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"ROMANCE."

ST. NICHOLAS.

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ROMANCE.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

DOWN from the sunken door-step to the road,
Through a warm garden full of old-time flowers,
Stretches a pathway, where the wrinkled toad
Sits lost in sunlight through long summer hours.

Ah, little dream the passers in the street,
That there, a few yards from the old house door,
Just where the apple and the pear trees meet,
The noble deeds of old are lived once more!

That there, within the gold-lit wavering shade,
To Joan of Arc angelic voices sing,
And once again the brave inspired maid
Gives up her life for France and for her king.

Or now no more the fields of France are seen,—
They change to England's rougher, colder shore,
Where rules Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen,
Or where King Arthur holds his court once more.

The stupid village folk they cannot see;
Their eyes are old, and as they pass their way,
It only seems to them beneath the tree
They see a little dark-eyed girl at play.

A DASH WITH DOGS FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

(*An Arctic Story Founded on Fact.*)

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

FROM the northern part of Hudson's Bay, already arctic in character, stretches far toward the pole a deep inlet, which some early navigator of those desolate polar shores has termed Roe's Welcome—as if anything within that ice-bound and lonely coast could be welcome to a person just from civilization! The name no doubt was given in memory of some escape from the drifting ice-packs, when the inlet furnished refuge from one of the fierce storms of that polar region.

Roe's Welcome is a famed hunting-place for the great polar whale, or "bowhead" as the whalers call it. This huge whale, which is indeed immense in size, often makes his home among the great ice-packs and ice-fields of the polar seas, and a goodly quantity of these it finds in Roe's Welcome. But these ice-packs, swinging to and fro with the tides, currents, and winds in such a long narrow inlet as this, render navigation dangerous even for the stanch whaling-ships, and they generally make their fishing-grounds off the lower mouth of the great inlet, where the cruising is much safer if not always so profitable. Occasionally, when some exceptionally good ice-master is in charge of a whaler he dashes into the better fishing-grounds for a short cruise; another less skilful, lured by the brighter prospects, or discouraged by a poor catch outside, enters the inlet, and either reaps a rich harvest of oil and bone, or wrecks his vessel. Or he may even escape, after an imprisonment in the grip of the merciless ice-fetters for a year or two longer than he had intended to stay.

Such was the fate of the good ship "Glad-iator," from a well-known whaling port in southeastern Massachusetts. She sailed to the northernmost end of the "Welcome," as the whalers call it, and, after a most profitable catch of "bowheads," had the ill-fortune to

remain firmly bound in the ice for two years. During this long time, much longer than that for which the vessel had been provisioned, the crew were dependent on the many Eskimos who clustered around the ship. The natives supplied them with ample quantities of reindeer, musk-ox, seal, and walrus-meat in return for small quantities of molasses and coffee. Their companionship, too, rude as it was, did much to while away the dreary, lonely hours of the two years' imprisonment.

But the lonesome and inactive life was most trying to the more energetic of the crew.

Many ingenious expedients were resorted to by both officers and men to keep themselves free from mental and physical depression. Of course many of these were friendly outdoor games, near the ship, on the smooth ice-floe that had formed around her. In these sports, the Eskimos rudely but good-naturedly joined.

As the days grew longer, in the spring, walks were taken, but when several of the sailors had lost their way, orders were given that the ship should be kept in sight on these excursions, that not less than two white men should be in a party, and that an Eskimo must be with every party going more than a mile from the vessel.

The ship lay in a large bay, at the upper end of the "Welcome," and her black masts and hull against the white snow of the ice-field could easily be seen many miles away from the high shores of the frozen harbor.

But to one member of the crew were these rules, forbidding the sailors to go ashore singly, particularly disagreeable; for this young man, though a common sailor in the fore-castle, was a man of some education, and had found his pleasantest recreation in long solitary strolls, far away from all signs of life. Feeling that he was superior to those around him, especially to

the savages, in all qualities he valued, he inferred that he must be at least their equal in other respects. He therefore disliked to have dull savages sent with him as guides to show him the way home lest he should be lost on any of his rambles. So he disregarded the orders that had been issued for his own good.

One evening, in the early spring of the second year's imprisonment, this young sailor was missed from the ship's crew at a time when all were usually aboard: he was missed at supper-time.

Although from the meager description I have given of him it might be inferred that he was not popular, yet, though he had enjoyed his lonely tramps till the orders cut them short, no one was more jovial than he when the crew gathered in the forecabin of the vessel. Indeed, his good nature had made him very popular. Consequently there was no little enthusiasm shown in the search that followed. It was so near night that little search was possible before darkness would settle down, a darkness so dense that nothing could be done. A large lamp was swung from the masthead to guide the wanderer home, for it was believed that he could hardly be beyond sight of its rays, and it was hoped that he would return before morning.

A heavy fog came down about midnight, a fog so dense that the lantern's rays cut but a few yards through its heavy mist. Worst of all, the morning saw no break in this thick mist. It was thought that all search must be fruitless, since the man was not likely to be within the limited space that could be covered by the voices of the searchers, or the noise of their firearms. The danger most feared in this part of the arctic regions was a pack of the great polar wolves, for they sometimes band together and attack a traveler who is not well armed. Even if unmolested, a lost wanderer might even starve or freeze to death.

As early as daylight would permit, a number of Eskimos were put on his track with orders to trail him down and rescue him alive, or to bring back his body. Many parties were sent in different directions and urged to do their best to find the lost man. Then every one anxiously awaited their return.

The prospect seemed unpromising. The night had been cold enough to freeze a person who should rest too long; and if the unfortunate man had kept walking (unless he had gone in a circle, or to and fro), it would make a long search for the Eskimo — a search that might not be completed by nightfall.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, an hour before dark, the weather turned colder and the fog lifted, revealing the shores of the whole great bay. The mate of the ship, telescope in hand, ascended to the "crow's-nest," the lookout on the masthead, used when cruising in search of whales, and he scanned the country all around as closely as possible. A few of the searching-parties were made out and reported to those standing below on the ice. Then what appeared to be the figure of a single man was seen on the shore directly across the wide bay, some ten miles distant.

A keen-eyed Eskimo was called up from the throng to verify the mate's discovery. The dark spot they saw was at that moment wonderfully like a man sitting on the snow of the hillside, and in a few moments, as the mate had observed when he first saw it, it was moving.

The figure was closely watched. In a minute or two the black spot elongated and moved down to the shore-line; and the native observer had no hesitation in announcing in loud tones to those below that the figure was that of a white man.

"*Kod-loon-ah! Kod-loon-ah!* (White man! White man!)" he yelled, in a voice that sent the other Eskimos flying in every direction. As the only other persons absent since morning were the Eskimo search-parties, this figure could be none other than the lost sailor.

Many Eskimos were looking for the absent man, but very few of them had taken their dogs and sledges, as it was easier to follow a trail on foot; and, as a consequence, nearly all the dogs were scattered around through the snow-village near the ships, and the best sledges were leaning against the snow-houses. In half an hour it would be so dark that they could do little, and the missing man must be reached before that time. Instantly orders were given to bring together all the best dogs of the village with their harness on, while four or five men

hastily iced the runners of one of the best sledges. Twenty dogs to a single sledge is about the greatest number ever used by these natives, and this large number is uncommon,

a short hard pull has to be made, but never in the history of that region had a double team of perhaps forty fine dogs been known, and especially to draw only an unloaded sledge!

It seemed impossible to foretell how rapidly the swift dogs would go with that mere feather of a light sledge fastened behind them. It would be like fastening two huge locomotives to a hand-car and turning on all steam. The sledge was kept turned upside-down to prevent the dogs from making a bolt forward, which they are prone to do when first hitched, whenever anything ahead attracts their attention; and, to assist the drivers in this restraint of their animals, a great circle of sailors, and Eskimo men, women, and children formed in front of the teams. The best driver of the village turned the iced sledge over carefully and took his position on the right side of the slats, about the middle of the sledge's length, stretched out with his feet to the rear. His companion driver took a similar position on the left side.



HARNESSING THE DOGS.

eight or nine being the usual team. This team, however, increased to a score of dogs before it was really known how strong it had grown, and there were yet some twenty in harness in the hands of the men, women, and boys who had scurried around and picked them up, and were now waiting to have them hitched to the sledge.

Fortunately, the very best dog-driver of the village was present, and, having made a long leading-line of strong sledge-lashing, reaching from the sledge ten or twelve feet beyond the team already hitched, he fastened on a new and second team of twenty dogs. This "doubling of teams" is not very unusual whenever two or more sledges are together on a journey and

The best drivers can use the whip as well in the left as in the right hand. These whips are very long, the lash often being fifteen to twenty feet in length. A strong lashing of seal thongs, woven diagonally across the slats, gave the dog-drivers something to hold on by in their perilous flight across the ice-fields and hummocks to the other side of the bay.

Over the front of the sledge lay one of the drivers with a sharp knife in his hand. It was his duty to cut the trace of any dog that should fall, or of any whose harness was entangled in a projecting hummock of ice, for in such a wild flight there would be no time to unharness it, and it would be dragged to death before the sledge could be stopped. In fact it was very

doubtful whether such a team going at a wild, excited gait could be stopped at all until it had run some five or six miles, enough to take some of the ardor out of the high-spirited animals.

When all was ready, the principal dog-driver gave a signal to the crowd in front of his team, and from the center they parted in both ways to the sides, the dogs jumped on their feet at the well-known warning sound, and started at a trot, which, with a few cuts from the gantlet of whips they had to run, aided by those of the drivers, soon broke into a run, and then the relief-party whisked out of sight like a rocket.

Its further movements could be seen and reported only from the masthead. The race for life or death was begun, and the enemy to contend against was the approaching darkness. Away went the sledge, bounding from the crest of one snow-ridge to that of another, with not

would have ripped the covering, or shoe of ice, from the sledge-runners, and materially lessened their rapid gait.

Anxiously the return of the party was awaited, for it was a long distance to go in the short time before darkness. It was nearly two hours before they returned, and great was the rejoicing of the crew at seeing the lost sailor with them — a rejoicing only exceeded by his own.

The return had been made very leisurely compared with the splendid dash of ten miles out.

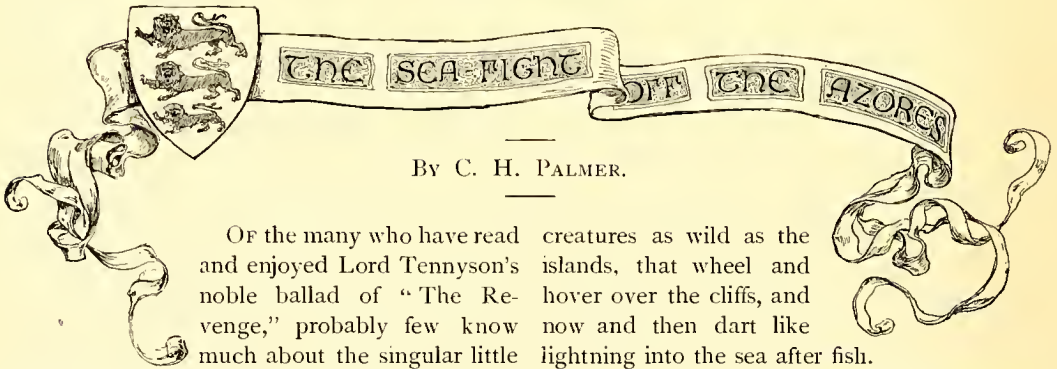
The width of the channel was well known from accurate surveys. Of course there was much curiosity to ascertain what part of the time had been consumed in reaching the lost man, and fortunately he had noted the time by his watch when he first heard the clamor and clatter of the approaching team and urging drivers — for in his terrible anxiety he was con-



"AWAY WENT THE SLEDGE, BOUNDING FROM THE CREST OF ONE SNOW-RIDGE TO THAT OF ANOTHER."

a sign of sledge-track between, except on a few long, almost level stretches. In a few seconds more it had gone so far that, even from the masthead, only its general movements could be noted. Meanwhile the drivers were alert to avoid striking small projecting hummocks of ice, which

stantly counting the rapidly receding minutes as darkness approached. Careful calculations showed that the dash of ten miles was made in twenty-two minutes and a half! — the fastest recorded long run with dogs and sledge in the polar regions.



THE SEA-FIGHT OF THE AZORES

BY C. H. PALMER.

OF the many who have read and enjoyed Lord Tennyson's noble ballad of "The Revenge," probably few know much about the singular little

group of islands, lying well out in the North Atlantic almost eight hundred miles from Portugal, off which the famous fight celebrated by the Laureate took place.

Nothing certain was known about the islands until, about the middle of the fifteenth century, an honest Flemish merchant, hard pressed by stress of weather, took refuge under the lee of their rocky and inhospitable coasts.

Tall, conical peaks of volcanic origin, and wooded almost to the summits; high tablelands covered with trees, shrubs, and tangled undergrowth, and cloven at intervals by tremendous ravines, down which the mountain-torrents fling themselves foaming into the sea; a coast rising everywhere into giant precipices characterize these islands, and, as a final touch to the weirdness of the scene, there is no sound or sight of living thing except the hawks,

creatures as wild as the islands, that wheel and hover over the cliffs, and now and then dart like lightning into the sea after fish.

It is from these birds that the islands derive their name, the Portuguese word for hawk being *açor* (plural *açores*); but the English navigators of the time called the group the "Western Isles"; and doubtless, before the discovery of America, it must have appeared to them situated far toward the mysterious realms of the setting sun.

Our worthy Fleming, returning safely to Lisbon, whither he was bound, reported his discovery to the Portuguese court, which, with commendable enterprise, forthwith despatched a navigator, Cabral, to make inquiries. In this way the island of St. Mary's was discovered, in 1432, but it was not till a quarter of a century later that the position of the whole group was ascertained. The finding of the Azores, however, was a trifle compared with the magnificent discovery of America sixty years later,

and there is little wonder that from that time a mania for voyaging and for colonization began to spread among the more adventurous spirits of Europe.

This feeling, originating among the Spaniards and Portuguese,—especially the latter, who were most bold and successful navigators,—thence by degrees extended to other maritime countries, until, in 1584, nearly a century afterward, we find two English captains, Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, making the first voyage to Virginia. On their return, they gave such a glowing description of the place to Sir Walter Raleigh that the gallant sailor fitted out four vessels on his own account and put them in charge of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, bidding him proceed to the favored land, and there found an English colony.

Now, Sir Richard was the man to do a thing thoroughly. He made straight for Porto Rico with his small squadron; called at Hispaniola, where he had a friendly interview with the Spanish governor and also with a friar, and sailed thence to Florida, exploring in a flat-bottomed boat a totally unknown river for more than fifty miles. He soon planted his colony securely, as he thought, and returned to England, picking up a few unconsidered trifles in the way of Spanish galleons on his voyage home. The daring manner in which one of these vessels was captured is a good illustration of Grenville's reckless courage. He and his men boarded her by means of a raft made out of sea-chests, which fell to pieces as soon as it touched the Spaniard's side. Sir Richard was then forty-five years of age, but his impetuous valor was as little tempered by discretion as when, a fiery youth of sixteen, he volunteered for the German army, and served through a whole campaign against the Turks.

The Virginian colony did not prosper, and Sir Richard, making a second voyage out there with three ships, to succor the men he had left behind, found to his dismay that all trace of the little settlement had disappeared. The colonists, in fact, becoming alarmed by the increasing swarms of savages that surrounded them, had been only too glad to get a passage home by an earlier ship. This was certainly disappointing; but Grenville, who was determined to retain a

hold on the country, settled fifteen other men on the spot, with plenty of arms, and provisions for two years.

There was a good deal of the old viking spirit in Grenville; he came of the same famous western stock that produced Sir Walter Raleigh, his near relative, and many another skilful seaman and dauntless explorer.

We next hear of Grenville, in 1591, as vice-admiral under Lord Thomas Howard of a fleet which had been sent out to intercept the Spanish treasure-ships expected home in the autumn of that year. On the 31st of August, the little English squadron rode at anchor off Flores, the most westerly island of the Azores. Things had not been going very well with them. Many of the sailors were down with coast-fever, so that of the "Bonaventure's" crew not enough remained to handle the mainsail, and ninety men belonging to the "Revenge" were on the sick list. The remainder of the fleet was in little better case, and, to make matters worse, they had run short of water and provisions, and the vessels were light for want of ballast. The squadron consisted of the *Revenge*, Grenville's ship, the "Defiance," which bore the flag of Admiral Lord Thomas Howard, the "Lion," the *Bonaventure*, the "Foresight," and two small provision-ships.

The bright sun of the Azores illuminated a bustling scene, on that August afternoon just three hundred years ago. Boats laden with ballast and fresh provisions were busily plying between the vessels and the shore. More than half the crews were ashore, haggling and chaffering with the inhabitants in broken Spanish, and thereby giving rise to altercations which ended as often as not in blows—Jack being very apt to cut short a tedious bargain. Now and then Admiral Howard or Vice-Admiral Grenville would sweep the horizon with anxious glances, for the Spanish fleet was surmised to be in the neighborhood, and its force, though unknown, was likely to be considerable. Nothing was to be seen, however, but the cloudless sky and a sea, calm for the Atlantic, whereon the blue waves rose and fell playfully, breaking here and there into long white lines of foam.

After such a look around, we can imagine Sir Richard Grenville, whose vessel lay nearest the

shore, calling out to his "lazy loons" to bestir themselves if they did not wish to see the inside of a Spanish prison.

Presently a cry announced a vessel in sight, and a bark was made out running rapidly for the shore under a press of canvas.

She turned out to be Captain Middleton's ship, a fast boat which, trusting to the lightness of her heels, had hung for several days on the skirts of the Spanish fleet with the object of discovering whither it was bound. Ascertaining at last beyond a doubt that the "Dons" were making for the Azores, Middleton had clapped on all sail and made what speed he might for Flores to acquaint Lord Thomas Howard of his danger. Try as he might, however, he could not quite shake off the Spanish ships, and they were even now upon his track, fifty-three of them, heavily armed and crowded with infantry.

The truth of the startling intelligence he brought was soon demonstrated; for he had barely delivered his tidings before the top-gallant sails of the Spanish van were descried rising slowly above the horizon.

Soon ship after ship came in sight till the distant sea began to be dotted with white sails, and every moment their numbers increased. More threatening still, another squadron which had stood in-shore, and whose approach had hitherto been hidden by a bend of the coast, now suddenly appeared within half-an-hour's sail.

It was time to act, and that promptly. To engage an armada of fifty-three sail with a minute fleet of six ships, two being but of small size and all light in ballast and short of hands, would have been madness. The English admiral saw plainly that his duty was to preserve, if possible, the ships and lives intrusted to him, and not to sacrifice them in an unequal struggle which could have but one termination.

The whole Spanish fleet was now in sight, stretching far along the horizon, and minutes became precious. The boatswains' shrill whistles piped from the English decks, bringing the sailors crowding down to the beaches, whence they were hurried on board their respective vessels. Sail was made in haste, and the little fleet stood out to sea, some of the ships having to slip their cables, owing to the pressure of time. Howard's one chance of escape was to

get to windward of the Spaniards, and this, thanks to dexterous seamanship, he succeeded in doing, in spite of all the manœuvres of his foes.

One vessel, however, still lay off the land neglecting to avail herself of the single chance of safety. This was Sir Richard Grenville's ship, the *Revenge*. Many of her crew lay sick ashore, and till these were safe Grenville refused to budge an inch for all the Dons in Spain. Not a man of his, he said, should be left behind to endure the horrors of a Spanish prison. By the time the last of the sick had been got on board, the Spanish squadron lay well on the weather-bow. When at length the *Revenge* began to move through the water it became clear to all on board that she could escape only by a miracle. The one course which offered a prospect of success, as the master pointed out, was to tack right about and run before the wind showing a clean pair of heels to the Spaniards. But Grenville's blood was up, and, like a wild animal when baited too closely, he turned at bay. "He utterly refused to fly from the enemy, alleging that he would rather die than dishonor himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship, and persuading his companions that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and compel the Spaniards to give way."

So the *Revenge* stood right on toward the foe, and soon came up with the foremost galleon of the Spanish fleet, as she careened along under her heavy top-hamper and crushed the water into foam beneath her huge bows. The *Revenge*, however, being very skilfully handled, compelled the bulky galleon to luff up and fall under her lee, and served the next, and the next, in the same way.

Lord Thomas Howard and the rest, hovering to windward, and regarding these proceedings with intense anxiety, began to think that the daring vice-admiral would escape after all.

But it was not to be.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the great "San Philip," a vessel of some fifteen hundred tons, ran right up to the little *Revenge*, and, towering above the English ship, took the wind out of her sails and brought her to a standstill. The San Philip's decks were crowded with eight hundred infantrymen, and her three tiers of guns

yawned threateningly. As she drove down upon the *Revenge*, her hull burst into a sheet of flame, a fierce musketry-fire was kept up all along her poop-deck, and a hurricane of lead swept across the English ship. Through the rolling smoke, the Spanish soldiers could be seen dropping down in numbers upon the *Revenge's* deck, and making no doubt of capturing her out of hand. Sir Richard had only a hundred well men on board with him, but each of these was, like himself, a hero. The Spanish soldiers who boarded were repulsed; and suddenly letting fly with his whole lower tier of guns Grenville completely riddled the *San Philip's* hull. The English cannon were loaded with cross-bar shot, and the effect of this point-blank discharge must have been tremendous, for the huge Spaniard actually sheered off, "utterly misliking her first entertainment." No sooner, however, had the *San Philip* been temporarily disposed of than four other ships ran up, and began to pour their men upon the decks of the *Revenge*.

What followed seems almost incredible. It must be remembered that the Spanish infantry were at that time considered the finest in Europe. They had overrun Italy, conquered the Netherlands, and penetrated into the heart of South America. It was these redoubtable soldiers who scrambled by hundreds down the sides and dropped from the rigging of their ships upon the beleaguered decks of the *Revenge*. Sir Richard bore himself like a paladin, nor were his men a whit unworthy of him. Again and again the boarding-parties were repulsed. Grenville and his crew fought as men have seldom done before or since. The *Revenge* was girdled constantly by a belt of flame as she poured her shot into the enemies on either side of her, receiving in turn their broadsides and the spattering musketry-fire which rained down from their decks and rigging. Eventually the English ship shook herself clear of all her foes. Shot-torn as she was, she had given still worse than she had received, and the four great Spaniards hauled off, having for the time no wish for the fight.

Then for a while there was a brief breathing-time, welcome indeed to men who had fought without ceasing for nearly three hours beneath the warm rays of a semi-tropical sun. They lay panting on the decks, completely exhausted.

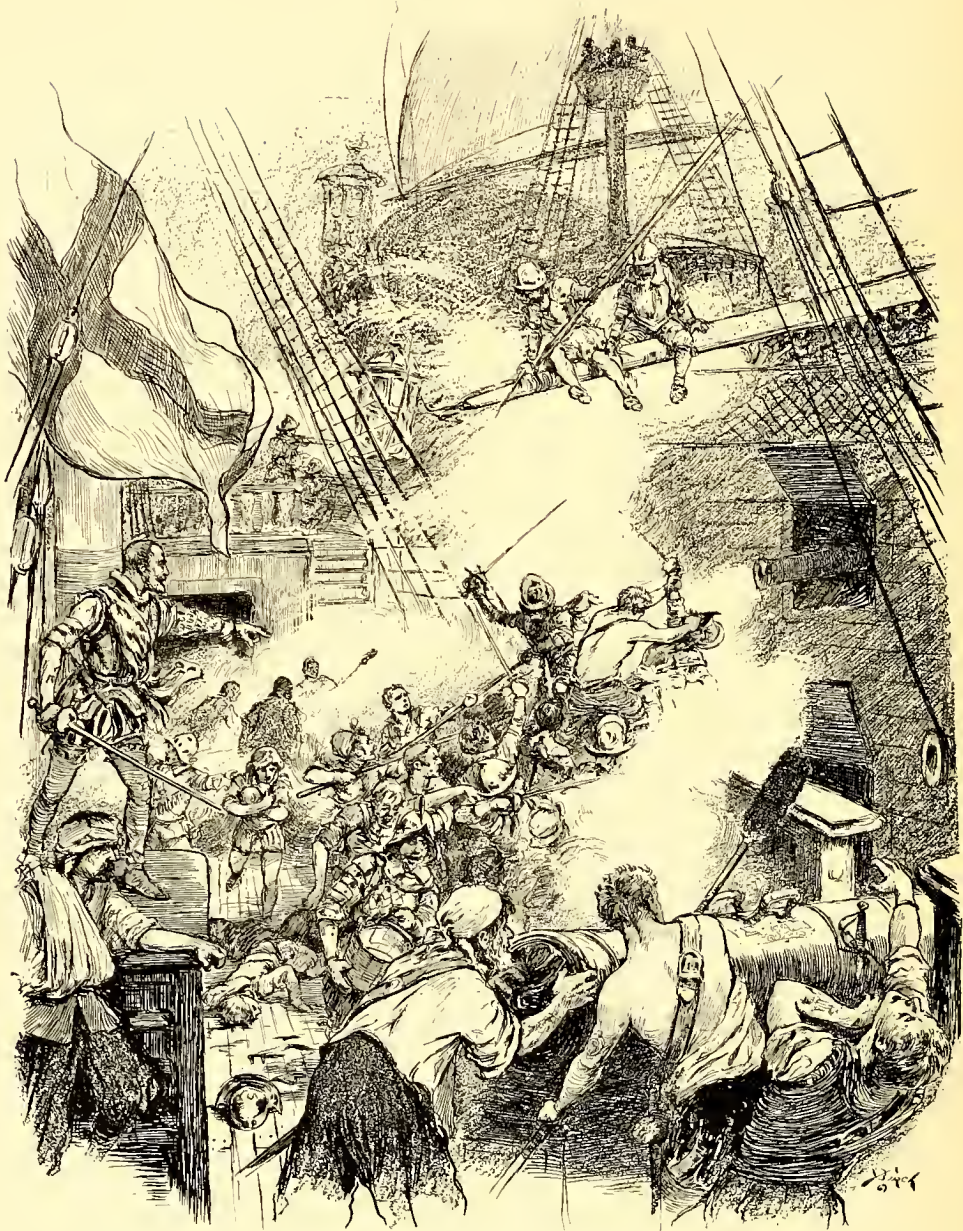
Not a few took the opportunity of caring for and binding up their wounds, and Sir Richard himself, having been hit by a shot, paid a hasty visit to the surgeon.

Suddenly a hearty English cheer rang over the waters to leeward of them. Hope brightened in the men's eyes, and they looked around eagerly. Perhaps Howard had changed his mind, after all, and returned, resolved at all risks to help the *Revenge* in her sore strait. Alas, no! It was only one of the little provision-ships commanded by George Noble of London, who, moved by the sight of this unequal struggle, determined that he, at all events, would stand by Sir Richard to the last, and so placed himself under his orders. But the vice-admiral refused to take advantage of this useless self-devotion. "Save yourself," he replied characteristically, "and leave me to my fortune." So plucky George Noble of London drew off with a sigh, and had his work cut out for him to run successfully the gantlet of the Spaniards.

The short interval of precious rest was now well-nigh over. From all sides the Seville galleons were bearing down upon the English ship, looking, as they did so, like huge white birds winging toward their prey. The sun, broadening toward its descent, made a glory of the western sea, and touched with fire the white sails of the advancing Spaniards. Down came the Dons again, wrapped in smoke and flame, amid the thunder of their cannon. Fresh ships were these, eager for the glory of capturing this obstinate Englishman, who fought, they said, as if he were possessed by a demon. Sir Richard's voice rang trumpet-like through his ship. His men sprang to their guns, and once more the fierce struggle began amid the peaceful splendors of the sunset, and continued beneath the stars of the summer night.

Strive as they might, the Spanish galleons could not take this single small English ship which lay hemmed in by their fleet and unable to escape them. In vain they plied her with broadsides and volleys of musketry, and poured their soldiery upon her decks.

Ship after ship hauled off from the sides of the *Revenge*; others immediately took their places, and the unequal struggle was kept up far into the night. An hour before midnight Sir



"ONCE MORE THE FIERCE STRUGGLE BEGAN."

Richard received a shot in the body. Going below to have his wound dressed, he was hit in the head by another musket-ball, while the surgeon in attendance fell by his side. Sir Richard, though sorely wounded, still struggled on deck, and directed his men.

Toward morning the fight began to slacken.

The Spanish ships were fairly beaten off, and hung round sullenly, watching their opportunity, like hounds about a wounded boar. But the Revenge's bolt was shot, had they but known it. Her power had given out, more than half her crew were killed or disabled, and her commander himself lay mortally wounded. Sir

Richard with this one small ship had engaged the whole force of the Spanish fleet for over twelve hours. According to Raleigh's computation, the *Revenge* had received eight hundred shot of artillery besides sustaining numerous assaults, and still remained unconquered.

That such a thing should have been possible is a proof of wild firing on the part of the Spaniards; for the *Revenge* would have been shivered to splinters had the Spanish guns been properly directed. And the lofty sides of their great galleons rendered it difficult to depress their cannon low enough to strike effectively the hulls of the smaller English ships.

Jacob Wheddon, of the provision-ship "*Pilgrim*," who had hung about all night with his vessel in the vague hope of assisting Grenville, or at least of ascertaining his fate, saw a singular spectacle as the sun rose that morning. There lay the *Revenge* rising and falling inertly on the Atlantic swell. Not a stick was standing aboard her. Her bulwarks were shot away, leaving the decks flush with the sea. Around her in a wide circle lay the Spanish ships, some of them bearing evident marks of rough handling, and none showing any disposition to attack the *Revenge*, helpless log though she seemed. Two of their number had been sunk by Grenville's fire, and the rest were quite uncertain what power of resistance the English vessel still possessed, or when those dogged islanders would choose to consider themselves beaten. Wheddon had no time to make a closer examination, for the Spaniards were after him in a trice, and he was obliged to double like a hare to escape.

The sick men, for whose sake Grenville had fought this desperate battle, meanwhile lay below in the hold of the *Revenge*.

Sir Richard, sitting desperately wounded on deck, looked around him and reflected. The gunpowder had given out he knew, and to fight the ship longer was impossible; running away, too, in the absence of spars and masts was equally out of the question. He was aware also that the Spaniards were held in check only by their dread of him, and that any moment one might stand in and deliver her fire, thereby discovering his helplessness. He summoned around him the remnant of his people, includ-

ing the captain, the master, and the master-gunner. Now this same master-gunner was a man after Sir Richard's own heart, a determined sea-dog and resolute to follow his commander wherever he might lead.

In a few words Sir Richard explained to his men the plan he proposed to follow. It was very simple: namely, to sink the ship and go to the bottom with it. This course at once commended itself to the master-gunner and received his cordial assent; some others of the crew also supported it—less heartily. But the captain, the ship-master, and the rest were of another mind altogether.

"After such a fight," said they, "the Spaniards would certainly give quarter, and those who were yet alive might be preserved to fight again for their queen and country."

"Nay," said Sir Richard, "the Spaniards shall never have the glory of taking this ship, seeing that we have so long and so valiantly defended ourselves."

To this speech the extremely practical answer was made that the ship had six feet of water in her hold, that she had been hulled three times below the water-line, and that to move her was impossible, for at the least disturbance she would founder.

Sir Richard, however, would listen to none of these arguments, and in this he was backed up by the master-gunner. While the wrangle was going on, the ship-master slipped away and got himself conveyed on board the Spanish admiral's vessel. He found the admiral, Don Alonso Bassan, very loath to meddle further with Grenville, and convinced that the arrival of the first Spaniard on board the *Revenge* would be a signal for Sir Richard to blow into the air the ship and all it contained. The master at once took advantage of the admiral's ignorance of Grenville's resources, and in the end, owing to the mingled fear and admiration the Spaniards entertained for Grenville, and their desire to secure his person, the English got very favorable terms. The lives of all were spared, a passage to England was granted them, and those only who could afford it were to pay ransom.

With this good news, the master hastened back to the *Revenge*, and no sooner did the men become aware of the terms offered them

than the few who had supported Grenville deserted to his opponents, so that he was left without a follower except the master-gunner. Soon many of the Spanish boats had come alongside, and the men, not knowing what Sir Richard might be at, and afraid of stopping on board with him, slipped over the side one by one, and were conveyed to the Spanish fleet.

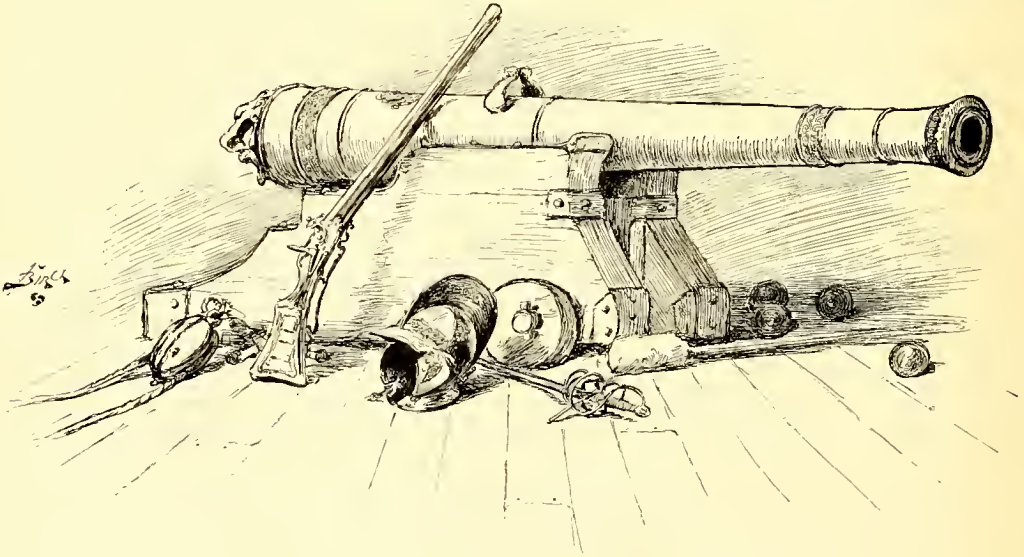
Finding himself completely deserted, Sir Richard at last gave way and allowed himself to be transported from the *Revenge*. He was treated with humanity by the Spaniards, who entertained the highest admiration for his courage, but he expired some three days afterward. His last words are said to have been: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do."

Most of the English prisoners reached their

native land in safety, and it is from their narratives that the original account of the action was compiled.

Grenville has been blamed for his recklessness, but it is difficult to enter fully into the feelings of his time and so get at the exact motives that influenced him. No doubt had he lived in our own days his valor would scarcely be held to have excused his rashness. But in Sir Richard's mind life was a feather weighed against his ideas of honor.

Freebooters they may have been, those daring sailors of the days of "Queen Bess," with a hound-like scent for Spanish treasure-ships and caring little for the blood-stains on the doubloons they captured. But they lived in rough times. And as an example of courage pure and simple, this fight off the Azores is not excelled by any action in the annals of the British navy.



WINTER TREES.

BY MRS M. F. BUTTS.

Who finds the trees of winter bleak
Has not the poet's sight.
They bear gold sunrise fruit at dawn,
And silver stars at night.

All day they prop the lowering clouds,
No respite do they ask
And they sing in voices deep and wild,
Like giants at a task.

TOM PAULDING.

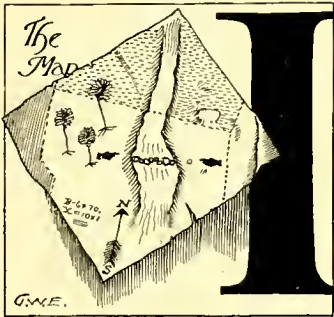
(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

This is a story of buried treasure in the streets of New York, and this first chapter describes the locality where Tom Paulding began the search. Any reader who has conscientious objections to descriptions may skip this, and begin the story with the next chapter. Later he can come back to this if he then sees the need of it.—B. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE OF THE STORY.



IN every great city there are unexplored fastnesses as little known to the world at large as is the heart of the Dark Continent. Now and again it

happens that a sudden turn in the tide of business or of fashion brings into view these hitherto unexplored regions. Then there begins at once a struggle between the old and the new, between the conditions which obtained when that part of the city was ignored, and those which prevail now that it has been brought to the knowledge of men. The struggle is sharp, for a while; but the end is inevitable. The old cannot withstand the new; and in a brief space of time the unknown region wakes up, and there is a fresh life in all its streets; there is a tearing down, and there is a building up; and in a few months the place ceases to be old, although it has not yet become new.

During this state of transition there are many curious changes; and a pair of sharp eyes can see many curious things.

In the Island of Manhattan, there is more than one undiscovered country of this kind; and in a city as active and as restless as New York it is only a question of time how soon such a quarter shall be discovered, and rescued

from neglect. Though a place may have been abandoned for a century, sooner or later some one will find it out again. Though it may have been left on one side during the forced march of improvement, sooner or later some one will see its advantages, and will make them plain.

At the time of this story, when our hero, young Tom Paulding, set forth upon his quest for buried treasure, in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century, the quarter of New York where he lived, and where he sought what had been lost more than a hundred years before, was passing through a period of transition. This part of New York lies above Central Park, back of Morningside Park and beside the Hudson River, where the Riverside drive stretches itself out for two miles and more along the brow of the wooded hill.

This portion of the city has much natural beauty and not a little historic interest. Just beyond the rocky terrace of Morningside Park was fought the battle of Harlem Plains on September 16, 1776. Then it was that the British troops, having occupied the lower part of the island, assaulted the Continental forces, and were beaten back. For days thereafter, General Washington had his headquarters within a mile or two of the spot where General Grant now lies buried.

In the fourscore years which elapsed between the retirement of Washington from the presidency of these United States and the election of Grant to that exalted position, the part of Manhattan Island where Tom Paulding lived, and where his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had lived before him, changed very little. In 1876 it seemed almost as remote from the centers of trade and of

fashion as it had been in 1776. Although it was not out of town, it was beyond the beaten track of traffic. Just before the Revolution, and immediately after it, handsome country-seats had been built here and there on the heights overlooking the Hudson. And here and there, on the rocky knobs that thrust themselves up through the soil, squatters had since set up their little wooden shanties, increasing in number as the edges of the city spread out nearer and nearer.

In time the Riverside drive was laid out along the river; and then the transformation began. Day by day there were changes, and year by year the neighborhood was hardly recognizable.

Here had been one of the few spots on Manhattan Island where nature was allowed to run wild and to do as she thought best, unimpeded by man; and by great good fortune, the advancing tide of city life was not allowed to overwhelm altogether the natural beauty of the region. The irregularities of the surface were planed over, it is true; streets were cut through the walls of rock which then arose in jagged cliffs high above the sidewalks on both sides, and avenues were carried across sunken meadows, leaving deep, wide hollows where the winter snows collected.

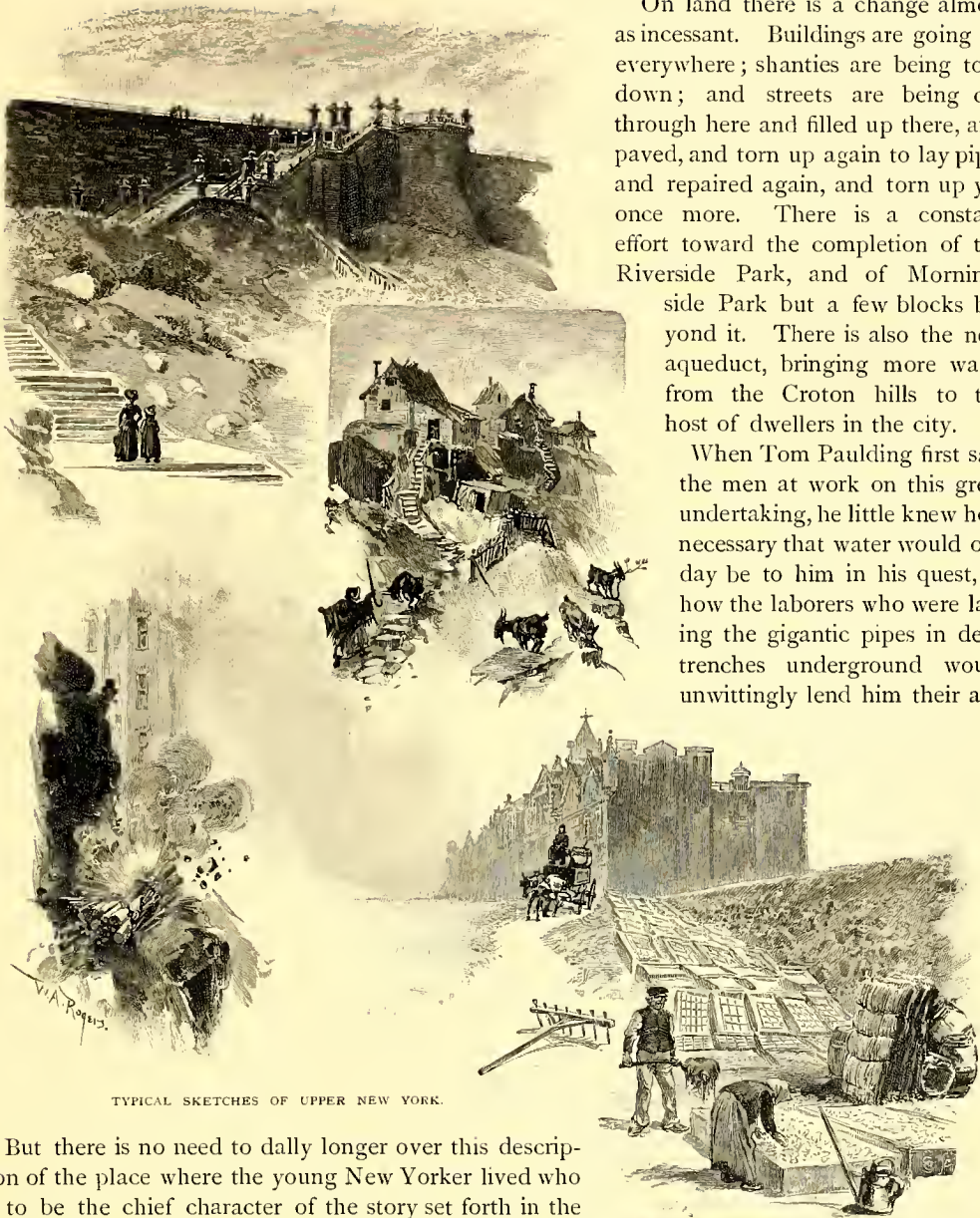
Around the shanties which were perched upon the rocks sheer above the new streets, goats browsed on the scanty herbage; and down in the hollows which lay below the level of the same thoroughfares, geese swam about placidly, and squawked when a passing boy was carelessly cruel enough to throw a stone at the peaceful flock.

It is a region of contrasts as it is a time of transition. In one block can be seen the old orchard which girt about one of the handsome country-places built here early in the century; and in the next can be seen the frames of a market-gardener, who is raising lettuce under glass, on ground which the enterprising builder may demand any day. The patched and weather-stained shanty of the market-gardener may be within the shadow of a new marble mansion with its plate-glass conservatory. An old wooden house with a Grecian portico is torn down to make room for a tall flat, stretch-

ing itself seven stories high, with accommodation for a dozen families at least. The builder is constantly at work. The insignificant whistle of his engine announces the morning; and the dull report of blasting is of daily frequency.

With its many possibilities, this is perhaps the part of New York where a boy can find the most wholesome fun. He is in the city, although he has many of the privileges of the country. He can walk under trees and climb hills; and yet he is not beyond the delights of the town. There are long slopes down which he may coast in winter; and there are as yet many vacant lots where he may play ball in summer. There is the Morningside Park with its towering battlements, just the place for a sham fight. There is the Riverside Park with its broad terrace extending nearly three miles along the river front, and with its strip of woodland sloping steeply to the railroad track by the river.

It is a place with nearly every advantage that a boy can wish. For one thing, there is unceasing variety. If he takes a walk by the parapet of the Riverside, the freight-trains on the railroad below rush past fiercely, and are so long that the engine will be quite out of sight before the caboose at the end comes into view. From the brow of the hill the moving panorama of the Hudson unrolls itself before him; above are the Palisades rising sheer from the water's edge and crowned with verdure; opposite is Weehawken, and just below are the Elysian Fields, now sadly shorn of their green beauty. No two views of the river are ever alike, except possibly in winter when the stream may freeze over. In the summer there is an incessant change; yachts tack across against the breeze; immense tows of canal-boats come down drawn by one broad and powerful steamboat, and pert little tugs puff their way up and down, here and there. The day-boats go up every morning and the night-boats follow them every evening. Excursions and picnic parties go by in double-decked barges, lashed together side by side, and gay with flags and music. Sometimes a swift steam-yacht speeds up stream to West Point, and sometimes a sloop loaded with brick from Haverstraw drifts down with the tide.



TYPICAL SKETCHES OF UPPER NEW YORK.

But there is no need to dally longer over this description of the place where the young New Yorker lived who is to be the chief character of the story set forth in the following pages. It is time now to introduce Tom Paulding himself; to show you what manner of boy he was; to make you acquainted with his friends and companions; to explain how it happened that his uncle returned home in time to advise; and to tell how it was that he set out to find the treasure. What the final result of his quest was will be fully shown in this narrative; but whether or not Tom Paulding was successful in his endeavor, every reader must decide for himself.

On land there is a change almost as incessant. Buildings are going up everywhere; shanties are being torn down; and streets are being cut through here and filled up there, and paved, and torn up again to lay pipe, and repaired again, and torn up yet once more. There is a constant effort toward the completion of the Riverside Park, and of Morning-side Park but a few blocks beyond it. There is also the new aqueduct, bringing more water from the Croton hills to the host of dwellers in the city.

When Tom Paulding first saw the men at work on this great undertaking, he little knew how necessary that water would one day be to him in his quest, or how the laborers who were laying the gigantic pipes in deep trenches underground would unwittingly lend him their aid.



CHAPTER II.

AROUND THE BONFIRE.



None of the side streets extending eastward from the Riverside Park, a dozen boys were gathered about a barrel, which had been raised on four stones. It was late in the afternoon of the

Tuesday following the first Monday in November; and the boys were about to exercise the immemorial privilege of young New Yorkers on election night. Between the stones which supported the barrel were two or three crumpled newspapers and a heap of shavings. Within the wooden chimney of the barrel itself were the sides of a broken box, six or eight short boards, and such other combustible odds and ends as the boys had been able to get together against the coming of the fiery holiday. The impromptu altar had been erected almost in the middle of the street; but as there was scarcely a house within a block on either side, and as few carriages or carts needed to come down that way, there was little danger that the bonfire of the "Black Band" would frighten any horses.

When the shavings had been inspected, and he had made sure that the flames would be able to rise readily through the improvised flue, the boy who seemed to be the leader looked around and said, "Who's got a match?"

"Here's a whole box!" cried little Jimmy Wigger, thrusting himself through the ring of youngsters ranged about the barrel. He was the smallest boy of all, and he was greatly pleased to be of service.

"Are you going to set it off now, Cissy?" a tall thin lad asked.

"Well I am!" answered the boy who had been making ready for the fire. "We said that we'd start it up at five o'clock, did n't we?"

The speaker was a solidly built young fellow

of about fourteen, with a round, good-natured face. His name was Marcus Cicero Smith; his father always called him "Cicero," and among his playfellows and companions he was known as "Cissy," for short.

A timid voice suggested, "What's your hurry, Cissy? Tom Paulding is n't here yet."

This voice belonged to Harry Zachary, a slim boy of scant thirteen, shy in manner and hesitating in speech. He had light golden hair and light blue eyes.

"If Tom Paulding's late," replied Cissy, as he stooped forward and set fire to the paper and shavings, "so much the worse for Tom, that's all. He knows the appointed hour as well as we do."

"I'd just like to know what is keeping Tom. He's not often late," said the tall thin lad who had spoken before, and as he said it he twisted himself about, looking over his shoulders with a strange spiral movement. It was partly on account of this peculiar habit of self-contortion that he was generally addressed as "Corkscrew." But that nickname had been given also because of his extraordinary inquisitiveness. His curiosity was unceasing and inordinate. It is to be recorded, moreover, that he had straight red hair, and that his thin legs were made more conspicuous by a large pair of boots, the tops of which rose above his knees. His real name was George William Lott.

As the wood in the barrel kindled and blazed up, the boys heaped on more fuel from a pile outside their circle. While taking a broken board from the stack, little Jimmy Wigger looked up and saw a figure approaching. The street where they were assembled had been cut through high rocks which towered up on each side, irregular and jagged. Twilight had begun to settle down on the city, and in the hollow where the roadway ran between the broken crags there was little light but that of the bonfire. It was difficult to make out a stranger until he was close upon them.

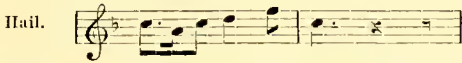
"Some one is coming!" cried little Jimmy, glad that he had again been able to be useful.

The approaching figure stood still at once.

The group about the fire spread open, and Cissy careened forward a few feet. He had al-

ways a strange swing in his walk, not unlike the rolling gait of a sailor.

When he had swung ahead four or five paces he paused, and raising his fingers to his lips, he gave a shrill whistle with a peculiar cadence:



The jimmy was passed from hand to hand, and met with general approval. Even Corkscrew Lott had no fault to find with it.

"We ought to have everything real burglars have, if we are going into the burgling business," added Tom.

"If we are burglars," said little Jimmy Wigger, in a plaintive voice, "can't we begin burgling soon? Because my aunt says I must be home by eight this evening, sure."

"I said it was a mistake to let that baby into

Now, if there was one thing which annoyed Tom more than another, it was that his hair was curly, "like a girl's" as he had said in disgust to his sister only that morning. And if there was any member of the Black Band toward whom he did not feel a brotherly cordiality, it was Lott.

"Look here, Corkscrew," he said hotly, "you let my hair alone, or I'll punch your head!"

"You had better not try it," returned Lott. "You could n't do it."



"TOM WAS TIED TO A STAKE, WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIM." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the Black Band," Corkscrew remarked; "a pretty burglar he'll make!"

"Yes, I will!" cried little Jimmy, sturdily; "I'll make as good a burglar as you any day!"

"I could tell you stories about burglars that would make your hair curl," said Harry Zachary, noticing that little Jimmy had shrunk back.

"Then tell them to Tom Paulding," Lott cried; "he likes to have his hair curl. I believe he puts it up in curl-papers!"

"We'll see about that, if you say anything more against my hair!" Tom replied.

"I'll say what I please," responded Corkscrew. By this time Tom had recovered his temper.

"Say what you please," he answered, "and if it does n't please me, we'll have it out. The sooner we do, the better; for I don't believe we can get through the winter without a fight, and I sha'n't be sorry to have it over."

"Silence in the ranks," ordered the Captain

of the Black Band, as he saw that Lott was ready to keep up the quarrel. "Is it agreed that we are to be burglars?"

"No," answered Corkscrew quickly, before any of the others could speak. "We have n't got all the things. Let 's be Indians on the war-path. We 've got a bully fire now, and it 's the only night we can have it. So we can play we 've a captive, and we can burn him at the stake, and have a scalp-dance around the barrel."

"That 's a good idea," Harry Zachary agreed. "They won't let us have a bonfire except on election night."

"That 's so," Cissy admitted.

Lott saw his advantage and seized it promptly.

"We can be burglars any time," he cried, "if we want to. But to-night 's the best time to be Indians. It 's our only chance to burn a captive at the stake."

"We might make him run the gantlet first," suggested Harry Zachary, who was a delicate boy of a very mild appearance, but strangely fertile in sanguinary suggestions.

"Let little Jimmy Wigger be the captive," Lott proposed. "We won't hurt him much."

"No, you don't," Tom Paulding interposed. "Little Jimmy is too young. Besides, when his aunt let him join the Black Band, I promised that I would keep him out of mischief."

"Then who 'll run the gantlet?" asked Lott, sulkily.

"I will," Tom answered. "I 'd just as lief. In fact, I 'd liefer. I 've never been burned at the stake yet, and the Sioux shall see how a Pawnee can die!"

Then, at the command of Cissy Smith, the Black Band formed in a double row facing inward, and Tom Paulding ran the gantlet. When he came to the end of the lines he broke away, and the whole troop pursued him. After a sharp run he was caught, and brought back to the bonfire. More fuel was heaped upon this, and it blazed up fiercely. A stake was driven into the ground not far from the fire, and Tom was tied to it, with his hands behind him. Then, under the leadership of Cissy Smith, the Black Band circled about the fire and the stake, with Indian yells and shrill whistles. As the flames rose and fell on the shouting boys and on the broken rocks which

towered high above them on both sides, an imaginative spectator might almost have fancied himself gazing at some strange rite of the redskins in a far cañon of Colorado.

CHAPTER III.

A WALK BY THE RIVER.



ABOUT six o'clock Jimmy Wigger's aunt came for him. He begged hard for only a few minutes more, but she did not yield and he went away reluctantly. Other

members of the Black Band remembered that their suppers would be waiting for them; and soon the assembly broke up. The smaller boys were the first to go, and the Captain and Lieutenant of the Black Band were the last to leave the blazing barrel which now was almost burnt out.

Tom Paulding had released himself from the bonds that bound him to the stake; and as he was stooping over the embers to warm his hands, Cissy Smith proposed that they should go for a walk through the woods between the Riverside drive and the river. Tom agreed at once, and asked Harry Zachary to come also.

Corkscrew Lott had started off ahead of them, but at the first corner he, too, joined the group.

The boys walked down the street four abreast, Cissy rolling along irregularly in his usual fashion. They crossed the Riverside Drive and stood for a minute at the head of the stone steps that led to the strip of steep woodland below. There was a sharp whistle in the distance, and then an advancing roar; and a short passenger train rushed rapidly past them, the flying white steam from the engine reddened by the glare from the furnace as the fireman threw in fresh fuel. Out on the broad river beyond, one of the night-boats went up the river, its rippling wake gleaming in the bluish moonlight.

"I wonder why little Jimmy's aunt came for him so early," said Corkscrew, twisting himself up on the parapet to get a good look over it.

"If she 'd found him tied to the stake, and the Black Band scalp-dancing all around him, she 'd have been 'most scared out of a year's growth, I reckon," Harry Zachary commented. His mother was a Kentuckian, and it was from her that he learned his gentle ways and his excellent manners. He had taken also from her an occasional Southern phrase not common in New York.

"I don't believe it would be much fun to be an Indian really," Cissy remarked. "I guess they have a pretty hard time of it when it 's cold and rainy — leastwise those I 've seen West did n't seem any too set up and happy." Cissy's father, Dr. Smith, had only a short time before removed to New York from Denver.

"Have you seen real Indians out West?" asked Tom Paulding. "Were they on the war-path?"

"Not much they were n't. They were coming into the agency to get their rations," Cissy answered.

"Did you kill any of 'em when you had the chance?" asked Harry in his usual timid voice.

"I did n't kill 'em. Of course not," Cissy responded. "Why should I?"

Tom Paulding was kindly by nature, but he was a little disappointed to learn that his friend had neglected a chance to kill a redskin.

"Perhaps you 've never read a book called 'Nick of the Woods'?" Harry Zachary inquired. "That tells all about a man they called the Jibbenainosay, who lived in the forest and killed Indians, and marked every man he killed so that they should know the handiwork of the Mysterious Avenger."

"My Uncle Dick, when he went up to the Black Hills, had a fight with the Indians," said Tom.

"How many did *he* kill?" asked Corkscrew, promptly.

"He did n't know," replied Tom, "but —"

"If he did n't know how many he killed what was the use of talking about it?" Harry Zachary asked. "That is n't any way to do.

The best plan is to be alone in the woods, and take 'em by surprise, and kill 'em, one by one, and mark 'em."

"And suppose one of them takes you by surprise and kills you, what then?" Cissy interposed.

"I reckon I 'd have to take my chances, if I was an Avenger," Harry admitted. "But in the books they 'most always get the best of it."

"Let 's go down to the water as we said we would," suggested Cissy.

"Look at that schooner," Tom cried, as they were going down the long stone stairway. "She 's a beauty, and no mistake."

"That 's the kind of a ship I 'd like if I was a pirate like Lafitte," said Harry Zachary.

"How can you be a pirate now, when there are policemen everywhere?" asked Cissy, scornfully.

"I 'd like to be a pirate some place where there are n't any policemen," Harry explained. "Down in Patagonia, or up in Greenland, or somewhere."

"They 'd be sure to send a big frigate after you," said Tom Paulding; "they always do."

"Then I 'd fight the frigate till the deck ran with blood," persisted Harry, with a tone of excitement in his gentle voice. "I 'd nail the black flag to the mast; and if they got the better of us I 'd fire the powder-magazine and blow up the whole boat — and that would surprise them, I reckon."

"It is n't the kind of surprise party I want," said Cissy emphatically, as the boys came to a halt among the trees near the railroad track by the edge of the river.

"How many pirates would there be on a boat like that?" inquired Lott.

"How many beans make five?" Cissy Smith answered sarcastically. "There 's a Boston problem for you."

Lott had been born in Boston, and he had lived in New York less than a year.

"I wish I knew a place where a pirate had buried his treasure," he remarked, paying no attention to Smith's taunt.

"Now, there 's another thing that 's great fun," Harry interjected, "and that 's hunting for buried treasure. I 've read all about that in a story called 'The Gold Bug.' It 's pretty

interesting, I reckon, to dig under a tree with a skeleton or a skull on one branch, and to find thousands and thousands of guineas and doubloons and pieces-of-eight."

"Pieces of eight what?" asked Cissy.

"Pieces-of-eight—why, that's just the name they have for them. They're some kind of a coin, I reckon," replied Harry.

"Pieces of eight cents, very likely," Cissy returned. "I don't believe it's worth while wearing yourself out with hard labor just to dig up a few pieces of eight cents. And who would all these guineas and doubloons and pieces of eight cents belong to when you found 'em?"

"They'd belong to us, I reckon," answered Harry.

"And just suppose they did n't?" retorted Cissy.

"Suppose the rightful owner turned up," suggested Tom Paulding; "the man who had buried the money during the war, or the son of the man, or his grandson?"

Harry Zachary was a little taken aback at this. His manner, always gentle and shy, now seemed milder than ever.

"Well," he said at last, "I reckon I'd have the luck to find the treasure that belonged to our family—that had been hid by my father, maybe, or my grandfather."

"Shucks!" cried Cissy, forcibly. "Being a pirate where there's no police and finding buried treasure that belongs to you—I don't think that's so very exciting, do you?"

Harry Zachary felt that this was a home thrust, and he had no retort ready. Tom Paulding came to his rescue and gave a practical turn to the talk.

"There's a buried treasure belonging to us, somewhere," he said, conscious of the envy this remark would excite.

"Where is it?" asked Corkscrew, promptly.

"If he knew where it was, don't you suppose he'd hustle round and get it?" Cissy remarked.

"It is n't really buried treasure," explained Tom, "at least, we don't know whether it's buried or not, or what has become of it. You see, it's just a lot of money that was stolen from my great-grandfather during the Revolutionary War."

"I guess the great-grandchildren of the man that stole it have a better chance of getting it than you have," said Cissy.

"He did n't leave any family—he did n't leave any trace of himself, even," Tom replied. "He just disappeared, taking the money with him. He's never been seen or heard of since, so my mother told me."

"And I guess the money will never be seen or heard of, either," Cissy remarked.

"How much was it?" Corkscrew inquired.

"Oh, a lot!" Tom answered; "several thousand pounds—as much gold as a man could carry. He took all he could lift comfortably."

"What would you do with it, if you had it?" asked Corkscrew.

"I'd pay off the mortgage on our house," said Tom, promptly. "And I'd get lots of things for Pauline—my sister, you know; and instead of going into a store as I've got to do next winter, I'd study to be a mining engineer."

"I'd rather be a soldier," Harry Zachary declared. "What would you like to be, Cissy?"

"It does n't make any matter what I'd like to be," replied Cissy; "I know what I am going to be—and that's a doctor. Pa says that he'll need an assistant by the time I'm through the medical school, and he allows he can ring me in on his patients."

"I have n't made up my mind what I'd like to be," said Lott. "At first I thought I'd choose to be an expressman, because then I'd get inside all sorts of houses, and see how the people lived, and learn all sorts of things. But I've been thinking it might be more fun to be a detective, because then I could find out anything I wanted to know."

"I guess it would take the Astor Library to hold all you want to know, Corkscrew," said Cissy pleasantly, as the boys began to retrace their steps up the hill; "but all you're likely to find out could be put in a copybook!"

Lott fell back a little and walked by the side of Harry Zachary.

"I wonder what makes Cissy Smith so pernickety," he said. "He's always poking fun at me."

"I would n't mind him now," responded Harry, consolingly, "and when you are a detec-

tive you can find out something about him and arrest him."

This comforting suggestion helped to keep up Lott's spirits, although Smith made more than one other sarcastic remark as the four climbed the hillside together.

"I can't bear that Corkscrew," Cissy confessed to Tom in a whisper.

"Well," Tom answered, also in a whisper, "I don't know that I really like him, myself. But he's one of the Black Band now, and I suppose we must stand by him."

(To be continued.)



BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

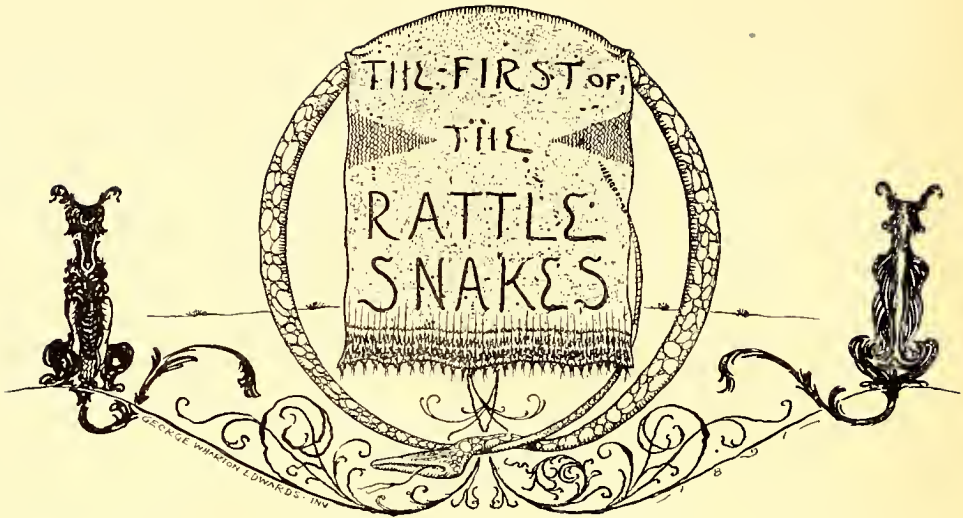
"WHIRR!" says the little wheel. "Whirr! Whirr!"
 While out of the window a twitter and stir,
 And the bells of the garden are all a-chime
 With the clock in the corner that ticks the time
 Solemn o'er Lisbeth's white-capped head,
 And kerchief demure, and petticoat red;

“Whirr!” says the little wheel, “let me be!”
 But Lisbeth laughs, and blithe sings she:
 “Soft and bright,
 Smooth and white,
 Keeps the thread in beginning,
 And I’ll have no spot,
 Or tangled knot,
 At the close of this day’s spinning.”

“Burr!” says the little wheel. “Bur-r-r—”
 While the buds in the window beckon to her,
 And the sunlight mocks at the clock’s stern face,
 And the big blue tiles in the chimney-place,
 And dances in glee on the white floor bare,
 And Lisbeth’s braids of yellow hair—

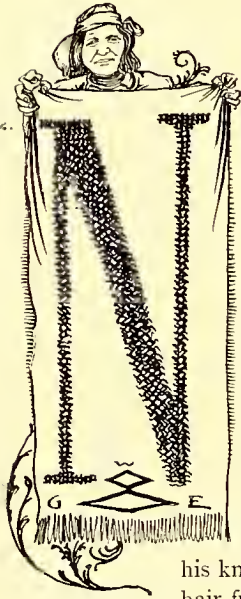
“Burr!” says the little wheel, “don’t you see?”
 But Lisbeth laughs, and blithe sings she:
 “Turn and spin,
 Out and in,
 No end without a beginning;
 I must have no spot,
 Or tangled knot,
 At the close of this day’s spinning!”





(Tee-Wahn Folk-Stories.)

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



OW there is a tail on you, *compadre* (friend)," said old Desiderio, nodding at Patricio after we had sat a-while in silence around the crackling fire. His remark referred to the Pueblo superstition that a donkey-tail will grow upon him who obstinately refuses to tell a story in his turn.

Patricio was holding a strip of rawhide across

his knee, and was scraping the hair from it with a dull knife.

It was high time to be thinking of new soles, for already there was a wee hole in the bottom of each of his moccasins; and as for Benito, his shy little grandson, *his* toes were all abroad.

But shrilly as the cold night-wind outside hinted the wisdom of speedy cobbling, Patricio had no wish to acquire that donkey's tail, so, laying the rawhide and knife upon the floor beside him, he deliberately rolled a modest pinch of an aromatic weed in a corn-husk, lighted

this cigarette at the coals, and drew Benito's tousled head to his side.

"You have heard," he said, with a slow puff, "about Nah-chu-ru-chu, the mighty medicine-man who lived here in Isleta in the times of the ancients?"

"*Ahu!* (yes!)" cried all the boys. "You have promised to tell us how he married the Moon!"

"Another time I will do so. But now I shall tell you something that was before that — for Nah-chu-ru-chu had many strange adventures before he married P'ah-hlee-oh, the Moon Mother. Do you know why the rattlesnake — which is the king of all snakes and alone has the power of death in his mouth — always shakes his *guaje* [the Pueblo sacred rattle] before he bites?"

"*Een-dah!* (No!)" chorused Ramon, and Benito, and Juan, and Tomas, very eagerly; for they were particularly fond of hearing about the exploits of the greatest of Tee-wahn medicine-men.

"Listen, then, and you shall hear."

In those days Nah-chu-ru-chu had a friend who lived in a pueblo nearer the foot of the

Eagle Feather Mountain than this, in the Place of the Red Earth, where still are its ruins; and the two young men went often to the mountain together to bring wood and to hunt. Now, Nah-chu-ru-chu had a white heart, and never thought ill; but the friend had the evil road and became jealous, for Nah-chu-ru-chu was a better hunter. But he said nothing, and did as if he still loved Nah-chu-ru-chu truly.

One day the friend came over from his village and said:

"Friend Nah-chu-ru-chu, let us go to-morrow for wood, and to have a hunt."

"It is well," replied Nah-chu-ru-chu. Next morning he started very early and came to the village of his friend; and together they went to the mountain. When they had gathered much wood, and lashed it in bundles for carrying, they started off in opposite directions to hunt. In a short time each returned with a fine fat deer.

"But why should we hasten to go home, friend Nah-chu-ru-chu?" said the friend. "It is still early, and we have much time. Come, let us stay here and amuse ourselves with a game."

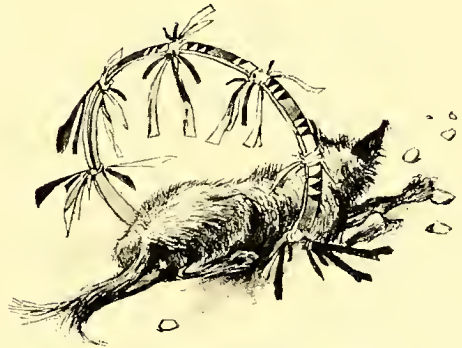
"It is well, friend," answered Nah-chu-ru-chu, "but what game shall we play? For we have neither sticks, nor hoops, nor any other game here."

"Yes; we will roll the *mah-khur*, for while I was waiting for you I made one that we might play"—and the false friend drew from beneath his blanket a pretty, painted hoop. Really he had bewitched it at home, and had brought it hidden, on purpose to do harm to Nah-chu-ru-chu.

"Now go down there and catch it when I roll it," said he; and Nah-chu-ru-chu did so.

But as he caught the magic hoop when it came rolling, he was no longer Nah-chu-ru-chu the brave hunter, but was instantly changed into a poor coyote with great tears rolling down his nose!

"Hu!" said the false friend, tauntingly, "we



"AS HE CAUGHT THE HOOP, HE WAS INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A POOR COYOTE!"

do this to each other! So now you have all the plains to wander over, to the north, and west, and south; but you can never go to the

east. And if you are not lucky, the dogs will tear you; but if you are lucky, they may have pity on you. So now good-by, for this is the last I shall ever see of you."

Then the false friend went away, laughing, to his village; and the poor coyote wandered aimlessly, weeping to think that he had been betrayed by the one he had loved and trusted as a brother. For four days he prowled about the outskirts of Isleta, looking wistfully at his home. The fierce dogs ran out to tear him; but when they came near, they only sniffed at him, and went away without hurting him. He could find nothing to eat save dry bones, and old soles or thongs of moccasins.

On the fourth day, he turned westward, and wandered until he came to Mesita. There was no town of the Lagunas there then, and only a shepherd's hut and corral, in which were an old Queres Indian and his grandson, tending their goats.

Next morning when the grandson went out very early to let the goats from the corral, he saw a coyote run out from among the goats. It went off a little way, and then sat down and watched him. The boy counted the goats, and none were missing, and he thought it strange. But he said nothing to his grandfather.

For three more mornings, the very same thing happened; and on the fourth morning the boy told his grandfather. The old man came out, and sent the dogs after the coyote, which was sitting at a little distance; but when they came near they would not touch him.

"I suspect there is something wrong here," said the old shepherd; and he called: "Coyote, are you coyotè-true, or are you people?"

But the coyote could not answer; and the old man called again: "Coyote, are you people?"

At that the coyote nodded his head, "Yes."

"If that is so, come here and be not afraid of us; for we will be the ones to help you out of this trouble."

So the coyote came to them and licked their hands, and they gave it food—for it was dying of hunger. When it was fed, the old man said:

"Now, son, you are going out with the goats along the creek, and there you will see some willows. With your mind look at two willows,

and note them; and to-morrow morning you must go and bring one of them."

The boy went away tending the goats, and the coyote stayed with the old man. Next morning, when they awoke very early, they saw all the earth wrapped in a white *manta*, or cloak. [This figure of speech is always used by the Pueblos in speaking of snow in connection with sacred things.]

"Now, son," said the old man, "you must wear only your moccasins and leggings and go like a man to the two willows you marked yesterday. To one of them you must pray; and then cut the other, and bring it to me."

The boy did so, and came back with the willow stick. The old man prayed, and made a *mah-khur* hoop; and bidding the coyote stand a little way off and stick his head through the hoop before it should stop rolling, rolled it toward him. The coyote waited till the hoop came very close, and gave a great jump and put his head through it before it could stop. And lo! in an instant, there stood Nah-chu-ru-chu, young and handsome as ever; but his beautiful suit of fringed buckskin was all in rags. For four days he stayed there and was cleansed with the cleansing of the medicine-man; and then the old shepherd said to him:

"Now, friend Nah-chu-ru-chu, there is a road. [That is, you can go home.] But take with you this *faja* [a fine woven belt, with figures in bright colors], for though your power is great, you have submitted to this evil. When you get home, he who did this to you will be first to know, and he will come pretending to be your friend as if he had done nothing; and he will ask you to go hunting again. So you must go; and when you come to the mountain, with this *faja* you shall repay him."

