added, with a pretty little touch of pride in her importance.

"And we shall call for you about the instrument to-morrow," said Gertrude. "I shall be unhappy until it is bought. And, indeed, I hope grandmother will not come until it is our own and in our own house. When a thing is done grandmother knows better than to oppose it. She will say, 'Well, then, who can teach fools wisdom?' or something like that, and after a little while she will make some good out of it. I think I shall yet hear her say, 'My granddaughters have very fine voices, and I am not opposed to them singing the popular melodies.' So and so grandmother will turn herself round, and then she will not fail to declare to every one, 'Where my principles are concerned I am immovable.'"



“WELCOME, LITTLE ONE!” SAID UNCLE JACOB. “SO, THEN, SCHOOL IS OVER FOR THEE?”

"I would not speak in that way of grandmother, Gertrude. It is not right."

"She is so provoking."

"She is the mother of your good father."

"Thank you, cousin. Do not be too amiable, I entreat you."

They were at the garden gate as Gertrude said these words, and she laughed so good-naturedly that no offense could be taken at them. Still, they left an unpleasant impression, and Catharine said to her mother, as they talked over the successful visit:

"I am sure that I like Alida best. Gertrude is very selfish. It is only of her own pleasure she thinks. I could see that."

"Gertrude is vain, and a vain girl is often selfish. Yet think of this: God gave to her the fine voice on which she prides herself; God gave to her the pretty face and graceful figure of which she is so vain. Her father gave to her the education which perfects these gifts; he also supplies her with the handsome clothing she wears and the good home in which she lives. Why, then, should she be vain? What has she done to warrant such approbation as she takes to herself, or such admiration as she expects from others? I say these things, my child, to warn you against taking to your own credit the credit which belongs to Providence and your parents. That is not just, though girls are not apt to think of it."

The next day the pianoforte was selected, bought, and, to Gertrude's delight, sent home that afternoon. It was a very fine instrument, a Broadwood, with the unusual scale of five octaves, and the following week the music lessons began. Gertrude, who had genuine talent, paid great attention to both the theory and practice of the art, and her success was easily predicated from her very first lesson. Alida had neither the natural ability nor the natural industry of her elder sister. She wished only to play and to sing the pretty dances and songs which she admired; and as she had a good ear, with a fine sense of time, she easily acquired what she wished to learn—so easily that she was impatient of the necessary technical education, and it was difficult for Catharine to gain her attention for the hour's lesson. She interrupted it continually to talk, to tell of

Gertrude's and her own disputes, and of the small impositions and household tyrannies which Gertrude, as the eldest, imposed upon her. It was not always easy to evade such confidences; besides, Catharine's sympathies were with Alida. She had felt once that imperious glance of command which compelled her to open without a moment's delay the subject of the piano lessons; and though she had obeyed the command, perhaps for that very reason she resented it.

For nearly a month there was no further change in the affairs of the Van Clyffes. Catharine attended to her pupils and her household duties, and walked a little, and read a little, and waited. It was her mother's desire that she should wait until some favorable opportunity enabled Madam Van Clyffe herself to speak of her daughter's abilities, and of her wish to turn them into money. And one morning, as she was standing in Rhodes & McGregor's store at 187 Pearl Street, the opportunity came. She was examining some kerseymeres and rose-blankets when a sweet voice at her side said:

"Good morning, Madam Van Clyffe. It is an age since I had the pleasure of seeing you."

Madam turned to the speaker. It was Mrs. White. She had been intimate with her in Philadelphia, when the seat of government was in that city, but they had drifted apart afterward. However, Mrs. White and her handsome daughters were now residing in their house on Broadway, and after the shopping was finished they walked toward their homes together. The next day Mrs. White called on her old friend, and Catharine was introduced to her. Then, the subject of her education coming naturally into discussion, all the rest followed. Her work was examined and highly praised, and within a few days Catharine was busily and happily employed. And no further advertisement of her skill and intentions was ever necessary. Her hands were constantly full of beautiful work, and her heart was as happy as it could be.

So, little by little, the home horizon brightened. They made enough to live on, and though the future held no wealthy prospects, it

had at least a promise of economical comfort. And there are few lives without a delightful element of "possibility" that makes sameness not only endurable, but hopeful. Certainly Catharine held it with cheerful persistence. What a day would bring forth she could not tell; and for that very reason she expected nothing but what was good. And as expectation and desire open the door for good fortune, she was not very much astonished when a piece of good fortune came to them. It came unexpectedly, without any intimation—which was natural, for destiny loves surprises; and though no one had any idea they were opening the door to destiny, such was really the case.

It was on a snowy day in November—one of those snowy days which are full of good temper, the air not unpleasantly cold, the snowflakes dry and exhilarating. Men passed each other with a joke or an anticipation; boys went whistling through the streets with delight, thinking of Powder Hill and of the fine coasting the snow would give them. Catharine sat close to the window, partly to get the best possible light, and partly to hear clearly the happy chiming of Trinity Bells, by which she was timing her work—so many leaves in so many minutes; and any girl knows how pleasant such a race with time can make itself, and how inspiring the musical warning of fifteen, thirty, forty-five, sixty minutes can become.

In a peculiarly clear and joyous tone the bells had just rung eleven, when some one knocked at the door. It was not a common, indifferent knock; it was an imperative, impatient summons, like the knock of one who brings good tidings and is not afraid to hurry and to command attention. Catharine dropped her needle to listen. She distinguished clearly the voice of the eldest bank-clerk who lodged with them, but there was also another voice, low but penetrating, and of singular authority. In a few moments her mother joined the two men, and she heard them go upstairs together.

"It is a new lodger," she decided, "and mother will tell me all about it"; and with this thought she bent her eyes upon her needle. But she could not work; she felt that "some-

thing had happened," and she watched impatiently for the news. In about a quarter of an hour the visitors went away, and Madam Van Clyffe came to Catharine with a face full of pleasure, and yet with a manner hurried and anxious.

"Katrjntje," she exclaimed, "such a fortunate thing has happened to us! Mr. Billings brought here an English gentleman, who has taken the two large front rooms on the floor above, and also the small room at the back of the house. And they are to stay all the winter! And besides this, what think you? He will pay me three guineas every week!"

"Mother, mother, how glad I am! But then, what can a man want with two large rooms and one small one? That is very singular."

"Not so. One of the large front rooms is to be made into a parlor, and the small room is for the gentleman's servant."

"Then he is a very fine gentleman, I suppose?"

"Mr. Billings could tell me very little about him. He only knew that his name is Errington, that he is an Englishman, that his remittances come to the Bank of New York, and that he has just arrived from Mount Vernon, where he has been spending a week with General Washington. I should think, for reference, that one thing would be sufficient. A true gentleman I thought him, not at all proud, and quite pleased with the rooms. Would you believe it, Tryntje?—he spoke of their 'sweet cleanliness,' and said it was 'delightful.'"

"Very good is all this, mother; but what think you of the servant? Will not a white servant make trouble among our slaves? If he should be rude or cross to them, what would happen? They have not been used to anything but kindness and civility. I wish, indeed, the English gentleman had come without a servant."

"He seemed to be an extremely inoffensive creature. He never spoke unless Mr. Errington asked him a question; and then he only said 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir.' I must now go quickly to work. There is a bed to be taken away, and some chairs and parlor furniture

to be carried upstairs; and the fires must be lighted at once, for the rooms are very, very cold. In three hours they are to be ready. I want all the help I can get."

"In two minutes, mother, my work will be folded away, and I shall be ready to help you."

"Well, then, I shall be glad. Not every day comes such good fortune, and we must receive it with willing hands and happy hearts."

Then what a pleasant little tumult ran through the house! Fires were soon burning brightly in all three rooms; and the largest of the three was quickly transformed into a handsome parlor. But, after all, the best furniture was the big blazing fire of oak logs burning on their bright brass irons, and throwing ruddy splendors on the snow-white hearth, and the papered walls, and the gray moreen curtains.

Imagine now what a vivid interest had suddenly come into the Van Clyffe household. It was not diminished by the fact that Mr. Errington that very night went out to dine with Governor Jay; nor by the report of Jane—who had held the candle which lighted him into his sedan-chair—that he was dressed in white satin breeches, and a dark-blue velvet coat lined with white satin and trimmed with silver lace. "He had diamond buckles in his shoes," she added, in a voice full of admiration, "and there was lace at his wrists, and lace at his throat, and shining rings on his white hands." And at every fresh description Jane's adjectives grew more and more resplendent and superlative.

Then the whole affair must be talked over with Paul. Paul had come home that night full of exciting political news; but he could not arouse any interest in his tidings. Just at present the affairs of the nation were not interesting to Madam and Catharine. War and rumors of war, and Napoleon's wonderful victories in Egypt, though they set the hearts of young and old America on fire, and filled whole columns in that day's "New York Journal and Patriotic Register," did not raise any emotion in Catharine's mind, nor elicit from Madam one question about them.

Paul was disappointed, and had a little feeling of pique with this stranger who had come into their house and their lives. He thought

to himself: "Such a lodger will give no end of trouble, and my mother and sister will be complaining of him before one week is over. It will be so, I have no doubt."

But it was not so. In a day or two the house had settled comfortably to its new conditions. Mr. Errington was very little trouble. His servant prepared his breakfast, and he either dined at the City Hotel, or went out, magnificently attired, to some dinner or entertainment, many of which were given specially in his honor. As for the servant, he managed almost to efface himself. When he entered the kitchen, he bowed politely to the negroes,—who were much affected by this attention,—and then went about his simple culinary duties without a word. So day after day went calmly on, until it was Christmas. That is the way in life. Events take time to mature; they do not tread one upon the heels of the other. But there was plenty of interest in Mr. Errington and his doings to flavor the dull winter days. Even Gertrude and Alida caught its spirit, and the music lessons and their calls were spiced with bits of conversation relating to his friends and his appearances.

"He actually paints pictures," said Catharine, one day, to her cousins. "Jane says she has seen him painting. And every English packet brings him new books, and sometimes new clothing. Yesterday he went sleigh-riding with Mr. Burr and his pretty daughter. Do you know that she is only my age, and that she keeps house for her father?"

"But," said Alida, "it is always 'Jane' and 'Jane.' Have you not yourself seen this Mr. Errington?"

"I have seen him twice as he passed the window," answered Catharine. "But it was very cold on both days, and he was walking quickly; and also, he had the fur collar of his cloak turned up high. He passed like a man in a dream—so quick, so indistinct."

"I should peep at him going out in his fine evening dress," said Gertrude.

"I am sure, Gertrude," answered Catharine, "if you were tempted to open the door one half-inch that you would never forgive yourself."

"You are exactly right, Catharine. I am

glad you think so properly of me. For indeed, I am known among all our friends for my correct behavior. To be sure, it is tantalizing to have a person in your house, living his own life, quite different from your life, and never thinking it might be pleasant for you to know a little of what was going on. Does Paul see the gentleman often?"

"I do not think Mr. Errington knows of Paul's existence. Paul pays no attention to *him*, I am sure. Paul is, as you know, rather proud."

"Well," said Gertrude, "I should not like to have people in my house with whom I had no more in common than with the pavements on the street. That is not the Dutch nature."

"We do not mind it," said Catharine, a little wearily. She had so often discussed this phase of the relation that its interest was exhausted. "But," she added, with that half-unconscious utterance which is often a prophecy, "perhaps we may know more some time."

The "some time" came sooner than could have been expected from previous events. It happened on the 26th of December, the day after Christmas. Catharine was coming downstairs, just at daylight. She had in her hands a number of skeins of colored silks, and she was examining them and counting them as she walked slowly from step to step. She was half-way down the long flight, when the front door opened, and Mr. Errington got out of a chair and walked hastily toward the stairs. Catharine trembled and hesitated, and for a moment knew not what to do. But her natural self-respect instantly forbade running backward, and the next moment she had reflected that she was about her duty and in her own home, so she calmly continued her descent. Mr. Errington waited, with his hat in his hand, until she had passed him. He looked curiously at her, and bowed slightly, but Catharine did not remember whether she had recognized the courtesy or not. She was flushed and trembling with the ordeal when she reached her mother's room and lifted her work.

"Who could have imagined Mr. Errington being in anybody's way before eight o'clock in the morning?" she asked, with a little shrug of her shoulders, and a voice plainly indicating

her annoyance. "And in this dress, too!" she added, in a tone of chagrin. "Oh, dear me! How provoking!"

"You need not give it a second thought, Catharine," said her mother. "He would not notice a child like you. He was at a Christmas dance last night at Mr. Hamilton's, and probably took coffee there when it broke up. Never mind, Tryntje, my child! He has forgotten all about it."

Perhaps he did not; for that afternoon, as he was at work on a landscape which he was painting, he called his servant:

"McVickers!"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there a little girl in this house—a little girl about twelve years old?"

"Yes, sir; about fourteen years old, I should say, sir."

"Does she wear a singular dress?"

"Yes, sir; a Dutch dress."

"With a queer little cap?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is she?"

"Madam Van Clyffe's daughter, sir."

"Are there any other little girls?"

"No, sir."

"Any boys?"

"Yes, sir; there is a young man about eighteen years old."

"A pleasant youth?"

"I should say, a very pleasant youth, sir."

"Have I ever seen him?"

"No, sir."

"McVickers, look at this picture. Notice that field of blowing wheat. What would you think of the little Dutch girl standing in it?"

"I don't think it would do, sir."

"Why not?"

"Her hair is the color of the wheat, sir."

"She might wear that little cap."

"White is n't much of a difference, sir."

"You are right, as usual, McVickers."

No more was said at that time; but the following Sunday evening, Mr. Errington, being alone in his rooms, sent a polite request that Mr. Paul Van Clyffe would kindly give him his society for an hour. Paul was exceedingly pleased, and Madam and Catharine equally so. They sat together by the bright fire, speculating

on the invitation, and wondering what it might mean.

The first hour was not long; but it was nearly the end of the second hour when Paul returned to them. And by that time Catharine was tired and sleepy, and perhaps a little cross; for nothing makes people so fretful and cynical as expectation long drawn out. Catharine had begun to feel that Mr. Errington was no longer interesting, that she cared nothing about Paul's visit to him, and that the whole circumstance was a disappointment. She had just said, "I am going to bed, mother, for I am tired of waiting for Paul," when the loiterer entered the room.

His face was in a glow of pleasure; his whole manner radiated a fervent admiration. He had no words to express the satisfaction he felt in his visit. For Errington, led by that courtesy which springs from a noble heart, had met Paul on a plane of equality in every respect, even as regarded age. He had talked to him as men talk to men—of sports, of politics, and of the marvelous campaigns of Napoleon, the very bulletins of which bristled with bayonets.

"His pen is as great as his sword," said Errington. "Those bulletins and proclamations have the clang of the old-world battle-fields; the shining of swords, and the clash of steel upon steel, is in them."

And Paul had absorbed such conversation as the thirsty drink water. But Catharine and her mother were disappointed. They wanted to hear some personal story—something about Mr. Errington's looks and ways and dress and manners; and Paul had evidently noticed none of these things.

"At least," said Catharine, "you might remember what he had on."

"I think, then, that he was dressed in black, except only his waistcoat, which was of some lighter color; and his hair was turned backward from his forehead, and tied behind with a black ribbon. However, such things I did not notice particularly; there were other matters more interesting."

"So?" said Catharine. "Indeed, what were they?"

"His eyes, for instance, which are large and

dark, and which flash into you in an almost inconvenient way; his commanding figure, his low, even voice—"

At these words Catharine rose and faced her brother. Her expression showed that she was in a little temper.

"Brother Paul," she exclaimed, "I do not think much of men with low, even voices. I wish to remind you of that time when we sailed to Boston with our dear father, and there was, as perhaps you remember, a storm, and he stood at the mainmast, shouting out orders that the winds and waves could not drown. And though the Golden Victory was running away like a ship out of her senses, he got, as he said, a bridle in her mouth, and made her fly before the wind, as was best for her and for us. It was not a *low, even voice* that would have made the ship mind that day. No, indeed! I am not interested in Mr. Errington at all. I even think he must be very conceited and disagreeable."

She was lighting her bedroom candle as she said these words, and she continued: "I am now going to bed. Good night, dear mother; and, Paul, after such a fine visit, I hope you may sleep well; as for me, I confess that I am much disappointed."

That was the truth. She was very much disappointed. She had thought of all kinds of romantic things in connection with this unknown dweller in their house; and it seemed that, after all, he was only an ordinary gentleman, talking of that tiresome Bonaparte, and the French war, and the Federalists and Anti-Federalists, and of other political matters that Catharine did not understand. He had told Paul nothing wonderful; he had shown Paul nothing wonderful; he had given him no fresh hope; he had made him no pleasant promise.

"It is altogether a disappointment," she said to herself, as she stood loosening her hair, and shivering before her mirror. "There are the bells! It must be ten o'clock." She listened till the last stroke was over, and then added: "Even the bells are disappointing to-night. They might have said, 'Good night, Katryntje!' or 'Sleep well, Katryntje!' But there was not a word in them. Altogether a disappointing night; and it is bitterly cold—my drinking-

water is frozen; my fire is out, I am shivering, and sleepy, and so disappointed!"

Foolish little Catharine! She had no reason to be disappointed. But then, she could not foresee the future. How was she to know

that this "low, even voice" was the voice of fate, and that, of all the human voices in the world, it was the only one able to speak to the Van Clyffes the *Open, sesame!* which could reveal to them the Secret of the Sea!

(To be continued.)

TRAINING FOR BOYS

BY
SAMUEL
SCOVILLE, JR.



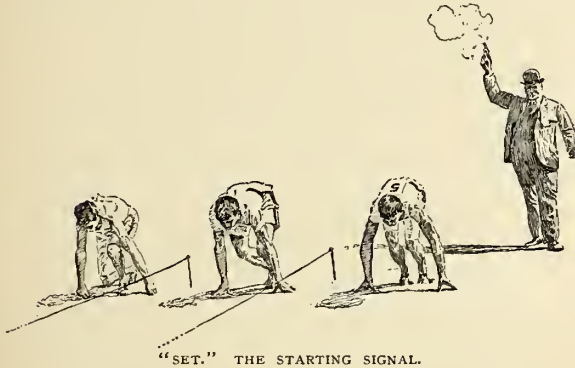
VERY boy who has taken part in athletics at all knows the value of training, and yet few boys before entering college have any but the vaguest ideas concerning its principles and objects. Any untrained boy who has ever tried to run a mile, play through two forty-five-minute halves of football, or even a hard nine-inning game of baseball, realizes vividly that something is wrong. About the end of a half-mile, in the case of the runner, his jersey seems to have contracted some three inches about his chest, and sensations closely resembling the qualms of seasickness develop

rapidly; while the football-player, near the middle of the second half, is apt to become what is technically known as "punked," and the ball-player finds the game an effort, and feels none of the snap and coolness which are so necessary in critical plays. In fact, athletes ancient and modern have alike recognized the necessity of some system of training. Many a college runner has smiled grimly and knowingly to himself as he read in his Plautus the soliloquy of the runner who was too lazy to train.

"Heavens!" cries that unfortunate competitor. "I am lost! My spleen is disturbed and

swells up to my chest! I shall never breathe again! I shall make but a sorry player on the flute."

The average boy goes to extremes in the matter of training, and, especially at the large



"SET." THE STARTING SIGNAL.

preparatory schools, follows out certain traditions handed down from various sources, and often not at all fitted for the needs of growing boys.

For instance, a boy who wants to prepare himself for a running race has heard somewhere that water is a thing to be shunned; accordingly he limits himself at once to a glass a day, and heroically suffers the agonies of thirst, wrongly supposing that in some mysterious way he is "building up his wind." Or he has the idea that an athlete should quaff huge quantities of ale as his daily beverage; so, laying aside any temperance scruples that he may have, our would-be athlete squanders his patrimony on sundry bottles of Bass, and gulps down the bitter liquid, fondly supposing that he is at last becoming a genuine athlete. Perhaps, too, he fills the minds of his un-athletic parents with horror by calling for his meat half raw and his bread stale and dry. The writer has a vivid recollection of his first race and the original method of training he adopted. Three days before the event—a quarter-mile dash, by the way—he decided to enter, and then it was that the question of diet troubled him. His room-mate had a friend who had run in numerous races, and especially was accustomed to avoid all butter and water some days before his race,—the writer has often wondered what kind of a runner this eccentric athlete really became,—so the writer resolved to avoid these

dangerous articles of diet as much as was possible for a growing boy of seventeen. At the restaurant where he was boarding he nearly gave Robert, the placid waiter, a nervous prostration by firmly refusing to eat any biscuit or rolls and demanding his bread stale and dry. But Robert was equal to the occasion, and at every meal would serve up a motley collection of crusts that were certainly dry and old enough to suit the most severe trainer! The giving up of all water save a sip at bedtime was the hardest of all, and never until then had the writer ever fully realized what were the tortures of thirst. After living in an unhealthy, half-feverish state during those three terrible days, and reducing his weight some seven pounds, the eventful

race at last came off, and the writer, in spite of all his grim régime, was forced to be content with third place.

Mr. Downs, the ex-champion of America for the quarter-mile, tells a similar experience in training for his first race. The distance was a mile; and for lack of a track, Mr. Downs had



INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

the brilliant idea of using the driveways of the village cemetery for training purposes. Here he and his chum, fired by a longing for athletic

honors, ran from one to four miles daily at full speed, eating in the meantime as much half-raw



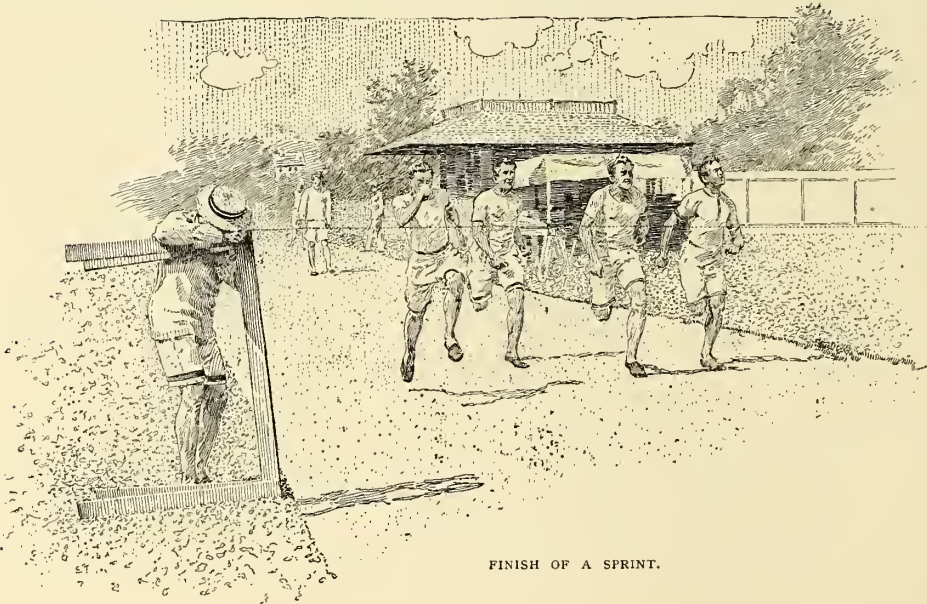
THROWING THE HAMMER.

meat as possible. When it is known that very few trainers ever run their mile-men beyond their distance, and never more than once a

which, if not remarkable, was at least both creditable and well deserved.

The principles that underlie all training, be it for boxing or baseball, for the mile run or the tennis tournament, are the same. Of course they vary infinitely in detail and amount: a tennis-player, for example, would not take the same exercises that a pugilist undergoes, nor would he probably need to eat as much; for boxing consumes more tissue than tennis-playing, and consequently a boxer requires more food.

Special attention paid to diet, sleep, and exercise, so that the body may reach its highest pitch of availability, is what training in the general sense means; and it is the object of this article to give in a broad way the principles of training as applied to growing boys. The trouble with most of the notions concerning training that a boy picks up here and there is that they were originally intended for grown men, and when applied to American boys usually result disastrously. For instance, the reduction of all liquids, which so many novices at athletics imagine to be one of the necessities



FINISH OF A SPRINT.

week at full speed, the severity of the training these two boys exacted from themselves will be appreciated. It may be well to add that Mr. Downs won the event in 5.25, a victory

of training, is a tradition handed down from the old professional trainers.

Many a professional trainer finds a man whom he has undertaken to train, well on in

the thirties, accustomed to excessive eating when not in training, and thus naturally inclined to take on a great quantity of loose, flabby flesh, which clogs the muscles and hinders the action



A MORNING WALK.

of the lungs, making the man what the trainer calls "soft." This flesh must be removed, and to do it the man must stint himself as much as possible in both eating and drinking. But to apply the same principles to a half-grown boy is absurd, and refusing an athlete plenty of pure water to drink is now as much an exploded idea as the belief that a fever patient must not be allowed to drink.

Now, in regard to these three points mentioned above, attention to which constitutes training, first, what should be the diet of a boy in training?

You will see that in nothing is the difference between the old-fashioned system of training, as compared with the modern, more marked. Here are a few hints in regard to diet given by a well-known English trainer of the early part of the century: "The morning's beverage to be of rennet-whey (i. e., buttermilk), eat sparingly of bread, butter, salt, vegetables, fruit, or cakes. The drink during dinner should be red wine mingled with water, with a glass of hock after dinner. The blood should always follow the knife in respect to all meats."

It is a long step from this barbarous system of dieting to the modern training-table. The system of dieting used at most of our large colleges best represents modern ideas. At Yale the crew, eleven, nine, and track-athletes eat almost precisely the same things. The daily fare includes almost anything that a boy would find on his own home table, and everything is of the very best of its kind. Toasted bread is

used instead of the ordinary kinds, oatmeal water (merely because it is safer, having been boiled) instead of the ordinary liquid, while coffee, tea, pastry, rolls, biscuit, and heavy cloying sweets of all kinds are, of course, forbidden.

These are almost the only differences between training and ordinary fare. Soup and desserts of a simple kind, such as rice and bread puddings, two articles that are sternly prohibited by many of the boy captains at preparatory schools, are usually present on college training-tables.

In fact, a boy should make no especial difference in his diet when preparing for athletics. If a certain article disagrees with him he should give it up, and he should never allow himself to eat or drink between meals; these are the only cautions to be observed in eating. If a boy be fond of milk, let him drink it at his morning and evening meals; not at noon, however. But here a warning is needed. A quart of milk is almost equivalent to a pound of meat, and it is an easy thing to take too much of it and swallow more nutriment than the system can assimilate. Milk should be sipped slowly, not

poured down by whole glassfuls; otherwise it forms an indigestible mass which it is difficult for the gastric juices to act upon, and there is a consequent feeling of discomfort lasting perhaps an hour or so after the meal. In drinking water, distinction should be made between the true thirst and that parched condition of one's throat which will come from running or rowing. After exercising violently, if a boy feels that he is too thirsty to wait until his next meal, let him rinse his



A LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER.

throat and mouth and gargle the water a few moments, instead of drinking a large quantity, and he will find that very little will need to be absolutely swallowed to relieve his thirst. No more water than absolutely necessary should ever be taken, as it brings on excessive perspiration, which is weakening, and, as has been said above, it should be taken at meal-times, *never* immediately before or during a game or race.

It is not necessary for a boy to drink beer or ale while training; in fact, our American trainers are beginning more and more to rule off ale from their training-tables.

Tobacco, especially cigarettes, should be forbidden. It is possible for a man to smoke a pipe or cigar and succeed in athletics, though he is considerably handicapped; but the boy that cannot go without cigarettes had better keep himself entirely out of athletic sports.

phasi, especially in the case of boys, cannot be laid on the necessity of obtaining all the sleep possible. A famous sprinter, who one year utterly disappointed all his friends and his college by failing in most of his races and who had become over-trained, said to the writer after ward that he attributed his poor showing entirely to the fact that, because of certain extra courses of study, he had not been able to obtain the



COMING INTO THE HOMESTRETCH.

necessary amount of sleep. Every boy, when in training, should be in bed by ten o'clock and rise at seven. If he is not accustomed to such hours,—and most boys, alas! are not,—he will probably at first be troubled by not being able to fall asleep at once, or, more commonly, by waking in the morning an hour or so earlier than usual. However, let him persevere in his well-doing, and gradually the ability to put in nine solid hours of good, refreshing sleep will come to him. If the food builds up the muscles, it is sleep that steadies the nerves and gives a boy that feeling of confidence and coolness at critical moments which so often saves a game. Under no circumstances should an athlete do any sleeping in the daytime; it tends to make him logy and listless, and is discouraged by all trainers.

In regard to the kind and amount of exercise necessary in training, that depends too much on the kind of athletics for which a



THE START OF A HANDICAP RACE.

The next factor in training,—sleep,—is far more important than diet. Too much em-



boy is training, and on the boy himself, to admit of much generalization.

In any kind of athletics, however, the greatest care should be taken not to overdo matters at first. As the trainer at Yale used to say, "You can't go too easy the first week." Any over-straining before the body is built up a little may cause a permanent injury. In football, full halves should not be played during the first week; a track-athlete should indulge in sundry long, easy jogs; a tennis-player should not play more than one or two hard sets a day; and like caution should be observed in all the other branches of athletics. The time of day when the exercise should be taken is really a matter of slight importance. The morning is probably the best time to train, though nine athletes out of ten do their work in the afternoon, and many noted English athletes take their exercise after dark.

No work harder than a short, brisk walk should be undertaken before breakfast. Five-mile walks and runs in the early morning are, fortunately, things of the past. Before breakfast the fires are banked, so to speak, and no hard physical or mental work should be taken before fresh fuel, in the shape of a hearty meal, be added. A good way to start the day is to drink half a pint of fresh, cool water upon rising; this washes out the stomach, stimulates the digestive organs, and usually prevents one from feeling thirsty between meals.

It is not common for a boy to become overtrained, or "stale," as it is called, but it may sometimes happen that under the direction of a too enthusiastic captain, or urged on by his own ambition, he may overwork himself and become overtrained. The symptoms are a general feeling of listlessness, loss of appetite and weight, and inability to sleep. The surest sign is the loss of weight. A boy's weight is the barometer by which he should keep track of his condition, and when in training he should weigh himself, stripped, once a day at the same hour. After he gets into good condition his weight should not vary a half-pound. If, after he has been in training for some weeks, his weight suddenly commences to go down, something is the matter, and probably he is overtrained. It is a difficult thing to get an

overtrained athlete back into condition again. In the first place, he should stop all work and entirely change his diet. Instead of working on track and field, let him stay at home and read, if he is so inclined, and eat anything that he wants. The writer remembers one team on which a man became overtrained. The trainer immediately inquired if there was any article of diet that he especially wanted. The overtrained individual reflected for a moment, and finally said simply, "Ice-cream!" And

during about a week that athletic pet constantly re-galed himself on ice-cream and ices of the most luxurious description, to the disgust of his healthy team-mates, they being forced to sustain life with a rice-pudding as their sole dessert.

Some few days' change of this sort will usually prove sufficient, and the work should



THE BEST EXERCISE FOR AN OVER-TRAINED ATHLETE.

of course be made a little lighter for some time after resuming duty.

There can be no discussion as to the advantages of training. It may be an open question as to whether the physical development promoted by certain kinds of athletics compensates for the enormous strain on nerves and muscles that a race involves; but every athlete, and every one who has been at all connected with athletics, must acknowledge that training of any kind is of the utmost value to a boy, and gives him a reserve force of vitality and strength that will stand by him all his life.

During the writer's first year at college athletics, there came to the eating-club of which he was a member a sickly, dyspeptic boy of eighteen. Irritable and morbid, a nuisance to himself and his friends, he was forced on account of his dyspepsia to live almost entirely on a milk diet, and had hardly known what a well day meant since entering college. But at the beginning of the winter term he resolved to train with the candidates for the athletic team, and accordingly ran every day some two or three miles 'cross country, and went through the prescribed amount of body exercises which the trainers consider necessary for all candidates for Yale teams.

During all of the first week the unaccustomed exercise came very hard, and he was forced to drop out of every run before half the distance was covered; but the boy had good grit and determination, and stuck it out. Soon after commencing training he left the eating-club, and the writer did not see him again for nearly three months, when he chanced to meet him out at the Field. There had been a sharp four-mile cross-country run, and well up among the leaders at the finish, to the writer's utter amazement, was his acquaintance—an invalid no longer.

In place of the former peevish, fretful dys-



WATCHING THE TRIALS.

peptic stood a solidly built fellow whose clear skin and eyes and healthy color showed no traces of feebleness. That boy had gained *twenty pounds* during the three months of training, and when he dined with the writer, that evening, showed that he could tuck away a meal of the most substantial kind without a thought of consequences. Nor was his gain entirely physical. Formerly he had been unable to concentrate his mind when studying, and nervous headaches had prevented any long-continued application to his books; but after beginning athletics he gradually rose in his class, and graduated

among the "oration men," as the best scholars of a class are termed at Yale.

The young reader is assured that this is no fancy sketch, but an actual case of a boy who undoubtedly regained his health and succeeded in his college career entirely by taking up a course of training for athletics.

As the writer recalls this and many similar cases, and sees the results in himself of four years of training, he feels like advising every boy to be an athlete. Go in for athletics! Go in for training! The training of to-day means not only strength of body, but strength of character; it involves purity, temperance, unselfishness, perseverance, and a host of other good qualities every boy should possess.



PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.

I SAW a little, wiggling worm,
Uncertain what to do,
Who simply squirmed his little squirm,
Until the day was through.

“I want to know,” the little worm
Exclaimed as he expired,
“If one but wiggles all day long,
What more can be desired?”

Theodore C. Williams.

WHAT WILLIE DID.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.



“TAKE the elevator and go up to the sixth floor. Ask for Mr. Stackpole,” said the president of the American Music Company to the little boy.

That’s how the little boy happened, a few minutes later, to be standing before Mr. Stackpole’s desk.

But Mr. Stackpole, up on the sixth floor, manager of the American Music Company, was a big man—a very big man. He was fat; he was bald. He had sharp eyes, glaring from behind enormous spectacles; and with those eyes it was believed he could read both sides of a sheet of music at once. The little boy felt daunted.

“What’s your name?” roared the big fellow.

Willie Ryan knew perfectly well what his name was; but don’t you know it’s confusing to have a big man hurl a question at you like a brickbat? Willie’s eyes were glued on the spectacles, and his wits on the ceiling. For a minute he just could n’t answer.

“Well, Johnny,” repeated the big fellow, in a voice like a fog-horn, “what’s your name?”

“Willie Ryan,” gasped the boy, in a tremor. Mr. Stackpole looked at him amazed.

“That won’t do,” he said at length, with great decision.

Willie appeared sorely troubled. “The

gentleman downstairs, sir, told me to report to the manager,” he explained timidly; “and I would get three dollars a week, sir.”

“You have n’t been here a week yet,” roared Stackpole, with a be-careful-what-you-say air.

Willie tried to explain: “You don’t—”

“I know I don’t,” broke in the manager; “I don’t see how I could use you at all with that name,” he declared, looking fixedly at his victim. “I simply could n’t—that’s all. If you go to work for me you’ll have to change your name. That’s too easy, though,” he added, dropping into a confidential tone. “You see, I’ve one boy here already named Willie. It would n’t do. I’ll call you *Sam*.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Is it agreed?” thundered the big fellow.

Willie jumped. “Yes, sir.”

“Then hang your coat up on the clock, and bring me a glass of hot mucilage. How much did you say you were to draw, Samuel?”

“Three dollars a week, sir.”

“How’s that?”

“Three dollars a week.”

“Three dollars *a* week, or *per* week?”

“A week, sir, I think.”

Stackpole looked relieved. He beckoned Willie close to him. “See here, my son,” said he, in an undertone, gazing earnestly at the lad, “I’ve only one piece of advice to give you.” Then he looked cautiously around—so cautiously that Willie instinctively looked around, too. “Don’t mention this to any one.”

“Oh, no, sir.”
 “Save your salary,” continued Stackpole, “and after a while — you ’ll wear diamonds!”
 So saying, he tapped Willie forcibly on the chest, pulled himself up in his chair, drew in his chin, and scowled very solemnly indeed.

But Willie, though incredulous, was determined not to have a quarrel fastened on him after tramping so far for a job; so he merely said, “Yes, sir,” and asked where the clock was, please.

That was Willie’s introductory talk to Mr. George Stackpole. Stackpole had charge of the stock — all the sheet music in the big wholesale department, disposed on endless rows of shelving, covering the sixth great floor of a sky-scraper on Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

The very first day Willie went up there, he figured out there must be at least ten million sheets of music in sight. That was excessive. But after Willie had looked over the stock he understood why Stackpole’s head was so large.

Stackpole knew where to find every two-step, every gavot, and every song in the entire collection. And nobody else — not one of the thirty-odd girls who worked in the stock — even pretended to be able to do that, unless it was Tom.

But Tom was one of the independent sort of fellows, and if you asked him where a song was to be found there was no certainty of getting a civil answer. Tom had full run of the

stock floor, and yet appeared to have no regular hours for work. The girls claimed he held his job because his father had worked for the president downstairs for a good many years. Willie used to watch him, rather enviously, in



““THEN HANG YOUR COAT UP ON THE CLOCK, AND BRING ME A GLASS OF HOT MUCILAGE,” SAID MR. STACKPOLE.”

his favorite loafing-place — a recess at one of the front windows. Tom would sit there for hours, looking across the avenue out on the lake-front, idly counting the trains that puffed up the shore and down.

But never, by any chance, had the fellow a kind word to spare for Willie.

Still, Stackpole seemed to like him, and one hour was pretty sure to find the manager and Tom together; that was the lunch-hour.

After Willie had been at work a week, he was invited to bring over his box and lunch with them, and he could soon see with half an eye that, in spite of the apparent friendliness of the manager for Tom, there were some serious differences between them.

For instance, Stackpole was bald, while Tom had abundance of hair and whiskers. Stackpole wore spectacles, but Tom could see in the dark; and one day a particularly serious difference arose right in the midst of the lunch-table. Tom, in reaching for the salt, stepped into the butter. No one could say it was done intentionally, yet the result was that no one wanted butter that day but Tom; and he rather greedily ate it all.

For a week he was denied the courtesies of the manager's desk. Then Stackpole, who seemed to be a soft-hearted chap, after all, forgave him. Indeed, it was hard to be provoked with Tom very long. He had a quiet, insinuating way of rubbing up against you which wore away hostility.

"I can't see how he finds enough to eat up here," remarked Willie, one day. "I should n't think there would be any mice around music."

"Why not?" asked Stackpole, tremendously.

"What is there for them to eat?" said Willie, after a moment.

"Music."

Willie looked skeptical.

"Have n't you noticed the peculiar kind of mice we have up here?" was Mr. Stackpole's next inquiry.

"What are they?"

"Musical mice, Samuel. Did n't you ever hear of musical mice?"

Willie reluctantly admitted that he had. "But they don't eat music, do they?"

"Eating music is what gives them a musical turn in the first place. How else could they get it? That's the kind of mice that ruins our music, my boy. Even Tom's getting tone. Don't you notice it? It's from eating these musical mice. Now hustle me a dozen quick-

steps to fill this order. Fourth aisle, left, second tier, A."

Willie Ryan's part of the business was not really finding sheet music; but he was so clever that if all the girls were busy Stackpole could safely call on Willie for anything. The consequence was that the other Willie — Willie Rattel, who smoked cigarettes, and was rather despised by the men — soon had to become "Sam" Rattel and go downstairs to work; and Willie Ryan stopped being "Sam" Ryan, and became Willie Ryan once more — which comforted his sister Julia, she being young and nervous, very much indeed.

Willie's real work was to copy the letters, stamp them, take them to the office, and bring back the "registered." The registered letters all had money in them, and Stackpole often said: "Never part with that mail-bag, my boy, if you want to hold your job." However, the letters with the money in them have nothing to do with the story, so make no mistake; though you may keep an eye on the bag.

Besides this, Willie had charge of the shipping-book; and the care of the book and the bag made up his day. But, let me tell you, one day he stamped and handled five hundred letters, and that day Stackpole gave him a note to the office downstairs. The next Saturday night, and thereafter, there were four dollars in his pay-envelope instead of three.

Willie thought it very kind of Stackpole, for there were indications that the manager's own salary was not over-large. One day a new girl knocked his spectacles off the desk, where they had been left for a moment. One of the lenses cracked clear across, and the poor girl was dreadfully frightened for fear she would be discharged. But Stackpole did n't scold, though he seemed worried all the afternoon. Next day Willie saw he had patched up the broken lens with liquid glue instead of buying a new one; for without his glasses he could n't see a thing.

Then, too, his trousers were shiny — very, very shiny; so shiny that Tom used to slide downhill on them regularly, and comb his whiskers under Mr. Stackpole's chair, just as if the trousers-legs were mirror-panels.

But whatever his salary, and however his

trousers, everybody loved Mr. Stackpole, because he was so big-hearted and so kind. He was like a father to the big girls and the little who worked under him, and anybody on the floor would be glad to serve Stackpole. As for Willie Ryan, he was perfectly happy with four dollars a week and the rather vague idea that he should go on stamping the letters and checking the shipping-book forever. So he might have done for some years but for this:

One bitterly cold February day Stackpole and Tom and Willie had finished their luncheon as far as the pie, when Willie began to sniff.

"What is that smell?" said he.

"What smell?" asked Stackpole.

"Don't you smell smoke?"

Stackpole jumped up and ran hastily back to the light-shaft. Willie stayed to finish his pie.

"Willie!" called Stackpole, not so loudly as usual, but oh, so keenly, "the building 's afire!" The manager continued, as Willie ran back, "It 's below. Make no noise; get

the elevator quick, boy, while I call the girls." Lightly, swiftly as a cat, he ran into the stock-room. "Girls!—everybody! Here! At once! Drop everything. Quick—to the passenger-elevator!"

He spoke not loudly nor violently, but ear-

nestly and with utmost despatch. Sudden wreaths of smoke puffed into the hatchways and rolled upward. Girls began to scream: "What shall we do?" "Save me!" "Fire!"

And in their midst was Stackpole, quieting, helping, directing, pushing them along. And then came the heavier smoke,—black, thick, hurrying,—bursting into a cloud of awful flame. Out of the stock-room into the shipping-room they were marched and marshaled. Hysterical ones he restrained, and fainting ones he supported. "Here, girls," he exclaimed — "here comes the elevator!" And a blessed sight it was—the big cage with the open door, and Willie Ryan springing lightly out in front of the ashen-faced negro boy who ran it.

Into the car Stackpole piled them with one great arm, while with the other he held half of the frightened girls back in that suffocating smoke, all screaming and struggling; and again, in a moment he was back, slammed the door, and said: "Go!"

The car dropped into a pall of smoke. The girls left behind, now frantic with fear, and half stifled, were almost unmanageable. But Stackpole with firm hand and courageous word still held them together.

Willie ran to the front, and burst open a win-



"CLIMBING OVER THE CASEMENT, WILLIE MADE READY TO FOLLOW."

dow for air. Below he caught glimpses of a great horror-stricken crowd looking upward and shouting. Then their faces were hidden by flames shooting out from the windows below. Shaking with an awful fright, Willie ran back to the elevator.

"The stairs! Try the stairs!" girls were shrieking. The stairs were a furnace of flame. Stackpole tried to call them back; but they heard not, or, hearing, would not listen. Willie, fleetier even than they, ran and headed them off. The floor, blistering hot, cracked with horrible noises.

"Mr. Stackpole," cried Willie, unable longer to control his fright, "what shall I do?"

The manager's hand gripped his shoulder. "Save yourself, if you can, my boy. God help you. I'm afraid I can't."

And off Willie scurried in the rolling, curling, sickening smoke, like a poor little mouse trying for life. Just then back came the elevator with a fireman at the lever. Stackpole saw instantly it would not hold his crowd, much less himself; but into the car he jammed the girls, tighter than car or girls were ever jammed before, till only three — two — one fainting girl remained; and her the giant Stackpole seized in both his hands, lifted and threw, like a roll of quicksteps, right across the heads and the shoulders of the girls packed in, standing.

"Jump in!" screamed the fireman, squeezed to the shape of a wafer.

"No," cried Stackpole, choking with smoke, and slamming the door; "no, I tell you. Go!" and turned from hope of life to face death; but every girl, every last girl, big and little, was in that car, and safe if only the flames now shooting hotly up the hatch did not burn them before they were out.

Turning, half blinded, Stackpole stumbled into Willie Ryan groping back. "This way, Mr. Stackpole; this way — the fire-escape."

Spectacles gone, head swimming, eyes scorching, throat choking, Stackpole, clinging to Willie's arm, followed him blindly through the shipping-room, through the stock-room, past the air-shaft, — a roaring flame-shaft now, — and, on their hands and knees, out behind the freight-elevator. There was the fire-escape — pitiful enough; an excuse for what it ought to

be; but yet a chance, a single desperate chance, to reach the alley.

Stackpole, gone to pieces now since the others were saved, looked at it and quavered, "I can't do it. You, Willie, you can go. Save yourself."

"No, no; you first. You can, Mr. Stackpole. You must go first!" shouted Willie, above the roar of the furnace behind them.

Urging, pleading, pushing, tugging, the boy started the hesitating man, pushed him out of the window and down the frail iron ladder, which indeed looked no stouter than an icicle.

Climbing then himself over the casement, Willie made ready to follow, when Tom, with a piteous yowl, bolted through the wall of fire and leaped up on the window-sill.

Willie started like one stricken. The big cat, dreadfully singed, appealed mutely. Leave him? He could n't. Throw him out? Horrible. Save him? But how?

Stackpole, master now of himself, climbing down quickly, thought anxiously of the boy above. Looking up once through the smoke, he saw the lad on the ledge, and climbed down faster. A second time he looked up — Willie had disappeared. There were shouts below — shouts of warning. But too late. Something sucked Stackpole's breath and wrapped him in a fiery clasp. A burst of flame enveloped him, and, losing consciousness, he dropped headlong. But the firemen were waiting below for just that thing, with a stout leathern blanket, and into it Stackpole dropped like a big feather-bed; but he was scorched and senseless.

"Is everybody out from our floor?" he cried a minute later, in the drug-store, while a doctor bound his blistered hands. "Willie Ryan?" he demanded in an agony. "Where is Willie Ryan?"

"Here 's Willie Ryan," exclaimed a rough voice at his elbow; and peering through his singed eyelids, Stackpole could see the boy bending over him. Near by stood the burly fireman, waiting the doctor's attention.

"If those poor printers on the lower floor had only had some of Willie Ryan's sense and courage, they need n't have broken their legs there on the pavement," he exclaimed. "Do you know what that boy did after those men

had thrown themselves from the windows?" he added excitedly, sitting down by Stackpole.

"I know he saved me," murmured Stackpole.

"Saved you? Yes; and saved himself; and saved the cat; and saved the mail-bag; and saved — what else was it?" demanded the fireman of Willie.

"Only the shipping-book."

"You don't mean *Tom*?" cried Stackpole. "You did n't save Tom?"

Willie lifted Tom up to show him. He was probably the most demoralized-looking cat you ever saw. No whiskers, little hair, and a sadly burned tail.

"But how?"

"Brought him down the fire-escape."

Stackpole was dumb. "But how could you bring a cat and a mail-bag and a shipping-book

down the fire-escape?" asked the doctor, incredulously.

"I put the book and the cat in the bag, and slung the bag around my neck," said Willie, very modestly.

"What do you say to that," exclaimed the doctor. "Simple enough, is n't it?" he added, turning to the injured fireman.

"And while this boy was doing all that, those poor men out there were jumping from the windows into the street. That's what beats me," muttered the plucky fireman, baring his burned arm for the doctor. "Willie Ryan, you're all right. We need boys like you in our business."

The fireman meant it; and I mean it when I tell you that What Willie Did is not pleasant fiction at all, but pleasant fact.

THE STORY OF BETTY.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMILY ARRIVES.

ACCORDING to Betty's orders, Barney had the carriage at the door at half-past three, that they might reach the station in time for the train from New York at four.

But no Betty appeared.

After waiting a few minutes, Barney asked Pete, who came by, where he supposed Miss Betty might be.

Pete did n't know, but feeling that it devolved on him to attend to the matter, he went and asked Ellen. Ellen did n't know, and Norah the parlor-maid was questioned next. She could only say that she had seen Miss Betty dancing about the house a short time since, and perhaps she was in the garden.

No anxiety was felt for Betty's safety, but Barney became fearful that he would be late for the train, and felt uncertain what to do.

After a more careful but still unsuccessful search, Pete said resolutely:

"In the timporary absince av Miss Betty, I'll be afther asshumin' command. Do yees, Barney, go on to the thrain, an' meet the ould lady an' the kid, an' bring 'em up here. Fur if no one 's there they'll not be knowin' what to do."

So Barney drove off, and the rest began to search for the little girl in earnest, for the situation was becoming alarming.

But no trace could be found, except the Leghorn hat and gloves, which lay on the bed in Betty's room, apparently waiting to be worn when she went to meet the grandmother.

"Is she dhrowned in the brook?" said Ellen, with a white, scared face.

"No," said Pete; "it 's not possible, for I 'm afther lookin' there. Nor she would n't go over to Mis' Van Coort's without her purty hat on. I can't consaive what 's come to the choild."

They were still searching when Barney returned, bringing Mrs. Kinsey, little Polly, and

the nurse. The lady looked grave when Pete and Ellen told their story.

"Let me think," said she, clasping her black-mitted hands together. Then, turning to Pete, she said quickly:

"Is there a dog that knows the child?"

"Yis, mum; there 's Sydney; but he does n't know her overly much. He 's tied in the barn to kape him from following the kerridge."

"Bring him here, please, and show him something of Betty's."

Pete went for the dog, while Ellen brought Betty's hat and gloves.

"Find her, find her, good fellow," said Mrs. Kinsey, as Sydney sniffed at the gloves sagaciously.

The dog seemed to understand her, and went at once into the house. He trotted about from room to room, wagging his head, but holding his tail dejectedly down.

He sniffed a little at the elevator door; but as he had done the same at the other doors, it gave no clue to the anxious watchers. Then he went upstairs, through Betty's room and the nursery, and after that he whined uncertainly, and seemed to say that the problem was too much for him.

"Ye can't find her, nayther, can ye, ould boy?" said Pete, patting the dog's head. "Well, ye seem to be shure she 's in the house, so I 'll inshtitoot a s'arch mesilf, an' I 'll go over ivery ha'p'orth o' room, from garret to cellar."

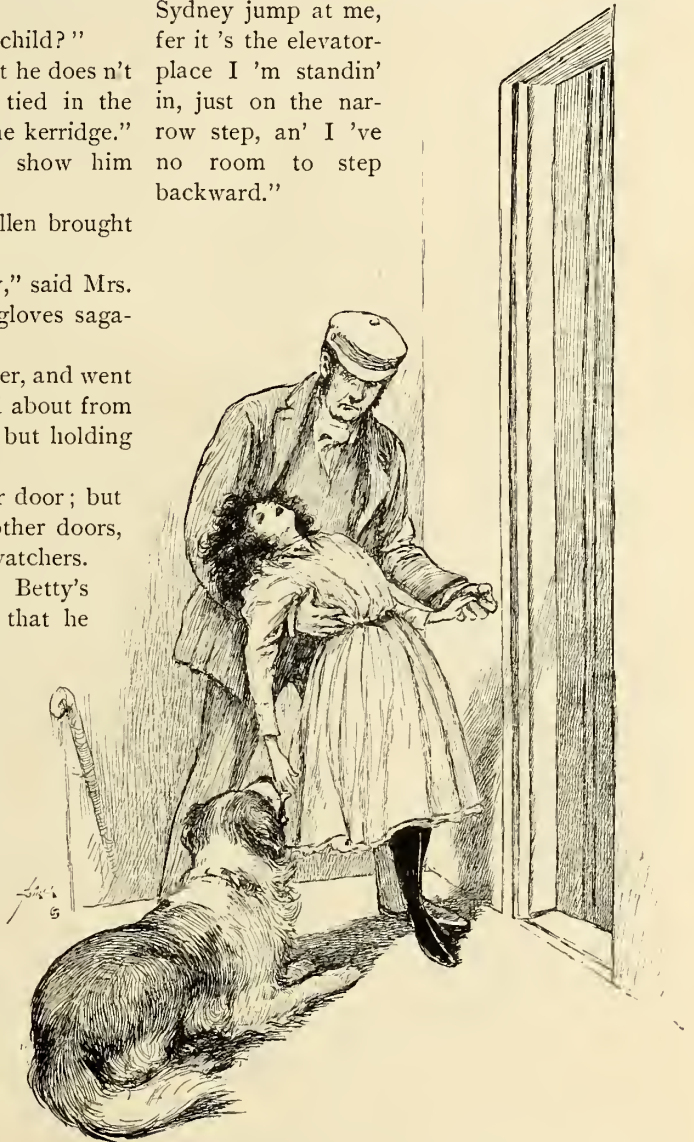
He started upstairs, and the dog followed him—slowly at first; and then he suddenly pricked up his ears, and with a bound he flew past Pete and tore up the narrow staircase to the tower.

"Arrah, but he 's found her!" thought Pete; and he climbed the stairs, and reached the tower room just in time to hear Betty's last faint call of "El-len!" Sydney was already scratching at a closed door, and Pete said:

"Is it locked in the cupboard ye are, Miss Betty, darlint? Wait a minute, and I 'll have ye out o' that, or me name 's not Pete!"

The hope of rescue nerved Betty afresh; but she realized the danger if the big dog should bound at her in his joy at finding her.

"Wait, Pete," she cried out. "Don't let Sydney jump at me, fer it 's the elevator-place I 'm standin' in, just on the narrow step, an' I 've no room to step backward."



"AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLID BACK, BETTY FELL INTO PETE'S STRONG ARMS."

"Marciful saints!" exclaimed Pete, "the ellyvator! Down, Sydney! Charge!" And as the well-trained dog crouched to the floor, Pete, with a "Stiddy, now!" slid the door carefully back, and Betty fell forward into his strong arms. She was not unconscious, but so

cramped that she almost cried with pain as her knees and elbows bent. Pete carried her down to her own room and laid her on the bed, and Mrs. Kinsey leaned over her with true grandmotherly caresses.

Ellen bewailed the fact that they had no medicine-chest, and Pete offered to run for the doctor.

But the new grandmother, proving herself worthy of the name, drew a bottle of soothing

shuddering at the thought of what might have happened if rescue had been delayed.

"Miss Betty," said Norah, appearing at the door, "there 's a lame boy below, askin' to see you." And then Betty jumped up, declaring again that she was all right, and quite able to go downstairs.

"Run along, then," said Mrs. Kinsey; "but lean on Norah, for you are still weak. I will come down also as soon as I have laid off my bonnet."

Betty went downstairs, but not with her usual hop and skip, and found Jack making friends with the baby.

"I 'm awful glad you 've come, Jack," she said. "Now I 've got my whole family at last!"

In the excitement of Betty's disappearance no one had paid any attention to Nurse Lisa and little Polly, and they had remained on the veranda and waited. Betty held out her hands to the baby, who crowed and laughed in most good-natured fashion.

"Come to me, Polly," she said, "and we 'll let nurse go and find Ellen, and she 'll show her where to put her things." Lisa went in search of the unknown Ellen,

and Betty sat down in a rocking-chair, and caressed the baby with delight.

"Polly, you 're my sister now—my own dear little sister; and this is our brother Jack."

"Yi, yi," said Polly, pulling at Jack's hair, as he lay in the hammock within reach of her little hands.

"An' here comes the grandmother," continued Betty. "Get up, Jack, an' make your respects to her."

Jack scrambled up, and, grasping his crutch, met Mrs. Kinsey half-way as she came toward the group.

"How do you do, my boy?" she said, so pleasantly that Jack felt reassured as to the danger of being "bossed."

"I 'm well, thank yer, ma'am. Will yer sit in the hammick, ma'am?"

"No; I don't care for hammocks. I think that I 'll take this comfortable rocker."



A TALK AFTER SUPPER.

lotion from her traveling-bag, where she had placed it, "in case the baby humped her head."

At mention of the baby Betty's face brightened.

"I 'm all right now," she said, as they rubbed her little thin arms; "but I could n't have hild on much longer, with nothin' at all to hold on to."

"Indeed you could n't," said Mrs. Kinsey,

So Jack sat in the hammock again, and the family proceeded to make each other's acquaintance.

"Now, grandmother," said Betty, rocking back and forth with the baby, "what's your first name?"

"Jean," said Mrs. Kinsey, smiling. "Why?"

"Well, I was goin' to call you Gran'ma Kinsey; but I don't think Kinsey is as pretty a name, so if you don't mind, ma'am, we'll call you Grandma Jean."

"Very well, Betty; Grandma Jean it shall be to all my grandchildren—Betty, Jack, and Polly."

Jack beamed at being thus quickly taken into the charmed circle, and said honestly:

"I ain't much good—I'm so lame, an' I don't know nothin' how to behave; but Betty says maybe a doctor can straighten me on me pins, and I'll do whatsumever you tell me to, Grandma Jean."

"All right, my boy. I think we'll get on famously; and we'll try to be the happiest family in Greenborough."

Polly joined in the general conversation with unintelligible remarks and a laugh of bubbly glee, and then Betty tried to make her say "Grandma Jean."

"Bamma Dean," was the nearest the obedient infant could come to it; but that was considered highly satisfactory by her new relatives.

Then supper was announced, and all went gaily in to their first meal in Denniston Hall.

Mrs. Van Court had suggested that, since the majority of the family were children, a midday dinner should be the rule, and a six-o'clock supper.

So Ellen had arranged just the very nicest supper that could be imagined, and with affectionate pride Betty conducted Grandma Jean to her arm-chair at the head of the table; Jack, as the man of the house, was placed at the foot; Polly, in her new high-chair, had a whole side to herself; and Betty sat opposite.

And then what a merry time they had; and how they chattered and laughed; and how good the broiled chicken was; and how fast Ellen's flaky hot rolls disappeared, and the little waitress had to fly to the kitchen for more! And Grandma Jean had to pour unlimited cups of

weak tea for Betty and Jack, while Polly feasted on bread-and-milk, with a chicken-bone by way of dessert. And being no respecter of persons, the tiny mite babbled and chuckled all through the conversation of the others; and, indeed, quite often they all talked at once: but, as somebody has said, that is a good sign of a successful supper.

To be sure, the dictates of etiquette were not very strictly adhered to, for Jack's table manners were even worse than Polly's, and hers were not good; but though there may have been a better-behaved family, there never was a happier one. Under the cheering influence of the first "square" meal he had had since Christmas, Jack grew talkative and jolly; and, radiantly happy in the final attainment of her ideals, Betty made plans for the future which embraced everything desirable, from chocolate-creams to a captive balloon—the latter in response to a suggestion from Jack, who had read of such a thing in the last newspapers he had ever bought to sell.

Grandma Jean, being blessed with common sense and tact passing that of most women, chattered with them and entered heartily into all their plans and projects, and at that meal never said a word about forks or elbows.

But the festivities proved too lengthy for the youngest participant, and Polly's eyes refused to stay open; so Lisa took her away to her crib. Then the rest of the family had strawberries and cream and beautiful frosted cakes, some of which they really left on the plate, though Jack looked at them reflectively.

And there was more talk and more laughter; and if Grandma Jean had n't proposed leaving the table, I fear they would all have been sitting there yet.

They went into the parlors, and sat in the beautiful brocaded chairs, for who was to forbid it? And they feasted their eyes on the wonderful glittering chandeliers.

"They're like icicles," commented Betty.

"Yes," said Jack; "or those things that grow in caves. Say, Betty, are we goin' to study out of books? I'm dyin' to learn things."

"So'm I; an' I guess we'll have a governess—or would you rather go out to a regular school, Jack?" she inquired.

"I dunno. Governess, I guess. The fellers 'd laugh at me in a school, 'cause I don't know about books."

"Me too; so let 's have a governess. I 'll ask Miss Grace about it to-morrow. Or could you get one for us, Grandma Jean?"

"I 'll think about it, and we 'll talk it over to-morrow. Now I 'm going to make my first rule, and I hope you 'll both be willing to keep it. I want you to go to bed every night promptly at eight o'clock."

This did n't suit Betty particularly, for she was a wide-awake little girl; but Grandma Jean had been so kind and indulgent in every other way, she did n't want to refuse her first request.

"I ain't kickin'," said Jack, though he was secretly thinking that the "bossin'" had begun. To go to bed at eight o'clock struck him as ludicrous rather than otherwise; for, never having had a bed to go to, it made little difference when he went to it. But feeling that he ought to accept a little bitter with so much sweet, he promised to remember the rule and obey it.

After the children had left her, Mrs. Kinsey sat a long time, thinking it all over.

"It 's an experiment," she said to herself, "a very interesting experiment, and I don't see why it should n't turn out successfully. At any rate, I shall do my best to help it along."

Then she went to the kitchen, and calling all the servants together, gave them an outline of her domestic policy, and firmly gathered up the reins of government. They all seemed willing and respectful, and Pete assured Mrs. Kinsey, in a deferential tone but belligerent manner, that the women would be responsible to her for their behavior, but if any of the men in service gave any "impidence," he 'd "show 'em what 's what and who 's who!"

Then, with his air of general proprietorship of the whole place, he told her she might go fearlessly to rest as soon as she chose, for he would attend to locking doors and windows, and had innumerable precautions, patent and otherwise, against burglars.

So Mrs. Kinsey went upstairs, and listening at Jack's door, discovered that he was sleeping energetically and somewhat noisily. Then she visited the nursery, and found all serene there. But when she came to Betty's bedside,

that young person smiled up at her with wide-open eyes.

"Why, I supposed you 'd be sound asleep," said grandma, in surprise.

"No, I 'm sound awake," said Betty, cheerfully.

The full moon shone in and made the room almost as bright as day. Mrs. Kinsey offered to close the blinds that Betty might go to sleep.

"No, don't," said the child; "I 'm just lying here enjoyin' it all, and after a while I 'll fall asleep."

Then, lest she might have a fear of burglars, Mrs. Kinsey told her of Pete's numerous precautions and safeguards.

But Betty only laughed. "I 'm not afraid," she said; "but if I hear a burglar trying to get in, I 'll run and jump into your bed for protection."

"All right, dear; I 'll leave the door ajar. Now go to sleep, like a good child."

Perhaps an hour later, Betty, still awake, heard a slight noise, and raising her head, saw clearly in the bright moonlight a fearful sight. She shook with terror, but suppressed the scream that rose to her lips, and watching her chance, sprang out of bed and half-way across the floor. She reached Mrs. Kinsey's room, and with an agonized shriek of "Grandma, grandma, I 'm comin'! Let me in," she flung open the door and stumbled her way across the room.

"Oh, where is he, Betty?" cried the old lady, shuddering with fright. "Come here, child, quick! Did you see him?"

"Yes 'm," said Betty; "he 's in my room"; and she jumped into bed beside Mrs. Kinsey, who was cold and trembling with fear, and whose teeth chattered as she whispered: "Oh, can't we call Pete? I forget which knob *is* the burglar-alarm."

"Why, grandma," cried Betty, suddenly enlightened, "it *was* n't a burglar; it was a *mouse*."

"A *mouse*! I 've a good mind to shake you. Betty McGuire, are you crazy, to make such a fuss over a harmless little mouse? And oh, how you 've frightened me!"

"I 'm awful sorry," said Betty, contritely; "but please let me stay. I *can't* go back to

my room while that mouse is there. I'd rather see a bear or a tiger!"

"Stay, of course, child, and go to sleep at once. Thank goodness it *was* only a mouse, and not a burglar." So Betty went to sleep, and peace settled down upon the house of Denniston.

Next morning Jack was immensely amused over the account of Betty's "burglar." But when Pete heard it, he started off at once for the village, and returned with mouse-traps of various patents, and a cat. "Tabby's" work was quickest and most efficacious, and no more burglar-mice invaded Betty's room.

CHAPTER XII.

CHOOSING A BIRTHDAY.

LIFE at Denniston soon settled down into a natural and ordinary course, except that Betty and Jack had rather better times than most children.

The Van Courts came over occasionally to advise and assist, when necessary; and Mr. Brewster came to Greenborough once a month, and went over the accounts with Mrs. Kinsey, to assure himself that everything was going on rightly, and that he might make a favorable report to Mr. Morris. Betty had concluded that she did n't want a governess who would live in the house, because it would spoil things to have some one in the family and yet not of it; but a tutor was engaged, who came every morning and taught the young ideas to shoot straight. The library was turned into a school-room, and Mr. Mixon found his two pupils very diligent and studious, since both were naturally bright and truly anxious to learn.

Although the days were growing warm, they decided not to take a summer vacation; for, as Betty said, all their life had been a vacation, and their school-term had just begun. So they pegged away at their books every morning, and spent the afternoons in sports and games.

Of intimate friends they had a small circle; but Jack and Betty were shrewd readers of character, and a boy or girl who looked down upon them because of their humble origin, or looked up to them only because of their wealth, was not often invited again to Denniston.

But perhaps a dozen young folks in the neighborhood proved to be what Jack called "true blue," and any or all of these were welcomed in the afternoons; and they were glad to come, too, for nowhere else could be found such good fun.

It was not only that Denniston had tennis-courts and bowling-alleys, and a pond with rowboats on it, or that Ellen's pantry could always provide a bountiful feast for a hungry throng, or that Pete was ever ready with service of any kind that might be required; but Betty and Jack were such a jolly, good-natured pair, always ready for any kind of fun, and never dictatorial or quarrelsome.

Of course Jack's lameness prevented his joining in some of the athletic sports; but he could bowl and row as well as any boy, and he had hopes of being able some day to run and jump with the best of them; for a great surgeon in New York had been written to, and had consented to come to Greenborough and undertake the cure of the lame boy.

One day in July Dr. Norton came, and said that Jack's case was curable, but that his leg would have to be broken and reset.

Though the operation would be painful, and the healing slow, Jack declared himself willing to undergo tortures, if need be; and so the deed was done.

And then poor Jack had to lie strapped to a board for nearly a month, and then walk with crutches for two or three weeks longer.

He bore it all bravely, and even while disabled studied his lessons so diligently that he threatened to get ahead of Betty.

But that ambitious young woman would n't allow such a thing, so she redoubled her energies; and the two made such progress that Mr. Mixon began to think he had a pair of prodigies in his charge.

The 1st of September was set for Jack to take his first unassisted steps; and one hot day about the middle of August Betty ran into his room, and slammed the door behind her.

Although improved in many ways by Grandma Jean's wise training, and by her own sense of the fitness of things, Betty still had a decided breeziness of manner, and was given to abruptness both in words and deeds.

"Jack," she exclaimed, in an excited tone, "don't you tell if I tell you somethin'."

"No," said Jack, who was deep in an English history. "But I say, Betty, have you come to Mary, Queen of Scots, yet? They cut off her head! Just think of it—cut off her head!"

"What a pity," said Betty, with sympathy, but rather absent-mindedly; "but *promise*, Jack, *don't* tell what I 'm going to tell you."

"I won't tell; what is it?" said Jack, solemnly.

"Well, I 'm going to have a birthday party!"

"Pooh! You can't. You have n't got any birthday—or, at least, you don't know when it is."

"That 's just it. I 'm going to *get* a birthday."

"Ho! *buy* it, I s'pose. Do you think you can buy everything?"

"Now, listen, Jack. You don't know when your birthday is, either; and we don't know Polly's exactly, only that it 's in September. So I 'm going to choose one birthday, and let it do for the whole three of us."

"All right; but there 's plenty of days—why not have one apiece?"

"No; it 'll be more fun to have 'em all on the same day. We 'll take September, 'cause we know that 's Polly's month; and now let 's choose a day in the first week of it, and then you walk first on that day, and we 'll celebrate it by a party."

"All right; I choose the first; that 'll come the quickest."

"Well, if you 're sure your splint will be off by that time. We 'll ask Dr. Norton. And I 've planned it all out. I want the celebration to be a parade—in honor of your being able to walk, you know."

"Yes," said Jack, who was interested enough now; "and we 'll have a band."

"We 'll *be* the band ourselves. I 'm going to get up a 'pop-gun orchestra.' Tillie Fenn told me about it. And you can ride when you get tired walking, and Polly will be in the parade in her baby-carriage, and it 'll be lovely!"

"What 's a pop-gun orchestra?"

"Oh, it 's lots of fun! Everybody plays on anything they want to. Tillie Fenn and I are going to town to-day to get the things to play on, and then we 'll all have to practise, you know."

"I thought you said it was a secret."

"Not the orchestra; only the birthday party and the parade. Now, while I 'm gone, you make out a list of the boys and girls we want in the band. It does n't matter whether they can play on anything or not, for some have just clappers or paper and combs to play on."

"I 'll play the bones," said Jack; "I can do that in style, though I have n't touched 'em since I came here. Bring me a set, will you, Betty?"

"All right; I will. Now, you make out a list of people—and think up a lot of tunes, too."

Betty whisked out as suddenly as she had whisked in, and skipping down to the veranda, gave a long, shrill whistle which could be heard at the barn, and in response to which her pony-cart was soon at the door.

"Thank you, Pete," she said pleasantly; and in a moment she had jumped in and was flying down the avenue.

She stopped for Tillie Fenn, and then the two girls drove off to the village.

They easily found what they wanted, and returned laden with pop-guns, jew's-harps, combs, watchmen's rattles, drums, cymbals, bones, sand-brushes—in fact, anything that would make a noise.

Betty told her friend the great secret; for what fun is there in having a secret, unless you tell it? And Tillie thought the whole project grand, and promised to help all she could. "Be sure and come over to-morrow afternoon," said Betty, as she left Tillie at her own home. "Come early, and stay to supper."

"Yes, I 'll come; and shall I bring Tom?"

"Yes, indeed; the more the merrier."

When Betty reached home, Jack had the list of performers made out, and a note written to each one. Pete was despatched at once to deliver the notes, and then Betty displayed her stock of musical instruments with pride.

Jack grasped eagerly at the bones, and made such a deafening clatteration with them that

Betty ran away with her hands over her ears. At supper, that night, they told Grandma Jean all about it, and she was much amused at the idea of the triple birthday.

"And how old will you all be?" she asked, thinking up a small secret on her own account.

"Well," said Betty, uncertainly, "I think I've been fourteen for about a year, so I'll be fifteen. Jack does n't know how old he is,

"And you see, grandma, we'll get the band in good working order, and then they can lead the parade, and we'll march all about the grounds. And we'll have you and the Van Courts and some more grown-up people to sit on the veranda for to be beholding of us."

Though Betty's grammar had greatly improved under Mr. Mixon's teaching, her sentences were often of imperfect construction.



"BETTY AND TILLIE RETURNED LADEN WITH POP-GUNS, JEW'S-HARPS, COMBS, WATCHMEN'S RATTLES, DRUMS, CYMBALS, BONES, AND SAND-BRUSHES."

so we're going to call him fifteen, too; and Polly, of course, will be three. We know her birthday comes in September, but we don't know the day." Then she added reflectively: "It's just as likely to be the 1st as another day."

"No," said Jack, who had a head for mathematics; "it's twenty-nine times as likely to be another day as the 1st."

This was too deep reasoning for Betty, so she ignored it and went on telling about her plans:

Although anxious above all things to study music, Betty's lessons in that art had not yet begun. The best music-teacher of Greenborough was away on his summer vacation, so Betty was obliged to wait until fall. But a naturally quick ear, and a positive talent for time, enabled her to lead her orchestra successfully.

Day after day the young people met in the Denniston music-room; and such a caterwauling was the result that Grandma Jean, who

had become a favorite in Greenborough society, made many afternoon calls during that period.

After a while, though, when they became more proficient, the music was really not so bad—that is, if anybody liked that kind. It was strong, loud, and accurate; and what more *could* be desired in a pop-gun orchestra?

The number of performers had steadily grown larger, and now twenty answered to roll-call. Tillie Fenn played the piano to teach the tunes, and Betty's baton kept the time true.

Their selections were varied, and contained many street songs and patriotic airs. Marches were among their favorites. But their grandest

accomplishment was the "Anvil Chorus." When this was played on fifes and paper-covered combs, and accompanied by bones and cymbals and rolling drums and watchmen's rattles, with pop-guns popping just at the right time, the effect was truly thrilling.

By the end of August Jack was improving so fast that the doctor said he might surely walk without his crutches on the first day of September, though not very far. So it was arranged that he should start out with the grand parade, and pass the reviewing-stand, after which the pony-cart would be in waiting, and the rest of the way Master Jack could ride.

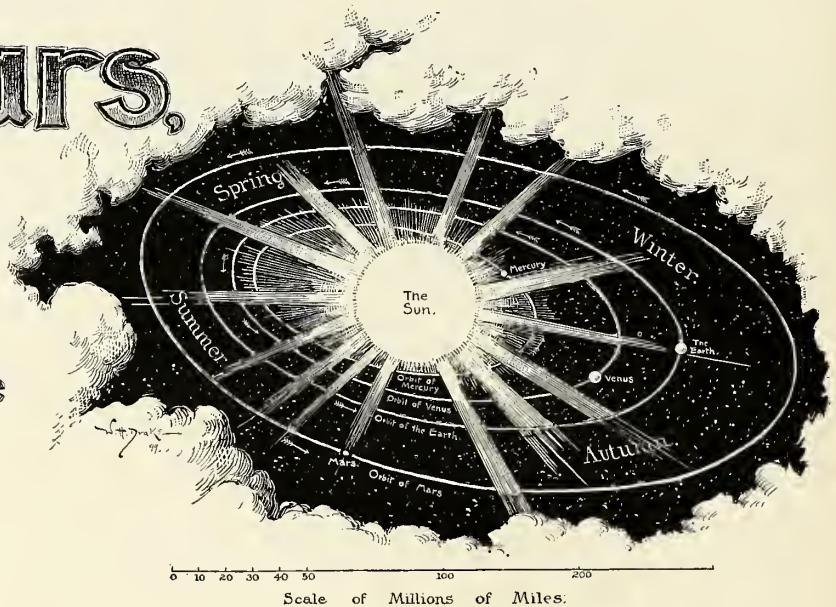
Then preparations went on merrily, and invitations were sent out for the great affair.

(To be continued.)

Mars,

the
Planet
of
Romance

by
Mary
Procter.



MARS may well be termed the planet of romance, since more romances have been told concerning it than about any other planet in the solar system. In ancient times it was selected as the planet of war on account of its ruddy light, its symbol being the spear and shield of the old Assyrian warriors. But the

evil qualities attributed to the ruddy hue of Mars by people believing in planetary influences have long ago been consigned to the realms of romance, and Mars is no longer held accountable for the wars and disasters that take place on planet Earth.

Seen through a fine telescope, Mars presents

the appearance of a miniature earth floating overhead, the ruddy markings indicating land,



the greenish markings outlining seas and water-courses, while white caps adorn the regions corresponding to the polar regions on earth. The astronomer, in the quiet and ease of his observatory, can make a study of these regions, which may not as yet have ever been seen by the inhabitants of Mars because of the dangers which prevent access to them. We may well doubt whether the bravest Martian ever succeeded in reaching either pole of the planet. Yet our eyes have rested on those polar regions, even on the very poles themselves. In the same way, an observer on Mars might direct a telescope toward those arctic regions of our earth which the most daring of our explorers have in vain attempted to reach.

Mars turns around on its axis just as the earth does, except that the day lasts longer than the day on earth. With the telescope, it is possible to follow the hourly changes that take place on Mars, from sunrise to sunset. We can see the mists of morning gradually clearing away, and the gathering of clouds toward evening, probably to pass from the skies at night, leaving the stars to shine with a greater splendor through a rarer atmosphere. Perhaps one or both of the little moons of Mars (for it

has two, named Deimos and Phobos) may be shining in the sky. Deimos rises in the east, like other stars, but the inner moon, Phobos, hurries around Mars three times a day. For this reason, it rises in the west every night, and sets in the east after about five and a half hours. Neither of the moons gives much light, since Phobos supplies only one sixtieth of the amount of light given by our moon, while Deimos gives only one twelve hundredth. But the smallness of the Martian moons must be taken into consideration, since Phobos is only seven miles in diameter, and Deimos five or six.

Continuing our observation of the planet Mars during its daytime, we see in imagination the white shore-line along which the murmuring waves ripple, or dash in breakers against rock and promontory. Clouds form and rain falls on the surface of Mars, though not on such an extensive scale as here. Nevertheless, during the latter half of October, 1894, an area much larger than Europe remained densely obscured. On another occasion, Sir Norman Lockyer noticed a great mass of clouds spreading over a sea many thousand square miles in extent. As the hours passed away, the clouds slowly dispersed, either melting on account of the sun's heat, or dissolving in rain. When Lockyer ceased observing for the evening,—at about half-past eleven,—a large portion of the sea which had been concealed gradually came into view. On this same night, Mr. William Rutter Dawes, known as "the eagle-eyed astronomer," was also studying the planet of war, keeping it well under observation until the "wee sma' hours," when he made an excellent drawing of the planet. Comparing this with a drawing made an hour earlier by Lockyer, it was seen that the clouds which had concealed the sea during the earlier part of the evening had passed entirely away. Referring these events to Martian time, the cloudy weather on this occasion apparently occurred in the forenoon, the mid-day hour bringing clear weather, which would seem to have lasted till the afternoon was far advanced. Judging from the whitish light which is usually seen all around the planet's disk, the mornings and evenings on Mars are misty.

Owing to the planet's distance from the sun,

it receives less than half the amount of light and heat we are accustomed to here. The temperature of Mars is probably far below that of freezing water, the climate resembling that experienced on the top of the highest mountains on earth, usually regions of perpetual snow. Consequently, as Professor Young remarks: "Unless some cause operates to give Mars an abnormal temperature, life resembling that upon the earth could not exist there." Even if life were possible on Mars, we can scarcely imagine that it would be a comfortable world to live on as compared with our own. To begin with, the year on Mars is nearly twice as long as the year on earth, lasting 687 days; and as a result, the seasons last nearly six months instead of three. During the long winter season an enormous amount of snow and ice collects at the polar regions, and as springtime approaches, the snow begins to melt, an immense quantity of water is set free, and the land is submerged as far as the tropics.

The inhabitants of Mars (if any) must be constantly in dread of these yearly inundations; and unless equally content to live on land or on sea in this "Venice of the sky," we can scarcely envy the lot of our neighbors in space. As a result of the inundations, the seas and oceans do not keep within the limits assigned to them, so that the land markings on Mars are rather vaguely outlined. As M. Faye observed in 1892: "Water seems to march about at its ease, flooding from time to time regions as wide as France." Imagine the Atlantic and Pacific oceans overflowing the land along the coastline at the approach of the spring season! Yet such an illustration makes us realize more fully the true state of affairs that actually prevails on Mars. Even the so-called "seas" vary in appearance, and there is a certain very wide tract on Mars concerning which Mr. Dawes observed that at times he seemed to see clear traces of seas there, but at other times he found no such traces. Probably these regions are extensive tracts of marshland, broken up into shoals, islands, or lakes; for it is impossible to distinguish the details, even with a fine telescope. While making observations of Mars in the year 1894 with the telescope at the Lick Observatory, Professor Barnard noticed that the dark

regions on Mars "appeared to resemble a mountainous country, broken by cañon, rift, and ridge, seen from a great elevation."

Therefore it would seem as though some of the regions which have hitherto been included among the Martian seas may be, in reality, regions richly covered with verdure. Flammarion, the great French astronomer, accounted for the ruddy hue of Mars by suggesting that its verdure may be red instead of green, the principal glories of the Martian forests being ever-reds instead of evergreens, while the Martian fields are covered with blades of red grass. Sir John Herschel was of the opinion that the ruddy hue of Mars is due to the ocher in the soil; and it is now generally agreed that these orange-colored regions are probably deserts of sand and rock.

The surface of the planet Mars seems to be very level as compared with the earth's, although Professor Campbell perceived brilliant projections on the edge of the planet while he was making observations at the Lick Observatory in 1890. He suggests that the projections may be mountains ten thousand feet high, and probably covered with snow. These projections have since been re-observed at Nice in southern France, at Arequipa in Peru, South America, and by Mr. Percival Lowell at his observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona. But Mr. Lowell is of the opinion that there are few, if any, high mountain peaks or ranges on Mars, though there are indications of a few elevations, perhaps two or three thousand feet in height.

It is possible to follow the progress of the seasons on Mars by observing the changes that take place in the brilliant white caps adorning the polar region. During the long winter season these caps (which are probably masses of snow and ice) increase in size; but as spring approaches a change takes place, which has been described by the great Milanese astronomer, Schiaparelli:

"As summer advances in either hemisphere the wasting of the white calotte (snow-cap) can be followed in every minute particular. The snowy regions are then seen to be successively notched at their edges. Black holes and long fissures are formed in their interiors; great isolated fragments many miles in extent stand out

from the principal mass, dissolve, and disappear a little later. In short, the same divisions and movements of these icy fields present themselves to us at a glance that occur during the summer of our own arctic regions."

Usually the merest excuse of a polar snow-cap is left, but it once actually happened that the snow-cap vanished altogether.

In 1877 Schiaparelli observed some peculiar lines on the surface of the planet Mars, and he called them canals. For nine years he was the only astronomer who could see them; and when, in 1881, he further announced that the canals had doubled, it was supposed for a time that the Milanese astronomer was the victim of an illusion. However, since then the results of his observations of the canals of Mars have been abundantly confirmed both in Europe and America, especially at the Lick Observatory and the Flagstaff Observatory. The observations made by Mr. Lowell at the latter observatory, and those already made by Schiaparelli, tend to make us feel very much at home on planet Mars. However, it is necessary to state that Mr. Lowell's theories are not generally received among astronomers as satisfactorily established at present, but they are well worthy of consideration.

The canals are not visible during the winter season on Mars; but as springtime advances they make their appearance as faint, dark lines, growing wider and wider until they are fifty miles across, and then, by way of variety, they double. In fact, single canals have been known to double themselves literally at a day's notice, the twin canals running along side by side like railroad tracks; only, in this instance, the railroad tracks are separated by a distance of over two or three hundred miles. Some of the canals extend to a distance varying from three hundred to upward of four thousand miles, and appear to be as accurately straight as lines can be upon a sphere. The canals seem to meet at a number of small spots or junctions, which have been termed "lakes" by Schiaparelli, and "oases" by Mr. Lowell. These small spots are scattered over the ruddy portion of the planet's surface, forming a curious network with the canals, the spots at the junction of the canals being as important a feature as the

canals themselves. Mr. Lowell assumes that the region intersected by the canals corresponds to the desert region on earth, and that the canals were apparently constructed for the purpose of fertilizing this region and the oases in the midst of the wilderness. Therefore, what we see is not the canal itself, but vegetation along its banks. Yet this does not account for a canal doubling itself within twenty-four hours; for, romance as we may about Mars, we can scarcely imagine vegetation developing with such amazing rapidity. As the canals widen, the oases do not increase in size, but darken, which would seem to indicate that they become covered with vegetation as the season advances. Mr. Lowell also enters into interesting speculations as to the canals being of artificial formation, ignoring the rather serious difficulty as to the temperature of Mars. He sees evidence of engineering skill in the construction of the canal system, which he attributes to the superior ability of the Martians. Under the circumstances we can well imagine the (supposed) inhabitants of Mars recognizing the necessity of such canals as a protection against the destructive effects of the annual inundations; but several years ago Mr. J. Orr of the British Astronomical Association found, on calculation, that the construction of such canals would require an army of two hundred million men working for a thousand years. This recalls the building of the Great Pyramid; for, according to Herodotus, we learn that one hundred thousand men were employed for twenty years in its construction, and that ten years were occupied in making a causeway by which to convey the stones to the place. Nevertheless, owing to the fact that the mass of Mars is only one ninth that of the earth, its attractive force is less, and the soil in which the Martians worked would weigh very much less, mass for mass, than that in which the men on earth labor. An object weighing one hundred pounds on earth would weigh only thirty-eight pounds on Mars.

How strange it seems that we can tell by the mass of a planet how much an object weighs on its surface, although the planet is millions of miles distant! But the power of attraction exerted by Mars on its two little moons gives the secret away. Knowing the size of the moons of Mars,

and the attractive power that must be exerted by Mars to keep them from wandering away from his guardianship, we can tell how great is that power, and the mass of the planet. The smaller the mass of the planet, the smaller its attractive power. If we could be transplanted from the earth to Mars, we would be surprised at the difference in our weight.

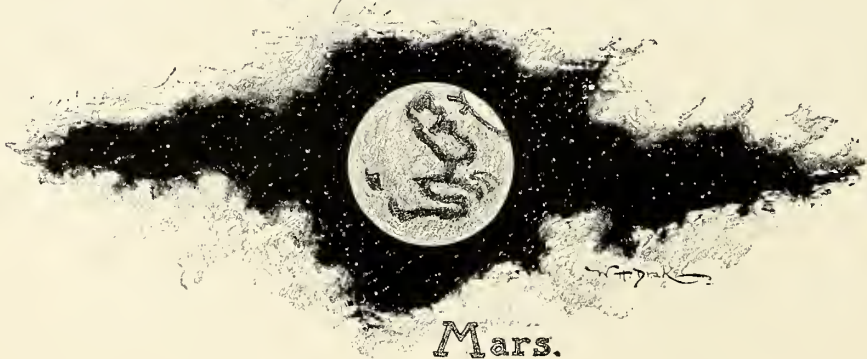
"A man who here weighs one hundred and sixty pounds would there weigh only sixty pounds. If he were able to jump to a height of five feet on earth, he would jump thirteen feet there. So far as this condition goes, an elephant on Mars might be as agile as a deer is on the earth."

These facts are vouched for by such an authority as Professor Young, making us realize that, romance as we may about Mars, "fact is stranger than fiction." Moreover, a being shaped as men are, but fourteen feet high, would be as active as a man six feet high, and many times more powerful. So that, due allowance being made for the greater strength of the Martians and the reduced weight of the materials they would have to work with, the construction of the canals on Mars would progress far more rapidly and be on a more extensive scale than here.

Another theory advanced with regard to the canals of Mars traces their origin to cracks in the shrinking crust of the planet, resembling

the cracks seen on the surface of the moon. Nevertheless, this would seem to indicate that Mars has reached the period of planetary old age, while, according to still another astronomical theory, Mars should be considerably younger than the earth. The planet is much smaller than the earth, however, being only 4200 miles in diameter, while the earth is 7918 miles. Judging from the fact that a small body cools off sooner than a larger one, Mars may pass more rapidly than the earth through the varying periods of planet life, ranging from the infancy of its career until it is dead and rigid like the moon. At present Mars seems altogether unfit to be the abode of beings constituted as we are. Neither vegetable nor animal life, as we know them, could exist on the planet. In fine, "all the conditions of life in Mars, all that tends to the comfort and well-being of Martian creatures, must differ utterly from what is known on earth." If there ever was a time when life was possible on its surface, it may have been in the days when the sun gave out more heat than it does now, so that Mars received a bountiful supply, and when the planet itself was clothed with an atmosphere capable of retaining the heat. However, theory and fact have woven such a charm around this "miniature earth floating overhead" that, whether it is inhabited or not, it will always be for us the fascinating planet of romance.

The Planet



Mars.

THE GREAT RED PLANET IN THE WEST.

BY MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

SMALLER than the earth, but very imposing in the evenings of early summer, high above the last twilight glow of sunset, Mars may rightly be called great, so much more conspicuous is he than most of the stars in his vicinity. Even in comparison with Castor and Pollux a little nearer the horizon, brilliant Procyon south, and Capella northward, Mars still holds his ruddy sway in the western sky.

Since astronomers have unraveled the mysterious motions of the planets, these "wanderers" in space, apparently so much more erratic than the steady-going stars, and have shown why Mars is sometimes seen in the morning before sunrise, and again in his present early-evening place, they have turned their attention more and more to the kinds of worlds our planets are, if they are like or unlike the earth, and if the stars are really suns like our own, and made of the same materials. Where they are, how they move, and their distances, we know. What they are is now the next thing. And lately some very interesting details about the planet of Mars have been found out, in addition to the facts already discovered by the long-ago patience and devotion of the early observers.

They told us that Mars has an average distance from the sun of nearly one hundred and forty-two million miles; that he is next beyond ourselves in the planetary family revolving around the sun; that his year has almost twice as many days as ours, and that each day is not quite an hour longer than the days and hours we know.

Galileo, who first looked at Mars through the wonderful "optick tube," discovered in 1610 that the planet shows changes. It is not always round and "full," as we say of the moon, but has, like that, periods of showing the gibbous shape (as the moon looks when half-way

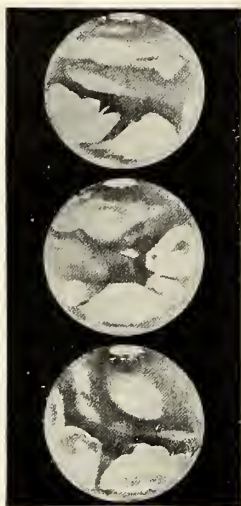
between quarter and full), though never exhibiting the crescent form, nor even the quarter.

About the time that our Revolution ended with the disbanding of the army in 1783, Sir William Herschel in England, who had been carefully studying Mars for six years, announced that the appearance like ice or snow round the poles was not constant in shape—that it changed with the changing seasons on the planet. More than half a century later the first map or real chart of the globe of Mars was made in Germany, though, of course, the observers then could not by any means know as much about his surface as we have learned since the great telescopes of our times have been built. Galileo's best instrument was about what an ordinary ship-captain now uses, while the huge telescopes of our own day are as large as the trunks of the oldest trees in the forests on our Eastern coast.

All the monster glasses with which the late rapid advance has been made in knowledge of our celestial neighbors have come into being since the Civil War. Until then, in this country, the Harvard telescope of fifteen inches was the largest. About 1860 one of eighteen and a half inches was ordered for the University of Mississippi; but with the breaking out of the war telescopes had to wait, and these lenses are now at the Northwestern University, in Evanston, Illinois. It is only since 1870 that really huge instruments have multiplied and are nightly turned upon the starry skies to ask the questions which seem to our impatience so slowly answered.

But many answers have come, after all, and some things are clear which before could only be surmised. For instance, we feel quite sure now that Mars has an atmosphere, though not more than half as dense as our own; but far better than none, as we can tell by looking at

our bright though dead and desolate moon, from which air and water have long since disappeared. And if Mars has air, the polar caps alone would seem to show that he has also ice and snow; and there appear to be, as well, areas of water or marsh, though less in extent than the land. The northern hemisphere looks bright through the telescope, even showing tints of red and yellow, which astronomers are inclined to think is chiefly dry land, probably desert; while the southern is dark, the "seas"



MARS IN 1877.

brown or dull gray, quite as water might appear. These spots were first called seas, like the smooth regions of the moon, and the name continues in both, whatever they may be.

In 1877 Mars was at his nearest to us; near, that is, from an astronomer's point of view, though really at the enormous distance of thirty-five million miles. Yet a great deal was learned about this neighbor in the sky—among other things, that he is attended by two tiny satellites, or moons, never seen before. And the same year an Italian astronomer, Signor Schiaparelli (pronounced *skē-ā-pa-rel'ly*) made careful studies and drawings of the strange markings on Mars, completing, with the fine telescope at Milan, a series of elaborate sketches afterward combined into an accurate detail map.

Again, in 1892 and 1894, the earth and Mars came near each other in their flight through space, though somewhat farther than during the year 1877. And within the last few months we have been once more in a good position to observe each other. But we are favorably placed because only under these conditions can we see the north pole of Mars, and so much more is known about his south pole that there is, of course, a strong attraction in the myster-

ous northern regions. Only at this great distance is the north pole graciously tilted toward us, so he has been constantly watched this winter and spring; and so he will be again in a little over two years. Eight years, however, will pass before the Martian south pole can again be studied to good advantage; in September of 1909, too, all observatories will be on the eager lookout for news from this fascinating planet.

When winter on Mars is almost over, the observer who has been patiently watching through his telescope sees the brilliant polar cap gradually grow smaller, shrinking about fifteen miles every day. In 1894 those who looked night after night saw first a curious dark line form in the whiteness around the south pole, which spread and lengthened until it quite cut the cap in two. Then the smooth edges became rough and jagged, and, as with us when a large surface of snow is melting, separate patches of dark color appeared here and there, until the whole brilliant region was cut into small areas. Sometimes, however, the white would increase a little, which suggested snowstorms making a vain attempt to save an ice-cap from destruction. As summer came on apace, and the sun shone more and more warmly on the great white fields, they grew continually smaller. Finally, toward the end of the Martian summer, a remarkable thing occurred: for the first time the polar cap was observed to disappear entirely, making what looked like a temporary ocean.

But with the departure of the snowy cap another strange appearance followed upon the rest of the planet's surface: dark spots in the bright continents slowly emerged, like lakes or oases, and before many weeks had passed they were seen to be connected with each other by a number of lines, also dark, which Schiaparelli had seen as long before as 1877, and named *canali*, meaning in Italian simply channels, a word which has been translated into English and adopted as "canals," which some astronomers now think them to be.

When he announced, twelve years ago, that he had seen these strange lines on Mars, Signor Schiaparelli was of course at once disbe-

lieved. His eyes were keener than most, and he was in advance of his time; and the world unfaithfully makes life hard for its seers and prophets. For nine years the faithful Italian astronomer had the Martian canals quite to himself. But in 1886 M. Perrotin at Nice succeeded in seeing them also; and since then

fied the markings, he and his assistant, M. Thollon, also detected the doubling of this mystic tracery.

Sometimes a pair, like twin tracks of some enormous, broad-gage railway, will be twenty-five miles apart; again, others proceed in companionably parallel lines, but three or four



DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE "CANALS" AND "LAKES," OR "OASES," ON MARS, AS SEEN THROUGH THE TELESCOPE AT DIFFERENT TIMES.

they have been verified by the keenest observers everywhere.

It requires, however, an excellent telescope and very steady air to detect these curious markings, visible only when it is summer on Mars. But though they do not seem to remain stationary, sometimes showing for only a few days and then passing from sight, a few at a time are visible during most of the summer, and more astronomers are constantly recognizing them. Apparently straight, they intersect not only the lakes, but one another at all sorts of angles, until the whole great continent is laced with this unique network. Mr. Lowell, at his fine observatory in Arizona, where the air is exceptionally pure, has seen changes in color in these singular canals, which become finally a sort of bluish green.

But the most remarkable thing about them is that suddenly, some clear evening, one or two lines will appear double—not all of them together, or for long, but distinctly double for a time. This, too, was observed by Signor Schiaparelli, two years after he had discovered the canals themselves. They could be seen by him at that time more easily than by another, because, as Mr. Lowell says, "What the eye has once seen it can always see better a second time"; and when M. Perrotin at last veri-

hundred miles from each other. Even the astronomers who have admitted seeing the double canals cannot explain them.

Of course, some persons cried out at once that such an effect could not be natural—that the canals must be the artificial work of intelligent inhabitants on our neighbor world. And well-known astronomers often receive very odd letters from all parts of the country, asking for information about the people and the public works on Mars. But they reply cautiously; they are careful not to commit themselves.

Most probably Mars is farther along in his life than the earth, and the supply of water is becoming scanty, as well as of air. If there is a race of beings living on our neighbor-planet, the intelligence of such inhabitants would lead them to realize that from generation to generation their water-supply was growing less; that in time it could not suffice for support of the vegetable life upon which their own depends. It would be the part of wisdom to provide against the drought on their gradually drying planet by constructing these vast canals to save water from the melting snow-caps, and turn it into irrigating channels where it might nourish vegetation.

All this seems perfectly obvious and simple to those of us who theorize comfortably upon

the observations of other people; but in reality there are great difficulties in the way when at its nearest this riddle of a world is thirty-five million miles distant. Still, it is nothing short of unpardonable egotism to suppose that man is to be found only on this little earth, one of the smallest worlds, a whirling grain of sand in the system circling round the sun, itself but a secondary star among celestial hosts whose uncounted millions extend into the awful depths of endless space. When we turn our thoughts from villages and small concerns, our acquaintances and our clothes, to other planets, and to the starry universe beyond, all things seem pos-

sible in that great hour when the mind grows almost dizzy with vastness.

But, at all events, such has been the careful study of Mars and his puzzling features, whether natural or artificial, that every oasis and canal and sea is named, and many maps of this neighbor are now made more accurately than those of central Australia and Africa and our own polar regions.

And so, when we see the splendid red planet shining in the west, it becomes endowed with new meaning, since we know what has been actually found out, and what has been reasonably surmised.

QUICKSILVER SUE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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

CHAPTER III.

MARY'S VIEW.

"MAMMY, I have seen her."

"Well, Mary dear?"

"Oh, mammy, it is n't well! It is n't a bit well; it's just horrid! I don't like her a bit, and I never shall like her, I know."

Mrs. Hart made room beside her on the wide sofa, in the corner of which she sat knitting.

"Come and tell me, dear," she said comfortably. "Let us take the trouble out and look at it. It may be smaller than you think. Tell mammy all about it."

Mary drew a long breath, and rubbed her head against her mother's arm.

"Oh, mammy, you do smooth me out so!" she said. "I feel better already. Perhaps it is n't quite so bad as it seems to me, but I'm afraid it is. Well, I told you how they made friends?"

"Yes; Sue put a red sugar heart in the corner of the Packard pew, and she and that little girl—she is n't little? well, then, say

big girl—made eyes at each other all through the service, and fell upon each other's necks afterward. My dear, it was n't the thing to do, of course; but Sue meant no harm, and it was a truly Susannic proceeding. What came next?"

"You know I was busy all day Monday, helping you with the strawberry-jam. Well, they were together all day; and yesterday, when I went over to see Sue, she was at the hotel with Clarice, and had been invited to stay to dinner. I stayed and played with Lily, who seemed pretty forlorn, and all the time I kept hoping Sue would come back, but she did n't. Mammy!"

"Yes, dear."

"I *do* think Lily has a forlorn time. You spoke to me about it once, and I said then I did n't think so. I—I think it was just that I did n't see, then; now I do."

Mrs. Hart patted Mary's arm, but said nothing, and the girl went on:

"Well, then this morning, about an hour ago, Sue came flying over in the wildest excitement. Clarice Packard was there at her house, and I must 'come over that very minute. Clarice was

the dearest and loveliest creature in the world; and we must love each other, too, and we should be three hearts that beat as one, and she never was so happy in her life.' You must have heard her, mammy. All this was in the front entry, and she was swinging on the door all the time she was talking; she had n't time to let go the handle, she said."

"Yes, I heard; but I was busy, and did not notice much. She seemed to be rather unusually 'quicksilvery,' I thought. And did you fly over with her?"

"Why, no. I was just going to feed the dogs,—I promised the boys I would, because they wanted to go fishing early,—and I had the chickens to see to, and I could n't go that minute. I ought n't to have gone at all, mammy, for you needed me, though you would say you did n't. Well, Sue went off quite huffy; but when I did go over, she forgot all about it, and she was beaming and rippling. She *is* a darling, if she does provoke me sometimes! She flew downstairs to meet me, and hugged me till I had no breath left, and almost dragged me upstairs to her room. She was out of breath as well as I, and she could only say: 'Oh, Clarice, this is Mary. Mary, this is Clarice Packard, my new friend. She does n't care a bit about being two years older than we are. And now we shall all three be friends, like—like the Dauntless Three, don't you know? Oh, is n't this splendid? Oh, I never was so happy in my life!'

"Mammy, Clarice Packard did n't look as if she had ever heard of the Dauntless Three; but she smiled a little, thin smile, and opened her eyes at me, and said: 'So glad!' I shook hands, of course, and her hand just flopped into mine, all limp and froggy. I gave it a good squeeze, and she made a face as if I had broken her bones."

"You have a powerful grip, you know, Mary. Everybody is n't used to wrestling like a boy. You probably did hurt her."

"I know, mammy. I suppose I did squeeze too hard. Well, Sue had been showing her everything—all *our* things that we play with together. She did n't say much,—well, perhaps she could not have said very much, for Sue was talking all the time,—but I felt — mam-

my, I felt sure that she did n't really care about any of them. I know she laughed at the telephone, because I saw her.

"'I have a real telephone in my room at home,' she said, 'a long-distance one. My dearest friend lives in Brooklyn, and we have a line all to ourselves. Papa is one of the directors, you know, and I told him I could n't have other people listening to what Leonie and I said to each other, so he gave us a private line.' Mammy, do you believe that? I don't."

"I cannot say, my dear," said Mrs. Hart, cautiously. "It sounds unlikely, but I cannot say it is not true. Go on."

"I think Sue had been showing Clarice her dresses before I came, for the closet door was open, and her pink gingham was on the bed; and presently Clarice said: 'Have you any jewelry?'

"Sue ran and brought her box, and took out all her pretty little things. You know what pretty things Sue has, mammy. You remember the blue mosaic cross her godmother sent her from Italy, with the white dove on it, and the rainbow-shell necklace, and that lovely enameled rose-leaf pin with the pearl in the middle?"

"Yes; Sue has some very pretty trinkets, simple and tasteful, as a child's should be. Mrs. Penrose has excellent taste in all such matters. Sue must have enjoyed showing them to a new person."

"Dear Sue! she was so pleased and happy, she never noticed; but I could see that that girl was just laughing at the things. Of course none of them are showy—I should hope not!—but you would have thought they were nothing but make-believe, the way she looked at them. She kept saying, 'Oh, very pretty! Quite sweet!' and then she would open her eyes wide and smile; and Sue just quivered with delight every time she did it. Sue thinks it is perfectly beautiful; she says it is Clarice's soul overflowing at her eyes. I want to shake her every time she does it. Well, then she said in a sort of silky voice she has—Sue calls it silken, and I call it silky; and I think somehow, mammy, that shows partly the way she strikes us both, don't you?—she said in that soft, silky way, 'Any diamonds, dear?' Of

course she knew Sue had no diamonds! The idea! I never heard anything so ridiculous. And when Sue said no, she said: 'I wish I had brought my chain; I should like to show it to you. Papa thought it hardly safe for me to bring it down here "into the backwoods," he said. It goes all round my neck, you know, and reaches down to my belt. It cost a thousand dollars.' Mammy, do you believe that?"

"I don't think it at all likely, my dear! I am afraid Clarice is given to romancing. But of course she may have a good deal of jewelry. Some very rich people, who have not just our ideas about such matters, often wear a great deal of jewelry, more than we should like to wear, even if we had the means. But people of good taste would never allow a young girl to wear diamonds."

"I should think not, mammy! Clarice Packard had no diamonds on, but her hands were just covered with rings—rather cheap, showy rings, too. There was one pretty one, though, that took Sue's fancy greatly, and mine too, for that matter. It was a ring of gold wire, with a tiny gold mouse running loose round it—just loose, mammy, holding on by its four little feet. Oh, such a pretty thing! Sue was perfectly enchanted with it, and could not give over admiring it; and at last Clarice took it off and put it on Sue's finger, and said she must wear it a little while for her sake. I wish, somehow, Sue had said no; but she was so happy, and 'quicksilvered' all over so, it was pretty to see her. She threw her arms round Clarice's neck, and told her she was a dear, beautiful, royal darling! Then Clarice whispered something in Sue's ear, and looked at me out of the corner of her eye, and Sue colored and looked distressed; and—and so I came away, mammy dear, and here I am!"

"Rather hot, and a little cross?" said Mrs. Hart.

"Yes, mammy."

"And with a sore spot in your heart?"

"Yes, mammy."

Mrs. Hart put down her knitting and held out her arms, and Mary curled up in her lap, and tried to shorten her long legs and make herself as small as might be.

"You know what I am afraid of, mammy!"

she said. Her mother nodded, and pressed the comforting arms closer round her little girl, but said nothing.

"I am afraid I am going to lose my Sue, my own Sue, who has always belonged to me. It does n't seem as if I could bear it, mammy. It has come so—don't you know?—so all of a sudden! We never thought anything could possibly come between us; I never should think of wanting any one but Sue, and I thought—it was the same—with her. And—and now—she does not see herself how it is, not a bit; she is just as sweet and loving as ever; and she thinks that I can start right in as she has done, and love this girl, and that there will be three of us instead of two. Mammy, it cannot be; you see that, I'm sure; of course you do! And—and I am very sad, mammy!"

Mrs. Hart stroked the brown head in silence for a few minutes; then she said:

"Dear child, I don't really think we need be afraid of that—of your losing Sue permanently. You are likely to have an uncomfortable summer; that, I fear, we must expect. But Sue is too good and loving at bottom to be seriously moved by this new-comer; and a tie like that between you and her, Mary, is too strong to be easily loosed. Sue is dazzled by the glitter and the novelty, and all the quicksilver part of her is alive and excited. It is like some of your stories coming true, or it seems so to her, I have no doubt. Remember that you are very different, you two, and that while you are steady-going and content with every-day life, she is always dreaming and longing for something new and wonderful. She would not be so dear to you if you were more alike, nor you to her. But by and by the other part of her, the sensible part, will wake up again, and she will see what is foolish in this new friendship, and what is real and abiding in the old. Then, too, Mary, you must remember that you are excited, as well as Sue, and perhaps not quite just. You have seen this girl only once."

"It would be just the same, mammy, if I had seen her a hundred times; I know it would!"

"No, love; you cannot know that. Some people show their worst side on first acquaintance, and improve as we know them better. You certainly must show some attention to

Clarice Packard. Your father has met Mr. Packard, and says he seems a sensible man, though not a person of much education. Suppose you invite the girl here, and let me see her. We might ask her to tea some evening this week."

"No, mammy! Papa would not endure it; I know he would not. There! look, mammy! There they go, she and Sue. Look and see for yourself!"

Mrs. Hart looked, and saw the two girls pacing along the opposite sidewalk, arm in arm. Clarice was bending over Sue with an exaggerated air of confidence; her eyes languished, and she shook her head and shrugged her shoulders with an air of great consequence.

"You are right, dear!" said Mrs. Hart. "Not to tea, certainly. What shall we do, then? Let me see! You might have a picnic, you three girls. That is an excellent way of improving acquaintance. You may find it quite a different thing, meeting in an informal way. The first interview would, of course, be the trying one."

Mary brightened. "That would be just the thing!" she added. "And I will try, mammy; I surely will try to like Clarice, if I possibly can; and of course I can be nice to her, anyhow, and I will. Oh, here comes Sue back again, and I'll ask her!"

Sue came flying back along the street at a very different pace from the mincing steps to which she had been trying to suit her own. Mary rapped at the window. Sue flashed an answering smile, whirled across the street and in at the door, hugged Mary, kissed Mrs. Hart, and dropped on a hassock, all in one unbroken movement.

"Oh, Mrs. Hart," she cried, "did you see her? Did you see Clarice? Is n't she *too* perfectly lovely? Did you ever see such hair and eyes? Did you ever see any one walk so?"

"No, dear; I don't know that I ever did," said Mrs. Hart; "but I could hardly see your friend's face, you know. You are very much pleased with her, are you, Sue dear?"

"Oh!" cried Sue, throwing her head back with a favorite ecstatic movement of hers, "Mrs. Hart, she is simply the most lovely creature I ever saw in my life. Her ways—why, you

never imagined anything so — so gracious and — and queenly, and — and — oh, I don't know what to call it. And she is going to stay all summer, and we are to be three together, she and Mary and I. You dear!" She stopped to hug Mary and take breath. "You dear old sobriety, you have n't got a bit used to Clarice yet. I'm only just beginning to get used to her myself, she's so different from us. She comes from New York, Mrs. Hart; just think of that! She walks down Broadway every day when she is at home, and she has told me all about the elevated railroad. She is n't a bit afraid to go on it, and I don't believe I should be; and — and — oh, Mrs. Hart, is n't it wonderful?"

Mrs. Hart smiled down into the beaming face. It was impossible not to respond to such heartfelt joy.

"Dear Sue!" she said affectionately, "you must bring your new friend to see me."

"Oh, of course I shall!" cried Sue.

"And Mary and I were just wondering whether it would be pleasant for you three to have a picnic some day soon."

"Oh, Mrs. Hart, how perfectly delightful! When can we go? To-day? I'll run after Clarice and tell her —"

"No, no, Quicksilver!" said Mary, catching Sue's skirt, as she sprang up, and pulling her down to her seat again. "We can't go to-day, possibly. Perhaps to-morrow — what do you say, mammy? Or would Friday be better?"

Sue's face fell. "Friday!" she said. "Why, Mary, Friday is ever and ever so far off! I don't see how we *can* wait till Friday!"

"To-morrow will do very well," said Mrs. Hart. "I have a small chicken-pie that will be the very thing; and there are doughnuts and cookies. How is your mother feeling, Sue? Will she or Katy be able to get up something for you, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mrs. Hart! I'll make an angel-cake; and there is jam, and — well, Katy was going to show me how to make croquettes some time, and perhaps I'll learn how to-morrow, and then they will be all ready, you see, and — oh, we'll have all kinds of things. Let's go and see about them now, Mary! Oh, and we'll ask the boys. Don't you think they

will come, Mary? Clarice wants to know them. Is n't that sweet of her?"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Hart and Mary, in one breath. "Has she seen them?"

"No; but she asked if there were any nice boys here, and of course I said yes, the nicest boys in the world — Tom and Teddy; and she asked me to introduce them to her, and — and so you see!"

"I see," said Mrs. Hart, with a quiet smile. "There are the boys now, back from fishing. Why don't you all go and have a good game of 'I spy' in the orchard?"

"Oh, good!" cried both girls.

They ran to the door just in time to meet two jolly freckled boys who came rolling in, both talking at once. Sue stumbled and fell over one of them, knocking his cap off, and his basket out of his hand.

"Now, then, Quicksilver," said Tom, "where are you a-coming to? Thermometer smashed, and mercury running all over the lot, eh?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Tom; I do, indeed! but I saved you the trouble of taking off your hat, anyhow. Come along and play 'I spy' in the orchard."

"Hurrah!" cried the boys. "Where 's mammy? Oh, mammy, pickereels! Five fine, fat, festive pickereels! Fried for supper, please, mammy! Coming, Quicksilver! All right, Ballast! Who 'll count out?"

"I!" "Me!" "You!"

They tumbled out of the back door together, and the last sound Mrs. Hart heard was:

Wonozol, zoo-ozol, zigozol zan,
Bobtail, vinegar, tittle-tol tan;
Harum-scarum, virgil marum,
Hy, zon, tus!

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY IN THE MORNING.

AT six o'clock on Thursday morning, Sue was up and scanning the clouds. There were not many clouds to scan; the sun was rising bright and glorious in a wonderful blue sky.

"It 's going to be a perfectly splendid day!" said Sue. "I must call Mary. I don't believe she is awake. Oh, I 'll send a pigeon; that 's just what I 'll do! It will be lovely to be

waked up by a pigeon this glorious morning; and I have to feed them anyhow, because I said I would. I am never going to forget the pigeons again, never! The next time I do, I shall go without food for two days, and see how I like it."

She dashed into her dress, as quickly as she could, and rushed headlong down the stairs and through the kitchen. Katy, the maid of all work, was crossing the floor with a brimming pan of milk. Crash! Sue ran directly into her. The pan fell with a mighty splash; the milk flew over both Katy and Sue, wetting them from head to foot.

"Indade, then, Miss Sue, 't is too bad of yez entirely!" cried Katy. "And laughin', too, after sp'ilin' me gown and desthroyin' me clane flure, let alone all the milk in the house gone."

"Oh, but, Katy, if you knew how funny you look with the white milk all over your red face! I can't help laughing, I truly can't. And my dress is spoiled too, you see, so it 's all right. I can't stop now; I 'm in the most terrible hurry!"

She flew on, but popped her head back through the door to say:

"But I am sorry, Katy, I truly am! and if you 'll just leave the milk there, I 'll pick it up—I mean wipe it up—just as soon as I get back from the picnic."

Her smile was so irresistible that Katy's angry face softened in spite of herself.

"Sure, it 's merely a child she is!" the good woman said. "Miss Lily 's twice the sinse of her, but yet 't is her takes the heart of one!" She brought the mop and wiped up the milk, then went soberly to change her dress, wondering how the mistress would make her breakfast without the milk-toast which was generally all she could fancy in the morning.

Sue had already forgotten the milk. She ran on across the yard, where the dew lay thick and bright, to a small building that stood under a spreading apple-tree. It had been a shed once, and its general effect was still, Sue admitted, "a little sheddy"; but the door was very fine, being painted a light pea-green, the panels picked out with scarlet, and having a really splendid door-plate of bright tin with "S. Penrose" in black letters. Some white pigeons sat on the

roof sunning themselves, and they fluttered down about the girl's head as she tried the door.

"Dear me!" said Sue. "How stupid of me to lock the door last night! I might have known I should forget the key this morning. Never mind! I can get in at the window."

She could, and did, but, catching her dress on a nail, tore a long, jagged rent in the skirt.

"Dear me!" said Sue again. "And I don't believe there is another clean one, since I spilled the ink last night. Never mind!"

She ran up the narrow stairs, and, crossing a landing, entered a tiny room papered with gay posters. There was plenty of room for the little table and two chairs, and if a third person should come in she could sit on the table. A narrow shelf ran all round the room. This was the museum, and held specimens of every bird's nest in the neighboring country (all old nests; if Sue had caught any one robbing a nest, or stealing a new one, it would have gone hard with that person!), and shells, and fossils (there was a most interesting clay-bank near the river; the boys played "prehistoric man" there a good deal, and sometimes they let Sue and Mary join them, which was great glory), and smoked glass for eclipses (Sue smoked them after the last eclipse, a year ago, so as to be ready for the next one; but the next one was only the moon, which was tiresome, because you did n't need smoked glass), and a dried rattlesnake, and a portrait of Raphael framed in lobster-claws. Sue did not look at these treasures now, because she knew they were all there; but if any "picknickle or bucknickle" had been missing, she would have known it in an instant. Flinging herself into a chair, she hunted for a piece of paper; found one, but rejected it in favor of a smooth, thin sheet of birch bark, on which she wrote as follows:

DEAREST JULIET: It is the east, and thou art the sun, and it 's time to get up. I pray thee wake, sweet maid! This white bird, less snowy than thy neck, bears thee my morning greeting. Do hurry up and dress! Is n't this day perfectly fine? Sha'n't we have a glorious picnic? What are you going to wear? My cake is just lovely! I burned the first one, so this is n't angel; it 's buttercup, because I had to take the yolks. Star of my night, send back a message by the bird of love to thy adored

ROMEO.

Hastily folding the note into a rather tipsy cocked hat, Sue opened a little door upon a ladder-like staircase, and called:

"Coo! coo! coo!"

Down fluttered the pigeons, a dozen or more, and taking one in her hand, she fastened the note to a bit of ribbon that hung round its neck.

"There!" she said. "Oh, you dear darlings, I must give you your corn before I do another thing!"

The corn was in a little covered bin on the landing at the head of the stairs. This landing was called the anteroom, and was fully as large as a small table-cloth. She scattered the corn with a free hand, and the pigeons cooed and scrambled for it as only pigeons can. She kept one good handful to feed the messenger bird, and several others perched on her shoulders and thrust their soft heads into her hand.

"Dear things!" said Sue again. "Zuleika, do you love me? Do you, Leila and Hassan? Oh, I wonder if I look like Lili, in the Goethe book? If I were only tall, and had a big white hat, and a long white gown with ruffles, I think perhaps—"

She stopped short, for a voice was calling from below:

"Sue! Sue! where are you?"

Sue's face, which had been as bright as Lili's own, fell.

"Oh, Mary Hart," she cried, "how could you?"

"How could I what?" and Mary's rosy face looked up from the foot of the staircase.

"Why, I supposed you were still sound asleep, and I was just going to send a pigeon over. See! the note is all fastened on; and it 's a Romeo note, too; and now you have spoiled it all."

"Not a bit," said Mary, cheerfully. "I 'll run right back, Sue. I am only walking in my sleep. Look! See me walk."

She stretched her arms out stiffly, and stalked away, holding her head high, and staring straight in front of her. Sue observed her critically.

"You 're doing it more like Lady Macbeth than Juliet!" Sue called after her. "But still, it 's fine, Mary, only you ought to glare harder,

I think. Mind you stay asleep till the pigeon comes! It 's 'Abou Hassan,' the wag" (the pigeons were named out of the "Arabian Nights"), "so you might give him a piece of apple, if you like, Juliet."

"No apples in Verona' at this season," said Juliet, in a sleep-walking voice (which is a loud, sepulchral monotone, calculated to freeze the blood of the listener). "I don't suppose hard-boiled egg would hurt him." Then she snored gently, and disappeared round the corner.

"That was clever of Mary!" said Sue. "I wish I walked in my sleep really and truly, like that funny book Mr. Hart has about Sylvester Sound. It would be splendid to be able to walk over the housetops, and never fall, and never know anything about it till you woke up and found yourself somewhere else. And then, in that opera mama told me about, she walked right out of the window, and all kinds of things happened. That must be dreadfully exciting. There 's that gray cat, and I know she is after my pigeons! Just wait a minute, you cat!" She dismissed the pigeons gently, and they fluttered obediently up to their cote, while Sue ran downstairs. Sure enough, a wicked-looking gray cat was crouching on a branch of the apple-tree, watching with hungry eyes the few birds that had remained on the roof. The cat did not see Sue, or, at all events, took no notice of her. Sue slipped round to the farther side of the tree and began to climb up very quietly.

It was an easy tree to climb, and she knew every knob and knot that was comfortable for the foot to rest on. Soon she was on a level with the roof of the pigeon-house, and, peeping round the bole, saw the lithe gray body flattened along the bough, and noticed that the graceful, wicked-looking tail was curling and vibrating to and fro.

The pretty, stupid pigeons cooed and preened their feathers, all unconscious of the danger; another minute, and the fatal spring would come.

Sue saw the cat draw back a little, and stiffen herself. Then Sue sprang forward with a shout, caught the branch, missed it, and next moment Sue and cat were rolling on the ground together in a confused heap. Poor pussy (who

could not understand why she might not have pigeons raw, when other people had them potted) fled, yowling with terror, and never stopped till she was under the kitchen stove, safe from bright-eyed, shouting avalanches. Sue picked herself up more slowly, and rubbed her head and felt for broken bones.

"I *won't* have broken anything," she said, "and spoil the picnic. Ow! that hurts; but I can wiggle it all right. I 'll put some witch-hazel on it. My head seems to be a little queer!" Indeed, a large lump was already "swellin' visibly" on her forehead. "Never mind!" said Sue. "I 'll put arnica on that, and vinegar and brown paper and things; perhaps it 'll be all right by breakfast-time; and, anyhow, I drove off the cat!" and she shook herself, and went cheerfully into the house.

Punctually at nine o'clock the three girls met on the door-step of the Penrose house, each carrying her basket. They were a curious contrast as they stood side by side. Clarice Packard was gaily dressed in a gown of figured shallic, trimmed with rows on rows of ribbon and a profusion of yellow lace. Her vast hat was tilted on one side, and her light hair was tormented into little flat curls that looked as if they were pinned on, though this was not the case. She had on a brooch, a gold chain, a locket, seven charms, five "stick-pins," four hat-pins, three bracelets, and eight rings; and, as Mary said to herself, she was "a sight to behold." If Clarice, on the other hand, had been asked to describe Mary, she would probably have called her a red-faced dowdy. As a rule, people did not think Mary Hart pretty; but every one said: "What a *nice*-looking girl!" And, indeed, Mary was as pleasant to look at as clear red and white — and freckles — could make her, with the addition of a very sweet smile, and a pair of clear, honest, sensible blue eyes. Her brown holland frock was made in one piece, like a child's pinafore, and, worn with a belt of russet leather, made a costume of such perfect comfort that she and Sue had vowed to keep it till they were sixteen, if their mothers would let them. Sue was not in brown holland to-day, because she had torn her last clean pinafore-dress, as we have seen; but the blue gingham sailor-suit did well enough, and the

blouse was very convenient to put apples in, or anything else from a tame squirrel to a bird's nest. At this time it held a cocoanut and some bananas that would not go into the basket, and that gave the light, fly-away figure a singular look indeed.

But Sue's bright face was clouded just now. She stood irresolute, swinging her basket, and

Clarice looked sympathetic. "Children are such a nuisance!" she said, and shrugged her shoulders in a somewhat disagreeable way. "Seems to me they ought to know when they are not wanted."

"Nonsense, Sue," said Mary, ignoring the last speech. "Of course we will take Lily. She 'll be no trouble at all, and she will help a



"LILY CAME RUNNING OUT, BEAMING WITH DELIGHT AT BEING ALLOWED TO GO TO THE PICNIC."

looking ill-humoredly from one to the other of her companions.

"Mother says we must take Lily!" she announced, in a discontented tone. "I don't see how we can be bothered with having her. She 'll want to know everything we are talking about, and we sha'n't have half so much fun."

good deal with the wreaths and baskets. I 'll see to her," she added, a little pang of bitterness mingling with one of self-reproach. She had not always wanted to take Lily when she and Sue were together. They always had so much to say to each other that was extremely important, and that no one else could possibly under-

stand, that a third in the party, and that third a child of nine, seemed sadly in the way. Now, however, all was changed. Somehow, it was herself who was the third: perhaps Lily's presence would be a relief to-day.

Presently the little girl came running out, all beaming with delight at being allowed to go on the big girls' picnic.

"Mother has given me a whole bottle of raspberry shrub!" she announced joyfully.

"Hurrah!" cried Sue, her face brightening again. "We can have toasts, and that will be splendid. Now, let's start, girls. Come Clarice, let me carry your basket; it's heavy, and I can carry two just as well as one."

"Start?" echoed Clarice. "We are not going to walk, are we?"

"Why, yes," said Sue, looking a little blank. "Don't you—are n't you fond of walking, Clarice? We always walk, Mary and I."

"Oh, certainly; I adore walking. Only, if I had known, papa would have sent the team

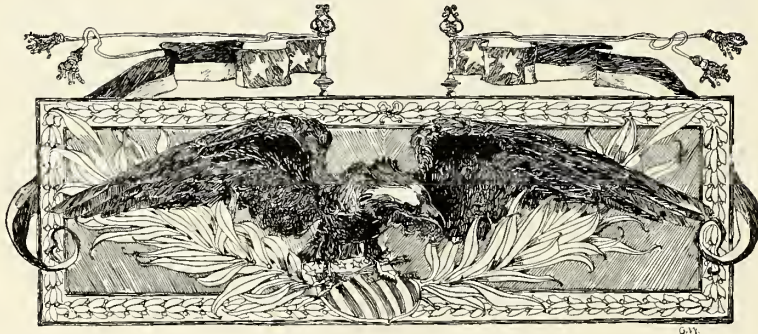
for us. Is it far?" and Clarice glanced down at her shoes with their thin soles and high heels.

"No," said Sue, cheerily; "only a little bit of a way, not more than a mile. Oh, Clarice, what a lovely brooch that is! Won't you tell me about it as we go along? I am sure there is a story about it; there's something so exciting about all your things. Do tell me."

Clarice simpered and cast down her eyes, then cast a significant glance at the others. She took Sue's arm, and they walked on together, one listening eagerly, the other evidently pouring out some romantic story. Mary took Lily's hand in hers.

"Come, Lily," she said, "we will go together, and I'll tell you a story as we go. What one would you like? 'Goosey, Gobble, and Ganderee'? Very well." But to herself Mary was saying: "I don't believe that girl ever walked a mile in her life. We shall have to carry her before we get to the Glen."

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BY ROSALIE KAUFMAN.

THE Philippine Islands are so numerous, so varied in size and shape, that they suggest the idea of a continent chipped to pieces. They might very well be the outcome of such a disaster, for they lie in a region where terrific earthquakes often occur, and they contain some of the most remarkable volcanoes of the world. There are about twelve hundred islands in the

group, but only a few have been explored. Many are barren rocks, and others are inhabited by savages.

In the sixteenth century, during a battle with one of these tribes, Magellan, the great Spanish explorer, was killed. He discovered the islands, and tried to land, but was prevented by the Indians. A few years later, Legaspi, a Spaniard,

was more fortunate, and, with half a dozen monks, landed on the island of Luzon and founded the city of Manila.

Manila is built on both sides of the Pasig River, which is spanned by massive stone bridges.

In the old town, or Manila proper, there are some fine public buildings, but no shops; consequently there is a constant stream of people and vehicles over the bridges to and from Binondo, where all the business is carried on. In this quarter there are rows of shops, kept, for the most part, by Chinese, though some are owned by Europeans and Americans. They are low-framed structures, with heavy awnings to the edge of the sidewalk as a protection against the sun; and they are so small that one has to stay outside, and goods are shown over the counter, which extends across the doorway.

Among the lower classes in the islands, an entire family will live in a hut containing just one room. The furniture consists of a mat and a mosquito-netting.

But the wealthy people have attractive homes. Many of these are on the banks of the river; and all have gardens filled with luxuriant vines, ornamental trees, and gorgeous flowers. These gardens extend to the water, where there are landing-places for small boats. The houses are raised several feet from the ground, on thick blocks of stone or wood, which makes them cooler and at the same time drier, especially where the soil is marshy. They have no glass windows, because the light would be too glaring, but sliding frames with thin shell panes temper the light and admit plenty of fresh air. One is struck by the order and cleanliness of these houses. Even the floors shine like mirrors, for they are rubbed twice a day with plantain-leaves. These are the dwellings of the mestizos, who are part Chinese and part Spanish.

One of the favorite amusements of the people is driving on the Calsada. During the day this fashionable promenade is deserted, because the heat is so intense that only working-people ever venture out between eight o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon. But in the evening all is gaiety and fun on the Calsada, where a fine band of Span-

ish musicians used to play as the carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians moved along, nodding and chatting, and frequently halting to listen to the music. Sometimes the ladies stroll about, wearing gaudy colors and rich jewels. Their thick black hair hangs loose, and is made glossy by being smeared with cocoanut-oil. On their heads are jeweled combs and artificial flowers.

Suddenly, when the frolic is at its height, and just as the sun disappears behind the hills, the city church-bells ring, and profound silence ensues. It is time for vespers. The men take off their hats; everybody kneels or bows in a devotional manner, and prays. The bells ring again; the music starts up, the procession continues, and the gaiety increases. Not all the tribes have such civilized habits and appearance, however. In the interior of Luzon live the Negritos. They are dwarfs; but from time to time they make raids upon the towns, and carry off all the plunder they can lay hands on. It is almost impossible to capture them, because they are desperate fighters, and they have innumerable hiding-places in the mountains.

The Tagals are intelligent, but not so fine nor so well educated as the mestizos. Many of them are employed in the cigar-factory which is one of the curiosities of Binondo, and belongs to the government. Ten thousand people are at work in this building, and most of them are women and girls from twelve to fifty years of age. They squat on their heels, or on low bamboo benches, and pound the tobacco-leaves with a smooth stone about the size of a lemon. The noise is deafening, because they talk as loud and as fast as they pound; but the superintendent never interferes so long as they are not idle.

When the day's work is done, the *cigarreros*, or "cigar girls," start for home in groups; and they are a merry, happy set. Sometimes they stop by the way to take a plunge in the bay; and they have a jolly good time swimming and diving, amid shouts of laughter.

They wear a loose garment fastened at the neck and falling in folds to the ankles. This is made of cloth that they weave themselves, and ought to be both pretty and comfortable;

but they fasten it from the waist to the knee with a colored striped shawl, which they make so snug that they can scarcely walk. So they trip along with the tiniest of steps, looking as if a slight push would topple them over. Their

The strong, broad leaves of the banana serve for umbrellas, plates, and wash-basins, and the bamboo is put to so many uses that it is hard to name them. The trees, with their light, feathery leaves and their slender branches, wave



A NATIVE HOUSE AND FAMILY, MANILA.

feet are usually bare, excepting for a gaudy embroidered slipper with no back, and they paint their heels red to heighten the effect.

Tagal women, when not smoking, chew a paste made of the leaves and kernels of the betel-nut, to which a little lime-juice is added. This stuff dyes the teeth and lips an ugly red, which is considered quite ornamental.

The island natives are lazy, and no wonder; for the forests supply their daily needs, with little trouble on their part. There are millions of cocoanuts, that furnish food and drink, as well as oil for their lamps. The shells are made into bowls, baskets, and brushes, and it is a common saying that a native can live comfortably upon the produce of cocoa-palms alone.

gracefully over nearly all the houses, and add to the beauty of the gardens; the young plant, stewed or pickled, is a favorite dish; and the wood is so strong, and at the same time so pliable, that it is fashioned into kitchen utensils, fishing-rods, pipes, canoes, mattings, jugs, and many other things; besides, all the huts and private dwellings are built of bamboo.

Fruit grows in abundance in the Philippines, and the streams are filled with fish, while locusts abound to such an extent that anywhere else they would be considered a nuisance. Here, however, they are eaten by the million, and a native is never happier than when he can have an abundant supply of this delicacy. Rice is the staple article of food, and there is plenty

of it, though a little systematic labor would increase the supply threefold.

Near the head of the Pasig River there is a place known as "Ducktown," where thousands of ducks are raised every year for the Manila market. The little ducklings are fed on shell-fish from the bay, which gives them a delicious flavor. The men engaged in caring for the ducks devote their entire time to them; and it is most interesting to see how they teach them to take exercise, to wade and swim in the water, and, at the proper time, to return to their homes.

A volume might be written about the animals on the islands, but we can spare only a few words for them.

There are ponies, but they are so small and weak, and so ill cared for, that they cannot be counted on for much work. The water-buffalo is the common beast of burden; but he is so slow, heavy, and irritable that he is unfit for use unless properly indulged. He loves to wallow in the mire, and during the great heat of the day he is permitted to amuse himself in this manner. He needs little food, and, being stronger than an ox, is very useful for plowing. There is also a wild buffalo — a very different creature, and one much to be dreaded; for when he sights a hunter he will at once charge upon him.

Swine, goats, sheep, monkeys, squirrels, bats, and rats are numerous. "Flying-foxes," which are nothing else than bats, abound in the forests. They are about the size of a kitten, but their "wings" spread five or six feet from tip to tip. They have ugly heads like a fox, and they are savage. During the day they curl themselves into a ball, and by means of long, sharp claws, shaped like hooks, fasten themselves securely to the limbs of trees, hidden among the leaves. But at night they start out in search of food. They visit the villages and plantations, and devour quantities of fruit and vegetation. But the natives have their revenge, for the flesh of the flying-fox is delicate, and thousands are eaten.

Monkeys fill the forests, and snakes abound in the jungles. Some are harmless, but many are fatally venomous. There are immense crocodiles in the lakes and rivers, and lizards

are so plentiful that it is quite common to see them crawling about in fine shops or in the handsomest and best-kept dwellings.

Insects are everywhere, and some of them are gorgeous in coloring. There are butterflies as large as an ordinary bat, of a delicate fawn color, with bright red eyes.

Fireflies light up the woods at night, and make the tamarind-trees, which they prefer to every other, resemble illuminated pyramids. Sometimes the insects seem to have an understanding by which they all kindle, at the same moment, into a blaze of exquisite green — a most beautiful sight.

Locusts that bite, and leeches that drop on you from the trees, are as common as the ticks that fasten in your flesh as you go through the woods, and the centipedes and scorpions, that sting terribly. Huge roaches destroy books, and get into closets, where they eat great holes into the clothing; and there are many other destructive insects.

But the most formidable foe is the little mosquito, because it is almost impossible to get away from him; and no human being would ever expect to take a nap unless he were protected by a netting.

Near the sea-coast the Chinese find the "edible birds' nests," which are considered to be a great delicacy.

At times armies of white ants make their appearance, destroying in their course everything eatable. There are millions of these pests, and so industrious and energetic are they that their stay is very short. Having quickly devastated everything in sight, they suddenly depart.

There is considerable talent for music, even among the mestizo ladies, who seldom read, or study, or do any sort of work. There is never a festival without music, and it is usually good. In the churches, even of the smallest villages, there is always a native brass band, and strangers are surprised to hear how well they play the operas familiar to Europeans and Americans, though, to be sure, it is often a little shocking to hear the airs of comic operas applied to sacred words.

But above everything else in the world, the natives have a perfect passion for cock-fighting,

and no other pastime competes with this in popularity.

However brutal this so-called "sport" may seem to us to-day, we should not forget that it is not so many years ago that it was popular in England and America.

At the time when Spain got possession of the Philippines she was the most powerful country

selfes. This is a very black tribe, called Igorotes. They are small, with crisp, kinky hair, that they never comb nor brush. They wear little clothing, and their bodies are tattooed from head to foot with frogs, lizards, and all sorts of hideous snakes, as well as leaves, flowers, and fruit.

Some of the larger islands, like Luzon and



ONE OF THE BRIDGES ACROSS THE PASIG, MANILA.

in Europe, and it is asserted that, with a view of retaining this power, she invariably sought to breed discord among the different races of her colonies, because she feared that if they formed a union they might rebel against her authority. If this be true, it may be one reason why the educated people of the larger islands have had so little influence on the savages of the smaller ones.

A more potent reason is that these tribes hate the Spaniards, who taxed them unmercifully, and broke many promises made to them. As a consequence, the natives believe that the aim of every white man is to get all he can out of them; so they naturally prefer to hide in the forests, choose their own rulers, and retain their savage freedom.

One thing must be said for them, however: they never seek a fight. All they ask is to be left alone in their haunts; for they are very lazy, and they can easily supply their needs from the streams and the forests.

There is one half-savage tribe that seems to have more energy, for they build huts for them-

Mindanao, were divided under the Spanish rule into provinces, and had their own governor. He was called *Capitan*, and he was a most important personage. Usually he was a native. He was therefore popular, particularly as he did not profit by the taxation, and himself was not exempt. He was elected for two years, and had a great deal of responsibility with a very small salary.

It was impossible not to notice the *Capitan*, for he wore a showy embroidered jacket over a loose blouse, and he strutted along proudly with his gold- or silver-mounted staff. One of his duties was to receive and welcome all visitors to the village; and he was so hospitable that everything he owned was at once placed at the disposal of his guests, after the courteous Spanish custom.

The *Cura*, or parish priest, had more authority than the *Capitan*. He had no domestic ties, so he lived among the people, who loved and revered him, and sought his advice in all their troubles. By these priests the majority of more civilized natives have been brought to

worship in the Roman Catholic churches, and in every village there was a school where the children were taught to read and write Spanish under the guidance of the priest.

Men, women, and children are full of superstition. All wear charms, and at their feasts they carry in procession images bedizened in rich drapery, tinsel, and gay ribbons, with here and there a valuable jewel. With their ideas of Christianity they mix up their ancient worship. There are gloomy, mysterious-looking places which they approach with awe because they believe them to be inhabited by spirits. Certain mountains and trees are supposed to be the houses of wicked souls, and they would not dare to venture near them without the permission of the priest, and a supply of incense, which they burn as they pass by.

The Filipinos have great reverence for the aged, and no man or woman would ever think of making a marriage without first consulting the fathers and mothers on both sides.

A young man goes to his parents and tells them he loves a certain girl. If they approve, they call on the girl's parents and talk the matter over. At the close of the interview the lover's mother offers a piece of money to the sweetheart's mother, and if she accepts it is a sign that the match meets with favor.

But two or three years must elapse before the young man can claim his bride. Meanwhile he works for her father; and should he not prove satisfactory in every way, he is dismissed. If, on the other hand, the girl grows impatient, she brings her suitor to the village priest, with the assurance that she has run away from her home, and wishes to be married forthwith. Her request is sure to be complied with, though were the man to do the same thing he would be severely punished for his rash infringement of the native custom.

A few words must be said about the typhoons, earthquakes, volcanoes, and rainfalls of the islands, because they are a most important feature.

Every year furious typhoons break over the entire region, causing frightful destruction on land and sea; and nowhere in the world are there more terrific thunder-storms, or heavier falls of rain. It is this humid atmosphere, added to the heat, which makes vegetation so luxuriant. There are nearly five hundred different kinds of ferns, and some of the orchids in the jungles are so rare and so hard to gather that they sometimes sell for a thousand dollars apiece.

Earthquakes have laid some of the finest churches in ruins, and many large houses are built with buttresses against the walls to prevent their being shaken over.

The volcanic eruptions have done still greater damage. About the middle of the seventeenth century Manila was almost destroyed by a shower of hot ashes, which burned up all the villages for miles around, and killed thousands of people.

Taal volcano, which rises out of the middle of a lake, is twelve hundred feet high, and in the bottom of the crater is a lake that sends forth suffocating fumes of sulphur. Mount Apo is another of the immense volcanoes, and even when it is not active, sulphur fumes puff out of great crevasses on its slope.

In the hands of Americans, Manila will soon become a beautiful and attractive city, and with the introduction of Yankee machinery, energy, and intelligence, the products of the islands will be increased a hundredfold. Thousands have gone to study the resources of the Philippines, and the interest in them has been on the increase ever since Admiral Dewey, in the name of the United States, opened the door.



THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

(Author of "The Lakerim Athletic Club.")

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER II.

TUG had stood the praise and applause of his fellow-students, and especially the wild flattery of the Dozen, who were almost wildly joyful

overfed on candy. Finally he rose and slunk away, rather like a guilty man than a hero, and started for his room. Once he had left the crowd and was alone under the great trees, darkly beautiful with the moonlight, he felt again the delicious pride of his victory against the heavy odds, and the conspiracy of his proud rival in football. He planned, in his imagination, the various steps he would take to reorganize the varsity eleven, to which it was evident that he would be elected captain; and he smacked his lips over the prospects of glorious battles and hard-won victories in the games in which he and his team would represent the Kingston Academy against the other academies of the Tri-State Inter-scholastic League.

His waking dreams came true, in good season, too; for, under his inspiring leadership, the Kingston men took up the game with a new zest, gave up the idea that individual grandstand plays won games, and learned to sink their ambitions for themselves into a stronger ambition for the success of the whole team. And they played so brilliantly and so faithfully that academy after academy went down before them, and they were not even scored against until they met the most formidable rivals of all, the Greenville Academy. Greenville was an old athletic enemy



TUG IS TREATED TO A LITTLE SURPRISE-PARTY.

over his success in captaining the scrub football team, and in winning a contest against the varsity, until he was as sick as a boy that has

of the Lakerim Club, and Tug looked forward to meeting it with particular delight, especially as the championship of the League football series

lay between Greenville and Kingston. I have only time and room enough to tell you that when the final contest came, Tug sent his men round the ends so scientifically, and led them into the scrimmages so furiously, that they won a glorious victory of 18 to 4.

But this is getting a long way into the future, and away from Tug on his walk to his room that beautiful evening, when all these triumphs were still in the clouds, and he had only one victory to look back upon.

Tug's responsibility had been great that afternoon, and the strain of coaxing and commanding his scrub players to assault and defeat the heavier eleven opposed to them had worn hard on his muscles and nerves. When he got to his room he was too tired to remember that he had forgotten to take the usual precautions of locking his doors and windows, or even of drawing the curtains. He did not stop to think that hazing had been flourishing about the Academy grounds for some time, and that threats had been made against any of the Lakerim Dozen if they were ever caught alone.

Tug could just keep awake long enough to light his student lamp, then he dropped on his divan, and buried his head in a red-white-and-blue cushion one of the Lakerim girls had embroidered for him in fearful and wonderful manner, and was soon dozing away into a dreamland where the whole world was one great football, and he was kicking it along the Milky Way, scoring a touch-down every five minutes.

A little later History poked his head in at the door. He also had left the crowd seated on the fence, and had started for his room to study. He saw Tug lying asleep, and let him lie undisturbed, though he was tempted to wake him up and say that Tug reminded him of the Sleeping Beauty before taking the magic kiss; but he thought it might not be safe, and went on up to his room whistling, very much off the key.

Tug slept on as soundly as the mummy of Rameses. But suddenly he woke with a start. He had a confused idea that he had heard some one fumbling at his window. His sleepy eyes seemed to make out a face just disappearing from sight outside. He dismissed his

suspicions as the manufactures of sleep, and was about to fall back again on the comfortable divan when he heard footsteps outside, and the creak of his door-knob. He rose quickly to his feet.

A face covered by a half-mask of cloth was thrust in at the door, and the lips smiled maliciously under the mask, and a pair of bright eyes gleamed through it.

Tug made a leap for the door to shut the intruder out, realizing in a flash that the hazers had truly caught him napping.

But he was too late. The first face was followed swiftly into the room by the body that belonged to it, and by other faces and other bodies—all the faces masked, and all the bodies hidden in long robes.

Tug fell back a step, and said, with all the calmness he could muster:

"I guess you fellows are in the wrong room."

"Nope; we 've come for you," was the answer of the first masker, who spoke in a disguised voice.

Tug looked as resolutely as he could into the eyes behind the mask, and asked rather nervously a question whose answer he could have as easily given himself:

"Well, now that you 're here, what do you want?"

Again the disguised voice came deeply from the somber-robed leader:

"Oh, we just want to have a little fun with you."

"Well, I don't want to have any fun with you," parleyed Tug, trying to gain time.

"Oh, it does n't make any difference whether you want to come or not; this is n't your picnic—it 's ours," was the cheery response of the first unknown; and the "Crows," as they called themselves, fairly cawed with delight.

Still Tug argued, "What right have you men got to come into my room without being invited?"

"It 's just a little surprise-party we 've planned."

"Well, I 'm not feeling like entertaining any surprise-party to-night."

"Oh, that does n't make any difference to

us." Again the whole flock flapped its wings and cawed.

And now Tug, as usual, lost his temper when he saw they were making a guy of him, and he blurted fiercely:

"Get out of here, all of you!"

Then the crowd laughed uproariously at him.

And this made him still more furious, and though they were ten to one, Tug flung himself at them without fear or hesitation. When five of them fell on him at once, he dragged them round the room as if they were football players trying to down him; but the odds were too great, and before long they overpowered him and tied his wrists behind him; not without difficulty, for Tug had the slipperiness of an eel, along with the strength of a young shark. When they had him well bound, and his legs tethered so that he could take only very short steps, they lifted him to his feet.