Nah-chu-ru-chu thanked the kind old shepherd, and started home. But when he came to the Bad Hill and looked down into the valley of the Rio Grande, his heart sank. All the grass and fields and trees were dry and dead—for Nah-chu-ru-chu was the medicine-man who controlled the clouds, so no rain could fall when he was gone; and the eight days he had been a coyote were in truth eight years. The river was dry, and the springs; and many of the people were dead from thirst, and the rest

were dying. But as Nah-chu-ru-chu came down the hill, it began to rain again, and all the people were glad.

When he came into the pueblo, all the famishing people came out to welcome him. And soon came the false friend, making as if he had never bewitched him nor had known whither he disappeared.

"Then I will roll it to you; and if you can catch it before it unwinds, you may have it."

So he wound it up [like a roll of tape], and holding by one end gave it a push so that it ran away from him, unrolling as it went. The false friend jumped for it, but it was unrolled before he caught it.

"*Een-dah!*" said Nah-chu-ru-chu, pulling it



"AS HE SEIZED IT HE WAS CHANGED FROM A TALL YOUNG MAN INTO A GREAT RATTLESNAKE"

In a few days the false friend came again to propose a hunt; and next morning they went to the mountain together. Nah-chu-ru-chu had the pretty *faja* wound around his waist; and when the wind blew his blanket aside, the other saw it.

"Ah! What a pretty *faja!*" cried the false friend. "Give it to me, friend Nah-chu-ru-chu."

"*Een-dah!* (No!)" said Nah-chu-ru-chu. But the false friend begged so hard that at last he said:

back. "If you do not care enough for it to be spryer than that, you cannot have it."

The false friend begged for another trial; so Nah-chu-ru-chu rolled it again. This time the false friend caught it before it was unrolled; and lo! as he seized it he was changed from a tall young man into a great rattlesnake, with tears rolling from his lidless eyes!

"We, too, do this to each other!" said Nah-chu-ru-chu. He took from his medicine-pouch a pinch of the sacred meal and laid it on the snake's flat head for its food, and then a pinch

of the corn-pollen to tame it. And the snake ran out its red, forked tongue, and licked them.

"Now," said Nah-chu-ru-chu, "this mountain and all rocky places shall be your home. But you can never again do harm to another without warning, as you did to me. For see, there is a *guaje* in your tail, and whenever you would do any one an injury, you must warn them beforehand with your rattle."

"And is that the reason why Ch'ah-rah-rah-deh always rattles to give warning before he bites?" asked Juan, who is now quite as often called Juan Biscocho (John Biscuit), since I photographed him one day crawling out of the big adobe bake-oven where he had been hiding.

"That is the very reason. Then Nah-chu-ru-chu left his false friend, from whom all the rattlesnakes are descended, and came back to his village. From that time all went well with Isleta, for Nah-chu-ru-chu was at home again to attend to the clouds. There was plenty of rain, and the river began to run again, and the springs flowed. The people plowed and planted again, as they had not been able to do for several years, and all their work prospered. As for the people who lived in the Place of the Red Earth, they all moved down here, because the Apaches were very bad; and here their descendants live to this day."

"Is that so?" sighed all the boys, in chorus, sorry that the story was so soon done.

"That is so," replied old Patricio. "And now, *compadre* Antonio, there is a tail on you."

"Well, then, I will tell a story which they told me in Taos* last year," said the old man.

"Ah-h!" said the boys.

"It is about

THE COYOTE AND THE WOODPECKER."

WELL, once upon a time a Coyote and his family lived near the edge of a wood. There was a big hollow tree there, and in it lived an old Woodpecker and his wife and children. One day as the Coyote father was strolling along the edge of the forest he met the Woodpecker father.

"Hin-no-kah-kee-ma (good morning)," said

the Coyote; "how do you do to-day, friend Hloo-ree-deh (Woodpecker)?"

"Very well, thank you, and how are you, friend Too-whay-deh (Coyote)?"

So they stopped and talked together awhile; and when they were about to separate the Coyote said:

"Friend Woodpecker, why do you not come as friends to see us? Come to our house to supper this evening, and bring your family."

"Thank you, friend Coyote," said the Woodpecker, "we will come with joy."

So that evening, when the Coyote mother had made supper ready, here came the Woodpecker father and the Woodpecker mother with their three children. When they had come in, all five of the Woodpeckers stretched themselves as they do after flying, and by that showed their pretty feathers—for the Hloo-ree-deh has yellow and red marks under its wings. While they were eating supper too, they sometimes spread their wings, and displayed their bright under-side. They praised the supper highly, and said the Coyote mother was a perfect housekeeper. When it was time to go, they thanked the Coyotes very kindly and invited them to come to supper at their house the following evening. But after they were gone, the Coyote father could restrain himself no longer, and he said:

"Did you see what airs those Woodpeckers put on? Always showing off their bright feathers? But I want them to know that the Coyotes are equal to them. *I'll* show them!"

Next day, the Coyote father set all his family at work bringing wood, and built a great fire in front of his house. When it was time to go to the house of the Woodpeckers he called his wife and children to the fire, and lashed a burning stick under each of their arms, with the burning end pointing forward; and then he fixed himself in the same way.

"Now," said he, "we will show them! When we get there, you must lift up your arms now and then, to show them that we are as good as the Woodpeckers."

When they came to the house of the Woodpeckers and went in, all the Coyotes kept lifting their arms often, to show the bright coals

* The most northern of the Pueblo cities. Its people also are Tee-wahn.

underneath. But as they sat down to supper, one Coyote girl gave a shriek and said:

"Ow, *Tata!* My fire is burning me!"

"Be patient, my daughter," said the Coyote father, severely, "and do not cry about little things."

"Oh!" cried another Coyote girl in a moment, "my fire has gone out!"

But the Coyotes were very uncomfortable, and made an excuse to hurry home as soon as they could. When they got there, the Coyote father whipped them all for exposing him to be laughed at.

But the Woodpecker father gathered his children around him, and said:

"Now, my children, you see what the Coy-



THE COYOTES AT SUPPER WITH THE WOODPECKERS.

This was more than the Coyote father could stand, and he reproved her angrily.

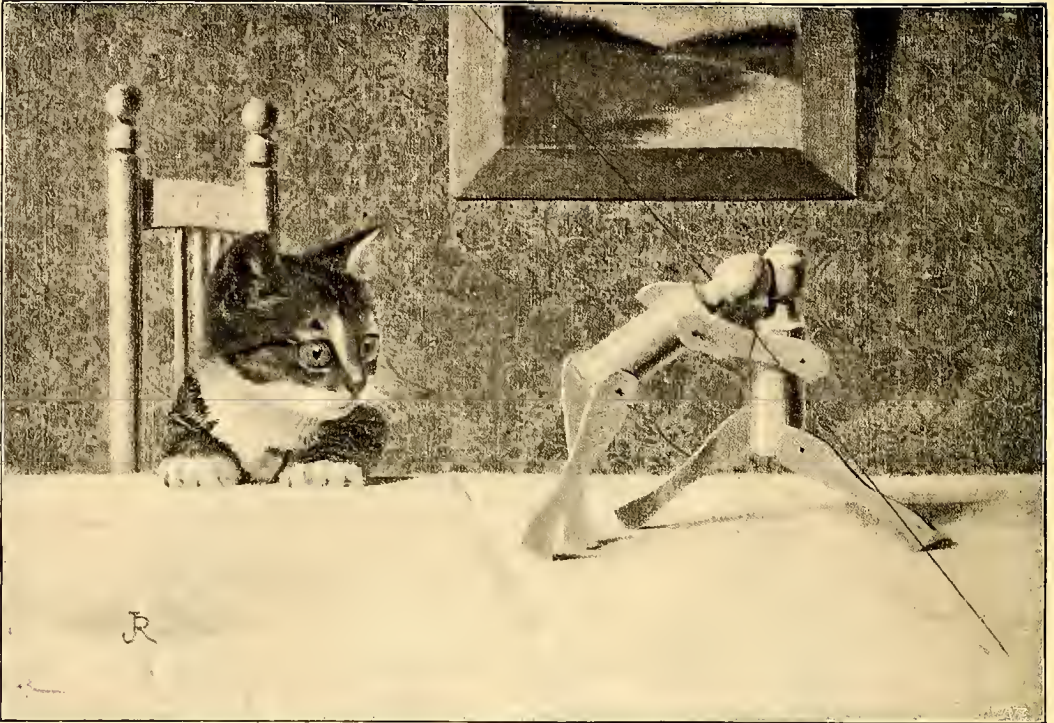
"But how is it, friend Coyote," said the Woodpecker politely, "that your colors are so bright at first, but very soon become black?"

"Oh, that is the beauty of our colors," replied the Coyote, smothering his rage, "that they are not always the same—like other people's—but turn all shades."

otes have done. Never in your life try to appear what you are not. Be just what you really are, and put on no false colors."

"Is that so?" cried the boys, as is customary at the end of a story.

"That is so; and it is as true for people as for beasts and birds. Now, *too kwai* [come]—we have talked long enough; it is bedtime."



THE REFEREE.

THE DICKEY BOY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"I SHOULD think it was about time for him to be comin'," said Mrs. Rose.

"So should I," assented Miss Elvira Grayson. She peered around the corner of the front door. Her face was thin and anxious, and her voice was so like it that it was unmistakably her own note. One would as soon expect a crow to chick-a-dee as Miss Elvira to talk in any other way. She was tall, and there was a sort of dainty angularity about her narrow shoulders. She wore an old black silk, which was a great deal of dress for afternoon. She had considerable money in the bank and could afford to dress well. She wore also some white lace around her long neck, and it was fastened with

a handsome gold and jet brooch. She was knitting some blue worsted, and she sat back in the front entry, out of the draft. She considered herself rather delicate.

Mrs. Rose sat boldly out in the yard in the full range of the breeze, sewing upon a blue-and-white gingham waist for her son Willy. She was a large, pretty-faced woman in a stiffly starched purple muslin, which spread widely around her.

"He 's been gone 'most an hour," she went on; "I hope there 's nothin' happened."

"I wonder if there 's snakes in that meadow?" ruminated Miss Elvira.

"I don't know; I 'm gettin' ruther uneasy."

"I know one thing—I should n't let him go

off so, without somebody older with him, if he was my boy."

"Well, I don't know what I can do," returned Mrs. Rose uneasily. "There ain't anybody to go with him. I can't go diggin' sassafras-root, and you can't, and his uncle Hiram's too busy, and grandfather is too stiff. And he is so crazy to go after sassafras-root, it does seem a pity to tell him he sha'n't. I never saw a child so possessed after the root and sassafras-tea, as he is, in my life. I s'pose it's good for him. I hate to deny him when he takes so much comfort goin'. There he is now!"

Little Willy Rose crossed the road, and toiled up the stone steps. The front yard was terraced, and two flights of stone steps led up to the front door. He was quite breathless when he stood on the top step; his round, sweet face was pink, his fair hair plastered in flat locks to his wet forehead. His little trousers and his shoes were muddy, and he carried a great scraggy mass of sassafras-roots. "I see you a-settin' out here," he panted softly.

"You ought not to have stayed so long. We began to be worried about you," said his mother in a fond voice. "Now go and take your muddy shoes right off, and put on your slippers; then you can sit down at the back door and clean your sassafras, if you want to."

"I got lots," said Willy, smiling sweetly and wiping his forehead. "Look-a-there, Miss Elvira."

"So you did," returned Miss Elvira. "I suppose now you think you'll have some sassafras-tea."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I guess I'll steep him a little for supper, he's so crazy for it," said Mrs. Rose when Willy had disappeared smilingly around the corner.

"Yes, I would. It's real wholesome for him. Who's that comin'?"

Mrs. Rose stared down at the road. A white horse with an open buggy was just turning into the driveway, around the south side of the terraces. "Why, it's brother Hiram," said she, "and he's got a boy with him. I wonder who 't is."

The buggy drew up with a grating noise in the driveway. Presently a man appeared around the corner. After him tagged a small

white-headed boy, and after the boy Willy Rose, with a sassafras-root and an old shoe-knife in his hands.

The man, who was Mr. Hiram Fairbanks, Mrs. Rose's brother, had a somewhat doubtful expression. When he stopped, the white-headed boy stopped, keeping a little behind him in his shadow.

"What boy is that, Hiram?" asked Mrs. Rose. Miss Elvira peered around the door. Mr. Fairbanks was tall and stiff-looking. He had a sunburned, sober face. "His name is Dickey," he replied.

"One of those Dickeys?" Mrs. Rose said "Dickeys" as if it were a synonym for "outcasts" or "rascals."

Mr. Fairbanks nodded. He glanced at the boy in his wake, then at Willy. "Willy, s'pose



THE DICKEY BOY.

you take this little boy 'round and show him your rabbits," he said in an embarrassed voice.

"Willy Rose!" cried his mother, "you have n't

changed those muddy shoes! Go right in this minute, 'round by the kitchen door, and take this boy 'round with you; he can sit down on the door-step and help you clean your sassafras-root."

Willy disappeared lingeringly around the house, and the other boy, on being further bidden by Mr. Fairbanks, followed him. "Willy," his mother cried after him, "mind you sit down on the door-step and tie your shoes! I ain't goin' to have that Dickey boy left alone; his folks are nothin' but a pack of thieves," she remarked in a lower tone. "What are you doing with him, Hiram?"

Hiram hesitated. "Well, 'Mandy, you was sayin' the other day that you wished you had a boy to run errands, and split up kindlin's, and be kind of company for Willy."

"You ain't brought that Dickey boy?"

"Now, look here, 'Mandy—"

"I ain't going to have him in the house."

"Jest look here a minute, 'Mandy, till I tell you how it happened, and then you can do jest as you 're a mind to about it. I was up by the Ruggles's this afternoon, and Mis' Ruggles, she come out to the gate, and hailed me. She wanted to know if I did n't want a boy. Seems the Dickey woman died last week; you know the father died two year ago. Well, there was six children, and the oldest boy 's skipped, nobody knows where, and the oldest girl has just got married, and this boy is the oldest of the four that 's left. They took the three little ones to the poorhouse, and Mis' Ruggles she took this boy in, and she wanted to keep him, but her own boy is big enough to do all the chores, and she did n't feel as if she could afford to. She says he 's a real nice little fellow, and his mother wa' n't a bad woman; she was jest kind of sickly and shiftless. I guess old Dickey wa' n't much, but he 's dead. Mis' Ruggles says this little chap hates awful to go to the poorhouse, and it ain't no kind of risk to take him, and she 'd ought to know. She 's lived right there next door to the Dickey's ever since she was married. I knew you wanted a boy to do chores round, long as Willy was n't strong enough, so I thought I 'd fetch him along. But you can do jest as you 're a mind to."

"Now, Hiram Fairbanks, you know the name those Dickey's have always had. S'pose I took that boy, and he stole?"

"Mis' Ruggles says she 'd trust him with anything."

"She ain't got so much as I have to lose. There I 've got two dozen solid silver tea-spoons, and four table-spoons, and my mother's silver creamer, and Willy's silver napkin-ring. Elviry 's got her gold watch, too."

"I 've got other things I would n't lose for anything," chimed in Miss Elvira.

"Well, of course, I don't want you to lose anything," said Mr. Fairbanks helplessly, "but Mis' Ruggles, she said he was perfectly safe."

"I s'pose I could lock up the silver spoons and use the old pewter ones, and Elviry could keep her watch out of sight for a while," ruminated Mrs. Rose.

"Yes, I could," assented Miss Elvira, "and my breast-pin."

"I s'pose he could draw the water, and split up the kindlin'-wood, and weed the flower-garden," said Mrs. Rose. "I set Willy to weedin' this morning, and it gave him the headache. I tell you one thing, Hiram Fairbanks, if I do take this boy, you 've got to stand ready to take him back again the first minute I see anything out of the way with him."

"Yes, I will, 'Mandy; I promise you I will," said Mr. Fairbanks eagerly. He hurried out to the buggy, and fumbled under the seat; then he returned with a bundle and a small wooden box.

"Here 's his clothes. I guess he ain't got much," said he.

Mrs. Rose took the newspaper bundle; then she eyed the box suspiciously. It was a wooden salt-box, and the sliding cover was nailed on.

"What 's in this?" said she.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Fairbanks; "some truck or other—I guess it ain't worth much."

He put the box down on the bank, and trudged heavily and quickly out to the buggy. He was anxious to be off; he shook the reins, shouted "ge lang" to the white horse, and wheeled swiftly around the corner.

"I 'd like to know what 's in that box," said Mrs. Rose to Miss Elvira.

"I hope he ain't got an old pistol or anything of that kind in it," returned Miss Elvira. "Oh, 'Mandy, I would n't shake it, if I were you!" For Mrs. Rose was shaking the wooden box, and listening with her ear at it.

"Something rattles in it," said she, desisting; "I hope it ain't a pistol." Then she entered with the newspaper-bundle and the box, and went through the house with Miss Elvira following. She set the bundle and box on the kitchen table, and looked out of the door. There on the top step sat the Dickey boy cleaning the sassafras-roots with great industry, while Willy Rose sat on the lower one chewing some.

"I do believe he 's goin' to take right hold, Elviry," whispered Mrs. Rose.

"Well, maybe he is," returned Miss Elvira.

Mrs. Rose stowed away the boy's belongings in the little bedroom off the kitchen where she meant him to sleep; then she kindled the fire and got supper. She made sassafras-tea, and the new boy, sitting beside Willy, had a cup poured for him. But he did not drink much, nor eat much, although there were hot biscuits, and berries, and custards. He hung his forlorn head with its shock of white hair, and only gave fleeting glances at anything with his wild blue eyes. He was a thin boy, smaller than Willy, but he looked wiry and full of motion, like a wild rabbit.

After supper Mrs. Rose sent him for a pail of water; then he split up a little pile of kindling-wood. After that he sat down on the kitchen door-step in the soft twilight, and was silent.

Willy went into the sitting-room, where his mother and Miss Elvira were. "He 's settin' out there on the door-step, not speakin' a word," said he, in a confidential whisper.

"Well, you had better sit down here with us, and read your Sunday-school book," said his mother. She and Miss Elvira had agreed that it was wiser that Willy should not be too much with the Dickey boy until they knew him better.

When it was nine o'clock Mrs. Rose showed the Dickey boy his bedroom. She looked at

him sharply; his small pale face showed red stains in the lamplight. She thought to herself that he had been crying, and she spoke to him as kindly as she could—she had not a caressing manner with anybody but Willy. "I guess there 's clothes enough on the bed," said she. She looked curiously at the bundle and the wooden box. Then she unfastened the bundle. "I guess I 'll see what you 've got for clothes," said she, and her tone was as motherly as she could make it toward this out-cast Dickey boy. She laid out his pitiful little wardrobe, and examined the small ragged shirt or two and the fragmentary stockings. "I guess I shall have to buy you some things if you are a good boy," said she. "What have you got in that box?"—the boy hung his head—"I hope you ain't got a pistol?"

"No, marm."

"You ain't got any powder, nor anything of that kind?"

"No, marm." The boy was blushing confusedly.

"I hope you 're tellin' me the truth," Mrs. Rose said, and her tone was full of severe admonition.

"Yes, marm." The tears rolled down the boy's cheeks, and Mrs. Rose said no more. She told him she would call him in the morning, and to be careful about his lamp. Then she left him. The Dickey boy lay awake, and cried an hour; then he went to sleep, and slept as soundly as Willy Rose in his snug little bedroom, leading out of his mother's room. Miss Elvira and Mrs. Rose locked their doors that night, through distrust of that little boy downstairs who came of a thieving family. Miss Elvira put her gold watch, and her breast-pin, and her pocket-book with seventeen dollars in it, under the feather-bed; and Mrs. Rose carried the silver teaspoons up-stairs, and hid them under hers. The Dickey boy was not supposed to know they were in the house,—the pewter ones had been used for supper,—but that did not signify; she thought it best to be on the safe side. She kept the silver spoons under the feather-bed for many a day, and they all ate with the pewter ones, but finally suspicion was allayed if not destroyed. The Dickey boy had shown himself trustworthy in several instances.

Once he was sent on a test errand to the store, and came home promptly with the right change. The silver spoons glittered in the spoon-holder on the table, and Miss Elvira wore her gold watch and her gold breast-pin.

"I begin to take a good deal more stock in that boy," Mrs. Rose told her brother Hiram. "He ain't very lively, but he works real smart; he ain't saucy, and I ain't known of his layin' hands on a thing."

But the Dickey boy, although he had won some confidence and good opinions, was, as Mrs. Rose said, not very lively. His face, as he did his little tasks, was as sober and serious as an old man's. Everybody was kind to him, but this poor little alien felt like a chimney-sweep in a queen's palace. Mrs. Rose, to a Dickey boy, was almost as impressive as a queen. He watched with admiration and awe this handsome, energetic woman moving about the house in her wide skirts. He was overcome with the magnificence of Miss Elvira's afternoon silk, and gold watch; and dainty little Willy Rose seemed to him like a small prince. Either the Dickey boy, born in a republican country, had the original instincts of the peasantry in him, and himself defined his place so clearly that it made him unhappy, or his patrons did it for him. Mrs. Rose and Miss Elvira tried to treat him as well as they treated Willy. They dressed him in Willy's old clothes, they gave him just as much to eat; when autumn came, he was sent to school as warmly clad and as well provided with luncheon; but they could never forget that he was a Dickey boy. He seemed in truth to them like an animal of another species, in spite of all they could do, and they regarded his virtues in the light of uncertain tricks. Mrs. Rose never thought at any time of leaving him in the house alone without hiding the spoons, and Miss Elvira never left her gold watch unguarded.

Nobody knew whether the Dickey boy was aware of these lurking suspicions or not; he was so subdued that it was impossible to tell how much he observed. Nobody knew how homesick he was, but he went about every day full of fierce hunger for his miserable old home. Miserable as it had been, there had been in it a

certain element of shiftless ease and happiness. The Dickey boy's sickly mother had never chided him; she had not cared if he tracked mud into the house. How anxiously he scraped his feet before entering the Rose kitchen. The Dickey boy's dissipated father had been gentle and maudlin, but never violent. All the Dickey children had done as they chose, and they had agreed well. They were not a quarrelsome family. Their principal faults were idleness and a general laxity of morals which was quite removed from active wickedness. "All the Dickeys needed was to be bolstered up," one woman in the village said; and the Dickey boy was being bolstered up in the Rose family.

They called him Dickey, using his last name for his first, which was Willy. Mrs. Rose straightened herself unconsciously when she found that out. "We can't have two Willies in the family, anyhow," said she; "we 'll have to call you Dickey."

Once the Dickey boy's married sister came to see him, and Mrs. Rose treated her with such stiff politeness that the girl, who was fair and pretty and gaudily dressed, told her husband when she got home that she would never go into *that* woman's house again. Occasionally Mrs. Rose, who felt a duty in the matter, took Dickey to visit his little brothers and sisters at the almshouse. She even bought some peppermint-candy for him to take them. He really had many a little extra kindness shown him; sometimes Miss Elvira gave him a penny, and once Mr. Hiram Fairbanks gave him a sweet-apple tree — that was really quite a magnificent gift. Mrs. Rose could hardly believe it when Willy told her. "Well, I must say I never thought Hiram would do such a thing as that, close as he is," said she. "I was terribly taken aback when he gave that tree to Willy, but this beats all. Why, odd years it might bring in twenty dollars!"

"Uncle Hiram gave it to him," Willy repeated. "I was a-showin' Dickey my apple-tree, and Uncle Hiram he picked out another one, and he give it to him."

"Well, I would n't have believed it," said Mrs. Rose.

Nobody else would have believed that Hiram Fairbanks, careful old bachelor that he was,

would have been so touched by the Dickey boy's innocent, wistful face staring up at the boughs of Willy's apple-tree. It was fall, and the apples had all been harvested. Dickey would get no practical benefit from his tree until next season, but there was no calculating the comfort he took with it from the minute it

between times. Sometimes of an evening he sat soberly down with Willy and played checkers, but Willy always won. "He don't try to beat," Willy said. Sometimes they had popcorn, and Dickey always shook the popper. Dickey said he was n't tired, if they asked him. All winter the silver spoons appeared on the

table, and Dickey was treated with a fair show of confidence. It was not until spring that the sleeping suspicion of him awoke. Then one day Mrs. Rose counted her silver spoons, and found only twenty-three teaspoons. She stood at her kitchen table, and counted them over and over. Then she opened the kitchen door. "Elviry!" she called out, "Elviry, come here a minute! Look here," she said in a hushed voice, when Miss Elvira's inquiring face had appeared at the door. Miss Elvira approached the table tremblingly.

"Count those spoons," said Mrs. Rose.

Miss Elvira's long slim fingers handled the jingling spoons. "There ain't but twenty-three," she said finally, in a scared voice.

"I expected it," said Mrs. Rose. "Do you s'pose he took it?"

"Who else took it, I'd like to know?"

It was a beautiful May morning; the apple-trees were all in blossom. The Dickey boy had stolen over to look at his. It was a round hill of pink-and-white bloom. It was the apple year. Willy came to the stone wall and called him. "Dickey," he cried, "Mother wants you"; and Dickey obeyed. Willy had run on ahead. He found Mrs. Rose, Miss Elvira, Willy, and the twenty-three teaspoons



"THE TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS CHEEKS, BUT HE ONLY SHOOK HIS HEAD IN THAT MUTE DENIAL."

came into his possession. Every minute he could get, at first, he hurried off to the orchard and sat down under its boughs. He felt as if he were literally under his own roof-tree. In the winter, when it was heavy with snow, he did not forsake it. There would be a circle of little tracks around the trunk.

Mrs. Rose told her brother that the boy was perfectly crazy about that apple-tree, and Hiram grinned shamefacedly.

All winter Dickey went with Willy to the district school, and split wood and brought water

awaiting him in the kitchen. He shook his head to every question they asked him about the missing spoon. He turned quite pale; once in a while he whimpered; the tears streamed down his cheeks, but he only shook his head in that mute denial.

"It won't make it any easier for you, holding out this way," said Mrs. Rose, harshly. "Stop cryin' and go out and split up some kindlin'-wood."

Dickey went out, his little convulsed form bent almost double. Willy, staring at him with his great, wondering blue eyes, stood aside to let him pass. Then he also was sent on an errand, while his mother and Miss Elvira had a long consultation in the kitchen.

It was a half hour before Mrs. Rose went out to the shed where she had sent the Dickey boy to split kindlings. There lay a nice little pile of kindlings, but the boy had disappeared.

"Dickey, Dickey!" she called. But he did not come.

"I guess he 's gone, spoon and all," she told Miss Elvira when she went in; but she did not really think he had. When one came to think of it, he was really too small and timid a boy to run away with one silver spoon. It did not seem reasonable. What they did think, as time went on and he did not appear, was that he was hiding to escape a whipping. They searched everywhere. Miss Elvira stood in the shed by the wood-pile, calling in her thin voice, "Come out, Dickey; we won't whip you if you *did* take it," but there was not a stir.

Toward night they grew uneasy. Mr. Fairbanks came, and they talked matters over.

"Maybe he did n't take the spoon," said Mr. Fairbanks uncomfortably. "Anyhow, he 's too young a chap to be set adrift this way. I wish you 'd let me talk to him, 'Mandy."

"*You*," said Mrs. Rose. Then she started up. "I know one thing," said she; "I 'm goin' to see what 's in that wooden box. I



"THERE, AMONG THE BLOSSOMING BRANCHES, CLUNG THE DICKEY BOY."

don't believe but what that spoon 's in there. There 's no knowin' how long it 's been gone."

It was quite a while before Mrs. Rose returned with the wooden box. She had to search for it, and found it under the bed. The Dickey boy also had hidden his treasures.

She got the hammer and Hiram pried off the lid, which was quite securely nailed. "I 'd ought to have had it opened before," said she. "He had n't no business to have a nailed-up box round. Don't joggle it so, Hiram. There 's no knowin' what 's in it. There may be a pistol."

Miss Elvira stood farther off. Mr. Fairbanks took the lid entirely off. They all peered into the box. There lay an old clay pipe and a roll of faded calico. Mr. Fairbanks took up the roll and shook it out. "It 's an apron," said he. "It 's his father's pipe, and his mother's apron—I—swan!"

Miss Elvira began to cry. "I had n't any idea of anything of that kind," said Mrs. Rose huskily. "Willy Rose, what *have* you got there?"

For Willy, looking quite pale and guilty, was coming in, holding a muddy silver teaspoon. "Where did you get that spoon? Answer me this minute," cried his mother.

"I—took it out to—dig in my garden with the—other day. I—forgot—"

"Oh, you naughty boy!" cried his mother. Then she too began to weep. Mr. Fairbanks started up. "Something 's got to be done," said he. "The wind 's changed, and the May storm is comin' on. That boy has got to be found before night."

But all Mr. Fairbanks's efforts, and the neighbors' who came to his assistance, could not find the Dickey boy before night or before the next morning. The long cold May storm began, the flowering apple-trees bent under it, and the wind drove the rain against the windows. Mrs. Rose and Miss Elvira kept the kitchen fire all

night, and hot water and blankets ready. But the day had fairly dawned before they found the Dickey boy, and then only by the merest chance. Mr. Fairbanks, hurrying across his orchard for a short cut, and passing Dickey's tree, happened to glance up at it, with a sharp pang of memory. He stopped short. There, among the blossoming branches, clung the Dickey boy, like a little drenched, storm-beaten bird. He had flown to his one solitary possession for a refuge. He was almost exhausted; his little hands grasped a branch like steel claws. Mr. Fairbanks took him down and carried him home. "He was up in his tree," he told his sister brokenly, when he entered the kitchen. "He 's 'most gone."

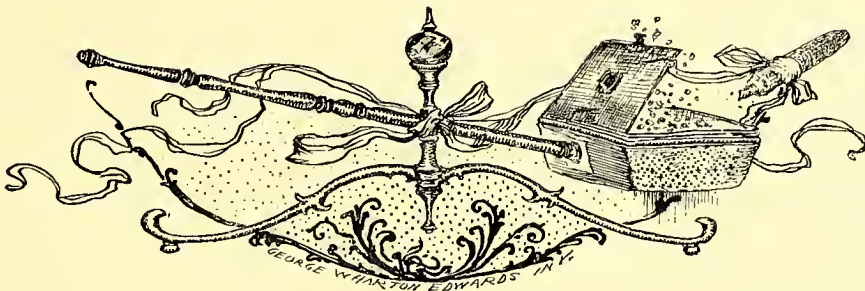
But the Dickey boy revived after he had lain awhile before a fire and been rolled in hot blankets and swallowed some hot drink. He looked with a wondering smile at Mrs. Rose when she bent over him and kissed him just as she kissed Willy. Miss Elvira loosened her gold watch with its splendid long gold chain and put it in his hand. "There, hold it awhile," said she, "and listen to it tick." Mr. Fairbanks fumbled in his pocket-book and drew out a great silver dollar. "There," said he, "you can have that to spend when you get well."

Willy pulled his mother's skirt. "Mother," he whispered.

"What say?"

"Can't I pop some corn for him?"

"By and by." Mrs. Rose smoothed the Dickey boy's hair; then she bent down and kissed him again. She had fairly made room for him in her stanch, narrow New England heart.



TO THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.

BY LUCIE A. FERGUSON.

IN the first decade of this century, Major Zebulon Pike gazed from afar at the grim slopes of the mountain named in his honor, and doubted if human foot would ever tread its summit; nor did he express this doubt lightly, as might one who had not made the endeavor, but as one who had put forth his best efforts and had been baffled at every turn by frowning steeps, chilling blasts, and fast-falling snow.

Having reached the height of a much lower peak, now known as Cheyenne Mountain, he decided that further efforts would be but to incur an unnecessary risk for his small band of men, and therefore retraced his steps to the valley.

Forty years or more passed by, and the mighty monarch yet reared aloft its proud head in seeming defiance of human touch, when another venturesome traveler contemplated the ascent of the mountain, and an exploration of the magnificent cañons opening in every direction from his camping ground. He had pitched his tent in a nook of surpassing beauty, wherein were situated numerous health-giving springs, a place where the Indians were accustomed to bring their sick that the "Manitou," the Great Spirit, might heal them by these life-renewing waters.

Then a band of hostile Indians appeared in large numbers, and he who might have blazed a trail to those lonely heights was forced to make haste in his departure, and to "stand not on the order of his going."

But the magic word "gold" had set in motion many an emigrant wagon, and the lonely plains were soon marked by an almost continuous train, in one case, at least, bearing in visible letters on canvas, and in all, bearing in equally clear characters on the brows of the occupants, "Pike's Peak or bust!" Some perished by the way; many reached the goal; but to each and all the grand old peak, now shrouded in clouds,

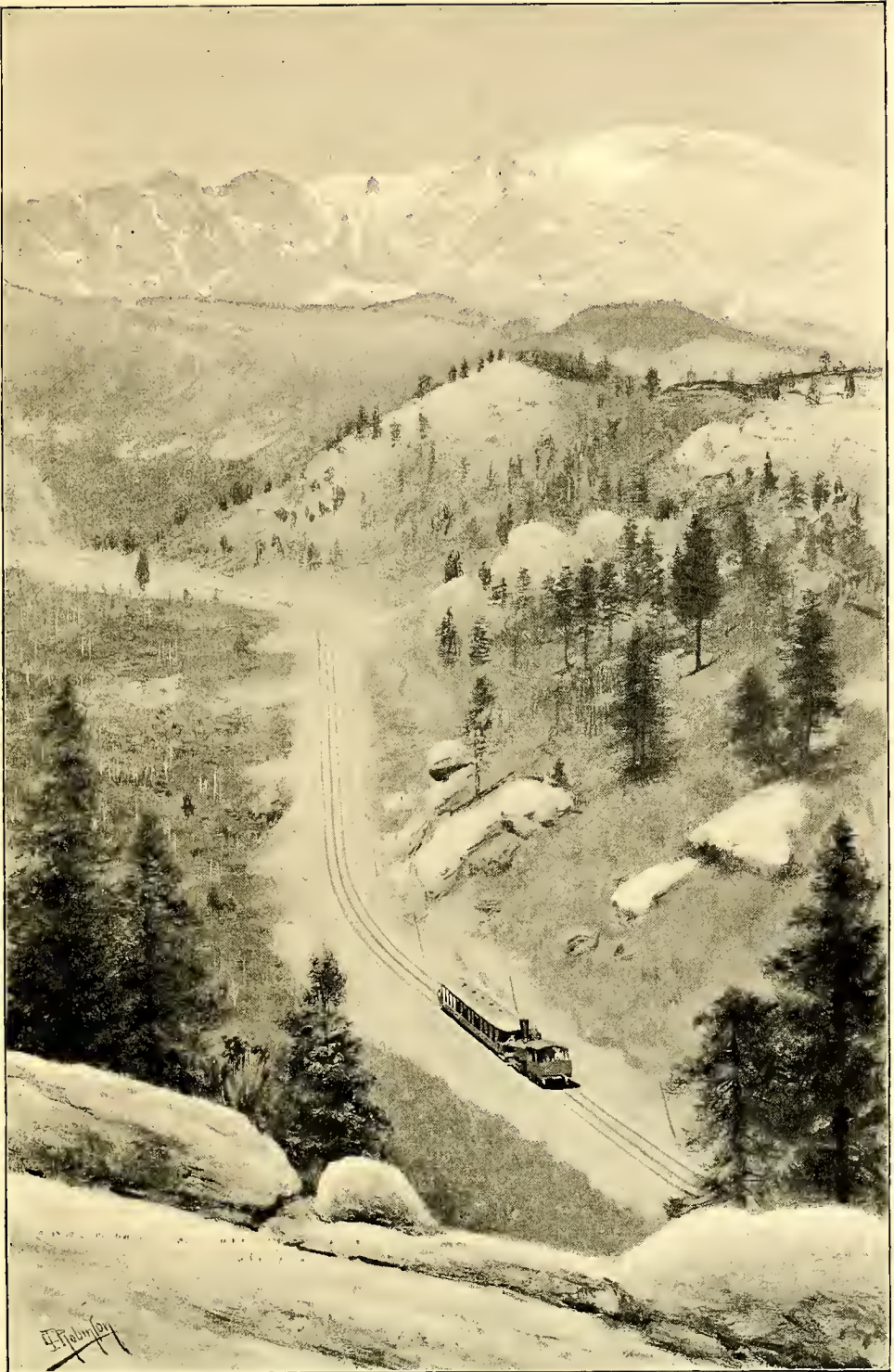
now gleaming in the sunlight, stood a landmark for miles on miles of toilsome journeying.

Not all of those who reached the goal were rewarded by the sight of the yellow metal; but wealth is not counted wholly by nuggets, and many who failed in their search for gold found that which money cannot buy. The "Great Spirit" had not withdrawn his healing touch from the waters, though his dusky children no longer came to drink of them, and ere long the fame of sparkling springs and invigorating air was calling hundreds to the famous mountain who otherwise might never have seen it.

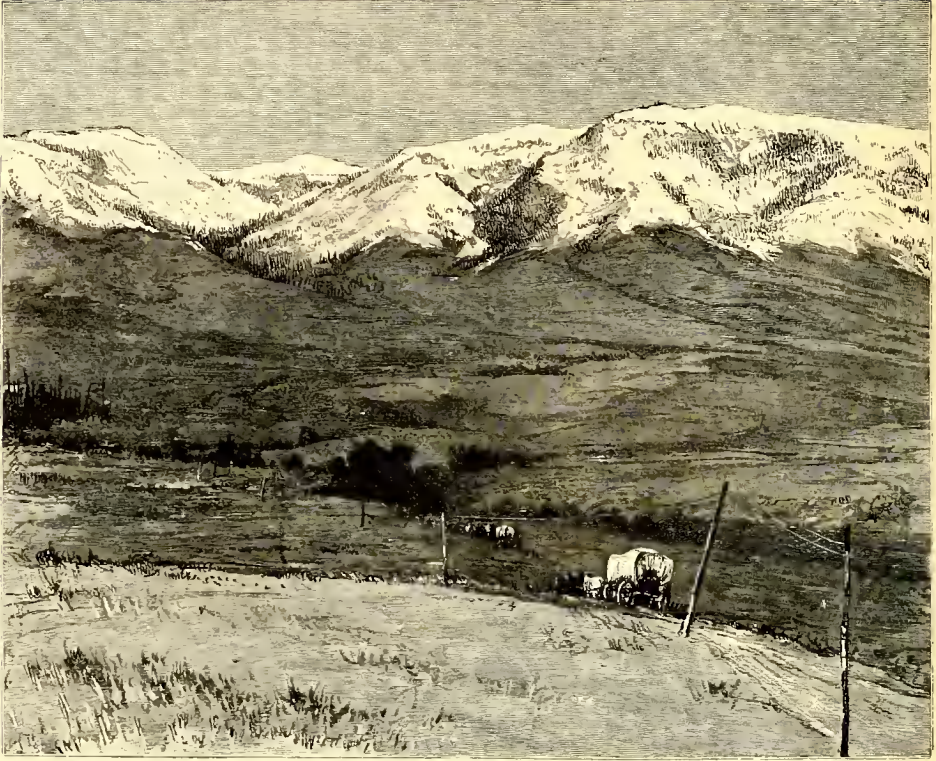
Once at its base, there was an irresistible desire to climb its slopes, and soon a few intrepid spirits explored a rough and dangerous path that led almost to the top. But the way was very long and full of peril, so that only the hardiest could travel it.

After the completion of the transcontinental railroad, tourists and settlers poured into the country, transforming hamlets into cities, and this former Indian camp into a famous watering-place. Then a demand for amusement and adventure on the part of those whose time hung heavy on their hands in crowded hotel or cozy cottage led to the construction of a well-defined and not too hazardous path to the very summit of the mountain. Even then the trip was no child's play, and never was attempted without due deliberation and careful forethought as to the powers of endurance possessed by each member of a party.

In time, the sure-footed burro became the all-important factor in a Pike's Peak journey, but that patient beast, with a size so comically disproportioned to his endurance, was destined to be ridiculed and berated by those whom he had faithfully served. He was too slow or too stubborn; the trip on his back was nearly as hard as if taken afoot; the trail was steep, even to



ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT.



IN THE OLD DAYS. "PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!"

causing dizziness, and the more timid climbers preferred walking to riding; and altogether it was evident that the beast of the long ears must soon be retired to his much beloved obscurity.

Indomitable pluck has been and will ever be an American characteristic. That which but a few years before would have been considered an impossibility became in 1889 an accomplished fact. There was a carriage road in place of the narrow trail. To be sure, it zig-zagged and it twisted, it swept round dangerous curves and it crept up steep inclines, but it brought the traveler to his goal, even though a whole day, and sometimes two and three days, were occupied in the task.

Wonderful as it was, the era of the carriage-road was destined to be the shortest in the history of this historic mountain.

A party of capitalists, having for some time foreseen the value of a railroad at this particular spot, had decided to build one.

Other mountains, not so high, had been

climbed on railroad trains; why might not this one? The very boldness of the scheme brought adherents; soon a company was formed and work commenced. Unexpected difficulties, animate and inanimate, presented themselves on every hand. The surveying and grading of such a road were dangerous beyond conception, and as one difficulty after another was met and overcome only to be immediately succeeded by others more perplexing, it is no wonder that the promoters of the road sometimes wondered if it would ever be completed.

In addition to all other trials, and more trying than any, was the trouble of keeping men at work at that altitude. Fresh causes for dissatisfaction seemed to arise each day, and strikes were constantly impending. At length the preliminary work was completed, after nearly a year of diligent toil. The laying of the track and finishing strokes, while being matters of extreme nicety and great care, were nevertheless accomplished with fewer delays and less annoyance, so that the 20th of October, 1890, saw the driv-

ing of the customary "golden spike"; and soon after the Pike's Peak Railroad was finished!

Winter had come again to the hoary mountain, and all thought of carrying tourists to its summit was postponed till the following summer.

Could Zebulon Pike have looked upon that peak in the *last* decade of the nineteenth century he might have seen on the 30th day of June, 1891, a trail of smoke that told of the exertions of a cog-wheel engine propelling, ant-like, its car-load of passengers. Early that morning an unusually eager party of pleasure-seekers had boarded a luxurious train at Denver, had been whirled over the populous plains, across the steep "divide," down again into the fertile valley, and after one change of cars had been deposited at an attractive little station in the very shadow of Pike's Peak. There they expected to be taken immediately by the mountain railroad and landed at the old signal-station on the very tip-top, in good time for a one-o'clock luncheon! But a slight disappointment awaited them, delaying them several hours at Manitou. A boulder had fallen so as to block the track.

Then came an inspection of the road, engine, and coaches. The system employed is that known as the Abt; the road is of standard gage, and differs from ordinary roads in that continuous rack-rails pass midway between the outer rails, and upon this middle rail runs a cogwheel attached to the locomotive. The rack-rails, two in number, are set less than two inches apart, and are made of the best steel, cut from the solid piece by machines especially constructed for the purpose. They are firmly set in the heaviest of timbers, and are so arranged as to break the jointings — that is, so that jointings of rails will not come directly opposite one another.

To make assurance doubly sure, and to prevent any moving of the track, through variations of temperature or the great weight of the rails,

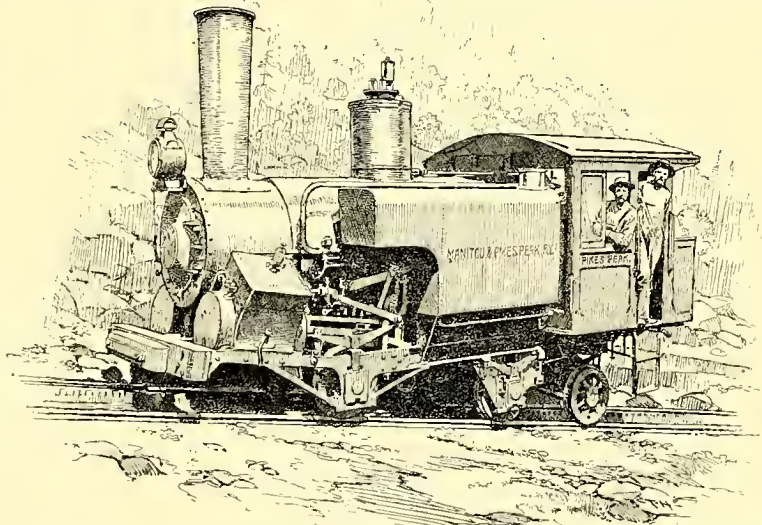
anchor-plates have been imbedded in the solid rock, or sunk securely into the well ballasted roadbed. A system of cogwheels placed under the locomotive, and also under the coaches, gears with the rack-rails and gives a "purchase" in climbing, and a security in descending.

The saucy little tip-tilted engine is constructed in such a manner that the engineer's cab may stand level at the average grade. The seats in the coaches are also made movable and remain level, being self-adjusting to the slopes.

After having had time to fully examine every detail about this novel railroad, the travelers were glad to hear that the boulder had been removed by a charge of giant-powder, and that the track repairs would probably be completed by the time the party should arrive there.

With eagerness increased by the delay, and the fear that perhaps the trip could not be accomplished, the car, seating fifty people, was filled in a twinkling; the little engine puffed and snorted; the passengers gave a joyous hurrah, and the first train to reach the top of Pike's Peak had started.

From the beginning the way was so steep that not a few wondered at their hardihood in attempting the journey; but as the steepest



"THE LITTLE TIP-TILTED ENGINE."

grade was overcome almost at the outset, and as the wondrous landscape unfolded itself, there was no room for other feelings than reverential awe for the natural surroundings and

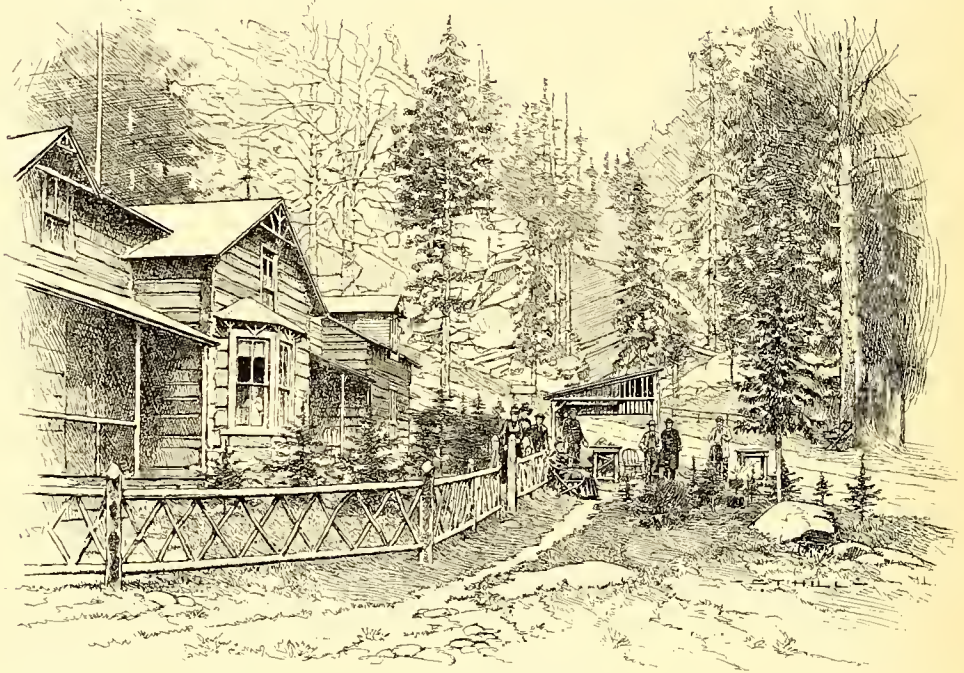
admiration of the enterprise that had constructed that truly marvelous road.

Up we went, between frowning cliffs or along dizzy slopes, past laughing cascades or foaming torrents, till the Half-way House was reached. There a stop was made, and the passengers saw a rustic home almost hidden by trees and sheltered by towering mountains. This was the house that was of so much importance in the days of burro climbing, for here the real hardship of the trip began, and here after the long return journey was over, the weary excur-

der. Everywhere nature was grand beyond description, and the glimpses of the plain were given as if to say, "Behold how fair a land thou dwellest in!"

At the end of an hour the trees began to be stunted, with most of their limbs growing on the lower side; flowers and ferns became less and less frequent; mosses and lichens on the rocks were more and more noticeable.

At length we were above timber-line and had come almost to the place where the track had been wrecked. Here and there among the



THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

sionists were glad to rest before returning to Manitou.

As the train made its slow ascent, there were at times such bewitching glimpses of the low-lying valley as almost took the breath of beholders. By a curious refraction of the air, the valley seemed on a level with the great height we had attained; and, looking first at the rocky cañon, then at the smiling valley, it seemed for an instant as if the heavens were opened and a new earth was let down to our sight.

How can I describe the scenes we passed through? Old mountain-climbers were speechless before them; novices were filled with won-

der. Everywhere nature was grand beyond description, and the glimpses of the plain were given as if to say, "Behold how fair a land thou dwellest in!"

rocks could be seen dainty yellow blossoms and forget-me-nots. They seemed to know that they need not be very big in order to be remembered, for who having seen them growing so bravely there at the very edge of the snow could ever forget them?

Colder and colder grew the air, and every wrap was close-buttoned, every window closed. Before the windows were shut, a few of us had enjoyed the novelty of scraping snow from the banks piled on each side of the track by the laborers who had shoveled it out a few days before.

When we reached the broken track we found



NEARING THE TOP.

it was not repaired; but the conductor assured us that if we would but be patient we should reach the top "if it took all night!"

Who would not be patient with such grandeur spread out to the view? Far away the beautiful *Sangre de Cristo* range lifted its snowy peaks



WHERE THE DELAY OCCURED.

in the sunlit air; green foothills in billowy verdure rolled between; seven glittering lakes revealed themselves to our delighted vision, and the frowning peak above looked down at us with awful grandeur.

An hour and a half was spent here, and to the few who became restless the conductor explained that the break must be accurately repaired, or (impressively) the train would jump the track!

The rarefied air prevented long effort by the willing workmen, he said, but we should soon be on our way.

"All aboard!" rang out, the engine gathered itself for a mighty effort, and again we were going upward. Slowly we crept over the freshly made track, and gained the upper side amid hearty rousing cheers from workers and passengers.

A steady climb, a curve, and — joy of joys! — we were at the summit. A cold wind greeted us as we left the coach, and we gladly crowded into the old signal-station, now used only as a hostelry for those caring to remain over night on the mountain.

Standing in that room heated by an enormous stove, with outer doors closed and double-sash windows shut tight on that 30th day of June, we could not but wonder how bitter cold it would be were the month December instead of June!

The house is of stone, and seems a part of the mountain itself rather than a house built with human hands.

The whole top of the peak is as if a deluge of boulders, shattering as they fell, had poured down upon the mountain's hoary head. Granite and snow are everywhere, and mother earth under all, hidden from sight.

And the stillness of the spot! — no sound of bird or insect or ceaseless toil of man; silence primeval, oppressive, absolute, such as reigned here before man was and will reign when he is no more.

With almost a start we were recalled to everyday affairs. The enterprising photographer was

ready to "snap" this historic party, and we were urged to arrange ourselves artistically, and to look pleasant becomingly.

The picture was taken, the train boarded, and soon the visit to Pike's Peak was only a delightful memory. Owing to the delays, Denver was not reached until 11.15 that night, fifteen hours after the departure in the morning, but what pioneer would ever have believed the ascent could be accomplished in a few hours?

Is it any wonder that next morning as we looked to the south and saw the mighty peak towering above all others, we felt a new reverence for it and an interest that amounted almost to ownership?

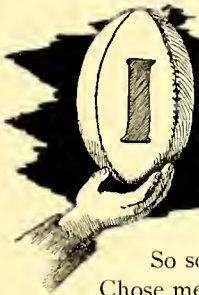


"NOW WE CAN REST."



AFTER THE GAME.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.



WAS "regulation size"
To the sporting-
dealer's eyes;
He strongly recom-
mended me, and praised
me to the skies.

So some quiet-looking men
Chose me as *best* of ten.

They handled me most tenderly and said I was
a "prize"!

But on Thanksgiving Day

Their kindness passed away.

They took me to some kind of game. Im-
agine my dismay

When I was taken out

'Mid a crowd ranged all about,

And a tyrant in an ulster invited us to "Play!"

I did n't care to stay;

But was not asked to say.

They seemed to think I wished to be the center
of the fray.

They kicked me everywhere,

They struggled in despair,

They fell upon me, "punted" me, and drove me
far away.

They cried out "Down!" or "Held!"

They "dropped on" me and yelled,

Till I feared my vital breath would be forcibly
expelled!

They "drop-kicked" me "for goal,"

And over me would roll,

As if I were a hard-boiled egg, refusing to be
shelled.

When they were through with me

I was a sight to see!

Begrimed and scratched on every side, they
bore me home in glee.

Hung up in silken fetters,

I was marked in gilded letters,

"CHAMPIONS OF NINETY-ONE,"—whatever
that may be.

It 's not that I complain;

But if you can explain

The reasons for maltreating me, 't would ease a
puzzled brain.

I come from over seas,

And will ask you, if you please,

The reason for subjecting me to such a fearful
strain!

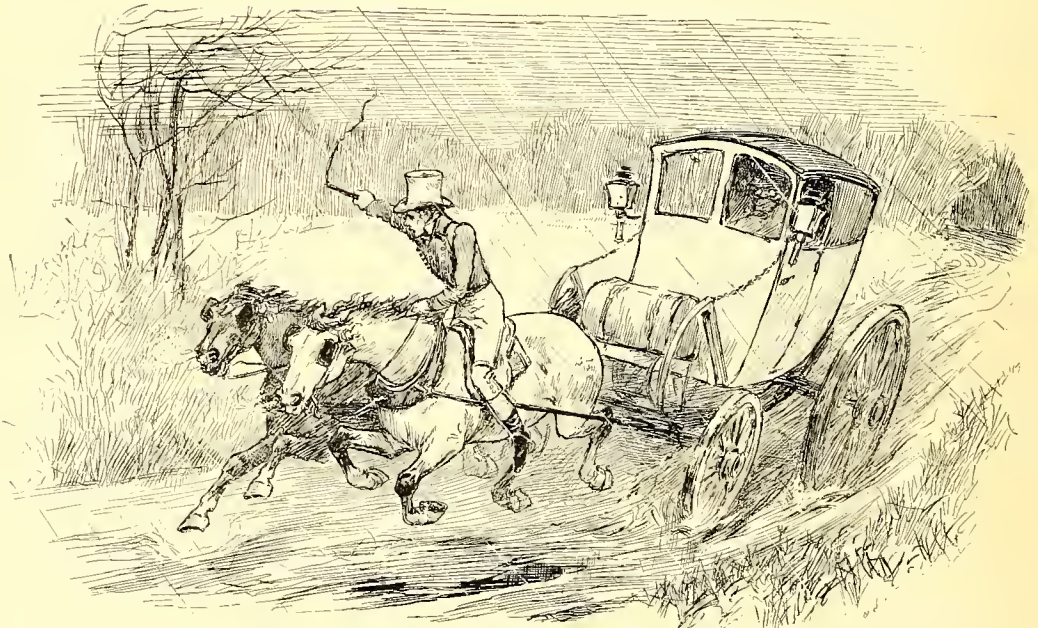


HOW THEY RIDE.

BY EVA L. CARSON.



BRAVELY comes the gentleman,
Trotting nimbly as he can;
Lifts his hat to Meg and Dot
As he passes — trot, trot, trot.



Now the postboy follows fast,
Gallop, gallop—ah, he 's past,
Spares not spur, but shakes the rein,
Gallops on with might and main.

Next there comes the country boy,
Many a jump, and hobbledy-hoy.
Bumpety-bump!—if he fall down,
Ten to one he cracks his crown!

This is the way the ladies ride,
Gently pacing, side by side,
Backward and forward, to and fro,
See, my darling, how they go.

Pace, and gallop, and trot, my dear,
So they 've traveled for many a year;
But none of them all can happier be
Than Goldilocks on her father's knee



RUSSIAN CHILDREN IN THE URAL MOUNTAINS.

BY DAVID KER.

TRAVELERS who have crossed over into Asia by way of Eastern Russia will have passed through a broken, hilly tract of country, rising finally into the steep, rocky range which is marked on the maps as the Ural Mountains. They are not very mountainous, to be sure, the highest point being only about five thousand feet; but if you try to cross them in a heavy wagon you will find them quite steep enough.

The first thing you see of them, as you come from the west, is a succession of bare, stony uplands, separated here and there by a deep gully, through which a tiny stream, almost dried by the heat of summer, goes chafing and foaming among the gravel. Then come rolling waves of steep grassy hills, growing higher and higher with every mile, and at last appear the genuine "*Uralskiya Gori*," with their black, frowning rocks and headlong torrents, deep, narrow valleys, clustering trees perched upon overhanging cliffs, and great masses of dark mountain rising up on both sides as if to bury the road and all who may venture upon it.

In some places the hills are so steep that you have to get out and walk, while your horses pick their way up and down as gingerly as a man walking on a tight-rope; and, perhaps, in another half-hour or so, you find yourself splashing through a stream that flows directly across the road. Altogether, it is hardly the sort of country that many people would care to live in; yet plenty of people do live in it, and think themselves fortunate, too. Every now and then, in traversing all these ups and downs, you come suddenly upon a little patch of level turf, on which some fifty or sixty log huts cluster around a tall, green church-tower, as chickens gather under the wings of the mother-hen; and if you look among them, you will soon notice one bigger than the rest, with

door-posts striped black and white like barbers' poles. This is the post-house, where you will have to change horses before going on again.

There are people enough to be seen here, and a very picturesque set they are. Big, yellow-haired men, in high boots, wearing red calico shirts outside their other clothes; hulking lads, hot and dusty from their work in the fields, laughing and playing tricks upon each other like so many school-boys; sunburned women, with crimson scarfs wound turban-fashion around their hard, wooden faces, and bare-footed girls, carrying home their two pails of water upon a curved yoke, which, instead of crossing both shoulders, is balanced upon one, so that one pail hangs in front and the other is behind her.

And as for the children — why, the whole place seems peopled with them! You can scarcely stir without running against some little brown-faced, round-eyed figure, with no cap but its own matted hair, and, indeed, little clothing of any kind except a light shirt or pinafore. In these warm, bright summer days, the whole hillside is their playground, and a jolly life they have of it. Sometimes they are out all day in the woods, gathering firewood or picking mushrooms, their dinner being eaten upon the smooth turf, under the shade of some spreading tree. Then, too, there are always plenty of horses to be taken down to the water, and it is fun for the boys to ride them bare-backed down the steep slopes, and to go splashing about in the stream, laughing and shouting to each other till the lonely hillside is as lively and noisy as any nursery. And to see the horses themselves prance, and shake their manes, and toss their heads about, and splash up the water, you would think that they enjoyed the sport quite as much as did the little riders.

Besides, there is no lack of games for the chil-

dren to play. They have quite as many as other children. There is "Wolf and Lamb," which resembles your hide-and-seek; and there is a game something like nine-pins, but played with long pieces of bone. Then there is "*Tchassovoi*" (sentinel), which is played by setting one boy to walk up and down a line traced on the ground, while the rest try to leap over it without being caught. Sometimes the sentinel is blindfolded, and then every one who crosses the line has to warn him by first giving a shout.

Then, too, as the highroad passes right through these mountains, there are always plenty of wagons and post-cars going backward and forward, during the fine summer weather. It is not unusual for the little people to run after them and to beg a ride, and very seldom indeed do they meet with a refusal. I remember, a few years ago, as I was crossing these very mountains to join the Russian soldiers who were setting out to march over the great desert beyond, a little dot of a girl, whose mother lived a mile or so out of the village through which I was passing, came toddling up to the side of my wagon, and holding up her little brown arms to me, cried out, "*Yekhat, yekhat!* (Ride, ride!)" So I took her up beside me, and gave her a ride as far as her mother's door; and by the way she clapped her hands and shouted on the way, I should say she enjoyed her ride very much.

But everything is very different when the terrible Russian frost sets in, and hill and valley alike become one great sheet of white. Very bare and dreary do these green, sunny slopes look in the winter months, with a few leafless trees standing gauntly up through the drifts, and the fierce, cold wind howling down the passes, driving great showers of snow along with it. No more light clothing, no more bare heads then. Every one, whether a child or grown-up, is muffled in a great thick sheepskin frock reaching down to the feet, with a big collar turning up all round the face, till you can hardly see who it is.

But the little Russians are not afraid of the cold, and have amusements in winter as well as in summer. When the sun is bright, and there is no snow falling, they can go out upon the

hills with their sleds—for they have sleds there, of course, and these little mountain-people are quite as fond of them, and as clever in managing them, as any children in the world. Famous sliding do they have down these great slopes, and fine rosy faces do they win by it, and wonderful appetites do they carry home with them to their suppers of brown bread and *kasha* (buckwheat porridge mixed with butter), after the fun is over.

And in the stormy evenings, when the grim northeast wind comes howling over the wild, lonely mountains, bringing with it all the cold of the frozen wastes of Siberia, when the great flakes are falling so thick and fast that no one can see an inch beyond the window, and far up among the hills you can hear at times the crash of a tree breaking down under the weight of the snow,—then is the time for the little folks to cuddle around the warm stove, and to roast chestnuts in the embers, and for the older boys to make baskets or twist ropes, and for the bigger girls to plait straw mats. And then their old grandmother, sitting at her spinning, on a stool in the warmest corner, with a red handkerchief around her dark, wrinkled old face, which looks just like an oak-carving, will tell them some quaint old fairy tale or some story out of Russian history—perhaps about Ivan Veliki, who beat the Tatars, or Peter the Great, who built St. Petersburg, or the brave men who burned their great city of Moscow to drive away Napoleon.

Sometimes the children take *their* turn, and sing a funny little song about the "white geese," as they call the snowflakes:

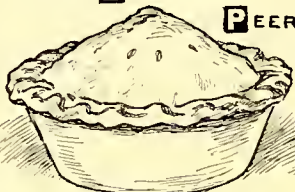
Daddy, daddy Winter,
Let your white geese fly;
Send the wind to drive them
All across the sky!

Bend the tossing pine-trees,
Make the hard earth split—
Snug around the fireside
We don't fear a bit!

And I don't suppose they do; for in spite of their wild country and their rough climate, these little Russians are a very merry race indeed.

THE NEW STORY

THAT
WONDERFUL,
BEAUTIFUL,
PEERLESS,



TEMPTING, **E**LEGANT
APPLE **P**IE.

OF THE

APPLE PIE.

BY
E. T. CORBETT.



M

1
Made the Pie, one Monday Morning,
plenty of Apples in nice thin slices —
Plenty of sugar, and various spices —
Near little scallops the edge adorning —
Oh, my! Oh, my!
She Made that wonderful Apple pie!



H

2
Was Helping Her — in and out
Of kitchen and pantry she Hastily ran;
Brought the rolling-pin, board and pan;
picked up the apples that tumbled about.
Oh, my! Oh, my!
One always needs Help with an Apple pie!



B

3
Built a Big fire — the oven was hot —
She watched the Baking; once in a while
She peeped at the Pie, and it made her smile
To see on the top a little Brown spot —
Oh, my! Oh, my!
That was a Beautiful Apple pie!



D

4
 Said it was Done and Drew it out—
 Out of the oven, most carefully;
 "A prettier Pie you never will see!"
 So she Declared, with a joyful shout.
 Oh, my! Oh, my!
 A Delicious, Delicate Apple Pie!



P

5
 Praised it and then on the Pantry shelf
 She Put it to cool, She said "It's nice.
 "It's full of apples and sugar and spice."
 "I'd like a piece," she said to herself,
 Oh, my! Oh, my!
 A piece of that Precious Apple Pie!



R

6
 Ran to the garden to tell the others.
 The boys were playing a game of ball,
 They threw down their bats when they heard it all
 And Raced to the house crying—"Come on brothers!"
 Oh, my! Oh, my!
 They wanted to see that Remarkable Pie!



C

7
 Came first and he Coaxed and Cried.
 But the girls all answered him—"No, No, No!"
 You Can't have any, you'd better go!
 That Apple Pie is our Joy and Pride!"
 Oh, my! Oh, my!
 What! Cut such a Charming Apple Pie!



E

8
 Entered next, and he Eyed it all round,
 But E was short and the shelf was high;
 He only got a mere Peep at the Pie—
 And so with Envy he scowled and frowned,
 Oh, my! Oh, my!
 He scowled at that Elegant Apple Pie



W

9
 Whined that was Worst of all,
 "I Want it!"—Now Wasn't that a shame?
 G. (I don't like to tell you his name)
 Grabbed for the Pie and Got a bad fall—
 Oh, my! Oh, my!
 He was Greedy about that Apple Pie!



S
L
U
O
N
V

10

Said! - "We'll Steal it." Oh, naughty boys!
J. Joined at once in the wicked plot -
T. Took it down, it was Still quite hot -
And Tip-Toed away, without any noise.
Oh my! Oh my!
So they Stole that Superior Apple Pie!

11

L. Locked it up in his closet, next, -
But I Inquired of every one: -
"Have you an Idea where our Pie has gone?"
And all the girls were Indignant and vexed.
Oh my! Oh my!
Had they Lost that Loveliest Apple Pie?

12

U. Undertook to Unearth it at once.
Q. Quickly said - "We'll join in the Quest."
K. took the Keys, and followed the rest,
But didn't Know where to find it, the dunce!
Oh my! Oh my!
How they sorrowed and searched for that Apple Pie!

13

O. Overlooked it, but then she was Old,
And she wouldn't Own how short was her sight -
F. Finally Found it and danced with delight,
As she Flung the door open the Pie to behold -
Oh my! Oh my!
That Famous, Fabulous Apple Pie!

14

N. Waked from her Nap on hearing the Noise.
Into the closet she Naughtily ran,
And to Nibble a bit of the crust began -
But the girls all scolded and so did the boys.
Oh my! Oh my!
She Nibbled that peerless Apple Pie!

15

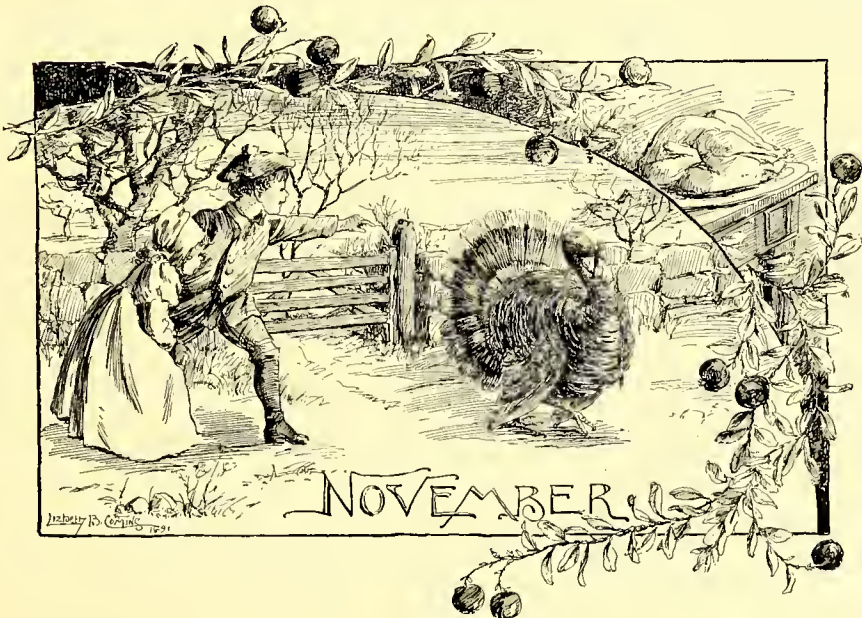
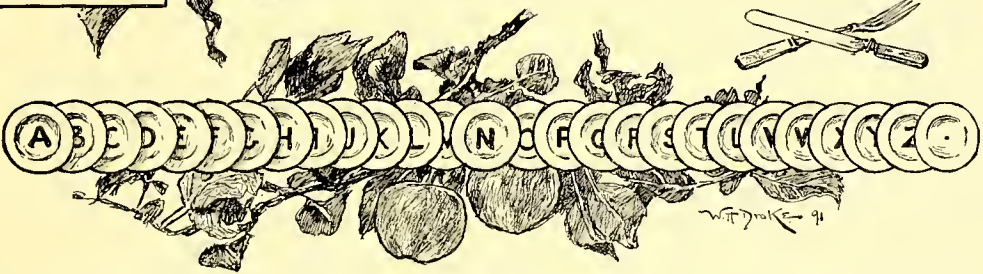
V. Voted to have it for dinner that day -
A. Answered for All: - "To that we Agree."
She Arranged the table with joy and glee;
"We'll EAT our pie - that's the wisest way"
Oh my! Oh my!
They were going to eat that Astonishing Pie!

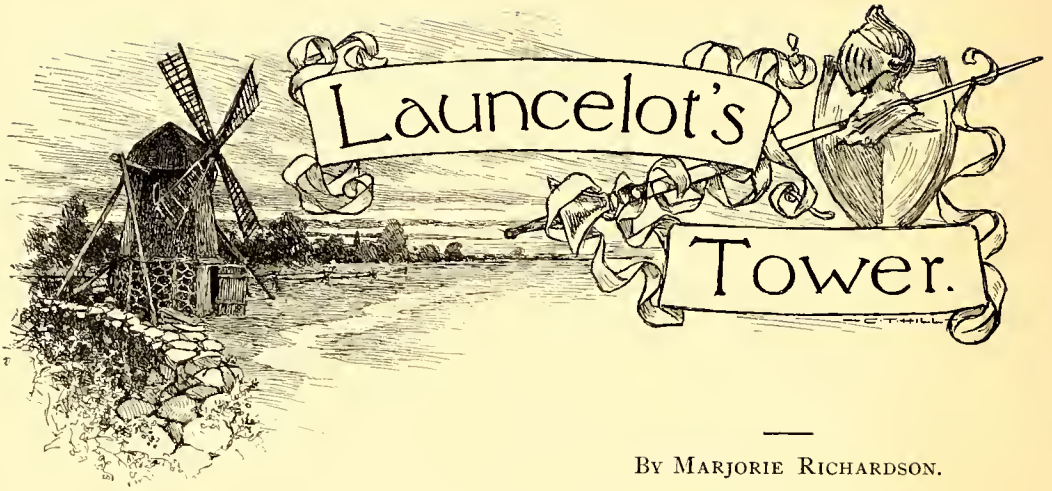
16

brought in **X**tra plates for the Pie
 Said she: "I **X**pect we'll need them all."
Z. Zealously wiped them, and let one fall.
 So they called her a **Z**ony, and made her cry,
 Oh my! Oh my!
 They began to cut it, that **X**cellent Pie

17

Was the **Y**oungest — just two **Y**ears old —
 They brought his high chair and fastened him in,
 Tied a napkin under his chin,
 Gave him a bit of crust to hold —
 Oh my! Oh my!
 They left not a crumb of that **A**pple Pie!





BY MARJORIE RICHARDSON.

You see, Uncle Jack started it by calling Launce and me Knights of the Round Table. We were just getting over a severe fever and had come to the part where it 's so stupid—you feel too well to stay in bed and you don't feel well enough to go down-stairs. The only thing we could get any fun out of was eating, and we spent so much time sitting at the little light stand in Launce's room, that Uncle Jack began to call us "The Knights of the Round Table."