"I think we'd better see that he makes no noise," said the leader of the Crows; and he produced a stout handkerchief. But Tug gave him one contemptuous look, and remarked: "Do you suppose I'm a cry-baby? I'm not going to call for help."

There was something in his tone that convinced the captain of the Crows.

A detachment was now sent to scurry through the dormitory to see if they could find any other Lakerimmers. This squad finally came down the stairs, the biggest one of the Crows carrying little History under his arm. History was waving his arms and legs about as if he were a tarantula, but the big black Crow held him tight and kept one hand over the boy's mouth so that he could not scream.

Then Tug began to struggle furiously again, and to resist their efforts to drag him out of the room. He could easily have raised a cry that would have brought a professor to his rescue and scattered his persecutors like sparrows; but his boyish idea of honor put that rescue out of his reach, and he fought like a dumb man, with only such occasional grunts as his struggle tore from him.

He might have been fighting them yet, for all I know, had not History twisted from under the hand of his captor and threatened—he had not breath enough left to call for help:

"If—you—don't let me go—I'll—tell on you."

The very thought of this smallness horrified Tug so much that he stopped struggling, and turned his head to implore History not to disgrace Lakerim by being a tattler. The Crows saw their chance, and while Tug's attention was occupied one of them threw a loosely woven sack over his head and drew it down about his neck.

The Crows hustled the Lakerimmers out without unnecessary tenderness, forgetting to close the door after them. Out of the hall and across the board walk, on to the soft, frosty grass where the sound of their scuffling feet would not betray them, they jostled their way. Tug soon decided that the best thing for him to do was to reserve his strength; so he ceased to resist, and followed meekly where they led. They whirled him round on his heel several times to confuse him as to the direction they took, then they hurried him through the dark woods of a neglected corner of the campus. History simply refused to go on his own feet, and they had to carry him most of the way.

The two boys knew when they left the campus by the fact that they were bundled and boosted over a stone wall and across a road.

History, as he stumbled along at Tug's side, at length came to himself enough to be reminded of the way the ancient Romans used to treat such captives as were brought back in triumph by their generals. But Tug did not care to hear about the troubles of the Gauls—he had troubles of his own.

After half a mile more of this hard travel, the prisoners were brought through a small neck of woods into a clearing, where their party was greeted by the voices of others.

The sack over Tug's head was unbound and snatched away, and the blindfolding band was taken from History's eyes, and they looked about them to see a dozen more of the Crows, with two other hapless prisoners, seated like an Indian war-council about a blazing fire, and, like an Indian war-council, pondering the fate of their unlucky captives.

As Tug was the most important spoil of war, they took counsel, and decided that he should occupy the position of honor, and be "initi-

ated" last. Then they went enthusiastically to work making life miserable for the two captives brought in previously.

The first was compelled to climb a tree, which he did with some little difficulty, seeing that while half of them pretended to boost him the other half amused themselves by grabbing his feet and pulling him back three inches for every one inch he climbed (like the frog and the well in the mathematical problem). He finally gained a point above their reach, however, and seated himself in the branches, looking about as happy as a lone wayfarer treed by a pack of wolves. Then they commanded him to bark at the moon, and threatened him with all sorts of penalties if he disobeyed. So he yelped and howled and bow-wowed till there was nothing left of his voice but a sickly wheeze.

The second captive was a great fat boy who had been a promising candidate for center rush on the football team until Sawed-Off appeared on the scene. This behemoth was compelled to seat himself on a small inverted box and row for dear life with a pair of toothpicks. The Crows roared with glee over the ridiculous plight of the fellow, and set him such a pace that he was soon praying for mercy. At length he went heels over head backward on the ground, and they left him to recover his breath.

But while the hazers were busy with this tomfoolery Tug had been working at his ropes. He at last succeeded in loosening his hands, and now he suddenly pushed over two or three of the Crows, including the leader, and started to escape.

Seeing that History also had taken advantage of the excitement to drop off into the dark and run for dear life, Tug made a dash in the opposite direction, and the Crows were so much taken aback at the knock-down of their leader that he was almost out of sight in the thicket before they went crashing after him.

A good many of them were shaken off and lost, but just as he was reaching the edge of the woods they headed him off, and he went down in a mob of them, crying with a fine defiance the old yell of the Athletic Club:

"Lāy-krīm! Lāy-krīm! Hooray!"

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY had stumbled only a short distance when he ran plump into the Lakerim rescuing crew which was scouring the woods. They stopped just long enough to untie his hands and turn him round to act as guide. But the last yell of Tug was a better clue, and they were not long in charging the twelve or fifteen Crows that were trying to pile on Tug all at once. The Lakerimmers made up in surprise and impetus and vim what they lacked in numbers, and the Crows fled as if from an army. Then the eleven from Lakerim spent what little breath was left in them in reciting the club yell.

There's no room here to tell you the beautiful revenge they wreaked on the Crows: how they decoyed most of them into the gymnasium and made prisoners of them, and then ate up the magnificent banquet the Crows had paid for in advance. I can only say that the Lakerimmers had the bad taste to gloat over their discomfited enemies, and that, while their wit was not always of the finest, they enjoyed it themselves immensely—all except Reddy. He showed a strange inclination to mope and sulk. About the only subject in or out of books that seemed to interest him in the slightest degree was the mention of the name of his twin brother, Heady; and that, too, in spite of the fact that the two of them had quarreled and bickered so much that their despairing parents had finally sent them to different schools. But now Reddy seemed to be inconsolable, grieving for the other half of his twin heart.

Finally Reddy's blues grew so blue that no one was much surprised when he announced his desperate determination to journey to the town where Heady was at school, and visit him. Reddy got permission from the Principal to leave on Friday night and return on Monday. He had been saving up his spending-money for many a dismal week, and now he went about borrowing the spending-money of all his friends.

One Friday evening, then, after class-hours, all the Lakerimmers went in a body down

to the railroad-station to bid Reddy a short good-by.

On reaching the depot they found that Reddy's train was half an hour late, and that a train from the opposite direction would get in first. So they all stood solemnly around and waited. When this train pulled into the station you can imagine the feelings of all when the first one to descend was—was—Heady!

The Twins stood and stared at each other like tailors' dummies for a moment, while the strangers on the platform and on the train wondered if they were seeing double.

Then Reddy and Heady dropped each his valise, and made a spring. And each landed on the other's neck.

Now Sawed-Off seized Heady's valise, and Jumbo seized Reddy's, and then they all set off together—the reunited Twins, the completed Dozen—for the campus. The whole Twelve felt a new delight in the reunion, and realized for the first time how dear the Dozen was.

Thus they proceeded, glowing with mutual affection, till they reached the edge of the campus, when the others saw the Twins suddenly loosen their hold on each other and fall to, hammer and tongs, over some quarrel whose beginning the rest had not heard.

Jumbo grinned and murmured to Sawed-Off: "The Twins are themselves again."

But Sawed-Off hastened to separate and pacify them, and they set off again for Reddy's room, arm in arm. Later Heady arranged with his parents to let him stay at Kingston. He brought to the academy no particular love for study, but a great enthusiasm for basket-ball.

Heady's interest was catching, and he soon had many of the Kingstonians working hard in the gymnasium and organizing scrub teams to play this most bewilderingly rapid of games in the gymnasium. Most of the Lakerimmers tried it for pure love of excitement; but when Heady said that it was especially good as an indoor winter exercise to keep men in trim for football and baseball, Tug and Punk immediately went at it with great enthusiasm. But Tug was so mixed up in the slight differences between this game and his beloved football,

and so insisted upon running (which is against the rules of basket-ball), and upon tackling (which is against the rules), and upon kicking (which is against the rules), that he finally gave up in despair, and said if he became a good basket-ball player he would be a poor football-player, and football was his earlier love. Sleepy, however, who was the great baseball sharp, made this complaint, in his drawling fashion:

"The rules say you can only hold the ball five seconds, and it takes me at least ten seconds to decide what to do with it; so I guess the blamed game is n't for me."

Out of the many candidates for the team the following regular five were chosen: for center, Sawed-Off, who was tall enough to do the "face-off" in excellent style, and who could, by spreading out his great arms, present in front of an ambitious enemy a surface as big as a windmill, almost. The right forward was Heady, and of course the left forward had to be his other half, Reddy. Pretty managed by his skill in lawn-tennis to make the position of right guard, and the left guard was the chief of the Crows, MacManus. The hatchet, by the way, had been quite buried between the Lakerimmers and the Crows, and the Dozen treated him, if not as an equal, at least as one who had a right to be alive and move about upon the same earth with them.

The Kingston basket-ball team played many games, and grew in speed and team-play till they were looked upon as a terror by the rest of the Interscholastic League.

Finally, indeed, they landed the championship of the various basket-ball teams of the academies. But just before they played their last triumphant game in the League, and when they were "feeling their oats," as the Twins said, and acting as bumpiously as a crowd of almost undefeated boys sometimes choose to be, they received a challenge that caused them to laugh long and loud. At first it looked like a huge joke for the high-and-mighty Kingston basket-ball team to be challenged by a team from the Palatine Deaf-and-Dumb Institute; then it began to look like an insult, and they were angry at such treatment of such great men as they admitted themselves to be.

It occurred to Sawed-Off, however, that

before they sent back an indignant refusal to play, they might as well look up the record of the deaf-and-dumb basket-ball men. After a little investigation, to their surprise, they found that these men were astoundingly clever players, and had won game after game from the best teams. So they accepted the challenge in lordly manner, and in due time the Palatiners appeared upon the floor of the Kingston gymnasium. A large audience had gathered and was seated in the gallery where the running-track ran.

There was something uncanny, at first, in the playing of the Palatines, all of whom were deaf-mutes, except the captain, who was neither deaf nor dumb, but understood and talked the sign language.

The game opened with the usual face-off. The referee called the two centers to the middle of the floor, and then tossed the ball high in the air between them. They leaped as far as they could; but Sawed-Off's enormous height carried him far beyond the other man, and, giving the ball a smart slap, he sent it directly into the clutch of Reddy, who had run on and was waiting to receive it half over his shoulder. Finding himself "covered" by the opposing forward, he passed the ball quickly under the other man's arm across to Heady, who had run down the other side of the floor. Heady received the ball without obstruction, and by a quick overhead fling landed it in the high basket, and scored the first point while applause and wonderment were loud in the gallery.

The Kingstonians played like one man—if you can imagine one man with twenty arms and legs. Sawed-Off made such high leaps, and covered so well, and sent the ball so well through the forwards, and supported them so well; the twin forwards dodged and ran and passed and dribbled the ball with such dash; and the guards were so alert in the protection of their goal and in obstructing the throwing of the other forwards, that three goals and the score of six were rolled up in an amazingly short time.

Sawed-Off was in so many places at once, and kept all four limbs going so violently, that the spectators began to cheer him on as

"Granddaddy Long-legs." A loud laugh was raised on one occasion, when the Palatine captain got the ball, and, holding it high in the air to make a try for goal from the field, found himself covered by the towering Sawed-Off; he curved the ball downward, where one of the Twins leaped for it in front; he passed it along and wriggled and writhed with it till it was between his legs. But there the other Twin was, and with a quick, wringing clutch that nearly tied the opposing captain into a bow-knot, he had the ball away from him.

At the end of the three goals the Kingstonians began to whisper to themselves that they had what they were pleased to call a "cinch"; they alluded to the Palatines as "easy," and began to make a number of "grand-stand plays," as Tug said. The inevitable and proper result of this was that they grew careless. The deaf-mutes, unusually alert in other ways on account of the loss of hearing and speech, were quick to see the opportunity, and to play with unexpected carefulness and dash.

Therefore the pride of the Kingstonians was humbled sufficiently when the Palatines quickly scored two goals. It began to look as if they would add a third score when the desperate Reddy, seeing one of the Palatine forwards about to make a try for goal, made a leaping tackle that destroyed the man's aim and almost upset him. Reddy was just secretly congratulating himself upon his breach of etiquette when the shrill whistle of the referee brought dismay to his heart. His act was declared a foul, and to the Palatines a "free throw" was given. Their left forward was allowed to take his stand fifteen feet from the basket and have an unobstructed try at it.

The throw was successful, and the score now stood 6 to 5 in favor of Kingston.

The game went rapidly on, and at one stage the ball was declared "held" by the referee, and the ball was faced off well toward the Palatine goal. Sawed-Off made a particularly high leap in the air and an unusually fierce whack at the ball. To his chagrin, it went up into the gallery and struck the shoulder of a girl whom the Twins much admired. Though the blow was a hard one, she bore it bravely,

smiled, and with a laugh and a blush picked up the ball and dropped it over the rail.

The Twins both made a dash to receive this gift from her pretty hands, and in consequence bumped into each other and fell apart. The ball which they had robbed each other of, fell into the hands of Pretty, who made the girl a graceful bow that quite won her heart. Pretty, by the way, was "always cutting the other fellows out," as they declared. This was about the only grudge they ever had against him.

The Twins were now more "rattled" than ever; and Heady determined to do or die. He saw one of the Palatines running forward and looking backward to receive the ball on a long pass, and he gave him a vicious body-check. He knew it was a foul at the time, but he thought the referee was not looking. His punishment was fittingly double, for not only did the referee see and declare the foul, but the big Palatine came with such impetus that the collision flung Heady flat upon the floor. Moreover, Heady went scraping along a row of single sticks and wooden dumb-bells, making a noise like the rattle of a board along a picket fence. Then he tumbled in a heap, with the Palatine man on top of him. As the Palatine man got up, he dislodged a number of Indian clubs, which fairly pelted the prostrate Heady. This foul gave the Palatines another free throw, and made the score a tie.

The Twins were now so angry and ashamed of themselves that they played worse than ever.

Everything seemed to go wrong with them. Their passes were blocked; their tries for goal failed; the Palatines would not even help them out with a foul. In their general disorder of plan, they could do nothing to prevent the Palatines from making goal after goal till, when the referee's whistle announced that the first twenty-minute half was over, the score stood 12 to 6 against Kingston.

The Twins were feeling sad enough as it was, but when they went to the dressing-room quite tired out and gasping for breath from their hard exertions, Tug suddenly appeared, to add a little lecture upon their shortcomings and fargoings.

"Heady," he said, "I guess you have been away from us a little too long. The Lakerim

Athletic Club never approved of foul playing on the part of itself or any one else, and you got just what you deserved for forgetting your dignity. And I suppose Reddy has caught the disease from you. But I want to say right here that you have got to play like Lakerim men or there is going to be trouble."

The Twins realized the depths of their disgrace before Tug spoke, and they were too much humiliated in their own hearts to resent his lofty tone. They determined to wipe out the disgrace in the only way it could be effaced: by brilliant, clean playing in the second half of the game.

When the intermission was over, they went in with such vim that they broke up all the plans of the Palatines for gaining goal, and put them to a very fierce defensive game. Heady soon scored a goal by passing the ball back to Reddy and then running forward well into Palatine territory, and receiving it on a long pass, and tossing it into the basket before he could be obstructed. But this ray of hope was immediately dimmed by the curious action of Punk, who, forgetting that he was not on the football field, and receiving the ball unexpectedly, made a brilliant run down the field with it, carrying it firmly against his body. He was brought back with a hang-dog expression and the realization that unintentionally he had played foul and had given the Palatines another free throw, which made their score 13 to 8.

A little later Reddy, finding himself with his back to the Palatine goal, and all chance of passing the ball to his brother foiled by the large overshadowing form of the Palatine captain, determined to make a long shot at luck, and threw the ball backward over his head. A loud yell and a burst of applause announced that fortune had favored him: he had landed the ball exactly in the basket.

But Heady went him one better, for he made a similarly marvelous goal with a smaller element of luck. Finding himself in a good position for a try, he was about to send the ball with the overhead throw that is usual, when he was confronted by a Palatine guard, who completely covered all the space in front of the diminutive Heady. Like a flash Heady

dropped to the floor in a frog-like attitude, and gave the ball a quick upward throw between the man's outspread legs and up into the basket. And now the audience went wild indeed at seeing within a short time two plays that have only been performed once or twice in the history of the game.

With the score of 13 to 12 in their favor, the Palatines made a strong rally, and prevented the Kingstonians from scoring. They were tired, and evidently thought that their only hope lay in playing for time. And the referee seemed willing to aid them, for his watch was in his hand, and the game had only the life of a few seconds to live, when the ball fell into the hands of Heady. The desperate boy realized that now he had the final chance to retrieve the day and wrest victory from defeat. He was far, far from the basket, but he did not dare to risk the precious moment in dribbling or passing the ball. The only hope lay in one perfect throw. He held the ball in his hands high over his head, and bent far back.

He straightened himself like a bow when the arrow of the Indian leaves its side. He gave a spring into the air, and launched the ball at the little basket. It soared on an arc as beautiful as a rainbow's. It landed full in the basket.

But the force of the blow was so great that the ball danced about and bounded out upon the rim. There it halted tantalizingly, rolled around the edge of the basket, trembled as if hesitating whether to give victory to the Palatines or the Kingstons.

After what seemed an age of this dallying, it slowly dropped—to the floor.

A deep, deep sigh came from the lips of all, even the Palatines. But down into the hearts of the Twins there went a solemn pain. They had lost the game—that was bad enough; but they knew that they deserved to lose it, that their own misplays had brought their own punishment. But they bore their ordeal pluckily, and when, the next week, they met another team, they played a clean, swift game that won them deserved success and stainless laurels.

(To be continued.)

AN OPTIMIST.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

ONE day, when I was on a tramp,
A barefoot boy I spied,
(Escaped from school, the little scamp!)
A woodland brook beside.

He had a pole of alder-wood,
Stout pack-thread for his line,
And ah! that cream of fishes' food,
A bunch of earth-worms fine.

So merry was this little lad,
His whistle rang so gay,
That I felt sure he must have had
A most successful day.

But when I asked to see his "string,"
He shook his curly head.

Said I: "What!—have n't caught a thing?"
"No, not a thing," he said.

"What makes you feel so happy, then?"
I cried, in much surprise.
He baited, flung his hook again,
And said, with honest eyes:

"It ain't the *ketchin'*, mister, that
Makes all the fun, you see."
He grinned beneath his tattered hat.
"Just fishin' 's fun for *me*."

A true philosopher, say I,
And optimist to boot.
If men had half his wisdom, why,
How nicely life would suit!

THE SUMMONS OF THE SEA.

BY GERALD BRENAN.

LITTLE Conal O'Mara stood wistfully gazing over the undulating meadow-grass. There was a puzzled, seeking look in his large blue eyes. He seemed to be listening intently for some distant sound.

The Widow O'Mara, seated on the low yard wall with a neighbor's wife, talked in subdued tones, as though fearful lest the boy might hear.

"He 'll never know it, Mrs. Nolan — never, if Mary O'Mara can help," she said. "The cruel sea has stolen enough of my child's race. Connie's gran'father — ay, an' his great-gran'father, were lost on the ocean; for the O'Maras were sailors an' deep-sea fishermen since Ireland rose from the waters."

"Ay," assented Mrs. Nolan; "the name tells that. 'O'Mara,' I've been tould, means 'child of the sea' in the ould Gaelic."

"Yis — the cruel mother that same sea is, then! Connie's great-gran'father an' gran'father she took; and then she must come moanin' an' callin' for his poor father, my tall, handsome Shawn. An' away went my Shawn to seek his fortune on the treacherous ocean. His 'fortune,' *imagh* [forsooth]! Ah, Mrs. Nolan, all my days I 'll never forget the day that the news came of the 'Nereid's' wreck, with Shawn's name in the list o' the drowned an' missing!"

Mrs. Nolan sighed. She was a kindly soul, and she felt for this sad-eyed sailor's widow, as indeed did every one in the little inland parish of Ballycarney. The whole parish knew Mary O'Mara's mournful story, and the whole parish was leagued with her to keep that story from the ears of little Conal, her only offspring. After the loss of her stalwart husband with the sunken Nereid, Mrs. O'Mara had taken a solemn vow that, if she could help it, her boy should never know the sea upon which his sires had sailed — the sea from which he took his

name. Selling her little farm over Kilmoyler Cliffs, whence the cozy cottage of the O'Maras had looked out upon the rolling Atlantic for centuries, she brought this baby boy of a sea-faring stock as far inland as she could conveniently go. The parish of Ballycarney is almost exactly in the center of Ireland; and even from the summits of the neighboring Slievecarney range, or the still loftier Ben-na Erinn,* one could not get even a glimpse of the sea. Indeed, the only thing which remotely suggested the treacherous Atlantic to Mrs. O'Mara in this up-country refuge of hers was the placid river Feoir, flowing silently to its far-away mouth. Mrs. O'Mara hated the river, because she saw in its seaward tendency an evil omen for Conal's future; and when she rented a holding from Mr. Carney, it was at the other end of the parish, among the Slievecarney foothills.

Here she brought up her Conal from babyhood to boyhood, ignorant of the great waters which had wrought such havoc upon his hardy race; and here she was sitting, on this warm May noonday, holding whispered converse with Mrs. Nolan, and following anxiously every motion of the child.

Presently Conal relaxed his tense expression, and came slowly toward his mother, turning his back upon the broad, green waves of the young grass.

"I could n't hear it," he said. "'T is mighty queer, though; for I heard it plain enough last night."

"Heard what?" was the exclamation of genial Mrs. Nolan. "Is it daft the *gossoon* [boy] is, I don't know."

"'T is n't daft I am, at all," replied Conal, indignantly. "I tell ye, I heard it quite plain last night. There was a strange sound outside the window. Then came a noise like that the rain makes when it splashes off the roof into the

* Mount Ireland. A mountain in central Ireland.



"CONAL TURNED DISCONSOLATELY AWAY, AND WENT DOWN THE WINDING LANE."

yard; an' then there was a crying, and a moaning — so sad an' sorrowful, I never heard the like. An' then — an' then — ye won't believe me, but in the middle of it all I heard a voice calling me, plain as could be; an' the voice said: 'Come to me, Conal! Come, Conal O'Mara!'"

The widow's face was pale; but she mustered up courage enough to say, with affected lightness: "'T is dreamin' ye were, Connie — only dreamin'."

"Dreaming!" repeated Conal, indignantly. "'T was no dream, I tell ye. Did n't I get out o' bed, and go to the window to see who was calling me? The moon was shining; an' I saw the meadow beyond, all silvery like, rising an' falling as if 't was alive. An' across the

meadow I saw something coming towards me that looked like a big ship with great white sails. An' after that I ran back to bed. But there 's no sound out o' the meadow to-day. The silver is gone, an' the ship, an' the queer voices. I wish 't was night, so the voices could call for me again."

Conal turned disconsolately away, and went down the winding *boreen* (lane). They could hear him whistling in the distance, and the air that he whistled was a sad, wailing one unknown to Ballycarney.

"'T is 'The Brink o' the White Rocks!'" cried his mother. "*Mavrone* [alas], an' woe is me! Where did he learn that tune? An' the dream he had last night! The voices callin' him, an' the ship he saw! Oh, *wirrasthrue!*

'T is the sea, the cruel sea, that wants to win him from me! 'T is the voice of the devourin' sea that hungers for one more O'Mara!"

You and I might have called it luck. Mrs. O'Mara, and Ballycarney parish generally, ascribed it to fate.

At any rate, whether from luck or from fate, Conal O'Mara's abstracted walk led him from his mother's breen into the highroad, and thence, by loitering degrees, to the little railway-station at Attanagh.

Attanagh is the railway-depot for a circle of villages of which Ballycarney and Castlearney are the principal. It is on the Kilmore and Waterford Railway, and trains dawdle past its neat passenger-shed and trim platform about once in three hours. When Conal strolled through the wicket he found the place deserted. The station-master had gone to his afternoon meal; the solitary porter was probably asleep behind some neighboring hedge.

Conal wandered along the rails to where a number of freight-cars stood upon a siding. One of the doors was partly open, and there was a vision of fresh straw and cool seclusion within. Instinctively the boy clambered through the doorway, and threw himself down amid the straw.

"When Shamus Dunn comes along he will waken me," murmured Conal; "an' maybe he'll teach me another tune like the one he whistled yesterday."

Shamus Dunn was the porter, and it was from him that Conal had picked up "The Brink of the White Rocks"—that sad sea-air which had so startled Mary O'Mara. But when Shamus came, presently, from his hedge-side siesta, he never noticed the slumbering Conal at all.

There was a freight-train due, so the porter slammed shut the doors of the empty cars; and when the train crawled into Attanagh station, Shamus Dunn coupled Conal's freight-car to its rearmost car, and once more the weak-lunged freight-engine began its slow journey—southward and seaward.

Shamus, the porter, all ignorant of the fact that he had sent Conal O'Mara upon the first voyage of his life, went back to the pleasant

little nook he had made for himself under the hedgerow, whistling lazily "The Brink of the White Rocks."

That evening a mildly interested crowd on the railway-terminus platform at Waterford witnessed the spectacle of a struggling small boy being hauled by two strapping porters to the station-master's office.

"Found him in one o' the cars. Was stealin' a ride," was the explanation vouchsafed by one of the boy's captors to the onlookers. And then, by way of showing his authority, the big porter dealt his prisoner a cuff or two with his disengaged hand.

But the small boy would not cry. He was very pale, and his eyes looked for all the world like those of some trapped animal; but no tear glistened upon his lashes—no cry escaped his lips. For this diminutive evil-doer, taken in the act of stealing a ride from the railway company, was none other than Conal O'Mara; and the O'Mara stock is a proud one.

The station-master, a puffy person of middle age, sat in his office chatting with an acquaintance. Both men turned as the prisoner and his guards entered; and the station-master's acquaintance said in a rich Munster brogue: "*Arrah*, now, what has this young *bouchaleen* [lad] been up to?"

The porters touched their caps, for the speaker was one to be respected—a rich American merchant skipper, no less, who was that very day engaged in shipping his cargo over the Kilmore and Waterford Railway. Then they told of Conal's wrong-doing, and of how they had found him sleeping in the empty car—one of those sent for the reception of the New York skipper's cargo.

The station-master turned to Conal, and demanded his side of the story. At first the boy could not find words; but when the American, touched, no doubt, by the lad's defenseless state, laid a protecting hand on his shoulder, and bade him be of good cheer, he spoke up, falteringly, but clearly enough to be understood.

"He tells a straight-enough story," said the merchant captain. "Anyhow, I hate to see a gossoon in distress. I was a gossoon once myself, ye see; an' once on a time I had a little son o' my own—though that 's over an' done

with. Come, Kelly, let the little fellow go, an' I'll pay his fare from Attanagh." Then turning to little Conal he said, "what did ye say your name was?"

The long-repressed tears broke from Conal's

of the American stranger eagerly scanned his face.

"Mother of mercy!" he heard the big skipper whispering hoarsely. "Can this be he after all these years? Has he come back to me at



"THE NEXT MOMENT CONAL FOUND HIMSELF LIFTED BY A PAIR OF STRONG ARMS."

eyes at this unlooked-for kindness. Sobbing against the American's brawny shoulder, he blurted out his name.

"Conal O'Mara!" echoed the skipper. "Did ye say Conal O'Mara?"

Wondering at his protector's astonished tone, the boy nodded affirmatively through his tears. The next moment he found himself lifted bodily by a pair of strong arms, while the frank eyes

last?" Then, in louder voice: "Tell me your mother's name, my lad, an' is she living still?"

Conal's tears ceased from sheer astonishment as he answered: "Mother's living, sure; an' her name's Mary O'Mara."

Quick as thought the next question came: "Did your mother always live near Attanagh?" Conal's smooth forehead wrinkled. He was trying to recollect something that he had heard

years ago. There was dead silence in the little office, for even the rough porters knew the skipper's story and had sympathized with his sorrow. At last the boy remembered.

"No, sir," he said. "Mother came from Munster—a place called Kilmoyler—after father died."

There was a mighty shout from the skipper, as he pressed Conal to his breast.

"Your father never died!" he cried. "Your father's alive an' well, my lad, and I am he! After the Nereid sank, your mother, thinking me drowned, forsook Kilmoyler, leaving no trace behind. But a whaling-ship rescued another sailor an' myself from the boat in which we had escaped; an' I worked my way home, only to find it home no longer. Search all I did, I could n't find your mother. At last I fancied she had gone to America, so to America I went myself. I made money enough; but I never found my dear ones—never till to-day. Station-master, give us two tickets to Attanagh instead o' one. My son Conal is takin' his ould father home."

A certain trim merchantman went steaming past Tramore Lighthouse just a month later, and on its bridge stood Captain Shawn O'Mara. The moon was up; and over the gentle swell of the Atlantic stretched its mystic pathway of wave-ribbed silver.

"Is the boy sleepin', Mary?" said the captain to the shawled figure that was sitting close by his side—the figure of her whom Ballycarney parish had known and pitied as Mary O'Mara.

But a voice other than that of the happy wife's replied—a fresh young voice which came piping up the gangway.

"May I come to you, dad?" cried Conal, just awakened from his long sleep below; and, following his request, the lad's lithe form swung itself up the ladder.

For a moment Conal stood by the rail with a puzzled look upon his face—a look strangely familiar to his mother. Then a glad smile lighted his eyes as he cried joyously:

"'T is my dream come true! Mother 't was the sea that was calling me, all along!"

"JONESEY."

BY CARRIE CLARK NOTTINGHAM.

EVERYBODY had always called him "Bud," or "Dearest," or "Mama's Darling," or "Papa's Boy," or something like that. If strangers asked his name he answered: "Ralph Holbrook Jones, Jr.," with a very important air.

But he had had a birthday and was six years old. He had been graduated from the kindergarten and received a miniature diploma with a ribbon round it. This diploma told how much he knew about color and form and other lovely things taught at kindergarten.

Now he was to start in school, and thought it high time people began to call him "Jonesey."

Charlie simply shouted, and said that he would n't do anything of the kind. Charlie was thirteen, and apt to be careless of a "fellow's" feelings.

Mama, now, was different. You might have

thought that she 'd been one of the boys herself once, from the way *she* acted. She 'd call him "Jonesey," of course, if he liked it. She *did* put "darling" on it and try to kiss him; but he told her that he did n't want any more of that.

Papa began to say something of a teasing sort; but grandma told him she thought he ought to keep still, and papa stopped at once. He always obeyed grandma promptly. He said that was the way all boys should treat their mothers.

Papa is grandma's boy, you know. Ralph, or Jonesey, or whatever his name was, thought that was queer. There was another case just like it, though, in the same neighborhood. Ray Hammond's grandmother's boy was a grown-up man, too.

It took this boy—shall we call him Jonesey?—a long time to prepare for school that morning. But after a while he was all ready. Mama tightened a buckle on one of his leggings, tucked his mittens up his sleeves, and turned his reefer collar up around the back of his head. Then she shook hands with him very gravely and said, "Good-by, Jonesey!" while papa choked behind his newspaper.

Grandma was embroidering, and she made a red violet before she thought. Charlie stood

So Jonesey looked at the word long and hard. It was n't at all like the boy *he* could make out of the red and blue letters on his blocks. He had heard about boys across the ocean who did n't look nor talk as he did, nor wear the same sort of clothes, nor eat the same kind of food, nor anything. He wondered if this meant one of those boys.

He tried to write something like it on his slate, but made such a crooked, wabby boy that it was certainly very discouraging.



"THEN MAMA SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM VERY GRAVELY AND SAID, 'GOOD-BY, JONESEY!'"

on the stairs and held his sides and just yelled, "Ho, ho, ho!" Charlie is too boisterous, sometimes. Mama says so.

The teacher treated Jonesey just as she did the other boys. He could not have told what he expected, but something different. She told him which seat to take, and that the word on the blackboard was "BOY." She told him to study it carefully and then to try to write it in the same way on his slate. She wanted him to know that *boy* the next time he saw him.

He tried it again, and leaned so far over that his nose almost touched the pencil. It was warm in the school-room, and his head drooped lower and lower, till after a while his cheek rested on the boy on the slate, and Jonesey was fast asleep.

When the teacher walked up and down the aisles, looking at the slates, she smiled when she saw what had happened to Jonesey.

She put her hand on his head and called, "Wake up, little boy; wake up!"

And Jonesey said right out loud: "Go 'way, Towser; you're too rough! Mama, I want a cookie, please!"

And all those children, who had been going to school two or three months and knew everything, laughed as hard as they could. Then Jonesey began to cry the way he used to cry sometimes before he was six years old.

The teacher did n't scold him at all. She just took him by the hand and led him out into the cloak-room. Then she helped him into his leggings and overshoes and reefer and cap, and tucked his mittens up his sleeves just as his mama always did.

She patted him on the shoulder as if he were a very little boy, and told him that she thought he'd been at school long enough for the first day, and to come again to-morrow when he was feeling better.

Jonesey cried all the way home. When he got there, mama gathered him up in her arms. Grandma gave him a peppermint, and Nora brought in a fresh raspberry-tart.

Mama looked at him as much as a minute; then she kissed him. She looked at him another minute; then she hugged him tight, and called him her precious treasure and a lot of other nice things she used to say when he was a little boy. And Jonesey began to feel better.

After a while Ray Hammond came over, and called him "Bud," and gave him half his doughnut, just exactly as if nothing had happened.

Grandma told him that it would be hours

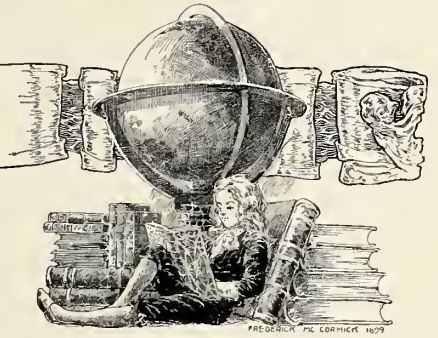


"JONESEY SAID RIGHT OUT LOUD, 'GO 'WAY, TOWSER; YOU'RE TOO ROUGH!'"

and hours before it was time to go to school again. And Ralph Holbrook Jones, Jr., sometimes called Bud, Dearest, Mama's Darling, Papa's Boy, but more recently known as "Jonesey," smiled once more just as he used to smile before he was six years old.



BOOKS AND READING.



ABOVE all, Sir Walter Scott was the champion of youth, and it is the fragrance of the spring-time that breathes through his stories. In his day writing for young people had not become a profession, otherwise there is no knowing what he might have done for us; still, he has done enough; and oddly, too, his heroes and heroines are almost without exception very young — no older, indeed, than many school-girls and -boys, and certainly not so well educated, though, poor things, the stress of the times made them sadly wiser in the ways of the world.

It is only necessary to cite a few examples. Naturally, "Ivanhoe" is the first suggestion. Rowena was fifteen when the story opens, Rebecca very little older, and Ivanhoe himself was not of age. Quentin Durward was nineteen, and Isabelle of Croye, his sweetheart, was scarcely fifteen, while her Aunt Hameline was thought quite elderly at thirty. Catherine, "The Fair Maid of Perth," was not more than seventeen. Edith Plantagenet, the heroine of "The Talisman," was about the same age. Mary Avenel, in "The Monastery," was somewhere between thirteen and fifteen, while the two brothers, Halbert and Edward, were about seventeen and fifteen respectively. Catherine Seyton, in "The Abbot," was not above sixteen, and Roland, the page, was scarcely older. Di Vernon romped with the dogs and the horses. Anne of Geierstein was a child, and Arthur Stanley merely a precocious boy; and so all through his stories, except in a few rare instances, when the tales treated of a later epoch, when maturity was not forced upon children.

The same may be said of the characters in his poems, and here it is more especially apparent among his heroines; his men are more thoughtful, and certainly older in most instances. The spirit of youth runs through everything Scott touched, and is the secret alike of the unwavering interest in his works, and of the love and veneration for the man. B. M.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE examination of lists submitted in competition for the prizes offered last month in this department is not yet fully completed. We hope to report the results in the July number.

MANY of our correspondents, of course, agree in their choices of books for young people; but our readers will perhaps be glad to see a list made up of books not so generally named.

These are a few titles selected from letters received before the competition for prizes began.

- The Big Brother, George Eggleston.
- Battles of America.
- D'Aulnoy's Fairy Tales.
- Pony Tracks, Roosevelt.
- At the Back of the North Wind, Macdonald.
- Perseverance Island, Douglas Faryar.
- Romance of War, James Grant.
- Vale of Cedars, Grace Aguilar.
- The Gate of the Giant Scissors, Annie Fellows.
- Paul Jones, Abbott.
- Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard, Kirby.
- Tales of New England, Jewett.
- The Gap in the Fence.
- Merle's Crusade.
- Blind Brother, Homer Greene.
- A Gunner Aboard the Yankee.
- Will Shakspeare's Little Lad, Clark.
- Settlers in Canada, Marryat.
- Bits of Travel at Home, H. H.
- Eric the Archer.
- Two Thousand Years Ago, Church.
- Standish of Standish.
- Story of Roland, Baldwin.

NEWBURY, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the spring of 1896 you published a letter I wrote you from Fontainebleau, France, about Holland. I was ten years old then, and I am thirteen now. At present I am very much interested in "Books and Reading for Young Folk," so I am going to try to tell you my twelve favorite books, and why they are my favorites; but it is very hard when there are so many to choose from. This is the list:

1. David Copperfield, Dickens;
2. Dombey and Son, Dickens;
3. Ivanhoe, Scott;
4. The Talisman, Scott;

5. Farthest North, Nansen; 6. In the Valley, Frederic; 7. Leatherstocking Tales, Cooper; 8. Bullet and Shell, Williams; 9. The Cat of Bubastes, Henty; 10. The Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich.

(In French.)

11. Tour du Monde en Quatre-Vingt Jours, Verne.
12. Au Centre de la Terre, Verne.

All these books stand reading a good many times, and are interesting wherever you open them, I think. That is one of the reasons I like "David Copperfield" and "Dombey and Son" so much, for I do not care particularly for the characters in them. Scott's stories give such a good idea of the times about which they are written, and they teach so much. Nansen was very brave, and tells things in such an interesting way. Just think of those two men leaving the "Fram" and going off with their dogs, quite alone, in the unexplored frigid regions! In the "Leatherstocking Tales" the men have such fine, strong characters! I admire Uncas and Hawk-Eyc greatly, not merely because they were very brave, but there is so much to them. "In the Valley" tells a very pretty story of the late colony and early Revolutionary times. "Bullet and Shell" is a book after my own heart. The author is patriotic, and not one-sided. The description of the camps, battles, and marches are very exciting, and seem real; and it is such a good idea to have a boy fighting on each side. I like "The Cat of Bubastes" because it tells the old Egyptian customs in an interesting way, and has plenty of fighting and a good story into the bargain. "The Story of a Bad Boy" is funny, not silly, and Tom is like a real boy. Of course, every one likes Jules Verne's books, they are so exciting and bright, but teach a lot at the same time.

In order to know, when I am older, what books I read, and what I thought of them at the time, I have adopted an excellent plan: in a large book I write down the name and author of every book I read, then the date it was begun, and the date I finished it. Underneath I put what I think of it, by itself, and in comparison to other books, the characters I admire, and the like. For instance:

"Redskin and Cow-boy," G. A. Henty.

"Begun, June 3, 1898. Finished, June 15.

"If Hugh had not been so perfect the book would have been more nearly perfect; it is awfully exciting, and well worth reading — one of the best of Mr. Henty's books I ever saw."

Now I wish ST. NICHOLAS would do just what it wished its young friends to do: give a list of the twelve books it considers the best reading for a young American, and why it chooses them.

FRANCES P. WHEELER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like Mowgli best of all, because he can understand beast-talk, and because he can understand men's talk. He ruled over all the animals. He is very wonderful. I like Lorna Doone and John next. Just think of John harnessing himself to a sleigh and pulling two people in it through the dark! I'd like to be like Lorna, because she was so sweet and gentle. I love Robin Hood, because he was so jolly and lived such a happy life. He tricked people in such a jolly way without telling lies. But his aunt did n't treat him well. I like "The Rose and the Ring," it's so funny. Gruffanuff is so silly. Rosalba (or Bet-sinda) is a good girl, but she is funny, too; and Angelica is stupid. Giglio is nice, but he is funny. *Everybody* is funny in that book. I love the "Nonsense

Book." I love the funny pictures. Mr. Walter Crane's pictures are very beautiful. I love to look at "Flora's Feast" and the "Wonder Book" and "The Old English Garden." I love Queen Esther, in the Bible; she was so brave, and went up to the king and said: "If I find favor in thy eyes." She saved her people. I'd like to be like Esther and be brave. Hiawatha I like very much; he could run so wild in the woods. I'd like to talk to the bees and the birds, and have the little rabbits come to me and not be afraid. I like Minnehaha. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine are just as funny! They put their money in a ginger-jar; and just think of their taking biscuits out of their pockets when they were swimming! I am seven years old. There are lots of other fine books, especially fairy books; but I'm tired. Good-by, ST. NICHOLAS. I love you, too.

MARGARET RHODES.

P. S. I think the Peterkins are so funny, specially the story about the piano. I'd like to be the Lady from Philadelphia, she's so wise. I forgot Alice. I'd love to be Alice; she has so many adventures; but they're not really.

MARGARET RHODES.

(This letter was dictated to Margaret's mother.)

WE do not intend, as a rule, to print in this department the names of correspondents; but this month we must take space enough to say "thank you" to the young writers whose names follow. We wish them to see how many letters have come and to understand why we cannot print all the good letters received:

Julia A. Loomis, Evelyn Rust, Elizabeth Anderson, "An interested reader," Helen Ives S., George Ambrose, Robert J. Riggs, Joan Oglander, Muriel Palmer, Pauline Suria, Ellen Reading, L. L. H., Ruth Crossman, Edith F. Libby, Bessie Garrison, H. G. (English), Sarah Hincks, A. A., Sarah M. H., H. E. A., Mabel M. Higgs, Roy E. Sampson, Sophy Phillips, Margaret Niven, Zechariah Chafee, Henry S. Marks, Lucille Campbell, Bessie Persons, Miriam Goddard, Elizabeth Wilbur, Marion R. Russell, Mary Comly, Alida Pear, Genevieve Boynton, "William and Robert," Virginia E. Bartlett, V. D. Ver Planck and C. Wyatt, Maurice E. Phillips, Ruth Russell, Christine Moore, George H. Stewart, Jr., J. M. Colwell, Jr., Margaret Micou, Mary Fitch, Louise Hamlin, Louise Atkinson, Robert Young Cory, Susie Merrick, Kate S. Falconer, Julia W. McCormick, Edith M. Pendleton, C. Beth Bowers, Dorothy Tryon, Ellen Shipper, Dorothy Evans, Isadore Douglas, Lulu Nordsick, Mary Camp, Bessie Ballard, Clarence Barfoot, Mary F. Kimball, Anna Cora Davidson, Julia M. Addison, Medora C. Addison, J. Thayer Addison, Laura P. Sutherland, Gladys Brooke, Dorothy Biddle, Marion G., Marie McNeal, Charles Edward Parsons, Vashti Kaye, Mildred G. Burrage, Harriet Byers, Maria Norris, Margaret Stevens, Edmund P. Robbins, Maria L. Snowden, Mira L. M., Lillian A. S., Katharine Brooks, Mona A. Kilton, Edward Harrison Green, M. Elliott, M. J., H. Kent Hewitt, Charlotte E. Coit, "A.," Eva McAdoo, Gertrude Munroe Smith, Myra Thornburg, "Pauline Dundie," Grace E. W., Helen S. H., Corinne Gradwohl, Mary Victoria Alexander, S. C. C., Stella R., Olive Kirkby, Ethel Mary Albertson, H. I. F., William Lamssem McCarty, Constance De Forest, R. E. S., Antoinette Heckscher, E. F. W., J. B. D. Motte, Jr., Maxine G., Philip B. Weld, Curtis Knowles.

CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICS.

THE DIVISION OF CHINA.

The Chinese Empire will soon be a thing of the past. Great Britain, Russia, France, Belgium, and Italy each claim the right to control large portions of China. That huge empire has never been really one country. It is made up of races differing widely from one another in many ways, and has been racked with rebellion time and time again. It was to protect southern China from the fierce Tartars of the north that the Great Wall was built.

THE SAMOAN REBELLION.

The unfortunate state of affairs in Samoa concerns the United States very deeply. ST. NICHOLAS readers will recall the story of the great hurricane at Samoa, which was told in the February, 1890, number, and "Amatua's Sailor"—which gave such a vivid description of life on the island—in the February issue for this year. Now the country is again, but unpleasantly, brought to our notice. Samoa is under the joint protection and control of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, but the natives are allowed to elect their own king. It was over this that the trouble arose. Mataafa and Malietoa Tanu were rivals for the throne. Malietoa was supported by the Americans and English, while the Germans aided Mataafa. After the election the chief justice of the islands refused to acknowledge Mataafa as the rightful king, saying that he was illegally elected. Mataafa rebelled, and, it is said, was supported in his rebellion by Herr Rose, the German consul. Matters reached such a pitch that the lives of foreign residents were not safe. At last Admiral Kautz of the United States ship "Philadelphia" bombarded some Samoan villages, and a party was landed from the English and American vessels. This party was ambushed by the natives, and was driven back to the beach with a loss of three officers and four men killed. The natives outnumbered the whites ten to one.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

The best practical results in wireless telegraphy have been obtained recently by a young Italian named G. Marconi. Experiments in this field have been carried on for some time,

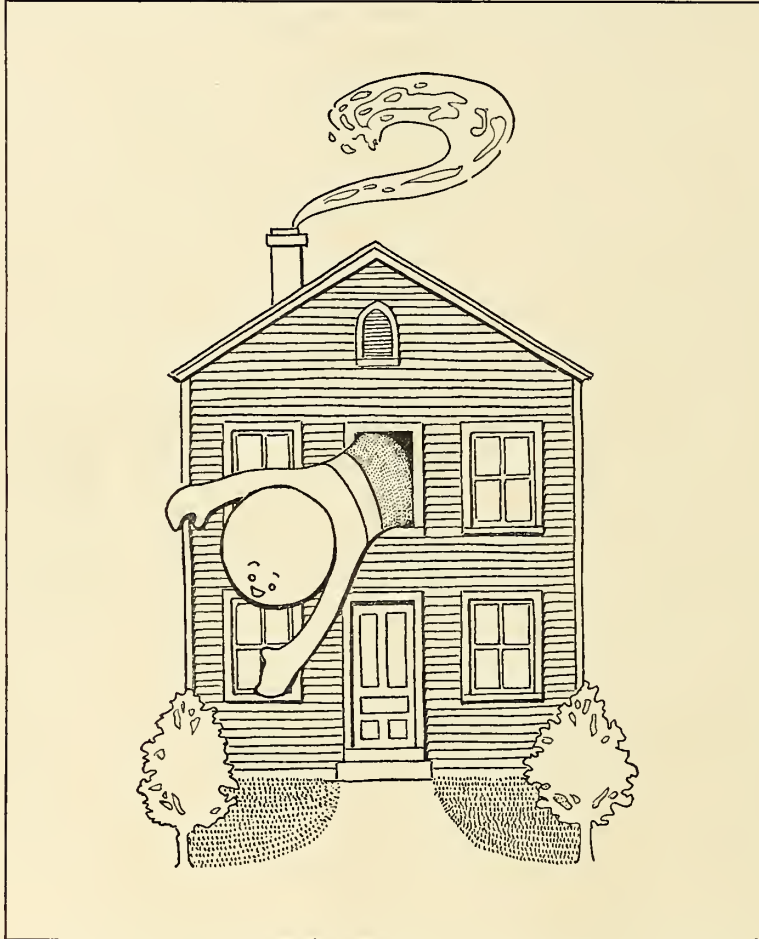
but it was left to Marconi to show that messages could be sent long distances through storm or darkness or fog—in fact, through almost any obstacle—without the aid of wires. He has established complete and uninterrupted communication across the English Channel. The messages are carried by magnetic waves which travel with great velocity. It is difficult to explain the methods and apparatus used, but it is interesting to know that ships at sea, lighthouses, and distant ports will soon be able to communicate with one another by means of this system.

AN ENORMOUS TELESCOPE.

One of the marvels of the Paris Exposition in 1900 will be a telescope of such extraordinary size that the great instrument of the Lick Observatory in California, and the Yerkes telescope for the Chicago University, hitherto considered the giants of their kind, will seem only of fair dimensions in comparison with it. The Paris telescope is to be worked on the "siderostat" principle. In this kind of instrument the telescope tube lies in a horizontal position, and the light from the object to be observed is reflected through the lenses by a mirror mounted in front of the large lens which is called the "objective." This mirror has a clockwork attachment, which moves it so that it can follow the movement of a star or other heavenly body that is under observation. The tube for this telescope will be 197 feet long, and the lens is over four feet in diameter.

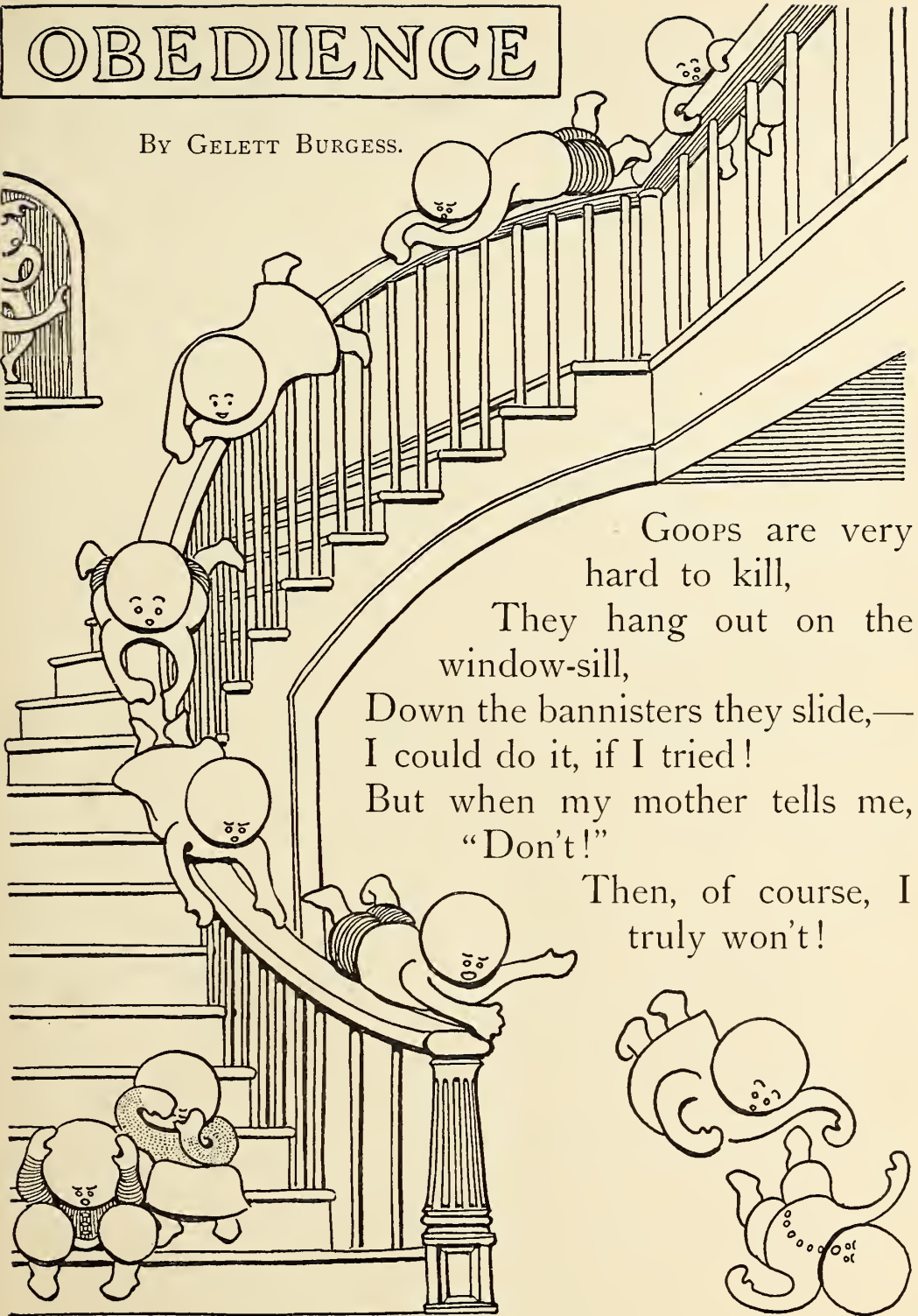
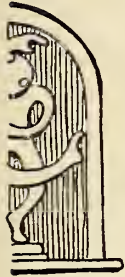
STAR-GAZING AT MIDDAY.

The reason why we cannot see the stars with the naked eye in the daytime, under ordinary conditions, is because the sun gives so much light that the feebler gleam of the stars makes no impression on the eyes. When one is at the bottom of a deep well, however, the stars can be plainly seen. In this case the sides of the well shut out the glare of the sun. The same thing occurs when a large telescope is used: the tube of the instrument keeps out much of the daylight; and so the visitors to an observatory are sometimes treated to a sight of the stars at noontime. It is often fortunate for the work of astronomers that the stars can be seen during the day.



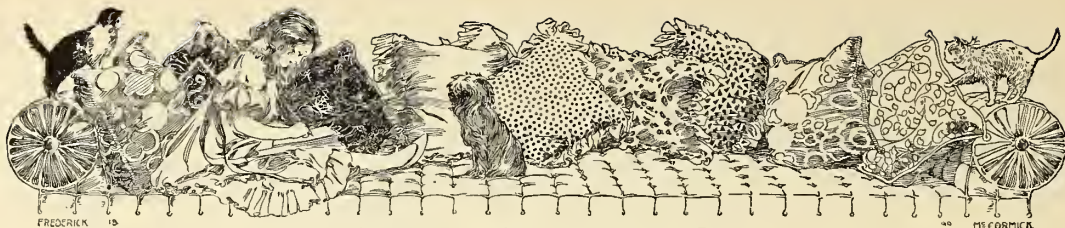
OBEDIENCE

BY GELETT BURGESS.



Goops are very
hard to kill,
They hang out on the
window-sill,
Down the bannisters they slide,—
I could do it, if I tried!
But when my mother tells me,
“Don’t!”

Then, of course, I
truly won’t!



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of St. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

HERE is a story from a very young contributor :

JERRY.

JERRY FIELD lived in a large house with two deaf, half-blind aunts, in the upper part of New York City.

Jerry often wished that he was a newsboy, and could jump on cars and cry: "Extra! Telegram, just out!" and not the nephew of two rich maiden aunts. But as he could not, he had to hope for the best.

One spring day, as Jerry was walking down Broadway, he saw a newsboy who looked exactly like himself. Jerry accosted him thus: "You look just like me, and have the same sort of a voice. Now, if you want, we'll change in some back alley, and you put on my clothes, and I'll put on yours and take your papers. You go to 18 West Eighty-first Street, and act as you think best." The transaction was no sooner said than done. So Jerry went his way, and the newsboy his.

In about two weeks a miserable, half-starved newsboy could have been seen crying in Central Park. He, however, had not been crying long, when he saw a victoria with two old ladies in it and a young boy. Jerry gave a yell, and made a dash for the carriage; but it had gone, and Jerry wandered back to his seat, crying bitterly. In about twenty minutes the same carriage appeared; but Jerry was not to lose it, so he cried to the coachman to stop, which he did, and Jerry made himself recognizable.

When they reached home he told his story. The newsboy, however, was not to be left out. He was sent to boarding-school, and lived to be a great man.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

A PATRIOTIC little girl forgets her breakfast while watching the "Rough Riders":

TAMPA, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa gave you to me for a Christmas present, and I like you very much. My sister Jessie took you for several years. I was ten years old the thirtieth day of December, and before I was old enough to read, mama used to read Jessie's books to me. My favorite stories were "Juan and Juanita," "Lady Jane," and "Toinette's Philip."

I have just finished reading Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," and think little Nell's life a sad one.

We saw a great deal of army life last summer, when the soldiers were here. Several of the camps were just a short way from our house, among them infantry, cavalry, and the Rough Riders. The latter came to Tampa early one morning, and just before breakfast they all passed our house, going into camp. We were so interested in them that breakfast was for the time forgotten.

The bugle-call used to wake us up in the morning, but we were soon accustomed to it and did not hear it; taps at bedtime sounded very sweet, and sometimes sad, as it echoed through the woods.

I enjoyed seeing the soldiers drill, especially the cavalrymen on their horses.

Later in the season a company of the Fifth Maryland went into camp near us, and used to drill back of our house. When they stacked arms to rest, we would have ice-water ready for them, for we knew they were warm and thirsty. One morning they stood near the dining-room windows, and softly sang one verse of "On the Banks of the Wabash." It sounded very sweet. They gave us several buttons.

They were still in camp when we left for the North, and upon our return they had all gone, and we missed the soldier boys.

Your admiring reader,

ETHEL JOSEPHINE MCCOY.

THIS letter gives us a prediction made by an old shipmate of Admiral Dewey's:

OAK KNOLL FARM,
THAXTON, BEDFORD CO., VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twins, eight years old, and we have wanted to write to you for a long time. We were born in the capital city of Iowa, but have lived in Virginia nearly four years, and like it very much.

We have three brothers and one little sister. Our aunts have sent you to us for nine years. We like "Denise and Ned Toodles" and "The Story of Betty" best.

We have a big St. Bernard dog named "Rex," and a harness for him. Papa gave the *little* boys two calves, and he is going to give us each a sheep.

Papa was a naval officer, but he resigned before we were born.

Admiral Dewey was his first captain. Papa said, when the war began, that Dewey would be heard from.

We hope that you will publish this letter. Papa would be so pleased and surprised to see it. He does not know we have written to you.

ELIZABETH and KATHERINE KEELER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you all about my cat, "Monkey." She is very pretty. She is black and brown, and she is very sleek. One day I had her in my arms, and all at once she jumped down on the ground and ran as hard as she could into the bushes. Then I saw a rabbit run over the garden wall. Monkey ran the rabbit for a good time, and then it jumped into some shrubbery, and Monkey could not find him.

So she came back to me and got up in my arms; but she did not sit still any more, and her large green eyes were larger than ever. At last she saw the poor little bunny, and away she rushed; but she did not catch him, and she did not run entirely away.

I must stop, for my little baby brother has come in.

MARGARET CLOED.

STANLEY, FALKLAND ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you have never had a letter from any one in the Falklands. So I thought it might interest you to hear from a Kelper (as we are called). I think some people fancy we are not civilized; but I can assure you we are quite as well educated as children of our own class are in other parts of the world. There are three churches and four schools here, besides assembly rooms. We have no trees, which is rather a pity; but as we have never had them, we don't miss them.

We get your magazine from the Library, and enjoy it very much, especially the serial stories.

Your interested reader, "PALE MAIDEN."

READING, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We like your magazine very much. My sister has taken it for five years.

I am a little boy ten years old this month. I am very fond of poetry, and have written a few little rhymes which I thought you might print.

Yours truly, JACOB Z. SCHMUCKER.

THE PUSSY-CAT AND THE BIG, BIG DOG.

A PUSSY-CAT went out for a walk,
But what was her horror to see
A big, big dog come walking along;
Then up she climbed in a tree.

But the big, big dog he barked and barked,
And he barked till his throat was sore;
Then he said, "Good day," and went away,
And never came back any more.

JACOB Z. SCHMUCKER.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to the statement, "Who will describe the Brandenburger Thor" (the question was in the Letter-Box of the March number), I will try to tell you all I know about it.

The Brandenburger Thor is a large gateway in Berlin, at the end of the street called "Unter den Linden." It divides the street from the large park. The gate is divided into five archways; the two side ones are used by any one, but the center one is only used by the royal family. Guards stand at either side of it day and night, so as not to allow any one else to go through. On the top of this middle arch is a statue of Victory riding in a chariot. This statue used to face the street of Unter den Linden. When Napoleon Bonaparte was at Berlin he took this statue off and took it to Paris. Later a noted German general went to Paris and brought it back to Berlin, and put it on top of the gate, but faced it toward the park instead of the street. Around Brandenburger Thor are all the residences of the ambassadors. The United States ambassador's residence is to the right of this gate.

Your faithful reader, HARRIET BYERS.

We thank Miss Byers for her excellent reply to our request.

THE following letter comes from a school, and out of many, written in competition, the scholars voted that this one should be sent to ST. NICHOLAS.

WABASH, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are going to write a letter to you to tell you who we are, and how much we appreciate you in our school.

We all have enjoyed the "Sole Survivors." When we

began it we were studying about the Virginia Colony. We all like "Betty" also.

Wabash is in Wabash County, on the Wabash River. It is not very large, but those who live here would not like to leave. The city of Wabash was named after an Indian chief.

Wabash was the first city in the world to have tower electric lights. We have one of the largest paper-mills in the United States. The hat-factory is another large factory. We have very large railroad-shops on the C. C. C. and St. L. There are other large factories, viz.: soap-factory, the bridge-works, the school-furniture, and a granary. We used to have a shoe-factory, but it burned a few years ago.

Running through Wabash are two railroads, the Wabash and the C. C. C. and St. L.

The land around Wabash is fertile, and much agriculture is carried on.

The land is hilly. It gives a pretty effect to the city, but in summer, when we want to take a wheel ride, the hills are troublesome.

We have a very nice court-house. It is made of brick and stone. Our High School is a beautiful building made of sandstone. They are building a new Methodist church. It is made of Bedford stone.

The Big Four Store is one of our largest business houses.

Well, that is all. Hoping you will prosper forever, we remain,

Your faithful readers,

SIXTH GRADE, MIAMI BUILDING (MARIE DAVIS).

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are a great many kinds of flowers in bloom, and the linnets are trying to find their last year's nests.

The California mocking-bird is singing sweetly.

Yesterday we went to Pasadena, and a real-estate man took us out riding. Once he stopped in front of an orange grove that looked up at a beautiful house, and told me to get out.

I stared at him a minute, and then I got out. Then he told my brother to get out.

When we had gotten out, he told both of us to run up on the hill and pick as many oranges as we could carry; of course it was his house.

One day we were walking down town in San Diego. We saw a pair of horses racing and tearing down the street. A lady said they ran into another wagon, and knocked the horse that drew it, and knocked the wheels off their own wagon.

I bought a bow and arrow from a Mexican Indian at Yuma, where the train stopped twenty minutes for meals. Carried it around for nearly two weeks, then I left it in the Santa Fé waiting-room, and when we sent there for it, it was gone.

Down in San Diego, I put some candy in my pocket, and a monkey climbed up me and got the candy.

There was a little rat in San Diego who would come up to the top of his cage to have his back scratched. He was all white, with pink eyes and pink nose.

I like ST. NICHOLAS as well in California as I did in Connecticut. From GRAHAM BLAIR MOODY.

SIDON, SYRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have not seen a letter from this part of the world, so we thought we would write to you.

We have three brothers. One of them is eight and a half. He likes the ST. NICHOLAS very much. He likes "The Sole Survivors" this year, and last year he liked the "Black Prince" and the "Biddicut Boys." We like

the stories about the girls best: "Miss Nina Barrow," "June's Garden," "Denise and Ned Toodles," and "The Story of Betty." One of us is named Ruth, and she is thirteen, and the other is named Dora, and she is twelve. Mama reads to us out of the ST. NICHOLAS evenings. This is the fifth year we have taken it. We liked the story of "Chuggins" very much. All the Americans that live here came over, and we read it aloud to them, and they liked it very much. We are studying German, Arabic, and English. Your loving readers,

RUTH M. EDDY,
DORA EDDY.

HERE is a clever joke from an eleven-year-old:

"SPRING," sang the poet, "budding spring!"
Alas! the boughs were bare.
He was himself the one green thing,
For snow was everywhere.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

JOAN GLENNY.

GALATZ, ROUMANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have already written to you before, but now I am a year older, and hope to write more interesting things. I will begin to tell you about the blessing of the Danube. The bishop and many priests walk along the shore, and then they throw a big cross of wood into the Danube. But some years ago they used to have one made of ice, and the men used to jump in after it, to see which of them could get it, and the man who got it took it round and got some money in every house; but as the men fought so that once one was killed, they are no more allowed to jump after the cross. All along, the shore is decorated with fir-tree branches, and the people take bits of them home and hang them over their beds, and say it is lucky. The Roumanian peasant dress is very pretty; it is all little sequins, and worked with red and blue. I will tell you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, how a Roumanian peasant wedding is. When they go to fetch the bride, the men all walk on one side, and the women on the other, and at the back of them about two or four carts follow, loaded with their furniture and linen. The bride, instead of a veil, has long threads of gold hanging down her back. We spent a very jolly Christmas out here, and we had some theatricals. I was a fairy, all in yellow with little silver sequins sewed on. We had such a mild winter here, we hardly had any snow at all. I love to go sleigh-riding here. Once there used to be so much snow that the man-servant had to dig a way for us to the gate, and he used to dig tunnels for us in the snow, and we ran through them and had such fun! Now the climate seems to have changed. My cousin has got an ice-boat, but he could not sail it because there was hardly any ice. I can ride a bicycle now, and sometimes on Sundays I have one or two little friends coming with me for a ride. Through you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I have had letters from different parts of the world, from girls and boys, asking me for Roumanian stamps. My sister Gladys has a collection of post-cards. They are so pretty; it is a very nice idea. My brother-in-law is named commercial attaché at the Embassy in Vienna. I will be very glad if you will put my letter in; it is so nice to see one's letter printed. We did not go to Sinaia, as I said in my last letter, but to Tushnad, a very nice bathing-place in Hungary, in the mountains. I am now learning the "Mondschein Sonata," by Beethoven. I remain,

Your loving reader, CLARE YOUELL.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never yet seen a letter of Hungary printed in your magazine; therefore we will write to you to let you know that also here some girls and boys enjoy ST. NICHOLAS. We like very much

all your stories, and think at present "The Story of Betty" the nicest. We are six children. Three of us, aged fifteen, thirteen, and ten years, are your subscribers; but even our eldest sister likes to read it, and our two baby brothers have great pleasure with the beautiful illustrations. Last month my sister and I went with papa for three weeks to the shore of the Adriatic Sea, to Abbazia, where the climate is much milder than here in Hungary. From there one can make many lovely excursions by carriage and on board ship. We went to Lussin-Piccolo, five hours by steamer. Just then there were some war-ships and many torpedo-boats stationed, which was of great interest to us, who saw this for the first time.

We will spend this summer on the Lake of Worth, in Carinthia, where we have great sport in rowing, fishing, and swimming. All of us are cyclists, and the roads there are excellent.

With best wishes and kindest regards, I remain,
Your faithful reader,

ALICE ABELSBERG (aged thirteen).

THESE bright verses come from a very little poet:

THE DAISY.

IN the corner of my garden
A little green thing grew,
Beside the roses splendid
And forget-me-nots of blue.

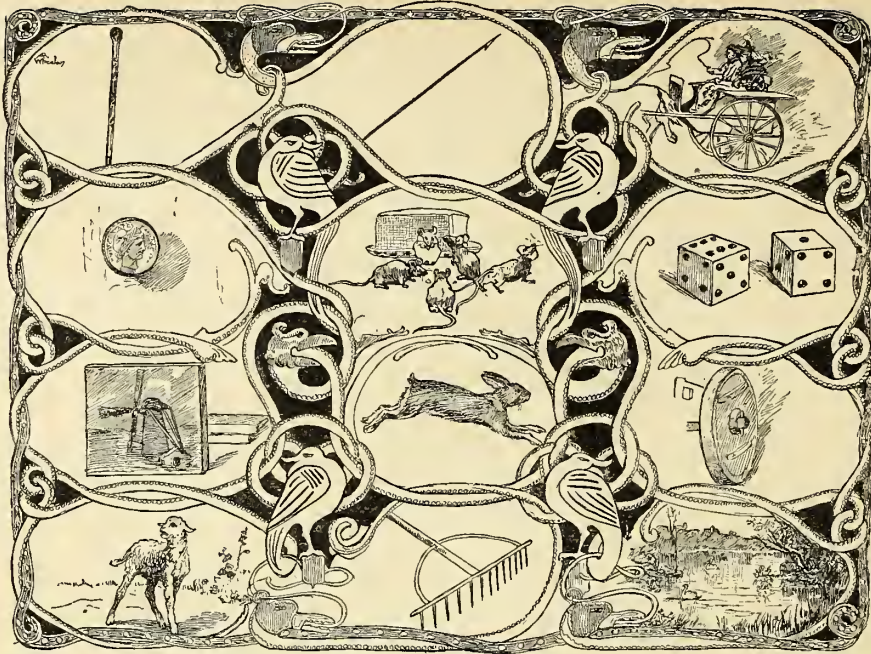
The sun shone down, and from its warmth
Grew out a heart of gold;
The clouds dropped down upon it,
White petals to unfold.

And from the sun so beautiful,
And the clouds so white and fair,
A little daisy blossomed,
The sweetest flower there.

POLLY DONALD.

WE have received delightful and interesting letters from the friends whose names here follow:

Jennie Arnold, Ethelwin Bailey, E. Janet Bahan, Louise B., Linda Bonbright, A. M. B., Alice Brown, R. W. Belknap, Danton N. Bardollo, Elinor Brown, Mary Jane Bowers, W. W. Brown, Timothy Dwight Bridgen, Charlotte Baher, Dorothy A. Baldwin, N. B. and C. Q. N., J. B. Bartlett, Katherine L. Carrington, Dorothy M. Crossley, Elizabeth F. Corbett, Hew Caird, Dora Call, Frances D. Clark, Dorothy Coit, Marjorie Clifford, Alice B. Callender, Charlotte Danbury, V. A. D., Ruth Havenner Darden, Godefroi D., T. Dwight Davis, Lilian Deane, Mattie Englehardt, Arthur C. Evans, Gabrielle Elliott, Mary Esther Edwards, Hildegard Gerbhard, Agatha Gurney, Ernest Grill, Jr., Janet Golden, W. M. Gurney, Kenneth S. Guiterman, Grethen Huegin, Arthur Howell, Alice Martin Higgins, Helen S. H., Harold Hawk, Marjory Jenks, Ernestine Jennant, Helen Kane, Ruth Kimball, Dorothy Kane, Dorothy Kent, Marjory Linton, Mary Virginia Martin, Bessie J. Morgan, Katherine McIver, Marjory B. R. McIver, Gladly Miller, W. J. M., Rose Guthrie Marsh, J. W. S. Morrison, Emily Gordon McL., Herbert Maynard, Jr., Sarah Nelson, Eltie Oliver, Anna R. Ogden, James O'Reilly, Amy Poppe, G. P., Warren Pillsbury, Betsey Ross, Ed. Blake Robbins, Ruth C. Reid, E. M. and N. R., Kathryn Rogers, R. C. Roark, Clare M. Rhodes, T. M. R., Bess Riggs, Hester Read, Madge Reed (who invite ST. NICHOLAS to come and see them in London), C. Evelyn Rust, Bennett J. Sullivan, Goldie Skinner, Jennie D. Shenton, Catharine Stayton, Annie Sohler, Edith Shoemaker, Helen B. Sharp, Clara M. Thorne, "The Unknown," Helen M. Williams, Rex Wheeler, Kenelm Winslow, Emma C. Yawger, Emma J. Yawger.



DIVIDED WORDS.

TAKE half of the word that describes the first picture and add it to half of the word describing the second picture; it will make the word that describes the third picture. This is true of each line of pictures. F. H. W.

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. A LETTER. 2. An animal. 3. A country. 4. A drink. 5. A letter.

II. 1. A letter. 2. An American author. 3. A country. 4. A fish. 5. A letter.

K. JOHNSTON AND V. D

CHARADE.

My *last* are celebrated, noted, learned:
Some will not come for years, and some have gone—
Ah, never to return. And only one,
We may with truthfulness assert, exists.
And yet my *first* can buy them, eat them, too,
And set them if he choose; and upon one
Of them he may perhaps send forth my *whole*;
Or on it may perhaps inscribe my *whole*;
Or on my *whole* he may inscribe my *last*.

CAROLYN WELLS.

A SWARM OF BEES.

SUCH havoc as they made! They changed a bit of cloth to a boast (b-rag); they changed (1) a spirituous liquor into a bundle of goods; (2) an awkward fellow into part of a whale; (3) a numeral into a hard substance; (4) a bird into a kitchen utensil; (5) an implement for playing tennis into a little shelf; (6) part of the head into a wild animal; (7) drops of water were turned into an organ of thought; (8) a garden tool became part of a bicycle; (9) a large farm was changed into part of a tree; (10) a quantity of paper into a fish; (11) final into a gust of wind; (12) a pile of hay into burnt clay; (13) a small stream into a fish; (14) a machine for making cloth into blossom; (15) an intricate

fastening into a thick piece of wood; (16) a bird into a running stream; (17) an apartment into a useful implement; (18) a dash into another useful implement; (19) a dilapidated building into a wild animal; (20) a knave into a peculiarity of the Irish speech; (21) a beam of light into a harsh noise; and (22) everything was changed to a child's plaything. A. C. BANNING.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. INEXPENSIVE. 2. A European city. 3. That which falls out. 4. An old name for the earthnut. 5. Inconsiderable. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN flowers are sweet and birds in tune,
With perfect days I come in June.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. IF you 'd contemplate style in birds
Use gentle, softly uttered words;
2. And when the morning sky is red
Rush out of doors with velvet tread.
3. Your Maltese cat a lesson teaches
When stealthily she crawls and reaches.
4. Have salt concealed within your fist
And then hold up a steady wrist.
5. Let not your courage now forsake you
Or sad disasters may o'ertake you.
6. And if you capture insects, try
To shun the wicked Spanish fly.
7. When martins perch on posts and rails
Place salt upon their swallowtails.
8. Your head will ache at once, I fear,
To find them far that were so near.

ANNA M. PRATT.



ROBERT SALLETTE.

"A STALWART MAN WITH A PONDEROUS SACK, A SWORD AT HIS SIDE AND A GUN AT HIS BACK."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI.

JULY, 1899.

No. 9.

ROBERT SALLETTE.

(A Ballad of the Revolution.)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE Liberty Boys are up and out ;
They 're here with a song and there with a
shout ;
They 're here in a flash and there in a
flame,
And they flee and jeer at King George's
name.
The Tories may bluster and fluster and fret,
But the Liberty Boys will beat them yet ;
And the chief of the Boys is Robert
Salette.

Robert Sallette—his limbs are long,
And his good right arm is uncommonly
strong.
He rides like a centaur, he swims like a
fish ;
And the Liberty Boys will rise at his wish ;
And the Tories have never a chance to
forget
The name and the fame of Robert Sallette.

There 's a gentleman Tory, rich and old ;
He has bought up acres and hoarded up
gold.

He sits in his house never making a noise,
For fear of a visit from the Liberty Boys.
And he says aloud : " A price I will set
On the head of this traitor, Robert Sallette.

" Oh, Governor Wright is mild and kind,
And justice and mercy are much to his
mind ;
But a harsher voice than his should be
heard
To uphold the cause of King George the
Third,
And to silence this horrible noise that comes
From Boston way of fifes and drums.
One hundred guineas the man shall get
Who will bring me the head of Robert
Salette! "

The Tory sits in his old oak chair,
With arms and blazonry carven fair ;
He sits and quakes, and his very heart aches,
And not even the ghost of a noise he
makes :
For news came last night that the Boys
would ride ;
And he hears the tramp of a horse outside,
A jingling stirrup, a ringing tread ;
And the soul within him sits cold with
dread.

There falls on the door a thunderous
knock,
And it jars his ear like a cannon's
shock.

And into the room there strides, before
The trembling darky can close the door,
A stalwart man with a ponderous sack,
A sword at his side and a gun at his back.

I have ridden too fast and ridden too far,
And have seen too much of your Liberty
War,
To run a risk at the very end.



“ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS THE MAN SHALL GET
WHO WILL BRING ME THE HEAD OF ROBERT SALLETTE!”

He drops the sack with a heavy thump,
And it strikes the floor like a leaden lump;
And he says, with a look so stern and
bright

It seems to pierce like a sword of light:
“A hundred guineas I come to get,
For I bring you the head of Robert
Sallette!”

The Tory starts, and his heart turns sick,
And his eyes grow dim, and his breath
comes quick,
As he stares at the thing that bulges
round
At the end of the sack that lies on the
ground.

“Show me the head, ere you speak so
bold!”

“Nay!” quoth the stranger. “First, the
gold!”

So out with your money,
my loyal friend,
And then, I promise you,
you shall get
A sight of the head of
Robert Sallette!”

The gold rings out on the
table there;
It lies in a heap both
broad and fair,
A glittering pyramid rich
and rare,
Outshining Egypt’s, be-
yond compare.
The stranger laughs at the
splendid sight,
But again his look is stern
and bright.

“A bargain ’s a bargain,
friend,” he said.

“You pay right well for a
homely head!”

For”—he swung his hat
from his forehead
clear—

“The head of Robert Sallette is—*here!*”

There ’s a man who rides, and sings as he
rides,
And shakes in his saddle, and claps his
sides,

For glee at hearing the guineas chink
In his pockets so merrily—tink! tink!
tink!

He laughs “Ha! ha!” and he laughs
“Ho! ho!”

And he ’s off to the forest like shaft from
bow.

“My fine old friend, ’t will be some time yet
Ere I part with the head of Robert
Sallette!”

There ’s a Tory gentleman, rich and old,
Who sits and quakes with an icy cold.
His teeth they chatter with fear and rage,
And he says some things unbecoming his age,

As he glares at the ground, and at some-
 thing round
 That rolls from a sack with a thumping sound.
 He grumbles and groans, and he savagely
 tears

In a painful way at his grizzled hairs;
 And he cries: "Oh the murderous, traitor-
 ous bumpkin!
 Instead of his head, he 's left me a
 pumpkin!"



RACHEL STAHL had looked up once in a while from her book to glance down the quiet street. It seemed very still for a Fourth of July morning, and she thought of the all-night racket she had endured last summer, at Ayres Street, where the celebration lasted for twenty-four hours. At Bronson Place it had begun about five. There was an outburst from a few cannon crackers, and a blast from a tin horn.

Miss Rachel could not go to sleep again, so she dressed and went downstairs nearly an hour before it was time to go to breakfast. It had

rained during the night, but before dawn it cleared away, and the sun was shining gloriously on the well-washed streets. She went to the door, and stood on the shady porch for a few minutes, watching the two boys who lived near by. She had come to Bronson Place only two weeks ago, so she did not know their names, but she had seen them every time she went out.

They were evidently the only children in the retired, old-fashioned neighborhood; and when they played, it was very sedately, as if they realized that Bronson Place would tolerate none but quiet, well-behaved children. One boy was always prettily dressed. He lived in a great brick house at the corner. The other little fellow was not exactly shabby, but he

looked as if his mother made his clothes over from his father's old ones. He belonged in the tiny frame house which had no shutters at the windows. Miss Rachel had noticed how hot and bare it was, one day, as she drew together the wide green blinds to cool her sun-heated room.

At seven o'clock she put on her hat and went to breakfast, then strolled down to the newspaper office for her letters. It seemed unusually hot and disagreeable in the editorial rooms. Heaps of exchanges and a handful of proofs lay beside her desk, but she did not touch them. She hurried out again, eager for her cool, vine-shaded sitting-room, and a whole day of rest and quiet. The streets were thronged with excursionists and picnickers. She wondered how anybody could be so foolish as to prefer a day in the blazing sun to a quiet holiday at home.

When she got back to Bronson Place, she passed the two boys sitting on a high curbstone with scatterings of exploded fire-crackers around them. They smiled sedately, very unlike real Fourth-of-July boys, and said, "Yes, ma'am," when she asked if they had had a good time.

How delightful her sitting-room seemed after the editorial rooms! It was comfort itself, from the floor with its cool matting to the white muslin curtains and green plants by the window. The wide window-seat looked inviting, so she stretched herself out there with the new book she had bought for her Fourth-of-July treat. She had read a score of excellent reviews of it, and waited for a whole day to enjoy it. It proved as thrilling as the reviewers had promised, and she was forgetting how the time was passing until startled by a noise quite foreign to Bronson Place. A tally-ho coach was dashing up from Main Street. Flags were fluttering about it. They decorated the horses' heads; they were waving from the windows; and one large "Old Glory" on top floated out in the breeze as proudly as if it flew from the court-house flagpole. There was a load of people within. On top, they were blowing tin horns, singing, and shouting, while the four splendid horses drew up impatiently before the red house at the corner.

Miss Rachel opened the window to watch them. She noticed, next door, the boy in his faded blue gingham suit gazing at them wistfully. The row of children who occupied a long seat on top caught sight of him, and shouted, "Hey, there!" as they tossed their silk flags excitedly. A poor cheap little flag lay on the step. He lifted it and waved it as quietly as a little Bronson Place boy ought to do.

Just then the other Bronson Place boy appeared. He looked bright and handsome in a white suit with red braid, and his yellow hair fell in curls from under a red silk cap. His mother was with him. She stopped him for a moment, as the footman prepared to lift him up among the other children, to warn him to be very careful and not fall off. She climbed the small ladder to the front seat, and put up her white parasol. The horns blew, the flags waved wildly, the horses stamped and tossed their heads; then they dashed down the street, around the corner, and out of sight.

Miss Rachel turned to pull back the shutter, when she heard some one say: "Paul, dear, do not leave the sidewalk; stay there for a little while."

"Yes, mama," said the boy in the faded blue gingham; and he waved his flag slowly as a last salute to the retreating noise of the tally-ho coach.

Miss Rachel closed the window-shutters and took up her book again. But somehow it had lost its interest. It was growing actually wearisome. She laid it down and peeped through the slats at the small frame house. Paul was sitting on the sidewalk, playing short, muffled toots on his tin horn. He knew the police had ordered "no noise after nine o'clock," and although the people on Main Street were not obeying the law, he had promised his mother to be still and not disturb the neighbors. Miss Rachel went back to her book; but it had grown absolutely dull, and on every page she seemed to see the lonely boy on the deserted sidewalk.

Suddenly Miss Rachel jumped up. She could not endure it another moment. Her eyes were full of blinding tears as she thought of the four boys on the Western farm she called home, and of the fun they were having while

they burned up in fireworks the five-dollar bill she had sent there last week. She ran over to the frame house. "Is it very lonely, Paul?" she asked, smiling, though her eyes were wet.

"Yes, ma'am," he said soberly. "Robbie has gone away till night. But we had lots of fun this morning. He had fifty cents' worth of penny crackers."

"Where is your mama?" she asked.

"Upstairs. Baby has the measles, and I have to stay downstairs till she is better. I sleep on the sofa in the sitting-room, because mama does n't want me to catch it."

"Ask her to speak to me a minute."

Paul climbed a few steps of the bare, steep stairs, and called his mother softly. She came to the landing and looked down, while she made a gesture toward the room where the sleeping baby lay.

"I 'm Miss Stahl from next door," Rachel whispered. "Will you lend me your little boy for to-day? I have nobody to go picnicking with."

"Oh," said the pale-faced woman, cordially, "I shall be so glad! His father has to work to-day, or he would have taken Paul somewhere. It makes my heart ache to see him sit alone there; and yet, I can't come down, for baby is real sick and has been so fretty. Only—he is n't dressed. I 've got no washing done this week, and—"

"But he 's dressed beautifully," said Miss Rachel, enthusiastically. "He 's neat and clean; and we will have a lovely time. May I have him all day long—to dinner and supper?"

She turned. Paul had seized her hand, and was looking up at her with radiant eyes.

"You are so kind!" said the tired mother.

"No, indeed; you are good to let me have him. So good-by. Say good-by, Paul; you won't be home again for ten hours, perhaps."

He threw his mother an ecstatic kiss, and, holding Rachel's hand, skipped excitedly along to No. 27, not like a sedate little boy of Bronson Place any more.

"Well," said Rachel, as she plumped him into the wide, cushioned window-seat, and pulled a watch from her belt, "where shall we go? It 's half-past nine now, and there are such a

lot of things we can do before it grows dark! Have you ever been down the river in the 'Mascot'?"

"No," he cried excitedly; "but I have seen it start."

"That is n't enough. We will go with it."

He jumped up from among the pillows, and put his arms about Miss Rachel's neck.

"Oh," she cried, clasping him tight in her arms, "that is exactly what Trot would have done!"

"Who 's Trot?" asked Paul; and he looked curiously into her tear-brimming eyes.

"Trot is my smallest brother. He was just as big as you are when I saw him last. That was three years ago."

"Why can't we go and see him to-day?"

"We can't, dear. He is thousands of miles away—down in California. But come; if we hurry we will catch the ten-fifteen boat. We shall need a bag, and we will take plenty of money along," she said laughingly, as she unlocked her desk. "We are going to be truly extravagant and have a genuine holiday."

Paul darted to open the front door. Miss Rachel was with him in a minute, and as they passed the little frame house they waved a good-by to the mother, who sat sewing by the bedroom window.

Paul grew restless and excited while Miss Rachel bought countless strings of red crackers at a crowded counter, and two or three great cannon crackers that nearly filled her bag. Then they made a visit to a confectioner, where a lot of candy was crowded into the bag; and they ate ice-cream and cake at a small marble-topped table.

"This tastes heaps better than hoky-poky," said Paul, gravely, as he industriously scraped his saucer clean.

"Come," cried Miss Rachel, hurriedly; "we must catch that car for the wharf."

"It 's our lucky day," she said, as she beamed down on Paul, in the street-car. He sat squeezed in between two stout passengers. Miss Rachel had been hanging on to a strap and talking to a tall man who stood beside her.

"I know that," said Paul, brightly.

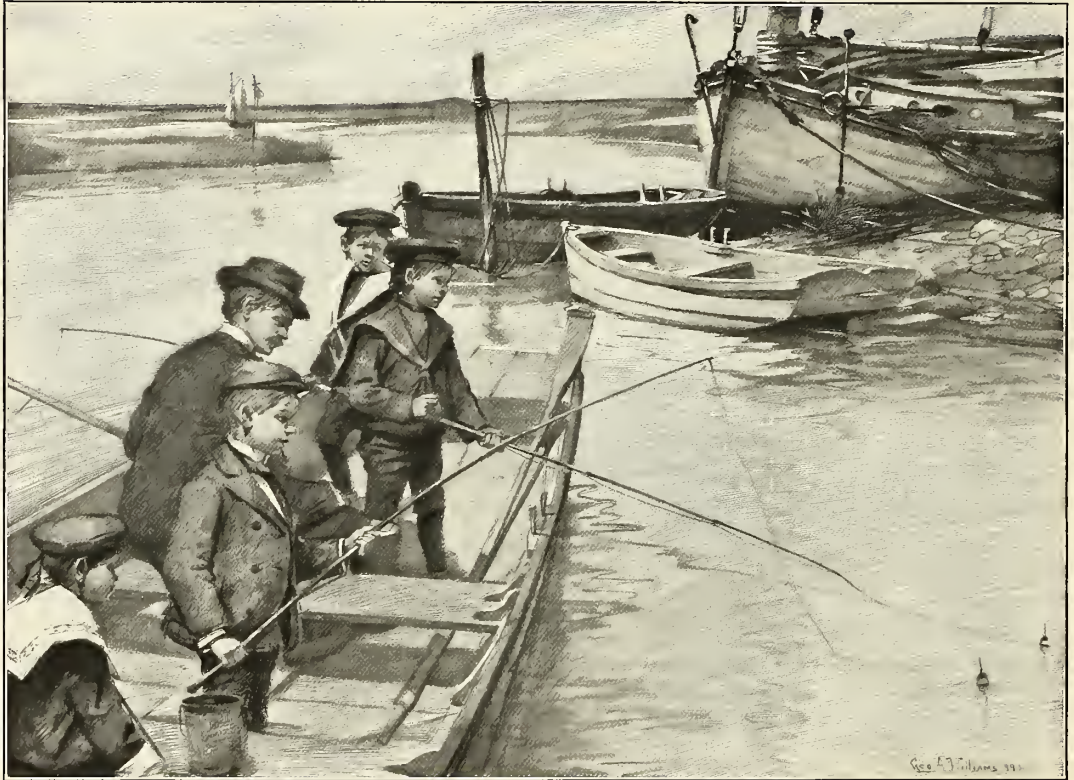
"Oh, you don't know half of it. Just think! We are not going in the Mascot, after all. This

is our editor-in-chief, Mr. Major, and he has invited us to go down to Agawam Grove with him in the 'Sandpiper,' his steam-launch. Think of it!"

Paul smiled and looked wise. He rather regretted the Mascot. Robbie had told him of beautiful sails on it, and he had seen her puffing down the river, black with people. He did not know what a steam-launch was; probably it was something like the steam-cars; and he

Three boys, who seemed about his own age, and two little girls, were looking at him shyly, while Miss Rachel was telling their father and mother about the boy at Bronson Place, who had nobody to play with, and was n't going to have any Fourth of July.

"We will see he has *one* Fourth of July, anyway," said Mr. Major, heartily, as he handed Paul down to the man who stood in the launch waiting for the passengers. Paul



"MR. MAJOR TOOK THEM FISHING IN THE BIG PUNT ON AGAWAM POND."

smothered a sigh, for he would have preferred the river. Only, Miss Rachel looked delighted, so he was happy.

When they reached the wharf, and saw the Mascot steam away, he quite forgot he had been disappointed for a moment. He was watching the Sandpiper. It was bobbing about in the water. Little shrieks came from its whistle, and its gay canopy of red, white, and blue flapped in the breeze. Flags were floating over it, and it looked perfectly delightful down there among the bright cushions.

had a seat close by the locker, and he watched eagerly the things that went into it: ice, big baskets, bundles of fire-crackers, a can of milk, a deep pail with ice packed into it, and heaps of other things that go with a picnic. Then he turned to see the hundreds of boats darting out into the wide river—boats with sails, and boats without them, puffing steam-launches, and at one time another big steamboat like the Mascot.

Everywhere there were flags, tin horns, and boys and girls as happy as Paul. But they could

not have been quite so happy, he would have told you; for this was his first real Fourth of July, and he was seven years old. It was not until they had sailed under the bridge that Paul began to talk and get acquainted with the Major boys. He discovered that they knew Robbie, of Bronson Place; then they were friends immediately.

What a day that was! There were miles and miles of a sail down the river, past great mills, pretty villages, and quiet farm-houses, under bridges where the trains rumbled like thunder overhead, and past picnic-grounds thronged with people. It took two hours to reach the wharf where the Majors had their summer cottage in Agawam Grove.

"It is nice to be lonesome here," Paul observed, while he helped Mrs. Major and Miss Rachel set a table under the tall elm by the cottage. Everybody was hungry; but the children bustled about eagerly, helping Mrs. Major to light the fire in the kitchen stove, unpacking, carrying water, trotting here and there, the most ardent workers a picnic party ever had. They picked wild flowers for a table-bouquet, and gathered the finest ferns and the largest oak-leaves to make a green centerpiece. They set the chairs around the table, shrieking with laughter while they picked a grasshopper out of the butter-dish and rescued a dragon-fly from the cream-pitcher.

I wish you could have heard Paul's excited story of the wonderful dinner as he told it to his mother that night before going to bed. He described graphically the large, beautiful red lobsters and the dozens of little legs they had picked the meat out of. He drew a word-picture of the big round ham Mr. Major carved, the tender tongue that Miss Rachel sliced, dozens of hard-boiled eggs, lovely bread and butter, cold chicken, potato-salad, cake, ice-cream, and dear little turnover pies with jam in them. Miss Rachel had to rehearse the bill of fare of that dinner half a dozen times on the way home, that Paul might remember it all and tell his mother.

The five little Majors and Paul constituted themselves dish-wipers, while Miss Rachel brought a pan of steaming water to the table under the trees. Paul handled the dishes with

wonderful deftness, and Mrs. Major patted his fair head gently when he told of having wiped mama's dishes since he was a small boy.

Then there were fire-crackers by the dozen, the score, the hundred! The frightened grasshoppers and crickets jumped high out of the grass at the terrible commotion, and the birds flew from the trees, chirping in terror. Paul and the Major boys decided they had never seen such crackers. They made such a noise, they jumped about in so lively a way, and not one in forty failed. Afterward Mr. Major took them fishing in the big punt on Agawam Pond, back of the grove. Each boy had a line, and the fish could hardly wait to bite. There was an island, too, where they landed, and while Mr. Major read his papers they played Robinson Crusoe.

Poor little Paul!—he had never even heard of Robinson Crusoe, so the boys told him the story. He was made "Friday," and he grew quite excited trying to talk a new language he had never heard before. Crusoe himself went searching for footsteps on the shore, only it was stony, and footsteps did not show well among stones; but Jamie Major pretended to find hundreds of them. The other boys played savages, and came rushing out from behind the willow-trees with such terrible shrieks that Paul said they made his back grow cold.

They had to stop playing Crusoe when Mr. Major shouted that their time was up and they must go back.

The boys were as proud of their long string of fish as if each bullhead were a salmon; and Jamie insisted on preparing them for supper. "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" was produced from the mysterious locker, and Miss Rachel's small audience was a very still one while she read the story of "The Little Sea-Maid."

Then, the supper! Fish fried on the stove in the cottage; delicious browned potatoes that Mrs. Major cooked in another spider; rolls, chicken-sandwiches, bits of tender celery, strawberry-jam, cake, and rich milk. Every one was starving again, and there was hardly enough left to scatter for a few hungry birds that hopped about overhead, watching the feast. There was another half-hour of dish-washing,

and Paul's pride made him hold his head up as he realized what an expert worker he was in comparison to the Major boys.

They handled the dishes clumsily, broke a plate or two, and had to wipe everything over again. They knew more than he did about catching bullheads, and about Robinson Crusoe; but, as Paul told his mother that night, confidentially, "They did n't know a single thing about dish-washing."

The sun was sinking behind the blue mountains before the crew of the Sandpiper climbed down into the comfortable seats. She was puffing and pulling to be gone; and when Mr. Major lifted in the rope from the wharf, they went darting out into the river, while the whistle tooted merrily. Mrs. Major's guitar was taken out from the wonderful locker, and Paul listened quietly to the songs that all knew except he. "Old Black Joe" and "Bring Back my Bonnie to Me" were his favorites, and he begged timidly for them time and again, till he knew the first verses himself, and chimed in with his small, high voice. The river was red and gold with the glow of the sunset, and everything made long, wavering shadows in it. The water leaped and rippled about the boat; and once they were drenched when the Mascot rushed past them, dashing a cloud of spray over the little Sandpiper. But that was fun, and they cheered and shouted to the throng of people who filled the big boat. It was growing dark before they passed under the bridge, and suddenly all the electric lights in the city flashed out like a thousand jewels gleaming and glowing. Paul did not talk much—it was all so new and so wonderful; but he held Miss Rachel's hand, and squeezed it hard sometimes just to make her understand how happy he was.

When they pulled up at the crowded wharf Mr. Major's carriage was waiting—a real family carriage with three wide seats; and Paul and Miss Rachel had to jump in and drive up home with them, to help with the fireworks.

Paul stepped almost breathlessly about the beautiful house with its polished floors, its soft

rugs, and wonderful pictures. But it was lovelier still outdoors on the wide lawn, with the great trees arching overhead. There was a tiny lake at the foot of the lawn, and there they had their fireworks; for, as Mr. Major said, you could see them twice with their reflection in the water. Paul had watched the fireworks on Court Square the last Fourth of July, but they were not to be compared to Mr. Major's. There were rockets which went away up, "as high as the stars," Jamie Major said. They changed to magnificent colors, pink, green, blue, orange, and red, then burst into a shower of glittering stars. There were such pinwheels, that sizzled and spluttered as if in real delight. There were set pieces that turned into fountains, peacocks, and trees. There were cart-wheels, balloons that floated away and got lost, moons and suns, stars, and actually flower-gardens. Mrs. Major told Paul he was not now at Bronson Place, where there were old-fashioned people who expect little boys to creep about like mice, and that on Vincent Terrace boys were expected to shout and whistle and tear around. So for two whole hours Paul dropped Bronson Place manners, and was the noisiest, happiest youngster in the noisy, happy crowd. Mr. Major allowed him to nail some of the pinwheels against a tree and set them off himself. Paul was almost wild with delight, and he danced about the shower of fiery stars as frantically as the Major boys had played savages on the desert island.

Paul was as tired as he was happy when, at ten o'clock, he climbed into Mr. Major's carriage. He laid his head against Miss Rachel's arm, and he did not speak as they drove home through the bright, crowded streets. She lifted him down, and left him at the door-step of the little frame house. He did not thank her for the longest, happiest Fourth of July that had happened in his short life, but when she kissed him good night, he put his arms around her neck and whispered: "You've been just as good to me as if I had been Trot."



A BOY'S RIGHT.

BY MARY A. GILLETTE.



“OH, hush, little boy! You 're too noisy by far,”
The fathers and mothers keep saying.
“Oh, hush!” cry the sisters. “Wherever you are,
You make such a noise with your playing.”

Three hundred and sixty-four days in the year
We 're hushed; but it will not be heeded
To-morrow, for Fourth of July will be here,
When our right to a noise is conceded.

Then fathers will join in the fun for a while,
And sisters are pretty good backers;
And mothers may cover their ears, but they smile,
And give us more money for crackers.

TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

[This story was begun in the April number.]

CHAPTER IV.

PAUL HAS HOPES.



URING this interval Catharine had seen her grandmother very little. The old lady had made her clearly understand that she was not to be visited in her home on William Street; at least,

Catharine considered her injunction “not to tell Gertrude and Alida she had called there, lest they should follow her example,” as equivalent to a very decided request not to repeat her own visit. And her Uncle Jacob's house was too far away to admit of an ordinary call in the short, cold winter days. Sometimes after the music lesson was over—if there was good sleighing—Catharine went home with her cousin;

but in such case it was necessary for her to remain all night, and return in her uncle's sleigh in the morning. A visit of this kind entailed the loss of nearly a day, and when she had much work, or work that required to be done in a hurry, she could not spare the time.

Yet it was only at Uncle Jacob's that grandmother was to be seen; and as her visits there were irregular and unannounced, Catharine could not arrange her own visits to accommodate them. She also felt some delicacy in showing a disposition to do this; for “grandmother's money” was the frequent topic of Gertrude's and Alida's conversation, and Catharine had no desire to appear as a claimant for any share of it. Gertrude had spoken openly to her of the control she put upon herself with reference to these expectations; and Alida had confidentially imparted the information that “she was her grandmother's favorite,” and that she intended to

buy herself a pearl necklace as soon as she received her share of grandmother's money.

Catharine listened to such conversations without interfering in them. She never put forward Paul's claim or her own; she felt, indeed, a sense of shame and cruel unkindness in even listening to such selfish appropriation of what could only be enjoyed by the death of a woman so near to them by the tie of kinship, and who had been also—as far as she was able—a mother to their motherless childhood and youth. Certainly for herself, Catharine, who had a loyal and tender heart, thought of her grandmother's love and not of her money.

One day, after a long music lesson, Gertrude begged Catharine to return home with her. "My father likes you, Tryntje," she said, "and I wish that you would bring some of your music and play it for him. In the morning you can return to the city with father; his sleigh will bring you to this very door. The river is now well frozen; there is skating at the bottom of the garden. And yesterday we made the doughnuts, and also the rollichies; and I can tell you, the apple-butter is delicious. Come, then; we can skate for an hour, and in the evening have the music and singing. That will be to my father a pleasant surprise. What say you?"

Madam Van Clyffe thought the proposal a kind and pleasant one; and Catharine was glad to be urged to leave her needle, and have a sleigh-ride and some skating and fresh company. So in twenty minutes the two girls were driving merrily toward the East River. For reasons quite natural, they took their way down Wall Street, and William Street, and by Hanover Square. They were in no special hurry, and they liked to see the stores, and meet the beaux and belles in the shopping quarter. On their way down Wall Street they passed the fine house of General Heywood, and Catharine pointed it out to her cousin.

"I have been working the Heywood crest upon some damask table-cloths," she said; "and I will tell you what I have heard. It is this: the General makes welcome to his home and table every man that fought in

the Revolution—rich and poor; also, that he has sworn never to forgive a Tory."

"Indeed, I think, as my father says, such men stand too stiff in their opinions," answered Gertrude. "I suppose that he has a wife; and how does she like 'Tom, Dick, and Harry'—just because they fought for their own political ideas—coming to dinner with her and lodging? I should not permit such a thing. And if the man is a Christian he ought to forgive his enemies, even if they are Tories. For my part, I think there are some very nice Tories—the De Lanceys, for instance. Oh, what lovely ribbons!"

The remark was not surprising, for they were just crossing William Street, by Wall, and the vicinity was full of dry-goods stores. So they drove more slowly, and looked with speculative interest on the treasures displayed in the windows—shimmering widths of florintines, lutestrings, shalloons, velverets, and taffetas in the fashionable shades of bat's-wing and drake's-head; satin hats, paste buckles, artificial roses, and lengths of gorgeously shaded ribbons.

"I wish that I had a great deal of money of my own!" said Gertrude, with a sigh. "Grandmother never thinks a girl ought to have such pretty things; and my father—"

"He is so good to you, Gertrude!"

"To be sure; also, that is the right way with fathers. And it is true that my father often says 'no' when he is ready to say yes. His words are more severe than his mind. But three Sundays ago, Dominie de Rhonde said in the pulpit that 'God required from us good *words*, as well as good *works*.' And I nudged father,—for I, being the elder, always sit next to him,—and I am sure that he understood, though really I was joking. He has said more kind words to us ever since."

"It is so disagreeable to have to say unkind words," Catharine remarked.

"Indeed, I think not! I like to say them, when I feel them. To Alida this is possible; but to grandmother it is not possible. Once I said to her, 'I think you are both cross and ill-natured, grandmother'; and she boxed my ears, and then told my father. So I had bread and water for three days; and then I

had also to unsay my words, and make a great humiliation. Then I made up my mind to be extremely civil to grandmother; and in about a month she gave me the gold brooch I am now wearing. That was because I had seen my fault and conquered it"; and Gertrude laughed a little, and then whipped the horses into a gallop.

They were by this time at Chatham Row, with the fields of the common on their left—fields now white with snow.

"Look at the Collect Pond; it is full of skaters. My grandmother has often told us how her friend Mr. Halleck saved the Duke of Clarence from being drowned there."

"And pray what was the Duke of Clarence doing in New York?"

"He was visiting Admiral Digby, who lived in Hanover Square. He was only a midshipman then. See, it is going to snow; we must make more haste, Tryntje."

Then the sleigh went flying up the Bowery Lane until it reached a point a little below the present Canal Street. Here Gertrude made a sudden turn eastward, and in a few minutes they were at the Van Clyffe home-
stead. This day the grandmother was present. She had come to superintend the making of the rollichies, and had found them boiled, and pressed, and in a dish cut into dice and trimmed with parsley, ready for the tea-table. This forestalling of events had displeased her, and she was not in a very good temper. Never before had the girls ventured on such an act of self-dependence. In the grandmother's mind, it indicated something like domestic rebellion and chaos.

"What must be the end of all these changes, I know not!" she said sternly to Gertrude. "First, it is the pianoforte. Then, the rollichies are made two days before the proper time. I am not satisfied with such ways. You sing songs! You drive yourself to the city! You take music lessons! The Goverts, who are richer than your father, and great lovers of morality and respectability, do none of these things."

"I thought you would be pleased, grandmother, that I could by my own self make something for the table," Gertrude pleaded.

"You will do things *by yourself*—you, who are not yet seventeen years old! I fear that you have spoiled the good meat, fat and lean; and that the dice are not large enough. I am always exact about the dice. And I feel sure they are not seasoned properly, nor pressed as long as they ought to be. If you will do things by yourself, do not be a bungler." Then she turned to Catharine. "I am pleased to see you, child," she continued. "I hear that you have been doing great things with your needle. That is right. A needle is not much of a tool, but every one must row with the oars he has."

"You have heard, then, grandmother, that at present we are poor, and I have need to work."

"Poor! That is nothing," said her grandmother, scornfully; "after ebb comes flood."

Then she turned away, and affected a sudden interest in the gossip of the neighborhood.

As the quick-falling snow prevented any skating, Catharine sat down by her grandmother's side, and endeavored to make the conversation turn upon her father and his long absence.

"Your father has been quite as long away before," she answered shortly.

"But always before he wrote to us. We have had no word of any kind for nearly one year."

"What is it you expect from a man in the middle of the ocean?"

"But sometimes, grandmother, he is on the land."

"You know not. Are there mail-coaches between New York and China? or between New York and the Baltic?—or between New York and the moon?"

"No, indeed! We are not thinking that father should do impossibilities. But to be so long without sending us any word is not his way."

"His way! His way!" she answered with some temper. "His way was never easy to understand. Good advice, and plenty of it, I gave to him; but your father was like Pharaoh: he hardened his heart. Well, then, trouble and sorrow comes to those who disobey their parents. You may read that in the

Holy Scriptures. I am grieved in my heart about your father; but what is it I can do? Only God can make the crooked straight, and the wrong right. What are you crying for? Tears are not good. To hope, and to pray, is the only thing! Now, then, dry your eyes. You are a sailor's daughter; you must have a brave heart."

"My heart is brave; but I love my father—I cannot tell you how much."

"I hear that you are helping your mother to make an honest living. I like that. I have not opposed the pianoforte, because I would not be against your making an honest living. Yet it was not agreeable to me—far from it."

Perhaps this was scarcely a fair statement of her acquiescence in the piano. It had been in the house two days when she was confronted with it as an established fact; and she was too prudent a woman to attack what she divined was invincible. For her son Jacob was not an easy man to oppose; and he had, from the first, taken all the responsibility for the instrument upon himself.

"I have bought it," he said simply to his mother, "and I wish that my daughters should learn to play on it. It is a good amusement. It keeps them happy in their home. I am satisfied."

And Gertrude's prediction as to her grandmother's answer was exactly true. The old lady shrugged her shoulders, and said contemptuously: "Well, then, I see that all simpletons are not yet dead." But there was no active anger; and, indeed, on this very night the final approval all expected was plainly shown. For while the girls were singing—as Jacob said, "like three little angels"—Matthew Govert and his sister Femmetia came in to "short-evening" with the Van Clyffes. And Miss Femmetia, relying on her previous knowledge of Madam's opinions, and not understanding that it is the strong and wise—not the weak—who can change their opinions, began to complain in her fretful way, of the alterations in the good old manners and customs that were everywhere taking place.

"I see," she said, "that even your son is becoming very genteel. His coachman has

now a red waistcoat, and his daughters play and sing the fashionable songs on the pianoforte, just as the best families do. Heigh-ho! I call that jogging along indeed!"

She expected sympathy from the old lady, but she was disappointed; for Madam answered with an air of satisfaction: "Well, then, and why not? The red waistcoat is very suitable; and as for the fashionable songs, they are played also on the streets; and the city government would not permit them to be played on the streets if they were not moral and respectable."

"I thought you were opposed to changes; and—"

"That is so; but when the changes are here, what will you? We cannot turn back the clock of time, Femmetia. Well, then, it is best to put forward our own clocks. Perhaps, then, we make some good come out of the changes."

"To be sure; yet I never played the pianoforte, nor even wished to play it; and as for you—"

"Oh, then, I could have done such a thing! It is not difficult. Little children of seven—of six years old—do it. Listen to my three granddaughters! What is it they are singing? And a wonder—a wonder past all wonders! my son Jacob and your brother Matthew are singing also. I think, Femmetia, it will be our turn next."

"But what is it that they are singing? The melody sounds to me most like the old Tory hymn."

"That is true. Jacob, what is it that you sing?" Madam called aloud and in an imperative voice; for the singers were in an adjoining room.

"It is a good Dutch song, mother, made by a Dutch lady at The Hague. She gave it to the sailors of five American vessels at Amsterdam. It was printed in the 'Pennsylvania Packet,' and I have cut it out, and have had it pinned in my almanac; and now our little Katryntje plays for us the music we remember so well. It is fine music; why should we not put the good words to it? Listen, then"; and in a glow of national pride, the three girls and the two men sang with patriotic fervor:

God save the Thirteen States!
 Long rule the United States!
 God save our States!
 Make us victorious,
 Happy and glorious;
 No tyrants over us—
 God save our States!

O Lord, thy gifts in store,
 We pray, on Congress pour,
 To guide our States!
 May union bless our land,
 While we, with heart and hand,
 For right and freedom stand!
 God bless our States!

God save the Thirteen States!
 Long watch the prosperous Fates
 Over our States!
 Make us victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 No tyrants over us—
 God save our States!

“Very good,” said Madam, complacently, when the stanzas were finished; “much better than ‘God Save great George, our King.’ You talk of changes, Femmetia. We have both of us sang for ‘great George’; and *now!*” She threw down the stocking she was knitting, with the air of a woman who felt all language to be inadequate. But after a minute or two she added: “Come, Matthew and Jacob, and have a smoke by the fire, and eat some rollichies made by the children,—not so very bad are they,—and drink a little cider, and tell us about the war. I hear that it is now certain.”

So passed the evening away—the whole conversation clearly indicating the grandmother’s ability to accept the spirit of the times. She even praised Catharine’s voice, and in the morning, when she bade her good-by, said: “You are a good singer. Well, then, be also a good girl.” But, in spite of these words, Catharine did not feel that she had come any closer to her grandmother’s heart or love. And without being at all envious or jealous, she could not help but notice how much more familiar and affectionate the old lady was with Gertrude and Alida—how much more interested in their life, their amusements, their friends, and their dress. A polite inquiry about her mother’s health was all the attention she gave to her daughter-in-law’s affairs; and as to her business venture, she never named it.

Perhaps Uncle Jacob also noticed this neglect of interest, for he paid Catharine much attention. He called for extra wraps in the sleigh; he troubled himself about her feet and her hands, and wondered if the little red hood she wore was warm enough to protect her ears. And all the way to the city, he talked to her about her father, and did his best to comfort and to give her hope. When they reached the home, Madam Van Clyffe was just coming from the Vly Market with two of her negro slaves, who were carrying the baskets of provisions she had been buying. Uncle Jacob gave her a cheerful greeting, and clasping her hands, he told her how much he had enjoyed little Tryntje’s music, and how glad he was they were doing so well.

They parted with smiles and good words. But Catharine’s heart fell in an unaccountable manner as soon as she was alone. For the very first time, she rebelled at the thought of work; and it was with great reluctance she uncovered the pretty blue aërophane gown she was starting with silver thread. She could not help thinking of Gertrude and Alida, who were doubtless skating merrily on the frozen river; and who, when this pleasure tired them, would go in their sleigh to make calls on their young friends, and talk about the dresses they were to wear at the Misses Hoaglands’ dancing-party. It was the kind of life which she herself had expected to lead; and the tears came unbidden and unchecked to her eyes as she lifted her work. For this morning it was really work—she could not disguise the fact; and when her mother next entered the room, she saw plainly the signs of her trouble and dissatisfaction.

“What is it, then, Katryntje?” she asked, as she seated herself and looked sadly at her daughter.

And Catharine did exactly as older persons do—she laid the blame for her tears and her trouble, not on herself, but on the most convenient person outside herself. She said it was impossible for her not to notice how much her grandmother thought of Gertrude and Alida, and how little she cared for her. “As for Paul,” she added, “she never named him; and yet, he is her only grandson.”

“My dear one!” answered Madam Van

Clyffe, "no one can make others love them. And you cannot go to the market and buy love. It must be freely given. But consider. Your grandmother knows you not; very seldom has she seen you. But Gertrude and Alida have been dandled in her arms. Their mother died when Gertrude was not yet two years old, and Alida but two weeks. Then your grandmother took the motherless little ones to her heart. Also, she was not opposed to your Uncle Jacob's wife; and to me she was much opposed. That made much difference. Now, Tryntje, think of this: your cousins have your grandmother, but you have your mother. Am I not sufficient?"

Then with kisses and tears Catharine clung to her darling mother, and told her she was "the dearest, sweetest heart in all the world." And her mother held her on her knees, and petted and blessed her, and said "her little daughter had been the joy and the strength of her life," and so wiped all tears away. Then Catharine lifted her work with a smile, and in half an hour she was softly singing a Canadian boat-song to the rapid movement of her needle. Yet the depths of her young heart were still troubled, though a smile like sunshine hid the restlessness and gloom.

For to Catharine had come one of those bitter hours of temptation when the soul believes that it has done well in vain. She was tormented with questions she did not dare to face: Why was she working thus? Why not take her pleasure like other girls of her age? Would not her mother have managed without her help? At any rate, would not Uncle Jacob have helped in her place? What good had come from her self-denial? Into her mind there flashed the fact that all her earnings had gone for winter clothing for Paul and herself. Was it worth while sewing so hard, for greatcoats and hats and bonnets?

Poor little one! She was fighting alone that depressing temptation to doubt when Virtue has failed to reward us, and we regret having served her. Very good men and women have often the same temporary doubt of the reign of right; so it was no wonder that a girl so young as Catharine should have been exposed to the same temptation.

It was altogether an unhappy day; and many days of the like hopeless character followed it. It seemed to Catharine that something ought to happen—that something *must* happen. She caught her mother's nervous trick of listening for a knock, for *the* knock, at the door. She was almost angry because Paul was in a much brighter temper. She would not listen to reports of his conversations with Mr. Errington, or sympathize with his enthusiasm over public events.

"What does it matter to us," she asked, "that France is insolent, and that we are going to fight her? This will not bring home our father; and mother says it will make everything very dear, and the taxes much higher. I see not what you are so happy about. Mother is more anxious than ever before."

Then Paul took her work out of her hand, and sat down beside her. "My little sister," he said, "listen to me. You have always been Paul's helper and comforter; at this time you must not desert him. I am going to sea! I am going into the navy! For we are now organizing a navy, and Mr. Errington is sure he has influence enough to get me a commission on one of the new frigates. Uncle Jacob says it is right for me to go; and I am so happy in this new hope! Oh, my darling sister, be happy with me!"

Then all the gloom and coldness of her selfish sorrow fell away from her. It was as if she had slipped out of a black garment. Her beautiful face was illumined by the unselfish heart that instantly rejoiced in her brother's happiness. She was the brave, bright, affectionate Catharine again.

"I am delighted! I am glad for you, Paul!" she cried. "What can I do? What is it you wish from me? How shall I show you my pleasure?"

"I have not yet dared to tell mother. I knew that she would weep, and beg me not to go. She will remind me of father, and say that I also will never come back. You must stand by me, no matter what my mother says."

"I will. Now, then, tell me what is the quarrel with the French. I have heard some say they have always been filling the world with their brawls and tumults and hectoring."

"It is this, Katryntje. Ever since President Adams was inaugurated last March, Adet, the French minister here, has been trying to make us fight England because France is fighting her. It is not our quarrel. We may not like England, but we are not going to be compelled to fight, whether we want to or not. France has at length *demandé* our alliance; and because we have again refused she has sent out men-of-war to assail our commerce, and has ordered our minister to leave French territory."

"Well?"

"Well, then we sent ambassadors to France to try to arrange for peace, and the French government would not listen to them unless we paid into the French treasury one quarter of a million of dollars! And so one of our ambassadors, Mr. Pinckney of South Carolina, answered: '*The United States has millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.*' Was not that a grand reply?"

"Indeed it was," said Catharine, warmly.

"Mr. Errington says it is one of the finest things in history. Very well. Washington is to-day in Philadelphia, organizing an army; and, Tryntje! there is to be a navy immediately—six frigates, and many privateers; for the

President has told Congress plainly, '*If we want a commerce we must have a navy!*' Hurrah for George Washington! Now, if only father were here! Surely all this news will bring him home!"

And Paul, in a fever of fight and of expectation, walked the room as if it were a quarter-deck. His face was lifted up, his eyes were flashing, his hand involuntarily struck his side as if seeking for a sword. He was so enthusiastic that Catharine caught the patriotic fire from him. She forgot herself entirely; and then, as soon



"'THE UNITED STATES HAS MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE, BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE.'"

as she stepped out of her own shadow, she was in the sunshine of life once more; then she saw the truth of her teacher's axiom—that true happiness is found in the love we give to others, rather than in the love others give to us.

(To be continued.)

The Fashion-Plate Girl.

by Ina M. Boles.



THERE 's a dear little maid in the fashion-plate book,

(I 'm glad it 's not Bessie nor me!)
She always has such a dressed-up-ified look,
With her dainty hands bent in a tiresome
crook.

How she stands it we never can see;
The quaint little fashion-plate girl!

I know she 'd be frightened to slide down the
hay,

Or to frolic and romp as we do.
Supposing we wait till some sunshiny day,
And then ask her out on the hillside to play.

I think she 'd be willing, don't you?
The poor little fashion-plate girl!



"OVER THE OLD RED BRIDGE, AND ALONG THE OLD PIKE ROAD."



FOURTH OF JULY.

BENNY, beat the dish-pan!
Tommy, bring your drum!
Sammy, save your breath to blow
Dick's harmonium!
Bobby, take your tin fife!
Sue, you 're marching well!
Jimmy, keep in step there!
Alec, ring that bell!
Fire the cannon crackers.
Give a cheer now, boys!
What is this day meant for,
But to make a noise!

Frances Amory.



THE SAILING-MASTERS.

THE SAILING-MASTERS.

WHEN the shadows grow long on the lawn's pleasant green,
You may chance, any day, on a bright little scene
By the pond in the Park, where the smooth water takes
White gleams, like the lilies on far, forest lakes.

No lilies are these, floating snowy and sweet ;
But the white, mirrored sails of a fairy-like fleet :
The boats of our boys, who attend them with pride,
As through the light ripples they gracefully glide.

There are sloop-yachts and schooners, and boats of all build,
By masterly makers or makers unskilled ;
There are boats that were bought—but more dear, be it known,
Is the boat a boy shaped with a knife of his own!

And they fly the brave colors each lad loves the best,
The Star-Flag, the fair flag, the Flag of the West ;
And they bear the proud names of which fame is most fond—
As they rang round the world, so they ring round the pond.

Our young sailing-masters! How grave is their play!
How ardent, how active, how tireless are they!
Hark! " Mine is the ' Gloucester '!" " ' Olympia, ' ahoy! " "
What fact is so true as the dream of a boy?

And each has his dream and his weighty affair,
From the youth to the toddler with soft curling hair ;
From the four-year-old mariner led by the maid
To the ' Admiral, ' splendid with star and with braid.

Who knows the strange future? A lost summer hour
Of the boyhood whose pleasure has passed into power,
To the man may send mem'ries like messenger doves
Of the broad-harbored city, the land that he loves.

Our young sailing-masters! What seas shall they sail?
Shall they dare the dim North? Shall they fail or prevail?
Shall they serve the brave colors they still love the best,
The Star-Flag, the fair flag, the Flag of the West?

Ah, visions and echoes our musings invade :
The thund'rous bombardment, the sleepless blockade,
The crash of the sea-fight, and, when the guns cease,
The passion of rescue, the triumph of peace!

Long, long may it be ere to chivalrous fight
The stately gray war-ships go forth in their might ;
Then the Nation may call, in the strife that redeems,
On the young sailing-masters, the dreamers of dreams!

Helen Gray Cone.

WITH THE "ROUGH RIDERS."

BY HENRY LA MOTTE, M. D.,
Formerly Major and Surgeon to the Regiment.

"A CAVALRYMAN is a man who ties a yellow silk handkerchief about his neck, rides his horse at top speed about the country, jangling his tin cup against his canteen, shooting his pistol off into the air, and yelling at the top of his lungs!"

So spake my uncle, the general, in his scorn of all noisy things, from boiler-shops to boys, referring to the volunteer cavalry of the Civil War, and never for a minute meaning to include the hard-working, businesslike, Indian-fighting trooper of the regular army. For my uncle was a quiet, studious, and refined old warrior, who, I believe, regarded battles as necessary but unpleasant incidents in the

highly intellectual game of war, which he knew how to play with so much skill.

This picture of the volunteer cavalryman, far from causing me to dislike him, as did the general, produced in my boyish brain a feeling of glorious enthusiasm; and I would have given anything to wear a yellow silk handkerchief

about my neck, and ride a spirited horse at top speed across the country, dangling a tin cup and canteen, shooting firearms harmlessly into the air, and yelling gloriously. And what real boy does not feel, as I did, that this would be

a splendid way to work off any superfluous steam?

When my good friend, the surgeon-general of the navy, told me he would be glad to help me to a position in the crack volunteer regiment that was being raised by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, back came all the old boyish ideas of the yellow handkerchief and the noise. And so I made application for a commission in this new cav-

alry regiment; and when Mr. Roosevelt promised to refer my application to Colonel Wood with his favorable indorsement for the commission I sought, I was a happy man indeed.

After a long time of uncertainty, at last I received a telegram from Colonel Roosevelt:



READY FOR SERVICE. "IN PLACE OF THE YELLOW SILK HANKERCHIEF, THE WHITE ARM-BAND WITH THE RED CROSS UPON IT."

If you will come at once to San Antonio, Texas, I will muster you in as senior surgeon of the regiment.

At first I was very pleased at the prospect of joining the particular regiment with which I had set my heart upon serving; but then came a reaction, and I was greatly tempted to refuse the offer. I had already seen active service in several small ways, but it was always in the dignified position of a medical officer; and I had no desire to throw away this one opportunity of my life of wearing the yellow silk handkerchief by accepting, in its place, the white arm-band with the little red cross upon it which I had so often worn before. But after an hour's very serious deliberation I decided that perhaps my knowledge of red tape and organization were needed, and realizing that, in all human probability, I would be of more use to my country in my professional capacity than as a line officer, I telegraphed my acceptance of the offer, and in two hours was on my way to San Antonio.

It was a beautiful, still morning, some three days later, that, as I rode in the little one-horse car through the city of San Antonio, which was going about four miles more before it reached the city limit, I suddenly heard the low, mellow notes of a cavalry trumpet-call. Another call sounded, the meaning of which I recognized; and then another; and now I knew that a mounted regimental drill was being executed near by, and I also knew that the regiment must be my regiment, the First Volunteer Cavalry.

We came to a high board fence which apparently inclosed an enormous field. It was the San Antonio fair-grounds; and after riding half a mile parallel with this fence, we arrived at the entrance to the grounds. As I started to enter, I was challenged by a sentry, clad in a brown canvas uniform, with campaign hat, leggings, gauntlets, and woven cartridge-belt as equipment, a pistol at his hip and a new Krag-Jorgensen carbine in his hand as arms.

"Visitor to see Colonel Roosevelt," I replied to his "Who goes there?"

"Pass visitor," he said, shouldered his carbine, turned his back upon me, and marched ten or twelve paces directly away from me.

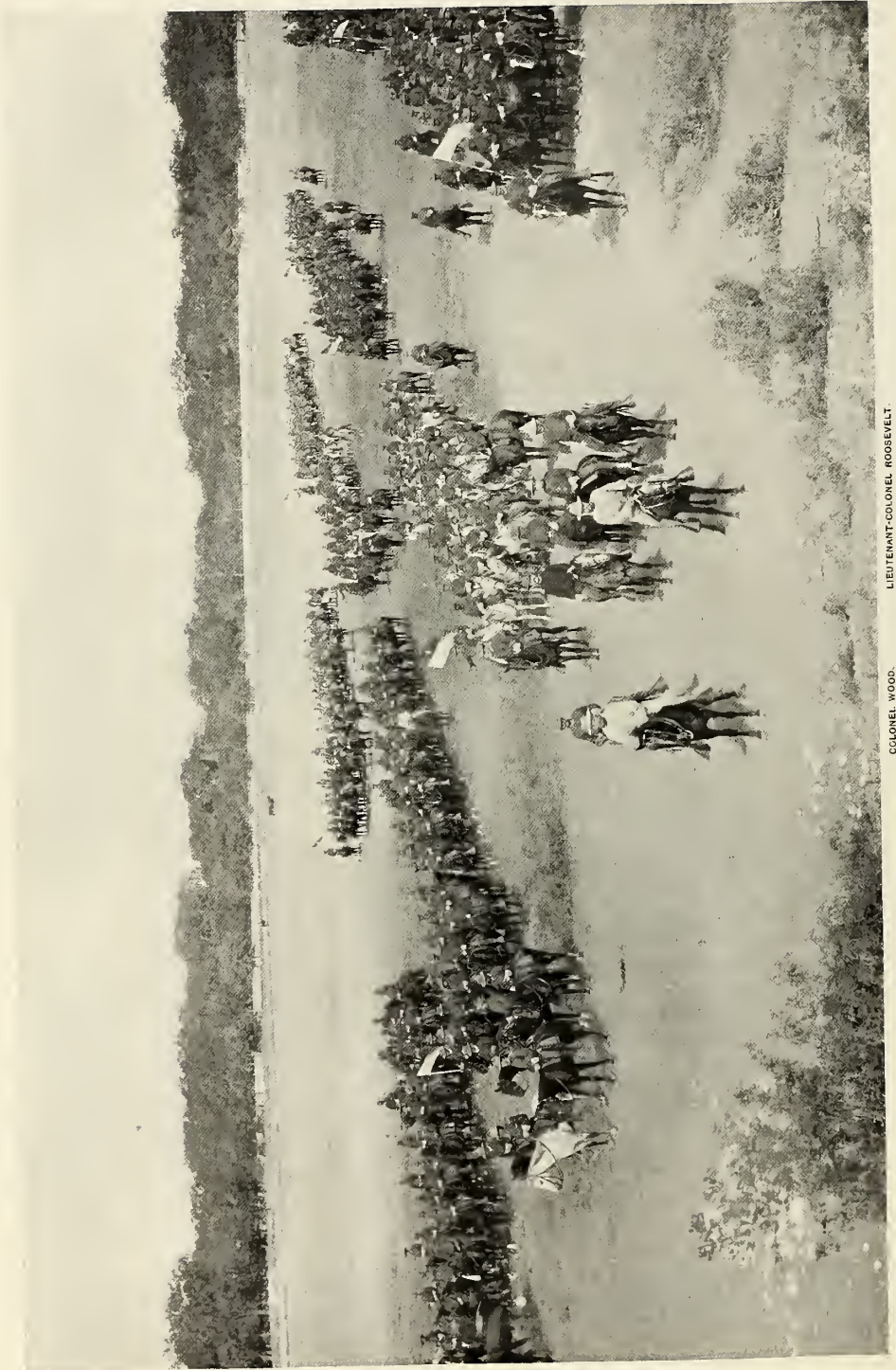
A few minutes later I presented myself to

Colonel Roosevelt, and was introduced by him to Colonel Wood, who mustered me into the volunteer service of the United States.

I was then told to take all the time I might find necessary to arrange my private affairs, secure uniforms, and make myself acquainted with my future duties. My two assistants, Massie and Church, were introduced to me, and I was surprised to discover that both of them also had been sea-faring men, each having served several years as medical officer on transatlantic steamship lines.

My occupation for the next three days was principally buying uniforms. And next in importance to uniforms came horses. Although I am very fond of horses, and have owned horses ever since I was a small boy, when it comes to buying a horse, I am what the officers of the regiment described as a "pudding." In other words, when I like a horse I have no ability to discover how little money his owner would take for him. But with the advice of several of my friends in the regiment, who knew more about the value of horses than I, I finally bought two, paying not more than double their value—I hope.

I must tell you about these horses. The first one I bought was a beautiful bay, with a most intelligent face and lovable disposition. He was a beauty in every way to my eyes, but the "horse-sharps" told me that probably he would die the first time he had to go a week without food. I naturally supposed that he would, having been under the impression that all horses would do the same thing under like conditions. But my Western friends assured me that there were many horses that would grow fat, not to speak of living in contentment, for long periods of time, upon no more substantial diet than fresh air and mountain scenery. So, taking the advice of one of these authorities, I purchased a gray that he assured me was "all horse, tough as a pine-knot, and hard as a red porphyry." He might have added, "as ugly as sin." As I think of that horse, I am reminded of a rather large soap-box with legs nailed on at the corners, connected with an ugly, angular head that he kept somewhere between the ground and the level of his body. This horse I called "Monitor," because he reminded



COLONEL HOOD.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT.
UNITED STATES FIRST VOLUNTEER CAVALRY ("ROUGH RIDERS"), IN SQUADRON FORMATION.

me of one of our single-turreted monitors; besides, as Massie said, he probably had more "bunker room" on one side than on the other, for he certainly did have a "list to starboard." Monitor had a rather large "cruising radius,"

and evidently looked upon him as a foe unworthy of his steel.

When at last I had uniforms, horses, and equipment, I was able to join the regiment at mounted drill. My position was a few yards



THE OFFICERS OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS."

too, when one considered his very slow speed; and he was both offensively and defensively well prepared for combat, for he seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise when three or four horses would kick him at once; but before the engagement would be ended, Monitor would have kicked each of the four horses so often and so hard that they were completely subdued.

After Monitor had been tied at the officers' horse-line two days, the officers had gradually removed their horses to other places, and Monitor seemed to be on thoroughly good terms with himself. He never actually killed "Cruiser," the bay horse, as I was rather afraid he would, but he certainly succeeded in keeping Cruiser in a state of complete subjugation,

to the rear of the colonel; and as my horses soon learned this fact, they relieved me from all responsibility as to my personal position.

The First Squadron, under Major Brodie, who had been a regular army officer, and who was a thorough soldier through every fiber of his body, presented a splendid and businesslike appearance. These men had all come from Arizona, where they had been selected, in many cases, by competitive examination, there being in some instances as many as twenty applicants for one position as private trooper allowed to a town or community.

The Second Squadron, of four troops, was from New Mexico. They had been taken almost bodily from the territorial mounted militia.

The Third Squadron hardly existed as a compact body of men. It was made up of troops from various parts of Texas, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, and they were commanded by our junior major.

During this period of waiting and preparation, regimental drills were my amusements. My duties were sanitary and executive almost entirely. As sanitary officer of the camp I was allowed by the colonel a great deal of liberty in issuing orders in his name; and as I had served in the field with General Chaffee of the army and Colonel Huntington of the marine corps, two of the very best officers in our services for a medical man to learn camp duties from, I was able to go to work systematically to enforce sanitation among a body of men that habitually enjoyed the best of health, yet hardly knew the meaning of the word "hygiene."

Early Sunday morning, the 29th of May, the "general muster" was sounded, and Colonel Wood informed the officers that he had orders to put the command aboard cars as rapidly as possible, and to move to Tampa, Florida.

Having chosen the First as my squadron when the regiment was divided into squadrons, I had to be ready to leave camp by eight o'clock in the morning. About half-past eight, with one private of the hospital corps as my orderly, I joined Major Brodie at the head of the First Squadron, which was filing out at the gates of the fair-grounds.

It was a lovely morning, and the major was in high spirits. It reminded him of his old campaigning days in 1879. The major had probably been in more desperate fights than any man in the regiment (and that was saying a good deal), and the prospect of going to Cuba and "mixing himself up in Spanish affairs," as he expressed it, seemed to delight him greatly.

It was about an hour's ride to the stock-yards, where we were to go aboard cars, and we were there, our horses unsaddled, our baggage separated into little piles, our grain and hay properly arranged to accompany its exact number of horses—in every way ready to leave by ten o'clock in the morning. However, the railroad company, or the quartermaster, or both, were at fault, and consequently our train did not leave until sometime in the afternoon.

The Second Squadron, with Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt in command, left about midnight; and although Colonel Wood remained behind to assist him, the junior major, with the Third Squadron, did not succeed in getting away until late the next day.

Our first day's run was to Houston, Texas, where we stopped, unloaded our horses at the stock-yards, and fed and watered them.

Our next day took us as far as New Orleans. I remember this day's travel particularly well, for we passed through a very enthusiastic part of the country, where we were greeted at nearly every station by large and demonstrative crowds. We officers were very comfortable in a sleeper at the end of our section. But comfort was all that we had. It was the men in the cattle-cars and the day-coaches forward who had all the fun and glory.

The member of the expedition most popular with the good people of Texas and Louisiana was "Josephine," a young mountain-lion that the Arizona men had brought along as a mascot. Josephine was very good-natured in those days, and acted as almost any other kitten would have done. She would roll over and over on the floor with an Arizona trooper, and both of them would have lots of exercise and great fun, and neither of them would be hurt; but her sweet disposition was ruined at Tampa and on the way North, and she became cross.

After leaving New Orleans, our receptions along the line were not so enthusiastic; and we were somewhat puzzled to account for this until, at Tallahassee, we were told that, a few days before, a train-load of men styling themselves "the only genuine Rough Riders" had passed through, warning people to look out for several train-loads of circus-men who were coming along later and trying to impose themselves upon the people as Rough Riders!

These "genuine Rough Riders" were a lot of humorous mule-packers and drivers, civilian employees engaged by the quartermaster's department!

We arrived at Tampa about six o'clock in the evening. Our camp at Tampa was a beautiful spot on the edge of a grove of gigantic pines. Our lines and troop-tents were placed with great precision, and to the eyes of the inex-

perienced observers—and there were many of them about our camp—we presented very much the appearance of an extra large regular cavalry regiment. Frederic Remington, having come up with the express purpose of getting some picturesquely wild sketches in our camp, remarked with considerable disgust: "Why, you are nothing but a lot of cavalrymen!" If this remark was not intended as a compliment, it

that we were not yet soldiers. For instance, it was about this time that an enlisted man of the regiment stepped into Colonel Wood's tent, one day, and told him, in an unconstrained and sociable way: "Colonel, I like you first-rate! I did n't take much stock in you at first, but I guess you 're all right."

An interview that I overheard between a sentry and the officer of the guard shortly after twelve o'clock, one still night, was to me very characteristic and amusing.

"Halt! who goes there?"

"Officer of the guard."

"Advance, officer of the guard, and be recognized."

"Don't you see that I have a sword in my hand?" asked the officer, meaning to remind the sentry that he should not allow an armed man to approach him.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, pshaw! I 'm not afraid of your sword!"

One night we were marched to the Tampa Bay Hotel and received our pay for the month of May; and then it was decided that eight out of the twelve troops were to go to Cuba.

My two senior hospital-stewards, having been appointed on the same day,

had, presumably, the same rank. Brady was the first dentist in Santa Fé, and Rankin was the first druggist in Las Vegas. Both were wild to go, and as they were both good men, I had no choice to make between them, and so allowed them to decide the matter by tossing a coin.

Brady lost, and the turn of the coin, I believe, cost him more distress than anything that had ever happened to him. Rankin, on the contrary, was half crazed with joy. After running around and shaking hands with everybody in the immediate neighborhood, I saw him, shortly



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT. COLONEL WOOD.
THE TWO CHIEF OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

was a compliment to the regiment at that time, for Frederic Remington knows a cavalryman when he sees him.

Among the observers who were not inexperienced, however, were some whose comparisons of our regiment with the regular cavalry have not yet appeared in print. I refer to the English, Japanese, Russian, and German military attachés who accompanied our regiment one day during regimental drill. One compliment, which they all agreed upon, and which was undoubtedly true, was that our men all rode wonderfully well. But there is no question

afterward, apparently shaking hands with a palmetto-bush.

The other four troops to accompany us besides the First Squadron were selected from the most efficient of the two other squadrons. In this way Capron, Luna, Houston, and Lewellen were chosen. At ten o'clock that night, after having drunk a cup of coffee all around, and said good-by to the other troops, we marched to a train of cars standing ready to take us to Port Tampa, where we would go aboard transports.

The horses belonging to field-officers, that is, those above the rank of captain, had been sent down to Port Tampa the afternoon before, and in the confusion which reigned during our embarkation at Port Tampa we were separated from our horses, and did not see them again until we had been ashore in Cuba several days.

When we reached the train somebody had changed his mind, and it was carried off, from under our very noses, to be loaded full of men from the Seventy-first New York.

We stood around that railroad-track all night long, hoping that somebody would be good to us and give us or lend us a train; but nobody did. One of our colonels had, in the meantime, discovered an empty coal-train on a siding half a mile away. As nobody would give us a train, we decided to steal the coal-train, which we did just as the day commenced to break. The conductor of the train was under orders to go to Port Tampa, and as his orders said nothing about whether his cars should be empty or not, he incurred no responsibility in allowing us to occupy his train.

I don't suppose you have ever ridden in a coal-car. A very fair imitation of the sensations that we experienced may be obtained by standing up in an empty farm-wagon which is being rapidly driven downhill over a very rough road. Your first inclination is to take hold of something with your hands, with the idea that you can thus lessen vibration; but you soon find that the vibration is carried more directly from your hands to your head; and if you are so unfortunate as to have teeth into which a dentist has pounded various metals, the sensation will immediately remind you of the dentist, and you will wonder whether

this sort of pounding is not going to shake out the metal which he so laboriously put in.

It was a very sad and uncomfortable-looking lot of faces that gazed from the sides of that coal-train on the morning that we rode to Port Tampa. As we slowed up a short distance from Port Tampa, I heard an old sergeant remark, with a sigh of relief, as the jolting lessened: "Boys, I guess we are Rough Riders now, all right!"

Here the train with the Seventy-first New York, which, for some unknown reason, had been delayed all this time, had the right of way as a passenger-train over a coal-train, and passed us. As they came up with the rear of our train, they discovered what our regiment was; and as their cars came alongside of our caboose, which was at the front end of our train, and which was occupied by our two colonels, they commenced to yell: "Hallo, Teddy! Speech! Speech! We want Teddy Roosevelt! We want Teddy Roosevelt!" and dozens of similar remarks; and each of the cars took up the chant which the men in the front ones had started. "We—want—Teddy—Roosevelt!" shouted in chorus by a thousand men, made a noise that ought to have been heard all over Florida. But Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, probably in deference to the presence of Colonel Wood, who was not even mentioned by the enthusiastic New-Yorkers, would make them no speech; he would not even appear; and so the Seventy-first passed, and then we went on to Port Tampa.

After we had been at Port Tampa several hours, we received a sort of grudging permission to go aboard the "Yucatan," if we could get there before the Seventy-first New York, which regiment also had received permission to embark upon this ship under precisely the same terms. As six companies of the Second Infantry were also to go aboard, somebody stood a very good chance of being left; and as we did not desire to have our transportation again taken by the Seventy-first New York, we resolved upon a bold stroke.

We captured that portion of the wharf at which we had discovered the Yucatan was to lie, and here we massed ourselves; and about all the approaches to this particular wharf we

placed such impenetrable crowds of men that the men of New York, accustomed as they are to crowds and crushes, were unable to get within more than hailing distance of the ship until long after we had all our baggage and nearly all our men aboard.

The Yucatan, one of the largest of the fleet of about thirty transports, had been a

coastwise passenger-ship that sailed between New York and Charleston, Havana, Santiago, and Mexican harbors. Therefore, aft, where quarters had been assigned to officers, she was very comfortable; but below, — in what had been her cargo hold, — which was now fitted out with long tiers

of rough wooden bunks, where the men had to live, there was little ventilation and no comfort. The men preferred to sleep on the decks, on top of deck-houses, and in the boats, and there was very little attempt made to restrain them from so doing.

After we left the wharf and were anchored out in the bay, the men commenced to experience their first real discomforts; for the travel rations which had been assigned them were composed only of hardtack, coffee, and a small amount of canned beans and tomatoes and

canned roast beef. Knobloch, a trooper furnished from the membership of the New York Stock Exchange, and the very best swimmer I have ever seen, disdaining to half starve in a land of plenty, quietly swam ashore, a distance of perhaps half a mile, and dined on the fat of the land at the hotel, smoked a cigarette, and having thus refreshed himself swam back again.

During about one week we lay there at anchor while one transport after another was loaded; but finally word was sent out through the fleet that we were sure to sail the next day. One after another, the great transports dropped down to the lower bay and anchored there as ordered.



THE OFFICERS' MESS.

In the morning, following our leader, the gunboat "Helena," we passed out in a long line between the two hastily erected forts guarding the entrance to Tampa Bay, and were at last at sea.

For three days nobody knew our destination, save probably the officers on the "Segurança," General Shafter's flagship, and on the men-of-war. The general impression was that we were bound for Puerto Rico; but when, still playing the game of "Follow my Leader," we suddenly altered our course, which had been almost due

east, to south by west, we knew we were going to round Cape Maisi, at the eastern end of Cuba, and became certain that our destination was the harbor of Santiago.

We cruised along to the westward after having rounded Cape Maisi, only a few miles from the shore, which rose in picturesque masses of green mountains, many of which hold their heads above the clouds. It was a beautiful country, and altogether it seemed unreasonable to believe that such terrible desolation and misery could reign here as was told of by the newspapers.

About midday, our little protector, the "Bancroft," always running around and investigating suspicious or unusual objects,—reminding you, for all the world, of your little dog when you take a walk in the country,—started off, with a great trail of black smoke behind her, for a projecting point of land not quite so high as most of the others we had passed. On its very crest, in a setting of emerald verdure and terra-cotta earth, was a gleaming white speck which, viewed through our telescopes, resolved itself into a mass of beautifully arranged tents in the center of a quadrangle of red earthworks constructed in the most artistic and approved fashion. But this was no model camp, nor were these earthworks for the edification of inspecting officers or the instruction of his men; for these red earthworks had been stained a deeper red already by the blood of men of our marine corps, who had made here—and who held in spite of the attacks of overwhelming numbers, and continued to hold until the final surrender of their enemies—this first camp occupied by American arms.

The Bancroft returned after sniffing this suspicious point, and came straight out to the Yucatan. The megalophone was trained in our direction, and every ear was strained to catch the words:

"Nine hundred marines have seized and intrenched a position

near the entrance to Guantanamo Bay. In preparing for and receiving assaults they have been without sleep for one hundred hours. Killed, six; wounded, sixteen. Colonel Huntington says he is perfectly safe now, and can hold his position against all the Spaniards in Cuba—"

The voice behind the megalophone was here drowned by our cheers, which we kept up as long as our voices were capable of making noises.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we saw ahead of us another fleet, nearly as large as our own. This was the blockading squadron off Santiago; and taking positions a few miles south of this squadron, we drifted about in an apparently aimless fashion the rest of that afternoon and through the night.

In the morning our fleet was in motion, and so were several of the men-of-war. We ran back along the road we had come, twenty miles or so, and again came to a halt opposite a little gulf, from the eastern side of which projected into the water a long, spidery-looking pier. This was Daiquiri.

East of the cove rose a steep hill, on which perched a square, well-built wooden structure covered by a sharp tin roof. This, as the men in the navy knew, was a Spanish blockhouse, or *fortin*.

Simultaneously with our arrival, the men-of-war, which seemed to be scattered all up and down the coast, began to bombard the shore; and those in the cove at Daiquiri paid special attention to the little fortin on top of the hill.

Shells were dropped in bushes that looked as though they might shelter hostile troops; houses were punctured with projectiles; and shrapnel was thrown over the crest of the ridge behind which troops might be taking shelter.

But after about an hour, there having appeared no sign of the enemy, firing ceased, and the troops commenced to disembark.

(To be continued.)



THE STRANGE STORY OF A GOOSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THIS goose made its first appearance near Quebec over fifty years ago, when some British troops had been sent out to put down a rebellion of the colonists. A certain farm in the neighborhood, suspected of being a resort for the insurgents, was surrounded by sentries placed at some distance apart; and one day the sentry whose post was near the gate of the farm heard a singular noise. A fine, plump goose soon appeared on a run, making directly for the spot where the soldier stood; and close behind in pursuit came a hungry fox.

The sentry's first impulse was to shoot the thievish animal and rescue the goose; but since the noise of the report would have brought out the guard on a false alarm, he was obliged to deny himself this satisfaction.

The fox was gaining on his intended prey, when the goose, in a frantic attempt to reach the sentry-box, ran its head and neck between the soldier's legs just as the pursuer was on the point of seizing it. Fortunately, the guard could use his bayonet without making a disturbance,

and he did this to such good advantage that the pursuit was soon ended.

The rescued goose, evidently animated by the liveliest gratitude, rubbed its head against its deliverer's legs, and performed various other



"IT WALKED UP AND DOWN WITH THE SENTRY WHILE HE WAS ON DUTY."

joyful and kitten-like antics. Then, deliberately taking up its residence at the garrison post, it walked up and down with the sentry while he was on duty, and thus accompanied



"THE GOOSE CONTINUED TO WORRY AND CONFUSE THE ASSASSINS UNTIL THEY FLED."

each successive sentry who appeared to patrol that beat.

About two months later the goose actually saved the life of its particular friend in a very remarkable way.

The soldier was again on duty at the same place; and on a moonlight night, when the moon was frequently obscured by passing clouds, the enemy had formed a plan to surprise and kill him. His feathered devotee was beside him, as usual, while he paced his lonely beat, challenging at every sound, and then "standing at ease" before his sentry-box. The goose always stood at ease, too, and it made a very comical picture.

But some undesirable spectators—at least, of the soldier's movements—were stealing cautiously toward the place under cover of the frequent clouds and a line of stunted pine-trees. Nearer and nearer to the post they crawled, till one of them, with uplifted knife, was about to spring on the unsuspecting man.

Then it was that the watchful goose covered itself with glory by rising unexpectedly from the

ground, and flapping its wings in the faces of the would-be assassins. They rushed blindly forward; but the sentry succeeded in shooting one of the party and bayoneting another, while the goose continued to worry and confuse the remainder until they fled wildly for their lives.

The brave bird was at once adopted by the regiment, under the name of "Jacob," and decorated with a gold collar on which his name was engraved, in appreciation of his services.

Ever after, during his life of twelve years, he did sentry duty at home and abroad; for he was taken to England at the close of the war in Canada, and greatly lamented there when he died. His epitaph reads, "Died on Duty"; and no human sentinel could have been more faithful than poor old Jacob.

As it may occur to some readers who have not made a study of the interesting and almost human ways of many animals to doubt the truth of so remarkable a story, they are referred to the gold collar with Jacob's name and exploit engraved on it, which may still be seen at the headquarters of the Horse Guards in London.

THE STORY OF BETTY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

THE 1st of September was the most beautiful day you ever saw. A sunny breeze kept it bright and cool, and the willing workers at Denniston did the rest. Early in the morning they were all astir, eager to begin preparations; and not much later the Van Court people came over, and the ladies held secret confabs with Mrs. Kinsey and Ellen, while Mr. Van Court and Mr. Brewster hobnobbed with Pete on what seemed to be very important business.

Betty and Jack were forbidden to peep into the kitchen, or to even look toward a certain part of the grounds, whence mysterious sounds of carpentering were heard.

However, Betty and Jack had secret schemes of their own, and found the morning hours all too short to attend to them.

Of course there were no lessons that day, but Mr. Mixon came just the same, and proved of assistance to everybody.

The party was to be from four to nine; but all the guests came before four and stayed until after nine, and indeed many of the children, especially those of the orchestra, were in and out all day long.

Dr. Norton came down for the day, and, taking off Jack's splints, pronounced that his bones had healed and that his leg was all right, and said he might walk a hundred steps in the parade, but after that he must ride.

"Hooray!" cried Jack, as the awkward splints came off at last, and he stood erect and straight, without crutches. "Hooray! Three cheers for Dr. Norton!"

They were given with a will by more than a dozen voices, for the family, guests, and ser-

vants were all gathered at the door or in the hall, waiting to hear the good news.

"Oh, thank you, sir," cried Betty, as she grasped Dr. Norton's hand in both her own. "Oh, thank you—thank you with all my heart! I'm so glad you cured my Jack. It's the best birthday present he could have."

"Bless the boy," said grandma, "and he's been so good and patient through it all."

Then everybody rejoiced with him, and congratulated him, until Jack felt like a hero just returned from war or some other dreadful danger.

Pete ran up the big flag to the top of its pole; and Polly, who was lost sight of during the excitement, celebrated the occasion by finding a pair of scissors and cutting all the golden curls off of one side of her foolish little baby head.

A wail of woe went up from Lisa when she saw the mischief, and another from Betty when she flew to the scene of action.

"Oh, Polly," she cried, "baby Polly, how *could* you cut off your pretty curls?"

"Me give kyurls to Betty," said the baby, cheerfully, dumping a bunch of yellow floss in Betty's lap.

Then, as there was nothing else to do, Betty cut the curls from the other side, leaving Polly in a state of great bewilderment as to why it was wrong for her, but right for Betty, to do the wicked deed.

Beauty-loving Betty was ready to cry at the sight of the little shorn head, for Polly was to have graced the parade in a wonderful new white frock, all frills and filmy lace, in which she looked like an angel; and now the angel's halo was gone.

But Betty's ingenuity did not desert her. Flinging on her hat, she whistled for her pony-cart, and in a few minutes was bowling merrily along on the road to town.

"Dixie," Betty's pony, was quite as much of a pet as Sydney, and was not much larger than the great dog.

He was a real "banker" pony, which is the kind raised in some of our Southern States on the "banks" of the ocean. These ponies are very small, but stout and strong. They are allowed to run wild when young, and their hair grows to the length of two inches or more. They forage for food, and when thirsty they dig holes in the sand and drink the water that filters into them.

When ready to be sold, they are caught with a lasso, like the wild horses in the West; then, after being sheared and branded, they settle down into the most gentle and docile little beasts imaginable.

They live long; indeed, Dixie was already twenty years old when Mr. Brewster bought him for Betty's use.

Betty being so much younger, Dixie was very considerate, and until she learned how to ride and drive he was patient, and careful of her safety. When she would jump on his back only to tumble off again, he would turn and look at her as much as to say, "I'm so sorry for you; just try it again." But Betty was fearless, and far from stupid, and she soon learned to be a correct and graceful little horsewoman.

Good little Dixie was ready and willing to go to town a dozen times a day, if need be; so on this occasion he kicked up his heels and flew over the ground, while Betty held on to her hat with one hand and drove with the other. She stopped in front of a hair-dresser's shop, and gave the reins a turn around the whip.

"Stay there, Dix, until I come back," said she; and jumping out, she ran into the shop; and nothing less than an explosion would have made Dixie move until his young mistress returned.

"Have you any golden curls for sale?" asked Betty of the wonderfully befrizzled young woman behind the counter.

"No, miss, we have n't; but we expect some in to-morrow."

"Oh, that won't do at all," said Betty. "I must have them to-day."

"We have some beautiful brown curls, miss; would n't they answer?"

Betty thought a minute. Polly had brown eyes, and anything was better than that poor little shorn scalp.

So she took two short ones and half a dozen long ones. And then she went to the milliner's and bought a hat, all fluffy white frills and lace, and asked the milliner to sew the curls in it. Then Betty took her clever invention home with her, and tried it on Polly.

The whole affair was very becoming; only, the baby was so changed in her appearance that even Betty scarcely knew her.

"Never mind; you look sweet in it, Polly-pops," she said, kissing her, as she took the hat off; and Polly said, "Yi, yi."

At last four o'clock came, and everybody had arrived. A crowd of grown-ups sat on the veranda to see the great parade, which was in process of forming down in the orchard.

The children were to march across the lawn; and then, just as the head of the column neared the house, Jack would fall in and take his hundred steps, after which he would get into the cart, and drive Dixie the rest of the way.

Soon the music—noise, I mean—of the pop-gun orchestra was plainly heard; and after a few moments of uncertainty, the listeners decided they were playing *at* the "Star-Spangled Banner." But it seemed to fizzle out, and a few final squeaks and shrieks were followed by silence on the part of the instruments, but an evident squabbling among the members of the orchestra.

"All right," said Betty, at last; and they broke into a grand rendering of "The Mulligan Guards." All kept time, and the fifes tooted, and the drums banged, and the pop-guns popped at just the right moments, and those who blew through the combs blew with all their might, so that it was a wonderful wave of sound that came around the corner.

And a wonderful sight, too. Betty led the line, walking backward, and waving a little baton with one hand, and holding in the other her papered comb, playing vigorously.

All of the orchestra were in uniform. Betty

had had the suits made, and the children slipped them on over their other clothes. The girls wore red skirts and military-looking jackets made of red, shiny muslin, liberally banded with strips of gilt paper; the boys had trousers and jackets of the same brilliant materials; and all wore big peaked hats made of pasteboard covered with gilt paper, from the tops of which waved bunches of red feathers.

Betty had designed this costume herself, and it was really very effective, and the band received tumultuous applause as they marched by the reviewing-stand. Next came Polly. She was seated in her baby-carriage, but the little wicker coach was so covered with flowers that it looked like a moving floral mound. The seat had been built up higher, and Polly sat aloft, waving her little fat arms and shouting with glee.

But such a Polly! With her sudden achievement of long dark curls no one recognized her at first, and only her well-known "Yi, yi," would make Grandma Jean believe that it was really baby Polly. Lisa, who pushed the carriage, was marvelously garbed in red cheese-cloth and an ornamental hat; for Betty's ideas of gaiety were limited to red coloring and effective head-gear.

And next came Jack, preceded by a sort of body-guard of Pete and Barney gorgeously attired in full military regalia, which had been hired for the occasion. Jack, in a red-and-gold suit, walked proudly erect. His face was pale with excitement, but his tread was firm and even; and Bill, the stable-boy, who had been detailed to follow him and count his steps, called out "One hundred!" just after Jack passed the veranda. Then, amid the applause and cheers of the audience, he climbed into the gaily decorated cart, and Dixie fell into line as naturally as if he always walked in a parade.

Sydney came next; a wreath of flowers round his neck, tied with a big red bow, was his only adornment, and quite enough he found it. He walked in the procession because he had been told to do so; but his dignity placed him above that sort of foolishness, and his air showed a benign patronage of the whole affair. Then

came a double line of children, who had been invited, and requested to wear something red; and so red dresses, sashes, hats, and shoes were in evidence, and made a gay scene.

After the parade had all passed the veranda, Betty brought her orchestra back again, and nearly deafened the long-suffering audience by giving them the "Anvil Chorus," with an accompaniment of real anvils.

After that she dismissed her musicians and announced that the party had begun. Then every one did what he or she wanted to. They played tennis or bowled, or rowed on the lake, or drove in the pony-cart, or swung.

And after that it was time for the feast.

This was spread out of doors on a great table, or, rather, two tables put together in the shape of a T. At the two ends of the cross table sat Jack and Betty, and at the end of the other table sat little Polly in her high-chair. Her hat had been laid aside, and of course the curls went with it; but the loss of either yellow or brown ringlets in no way interfered with Polly's enjoyment, and she clamored for her supper and a cup of tea "wiv a much of sugar in it."

Facing Polly, and at the point where the two tables joined, Grandma Jean sat; and from here she could have a watchful eye over all the guests, big and little, and make sure that their wants were all attended to—though Ellen and her skilful assistants left little to be done.

The feast consisted of everything that people usually have on such occasions, and more besides. Such a birthday supper had never before been seen in Greenborough. Orders had been sent to New York, and giant hampers had arrived that afternoon with the most wonderful fruits and confections and cakes, and a great big salmon that looked as if he could swim in the sea, but proved all ready to be eaten, and boned turkeys, and funny little sandwiches rolled up and tied with ribbons. And then there was ice-cream in queer shapes that made the children laugh: fat little Chinese mandarins, and soldiers carrying chocolate guns, and ducks and geese, and even a pig with a curly tail. Funny little cakes, too, that looked like all sorts of things, from dominoes to potatoes, and tasted delicious. And then—this was

Grandma Jean's secret—a great big birthday cake was placed in front of Betty, with fifteen candles burning around it, and "Betty" traced upon it in most marvelous frosting, with decorations of candies and crystallized fruits. And a similar cake was set before Jack, with *his* name blazoned on it, and fifteen candles burning. And then a wee cake with three candles, and bearing the name of "Polly," was set in front of that hilarious damsel, who looked

on each cover. The end links contained the names "Jack" and "Betty," and the tiny link that joined them encircled the name "Polly." Also, each child received beautiful bonbons in a satin bag. And then they snapped German cracker-mottos, and put on the grotesque paper caps that appeared.

And now it was getting dusk, and they all adjourned to the house.

When they entered the parlor they saw a



"BETTY LED THE LINE, WALKING BACKWARD, AND WAVING A LITTLE BATON WITH ONE HAND."

at it critically, and then puffed up her fat cheeks and tried to blow out the candles, saying: "Polly no byurn up her cake!"

The cakes were cut, and exhibited a most satisfactory plumminess; and then, as none of the little people could eat any more, Grandma Jean proposed that the birthday cakes be divided into generous portions, and each child receive a piece to take home. This met with general approval; and Ellen brought a tray of lovely silver-paper boxes, with three links of a chain embossed in gilt

strange figure sitting in a corner of the room. It seemed to be a young boy, but a very large one. He wore a white suit with a huge white ruff and a white beaver hat. He sat on a stool, and before him, on a low table, was an immense pie, that must have measured fully a yard across.

"Little Jack Horner!" cried a dozen voices at once.

"Why, so it is," said Mr. Brewster. "Put in your thumb, Jack, and pull us out a plum."

"Yessir," said Jack Horner; and he thrust

his hand into the pie and drew out a white paper parcel.

"Who wants this plum?" said he.

"Me," said Polly, toddling up to get it.

"Wait, baby," said Mr. Brewster. "No, this is n't your plum; this has Agnes Graham's name on it."

So Agnes took it, and it proved to contain a lovely little work-box, with silver thimble, scissors, and furnishings, all complete.

Then Jack Horner found a plum for each of the rest, and every plum was a beautiful present.

After the pie-dish was empty, Jack Horner told the children to put their "plums" away in some safe place, and get their wraps, for the next performance would be out of doors.

Then Jack Horner, whom the children had long ago discovered to be Mr. Dick Van Court, led the way to a new building, which was an explanation of the mysterious carpentry of the morning. It was a raised platform with graduated rows of seats; and when the whole party was comfortably seated, they were treated to a magnificent exhibition of fireworks. Brilliant rockets and bombs hissed through the air, and exploded into showers of shining stars of every possible color. Pinwheels whizzed around, throwing off sparks, and colored Greek fire made the whole place look like fairyland. Fire balloons were sent up and watched until they floated away out of sight; and at last the final illumination was announced.

This proved to be a repetition of the three links of chain on the cake-boxes, and stood out in letters of fire against the sky.

Loud applause followed this; and as it faded from sight, Tom Fenn proposed "three cheers for the McGuires," and they were given with a will.

It was after nine now—yes, and after ten; so the guests departed, feeling sure they would always remember the McGuires' birthday party.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERPLEXITY AND ADVICE.

"Now, children, run along to bed," said Grandma Jean, as the door closed behind

the last guests; "and don't dawdle, for it 's late. Help Jack upstairs, Betty, and I 'll look in and see that he 's all right when I come up."

"Good night, grandma," said Betty, a little wistfully.

"Good night," said Mrs. Kinsey. "Run on now; I 'm going to count the silver."

Though Jack was tired, he walked bravely through the hall; but when he reached the stairs he was glad to have Betty's assistance.

"I 'll be all right soon," he said; "but I 'll just take a grip on your shoulder this time, if you don't mind."

Betty laughed. "'Lean on me, grandpapa; I 'm 'most seven,'" said she, quoting from their favorite story-book, and offering a sturdy shoulder for Jack's support.

They stopped on the landing to rest; and as they sat down on the cushioned seat, Jack said:

"I 'm glad of your help to-night, but in a few days I guess I won't need it. I 'll get strong awful quick, Dr. Norton says; and then I 'm going to exercise just right, and get myself up in shape, and I 'm going in for the navy. Mr. Mixon knows a man who knows somebody who 's on a ship, and he says he 'll help me."

"Oh, Jack, do you mean you 'll go away to sea, and stay?"

"You bet I will, if I get half a chance. But not for a long while yet. A fellow has to study awful hard to get in the navy. Hallo, there goes the wailer. Move, Betty; you 're sitting against it."

They had dubbed the æolian harp the "wailer" because its music was usually a prolonged wail. It was sweet and tuneful, but always sad.

"Ugh!" said Jack, "it 's extra sad to-night. Sounds 's if it had swallowed a dough-nut, or something heavy. I must go upstairs, Betty; it 's bed-time."

With Betty's help, Jack climbed the rest of the stairs easily enough, and entered his own room.

"Good night, Jack," said Betty, pausing at the door.

"Good night—and say, Betty, won't you

call down to grandma to bring up my tonic when she comes. She knows where it is."

"I will," said Betty; and she delivered the message, and then went to her room.

The room had been arranged for the night. The covers of the pretty white bed had been turned back and the little ruffled night-dress laid in readiness. A down coverlet of blue



"'WHO WANTS THIS PLUM?' SAID JACK HORNER."

She entered and closed the door, and then stood with her hand still on the door-knob, looking round her.

Such a pretty room! During the months Betty had lived in it she had added so many lovely things that it was just overflowing with beauty and comfort.

A fine copy of the "Sistine Madonna" looked down on her from the wall, and a royal Bengal tiger rug gnashed its teeth at her from the floor. Electric lights had been recently introduced at Denniston, and in Betty's room they were hidden among the cornice decorations, and so cast a lovely radiance without a glare of light.

And still Betty stood looking round her.

silk hung over the foot of the bed,—for the nights were growing chilly,—and a little blue dressing-gown of eider-flannel and a pair of blue woolly slippers lay on the couch. A shaded night-lamp burned low on a small bedside table.

Betty crossed the room and stood in front of a long pier-glass. She must have been pleased with the reflection she saw there, for the fluffy organdie dress, made over pink silk and bright with pink ribbons, was very becoming.

But it was a sober little face in the mirror that looked back at her, and she turned away with a sigh. Then she took off the pretty dress, and throwing on the little blue dressing-

gown, she turned a key, and the electric light faded, leaving the room dark save for the tiny lamp. She sat down by the low, open window, and crossing her arms on the sill, laid her head upon them and looked out at the stars. Then the tears came.

"It 's wicked and silly I am," she said to herself, "and I 'm glad no one knows it, for I 'd be ashamed. I 've got everything in the world, and still—still I 'm wanting more. And I don't even know what it is I 'm wanting. Grandma Jean is as kind as she can be, and I ought n't to expect her to kiss me good night, if it *is* my birthday; and of course it *is* n't my birthday really. And I 'm so glad that Jack's leg is all right; I don't mind a bit that he never gave me any thanks for getting Dr. Norton to cure him. I took Jack for my brother; and I 'll give him all the money he wants, and all the education he wants; and then—and then he 'll go off to that Navy place, and leave me, and never think of me again. Polly loves me in her baby way; but she 's so little, and she would n't care if she never saw me again. My party was beautiful, and the orchestra was just splendid, and Jimmy Briggs *did* n't spoil it all by drumming at the wrong time; but—it was n't a *real* birthday, after all, and I suppose that 's why there seems to be something missing.

"And nobody gave me any presents. Of course I know why; it 's 'cause I 've got money enough to buy all the presents I want, myself. But that ain't it. If Miss Grace had only made me even a bit of a pin-cushion, now, or if Jack had whittled something out of wood for me. But they think I don't care for anything unless it costs a lot of money—and what costs money I can buy for myself.

"Oh, dear! I s'pose I 'm awful wicked and ungrateful. Me, the richest girl in Greenborough, a-moping here, when I ought to be singing with joy. I 'm all wrong. Mrs. Van Court said, when I came here to live, 'Now, Betty, if you 're not happy, it 's your own fault'; and if it 's my own fault, I 'll shtrive—strive to cure it; and I 'll stop worrying about myself; but—I *wish* I had somebody to worry about me."

With a sigh as sad as the wail of her æo-

lian harp, the little girl rose and turned on the pretty lights again. The sight of her room full of treasures seemed to cheer her; and saying half aloud, "I *am* a silly—I 'll just quit it and behave myself," she prepared for bed, and was soon fast asleep.

She slept late next morning, and when she awoke the sun was shining, and she was her own merry self once more. The sad thoughts seemed to have hidden themselves away, and soon a very spick-and-span Betty in a fresh blue gingham dress went dancing downstairs.

She stopped to kiss Polly, who was "playing steamboat" in the hall, and then went on to the dining-room.

"'At 's all water," shouted Polly, "an' you 's in it, an' you 'll det wet."

"Oh, dear, so I will!" cried Betty, always ready to "pretend." "My feet are soaking wet now; what *shall* I do?"

She hopped up on a chair, and then jumped to a window-seat, and so made her way from



"LEAN ON ME, GRANDPAPA," SAID BETTY."



“‘THE WATERS ARE RISING!’ YELLED MR. DICK, FRANTICALLY. ‘I SHALL BE DROWNED!’”

one piece of furniture to another until she reached her own chair at the dining-table; and then, with her feet tucked up under her, she rang the bell for the waitress.

While Betty was still at her breakfast, she heard a familiar step in the hall, and looking up, she saw Mr. Richard Van Court smiling at her from the doorway.

“Oh, what a lazy popinjay-bird!” he cried. “You ’ll never catch the early worm.”

Betty scorned to reply, and called out quickly: “Oh, be careful, Mr. Dick; the water’s six inches deep on this floor, and rising fast; you ’ll be drowned if you don’t look out!”

“Good gracious, so I will!” exclaimed the young man, in great consternation. Then he turned up his trousers, and picked his way carefully around, to the delight of Polly, whose steamboat had drawn nearer and was

steering straight for the Great Sideboard Dock.

“The waters are rising!” yelled Mr. Dick, frantically. “I shall be drowned! But no—I can swim.” And with the motions of a despairing swimmer, he reached Grandma Jean’s chair at the table, and climbing up into it, he sat on the arm, with his feet on the seat.

Polly screamed with glee; and Betty laughed heartily at the apparently exhausted refugee, and said: “Won’t you have a cup of coffee now, to keep you from taking cold?”

“I will take a cup of coffee,” said Mr. Dick, “but I’ve already taken the cold”; and he gave a series of such prodigious sneezes that Polly tumbled out of her steamboat, she laughed so hard.

Then the expert swimmer had to throw

himself into the sea again to rescue the drowning sailor; and after this heroic deed he returned to his arm-chair island to drink the coffee Ellen brought to him.

"Popinjay," he said, as he helped himself to cream, "I have to drive over to the Ridge this morning; and as it is Saturday, and you have no lessons, I stopped to see if you 'd like to go with me."

"Oh, I 'd love to go," said Betty; for a drive with Mr. Dick was always a pleasure.

"All right, then; skip up and don your bonnet gay; my steed waits at the door."

Betty was soon ready, and they started off. It was a perfect morning, and the horses spun along so fast, and Mr. Dick was in a jolly humor and told such merry stories and funny jokes, that Betty began to wonder how anybody could ever be sad, herself least of all.

The loneliness of the night before seemed like a dream; but as they were discussing the birthday party in all its phases, Betty told Mr. Dick about it.

The young man took it more seriously than she had thought he would.

"Little one," he said kindly, "you must n't allow yourself to have such thoughts."

"I don't often, sir," said she. "I 'm 'most always happy and glad—as indeed I ought to be, with my home and family all complete. But sometimes I feel the want of somebody else—somebody that I have n't bought with my fortune."

Mr. Dick did n't tell her—what he feared was the case—that her poor little orphan heart was craving true affection and sympathy, which cannot be bought, though the imitation of them is always for sale.

"Well, well, Popinjay," he said cheerfully, "when those thoughts come after you, just turn round and drive them out of your head. You 're forming your character now, you know, and you 've a strong will; so all such signs of morbidness or discontent you must fight against and destroy."

"Yes, sir; I 'll do it. And when I think of all my beautiful home, and my new hat and all, I know I 'm undeserving and I know I 'm most ungrateful to be desiring anything else. But I think, sir, if I had a sister—I mean a big sister, as big as I am—she 'd be a companion, like. Jack 's the best brother in the world; but he 's a boy, and he does n't understand half I say to him. And I think I 'll buy one more member to my family, and have some nice girl to be a sister of my own age."

"Well, Betty, you may be right about this; I don't say you 're not; but let me give you a little advice. Don't buy this sister too suddenly. Be sure you 've found the right one before you get her on your hands for life. Take her on trial first. Have you any one in view?"

"No, sir—unless it might be Tillie Fenn. She 's a nice girl, and she lives with her aunt. Mrs. Fenn does n't like Tillie very much, and she 's awful hard on her; so I guess I could buy her, if I wanted to."

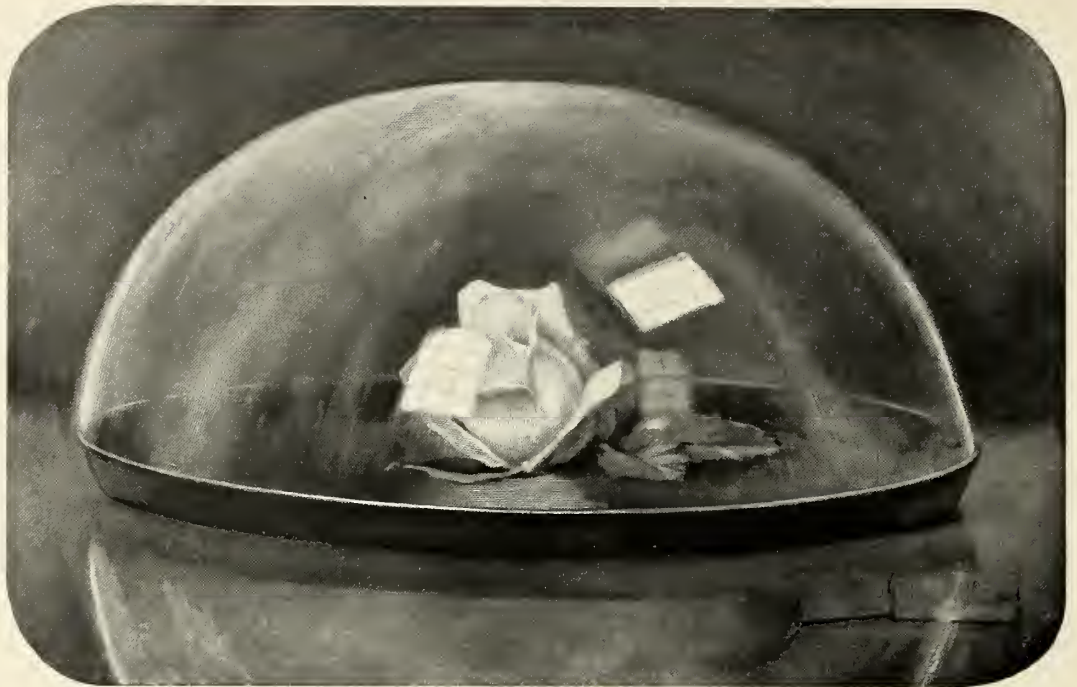
"But don't do it, Popinjay, until you 've given Miss Tillie a trial. Ask her to come and visit you for a week; and then, if you like her, extend the invitation to a month; but be sure she 's what you need before you adopt her."

This seemed sensible, and Betty promised to follow her friend's advice; and then the subject was dropped, and they devoted all their time and attention to enjoying their delightful ride.

"Don't say anything about this matter," said Mr. Van Court, as they drove into Denniston, on their return, "but invite your friend; and after you 've made the experiment, tell me how it succeeded, and then we 'll talk it over with Brewster."

Betty felt a little proud of having a secret with Mr. Dick, and readily promised to do as he said—though she felt sure that the acquiring of a new sister would be a success.

(To be continued.)



A ROSE IN A BUBBLE.

A SOAP-BUBBLE MAGICIAN.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

It had been an evening of continual surprises; and when Philip entered the room carrying a bowl, two long clay pipes, a piece of soap, three cornucopias, and a mysterious-looking pasteboard box, not even the wisest among the children could imagine what this part of the program was to be. Neither were they any nearer a solution after Phil had taken from the box a rose, two dinner-plates, a humming top, a table-knife, two door-keys, several marbles, and a number of nails.

Phil would have been overwhelmed with questions had he not at once eased the minds of his astonished audience by announcing that he was going to show them some new tricks with soap-bubbles.

"Now watch me!" he continued, after having carefully mixed the soapy water until he considered it just right. "I will just blow you some bubbles with one of these long pipes."

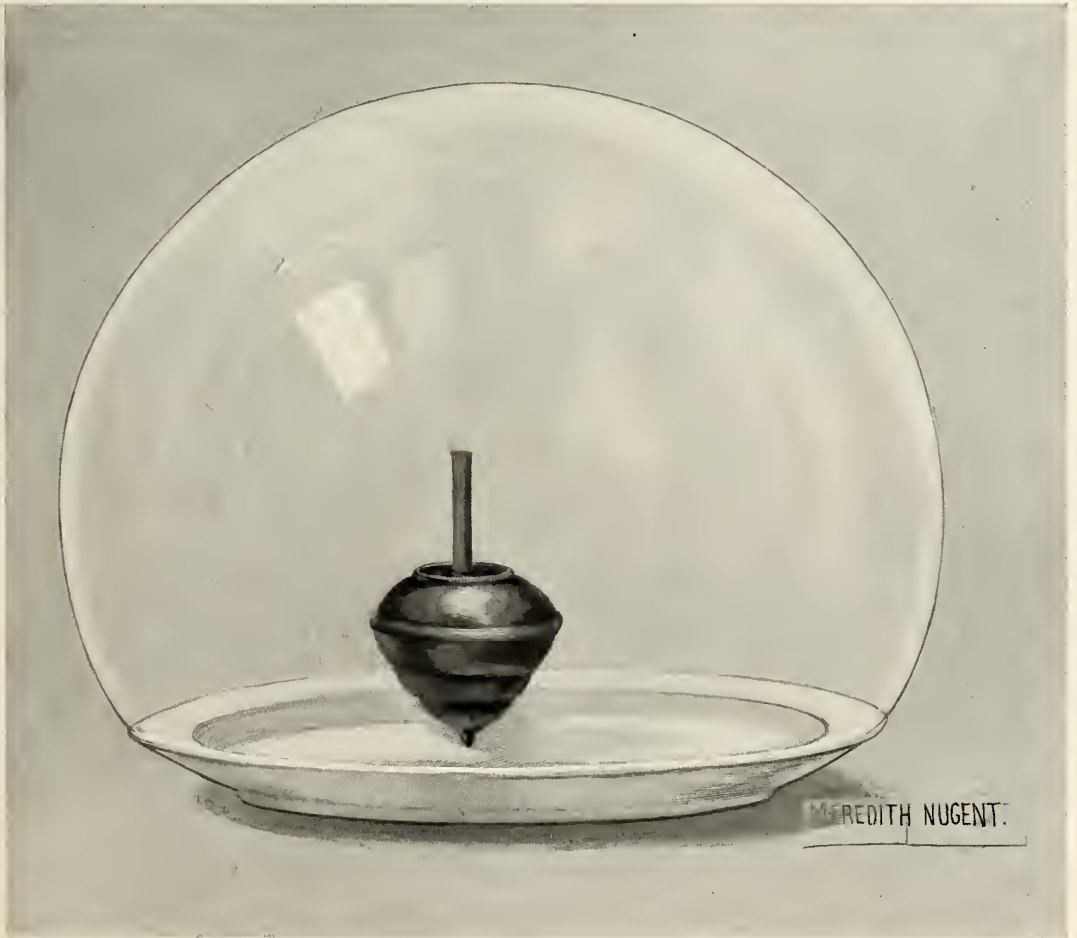
Soon it seemed that the air was full of the shining globes. Satisfied with the result of this trial,—for the object in blowing these bubbles had been to test the strength of the soapy water,—Philip took one of the cornucopias, and blew a bubble so large that the children clapped their hands for joy. He tossed a bubble into the air, and as it slowly descended caught it upon the cornucopia. The next he caught upon the palm of his hand. The next he balanced upon the tip of his forefinger. Still another was caught upon a broad wad of cotton. He held one in graceful poise upon the end of a knitting-needle, and proceeded to play battledore and shuttlecock with it. Three times he tossed this bubble into the air, and three times he caught it, before the beauty burst. With a cornucopia larger than the one he just used, he blew a bubble upon a dinner-plate, completely covering it; then he blew another on

top of the first, but in such a manner that the two united, forming one immense sphere.

Philip thereafter directed his attention to the more striking part of his exhibition, and from this time on his performances were simply amazing. "See that white rose?" he exclaimed, pointing to a beautiful one resting upon a lacquered tray. "Well, I am going to put it inside of a soap-bubble"; and in a very few moments the flower was sphered over by a bubble so large and perfect that it seemed as if made of purest glass. Cries of admiration came from all sides on beholding this beautiful sight. The bubble was a gem in color, and of

spinning, and amazed his audience by placing a bubble over that also.

While the top still hummed under its many-hued canopy, Philip blew another bubble, and called the attention of those present to the fact that an old adage said that a bubble would burst as soon as pricked. "But here is a case," he exclaimed triumphantly, "where this old adage, like so many others, is proved to be false." Casting the bubble into the air, Philip passed a knitting-needle completely through it. To add force to his opinion concerning the old adage, the young magician blew a bubble upon a plate, and then dropped



A SPINNING TOP ENCLOSED WITHIN A BUBBLE.

great size. Carefully timed by a watch, it lasted just two minutes and a half.

Following this, Phil set the humming top to

a needle through the top of the iridescent sphere without injuring it in the least.

Before the childish exclamations caused by



DROPPING OBJECTS THROUGH A BUBBLE WITHOUT BREAKING IT.

this feat ceased, Philip dropped a pen through the film; there it lay in the plate, sure enough; then he dropped another pen through; then a small key; then a larger key; then two nails; and then concluded the remarkable exhibition by pouring some soapy water through, after which the bubble broke. It had stood up under this rough ordeal for a little more than one minute. Certainly the soapy water was never in better condition, but the unusually long duration of the bubbles was due also, as Philip explained, to the low temperature of the room.

As proof of the fact that temperature affected the duration of the bubbles, Philip asked his audience to accompany him into a room which was almost cold. Arrived there, he blew upon a glass plate a bubble that seemed as if it never would burst.

"All put on your hats and coats," was Philip's next direction, "and I'll show you

something about bubbles in a room where the temperature is below the freezing-point."

It was late in November. As soon as the little ones were assembled in this room, dressed as if for a sleigh-ride, Phil blew a bubble very carefully upon a small looking-glass. Twenty pairs of eyes were eagerly fixed upon this glistening sphere, in anxious expectation of—almost anything!

At the expiration of thirty seconds its brilliancy was seen to be greatly dimmed, and by the time fifty seconds had elapsed all transparency had gone.

"There," cried Phil, "is a soap-bubble which will last a year, provided the room is kept cold enough, for that soap-bubble is frozen."

This performance so delighted the children that Phil covered the glass with a whole array of frozen bubbles; then he broke some with a pencil, and fanned the light pieces of ice, which were like tissue-paper, all about the room.

Our young magician now resumed his wonderful entertainment in the warmer apartment. He began by blowing a large bubble upon the lacquered tray; then he blew another bubble inside of this first one. "Two," he called out; and next, as if to amaze his audience completely, he blew another bubble inside of this second one, filling it, as he did so, with smoke.

"Three!" shouted the children in unison.

It would be hard to imagine anything more lovely than these three beautiful bubbles, perfect in form, and glistening with all the colors of the rainbow.

Philip was certainly outdoing himself. He had given his friends many pretty surprises, but none of them had ever come near equaling this one. For a while, after this feat, he

as one of the bubbles came sailing down, the performer pierced it through with a large table-knife, without inflicting the least injury upon it. He was evidently thinking of the old adage again; for as the next bubble came near to him, he pierced it not only with a knife, but with a fork also. Then, holding another bubble upon the cornucopia, he cut through it in all directions; yet still the bubble remained unbroken.

Phil then, apparently having decided on the next feat, requested that the lights be turned out. When the room was in total darkness, he took a candle from the pasteboard box, and lighted it.

"I am about to show you what I think is the prettiest experiment of all," he said, and



CUTTING THROUGH A BUBBLE WITH A KNIFE.

just simply tossed bubbles into the air, as if thinking of what he should show next. Even this "intermission," as he called it, was not without some strikingly original features; for

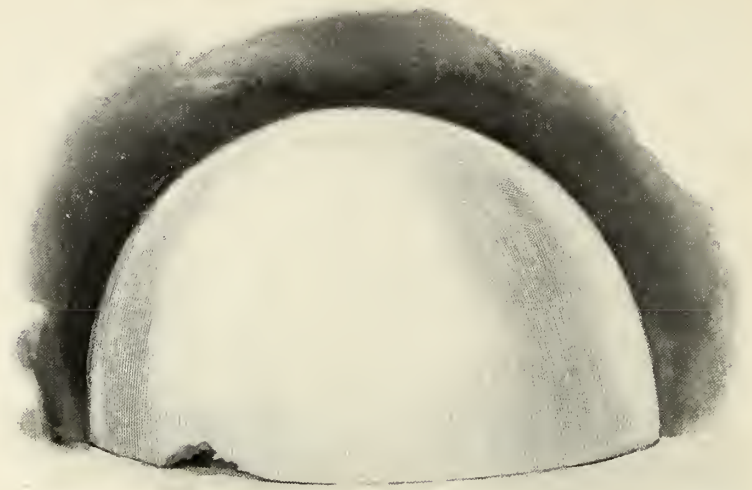
began to blow a large bubble upon the plate. The interest, however, was immediately awakened when he placed the lighted candle within a lamp-chimney; and there was a burst

of genuine enthusiasm as he thrust the chimney that held the candle down into the middle of the great bubble.

This made a wonderfully pretty sight, and as the rays of the candle-light came glinting through the chimney, Philip's face was seen by all to be wreathed in smiles.

"I must confess," he modestly said, "this performance is all very simple—so simple that any child here may perform all the pretty experiments I have shown you this evening. Some other time I will take pleasure in explaining to you exactly how it is all done."

Although Philip had told the children that the candle-light effect was probably the best



MEREDITH. NUGENT

A FROZEN BUBBLE.



MEREDITH. NUGENT.

THREE BUBBLES, ONE INSIDE ANOTHER, AND THE SMALLEST FILLED WITH SMOKE.

of his experiments, his crowning triumph was yet to come.

Amid a hushed excitement, he took a tumbler and half filled it with soapy water; then he drew from the pasteboard box a small American flag, which he fastened on a stick supported by a bit of wire so that it floated over the tumbler. Then, putting a long clay pipe into the glass, he called to his uncle, who had been called in especially for this purpose, to blow plenty of smoke through the pipe.

The moment Phil's uncle blew into the pipe there issued from the tumbler an opal stream of wondrous beauty. It consisted of hundreds and hundreds of pure white bubbles, which poured down the sides of the tumbler and upon the looking-glass on which it had been placed. Faster and faster the bubbles rushed out, and higher, too, they mounted now, until, suddenly, it seemed, there burst into view an arch of the most exquisite loveliness.

When the pipe was withdrawn, the children went into raptures over the fairy-like scene; but the prettiest feature was to come.

In a few moments one of the little bubbles broke. A puff of smoke shot forth, forming, as it did so, a dainty, tiny ring; then another bubble broke, and another ring appeared; then

the bubbles began to explode in such rapid succession that it became impossible to count the tiny wreaths. This was the crown of the evening's entertainment. "Hurrah for the United States!" shouted Philip. "This is our salute to the flag. Let us all sing 'America.'" And as the little ones raised their voices in joy-



MEREDITH. NUGENT.

A SALUTE TO THE FLAG. DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ous chorus, they one and all felt that this was the most surprising evening entertainment they had ever seen.

A few days afterward Philip sent me an account of how he performed his experiments. Here it is:

DIRECTIONS FOR A SOAP-BUBBLE
ENTERTAINMENT.

First, make several cornucopias of varying sizes. These should be made of stout wrapping-paper.

break, the mixture is ready for use. If the bubble will not stand this test, add more soap or more water until it does.

Third, *take plenty of time*, and never be hurried. Most people fail in making soap-bubbles because they are in a hurry. To blow soap-bubbles successfully, first draw a deep breath, then place your mouth to the pipe or cornucopia, and start the blowing very gently.

Fourth, choose as cool a place as possible in which to make experiments. Bubbles will last *much* longer in a cold room than in a warm room.

To blow the large bubbles: Dip a cornucopia in



A CANDLE WITH A BUBBLE FOR A GLOBE.

Cover both sides of paper with paste before rolling into shape. This will insure their being stiff.

Second, take ordinary soap, and rub briskly in half a bowl of water until the proper thickness is reached. To tell when soapy water is right, blow a bubble with a pipe, then dip thumb and fore-finger into mixture, and take hold of the bubble with wet fingers. If the bubble gives and does not

soapy water until the larger opening is covered by a soapy film; draw a deep breath, then blow slowly into the cornucopia. When the air is exhausted from the lungs, press your tongue over the mouth end of the cornucopia while drawing in the second breath, then blow through the cornucopia as before.

How to put a rose inside of a soap-bubble: Cover

the inside of the dinner-plate with soapy water about one eighth of an inch deep, place the rose in the center, and cover with the cornucopia. Blow gently, while slowly lifting the cornucopia from

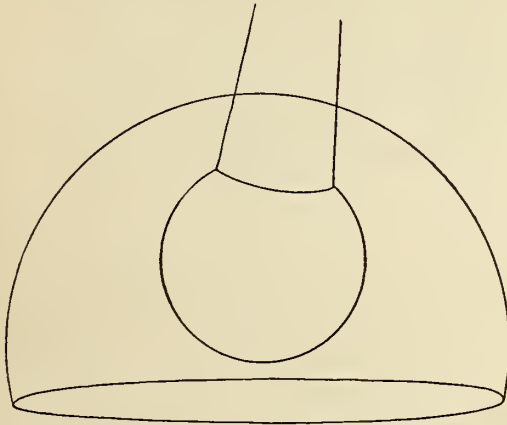


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW ONE SOAP-BUBBLE IS PLACED INSIDE OF ANOTHER.

plate, as shown in the diagram. Continue to blow until the bubble is of the desired size; then withdraw the cornucopia very carefully.

How to make a top spin inside of a bubble: Proceed in the same manner as in the rose experiment.

How to join two bubbles into one: Blow a large bubble on the plate, then blow a second bubble on top of the first one. If the soapy mixture is of the right consistency, they will unite in one large sphere. Should this experiment fail the first time, try again. No sure rule can be laid down in this case; much depends upon chance.

How to thrust a knife through a bubble without breaking the bubble: Soak the knife thoroughly in soapy water. As the bubble descends, gently pierce it with the knife, as shown in the picture. Hold a bubble hanging from the cornucopia. If the soapy water is in proper condition, the knife may be passed through the bubble in all directions without bursting it. By dipping them previously in soapy water, knitting-needles and numerous other objects may be passed through in the same manner.

How to drop objects through a large bubble:

Soak the objects in the soapy mixture, and drop them carefully through the top of the bubble.

How to place a lighted candle inside of a bubble: First soak a lamp-chimney thoroughly in the soapy mixture. Place a small piece of candle inside the chimney, and then light the candle, and slowly put the chimney through the top of the bubble, as shown in the picture.

How to place three bubbles inside one another: First blow a large bubble with the large cornucopia, then dip well into mixture the smaller cornucopia, and blow the second bubble, as shown in the diagram. The third bubble may be blown by passing a clay pipe through both bubbles, after it has been soaked in soapy water.

How to freeze a bubble: Blow a bubble on a plate in a room where the temperature is below the freezing-point (32° F.). The bubble must not be jarred or moved *at all*, or the experiment will fail.

How the "Salute to the Flag" is prepared: Half fill a tumbler with soapy water. Fasten the

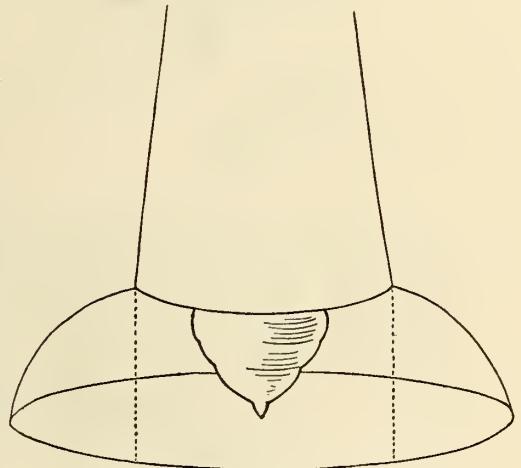


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW A SPINNING TOP IS PLACED INSIDE OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.

little flag in place, dip the stem of a clay pipe in soapy water, and blow smoke through the bowl-end, when the bubbles will appear as shown in the illustration. This is a very pretty experiment.



THE MAGNETISM OF THE FISHING-ROD.



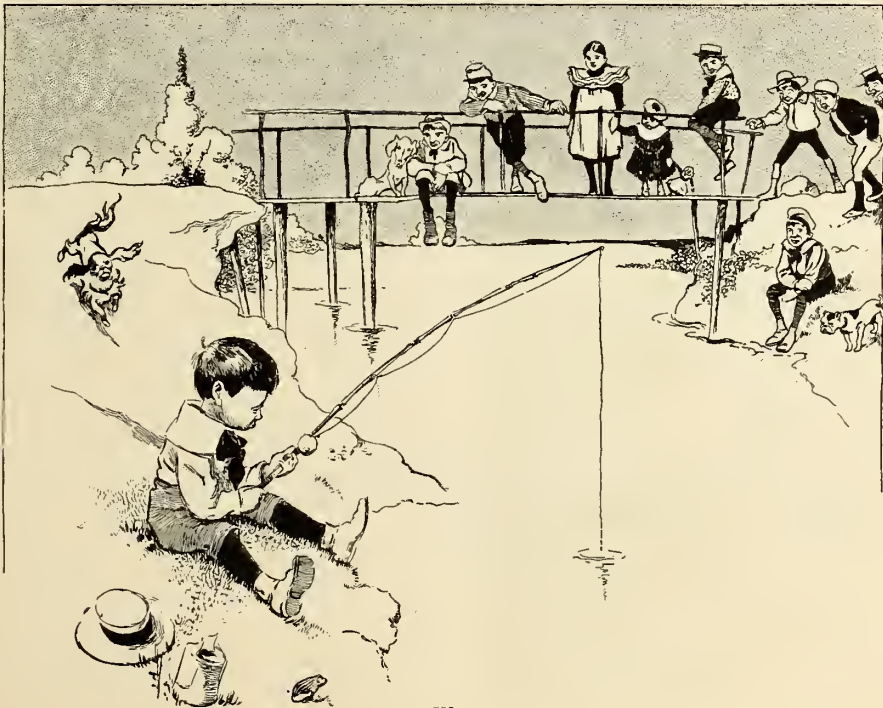
I.



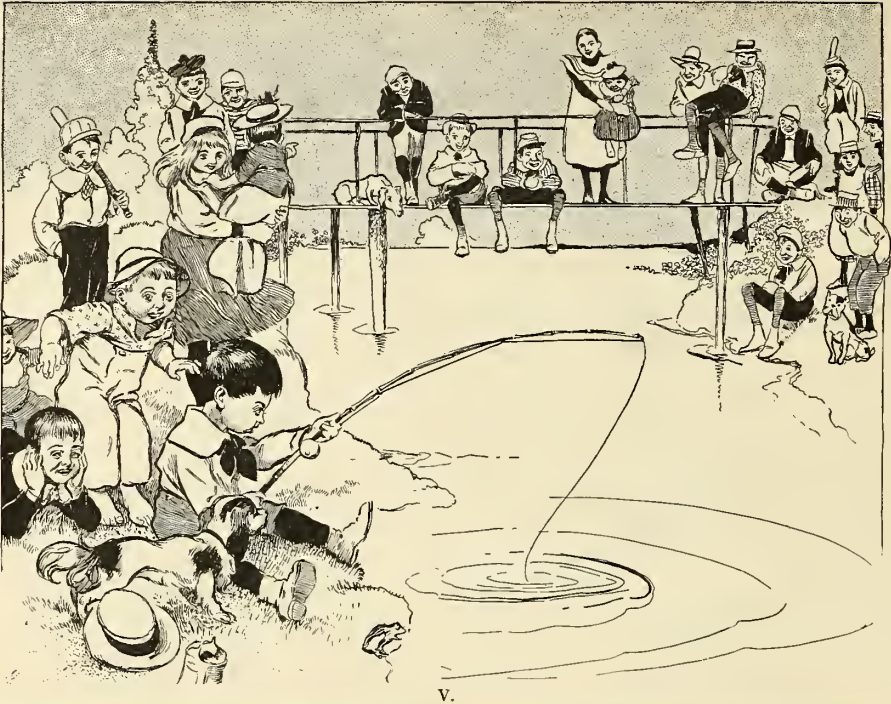
II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI. "HURRAH!"

Hy-
Mayer

"BELINDA" IN THE FORE-ROOM.

BY ETHEL PARTON.



HERE had come a sea-turn in the early afternoon of a hot August day. Tilly and Achsah Binns, their dish-washing done, escaped joyfully from the kitchen, and sat down side by side on the broad door-stone at the back of the farmhouse, drawing deep breaths of the moist, salty air as they watched the silver sea-fog swirl and billow higher and higher along the slope of Two-Top Hill. Already Tilly's buff sprigged calico was limp and clinging with dampness, and Axy's brown hair, neatly laid in bands behind her ears, was rippling and roughening its decorous satin surface, and threatening presently to break downright into curls. Tilly had rolled her hands, yet red and puckery from the dish-pan, loosely in her apron, and leaned her back against the door-jamb with a long sigh of comfort. Axy sat upright, her chin in her hand, her sharp bare elbow resting on her knee, her eyes following absently the strong, soft pouring of the mist through the hollow cleft in the hilltop that held and sheltered the farm. The mounting tide had risen beyond where the girls were sitting, but it thinned visibly as near as the eaves and chimneys of the house, and often in its swirling and shifting allowed the twin round summits of Two-Top to break into view, with a gleam of watery blue above them.

The High Farm, in its lofty nest, was plainly almost at the upper height of the fog-drift, but below it all the world was lost in streaming gray.

There was heard not far away a sudden sound of clattering and scrambling, followed by a thud and a rattle as of falling stones.

Tilly, who was easily startled, clutched Axy's arm. "Oh!" she cried, "what was that?"

"I don't know," said Axy, staring vainly down the hill, where only the nearest boulder and a clump of barberry-bushes loomed dimly through the fog. "It 's down there, somewhere in the pasture. Listen!—it sounds as if a horse were coming over the stone wall that crosses the ridge. Maybe somebody 's got lost in the mist, and left the road. He 'll break the horse's legs, if not his own neck, I 'm afraid. There—there it is again!"

There was indeed a nearer thud and scramble, followed by a startled snort; and then a dark bay horse with a white foot and star, ridden by a hatless, wide-eyed boy, burst swiftly out of the smother only a few yards away, leaped the last flat-lying juniper-bush, and halted, sweating and panting, at the door.

"It 's Zeb!" cried Tilly, with relief. "Well, Zebedee Thyng! What are you thinking of, riding such a crazy rig; and good land, that 's Belinda! Whatever will your father say?"

The boy slipped to the ground and leaned against the horse, breathing hard, and bending his head sidewise, with a motion of his hand to the girls to keep still. He was evidently listening; and Tilly took fright again, and caught her breath in a whimper. But Axy sharply bade her keep quiet, and she tried to control herself, only striving nervously to untie her apron-strings, and sniffing softly as they pulled into tighter and tighter knots and refused to come undone. Zeb glanced at her impatiently, and spoke to Axy.

"They 've sent out more parties to bring in horses," he said. Axy nodded. She knew he meant the British, who had been quartered for a week past in and about the nearest town, and had already carried off many horses from the neighboring farms.

"Do they want Belinda?" she asked.

"Yes," said Zeb; "they do. She 's the finest horse anywhere round, and they 've heard of her—seen her, too, when father was at the camp looking after some of their sick soldiers. One of his patients there thought it was rather poor pay for doctoring to steal the doctor's horse, I suppose, for he sent him a warning to hide her. We got it just in time. You ought to have seen father! You know how proud he is of Belinda. He vowed and declared he 'd shoot the first outrageous red-coat that dared put his finger on her hide; and the more he talked the angrier he made himself. He threw his wig across the room, and pounded his fist on the table, and pretty nearly danced, he was so angry! Then he saw I had to laugh, and he tried to be calm and dignified and take a pinch of snuff; but his hand shook, and he took so much he nearly sneezed his head off; and before he could stop *kerchooing*, we saw them coming up the street."

Tilly, who had giggled faintly, grew serious again, and asked breathlessly: "What did he do?"

"He stopped just a second to think," answered Zeb, "and then he told me to take her and get away with her. He said he would n't even tell me where to go, so he could say honestly he did n't know where she was; but he guessed if I used my wits I 'd think of the best place. I meant to take her over to Uncle Joseph's by way of the woods, and that 's the place I started for; but there are parties out on both roads, and I could n't get there. I was chased, and I only got away by coming over the stone wall and right up the hill here; and I could n't have done that but for the fog. They did n't dare follow over such rough ground when they could n't see and did n't know the way. I don't know how I did it safely myself."

"It 's a queer place to hide," said Axy, anxiously—"the top of the tallest hill in the county!"

"It 's worse than queer," agreed Zeb, ruefully. "Belinda can't go any farther—she 's shaking all over, poor thing; look at her! And she cast a shoe, coming over the wall. If the fog holds, and they come, maybe I can

hide her down the side a little way, in a clump of bushes. They could n't tell what was horse and what was barberry-bush ten yards off. But if it clears there 's no chance at all. They 'll just come up and take her. They can see her half a mile away, if we try to escape by the pastures; and there 's nowhere to hide her if we stay."

"But do they know where you went to?" asked Axy. "Are you sure they 'll look for you up here at all?"

"Oh, yes; they know," Zeb answered, forlornly. "There—there 's the sun!"

Sure enough, the mist parted, and both summits of the hill shone bright and clear, with the cresting boulders and low bushes standing plain against the glistening blue.

"Whatever shall we do?" wailed Tilly. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Oh, Axy, do you suppose they 've started yet? It 's so thick in the hollows, I can't see. Oh, is n't that something red?"

"No, it is n't," snapped Axy, who was apt to be cross when she was excited; "and do be quiet, Tilly, and let us think. If there was only any *sort* of hiding-place big enough to hold Belinda! But there is n't; there 's not—"

"Put her in the barn," interrupted Tilly, distractedly.

"The barn! Where do people look for horses first of all, simpleton?" cried Axy, with scorn.

"Well, the *house*, then," suggested Tilly, timidly.

Zeb laughed rather shakily, and answered that Belinda was n't parlor company, and he guessed Mrs. Binns would have a word to say; besides, it could n't be done; and if it could, it would get them into trouble; and it would n't be any use, anyway.

But Axy broke in abruptly on his objections. "We 'll try it!" she cried. "It 's the only thing, and it 's a chance. Mother 's away, and so 's father; and Aunt Nancy is so deaf she won't hear a thing; and there 's nobody else at home but just we two. She 's out in the store-room, and does n't even know you 've come; and we 'll get you in without telling her, and then she can tell 'em there 's nobody here

—don't you see? And we 'll muffle her feet, and you must stay and pat her nose and keep her from whinnying." (Axy did not stop for such a trifle as to untangle Aunt Nancy and the mare from the maze of pronouns: her hearers would understand.) "And the parlor shutters are always shut, so there 'll be nothing odd about that; and I don't believe, honestly, they 'll ever think of looking there. And I could n't *bear* to lose Belinda, the beauty, and let some hulking, rough trooper ill-use her. And besides that, Zeb, what would they do with *you*? They might carry you off to prison; and if they did n't— Oh, Zeb, don't you remember how the soldier thrashed Reuben Jenks, and told him that was a lesson for rebel lads who ran away with the horses that were wanted for his Majesty's army? And it was only their old cart-horse he had tried to get away with, that 's twenty years old, and as slow as a snail. Surely they 'd be angrier to near lose Belinda."

"Axy, will you truly do it?" Zeb interrupted, his pleasant, freckled face, so down-cast the moment before, flushing with hope as he comprehended the possibility of her scheme. "I do believe it is a chance—and father has trusted me to save her."

Axy nodded a firm little nod by way of answer. Then she bade Tilly run round to the store-room window and peep in to see if Aunt Nancy was still there and busy enough to be likely to remain. Next she pulled off her big apron, and tearing it into strips, handed them to Zeb to tie up Belinda's hoofs.

"Woolen would be better, but I can't stop to find any," she explained, "at least, not till we get inside; and she must n't make dents in the hall floor if we can help it. Mother 'll say it 's right to help you, but she won't like things spoiled, all the same. Besides, if they 're already coming up the hill they could hear her ever so far, tramping on wood."

"They can't be near yet. Besides, it 's as thick as porridge down at the bottom," returned Zeb, as he stooped low, handling the puzzled mare's forefoot. "And the road 's so rough, they may wait till the sun 's out clearer. They know if I 'm here I can't get away, with the river looping round the hill, and

their men blocking the road. They can take their time. But all the same we have n't a minute to lose."

"No," agreed Axy. "We must get Belinda in as quick as we can. Open the door, Tilly."

So Tilly, who had returned, reporting Aunt Nancy safely occupied for another half-hour, flung open the back door of the wide hall that ran straight through the roomy old farm-house, and darting indoors, presently came back with a big red apple in her hand, and stood on the threshold, extending it coaxingly toward Belinda. Belinda, poor bewildered creature, saw it, but even such a delicacy could not entirely distract her mind. She would prick one ear forward and sniff; but then, just at the critical moment, she would remember her bundled hoofs, and lift them uneasily up and down, shying and sidling, craning her pretty head forward and trying the lower of the three stone steps with her forefoot, only to draw it back again, a moment later, and begin all over again her fuming and fidgeting. It was not until Zeb relinquished the bridle to Axy, and, taking the apple himself, backed slowly before her, that he was able, with much coaxing and many reassuring whispers, to beguile her up the steps, and reward her as she crossed the door-sill. She would have instantly retreated, but he took the bridle again and urged her forward, while just beyond him Tilly held out more apples, a gleaming and fragrant apronful. And at last, with one twitching ear turned forward and one back, and mingled appetite and anxiety expressed in her great, brown, rolling eyes, Belinda danced gingerly sidewise down the long hall after the excited pair. She started violently and swung around with a snort and a toss as the sunlight was cut off by the closing of the hall door behind her, and a subdued clash and the sound of a bolt shot home signaled that she was a prisoner.

"We have her now!" cried Axy, triumphantly, as she ran ahead to open the parlor door, and invited her guests to enter, Tilly, of course, coming first with the enticing apples, and Zeb following. He had released Belinda, guessing that if she were left to herself she would presently choose society and more

apples of her own free will, in spite of her manifest dislike to doorways, rather than remain in the loneliness of the hall without. She looked after him dubiously; but she followed, and stood gracefully allowing herself to be fed and petted, in the very middle of the beautifully sanded "best" floor. Her sleek bay sides and dainty head were reflected in the narrow looking-glass, in the dim green window-panes, in the glittering fire-dogs on the hearth, and in the polished brass knobs of the tall high-boy, until there seemed more horses in the cherished precincts of the Binns fore-room than the big Binns barn without had ever held.

Axy presently flitted away, to return bearing a load of braided rugs, bags of "pieces," and worn-out comforters. These she heaped on the floor, and Belinda was led upon the pile, that her feet, if she should prance or paw, might be more effectually silenced.

"Put the rest of the apples on the mantel, Tilly," she ordered, looking about her with the eye of a little general; "they'll do if Belinda gets uneasy; but she does crunch so loud it makes me scary! I would n't give her any more unless you have to, Zeb. Tilly, now run round outside and see if there's anybody in sight. We can't open these windows to look."

Tilly slipped out. "Do you think of anything else we can do?" asked Axy, who felt she must be pale herself, and noticed how big and dark Zeb's freckles looked on the unfamiliar whiteness of his cheeks. His face wore a listening look once more, and he was breathing fast.

"Only just to wait," he said. "I hope they'll come soon, and get it over. I hate waiting, worse than anything."

"So do I," agreed Axy. "We've thought of all the things we ought to think of already, and it just gives us time to think of all those we *ought* n't, and to get frightened. I have n't had time to be frightened before; but this is—it's—I don't like it a bit!"

Belinda munched a last bite of apple, and shifted nervously on her feet, and the boy and girl stood silent for a while beside her. Then Zebedee asked: "If they get her, and take me, too, you'll let father know?"

Axy nodded her little jerky nod; but she added: "They won't; and there's no need. You can leave her here and go and hide yourself. There are plenty of cupboards and closets."

"She would n't keep quiet without me."

"I'll stay with her."

"She does n't know you as well—and if anybody stays, I'm the one. She's in my charge."

"But they would n't hurt me—I'm a girl."

"I don't suppose they would; but I wonder what sort of boy I'd be if I left you alone to find out whether they would or not!"

"I'm willing, truly."

"I'm *not*, and I'm going to stay."

Belinda suddenly lifted her head and pricked her ears; she raised a muffled foot and tried to paw with it, but Zeb dropped quickly to his knee and caught it in his hand. She thought he was taking off the bunch of rags that cumbered her, and stood patiently letting him hold it lifted, though still listening. After a little he set the foot gently down again, and rose, ready to smother against his shoulder the whinny which he feared would be the next thing. The mare's loud breathing, as she puffed her nostrils and drew them in again, and the hurried beating of their own hearts, seemed to fill the room as the two young rebels waited, and waited, and waited. But the thundering knock which they expected to hear did not come. Instead, there were only a few faint sounds from without, they could not tell exactly what or whence, though they seemed to come from the direction of the barn. They were not even quite sure they heard anything. And then, suddenly, a horse neighed almost under the window, and Zeb had caught up an old shawl from the floor and buried poor Belinda's nose in it, and was hugging and soothing her with his arms round her neck and his face to hers, clinging only the tighter in silent desperation as she started away. Axy, prompt and pale, snatched up an armful of the soft woollens as Belinda's forefeet quitted them, and tossed them behind her heels to deaden the sound of her movements as she backed. It was over in a moment—the answering whinny smothered in time, the startled

creature freed again from her hasty blindfolding, and her more startled guardians panting beside her, close in front of the wide hearth.

"Do you suppose they heard?" Zeb breathed rather than whispered.

"No," Axy whispered back; then, very anxiously: "Where *can* Tilly be? Why did n't she warn us?" She paused and added: "I'm going out. Aunt Nancy may miss me and ask questions. And I'm going to lock you in and hide the key. That would give you a minute to get out by the windows if they try the door. But I'll keep them away if I can, and don't you think of anything but just keeping Belinda quiet. Tilly and I'll do the rest."

She was gone, and he heard the key click cautiously in the lock; and then he was left alone with Belinda in the dim, shuttered room.

As Axy came round the corner of the house, the first thing she saw was Tilly, pale and tearful, standing between two soldiers, one of whom held her by the arm, while Aunt Nancy, her black eyes snapping with wrath, confronted the group. She must have just demanded their errand, and received a reply which, it was plain, had not been understood; for now one of the men was roaring at her, while his comrade and a third soldier near by, mounted, and holding the horses of the others, were laughing heartily at his efforts to make himself heard.

"A horse!" he fairly shouted. "Horse! Horse! Bay horse—boy—came this way!"

(Oh, confound it all!—she's as deaf as an adder!) *Boy—horse!*"

"There's no horse here," Aunt Nancy replied, with spirit. "You have been in the barn and seen for yourselves there is not. And pray let go of my little niece there. You are frightening her to death. Sure, do you think the child keeps a bay horse hidden in her apron pocket?"

"We won't *hurt* her!" shouted the soldier,



"BELINDA STOOD IN THE VERY MIDDLE OF THE 'BEST' FLOOR."

"but she *refuses*—to *answer*—questions, and we *think*—she knows *more*—than she'll *tell*! You had best *speak out* if you want us to let her *go*! Have you *seen*—a *bay horse*—a fine bay horse with a white *star*—red-headed *boy*?"

His voice broke with the strain of yelling so long an address, and he mopped his brow with his red sleeve, while his comrades grinned appreciation of his difficulties.

"I have seen neither horse nor boy. You may see for yourselves if there be either about the place," responded Aunt Nancy, angrily. "A likely thing, indeed, to hide away a horse and rider on the top of a stony, bare hill with not so much as a tree on it for cover! Let my niece go, you blundering boobies! She is too frightened to answer your questions. But I will answer as many as you please, and you may make the most of what I say. Nancy Binns is afraid of no man; no, nor soldier, either!"

"One deaf and t' other dumb!" groaned the exhausted soldier. "I 've had enough of the pair. Here, little maid,"—he turned to Axy,—"*can you talk—and hear?*"

"Both, sir," said Axy, curtsying.

"That 's better," said he, good-naturedly enough, and plainly relieved. "Now, then, you have heard what we want to know. Have you anything to tell us? Be careful; 't will be a dangerous thing for you if we catch you fibbing."

"I 'll tell you no fibs, sir," answered Axy, quickly; "but I can only say what my aunt has said already: there 's no such horse in our barn, and you can see for yourself there 's none in our pasture; and the only other place is our house—if you please to search that. There 's the attic, and the cellar, and the woodshed, and all the closets; and if the bay horse with the white star is as clever at curling his legs up under him as he must be at stretching them to run away, or maybe to scramble up and down stairs, he might even be stowed



"'A HORSE!' SHOUTED THE SOLDIER; 'BAY HORSE — BOY—CAME THIS WAY!'"

away in the pumpkin-bin! I have often hid there myself, and indeed it 's a good place to lie snug. Will you look?"

Now, the sergeant was already thinking he had made a mistake in searching a hilltop, and that the boy must have slipped past them somehow in the fog; and, moreover, he was a kind man, who did not enjoy frightening a little girl as desperately as he seemed to have frightened Tilly; and besides, if the horse was not there, it must be somewhere else, and time was being wasted.

So the puzzled sergeant looked hard for an anxious minute from Axy to her aunt; and then, growling only, "Saucy tongues are n't safe for little girls!" he flung upon his horse, tossed a quick order to his comrades, and

away went the three scarlet figures together, clattering swiftly down the hill.

Nobody spoke till they were well beyond the first "thank-you-ma'am" of the rough road. Then Tilly, lifting her streaming face from Aunt Nancy's crumpled kerchief, where she had buried it, sobbed hysterically: "Oh, Axy—oh, Axy! they asked me if I'd seen 'em—and I had! And so I would n't say anything at all. And they said they'd take me away with 'em if I did n't; and I was so frightened I did n't know what to do; but I did n't tell—I did n't tell!"

She dropped her face again against the soaked kerchief; and Aunt Nancy patted her shoulders and murmured: "There, my dear; there, there!" She added more sharply: "What is the poor child talking about, Axy?"

"Come into the house and I'll show you," said Axy; and taking Tilly's hand, she led the way to the parlor, whisked the key from behind the hall cupboard, and threw open the door. For a moment they could not see into the dim room, and before their eyes had grown used to the darkness Belinda neighed a greeting—neighed unchecked, so loud and long that even Aunt Nancy heard, and jumped as if she were shot! A minute later Axy was pouring out explanations, and Zeb thanks, while Tilly still sobbed softly; and Belinda, forgotten in the excitement, walked slyly over

to the mantelpiece, and laying her nose down sideways, and curling back her lips, chased the last remaining apple up and down the smooth ledge, with her white teeth snapping, and little snorts and puffings of enjoyment.

At nightfall she was led to the barn, where she remained safe during the few remaining days before the British marched out of the vicinity. Then Zeb took her home. And a little later Dr. Thyng—who, scarcely less than the parson and the squire, was a great man of the neighborhood—rode out in his Sunday coat and best ruffles to make a formal call on "Miss Achsah and Miss Matilda Binns," and to thank them for all they had done; and which had done the most he declared he could not tell; and he praised them both till Tilly blushed like a peony, and Axy held her chin so high with pride it tipped up skyward almost as sharply as her little turn-up nose! And if the two sisters did not really enjoy this visit as much as the many less imposing which Zeb, their warm friend from that day, made in less stately fashion, yet it was a great honor and a great event, none the less. Standing on the door-step, curtsying their good-bys, they felt, as the doctor in his saddle lifted his fine cocked hat, shook the reins on Belinda's glossy neck, and cantered away, as if something had lifted them quite out of little girlhood and added a good ten years to their dignity.



"THEY CURTSIED THEIR GOOD-BYS AS THE DOCTOR LIFTED HIS FINE COCKED HAT AND CANTERED AWAY."

QUICKSILVER SUE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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CHAPTER V.

THE PICNIC.

CLARICE PACKARD was indeed in rather a sad plight before they reached the Glen. Part of the road was sandy, and her high heels sank into the sand and made it hard walking for her. Then, too, she had frequently a stitch in her side, which forced her to sit down and rest for some minutes. Mary, looking at her tiny, wasp-like waist, thought it was no wonder. "Her belt is too tight!" she whispered to Sue. "Of course she can't walk. Tell her to let it out two or three holes and she will be all right."

"Oh, hush, Mary!" whispered Sue. "It is n't that at all; it 's only that she is so delicate. I ought never to have brought her all this way. She has been telling me about the fainting-fits she has sometimes. Oh, what should we do if she had one now?"

"Pour some water over her!" said downright Mary. "But don't worry, Sue! we are nearly there, and it really *cannot* hurt her to walk one short mile, you know."

"Do you think not, Mary? But I am afraid you don't understand her. You see, she is so delicate, and you are as strong as a cart-horse—Clarice said so; and I suppose I am pretty strong, too."

"I 'm much obliged to her!" said Mary. "Come, Sue, let 's push along; she will be all right when we once get there and she has rested a little."

The Glen was indeed a pleasant place. A clear stream ran along between high, rocky banks, with a green space on one side, partly shaded by several broad oak-trees. Under one of these trees was a bank of moss as soft and green as if it had been piled by the fairies for their queen. Indeed, this was one of Sue's

and Mary's theories, the other being that this special oak was none other than Robin Hood's own greenwood tree, transplanted by magic from the depths of Sherwood Forest. Sue led the weary Clarice to the bank, and made her sit down in the most comfortable place.

"There, dear!" she cried. "Is n't this lovely? You shall rest here, Clarice; and we will play fairies, and you shall be Titania. You don't mind, do you, Mary, if Clarice is Titania this time? She is so slender, you see, and light; and besides, she is too tired to be anything else."

Mary nodded with a smile; she could not trust herself to speak. She had been Titania ever since they first read "Lamb's Tales." But it was no matter, and she had promised her mother to do her very best to bring Clarice out, and to learn the better side of her.

"Is n't it lovely, Clarice?" she asked, repeating Sue's question as she took her place on the mossy bank.

"Alegant!" was the languid reply. "Perfectly elegant! Is n't it damp, though? Does n't it come off green on your clothes?" Mary reassured her on this point. Clarice examined her shawl anxiously, and sank back again, apparently relieved. She looked round her. Sue and Lily had vanished for the moment. The trees met over their heads; there was no sound save the tinkling of the brook and the faint rustle of the leaves overhead.

"It 's real lonesome, is n't it?" said Clarice.

"Yes," said Mary. "That 's part of the beauty of it. There is never any one here, and we can do just as we like, with no fear of any one coming. I think in the woods it 's nice to be alone, don't you?"

"Alegant!" said Clarice. "Perfectly elegant! Are there any more people coming, did you say?"

"Only my brothers; they are coming later."

Clarice brightened, and sat up, arranging her trinkets. "Are they in college?" she asked, with more interest than she had shown in anything that day.

"Oh, no," said Mary, laughing. "They are—"

But at this moment Sue came running up with an armful of ferns and oak-leaves, Lily following with another load.

"I had to go quite a long way before I found any that were low enough to reach!" cried Sue, panting after her run. "Now let's all make garlands! No, not you, Clarice; you must just rest. Do you feel better? Do you think you'll be all right in a little while? Now you shall be Titania, and give us orders and things; and then, when we have finished the wreaths, we'll sing you to sleep. I am Oberon, you know, generally, but I'll be one of the common fairies now; and Lily—yes, Lily, you can be Puck. Now! Can you say some of it, Clarice?"

"Some of what?" asked Clarice, with an uncomprehending look.

"Why, 'Midsummer-Night's Dream'! We always play that here, except when we play Robin Hood. Perhaps you would rather play that, Clarice? Perhaps you don't care for 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.' Oh, I hope you do, though; we are so fond of it, Mary and I!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Clarice, rather peevishly. "Is it Shakspeare's play? I never read it. I did n't take Literature at school. Papa thought I was too delicate to study much."

Sue looked blank for a moment. Not to know "Midsummer-Night's Dream"—that did seem very strange! But Clarice opened her eyes at her, and smiled and sighed. "My eyes have never been strong!" she murmured plaintively.

"You poor darling!" Sue cried. "Is n't that hard, Mary? Is n't it cruel? To think of not having strong eyes! Clarice, I will come and read to you every day! I should just love to do it. We'll begin to-morrow morning. Oh, how splendid that will be! What shall we read first? You have read 'Westward Ho!' of course, and all Mrs. Ewing, and

'Prince Prigio,' and 'The Gentle Heritage,' and the Alices, and all the Waverleys?"

No; Clarice had read none of these. She had read "Wilful Pansy, the Belle of an Hour," she said, last; and she had just begun "My Petite Pet" before she came here. It was "perfectly sweet," and so was another by the same author, only she could n't remember the name.

"Are n't we going to play something?" asked Lily, plaintively. Lily never could understand why big girls spent so much good time in talking.

"Oh, yes," cried Sue. "We must play, to get up an appetite for dinner. I've got one already, but I'll get another. What would you like to play, Clarice?"

"I don't care," said Clarice. "Anything you like."

"Oh, but do care, please!" cried Sue, imploringly; "because this is your picnic, really. We got it up for you, and want you to have everything as you like it; don't we, Mary?"

Mary assented civilly, and pressed Clarice to choose a game.

"Oh, but really I don't care in the least!" said Clarice. "I don't know much about games; my set of girls does n't play them; but I'll play anything you like, dear." She opened her eyes and smiled again, and again Sue embraced her ardently. "You dear, sweet, unselfish thing!" she cried. "I think you are an angel; is n't she, Mary? Perhaps we need n't play anything, after all; what would you like to do, Clarice?"

But Clarice would not hear of this—would not choose anything, but would graciously play any game they decided on. A game of "Plunder" was started, but somehow it did not go well. Plunder is a lively game, and must be played with ardor. After two or three runs, Clarice put her hand to her side and gasped for breath.

"Only—a stitch!" she murmured; and she sank down on the mossy bank, while the others gathered round her with anxious faces.

"It will go off in a minute! I'm afraid I am not strong enough to play this any more, girls. Rough games never suit me."

Mary flushed and looked at Sue; but Sue's

gaze was fixed on Clarice, all contrition. "My dear, I am so sorry! You see, we 've never been delicate, and we don't know how or what it 's like. Lie down, dear, and rest again! Oh, Mary, I feel as if we were murderers! See how white she is! Do you think she is going to die?"

This was more than Mary could stand. "I think you would be better, Clarice," she said bluntly, "if you loosened your dress a little. Sha'n't I let out your belt for you?"

But Clarice cried out and declared her dress was too loose already. "I never wear anything tight," she said—"never! See, I can put my whole hand up under my belt." And so she could, when she held herself in. "No," she said; "it is my heart, I fear. I suppose I shall never be strong like some people. But don't mind me! Go on playing, and I will watch you."

Clarice lay on the bank and fanned herself, looking utterly bored, as indeed she was. Sue regarded her with wide, remorseful eyes, and wondered what she ought to do. In desperation, Mary proposed lunch.

"I am getting hungry," she said; "are n't you, girls? It will take a little time to get the things out and trim the table; let 's begin now!"

All agreed with alacrity, and there was some animation as the baskets were unpacked and their contents spread on the "table," which was green and smooth, and had no legs. The platters were made of oak-leaves neatly plaited together. The chicken-pie was set out, the cakes and turnovers beside it, with doughnuts and sandwiches at convenient intervals. Sue tumbled the bananas and the cocoanut out of her blouse, and piled them in an artistic pyramid, tucking in fern-fronds and oak-leaves here and there, till the centerpiece was really a thing of beauty.

"There!" she said, surveying the effect with her head on one side. "That is pretty, is n't it, Mary—I mean, Clarice?"

Mary pressed her lips together, and squeezed Lily's hand hard. Clarice said it was "perfectly elegant," and then asked again if the gentlemen were coming.

"Gentlemen!" said Sue. "Oh, how funny

you are, Clarice! Mary, is n't she funny? The idea of calling the boys gentlemen!"

"I hope they are," was on the tip of Mary's tongue; but she refrained, and only said it was time they were here. As if in answer to her words, a joyous whoop was heard, and a scuttling among the branches. Next moment Tom and Teddy burst into the open, out of breath, as usual, tumbling over each other and over their words in their eagerness.

"Hallo! Hallo, Quicksilver! Are we late?"

"I say! we stopped to get some apples. Did you remember apples? I knew you would n't. So we—"

"And we found a woodchuck—"

"Oh, I say, Mary, you should have seen him! He sat up in the door of his burrow, and—"

"Salt! you forgot the salt, Ballast, and mammy sent it. Saccarappa! it 's all spilt into my pocket. Do you mind a few crumbs?"

"Boys, boys!" said Mary, who had been trying in vain to make herself heard, "do be quiet! I want to present you to Miss Packard. Clarice, these are my brothers, Tom and Teddy."

The boys had on no hats to take off,—they wore hats on Sunday, though!—but they bowed with the short, decisive duck of fourteen (indeed, Tom was fifteen, but he did not look it), and tried to compose their features. Each came forward and shook Clarice's gloved hand solemnly. The ceremony over, they breathed again, and dropped on the grass.

"Is n't this jolly!" they cried. "Ready for grub? We are half starved."

Clarice's look was almost tragic as she turned upon Sue. "Are these the boys you meant?" she asked, in a whisper that was fully audible. "These—little—rowdies?"

Fortunately, Mary was talking to Teddy, and did not hear; Sue did, and for the first time her admiration for Clarice received a shock. She raised her head and looked full at Clarice, her 'hazel eyes full of fire. "I don't understand you!" she said. "These are my friends. I invited them because you asked me to."

Clarice's eyes fell; she colored, and muttered something, Sue did not hear what; then she put

her hand to her side very suddenly, and drew a short, gasping breath.

In an instant Sue's anger was gone. "Boys!" she cried hastily. "Tom, bring some water, quick; she 's going to faint!"

Clarice was now leaning back with closed eyes. "Never mind me!" she murmured softly. "Go on and enjoy yourselves! I shall be—better—soon, I dare say."

Splash! came a shower of water in her face. Tom, in eager haste, had stumbled over Sue's foot, and his whole hatful of water was spilled over the fainting maiden. She sprang to her feet with amazing agility.

"You stupid, stupid boy!" she cried, stamping her foot, her eyes blazing with fury. "You did it on purpose; you know you did! Get away this minute!" Then, while all looked on in silent amaze, she burst into tears, and declared she would go home that instant. She would not stay there, "to be made a fool of by odious, rude, vulgar boys."

There was dead silence for a minute. Then Tom said slowly and solemnly (no one could be so solemn as Tom, when he tried): "I beg your pardon, Miss Packard. I am very sorry. I will go away if you wish it, but I hope you will stay!"

"Tom, you are a darling!" Sue whispered in his ear—"a perfect dear duck! Clarice," she added aloud, "he has apologized. Tom has apologized, and that is all he can do, is n't it? You are all right now, are n't you?"

Clarice hesitated. Her dignity was on the one hand, her dinner on the other; she was hungry, and she yielded.

"If he did n't really mean to," she began ungraciously.

But Mary cut her short with what the boys called her "full-stop" manner. "I think there has been quite enough of this foolishness!" she said curtly. "Sue, will you pass the sandwiches? Have some chicken-pie, Clarice."

A sage has said that food stops sorrow, and so it proved in this case. The chicken-pie was good, and all the children felt wonderfully better after the second help all round. Tongues were loosed, and chattered merrily. The boys related with many chuckles their chase of the

woodchuck, and how he finally escaped, and said they heard him laughing as he scuttled off.

"Well, he *was* laughing—woodchuck laughter! You ought just to have heard him, Mary!"

Sue made them all laugh by telling of her encounter with Katy and the milk-pan. Even Clarice warmed up after her second glass of shrub, and told them of the picnics they had at Saratoga, where she had been last year.

"That was why I was so surprised at this kind of picnic, dear," she said to Sue, with a patronizing air. "It 's so different, you see. The last one I went to, there were—oh, there must have been sixty people, at the very least. It was perfectly elegant! There were two four-in-hands, and lots of drags and tandems. I went in a dog-cart with Fred. You know—the one I told you about!" She nodded mysteriously, and simpered; and Sue flushed with delighted consequence.

"What did you take?" asked Lily, her mouth full of chicken.

"Oh, a caterer furnished the refreshments," said Clarice, airily. "There was everything you can think of: salads, and ice-cream, and boned turkey, and all those things. Perfectly fine, it was! Everybody ate till they could n't hardly move. It was elegant!"

"Did n't you do anything but just gob—I mean, eat?" asked Mary.

"Oh, there was a band of music, of course; and we walked about some, and looked at the dresses. They were perfectly elegant! I wore a changeable taffeta, blue and red, and a red hat with blue birds in it."

"This is soul-stirring," said Tom (who did sometimes show that he was fifteen, though not often); "but did n't I hear something about toasts?"

Clarice looked put out; but Mary took up the word eagerly: "Yes, to be sure, Tom; it is quite time for toasts. Fill the glasses again, Teddy! Clarice, you are the guest of honor; will you give the first toast?"

Clarice shook her head, and muttered something about not caring for games.

"Then I will!" cried Sue; and she stood up, her eyes sparkling.

"I drink to Clarice!" she said. "I hope

she will grow strong, and never have any heart again—I mean any pain in it; and that she will stay here a long, long time, till she grows up.”

Teddy choked over his glass, but the others said “Clarice” rather soberly, and clinked their glasses together. Clarice, called upon for a speech in response to the toast, simpered, and

Mary gave him a warning glance, but Sue was enchanted. “Oh, Tom, how dear of you to make it in poetry!” she cried, flushing with pleasure.

This toast having been received with applause, Mary’s turn came next; but before she could speak, Clarice had sprung to her feet



“EACH CAME FORWARD AND SHOOK CLARICE’S GLOVED HAND SOLEMNLY.”

said that Sue was too perfectly sweet for anything, but could not think of anything more. Then Tom was called upon. He rose slowly, and lifted his glass:

“I drink to the health of Quicksilver Sue;
May she shun the false, and seek the true!”

he chanted in a theatrical tone.

with a wild shriek. “A snake!” she cried. “A snake! I saw it! It ran close by my foot. Oh, I shall faint!”

Teddy clapped his hand to his pocket, and looked shamefaced.

“I thought I had buttoned him in safe,” he said in a tone of regret. “I’m awfully

sorry! The other one is in there all right," he added, feeling in his pocket; "it was only the little one that got out."

But this was too much for Clarice. She declared that she must go home that instant; and after an outcry from Sue, no one opposed her. The baskets were collected, the crumbs scattered for the birds, and the party started for home. Mary and her brothers led the way with Lily, Sue and Clarice following slowly behind with arms intertwined. Sue's face was a study of puzzled regret, self-reproach, and affection.

"Mary," said Tom.

"Hush, Tom!" said Mary, with a glance over her shoulder. "Don't say anything till we get home."

"I'm not going to say anything! But what famous book—the name of it, I mean—expresses what has been the matter with this picnic?"

"Oh, I don't know, Tom. 'Much Ado About Nothing?'"

"No," said Tom. "It's 'Ben Hur.'"

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE HOTEL.

"Oh, Clarice, is n't it too bad that it's raining?" said Sue. "It had n't begun when I started; it did look a little threatening, though. And I meant to take you such a lovely walk, Clarice. I don't suppose you want to go in the rain? I love to walk in the rain; it's such fun. But you are so delicate—"

"That's it," said Clarice, ignoring the wistful tone in Sue's voice. "I should n't dare to, Sue. There is consumption in my family, you know,—she coughed slightly,—and it always gives me bronchitis to go out in the rain. Besides, I have such a headache. Have some candy. I'll show you my new dresses, if you like; they just came this morning from New York—those muslins I told you about."

"Oh, that will be fun!" said Sue. But as she took off her tam-o'-shanter she gave a little sigh and glanced out of the window. The rain was coming down merrily. It was the first they had had for several weeks, and sight, sound, and smell were alike delightful. It would be such fun to tramp about and splash

in the puddles, and get all sopping! The previous summer, when the drought broke, she and Mary put on their bathing-dresses, and capered about on the lawn, and played "deluge," and had a glorious time. But of course she was only twelve then, and now she was thirteen; and it made all the difference in the world, Clarice said. The water was coming in a perfect torrent from that spout! If you should hold your umbrella under it, it would go all f-z-z-z-z-z! and fly "every which way"; that was centrifugal force, or something.

"Here they are," said Clarice.

Sue came back with a start, and became all eyes for the muslin dresses which were spread on the bed. They were too showy for a young girl, and the trimmings were cheap and tawdry; but the colors were fresh and gay, and Sue admired them heartily.

"Oh, Clarice, how lovely you will look in this one!" she cried. "Don't you want to try it on now, and let me see you in it?"

Clarice asked nothing better; and in a few minutes she was arrayed in the yellow muslin with blue cornflowers.

She was turning slowly round and round before the glass, enjoying the effect. "There's nothing like a slender figure, my dressmaker says; and I think so, too. Why, Sue, if you'll promise never to tell a soul, I'll tell you something. I used to be fat when I was your age—almost as fat as Mary Hart. Just think of it!"

"Oh, did you? But Mary is n't really fat, Clarice; she's only—well, rather square, you know, and chunky. That is the way she is made; she has always been like that."

"I call her fat," said Clarice, decisively. "Of course it's partly the way she dresses, with no waist at all. You would be just as bad, Sue, if you were n't so slim. I don't see what possesses you to dress the way you do, making regular guys of yourselves, and I should hate to have staring-red cheeks like Mary Hart. Your color is different; it's soft, and it comes and goes. But Mary Hart is dreadful beefy-looking."

"Clarice," said Sue, bravely, though she quivered with pain at the risk of offending her new friend, "please don't speak so of Mary. She is my oldest friend, you know, and I love

her dearly. Of course, I know you don't mean to say anything unkind, but—but I 'd rather you did n't, please."

"Why, I 'm not saying anything against her," said Clarice; and any one save Sue might have detected a spiteful ring in her voice. "I won't say a word about her, if you 'd rather not, Sue; but if I do speak, I must say what I think. She 's just as jealous of me as she can be, and she tries to make trouble between us; any one can see that; and I don't care for her one bit, so there!"

"Oh, Clarice, don't say that! I thought we were all going to be friends together, and love one another, and— But you don't really know Mary yet. She is a dear; really and truly she is."

Clarice tossed her head significantly. "Oh, I don't want to make mischief," she said. "Of course it does n't matter to *me*, my dear. Of course I am only a stranger, Sue, and I can't expect you to care for me half as much as you do for Mary Hart. Of course I am nobody beside her."

"Clarice, Clarice! how can you? Don't talk so; it *kills* me to have you talk so, when you know how I love you—how I would do anything in the wide world for you, my dear, lovely Clarice!"

Clarice pouted for some time, but finally submitted to be embraced and wept over, and presently became gracious once more, and said that all should be forgiven (she did not explain what there was to forgive), and only requested that they should not talk any more about Mary Hart. Then she changed the subject to the more congenial one of clothes, and became eloquent over some of the triumphs of her dress-maker. Then, in a fit of generosity, she offered to let Sue try on the other muslin dress.

Sue was enchanted. "And then we can play something!" she cried. "Oh, there are all kinds of things we can play in these, Clarice."

"I guess not!" said Clarice. "Play in my new dresses, and get them all tumbled? Sue Penrose, you are too childish! I never saw anything like the way you keep wanting to play all the time. I should think you were ten years old, instead of thirteen."

Much abashed, Sue begged again for forgiveness. She did not see so very much fun in just putting on somebody else's dress and then taking it off again, but she submitted meekly when Clarice slipped it over her head.

Clarice was determined, she said, to see how her little friend would look if she were properly dressed for once. In a few moments she was squeezed into the blue muslin, and Clarice was telling her that she looked too perfectly sweet for anything.

"Now, *that* is the way for you to dress, Sue Penrose!" she said, as she led Sue before a mirror.

But poor Sue was in sore discomfort, and no amount of "elegance" could make her at ease. She could hardly breathe; she felt girded by a ring of iron. Oh, it was impossible; it was unbearable! "I never, never could, Clarice," she protested. "Unhook it for me; please do! Yes, it is very pretty, but I cannot wear it another moment."

Sue persisted, in spite of Clarice's laughing and calling her a little countrified goose, and was thankful to find herself free once more, and back in her own good belted frock.

"Oh, Clarice," she said, "if you only *knew* how comfortable this was, you would have your dresses made so; I know you would."

"The idea!" said Clarice. "I guess not, Sue. Have some more candy. My, how my head aches!"

"It is this close room," said Sue, eagerly. "Clarice, dear, you are looking dreadfully pale. See, it has stopped raining now; do let 's go out! I know the fresh air will do you good."

But Clarice shook her head, and said that walking always made her head worse, and she should get her death of cold, besides.

"Then lie down and let me read to you. Why, I forgot! I have 'Rob Roy' in my pocket. I wondered what made it so heavy! I remember, now, I did think it might possibly rain, so I brought 'Rob,' in case. There, dear; lie down, and let me tuck you up. Oh, Clarice, you do look so lovely lying down! I always think of you when I want to think of the Sleeping Beauty. There! now shut your eyes and rest while I read."

Clarice detested "Rob Roy"; but her head really did ache,—she had been eating candy all the afternoon and most of the morning,—and there was nothing else to do. She lay back and closed her eyes. They were dreadfully stupid people in this book, and she could hardly understand a word of the "Scotch stuff" they talked. She wished Sue had brought some exciting novel. And thinking these thoughts, Clarice presently fell asleep, which was perhaps the best thing she could do.

Sue read on and on, full of glory and rejoicing. "Di Vernon" was one of her favorite heroines, and she fairly lived in the story while she was reading it. She was in the middle of one of Di's impassioned speeches when a sound fell on her ear, slight but unmistakable. She looked up, her eyes like stars, the proud, ringing words still on her lips. Clarice was asleep, her head thrown back, her mouth open, peacefully snoring. Another snore, and another! Sue closed the book softly. It was a pity that Clarice had lost that particular chapter, it was so splendid; but she was tired, poor darling, and her head ached. It was the best thing, of course, that she should have fallen asleep. Sue would watch her sleep, and keep all evil things away. It was not clear what evil things could come into the quiet room of the respectable family hotel; but whatever they might be, Sue was ready for them.

Sue's ideas of hotel life had become considerably modified since she had had some actual experience of it. Instead of being one round of excitement, as she fancied, she was obliged to confess that it was often very dull. The Binns House was a quiet house, frequented mostly by "drummers," who came and went, and with a small number of permanent boarders—old couples who were tired

of housekeeping, or elderly single gentlemen. The frescos and mirrors were there, but the latter reflected only staid middle-aged faces, or else those of bearded men who carried large hand-bags, and who wore heavy gold watch-chains. Even the table, with its array of little covered dishes that had once promised all the delights of fairy banquets, proved disappointing. To lift a shining cover which ought to conceal something wonderful with a French name, and to find squash—this was trying; and it had happened several times. Also, there was a great deal of mincemeat, and it did not compare with Katy's. And the men talked noisily. Altogether, the reality was as different as could well be imagined from Sue's golden dream.

Hark! was that a foot on the stairs? A man's voice was heard in the hall below; a man's foot came heavily up the stairs, and passed into the next room. A hand was laid on the latch.

"Clarissy, are you here?" asked the voice.

Sue sprang to her feet. It was Mr. Packard. What should she do? Mr. Packard was no robber, but Sue did not like him, and it seemed quite out of the question that he should find her here, with Clarice asleep. Seizing her tam and her jacket, and slipping "Rob Roy" into her pocket, she opened the window softly, and stepped out on the balcony which formed the roof of the hotel porch. She might have gone out of the other door, but the window was nearest; besides, it was much more exciting, and he might have seen her in the passage. Sue closed the window behind her, with a last loving glance at Clarice, who snored quietly on; and just as Mr. Packard entered the room Sue climbed over the balustrade and disappeared from sight.

(To be continued.)





IN DESSERT LAND.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

- A Sailing Trip.* ONCE, when I was in Dessert Land,
A-many miles away,
I went to take a sailing trip
Upon the Ice-Cream Bay.
- The Boat.* The boat it was an apple-pie
With ginger-snaps for sails;
But oh, there came a currant-storm,
And cream-puffs grew to gales!
- Danger!*
- The Storm.* The sea ran high in jelly-rolls,
The breakers dashed whipped cream
Upon the stern, rock-candy coast.
I thought I 'd have to scream!
- Shipwrecked.* The candy masts fell with a whack;
The pie-crust cracked in two;
The custard waves came rushing in—
I wondered what I 'd do.

I found a life-preserver then,—
 A doughnut fat and round,—
 And stuck my head right through the hole;
 I knew I 'd not be drowned.

It Floats!

And then I swam, and swam, and swam
 Upon the Custard Sea,
 Until a floating island came,
 Convenient as could be.

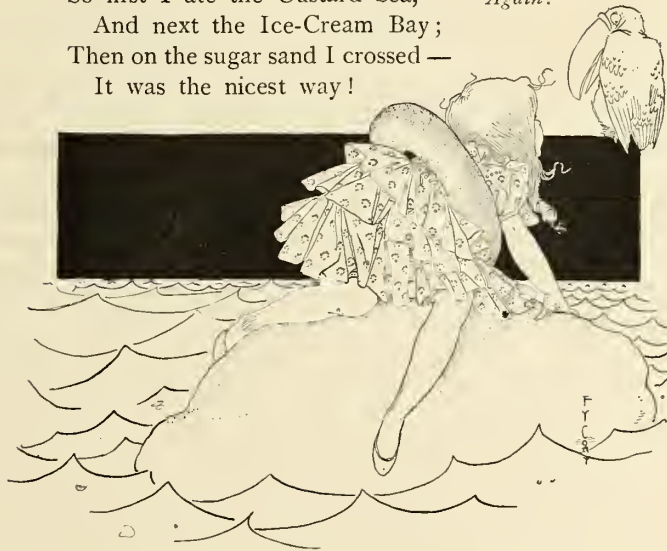
Saved!

And there upon that dessert isle
 I stayed six years or more,
 Until I 'd eaten all the place,
 And thought I 'd go ashore.

*Six Years
 Elapse.*

So first I ate the Custard Sea,
 And next the Ice-Cream Bay;
 Then on the sugar sand I crossed—
 It was the nicest way!

*Home
 Again!*



FOURTH-OF-JULY JINGLES.

TOMMY burned his fingers, Teddy burned his thumb,
 Bobby burst the head of his brand-new drum,
 Danny scorched his trousers, Dicky hurt his eye,
 But we all had a GLORIOUS Fourth of July!

Harriot Brewer Sterling.

THEY 'VE made smokeless powder, and next they 'll invent
 Fire-crackers and guns without noise.
 How dismal the Fourth of Julys then will be—
 No jolly good times for us boys!

A. H. H.

THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

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

CHAPTER IV.

SNOW-TIME set Quiz to wondering what he could do to occupy his spare moments; for the drifts were too deep for him to continue his beloved pastime of bicycling, and he had to put his wheel out of commission. So he went nosing about, trying a little of everything, and being satisfied with nothing. The Academy hockey team, of which Jumbo was the leader, was working up a fine game and making its prowess felt among the rival teams of the Tri-State Interscholastic League. But hockey did not interest Quiz; for though he could almost sleep on a bicycle without falling over, when he put on a pair of skates you might have thought that he was trying to turn somersaults or describe interrogation-points in the air.

It was a little cold for rowing,—though Quiz pulled a very decent oar,—and the shell would hardly go through the ice at an interesting speed. Indoor work in the gymnasium was also too slow for Quiz, and he was asking every one what pastime there was to interest a young man who required speed in anything that was to hold his attention.

At length he bethought him of a sport he once had seen practised during a visit he paid once to some relatives in Minnesota, where the many Norwegian immigrants exhibited the art of running upon the skees.

You know all about the Norwegian skee; but perhaps your younger brother does not, so I will say for his benefit that the skee is a sort of Norwegian snow-shoe, only it is almost as swift as the seven-league boots. When you put it on you look as if you had a toboggan on each foot; for it is a strip of ash half an inch thick, half a dozen inches wide, and some

ten feet long; the front end is pointed and turned up like that of a toboggan.

When you first put the things on, or, rather, get on to them, you learn that, however pleasant they may grow to be as servants, they are certainly pretty bad masters; and you will find that the groove which is run in the bottom of the skees to prevent their spreading is of very little assistance, for they seem to have a will of their own, and also a bitter grudge against each other: that they step on each other one moment, and make a wild bolt in opposite directions the next, and behave generally like a pair of unbroken colts.

Quiz had once learned to walk on snow-shoes. He grew to be quite an adept, indeed, and could take a two-foot hurdle with little difficulty. But he soon found that so far from being a help, his familiarity with the snow-shoe was a great hindrance. The mode of walking on a Canadian snow-shoe, which he had learned with such difficulty, had to be completely unlearned before he could begin to make progress with the Scandinavian footwear. For in snow-shoe walking the feet must be lifted straight up and then carried forward before they are planted, and any attempt to slide them forward makes a woeful tangle; to try to lift the skee from the ground, however, is to invite ridiculous distress, and the whole art of scooting on the skee is in the long, sliding motion. It is a sort of skating on incredibly long skates which must not be lifted from the snow.

Quiz had the skees made by a Kingston carpenter; and he was so proud of them that, when a crowd gathered to see what he was going to do with the mysterious slats, he proceeded to make his first attempt in an open space in the Academy campus. He put the skees down on the snow, slipped his toes into

the straps, and, sweeping a proud glance around among the wondering Kingstonians, dashed forward in his old snow-shoe fashion.

It took the Kingstonians some seconds to decide which was Quiz and which was skee. For the skittish skees skewed and skedad-dled and skulked and skipped and scrubbed and screwed and screamed and scrawled and scooped and scrabbled and scrambled and scambled and scumbled and scraped and scrunched and scudded and scuttled and scuffled and skimped and scattered in such scandalous scampishness that the scornful scholars scoffed.

Quiz quit.

The poor boy was so laughed at for days by the whole Academy that his spunk was finally aroused. He got out again the skees he had hidden away in disgust, and practised upon them in the fields, at a distance from the campus, until he had finally broken the broncos and made a swift and delightful team of them. He soon grew strong enough to glide for hours at a high rate of speed without weariness, and the skee became a serious rival to the bicycle in his affections. He learned to shoot the hills at a breathless rate, climbing up swiftly to the top; then, with feet apart but even, zipping like an express-train down the steep incline and far along the level below. He even risked his bones by attempting the rash deeds of old skee-runners. Reaching an embankment, he would retire a little distance, and then rush forward to the brink and leap over into the air, lighting on the ground below far out, steadying himself quickly, and shooting on at terrific pace. But this rashness brought its own punishment—as foolhardiness usually does.

At dinner, one Saturday, Quiz had broken out in exclamations of delight over his pet skees, and had begun to complain about the time when the spring should drive away the blessed winter.

"I can't get enough of the snow," he exclaimed.

"Oh, can't you?" said Jumbo, ominously.

Quiz could hardly finish his dinner, so impatient was he to be up and off again, over the hills and far away. When he had gone,

Jumbo asked the other Lakerimmers if they had not noticed how exclusive Quiz was becoming, and how little they saw of him. He said, also, that he did not approve of Quiz's rushing all over the country alone and taking foolish risks for the sake of a little solitary fun.

The Lakerimmers agreed that something should be done; and Jumbo reminded them of Quiz's remark that he could not get enough snow, and suggested a plan that, he thought, might work as a good medicine on Quiz.

That afternoon Quiz seemed to have quite lost his head over his skee-running. He felt that there were signs of a thaw in the air, and he proposed that this snow should not fade away before he had indulged in one grand farewell voyage. He struck off into the country by a new road, and at such a speed that he was soon among unfamiliar surroundings. As the day began to droop toward twilight he decided that it was high time to be turning back toward Kingston. He looked about for one last embankment to shoot before he retraced his course. Far in the distance he thought he saw a fine, high bluff, and he hurried toward it with delicious expectation. When he had reached the brink he looked down and saw that the bluff ended in a little body of water hardly big enough to be called a lake. After measuring the height with his eye, and deciding that while it was higher than anything he had ever shot before, it was just risky enough to be exciting, he went back several steps, and came forward with a good impetus, and launched himself fearlessly into the air like the aëronaughty Darius Green.

He launched himself fearlessly enough, but he was no sooner in mid-air than he began to regret his rashness. It was rather late, though, to be thinking of that, and he realized that nothing could save him from having a sudden meeting with the bottom of the hill. He lost his nerve in his excitement, and crossed his skees, so that when he struck, instead of sailing forward like the wind, he stuck and went head-foremost. Fortunately, one of his skees broke instead of most of his bones, and a very kind-hearted snow-bank appeared like a feather-bed, and somewhat checked the force of his

fall. But, for all that, he was soon rolling over and over down the hill, and he landed finally on a thin spot in the ice of the lake, and crashed through into the water up to his waist.

Now he was so panic-stricken that he scrambled frantically out. He cast one sorry glance up the hill, and saw there the pieces into which his skee had cracked, as well as the pathway he himself had cleared in the snow as he came tumbling down. Then he looked for the missing skee, and realized that it was far away under the ice. He was by this so cold that, dripping as he was, he would not have waded into the lake again to grope around for the other skee (which had doubtless floated up under the ice) if that skee had been solid gold studded with diamonds. Plainly, the only thing to do was to make for home, and that right quickly, before night came on and he lost his way, and the pneumonia, or something else, got him.

It was a very different story, trudging back through the snow-drifts in the twilight, from flitting like a butterfly on the skee. He realized now that his legs were tired from the long run he had enjoyed so much. He lost his way, too, time and again; and when he came to a cross-roads, and had to guess for himself which one to take, somehow or other he seemed always to take the wrong one, and to plod along it until he met some farmer to put him on the right path to Kingston. But, though he met many a farmer, he seemed to find never a vehicle going his way, or even a hospitable-looking farm-house.

He was still miles away from Kingston when lamp-lighting time came. A little gleam came cheerfully toward him out of the gloom. He hurried to it, thinking of the fine supper the kind-hearted farmers would doubtless give him, when, just as he reached the gate of the door-yard, there was a most blood-curdling hubbub, and two or three furious dogs came bounding shadowily toward him. He lost no time in deciding that supper, after all, was a rather useless invention, and Kingston much preferable.

Previously to this, Quiz had always understood that the dog was the most kind-hearted of animals, but it was months after that night

before he could hear the mere name of a canine without shuddering.

Well, a boy can cover any distance imaginable,—even the distance to the moon,—if he only has the strength and the time. So Quiz finally reached the outskirts of Kingston. His long walk had dried and warmed him somewhat; but he was miserably tired, and he felt that his stomach was as empty as the Desert of Sahara. At last, though, he reached the campus, and dragged himself heavily along the path to his dormitory.

He stopped at Tug's to see if Tug had any remains left of the latest box of good things from home; but no answer came to his knock, and he went sadly up to the next Lakerim room. But that was empty too, and all of the others of the Dozen were away. For they had become alarmed at Quiz's absence, and started out in search of him, as they had once before set forth on the trail of Tug and History.

By the time Quiz reached his room he was too tired to be very hungry, and he decided that his bed would be Paradise enough. So, all cold and weary as he was, he hastily peeled off his clothes and blew out the light. He shivered at the very thought of the coldness of the sheets, but he fairly hurled himself between them.

Just one tenth of a second he spent in his downy couch, and then leaped out on the floor with a howl. He remembered suddenly the look Jumbo had given him at dinner when Quiz had said that he could not "get snow enough."

Jumbo and the other fiends from Lakerim had filled the lower half of his bed with it!

Late that night, when the eleven Lakerimmers came back, weary from their long search, and frightened at not finding Quiz, Jumbo went to his room with a sad heart. When he lighted his lamp and looked longingly toward his bed, he saw a pair of flashing eyes glaring at him over the coverlet. They were the eyes of Quiz; and within easy reach lay a baseball bat and several large lumps of coal. But all Quiz said was:

"Excuse me for getting into your bed, Jumbo. You are perfectly welcome to mine."

CHAPTER V.

IN due time the Christmas vacation hove in sight; and as the time crawled painfully by, the Dozen grew more and more meek as they became more and more homesick for their

beautiful panel as the "Charter Members," they felt that they were aged, white-haired veterans returning to some battle-field where they were indeed famous.

A reception was given in their honor at the club-house, and Tug made a speech, and the others gave various more or less ridiculous and impressive exhibitions of their grandeur.

After a day or two of this glory, however, they became fellow-citizens with the rest of the villagers, and were content to sit around the club-room and tell stories of the grand old days when the Lakerim Athletic Club had no club-house to cover its head—the days when they fought so hard for admission to the Tri-State Interscholastic League of Academies. They were, to tell the truth, though, just a little disappointed, in the inside of their hearts, that the successors left behind to carry on the club were doing prosperously, winning athletic victories, and paying off the debt in fine style—quite as well as if they themselves had been there.

The most popular of the story-tellers was B. J., whose favorite and most successful story was the account of the great ice-boat adventure, when the hockey team was wrecked upon Buzzard's Rock, and spent the night in the snow-drifts, with the blizzard howling outside. The memory of that terrible escape made the blood run cold in the veins of the other mem-

bers of the club; but it aroused in B. J. only a new and irresistible desire to be off again upon the same adventure-hunt. Now, B. J.'s father was an enthusiastic sailor—fortunately, not so rash a sailor as his son, but quite as great a lover of a "flowing sail." Wind-lover as he was, he could not spend a winter without a sail, and turned his attention

mothers. They were boys indeed, now, and until they reached the old town; but there was such a cordial reception for them there from the whole village—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, girls, cronies, and even dogs—that by the time they had reached the club-house which had been built by their own efforts, and in which they were recorded on a

members of the club; but it aroused in B. J. only a new and irresistible desire to be off again upon the same adventure-hunt. Now, B. J.'s father was an enthusiastic sailor—fortunately, not so rash a sailor as his son, but quite as great a lover of a "flowing sail." Wind-lover as he was, he could not spend a winter without a sail, and turned his attention



"QUIZ LEARNED TO SHOOT THE HILLS AT A BREATHLESS RATE."

to ice-boating. He had a beautiful modern vessel made of basswood, butternut, and pine, with rigging all of steel, and a runner-plank as springy as an umbrella-frame. She carried no more than four hundred square feet of sail; but when he gave her the whip, and let her take to her heels, she outran the fleetest wind that ever swept the lake. And she skipped and sported along near the railroad-track, where the express-train raced in vain with her; for she could make her sixty miles an hour or more without gasping for breath. She was named "Greased Lightning."

Now, B. J.'s father had ample cause to be suspicious of that young man's discretion, and he never permitted him to take the boat out alone, good sailor as he knew his son to be; so B. J. had to be content with parties of boys and girls hilarious with the cold and speed, and wrapped tamely in great blankets, under the charge of his father, who was a more than cautious sailor, being as wise as he was old, and seeing the foolishness of those pleasures which depend on risking bone and body. But B. J. was wretched, and chafed under the restraint of such tame and safe amusement—with girls, too!

And when, in the midst of the holidays, his father was called out of town, B. J. went to bed, and could hardly fall asleep under the conspiracies he began to form for eloping on one last escapade with the ice-boat. He woke soon after daybreak, the next morning, and hurried to his window. There he found a gale of wind blowing and lashing the earth with a furious rain. The wind he received with welcoming heart, but the rain sent terror there; for it told him that the ice would soon disappear, and he would be sent back to Kingston Academy, with never a chance to let loose the Greased Lightning.

"It is now or never!" mumbled B. J., clenching his teeth after the manner of all well-regulated desperados.

He sneaked into his clothes, and descended the cold, creaking staircase in his stocking-feet. Then he put on his boots, and stole out of the house like a burglar. The wind would have wrecked any umbrella alive; but he cared naught for the rain, and hurried down the street

where the Twins were sleeping the sleep of the righteous. He threw pebbles at their windows till they were awakened; and after a proper amount of deliberation in which each requested the other to go to the window, both went and stood there shivering, side by side. When they had leaned out and learned what B. J. invited them to, they reminded him that he was either crazy or walking in his sleep.

But B. J. answered back that they were either talking in their sleep or were "cowardy calves."

Ordinarily, the Twins would not have been afraid to take a dare; but the Twins were—well, let us say they were not yet wide enough awake to know what they were doing. At any rate, they could not stand the banter of B. J., and had soon joined him in the soaking storm outside.

When the lake was reached the Twins were more than ever convinced that B. J. was more than ever out of his head; for, instead of the smooth mirror they had been accustomed to gliding over in the boat, they found that the ice was covered an inch or more with slush and water. The sky above was not promising and blue, nor did the wind have a merry whizz; but it laughed like a maniac, and shrieked and threatened them, advising them to go back home or take most dreadful consequences.

B. J., however, would not listen to the advice they tendered him, but went busily about getting up the sails and rigging the boat for the voyage. A "fool's errand," too, it promised to be. The Twins were still pleading with B. J. to have some regard for the dictates of common sense, when he began to haul in the sheet-rope and put the helm down; and they had barely time to leap aboard before the boat was away. They felt, indeed, that they were sailing in a regular sloop, and that, too, going "with lee-rail awash"; for instead of the soft, crooning sound the runners made usually, there was a slash and a swish of ripples cloven apart; and instead of the little fountains of ice-dust which rise from the heels of the sharp shoes when the boat is skimming the frozen surface, there rose long spurting sprays of water.

The Twins reproached each other bitterly

for coming along on such a wild venture. But they did not know how really sorry they were till they got well out on the lake, where the wind caught them with full force and proved to be a very gale of fury. The mast waved and squealed, and the sails groaned and wrenched, as if they would fairly rip the boat apart.

The whole world seemed one vast vortex of hurricane; and yet, for all the wind that was frightening them to death, the Twins seemed to find it impossible to get enough to breathe. It was bitter, bitter cold, too, and Reddy's hands and feet reminded him only of the bags of cracked ice they put on his forehead once when he had a severe fever.

B. J., however, was as happy as the Twins were miserable, and he yelled and shouted in ecstatic glee. Now he was a gang of cow-boys at a round-up; now he was a band of Apache Indians circling around a crew of inland sailors who used to steer their prairie-schooners across the Western plains.

Before the Twins could imagine it, the boat had reached the opposite side of the lake, and it was necessary to come about. Suddenly the skipper had thrown her head into the wind, the jib and mainsail were clattering thunderously, and the boom went slashing over like a club in the hands of a giant. Before the Twins had dared to lift their heads again, there was a silence, and the sails began to fill and the boat to resume her speed quickly in a new direction. In a moment the Greased Lightning was well under way along a new leg, and sailing as close as B. J. could hold her. And now, as the Twins glared with icy eyeballs into the mist ahead, suddenly they both made out a thin black line drawn as if by a great pencil across the lake in front of them.

"Watch out, B. J.!" they cried; "we are coming to an enormous crack."

"Hooray for the crack!" was all the answer they got from the intrepid B. J.

And now, instead of their rushing toward the crack, it seemed to be flying at them, widening like the jaws of a terrible dragon. But the ice-boat was as fearless and as gaily jaunty as Siegfried. Straight at the black maw, with bits of floating ice like the crunch-

ing white teeth of a monster, the boat held its way. But, neatly as the boy Pretty ever skimmed a hurdle in a hurdle-race, the boat skimmed the gulf of water. The ice bent and cracked treacherously, and the water flew up in little jets where it broke; but Greased Lightning was off and away before there was even a chance to engulf her. And then the hearts of the Twins could beat again.

The boat was just well over the crack when she struck a patch of rough ice and yawed suddenly. There was a severe wrench. B. J. and Reddy were prepared for it; but Heady, before he knew what was the matter, had slid off the boat on to the ice and thence into the crack they had just passed. He let out a yell, I can tell you, and clung to the edge of the brittle ice with desperate hands.

He thought he had been cold before; but as he clung there now in the bitter water, and watched B. J. trying to bring the obstinate boat about and come alongside, he thought that the passengers on the ice-boat were as warm as any Turkish bath.

After what seemed to him at least a century of foolish zigzagging, B. J. finally got the boat somewhere near the miserable Heady, brought the Greased Lightning to a standstill, and threw the dripping Twin the sheet-rope. Then he hauled him out upon the strong ice.

B. J. begged Heady to get aboard and resume the journey, or at least ride back home; but Heady vowed he would never even look at an ice-boat again, and could not be dissuaded from starting off at a dog-trot across the lake toward home. Reddy wanted to get out and follow him; but B. J. insisted that he could not sail the boat without some ballast, and before Reddy could step out upon the ice B. J. had flung the sail into the wind again, and was off with his kidnapped prisoner. Reddy looked disconsolately after the wretched Heady plowing through the slush homeward until his twin brother disappeared in the distance. Then he began to implore B. J. to put back to Lakerim.

Finally he began to threaten him with physical force if he did not.

B. J. fairly giggled at the thought of at last seeing one of those mutinies he had read so



"JUMBO SAW A PAIR OF FLASHING EYES GLARING AT HIM OVER THE COVERLET."

much about. But he contented himself with having a great deal to say about tacking on this leg and on that, and about how many points he could sail off the wind, and a lot of other gibberish that kept Reddy guessing, until the boat had gone far up the lake.

At last, to Reddy's infinite delight, B. J. announced that he was going to turn round and tack home. As they came about they gave the wind full sweep. The sail filled with a roar, and the boat leaped away like an athlete at a pistol-shot.

And now their speed was so bird-like that Reddy would have been reminded of the boy Ganymede, whom Jupiter's eagle stole and flew off to heaven with; but he had never heard of that unfortunate youth. He had the sense of flight plainly enough, though, and it terrified him beyond all the previous terrors of the morning.

As I have said before, different persons

have their different specialties in courage, as in everything else; and while Reddy and Heady were brave as lads could well be in some ways, their courage lay in other lines than in running dead before the wind in a madcap ice-boat on uncertain ice.

The wind had increased, too, since they first started out, and now it was a young and hilarious gale. It began to wrench the windward runner clear of the ice and bang it down again with a peculiarly unbearable thud. In fact, the wind began to batter the boat about so much that B. J. decided he must have some weight upon the windward runner, or it would be unmanageable. He told Reddy that he must make his way out to the end of the seesaw. Reddy gave B. J. one suspicious look, and then yelled at the top of his voice:

"No, thank you!"

The calm and joyful B. J. now proceeded to grow very much excited, and to insist. He

told Reddy that he must go out upon the end of the runner, or the boat would be wrecked, and both of them possibly killed. After many blood-curdling warnings of this sort, the disgusted Reddy set forth upon his most unpleasant voyage. He crept tremblingly along the narrow backbone until he reached the crossing-point of the runner; there he grasped a hand-roppe, and made his way, step by step, along the jouncing plank to the end, where he wrapped his legs around the wire stay, and held on for dear life.

Reddy's weight gave the runner steadiness enough to reassure B. J., though poor Reddy thought it was the most unstable platform he had stood upon, as it flung and jounced and shook him lither and yon with a violence that knew no rest or regularity. But, uncomfortable as he was, and much as he felt like a seasick balloonist, he did not know in what a lucky position he was, nor how happy he should have been that it was not worse. There is some consolation, or ought to be, in the fact that a situation is never so bad that it might not be worse.

B. J. was now so well satisfied with his live ballast that he began once more to sing and make a mad hullabaloo of pure enjoyment. He finally grew careless, and forgot himself and the eternal alertness that is necessary for a good skipper. Just one moment he let his mind wander, and that moment was enough. The boat, without warning to either B. J. or Reddy, jibed!

The now more than ever astounded Reddy suddenly found himself pitching forward in the air and slamming on the ice, along which he slid for a hundred feet or more on his stomach, like a comet with a wake of spray and slush for a tail. Reddy was soaked as completely as if he had fallen into a bath-tub, and his face and hands were cut and bruised in the bargain.

But his feelings, his mental feelings, were hurt even worse than his flesh.

As for the reckless B. J., though he was not so badly bruised as his unfortunate and unwilling guest, he was to suffer a still greater torment. He, too, was thrown from the boat into the slush; and by the time he had recovered himself the yacht was well away from the hope of capture. But that wilful boat, the Greased Lightning, seemed unwilling to let off her tormentor so easily.

For the astounded B. J., glaring at her as she ran on riderless, saw her come upon some rough ice, and jolt and ditch her runner, and veer until she had actually made a complete circle! and was heading straight for him!

All this remarkable change took place in a very short space of time; but a large part of that small time was spent by B. J. in absolute amazement at the curious and vicious action of his boat. Then, as the yacht began to bear down on him with increasing speed, he made a dash to get out of its path; but his feet slipped on the wet ice, and, try as he might, he could make no headway.

B. J. saw immediately that one of two things was very sure to happen; and he could not see how either of them would result in anything but terrible disaster to him.

For if he should stand still the runner-plank would strike him below the knee and break both his legs like straws; besides, when he was knocked over he was likely to be struck by the tiller-runner, which would finish him completely.

If, on the other hand, he tried to jump into the air and escape the runner, he stood a fine chance of being hit on the head by the boom, which would deal a blow like the guard of an express-engine. Before these two sickening probabilities the boy stood motionless, helpless. It was the choice of frying-pan or fire.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND READING FOR YOUNG FOLK.

REPORT UPON THE PRIZE COMPETITION OF LISTS OF TWENTY-FIVE BOOKS FOR A YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY.

THE contest for the prizes recently offered in this department has been so interesting and suggestive that it is a pity ST. NICHOLAS cannot print several hundred of the five thousand lists and many letters called forth, and devote a whole number to talking about them.

Certainly a great many people care much as to what children read, and, better still, a very great many children are mightily occupied with the joys found between book-covers.

That is the first important fact shown by the ST. NICHOLAS competition.

The second, many people will find more surprising; and that is that numbers of the lists sent in by children and young people are *better* than many of those made out by careful parents, teachers, and librarians! The younger folk have usually simplified their task by frankly putting down what they like best, and very often the committee, though not admitting unreservedly to the general principle, has agreed in the particular case.

It seems clear that several pieces of true and lasting literature vastly delight most young competitors. Few of their lists omit "Robinson Crusoe," for instance. But a number of "grown-ups" pass it by, and some of them seem to apologize for putting in this or some other treasure of the English language! One correspondent includes it because "every one is expected to know it"; another explains that "Gulliver's Travels" is recommended because after reading it a child will know what "Brobdingnagian" means. Now, these are good motives, so far as they go, but they are not the best reasons for making the acquaintance of classic writers, and it seems that to try to suggest the best benefits of the best literature is the first thing ST. NICHOLAS should do in considering the revelations of this contest.

It is a good thing to read what other cultivated people about you read, and to understand familiar literary allusions. Dr. Johnson, a wise man, said that one of the objects of

education is to "furnish material for conversation," and in that respect it appears that the youngsters of the United States, and of Great Britain too, are well off; so generally do they read the same things that if they all came together at a party they could chatter over their favorite books as comfortably as if all their back yards joined.

But to furnish material for conversation is not the first object of education. The first aim should be toward development—development all round as a human being. Literature is a precious power in making the best possible human beings out of boys and girls by acting on them directly, as well as in many indirect ways, such, for one, as giving them something stimulating and interesting to talk about.

So, in offering these prizes, ST. NICHOLAS excluded consideration of religious works as such, and books of information as such, because it is desirable that young folk should also be enriched from literature by the joys to be obtained simply as joys.

"But do you want every one to read purely for amusement?" some one asks.

A deal of harm has been done by this fixed habit of opposing amusement to instruction, in talking about reading. Robert Louis Stevenson said that "reading, to be worth the name, should be a rapture." Now, when reading is a rapture it is done neither for amusement nor for instruction, but for sympathy—for the interplay of kinship between author and reader; and what is better than an exchange of wholesome sympathies in any form?

The idea of basing a child's reading on the books that teach this specific lesson or that is deplorable. Suppose he eats too fast, and his guardian wishes to break him of that bad habit. Let the little man, by all means, be instructed as to the habit's evils, but let us think twice before directing his reading to some feeble tale about a boy who got indigestion through bolting his food. Would it not be better to

exalt him, if possible, with the poetry and mirth of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," one of the treasures of the world, and trust that while it is doing so many other great things for him it will also refine and soften his instincts and make him more amenable to instruction in all good manners?

It is not enough that a child learn what is taught in text-books and manuals of morals and manners. All that can be done should be done to make him brave and loving, high-spirited, humorous, ready, inventive, fluent, and witty, seriously observant and wise in the ways of men — to give him, in short, all good gifts. He will never possess them all in full measure, but the best authors whom he can read *with enjoyment* will help him in ways that no strait code of study or conduct can.

The best authors hold their place because the best readers have found inspiration and enrichment in their work.

"It has no literary merit, but it teaches" this or that, we hear said in commendation. But when a book is truly judged as without literary merit, it is because it is in some way shallow or trivial or false or lame; and while we are learning its little conscious good lesson, what about its big unconscious bad one?

But the persons who want to make reading only an improving task are not the only ones from whom we respectfully differ. It has been pleasant and enlightening to read the lists of youthful readers who enthusiastically indorse their selections as being what they "like best." Youthful readers working unassisted could hardly make their choice on any other plan. But the lists from the elders who state that they tell what children "take to" most eagerly were not inspiring. We will not say these lists were founded on what children enjoy most, for there are different kinds of enjoyment, and we believe that the best kinds are truly the most enjoyable; but many children take to merely childish books most eagerly, just as they prefer sugar to bread and meat. Some sugar and some childish reading are good, but too much of either destroys a normal, healthy appetite for better food. It is not good for any one to confine his reading to such works as express only, no matter how felicitously,

thoughts and feelings on his own level. We all need to read much that lifts us and shows us more that we would ever find out for ourselves. Children who have not been demoralized with too much literary sugar generally love to read many things that are beyond them. The English tongue is blessedly rich in true literature, original, and in standard translation, that is calculated to nourish both youth and age. Such works should be the foundation of the boy's or girl's library. Read and enjoyed (we get no important benefit from any reading we do not enjoy), it may safely be trusted to do good, whether or not we can always put a finger on the exact lesson conveyed.

A special reason for giving to young readers books established among English classics is that it educates them in modes of feeling and expression other than those in fashion in their own little hour. When we are young we are plastic, and are easily moved to sympathize with many styles; and the man who in youth has never learned the accents of the masters of an earlier day is sadly apt to remain imprisoned in his own time, to his lasting impoverishment.

On the whole, the lists received are full of encouragement for those who believe that, as one correspondent says, "the best is none too good for the children." Most of the lists, even those from the smallest competitors, had a few great names that stood out like stars. "Robinson Crusoe" has been mentioned, and stands first in popularity with all kinds and conditions of list-makers. But "Æsop's Fables," "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and "Gulliver's Travels" make a great showing, too. The several little cramped hands that attribute the authorship of "Gulliver's Travels" to "Lemuel Gulliver" gave us keen pleasure. And acquaintance with a good book is not completed, but only begun, by early knowledge of it. It will grow on us as we grow.

Among the modern writings that are very widely loved, it is delightful to see Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," and Mr. Edward Everett Hale's "Man without a Country." Their success shows again how free from tricks, how grave and simple, may be the writer who wins his way in young hearts.

THE COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS:

The Committee to whom was intrusted the task of selecting from more than four thousand competitors those to whom the six prizes should be awarded, have found their task—as, indeed, it was known it would be—anything but an easy one.

It was not so very difficult to draw the line between those lists that might be considered fairly successful, and those that, for one reason or another, could be placed in the second rank. This part of the work took a long time, of course, but it did not call for the same nice discrimination needed in the next steps.

When, out of the thousands originally received, more than a hundred had been set apart for the more minute examination called for by their higher quality, the difficulty of the Committee's task was enormously increased. There is no need, however, to dwell upon the details of the painstaking examination all received. Let it be enough to say that the Committee—of several members—were unanimous in the final conclusion regarding the rank assigned to the leading lists. It seems to them that a discriminating comparison of these lists will give ample justification for the Committee's reward. It was decidedly a relief that, after the first prize-winner had been selected, the two lists next in rank could be declared entitled to second prizes without the need of passing upon their relative merit; and the same may be said of the three lists to which third prizes have been awarded.

The Committee unanimously awards the prizes offered as follows:

First Prize, of Fifteen Dollars in gold, to

MARY MEAD HEDGE, of Passaic, New Jersey.

Two Second Prizes, of Ten Dollars in gold each, to

ALICE LEARNED BUNNER, of New London, Connecticut,
ISABEL DE TREVILLE, of New York City, New York.

Three Third Prizes, of Five Dollars in gold each, to

GRAHAM HAWLEY, of Tarrytown, New York,
MARTHA D. STRINGHAM, of Berkeley, California,
DONALD MUNRO, of Boston, Massachusetts.

In this contest, and in previous competitions for prizes, it has been the feeling of the committees that if there could be a hundred prizes, they might all be fairly awarded as fitting recognitions of the good will and good spirit and the praiseworthy efforts shown in the lists or answers submitted. But since prizes must be limited in number, in order that they should be worth the winning, ST. NICHOLAS must recognize the worthiness of competitors who only just failed to secure other reward, by giving them Special Honorable Mention.

SPECIAL HONORABLE MENTION.

Margaret Lane
Mary R. Silsby
F. M. Richardson
Alice C. Haines
Jean Y. Richardson
Chauncey B. Garver

Margaret Webb
Ralph Woodworth
Mrs. F. H. Haserot
Wm. Morgan Carpenter
S. M. Francis
Harriet D. Tufts
Alice C. Moore

Virginia Doane
Julius Park
Mrs. John D. Hammond
Mrs. J. L. Teague
Mrs. Francis T. Sawyer
Emily L. Bull
Louise M. Carson

Euphemia Bakewell
Isabella M. Andrews
John L. Hervey
Mary J. Fisk
Donald A. Williams
Mrs. Arthur Nichols

A great many competitors still remain whose names should be printed as an indication that they, too, have merited public recognition by the excellent lists submitted. For these ST. NICHOLAS publishes the following roll of honor:

ROLL OF HONOR.

John Cowan Bogle, Jr.	Susan Whalley Allison	Inez Sledge Campbell	Mrs. E. Washburn Brainard
Katie Bogle	Amy J. Einstein	Charles Pratt Tuttle	Helen L. Paddock
Kate Kelson Brown	Jean R. A. Brown	Margaret R. Thompson	T. C. Durlay
S. S. F. Callahan	Mrs. A. A. Paine	C. H. Poe	Mary L. Wharton
W. M. Carrick	William S. Lord	Elizabeth I. Cummins	Elisabeth I. McMillin
Elizabeth M. Creigh	Mrs. E. H. Gilbert	Katherine French	Julia B. Farrington
Harriet C. Cringam	Edith Johnson	Elizabeth B. Bassett	Theodore A. Guild
Samuel A. Greely	Marion Hills	Rena Merchant	Augusta M. Davies
George Lynch	Charles M. Froelicher	Mrs. S. H. Linn	Ariadne Gilbert
Alice M. Meigs	Evelyn Holliday	M. H. Rust	Isabel Helen Noble
E. Louise Steimbrenner	Imogene McClees	Benjamin Wilson Marinus	Mrs. Mary Forrer Peirce
E. Louise Stern	Nina Sutliff	Abby Louise Barney	R. B. Garver
Julia B. Thomas	Angier B. Duke	Gertrude E. Heath	John D. Sutherland
Charles A. Rockwood	John F. Cassell	Julia Hurlbut	Minnie W. Andrews
B. J. Savage	Willie Downey (Miss)	Isabel Adair Lynde	Frances Hardy Hammond
Francis Morris Miller	Buncie B. Hahn	Philip Greeley Clapp	Florence E. Sontag
Horace Gray	Esther Fortune	Elinor Russel Gibb	Nicholas Cuyler Bleecker
Anne M. Cummins	Barrett R. Wellington	Benjamin Sledd	Charles P. Hamill
Alice Goldschmidt	Florence Brandegee	Maisie and Evelyn Radford	Gwendolen Morse
Helen Ellwanger	Theodore M. Crisp	Helen Elizabeth Graves	Bessie Kelly
Mrs. J. A. Wells	Henry G. Ralston	Edith Gifford	Robert Ralston Jones, Jr.
Alice H. Whittaker	Elizabeth A. Higgins	Harry D. Cowles	Baldwin Mann
Henry G. Brengle	Hannah Heidenheim	A. C. Allyn	Esther Crandall
K. M. Cone	Annie Burt	Cornelia B. Thompson	Caroline A. Austin
George Whitney Calhoun	H. Rowan Gaither	Jay Zeamer	

One of the oldest of maxims enforces the lesson that there should be no dispute concerning matters of taste. The judges in this competition have no expectation that their award will satisfy *all* the competitors and their friends. They are equally sure that no conceivable award would have satisfied every one. Many of the letters that came with lists of books very courteously and kindly recognized this condition of affairs from the beginning, and expressed a cheerful willingness to abide by the Committee's decision, whatever that might be. The Committee feel, therefore, that they have the hearty support of the majority of the competitors when they say that they are satisfied that the best lists, all things considered, have won the prizes and secured recognition. On other pages of this department there is a general statement of certain conclusions to which the Committee have been led in making their awards.

In conclusion, the Committee wishes to record their judgment that this competition has shown plainly that twenty-five names of books, even with the addition of ten substitutes, do not form a list long enough to admit even the very best books—one might say the indispensable books—that should be found in a child's library. Perhaps the best method of causing the worthy efforts of the thousands of willing competitors to bear goodly fruit will be for ST. NICHOLAS to attempt, by the aid of the best lists submitted, to suggest an ideal library of "One Hundred Best Books" for children's reading. Of course, in selecting the hundred volumes the same limitations as those governing the contest will be followed.

The Committee beg leave, finally, to remind competitors that in the conditions of the contest, as published in the April number, it was especially stated that the Committee could not preserve the lists, nor enter into correspondence concerning them. A moment's reflection will show the necessity for this rule, and we know that competitors will cheerfully abide by it. The winning lists are printed on the next page.

Very respectfully submitted,

THE COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

LISTS BY THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLK'S LIBRARY.

FIRST-PRIZE LIST, MARY MEAD HEDGE.

1. Ivanhoe, Scott.
2. Quentin Durward, Scott.
3. Pathfinder, Cooper.
4. Last of the Mohicans, Cooper.
5. Jungle Books, Kipling.
6. Westward Ho!, Kingsley.
7. Arabian Nights.
8. The Rose and the Ring, Thackeray.
9. Wonder Book, Hawthorne.
10. A Tale of Two Cities, Dickens.
11. Christmas Stories, Dickens.
12. Poems of Longfellow.
13. Works of Shakspeare.
14. Treasure Island, Stevenson.
15. Child's Garden of Verses, Stevenson.
16. Tom Brown at Rugby, Hughes.
17. Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan.
18. Sketch Book, Irving.
19. The Man without a Country, Hale.
20. Robinson Crusoe, Defoe.
21. Gulliver's Travels, Swift.
22. Alice in Wonderland, Carroll.
23. Uncle Remus, Harris.
24. Jackanapes, Ewing.
25. Wild Animals I have Known, Thompson.

Substitutes.

2. Lady of the Lake, Scott.
3. The Caged Lion, Yonge.
6. Water Babies, Kingsley.
9. Rudder Grange, Stockton.
10. Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, Holmes.
15. King of the Golden River, Ruskin.
19. Lays of Ancient Rome, Macaulay.
24. Little Women, Alcott.
25. Fairy Tales, Andersen.

SECOND-PRIZE LIST, ALICE LEARNED BUNNER.

1. Water Babies, Charles Kingsley.
2. Alice in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll.
3. Through the Looking-Glass, Lewis Carroll.
4. The First Jungle Book, Rudyard Kipling.
5. Robinson Crusoe, Defoe.

6. Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan.
7. The Rose and the Ring, Thackeray.
8. Lady of the Lake, Scott.
9. Tales from Shakspeare, Lamb.
10. Wonder Book, Hawthorne.
11. Tanglewood Tales, Hawthorne.
12. Æsop's Fables.
13. Ivanhoe, Scott.
14. Lays of Ancient Rome, Macaulay.
15. Fairy Tales, Andersen.
16. Tom Brown at Rugby, Hughes.
17. Midsummer-Night's Dream, Shakspeare.
18. David Copperfield, Dickens.
19. Treasure Island, Stevenson.
20. Kenilworth, Scott.
21. Age of Fable, Bulfinch.
22. Two Years before the Mast, Dana.
23. Household Tales, Grimm.
24. Arabian Nights.
25. Westward Ho!, Kingsley.

SECOND-PRIZE LIST, ISABEL DE TREVILLE.

1. Æsop's Fables, or Arabian Nights.
2. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, or Alice through the Looking-Glass, Dodgson.
3. Bob, Son of Battle, Ollivant.
4. Christmas Stories, or David Copperfield, Dickens.
5. Don Quixote, Cervantes.
6. Grimm's Fairy Tales, or Lang's Fairy Books.
7. Gulliver's Travels, Swift.
8. Ivanhoe, or Kenilworth, or Tales of a Grandfather, Scott.
9. The Jungle Book, and The Second Jungle Book, Kipling.
10. King of the Golden River, Ruskin.
11. Lays of Ancient Rome, Macaulay.
12. Man without a Country, Hale.
13. Morte d'Arthur, Malory.
14. Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan.
15. Prince and Pauper, Clemens.
16. Robinson Crusoe, Defoe.
17. The Rose and the Ring, Thackeray.
18. Sketch Book, Irving; or The Spy, or The Deerslayer, Cooper.

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| 19. Story of a Short Life, or Jackanapes, Mrs. Ewing.
20. Swiss Family Robinson, Wyss.
21. Tales from Shakspeare, Lamb.
22. Tanglewood Tales, or The Wonder Book, Hawthorne.
23. Treasure Island, Stevenson.
24. Uncle Remus, J. C. Harris.
25. Water Babies, or Westward Ho!, Kingsley. | 23. Little Women, Alcott.
24. Hans Brinker, Dodge.
25. Daddy Darwin's Dovecoté, or Mary's Meadow, Ewing. |
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THIRD-PRIZE LIST, GRAHAM HAWLEY.

General.

1. Children's Book, Horace E. Scudder.
 NOTE.—A collection of the imaginative literature of the world most suitable for children.

Poetry.

2. Book of Famous Verse, Repplier.
 3. Child's Garden of Verses, Stevenson.
 4. Scott's Poems.

Fairy Tales and Allegory.

5. Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan.
 6. Alice in Wonderland, or Through the Looking-Glass, Dodgson.
 7. Tanglewood Tales, or Wonder Book, Hawthorne.
 8. Water Babies, Kingsley.
 9. Floating Prince, etc., Stockton.

Animal Stories.

10. Jungle Book, Kipling.
 11. Uncle Remus, Harris.
 12. Wild Animals I have Known, E. S. Thompson.

Stories of Adventure.

13. Robinson Crusoe, Defoe; or Swiss Family Robinson, Wyss and Montolieu.
 14. Ivanhoe, Scott.
 15. Westward Ho!, Kingsley.
 16. Last of the Mohicans, or The Pilot, Cooper.
 17. Prince and Pauper, Mark Twain.
 18. Robin Hood, Pyle.
 19. Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, Verne.
 20. Two Years before the Mast, Dana; or Captains Courageous, Kipling.

Tales of Everyday Life.

21. David Copperfield, Dickens.
 22. Tom Brown's School-Days, Hughes.

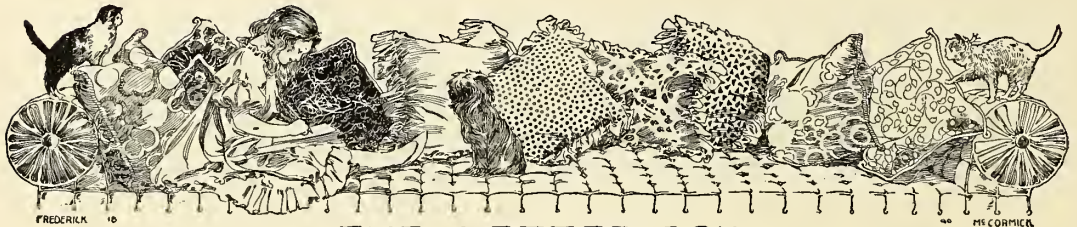
THIRD-PRIZE LIST, DONALD MUNRO.

1. The Arabian Nights.
 2. Robinson Crusoe, Defoe; or Swiss Family Robinson.
 3. Grimm's Fairy Tales, or Andersen's Fairy Tales.
 4. Tales from Shakspeare, Lamb.
 5. Ivanhoe, Scott; or The Scottish Chiefs, Porter.
 6. The Last of the Mohicans, Cooper.
 7. The Old Curiosity Shop, Dickens.
 8. Twice-Told Tales, or The Wonder Book, Hawthorne.
 9. Water Babies, Kingsley; or The Rose and the Ring, Thackeray.
 10. Tom Brown's School-Days, Hughes.
 11. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Carroll.
 12. Through the Looking-Glass, Carroll.
 13. A Dog of Flanders, "Ouida"; or The Man without a Country, Hale.
 14. The Story of a Short Life, Ewing; or The Gentle Heritage, Crompton.
 15. Rab and his Friends, Brown.
 16. The Voyage of a Naturalist, Darwin.
 17. Hans Brinker, Dodge.
 18. Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings, Harris.
 19. The Story of a Bad Boy, Aldrich; or Little Women, Alcott.
 20. The Parent's Assistant, Edgeworth; or Parables from Nature, Gatty.
 21. The Jungle Book, Kipling.
 22. Wild Animals I have Known, Thompson.
 23. At the Back of the North Wind, MacDonald.
 24. Tales of a Grandfather, Scott; or Age of Chivalry, Bulfinch.
 25. Gulliver's Travels.

THIRD-PRIZE LIST, MARTHA D. STRINGHAM.

1. Hans Andersen's Household Book of Fairy Tales.
 2. Grimm's Fairy Tales.
 3. Swiss Family Robinson.
 4. Water Babies, Charles Kingsley.

5. Wonder Book, Hawthorne.
6. Tanglewood Tales, Hawthorne.
7. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll.
8. Alice through the Looking-Glass, Carroll.
9. At the Back of the North Wind, George MacDonald.
10. The Rose and the Ring, William M. Thackeray.
11. Heidi, Johanna Spyri.
12. Prince and Pauper, Mark Twain.
13. Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare.
14. Tom Brown at Rugby, Hughes.
15. Child-Life, Whittier and Lucy Larcom.
16. Book of Famous Verse, Agnes Repplier.
17. Scott's Poems.
18. Longfellow's Poems.
19. Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall, Washington Irving.
20. Christmas Stories, Dickens.
21. Ivanhoe.
22. Arabian Nights.
23. Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings, Joel Chandler Harris.
24. First Jungle Book, Kipling.
25. Second Jungle Book, Kipling.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

OMRO, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I go to school in Omro. The Fox River runs through Omro. The banks of the river are low. They caught a sturgeon in the Fox River that weighed one hundred and fourteen pounds. The sturgeons run only a little while in the spring. Oshkosh is about twelve miles from Omro. Omro is not a very large town. I live in the country, two miles and a half from Omro. I am eleven years old. I have two brothers. I have one dog. In the winter I have a sled that I hitch my dog on. He will draw the sled all around. When I tell him to stop he will stand still until I tell him he can go. My teacher's name is Miss Lowd. She reads to us from the ST. NICHOLAS. I like the stories very much. I will close now.

Yours truly,

MARJORIE BOOTH.

MANILA, P. I., November 27, 1898.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I wrote you awhile ago about Lionardo, my native servant. Well, Lionardo liked to leave the quarters without permission 'most too well to suit me, and he would come later and later every morning. On the last of October he stayed out for All Saints' Day. When he got back the following day, I asked where he had been, and he folded his hands to indicate prayer, and pretended that he had been praying all day. I promptly paid him off, and soon hired another

boy, whose name is Francisco. I call him "Frisco" for short. Frisco evidently had heard that I wanted my boy to be on hand, and for the first week he was always in evidence, and apparently always busy. He wakes me up at 6 A. M.; he makes my bed, keeps my room clean, and waits on me at table. He is not so exquisite in his attentions as Lionardo was, but is more substantial. He wakes me in a very soft voice, "Señor Coronel!" whispered near my ear every morning. And he seems very affectionate and faithful.