He used to tell us long stories every evening about King Arthur's court. They were prime stories, too. We both wished we had lived in those days, and had had a chance at slaying the king's enemies, and smashing down the castle walls. We told Uncle Jack so the night before he went away, and he said there was no reason why we could n't be knights now just as well as then.

"Here 's Launcelot, already," he said; "and Jim can be Sir Galahad."

"Then you shall be our King Arthur," said Launce, "and while you 're away we 'll try to win honors for you."

"You should win honors for some fair maiden," said Uncle Jack, laughing. "There 's Susan Briggs, for instance—it would n't hurt you to practise a little chivalry toward her."

Launce looked rather sober, though I don't

see why he should, for he never teased Susan as I did.

She lived near us, and when we told her about our being Knights of the Round Table she thought it was great fun, and said she wanted to come into the game, too. So she read up some of the stories, and one day she came over with a curtain-cord around her waist for a girdle, and her hair down her back, and said she had decided to be Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat.

I hollered. I could n't help it. The idea of Susan Briggs with her carroty hair and freckles being the Lily Maid nearly finished me. She grew very red when I laughed, but she did n't say anything. She only kept her eyes fixed anxiously on Launce, and waited for him to speak. He looked away from her, but I saw the corners of his mouth twitch before he answered. Then he said:

"All right, Susan, there 's no reason why you should n't be the Lily Maid if you want to, though I don't care for that sort of rubbish myself."

"But, Launce," she cried, "it is n't rubbish. Some parts of it are splendid—that place where she died and they floated her down the river to the queen's court, in a barge all fitted up with cloth-of-gold and lilies and—things."

"Lots of fun she must have had out of it if

she was dead," said I. "They might just as well have sent her down in a scow, so far as she knew."

"You see, the knights always had to have some fair damsel to fight for," she continued, without paying any attention to me.

"Stuff!" said I crossly. "Let them fight for their king. What 's the use of having girls in it, anyway?"

"Why not?" said Susan, flashing round at me. "Can't a girl be brave and loyal as well as a boy?"

"Of course she can," said Launce hastily, scowling at me. "I 'll be your knight, and I 'll wear your colors in the fray, fair Elaine."

"What are they?—red?" said I, and Susan went home mad.

After she had gone, Launce told me he thought it was mean to laugh at her. She was homely, of course, but she might outgrow it in time. I said she 'd better wait till she did, before she called herself Elaine; but I felt ashamed of myself, and was careful after that to call her the Lily Maid.

Well, we had a splendid time that summer. We used to have tournaments in the big field on the other side of the river. The Lily Maid had an old white horse which she called her "palfrey," and when we borrowed it for our jousts we called it the "fiery steed." We used to draw lots to see which two of us should ride to the meadow, for it was a long way from the house.

The day before we expected Uncle Jack home, we were going up to the field to practise for a grand tourney, and that time the Lily Maid and I drew the longest lots and started ahead on the steed. When we reached the field, we sat down under a big tree and waited for Launce; but he did n't come.

"I would that the valiant Sir Launcelet would brace up," said I, after a while, "for yonder sable cloud forbodes a rattling old thunder-storm."

"I would he would," said the Lily Maid, beginning to fidget. She hated thunder-storms.

I climbed a tree to see if Launce were coming, but he was n't in sight.

"I trow our brave knight did n't try to cut across lots where Farmer Hale's red bull is," called up the Lily Maid.

"Cracky! I trow not too," said I, coming down in a hurry. "We had better go back and see?"

It did n't take us long to get to the field, but we stopped this side of the wall and looked about for the bull.

Farmer Hale had been clearing up his land that afternoon, and there was a great brush-heap smoking away in the middle of the field, just this side of an old windmill. We were afraid the bull was hiding over there behind it, so we just stood on the wall and shouted for Launce.

The thunder-storm was nearer now, the crashes and lightning seemed to come at almost the same minute, and the wind was blowing a regular hurricane. The Lily Maid looked white enough, even through her freckles, but she did n't say a word about going home, for by that time we both were pretty well scared about Launce.

Between the peals of thunder, we began to hear a queer noise in the direction of the windmill. The Lily Maid and I started for it on a



THE LILY MAID OF ASTOLAT.

run, keeping an eye out all the time for the bull. As we drew nearer, the noise became a loud roar, and above it all we could hear shouts from Launce.

"Jiminy!" said I, "I believe that Launce and the bull are shut up together in the wind-mill."

"Are you in there, Launce?" screamed the Lily Maid, and then we could hear his voice from 'way above us:

"Yes, I am. I'm up where the shafting is. That bull chased me in here, and he's ramping around underneath me. He's shut the door

A big gust of wind swept across the field at this moment, nearly taking the Lily Maid and me off our feet. It brought with it a cloud of dust and dry leaves, and the great brush-heap, which till now had been smoldering quietly, suddenly blazed up and began to scatter sparks in every direction.

The Lily Maid screamed and seized my arm. "The sparks are falling on the mill," she



"LAUNCE CAME STAGGERING OUT OF THE MILL, HALF CHOKED BY THE SMOKE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

on himself in some way, and now he can't get out, and neither can I!"

All this time the thunder was crashing louder than ever and the bull was bellowing like mad. I looked through a crack and could see him tearing round and round in a circle, and could just catch a glimpse of Launce, crouching on a beam and scowling down at him. They looked so funny that I could n't help laughing.

"This is indeed a woful plight, O brave Sir Launcelot," I began. "Now is the time to show your prowess. What doughty deed—"

shouted with her mouth close to my ear. "It will be on fire in a second. We must get Launce out."

"Great Cæsar's ghost! What's the matter?" called Launce in a scared voice. "The air is full of smoke. Is anything on fire?"

A little blaze burst out from the roof. I gave one look at it, and then started across the fields as fast as I could go.

"I'll get help," I shouted. "Tell Launce to hold out a few minutes longer."

But as I vaulted the fence I heard a shriek

from the Lily Maid. I turned and saw the top of the old mill all ablaze.

For a second I could n't move; then the peril Launce was in came over me, and I leaped the fence and started back on a run. But the Lily Maid was before me. She had her hand on the door, and I knew what she was going to do.

"Don't open that door!" I yelled. "You'll be killed. Wait for me."

She hesitated a moment, and I saw her catch her breath and look up at the burning roof, and then—

"You'll be too late!" she screamed, and she flung the door wide open.

Out dashed the bull in a blind fury. He knocked over the Lily Maid in his first wild rush, but the smoke seemed to madden him and he did not stop, but gave a fearful roar and galloped across the fields.

It did n't take me long to get to her, and as I knelt down by her side Launce came staggering out of the mill, half choked by the smoke. He looked at her in a dazed sort of way, but did n't say a word till I shook him by the shoulder.

"Help me lift her, Launce. We must get her away from here—out of the smoke," said I, for her face was very white.

Then he said: "She's dead, is n't she, Jim?" and lifted her all by himself and carried her across the field as if he did n't feel her weight at all. He put her down under a tree, and I ran as fast as I could and brought some water from the brook.

Soon she opened her eyes, and after staring at us for a moment she said dreamily:

"That day there was dole in Astolat."

"Don't talk like that, Susan," said I quickly, and Launce's face grew a shade whiter, but she went right on:

"I know I made a funny Elaine, but I did so want to be brave and loyal as—well—as—" But she could n't finish the sentence. She put both hands wearily to her head and closed her eyes again.

I tell you it's rather hard on a fellow to have the mean things he's said brought up to him at a time like that, and my voice was so choked for a minute that I could hardly answer.

"There's no need to talk of being brave, Susan, after what you've just done."

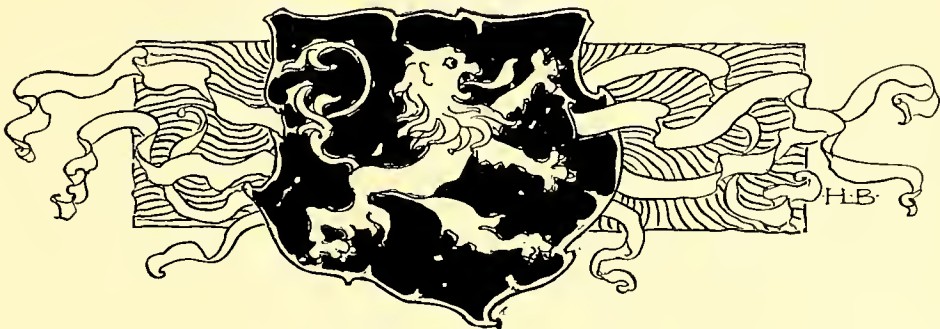
"You're worth ten of us, Susan!" said Launce in a very low voice, "and after this we'll always be your true knights."

And—well, there is n't much more to tell. Susan was ill for several weeks, and the next time we saw her she was so thin and white that she might have called herself the Lily Maid in good earnest.

One day, when she was nearly well, we three walked down to the meadow together. We leaned over the wall and looked at the ruins of the old windmill.

"Sir Launcelot's tower!" said Susan, with a little laugh. "Methinks it seems a sorry resting-place for the chief of knights."

"It would have been a good deal sorrier resting-place if it had n't been for the Lily Maid of Astolat," said I seriously.



THE BARBER OF SARI-ANN.

BY JACK BENNETT.



It was ages ago, at the Sari-Ann fair,
The king called the court barber to shave his
face bare,
But to make the least scratch on his skin,—if
he dare!
Then the barber's assistant made haste to pre-
pare
Lather, sponges, and towels, as usual there,
Strapped the strip of a razor-strop tied to the
chair,
Brought the eau-de-cologne to put on the king's
hair,
And the barber began with the shaving.

Up and down, all around, the alert razor
sped,
Till, in one most unfortunate moment of
dread,
The king's nose, with a bridge like the roof of a
shed,
Struck the razor, which, coasting along like a
sled,
Slipped, and chipped from its tip one diminutive
shred!
Like a streak of greased lightning the poor bar-
ber fled,

When a band, marching by in
a rollicking way,
Played a bit of a jig such as
circus-bands play;
And the king, who was feeling
quite merry that day,
Beat the time with a nod of
his head as he lay,
Loudly whistling the tune, ere the barber could
say
That to whistle while under a razor won't pay:
(When a king says to shave, why, a man *must*
obey,
So the barber went right along shaving).



While the king pursued, foaming with rage, as
he said,
“There shall never be any more shaving!”
“Ne'er again shall a whisker be cut in this
land;

Or a razor so much as be held in the hand;
Or an edged tool be used to cut beards!—understand?

Shears and all are included in this stern command!

All offenders shall be buried, living, in sand,
Parboiled, cut in sausage-meat, pickled and canned,

Though they plaited them, matted them,
wrapped them around
From their heads to their toes, coil on coil,
pound on pound:

“Who removes them wins fame to forever resound,
And he ’ll get half the kingdom for shaving.”



And sealed with the government pork-packer's brand!"

So the barbers all gave up their shaving.

Then the whiskers grew up, and the whiskers grew down,

And the whiskers grew gray, and the whiskers grew brown—

Mustapha! There soon were more whiskers than town!—

And so long grew the king's that they covered his gown.

Then the monarch announced, with a terrible frown:

“For a shave without cutting I ’ll give half my crown!

Get to work, now, ye wits, and ye men of renown,

To devise some new method of shaving.”

But the years rolled along, and no way could be found,

From the clouds up above, or from under the ground,

To remove the array. So did whiskers abound.
Their prodigious great lengths did all tourists astound,

One fine day, down the road that approached Sari-Ann,

Strode a stranger, abstractedly framing a plan
To take off those beards without breaking the ban.

Now, this stranger had traveled in far Hindustan,

Timbuctoo, Totolapa, Toorookhansk, and Toorfan,





Pole to pole, zone to zone, from Beersheba to
Dan ;
And he felt that he was the identical man
That could amputate beards without shaving.

In the square by the palace he set up his shop ;
Not a cup, or a lather-brush, razor, or strop,
Nor of bay-rum, pomatum, or hair-oil one drop.
In fact, nothing at all—just a big sign on top
That made every one stare, that made every one
stop,

That made every one glare, with both eyes on
the pop :

“ King, courtier and cavalier, warrior and fop,

I CAN TAKE OFF THE BEARD WITHOUT
SHAVING ! ”

Each observer flew home all his neighbors to
bring,

Just to look at this very improbable thing,
And the rumor ran round like a bull in a ring
Till it came to the palace. Then up rose the
king :

“ Bring him here. If he fail in this task, he
shall swing

By the nape of his neck from the end of a
string !

If he win, all my wealth at his feet I will fling,
This madman who shaves without shaving.”

Then the king and the court and court-coun-
sellers three,

Men-at-arms, knights and squires, a brave sight
to see,

And the populace crowding the grand gallery,
All assembled to witness what necromancy

This weird stranger might use that all whiskers
should flee.



What strange magic arts, what fell mystery,
What grim abracadabra this system might be
To get rid of beards without shaving!

“Now promise, O Sire, since my life is at stake,
That all methods, not cutting, I ’ve freedom to
take;

That you will not once ask me my task to for-
sake,

Else you give me your kingdom, land, river,
and lake.”

The king promised a promise he never could
break.

When a huge pair of pincers that made his
knees quake

Were produced by the barber with threatening
shake—

“Now,” said he, “we ’ll go on with the
shaving!”

Then he smiled a grim smile and secured a firm
grip

With his pincers upon the king’s beard, gave a
flip,

And pulled ten long hairs with a snap like a whip!
With a hop and a howl the king clutched at
his lip,

his lip,



Crying, “Crickets! If this is the way that you
strip

A beard off without using the scissors to snip,
Or a razor to shave, or an edged tool to clip,
I have got all I want of your shaving!

“Why, just see, you have pulled only ten bris-
tles out,



And there must be, beside those, ten thousand
as stout;

And before you could pull every separate sprout,
I would be everlastingly—gone up the spout!

It may amuse you and the crowd, I ’ve no
doubt,

But it ’s murder for me! Take the crown,—take
the gout!

Take the land with its gold, take the sea with
its trout,

Take it all—but excuse me from shaving!”

“Nay, I want not your crown: work is plenty
for me;

High living with hair-cutting does not agree.
Reconsider your edict and leave each man free

To be shaved or unshaven as pleasanter be;

For a king’s stanchest prop is his leniency.

And, though men, now and then, scratch their
noses, maybe

A king’s eyes should be wide enough open to see
There are many worse evils than shaving.”

Then the king arose meekly and said that he
guessed

He had paid pretty dear for his share of the
jest.

That his edict was wrong, he then freely con-
fessed:

All persons might shave. As for him, he ’d be
blessed

If he did n’t give shaving and shavers a rest!

But would still act as king—if the barber thought
best

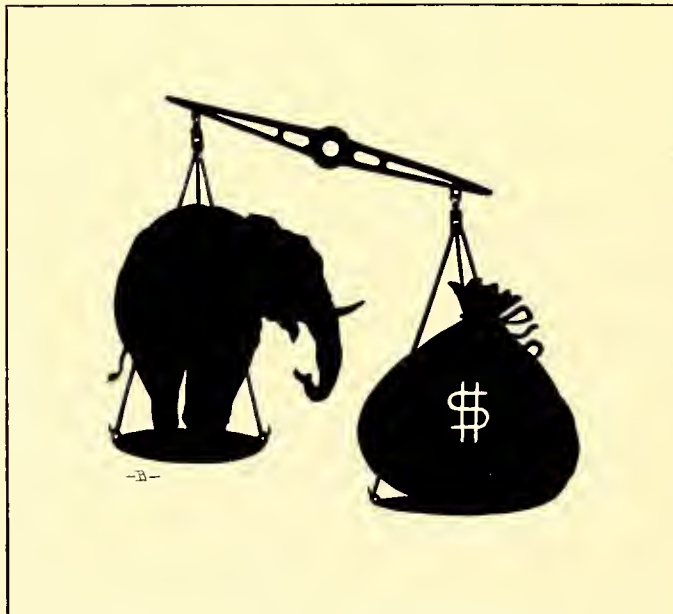


And would be his Chief Chancellor, with a be-
quest
Giving him all the Sari-Ann shaving.

Then there came by the dozen, there came by
the score,
Ninety thousand, nine hundred and seventy-four
(So the censuses said; but it surely was more)
Wanting shaves who had never been shaven be-
fore,
All awaiting their turns at the barber's front
door;
While the round dollars rolled in a ceaseless
downpour,

Till the boxes and bags of gold covered the
floor,
And the barber grew weary with shaving.

And the sum of his wealth when the business
was done
Outweighed a fat elephant more than a ton.
Then he bought out the king and the kingdom,
for fun,
Made the monarch his agent, the business to
run,
And he said, "Of all proverbs the best is this
one:
'A wise barber sticks to his shaving.'"



JERICO BOB.

BY ANNA EICHBERG KING.



JERICO BOB, when he was four years old, hoped that one day he might be allowed to eat just as much turkey as he possibly could. He was eight now, but that hope had not been realized.

Mrs. Jericho Bob, his mother, kept hens for a living, and she expected that they would lay enough eggs in the course of time to help her son to an independent career as a bootblack.

They lived in a tumbledown house

in a waste of land near the steam cars, and besides her hens Mrs. Bob owned a goat.

Our story has, however, nothing to do with the goat except to say he was there, and that he was on nibbling terms, not only with Jericho Bob, but with Bob's bosom friend, Julius Cæsar Fish, and it was surprising how many old hat-brims and other tidbits of clothing he could swallow during a day.

As Mrs. Bob truly said, it was no earthly use to get something new for Jericho, even if she could afford it; for the goat browsed all over him, and had been known to carry away even a leg of his trousers.

Jericho Bob was eight years old, and the friend of his bosom, Julius Cæsar Fish, was nine. They were both of a lovely black; a tall-dip could n't take the kink out of their hair, and the hardest whipping did not disturb the even cheerfulness of their spirits. They were so

much alike that if it had n't been for Jericho's bow-legs and his turn-up nose, you really could not have told them apart.

A kindred taste for turkey also united them.

In honor of Thanksgiving day Mrs. Bob always sacrificed a hen which would, but for such blessed release, have died of old age. One drumstick was given to Jericho, whose interior remained an unsatisfied void.

Jericho Bob had heard of turkey as a fowl larger, sweeter, and more tender than hen; and about Thanksgiving time he would linger around the provision stores and gaze with open mouth at the noble array of turkeys hanging, head downward, over bushels of cranberries, as if even at that uncooked stage, they were destined for one another. And turkey was his dream.

It was spring-time, and the hens were being a credit to themselves. The goat in the yard, tied to a stake, was varying a meal of old shoe and tomato-can by a nibble of fresh green grass. Mrs. Bob was laid up with rheumatism.

"Jericho Bob!" she said to her son, shaking her red and yellow turban at him, "Jericho Bob, you go down an' fetch de eggs to-day. Ef I find yer don't bring me twenty-three, I'll — well, never mind what I'll do, but yer won't like it."

Now, Jericho Bob meant to be honest, but the fact was he found twenty-four, and the twenty-fourth was so big, so remarkably big.

Twenty-three eggs he brought to Mrs. Bob, but the twenty-fourth he sinfully left in charge of the discreet hen.

On his return he met Julius Cæsar Fish, with his hands in his pockets and his head extinguished by his grandfather's fur cap.

Together they went toward the hen-coop and Julius Cæsar Fish spoke, or rather lisped (he had lost some of his front teeth):

"Jericho Bobth, tha'th a turkey'th egg."

"Yer don't say so?"

"I think i'th a-goin' ter hatch." No sooner

said than they heard a pick and a peck in the shell.

"Pick!" a tiny beak broke through the shell. "Peck!" more beak. "Crack!" a funny little head, a long, bare neck, and then "Pick! Peck! Crack!" before them stood the funniest, fluffiest brown ball resting on two weak little legs.

"Hooray!" shouted the woolly heads.

"Peep!" said turkeykin.

"It 's mine!" Jericho shouted excitedly.

"I'th Marm Pitkin'th turkey'th; she laid it there."

"It 's mine, and I 'm going to keep it, and next Thanksgiving I 'm going ter eat him."

with what impatience and anticipation they saw spring, summer, and autumn pass, while they watched their Thanksgiving dinner stalk proudly up the bare yard, and even hop across the railroad tracks.

But, alas! the possession of the turkey brought with it strife and discord.

Quarrels arose between the friends as to the prospective disposal of his remains. We grieve to say that the question of who was to cook him led to blows.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. There was a coldness between the friends which was not dispelled by the bringing of a pint of cranberries to the common store by Jericho, and the



JERICHO BOB AND JULIUS CÆSAR FISH PLANNING THEIR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"Think your ma 'll let you feed him up for thath?" Julius Cæsar asked, triumphantly.

Jericho Bob's next Thanksgiving dinner seemed destined to be a dream. His face fell.

"I 'll tell yer whath I 'll do," his friend said, benevolently; "I 'll keep 'm for you, and 'Thanksgivin' we 'll go halvth."

Jericho resigned himself to the inevitable, and the infant turkey was borne home by his friend.

Fish, Jr., lived next door, and the only difference in the premises was a freight-car permanently switched off before the broken-down fence of the Fish yard; and in this car turkeykin took up his abode.

I will not tell you how he grew and more than realized the hopes of his foster-fathers, nor

contributing thereto of a couple of cold boiled sweet potatoes by Julius Cæsar Fish.

The friends sat on an ancient wash-tub in the back yard, and there was a momentary truce between them. Before them stood the freight-car, and along the track beyond an occasional train tore down the road, which so far excited their mutual sympathy that they rose and shouted as one man.

At the open door of the freight-car stood the unsuspecting turkey, and looked meditatively out on the landscape and at the two figures on the wash-tub.

One had bow-legs, a turn-up nose, and a huge straw hat. The other wore a fur cap and a gentleman's swallow-tail coat, with the tails caught up because they were too long.

The turkey hopped out of the car and gazed confidently at his protectors. In point of size he was altogether their superior.

"I think," said Jericho Bob, "we 'd better ketch 'im; to-morrow 's Thanksgiving. Yum!"

And he looked with great joy at the innocent, the unsuspecting fowl.

"Butcher Tham 'th goin' ter kill 'im for uth," Julius Cæsar hastened to say, "an' I kin cook 'im."

"No, you ain't. I 'm goin' to cook 'im," Jericho Bob cried, resentfully. "He 's mine."

"He ain'th; he 'th mine."

"He was my egg," and Jericho Bob danced defiance at his friend.

The turkey looked on with some surprise, and he became alarmed when he saw his foster-fathers clasped in an embrace more of anger than of love.

"I 'll eat 'im all alone!" Jericho Bob cried.

"No, yer sha' n't!" the other shouted.

The turkey shrieked in terror, and fled in a circle about the yard.

"Now, look yere," said Julius Cæsar, who had conquered. "We 're goin' to be squar'. He wath your egg, but who brought 'im up? Me! Who 'th got a friend to kill 'im? Me! Who 'th got a fire to cook 'im? Me! Now you git up and we 'll kitch 'im. Ef you thay another word about your egg I 'll jeth eat 'im up all mythelf."

Jericho Bob was conquered. With mutual understanding they approached the turkey.

"Come yere; come yere," Julius Cæsar said, coaxingly.

For a moment the bird gazed at both, uncertain what to do.

"Come yere," Julius Cæsar repeated, and made a dive for him. The turkey spread his tail. Oh, did n't he run!

"Now I 've got yer!" the wicked Jericho Bob cried, and thought he had captured the fowl; when with a shriek from Jericho Bob, as the turkey knocked him over, the Thanksgiving

dinner spread his wings, rose in the air, and alighted on the roof of the freight-car.

The turkey looked down over the edge of the car at his enemies, and they gazed up at him. Both parties surveyed the situation.

"We 've got him," Julius Cæsar cried at last, exultantly. "You git on the roof, and ef you don't kitch 'im up thar, I 'll kitch 'im down yere."

With the help of the wash-tub, an old chair, Julius Cæsar's back, and much scrambling, Jericho Bob was hoisted on top of the car. The turkey was stalking solemnly up and down the roof with tail and wings half spread.

"I 've got yer now," Jericho Bob said, creeping softly after him. "I 've got yer now, sure," he was just repeating, when with a deafening roar the express-train for New York came tearing down the road.

For what possible reason it slowed up on approaching the freight-car nobody ever knew; but the fact remains that it did, just as Jericho Bob laid his wicked black paw on the turkey's tail.

The turkey shrieked, spread his wings, shook the small black boy's grasp from his tail, and with a mighty swoop alighted on the roof of the very last car as it passed; and in a moment more Jericho Bob's Thanksgiving dinner had vanished, like a beautiful dream, down the road!

What became of that Thanksgiving dinner no one ever knew. If you happen to meet a traveling turkey without any luggage, but with a smile on his countenance, please send word to Jericho Bob.

Every evening he and Julius Cæsar Fish stand by the broken-down fence and look up and down the road, as if they expected some one.

Jericho Bob has a turn-up nose and bow-legs. Julius Cæsar still wears his dress-coat, and both are watching for a Thanksgiving dinner that ran away.

PROFESSOR CHIPMUNK'S SURPRISING ADVENTURE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE oak-tree selected by the committee was excellently adapted to the purpose, being deep in the woods, shady, and yet not so thickly leaved as to obstruct the audience's view of the sky, in case of hawks or other unruly members of society.

Professor A. Chipmunk, though a little dingy in coloring and somewhat thin, as indeed was natural, considering his experiences, appeared to be fully conscious of the importance of the occasion and ready to do his best.

Precisely at noon he climbed to his place on one of the smaller branches, took a dainty sip of rain-water from an acorn-cup, waved his tail gracefully to the audience, and began:

QUADRUPEDS AND BIPEDS:

Your committee has told me that there is much curiosity among you in regard to my experiences during my recent captivity in the hands of that grasping and selfish race which converts our happy woodlands into desolate farms, and prefers to the sprightly and interesting dwellers of the woods the overfed and stupid slaves of the farm-yard. For the benefit of my younger hearers, I will say

plainly that I refer to the ordinary *Homo*, commonly known as Man. [Applause.]

Most of you know that it was my misfortune to fall into the clutches of these strange animals, and my good fortune to return again to my bereaved family, and to you, my neighbors.

And I am sure I can find no more fitting occasion than the present to thank you all for having supplied my wife and children with acorns and walnuts during my absence. But for the



PROFESSOR CHIPMUNK RELATING HIS ADVENTURE.

sake of the few who may not know how it was that I became the prisoner of the slow-moving animals to which I have already referred, I will explain that I entered, in the interests of science, a sort of inclosure or artificial burrow known in their tongue as a "trap." My purpose in en-

tering the inclosure was to ascertain whether it was a safe place for a squirrel to reside, and I am quite convinced by my experience that it is *not*. The trap is commodious, dark, and well sheltered; but it has the serious defect that the entrance does not always remain open. Indeed, in the case of the one I examined, no sooner had I entered it than something fell over the end, shutting out the light. As it fell I heard a peculiar sound from a bush near by, sounding like "*Igothim*."

Some of you may ask why I did not push aside the obstruction and escape. The same thought occurred to me; but, no matter how hard I pushed, it would not move. I then began to gnaw my way out, when a remarkable thing occurred. You have many of you been upon a branch when it was violently swayed by the wind. In the same way did this trap behave. It seemed to be raised from the ground and to be shaken violently, so violently, in fact, that I had to cease my attempts at gnawing my way out.

This continued for quite a time, and when it ceased the cover was opened. Glad to escape, I sprang through the opening. But to my surprise I found I was not free. I found myself in another inclosure made of thin straight twigs, without bark, and harder than any wood. I think I may say without presumption that my teeth are as good as those of any rodent who may be present, but try as I might, I could make no impression upon even the smallest of those cold gray twigs.

[At this moment two blue-jays in one of the upper branches, who had already been chattering in rather an audible tone, burst into a peal of mocking laughter. A king-bird flew at them, and gave them a good pecking, whereupon they flew away toward the swamp, and the audience settled down again and begged the professor to go on.]

As I picked up a few words of their language, I can inform you that this contrivance was called a "*cage*," and seemed to have been made for the purpose of retaining such wood-dwellers as might fall into these creatures' power.

Several of the young animals gathered around it and examined me closely, apparently to de-

termine whether I was good to eat. Indeed the youngest of them—what they call a "*Polly*"—tried to seize a piece of my tail, but was prevented by the older and greedier ones.

They seemed to think that I was not fat enough to be eaten, for they furnished me a variety of food. Among the things offered were bits of apple, a kind of sweet stone they called "*sugar*," which was like very clean ice or hard snow, a dusty sort of dry stuff known to them as "*crackers*," and a few very poor walnuts. Of course I did not feel like eating; but they would not leave me alone. They poked me with bits of stick until, seeing a good opportunity, I bit the young animal called a Polly on the end of one of her soft claws. Then she wanted to hurt me; but a larger one of the animals, known as a "*Papa*," interfered and tied a soft white leaf around her claw, probably so that she might not scratch me.

By this time I heard a curious jingling sound, and I was soon left alone.

This jingling sound was evidently of much importance to these curious creatures. I heard it always early in the morning, at about midday, and after dark; and whenever it was heard, the animals, big and little, would leave me for a time long enough for eating perhaps a dozen hickory nuts.

Every part of the cage was comfortable and quiet, except one. That was a movable place into which I could crawl; but as soon as I was in it, it would slide from under my feet. But no sooner did I slide from one part than I found another beneath my feet. It was very curious. They called it a "*wheel*."

Except the continued staring and poking, nothing was done to me the first day. But, at night, there was a great slamming and banging, the lights were suddenly taken away, just as the moonlight ends when a black cloud goes over the moon, and the whole place in which they lived became dark.

Then how I suffered! The air became very heavy and close. I could not sleep. The hole in which these queer animals sleep was terribly warm and oppressive, and I longed to be in the woods again.

When the light returned, the jingling sound

was repeated, the Papa and the Polly and the rest entered the big hollow where I was, and repeated a form of words until I was able to remember it. They said, "*Good morning, Papa,*" "*Good morning, Polly,*" and then went out of the hollow.

After another long time, a third one of them came in and looked very pleasantly at me. The Polly and the Papa came and stood looking in, too. Then the larger one said some words to the others, and repeated something like, "*Lethingo.*"

The Polly said, "*Whymama!*"

The other said again, "*Lethingo.*"

Then the cage was picked up and carried out of the hollow and into the field where they lived. Next the Polly worked over one side of the cage until she had made an opening in it.

Strange to say, none of them seemed to notice this opening, and of course I did not call their attention to the oversight. [Laughter.]

I waited until the Polly had run away to where the other creatures stood, and then I made a quick jump through the opening, and away I went!

It did not take me long, I promise you, to make my way back to the woods, and since my return I have lived among you as usual.

My observations while in captivity may be summed up as follows:

I should advise you to avoid entering any of those peculiar square, hollow logs known as "traps," as it is much easier to enter them than to escape from them. I am sure few would be clever enough to escape as I did.

If you should be so unfortunate as to find yourself in a "cage,"—which, you remember, is made of hard gray twigs,—bite the soft claws of the creatures who poke you.

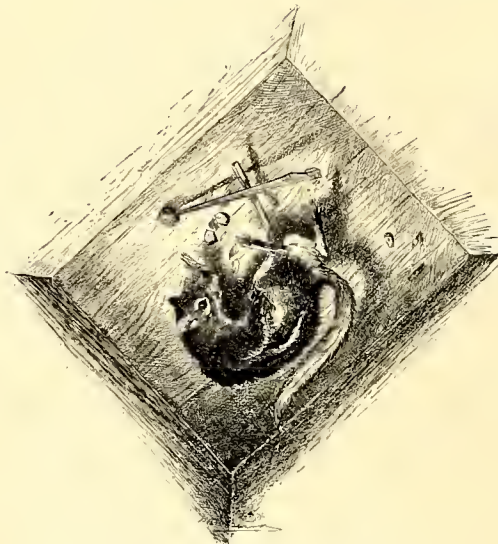
Do not eat the strange foods known as "*crackers*" or "*candy*," as they do not agree with any but men.

Large men are known as the "Papa" or "Oh-Papa," and the smaller ones as "Polly" or "Bobby." The worst kind, I believe, is the "Bobby," and the best and kindest seems to be the "Whymama."

These curious creatures all have a means of putting out the stars and moon at night, and prefer to sleep in very hot and bad air. They also run away somewhere whenever they hear a jingle, which happens three times a day.

I thank you for your attention, and hope to be in my usual health soon.

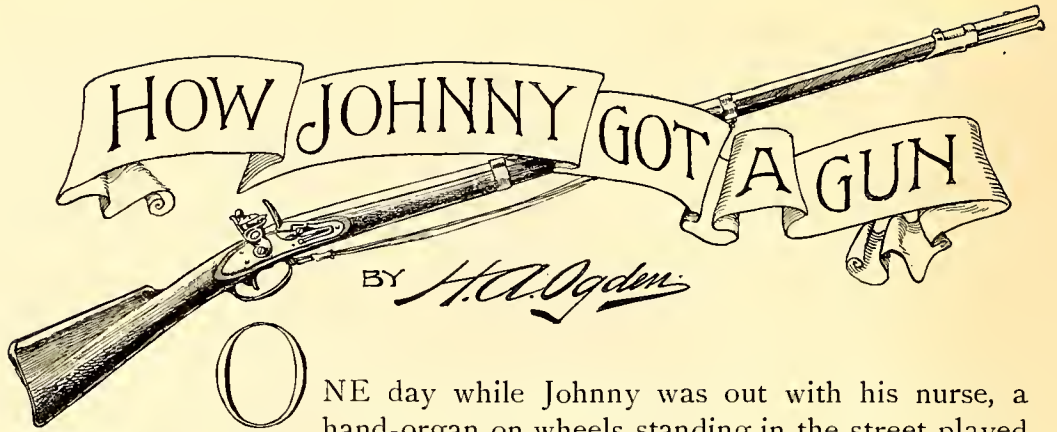
After a vote of thanks the meeting adjourned, much impressed by the boldness and learning of Professor Chipmunk.



THE PROFESSOR ON HIS TRAVELS IN THE "TRAP."



THE FIRST TOOTH.



ONE day while Johnny was out with his nurse, a hand-organ on wheels standing in the street played a very lively tune. "What is that tune?" asked Johnny. "I like it." So the nurse asked the organ-grinder. "That-a tune-a he call 'Johnny, get your gun,'" said the man.

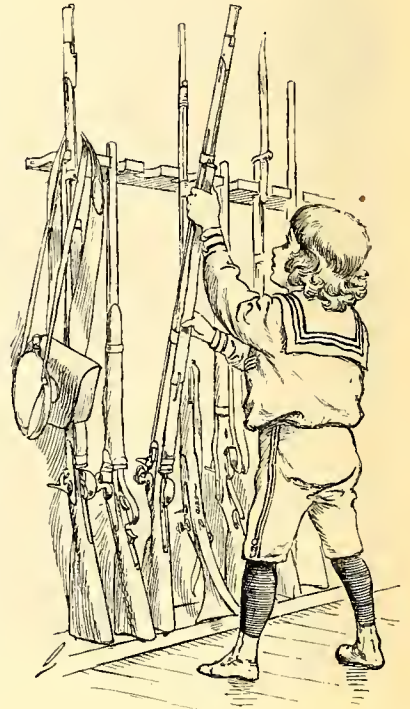
Johnny kept thinking "what a funny name for a tune!" And the next day he went into the room where his papa was painting a picture. After a while papa left Johnny by himself, and—what do you suppose happened?

Everything was still, and Johnny was wondering what he 'd do next, when in through the open window came the sound of a street-boy singing at the top of his voice.

Johnny knew the song at once. It was "Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun," and our Johnny thought to himself, "I 'd like to get a gun. Where can I find one?"

Looking about, Johnny saw, standing against the wall on one side of the room, seven guns — some very big and some not so big. They belonged to his papa, and he used them when he painted pictures of soldiers.

Johnny trotted over and picked out (as a *little* boy always does) the biggest he could find. It happened to be an old gun, one of the kind that were used long ago, with a rusty lock and barrel.



None of the guns were loaded, so Johnny was in no danger; but he never thought of danger. Down from its place he lifted the gun and put it on the floor, and pulled away at the ramrod, and at last got it out. Then he tried to put it back in its place, but it went into the barrel instead. Then he tried the lock; but try as he might, it would n't work. "How do they shoot it?" he wondered.



"This way, I guess," said he; but he could not lift the big gun up to his shoulder.

Just then the curtains of the door opened, and there stood his papa!

"Why, my boy, what *are* you doing?" he asked. "You might drop that big gun on your toes. Why *did* you get that gun?"

"Why, papa, I heard somebody outside singing 'Johnny, get your gun,' and I did n't have any; so I thought I'd get one of yours. This was the biggest I could find."

His father put the gun back in its place, and told Johnny that he should have a gun of his very own if he would promise not to touch the big ones again.

Johnny promised. So a new gun was bought for him, a toy-gun that just fitted his little hands; and now when Johnny hears the song, he says, "I'm a Johnny, and I have a gun. I'll go and get it!"





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ON some day during this fine, brisk, rustling November, my hearers, many of you will have the pleasure of attending a Thanksgiving feast either at home or elsewhere — and if you do, be sure not to forget the thanks-giving part of it. The Deacon tells me that folk with good appetites and genial natures often do so nowadays, and he is sorry for it.

A Thanksgiving feast may be one thing, or it may be another, or both — and the Deacon thinks it may as well be both. If you must forget one part of Thanksgiving Day, he says, forget the turkeys, the pumpkin pies, and all that sort of thing, but don't forget the best of all things — which is gratitude.

“TRUE AS PERSIMMONS.”

TALKING of the Deacon reminds me that his favorite November expression is: “*True as persimmons.*”

“And I mean it strictly,” he explains to the dear Little Schoolma'am. “Your persimmon, ripe or not, is as honest a thing as one can pick up in a week of Sundays. If it's a *ripe* persimmon it gives in and tells you so at once, and you believe it — and if it is not ripe —”

Well, if there is any flattery, any dissembling, any nonsense about an unripe persimmon, the Deacon says he has been mistaken for some time past, that's all!

A FARMER'S BULL KILLED BY A BEAR.

HERE is a true story which came to this pulpit from a friend of the Deacon's:

It appears that a farmer in Pennsylvania lately was disturbed while at dinner by the bellowing of his cattle. He ran out, and found that a bear was inviting a calf to come over the fence and provide him with veal cutlets. The farmer resolved to attend the proposed banquet, and thought his rifle might be a useful companion. When he brought the rifle the farmer found that his three-year-

old bull was arguing with the bear, and concluded to let the bull and bear settle the question.

The bear thought the bull's horns were a pointed hint to leave, and, after a poking, tried to climb the fence. The bull wished to help him over, so the bear hit the bull on the nose as a token that he preferred to get over without help, and again went at the fence. Then the bull charged, and down came fence, bear, and bull, all in a heap.

Neither animal paused to count ten, though both were out of temper, and the bull again charged on the bear: but the bear hit him between the horns, and the bull fell. Then the farmer, seeing that the bull was dying, went after the bear, who retired to a swamp at the top of his speed, receiving a few slight wounds from the farmer's rifle. But the farmer's ammunition gave out, and he went home for his son. The two followed the bear's tracks, found him at home, and killed him. The bull was dead, the calf died before night, and the farmer and his son made up their minds that next time a bear came to fight a bull of theirs they would do their shooting earlier. The bear weighed three hundred pounds.

Now let us take up

A FOOLISH OLD SAYING.

ONE thing always vexes my birds — and that is to hear folks say in a satisfied way, just as if they had settled the question conclusively, “*The bird that can sing and will not sing must be made to sing.*”

Now, did ever any one hear such nonsense as that? I should like to see anybody, however grand, make one of *my* birds sing if it did n't choose to sing!

NEWS FOR THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

HERE is a letter that contains, as you will see, news for the Little Schoolma'am:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am not a school-girl, for my sister and I are taught by a governess. But I have heard something that will astonish the dear Little Schoolma'am if she has not heard it already. I call it good news, too, though she may not do so. Will you please tell her that some of the real learned grown folks in mama's Afternoon Club believe that people ought to say *you was* and not *you were* when you are speaking to *one* person (which you know is the second person singular in grammar). They say *you were* is plural (and so it is) and if you are speaking to *one* person you must not speak plural to him, any more than you would say of a girl, “She must put on her hat for they [meaning the girl] are going out.”

Maybe this sounds mixed, but it is the best I can do at present.

Your young friend, LAURA PRICE.

WHILE we are considering questions of grammar, allow me to show you these lively verses from E. F. Green, a settled grammarian.

THE GRUESOME GIRL.

SHE was a real nice little girl,

With hair that hung in one long cue,

And she was meek as meek could be.

But when, one day, she came to me,

And said, “I done it” for “I did,”

Down from my nose my glasses slid,

I opened very wide my eyes,—

I did this to express surprise,—
And said, in voice that gruesome grew,
"This will not do."

She often folded in her lap
Her hands, and like a saint she seemed;
She sat for hours and hours that way,
But when, one time, I heard her say,
"I seen it" when she should have said
"I saw it," I just shook my head,
Took my galoshes from the shelf,
And in the rain walked by myself,
Remarking, "She 's not what she seemed.
I dreamed! I dreamed!"

MORAL.

O little girls with yellow hair
And angel looks, beware!
Be very careful what you say,
Nor drive your dearest friend away
By fearful grammar; and when you
Don't know exactly what to do
Or say — say nothing. No real saint
Was ever known to say "I ain't."

A BOY ADOPTED BY A COW.

A LETTER from Kansas has a surprising story, my friends. It tells me of a cow who, when she had lost her calf, showed so much sorrow that it awakened the sympathy of her owner's fourteen-year-old son, and he showed her some slight kindness. The grateful cow at once became fond of him, watched for him as she would for her calf, and since then she has shown her pleasure whenever he comes near her. Indeed no one but this boy can manage the poor animal, and wonderful stories are told of her devotion to him. The Kansas papers say that lately the boy had occasion to go to a neighboring town, and, as he remained away until after milking time, his sister, not daring to approach the cow in any other way, decided to personate her brother. So she put on a suit of his clothes and went into the barnyard. The girl succeeded in deceiving the cow until the boy was seen coming up the road, when instantly the indignant animal kicked the pail over and made a bound in the direction of the youth, showing unmistakable evidences of delight.

HERE is a pumpkin story sent you by your friend Emma M. Cass. You see it was

BROUGHT UP ON MILK.

"I 'LL tell you what I would like to have," said Johnny to his father, one day early last spring, "and that is, a little piece of ground to plant something in."

Johnny's father gave his consent, and the next morning saw our would-be farmer working away on his own farm. By dinner-time he had spaded it up, and planted some very choice pumpkin-seeds in its sunniest corner. Then for days he watched and waited until at last they began to send up their little green shoots. When, in due time, they waxed strong and vigorous, and began to put out great yellow blossoms, and after a while some baby pumpkins took shape, our little farmer was proud indeed. There was one among them, however, that seemed determined to get ahead of all the

others; for it grew and grew till it seemed as if it must burst its plump sides, or stop growing.

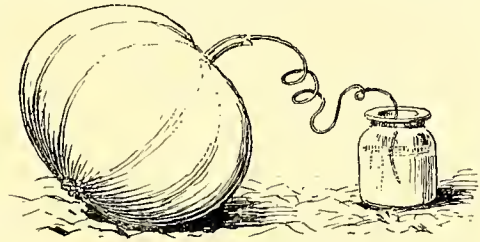
One morning along came neighbor Sam to see this wonderful pumpkin, for its fame had spread through all the neighborhood. "A pretty sizable pumpkin," said he, "but it ought to grow a bit bigger. I should feed it."

"Feed it!" exclaimed Johnny. "Do pumpkins ever eat?"

"To be sure they do — they are master hands to drink milk, as I 'll show you, if you 'll fetch me some in a large-mouthed bottle."

Away ran Johnny, who soon returned with a glass jar of rich creamy milk. Farmer Sam then cut off the end of the stalk or large vine on which the pumpkin grew, and placed the remaining part in the milk. "There, now," he said; "you 'll see that milk disappear in almost no time, and you must mind and keep the jar well filled."

Johnny followed directions faithfully, and in a short time he was well rewarded. The milk was swallowed, and the pumpkin thrived until no finer, larger specimen had ever been seen in the country.



FEEDING A PUMPKIN.

"It shall go to the State Fair," said Johnny's father, and to the fair it went, this Jumbo of a pumpkin. On the last day of the fair, as Johnny entered the hall where the garden produce was displayed, about the first thing that met his eye was his pumpkin, to which was attached a card bearing these words: "Master John Hill. First Prize — ten dollars."

The happiest boy in the State, as you may suppose, was Johnny.

THE FOUR WORDS DISCOVERED.

THE dear Little Schoolma'am requests me to announce that correct solutions of "Arum's" puzzle — which I gave you in August — have been sent in by Lucy Goodrich, Marguerite Speckel, Katie Mantner, Mabel E. G., Chas A. H., Edith L. G., Mabel H. S., "May '79," Gertrude A. L., M. B. Lenis, S. G. L., Miss Maddalena S. T., "Infantry," Helen B., Amy H. B., Grace A. H., and Edith A. P.

Arum asked for four words each made from all of the seven letters: C D L M A E I. The words are MEDICAL, DECLAIM, DECIMAL, CLAIMED.

SPECULATIVE ASTRONOMY.

DEAR JACK: Will you please ask your crowd of boys and girls what they would answer to this question:

Does this earth when looked at from another planet seem to be above or below it? And, why?

Your constant reader, HELEN M—.

THE LETTER-BOX.

VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am staying at Virginia Beach, which is a seaside place about seventeen miles from Norfolk. The beach is one of the finest along this coast, being over a hundred feet wide.

Cape Henry is seven miles from here, and we often drive there to see the lighthouse. The view from the top of the lighthouse is perfectly beautiful. Looking seaward you see nothing but a long, unbroken line of glistening sand and water, the monotony of which is broken here and there by a ship or wreck against which the waves break, dashing the spray fifteen or twenty feet into the air. On the other side there is a great hill of gleaming sand a mile long, with a background of green forest. Just back of the hotel is a magnificent wood of pines, in the midst of which is a lovely lake where we go fishing. I think my two greatest pleasures are fishing and bathing. I have learned to swim and float, both since I have been here, and have won two or three swimming-races.

I would like to describe to you some of the beautiful walks and drives I take, but fear you will tire of my letter. From your devoted reader, E. S. T.

CABOURG, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen in your "Letter-box" a letter from Cabourg, and so thought that perhaps one from here would be acceptable.

Some people think that this beach is the most lovely in all France; it is very long and sandy; it is called *La Plage des Bébés* (The Babies' Beach), on account of the many children there. The surrounding country is beautiful. Ten minutes from here is Dives, where William the Conqueror often was; it is a very interesting old place. Henry IV. of France and Mme. de Sévigné stayed there for some time also.

We are three sisters living in France; we have been here two years and a half, and now, after such a long time, we wish to go back to our native land.

We have taken you for several years and enjoy your stories very much. Our favorite ones are, "Lady Jane," "The Boy Settlers," "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," "A Little Girl's Diary in the East," and "May Bartlett's Stepmother." We are in boarding-school near Paris. I have a great many friends there. I remain your ever-devoted reader, HELEN MCC—.

THE CATSKILLS.

DEAR SAINT NICK: My little sister and I have been playing "Flower Ladies." As we had but very few roses, we used the prim China-asters which one so often sees in country gardens. We used to do the quaint marigolds. The large, sober-colored asters were the grandmas, the soft, bright-colored ones were the sweet young ladies named "Alice" or "Gladys," while the little, white ones were the dear little children or the fat, chubby babies.

Mama has promised me a little Skye terrier on my twelfth birthday. I shall be very glad when the day comes.

I love to read the letters in the "Letter-box" almost as well as the other parts of your charming magazine.

Your loving reader, GERALDINE G—.

LOUISEN SCHLOSS, HOMBURG-VOR-DER-HÖHE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My two brothers and I live in Germany, on a farm, a big piece of land which our father owns. Our lovely home is a castle, on the top of a small hill. At the bottom of the hill our own gardener lives, and takes care of the gate and animals. Our castle is surrounded by a high stone wall, inside which we keep a great many roses and other nice flowers.

We have a young crow; he is already pretty big, but he does not fly away. His name is "Jacob." He goes about our whole place by himself, everywhere, and when he is hungry he comes back to his little hut and eats his fill. Our house doggie is "Affe"; he is very funny and very good-natured; we hold him up by his tail sometimes, but he never thinks of biting or barking. We have had him eight years now.

You must not think we are German children, for we are Americans, and love you, ST. NICHOLAS.

I can make cakes on a little range, which belongs to my kitchen, which is two yards long.

LITTLE EAGER READER.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Southern girl, and was thirteen years old last March. My four sisters are eleven, nine, six, and two years old, respectively, and my dear little baby brother is just two and a half months old, and weighs eighteen or nineteen pounds, I think. I am the eldest.

We used to live in New Orleans before we came to Columbia, S. C., our home at present, where father is a professor in the South Carolina College. Columbia is a beautiful place. It has so many large trees and pretty gardens.

Every Christmas we go to the place where my oldest sister and I were born, and where mother lived when she was a little girl,—namely, Charleston. I have many cousins there, and we make up games and play them, and you may be sure we have good times.

My sweet, pretty little baby sister, and all the rest of us, love to swing on the swing we have in our large, beautiful yard. I don't think many people have the kind I mean. You see it is just like two separate swings, comparatively close together, with one long board resting with one end in each swing. The long board can be taken out, and then there are two little swings. When the long board is in, two children can get at each end and make it go, and others can sit in the middle.

We used to have a funny old gander, who was very fond of our cow "Evolution," called Lou. He would go over to where Lou was and lie in the grass. Once Lou got lost, and while she was gone the gander did n't seem to know what to do, but when she came back he ran to meet her, and flapped his wings, and said: "Oh, Lou, I'm so glad you've come back! Where have you been?" in gander language, and seemed just as glad to see her back as any of us.

We have two cats, "Jet" and "Joeberry." Did you ever hear that name before? When my next-to-youngest sister was a little baby thing, she was out driving one evening with mother and my aunt. They were talking about berries, and the horse was named "Joe."

My aunt turned to the baby and said, "What 's the horse named?" She had the two things in her mind and answered, "Joeberry." Ever since, any pet she has is named "Joeberry."

It is our custom to say a verse of Scripture every morning at the breakfast-table, right after the blessing, and once, about a year after the "Joeberry" drive, we were at breakfast, and when it came her turn to say a verse (somebody usually taught her one, but that had not been done that morning) she said quite confidently, "Peek-a-boo! I see you. Come from behind the chair,—peek-a-boo!"

I will say good-by now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and remain your little friend,
SUSY L.—

POLWARTH GARDENS, EDINA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Irish boy on a visit to my grandfather and uncles. They call me a real "Tipperary bhoy." My home is in Clonmel, and I have left a great lot of pigeons. My papa is trying to train some of them for carriers. He sent some to Waterford, about thirty miles away, and they came back very quickly. I am having a grand time in this lovely city. My mama and sister are here, too. We have seen more of Scotland. We like Stirling; it is all about Bruce and Wallace.

Three boys there read you as well as we. Your covers are sometimes all worn off with reading. My aunt here has sent you to us for eight years,—quite before I was born,—and I hope you will not be too busy to read this and hear how much we all weary for you every month. Dear ST. NICHOLAS, your loving reader,
DOUGLAS S.—

TOWANDA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old and have four brothers and one sister. We have a cat, a dog, a horse, a canary bird, and some chickens. We had a dog named "Joe"; we were very fond of him, but he got run over by a large lumber-wagon and had to be shot. Our new dog is a bird-dog.

We have a boy choir in our church and I am the youngest boy in it. My brother George sings in it too. We call our eldest brother "Edison," because he is fond of electricity and has a laboratory full of batteries and chemicals, etc.

We all like the ST. NICHOLAS. Mama also reads it.
Your friend,
EDWARD M.—

BARTON HEIGHTS, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eleven years old, and I am a great admirer of your magazine.

I have been taking it for a number of years, and my sister and I like very much to read it. The stories I like best this year are "The Boy Settlers," "Chan-Ok; A Romance of the Eastern Seas," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford." I would like very much to see Saleh Bin Osman as that girl did, and think his history is the best in the August number.

I live in a little village called Barton Heights, very near Richmond. I like this place very much, the summer days are so much pleasanter than in the city. The summers are very hot down here in Virginia, and we hardly have any snow in the winter.

I am your devoted reader, GASTON OTEY W.—

GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are having a perfectly glorious time camping in the Rocky Mountains, in the beautiful Ute Pass. It is in the largest and widest part

of the pass. We have very nice times riding donkeys. I have been thrown over their heads twice, and do not find it a very pleasant experience, although I have not been hurt either time. I have been in Green Mountain Falls five or six weeks with my sister and brother and Aunt Carolyn. I am the oldest, my sister next, and my brother is the youngest. There is just about two years difference in our ages.

We enjoy you very much. We thought that "Lady Jane" was a beautiful story, and are very much interested in "Toby Trafford." I have taken you two years.

The other day we went up to Woodland Park, the next station above Green Mountain Falls. The station itself was not very beautiful, but the view was the most beautiful I ever saw. We were on a little foot-hill called Prospect Hill. And the mountains were in a circle around us. Toward the south we could see Pike's Peak, and toward the west we could see rows and rows of mountains, and the last two or three were so far away that you could only see their outline.

Green Mountain Falls is so called because of its many trees, and their falls.

There was something very queer that we saw in August ST. NICHOLAS. It was headed, "What Is It?" and I had thought of answering the question, but something happened that I did not have time. The ones that answered the question correctly were two others and "Caroline B. S.," and I have wondered ever since if there is another Caroline B. S. who takes ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving reader,
CAROLINE B. S.—

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every time your paper comes my sister Nellie and I have a fight who shall have it first to read, and mama says if we don't stop fighting over you, she won't have you come to the house any more. We think we are the only ones that read you in Newfoundland, and thought you might like to hear about the Islands. We only came here six months ago, and saw so many strange things.

Papa took us out in a boat with two fishermen to jig for codfish. After we sailed out to the mouth of the harbor we let down our jiggers, which are pieces of lead shaped like small fishes and with two hooks at one end and a string fastened to the other, which we pulled up and down quickly in the water, and very soon we caught forty small codfish, and the hooks would often catch the fish in the body, as they could not get out of the way quick enough.

Our boat was near to a big iceberg which was higher than the masts of the vessels. They come from the north in the spring, float away past the harbor, and often get stopped in front of the harbor for several days, and until the wind blows them away. Those that turn over in the water are called "growlers."

There are three kinds of bait which the fishermen use to fish with: the caplin, the squid, and the herring. The caplin is like a small herring and is hooked on to a jigger; the squid is something like a piece of rope about eight inches long, with one end fuzzed out. It is cut in pieces and a piece hooked on the jigger. Most of the codfish are caught on what are called the Grand Banks, about two or three days' sail from here. These banks are made by the icebergs bringing down with them rocks and earth, and when they meet the warm water from the south the ice melts, and the earth and rocks sink to the bottom, and so in time the water has got to be quite shallow, and it is around these banks the fish feed. The banks cannot be seen, but the fishermen know where to find them. A great many of the fish are brought here and are split open, cleaned, and laid on fish-flakes to dry.

The flakes are made of small posts about six feet high set up near the shore, and covered all over with branches of trees flatted down. They put me in mind of grape arbors. After the fish are dried they are tied up in bundles called fagots, and after that they are again dried and in about a month are ready to ship away. Only the best salt is used to cure the fish. When we saw them curing the fish the man gave me one, and when I held it by the tail it dragged on the ground.

The vessels came in from the seal-fishing about the middle of April, and brought with them thousands and thousands of sealskins. We went over to see them unloaded, and the fat taken and made into oil. But the smell was so great that it made me sick, and I could not go in; but mama and Nellie did. The skins are taken into a large warehouse and the fat is cut from them and melted into oil, which, after it has settled, is as clear as water. The skins are salted down and shipped away to make shoes and gloves. These are not the seals that the sealskin coats are made of. There are two kinds of seals, the harp and the hood. The hoods are very savage.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN P.—

BEAUFORT, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since I can remember, so you may imagine how much I missed you when I went away for the first time to school, in Charleston, last winter. I am a little girl, twelve years old, and have been going to school ever since I was three. I have two sisters and a little brother. One of my sisters is older than I am, and the other is younger. Their names are Lizzie and Lou. My brother's name is Jacob Ford. We are descendants of the old Jacob Ford, who was aide-de-camp for General Washington. I have a cousin in Morristown, N. J., who takes an interest in my brother, and who sent him a picture of the old Ford Mansion there, in which they now keep relics. We have a large yard (nearly an acre, I think), and command a lovely view of the river, in which we bathe every day.

Our yard is almost a farm-yard. We have two Jersey cows named "Bessie" and "Minnie," two horses named "Belle" and "Nellie," a cat that my brother named "Melum" when he could not say "pussy," two kittens not named yet, a dog named "Smut," and lots of poultry. "Smut" is a very pretty, curly-haired black dog, and is devoted to my brother. He knows a few tricks. If you put a piece of cracker on his nose, and say, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" he will throw it up and catch it in his mouth. He is also a good hunting-dog.

I read in an 1887 number of your magazine a letter in which a Philadelphia girl described sugar-cane and Florida-moss as curiosities. It seemed so strange to us who have all our trees covered with moss, and who eat sugar-cane whenever we can get it in the fall. The cows are very fond of moss, and we delight in robbing ourselves in it when we play. I also wish to say that the girl made a mistake when she said that the moss looked dead. It is very much alive, and blossoms. After a rain it is bright green. Mattresses are often made of it when it is dead and dry. I remain, your constant reader,

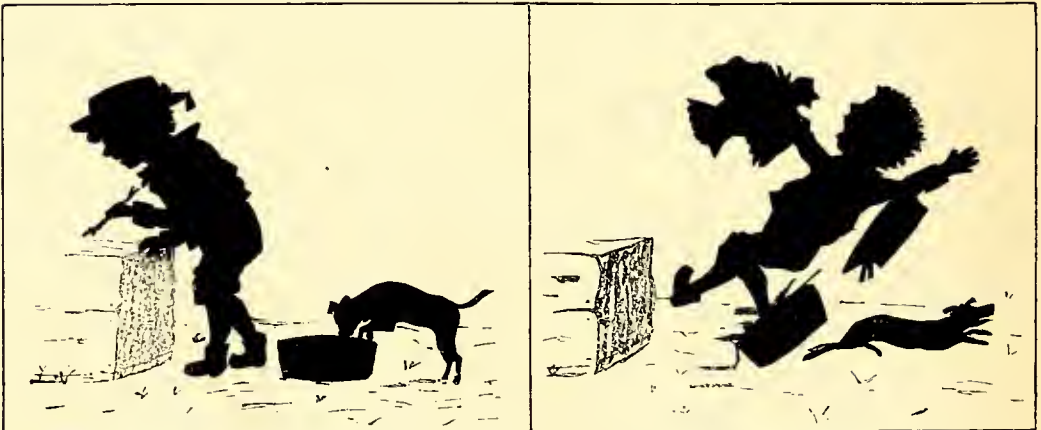
ALICE C. P.—

A BOY'S BURGLAR ALARM.

My battery was mixed;
My wires were fixed;
And oh! just think how I feel!
My jewels were laid;
And there they stayed;
For there came no burglar to steal.

M. W. R.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: M. M. L., V. V. W., Ernie L., Lily, Artie, Phil, Ellie, Pery and Winnie T., Nellie, Eva T. and Edna M. A., I. M. H., Vincent L., G., Carrie G. M., Edith S. I., Katharine McC., H. B. E.



LITTLE BILLY LOOKS AT THE OLD HEN.

THE OLD HEN LOOKS AT LITTLE BILLY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Pulaski and Hogarth. Cross-words: 1. Peakish. 2. Gudgeon. 3. Allegro. 4. Decapod. 5. Parasol. 6. Attacks. 7. Hernici.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Macbeth, Act I., Sc. 7th.

ZIGZAG. Poll Sweedlepie. Cross-words: 1. Ply. 2. Fob. 3. All. 4. Elk. 5. Suc. 6. Owl. 7. Age. 8. Ken. 9. Daw. 10. Ill. 11. Bee. 12. Ape. 13. Ire. 14. Apt. 15. Foe.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, Baltimore; 3 to 4, emolliate; 1 to 3, butlerage; 2 to 4, elucidate; 5 to 6, dangerous; 7 to 8, entertain; 5 to 7, duplicate; 6 to 8, seclusion; 1 to 5, ballad; 2 to 6, emboss; 4 to 8, ensign; 3 to 7, elapse.

ORIENTAL ACROSTIC. Initials, Mahomet. Cross-words: 1. Mecca. 2. Allah. 3. Houri. 4. Osman. 5. Mufti. 6. Emeer. 7. Tunis.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "The McG.'s" — "Benedick and Beatrice" — Clara B. Orwig — "The Peterkins" — Paul Reese — Josephine Sherwood — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — "Infantry" — Aunt Kate, Mama, and Jamie — Chester B. S. — Blanche and Fred — E. M. G. — "Wareham" — Helen C. McCleary — Jessie Chapman — Ida C. Thallon — "May and '79" — "The Wise Five" — Nellie L. Howes — "Uncle Mung" — "Leather-stocking" — Ulmer and Marion — "King Anso, IV."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Mama and Marion, 1 — Julia J., 1 — "Romeo and Juliet," 1 — "A Third," 9 — Grace and Maude, 1 — "Bubbles and Peggy," 4 — Jeannette D. Nightingale, 5 — Maude E. Palmer, 12 — A. J. and A., 1 — A. K. H., 1 — "Lady Maud," 1 — No name, Asbury Park, 1 — R. A. Stewart, 11 — Carrie Chester, 1 — Elsa Behr, Dictionary and Co., 12 — Hubert L. Bingay, 12 — R. W. R., L. A. K., and H. A. K., 8 — Me and Jack, 1 — Jeannette D. Nightingale, 3 — Aunt Martha, Aunt Julia, May Belle, and Willy, 12 — "Penrhyn," 4 — No name, Ellenville, 9 — Wilford W. Linsly, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 9 — Emma R. W., 4 — Arthur C. and Edna Haas, 7 — "Charles Beaufort," 11 — J. A. R., A. P. C., S. W. and A. W. Ashhurst, 12 — "Nutchell," 11 — Grace Hazard, 1 — "Auntie and I," 1 — Nannie J. Borden, 3 — Clara Stewart, 10 — "The Hayseeds," 9 — "Wiontha," 12 — Madeline H., Jack, and A., 1 — Ida and Alice, 12 — Charles and Mary K., 4 — Elaine and Grace S., 1 — Estelle and Clarendon Ions and Mama, 2 — Carrie Thacher, 2 — Miss B. and H. S. R., 2 — Margaret Mary Otis, 1 — R. M. Huntington, 12 — No name, Tonawanda, 7 — "Guinevere," 11 — C. G. M., 1 — Puss, 1 — Sissie Hunter, 3 — "Chiddingston," 4 — Papa and Edith, 7 — Marguerite Speckel and Katie Mautner, 4.

ANAGRAM. Michael Angelo.

OCTAGON. 1. Let. 2. Fanes. 3. Lactate. 4. Enticer. 5. Teacher. 6. Steer. 7. Err.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals and finals, Pallas, Athene. Cross-words: 1. Pandora. 2. Ararat. 3. Leith. 4. Lethe. 5. Amphion. 6. Selene.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Central letters, Holland; from 1 to 14, Timothy Titcomb. Cross-words: 1. Mithras. 2. Bayonet. 3. Scelop. 4. Mollusk. 5. Theater. 6. Chinese. 7. Shadows.

Pt. There comes a month in the weary year,
A month of leisure and healthful rest,
When the ripe leaves fall and the air is clear,—
October, the brown, the crisp, the blest.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Goose. 2. Ousel. 3. Aside. 4. Sedum. 5. Elemi. II. 1. Stoot. 2. Tapir. 3. Opera. 4. Aired. 5. Trade.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. More. 2. None. 3. Eval. 4. Yule.



DIAMOND.

I. A LETTER from November. 2. A chart. 3. To sing. 4. Warlike. 5. A name given to the 11th of November. 6. Sharp. 7. Crippled. 8. A small boy. 9. A letter from August.

F. S. F.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To encourage. 2. To disparage. 3. To fascinate. 4. Actors. 5. To exalt in station. 6. To provide. 7. A machine for lifting.

When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the diagonals (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell a city named after a certain English duke, who afterwards became King James II.

LUCIE M.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A SOFT magnesian mineral. 2. The difference in value between metallic and paper money. 3. To draw. 4. The fruit of certain trees.

II. 1. Appeases. 2. Hot and fiery. 3. A musical term signifying that all the singers or players are to perform together. 4. To impede or bar. 5. The base of a frond.

"UNCLE MUNG" AND "CHARLES BEAUFORT."

ZIGZAGS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter, will spell a name given to Nicodemus Boffin.

I. A web-footed water-fowl. 2. A warehouse. 3. A vegetable. 4. A pert, conceited fellow. 5. The fruit of

the blackthorn. 6. One related to another by any tie. 7. Part of a clock. 8. The harness of beasts of burden. 9. A torch. 10. A fish highly prized for food. 11. The cheven. 12. To look narrowly. 13. To throw with the hand. 14. To discharge. 15. A thin piece of marble having plane surfaces. 16. A large stove or oven.

C. L.

A TRIANGLE.

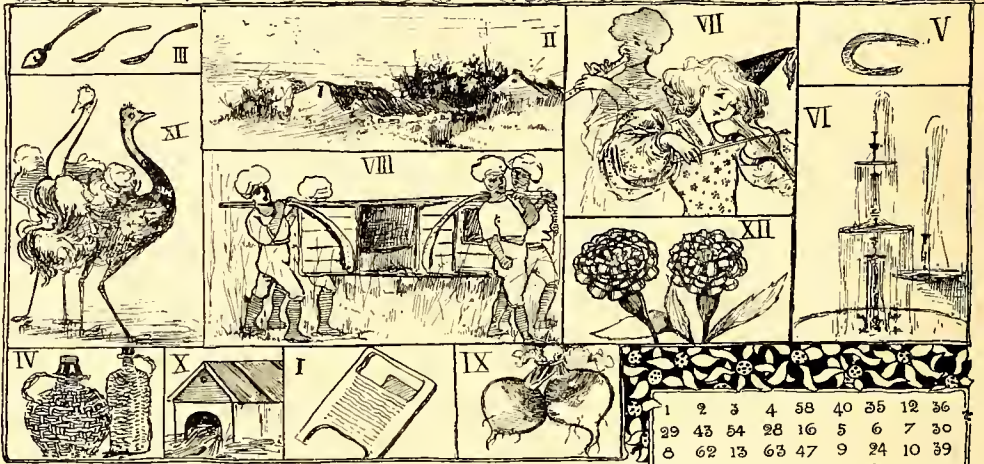
1									
2	19								
3		18							
4			17						
5				16					
6					15				
7						14			
8							13		
9								12	
10									11

ACROSS: 1, in health and happiness; 2, 19, a conjunction; 3 to 18, a wry face; 4 to 17, the osprey; 5 to 16, a tardigrade, edentate mammal; 6 to 15, a small quadruped found in Madagascar; 7 to 14, a precious stone; 8 to 13, the production of the tones of a chord in rapid succession, and not simultaneously; 9 to 12, a book in which a sheet is folded into twelve leaves; 10 to 11, supporting.

From 1 to 10, good places in which to pass Thanksgiving; from 11 to 19, what one is sure to find at these places.

FRANK SNELLING.

AN XVIIth CENTURY PUZZLE CHARLES Mc COMAHL FOOTER



EACH of the twelve pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of nine letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order given, the letters indicated by figures in the diagram from I to 10 spell the name of an illustrious American; from 11 to 18, another very famous American; from 19 to 25, an eminent English writer and the maker of a dictionary; from 26 to 34, an Irish writer of poems, stories, and essays; from 35 to 41, an English author; from 42 to 46, the author of "Tale of a Tub"; from 47 to 50, the author of the "Essay on Man"; from 51 to 54, an eminent English historian; from 55 to 60, another English historian; from 61 to 66, a celebrated French romancer and dramatist; from 67 to 77, the French author who wrote "The Spirit of Laws"; from 78 to 85, the famous Frenchman who wrote "Zaïre."

C. M'C. R.

PI.

NAGIA eht vasele moce tingtruffe wond,
Swolly, nileslyt, noe yb eno,
Claters dan onscrim, nad glod adn wrobn,
Winglot of flal, rof trihe krow si node.
Dan cone ainga socem het merday heaz,
Dinprag eht shill wiht sit mylif bule,
Nad vingile eht nus, woshe dretne sary
Wiht delmowel gliht moce griminmesh hugtroh.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell a royal personage, and my finals a poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Decision. 2. Worthless. 3. An inhabitant of any town. 4. The act of twisting. 5. Eloquence. 6. A name borne by certain kings of Egypt. 7. A character in the play of "Cymbeline." 8. To impeach.

H. L. B.

A LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and fifteen letters, and form a 83-66-110-71-16-55 from a poem addressed to a 3-92-85-35-7-58-29-73-98. The author, Mr. 36-53-104-101-12-63, was born November 3, 1794, in 51-21-81-9-96-93-61-115-5-18, which is in the New England State whose name is abbreviated to 103-88-14-25. One of the earliest of this writer's poems made him famous. It was called 33-1-78-39-74-14-92-108-45-112-105,

and it is still held in very 49-56-31-114 esteem. Another well-known poem of his is called 84-32-24 23-42-74-48-27 70-6 79-34-100 58-69-37-95-107-86-43.

He also translated the 64-99-22-101-40 and the 11-89-47-109-25-68-50. Almost contemporary with this writer were 6-60-106-10-20-28-94-52-65-2 77-55-91-97-19-51-46, who wrote "Marco Bozzaris"; 41-17-57-113-6-87-98-59-8-95, who wrote "Sandalphon"; and 73-62-80-26-76-80-13-111, who wrote "44-93-15-3-36-15-38-12-102." My 54-4-75-81-19 and 111-30-13 are two plants mentioned by Shakespeare. My 67-82-72-17 is a famous French writer, born in 1802.

W. E. WALKER.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A tone of the diatonic scale. 3. Part of a skillet. 4. A lineage. 5. A small frame of wood on which a fisherman keeps his line. 6. A series of arches. 7. An enigma. 8. A chair. 9. The principal church in a diocese. "XELIS."

RHYMED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

1. A NOTED battle, England's boast;
2. An island on the English coast;
3. A Spartan general, brave and bold;
4. All victors wore in days of old;
5. A people, God's peculiar care;
6. A province lost to France, the fair;
7. A poet who can hours beguile;
8. The famous "serpent of the Nile; "
9. A western State we next must name;
10. A general of lasting fame;
11. One of seven hills of great renown;
12. A name beloved in Concord town;
13. A Flemish painter known to fame,—
You'll give, without delay, his name.
These initials place with care;
You'll see a poet's name is there.

M. E.



MARGERY AND THE TWINS AT THE "CHRISTMAS INN."

(SEE PAGE 87.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1891.

NO. 2.