Major Howard's boy, Miguel (pronounced Mi-gell), garlanded the major's room with flowers, and one day I took Frisco to the major's room, pointed to the flowers, and cried, "Bella! bueno!" ("Beautiful! good!") Frisco said softly, "Si, señor," and started to the garden. I had pointed to an artistic two-storied bouquet on the major's desk, and when my boy returned it was with a *three*-storied one. Since that time he brings a fresh bouquet every morning, and tries to do everything better than Miguel.

To wipe the floor, he places a cloth dampened with coal-oil under each foot, and skates about over the floor until it shines.

He likes to keep my clothes clean, and has had as high as sixty-seven pieces in the wash in one week.

He also insists on my taking a cane when I go out. If I forget it,—and I generally do,—he comes running after me with it.

If I have a spot on my white clothes (I dress in white most of the time) he insists on my changing at once, and evidently feels that his professional reputation is at stake every time I leave the quarters.

This is Sunday. Our band plays on the Luneta, the fashionable promenade, this evening. I expect to listen to it.

Although nature has done much to make this land attractive, she has also given it fevers and other diseases. One has to live temperately and take every precaution in a sanitary way to keep well.

Everything here soon gets covered with mold. My cloth uniforms were packed in a chest for several weeks. One day I opened it, and they were all moldy, and had to be taken out, dried, brushed, and aired. They are now hanging up, and if I do not look out the ants will eat them. My shoes get moldy overnight, as I have told you. My saddle has to be cleaned every day, and so it is with everything.

Your loving father, A. S. FROST.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PIPE.

WHEN the white-faced European
Drove the red man from his lands,—
Drove him from the broad Atlantic
To the far Pacific sands,—
The Great Spirit, looking downward,
Grieved to see his children sad;
Told them they might leave behind them
One small thing of all they had.
Then they quarreled, all; and one said:
“Let us leave a thing of war,—
Tomahawk,—that they, by fighting,
May at last exist no more.”
And another said: “Nay; let us
Leave behind an arrow-head,
That its point may draw their life-blood
Till these people all are dead.”
“But, my brothers,” cried a third one,
“Tomahawk and arrow bring
Death so sudden, swift, and painless
That it loses all its sting;
Rather let us leave the snake-skin
That I belt about my waist,
That a subtle, silent poison
May destroy them, not with haste.”
Then there came great Asseboyné,
He, the greatest chief of all,
From his hut beside Niagara,
Where the thunder-waters fall.
“Brothers!” cried the aged sachem,
“Will ye now, about to go,
Leave but war and hate behind you?
Will ye treat the white men so?
Let us answer the Great Spirit,
Asking not for strife and war,
But that he shed peace and plenty
On this land forevermore.
Now, ye thunder-waters, listen!
And, thou rolling river, hear!
And, ye rocks and trees, remember!
Harken, brothers, now, and fear!
Though the red man leave his wigwam,
Passing toward the setting sun,
Though he take with him his blanket
And his tomahawk and gun,
Let him leave behind his peace-pipe
By the ashes of his home,
Leaving it alight and burning,
O'er the land he used to roam.”

The Great Spirit heard the answer,
And it pleased him there above;
For he said: “Between the red man
And the white man now is loane.”

MARGARET DOANE GARDINER
(14 years old).

NIL DESPERANDUM.

I ASKED a maid in fair Bordeaux
To marry me. I loved her seaux,
Ah, me! it was a crushing bleaux
When she replied, “You booby, neaux.”

So then I journeyed to Cologne
To wed a girl I long had knogne.
When I got there my bird had flogne,
And I, alas! am still alongne.

So now I linger in Marseilles,
With cheerfulness that never feilles—
Hoping that soon some favoring geilles
Will put new wind into my seilles.

JOHN C. M. VALENTINE.

WOLVERHAMPTON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much and look forward to you every month. I am just going to tell you what I *really* do every day.

I live in Staffordshire, near Wolverhampton, out in the country. We have taken you for twelve years.

I have two ponies of my own; one goes in harness, the other for riding. I have “cubbed” once or twice, and now I am hunting. I can jump and drive. I am always with our horses. We have about ten dogs, one cat, and fourteen horses. I am always going away somewhere. I have been to Spain twice, once to France, twice to Scotland, four or five times to Wales, and heaps of times in England in different places, five times to London. I love London. I saw the Jubilee; it *was* nice. We have a very big house, stables, and garden. I love flowers. I go to a very nice school for boys and girls. My brothers go riding when they are not at school. One goes to Eton; the other will soon go. I am eleven years old.

I have acted in four plays at school—different ones, you know. I love skating, and do so want to go to America, where my mother was born, and to see my grandfather.

Yours very truly,

DAISY ST. CLAIR MANDER.

ITHACA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and it is the first time I have ever written to you.

My father is a publisher, and I like to go down to the office and see the presses work.

Last summer we took a trip to the Upper Peninsula and visited the copper-mines.

At the Calumet and Hecla Mine they were making a trial of their new engine, Jumbo, which is 7000 horsepower, and the largest engine in the world. It made us think of an elephant, it moves so noiselessly and without a jar to the building. Then we went down in the Atlantic Mine at Houghton. There were ten in our party, and they lowered the skip very slowly. My mama was afraid; but I enjoyed it. The shaft was 2900 feet deep and slightly inclined. We each had a candle in our hand; and when the skip started down, it seemed as though the earth was lifting over us. When we got down a little way, the water from the

veins was trickling over the rocks down the sides of the shaft. After we had ridden several minutes we heard the picks ringing through the mine, and then we knew we were nearly down to the last level. Since our trip the Atlantic Mine has burned out.

Your loving reader,

HOLLIS CHASE.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and thank you for some of your nice stories.

Among the continued ones are: "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Quicksilver Sue," "A Boy of the First Empire," and "Trinity Bells."

Among the short ones in the May number: "Foxglove Freaks," "Admiral Dewey's Sword," "Saigo's Picnic," and "An Impromptu."

I enjoy the Letter-box very much, and I have looked for a letter from Los Angeles, but I have never seen one.

I have only one pet, and that is a parrot. His name is "Pedro," but we call him "Polly." He is too young to talk, but I think he is trying. I am *very* anxious to see this printed, as my mother does not know I am writing, and my school-teacher is helping me.

I must close now, but I remain your most devoted reader,

BERNICE H. REYNOLDS.

WE thank the young correspondents who have sent us interesting letters, and regret that we can acknowledge most of the letters only by printing the writers' names. To help young readers to find their names, they have been put in alphabetical order, except where letters came all in one envelope.

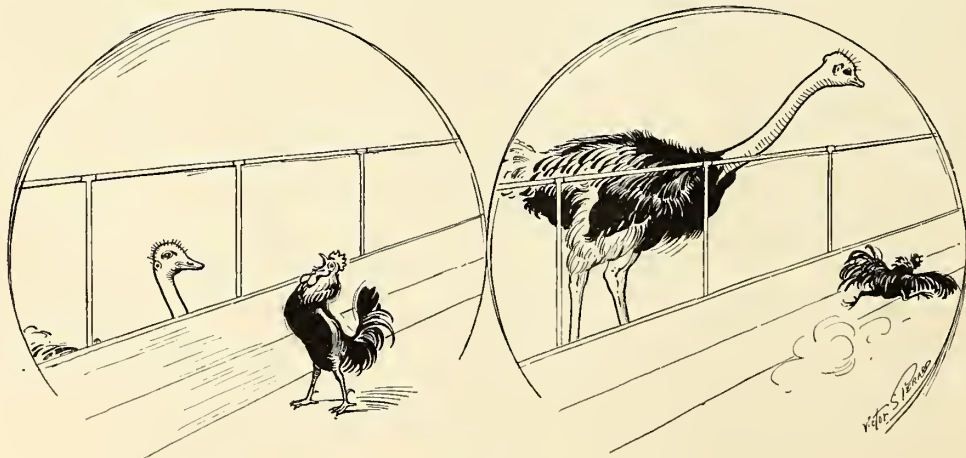
Hester Alexander, Margaret T. Almeda, "An Old Friend" (who writes of his bright dog "Dix"), Virginia Bean, Edwin G. Boring, Anna Mac Bozard, J. W. Caldwell, Marie Eloise Christie, Jeon Cory, Dorothy Doyle, Rachel Draper, Esther D., Ruth Eliot, Erl H. Ellis, D. and M. Evans, Dorothy May Fraser (who sent a letter in verse), Elizabeth Freeman, Louise Fuller, Mary

Eleanor George, Kate Gills, Louise Hains, Caroline Hinman, Frank N. Hoag, Adele Honigsberg, "Kathryn," Julia McCormick, Arthur Meyer, Dorothy Mix, M. V. M., Robert Osborn, Hilton S. Pedley (who writes from Nugata, Japan, to say: "I am not a Japanese as some people call me, for I cannot speak their language, I do not dress their way, I do not eat their kind of food"—which seems conclusive), Janet Penman, Hayward Post, Bertie Register, Francis Rives, Christine Robidoux, Janet Smith, R. C. Southack, Helen Souther, Miles Stadler, Helen V. Tillotson, Eloise T., Anna Lawrence Watson, Hugh Weldow (a plucky young fellow who earns his ST. NICHOLAS by weeding the garden), Marian L. Weld, Marie White, Nannie Whitman, Bartlett Wilson, Dorothy Young.

Besides these letters sent separately, two budgets came from schools, each packed into one envelope. From a Pennsylvania school the following scholars sent letters: E. Arlington Buckley, J. Monroe Buckley, Eva M. Peters, Lawrence Pierce, Elsie M. Piersol, Kate L. Ritter, Joseph H. Willits. From across the continent in Grass Valley, California, came some especially well written and interesting communications signed by Electa Ball, Clara Bone, Clara W. Carson, Mary Edwards, Elizabeth Hodge, Garnet McTaggart, William Purcell, and Evelyn Noblet. From the little writer last named we quote an interesting paragraph about a snow-slide, and we desire also especially to thank William Purcell for his amusing story of his bantams and their adventures.

Evelyn Noblet says in her letter:

"Once when I was in Sierra County there was a snow-slide, and the very first thing papa did was to look around after us children, and the second was that he looked for my bird 'Freddie.' He was hanging on the wall all right, but my brother and I were gone. He hunted for us, but we were buried up; and after a while my sister found us under the snow. Most of the people left, and we did, too. All the small children, from six to seven, were put in sacks with their heads sticking out of the top. That is the way they carried me, for I was only six years old then. I took the dog and bird with me, for I did not want to leave them there. That time was the worst time they ever had, for I always treated them well."



"APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL."



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Gloat. 2. Leave. 3. Oases. 4. Avert. 5. Testy. II. 1. Realm. 2. Endue. 3. Adorn. 4. Lurid. 5. Mends.

RIDDLE. N-aught.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Mace. 2. Avow. 3. Core. 4. Ewes. II. 1. Dam. 2. Alee. 3. Rest. 4. Nets. III. 1. Span. 2. Pace. 3. Acme. 4. Need. IV. 1. Omen. 2. Mane. 3. Ends. 4. Nest. V. 1. Dirt. 2. Idea. 3. Reap. 4. Taps.

DIVIDED WORDS. 1. Ca-ne, da-rt, cart. 2. Di-me, mi-ce, dice. 3. Ti-le, ha-re, tire. 4. La-mb, ra-ke, lake.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Paul Reese—Nessie and Freddie—Marjorie and Caspar—Mary Lester Brigham—M. McG.—Mama, Mrs. S. and Me—Elizabeth Tappan—Helen C. McCleary—Mabel Miller Johns—Kathrine Forbes Liddle—"Alli and Adi"—George Coe Van de Carr—Joe Carlada—Jack and George A.—"Sisters Twain"—"Bob Sawyer"—Helen Souther—Adeline and George—Bessie Thayer and Co.—Dorothy Kirkman—Stjourney Fay Nininger—C. D. Lauer and Co.—B. Warfield Kerr.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Ethel F. Fisher, 1—Lizzie S. James, 1—"We and the World," 2—Eugene W. Bleakie, 1—Laurence P. Dodge, 6—Mary E. Meares, 2—"Reddy and Heady," 1—Walter M. Levy, 1—Jeannette Cholmley-Jones, 1—Lorena Jacquot, 1—H. Ten Broeck Runk, 1—"Denise and Ned Toodles," 10—"Pugin," 1—Helena Ross, 1—Grace Salmon, 4—Frederick H. Adler, 2—Erl H. Ellis, 5—Polly Osborne, 1—Sara L. Roehm, 1—B. and two J.'s, 9—Rodney Dean, 1—Herbert Murphy, 5—Mary Katharine Rake, 2—Ethel Gordinier, 1—Mary Morrell, 1—D. Paul Musselman, 4—George Spencer Mitchell, 12—Sara Jean Arnold, 4—Dorothy B. C., 1—Margaret Knox, 1—Frederick R. Chickley, 1—Maude R. Kraus, 1—Genevieve Morrell, 4—T. and M. D., 4—Louise B. Myers, 1—Avis H. Danforth, 1—Mary Eloise Christie, 7—Carrie Janson and Audrey Wigram, 10—Samuel Edwin Earle, 3—Marion and Julia Thomas, 10—Russell and Helen Worstell, 1—"Bulligator," 11—Tim and May, 2—Eloise Tyler, 9—Clara Anthony, 7—"Interested Reader," Whitechurch, 1.

DIAMOND.

1. In brag. 2. To dip or soak in a liquid. 3. Salary. 4. A flowering plant. 5. The general drift of anything. 6. A knight. 7. In brag.
"FOUR WEEKS OF KANE."

shouted, a stone, hard as adamant, struck Peter, who instantly chases the running children. Seizing a dry clod of earth, he hits James, whose arm he injures.

Anna, remarking that it is too bad, helps him to the house.
MARY H. COLLACOTT.

RIDDLE.

NOT one moment without me
Could a king or kingdom be;
Not a single grain of wheat
Without me would be complete;
Not a cow-boy on the scout
Finds his herd my help without.

M. E. FLOYD.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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CONCEALED BIBLICAL NAMES.

How many biblical names are concealed in the following paragraphs?
John and James played by the sea-shore every day, more often with Anna than alone. One morning they picked up a lot of stones and ruthlessly threw them at the water—a most dangerous pastime.
They missed their aim, and, although Anna ominously

I. 1. A CIRCLE. 2. A notion. 3. An ancient tyrant. 4. A prison.
II. 1. A track for travel. 2. A feminine name. 3. Advanced in years. 4. A wall decoration.
III. 1. Brink. 2. An opening. 3. A desert of Asia. 4. A poetic name of Ireland.

M. F. W. AND E. C. B.

OMITTED LETTERS.

WHEN the proper letter is inserted between the words that describe the first and second pictures on each line, it will make a word that describes the third picture. When these inserted letters are properly arranged, they will spell the name of a famous American. F. H. W.



THREE CHARADES.

I.

PICTURE a public notice; and next a little field;
An American historian your penciled efforts yield.

II.

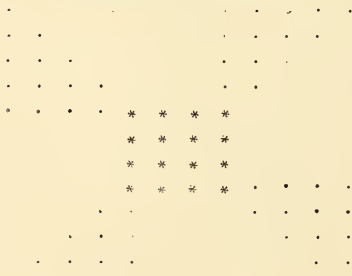
Then draw a people's pleasure-ground; next, he who
wanders there;
Another famed American your pencil will declare.

III.

Take a machine for printing; and a tiny house so small;
And a similar great writer your picture will recall.

L. E. JOHNSON.

WINDMILL PUZZLE.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND TRIANGLE: 1. In trombone.
2. A pronoun. 3. To employ. 4. Stockings. 5.
Part of the hand.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND TRIANGLE: 1. Expended.
2. A game. 3. A horned animal. 4. A word of denial.
5. In trombone.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A stain. 2. Affection.
3. Above. 4. A stated period of time.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND TRIANGLE: 1. In trom-
bone. 2. A familiar abbreviation. 3. A vehicle. 4.
To post. 5. An article of furniture.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND TRI-
ANGLE: 1. A useful commodity. 2.
A kind of fish. 3. A kind of feather.
4. A preposition. 5. In trombone.

H. W. E.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another (in the order here given), one of the rows of letters will spell the name of a celebrated English philosopher and statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An insult. 2. A mutual pledge. 3. A horizontal cross-bar in a window over a door. 4. A kind of cake or bread used in Scotland. 5. The art of disposing military and naval forces in order for battle. 6. Apparel. 7. A kind of large dog, noted for its strength and courage. 8. A cupboard intended to contain articles of value. 9. Any marked peculiarity or characteristic. 10. A red variety of zircon, sometimes used as a gem. 11. A cluster of dilapidated buildings. 12. The common buttercup. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

BLOW hot or cold, come wet or dry,
Mine is the season of July.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. I 'LL tell a tale beyond belief,
Although by this I come to grief.
2. While fish in every pond are found,
I 've heard that herrings walk the ground.
3. And though a jellyfish is shy,
'T is bold enough within a pie,
4. And has ten thousand ways to slip
If caught between the cup and lip.
5. I 've heard with low, peculiar thud,
A soft-shell crab rush through the mud;
6. And seen what every fisherman dreads —
A whale monopolize oyster-beds.
7. Alarm or fear I never feel,
Save when I tread upon an eel,
8. Or find within my shoe a worm;
Oh, then with screams I see it squirm!
9. Until, with nervous chills and groans,
I fall upon my marrow-bones.

ANNA M. PRATT.



THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MINOT'S LEDGE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI.

AUGUST, 1899.

No. 10.

ON MINOT'S LEDGE.

—
BY GUSTAV KOBBE.
—

CRASH!

I was sitting, one February night, in the watch-room of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, off Cohasset, Massachusetts. With me was the keeper. We were reading. Suddenly there came a shock as if the heavy iron doors at the head of the staircase in the tower had swung to. The tower shook from base to dome. The wind roared round the lantern. Droning through it all was the dismal tolling of the fog-bell.

When that crash came I gave a start. I thought it was nothing less than some vessel, lost in the fog, crashing on the ledge. But the keeper went on reading quietly. "What was that?" I finally asked.

"Oh," he said, "she's just taking on a sea."

He had told me before how in great storms the waves dash against the tower, but this was my first actual experience of Minot's Ledge "taking on a sea."

To understand just what that means, you must know that Minot's Ledge Lighthouse is built on a rock that is under water, and that, excepting at extreme low-tide, the gray granite tower is entirely surrounded by water. It is the American "Eddystone"; but, if anything, it is more exposed than that famous light off the English coast. Outlying ledges somewhat protect the Eddystone from heavy seas, and the rock on which it stands is above water in

all tides, so that it offers a better foundation than Minot's. This latter has no protection against the full sweep of a northeaster except a ledge known as the outer Minot, and this is entirely submerged at high tide.

The crash which made me start was repeated again and again during the night, as wave after wave swept in and broke against the tower. In heavy storms there are times when from the shore, some miles distant, Minot's Ledge Lighthouse seems to be buried by the sea. The waves strike the tower about twenty feet above the base, and send tons of spray as high as twenty-five feet above the dome. The mass of water then comes crashing down upon the lantern, and streaming over it, falls like a cataract on the leeward parapet and into the ocean. The life-boat which hangs from this parapet, eighty feet above the sea, would be dashed to pieces if it were on the weather side. Even where it hangs now, partly protected by the tower, it would probably be broken by the cataract if the plugs were not drawn from its bottom to allow the water to run out freely.

The present is the second lighthouse that has been built on Minot's Ledge. The first was destroyed during a great storm in April, 1851, about two and a half years after it was built. Two men perished with it. Its destruction was the most tragic event in the

history of the American lighthouse establishment.

The first lighthouse on Minot's Ledge was an eight-sided tower, supported on wrought-iron piles which penetrated five feet into the rock. On the braces by which the piles were strengthened the keeper had built a platform, and, in order to hoist articles from boats up to this platform, he had anchored a large hawser to a seven-ton granite block, fastening the other end of the hawser to the lantern-deck. It is believed that when the heavy seas of that furious April storm struck the platform and the hawser, a fatal strain was added to the natural force of the waves.

The storm which destroyed the lighthouse began on Monday, April 14, 1851. Two of the assistant keepers were on the tower. Next day the gale increased in violence, and by Wednesday it had become a hurricane. All that day a group of anxious watchers lined the shore at Cohasset; but the tower was so completely buried in the heavy seas that it was invisible. About four o'clock that afternoon the platform was washed ashore; and the watchers then knew that the water had risen to within seven feet of the tower. At nightfall, during fitful intervals, the light was still burning until ten o'clock, when it was seen for the last time. From that hour until one o'clock the next morning there was no sign or signal from Minot's Ledge. Then suddenly, just at the turn of the flood, when the outstreaming tide met the intruding hurricane at Minot's, a violent tolling of the lighthouse bell was heard. A few hours later one of the chairs from the tower watch-room was washed ashore. No one now doubted that a tragedy had been enacted under the shroud of night and storm; and when the weather cleared, and the first view of the ledge was had, nothing was seen there but the breaking sea.

It is believed that the tolling of the bell marked the hour when the lighthouse was destroyed, and that as the structure heeled over, the waves, sweeping across the parapet, tolled the knell of the two men who up to the last moment had "kept a good light."

The present tower on Minot's Ledge was

designed and erected by officers of the United States Engineer Corps. The site is so exposed that work could be carried on only from April to September. During the rest of the year the sea was too rough to allow workmen to gain a foothold on the ledge or approach it with safety. Although the work of preparing the rock was begun in July, 1855, it was not until July, 1857, that the first stone could be laid. During the first season, only one hundred and thirty working-hours at the ledge could be had, on account of the varying conditions of the weather. Whenever men were at work on the ledge, guard-boats constantly plied in the neighborhood to pick up workmen who might be washed off into the sea, and these boats were frequently called into service. The tower was completed in September, 1860. The nicety with which the records of the United States Engineer Corps are kept is shown by the fact that the record of work on Minot's Ledge is given even to the minute—1102 hours and 21 minutes.

Minot's Ledge Lighthouse is, in round numbers, one hundred and fourteen feet high. The first layer of masonry is thirty feet in diameter, and for forty feet above sea-level the tower is a piece of solid granite masonry except for a narrow well running down through the center to the rock. Above this masonry is the first story, with a door opening on the outside. An iron ladder leads up to the door from the base of the tower; but this ladder is rarely used, because the seas are too heavy. People are usually transferred to the tower in a chair or breeches-buoy. Including the store-room, there are five stories, each consisting of a circular room with a deep port-hole. All the stairways in the tower are iron, and so are the ceilings, except that of the fifth story, which is of granite and is arched.

The watch-room is the "parlor" of Minot's Ledge. There the keepers sit when they are not busy during the day, and there they watch the light at night. It is neither a very commodious nor a very luxurious parlor, with its iron floor, granite ceiling, and brick-lined walls. It has little suggestion of comfort. It is barely fourteen feet in diameter, and much of the space is taken up by the manhole

for the stairway from below, by the stairs which lead to the lantern-deck above, and by the machinery for the fog-bell. Nothing, perhaps, could give a better idea of the close quarters on Minot's Ledge than the fact that when summer is over, and there is no likelihood of visitors coming to the ledge, one of the chairs is sent ashore for the winter!



IN VACATION TIME. "NOW, SEE ME SEND IT OVER THAT BIG ELM!"

TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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

CHAPTER V.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

THIS conversation took place on a Saturday night, and on Sunday nothing could be done. Catharine even had a feeling that she would like to spend this one day without a thought of the change that was coming—to give every moment of it to the ways and feelings of a life that was so soon to pass away forever. Paul could not go to sea without money; but for this day the parting and the necessities of it should not enter into their consciousness and spoil their pleasure.

So when Paul came down to breakfast with his brightest face, Catharine met his smile with one equally hopeful. The mother fell easily into their happy mood. The whole household accepted the tone Paul set, and the Sabbath peace had a wonderful cheerfulness in it. The streets were cold and still, but dry and sunny. The bells seemed to have caught the spirit of the day's holy gladness, and sounded more softly and sweetly than usual; they were just chiming ten as Paul and Catharine left the house together for church.

Hand in hand they went, their steps and the gentle movement of their clasped hands keeping time to the melodious semibreves. The church was cold and the service long, but they sang out of the same book, and sat close together throughout it. Perhaps neither of them listened very attentively to the preacher, for they were listening to the voices of the past and the future—one was full of tender reminiscence, the other full of joyful expectation; and accompanying both was the solemn wonder as to how many Sundays might elapse ere this loving communion could again be possible to them.

As they walked home after the service,

Catharine said: "We will tell mother to-night. The servants will be at Lorenzo Dow's prayer-meeting, and perhaps Mr. Errington may be out. And there is always a feeling in the house on Sundays that is different from the feeling on other days. It will be in your favor, Paul, and it will help mother to understand, and to bear the change better."

But very early in the evening Mr. Errington sent for Paul; and as it was possible he might have something to say which would change the current of events, Catharine resolved to keep her secret until Paul returned to them. It is so easy for love to put off words that may bring sorrow; and looking in her mother's face, and understanding the care below the smile, and the anxious watching that was always in her troubled eyes, Catharine was glad to spare her, even one night, the knowledge of her coming loss.

With a meaning glance at his sister, Paul went gaily upstairs to his friend. He was full of hope, notwithstanding his assumed doubt; and Catharine watched his tall, agile figure springing upward, two steps at a time, and thought how handsome he would look in his uniform, and how completely suitable his alert, prompt manner would be on the deck of a man-of-war.

Mr. Errington had good news for the youth. "It is settled," he said. "You are to have a midshipman's warrant to the 'United States,' a fine frigate of forty-four guns, and you are off at once for a cruise in West Indian waters. You will be made master's mate very soon after joining, if you keep step with my report of you, and, indeed, I think your preparation for sea-service is far beyond the usual. Commodore Barry, who will be your commodore, says that the navy is glad to get brave, seamanlike youths, though few of those accepted have yet any knowledge of the navigation of a ship."

"I understand navigation theoretically," said Paul, "and I think I can soon reduce my knowledge to practice. Indeed, sir, I know not what words to say. I am filled with gratitude. I never hoped for such good fortune. I will try to be worthy of it; you have proved yourself a friend beyond all friends to me."

"Do not overrate my service, Paul. I had only to ask in order to receive. As it happens, I have a little influence: I mean that I have friends who were glad to give what I desired."

"Yes; I wonder—excuse me!"

"I know what you wonder, Paul, and your wonder is quite reasonable, and I have no objections to satisfy it. You wonder how I, being an Englishman, have so many friends among men of power and influence in this government. Well, I will tell you. My father was one of the very staunchest upholders of the rights of the American colonists, both before and during the Revolutionary War. He spoke in Parliament for them; he wrote many



"CATHARINE AND PAUL SANG TOGETHER OUT OF THE SAME BOOK."

forceful pamphlets in support of their claims; he suffered some political disgrace for his arraignment of the British government in respect to its treatment of subjects of the same race and faith, and who really wished to be loyal to the crown if the crown would let them.

When President Adams was residing in London we were on terms of intimate friendship with him, and I especially delighted in listening to his descriptions of this great and wonderful country. I used to sit and imagine what it would be to see a mighty Mississippi run right through England! The size of the woods, the mere square miles of the prairies, the picturesque story of the red man, the stirring romance of these thirteen little communities fighting a great power like England, filled my heart and my imagination. I desired to be a citizen of such a land; and as I am only a poor youngest son, my father, the Viscount Errington, thought my desire a very sensible one. Besides, Paul, I have no taste for fighting or

sailing, preaching or diplomacy. My longings are all for land. I desire to be a great land-owner—to build, to cultivate, to turn deserts into gardens, and to see morasses become great cities. My fortune is too small to permit me any such indulgence in the Old World; but here I make gigantic plans, and reasonably hope to see them realized.”

“Then, sir, you intend to become an American citizen?”

“Exactly. I am even now considering, with other gentlemen, a great plan for laying out New York miles beyond its present limits; and I have already chosen a site for my own home far beyond the inhabited region of to-day, so much faith have I in the future of this beautiful city.”

Then the conversation returned to Paul's position and the various points connected with it; but throughout all this pleasant discussion Paul was aware of a hurrying anxiety to go to his mother and sister and tell them of the good fortune that had come to him. But he knew that on Sunday nights Mr. Errington liked company, and it appeared ungrateful to run away from his friend as soon as he had obtained the desire of his heart. So he remained until the bells chimed ten; then he rose, saying as he did so:

“I have to-night only one sorrow in my heart: I wish that my dear father was here to share my joy and pride.”

“Of course,” replied Mr. Errington—“of course; that is natural and right—quite right.”

“You see, sir, he might come home to-morrow; he might come any hour. If my life was in a story-book I dare say that is what would happen; but in real life it is different.”

“I thought your father was dead—that is,

that he had been lost at sea. Pardon me! I rejoice to learn that I am mistaken.”

“Lost at sea! That is exactly the truth. We have not heard from him for nearly two years; but that he is dead—drowned—I will



“MR. ERRINGTON GRASPED THE BACK OF A CHAIR AS IF HE FELT HIMSELF TO BE IN NEED OF SUPPORT.”

not believe. No, indeed! My father is too fine a sailor to lose his ship, and the Golden Victory is too fine a ship to be lost. I—”

Mr. Errington had listened with a polite interest until Paul said the “Golden Victory.” These words might have been a stone thrown at him. He made a sudden involuntary ex-

clamation, and was visibly and powerfully affected. Something like terror crept into his face. He set his lips tightly, and grasped the back of a chair as if he felt himself to be in need of support. So great was his emotion that Paul, struck dumb by it, left his sentence unfinished. A moment of intensely painful silence followed; then Paul asked:

"What is it, sir? Are you ill? Shall I call my mother?"

"Sit down, Paul. Let me think. You said the Golden Victory?"

"Yes, sir! My father's ship."

"Is there any other Golden Victory?"

"I do not know of any other."

"But the captain? His name was not Van Clyffe. Oh, no! It was Johnson, I think."

"No, sir; it is Jansen. All sailor-folk call my father Captain Jansen."

"Yes; Captain Jansen."

"Do you know something about him, sir? If you do, tell me. Is he dead?"

"No; I hope not. The Golden Victory, after a terrible fight, was taken by the Algerine pirates. Your father was sold as a slave in Tripoli."

Paul stood as motionless as if he had been turned into stone. He tried to speak, but no words came. Errington led him to a sofa, and sat down beside him. He clasped his hands and spoke as tenderly as a woman. "Try and bear it, Paul, as bravely as you can," he said. "It is a great calamity—a terrible calamity. I know that. I have seen it. My dear Paul, speak to me!"

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" cried the youth, in a passion of tears. "My father! My good, brave father!"

"He may yet live. He can be ransomed. Paul, what are you now going to do?"

"Free him! Free him—if I give my life for his!"

"That is right. It is what I expect from you," said Mr. Errington.

Then he rose, and instead of calling his servant, he himself put more wood on the fire, drew two chairs within its warmth, and led Paul to one of them. "While you are gaining some control over your feelings," he said, "I will tell you how I know this about the

Golden Victory. I had a friend whom I loved as my own soul. He went to Italy three years ago. On his return to England he stayed in southern Spain a few weeks, and at the port of Cadiz took passage for London in a vessel called the Golden Victory, which had a cargo of fruits and wines for that port. In the Bay of Biscay they were met by an Algerine man-of-war, and although she was double their size, and carried twenty-eight guns to the twelve guns of the Golden Victory, a long and fierce fight ensued. It was in vain. When all the men but your father, my friend, and three seamen were dead or disabled, when the pirates were clambering on all sides into the gallant ship, resistance was no longer possible."

"Why did not my father blow her up? I would have sent her to the bottom, and gone there with her," Paul exclaimed.

"Nineteen years old does many foolish things; that would have been one of them—even if it had been possible, which it was not. The ship and men were taken to Tripoli. The Golden Victory now sails as a pirate craft, under a name which means the 'American Slave.' Your father was driven inland. My friend was permitted to write home for his ransom, and in the meantime was heavily ironed, and set to drawing large blocks of building-stone from the quarries, yoked sometimes with mules or oxen. Being the son of a nobleman, his ransom was heavy—six thousand pounds; but it was quickly provided, and I myself was the agent selected to go with it. Need I tell you what I saw? Have you heard anything of these infidel monsters, whose delight is in torturing their Christian slaves?"

"I have heard too much," said Paul, almost in a whisper. "My uncle has had at his house many of those redeemed by our government. I have seen their crippled limbs, the marks of the lash and the bastinado, cruel scars that nothing can efface. Oh, sir, I must go to my father. Thank you! Thank you for what you have done! But that dream is over. I must get the money for my father's redemption. I know not how—I am all confused yet; but I can see and feel *that* to be

my first duty. How much money shall I need?"

"I can only give you two facts to judge from: This government paid sixty thousand dollars for twenty sailors, and again one million dollars for one hundred and eighty officers and men taken from fifteen American vessels. Your father, by his resistance, caused the death of many Tripolitan pirates; I should not think he will be freed for less than ten thousand dollars. On the subject of ransom these savages are implacable. They never give up a prisoner without one. It is rather singular that I had some thoughts of getting you assigned to the ship 'George Washington,' of twenty-eight guns, which is soon to leave for Algiers with half a million of money for the Dey."

Paul's face radiated a passionate anger. "It is a shame!" he cried. "It is a burning shame that the United States should do such a thing! After fighting England, are we to be forced to pay blackmail to such infamous pirates? How can it be borne!"

"Patience, Paul! It is the inexorable logic of events. But your anger is natural, and shared by every American officer. Bainbridge, who goes with this protection-money, would far rather blow the Dey's forts about his ears. The United States will do so eventually. She is biding her right time."

"Every time is the right time for such a deed. Every hour these pirates poison the world is a scandal to Christianity and civilization!"

"You must be reasonable. There are many things to be considered. America is at present forced to buy protection for her merchant vessels."

"Glory to George Washington!" cried Paul. "He has truly and boldly told us that if we want commerce we must have a navy."

"Nothing is truer. Merchant ships will be only a prey unless there are men-of-war behind them."

"And your friend?" asked Paul.

"He is dead. He reached home, and lingered a few weeks."

"What if my father is also dead? It is a long captivity. How could he bear it?"

"I think he is alive."

"But your friend in—"

"My friend was delicate, and had been delicately reared. Your father is inured to hardships of all kinds. Moreover, Paul, I believe in God Almighty. I do not think he would have so wonderfully sent me with this message to you unless your father was alive and able to profit by the giving of it. I had no knowledge of you when I casually asked the clerk in the bank, who was attending to my business, about a lodging-house. I had not before ever thought of such a thing. I was astonished at myself for the inquiry. Do you not see that I was sent here to tell you about the Golden Victory and your father's captivity? Perhaps I am the only free man in life who could do this. God is just and kind. He would not raise a hope unless he intended to realize it. Such hopes are prophecies."

"Thank you, sir, for that thought. I will trust the hope, and work toward it."

"I am sure you will. Now you had better try to sleep; you look ill and weary. In the morning you will see better what to do."

But it was impossible for Paul to sleep. This was a calamity undreamed of. He doubted if his mother and sister knew anything about the Algerine pirates. They were one of those factors in the national affairs about which even newspapers were discreetly eloquent.

It is true, both American and English philanthropists were holding meetings and collecting money for the redemption of these Christian slaves, and that public sentiment was rapidly rising to a point which would insist on active interference; yet, for all that, the average men and women were not more interested than they usually are in calamities far off and which do not personally concern them. Paul and his sister had often spoken fearfully of the possibility of the ship having foundered; they had even imagined her cast upon some unknown or savage shore; but that their father should be sold for a slave, and the Golden Victory turned into a robbers' and murderers' craft, was a disaster which had never occurred to them as a possibility.

Sleep?—sleep was a thousand leagues away

from Paul. The gloomy stories to which he had listened in a half-credulous mood at his uncle's fireside, and which, at any rate, he had never thought could have any connection with himself, now returned to his memory with all the stupendous effects night and darkness and distance, and flesh-and-blood relations, could give them. He could not be quiet. The terrors of wakeful, excited feeling and imagination made the stillness of the bed intolerable. He got up, and then the cold drove him back to bed. When the bells chimed midnight he dressed himself and went to his sister's door.

"Katryntje!" he called softly; and at the third time she asked:

"Paul, is it thou?"

"Yes!"

"Is mother sick?"

"No; but there is great trouble. Dress yourself and come down to sit with me by the parlor fire. I will make a good fire."

"It is so bitter cold, Paul. Will the morning not be soon enough?"

"Come quickly."

Then she heard him go downstairs, and the cold and the darkness, with this vague phantom of "great trouble" in them, felt terrible. She shivered constantly; for there was no coal in those days, no furnace or steam heat—only the wood fires, which were so inadequate unless constantly looked after. Outside and inside it was below zero. She groped about for her clothing, and was finally obliged to get the tinder-box and try to strike a light. But it was difficult work. Her hands shook; the tinder was hardly burnt; it took her several minutes to get a spark from the flint that would ignite it; then the first spark went out before she had the match ready, and she was crying with real suffering before the welcome blaze was strong enough to light her candle and show her the whereabouts of her shoes and stockings and garments. And all the time she was sure it was something that Mr. Errington had said or done—something about Paul's going to sea; and she did feel that Paul might have waited until morning brought light and warmth.

However, when she got downstairs there was a good fire, and Paul had drawn the sofa close to the hearth, and brought a buffalo-robe to

wrap her in. His consideration pleased her, and she gave him a smile for it; then she saw something in his face that went to her heart like a blow.

"Paul," she said in a fright, "is it father?"

"Oh, yes, Katryntje! It is father! Poor father!"

Then he plunged at once into the pitiful story. His words trod one on the other; they burned with his anger; they were wet with his tears. When he ceased speaking it was as if the room was on fire. At the beginning of his narrative they had both been sitting on the sofa; when it was finished, unconsciously they had risen, and were standing together, quivering from head to foot. All their life was swallowed up in a sense of stress, in a hurry of love and sorrow that could not endure the limitations of hours.

"Will it never be morning? Will it never be morning?" cried Catharine. "How dreadful to sit here and be able to do nothing but think and weep! And what shall we *do* when morning comes?"

"We ought at least to be ready to do something," said Paul. "For this reason I awakened you, Tryntje, my dear one."

"First of all, mother must *not* be told, if there is any way to prevent it. I shall go to grandmother after breakfast, as soon as it is possible."

"And I will see Uncle Jacob. But suppose that they can do nothing?"

"They *must* do something. Oh, Paul, at this very moment our father may be hungry and thirsty, or suffering from the cruelty of the wretches who drive him to toil. Oh, I cannot bear it!" And she put up her hands and clasped her forehead to keep down the smothering sense of terrible imaginations that assailed her.

"Let us keep some hope, Katryntje. He may have found a kind master. And God would not desert him nor leave him comfortless."

"That, of course, Paul; but we must not forget for a moment our father's sufferings. You tell me that he has but one pound of black bread in a day, and a little water. Very well, then; I will taste nothing but the food

that is necessary to me until I know that father is either at rest with God, or a free man! Bread and meat and water I must have to do my work; but sweetmeats, cakes, dainties—oh, indeed, I feel that they would choke me!”

“You are quite right, little sister. I, too, will refuse them.”

“It will be nothing great to do,” continued Catharine. “If my mother sets before me a delicious custard or a fresh doughnut, I should think of father’s black bread,—of his one pound of black bread,—and how then could I taste them?”

“Mother will wonder if you eat nothing but bread and meat, and what excuse can you make to her?”

“Oh, then, I have a better thought about mother than the keeping of her in ignorance. It will be extremely selfish in us to do so, and at the last she would feel this. She has pearls and other jewelry; she will long to give them. As soon as we find out what others can do, we must permit that our mother also does her part. She would suspect; she would fear. It is far better that she should know the worst and hope for the best. That is my second thought about mother. What think you, Paul?”

“I think it is the best thought. Listen to the wind, Katryntje! How it blows!”

He made her lie down, and wrapped the robe around her, and threw more wood on the fire; and they talked in sad, low voices, while the winter wind clashed the wooden shutters, and roared down the wide chimney, and blew the hour-chimes far out to sea on its noisy bluster. Sleep had gone far from them; they had forgotten the cold; they sat in wretched communion until the wet, pale daylight broke. Then a negro came in to attend to the fire, and the burden of active life was assumed again.

After the breakfast was over Catharine made an excuse for leaving the house, and went as rapidly as possible to William Street.

All was as still as the grave in the little passage on which Madam Van Clyffe’s rooms opened. Catharine stood listening at her door a moment, and there was not a movement. Her heart fell. She feared she might

have to go to her uncle’s, and then there would also be Gertrude and Alida, and she did not feel as if she could tell her sorrowful tale before them.

Very lightly she tapped on the door, and waited breathlessly for an answer.

It came at once. There was a movement of a chair, a few heavy steps, and the door stood open.

“Grandmother—”

The one word was charged full of grief, anxiety, entreaty, and the old woman looked at the woeful young face confronting her with a kind of angry pity.

“What brings you out, and here, this morning?” she asked. “You are wet through. Come in.”

She followed her grandmother into a kind of parlor-kitchen. There was a good fire on the hearth, and some ham broiling in a little Dutch oven before it. A plate of buttered toast stood on the fender, and a small round table, drawn close to the hearth, was set for breakfast. An open Bible also lay on the table, and it was evident Madam had been reading her morning portion from it when disturbed by Catharine’s knock.

The unhappy girl went to the fire and put her wet feet upon the fender. She no longer made any effort to control her feelings, and tears wet her white cheeks as she loosened her bonnet-strings and shook them clear of the gathered raindrops.

“Now, then, what is it? Not for nothing you are here, and I am not pleased at your coming. Why have you come?” Madam spoke a little sternly, for she had instantly made up her mind that her daughter-in-law was in some financial difficulty which she was to be asked to relieve.

“Grandmother, we—”

“Well, then?”

“We have heard of father.”

“Nothing good; I see that.” Her aged form shook all over, and she sat down in her chair, quite unwittingly laying her hand on the open Bible.

“Why don’t you speak, then?” she asked fretfully. “What have you heard?”

“His ship was taken by the pirates. He

was sold as a slave. He is now either dead or a—slave.”

A sudden great passion was the first outcome of this intelligence. “He deserves it all!” she cried. “He deserves it! I told him what would happen! He would go to sea! He would have his own way! ‘Disobedient to parents’! Right! Right are the Holy Scriptures in putting children ‘disobedient to parents’ with murderers and revilers and —”

“Oh, grandmother, *hush!*” And as she spoke the weeping girl let her hands fall to her side with an impetuous thud.

“Hush I will not! To me how dare you use such a word? I say your father is a disobedient son, and disobedient children live not out half their days. You may read that in the Holy Scriptures.”

“Well, then, grandmother, if he has done wrong he has suffered; he is suffering. Have pity on him! Even God forgives the sinner.”

“When the sinner asks, then God forgives. Jansen has never written me a line. Never once has he said to me, ‘Mother, I am suffering. Mother, I am sorry!’”

“Not one word has he sent to us. Well, then, it must be that he cannot send any word. Grandmother, have you heard? Do you know what dreadful men these pirates are?”

“Heard! Know! Yes; I know well. None need tell me of their wickedness. Who told you this news?”

“Mr. Errington.”

“The Englishman? Then I believe not one word of it.”

“It is the truth. Listen!” And Catharine went over the story which Mr. Errington had told Paul. She noticed that her grandmother’s face glowed with pride she could not conceal when told of the stubborn fight made by the captain of the Golden Victory, though she interrupted to ask with a tearful anger:

“Why did n’t he run? Why did he fight? How could he fight such fiends as these pirates are?”

Then she broke utterly down. She rocked herself backward and forward; she wrung her

old hands, and sobbed out in a voice that filled her rooms with its passionate anguish:

“*O mijn zoon Jan! mijn zoon Jan! Och dat ik, ik, voor u gestorven ware, Jan, mijn zoon, mijn zoon!*” *

For a minute or two Catharine let her sorrow have full sway. Then she stepped to her side, kissed the tears from her cheeks, laid the gray old head against her breast, and said she hardly knew what words of hope and comfort.

By and by the old woman recovered herself. With the slow, cold, bitter tears of age, she began to consider the stunning facts that had fallen like a thunderbolt before her lonely hearthstone.

“You say your father has been taken inland?” she asked.

“Mr. Errington’s friend said the captain with whom he sailed, and the three sailors who had survived, had been driven inland. They were chained two and two for the march. He bade them a mute good-by as they passed him.”

Madam set her lips hard; her eyes filled again, but she said:

“Well, then, what is it you want?”

“That my father should be ransomed, without one hour’s delay.”

“Yes, yes! I will send Claes Brevoort to Washington. He will tell the government; they try to ransom all Americans. Oh, but it is a crying shame and sin to give good gold to such villains. Why, then, do they not give cannon-balls?”

“Oh, grandmother, for the government we cannot wait.”

“If alive your father is, God has kept him alive; and what he has done, that he will do.”

“Grandmother, God has now sent the word to us. It is you and I, and Uncle Jacob and Paul and mother, who are to work for his release.”

“What can I do? An old woman am I; nearly seventy years old am I.”

“You can perhaps give some money; that—”

“I will not give my money to such wicked men.”

“It is for father,” said Catherine, simply.

"How much money?"

"Mr. Errington thinks ten thousand dollars."

"Quite crazy are you! Ten thousand dollars! *O wee! O wee!** In the way of the wicked your father would go, and—"

"Now, then, grandmother, no use is there in blaming father. He is not to blame—not at all. Very brave and good is he. Ten thousand dollars is nothing at all for his life, and it is ten thousand dollars we must have!"

Catharine spoke the words with an anger that annoyed her grandmother.

"Oh, indeed!" she answered. "Nothing at all is ten thousand dollars! Very well, then; for nothing at all why come to me? See, now; I have had no breakfast. Leave me—leave me!"

"I cannot leave you, grandmother, till something is said—till something is done—"

"I will see your Uncle Jacob; I will think about it. In one minute I cannot think, I cannot do. Oh, Jan, so wicked, so cruel you have always been!"

"It is cruel in you, grandmother, to speak ill of my father. I cannot bear it!" And she burst into such a passion of weeping as astonished and even a little frightened the old woman. "I love my father," she continued. "I will move heaven and earth to set him free. If you will not help, I will ask every one I meet to do so. I will stand at Trinity gates and beg for the money. I will ask Dominie de Rhonde to make a collection in the church for it. I will—"

"One great fool you will make of yourself. People will think shame of you."

"They will not. Who is there that will not pity a girl begging for her father's freedom? Now, this minute, I will go straight to the dominie—"

"Nothing of the kind you will do. Sit down. You have quite lost your senses. You talk like some one crazy. And what is the use of cry—cry—crying? No help is found in tears."

At this moment Jacob Van Clyffe entered the room, and seeing Catharine in great distress, he plunged into the subject at once.

"Here is a calamity, mother," he said. "Paul has just told me, and I see that you also know."

"I know."

"What is to be done?"

"That I know not."

"But ten thousand dollars are to be got together at once."

"And that is impossible."

"It must be made possible. How my affairs stand I cannot in an hour say. I fear that out of my business it cannot come. To take it would be to wrong my creditors."

"Yes; and all to pieces will go your business, and you will get into debts you cannot pay, and then it will be bankruptcy and a debtor's prison for you, and I see not the good of that."

"As I was saying, mother, I cannot, for the sake of many others, risk my business; but I can mortgage my home," said Jacob, bravely.

"Without my will and name you cannot mortgage your home, and my will and name for any such purpose I will not give to you. Any trouble can come out of this great trouble—it will breed troubles of all kinds; and Gertrude and Alida shall not be put in danger of losing a roof to cover their heads."

"But, mother, in some way this money must be obtained. In the newspapers Jan's situation will be told; in everybody's mouth it will be; in the church the dominie will offer prayers for him; and how among my friends could I show my face if I said only, 'Poor Jan!' and buttoned up my pockets? There is yet more. I love my brother. Eat I cannot, nor drink, nor sleep in comfort and honor until all that is possible for Jan's release is set going."

"Heavens and earth!" cried the old woman. "Leave me! Both of you leave me to myself! I have to bear; more than you I have to bear. I must have time to think; I must speak to Claes Brevoort; I must find out what moneys I have. Oh, my son!" she cried pitifully, as she dropped her head upon the Bible. "*Mijn Jan! Mijn Jan! O wee! O wee!*"

Her grief was terrible, and she would not be comforted. In a manner too imperative

* "Alas! Alas!"

to be disregarded, she bade both her son and her granddaughter "leave her alone with her sorrow"; and Jacob took Catharine by the hand and led her away.

When they reached the street he said: "Go home, my poor little one! Go home and wait. Whatever can be done I will look to. So wet it is, and so cold, too. You will make yourself ill, and then that will be more trouble."

He spoke a little impatiently, but Catharine saw the tears in his eyes, and felt the strong, tender clasp of his hand, as he said:

"In the dark am I, Katryntje! I see not what to do." Then, as he turned away, she heard him utter with the strong entreating of his mother-tongue: "*God in de hemelin ver-*

lichte mijne oogen!" ("God in heaven enlighten my eyes!")

All day long Paul and Catharine waited, watched, listened. But no word of help or hope came. They were so young they could not understand that even the fondest, strongest love must bear delays. When light faded into darkness, they stood together at the window, asking each other what was to be done.

"We must do now what we should have done at first," said Paul. "We must tell mother. Never yet have I seen mother in a strait she could not find her way out of."

"Yes; we will go to mother. It is we our own selves who must help father. Was not the word sent to us? We will go to mother."

(To be continued.)



COLORED SUNS.

WE are so familiar with the light of our sun that it is hard for us to realize that there are in the universe a number of suns which shine with blue, green, purple, yellow, or red light. These colors are noticed when we examine them through the telescope.

When we look at the heavens on a clear night we see a great many stars, more than we can possibly count; and *all* these, except the planets, are great, glorious suns, some of them many times larger than our own. Most of them shine with white light, like ours; but yet there are a good many which, viewed through the telescope, are found to be of various brilliant hues. The most striking and beautiful effects in coloring are met with in what are called the double stars. There are stars which appear single to us, on account of their extreme distance, but on examination are found to consist of two or more stars comparatively near together; and when one or both of a pair are colored, they are, of course, exceedingly beautiful. In the constellation called the Southern Cross one astronomer discovered a group, too far away or too small to be seen with the naked eye, which appeared to him like an elaborate piece of jewelry! For, among a number of the ordinary stars, were five green, one greenish blue, and two beautiful red ones. In one of our northern constellations there is a large white star accompanied by one of a rich purple hue; in another a triple star consisting of an orange-red sun, with two companions of a bright emerald green; while in another a double star has a large orange sun with a small blue mate.

Among the single stars, some of the brightest

(which are famous enough to have old Arabian names—given them before the Christian era) are of quite decided color. For instance, Sirius is bluish white; so also are Altair, Deneb, and Vega; Arcturus is red; Capella is yellow; Rigel and several others are blue; and Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, and Antares shine with bright red beams.

If any or all of these stars have planets circling around them, as the earth and other planets revolve around our sun, the coloring must be brilliant indeed! In planets revolving around the double suns we can imagine almost anything. One sun might rise in orange, green, or blue, while another set in red or purple, and at times the two suns might mingle their beams, a red sun with a blue sun giving purple light for part of the day, or a blue sun and a yellow sun giving green light.

Changes have also been noticed in some of the colored stars; for we have ancient records of Sirius being a decided red, later it was white, while now it is bluish white. Another star, now blue, changed from red to yellow before it reached its present color. It is generally believed that it is some condition of the atmosphere around these stars that causes the coloring; that is, that a red star has an atmosphere that absorbs all the rays of light except the red rays, a blue an atmosphere that absorbs all but the blue rays: but how or why it is so, or why the colors should sometimes change, we do not know. We know enough, however, to show us that more wonderful things exist in the universe, and more wonderful changes occur, than we could possibly imagine.

Dorothy Leonard.

THE STAR.

“STAR of the night, so fair, so fair,
What are you doing up there, up there?”

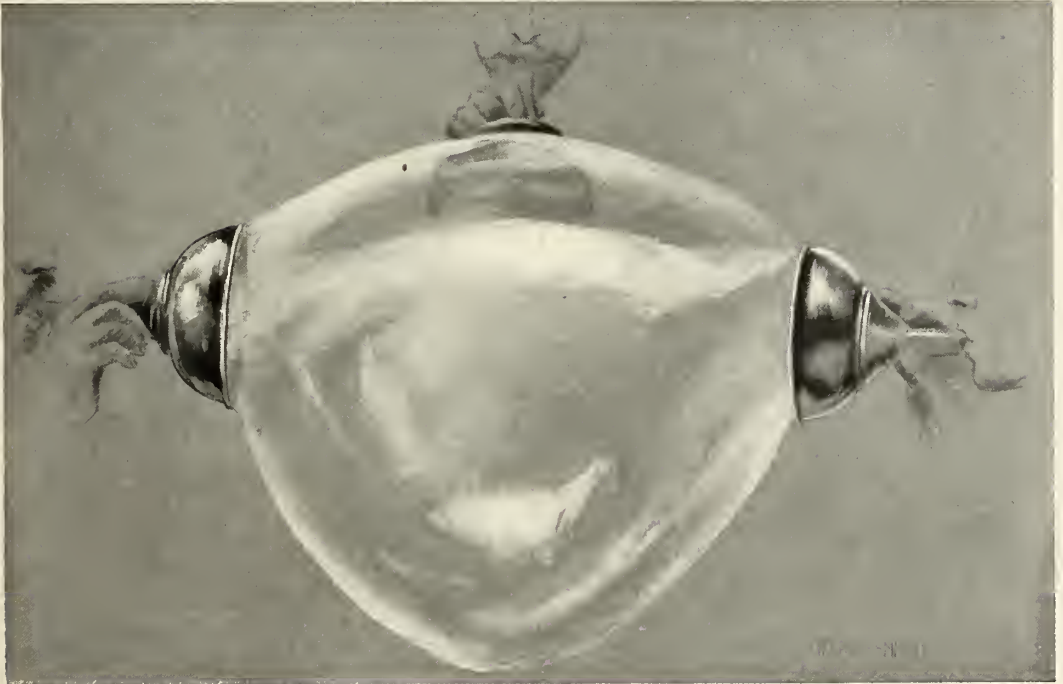
“I am a sun, and am shedding my light
On ever so many worlds to-night!”

Virna Woods.

PHIL'S SECOND BUBBLE SHOW.

(See "St. Nicholas" for July.)

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.



A THREE-CORNERED BUBBLE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

THE story of Phil's wonderful soap-bubbles spread all over the little New England village; and when he consented to give another exhibition, for the benefit of the Lawton Athletic Club, only Masonic Hall was found large enough to furnish the necessary seating accommodations.

The bubble show opened with much enthusiasm. Bubbles were tossed up, were caught again, were pierced, were thrown in all directions. Little bubbles, big bubbles,—some twice the size of Phil's head,—medium-sized bubbles, all sorts of bubbles, were blown with wonderful rapidity. Bubbles were exchanged, were balanced, were twirled around, were treated so harshly, it appeared at times, that one well might have doubted whether

these were made from ordinary soap and water. Why, in the game of "exchange" one bubble was tossed and caught six times!

Then Phil made the audience roar with laughter by comically striking a bubble with his felt hat, so that it bounded toward Harry, his assistant, who in turn bounded it back again. Back and forth this bubble was bounded, until the counting children shouted out in unison, "Seventy-three!" when it burst. Now our magician arranged twelve pretty goblets, while Harry blew bubbles from a sea-shell, into the small end of which a hole had been bored.

"See," he exclaimed, "how much finer and larger these bubbles are than bubbles blown from pipes; and they are more easily blown, too."

Then followed plenty of fun, as the boys endeavored to place a bubble upon each of the twelve goblets. Again and again they managed

while, until a great quivering shape sixteen inches in length had been made.

Resting for a short breathing-spell, Phil asked one of his friends in the audience to come and help him make a three-cornered bubble. The spectators laughed at this, and they were amused again when the boys, assuming purposely comical attitudes, began to blow. Their laughter, however, was changed to wonderment when a great triangular bubble, like that shown in the picture, made its appearance. Before the loud applause that greeted this gigantic bubble ceased, Phil blew a bubble upon a large tray, then he blew another on top of the first; both united. Then he added a third, making the bubble still larger, and fairly electrified his audience by adding a fourth bubble, which joined just as the others had done.

Here was a great bubble, indeed, for careful measurement showed it to be four feet around!

to cover nine or ten of the glasses; but a bubble seemed always to burst before the twelfth was covered. Finally, by wonderful quickness, they succeeded in achieving this feat.

Each now took a large funnel, dipped it into the mixture, placed the small end in his mouth, approached the other until the bowls of the funnels were not more than six inches apart, and started to blow. The bubbles slowly swelled out, touched, and on contact united in an instant into one large sphere. Steadily and carefully the blowing was continued, both boys cautiously backing, mean-

ments' intermission, Harry took a large yellow humming-top, and set it spinning upon a shining tray. Suddenly, without any announcement whatever, Phil placed a bubble right on the whizzing toy. Round and round the top angrily hummed, surmounted by its dome of iridescent brilliancy. How the bubble retained its position was a mystery; but there it clung, not only until the top ceased spinning, but for



VICTOR J. SMEDLEY



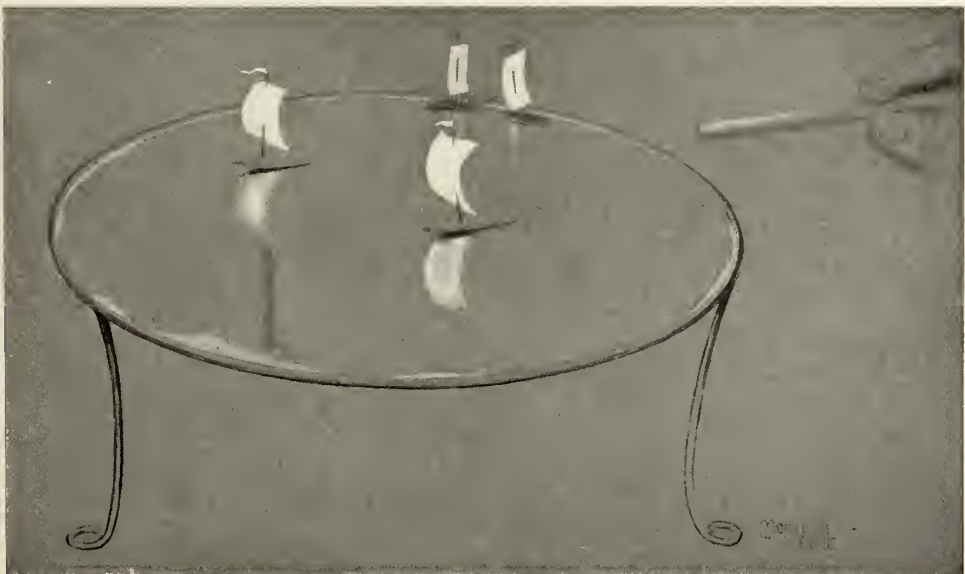
A BUBBLE FULL OF ILLUMINATING GAS.

some moments afterward. Phil followed up this success by making a bubble whirl around ever so rapidly upon an inverted tumbler.

All eyes were now fixed upon our young

wizard as he approached the steaming kettle which had been a cause of so much wonderment during the entire evening.

"I want you to see how long this bubble



A FAIRY FLEET AFLOAT ON A SEA OF BUBBLE-FILM. (SEE PAGE 813.)

will last," he said, after having blown one so that it hung from a cornucopia ingeniously fastened over the steaming spout. "You will notice it is thoroughly immersed in steam," he continued. "We shall have time to show you some other interesting experiments before it bursts, I feel certain."

This remark caused much merriment, the audience wondering how long a time Phil really expected this bubble to remain. Our magician, however, was quite composed. He walked slowly to the table, chose a clay pipe, dipped it into the soapy water, thrust the stem into one end of a piece of rubber tubing, the other end of which was attached to a gas-burner, and turned on the gas. As soon as a bubble the size of an orange formed, Phil hurriedly turned off the gas and withdrew the pipe

from the tubing, Harry touched its stem with a lighted match, and the result was the pretty effect shown on page 811. The gas-bubble reservoir exhausted, Phil fastened the pipe in the tubing again, and almost immediately there arose from its bowl a whole string of bubbles, preceded by one large one.

Putting the pipe and tubing aside, Phil jokingly informed the open-mouthed young people for the third time that the steamed bubble was still in existence—just as if that fact was not uppermost in every mind! The boys

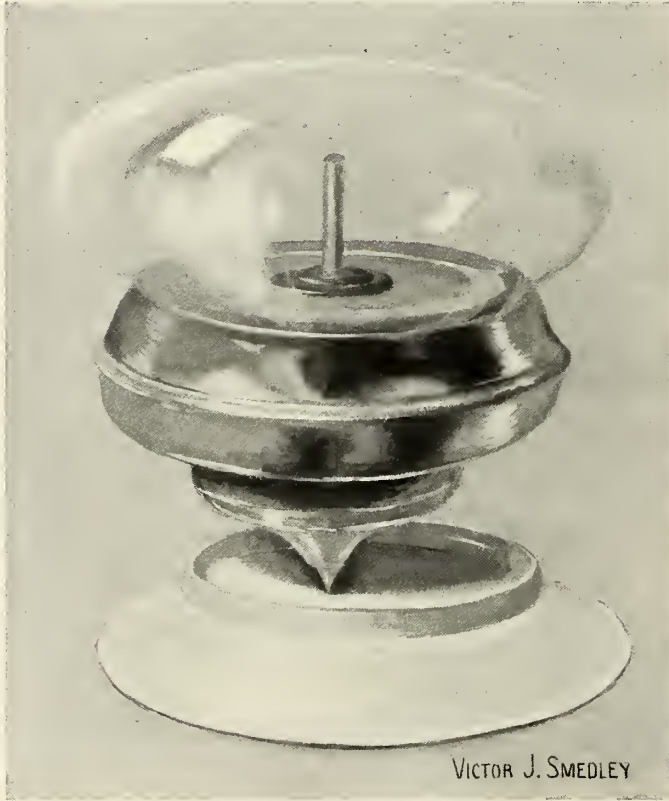
then had a merry time throwing up bubbles and catching them. Phil caught upon his hand four in succession. He deftly balanced some upon the end of his forefinger, and in many instances poked his finger into the middle of one.

"Ten minutes!" the audience almost shouted, when that amount of time had elapsed since the bubble had been placed in the steam.

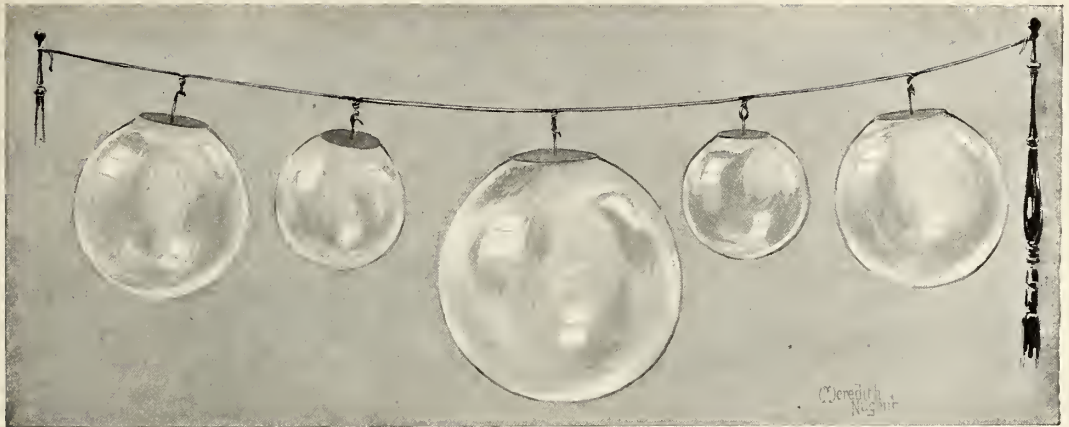
Their excitement was only amusing Phil, but he pretended to be perfectly oblivious to it all. He thrust the mouth end of a clay pipe well into a large bubble which Harry held on a cornucopia, and then blew a bubble inside of this large one; next he dropped objects through a bubble which had been made to rest upon a plate, as he had done at the previous show; only this time, in-

stead of picking them out again with his fingers, he simply held the plate upside down, and they all came tumbling out without injuring the sphere in the least. He cut a large bubble in halves with a knife, so that there were two bubbles where there had been but one. He played all sorts of bubble pranks; but, do his best, he could no longer keep the attention of his audience from the bubble in the steam.

"Thirteen minutes!" they cried. "Thirteen minutes and a half!" "Fourteen minutes!" "Fourteen minutes and a half!" "Fifteen



A SPINNING BUBBLE-TOPPED TOP.



BUBBLES AS JAPANESE LANTERNS.

minutes!" "Fifteen minutes and a—" Ah! The bubble had burst after lasting exactly fifteen minutes and a half, while swaying to and fro in the jet of steam.

Before quiet was restored, Phil secretly dipped a little wire ring into the basin of water. As soon as he withdrew it, Harry placed four little ships within the circle, and, hastily seizing a putty-blower, blew the tiny craft about. To the spectators these ships looked as though sailing in the air; and they

were not helped to a solution of the mystery when the craft suddenly dropped to the floor.

For once Phil gratified their curiosity with an encore, the only one he had given so far; and this time, after taking the ring from the fluid, he held it at such an angle that all could see it was filled by a soapy film. Harry then placed the ships in position as before, and away the fairy fleet scudded again.

Following this, the boys with wonderful rapidity hung up a row of five bubbles.



FRIED BUBBLES ON THE HALF-SHELL.

The effect was marvelously beautiful, suggesting as it did a Japanese-lantern display. From a spectacular point of view, this row of bubbles was the most brilliant performance of the evening, and was loudly applauded.

"Now," Phil announced to the audience, "we will play a game of soap-bubble football."

Ridiculous as this sounded, it did not surprise the onlookers in the least, for they were prepared to expect almost anything. Two upright posts were hurriedly placed in position at each side of the stage, each boy took a fan, Phil launched a large bubble into the air, and the fun began. In the opening, luck favored Harry, and he almost succeeded in fanning the great sphere between the two posts on Phil's side of the stage at the very outset of the game. By quick work, however, Phil sent the ball toward the middle of the stage again, and then fanned it so near to Harry's goal that the latter only by the most desperate efforts saved himself from immediate defeat. Back and forth was the globe blown for a little while, until suddenly it mounted nearly to the

he cried, pointing to his dark-blue necktie.

When

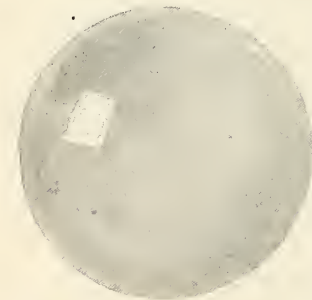
the wild applause aroused by this novel struggle at football

had calmed, Phil's uncle came from behind the scenes, and blew a great smoke-bubble. As soon as this was launched, Harry started fanning again, only a little more vigorously than in the football game. Never did a soap-bubble twist and turn as this one did. Suddenly there was a queer flash of light, and the great bubble disappeared. Yes, disappeared, but only as a large bubble; for floating high above the heads of the boys were to

be seen four small smoke-bubbles. The great bubble had broken into four smaller ones, and that, too, without a particle of smoke escaping.

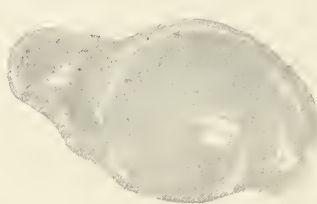
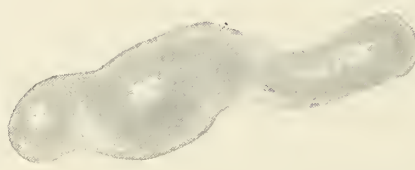
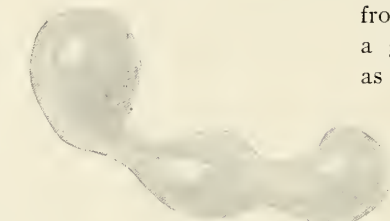
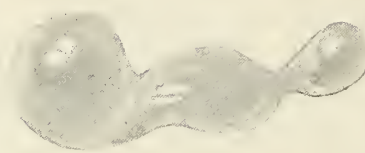
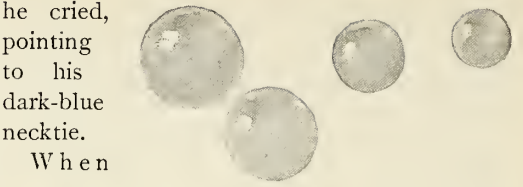
When the uproar which followed this exhibition ceased, Phil drove everybody into convulsions of laughter by rolling up his sleeves, and placing a large frying-pan upon the gas-stove. Harry assisted by half filling the pan with soapy water, and the hissing noise made in consequence was the cause of a shower of funny comments. "Now," Phil began, doing his best to make himself heard, "I am going to fry you a soap-bubble." This was altogether too much for the young people. They had been willing to believe anything Phil might say, but when it came to frying a soap-bubble — no; that was going too far.

True to his word, however, Phil blew a bubble from the cornucopia, and at once placed it right in the middle of the steaming pan. The laughter, bravos, and ringing cheers



ceiling. This gave a decided advantage to Phil, who was much taller than Harry, and by a few well-directed strokes of the fan he soon put the iridescent sphere straight through the latter's goal.

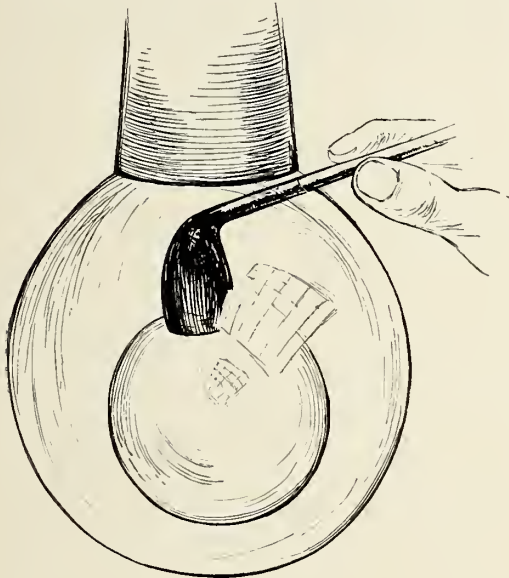
"Yale wins!"



Cherith, N.Y.

HOW A BIG BUBBLE BREAKS INTO FOUR LITTLE ONES.

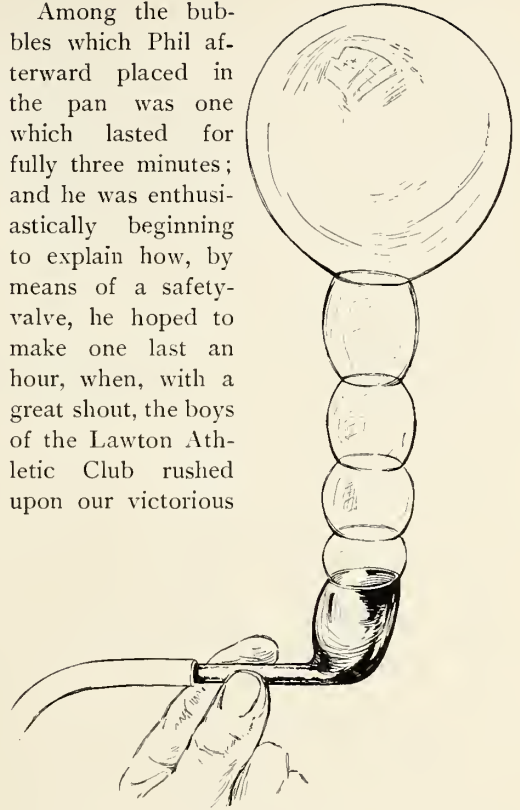
which greeted this performance, cannot be described. The people crowded upon the platform and so overwhelmed Phil with congratulations that it seemed as if our magician would



A DOUBLE BUBBLE.

have no opportunity properly to exhibit this feature of the program. When at last he did get a chance again, it was seen that, while the liquid within the half sphere was boiling quite vigorously, it only simmered outside.

Among the bubbles which Phil afterward placed in the pan was one which lasted for fully three minutes; and he was enthusiastically beginning to explain how, by means of a safety-valve, he hoped to make one last an hour, when, with a great shout, the boys of the Lawton Athletic Club rushed upon our victorious

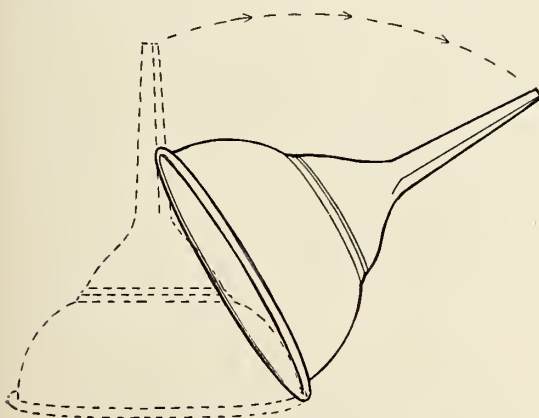


GAS BALLOON-BUBBLES.

magician, lifted him to their shoulders, and carried him from the hall in triumph.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SECOND SOAP-BUBBLE ENTERTAINMENT.

How to cover a funnel, cornucopia, or circle of wire with film: Dip into mixture and lift out very



HOW TO COVER A FUNNEL WITH THE FILM.

slowly, care being taken to turn the object used in a semicircle to the right, as shown in diagram. Always remove froth and small bubbles from the surface of the liquid before dipping.

How to place a bubble upon a goblet: Cover the goblet with a film, and place bubble upon it with a cornucopia.

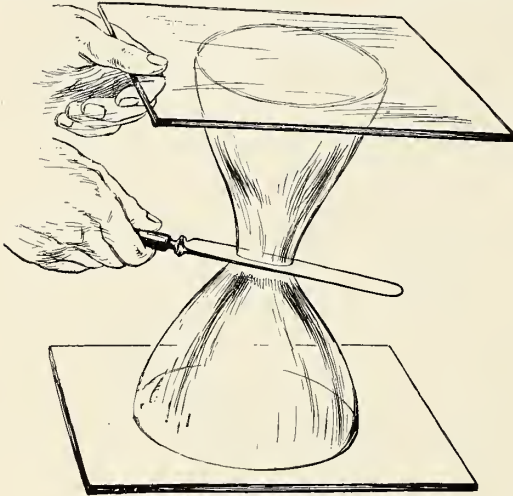
Blowing bubbles from a sea-shell: Bore a hole in the small end of a spiral shell, and dip large opening into the mixture; then gently blow.

Soap-bubble lantern display: Form a piece of cardboard cut a number of disks about two inches in diameter. Pierce center of each disk with a short piece of wire. Bend one end of the wire so that it cannot slip off; form the other end into a large hook. Saturate disk thoroughly in mixture, place a bubble upon it, and hang up, as shown in the picture on page 813.

How to spin a bubble: Dip the bottom of

a tumbler in the mixture, then upon the inverted glass place a medium-sized bubble. Blow upon the side of this with a putty-blower or a straw.

To make a bubble last fifteen minutes or longer: Fasten a cornucopia above the steaming spout of a kettle. Then turn spout aside while holding basin of mixture to the end of the cornucopia until the latter is covered by a film. Slowly blow a bubble from this cornucopia about three inches in



BISECTING ONE BUBBLE TO MAKE TWO.

diameter. Put a plug in small end of cornucopia to prevent bubble from decreasing in size. Now place the kettle so that steam from its spout may completely envelop the hanging bubble.

To place a bubble upon a spinning top: Any top with a large, flat surface will answer for this purpose. After spinning the top, pour a little mixture upon it; then blow a bubble with the cornucopia, and slowly lower it until the sphere touches the surface of the whizzing toy. With a little practice a bubble may be so placed easily.

How three persons or more may blow a giant bubble: All who take part should first dip a funnel in the mixture, and after having secured a film

withdraw it, as shown in the diagram. Then start to blow gently, being careful that the bowls of the funnels are not more than six inches apart when beginning to blow. If bubbles unite into one upon first contact, the blowing may be continued, care being taken meanwhile to move the funnels farther apart as the bubble grows. Also, follow directions for blowing a large bubble, in July number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Gas-bubble reservoir: Connect pipe with gas-burner by means of rubber tubing. Dip the bowl of the pipe into the mixture, and after this is covered with a film turn on the gas. When a bubble the size of an orange has been formed, turn off the gas, withdraw the pipe from the tubing, and apply a lighted match to its stem.

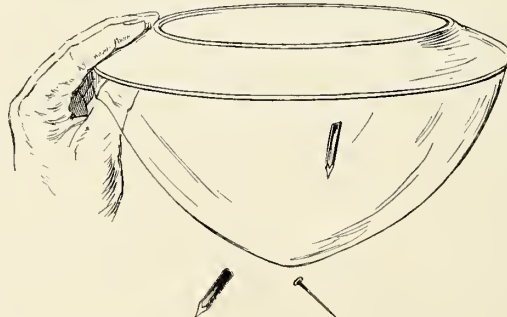
How to break a large round bubble into a number of smaller ones: Launch a large bubble into the air from a cornucopia, and fan vigorously. If mixture is in a certain condition the bubble will break into smaller ones. No rule can be laid down for this experiment; much depends upon chance. The effect may be greatly heightened by filling the large bubble with smoke.

Gas balloon-bubbles: Connect pipe with gas, as explained in "Gas-bubble reservoir." Fill bowl of pipe half full of mixture; then turn on the gas. To produce a pleasing effect, move the pipe with a rapid, trembling movement of the hand.

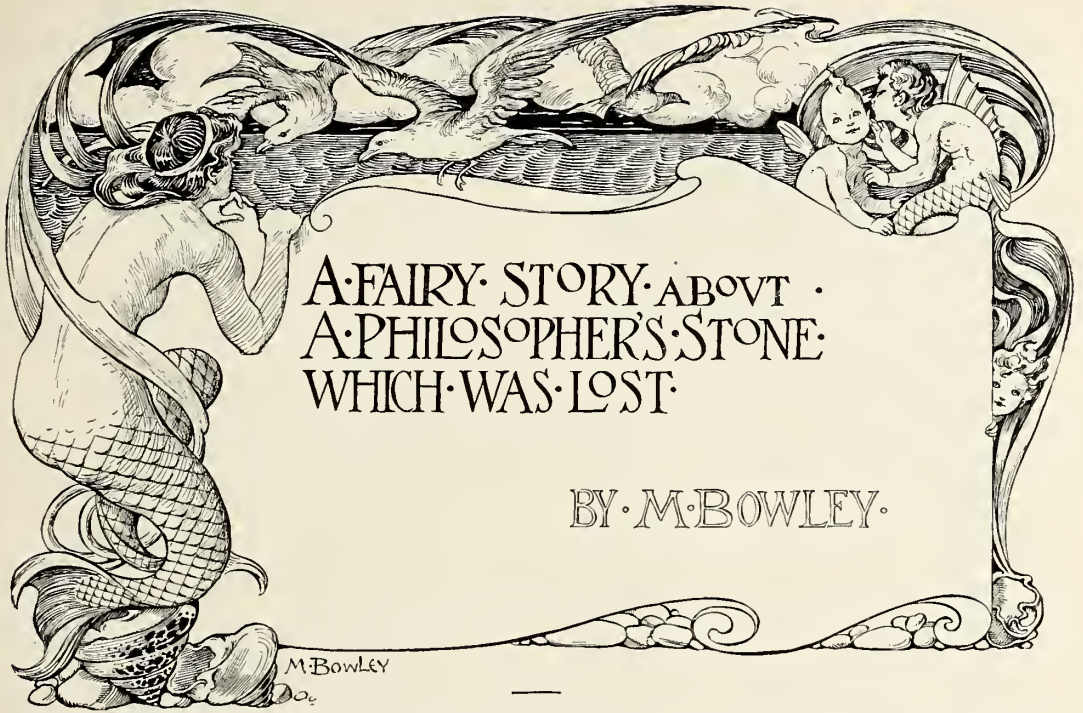
The fairy fleet: Make a stand of copper wire, as shown in picture. Cover this with a film. (See picture, page 811.) Make tiny ships of wood shavings; place them carefully on the film, and blow about with a putty-blower.

Frying a soap-bubble: Cover the bottom of a frying-pan with the mixture, and when it begins to simmer place a bubble upon the top of the liquid. In a few moments the water within the bubble may be seen to boil vigorously, while the water outside of the bubble-film will be still gently simmering.

Finally, carefully read the directions that were printed in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS before attempting these experiments.



DROPPING OBJECTS THROUGH A BUBBLE. (SEE PAGE 812.)



A FAIRY STORY ABOUT A PHILOSOPHER'S STONE WHICH WAS LOST

BY M. BOWLEY.

THE Mermaids and the Sea-gulls were collected in crowds upon the shore. There was hardly a sound except the monotonous splash of little waves breaking, and the rippling rattle of the shingle as it followed the water returning. Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the piece of rocky land that jutted out into the sea, where the Philosopher's magnificent castle stood, or *had* stood, for there was now very little of it left. No wonder the Mermaids and the Mer-babies and the Sea-gulls were astonished. Even the sea was speckled with fish who were putting their heads out of the water to watch. For the Philosopher's castle was fading away, melting like mist before the sun!

The Philosopher himself could be seen rushing about, tearing his scanty white hair. That was another equally astonishing thing, for only yesterday the Philosopher had been young and handsome, as well as the richest and greatest man in all the land—so rich and great that he was to have married the Princess very soon.

Now he was old and wild and gaunt. A tattered brown cloak with rents and holes in it hung from his thin shoulders, flapping as he

ran about, and all his dingy dress was dirty and ragged. He looked like a wandering peddler. What had become of his many servants? Where were his horses and chariots, and the strange beasts from foreign lands which had wandered in the beautiful gardens—the gardens with the pavilions, where all the flowers had been in bloom for the Princess?

There was only one tower standing now, and the top of that was growing more and more flimsy. Presently, through the walls, rooms could be seen. In one of them there stood a golden cage, and in it was a Parrot.

Very soon the bars of the cage were like cobwebs, and the Parrot began to tear them apart. Then he spread his wings with a joyful scream, and flew on to the rocks, above the heads of the crowds upon the shore.

Immediately every one called a different question to the Parrot, who smoothed his feathers and took no notice until, when the noise and excitement were rather less, an old Sea-gull spoke for them all. Then the new-comer consented to tell what he knew of the events of the day.

It was due, he said, to the Philosopher's



having lost the Magic Stone. Upon this stone his youthful appearance, and everything that he owned, had depended.

Early that morning a great tumult had suddenly arisen. The Philosopher went out walking. Soon an old man had rushed in, crying that he had lost the Magic Stone. He commanded every slave in the castle instantly to leave whatever work he was doing, and help to find it. At first no one heeded him, for they could not any of them be persuaded that he was their master. Then the confusion had grown rapidly worse, for each one found he was fading away, growing every moment more pale and thin. As the hours passed all the servants became white ghosts, and they floated away in companies together.

The furniture was melting now in the same manner. The tables were sinking down, and all the vessels used for cooking, and what not, were falling softly and noiselessly upon the floors—where there were any floors to hold them. Everything was blowing gently about, so that the air seemed filled with bits of cloud. Presently the remnants would be swept into the sea by the passing breezes.

“And how have you escaped?” asked the Sea-gull.

The Parrot raised his crest and looked very much offended.

“Because *I* am real,” he said with dignity. “I was the only real thing in the castle. The Philosopher stole me at the same time that he stole the Magic Stone.”

“Stole it?” cried the Mermaids and the Mer-babies and the Sea-gulls.

“Yes,” said the Parrot; “he stole it in a far-off land, and he stole me. I was to be a present to the Princess; for he thought of marrying the Princess even at that time, and the Philosopher knew there was not in all the world another parrot like me.”

He opened his wings and puffed up every feather. He certainly was a magnificent creature. The grown-up Sea-gulls felt quite ashamed of their homely dresses of black and white; but the young ones only gaped, and crowded open-mouthed to the front to look.

The Parrot's snowy coat shaded different colors like opals when he moved, and each

feather was edged with gold. The crest upon his head sparkled as if there were diamonds in it, and under his wings he was rose-red.

"But I am free!" he cried, as the diamonds glittered and flashed,— "free to go home where the palm-trees grow, and the sun shines as it never shines in this chilly land! Look well at me while you can, for you will never see me again."

With that he poised a moment above them, then sailed away to the South, like a gor-

cess's marriage. It was to have taken place in a very short time. The King was very angry. He considered that a slight had been cast upon the Princess and upon himself by the carelessness of the Philosopher. He was not well pleased, either, to know that the great wealth of the man who was to have been his son-in-law was all due to magic influences. Neither did he like what he heard of the Philosopher's appearance when last he was seen. He announced that the Princess's wedding



geous monster butterfly. And they never did see him again.

When they had watched him out of sight, and turned again, there was nothing remaining of the castle, and the Philosopher, too, had disappeared. The sun was setting, and the Mermaids and the Mer-babies went to their homes in the sea, while the Sea-gulls put their little gulls to bed in the nests among the rocks high above the restless waves.

Now all the talk was of the Philosopher's Magic Stone, and who should find it. And at Court every one was discussing how this unexpected turn of events would affect the Prin-

would take place at the time fixed, and that she should be married to the first Prince, or other suitable candidate, who arrived on that day. And even the Philosopher might take his chance of being the first, if he were then in a position to support the Princess in the luxury to which she had been accustomed.

As for the Princess herself, what did she think of it all? No one knew, for she did not say. She sat at her palace window, and looked out over the distant mountains, and dreamed of her wedding-day.

"Do you think the Philosopher will find the Stone?" she asked of the Eldest Lady-in-Waiting, who was in attendance.

"We may well hope so, your Royal Highness," said the Eldest Lady. "He is a great man and wise. I hear, too, that he had been walking only a short distance from the castle when he lost the Stone. It can hardly fail to be found very soon."

The Princess sat still and looked over toward the mountains.

"Do you think the Philosopher will find the Stone?" she asked presently of the Youngest and Favorite Lady-in-Waiting.

"Alas! your Royal Highness, I fear it is not likely," said the Favorite Lady. "All the Sea-people have been searching day and night, I hear, and nothing has been heard of it yet."

The Princess smiled. She still sat and smiled when the Favorite Lady wrapped a cloak about herself, and took a letter that lay by the Princess's hand. Then, without permission or instruction, she set out toward the mountains. The Princess rested her elbows on the window-ledge, and watched her out of sight, and perhaps wondered who would be the earliest to arrive, and so fill the place of bridegroom, on her wedding-day.

And all this time, as the Lady-in-Waiting had said, the Sea-people had been searching day and night.

The Mer-babies and the little Sea-gulls were quite neglected, and did no lessons; for every one was too busy to attend to them. They played about and romped on the shore when they grew tired of hunting for the Philosopher's Stone. The Sea-gulls had told the land-birds, who were searching the woods and the fields, while the fresh-water fish knew of it from their relatives in the sea, and they were searching the lakes and the rivers. Then the Sea-gulls determined to consult the Great Albatross of the Southern Seas, the King among all sea-fowl. They arrived one sunny morning, and found him expecting them, for he had heard what had happened—in the first place from the Parrot, who had passed that way. So he was prepared with his answer. It did not satisfy the Sea-gulls at all. They went away very much disappointed, for the Albatross was in a bad temper, and said only:

"Go home and attend to the children."

They waited about until late, but he would

say nothing more. So they were obliged to return and confess their want of success to the Mermaids, who sympathized with them, and agreed that it was very ill-natured of the Albatross. They proposed to go to the Sea-serpent and ask his advice, which the Sea-gulls thought a good plan. They set off at once for the deep seas, where he lived, inquiring of the fish they met whether any news had been heard. But the fish had nothing to tell, and the Mermaids came to the Sea-serpent's home.

He was curled on his great rock throne, with giant seaweeds of all colors waving round him, and the stars of the anemones gleaming out from dark corners.

The Sea-serpent listened to the request of the Mermaids; but they met with no better luck than the Sea-gulls, for he said exactly the same: "Go home and attend to the children."

Then he retired into the great caves, and would not come out again.

So the Mermaids went home disconsolate. They began to think they might have to give up the hope of finding the Magic Stone.

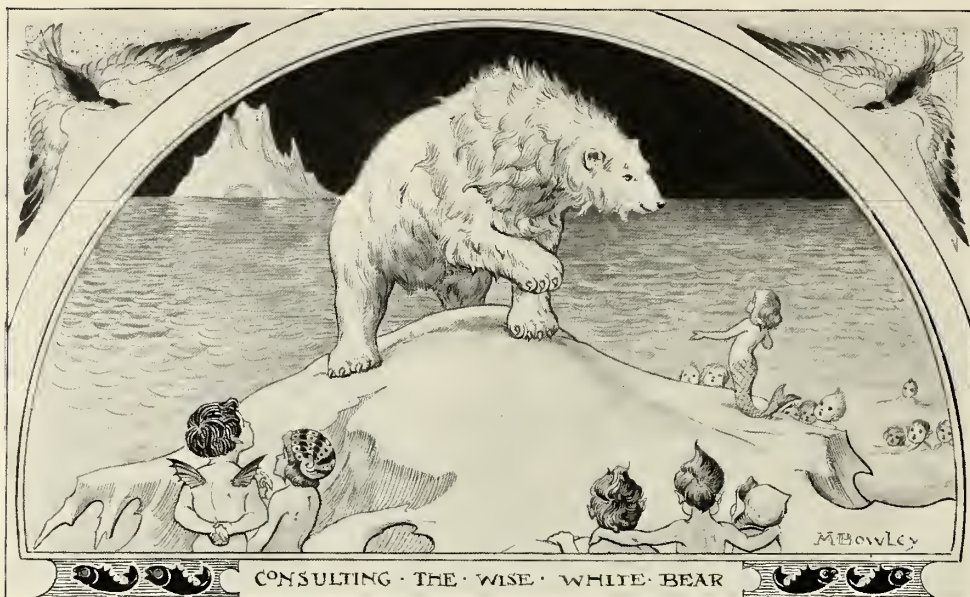
Of course the Mer-babies heard all that was going on. They discussed the situation, as usual. They did not mean to be left behind in this business, though they were not considered to be of any consequence. It was evidently correct to consult somebody who lived at a distance, and they thought of the Wise White Bear. He was farther off, too, than either the Albatross or the Sea-serpent, for he lived at the North Pole; but when he was mentioned the very young Mer-babies for once suggested that it was nearly bedtime, and they found that they were sleepy. Some one whispered that the White Bear ate the poor seals, and the youngest Mer-babies crept into holes in the rocks to rest, they said, while the little Sea-gulls went walking home, one behind the other, right across the sands, without having been called. But the older Mer-babies set off for the North Pole.

They arrived home next morning, very tired and very cross. When the sleepy ones who had stayed behind asked what the Wise Bear had said, they would not tell, and for the first time the Mer-babies quarreled. They declared in the end that they would none of

“ IT WAS.
ONE
MINUTE
PAST
MIDNIGHT,
AND
THE
MORN-
-ING
OF
HER
WEDDING
DAY ! ”



M. BOWLEY.



them look for the "Philosopher's ugly Stone ever any more."

So if the Princess really wanted to marry the Philosopher, that day she lost some of her helpers. But no one knew what she wished, for she never mentioned him. She sat at her window that looked out over the mountains, and she gazed ever outward.

It was the night before her wedding. She had been there all day, and for many days. It was very quiet, and the lamps were lighted. The Eldest Lady-in-Waiting spread out the lovely robes, ready for the morrow, where the Princess might see them; but she never moved nor spoke. As midnight approached she leaned out and let the soft wind blow upon her face.

The hour of midnight was striking from all the belfries, when a great clatter sounded down below in the courtyard. Horses neighed, and men ran about. The Princess leaned more forward, and listened. Then a horseman, whose jewels sparkled in the moonlight, looked up and kissed a hand to her, and she kissed hers to him. It was one minute past midnight, and the morning of her wedding-day! She dropped the curtains and turned to greet the Favorite Lady-in-Waiting, who had come in. The Princess threw her arms round

her Lady's neck to welcome her back, she was so glad and happy.

So it came about that the Prince of the City Over the Mountains was the first to arrive on that eventful morning; for, though through all the rest of the night, and up to the very hour of the wedding, noble Princes and their retinues were received in state by the King, all of them had to be told that they were too late, and most of them rode off again at once. Some who had never seen the Princess, but who had been attracted by reports of her beauty and her stateliness, waited to attend her marriage feast, and to regret that they had not hurried themselves a little more.

As for the Philosopher, who should have been one of the chief persons of interest on that important occasion, no one even thought of him, unless the Princess did. But she looked too well pleased for any one to suppose she missed him—which was fortunate, for he was never heard of any more.

When the eventful day was past, the Mermaids and the Sea-gulls covered the shore once again, talking it over, and the Mer-babies and the little Sea-gulls stood around listening.

Presently the Mer-mothers said: "No more holidays. Lessons to-morrow!" and the Mer-

babies sighed, and the little Sea-gulls looked gloomy.

One of the Mer-babies stepped forward, holding something.

"Please take care of our pretty ball for us," she said, "until holidays come again."

As she was speaking the Mermaids sprang up, and they and all the grown-up Sea-gulls cried with one accord:

"The Philosopher's Stone!"

And, sure enough, it was. It lay in the Mermaid's hand, all glowing with its magic blue, pale and dark by turns, its wonderful veins panting as if it were a living thing, its threads of gold moving and twining underneath, round the red heart burning deep in the midst of it.

"That!" cried every one of the Mer-babies and every one of the little Sea-gulls. "Why, we have had *that* all the time! We found it on the sand, and we have played with it every day since!"

Then the Sea-gulls remembered what the

Albatross had said, and the Mermaids remembered what the Sea-serpent had said, and the Mer-babies remembered what the Wise White Bear had said, and they all looked at one another.

Now arose the question, What should be done with the Stone?

It needed no long discussion to settle. Every one agreed that it should be given to the Youngest Lady-in-Waiting; for she had done for the Princess what no one else had thought of doing, in carrying her letter to her true love so that he might be in time to win her. The happy day just past was entirely owing to her devotion.

The Stone was duly presented to her, and, accordingly, she became the richest and most beautiful woman in the land, as she was already the kindest, while the Sea-folks generally, and the Mer-babies in particular, gained great fame and distinction; for had they not found the Magic Stone when it was lost, and given it to the nation's favorite?



A LACK OF ATTENTION.

SHE had folded her hands, and had never stirred,
 Nor even spoken one little word.
 In fact, she was good as good could be,
 While the grown folks talked and sipped their tea.
 At last, a small voice from the corner we heard:
 "Nobody pays any pension to me!"

Edith M. Thomas.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

SWAYING, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Goes the hammock in the shade;
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
In it lies a little maid.
All the leaves, with joy astir,
Wave and flicker over her;
Underneath, the clovers fleet
Nod and nod, and kiss her feet.

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Some one calls the little maid;
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
O'er the happy face a shade.
See! the leaves above bend low;
Will she stay, or will she go?
Ah! the clovers lithe and fleet
Are not swifter than her feet.

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Back she comes, the little maid!
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
Tenderly the leaves give shade,
And the clovers love her much.
See them crowd and try to touch
Hand or waist or hem of gown—
Maid that minds without a frown!

Swaying, swinging,
Swaying, swinging,
Rock her gently, breezes soft!
Dreaming, singing,
Dreaming, singing,
Rustle lightly, leaves aloft!
Clover blooms, that love her much,
Pray stand back and do not touch.
For an hour a love-watch keep;
Little maid is fast asleep!



A FAMOUS LACROSSE STRUGGLE.

BY GEORGE HOUNSFIELD FORD.



THE PLAYER AND THE
"STICK."

IN the front rank of sports for boys is the native American game lacrosse. In common with baseball and football, it has the advantage of being a team game as opposed to such individual games as tennis, and it cultivates the speed and agility necessary to the sprint runner, and the lung-power and endurance of the long-distance cyclist. It is less dangerous to life and limb than any game of nearly equal activity, and, from the spectator's standpoint, is the most interesting and brilliant of all the sports.

Possessing all these advantages, it is hard to see why lacrosse is not more generally played by our boys.

The Canadians excel at the game because their boys get their lacrosse-sticks as soon as they are strong enough to hold them, and small sticks are provided which even the youngest can wield. In England and Ireland there are teams by the dozens, and thousands attend the matches. Yet in the United States, which is really the home of the game, there are hardly more than a score of teams.

Happily, interest in the game is growing, but as yet it is played only by the young men; and it is in the hope of interesting some of the ST. NICHOLAS boys that this story of an exciting, well-played match is written.

The materials required for the game consist of the goals, a solid rubber ball, a lacrosse-stick for each player, and a "lot." The only one of these that requires explanation is the stick. The shaft of tough hickory is very light and strong. It is strung with heavy gut, which

is not tight like that on a tennis-racket, but is strung more loosely, so that it gives when struck by the ball. This enables the player to catch handily. With this stick all the play is made, touching the ball with the hands being strictly barred.

The object of the game is, as in football, to attack your opponents' goal and at the same time defend your own; but the scoring is done by driving the ball *through* the goal, and not *over* it, as in that game. The goals are set one at each end of the field, generally about one hundred and ten yards apart, and there should be at least fifty feet of open field behind each for play behind goal. Two seven-foot sticks about one and a half inches in diameter, set firmly one foot deep in the ground and just six feet apart, constitute a goal. The English players have added a great improvement to the goal, however, which is gradually being adopted in this country and Canada. It consists of a bag of stout netting, stretched from the goal-posts and from a cross-bar between them to the ground at a point about seven feet back of the goal. The object of this net is to remove a source of frequent disputes as to whether the "shot"—for so the throw which sends the ball through the goal is called—went through, or just to one side or above the goal. It is almost impossible for the umpire to tell whether the ball passed just six feet above the ground, or six feet and half an inch. The first would be a "goal," the second "no goal"; but on such decisions as this many a match has been won, and many an umpire's reputation lost. The net eliminates all this, for if the ball goes through the six-foot square opening it will be found in the bag; and nobody can blame the bag.

Just as two or three boys with bat and ball can play "ball," any number of players can



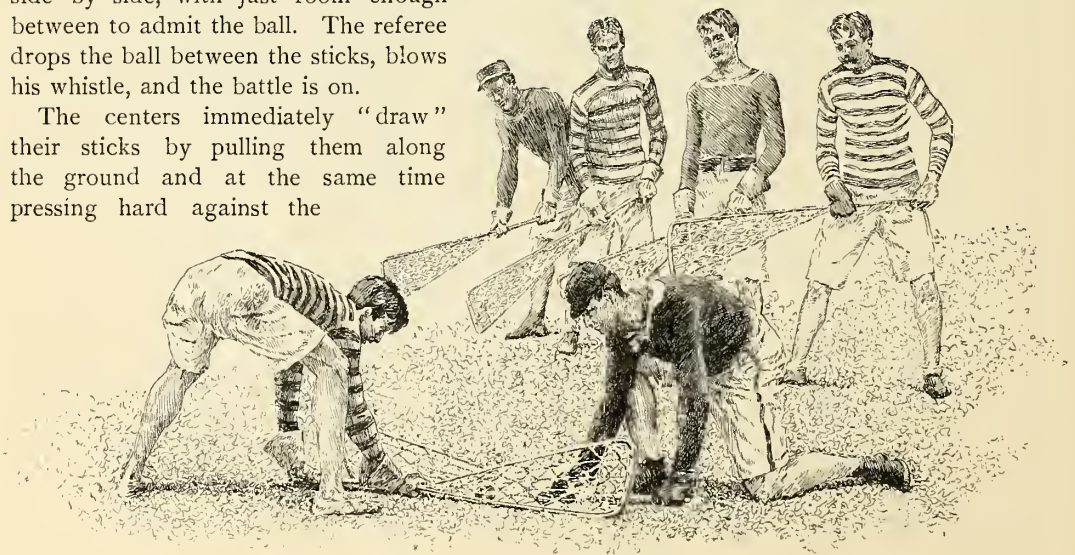
WATCHING A SHOT FOR GOAL.

enjoy lacrosse; but a full team consists of twelve players. They are divided into "attack" or "home," and "defense," and in the game are so placed on the field that each attack-player of one team is opposed by one of the defense of the other. These positions they are supposed to hold throughout the game, hunting in couples, each player covering his own part of the field only. A glance at the diagram on page 831, will give the position of each player at the "face-off," as the start of the game is called.

With the players in these positions, the start is made as follows: The two centers lay the backs of their sticks flat on the ground and side by side, with just room enough between to admit the ball. The referee drops the ball between the sticks, blows his whistle, and the battle is on.

The centers immediately "draw" their sticks by pulling them along the ground and at the same time pressing hard against the

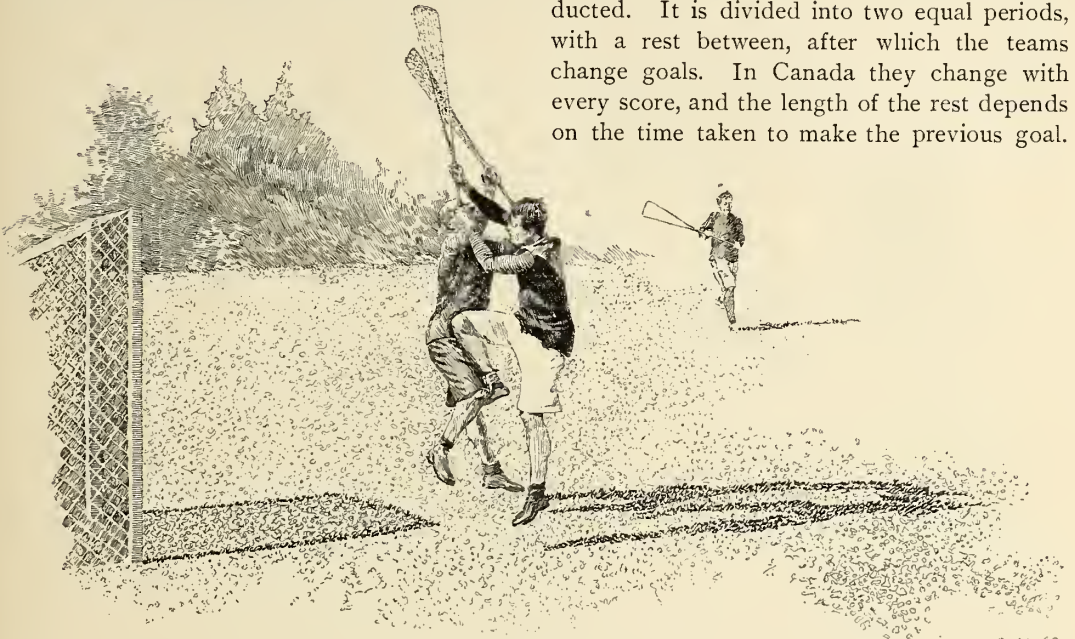
ball. Each is endeavoring by some skilful stratagem to pick it up himself, or, failing this, to force it to his own third-attack, who stands ready and eager to receive it. One of the third-attacks is lucky enough to get it, and instantly darts away a few feet to rid himself of the opposing third-defense, and the cry goes up, "Uncover!" which means that the attack-men of the side holding the ball should get away from the opposing defense-men, so that third-attack can pass the ball to one of them, and so forward from man to man toward the enemy's goal. This the defense tries to prevent by covering so closely that poor third-attack will have no friend free to whom he can throw



THE "FACE-OFF." BEGINNING A GAME.

the ball without danger of losing it to the defense; and all this time he has to avoid the

one hour, or one and a half, actual playing time, all time lost for any cause being deducted. It is divided into two equal periods, with a rest between, after which the teams change goals. In Canada they change with every score, and the length of the rest depends on the time taken to make the previous goal.



A ROUGH CHECK.

efforts of his immediate opponent, who is struggling might and main to knock the ball from third-attack's stick with his own.

Thinking that he sees second-attack uncovered at last, he throws.

Alas! second-attack is not quick enough, and wily second-defense picks the ball out of the air, and in an instant has passed to his own attack, and the whole aspect of the struggle is changed. So fast is this passing that goals, or "games," as they are also called, are sometimes made in a few seconds from the face-off, and meantime the ball may have been in the possession of a dozen players. Again, it may take half an hour to make a single score, and during that period each goal may have been threatened many times, and saved by the true eye and skilful hand of goal-keeper or "point"; for in these positions are placed the steadiest and safest men.

It is this rapid change of situation which makes the game so intensely interesting to the spectators. After each score the teams return to their original positions and the ball is faced off as before. The time of playing is usually

Now let us line up our teams and play over our "famous struggle."

A beautiful June afternoon finds our playing-field, with its long stretch of velvety, bright-green turf surrounded by a gallery of three thousand spectators, a large number of them women, whose bright spring costumes make a lovely frame for the picturesque struggle. And here be it said that the ladies love the game of lacrosse, for it is so pretty, and so easily understood.

Over the ropes jump the players, clad in the lightest of running-costumes, for they dare not carry an extra ounce of weight to take the edge off their speed. The visitors are in blue, the home players in red. Referee and time-keepers are quickly chosen, and the players take position. A blast from the referee's whistle, and before you have a chance to cheer, the blues have the ball, and, darting here and there with dexterous passing from man to man, are threatening the red goal. "Outside home" has the ball, dodges "cover-point," and whirls round to "shoot." It looks like a score. But look! As the ball leaves his stick at lightning speed,

steady "point," hero of many a fray, jumps from his place and nips the ball in mid-air, almost as it leaves the stick. No time for him to seek a friend to aid him, and he *must* get the ball away from the goal; so a long throw is his only resource; and the very instant his feet hit the ground, it comes, and away goes the ball, full ninety yards, to be fought for by the opposing forces at the other end of the field. The red supporters cheer, but only for an instant, for the blue defense have secured the ball, and back it comes,

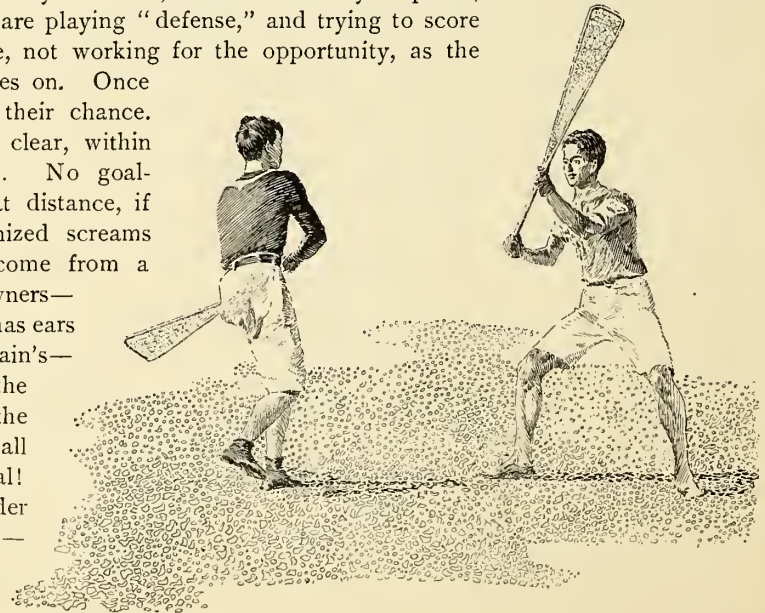


SWINGING AROUND ONE OF THE DEFENSE.

as before. How fast they are, these blue men! What stick-handlers! Why, the reds have no chance at all! Wait. The red players are slower of foot, to be sure, and at times clumsy with their sticks, compared to the blue; but their defense is stone wall, and meets the blue attack in solid fashion. Again the shot is attempted, again stopped, and back goes the ball. Over and over this occurs; and now we are begin-

ning to understand that the experienced and heady red captain has planned his game to meet his opponents' strong points with his own strength, so we have speed and accurate passing pitted against steadiness and endurance.

If we could have peeped into the room where the red team was gathered to receive the captain's last lecture before the game, we would have heard him say, "Hold them for twenty minutes, and I 'll promise you a win," and the hearty response, "We 'll do it." So they are playing "defense," and trying to score only if they get a chance, not working for the opportunity, as the blues are. The battle goes on. Once the blues give the reds their chance. First-attack has the ball clear, within seven yards of the goal. No goal-keeper can stop it at that distance, if the shot be true. Agonized screams of "Shoot!" "Shoot!" come from a thousand throats whose owners—unmindful that the player has ears for only one voice, his captain's—see the chance. As if the player did not! Before the word leaves their lips the ball has left his stick. A goal! Alas, no! It hits the slender cross-bar and bounds—above. A sure goal without the nets,—for what umpire would dare deny



A PRETTY PASS OF THE BALL.

it?—but honestly missed by the quarter of an inch. Hot work this; but no time for regrets, as the blue point (by no means an oyster) is on the ball in an instant and has started it back. Now the blues gain an advantage; for one of the red “fielders,” as the three men in the center are sometimes called, has been dodged and passed by his opponent. This compels the next red player to run forward to meet and check the blue runner and force him to throw the ball, thus leaving *his* immediate opponent uncovered; and this manœuver, repeated at

an eye on that red shirt that is surely overtaking the play. Now point goes out, makes a desperate spring, and misses the ball by a hair's breadth, and goal-keeper must come out and leave the goal unguarded. Not yet; for the one who is responsible for all this is up at last, and with a tiger's bound is upon the blue “outside home,” and spills him, ball and all, upon the turf, from which goal-keeper calmly picks up the little sphere and starts it back whence it came; and with a lighter heart the unhappy red fielder picks himself up and starts



MAKING A LONG THROW FROM FRONT OF GOAL.

each successive position on the attack-field, gives the blues each time an extra man to receive and pass on the ball. An enormous advantage. How can it be stopped?

The unhappy wretch who has been “passed” knows his only chance to retrieve his error, and before his captain's warning “Come back!” has reached his ears he is sprinting straight down the field to get “ahead of the ball.” Can he make it? Third-defense is drawn out, second and first make frantic dashes to stop the rush; but over their heads, or whizzing by just out of reach, goes the ball to the blue man they have just left. Cover-point, who has been doing wonders, starts forward and shares their fate. Point is bending over, ready for his dash, yet keeping

for a sprint to beat the ball back before it can get to his own position, and with him takes his captain's cheering words:

“Well played, old man; get back quickly.”

Hot work indeed, and the best winded of them all are blowing a little, though the game is young, and there is no rest for any one till some one scores.

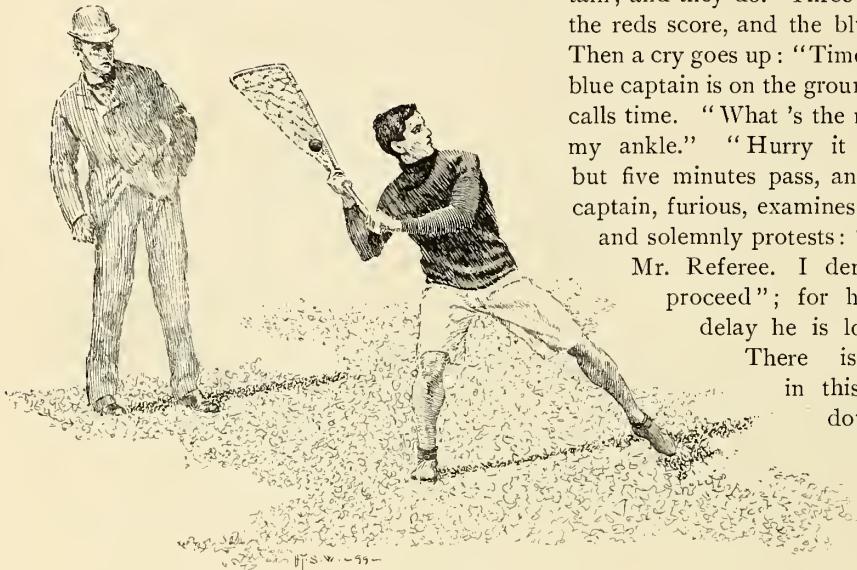
Soon the red goal-keeper has a chance to show his mettle. The blue attack has drawn out his defense, and their “inside home,” scarce five yards distant, and with just the suspicion of a sure-thing smile in his face, is poising the ball for his throw. The only hope is to reach him ere he can shoot; so with one quick, strong step to give him momentum, goal-keeper springs through the air right at

his victim; and not in vain is his effort, for as they strike both fall heavily, and the ball rolls harmlessly by the goal. Up they jump, the aggressor profuse in apologies for the roughness of his play; but inside home responds:

"Don't think of it. It was your only play, and mighty well done."

Pretty true sportsmen these, boys; are they not?

At last the blue attack-men, with a feint and a dodge, break through and shoot, and the telltale shaking of the net proclaims to all a



MAKING THE LONG THROW.

goal. The backers of both teams break forth in applause, while the players squat for a moment on the turf, and the red captain hails the timekeepers: "How long?" "Twenty-three minutes." He smiles grimly, remembering his promise before the game, and with a "That 's all right," seeks the water-pail.

"Face-off, and get at it!" calls referee; and the game proceeds. Soon the reds try a shot, and miss again by an inch; then the blues, just before the half closes, score again, and leave the field at half time, with the score "2 to 0" in their favor, and happy.

So are the reds; for the captain says: "Our game, boys. We have made them run themselves out. Now you attack-men wake up, and you fielders feed the attack steadily.

We 'll take care of goal, and don't want you back there; though if I *do* call come in like lightning."

Back to the field come the twenty-four, and the cheers volley round the side-lines once again. The whistle blows, and away they go.

What a transformation in the red players! They charge the blue goal like a cavalry troop, and ere you understand it, bang! goes the ball fairly at the goal-keeper's feet, and bounds through. "Two minutes," says the timekeeper. "Line up quickly," calls the captain; and they do. Three times in ten minutes the reds score, and the blues are demoralized. Then a cry goes up: "Time!" "Time!" and the blue captain is on the ground writhing. Referee calls time. "What 's the matter?" "Twisted my ankle." "Hurry it up," says referee; but five minutes pass, and up comes the red captain, furious, examines the prostrate figure, and solemnly protests: "He is all right now,

Mr. Referee. I demand that the game proceed"; for he sees that by the delay he is losing his advantage.

There is probably reason in this. The man is undoubtedly hurt, but is

making the most of the accident to give his rattled team a chance to settle down.

Referee allows

more time; and the red captain tramps off, a much disgruntled citizen, only to return at intervals of half a minute and repeat again and again: "Mr. Referee, I must protest." Referee knows his business, and does n't mind all this in the least, but does the fair thing, and finally orders the man to play or leave the field. Up he jumps, spry as a cat, and off they go.

Now we see how much good the rest has done the blues, for the red rush is stopped, and finally blue scores again in ten minutes, and the game is tie at "three-all."

"Eight minutes to play!" and both captains eloquently exhort their tiring comrades to "brace and play up." "Two minutes to play!" and the red scores again in this way:

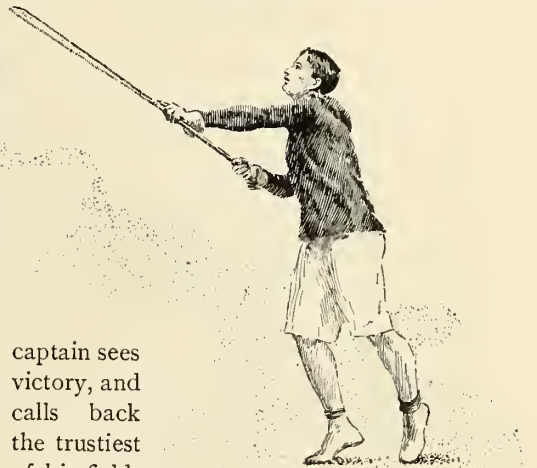
First-attack got the ball from a long throw, and with a lightning dodge passed first-defense. This drew cover-point forward, and the ball went by him to reds' outside home, thus uncovered. Point, however, saw the danger, was on him in a flash, and forced him to run back toward the goal-line, but away to the left of the goal. He tried all the time to elude his pursuer and get rid of the ball. This he was unable to do till fairly on the goal-line when he successfully passed to first-attack, who had worked in close before the goal. Inside home had in the meantime taken a position in front of and to the right of the goal, where he could easily score if he could get the ball. First-attack



keeper, who all through the game had obstinately refused to be drawn from his post, was caught at last, and charged inside home, expecting to find the ball with him. The goal thus open, first-attack tossed the ball through, and won the game.

My! how many dainty gloves will need repairs, and what a sale there will be for slippery-elm lozenges in town to-night!

The minute that goal is scored the red



CATCHING THE BALL.

captain sees victory, and calls back the trustiest of his fielders to play right before the goal. This gives him an extra man

on the defense, and shows that he will take no chances by trying to score again.

Now the blues are desperate, and come down the field like stampeded cattle; but the red defense takes it coolly, and manages to

		GOAL.	
	INSIDE HOME.	X	o GOAL-KEEPER.
	OUTSIDE HOME.	X	o POINT.
	FIRST-ATTACK.	X	o COVER-POINT.
	SECOND-ATTACK.	X	o FIRST-DEFENSE.
	THIRD-ATTACK.	X	o SECOND-DEFENSE.
	CENTER.	X	o THIRD-DEFENSE.
	THIRD-DEFENSE.	X	o CENTER.
	SECOND-DEFENSE.	X	o THIRD-ATTACK.
	FIRST-DEFENSE.	X	o SECOND-ATTACK.
	COVER-POINT.	X	o FIRST-ATTACK.
	POINT.	X	o OUTSIDE HOME.
	GOAL-KEEPER.	X	o INSIDE HOME.

110 YARDS.

DIAGRAM OF LACROSSE FIELD, WITH POSITIONS FOR THE FACE-OFF.

came a few steps nearer the goal, turned, and feinted a pass to inside home. The goal-



A SUCCESSFUL DEFENSE. THE BALL HAS BEEN THROWN BACK INTO THE FIELD BY "POINT."

pick out the ball; and then, "Long throw, old man!" and away it goes—anywhere away from the goal. Once more the blues come on; but red second-defense jumps seemingly ten feet in air, and pulls down the ball; and as he does so a timekeeper calls: "Thirty seconds to play!" Then the red player heaves the ball mightily to the farther corner of the

field, and, without looking after it, sits down, grunting:

"They can't get to it in thirty seconds!"

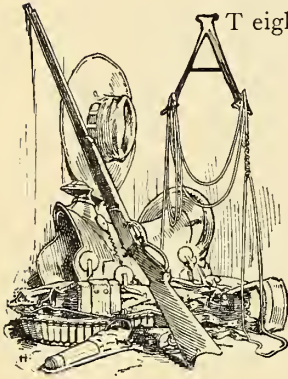
"Time!" the whistle blows. The three thousand rush yelling into the field, and the blue captain says to the red: "Congratulate you; you have a fine team."

That is lacrosse, boys. Is it worth playing?

WITH THE "ROUGH RIDERS."

BY HENRY LA MOTTE, M. D.,

Formerly Major and Surgeon to the Regiment.



At eight o'clock on the morning of June 22, 1898, the United States transport "Yucatan," found herself lying off the little cove and village of Daiquiri, Cuba. She was loaded with two squadrons (eight troops) of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, of

which regiment I was the surgeon; four companies of regular infantry; and baggage, rations, and ammunition for these troops.

We all were eagerly watching the actions of half a dozen men-of-war that, scattered along a few hundred yards from shore, were pounding away with rapid-fire guns at every object on the beach that might be suspected of harboring a soldier of Spain.

Two hours of this work satisfied the naval officers that no very obstinate opposition would be made to the landing of the troops, and then we began to disembark.

Colonels Wood and Roosevelt and I were, through the help of the commanding officer of the "Vixen," allowed to land before our turn.

Perhaps not more than a thousand men had then landed. General Wheeler was already on shore, and to Colonel Wood he at once assigned a camp-ground, which our colonels proceeded to make ready.

When I first saw him, General Wheeler was lamenting that, so far, no American flag had been brought ashore. Now, I had noticed that among the various articles carried by the orderly trumpeter who had landed in the boat with me was the silk flag of our Arizona squadron. It had been presented by the ladies of Phenix, Arizona, was a beautiful piece of silk, and very gaily decorated with ribbons. Being in a long canvas cover with some tent-equipment, its character had not been discovered. I reported to the general that I was sure one of our flags had come ashore, and offered to send it to him. He said he merely wished to plant it in a conspicuous place, as a matter of sentiment, and to cheer up the men who had not yet been able to leave the ships.

Having no real duties at this time, I volunteered to take this flag and plant it upon the blockhouse, or *fortin*, as it is called by the Spaniards, which crowns the steep hill to the eastward, overlooking the little town. The general accepted my offer, and after having found the flag and told the orderly trumpeter to carry it, I started up the steep side of the hill.

An infantry sergeant named Wright, seeing us start into the bushes alone, offered to go along as guard. Wright carried his rifle, and Platt (the orderly trumpeter) and I relieved each other carrying the flag, which, with its pole and trimmings, was quite heavy. It took us about half an hour to climb the hill. All the way up we encountered pieces of shells, traces of the navy's work of the morning, and in

two cases entire shells, both lying near the trail which ran zigzag up the hill. At the top we found the well-made wooden blockhouse in the center of a quadrangle made by stone breastworks.

Preparations had been begun to lay out rather extensive defensive works here; but the Spaniards had evidently abandoned their project with great suddenness, for tools of all descriptions were scattered about. Little pegs with tape stretched between them, pieces of paper with rough drawings, pencils, drinking-cups, cans, and tin plates, showed that something had caused these workmen to quit very soon after break fast; and the nice little round holes in the sides of the fortin suggested the reason.

There was a huge flagstaff at one corner of the quadrangle, and I at once thought of hoisting our flag on that; but there were no halyards rove to hoist the flag by, though there was plenty of line lying about.

As neither Platt nor Wright could climb, I took off my shoes and gaiters, and swarmed up the pole, carrying the line with me. Great was my disappointment, on getting near the top, to see that there was no block or pulley through which I could reeve the line. A Spanish flag had been flown, but it had been nailed to the pole, and they had left it flying night and day until it whipped to pieces.

As I started down the pole, Platt unwound the flag, and, standing up on one corner of the breastworks, waved it violently in the air. Its

appearance was the signal for a great demonstration on the part of the fleet. Nearly every



HOISTING THE UNITED STATES FLAG ON THE SPANISH FORTIN.

ship blew her whistle, and the cheers of the men were heard even above this vast tooting.

Ordering Platt—who had stolen my thunder by first showing the flag—to come help me, by means of a pole placed against the building I now climbed up to the roof of the fortin. Platt, from the inside, with a crowbar broke a hole through the very apex of the roof, and Sergeant Wright passing me the ensign, I hoisted the United States flag over the first Spanish fortification we had captured.

Leaving the flag in position, I set Wright and Platt to work gathering up the tools, and soon had a very respectable pile of axes, crowbars, pickaxes, shovels, and spades, which I

took possession of in the name of the United States. I left Platt to guard these while I descended to report my find to Colonel Wood. Before I went down, however, we were joined by several men, among them Marshall, a New York newspaper man, whom I again met at Las Guasimas.

Our camp at Daiquiri was in a very unhealthy spot; but we succeeded in getting field rations from the commissary, and since our ammunition was already landed, we were able to leave the day following our landing; and as our two colonels were both anxious to have our regiment in the first engagement, we received orders to march to Siboney.

Colonel Wood had been furnished with eighteen pack-mules; but, under the plea that these were needed for more important purposes, he refused to allow me the use of one to transport my medical cases; and upon my statement that I did not wish to leave without them, I was ordered to remain at Daiquiri, while the regiment, with my assistant surgeon and his supplies, limited to what he and his stewards could carry in bags upon their backs, moved to the front, expecting to be engaged before morning.

Now, it was not at all my intention to remain behind when a battle was going to be fought; so, the regiment once gone, I was at liberty to do my best to secure transportation for my chests.

After several mortifying failures, I made a last desperate attack; and my eloquence was so great, or my perseverance so unbearable, or perhaps my case such a just one, that in the end I not only got the mule to carry my two chests, but another upon which to ride.

This favor, however, was at the expense of the personal baggage and bedding of several officers. As I was taking none of my baggage except a tooth-brush tucked into the band of my hat, it gave me no qualms of conscience to see dropped upon the ground a big roll of bedding done up in a canvas sheet, which, it afterward appeared, was the property of Colonel Roosevelt.

We took the trail about five o'clock in the afternoon, but some delay with the packs or the dynamite-gun kept us a few miles from

Daiquiri until a few hours after dark. The road was only a trail; but scattered along at intervals of sometimes not more than a hundred yards were men who had been unable to remain with their comrades, and from these we knew that we were on the right road.

We passed regiment after regiment that had gone into camp. Nobody was quite certain whether our regiment had gone by or not. It became a great question, after passing each regimental camp, whether or not there were any American troops ahead of us. We thought we had marched about twenty-five miles, and as we knew this to be about the distance from Daiquiri to Santiago, we began to believe that before long we should find ourselves in that city, and we were prepared to announce to the astonished Spaniards that the rest of our army was coming right along.

At last, about two o'clock in the morning, having suddenly rounded the precipitous foot of a mountain, we arrived at Siboney.

We had no difficulty in finding our regiment. It had arrived but an hour ahead of us, the men decidedly worn out with their difficult march through the rain with their heavy packs. A few had already gone to sleep in their wet clothes, but many were standing about generous camp-fires in queer attitudes, trying to dry their clothes and at the same time avoid burning their faces and hands.

The Cubans had reported that the Spanish had taken up a position at the junction of the mountain and valley roads to Santiago, and here they were prepared to dispute our advance upon either road. It was supposed that their force was about nine hundred.

I say mountain and valley "roads" because these were the terms applied to them. The mountain road, over which we traveled, was in reality but a bridle-trail through dense thickets of undergrowth, and never had been anything better. The valley road, which ran at the foot of a ridge on the summit of which our trail ran, had been, in the days of Cuban prosperity, a first-class road—as Cuban roads go; that is, a strong man might have trundled a wheelbarrow over it: but during the years of war this road had not been used save by bodies of combatants of one or the other side,

who marched over it in single file. Along both of these roads, at commanding positions, were fortins, hastily abandoned.

General Young's plan was that he, with a little more than five hundred men of the regular army, was to advance along the valley road until attacked by the enemy. He was then to assume a strong defensive position, allowing the Spaniards to believe that our forward movement had been checked by them. This, it was hoped, would cause them to concentrate in his immediate front; and Colonel Wood, with our regiment, advancing along the mountain road, would find the enemy less prepared on the flank of their main force.

To return to our movement. At six o'clock the regiment was ready to advance, with the exception of the pack-train, which was delayed because, owing to the ropes being wet, the packs would slip from the pack-saddles as fast as placed upon them. Colonel Wood was anxious. Knowing the "diamond-hitch," and having served in the navy, where wet ropes were every-day aggravations, I was sure I could fix the packs. So I saw my chance, and said that if he would order the chief packer to report to me, I would promise him to make the mule-train overtake the command inside of an hour. The offer was accepted, the orders given, and the Rough Riders marched on to Guasimas.

It was a hot morning, and the air was laden with moisture. The men were exhausted from their previous day's march. Many had not been able to dry their clothes. They were nearly all unused to walking, the majority of them being plainmen, whose habit it was to ride.

The way seemed much longer than it really was, and the sides of the road bore evidence to the struggles the men were making to keep up the pace set by the commanding officers, who were on horseback. Blankets were first cast aside, then coats, then knapsacks; and when we would come upon a little group of exhausted men lying by the roadside, they would, in every case, be found to have shorn themselves of every article of equipment, save only carbine, ammunition, and canteen: for without any one of these a man was worse than useless as a soldier.

The regiment was halted, and the men

seated—in attitudes denoting extreme weariness—on both sides of the trail, as I rode down it to the head of the column; for at this point the trail had commenced to go downhill. At the head of the column I found Colonel Roosevelt, so I reported my errand to the lieutenant-colonel, who, however, paid very little attention to what I said, he being interested in the fact that our scouts had discovered a Spanish outpost to the right of the road. Our advance-guard was now engaged in an attempt to discover its exact strength and position. He bade me return along the line, telling the captains of the troops, as I passed, to enforce silence in the ranks.

I rode back, and was just telling Lieutenant Ryning, who was the officer in charge of the rear-guard, what Colonel Roosevelt had told me, when we heard a shot fired, apparently about a hundred yards to the front.

An officer was venturing a guess that some soldier had let his gun go off by accident, when suddenly two more shots were sounded, then a sputter of about half a dozen. Then came the command to spread out as skirmishers to the right of the road.

While the command was being given, a volley was fired which sounded much louder to me than the previous shots; and this was because the muzzles of the rifles firing them were turned in our direction. With the volley came the singing of the bullets as they passed over our heads, and a concert of several "pop-pop" noises as they passed through the branches of the soft-wooded *guasimas* (or guazuma-trees), which were so thick here, and which gave the name to this engagement.

While I was with the troops about half-way down the hill, the enemy's fire took effect in the roadway above me in a manner which was extremely disagreeable to contemplate by a man whose purpose it was to go up that roadway; but as I ascended the trail the Spaniards began to appreciate that our men were farther down than they had at first thought, and so the high firing, which would have been so dangerous for me, ceased before I reached that part of the road.

Volleys were now being fired every few seconds. Sometimes one troop would take up

the volley just as another had finished, and then it would sound very much like a large bunch of fire-crackers going off together. There were intervals between the volleys, but now these intervals were being filled by a *pop, pop, pop, pop*, with a frequency and regularity which led me to recognize it as the speech of a close relative to our Gatling gun.

About the time the first volley had been fired by the Spanish, a very distant boom from the Hotchkiss mountain-cannon, which had accompanied General Young, informed us that he was now in action. At the crest of the hill, I found all of the hospital stewards lying down and peering over into the valley, trying to see what was going on; but, of course, nothing was to be seen. Almost nothing was seen by the men down in the thick tangle, where they burrowed their way through the tangled undergrowth, which was so thick that at times they almost trod upon the Spaniards before they saw them.

Wilson, my new hospital steward, who had been a practising physician in Albuquerque, with great presence of mind had unpacked dressings, instruments, and medicines, and had started the other men to work raising shelters above level spots, where we could attend the wounded, who we knew would soon arrive. Almost immediately these began to appear.

The first wounded man looked as though he had been injured by receiving a charge of buckshot, so many wounds had he. This man, Isbel, had fired the first shot. Being with the advance-guard, and having reported to his commander, Captain Capron, that he was sure he saw a Spaniard, Capron told him to fire. When the volley came, Isbel was hit in the head, arms, body, and legs, receiving, I believe, no less than *seven* wounds. But he did remarkably well, and, I believe, is now perfectly recovered. When he was finally finished with, and told that he might walk back to Siboney, if he felt like it (which he did), Wilson remarked to me: "Major, it is n't fair to call that man one case; he ought to count as a dozen!"

Before we were through with Isbel, other men came limping back, or holding an injured arm with an uninjured one, or painfully dragging themselves on hands and knees; and

then, finally, came the stretcher-bearers (so called, though they had no stretchers), bringing the more seriously wounded who could not return by themselves.

The battle had been rather a surprise to everybody concerned: for we had not expected to find the Spaniards quite so far from the junction of the roads, and the Spaniards had expected to receive notice of our approach; and about the first warning they had, in many cases, was the appearance of an American soldier so near to the Spaniard on the ground as almost to be able to kick him.

As the Spaniards explained, they "did not mind fighting, but they had not enlisted to be walked upon"; and as our men insisted on walking on them at Las Guasimas, they decided to evacuate that position and return to Santiago. Our men were too tired to make the slightest show of pursuit, and on this account we were shorn of the greatest fruits of our victory; for the Spaniards were able to carry off their machine-guns, their wounded, and their camp-equipage.

We slept on their camp-ground that night.

The day after the fight at Las Guasimas, after having sent upon improvised litters my wounded men to Siboney, I accompanied the last batch of these, the most seriously wounded cases, and saw them safely into the hands of the chief surgeon of the cavalry division.

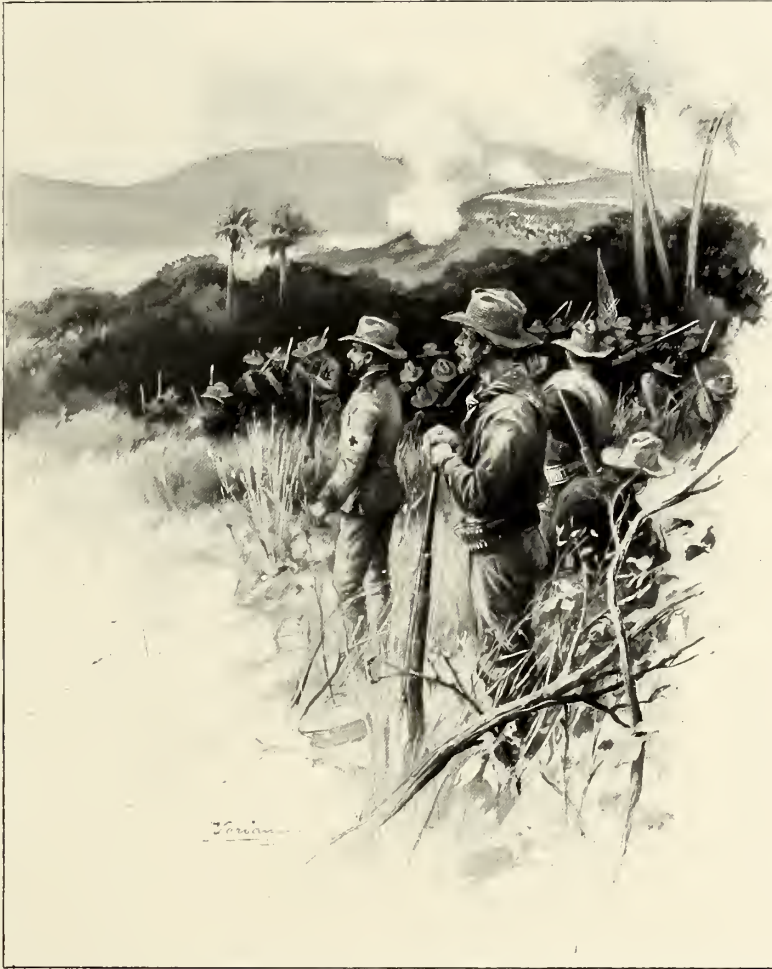
We now moved along the road to Santiago about five miles, and went into camp on a beautiful grassy plain, which was so large that at one time nearly the whole army-corps was here encamped. This was known as the camp at Sevilla. We remained in camp here for seven days, I being busily engaged in perfecting the medical equipment of the regiment.

On the 30th of June the "general" was sounded, and we were informed that we were about to move on to the attack on Santiago, distant about nine miles.

Our march that afternoon and evening, though but about five miles as the crow flies, was nearly twice that distance as we marched; and our fatigue was much increased by the fact that we moved at a snail's pace, and were halted every few minutes. The road, both ahead and behind our regiment, was blocked

with troops, wagons, guns, and mule-trains; and four miles ahead, at a cross-roads, a brigade of troops was trying to cross our line of march, which made a terribly confusing and discouraging tangle. It was quite dark, and

States and the white flag with the red cross, which denoted a hospital encampment. Many of us, during the next three days, returned to that camp of the white flag with the red cross. Finally, about midnight, as it seemed to me,



"A BALL OF SMOKE APPEARED ACROSS THE VALLEY TO OUR RIGHT, AND THEN A DEEP-TONED 'BOOM' ANNOUNCED THAT CAPRON'S BATTERY HAD BEGUN OPERATIONS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

many men got separated from their commands at this point, some of them wandering around during the whole night, vainly trying to discover the whereabouts of their comrades.

During this march to El Pozo we forded several small streams, or, it may be, the same stream was forded several times. We passed through a camp where, upon two enormously large bamboo poles, we could see in the moonlight, were flying the ensign of the United

States and the white flag with the red cross, having turned almost at right angles to the left from the path we had been following, and having crossed yet another stream, our trail led up to the top of a rather commanding knoll.

We spread our blankets at the side of the road, among the ruins of what had once been rather extensive buildings. We were so weary that every one, save the unfortunates whose turn it was for guard, was soon sound asleep.

We were wakened at the first break of dawn; and as soon as the mist had risen sufficiently to enable us to see with any distinctness, a ball of smoke appeared across the valley to our right, and then a deep-toned *boom* announced that Capron's battery had begun operations against El Caney. Shortly afterward, with a roar and a great cloud of smoke, Grimes's battery went into action.

A cloud of red dust arose from the hill opposite us, from the rear of the line of earthworks. Another shot, with not quite so much elevation, must have exploded just about the position of the Spanish line. A third shot fell a little short. And then from the direction of the Spanish lines came a boom with a whirring which grew louder for a few seconds, and then, *bang!* immediately over our heads, followed by another whir, like a bevy of quail rising, and then groans and cries. They were answering us with shrapnel, and they had the range perfectly.

Immediately a negro trooper came toward me, limping. Other men were picked up from the ground and quickly carried in various directions. My trooper was not very seriously injured, and dressing his wound was a quickly performed duty; but before I was finished another whir and another bang brought two more men to the pit where we had our regimental hospital. Soon the wounded became so numerous that I had to establish a field hospital on the Aguadores road. I had been ordered, the day before, to act as Brigade Surgeon of the Second Brigade, Cavalry Division.

Before I had completed the dressing of the men wounded at El Pozo, others began to come in from the Bloody Bend and the side of San Juan hill; for this hospital was the nearest place to the firing-line where medicines and dressings other than those carried in knapsacks were to be had.

Our hospital ward was arranged on each side of the road, the dense undergrowth and barbed-wire fences limiting our available space to a long strip not more than twelve feet wide. Across this strip we had stretched our wagon-sheets, to shelter the patients from the sun.

Coffee was made, provisions gathered up on the field of action, and the men commenced

to feel pretty comfortable, considering their wounds, when suddenly a dreadful problem presented itself. Grimes's battery had been ordered to move forward, and all of his horses, which had been sent for safety down the Aguadores road, and were now beyond us, had to pass through our hospital.

The horses were somewhat panicky, their drivers eager and excited; and as they stood demanding a right of way through the narrow lane between our wounded men, the patients, seeing the maddened sidewise jumps of these huge and spirited beasts, cast many glances of appeal to me for protection from this new danger which threatened them. To get the horses through the tangle around the hospital seemed almost impossible, for strand upon strand of barbed wire was found twisted between the trees and thorn-bushes, and this, without wire-nippers, we were unable to cut.

As the demand for the horses was urgent, I decided to open a way between my wounded men and allow them to pass; but first, all of the artillerymen, except one for each set of horses, were brought in; and, with my assistants, stewards, and privates, two lines of men were arranged, forming a barrier between the horses and the wounded. The danger was not that a horse would mean to step upon a wounded man, but that his mate,—for they could be driven only in pairs,—shying from an object on his side of the path, would push the lighter horse through the barrier of standing men, and upon a helpless man upon the ground. It probably took no more than five minutes to get the animals through the hospital, but to me it seemed hours.

As I look back upon it, this was the most trying of all my experiences in Cuba.

You can imagine my rage when, about twenty minutes later, the sergeant in command came back with those same horses (the authorities having decided not to move Grimes's battery), demanding to be allowed to pass back through the hospital, his orders being to "Go down that road to a safe place, beyond the line of fire." Evidently he believed that even by coming as far as the hospital he had not yet reached a place of safety.

I refused absolutely to allow him to go

through; and when, with a regular's disdain for the orders of a volunteer officer, he announced that he would take his horses through anyway, with or without my permission, I decided to use a little force upon my own account.

Ordering three of my attendants to pick up carbines, which we had in abundance (in nearly every case, where a wounded man was able to walk, he had brought his arms with him), I had the attendants kneel with loaded pieces at the entrance to the hospital, with orders to kill all horses that approached within twenty yards.

This gave the sergeant of artillery food for reflection, and he decided to send to the rear for wire-cutters, and make a way for his horses around the hospital, which he did.

In the afternoon Randolph's battery of artillery went into position almost immediately above my hospital. This, if he should open fire and the enemy return it, would place us directly in the line of fire. So I was obliged to improvise litters from blankets and poles hastily cut for the purpose, and carry the wounded still farther down the road.

As night came on, and the firing had ceased to a considerable extent, several officers from the front came back to the hospital. Some were wounded, some were sick, and some were exhausted and in search of nourishment.

In the morning, having received men and litters from Major Havard, I sent my wounded back to the cavalry division hospital, and started to find my regiment.

The road from El Pozo to San Juan was well marked, and, after a short distance, crowded with troops.

About half a mile from El Pozo, while working my way through a Michigan regiment, which was halted in the road, I met a packer, who told me that a wounded man was lying out in the bushes, about a hundred yards to the right of the road.

The captain of the nearest company of the Michigan troops gave me a detail of four men to bring this cavalryman out to the road. Guided by the packer, we plunged into the tall grass and thick undergrowth, through which progress is only possible at certain places. It

was, therefore, at the expense of some little time and considerable energy that we finally arrived at the glade where the cavalryman was lying. He had a rather bad wound in the right knee, and had lost considerable blood. While I was caring for him, the packer and the Michigan soldiers made a litter from two poles and the coats of the packer and a soldier who happened to have kept one of these garments. The wounded man was placed upon the litter, and we started him back to the road.