THE CHRISTMAS INN.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

LONG ago, in one of England's old shires there was a famous hostelry known as the "Saracen's Head," and on the creaking sign-board was painted a fearful paynim with gleaming white teeth and frowning eyebrows. But one day it became the "Christmas Inn," with the genial device of a sprig of holly, promising good cheer and a jolly welcome. To tell the reason of the inn's change of name will be to give a page out of the obscure chronicles of the common lives of men, women, and children more than three centuries ago. But the quaint, sweet incident is well worth calling to mind at the blessed Christmas season.

It is found briefly set down between items of household expenses, and statements of journeys to London and back, and records of deaths in battle, and costs of trials for treason, in the household books of the worshipful families of the Hightowers and the Barnstaples in the years from 1461 to 1483. It comes like a little flute's silvery tune, between the blare of trumpets and the clash and clang of swords in those rough days, and is so briefly told that I shall have to piece it out for you in my own way.

It was Christmas Eve in 1465, and snow had fallen thick and fast, covering from sight the charred and blackened gable-ends of many a ruined or desolate house. There had been hard fighting in old England, "Merry" no longer when class fought against class, section against section, people against nobles, east against west, and when friend and kinsman were at deadly feud; when the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster were in conflict for the English throne. But, for the sacred Christmas season, a truce had been agreed upon, and for thirty days there would be no blow struck.

The Saracen's Head looked fierce and grim in the wild wind and drifting snow; but mine host of the inn, Thomas Curdy, came to the door and gazed up and down the highroad with a broad, red, jolly face of hospitality and welcome. It was so wild a storm that he was about to shut and bar the great door earlier than was usual; but he would fain catch some sign of approaching travelers, man and beast, before doing so.

"No traveler abroad to-night!" quoth he with a sigh of regret, as he went back within

the red, glowing circle of warmth thrown out by the huge Yule logs of the blazing fire, and rubbed his stout hands before its leaping flames.

"Marry, then, this blessed eve there will be no drinking nor brawling here, nor quarreling in men's cups till they come to blows, truce or no truce!" answered Dame Curdy, contentedly, her rosy, motherly face and fat figure seeming to shed in its way as much comfort around her as did the fire.

A jolly pair they were, and to see how the flames made them ruddier and jollier and cheerier every moment, was a sight for Christmas eve. The Hightowers and Barnstaples chronicles have little to say of this honest pair, but nevertheless they are quite as worthy our attention as any Lancastrian Hightowers or Yorkist Barnstaples of them all.

"Travel, good dame, travel up and down the highroad brings good luck to the Saracen's Head, and it 's a bad night that stops it!"

"Ay, I wot—travel in peace. But no bands of fighting-men, to give the honest house a hard name,—and no reckonings paid either. But in this storm, I warrant none will stir abroad that can bide at home—not even your thirsty cronies from the village, Hobbs and Giles."

"An' if a storm stops them,"—but here a loud, shrill blast from a trumpet sounded keen and clear across the wild wind.

Mine host started up, alert and ready, and Dame Curdy wrung her hands in dismay.

"More fighting-men, alack! I hear the ringing of their armor now as they ride through the gate. May the saints keep watch and ward over us poor sinners, for that is none other than Sir John Keightley's call! They are all the Earl's men."

The good landlady loved peace, and hated war, and her kindly heart dreaded the turbulent scenes that old kitchen had often witnessed; but her lamentations were to no purpose, as she well knew. Of all people they dared not offend the redoubtable Earl of Hightowers, or any of his stout men-at-arms.

In a few seconds, the inn was full of bustle and confusion. Hostlers ran, maids hurried here and there; and, while the dame gave shrill orders in the kitchen, Thomas Curdy shouted a

welcome through the fierce blasts of wind that drove the whirling snow through the wide-open doors.

Across the threshold—with wind and snow-flakes—entered the late comers: Sir John Keightley, a weather-beaten, rugged, and scarred old veteran of many a hard-fought fight, and at least nine or ten stout men with him, roughly dressed, and armed with the long-bow, as were most of the common soldiers at that time. But as they came out of the night and the storm into the circle of light around the great hearth, Thomas Curdy saw that this was no ordinary band of fighting-men. There were women—three of them, and one who carried herself so haughtily that mine host, who was used to the ways of great people, shrewdly suspected that she was no more than some great lady's attendant; for he had always noticed that the great lady herself was likely to be more simple and quiet in her ways than her maid.

And Sir John Keightley carried in his arms a bundle which he would let no one touch, but strode ahead in front of the great fire, and kneeling down, began tenderly to unfasten wrap after wrap. What a hush of amazement at first, and then what exclamations of wonder and delight from Dame Curdy and her women when the last wrapping was thrown off, and out stepped the daintiest little girl ever seen! She was but two years and six months old; and she laughed out merrily like the ripple of water, or the singing of the early winds in spring through the young leaves. And looking up at the big knight, with tiny hands she began to brush the snow-flakes from the grizzled hair and beard of the old soldier.

"Who is this dear heart?" cried Dame Curdy; and a clear little flute-like voice answered in the softest of tones:

"I 'm Lady Margery" (or "Marg'y," as she pronounced it)—"Rosamond Vere."

Her hair was of reddish gold of the finest silken texture. It was cut square across her brow in front, and hung over her lace frill behind. Her eyes were of a velvety black-blue color, and had a look of wistful tenderness that was contradicted by the laughing, mischievous mouth and the dimples that lurked in cheek and chin. That look must have come from

the young mother who died not long after the husband, only son of the Earl of Hightowers, was cut down in a skirmish with the Yorkists at Stapleton-on-the-Moor. The baby girl had her mother's eyes and her father's chin, but the

Dame Curdy was right. This baby in her little rose-colored camlet gown, with the gold of her precious head for a crown, ordered her retainers about—Sir John most of all—more royally than the Earl dared to do. But it was,



"ACROSS THE THRESHOLD ENTERED THE LATE COMERS."

likeness that delighted the portly landlady and made her smile cheerily, and rub her fat hands, was to little Margery's stately old grandmother, the countess, with her tall head-dress. For just at that time the fashionable gentlemen wore puffed and slashed doublets, and shoes ridiculously broad like hoofs; and fashionable ladies, like the countess, were adorned with head-dresses ornamented by projecting horns, and looked very grand, no doubt.

"Pretty lamb, how she favors the Countess herself with that proud turn of her sweet head!"

after all, a right heavenly rule of love, albeit a wilful one.

She would have none of her nurse when, after a dainty grace, she had eaten her supper of cream and fine white wheat bread; but she ran away, laughing so that she tripped and almost fell, past the men-at-arms to stout old Sir John Keightley, and climbed on his knee in triumph—for she was sure of having her own way there.

Sir John had been sent by the Earl to bring home his little granddaughter, too young to

grieve over her double loss, and had fallen in love with the little maid from the first sound of her childish voice.

She prattled away merrily now, her silvery, piping tones sounding curiously sweet among the gruff voices of the rough soldiers. The men were watching with keen appetites the stirring of the savory dishes, as the landlady hung over the fire, every now and then glancing at the pretty child on the knight's knee.

"Hark! hark!" cried Margery, suddenly, making with her baby finger an imperative gesture for silence. "Marg'y hears the big horn coming!" and laughing out with delight, she doubled up her rosy fists and began to blow in pretty mimicry, her eyes shining like stars in her excitement. Then quickly changing, she clapped her tiny palms together, crying, "*Kling-klang, kling-klang!*"

They all heard now what the finer ear of the child had sooner detected—the trumpet-call coming nearer and nearer, and the clang of arms.

"Who think you that these may be, landlord?" asked Sir John, anxiously glancing at the golden head against his breast.

"I fear me it is Sir Joseph Barnstaples's men," answered mine host deprecatingly, for the Barnstaples were Yorkists, and long at enmity with the Hightowers faction; and again the good dame sighed and wrung her hands in dismay.

Fearing some possible attack, in spite of the solemn proclamation of the truce, Sir John made his men resume their weapons while the big door was being unbarred.

Then what a sight! No such wonderful night had the old Saracen's Head ever known before. Here, again, with the soldiers were nurses—two nurses in russet kersey gowns, carrying each a small bundle; and out of these bundles, when unwrapped, appeared *two* babies, twin girls of eighteen months old! Sir Joseph Barnstaples's second son had married in one of the southern shires a rich heiress, who had died of a fever, and now, the granddame being dead also, the father was sending them, like the wee lady with Sir John, under military convoy back to his old home at Barnstaples Manor.

The women clapped their hands, and laughed

with "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "Dear hearts!"—even the soldiers laughed—but nobody was so pleased as the little "Lady Marg'y," as she gazed, with wide-open eyes and crimson lips just parted by a smile and showing a few white pearls of teeth, at the demure twin babies.

Barbara and Janet Barnstaples, as the firelight danced over their little, smooth, round heads, darker than Margery's, could not be coaxed into a smile. Their four dark grave eyes wondered solemnly at all the noise and all the strange faces, and the two little mouths were drawn up for a cry, when all at once they caught sight of Margery, bending forward, and two faint little dimples showed for a moment one on each right cheek. At least, Barbara smiled first, and then Janet followed suit.

The snow came down thick and fast that night, but old Sir John, wont to dream of bugles sounding alarm, and of ambuscade and skirmish, dreamed of a long-forgotten meadow above the weir, where the blue speedwell grew and bloomed until the ground was all of a delicious blue like the angelic robes in the old chapel windows; and waking next morning, cast about in his mind as to whether this might not betoken death; for had he not heard all his life that

Flowers out of season

meant

Trouble out of reason?

It would seem very funny, nowadays, for an experienced and brave old gentleman to worry about dreams and signs, but people were not very wise about such things in the fifteenth century.

The same night, the old nurse was awakened by a light foot-fall in the room, and, peeping out from the bed-clothes, saw a flitting white figure cross the dusky space that was but dimly lighted by the gleams from the dying embers.

She put her hand out for her nursing. The little nest in the bed was warm, but empty. Up she started in alarm, and saw—a sight for Fairyland! For little Margery, hearing one of the twin babies cry in her sleep, and her nurse not waking, had stolen out of bed and was busy tucking her in and cooing to her like a little wood-dove. The old nurse called her softly, and the little bare feet pattered across the floor

to the bed, to be caught up and cuddled to sleep again.

The next morning Margery would not eat until the twins had been put one on each side of her at the table; and then she would feed them, giving now Barbara a bit of the wheaten loaf, and now Janet a spoonful of cream. And if she ever gave to Janet first, Janet would shake her small head, as brown and glossy as a nut, and point with her wee finger to Barbara. The whole party were in high glee, until Margery noticed with displeasure that too many were looking on. For the very hostlers, and the scullions had stolen to the doors to peep at the strange sight of three babies among all those soldiers who now seemed to be quite friendly together, and wonderfully quiet in their innocent presence.

Margery turned her head quickly to Sir John, and asked, with an air that delighted the landlady, "Are dose folks all *so* hungry?"

There was such a shout of applause that the intruders fled abashed, and the little lady gravely returned to her breakfast.

Very soon the two convoys went on their separate roads, and whether the little lady of Hightowers and the twin heiresses of Barnstaples ever met again, and were friends or foes, our chronicle does not say. But the coming of the three babies to the Saracen's Head on Christmas eve was not soon forgotten, and in memory of the day of good-will that grim old Moslem was hauled down from his creaking sign-post, and in his place swung gaily to and fro a freshly painted holly branch with the words CHRISTMAS INN beneath it.



READY FOR A STRAW-RIDE.



BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

CHAPTER I.

DOROTHY AND THE ADMIRAL.

THE Blue Admiral Inn stood on the edge of the shore, with its red brick walls, and its gabled roof, and the old willow-trees that overhung it, all reflected in the quiet water as if the harbor had been a great mirror lying upon its back in the sun. This made it a most attractive place to look at. Then there were crisp little dimity curtains hanging in the windows of the coffee-room and giving great promise of tidiness and comfort within, and this made it a most delightful place to think about. And then there was a certain suggestion of savory cooking in the swirl of the smoke that came out of the chimneys, and this made it a most difficult place to stay away from. In fact, if any ships had chanced to come into the little

harbor, I believe everybody on board of them, from the captains down to the cabin-boys, would have scrambled into the boats the moment the anchors were down and pulled away for the Blue Admiral Inn.

But, so far as ships were concerned, the harbor was as dead as a door-nail, and poor old Uncle Porticle, who kept the inn, had long ago given up all idea of expecting them, and had fallen into a melancholy habit of standing in the little porch that opened on the village street, gazing first to the right and then to the left, and lastly at the opposite side of the way, as if he had a faint hope that certain seafaring men were about to steal a march upon him from the land-side of the town. And Dorothy, who was a lonely little child, with no one in the world to care for but Uncle Porticle, had also fallen into a habit of sitting on

the step of the porch by way of keeping him company; and here they passed many quiet hours together, with the big robin hopping about in his cage, and with the Admiral him-

self, on his pedestal beside the porch, keeping watch and ward over the fortunes of the inn.

Now the Admiral was only a yard high, and was made of wood into the bargain; but he was a fine figure of a man for all that, dressed in a snug blue coat (as befitted his name) and canary-colored knee-breeches, and wearing a fore-and-aft hat rakishly perched on the back of his head. On the other hand, he had sundry stray cracks in the calves of his legs and was badly battered about the nose; but,

clothes were of every color of the rainbow, and he had silver buckles on his shoes, and he was varnished to such an extent that you could hardly look at him without winking; and, what was more, he had been standing for years at the door of the shop, proudly holding up a preposterous wooden watch that gave half-past three as the correct time at all hours of the day and night. In fact, it would have been no great wonder if the Admiral had stared at him to the end of his days.

Then there was Sir Walter Rosettes, a long-bodied little man in a cavalier's cloak, with a ruff about his neck and enormous rosettes on his shoes, who stood on a pedestal at old Mrs. Peevy's garden gate, offering an imitation tobacco-plant, free of charge, as it were, to any one who would take the trouble of carrying it home. This bold device was intended to call attention to the fact that Mrs. Peevy kept a tobacco-shop in the front parlor of her little cottage behind the hollyhock bushes, the announcement being backed up by the spectacle of three pipes arranged in a tripod in the window, and by the words "Smokers' Emporium" displayed in gold letters on the glass. Dorothy knew perfectly well who *this* little man was, as somebody had taken the trouble of writing his name with a lead-pencil on his pedestal just below the toes of his shoes.

And lastly there was old Mrs. Peevy herself, who might be seen at any hour of the day, sitting at the door of her cottage, fast asleep in the shade of her big cotton umbrella with the Chinese mandarin for a handle. She was n't much to look at, perhaps, but there was no way of getting at the Admiral's taste in such matters, so he stared through his spy-glass year in and year out, and nobody was any the wiser.

Now from sitting so much in the porch,



THE ADMIRAL.

after all, this only gave him a certain weather-beaten appearance as if he had been around the world any number of times; and for as long as Dorothy could remember he had been standing on his pedestal beside the porch, enjoying the sunshine and defying the rain, as a gallant officer should, and earnestly gazing at the opposite side of the street through a spy-glass.

Now, what the Admiral was staring at was a mystery. He might, for instance, have been looking at the wooden Highlander that stood at the door of Mr. Pendle's instrument-shop, for nothing more magnificent than this particular Highlander could possibly be imagined. His



THE HIGHLANDER.

Dorothy had come to know the Admiral and the Highlander and Sir Walter Rosettes as well as she could possibly know people who did n't



SIR WALTER ROSETTES.

know her and who could n't have spoken to her if they *had* known her; but nothing came of the acquaintance until a certain Christmas eve. Of course, nobody knew better than Dorothy what Christmas eve should be like. The snow should be falling softly, and just enough should come down to cover up the pavements and make the streets look beautifully white and clean, and to edge the trees and the lamp-posts and the railings as if they were trimmed with soft lace; and just enough to tempt children to come out, and not so much as to keep grown people at home — in fact, just enough for Christmas eve, and not a bit more. Then the streets should be full of people hurrying along and all carrying plenty of parcels; and the windows should be very gay with delightful wreaths of greens and bunches of holly with plenty of scarlet berries on them, and the greengrocers should have little forests of assorted hemlock-trees on the sidewalks in front of their shops, and everything should be cheerful and bustling. And, if you liked, there might be just a faint smell of cooking in the air, but this was not important by any means.

Well, all these good old-fashioned things came to pass on this particular Christmas eve except

the snow; and in place of that there came a soft, warm rain which was all very well in its way, except that, as Dorothy said, "It did n't belong on Christmas eve." And just at nightfall she went out into the porch to smell the rain, and to see how Christmas matters generally were getting on in the wet; and she was watching the people hurrying by, and trying to fancy what was in the mysterious-looking parcels they were carrying under their umbrellas, when she suddenly noticed that the toes of the Admiral's shoes were turned sideways on his pedestal, and looking up at him she saw that he had tucked his spy-glass under his arm and was gazing down backward at his legs with an air of great concern. This was so startling that Dorothy almost jumped out of her shoes, and she was just turning to run back into the house when the Admiral caught sight of her and called out excitedly, "Cracks in my legs!"—and then



"THE ADMIRAL MADE A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO GET A VIEW OF HIS LEGS THROUGH HIS SPY-GLASS."

stared hard at her as if demanding some sort of an explanation.

Dorothy was dreadfully frightened, but she was a very polite little girl, and would have answered the town pump if it had spoken to her; so she swallowed down a great lump that had come up into her throat, and said, as respectfully as she could, "I'm very sorry, sir. I suppose it must be because they are so very old."

"Old!" exclaimed the Admiral, making a desperate attempt to get a view of his legs through his spy-glass. "Why, they're no older than I am"; and, upon thinking it over, this seemed so very true that Dorothy felt quite ashamed of her remark and stood looking at him in a rather foolish way.

"Try again," said the Admiral, with a patronizing air.

"No," said Dorothy, gravely shaking her head. "I'm sure I don't know any other reason; only it seems rather strange, you know, that you've never even seen them before."

"If you mean my legs," said the Admiral, "of course I've seen them before—lots of times. But I've never seen 'em behind. That is," he added by way of explanation, "I've never seen 'em behind before."

"But I mean the cracks," said Dorothy, with a faint smile. You see she was beginning to feel a little acquainted with the Admiral, and the conversation did n't seem to be quite so solemn as it had been.

"Then you should say 'seen 'em before *behind*,'" said the Admiral. "That 's where they've always been, you know."

Dorothy did n't know exactly what reply to make to this remark; but she thought she ought to say something by way of helping along the conversation, so she began, "I suppose it 's kind of——" and here she stopped to think of the word she wanted.

"Kind of what?" said the Admiral severely.

"Kind of—cripplesome, is n't it?" said Dorothy rather confusedly.

"Cripplesome?" exclaimed the Admiral. "Why, that 's no word for it. It 's positively decrepitooodle——" here he paused for a moment and got extremely red in the face, and then finished up with "——loodlelarius," and

stared hard at her again, as if inquiring what she thought of *that*.

"Goodness!" said Dorothy, drawing a long breath, "what a word!"

"Well, it *is* rather a word," said the Admiral with a very satisfied air. "You see, it means about everything that can happen to a person's legs——" but just here his remarks came abruptly to an end, for as he was strutting about on his pedestal he suddenly slipped off the edge of it and came to the ground flat on his back. Dorothy gave a little scream of dismay; but the Admiral, who did n't appear to be in the least disturbed by this accident, sat up and gazed about with a complacent smile. Then, getting on his feet, he took a pipe out of his pocket, and lit it with infinite relish, and having turned up his coat-collar by way of keeping the rest of his clothes dry, he started off down the street without another word. The people going by had all disappeared in the most unac-



"THE ADMIRAL SAT UP AND GAZED ABOUT WITH A COMPLACENT SMILE."

countable manner, and Dorothy could see him quite plainly as he walked along, tacking from one side of the street to the other with a strange rattling noise, and blowing little puffs of smoke into the air like a shabby little steam-tug going to sea in a storm.

Now all this was extremely exciting, and Dorothy, quite forgetting the rain, ran down the street a little way so as to keep the Admiral in sight. "It 's *precisely* like a doll going traveling all by itself," she exclaimed as she ran

along. "How he rattles! I suppose *that's* his little cracked legs — and goodness gracious, how he smokes!" she added, for by this time the Admiral had fired up, so to speak, as if he were bound on a long journey, and was blowing out such clouds of smoke that he presently quite shut himself out from view. The smoke smelt somewhat like burnt feathers, which, of course, was not very agreeable, but the worst of it was that when Dorothy turned to run home again she discovered that she could n't see her way back to the porch, and she was feeling about for it with her hands stretched out when the smoke suddenly cleared away and she found that the inn, and Mr. Pendle's shop, and Mrs. Peevy's cottage, had all disappeared like a street in a pantomime, and that she was standing quite alone before a strange little stone house.

CHAPTER II.

THE FERRY TO NOWHERE.

THE rain had stopped and the moon was shining through the breaking clouds, and as Dorothy looked up at the little stone house she saw that it had an archway through it with "FERRY" in large letters on the wall above it. Of course she had no idea of going by herself over a strange ferry; but she was an extremely curious little girl, and so she immediately ran through the archway to see what the ferry was like and where it took people, but to her surprise she came out into a strange, old-fashioned looking street lined on both sides by tall houses with sharply peaked roofs looming up against the evening sky.

There was no one in sight but a stork. He was a very tall stork with red legs, and wore a sort of paper bag on his head with "FERRYMAN" written across the front of it; and as Dorothy appeared he held out one of his claws and said, "Fare, please," in quite a matter-of-fact way.

Dorothy was positively certain that she had n't any money, but she put her hand into the pocket of her apron, partly for the sake of appearances and partly because she was a little afraid of the Stork, and, to her surprise, pulled out a large cake. It was nearly as big as a saucer and was marked "ONE BISKER"; and as this seemed to show that it had some value, she

handed it to the ferryman. The Stork turned it over several times rather suspiciously, and then, taking a large bite out of it, remarked, "Very good fare," and dropped the rest of it into a little hole in the wall; and having done this he stared gravely at Dorothy for a moment, and then said, "What makes your legs bend the wrong way?"

"Why, they don't!" said Dorothy, looking down at them to see if anything had happened to them.

"They're entirely different from mine, anyhow," said the Stork.

"But, you know," said Dorothy very earnestly, "I could n't sit down if they bent the other way."

"Sitting down is all very well," said the Stork, with a solemn shake of his head, "but you could n't collect fares with 'em, to save your life," and with this he went into the house and shut the door.

"It seems to me this is a very strange adventure," said Dorothy to herself. "It appears to be mostly about people's legs," and she was gazing down again in a puzzled way at



J. S. B.

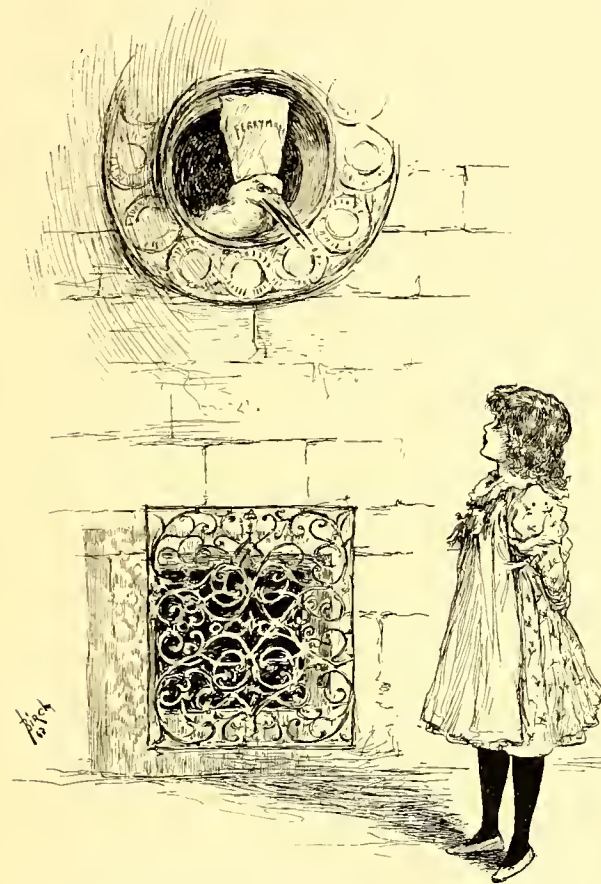
"THEY'RE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM MINE, ANYHOW," SAID THE STORK.

her little black stockings when she heard a cough, and looking up she saw that the Stork had his head out of a small round window in the wall of the house.

"Look here," he said confidentially, "there's some poetry about this old ferry. Perhaps you'd

like to hear it." He said this in a sort of husky whisper, and as Dorothy looked up at him it seemed something like listening to an enormous cuckoo-clock with a bad cold in its works.

"Thank you," said Dorothy politely. "I'd like it very much."



"IT SEEMED LIKE LISTENING TO AN ENORMOUS CUCKOO-CLOCK."

"All right," said the Stork. "The werset is called 'A Ferry Tale'; and, giving another cough to clear his voice, he began:

*Oh, come and cross over to nowhere,
And go where
The nobodies live on their nothing a day!
A tifeul of tricks is this merry
Old Ferry,
And these are the things that it does by the way:
It pours into parks and disperses
The nurses.
It goes into gardens and scatters the cats.*

*It leaks into lodgings, disorders
The boarders,
And washes away with their holiday hats.*

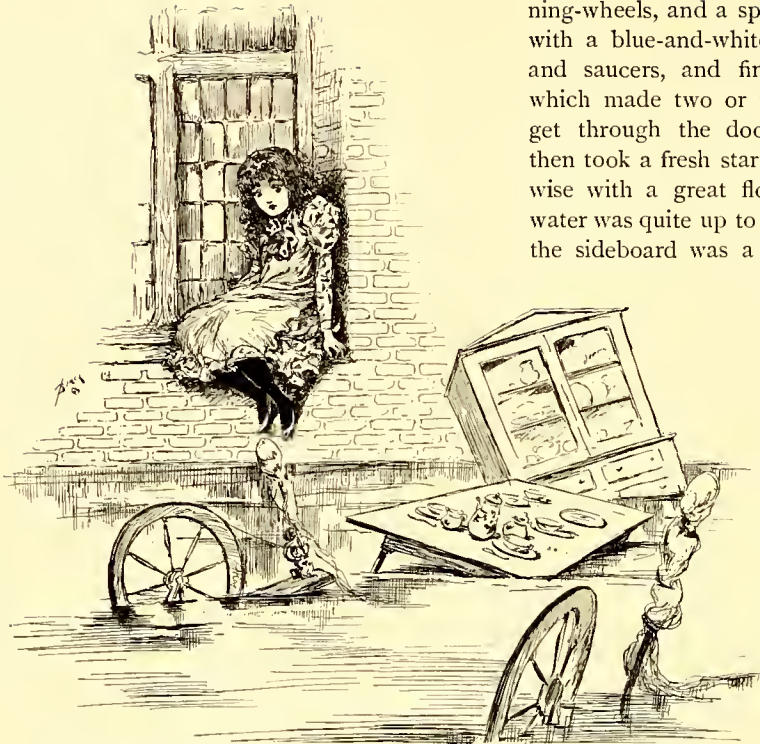
*It soaks into shops, and inspires
The buyers
To crawl over counters and climb upon
chairs.
It trickles on tailors, it spatters
On hatters,
And makes little milliners scamper
upstairs.
It goes out of town and it rambles
Through brambles,
It wallows in hollows and dives into
dells.
It flows into farm-yards and sickens
The chickens,
And washes the wheelbarrows into
the wells.
It turns into taverns and drenches
The benches;
It jumps into pumps and comes out
with a roar;
It pounds like a postman at lodges—
Then dodges
And runs up the lane when they
open the door.
It leaks into laundries and wrangles
With mangles,
It trips over turnips and tumbles
down-hill.
It rolls like a coach along highways
And by-ways;
But never gets anywhere, go as it will!*

*Oh, foolish old Ferry! all muddles
And puddles—
Go fribble and dribble along on your way;
We drink to your health with molasses
In glasses,
And waft you farewell with a handful of hay!*

"What do you make out of it?" inquired the Stork anxiously.

"I don't make anything out of it," said Dorothy, staring at him in great perplexity.

"I did n't suppose you would," said the Stork, apparently very much relieved. "I've



“DEAR ME,” SAID DOROTHY TO HERSELF, “HERE COMES ALL THE FURNITURE!”

been at it for years and years, and I’ve never made sixpence out of it yet,” with which remark he quickly pulled in his head and disappeared.

“I don’t know what he means, I’m sure,” said Dorothy, after waiting a moment to see if the Stork would come back, “but I would n’t go over that ferry for *sixty* sixpences. It’s altogether too frolicky”; and having made this wise resolution, she was just turning to go back through the archway, when the door of the house flew open, and a stream of water poured out so suddenly that she had just time to scramble up on the window-ledge before the street was completely flooded.

“I suppose it’s something wrong with the pipes,” she said to herself, in her thoughtful way; “and, dear me, here comes all the furniture!” and, sure enough, a lot of old-fashioned furniture came floating out of the house and drifted away down the street. There was a corner cupboard full of crockery, and two spin-

ning-wheels, and a spindle-legged table set out with a blue-and-white tea-set, and some cups and saucers, and finally a carved sideboard which made two or three clumsy attempts to get through the doorway broadside on, and then took a fresh start, and came through end-wise with a great flourish. By this time the water was quite up to the window-ledge, and as the sideboard was a fatherly-looking piece of furniture with plenty of room to move about in, Dorothy stepped aboard of it as it went by, and sitting down on a little shelf that ran along the back of it, sailed away in the wake of the tea-table.

The sideboard behaved in the most absurd manner, spinning around and around in the water, and banging about among the other furniture as if it had never been at sea before, and finally bringing up against the tea-table with a crash and knocking the tea-set and all the cups and saucers into the water.



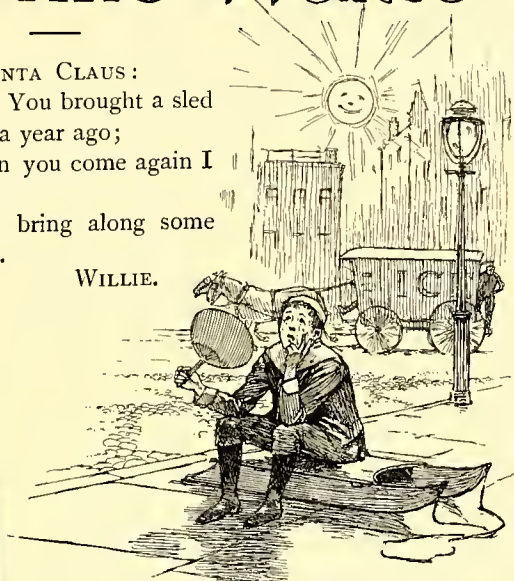
(To be continued.)



What Willie Wants

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:
 You brought a sled
 To me a year ago;
 And when you come again I
 hope
 You'll bring along some
 snow.

WILLIE.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

By M. M. D.

ALL night long the pine-trees wait,
 Dark heads bowed in solemn state,
 Wondering what may be the fate
 Of little Norway Spruce.

Little Norway Spruce who stood
 Only lately in the wood.
 Did they take him for his good—
 They who bore him off?

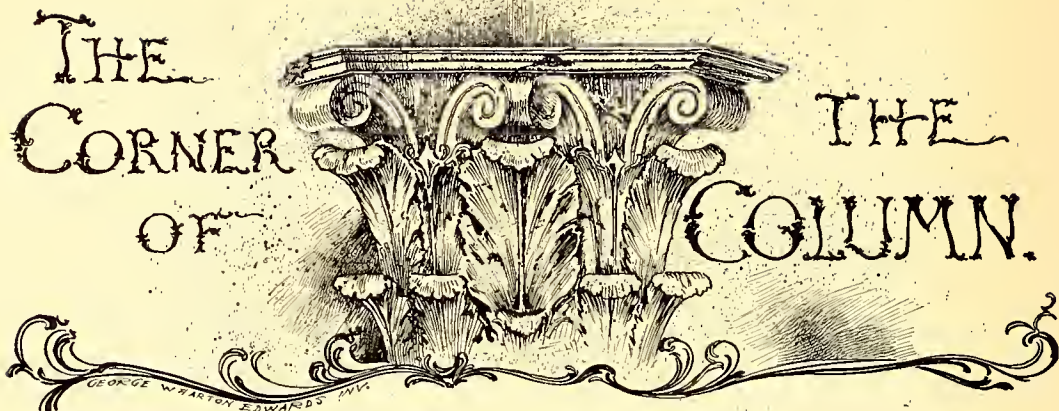
Little Norway Spruce so trim,
 Lithe, and free, and strong of limb!
 All the pines were proud of him;
 Now his place is bare.

All that night the little tree
 In the dark stood patiently,
 Far away from forest free,
 Laden for the morn.

Chained and laden, but intent.
 On the pines his thoughts were bent;
 They might tell him what it meant,
 If he could but go!

Morning came. The children. "See!
 Oh, our glorious Christmas-tree!"—
 Gifts for every one had he;
 Then he understood.

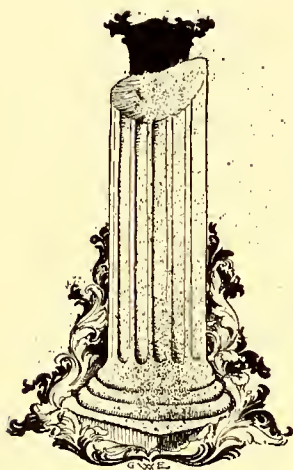
THE CORNER OF THE COLUMN.



GEORGE W. HARTON EDWARDS. 1874.

A TRAVELER'S ADVENTURE.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



It happened a good many years ago, when I was seeing Italy for the first time, on a very large capital of youthful enthusiasm and a very small capital in the way of money.

As it is the only adventure I ever had, I was, in my younger days, rather proud of it. It had come to be an old story with me, however, and I had about lost my interest in telling it, when it was recalled to my mind by an incident that rounds it out with a curious sequel. Let me begin at the wrong end of my narrative, and relate the more recent circumstance first.

This occurred during a second visit to Naples, only a short time ago. In one of my morning rambles I came upon a characteristic street scene near the old grotto of Posilipo.

In front of a *basso*—one of those human dens that open, on a level with the street, into the tall Neapolitan houses, and are occupied by the poorer people both as dwellings and shops—was a bare-headed and bare-legged boy, near the middle of the sidewalk, on two

stools. He sat on one, with a bandaged foot resting on the other, and a pair of crutches across his knees. He was evidently a beggar-boy, lying in wait for passers-by, in a capital situation for intercepting them; they must step out of their way to get around him, or march over his leg, which was still more inconvenient, or wait for him to lift it, which he never did without a whining appeal for alms.

Behind him, helping to bar the way, sat an old cobbler by the door of the den, plying his trade in the open air, as is the custom with the minor craftsmen of Naples. On the other side of the doorway, also aiding in the obstruction of the sidewalk, was a washerwoman bent over her tub, scrubbing her clothes on a rough stone slab that served in place of washboard.

I was fumbling in my pocket for a small coin to pay the toll the boy levied at his improvised toll-gate, when his attention was diverted in another direction.

A small bundle of hay fell from a peasant's cart that was passing, and the boy, throwing aside his crutches, ran to secure the prize on two as nimble legs as ever boy had. He was bearing it off with agility, when a man who could run faster, and probably wanted the hay more, took it from him and hurried away with it in another direction.

But neither was he permitted to get off in peace with his booty. The old cobbler, who had looked on placidly when the boy was the thief, felt his moral sense outraged when the man became the robber. He raised an outcry that was taken up by others; the peasant, warned of his loss, jumped from his cart, and ran back to receive the bundle, which the man, suddenly turned honest, advanced to deliver up to him with obliging good-nature, and an accusatory shake of the hand at the boy. The boy laughed, pleased that nobody else should enjoy the booty he had lost, and returned to his crutches and his two stools. I had in the mean while passed on, when, looking back, I saw him readjusting his bandaged foot, and putting on a piteous expression for his next victim.

Returning in a short time and remembering the trap, I avoided it by keeping the opposite side of the street. But the boy was equal to every emergency. He was on his crutches and one foot in a moment, and hobbling over to head me off, with the bandaged limb dangling in a way to excite compassion in the hardest heart.

"Something for a miserable cripple, good, generous signor!" he entreated, putting out his grimy paw.

I could n't help laughing at the shameless imposture even while I put my hand in my pocket.

"If you want it," I said, showing him a coin, "run for it! You can run; I have seen you."

His whine changed to a laugh as he dropped his bandaged foot, and all pretense of lameness along with it, and still held out his hand for the coin. The woman laughed, too, as she turned from her tub, and offered to explain the situation.

Curious to know what excuse she could make for him, I stepped across the street, with the vivacious little beggar carrying his crutches and capering before me.

Although I could speak a little Italian, I was overwhelmed and bewildered by the flood of Neapolitan gabble she let loose upon me. The old cobbler in the mean time had dropped his work, and sat listening to her and watching me with good-natured interest in the little drama.

I was evidently taken for a Frenchman, for, when she appealed to him to interpret for her, he said, with a very bad accent :

"*Monsieur est Français ?*"

"No," I replied in the same language, "but I speak French. What is she trying to tell me?"

"That you will do right to give something to this poor orphan."

"But he is not lame!"

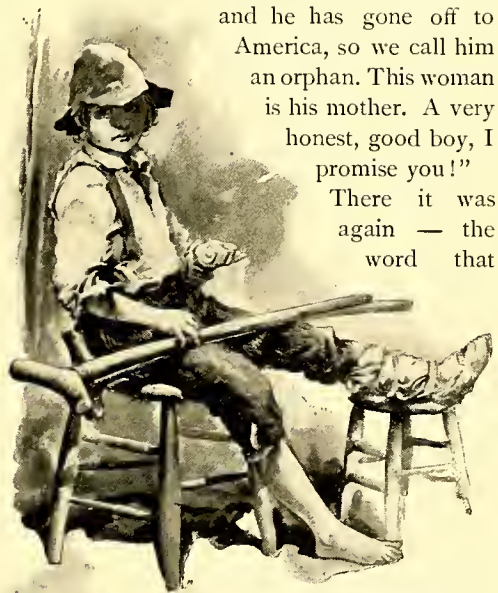
"No, not at all lame, this one. It is his cousin who is lame. Since he is in the hospital to be cured this one borrows his crutches and begs for him. A good boy, a very good boy, I assure you!"

His peculiar pronunciation of the word *garçon*, the French for "boy," amused and startled me; I will explain why, farther on.

"He is your son—this orphan?" I said, looking from the man to the boy, and finding, as I fancied, a family resemblance.

"Not my son," he replied, "but my grandson. His father is my son, and he has gone off to America, so we call him an orphan. This woman is his mother. A very honest, good boy, I promise you!"

There it was again — the word that



THE BEGGAR-BOY.

carried my mind back so many years, and accompanied by a look out of the eyes which I succeeded at last in bringing into the focus of my memory.

"Is n't your name Angelo?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, without astonishment; "Angelo Colli—at your service, monsieur!"

"You were once a guide on the other side of the hill of Posilipo?"



VIEW OF NAPLES, FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

“True, monsieur, I was a guide many years, to Pozzuoli, Baja, and all that region.”

“Ah! and do you remember one you guided once, a young American who gave you a lesson in French pronunciation?”

The old cobbler shook his head. “No, I don’t remember; I was a guide to so many people.” He remained calm and stolid while my mind lighted up with vivid recollections.

I could n’t be mistaken in my man; and I knew that by a word, or even a gesture, I could jog his dormant memory.

“Angelo Colli, you certainly cannot have forgotten —” But I hesitated.

It was thirty years before that I first made his acquaintance. An admirable guide he was then, tireless, talkative, with a sufficient knowledge of the country, a fund of historical misinformation, and some command of bad French.

I remember I had visited the tomb of Virgil that morning (I am talking about the earlier

adventure), and gathered a leaf from the lemon-tree that shaded it then, as perhaps it does now if relic-hunters have n’t hacked it quite away. Then I had descended from that commanding hillside and entered the Grotto of Posilipo, without any definite plan of what I intended to do. Nothing was further from my thoughts than to set out on such a tramp as I afterward undertook.

But the grotto was enchanting. It is an ancient gallery roughly hewn through the mountain, between Naples and the wonderful region that opens upon the other side.

Narrow, lofty, begrimed with the smoke and dust of centuries; lighted dimly by a row of lamps that dwindled in the distance, and became lost in the glimmering disk of daylight at the opposite end; filled with the musical tinkle of bells from the flocks of goats that had been driven into the city to be milked at people’s doors, and were now going out again, attended by rough and swarthy goatherds; singing peasant

girls, with burdens on their heads; donkeys loaded with great panniers of vegetables; a company of soldiers—such was the grotto, with the moving life in it, on the January morning when I first beheld it, with the keen senses of ardent youth open to every sight and sound.

I kept on, eager to see what was at the other end; and there, on the threshold of this region of wonders, extinct volcanoes, here a lake that was once a crater, there a crater still smoking, vineyards growing on old lava-fields, villas, villages, ruins, with the loveliest views of capes and bays and mountain-forms—there, as I say, I picked up my guide.

Or, rather, he picked me up. It was Angelo Colli in the prime of manhood—not then the grizzled and bent old cobbler, but a robust fellow of forty, with black hair and in the prime of health. Athletic limbs in corduroy knee-breeches; a brown hat worn well on the back of his head, the ample brim slightly rolled up in front, displaying his wavy locks, low, full forehead, and strong black eyebrows; in place of a hatband, a many-colored silken braid knotted on one side, and dangling gaily over his ear—that was the picturesque if not exactly handsome guide who accosted me.

The other guides—there were a half dozen of

them—fell back to let him have his way with me. He was very persuasive. How could I think of going back to Naples when I had such a day, as might not soon come again, for viewing the finest scenery and the most curious



ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTA OF POSILIPÒ.

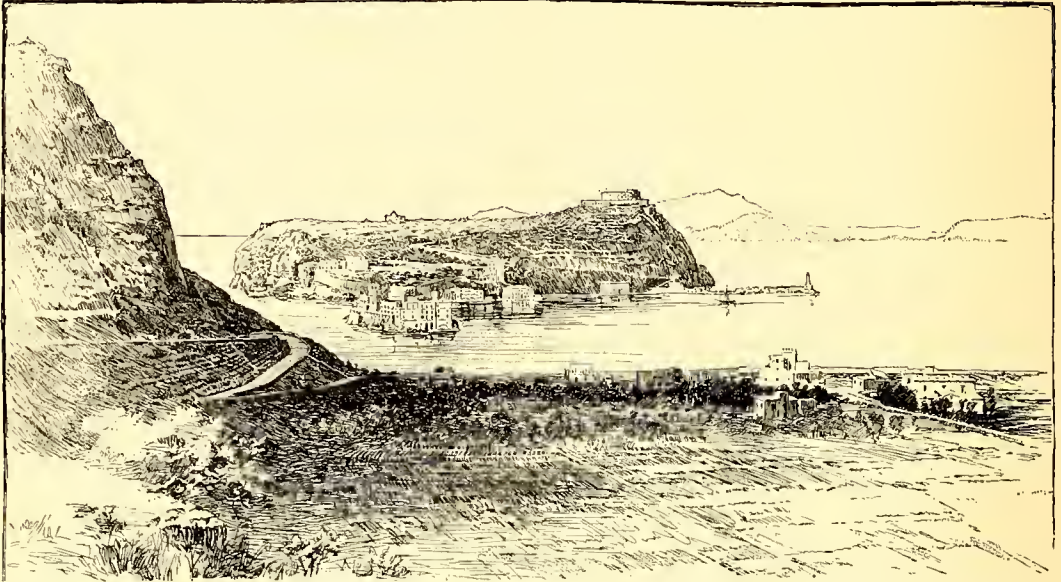
sights in the world? I ought at least to see the Grotta di Cane, or Cave of the Dog; it was close by, only a step; he could take me to it at once, and it would cost me but a trifle—almost nothing.

I found it a good many steps; but the day was delightful, and there was nothing beneath

that glorious southern heaven nor on that marvellous spot of earth that did n't interest me.

In the side of the old crater was, and still is, the Grotta di Cane, or Cave of the Dog, of

till we came upon such views of sea and land, mountains, and islands, and shores, as can be seen nowhere but in the vicinity of Naples—the Bay of Pozzuoli opening into the Mediter-



THE ISLAND OF NISIDA AND THE BAY OF POZZUOLI.

which the most I remember is that at a sharp whistle from Angelo the keeper appeared with a trembling cur under his arm.

“What is he going to do with that poor little thing?” I asked.

“He will place him on the ground in the grotto; and monsieur will have the pleasure to see his life extinguished by the bad air in a few seconds. That is what he has fear of; he has died in that grotto, and been brought to life again a hundred times, to give satisfaction to strangers.”

“Hold on there!” I cried, “you will give me more satisfaction by letting the dog go.”

The one thing interesting about the grotto was its position in the side of the ancient crater. Seeing that I cared more for volcanoes than for dying dogs, Angelo offered to take me to one that was still active—La Solfatara—only a short step, *un petit pas*, further on. If it was not all he described it to be, then I should give him nothing!

On we went again, leaving the lake on our right, and the steep sides of Monte Spina on our left, and following a footpath over the hills

ranean, Procida, Ischia, the rocky Cape of Miseno (where, according to Virgil, Æneas built the sepulcher of Misenus and gave the cape its name), Nisida quite near (the island to which Brutus fled after the murder of Cæsar), Capri in the azure distance, Pozzuoli before us (where St. Paul once abode seven days), and other famous names, the mere mention of which has a charm for the memory.

A good many steps again, the last of them steeply ascending, brought us to the hollow cave of La Solfatara. Angelo was n't quite right in claiming it as a still active volcano; that could hardly be said of a crater we could walk about in and comfortably inspect at our leisure. But the ground was, in places, not firm under our feet. Choking vapors rose all about us from the porous and hollow earth that floored the ancient crater, and from fissures in the steep, rough sides; and there certainly was one large chasm from which issued a cloud of sulphurous fumes.

Of course, La Solfatara did not compare in terrible grandeur with Vesuvius, which I visited later. But then, you cannot walk into the

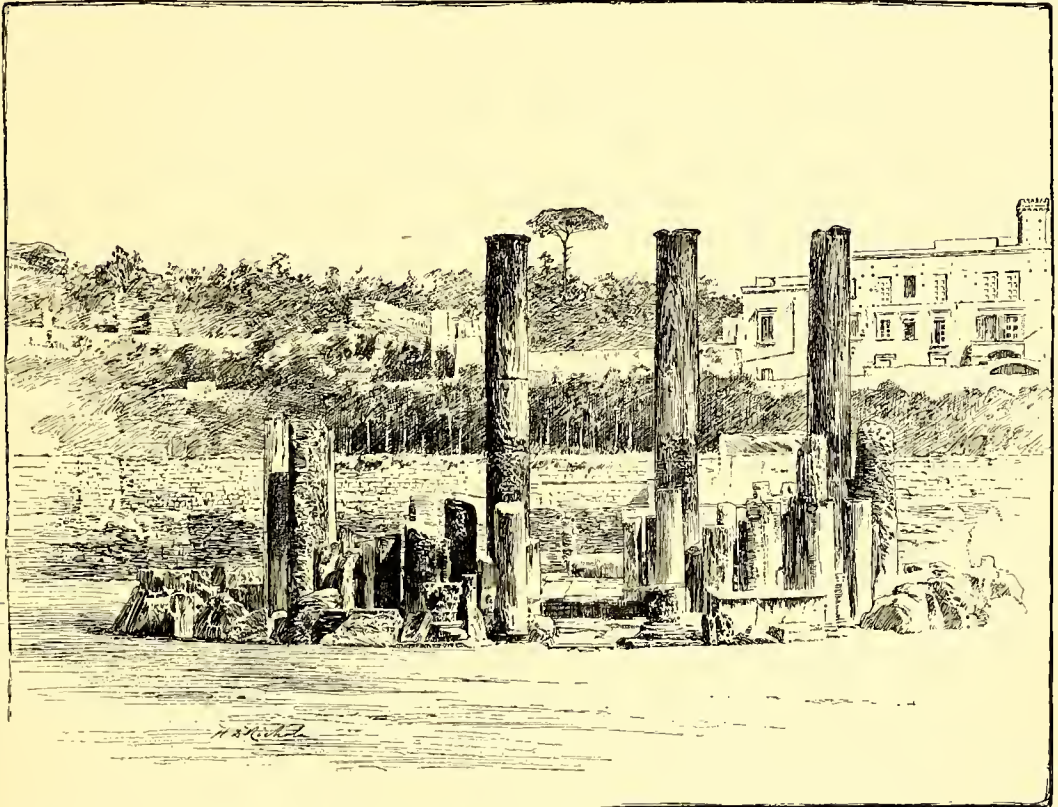
crater of Vesuvius, and you would n't want to if you could.

Beyond La Solfatara is Pozzuoli, between the hills and the sea. If we descended that way, the ancient amphitheater would be "less than a step" out of our course.

So we saw the amphitheater; after which I was easily persuaded to keep on to the Temple of Serapis, down by the further shore. A ruin, but a very interesting one, it has been half-

of the splintered Corinthian capitals of the portico of the temple. It was a thing of little value in the eyes of the custodian, who permitted me to keep it on my handing him an extra fee.

It was a roughish bit of marble, about two thirds the size of my fist, with one coarsely fractured side, which fitted very well into the palm of my hand. The reverse side was sculptured to a bluntish edge.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF SERAPIS AT POZZUOLI.

sunken in the sea, from which it has partly emerged again, as is shown by the three great columns, dismantled but majestic, that still remain upright.

What made the visit to this spot memorable to me was a relic I picked up there. From a heap of fractured friezes and broken columns, which are supposed to have been overthrown by the aforesaid shell-fish undermining their bases, I took a fragment of marble which had once, to all appearance, formed a corner of one

I am not a relic-hunter, but I have often obeyed an impulse to carry off such things, which I have invariably given away afterward, if, indeed, I have n't thrown them away as soon as the first ardor of possession has had time to cool. Luckily, I did not throw this away.

We saw something more of Pozzuoli, and finally walked into a restaurant that looked out pleasantly on the small harbor, where we had some much-needed rest and refreshment. We sat long over a bottle of Chianti wine, of which

Angelo drank by far the larger share, smacking his lips with satisfaction, while he told me, in his very bad French, of his way of life and of his little family.

He had much to say of his boy; *carzon* he called him (for *garçon*) in his execrable accent. He used the word so often that I became annoyed by it, and gave him his lesson in French, which I never forgot, if he did.

"Look here, Angelo!" I said. "You speak French very well, but your pronunciation of one word is bad. Why do you always say *carzon*?" "What should I say?"

"Say *garçon*."

"Very well. *Carzon*." And he thanked me for correcting him.

"But you still say *carzon*. It is not *carzon*, but *garçon*."

"I see!" he replied, laughing. "I must n't say *carzon*, but *carzon*."

"You say *carzon* all the time! Now, give attention, and pronounce each syllable after me. *Gar*."

"*Gar*," said Angelo.

"*Çon*."

"*Çon*." So far so good.

"Now, *gar-çon*."

"*Car-zon!*" he exclaimed, thumping the table desperately.

And with all my drill I could n't get him to say anything else when he came to put the separated syllables together. At last my patience gave out, and I left him to his *carzon*, which served his purpose well enough. The word, it seems, stuck to him all his life, for it was this word, several times repeated, when applied to his grandson, that gave me a clue to his identity so many years after.

When we went out of the restaurant, he tried to induce me to visit other interesting places near by. But it was getting very late. There was then no tramway from Pozzuoli to Naples, as there is now, and I could n't afford a *citadine*. That is what the little one-horse Neapolitan carriage was called in those days. It is a *carroz-zella* now.

No, I would positively proceed no further, but I would walk back to Naples; and to get a new experience I would return by another route. We kept the shore of the bay as far as

Bagnoli, a little village of hot springs and a few poor houses of entertainment, where I said to Angelo:

"Now, my good friend, we must part. I go over the Collina," the hill or promontory of Posilipo, beneath which I had passed, through the ancient grotto, on my outward trip in the morning.

"But it will soon be dark," he protested. "It will not be safe for you to go alone."

"How not safe?" I looked at my pocket-map. "It is perfectly plain; I shall not lose the way."

"But the brigands!" said Angelo. "You may meet with some unlucky adventure." And he told of travelers who had lately been robbed at night on that lonely mountain-road.

I laughed at his brigands, with a secret feeling of uneasiness, however, I must admit.

"You are armed, perhaps?" he said. "You have a pistol?"

"No," I replied; "and I should n't use it if I had."

I always liked rough old Dr. Johnson, despite his bearishness, for saying to Boswell that he would n't like to shoot a highwayman. And Emerson's noble line,

Unarmed, face danger with a heart of trust,—

appealed to something deeper in my heart than fear.

Angelo Colli could n't understand any such nonsense as that. "What!" he said, "you would n't kill a man who attempted to rob you?"

"I should dislike very much to kill a man to save even my own life," I answered. "And to save a little money!—I'd sooner lose a great deal than have such a deed on my conscience. A brigand may have been no worse a man at heart than you or I, Angelo, but for the circumstances that have made him what he is."

All this was incomprehensible to honest Colli. "You have much money!" He had seen the inside of my pocket-book at the restaurant, and no doubt what seemed little to me, with my hotel bills and traveling expenses to pay, appeared much to him. "And your watch—a gold watch, monsieur! You had better let me go with you. They may attack you alone, but they will not attack us two; besides, they know

me too well. It is further for me to go that way; but you need pay me only a trifle."

Was he really so solicitous for my safety, or was it the extra recompense he was after? It was not this that deterred me from employing him, but the truth is I had had enough of Angelo. The best guide, in an all-day excursion, may become tiresome at last. My inmost spirit was sore from the incessant sound of his voice with its rasping accent. I longed for the silent companionship of my own thoughts on that lonely mountain-road.

I had taken the precaution to make some sort of bargain with him in the morning; and, at parting, an extra coin or two—for his *petit garçon* at home—seemed to touch him.

"I will go with you for nothing!" he exclaimed. But I would not permit that. "Well, then, if anything happens to you, call me; call Angelo Colli as loudly as you can."

"Little good that will do," I replied, "with the mountain between us!"

"That is true," he said; "we shall be miles apart. But everybody knows Angelo Colli, and just the sound of my name may do you good."

"Well," I said, smiling at the idea, but still with some misgivings, "If I fall in with any brigands I will call you. Good-by, Angelo!"

"*Bon soir, monsieur!*" and he stood waving me his adieus with his picturesque hat, remaining at the foot of the road, while I commenced the long and winding ascent.

I was weary enough; night was fast closing in, and I had some four miles yet to go. But I forgot everything else, even Angelo's brigands, in the solace of that high and silent and solemn walk. For much of the way there was no sound but my own footsteps and the roar of the sea breaking on the base of the promontory. As I turned to look back from some commanding point, the views of bays and islands, capes and clouds, and mountain heads in the afterglow of evening, were like glimpses of some diviner world. Once I yielded to the enchantment, and sat down to rest.

The glory had faded, and it was growing quite dark, when I got up and went on. Two or three carts or carriages passed. And now and then I met a man, alone and on foot like

myself, to whom I gave a wide berth, with more regard for Angelo's "brigand" than I cared to acknowledge to myself. But the most frightful object I saw was a peasant looming out of the gloom with a huge pannier on his back.

I had passed out of sight of the sea; there were high walls on both sides, not a star overhead. I had wanted solitude, and I was getting enough of it. I could hardly see the ground under my feet. The sound of the sea had died in the distance, but it was n't long before I heard it again, faint at first, then increasingly loud, but before me instead of behind. I knew that I had passed the crest of the promontory.

Then, as I kept on, descending the further slope, what a sight met my eyes!—the Bay of Naples outspread before me, with here and there the red beam of a ship's lantern on the dim expanse; the distant lights of Portici and Torre del Greco on the opposite shore; and, high over all, the pulsing fire of Vesuvius slowly climbing and falling in the darkness with every throee of the volcano.

Further on, a curve in the road brought me in view of Naples, with its thousand lights, making the mountain-side on which it is built look like another volcano, with a core of fire shining through innumerable holes.

I had forgotten all about Angelo's highwaymen, when suddenly the figure of a man started out from the shadow of a wall in the road before me. The movement was silent and stealthy, and it was so dark that I should not have seen him if he had not come between me and the lights of the city.

I was on the side of the way toward the sea; he had appeared from the other side. As he moved over toward me, I attempted very quietly to change sides with him, or at least to test his intentions; but as I edged over he edged back again, and I found myself meeting him face to face.

A curdling chill crept over me as I said to myself, "Perhaps Angelo was right, after all."

It is n't courage that causes a man to carry a deadly weapon on any ordinary occasion, and in my cool moments I could say as I had said to Angelo, that I would never use one. But now I was not cool; and I had something like a weapon in my hand.

It was the fragment of marble I had picked up among the ruins of the Temple of Serapis.

Feeling it dangling in my side-pocket, I had taken it out, and for the past ten minutes had been carrying it in my hands, changing it occasionally from one to the other, and enjoying its coolness in my fevered palms.

Finding I could n't pass the man on either side, I stopped in the middle of the road. He stopped too. There was a moment of appalling silence. He wore a formless sort of hat, pulled well over his eyes; a dark handkerchief muffled his face. There was something in his attitude like that of a man prepared to make a violent lunge. His head was thrust forward; his arms were crooked up at his sides.

The sentiment of Emerson's inspiring line suddenly deserted me; my "heart of trust" fluttered disgracefully.

"What do you want?" I said in Italian.

"Money!" he answered gruffly, in the clipped Neapolitan accent, behind his muffler.

"But you can't have it!" I said, stepping back, with my left side turned toward him and my right arm swung behind.

I had quite forgotten to call Angelo Colli, and even if I had remembered my promise to him it is n't at all probable that I should have kept it. In the crisis that had come, nobody on the other side of the mountain could do me any good; I must take care of myself, or, rather, of my money. The loss of that, in a foreign land, would involve me in endless difficulty.

As I stepped back the fellow made his lunge, and seized my left arm. I let him hold it; he was a powerful man, and any trial of strength with him would have been folly on my part. I wore a light overcoat, which was unbuttoned and hanging open. It gave him easy access to my pockets, which he proceeded to pilfer with one hand while holding me with the other.

Then this, as nearly as I can remember, is what happened.

I had the piece of marble in my right hand, and, as he was stooping to his work, I fetched him an upward stroke with it—not so hard as I might, but hard enough—close under his hat-brim. He loosed his hold of me in an instant; he was the most unheroic brigand you can conceive of. There was n't anything ro-

matic about him. He just sprawled away from me, and went down on all-fours in a manner that was simply ridiculous.

But there was nothing ridiculous in the great groan he gave as he settled to the ground. I had started to run the moment I knocked



THE STRUGGLE ON THE ROAD WITH THE "BRIGAND."

him over, but I had n't gone many steps before I checked the cowardly movement, and stopped to listen and look back. I could see nothing; the fellow evidently lay where he had fallen; but I heard another low groan.

I quickly reasoned myself out of my fears, and

went back. He was probably no more armed than I was, or even less so, for I still grasped the stone I had struck him with. There had been something awkward and amateurish about his performance that quite lost him my respect. He was not a neat-handed highwayman.

It was an immense relief to find him struggling to his feet, for my final fear was that he would never quit that spot without the help of other feet than his own. Hat and handkerchief had fallen off; a shapely head of loose wavy hair rose up before me. I regarded him with astonishment.

"Angelo!" I exclaimed.

"*Je vous demande pardon, monsieur!*" he murmured humbly.

"Why did you do so foolish a thing?" I said. "You got what you deserved."

"True!" he replied, feeling the side of his forehead in a dazed sort of way. "I am paid for a stupid joke."

"A joke, Angelo!"

"I assure you, monsieur! I wished to see what you would really do if a man asked for your money. After what you said, I felt a curiosity."

"Well, Angelo Colli, I trust your curiosity is gratified! And do you wish to know what I shall do next? Denounce you to the police!"

"Oh, monsieur!" he expostulated, "think of my wife, and my *petit carzon*—*carzon!*" He tried to correct himself, remembering my lesson.

"On one condition I will pardon you," I replied, while he picked up his hat and mechanically brushed it with his handkerchief while pressing it into shape, for I found he had turned it inside out in order to disguise himself. "Tell me the exact truth. You meant to rob me!"

He shrugged expressively, and put on his hat. "A little money is so much to us poor people! and the loss would be nothing to you. I would n't have harmed you. I believed what you said, and did n't expect such a blow. If all Americans have such fists, there 's no need that any of you should go armed."

I had slipped the stone back into my pocket,

and I did n't explain that it was the corner of the stone capital of a column of the Temple of Serapis that had collided with the temple of Angelo Colli.

His knowledge of the by-paths in Posilipo had enabled him to get ahead of me. He appeared extremely contrite, and again he proposed to favor me with his company as far as Naples. But I would have none of it. I left him standing in the road, a dark and silent figure, and hurried on.

And this was the "brigand" whom I found, so many years later, transformed into an old cobbler in Naples, and grandfather of the little fraud with the crutches and the bandaged leg.

I concluded not to remind him of our previous encounter.

"So, you have a son in America?" I said. "America is a good place. I come from that country."

He turned up at me interested eyes, the same eyes that had looked into mine, across the table at Pozzuoli, when he told me of his promising boy so long ago.

"Do you go back there?" he inquired.

"I hope to, some time."

"Well, if you see my Angelo tell him that we are well, and that his son is growing up to be a fine boy, a very honest, good boy!" (*Un beau carzon, un très honnête, bon carzon!*)

And he looked with pride and satisfaction at the lad, who was at that moment hobbling across the street to beg of an English tourist passing upon the other side.

"In what part of America is your son?" I inquired.

"In Mexico, if he has n't gone up into Brazil."

"Very well. If I see him I will tell him. Meanwhile keep the boy honest. Keep him honest! Adieu, Angelo Colli!"

"*Bon jour, monsieur!*" said Angelo.

I never saw him again.

As for the corner of the capital of the column of the Temple of Serapis, that bit of stone is one of the few relics I still have in my limited collection.

THE LONG HILLSIDE.

A CHRISTMAS HARE-HUNT IN OLD VIRGINIA.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THERE do not seem to be as many hares now as there used to be when I was a boy. Then the "old fields" and branch-bottoms used to be full of them. They were peculiarly our game; I mean we used to consider that they belonged to us boys. They were rather scorned by the "gentlemen," by which was meant the grown-up gentlemen, who shot partridges over the pointers, and only picked up a hare when she got in their way; and the negroes used to catch them in traps or "gums," which were traps made of hollow gum-tree logs; but we boys were the hare-hunters. They were our property from our childhood; just as much, we considered, as "Bruno" and "Don," the beautiful "crack" pointers, with their brown eyes and satiny ears and coats, were "the gentlemen's."

The negroes used to set traps all the fall and winter, and we, with the natural tendency of boys to imitate whatever is wild and primitive, used to set traps also. To tell the truth, however, the hares appeared to have a way of going into the negroes' traps, rather than into ours, and the former caught many to our one.

Even now, after many years, I can remember the delight of the frosty mornings; the joy with which we used to peep through the little panes of the dormer-windows at the white frost over the fields, which promised stronger chances of game being caught; the eagerness with which, oblivious of the cold, we sped through the garden, across the field, along the ditch banks, and up by the woods, making the round of our traps; the expectancy with which we peeped over the whitened weeds and through the bushes, to catch a glimpse of the gums in some "parf" or at some clearly marked "gap"; our disappointment when we found the door standing open and the trigger set just as we had left it the morning before; our keen delight when the door was down; the

dash for the trap; the scuffle to decide which should look in first; the peep at the brown ball screwed up back at the far end; the delicate operation of getting the hare out of the trap; and the triumphant return home, holding up our spoil to be seen from afar. We were happier than we knew.

So far to show how we came to regard hares as our natural game, and how, though we had to grow up to be bird-hunters, as boys we were hare-hunters. The rush, the cheers, the yells, the excitement were a part of the sport, to us boys the best part.

Of course, to hunt hares we had to have dogs — at least boys must have — the noise, the dash, the chase are half the battle.

And such dogs as ours were!

It was not allowable to take the bird-dogs after hares. I say it was not allowable; I do not say it was not done, for sometimes, of course, the pointers *would* come, and we could not make them go back. But the hare-dogs were the puppies and curs, terriers, watch-dogs, and the nondescript crew which belonged to the negroes, and to the plantation generally.

What a pack they were! Thin, undersized black-and-tans, or spotted beasts of very doubtful breed, called "houn's" by courtesy; long-legged, sleepy watch-dogs from the "quarters," brindled or "yaller" mongrels, which even courtesy could not term other than "kyur dogs"; sharp-voiced "fises," busier than bees, hunting like fury, as if they expected to find rats in every tuft of grass; and, when the hares got up, bouncing and bobbing along, not much bigger than the "molly cottontails" they were after, getting in every one's way and receiving sticks and stones in profusion, but with their spirits unbroken. And all these were in one incongruous pack, growling, running, barking, ready to steal, fight, or hunt, whichever it happened to be.

We used to have hunts on Saturdays, just we boys, with perhaps a black boy or two of our particular cronies; but the great hunt was "in the holidays"—that is, about Christmas. Then all the young darkies about the place were free and ready for sport.

This Christmas hunt was an event.

It was the year 186—, and, Christmas day falling on a Sunday, Saturday was given as the first day of the holidays. It had been a fine fall; the cover was good, and old hares were plentiful. It had been determined some time before Christmas that we would have a big hare-hunt on that day, and the "boys"—that is, the young darkies—came to the house from the quarters, prepared, and by the time breakfast was over they were waiting for us around the kitchen door. Breakfast was always late about Christmas time; perhaps the spareribs and sausages and the jelly, dripping through a blanket hung over the legs of an upturned table, accounted for it; and on this Christmas eve it was ten by the tall clock in the corner of the dining-room before we were through. When we came out, the merry darkies were waiting for us around the kitchen door, grinning and showing their shining teeth, and laughing and shouting, and calling the dogs. They were not allowed to have guns; but our guns, long old single-barrels handed down for at least two generations, had been carried out and cleaned, and they were handing them around, inspecting and aiming them with as much pride as if they had been brand-new. There was only one exception to this rule: Uncle Limpy-Jack, so called because he had one leg shorter than the other, was allowed to have a gun. He was a sort of professional hunter about the place. No lord was ever prouder of a special privilege handed down in his family for generations.

The other fellows were armed with stout sticks and made much noise. Uncle Limpy-Jack was, as stated, the only exception; he was grave as became a "man" who was a hunter by business, and "war n't arter no foolishness." He allowed no one to touch his gun, which thus possessed a special value. He carried his powder in a gourd and his shot in an old rag.

The pack of dogs I have described, fully recruited, were hanging around, growling and snarling, sneaking into the kitchen and being kicked out by Aunt Betty and her corps of varicolored assistants, largely augmented at the approach of Christmas with its cheer. The yelping of the mongrel pack, the shouts and whoops of the boys, and the laughter of the maids or men about the kitchen and backyard, all in their best clothes and in high spirits, were exhilarating, and with many whoops and much "hollering," we climbed the yard fence, and, disdaining a road, of course, set out down the hill across the field, taking long strides, each one bragging loudly of what he would do.

Let me see: there were John and Andrew and Black Peter, and Bow-legged Saul, and Milker-Tim, and Billy, and Uncle Limpy-Jack, and others now forgotten, and the three white boys. And the dogs, "Ole Rattler," and "Ole Nimrod," who had always been old by their names, and who were regarded with reverence akin to fetish-worship because they were popularly supposed to be able to trail a hare. It was a delusion, I am now satisfied; for I cannot recall that they ever trailed one certainly three feet. Then there were the "guard dawgs": "Hector," brindled, bob-tailed, and ugly, and "Jerry," yellow, long-tailed, and mean; then there was "Jack," fat, stumpy, and ill-natured; there were the two pointers, Bruno, and Don, the beauties and pride of the family, with a pedigree like a prince's, who, like us, were taking a holiday hunt, but, unlike us, without permission; "Rock," Uncle Limpy-Jack's "hyah dawg," and then the two terriers "Snip" and "Snap."

We beat the banks of the spring ditch for form's sake, though there was small chance of a hare there, because it was pasture and the banks were kept clean. Then we made for the old field beyond, the dogs spreading out and nosing around lazily, each on his own hook. Whether because of the noise we made and their seeking safety in flight, or because they were off "taking holiday,"* as the negroes claimed, no hares were found, and after a half-hour our ardor was a little dampened. But

* The hares, according to the negroes, used to take holidays and would not go into traps in this season; so the only way to get them was by hunting them.

we soon set to work in earnest and began to beat a little bottom lying between two hills, through which ran a ditch, thickly grown up with bushes and briars. The dead swamp-grass was very heavy in the narrow little bottom along the sides, and was matted in tufts. The dogs were scattered, and prowling around singly or in couples; and only one of the pointers and Snip were really on the ditch. Snip showed signs of great industry, and went bobbing backward and forward through a patch of heavy, matted grass. In any other dog this might have excited suspicion, even hope; there are some dogs, however, who are natural liars. Snip was one of them. Snip's failing was so well known that no attention was paid to him. He gave, indeed, a short bark, and bounced up two or three times like a trap-ball, looking both ways at once; this action, however, only called down upon him universal derision.

Just then, however, a small boy pointed over to the top of the hill calling, "Look-a yander," and shouts arose, "Dyah she go!" "Dyah she go!" "Dyah she go!" "Dyah she go!" Sure enough, there, just turning the hill, went a "molly cotton," bouncing. In a second we were all in full chase and cry, shouting to each other, "whooping" on the dogs, and running with all our might. We were so carried away by the excitement that not one of us even thought of the fact that she would come stealing back.

No negro can resist the inclination to shout "Dyah she go!" and to run after a hare when one gets up; it is involuntary and irresistible. Even Uncle Limpy-Jack came bobbing along for a while, shouting, "Dyah she go!" at the top of his voice; but being soon distanced he called his dog, Rock, and went back to beat the ditch bank again.

The enthusiasm of the chase carried us all into the piece of pine beyond the fence, where the pines were much too thick to see anything and where only an occasional glimpse of a dog running backward and forward, or an instinctive "oun-oun!" from the hounds, rewarded us. But "molly is berry sly," and while the dogs were chasing each other around through the pines, she was tripping back down through the field to the place where we had started her.

We were recalled by hearing an unexpected "bang" from the field behind us, and dashing out of the woods we found Uncle Limpy-Jack holding up a hare, and with a face whose gravity might have done for that of Fate. He was instantly surrounded by the entire throng, whom he regarded with superb disdain and spoke of as "you chillern."

"G' on, you chillern, whar you is gwine, and meck you noise somewhar else, an' keep out o' my way. I want to git some hyahs!"

He betrayed his pleasure only once, when, as he measured out the shot from an old rag into his seamed palm, he said with a nod of his head: "Y' all kin *run* ole hyahs; de ole man *shoots* 'em." And as we started off we heard him muttering:

"Ole Molly Hyah,
What yo' doin' dyah?
Settin' in de cornder
Smokin' a cigah."

We went back to the branch and began again to beat the bushes, Uncle Limpy-Jack taking unquestioned the foremost place which had heretofore been held by us.

Suddenly there was a movement, a sort of scamper, a rush, as something slipped from out of the heavy grass at our feet and vanished in the thick briars of the ditch bank. "Dyah she go!" arose from a dozen throats, and gone she was, in fact, safe in a thicket of briars which no dog nor negro could penetrate.