The packer was cutting a mango, and the fourth soldier was assisting me in gathering up my instruments, when a shot was fired, and my soldier assistant fell upon his face, killed instantly by a ball which had entered in the middle of his neck.

The packer took a dive, head first, into a clump of bushes, and disappeared. He was not making for a place of safety, however, for a few minutes later a Spaniard fell from a large tree—shot by the packer.

Almost at the same moment that I saw this I heard a loud explosion, and something struck me a stunning blow upon the head. My next impression was of being sick, and of my head throbbing painfully. I lay where I had fallen for some time. I did not feel weak, but when I moved I became sick. After some time I noticed that a man was pouring water upon my head and face from a canteen. Then some other men put their arms about me, and I, half walking, half carried, was moved a long distance. Then I was laid upon the edge of a stream, my head, face, and clothes washed and cleaned, and then I was moved to a spot under a tree, where I was allowed to go to sleep.

I was awakened by a man who, I can now remember, was a newspaper correspondent. I had known him, but I don't remember now which one he was. He induced me to walk with him along the road. I made an examination of my head as well as I could, and found, with the exception of a very large-sized and painful bump, only a small, though deep and painful, wound of the scalp.

An ambulance overtook us about this time, and Dr. Winter, in charge, seeing there ap-

peared to be something the matter with me, put me in the ambulance and drove me to the Second Division hospital.

I have an idea that at first I was not regarded as a patient; for I have a recollection of sitting at table with several officers, and endeavoring to be agreeable, though I felt very miserable. Then I had two or three days of delirium, which are quite indistinct. After this I was sent in an ambulance to Siboney, where I remained five or six days, and was then sent aboard the transport "City of Washington," and on her returned to the United States, where I rapidly recovered from the attack of malarial fever with which I was now discovered to be suffering, the injury to my head being of but slight consequence.

When able to do duty I joined that portion of my regiment which had been left at Tampa, and was proceeding to Montauk Point to join the Cuban contingent, which was on its way home from Cuba.

We remained in camp at Montauk about a month. During this time the men had the question put to them as to whether they would prefer to be mustered into the regular army or be immediately mustered out of the service. The latter was chosen by an overwhelming majority; therefore on September 15, the mustering-out rolls having been approved by the officer detailed for the purpose, the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, known as the "Rough Riders," ceased to exist.

THE STORY OF BETTY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER XV.

"TRYING SISTERS."

WHEN Tillie Fenn was invited to Denniston for a week, she accepted with delight, for she and Betty were great chums, and Denniston Hall was the loveliest place in the world to visit. So, one autumn afternoon, Betty, Polly, and Jack were on the veranda waiting for the visitor.

Soon she came bundling in with a bird-cage in one hand and a huge traveling-bag in the other. "I had to bring my canary-bird," she explained, "for mother said she would n't take care of him if I left him at home; you don't mind, do you, Mrs. Kinsey?"

"Not at all, my dear," said Grandma Jean, kindly; "we'll have him in the dining-room, to make music for us while we're at table."

"My trunk is coming over soon," continued Tillie. "I brought all my clothes, for I

did n't know what ones I'd want; and I brought a lot of my little traps in this satchel."

"All right," said Betty, feeling very sisterly; "come and let 's put them away."

Betty had decided to have Tillie room with her; for half the fun of having a sister would be in the cozy chats night and morning, and the confidences that are only possible between sisters who share the same room.

She had emptied half the bureau drawers and half the pegs and shelves in her dressing-room, and was ready to help arrange Tillie's belongings. But she was a little dismayed at the hodgepodge she saw when Tillie opened her bag. Brushes, combs, ribbons, handkerchiefs, were all in a grand jumble. But Tillie seemed to think they were all right, and dumped them into the places set apart for her, brushed her hair with Betty's hair-brush, and said she was ready to go downstairs.

Then they had a game of tennis and a drive with Dixie, and Tillie was so entertaining and good-natured that Betty began to think she

had found a real sister. But she had promised Mr. Dick not to speak of that plan until she had tried it a week, and so she treated Tillie as a temporary guest.

Jack was pleased with the visitor, too, and they had a merry time at supper, and spent a jolly evening with music and games; and then the two girls went upstairs with their arms round each other.

"Oh, there 's my trunk," said Tillie, as they entered Betty's pretty room. "I 'll have my things out in a jiffy."

She did, too, and in a few minutes the floor was strewn with dresses, shoes, and hats.

"Tillie!" exclaimed Betty, in dismay, "*don't* throw things around so; wait, I 'll help you fold them."

"Oh, this will do!" said Tillie, and she jumbled some into the bureau drawers, and threw others on the shelves.

"Half of the top of the dressing-table is for you," explained Betty, who was a very tidy little body, and loved to have things in order. "I laid this blue ribbon across it to divide it evenly. And you 'll keep your brushes and trays on your own side, won't you?"

"Yes," said Tillie; "I 'll try to. But I 'm awful careless. Mother scolds me about it, but I tell her scolding makes me worse."

Betty did n't scold, but it *was* a trial to her to have brushes, belts, gloves, soiled collars or handkerchiefs, flung about everywhere. Tilly also appropriated such of Betty's possessions as took her fancy, and when she returned them they were usually damaged in some way.

So that, when the week was half gone, Betty had come to the conclusion that, although Tillie was a merry, good-natured companion, and just the one for a chum, she was by no means the right kind of a sister.

But in many ways Tillie was a charming little guest, and the two girls had a royal good time all the week. They had picnics and tea-parties and entertainments of some kind or other every afternoon, though the mornings were spent in the school-room, as usual.

Altogether, as a candidate for the new



"ONE AFTERNOON BETTY, POLLY, AND JACK WERE ON THE VERANDA WAITING FOR THE VISITOR."

position to be filled at Denniston Hall, Tillie was not a success; and as Betty could still have her for a chum and intimate friend, she was not sorry when the week was up, and Tillie jumbled her clothes into her trunk, took her bird-cage and satchel, and departed. She was so sorry to leave, and thanked Betty and Grandma Jean so sincerely for the pleasure they had given her, that Betty felt almost guilty when she thought of the secret with Mr. Dick. But she was truly glad that Tillie had

enjoyed herself, and resolved to invite her again some time in the future.

Then she went to put her room in order, with a feeling of relief that it would not immediately be turned topsy-turvy again.

"Well, Popinjay," said Mr. Dick, who came over to Denniston a day or two later, and found Betty alone on the veranda, "how did the experiment go?"

"Oh, it was a failure," said Betty, "and I'm glad she did n't stay with me all her life before she stayed a week."

Mr. Dick laughed. "Mr. Mixon has n't taught all the Irish out of your speech yet, has he? Walk down to the orchard with me, and tell me all about the experiment."

Betty was soon ready, and they set out.

"Now what do you propose to do next?" asked Mr. Van Court, on the way.

"Well, sir, I hope you won't laugh, but I'm going to ask a whole lot of girls to Denniston Hall—not for a week, maybe, but for three or four days, and see if any of them are the kind I'd like to have to be my true sister."

"But these girls have homes of their own; they could n't come and live with you."

"I know it, sir, but I just want to see if I'd want any of them. If not, then I'd be better satisfied, knowing I don't want any sister. But if some of them are just the kind I mean, then I'll keep on trying."

"Betty, you ought to have been a general, your plans are so deep and so well laid. Go ahead, my child; and if you want help at any time, remember who's your friend."

So Betty invited ten girls to come all at once, and stay from Wednesday till Saturday; and they nearly turned Denniston Hall inside out and upside down. Jack threatened to take to the woods; but that was only a joke, for he really enjoyed the unusual commotion in the house.

Grandma Jean proved herself quite equal to the occasion.

Extra leaves were put in the already large dining-table, and extra help engaged in the kitchen, and the house ran along as smoothly as ever. None of the guests had any idea they were being critically observed, and, indeed,

very often Betty forgot it was more than an ordinary frolic.

And a jolly frolic it was. Such capers as those girls cut, such pranks they played on each other, and such laughing and giggling over nothing at all!

By utilizing the third story of Denniston Hall the girls were provided with sleeping-rooms without being crowded. Betty, however, slept on the couch in her own room, while Tillie Fenn and Agnes Miller occupied her bed.

One morning she was awakened by a shriek from Agnes, followed by a series of yells from Tillie. "Don't get up," they screamed, "but look over there on the floor!"

Betty looked, and there was a spider, the largest one she had ever seen. Now, Betty's fear of spiders was exceeded only by her dread of mice; but in her position of hostess she felt she must overcome her own feelings, and save her guests from annoyance.

So, reaching for her shoe, she threw it at the spider, but failed to hit him. Then she threw the other shoe, with no better success. And then Tillie and Agnes threw their shoes, and finally hit the spider so he lay motionless in a crumpled heap. Then Betty rose, and took a heavy bath-towel and threw it over the spider.

"Drown him!" cried Tillie; "he may not be dead yet"; and she turned water into the wash-bowl, and Betty grabbed up the towel and dropped the spider in.

Immediately the water was stained crimson, and the girls turned away from the horrid sight. Then there was a roar of laughter outside, and eight girls came bouncing in to crow over their victims.

"It was a paper spider!" cried May Fordham. "I did it; I knew you'd be scared. That red is the paint coming off!"

"You'll catch it for that!" exclaimed Tillie; and she clutched the luckless May, tumbled her on the couch, and piled blankets and pillows on her until she was nearly suffocated.

A grand pillow-fight and general scramble followed, and at last Betty had to "shoo" the girls to their rooms to get ready for breakfast.

This was Saturday, the last day of the

house-party, and the girls were to go on a picnic to the "Panther's Den," a small natural cave about five miles away.

They all clambered into a big wagon, over which Pete presided. Bill followed with a

back; but the others laughed at them, and told them not to be "'fraid-cats."

They reached the Panther's Den in safety, and Pete helped each one down from the high wagon. Just as the last girl was landed



"BETTY LOOKED, AND THERE WAS A SPIDER."

wagon-load of provisions of Ellen's best make, from sandwiches to ice-cream; and Jack was to bring Grandma Jean, Polly, and Lisa over in the surrey, later.

The rollicking crowd of girls joked and sang as they rode along; and after they had reached the mountain road, they passed a tree with a huge signboard on it, which read: "Beware of Indians!"

"Pooh!" said Betty, "there are n't any Indians around here."

But as they went on many other trees bore rude pictures of tomahawks and splashes of red paint.

Some of the timid girls were for turning

back; but the others laughed at them, and told them not to be "'fraid-cats."

They reached the Panther's Den in safety, and Pete helped each one down from the high wagon. Just as the last girl was landed

on the ground, a fearful war-whoop sounded from the Den, and a dozen wild Indians in war-paint and feathers rushed out, brandishing shining knives, and yelling like mad. Some of the girls screamed; but in a moment they discovered the warlike tribe to be composed of their own brothers and friends.

Jack had concocted the Indian scheme, and though the girls had planned for a real "girl picnic," they were not sorry to have their plans changed, and soon after that the Indians and their white captives sat down amicably together and ate the picnic feast. Then the "Indians" gave wonderful exhibitions of their prowess in wrestling and acrobatic feats.

Before sundown they all went back to Denniston, for that evening the girls were to go to their respective homes.

They said good-by with real regret, and each went away thinking that Betty McGuire was the most fortunate girl in the world.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Van Court drove over to Denniston to see Betty and have one of their confidential talks about the experiment. It was a lovely day, so they went for a row on the little pond, and after a few strokes Mr. Dick rested on his oars and said:

"How many sisters are you going to buy, Popinjay?"

Betty looked at him thoughtfully from under her shade-hat.

"Mr. Dick," she said, "it 's no use; they 're nice girls, and we had good fun, but I don't want any of them to live with me."

"That 's right, Betty; I don't believe you do. Your family is large enough, and as you grow older and make more friends, and have more varied interests, you won't feel the loneliness that troubles you now."

"No, Mr. Dick; it is n't friends I want. I know what it is—it 's relations. I want somebody that 's my own kin, and has reason to care something about me. You take an interest in Miss Grace and Miss Margaret and your mother because they *are* your mother and sisters."

"That 's so, by Jove! I never thought much about it before, but I believe you 're right; and I say, Betty, you are alone in the world as far as real relatives go, are n't you?"

"Yes, I am; and I 'm going to try to find some one of my father's or my mother's folks."

"How are you going about it?"

"I don't know exactly, but I 'm thinking I 'll write to Mr. Morris, and see if he knows anything about my people in Ireland, or, better yet, my mother's family in this country."

"Do it, Popinjay; that 's a good idea; and you may be descended from the illustrious O'Flannigans of County Galway, or you may be only a scion of the humble house of Stuyvesant or Knickerbocker over here. But it takes a long time to get a letter to Australia and back, and in the meantime I hope you 're not going to mope around like a lame duck,

and be discontented and blue, when you 've so much to make you happy."

"No, sir, I won't. For now I 've decided that I don't want any more in my family until I 'll find a real cousin, or something of my own blood kin. And so I 'll bide my time and rest easy until I can find out about them."

"Well, cheer up, chick, and romp with Polly, and study with Jack, and work hard at your music, and soon you 'll be able to accompany my violin, and we 'll play famous duets. And, Betty, do you like sailing?"

"I don't know, sir; I never tried it."

"Well, I 've just bought a new cat-boat, and she 's a beauty. She 'll come home this week, and then you can go with us on her trial trip, and try a taste of a life on the ocean wave."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "PIXIE'S" FIRST TRIP.

ACCORDING to her usual habit of striking while the iron was hot, Betty sat down to write to Mr. Morris as soon as Mr. Van Court had left Denniston. After several attempts, she composed and copied the following epistle:

DENNISTON HALL, September 26.

MY DEAR MR. MORRIS: I am very well and happy, and my Home is splendid. I wish you could see the beautiful autumn leaves. This is the only time of the year that is just the right color. My family are all well, and Sydney is a noble brute, without fear and without reproach. And now, Mr. Morris, dear sir, I would wish to ask you what you may know concerning my mother's family, or my father's. And if "concerning" is n't spelt right, I will say "about." But I want to know if I have any relatives in this country, and if I have I will search them out, or in Ireland. For I do want a real live relative besides what I have bought, though they are good and handsome. With best respects to your kind family, I pause for a reply.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH MCGUIRE.

Under Mr. Mixon's tuition, Betty read every day selections from the best authors, and many a high-sounding phrase which pleased her particularly she stowed away in her brain for future use; and she thought a letter to her Australian friend was the very place to show off these elegant speeches to advantage. She was, therefore, highly pleased with her letter, and sent it off at once on its long journey.

Having done so, she tried to put the whole subject out of her mind for three months, for it required as long as that for a letter to go to Australia and the reply to come back again.

Mr. Van Court and Mr. Brewster were skilled sailors, and Jack had had a little experience with sailboats, so they started off merrily enough, and without misgivings.



"A DOZEN WILD INDIANS IN WAR-PAINT AND FEATHERS RUSHED OUT, BRANDISHING SHINING KNIVES, AND YELLING."

On one of the last days of September Betty was invited to go on the trial trip of Mr. Van Court's new boat, the "Pixie."

It was a little cat-rigged affair, and bobbed about on the water like a cockle-shell; but Betty felt no fear, and this was partly because she was entirely ignorant of what tricks a little cat-boat can play.

The trip was to be only a four-mile run down to the Sound, and they were to return in time for lunch.

The party consisted of Mr. Van Court and Miss Grace, Mr. Brewster, Betty, and Jack. They had to start at nine o'clock, for the Greenborough River was small, and only when the tide was just right could the Pixie get in and out over the shallows in the river.

Betty was fairly wild with joy. The sensation of flying over the water was entirely new to her, and she soon learned to jump from one side of the boat to the other at the call of "Hard alee!"

She wore a trim little yachting-suit of white flannel with broad collar and bands of navy blue, and a jaunty sailor-hat was perched on her black curls, which grew curlier than ever in the salt spray.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "this is the best fun I ever had!"

The wind and tide were both favorable, and the Pixie skimmed along so fast that she was out of the river and into the Sound much sooner than her crew had expected.

"We can run down the Sound a few miles,"

said Mr. Brewster, "and still get home for lunch, though perhaps a bit late."

"All right; let 's do it," said Mr. Van Court.

"Oh," said Betty, "is n't it just perfect! Mr. Brewster, I want to buy a boat."

"Do, Betty," cried Jack; "I 'll learn to sail it for you."

The boy had been watching and studying every movement of the two young men, and now he was doing the steering.

"I knew a little before," he said modestly; "but Mr. Brewster and Mr. Van Court have showed me a lot, and I think I could learn to manage a boat alone."

Then Betty tried to steer, and did very well at it; and suddenly they all discovered that they were hungry.

"I brought a basket of fruit," said Miss Grace, "but I thought we would n't stay out long enough to need a regular lunch."

"I wish we had brought one," said her brother, "for I 'm ravenous. Well, let 's eat the fruit, and then start for home."

But though this plan was agreed to, they were unable to carry it out; for after they had eaten all the fruit, and wished for more, they found it was impossible to start for home, because the breeze had entirely died away.

"Nothing to do," said Mr. Van Court, cheerily, "but wait an hour or two. If we had something to eat I would n't mind so much."

They waited an hour, and two hours, and three hours, and still no signs of a breeze.

Betty began to think that sailing had its drawbacks, like most other things. The sun was hot, and the salt air made them all dreadfully hungry, and by four o'clock even Betty's spirits began to droop.

They tried every way known to amateur sailors to call up a breeze: they whistled for it, and they scratched the mast.

Six o'clock, and no breeze yet. But soon the sun went down, and it was cooler, and they had one less hardship to endure. About seven o'clock they felt a little puff of air.

"Hooray!" cried Jack, "here comes our breeze."

And sure enough, it did come—a good, strong breeze from the southwest; and the *Pixie* shrugged her sail and roused herself.

Mr. Brewster sprang to the tiller, and Mr. Van Court to the sail, and in a moment they were dancing along at a fine rate.

But it was dark, and rapidly growing darker. Betty could just see the faces of the two men, and instead of looking glad they expressed the deepest concern.

The little girl crept close to Miss Grace, and sat still, wondering what was the matter.

Mr. Van Court spoke first.

"Grace and Betty," he said, "this is n't only a breeze; it 's the beginning of a squall, and perhaps a storm. We can't hope to get up the river; all we can do is to make a landing at the nearest point possible, which is Crossville, on the other side of the Sound. We can't land on this side, for it is only salt meadows. Steer straight for those Crossville lights, Brewster. Look out! Hard alee!"

For just then the squall struck them, the boom swung over and stopped with a jerk that nearly capsized the little boat, and Grace and Betty slid from the narrow seats to the floor.

"Stay there, girls," shouted Dick. "Jack, take the tiller, and steer for that light on the point. Brewster, help me reef!"

Mr. Van Court spoke in a low, tense voice that showed the gravity of the situation; but his tone of authority carried comfort to the quaking hearts of Grace and Betty.

These two frightened ones huddled together in the bottom of the boat, knowing that all they could do to help was to be out of the way as much as possible, and to keep still.

It was quite dark now, and the wind had become a gale. Even under a double reef the *Pixie* tore along over the black water like a mad thing.

Jack felt his responsibility, and guided the tiller with his eyes fixed intently on the distant light, when suddenly Dick wrenched it from his hand and pushed it hard down to starboard.

The *Pixie* gave a lurch, the sail flew over, and in a moment they were just grazing the side of a huge black hulk that seemed to have risen out of the water.

But for Dick's quickness the little craft would have been crashed into by the big steamboat, which the sail had hidden from Jack's view. The *Pixie* had no lights, and the

danger of being run down in the darkness by larger vessels made it almost impossible to cross the Sound.

The thunder grew louder, and lightning-flashes darted across the sky. Dick held the tiller now, and Mr. Brewster managed the sail, while Jack was on the alert to obey orders.

The wind blew furiously, and drove the little boat before it like a paper toy. She careened to one side until the coaming was under water, and but for the reassurance of Mr. Dick's calm, quiet voice as he gave his orders, Betty felt she must have screamed.

And then the rain came—first a few great big splashing drops, and then a sudden torrent. What would have been a steady downpour was driven and twisted by the wind until it looked like great waterspouts.

Betty and Grace, one each side of the center-board, had crawled into the little hold as far as they could, and listened to the creaking of the mast, which sounded to them almost as loud as the thunder. Betty had given up all hope, when she heard Mr. Dick call out:

"It 's our last chance. We'll head for the shore, and land wherever we may."

They put about and steered for the west shore, despairing of crossing the Sound.

The brave boat flew along, and though all the lights were obscured by the rain, Dick steered toward shore by the lightning-flashes.

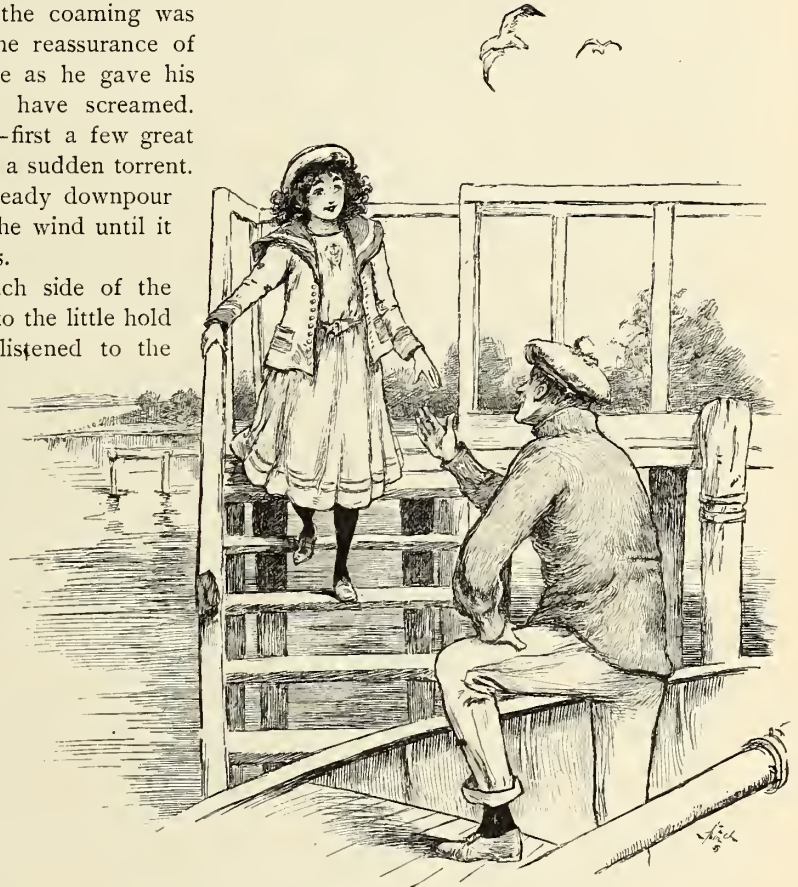
Suddenly the boat bumped up against something solid, and Mr. Brewster grasped it and held on firmly, though nearly pulled off his feet. The next lightning-flash showed that they had reached some sort of a wharf.

Shouting the good news to the girls, Dick and Mr. Brewster pushed the boat along slowly from one pile to the next until they reached a flight of old broken-down steps which evidently led up to the pier. They quickly secured the boat with ropes, and called to Jack and the girls to come and land.

The storm had abated a little, but it was still raining hard, and the thunder and lightning were terrific, though not so frequent.

By the light of the occasional flashes, the party set out to climb the dangerous stairs.

Mr. Van Court went first, and found, to his horror, that the steps were not only wet and slippery, but very old and rickety, and liable



BETTY BOARDS THE "PIXIE."

to break down beneath a heavy weight. After mounting them, he called to the others to come up one at a time; and then, when the five were all huddled on the little landing at the top, they waited for another lightning-flash, to proceed farther.

When it came it showed that the pier they had landed at was only a skeleton pier. The supports and cross-beams were there, but the flooring had evidently been burned away.

But Mr. Van Court's generalship did not desert him.

"We will go on and pick our way across these beams," he said; "but we must be very careful. I will take Betty's hand, and Brewster, you take Grace's. Jack, my boy, you must shift for yourself, and remember that a false step may be fatal. Now we will start; and don't try to talk, for we could n't hear each other through this storm. Wait for a flash of lightning, then go as far as possible, and then wait for another."

In silence they all obeyed his directions, and started on their dangerous way. Fortunately, Grace and Betty were sensible, rational girls, not given to screaming or hysterics; and realizing that their safety depended almost entirely on their self-control, they fol-

lowed their guides, stepping carefully and surely along the narrow, slippery beams, and waiting quietly in the dark intervals. The pier was not very long, and they all reached the other end in safety, and stepped off on to the marshy salt meadow-land, with feelings of thankfulness almost too deep for words.

The whole party was drenched, weary, hungry, and thirsty; the storm was still raging, and they knew of no shelter near; but they realized what other and greater dangers they had escaped, and their present discomforts seemed trifling in comparison.

They walked aimlessly along for a few minutes, when suddenly Jack spied a tiny, flickering light in the distance.

"That must be a house of some kind," he said, and they all started eagerly toward it.

(To be continued.)

SAINT OLGA'S BELL.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

NOTE: The famous battle between the Swedes and Russians at Poltava took place July 8, 1709. History tells us that the Swedish forces, under Charles XII., at first gained the advantage. They captured several redoubts, and could easily have penetrated into the camp of the Czar; but the Russians suddenly rallied. The Swedes were surrounded and totally defeated, while their wounded leader, known as the "Lion of the North," barely escaped by flight. With this story of the victory of Poltava tradition has interwoven the following legend of "Saint Olga's Bell."

The ruined belfry, old and quaint,
Above Poltava stood;
'T was built by Russia's holy saint,
Long shrined among the good.

Its moss-grown roof half hid from view
The massive, silent bell,
Unheard since its defenders true
On field of battle fell.

And where the crumbling archways part,
A weeping peasant maid,
With wild, wet eyes and throbbing heart,
Beneath its portals prayed.

"Oh, Mother Olga, Igor's bride,
Dear saint! to heaven, I call!
Thy royal lord in battle died;
Let not my lover fall!"

Below, upon Poltava's shore,
The hostile armies lay:
The "Lion of the North" once more
Held Russia's hosts at bay.

There flashed the Swede's victorious sword
That ne'er had known defeat;
There surged the great Czar's mighty horde,
Forced back in swift retreat.

The maiden watched the smoke's dull sheet
Sweep o'er the Russian dead;
"Only to-morrow, saint most sweet,"
She sobbed, "and we were wed!"

A breath beneath the belfry seemed
An answer to her prayer;
Mute, from the gloom, a frightened bird
Dropped downward through the air.



And in her ears, above the clang
 Of trumpet and dragoon,
 A cradle-song's sweet cadence rang
 Which peasant mothers croon.

VOL. XXVI.—107.

*"The bells of Moscow gaily swing,
 And all its towers shall gladsome be!
 But Olga's bell no more shall ring
 Until it rings for victory!"*

Softly the rhythmic measures rise:

The great bell waits on high;

"I hear, dear saint!" the maiden cries.

"My lover shall not die.

"This day shall be the glorious day

For Russia and the Czar!

To-morrow!—ah, sweet saint, I pray,

Look down from heaven afar!"

The bells of Moscow still are sweet,

And all its towers are fair;

But not for years have mortal feet

Dared climb Saint Olga's stair!

Even beneath the maiden's weight

Yawned many a jagged seam;

Each loose stone parted from its mate,

As in a gruesome dream.

Yet up the winding way she sped

Where treacherous shadows fell,

Till, black and silent, o'er her head,

She saw Saint Olga's bell.

Not hers a faltering hand or faint,

She seized the massive tongue;

She swung it backward: "Help, dear saint!"

And loud the great bell rung.

Far down below, the cannon's boom!

The musketry's shrill roar!

Then silence—and athwart the gloom

The bell-strokes, o'er and o'er!

"Hark! what is that?" the great Czar
cried.

"That? 'T is Saint Olga's bell!

It rings! it rings!" an aide replied;

"Turn, Sire! for all is well!"

The soldiers hear; their pulses bound;

Not one shall farther flee!

The bell of Olga doth not sound

Except for victory!

See how they stand! See how they fight!

Again the smoke-cloud lowers;—

It lifts!—"Great Czar, the Swedes take
flight!

O Sire, the day is ours!"

The wounded Lion, sorely pressed,

Fell backward fast and far;

Poltava on the great Czar's crest

Became a blazoned star.

But ere the hosts had left the strand

Where lay the valiant slain,

Two happy lovers, hand in hand,

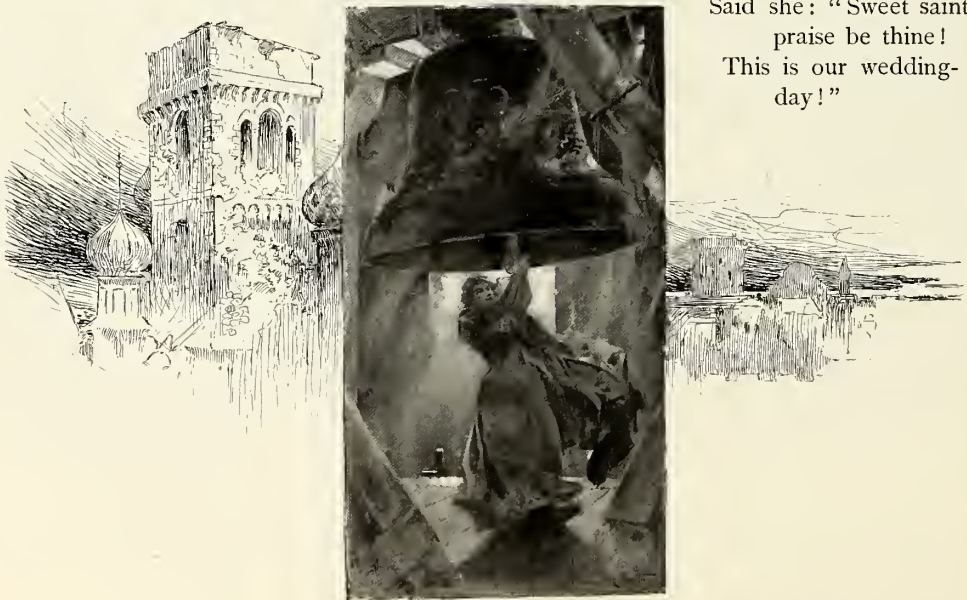
Recrossed Poltava's plain.

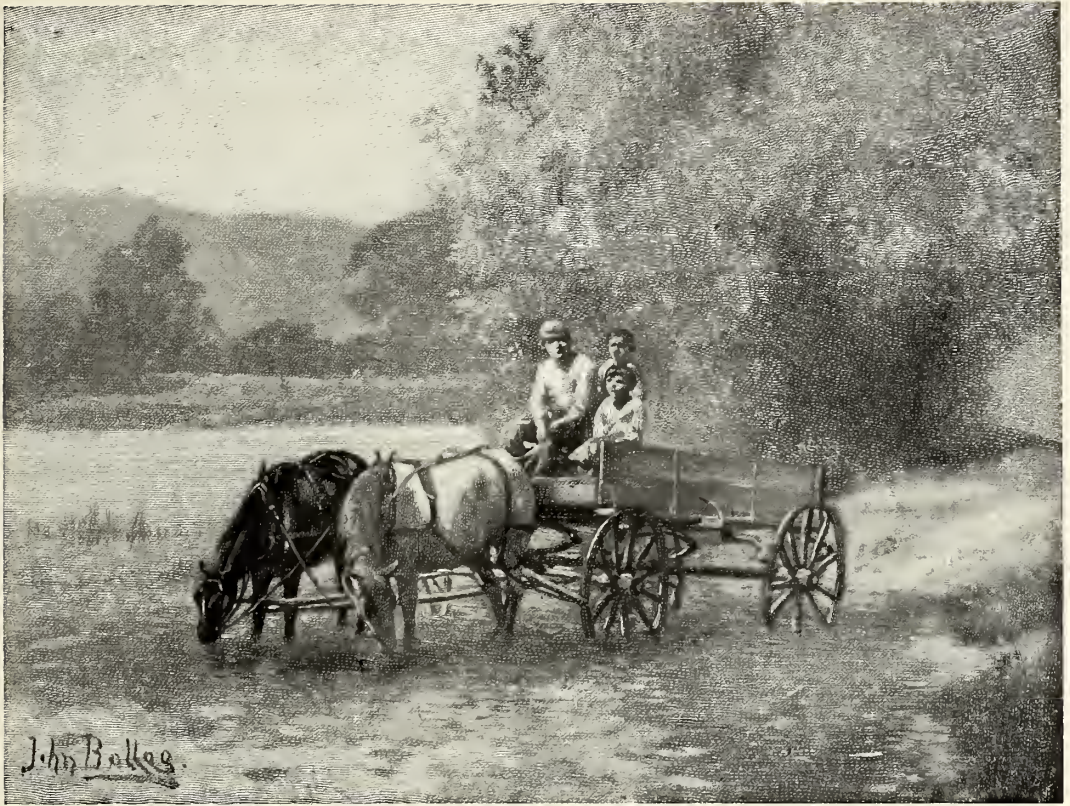
Said he: "The Czar, at Olga's shrine,

Hath gone, they say, to pray!"

Said she: "Sweet saint, all
praise be thine!

This is our wedding-
day!"





"A HAZY, MAZY, LAZY DAY."

RHYME FOR VACATION.

BY ISABEL RUSSELL MCCURDY.

Oh, the elephant 's a-sitting on the water-melon tree,
A-singing of his home upon the deep and blooming sea,
While the noble kangaroo
Is inquiring for the "zoo,"
And the snakes are riding bicycles, as happy as can be.

Oh, the whale is soaring gracefully through the warm winter sky,
While the jellyfish play football in the turnip-field hard by;
And the tiger and the mouse
Are building of a house
In the green and fertile desert, while the rabbit wonders why.

Oh, the parents in this country strange are striving every day
To foster in their little ones an aptitude for play;
But every girl and boy
Thinks studying a joy,
And play a bore, and begs for *work* to pass the time away!

QUICKSILVER SUE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

(This story was begun in the May number.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"MARY! Mary Hart! I want to speak to you. Are you alone?"

"Yes," said Mary, looking up from her mending. "I am just finishing Teddy's stockings; he does tear them so. Come in, Sue."

"Hush! No; I want you to come out, Mary. It 's something very important. Don't say a word to any one, but come down to the arbor this minute. I must see you alone. Oh, I am so excited!"

The arbor was at the farther end of the Harts' garden—a pleasant, mossy place with seats, and with a great vine climbing over it. Mary put away her basket methodically, and joined Sue, whom she found twittering with excitement.

"Oh, Mary, what do you think? But first you must promise not to tell a living soul. Honest and true, black and blue! Promise, Mary, or my lips are sealed forever!"

"I promise," said Mary, without thinking.

Sue's tremendous secrets were not generally very alarming.

Sue drew a long breath, looked around her, said "Hush!" two or three times, and then began:

"Is n't it perfectly splendid, Mary? The circus is coming to Chester on the 24th, and Clarice and I are going. It is going to be the greatest show in the world; the paper says so; and I 've seen the pictures, and they are simply glorious. Is n't it fine? Clarice has asked me to spend the day with her at the hotel, and mother says I may, and Clarice is going to treat me. Mary, she is the most generous girl that ever lived in this world. You don't half appreciate her, but she is."

"Who is going to take you to the circus?" asked practical Mary. "Mr. Packard?"

"Hush! No. That is the exciting part of it. We are going alone, just by ourselves."

"Sue! You cannot! Go up to Chester alone—just you two girls?"

"Why not? Clarice is much older than I, you know, Mary. Clarice is fifteen, and she says it is perfectly absurd for us to be such babies as we are. She says that in New York girls of our age wear dresses almost full length, and put up their hair, and—and all kinds of things. She says it 's just because we live down East here that we are so countrified. And she knows all about going to places, and she has lots of money, and—and so—oh, Mary, is n't it exciting?"

"What does your mother say?" asked Mary, slowly. "Is she willing, Sue?"

"I am not going to tell her!" said Sue.

Her tone was defiant, but she colored high, and did not look at Mary as she spoke.

"You are not—going—to tell your mother?" repeated Mary, in dismay. "Oh, Sue!"

"Now, hush, hush, Mary Hart, and listen to me! Clarice says what 's the use? She says it would only worry mother, and I ought not to worry her when she is so delicate. She says she thinks it is a great mistake for girls to keep running to their mothers about everything when they are as big as we are. She *never* does, she says—well, it 's her aunt, but that makes no difference, she says; and she is fifteen, you know. Besides, my mother is very different from yours; you know she is, Mary. I suppose I *should* want to tell things to your mother if she was mine. But you know perfectly well how mama is; she never seems to care, and it only bothers her and makes her head ache."

"Sue, how can you talk so? Your mother

is ill so much of the time, of course she can't—can't be like my mammy, I suppose."

Mary faltered a little as she said this. She had often wished that Mrs. Penrose would take more interest in Sue's daily life, but she felt that this was very improper talk.

"I don't think you ought to talk so, Sue!" she said stoutly. "I am sure you ought not. I think Clarice Packard has a very bad influence over you, and I wish she had never come here."

"Clarice says you are jealous, Mary, and that you try to make trouble between her and me. I don't believe that; but you have *no* imagination, and you cannot appreciate Clarice. If you knew what she has done for me—how she has opened my eyes!"

Sue's vivid face deepened into tragedy.

"Mary, I believe that I will tell you, after all. I did n't mean to—Clarice warned me not to—but I will. Mary, there is a mystery in my life. Hush! don't speak a word! I am a foundling!"

If Mary had been less amazed and distressed, she must have laughed aloud. Sue, in her brown holland frock, her pretty hair curling round her face, her eyes shining with excitement, was the very image of her mother. As it was, Mary could only gasp, and gaze round-eyed.

"I am! I am sure of it!" Sue hurried on. "It explains everything, Mary: mama's not caring more, and my feeling the way I do, and everything. Clarice says she is sure it must be so. She knows a girl, the most beautiful girl she ever saw, and she never knew it till she grew up, because they were so fond of her; but she was left on their door-step in a wicker basket lined with pink satin, and a note pinned to her clothes saying that her parents were English noblemen, but they never would acknowledge her because she was n't a boy. And so! And you know

I have always felt that there was *something wrong*, Mary Hart, and that I was not like other children; you know I have!"

"I know you have often talked very foolishly," said Mary, "but I never heard you say anything wicked before. Sue, this is downright wicked, and ridiculous and absurd, besides. I never heard such silly nonsense in my life, and I don't want to hear any more of it."



"FLINGING HERSELF OVER THE TABLE, SUE BEGAN TO WRITE FURIOUSLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Both girls had risen, and they stood facing each other. Mary was flushed with distress and vexation, but Sue had turned very pale.

"Very well!" she said, after a pause. "I see Clarice is right. You have a mean, jealous spirit, Mary. I thought I could tell the—the great thing of my life to my most intimate friend—for you *have* been my most intimate

friend—and you would understand; but you don't. You never have understood me; Clarice has said so from the beginning, and now I know she is right. At least, I have *one* friend who can feel for me. Good-by, Mary—forever!”

“Oh, Sue!” cried Mary, wanting to laugh and cry together. But Sue was gone, dashing through the garden at tempest speed, and flinging to the gate behind her with a crash.

Mary went into the house and cried till she could not see. But there were no tears for Sue. She ran up to her room, and locked the door. Then, after looking carefully around, she drew from a secret place an old brown leather writing-desk, produced a key that hung by a ribbon round her neck, unlocked the desk, and took out a faded red morocco blank-book. It had once been an account-book, and had belonged to her grandfather; the great thing about it was that it had a lock and key. Opening it, Sue found a blank page, and flinging herself over the table, began to write furiously:

“Mary and I have parted—parted forever. She was my dearest upon earth, but I know her no more. Her *name* is Hart, but she has none, or at least it is of marble. I am very unhappy, a poor foundling, with but one friend in the world! I sit alone in my gloomy garet.” (The sun was pouring in at the window, but Sue did not see it.) “My tears blot the page as I write.” (She tried to squeeze out a tear, failed, and hurried on.) “My affections are blited, but I am proud, and they shall see that I don't care one bit how mean they are. I am of noble blood, I feel it coursing in my viens, and I should n't wonder a bit if I were a princess. And if I die young, Mary Hart can come and shed tears on my monument and be sorry she acted so.”

Meantime, in the room below, little Lily was saying: “Mama, I wish I had some one to play with. Don't you wish there was another sister, about my age? Sue says she is too old to play with me!” And Mrs. Penrose was sighing, and wondering again why her elder child was not the comfort to her that Mary Hart was to her mother.

The days that followed were sad ones for

Mary. The intimacy between her and Sue had been so close that they had never felt the need of other friends; and, indeed, in their small neighborhood it happened that there were no pleasant girls of their own age. It had not seemed possible that anything could ever come between her and Sue. They loved to say that they were two halves, and only together made a whole. Now it was bitter to see Sue pass by on the other side of the home street with averted eyes and head held high. Mary tried to greet her as usual; for had they not said a hundred times how silly it was for girls to quarrel, and what spectacles they made of themselves behaving like babies?

But it was of no use. The breach was complete, and Sue refused to speak to Mary, or even to recognize her, and had only the most frigid little nod for her brothers. Many a time did Mary curl up for comfort in her mother's lap, and rest her head on her shoulder, and tell her how it hurt, and ask what she should do, and how she should live without her friend. She never failed to find comfort, and always, after a good little talk, there was something that Mrs. Hart particularly wanted done, and that Mary could help her so much with; and Mary found that for a sore heart there is no balm like work.

One day Mrs. Hart said: “Mary, how would you like to ask little Lily to come and spend the afternoon with you? Mrs. Penrose is really very far from well, and Sue seems to be entirely absorbed. It would be a kind thing to do, daughter.”

So Lily came, and in making her happy Mary forgot the sore spot in her own heart. From that day the two were a good deal together. Beside Sue's glancing brightness Lily had seemed rather a dull child; or perhaps it was merely that Mary had no thought to give her, and felt with Sue that children were in the way when one wanted to talk seriously. But in Mary's companionship the child expanded like a flower. She was so happy, so easily pleased. It was delightful to see her face light up at sight of Mary. And Mary determined that, come what might, she and Lily would always be friends. “And, Lily,” she would whisper, “if—no! *when* we

get our Sue back again, won't she be surprised to see how much you have learned, and how many of our plays you know? And there will be three of us then, Lily."

And Lily would smile and dimple, and almost look a little like Sue—almost!

The boys, too, were a great comfort in those days. Never had Tom been so considerate, so thoughtful. Hardly a day passed but he would want Mary to play or walk or fish with him. She had never, it seemed, seen so much of Tom before, though he had always been the dearest boy in the world—except Teddy.

"Oh!" she cried one day, when Tom, after an hour's patient search, found the silver thimble that she had carelessly dropped in the orchard—"oh, it *is* good to have a brother Tom! I don't see what girls do who have none."

"It's pretty nice to have a sister Mary," said Tom, shyly; he was always shy when there was any question of feeling. "Do you know, Ballast,—do you know, I've never had so much sister Mary as I've been having lately. Of course it's a great shame about Sue, and I miss her company, and all that—but after all, it's mighty nice to have such a lot of you, dear."

Sister and brother exchanged a silent hug that meant a good deal, and Mary inwardly resolved that, come what might, Tom should always hereafter have all the sister Mary he wanted.

"And it's simply fine for Lily," Tom added. "Lily has never had a fair chance, you know, Mary."

"Lily is a very nice little girl," said Teddy, with kind condescension. "There's a great deal more in Lily than people think. Mary, if you are going over there you might take her these horse-chestnuts. She likes the milky ones, before they turn brown."

"Take them yourself, Master Teddy!" said Mary, laughing. "You know it's what you want to do. Bring her over, and we'll go and play in the orchard, all four of us. We'll play 'Wolf,' if you like."

"Oh, no!" cried Teddy. "Let's play 'Indian'; let's play 'The Last of the Mo's.'"

We have n't played that for ever and ever so long."

"Lily does n't know 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" said Mary. "She has never read it. I'll read it to her, I think. We might begin the next rainy day, boys, and all read together."

"Hooray!" cried both boys.

"I can be making my new net," said Tom.

"And I can work on my boat," said Teddy.

"And I have about six dozen things to make for Christmas!" said Mary, laughing. "Who is to do the reading, I should like to know?"

"Oh, mama will read it to us."

"All right! Hurrah for mama! Of course she will."

"But that is no reason why we should not play 'The Last of the Mo's' now," resumed Tom. "We can tell Lily enough as we go along to show her what it's like, and of course she would n't take an important part, anyway—just a squaw or an old brave. Cut along, Teddy, and bring the kid over."

Lily came hurrying back with Teddy, and the four stood for a moment together by the front door, laughing and chatting, and giving out the parts for the game. They had never played it before without Sue. Mary would rather not have played it now, but that seemed no reason why the boys should not have their favorite game, and no doubt Tom could play "Uncas" very well—though, of course, not *as* well, even if he was a boy.

Tom was just striking an attitude and brandishing an imaginary tomahawk, when, on the opposite side of the street, Sue came along, arm in arm, as usual, with Clarice Packard. The Hart children looked in dismay. Was this their Sue? Something was wrong with her hair. It was rolled up high over her forehead, and bobbed up into a short queue behind. Something was wrong with her feet; at least, so it seemed, from the way she walked, mincing on her toes. And she had on a spotted veil, and she carried a parasol. Was this their Quicksilver Sue? Could it be?

As they passed Clarice looked across the way and bowed a triumphant little bow, then tittered rudely, and whispered something in her

companion's ear. Sue held her head high, and was walking past looking straight before her, as she always did now, when suddenly it seemed as if some feeling took hold upon her, stronger than her own will. She turned her head involuntarily, and looked at the group standing on the familiar door-step. A wave of color swept over her face, the tears rushed into her eyes. For a moment she seemed to waver, almost to sway toward them; then resolutely she turned her head away again and then walked on.

"Mary," Tom remarked, "do you know what?"

"Why, no, Tom. I don't know this particular 'what.' I know — what you noticed just now." As she spoke, Mary looked as if the heart for play was clean gone out of her.

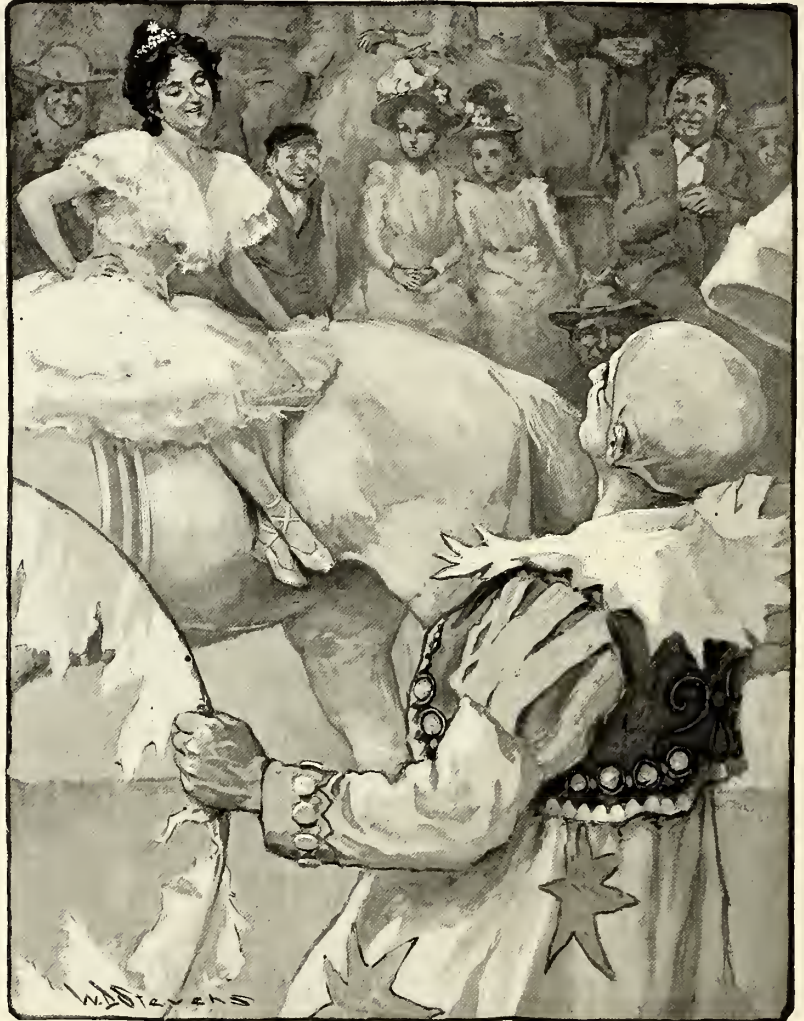
"Well, I 'll tell you that our Sue has had just about all she wants of her new treasure. I 'll bet my new fishing-line that she would give all her best boots to come and play 'Last of the Mo's' with us here in the orchard—for all she tries to look so very proud and haughty."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CIRCUS.

TOM was right. That moment was the turning-point for Sue Penrose. When she

saw that group on the familiar door-step across the way, something seemed to clutch at her heart, something seemed to fall from her eyes. What did this all mean? There were her friends, her dear old friends, with their honest



"THE SIGNORA RECEIVED WITH SMILING COMPOSURE THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE CLOWN." (SEE PAGE 859.)

faces and their clear, kind, true eyes. She had seen the longing look in Mary's eyes, and Tom's grave glance which seemed to say that he was sorry for her. It was the afternoon playtime, and they were all going to play together, some of the happy boy-and-girl plays in which she, Sue, had always been the leader; and she was not with them. She had lost

them all, and for what? All at once Clarice's giggle, her whispered talk of dresses and parties, sounded flat and silly and meaningless. What did Sue care for such stuff? How could she ever have thought she cared? What would she not give for a good romp in the orchard, and a talk with Mary afterward! A small voice said in her heart:

"Go back! A kiss to Mary, a word to the boys, and all will be forgotten. Go back now, before it is too late!"

But two other voices spoke louder in Sue's ear, drowning the voice of her heart. One was pride. "Go back?" it said. "Confess that you have been wicked and silly? Let the boys and Lily see you humbling yourself—you, who have always been the proud one? Never!"

The other was loyalty, or rather a kind of chivalry that was a part of Sue. "You cannot desert Clarice," said this voice. "She is a stranger here, and she depends upon you. She is delicate and sensitive, and you are the only person who understands her; she says so. She is n't exactly nice in some ways, but the others are hard on her, and you must stand by her. You cannot go back!"

So when Clarice tittered and whispered something about Mary's dress, Sue pressed her arm and straightened herself and walked on, looking steadfastly before her.

"My! Sue, what is the matter?" her companion asked. "You look as cross as a meat-ax. No wonder! I call the way that boy stared at you downright impudent. They seem to have taken up with Lily, now that they can't get you. He, he!"

And a new sting was planted in Sue's heart, already sore enough. Yes; they had taken up with Lily; Lily was filling her place.

Sue took the pain home with her, and carried it about all day, and many a day. The little sister had never been much to her, as we have seen. Her own life had been so overflowing with matters that seemed to her of vital importance that she had never had much time to bestow on the child who was too old to be set down with blocks and doll and told to amuse herself, and yet was too young—or so Sue thought—to share the plays of the

older children. She had "wished to goodness" that Lily had some friend of her own age; and "Don't bother!" was the answer that rose most frequently to her lips when Lily begged to be allowed to come and play with her and Mary.

"Don't bother, Lily. Run along and amuse yourself; that's a good girl! We are busy just now." She had never meant to be unkind; she had n't thought—that was all.

Well, Lily did not have to be told now not to bother. There was no danger of her asking to join Sue and Clarice, for the latter had from the first shown a dislike to the child which was heartily returned. People who "think children are a nuisance" are not likely to be troubled by their company.

After the morning hour during which she sat with their mother, reading to her and helping her in various ways (how was it, by the way, that Lily had got into the way of doing this?—Sue had never had time, or had never thought of it!), Lily was always over at the Harts' in these days. Often when Sue and Clarice were sitting upstairs talking,—oh, such weary, empty, stupid talk it seemed now!—the sound of Lily's happy laughter would come from over the way and ring in her sister's ears.

They were playing Indians again, were they? "The Last of the Mohicans"! Tom was "Hawkeye," of course; but who was Uncas in her stead? She had always been Uncas. She knew a good many of his speeches by heart. Ah! she thrilled, recalling the tremendous moment when the Delawares discover the tortoise tattooed on the breast of the young hero. She recalled how "for a single instant Uncas enjoyed his triumph, smiling calmly on the scene. Then motioning the crowd away with a high and haughty sweep of the arm, he advanced in front of the nation with the air of a king, and spoke in a voice louder than the murmur of admiration that ran through the multitude.

"'Men of the Lenni-Lenape,' he said, 'my race upholds the earth. Your feeble tribe stands on my shell. What fire that a Delaware can light would burn the child of my fathers?'" he added, pointing proudly to

the simple blazonry on his skin. "The blood that came from such a stock would smother your flames!"

Ah!—and then the last speech, that she always spoke leaning against a tree, with her arms folded on her breast, and her gaze fixed haughtily upon the awe-struck spectators: "Paleface! I die before my heart is soft!" and so on. They all said she did that splendidly—better than any one else.

What was Clarice saying?

"And I said to him, I said: 'I don't know what you mean,' I said. 'Oh, yes, you do,' he said. 'No, I don't,' I said. 'I think you're real silly,' I said. And he said: 'Oh, don't say that,' he said. 'Well, I shall,' I said. 'You're just as silly as you can be!'" And so on and so on, till Sue could have fallen asleep for sheer weariness, save for those merry voices in her ear and the pain at her heart.

But when Clarice was gone Sue unlocked her journal and wrote:

"I am very unhappy, and no one cares. I am alone in the world, and I feel that I have not long to live. My cheek is hollo, and my eyes gleam with an unnatural light; but I shall rest in the grave and no one will mourn for me. I hear the voices of my former friends, but they think no more of the lonely outcast. I do hope that if I should live to be fifteen I shall have more sense than some people have; but she is all I have left in the world, and I will be faithful to death. They have taken my sister from me—" But when she had written these last words Sue blushed hotly, and drew her pen through them; for she was an honest child, and she knew they were not true.

Then she went downstairs. Her room was too lonely, and everything in it spoke too plainly of Mary. She could not stay there.

Mrs. Penrose looked up as she entered the sitting-room.

"Oh! it is you, Sue," she said, with her little weary air; "I thought it was Lily."

"Would you like me to read to you, mama?" asked Sue, with a sudden impulse.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Penrose, doubtfully. "Is n't Clarice here? Yes, I

should like it very much, Sue. My eyes are rather bad to-day."

Sue read for an hour, and forgot the pain at her heart. When the reading was over her mother said: "Thank you, my dear; that was a real treat. How well you read, Sue!"

"Let me read to you every day, mother," said Sue. She kissed her mother warmly, and, standing near her, noticed for the first time how very pale and thin she was, how transparent her cheek and hands. Her heart smote her with a new pain. How much more she saw, now that she was unhappy herself! Sue had never thought much about her mother's ill health. She was an "invalid," and that seemed to account for everything. At least, she could be a better daughter while her mother lived, and could help her mother in the afternoon, as Lily did in the morning.

The day of the circus came. A week ago how Sue had looked forward to it! It was to be the crowning joy of the season, the great, the triumphal day. But now all was changed. She had no thought of "backing out"; an engagement once made was a sacred thing with Sue; but she no longer saw it wreathed in imaginary glories. The circus was fun, of course; but she was not going in the right way, she knew—in fact, she was going in a very naughty way; and Clarice was no longer the enchanting companion she had once seemed, who could cast a glamour over everything she spoke of. Sue even suggested their consulting Mr. Packard; but Clarice raised a shrill clamor.

"Sue, don't speak of such a thing! Papa would lock me up if he had any idea; he's awfully strict, you know. And we have both vowed never to tell; you know we have, Sue. You vowed on this sacred relic; you know you did!"

The "sacred relic" was a battered little medal that Clarice said had come from Jerusalem. As this was almost the only flight of fancy she had ever shown, Sue clung to the idea, and had made the vow with all possible solemnity, feeling like Hannibal and Robert of Normandy in one. This was not, however, until after she had told Mary of the plan; but, somehow, she

had not mentioned that to Clarice. Mary would not tell, of course; perhaps, at the bottom of her heart, Sue almost wished she would.

The day was bright and sunny, and Sue tried hard to feel as if she were going to have a great and glorious time; yet when the hour came at which she had promised to go to the hotel, she felt rather as if she were going to execution. She hung round the door of her mother's room. Could this be "Sue, the foundling," the deserted child of those remarkable British noblemen?

"If you need me, mama, I won't go!" she said several times; but Mrs. Penrose did not notice the wistful intonation in her voice, and she had not yet become accustomed to needing Sue.

"No, dear!" she said. "Run along and have a happy day. Lily and Katy will do all I need." Then, with an impulse she hardly understood herself, for she was an undemonstrative woman, she added: "Give me a kiss before you go, Susie!"

Sue hung round her neck in a passionate embrace. "Mama!" she said, "mama! if I were very wicked do you think that you could forgive me?—if I were very dreadfully wicked?"

"I hope so, dear!" said Mrs. Penrose, settling her hair. She had pretty hair, and did not like to have it disarranged. "But you are not wicked, Sue. What is the matter, my dear?"

But Sue, after one more almost strangling embrace, ran out of the room. She felt suffocated. She must have one moment of relief before she went. Dashing back to her room, she flung herself upon her journal.

"I go!" she wrote. "I go because I have sworn it, and I may not break my word. It is a dreadful thing that I do, but it is my fate that bekons. I don't believe I am a foundling after all, and I don't care if I am. Mama is just perfectly sweet; and if I *should* live, I should never, never, *never* let her know that I had found it out. Adieu!

"The misunderstood

"SUSAN PENROSE."

After making a good flourish under her name, Sue felt a little better; still, her heart was heavy enough as she put on her pretty hat with the brown ostrich-feathers, which went so well with her pongee dress. At least, she looked nice, she thought; that was some comfort.

The circus was a good one, and for a time Sue forgot everything else in the joy of looking on. The tumbling! She had never dreamed of such tumbling. And the jumping over three, four, *six* elephants standing together! Each time it seemed impossible, out of the question, that the thing could be done. Each time her heart stood still for an instant, and then bounded furiously as the lithe, elastic form passed like an arrow over the broad brown backs, and lighted on its feet surely, gracefully, with a smile and a courtly gesture of triumph. That one in the pale blue silk tights—could he really be human, and on other days go about clad like other men?

Then, the wonderful jokes of the clown! Never was anything so funny, Sue thought. But the great, the unspeakable part, was when the Signora Fiorenza, the Queen of Flame, rode lightly into the arena on her milk-white Arabian charger. Such beauty Sue had never dreamed of; and, indeed, the Signora (whose name was Betsy Hankerson) was a handsome young woman enough, and her riding-habit of crimson velvet, if a little worn and rubbed, was still effective and becoming. To Sue's eyes it seemed an imperial robe, fit for coronations and great state banquets, or for scenes of glory like this.

Round and round the Signora rode, bending graciously from the saddle, receiving with smiling composure the compliments of the clown.

"Well, madam! how did you manage to escape the police?"

"The police, sir?"

"Yes, madam! All the police in Chester—and a fine-looking set of men they are—are on your track."

"Why, what have I done, sir, that the police should be after me?"

"What have you done, madam? Why, you have stolen all the roses in town and put them in your cheeks, and you 've stolen all the diamonds and put them in your eyes; and worse than that!"

"Worse than that, sir?"

"Yes, worse, for you 've stolen all the boys' and girls' hearts and put them in your pocket." (Whack!) "Get up there, Sultan!"

And he smacked the white horse with his hand, and the Signora cantered gaily on. This was delightful; and it was all true, Sue thought, every word of it. Oh, if she could only look like that, what would she not give?

But now a new wonder! The Signora had leaped lightly to her feet, and was standing on the back of the fiery steed, always galloping, galloping. She was unfastening the gold buttons of her riding-habit; it fell off, and she stood transformed, a wonderful fairy in gold-spangled gauze, with gold slippers, and a sparkling crown—had she had it on all the time under her tall hat?—set in her beautiful black hair. The clown shouted with glee, and Sue could have shouted with him.

"Jumping Jiminy! See the fireworks! Oh, my! somebody get my smoked glasses; she puts my eyes clean out. Smoked glass, ladies and gentlemen, five cents a piece! You 'll all go stone-blind if you try to look at her without it."

The music quickened its time, the snow-white steed quickened his pace. The Signora called to him and shook the reins, and the

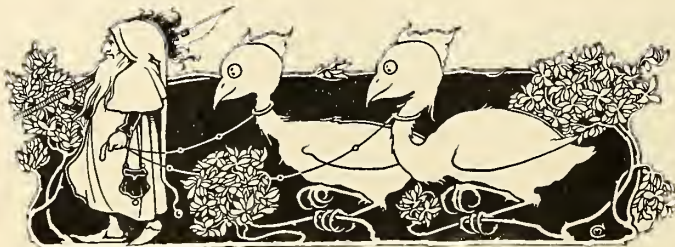
good beast sprang forward in response. Faster and faster, louder and louder, till the air was palpitating with sound, and that glittering figure flashed by like a fiery star. And now two men in livery came running out, holding a great ring of living flame. They sprang up on two stools. They held the ring steady while the flames leaped and danced, and Sue fancied she could actually hear them hiss. The clown shouted and waved his hat; the ring-master cracked his whip; the music crashed into a maddening peal; and with a flash and a cry, horse and girl dashed through the circle of fire.

It was over. The flames were gone. The Signora was once more seated, cantering easily round the ring, bending again to the clown's remarks. But Sue still sat breathless, her hands clasped together, her eyes shining. For a time she could not speak. At last she turned to Clarice with burning cheeks and fluttering breath.

"Clarice, from this moment that is what I live for! I can do that, Clarice, I know; I feel that I can. Do you suppose she would take me as a pupil? Do you think she would? If I can do that just once, then I can die happy!"

"How you talk, Sue Penrose!" said Clarice. "The idea! Who ever heard of a young lady going into a circus? Say, don't look over opposite. Those horrid Hart boys are over there, and they 've been staring at you as if you belonged to them. Such impudence!"

(To be continued.)



"TO JAIL," QUOTH THE GNOME, "THESE GOSLINGS GO!
THE KING OF GNOMES HAS ORDERED SO."



CRUEL MISS NEWELL.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

MISS SERAPHINA MARTHA NEWELL
 Was thought by some to be quite cruel.
 And shall I tell you why?

On Saturdays she used to bake
 The pasty cates, the tasty cake,
 And pastry known as pie.

To watch her was a fearsome sight!
 She *beat* the eggs, both yolk and white;
 She *whipped* the cream with all her might,
 And *stoned* the raisins with delight!

That's why Miss Seraphina Newell
 Was thought by some to be quite cruel.

THE BUTTER BETTY BOUGHT.

BETTY BOTTA bought some butter;
 "But," said she, "this butter 's bitter!
 If I put it in my batter
 It will make my batter bitter.
 But a bit o' better butter
 Will but make my batter better."

So she bought a bit o' butter
 Better than the bitter butter,
 Made her bitter batter better.
 So 't was better Betty Botta
 Bought a bit o' better butter.

C. W.

THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

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

CHAPTER VI.

IF you had asked B. J. whether he would rather have an ice-boat run over him or not run over him, he might not have found it hard to decide. But to stand dripping and cold in the middle of acres of slush, and watch a pilotless ice-boat bear down on him full tilt, at the rate of some thirty miles an hour, and to decide just which way he would choose to be run over—this was not an easy choice to make.

Finally (though "finally" is a pretty slow word to cover a hesitation amounting to about two seconds) B. J. decided to take the chances of letting the boom batter his head rather than give both the windward runner and the tiller runner a slash at him. He gathered himself for a dive into the air.

Just as he was about to leap, a sudden gust of wind swept the windward runner at least two feet in the air. Like lightning B. J. dropped face down on the ice, and the boat passed harmlessly over him, the runner just grazing his coat-sleeve.

Having inflicted what seemed to it to be a satisfying revenge, the "Greased Lightning" sailed coquettishly on down the lake, and finally banged into a dock at home, and stopped.

B. J. and Reddy made off after it as fast as they could on the slippery ice, with the help of the wind at their backs; but they never overtook it, and the run served them only the good turn of warming them somewhat, and thus saving them from the dire consequences they deserved for their foolhardiness.

When Reddy reached home he found that Heady had preceded him. Both were put to bed and dosed with such bitter medicine that this was, in itself, punishment enough.

But it was many a day before the Twins would consent to speak to B. J. When they saw him coming they crossed the street with great dignity, and if he spoke to them they seemed stricken with a sudden deafness. B. J.'s troubles did not end with his return home, for somehow or other the news of the escapade with the ice-boat reached his father's ears, and it is reported that he forgot for a few minutes the fact that his son was now a dignified academician.

Every member of the Dozen realized the necessity of cleanliness if he would be a successful athlete, and of keeping his linen and clothes comely if he wished to appear a gentleman. Taken altogether, they were exactly what could be called "neat but not gaudy." But, in spite of the presentability of the rest of them, there was none who took so much pains and pride in the elegances of dress as the boy called "Pretty," who won his nickname from his fondness for being what the others sometimes called a "dude." But Pretty was such a whole-hearted, vigorous, athletic young fellow, so strapping and tall, with no foolishness about his make-up, that the name did not carry with it the insult it is sometimes meant to convey.

The chief offense Pretty gave to the less careful of the Dozen was his fondness for carrying a cane, a practice which the rest of the boys, being boys, did not affect. But Pretty was not to be dissuaded from this or any of his other foibles by ridicule, and they finally gave him up in despair.

When he went to Kingston, however, there was a new audience for Pretty's devotion to matters of dress. Furthermore, it was considered at the Academy a breach of respect to the upper-classmen for the lower-classmen to carry canes. But Pretty pooh-poohed this

idea, saying: "This is a free country, I believe."

A large Senior in Kingston finally vowed he would crack the cane in pieces. Pretty heard these threats, and was prepared for the attack; and though the Senior was much bigger than Pretty, the Lakerim youth did not run—at least, he ran no farther than was necessary to clear a good space for the use of a little single-stick exercise.

Pretty was no boxer, but he was good with the foils, and a firm believer in the value of a stout cane. What was his humiliation, then, to find that, in the first place, the crook of his cane caught in his coat-pocket and spoiled one good blow, and in the second place that the fine, strong slash he meant to deliver overhead like a broad-sword stroke was caught upon the upraised arm of the Senior, and its whole force broken. Pretty then had the humiliation of having his "good sword" wrenched from his hand and broken across the knee of the Senior, who told him to see that he never again appeared on the campus with a walking-stick.

Pretty was overcome with embarrassment at the outcome of his innocent foppery and of his unfortunate battle, and he was the laughing-stock of the Seniors for a whole day. But being of Lakerim mettle and metal, he did not propose to let one defeat mean a final overthrow. He told the rest of the Lakerimers that he would carry a cane, and carry it anywhere he pleased, in spite of all the Seniors in Kingston, and that the next man who attempted to take it from him would be likely to regret his attempt.

About this time he found a magazine article that told the proper sort of cane to carry, and the proper way to use it in case of attack, and he proceeded to study it like a hard lesson.

Inasmuch as the boy Sawed-Off was working his way through the Academy, and paying his expenses with what small earnings he could make, it was only natural that he should always be the one who always had a little money to lend to the other fellows who had their funds from home. It was now Pretty who came to him for the advance of cash enough to buy a walking-stick of the following superb description: a thoroughly even, straight-grained bit of

hickory-wood tapered like a billiard-cue, an inch and a half thick at the butt, and three fourths of an inch thick at the point, the butt carrying a knob of silver, and the point heavily ferruled.

Pretty was lucky enough to find a stick of about this description at a small shop in Kingston, and he practised his exercises with it so vigorously and so secretly that when he next appeared upon the campus, carrying it, the Senior who attacked him at first let him go by without any hindrance, so much was he taken aback at the impudence of the Lakerimmer, whom he thought he had so well whipped. He did not know that the main characteristic of the Lakerimmer is that he does not know when he is whipped, or, if he does know it, he is not willing to stay whipped.

This haughty Senior, however, did not lose much time in making another onslaught on Pretty—

When, a little later, some of the other Seniors were pouring cold water on the bruised head of this same Senior, he poured cold water on their scheme to attempt to carry out what he had failed in, for he said:

"Don't go up against that Lakerim fellow; his cane is loaded like a Gatling gun."

So Pretty was permitted to carry his cane about the campus; and though he swaggered a little, perhaps, he had certainly earned the right, in view of the handsome way in which he polished off the autocratic Senior.

Pretty had not been home long on his Christmas vacation before he called at the home of his friend Enid, who had helped him win so many tennis games, and who was his favorite of all the girls he knew either in Kingston, Lakerim, or any other of the towns he blessed with his smiling presence. The two, being especially fond of fresh air, took many a long walk on the country roads about Lakerim.

One day, when the breeze was as exhilarating and as electric as the bubbles in a glass of ice-cream soda, they took a much longer walk than usual. Their decision to turn homeward was sudden, however, for, on rounding a sharp bend in the road, they saw coming toward them three burly tramps.

At the sight of these Three Graces both

Pretty and Enid stopped short in some little uncertainty. The tramps probably saw the young people were worried, and having noticed that they were well dressed, decided to ask them for money. They thought the boy would not dare refuse three of them.

If they had known how little money Pretty and Enid had, the adventure would never have happened.

But while Pretty was flicking the dust at the end of his toe with his walking-stick, and wondering if he really cared to go any farther, the tramps moved toward him quickly.

Enid, being a girl, was frightened, and did not try to conceal it, but said:

"Oh, Pretty, let's go home!"

Pretty, being a boy, while he was not much less disturbed than Enid, thought he must make a display of courage to reassure her; so, he said, with some show of composure:

"Yes, Enid; I think we have walked far enough for to-day."

So they whirled about and started for home at a good gait. They had not gone far when Enid, glancing back over her shoulder, noticed that the tramps also had increased their speed.

Now Pretty began to think that discretion was the better half of valor, and he seized Enid's wrist and started off on a run, an act in which she was willing enough to follow his lead. But he explained to her, just to preserve his dignity:

"They're three to one, you know."

But while Enid realized well enough the necessity for speed, she was going at a gait that was not very fast and was extremely expensive of muscle and breath. Pretty, however, ran scientifically: on the balls of his feet, with his head erect, his chest out, and his lips tightly locked.

But before long he was doing all the work, and consequently was laboring like a ship that is dragging its anchor in a storm.

They came to a hill now, and Enid leaned her whole weight upon him. He barely managed, with the most tremendous determination and exertion, to get Enid to the top of this long incline. As they labored up he decided in his own mind, and told her, that



"PRETTY AND ENID TOOK MANY A LONG WALK ON THE COUNTRY ROADS ABOUT LAKERIM."

she must leave him and run on by herself. He did not know how he was going to manage all three of the rough fellows, but he felt that upon him devolved the duty of being the plucky rear-guard.

Enid, however, was stubborn, and proposed to stay and fight with him. But Pretty, while he blessed her for her bravery and her full-heartedness, still commanded her to run on

and bring help, promising her that he would keep out of harm's way till help could come.

At the brow of the hill Pretty found himself alone, and turned and looked at the on-coming trio with defiant sternness. After an instant's pause, Pretty realized that one half a battle is with the warrior that is wise enough to make the first onslaught. So, casting off his very natural hesitation, he turned and dashed full at the three.

CHAPTER VII.

THE tramps were so much taken aback at the change of front on the part of the young fellow, whom they had believed to be scared, that they stopped suddenly short. They were in poor muscular condition, living the lazy and aimless life they did, and they did not recognize in Pretty, tall as he was, the prime athlete his years of Lakerimming had made him; and the leader of the three started forward with a large club upraised in the same indiscreet manner in which Pretty had once attacked the Senior. Pretty made a diving sidelong dodge, and the tramp's club whisked idly through the air past him. Then Pretty dealt the tramp a furious whack across the left shin.

Now, as any one who was ever struck there knows, a man's shin is as tender as a bear's nose; and the surprised tramp was set to dancing about in the air, hugging his bruised leg and yelping like a wildcat. But Pretty ran past him, leaving him to his misery, and rushed at the other two, who ran in single file toward him. The first Pretty received upon the point of his cane, and, after being poked with the sharp end, he was glad to beat a retreat.

For the third man Pretty had ready a beautiful back-handed slash across the face; but the villain, seeing what was in store for him, dropped down and rushed at Pretty low enough to pass the stick. Pretty, however, was a match for the man's strategy, and a quick step to one side saved him from the tramp's clutch. And now he recovered himself quickly enough to deliver a stinging blow upon the man's left shoulder. After a few more attacks had been as vigorously repelled, the tramps decided Pretty was not the easy

victim they had thought him, and, giving up the contest, they started to go back over the road they had come.

Pretty, as lucky as he was plucky, sauntered homeward, adjusting his somewhat ruffled collar and tie with magnificent self-possession as he went.

On his way he met the party of rescuers sent to him by Enid, who had managed to reach town in rapid time. Pretty calmly sent them back to overtake the three tramps, and these gentlemen were stowed away in the Lakerim jail till some weeks after Pretty's Christmas vacation was over.

As for Enid, I will leave you to guess whether or no she thought Pretty the greatest hero of his age,—or any age,—and whether or no she celebrated his bravery all around Lakerim long after the Dozen were away again in Kingston!

The night before the Lakerim contingent went back to the Kingston Academy, another grand reception was given in their honor at the club-house, and the Dozen made more speeches and assumed an air of greater magnificence than ever. But, nevertheless, they were just a trifle sorry that they had to leave their old "happy hunting-grounds." But there was some consolation in the thought that the life at the Academy would not be one gloomy round of studies and classes. For the Dozen believed, as they believed nothing else, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Their average in the classes was satisfactory; for, while Sleepy was always at the bottom of his classes, and probably the laziest and slowest of all the students at Kingston, History was equally at the head of his classes, and the most brilliant of all the classmen there. With these two at the opposite poles, the rest of the Dozen worked hard and faithfully, and kept a very decent pace.

But the average attainment of the Dozen in the field of athletics was far more than satisfactory. It was brilliant. For, while there was that one man History who was not quite the all-round athlete of the universe, and was not good at anything except at golf and chess, the eleven others had each his specialty and

his numerous interests. They believed, athletically, in knowing everything about something, and something about everything.

The winter went blustering along, piling up snows, and melting them, only to pile up more again, and the wind whispered or raved in very uncertain humors. But, snow or thaw, the Dozen was never at a loss to know what to do. Finally January was gone, and February, that sawed-off month, was dawdling along its way toward that great occasion which gives it its chief excuse for being on the calendar—Washington's Birthday.

From time immemorial it had been the custom at Kingston to celebrate the natal anniversary of the Father of his Country with all sorts of disgraceful rioting and un-Washingtonian cavorting. The Lakerim Twelve were not the ones to throw the weight of their influence against any traditions that might liven up the humdrum of school-book life; and the part they took in raising the flag on the tower of the chapel, and in defending that flag, and in tearing down a dummy made up of their colors and raised by the Crows in the public square of the village—of this and many other delightfully irregular pranks there is no space to tell here. And you must rest content with one important athletic affair—the affair which more truly and fittingly celebrated the anniversary of the birth of the great man who was himself one of the finest specimens of manhood, and one of the best athletes, our country has ever known.

The athletic association from the neighboring school, known as the Brownsville School for Boys, had sent a challenge to Kingston, offering to take over a team of cross-country runners to scour the regions around Kingston in contest with any team Kingston would put forth.

The challenge was cordially accepted at once, and the Brownsville people sent their best cross-country runner to look over the course two days in advance, and decide upon the path along which he should lead his team. It was decided that the course should be between six and eight miles long. The runners should start from the Kingston gymnasium, and report successively at the Macomb farm-

house, which was some distance out of Kingston, and was cut off by numerous ditches and gullies; then at the railway junction two miles out of Kingston; then at a certain little red school-house. It was agreed that the two teams should start in different directions, and touch at these points in inverse order. Each captain was allowed to choose his own course, and to take such short cuts as he would, the three points being especially chosen with a view to keeping the men off the highroads, and giving them plenty of fence-jumping, ditch-taking, and obstacle-leaping of all sorts.

The race was to have been run off in the afternoon; but the trains were late, and the Brownsvillers did not arrive until just before supper. It was decided, after a solemn conference, that the race should be run in spite of the delay, and immediately after the supper had had a ghost of a chance to digest. The rising of a full and resplendent moon was a sign that the runners would not be entirely in the dark. Indeed, this skyish lamp was so bright that it seemed to give a junior day.

Tug and the Brownsville chief (whose name was Orton) had made careful surveys of the course they were to run over. The route was as new to Tug as to the Brownsville man. Each of them, however, had planned for short cuts so different that if they had been running over the course in the same direction they would have separated almost immediately. But when the signal shot that sent them off in different directions rang out they were standing back to back, and did not know anything of each other's whereabouts until they met again face to face at the end of the course.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE teams consisted of five men each. The only Lakerim men on the Kingston five were Tug, the chief, who had been a great runner of 440-yard races, and Sawed-Off, who had won the half-mile event on various field-days. The other three were Stage, Bloss, and MacManus. All of them were stocky runners, and inured to hardship. They came out of the gymnasium in their bath-ropes; and when the signal to start was given, the spectators in

their warm overcoats simply felt chills coursing up and down their ribs as they noticed that all the men of both teams, when they had thrown off their bath-ropes, stood clad only in running-shoes, short gymnasium trunks, and jerseys. Their warmth was to come from within, and, once they were started, cold was the least of their trials.

The two packs broke away from each other at the gymnasium, and bolted at a wide angle straight across the campus and over the fence, which they all took in perfect form, as if they were thoroughbred hunters racing after a fox. Quiz and one or two other of the bicycle enthusiasts attempted to follow the Kingston packs, but they avoided the road so completely that the bicyclists soon lost them from sight, and returned to watch the finish.

The method of awarding the victory was this: The different runners were to be registered by watchers as they passed the different stages of the course, and checked off in the order in which they came across the finish-line. Each man would thus receive a number, and the total of the numbers earned by each team decided the match, the team with the smaller number winning. Thus the first man in would add the number 1 to the total score of his side, while the last man in would add ten to the final score of his side.

Tug had explained to his runners, before they started out, that team-work was what would count; that he wished his men to keep together, and that all were to take their orders from him.

After the first enthusiasm of a good brisk start to warm the men and get steam and interest up, Tug slowed his pace down to such a gait as he thought could be comfortably maintained through the course. The Brownsville leader, Orton, being a brilliant cross-country runner himself, set his men too fierce a pace, and soon had upon his hands a pack of breathless stragglers, whom he had to coddle back to life with the very slowest of dog-trots.

Tug promptly silenced any attempt at conversation among his men, and advised them to save their breath for a time soon to come when they would need it badly.

Tug's path led quickly into a woods, very gloomy under the dim moonlight, and he had many an occasion to yell with pain and surprise as a low branch smote him across the head. But all he permitted himself was a warning cry to the others:

"Low bridge!"

The grove was so blind that the men's shins were constantly barked or their feet tripped by roots at almost every other step. But Tug would not permit any of them the luxury of complaint. In time they were out of the woods and into the open. But here it seemed that their troubles only increased; for where the main difficulty in the forest was to dodge things, the chief trouble in the plain was to conquer things. There were barbed-wire fences to cross and crawl through, catching the skin and tearing it painfully and at so many points that the men felt that they had as many arms and legs as spiders.

There were long, steep hills to scramble up and to jolt down. There were little gullies to leap across, and brooks to cross on wobbly stepping-stones that frequently betrayed the feet into icy water.

After vaulting gaily over one rail-fence and scooting jauntily along across a wide pasture, the Kingstonians were surprised to hear the sound of other footprints than theirs, and they turned and found a large and enthusiastic bull endeavoring to join their select circle. Tug, who had been holding his men in, made no complaint now of their sudden spurt. Perhaps this bovine gentleman was really their best friend, for nowhere along the course did they attain such a burst of speed as then. Indeed, none of the five could remember the time in his whole life when he had made such a record.

They scaled the stone wall, however, in time to shake off the company of this undesirable guest.

In the next field there were two or three skittish colts, which were scared into all manner of hysterical scampering as the runners sped across.

Down a country lane they turned for a short distance; and a farmer and his wife returning home from a church "sociable," who

saw these five white phantoms flit past, always thereafter vowed that they had seen ghosts.

As they trailed past one dark farm-house with never a light to show upon its whole dark front, there was a loud and appallingly ferocious hubbub, something between the angry snorting of a buffalo and the puffing of a railroad engine going up a steep grade. It was the wolfish welcome of three canine watchmen, the bloodthirsty watch-dogs that surrounded and guarded this lonely and poverty-stricken little farm-house.

Those dogs must have been very sorry they spoke, for when they came rushing forward cordially to take a few souvenir bites out of the Lakerim team, Tug and the others stopped short and turned toward them.

"Load!" cried Tug.

And every mother's son of the five picked up three or four large rocks from the road.

"Aim!" cried Tug.

And every father's son of the five drew back a strong and willing arm.

"Fire!" cried Tug.

And every grandfather's and grandmother's grandson of the five let fly with a will the stones his hands had found upon the road.

And those dogs must have felt that they were caught out in the heaviest hailstorm of their whole experience. Their blustering mood disappeared in an instant, and they turned for home, yelping like frightened puppies; nor did they forget, like Bo-peep's sheep, to take their tails with them, neatly tucked between their legs.

Fast as the four-footed creatures ran in one direction, the belated humans ran in the opposite.

Now that they were on a fairly good pike-road, some of the team were disposed to sprint at full speed, particularly the fleet-footed Stage, who could far outrun Tug or any of the team—could make them look like stationary lamp-posts almost.

But Tug thought that his salvation lay in keeping his team well in hand, and he did not countenance any of this fast-and-loose running on in advance any more than he approved of straggling. The enthusiastic Stage suddenly found himself far out of his reckoning, Tug

having seen fit to leave the road for a short cut across the fields. Stage had to run back fifty yards or more, and spend much of his surplus energy in catching up with the team.

It was a merry chase Tug led his merry crew: up hill and down dale, through some rough ravine where the hillside flowed out from under their feet and followed them down, and where they must climb the other side on slippery earth by grasping at a rock here and a root there. Through one little strip of wood, that gave him a particularly advantageous short cut, he led his men in spite of protest at the thick underbrush and the frequent brambles they encountered there.

Just at the edge of this little grove Tug put on an extra burst of speed, and those behind, following to the best of their ability, saw him about to pass between two harmless posts.

Suddenly they also saw him throw up his hands and fall over backward. When they reached him they found that in the dark he had run into a barbed-wire fence.

They were doubly dismayed now, because they had not only lost their leader, but were themselves lost in some part of the country where they knew neither the landmarks nor the points of the compass. They helped Tug tenderly to his feet, and, for lack of a better medicine, rubbed snow upon the ugly scratches in his breast and legs.

"This ends the race as far as we are concerned," moaned Bloss.

But Tug had recovered enough from his dizziness to shake his head and mane lion-like, and cry:

"Not much! Come on, boys!"

And before the restraining hand of Sawed-Off could stop him, Tug had somehow wormed himself through the barbed-wire fence, and was off across the open. And they were sore put to it to catch up with him again.

Suddenly, as the devoted four followed their leader, the station at which they were to report loomed unexpectedly upon the horizon, approached in some unknown way by Tug, who was threading his path through the wilderness with more regard for straight lines than for smooth progress. Once they thought they saw a few fleeting forms in the distance, and they

guessed that it must be Orton and his Brownsville team; but they could not feel sure, and no closer sight of their rivals was vouchsafed to them.

When the last station had been passed they began to feel that there was some hope of their reaching home. They began also to feel the effect of their long, hard journey. Their sides hurt them sorely, and their legs ached, and their breath came faster than they wished.

MacManus now showed more serious signs of weakening than any of the rest. He straggled along with feet that seemed to get into each other's way, and carrying a head that wobbled uncertainly on his drooping shoulders.

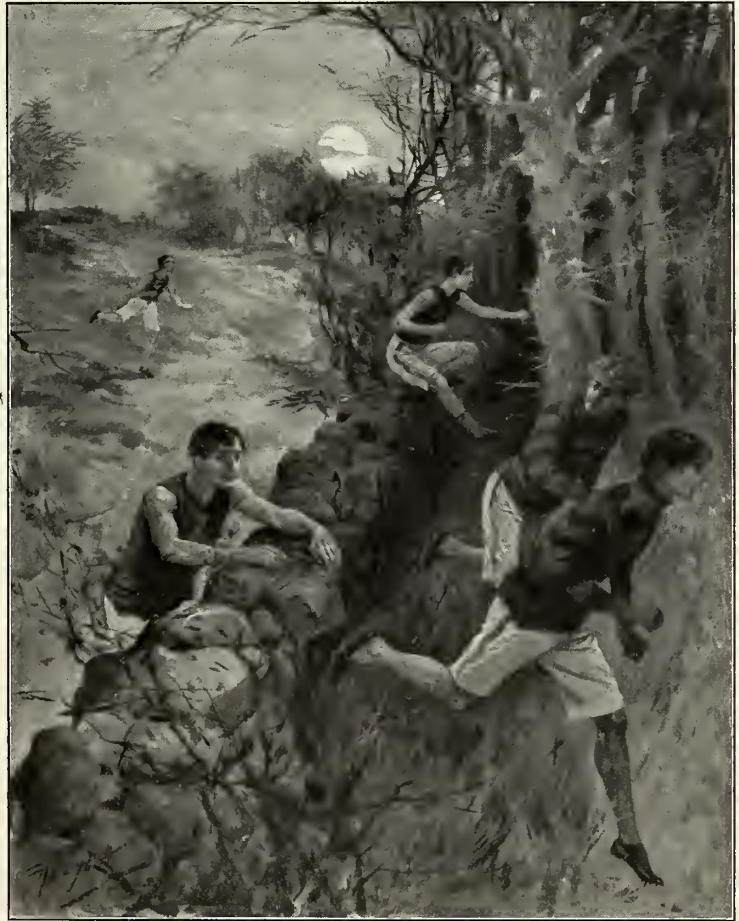
Tug fell back and ran alongside him, trying to console and encourage him into better speed.

MacManus responded to this coaching with a spurt, and suddenly broke away from the four and ran wildly ahead with the speed of desperation. He came upon a little brook frozen over with a thin sheet of ice. Across the water lay a log, that seemed to have been put there either providentially or by some human being as a foot-bridge. MacManus leaped gaily on it to cross the stream ahead of the rest. To his breathless dismay, the log turned under his foot, and, wildly as he tried to get a good grip on the atmosphere, nothing could save him, and he went ker-smash and ker-splash through the thin ice into the water!

Now he was indeed willing to run without any more coaxing than the bitter air upon his wet skin. His only hope of getting warm was

in his heels. And he ran like a maniac, till Tug and the rest must put on extra speed also, or lose him completely.

Almost before they knew it now they were on the outskirts of Kingston village. Their arrival at the beginning of the home stretch was signaled in a very startling manner; for



TUG LEADING THE KINGSTON TEAM OF CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNERS.

Tug, who had regained the lead, saw ahead of him a bright, shining strip that looked for all the world like a little frozen stream under the moonlight. As he approached it he gave the quick command, "Jump!" and he made a great leap, followed almost immediately by his devoted attendants. The next thing they all knew, they were in half-frozen mud up to their knees. The bright patch they supposed to be a brook was a frost-covered sidewalk, and

they had carefully jumped over the sidewalk into the mire beyond!

The strategic Tug kept up his system of short cuts even now that they were in town. He led them over back fences, through orchards and kitchen-gardens, scattering a noisy flock of low-roosting hens in one place, and stirring up half a dozen more uneasy dogs on his way.

By the time they had reached the true home stretch, a long downhill run straight to the goal, MacManus was once more in bad shape and going very unsteadily.

As they cleared the brow of the hill Tug's anxious heart was pierced by the fear that he had lost the long, racking race, after all; for, just crossing the tape at the finish, he caught a sight of Orton. The rest of the team saw the same disheartening spectacle. And MacManus, eager for any excuse to stop running, gasped:

"They 've beaten us. There is no use running any farther."

But Tug, having Lakerim ideas in mind, would never say die. He squandered just breath enough to exclaim:

"We 're not beaten till the last man crosses the line! Run for your life, Stage!"

So Stage slipped his leash and ran. Ah, but it was a brave sight to see him dashing forward like a deer-hound after a stag! He wasted not an ounce of energy, but ran cleanly and straightly and splendidly. He had the high-stepping knee-action of a thoroughbred trotter, and his running was as beautiful as it was swift.

"Run, all of you, for your lives!" cried Tug, to his panting and almost exhausted team.

The weary little band sprang forward with a new lease on strength and determination. Tug had no personal ambition, like Orton, to leave his men to find their own way; but rather he herded them up and urged them on, as a Scotch collie drives home the sheep at a canter.

Orton's runners were "tailed out" for more than half a mile behind him; and though he was easily the first man home, Stage beat his second man in, and Bloss was a good third.

Orton ran back frantically now to coax his last three men in. He brought up his third man at a fairly good gait; but before he could get him to the line, Tug rushed forward his last three men, Sawed-Off well up, MacManus going doggedly, and leaning mentally, if not physically, on Tug, who ran at his side.

By thus hurling in three men at once Tug made an enormous inroad upon the score of the single-man Brownsvillers. Besides, though Orton got his next to the last man in soon after Tug's last man was in, the last Brownsviller did not come along for minutes afterward. He had been left to make his way along unaided and unguided, and he hardly deserved the laughter that greeted him as he came over the line.

Thus Orton, too ambitious, had brought his team in with this score: 1, 3, 8, 9, 10—total, 31; while Tug's men, well bunched at the finish, came in with this score: 2, 4, 5, 6, 7—total, 24, a win by seven points!

Tug richly deserved the cheers and enthusiasm that greeted his management; for, in spite of a pack of individual inferiority to the crack Brownsvillers, he had won through the Lakerim idea—team-play and shrewd policy.

(To be continued.)





MARY MAUD.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

Now Mary Maud is visiting us,
I have the hardest time
Trying to be—oh! *so* polite!
She does n't know how to climb

The very easiest apple-tree!
And then, she 's 'fraid of cows,
And kind of 'fraid of hens, I guess!
Besides—her mother 'lows

Her hair to hang in great long curls;
Mine 's in the tightest braid
Ever my folks can get it in!
I don't mind when she 's 'fraid

Of things; I say, just as polite,
“What would you like to play?”
But when I think about her curls,
I 'most wish she 'd go 'way!





BOOKS AND READING

W.H.M.

IF ST. NICHOLAS did not have so many good friends it would be a simple matter to print all of the pleasant letters that come crowding into our mail whenever anything happens to bring editor and readers into closer communication. But while the limits of the magazine forbid the printing of more than a few of the mass of cheery, bright, or interesting notes that came with the book-lists, the writers of these messages may be sure that all the letters were read with full sympathy and appreciation. Please let this brief word be an acknowledgment of the courtesy of our many, many correspondents.

At least one of the charming letters we must find room for in full:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Is it possible, I wonder, for a lover of books to see the enticing invitation to "make a list" without responding promptly, not to say precipitately?

As for me, I am always making lists. The first of every year I make a "list of the books I would read during the year." Not that I ever read them; that is quite a different matter. Instead, shortly after, I occupy an idle morning in drawing up a "list of twenty books I should choose to have with me if wrecked on a desolate island." This last is a delightfully puzzling task, and may never be accomplished without fierce battling and heavy loss. Then follows "list of birthday books to be given to my little nephew (if I had him) from second to twelfth year," also "list for a supposititious niece," and various others. But, as I have said, nobody ever reads them. It is a great pity, too, for they are all such *good* lists!

And now I find, at last, an opportunity of drawing up a list that really may be followed by some one! I cannot but seize it, though encountering difficulties at the very start. For instance, when compiling a list for my nephew or niece, I have always included an "Æsop." In fact, that has followed next in sequence to the "Mother Goose." But now that I come to draw a list for really true boys and girls, the inconvenient question presents itself: "Will they read it?" And the answer to this question follows swift—a most emphatic *no*, in the case of the ordinary child. Fortunately, however, we have "The Jungle Books." There is no doubt as to their reading *them*, and what better could they read? So I pass by old Æsop with a half-smile, my first difficulty met and gallantly overthrown.

Then follows Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I have Known." That must go in, too, being most emphatically a book "to be read and re-read"—the oftener the better for any boy or girl.

Quick and fast they crowd upon me now—books that

must all be included, books that no child's library should be without. I marshal them in line, arranging and rearranging. Then to count them—ungrateful task. There are just thirty-nine! What's to be done?

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown."

Again the old battle is renewed. Mythology, fairy-tales, poetry, on the one hand; on the other, history, biography, travel—chosen champions all, giants in their world. And I, as umpire, pettily denying to the hero of a thousand fights just place among his peers! Still, it must be done.

The "Lady of the Lake," with proud, sad glance, withdraws herself from the lists, refusing to battle for that which she knows to be hers of right. King Arthur and his gallant knights retire, step by step, before the fierce onslaught of those more modern heroes, Nansen and his crew, followed in quick succession by Ichabod and the somnolent Rip Van Winkle. Let none think shame of them that they have been met and overthrown by the doughty Moors of Spain.

So the battle rages, bringing fresh glory to victor and vanquished alike. Hurrah for the heroes of Greece!—shattering, in godlike fury, their spears 'gainst the mailed and mounted paladins of France! Hurrah for brave Roland! Hark! Do you hear the blast of a horn? Has the traitor Ganelon once more worked his wicked will to bring to naught such valor? No; here all is fair and open fight; yet the pride of France, Roland, with blood-stained crest and broken sword, moves slowly from the field, waving that sword, though, in generous acclaim of a generous foe! Greece has it. And I, also, have at last my list of twenty-five books.

Trusting that it may meet with your approval, my dear Madam, even though you should fail to find it worthy of editorial sanction, I am

Very truly yours,
ALICE C. HAINES.

Miss Mary Silsby has an excellent suggestion about choosing carefully which book of a new author to read first; she says she

"found it a simple task" to make her list, and adds that if there had been seventy-five books allowed it would have been easy. "When I hastily jotted down my favorites, they numbered one hundred; and I sacrificed one treasure after another until the result was reached." She says also that young readers who begin to read Dickens with "Hard Times" or "Martin Chuzzlewit" do not learn to like him, while those who choose "David Copperfield," or the "Christmas Stories," or "Nicholas Nickleby" will afterward love Dickens. In the same way, who reads first "Quentin Durward" or the "Talisman" will thereafter love Scott's works.

If this idea be well founded, it is most important that young readers be careful which book of a new author is selected for a beginning.

"As one of a family of five children on a Louisiana plantation," she adds, "where our individual library

consisted chiefly of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Exiles of Siberia,' 'Scottish Chiefs,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' 'Arabian Nights,' and 'Percy's Ballads,' I could not omit them even for 'Alice,' 'Water Babies,' or 'Rip Van Winkle.'

A welcome correspondent from a Southern State, at the end of her list, says:

I have taken pleasure in making the list, and have given largely the books that were the most benefit to me, intellectually and spiritually, when I was a girl, adding a few of the books for young folks that have recently appeared.

I have given a good many of the poets, but sincerity compelled it.

Please persuade young folks to read "The Rose and the Ring." Its humor is delightful, but it is so little read!

We are happy to say that the recommendation of Thackeray's fairy-story is not necessary, for very many of the better lists contained it. It never should be published, however, without the delicious drawings its author meant to go with it, or without the rhyming head-lines that only Thackeray would have composed. By the way, what has become of the "Holiday Romance" Dickens wrote for "Our Young Folks" so many years ago? It did not seem to meet with favor from our list-makers! We are sure that it was omitted from nearly all the good lists. Perhaps that was just!

With a list sent by his daughter, Mr. F. M. Richardson of Omaha, Nebraska, writes that his own list,

"not submitted in competition for any prize," is "the result of much laborious and perplexing but very agreeable work of selection." In comment on the excellent list he submits, he suggests that the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" should always form part of a child's library, "if only as models of English literary style."

Of course this is sound advice; and we may say here that the only purpose in excluding religious works from the competition was to confine the lists to books that a child might take up in the hours devoted to the delights of reading for its own sake, rather than consciously for instruction or improvement of any sort. He concludes:

"I shall follow the course of the competition with much interest. My thanks are due to you for the privilege of contributing my mite to a result which cannot fail to be far-reaching and wholly good."

And here is a note that ends more cheerfully than it begins:

PLEASANT VIEW, TENN.

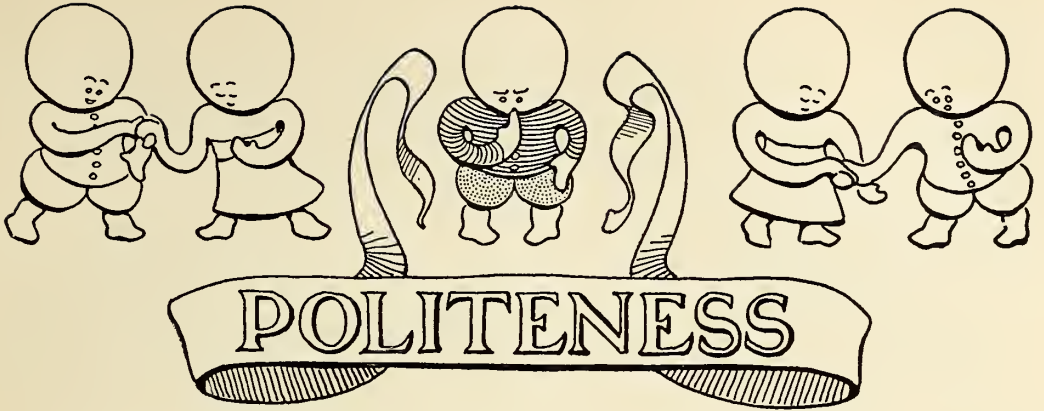
I feel a dismal sense of failure after my task is done, and am sure that if I had but one more week I could

get up a list of fifty better books, easy! But "they fail, and they alone, who have not striven!" If I do not get a prize, I shall surely get some good lists of books for my own children, for mine is not bad, I *know!*
MRS. J. L. TEAGUE.

But it is impossible to give more than short extracts from a few additional letters. We shall make only the briefest comment, since our space in this department is so limited.

Miss Isabella M. Andrews says: "I take this opportunity to thank the good ST. NICHOLAS for Clara Erskine Clement's 'Stories of Art and Artists,' which came out in the magazine in my childhood, and was the very beginning of a love for art that is one of the resources of my grown-uphood." A very pretty picture of family coöperation is given in a short letter from S. S. F. Callahan, who reports that the list he sends comes "from my twelve-year-old daughter and myself. She was advised and assisted by her six-year-old sister." Mrs. E. Washburn Brainard concludes her list with the remark: "This is most interesting work. I was struck by the distinction you make between 'books that are really of value and those that are merely interesting'! I suppose that children should like Wordsworth, but those I know don't! I do not think they generally care much for any poet. Making such a list is certainly a good step in education both for old and young." Mrs. J. C. Bogle makes this admirable suggestion: "I try to teach all children that life is too short to spend time on inferior books or those simply entertaining." And she thanks ST. NICHOLAS, in the name of her own and all other children, for the help it has given for so many years. Mrs. J. A. Wills finds it "hard to make out a list of only twenty-five, when there are so many books freighted with truth and beauty." She ends her letter: "I have long wanted to get from others the best list of books suitable for young minds, and I feel like thanking you for the opportunity I am going to enjoy when the lists are published." Miss Edith Johnson writes: "It is such a pleasure to make book-friends for life! One always becomes especially attached to the author whose acquaintance is made early. So, while there are many interesting and perfectly harmless books for young folks, it does seem that, as our best authors have written books that are suitable for the young, they would better be spending their time on this best literature, and so forming a taste for good books."

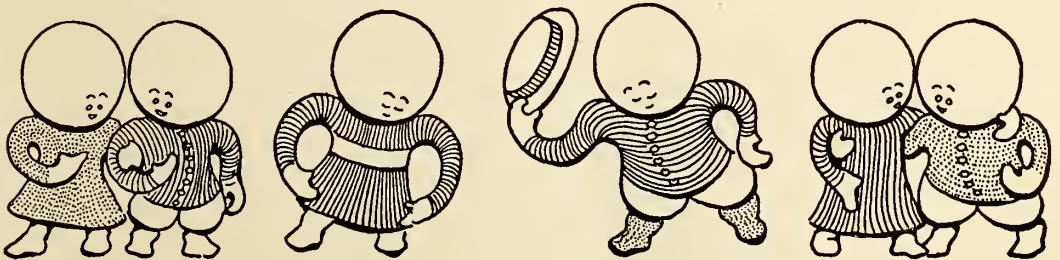
MR. CHARLES WELSH, the author of a number of well-known books upon children's literature, is collecting nursery-rhymes and jingles, especially such as are distinctively American, or local. He asks ST. NICHOLAS readers to aid him in bringing to light all such material—including games that have rhymes and songs belonging to them. Mr. Welsh's address is 67½ Wyman Street, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Massachusetts. We are sure that many of our readers will be glad to aid in this compilation of American nursery literature.



—
BY GELETT BURGESS.
—

I THINK it would be lots of fun
To be polite to every one;
A boy would doff his little hat,
A girl would curtsy, just like that!

And both would use such words as these:
“Excuse me, sir,” and “If you please,”
Not only just at home, you know,
But everywhere that they would go.





THE LETTER-BOX

HACKENSACK, N. J.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a poem my father wrote because we left our school-books lying around:

" See the books,
Children's books,
Lying 'round in all the nooks.
Some on sofa, some on chair,
Dire confusion everywhere!
Nor hat nor coat upon their hooks—
How like Old Scratch our hallway looks!

" See the strings
And other things
That in the hallway each one brings;
Scraps of paper, old and torn,
Here are found at early morn;
Pins and needles mar its looks;
But worst of all are children's books.

" Here 'll be seen
A magazine,
There a history writ by Greene.
See the 'Algebra Complete'
Lying on the window-seat.
Papa's getting old in looks,
Overwhelmed by children's books."

HILDEGARDE G.—

WEI HIEN, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been your reader for two years, and like you very much. I am ten years old, but I stopped getting you three years ago. I have raised a number of silk-worms, and so I thought I would write and tell you about them.

The silk-worm at first is about as big as a grass-seed. It eats very fast, and grows very fast, too. When it is about three inches long it throws one of its skins off. It does this four times. And it eats nothing while doing so. Then it eats very fast to make up lost time. When there are many eating, it sounds just like a big wind. When it is about forty days old, it begins to throw out of its mouth a gold or silver thread. For three days it keeps working. At the end of the three days it has finished its task, and has made a tight little

cocoon of yellow or white. If you don't want the moth to come out, you must put the cocoons in boiling water, and dip them up with a little Chinese broom, and bringing up millions of little thin threads at once. I always keep some of the cocoons for the moth to come out of and lay eggs for the next year. I have had a lot of silk made from the cocoons. I remain your loving friend,
MARGARET CHALFANT.

DOLLAR, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for some years in our home in South Africa, and often took a bundle of your old numbers with us on our trips by ox-wagon. The stories we most enjoyed were Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Stories," "The Lakerim Athletic Club," and "The Sole Survivors." We hope there will be some more stories by Mr. Kipling and Henty. We had a voyage with Mr. Kipling some years ago to South Africa, and he told us some most delightful tales. We were in South Africa during the happening of a great many dreadful things—the Matabele war, the Jameson Raid, a famine among the Kaffirs, and the rinderpest. We are just three girls in our family, and are now home to go to school. We all have bicycles and enjoy them very much.

I am your interested reader,

EIRIAN F. CHITTENDEN.

THE TRUE STORY OF HOW OUR CALF WALKED UPSTAIRS.

On the afternoon of April 3, 1899, my cousin Christine and I got permission to let out our calf, "Julia," and play sketch her, while she stood still in the little yard near the house. After getting a very bad outline of her (for it was a yearling) we let her into her stable, supposing that she would go into the stall and wait until we came in to lock her into her stanchion. But she brought in an act that was not on the program.

There was a closed door between her and us that did not latch, but only swung to. This she pushed open, and walked up to where the stairs went up to the hay-loft, just as we came in the door, and we stood looking at each other until I tried to make her go back into her stall, when, lo and behold! she rushed upstairs, and when she got half-way up she jumped over five steps and landed at the top.

We tried every way we could think of to get her down, and as we could not, we went for help, and got two boys to come over. They tied her, and said papa would have to help get her down. We met him when mama was taking Christine home, and he laughed and said, "How did she get up there?"

After supper he told us that he had piled hay up and made her jump off on to it.

He said I must let her alone after that.

SARAH W. OWIS (aged ten).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For a long time I have intended to write you a letter as many of my friends have done. Now, I have written some verse (which I dare not dignify by the name of poetry), and I am sending it to you.

It runs as follows:

THE ST. NICHOLAS Magazine (a most instructive periodical)

My brother John took for ten years in manner quite methodical.

Then piled away high on a shelf for moth and rust to gnaw them,

Till one day in my restless years the nurse came in and saw them.

"Why, just the thing," dear Betsy said.

"Why did n't I think before?"

Then piled around me all the books and sat me on the floor.

That was the happiest hour of all of my short days.

ST. NICHOLAS received a meed of well-deserved praise.

Why did that thoughtless, foolish boy pile on his bedroom shelf

Amusement that might have sufficed his brothers and himself?

The riddle must remain unread; enough for me to say ST. NICHOLAS has been my friend from that thrice happy day.

Your sincere friend,

A. MOORE.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy the letters in your "Letter-box" very much indeed; but although I have read a great many, I have never seen one telling about a girl's "sorority."

I belong to one called the $\Psi\Phi$ (Upa Phi). There are thirteen members, girls from eleven to fifteen years of age. Our colors are pink, green, and white; our pin is of gold with "Upa Phi" in white on a background of black enamel. We meet every Friday afternoon at one of our various homes, where we do many things (keeping plenty of time for fun). Last year we gave a poor family of seven persons a Christmas dinner of turkey, cranberries, pickles, jelly, cake, nuts, raisins, candies, fruit, and Christmas cakes.

From time to time we give plays, the last (about two weeks ago) being the "Midsummer-Night's Dream."

Of course it was much revised; but I think even Shakspeare himself would have recognized the play as his own.

We had ten little girls, about five years of age, for fairies, and a dear little boy for Puck. The fairies were very pretty in their white dresses, with pink, green, and white wings. The rooms were crowded. The play "came off" beautifully, and when we counted up our money afterward, we found to our surprise that we had made over ten dollars. The tickets were five and ten cents each.

We have not quite decided what to do with the money; but shall give it to either the Woman's Gymnasium fund, or to the University Hospital, for one is as badly in need as the other.

The "Gym" has been largely built up by the efforts of the students, who give plays, fairs, and other entertainments to raise the money; but still it is not completed.

The hospital is a State institution. A great many children are there who are not sick enough to be in bed, and have nothing to do in the way of amusement. We think it would be a good plan to send them a supply of dolls, tops, balls, and other toys.

If any of your readers think they would like to form a chapter of the $\Psi\Phi$, we shall be glad to hear from them and give them further information. A "Beta Chapter" has already been formed, and we will be glad to have others.

Very cordially yours,

MARIE LOUISE HERDMAN
(a Upa Phi girl).

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a much-loved member of our family for twelve years, first in bound volumes, and now monthly, because "A year is so long to wait, you know, mother." The grown-ups enjoyed you before the children were any age at all!

Now, during the twelve years we have sent you neither line nor rhyme, reason nor riddle—nothing but our annual subscription! Now, Hilda (aged ten and a half) began at four years old, like Silas Wegg, to drop into poetry, and her "makings," as she calls them, have quite accumulated. Being modest, she has never been willing to send you any, but I now pick out one or two of the different sorts. They are not thought out, but come to her suddenly—one about the fairies about four o'clock A. M., when she was disturbed with whooping-cough one morning this week. She is a child who has always been especially well acquainted in fairyland, and I have even found hidden away colored maps of that country! The nonsense jingles, of course, show the influence of Edward Lear.

I wish I were able to make some illustrations for them. I suppose all children make rhymes at some time, and you may have only too many of the same sort. These are her own work; no help or polishing.

ST. NICHOLAS is a joy forever—there is really nothing new to say about it, so appreciative are its admiring friends, of whom I think mothers should be numbered first and chief. The whole family, one and all, from grandmother down, are your constant readers, so that we are one of your most devoted *Smith* families.

MRS. JOHN JEWELL SMITH.

BARNEY O'GROGHAN

He bought a toboggan

And went out to coast on a hill;

He soon tumbled off

And came home with a cough,

And his grandmother gave him a pill.

THERE once was a bird called a Bustard

Who was terribly fond of cold custard.

He beat up the eggs

With his feather-edged legs,

And ate them with ginger and mustard.

HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH.

DINGA DINGI, COOTAMUNDRA,
NEW SOUTH WALES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: An aunt of mine has been sending you to us for eighteen months, and we look forward to receiving you every month. I have one sister and one brother.

We live twenty miles from the nearest town, which is Cootamundra, but the train is only six miles from us.

For the last five years we have had a big drought, and in many places in the colony people have had to cart water for their use a good many miles, and the creek which runs through our land has not been running for more than five years; but yesterday we had a big thunder-storm, and it made the creek run about half a mile from here. During the drought it was awful to see the

sheep and other stock, they were so poor and weak; and many of the stock about here and other places died.

The Easter holidays will be over to-day, and we will commence school again on Monday. We have a governess, as we are too far away from any school, and the school that was near us was burned down twice, so they have not had another one put up. This year we spent our Christmas holidays with our aunts, and we had a splendid time.

We are very fond of riding, but as the horses have been too poor we do very little.

We have three dogs and one cat, which weighs fifteen pounds in the winter.

Wishing you every success,

I remain your reader, MARGARET GENTLE.

A FRIENDLY correspondent sends us this jocose rhymed story about a baby:

I WAS sitting in the twilight
With my little two-months boy,
And was wondering how the future
Would his busy hands employ.

So I said with playful feeling,
As he turned his eyes to me,
"When you grow up big like papa
What 's my baby going to be?"

Then in answer to my question
This late adding to our group
Told his mama all about it;
For he laughed and said,

"A Goo-p."

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Dutch girl. I speak not much the English language. I do not like America. We have not long been here. I would like to come back to Holland. I think we will not stay here long. I have four brothers and two sisters. I write not much, so I soon tire. I hope you will print my letter. I am very homesick. I like you very much.

Your loving little friend,

KATHEENA RIKELSTEIN.

KINDERHOOF, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and live in Kinderhook, New York. It is a very pretty village, and the birthplace of Martin Van Buren, the eighth President of the United States. A great many people come here to see his home. He is buried in the village cemetery.

I go to school every day, and like to study. I have learned to do the vertical writing this year, and my family think it has made my writing better.

I live with my cousin George, and he has a dog named "Duke." I think Duke likes me as well as he does George, and he knows lots of tricks.

Our school takes ST. NICHOLAS, and all the boys and girls like to read it. We have a reading-table in our

room, and after we get our lessons we go there to read ST. NICHOLAS and other papers and story-books.

Your little friend,

FRANK NEWTON HOAG.

WE print here, in alphabetical order, the names of the young correspondents whose letters in full cannot find place in the Letter-box. We thank each of them for the pleasure derived from an interesting letter.

Roberta A. and *Bertha B.*, two neighbors and good friends, write a joint letter.

R. A. C. Adams of Victoria, Australia, sends us an account, very clearly written, of how wine is made at his father's vineyard at Avoca.

Margaret D., seven years old, made up a story which her mother writes out for her. It tells of a "brother who would n't mind" his sister, "as brothers mostly don't"!

Aubrey De Renne tells all about her favorite pony, "Jumbo," and sends a sketch of him.

Ann Drew sends a bright and pleasant little letter.

Dwight Fuller wrote a little poem beginning:

"Gone hath the SUMER with all its flowers,
Gone hath the birds that sing so sweet,"

but we can hardly print it during these sultry days.

Mildred H. Green tells of a little friend of hers "who is not an angle without wings," like the character in a goody-goody book. Do angles have wings? She also wishes the author of "Betty" to know that "she stops her story in the most exciting parts." We suspect that Miss Wells may be aware of that fact already.

Peyton Randolph Harris bemoans the loss of his pet setter-dog "Tim."

Kell J. tells of "an old man who thinks it sinful to possess a picture of any kind, and has actually made an appeal to Congress to have no pictures on the money, and the fun of it is, his daughter married a photographer!" He also asks whether our boys and girls have noticed that every river and stream in Alabama retains its Indian name. Is this so?

Alastair Hope Kyd regrets the absence of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" from ST. NICHOLAS. He asks us whether any railway-station is larger than the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, that covers twenty-three acres. As he takes the magazine from a library, he humorously signs himself, "Your semi-reader."

"*Posy*" sends us in her letter a very creditable design for a Letter-box heading, for which we thank her, though we cannot print it.

Dorothy Read writes an interesting account of some pet rabbits, but spells "white" this way: w-h-i-g-h-t; which seems more trouble than the right way! She also puts n-i-b-b-e-l-s for "nibbles." Dorothy Read should learn to be Dorothy Spell.

Harriet B. Stark, who lives in Tomahawk, Wisconsin, but writes from Canandaigua, New York, tells how she feeds the chipmunks with crackers, the little creatures coming to sit in her lap while she feeds them.

Phebe Thorne tells a story about a frightened rabbit.

Rosamund Underwood gives an account of a terrible hail-storm, with hail-stones bigger than lemons!

Harold O. Whiteside compliments ST. NICHOLAS very kindly, for which we thank him.

OMITTED WORD.

THE same word may be used to fill all the blanks.
 He stood in the _____ of the room, and watched the
 vessels sailing on the _____. Near by, under the
 shelter of a _____ tree, a fine _____ horse, saddled,
 awaited the coming of the master. Far in the distance
 he could discern a stag standing at _____, while there
 came to him, borne on the breeze, the deep _____ of
 his favorite hound.

P. E. TODD.

5. Take the central letter from a weapon, and leave part of a ship.
6. Take the central letter from departing, and leave a Chinese instrument.
7. Take the central letter from a grain, and leave an exclamation.
8. Take the central letter from an orifice, and leave an insect.
9. Take the central letter from a means of locomotion, and leave certain coverings.

All of the removed letters may be found in the word "Cherubini."
 KATHARINE.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the surname of a poet.

LETTER PUZZLE.

Y M A Z
 R U G I
 N T H N
 E C E E

FROM the above letters trace out the name of a well-known magazine. Start at a certain letter, and move, one square at a time, in any direction, except cornerwise.
 H. W. E.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take the central letter from a country of Europe, and leave to revolve. Answer, Sp-a-in, spin.

1. Take the central letter from a woman's name, and leave a man's name.
2. Take the central letter from a number, and leave a pronoun.
3. Take the central letter from a piece of furniture, and leave a story.
4. Take the central letter from an animal, and leave a fire extinguisher.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place where ready-made clothing is sold. 2. A cruel Roman emperor who was murdered by Stephanus. 3. A fault-finder. 4. The name of a great estate near Asheville, N. C. 5. One who follows a leader or party. 6. Sourness of taste, with bitterness. 7. Abounding in goods or riches. 8. A very great number. 9. Conditional stipulations. 10. Triumphant. 11. To estrange. 12. To suggest indirectly. 13. To relinquish a throne.

Zigzag, from 1 to 2, one of the United States; from 3 to 4, a fanciful name of that State.

"MEUM ET TUUM."

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE gift of August here concealed
 In country lanes may be revealed.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. There was a chap, Tobias Strong,
 Who dug a grave six inches long.
2. And then with shears that tailors use
 He cut the buttons from his shoes.
3. With liquid of acetous taste
 And graham flour he made a paste;
4. And added, as they do in shops,
 A little arnica in drops.
5. Then on his shoes he let it flow
 And soak them well at heel and toe.
6. (He 'd brought them to the Jersey shore
 From Illinois eight weeks before.)
7. Now if a moral one would crave,
 'T is with the buttons in the grave.
8. For man, or bird, or beast, I ween,
 Such button-holes has seldom seen.

ANNA M. PRATT.



"HEY FOR A BUCKET, AND HEY FOR A SPADE,
HEY FOR THE SILVER SEA!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY ERIC PARKER.

MERRILY, merrily dance the sails
Over the summer sea;
Down to the rocks and the yellow sand,
Down to the sand go we!

Hey for a bucket, and hey for a spade,
Hey for the silver sea!
Bricks and mortar for money and men,
Castles of sand for me!

Seaweed and shells for windows and doors,
Doors out into the sea!
Fish for sentinels, crabs for guards,
Pebbles for lock and key!

We are the kings of the golden sand,
Queens of the silver sea!
Ours is a kingdom of spades and pails,
None are so happy as we!



TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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

CHAPTER VI.

RAISING THE RANSOM.

ALL that Paul expected from his mother was realized. In the midst of her anguish she was calm and mentally clear and alert; and before the sorrowful tale was fully told she had decided what course to take.

"Children," she said, "I know well that Jacques Cortelyou will give me a mortgage on this house. Long he has desired to have it, for he owns the houses on each side of us. To-morrow morning I will see him. This is the first thing to do. Your Uncle Jacob has so many claims to consider; your grandmother loves her gold as her life. We must help ourselves."

She made little outcry, but her whole being expressed the woeful wretchedness in which her soul labored; and she finally confessed that this very thing had been the haunting fear which had filled her days and nights for months with terror unspeakable.

"Not to think of it, not to speak of it, I tried," she said, "because I was so afraid, by doing so, I might call the sorrow unto us. Yet six months ago I wrote to our consul at Algiers, begging him to make inquiries about your father. No answer came to my letter, so then I had hope that the thing I dreaded had *not* happened to us."

They went early and sadly to rest. Paul and Catharine, worn out with their previous sleepless night, soon fell into deep and restful forgetfulness of all sorrow; but Madam Van Clyffe was long awake with her grief.

In the morning she came down calm and strong, and ready dressed for the street; but as the servants were passing to and fro, nothing was said of the business in hand. Indeed, the time for talking was over; and all felt that the hour had come for effort that

must not be slackened until it was successful. Paul and Catharine remained together while their mother took the step which she believed would prove the right one. Paul sat musing by the fire. Catharine could not work. Her sewing lay on the table—the gay silks and the white lustering; but she had no heart for making rosebuds. Neither could she talk; she was too anxious. She walked up and down the room, and sometimes stood at the window, looking out, but seeing nothing. She longed for the bells to say a word; but they had no message for her. Nine o'clock chimed, and the notes were without meaning; ten o'clock chimed, and it was only a chime. She turned impatiently when it was over, and saw her mother coming up the steps. It was a very stormy morning, and Madam was wet through; but when she entered the parlor there was a look on her face which told of success before she found breath to say:

"Children, I have got six thousand dollars on the house. Now, Paul, you will go to your Uncle Jacob, and tell him that if he and your grandmother cannot manage the other four thousand to-day, I shall go to Philadelphia to-morrow, and get the money from my relatives there."

Catharine was helping her to remove her wet clothing as she spoke, and as soon as he had received his message Paul went to deliver it. Then, as Madam took up at once the regular duties of her household, Catharine also lifted her needle, and resolutely resolved to imitate her mother's noble self-control.

In about half an hour she heard a knock at the door, and, pausing a moment to listen, was aware that one of the servants went to answer it. The circumstance was an ordinary one, and did not arouse any special interest; but when Jane ushered into her presence an old woman, breathless with the fierce wind and dripping with the rain, she started quickly to her feet, and exclaimed with utter amazement:

"Grandmother! You!"

"Yes, child. My cloak and my wet shoes take off; and my hood it is soaked—shake it. Your mother, child—tell me—where is she?"

"I will go for her at once."

"A minute wait. Put for me a chair near to the fire; and then I will have a cup of hot tea."

As Catharine was obeying these orders Madam Van Clyffe came into the room. She stood speechless, for never before had her mother-in-law visited her. The elder woman spoke first. She stretched out her hand cordially and said:

"Sarah, we all have the same trouble. Sorry I am for you!"

Then Madam lost all her fortitude. She sat down by Jan's mother and wept like a child. She kissed the strong, withered face, that was as old-looking as a crinkled leaf in December. She took in her own white, youthful hands the aged yellow hands, seamed all over with blue veins, and stroked and petted them with an unmistakable affection. She began to speak of Jan's goodness, and his love for his mother;

and when Catharine entered with the cup of hot tea, the two women were weeping together over the beloved one.

Catharine was greatly affected. She quietly set down the little tray, and was going out of the room, when her grandmother said:

"Katryntje, come here. Listen to me. I have put this morning in the bank, for your father's ransom, ten thousand dollars. Now, then, at Trinity gates you will not need to beg; nor to the dominie you will not need now to go. Oh, child! child!" And then she broke down again, and covered her face with her trembling hands. And they comforted and blessed her, and gave her the warm drink, and after a little broken conversation she fell asleep.

When she awoke she had quite recovered her strength. She insisted on going to her

home; but she did not refuse her daughter-in-law's assistance through the wet and windy streets; nor did she, as they passed along, neglect to warn her about undue haste.



"THE GOOD SHIP SPED OUT TO SEA FOR THE LONG VOYAGE."

"How you feel, that I know, Sarah," she said. "For myself, I wish that I had wings like the bird that flies eighty miles in one hour. But with Jan is my heart and my thoughts; and sure am I that he will feel some new strength and hope."

"Dear mother, I thank—"

"No, no! In my own heart is the witness." And then all the way to her house she tried to impress on her daughter-in-law the necessity for some official protection for Paul and the ransom. "I have heard of that scoundrel Yusuf!" she said passionately. "There is no measure to his treachery and cruelty. Quite capable is he of taking the gold and making the bearer of it his slave."

"I have thought of that, mother. Mr. Errington told me this morning that he would devise means for Paul's protection."

"The Englishman! Can you trust him?"

"He is to be trusted. Of that I am sure."

In the evening Mr. Errington visited the unhappy family. He was delighted at the promptitude they had manifested, and was quite ready to second it. "I will go with Paul to Baltimore," he said; "and if we have time we must go to Washington and get letters which may be powerful aids to success. I think, too, that I can obtain permission for Paul to go on the 'George Washington' with Captain Bainbridge. Some sort of position may be found there for him. He would then have the protection of a United States man-of-war, and also the favorable consideration from Yusuf which half a million of money may have upon his temper."

"Paul can leave at any time," said Madam Van Clyffe.

"Say, then, in two days. Madam, you may rely on me. I will do all that is possible; and I will see Paul safely on his merciful journey before I return."

Large as these promises were, Mr. Errington kept them. Paul carried an urgent and powerful letter to the consul, and one which, in case of extremity, might be given to the piratical monarch himself. Many details not necessary to explain were attended to; but at length the gold for Captain Van Clyffe's ransom was on board the *George Washington*.

Paul hopefully waved a farewell to the stranger who had served him so nobly, the good ship's sails were set, and she sped out to sea for the long voyage.

In the meantime his mother and sister took up their daily life again with what heart they were able. Eight or nine weeks, perhaps much longer, must elapse before they could hope to have any intelligence; and at first it seemed to Catharine that she could not, *could not*, bear the suspense. Fortunately, the need for work was greater than ever; and in this need the two anxious women were able to lose that distressing sense of watching and listening which is the sting of fear and uncertain anxiety. Every hour of daylight was filled with labor of some kind. Catharine taught her mother the embroidery by which the largest amount of money was made; and very soon it was two busy needles at work, almost from morning to night.

Besides which, Catharine had three new music scholars; though, as they were more advanced than her cousins, she was often obliged to herself practise the lesson she was going to teach.

Just at dusk, one day, she put down her embroidery, and began to go over, very softly, a sonata of Mozart's. As she did so, Mr. Errington entered the room, walked to her side, and said: "You are playing that passage incorrectly. It is rapid and *legato*; and the turn is on E, not on D. Let me show you."

He played it twice or thrice over, and Catharine, burning with shame and anger, imitated his rendering. But when she told her mother of the circumstance, she did not get the sympathy she expected.

"Very glad you ought to be, Tryntje, and not cross," answered Madam. "A young girl like you cannot know everything."

"To be sure; but then he was not asked to teach me."

"So much the greater his kindness. Mr. Errington told Paul he would do everything he could to help us while we are alone. That was one thing in which he could help. It was a trouble, and no pleasure to him."

"All the same, I am not sure but that I

played the passage in the manner most correct."

"I do not think so."

"And I hope that he will not interfere with my music again. He talked to me as if I were at school. I am not a child; I am almost a young lady."

"Katrjntje! You make me astonished at you. I hope, then, he will tell you whenever you are wrong. It is very good of him."

This was precisely what Mr. Errington did. He fell into the habit of calling upon the two ladies once every day, of telling them any public or social news he thought might interest them, and of asking Catharine to play for him. When he found out that she had a very sweet and sympathetic voice, he began to teach her to sing many charming and even difficult solos from the great masters of melody. In fact, he conceived himself to have a certain providential charge over these desolate, anxious women, and in two or three weeks managed to become that excellent thing, a familiar friend who knows just how far friendship is convenient and acceptable.

A kindly notoriety was now attached to the Van Clyffes. The story of the captain's captivity was told at every hearth; and many wealthy and important people took a great interest in his release. Indeed, sympathy on every hand waited for them. Catharine's wonderful industry and cleverness was constantly praised; every one was desirous to have something from her hands, simply because every one desired to help her. Her refusal to taste any luxury or to participate in any amusement while her father's fate was undecided in some way became known; and mothers and fathers looked kindly into her young face wherever she went. Besides which, her grandmother took more notice of her; and that pleased Catharine most of all.

In a large measure, Jacob Van Clyffe compelled in his household a similar condition of seclusion. "Church is our only pleasure now," said Gertrude, fretfully, one morning, to Catharine. "The Schuylers have a dance to-morrow night—a family dance, and yet father will not let us go to it. We may not skate, we may not visit, we may not have a

few friends to short-evening with us. And when I complain, he says: 'You have the pianoforte. Many times you said it was all the pleasure you wanted.' Is it not too bad, Catharine?"

"What can I say, Gertrude? The thought of pleasure-making is to me impossible."

She had just given her cousin a music lesson, and was sitting a while to rest before returning home. Her face was sad; she was tired. She had grown weary of counting the days. The bells had forgotten her; Mr. Errington had been at Mr. Morris's for nearly a week. Her mother's anxiety, through all her attempted cheerfulness, was so pitifully evident, and she could not help but share it. All her life seemed to be held in a painful suspense. And the weather was so gray, and damp, and chill; and she had a bad headache. Gertrude's complaining was the last straw, for it had a tone of personality that offended her, and she continued:

"I should think you would not like to dance, or to be seen dancing, Gertrude, when the family is in such trouble."

"Oh, indeed! an uncle is not a father, and I have not often seen Uncle Jansen—he is usually away. I know one thing: he has made for us all a very bad winter. Grandmother says—"

"I am sure she says nothing like what you have said," answered Catharine, sharply.

"And to think," said Gertrude, with increasing ill temper—"to think of all the money she has had to give to those dreadful creatures!"

"I do not think that one dollar of her money will be used," said Catharine, with a flushing face. "I hope not."

"I also hope not," continued Gertrude. "Out of our pockets it will really come."

"I think it will not come out of your pocket; but if so, that is far better than that my father should be a slave. Mr. Errington says six thousand dollars may be sufficient. My mother sent six thousand, and besides that, Paul has with him mother's pearl necklace, and her ruby brooch and ring."

"What a shame! Such lovely jewels! I remember Aunt Sarah wearing them to a great dinner at Richmond Hill. And of course

they would come to you. How could you let them go? There was money enough without them."

"What are a few pearls to my father's liberty? I would fling them into the river only to see him for one five minutes."

"Such words are mere nonsense."

"No; they are the solemn truth."

"Six thousand dollars, and the pearls and rubies! Certainly that ought to be enough without any of grandmother's money."

"I have no doubt it will be enough."

"I don't think we need care whether it is enough or not," said Alida. "If grandmother likes to give her money to save Uncle Jan, it is nothing to us. She never gives us any money."

"But she will leave it to us when she dies," answered Gertrude. "For my part, I think she never will die. She is seventy now, you know, and—"

"For shame!" said Catharine, passionately. "You have always the thought of grandmother's death in your greedy heart. I am ashamed of you!"

"I will never take another music lesson from you, Miss Van Clyffe."

"I am ashamed of you, and I do not wish to give you another music lesson."

"Please don't quarrel, Catharine," said Alida.

"Oh, indeed!" answered Catharine; "it is time to quarrel with Gertrude on this subject.

Grandmother, when our great need came for her love, was as tender and generous as the good God makes mothers; and I would not deserve my own sweet mother if I listened patiently any longer to Gertrude's constant



"GERTRUDE BURST INTO A STORM OF TEARS."

wishes for our grandmother's money—for it is all the same as wishing for her death."

"Well, then," said Gertrude, in a violent passion, "I wish that I had that old leather bag in which she keeps her guineas. And I will wish she was dead, if I want to, and as often as I want to, without caring whether Catharine Van Clyffe likes it or does not like it."

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" said Alida. "I would not say such things."

"I am going home," said Catharine, rising hastily to her feet; "and, what is more, here I will never come again."

The room in which they were sitting was the big house place, and as it opened directly on the garden, there was, in winter-time, a large oaken screen extending half the way through the room, and forming a sort of hall or passage. The side of this screen facing the room was paneled and slightly carved; the other side was fitted with hooks for hats and cloaks. There Catharine's hood and cloak were hanging, and she rose to get them; but ere she reached the end of the temporary partition her grandmother came from behind it.

She pushed Catharine gently aside, and stood facing Gertrude, with such grief and anger on her aged face as no words can translate. There was no necessity for her to say a word.

Gertrude burst into a storm of tears and cries, averring that she did not mean a single word of what she had said, and that she had only said them to tease and anger her cousin Catharine. She attempted to take her grandmother's hands, to kiss her, to plead with her; but the wounded old woman would not listen to her or answer her in any way.

She turned to Catharine, and told her to put on her cloak and hood, and she would take her back to town. Then she ordered Alida to tell her father exactly what had occurred. Gertrude fled to her room, crying and bemoaning her fate, and wishing that Catharine had never come into their house. Alida, even, was not exempt from her angry suspicions.

"*You* heard grandmother come in; I am sure you did," she said to her sister.

"I did not, Gertrude."

"Yes, you did. And that was the reason you told me not to 'say such things.' What will father say to me? He also will be against poor Gertrude."

"Gertrude, I am not against you."

"Every one and every thing is against me. Not one shilling now will grandmother leave me. Well, then, I don't care!"

"We shall always share together, Gertrude, in every way."

"Alida, what will you say to father?"

"The truth I must tell him; there is no other thing to do."

"I know that. But I hope that you will also say that Catharine provoked me very much. Remember how stupid she was this morning. Once she was so good-tempered and merry—"

"But she had a headache this morning, and she is so anxious and sorrowful."

"Well, then, is that our business? And grandmother will now be talking to Catharine, and asking her questions about us; and you may guess what she will say to her."

In this respect Gertrude was very far wrong. The grandmother did not say one word to Catharine all the way back to the city. When she put her down at a point not very far from her home, she asked, but with evident effort, if Catharine's mother was quite well; and to the girl's answer, her expression of thanks, and her good-by she made no response except a slight nod and the faintest smile.

Catharine had even a feeling that her grandmother was glad to be relieved from her company; and she said to herself, as she threaded the wet, crowded streets: "Grandmother was only kind to me in order to punish Gertrude and Alida." It was indeed one of those days in which life is apt to show us only the wrong or seamy side of all events, and this incident weighed on Catharine's heart very heavily. She feared her Uncle Jacob would be made to throw the blame on her; that she would lose both his love and her pupils; that, in some way or other, she would be made to feel, even by her grandmother, that she had been the bringer forth of unhappiness. As she walked drearily forward, life was at its lowest point; and she wondered if any other girl in all New York was so miserable and so hopeless. As she neared her home, the bells chimed the noon hour; but though she listened with her soul in her ears, they said nothing to her. It was just another disappointment.

When she came close to Trinity gates, she saw they were partly open, and the church door ajar; and a sudden overwhelming desire

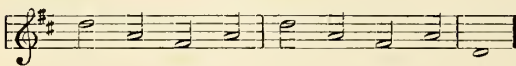
to enter took possession of her. There was apparently no one in the church; but a brush and a duster lying in the vestibule gave her the key to the conditions, and she said to herself:

"Some one has been dusting the pews, and when twelve chimed they went to their dinner. Very well, then; I shall have one hour alone."

She walked reverently forward, and soon came to a high, square pew. It was canopied and curtained, and richly ornamented; but she regarded only its deep seclusion. It was easy to enter, and she closed the door again, and sat down on one of the soft velvet footstools. The fret of life was outside; it was far away from her; she was in a sanctuary, and she felt as if she were in the presence of a great, calm friend. She was no longer afraid, she was no longer unhappy; all the shadows were gone. She had been comforted.

Fearing to break this heavenly sense of happiness, she sat very still, her face calm and shining, her eyes soft, deep, full of holy peace. Soon an irresistible languor soothed and possessed all her faculties. The carpet was warm and thick, the cushion-like hassocks soft as pillows. A sweet stillness lay all about her. Almost unconsciously she fell into a sleep, dreamless, profound, full of rest.

For more than two hours she slept; then in a moment she was wide awake. Some one was playing the organ very softly. With a song of joy in her heart, fearing, doubting, sorrow all fled away, she passed quietly out of the sanctuary in which she had found such comfort. And just as she reached the church gates the bells began to chime. She listened, and the happiest light spread from her lips to her eyes and transfigured her whole face; for this was what they said:



Lightly as a fawn she stepped across the muddy street. Her mother had been expecting her for some hours, and she looked up from her work at the delayed girl with a serious inquiry. But when she saw the radi-

ance, the peace, the happiness in Catharine's countenance, she held back the words of reproof that seemed deserving, and asked: "What is it, Katryntje?"

"I have had a message, mother," she said; "the bells have spoken at last." And she sat down by her mother's side and softly told her. And Madam, who had a heart simple and trustful as a child's, was equally comforted, and the words of reproof that had been on her lips were turned into words of hope and affection.

The quarrel at Uncle Jacob's was indeed a very disquieting circumstance; but Catharine thought she ought to "let it alone," and her mother before many days came to the same conclusion. "In a muddy stream there is no use in stirring; we will let it settle," she said; "for, whatever move we make, it may be wrong."

The wisdom of this course was evidenced by facts. In about a week Alida called to ask Catharine to continue their lessons. She said Gertrude had gone to her grandmother, and had come back forgiven. But it was not to be hidden that the family inquisition had been a very severe one, and that the intervening week had been full to the brim of penitence and penalties. Nor was the domestic atmosphere yet settled after the storm. Gertrude was sullen and gloomy, Alida only half as pleasant; and as for Uncle Jacob and the grandmother, neither of them made any sign to Catharine. She could not tell whether they were angry at her or not. But she thought of what her uncle had once said to Paul about the leafless trees and frozen streams: "They don't complain; they wait." And she resolved to make neither inquiry nor complaint, but simply—wait.

In other respects life was brighter, and she did not try to reason away the comfort of the bells. She kept their assurance like a song in her heart. When she awakened in the morning, she said to herself: "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear!" And all day long, if a cowardly doubt disturbed her peace, she answered it with, "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear!"

So the days came and went, and were full

of work and hope and sympathy. Friends and acquaintances began to say, "You ought to hear something good soon, Madam Van Clyffe," and Catharine's mother always answered cheerfully: "Yes, then; that is what we are expecting."

One morning Mr. Errington came into the parlor to ask Madam Van Clyffe if she would permit him to make a picture of a Dutch interior from her best kitchen. And as Madam was pleased at the proposal, they stood talking about the arrangement of certain old oak presses and cupboards, and the furniture of the room—especially of the big fireplace. Catharine went on with her embroidery, listening the while, and sometimes offering a suggestion, but really more interested in her work, and in her own thoughts, than in the "Dutch Interior."

In the midst of this quiet discussion, the parlor door was abruptly flung wide open, and a little figure in a light-blue hood, and with a quantity of pale-brown hair on her shoulders, ran impetuously forward to Catharine, exclaiming in almost hysterical crescendo: "My dear Delight! My dear Delight! My dear Delight!"

It was, of course, Elsie Evertsen. No one but Elsie would have so charmingly violated all sensible, conventional rules and forms of "Glad to see you!"

Madam and Mr. Errington looked at her with pleasant smiles. They even paused and ceased their conversation to watch her; for, indeed, in her blue hood and blue cloak, her short dress and buckled shoes, her childlike beauty and fairy figure, she was a very attractive picture.

In a minute or two she turned to Madam and said:

"Good morning, my dear Delight's mother! Pray forgive that I did not speak to you the first."

Then, looking critically for a moment at Mr. Errington, "You are Paul, I suppose,"—adding, in a tone of disapproval: "I did not think you were so big."

"I am not Paul," answered Mr. Errington, laughing. And then Catharine introduced Elsie to their friend. She made him an exceedingly pretty curtsy, and then turned away

with her "dear companion." They were very quickly left alone, and then Catharine lifted her work, and their confidences began. Elsie turned the conversation instantly to the school, and the events and changes that had happened since Catharine's farewell to it. In this way the morning and afternoon went like a pleasant dream.

And Catharine was glad of Elsie's company. She had a true, tender heart below all her affectations, and was certainly a very great favorite. Mr. Errington was delighted with her childish, meddling, saucy imperiousness; and he induced her to obtain her parents' consent to sit at Catharine's spinning-wheel and become, in this character, a part of his great picture, "A Dutch Interior."

Elsie was all the more desirable because Gertrude and Alida did not recover their old friendship. The lessons were continued because Uncle Jacob wished them to be continued; but the girls were, both of them, shy and cold, visiting on Catharine the consequences of their own fault. Elsie's quick wit divined the situation. She understood without a word the jealousy of the sisters, and their envy of Catharine's many friends and great popularity. It gave her, therefore, great pleasure to walk part of the way home with Gertrude or Alida and make such remarks as the following:

"I wish that Catharine was my cousin. Another girl so good, so clever, so beautiful, you cannot find in New York."

"Do you indeed think her beautiful?" asked Gertrude.

"Well, then," answered Elsie, "we are all of us dowdy girls when we stand beside her. Her face is perfect, and her figure; and as for her voice, it is wonderful!"

"Indeed," said Gertrude, "my voice is much stronger. I have been asked to sing in the choir."

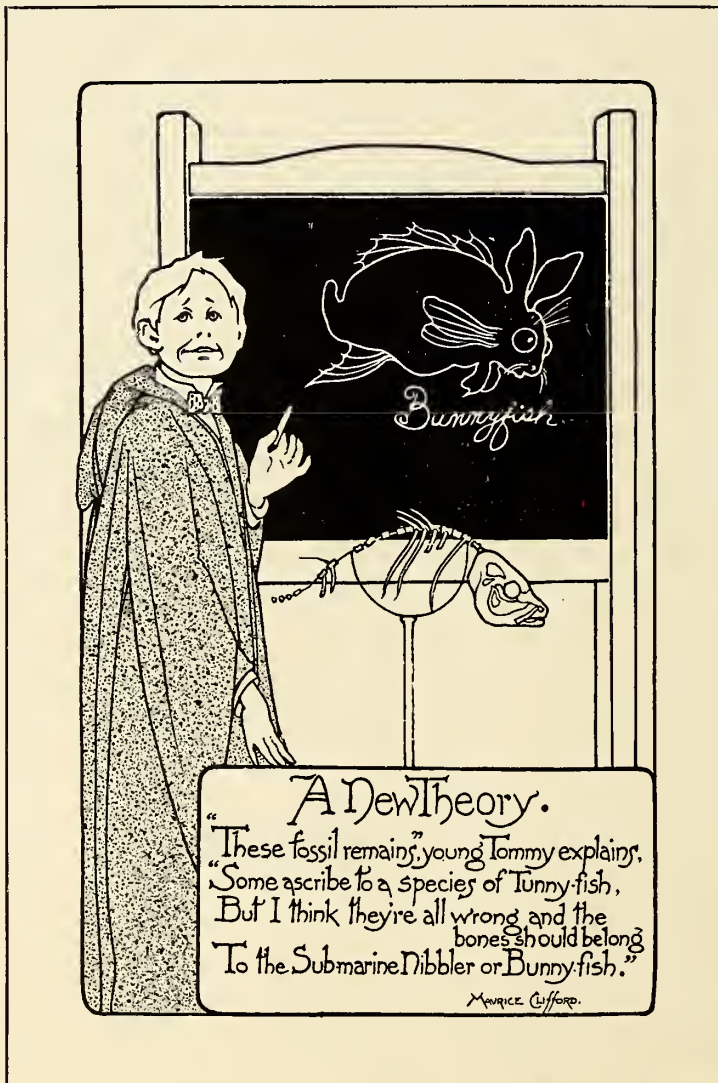
"Of the Dutch church!" exclaimed Elsie, smiling. "Perhaps, indeed, your voice, or my voice, might do for the choir; but if you have once heard Catharine sing 'Where the Bee Sucks,' then you do not want to sing yourself any more."

With this new element infused into their

quiet, busy days, Madam Van Clyffe and Catharine bore with bravery and even cheerfulness the slow wearing away of weeks into months. Her music, her teaching, her embroidery, and Elsie's companionship left little space for fretting. Nor was Catharine inclined to fret. Her nature was, like all fine natures, distinctly hopeful; and if, after some specially stormy day or some specially un-

happy visit from her relatives, she was disposed to doubt, or to think of her father's or Paul's return with uncertainty, the next chime put music in her heart again. For, ever after that day when she found in President Washington's canopied and curtained pew in Trinity Church a little sanctuary, the bells had chimed one song to her: "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear!"

(To be concluded.)



ARKICHITA: A TALE OF AN INDIAN DETECTIVE.

(*A True Story.*)

BY LIEUTENANT W. C. BENNETT, 6TH INFANTRY, U. S. A.

WHEN a boy I read the fascinating delineation of Indian character as portrayed by that master hand, Fenimore Cooper; likewise did I pore eagerly over imaginative adventures of youthful heroes as depicted in the thrilling story-papers of the day; but after years spent on the frontier amid the Indians, and numerous adventures to which I was a witness on the plains, the force of the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is more firmly impressed on my mind than ever.

If you have an old atlas, look on what was the Territory of Dakota, and¹ about sixty-five miles west of Big Stone Lake (on the eastern boundary) you will find a little tract of land laid off, marked "Military Reservation of Fort Sisseton." It is a portion of a country the early history of which was simply that of the Indian and the buffalo; and there, snugly nestled between a hundred small prairie lakes and sloughs, was the military post known as Fort Sisseton—a relic of pioneer days.

Here two companies of infantry, with their officers, passed the monotonous existence of garrison life on the frontier, as a precaution against whatever the future might present in the way of Indian trouble, the actual force being about six officers and their families, one hundred enlisted men, and a few Indian scouts, among whom was Arkichita,* chief scout.

Arkichita was a typical Indian. Although he knew English well, he held the old Indian hatred of its use, and would never speak it except under extraordinary circumstances. He stood about five feet nine inches in height, was slender, but wiry, and was about thirty-four years of age. Ordinarily he was slow and sedate in his actions—very dignified; but when the necessity arose, he could be as quick as a flash,

and had, like every Indian on the Northwestern plains, a pair of eyes that could equal any field-glass.

His services—for he had been employed as a scout for some years—had been very valuable to the government, and, in recognition of this fact, the officer in command had secured authority from the War Department to promote him to the rank of sergeant; consequently he went around in a neat uniform with chevrons and stripes, very much impressed with his own importance, which he considered second only to that of the commanding officer; and he took care that every one else also should respect his rank and dignity.

As his native name is the Sioux for "soldier," it is easily seen why he was so named; but he had still another name, which the Indians had given him before his entering military circles, and that, translated into English, was the "grass-walker," or "trailer," from his absolutely marvelous ability to find the trail of anything that left even the slightest trace on the ground as it passed over it.

About 6 o'clock P. M., somewhere near the middle of August, 1882, while we were sitting at dinner in the commanding officer's quarters, some one hurriedly approached the front door, and knocked in a manner to indicate that he desired a response without unnecessary delay. I had caught a fleeting glimpse of the person as he hurried by the dining-room window. By his face I saw he was an Indian, and by his uniform (the scouts were all uniformed) a scout; but while perfectly familiar with the features of each of the scouts, I had been unable to recognize this one as he passed.

* So signed by himself in a labored hand in the monthly muster and pay-rolls of the United States government. The correct spelling would probably be "Akicita." In this article it is made to agree with the pronunciation.

Surmising something was amiss, I jumped up and opened the door, to find myself confronted by the scout Macaw, or, as the Indians called him, "Buffalo Calf." I noticed his face was badly bruised, his manner excited. Evidently there was something serious the matter.

"What 's the matter, Buffalo Calf?"

"Sojer hit me," he said in broken English, pointing to his face.

"What does he wish?" the colonel asked, from the dining-room.

"He says one of the soldiers struck him."

The colonel came to the door, and asked him to explain. Then, with his eyes glittering, the usual calm, stoical qualities of the Indian gone, the scout explained, by use of broken English, signs, and Sioux,—which I translated as he went along,—how a sheep-herder, passing across the reservation with a flock of sheep, had left word that he had abandoned some lambs a mile or so below, which any one could have by going after them; that he (Buffalo Calf) had gone out and carried two of them in and put them in an empty stall in one of the stables. Among the soldiers detailed on duty in the stable was a man named Brice, who took the lambs away from the scout, and said he would raise them himself. At this the scout said he would report Brice to the commanding officer. Brice said if he did he would "break every bone in his body." The scout started off to make his report, whereupon he was knocked down and beaten unmercifully, as his face only too plainly showed.

The colonel called to his orderly: "Give my compliments to the officer of the day, and say that I desire to see him immediately."

In about five minutes the officer of the day approached, and, giving the graceful military salute, said: "Sir, I report to the commanding officer."

Having stated the case to him, the colonel said: "I wish you to fully investigate this affair. Examine all the witnesses to it. Report to me whatever action you take."

The officer of the day replied, "Very good, sir," saluted, and left.

We were already somewhat familiar with Brice's character. He had been a cow-boy in

Texas, as he frequently boasted, and withal a desperate man, as subsequent events only too conclusively proved.

It was clearly shown by witnesses that the statement of the scout was correct in every particular. Consequently Private Brice was tried by garrison court martial, and sentenced "to be confined at hard labor, in charge of the post guard, for a period of thirty days, and to forfeit to the United States ten dollars of his pay."

He swore to be revenged. First he was going to "kill the scout"; then he was going to "get even with the commanding officer"; both of which threats were made openly, in defiance of military authority and discipline, and required corrective measures. He was placed on a bread-and-water diet for fourteen days. He likewise threatened to escape. "No guard-house can hold me. They tried it in Texas, and I got away," he said. But the guards only winked suggestively at each other, patted their rifles, and said they would like to see him try it.

One evening, just after the last notes of "retreat" had died away, and while the sounds from the evening gun were yet reverberating on the quiet air, came the sharp crack of a sentinel's rifle, followed almost immediately by another. An alarm!

Instantly everybody was in motion, running in the direction of the firing. Brice had "jumped" the sentry who was bringing him back from supper, and had escaped!

The scouts were told the direction he had taken. It was getting too dark to trail, so they hastily rounded up their ponies, and rode off to try and overtake him, if possible, but without success. Arkichita was at the Sisseton Indian Agency, forty miles away. In the morning they attempted to pick up the trail, which followed a path leading down to the lake shore; but as ten or more people had already gone back and forth in that direction, they were unable to single out Brice's trail from the rest; the only man who could do that, they said, was Arkichita.

Ordinarily, a man deserting as Brice had done would have had the sympathy of all the

rest of the enlisted men; but he had so antagonized every one by his brutality and by his threats that he had hardly a friend left.

The path the sentry said the deserter had taken passed within two hundred yards of an old ice-house, which had not been used for some time, and which was about a quarter full of straw. Numerous searching parties were sent out. Probably two or three had already been through this ice-house, but had evidently not spent much time there. Among those that did go there, eventually, were two sergeants from Company I—Sergeants Pallens and Loclins.

Both were familiar with the interior of the building, having superintended the packing of ice there in the winter-time; and knowing that if the man was hidden there he would be burrowed in the straw, they felt that the only way to satisfy themselves that he was not there, unless a stratagem was used, would be to take all of the straw out—an arduous undertaking.

Loclins wandered over the straw, jabbing his bayonet as far down into it as possible. This proved to be tiresome and ineffective. Presently he returned to Pallens, who was standing by the door. Thrusting the bayonet into the straw so that the butt of the rifle stood straight up in the air, he left it there. Turning to Pallens he said:

“Got any matches?”

“Yes; but you don’t want to smoke in here—you ’ll set the old shack afire.”

“Never you mind; give me the matches.”

On getting them, he went over to the farther side of the room.

“Jerk that rifle up, and put it outside the door; and hold the door open, so I can get out quickly. We ’ll fasten it on the outside, so the smoke won’t be seen until—”

“Great heavens, man! you don’t mean to say you are going to set fire to the straw!” Pallens demanded. “Why, you idiot, we ’ll be tried by a general court, and get five—”

“You ’re old enough to have more sand. Hold the door open.” Here he paused a minute.

“Quick! quick!” he cried, plunging heavily over the yielding straw to the door. “Get something, will you, to bar the door with—quick!”

Reaching the outside, he caught up his rifle, and halted.

There was a billowy motion in the straw, a sudden great upheaval. With straining sobs and frantic effort, something burst forth, scattering the straw broadcast, made tremendous leaps for the door, and sprang through—almost into the cold, glittering steel of two bayonets. That short, stern, military challenge, “Halt!” which so chills the heart when heard unexpectedly, greeted the ear.

The deserter confronted them like an animal at bay.

The scene was a wonderfully striking one. It would be impossible to tell who was the more astonished, the prisoner or his captors.

He glanced mechanically at the two men, then, bewildered, looked back into the ice-house. It was as dark and silent as a tomb. His face showed how keenly he appreciated their trick.

He pleaded with them to release him.

“I have never done nothing to you fellows. Let me go, and I will clear out and not bother anybody any more.”

But they had grown gray in the service, and could not reconcile any such action with their ideas of duty.

Then he became bitter and exceedingly violent, threatening to “get even with them” after he was free.

Silently they marched him back to the guard-house, where he was shackled and placed in a cell to await a second trial—this time by a general court martial.

The guard-house was a one-story frame building, with two rooms and a cell. Upon entering, you found yourself in the guard-room—a room about thirty feet square, with a hole in the ceiling about twenty inches square for ventilation, while around the sides were arranged the bunks for the use of the members of the guard. The only other door led to the prison-room, which was slightly smaller than the guard-room, with the windows and door heavily ironed to prevent the escape of the prisoners. The cell that Brice was confined in was a separate affair in the prison-room.

One night, after he had been confined about

a week,—I recollect the night perfectly,—the moon showed fitfully through rolling fog; quiet had settled down over the fort; a few lights could be discerned, showing dimly through the mist; most of these would be extinguished in half an hour, when “taps” was sounded. Inside the guard-room also quiet reigned. The members of the guard, tired with guarding prisoners during the day, were trying to snatch what little sleep they could before going on their tiresome walk as sentry—“two hours on, and four hours off”—during the night. All were lying on their bunks, the majority asleep, the others courting the drowsy god—all except the sergeant of the guard and the corporal whose relief was on post; they were not allowed to sleep. The sergeant reclined on his bunk, trying to read by the flickering light, ever and anon glancing at the clock to see that the second relief, which went on post at eleven o’clock, was awakened in time by the corporal.

There was no sound except the grating of the feet of the sentry on the gravel, as he passed on his monotonous beat backward and forward in front of the guard-house. His beat was from the gate, thirty feet distant on one side, to the commissary storehouse, sixty feet away on the other.

It was customary to call the hours and half-hours. The sentry on “No. 1” had just been told the time by the corporal, and his “No. 1, half-past ten o’clock!” had been answered by Nos. 2, 3, and 4—faint echoes of mysterious voices coming out of the distance and fog, each giving his number, and adding: “Half-past ten o’clock, and all is well!” The sentry had notified the corporal of the answers by, “All is well, all around,” and lapsed into silence again.

The sergeant closed his book, and had proceeded as far, in a remark to the corporal, as “Wonder what time the old man will inspect to-mo—” when a dark body suddenly fell through the square ventilating-hole, struck the floor not ten feet from him, and sprang for the door.

It was Brice!

The sergeant grabbed the loaded rifle at the head of his bunk, at the same time yelling, “Halt!” That yell transformed the interior of the guard-room as if at the waving of a

magician’s wand; instantly the reclining forms sprang into life.

The man next to the sergeant sat up on his bunk and glanced inquiringly around until his eyes focused on the point of a bayonet two inches away; back of that gleamed the dark muzzle of a Springfield rifle.

“Duck your head, quick!”

But he needed no warning; he had dropped like a shot!

The delay, brief as it was, had enabled Brice to pass through the door, which he closed after him. Now occurred another wonderful piece of luck for him: the man on the post then, named Massena, was celebrated as a rifle shot; as luck would have it, he was at the far end of his beat.

At the sound of the disturbance, Massena turned. He saw Brice running through the fog, but did not recognize him. The fact that any one was running showed him something was wrong. He was not supposed to challenge until taps—eleven o’clock. He threw his rifle to his shoulder, but being undecided, he hesitated. Just as Brice reached the gate, the sergeant threw open the guard-house door, calling, “Halt!” Massena understood now, and just as Brice passed through the gate he fired.

The bullet went through the beam at the edge of the gate, but was just a fraction of a second too late; it could not have missed by more than six inches.

Brice turned the corner, and ran for dear life out into the prairie. The sergeant ran to the gate. He could see his man, phantom-like, running through the fog. He fired once, twice, three times. But Brice was too old a hand to be shot so easily. The sergeant said he ran in a zigzag fashion that puzzled his aim entirely—a trick he had doubtless learned in Texas. His form was soon swallowed up by the fog.

As the firing constituted an alarm, every one hurried to the scene. The daring nature of the escape took everybody’s breath away.

Brice had managed to free himself from his shackles, had then cut a hole in the ceiling of his cell, and crawled over to the hole in the middle of the ceiling of the guard-room, and dropped as explained.

Here was a desperate man indeed!

The scouts were out immediately. As soon as Arkichita understood the situation, he strolled quietly off in the direction taken by the deserter, and in a short time returned and coolly retired to his quarters. The other scouts were out ranging the prairie.

The colonel sent for Arkichita in a hurry. His complacency was unchanged. "Me get um to-morrow—lightnogoood to-night," was all he said.

You may be sure I slept but little that night, and turned out long before it was necessary, in my anxiety to be with Arkichita when he took up the trail. Many a time before had I accompanied this wizard of the prairie when trailing, and therefore realized something of what our expedition might be, as well as of its result. There is nothing so exciting as following a desperate man, who, for all one knows, may be armed.

As the old Apache chief Cochise once said to a dandy with whom he was deer-hunting:

"Huh! You think it heap big fun hunt deer; wait till you hunt man!"

Just as soon as it was light enough to follow the trail, I went over to the scouts' quarters, and found them at breakfast. While I knew they were as eager and excited about the coming "hunt" as I was, yet, by their manner, one not familiar with the events of the previous night would not have thought that they expected to leave inside of a week.

The meal ended, Arkichita gave a few orders in Indian language. It was easy to see what a powerful sway he held over the rest. They

buckled on their cartridge-belts, took up their carbines, and sauntered out through the gate to catch their ponies,—they all had ponies,—rugged, hardy little animals with sufficient

endurance to withstand the exposure and starvation incidental to a Dakota winter, when a "feed" of cottonwood bark was a delicacy. These ponies were what the hostile Indians called "war-ponies." With them a saddle or bridle was not a necessity; you could guide them with your knees. In case it was necessary to leave them, all the scout had to do was to tie one end of a long lasso around their necks, leaving the other end free. They could be approached at any time, and would seldom wander off if there was any grass in their vicinity, and they were as indifferent to firing as though they never heard it; you could shoot from one of these ponies, or under it, without causing it to even wink. It seemed to be the scouts' motto never to walk when they could ride; consequently their ponies were, under



ARKICHITA.

all conditions, their constant and faithful companions.

After saddling his pony, Arkichita quietly hunted around until he found a long, straight, stiff grass-stem; then he went over the course Brice had taken until, coming to a footprint that seemed to suit his fancy, he proceeded to carefully measure it with the grass-stem, breaking off the stem until it exactly fitted some particular part of the foot. That was his invariable custom. Having measured it, he

made a remark in Indian, to which the others merely said, "How!" It was something about *humpa*, which I knew was "shoe." Bubbling over with excitement and curiosity, I asked him, in Indian, "*Tako?*" ("What is it?") He tapped his shoe, and said, "*Wanich*" ("No"), meaning Brice had no shoes on. He showed me the trail. "*Ombadaka ota*" ("Trail plenty"), he said. But my untrained eye discerned nothing; the grass was too short and wet; nothing smaller than an elephant's print would have been visible to me.

Then we started out, Arkichita, with the grass-stem between his lips, in the lead, keeping off to one side of the trail, the rest quietly following him. He always carried the grass-stem between his lips, so as to leave his hands free to handle his carbine, an experience of four years before, when he was nearly shot from ambush by two deserters, having taught him always to be ready to shoot. It was his custom, when other trails intermingled with the one he was following, to measure for his particular footprint with the grass-stem; and so sharp were his eyes, and so accurate was this apparently simple process, that he had never been known to make a mistake.

The trail led to the west for a trifle over a mile; then it turned north for a quarter of a mile, and we followed until we came to a tree at the edge of a slough to the northwest of the fort, called the "garden bar slough." Here Arkichita pointed under the tree, and said Brice had lain down there to rest.

The trail here led into the slough.

A Dakota "slough" is a shallow lake, the water of which is from six inches to three feet deep, with a soft, muddy bottom, but not generally miry. The center of the slough is usually free from grasses or weeds, but along the edges, from twenty to sixty yards out, long tule-grass grows.

This particular slough was a mile long, and varied from an eighth to a quarter of a mile in width, and there was a foot of water covering as much soft mud. During the night the wind had roiled the water up considerably. It seemed hardly possible to track anything through it, except where the tule had been broken down. Where that was the case, even I

could follow the trail; on reaching open water, however, the case was different.

The eastern end of the slough reached to a point near the fort not more than a hundred and fifty yards from a brick-yard, on which was a kiln that had been built during the summer. The kiln was now ready for firing.

As Arkichita did not wish too many trails made in the slough, he sent the other scouts to examine around the edge of it, to see if they could find where the trail came out. He would probably have sent me with them, if he had had the authority; as it was, I followed him into the water.

The trail was plain until we reached the edge of the tule; but here, even with my faith in Arkichita, I gave up hope. Slowly, methodically, surely, that Indian plodded through that slough—through the most remarkable turnings I ever saw. I thought at times that he was rambling at random; but every once in a while he would come to tule bent down or broken, showing that he still held to the trail.

Brice certainly was an artist. He must have doubled around the slough the greater part of the night. But he made one grave mistake: had he held to the open water entirely, I do not believe even Arkichita could have puzzled backward and forward through it.

Once I thought Arkichita was baffled, after all; he had come to a dead standstill near the tule. Then an inspiration struck me; perhaps by a circle I could find the trail. Happy thought! I put it into immediate execution, and found one. Rather elated at my success, I called: "Come quick; heap trail!" He came over, took one look; just the suggestion of a smile played on his face as he said: "Cow."

I did no more trailing, but understood what was bothering him. The post herd also had waded through here since Brice's escape, and it took all the scout's endless patience and wonderful eyesight to keep the trail where the cattle had passed through it. The grass-stem was of no use here.

We had passed over half the slough in this circuitous route, when suddenly Arkichita started, straight as the crow flies, for the edge

of the slough near the brick-kiln. Was he following the trail?

On he went until he came to the shore nearest the kiln; here he stopped, evidently bothered again. There was a scarcely discernible

He passed the driftwood, scrutinizing it closely, and then searched the grass beyond it. He was evidently surprised. After carefully studying the situation from the bank awhile, without a word, he laid his carbine



THE GUARD-ROOM.

footprint in the mud and water right at the edge of the slough, apparently the last step the deserter had taken before reaching hard ground. This footprint showed the toes, so the deserter was now barefooted. Another thing about this print was its direction: it stood at right angles to the line previously followed. Either the man had taken a side-ward spring for the land from his right foot, or he had turned around and started back over his own trail.

Arkichita left the water and went out on the bank, in doing which he had to pass for a distance of eight or ten feet over a layer of small, dry pieces of driftwood, washed in, at some former time, by the action of the wind.

down, took off his blouse, rolled up his sleeves, and, stepping in his own trail, came back to the footprint in the mud mentioned before. Here he leaned over carefully in the shallow water to the right of the print, and felt with his hand in the mud under the water to see if any trail led back into the water. Then he went ashore, put on his blouse, and took up his carbine again. All this time I had been standing in one spot, afraid to move for fear of getting into the trail.

The trail apparently ended at the water's edge!

Sergeant Arkichita was placed on his mettle; a critical test confronted him; at last his great reputation as a trailer was at stake!

He went down on his knees, and inspected the grass, blade by blade. I kept a respectful distance at one side, astonished at the turn the affair had taken. Now, inch by inch, on his knees, he wrenched the secret from the apparently unwilling surface of the earth. Eighty yards from the kiln, he looked up and glanced at it. The same idea evidently instantly occurred to both of us. The trail was leading to the kiln! Then he rose, and, bending over, slowly advanced to the edge of the brick-yard.

This yard was about seventy yards long and forty yards wide. It had been used all summer for drying bricks on, and, while it was perfectly level, was as hard as a stone. Men had been walking on it in their bare feet and in their stocking-feet until it was like a piece of marble, and about as smooth. In the center was the kiln, covered with a wooden roof, shaped like an inverted V, to protect it from rain until fired. This roof was supported on poles, the apex being

some three feet above the top of the kiln, while its sides missed the kiln by at least a foot, the roof standing entirely clear of the kiln. Along each side of the kiln, about eight arches, five feet long and four feet high, had been built in, to place wood in for firing. The only thing in the yard besides the kiln was an old-fashioned army water-wagon, which was somewhat

like an ordinary sprinkling cart and resembled an enormous barrel on four wheels.

After reaching the yard, Arkichita walked slowly around the outer edge of it, examining



THE INDIAN SCOUTS EXAMINING THE TRAIL.

the ground with the utmost care, until he came to the point from which he started, when he said: "Trail come in—no go out; man in there," pointing to the kiln. He was unable to find a sign of that trail on the brick-yard, the deserter's feet leaving no perceptible mark on the stone-like floor of the yard. With carbine at full cock, and the grass-stem between

his lips, the scout then proceeded to examine the kiln. He went under its arches built for firing, and looked under the roof from the upper edge of the kiln. Then he poked in the water-wagon, which was half full of water, with a stick—in fact, examined every place wherein a man could be concealed; but not a sign of the deserter did he find. Then he started in and examined the rank burdock weeds which grew to the height of a man's head alongside of the yard, but, as before, with no success. There was evidently some "bad medicine" at work somewhere, Arkichita seemed to be thinking. An evil spirit must surely have come and carried the deserter off just as he reached the brick-yard.

The other scouts, with the exception of Buffalo Calf, patrolled the slough and vicinity without success, eventually arriving at the brick-yard, where Arkichita stated his theory about the "bad medicine" for their benefit. They also searched the kiln, poked in the water-wagon, searched the weeds on each side; but, as was to be expected, where Arkichita failed they failed likewise.

Buffalo Calf, it appears, did not go with the others to search the borders of the slough. His "heart was bad"—very bad. The injury and insult rankled in it as it only could in one of an Indian's implacable, unforgiving nature.

About the time Arkichita and I were emerging from the slough, Buffalo Calf came up to the commanding officer's quarters, and asked to see the *arkichita etoncha* (soldier chief).

When the colonel appeared, and asked him what he wanted, Buffalo Calf asked, in Indian, if he could kill the deserter in case he found him. Now, the colonel knew a little Indian—just enough to misunderstand him. He thought he wanted to know if he would be entitled to the usual reward in case he captured Brice; so he told the scout, "Yes."

With that, the Indian swung his carbine around his head, emitted a wild war-whoop, and started back toward the slough on the run. His heart was getting better already; but it would be bad for Brice if Buffalo Calf should ever find him!

When the result of the trailing was reported

to the colonel, he also came down and inspected the brick-yard. He was an old Indian fighter, having fought the wily Apache in Arizona, and knew a thing or two himself about trailing. He ordered Lieutenant —— to take the scouts out on the prairie and make a big circle, and see if they could not pick up the trail again somewhere else.

The lieutenant returned in about an hour, and reported that, instead of finding the trail, he had lost two of the scouts.

"Lost them! what do you mean?" the colonel asked.

"All I know is, I had them deployed in a skirmish-line about twenty yards apart, rounding the bluffs by the Abercrombie Hill, and when they came in sight again Arkichita and Buffalo Calf were missing. I asked John where they were; he shook his head, and said, '*Slow-le-wash-ne*' ('I don't understand you'). Then I asked Crow Feather; he pointed to the sky with his little finger, and said, '*Wa-kan*' ('Evil spirit')."

A soldier, having evidently overheard the conversation in passing, came up, saluted, and said: "Sir, 'Kichita 's down in the brick-yard, pokin' in the water-wagon."

"Is Buffalo Calf there also?"

"No, sir; leastwise, I did n't see him, sir."

We adjourned to the brick-yard. Sure enough, standing at one corner of the yard, with the grass-stem still in his mouth, and his carbine across his arm, surveying the kiln with the air of a man completely wonder-struck, stood Arkichita. The kiln seemed to have a perfect fascination for him. "Trail come in—no go out; man in there," was all he would say; and nothing could shake this conviction.

But Buffalo Calf was not to be found; he had disappeared as mysteriously as the deserter.

Every man in the fort searched that kiln; one quarter of them poked in the water-wagon; and so many of them walked through the burdock weeds that they were nearly crushed flat: but no one found a sign of the deserter. Still, there was something so convincing in the persistent insistence of Arkichita about "trail come in—no go out; man in there," that even the colonel was staggered.

The day wore on. At night armed parties

were hidden not far from the kiln and in the garden next to it. There was a general belief that, in case the deserter was concealed in the neighborhood, it was evidently in the hope of being aided by parties in the post; at any rate, he would be compelled by hunger to try to get food. The night wore away without anything new taking place. The next day the scouting and hunting were resumed; even the old ice-house was carefully re-searched; but to no purpose. On approach of night again, hidden parties were placed on guard, as before.

Near one o'clock, as I was about retiring, after a conversation in which I had exhausted every reasonable theory of the escape of Brice, and had remarked, for the twentieth time, how hard it was to understand that Arkichita was so completely fooled—as I was on the point of going to my room there rang through the still night air such a crashing volley that I jumped clear out of the chair. I instantly formed a conclusion as to what had occurred. The deserter had attempted to enter the garden (forced by hunger, probably), had been challenged, attempted to escape, they had fired on him, and probably he was dead.

Jumping for the stairs, I put one hand on the rail, and it seems to me now that I slid down that rail on one hand, without ever touching my feet to the stairs. Never waiting for a hat, I flew down the road toward the garden. When about half-way there, another volley was fired; by the flash of the rifles I saw it came from the brick-yard. Upon arriving, I found one end of the kiln surrounded by armed soldiers and scouts. The deserter was evidently between the top of the kiln and the roof. A couple of lanterns threw a poor light over the party. Their faces were a study. But what struck me most, and what also seemed to engage the attention of Lieutenant — at the same time, was the look and attitude of Buffalo Calf. As the dark form of the deserter appeared in the shadow, slowly making his way down, the Indian's face looked simply demoniacal. He edged out to be free from the group, all the while keeping his eyes riveted on the deserter, and fingering his carbine convulsively. Suddenly we heard the

sharp click of the lock as he cocked the rifle. Quick as lightning he threw it to his shoulder; but, quick as he was, the lieutenant was quicker, and, grasping the weapon before the Indian could fire, he wrenched it from his grasp.

Among the parties hidden in the vicinity of the garden the second night were our old acquaintances, Sergeants Pallens and Loclins. About half-past twelve o'clock, Loclins told Pallens that he heard a noise. Presently they both heard it. It sounded like a suppressed cough which at first they were unable to locate. It appeared to come from the air; but, on listening intently, they found it came from the direction of the kiln. They approached carefully, and, after listening awhile, heard the sound distinctly; it came from the top of the kiln.

Word was immediately sent around to the other parties that they had found their man. A couple of lanterns were procured, and a man with a lantern was sent up under the roof. He had proceeded about half-way along the top of the kiln, when he came to a place where the bricks had been carefully taken out, and just room enough made to conceal a man lying down; and there, lying at full length, flat on his back, was Brice!

The man with the lantern descended and reported. The deserter was ordered to come down, but never stirred. A volley was fired through the roof over his head, and he was again ordered to come down; again no movement on his part; but a second volley, fired as closely as the kiln would permit, produced a compliance with the order.

It appears that in his wanderings through the slough on that foggy night Brice contracted a cold; and a cough, which he was unable to suppress on the second night, betrayed him.

He was shackled securely this time and returned to the guard-house. Later he was sent to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, where he was tried by general court martial, and sentenced to about a year's confinement at hard labor. One day, while out with another prisoner, under guard, Brice asked the sentry for a match, and as it was handed to him he struck the sentry on the head with a rock, grabbed his rifle, and fled. The other prisoner gave the

alarm. Several companies of infantry were drilling in the neighborhood, and these were immediately deployed into a skirmish-line, and Brice was recaptured inside of half an hour. He was again tried, and sentenced to a long term of confinement at the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

If you will hold a book, flat side up, so that it is on a level with your eyes, you will find that you are unable to see whether the middle of the top of the book has been cut out or not. This was exactly the case with the top of the kiln. We could see through between the top of the kiln and the roof without the slightest difficulty; there was nothing there. But we were unable to get high enough above the top of the kiln, at either end, to see the opening in it, owing to the roof being only some three feet above the kiln at its highest point, and owing, also, to the distance of the opening from either end, and to its smallness. It was so palpably empty that it never occurred to any one to crawl through under the roof. Arkichita told me that Brice had walked backward from the slough to the yard, first putting on his stockings, which he had removed before entering the slough, and had then carefully tried to brush away every vestige of the trail. I afterward interviewed the deserter, who corroborated the scout's statement, saying that his main dependence was in his fancied ability to throw the scout off of the trail; his faith in the security of his hiding-place lay only in the belief that no one would suspect his nearness to the kiln; showing how plans, though well conceived, often hinge on the smallest things—things not previously considered as being of any consequence. His security really lay in the utter simplicity of his hiding-place, undiscovered for thirty-six hours after he was trailed to within thirty-five feet of it.

Of course every one able to do so visited

the kiln the next morning, and admired the ingenuity displayed in the selection of such a place. At the same time, it was a very sheepish crowd that stood around, each one wondering why it had never occurred to him to crawl through.

Every new arrival had to run the gantlet of good-humored bantering. Some one called to me, as I approached: "Say, I hear you trailed a cow for over ten miles!" Arkichita, who came sauntering along later, was subjected to a regular broadside of chaffing. One wag yelled to him, pretending to quote him: "Trail no go in, but man heap come out. How 's that, Arkichita?" At which he laughed, and said: "*Washita-a-lo*" ("Very good"). When he saw the opening in the top of the kiln, he gave the Indian ejaculation of surprise: "*Ho-ho-hey!*" and said it was "*Lee-leo-y-u-pe*" ("Extraordinarily fine").

Two years after this the Sisseton command was ordered to Fort Totten, away up in the northern part of Dakota, on Devil's Lake. My brother and I went there overland in an ambulance—a distance of nearly three hundred miles. Arkichita went along as guide; and though we seldom were on a road, driving across country most of the time, he never was lost for an instant.

After we had arrived at Fort Totten, and it came time for him to return to Fort Sisseton, he came over to bid me good-by. He showed the most feeling I ever saw him exhibit, as he shook my hand and said: "When you die, you be Indian, and mebbe so we hunt some more." Then he mounted his pony and rode away. Somehow a lump came


in my throat. My "heart was very bad." I watched him until he disappeared behind the "Devil's Tooth."

That was the last I ever saw of Arkichita.



The Polite Deer

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



A DIGNIFIED deer, with sprangling horns,
Stepped into a hatter's, and said:
"I am pleased with the stock which your window
adorns;
Pray, show me some hats for my head."

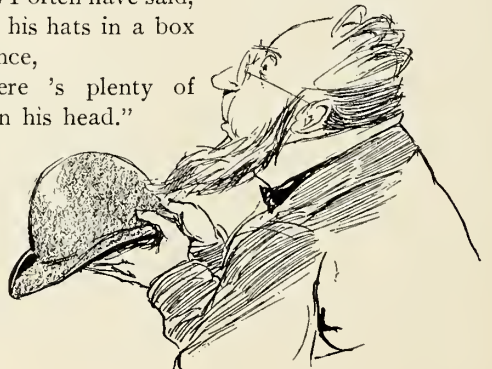
The hatter was frightened half out of his wits,
But with manner quite bland and sedate,
He said: "I'm afraid I have nothing that fits
Your particular kind of a pate."

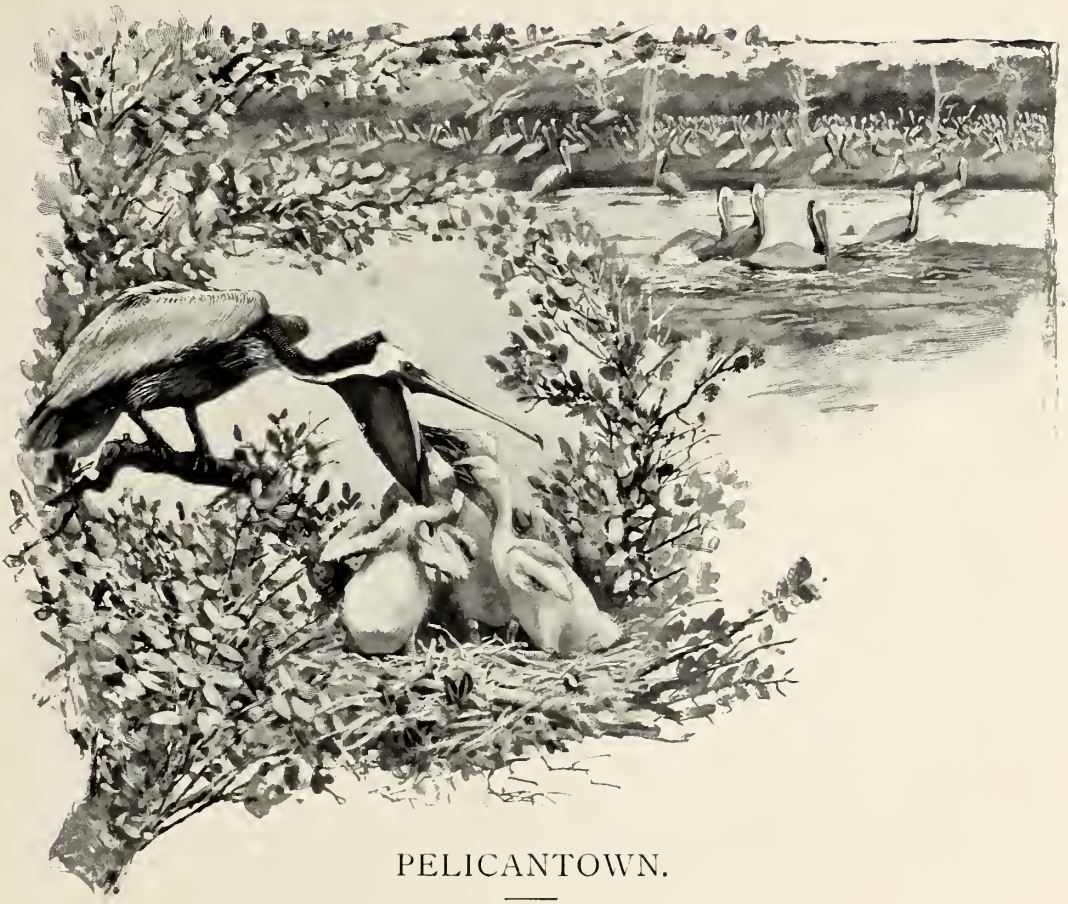
Said the deer: "Sir, your window that statement denies;
I ask nothing that's better than these;
I don't so much care for the fit or the size,
But I'd like a variety, please.

"So give me a felt hat, and give me a straw,
And a beaver of superfine nap;
A wide-awake also, a broad mackinaw,
And a little silk traveling-cap.

"A red smoking-fez, embroidered in gold,
A helmet of white, lined with green,
A big, furry sealskin to keep out the cold,
And a sailor-cap like a marine.

"No, I don't want them boxed—I'll wear them at once;
Indeed, as I often have said,
Who carries his hats in a box
is a dunce,
When there's plenty of
room on his head."





PELICANTOWN.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

WHY is it, do you suppose, that all the eave-swallows in a village place their row of mud tenements under the roof of a certain barn? Every nook in which a nest could be built is occupied by the clay apartments—not one is “to let”; still, none of the birds seem to think of building under the equally favorable roof of the neighboring barn. Their cousins, the bank-swallows, show the same strong sociability, and from miles around they gather to nest in some particular sand-bank, the face of which will be thickly pitted with the entrances to their burrows.

It is not because the place chosen is the only one available that the birds nest in flocks. There may be hundreds of barns and banks just as good as the ones selected. It is not a question of food, for insects are abundant

everywhere, and these strong-flying birds can hunt them over miles of country. It is not because they find “safety in numbers”; rather do they make themselves conspicuous by gathering in such large bodies. As a rule, it is sociability—the desire for companionship—that offers the only reasonable explanation for the great colonies which may be observed at nesting-time.

Certainly, no other theory will explain the origin of Pelicantown. Its site, like those often selected by human colonists, seems poorly chosen; its natural advantages are few; but so attached to their home are its inhabitants that even the most cruel persecution by their human foes has failed to drive them from the land of their ancestors.

But where is Pelicantown? In spite of its

population of nearly three thousand, few maps will show it. Glance with me, therefore, at a map of Florida. Find the Indian River, that long, narrow lagoon on its east coast, divided from the sea by only a ribbon of land. Pelicantown is situated about midway between its northern and southern extremities, near the eastern shore of a bay which here makes the river about three miles wide. It is an island, triangular in shape, containing about three acres of ground. A few bushes and low palm-trees grow on it, and there are great patches of tangled grass, but at least one fourth of its surface is bare sand.

During the nesting season this barren island is the home of probably all the pelicans of Indian River. Here they come to build their nests, lay their eggs, and rear their young, and from January to May life in Pelicantown presents so many novel scenes and picturesque incidents that no one could fail to be interested in it.

In March, 1898, I visited this city of birds. As my boat approached I saw signs of life. Files of birds were returning from fishing expeditions; platoons were resting on the sandy points; some were in bathing, others were sailing about in broad circles high overhead; and soon one could hear the sound of many voices—a medley of strange cries in an unknown tongue.

Arriving and departing on wings, the inhabitants of Pelicantown have little need of deep-water harbors, and I found myself obliged to anchor my sloop about a hundred yards from the island, and go ashore in a small boat.

Surely no traveler ever entered the gates of a foreign city with greater expectancy than I felt as I stepped on to the muddy edge of Pelicantown. The old birds, without a word of protest, deserted their homes, leaving the eggs and young at my mercy. But the young were as abusive and threatening as their parents were silent and unresisting. Except in the air, they were everywhere, and of every age. Some were on the ground, others in the bushy trees; some were just coming from the egg, others were just learning to fly: but, one and all, in a chorus of barks, croaks, and screams which rings in my ears whenever I think of

the experience, they united in demanding that I leave the town.

If I approached too near, their cries were doubled in violence, and accompanied by vicious lunges with their bills, which were snapped together with a pistol-like report.

As I walked from tree to tree, examining the noisy young birds that had left the nest and were climbing about the branches, it seemed as if I were passing from cage to cage in a zoölogical garden; and as I entered that part of the island where the nests were on the ground, every bird that could walk left its home, and soon I was driving a great flock of young pelicans, all screaming at the tops of their voices, and saying as plainly as they could: "Why don't you leave us in peaceful possession of our land, which surely is of no use to you?"

The old birds, in the meantime, were resting out on the water. They might have been unpleasant foes, but in their stately, dignified way they accepted the situation, and simply waited in silence for us to retire, when they at once returned to their nests, and in a short time comparative quiet reigned again in Pelicantown.

This is a sketch of life in the pelicans' metropolis as one sees it during brief visits; but the place was far too interesting to leave hurriedly, and I shall relate here what was learned about the pelicans and their home during four days passed with and near them.

It being quite impossible to count the birds, I determined to count their nests, of which my census showed there were no less than 845; but only 251 were occupied, though all had been built that spring.

The death-rate is high in Pelicantown. Doubtless many young birds die through injuries received while trying to escape from tourists who visit the island and thoughtlessly chase the young birds about. The usual number of eggs laid by the pelicans is three, but assuming that all hatch, it is not probable that more than one half the young live to reach maturity. Hence we may reckon the number of young which had left the five hundred and ninety-four deserted nests at eight hundred and ninety-one. Add to these two parent pelicans to each nest, and we have



"A CHORUS OF BARKS, CROAKS, AND SCREAMS."

2581 birds on the wing or on foot. But this number is to be increased by the 154 young that were still in the nests, making the total population of Pelicantown 2735.

This calculation, however, does not take into account the eggs found, from which almost hourly came new inhabitants of the island; and it is with these eggs, or rather in what they were placed, that we may begin our study of a pelican's life.

The nests of water-birds are, as a rule, very simple. Indeed, they often lay their eggs on the bare ground or on rocks. The young of most species, being covered with down from the first, can run or swim soon after hatching, and consequently the nest is not the cradle, and is needed only to hold the eggs. Ducks and snipe are good examples of this class of birds, to which pelicans, however, are exceptions.

Their young are hatched blind and perfectly naked, and the pelican's nest is, therefore, not only an incubator in which, with heat furnished by the parent, the egg is hatched, but it is also a cradle, which may shelter the young for a month or more. For this reason the pelican's nest is, for a water-bird's, an unusually well-built structure.

If one were to visit Pelicantown in January, one would see the pelicans house-building. If their home was to be in a mangrove-bush, they would first make a foundation by laying long sticks from crotch to crotch, and on this erect a compact nest, about two and a half feet in diameter, made of smaller sticks, and lined with dried grasses.

But when the old pelicans decide to build their house upon the sands, they seem to realize that less care is required in its construction.

Sticks are not used, the nest being made wholly of grasses. Thus pelicans have learned to make two entirely different nests, according to the building-sites chosen.

When the nest is ready, from one to three dull, white, chalky eggs are laid. They are elliptical in shape, and about three times as large as a hen's egg.

Upon these the parent, whether one or both I cannot say, broods most faithfully. One could see the incubating birds all over the island, some in bushes and others on the ground, sitting on their eggs as immovably as the stuffed pelicans in a museum.

In about four weeks their patience is rewarded by the appearance of the ugliest "pelicanling" it is possible to imagine. His dark-purple skin is without a sign of feathers, he is blind, and he twists about in the nest and utters a whining cough like the choking bark of a young puppy.

Even at this early age he displays one of the strong characteristics of pelican childhood—a pugnacious disposition. Almost before his eyes are open he bites at his nest-mates, with apparently no other reason than that they

come within reach of his bill. Soon his eyes are open, and within a few days a wonderful change begins in his appearance. Little bunches of white down sprout all over his body, and, growing rapidly, transform the skinny, purple-black nestling of a few days before into a snowy creature clad in down.

At the same time, he has been growing much stronger; he is able to sit up, his fighting abilities have greatly increased, and his voice, after passing through a rasping, *k-r-r-r*-ing stage, has become a high, piercing cry very closely resembling the scream of a child in extreme pain. Young pelicans uttering this call chiefly made up the chorus one could hear all day, and at intervals during the night, in Pelicantown.

Young pelicans of the same nest never seem to recover from the mutual enmity with which they begin life. Quarreling is the normal condition of affairs among the children of a pelican family; and as they always scream loudest when fighting, one cause for the continuous uproar is evident. Another is the question of food, as we shall see.

The next important change in the young



"I WAS DRIVING A GREAT FLOCK OF YOUNG PELICANS."



"RESTING ON THE WATER THEY WAITED FOR US TO RETIRE."

pelican's feather dress is the growth of his wing-feathers. When they make a brown fringe on the forearms, I imagine he may feel very much like a boy in his first trousers. As yet the feathers are useless, but with them come strength and courage to leave his nest and to clamber about in search of fresh foes who may have been mocking him for days from their nest on an adjoining limb. If his home is on the ground he waddles about, playing by himself, or fighting with his neighbors. Small puddles are often his playground. He dabbles in the shallow water, filling his pouch with mud, then dropping the bill downward in order that it may ooze out, leaving only a stick, shell, or a bit of weed, which he feels of carefully as if to see if it is good to eat. Even when alone he sometimes loses his temper. I saw one evidently much annoyed by the appearance of the feathers in his wing, and in a vain effort to bite them he whirled about like a kitten chasing its own tail. A comical picture he made.

But the fast-growing wing-plumes soon seem

to be a source of inspiration rather than an annoyance. The young pelicans feel a new and strange power coming to them, and they stand in the nest and wave their now nearly grown wings in imitation of their elders, but still lack the confidence to trust themselves wholly to the support of their pinions.

Thus far, in sketching the history of a pelican's early days, no mention has been made of the care it receives from its parents—a very important item, indeed, in the life of any child, whether he wears feathers, fur, or cotton. Father and Mother Pelican look so much alike, the former being only slightly larger, that it is impossible to tell which parent is the most attentive to the wants of its offspring.

For the first few days after the eggs are hatched, one of the old birds is constantly on the nest to protect its naked young from the rays of a sun which, even in March, burns with a strong suggestion of tropical warmth. But when a covering of down affords the young birds protection, the parents need come to the nest only at meal-time; and this brings us

to the most interesting part of a young pelican's life, and also to the second reason for the vocal uproar in Pelicantown.

Pelicans live wholly on fish, and the only difference between the fare of a young pelican and that of an old one is in the size of its finny food. I have seen fish twelve inches long in the throat of an old pelican, while the pouch of a very young bird contained several fishes less than an inch in length.

It is plain to be seen, therefore, that when an old pelican goes fishing for his family, the nature of his catch will depend on the age of his young—little fish for little birds, larger fish for larger ones.

Just how he manages to bring the right size I do not know, but when I went on deck each morning at daybreak, I saw the old birds going fishing, in parties of two to a dozen or more. They fly in a diagonal line, each bird being not quite exactly behind the other, and all flap their wings together for about ten strokes, then spread them and sail for as many seconds.

Generally they headed for the ocean, there to follow the beach-line, at times low down over the curling surf, at others high in the air, to their fishing-grounds. How far they went I know not, but often I have seen them passing a point ten miles north of Pelicantown, flying steadily up the coast as though their haven was still far distant.

The Western white pelicans catch fish by scooping them up as they sit upon the water; but our pelican, the brown pelican (*Pelecanus fuscus* of ornithologists), is a more dashing fisherman. He dives from the air for his prey,

darting from a height of thirty feet, with a force which almost buries him beneath the water, and makes a splash one can hear half a mile away. He weighs about eight pounds, and one would think that the force with which

he strikes the water would break every bone in his body. But on studying his structure one sees that between the flesh and the outer skin of his breast he wears a cushion of air-cells formed of elastic tissue, and this acts as a pad or buffer when he strikes the water, breaking the shock of the blow.

But how does the pelican catch the fish? Surely he cannot spear them with that great hooked bill of his, and if we were



HEAD OF PELICAN. MOUTH OPEN AND CLOSED.

to examine the opening to his pouch we should find it only a narrow slit between the sides of his lower mandible. Here, however, is a very interesting piece of animal mechanism. The pelican's pouch is, in a sense, like a folding scoop-net; and when not in use, it assumes the shape most convenient for its owner in carrying it. But in diving for fish, as the head is thrown forward, the sides of the lower mandible are widely separated or bowed out, and the opening to the pouch is thus made about four and a half inches wide and eleven inches long.

About eight o'clock is the earliest breakfast-hour in Pelicantown. Then the most successful fishermen begin to come home with the morning's catch, and the succeeding two or three hours are the noisiest of the day.

The birds come back, as they went, in dignified lines, which break up as they reach the island, each bird going to its own young. Then the outcry begins. The young cluster

about the returned fisher, obviously asking all together: "Have you brought me anything?" And the old one takes it very patiently, sitting quite still until ready to open his pocket, as it were. Then he takes a perch, if possible a little above the young, drops his lower bill with its pouch, and immediately the young thrust in their bills to secure their share of the morning's bag. On one occasion I saw three half-grown pelicans with their heads and necks quite out of sight in the parent's pouch, and all prodding about so vigorously that one would have thought it would be damaged past mending!

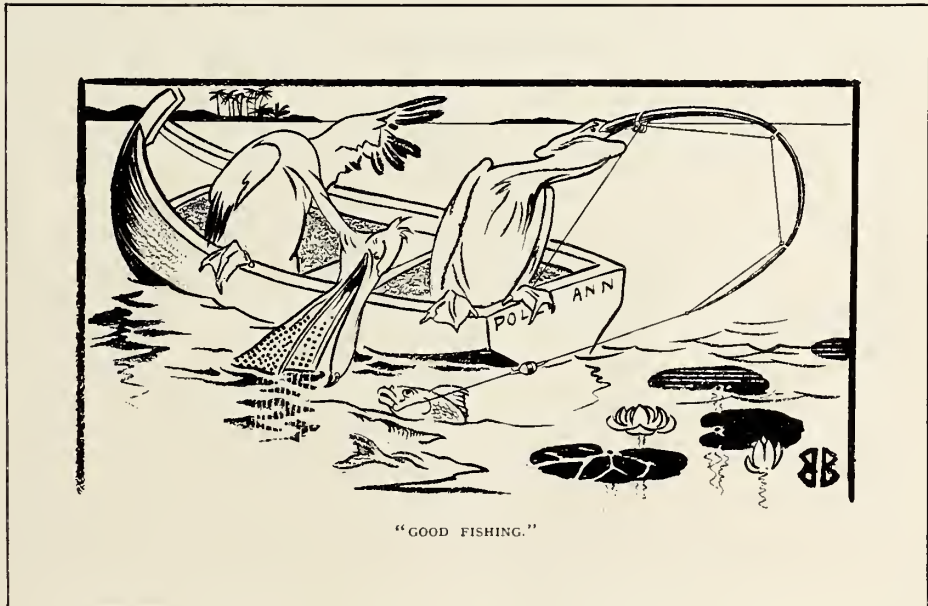
Having been fed, one might suppose that for a time at least peace would reign in the pelican household; but having emptied their parent's pouch, the young immediately begin to squabble over their breakfast among themselves, and now there is a real cause for war. They grasp each other by the bill, and twist and turn like athletes in a test of strength, seldom, however, with serious results.

The time fast approaches when the young pelican can accompany his parents to the

fishing-grounds. His wings have daily been growing stronger, and at last he can no longer resist the temptation to venture into the air. The immediate result is a humiliating tumble to the ground; but he now has more room for practice, and with a hop, skip, and a flop he makes brave attempts to mount skyward. Finally he succeeds, and the awkward pelicanling becomes a creature of power and grace, sailing away on broad pinions to join his elders.

With this wonderful gift of flight comes a complete change in the pelican's character and behavior. From a noisy, quarrelsome fledgeling, whose days were passed in screaming and squabbling, he is transformed into a bird who is so absolutely voiceless that I have never heard one utter a sound, nor do I know of any one who has; while in disposition he is so peaceful that, under the strongest provocation, he shows no desire even to protest.

Just what has influenced him, who can say? It is one of nature's mysteries—but let us hope that the same charm may be exerted on every noisy, quarrelsome creature.



"GOOD FISHING."



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

THE FIGHTING "TÉMÉRAIRE" TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

TURNER THE PAINTER.

BY SUSAN PRESTON MILLER.

IF, in the eighties of the last century, you had walked by the troubled waters flowing through Chelsea,—by no means a handsome part of London,—you might have come upon an unattractive boy named Joseph Mallord William Turner. His family was very poor, and the boy's big, dreamy eyes looked upon mean surroundings in his barber-shop home; and to keep the sidewalk swept and the shop windows clean was the boy's daily work. But he always noticed whatever was beautiful, and his mind was full of wonderful pictures. He would often run away from his tasks to draw pictures in the sand.

Unfortunately, one day the boy took one of his father's barber-brushes with which to paint a real picture. The next morning, when the barber began to lather a customer's face, instead of turning a snowy white it became a fiery red. All the poor barber's apologies and explanations availed nothing; the important patron left the shop and never returned.

After a time Joseph rose to the dignity of errand-boy for Mr. Raphael Smith, an engraver. One day, having been sent upon a most hurried errand, he happened to see a painting by Claude Lorraine, the celebrated artist whose landscapes seem almost lighted with real sunshine. He forgot errand, time, everything—but he found himself; and from that moment he had an aim. The engraver became aware of his errand-boy's gropings after art, and encouraged him in his efforts, allowing him to add the backgrounds and skies to the cheaper prints. When he was fourteen, a Dr. Munro made a protégé of young Turner, and secured his entrance at the Royal Academy as a student.

From the year 1790, when his first water-color was exhibited, his fortunes began to turn. The change came slowly. The young artist's

pictures were not popular; neither was he. He was too independent and too brusque, and besides, you know, he was a genius.

For twenty years Claude Lorraine was Turner's ideal, and his style of painting was influenced by this admiration. But in time the artist followed only his own ideas and methods of painting. Slowly he grew to be the fashion, and the rickety stairs to his studio were frequently climbed by ladies and gentlemen, while their carriages waited outside.

The price of his work increased, and it increased very strangely. If a customer said of a picture, "I do not want it," Turner would sometimes add to its price! For "Dido Building Carthage" he set the price at five hundred pounds (twenty-five hundred dollars). When critics said that this was too much, the charge jumped to a thousand pounds. Finally Sir Robert Peel wanted it, when the price had risen to *five* thousand pounds, but then the painter said: "No; I will keep it for myself!" And he did. This was one of his finest pictures, and he particularly loved it.

When Turner was sixty-five his genius shone out in its utmost splendor. Ruskin—the great critic, who first brought the public to appreciate Turner—could give no reason for this accession of glorious power.

Turner and Sir Walter Scott were good friends. They liked each other, but it seemed that neither man could understand or appreciate the other's art. Scott could not see why any one should want Turner's pictures. "As for your books," said Turner, "the covers of some are very pretty."

Though irritable, Turner was a kindly man, of a loving temper. In the Academy Exhibition in 1826 he had a most striking picture. Suddenly news was brought to him that the

picture was ruined. "Oh," said he to the friend, "don't say anything. I only smirched it with lamp-black. It was spoiling the effect of Lawrence's picture that hung next to it. The black will all wash off after the exhibition."

Then his treatment of his aged father was admirable. The old man modestly offered to represent himself as a servant in his son's establishment; but Turner would not dream of this, saying: "No; we fought the world together; and now that it seeks to do me honor, you shall share all the benefits." And the great artist never smiled when the little old man would whisper proudly to some visitor: "Yes, yes; Joseph is the greatest artist in England, and I am his father."

Turner had a way of sending ten-pound notes to poor, struggling artists. He tried not to be caught in this almsgiving; but such things do not often happen, and now and then his generosity was known.

In old age he was so much pursued for his charity and his fame that he hid himself, under the assumed name of "Mr. Booth," in the house

of a kind old woman living in another part of the great world of London. He appeared an old man of modest means, but without friends, whose business took him away each day from morning to night. He talked but little. One of the lodgers once asked him to go to an art exhibition. "No, no," he answered; "a man can show on canvas so little of what he feels, it is not worth the while."

Only when this "Mr. Booth" died was it first made known, by the coming in of his attorney, who and what he was.

Think how he must have worked! He left at his death seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars; and his will gave to the British nation nineteen hundred of his sketches and one hundred large paintings. Of the sketches alone there are more than enough for him to have made one every day for fifty years!

In the opinion of John Ruskin, the greatest landscape-painter that ever lived was Joseph Mallord William Turner—the same little fellow whose early days were passed as errand-boy in his father's dingy London barber-shop.



THE TRIO.

THE STORY OF BETTY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER XVII.

ANXIOUS HEARTS.

WHEN Betty and Jack did n't come home in time for dinner, Mrs. Kinsey was not much surprised. She knew the uncertainties that attend a sailing-party, and she told Ellen to be prepared for the arrival of the hungry young people at any hour.

"For," she said, "they may come early or they may come late, but they will certainly be hungry."

So all the afternoon Ellen waited in readiness to minister to the wants of two ravenous young savages, whom she expected momentarily to come bounding in and demanding food.

But they did not come; and as supper-time drew near, she transferred her attentions to the concocting of a hot supper that should include the favorite dishes of both.

About five o'clock Mrs. Van Court and Miss Margaret drove over to Denniston to see if Betty and Jack had come home yet. They frankly acknowledged they were worried about the sailing-party, for it was the first trip of the new boat, and she might have proved unseaworthy.

Mrs. Kinsey discussed the matter with her visitors, and, affected by their nervousness, she soon became frightened, too.

Pete was sent for, and his opinion was asked.

"No, mum," he said; "they ain't capsized, mum; they 're beca'med, that 's fwhat they are. I 've been watchin' the wind all the afternoon, and there ain't none. That there boat is mosht likely settin' shtill in the wather an' refusin' to budge."

"Oh, *do* you think so?" said Mrs. Van Court, much relieved. "Do you think so?"

"I do, indade, mum; an' if a breeze comes up whin the sun goes down, they 'll come shpinnin' up the river in great shape, fer the tide is comin' in."

Having cheered up the three ladies by his hopefulness, Pete departed; but an hour or so later he went in search of Ellen, and to her he confided certain other fears.

"Ellen," he said, "if I 'm not mishtook, there 's a howlin' shtorm comin' up, an' I 'm fearin' fer thim childher. But, fwhativer happens, we musht act as if we 're thinkin' they 're all safe; fer Mis' Kinsey is shcared shtiff now, an' if she gets woorse she 'll have high-strikes. She 'd kape cool enough if it was n't fer ould Mis' Van Coort, who 's a-weepin' an' wailin' an' wringin' her hands till Mis' Kinsey is all worried up. Miss Margaret, now, she 's ca'm, but there 's no tellin' how soon she 'll get a-goin', too."

"Are they shtayin' here fer supper?" asked Ellen.

"Belikes they 'll have to, unless they go home purty quick; fer the clouds is a-getherin' an' the shtorm is comin' up mighty suddint. Look over ferninst."

Ellen looked, and, sure enough, masses of black clouds were rolling and tumbling over one another, each apparently in frantic haste to get to the zenith first.

Just then Norah came to the kitchen to say that the Van Court ladies would stay to supper.

"They 're takin' on awful," she said. "Mis' Kinsey an' Mis' Van Court is a-cryin' like anything; an' Miss Margaret she jist walks up an' down, an' her face is as white! An', Pete, they want to see you."

Pete went to the parlor prepared to say what he could for the good of all concerned.

"A shtorm, is it?" he said, in answer to Mrs. Van Court's query. "Well, yes, 'm—a capful of wind, jist. But thim folks is all

right. Whin Mr. Van Coort sees the shtorm comin' he 'll put into port an' wait till it 's over, an' they 'll go to some hotel an' have a foine supper. On the wather, ye know, mum, they can see the shtorm whin it 's moiles away, an' they 'll have plinty av toime to reach shelter."

Pete's assured manner and general air of certainty carried conviction to the hearts of the

the river they 'd be home be now, fer they c'u'd have poled themselves up be the banks."

"The saints protect them!" muttered Ellen, as she took a pan of golden-brown biscuits from the oven; "an' I can't consaive why folks wants to go maunderin' around in a tipsy-topsy boat whin there 's dhry ground to shtay on."

Notwithstanding Pete's comforting assur-



"WHIN MR. VAN COORT SEES THE SHTORM COMIN' HE 'LL PUT INTO PORT," SAID PETE."

three frightened ladies, and they sat down to supper feeling quite sure that the absentees were comfortably sheltered in some convenient hotel which, though they did n't know it, existed only in Pete's imagination.

The voluble Irishman returned to Ellen to unburden himself of his fears.

"It 's a turrible shtorm comin', Ellen, an' that little tay-cup av a boat c'u'd niver live through a shquall on the Sound. An' on the Sound they musht be, fer if they 'd niver left

ances, the three ladies could n't help feeling that perhaps their loved ones were in danger, and they did but scant justice to Ellen's carefully prepared supper.

As they rose from the table, a low roll of thunder was heard; it was followed by a flash of lightning, and then suddenly the storm burst in all its fury. The wind blew a gale, and the rain came down in torrents. As crash after crash boomed above the house, Mrs. Van Court and Miss Margaret became more and

more frightened, until finally they lost their self-control and cried like children.

Mrs. Kinsey was calmer, partly because she was of a more reserved nature, and partly because, although she was very fond of Betty and Jack, they were not of her own kindred, and naturally she could not feel the same poignant grief as was felt by Mrs. Van Court and her daughter.

So she cheered up her guests all she could, and as the rain continued to fall, she invited them to remain at Denniston overnight.

They accepted the invitation; but it was nearly midnight before the three ladies persuaded one another to retire, each feeling sure that she could not sleep a wink.

"Yez may rist in peace," said Pete, who had been called to the parlor for a final consultation. "I 'm convincin' sure that thim childher an' the other lady an' gintlemin is shlapin' this minit on soft bids, an' all as is dishturbin' av their moinds is bec'us' they can't tellygraft yez from the hotel be rayson av the wires bein' bruk be the shtorm."

All this seemed reasonable, and Pete's audience were greatly impressed with his apparent wisdom and common sense, and they went to bed feeling sure that morning would bring good news of some kind from the absent ones.

Having done what he considered his duty to the hysterical ladies, Pete returned to the kitchen.

"Ellen, me jool," he said, "I 've been oratin' fairy-tales to the ladies ferninst, but me heart is talkin' anither way. I 'm sick wid the fear that they 're all dhrowned, an' I can't shtay contint in the house. So I 'm puttin' on me rubber coat, an' I 'm goin' down to the dock where the Pixie—bad cess to it!—sailed from. An' I 'll take Sydney wid me, an' we 'll shtay there till marnin'. An' do you shtay here an' kape the fire blazin', an' hot wather an' things all ready, fer they may be brought in anyway an' anyhow."

Ellen began to cry at this awful suggestion, and even sturdy Pete drew his sleeve across his eyes once or twice.

Then he put on his great boots and storm-

cap and -coat, and, whistling for Sydney, he went out into the dark, wet night. He had no fixed plan, and scarcely a hope of learning anything about the Pixie's fate, but he felt there were more opportunities out of doors than in. If he could but have seen the Pixie, tied to a skeleton dock, and bumping against it until her paint was sadly scratched and marred, he would have felt that, after all, there was some foundation for his fairy-stories, and that the party had really found shelter in one of those fine hotels which he had so vividly imagined.

But it was anything but a fine hotel in which the sailing-party found the light that Jack had first noticed glimmering through the darkness.

After a long walk across the wet and marshy meadows, they reached an old and somewhat dismal-looking house.

From one window came the flickering lamp-light which had seemed like a will-o'-the-wisp during their long walk toward it.

"There must be somebody living there," exclaimed Mr. Van Court, "and we 'll make the people take us in."

He knocked loudly at the door, and a gruff voice inside the house responded: "Who 's there?"

"Some shipwrecked people," replied Mr. Dick; "please open your door."

"Got any dorgs?"

"No; but we 're very wet and cold, and the ladies are suffering. Please let us in."

"All right, I will, ef ye ain't got no dorgs. But my cat, 'Purty,' she 's tar'ble 'fraid of dorgs, so I hev to make sure."

And then the door opened, and they saw an old man with a shock of grizzled gray hair and a skin like tanned leather. He peered at them through his great iron-bowed spectacles.

"Wal, wal, ye are in a plight, ain't ye? Come in—come right in. Oh, my! oh, my! Huldy—I say, Huldy! Here 's some visitors. We 'll hev to look arter 'em. Huldy!"

A pleasant-faced woman entered from the next room.

"Well, ye be wet! I should say so; es wet es drowned rats. Deary me! Come

right out to the kitchen. Ye 'll spile this carpet—ye drip so."

They followed her to the kitchen, and gladly sought the warmth from the cook-stove there.

"It 's lucky I kep' up that fire," said their hostess, bustling about. "Now, le' me see; what kin I give you ladies fer clo'es? Mine would n't be no good to you. Say, father, shall we give 'em some out o' the trunk?"

"Yes," said the old man; "let the ladies go right up in the kitchen bedroom, and I 'll fetch the trunk there, and they can help themselves."

Miss Grace and Betty, feeling that they were about to be made comfortable at last, followed the old woman upstairs and into a small bedroom just over the kitchen, which was dry and warm.

In a few moments the old man came, dragging a fair-sized trunk, which he brought into the room and then threw open the lid.

"Thar," he said; "look arter 'em, mother; do all ye kin fer 'em; and I 'll go below and try and fit out the men with dry toggery. Wish we had a trunkful o' duds fer them, too. But we 'a'n't. Make yerselves to home, ladies; yer welcome to anything we kin give yer. Ross is my name,—Jim Ross,—and I 'm jist a plain, or'nary man; but Huldy, my wife thar, *she 's* a angel in disguise."

The disguise was complete, for no one could look less like an angel than Mrs. Ross did. But her beaming smile of welcome and her truly kind and hospitable manner made her much more attractive to her guests than one more closely resembling an angel would have been.

"Now," she said, after she had provided them with all the comforts at her command, "now jest pick out whatever clo'es ye like from that 'ere trunk, and when yer fixed, come on downstairs, and I 'll hev somethin' fer ye to eat."

She shuffled away, and they soon heard her clattering around in the kitchen below.

"Why, Miss Grace," said Betty, presently, "just look at the clothes in this trunk. What lovely dresses! How do you suppose these people came to have such pretty things?"

Sure enough, the trunk was filled with dainty and costly clothing of all kinds.

"They are lovely," said Miss Grace, examining them; "and see, Betty, all of the dresses are white. How very odd! Here is a white cashmere; I think I 'll put this on."

"Do, Miss Grace, dear; it 'll become you most beautifully. I think I 'll wear this white China silk; but it 's too long for me."

"Never mind, Betty; don't try to shorten it. Wear it as it is, and I 'll do up your hair, and you can masquerade as a young lady, for one night only."

Betty thought this great fun, and sat quite still while Miss Grace bunched the black curls into a graceful knot on top of her head and fastened them there with a high tortoise-shell comb which they found in the wonderful trunk.

And then, when Betty had put on the white silk dress, which fitted fairly well, and was very becoming, she looked like a charming young lady all ready for her first ball. Miss Grace looked like another snow-drift in the white cashmere, which she somehow arranged to fit her; and then, though they found plenty of fine white stockings in the trunk, there were no shoes of any kind. Their own wet boots were out of the question, so there was nothing to do but go downstairs in their white-stockinged feet, which they hoped the long dresses would hide from view. A shout of admiration greeted them as they entered the room, and Jack exclaimed:

"My eye, Betty! you 're a stunner in grown-up clothes."

Mr. Van Court, too, looked at Betty as if he had never seen her before, and begged Grace for an introduction to her new friend.

But if the women looked well, the same could not be said of the men. Mr. Ross had done his best for them, but his wardrobe was scantily furnished.

He had given Mr. Brewster his best Sunday suit, and very odd that fine gentleman looked in the country-cut clothes. An old fisherman's suit did very well for Jack; but this exhausted Mr. Ross's stock entirely, save for a pair of overalls and a brilliantly flowered

dressing-gown. However, Mr. Dick avowed himself well satisfied with these, and wore them with a jaunty air that greatly pleased his host, who declared that he "did n't know that old gown did set so well."

The room in which they were assembled was the one they had first entered, and seemed to be dining-room, parlor, and general living-room all in one.

Mrs. Ross came bustling in from the kitchen with a huge dish of poached eggs and a platter of hot biscuit.

"There," she said; "I 'lowed them was the best things I could cook quick for you; an' now do all set down an' eat, for you must be holler. To think of nothin' to eat sence breakfast! Land, who 's that?" She looked at Betty in blank amazement. "My, what a start you give me! I thought you was Lallowet."

"Lallowet!" shouted Mr. Ross. "That 's it. I 've be'n tryin' to think who it was the little gal looked like, all fixed up in them clo'es. It 's Lallowet fer sure."

Betty felt a mild curiosity to know who or what "Lallowet" might be; but hunger was a far stronger sensation just then, and as she sat down at the table her only wonderment was whether there were any more eggs and biscuit in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FRIENDLY SHELTER.

"EAT away, eat away," said old Mr. Ross, heartily; "it doos me good to see ye eat. Nothin' sence mornin'! My! Wife, ain't ye got some cake to set out?"

"Yes, I hev," said Mrs. Ross, coming in at that moment with a large loaf of plum-cake; "and some canned peaches, too, thet ain't be'n sealed up more 'n a week."

Betty clapped her hands in glee, for she was still hungry, and she loved plum-cake.

"Eat away, little gal," said the old man, "though you seem to hev growed up to be a lady all of a suddint, with yer curls piled up into a waterfall. Mother—I say, mother, don't she look like Lallowet now?"

"No, Jim, she don't. It 's jest the dress

and that comb as makes it seem so. Lallowet had ripply gold hair and blue eyes."

"So she did, mother, so she did; but all the same, little miss reminds me of her. I s'pose it 's the dress—hey, Purty?"

The old man sat at the head of his table, and on the arm of his chair sat a huge white cat, whom he stroked and petted continually, and to whom he referred any puzzling questions.

The wise-looking animal responded by a prolonged purr.

"That 's a fine cat you have," remarked Miss Grace, pleasantly.

"Purty? Yes, ma'am; she 's a great cat. We could n't keep house 'thout Purty. She 's allers lively and pleasant, and it makes it cheery for us two lone old critters to have her round."

"Do you live all alone, you and Mrs. Ross?"

"Wal, yes, 'm, we do now. But we 're goin' out to Chicago soon, to live with my son's folks. He says we 're too lonely here in the winter-time, and I guess we be. We useter have neighbors, but they all moved away or burnt down, and now we 're alone here, 'ceptin' the cat. But you 're as good as folks, ain't you, Purty?"

The cat purred, and the old man went on:

"We useter take summer boarders, and they was a heap of comp'ny. What with gettin' ready for 'em and clearin' up after 'em, they lasted e'en a'most the hull year round. Purty liked them boarders—hey, Purty?"

"But she does n't like dogs?" asked Betty.

"No, miss; she was skeered by a dorg onct when she was a little kitten, and she ain't never got over it. And so I try to keep dorgs away from her. It 's the least I can do for her—and she so fond of me—ain't you, Purty?"

The cat rubbed lovingly against her old master, and seemed to understand the whole conversation.

"Knowin'est cat ever was," said Mrs. Ross. "Lallowet use ter say she was a real human bein'—a princess, like as not—laid under a spell and enchanted into a cat."

"And who is this wonderful Lallowet?" inquired Mr. Van Court.

"Oh, she was one of our summer boarders," replied Mr. Ross. "We never had but three, and they came every summer for six years. But they did n't come last year, nor this, and I don't know what 's gone with 'em. Lallowet she was a beautiful lady, and it 's her clo'es you two ladies is now appearin' in. That trunkful of white clo'es is all hern; she left 'em here, sayin' she 'd send for 'em, but she never did."

"Did n't she have any other name but Lallowet?" said Betty, quite interested in the owner of such beautiful dresses.

"Yes, miss, I s'pose she did, but I don't know what it was. Her father and mother was always with her, but they called her jest 'Lallowet.' Their names was Irving,—Mr. and Mrs. Irving,—and they was the nicest people ever trod shoe-leather. For six years, reg'lar, they come down here and stayed all summer. Liked the quiet, they said, and land sakes! it was quiet enough. They liked Purty, too, and she liked them. Useter tag round after 'em all the time. Thet trunk ain't never be'n opened sence she left it—'cept now and then wife 's looked over the clo'es, fearin' of moth or mildew."

"Did Lallowet always wear white dresses?" asked Betty.

"In the house she did," said Mrs. Ross, "but when she 'd be comin' or goin' home she wore a black or black-and-white dress. Had n't no taste for colors at all. And maybe she was in mournin'—I don't know. I never asked her, for she was a quiet little lady, not given to talkin'. But she could sing. My! how she *could* sing. Sometimes she 'd take off her collar, as if it kep' the songs back, and then she 'd jest fairly yell."

"Very interesting person," remarked Mr. Van Court. "Remember, Popinjay, when you learn to sing you must take your collar off."

"You 'd better sing now, then," said Betty, roguishly, "for you have n't any collar on."

"That only shows how adaptable to circumstances I am," said Mr. Dick, calmly. "I had quite forgotten that my costume

lacked a few finishing touches. But you 'll be ill if you adapt yourself to any more of Mrs. Ross's plum-cake. Take it away, Mrs. Ross; she 's only a little girl, if she is wearing a trailing dress and a high-heeled comb."

"Bless the lamb, let her have all she wants," replied the kind-hearted hostess; "but I think she looks clean tuckered out, and she ought to be abed and asleep this minute."

"No, I 'm not sleepy," said Betty, "but I 'm wondering what Grandma Jean will think has become of us."

"That 's worrying me, too," said Miss Grace.

"There 's no use worrying about it," said Richard Van Court, "for there 's no possible way to send them word to-night. Of course they 're anxious—I suppose mother and Margaret are just about wild. But I hope they 'll think we 've landed somewhere to wait until the storm is over."

"How far is it to Greenborough?" asked Jack; and Mr. Ross replied:

"It 's about six miles by the wagon-road, and to walk it across the medders it 's about four. But, land sakes! of course you can't do nothin' to-night. To-morrow mornin' I would hitch up my horse to the old carryall, and jog along up; but he 's gone lame, and I don't see how I can. I could n't tote you all at onct, anyhow. But you can go back in your boat, can't you?"

"I don't want to go in the boat," said Miss Grace, with a little shudder. "I 've had enough of the Pixie for one while."

"The Pixie 's all right," said her brother. "She behaved beautifully, and carried us safely through the storm."

"Yes, I know it," said Grace, "but I don't want to go home in her; I 'd rather ride on land."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

Then Mrs. Ross brought candles, and escorted Grace and Betty up to the kitchen bedroom again.

"I 'm sorry to put you ladies in here to sleep," she said. "It is n't the finest place in the world, but it 's warm and dry, and the best bedrooms ain't been opened, to speak

of, in two years, and I 'm afraid they 'd give you the creeps."

Miss Grace declared the room was cozy and pleasant, and quite large enough, and she was sure she and Betty were so tired they could sleep anywhere.

And soon each member of the shipwrecked party had forgotten the day of discomfort in a night of pleasant dreams.

DEAR BETTY: I am going to walk home so grand-ma and Mr. Dick's folks won't worry. I would have told you last night, only I knew you would think it too long a walk for me; but it is n't. I'll send the carriage back for the rest of you. Wait for it.

Yours truly,

JACK.

Then he carefully and noiselessly opened a window and climbed out, and was soon trudging over the salt meadows toward Green-



"MY EYE, BETTY! YOU 'RE A STUNNER IN GROWN-UP CLOTHES," EXCLAIMED JACK."

Very early in the morning, Jack, who had slept on the sofa in the living-room, opened his eyes with a start.

At first he could n't think where he was. Then suddenly he remembered, and then he lay there thinking. As a result of his thoughts he rose very softly and dressed himself in the old fisherman's suit that Mr. Ross had lent him.

The sun was just about to rise, and by its dawning light Jack hunted about for a lead-pencil. Then, finding a bit of paper, he wrote rather hastily the following note:

borough. And that 's how it happened that just as Grandma Jean threw open her shutters she saw Jack slowly making his way toward the house.

"They 're drowned!" she cried out. "Oh, I knew they would be!" And then she went downstairs as fast as she could and opened the front door.

Jack came up the steps, and fell into the hammock.

"They 're all right, grandma," he said, "and I 'm all right; every one 's safe, and so is the Pixie; only—it was a long walk."

"Poor boy!" said grandma; and then, being a sensible lady, she asked no more questions until Jack had rested a few minutes. She went and told Ellen, who was rejoiced at the good news, and delighted to find her ministrations were to be of use at last.

They quickly prepared a hot bath and a hot breakfast for the "shipwrecked mariner," and when Grandma Jean went back to him he was telling Pete all about it, and directing him to send the carriage after Betty. Almost before Jack had finished speaking, Pete had whistled for Barney, who harnessed the horses in short order, and then Pete himself jumped to the box and took the reins. Although tired from his long night watch, he would allow no one else to go for his beloved Miss Betty.

"Tell the Van Coort leddies that I 'll be afther bringing back the whole party," he said, as he drove away.

Meantime Betty and Grace had awakened, and were wondering if their storm-drenched garments had yet become wearable, when there was a gentle rap at their door, and Mrs. Ross entered the room.

"It doos seem," she said, "as if them dresses of yourn would n't never get dry. The cloth is so thick and the gethers is so full that they 're all damp through yet, and it would be flyin' in the face of Providence for you to put 'em on."

Betty laughed with glee.

"I 'm glad of it," she said. "I 'll wear the pretty white silk dress home. There 's a lovely embroidered collar in the trunk that will make it high-necked."

"Yes, do, my lamb," said Mrs. Ross, smiling back into Betty's bright eyes; "and you can have that frock to keep, seein' 's you like it so much. I don't suppose poor Lallowet 'll ever claim it, and if she should, I 'll make it all right with her. I know she 'd be glad to give it to you—she 's that kind-hearted."

Betty was delighted, and jumped out of bed to dress and to array herself in the pretty grown-up gown.

Then she danced downstairs to find Jack, and of course found his note instead.

"That dear old Jack!" she exclaimed. "He 's walked all the way to Denniston so that I can have a comfortable ride home."

"Bless the boy!" cried Mrs. Ross; "and he had n't no breakfast, neither."

"Oh, he 'll get along," said Mr. Dick. "He tucked away supper enough for two, and when he gets to Denniston they 'll kill a whole drove of fatted calves for him. But it was good of him to go. Now, Grace, you won't have to go home in the boat."

"No," said Miss Grace, with a contented smile; "and I 'm very glad. I suppose the carriage will be here soon."

"Then come to breakfast right away," sang out Mr. Ross. "My! I wish we had a big family like this all the time. 'It 's right-down gay—hey, Purty?"

The cat purred assentingly, and jumped up on the arm of the chair in which Mr. Ross had seated himself.

Soon after they had finished the homely, hearty meal, the Denniston carriage drove up to the house. Betty flew to the door and opened it.

"Hello, Pete," she called out. "Did you come for us? Here we are."

"The saints be praised, Miss Betty, darlint! And are ye all alive and well this blissid marnin'? I 'm thot glad, I can't tell ye! Shure, ye look like a white angel! And will yez be afther goin' home now?"

"Yes, Pete; we 'll be ready in a few minutes. Was grandma worried? What did Polly say? This is Mr. Ross, who so kindly took us in for the night."

The old farmer hobnobbed with Pete in a friendly manner while his guests prepared for their ride home.

Grandma Jean had sent a warm cloak for Betty, and she bundled herself into it, and so protected the pretty white dress from possible harm. Soon they were ready; and after expressing their heartfelt thanks to the old farmer and his wife, which Mr. Dick supplemented by a more substantial recognition, they drove back to Denniston.

Then there was great rejoicing. The Van Court people all stayed to dinner, and everybody told the story of the storm, and every-

body else listened, and sympathized. And although Betty's thankful little heart was as glad as the others that they were all safe home again, yet she felt a certain sadness which she could n't have explained if she had been asked to. It was a vague feeling of disappointment—the old longing for some one who belonged to her without being "bought."

This sensation was only a fleeting one, for Betty was a merry little girl, and had a happy faculty for making the best of everything.

But that night, in her room, she talked longer than usual to her blue pillow.

You know, when one feels bad, either mentally or physically, there is nothing so comforting as a pillow; and Betty's favorite was one of her couch pillows—a particularly big, fluffy, downy one, covered with blue-and-white silk. She would often fling herself on the couch and bury her head in this pillow and talk to it as to a friend.

"Oh, Pillow," she said, as she put her arms round it and laid her cheek against its softness, "are you glad I did n't get drowned?"

I'm awful glad to get back to you, anyway. Suppose I had always to sleep in that kitchen bedroom of Mrs. Ross's! I'm glad to be again in my own dear room, so full of things of beauty and joys forever. Oh, I've everything to be thankful for, and yet—I seem to miss something. Do you hear, Pillow? Wake up, you stupid old thing, and listen to me. There's just a little *something*—I don't know what—that keeps my beautiful home from being a perfect success. But, as everything else is all right, the fault must be in me, and I'm going to overcome it. So there, now!"

She gave poor Pillow a vigorous thump, and then patted it gently to make up. "Only, Pillow, I'll whisper to you just one thing: if Mr. Morris writes me anything about my really truly family, I'm going to hunt them up, if it takes all my money!"

Then she went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Morris wrote her that she had a dozen sisters and a dozen brothers, and that all were coming to live with her at Denniston.

(To be concluded.)



"THERE IS NOTHING SO COMFORTING AS A PILLOW."



"NICK OFTEN SHARED HIS CRUST WITH HER, WHEN CRUSTS TO SHARE WERE FEW."

WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

THEY called him Silly Nicholas, the lanky
 servant-lad,
 But he served a mean old miser with all
 the wit he had.
 He served him well and faithfully, his old
 poll-parrot, too,
 And often shared his crust with her, when
 crusts to share were few.
 And, his year of service over, he bore them
 no ill will,
 Though he got for pay when he went away
 only a coffee-mill—
 An old, old mill with a handle that nobody
 wanted to turn,
 And a hopper that was cracked in two and
 only fit to burn!

But Nicholas took it, laughing: "Who
 knows but I may find
 Some fine day in the morning the grist for
 it to grind?"
 So he tucked it into the bundle that he car-
 ried on his back,

And went to seek his fortune like a peddler
 with his pack.
 The mean old miser chuckled, for it seemed
 a clever trick
 To save a whole year's wages by cheating
 Silly Nick.
 But the parrot (who was a witch, you
 know) she chuckled grimly, too;
 "I seem to think," she said, with a wink,
 "that Nick has the best of you!"

"How so?" with a scowl he asked her.
 She cackled back, "*How so?*
 Run after Silly Nicholas, and maybe you
 will know!
 I hear him grinding at the mill you chose
 to give away,
 And it's grinding golden guineas for your
 servant-lad to-day."
 Up jumped the mean old miser, as angry
 as he could be;
 He called her a witch, and a rattlesnake,
 and a buzzing bumblebee!

He said she was trying to cheat him; he threatened her with his stick.
But she only laughed and answered, "Run after Silly Nick!"

So he ran and ran with all his might; he ran uphill and down,
Till at last he overtook the boy a mile from London town.

He found him resting at noonday under a group of trees,
And the coffee-mill was grinding—not gold, but bread and cheese!

"Hi-yi!" the miser shouted; "what 's all this that I spy?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Nicholas; "you know about as much as I.

This is the mill you gave me—a shakly old machine,

But the very mischief 's in it, as sure as grass is green!

"Look you! I lay here resting when the sun was hot at noon,

And just to keep my courage up I hummed a silly tune;

Some silly words to fit it came from I don't know where:

'Who owns the mill may grind at will, and have enough to spare.'

So there, while I was singing, the thing began to grind, But not at all the sort of grist one might expect to find.

As sure as I 'm a sinner, a crown-piece of pure gold, Then three or four, and as many more bright guineas as it would hold

Came jingling down into my hat. And look at the funny thing!

I 've never a hat to cover my head, but I 've crowns enough for a king!

Ha! ha!" laughed Silly Nicholas—and he showed the tattered hat,

Which the golden crowns had broken down.

"Now what do you think of that?"

"I think—I think you 're a rascal!" the miser sputtered out;

"And you 've cheated your poor old master—oh, yes, beyond a doubt!

But come, now,"—and he changed his tone to wheedle the foolish lad,—

"A joke 's a joke, good Nicholas; but you never could be so bad

As to rob your aged master in this unchristian way,

And keep the mill that for pure good will I lent you just for a day."

"Hum! hum!" cried Silly Nicholas; "that story is rather queer!

You gave me the mill this morning to pay my wage for a year;



"'RUN AFTER SILLY NICK!'"

There was not a word, old master, of lending or borrowing.

But alack! if you want to take it back, you are welcome to the thing."

He tossed it over into his hands, and the
 miser grinned for joy ;
 He said he had always thought the world
 of his honest servant-boy !
 But for fear his honest mind might change,
 he hurried away with the mill,
 And racked his bones over stocks and
 stones as he scrambled down the hill.

" Good riddance for bad rubbish ! " cried
 Nick, with a merry laugh.
 " I 've got the best of the bargain, it seems
 to me, by half !
 With a hatful of golden guineas, and a
 dinner of bread and cheese,
 He may take the mill wherever he will, and
 I will take my ease."
 So he took a nap to begin with, and then
 he marched along,
 With many a cheery whistle and many a
 tuneful song ;
 And a farmer, hearing the honest voice that
 rang so loud and free,
 Said, " Here is a lad that sings as he goes,
 and he is the lad for me."
 He hired him for good money before the
 day was done,
 And by and by our Nicholas became the
 farmer's son.
 His guineas bought the farm for his own,
 and he lived a happy life,
 With his flocks and herds, his flowers and
 birds, his children and his wife.

Meanwhile, the mean old miser, in his haste
 to get away
 From the boy whom he had cheated so,
 contrived to go astray.
 Instead of climbing as he should, uphill, he
 tumbled down,
 And he never reached his home at all, but
 tramped to London town.
 There, just for fear that Nicholas might
 find him out again,
 He took a trip on a merchant-ship that
 was setting sail for Spain.
 The coffee-mill he took, of course—like
 Mary's lamb, you know,
 Whatever place the miser went, the mill
 was sure to go !

The sailors gibed him for it, till, fretted in
 his mind,
 He boasted angrily, one day, of what the
 mill could grind.
 " You 'd laugh another way, you fools, if
 I should let you see."
 At which the laughter rang again, and more
 provoked was he.

" Look here," the cook said, stirring the pea-
 soup in the pot,
 " There 's no time like the present, so take
 the chance you 've got.
 Just set your mill to grinding, and if it
 grinds some salt
 To season my soup, then you can laugh,
 and put the rest in fault."
 " That will I ! " cried the miser, and began to
 hum the tune
 That he caught from Silly Nicholas that
 summer afternoon.

At once the mill began to turn, the music
 to obey ;
 And when the miser whispered, " Some salt,
 good mill, I pray !"
 The sailor-men stood wondering, for they
 saw, beyond a doubt,
 The hopper fill, and a steady rill of shining
 salt flow out !
 They clapped their hands and shouted ; they
 cheered him long and loud ;
 And the old man shouted with them, for he
 was pleased and proud.
 But the mill kept pouring, pouring its
 steady stream of salt,
 Till the cook cried, " Ho ! my friend, go
 slow ; it 's time to call a halt.
 You 've proved your case completely, but
 enough 's as good as a feast ;
 There 's good salt there, and some to spare
 —for a man-of-war, at least !
 Heave to, and be quick about it ! " But the
 miser could n't " heave to,"
 For the mill ground on, regardless of all he
 could say or do.
 The salt piled up around them till it almost
 reached their knees,
 And the sailors raved at the miser like a
 swarm of angry bees !



"THE SALT PILED UP AROUND THEM TILL IT ALMOST REACHED THEIR KNEES,
AND THE SAILORS RAVED AT THE MISER LIKE A SWARM OF ANGRY BEES!"

If he had but said, "Good mill, be still
from grinding salt, I pray!"
Without the least objection it would have
stopped straightway;
But he had not taken the time to learn the
proper thing to say.
So the salt kept piling upward till it
spoil'd the soup in the pot,
And this was more than the cook could
bear, cook's temper being hot.
"Confound the mill and its master!" with
a mighty rage cried he,
And he caught the thing by the handle, and
flung it into the sea.
Alack and alas for the miser! It sank with
a sullen splash,
And his dreams of golden treasure were
gone like a lightning-flash.
Never again would guineas come jingling
from the mill,
Nor bread and cheese—why, even for these
he would have been thankful still!

He tore his hair in his despair, and he
raved at the cook and all,
'Till their anger rose to kicks and blows,
and there was a lively squall!

The miser got the worst of the fray, which
was only right, in the main,
And a melancholy man was he when he
landed at last in Spain.

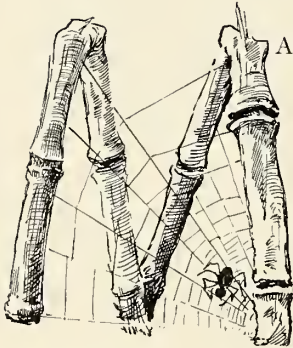
If he lived or died of his miseries upon
that alien shore,
No man can tell; but I know it well he
saw the mill no more.
It sank, and you know the reason now why
the sea is always salt;
For it grinds away without stopping, where
no one can call a halt.
It grinds out salt forever, for no one can
say it nay.
It has ground for years and years, you
see, and it's grinding still to-day!



GOLF ON THE PRAIRIE.

WHAT DID N'T HAPPEN TO THOMAS.

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.



ADAME ARACHNE had a beautiful suburban home between two corn-stalks in the garden-patch. It was made of the finest spider-silk, all woven and interwoven in so delicate a pattern that the most flimsy of lace

Before there was time to warn him, that tail had carried away half of her house.

She called to the destroyer: "Hey, there! If you please, Mr. Cat!"

Thomas paused, with acute ear slanted to catch the direction from which the small voice came.

"Mr. Cat," she continued, "would you mind lowering your tail when you go by here? This makes the third web you have spoiled for me this week."

handkerchiefs would seem like a tennis-net in comparison.

While she was busily patching up a hole in the mesh, "Thomas," the cat, with tail erect, came walking down the rows of corn.

Thomas turned his yellow eyes upon her, and fixed her with a supercilious stare. The idea of a garden spider giving him orders as to how he should carry his tail! He,—THOMAS,—the slayer of rats, the catcher of birds, the friend

and equal of "Max," the bull-terrier, to be commanded to do this or that by a little hairy spider! The thing was ridiculous.

"Ph'w't!" said he to Mrs. Arachne, and continued on his way, carrying both head and tail still more loftily, to show his opinion of her conduct.

His manner stung her to the quick. She sprang upon a projecting branch, quivering with indignation.

"Are you going to pay attention to what I said?" she hissed after the departing feline.

For answer Thomas turned and spat at her again.

Then did she prance right up and down in fury.

"You 'll be sorry, you old yellow bird-catcher! You 'll be sorry, now; see if you are n't! Max chased you up a tree yesterday, did n't he? Yah! Yah!" said she. But the cat had passed beyond the reach of her tiny voice, and her taunt was wasted.

Back to her home she scampered, her eight legs stumbling over one another in the haste of her rage.

There in the corner was the spider house-keeper, wrapped in slumber, and Mrs. Arachne shook her vigorously.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she cried.

"Hey? What?" said the other, affecting an air of being very wide awake. "What's the matter? Oh, yes; I know all about it. You need n't be so rough. I saw him flap his wings and get away. Did n't I tell you that you ought to have made that part of the web stronger?"

"Saw who?" asked Mrs. Arachne, sternly, forgetting her grammar in her earnestness.

"Why, that bluebottle fly," faltered the housekeeper.

"Now, see here, Sarah; there was n't any bluebottle fly, or any other kind of fly, and I don't want you to pretend that you were n't asleep."

"Yes, 'm," answered Sarah, seeing that the lady of the house was in no condition to stand any nonsense.

"All right! Just you sit there and I 'll tell you what happened" — whereupon she poured her woes into the housekeeper's ears.

"H'm!" said Sarah, at the conclusion, with all the freedom of an old retainer; "I'm glad it's no worse. We shall let him alone in the future."

"We 'll do *what?*" asked Mrs. Arachne, bristling up.

"Anything you say," answered the house-keeper, hastily, with a deprecatory wave of a front leg.

"That's more like it. Now I'll tell you what we 'll do. You will start immediately for the corner of the fence, and tell my aunt I want her. Tell her to bring all her relatives and neighbors. Next go to the pine-tree, and rout out all the spiders that live there. Then to the grape-arbor, and stir up our friends. Pick up all of our kith and kin you meet on the way. Tell them to assemble under the kitchen steps at one this afternoon. That's the time that villainous rat-hunter takes his afternoon nap.

"We 'll bind and snare and tie him fast — head, feet, tail, and whiskers. Oh, leave me to fix those whiskers! If I do not fasten them so that even a blink will make the tears run down his face, then I hope some wasp may catch me! Now fly, Sarah!"

And Sarah flew.

That afternoon at one o'clock Thomas slept, stretched at ease upon his side.

Now, if sleep in a man be compared to a heavy curtain, which almost completely shuts out the sounds and sights of the active world, then is a cat's sleep like a film of spider-silk, or a sheet of thinnest vapor, through which perceptible things freely filter.

As lightly as Kitty's paw presses on the grasses, so lightly does Kitty's slumber press upon her brain. Yet with such a deft and delicate touch did the enemies of this cat work that they pursued their evil plan toward him undisturbed.

They stretched their snares across his body in all directions until the lines were woven into a fabric.

Mrs. Arachne took the binding of the whiskers as her particular pleasure. Her performance was a marvel of dexterity. She attached the threads with such matchless skill that no warning touch startled Thomas's sleeping brain.

The busy little troop worked with the fierce energy that vengeance inspires, and the task was soon completed to the leader's satisfaction.

Then they withdrew to the railing of the kitchen porch, upon which they formed in line and waved their front legs in exultation.

Mrs. Arachne was one quivering ball of triumph. She danced and pranced with glee.

Then the cook came to the kitchen door with a saucer of milk in her hand.

At this the spiders began a triumphant march up and down the rail.

"Hooray!" said they to themselves. "No milk for the yellow rat-catcher to-day."

"I wonder where that cat can be?" said the cook. "I guess I'd better call him."

The spiders rushed to the edge of the rail, and craned their little heads over so that they could enjoy to the full the struggles of their enemy.

"Puss! Puss! Puss!" the cook called.

"Pr-r-r-me-aow!" answered Thomas, leaping to his feet.

He never noticed that he had been bound! All those lines might have been as imaginary as the equator, so far as he was concerned.

The company of spiders took one look at this humiliating spectacle, and then—save two—skedaddled off home as fast as their legs could carry them, breathing maledictions on the head of their leader.

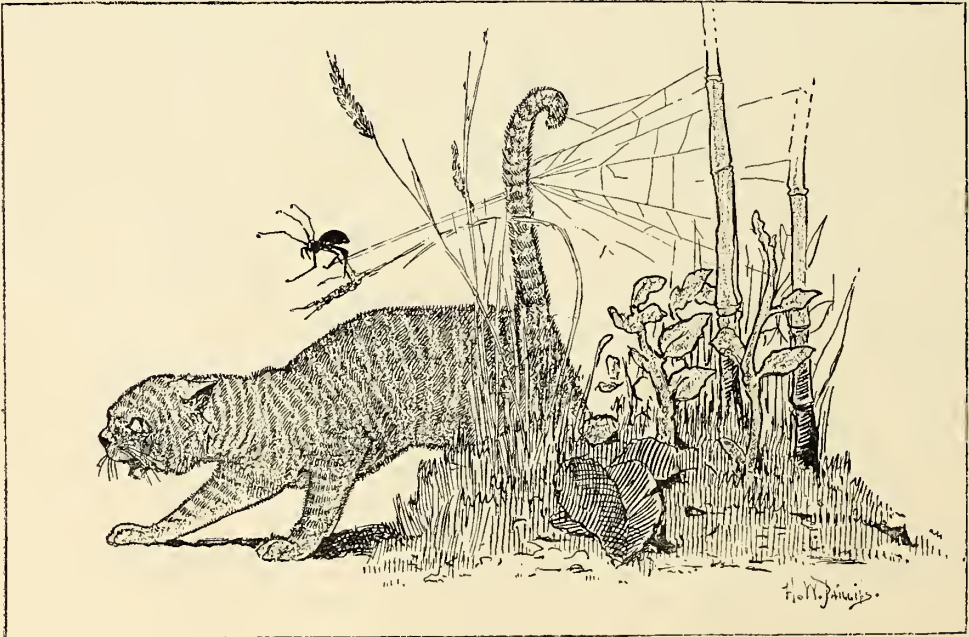
Poor Mrs. Arachne, with Sarah, stood apparently rooted to the spot. The horrid surprise had rendered her incapable of motion.

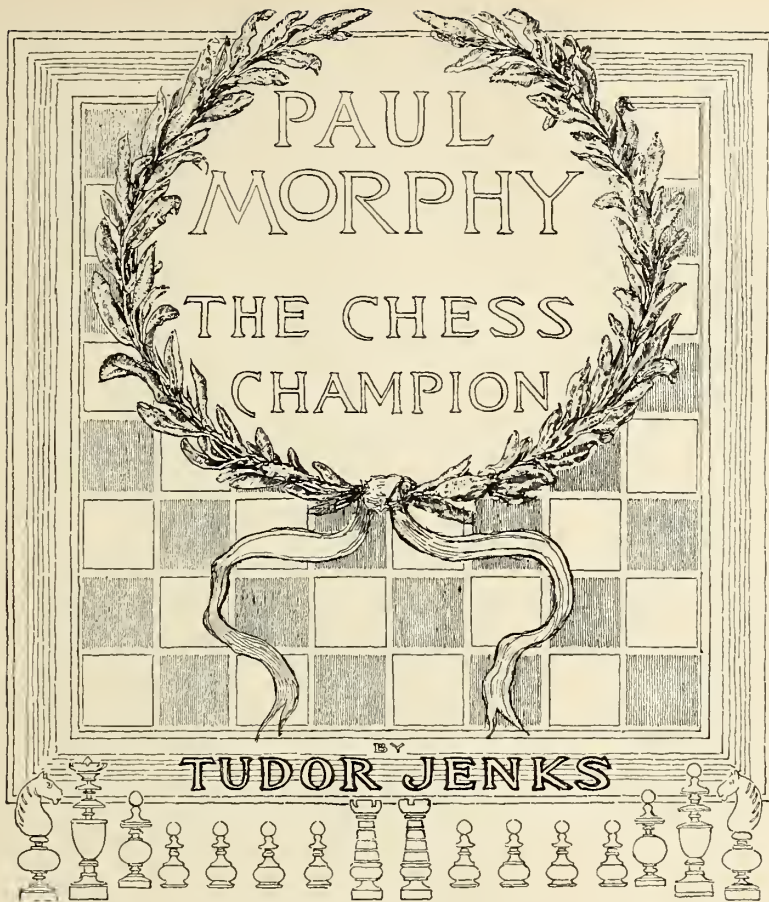
"Did n't I *tell* you to let him alone?" said Sarah, bitterly. "But no; that would n't do. You had to have your way, of course. And it's turned out finely—oh, so lovely! I think I'll get another situation."

At this the temper of the sorely tried leader gave way. She walked up to Sarah and gave her such a glare that the housekeeper fairly shriveled with fright.

"Now," said Mrs. Arachne very slowly, and with every mark of meaning what she said, "understand me. If you ever so much as mention this again, I'll *eat* you! Home with you!"

Away went Sarah at her best speed, and the head of the house followed slowly, her countenance wearing much the same expression as that of Napoleon at St. Helena.





THE greatest of chess-players was yet a boy when, having easily won the championship of America, he crossed the ocean to meet the experts of the Old World.

Before the end of his twenty-first year he returned in triumph, having defeated all who ventured to meet him on even terms, and having in vain offered a challenge to meet any player at odds.

When, in 1858, the American chess-players wrote to the holder of the championship, the Englishman Howard Staunton, and invited him to visit America and play their boy champion, Paul Morphy of New Orleans, foreign chess-players were amused. To them this bold young player seemed a new Ivanhoe, advancing to strike his lance-point against the shield of the veteran Brian de Bois Gilbert.

While their feeling was partly amusement, it was partly irritation. Staunton printed a brief note in a London paper, for which he edited a chess column, saying that if Mr. Morphy were "desirous to win his spurs among the chess chivalry of Europe," he must cross the ocean and enter the lists.

The Americans had confidence in the young player, and raised money to pay his expenses. They had learned of his exploits from Paulsen, a noted chess-player of Iowa, and had seen Paulsen's prediction—that Morphy would win the American tournament—more than fulfilled. Before that contest little was known about the Louisiana boy.

Morphy's grandfather was Spanish, a native of Madrid who had emigrated to the United States.* Paul's father was a successful lawyer,

* The facts herein are based mainly upon a book published by D. Appleton & Co. in 1859, entitled "The Exploits and Triumphs of Paul Morphy," by Frederick Milns Edge, Morphy's chess-secretary in Europe.

and became a judge. As some unknown rhymester put it :

To teach the young Paul chess
His leisure he 'd employ,
Until, at last, the old man
Was beaten by the boy.

Paul learned chess at ten years of age, and by the time he was thirteen he was winning many games from the strongest players of his own city, among whom were Ernest Rousseau, his uncle, and Judge Meek of Alabama, both known as unusually skilled in the game. When the little player was twelve, Mr. Löwenthal, a celebrated champion, came to visit Judge Morphy, and was glad to test the skill of the infant phenomenon. They played three games. Paul won two, and the grown-up expert could secure only a *draw* game.

But Paul did not care to be a professional player. He went to school and college until he was eighteen, and played chess only as an amusement, until there was a tournament held in New York during 1857. Paulsen was one of the contestants, and he told all the players that the youngster from the South would easily win the first prize. No doubt this seemed an extravagant statement.

But, like a tiny Julius Cæsar, Paul came, played, and conquered. No one could stand against him. Judge Meek, a very large man, is said to have remarked jokingly to Morphy : "If you keep on mating me without giving me a chance, I 'll put you in my pocket!"

It was Morphy first, and the rest nowhere. Morphy lost only one game in the tournament, and his admirer Paulsen came second. Mr. Paulsen at once declared his faith that this new chess champion was the greatest the world had seen. "If Anderssen and Staunton [the greatest of foreign players] were here they would stand no chance," said he; "and Morphy would beat Philidor and Labourdonnais, too, if they were alive"—thus naming the best two living players, and the best two of the early masters of the game. And Paulsen was a good judge, for afterward Morphy said of him: "Paulsen never makes an oversight. I sometimes do."

Having won the American championship so easily, Morphy offered to give odds to any of

the defeated players, or to any American; but none dared accept the challenge.

Then it was resolved to try the players of the Old World, as has been told. Rumors of Morphy's skill were in the air abroad, but the foreign clubs were very skeptical. They argued, reasonably enough, that their players were not like those of the newer country; that Morphy would find his match if he dared encounter the members of the English, German, French, or Austrian chess clubs. Besides, said they, chess was not a game that could be picked up and guessed out: it required years of experience and study. How could a boy, just out of school, have learned all the wisdom of the ages, as handed down in the games of European masters? The idea was absurd! The Americans were enthusiastic, foolish!

But Morphy's friends wished him to go, and he had intended to make a European tour anyway. So he took his departure in the summer of 1858, and landed in England not in the best of health. Besides being otherwise ill, Morphy had been seasick.

Upon his appearance at the St. George's Chess Club, Morphy began by beating the club's secretary two informal games. When Mr. Staunton, the champion, arrived, Morphy proposed an offhand game; but the older player declined. Morphy then played a well-known veteran of the board, who went by the name "Alter" (the Rev. J. Owen), and won four games out of five.

The next Englishman, Mr. Barnes, was a player not of the first rank, and yet he and Morphy seemed equally matched for a time. They won game for game until each had scored six or seven. The English began to shake their heads wisely. "Aha!" they exclaimed; "what did we tell you? Here is only an ordinarily strong amateur, and yet Morphy can't beat him!" But after a few days Morphy seemed to recover from his seasickness, or whatever it was, and he beat Mr. Barnes about a dozen games straight, the final score being 19 to 7. This awakened the English chess world to the nature of their young antagonist.

Mr. Löwenthal was in London, and he resolved to challenge Morphy in order to

show that the old score, made when Morphy was only a child, was not a real test of the Hungarian's skill. The match began, and Löwenthal said afterward: "During the first game I thought, 'Morphy is not so terrible, after all'; during the second I was equally

Young Morphy had said he could give the clergyman a pawn and the move, and yet beat him. Now, Alter usually played the champion Staunton at these odds, and he had thought that since Staunton could not beat him, Morphy could n't. But after the match was over Morphy had won five, Alter none.

It would be wearisome to recount this same story over and over. Morphy played Boden, considered next in rank to Staunton, and Bird, chosen as "just the man to beat Morphy," because he played the same vigorous, slashing game; and the score was 5 to 1 against Boden, and 10 to 1 against Bird, who, by the way, is still playing excellent and brilliant chess. Morphy and Barnes then played twice in consultation against Staunton and Alter, and won both games.

The English tournament at Birmingham now began; but Morphy did not play, because of his vain attempts to bring Staunton to a match. Staunton made excuses, postponed the matter, and, for one reason or another, declared he could not play. So Morphy did not enter the tournament, fearing that games against Staunton in the tournament would prevent a match with him. If Morphy lost Staunton could say, "I have already beaten him"; if Morphy won



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER, FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING, BY PERMISSION OF GEORGE BELL & SONS, LONDON.

confident; but when the third game began I felt myself in a grasp against which it was vain to struggle."

The match ended by Morphy's winning nine games to three, three being drawn.

Next came other games with Alter.

Staunton could say, "I am not in good condition, and will not risk a match." Much good ink and paper has been wasted upon the question why Staunton and Morphy did not reach a match; but it seems sufficient to say that Morphy was always eager to play, and

that Staunton, for one reason or another, avoided a match.

The Birmingham tournament was won by Löwenthal, who beat Staunton *twice*. So it may be argued that Morphy was more than a match for the English champions.

Morphy's career in England included a victory over Kipping, a player who had made an especial study of the chess-opening known as the "Evans gambit." Kipping played his specialty; Morphy won. Then Morphy played the Kipping specialty against Kipping, and Morphy won again. Then, as a "grand finale," Morphy played eight games at once—without seeing any of the boards, and carrying all the moves only in his memory—against the stronger English players, and won six, losing only one, and drawing one. This was his last exploit in England; for, having again challenged Staunton to a match, and being again refused, Morphy decided to invade Europe.

Arriving in France, the custom-house officials objected to Morphy's traveling with an American passport, because he spoke French too well; and a long explanation was necessary to convince them that to a native of New Orleans French was almost a mother-tongue.

The resort of France's chess champions was the Café de la Régence, and Paul Morphy soon appeared there. His first games were won without trouble, and the Frenchmen at once hoped that they had found some one to beat Harrwitz, the strongest and meanest player of that circle. Harrwitz was a professional, who played in a bullying, disagreeable manner, and was much disliked. He was a Prussian who did nothing but play chess, and was considered conceited and overbearing.

One Saturday Harrwitz appeared, and was at once invited by Paul to try a match. Harrwitz gave no clear answer, but proposed an offhand game.

The game was played at once. Morphy seemed excited, made a blunder, and lost, but made so good a fight that the struggle was twice as long as the usual game. Harrwitz was delighted by the victory, and a match was readily arranged.

Harrwitz won the first game, and made light of the young player. On the second day

Harrwitz won again, thus having won all three games he had played against the new-comer.

Naturally, Harrwitz was elated, and he showed his contempt for Morphy so unpleasantly that the Frenchmen were angry. Mr. Morphy's secretary told them to be of good cheer. "Mark my words," said he; "Mr. Harrwitz will be as quiet as a lamb before the end of next week."

Though the spectators were uneasy, Morphy was not. As he left the café he said to his secretary: "How astonished all these men will be if Harrwitz does not get another game!"

Third game of the match: Morphy won.

Fourth game: Morphy won.

Fifth game: Morphy won again, and then Harrwitz asked for a few days' rest, after which the match proceeded.

Sixth game: Morphy won, and the score stood: Morphy, 4; Harrwitz, 2.

Then came another rest for Mr. Harrwitz, during which Morphy again played eight games blindfold. For ten hours the play proceeded, and Morphy won six, and the two others were drawn games; whereupon the enthusiastic Frenchmen carried Paul out into the street, cheering him wildly, for all the world as if it had been a football match.

Promptly the next day Harrwitz wished to go on; and Morphy, though tired and feverish, gladly consented to proceed after only one day's interval. Again they met over the checkered board, and Morphy made an oversight, lost a piece, and saved himself from defeat only by most skilful play, the game being drawn.

One more game was played, and Mr. Harrwitz lost it, whereupon the Prussian player sent word that he resigned the match "on account of ill health"!

There now remained only one great player to meet Morphy. He, too, was a Prussian, but of a type different from that of Harrwitz. As winner of the last international tournament, he was worthy even of Paul Morphy's skill.

When Anderssen arrived in Paris, Paul was ill in bed, and while waiting for his recovery Anderssen played with Harrwitz. The result of this match between the Prussian players was all in favor of Anderssen, who won three games

out of six, two being drawn, and Harrwitz securing but one.

When Morphy was able to sit up the match with Anderssen began. Morphy lost the first game—a hard fight—after seventy moves. The next day the two champions played a drawn game; but on the third day Morphy won twice without difficulty. The fifth, sixth, and seventh games also went to Morphy, making five in succession. After another drawn game, Morphy won the ninth game in seventeen moves, while to win the tenth Anderssen needed over seventy moves, which the old man said was natural, considering their ages!

The next game gave Morphy the match, the score being 7 to 2, with two drawn.

When the French players told Anderssen he ought to have won some of the games, the gentlemanly old player smiled and said, "Tell that to Morphy!" and when others told him he had not played so strong a game against Morphy as against another player, he replied: "No; Morphy won't let me!" In short, he took his defeat like a true gentleman, saying: "It is impossible to play better chess than Mr. Morphy." Then in six off-hand games Morphy beat Anderssen five to one.

Morphy now challenged Harrwitz to play, offering to give him odds; but Harrwitz would not accept. Paul Morphy next played a sort of friendly match with the president of the London Chess Club, and, after one drawn game, won seven in succession.

Having thus scored a victory like that of Admiral Dewey at Manila, Morphy played no more serious matches. The rest of his tour abroad was merely one of triumph and sight-seeing. At a banquet given to him in Paris, his bust was crowned with laurel, and everywhere

he was hailed as the unquestioned champion of the world.

After his return to America the proud chess-players of his native land gave him a rosewood chess-board with gold and silver chessmen.

Of his playing his secretary says: "Where his skill gained one admirer, his manner made ten warm friends"; and of the strength of his game it will be enough to say that modern players believe that Morphy was the finest player the world has seen. The young genius was always an amateur, who played for the love of the game, and never to make money out of his skill.

It is a pity to go beyond these early triumphant years, for the rest of the story is a sad one. Paul Morphy, not many years after his foreign trip, abandoned chess forever, and, because of private misfortunes, became mentally unsound. He lived for twenty years after giving up his career as a chess-player, but there is nothing further to record of him except the date of his death—July 10, 1884.

Few chess-players are great men. Staunton is known as an excellent editor of Shakspeare; Buckle, the historian, was a noted chess-master; Bismarck, Franklin, Charles XII. of Sweden, and many well-known men have enjoyed the game; but few great men have considered it as more than an amusement. Certainly, great modern players, like Steinitz and Blackburne, do not hesitate to say that the game is too hard to be worth the time required to play it really well. But young players will find chess, played as a pastime only, the most fascinating and harmless of amusements.

At all events, young Americans ought to know the triumphs of that modest, gentlemanly, chivalrous champion, Paul Morphy.



THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

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

CHAPTER IX.

THE victorious outcome of the cross-country run, as well as many other victories and defeats, had pretty well instilled it in the Lakerim minds that team-play is an all-important factor of success. But the time came when there was no opportunity to use the hard-learned, easily forgotten lesson of team-work, and it was each man for himself, and all for Lakerim and Kingston.

When the ground was all soggy and mushy with the first footsteps of spring, and it was not yet possible to practise to any extent out of doors, the Kingston Athletic Association received from the athletic association of the Troy Latin School a letter which was a curious combination of blood-curdling challenge and blood-warming hospitality. The Latin School, in other words, opened its heart and its gymnasium, and warmly invited the Kingston athletes to come over and be eaten up in a grand indoor carnival. Troy was not so far away that only a small delegation could go. Almost every one from Kingston, particularly those athletically inclined, took the train to Troy.

Most surprising of all it was to see the diminutive and bespectacled History proudly joining the ranks of the strong ones. He was going to Troy to display his microscopical muscles in that most wearing and violent of all exercises—chess.

The Tri-State Interscholastic League, which encouraged the practice of all imaginable diversions from school studies, had arranged for a series of chess games between teams selected from the different academies. The winners of these preliminary heats, if one can use so calm a word for so exciting a game,

were to meet at Troy and play for the championship of the League.

If I should describe the hair-raising excitement of that chess tournament, I am afraid that this account would be put down as entirely too lively for young readers. So I will simply say once for all that, owing to his ability to look wiser than any one could possibly be, and to spend so much time thinking of each move that his deliberation affected his opponents' nerves, and owing to the fact that he could so thoroughly map out future moves on the inside of his large skull, and that there was something awe-inspiring about his general look of being a wizard in boys' clothes, History won the tournament—almost more by his looks than by his skill as a tactician. The whole Academy, and especially the Lakerimers, overwhelmed him with congratulations, and felt proud of him; but when he attempted to explain how he had won his magnificent battle, and started off with such words as these: "You will observe that I used the Zukertort opening"; and when he began to tell of his taking a "pawn *en passant*," and "castling Q.'s side," even his best friends vanished.

The Kingston visitors found that the Troy Latin School was in possession of a finer and much larger gymnasium than their own. But much as they envied their luckier neighbors, they determined that they would prove that fine feathers do not make fine birds, nor a fine gymnasium fine athletes. A large crowd had gathered, and was kept in good humor by a beautiful exhibition of team-work by the Troy men on the triple and horizontal bars and the double trapeze. The Trojans also gave a very excellent kaleidoscopic exhibition of tumbling and pyramid-building, none of which sports had been practised to any extent by the Kingstonians. After this the regular athletic contests of the evening began.

In almost every event at least one of the Lakerim men represented Kingston. Some of the Dozen made a poor showing; but the majority, owing to their long devotion to the theory and the practice of athletics, stood out strongly, and were recognized by the strange audience, in their Lakerim sweaters, as distinguished heroes of the occasion.

The first event was a contest in horse-vaulting, in which no Lakerim men were entered, but in which Kingston suffered a defeat.

"Ill begun is half done up," sighed Jumbo.

But in the next event was entered the old reliable Tug, among others; and in the rope-climb he ran up the cord like a monkey on a stick, and touched the tambourine that hung twenty-five feet in the air before any of his rivals reached their goal, and in better form than any of them.

The third event was the standing high jump, and B. J. and the other Kingstonians were badly outclassed here. Their efforts to clear the bar compared with that of the Trojans as the soaring of an elephant compares with the flight of a butterfly.

Punk was the only Lakerimmer on the team that attempted to win glory on the flying-rings, but he and his brother Kingstonians suffered a like humiliation with the running high jumpers.

The clerk of the course and the referees were now seen to be running hither and yon in great excitement. A long delay and much putting of heads together ensued, to the great mystification of the audience. At length, just as a number of small boys in the gallery had begun to stamp their feet in military time and whistle their indignation, the official announcer officially announced that there had been a slight hitch in the proceedings.

"I have to announce," he yelled in his gentlest manner, "that two of the boxers have failed to appear. Both have excellent excuses and doctors' certificates to account for their absence, but we have unfortunately to announce that the Kingston heavy-weight and the Troy feather-weight are incapacitated for the present. The feather-weight from Kingston, however, has been good enough to express

a willingness to box a friendly bout for points with the heavy-weight from Troy. While this match will seem a little unusual owing to the difference in size of the two opponents, it will be scientific enough, we have no doubt, to make it interesting as well as picturesque."

As usual, the audience, not knowing what else to do, applauded very cordially.

And now the heavy-weight from Troy, one Jaynes, appeared upon the scene with his second. There was no roped-off space, but only a collection of mats of the proper dimensions. Jaynes overshadowed little Bobbles as the giants overshadowed Jack the Giant-killer.

Bobbles, while he was diminutive compared with Jaynes, was yet rather tall and wiry for his light weight, and had an unusually long reach for one of his size. And now he was matched to box with a heavy-weight, but it was only for points, and he counted upon his agility to save him.

In order to make the scoring of points more vivid and visible to the audience, it was decided, after some hesitation, that the gloves should be coated with shoe-blackening.

Bobbles realized that his salvation lay in quick attack and the seizure of every possible opportunity. He did not propose to make it a sprinting-match, but he felt that he was justified in making as much use of the art of evasion as possible.

Bobbles proved himself an adept at that best of boxing-tactics, the ability to dodge. He rarely moved more than would take him sufficiently out of harm's way. A little moving of the head from one side to the other, a quick side-step or an adroit duck, saved him from most of Jaynes' attacks.

There were to be three rounds of three minutes each, with one minute's intermission between rounds. The first round was over before either of the men was much more than well warmed up to the work, and before either had scored any impressive amount of points. Jaynes, however, realized that Bobbles had landed oftener than he, and that the sympathy of the audience was with the little fellow. In the swift interchange of blows Bobbles was usually quicker than he.

Jaynes' blows were heavier, but Bobbles countered and dodged with remarkable skill; and when, after three spirited rounds, the judges met to discuss the verdict they were to render and there was some dispute as to the number of blows landed by each, the two men were brought forward for inspection. Bobbles' face and neck were as black as a piccaninny's, but there were few dark spots upon his chest. Jaynes, however, was like a leopard, for the blacking on Bobbles' gloves had mottled him all up and down and around.

As Jumbo remarked to Sawed-Off: "Bobbles certainly had designs on that big fellow!"

The judges had been agreed that, on the point of defense, guarding, ducking, getting away, and of counter-hitting, Bobbles, considering his size, was certainly the more speedy of the two. They were also inclined to grant him the greater number of points on his form in general, and especially on account of the disparity in size and reach; but when they counted the tattoo-marks on each, they found that here also Bobbles had made the higher score, and the judges decided to award him the prize.

The next event was the high kick, which was won by a Kingston hitch-and-kicker, who was a rank outsider from the Dozen. Quiz managed to be third and add one point to the Academy's score.

Then came an exhibition of Indian-club swinging. Jumbo had formerly been the great Indian-club swinger of the Dozen, but he had recently gone in so enthusiastically for wrestling that he had given up his other interest. Sleepy had taken up this discarded amusement with as much enthusiasm as was possible to him. There was something about it that appealed to Sleepy. It was different from weight-

lifting and dumb-bell exercising in that when you once got the clubs started they seemed to do all the work themselves. But Sleepy was too lazy to learn many of the new wrinkles, and the Troy club-swingers set him some tasks that he could not repeat. In form, too, he was



A FRIENDLY BOXING-BOUT.

evidently not their equal, and so the honors in this event went deservedly to Kingston's opponents.

A novelty was introduced here in place of the usual parallel-bar exhibition. From the horizontal bar a light gate was hung, and the various contestants gave exhibitions of vaulting

this bar. The gate prevented the use of the kippie swing. There was no method of twisting and writhing up to the bar; it had to be clean vaulting; and Kingston gradually raised the bar till the Troy men could not go over it. At its last notch only one man made it, and that was a Kingston athlete—but unfortunately not a Lakerimmer, as Punk remained behind with the others, and divided a second place with two rivals.

A sack-race was introduced to furnish a little diversion for the audience, which, in view of the length of the program, was beginning to believe that, after all, it is possible to have too much of a good thing. The Kingstonians had put their hope in this event upon the Twins. None but the Dozen could tell them apart, but the Kingstonians felt confident that one of the red-headed brotherhood would win out. And so it looked to the audience when the long row of men were tied up like dummies in sacks that reached to their necks; for, after the first muddle at the start, two small, brick-top figures went bouncing along in the lead, like hot-water bags with red stoppers in them. The Kingstonians, not knowing which of the Twins was in the lead, if indeed either of them were in the lead, yelled violently:

“The Twins! The Twins!”

It was Reddy who had got the first start and cleared the multitude, but Heady, by a careful system of jumping, was soon alongside his brother. He made a kind-hearted effort to cut his brother off, with the result that they wobbled together and fell in a heap. They did not mind the fact that two or three other sack-runners were falling all over them; nor did they care what became of the race: the desire of each was to tear off that sack and get at the wretched brother who had caused the fall. Not being able to work their hands loose, they rolled toward each other, and began violently to bunt heads. Finding that this manner of battle hurt the giver of the blow as much as it did the receiver of it, they rolled apart again, and began to kick at each other in a most ludicrous and undignified manner. The Lakerimmers were finally compelled to rush in on the track and separate the loving

brothers. Strange to say, the Twins got no consolation for the loss of the race from the fact that the audience had laughed till the tears ran down.

When the running high jump went to Troy on account of the inability of B. J. to reach even his own record, the Kingstonians began to feel anxious as to results. Troy had won six events, and they had won only four. The points, too, had fallen in such a way that there was a bad discrepancy.

Sawed-Off appeared upon the horizon as a temporary rescuer; and while he could not put the sixteen-pound bag of shot so far as he had in better days sent the sixteen-pound solid shot, still he landed it farther than any of the Trojans could do, and brought the Kingston score up to within one of the events gone to Troy. Pretty added one more by a display of grace and skill in the fencing-match with foils, that surprised even his best friends from Lakerim, and won the unanimous vote of the three judges, themselves skilful fencers.

A wet blanket was thrown on the encouragement of the Kingstonians by their inferiority at weight-lifting. Sawed-Off was many pounds from the power of a certain powerful Trojan, who was a smaller man with bigger muscles.

He and all the other members of the Dozen had a special parley with Jumbo, imploring him to save the day and the honor of both Kingston and Lakerim by winning the wrestling-match. When Jumbo glanced across the floor and saw the man that was to be his opponent striding toward the mat in the center of the floor, he wished that some one else had been placed as the keystone in the Kingston arch of success. For Jumbo knew well the man's record as a wrestler. But Jumbo himself, while small, was well put together; and though built close to the ground, he was built for business.

Since he had gone in for wrestling he had made it the specialty of all his athletic exercises. He had practised everything that had any bearing on the strengthening of particular muscles or general agility. He had practised cart-wheels, hand-springs, back and front flips. He had worked with his neck at the chest-

weight machine. He would walk on his hands to strengthen his neck, and his collars had grown in a few weeks from thirteen and a half to fifteen, and he could no longer wear his shirts without splitting them. He almost made the mats in the Kingston gymnasium his home. His especial studies were bridging and spinning. He spent hours on his back, rising to his two feet and his head, and then rolling from one shoulder to the other and spinning to his front. When he had his bridge-building abilities fairly well started, he compelled his

he, Jumbo, could have his conscience easy with the thought that he had made the most profitable use of the short time he had spent on wrestling, and that he would put up as good a fight as was in him.

More than that no athlete can do.

Jumbo and Ware met upon the mattress and shook hands—if one can imagine a pair of bulldogs shaking hands.

Jumbo had two cardinal principles, but he could put neither of them into practice in the first manœuvres: the first was always to try



THE SACK-RACE.

heavy chum Sawed-Off to act as a living meal-bag, and he rolled around upon the top of his head and "bridged" with Sawed-Off laying all his weight across his chest. When he went to bed he bridged there until the best of all wrestlers, sleep, had downed him. When he woke in the morning he fell out of bed to the floor, turning his head under him and rolling so as not to break his neck or any bones, and bridging rigidly upon his head and bare feet.

Jumbo knew that, whatever might be the ability of his rival, Ware the Trojan, at least

to get out of one difficulty and get his opponent into another; the second was always to try for straight-arm leverages.

Ware being the larger of the two, Jumbo was content to play a waiting game and find out something of the methods of his burly opponent. He dodged here and there, avoiding the reaching lobster-claws of Ware by quick wriggles or by slapping his hands away as they thrust. Suddenly Ware made a quick rush, and, breaking through Jumbo's interference, seized him around the body to bend him backward. But while the man was

straining his hardest, Jumbo brought his hands around and placed them together in front of the pit of his stomach, so that the harder Ware squeezed the harder he pressed Jumbo's fists into his abdomen.

Ware looked foolish at being foiled so neatly, and broke away, only to come at Jumbo again, and clasp him so close that there was no room for his fists to press against Ware's diaphragm. But now Jumbo suddenly clasped his left arm back of Ware's neck, and with his right hand bent the man's forehead back until he was glad enough to let go and spring away. Ware continued to run around Jumbo as a dog runs around a treed cat. But Jumbo always evaded his quick rushes till Ware, after many false moves, finally made a sudden and unforeseen dash, seized Jumbo's right hand with both of his, whirled in close to Jumbo, and, with his back against Jumbo's chest, carried the Lakerimmer's right arm straight and stiff across his shoulder. Bearing down with all his weight on this lever, and at the same time dropping to his knees, he shot Jumbo clean over him, heels over head.

"That 'flying mere' was certainly a bird!" said Bobbles.

Ware went down with Jumbo, to land on his chest and break any bridge the boy might form. But the flying mere had been such a surprise, and the fall was so far, and the floor so hard, that, while Jumbo instinctively tried to bridge, his effort collapsed. His two shoulders touched. The bout was over.

The first fall had been so quickly accomplished, and Jumbo had offered so feeble a resistance, that the Troy faction at once accepted the wrestling-match as theirs, and the Kingstonians gave up the evening as hopelessly lost.

Jumbo was especially covered with chagrin, since he had practised so long, and had builded so many hopes on this victory; worst of all, the whole success of the contest between the two academies depended on his victory.

When, then, after the rest, the referee called "Time!" Ware came stalking up jauntily and confidently; but Jumbo, instead of skulking, was up and at and on him like a wildcat. Ware had expected that the Lakerim youngster

would pursue the same elusive tactics as before, and he was all amaze while Jumbo was seizing his left hand with his own left hand, and, darting round behind him, had bent Ware's arm backward and upward into "the hammerlock."

The pain of this twist sent Ware's body forward, so that Jumbo could reach up under his right armpit and, placing the palm of his right hand on the back of Ware's head, make use of that crowbar known as the right half-Nelson. This pressure was gradually forcing Ware forward on the back of his head; but he knew the proper break for the hammerlock, and simply threw himself face forward on the mat.

As he rose to his knees again, Jumbo pounced on him like a hawk, and while Ware waited patiently the little Lakerimmer was reaching under Ware's armpit again for another half-Nelson; but Ware simply dodged the grasping of Jumbo's right hand, or, bringing his right arm vigorously back and down, so checked Jumbo's arm that the boy could not reach his neck. Jumbo now tried, by leaning his left forearm and all his weight upon Ware's head, to bring it into reach; but Ware's neck was too strong, and when he stiffened it Jumbo could not force it down.

Ware waited in amused patience to learn just how much Jumbo knew about wrestling. Jumbo wandered around on his knees, feinting for another half-Nelson, and making many false plays to throw Ware off his guard.

Suddenly, while Ware seemed to be all neck against a half-Nelson, Jumbo dropped to his knees near Ware's right arm, and, shooting his left arm under Ware's body and his right arm across beneath Ware's chin, laid violent hold on Ware's left arm near the shoulder with what is known as the "farther-arm hold." Jumbo's movement was so quick and unexpected that Ware could not parry it by throwing his left leg out and forward for a brake. He realized at once that he would have to go, and when Jumbo gave a quick yank he rolled over and bridged. But Jumbo followed him quickly over, and clasping Ware's left arm between his legs, he forced the right arm out straight also with both his hands, so that Ware

could not roll. Then he simply pressed with all his force upon Ware's chest. And waited.

Also weighted.

Ware squirmed and wriggled and grunted and writhed, but there was no escape for him, and while he stuck it out manfully, with Jumbo heavy upon him, he knew that he was a goner.

And finally, with a sickly groan, London Bridge came a-falling down.

The bout was Jumbo's, and he retired to his corner with a heart much lighter. The applause of the audience, the rip-roaring enthusiasm of the Kingston Academy yell, followed by the beloved club cry of Lakerim, rejoiced him mightily. He had put down a man far heavier than he; and he felt that possibly, perchance, maybe, there was a probability of a contingency in which he might be able to have a chance of downing him once more—perhaps.

It was a very cool and cautious young man that came forward to represent Kingston when the referee exclaimed:

"Shake hands for the third and last bout."

Jumbo, as soon as he had released Ware's hand, dropped to his hands and knees on the mat, squatting far back on his haunches, and manifested a cheerful willingness to go almost anywhere except on the back of his two shoulders.

It was Ware's turn to be aggressive now, for he had been laughed at not a little for being downed by so small an opponent. He spent some time and more strength in picking Jumbo up bodily from the mat and dropping him all over the place. Jumbo's practice at bridging stood him in excellent stead now, and he got out of many a tight corner by a quick, firm bridge or a sudden spin.

Ware time after time forced one of the boy's shoulders to the mat, and strove with all his vim to force the other shoulder down. And he generally succeeded; but it was always from one shoulder to the other, and never from one to both. Jumbo frequently showed a most obliging disposition, and did what Ware wanted him to, or at least he did just that and a little more: he always went too far; and Ware was becoming with each moment more and more convinced that he

never could get those two obstinate shoulders to the mat at the same time.

After much puttering, he reached the goal of his ambition, and got the deadly "full-Nelson" on Jumbo's head, and forced it slowly and irresistibly down. Just as he was congratulating himself that he had his fish landed, Jumbo suddenly whirled his legs forward and assumed a sitting position. The whole problem was reversed. Ware rose wearily to his feet, and Jumbo returned to his hands and knees.

Once more he strove for the Nelson. He was jabbing Jumbo's head, and trying to shove it down within reach of his right hand. With a surprising abruptness, Jumbo's head was not there,—he had jerked it quickly to one side,—and Ware's hand slipped on down and almost touched the floor. But the watchful Jumbo had seized it with both hands, and returned to Ware the compliment of the straight-arm leverage and the flying mere, which had been so fatal to himself in the first bout. Ware's fall was not nearly so far as Jumbo's had been, and he managed to bridge, and save himself.

Before Jumbo could settle on his chest Ware was out of danger. But he went to his hands and knees in a defensive attitude that showed he was nearly worn out. Jumbo did not see just what right Ware had to imitate his own position, and the two of them sprawled like frogs, eying each other jealously.

Jumbo soon saw that he was expected to take the aggressive or go to sleep; so, with a lazy sigh, he began snooping around for those nuggets of wrestling, the Nelsons. After foiling many efforts, Ware noted all at once that Jumbo's head was not above Ware's shoulders, but back of the right armpit. In a flash a thought of pity went through Ware's brain.

"Poor fool!" he almost groaned aloud; and reaching back, he gathered Jumbo's head into chancery.

A sigh went up from all Kingston, and Sawed-Off gasped:

"Poor Jumbo 's gone!"

But just as Ware, chuckling with glee, started to roll Jumbo over, the boy swung at

right angles across Ware's back, and brought the Trojan's arm helplessly to the hammer-lock.

This was a new trick to Ware, one he had never heard of, but one which he recognized immediately. He yielded to it judiciously, and managed to spin on his head before Jumbo could land on his chest.

He had more respect now for Jumbo, and decided to keep him on the defensive, especially as the referee announced that the time was almost up.

Ware rushed the contest now, and, after many failures, managed to secure a perfect full-Nelson. Jumbo's position was such that there was no way for him to squirm out. He resisted till it seemed his neck would break. In vain. His head was slowly forced under.

And now his shoulders began to follow, and he was rolling over on his back.

One shoulder is down.

The referee is on all-fours, his cheek almost to the ground. He is watching for the meeting of those two shoulders upon the mat.

The Kingstonians have given up, and the Trojans have their cheers all ready.

And now the despairing Jumbo feels that his last minute has come. But for the fraction of a second he sees that the cautious Ware is slightly changing his hold.

With a sudden, a terrific effort, he throws all his soul into his muscles—closes his arms like a vise on Ware's arms. The Nelson is broken (or weakened into uselessness). He draws his head into his shoulders as a turtle's head is drawn into its shell, whirls like lightning on the top of his head to his other shoulder, and on over, carrying the horrified Ware with him, and plouncing the Trojan plump on his back, and jouncing down on top of him.

And the excited referee went over on his back also, and kicked his heels foolishly in the air as he cried: "Down!"

Jumbo had gloriously brought the score back to a tie, and the final result of these Olympic games now depended entirely on the victors of the tug of war.

(To be concluded.)



THE MEETING OF THE ELVES' CLUB AT THE FAIRY RING.

QUICKSILVER SUE.

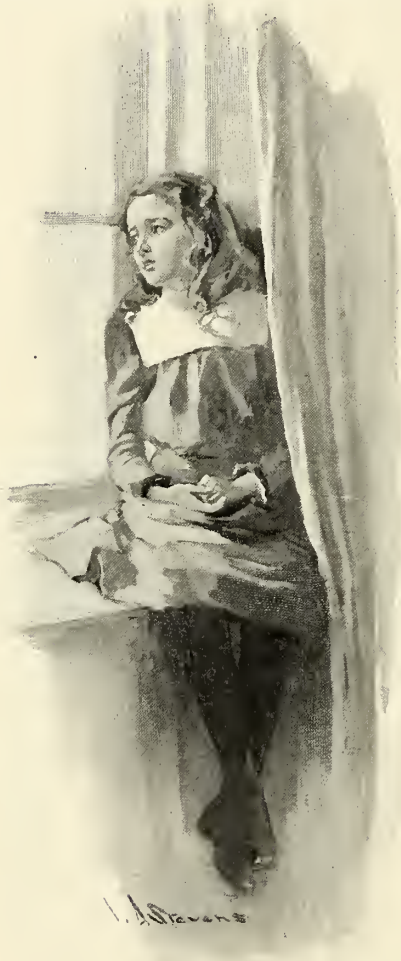
BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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

CHAPTER IX.

THE LONELY ROAD.

THE day of the circus was not a happy one for Mary Hart. She watched Sue go



How pretty she looked, and how well the plumed hat set off her delicate, high-bred face, and the little air she had of owning the world and liking her possession! Now that there were no mincing steps beside her, she walked with her own free, graceful gait, head held high, eyes bent forward, ready for anything.

"She ought really to be a princess," thought humble-minded Mary; and in her glow of admiration she did not see the troubled look in Sue's bright eyes.

The day went heavily. The boys, too, went off to the circus in the afternoon. Mary might have gone with them, but she had been allowed her choice between this treat and the concert that was to be given a week or two later, and had chosen the latter. If she and Sue could have gone together with the boys, that would have been another matter. She longed to tell the boys her secret, and beg them to keep an eye on Sue, in case she should get into any trouble. Several times the words were on the tip of her tongue, but the thought of her promise drove them back. She had promised in the solemn school-boy formula, "Honest and true, black and blue"; and that was as sacred as if she had sworn on any number of "relics." There was a dreadful passage in "Lalla Rookh": "Thine oath! thine oath!"

She and Sue had decided long ago that they would not make vows, but that a promise should be just as binding. The promise lay heavy on Mary's heart all day. She found it hard to settle down to anything. Sue's face kept coming between her and her work, and looked at her from between the pages of her book.

Her imagination, not very lively as a rule, was now so excited that it might have been Sue's own. She saw her friend in every conceivable and inconceivable danger. Now it was a railway accident, with fire and every other accompaniment of terror. She could hear the crash,

"SHE OUGHT REALLY TO BE A PRINCESS," THOUGHT MARY."

down the street, and her heart went out toward her friend. What a darling she was!

the shrieks, and the dreadful hiss of escaping steam; could see the hideous wreck in which Sue was pinned down by burning timbers, unable to escape. Now a wild beast, a tiger or panther, had escaped from his cage and sprung in among the terrified audience of pleasure-seekers. She saw the glaring yellow eyes, the steel claws. This time she screamed aloud, and frightened Lily Penrose, who, luckily, came over at that very moment to ask advice about the cutting of her doll's opera-cloak.

Mary forced herself to attend to the doll's cloak, and that did her good; and there was no reason why Lily should not be made happy and amused a little. Then there were some errands to do for her mother, and then came her music lesson; and so, somehow or other, the long day wore away, and the time came for the arrival of the circus train from Chester.

The time came, and the train with it. Mary heard it go puffing and shrieking on its way. She stationed herself at the window to watch for Sue. Soon she would come by, twinkling all over, "quicksilvering" with joy as she did when she had had a great pleasure—making the whole street brighter, Mary always thought. But Sue did not come. Five o'clock struck; then half-past five; then six. Still no Sue. In an anguish of dread and uncertainty, Mary pressed her face against the pane and gazed up the fast-darkening street. People came and went, going home from their work; but no slight, glancing figure came swinging past. What had happened? What could have happened? So great was Mary's distress of mind that she did not hear her mother come into the room, and started violently when a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hart, "I think the boys must have missed the train. Why—why, Mary, dear child, what is the matter?" for Mary turned on her a face so white and wild that her mother was frightened.

"Mary!" she cried. "The boys! Has—has anything happened? The train—"

"No, no!" cried Mary, hastily. "It is n't the boys, mother. The boys will be all right. It's Sue—my Sue!"

Then it all came out. Promise or no prom-

ise, Mary must take the consequences. On her mother's neck she sobbed out the story: her foolish "solemn promise," the day-long anxiety, the agony of the last hour.

"Oh, what can have happened to her?" she cried. "Oh, mammy, I'm so glad I told you! I'm so glad—so glad!"

"Of course you are, my dear little girl," said Mrs. Hart. "And now, stop crying, Mary. Thank goodness, there's your father. He's driving into the yard this moment. Run and tell him; he will know just what to do."

The glory was over. The scarlet cloths and the gold spangles had disappeared behind the dingy curtains; the music had gone away in green bags; and the crowd poured out of the circus, jostling and pushing. Sue was walking on air. She could hear nothing but that maddening clash of sound, see nothing but that airy figure dashing through the ring of flame. To do that, and then to die suddenly, with the world at her feet—that would be the highest bliss, beyond all other heights; or—well, perhaps not really to die, but to swoon so deep that every one should think her dead. And then, when they had wept for hours beside her rose-strewn bier, the beautiful youth in pale-blue silk tights, he with the spangled velvet trunks, might bend over her—Sue had read "Little Snow-white"—and take the poisoned comb out of her hair, or—or something—and say—

"Ow!" cried Clarice, shrilly. "That horrid man pushed me so, he almost tore my dress. I think this is perfectly awful! Say, Sue, let's go and see some of the shows. We've lots of time before the train."

Sue for once demurred; she did not feel like seeing curiosities; her mind was filled with visions of beauty and grace. But when Clarice pressed the point, she yielded cheerfully; for was it not Clarice's party? But already the glow began to fade from her sky, and the heavy feeling at her heart to return, as they pushed their way into the small, dingy tent, where the air hung like a heavy, poisonous fog.

It happened that they were just behind a large party of noisy people, men and women

laughing and shouting together, and the showman did not see them at first. They had made their way to the front, and were gazing at the queer personages on view,—the fat, the thin, the civilized and the savage, ranged on benches round the tent,—when the showman—an ugly fellow with little eyes set too near together—suddenly approached and tapped Sue on the shoulder.

“Fifty cents, please,” he said, civilly enough.

Sue looked at him open-eyed.

“Fifty cents,” he repeated. “You two come in without payin’. Quarter apiece, please.”

Sue put her hand to her pocket, which held both purses (Clarice had no pockets in her dresses; she said they spoiled the set of the skirt), but withdrew it in dismay. The pocket was empty! She turned to Clarice, who was staring greedily at the sights.

“Clarice!” she gasped. “Clarice! did you—have you got the purses?”

“No,” said Clarice. “I gave mine to you, to put in your pocket; don’t you remember, Sue?”

“Yes, of course I do; but—but it is gone! They are both gone!”

“Come, none o’ that!” said the man. “You’ve seen the show, and you’ve got to pay for it. That’s all right, ain’t it? Now you hand over them fifty cents, little lady; see? Come! I can’t stand foolin’ here. I got my business to attend to.”

“But—but I have n’t it!” said Sue, growing crimson to the roots of her hair. “Somebody—my pocket must have been picked!” she cried, as the truth flashed upon her. She recalled the dense crowd, the pushing, the rough lad who had forced his way between her and Clarice just at the doorway.

“Oh, Clarice,” she said in her distress, “my pocket has certainly been picked! What shall we do?”

“What shall we do?” echoed Clarice. “Oh, Sue, how could you? I don’t see why I let you take my purse. There was a ten-dollar gold piece in it. I might have known you would lose it!” And she began to whimper and lament.

This was poor comfort. Sue turned from

her weeping friend, and faced the little man bravely.

“I am very sorry,” she said. “My pocket has been picked, so I cannot pay you. We did not know that we had to pay extra for the side-shows. I hope you will excuse—”

“Not much I won’t excuse!” said the man, in a bullying tone, though he did not raise his voice. “You’ll pay me something, young ladies, before you leave this tent. I ain’t runnin’ no free show; this is business, this is, and I’m a poor man.”

Sue looked round her in despair. Only vacant or boorish faces met her eyes; it was not a high-class crowd that had come to see the shows in the tent. Suddenly a word of Mr. Hart’s flashed into her mind like a sunbeam:

“If you are ever in danger away from home, children, call a policeman.”

“Is there a policeman here?” she asked eagerly. “There must be one outside, I am sure. Will you call him, please?”

“No; there ain’t no policeman!” said the man, quickly. He glanced warily about him, and added in a conciliatory tone: “There ain’t no need of any policeman, young ladies. I guess we can settle this little matter right now, between ourselves, friendly and pleasant. You step right in this way, out of the jam. There’s my wife here ’ll be real pleased to see you.”

He half led, half pushed the frightened girls into another compartment of the tent, where a stout, greasy-looking woman was counting greasy coppers into a bag. The woman looked up as they entered, still counting: “Seventy—seventy-five—eighty—and twenty’s a dollar. What’s the matter, John?”

“These little ladies got their pockets picked, so they say!” said the man. “They’re good girls; any one can see that with half an eye. They don’t want to rob a poor man like me. Maybe they’ve got some jew’lry or something they’d like to give you for the money they owe. You see to it, wife; I got to go back.”

With a knowing look at the woman, he slipped out of the compartment, and left them alone with her.

“Well!” she began, in a wheedling voice, “so you had your pockets picked, little girls,

had you? Well, now, that was a shame, I should say! Let me see!"

She advanced toward Clarice, who retreated before her, cowering in a corner and crying: "I have n't got any pocket! My friend here took my purse, and now she 's lost it. Oh, dear! I wish we had n't come!"

"Let me see, dear," said the woman.

She began to feel of Clarice's dress with swift, practised fingers.

"Sure enough, you ain't got no pocket," she said. "I thought you might be makin' a mistake, you see. There! why, what 's this? Stand still, ducky! I would n't hurt ye for the world; no, indeed—such a sweet, pretty young lady as you be. Ain't this a pretty chain, now? and a locket on the eend of it—well, I never! This is too fine for a little girl like you. You might lose it, same as you lost your purse. I 'll keep it for you—till you bring the money for the tickets, you know. I don't see what your ma was thinkin' of, lettin' you come out rigged up like this. I 'm doin' you a kindness to take care of them for ye till you pay for the tickets. There 's a terrible rough set o' folks round these grounds when there 's a crowd, specially come night."