The bushes were vigorously beaten, however, and all of us, except Uncle Limpy-Jack and Milker-Tim, crossed over to the far side of the ditch where the bottom widened, when suddenly she was discovered over on the same side, on the edge of the little valley. She had stolen out, the negroes declared, licking her paws to prevent leaving a scent, and finding the stretch of hillside too bare to get across, was stealing back to her covert again, going a little way and then squatting, then going a few steps and squatting again. "Dyah she go!" "Dyah she go!" resounded as usual.

Bang!—bang!—snap!—bang! went the four guns in quick succession, tearing up the grass anywhere from one to ten yards away from her. As if she had drawn their fire and was satisfied that she was safe, she turned and sped up the

hill, the white tail bobbing derisively, followed by the dogs strung out in line.

Of course all of us had some good excuse for missing, Uncle Limpy-Jack's being the only valid one—that his cap had snapped. He made much of this, complaining violently of “dese yere wuthless caps!” With a pin he set to work, and he had just picked the tube, rammed painfully some grains of powder down in it, and put on another cap which he had first exam-

her, and she turned at right angles out of the furrow; but as she got to the top of the bed, Milker-Tim, flinging back his arm with the precision of a bushman, sent his stick whirling like a boomerang skimming along the ground after her.

Tim with a yell rushed at her and picked her up, shouting, “I got her! I got her!”

Then Uncle Limpy-Jack pitched into him:

“What you doin’ gittin’ in my way?” he complained angrily. “Ain’ you got no better



“WE FOUND UNCLE LIMPY-JACK HOLDING UP A HARE.”

ined with great care to impress us. “Now, let a ole hyah get up,” he said, with a shake of his head. “She got *man* ready for her, she ain’ got you chillern.” The words were scarcely spoken when a little darky called out, “Dyah she come!” and sure enough she came, “lipping” down a furrow straight toward us. Uncle Limpy-Jack was on that side of the ditch and Milker-Tim was near him armed only with a stout well-balanced stick about two feet long. As the hare came down the hill, Uncle Jack brought up his gun, took a long aim and fired. The weeds and dust flew up off to one side of

sense ’n to git in my way like dat? Did n’ you see how nigh I come to blowin’ yo’ brains out? Did n’ you see I had de hyah when you come pokin’ yer woolly black head in my way? Ef I had n’ flung my gun off, whar ’d you ’a’ been now? Don’ you come pokin’ in my way ag’in!”

Tim was too much elated to be long affected by even this severity, and when he had got out of Uncle Jack’s way he sang out:

“Ole Molly Hyah,
You’ ears mighty thin,
Yes, yes, yes,
I come a-t’ippin’ thoo de win’!”

So far the honors were all Uncle Jack's and Milker-Tim's, and it was necessary to do something. Accordingly, the bottom having been well hunted, the crowd struck for an old field over the hill, known as "the long hillside." It was thick in hen-grass and broom-straw, and sloped down from a piece of pine with a southern exposure on which the sun shone warm. We had not reached it before a hare jumped out of a bush near Charlie. In a few moments, another bounced out before one of the dogs and went dashing across the field. Two shots followed her; but she kept on till at last one of the boys secured her.

We were going down the slope when Peter called in great excitement:

"Heah a ole hyah settin' in her baid. Come heah, Dan, quick! Gi' me your gun; le' me git him!"

This was more than Dan bargained for, as he had not got one himself yet. He ran up quick enough, but held on tightly to his gun.

"Where is he? Show him to me; I' knock him over."

As he would not give up the gun, Peter pointed out the game.

"See him?"

"No."

"Right under dat bush—right dyah" (pointing). "See him? Teck keer dyah, Don, teck keer," he called, as Don came to a point just beyond. "See him?" He pointed a black finger with tremulous eagerness.

No, he did not, so Dan reluctantly yielded up the gun.

Peter took aim long and laboriously, shut both eyes, pulled the trigger, and blazed away.

There was a dash of white and brown, a yell, and Don wheeled around with his head between his fore paws and stung by the shot as "molly" fled, streaking it over the hill followed only by the dogs.

Peter's face was a study. If he had killed one of us he could not have looked more like a criminal, nor have heard more abuse.

Uncle Limpy-Jack poured out on him such a volume of vituperation and contempt that he was almost white, he was so ashy. Don was not permanently hurt; but one ear was pierced by several shot, which was a serious affair, as

his beauty was one of his good points, and his presence on a hare-hunt was wholly against the rules. Uncle Limpy-Jack painted the terrors of the return home for Peter with a vividness so realistic that its painfulness pierced more breasts than Peter's.

Don was carried to the nearest ditch, and the entire crowd devoted itself to doctoring his ear. It was decided that he should be taken to the quarters and kept out of sight during the Christmas, in the hope that his ear would heal. We all agreed not to say anything about it if not questioned. Uncle Limpy-Jack had to be bribed into silence by a liberal present of shot and powder from us. But he finally consented. However, when Met, in a wild endeavor to get a shot at a stray partridge which got up before us, missed the bird and let Uncle Limpy-Jack, at fifty yards, have a few number-six shot in the neck and shoulder, Peter's delinquency was forgotten. The old man dropped his gun and yelled, "Oh! Oh!!" at the top of his voice. "Oh! I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead." He lay down on the ground and rolled.

Met was scared to death, and we were all seriously frightened. Limpy-Jack himself may have thought he was really killed. He certainly made us think so. He would not let any one look at the wound.

Only a few of the shot had gone in, and he was not seriously injured; but he vowed that it was all done on purpose, and that he was "going straight home and tell Marster," a threat he was only prevented from executing by all of us promising him the gold dollars which we should find in the toes of our stockings next morning.

So far the day had been rather a failure; the misfortunes had exceeded the sport; but as we reached the long hillside I have spoken of, the fun began. The hares were sunning themselves comfortably in their beds, and we had not gone more than two hundred yards before we had three up, and cutting straight down the hill before us.

Bang!—bang!—bang!—bang! went the guns. One hare was knocked over, and one boy also by the kick of his gun; the others were a sight chase, and every boy, man, and dog joined in it for dear life.

"Whoop!—whoop!—Dyah she go!—Dyah she go! Heah, heah! Heah, heah! Heah, heah, heah! Whoop, Rattler! Whoop, Nimrod! Heah, Snip! heah, heah, Bruno! Heah, heah!" Every one was striving to get ahead.

Both hares were picked up before reaching cover, one being caught by Bruno, who was magnificent in a chase. After many falls and

We were crossing the pasture on our way home; the winter sunset sky was glowing like burnished steel; the tops of the great clump of oaks and hickories in which the house stood were all that we could see over the far hill; a thin line of bluish smoke went straight up in the quiet air. The dogs had gone on ahead, even the two or three old watch-dogs ran after the others, with their noses in air.

The question of concealing Don and his ragged ear came up. It was necessary to catch him and keep him from the house. We started up the slope after him. As we climbed the hill we heard them.

"Dee got a ole hyah now; come on," exclaimed one ortwo of the younger negroes; but old Limpy-Jack came to a halt, and turning his head to one side listened.

"Heish! Dat ain' no ole hyah dey 're arter; dey 're arter Marster's sheep,—dat 's what 't is!"

He started off at a rapid gait. We did the same.

"Yep, yep! Oun, oun, oun! Err, err, err!" came their voices in full cry.

We reached the top of the hill. Sure enough, there they were, the fat Southdowns, tearing like mad across the field, the sound of their trampling reaching us, with the entire pack at their heels, the pointers well in the lead. Such a chase as we had trying to catch that pack of mischievous dogs! Finally we got them in; but not before the whole occurrence had been seen at the house.



A SLIGHT ACCIDENT TO UNCLE LIMPY-JACK.

failures by all of us, Saul flung himself on the other and gave a wild yell of triumph.

The "long hillside" was full of hares; they bounced out of the hen-grass; slipped from brush-heaps and were run down, or by their speed and agility escaped us all. The dogs got the frenzy and chased wildly, sometimes running over them and losing them through a clever double and dash. The old field rang with the chase until we turned our steps toward home to get ready for the fun after dark.

If Christmas had not been such an occasion of peace and good will, we should have had a hard time. As it was, we had to plead eloquently with Don's torn ear against us, and

Uncle Limpy-Jack basely deserted us after getting our gold dollars, declaring that he "told dem boys dat huntin' ole hyahs war n' no business for chillern!"



A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

TOM PAULDING.

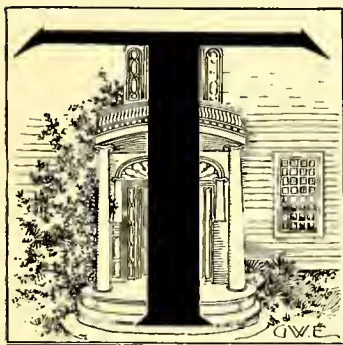
(*A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.*)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER IV.

PAULINE AND THE CAREFUL KATIE.



HE house in which Tom Paulding lived with his mother and sister had originally been a small farmhouse. It had been built just before the Revolution and by Tom's great-

grandfather, the officer from whom the gold had been stolen. It was a square wooden house with gable-ends and with a door in the middle; there was a little porch before the door with a vine climbing by the white wooden pillars. Originally it had stood on a knoll, overlooking the broad acres of the farm as they sloped down to the river. When the streets were regularly laid out through that part of the city, making the upper portion of Manhattan Island as like as possible to a flat gridiron, a lower level was chosen than that of the house. The stony hill was cut through, and the house now stood high on a bluff, rising sheer and jagged above the sidewalk. A flight of wooden steps led from the street to the top of the knoll; and thence a short walk paved with well-worn flagstones stretched to the front door. The house had been so planted on the hill that it might command the most agreeable view; but the streets had been driven past it rigidly at right angles to the avenues, and so the house was now "cater-cornered" across one end of a block.

In the century and a quarter since Nicholas

Paulding had bought a farm and built him a house, the fortunes of his children and grandchildren had risen and fallen. He himself had been a paymaster in Washington's army; and after the Revolution he had prospered and enlarged his domain. But as he grew old he made an unfortunate use of his money, and when he died his estate was heavily involved. His son, Wyllys Paulding (Tom's grandfather) had done what he could to set in order the family affairs, but he died while yet a young man and before he had succeeded in putting their fortunes on a firm basis. Wyllys's son, Stuyvesant (Tom's father) struggled long and unavailingly. Like Wyllys and like Nicholas, Stuyvesant Paulding was an only child; and Tom Paulding so far carried out this tradition of the family that he was an only son and had but one sister.

Stuyvesant Paulding had died suddenly, when Tom was about five years old, leaving his widow and his children nothing but the house in which they lived and the insurance on his life. Bit by bit the farm had been sold to meet pressing debts, until at last there was left in the possession of Nicholas Paulding's grandson but a very small portion of the many acres Nicholas Paulding had owned—only the house and the three city lots across which it stood. And upon these lots and the house there was a mortgage, the interest on which Tom's mother often found it very hard to meet.

Tom's mother was a cheerful little woman; and she was glad that she had a roof over her head, and that she was able to bring up her children and give them an education. The roof over her head was stanch, and the old house was as sound as when it was built. Mrs. Paulding was very fond of her home, and she used to tell Tom and Pauline that they were

perhaps the only boy and girl in all New York city with its million and a half of inhabitants, who had been born in a house built by their own great-grandfather.

The household was small; it consisted of Mrs. Paulding, Tom, his sister Pauline, and the Careful Katie.

Cissy Smith had once told Tom that Mrs. Paulding was "the nicest old lady in the world,"—and Tom had indignantly denied that his mother was old. Perhaps she was not old, but assuredly she was no longer young. She was a trim little woman with a trim little figure. Her dark-brown hair was turning gray under the widow's cap that she had worn ever since Tom's father died. She was good-natured and even-tempered; her children had never seen her angry, however they might try her; to them she was always cheery and she seemed always hopeful. As far as she might have power, the path of life should always be smooth before her children's feet.

Tom Paulding was the second member of the family; and he often looked forward to the time when he should be a man, that he might do something for his mother and for his sister.

Tom called his sister "Polly," but her name really was Pauline. She was nearly twelve years old, and she was rather short for her years; she kept hoping to be taller when she was older.

"How can I ever feel grown up, if I have n't grown any?" she once asked her mother.

She was rather pretty, and she had light-brown hair, which she wore down her back in a pigtail. To live in a house with a little spare ground about it was to her a constant delight. One of the two trees which Nicholas Paulding had planted before his door-step, an ample maple, now spread its branches almost over the porch; and to this tree Pauline had taken a great fancy when she was but a baby. She called it *her* tree; and she used to go out and talk to it and tell it her secrets. Tom had made her a seat on one side of this tree; and there she liked to sit with the cat and the kitten. She was very fond of cats, and she had generally a vagrant kitten or two, outcast and ragged, whom she was feeding and petting. With all animals she was friendly. The goats which

browsed the rocks on which stood Mrs. Rafferty's shanty, two blocks above on Pauline's way to school, knew her and walked contentedly by her side; and the old horse which was always stationed before the shanty, attached to a decrepit cart labeled "Rafferty's Express," knew Polly and would affably eat the apple she took from her luncheon for him. The name of this old horse was "Daniel."

There was not an animal anywhere on the line of Pauline's daily walk to and from school that did not know her and love her.

The fourth member of the household, and in some respects the most important, was the Careful Katie. She was a robust, hearty Irish-woman who had been in Mrs. Paulding's service for years. She had come to the young couple when Tom's father and mother were first married, and she had remained with the family ever since. She had been Tom's nurse and then she had been Polly's nurse. Now, in their reduced circumstances, she was their only servant, strong enough to do anything and willing to do everything. She could cook excellently; she was indefatigable in housework and in the laundry; she was a good nurse in sickness; and she had even attempted to raise a few vegetables, chiefly potatoes and beans, in the little plot of ground, on one side of the house. She was never tired and she was never cross. She was a "Household Treasure," so said Mrs. Paulding, who also wondered frequently how she could ever get on without her.

She had two defects only, and these in a measure neutralized each other. The first was that she thought she wished to go back to Ireland; and so she gave Mrs. Paulding warning and made ready to depart about once every six weeks. But she had never gone; and Mrs. Paulding was beginning to believe that she never would go. The second of her failings was that she was conscious of her long service, of her affection for Mrs. Paulding and for the two children, and of her fidelity; and so she had come to accept herself as one of the family and to believe that she was therefore authorized to rule the household with a rod of iron. She was so fond of them all that she insisted on their doing what she thought best for them, and

not what they themselves might prefer. There were times when the Careful Katie carried things with so high a hand that Mrs. Paulding caught herself half wishing that the attraction

On the morning after election-day, the morning after the Black Band had made Tom Paulding run the gantlet, and had tied him to the stake, and had danced a scalp-dance about him



"TOM HAD MADE HER A SEAT ON ONE SIDE OF THIS TREE; AND THERE SHE LIKED TO SIT WITH THE CAT AND THE KITTEN."

of Ireland might prove potent enough to entice the child of Erin back to her native isle.

It remains to be recorded, moreover, that the Careful Katie was very superstitious. She accepted everything as a sign or a warning. She would never look over her left shoulder at the new moon. She was prompt to throw salt over her right shoulder, if by chance any were spilt while she was waiting at table. She declared that a ring at the bell at midnight, three nights running, foreboded a death in the family.

while he bravely chanted his defiant death-song, the imitator of Hard-Heart and Uncas was late for breakfast.

Mrs. Paulding and Pauline were at table, and the Careful Katie had placed the coffee-pot before his mother and the plate of hot biscuit before his sister; and Tom's chair was ready for him, but he had not yet appeared.

"It's late Master Tom is," remarked the Irish member of the family. "Will I call him?"

The Careful Katie was fond of hearing her-

self talk, and she was always ready to take part in the conversation at the dinner-table; but her use of the English language left something to be desired.

"Tom will be down in a minute," said Pauline; "I knocked on his door as I passed, and waked him up, and I kept on knocking till I heard him get out of bed, and then he threw a pillow at me down the stairs."

"An' who's to be washin' that same pillow-case, I'd like to know? It is n't yous that'll do it—it'll be me, I'm thinkin'," said the Irishwoman.

"Katie," interposed Pauline, pausing in her breakfast, "if you were a good girl, a real good girl, you would bring 'Pussy' up and 'Bobby,' and let me give them their breakfast."

"An' where will I find Pussy? Bobby is quiet in the kitchen with his feet to the fire like a gentleman; but Pussy does be out all night," replied Katie, adding, "Ah, but there's the cat now, sittin' outside the window here as easy as you please."

"Then I'll let her have her breakfast right away, if you will please excuse me, Mama," cried Pauline, rising from the table and pouring out a saucerful of milk.

She opened the window and called the cat, who came to the sill and stood expectant. When Pauline was about to set the saucer outside for Pussy to drink, the Careful Katie saw what she was doing and rushed across the room.

"Miss Polly," she screamed, "never be doin' that! It's main bad luck to pass vittles out o' the window to a Christian, let alone to a cat."

Mrs. Paulding looked up and smiled, and then quietly went on eating her breakfast.

"Pauline," she said, presently, "your own breakfast will be cold."

"But just see how hungry Pussy is," the little girl said as she came back to table.

"I've a sup of hot milk in the kitchen," remarked Katie, "an' I'll get it for her. I've heard it's lucky to feed a cat, an' when I go back to the old country,—an' I'm goin' soon now,—I hope a black cat will walk in for a visit, the very first day I'm home again." And with this, she took Pussy in through the window and went out into the kitchen.

"Sometimes I wonder how I should get along without Katie," said Mrs. Paulding, "and then, when she frightens you as she did just now, and overrides us all, I almost wish she *would* go back to Ireland."

"We should never get another like her," Pauline declared, "and she is so good to the pussies."

"I believe you think of them first," her mother said, smiling.

"The poor things can't speak for themselves, Mama," the little girl responded; "somebody must think for them."

The clock on the mantel struck eight.

"Tom will be late," said Mrs. Paulding.

"No, he won't," cried her son, as he hastily entered the room. He kissed his mother, and then he took his seat at the table.



CHAPTER V.

AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

MRS. PAULDING watched Tom eat about half of his bowl of oatmeal. Then she asked gently, "How

is it you were late, my son?"

"I overslept myself," Tom answered, "and when Polly knocked at the door I was having a wonderful dream.

"It was about everything all mixed up, just as it is generally in dreams," went on Tom, "but it began with my floating around the room. I often dream I can float about in the air just as naturally as walking on the floor; and, in my dream, when I float around, nobody seems at all surprised, any more than if it was the most ordinary thing to do.

"I dreamed that I floated out to Mount Vesuvius, where there was an eruption going on and the flames were pouring out of the crater. There I heard cries of distress, and I found seven great genies had tied a fairy to a white marble altar, and they were dancing about her, and making ready to stone her with sticky

lumps of red-hot lava. So I floated over to her and asked her what I could do for her—”

“Did n’t the seven evil spirits see you?” interrupted Polly.

“They did n’t in the dream,” Tom answered, “though now I don’t understand why they did n’t.”

“Perhaps the fairy had made you invisible,” explained his sister.

“That may have been the way,” Tom admitted. “So I floated over to the altar and I asked what I could do for her, and she whispered to stoop down and try if I could see three flat stones in the ground—”

“Did you see them?” interrupted Polly again.

“I did,” said Tom; “and if you’ll just let me go on, you’ll get to the end of this story a sight sooner.”

“I won’t say another word,” Pauline said.

“The three flat stones were just under my feet,” said Tom. “The fairy told me to lift the center stone and she said that I should find under it a large copper ring—”

“And did y—” began Polly. “Oh!” and she suddenly stopped.

“She told me to pull on the ring and I would find an iron box,” Tom went on, “and in that box was a beautiful silver-mounted, seven-shot revolver loaded with seven magic bullets with which I was to kill the seven genies. So I took the revolver and I shot the seven genies, one after the other; and then I released the fairy.”

“What did she give you?” asked Polly eagerly.

“If you don’t say a word,” Tom continued, “I will inform you that she gave me three wishes.”

“What did you wish for?” Polly asked at once. “I know what I should like. I’d ask for a little bag containing all the things they have in fairy stories—a cap that makes you invisible, and shoes that make you go fast, and a carpet to carry you through the air, and all the things of that sort. You see it is always so awkward to have the wrong things; for instance, when there’s a great, big, green dragon coming to eat you up and you want to be invisible all at once and in a hurry, it is n’t any use

having a purse that is always full of money. I should ask for them all—and if she was a real generous fairy, she’d count that as only one wish.”

When his sister had finished this long speech, Tom was calmly eating the last of his oatmeal. She looked at him, and cried:

“Tom, you are just too aggravating for anything. What were your three wishes?”

“I don’t know,” answered Tom.

“Why not?” asked Pauline.

“Because,” Tom responded, leisurely, “you interrupted me in my dream exactly as you did just now. That was as far as I’d got when you waked me up.”

“Oh, oh!” said Polly. “If I’d known you were going to have three wishes, I would n’t have called you for anything in the world. What *were* you going to wish for?” she went on. “Don’t you remember now?”

“I don’t know what I should have wished for in the dream,” Tom answered; “but I know what I should wish for now, if a real, live, sure-enough fairy gave me one wish. I’d wish that mother’s income were just twice as big as it is, so that she should n’t have to worry about the mortgage and our clothes and my education.”

Mrs. Paulding held out her hand, and Tom gave it a squeeze.

“You would be glad to have that Purse of Fortunatus that Pauline despised so,” she said. “And so should I. The mortgage does bother me, now and then,—and there are other things, too. I wish I had enough to let you study engineering, since your mind is made up that you would like that best.”

“My mind is made up that I’d like best to be an engineer, if I could,” Tom responded; “but I sha’n’t complain a bit if I have to go into a store next year.”

“I hope that I shall at least be able to keep you at school,” said his mother.

“I’d like to study for a profession, mother, as you know,” he went on; “but I’m not willing to have you worry about it.”

“I think I’d like to study for a profession, too,” interrupted Pauline. “I’d like to learn doctory. We begin physiology next term, and they have a real skeleton for that—ugh! it will be great fun.”

"You need not shiver in anticipation," said her mother with a laugh.

"Tom," Polly asked seriously, "did you ever have convulsions? You know I did—and when I was only two years old, too. So when we girls get a-talking over the things we've all had, measles and mumps, and they find out I have n't had whooping-cough,—why, then I just tell them I've had convulsions; and they have n't, not one of them."

"Mother," said Tom, who had been thinking quietly, while his sister rattled on, "you told me once about some money that my great-grandfather lost. Did n't anybody ever try to find it?"

"Yes," Mrs. Paulding answered. "Your grandfather made a great search for it, so your father told me; and at one time he thought he was very 'warm,' as children say, but he suddenly seemed to lose all interest in it, and gave over the hunt all at once."

"Why?" asked Tom eagerly.

"I don't know why," answered Mrs. Paulding; "nor did your father know, either."

"How did my great-grandfather lose the money?" Tom continued.

"It was stolen from him," replied his mother. "He was a paymaster in Washington's army; and when the British captured New York, the American army retreated up the island and held the upper part. A large sum of money had been paid to your great-grandfather—or rather he had raised it on his own property, for I believe that the stolen gold was his own and not the government's."

"And when was it stolen?" asked Tom.

"I think I heard your father say that it was taken from his grandfather during the night—during the night before the battle of Harlem Plains."

"That was in 1776," said Tom, "in September. Our teacher told us all about it only two or three weeks ago. And it was fought just around the corner from here, between Morningside Park and Central Park. Was Nicholas Paulding robbed during the fight?"

"Really, my son," responded Mrs. Paulding, "I know very little about it. Your father rarely spoke of it; it seemed to be a sore subject with him. But I think the robbery took place late

that evening, after the battle was over,—or it may have been the night before."

"Who was the robber?" asked Tom. "They know who he was, don't they?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I think it is known who took the money. He was a deserter from our army. His name was Kerr, or Carr. He disappeared and the money was missing at the same time."

"Did n't you say once that the thief was never heard of after the stealing?" said Tom.

"That is what I have always understood," his mother declared. "The man left our army and was never seen again. After the war, your grandfather made a careful search for him, but he could find no trace."

"Did n't the British receive him when he ran away? I thought the armies in that war were always glad to receive deserters from the other side."

"I think he never reached the British at all."

"Then what did become of him?" asked Tom.

"That is the mystery," replied his mother. "It was a mystery to your great-grandfather at the time and when the war was over; and it seems to have puzzled and interested your grandfather, too, at least for a while."

"It interests me," Tom declared. "I like puzzles. I wish I knew more about this one."

"There are a lot of papers of your grandfather's, maps and letters and scraps of old newspapers, somewhere in an old box where your grandfather put them more than fifty years ago," said Mrs. Paulding.

"And where is that box now?" was Tom's eager question.

"I think that it is in one of the old trunks in the attic," Mrs. Paulding replied.

Before Tom could say anything more, a shrill whistle was heard.

"There's the postman!" cried Pauline, jumping up from the breakfast-table. "I hope he has brought a letter for me!"

The Careful Katie entered and gave Mrs. Paulding a letter, saying, "It's a new letter-man, this one, and he says he ought to have left this letter yesterday. More fool he, say I."

With that, she took the coffee-pot from the table and went out of the room again.

Mrs. Paulding looked at the handwriting for

a moment and said, "It is from Mr. Duncan." Then she opened it and looked at the signature and exclaimed, "Yes, it is from Mr. Duncan. I wonder what he has to say."

Tom knew that Mr. Duncan was a lawyer, and an old friend of the family, and that he had always advised Mrs. Paulding in business affairs. As his mother read, Tom watched her face.

back on the chair, and with difficulty kept back her tears.

Pauline, who had been a silent spectator, walked over and put her arms about her mother. "How soon shall we have to go?" she asked.

"I hope we shall not have to go at all," Mrs. Paulding answered. "Mr. Duncan says that

we have several months before us to see what we can do. Perhaps the mortgagee won't want his money before that time."

"Or perhaps Uncle Dick will come back with lots and lots of money," suggested Pauline.

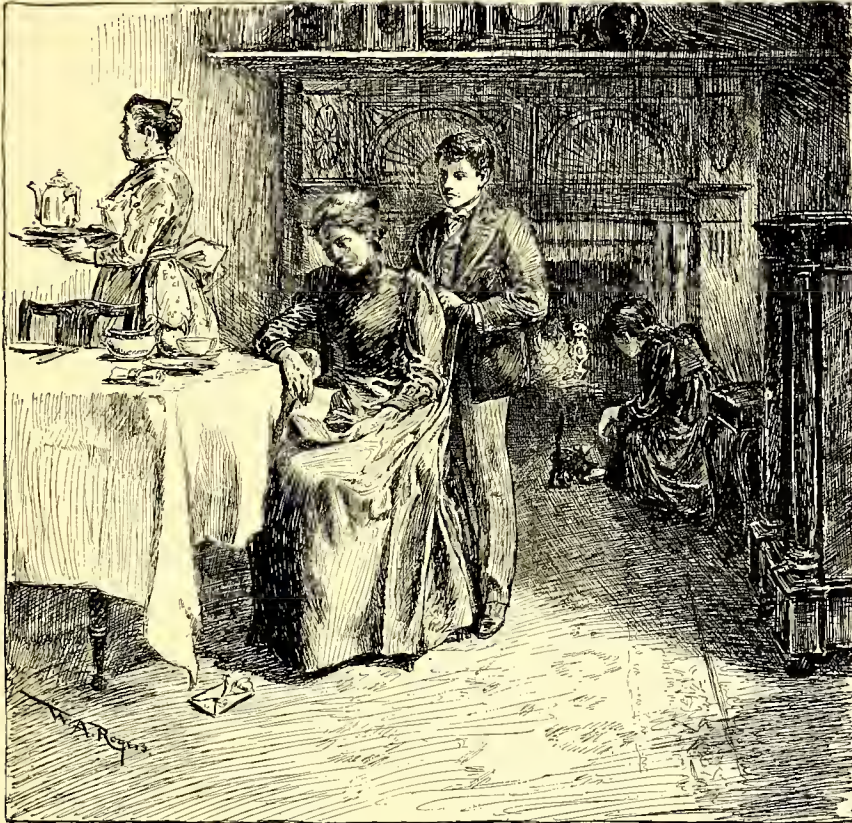
"Mother," said Tom suddenly, while he strapped up his school-books, "would you let me look at that box of papers—about that stolen gold?"

"Certainly, my son, if you would like to see them," she answered.

"How much money was it that my great-grandfather lost?" he asked.

"I don't know exactly. I think I once told you as much as the thief could carry comfortably—about two thousand pounds, perhaps."

"Whew! That's ten thousand dollars!" exclaimed Tom, as he bade her good-by before going to school. "Don't worry about that mortgage. I'm going to see if we can't get back some of that stolen money. Nobody knows where it is, and I may be lucky enough to find out. At any rate, I mean to try."



"'I'M GOING TO SEE IF WE CAN'T GET BACK SOME OF THAT STOLEN MONEY,' SAID TOM."

When she had finished the letter, she let it fall in her lap.

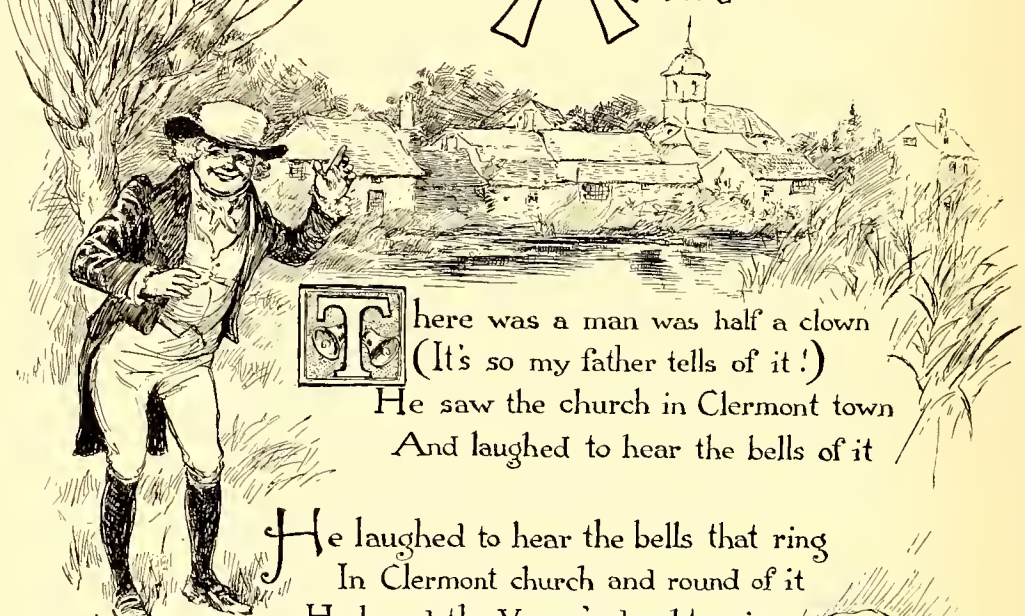
"Well, Mother," he asked, "have you received bad news?"

"Yes," she answered, "bad news indeed. Mr. Duncan writes that the gentleman who holds the mortgage on the house wishes us to pay it off soon, and Mr. Duncan is afraid that we shall not be able to get as much from anybody else."

"Well, suppose we don't?" Tom inquired.

"Then we shall have to sell this house and move away," said Mrs. Paulding; and she sank

. THERE WAS A MAN.



here was a man was half a clown
(It's so my father tells of it!)

He saw the church in Clermont town
And laughed to hear the bells of it

He laughed to hear the bells that ring
In Clermont church and round of it
He heard the Verger's daughter sing
And loved her for the sound of it





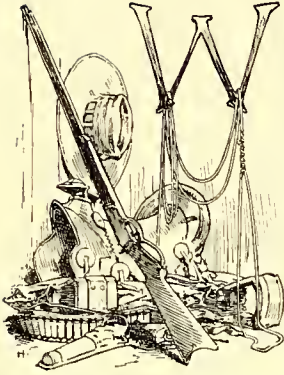
The Verger's daughter said him nay
(She had the right of choice in it)
He left the place at break of day
He had'n't had a voice in it.

The road went up, the road went down
And there the matter ended it
He broke his heart in Clermont town —
At Pontgibaud they mended it.



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.*

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



WE live in the most wonderful land in the world; and one of the most wonderful things in it is that we Americans find so little to wonder at. Other civilized nations take pride in knowing their points of natural or historic interest; but when we have pointed to our marvelous growth in population and wealth, we find little else to say, and hasten abroad in quest of sights not a tenth part so wonderful as a thousand wonders we have at home and never dream of. It is true that other nations are older, and have grown up to think of something besides material matters; but our youth and our achievements are poor excuses for this unpatriotic slighting of our own country. There is a part of America — a part even of the United States — of which Americans know as little as they do of central Africa, and of which too many of them are much less interested to learn. With them, "to travel" means only to go abroad; and they call a man a traveler who has run his superficial girdle around the world and is as ignorant of his own country (except its cities) as if he had never been in it. I hope to live to see Americans proud of *knowing America*, and ashamed not to know it; and it is to my young countrymen that I look for the patriotism to effect so needed a change.

If we would cease to depend so much upon other countries for our models of life and thought, we would have taken the first step toward the Americanism which should be, but is not, ours. We read a vast amount of the wonders of foreign lands; but very few writers — and still fewer reliable ones — tell us of the marvelous secrets of our own. Every intel-

ligent youth knows that there are boomerang-throwers in Australia; but how many are aware that there are thousands of natives in the United States just as expert with the magic club as are the bush-men? All have read of the feats of the jugglers of India; but how many know that there are as good Indian jugglers within our own boundaries? How many young Americans could say, when some traveler recounted the exploits of the famous snake-charmers of the Orient, "Why, yes; we have tribes of Indians in this country whose trained charmers handle the deadliest snakes with impunity," and go on to tell the facts in the case? How many know that there are Indians here who dwell in huge six-story tenements of their own building? How many know that the last witch in the United States did not go up in cruel smoke above old Salem, but that there is still within our borders a vast domain wherein witchcraft is fully believed in?

These are but a few of the strange things at home of which we know not. There are thousands of others; and if it shall ever become as fashionable to write about America as to write about Africa, we shall have a chance to learn that in the heart of the most civilized nation on earth there still are savage races whose customs are stranger and more interesting than those of the Congo.

As to our scenery, we are rather better informed; and yet every year many thousands of un-American Americans go to Europe to see scenery infinitely inferior to our own, upon which they have never looked. We say there are no ruins in this country, and cross the ocean to admire crumbling piles less majestic and less interesting than remain in America. We read of famous gorges and defiles abroad, and are eager to see them; unknowing that in a desolate corner of the United States is the greatest natural wonder of the world — a cañon in which all the rest of the world's famous gorges could

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THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO. GENERAL VIEW.

be lost forever. And not one American in ten thousand has ever looked upon its grandeur.

Of course, we know the Sahara, for that is not American; but you will seek far to find any one who is familiar with an American desert as absolute and as fearful. We are aware of our giant redwoods in California,—

whose houses are three-story caves, hewn from the solid rock?

It seems to me that when these and a thousand other wonders are a part of America, we, who are Americans, should be ashamed to know absolutely nothing of them. If such things existed in England or Germany or France, there



HEAD OF THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

the hugest trees in the world,—but did you ever hear of a petrified forest covering thousands of acres? There is one such in the United States, and many smaller petrified forests. Do you know that in one territory alone we have the ruins of over fifteen hundred stone cities as old as Columbus, and many of them far older? Have you ever heard of towns here

would be countless books and guides overflowing with information about them, and we would hasten on excursions to them, or learn all that reading would tell us.

There is no proverb less true than the one which says, "It is never too late to learn." As we grow old we learn many things, indeed, and fancy ourselves exceedingly wise; but that



WITHIN THE GRAND CAÑON.



CLIMBING IN THE GRAND CAÑON.

young countrymen than a thousand of the unconvertible older ones; and if I could induce him to resolve that, whatever else he learned, he would learn all he could of his own country, I should be very happy. Let me tell you briefly, then, of a few of the strange corners of our country which I have found. I hope you will some day be interested to see them for yourselves.

I have spoken of the

GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO

as a gorge in which all other famous gorges could be lost. Some of you have ridden through the "Grand Cañon of the Arkansas," on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway in Colorado, and many more have seen the White Mountain Notch and the Franconia Notch, in New Hampshire. All three are very beautiful and noble; but if any one of them were duplicated in the wall of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and you were looking from the opposite brink of that stupendous chasm, you would have to have your attention called to "those scratches" on the other side before you would notice them at all. If you were to take the tallest mountain east of the Rockies, dig down around its base two or three thousand feet, so as to get to the sea-level (from which its height is measured), uproot the whole giant mass, and pitch it into the deepest part of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, its granite top would not reach up to the dizzy crests of the cliffs which hem the awful bed of that great river. If you were on the stream, and New York's noble statue of Liberty Enlightening the World were upon the cliff, it would look to you like the tiniest of dolls; and if it were across the cañon from you, you would need a strong glass to see it at all!

The Grand Cañon lies mainly in Arizona, though it touches also Utah, Nevada, and California. With its windings it is nearly seven hundred miles long; and in many places it is over a mile and a quarter deep. The width of this unparalleled chasm at the top is from eight to twenty miles; and looked down upon from above, a river larger than the Hudson, and five times as long, looks like a silver thread. The Yosemite and the Yellowstone, wonderful as they are in their precipices,—and

wisdom is only the skin of life, so to say, and what we learn in youth is the real bone and blood. I would rather interest one of my



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GRAND CAÑON.

the world outside of America cannot match those wondrous valleys,—are babies beside this peerless gorge. As Charles Dudley Warner has said: "There is nothing else on earth to approach it."

The walls of the Grand Cañon are in most places not perpendicular; but seen from in front they all appear to be. They are mostly of sandstone, but in places of marble, and again of volcanic rock; generally "terraced" in a manner entirely peculiar to the southwest, and cleft

into innumerable "buttes," which seem towers and castles, but are infinitely vaster and more noble than the hand of man could ever rear. And when the ineffable sunshine of that arid but enchanted land falls upon their wondrous domes and battlements with a glow which seems not of this world, the sight is such a revelation that I have seen strong men affected by it to tears of speechless awe.

There are no great falls in the Grand Cañon; but many beautiful and lofty ones in the unnum-

bered hundreds of side cañons which enter the greater cañon. I had almost said "little cañons," for so they seem in the presence of their giant mother; but in reality, almost any one of them would shame any cañon elsewhere.

Very few Americans see the Grand Cañon—shamefully few. Most of it lies in an absolute desert, where are neither people, food, nor obtainable water—for the river has carved this indescribable abyss of a trough through a vast upland, from which in many places a descent to the stream is impossible. And yet the cañon is easily reached at some points. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad comes (at Peach Springs, Arizona) within twenty-three miles of it, and one can take a stage to the cañon. The stage-road winds down to the bottom of the Grand Cañon by way of the Diamond Creek Cañon, which is itself a more wonderful chasm than you will find anywhere outside the vast uplands of the Rocky Mountain system. A still nobler part of the Grand Cañon is reached by a wagon-ride of seventy miles through the superb natural parks back of Flagstaff, on the same railroad. Neither of these trips is an uncomfortable one, and either rewards the traveler as will no other journey in the world. But any other exploration of the cañon is to be undertaken only by hardened frontiersmen.

From the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad it is still easier to reach one of the greatest of natural curiosities—

THE PETRIFIED FOREST

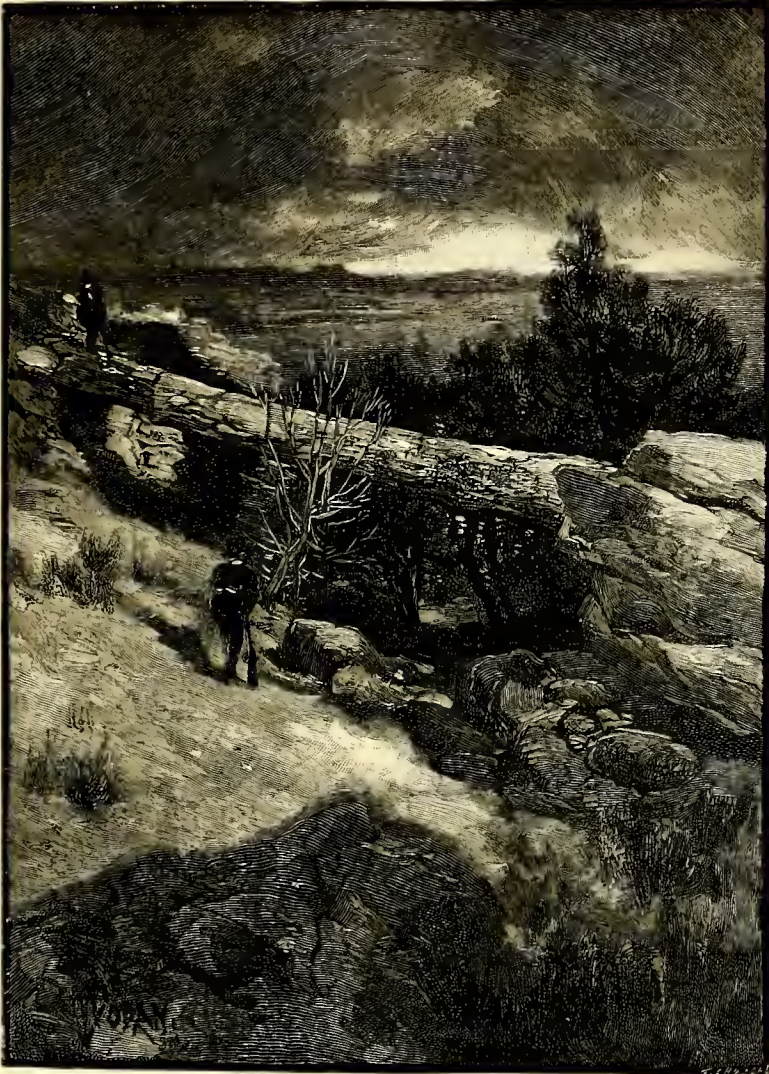
of Arizona. Much the nearest point is the little station of Billings, but there are the scantiest accommodations for the traveler. Only a mile south of the track, at that point, one may see a low, dark ridge, marked by a single cotton-wood-tree. Walking thither (over a valley so alive with jack-rabbits that there is some excuse for the cow-boy declaration that "you can walk clear across on their backs"!) one soon reaches the northern edge of the forest, which covers hundreds of square miles. Unless you are more hardened to wonderful sights than I am, you will almost fancy yourself in some enchanted spot. You seem to stand on the glass of a gigantic kaleidoscope, over whose sparkling surface the sun breaks in infinite rainbows.

You are ankle-deep in such chips as I'll warrant you never saw from any other woodpile. What do you think of chips from trees that are red moss-agate, and amethyst, and smoky topaz, and agate of every hue? Such are the marvelous splinters that cover the ground for miles here, around the huge prostrate trunks—some of them five feet through—from which Time's patient ax has hewn them. I broke a specimen from the heart of a tree there, years ago, which had around the stone pith a remarkable array of large and exquisite crystals; for on one side of the specimen—which is not so large as my hand—is a beautiful mass of crystals of royal purple amethyst, and on the other, an equally beautiful array of smoky topaz crystals. One can get also magnificent cross-sections of a whole trunk, so thin as to be portable, and showing every vein and "year-ring," and even the bark. There is not a chip in all those miles which is not worthy a place, just as it is, in the proudest cabinet; and, when polished, I know no other rock so splendid. It is one of the hardest stones in the world, and takes and keeps an incomparable polish.

In the curious sandstone hills a mile northeast of Billings is an outlying part of the forest, less beautiful but fully as strange. There you will find giant, petrified logs, three and four feet in diameter, projecting yards from steep bluffs of a peculiar bluish clay. Curiously enough, *this* "wood" is not agate, nor bright-hued, but a soft combination of browns and grays, and absolutely opaque—whereas all the "wood" across the valley is translucent and some of it quite transparent. But if these half-hidden logs in the bluffs are less attractive to the eye, they are quite as interesting, for they tell even more clearly of the far, forgotten days when all this great upland (now five thousand feet above the sea) sank with these forests, and lay for centuries in water strongly charged with mineral, which turned the undecaying trees to eternal stone. These latter trunks project about a third of the way up a bluff over one hundred feet high. They are packed in a twenty-foot deposit of fine clay; and above them since the waters buried them there has formed a stratum of solid sandstone more than thirty feet thick! That shows what uncounted millenniums they have been

there. The river stream which carved the bluffs from the general tableland, and thus at last exposed the ends of these stone logs, was of comparatively recent date — probably within the

station. In Chalcedony Park, as this part of the forest is called, is the largest number of huge petrified trees to be found in any one place in the world. One of them spans a small ravine



TREE-TRUNK PETRIFIED INTO AN AGATE BRIDGE.

last half-century. There is no knowing how much more earth and stone lay once above the logs, when the flowing waters first began to change the face of the whole country.

The most convenient way of reaching the Petrified Forest—and the most impressive part of it—is by a fifteen-mile drive from Holbrook

forty feet wide, forming probably the only bridge of solid agate in the world. In a great jewelry store, in New York, you can see some magnificent specimens of polished cross-sections from these logs, which command very high prices. The man who superintended the sawing of them told me that a steel saw, six inches wide and aided by diamond-dust, was worn down to a half-inch ribbon in going through thirty-six inches of that adamantine “wood” — a process which lasted many days.

In the extreme eastern edge of Arizona, some forty miles southwest of the remote and interesting Indian pueblo of Zuñi, New Mexico, is a strange natural phenomenon — a great, shallow salt lake, at the bottom of a bowl-like depression some hundreds of feet deep and about three miles across. The basin is dazzling white with a crust of salt crystals. About in the center rises a small black volcanic peak; and if one will take the trouble to ford the salt lake—which he will find a disagreeable, but not dangerous, task—and climb the peak, he will find its crater half filled by a lakelet of pure, fresh water!

(To be continued.)

DAVID CAMERON'S

FAIRY

GODMOTHER



BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

DAVID CAMERON was poor, or at least his father and mother were, which amounted to the same thing; for whenever he particularly wanted something—such as a drum, for example, when the boys in Jonesville were getting up a fife and drum corps, or a bicycle, or a Waterbury watch, or even a new knife—they usually said they could n't afford to buy such things for him, and he was obliged to do without.

His luncheon was always the plainest and poorest, too, of all the luncheons carried by the boys who went to his school; and as his mother kept no servant, she needed him most afternoons to help her about the house and garden. He was amiable about doing this sort of work for his mother, and was proud

of being told—as he very often was—that he was her “greatest comfort.” It gave him a nice, warm, agreeable feeling under his left-hand jacket-pocket. But at the same time no boy can really like to be poor and do without things; so David often tried to think out some plan by which all this could be remedied.

In the books he got out of the Sunday-school library, he found that poor boys had only two ways of growing rich. They sold newspapers to support their poor sick mother, and then some day they rushed forward and saved a little girl from being run over by a carriage. She was always a rich little girl,—the poor ones were probably too well brought up to play in the streets,—and there was always a tall beautiful lady in rich silks who clasped the

rescued little girl to her bosom, and wept over the boy, and sent him to college, and gave him all the money he wanted; and when he grew up he married the little girl, who was by that time a young lady. Or else the boy overheard burglars plotting to rob a bank, and went and told the plot to the president of the bank, in which case it was the president who sent him to college and whose daughter he afterward married.

But in Jonesville, which was a very ordinary sort of village, a boy had no chance to do fine, startling things like that, so David found that these volumes hardly helped him at all.

There were other books lent him by the boys at school, with some very excellent suggestions about finding gold-mines and digging up pirates' treasure; but in an inland town, hundreds of miles from the sea, it was hardly worth while to look for a pirate's hoard of bullion and jewels, and his father explained to him that gold was very seldom found in the level, grassy sort of country around Jonesville. So the one thing practicable that David could think of was to make an appeal to a fairy godmother. If he could only find one of these amiable and powerful old ladies, she might give him the usual three wishes, and then he would have all he wanted without further trouble.

So he decided that to find a fairy godmother was certainly his best plan.

He did not mention this plan to his mother, because he thought he'd like to surprise her by coming back in his great gilt coach, drawn by six milk-white horses, with bags of gold piled up on the front seat. He could just picture how the other boys would stare as he stepped out of the coach—with the chain of his Waterbury hanging across his waistcoat—to salute his mother and tell her he had made her rich for life. He omitted to mention his intention to his father, however, because his father often threw cold water on his son's most brilliant schemes. On the whole, he concluded he had better not speak of the matter to any one.

When the Saturday half-holiday came he put his luncheon in his pocket and walked into the woods without a word. He chose the woods because that seemed a more likely place in which to find a fairy godmother than along

the roads or in the fields, where he had never seen anything suggestive of fairies.

It was very dark and silent and mysterious in among the trees. Soon all the noises of the village died away; the cackling of hens, the bleating of lambs who had mislaid their mothers, and even the clinking of Jim Smith's hammer in the smithy could no longer be heard—only the far-away sighing of the wind in the tree-tops, and now and again queer rustlings and snappings that made David feel suddenly as if he had a large, cold, empty space inside of him.

He was not, however, a cowardly boy, and when he had eaten the three buttered biscuits and two apples and four slices of gingerbread he had brought lest he might be hungry, he felt better, and pushed straight ahead with great energy and determination. He walked and he walked, and after a while, when he had come to the very middle of the forest, he heard a dog barking to the left, and immediately found himself in front of a large, handsome house.

The dog whose voice he had heard was a big iron dog like those that stood beside the front steps of Judge Murray's house. It was rather startling to hear an iron dog bark; and when David came near he found that this bark sounded much like the ringing of a large bell. This curious fact, together with the sign over the door, "Joint Stock Fairy Company, Limited," convinced him that he had been fortunate enough to find the very place he was looking for; and as the iron dog did not move nor look his way, he summoned up courage to mount the steps. He was looking for a bell-handle when the door was suddenly jerked open and a head was poked out. David knew it for a goblin's head immediately, as it wore one of the caps with a sprout out of the top that they use instead of hair. This goblin looked at him in a surprised way, and said sharply:

"What 's wanted? You need n't deafen us with the bell like that."

"I did n't ring any bell," answered David indignantly. "There is n't any."

"Oh, there is n't, is n't there? You 're deaf yourself, are n't you? That bell 's been barking for the last ten minutes so we could n't hear our ears!"



"THE SIGN OVER THE DOOR, 'JOINT STOCK FAIRY COMPANY LIMITED,' CONVINCED HIM THAT HE HAD BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO FIND THE VERY PLACE HE WAS LOOKING FOR."

"Oh, that!" said David in astonishment, looking toward the iron dog.

"Yes, *that!*" snapped the goblin. "What do you want, anyway?"

"I'm looking for a fairy godmother," replied David; and said it a little shamefacedly, because the goblin looked like a very practical person who might declare there were no such things, but instead he pulled the door open, and then David saw that the goblin was clothed in a blue livery all over buttons.

"Whose fairy godmother do you wish to see?" he asked curtly; and David, very much embarrassed, said he'd like to see his own.

"What name?"

"David Cameron."

"Any card?" asked the goblin, holding out a little silver salver; but David said he had none, and the goblin went away, leaving him

seated on a velvet toadstool, the only sort of seat in the hall. The goblin soon returned.

"I've got no time to fool away on boys," he said, with an air of superiority and of being overwhelmed with business. "I've got my knives to clean; so just you run along upstairs and knock at the first door you come to. You don't need me to show you up."

With that he vanished, and David, doing as he was told, found himself in a room at the top of the stairs that was lined all with green velvet like wood-moss and more velvet toadstools about for seats. His godmother came in from the next room in a moment. She seemed very busy and a little cross at being disturbed, and had a pen behind her ear. She sat down on one of the toadstools, and after she had polished her glasses with a cobweb she took from her pocket, she gave him a keen look and said:

"So you 're one of my godchildren?"

"Yes, 'm," answered David, a little frightened; and then he ventured to inquire if she had many, having thought fairy godmothers had but one each.

"Many! Well, I should say so," cried the old lady. "Two hundred and thirty-seven in all. There 's not another such overworked godmother in the country. I am kept so busy looking after them I scarcely ever have time for a cup of tea or to do a bit of knitting. Now, what do you want?" she went on. "I thought you were getting on very well, and did n't need any special attention."

This sudden question embarrassed David very much, but his godmother had evidently had much experience with shy boys, and seemed to understand his mumbles, for when he had finished she said impatiently:

"Oh, yes; I know. All of you want to be rich, and have watches and coaches, and astonish the other boys, and of course I can give you all that; but the question is, which sort of gift will you have? Will you take one of the simple rotary kind, or do you think you would rather have one of the automatic self-feeders?"

Then, seeing David's puzzled look, she said, "Perhaps you 'd like to see both, so that you may decide which you like best."

She led the way into the next room where there were rows of desks on both sides, and in front of these were seated fairies on high stools—their wings tied up neatly in green baize bags to save them from danger of ink-spots—making entries in ledgers, copying letters on typewriters, filing away vouchers, and

transacting other business of that sort, and so busily occupied they did n't notice David at all.

"You see the fairy business has been very thoroughly organized of late years," the old lady explained to him, with much pride, as they passed through. "It was my idea. I found each of the fairies working independently, and the fairy gifts and godmotherships were getting dreadfully mixed and falling into disfavor; so I suggested we should consolidate into the Joint



"'ANY CARD?' ASKED THE GOBLIN, HOLDING OUT A LITTLE SILVER SALVER."

Stock Fairy Company, Limited, and systematize the whole business. All fairy affairs are transacted through our house now, and I think we give general satisfaction."

From the counting-room they passed into a sort of library where all the walls on one side were covered with shelves of books, each book having a gilt letter on the back. On the other side were tables, some of which were heaped with big caskets of jewels and bags of gold, some with watches and all sorts of toys, and

others with cakes and candy. In one corner there was a table with a most curious collection of odds and ends—swords, pens, pencils, paint-brushes, spades, spirit-levels, ship's compasses, crucibles and retorts for a chemical laboratory, and a great many other things of which David did not know the names or uses.

"There," said David's godmother, waving her hand toward the gold and jewels and cakes and toys, "are the automatic self-feeding gifts. If you choose one of those all you have to do is to sit down and enjoy it. It does n't require any effort on your part. Now these," waving her other hand toward where the swords and pens lay, "are quite different. They are entered on our books as simple rotary gifts. They are only used to work with, but extremely good work

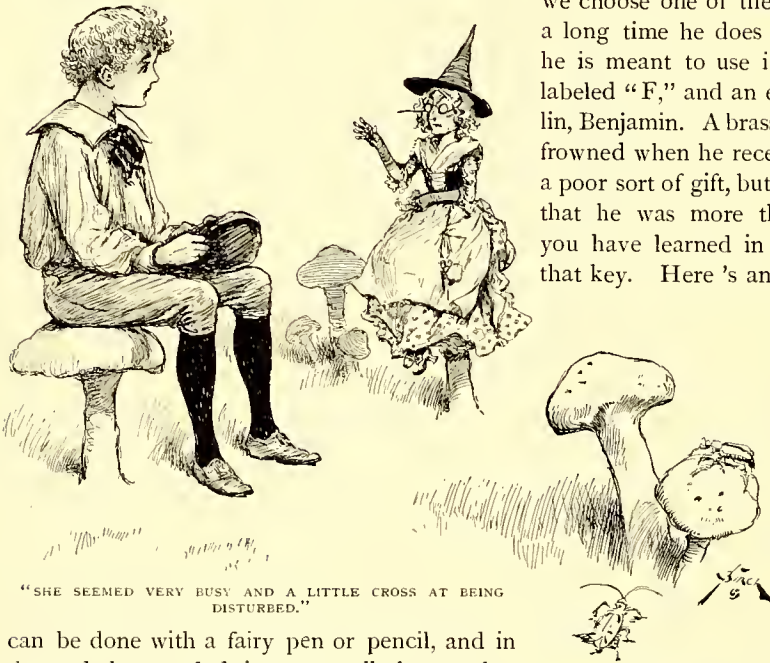
and turned to an entry which was dated some years before.

"See this," she said, pointing it out to him. And David read, "Dickens, Charles. Chose simple rotary gift. A box of quill pens was given to him."

"I remember that little boy very well," said the old lady. "His own godmother was out when he came, so I brought him in here. He wanted a bag of gold, at first, but he happened to see one of the fairy pens over there, and he was so delighted with it he chose pens instead. I suppose you know that he practised and practised writing with his pens until by the time he was grown he could write the most beautiful stories,—some of them about boys,—over which people cried and laughed, and for which they gave him all the gold he wanted. Sometimes we choose one of these gifts for a boy, and for a long time he does n't find out in what way he is meant to use it. Here is another book labeled "F," and an entry which says: 'Franklin, Benjamin. A brass door-key was given.' He frowned when he received that, it seemed such a poor sort of gift, but he sent us word afterward that he was more than satisfied. No doubt you have learned in school what he did with that key. Here's another: 'Howe, Elias. A

needle was given.' He insisted that we must have made a mistake, that a needle was a girl's present; but I spoke to him very sharply and said it was not polite for little boys to say they knew more than their godmothers, and in course of time it occurred to him that he could bore an eye

through the needle at the point instead of through the other end, and from that beginning he made the sewing-machine. He earned a great deal of money out of that needle, and I suppose he could have bought all the watches and bicycles in town if he had wanted to. One day there came a bright young boy whose name was Henry Stanley. He was a very polite little fellow and said he would rather I should choose for him; so I gave him a



can be done with a fairy pen or pencil, and in the end that work brings you all the watches and cakes and candy you choose to buy."

David said he thought on the whole he would prefer the automatic self-feeding gift, because it was less trouble, and you did n't have to wait so long, but his godmother said he seemed a nice little boy, and she should be sorry to have him make a mistake in his choice, because it could not be remedied. Then going to one of the shelves she took out a book marked "D,"

pocket compass. He wrote me the other day when he got back from Africa, and says he had found it very useful in finding his way through those terrible forests. You can see, David," his godmother went on, looking at him very seriously over her spectacles, "by the number of books here that all boys have some fairy gift given them. In the old days we used to give them the gift when they were christened, but now we generally let them wait and choose for themselves. Of course, if you take an automatic self-feeder, you have all your good things right away and no trouble about it; and if you take the other sort you will have to work very hard with it and wait a long time for the bags of gold and the admiration of your friends; but the boys who choose that kind of gift generally manage to do the world as well as themselves a great deal of good with it, and thousands of people, long after the boy is dead, are made happy because the boy used his gift in the right way."

David was so moved by this nice, instructive little talk from his godmother that his heart quite swelled up with lofty purpose and heroism, and he decided to turn his back on all the fat little bags of gold and the boxes of diamonds and rubies, and to let her choose him the simple rotary gift she thought best.

She picked out a foot-rule and a pair of compasses, though David looked longingly at a beautiful watch. Then a big bell began to ring somewhere, and the fairy godmother said hurriedly:

"Why, I declare, if that's not the Queen!

They told me she was coming to-day. Titania is the president of the company, you know. Good-by, David. I must go to meet her. Take care of your fairy gift. The goblin will show you out."

"What did the old lady give you?" said the goblin curiously as he showed David out.



"'I'D HAVE TAKEN GOLD, EVERY TIME!' CRIED THE GOBLIN."

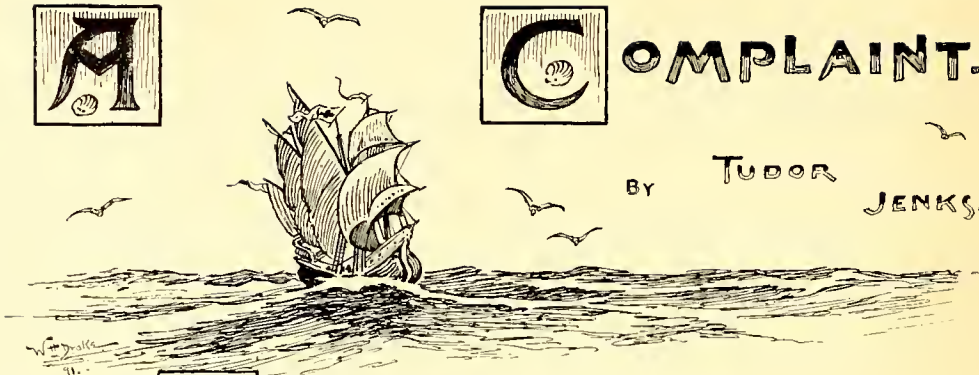
"Yah!" he cried contemptuously. "You *are* a softy. I'd have taken gold, every time!"

"Pshaw!" answered David in a superior tone, "you're only a goblin," and walked away through the woods wondering what his godmother meant him to do with her gifts.



COMPLAINT.

BY TUDOR JENKS.



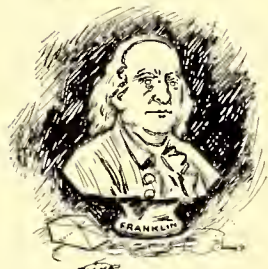
THINK it really mean — don't you? —
 To leave us nothing at all to do!
 In a world all made to order so
 A modern boy has no earthly show.
 Columbus sailed across the sea,
 Which might have been done by you or me,
 And now they call him great and wise,
 They praise his genius and enterprise,
 Although when he found our native land
 He took it for India's coral strand!



There 's Newton, too, saw an apple fall
 Down from the branch, and that was all —
 Yet they talk of his great imagination
 And say he discovered gravitation.
 Goodness me! — why, I could have told
 Him all about it; at ten years old
 I knew why things fell, and I studied the rule
 For "falling bodies," in grammar-school!
 There 's noble George, who would n't lie —
 Perhaps he could n't. He did n't try.
 But if I should cut down a cherry-tree
 My father would only laugh at me.



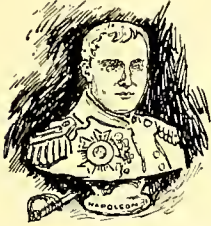
Benjamin Franklin — what did *he* do?
 Flew a big kite; on Sunday, too,
 Standing out in a heavy shower
 Getting soaked for half an hour,
 Fishing for lightning with a string
 To see if he could n't bottle the thing.
 Suppose I should fly my kite in the rain?
 People would say that I was n't sane.
 Why should there such a difference be
 Between Ben Franklin, Esq., and me?



I can see steam move a kettle-lid
 Quite as well as James Watt did,



And I can explain about engines, too,
 Bigger and better than Watt ever knew;
 But somehow he took all the praise,
 And I 'm neglected nowadays.
 Then there 's Napoleon First, of France,—
 Suppose that we had had his chance,
 No doubt we 'd have been Emperors, too;
 But we 'd have conquered at Waterloo.
 I would n't have had old Grouchy make
 Such a stupid and grave mistake:
 I should have sent him the proper way
 To arrive in time to save the day!



Still, what makes me feel the worst
 Is Adam's renown for being first.
 That was easy enough, you know;
 It was just a thing that happened so.
 And my sister says, "If it had been *me*,
 I would n't have touched the apple-tree."
 That 's so. If she sees a snake to-day
 She gives a scream and she scoots away.



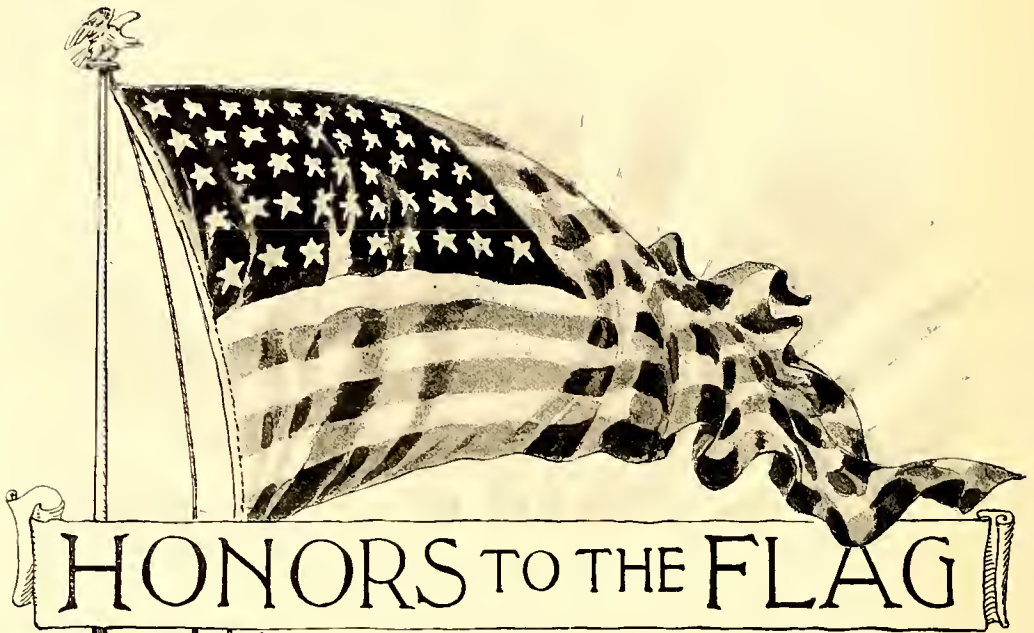
To write such things as Shakespeare's plays
 Was not so hard in Queen Bess's days,
 But now, when every thing has been done,
 I cannot think of a single one
 To bring a boy to wealth and fame,
 It 's a regular, downright, burning shame!



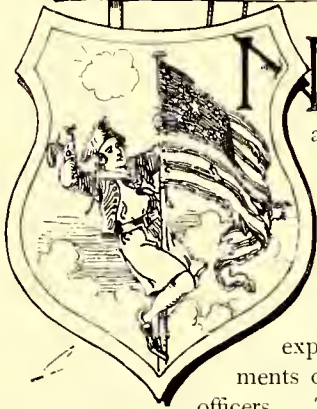
P. S. When it 's fine, I shall play base-ball;
 For you know it never would do at all
 To forget about "Jack" who becomes, they say,
 A very dull boy, without plenty of play.
 But, wait!—when a rainy Saturday comes,
 As soon as I 've finished Monday's sums
 I 'm going to build a great flying-machine
 That will make T. Edison look pea-green!



W. D. Drake



BY W. J. HENDERSON.



No doubt most boys and girls have met with the words, "Serving the flag"; but I dare say that few of them know how literally the phrase expresses the sentiments of army and navy officers. They do not talk much about it, usually; but they have, away down in their hearts, a deep veneration for their country's colors; and they do what they can to impress the feeling on the men who serve under them. I read in a newspaper not long ago an interesting anecdote of that splendid old soldier and gentleman, General Sherman. An officer at West Point told the newspaper correspondent that when he was a cadet General Sherman visited the post, and, of course, reviewed the battalion. "I was in the color-guard," said the officer, "and when the general, passing down the line, came to the flag, he uncovered his head, bowed low, and his face wore an expression of deepest reverence. This act of

veneration by the stern old soldier taught us cadets a lesson that we can never forget."

Boys who have attended military schools will know what the color-guard is, but perhaps some of my young readers will not know. The color-guard is a small body of picked men, sergeants and corporals chiefly, who are stationed on each side of and behind the color-sergeant. The color-guard never leaves the flag in action, and never does any fighting until the last reserves are called upon. Their business is to stand by the flag and prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Aboard ship, one of the things that used to be done in the good old days of wooden frigates was to nail the colors to the mast. Hauling down the colors in a naval fight is the sign of surrender. When they are nailed to the mast they cannot be hauled down; the mast must be shot away, or the vessel sunk before the colors can be lowered.

It is in ceremonies of various kinds that the honors to the flag are most frequently shown. A man-of-war visiting a foreign port will run up the flag of the country she is visiting, and salute it with a certain number of guns. This

is a pretty custom, but it is doing an honor to some one else's flag, not to our own. Sometimes this honor is done under compulsion; that is, when one country is exacting an apology from another. The commanding officer of a fleet, lying in front of an enemy's town, may demand that the forts on the shore run up the flag of the country whence the fleet comes, and honor it with a national salute.

may perhaps know that the flag of a ship does not fly during the night. It is taken in at sunset; and I think the simple little ceremony which attends the hauling down of the ensign at sunset is one of the prettiest in existence. The first time I ever saw it I was sitting on the quarter-deck of the U. S. S. "Yantic," conversing with three of her officers. We had been dining together, and were enjoying the



GENERAL SHERMAN SALUTING THE FLAG AT WEST POINT.

This sort of thing, however, belongs to the eve of hostilities.

I am not so familiar with the customs of the army in regard to the flag; but in the navy I know they are admirable, and decidedly worthy of emulation in civil life. You

cool evening breeze under the awning. I knew that it was nearly time for "evening colors," and I was anxious to see whether the ceremony in the navy was different from that aboard a first-class yacht. I speedily learned that there was a difference.

A few minutes before sundown a bugle-call sounded from the flag-ship, and the call was immediately repeated by the buglers of the other ships of the squadron.

"What is that?" I asked.

"That's 'Stand by the colors,'" said one of the officers.

Two sailors came aft, cast off the ensign hal-yards, and stood by with their eyes on the flag-ship. In a few moments we heard bugles sounding again; for you must know that on board ship many of the commands are conveyed by a few musical notes upon the bugle.

A marine came aft and, saluting, said:

"Haul down, sir."

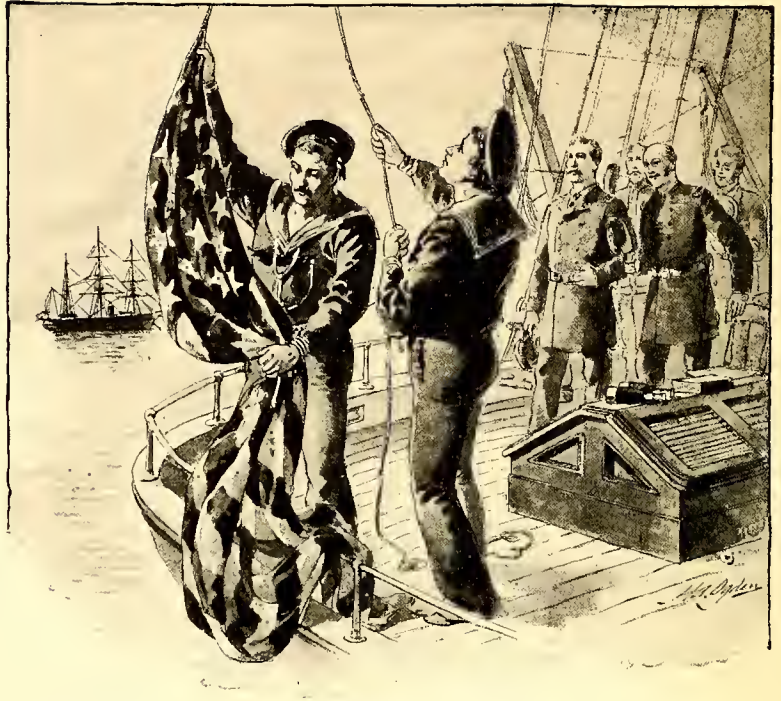
"All right," said the officer of the deck. "Sound off."

At that order the bugler of the Yantic blew the lovely call, "Evening Colors."