All the while she was talking she was quietly stripping Clarice of the trinkets. Clarice was too frightened to speak or move; she could only moan and whimper. But after the first moment of stupefaction, Sue came bravely forward with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you take her things? Her father or Mr. Hart—Mr. George Hart of Hilton—will send you the money to-morrow, everything we owe. You shall not take our things, you wicked woman!"

The woman turned on her with a cross look. "Highly-tighty!" she said. "Ain't we fine, miss? I would n't talk so free, after your stealin' our show, sneakin' in and thinkin' you 'd get it free! No, you don't!" And she caught Sue as she tried to slip past her out of the tent. "Let 's see what you 've got to pay for your ticket, next."

Sue did not like to make any outcry, and was rather afraid of the woman. She struggled fiercely, but it was of no use. The woman

shifted her easily to one arm, and with the other hand searched her pocket.

"Not even a handkerchief!" she said. "No jew'lry, neither. Well, your mother 's got sense, anyway. Hallo! here 's a ring, though. Guess I 'll take that. Le' go, sis, or I might hurt ye."

"It—it 's not my ring!" gasped Sue. "I borrowed it. It 's hers—it 's my friend's. Don't take it!"

"Guess it 's all the same!" said the woman, with a chuckle. She forced open Sue's slender fingers, and drew off the gold mouse-ring.

"There! now you can go, dears; and next time, you take my advice, and get some of your folks to take you to the circus. It is n't best for children to come alone."

Trembling, but indignant, the girls found themselves outside the tent. The grounds were well-nigh deserted, all the spectators having gone. Here and there a group of stragglers leaned on the railings of the neighboring fence, smoking and talking. Rough-looking men were at work about the tents, and some of them looked curiously at the girls as they hurried along. Neither spoke. Clarice was still whimpering and crying under her breath. Sue's eyes were blazing; her cheeks felt on fire. She ran hastily across the grounds, dragging Clarice after her by the hand. She felt every moment as if they might be seized and carried back to that horrible tent. She choked back the sob that rose in her throat. On, on, as fast as feet could fly! At last the palings were reached and passed. Now they could stop to draw breath, for they were on the highroad, and out of sight of the hated inclosure. Panting, Sue leaned against the fence, and waited till she should have breath enough to speak some word of encouragement to her companion. No one was in sight; there was no sound save the crickets keeping time in the grass. All was as peaceful and serene as if there were no dreadful things or wicked people in the world. They were not far from the station now, and once in the train for home, with the friendly conductor, who knew her and would take charge of them both—

Then, suddenly, a new thought flashed into

Sue's mind, and struck ice into the fever of her blood. How long had they been in that dreadful place? How was it that no one was to be seen going toward the station, of all the throng that had come up with them in the train?

"Clarice!" she gasped. "I am—afraid—we may miss the train. We must run. It is n't far, now. Run as fast as you possibly can!"

Clarice answered with a sob; but she began to run as well as her foolish dress and shoes would let her. But another answer came at that moment: a whistle, long and clear, loud at first, then growing fainter and fainter till it died away. In desperation the girls flew on along the road—to reach the station and find it empty! The long curve of the rails stretched away toward home. The train was gone!

CHAPTER X.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



NINE o'clock was sup-per-time in the little town of Chester, so the usual loungers had left the station as soon as the train departed, and by the time the girls arrived it was deserted, even by the ticket-seller. No one was in sight; at least, they saw no one. They were too much absorbed in their trouble to notice two faces that peeped at them for a moment round the corner of the station, and then vanished. They were alone, six miles from home, with no money. What were they to do?

Clarice broke out in tearful reproaches:

"Sue Penrose, you have brought us to this! It is all your fault! I never should have thought of coming up here if it had n't been for you."

Sue looked at her, but made no reply. Clarice's eyes dropped under the steady look; she faltered, but hurried on:

"And losing all my money, too! If you

had n't lost my money, I should not have been robbed of my locket and necklace, the only one I had in the world! and it was worth lots and lots."

Sue, in bitterness of spirit, thought, "How about the diamond chain?" but she said nothing. She felt, suddenly, many years older than Clarice. Was this a girl of fifteen, whimpering like a baby? Was this the friend for whom she had given up Mary?

"And how are we ever to get home?" asked Clarice, in conclusion.

"We must walk!" said Sue, briefly.

"Walk!" shrieked Clarice. "Sue Penrose, are you crazy? It's twenty miles, if it's a step!"

"Nonsense!" said Sue. "It's a short six miles."

"That's just as bad!" moaned Clarice. "You know I would die before we had gone a mile; you *know* I would, Sue! Is n't there some one we can borrow money from? Can't we go to the hotel and telephone to somebody at home?"

They might indeed have done this, but in her excited state Sue could not think it possible. Her high-strung, sensitive nature was strained beyond the possibility of sober judgment; she could only act, and the action that began instantly was the only one that she could think of. Besides, to see more strangers, perhaps meet with more insults—never! They must walk home; there was no other way; and they must start that very instant.

"I am sure you can do it, Clarice," she said, speaking as cheerfully as she could. "You can take my arm, and lean on me when you are tired; and every little while we can sit down and rest. Come! we must start at once; it will be dark before we get home, as it is."

Clarice still protested, but yielded to the stronger will, and the two girls started on their lonely walk.

As they turned their backs on the station, a head was cautiously advanced from behind the building; a pair of sharp eyes followed the retreating figures for a few moments, then the head was as cautiously withdrawn.

The road from Chester to Hilton was a pleasant one. On one side was the railway, with the river beyond; on the other, green meadows rolling up and away to the distant hills. There were few houses, and these scattered at long distances. To Sue the road was familiar and friendly enough; but to Clarice it seemed an endless way stretching through an endless desert. She was thoroughly frightened, and her blood was of the kind that turns to water; very different from the fire that filled Sue's veins and made her ready, when aroused, to meet an army, or charge a windmill or a railway-train, or anything else that should cross her path.

Over and over again Clarice lamented that she had ever come to Hilton.

"Why did I come to this hateful, poky place?" she wailed. "Aunt Jane did n't want me to come. She said there would n't be anybody here fit for me to associate with. Oh, why did I come?"

"I suppose because you wanted to!" said Sue, very frankly; and it might have been Mary that spoke.

"Come, Clarice," she went on more gently, "we might as well make the best of it. Let's tell stories. I'll begin, if you like. Do you know about the Maid of Saragossa? That is splendid! Or Cochrane's 'Bonny Grizzy'? Oh! she had to do much worse things than this, and she never was afraid a bit—not a single bit."

Sue told the brave story, and the thrill in her voice might have warmed an oyster; but Clarice was not to be touched in that way, and it left her cold.

"Grizzy is a horrid, ugly name," she said. "And I think it was real unladylike, dressing up that way, so there!"

"Clarice!"—Sue's voice quivered with indignation,—“when it was to save her father's life! How can you? But perhaps you will care more about the story of the Maid of Saragossa."

But after a while Clarice declared that the stories only made her more nervous. She was unconscious of the fact that Sue's story-telling had carried her without weariness over two miles of the dreaded six.

"Besides," she said peevishly, "I can't hear when you are talking, Sue. Listen! I thought I heard footsteps behind us. I do! Sue Penrose, there is certainly some one following us!"

Sue listened. Yes, there were footsteps, some way behind. "But, my dear," she said, "this is the highroad, you must remember! Why should they be following us? People have a right to walk on the road—as good a right as we have."

They stopped a moment, instinctively, and listened; and the footsteps behind them seemed to stop too. They went on, and the steps were heard again, light yet distinct.

Clarice grasped Sue's arm. "Oh, who is it, Sue? Oh, I shall scream!"

"You will *not* scream!" said Sue, grasping her arm in return, and resisting the impulse to shake it. "You are talking nonsense, Clarice! I believe—I believe it is nothing in the world but an echo, after all. If it were not for this fog, we could see whether there was any one there."

She looked back along the road, but the river-fog was rising, white and dense, and before very long it closed in behind them like a curtain.

"They can't see us, anyhow, whoever they are!" said Sue. "Why, it's exciting, Clarice! It's like the people in the forest in 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.' If we were only sure that these were nice people, we might call, and they could answer, and then we could run away, and they would hunt round for us, and it would be fine."

"Oh, it's awful! It's just awful!" moaned Clarice; and she shook with real terror. "And the worst of it is, I can't walk any more. I can't, Sue! It's no use! I am going to faint—I know I am."

"Nonsense!" said Sue, stoutly, though her heart sank. "Keep up your courage a little, Clarice, do! We must be nearly half-way home now."

But tight lacing and tight shoes are not mere nonsense; they are very real things; and poor Clarice was really suffering more than Sue had any idea of. The stitch in her side was not imaginary this time. She stopped

involuntarily to draw breath; and the footsteps behind them stopped too, and went on when they did. There was no longer any doubt.

Clarice began to cry again; and Sue set her teeth, and felt that a crisis was coming.

"Clarice," she said, "let me see if I can carry you! I think I can! I know the way Sir Bedivere did with King Arthur: he made broad his shoulders to receive his weight, you know, and round his neck he drew the languid hands—kind of pickaback, you see. You are not heavy; I think I can do it!"

And she actually took Clarice on her back, and staggered on perhaps a hundred yards—till they both came to the ground, bruised and breathless.

"I'm going to die!" said Clarice, doggedly. "I won't walk another step. I may just as well be murdered as plain die. I—can't see!" and the poor girl sank down, really in a half-fainting condition.

Sue set her teeth hard. She dragged Clarice back from the road and propped her against a tree, then took her stand in front of her. She felt no fear; the quicksilver ran riot in her veins. If she only had her dagger, the good sharp dagger paper-knife that she had worn in her boot for two whole months, while she was playing cow-boy! It hurt a good deal, and made holes in her stockings, so she had given it up. What would she not give for it now! Or if she had something poisoned that she could hand to the people when they came up,—like Lucrezia Borgia,—and see them drop helpless at her feet! But she had nothing! Stop! yes! her hat-pin, the hat-pin Uncle James had sent her from Russia! Carefully, with a steady hand, she drew out the long, sharp steel pin and felt its point, then set her back against the tree—and waited.

The footsteps behind the fog-curtain hesitated, stopped altogether. There was a silence, but Sue's heart beat so loud, the sound seemed to fill the air. All at once, from the opposite direction, came another sound, the sound of horses' hoofs, the rattle of wheels; and, as if at a signal, the footsteps came on again, quickened their pace, were close at hand. Two figures loomed through the white fog; paused, as if reconnoitering in the dim

half-light. Then, at sight of Sue standing alone before her prostrate companion, they broke into a run, and came up at racing speed, panting.

"Anything wrong?" asked Tom.

"Because we're right here!" said Teddy.

"Right here, Quicksilver!" said Tom.

The hat-pin dropped from Sue's hand. A great sob rose and broke—only one! And then—oh! it did n't matter now if she was getting to be a big girl. Her arms were round Tom's neck, and her head was on his good, broad, brotherly shoulder, and she was crying and laughing, and saying, "Oh, Tom! Oh, Tom!" over and over and over again, till that young gentleman began to be seriously alarmed.

"I say!" he said; "I would n't, Quicksilver! Come! I would n't, if I were you! Teddy, you've got the handkerchief, have n't you? I had the peanuts, you know."

But Teddy, who was going to be a surgeon, was stooping over Clarice with keen professional interest.

"We might haul her down to the river and put her head in!" he said. "This hat won't hold water any more; will yours? I say! don't they still bleed people sometimes, when they have n't got salts and things? My knife is just as sharp!"

Poor Clarice started up with a faint scream. Altogether, these four were so absorbed that they never heard the approaching wheels, and Mr. Hart almost ran over them before he could pull up his horse.

"Hallo!" he said. "What upon earth—now, Mary, Mary, do be careful, and wait till I—Dear me! What a set of children! Stand still, 'Jupiter'!"

For Mary had scrambled down among wheels and legs, and had thrown herself upon Sue and Tom; and Teddy, abandoning Clarice, exhausted himself in a vain endeavor to get his short arms round the other three.

"Oh, Mary, Mary! is it really you? Can you ever forgive me?"

"Sue, Sue! my Sue! don't talk so, dear! It is all my fault, for not telling mammy this morning. Oh, Tom, you blessed boy, I might have known you would take care of her!"

"Young people," said Mr. Hart, bending over from the wagon, "perhaps if you would kindly get in, it might facilitate matters, and you can continue this highly interesting conversation as we go along. Is the other little girl faint? Hand her here, Tom! Put your arm round my neck, my child—so! there we are!"

They jogged along in silence for a few minutes. Sue and Mary had nothing to say at first—in words, at least. They sat with their arms round each other's neck and their heads together. Now and then one would make a little murmur, and the other respond; but for the most part they were still, too full of joy to speak.

"What happened, Tom?" asked Mr. Hart, when he thought time enough had elapsed to quiet the excitement a little.

"Why, sir," said Tom, "we saw the girls, of course; but then we lost sight of them after the circus,—I don't know how" (Sue shuddered and Clarice moaned),—"so we went straight to the station. So when they did n't get there in time for the train, we thought we'd better wait and see how things were. So we followed them along the road without letting them see us—"

"Oh, Tom, we were so frightened!" cried Sue. "Of course you did n't know how frightened we were, Tom—but I had my hat-pin all ready to stick into you!"

"No! had you?" said Tom, chuckling with amusement.

"You young ninny!" said his father. "Why did n't you join the girls, instead of hanging behind? Did n't you know you might scare them half to death?"

Tom hung his head.

"I—it was awfully stupid!" he said. "I must have done it because I was a fool, sir, I suppose, and thought—"

"Because I was a fool, Mr. Hart!" said Sue. "Because I had been wicked and hateful and ungrateful, and a selfish old thing, and he knew it!"

Mrs. Hart sat at her window, sewing a seam and listening to the music she loved best, the music of children's voices. There were

five of them, her own three and the two Penroses; and they were all sitting on the broad door-step, husking sweet-corn and talking. Sue had just come over; she had been helping Katy, who had a lame arm. She looked pale and grave, for the adventure of two days before seemed still very near; yet her eyes were full of light as she looked from one to the other of the children, gazing as if she could not get her fill. Now and then she and Mary held out a hand and exchanged a silent squeeze that meant rivers of speech; but somehow Tom seemed to be doing most of the talking.

"Look at that!" he said, holding up an ear like glossy ivory, every row perfect as a baby's teeth. "Is n't that the very nicest ear you ever saw? Save the corn-silk, Sue and Lily! We want to make wigs for the harvest feast to-night."

"Oh, tell me!" cried Sue, her eyes kindling at these words. "A harvest feast? What fun!"

"Why, has n't Mary told you? You and Lily are coming to tea, you know, and we thought we would make it a Harvest Tea. So we are all to wear corn-silk wigs, and we're going to put the candles in Jack-o'-lanterns—little ones, you know; squashes, of course, or apples."

"Apples will be best!" said Mary. "I have some pound-sweets all picked out. We meant this for a surprise, you know, Tom, but never mind! It's really better fun for us all to know."

"Lots!" said Tom. "I forgot, though, about the surprise part. And then—it'll be full moon—we'll go out Jack-o'-lanterning, and that'll be the very richest fun of all; and then mammy says we can roast chestnuts, and father has the bonfire all ready, and we'll have a celebration. A Quicksilver Celebration, eh, Sue?"

"Oh, Tom!" said Sue. "Not Quicksilver any more; just stupid, stupid, grubby Lead—and rusty, too!"

"Lead does n't rust," said Teddy, slowly and gravely.

"This lead does! And—I've got something to read to you all. It is part of my

penance, Mary. Yes, I will! It is n't all true, but part of it is."

She drew a letter from her pocket (it was written on pink paper, scented with strong scent), and began to read:

"Miss Clarice Stephanotis Packard presents her compliments to Miss Susan Penrose, and tells her that I am going home to-morrow with my papa, and I never shall come to this mean place any more. It is all my fault for associating with my soshal inpheriars, and if you had n't have poked your nose into my affairs, Miss Penrose, and put your old candy in my pew, I should not have been robbed and most murderd. The girl here says I could have the law of you to get back the money my mouse-ring cost,—"

"What girl is she talking about?" asked Mary, very innocently.

Sue blushed hotly, but bravely answered the question.

"The—the chambermaid," she said. "She—Clarice has made a kind of companion of her, I have heard. She is n't a very nice girl, I'm afraid."

Then, resuming the reading of Clarice's note, Sue went on—

"but papa says he will get me a new one, and I shall see that nobody gets that away from me. You never will see me again, Sue, but you will have those common Harts; I suppose they will be glad enouf to take up with you again.

"So I remain, Miss Penrose,

"Yours truly,

"MISS CLARICE STEPHANOTIS PACKARD."

Sue's eyes remained fixed on the paper; her cheeks glowed with shame and mortification; she could not meet her friends' eyes. There was a moment of dead silence; then came a sound that made her look up hastily, blushing still deeper.

"Why! Why, you are all laughing!" she cried.

"My dear, of course we are laughing!" cried Mary, catching her in her arms. "What should we do but laugh? And we are glad to say we *are* glad to 'take up with you again,' are n't we, boys?"

"Rather!" said Tom. "Why, Sue, it's been only half living without having our Quicksilver Sue."

"Have you really missed me?" cried poor

Sue. "Oh, Tom! Of course I know Mary has, because I know how wretched I have been, really, all the time, even at first, when I did n't know it. But you, too, and Teddy? Oh, I am so glad—so glad!—you don't know how glad I am. And now there are five of us, are n't there, Lily?"

Lily answered with a warm caress. She knew privately that she was the happiest of the five, but she did not know how to express what she felt.

"Five of us!" echoed Teddy. "I say! we ought to have a name. The Frisky Five! No! that is n't a good one! Somebody else try!"

"The Festive Five!" suggested Tom, after a pause.

But Mary shook her head. "I have it!" she said. "Join hands, all! The Faithful Five! Hurrah for us!"

The five children stood up and held hands, looking at one another with a certain sense of solemnity.

"The Faithful Five!" they repeated. "Hurrah for us!"

And Teddy added: "But we'll make a toast of it to-night with glasses of shrub—lots of shrub!"

"And now we must make the wigs!" said Mary. "We'll do that in the barn chamber, so that we sha'n't mess with the silk."

"And then can't we climb a tree?" said Sue, plaintively. "I have n't climbed a tree for a month, Mary! I will be 'Isabella of Buchan,' if you like, and you can all capture me and put me in the cage up there in the greening apple-tree."

"All right!" "Hurrah!" "Come on!"

The joyous voices died away; and Mrs. Hart took off her glasses and wiped her eyes, but not before a tear had fallen on her work. "Bless them!" she said. "And hurrah for them! This may have been a good thing, after all."

An hour later Sue was bending once more over her journal; but this time Mary's arms were round her, and Mary's eyes were looking over her shoulder as she wrote:

"My troubles are over, and they were all my own fault; but now I am happy, and

nothing but death can part me and Mary. I are all different, and she is perfectly lovely, and have the dearest and best friends in all we understand all about things together, like the whole wide world—" Mary and her mother. And I hope I am



“MISS CLARICE STEPHANOTIS PACKARD PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS TO MISS SUSAN PENROSE—”

“Oh, don't, Sue!” said Mary.
 “I shall!” said Sue, and wrote on:
 “And I have told mama all about every-
 thing, and she has forgiven me, and now we

going to be a better girl now all my life; but
 still the name I shall always love best is that I
 am Mary's own

‘QUICKSILVER SUE.’”

THE END.



THE GRASSHOPPER BALL.

IN THE MOONLIGHT FIELD.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

You have to go down through the mullen patch and then climb the rail fence. If you are a girl you can squeeze through, quite low down, where there is a crooked rail that makes a wide opening. Then, when you get past the briars in the fence-corner, you see a path, but must n't take it. You must cross the path, and there is a little plowed place with some old apple-trees, and along the edge there is milkweed—two kinds, red and pink. That is n't the place, either. You have to go down another hill first, until you come to where you can't see the house, or even the barn; and there is a little pond with the moon in it and two stars.

Of course it's 'most dark by this time, but you're not afraid, because there are some cows there that are lying down chewing their cuds and looking as friendly as anything. You go around the pond to the other side, where there are some waxberry-bushes and some grass that grows taller than it does anywhere else. When you get down behind the grass and look through, you can see a nice, smooth place like green plush, all bright and moonlighty. That's it. That's where the grasshoppers dance. You have to sit still, though,—just as still!—and not go to sleep, because if you do they don't dance. I mean you don't see them.

They danced last night, and it's too bad you could n't have been there, for it was a regular ball. There was a big mushroom that had come up on one side of the green place, and that's where they had the musicians. You see, it's just as we have a band-stand—up high so everybody can hear the music and see who's making it. They stood up on top of the mushroom and played, and the dancers were down below on the green plush, all promenading and circling to the left, trying to keep up with the music. I did n't suppose

there ever could be any trouble among them, they all seemed to be having such a good time.

But that's just it: you never can tell when something's going to happen. Of course I did n't know anything about their private affairs,—you could n't expect me to,—but I soon found out a few things, and one was that they were n't all as merry as you might think. There was a great tall fellow with four wings that he wore spread out like a big necktie, and he was dancing with a little Miss Grasshopper that did n't come up much more than to his knee. Then, right in front of them was another couple, both about the same size, and they kept looking around at the tall grasshopper and his little partner, and not paying enough attention to each other to keep step right. Of course pretty soon I saw how it was. I knew that the fellow in front wanted to dance with the little grasshopper behind, and that his partner wanted to be with the tall fellow with the four wings. I thought I'd better go home before there was trouble; but I did n't get away in time, for first thing I knew the ones in front missed step and got in the way of the ones behind, and the tall fellow stumbled over them, and down they all went in a heap.

Of course there was no way to keep from having a fuss then. I thought once I'd interfere, but I happened to remember that it was n't my funeral, as the old saying goes, and would n't be, no matter what happened, so I just kept still and watched.

The short fellow got up first, and said some things, that I forgot as quickly as I could; but they made the tall fellow hopping mad, and he said all the same things too, and some of his own besides. Then the musicians stopped playing, and all the ladies screamed and ran into the waxberry-bushes. Their partners stayed to see the end of it, and pretty



THE DUEL.



THE END OF THE DUEL.



L.W. Tobey

“HELLO!”

soon two or three hurried off, and came back in a minute with two sharp swords, and one fellow carried a little square box with a handle. I knew right away what they were going to do: I knew they were going to fight a duel, and that I ought to interfere. Still, it was n't my affair, so I slipped along after them, when they went over to another green place, and just watched.

I could see right away that they were n't afraid, any of them, and the minute they got to fighting I felt *so* excited, and did n't care. I wanted the big fellow with the wings to win, for I thought he was n't to blame, and I was just about to cheer him when I happened to remember that it might stop everything if I did, so I did n't.

I never saw any *men* fight a duel, but I know they could n't do it any better—or any worse, I mean—than those fellows did. They went at it without wasting a minute, or any breath in talking; and the others stood back on a little hill, where they 'd be out of the way, and looked at them.

I don't know how long they fought—I suppose it was a good while; but I was so excited to see them jumping about and trying to hit each other that I did n't think about the time until, all of a sudden, they made a very fierce rush at each other, and then over they both went, backward!

I came as near as could be saying something then, but still did n't, and even if I had they would n't have heard it, for the others all came running up, making a lot of noise, and fanning the duelists, and asking if they were much hurt and where.

Neither one of them could tell just where it was, but both said they were surely dying, and they forgave each other, and sent some last words to their partners in the waxberry-bushes.

Then the doctor felt and looked all over them, while they kept on sending more last words, until, all at once, the doctor commenced to laugh, and told them to get up and shake

hands before they went back to the dance. They looked sad at first when he said that, for they thought he was making fun, and not giving them a chance to die becomingly; but all at once they did jump up, and commenced to laugh too, for they were n't wounded at all, only just stunned a little when they ran against each other.

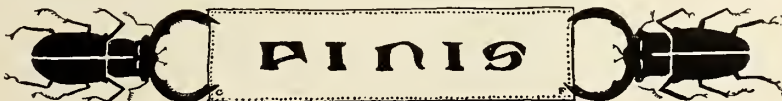
Then everybody shook hands all around, and they went back on a run to the green-plush moonlighty place, and called their partners out of the waxberry-bushes.

Up jumped the musicians too, and in a minute everybody was dancing again and promenading and *do-si-do*-ing as if nothing had happened at all.

The two duelists were such good friends by this time that they changed partners for every set, and the musicians played faster and faster and faster, and the dancers danced harder and harder and harder, while I got so excited that I got my face up closer and closer and closer, until, all at once, just before sunrise, I happened to see right across the green place, and behind the mushroom, another great big face, with two bright eyes and two very long ears. And then I *did* forget myself, and said right out loud, "Hello!" just as if I were talking through a telephone; for it was Mr. Jack Rabbit, and he was watching the grasshopper ball, too.

Well, that settled it, for when the grasshoppers saw us there was a whisk and a whirl and a scamper into the waxberry-bushes, and a second later Mr. Jack Rabbit suddenly recollected some business he had over in the next field, and before I could say "Good morning!" I was sitting there alone by the little pond, and the sun was coming over the hill where the barn is, just as if there 'd never been any night, or moonlight, or grasshopper ball, or duel, or anything.

But there was, for I was there; and if you will go down through the mullen weeds, and climb the fence, and do everything just as I tell you, you can be there next time, too.





“YOU LAZY, LAZY, PUSSY-CATS!”

A WARNING TO THE LAZY.

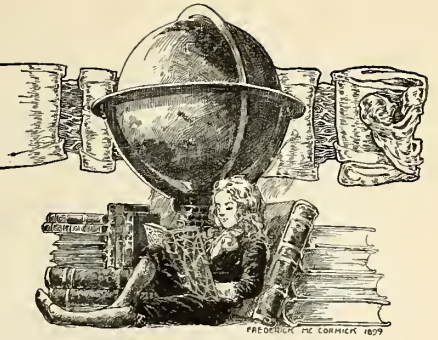
BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

“You lazy, lazy Pussy-cats! Ever since your breakfast
You have n't done a single thing but sit there in the sun!
I've had to learn my letters—four of them this morning:
D and E, and F and G—I know them every one.

“Do you know what will happen? You all will grow up stupid,
Snowflake, Whitey, Puffball!—if you go on this way!
You won't be anything but cats, who cannot read a letter;
And when I take to writing books, you won't know what they say!”



BOOKS AND READING.



WE hope to prepare the list of one hundred books for a Young Folks' Library in time to print it in the October number. We have received several interesting letters on the subject already, and we would gladly welcome advice from ST. NICHOLAS readers everywhere.

NOTING, in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, the advice of a most sensible reader concerning the habit of acquainting one's self with the life-history of authors whose books prove attractive, there is a word to be said about the way of obtaining this information. Biographical dictionaries are, without doubt, excellent; but the surest way to reach an author is to read his journal and his letters to his intimate friends. This method, besides proving interesting, accomplishes a threefold purpose: it portrays an author's character, it sketches the men and women with whom he associated, and it gives a glimpse of his time, most valuable indeed. Once it was not considered quite the proper thing to publish one's private papers. Even Charles Dickens was prejudiced on this point, and he explained his reasons in a letter to Macready, the actor:

Daily seeing improper uses made of confidential letters, in the addressing of them to a public audience, that has no business with them, I made, not long ago, a great fire in my field at Gad's Hill, and burnt every letter I possessed. And now, I destroy every letter I receive, not on absolute business, and my mind is, so far, at ease.

It is a good thing for eager readers that Dickens's friends did not share this opinion, else the world would never have known the sweeter and lighter side of his character; but we cannot help regretting the bonfire he made at Gad's Hill, for his friends were well-known people, and their letters would have been worth preserving. But nowadays there is an art in preparing such life-histories, and the result is the most delightful reading. Take,

for instance, Tennyson's "Memoirs," edited by his son; from cover to cover they are entrancing, and bring you so near to the poet that even his old cloak and slouch-hat have lost their terrors.

Here at home we have a wealth of these valuable works. Our New England authors specially have been shown to us most lovingly in this form,—James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, and others,—taking us into the heart of Boston, and to Harvard College, and introducing us to the most famous men and women of that period in their natural, every-day intercourse with one another. In such a way it is a positive delight to form the acquaintance of authors whose books attract us.

TALKING of journals, a little of that kind of thing is excellent practice and good fun if one goes about it in the right way, with some idea of order and neatness, and some idea of putting down words in proper, intelligible form, which is good writing. To state that on Monday it was fair, on Tuesday it rained, on Wednesday it rained harder, on Thursday turkey for dinner, on Friday we had company to tea, is not to keep a journal worthy of the name; but an honest record of real events is always interesting. There is a wise old saying,

Take the sun-dial's motto for thine:
Mark only the hours that shine—

the hours that are really worth recording.

I once knew a boy who wrote his journal for posterity, that is, for his descendants, having first made up his mind that he would be famous; but when he became wiser and saw

how little he really knew, he feared the criticism of the coming generations, and so his journal to-day is of a different nature; it is an excellent record of events that have helped to shape his life.

Never write with an idea of pleasing those who may see what you jot down; but simply and clearly tell the events as they come, and in after years others may be interested in looking back upon them, especially if the writer has made some impression on the world.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

ST. NICHOLAS BOOK DEPARTMENT: To all ST. NICHOLAS boys (and perchance the girls) who are lovers of outdoor life, who handle or admire a gun, and to whom real adventure is a pleasure, I should like to commend the books of Theodore Roosevelt. I have noticed among your lists of favorites only the "Hero Tales of American History" as told by Governor Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. If only for entertainment, I am sure that all the readers of these must hold them high in their estimation. Besides "The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and "The Wilderness Hunter," any active youngster is certain to take joy in the reading of "The Naval War of 1812," the "Life of Thomas Benton," and the four volumes of "The Winning of the West." Skip over the statistics, and the political or other controversy, and you will find fascinating stories. Some years ago, when our family of boys were shooting our first rabbits and grouse, we wore into tatters the ST. NICHOLAS numbers containing Maurice Thompson's "Marvin and his Boy Hunters." The same fate soon after met the "Century Magazines" in which appeared Roosevelt's "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail" series, afterward published in book form. Our acquaintance thus begun with so true and attractive an author has ever since been a happy one. He writes of life that he knows, largely of life he has lived, and every page will quicken your pulse and raise your admiration of the man who is to-day a moving part of his country's history.

Sincerely yours,

GANSEY R. JOHNSTON.

HERE is a letter received some little time ago. The book-list competition prevented its publication until now.

HARTFORD, VERMONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A certain family I know has the habit of reading aloud at table and for an hour after supper. They are three grown people and two children six and eight years old. Here are the books they have thus heard read in a year, from March, 1898, to March, 1899: "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Black Arrow," Church's "Stories from English History," Dickens's "Christmas Carol," "Bracebridge Hall," "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," the "Century's" war articles, some poetry, and a great deal of miscellaneous reading in the "Century," the "Outlook," and ST. NICHOLAS.

This is besides the private reading to the children, which includes two perusals of "Swiss Family Robinson," and other things too numerous to mention.

I am one of ST. NICHOLAS's long-time admirers.

Very truly,

KATE M. CONE.

THIS extract from an article by Lizzie T. Hussey, in the "Teachers' Institute" may contain a suggestion for our readers.

The year I was a junior in college some of us girls who boarded at Ossian Hall formed a society known as "The Ladies of the Round Table." Like those knights of the famous King Arthur, we, too, had a worthy aim in our sisterhood. There were some twenty of us who sat at a large round table in the center of the dining-room, while the other girls occupied smaller tables at the sides. They laughed at us when we boldly stated that the object of this new society was the suppression of all slang and incorrect English among our number. She who offended the now fastidious ears of the members of the "Round Table" was obliged to wear a bright-green rosette of ribbon pinned conspicuously on her dress until such time as she could detect another victim upon whom to inflict this badge of ignominy.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

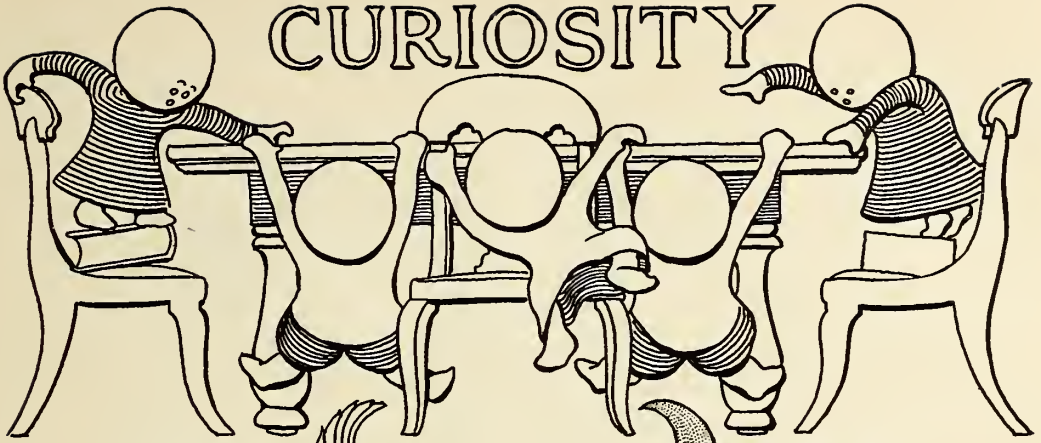
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sixteen, and I send you a list of twelve English books I prefer of those I have read these last two years. I began to learn English when I was thirteen. I am Greek.

1. Longfellow. Especially, The Courtship of Miles Standish, Hiawatha, The Divine Tragedy, Evangeline, and many short poems.
2. Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle.
3. The Jungle Books, Rudyard Kipling.
4. Sesame and Lilies, Ruskin.
5. For Faith and Freedom.
6. An Egyptian Princess, G. Ebers.
7. The Vintage (a tale of the Greek independence), Benson.
8. She, Rider Haggard.
9. Westward Ho! C. Kingsley.
10. Twice-told Tales (especially The Minister's Black Veil), Hawthorne.
11. Uncle Tom's Cabin, H. B. Stowe.
12. Melbourne House, Susan Warner.

Sincerely yours,

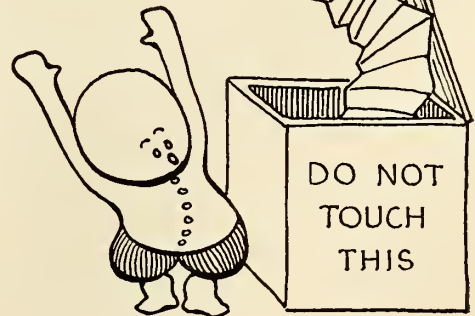
JENNY CASULLI.

CURIOSITY



BY GELETT BURGESS.

I THINK that it would help you much
If you 'd remember not to touch!
For there are many stupid folks
Who do not fancy children's jokes.
They think that children should
n't touch
What is n't theirs. Beware of
such!



CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICS.

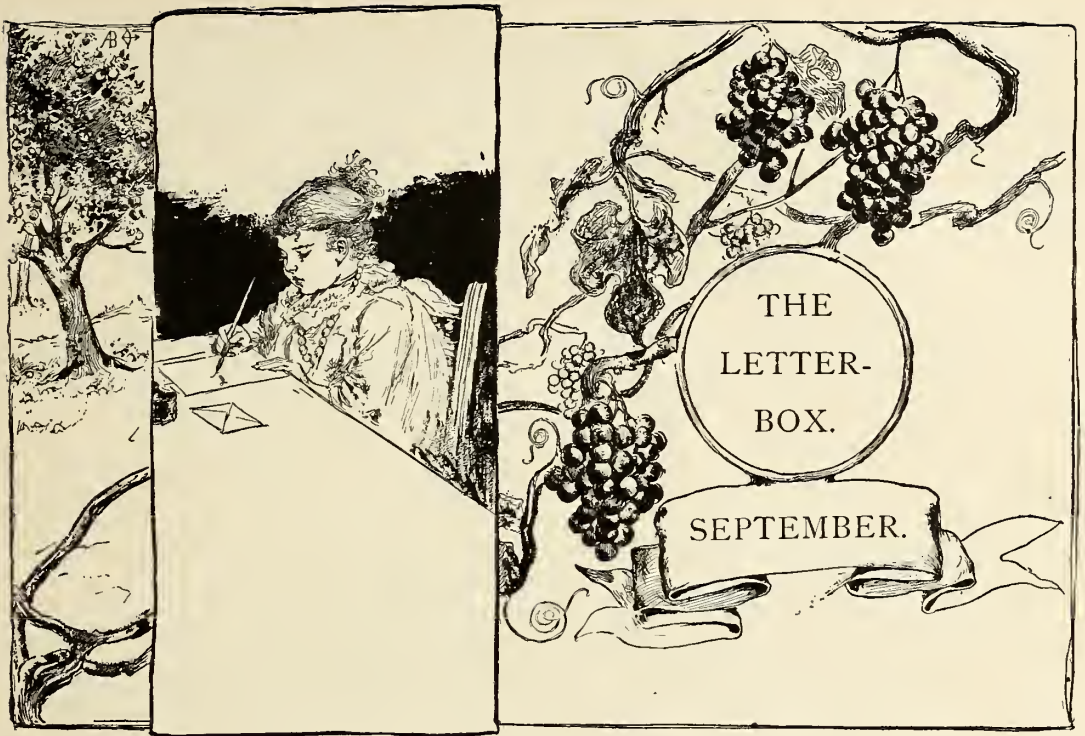
UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN. THE territory of the United States, including the Philippine Islands, reaches half-way around the globe. It contains land in every climate, from arctic Alaska to the tropical Philippines. It is inhabited by every race—the Red Men (our Indians), the Yellow Men (the Chinese), the Brown Men (the Malays in the Philippines), the Black Men (the Negroes), and, of course, the White Men. Of the latter every nation in the world has representatives in our country. New York City is said to have a larger number of Germans than any city in Germany except Berlin, a larger number of Irish than any city in Ireland except Dublin, and probably contains enough Italians to outnumber many of the lesser Italian cities. Yet, with all this mixture, the United States now stands as a firmer and more united country than in the days of old, when George Washington's soldiers were almost at war with Congress, and when many of them wished to crown him king.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES. We were taught in our geographies that either St. Augustine or Santa Fé was the oldest city in our country. This was true up to the present year, but the adding of Porto Rico to our domain brings with it the old Spanish town of Caparra, founded in 1509. As St. Augustine was settled in 1565, Caparra is fifty-six years older. Dr. Harrington of the San Juan weather office, who discovered the exact site of the old city, says: "Without doubt, the ruins I found are those of the first settlement established by the explorer and colonizer, Ponce de Leon. . . . Both local tradition and history name Caparra as the earliest town on the island. . . . The only remains of the original town now visible are the ruins of a church, hospital, and a repaired limestone furnace. . . . A historical landmark near by is the reputed gold-mine worked by the first Spanish settlers."

Let us hope that the United States will take the necessary steps to preserve what is left of this venerable town.

ROOM FOR ALL. From time to time articles saying that the world is overcrowded go the rounds of the press. While at some future date there may be reason to fear that the earth will not produce enough for its children, that time is far off. As for the land ever actually being crowded with people, a little calculation will soon do away with that idea. Small reliance can be placed on any estimate of the population of the world, but the one which is the least likely to contain grave errors is that made by Behm and Wagner in 1882. They put the number at 1,434,000,000 souls. Now, if for some reason all those people should gather at one place, and we allow four square feet of standing-room to each person, they would occupy just 215 square miles. The State of Texas, which has an area of 265,000 square miles, would have room for over twelve hundred such crowds. If the people chose to settle there, the "Lone Star State" would furnish them with about one tenth of an acre of land apiece—man, woman, and child. It would seem as if they might almost make a living on that, without drawing on the rest of the United States, to say nothing of the whole world.

A VIRTUE OF DUST. Men of science say that if there were no dust in the atmosphere it would be impossible for clouds to form, and hence we should have no rain, but only heavy dews. Every one has noticed that drops of moisture form on the outside of a pitcher of ice-water in warm weather. That moisture is condensed from the air by the cold sides of the pitcher. The particles of dust act in the same way. On their sides the water-vapor forms in tiny drops, which unite with other drops, and finally fall as rain or snow, bringing the dust down with them as they fall. This is the reason that rain clears the air. When a thaw comes in the winter, the banks of clean white snow take on a dirty appearance, which happens even when the whole earth is so soaked with moisture that no dust could be blown from it. The dirt is that which the snow brought with it, and in melting the snow has left the dirt behind.



TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, but have not written to you before. I am at a boarding-school here in Tarrytown. I shall go home for the summer, and expect to have a fine time. I will tell you about my pets. My father has the New Rochelle kennels. He has about forty dogs, and I have one. We have black-and-tans mostly, and I like dogs very much. But papa has a dog I like better than my own, and that likes me better than my own. His name is "Nig," and he cries for a week after I go back to school. I have a cow and a cat and two bantams, and had a horse—a horse with a history I must tell you. His name is "Teddy"; he is named after Roosevelt because he was in the war. He is a bronco, and has a scar on his back that I think he got in the war. But he ran away with mama, and so we sold him. He was the color-bearer's horse of the Rough Riders. I will close now.

Your interested reader,

ELROY B. FOOTE.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of fifteen years age, and I like you very much. I like the stories "The Sole Survivors" and "The Story of Betty" and "Chuggins." I am a native of Bengal, and a Hindu. This is the first time I am writing to you, because I see no one writing to you from Bengal. I am a cyclist, and I rode a distance of some five thousand miles during last three years.

I go to school. I like mathematics very much. Our greatest festival is called the "Puja." It continues for three days, and on the fourth day the image of the goddess is taken over a river and let fall. There is a temple of a Hindu goddess named Ilali in the vicinity of Calcutta. Many pilgrims come to visit that goddess.

I practise exercising with dumb-bells according to Mr. Sandow's system.

Wishing you long and prosperous life,

I remain your loving reader,

KHAGENDRA NATH MAJUMDAR.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write a letter to you, as I have never seen one from Calcutta. I am a native of Bengal, and was born in Calcutta. We go to country-places during holidays. Madhupur, a healthy place about one hundred and eighty miles from Calcutta, is our favorite resort. The city stands on the left bank of the Hughli, and there is a bridge of boats for crossing it. Crossing the bridge, we come to Howrah, the station from which men start for Bombay by the East Indian Railway. The Bombay Mail travels at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and has the greatest speed. There is no railway station in the city. North of Fort William is an extensive field. The part on the river-side is a favorite place for evening walk. I am eighteen years old, and have just finished my college course.

Yours faithfully,

S. MAJUMDAR.

CALMAR, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought some of your readers might be interested in hearing about the Ice Cave near Decorah, Iowa.

The cave is situated among the bluffs on the east side of the Oneota or Upper Iowa River.

Its large natural stone entrance is very open, and so is affected by the weather outside. This leads into a dark passage branching off into other passages, some of which are too small to enter, and all of which are lined throughout with a coating of ice in the summer. - At

different places this passage opens into large caverns, also thickly coated with ice at different times of the year.

Gradually the passage gets smaller and smaller until it is impossible to go any farther.

This cave is said by some authorities to be the only ice cave in the United States, while others claim there is one in Arizona, but one which is much smaller.

The ice is formed in the spring and summer from the water that comes down through the crevices from the hills above, and is frozen by the rock, that has retained its coldness from the winter before. In the fall of the year the ice melts, as the rock loses its coldness.

It is said that before the white people came, the Winnebago Indians used it as a place to store their meat.

We are two girls, thirteen and fifteen years old.

Wishing you prosperity, we remain,

Your interested readers,

GLADYS KAYE AND KATHARINE ROOME.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I write to you I feel as if you were an old friend, for you have been my companion for many years. I enjoy you more than ever now, for since I came to Paris you are the only English book I read, and it is a great pleasure to know what girls and boys of my age are doing at home.

I attend a French school, and at times get very tired of the French children, and long for some one who can talk and praise Uncle Sam instead of France. School closes here on August 1 and opens October 3. I am going to spend my vacation in northern Germany and Holland.

The buildings for the Exposition are progressing rapidly, and although artistic in appearance are fragile in construction. My favorite is that of "Vieux Paris," which is built far over the banks of the Seine.

I inclose you a piece of poetry which my mother thinks is good enough to be published; but as mothers are generally prejudiced I can hardly dare to hope you will find room for the attempt of a thirteen-year girl.

Yours faithfully,

L. MAC C—.

CASTLES ON THE SAND.

LITTLE children as they play
Through the pleasant summer's day,
Building castles on the sand,
Never think of breaking and
Destruction of their castles tall—
Never think that they can fall.

But the breakers of the tide
Onward creep from the ocean wide,
Sweep away the castles tall,
Leaving a mound of sand—that 's all;
And the children look at the mound,
Then go higher, where the rocks are sound.

The treacherous tide cannot reach them there
As they build their castles, real and of air;
And little they know, as they build and play
On the ocean beach on a summer's day,
They playfully copy again and again
The ups and downfalls of many men.

L. MAC C—.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For six years you have been a welcome visitor in our house. Before I was able to

read, sisters would read to me. I am a boy eight years old. For the last two years I can read myself.

I love to read the stories of our army and navy. When I was at the World's Fair I saw the "Indiana"; that is the only battle-ship I ever saw, for I live far from the ocean.

At that time, when passing through the Chinese exhibit, a Chinese suddenly took me up in his arms and gave me a kiss. I was frightfully scared; I never saw such dressed up people in my life—I did not know if it was a man or woman. He then gave me a Chinese idol for a present. I was only three years old at that time.

I like to read the letters from China, Egypt, and Japan, and all foreign countries. I live in Mount Vernon, Ohio. It is only a small town of eight thousand people. Of course I love it the best, but I believe when I am a big man I will live in New York.

Yours truly,

MILES A. STADLER.

Florence Foster sends some answers to puzzles, and a pleasant letter with them.

Nellie Bosworth lives on a farm containing 96 acres, and her pony's name is "Prince Charles."

Margaret Burnham sends a long letter telling anecdotes about her father's horses.

Helen S. Benner's letter is neatly written and well expressed, but might not interest other children.

Katrine Collins, Natalie Swift, Elizabeth Swift, and Marian Swift write a brief note, but we cannot make room for it. We must choose what will most interest our readers.

Louise F. Arnold asks to have her letter published in the August number, and it is hardly in time for this number, September. It is a pleasant little note, but some others have a stronger claim, and crowd it out.

Mary Beth Atkinson tells two interesting items. She says that when in Alaska, an Indian woman tried to trade a baby for "things"; and she says also that her family owns a dog that will carry a kitten out of the house when told to do so.

G. G. Fisher, a little New-Yorker, writes a vacation note from Echo Mountain, California, 5000 feet above sea-level.

Marian Lyall tells of a phebe-bird that comes to a canary's cage and "talks" to the canary.

Jane Herbs Rider writes from Durango, Colorado.

Marian Chase's letter thanks ST. NICHOLAS for its stories; she owned a dog that was fond of chewing-gum, and Marian's mother gave the dog away—perhaps because the dog would not learn better.

Ida Williams wishes her little sister Ruth to see the letter she sends, but we cannot do more than print this brief note about it.

Roberta T. is fourteen, and her brother has taken ST. NICHOLAS for many years. She likes the serial stories.

June Deming sends a letter that is very creditable for a child of her age. It is well written, well punctuated, and correctly spelled.

Dorothy and Ethel P. and Mary K. sign a letter in which they tell of a dog that was carrying a kitten, and when another dog tried to hurt the kitten, the first dog put down the kitten, drove away the second dog, and then picked up the kitten again.

In conclusion we thank all our little friends for their clever letters, which it is a great pleasure to read. Please do not forget that a letter cannot be printed for at least two months after it is received.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Resay. 2. Elate. 3. Samoa. 4. Atoms. 5. Yeast. II. 1. Heart. 2. Enter. 3. Atone. 4. Rents. 5. Tress.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. X. 2. Baa. 3. Bunch. 4. Xanthic. 5. Aches. 6. His. 7. C. II. 1. C. 2. Fat. 3. Fares. 4. Carapax. 5. Trepid. 6. Sad. 7. X. III. 1. C. 2. Rod. 3. Roman. 4. Complex. 5. Dally. 6. Ney. 7. X. IV. 1. X. 2. Sit. 3. Supra. 4. Xiphoid. 5. Troll. 6. Ail. 7. D.

CONCEALED NAMES. 1. Alice. 2. Grace. 3. Ida. 4. Isabel. 5. Edith. 6. Winifred. 7. Helen. 8. Ethel. 9. Martha. 10. Frances. 11. Edna. 12. Beatrice. 13. Anna. 14. Mabel. 15. Ella. 16. Agnes. 17. Caroline. 18. Stella. 19. Belinda. 20. Amelia.

OMITTED WORD. Bay.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Helen C. McCleary — Louise Ingham Adams — F. R. — Peggy and I — Joe Carlada — Marjorie and Caspar — Kathrine Forbes Liddell — Paul Reese — Jack and George A. — "Dondy Small" — "Sisters Twain" — Sigourney Fay Nininger — "Allil and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from "Reddy and Heady," 1 — Eleanor Dashiell, 2 — Mabel Miller Johns, 9 — Helen W. Johns, 2 — Courtland Kelsey, 8 — Angus M. Berry, 1 — Julia and Marion Thomas, 9 — No name, Hackensack, 8 — Franklin Ely Rogers and "Ria," 7 — Mabel M. Carey and E. Georgia Curtiss, 8 — E. P. Guerard, Jr., 3.

WORD-SQUARE.

I. A SHADY path. 2. Surface. 3. Tidy. 4. Cor-rodes.

S. STRINGER.

HEADS AND TAILS.

WHEN the right word is guessed, and the first and last letters are transposed, a new word will be formed. Example: Transpose muscle, and make certain beverages. Answer, s-ine-w, wines.

1. Transpose a mechanical force, and make a noisy feast.
2. Transpose to drive back, and make a person afflicted with a terrible disease.
3. Transpose a word of inquiry, and make to melt.
4. Transpose a small body of water, and make a noose.
5. Transpose a metal, and make to trade.
6. Transpose a yoke of oxen, and make a common food.
7. Transpose in this manner, and make to close.

H. W. E.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE summer's gone; September's here;
What friends are these approaching near?

CROSS-WORDS.

1. To write a rhyme that's picturesque,
Just put some commas on your desk.
2. And then place dashes round about,
But pray don't leave your brackets out.
3. Take few quotation-marks, if any;
It bothers one to see too many.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Field. 1. Flute. 2. Bison. 3. Wheel. 4. Eagle. 5. Sword.

LETTER PUZZLE. "The Century Magazine."

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. 1. No-r-ah. 2. Th-r-ee. 3. Ta-b-le. 4. Ho-r-se. 5. Sp-e-ar. 6. Go-ing. 7. Wh-e-at. 8. Mo-u-th. 9. Wi-n-gs.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, South Carolina; 3 to 4, Palmetto State. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Slopshop. 2. Domitian. 3. Grumbler. 4. Biltmore. 5. Adherent. 6. Acerbity. 7. Affluent. 8. Trillion. 9. Provisos. 10. Exultant. 11. Alienate. 12. Intimate. 13. Abdicate.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Vacation. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Raves. 2. Hears. 3. Facet. 4. Learn. 5. Lathe. 6. Noise. 7. Alone. 8. Manor.

4. Add, if you wish, one colon too,
Though threescore periods will do.
5. Now stir them thoroughly, and mix
With ornamental pudding-sticks.
6. Whatever nonsense makes you laugh,
Not all you know—perhaps one half.
7. And if it does not straightway rhyme,
Add letters—dozens at a time.
8. It may be worse, it may be better,
For adding when you wish a letter.
9. Take May or June to write your rhyme;
December is a deadly time.
10. You'll find the spring with verse will teem,
And words will rush a steady stream.

ANNA M. PRATT.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and form a couplet by an English poet.

My 19-40 is a pronoun. My 33-61-25 is a bond. My 31-13-4 is to discern. My 54-36-52-8 is for one time. My 44-42-49-37 is a common word. My 39-6-10-56 is to keep one's self out of view. My 30-57-260-27 is the point of an epigram or other sarcastic saying. My 62-17-15-3-63 is a name for a Welshman. My 41-47-38-58-46-22-11-23 is the name of a famous battle. My 5-29-51-48 21 20-9-7-45-32 is a name by which Scotland is sometimes called. My 55-28-14-24-35-12-53-1 and 16-43-59-34-18-26-50 each name a Shaksperian character.

J. B. C.



A MOMENT OF REST.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 12.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY MARY PROCTOR.

“Whene'er those southern seas I sail,
I find my eyes instinctive turning
Where, pure and marvelously pale,
Four sacred stars are brightly burning.

A HALO of romance has woven itself about the stars of the Southern Cross—one of the most picturesque objects in the southern skies. At one time these stars formed part of the constellation named the “Centaur,” which was once included under that called “Argo,” the Great Ship; but toward the end of the eighteenth century the Southern Cross became a constellation on its own account. Nevertheless, its resemblance to a cross must have been observed long before this time, since an Arabian globe has been found on which an outline of a cross is marked about this group of stars.

The Southern Cross has four stars named Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta; while a little south of Delta is the small red star Epsilon, which rather mars the outline of the cross-shaped figure. Alpha and Gamma form the longer bar of the cross, Gamma being at the top of the cross, and Alpha at the foot, as shown in the diagram on the next page. Beta and Delta form the cross-piece, Beta being to the right, and Delta to the left. Beta is a white star, and when observed through a telescope, a rosy-red star can be seen in the same field of view, forming a most charming contrast to Beta. Delta is a white star, and inferior

in brightness to the rest. Alpha, at the foot of the cross, is a very bright star of a dazzling white hue; and some missionaries who were sent by Louis XIV. to Siam, in 1685, while devoting some of their leisure time to the contemplation of the glories of the southern skies, discovered that Alpha, in the Southern Cross, was a double star, the two stars being very nearly equal in size and color. Gamma is a red star, and not quite as bright as Alpha, which is the leading brilliant in the Southern Cross.

The longer bar of the cross points nearly to the south pole, the situation of which in the heavens is not marked by any brilliant star, but which is about four and a half cross-lengths from the foot of the cross. For this reason Alpha and Gamma are sometimes called the “pointers.” In fact, the Southern Cross may be looked upon as the hour-hand of a great clock, which goes round once in twenty-four hours, moving in the same direction as the hands of a clock, unlike our Great Bear or Dipper, in the northern heavens, which appears to go round the northern pole in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock. This is because the observer's face, when looking at the northern pole, is turned in a direction contrary to the face of an observer in the southern hemisphere turned toward the southern pole.

The first settlers in the Spanish possessions

in tropical America used the stars of the Southern Cross as a celestial clock, calculating the hours from its inclined or erect position; and in this way it served as a timepiece, though it gained very regularly nearly four minutes a day. No other group of stars in the southern skies makes so good a clock.

Humboldt, in his "Travels," remarks: "How often have we heard our guides exclaim in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past; the cross begins to bend!'" Humboldt saw the Southern Cross for the first time in the tropics; and he describes it as being greatly inclined, and appearing from time to time between the clouds, the center of which, furrowed by occasional flashes of lightning, reflected a silvery light. The pleasure he felt on discovering the Southern Cross was shared by all the sailors who had visited the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, the lone seaman, who

all the night
Sails astonished among stars,

hails a star as a friend from whom he has long been separated. The Portuguese and the Spaniards are specially interested in the stars

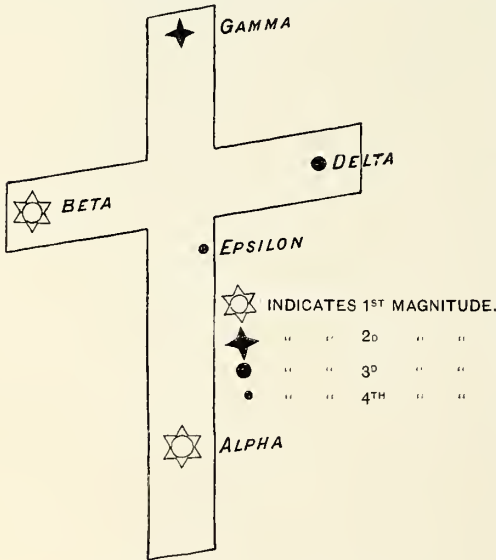


DIAGRAM OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

of the Southern Cross, for they attach a religious sentiment to a constellation the form of

which recalls the sign of faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World.

Near the Southern Cross is an almost vacant patch of sky, which was named the "Coal-sack" by early navigators. In the Coal-sack only one very small star can be seen with the unaided eye, but the telescope reveals many stars in that seemingly deserted region, proving that the striking blackness is due simply to the effect of contrast with the brilliant ground surrounding it on all sides. On the northern edge of the Coal-sack is a star of ruddy hue, known as Kappa, but too small to be seen with the unaided eye. Even a small telescope fails to make one realize the splendor of this star; but when Sir John Herschel turned his twenty-foot reflector in its direction, he was surprised to find Kappa the center of a cluster of over one hundred stars of all the colors of the rainbow, contrasting wonderfully with one another. He compared it to a superb piece of fancy jewelry, while Flammarion describes it as "a casket of glittering gems."

In his chapter on the motions of the stars, Langley thus refers to the Southern Cross:

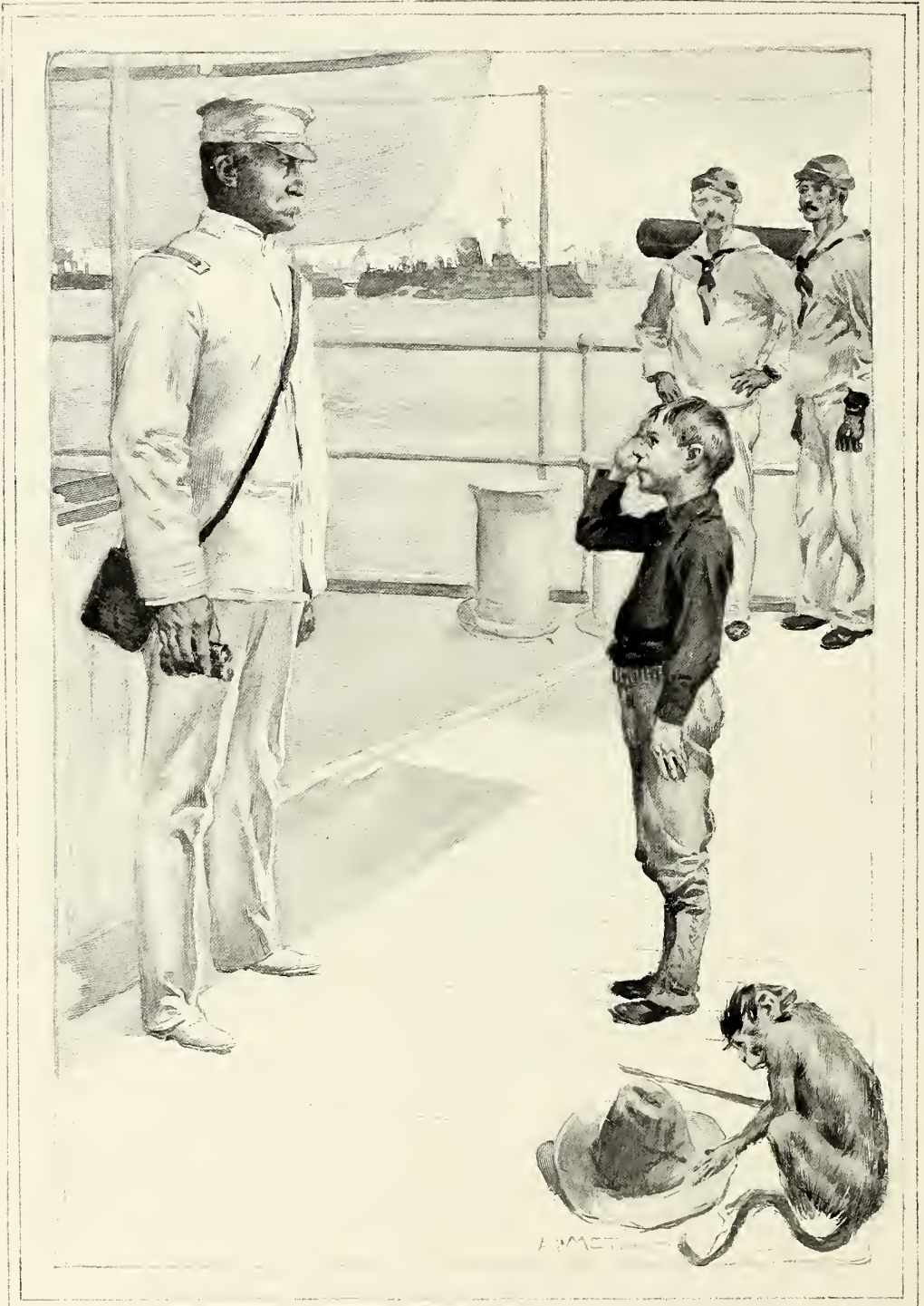
In perhaps the earliest and most enduring work of man's hand, the Great Pyramid of Egypt, is a long, straight shaft, cut slopingly through the solid stone, and pointing like a telescope to the heavens near the pole. If we look through it now we see nothing; but when it was set up it pointed to a particular star which is no longer there. That pyramid was built when the savages of Britain saw the Southern Cross at night; and the same slow change in the direction of the earth's axis that in thousands of years has borne that constellation to southern skies has carried the stone tube away from the star that it once pointed at.

Fact and fancy, folk-lore and superstition, have woven their charm around the bright stars of the Southern Cross, which is of all the more interest now, since it shines upon the newly acquired possessions of America in Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. When the sentinel on guard in the Philippines during the weary night hours turns his eyes in the direction of the Southern Cross, well may he say:

"Shine on! My own land is a far-distant spot,
And the stars of thy spheres can enlighten it not;
And the eyes that I love, though e'en now they may
be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee."



UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.



“WELL, YOUNG MAN, WHO ARE YOU?” ASKED ADMIRAL DEWEY. “WHY, I AM SEARCHLIGHTS, SIR,” SAID THE MASCOT.”

“SEARCHLIGHTS.”

(*A Mascot at Manila.*)

BY C. A. METHFESSEL, U. S. N.

WHEN the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers were encamped at the Presidio, at San Francisco, shortly after the battle of Manila Bay, they chanced to pick up a homeless lad, fifteen years of age, who seemed anxious to go to Manila and fight for Uncle Sam.

He was rather small for his age, and by reason of his good nature and pluckiness soon won the affections of both officers and men. Consequently he was chosen to be the mascot of Company D. Soon after his initiation he was nicknamed “Searchlights” because of his many freckles and his brilliant red hair. His name was William Doran.

He was born in Portland, Oregon. When about nine years of age his father died, and he had to leave school and look for something to do in order that he and his mother might live, she being in delicate health, and sometimes confined to her bed for weeks.

It was not long before the little fellow was earning a few dollars a week in a cigar-factory, sealing boxes. But his mother was gradually failing, and it became necessary to remove her to the hospital, where she died, leaving him an orphan, homeless, with a doctor’s and an undertaker’s bill to settle.

He saved from his scant earnings until at last he was able to meet his debts. He decided to leave Portland and go to San Francisco, where opportunities to work were more plentiful, the doctor and the undertaker cutting down their bills to half of the original amount, thus allowing him a few dollars for his expenses, should he not find employment.

After roaming about the city for a few days without securing employment, he managed to earn a little money occasionally, but never found steady work.

Finally, when the war with Spain broke out, and Admiral Dewey won his great victory in Manila Bay, the boy volunteered his services as a “mascot,” being too young to enlist.

He made many friends among the men from Pennsylvania, and became mascot of Company D, as already told.

Shortly after the regiment arrived at Cavité and had settled down at Camp Dewey, awaiting the arrival of more troops, the men began to realize what a true and devoted little fellow he was. Whenever there was anything to be done he was always found ready to make himself useful.

It was one of his daily pleasures to accompany his men on outpost duty, and after seeing them all stationed, he would remain with them day and night through all the rain and terrible heat by which many of the brave boys were overcome. Our sick soldiers were sent to the hospital at Cavité, which at that time was situated in the navy-yard, and was formerly used by the Spaniards who were wounded during the revolution before our war.

At times the men would be short of food, and Searchlights could always be seen making it as comfortable for them as possible, bringing their meals to them, and never helping himself until all had been attended to.

It was during the night of July 31 that he won many friends, not only in his own regiment, but in the entire army at that time in the Philippines; and it was a common thing to hear him praised by men who had heard of his daring.

The first engagement with the Spanish army in the Philippines occurred on this night, the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment at the time being in the trenches, where the boys were fighting against overwhelming numbers. Searchlights was repeatedly told to keep his head within the trench; but in spite of warnings, he could not resist the temptation of taking a look at the enemy, and replied: “Oh, they can’t hit a barn, not alone me.”

He was finally detailed to watch a field-piece which had caused much annoyance, and

lying flat on the ground, he faithfully kept his eyes riveted on the field-piece.

When the supply of ammunition became exhausted, the supply-wagons arrived. They were just in time; and Searchlights was busy distributing the shells to the men, under a most galling fire, never flinching. He was on duty until the enemy was compelled to retreat.

After the battle, when the wounded had been removed to the hospital, Searchlights was a constant visitor, always thinking of the comfort of the men before his own, and sharing his ration with any whom he thought in need of it. He would also borrow books wherever he could, and bring them in for the sick or the wounded to read.

One day, as he came into the hospital with his arms full of books and papers which he had scraped up around camp, he was stopped by an officer, who talked to him and complimented him for his bravery, saying:

"Searchlights, I have heard a great deal about you and your doings since you came out here. You are a brave lad, and we are proud of you. Some day you will be a great soldier — perhaps a general. How would you like to be an officer, Searchlights?"

"Well, sir," said he, "I don't know as I would like to be one, at all, sir; for if I were

I could not associate with the men as I do now."

On August 13, when Manila surrendered, with his company, as file-closer, canteen and haversack at his side, and spade on his shoulder, he was one of the first to enter the city.

Shortly afterward he paid a visit to Admiral Dewey's flagship, the "Olympia." The Admiral, seeing him playing with a pet monkey, called him over and spoke to him, asking:

"Well, young man, who are you?"

"Why, I am Searchlights, sir."

"And who is Searchlights?"

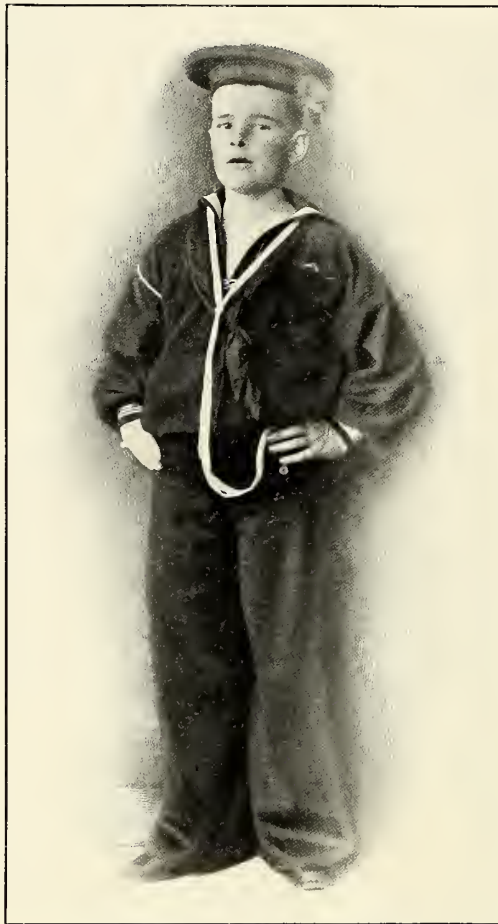
"Why, the mascot of Company D, Tenth Pennsylvania regiment, of course."

The Admiral took a great deal of interest in him, and invited him to take a trip to Hong-Kong when the Olympia went there for docking and cleaning. The men made him a blue-jacket's uniform, and started a subscription to buy him clothes, allowing him a neat little sum with which to enjoy himself.

On his way back to Manila, he complained of not feeling well, and shortly after arriving there he died, having been ill but a few days.

He was buried in the United States Cemetery at Maracabon, in his blue-jacket's uniform, with military honors.

An elaborate headstone now marks the resting-place of the true little American patriot.



"SEARCHLIGHTS" IN HIS SAILOR-SUIT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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

CHAPTER VII.

"ALL IS WELL, KATRYNTJE!"

DURING this interval Paul had reached Algiers safely. The voyage there had been somewhat delayed by adverse winds, and by no wind at all; but one day, after five weeks' sailing, the George Washington cast anchor within the mole of Algiers. The next day the gold for the barbarian monarch was carried to his palace by American seamen—the officers and the American consul, with a body of sailors, making a guard for it. Cannon from the ship announced its approach; cannon from the Dey's forts thundered out a welcome for it.

But it was a most humiliating embassy for American naval officers, and it was no easy matter for them to bear in patience the necessary formalities. Far more cheerfully would they have bombarded the Dey's palace than have entered it as envoys or guests.

Paul had been previously well instructed by the consul as to his wisest course; and in pursuance of this advice, he went with the procession bearing the Dey's present. And he could not help feeling as if he was taking a part in some "Arabian Nights" dream, so remote all seemed from American life—from the very century in which he was living. Even the unchangeable sea was strangely unreal in this African harbor. For it was crowded with black war-vessels, with Moorish xebecs, with strange barks of all kinds, and sails of every fantastic shape and color.

And how different from Broadway or the Battery were the narrow, dark streets, where the eaves met, and he walked between dead walls. Yet through these sandy, uphill lanes what a wildly romantic population poured! Bedouins on fleet Arabian horses; civilians all

in white, dragging their slippered feet through the dust with majestic unconcern; sea-robbers, armed to the teeth; Jews in costumes the very counterpart of those worn by Isaac and Jacob; date- and sherbet-sellers; sheiks, mol-las, dervishes, negroes; merchants in dusk, unwindowed stalls, sitting cross-legged, smoking, upon bales of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco; musicians filling the blue, quivering air with the shrill laments of Arab pipes, and little African tom-toms, and iron castanets; and over everything, the intense whitewash, lying like a shroud. The atmosphere of the place was just as foreign and strange and fabulous; for the familiar odor of salt water, pitch, and tar was powerfully blended with a multitude of unusual scents: scented tobacco, attar of roses, hashish, melons, musk, the peculiar perfume of morocco leather, Arabian drugs, spikenard, the animal smell of camels, and of all the wild life of the desert.

It was through these old, old-world sights and sounds and smells the Americans slowly proceeded to the palace of the Dey, the intolerably offensive, cruel Yusef. They found him surrounded by negroes of immense size, black as ebony, scantily clothed in scarlet, with gold bands round their arms and legs, and great gold hoops in their ears, and by Mohammedan viziers in snow-white veils and burnouses. In his hand he held the large, heavily jeweled fan with which more than once he had struck consuls of the European courts who had not done him sufficient homage; and over his head was a scarlet umbrella of such antique form as may have sheltered the Queen of Sheba.

He received the American embassy with marked indifference, and there was on his handsome face a repulsive and unspeakably scoffing expression. With apparent unconcern, he waved the coin aside, but conde-

scended to say that he would extend his protection over American ships of commerce.

Then, at a motion from the American consul, Paul stepped forward. He took from their satin-lined cases his mother's string of pearls, and her ruby brooch and ring, and laid them at the despot's feet. And the Oriental passion for gems immediately asserted itself. A look of intense interest came into the Dey's disdainful face. Gold was a common commodity of known value, but pearls and rubies had the charm of rarity and of uncertain value. He regarded them with a longing eye, and looked inquiringly at the consul, who said:

"Great Bashaw Yusef: This young American beseeches you to accept these jewels as a ransom for his father and three American seamen, which your sailors captured on the 11th of March, about two years ago. It is all he can offer. The American's fortune was in the ship which is now yours. These jewels come from the women of his family. Deign, Bashaw, to hear his petition favorably."

"The *cadi* of the slaves and prisoners shall be consulted," answered the Bashaw. "By the Prophet! if these Americans be still alive they have been too well treated."

Then Paul did a very wise thing. Instead of restoring the jewels to their cases, he handed them to the interpreter for the Dey, saying: "Let the pearls and rubies remain. And may the inquiries be propitious."

This was all. It seemed to Paul very little; but the consul considered it a great deal. Yet Paul passed three days of sickening anxiety before the investigation was made. It was then declared that two of the four men taken from the *Golden Victory* were dead; but that for the lives of the other two the "holy Bashaw" was willing, in his great generosity, to consider the ship and the jewels a sufficient ransom.

Three more days were consumed in getting the necessary orders and discharges, and in securing men and camels to go with Paul to the station at which his father, if still alive, was detained. But at length all was ready, and Paul left Algiers for the works at Mekinez, a journey inland of four days. It

was a terrible journey. The country itself was enough to inspire despair. The vast treeless plains, the large salt lakes, the arid grandeur of the white rocks, the fiery glories of the sun, the whole strange, solitary landscape, filled Paul with an indescribable sadness. Everything was savage, burning, cruel; the land and the men alike partook of the nature of the lions which haunted every mile of their journey. And how these four awful days of travel filled Paul's heart with pity for his captive father, and with love and longing for his own fertile, cool, free, beautiful native land!

"Oh, America, America!" he sobbed as he lay down fearfully to try to sleep in the shadowy caravan, among the camels and asses, the fathomless depth of the African sky above him, and the roar of hungry lions all around. "Oh, my native land! if ever I forget thee, or cease to love thee, may I die in this awful place!" For it was impossible to rid himself of a frightful impression of entire separation from home and country. He felt as if he was another person, and lived in a different world and in a long-ago time.

Twice they met parties of Christian slaves being driven to some other post, where their labor was needed. The clang of their chained limbs, their hopeless looks, their bare feet and heads in the hot sand and sun, and the overseers armed with long whips accompanying them, made a scene that Paul could not endure to look at.

At last, however, Mekinez was in sight; though all that appeared were some old walls of hardened clay, seamed and cracked by the sun, and a few roofless huts. An air of unspeakable misery hung over the place; it was desolate and sad beyond description. Half a mile away there were many lime-kilns, and the *cadi* directed Paul thither. His soul outran his body; he sent his loving, longing thoughts before him; and perhaps his father was insensibly influenced by them: for, though it was not permitted that any slave should lift his eyes even for a moment from his labor, Captain Jan stood erect by his burning-kiln.

For amid the blaze and heat a sudden vision had come to him of the wild, free waves, of his bounding ship, and of the fresh,

cool winds of heaven blowing all around him. He shaded his hot eyes with his hands, and looked across the white desert, as if he was looking and praying for help. And in that moment his prayer was answered. For Paul saw him, and knew him, and called out with a voice that pierced that dreadful solitude:

"Father! Father! Father!"

He was answered by a cry that was hardly human in the intensity of its agony, and wonder, and joy. Then, despising all discipline, and indifferent to punishment, Captain Jan ran to meet the approaching caravan. And oh, how amazing, how bewildering, were the words that greeted him:

"Freedom! Freedom, father! You are free!"

It was soon ascertained that Captain Jan was the only man from the Golden Victory still alive. But Paul had brought money with him, and the overseer was induced to put in the dead sailor's place a poor little lad from Nantucket, the only other American at that station. Fortunately, Paul had not forgotten to bring with him some linen and clothing for his father; and hardly anything that was merely physical could have so delighted the captain.

"It was mother's thought," said Paul. "She packed the clothing, and bade me on no account forget it."

"And it was just like your mother, Paul," he answered, his eyes full of happy tears. "No one but she would have considered such a thing. I was dead, and am alive again!" he cried with a transcendent gratitude. "I was lost, and am found!"

In four days they were in Algiers. Then the captain came in sight of the *sea*, and he shouted aloud, and the little sailor lad cried like a child. But all were yet trembling with anxiety and terror. Yusef was as capricious as the wind, and as treacherous as a bog; some trouble might have arisen which would change all. But no! Thank God, there lay the George Washington, the blessed ship on which their safety depended. They reached the mole. The *cadi* having examined their passports and having received the consul's assurance that the ransomed were Americans, the whole party were at last suffered to embark.

During these awful moments of suspense Captain Jan was dumb. He stood by Paul's side in a trance of unspeakable, agonizing fear. For his life, he could not have said a word; he was quivering, breathless, until the little boat was under the lee of the George Washington, and a ladder of ropes was flung over her side. Then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he seized the ladder, and the next moment he was received on her deck with a shout of welcome.

But Captain Jan saw no human being. He flung himself upon his knees to thank God; and when he rose, his first action was to clasp the starry flag of America to his breast, and kiss it, and kiss it, and kiss it again and again, until a passion of tears relieved the almost unbearable tension and pressure of his emotions.

Oh, what a marvelous hour that was! He was free. He was safe. And he had not felt safe for a moment until the Stars and Stripes was rippling over him. Now, even if the Dey should alter his mind, he could fight; he could die for his freedom!

And that very night there seemed to be a prospect of a fight. Captain Bainbridge received an impudent and imperative order to take on board the George Washington a present of slaves, wild beasts, and money for the Sultan, and carry them to Constantinople. In vain Captain Bainbridge protested; the Dey assured him that the George Washington was fully in his power, and, unless he obeyed, she would be confiscated, her officers and crew sold as slaves, and war immediately declared against American trade.

There was nothing, therefore, to be done but to proceed to Constantinople on the despot's business; and it seemed as if there was no other course for Paul and his father except that of accompanying them. But, fortunately, that very night an English ship anchored close beside the George Washington; and as soon as it was dark Paul managed to board her, and so to engage the captain's sympathy that he was not only willing but very desirous to carry the three men out of danger.

Before midnight the transfer had been made. But not until they reached the Bay of Biscay did Captain Jan feel sure of liberty.

"The Mediterranean," he said, "is full of these Moorish robbers and murderers, and no vessel is secure, no matter under what flag she sails. For when they have sunk a craft they will vow she was flying some flag not under their protection."

In London they deposited in the Bank of England the money which Paul had brought for ransom, and without a moment's delay sought a ship bound for New York. They were fortunate enough to find the "Elijah Pell," a fast clipper, just ready to sail, and with glad hearts they stepped on board of her. In those days, however, to sail, even in a merchant-vessel, was to sail with danger, and with the chance of fight or capture. England and France were likely at any hour to go to war; America and France were ready to fight whenever their crafts met; and the privateers of all three nations hung round dangerously near to ingoing and outcoming ships.

But at last—at last—the low-lying, happy shores of America were in sight. The Hook was passed; they were in the river; the city itself was coming into view. In two or three hours Captain Jan and his son might be singing in their own home the delightful little sea chantey that had interpreted their hopes and longings many an hour on their voyage—the chantey that homeward-bound Northern sailors had sung for at least two hundred years, and may sing for twice as many more:

And it's home, dear - ie home! Oh, it's
home I want to be! My top-sails are hoist - ed, and
I must out to sea. For the oak and the ash, and the
bon-ny birch-en tree, They're all a-grow-in' green in the
North Coun - tree. And it's home, dear - ie home!

It was a charming day in late April—one of those spring days when New York is at her

very loveliest, when the sky is blue, dappled with white, and the west wind blows gently through her streets, and every man has a flower in his buttonhole, and every woman violets on her breast or daffodils in her hands, when there are early flowers selling at the street corners, and the very beggars ask with music for pennies. It was just the same a hundred years ago. Madam Van Clyffe had a box of English daisies in bloom at her parlor window; they were crying violets on the street; they were selling pansies and snow-drops and lilies-of-the-valley in pots at the street corners. A man was playing a fiddle on the sidewalk before Trinity, and the shop-windows were full of Indian calicoes and muslins, and spring delaines, and straw bonnets, and green parasols, and summer lute-strings, and delicate mercery goods of every description.

Madam Van Clyffe was busy with her needle. Catharine was painting a fan. Mr. Errington was upstairs working on his "Dutch Interior"; they could hear his footsteps as he moved about, and the soft echo of "Full Fathom Five," which he was singing as he worked. Catharine had been telling her mother something amusing about Elsie; but they had talked the event over, and were both silent, so silent that the movement of needle and pencil, and the murmur of song above them, were all distinctly audible.

This conscious quiet was broken by an indescribable movement at the door, and a rapid knock—the knock for which their hearts were always listening. With an uncontrollable cry, Madam ran to the door. Catharine followed her. This time it was the glory and fruition of long months of prayer and watching. She was in her husband's arms. She was in Paul's arms. She was laughing and crying. They were all laughing and crying. None of them could at first utter a word.

But after a few minutes what a hubbub of joy filled the house! What running hither and thither! What exclamations of welcome! What hurrying hospitality! All the wonders of meeting-love, when the dead is alive again, and the lost is found! As quickly as the first excitement was over the captain asked to see

Mr. Errington. Paul ran upstairs to bring him down. He had already guessed what had happened, and he stood with eager face, listening to the strange voices, when Paul entered, and, with an utter abandonment of Dutch reserve, flung his arms round his friend's neck, crying, "Come! Come! Come to my father!"

There was, however, no necessity for Mr. Errington to "come." Captain Jan had closely followed Paul, and he stood within his deliverer's room. The two men met with clasping hands. They looked at each other until their eyes filled, and the captain said solemnly:

"Like an angel from heaven you have been to me! All my life long I will love you!"

"It was God himself who thought of you, Captain," answered Mr. Errington. "I was only a messenger. But I thank God that he trusted and honored me so far."

"I have now a duty to do, and I wish, then, that you would come with me," said the captain; and the three men went downstairs together. And I am sure every boy and girl reading this story may guess what Captain Jan had to do, and would lose all interest in him if he lost any time in performing it. But, indeed, his heart was full of joy in the duty before him.

The Captain went into Madam's parlor, and in a voice full of happy impatience sent Paul to summon Pop and Bosnay and Sibbey and Jane; and as soon as he saw their black faces beaming a thousand "welcomes home" to him, his own face grew very sad and full of wistful pity. But there was something wonderful, more than human, in the jubilant voice with which he cried:

"Friends, from this moment you are all free, every one of you—free as a bird in the air! I will not own a slave another moment. I will not have a slave in my home. Do you understand me? You are all as free as I am! As free as the Governor! As free as the President! As free as my own dear wife and children! To-morrow I will have the papers recording your freedom made out, and I will give to each of you two hundred dollars. I would gladly make it a thousand, if I had the

means to do so. To these promises my son Paul and Mr. Errington are witness."

Then he shook hands with each, and they went out of the room, dumb with their amazing joy, yet scarcely able to comprehend at once that their bonds had been broken asunder, and that they might *do* what they wished, and *say* what they wished, and *go* where they wished, being as they had never before been—free as the bird in the air!

Then Paul went with the glad tidings to his grandmother and uncle. But the news had by this time spread like wild-fire through the city. There was soon a great crowd before the door of the Van Clyffes' house, and the captain had to go out and show himself alive, and be cheered and congratulated by thousands. For all day long, and far into the night, these impromptu public receptions continued. Paul was also called for, and the father and son standing together were a miraculous story, full of the noblest emotions that touch the human heart. Many parents wept, and almost envied the man whose son had dared the tyrant even in his palace for his father's life and liberty. And if the public respected the privacy of madam and her little daughter, not one soul forgot that they, in their silent work and patient waiting, had borne the hardest share in the heroic story.

In the midst of one of these popular exhibitions of sympathy the captain's old mother was recognized. She was trembling with joy and excitement, though leaning upon Paul. Strong arms carried her to meet her son; and when the two met, a great shout of fellow-feeling filled the street. For in those days life was not so rapid, and men and women had time to "rejoice with those who do rejoice"; and really, children, if you will believe me, it is one of the grandest things humanity can do. Nothing opens the door of the soul so wide for heavenly influences, because it includes a total forgetfulness of self.

Then Uncle Jacob and Gertrude and Alida came, and, at the captain's eager request, Mr. Errington canceled his engagement for that night, and spent it with the happy, reunited family. Indeed, the whole atmosphere was so thrilled and permeated with rapture and thanks-

giving, no one would willingly have left it. For in this commonplace house there was that night the very air of heaven—an influence so noble and unselfish that they might hardly hope to experience its like again.

In the evening they listened to the captain's sorrowful tale, and to Paul's description of his interview with the Dey. Then for the first time all became aware of the fact that Paul had brought back very nearly all the money he had taken away.

"But you must not give the credit of its preservation to me," said Paul. "It was our consul that saved it. I should have offered all I had; but he said to me: 'The jewels will be irresistible to Yusef. If you offer him any sum of money he will suspect that you have more, and every added thousand will increase both his cupidity and your difficulties. But if he believes that these pearls and gems are all you possess, he will not risk the losing of them; he cares nothing for human life—a man or two more or less he will not count against that string of pearls.' And thus it proved. So then, after all, it was *you*, mother, who sent the ransom for our father."

However, every one had for the time risen above the power of gold. Even Jan's mother hardly seemed to care that her ten thousand dollars were safe in the Bank of England. She sat next to her recovered son; she drew his poor head, burned and bleached white, down to her aged breast. But her heart was as young and tender as in the days she had hushed him to sleep there; and she forgot all else and thought only of her boy—of the dreadful "far country" from which he had returned to her love; of the happy fact that he had been dead, and was alive again; that he had been lost, and was found.

These were the blessed words that Jan constantly repeated, that his mother echoed, that lingered in the heart of every one that heard them: *Lost, but found!* "God saw me," said Jan, reverently. "He saw me, a sailor, loving the great sea which he made, a free citizen of the wide ocean, breathing gladly the wildest and coldest of his winds that blew—he saw me in that white, blinding, burning desert, over the lime-kilns; and he remembered me,

and sent his messenger,"—and here he went across the room to Mr. Errington and took his hands and raised them to his lips,—“and my boy Paul came for me. I was lost, and am found!”

That night Catharine went to her room weary beyond words with love and joy. She had felt until she could feel no longer. She was too tired to uncoil her hair, too tired to undress, too tired to think; she did not remember when, nor how, she put her aching head upon the pillow. Her father's words filled all the consciousness left her. They echoed in her soul; they stirred half-remembered things in her mind and memory. They must have lingered in her ear recesses, for when the first glimmer of understanding returned to her in the morning the bells were chiming seven, and she could not help repeating after them: "*Lost, and found, Katryntje! Lost, and found!*"

No event in life is without its consequences, and the return of Captain Van Clyffe had a very important influence on the life of his daughter. For he was a man of known skill and energy in all nautical matters, and from every side a ready and practical sympathy flowed to him. In five weeks he left New York in command of the "Retribution," a fine privateer; and in three months he had sent back two prizes, which the firm of Jeremiah Cruger & Co. handled with remarkable success, both for Captain Jan and themselves.

Paul brought back one of these prizes, and showed himself, on a rather perilous voyage, to be worthy of the trust reposed in his skill and judgment.

During these first three months Catharine was not free from the obligations of the past sorrowful winter. She felt in honor bound to attend to her music pupils until their terms were fully completed, and also to finish, with even extra beauty and care, the embroidery which she had undertaken. In the latter work she was constantly assisted by Elsie's clever fingers; and so the time, with a positive hope to bless and brighten it, passed very pleasantly away.

Then, as Mr. Errington had gone to England on a visit, and it was very warm weather,

Catharine took a long, sweet rest with her mother. The house was now quite their own, the other lodgers having found quarters elsewhere. The newly freed slaves were working in various ways in their own homes, "for themselves," and two Irish girls supplied their places; so madam and Catharine found time to read, and to walk, and to visit their old friends together.

But as soon as autumn brought cool days Catharine began the completion of her interrupted education. The finest music and singing masters were obtained. An old French gentleman read and spoke French with her two hours daily; and, besides these things, she learned how to dance the stately minuet and the grave saraband; and her time was as fully occupied as if she had been at school.

Soon after the New Year Mr. Errington returned, and they were glad to see him again. His rooms, which the captain insisted should always be his, had been very still and lonely in his absence, and it was a real delight to hear him stepping about them to the music of his own singing, a real delight to see him going in and out, always so handsome and cheerful, always so exquisitely dressed, always with a pleasant word to them in passing.

One morning when Elsie, with her skates over her arm, came for Catharine for an hour's skating, he took a fancy to join them. Whether he was really ignorant of the art is doubtful, but the girls believed they taught him; and, at any rate, many a delightful hour followed this initiation, for no one could desire a more vivid, enchanting companion on the ice than was Elsie Evertsen. She would buckle the steels firmly to her feet, and then wheel and skate so that the evolutions of a swallow were not swifter or more graceful. One might indeed say that the ice was Elsie's native element. And with Mr. Errington there was always the "something more" that made pastime delightful. Thus, one day when they were quite wearied, and had sat down to rest and to watch the gay throng before them, he said:

"Elsie, Catharine—have you yet noticed what a very individual thing skating is? Really, you may read a man's or a woman's

character in their actions, if they are on the ice. Human nature upon a few inches of steel is bound to show its prominent traits."

"You are exactly right," answered Elsie. "It is a most delightful way of display. I am more particular about my skating-dresses than even about my dancing-dresses."

Errington smiled, and added: "I had a deeper thought than mere clothing, Elsie. Look at that jaunty girl, for instance; she will most likely go through life as she skims over the ice—with her nose in the air. And that solemn-looking man, who plods along and sees only his own reflection in the surface, will be very apt to plod along his rut of life unto the end. And, I will be bound, that stately girl in brown and red is a very just girl; see, she never gets in any one's way, and I am sure that she will be angry at any one who gets in her way. And there is a dreamy girl,"—pointing to one in a striped petticoat,—“a girl no more sure of her opinions than she is of her skates. But the man who is with her is a dauntless fellow; he will make a career out of the slightest materials."

"And that girl in orange, what of her?" asked Elsie.

"I dare say that she is both selfish and proud," answered Mr. Errington. "Notice how persistently she is the center of her circle."

Elsie clapped her hands. "So true! So true!" she cried. "It is Annetje Roe, and she is for nobody but Annetje. She wants the first and the most of everything. Proud! I should think so! Annetje believes herself to be everybody."

In this way he pointed out the trim, the affected, the timid, the careless; and Elsie listened, and made her little personal commentaries and applications; and Catharine listened, and watched, and partly understood something of the deeper meaning. But, with or without understanding, the mere physical exercise was a great pleasure to all. During the previous winter, skating, or indeed any amusement, had been impossible to Catharine; and when she thought of the difference between the two seasons her heart was full of a joyous gratitude.

As the spring opened Mr. Errington re-

turned the girls' kindness by offering to make them as clever horsewomen as they were skaters, and the offer was gladly accepted. Then what consultations there were about habits and hats, and the little embroidered habit-shirts that in those days gave such a neat, clean aspect to the riding-dress. Mr. Errington selected the horses, and the early lessons were given in a paddock belonging to the Evertsen mansion. But both Elsie and Catharine had a natural ease and fearlessness, and in a month they were quite able to take the famous "fourteen-mile round"; that is, up Broadway to Chambers Street, across to Chatham Row, then up the Bowery Lane till they could round the eastern slopes of Murray Hill, and so on to a point above the present Seventy-seventh Street, where they turned to the west, among the leafy hillsides now in Central Park, then southward on the Bloomingdale road, through a lovely region studded with fine country houses, all the way to Twenty-third Street, where the Bowery Lane was again chosen to reach Franklin Square and Broadway.

All summer these fourteen-mile canters were continued, in the early morning or in the cool evening; and if to this pleasure be added the pleasures and duties already named, some idea of the happy life Catharine led at this time may be easily formed. Besides, there was a tolerable certainty of letters and visits from the captain and Paul, not very far apart; and when they did come, it was always with prizes; and thus, not only a good deal of money, but a good deal of *éclat*, was associated with their appearances. Upon the whole, then, at this period of her life Catharine was as happy a girl as health and beauty, and loving relatives and friends, and plenty of occupation, and plenty of amusement and money, could make her.

The following winter Grandmother Van Clyffe died. She had failed slowly but constantly after her son's return from captivity, and she went away at last as quietly as a child goes to sleep.

The reading of her will made some sensation. She divided her real estate equally between her sons and her grandson, and her savings

equally between her granddaughters Alida and Catharine. To Catharine she also bequeathed her pieces of rare Middleburg tapestry and her carved Nuremberg cabinets; to Alida she left also her jewelry and clothing; and to her daughter-in-law all her silver, linen, and damask. But to Gertrude she left nothing at all; and the girl, in spite of her frequent declarations that she did not expect anything, was absolutely shocked by the neglect; then she was angry, and said some very hard things, until her father stopped her with a stern wrath she had never before seen in him.

"Be afraid," he said, "to speak ill of the dead. Has not your speaking ill of the living brought you punishment enough?"

"My grandmother forgave me," answered Gertrude. "Why, then, did she punish me? She had no right."

"Every right had she. Forgiveness cannot do away with punishment. No, indeed! Wrong it would be to forgive if it could. See, now: I have told you not to ride the new horse because he is dangerous; but suppose that you did ride him, and that he threw you, and your arm was broken; well, then, I might forgive you with all my heart, I might be so sorry for you, but the suffering, you would have to bear that. No help for it. That is nature's way—and your grandmother was just and right in making you suffer. I myself told her so."

A few days afterward Alida and Catharine asked him to permit them to share their grandmother's gifts equally with Gertrude; but he was still more averse to this.

"What is it you ask?" he said. "Now that your grandmother cannot speak for herself, will you disobey her? You will make of no value her wishes. Speak not another word on this subject."

And Gertrude had the wisdom of the inevitable. She accepted what she could not alter. Yet, oh, with what bitterness of self-reproach she remembered that morning when she had permitted her tongue to say words that had cost her so much. "Counting the cost" of sins and follies is always a hard sum in arithmetic.



“‘FREEDOM! FREEDOM, FATHER! YOU ARE FREE!’ CRIED PAUL.”

Now, if I was going to write the whole life of Catharine Van Clyffe, I should have to begin a glorious story of retribution; to tell how, in one way or another, the American people were so roused and incensed by the Barbary pirates that they sent out a fleet the next year to punish them; how Captain Van Clyffe and Paul went with this fleet; how young Stephen Decatur burned the “Philadelphia”; how four hundred American officers and seamen were released from the Dey’s dungeons and from slavery, with cannon-balls; and, still later, how Captain Van Clyffe and Paul went again to Algiers, this time in command of a man-of-war, one of the American fleet that, in conjunction with the English fleet and the Dutch fleet, fought a series of the most terrible naval battles in history—battles which, however, knocked the Dey’s forts and palace about his head, destroyed his power forever, and set free without a cent of ransom over twelve hundred Christian slaves.

But glorious as this tale is, it does not concern the girlhood of Catharine, and her womanhood is a story by itself, a story yet unwritten, a story never quite separated from the influence and charm of the bells. She traveled far and wide, but they traveled with her. Nor must you think her experience unheard of. Dr. Hall heard Trinity Bells far in the arctic snows. Alexander Kinglake, in the middle of the eternal sadness and immense abandonment of the desert, was awakened from a sleep on his camel’s back by a peal of church bells, his native bells. In vain he plunged his face into the hot, dazzling daylight; for full ten minutes they continued “properly, steadily, merrily, ringing for church.” Napoleon, at Malmaison, trembled to hear the bells of Brienne; and almost any old sailor can tell how, under vertical suns in mid-ocean, thousands of miles from land, he has thrilled with wonder to hear his own village chimes.

We will not seek after the philosophy of

these strange things. It is enough here to know that Catharine's best life history set itself to the charming octave of Trinity Bells. They heralded her wedding-day with the jubilant notes of "Hail, smiling morn!" and when the last scene in her life came they were not silent.

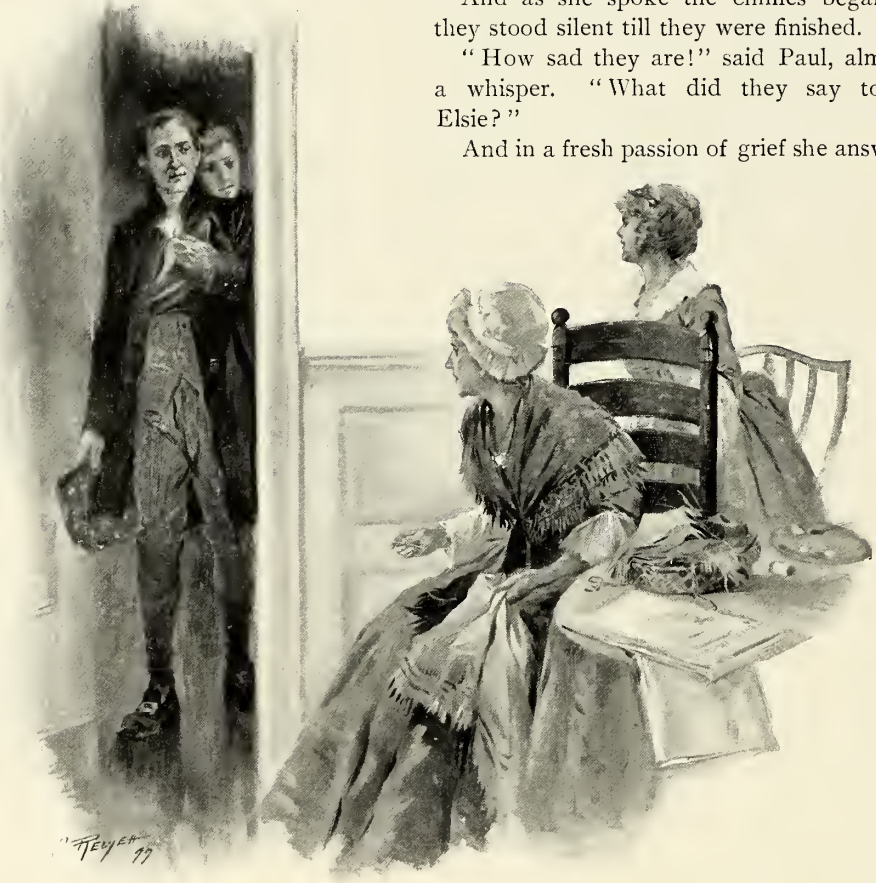
It was on a lovely day in November just

through the open doors of the church the music of the organ was faintly audible. Both Errington and Paul were old and feeble, and dry-eyed in their great sorrow; but Elsie's grief had her old passionate abandon. She was shrunken and withered and white-haired; but she wrung her hands in childlike distress and moaned: "Oh, our dear Delight! What shall we do without you?"

And as she spoke the chimes began, and they stood silent till they were finished.

"How sad they are!" said Paul, almost in a whisper. "What did they say to you, Elsie?"

And in a fresh passion of grief she answered:



THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN JAN AND PAUL.

fifty years ago—one of those days which are after-thoughts of summer. John Errington, Paul, and Elsie stood by her grave, under the shadow of Trinity. The stir of Broadway seemed only a murmur in the silent yard, and

"*Fare thee well, Katryntje! Fare thee well!*"

But John Errington said softly: "I heard them differently, Elsie. To me they said:

"*All is well, Katryntje! All is well!*"

THE END.



DOES N'T HE?

JOHN PLAYS FOOTBALL, AND SISTER MARY
SAYS THAT HE LOOKS LIKE A CASSOWARY!

THE YOUNGEST SON.

(A Reflection by One of His Brothers.)

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

Now, when it comes to gettin' what other folks can't get,
An' when it comes to doin' what other folks ain't let,
An' takin' turns the longest, by rubbin' of your eyes,
An' scoopin' all the pennies an' all the saucer-pies,
An' seein' some one bigger get licked for what you've did—
A feller can't help wishin' he was the littlest kid!

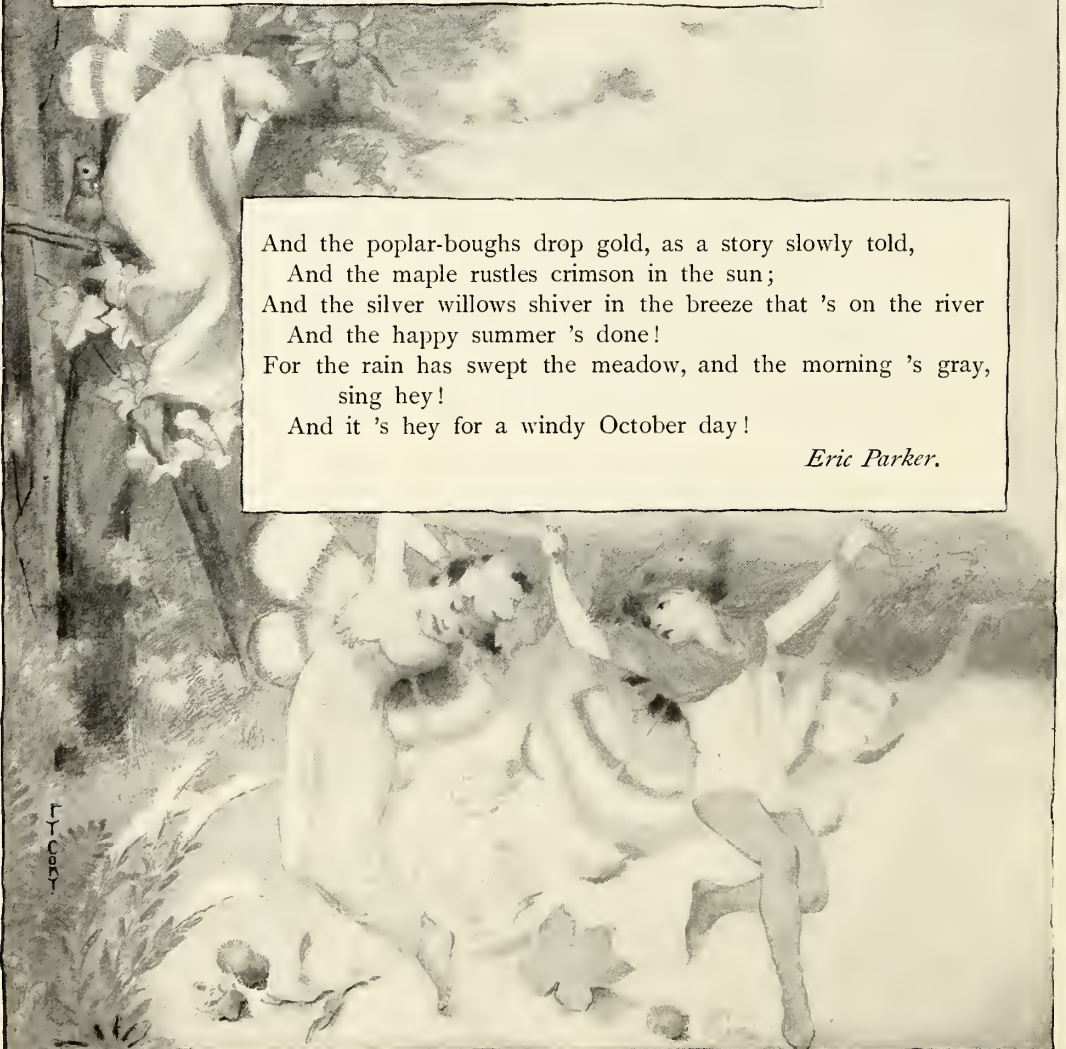
But when you think of taggin', an' findin' folks has run,
An' bein' told it's bedtime, no matter what 's the fun,
An' takin' mumps an' measles, an' wearin' girls's clothes,
An' never goin' nowhere excep' when mother goes,
An' learnin' all the lessons of what us boys is rid—
Then 's when a chap 's as willin' he ain't the littlest kid!

A SONG FOR AUTUMN

SING good-by to all the flowers of the happy summer hours
When the leaves are brown and red upon the tree;
'T is the autumn song of sorrow, for the winter 's here to-morrow,
And the swallow 's left the lea.
For the dew is on the meadow, and the morning 's gray,
sing hey!
And it 's hey for a windy October day!

And the poplar-boughs drop gold, as a story slowly told,
And the maple rustles crimson in the sun;
And the silver willows shiver in the breeze that 's on the river
And the happy summer 's done!
For the rain has swept the meadow, and the morning 's gray,
sing hey!
And it 's hey for a windy October day!

Eric Parker.



THE TEARS OF PRINCESS PRUNELLA.

BY EVELYN SHARP,

Author of "Wymps," "All the Way to Fairyland," etc.

THERE is no doubt that the Princess Prunella would have been the most charming little girl on either side of the sun, if she had not been so exceedingly cross and discontented. She was as pretty as any one could wish to see, and as accomplished as all the gifts of fairyland could make her; and she had every bit of happiness that the love of her parents and the wit of her fairy godmother could put in her way. And yet, she grumbled and grumbled and grumbled!

"Can you not try to be happy just for five minutes?" asked the Queen, in despair.

"How can you expect me to be happy, even for five minutes, when every five minutes is exactly like the last five minutes?" sighed the little Princess.

"It is tea-time, your Highness," said the head nurse, coaxingly, "and there are pink sugar-cakes for tea!"

"There were pink sugar-cakes yesterday," pouted the Princess. "There are always pink sugar-cakes, unless there are white sugar-cakes, and I am equally tired of them both. Can you not tell me something new?"

"Let her go without her tea," said the King, who was rather tired of having such a cross little daughter.

But the Queen only smiled.

"The child needs a change," she remarked. "It must be very dull to play alone all day."

"Dull!" exclaimed the King. "Why should it be dull? Has not her godmother given her such wonderful toys that they can play with her as well as be played with?" This was quite true, for the very ball that the Princess threw to the other end of the nursery could catch itself and throw itself back to her; and it is not every ball that can do that. "What more can the child want?" demanded the King, crossly.

The Queen, however, thought there might be

something more. "We must find her a play-fellow," she said wisely.

"Stuff and nonsense!" protested the King. "Why should we bring any more crying children into the palace? However—you must do as you like, I suppose."

The King always told the Queen to do as she liked when he was tired of the conversation; so the Queen smiled again, and issued a proclamation at once to tell the whole world that the Princess Prunella wanted some one to play with, and would be ready to choose a playfellow that day week, at twelve o'clock noon precisely. Now, it is not often that one gets a chance of playing with a King's daughter, so it is no wonder that when the Princess followed her royal parents into the great hall, on the appointed day, she found it filled from end to end with all the little princes and princesses, and all the little counts and countesses, and all the little dukes and duchesses, that the surrounding kingdoms could produce.

"I never had a more excellent idea," said the Queen, as she seated herself on the throne and looked down at the crowd of children. "Prunella has talked of nothing else for a whole week, and she has not been heard to grumble once!"

"That 's all very well," observed the King, a little uneasily; "but it is quite clear that she cannot play with them all, and who knows that so much disappointment will not lead to a war?"

The Queen did not answer, but turned to her little daughter, who stood by her side. "Do not be in a hurry," she said to her. "So many faces are confusing at first, and you might regret it afterward if you made a mistake."

But Princess Prunella showed no signs of being in a hurry. She just glanced over the sea of faces that were turned toward her, and then looked speechlessly at her mother. The



“‘CAN YOU NOT TRY TO BE HAPPY JUST FOR FIVE MINUTES?’ ASKED THE QUEEN, IN DESPAIR.”

smiles had all gone from her face, and the big blue eyes were filled with tears.

“Why, they are all exactly alike!” she said piteously. “I cannot tell one from another.” And, to the astonishment of every one in the room, she dropped down on the steps of the throne and began to cry.

“Dear, dear! What is to be done?” exclaimed the Queen, in much alarm. “It will look so very bad if all the children have to be sent home again!”

“It will certainly lead to a war,” was all the King said; and then they both looked helplessly at their sobbing little daughter. As for all the children, they were so surprised at hearing how much alike they were that they said nothing at all; and it is difficult to say what would have been the end of the matter, if the Princess had not suddenly jumped to her feet again and pointed toward the door.

“There is the Prince I should like to play with!” she exclaimed. “*He* is not like the others; he has a wonderful look on his face.”

Everybody looked round at the doorway; and, sure enough, there stood a boy whom no one had noticed. “Come here, Prince,”

the Princess commanded, raising her voice; “you may kiss my hand if you like.”

But the boy drew back with a bewildered air, and shook his head. Princess Prunella stamped her foot angrily.

“How dare you hesitate when I tell you to come here?” she cried. At this the strange boy turned and hastened from the room; and a murmur of astonishment rose from the children.

The King’s daughter had never been disobeyed in her life before, and for a moment she was too astonished to speak.

“Who is he? What is his name?” she demanded at last.

There was a pause, broken presently by the shrill voice of one of the pages. “Please, your Highness, it is only Deaf Robert, the minstrel’s son,” he said.

“Deaf!” repeated the Princess. “What is that?”

“It means that he cannot hear anything, little daughter,” explained the Queen; “so, you see, he would not do for a playfellow at all. Besides, he is not even a prince. Can you not choose one of these others instead?”

The Princess, however, could do nothing of

the kind. "All these are alike," she said again, "but the minstrel's son has a wonderful look on his face, and I will have no other playfellow."

So all the children went sadly back to their homes and wondered why they were so much alike; and the whole court was made uncomfortable once more by the sulkiness of Princess Prunella.

"Your Highness's best wax doll has not been out for two whole days," suggested the head nurse.

The Princess snatched the doll from her hands and threw it on the floor.

"If you will not let me play with a boy who is deaf, how can you expect me to play with a doll?" she asked. And although, no doubt, there was much in what she said, it was hardly the way in which to speak to the head nurse. Indeed, there would have been a serious disturbance in the royal nursery the very next minute, if the Princess's cream-colored pony had not suddenly trotted round from the stable of its own accord and put it into her head to go for a ride.

Now, the Princess's pony was of course a fairy pony; so when he ran away with her in the forest, that day, it was not to be supposed that he would run away with her for nothing. He took her, in fact, for a real fairy ride, all through a fairy forest, that began by being quite a baby forest, and then grew and grew, the deeper she went into it, until it ended in being quite a grown-up forest. And the pony never stopped running away until he reached a dear little gray house, that was set in the brightest of flower-gardens; and there, at last, he came to a standstill.

The Princess slipped off his back and pushed open the little gate and walked into the flower-garden. Any one else might have been surprised to find Deaf Robert sitting there, in the middle of the trim green lawn, but after a fairy ride one is never surprised; so the Princess's heart just gave one big jump for joy, and she ran straight up to him and took his hand.

"Poor deaf boy, poor deaf boy!" she said softly. Certainly she was not behaving like a king's daughter, for she ought to have been extremely angry with him for disobeying her in the morning, instead of which she was as full of

pity for him as any ordinary little girl might have been. But then, as he could not hear what she said to him, what was the use of remembering she was a princess?

"Poor deaf boy," she repeated, bending over him, "no wonder you look so unhappy!"

It was the first time in her life that she had forgotten she was a princess, and she was quite surprised at the gentleness of her own voice. She was still more surprised when the deaf boy rose, bowed very low and answered her.

"I was only unhappy, Princess, because I could not hear what you said to me this morning," he explained.

"Oh!" cried the Princess. "You *can* hear me now?"

"Ah, yes," said Deaf Robert; "I can hear you now, because you speak so kindly. It is only when people are angry and speak roughly that I cannot hear them. That is why they say I am deaf."

"Have you always been deaf?" asked the Princess, wonderingly.

"Ever since the wymps came to my christening," answered the minstrel's son. "For when they asked my father what gift he would choose for me, he chose that I should be deaf to every sound that was not beautiful."

"So that is why you have such a wonderful look on your face," said Princess Prunella. "I wish the wymps went to every christening."

Deaf Robert shook his head. "If they had not come to mine," he remarked, "I should have been able to hear you this morning."

"Never mind," said the Princess. "Come back to the palace with me now; I will never speak crossly to you again, and then you will always be able to hear what I say."

"No, no," answered Robert, shrinking back. "I cannot come to the town; it is so silent there, it frightens me."

"Silent?" echoed the Princess. "Surely, it is the forest that is silent!"

"Oh, no," said the minstrel's son, smiling; "the forest is full of sound. Can you not hear them all talking—the bees and the flowers and the great pine-trees?"

Princess Prunella listened. "No," she said; shaking her head, "I can hear nothing." Then she took the deaf boy's hands and pulled him



"COME HERE, PRINCE," THE PRINCESS COMMANDED. "YOU MAY KISS MY HAND IF YOU LIKE."

toward the gate. "Come back to the town with me," she said eagerly. "It is true that you cannot hear the other people's voices; but you will always be able to hear *me*, and that is ever so much more important!"

So the minstrel's son went back to the palace with Princess Prunella; and when the King and Queen saw how happy their little daughter was at last, they said nothing more about Deaf Robert not being a prince, but got over the

difficulty by making him a marquis on the spot, and giving him the appointment of Playfellow-in-chief to her Royal Highness. A magnificent banquet was given to celebrate this important event, at which several speeches were made by the King, and several tunes were played by the band; but as the speeches were exceedingly pompous and the tunes were exceedingly noisy, the new Marquis, for whom they were intended, heard neither one nor the other. However, he heard every word that the little Princess whispered in his ear, and perhaps that was all that he wished to hear.

Never had life passed so peacefully at the palace as in the days that followed. The Princess was never heard to utter an angry word, and she went about with a contented look on her face that cheered the hearts of all who knew her. But all this while no one

thought of the minstrel's son, or inquired whether he was pleased with the new arrangement.

Now, anybody might suppose that a minstrel's son who suddenly found himself made into a Marquis and Playfellow-in-chief to a Princess would be the happiest boy in the world. And yet, although he grew fonder every day of his little playfellow, Deaf Robert was the saddest person in the whole court. He grew more and more silent as the days

went on, until at last even the Princess noticed that he was changed.

"The wonderful look has gone from your face," she said to him. "Can it be that you do not feel happy at court?"

Then the boy Marquis told her the truth. "It is because I cannot hear the sounds of the town," he said. "Will not your father live in the forest so we can play there together, instead of in this horrible, silent place?"

"But I do not wish to go and play in the forest," objected the Princess. "There are no people in the forest; and I should forget that I was a person myself if I had nothing to talk to but the flowers and the trees."

For the first time since they had played together, Deaf Robert remembered that he was nearly two years older than the little Princess, and he smiled in a superior manner. "That is only because you hear all the wrong things," he said. "If you could once hear the sounds of the forest, you would never want to come back to the town."

The Princess turned red with anger, and she opened her mouth to give the minstrel's son a thorough good scolding. But, before she had spoken one of the bitter words, she remembered in time that he would not be able to hear her,

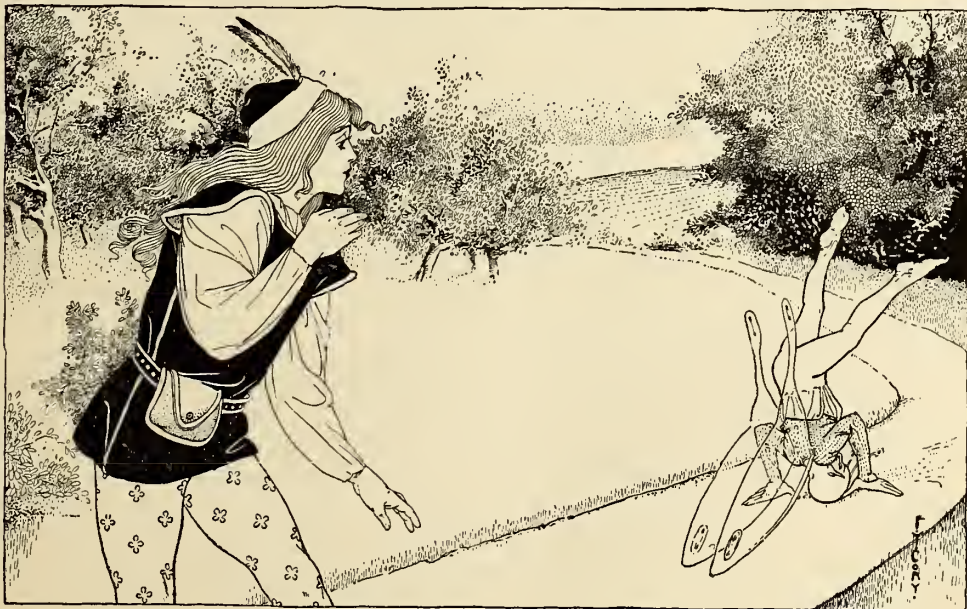
so she sighed impatiently, and answered him as softly as she could.

"You are quite mistaken," she said, putting her chin in the air. "If you were a real boy you would understand." And with that she turned and left him. It was annoying not to be able to lose her temper whenever she chose; but there was nothing to prevent her from remembering that she was a princess.

That afternoon the Princess pricked her finger, and the minstrel's son found out that what she had said was quite true, and he was not a real boy at all. For, of course, the Princess did what any other little girl of twelve years old might have done, and burst into tears; while the minstrel's son, who was quite unable to hear her sobs, only stared at her solemnly, and wondered why her pretty round face had suddenly twisted itself into such a strange expression.

"What are you doing, Prunella?" he asked her gravely.

"Doing!" wept the Princess. "Why, I am crying, of course! That is what you would be doing if you had pricked your finger as badly as I have." She held out her small white finger as she spoke; but the minstrel's son only stared at her as solemnly as before.



"HE WENT ON TURNING SOMERSAULTS UNTIL HE TURNED INTO NOTHING AT ALL." (SEE PAGE 995.)

"Crying? What is that?" he asked. "And why should you do anything so useless? Surely it would be better to fetch a doctor, or a piece of sticking-plaster."

When the Princess found she could not even cry with any pleasure, she felt it was more than any little girl of twelve years old could be expected to bear.

"It is n't sticking-plaster that I want," she said miserably. "When people cry they want to be comforted, of course."

"Do they?" said Deaf Robert, looking perplexed. "But if I cannot hear you cry, how am I to comfort you?"

The Princess managed to remember that it was no use letting her crossness appear in her voice. "That 's just it," she sobbed. "You ought to be able to hear me cry, and then you would be a real boy!"

And the Princess pitied herself so much for being forced to play with some one who was not real that she buried her face in her hands and wept more than ever; and when she at last took her hands from her eyes, her playfellow was gone.

Truly the forest had never looked so beautiful as on that day, when the minstrel's son hastened through it on his way to his old home. The boy with the wonderful look on his face, who had lived there so long, never paused so much as to look at the wood-folk; and they only had time to notice, as he passed, that the wonderful look was no longer there. On he hurried until he came to the little gray house, set in its garden of bright-colored flowers; and he opened the gate and walked in, just as his Princess had done six weeks before.

The minstrel was at home this time, and he was sitting on the door-step in the sunshine. He had just composed a new song, and that always made him extremely happy. But he sighed a little when he saw his son come in at the gate; for he, too, had no difficulty in seeing that the wonderful look was gone.

"What is the matter, my son?" he asked anxiously.

Deaf Robert wasted no time in greeting him. "Father," he cried, "why did you ask the wylms to my christening?"

"That is easily answered," said the minstrel,

soothingly. "It was because I wished you to hear nothing but beautiful sounds all the days of your life."

"But what sounds do you call beautiful?" demanded his son.

The minstrel smiled. "Can you not hear my music?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," said Deaf Robert. "But what else?"

It had never struck the minstrel that there need be anything else, and he hesitated a little. "Well," he said at last, "can you not hear the sounds of the forest?"

Deaf Robert looked up at the pine-trees overhead, and down to the flowers at his feet. "I used to hear them," he said sadly; "but even the forest has grown silent now." Then he clenched his fists and looked imploringly at his father. "Must I live to the end of my days without hearing any of the things that other boys hear?" he cried.

"You are a little unreasonable, my son," said the minstrel. "Are not the beautiful sounds of life enough for you?"

"Enough?" said Deaf Robert. "I want much, much more than that, father. Why, I want to hear the Princess cry!"

"That is nonsense!" exclaimed the minstrel. "Crying makes a most unpleasant sound, and you would be extremely disappointed if you were to hear the Princess cry."

The minstrel's son drew himself up proudly. "You do not understand; you are not real, either," he said. "The crying of *my* Princess makes the sweetest sound in the world, and I am not going to rest until I learn how to hear it." Then he turned and walked through the gate and out into the forest once more.

The minstrel looked after him and sighed.

The minstrel's son wandered aimlessly through the forest—the forest that he had once liked so well because it was all his, and that he liked now only because he had found his little Princess in it; and there he might have been wandering still, if he had not suddenly met a wylm. This was not really surprising in that particular forest, for it was just the kind of forest in which any boy of fourteen might at any minute meet a wylm; but for all that, Deaf Robert was just a little bit startled,

when the wymp suddenly dropped in his path from the tree above and nodded at him.

"Hullo!" said the wymp. "What is the matter with you?"

"I am very unhappy, because I am not a real boy," explained Deaf Robert.

"Dear me! How is that?" asked the wymp, pretending to be surprised.

"Well, *you* ought to know," answered deaf Robert. "It is all because the wymps came to my christening!"

"Nothing of the sort!" cried the wymp, indignantly. "It is all because your father insisted on knowing better than we did, and we let him have his own way. If the wymps had not been at your christening, you would not even *wish* to be a real boy. So you cannot hear the Princess cry, eh? That 's a good wympish joke, that is!" And the wymp stood on his head and choked with laughter.

"It is all very well for you to laugh," complained the minstrel's son. "You don't know how unpleasant it is to be a boy without being a real boy!"

The wymp came down on his toes again and stopped laughing. "Then why don't you go and learn to be a real boy?" he asked.

"How can I find out the way?" asked Deaf Robert.

"You ridiculous boy!" exclaimed the wymp, much surprised. "Why, the first person you meet will be able to tell you that!"

Deaf Robert had no time to thank him for his information, for the wymp began turning somersaults the moment he had finished speaking, and he went on turning them until he turned into nothing at all and there was no more wymp to be seen. Then the minstrel's son walked on; and for three days and three nights he met no one at all; but on the morning of the fourth day he came to the very edge of the forest, and there he saw an old woman sitting by the side of a blackberry-bush.

"Hurrah!" cried Deaf Robert, waving his cap. "Do you know that you are the first person I have met, and that you are going to tell me how to become a real boy?"

"I will tell you at once," said the old woman, smiling, "for you come straight to the point and do not beat about the bush. This is

what you must do, then: something brave and something kind and something foolish and something wise. If you are not a real boy after that, it will be your own fault!" Then she walked round the blackberry-bush and disappeared; and although Deaf Robert forgot what she had just said about him, and beat about that blackberry-bush in good earnest, he never saw any more of her.

Then the minstrel's son walked straight on, in search of a brave deed to do; and this did not take him long, for there are always plenty of brave deeds waiting to be done by some one. So, long before the sun was above his head that day, he came to a castle where a beautiful princess was being kept captive by a cruel old giant, all because he was cruel and for no other reason at all. And when Deaf Robert saw the Princess weeping behind the bars of her prison window, he was reminded of his own little Princess whom he had left weeping on the nursery floor, and that made him call on the giant instantly to come out and be killed. The giant laughed a great laugh, and came out into the courtyard, not to be killed, but to kill the minstrel's son; but before he had time to do that, the minstrel's son managed to kill *him*, and there was an end of the cruel old giant.

"That is the bravest deed I have ever seen done!" cried the Princess, when he fetched her out of her dungeon.

"Brave deeds are easily done, then," said Deaf Robert; but he was glad enough, all the same, to hear that he had done the first part of his task. The next thing he did was to take the beautiful Princess back to her own country; and that seemed to him a great waste of time, for he could not certainly do his kind deed so long as he had the Princess on his hands. But when they reached her country, and the Princess told her father how Deaf Robert had come out of his way to bring her home, the old King was pleased, and asked him what reward he would like for his trouble. "For," he said, "you have done the kindest deed any one could possibly think of!"

"No reward for me!" laughed Deaf Robert; "for there is my kind deed done without my knowing it!"

And off he set once more on his travels.

After that the minstrel's son wandered about for a great many days; for neither a wise nor a foolish deed could he find to do. Sometimes, when he thought he had been wise, the people told him he was cruel, and drove him out of their country; and sometimes, when he was sure he had been foolish, they warmly praised him for his kindness. He grew tired and footsore, and his clothes became old and ragged, and he almost forgot that he had once been a marquis and playfellow-in-chief to a princess. But he never forgot how the little Princess Prunella had looked as she sat on the nursery floor and wept with sobs that he was not able to hear.

So two years passed away, and still Deaf Robert, the minstrel's son, had not learned how to be a real boy.

One day, as he walked along a country road, he met a girl driving cows.

"Why are you looking so sad?" she asked him.

"Because I left my Princess crying in her nursery two years ago, and I have kept away from her ever since," answered the boy, simply.

The girl burst out laughing. "Well," she exclaimed, "that was a foolish thing to do."

"Foolish?" shouted Deaf Robert. "Did you say *foolish*?"

"To be sure I did," laughed the girl. "Could anything be more foolish than to keep away for two years from some one whom you want to be with?"

"Then I will go back to her this very instant," declared the minstrel's son.

"And that would be the wisest thing you could do," answered the girl; and she imme-

diately disappeared, cows and all, which just shows that she must have been a wymp all the while!

"Well," said Deaf Robert, "there are my



"HE SAW AN OLD WOMAN SITTING BY THE SIDE OF A BLACKBERRY-BUSH."

wise and my foolish deeds done together, and now I am a real boy."

Then off he set homeward as fast as he could go; and although it had taken him two years to come away from home, it took him only two hours to get back again, so it is clear that the wymps must have had a hand in that, too. And just about tea-time he stood outside the nursery door in the palace of his own little Princess.

It is as well to remember that the wymps had come to the christening of the minstrel's son; otherwise it might seem a little wonderful that the Princess Prunella should have pricked her finger again, on the very day that her Playfellow-in-chief came back to her. Anyhow, that is what had happened; and as the minstrel's son stood outside the door and listened, he heard the softest and the sweetest and the prettiest sound he had ever heard.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "At last I can hear the Princess cry!" And he burst open the

door, and ran into the room, all in his rags and his tatters, and knelt down to comfort the King's daughter.

"Only look at my finger," wept Princess Prunella, as she showed him her little hand.

Truly it was impossible to tell which of her small white fingers the Princess had pricked; but as the minstrel's son kissed every one of them in turn, it is clear that he must have healed the right one; and that, of course, was why the Princess stopped crying at once.

Then she looked at her old playfellow, and laughed for joy to see him there again. "The

wonderful look has come back into your face," she said; "but it is ever so much more wonderful than before!"

"Dear little playfellow," whispered the minstrel's son, "I can hear the forest sounds again, too; but you were right all the time, and the sounds of the town are much more charming than the sounds of the forest."

"Oh, no," declared the Princess. "There you are quite mistaken, for the sounds of the forest are more beautiful by far."

And it is a fact that they have been discussing the point ever since.

HOW B COMPANY BROKE THE STRIKE.

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.



LONG the road, at the double, swung the first platoon of B Company. Little spurts of dust arose from beneath their pounding feet and settled on the blue uniforms. Ahead of them was the creek, wide and shallow. Beyond the stream, the ground sloped gradually up to the bluff on which stood the long row of small frame houses in which the quarrymen dwelt. Upon a mound, midway between the stream and the bluff, a red flag fluttered from its staff.

Around the flag stood a crowd of rough men, foreigners by their swarthy faces and strange speech. At one side of the crowd, somewhat aloof, stood a group of American working-men.

As the little column neared the creek the taunts were redoubled; stones and sticks and clods of earth were thrown. The shallow water of the stream splashed into yellow foam as the running feet dashed through it.

"Left front into line!"

The rear fours swung out to the left, and the column whirled to platoon front. The men around the red flag drew together. Here and there in the crowd a knife glittered. The sticks and stones came thicker and faster. In the running line of blue a man threw out his hands; his legs crumbled beneath him, and he sank sidewise to the ground, his rifle pitching before him with a rattle of metal.

There was a steely flash in the summer sun; the long brown rifles swung from the right shoulders and snapped down to the charge; the line of blue propelled before it an ugly front of leveled bayonets.

The crowd grew silent, save for a low muttering. The glitter of the bayonets and the sweeping line of blue drew nearer swiftly. Eyes looked strangely white in the hot red faces, down which the perspiration streamed; lips were tensely shut, and nostrils wide with hurried breathing; hot hands strained on the gun-stocks, and the blue-clad shoulders swayed forward to meet the shock.

On the flanks of the crowd a movement became perceptible; men began to drop away by ones and twos, as a river-bank begins to go in flood-time, a pebble here, a bit of earth there,

until, with a frantic rush, a wild confusion, the mass of men broke and scattered, pushing, stumbling, running blindly, falling against each other in the struggling effort to avoid the unfaltering bayonets, which swept on and on, over the mound, on and on until the red flag of lawlessness was torn down.

Half an hour before the first platoon charged along the dusty road, a long train had pulled slowly into the little station of Maywood. From the first coaches tumbled two companies of infantry of the National Guard. Eager curiosity was in their faces as they fell quickly into ranks and looked at as much of the scene before them as their steadfast, forward gaze permitted.

Behind them was the little station and the railway, which swept in a huge curve through the gap in the hills to east and west. To the left of the waiting troops stood a row of gaunt frame buildings, plain, unsightly, strictly utilitarian. These were the storehouses of the great Maywood Stone Company, whose quarries scarred the hills to north and south of the railway. By the side of the stores ran a dusty road, dipping down to cross the little creek which wound its way through the valley, and then, crawling up a long slope, was lost in the hills beyond. On the slope stood rows of houses, one-storied, all of a pattern. On the level ground, between the railway and the stream, were other houses, similar to those on the slope, forming one long street. Up and down the line of the railway, flat-cars, empty, or laden with great blocks of stone, stood on spur-tracks and sidings.

To the right of the station stood the remains of a large building. The timbers of the frame were charred and black, and arose from heaps of ashes, with which were mingled tin cans, broken bottles, bits of iron, and all the dreary debris of a fire. This, too, had been one of the company's stores until it had gone up in smoke and flame, in the dark hours just after midnight, six weeks before—the work, so said the company, of the strikers.

For the quarrymen were on a strike. Not a chisel clinked, not a drill was handled, not a blast discharged, not a single cube of stone was being taken out, in all the works which were under the Maywood Company's control.

Three months the strike had been in progress, and things had gone from bad to worse. The company had proffered certain concessions, which the men, confident of victory in the first weeks of the strike, had refused. Angry at the rejection of its overtures, the company had then presented its final terms, and had waited for the men to grow tired of idleness and hunger, and to return to work. Thus far the waiting had been in vain, though suffering had come to the quarrymen and their families, greater among the American workmen and their families than among the foreigners who made up the majority of the company's employees—Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, all called "Huns" by the people of the valley.

With the suffering had come a reckless, lawless spirit among the men, and an effort by the company to fill their places with new laborers had brought the discontent and lawlessness to open outbreak, directed against the men who came to work in the quarries. In their rage against the company, the strikers had gone to such excess that the sheriff of the county had found himself unable to cope with them, and had called upon the Governor of the State for aid in preserving the peace.

This it was which had brought the troops to the scene; and this was the situation which confronted them as the two companies debarked from the train on that hot July morning. A few surly men had watched the young soldiers as they formed their ranks by the station; but the mass of the strikers hung back, and congregated about the mound on which floated the red flag. This red flag flaunting itself in his face had stirred the senior captain to wrath, and so it was that the first platoon of B Company had doubled down the road and across the creek to tear it from its place.

Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean;
Porky, porky, porky, without a strip of lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee, the meanest ever seen!

Private Gowin sang this delectable little ditty to the notes of the bugle, as mess-call sounded at noon. It was the day after the troops had arrived at Maywood. The tents had been pitched on a piece of level ground at one end of the single street of the village. Sentinels paced slowly up and down their beats around

the camp and by the buildings of the stone company, and the soldiers had settled down into the quiet routine of camp life.

"'T is a slander on the grub," said Murphy, the cook, as the private finished his singing and sat down at a long table of rough boards. "No soup an' no pork am I givin' ye, but a maynoo that would do credit to a hotel: fresh beef an' canned things till ye can't rest. 'T is too rich for the blood of a high private in the rear rank."

"Don't mind his kick, Timmy," said Corporal Wolfert. "He 's been sore ever since a woman up in town called him a 'dough-faced baby.'"

"She did n't hit me in the ear with a cabbage-stalk," retorted the private, with a grin.

"That was a token of affection," explained the corporal. "And the woman did n't throw it. It was a half-grown boy. I 'd give him some marks of my affection, if I could catch him!"

"The whole town 's down on us," said the first sergeant, from the other side of the table. "When I was bringing my squad here, this morning, we were called every name they could lay their tongues to. They must think we came here on purpose to abuse them. They might know I 'd rather be home; it 's money out of my pocket every day we stay here."

"Me too," said the corporal. "And you 'd better believe that it 's dirty. A man can't keep clean."

"Billy expects him to," grinned Gowin, thus disrespectfully alluding to the senior captain.

"Oh, Billy!" said the corporal. "Billy thinks we ought to be a clothing-store and a barber-shop all the time; and he 's got Summers, over there, to think just as he does."

"Don't tell your troubles to me," the first sergeant said cheerfully. "Go to Billy with your tale of woe. I 'm not going to be blamed because you lazy beggars won't shine up."

"Go to Billy!" echoed the private. "I think I see myself! Billy 'd have me carrying wood and water for Timmy, here, before I could explain the case to him."

"An' a good thing," the cook interposed, as he came up behind the speaker. "'T would

maybe give ye a better appreciation of the food ye get. Look at that, now! Here 's a rice-pudding with raisins in it, an' ye grumblin' at the dinner."

"Where 'd you get the raisins, Timmy?"

"Billy got 'em, that ye was bla'gyardin' a minute ago. He come up to me an' he says, 'Murphy,' says he, 'have ye any rice? If ye have, here 's some raisins I got up in town. Ye 'd better give the boys some puddin'."

"Hurrah for Billy!" said Gowin. "I 'll shine my shoes after dinner, in token of appreciation."

"Look at those kids watching us," the corporal said, pointing to where three children stood at the corner of a tent, shyly peeping at the novel sight of the soldiers at dinner.

"Hi! Johnny, come here," called the first sergeant.

The boy to whom he called made no response further than to put his thumb into his mouth, and hung his head, looking out through tangled masses of tow-colored hair; but one of his companions, a girl of ten, whose faded sunbonnet hung by its strings down her back, and whose bare toes dug into the dust, was bolder.

"His name ain't Johnny," she said; "it 's Willie."

"All right," the first sergeant said. "Come here, Willie. We won't hurt you; none of us bite. Come over here and talk to us."

The boys hung back; but the girl advanced, and seeing her, the other two took courage and followed, until they stood by the table.

"What 's your name?" the first sergeant asked.

"My name 's Susie Willis," the girl answered, looking up at the sergeant fearlessly; "and his name 's Willie Miller; and this is Tommy. That looks good," she added, pointing to the pudding, on which her eyes were fixed.

"Do you want some?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, sir; I 'd like some. We did n't have much for breakfast."

"What 'd you have?" asked Gowin.

"Just some bread and a piece of pork. We don't have much, 'cause dad ain't workin', and he ain't got no money to buy things."

"We had bread and some tea," Willie said.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Gowin. "Give 'em something to eat."

"Are you hungry, kids?" asked the first sergeant.

"I am," answered the girl; "and I guess Tommy is, too; he did n't have any more than I did. Are you hungry, Willie?"

"Yes; I just guess I am. It 's an awful long time since breakfast, and there ain't anything home for dinner, either; we had the last bread this morning."

"Hear that, now," said Murphy.

"Give 'em some soup," said the corporal. "That 's what they give people when they have n't had anything to eat."

"Oh, go long, corporal!" grinned Murphy. "What do ye know about childer? Soup be blowed! What they want is something solid in their little insides. Hand over them beans with the sauce on 'em, an' some of that beef; an' I 'll get a plate of hot pudding. That 's what they need. There ye are, kids; now pitch in."

"Give 'em some coffee," suggested Gowin.

"Some coffee?" echoed the first sergeant. "What are you talking about? Coffee for kids like these? Get 'em some milk. Timmy, have you got any milk?"

"Milk, is it? What would I be doin' with milk? Do ye think we 're runnin' a dairy? There 's no milk; the kids will have to do with plain water this day. They 're not thinkin' of drinkin', anyhow. Look at 'em eat."

The soldiers crowded around the table, watching their forlorn little guests as though they were rare and curious specimens, with many a comment on the state of affairs which left children to go hungry. The plates were filled as fast as they were emptied, until the three stopped eating, with long sighs of satisfaction; and then soft-hearted Murphy gave each of them a big sandwich, "to ate whin ye get hungry again, tin minutes from now," and the children, slipping down from the table, turned to go.

"Come back to-morrow," said the first sergeant; "there 'll be plenty for you to eat."

"Yes, Miss Willis," said the corporal, taking

off his cap and making a sweeping bow; "come back again, you and Mr. Miller and Master Thomas. Come, and bring your friends. Letting kids go hungry is where I draw the line," he continued, turning to the sergeant, as the children, shyly thanking them, slipped away toward the town. "If these men want to starve themselves, they may do it; but they 've got no right to make their children suffer."

"What are you going to do about it?" the sergeant asked. "Call a mass-meeting, and make a speech?"

"I 'm going to feed those kids if they come back again," answered the corporal. "We 've got more stuff than we can eat, and if we run short we can chip in and buy a little extra. I 'll be blamed if I can stand it to see kids hungry."

"Right you are," assented the sergeant. "Wonder if they 'll come back again?"

His question was answered the next day, when the boys of B saw the three children return, accompanied by two others, whom they brought up to the table as though sure of a welcome from the soldiers. And they were not disappointed; for the boys, making room for them at the table, hailed them with shouts and laughter. The senior captain, attracted by the shouting, walked down the company street to investigate; but when he saw the reason of it, he turned and went back to his tent with a kindly smile on his face.

Others than the captain heard the noise also, and looked to see what it meant. Two men, passing the camp, halted outside of the guard-line, and looked at the children sitting at the table. One of them started, and turned to his companion.

"That 's my Willie," he said, "with them soldiers that come here to help keep us down. He can just come away from there."

"Oh, let him alone," said the other, a brawny six-footer, whose open, pleasant face was now thin and lined with hunger and anxiety. "My kids are there, too; the poor things are hungry, I guess. There 's Tom Smith's kids, too. If the soldiers want to give 'em dinner, let 'em. It won't hurt us."

"I won't have *my* boy takin' charity from

them fellers that 's in the pay of the capitalists, Nat Willis. That 's what!"

"Oh, get out, Miller! Them boys is hired by the State. I ain't got anything ag'in' them. Anyway, what you got at home for your boy to eat? Nothin'. Might as well let him get a square meal when he gets a chance. Come on." The speaker took the other by the arm and pulled him away.

At the table the children were in high glee. They had eaten until they could eat no more;

while the other children wandered around, looking at the novel sights of the camp.

So it was, day after day. The children never failed to come to the camp for at least one meal each day—sometimes the three who had been the first guests of the company, and sometimes more, all of them being welcomed and fed, until they were thoroughly at home in the tented street, and on friendly terms with all the guardsmen. Following their children, the parents began to come about the camp,



"'COME BACK TO-MORROW,' SAID THE FIRST SERGEANT; 'THERE 'LL BE PLENTY FOR YOU TO EAT.'"

and now Private Gowin was performing marvelous juggling tricks with knives and forks and plates for their delectation, while the rest of the company stood around and jeeringly criticized his efforts, until he stopped his whirling and twirling, declaring that he would not perform before such a lot of ill-mannered "mud-crushers," as he called them.

Then the corporal arose and undertook to instruct little Willie in the manual of arms, in the center of a group of laughing infantrymen, who applauded the boy's efforts loudly,

although not at mess-times. Many of the American workmen proved to be intelligent men, and as they better understood the attitude of the soldiery, a kinder feeling sprang up between them, especially as they grew to recognize the fact that the guards had no personal feelings in the matter, but were simply obeying orders, and that they were glad to be on friendly terms with the strikers, and to do for them all that lay in their power, so long as it did not interfere with their duty as soldiers in keeping the peace.

In this change the Huns did not participate. They still scowled at the sentinels and hissed the soldiers whenever they met them.

women told where the long strike was most greatly felt. Every day, more and more hungry children shared B Company's mess, and the af-

fairs of the idle workmen were fast coming to the point of utter despair.

With the soldiers, guard duty grew monotonous, and the camp might have been simply a camp of instruction, so far as excitement was concerned. The colors floated in front of guard-headquarters; and on the staff where the red flag had flaunted in the breeze the Stars and Stripes were now flying bravely, placed there by the boys of the first platoon, who were envied by the whole command, since to them had fallen the only bit of stirring work during the tour of duty. Drills and parades were the order of the day, and every single man of the two companies grumbled loudly at the brushing, scouring, and polishing that were necessary to please the senior captain.

"It 's an imposition, that 's what it is!" growled Private Gowin, as the troops came in from a hot drill in extended order; and he ruefully regarded his rifle, which

was powdered thickly with the fine dust stirred up by the hundreds of running feet.

"How 's a man going to keep his piece clean with this sort of thing going on?" he demanded, slowly pushing a wad of rag through the rifle-barrel. "It 's a wonder old Billy does n't haul us up for inspection right now, and give us fits for having dirty pieces. It would just suit his taste to get a chance



"THE UNFALTERING BAYONETS SWEEPED ON AND ON UNTIL THE RED FLAG OF LAWLESSNESS WAS TORN DOWN."

Further they dared not go, for all had a wholesome fear of the rifles and bayonets.

Nothing occurred to bring on a collision between the guardsmen and the strikers. In the village the suffering grew greater daily. The workmen's little stores of money had been exhausted, and the merchants declined to give them further credit. Help from outside came in but slowly. The worn faces of the

of disciplining the whole crowd. Say! what's the matter up there?" And the speaker interrupted himself to point to some groups gathering about the mound on which the flagstaff stood.

"Blessed 'f I know. Some sort of a meeting, I suppose."

"A blind man could see that. What do you s'pose they 're holding a meeting for?"