Here it is:



The moment he sounded the first note, the officers rose from their chairs, faced the colors, took off their caps, and stood silent, in respectful attitudes, while the two seamen slowly hauled down the colors, bringing them in over the rail as the call came to an end. When the colors reached the deck and were gathered in by the seamen, and the last note of the bugle



"EVENING COLORS."

died away, the officers put on their caps, resumed their seats, and went on with their conversation. Removing the cap in honor of the colors is the common form of salute in the navy. When an officer comes up from below he always lifts his cap in the direction of the quarter-deck; and all boys should remember, when visiting a man-of-war, that the proper thing to do when you go on board is to turn toward the stern of the ship, where the ensign always flies at the taffrail staff, and raise the hat. If the officer of the deck sees you, he will return the salute; but whether any one is on the quarter-deck or not, always raise your hat when you go aboard. The salute is to the flag, not to any person, and surely every American boy ought to be proud to lift his hat to the flag of his country.

The ceremony of making "evening colors," which I have described, is also conducted at army posts. I have seen it only at West Point. There it is done at dress-parade, which takes place at 6.30 P. M. Perhaps some of my readers have never seen a dress-parade. The battalion of cadets is drawn up in a line of two ranks,

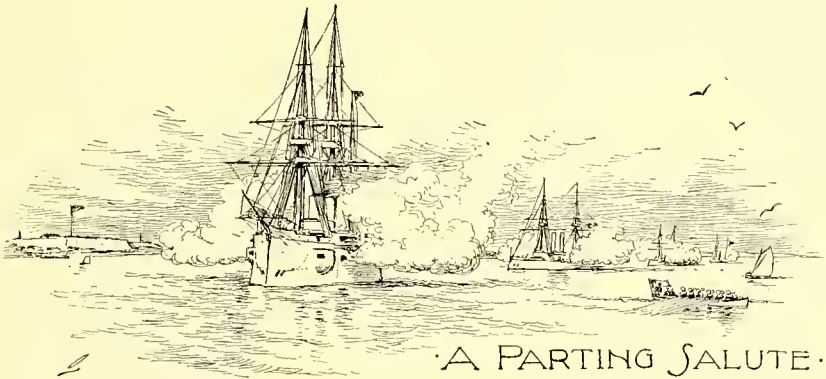
facing the west side of the plain. Each company in succession is brought to an order arms, and then to a parade rest. Next the band marches from its position at the right of the line to the left, passing in front of the men and back again. On returning to the right of the line, the band stops and the buglers play "Retreat" or "Evening Colors." The same call is used in both army and navy. At the end of the call a gun is fired and the flag is hauled down. After that, the adjutant forms the battalion in open order and turns it over to the officer in charge, who puts the men through a short drill in the manual of arms. When this has been done, the adjutant orders the first sergeants to the front and center, where they make their report of "all present or accounted for." When they return to their places, the adjutant says, "Parade dismissed," and all the commissioned officers sheathe their swords. They then form in a rank in the center and march

forward together. They halt in front of the officer in charge, salute, and move away. The first sergeants then march the companies to their quarters at double-time.

It is a very pretty ceremony, and is one of the most picturesque sights that we can see; but it never impressed me so deeply as that simple reverence to the colors shown at sunset aboard the Yantic.

I have told you about these ceremonies to show you how much importance professional soldiers and sailors attach to the outward demonstration of respect for their country's flag, because I think every one of us ought to emulate their example. As H. C. Bunner says, in his poem to "The Old Flag":

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
 And let the heart have its say;
 You're man enough for a tear in your eye
 That you will not wipe away.



SPELLING "KITTEN."

BY M. F. HARMAN.

A DEAR little girl,
 With her brain in a whirl,
 Was asked the word "kitten" to spell.
 "K-double i-t
 T-e-n," said she,
 And thought she had done very well.

"Has kitten two i's?"
 And the teacher's surprise
 With mirth and impatience was blent.
 "My kitty has two,"
 Said Marjory Lou,
 And she looked as she felt—quite content.

The Crocodile.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



CROCODILE once
dropped a line
To a Fox to in-
vite him to
dine ;

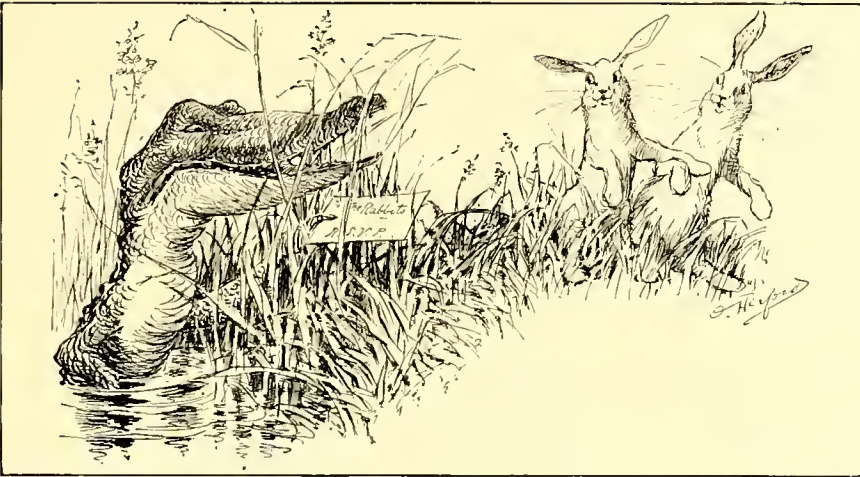
But the Fox
wrote to
say
*He was din-
ing, that
day,*

*With a Bird friend,
and begged to de-
cline.*

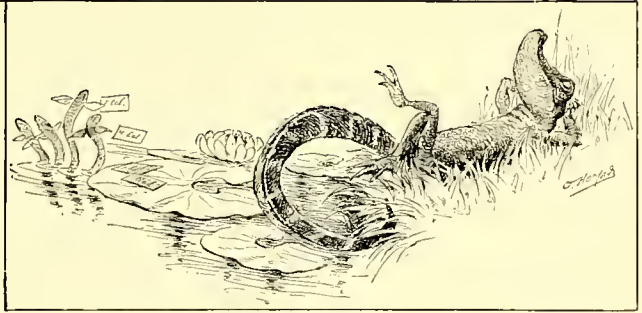
She sent off at once to a Goat.
"Pray don't disappoint me," she wrote ;
But he answered too late,
*He'd forgotten the date,
Having thoughtlessly eaten her note.*



The Crocodile thought him ill-bred,
And invited two Rabbits instead ;
But the Rabbits replied,
*They were hopelessly tied
By a previous engagement, and fled.*

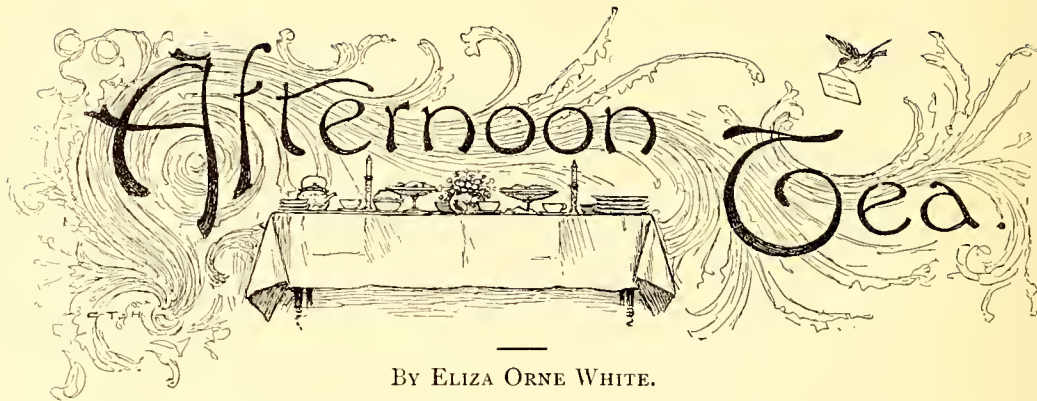


Then she wrote in despair to some
 Eels,
 And begged them to "drop in"
 to meals ;
 But the Eels left their cards
With their coldest regards,
 And took to what went for their
 heels.



Cried the Crocodile then, in disgust,
 " My motives they seem to mistrust.
 Their suspicions are base !
 Since they don't know their place, —
 I suppose if I *must* starve, I *must* ! "





BY ELIZA ORNE WHITE.

MISS SYLVIA RUSSELL was to be "At Home" on a certain afternoon, and she asked Mr. and Mrs. Henry Turner Benson and family, among other people, to come and see her. Poor little Molly was heartbroken, when the day arrived, because she was not allowed to go with the others.

"'Family' means Flora and me, Mama, just as much as it means Turner and Ruth and Aunt Mary," she suggested.

"My dear," said her aunt Mary, "little girls do not go to teas given by grown-up young ladies."

Molly thought this very hard, for she knew that Miss Sylvia was fond of her, and she cried a little when she saw Ruth and Turner start for the tea with the older members of the family. Her aunt Mary told her not to be such a baby, but her mama comforted her by promising to bring her home a macaroon and a cocoanut-cake, and perhaps a piece of candy.

Molly sent a message by her mama to Miss Sylvia, who, she was quite sure, was expecting to see her. Molly was afraid Miss Sylvia would be very much disappointed when she did not come; indeed she felt almost sorrier for Miss Sylvia than for herself.

Bridget was putting Molly to bed when the family came home, but Molly slipped out of the door and ran along the passage with her little bare feet.

"Did you give my message to Miss Sylvia, Mama?" she asked, as she buried her curly head in her mama's black silk gown.

"Yes, darling; and she said she was very sorry, but that she could not have seen any-

thing of her little Molly if she had come, because there were so many, many people; and she sent you these roses and this candy, and she says some day soon she will have a very small afternoon tea on purpose for you."

Molly took the pretty pink roses, and her mama kept the candy for another day. The little girl felt very happy as she crept back to bed.

A few days later, when the postman came to the door bringing big envelops with big letters in them for big people, he also brought a little envelop with a little card in it for a little person. The direction was printed, so that Molly could read it herself. It ran:

Miss Molly Benson and two of her family,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
MASS.

There was a rough little picture of a doll in the right-hand corner next the word "family," so that Molly should make no mistake.

Molly opened the envelop neatly with a pair of scissors, as she had seen her aunt Mary do, and on the card inside she read:

*Miss Sylvia Russell,
At Home,
Friday, March twentieth,
from three to five o'clock.
To meet Miss Julia Esterhazy.*

Molly clapped her hands and danced with delight, for Julia Esterhazy was her dearest

friend, who lived in the big white house just across the way.

Molly ranged her dolls in a row, and tried to decide which were the most deserving. Some had been so naughty that there was no question of taking them, and others were too small to go out to tea with a grown-up lady; but there were four about whom she was uncertain, and she

dolls, and did not look so fresh as in her early youth, but she was the most unselfish of the family.

"Jane's complexion seems to have suffered," Turner remarked. "Too many late hours, I suppose."

"I think I ought to take her to Miss Sylvia's," Molly said, "she is so good; and then I ought to do more for her than for the rest, because she is so ugly."

Next came Sylvia Russell Benson, who, Molly felt, must surely have the honor of drinking tea with Miss Sylvia because she was her namesake. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed doll, with a sweet disposition and a blue cashmere gown.

Then came George Washington Benson, who was dressed in a neat sailor suit; Molly wished him to go because he was her only son.

"Don't take George Washington," Turner advised; "for if he is the only fellow there he'll be awfully bored."

Lastly there was the Princess, a very grand personage, in a red-velvet gown. She was so distinguished that Molly felt in awe of her and afraid to leave her behind; at which Turner said that she did not show proper spirit. Molly therefore left it uncertain whether the Princess

or Jane should have the pleasure. The day before the tea, Molly caught cold; it was not a bad cold, but as her aunt Mary was putting her to bed she said carelessly, "If it is n't pleasant to-morrow, you won't be able to go to Miss Sylvia's."

Molly felt that she should surely be worse if she could not go to the tea.



"DID YOU GIVE MISS SYLVIA MY MESSAGE, MAMA?"

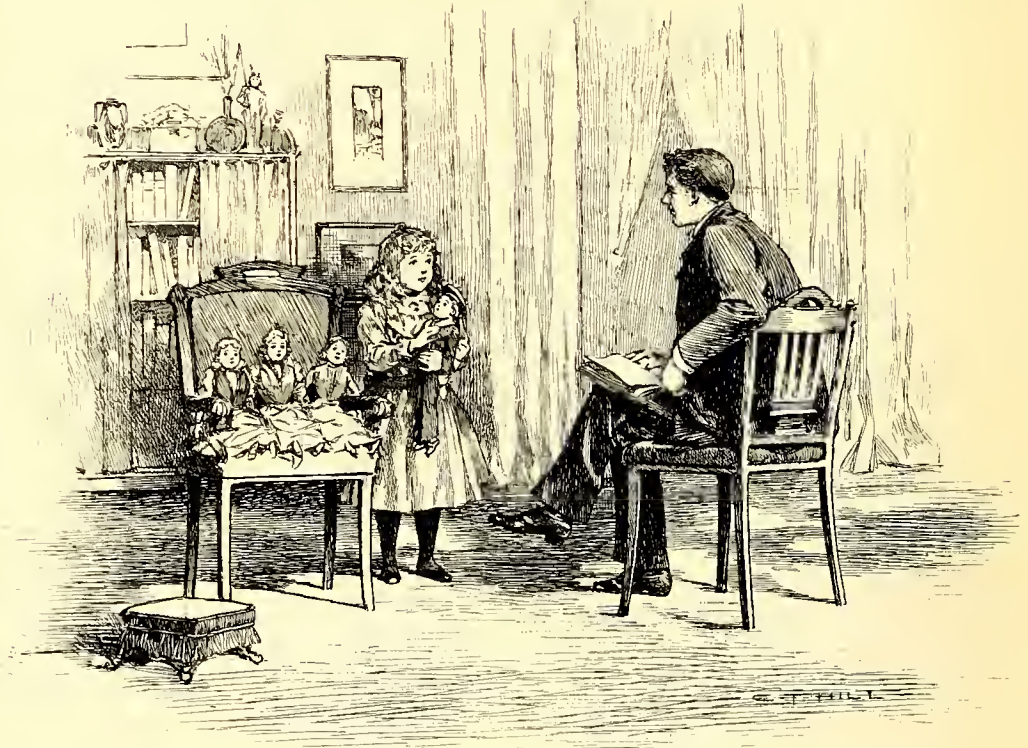
finally took them into the library, that Turner and Flora, who were studying their lessons, might help her decide.

In the first place, there was Jenny, named for Molly's mama, and usually called Jane to avoid confusion. She was the oldest of all the

The next morning she crept out of bed at an early hour and ran to the window. She pulled back the blue-and-white chintz curtains softly, that she might not wake her aunt Mary, and peered out into the gray dawn. The night be-

back into bed this minute, unless you want to have pneumonia."

"You won't be able to go out of the house to-day," her aunt observed as she was dressing Molly, a little later.



"DON'T TAKE GEORGE WASHINGTON," TURNER ADVISED; "FOR IF HE IS THE ONLY FELLOW THERE HE 'LL BE AWFULLY BORED."

fore everything was brown, for there had been a thaw which had melted all the pretty white snow from the fields and the hills, but now, in the places where everything had been dark, there was a soft white powder. The ground was all white, and the hills were white too, and even the trees were bending under the weight of a white burden, while from the sky, as far up as Molly could see, floated down myriads of feathery, star-like little snowflakes. It was all so beautiful that she clasped her hands together, and looked at it in silence. She was brought back to the actual world at last by her aunt Mary.

"Molly Benson!" she exclaimed, "come

Molly said nothing; she had learned by experience that it was best not to dispute her aunt's decisions.

"I *think* mama will let me go. I *think* mama will let me go," she kept saying to herself.

At breakfast everybody was delighted with the snow-storm, for different reasons.

"We shall have some good coasting," Turner exclaimed.

"And tobogganing," added Ruth.

"I can take my dinner to school and stay over the noon recess," said Flora.

They all had forgotten about Molly's afternoon-tea. She sat quite silent for a time, but at last she plucked up her courage.

"Papa," she said, "don't you think we may have a thaw by afternoon?"

"Not the least chance of it," her father replied, with a laugh.

There was another silence.

"Papa," said Molly at last, "don't you think it will stop snowing pretty soon?"

"Oh, no; we are in for a solid snow-storm this time."

"Papa," said Molly, wistfully, "don't you think I can go to Miss Sylvia's, even if it does snow?"

"Indeed she can't, Henry," interposed Molly's aunt Mary; "she has too much of a cold. It would be a ridiculous idea, and besides, Sylvia won't expect the children to come in such a storm."

Molly's spirits sank lower and lower. Two tears trembled on the lids of her blue eyes doubtfully for a minute; then she bravely forced them back. Her mama looked up just in time to catch the pleading, eager expression of her face.

"Do you want to go very much, my little girl?" she asked.

"Very, *very* much," said Molly.

"But if you were to take cold and be ill, and make yourself and all of us very unhappy, you would wish you had stayed at home."

Molly was not sure about this, so she kept silent. She thought she would be willing to be sick if only she could be sure of the afternoon-tea first.

When breakfast was over she went up to the play-room, and, taking in her arms Jane, who was always her comfort in sorrow, she wept bitterly.

"We are not to go to the tea, Jenny," she said, "none of us; none of us. So you need n't feel badly, dear, because you might have had to stay at home. The Princess can't go, and Sylvia can't go, and I am not to go myself."

She was still sobbing when Turner came in to get his French grammar. "Hullo!" he said. "What 's the matter?"

Molly continued to sob.

It always made Turner feel sorry to see people cry, even if they were very small people like Molly.

"I guess I would n't cry," he said slowly.

"Would n't you like a popcorn ball if I can get one down street?" he added.

She shook her head.

"Perhaps Miss Sylvia will ask you another day," he suggested.

"She 's going away for a visit pretty soon," Molly said in a subdued voice.

"Well, if I were the clerk of the weather, I 'd tell the snow to hold up this afternoon," said Turner. "I 'd say, 'Winds to the north, colder weather, a thundering big snow-storm all through New England, and especially on the hills and toboggan-slide in Knightsbridge; but in the village itself, between Main and Chatham streets, pleasant weather, fair, southerly winds, and a flood of sunshine.'"

Molly began to laugh, and Turner felt as if the sunshine were coming. "I wish you were the weather-man," she said.

Everybody went out that morning except Molly and her mama. Molly's papa went to his law-office; her aunt Mary went to teach the Literature class at the High School, as she did every Friday, while Ruth and Turner took their dinners to the High School, and Flora carried hers to the Grammar School.

Molly's mama told her to get her work and come and sew with her while she mended the stockings. The little girl felt as if she could never be happy any more, but she did not wish to trouble her dear mama, and so she said nothing about the afternoon-tea. By and by they heard the telephone-bell ring, and Mrs. Benson went to see what was wanted. Presently Molly heard her say, "It 's such a storm and she has a little cold, so her father is afraid to let her go."

Molly listened eagerly; she wished she could hear the voice at the other end of the telephone, which she was sure was Miss Sylvia's. What could she be saying?

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Benson, "but that will be a great deal of trouble, and do you want to send the horse out on such a day?"

Molly could hardly wait for the next words.

"Very well, then," said her mama; "she will be ready at three o'clock."

Molly ran and flung her arms around her mother and pressed her cheek against her

hand; she was too happy to speak. Then she caught up Jenny and hugged her too. "Jane, you shall go to the party instead of the Princess," she said, "because you are the best of all my children. Mama, what did Miss Sylvia say?"

"She said she would send the covered sleigh, for you and Julia this afternoon, and that she is sure you won't take cold if you are well wrapped up."

Julia was already in the sleigh when it came, and she laughed because Molly had on so many wraps, and called her "Mother Bunch."

"I love her the best of all my children," Molly said sturdily.

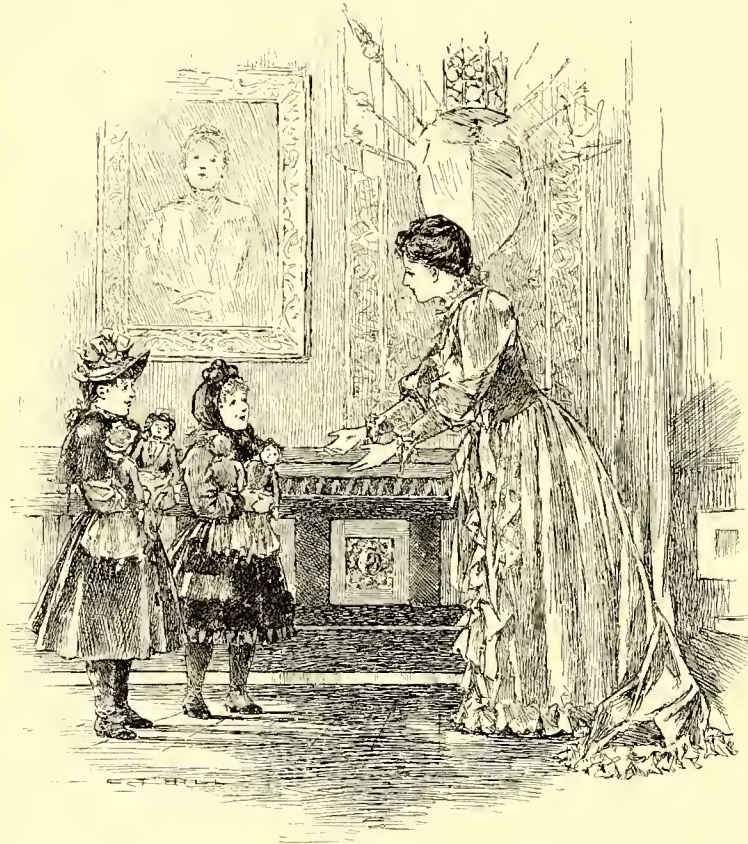
"I should get her a new head if she belonged to me."

"But she would n't be the same person then," Molly objected.

When they reached Miss Sylvia's house, John, the man, helped them out of the sleigh and then he handed out the four dolls very respectfully, as if they had been live ladies.

Miss Sylvia was waiting in the hall to receive them; she had on her pretty blue gown with ribbons and lace down the front of it. She

kissed both the children, and then she shook hands gravely with the four dolls, but she evidently preferred Jane, who, she said, looked as if she had force of character and reserve strength. Presently she led the way into the dining-room. At one end, in the bow-window, there was a small table about as high as a kindergarten table, covered with a white cloth. On it were two very small silver candlesticks, with a yellow candle in one and a blue one in the other. Some yellow and white daisies were in a blue bowl on the middle of the table. There were seven places laid, with three small plates for Miss Sylvia and the little girls, and four very tiny plates for the four dolls. There were, besides, three small white-and-gilt cups and saucers for Miss Sylvia



"MISS SYLVIA WAS WAITING IN THE HALL TO RECEIVE THEM."

Julia was six months older than Molly, and an inch taller. Her hair was much darker, and her eyes were a very dark brown.

"Why did you bring that hideous old Jane?" Julia asked, as she caressed her two pretty Paris dolls, Lily and Maud.

and the little girls, and four tiny white cups and saucers for the four dolls. At Miss Sylvia's end of the table were a small silver cream-pitcher and a white china tea-pot with a wreath of roses painted on it. The tea-pot contained tea made of molasses and water which was very delicious. In

front of Molly was a little china dish full of animal-crackers, and in front of Julia a silver dish filled with cocoanut-cakes and macaroons. Each doll had an oyster-cracker on her plate, and Miss Sylvia hoped they would not find these too large to eat; she said they were their pilot-biscuit. Molly and Julia each had a little card with verses at her plate, and a barley-sugar animal. Julia's was a cat, and her verse said:

Here 's a sweet cat for a sweet child.
 She ne'er will scratch nor bite.
 E'en if you bite her, she 's so mild
 She 'll think you wholly right.

Molly's animal was a rabbit, and her rimes said:

I hope you will welcome this rabbit, my dear,
 I hope you will welcome this rabbit.
 He puts back his ear, for he wishes to hear,
 But indeed 't is a curious habit, my dear,
 Indeed 't is a curious habit.

He rushes and skips through the snow-storm,
 my dear,
 He rushes and skips, though 't is snowing,
 And I can't keep him back,
 But he makes a quick track,
 And he says "To my Molly I 'm going, my dear,"
 He says, "To my Molly I 'm going."

Molly wondered why grown people did not have molasses and water instead of tea, it was so much nicer. Miss Sylvia seemed to think so too, for she said a little went a great way, and she took only very small sips, so as to make it last a long time.

They had a merry afternoon playing games and telling stories after they had had their tea, and five o'clock came only too soon. Then Miss Sylvia put on their things, and she bade her two young friends good-by for a whole month, for she was going away on her visit the next week.

"What a lovely time we had!" said Molly to Julia as they were driving home. "I never had such a good time. I don't suppose we shall ever have such a good time again."

"Of course we shall," said Julia, "lots of better times."

Julia had already begun upon her candy, and said that it was very nice, and she advised Molly to eat hers; but Molly saved her rabbit and put him away tenderly in her drawer in the bureau to remind her thenceforth of the blissful day when she had taken afternoon-tea with Miss Sylvia.

THE ESCAPE OF A WHOLE MENAGERIE.

BY EDGAR W. NYE.

MANY years ago in a Western State there lived a short, wide boy with pale hair and sun-burned feet. His first name was Carroll. It was a new country and neighbors were not very near, so Carroll had few playmates with the exception of a large speckled cat named "Tom," who had been carefully taught to climb a tree when any one set the dog on him, and "Jack," a bow-legged, écreu dog who had been taught to dig holes in the ground so that people could fall into them after dark.

Jack was an obscure dog, but he led a blameless life. Though he had no pedigree to speak of, he showed that a self-made dog may make

himself beloved by doing right and attending to his own business.

Carroll's two brothers were ten years his seniors, and so he could n't get much fun out of them. They would leave him for days at a time while they went away to snare suckers or to carry an old cast-iron gun around over the country all day, so all that Carroll could do was to take Jack and dig some more holes in the garden. Jack never dug out many gophers, because he always worked where Carroll told him, and as Carroll was only four years old, he was n't a good judge about where to dig for gophers; but between the two, they managed to

dig out a good many potatoes and other vegetables. Jack never allowed vegetables to interfere with his digging. He would begin at ten o'clock on a hot July day, and dig in a miscellaneous manner till his tongue would hang out a long distance, and the air would be filled with his pants.

One night Carroll's father caught a large gray rat in a wire-cage trap. The next day the boy took the rat, Jack, and Tom, and organized a menagerie. They traveled around the doorway all the forenoon giving exhibitions to themselves. The principal attraction consisted in poking the rat, "Gumbo," with a long stick till he squealed. The rest of the time was mainly devoted to dazzling street-parades. Then Carroll would feed the animals and poke the rat again to make him roar. This showed that Carroll had the right idea about running a menagerie. The great trouble, however, was that Jack and Tom did not like the way they were fed. They wanted to be fed with the rest of the menagerie.

In the afternoon the colossal aggregation gave an exhibition in the kitchen. It was more of a rehearsal than anything else, for no spectators were admitted. The animals had been fed once more, the cat's tail had been pulled a few times, and Gumbo had been poked till his hyena squeals could be heard for a long distance.

At this time the proprietor of the great congress of rare zoölogical wonders, by mistake, punched the cage door of the enraged Gumbo so that it flew open, and the infuriated beast sprang out at a single bound! The doors of the kitchen hippodrome were closed, and a grand panic ensued. Both Jack and Tom would have liked to attack Gumbo, but they had lost all their teeth and had not felt able to buy artificial ones.

It was a trying moment in the life of the young showman. He was very much agitated,

for he did not want his menagerie to escape. He called Jack's attention to the matter, and the procession began to move around the room at a rapid rate, with Gumbo about four feet ahead.

People in the adjoining room wondered what had happened in the hippodrome. Different members of the family rushed to the spot. The excitement was intense. When the family arrived, the owner of the aggregation and his celebrated trick-dog Jack had cornered the ferocious brute, and the proprietor had just stepped on him with his bare foot. The spectators were breathless. The tow-headed rat-tamer did not quail; he looked the angry brute squarely in the eye.

All at once, Gumbo made a superhuman



"IT WAS A TRYING MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF THE YOUNG SHOWMAN."

struggle, and with a wild, despairing shriek, that resounded in every part of the arena, darted up the trousers-leg of the dauntless owner! It was the supreme moment for prompt and decisive action. The keeper seized the now thoroughly enraged beast from the outside and

held him. He did not hold him because he absolutely needed him. He did not retain him because of his intrinsic value, but because he seemed to think that a rat in the hand is worth two rats roaming around next to the person and dragging their cold tails after them in that depressing way peculiar to the rat.

Those who have never caught a rat under these circumstances should be slow to criticize the course of those who have. Here was the owner of a wild animal, solicitous, a moment before, to secure the beast, and now almost regretting he had succeeded.

He could not send the dog after the rat, and yet he could not stand there patiently and wait for the rat to die of old age, for a rat sometimes lives a long time. There was but one thing to do, and this he did. He had no pocket in his trousers, but he had a place for one. Through this place he ran his hand slowly, till he got hold of Gumbo. Then he took the enraged animal out and slid him into the den.

Carroll kept Gumbo for a long time after that, but he never poked him to make him roar. Rats do not roar in a normal state. Roaring is not their forte. The voice of the rat is not suited to it, and he seems to know it.

Gumbo became more docile at last, and would often eat out of a stranger's hand, trying to eat part of the hand also, to show that he liked every one, especially strangers.

Carroll grew to be a man, and is now a law-

yer by profession. For years he has paid very little attention to the rat industry, but if you suddenly address him even now with the statement "RATS!" you will be sure to attract his



"HE DID NOT HOLD HIM BECAUSE HE ABSOLUTELY NEEDED HIM."

attention, and he will ask who told you that story about him.

But I hope you will not mention my name in the matter. It is a true story, but he did not want it to get out.



THE NOAH'S ARK.

THE Noah's Ark 's a pleasant place,
With windows on each side,
And half the painted shingle roof
Is hinged, and opens wide.

And often Noah and his wife,
In dresses green and blue,
Take out the animals to walk
In rows of two and two.

And Noah was a cheerful man;
He always wore a smile;
But Mrs. Noah used to fret
And worry all the while.

Sometimes she 'd fret because their dog
Was looking thin and brown;
Or else because the elephant
So often tumbled down.

And when they reached the ark at last
She 'd roll and scrape about
To count the animals, for fear
That some had been left out.

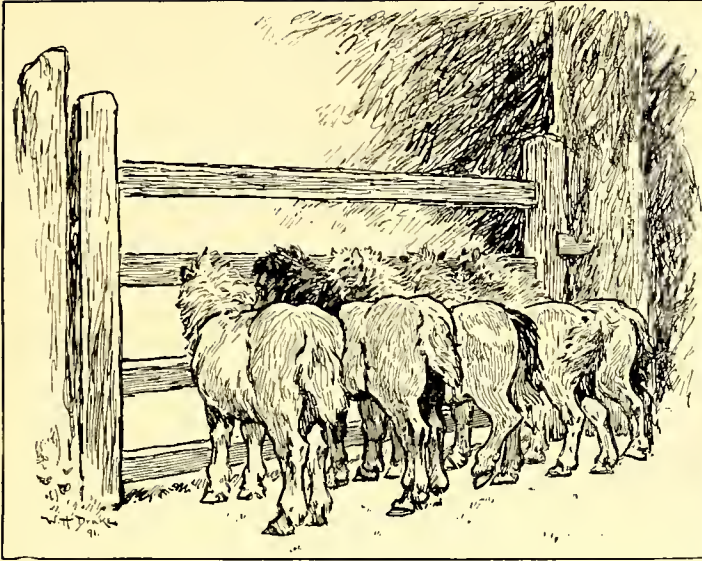
Good Mr. Noah often said :
" Don't worry so, my dear,
Or very soon your pretty paint
Will all wear off, I fear !"





" Oh, dear !" she cried, " this cow is scratched !
The wolf is on his head !"
And so she fretted spite of all
That Mr. Noah said.

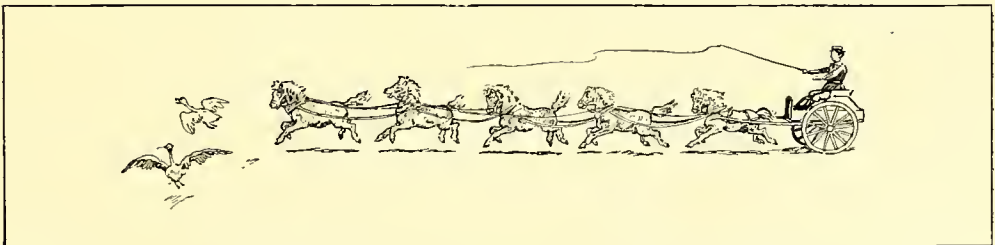
And so poor Mrs. Noah's paint
Began to crack and fade ;
But Mr. Noah still looked bright
As when he first was made.

K.P.

Katharine Pyle.



Five frisky ponies waiting at the gate,
Shoe them, saddle them, and ride off in state.
One pony for my little man; 
Two ponies make a span; 
Three ponies in a row; 
Four ponies ready to go; 
Five ponies, glossy and bright
Up street, - down street,



And home again at night.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes December, my beloved,—bright and joyous, bearing Christmas in his arms! His wintry face beams with merry kindness and Christian good-fellowship for one and all.

No decrepit, tottering old man he (though he often is so misrepresented), but the stately white-robed priest of the departing year. He will go with 1891, and we shall see his cheery face no more.

How shall he leave you, my friends? Richer and better for the year that has been yours, grateful for past and present joys and with hearts full of trust, patience, and love? and hands ready to help others less fortunate than yourselves? If so, all is well, and your Jack need say no more about it.

Now we will consider

COUNTING A BILLION.

THE man does not live who can count a billion. At least, an English billion. So says the Deacon. Now who can explain this remarkable assertion?

I can. But I prefer to wait till some of you, my young friends, have risen to explain.

A WESTERN WHITTINGTON AND HIS CATS.

HERE comes a story for you which sounds almost like an out-West fairy tale, but I am told that it is strictly true:

During the first days of "Pike's Peak," when that country was being occupied by mining prospectors, their cabins were overrun with rats—not your domesticated, house-mice and -rats of an old civilized community, but rats—large, ravenous rats—with teeth and digestive apparatus capable of managing anything from a tough old boot to a dainty piece of breakfast bacon.

This state of affairs came to the knowledge of a thrifty Dutchman, poor, but willing to earn a bright dollar if the way was only pointed out, and roused his dormant ideas to take advantage of the rat nuisance and profit thereby. The Dutchman secured a yoke of oxen, rigged a prairie-

schooner with three stories, and filled the same with good cats which his neighbors were glad to be rid of. With this outfit he started across the plain for Pike's Peak, a tedious journey of some six hundred miles. This, with scant supplies of game, prepared the cats for any encounter with their victims.

Their arrival spread joy among the householders, and everything was set aside to purchase cats. When the stock of our worthy Dutchman had been speedily converted into gold-dust, he sold his team, returned on foot across the desert plains to Omaha with over \$1500, and bought a farm near by. But the climax of this venture was attained when his faithful oxen strayed back to him!

"I DON'T CARE A RAP!"

SOMETIMES these words are wafted past my pulpit from the lips of some defiant boy or girl—who, by the way, *may* care a great deal, in spite of this off-hand assertion to the contrary.

I never quite knew what the expression meant, but I suspected it alluded to a rap on the hand or head until I one day heard the dear Little Schoolma'am explaining to the Deacon that a *rap* was a counterfeit coin formerly used in Ireland as small change. It was the smallest coin and one of the very least worth, and so folk came to express their utter indifference to a thing or a circumstance by exclaiming: "I don't care a rap!"

A PUZZLE IN ADDITION.

NOW, boys and girls of the red school-houses in particular, and all school-houses in general, who says there is no fun in figures?

Your good friend E. T. Corbett sends this pleasant puzzle to amuse and enlighten you on some long winter evening. She does not claim that it is new; but as the Little Schoolma'am declares that it not only is curious and interesting but very well stated, you shall have it:

THIS is an old puzzle, but it may be new to some of the boys and girls who read this magazine.

Take your pencil and paper, and ask the person you wish to puzzle to mention any number in three figures between 100 and 999.

Write the amount he mentions at the top of your paper. Remark carelessly that you always put down the answer to a sum before putting down the figures. Let us suppose that the number given you is 346. The answer to the sum is found by subtracting 2 from the unit column, and putting this 2 on the left-hand side, thus:

346	}	Amount given.
	}	Space left for figures.
2344		Answer to sum.

The answer is *always* computed in this way, from the first amount mentioned.

Now ask for a second sum of three figures. Put them under the 346, and then very quickly and silently write down three figures under these last ones, in such proportions that you make his last three and your three add just 999 together. For instance, if the number given to you is 758, you must put down 241. Now ask a third amount to be mentioned, suppose this is 159; then you must again add three figures to make 999, viz.: 840. Now hand the paper to any one to add up the amounts, which will be found correct. You see you will have five

amounts in all to be added together. If rightly done this always causes much surprise, as the answer has been already written.

Example.

758	..(1)	Sum given by any one to you.
{ 842(3)	Sum given to you to put down.
{ 157(4)	Sum added by you to make 999.
{ 631(5)	Sum given to you to put down.
{ 368	..(6)	Sum added by you to make 999.
<hr/>		
2756(2)	Answer written next, by taking 2 from unit column of first sum given, and putting it on left-hand side.

Now you shall have a whiff of poetry to cool your brains. It is a pretty tribute from Miss Ione L. Jones to our friend Last Month, who still lingers with his crisp good-byes.

NOVEMBER.

YOU 'VE a little warm spot in your heart,
O November,
For many a year I remember — remember
The little warm spot in your heart.

You really try to be gruff,
You dissemble.
Though your voice down the chimney makes
little ones tremble
When you really try to be gruff.

You are beautiful when you are kind,
O late comer;
When you hold in your lap your sweet child —
Indian Summer,
You are beautiful when you are kind.

POSSUM STOWAWAYS.

DEAR JACK: Here are some curious little stowaways which hid in a case of bananas, and, in that novel state-room, traveled all the way from Surinam, in South America, to a town in the interior of New York State.

Had these tiny visitors traveled as other folks do, they doubtless would have been introduced to the people on board the ship as Merian's Opossum and Babies, and, later on, it would have been learned they were so named after the celebrated lady naturalist and traveler, Madame Merian, of whose brave voyaging I trust your young hearers have read.

Possibly, in seeking food in their native tropics, the quaint little possums, whose pictures I send to the children, espied great heaps of luscious fruit lying ready for exportation, and, while feeding there, were suddenly alarmed by some natives, and hid for safety in an open case of bananas. Or they may have been placed accidentally in the case with the fruit, the natives not suspecting their presence. One thing is certain — the case, with them in it, was nailed up, and put aboard a ship bound for New York.

The mother possum was more fortunate than must stowaways, however, for the case in which she found herself so securely fastened was furnished with a bountiful supply of good things to eat; and

whatever other discomforts she may have suffered, hunger was not one of them.

On arriving at its destination in New York State, the case was opened, and the men employed in taking out the fruit were very much surprised at seeing, on one of the bunches of bananas, the mother possum, and the little possums on her back,



with their tiny tails firmly curled around hers, just as they are shown in the picture.

Mother and children were not at all disturbed at being discovered. They seemed to consider they had just as good a right to the "land of the free" as had other emigrants. True enough, this family had traveled in a very irregular manner: they had paid no fare, and besides had helped themselves to some of the cargo; in fact, they were stowaways in every sense of the word. I believe stowaways usually are returned to the land from which they hail, but an exception was made in this case, and the quaint little possums were most cordially welcomed.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

A GOOD LONG GERMAN WORD.

HERE is a long word for beginners, which the dear Little Schoolma'am has found in a recent issue of a German newspaper:

Neapolitanersdudelsackpfeifergesellschaftsunterstützungsverein.

It is supposed to mean "Benefit Association of Neapolitan Bagpipe Players."



A CHRISTMAS NOVELTY.

"A mighty maze! but not without a plan."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A maze or cobweb may be a somewhat novel mode of distributing Christmas gifts to those who may be willing, for once, to depart from the good old usages: the stocking hung beside the chimney, the Christmas tree, and the more modern Christmas pie. Here are directions for the benefit of those who have never attended "cobweb parties."

Procure as many balls of string as there are members in the family. They should be of different colors, that each one may follow his string with ease, and of the same length, that all may finish winding together.

The presents intended for each person are to be tied to one particular string, the heaviest or largest to be fastened to one end and placed at the back of the room set apart for the maze. Then carry the string across the room, tie something else to it, and secure the string to a chair, the window-fastener, the curtain-rod, or anything else.

Pass the string back and forth, up and down, through, behind, under, over, and across the furniture of the room in every conceivable manner, until the other end is reached, displaying as much as possible all light and attractive articles, while the heavier ones, of course, must rest on something solid. A number of little things, like shaving-paper balls, scent-sachets, lace bags tied with bright ribbon and filled with candy, and glittering cornucopias, should be attached to the string as it is passed over the chandelier.

The hiding of small and valuable things, such as rings, pins, and other pieces of jewelry, thimbles, money, etc., under the sofa cushion, behind a book, or concealed in any other way, gives additional interest to the maze, as the recipient comes upon them unexpectedly.

Proceed in a similar manner with the other strings,

taking care as before to show the pretty things, to avoid snarls, and to make as many angles as you can.

The free ends of the strings should have spools or reels fastened to them, to wind the strings on as fast as disentangled, and should be placed near the door.

Mottoes or quotations referring to the gifts add much to the amusement when they are found just before seeing the objects to which they refer.

When all is ready let the master or mistress of ceremonies precede the family, singing or saying the old song,

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;

'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there.

Will you, will you, will you
Walk in, Mister Fly?"

The door of the room should be opened just as the leader finishes the song; and after a short time for inspection he or she should place the reels in the hands of the right persons and bid them take all they find as they follow the threads through the labyrinth.

ANNA E. F. ANDERSON.

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you from the newsdealers for the last four or five years, but have never written to you. We think you are the best magazine published.

We have lived in four cities in the last two years—Denver, Hutchinson (Kansas), Kansas City, and Omaha; but I think Hutchinson is the most interesting in some ways.

Hutchinson is the largest salt center in Kansas, and one of the largest in the United States. The way they get their salt is different, I think, from the New York way. They do not mine it here, but drill for it. I think they

have to drill about three hundred feet before they strike the bed. Then they pump water down the hole and it comes up as a strong brine, which they guide into large evaporating-pans about eighteen by thirty-six feet wide, and about a foot deep. Under these pans are immense furnaces which heat the pans and evaporate the brine. Then the salt is raked out on slanting boards so that the water can drip back into the pan. Then what water is left in the pan is run out and fresh brine let in. After the salt is dry it is taken away in large hand-carts to a place they call the dump, where it is packed in barrels and shipped away. Some of it is put into immense sifters, and made into table salt. Most of the salt-works have their own barrel-factory; one, I think, has at least twenty coopers. There are about fifteen different salt-wells there, and one company owns about half of them.

I hope this will interest most of your readers. I enjoy the "Letter-box" department very much.

Your constant reader, A. H.—

ABOUT CHÈRI.

A TRUE STORY, BY ETHEL G.—

THERE was once a little girl, who had a canary given her on her tenth birthday. She named him Chèri, because he was so dear. In the summer-time, when Lucy (the little girl's name) went away, she gave the bird to her friend. They said that he never sang; but when Lucy came for him he began at once to sing. In the daytime we put him on the piazza, and in the night we bring him in. Well, one night he went on his swing; it was getting late, so Lucy brought him in. Each night he did the same. He has had a great many incidents. Once he put his head through the wires; we had a hard time getting it out. I have forgotten the others. We have had him for six years; he is also very tame.

STREATHAM HILL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl, nearly twelve years old. I have read all the letters in your "Letter-box," but have not seen many from "Dear old dingy London," as one of your readers calls it. I had you for a birthday present from my cousin in New York last January, and am greatly interested in all your tales. I think "Chan Ok" and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" are beautiful, but I am so very sorry I have not read the beginning of the latter; it was begun in November, and I did not have your magazine then. Perhaps you would like to hear how I spent my midsummer holidays. We went to Ostend, a well-known seaside place in Belgium. We stayed there five weeks, during which time I enjoyed myself immensely. In the Kursaal there were children's parties every Tuesday. I went four times; they give presents there. Once I had a lovely bunch of flowers, another time I had a little flag, the third time I had a Japanese lantern, and the last time I had a palm fan with flowers stuck on it. I also went in for some children's races while I was there, but I did not get a prize, as I arrived third, and they gave only first and second prizes.

From your interested reader,
VERA M.—

BIARRITZ, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in New York in the winter, but this summer I have been traveling through Europe with my cousin and tutor. I am now in a place called Biarritz, which is located in the southern part of France and on the Bay of Biscay. I think that we are the only Americans here. They are mostly all French and Spanish. There is a beautiful beach here, and the

people bathe a great deal. There are some rocks out in the water about two thousand feet away which break the force of the waves and make the beach very safe. As I was in Austria on the 4th of July this year, I was very much disappointed in not having the lovely fireworks that we see at home. But last night they had here some beautiful ones on the water, which were lovely. I always take you at home, but this summer, as I have been traveling, I have not had all your nice numbers. But the other day I obtained your September number, and have enjoyed it very much.

Yours affectionately ROBINSON N.—

THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

SEE the blossoms on the bough,
They will soon be apples now,
And then they will be put in pie
Which you can eat and so can I.

But if you eat too much of pie
You will be ill and then you 'll cry;
But if you wait a little while
You will be well and then you 'll smile.

But very much of apple-pie
Might make you ill enough to die,
That is your own fault, you see,
So don't you blame the apple-tree.

By ELFRIDA R.—
(Seven and a half years old.)

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you about three years, but have never written to you before. I like you very much, especially the stories about boys. I send you a little sketch I made, for I love drawing.

Your loving reader,
R. H. E.—

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear of a visit to a prison?

Well, I will tell you about one we made. One day last summer, six of us drove away from the farm, in a hay-wagon, which we called our "barouche." The prison was six miles away, so it took pretty long to get there. When we reached it we went in and entered our names in a large book and paid fifteen cents. We were then directed to a guide, who began to show us the sights. We first went into the tailor-shop where they made the prisoners' clothes, the colors being red and black; then we passed on into the chapel, which is a fair-sized room with a number of settees and a platform in it. From there we went into the workshop where they made boots, each man having his own work to do, and a guard sitting up in a chair to see that all



was right. Next we passed through the court into a building where the cells were; we were showed into one, there being a cot, table, lamp, papers, books, and mottoes; at some doors there was a mug and some bread. We were shown the things that they make, as, toothpick charms, boxes, and many other pretty things made from bones. We waited a few minutes to see them file into dinner. A large gong was struck, and each man stopped work, washed his face and hands, combed his hair, and put on his jacket, and then formed in line in the courtyard; it took some time, but at last all was ready, and they marched in lock-step by the kitchen where there was a hole made through the wall, and from the inside the cook passed their dinner, which consisted of some meat and potatoes on a tin plate; then they went on to their cells where each had to eat alone. Don't you think that is sad?

Your loving reader,
MARY I. W.—.

OLDBERROW, HENLEY IN ARDEN,
WARWICKSHIRE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen in your "Letter-box" a letter from this part of England, so I thought I would write to you. I like you very much, and mother likes your puzzles. I am a girl of ten and I have subscribed to you for seven years.

I was born in Cairo and I go to school in Paris. I had the measles there, and as mother was doing a word-square we found the name of my great-uncle who was President of the United States.

Your loving reader,
L. V. D. N.—.

A friend of ST. NICHOLAS, who read the story of the Century Cat in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1891, sends us a sketch of another interesting cat whose home is in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco:

OUR Palace cat is not of high degree like the Century pet. Indeed, her color and form indicate only too plainly her humble origin. She came to the hotel about a year ago, I am told, looked carefully around, and, being pleased with the prospect, decided to take up her quarters here. In return for her board and lodging she caught stray mice.

She has no pretty collar. Occasionally some one decorates her with a bit of ribbon, evidently rescued for that purpose from some waste-basket. Last week she wore a yellow piece stamped "Havana." Blue suits her best, though, as she is gray and white. I don't know her true name. Every bell-boy calls her what he pleases. Our boy has christened her "Minnie."

A short time ago a letter-chute was put in the hotel, that guests might post their letters without having to go to the mail-box in the office. This chute from ceiling to floor is of glass, so if any of the letters are caught on their way down, they may be seen and made to "move on." Minnie cannot understand what it is that rushes down so white, and with such a hiss, behind the glass, and she sits for hours in front of the chute trying to solve the mystery. When she hears the rustle of an approaching letter she crouches on the floor and springs at it as it flashes past. Failure to catch it only makes her more persistent, and she is on duty, on one floor or another, nearly all the time. If one goes in the hall with a letter to post, and she is near enough to hear or see, she rushes to her favorite position, quite sure that this time she will catch the elusive and mysterious mouse.

All the guests know her, and all pet her. I often pet her in the most approved manner. She tolerates it for a time, but as soon as she can escape, without being too rude, she leaves me and returns to her old place at the chute.

She is a great favorite with the children, who are always willing to post letters when Minnie is near.

I am not a child, though I read my ST. NICHOLAS every month, and I confess to posting empty envelopes just to see Minnie crouch and spring as they pass down.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will try to tell about our trip up Mount Hamilton to the Lick Observatory.

We started out on Saturday morning and drove to Smith's Creek, and there rested and had a nice warm dinner, and then went up the mountain.

On arriving at the summit we walked the halls, looking at the pictures of the sun, moon, planets, and stars.

Soon Professor Campbell came in and he took us up on the roof to see the sunset and the beautiful view of San Francisco Bay and Santa Clara Valley.

We next went down to see the tomb in which rests the body of James Lick, the founder.

Then we were taken into the big dome and saw the clockwork that runs the big telescope, also the spectroscope, which Professor Campbell explained so thoroughly that even I understood it.

We then looked through the large glass and saw the moon. If any of your readers wish to see how the moon looks through the glass if they have no telescope to look through, just let them find Professor Holden's article in the July CENTURY. The moon looks just like that picture, only you cannot see so much of it at once. You can only see one one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of the moon at one time.

We next spent a pleasant half-hour with Professor and Mrs. Burnham, and met their three little daughters. Professor Burnham showed us the earthquake-register. He also showed us the big clock that furnishes the time for the Pacific coast.

Next we went to the Meridian-Circle Room. This delicate instrument contains sixteen telescopes, and Professor Schaeberle uses it to find the exact position of the stars. I will not try to describe it, as I know I cannot do it justice.

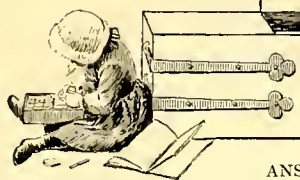
After that we went to the small dome and saw Jupiter with its cloud-belts and four moons. As I started down from the steps on which I had been standing while looking through the glass I saw two fixed stars seeming to be about as big as Jupiter's moons, but Professor Barnard said if they were as near us as Jupiter is they would burn us all up.

We then had our moonlight drive home, which we enjoyed very much.

From your little friend,
BESSIE T.—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Florrie S., N. L. A., D. H. D., Jenny S. H., Helen D. and Julia W. H., Annie, Agnes, Sidney, Hattie O. S., Gerald D., George K., K. W. F., Susan W. F., Marie and A. L., Queen H. and Gladys H., Portia M. D., Ella J. E., Edyth P. J., Maude V., Anita G., Lydia K., Maude L., M. M. T., J. L. F., Linnetta F., Julia B. H., Anne Elizabeth D., Bessie W., John G., Helen G. E., E. K.

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Map. 3. Carol. 4. Martial. 5. Martinmas. 6. Pointed. 7. Lamed. 8. Lad. 9. S.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals, New York. Cross-words: 1. Nourish. 2. Detract. 3. Bewitch. 4. Players. 5. Promote. 6. Prepare. 7. Derrick.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Talc. 2. Agio. 3. Limn. 4. Cone. II. 1. Sates. 2. Adust. 3. Tutti. 4. Estop. 5. Stupe.

ZIGZAGS. "The Golden Dustman." 1. Teal. 2. Shop. 3. Beet. 4. Prig. 5. Sloc. 6. Ally. 7. Dial. 8. Gear. 9. Link. 10. Shad. 11. Chub. 12. Espy. 13. Toss. 14. Emit. 15. Slab. 16. Kiln.

A TRIANGLE. From 1 to 10, homesteads; 11 to 19, good cheer. 1. H; 2, 19, or; 3 to 18, moe; 4 to 17, erne; 5 to 16, sloth; 6 to 15, tenrec; 7 to 14, emerald; 8 to 13, arpeggio; 9 to 12, duodecimo; 10 to 11, sustaining.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PUZZLE. Cross-words: 1. Washboard. 2. Dwellings. 3. Teaspoons. 4. Demijohns. 5. Hoofprint. 6. Fountains. 7. Musicians. 8. Palanquin. 9. Vegetable. 10. Dog-kennel. 11. Ostriches. 12. Marigolds.

WORD-BUILDING. E, re, ear, race, cader, arcade, charade, cathedra, cathedral.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Paul Reese — Arthur Gride — Mama and Jamie — Josephine Sherwood — E. M. G. — L. O. E. and C. E. — "King Anso IV." — "Wareham" — Hubert L. Bingay — Marion F., Aunt Eva and Lulu — "Uncle Mung" — Ida C. Thallon — "Wee 3" — John W. Frothingham, Jr. — Jo and I — "The Wise Five."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from "Daisy and Demi," 1 — "Abutlon," 1 — "Admiral," 1 — "Cantaloupes," 1 — J. A., Jr., A. P. C., S. W. and A. W. Ashhurst, 11 — Maude E. Palmer, 12 — "Punch and Judy," 1 — "The Peterkins," 11 — Elaine and Grace S., 2 — Ada Hoyle, 1 — Carrie Chester, 1 — Teddie and Jo, 6 — Nannie J. Borden, 2 — Eleanor S. Tucker, 1 — Rose Geranium, 1 — Tip and Tuck, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 9 — Pearl F. Stevens, 10 — Constance and Ellenor, 1 — Ida and Alice, 12 — Russell Mount, 4 — Charles Beaufort, 12 — L. E. V., 1 — "Miramonte Quartette," 6 — Carita Archibald, 5 — Wilfred W. Lonsly, 4 — "May and '79," 9 — Nanny and Me, 1 — Carrie Thacher, 8 — "The Diggers," 7 — "Waiontha," 5 — "Infantry," 11 — "Three B's," 8 — "Ed and Papa," 9 — Nellie L. Howes, 10 — R. M. Huntington, 10 — "The Nutshell," 7 — A. M. C., 6 — R. A. T., 2 — "Snooks," 5 — "Suse," 12 — Jessie Chapman, 7 — Elsa Behr, Dictionary and Co., 4 — Annie and Grace, 2 — Marguerite Speckel and Katie Mantner, 4.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. The act of seeking. 2. A sylvan deity. 3. Moderately warm. 4. A fruit. 5. A surgical contrivance.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter. 2. A pronoun. 3. To consume. 4. To check. 5. Emblems. 6. To stir up. 7. A small spot. 8. A word of denial. 9. A letter.

M. A. S.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	11
2	12
3	13
4	14
5	15
6	16
7	17
8	18
9	19
10	20

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Gathers. 2. Garlands. 3. Contrary to law. 4. One of the Muses. 5. One of a sect among the ancient Jews. 6. Supplicated. 7. A village

RIMED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, William Cowper. Cross-words: 1. Waterloo. 2. Ireland. 3. Leonidas. 4. Laurel-wreath. 5. Israel. 6. Alsace. 7. Milton. 8. Cleopatra. 9. Ohio. 10. Washington. 11. Palatine. 12. Emerson. 13. Rubens.

PI. Again the leaves come fluttering down,
Slowly, silently, one by one,
Scarlet and crimson, and gold and brown,
Willing to fall, for their work is done,
And once again comes the dreamy haze,
Draping the hills with its filmy blue,
And veiling the sun, whose tender rays
With mellowed light come shimmering through.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Victoria; finals, Tennyson. Cross-words: 1. Verdict. 2. Ignoble. 3. Citizen. 4. Torsion. 5. Oratory. 6. Rameses. 7. Iachimo. 8. Arraign.

A LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

of Italy, about six miles from Gastalla. 8. Capable of being entertained. 9. A boaster. 10. Accumulating.

From 1 to 10, a name given to December 28th; from 11 to 20, the patron saint of boys. FRANK SNELLING.

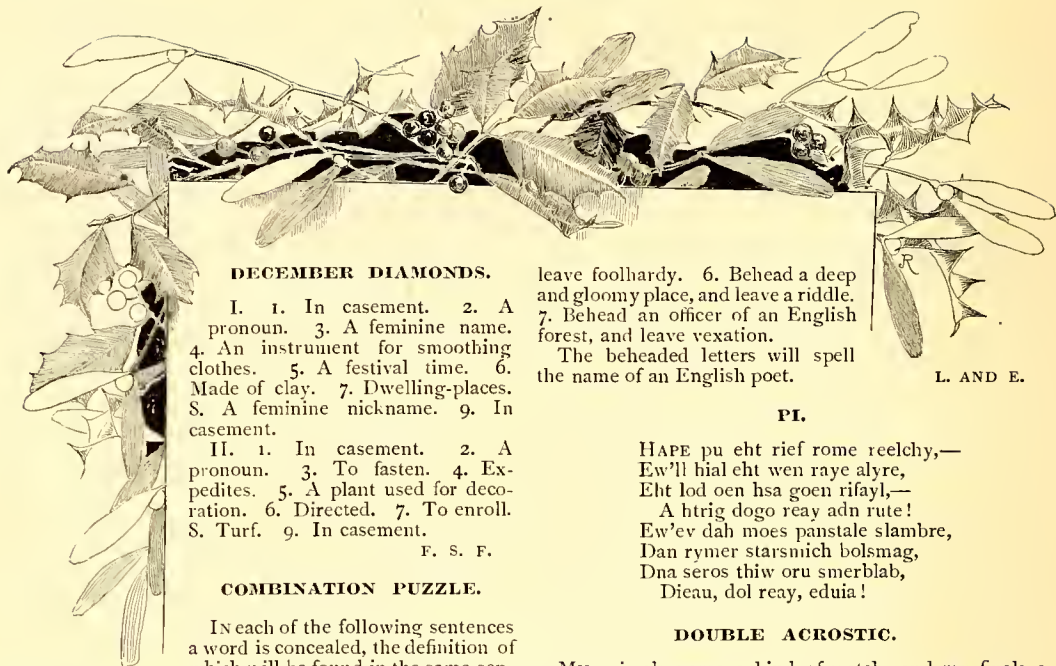
HOOR-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Soft and weak. 2. Indicates. 3. Part of a fish. 4. A Roman numeral. 5. To petition. 6. To forebode evil. 7. A kind of woolen cloth. Centrals, reading downward, a color.

ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. The chocolate tree. 2. Lofty. 3. Cleared land. 4. A place in England noted for its races. 5. Having a shape resembling that of an egg. 6. A mark of punctuation. 7. A mournful or plaintive poem. 8. A quick species of dance. 9. A coral island. 10. An eye. 11. A large and bright constellation. 12. An aquatic plant found in certain tropical countries. 13. A well-known fruit-tree. 14. One of the Muses. 15. The circumference of anything. 16. A rapacious quadruped. 17. To endeavor.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the second row of letters, reading downward, will be found to be three Latin words. They form the motto of one of the United States. What is the State, the motto, and its translation?



DECEMBER DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In casement. 2. A pronoun. 3. A feminine name. 4. An instrument for smoothing clothes. 5. A festival time. 6. Made of clay. 7. Dwelling-places. 8. A feminine nickname. 9. In casement.

II. 1. In casement. 2. A pronoun. 3. To fasten. 4. Expedites. 5. A plant used for decoration. 6. Directed. 7. To enroll. 8. Turf. 9. In casement.

F. S. F.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences a word is concealed, the definition of which will be found in the same sentence. When these are rightly selected and placed one below the other, the primals and finals, when read in connection, will name a substance used for architectural decorations.

1. At the hospital Clara saw a mineral.
 2. I bought a leech of Henry because he explained to me the meaning of reverberated sound.
 3. She tried an é cru stain to cover up the red crust.
 4. I ran to tell you that the man is commencing to rave.
 5. Do you think Ann a good name for a girl?
- The primals and finals of the foregoing double acrostic may be found in the following

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA:

1. In teach, not in learn;
 2. In love, not in spurn;
 3. In rat, not in mouse;
 4. In roast, not in souse;
 5. In Nathan, not in Nell;
- That is all I have to tell;
For the whole, you understand,
Is something made of earth and sand.
"CYRIL DEANE."

ANAGRAM.

A distinguished man of letters:
WHOLE RANDOM PEARLS.

BEHEADINGS.

- I. 1. BEHEAD a punctuation mark, and leave turmoil. 2. Behead a college, and leave a beverage. 3. Behead a grain, and leave to freeze. 4. Behead frank, and leave to coop. 5. Behead part of a neck, and leave an animal. The beheaded letters will spell the name of an English poet.
- II. 1. Behead to frolic, and leave to put in motion. 2. Behead lifts, and leave part of a roof. 3. Behead to stand as an equivalent, and leave tenor. 4. Behead treatment, and leave sapient. 5. Behead a sudden noise, and

leave foolhardy. 6. Behead a deep and gloomy place, and leave a riddle. 7. Behead an officer of an English forest, and leave vexation.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of an English poet.

L. AND E.

PI.

HAFE pu eht rief rome reelchy,—
Ew'll hial eht wen raye alyre,
Eht lod oen hsa goen rifayl,—
A htrig dogo reay adn rute!
Ew'év dah moes panstale slambre,
Dan rymer starsnich bolsmag,
Dna seros thiw oru smerblab,
Dieau, dol reay, edua!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a kind of watch, and my finals a kind of rose.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Appointed as a substitute or agent. 2. A prominent character in one of Shakspeare's plays. 3. Brushing lightly on the surface.

A LAMP PUZZLE.

	*	*	*						
		*	*	*					
			*	*	*				
				*	*	*	*	*	*
					*	*	*	*	*
						*	*	*	*
							*	*	*
								*	*
									*

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small snake. 2. One of a certain tribe of Indians. 3. A pouch. 4. Despises. 5. Spiral scrolls used in architecture. 6. That which drives forward. 7. A name by which giraffes are sometimes called. 8. A male relative. 9. A horned animal. 10. Active. 11. Fiction. 12. Swift in motion. 13. A segment of a circle. 14. To cut. 15. Banterings.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell an object which throws light on many.
"CORNELIA BLIMBER."



THE LITTLE MAID OF SPAIN.

FROM A PAINTING, BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, IN THE POSSESSION OF ALEXANDER W. DRAKE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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JANUARY, 1892.

No. 3.

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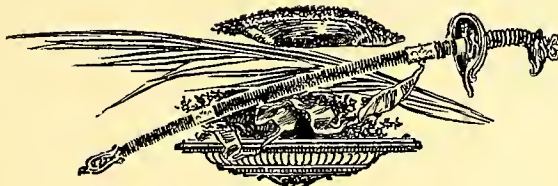
THE LITTLE MAID OF SPAIN.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

TINY, stately maid of Spain,
With your formal fan and train!
Strange the spell the painter cast,
Strong to make you live and last!
Some one, Sweet, who bore your name,
Changed and grew, as people do;
Had adventures gay or tragic;
Died, one day — yet here are you,
By the wand-like brush's magic
Held among us, just the same!
On your brow the same soft curls,
On your wrist the changeless pearls,
In the gems the moveless gleams,
In your eyes the selfsame dreams;
What a fairy-tale it seems!

Oh, that he who saw you thus,—
Seized and sent you down to us,
On his canvas limned with skill

Tender curves of throat and cheek,—
Might have added one thing still,
Made the grave lips ope and speak!
For I fain had heard it told
What the world was like around you,
That old world of cloth-of-gold
Where the cunning painter found you.
Tell me how your time was spent:
Had you any playmates then;
Or were all who came and went
Ceremonious dames and men?
Had you some tall hound to pet—
Some caged bird, with eyes of jet?
As you moved, a soul apart,
Through that world of plume and glove,
Could your precious little heart
Fix on anything to love?
— Sober, silent you remain,
Tiny, stately maid of Spain!



THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN.

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

CHAPTER III.

THE CRUISE OF THE SIDEBOARD.

DOROTHY felt very ridiculous. The stork ferryman suddenly reappeared, and she could see him running along the roofs of the houses, and now and then stopping to stare down at her from the eaves as she sailed by, as if she were the most extraordinary spectacle he had ever seen, as indeed she probably was.

Presently the street ended at a great open space where the water spread out in every direction, like a lake. The day seemed to be breaking, and it was quite light; and as the sideboard sailed out into the open water, Dorothy caught sight of something like a fat-looking boat, floating at a little distance and slowly drifting toward her. As it came nearer it proved to be Mrs. Peevy's big umbrella upside down, with a little party of people sitting around on the edge of it with their feet against the handle, and to Dorothy's amazement she knew every one of them. There was the Admiral, staring about with his spy-glass, and Sir Walter Rosettes, carefully carrying his tobacco-plant as if it were a nosegay, and the Highlander, with his big watch dangling in the water over the side of the umbrella; and last, there was the little Chinese mandarin clinging to the top of the handle as if he were keeping a lookout from the masthead.

The sideboard brought up against the edge of the umbrella with a soft little bump, and the Admiral, hurriedly pointing his spy-glass at Dorothy so that the end of it almost touched her nose, exclaimed excitedly, "There she is! I can see her quite plainly," and the whole party gave an exultant shout.

"How are you getting on *now*?" inquired Sir Walter, as if he had had her under close observation for a week at least.

"I'm getting on pretty well," said Dorothy, mournfully. "I believe I'm crossing a ferry."

"So are we," said the Admiral, cheerfully. "We're a Caravan, you know."

"A Caravan?" exclaimed Dorothy, very much surprised.

"I believe I said 'Caravan' quite distinctly," said the Admiral in an injured tone, appealing to the rest of the party; but no one said anything except the Highlander, who hastily consulted his watch and then exclaimed "Hurrah!" rather doubtfully.

"I understood what you said," exclaimed Dorothy, "but I don't think I know exactly what you mean."

"Never mind what he means," shouted Sir Walter. "*That's* of no consequence."

"No consequence!" exclaimed the Admiral, flaring up. "Why, I mean more in a minute than you do in a week!"

"You *say* more in a minute than anybody could mean in a month," retorted Sir Walter, flourishing his tobacco-plant.

"I can talk a year without meaning *anything*," said the Highlander, proudly; but no one took any notice of this remark, which of course served him right.

The Admiral stared at Sir Walter for a moment through his spy-glass, and then said very firmly, "You're a pig!" at which the Highlander again consulted his watch, and then shouted "Two pigs!" with great enthusiasm, as if that were the time of day.

"And you're another," said Sir Walter, angrily. "If it comes to that, we're all pigs."

"Dear me!" cried Dorothy, quite distressed at all this. "What makes you all quarrel so? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"We're all ashamed of one another, if *that* will do any good," said the Admiral.

"And, you see, that gives each of us two people to be ashamed of," added Sir Walter, with an air of great satisfaction.

"But that is n't what I mean at all," said

Dorothy. "I mean that each one of you ought to be ashamed of *himself*."

"Why, we 're each being ashamed of by two

"I should think not!" said Sir Walter, indignantly. "I 'd as lief go to sea in a toast-rack. Why don't you bring her head up to



"THE ADMIRAL EXCLAIMED: 'THERE SHE IS! I CAN SEE HER QUITE PLAINLY!'"

people, already," said the Admiral, peevishly. "I should think *that* was enough to satisfy anybody."

"But that is n't the same thing," insisted Dorothy. "Each particular him ought to be ashamed of each particular self." This sounded very fine indeed, and Dorothy felt so pleased with herself for having said it that she went on to say, "And the truth is, you all argue precisely like a lot of school-children."

Now, Dorothy herself was only about four feet high, but she said this in such a superior manner that the entire Caravan stared at her with great admiration for a moment, and then began to give a little cheer; but just at this instant the umbrella made a great plunge, as if somebody had given it a push, and the whole party tumbled into the bottom of it like a lot of dolls.

"What kind of a boat do you call this?" shouted Sir Walter, as they all scrambled to their feet and clung desperately to the handle.

"It's a paragondola," said the Admiral, who had suddenly become very pale. "You see, it is n't exactly like an ordinary ship."

the wind?" he shouted, as the paragondola took another plunge.

"I can't!" cried the Admiral, despairingly; "she has n't got any head."

"Then put me ashore!" roared Sir Walter, furiously.

Now, this was all very well for Sir Walter to say, but by this time the paragondola was racing through the water at such a rate that even the sideboard could hardly keep up with it; and the waves were tossing about in such wild confusion that it was perfectly ridiculous for any one to talk about going ashore. In fact, it was a most exciting moment. The air was filled with flying spray, and the paragondola dashed ahead faster and faster, until at last Dorothy could no longer hear the sound of the voices, and she could just see that they were throwing the big watch overboard as if to lighten the ship. Then she caught sight of the Highlander trying to climb up the handle, and Sir Walter frantically beating him on the back with the tobacco-plant, and the next moment there was another wild plunge and the paragondola and Caravan vanished from sight.

CHAPTER IV.

TREE-TOP COUNTRY.

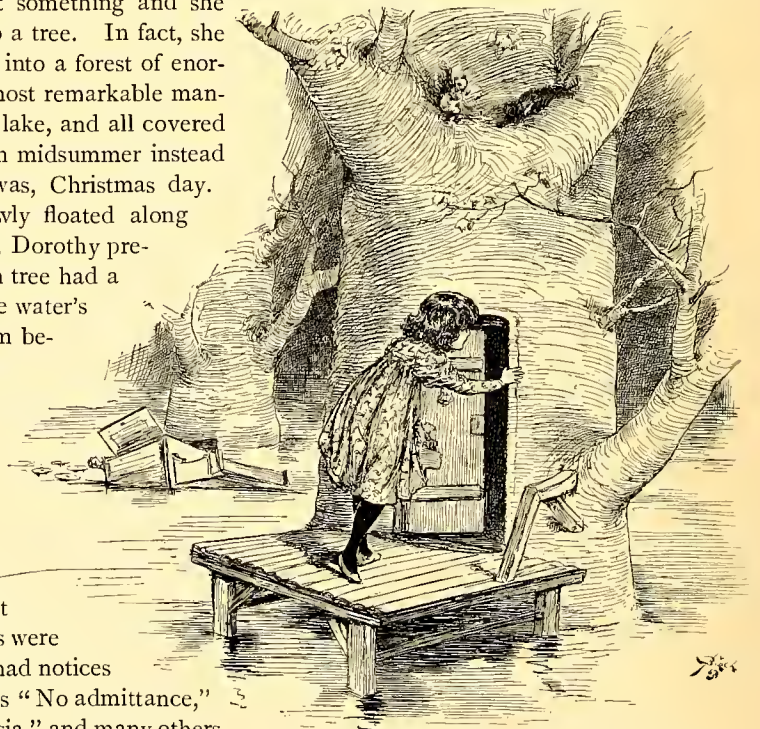
It was a very curious thing that the storm seemed to follow the Caravan as if it were a private affair of their own, and the paragondola had no sooner disappeared than Dorothy found herself sailing along as quietly as if such a thing as bad weather had never been heard of. But there was something very lonely about the sideboard now, as it went careering through the water, and she felt quite disconsolate as she sat on the little shelf and wondered what had become of the Caravan.

"If Mrs. Peevy's umbrella shuts up with them inside of it," she said mournfully to herself, "I'm sure I don't know what they'll do. It's such a stiff thing to open that it must be perfectly awful when it shuts up all of a sudden," and she was just giving a little shudder at the mere thought of such a thing, when the sideboard bumped up against something and she found that it had run into a tree. In fact, she found that she had drifted into a forest of enormous trees, growing in a most remarkable manner straight up out of the lake, and all covered with leaves as if it had been midsummer instead of being, as it certainly was, Christmas day.

As the sideboard slowly floated along through this strange forest, Dorothy presently discovered that each tree had a little door in it, close to the water's edge, with a small platform before it by way of a doorstep, as if the people who lived in the trees had a fancy for going about visiting in boats. But she could n't help wondering who in the world, or, rather, who in the trees, the people went to see, for all the little doors were shut as tight as wax, and had notices posted up on them, such as "No admittance," "Go away," "Gone to Persia," and many others, all of which Dorothy considered extremely rude, especially one notice which read, "Beware of the Pig," as if the person who lived in that particular tree was too stingy to keep a dog.

Now all this was very distressing, because, in the first place, Dorothy was extremely fond of visiting, and, in the second place, she was getting rather tired of sailing about on the sideboard; and she was therefore greatly pleased when she presently came to a door without any notice upon it. There was, moreover, a bright little brass knocker on this door, and as this seemed to show that people were expected to call there if they felt like it, she waited until the sideboard was passing close to the platform and then gave a little jump ashore.

The sideboard took a great roll backward and held up its front feet as if expressing its surprise at this proceeding, and as it pitched forward again the doors of it flew open, and a number of large pies fell out into the water and floated away in all directions. To Dorothy's amazement, the sideboard immediately started off after them, and began pushing them together, like a shepherd's dog collecting a flock of



DOROTHY MAKES A CALL IN THE TREE-TOP COUNTRY.

runaway sheep; and then, having got them all together in a compact bunch, sailed solemnly away, shoving the pies ahead of it.

Dorothy now looked at the door again, and saw that it was standing partly open. The doorway was only about as high as her shoulder, and as she stooped down and looked through it she saw there was a small winding stairway inside, leading up through the body of the tree. She listened for a moment, but everything was perfectly quiet inside, so she squeezed in through the doorway and ran up the stairs as fast as she could go.

The stairway ended at the top in a sort of trap-door, and Dorothy popped up through it like a jack-in-the-box; but instead of coming out, as she expected, among the branches of the tree, she found herself in a wide, open field as flat as a pancake, and with a small house standing far out in the middle of it. It was a bright and sunny place, and quite like an ordinary field in every way except that, in place of grass, it had a curious floor of branches, closely braided together like the bottom of a market-basket; but, as this seemed natural enough, considering that the field was in the top of a tree, Dorothy hurried away to the little house without giving the floor a second thought.

As she came up to the house she saw that it was a charming little cottage with vines trained about the latticed windows, and with a sign over the door, reading—

THE OUTSIDE INN

"I suppose they'll take me for a customer," she said, looking rather doubtfully at the sign, "and I have n't got any money. But I'm very little and I won't stay very long," she added, by way of excusing herself, and as she said this she softly pushed open the door and went in. To her great surprise, there was no inside to the house, and she came out into the field again on the other side of the door. The wall on this side, however, was nicely papered and had pictures hanging on it, and there was a notice pasted up beside the door, reading—

THE INN-SIDE OUT

as if the rest of the house had gone out for a walk, and might be expected back at any time.

Dorothy was looking about in great perplexity, when she suddenly discovered that there was a bed standing, in a lonely way, out in the field. It was altogether the strangest-looking bed she had ever seen, for it was growing directly out of the floor in a twisted-up fashion, like the grape-vine chairs in Uncle Porticle's garden; but the oddest thing about it was that it had leaves sprouting out of its legs, and great pink blossoms growing on the bedposts like the satin bows on Dorothy's little bed at the Blue Admiral Inn. All this was so remarkable that she went closer to look at it; and as she came up alongside the bed she was amazed to see that the Caravan, all three of them, were lying in it in a row, with their eyes closed as if they were fast asleep. This was such an unexpected sight that Dorothy exclaimed, "Jimmy!" which was a word she used only on particular occasions; and the Caravan opened their eyes and stared at her like so many owls.

"Why, what are you all doing here?" she said; at which the Admiral sat up in bed, and after taking a hurried look at her through his spy-glass, said, "Shipwrecked!" in a solemn voice and then lay down again.

"Did the paragoner shut up with you?" inquired Dorothy, anxiously.

"Yes, ma'am," said the Admiral.

"And squashed us," added Sir Walter.

"Like everything," put in the Highlander.

"I was afraid it would," said Dorothy, sorrowfully; "I s'pose it was something like being at sea in a cornucopia."

"Does a cornucopia have things in it that pinch your legs?" inquired Sir Walter.

"Oh, no," said Dorothy.

"Then it was n't like it at all," said Sir Walter, peevishly.

"It was about as much like it," said the Admiral, "as a pump is like a post-captain"; and he said this in such a positive way that Dorothy did n't like to contradict him. In fact she really did n't know anything about the matter, so she merely said, as politely as she could, "I don't think I know what a post-captain is."

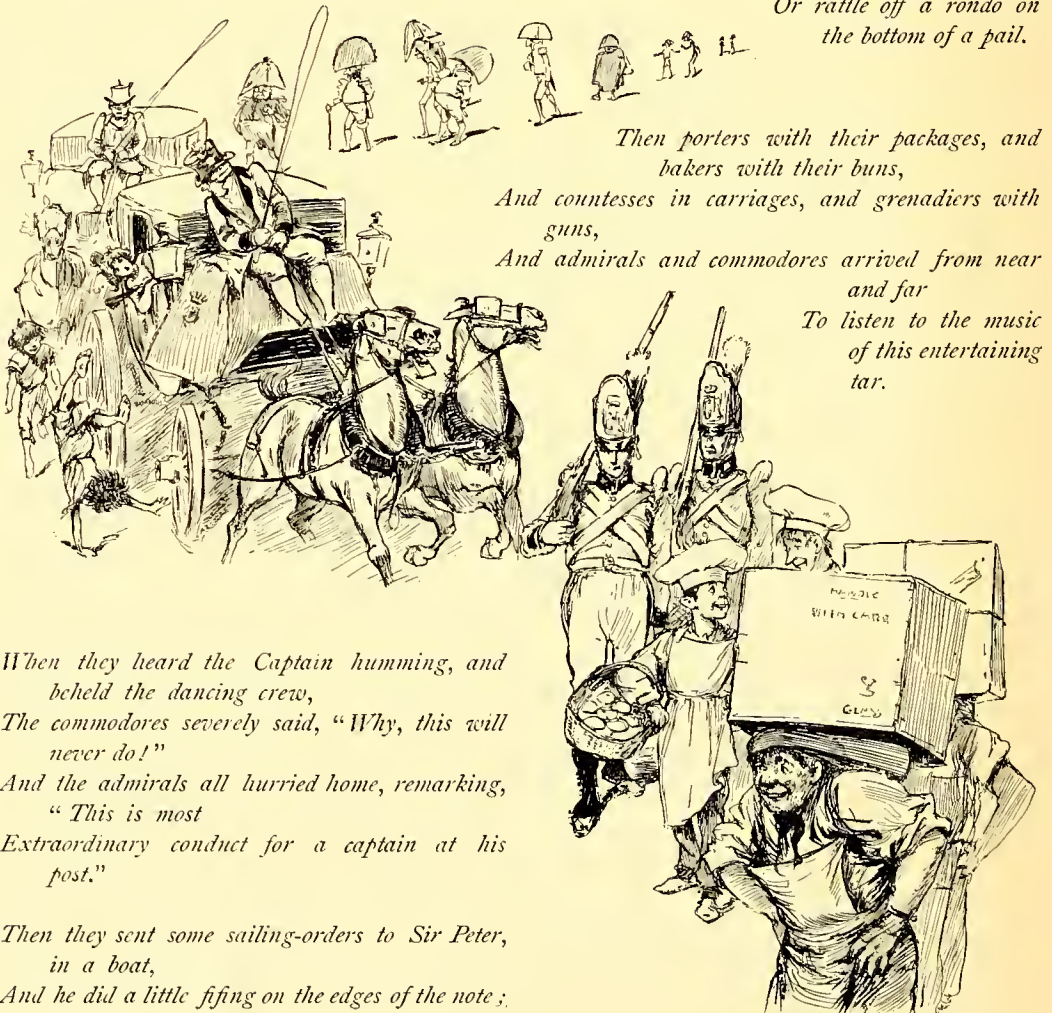
"I don't either," said the Admiral, promptly, "but I can tell you how they behave"; and sitting up in bed, he recited these verses:



SIR PETER BOMBAZOO.

*Post-captain at the Needles and
commander of a crew
On the "Royal Biddy" frigate
was Sir Peter Bombazoo ;
His mind was full of music, and
his head was full of tunes,
And he cheerfully exhibited on
pleasant afternoons.*

*He could whistle on his fingers
an invigorating reel,
And could imitate a piper on the
handles of the wheel ;
He could play in double octaves,
too, all up and down the rail,
Or rattle off a rondo on
the bottom of a pail.*



*Then porters with their packages, and
bakers with their buns,
And countesses in carriages, and grenadiers with
guns,
And admirals and commodores arrived from near
and far
To listen to the music
of this entertaining
tar.*

*When they heard the Captain humming, and
beheld the dancing crew,
The commodores severely said, "Why, this will
never do!"
And the admirals all hurried home, remarking,
"This is most
Extraordinary conduct for a captain at his
post."*

*Then they sent some sailing-orders to Sir Peter,
in a boat,
And he did a little fying on the edges of the note ;*



"HE DID A LITTLE FIFING ON THE EDGES OF THE NOTE."

*But he read the sailing-orders, as, of course, he had to do,
And removed the "Royal Biddy" to the Bay of Boohgabooh.*

*Now, Sir Peter took it kindly, but it 's proper to explain
He was sent to catch a pirate out upon the Spanish main;
And he played, with variations, an imaginary tune
On the buttons of his waistcoat, like a jocular bassoon.*

*Then a topman saw the Pirate come a-sailing in the bay,
And reported to the Captain in the customary way.
"I 'll receive him," said Sir Peter, "with a musical salute!"
And he gave some imitations of a double-jointed flute.*

*Then the Pirate cried derisively, "I 've heard that done before!"
And he hoisted up a banner emblematical of gore.
But Sir Peter said serenely, "You may double-shot the guns
While I sing my little ballad of 'The Butter on the Buns.'"*

*Then the Pirate banged Sir Peter and Sir Peter banged him back,
And they banged away together as they took another tack.
Then Sir Peter said politely, "You may board him, if you please."
And he whistled, for a moment, in a dozen minor keys.*

*Then the "Biddies" poured like hornets down upon the Pirate's deck,
And Sir Peter caught the Pirate and he took him by the neck,
And remarked, "You must excuse me, but you acted like a brute
When I gave my imitation of that double-jointed flute."*

*So they took that wicked Pirate and they took his wicked crew,
And tied them up with double knots in packages of two;*



"SIR PETER CAUGHT THE PIRATE, AND HE TOOK HIM BY THE NECK."

*And Sir Peter kindly played them what he thought they 'd rather like—
'T was a rich diminuendo on the handle of a pike.*

*Now admirals and commodores, in rows upon the strand,
Come to listen to Sir Peter as unto a German band;
And he plays upon a tea-pot that 's particularly sweet
His latest composition—called "The Tooter of the Fleet."*

"I think Sir Peter was perfectly grand!" said Dorothy, as the Admiral finished his verses, "he was so composed."

"So was the poetry," said the Admiral. "It *had* to be composed, you know, or there would n't have been any."

"That would have been fine!" remarked the Highlander.

The Admiral got so red in the face at this, that Dorothy was quite alarmed; but just at this moment there was a sharp rap at the door and Sir Walter exclaimed, "That 's Bob Scarlet, and here we are in his flower-bed!"

"Christopher Columbus!" said the Admiral, "I never thought of that. Tell him we 're all out," said the Admiral to Dorothy in an agitated voice, and the whole Caravan dis-

appeared under the bed with all possible despatch.

"We *are* out, you know," said Dorothy to herself, "because there 's no *in* for us to be in"; and then she called out in a very loud voice, "We 're all out in here!" which was n't exactly what she meant to say, after all.

But there was no answer, and she was just stooping down to call through the keyhole when she saw that the wall-paper was nothing but a vine growing on a trellis, and the door only a little rustic gate leading through it. "And dear me!—where has the bed gone to?" she exclaimed, for where it had stood a moment before there was a great mound of waving lilies, and she found herself standing in a beautiful garden.

(To be continued.)

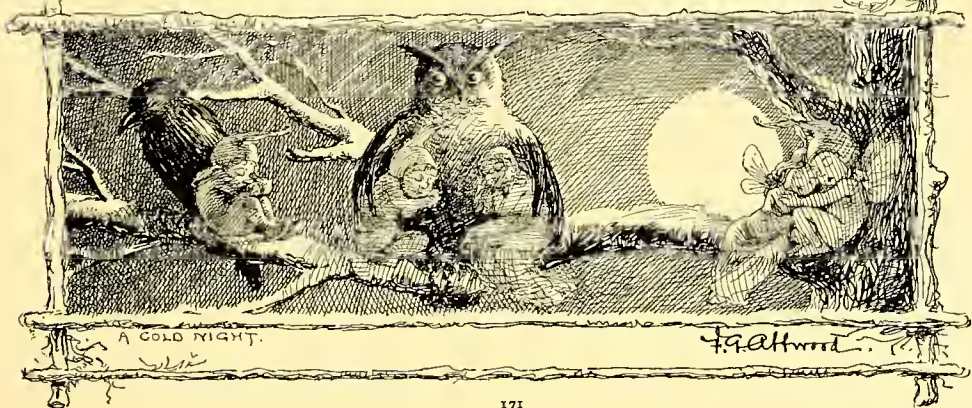
WINTER FAIRIES.



SNOW FAIRIES.



CHARITABLE FAIRIES.



A COLD NIGHT.

J. G. Attwood.

THE RUDDER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

OF what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move at the breezes' will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a stanch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, treacherous sea,—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale,
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever the tumult be,
For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail.





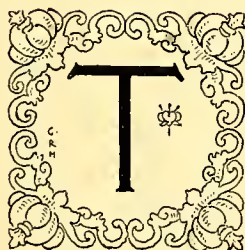
BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

SOME time you will come across
Elfin jugglers in the moss.
This will be the way they 'll look
In their shady forest nook :
Gray-green faces, gray-green hair,
Gray-green are the clothes they wear.
Some are short and some are tall,
Light and nimble are they all,
Nodding this way, nodding that—
Pointed cap or plumèd hat ;
Now on tiptoe spinning round,

Now with forehead to the ground ;
Bowing last, their hands they kiss.
But the strangest thing is this,
Though you go and come again,
In these postures they remain,
And your movements never heed.
Have you seen them ?—Then, indeed,
You can say that you have been
Where King Oberon and his Queen
Oft in summer-time do go—
To the elfin jugglers' show.

WAR ELEPHANTS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



THE back of an elephant would hardly be considered a safe place in a modern battle. The huge animal would be riddled by bullets and round shot, and, far from being an object of terror, would be

opposing beasts, but to terrify and put men to flight ; and that the huge animals understood the object of the fighting we have every reason to believe. Elephants were then plentiful ; bands of thousands were not uncommon ; and a host of them, fitted with rich harness and trappings, protected by shining armor, and bearing towers containing archers and slingers, must have made a magnificent and imposing spectacle.

simply a target for the enemy.

In ancient times, long before the invention of gunpowder, the elephant corps was an important feature of an army, and was relied upon not only to charge upon and trample down the

Exactly when the elephant was first used in war is not known ; but we do know, from the writings of the historian Ctesias, that when Cyrus sent an expedition against the Derbices, their king, Armoræus, concealed an army of

elephants in the forest. A sudden charge by these monsters utterly routed the cavalry of Cyrus. Ctesias also tells us that this Indian king went to war with ten thousand elephants. All this happened four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era; and how many years before this elephants were used in warfare we can only guess. Pliny and Arrian tell us of elephant armies numbering in one case five hundred thousand, and in another seven hundred thousand. These figures we may well doubt, though it is known that great numbers were employed by the Indian kings.

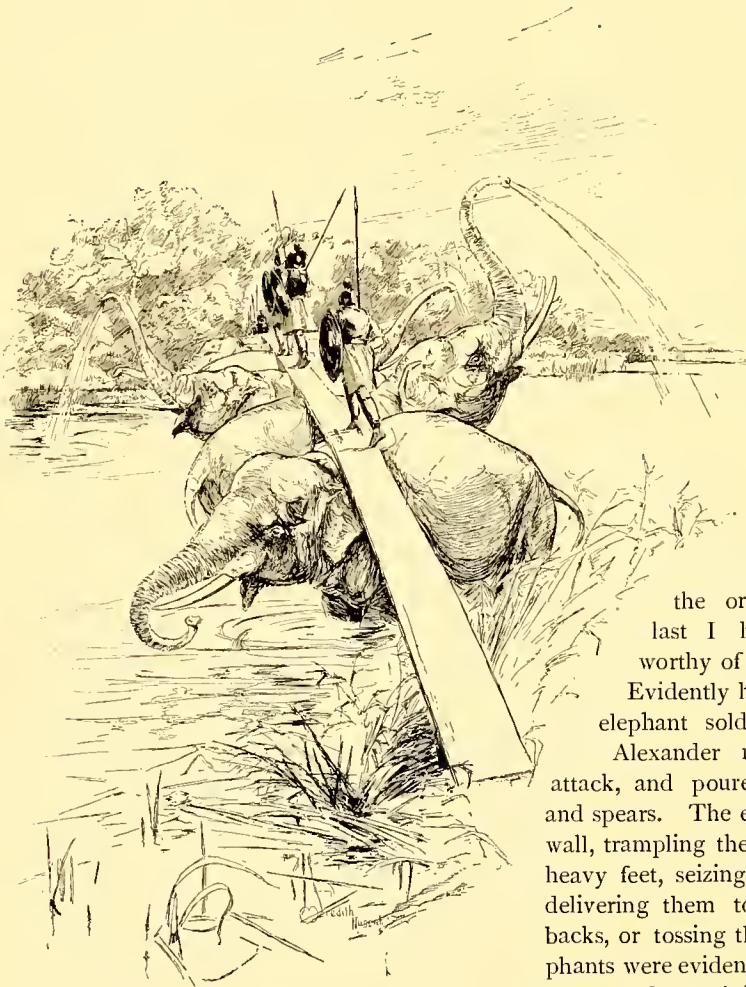
elephant host. His invading army had reached the river Hydaspes, and as the warriors looked across they beheld the opposing army of King Porus, who had not only chariots and an enormous army, but "the huge creatures called elephants." These great animals, which stood on the farther river-bank shrieking and trumpeting, filled the soldiers of Alexander with terror and dismay.

The two armies watched each other for several days; then Alexander succeeded in crossing the river, and the two forces drew up in line of battle. The Indian king placed his elephants in the front rank,

one hundred feet apart, thinking in this way so to frighten the horses of the foe that the entire army would be put to flight. Between the elephants were foot-soldiers, and at the ends of the line were large elephants bearing strong towers filled with armed men. King Porus himself was borne upon an elephant of unusual height, probably as large as the famous "Jumbo."

When King Alexander, who was a very brave and valiant man, saw the orderly foe, he said: "At last I have met with a danger worthy of the greatness of my soul." Evidently he had due respect for the elephant soldiers that opposed him.

Alexander moved his forces to the attack, and poured in a shower of arrows and spears. The elephants stood like a stone wall, trampling the foot-soldiers beneath their heavy feet, seizing them in their trunks and delivering them to the soldiers upon their backs, or tossing them high in air. The elephants were evidently the main hope of King Porus, and, perceiving this, Alexander directed men, armed with scythes and knives, to attack them. These warriors chopped at the elephants' feet and tender trunks, until in terror



A BRIDGE OF ELEPHANTS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Alexander was one of the first of the famous kings of history to tell of fighting against an

the great creatures turned and began a stampede that was disastrous to the foot-soldiers of their own side, for they trampled upon them and in their flight mowed them down like grain. Alexander followed close after the elephants upon his wounded charger; and finally the battle was lost to Porus because of the elephants themselves. King Porus, being wounded during the hurried retreat, desired to alight. The driver ordered his elephant to kneel, whereupon all the elephants, having been accustomed to obey in concert, did the same, and the soldiers of Alexander fell upon them and gained a complete victory.

It is said that elephants which survived this famous battle were revered for years by the Indians and honored much as are the veterans of our wars. In an ancient book, the "Life of Apollonius of Tyana," he is said to have seen in a town of India an elephant which the people held in the greatest respect as having been owned by King Porus. It was perfumed with sweet essences and decked with garlands, while upon its tusks were rings of gold, inscribed with these words: "Alexander, son of Jupiter, dedicates Ajax to the Sun." The elephant Ajax, according to Apollonius, was the old war elephant of Porus in his battle with Alexander, and had survived and lived in honorable idleness for three hundred and fifty years.

While Alexander defeated the elephant corps of Porus, he saw they were good fighters, and created the office of elephantarch, or Chief of Elephants; and afterward visiting monarchs found him surrounded by the largest elephants magnificently harnessed.

Alexander was proud of the huge elephants of his court and fond of showing their intelligence; and the trainer who succeeded in making the elephant accomplish the most wonderful deeds was highly honored.

On one occasion some elephants were being shown to an eminent general, when the latter remarked that evidently they could perform any service that a man could. "They might even bridge a stream," he added.

No sooner were the words uttered than a signal was given and the herd was marched into a stream that rushed by the camp.

The well-trained animals waded into the water, which was four or five feet deep, and arranged themselves side by side, some heading up-stream, and others down. Men now ran forward with planks, which were placed against pads upon the backs of the animals, while others were continued from back to back, and in a remarkably short space of time an elephant bridge was ready, over which the soldiers passed, while the huge animals trumpeted and sent streams of water whirling into the air.

On another occasion one of the generals of the army, who had displayed especial bravery, was ordered before the chief, who publicly thanked him.

"Even my elephants," said one of the elephantarchs, "can distinguish the hero."

At this the crowd fell back, and a gorgeously ornamented elephant approached, bearing in its trunk a wreath of oak-leaves. Walking up to the hero of the hour, it dropped upon its knees, placed the wreath upon the officer's head, and then retired amid the shouts of the admiring soldiers.

Undoubtedly the driver who sat upon the animal's head had much to do with this performance, but we must admit that the elephant exhibited wonderful intelligence in so exactly carrying out orders.

Elephants were used in various wars after the time of Alexander. One general employed sixty-five to batter down the walls of a city; but they were destroyed by ditches skilfully dug by the besieged.

Hannibal, Mago, Scipio, and many famous generals used elephants in war, relying upon them generally to frighten the foe by their huge, strange forms. Some of the war elephants presented a remarkable appearance, as the tusks of the huge animals were made longer by metal coverings or long knives with which to cut and cleave the enemy.

In modern times the elephant has been used in war, and to-day forms a corps of the British army in India.

In the army of Aurengzebe, an emperor of India, the elephants dragged the artillery, lifting the cannon-wheels from the mud when mired, and in some instances carrying the guns upon their backs.

The elephants of Akbar, another emperor in an early period of the Mogul empire, were armed after the fashion of knights, being protected by great coats of mail fitted to their bulky forms. The following description of such armor is taken from an ancient book :

“Five plates of iron, each one cubit long and four fingers broad, are joined together by rings, and fastened round the ears of the elephant by four chains, each an ell in length; and between these another chain passes over the head, and across it are four iron spikes and iron knobs. There are other chains with iron spikes and knobs hung under the throat and over the breast, and others fastened to the trunk; these are for ornament and also to frighten horses.” There was also a kind of steel armor that covered the body of the elephant; and other pieces of it for the head and proboscis. One historian adds that “swords are bound to their trunks, and daggers are fastened to their tusks.”

It can well be understood that the approach of several hundred elephants covered with clanking armor, their tusks bearing daggers, and their trunks swords, struck terror to the foe. The Sultan Ibrahim marched his elephants against the army of Alim Khan, and utterly put the men to flight. They looked at the huge monsters for a single moment, then fled in utter rout.

The army of Timour, when on the plains before Delhi, was almost frightened away by the elephants, and he prevented a retreat only by digging ditches and building great bonfires about his army. The force arrayed against him was that of the Sultan Mamood (A. D. 1399), who had a corps of elephants armed with cuirasses, while upon their tusks were poisoned daggers. The towers upon their backs bore archers and slingers, and upon the ground by their sides were throwers of pitch and fire. On the sides of the elephants were musicians who beat bass-drums and made a terrible din with their bells and cymbals. This, with the shrieking and trumpeting of the elephants, might well have carried terror into the hearts of the men.

But Timour by mere force of will put to flight

the foe. His grandson, a youth of but fifteen, wounded a large elephant, whereupon the men upon its back were thrown, and the young warrior drove the animal into Timour's camp.

While the elephants were defeated here by the skill of Timour's attack, the latter saw their value in battle, and two years later we find him using elephants in Syria.

In the famous battle of Aleppo, the front rank was protected by elephants mounted by archers and throwers of Greek fire (a sort of burning pitch). Timour had trained his elephants to hide or coil up their trunks when attacked at this tender point, and this aided him in winning a great victory, the elephants completely routing the enemy.

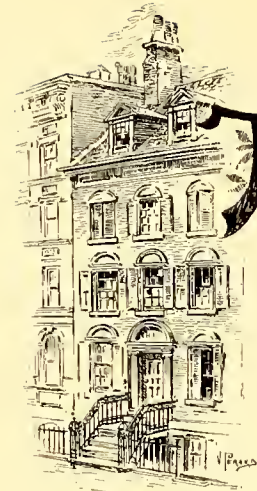
It was in the processions and pageants that elephants made the finest appearance, fitted with magnificent trappings, and marching slowly along, as if conscious of their fine looks. One of the most remarkable shows was that at the wedding of Vizier Ali, in 1795. Here twelve hundred elephants were in line, all richly costumed. Of these one hundred had howdahs, or castles, covered with silver, while in the center sat the nabob upon a very large elephant whose howdah was covered with gold set with jewels.

The daily parade of the elephants of the court of Jehanghir was a wonderful display. The elephants were bedecked with precious stones, chains of gold and silver, gilt banners and flags. The first elephant, called the Lord Elephant, had the plates of his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds, and as he passed the king he turned, dropped upon his knees, and trumpeted loudly—not in loyal frame of mind, exactly, but because the driver pricked him with a sharp prod just at the right time. Silly people, however, believed that the elephant was showing respect for the king.

To-day, the elephant is still used in India in pageants, as a laborer, especially in the lumber districts, where it is taught to carry long timbers, and, as has been said, forms a corps in the British army; but in active warfare it is now useful only in a few cases, and can never be employed so frequently as in ancient times.



THE CHARGE OF THE WAR ELEPHANTS.



Two Girls and A Boy.

— by —

ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER,

Author of "Marjorie & her Papa"

CHAPTER I.

THIS story is about a little girl named Mildred Fairleigh, and her two friends Leslie and Charlie Morton. At the time the story begins Mildred lived in Washington City, in a pretty, old-fashioned house on Sixteenth street. It was a very old-fashioned house indeed, almost as old as Washington City itself. It was built of yellow brick, with a high steep roof, and a tall chimney at each end. A flight of stone steps with curiously twisted iron railings led from the pavement to the front door, which was in the middle. Over the front door, and over all of the windows (except the two queer little dormer-windows in the roof), were fan-shaped pieces of white stone. On the stone over the doorway was cut the date when the house was built, "1810."

In 1810 Washington City was little more than a wilderness. Its streets were like winter roads, muddy and full of ruts. There were very few good-looking houses, aside from the buildings of State, the President's mansion, Mr. Fairleigh's residence, and a score of others; pavements were scarce, street lamps were scarcer, and altogether it was a forlorn sort of place to live in. To-day, however, the thousands of fine houses that line the smoothly paved streets and look down on the pretty parks make the Fairleigh dwelling, as I say, seem very old-fashioned by comparison. Nevertheless, Mildred thought her house the loveliest house in the city. She had been born there,

and her father had been born there, and her grandfather. It was her great-grandfather, "Gentleman Fairleigh," as he was called, who had built the house in 1810. That was when Mr. Madison was President. Gentleman Fairleigh was a friend of the Madisons—in fact they were connected by marriage.

But about this Amanda could have told you more than I can. She had the family history at her tongue's end, and dearly liked to talk about it—though not more than Mildred liked to listen. Amanda was a colored woman, old and tall and thin, who wore big silver-rimmed spectacles. She had been in the service of the Dwights and the Fairleighs ever since she could remember. She had been nurse to Mildred's mama when that lady was a baby; and when "Miss Mary," as Amanda always called her, grew up and married Major Fairleigh, Mildred's papa, Amanda came to live with them, and afterward became nurse for the little Mildred. There were many servants in the house then, and "Aunt Mandy" ruled them all.

But after the war of the rebellion, the Fairleighs, like a great many other old families, found themselves no longer rich. One by one the servants fell away, until finally, one day when the expensive cook had to be discharged, Amanda begged to be appointed to the office of cook herself. And although Mrs. Fairleigh thought it was asking too much of her faithful old attendant, there was nothing else to be done.

Then the "upstairs girl" was intrusted with the care of Mildred, although Mildred, being by this time eight years of age, was old enough to take care of herself, if she had but known

it. As for Amanda, this was one of the hardest parts of her self-sacrifice in taking upon herself the tiresome duties of cook in her old age. She loved her little nursling, and it went sorely against her will to give up the care of Mildred to any one else. And Mildred, if the truth must be told, did not make it any easier for her old nurse. Being used to having her sole attention, Mildred tagged after her in the kitchen, begging for stories just when Amanda was getting dinner ready; and this naturally made the old woman very cross. Threatening to pin a dish-cloth on Mildred's dress, or to give her to the soap-fat man, had no effect; and finally Amanda had to make complaint to Mildred's mother, which resulted in Mildred's receiving strict orders to keep out of the kitchen. But the first time that Mildred saw Amanda after that, she was very saucy to her, and told her that she was "a hateful old thing."

"And I would n't come in your kitchen, not if you were to beg me on your bended knees!" she said. "And I don't love you any more. Now, there!"

Amanda was making beaten biscuits at the time, and she stopped and looked down at Mildred from over her spectacles, and then slowly rubbing some flour on the rolling-pin, she said quietly, "Da's right. Go right on. Da's de way it is with chillun. W'en dey 's little, dey tramples on you' toes; w'en dey 's big, dey tramples on you' heart. Keep right on! Be naughty an' say sassy t'ings to you' ole black mammy w'at 's nussed you w'en you was a baby, w'at 's sot up nights wid you w'en you was sick, w'at 's taken care o' you all dese days. Da's right!"

"I don't care," said Mildred, beginning to cry; "you had no business to tell mama that you did n't want me to come in the kitchen."

Now Amanda, in spite of her pretense of being severe, was in reality very soft-hearted. So at sight of Mildred's tears she changed her tone a little and said, "Now w'at 's de use o' your carryin' on like dat, honey? You know you don't mean dat." And then, wiping the flour from her hands, she continued, "Come yere, an' le' me talk to you."

"You know, Miss Milly," she said, "in dis yere world it ain't w'at you *want* ter do, it 's w'at you *got* ter do, dat keeps you a-movin'.

Who 's gwine ter look out fer dis yere fam'ly ef Mandy don't? Hit 's kind o' hard on you, I allow dat, fer I can't submit to your follerin' me roun' de kitchen dis yere way. De kitchen ain't no place fer my mist'is's chillun. But I 'll tell you w'at I 'll do. If you 's a good chile an' keep out o' de kitchen durin' de day, w'en de dinner t'ings is done cl'ar'd away in de evenin' you kin come in, an' I 'll tell you de stories 'bout you' ma's folks an' you' pa's folks, des as I use ter."

And so it happened that in the evenings, when dinner was over, Mildred would come down the kitchen stairs and sit on the bottom step, and wait for the clattering of dishes and pots and pans to cease. Then she would put her head in at the kitchen door and say, "Is your work all done, Mammy?" Then, if Amanda said yes, she would go in and draw up a low chair by Amanda's big one, and Amanda would throw open the stove doors so that the red glow lit up her own dusky face and colored head-handkerchief, and flickered on the burnished copper pots and pans arranged around the wall, and on the soft fur of "Miss Betty," the cat, who curled herself up comfortably on the warm zinc, and purred while Amanda told Mildred the old, well-known tales of her "ma's folks" and her "pa's folks."

Those were delightful romances, indeed. For all of the men, according to Amanda, were fine gentlemen, and brave, dashing fellows, and all of the women were beautiful ladies, gentle yet spirited. And all of them had elegant manners, and wore rich clothing, and rode in splendid coaches. I rather think, however, that Amanda exaggerated a little, at times, about the grandeur and importance of the Fairleighs and the Dwights (which was the name of Mildred's mother before she was married); but that was because she had been in their service so long, and was proud of them, and loved them so that she always tried to make it appear that no other family ever had had a better house, or better clothing, or finer manners.

Some families there might have been equal to them, perhaps, in the days of the Revolution—the Paynes and Washingtons, for instance, and the Lees, and the Dearborns, and the Pinckneys, and a few others that Amanda "allowed"

were good families. Yes, some there might be equal to them, "but dere war n't none of 'em," Amanda declared, "dat was *better* 'n de Dwights or de Fairleighs. 'Cause why? 'Cause de Dwights al'ays was quality, an' as fer de Fairleighs, de fust Fairleigh w'at come to dis country 'way back, long befo' de Riv'lution, was a mighty big man, I tell you! Dey called him Sir John Fairleigh, an' he wa' de guv'nor o' de province. Da's who *he* was! An'

According to Amanda, there was no event of the last two hundred years, since the time when the famous Sir John had set foot in America, that the Fairleighs had not had a great deal to do with the shaping of it. Before the Revolution, when the British and Colonial troops were fighting the French and Indians, there had been a Fairleigh in the king's service. Then in the Revolution there had been two patriot Fairleighs fighting lustily for inde-



"THEN SHE WOULD PUT HER HEAD IN AT THE KITCHEN DOOR AND SAY, 'IS YOUR WORK ALL DONE, MAMMY?'"

anybody w'at don't believe it, kin jest go right upsta'rs in you' pa's lib'ary, an' see his coat 'n' arms an' his jennylogical tree a-hangin' on de wall dere, in a gold frame."

And Mildred would nod her head here, and say very solemnly, "Yes, I have seen it myself"—as indeed she had every day since she could remember, and a very dingy and ugly picture she used to think it, though she never dared to say so, because Amanda regarded it with such awe. The fact was that Amanda did not know what these emblems meant any more than Mildred did.

pendence, and one on the other side fighting just as hard for the king. In the war of 1812 there had been several of them, some in the American army, and one in the navy, the latter a bold lad by the name of John H. Fairleigh, who had seen service also in the war with Tripoli, in 1801. He got to be a captain later on in life. His picture was now upstairs in the parlor. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons and a very high collar, higher than his ears. And in the background of the picture were ships firing cannon-balls into each other, and running each other down, and some

were sinking, and some were burning up, and altogether it was a very lively picture, and one that Mildred liked better than the coat of arms and the genealogical tree.

There was a picture of Gentleman Fairleigh, too. He wore a coat with silver lace, and there were ruffles on his shirt, and his hair was tied in a queue. There were some pictures of ladies, also, with brocaded silk gowns, and quilted satin petticoats, and their hair done up very high and powdered. One of them, which greatly took Mildred's fancy, was that of a young girlish-looking creature with big brown eyes and dark curling hair. Mildred was said to resemble this young lady, of whom she never wearied of hearing. Her mother was a Mistress Fairleigh, who lived in the time of the Revolution at Oaks Manor, near New Rochelle. And the story that Amanda used to tell about them was this: One night, when Mr. Fairleigh was away from home with General Washington's army, some British soldiers came along and rapped on the door of Oaks Manor, and called out, "Are you king's men or rebels?" And Mistress Fairleigh, opening the window upstairs, put her head out and said, "We are women." Then the soldiers battered the door down, and began to ransack the house for silver plate and whatever they could find of value, punching holes in the pictures with their bayonets and breaking the furniture, till at last they came to Mistress Fairleigh's bedroom. The door was locked, but they burst it in. The lady was standing by the bed, having laid her baby down on a pillow. One of the soldiers, who was looking for money, took hold of the pillow and threw it aside so that the baby almost fell on the floor.

"So, den," said Amanda, "Mist'is Fairleigh, who had a mighty spicy temper, her eyes jest flashed, an' she grabbed dat baby up wid one han', an' she raised de odder, an' she smack dat British sojer in de face, right hard, too! An' she say, 'You mis'able feller, you dar' to hu't my baby!' Den de man he make like he gwine to shoot her wid his gun. But Mistis Fairleigh she drew herself up an' say, 'Shoot, den, you coward! Shoot!' Den de odder sojers dey laugh at de man w'at got smacked, an' interfere, an' allow dat de lady got a heap

o' pluck, an' purty soon dey went away, an' did n't distu'b her no mo'. Den w'en dey all done gone, Mistis Fairleigh she sat down an' begun to cry. An' w'en dey ax her w'at make her cry, ef 't war because de sojers steal her plate an' spile her fu'niture, she say no, she cry on 'count o' demeanin' herself, smackin' de man.

"An' w'en all dis was a-gwine on, de young Mist'is Barb'ra, w'at's picture is hangin' in de parlo' (de one dat favors you, honey), she heerd de sojers w'en dey begin poundin' on de front do'; an' she minded herself of her pa's money w'at was in de desk, an' she run quick an' got it an' hid it in de bosom of her dress, an' jest as de sojers come bustin' in de front do' she run out de back do'. An' she run fer a neighbor's house, jest as fast as she kin make her feet go, spickity-spack! spickity-spack! an' when she got to de neighbor's house she begun poundin' wid her little fists on de do', an' de people come down an' opened de do', an' de money was saved."

Then Mildred would sit and think about this girl who had looked like her, and wonder to herself whether she would be as thoughtful and brave if she heard soldiers pounding on the front door of their house some night, and calling out to know if they were "king's men or rebels." Only she did not know where her father kept his money, and, besides that, there were no king's men nor rebels now, and no war. There had been a war, her mama had told her, not so very long ago—a war between the North and the South. And her papa, who was an officer in the United States army at the time, had been wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, so that he had to be "retired from active service." Mildred did not know exactly what that meant, but that was what he was now, a major in the army, on the retired list. She was a baby at the close of that war, and all that she knew about it was that her papa had to walk with a crutch, and was sometimes very ill on account of his wound, and that this made her mother very unhappy. But this war seemed almost as far away to Mildred's mind as those others that Amanda told her about—the Revolution and the War of 1812. Only Amanda did not talk about her papa's war. When Mil-

dred would ask her about it, she would shake her head and say, "Dem was par'lous times, honey! Dem was par'lous times! I don't like to talk about 'em, 'deed I don't!"

"Did mama ever do anything in her war, like—like what Miss Barbara and the others did in the Revolution?" Mildred had once asked.

"Who!" exclaimed Amanda. "You' ma?"

Then turning around so as to face Mildred, she looked at her over her spectacles a moment, and shaking her long, black forefinger, said solemnly, "Listen to me, chile! De Fairleigh was never bo'n dat was Miss Mary's ekal in goodness an' sperrit. W'y, w'en dat battle o' Gettysburg was fit, an' dere did n't come no news o' you' pa, wa't she do? She did n't set in de parlo' wid a lace han'k'cher to her eye. No, sir! She walk herself right over to de Sec'tary o' Wa', an' she git a pass, an' she go to dat place, me 'n' her togedder—'cause I's boun' to go, honey, wherever Miss Mary goes—an' she hunt all t'rough de horspitals an' de houses whar de wounded was—an' dey was a ter'ble sight, to be sure!—an' out in de fields whar de fightin' had b'en, an' dat was ter'bler, an' no fittin' place fer a 'oman, let alone a lady like you' ma; and finally she foun' you' pa a-lyin' in a ole stable along wid a heap mo' w'at de horspital folks had n't had time to 'tend to. An' she brung him home, an' nussed him back to life. Da's w'at you' ma done! An' dat ain't all—but I tell you, honey, I don't like to talk about dem times. You' ma 's a angel, da's w'at she is—a angel on earth—an' don't you never fergit it!"

CHAPTER II.

OF course, as Mildred grew older, she became more used to Amanda's being the cook instead of her nurse. Eliza, the upstairs girl, had a great deal to do, and was not as patient as Amanda, so that Mildred soon began to learn to take care of herself. Then other little duties and occupations entered into her life.

When she was ten years old, she began to attend school. Before that, her mother had taught her to read and write, and practice on the piano. Then, also, from the time that she was a baby, her mother had talked to her in

French, so that she had learned to speak that language with very little trouble. But going to school was another matter. Now, instead of sitting by the kitchen fire after dinner, listening to Amanda's stories, she had to spend the evening studying. It was in this way that two years passed by, during which Mildred grew up to be a slim little maiden of twelve, with not much color in her face, dark, curling hair, and big, brown eyes, and that is what she looked like when this story begins.

Mildred had just reached her twelfth birthday when she became acquainted with Leslie Morton. One Friday afternoon, in the month of October, she came home from school tired and hungry. Going straight to the dining-room, she looked in the sideboard for something to eat, for Amanda never failed to save her a piece of cake or something good from luncheon. On this occasion Mildred found a generous slice of bread spread with honey. Throwing aside her hat, she settled herself comfortably on a seat in the window that opened on the garden, and proceeded to enjoy the feast. But scarcely had she looked at the bread to see exactly where she would take the first bite, when Eliza came in and said:

"Miss Milly, you' ma say that jest as quick as you git home f'om school, you 's to wash you' face an' han's, an' come in the parlo'. There 's a lady in there wants to see you."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Mildred, frowning and pouting, "I wish I did n't have to go in the parlor."

"Well, I can't help what you wish," said Eliza; "I 'm jest tellin' you what you' ma said to tell you."

"Who is the lady?" said Mildred, crossly, with her mouth full of bread and honey.

"I don' know w'at the lady's name is," said Eliza. "There 's a little girl with her."

"Oh, is there?" said Mildred, stopping in the act of taking another bite to look at Eliza with interest. "What is she like?"

"Now, Miss Milly," said Eliza, "do you think you ought ter be stayin' there askin' a thousan' questions! Why don' you go an' do w'at you' ma say?"

"All right," said Mildred. "You tell mama I 'll be there in a moment."

"Deed I ain't got time to be car'yn' mes-sages 'round the house every time you want me," said Eliza, leaving the room.

But Mildred knew that Eliza would take the message. Eliza liked to grumble and seem disobliging, but it was only her way. Nevertheless, Mildred hurriedly finished the bread and honey,—that is, all except the crust, which it took too long to eat,—and then ran upstairs to her own room to make herself tidy, wondering all the time what the little girl was like.

When she went into the parlor, her mother said, "Here is my daughter. Mildred, this is Mrs. Morton."

The lady smiled and held out her hand, and said, "Why, how do you do?" in a rather quick, high tone, as if she were very much surprised.

Mildred gave her her hand, and said, "I 'm very well, I thank you."

Then said Mrs. Morton, "You see I have got a little girl, too. Leslie, go and shake hands with Mildred."

A short, rather stout girl, with straight light hair hanging down her back in a braid, a round face, and merry blue eyes, got up from the chair where she had been sitting, and came forward very frankly and held out her hand to Mildred; at the same time she seemed to be trying not to laugh. Mildred looked at her in her serious way, and wondered why she wanted to laugh, and then their hands fell apart and they stood there a moment with their eyes wandering around, not knowing exactly what to do next.

"Perhaps Leslie would like to go out and look at the garden," said Mildred's mama.

"Yes, dear, run along with Mildred," said Mrs. Morton.

So Mildred led the way and Leslie followed her. Mildred had a vague idea that, being the hostess, she ought to open the conversation. But while she was trying to think of some polite and interesting remark to make, Leslie interrupted her by saying:

"Do you chew gum?"

"No," said Mildred, shaking her head very earnestly, "I don't."

"I do," said Leslie, laughing, and putting a piece into her mouth to prove it.

Mildred watched her with such curiosity that

Leslie laughed again and said, "What are you staring so for?"

At which Mildred became a little embarrassed and answered, "Oh, nothing." And then, for want of something better to say, she added, "Do you go to school?"

"Not now," said Leslie. "We 've only just come to Washington. My father is an officer in the cavalry, and we have been out on the plains for ever so long. What is your father in? Oh, yes, I know. He used to be in the cavalry, but now he 's retired, 'cause he was wounded. I heard pa say so."

"Do you live in Washington now?" asked Mildred.

"Yes," said Leslie, "Pa is on duty at the War Department. I don't like it a bit. I 'd rather be in a garrison where there are plenty of horses to ride, and dogs. I guess I 'll have to go to school here. Charlie does n't like it either, but ma does."

"Who is Charlie?" said Mildred.

"He 's my brother," said Leslie. "He 's older than I am. I 'm thirteen and he 's sixteen. Have you got a brother?"

"No," said Mildred.

"Don't you wish you had?" said Leslie.

"No," said Mildred, shrugging her shoulders, "I don't care for boys."

"I do," said Leslie. "I like to play with boys. Can you run fast? I bet I can beat you. Now, one for the money! Two for the show!" And Leslie put her foot out and began swaying her body for the start.

"I don't want to run," said Mildred.

"Three to make ready!" cried Leslie, warningly, and preparing to start without heeding Mildred's protest.

But at that moment Eliza made her appearance, and called to the girls that Mrs. Morton was going.

"Oh, dear! Is she?" said Leslie, with a disappointed look. "Just as we were having such a nice time! Well, never mind," she added, brightening up, "I 'll tell you what we 'll do. Our house is right close to yours, just around the corner, and I 'll come to-morrow and see you. Shall I?"

"Yes," said Mildred, "and I 'll show you my play-room and my dolls." And she went

with Leslie into the house, and said good-by to Mrs. Morton.

When the visitors were gone, Mildred followed her mother upstairs to her sitting-room. There she sat down and watched her mother sewing; and, after thinking a little while, she said, "Are n't they common, Mama?"

"Are not what common?" said her mother, looking up from her sewing. Her brown eyes were just like Mildred's.

"I mean Mrs. Morton and Leslie," said Mildred.

"I don't think that I quite understand you, dear," said her mother.

"Well, they don't seem to me to be very — very genteel," said Mildred. "Mrs. Morton talks so fast and so loud, and does n't act at all as you do, and Leslie chews gum, and wanted me to run a race. I don't think *that* is very genteel."

Mrs. Fairleigh smiled at this, and then, letting her hands, which held her sewing, rest in her lap, she looked at Mildred a moment and said, "But I do not think that she did anything as 'ungenteel' as my little daughter has done."

"Why, Mama," exclaimed Mildred, in surprise. "What have I done?"

"Spoken unkindly of our guests after they have gone," said her mother.

"Oh," said Mildred, faintly. Then recovering, she said eagerly, "But, Mama, I did n't mean to. I was just thinking, when you were talking to Mrs. Morton, that you spoke so — so softly and so gently, and she did n't. And everything you did was so quiet, and I was so glad that you were just what you are, and not like her. That was all. And — and Leslie chews gum! You would n't like *me* to chew gum, 'cause you said so once," concluded Mildred, bending her head two or three times reproachfully at her mother.

At which Mrs. Fairleigh laughed.

"There!" said Mildred, earnestly, "that 's what I mean. When you laugh like that, I love to hear you, and I want to go right up and hug you. But when Mrs. Morton laughed, I wanted to stop my ears." And Mildred's eyes became a little tearful as she defended herself.

"Sweetheart," said her mother, more seriously,

holding out her hand and drawing Mildred down into her lap. "You must not give such matters too much importance. It is natural for a little girl to think her own mama the nicest, and I should be sorry if you did not. At the same time, no doubt, Leslie thinks the same about her mama. Then, too, while pretty manners are very necessary to a lady, and I hope that you will always have them, still they don't make a lady any more than fine clothes do."

"Yes, but —" began Mildred, eagerly.

"Wait a moment, dear," said her mother, gently, covering Mildred's hands with her own. "To be a lady one must be sincere. I mean, by that that we must be careful, as little girls say, 'not to put on airs.' We must be truthful and brave, and that means not to say anything about people in their absence that we would be afraid to say before them. As for chewing gum and running races, I certainly should *not* like you to chew gum, for although there is no great harm in it, it is a silly habit and not a pleasant one for other people. But about running races. Well — shall I tell you a secret? When I was a little girl I used to run races!" And Mrs. Fairleigh threw her head back and looked at Mildred, as much as to say, "What do you think of that?" so funnily that Mildred laughed and said:

"Oh, Mama! You did n't! — did you really?"

"Yes, I did, really," said her mother. "That was when we lived on a big plantation in Virginia. And I think that if you were to run more in the garden, it would not do you any harm, dear. On the contrary, it would bring some roses into these cheeks."

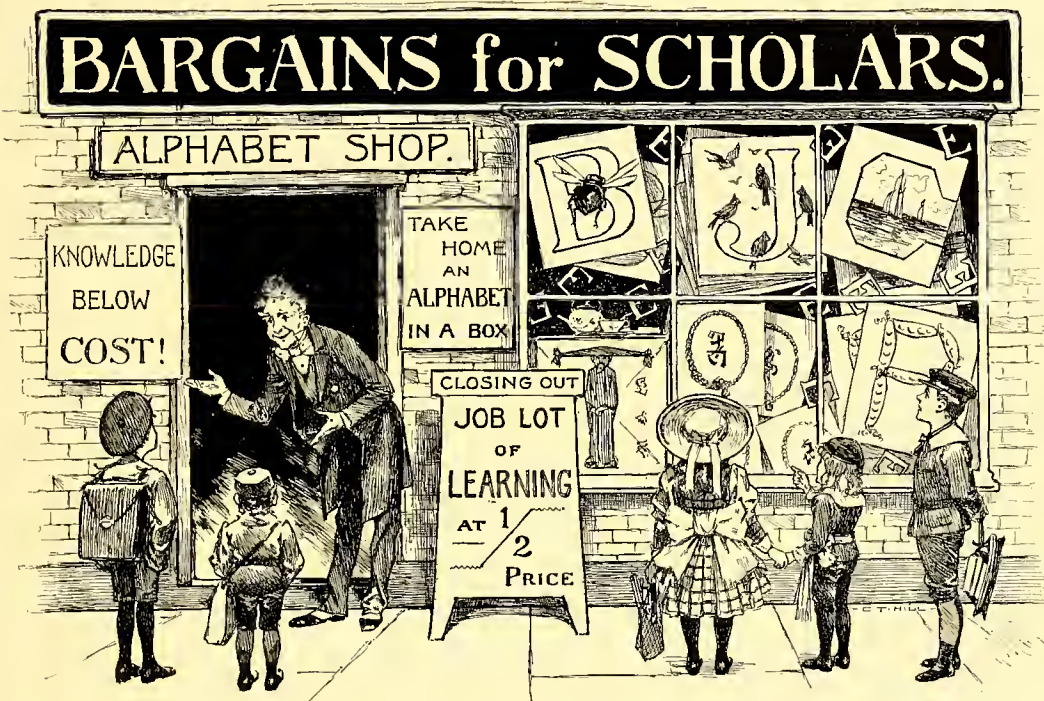
And Mrs. Fairleigh pinched the cheeks, and, taking up her sewing, left Mildred thinking of what she had said, particularly of her having run foot-races when she was a little girl. Mildred was surprised, even astonished, to hear that, but after she had thought over it a little while, she was glad that it was so. And presently she went downstairs into the garden and ran a little race with Miss Betty, the cat, just to see if she could run fast. And then she got to laughing at Miss Betty because she ran so absurdly. She would sit down and pretend that she was not going to run at all, until Mildred was far ahead of her, and then she would come

scurrying along very suddenly and beat Mildred after all. And then she would jump stiff-legged from one side to the other, and whirl around and dash up on to the roof of the old, empty stable, and crouch there while she looked down

at Mildred as quietly as if she had not done any of these ridiculous things.

In fact, Mildred ran and laughed so much that when she went into the house there was a whole bouquet of "roses" in her cheeks.

(To be continued.)



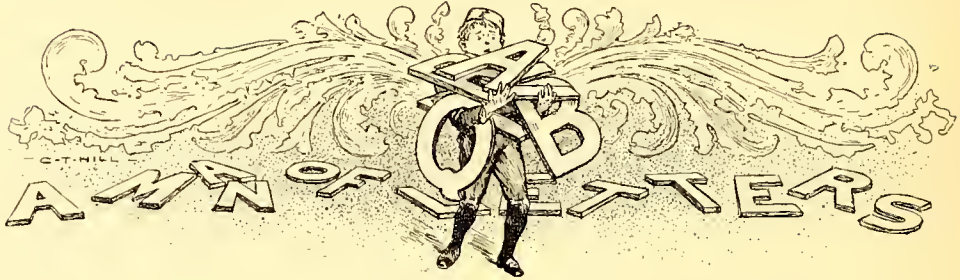
BY ANNA M. PRATT.

A QUEER little man kept an alphabet shop,
 And out from his counter, hippity hop,
 He danced until he was ready to drop,
 Singing and shouting with never a stop:

"Come in, little scholars
 With bright silver dollars,
 Or if you've not any
 Then come with a penny.

I have bumble Bs
 And marrowfat Ps,
 Some Chinese Qs
 And Japanese Ts,
 A flock of Js
 And lots of Es,
 And perfectly beautiful dark-blue Cs;

This is the place to buy your knowledge,
At cheaper rates than are given at college!"
Then he 'd draw a long breath and spin like a top,
This queer little man in an alphabet shop.



TOM PAULDING.

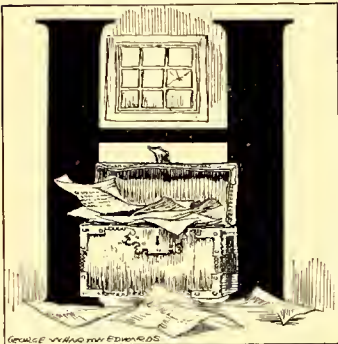
(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE BOX OF PAPERS.



ishness is sure to be in all of them. When the little cockney lad in the dark lanes of London hears the sound of Bow Bells, he cannot help sometimes putting himself in the place of Whittington, and, by sheer force of make-believe, succeeds in owning a cat, and in disposing of it for a high price to the Barbary king. No doubt the little Arab of Bagdad plays at Haroun al Raschid, and makes up out of his own head a tale of

which he is the hero—one that in unexpectedness of adventure and in variety of incident far surpasses any told by the fair Scheherazade to the cruel Sultan in the watches of the "Thousand and One Nights."

SO EVER much men may differ in the five quarters of the globe, boys are alike the world over. Wherever they may be born, and whatever be their bringing up, the quality of boyishness is sure to be in all of them. When the little cockney lad in the dark lanes of London hears the sound of Bow Bells, he cannot help sometimes putting himself in the place of Whittington, and, by sheer force of make-believe, succeeds in owning a cat, and in disposing of it for a high price to the Barbary king. No doubt the little Arab of Bagdad plays at Haroun al Raschid, and makes up out of his own head a tale of

So it is no wonder that the boys of America delight in being Indians. The condition of the streets and parks near the house where Tom Paulding lived was very well adapted for redskin raids, sudden ambushes, and long scouts after a retreating tribe of hostiles. Rarely a week passed that the Black Band did not go upon the war-path. And it was therefore with no surprise that Tom was called upon by Cissy Smith and Corkscrew Lott, the next Saturday morning, and was by them bidden to hurry over to Morningside Park as soon after dinner as he could.

Tom was kept busy at school during all the week; and Saturday was the only day when he really had any time to himself. In the morning he had usually a few errands to run for his mother and a few chores to do about the house. The afternoon was always his own.

"What are you going to do to-day?" asked Tom.

"We 've got a mighty good idea," Cissy replied. "We are going over to Morningside to play the 'Death of Custer in the Lava Beds.'"

"That is a good scheme," Tom said. "Whose was it?"

"Harry Zachary suggested it," answered Smith. "He said that, if we did, we could have a bully massacre, and that we could pretend to kill them all off one by one."

"Harry has first-rate notions about a good fight," Tom declared. "I 'd like to join in, but I can't."

"Why not?" asked Corkscrew.

"Well," said Tom, with a sense of the importance of the disclosure he was about to make, "I have some business to attend to. You remember that stolen gold I said belonged to us if we could only find it?"

"Yes," Cissy replied.

"Have you found out where it is?" asked Lott, eagerly.

"No," Tom answered, "at least not yet. But my mother has given me all the papers — a whole box full of them — and I'm going over them this afternoon."

"Shucks!" said Cissy scornfully. "If you don't know where the gold is, what's the use of looking for it?"

"I hope to find a clue — that's what the detectives call it, is n't it?" Tom responded.

"All the clues you find," returned Cissy, "you can clue yourself up with! You had better come over to Morningside, instead of staying at home looking at old papers."

"What sort of papers are they?" inquired Lott. "Newspapers?"

"All sorts," Tom replied; "newspapers and old letters and reports; lots and lots of them. I have n't sorted them out yet, but they seem to be very interesting."

"Would you like me to come around and help you?" asked Lott.

"No," responded Tom, "I am going to find that gold myself, if it's to be found at all."

"I don't believe it's to be found at all," said Cissy. "I don't believe there ever was any to be found anywhere. This is just a sort of ghost-story they are fooling you with. I'll tell you what you had better do. You come over with us this afternoon, and we'll let you be Custer."

This was a temptation to Tom, and for a moment he wavered.

"We 'd let you be the Indian Chief, Rain-in-the-Face," Cissy went on, noticing Tom's hesitation, "but Harry said, as he 'd suggested it, he thought he ought to be the Indian chief and lead in the scalping. But you can be Custer, if you 'll come."

"I 'd like to," answered Tom, who had made up his mind now, "but I can't. I'm going over these papers this afternoon."

"If you find out anything, will you tell me?" Lott inquired.

"I 'll see," was Tom's response.

"He'll tell you all he finds out," said Cissy as he rolled away, "and so could I — for he won't find out anything. As I said before, I don't believe there's anything to find out."

This discouraging remark was intended for Tom's ear, and it had its due effect. Tom had a great respect for Cissy Smith's judgment. For a few seconds he wondered whether it was really worth while to give up a beautiful day just to turn over a lot of dusty old papers in the wild hope of finding something which the owner of the papers had ceased to seek long before he died.

But he had made his choice and he stuck to it. After the midday dinner of the family, Tom's resolve was fixed as if it had never faltered. His mother had given him permission to take the box of papers from a trunk in the attic where it had been ever since the death of Nicholas Paulding; and early in the morning he had gone up and opened the trunk and lifted out the box. As soon as he had finished his dinner, he went upstairs to his own room and locked his door. Then he emptied out upon his bed all the papers in the box.

The tumbled heap was about a foot high, and it contained one hundred and twenty-seven separate pieces. There were letters of his great-grandfather's. There were letters from and to his grandfather. There were copies of official documents. There were newspapers, and there were single articles cut from newspapers. There were old maps, marked over with notes in Wyllys Paulding's handwriting. There was a pamphlet printed in London in 1776, and giving a full and detailed account of the taking

of New York by his Majesty's forces. There were several old magazines with descriptions of the events which preceded and followed the battle of Harlem Heights. This pamphlet and these magazines contained notes in red ink by the hand of Wyllys Paulding. Most important of all was a statement, addressed in the handwriting of Tom's great-grandfather, in which Nicholas told his son the whole story of the stolen guineas.

appeared. Tom had to puzzle out and piece together, but at last he got at all the facts so far as it was possible to discover them.

Here, then, is an orderly account of events from the time the treasure came into the possession of Nicholas Paulding to the hour of its disappearance and the disappearance of the man who had stolen it :

When General Washington had his headquarters in New York, after the battle of Long



"TOM HAD TO PUZZLE OUT AND PIECE TOGETHER, BUT AT LAST GOT ALL THE FACTS SO FAR AS IT WAS POSSIBLE TO DISCOVER THEM."

Tom wondered why it was that his grandfather, having taken so much interest in the search for the stolen gold, should have abandoned it suddenly. This wonder, strong in the beginning, kept coming back again and again as Tom pursued his quest ; and it grew stronger with every return. A time was to come when Tom would understand why his grandfather had so suddenly given up the search. For the time, and for a long while afterward, Tom could see no reason for this strange action.

With the aid of the statement Nicholas Paulding had written for Wyllys Paulding, the grandson of the latter was able to learn the exact circumstances under which the money had dis-

appeared. Tom had to puzzle out and piece together, but at last he got at all the facts so far as it was possible to discover them. Here, then, is an orderly account of events from the time the treasure came into the possession of Nicholas Paulding to the hour of its disappearance and the disappearance of the man who had stolen it : When General Washington had his headquarters in New York, after the battle of Long Island, Nicholas Paulding mortgaged his houses and lots near the Battery for the large sum of two thousand guineas. He had great difficulty in getting any one to lend him the money. In those troublous times, when none knew what might be the future of the colonies, few men were willing to part with the gold in their possession. At last, however, Nicholas Paulding found a man willing to let him have the money on his bond and mortgage. This man was a newly arrived German, and his name was Horwitz — Simon Horwitz. He was very particular about the form of the papers ; and even after all the papers had been drawn up to his complete satisfaction, he delayed the payment of the money. It was not until Saturday,

September 14, 1776, when the Continental army was leaving New York, and when the patriots were flocking out of the city, knowing that the British might take possession at any hour—it was not until then that Simon Horwitz finally accepted the bond and mortgage of Nicholas Paulding and paid over the two thousand guineas.

Nicholas Paulding was a very young man, barely of age. He had been at King's College (as Columbia College was then called) with Alexander Hamilton, and he was scarcely second to that great man in devotion to the cause of his country. He had early enrolled himself in Washington's army, and he had been chosen to act as paymaster of a New York regiment. The post was honorable but laborious, for the soldiers would expect their pay regularly and there was little money in the treasury. It was as his contribution to the cost of the struggle for liberty that Nicholas Paulding had borrowed two thousand guineas on the security of his homestead. He intended to devote the money to the payment of the men in his regiment as there might be need.

As soon as he had counted the coins received from Simon Horwitz, Nicholas Paulding tied them up in four canvas bags, sealing the knots with wax, on which he impressed his seal. Then he concealed these bags about his person as best he could. He was a stalwart man, of full stature and unusual strength for his years, but the weight of these bags must have been an inconvenient burden. Two thousand guineas would be worth more than ten thousand dollars; they would be in bulk a little more than a thousand solid eagles; and they would weigh not far from forty pounds.

Early on the morning of Sunday, September 15, the day after Nicholas Paulding had received his money, three British men-of-war sailed boldly by the Battery and entered the Hudson River. Every one knew then that the city was doomed to fall into the hands of the King's forces in a few hours. The American troops made ready to retreat, and there were none to oppose the landing of the British soldiers as they crossed from Long Island under cover of the fire of the fleet. Nicholas Paulding was with some men who made a stand against a regi-

ment of Hessians in the fields across which ran the Boston Road (near what is now the corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-third street). Then the Americans fell back and joined the main body of the Continental army retiring on Harlem Heights. The rain poured in torrents, and there sprang up a chill wind. The men of Paulding's regiment were footsore from their long march when they halted for the night a little above Bloomingdale, and not far from the eight-mile stone.

They found small comfort in their hasty camp, a smoky fire of damp wood, what food they had with them and no more,—no tents and no blankets. Upon the sodden earth they laid them down to sleep; and despite the raging of the storm, most of them were so tired that they slept soundly.

With his fellow-officers, Nicholas Paulding had done his share in seeing to the safety and the comfort of his men. After the sentries were placed, he joined his companions in consultation as to the work for the next day. Then he went to the place set apart for him, before a smoking fire beaten by the pelting rain; and there he lay down to sleep, if he could. A man named Jeffrey Kerr had been serving as paymaster's clerk, and to this fellow Nicholas Paulding had confided the fact that he had two thousand guineas concealed about his person. This Kerr was lying before the camp-fire, apparently asleep, when Nicholas Paulding settled himself for the night; the clerk was wrapped in a huge, loose surtout with enormous pockets.

How long Nicholas Paulding slept he did not know, but he remembered a faint dream of a capture by brigands who felt about his body and robbed him of his treasure. When he slowly awakened he was being turned from his side over to his back, and some one was loosening the belt which sustained the bags of guineas. The night was blacker than ever, and the rain was pouring down in sheets. Still almost asleep, he resisted drowsily and gripped the belt with his hands. When the belt was pulled from his grasp he awoke and sprang to his feet. In the black darkness before him he could see nothing; but his hand, extended at a venture, clasped a rough coat.

Then there came a dazzling flash of lightning, and Nicholas Paulding found himself face to face with the man Kerr, who had hold of the belt and the four pendent bags of treasure. The two men were almost in the center of the storm; the lightning had struck a tree between them and the British troops; but before the clap of thunder followed the flash, Jeffrey Kerr smote the man he was trying to rob and forced him to let go the coat. Whether Kerr had seized a limb of a tree lying there ready for the fire, or whether he had used as a weapon the belt itself with the treasure-bags attached, the robbed man never knew.

Nicholas Paulding was stunned for a moment, but he soon recovered and gave the alarm. As the thief passed the sentry he was fired at, but in the dense darkness the shot went wide of its mark, and Kerr rushed on through the lines of the American army.

He was familiar with the region. He had been a clerk with Colonel Morris at the Red Mill, and knew every foot of that part of Manhattan Island. It was well for him that he did, else he never could have escaped from his pursuers, in spite of the blackness of the night. He was within thirty yards of a second sentry when another flash of lightning revealed him again.

The soldier fired at once. There was a slight cry of pain; but the man could not have been wounded severely, since Nicholas Paulding, with a company of the men of his regiment, carefully examined the ground where Kerr had stood at the moment of firing, and thence down a hundred yards or so, to a little brook, which divided the lines of the Americans from the British, and across which it was not safe to venture, even if the rain-storm had not so swollen the stream as to make a crossing dangerous in the darkness.

And after that hour Nicholas Paulding had no news of his treasure, and no man ever laid eyes on Jeffrey Kerr.

The morning following the robbery, there was fought the Battle of Harlem Heights, which was a decided victory for the Continental army.

Encouraged greatly by the result of this fight, the American forces lay intrenched on Harlem Heights for three weeks, facing the British troops, separated from them by barely

three hundred yards, the width of the little valley of Manhattanville. During these three weeks, Nicholas Paulding made every possible search for the man who had robbed him, but without learning anything. From prisoners taken during the Battle of Harlem Heights he inquired whether any deserter had been received in the British lines on the night of September 15, but he could hear of none.

A month later most of Washington's army was marched away from Manhattan Island, to do its part in the long and bloody struggle of the Revolution.

For seven years Nicholas Paulding did not set foot in the city of New York, which was held for George III. until the close of the war.

When the cause of the patriots had triumphed, and the British troops had departed, Nicholas Paulding seems to have made but few inquiries after his stolen guineas. Apparently, in the wanderings and hardships of the Continental army, he had made up his mind that the money was gone and that any further effort was useless. Besides, he did not feel any pressing need of it, as he made money after the war was over, being able to buy lands and to build the house where his descendants were to live during the most of the next century.

But early in this century, when Wyllys, Nicholas Paulding's only son and Tom's grandfather, was nearing manhood, the tide of fortune turned and several successive investments were most unfortunate. Long before the war of 1812 the lost two thousand guineas would have been very welcome again. Even then Nicholas Paulding seemed to take little interest in the quest—at least all the correspondence was carried on by Wyllys. The statement of the circumstances of the robbery written by Nicholas bore an indorsement that it was drawn up “at the Special Request of my Son, Wyllys Paulding, Esq.”

The first thing Wyllys Paulding tried to do was to hunt down Jeffrey Kerr; but he had no better luck than his father. Tom found among the papers two letters which showed how carefully Wyllys had conducted the search. One was from the British officer who had commanded the King's troops encamped opposite the regiment in which Nicholas Paulding served

on the night of Sunday, September 15, 1776. This letter was dated London, October 10, 1810; and in it the British officer declared that he remembered distinctly the night before the Battle of Harlem Heights, and that he was certain that if a deserter had entered their lines that night he would surely recall it; but he had no such recollection; and on looking in the journal which he had kept all through the war, from his landing in New York to the surrender at Saratoga, he found no account there of any deserter having come in on the night in question; and he felt certain, therefore, that Kerr had not been received by his Majesty's forces. This letter was indorsed, in Wylls's handwriting:

"A Courteous Epistle: the Writer, having survived the seven years of the Revolution and the Continental Wars of Buonaparte, was killed at the Battle of New Orleans."

The second of these letters was from a clergyman at New London, evidently a very old man, judging by the shaky handwriting. It was dated February 22, 1811. The writer declared that he had known Jeffrey Kerr as a boy in New London, where he was born, and that even as a boy Kerr was not trusted. His fellow-townsmen had been greatly surprised when they heard in 1776 that he was appointed paymaster's clerk, and they had remarked then that it was just the position he would have chosen for himself. The news of his robbery of his superior and of his flight had caused no wonder; it was exactly what was expected. Kerr had not been seen by any of his townsmen since he had left New London to join the army, and nothing had ever been heard of him. There was a general belief that he was dead; and this ripened into certainty when the wife he had left behind him inherited a fortune and he never came back to share it with her. The wife was firmly convinced that she was a widow; and so, in 1787, she had married again.

Upon this letter Wylls Paulding had indorsed, "Can the man have been shot the night he stole the money? We know he did not reach the British lines, and now we are told that he never returned home, though he had every reason to do so. Well, if he be dead, where is our money?"

Among the other papers were cuttings from

Rivington's New York Gazetteer or the Connecticut, New Jersey, Hudson's River and Quebec Weekly Advertiser; a folded sheet of paper on which was written "Notes of Horwitz's confession, Dec. 13, 1811," but which was blank on the other side (nor could Tom find any writing which might seem to belong within the cover of this paper); a letter from a fellow-officer of Nicholas Paulding's who was with him on the night of the robbery and who set forth the circumstances very much as Nicholas himself had already recorded them; and, most important of all, a rough outline map of the positions of the American and British troops on the night of September 15, 1776. This map had been sketched from memory by Nicholas Paulding, whose name it bore, with the date January, 1810.

On this map Nicholas had marked in red ink his own position when he was robbed, and the positions of the two sentries who had fired at Jeffrey as the thief fled in the darkness.

There were many other papers in the box besides those here mentioned, but the most of them did not seem to have anything to do with the stolen money.

There were not a few letters in answer to inquiries about Jeffrey Kerr; there were many newspapers and cuttings from newspapers; and there were all sorts of odds and ends, memoranda, and stray notes—such, for instance, as a calculation of the exact weight of two thousand guineas.

Tom went through them all, laying aside those which seemed to contain anything of importance. When he had examined every paper in the heap on his bed, he had two piles of documents before him: one was large and contained the less important papers and newspapers; the other was smaller, as it held only those of real importance.