"How do I know?" said Gowin. "Here comes Summers; I 'll ask him. What's going on, sergeant?" he asked, as the first sergeant came up.

"Trouble," said the first sergeant. "Going to be a train-load of new men here in half an hour, and the strikers will make a row."

"How do you know? Where 'd you hear it?"

"'T is n't official, but the station-master just told old Billy that they were going to start from Barton this afternoon, and that 'll put 'em in here before long. Get your traps; we 're going to fall in, in a minute."

"Wow!" whooped Gowin. "Now we 'll show them it is n't cowardice that has kept us quiet!"

"Don't you think it," said Corporal Wolfert, hastily lacing up his leggings. "Those Dagos won't do anything as long as we 're around."

"B Company, fall in!"

The first sergeant's command checked Gowin's grumbling. The waiting men tumbled into ranks; the officers took their places; and the two companies swung out of camp, down to the station, where they formed in line and came to the rest, waiting the train.

Up on the slope the strikers were gathering. The Americans from down in the village were loitering about the mound, waiting for the arrival of the Huns, who presently came straggling down from their settlement on the hill in a disorderly crowd. Their faces were angry. To one another they talked excitedly, and gesticulated furiously. As they neared the mound they drew nearer together, while the Americans also gathered by themselves.

One of the leaders of the crowd, stepping half-way up the mound, began to speak to his countrymen in their own tongue. As he spoke he pointed to the line of soldiery below them, and a chorus of howls answered his gesture. Suddenly a swarthy, evil-faced man

pointed to the American flag on the mound, and leaving the mass of his countrymen, ran up to where it fluttered from its staff.

He grasped the halyards to haul it down, when there came a rush up the mound from the other side, and the next instant the Hun was knocked flat by a stalwart quarryman.

Scrambling to his feet, he made a motion as if to draw a knife, and rushed at his assailant. The quarryman, dodging the blow aimed at him, struck again. This time the other lay where he fell.

"You can't draw a knife on me, you lazy scamp," said Nat Willis, whose six feet of bone and muscle stood by the flagstaff.

There was an ugly growl from the Huns; but none of them advanced to meet Willis, who looked ready and willing to have one or all of them come on, and whose companions were drawing closer, as if to his support.

"Don't stand there lookin' at me," he said. "There can't any of you men touch this flag. I 'm goin' to say a word right here. I 'm an American citizen, and my father was shot at Missionary Ridge carryin' this flag, and whoever puts a hand on it gets hurt!"

"That 's right!"

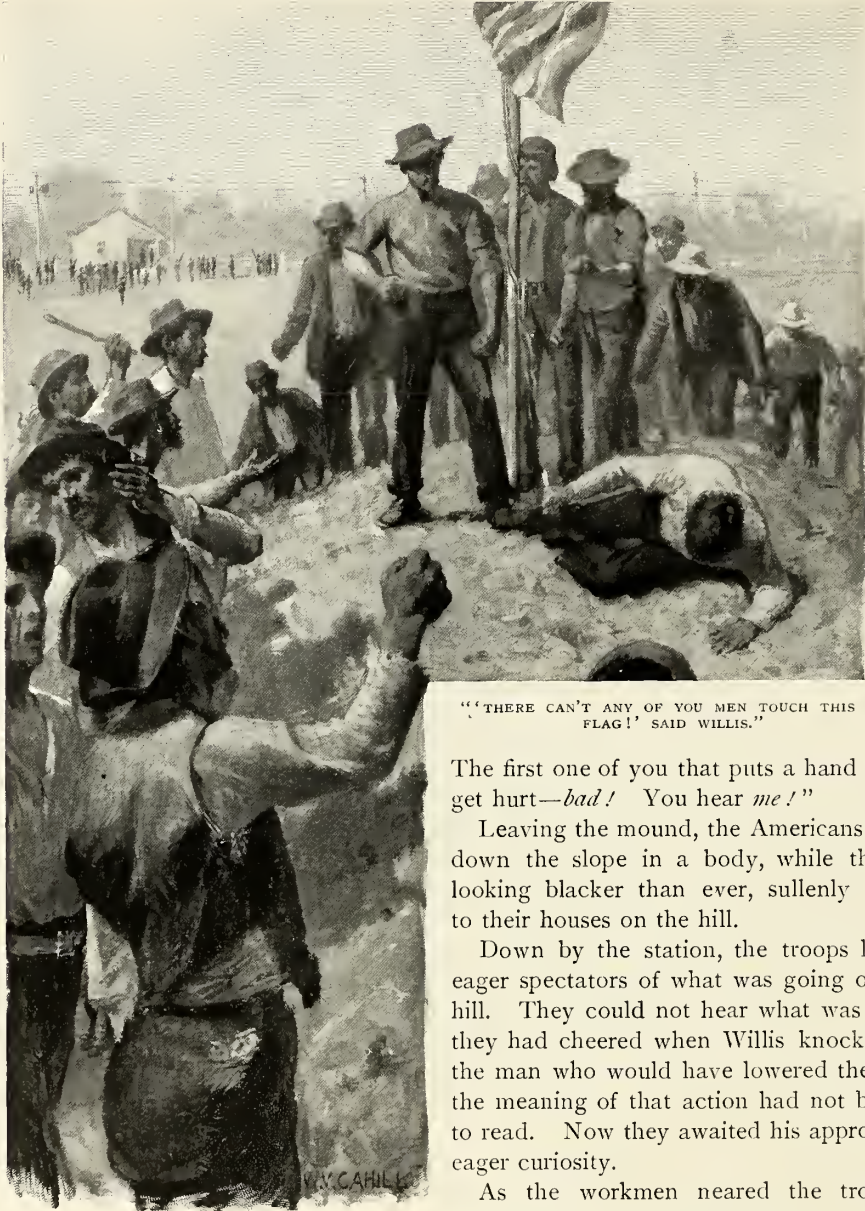
"Give it to 'em straight, Nat!"

The Americans moved up closer to the speaker, and scowled at the Huns.

"And there 's more I 'm goin' to say. I 'm tired of this thing. I was n't overly in favor of this here strike when you Dagos started it, and I 've been gettin' tireder and tireder ever since. I don't hold with burnin' down houses, nor stonin' men that ain't hurtin' you. And there 's another thing," he said, turning to the Americans. "Those fellows down there," and he pointed to the soldiers, "has treated us white ever since they got here."

"That 's what they have," called a voice in the crowd.

"Yes, sir! They been square with us. And, what 's more, they been feedin' our kids. You know that, Tom Smith, and so do you, Ben Miller, and so do a dozen more of you. And this is what I say: I 'm goin' to work just as soon as the comp'ny wants me to, new men or not. When it gits so that the boys that come here to keep us from doin' damage has to feed



"THERE CAN'T ANY OF YOU MEN TOUCH THIS FLAG!" SAID WILLIS.

The first one of you that puts a hand on it will get hurt—*bad!* You hear *me!*"

Leaving the mound, the Americans marched down the slope in a body, while the Huns, looking blacker than ever, sullenly withdrew to their houses on the hill.

Down by the station, the troops had been eager spectators of what was going on up the hill. They could not hear what was said, but they had cheered when Willis knocked down the man who would have lowered the flag, for the meaning of that action had not been hard to read. Now they awaited his approach with eager curiosity.

As the workmen neared the troops, the senior captain stepped forward.

"What was the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin' much," answered Willis. "One of those chaps got too smart in the meetin', and we had a few words."

"What did the meeting decide on, if I may ask?" said the captain, smiling at Willis's description of a "few words." "Is there anything new in the strike?"

"The strike," said Willis, "is bu'sted."

our kids, it strikes me that it 's about time we turned in and worked for something to feed 'em with ourselves. Ain't that right? I know it is, and you know it, too; and this meetin' might as well adjourn right here. All in favor say 'Ay.'"

There was a shout of "Ay!" from the Americans.

"And I want you Dagos to understand," said Willis, "that this here flag is goin' to stay!

A KING.

BY ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS.

WE talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so

Was n't he greater than all the rest?
'T was Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He was n't a king—*outside*," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."



Geo. A. M. 511

THE men who tootle in the Band,
They look so big, and fierce, and grand,
That no one dares cry, "*Too much noise!*"
As people do to tootling boys.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

The Story of Eleven Cities



A-mur-ru-u

"Land of the Amorites"

written with cuneiform letters



A-ma-u-ro

"Land of the Amorites."

written with hieroglyphics.

PICTURES



An Amorite taken prisoner

BY EMMA J. ARNOLD.

DO you like to dig in the dirt? I am sure you do. And I don't blame you. Is n't it delightful to have a big pile of sand, a spade, and a wooden pail or wheelbarrow, with plenty of time, and permission to dig as much as you choose? Is n't it fun to build mud forts for your toy cannon and lead soldiers? And some of you, I am sure, like to dig just for the pleasure of throwing the earth about.

Now, suppose that when you were digging a hole in the ground you expected to find something at the bottom of that hole. And suppose, when you had dug down a few feet and found something, you were sure there was yet another something for you to find still farther down. Don't you think it would be a great deal nicer to dig up dirt where you expected to find something than where you did not?

Now, there are grown-up men who have spent nearly all their lives digging holes in the ground, or else superintending others who dig for them. They are not digging for gold or silver; they are not mining for coal; neither are they making trenches for gas-pipes, or sewers, or water-mains. What do you suppose they are after? They are digging up *history*! That is a queer thing to say, and perhaps you don't believe me; but I can prove it to you.

You know what history is? It is a story—the story of what men were, and what they did and suffered, all through the many hundreds and thousands of years since men first lived upon the earth. Now, some part of this history

has been written down in books, and we can read it in many languages. The French have their histories; we Americans have ours; the English, the Germans, the Swedes, the Italians, in short, all civilized nations, have whole libraries of books just to tell the story of what their ancestors, and the ancestors of other people, were doing, all through the past. The Greeks and Romans wrote history, too; and the books of the Old Testament contain the ancient history of the Jewish nation.

Now, the further we go back into the past, the less number of history-books do we find. For many reasons. One is that the people who lived in those ancient days spent so much time fighting, that they had little opportunity left to write about it. And besides, I don't suppose it even entered the heads of most of them that there was anything but fighting which it was worth while to do or to write about. They had no idea that anybody would ever have the curiosity to know how they built their cities, how the people in them looked, and what they wore, whether they could read and write, whether they worshiped one god or a great many, in what manner they buried their dead, and if they went to war armed with swords and shields of metal, or fought with only stone axes and flint-tipped arrows.

Now, the science which tells all about this and many other things in regard to ancient nations is called *archæology*, and it is by the aid of archæology that we are able to find out much of the story of the years which passed away before people thought of writing history-books. Archæologists band themselves together into societies, and raise money to send out men to excavate, that is, dig up, the ruins of the



cities and cemeteries of these ancient nations, and look for what they can find in them. In this manner, a bit here and a bit there, they are piecing together the history of the far-away past. It is very interesting work, and now you and I are going to accompany an excavator. We are going to dig up eleven ancient cities, look at each one, and see how much buried history we can find. These eleven cities are not in eleven different places; they are all on *one spot!* How do you suppose that can be?

Did it ever occur to you to think that wherever people live together in cities, the ground of these cities gradually rises? It may be only a tiny bit each year, but it is all the time becoming higher. In cities which are built of stone or burnt brick, this increase in height is very, very slow — perhaps not more than a foot or two in hundreds of years. But there are countries, especially in Asia, where the people, when they wish to build a house, take the clay right out of the ground under their feet, mix it with a little chopped straw, and fashion it into bricks, which they dry in the sun. Of these bricks they build their dwellings.

Now, you can imagine that houses of this kind are not very durable. In dry weather they crumble; and in countries where it rains, so much of the mud is little by little washed away that finally the family has to move out.

What does the owner of this house do? Do you suppose that he tries to repair it? Oh, no! He just takes a spade, knocks it down, smooths it over, and commences again. He builds his new house on *top* of the old one!

And this is what his son does, after him, and his son's son, and so on. Each one builds on top of the ruins of houses which were built before his time. So in this way cities of mud-brick grow gradually higher and higher, until the last city



Bronze knife



Wooden seal.

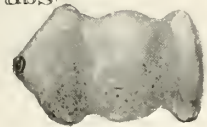


Needles of
Bronze wire.



Egyptian

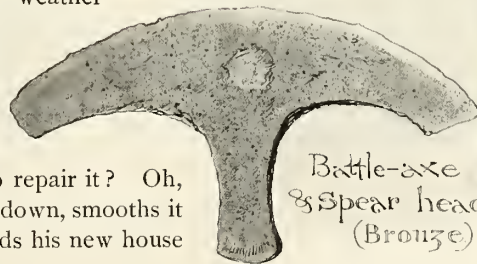
Scarabs



Child's earthenware
rattle.



Potsherds



Battle-axe
& spear head.
(Bronze)



DRAWN FROM ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLISS'S "A MOUND OF MANY CITIES,"
BY KIND PERMISSION OF MACMILLAN & CO.

stands perched on a lofty mound, many feet above the level where the first town was built. And now you have found out how there can be eleven cities all on one spot. Each rests on the remains of the one built before it.

The mound in which we are going to dig ceased to have any city upon it more than four hundred years before Jesus Christ was born. That would be about two thousand three hundred years ago. It was deserted, and as the years went on, the mud-bricks of the last city slowly crumbled away and mingled with the soil from which they had been formed; the rain and the wind smoothed over the top of the mound, and people forgot that there had ever been a city upon it, until at last nobody dreamed that deep down under the soil lay hidden the ruined houses of generations of men who had lived and died so many, many years before. So they turned the hill into a field, plowed it, and sowed it with grain.

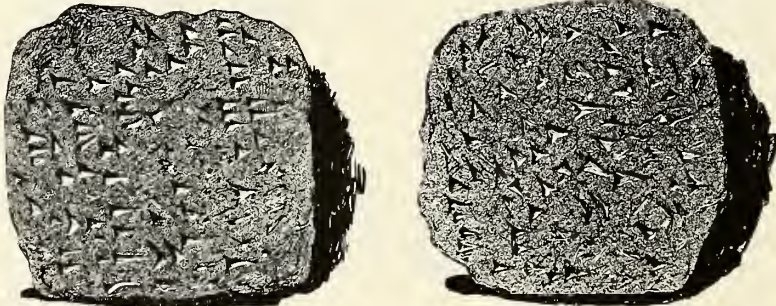
This went on for centuries, till nine years ago, in 1890, an archæological society called the Palestine Exploration Fund obtained leave from the Sultan of Turkey to dig up some of the mounds of Palestine. They engaged an American gentleman named Bliss to superintend the excavations. Now, three years before, in 1887, there had been found, far away from Palestine, in the land of Egypt, a number of very ancient letters, written on tablets of baked clay. These letters told of an old city of Pales-

“Tel el Hesy.” If you have a good map of Palestine you can find Tel el Hesy. It is not so very many miles southwest of Jerusalem.

Now we will imagine that you and I have each a magic cap, like the one in the German story of Peter Schlemihl, which all boys and girls in Germany know so well. When Peter put on this cap it made him invisible. We will put our caps on, and go along with Mr. Bliss all the way to Tel el Hesy. He will never suspect that we are at his side or looking over his shoulder. And this is what we shall see when we arrive at our journey's end.

All around, a plain of waving green grass, dotted with beautiful scarlet flowers; hardly a tree is in sight. When we walk to the top of the mound, we look over the edge of a precipice, down one hundred and twenty feet, to the bed of the Hesy River. A faint blue line, far away in the eastern sky, marks the outline of the Judean hills, in the region where Jesus was born, almost two thousand years after the people were dead who built the lowest of the eleven cities lying buried under our feet. The side of the bluff where it descends to the river is a tangle of weeds and rubbish; the top is covered with a crop of beans.

Now suppose we go back about four thousand years. How would our mound look then? Only *half* as high. Its history was only just commencing. A little city was perched on its top, surrounded by a great wall sixteen feet



THE "POSTAL CARD" OF BAKED CLAY. TWO VIEWS.

tine named Lachish. This same city is spoken of in the Bible. But the puzzle was where to find it, for nobody knew where to look. No such city was known. It had vanished!

At last the archæological society decided that Mr. Bliss should dig up a mound called

thick. I am positive that the people who lived in this city (which we will call City 1) would have laughed at anybody if he had said that four thousand years afterward a man, a woman, and a boy or girl would be standing right over their homes, sixty feet above them. We will



"Sennacherib, King of legions, the King of Assyria, sat on an upright throne, and the spoil of the city of Lachish passed before him."

DRAWN FROM THE ILLUSTRATION IN "HISTORY OF ART IN CHALDEA," BY KIND PERMISSION OF A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.

imagine that this sixty feet of ruined houses and rubbish is cleared off, just as it was when Mr. Bliss's men finished digging. The lowest city is uncovered, and we can go directly down to its level.

Now, when we find the ruined walls of this city I think we have a clue to a little bit of its history. I believe that these people (who are called Amorites in the Bible) built this strong wall to protect themselves against the armies of Egypt. The Egyptians were a mighty nation even six thousand years ago. Now a certain king, Tehuti-mes III., ruled for fifty-three years over the land of Egypt, and led his victorious armies to war in fifteen campaigns. Ten times he went through the country where our history-mound is, conquering the people and making them pay him tribute. Tel el Hesi, or Lachish (as the Bible calls it), was right in his path, and I have no doubt he besieged and took the very city at the ruined walls of which we are now looking.

And the people fled from their little houses, and took refuge in the great citadel, the ruins

of which are on the eastern edge of our wall, overlooking the river.

But all in vain; they had to surrender, and when the king returned to Egypt, he carried with him the spoils from Lachish and the countries around about — "vases of gold and silver, rich articles in bronze, furniture carved out of ebony and cedar-wood and inlaid with ivory and precious stones, olive-oil, corn, wine, and honey," and last, but not least, long trains of prisoners of war, whom he set to work in the mines, or else in building the enormous temples which all Egyptian kings liked to raise. All these things you could read about, even now, if you understood the hieroglyphic language of Egypt; for King Tehuti-mes caused the story of his campaigns to be carved on the solid rock of the walls of the Great Temple of Karnak, and there it is, even to this day. If you should go to Egypt, you could see the mummy, that is, the actual body, of this great king. It is in the Gizeh Museum. He was a little man, but a mighty warrior.

King Tehuti-mes besieged and took our city

long years before Moses was born, or the children of Israel reached Palestine after their forty years' journey through the desert. When we get up to our fifth city we shall find a date from which we can reckon back. It is this date which will make us pretty sure that we are right when we say that King Tehuti-mes III. was the Pharaoh who made war in Palestine at the time our mound began to have a history.

But we must not expect to dig up a quantity of such things as King Tehuti-mes carried home to Egypt among the "dead bones" of our ancient city. When three or four thousand years have passed away, things have had plenty of time to go to "wreck and ruin." The most we can hope to find will be a few weapons of war, a few tools, and the broken fragments of dishes. In fact, our mound is full, from top to bottom, with pieces of ancient earthenware, the remains of dishes, jars, vases, and lamps. Archæologists call these fragments "potsherds," and by examining them carefully, they are often enabled to fix the date of a city. As we go up from city to city we find the people learning to make better and better earthenware. They are marching along the road to civilization.

Cities 1, 2, and 3 went to war with bronze weapons. They had not learned how to work iron, so they took copper, mixed it with tin, and made bronze. There are no tin-mines anywhere near Palestine. They must have gone all the way to Cornwall, on the coast of England, for their tin. Or perhaps it was brought to them by the ships of other nations through the Mediterranean Sea, or by caravans across Europe. What a long, tedious journey this tin must have made, for there were no steamboats or locomotives in those ancient days! These Amorites, then, had commerce with distant nations. That is another point in their history, and we have learned it from the pieces of their bronze weapons.

Now we are going to make our most important and interesting "find" in the fifth city from the bottom. Nothing more nor less than an ancient *postal card*! It has been through no post-office, and no postman delivered it; but we have received it, all the same. It has been thirty-three hundred years on the way!

Suleiman, the digger, as he brushes the dirt

from it, cries: "It is a *saboony*!"—that is, "a bit of soap."

"No," says Mr. Bliss; "that is not soap; there is writing upon it."

But I don't believe you would guess it was writing unless you were told. *You* would say: "It is covered with *scratches*."

But every one of these scratches means something. It *is* writing—the writing of a people who lived in Asia, and who wrote in this way at least six or seven thousand years ago. Many people think they learned to write even before the ancient Egyptians did. However this may be, I think that you will agree with me that this writing is not nearly so picturesque and pretty to look at as the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt. It is called the "cuneiform," or "wedge-shaped," system of writing, and was used by the ancient Chaldeans and Assyrians who lived on the Euphrates River. Many of their history-mounds have been dug up, and whole libraries of books found, written in this manner on tablets of baked clay.

Now I have called our clay tablet a "postal card" because it was never inclosed in an envelope. It is dark coffee-color, and about two and a half inches long and two inches wide. Both sides are covered with writing. While the clay was soft the letters were punched on it by some blunt-pointed instrument, then the tablet was put into a kiln and baked. This baking made it very hard and prevented it from crumbling away.

And so we have found it, and as we read the strange writing, we learn that it was sent to a person named "Zimrida." This Zimrida wrote one of those other cuneiform letters on clay which I told you were found in 1887. He was governor of Lachish during the reign of an Egyptian Pharaoh who ruled about thirty-three hundred and fifty years ago. And now you will understand how we have found out the name of City 5, and can tell about when it was built.

Some centuries pass away, then the Amorites are driven out of their city. Across the river Jordan, into Palestine, come the children of Israel, led by Joshua, their great general. They march through the country, besieging the cities, and capturing or destroying their inhab-

itants. In the Old Testament Book of Joshua (x. 31, 32) you can read about it:

And Joshua passed from Libnah, and all Israel with him, unto Lachish, and encamped against it, and fought against it:

And the Lord delivered Lachish into the hand of Israel, which took it on the second day, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein.

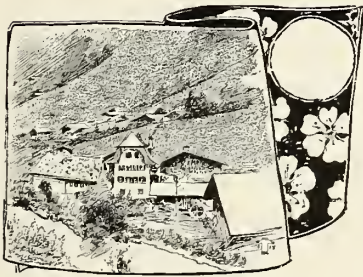
Now, we shall not find anything in our mound which tells about this. We must trust to the Bible story, and believe that all our cities from this time up to the top of the mound were built by the Israelites. We do not know

much about these cities; but we do know that Sennacherib, the great Assyrian king, who ruled about seven hundred years before Christ, came to Lachish and conquered it, as you will see by the picture. One of the cities near the top was destroyed by fire. Perhaps it was the very one which Sennacherib besieged.

And so we have reached our journey's end. Mr. Bliss and you and I have traveled by a "late train." We started at the bottom of our mound, and it has taken nearly four thousand years to reach the top. Never mind; if you like this sort of traveling, we shall surely some day take another journey together.

MY LITTLE GUIDE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.



N that August day, if the sun was unclouded in Washington, Paris, or Berlin, it was doubtless very warm; but at Chamonix, among the French Alps, although the sun was doing its best to melt the mountains of snow and vast gorges of ice, the air was as cool and bracing as spring.

Through a large telescope in the garden of my hotel I took a morning peep at Mont Blanc. I saw a party of tourists, not visible to the naked eye, like a row of ants, slowly making their way up toward the observatory over a trackless field of ice.

This gave me a desire for mountain-climbing, so I set out in the opposite direction for a walk up the Montanvert to the famous Mer de Glace. A hotel-boy, who had been showing me how to keep the telescope turning on its tripod so as to keep the Mont Blanc climbers in view, told me how to get out of

the village to the road leading to the "Sea of Ice."

"Monsieur," he said, "must cross the Arve, which is the gray stream flowing from the glaciers, turn to the right at the English chapel,—the one with the bell,—and take the first road leading upward."

He looked me over critically, and then added that I might reach the ice in two hours on foot. I need not start with a guide, he assured me, for the road was direct, and guides were cheaper on the mountain; but never in the life must monsieur go unattended on the ice, for it was very dangerous.

I cannot tell you how placidly beautiful the village looked from the mountain road as it lay below in its bed of green against the vast whiteness of the Glacier des Bossons and at the foot of the cloud-like Mont Blanc. Some English and American tourists passed me on mules led by guides on foot. They spoke labored French to the guides in the smooth places, but when the little mules bent themselves round sharp boulders on the verge of steep cliffs, they cried out in plain English, and clung to their saddles.

Higher up, where the air was more rarefied

and cool from blowing across the Sea of Ice, not half a mile distant, but still hidden behind the trees and giant rocks, I came to a small roadside cottage. Madame, the neat housewife, sat in the doorway knitting, and she got up to ask for my patronage. She had for sale souvenirs made from the horns of goats, paper-knives, drinking-cups, and fancy articles made out of carved wood.

"Will you drink anything, monsieur?" she asked.

Thirsty and very tired, I sat down under the little shed on the opposite side of the road, at a long table that had benches on each side, and drank a pitcher of fresh, delicious goat's milk, which had been standing in a pool of clear water from the peaks of ice above.

Madame conversed cheerfully meantime.

Monsieur would need a guide; there was no doubt about that, for monsieur did not look like a fool. Lately two men had gone alone on the ice. They had fallen in one of

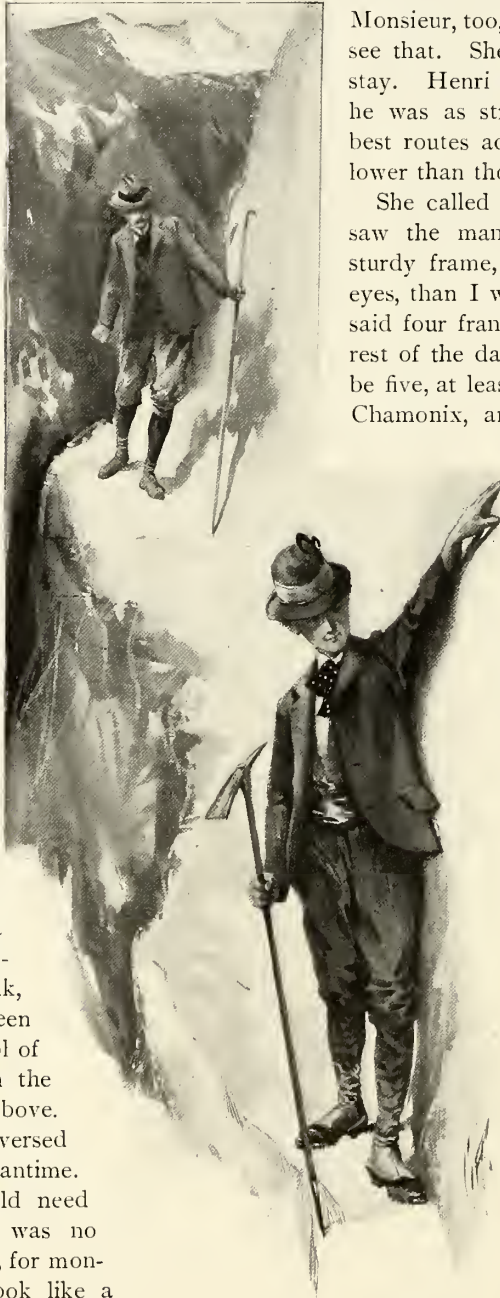
the crevices, and had never come back! Monsieur should pity her, also. Her husband had always been a trusty guide, and had lost his life to save an American lady on Mont Blanc. Monsieur, too, was an American—any one could see that. She had a son; he was her mainstay. Henri was young, it was true; but then, he was as strong as a mule. He knew the best routes across the ice, and his rates were lower than those of the older guides.

She called him from the hut. I no sooner saw the manly little mountaineer, with his sturdy frame, rich, wavy hair, and deep-blue eyes, than I wanted to engage him. Madame said four francs would be a mere trifle for the rest of the day. I determined that it should be five, at least; for he had been at school at Chamonix, and his English was better than my French. A dollar would be cheap for the services of such a guide. So together we started for the Sea of Ice.

Henri would show monsieur a route across the ice which was not often taken by tourists, where the ice was cracked in deep crevices and stood in high peaks and steep cliffs. Truly it was picturesque. It was, to be sure, more dangerous, but monsieur need only be very careful and follow him.

I consented readily. We passed a cluster of tourists on the shore of the icy sea, and went higher up the mountain. On the way we met a woman who had for sale coarse stockings and steel-pointed staffs.

Henri told me that I would need a staff to steady me, and as I had no nails in the soles of my boots, as he had in his, I must draw stockings on over them to make them cling to the ice. So I bought these articles, and at the edge of the ice I put on my stockings.



"AT TIMES MY HEAD SWAM A LITTLE."

Near the edge the way was not very rough, but we soon found ourselves in the midst of such peaks and cliffs of ice that often we could see nothing beyond them but the sky above us.

Henri was always ahead of me, moving with such confidence and yet caution that I had little fear of accident, though at times my head swam a little as we were obliged to ascend some abrupt wall or to round a peak on a narrow ledge that seemed cut in the ice.

It was now midday, and the sun was shining full upon us from a cloudless sky; but the breezes from the reaches of gashed and broken ice were so sharp that, had it not been for our thick coats and constant motion, we should have suffered from cold.

"Have people lost their lives here?" I asked.

"Yes, and lately," Henri replied. "One who was not cautious, and another who foolishly drank too much liquor. They fell into the deepest chasm, which is just ahead of us. It is the most dangerous point; but there is a ladder there now."

Indeed, when we reached it, I did not doubt that it was the most dangerous point, and if it had not been necessary to cross there to continue our journey toward the famous Mauvais Pas, I think I should have gone no farther.

The crevice seemed about fifteen feet from brink to brink. The opposite side rose abruptly about ten feet higher than the side we were on. The ladder stood in holes cut in the ice at our feet, and leaned flatly against the white cliff opposite.

Below I could see the beautiful blue coloring of the frozen mass, with now and then a narrow ledge projecting from the walls. I heard the crash of pieces of ice falling from place to place, and occasionally an ominous creaking, such as a great ship makes in a stormy sea.

"Please listen to me, sir," said Henri, politely but impressively, as he laid hold of the ladder with both hands. "It is quite easy, but you must be very careful."

There was no need to caution me. I saw that I should have to keep my wits about me if I accomplished the feat, for it made my

head swim to see the boy lean over the chasm.

Henri went up easily, and in a moment stood upon the ice about three feet above the end of the ladder, smiling an invitation to me to follow.

"Come along, sir," he said. "Truly it is very easy."

It was really simple enough, and if I had handed him the staff before I started, this story would not have been told. Unfortunately, I held the staff in my right hand, and clasped both the staff and the side of the ladder at once, as Henri had done. All would have gone well, but just as I was in the middle of the ladder, and was raising my foot from one rung to another, the steel point of the staff, having become turned toward the center of the ladder, caught in the knee of my trousers, and being thus thrust upward, and having considerable leverage, it wrenched my hand from its hold.

This threw me suddenly on my left side. I tried to recover my balance by catching the side of the ladder again; but when I had done so, my weight, being all on the left, caused the ladder to turn over, and I found myself hanging down, my back to the cliff. For a moment I scarcely dared draw my breath. I heard Henri cry out in horror, and then he was speechless. Even yet there seemed to be a chance of escape from death if the ladder would only hold firm in its new position. But, to my utter despair, the lower end began to sink into the ice. I heard the ledge on which it rested begin to crack. Splinters and chips of ice sprang out and fell into the yawning chasm. Then the upper end of the ladder began slowly sliding to the left.

I heard Henri's awful cry of terror, and saw him fall on the ice above.

The sliding wood made a rasping sound like the runners of a sleigh over hard snow. It stopped in a tiny fissure for an instant, but it started on again, and as it descended it moved more rapidly.

Henri cried out again and muttered something as he reached for the ladder with his hand; but it was too far away. I thought of trying to touch the wall with my feet; but the

slightest movement on my part would only have quickened the motion of the ladder.

A thousand thoughts went through my brain, and of them all the most prominent was the desire to tell Henri my name and native place, so that my friends in America might know how and when I died. I think I should have tried to do so, but I remembered even at that instant that I had been compelled by the authorities to inscribe those particulars in the register of my hotel at Chamonix.

Henri's eyes were glaring down on me. I shall never forget his face. There was a sudden jolt. The ice broke at the foot of the ladder, and some fine pieces slid, rattled, and bounded from ledge to ledge down into the chasm. I looked again at Henri. He had covered his face with his hands.

I closed my eyes. Only one side of the ladder was now against the cliff. I was half turned again, my right side was drawn down till my hand was pressed against my chest. Down I went. The air whizzed in my ears. I clutched the ladder as drowning men clutch whatever they grasp.

I had fallen about forty feet when I was brought to a stop so suddenly that my arms were almost torn from my body. The ends of the ladder had caught between two opposite ledges of ice. There was a crash. The lad-

der had caught for an instant, and then had broken in the middle.

Down I plunged again; but my fall was broken, and I was thrown on to a ledge against the wall. My resting-place was little wider than my body, and I lay upon it lengthwise.

For a moment my breath was gone, and during the half-unconscious throes of recovering it I writhed like a dying animal, drew my feet under me, and came so near rolling off that when I fully came to my senses the sharp edge of the ice was cutting into my side, and one arm and a leg were hanging over the chasm.

I moved back to the wall, and for a time knew nothing. Presently, however, I heard Henri calling down to me, and saw his face above the dazzling reflection of sunlight on the wall. How white the boy looked! I tried to call to him. My voice seemed to ring hollowly between the walls, and to come back to me; but he had heard, for an answer came.

"Hold on! hold on tight!" he cried. "Monsieur must not stir for his life! Do

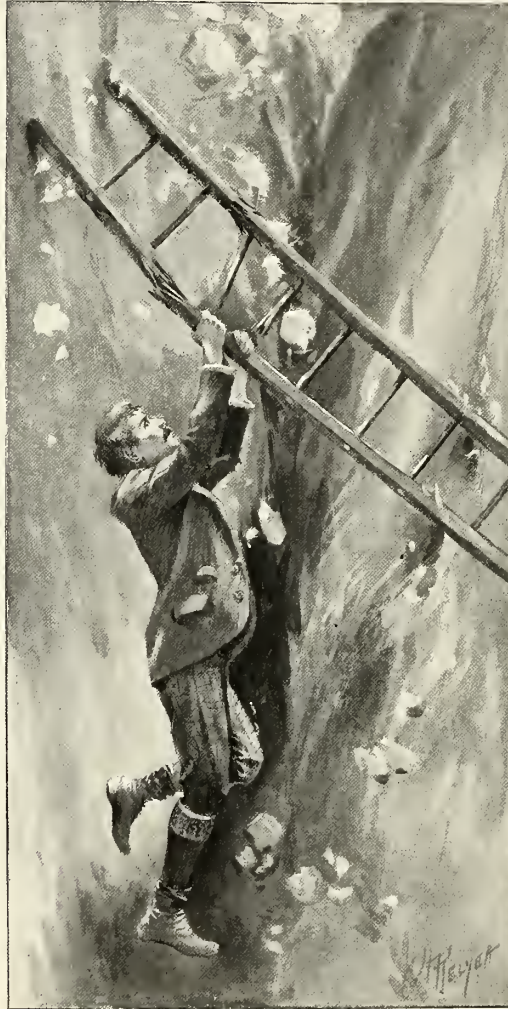
you think that there are any bones broken? Is monsieur hurt?"

"No," I answered.

"Not a bit?" he said incredulously.

"Not a bit," I echoed.

"Lie still," he shouted. "I go for a rope and men to help; but it is a long way, now



"THERE WAS A CRASH. THE LADDER HAD BROKEN IN THE MIDDLE."

that the ladder has fallen, and it may require much of time—perhaps an hour. Does monsieur think he can?"

"Oh, I am all right!" I laughed to assure him. "The ledge is firm."

"But it is not that," he said. "It is colder there than here—very cold. Monsieur has no chance for exercise of the body. Monsieur might freeze. There is no sunlight down there, and the cold wind sucks strongly through the ice."

He was right. I could feel it brushing the powdered ice over me like falling snow, and hear the roaring sound as it came up from below; but I laughed at his fears, though I ached in my shoulders and arms, and felt a sharp pain in the back part of my head where it had struck a prong of ice.

I heard him call out warningly again, and then noticed that he was gone. I was in no fear of danger, for I thought I could lie there in comparative comfort for hours.

I looked at my watch; it was five minutes past one. I closed my eyes and held the watch open in my hand. I calculated that fifteen minutes had passed. I looked at the dial again! It was eight minutes past one. Only three minutes! Henri had said I might have to wait an hour. At that rate an hour would seem eternity.

Was it the unpleasant thought that made me shudder, or was it cold? Ten minutes

passed as I watched the hands of the time-piece. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five. The air from the chasm seemed more cutting, and its roar had turned to dismal moans like wind under the eaves of a house. To escape it I moved closer to the icy wall, only to feel my side, like my back, begin to congeal.

The spot of sunlight above seemed to mock me with its placid smile; the very sky beyond seemed cold. There was no doubt about it: I was freezing. Another five minutes and my teeth were chattering. My backbone seemed to have turned to ice.

A sudden spasm of fear passed over me. Could the boy have been right? Was there really danger of my freezing to death? Freezing in August, not three miles from where I had seen peasants sweltering in the fields!

I tried cautiously to sit erect; but my clothing was frozen to the ice, and I was afraid to tear it loose, so slight was my hold on the sloping ledge. I managed to free my left leg, but it felt like lead, and seemed paralyzed.

In sheer desperation, I turned slightly in my coat; but I felt colder than ever. I looked at my hands; they were purple and lifeless. For a long time I suffered intense pain, and then I began to feel warm and sleepy. Oh, it seemed so delightful! Strange that I should have forgotten that symptom of approaching death by cold! Where my aches had been were now only vague, pleasurable sensations.



"IN A MOMENT THERE WAS SOME ONE ON THE LEDGE BESIDE ME, AND I HEARD HENRI'S VOICE IN MY EARS."

I think I fell asleep. Was it a dream, or was it really the face of my guide in the glare above? His voice sounded like a sharp, persistent command:

"Monsieur must awake! Awake! Awake! Awake! One has gone for the rope. It will be well if he finds it at the first house; if not he must go farther. I have returned to rouse monsieur. He must not sleep!"

All this meant little to me. I did not want to be disturbed. Indeed it irritated me a little. I think I said nothing, but tried to signal him with my hand to let me alone—at least, till the man returned.

But Henri continued to cry out, and, as he told me afterward, he tried to drop small pieces of ice into my face, but the unevenness of the wall prevented their striking me.

"Awake! Awake! It is the death! It is the *death!* Awake!"

Then my sleep became too deep for me to understand his warnings. It was often disturbed vaguely by his voice, however, and I either saw his face or dreamed that I saw it. Once I heard him say plainly:

"Ah, he comes! He brings the rope! He will soon be here. But if monsieur sleeps he cannot fasten the rope about him."

I made an effort to rouse myself; but the

idea and my resolution were gone in a moment, and my sleep was deeper than ever. Ten minutes later the loop of a coarse hemp rope was lashing me in the face as it swung back and forth between the walls. I heard Henri crying down to me to catch it; but I was possessed by a desire to fight it away with my hands, which lay helpless on my breast.

Was I dreaming, or was a sturdy form swinging between me and the light above? In a moment there was some one on the ledge beside me, and I heard Henri's voice in my ears. I was raised to a sitting posture and my clothing torn from the ice. I felt the rope tighten under my arms, and heard Henri calling to some one above. I felt my body swing out into space, then knew nothing till I came to myself as I lay on the ice in the warm sunshine. I inhaled the aroma of brandy, felt it stinging in my throat, and was conscious of two pairs of hands vigorously rubbing my limbs.

The first words I recognized were those of my little rescuer:

"Thank God, he lives, and I have not his death on my hands and head!"

That night I slept in the cottage of Henri's mother, and the next day, after a talk with my little guide, was able to return to Chamonix.



THE STORY OF BETTY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

A DAWNING HOPE.

THE autumn had passed and winter had fairly set in, when one morning, as Betty was toasting her feet at the library fire, Polly came trotting in with her hands behind her.

"I dot somefin' for oo," she said. "Pete b'inged it."

"What is it?" said Betty, smiling lovingly at her little sister.

"Dess," answered Polly, demurely.

"Well, I guess it 's a letter," said Betty, for this performance was gone through nearly every morning.

"It is, it is," cried Polly, capering with glee; and she gave Betty the letter and then waited for the kiss which was always her fee on such occasions.

But Betty had caught sight of a foreign stamp and an Australian postmark, and even her beloved Polly was forgotten in a moment of such excitement.

It was from Mr. Morris, of course, and Betty eagerly tore it open and read this:

To Miss Elizabeth McGuire:

MY DEAR BETTY: Yours received duly, and I have done what I could in the matter. I have looked over your grandfather's papers,—all your grandfather's papers,—and I can find nothing, absolutely nothing, by which to trace the family connections of your mother, except one slight allusion. There is an unfinished letter, evidently begun by your grandfather to some friend, whom he addresses as "Dear Michael." In this letter there is a statement to the effect that Martin McGuire married a Miss Irving, a daughter of William Irving of Massachusetts.

This information, though vague, very vague, may prove a clue to your parentage, and may aid you in finding your mother's relatives. I hope, I sincerely hope, it will help you, and I will endeavor to find out more details, more definite data, concerning them.

With kind remembrances to the Van Court family, and best wishes for your own health and prosperity, I am

Your obedient servant,

JOHN MORRIS.

Betty read this letter over twice, and then she took the mystified Polly on her lap, and said decidedly: "Pollykins, *we* 're going to have a grandfather."

"G'anfader?" inquired Polly.

"Yes. There 's one in the world for us—at least, perhaps there is; and we 're going to find him and bring him here to live with us."

"Yi, yi!" said Polly, not specially elated at the prospect.

"And, baby," cried Betty, excitedly, "I 've just thought of something—oh, something wonderful! Where 's Jack?"

"Jack 's studyin'," said the little one, confidently, "'cause when I speaked to him he just said, 'Clear out, Pollypops.'"

Betty gave a long, low whistle, which was their signal when either wanted the other, and in a moment Jack appeared at the door.

"What is it, Betty?" he said.

"Oh, Jack, I 've had a letter from Mr. Morris, and he says my mother's father was a William Irving of Massachusetts; and don't you know those people that spent the summer with Mr. Ross were named Irving, and they were from Boston, and maybe they 're the ones!"

"And maybe they 're not. Nonsense, Betty; there are plenty of Irvings in Massachusetts."

"Yes, I know it—but these are the only Massachusetts Irvings we 've heard of, and I 'm going to hunt them up first, and if they 're not the ones, I 'm going to keep on, if I have to go to every house in the State to inquire! But first I 'm going over to the Van Courts'. Tell Mr. Mixon I won't be at lessons to-day; I 'm too excited to study."

Then Betty rang for Pete, and asked him to

have Dixie put to the cart, and soon she was flying toward Mrs. Van Court's.

The three Van Court ladies were sitting by their cozy fireside when Betty came dancing in. She greeted the ladies cordially, and, flinging off her coat and hat, she picked up a small footstool, and, holding it in her arms, stood for a moment looking at her three friends. Then, prompted by an instinctive feeling that Mrs. Van Court could do the best for her, she placed the stool beside that lady and sat upon it.

"I want you to help me, ma'am," she said. "I've found out the name of my mother's people, and I want to search them out, wherever they may be. Will you go with me?"

"Go where, Betty? What are you talking about?" said the lady, somewhat bewildered, but very kindly disposed toward the earnest child who was asking her assistance.

"Well, I've had a letter from Mr. Morris, ma'am, and he says my mother's name was Irving, and my grandfather was William Irving of Massachusetts; and you know, Miss Grace, it was Irvings of Boston who used to spend summers with Mr. Ross, and something in my heart tells me they were my people."

"But that's nonsense," said Miss Margaret; "of course they *might* be your people, or connections of them, but there's only about one chance in a thousand that they are."

"I know it, ma'am, but that's the chance I'm taking. And so I want to go down to Mr. Ross's house again and ask him the Boston address of his Irvings, and then I want to go to Boston and find them. And dear Mrs. Van Court, I want you to go with me."

Betty's voice was so wheedlesome, and her little face looked so sweet, that Mrs. Van Court would have felt inclined to go to Australia with her, if she had asked it; so she said:

"Well, we'll see about it, child, and I'll help you all I can. But first you must see if you can get the address from Mr. Ross."

"Yes, 'm. I think I'll drive down there right off."

Miss Grace volunteered to go with her, and shortly after the Denniston carriage started on its trip to the old farm-house.

Betty's hopes were high, and during the

drive down she chatted gaily to her companion of her new grandparents, whom she had already begun to love.

"And who do you suppose 'Lallowet' can be, Miss Grace?"

"Why, if Mr. and Mrs. Irving *are* your grandparents, then, as Lallowet is their daughter, she must be your aunt."

"Yes 'm, I'm sure she is; and the reason I liked that white silk dress so much is because it belonged to my aunt. Aunt Lallowet—that's a funny name, is n't it?"

"Yes. I think it must be a nickname, and I doubt if they called it exactly right."

But alas for the uncertainty of human hopes!—when they reached the old house they found it locked and apparently deserted.

Betty was ready to cry with disappointment, but she bore it bravely, and said:

"Let's inquire of the neighbors where Mr. Ross has gone."

The nearest neighbor was half a mile away, and when they inquired they could learn only that Mr. and Mrs. Ross had gone to live with their son in Chicago. Poor little Betty's fairy-castles crumbled away. But, as she said to Miss Grace on the way home:

"One discouragement is n't much. I must expect lots of them. And I'm going to find my people in spite of everything."

Both the Van Court and the Denniston households were much disappointed at the failure of Betty's first plan for pursuing her search, but they all agreed that it was a plan so unlikely to lead to success that it made little difference. And then each began to think of some way by which William Irving could be found.

Jack was for going to Boston and hunting Irvings systematically by means of the directory; Mr. Van Court said that could be equally well accomplished by staying at home and writing letters; but Betty took no interest at all in "other Irvings"; she felt sure that the Ross Irvings were *her* Irvings, and that the white silk dress, which she now cherished more lovingly than ever, had once been worn by her own aunt.

One night, after she went to her room, she was looking at the dress, caressing it, and

fancying how her aunt had looked in it, when something inside the bodice caught her eye. Then a thought flashed into her mind, and with an exclamation of delight she darted to the couch and grabbed her pillow confidant.

"Pillow," she whispered to it, "what *do* you think? I know a way—a *sure* way to find my Irvings. In that white dress, Pillow, is a belt with the name of the dressmaker in gilt letters; and it's Mlle. François, and it tells the street and number in Boston, and she can tell me all about Lallowet and her parents. Oh, Pillow, I've found her at last! I believe I'll begin to pack now for my Boston trip."

And the impetuous child did. So, early the next morning Betty announced to the family at Denniston her discovery of the dressmaker's address, and her determination to go at once to Boston; then she went over to lay her plans before Mrs. Van Court. Her impatience had made her start early, and she found her friends still at the breakfast-table. They were much interested in her news, and Mr. Dick declared she was downright clever and would make a detective yet; he said, too, that whenever Betty and his mother were ready to go to Boston, he would offer himself as their escort.

Mrs. Van Court thought it would be just as well to write to Mlle. François and see if she was still at the same place. But Betty felt sure she could learn more by going there than by writing, and as Mrs. Van Court was acting for Betty's good, she made no further objections, but said she would be ready to start the next day.

Mr. Dick went with them, and the three had a delightful trip. The great steamboat of the Fall River line seemed to Betty like a wonderful floating palace, and she began to think that even if her second attempt to find her grandparents should fail, the time would be well spent.

After an early breakfast on the boat, next morning, they took the train for Boston, and on their arrival went to a hotel.

Betty was wild with impatience, and wanted to run at once to the street and number she was so anxious to find; but she had learned to be a polite little girl and consider others'

wishes before her own, and so she waited patiently until Mrs. Van Court, who was wearied with the journey and wanted to rest, proposed that they start out to find Mlle. François.

They found the place without difficulty; but though it was still a modiste's shop, the sign bore the name of Mme. Villeré instead of Mlle. François.

Betty's heart sank; but she still hoped to get information of some kind, so they went in.

Mme. Villeré proved to be a voluble little French lady, who answered Betty's rather incoherent questions with great kindness.

"Mlle. François? Perfectly, but she *ees* gone. I am her—*vat* is it?—successor. And do I keep her customers? *Oui*, mademoiselle, almost all. But Irving? No; I do not know Mme. Irving. Yet stay—we will see *ze* books—*ze* old books of Mlle. François."

And sure enough, when they referred to the carefully indexed accounts left by Mlle. François, they found the name of Mrs. William Irving, 72 Rutherford Place.

"There!" cried Betty, triumphantly, "I knew we'd find it! Oh, can't we go there right away?"

The little Frenchwoman did n't quite understand what it was all about, but complimented the ladies in every possible way, and artfully referred to her own superior *modes* and latest fashions. Betty would willingly have given her an order for a new frock then and there, but she was so excited over the success of her scheme, so far, that it did n't occur to her.

So, cutting short Mme. Villeré's voluminous adieux, they started for Rutherford Place.

When they arrived they found that No. 72's windows showed only dark green shades, and its front door was boarded up.

"No one lives here, Popinjay," said Mr. Dick, cheerily, "but don't let that discourage you. We're not going to allow Mr. William Irving to escape us so easily as that. We'll ask the neighbors as to his whereabouts."

But neither the residents of 70 nor of 74 could tell him anything about the people who lived in 72.

"Well," said Mr. Van Court, after thinking a minute, "we'll go back to the hotel now, Betty, and then we can lay our further plans."

So they went back, Betty a little downcast at the apparent difficulties in her path, but still hopeful, and much cheered by Mr. Van Court.

When they reached their hotel the young man announced that he was going on an errand, and would meet his mother and Betty again at dinner-time, and meanwhile they were to go to their rooms and rest. The beautiful appointments of the hotel reminded Betty of her visit to New York and her stay at the hotel there; and she thought how much she had learned since then. And indeed she had. From a bewildered, ignorant child she had changed into an intelligent, well-behaved one; and half instinctively, half by reason of her education, she conducted herself in every way as a little girl of her age should.

At six o'clock Betty and Mrs. Van Court went down to the parlor, and found Mr. Dick awaiting them with a smiling countenance.

"I know you've heard some important news," said Betty, smiling too; "what is it?"

"The sky is falling; I must go and tell the king," said Mr. Dick, teasingly.

"Well, play I am the king," returned Betty; "tell me all about it."

"Well, my child, I think we are once again on the trail of your elusive grandparent. I have been interviewing a man in the post-office, and he tells me that Mr. and Mrs. William Irving of 72 Rutherford Place are now sojourning at Lakewood, New Jersey."

"Oh," said Betty, breathlessly, "when can we start?"

Mrs. Van Court smiled.

"Betty," she said, "are you a grasshopper? Do you think you can spring across the country at a leap? I will go with you to Lakewood, but I must get my breath before we set off on another wild-goose chase."

So the next day they let Mrs. Van Court rest while Betty and Mr. Dick went on a sight-seeing tour; and at night they started for New York and thence to Lakewood.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME AT LAST.

ON reaching Lakewood the travelers drove at once to a beautiful hotel, which, as they

entered, seemed to Betty to be made all of glass and gaslight. She was conducted to an attractive little room adjoining Mrs. Van Court's, and she immediately began to make her toilet for dinner.

But Mrs. Van Court declared she could not go down to the dining-room that evening, she was so tired by the long journey; and so she said she would have her dinner sent to her room, while Betty could go down to dinner with Richard.

"But," said Mrs. Van Court, "don't attempt to look for your Irvings to-night. Wait until to-morrow, and we will set about it properly."

"Yes, 'm," said Betty; and then she proceeded to put on her prettiest frock, a flowery organdie with rose-colored ribbons.

She presented herself to Mrs. Van Court, who said, "You look very sweet, my dear;" and then Mr. Richard came, and with his charge went down the wide staircase, and through the long gallery of great palms, and on through the marble hall to the dining-room. After dinner they sauntered around the rooms, until they came to the music-room, at the entrance of which a small notice was posted.

Mr. Van Court read it, and then turned to Betty with an exclamation: "Popinjay, we've found her!"

"Who?" said Betty, bewildered by his mysterious tone.

"Read that notice! But no—you don't understand French, do you? Well, it tells of a concert to be given here to-night, at which a lady will sing who is called L'Alouette. Now, L'Alouette is French for 'The Lark,' and I have no doubt it is the lady whom Mr. Ross called Lallowet."

"Of course it is!" cried Betty, clasping her hands together to keep from clapping them, "and she is my aunt, William Irving's daughter!"

"Perhaps she is, but don't get so excited. You'll be doing the 'grasshopper act' next. Now listen. If you'll promise to sit quietly, and not make a scene, we'll attend the concert; but if not, I'm going to show you to your room at once and put you in mother's care."

"Oh, I will be good! I'll sit as still as a

mouse, and not say a word. Only let me see her and hear her. Do, please, Mr. Dick!"

Of course Mr. Dick consented; and as the audience chairs were rapidly filling with people, he led Betty to a seat near the back

lark, and though her voice had not great volume, it was full of sweetness and sympathy.

Mr. Van Court was almost as much agitated as Betty, for he could see—what the child could not—that there was a wonderful resem-



BETTY'S MEETING WITH L'ALOUETTE. (SEE PAGE 1023.)

of the room, for he did not know what demonstrations the impulsive child might make.

The concert was a delightful one, and music-loving Betty enjoyed every number, and was so happy listening that she almost forgot to be impatient for L'Alouette's appearance. But when that lady at last came on the stage, Betty turned pale with excitement, and her hands grew cold. She said nothing, but her eyes shone like stars as she looked fixedly at the beautiful singer.

L'Alouette was well named. Her clear, bird-like notes rang out like the song of a

blance between the face of L'Alouette and that of the little Irish girl. It was not so much in feature as in expression, and the young man felt convinced that it was really a family likeness, and that Betty had at last found a relative. But though it would never have occurred to Betty that she could resemble that beautiful lady, yet she was equally certain that she was looking at her own aunt; for Betty saw—what Mr. Dick did not—that L'Alouette's white silk gown was very like the one Mlle. François had made, only of a more modern fashion. And, aside from any cir-

cumstantial evidence, Betty felt in her own heart a kinship with the lovely lady as unexplainable as it was certain.

After L'Alouette had finished her song, and had sung an encore, Betty said:

"Mr. Dick, that's my own aunt, and I know it. I like the concert, but I don't want to hear any more to-night, and I think, if you please, I'll go to my room now."

Mr. Van Court was surprised at her calmness, but felt so relieved that she was willing to wait before making herself known to her new-found relative that he only said:

"Very well, my child. Do you know where your room is?"

"Oh, yes; I have the key with me. I brought it that I might not disturb Mrs. Van Court if she should be asleep when I return," Betty replied.

So Mr. Dick took her to the stairs and consigned her to the care of a passing maid, who showed her to her room.

Betty unlocked the door noiselessly, and then as carefully closed the door between her room and Mrs. Van Court's. Then she sat down and thought a long while.

She had no intention of waiting until morning to claim her own aunt—not she! And besides, the way was clear to speak to the lady that night without making any scene such as Mrs. Van Court dreaded.

As soon as L'Alouette appeared on the stage in the music-room, Betty had recognized her as the lady whom she had met coming out of a door just across the hall from her own. She had noticed the gown particularly, and she knew she was not mistaken. "And now," she thought, "I will just go to that room across the hall, and see if it is really hers; and if it is, I will wait for her there until she comes upstairs."

It seemed a rash act, and Betty's heart beat fast at the thought of it; but something impelled her to do it, and she felt that she just *could n't* wait until morning.

So she opened her own door softly, and seeing no one in the hall, she stepped across to the opposite door, and knocked.

A sleepy-looking maid opened the door and regarded Betty with some surprise.

"Is this L'Alouette's room?" said the little girl, timidly.

"Yes, miss," answered the maid; "did she send you for anything?"

"No," said Betty, with a dignity born of excitement; "I am a friend of hers, and I wish to wait here until she returns."

"Yes, miss," said the maid, pleasantly enough; and she offered Betty an easy-chair and a footstool.

Then Betty sat down and waited.

She did not mind waiting; she had made the plunge, and now she must accept the consequences, whatever they might be.

Her mind was full of fancies and anticipations; she planned a dozen different phrases with which to greet her aunt; and finally she dropped asleep and continued her castle-building in her dreams.

An hour or so later, L'Alouette came in. She looked at the sleeping child and then turned to her maid for an explanation.

"Who is this, Lisette?" said she.

"A little girl, madame, who tapped at the door this evening, and said she was a friend of madame's and would wait for her."

L'Alouette gazed earnestly at the stranger, and then caught her breath quickly, while a great wonder filled her eyes.

Then she said quietly: "You may go, Lisette; I will wait on myself to-night."

"Yes, madame," said the maid, and she went away.

Then L'Alouette came and knelt beside Betty, and looked at her a long time. Then she gently wakened her by kissing her on the cheek.

Betty opened her eyes, and was awake and alert in an instant.

"Who are you?" she cried. "Are you my aunt, my dear mother's sister? Oh, say you are!"

"I am L'Alouette," said the lady, smiling; "and now, who are you?"

"I am Betty McGuire," said Betty, speaking very fast; "and my mother was an Irving of Boston, and my grandfather was William Irving. But my mother was killed in a railroad accident when I was a little baby, and oh—I *hope*—I do so hope that you are her sister."

L'Alouette gave a little cry, her eyes closed, and Betty thought she was going to faint. But she did not; she recovered herself, and with a quick, tense gesture she grasped Betty's hands, and looking into the little girl's eyes, while her own fairly blazed, she said:

"And who was your father?"

"Martin McGuire," answered Betty; "he too was killed when I was a baby—"

But she got no farther, for L'Alouette clasped her in her arms, and showered kisses all over the wondering little face, as she said:

"Betty—my baby Betty, I am not your aunt; I am your mother!"

"My mother?" said Betty, almost solemnly. "Then do you *love* me?"

"Yes," said L'Alouette, the beautiful light that had come into her eyes growing deeper and deeper; "I love you with all my hungry mother-heart, with a love that tells me you are really my own baby, though I was forced to believe that you had died years ago."

"And I believed you were dead," said Betty, clinging to L'Alouette as if afraid she might even yet disappear. "Were n't you killed in the railroad accident?"

"No, darling; I was injured, and taken to a hospital in Chicago, where I lay ill for months. And after that I tried every possible way to find my husband and child, only to be convinced at last that they must have perished."

"My father was killed," said Betty; "I know that—because I was taken to an orphan asylum, and they told me so afterward. And I know it, too, from my Grandfather McGuire's papers. And you *are* the one Mr. Ross called Lallowet—and I have worn one of your white dresses!"

"And do you know Mr. Ross? How much we have to tell each other! But who is here at Lakewood with you?—and with whom do you live, and where?"

And then, still clasped in her mother's embrace, Betty told the whole story of her eventful little life; and then L'Alouette told of her own sad years since last she had held her little girl in her arms.

After vainly using every effort to trace her husband and child, either dead or alive, she had given up the quest and resigned herself to

a life of loneliness and sorrow. Music was her only consolation; and as her voice developed under training, she was urged to sing on the stage; but this she refused to do, though she finally consented to sing at an occasional concert.

Her teacher had often called her L'Alouette, and as this name appeared to advantage on a program, she had used it.

They talked far into the night; and then—for L'Alouette could not give her up—Betty remained and slept beside her mother. But Betty's mother could not sleep, and all night she watched over her new-found child as if afraid the whole meeting might be only a repetition of an old and dear dream.

Next morning Betty awoke to find a happy face smiling at her. She flung herself into her mother's arms, crying: "It's true this morning, is n't it? I was n't quite sure of it last night."

"Yes," said Mrs. McGuire, "it *is* true; and now you must go at once to Mrs. Van Court, for I fear she will miss you and be worried."

"Oh, she never wakes up early," said Betty, confidently; "but I'll go back to my own room and dress for breakfast, and as soon as I can see her I'll tell her all about it."

Mrs. Van Court was so surprised and delighted at Betty's wonderful news that she did n't reprimand her for "making a scene"; and, indeed, she felt now that Betty was no longer under her charge, and that her responsibility had ceased. Mr. Dick was sincerely glad of Betty's new happiness, and the Irvings and the Van Courts soon became fast friends. Mr. and Mrs. Irving proved to be ideal grandparents, and their affection for Betty was second only to that of Mrs. McGuire herself.

Betty wanted them to come and live at Denniston; but the old people were too fond of their own home for that. So they all decided to remain a few days at Lakewood, and then Betty was to take her mother home, and install her as mistress of Denniston Hall.

Mrs. McGuire expressed herself as perfectly willing to adopt Betty's whole family as her own; indeed, she would have agreed to anything that insured her continued nearness to her idolized child.

"You'll like Grandma Jean," said Betty to

her mother, "she 's so kind and obliging. And you 'll like Jack, I know; and you 'll just adore baby Polly."

"Yes," said her mother, "I 'm sure I shall; and I 'm already fond of Ellen and Pete, because they were so good to my little Betty when she was poor and motherless."

When at last they went home to Denniston, Mrs. McGuire was warmly welcomed because she was Betty's mother; but it was not long before she was loved by the whole family because of her own goodness and gentleness of character.

Grandma Jean was in no way made to feel that she was meant to assume an inferior position. She was expected to be the same re-

sponsible housekeeper she had been before; and being a sensible old lady, she felt no jealousy of the charming young mistress who had usurped Betty's place rather than hers.

Jack was shy at first, but his timidity soon melted away before the tact and kindness of the new-comer; and Polly fell in love with her at first sight.

As for Betty—she was happy now, truly happy; and she realized that all her life she had been starving for true human affection. This, she now understood, was the longing that had kept her hungry heart unsatisfied, and now that it had been fulfilled, her beautiful Denniston was perfect. At last mother-love had made for Betty a home.

THE END.

A QUESTIONER.

BY CLARA MARIE PLATT.

THERE 's a little boy at my house,
 With a round-eyed, wond'ring stare;
 When he sees the daylight going,
 The little boy asks me, " *Where ?* "

The world is so full of marvels! —
 He 's learning to find them now;
 And each time a rosebud blossoms
 The little boy asks me, " *How ?* "

In the long, still days of summer,
 When the summer sun is hot,
 As the wind steals through the garden,
 The little boy asks me, " *What ?* "

He keeps me busily thinking.
 Each day is *to-day* again;
To-morrow should get here sometime!
 The little boy asks me, " *When ?* "

Does any one know the answers?
 No matter how hard I try,
 There 's always another question—
 The little boy asks me, " *Why ?* "



THE COMING STORM.



Chiquitito



By Stella Walthall Belcher.

(The Story of a little Cuban Refugee and his Pet.)



LITTLE JOSÉ was a small, starved specimen of "swiperino" (the name the American soldier has facetiously given his Cuban brother), and if it had not been for a kind-hearted American officer the little fellow would now be buried in the trenches covered with a foot or two of earth, and no one would have known how much gratitude one small Cuban could possess.

It happened while the invading army lay outside the city of Santiago. The base of supplies was twenty miles away, and every piece of hardtack and bacon had to be brought in on mule-back over a trail a foot deep in mire and liquid vegetation.

There were thousands of refugees from the city and thousands of soldiers to be fed, and the commanding general sent word that all the Cubans and foreigners who were able must come four miles farther down the trail to make easier the distribution of provisions. Soon a famine-stricken procession was plowing painfully through the mire: mothers hugging to them half-starved babies; fathers and husbands dragging along their feeble women folk; children struggling to keep near their parents—all a sad, pitiful spectacle, which wrung the hearts of the kind Americans.

Little José clung to his mother's skirts, and

looked bravely up into her pale, worn face. It was a desperate struggle for him to keep along, and he tripped, picked himself up, tripped a second time, and then, being too weak to try again, the crowd pushed him aside, and the little fellow sank in the mud. The mother gave one backward look, like a dumb animal in pain, and struggled on to save herself and her babe; and that would have been the last of José had not an American officer gathered him up and carried him to his tent.

It was impossible to tell what José looked like, for he was covered with a shell of Cuban mud. The officer stripped him, tucked him in a blanket, and gave his clothes to an old camp-follower to wash.

The youngster was literally stuffed with bacon and beans and hardtack by his benefactor, and a few hours later was strutting about the camp, clean, well fed, and fairly bursting with happiness.

Three days went by. José had begun to struggle with the English language. He could say, "Ee t'ank yo'," and "Yo no sabe de Englis'," and some other incomprehensible lingo. He ran errands; he ate ravenously; he slept in his benefactor's tent; he was the kind officer's devoted shadow; and all this while the Americans waited outside the gates of Santiago.

Then, one day, the Stars and Stripes floated over the city, and the officer saw that it was necessary to part with the little refugee and send him home to his friends. Therefore, loading a sack with rations, and mounting it and the boy

on a decrepit mule, he bade them God-speed, and started them in the direction of Santiago.

“Ee t’ank yo’, Señor Offeecer, ee t’ank yo’!” cried the boy, with tears in his eyes.

And the officer said:

“*Adios, adios, querido muchacho*” (“farewell, farewell, dear child”); and to his friends: “That is the last I shall hear of my refugee.”

But he was mistaken. Cubans have gratitude.

Two days later José appeared in camp. His face was stretched in a broad smile, and under his arm he carried tenderly a poor starved chicken, which had barely enough animation to stand up.

His owner placed him on the ground before his friend the officer, and proudly smoothed down his very ragged feathers. Then, stepping back from his pet, he spread out his little brown hands.

“He’s fo’ yo’,” he said simply, and turned to go.

The officer caught the boy by the shoulder, and turned him right about.

“See here, my little man,” he said kindly, “I’m much obliged. But you need your chicken more than I do. Take him home.”

José shook his head.

“Yo no spick de Englis’. Yo no sabe.” He pointed to the chicken. “He name—‘Chiquitito.’ He ees fo’ yo’. Ee t’ank yo’.”

That settled the matter. José remained firm. This chicken was his all, and he gave it to his friend the “Americano.”

A string was tied about the chicken’s leg, and he was anchored to the tent-pole, where he attracted much questionable attention from all the hungry soldiers. They looked him over

with longing eyes, and sized up his points at mess-times, wondering whether he’d taste better fried in butter or broiled whole over the camp-fire.

But Chiquitito was not to be offered up as a sacrifice to any hungry stomach. Instead, he was allowed to wax fat and lazy with the crumbs which fell from his master’s table, and when the army moved into the captured city of Santiago, the happy chicken was carried in state by a friendly orderly.

His new owner was attached to the general’s staff, and when they moved into the govern-



“‘HE’S FO’ YO’,’ HE SAID SIMPLY, AND TURNED TO GO.”

ment palace thither with the staff went his favored chickenship.

It was quite evident palaces had not been

much in Chiquitito's line, but he soon fell into the exalted ways of his new station, and acted quite to the manor born.

When the American general and his staff were dining the chicken flew to the great man's shoulder and perched there with easy familiarity. Then, as his fancy moved him, he hopped from shoulder to shoulder of the junior officers, clinging to their epaulets, and pecking daintily at a morsel of cake or fruit held up by his obedient servant.

At night Chiquitito roosted in the chandelier of the great state chamber, and doubtless

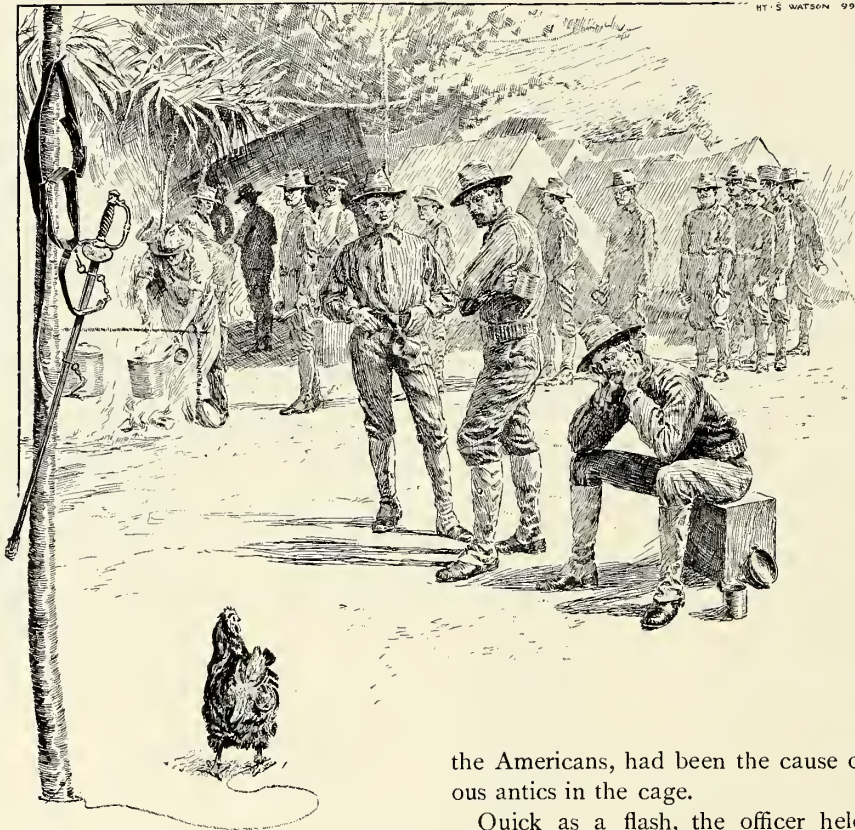
found a gilded parrot's-cage, and forthwith it became the home of Chiquitito.

A few days before they took their departure from Santiago, the general and his aide were startled by a most extraordinary demonstration from their pet fowl.

"What 's the matter with the creature?" laughed the general.

"I think high life must have turned his head," answered the puzzled officer.

"Chiquitito, Chiquitito!" cried a voice outside; and there, smiling more broadly than ever, was José, whose approach, unheard by



"THE SOLDIERS WONDERED WHETHER HE 'D TASTE BETTER FRIED IN BUTTER OR BROILED OVER THE CAMP-FIRE."

strange dreams harassed his chicken brain. If he could have spoken in our language he might have given us a good story of a Spanish vision or two which glided across the polished floor of the governor's apartment.

Somewhere in that deserted palace was

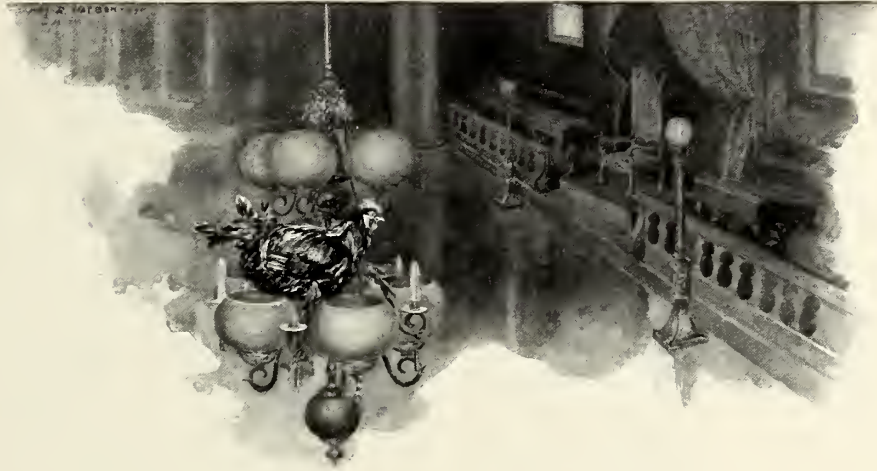
the Americans, had been the cause of the joyous antics in the cage.

Quick as a flash, the officer held out the chicken through the open window.

"No, no," laughed the little boy; "*bueno, bueno!*" And, kissing his hand to his now important chick, he scudded off down the street; and that was indeed the last they saw of the little refugee.

His chickenship will live in peace and dignity on Governor's Island, a prize bird in many

senses; and though he knows "mucho" about his American friends long stories about those affairs in Santiago, he has n't learned the dreary days with José before the Americanos English language, and could n't, if he would, tell came to the sunny isle of Cuba.



THE WALKING PURCHASE.

BY GEORGE WHEELER.

IN the early twilight of a September morning, more than one hundred and sixty years ago, a remarkable company might have been seen gathering about a large chestnut-tree at the cross-roads near the Friends' meeting-house in Wrightstown, Pennsylvania. It is doubtful whether any one of us could have guessed what the meeting meant. Most of the party were Quakers in wide-brimmed hats and plain dress, and if it had been First-day instead of Third-day, we might have thought they were gathering under the well-known tree for a neighborly chat before "meeting." Nor was it a warlike rendezvous; for the war-cry of the Lenni-Lenape had never yet been raised against the "Children of Mignon" (Elder Brother), as the followers of William Penn were called; and in a little group somewhat apart were a few athletic Indians in peaceful garb and friendly attitude. But it evidently was an important

meeting, for here were several prominent officials, including even so notable a person as Proprietor Thomas Penn.

In 1686, fifty-one years before this, William Penn bought from the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware Indians, a section bounded on the east by the Delaware, on the west by the Neshaminy, and extending to the north from his previous purchases "as far as a man can go in a day and a half." No effort was made to fix the northern boundary until the Indians, becoming uneasy at the encroachments of the settlers, asked to have the line definitely marked. On August 25, 1737, after several conferences between the Delawares and William Penn's sons, John and Thomas, who, after their father's death, became proprietors of Pennsylvania, the treaty of 1686 was confirmed, and a day was appointed for beginning the walk. This explains why the crowd was gathering about the

old chestnut-tree in the early dawn of that day, September 19, 1737.

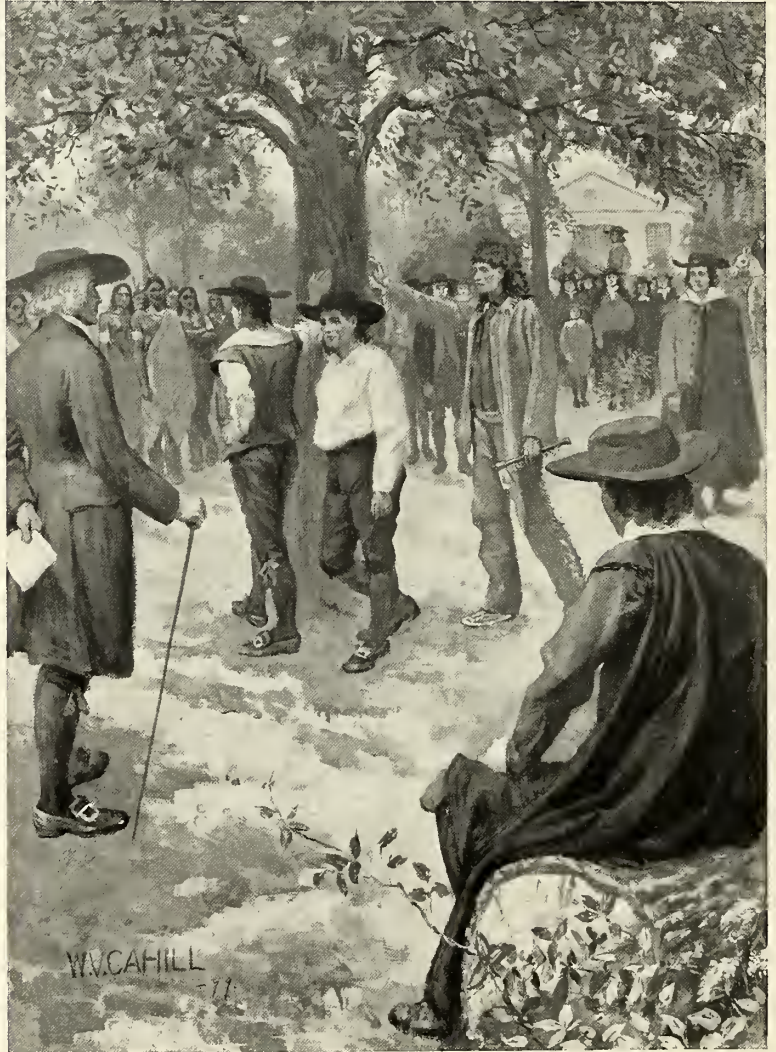
"Ready!" called out Sheriff Smith.

At the word, James Yeates, a native of New England, "tall, slim, of much ability and speed of foot," Solomon Jennings, "a remarkably stout and strong man," and Edward Marshall, a well-known hunter, over six feet tall, and noted as a walker, stepped from the crowd and placed their right hands upon the tree.

Thomas Penn had promised five pounds in money and five hundred acres of land to the walker who covered the greatest distance; and these three men were to contest for the prize. Just as the edge of the sun showed above the horizon, Sheriff Smith gave the word, and the race began.

Yeates quickly took up the lead, stepping lightly. Then came Jennings, accompanied by two Indians, who were there to see that the walking was fairly done. Closely following them were men on horseback, including the sheriff and the surveyor-general. Thomas Penn himself followed the party for some distance. Far in the rear came Marshall, walking in a careless manner, swinging a hatchet in one hand, "to balance himself," and at intervals munching a dry biscuit, of which he carried a small supply. He seemed to have forgotten a resolution he had made to "win the prize of five hundred acres of land, or lose his life in the attempt."

Thomas Penn had secretly sent out a preliminary party to blaze the trees along the line of the walk for as great a distance as it was thought possible for a man to walk in eighteen hours. So, when the wilderness was reached,



"THE THREE MEN STEPPED FROM THE CROWD AND PLACED THEIR RIGHT HANDS UPON THE TREE."

the walkers still had the best and most direct course clearly marked out for them. The Indians soon protested against the speed, saying over and over: "That 's not fair. You run. You were to walk." But the treaty said, "As far as a man can go," and the walkers were following it in letter, if not in spirit, as they

hurried along. Their protests being disregarded, the Indians endeavored to delay the progress by stopping to rest; but the white men dismounted, and allowed the Indians to ride, and thus pushed on as rapidly as ever. At last the Indians refused to go any farther, and left the party.

Before Lehigh River was reached Jennings was exhausted, gave up the race, and lagged behind in the company of followers. His health was shattered, and he lived only a few years.

That night the party slept on the north side of the Lehigh Mountains, half a mile from the Indian village of Hokendaqua. Next morning, while some of the party searched for the horses which had strayed away during the night, others went to the village to request Lappawinzoë, the chief, to send other Indians to accompany the walkers. He angrily replied: "You have all the good land now, and you may as well take the bad, too." One old Indian, indignant at the stories of how the white men rushed along in their greed to get as much land as possible, remarked in a tone of deep disgust: "No sit down to smoke; no shoot squirrel; but lun, lun, lun, all day long."

Scarcely had the last half-day's walk begun before Yeates, who was a drinking man, was overcome by the tremendous exertions and intemperance of the previous day. He stumbled at the edge of Big Creek, and rolled, helpless, down the bank into the water. When rescued he was entirely blind, and his death followed within three days.

Marshall still pressed on. Passing the last of the blazed trees which had hitherto guided him, he seized a compass offered by Surveyor-General Eastburn, and by its aid still continued his onward course. At last, Sheriff Smith, who for some time had frequently looked at his watch, called, "Halt!" Marshall instantly threw himself at full length, and grasped a sapling. Here was the starting-point for the northern boundary of the purchase of 1686, sixty-eight miles from the old chestnut-tree at Wrightstown, and very close to where Mauch Chunk stands to-day. The walk was twice as long as the Indians expected it to be.

Unfortunately for the Delawares, they knew too little of legal technicalities to notice that

the deed did not state in what direction the northern boundary was to be drawn. They naturally expected it to be drawn to the nearest point on the Delaware. But the surveyor-general, to please Penn, decided that the line should run at right angles to the direction of the walk, which was almost exactly northwest. Draw a line from Mauch Chunk to the Delaware so that if extended it would pass through New York city, and another to the point where New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania meet. The first is the Indian's idea of the just way to lay out the northern boundary; the second is the line which Surveyor-General Eastburn actually finished marking out in four days after Marshall's walk ended.

And so the three hundred thousand acres which the Indians would have given to the Penns as the result of Marshall's walk were increased to half a million by taking selfish advantage of a flaw in the deed.

The Lenni-Lenape had loved and trusted William Penn because he always dealt openly and fairly with them. "We will live in love with William Penn and his children," said they, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine." But the wrongs inflicted on them in the "walking purchase" aroused the deepest indignation. "Next May," said Lappawinzoë, "we will go to Philadelphia, each one with a buckskin to repay the presents and take back our land again." It was too late, however, for this to be done.

At last, in 1741, the Indians determined to resort to arms to secure justice. But the Iroquois, to whom the Delawares had long been subject, came to the aid of the Penns, and the last hope of righting the wrong was gone forever.

There seems a sort of poetic justice in the later experiences of the principal men in the affair. Marshall never got his five hundred acres of land, and his wife was killed in an attack by the Indians. Eastburn was repudiated by Thomas Penn, and his heirs were notified that they "need not expect the least favor." Penn himself was brought before the king and forced to disown many of his acts and agents in a most humiliating manner.

But all this did not repair the injury to the Delawares, and they never again owned, as a



"THE INDIANS PROTESTED AGAINST THE SPEED."

tribe, a single inch along the river from which they took their name.

A small monument, erected by the Bucks County Historical Society, marks the spot where the old chestnut-tree formerly stood. In order that this might not seem to condone an unworthy deed, the monument was dedicated, not to those who made or conducted the walk, but to the Lenni-Lenape Indians—"not to the wrong, but to the persons wronged."

The inscription on the stone reads :

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LENNI-LENAPE INDIANS,
ANCIENT OWNERS OF THIS REGION,
THESE STONES ARE PLACED AT
THIS SPOT, THE STARTING-
POINT OF THE
"INDIAN WALK,"
September 19, 1737.



"MARSHALL THREW HIMSELF AT FULL LENGTH, AND GRASPED A SAPLING."

“FLOWERY.”

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

HE was walking in the garden, and incau-
tiously he spoke
Of a very flowery orator, Sir Sentimental
Smoke—
“An orator of emptiness,” as he went on to
say,
“An orator whose vague conceits so flowery
are and gay,
So vapid, incoherent, pompous, wandering,
inane,
In brief, so very *flowery*, that they almost
are insane.”

Now when he left the garden what an angry
clamor burst!
The Rose was all a-tremble, but she found
her voice the first.
“So we are vapid, are we?” indignantly she
cried.
“And incoherent, are we?” asked the Lily at
her side.
“And think! he called us pompous!” mur-
mured low the Violet;
“And wandering! What slander!” cried the
stiff-stalked Mignonette.
“An outrage!” popped the Poppy, and the
rest agreed with him;
Whereat he framed this protest, which was
voted with a vim:

“*Resolved*, That all the flowers are insulted
grievously
By the misuse of an adjective, to wit, of
‘flowery.’
Resolved, That every mortal is requested to
refrain
From the adjective aforesaid as a synonym
for ‘vain,’
For ‘silly,’ ‘wordy,’ ‘whimsical,’ ‘grandilo-
quent,’ or ‘smart,’
And let it in the future play a more impor-
tant part.
For flowers are finely modeled, much in
little, beauty’s brief,
Perfection to a petal, and a volume in a
leaf.
So take your perfect orator, whose every
word is fit,
A prince of thought and eloquence, of
force and grace and wit,
And when he rises highest, in the senate’s
day of days,
Pronounce his speaking ‘flowery,’ and count
it highest praise.”

They asked a passing zephyr their courier
to be,
And I have just related what the zephyr
brought to me.

UNDER GREEN BOUGHS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I HEARD along the orchard,
All in the bright spring weather,
The pink and pretty people
Whispering close together:

“We ’re drawing royal juices
From the happy earth’s completeness,
From the perfumed showers of summer
And the spicy south wind’s sweetness.

“We ’re wizards of the moonlight
Weaving charms with dewy plunder;
And we ’re chemists of the sunshine
Changing form and working wonder.”

“When all the leaves have reddened
With streaks and peaks and dapples,
Though folk may think us blossoms,
They ’ll find we ’re really apples!”

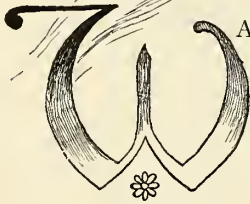


To a Ladye in the Mountains

these

verses

by one
Margaret Johnson.



WANDERING on the sunny uplands, with the autumn tints aglow,
In the woods, or by the roadsides, where the sumac-blossoms blow,
Did you anywhere, I wonder,
Shining elm or maple under,
Meet a little blue-eyed girl I used to know?

She 'd a look demure and dreamy, and a manner rather shy?
Yes, and scarce, perhaps, she saw you, as she lingered slowly by.

But her gown, you think, was cotton?
Nay; unless I have forgotten,

It was satin, broidered, rich
with purple dye.

Two short braids tied up
with ribbon? And
her hair, you say,
was — red?

Oh, indeed you are
mistaken,
though you smile and
shake your
head!

For her locks
were fair
and golden,

And adorned in fashion olden —
Looped with pearls, I think, or roses white
instead.

And her little feet in — clumsy little shoes,
you say, were cased?

They were silken slippers, or, it may be, sandals,
silver-laced.

And her round white arm, extended,
(Freckles? No!)

was decked
with splendid

Jewels such as might a
royal wrist have
graced.

ALL alone? You did
not see, then,
how the knights
about her rode —
How their fiery charg-
ers galloped, and
their gilded ar-
mor glowed;

Did not see the cunning pixies
And the fair, pale water-nixies

Who went floating where the fern-hid stream-
let flowed.



All alone? Enchanted princes strayed wher-
 ever she might roam;
 Heroes, giants, white swan-maidens, in the
 green woods made their home;
 And each dell and dingle shady
 Was alive — believe me, lady —
 Peopled thick with elf and fairy, dwarf and
 gnome.

She was going on some errand to the little
 village store?

With your strange misunderstandings you sur-
 prise me more and more.

For *I* know that as
 she wandered
 Some heroic deed
 she pondered.

Tape and buttons? Don't
 suggest them, I
 implore!



HE was going to carry
 succor to some
 wounded knight,
 perchance,

Or to keep a fairy ren-
 dezvous and join
 a fairy dance.

She was beautiful Rowena,
 Lost and lovely Proserpina,
 St. Elizabeth, or noble Jeanne of France



(I forget exactly
 which, but
 one you must
 have chanced
 to meet),

Or the Lily Maid
 of Astolat, or
 Enid, grave
 and sweet,

Or a splendid vi-
 king maid-
 en

With her glitter-
 ing armor
 laden,

Or a princess from an
 ancient Bag-
 dad street.

She was rich and she was famous, she was
 beautiful and good;
 She was crowned with all the glories of a
 perfect womanhood;
 And the future shone before her

Like a misty bright
 aurora,

Or the dazzle of the
 sunlight in the
 wood.



WID it matter if the sun
 were hid beneath a
 cloudlet curled?

If the leafy paths were dripping and
 the branches rain-impearled?

She was walking in a splendor

That no later suns can render —

In the magic light that glorifies the world.

But — how blind we grown-up
 people are! how stupidly
 content!

It was just a common moun-
 tain-road down which
 that day you went?

And you saw, you tell
 me, only,

Wandering dreamy-eyed
 and lonely,

Just a little girl upon an errand
 sent?



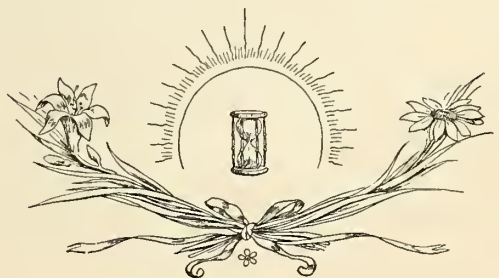
Well, perhaps your eyes were
 dazzled by the maples'
 ruddy glow,

But you 're quite, *quite* wrong about it, and I
 really ought to know:

For that little girl, you see, dear,

Was the ghost of little me, dear —

Of the funny little me of long ago.

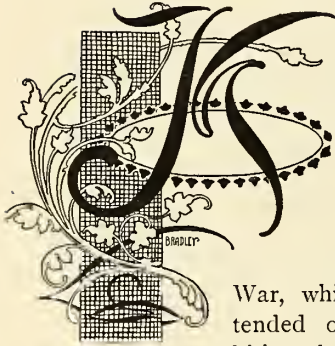


THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER X.



INGSTONIANS and Trojans, curiously enough, had each won a series of firsts, of seconds, and thirds that totaled up the same.

So the Tug of War, which had been intended only for an exhibition, became in a sense the deciding event of the whole contest.

The captain of the Kingston four was the huge Sawed-Off, who was also the anchor of his team. He came out upon the floor wearing around his waist a belt that was about as graceful as a horse-collar, and quite as heavy, made as it was of padded leather. It was suspended from his shoulders like a life-belt, and carried a deep groove around the middle of it.

The Troy captain had a similar contrivance about him, and he looked somewhat contemptuously upon the Kingstonians, who had not the beefy, brawny look of his own big four.

The eight took their places on the long board, each man with his feet against a cleat. The rope was marked in its exact center with a white cord, and held there by a lever which the umpire pressed down with his foot.

The Troy tuggers took a stout hold on the rope and faced the Kingstonians gloweringly. The Kingston men, however, faced to the rear, and straddled the rope—all except Sawed-Off, who, like the Troy captain, had wrapped it round his belt and taken a hitch in it for security.

When all were ready, the umpire shouted "Go!" and at the same instant released the lever and the rope. The Trojans threw all their muscle into one terrific jerk; but each of

Sawed-Off's men, gripping the rope in front of him at arm's-length, fell face downward.

By the impact of their full weight, and by relying not merely upon their arms, but on the whole pull of back and legs, the Kingstonians gave the rope a yank that would have annoyed an oak-tree, and certainly left the Trojans no chance.

After this first assault the teams found themselves thus: the Kingstonians were stretched prone on the board with their legs straight against the cleats; Sawed-Off was braced against his cleat and seated facing Troy; the rival team was seated, but with knees bent, and their captain glared amazed at Sawed-Off, who was busily taking in over a foot of captured cable. There the Kingstonians held the white string, a foot to their side, when the time was up and the lever was clamped down.

After a short rest, the men resined their hands anew and prepared for the second pull. The Trojan captain had been wise enough to see the advantage of the Kingston forward fall, and he was not too modest to adopt it.

When the lever was slipped the second time, both teams fell face downward. But now Troy's bulk told to her advantage, and she carried the white cord six inches to her side. The Kingstonians lay with their knees bent.

Now Sawed-Off tried a preconcerted trick signal. With ominous tone, he cried:

"Now, boys—all together—heave!"

At the last word the Trojans braced like oxen against the expected jerk. But none came, and they relaxed a little, feeling that they had been fooled. But Sawed-Off's men were silently and slowly counting five, and then, with a mighty heave, they yearned forward, and catching the Winthrop team unprepared, got back four inches. They tried it again, and made only about an inch. A third time Sawed-Off gave the signal, and the Trojans, recognizing it, waited a bit before bracing for the shock. But for the third time Sawed-Off had arranged that the pull should immedi-

ately follow the command. Again the Trojans were fooled, and the white went two inches into Kingston territory.

And then—after what seemed a whole night of agony—suddenly the lever nipped the rope, and the contest was over. The Trojans were all faint, and the head of Winthrop fell forward limply. Even Sawed-Off was so dizzy that he had to be helped across the floor by his friends. They were glad enough to pay him this aid, for he had made victory theirs.

All Kingston had learned to love and respect the sturdy giant, and the Lakerimmers were prouder of him than ever.

As the school year rolled on toward its finish in June, times became busier and busier for the students, especially for the Lakerimmers, who felt a great responsibility upon their shoulders—the responsibility of keeping the Lakerim Athletic Club pennant flying to the fore in all the different businesses of academic life: in the class-room, at the prize speaking, in the debating society, and most of all in the different athletic affairs.

The springtime athletics found the best of them choosing between the boat crew and the ball team.

Of the men that tried for the crew all were sifted out gradually except B. J., Quiz, and Punk.

As the training went on, the man who had been elected captain of the eight worked so faithfully—or overworked so faithfully—that he was trained up to the finest point some two or three weeks before the great regatta of academies. Every day after that he lost in form, in spite of himself, and the coach had finally to make him abdicate the throne, and Punk, who had worked in his usual slow and conservative fashion, seemed the fittest man to succeed him. So Punk became captain of the crew, and found himself at the old post of stroke-oar, and rowed across the line two lengths ahead of Lakerim's and Kingston's ancient rival, Troy.

Of the Lakerimmers who tried for the baseball team four men were chosen for the regular nine: Sleepy, Tug, Sawed-off, and Jumbo.

Reddy and Heady had worked like beavers

to be accepted as the battery; but the pitcher and catcher of the year before were so satisfactory that the Twins could get no nearer to their ambitions than the substitute-list, and there it seemed they were pretty sure to remain upon the shelf, in spite of all the practice they had kept up, even through the winter; but an unexpected defeat by a weak nine had, at the same time, tied Kingston with Charleston, and put the regular battery under a cloud. So a game was immediately arranged for commencement week on the Kingston grounds; and the Twins were put in to pitch and catch.

The largest crowd of the year was gathered to witness the greatest game of the year, and Charleston and Kingston were tuned up to the highest pitch they could reach without breaking.

The Charlestonians were first at bat, and the Kingstonians spread themselves over the field in their various positions. The umpire tossed to the nervous Reddy what seemed to be a snowball, whose whiteness he immediately covered with dust from the box.

Reddy cast a nervous look around the field, then went into a spasm in which he seemed to be trying to "skin the cat" on an invisible turning-pole. Out of the mix-up he suddenly straightened himself. The first batsman saw a dusty white cannon-ball shoot past him, and heard the umpire's dulcet voice growl:

"Strike!"

Which pleased the Kingston audience so mightily that they broke forth into cheers and applause that upset Reddy so completely that the next ball slipped from his hand and came toward the first batsman so gently that he could hardly have missed it had he tried.

The Kingstonian cheer disappeared in a groan as everybody heard that unmistakable whack that resounds whenever the bat and the ball meet face to face. But the very sureness of the hit was its ruination, for it went soaring like a carrier-pigeon straight home to the hands of Sleepy, who, without moving from his place, reached up and took it in.

The Kingston groan was now changed back again to a cheer, and hundreds of pencils noted the fact that the first batter of the first half of the first inning had scored the first "out."

The Charleston third baseman now came to the bat. Three times in succession Reddy failed to get the ball over the plate, and the man evidently had made up his mind that he was to get his base on balls, for at the fourth pitch he dropped his bat and started for first base, only to be called back by the umpire's voice declaring a strike. To his immense disgust, two other strikes followed it, and he went to the bench instead of to the base.

The third Charlestonian smote the first ball pitched by Reddy and sent it bounding toward Jumbo, who ripped it off the ground and had it in the hands of his chum Sawed-Off before the Charlestonian was half-way to first base. This retired the side.

Sawed-Off was the first Kingston man to take a club to the Charlestonians. He waved his bat violently up and down and stared fiercely at the Charleston pitcher. His ferocity disappeared, however, when he saw the ball coming at a frightful speed straight at him and threatening to take a large scoop out of his stomach. He stretched up and back and away from it with a ridiculous wiggle that was the more ridiculous when he saw the ball curve harmlessly over the plate and heard the umpire cry:

"Strike—one!"

He upbraided himself for his fear, and when the next ball was pitched, though he felt sure that it was going to strike him on the shoulder, he did not budge. But here he made mistake number two, for the ball did not curve as the pitcher had intended, but gave the batter a sharp nip just where it said it would. The only apology the pitcher made was the rueful look with which he watched Sawed-Off going down to first base.

The Kingston center-fielder was the next at the bat, and he sent a little Roman-candle of a fly that fell cozily into the third baseman's hands.

Jumbo now came to the plate, and swung at the ball so violently that one might have thought he was trying to lift Sawed-Off bodily from first base to second. But he only managed to send a slow-coach of a liner, that raced him to first base and beat him there. Sawed-Off, however, had managed to make

second before the Charleston first baseman could throw him out; and there he pined away, for the Kingston third baseman struck out, possibly in compliment to the Charleston third baseman, who had done the same thing.

This complimentary spirit seemed to fill the short-stop also, for he sent down to his rival Jumbo a considerably easy little fly which stuck to Jumbo's palms as firmly as if there had been fly-paper on them.

The Charleston catcher now found Reddy after a clean base-hit between left and center field. He tried to stretch it into a two-base hit, and the Kingston center fielded the ball in so slowly that he succeeded in his grasping attempt.

The Charlestonian second baseman made a sacrifice hit that advanced the catcher to third. And now the pitcher came to the bat, eager to bring home the wretch at whom he had hurled his swiftest curves. His anxiety led him into making several foolish jabs at curves that were out of his reach, and finally he caught one just on the tip of his bat, and it went neatly into Tug's hand, leaving the catcher to perish on third base.

Sleepy now came to the bat for Kingston, and, without making any undue exertion, deftly placed a fly between the short-stop and the left-fielder, and reached first base on a canter. He made no rash attempts to steal second, but waited to be assisted there. The Kingston right-fielder, however, struck out and made way for Reddy. Reddy, though a pitcher, was, like most pitchers, unable to solve the mystery of a rival's curves for more than a little grounder that lost him first base and forced Sleepy to a most unwarranted exertion to keep from being headed off at second.

Tug now came to the bat, but, unfortunately, while the hit he knocked was a sturdy one, it went toward third base, and Sleepy did not dare venture off second, though he made a feint at third which engaged the baseman's attention until Tug had successfully reached first.

Heady puzzled them even more, however, by scratching off just such another little bunt as his brother had failed with, and when

he was put out at first Sleepy and Tug realized that their running had been in vain.

The Charleston right-fielder opened the third inning with a graceful fly just this side the right-fielder's reach in that field where base-hits seem to grow most plentifully. The Kingston center-fielder was presented with a base on balls, which forced the right-fielder to second base. Now Reddy recovered sufficiently to strike out the next Charleston batter, though the one after him sent into right field a long, low fly, which the Kingston right-fielder caught on the first bound and hurled furiously to third base to head off the Charleston runner. The throw was wild, and a sickening sensation went through the hearts of all as they saw it hurtle past the third baseman.

The Charleston runner rejoiced, and giving the bag a mere touch with his foot, started gaily for home; a warning cry from his coach, however, checked him in full speed, and he whirled about to see that Sleepy, foreseeing the throw from right field, as soon as the ball had left the bat had sauntered over behind the third baseman, had stopped the wild throw, and now stood waiting for the base-runner to declare his intention before he threw the ball. The Charlestonian made a quick dash to get back to third, but Sleepy had the ball in the third baseman's hands before him.

Now the third baseman saw that the second Kingston runner had also been wavering uncertainly between second and third, ready to reach third if Sleepy threw for home, and to return to second if he threw to third. The third baseman started toward the runner, making many pretenses of throwing the ball, and keeping the poor base-runner on such a razor-edge of uncertainty that he actually allowed himself to be touched out with barely a wriggle.

This brilliant double play retired the side. It was credited to the third baseman, but the real glory belonged to Sleepy, and the crowd gave him the applause.

Once more Sawed-Off towered at the bat; he was willing to take another bruise if he could be assured of getting to first base, but the pitcher was so wary of striking him this time that he gave him his base on balls, and

Sawed-Off lifted his hat to him in gratitude for this second gift.

The center-fielder knocked a fly into the hands of the first baseman, who stood on the bag. Sawed-Off barely escaped falling victim to a double play by beating the fly to first.

Again Jumbo labored mightily to advance Sawed-Off, and did indeed get him to second on a well-situated base-hit. The next Kingstonian, however, the third baseman, knocked to the second baseman a bee-liner that was so straight and hot that the second baseman could neither have dodged nor missed it had he tried; so he just held on to it, and set his foot on the bag, and caught Sawed-Off before he could get back to the base.

The fourth inning was opened by a Charlestonian, who sent a singing fly right over Sawed-Off's head. He seemed to double his length like a jack-knife. When he shut up again, however, the ball was not in his hand, but down in the right field. It was a master stroke, but it was worth only one base to Charleston.

The second man at the bat fell prey to Reddy's bewildering curves, and Reddy heard again that sweetest sound a pitcher can hear—the umpire's voice crying:

“Striker—out!”

The Charlestonian who had lined out the beautiful base-hit proved himself the possessor of a pair of heels as good as his pair of eyes, and just as Reddy had declared by his motions such a readiness to pitch the ball that he could not have changed his mind without being declared guilty of a balk—just at that instant the Charlestonian dashed madly for second base. Heady snatched off his mask and threw the ball to second with all the speed and correctness he was master of; but the throw went just so far to the right that Tug, leaning far out, could not recover himself in time to touch the runner.

The Charleston catcher was evidently determined to bring in at least one run, or die trying. He smashed at every ball that Reddy pitched. He only succeeded, however, in making a number of fouls; but Reddy shuddered for the score when he realized how well the Charleston catcher was studying his best

curves. Suddenly the man struck up a sky-scraping foul. Everybody yelled at once:

"Over your head!"

And Heady, ripping away his mask again, whirled round and round, trying to find the little globule in the dazzling sky. He gimpeted all over the space back of the plate before he finally made out the ball coming to earth many feet in front of him. He made a desperate lunge for it and caught it. And Reddy's groan of relief could be heard clear from the pitcher's box.

The Charleston catcher, in a great huff, threw his bat to the ground with such violence that it broke, and he gave way to the second baseman. He made an heroic attempt, resulting in a clean drive that hummed past Reddy like a Mauser bullet and chose a path exactly between Jumbo and Tug. It was evident that no Kingston man could stop it in time to throw either to first base or home ahead of a Charleston man; but since Kingston could not put the side out before a run was scored, the Charlestonians cheerfully consented to put themselves out; that is, the base-runner on second, making a furious dash for third, ran ker-plunk into the ball, which recorded itself on his funny-bone.

A more nicely balanced game than this between Kingston and Charleston could hardly be imagined, and there was something in the air or in the game that made the two young teams play like veterans. Each worked together like a clock of nine cog-wheels.

Though the next four innings were altogether different from one another in batting and fielding, they were exactly alike in that they all totaled at the bottom of the column with a large blank goose-egg.

At the opening of the ninth inning even the uncultured members of the crowd—those unscientific ignoramuses that had voted the game a dull one because no one had made the circuit of the bases—even these sat up and breathed fast and wondered what was going to happen. They had not drawn many breaths before the Kingston catcher rapped on the plate and threw back his bat to knock the stuffing out of any ball that Reddy might hurl at him; and indeed his intentions were fully

realized, for the very first throw that Reddy made hit the bull's-eye on the Charleston bat and then leaped away with a thwack.

Reddy leaped for it first, but it went far from his fingers.

Next after him Tug went up into the air and fell back beautifully.

And after him—just as if they had been jumping-jacks—the center-fielder bounded high and clutched at the ball; but from his hold it went, and he turned and ran ignominiously after it. If he was running, the Charlestonian was flying; he shot across first base and on, just grazing second base, unseen by Tug, who had turned his back and was yelling vainly to the center-fielder to throw him the ball he had not yet caught up with. On the Charlestonian sped in a blind hurry. He very much resembled a young man decidedly anxious to get home as soon as possible; he flew past third base and on down like an antelope to the plate. This he spurned with his toe as he ran on, unable to check his furious impetus until he fell in the arms of the other Charleston players on the bench.

Long after the runner had made his run the ball came plumping in, on a wild-goose chase to the plate.

The scorers had recorded the run. History was scoring for Kingston, and he almost shed a tear as he put down the black mark of fate.

Meanwhile the umpire was down in the field talking to the third baseman, who was gesticulating to him very violently. There was an excited powwow for a few moments, and then Reddy broke loose from the crowd, and yelled in a blood-curdling tone to the throng on the grand stand that the Charleston catcher, instead of scoring a run, had put himself out by failing to touch third base in his hurry!

There was nothing for the Charlestonians to do but accept the umpire's verdict, especially as the catcher, when he stopped to think of it, had to confess that in his excitement he had not gone out of his way to touch third base.

Reddy's curves were so upset that the second man at the bat lined out a clean base-hit. The pitcher followed with another, advancing his man to second base. The Charleston right-fielder followed with a third ideal base-

hit on which his two predecessors easily reached their goals.

And now, with three men on bases and only one man out, Heady felt called upon to go down into the diamond and give his brother a little fatherly counsel. The result was that Reddy took a great deal of time about pitching the next ball. His deliberation evidently paid, for while the Charlestonian whirled himself off his feet in slashing where the ball should have been, it had gone in a roundabout way to Heady's sofa-cushion of a glove. This wretch, seeing at the very tip of his bat the chance to win glory for himself and Charleston by bringing in a run, heard those bitter words:

"Strike—two!" and "Striker—out!"

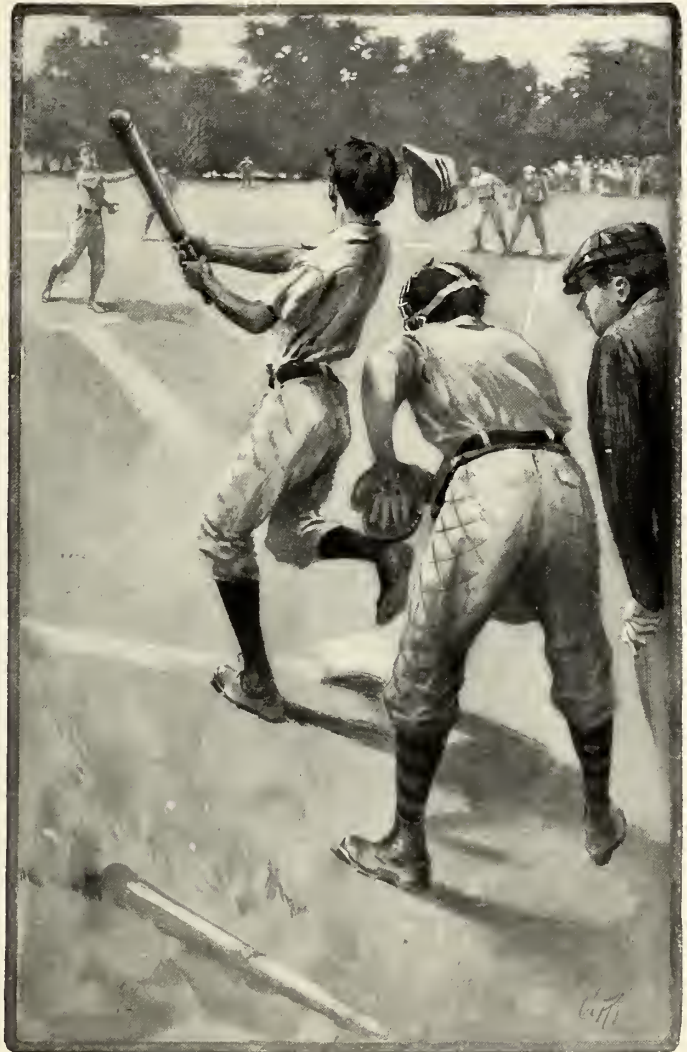
And when he laid aside his useless bat and dawdled back to the bench, he had such a lump in his throat that he felt as if he had been trying to swallow the ball.

The sorrow of those three castaways on the bases was quite as great and their grief even more intense when they saw another Charlestonian

come to the bat and three times in succession strike only the ghost of the ball Reddy had pitched.

For nine innings the Charlestonians had marched up to the bat and then marched back again, and only one of them had gone the rounds and reached home; and he had crawled in at the back door and been ousted unceremoniously!

The Kingstonians had certainly played a beautiful game. But the Charlestonians had played one quite as good. All that the Kingston lovers could do, when they saw their nine



“‘STRIKE,—OUT!’”

come to the bat for the ninth time, was to look uncomfortable, mop their brows, and murmur:

“Whew!”

The Kingstonian center-fielder was the first to the bat, and he struck out.

Then Jumbo appeared and got his base on balls in his old pet way, and made ardent preparations to steal second; but his enterprise was short-lived, for the Kingston third baseman knocked an easy grounder to the short-stop, who picked it from the ground and tossed it into the second baseman's hands almost with

one motion; and the second baseman, just touching the base with his toe to put Jumbo out on a forced run, made a clean throw to first that put out the batsman also.

The scientists marked down upon the calendars of their memory the fact that they had seen two preparatory school teams play a nine-inning game without scoring a run. The others in the crowd only felt sick with hope deferred, and wondered if that home plate were going to be another north pole.

The Charleston third baseman came to the bat first for his side in the tenth inning, and he struck out. The left-fielder followed him, and by knocking a little bunt that buzzed like a top just in front of the plate managed to agonize his way to first base before Reddy and Heady could field the ball—both of them having jumped for it and reached it at the same time. But this man, making a rash and foolish effort to steal second, was put out before he could accomplish the theft, Heady having made a wonderful throw.

The Charleston short-stop reached second on a fly muffed by the Kingston right-fielder.

And now once more the redoubtable Charleston catcher appeared at the bat. Once more he showed his understanding of Reddy's science. This time he was evidently determined to wipe out the mistake he had made of too great haste on his previous home runs. After warming up with two strikes and letting three balls pass, he found the ball where he wanted it, and drove out into left field a magnificent fly.

Sleepy saw it coming, and turning, ran to the best of his ability for the uttermost edge of his field, hoping only to delay the course of the ball. At length it overtook him, and even as he ran he sprang into the air and struck it as if he would bat it back to the home plate.

It did not stick to his fingers, but none of the scorers counted it as an error on the clean score beside his name under the letter E. He had not achieved the impossible of catching it, but he had done the next best thing: he had knocked it to the ground and run it down in two or three steps, and turned, and drawing backward till the ball almost touched the grass behind him, had strained every muscle

with a furious lunge, and sent the ball flying for home in a desperate race with the Charleston short-stop, who had passed third base and was sprinting for dear life homeward.

At the plate stood Heady, beckoning the carrier-pigeon home with frantic hope, Sawed-Off and Reddy both rushing to get behind him and back him up.

With a gasp of resolve the Charleston runner, seeing by Heady's eyes that the ball was just at hand, flung himself to the ground, hoping to lay at least a finger-tip on the plate. But there was a quick thwack as the ball struck Heady's gloves, there was a stinging blow at the Charlestonian's right shoulder-blade, and the shrill cry of the umpire:

"Out!"

And now Sleepy opened the second half of the tenth inning. He had a little splutter of applause for his magnificent throw when he came to the plate, but either he was dreaming of base-hits and did not hear it, or he was too lazy to lift his hat, for he made no sign of recognition. He made a sign of recognition of the Charleston pitcher's first upshoot, however, for he sent it spinning leisurely down into right field—so leisurely that even he beat it to first base. The Kingston right-fielder now atoned for his previous error by a ringing hit that took Sleepy on a comfortable jog to second base and placed him safely on third.

Then Reddy came to the bat. He was saved the chagrin of striking out to his deadly rival, but the hit he knocked was only a little fly that the pitcher caught. The two base-runners, however, had not had great expectations of Reddy's batting prowess, so they did not stray far from their bases and were not caught napping.

Now Tug came to the bat, and while he was gathering his strength for a death-dealing blow at the ball, the two base-runners made ready to take advantage of anything he should hit. The right-fielder played off too far, and, to Tug's despair, was caught by a quick throw from the pitcher to the first baseman.

Tug's heart turned sick within him, for there were two men out, and the only man on base was Sleepy, who could never be counted on to make a two-base run on a one-base hit.

As Tug stood bewailing his fate, the ball shot past him, and the umpire cried:

"Strike—one!"

Tug shook himself together with a jolt, and struck furiously at the next ball.

"Strike—two!" sang the umpire.

And now the umpire had upon his lips the fatal words:

"Strike—three!"

For as he looked down the line traced in the air by the ball, he saw that Tug had mis-

And since the game was now Kingston's, no one waited to see whether Heady would have knocked a home run or struck out. He was not even allowed a chance to bat.

CONCLUSION.

THERE was great rejoicing in Kingston that night, much croaking of tin horns, and much building of bonfires. The athletic year had been remarkably successful, and every one real-



BURNING THE TEXT-BOOKS.

judged it. But for once science meant suicide; for though Tug struck wild, the ball condescendingly curved down and fell full and fair upon the bat, dancing off again over the first baseman's head and toward the feet of the right-fielder. This worthy player ran swiftly for it and bent forward, but he could not reach it. It struck him a smarting whack on the instep, and bounded off outside the foul-line; and while he limped painfully after it there was time even for the sleepy Sleepy to reach the plate and score a run.

And then the right-fielder, half blinded with pain, threw the ball at nobody in particular, and it went into the crowd back of third base, and Tug came in unopposed.

ized the vital part played in that success by the men from Lakerim—the Dozen, who had made some enemies, as all active people must, and had made many more friends, as all active people may.

The rejoicing of the Lakerimmers themselves had a faint tang of regret; for, while they were all to go back to the same town together for their vacation, yet they knew that this would be the last year of school life they could ever spend together. Next year History, Punk, Sawed-Off, and Jumbo were to go to college. The others had at least one more year of preparatory work.

And they thought, too, that this first separation into two parts was only the beginning of

many separations, that might finally scatter them over the four quarters of the globe.

There was Bobbles, for instance, who had an uncle who was a great sugar magnate in the Hawaiian Islands, and had offered him a position there whenever he was ready for it.

B. J. had been promised an appointment to Annapolis, for he would be a sailor and an officer of Uncle Sam's navy. And Tug had been offered a chance to try for West Point, and there were no terrors for him in either the rigid mental or the physical examinations. Pretty, who had shown a wonderful gift for modeling in clay, was going some day to Paris to study sculpture. And Quiz looked forward to being a lawyer.

The Twins would go into business. Since their father's busy sawmill property would be divided equally between them, and, as they thought it out, could not very well be divided, they must make the best of life together. It promised to be a lively existence, but a pleasant withal.

History hoped to be a great writer some day, and Punk would be a professor of something staid and quiet, Latin most probably.

Sawed-Off and Jumbo had not made up their minds as to just what the future was to hold for them, but they agreed that it must be a something in partnership.

Sleepy had never a fancy of what coming years should bring him to do; he preferred to postpone the unpleasant task of making up his mind, and only took the trouble to hope that the future would give him something that offered plenty of time for sleeping and eating.

Late into the night the Twelve sat around a dancing bonfire, their eyes twinkling at the

memory of old victories and defeats, of struggles that were pleasant, whatever their outcome, just because they were struggles.

At length Sleepy got himself to his feet with much difficulty.

"Going to bed?" Jumbo sang out.

"Nope," drawled Sleepy, and disappeared into the darkness.

They all smiled at the thought of him, whom none of them respected and all loved.

In a space of time quite short for him Sleepy returned with an arm-load of books—the text-books that had given him so much trouble and would have given him more had they had the chance offered them.

"Fire 's getting low," was all he said, and he dumped the school-books into the blaze.

The eleven others knew that they had passed every examination either brilliantly or, at the worst, well enough to scrape through. Sleepy did not even know whether he had failed or not. But the next morning he found out that he should sadly need next year those books that were charred cinders in a corner of the campus, and should have to replace them out of his spending-money.

That night, however, he was blessed in his ignorance, and having made a pyre of his tormentors, he shared the gaiety of the others.

When it grew very late silence gradually fell on the chattering Twelve. The beauty of the night and the presence of all the Dozen seemed to be speech enough.

Finally the fire fell asleep, and with one mind they all rose and, standing in a circle about the glimmering ashes, clasped hands in eternal friendship and said:

"Good night."





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HIS SON.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

“ADMIRAL,” from a Hebrew verb, *amar*, to rule, is the Arabic *amir-al*, meaning the ruler, and is the title of the highest naval officer, as “general” is the title for the highest military rank. Congress introduced the rank in 1864 for David Glasgow Farragut, whose father was a Spaniard. David Dixon Porter was the second, George Dewey is our third admiral.

George Dewey was born in Montpelier, Vermont, the day after Christmas in 1837—the year Ericsson, of “Monitor” fame, first applied the screw-propeller to steamships; and yet this great improvement came so slowly into use that the first vessel on which Dewey, at the age of twenty-five, served as a lieutenant was a side-wheeler. The Deweys are of English descent, and

George's father was a country doctor, who, in 1825, married Mary Perrin. There were four children — three boys, George being the third, and a daughter, the youngest. The stories told of George's boyhood show him to have been a plucky and manly little youngster, whom his father called his "little hero." He was wiry, active, fond of "Robinson Crusoe," and never afraid of a fight for good cause. He went barefoot, gave theatrical shows in the barn, and was altogether the sort of boy that boys like — such a nice little chap as may be found in nearly every schoolhouse in the land.

At fifteen he went to the Norwich Military Academy, and while there decided to enter Annapolis, winning his father's consent with difficulty. Entering the Naval Academy at seventeen, Dewey graduated in 1858, standing fifth in a class of fourteen. He was popular, and an especially good swimmer and athlete. For two years he cruised as a midshipman in the Mediterranean, and upon his return passed his examination with credit, and was commissioned lieutenant.

When the Civil War began, Dewey was appointed first lieutenant on the United States steamer "Mississippi," a side-wheeler, — one of the oldest vessels in the navy, — commanded by Captain Melancthon Smith. This vessel was part of Farragut's Gulf Squadron, and was hotly engaged in opening the Mississippi River and taking New Orleans in 1862. Dewey stood on the bridge during the fight with Forts Jackson and St. Philip, — when the Union and Confederate gunners were so near that they could exchange words, — and the young officer was conspicuous for his cool bravery and efficient service. On the way up the river, Dewey's vessel drove ashore and destroyed the Confederate ram "Manassas."

Farragut afterward said to Dewey's father:

"Sir, your son George is a worthy and a brave officer. He has an honorable record, and some day will make his own mark."

But Farragut would have been amazed if he could have known that, of all the officers of the navy, this young officer would be second to succeed him as admiral of the navy, and would win his promotion in battle with the Spaniards, the countrymen of Farragut's father.

The next year brought disaster to the Mississippi. She grounded during the battle at Port Hudson, and was burned. Dewey was active in taking off the crew, and afterward escaped, with the loss, it is said, of his coat-tails!

The young lieutenant continued in active service, and in the fights with Fort Fisher, in 1864 and 1865, showed his cleverness by going so close to the shore in the "Colorado" that the enemy's shot went over the vessel.

In March, 1865, Dewey was appointed lieutenant commander.

After the Civil War, Dewey was in service on the "Kearsarge" and the Colorado; and in 1867 he married Miss Susan Goodwin, daughter of a governor of New Hampshire. To pass rapidly over the peaceful years that follow, it will suffice to say that Dewey was at the Naval Academy till 1870, when he took command of the "Narragansett"; in 1875 he was appointed Commander, and served on the Lighthouse Board; in 1882 he was in the Asiatic Squadron, commanding the "Juniata," — thus acquiring his first knowledge of Eastern waters, — and two years later became captain of the "Dolphin," and afterward of the "Pensacola" in the European Squadron.

His subsequent service included work on the Lighthouse Board and the Bureau of Equipment; and as Commodore he was head of the Board of Inspection and Survey. It is not strange that the admiral is a man thoroughly equipped, after so long a service in peace and war.

In November, 1897, his health not being good, Dewey asked to be assigned to sea service, and was sent to command our squadron in the East, and was at Hong-Kong when the war with Spain began.

The English authorities had to order the American vessels to leave within twenty-four hours after the declaration of war, and on April 25 Dewey, in the "Olympia," the flagship, followed the part of his squadron that had left the day before.

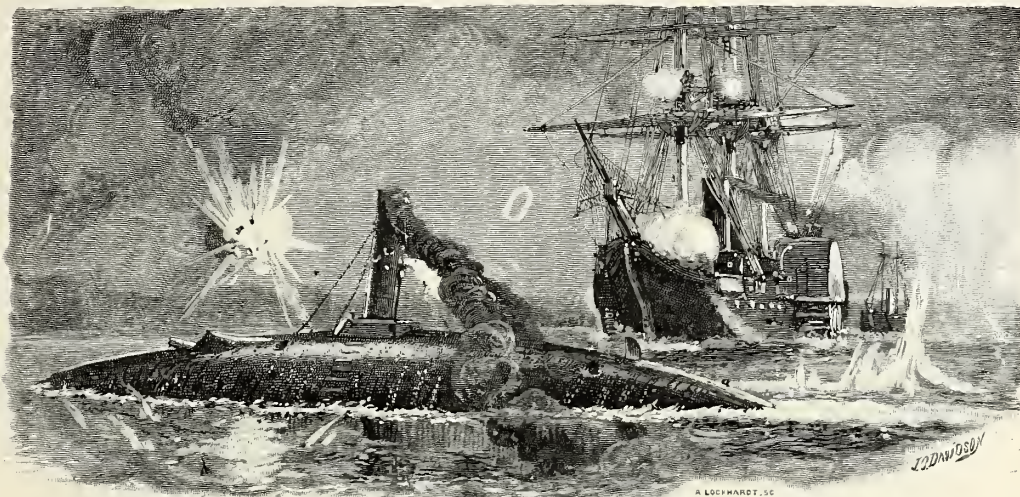
The band on the flagship played the "El Capitan" march, and the war-vessels steered straight for the Philippines. Two days later the squadron was off Luzon Island, and that night they passed the fort on Corregidor Island,

six hundred feet above the sea, and entered Manila Bay.

The battle that followed has been enough described. Let us only say that the Spanish

as news of the victory reached Washington, and an admiral's flag was hoisted on the Olympia.

For more than two months Dewey's position was one of serious anxiety; but on July 17



THE "MISSISSIPPI" DRIVES THE CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS" ASHORE.

flagship, "Reina Christina," made a gallant attempt to reach the Olympia, and lost 340 men in a few minutes. The American war-ships destroyed all the Spanish vessels, and suffered no damage worth mentioning. One Spanish shell cut the rigging four feet above Dewey's head as he stood on the bridge.

Just after one o'clock the Spanish hauled down their flags, and then Dewey said of his men: "I've the prettiest lot of men that ever stepped on shipboard, and their hearts are as stout as their ships." An officer who was in the fight said of Dewey: "He is worshiped by his men. He is a magnificent theorist, a genius in management, and one of the greatest sea-fighters the century has produced."

Destroying the Spanish vessels was only the beginning of Dewey's triumph at Manila. Difficult questions arose regarding the Spanish armies ashore, the foreign war-ships in the bay, the possible arrival of a second Spanish naval force, the furnishing of provisions, of coal, of ammunition. Problems of management in regard to the treatment of the insurgents, and in regard to intervention between the natives and the Spaniards, came up daily.

Dewey was appointed Rear-Admiral as soon

word came that Cervera's ships had been destroyed off Santiago, and that Camara's vessels, which were believed to be on their way to attack Dewey, had been recalled—this welcome message being brought by a Japanese steamer.

August 13 Manila was surrendered, and, owing to Admiral Dewey's wise diplomacy, there was only a show of resistance.

Once, during Dewey's occupation of the bay, the insurgent leader, Aguinaldo, tried to prevent the Americans from receiving provisions; but Dewey sent word to him that this interference "had got to stop!—had got to stop!—had got to stop!"—and next day the provisions arrived. He was equally firm with the foreign naval officers, telling them plainly that if they kept the peace he would do the same, but that if they wanted war "they could have it."

The Spanish say of Dewey's treatment of them, after the surrender, "He was neither cruel, haughty, nor bloodthirsty."

Upon the arrival of the military force Admiral Dewey was able to lay aside the burden of responsibility he had borne so long; and then, his health being somewhat impaired by his arduous duties, he was ordered home.

March 3, 1899, he was made Admiral of the navy.

The whole nation will receive him with the warmest welcome and the highest honors.

And the admiral is the same modest, capable officer as before all these glories. He said good-naturedly, not long ago, to a correspondent: "It 's hard business, this being a hero."



ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE "OLYMPIA," WATCHING THE EFFECT OF SHELLS, AUGUST 13.
(DEWEY IS THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE LEFT, ON THE BRIDGE.)

Congress appropriated ten thousand dollars to provide bronze medals for the men of his fleet, and a sword of honor for the admiral himself. This sword will be presented to him on the steps of the White House by the President — an unprecedented distinction.

As an English naval officer, an excellent authority says: "In ignoring all risks, and, like Farragut at Mobile, making straight for his objective,—the enemy's squadron,—Dewey followed the best naval traditions, and fully deserved his success." And he adds: "In the

difficult situation which followed the surrender of Manila on August 13, and subsequently, Dewey showed the greatest tact and discretion."

Personally, Admiral Dewey is a man of quiet humor, cheerful, not talkative, but direct and effective in speech. He has an especial hatred of lying and deceit, though easy with his men for minor faults. He is a quick thinker, a thoroughly trained officer, and has the liking for neatness that shows a systematic mind.

He is said to be fond of children, being known

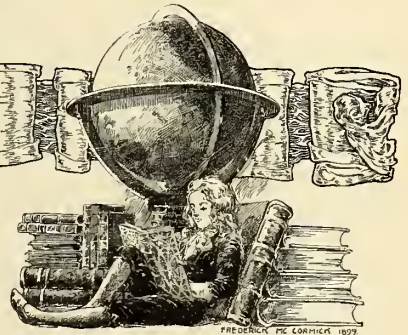
as "Uncle Captain" to the children of his neighbors, to whom he often tells stories. He can sing and play the guitar, is courteous and approachable when off duty, and is fond of riding and hunting.

Altogether a man for every American to be proud of—not forgetting that the navy has plenty of the same type, as Admiral Dewey would be the very first to assert.

May Admiral George Dewey live long to enjoy his well-deserved honors!



BOOKS AND READING.



WE regret that pressure of other editorial duties has prevented the preparation of the list of one hundred books for a Young Folks' Library. We shall have to ask the indulgence of our readers until a later number.

THE GOOD WORK OF A LIBRARY LEAGUE.

MANY of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have heard of the Children's Street-Cleaning League of New York. I want to tell you how this same Street-Cleaning League suggested one of the most fascinating of children's clubs to Miss Linda A. Eastman and Miss Pierce, of the Cleveland Public Library.

They had seen the attractive new books come from the publishers with their gay covers, and between the covers the thoughts of many a man or woman who had devoted his or her life and knowledge to the children; and they had seen these books go into the homes of some little people and return, alas! soiled, torn, and dog-eared, all their beauty and freshness vanished forever. Miss Eastman and Miss Pierce reasoned somewhat in this way: "If the children of New York can do so much toward keeping the streets clean, why cannot the Cleveland children do as much for clean books?"

The late Rev. Henry Doty Maxson, of Menominee, Wisconsin, composed a book-

mark for the children of the Mabel Taintor Memorial Library. It is used in a great many large libraries, among them the Cleveland. It reads:

CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BOOK-MARK.

"Once on a time" a Library Book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You would n't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

The demand for these book-marks among the Cleveland children became so great that ten thousand copies were soon exhausted, and fifty thousand more were printed. Miss Eastman and Miss Pierce thought the matter over, then reasoned thus: If the children are so enthusiastic over the *idea* of clean books, why not form a league after the plan of the Children's Street-Cleaning League of New York, to make clean books something more than an idea?

On March 29, 1897, a bulletin was posted in the juvenile alcove of the Cleveland Public Library, inviting all the children to join the Library League; invitations were also sent to the city schools. And join it they did. They flocked by hundreds to sign the honor-roll, which reads as follows:

HONOR-ROLL OF THE LIBRARY LEAGUE.

We, the undersigned, members of the Library League, agree to do all in our power to assist the librarian in keeping the books in good condition.

We promise to remember that good books contain the living thoughts of good and great men and women, and are therefore entitled to respect.

We will not handle any library book roughly nor carelessly, will not mark it, turn down its leaves, nor put anything into it thicker than a slip of paper.

We will also do all in our power to interest other boys and girls in the right care of books, and will report all that we find in bad condition.

We promise to be quiet and orderly in the library, so as not to disturb any one who comes to read or study.

Each member received a certificate, and on payment of three cents became the proud possessor of a League badge, consisting of an open book of white metal with the words "Cleveland Library League" inscribed across its pages.

The League has not stopped with simply keeping the books clean, but it has formed itself into reading clubs—one a travel club, another a biography club, and so on. The Maxson book-mark has been extended into a series of book-marks, upon which there have been printed Library League news, lists of good books, and a little continued story.

Saturday afternoon, November 6, 1897, was an exciting occasion. A grand mass-meeting of the League was held in Music Hall, the largest auditorium of Cleveland, and nearly five thousand children were present.

The children sang the League song, written by Miss Glasier, with the chorus:

Oh, we are the League, the Library League,
Fourteen thousand strong,
And if you value the bright new books,
Join us and help us along.

Mr. Brett, the librarian, made a speech, and the program was completed by an exhibition of stereopticon views. If the enthusiasm of the children was a true indication, the mass-meeting was a great success.

On the League's first birthday, Tuesday, March 29, 1898, it had fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-four members.

Other libraries have followed in the wake of Cleveland, conspicuous among them being the James Prendergast Library in Jamestown, New York. In October, 1897, Miss Hazeltine, the librarian, started the Library League on the day of the opening of the children's room. This attractive room, belonging entirely to the little people of Jamestown, was decorated with autumn leaves and pictures. Near the entrance hung a framed copy of the League honor-roll. Magazines lay on the small oak tables, and the books were enticingly arranged on shelves around the room. Over one thousand children were present.

The League is still in its infancy, but if it grows as rapidly in proportion for the next ten years as it has for the past year, its future is one of importance.

What a wealth and variety of entertainment it opens up for its members, many of whom have never touched a book nor heard a fairy-tale, nor known a single hour of pure enjoyment in their little lives! With its attractive children's room, books, pictures, and its jolly club meetings, it brings them new life, new thoughts, new imaginations, and new companionships.

THE LIBRARY LEAGUE MOTTO.

Clean hearts, clean hands, clean books.

Frances Jenkins Olcott,
Of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Pa.

CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICS.

GLASS STREETS AND GLASS HOUSES. M. LOUIS GARCHY, who is a native of Burgundy, France, has discovered a method of melting up all kinds of old glass, such as bottles, broken window-panes, and so forth, and casting it into blocks which, he claims, are as hard and durable as any stone.

The authorities of Lyons, the largest city in Burgundy, gave him permission to lay his new material as a pavement on one of the most traveled streets of the city. The work was finished last November, and although the pavement has had constant wear, it is as good now as when first laid.

This success has attracted great attention to "ceramic stone," "devitrified glass," or "ceramo-crystal," as the new substance is called.

The inventor intends to build a house of ceramic stone for the Paris Exposition next year, in which he will show all that can be done with glass as a building material. This house will be translucent enough to allow people on the outside to get the benefit of the light from within, without being so clear that they can see what the people inside are doing. It ought to be a beautiful spectacle. The inventor says he feels confident that in three years' time glass houses will be so common that they will scarcely attract attention. And they will also be so strong that the inmates can throw all the stones they choose without fear of having their dwellings knocked about their ears in return, which shows that it takes a lively proverb to keep up with modern inventors.

The advantages of the new material are, first, its durability. Water ruins stone by getting into its pores and freezing, thus breaking off piece after piece. Of course this cannot happen to ceramic stone. The second advantage is its cleanliness. What could be nicer than a glass street? The dirt cannot stick to it. The third advantage is its beauty. It can be made in a variety of colors, and a row of houses built of it, gleaming red, green, and blue, would seem an architectural fairy-story.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES. In some of the large cities of this country there are streets which are simply deep and narrow cañons. Light comes into the lower floors of these buildings at such an angle that very little of it reaches the rooms, and people who work in such offices have to use gas or electric light all day long, and are almost as much shut off from the blessed sunlight as the toilers in a coal-mine. A recent invention is intended to improve this condition. The plan is to have the window-panes made so that they will reflect the light from the sky straight into the room. One way of doing this is to have the panes made of a number of prisms, that catch the light and throw it sideways; but these are very expensive. A cheaper way is to have the pane made up of a number of strips of glass arranged to send the light where it is needed. So ingenuity cures an evil that man made for himself.

AN ANIMATED IRONCLAD. It is said that there exists in the interior of Patagonia a bullet-proof animal, who rejoices in the pleasant name of *Neomylodon listai Ameghino*. "Mylodon" is a Greek word which has been applied to a fossil sloth-like animal, and "neo," which is also from the Greek, means "new." The neomylodon is described as dreadful to look upon. It has very long claws, and cannot be killed, because its skin is too hard to be pierced by a bullet or any weapon. It seems too hard to believe that in our day there lives a brute who would regard a Gatling-gun attack as of no more moment than a rainstorm!

However, Dr. F. Moreno, the English commissioner to the Argentine Republic, recently brought the skin of one of these remarkable quadrupeds to London, where it is to be placed in the museum. The animal from which the skin was taken is thought to have been about the size of a cow. An English expedition to Patagonia hopes to obtain both the skin and skeleton of a neomylodon.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN our November number every reader of ST. NICHOLAS will find something of unusual interest. In fact, we shall tell you next month all about a new society or league to be formed by ST. NICHOLAS for its great army of boys and girls. Every reader of the magazine will be entitled to membership in the organization; there are soon to be badges and prize competitions for all, and the League will have a special department of its own in the magazine.

We believe our boys and girls will find pleasure and profit in working and winning and marching together under one badge and banner, as "THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE." November will tell you all about it, and if you have friends who do not see ST. NICHOLAS regularly, they may be glad to hear about the new organization.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS recently wrote to inquire where she could find a short account, suitable for children's reading, of the life of Admiral Dewey.

ST. NICHOLAS publishes in this number an account containing the essential facts of the Admiral's career.

READERS of Miss Proctor's account of the "Southern Cross" will be interested in the diagram shown here.



The grouping of stars into constellations being wholly a matter of fancy, any one may draw the figures as he thinks best. This diagram, being in white on black,

gives an excellent (though an exaggerated) idea of the brilliancy of the constellation. Of course young readers must understand that the size of the main stars is greatly increased in this diagram — which is not meant to resemble the real constellation.

Heraldry has made use of every sort of device, and the Southern Cross is not an exception. The Emperor Charles V. gave the four chief stars as armorial bearings to the historian OVIEDO, who lived thirty-four years in Spanish America.

Savages, too, know the constellation, and the native Australians consider this group of stars to represent a tree, with an opossum among the branches and an emu at its foot.

HERE is a little notion, old enough to be new, that will suit autumn harvest-days:

APPLE-PIP MICE.

TAKE some fat pips from a good healthy apple, and let them dry. Do not let them dry too long a time, or they will be too brittle.

The general shape is more rounded on one of the narrow sides than the other. Regard this as the back of the intended mouse, and holding it between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, with this back up, and the point or nose toward you, begin with the ears by cutting a delicate slice, without detaching it, from each side of the head. Start the cut well up on the side of the back — fully one third. In doing this, you must use the fine blade of a very fine penknife, extremely sharp, so cut slowly, and be very careful to guard against a slip, which might cause a painful cut of a finger.

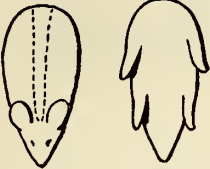
Then make the eyes by twirling the point of the knife where the eyes should be.

The under side or other edge of a well-formed pip is somewhat flat, and kindly lends itself to the next opera-

tion—the cutting of the feet. Cut the fore feet first, and do not cut them too far, or they will come off when you begin cutting the hind feet. The same caution is to be used as in cutting the ears, not to detach them.



Side View.



Top Edge. Under-side.

DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE APPLE-PIPS ARE CUT.

Now comes the most ticklish touch of all, the cutting of the tail. So as not to damage them in handling, press down the ears and feet. Turning the back up and the nose away from you, begin right behind the ears by starting a very slim slice along the ridge. Some seeds have a slight ridge here, and this will assist you. Carry



THE MICE COMPLETED.

the cut very carefully, delicately and slightly widening it, well over and full down the rounded end of the pip. Then, being very careful not to break it off after all this labor, turn the tail full back and down, when it will be found to have quite a graceful curve. And when you open out the ears and legs again, and set down the pip complete, your friends will be surprised to see what a lifelike animal in miniature your apple-pip mouse is.

HENRY W. TROY.

WAITATI, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you, and I hope it will not be the last. I enjoy reading you very much, and am always glad when you come by the post.

I live at Waitati, a place in Otago. Waitati is a Maori name. *Wai* means water, and *tati* clear; so Waitati means "the place of clear water." Waitati is about thirteen miles by road and seventeen by rail from Dunedin, the chief town of Otago. The scenery here is beautiful, and during the summer months the place is crowded with tourists from all parts. When the annual meeting of the Council of the Educational Institute of New Zealand was held in Dunedin, the delegates drove out to Waitati and spent a most enjoyable day. The Australian Cricketers' Eleven also drove out, and altogether Waitati is a very popular holiday resort.

My father is the editor of "Schoolmates," a children's

journal circulated monthly, and also of "The New Zealand Journal of Education." He gets a great many journals from America, and is on the exchange list with many of them (as with you).

The stories I like best in you are "Margaret Clyde's Extra," "The Story of Betty," "Big Jack," and "An Invincible Horse-Tamer." I think the poetry in you so beautiful. My favorites are "The Raid of the Raffertys" and "The Don's Boots." I am also very interested in the Letter-box, and the article about stamps (of which I am a collector). I have not seen any letters from this part of New Zealand in the Letter-box, but I saw one from Hawera Taranaki Province.

Hoping to see my letter in ST. NICHOLAS,

I remain, your admiring reader,

DOCY DAVIDSON.

BUDAPEST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although we have been reading you for two years, we do not remember to have seen a letter from either our city or our country, and we think you and your readers will be interested to hear something about the Hungarians and their country. We live in Budapest, which is the capital of Hungary. It is quite a large city with about 800,000 inhabitants, and is beautifully situated on both sides of the Danube. There is an electric underground railway, which goes very rapidly. We are not all Hungarian, because our mother was born in Chicago. We have cousins there, who enjoy you also. Two years ago we were in the United States for the second time, and there you were given us as a gift.

You may, perhaps, like to hear something about the farms here, which are different from those in America, and mostly are very large. They are called *puszta* (poostah), and you can see the "Fata Morgana" often.

The costumes of the male peasants are: a divided skirt of white linen, and their jackets have large silver buttons. You do not know, perhaps, that our national tongue is the Hungarian language, and in the schools everything is taught in this tongue.

Our favorite stories are: the "Lakerim" stories, "Quicksilver Sue," "Betty," and "Trinity Bells."

Your admiring readers,

JOSEPH AND MARGARET STRASSER.

AN EXCELLENT SCISSORS-ARTIST.

IN the ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1896, we all read with interest an account of the earliest artistic work of Charles Dana Gibson.



"SIT UP, PONTO!"

But how much easier is it to tell of the past than to predict the future—and how much safer!

Now, the writer feels inclined to share with the readers



GIVING "DOBBIN" A DRINK AT THE PUMP.

of ST. NICHOLAS the knowledge that there is another young artist whose scissors are believed to portend great things.

On a ranch in Montana lives a young girl who is similarly gifted. Before she was able to walk, she amused herself by cutting outline pictures of the things she saw. She works very rapidly, the silhouettes here shown having all been cut in less than half an hour. The scissors used were a large, clumsy, dull pair of shears, and handled in the same way as young Gibson was represented as handling his—turning the paper and not the scissors.

She does not cut from pictures, but from ideas of her own or something she has seen.

How her work compares with the early work of the now renowned artist, each must judge for himself; but



"BIDDY" WANTS THE CHICK.

who can look at the scissors silhouettes that, with little apparent effort, drop from her nimble fingers, without wondering, "What will be her future?"

EDWARD EVERETT BILLINGS.

We thank our young friends for their pleasant letters, but many can receive only a few words of notice:

C. Ethel Knecht sends a bright little poem from Saranac Lake, N. Y.

R. E. S. writes a chatty letter from a hospital. She has taken ST. NICHOLAS for six years.

Miriam Bennett tells of a pet chipmunk belonging to

her brother. ST. NICHOLAS will soon print a long story about a most remarkable chipmunk.

Helen Powers thinks "Trinity Bells" the nicest of all the stories.

Anna Hartman expresses her pleasure in the poems of Virginia Woodward Cloud.

E. S. B. sends us a poem written by his father at the age of ten—a very clever piece of verse.

Amy M. Walker is the happy possessor of a new sister.

Mary Frances Brigham's letter is very charming.

Margery A. Bacon tells of a cottage named "Cricket Nook," where she spent the summer.

Gertrude Morris Cookman is "perfectly delighted" with ST. NICHOLAS, and "hails each number with great delight."

Amy Poppe sends us some rhymes that are very creditable to a twelve-year-old.

Julia H. Mayer thinks "Quicksilver Sue" and "Betty" very interesting.

"*Posy*" sends a nicely written little letter full of news.

J. E. Fagen says their letter-carrier always has a heavy mail on the 25th—the day ST. NICHOLAS comes.

Hildegard Gerhard says her little donkey, seventeen years old, often lies down in the street, but she just unharnesses him and makes him get up.

Sidney Watson's birthday is the 12th of August, and he was 12 on his last birthday. He says he closes, "hopping to see his letter in print." We hope he won't be kept hopping too long. His letter is interesting, and well written.

Ellen Stuart has a friend, and a large oak-tree with a swing in it; so her comfort is provided for.

Margaret Du Bose sends a rhymed story about "Tom Thumb" with her own illustrations.

E. R. D. has a saddle-horse, but the saddle was burned in a barn, and E. R. D. can't ride at present. We are sorry -- but Christmas is coming.

Pamela Moore has taken ST. NICHOLAS from the beginning. We wonder how many have always subscribed for it?

Marie E. Allen "enjoys the stories just as much" as her sister Edith, the one who subscribes.

Elise Paulin is a little girl who sends a big letter.

Lucy Kent enjoyed "Denise and Ned Toodles" more than any recent serial.

Miriam Low and *Mary Hutchinson* are collectors of stamps, and have over 1400 together. They also play croquet nearly every evening.

David Galway and *Harold H. Griswold* are young photographers, and wrote us some time ago about a camera club. We regret the delay in noticing their letter.