Tom took the papers in the smaller heap and set out to arrange them in order by their dates.

When this was done he made a curious discovery. They were all the work of little more than two years.

Wylls Paulding seemed to have started out to search late in 1809—and there was no document of any kind bearing date in 1812. Although he had not found what he was seeking and what he had sought most diligently at



JEFFREY KERR FIRED UPON BY THE SECOND SENTRY.

least for two years, it seemed as if he had suddenly tired and desisted from his quest.

So it was when Tom Paulding went to bed that night he had three questions to which he could find no answers:

I. What became of Jeffrey Kerr?

II. If Kerr was killed, what became of the two thousand guineas?

III. Why did Wylls Paulding suddenly abandon all effort to find the stolen money?

(To be continued.)

PINK THE GOWN



BY MARY DAVEY.

“OH, what a lovely old gown!” cried Alice.

That morning Grandmama had given us the long-sought permission to rummage through the old chest, and, after a slight examination of its treasures, Alice and I had borne it triumphantly from its resting-place in the garret down into the pleasant sewing-room, where Grandmama sat mending stockings.

Now Grandmama is a very prim old lady, sweet and neat, and dainty as can be, but still rather precise and severely plain in everything; and this frivolous, fussy little costume, with its low-cut neck, trimmed with many rows of dainty lace, and little more than a few flounces of lace to serve as sleeves—no, nothing about the little dress seemed at all like the Grandmama we know.

The dear old lady had only smiled and nodded as, one after another, we had drawn the old-fashioned, Quaker-like frocks from out their bed of camphor-scented newspapers, dated—ages ago! They seemed quite natural, the

modest gray and brown skirts, and plain waists, and the strong aprons. But this showy gown? This delicate pink silk!

“Why, Grandmama!” I cried, “when did you wear this lovely little gown?”

“Do, dear Grandmama, tell us!” pleaded Alice, posing before the mirror with the basque held up before her.

And so we coaxed; and Grandmama, who, like all good old ladies, never refuses anything her grandchildren ask, let her busy hands fall idly upon the work-basket in her lap, and, with a hint of a tremor in her gentle voice, exclaimed:

“Now, girls! To think that you should remind me of my wickedness after all these years!”

The idea of Grandmama ever having been wicked was too funny! But here is her story:

It was more than fifty years ago, my dears, when I wore that gown. I wore it only once, and many a bitter tear and sleepless night it

cost me. For a long time I kept it hanging in my closet where I could see it, to punish myself with a constant reminder of my wrongdoing. Then after a while I felt punished enough, and so I put it carefully away, and — dear me! it seems only yesterday!

We were living in Woodbarrow, my brother

assistant, and many a night was spent in watching at the bedside of some poor sufferer, after the day had been filled with anxious care and labor.

My old nurse, Milly, was housekeeper, and by and by I grew big enough and old enough to take some of the household duties upon my own shoulders. I used to go to school in the



GRANDMA TELLS THE STORY OF THE PINK GOWN.

Henry (your grand-uncle) and I. Poor as we were, I never felt the loss of parents, he was so thoughtful, so industrious, so tender and kind.

At the time of my story, he was just beginning his practice as a physician. Woodbarrow was small and the people were poor, and so Henry had to struggle, in spite of the good will of his friends. He could n't afford to employ an

morning; at four o'clock in the afternoon I returned, and then I would help Milly and look after the mending, and often Henry and I would spend a happy hour in chatting or reading aloud before I began my lessons for the coming day.

One summer a rich family named Norton came to board at the little hotel in the village.

Mrs. Norton was recovering from an illness caused by grief over the death of her little son, and the physician had ordered quiet and seclusion; and so to Woodbarrow they came—Mr. and Mrs. Norton; George, a son about eighteen years of age; and Clara, the daughter. Clara was a year younger than George, very pretty, with laughing blue eyes and curly hair.

Well, we young people soon came to know one another, and Clara and I became great friends. Of course there was no school in summer-time; and so I often spent hours at the hotel with my new chum, and Clara would often return home with me and stay until it was quite dark, when George would come to take her back to the hotel.

Mrs. Norton was very kind, and gentle, and dignified, and I remember how delighted I was when she herself begged Henry to let me go to them in the city for the Christmas holidays. Of course Henry consented; and soon after that the Nortons left Woodbarrow and school began again. But no matter how busy the days were, I found myself constantly looking forward to that wonderful visit to town which every day brought nearer. Clara and I corresponded regularly; and one day in the early part of December I received a letter.

Here Grandmama paused and looked up. "Minnie, my dear, just put your hand in the pocket of the skirt; I think you will find the letter there, and you may read it aloud."

Sure enough, there was the letter, yellow and faded, but the writing plain as could be. "Dearest Anna," said the letter, "you must surely be here by the 20th. It is George's birthday, you know, and mama feels so much better that we have decided to give our usual party. Mama will write to the doctor and beg him to let you come. Already we have a number of people staying here, and besides the party we will have all sorts of things going on. Now let me hear at once. Yours affectionately, Clara." Grandmama went on.

Well, next day Henry received the letter which I had expected from Mrs. Norton, asking him to let me come. I was wild with joy and excitement. My little box was packed

and sent to the station and Henry's gig stood before the door, and I was all ready in my best winter frock and fur tippet and muff. Milly came out to say good-by, and the sun was shining brightly on the snow-covered trees and making the icicles sparkle as if the garden fence were hung with brilliant gems.

"Take good care of everything," I said to Milly.

Off we started, and just as we turned the corner I took a last look at the little cottage and waved my hand to Milly, who stood on the porch holding her shawl about her head. Ah! I little guessed with what a heavy heart I should return, and how dreary this same scene would look.

"Good-by, my dear little sister," said Henry fondly, holding me close to him just for a moment after the shout of "All aboard!" My heart gave a sudden, painful throb. I was leaving Henry for the first time! In my thoughtlessness and selfishness, I had forgotten everything in anticipation of my own gaiety and pleasure, and now I remembered that I was leaving my dear, gentle, hard-working Henry to spend his Christmas alone.

"Henry, dear," I cried, with a quick sense of self-reproach, "I'm leaving you all alone and you look so tired and thin—I—I've been so selfish, I had n't noticed it before. Oh, Henry! I *don't* want to go!"

"All aboard!" shouted the guard again.

"Let go, little girl," laughed Henry, and, loosing my nervous clasp, he sprang from the platform, and though I looked out of my window and waved my handkerchief, I could n't see him through the tears that filled my eyes.

But before long my natural gaiety triumphed, and my heart was beating with happy excitement as the train reached the great station. In the crowd I could see both Clara and George.

"Here she is!" cried Clara. "Mama would have come to meet you, but she is so busy; there are no end of people at the house. Oh! I'm *so* glad to see you, dear!"

I must confess that in my ill-fitting gown I felt a little dowdyish and countrified beside Clara, who looked so stylish and elegant in her rich velvet and costly furs.

"Welcome, my dear," said Mrs. Norton,

in her soft, gentle manner, meeting us in the hallway.

It was a large and beautiful house.

"Come up, dear!" cried Clara; "this way! Your room is next to mine. Is n't that nice?"

stand unopened for a while, wishing Clara would go away that I might unpack its plain contents unobserved.

"Are n't you going to take out your things?" asked Clara, innocently.



"AS WE TURNED THE CORNER I TOOK A LAST LOOK AT THE LITTLE COTTAGE."

And there is a door between, so we can talk as late as ever we like."

Such a pretty, dainty room! Such warm, rich curtains and soft rugs! Such a cosy rocker! Such a dear, little dressing-table, and, best of all, such a bright, glorious fire! Clara's room beyond was, to me, a perfect marvel of luxury. Presently Harris, a colored servant, came up with my trunk. I told him where to set it down, and then, I am ashamed to say, I let it

Oh, what a miserable little coward I was! There was nothing to be ashamed of. My clothes were neat and in good order. Clara knew that I was poor. I had not expected to feel so.

"You see I have n't brought much," I said. This was something very like a fib. If I had not brought many things, I had at least brought all I had.

"Dear me!" cried Clara, "six o'clock! It

is time to dress for dinner. Do let your hair hang in the way I like, dear. I have spoken so much of you, and I want you to look your prettiest."

Clara tripped into her room, leaving the door open, and chatted gaily all the while; and, peeping through, I could see a beautiful costume spread out upon the snowy bed.

I had taken off my traveling-gown, and was about to put on a house dress of gray cloth which had seemed quite handsome at home.

Presently Clara appeared at the door arrayed in the gorgeous gown I had seen lying on the bed. It was a rich velvet of dark blue with wide bands of lace at the wrists and neck. Clara was very vain and very much spoiled, and I really believe that she took some pleasure in flaunting her riches.

Well, I put on my little house gown, which Henry had thought so pretty, and crept meekly down the broad stairway beside my handsome young hostess.

"Dear me! How is this?" said Mrs. Norton, as we entered the drawing-room. There was no mistaking her look of displeasure when she glanced at Clara's gown.

"How sweet you look, my dear," she said, holding out her soft white hand to me. Then she talked of Woodbarrow and Henry, and I found myself becoming quite at ease, until one after another the young people who were visiting at the house strolled into the room, when I began to feel very strange and insignificant, and countrified, and homesick.

After dinner there was music, and Clara begged me to sing.

"Oh, please don't ask me!" I whispered.

"But I *will* ask you, and you must sing," cried Clara, gaily.

Mrs. Norton looked up smiling.

"Indeed, I wish you would," she said kindly. "Don't you remember that little Scotch ballad I liked so much last summer?"

So there was nothing for me to do but sing, and, after all, my singing seemed to please them very much. There was quite a murmur of applause when I left the piano, and my heart bounded with pleasure. Presently I began to creep out of my shell, and after a while I found myself laughing and chatting as gaily as the rest.

Then somebody proposed a dance. Away went tables and chairs; the waltz began, and the room was filled with merry dancers. I was as lively as any one, and danced so steadily that by and by I grew dizzy and tired, and dropped into a cozy window-seat, and felt quite proud and grown-up, you may be sure, as my partner stood before me, smiling, and complimenting me, and fanning me.

"Do please get me a glass of water," I asked, gasping a little; and the courteous young man went off to do my bidding, while I closed my eyes and doubted if I were really the same girl who, at this very hour the evening before, had been wiping the dishes for Milly in the quiet little kitchen at Woodbarrow. It was quite dark in my corner, and I was lost in my thoughts when I suddenly heard my own name. Some people were talking quite close to me; only the curtain which divided from the room the inclosure made by the bow of the window was between the speaker and myself.

"Oh, yes. Herron—that's her name. A pretty little thing, but very dowdy, don't you think?" I recognized the voice of one of the young ladies who had praised my singing.

"She is very rustic," was the reply. "I wonder how the Nortons picked her up? Did you ever see such a fright of a gown in your life?"

And then they laughed. I did n't hear more; my heart was in my throat; I had a wild desire to rush out of the house and fly home to Henry and Milly. The young man came back with the water, but I am afraid I forgot to thank him.

As soon as I felt my face growing cooler, I marched out boldly and went over to where Mrs. Norton was sitting.

"Well, my dear Anna, what is it?" she asked.

"Please," I said, trying hard to keep my voice from trembling—"please, may I go upstairs? I—I—I have been dancing too much, I am afraid."

Mrs. Norton said, "Certainly," and bade me "good-night" very kindly.

I walked sedately out of the parlor, but flew up the stairs like mad, and, after taking a long and bitter view of myself in the mirror, threw myself on the bed in a passion of weeping.

I was angry with myself for coming among all these grand people; and, worse than that, I was angry at Henry—dear, gentle, patient Henry!

“He should have known better!” I sobbed; “he should have told me what to expect, and then I would n’t have come—I would n’t! I would n’t!”

The door opened suddenly and Clara rustled in.

“Why, Anna, what is the matter?” she cried.

“I’m—I’m homesick!” I muttered, burying my head in the pillow.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” said Clara in her pretty, airy way. “Mama said you were ill, and so I came up directly. But I knocked and knocked, and I—suppose you did n’t hear me?”

“No,” I said sullenly, “I have been goose enough to cry.”

“Well, I sha’n’t go down again, anyway,” declared Clara.

So Clara gave the fire a little poke, which sent the flames leaping as if they had been suddenly wakened from sleep; and she moved about briskly, taking off the handsome gown and chatting in a merry way as she arranged her hair. I know she meant to be kind and hoped to cheer me. Everything was so pretty, and bright, and cozy; the fire crackled, and Clara’s laugh rang out, and I gradually felt my bad humor melting under the pleasant influences.

“Do you know,” exclaimed Clara, making a pretty picture in the doorway, with her bright hair falling in golden waves over her snowy gown—“do you know you have made quite an impression? The Curtis girls and their brother are quite wild about you. They have a box at the opera for to-morrow evening and I promised that we would go with them, you and I.” Clara laughed. “I knew you would like it, and Mrs. Curtis is going, and they will call for us, of course.”

The opera! My heart bounded with delight. But then in a moment I felt the blood surging up into my face again, and my heart gave another leap which was very far from pleasant.

“But, Clara—” I began; then I stopped and

made a sudden determination. I had only one evening gown. It was of some soft white material, inexpensive, but fresh and pretty, and Henry had given me a satin sash to wear with it. Of course I had intended it for the coming party.

Now, I saw that I could not possibly go to the opera in the frock I had on, so I suddenly made up my mind to wear my party gown at the opera, and then—well, then let the party take care of itself! If the worst came to the worst, and I really felt too much ashamed to wear the same gown again, I could make an excuse and go home. The party was ten days off, anyway, and meanwhile I determined to enjoy the opera.

The next day passed very pleasantly, and at last it was time to dress for the opera.

“Don’t wait, Rosanna,” said Clara to the colored maid who had put her things in readiness. “That will do, I can get on very well by myself.”

Rosanna left the room.

“What are you going to wear?” asked Clara, and I knew from the tone of the question that she was curious.

“Oh, just a simple white thing, I think,” I replied with a grand air, as if I had dozens of party frocks. The “simple white thing” did look very pretty, and I took a few white roses from the bouquet that Mrs. Norton had given me and pinned them at the bodice. When Clara came in she looked at me with surprise and pleasure.

“Oh, how sweet you do look!” she exclaimed. “Come, you must show yourself to mama.”

I laughed merrily, and we both tripped away to Mrs. Norton’s room. She kissed me and told me I looked as fresh and pretty as a little flower, and then she threw a long, soft, warm, blue cloak over my shoulders. I had forgotten all about a cloak.

“There,” said my kind friend pleasantly, “this was to have been my Christmas present to you, my dear, but I know what a vain little creature you are, and wondered if you would n’t like it to wear to-night.”

It was a very thoughtful gift, and made in such a pretty, cordial way that I could not feel any mortification. Presently we heard a car-

riage drive up, and Mrs. Curtis and her son were announced.

My head was in a delightful whirl as Clara and I rustled down the stairs. I seemed to myself to be one of the heroines of the romantic tales I was so fond of reading, and I drew my beautiful cloak about me with a grand air.

When we arrived in the box we found that the rest of the party (Mr. Curtis and his two daughters) were awaiting us. I was very much astonished to recognize in the younger daughter the same young lady who had called my gown "a fright" the night before.

"What will she say *now*?" I asked myself proudly, giving my head a toss and carelessly throwing off my cloak.

But presently I forgot all about myself. The lights, and the music, and the flashing jewels bewildered me. I had never been in such a place before, and I could n't help catching at Clara's arm convulsively and whispering, "Oh, Clara, is n't it magnificent?" though I foolishly tried hard to look indifferent and as if I had been used to such things all my life.

As I lay in bed that night, after we had taken leave of our friends, I began to feel very uncomfortable. Now, nobody whose opinion was worth caring for would have thought any the less of me for wearing my little white gown again to the party; but I was so foolish, and so vain, and so afraid that the fine people would say I was "dowdy" and "countrified," and that those haughty Curtis girls would smile when they saw that I had only one evening gown, and—oh, dear me, no! I could n't think of wearing it again.

So I tossed about and gazed mournfully into the fire—which had left off crackling, and had sunk into a glowing stillness, as if it knew that it was time for sleep.

"I 'll make an excuse and go home the day after to-morrow," I finally resolved, and that was the last thought I remember.

Here Grandmama had to stop for a while, for the tea-bell rang; but after tea we gathered about her again and she went on with the story:

"Come, come, you lazy girl!" cried a merry voice, as I opened my eyes next morning. Clara was standing near my bed fully dressed.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, sitting up and rubbing my eyes, "what time is it?"

"Ever so late. Do jump up and hurry. You know we are to go to the shops and the dress-maker's this morning."

"My head aches," I said dolefully, as I crept out of bed.

I did n't want to go to the shops or to the dressmaker's. I knew that Clara was going to try on her gown which was being made for the party, and I felt miserable and cross, and wished I had not come at all. But there was no getting out of it; so, shortly after breakfast, Clara and I went off in the carriage. Clara chatted all the way, but I leaned my head against the cushion and absently watched the falling snow and the brisk, hurrying crowd of people.

"Here we are," cried Clara, as the coachman pulled up his horses near a very handsome establishment, before which numbers of carriages were waiting.

"Ah, *bon jour, bon jour, mesdemoiselles!*" cried a little black-eyed Frenchwoman, who stood in the center of a room filled with girls busily sewing and draping the lay figures that stood about.

"Ze costume eez almost finish, mademoiselle," continued the little woman, "and, ah, it is beautiful—*charmante!*" Then she turned to one of her assistants and told her to bring "ze blue costume of mademoiselle."

"But, ah!" she exclaimed, when the girl had gone to do her bidding, "I am in such difficultee. A young lady has just treat me mos' unjustlee. Come, mademoiselle, and you also, mademoiselle," bowing to me, "I beg you will give me your opinions. Is not zis costume beautiful, also?"

The queer little woman then removed a white cloth covering one of the long poles on which the gowns were exhibited, and there was—the pink gown!

Oh, that pink gown! There it was hanging so gracefully, and the lace looked so fresh. Oh, dear me, I must have been a vain and silly girl in those days! Clara and I both thought it beautiful indeed.

"Ah," said the little Frenchwoman, "I knew mademoiselle would like it. And, do you know, ze young lady for whom ze costume was

made, she refuse it, because she inseeit it is not as directed. Zat also is not true, mademoiselle; but I can do not'ing, and I have all my trouble and ze rich gown upon my hands for not'ing. You see it is so small! It will not fit every one. Ah, mademoiselle!" she exclaimed, suddenly turning her keen bright eyes on me, "you are *petite*, so very tiny," smiling at me, "perhaps you would purchase ze costume, mademoiselle? Oh, indeed, I will sell it vairy, vairy cheap!"

My cheeks began to tingle. I had no money, excepting the few dollars which poor Henry had found it difficult enough to give me, and had put under my plate as a surprise, on the morning when I left home.

"Oh, Anna," cried Clara in raptures, "how lovely you would look in it!"

"The costume would be a great bargain, mademoiselle, I assure you," continued the dressmaker temptingly.

"But—but—you know, Clara—" I began falteringly.

Indeed, I had not the least idea of being able to buy the gown. How could I, with no money? But somehow I could n't say "No" at once and firmly.

"What are you going to wear for the party?" Clara asked in a whisper.

"I don't know," I said faintly; "I thought perhaps I—I—would—"

"Oh," she broke in, "this would be so lovely! It would make a sensation, and think how well it would look beside my blue! If only you could take it!"

I felt how foolish all this was, and suddenly exclaimed rather sharply, "Clara, you know very well I cannot afford to take the gown; I—I—have n't money enough with me."

"But would n't your brother—" began Clara, when the keen little Frenchwoman interrupted her.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "if mademoiselle will but take ze gown, ze bill it can wait. It is not necessaire zat I inseeit a friend of Mademoiselle Norton, who is one of my best customers, to pay immediately. I can send ze bill to ze brother of ze young lady, later. Indeed, I should be charmed to see mademoiselle in ze beautiful costume."

I do not know what evil spirit crept into my conscience and held it silent while I asked nervously:

"What is the price?"

"Ze price, mademoiselle?" said the sharp little creature. "Ah, I will give it to you at ze great reduction, simply to get it off my hands. Ze price was eighty dollar, but I give it to mademoiselle for fifty!"

"Only fifty dollars for that lovely gown!" cried Clara, turning to me.

I felt myself growing cold all over. Fifty dollars! I had never even seen so much money in my life! Oh, dear me! Where was my vanity leading me?

I had a sudden vision of myself arrayed in this dainty silk and lace. I trembled with pleasure as I imagined the astonished glance of the Curtis girls, who had called me a "dowdy" and said I was "rustic." And then—and then perhaps my godmother would send me a present of money, as she had done last year at Christmas; besides, I had been so very economical for a long time, and I deserved a little something, and—and I would be still more saving, and I would make it up to Henry; I would n't ask for anything new for a year, no, not even a pair of shoes, and, and—

"Will mademoiselle take ze gown, and such a bargain?"

I looked at Clara weakly for a moment and then stammered:

"Y-e-s,—I—I think I will take it."

Clara was delighted.

"Ah, zat is right!" exclaimed the dressmaker; "and now we must try it on, perhaps some slight alteration is necessaire."

I stood meekly while the Frenchwoman and her assistant put the gown upon me. I had taken it, I could not retreat now, and I was very much frightened.

"Lovely, lovely!" cried Clara.

They all admired me, and indeed the dress fitted me perfectly. I began to grow braver as I looked at myself in the long mirror and drank in the praises of my admirers.

Clara's dress was then brought in, and I was delighted that mine was quite as handsome.

"As to ze bill," said the dressmaker who had so skilfully disposed of the gown, "if you will

give me the address of your brother, mademoiselle, I will send it, say — in a month from now?"

A month would do, I thought. I would have plenty of time to confess all about it to Henry, and also to begin the economy which was to atone for my present extravagance. So I gave her Henry's name and address; and Clara and I drove off in high spirits, after it had

At last the long looked for night came. The guests were arriving, and Clara and I took our places beside Mrs. Norton. They had all told me how beautiful my gown was, and my foolish little head was completely turned by all the compliments I had received.

"You are lovelier than any one here," whispered Clara. "Just see how astonished Julia Curtis is! I suppose that she thinks country

girls can't get themselves up in city fashion!"

Ah, well, I have no mind to talk much about the party. The night passed very pleasantly; and when Clara and I crept wearily to bed, after the gay music ended, and the crowds were dispersed, and the lights burned dim, my ears still rang with flattering things that had been spoken into them. But when I had put out the light and thrown aside my gorgeous robe, and pulled up the shade to look at the quiet street, and watch the



"I BEGAN TO GROW BRAVER AS I LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE LONG MIRROR."

been decided that the bill was not to be sent to Woodbarrow until a month from the day I bought it.

Next day our gowns came home; and from that moment until the night of the party I was wildly happy and dreadfully miserable by turns. Whenever I got a letter from Henry, I felt, oh! so guilty. And Milly wrote to me too, and told me how they missed me at home, and how Henry tried to be cheerful when he came in tired at night, "with no little sister to meet him."

soft moonlight shining so peacefully on the snow, I suddenly felt a great lump come into my throat, and hot tears began to drip, drip, slowly down my cheeks, as I thought of Henry, perhaps at this moment sitting patiently over his books alone in his little office; and of the quiet kitchen which Milly always left in perfect order when she went to bed; and of the great old clock ticking solemnly away on the mantel, and of pussy purring contentedly or sleeping heavily on the hearth. Oh! I

did feel so ashamed and unworthy, and I wanted to go home and beg forgiveness.

The whistle sounded shrilly, the train pulled into the little station, and there stood Henry, waiting on the platform with a happy, eager look in his kind eyes.

"Welcome home, little sister," he cried. "But come, what 's the matter?"

I was crying like a baby.

"Oh, Henry, I 'm—I 'm so glad to get home! Don't, don't ever let me go away from you again! Please, please, never again!"

Henry smiled and helped me into the gig. It was a cold, gloomy day, and my heart was heavy as we went through the familiar streets and passed the well-known houses. Milly stood on the veranda to welcome me, and old Rover gave a great howl of pleasure and almost knocked me down in the joy of his greeting.

Nothing was changed in the little house. It almost seemed as if I had not been away; but somehow I, myself, seemed different.

I disliked to open my trunk when it was brought up to my room. I never wished to see the hateful pink gown again, and yet the bill was coming, and I must tell Henry all about it.

"But not quite yet," I said to myself; "I won't spoil my first days at home. There are two weeks left before the bill comes, and I shall have plenty of time."

So, after supper that night, I found myself sitting in my rocker with my work-basket in my lap, and Henry was putting some papers in order. It was all so peaceful and happy.

If I could only put the recollection of that dreadful bill out of my head for a little while! But I could n't, I could n't!

"Well, little girl," said Henry, neatly folding the papers, "I 'm glad to see you home again. I would n't write you how I missed you. I wanted you to enjoy yourself. But now I confess that even home was a dreary place without my little sunbeam."

I looked up quickly and gave his hand a pat.

"I did want to send you your Christmas present, dear; but I was afraid my poor little gift would look queer among all the fine presents I knew you would receive."

"Henry!" I exclaimed reproachfully.

"Oh, I knew," he laughed—"I knew you would n't be ashamed of it; but, after all, I thought it would be pleasanter to hand it to you myself, when you came home, with my love and blessing." Henry had risen and come over near me, and now he handed me a pretty box. Inside were a dozen pairs of warm, knitted stockings, a dozen dainty handkerchiefs, and two pairs of kid gloves.

"You see, little girl," he said gently, "it 's been a rather hard winter. Things have been going wrong, and I have had no end of worries to pull through. That 's why, dear, I could n't send you something pretty, and had to get these everyday things that are necessary. But some day my sister shall have the prettiest laces and ribbons to be bought in the village!"

I felt the tears coming, and could n't look up until Henry had gone back to his work.

Then I took a long look at him. I saw that he was pale and seemed overworked, and his coat was very, very shiny and his shoes had been carefully patched,—and then suddenly I realized how good he was and how wicked I had been; how he always denied himself that I might have all that I needed; and how ungrateful I had been in adding another burden to his already heavily laden shoulders, simply because of my miserable vanity.

I thanked him humbly for the presents, and crept up to bed. I was very unhappy, and sobbed myself to sleep.

All this time the pink gown lay in my trunk. I would not have let Milly see it for anything in the world.

So the days passed, and every day the coming of the bill approached, and still I could not bring myself to speak.

One day something happened which terrified me, and which made my confession harder than ever. It was at breakfast, when Milly came in with a letter for Henry. I had made up my mind to speak that morning, and was making a great effort to get my courage up, when Milly handed him the letter.

He opened it quickly, and suddenly a flush covered his face, and he put his hand up to his head as if he felt some pain.

"What is it, Henry?" I cried in fear.

"Nothing, nothing, my child," he said heavily,—“at least nothing that I need trouble you with.”

In a moment I was at his side, and begging him to tell me what the letter contained. He took my face between his hands and looked at me earnestly.

"I 'm in trouble, little one," he said. "You see I have a bill to meet next week, and I was depending upon a certain amount which is owing to me to pay it. Well, the man who owes the money writes that it is impossible to pay just now. That 's all, little girl. It rather upset me at first, but I 'll see what else can be done."

I trembled from head to foot, and as soon as I could I rushed away to my room.

What could I do? What could I say? Oh, if I had only made a clean breast of it at first! Now, it was so much harder.

Six days, seven days passed; and still I had not spoken. I was too much of a coward. I could not confess.

Henry worked night and day, and I knew he was greatly troubled. Oh, what miserable, wretched days they were! At last came the last day before the bill was to arrive. I was in a perfect fever of fear and despair. I sat up in my room after coming home from school and said I was ill,—which was the truth, indeed,—and at last I resolved to speak to Henry the moment he returned, and to tell him everything.

I waited for hours, and it began to get dark. At last I heard Henry's familiar step crunching the snow. I bathed my face and smoothed my hair, and made a great effort to seem calm as I went down the stairs.

It was quite late. Henry was leaning on the mantel looking into the fire, with troubled eyes, and he had not lighted the lamp. He turned as I opened the door.

"Oh, here you are!" he said pleasantly, "I 've got—" then he felt in his coat-pocket, "I was just going to—" but before he could say more, I clasped his hands in mine, and was sobbing as if my heart would break.

"No, no, don't speak to me!" I cried wildly. "Let me hide my face here and tell you everything. I don't ask forgiveness; I can't ask it. I only want to confess."

And then with tears and choking sobs I told him all about the pink gown, and my vanity and deceit, and the bill that was coming the next day.

There was a long pause after I had finished my story, broken only by my own sobs and the solemn ticking of the kitchen clock, which we could hear plainly. Henry stood quietly, still looking into the fire, and I waited, penitent and miserable, not daring to raise my eyes.

Presently, without a word, he went over to the table and lighted the lamp. Then he said, very gently: "Here is a letter for you, Anna; I got it this evening at the post-office."

Trembling, I rose and took the letter. My eyes were blinded with tears, and my hands were shaking. I was about to put the letter aside,—I did not care from whom it might be,—when Henry's quiet voice again said, "Why not open your letter, Anna?"

My hands still trembling, I broke the seal. I pulled out a folded letter, and a bit of paper, which was inclosed, fell to the floor. I stooped and picked it up, and the light of the lamp fell upon it.

It was a check for one hundred dollars!

"Henry!" I gasped. I could n't believe my eyes; I was afraid I was dreaming.

Again Henry spoke, "Read the letter, dear."

I looked at him; I saw that he knew what it contained.

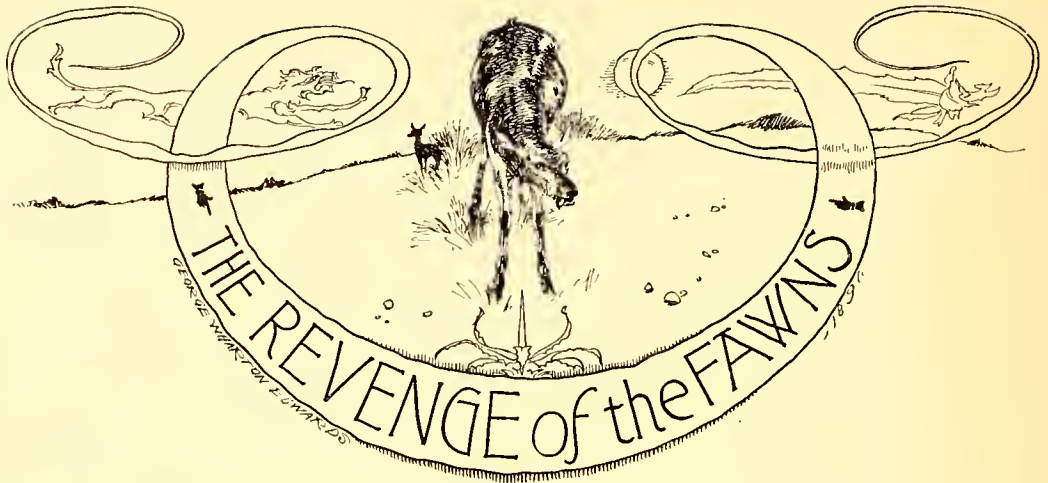
"Yes," he said, answering my look, "it 's from your godmother. She wrote me also by the same mail, and said she had sent it."

"Little one, you have been punished enough," he said, smiling fondly at me. With a sob, I knelt beside him, and he smoothed my hair lovingly till I was comforted.

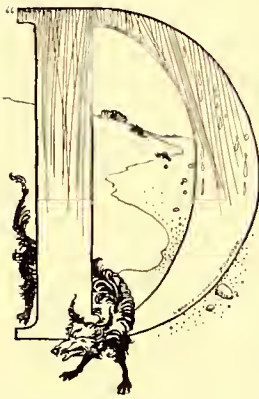
"My dear Anna," ran godmother's letter, "from all reports, I understand that you have been conducting yourself in a very proper and praiseworthy manner during the past year. Henry informs me that you are diligent, economical, and not at all frivolous." (Here Grand-mama winced a little.) "Accept the enclosed with my blessing. Your affectionate

"GODMOTHER."

And that 's the story of the pink gown.



BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



“ON CARLOS,” said Vitorino, throwing another log upon the fire, which caught his tall shadow and twisted it and set it to dancing against the rocky walls of the cañon in which we were camped for the night, “did you ever hear why the wolf and the deer are enemies?” And as he spoke he stretched out near me, looking up into my face to see if I were going to be interested.

A few years ago it would have frightened me very seriously to find myself thus, alone in one of the remotest corners of New Mexico save for that swarthy face peering up into mine by the weird light of the camp-fire. A stern, quiet but manly face it seems to me now; but once I would have thought it a very savage one, with its frame of jet-black hair, its piercing eyes, and the broad streak of red paint across its cheeks. By this time, however, having lived long among the kindly Pueblos of the Southwest, I had shaken off that strange, ignorant prejudice against all that is unknown, which seems to be inborn in each of us, and wondered that I could ever have believed in that brutal maxim, worthy only of worse than savages, that “A

good Indian is a dead Indian.” For Indians are men, after all, and astonishingly like the rest of us when one comes really to know them.

I pricked up my ears, very glad at his hint of another of these folk-stories.

“No,” I answered. “I have noticed that the wolf and the deer are not on good terms, but never knew the reason.”

“*Si, señor,*” said he, for Vitorino knows no English, and most of our talk was in Spanish, which still is easier to me than the Tee-wahn language, “that was very long ago, and now all is changed. But once the wolf and the deer were like brothers; and it is only because the wolf did very wickedly that they are enemies. *Con su licencia, señor.* (With your permission, sir.)”

“*Bueno; anda!* (All right; go ahead!)”

So Vitorino leaned his shoulders against a convenient rock and began.

Once upon a time, when the wolf and the deer were friends, there were two neighbors in the country beyond the Puerco river, not far from where the Indian town of Laguna now is. One was a Deer-mother who had two fawns, and the other a Wolf-mother with two cubs. They had very good houses of adobe, just such as we live in now, and lived like real people in every way. The two were great friends, and

neither thought of going to the mountain for fire-wood or to dig *amole* [the root of the palmilla, generally used for soap throughout the Southwest] without calling for the other to accompany her.

One day the Wolf came to the house of the Deer and said:

"Friend Peé-hlee-oh (Deer-woman), let us go to-day for wood and *amole*, for I must wash to-morrow."

"It is well, friend Káhr-hlee-oh," replied the Deer. "I have nothing to do, and there is food in the house for the children while I am gone. *Toó-kwai!* (Let us go!)"

So they went together across the plain and into the hills till they came to their customary spot. They gathered wood and tied it in bundles to bring home on their backs, and dug *amole*, which they put in their shawls to carry. Then the Wolf sat down under a cedar-tree and said:

"Ay! But I am tired! Sit down, friend Deer-woman, and lay your head in my lap, that we may rest."

"No, I am not tired," replied the Deer.

"But just to rest a little," urged the Wolf. The Deer good-naturedly lay down with her head in the lap of her friend. But soon the Wolf bent down and caught the trusting Deer by the throat, and killed her. That was the first time in the world that any one betrayed a friend, and from that deed comes all the treachery that is.

The false Wolf took off the hide of the Deer, and cut off some of the meat and carried it home on her load of *amole* and wood. She stopped at the house of the Deer, and gave the Fawns some of the meat, saying:

"Friends Deer-babies, eat. Your mother will not come to-night."

The Fawns were very hungry, and as soon as the Wolf had gone home they built a big fire in the fireplace, meaning to cook their supper. But at that moment one of them heard a voice. "Look out, look out! the Wolf has slain your mother!"

He was greatly frightened, and called his brother to listen, and again the same words were heard.

"The wicked old Wolf has killed our *nana!*

(mama!)" they cried, and, pulling the meat from the fire, they laid it gently away and sobbed themselves to sleep.

Next morning the Wolf went away to the mountain to bring the rest of the deer-meat; and when she was gone her Cubs came over to play with the Fawns, as they were used to doing. When they had played awhile, the Cubs said:

"*Pee-oo-wée-deh* (little Deer), why are you so prettily spotted, and why do you have your eyelids red, while we are so ugly?"

"Oh," said the Fawns, "that is because when we were little, like you, our mother put us in a room and smoked us, and made us spotted."

"Oh, Fawn-friends, can't you spot us, too, so that we may be pretty?"

So the Fawns, anxious to avenge the death of their mother, built a big fire of corn-cobs in the fireplace, and threw coyote-grass on it to make a great smoke. Then, shutting the Cubs into the room, they plastered up the door and windows with mud, and laid a flat rock on top of the chimney and sealed it around with mud; and, climbing down from the roof, they ran away to the south as fast as ever they could.

After they had gone a long way, they came to a Coyote. He was walking back and forth with one paw up to his face, howling dreadfully with the toothache. The Fawns said to him very politely:

"*Ah-boo!* (poor thing!) Old man, we are sorry your tooth hurts. But an old Wolf is chasing us, and we cannot stay. If she comes this way, asking about us, do not tell her, will you?"

"*Een-dah* (no). Little Deer-friends, I will not tell her"—and he began to howl again with pain, while the Fawns ran on.

When the Wolf came to her home with the rest of the meat, the Cubs were not there; and she went over to the house of the Deer. It was all sealed and still; and when she pushed in the door, there were her Cubs dead in the smoke! When she saw that, the old Wolf was wild with rage, and vowed to follow the Fawns and eat them without mercy. She soon found their tracks leading away to the south, and began to run very swiftly in pursuit.

In a little while she came to the Coyote, who was still walking up and down, howling so that

one could hear him a mile away. But not pitying his pain, she turned and snarled at him roughly:

"Say, old man! have you seen two Fawns running away?"



THE WOLF, AND THE COYOTE WITH THE TOOTHACHE.

The Coyote paid no attention to her, but kept walking with his hand to his mouth, groaning, "*Mm-m-páh! Mm-m-páh!*"

Again she asked him the same question, more snappishly, but he only howled and groaned. Then she was very angry, and showed her big teeth as she said:

"I don't care about your '*m-m-páh! m-m-páh!*' Tell me if you saw those Fawns, or I'll eat you this very now!"

"Fawns? *Fawns!*" groaned the Coyote—"I have been wandering with the toothache ever since the world began.* And do you think I have had nothing to do but to watch for fawns? Go along! and don't bother me."

So the Wolf, who was growing angrier all the time, went hunting around till she found

the trail, and went running on it as fast as she could go.

By this time the Fawns had come to where two Indian boys were playing *k'wah-t'him* [a kind of walking target-shoot] with their bows and arrows, and said to them:

"Friends boys, if an old Wolf comes along and asks if you have seen us, don't tell her, will you?"

The boys promised that they would not, and the Fawns hurried on. But the Wolf could run much faster, and soon she came to the boys, to whom she cried gruffly:

"You boys! Did you see two Fawns running this way?"

But the boys paid no attention to her, and went on playing their game and disputing. "My arrow 's nearest!" "No, mine is!" "T is n't! Mine is!" She repeated her question again and again, but got no answer till she cried in a rage:

"You little rascals! Answer me about those Fawns, or I'll eat you!"

At that the boys turned around and said:

"We have been here all day, playing *k'wah-t'him*, and not hunting Fawns. Go on, and do not disturb us."

So the Wolf lost much time with her questions and with finding the trail again; but then she began to run harder than ever.

In the mean time the Fawns had come to the bank of the Rio Grande, and there was *P'ah-chah-klóo-hli* (the Beaver), hard at work cutting down a tree with his big teeth. And they said to him very politely:

"Friend Old-Crosser-of-the-Water, will you please pass us over the river?"

The Beaver took them on his back and carried them safely across to the other bank. When they had thanked him, they asked him not to tell the old Wolf about them. He promised he would not, and swam back to his work. The Fawns ran and ran, across the plain, till they came to a big black hill of lava that stands alone in the valley southeast of Tomé.

"Here!" said one of the Fawns; "I am sure this must be the place our mother told us about, where the Trues (gods) of our people live. Let us look."

And when they came to the top of the hill,

* There is a very quaint folk-story — which I hope to tell you sometime — explaining why the coyote howls so much.

they found a trap-door in the solid rock. When they knocked, the door was opened and a voice called, "Enter!" They went down the ladder into a great room under ground; and there they found all the Trues of the Deer-people, who welcomed them and gave them food.

When they had told their story, the Trues said:

"Fear not, friends, for we will take care of you."

And the War Captain picked out fifty strong young bucks for a guard.

By this time the Wolf had come to the river, and there she found the Beaver hard at work, and grunting as he cut the tree.

"Old man!" she snarled, "did you see two Fawns here?"

But the Beaver did not notice her, and kept on walking around the tree, cutting it and grunting "*Ah-oó-mah! Ah-oó-mah!*"

She was in a terrible rage now, and roared:

"Well, wait then till I cut around the tree three times more," said the Beaver; and he made her wait. Then he jumped down in the water and took her on his neck, and began to swim across. But as soon as he came where the water was deep, he dived to the bottom and stayed there as long as he could.

"Ah-h-h!" sputtered the Wolf when he came to the surface. As soon as the Beaver got a breath, down he went again; and so he kept doing all the way across, until the Wolf was nearly drowned—but she clung to his neck desperately, and he could not shake her off.

When they came to the shore the old Wolf was choking, coughing, and crying, and so mad that she would not pay the Beaver as she had promised—and from that day to this the Beaver will never ferry a wolf across the river.



"I am not talking '*ah-oó-mah!*' to you. I'm asking if you saw two Fawns."

"Well," said the Beaver, "I have been cutting trees here by the river ever since I was born, and I have no time to think about fawns."

The Wolf, crazy with rage, ran up and down the bank, and at last came back and said:

"Old man, if you will carry me over the river I will pay you; but if you don't I'll eat you up."

THE WOLF MEETS THE BOYS PLAYING WITH THEIR BOWS AND ARROWS.

Presently she found the trail, and came running to the hill. When she knocked on the trap-door a voice from within called, "Who?"

"Wolf-woman," she answered as politely as she could, restraining her anger.

"Come down," said the voice, and hearing her name the fifty young Deer-warriors—who had carefully whetted their horns—stood ready.

The door flew open, and she started down the ladder. But as soon as she set her foot on the first rung, all the Deer-people shouted:

"Look what feet!" [For, though the deer is so much larger than the wolf, it has smaller feet.]

At this she was very much ashamed, and pulled back her foot; but soon her anger was stronger, and she started down again. But

"Ho!" thought the Wolf. "*That* is easy enough, for I will be very careful." And aloud she said: "It is well. Let us eat."

So a big bowl of soup was brought, and each took a *guayave*,* and shaped it like a spoon to dip up the soup. The old Wolf was very careful, and had almost finished her soup without spilling a drop. But just as she was lifting the last sup to her mouth the Fawns appeared sud-



"THE FAWNS APPEARED SUDDENLY, AND AT SIGHT OF THEM THE WOLF DROPPED THE SPOONFUL OF SOUP."

each time the Deer-people laughed and shouted, and she drew back.

At last they were quiet, and she came down the ladder. When she had told her story the old men of the Deer-people said:

"This is a serious case, and we must not judge it lightly. Come, we will make an agreement. Let soup be brought, and we will eat together. And if you eat all your soup without spilling a drop, you shall have the Fawns."

denly in the door of the next room, and at sight of them she dropped the spoonful of soup.

"She has lost!" shouted all the Deer-people, and the fifty chosen warriors rushed upon her and tore her to pieces with their sharp horns.

That was the end of the treacherous Wolf; and from that day the Wolf and the Deer have been enemies, and the Wolf is a little afraid of the Deer.

And the two Fawns? Oh, they still live with the Deer-people in that black hill below Tomé.

* An Indian bread made by spreading successive films of blue corn-meal batter on a flat hot stone. It looks more like a piece of wasp's nest than anything else, but is very good to eat.



Y^e Olde-Tyme Tayle

OF Y^E KNIGHTE, Y^E YEO-MANNE, AND Y^E FAIRE DAMOSEL.

CANTO I.

In which y^e olde-tyme ONCE onne a tyme there bin a knyghte,
tayle y^s begunne. Was called Sir Dominoes

Johannes Houven-Gouven-Schnouvers
San Domingo Mose—

A warrior hee of noble bloodde
As e'er founde funne in fyghte.
Oh, when hee putte hys armour on
Hee was a fearsome sighte!
Bounde rounde with strappes,
and strippes, and stryngs,
With thingumbobbes and pegs,
With stove-liddes buckled on hys breaste,
And stove-pypes on hys legs,
An ironne potte upon hys headde,
A brazen horne toe toote,
A sworde stucke uppe hys burlie backe,
A razor downe hys boote.



Hee owned greate castles, landes, and menne,
And gallant shyppes, and steedes,
And twice as manie goldenne coignes
As aniebodie needes.

Y^e knyghte hee loved a farmer's lass:
Alas! Shee loved notte hym;
But doted on a yeo-manne bolde,
By name Sam-u-el Slimme,
Who ploughed, and sowed, and reaped,
and binned,
Who stanchlie tilled y^e dirte,
And wore a look of honestie,
Likewise a flannel shirte.

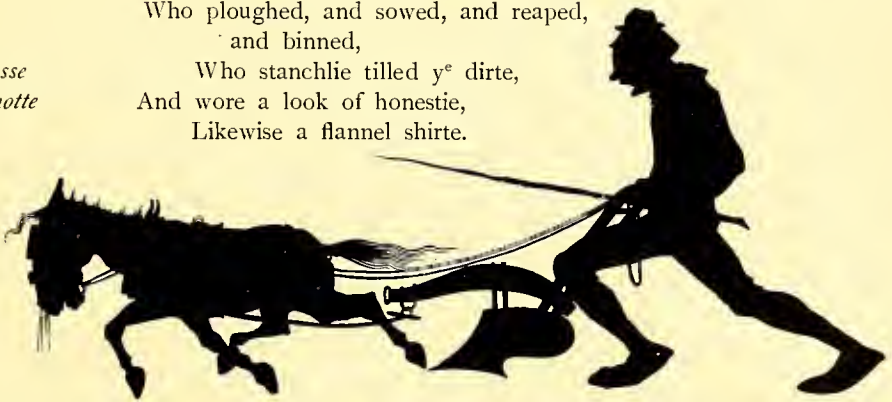
*Y^e reste of y^e name
omytted, y^e tayle goeth
on.*

*Y^e knyghte seemeth
a junk-shoppe on
legs, forsooth!*

*Hee was wealthie,
hee was.*

*Hee carryes hys
coales toe New-
castle.*

*Sam-u-el's dresse
is neate butte notte
gaudie.*



Stronge was hys arme ; warme was hys
hearte ;

Colde was hys common-sense ;

*Hee was noe mil-
lionaire, notte hee.*

Butte, otherwise, poore Sam-u-el

Hadde notte a dozen pence.

Yet Albacinda scoffed and scorned

Y^e high and haughtie knighte :

She did notte like hys ironne clothes,

Nor care to see hym fyghte.

Hys castle was too olde and darke ;

She scorned hys golde as welle—

*A wilfulle woman
will have her waye.*

Her father on Sir Mose dyd smyle :

She clung to Sam-u-el.



CANTO II.

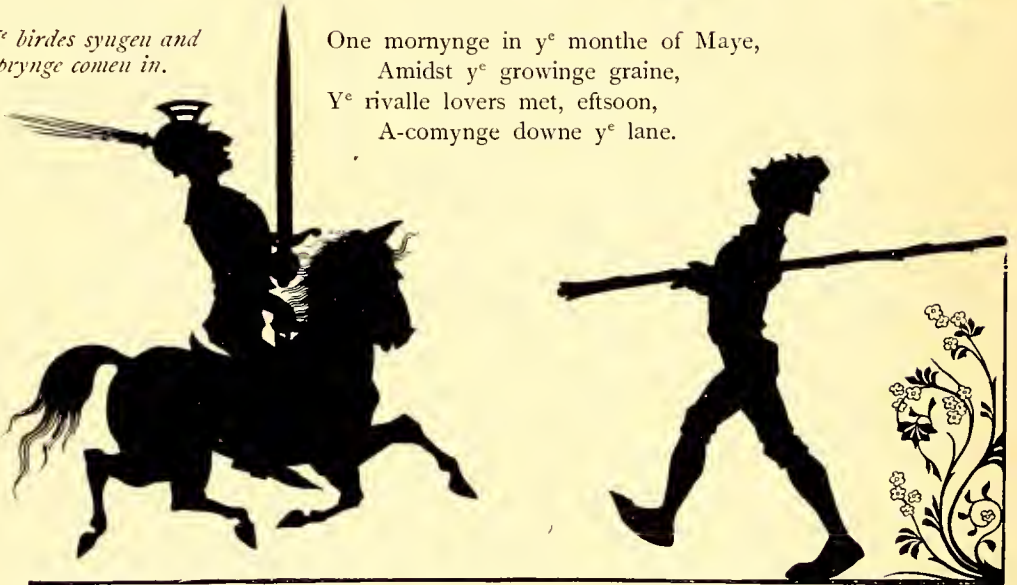
*Y^e birdes syngen and
Sprynge comen in.*

One mornyng in y^e monthe of Maye,

Amidst y^e growinge graine,

Y^e rivalle lovers met, eftsoon,

A-comyng downe y^e lane.



*Y^e knichte speaketh
pleasauntlie.*

“Give waye, vile caitiff!” cryed Sir Mose,

“And lette me journeye on ;

Or I will strew thy fragmentes uppe

And downe y^e horizonne !”

Then bolde Sir Mose hee drewe hys sworde,

Felte once its rustie edge,

And slashed a slash at Sam-u-el

That mowed tenne yardes of hedge.

P^r faithe ! It was a vicious blowe

And whystled in y^e aire !

Butte when it reached brave Sam-u-el,

Sam-u-el was notte there.

Soe fierce and fearfulle was y^e stroke

Sir What 's-hys-name arose,

Turned three successyve summersaultes,

And landed on hys nose.

*Y^e dogges of warre
are sycked onne.*

*Sam-u-el saveth
hys baconne.*

*Y^e knichte doeth
a grande circusse
acte.*



*A warnynge 'gainst
full-dresse suits.*

*A painfuller tailor-
ynge-forsoothe.*

*It pleaseth Sam-
u-el toe bee sar-
casticalle.*

Y^e knyghte howleth.

*And threateneth
paine toe Sam-u-el.*

*Perchance a bon-
fyre later.*

*Being y^e nighte-tyme,
when honeste folke
are safe abedde.*

Hys stove-plates drove hym in y^e mudde
Sixe inches by y^e falle:
Y^e knyghte, soe weightilie got uppe,
Coulede notte gette uppe atte alle,
Sam-u-el did notte haste awaye,
For hee hadde cutte a sticke
Four tymes as longe as hys righte arme,
And e'en a'moste as thicke;
Then, thoughe y^e knyghte was well dressed uppe,
Y^e farmer dressed hym downe,
He mayde ye knyghte soe blacke and blue
Hee was quite done uppe browne.
"Ye picked thys bedde," quoth Sam-u-el,
"Methinkes I 'll lette thee lie:
Thy lying once wille bee grimme truthe.
Sweet dreams, faire Sir! Goode-by!"
Y^e knyghte, soe sorelie taken in,
Woulde fain bee taken oute;
"I stycke at thys!" in wrathe hee cryed,
And loude for helpe dyd shoute.
And eke hee sware a mightie vow,
"Greate fishynge-hookes, Y' bette,
By my beste Sunday garter-stryngs,
I 'll beate y^e plough-manne yette!"
Hys haire it stode strayghte uppe for rage;
Hys lippes were whyte with foame;
Hee sware toe goe that nighte and burne
Sam-u-el's humble home,

CANTO III.

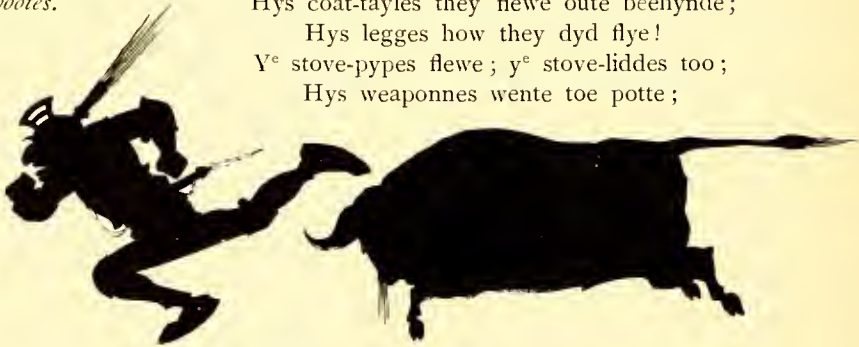
Above y^e deepe and danksome delle
Beneathe y^e gloomye woode,

Y^e wynde it howled a dismalle straine,
Y^e knichte hee howled for bloode;



*It groweth interest-
yuge for Sir Mose.*

*Y^e knichte moveth
hys bootes.*



*Hee hath a pressyng
engagemente else-
wheres.*

*Hee taketh "Excel-
sior" for hys
mottoe and clymbeth
upward.*

*Introducynge Sam-
u-el and hys
ironnie again.*

But as hee stole alonge, a bulle
Espied y^e lanterne dimme,
And whyles hee hunted Sam-u-el,
Y^e bulle it hunted hym!
When it flewe in, y^e lighte flewe oute;
Y^e knichte flewe, with a crye;
Hys coat-tayles they flewe oute beehynde;
Hys legges how they dyd flye!
Y^e stove-pypes flewe; y^e stove-liddes too;
Hys weaponnes wente toe potte;

Sir Mose arose upon hys toes:
Hee juste gotte uppe and gotte!
With those greate homes, three cloth-yardes longe,
A whystlyng in y^e wynde,
Soe on y^e knichte spedde, like some curre
With a tinne canne beehynde.
For e'en a'moste twoe myles hee fledde;
Nigh tuckered oute was hee,
When oute of danger's waye hee clomb,
Into an apple-tree,
Whereon hee hunge a-shiverynge
And shriekynge atte y^e beaste,
Till Sam-u-el came oute toe worke,
When daye dawned in y^e easte.
Forsooth, Sam-u-el's rage waxed hotte;
Then loude hee 'gan toe laugh:



“Toe judge by thy companion, Sir,
 Thou art a bawlynge calfe —
 For menne are knowne, I trow, Sir, by
 Y^e companie they keepe —
 Thoughe onlie chickens rooste in trees
 Whyles honeste people sleepe !”
 Sir Mose yelled fiercelie ; butte, quite weake
 From hangyng alle y^e nighte,
 Hee felle upon y^e bulle, which tossed
 Hym clean uppe oute of syghte !

*Y^e knichte meeteth
 with a fearsome
 mishappe, and
 flyeth high.*

CANTO IIII.

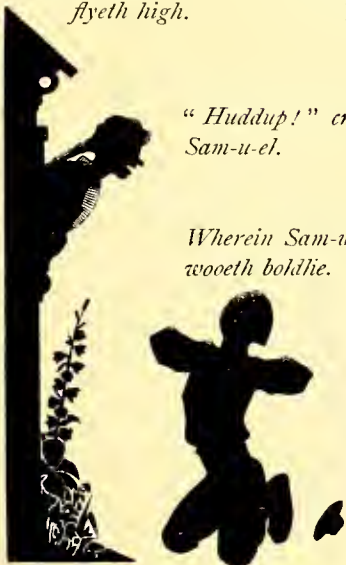
*“Huddup!” cryeth
 Sam-u-el.*

*Wherein Sam-u-el
 wooeth boldlie.*

Then uppe gat bolde younge Sam-u-el
 And galloped downe y^e lane,
 Unto hys true-love’s window-ledge,
 And tapped upon y^e pane :
 “Come forthe, sweete-hearte ; my love thou art !
 Come forthe and hie awaye !
 Thou ’lt married bee, deare gylde, toe mee
 Before highe noone thys daye.
 Sweete Albacinda, flye with mee,
 And rule these vaste concerns,
 Helde safe in truste for bolde Sir Mose !
 (If ever hee returns !)”

This is a joke.

*They proceede toe
 flye.* Now gallop, gallop, gallant horse !
 Now gallop with thy prize !



Y^e KNIGHTE AND Y^e YEO-MANNE.

And hurle y^e claye in chunkes away
 As bigge as apple-pies!
 Flye downe y^e roade, arounde y^e hille,
 Uppe toe y^e castle doore;
 Across y^e tremblynge drawbrydge flye

*Maud S., please take
 notyce hereabouts!*



*Y^e friar cometh
 forth.*

*Y^e bells turne some
 summersaultes.*

*— If hee knoweth
 upon which side
 hys breade is but-
 tered.*

Uppe toe y^e banquette floore!
 Quicke, calle y^e gray-haired friar in
 From oute hys gloomie celle,
 Toe tie these twoe younge true-loves tichte!
 Ryng oute, y^e marriage bell!
 Ryng “jingle-jangle jangle jing!”
 Ryng “fol-de-riddle-laye!”
 Bolde Sam-u-el has wonne hys bryde
 For ever and a daye!
 Goe, bidde y^e foolishe father
 Toe forgette hys angrie pride,
 Accepte hys new-made son-in-lawe,
 And blesse y^e bonnie bryde.

Jack Bennett.



TWO QUEER COUSINS OF THE CRAB.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.



THE ISLAND OF ENOSHIMA, OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN.

WITH the people, the houses, the tea-pots, the chickens, and so many things on so small a scale in Japan, there is all the greater surprise when one finds anything there which has attained an unusual or gigantic size. The coarse white radish, *daikon*, from six to ten feet in length, strikes one as a vegetable joke in that land of Lilliput. The giant in one fairy story uses a *daikon* for a club, and the street-peddlers lean their *daikons* up against the side of a house as if they were whips or fish-poles. One might very naturally inquire the price of *daikon* by the yard, when he goes to market.

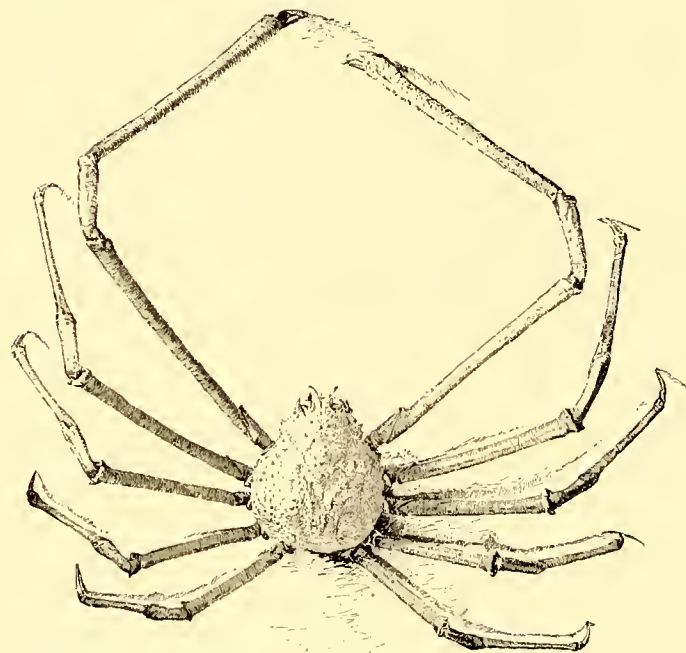
The *daikon* matches in its giant size the famous crabs found off Enoshima, an island lying some thirty miles below Yokohama. At low tide Enoshima is a rocky peninsula

joined to the land by a long sandy bar. At high tide the water covers this sandy strip, and in time of heavy storms also the far-reaching waves make it an island and surround it with foam. Enoshima is covered with groves and ancient temples, and there is even a temple in a cave far in under the island, which one can enter only at low tide. Tea-houses and pretty summer villas peep from the dense groves; and while pilgrims resort there to pray, other people go to enjoy fish dinners and to buy all the curious shells, sponges, corals, seaweeds, and pretty trifles that can be made of shells and fish-scales.

The only unwelcome visitor to this beautiful beach is the giant crab, whose shell is about as large as that of the green-turtle, whose eyes project and wink, and roll horribly, while each

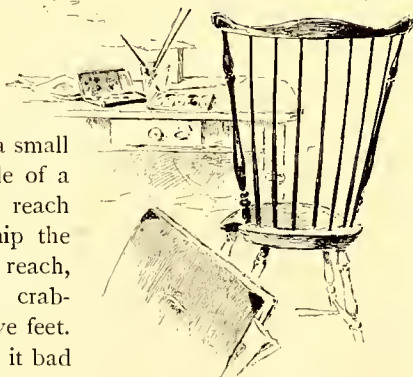
of its claws measures five to six feet in length. The ordinary visitor does not meet this crab walking up the beach in the daylight. Heavy storms sometimes sweep them in from the deep waters where they live, and the fishermen hunt

that one big crab is worth more than a whole netful of common fish. Every perfect crab landed can be sold for five dollars or more, and in time each travels to a foreign country and becomes the gem in some museum's collection of shell-fish.



them on the reefs offshore, or to their surprise bring them up in their nets. The weight of the crab and the thrashing of his claws generally ruin the fisherman's net, and he is an unpleasant fellow-traveler in a small boat. Such a crab in the middle of a boat twelve feet long could reach out to both ends of it and nip the men at bow and stern; and his reach, measured sidewise, in the real crab-fashion, is sometimes over twelve feet. The fishermen used to consider it bad luck to haul up one of these crabs in a net. They would make quick work of throwing the crab back into the water, and afterward beg in the cave shrine of Benten Sama that the gods should not plague them with any more such luck. In this modern and money-making day, the fishermen have learned

The fisher-folk along this far Pacific strand tell some stories that make a bather find this crab as dreadful as the cuttlefish, which also inhabits these waters. They claim that the big crab will fight fiercely when attacked, and will, without reason, nip at any moving thing. Then, too, they say that its eyes give out light and glow like balls of fire in the dark. Some revelers coming home very late from the tea-houses of the neighboring village of Katase have been frightened sober by seeing the beach full of these red-eyed crawling monsters, who cracked their claws in the air and rattled their bodies over the stones as they gave chase. In Japanese fairy stories, these crabs have run away with bad little boys and girls, haunted wicked person's dreams, and taken other part in human affairs. The Enoshima crabs were brought into modern English fiction by Rider Haggard, in his story, "Allan Quatermain." In that book, the heroes came out from an underground fire-chamber and floated along a deep and narrow cañon. When they stopped to rest and eat, an army of crabs came up at the smell of



THE GIANT CRAB.

food, and rolled their eyes and cracked their claws, until they frightened the heroes away.

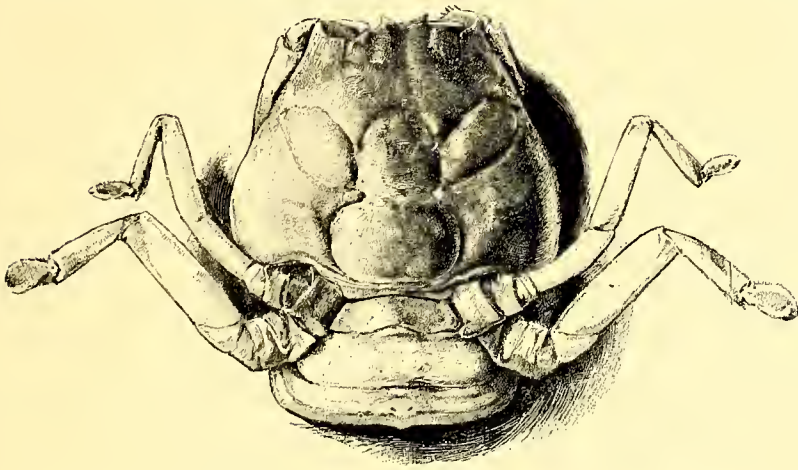
Mr. Haggard says in a foot-note that he had read of these crabs in some book of travel, and borrowed them for this cañon scene to

make Allan Quatermain's adventures the more exciting.

One Enoshima story tells of a great feast of sweet potatoes the monkeys had planned by the sea-shore. When the potatoes were cooked the crabs smelled them, and came in from the sea and drove the monkeys away. The monkeys ran up the chestnut-trees and pelted the crabs with the burrs, but the crabs never felt any prickles through their thick shells, and continued to eat. Then the monkeys made a chain of themselves by hanging on to one another from the branches overhead, and tried to snatch the

of the shell between them, look like tufts of hair at the top of a narrow forehead. There are lumps resembling eyelids, which slant upward as do those of the Japanese, and other parts of the shell look like full and high cheek-bones. Below a ridge which might be called the nose two claws spread out at either side, and may be likened to the fierce, bristling mustaches which are fastened to the helmet of Japanese armor. This plainly marked face on the crab's shell naturally gave rise to many stories and legends. At one place in the Inland Sea, centuries ago, an army of the Taira clan

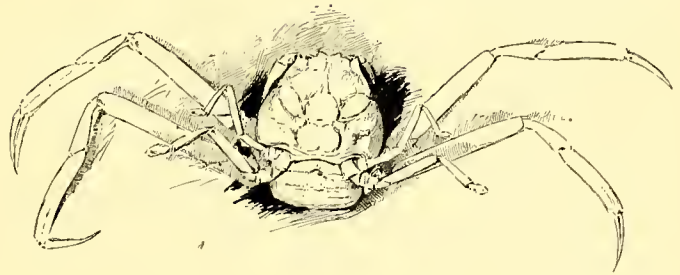
was overtaken and driven into the sea by their enemies. At certain times of the year the *Dorippe* come up on the beach and the rocks by thousands. Then the fishermen and villagers say with fear, "The *Samurai* have come again." They believe that the souls of the dead warriors, or *Samurai*, live in the *Dorippe*, and that they gather in great numbers at the scene



potatoes away. They captured a few, and had a great chattering about it, until the crabs found out the reason for the loss of their sweet potatoes. The next time the chain of monkeys let down a little ape, a big crab reached out and caught him.

There are many other stories and fables, which tell of the constant warfare between monkeys and crabs, and Japanese artists draw comical pictures to illustrate them.

Another curious Japanese crab is the little *Dorippe*, which comes from the Inland Sea of Japan, and has a perfect human face modeled on the back of his little inch-long shell. The *Dorippe*'s eyes, and the uneven edge



THE CRAB WITH A FACE ON ITS BACK. REAL SIZE. (THE UPPER PICTURE IS MAGNIFIED.)

of their defeat whenever the same day comes round in later years.

The face on the *Dorippe*'s back is like a swollen and mottled one. The eyelids seem closed, as if in a sleep or stupor, while its mouth quite carries out the other common story, that all the old toppers are turned into these crabs

and must keep that form as a punishment for some long time. The swollen heavy faces may quite as well be those of bleary old toppers as of warriors who met death by drowning; so that one who notices the resemblance of the shell to a queer Japanese face may think there is good reason for either story as to why the Dorippe's shell is so strangely marked.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

CHAPTER I.

OURSELVES.

THERE were five of us. There had been six, but the Beautiful Boy was taken home to heaven while he was still very little, and it was good for the rest of us to know that there was always one to wait for and welcome us in the Place of Light to which we should go some day. So, as I said, there were five of us here: Julia Romana, Florence, Harry, Laura, and Maud. Julia was the eldest. She took her second name from the ancient city in which she was born, and she was as beautiful as a soft Italian evening, with dark hair, clear gray eyes, perfect features, and a complexion of such pure and wonderful red and white as I have never seen in any other face. She had a look as if, when she came away from heaven, she had been allowed to remember it, while others must forget; and she walked in a dream always, of beauty and poetry, thinking of strange things. Very shy she was, very sensitive. When Flossy (as Florence was most often called) called her "a great red-haired giant," she wept bitterly, and reproached her sister for hurting her feelings. Julia knew everything, according to the belief of the younger children. What story was there she could not tell? She it was who led the famous before-breakfast walks, when we used to start off at six o'clock, and walk to the Yellow Chases' (we never knew any other name for them; it was the house that was yellow, not the people) at the top of the long hill, or sometimes even to the windmill beyond it, where we could see the miller at work, all white and dusty, and watch the white

sails moving slowly round. And on the way Julia told us stories, from Scott or Shakspeare; or gave us the plot of some opera, "Ernani" or "Trovatore," with snatches of song here and there, such as "Home to our mountains," "*Ai nostri monti ritornaremo.*" Whenever I hear this familiar air ground out by a hand-organ, everything fades from my eyes save a long, white road fringed with buttercups and wild marigolds, and five little figures, with rosy hungry faces, trudging along, and listening to the story of the gypsy queen and her stolen troubadour.

Julia wrote stories herself, too; very wonderful stories, we all thought, and, indeed, I think so still. She began when she was a little wee girl, not more than six or seven years old. There lies beside me now on the table a small book, about five inches square, bound in faded pink and green, and filled from cover to cover with writing in a cramped, childish hand. It is a book of novels and plays, written by our Julia before she was ten years old, and I often think that the beautiful and helpful things she wrote in her later years were hardly more remarkable than these queer little romances. They are very sentimental; no child of eight, save perhaps Marjorie Fleming, was ever so sentimental as Julia. "Leonora Mayre, a Tale," "The Lost Suitor," "The Offers"—I must quote a scene from the last-named play:

SCENE I.

Parlor at MRS. EVANS'S. FLORENCE EVANS alone.

Enter ANNIE.

A. Well, Florence, Bruin is going to make an offer, I suppose.

- F. Why so?
 A. Here 's a pound of candy from him. He said he had bought it for you, but on arriving he was afraid it was too trifling a gift, but hoping you would not throw it away, he requested me to give it to that virtuous young lady, as he calls you.
 F. Well, I am young, but I did not know that I was virtuous.
 A. I think you are.

SCENE II.

Parlor. MR. BRUIN *alone*.

- MR. B. Why does n't she come? she does n't usually keep me waiting.

Enter FLORENCE.

- F. How do you do? I am sorry to have kept you waiting.
 MR. B. I have not been here more than a few minutes. Your parlor is so warm this cold day that I could wait. [*Laughs.*]
 F. You sent me some candy the other day, which I liked very much.
 MR. B. Well, you liked the candy, so I pleased you. Now you can please me. I don't care about presents, I had rather have something that can love me. You.
 F. I do not love you. [*Exit MR. BRUIN.*]

SCENE III.

FLORENCE *alone*. *Enter MR. CAS.*

- F. How do you do?
 MR. C. Very well.
 F. It is a very pleasant day.
 MR. C. Yes. It would be still pleasanter if you will be my bride. I want a respectful refusal, but prefer a cordial acceptance.
 F. You can have the former.

SCENE IV.

FLORENCE *with MR. EMERSON.*

- MR. E. I love you, Florence. You may not love me, for I am inferior to you, but tell me whether you do or not. If my hopes are true, let me know it, and I shall not be doubtful any longer. If they are not, tell me, and I shall not expect any more.
 F. They are. [*Exit MR. EMERSON.*]

The fifth scene of this remarkable drama is laid in the church, and is very thrilling. The stage directions are brief, but it is evident from the text that as Mr. Emerson and his taciturn bride advance to the altar, Messrs. Cas and Bruin, "to gain some private ends," do the same. The Bishop is introduced without previous announcement.

SCENE V.

- BISHOP. Are you ready?
 MR. B. Yes.

- BISHOP. Mr. Emerson, are you ready?
 MR. C. Yes.
 BISHOP. Mr. Emerson, I am waiting.
 BRUIN *and CAS, together.* So am I.
 MR. E. I am ready. But what have these men to do with our marriage?
 MR. B. Florence, I charge you with a breach of promise. You said you would be my bride.
 F. I did not.
 MR. C. You promised me.
 F. When?
 MR. C. A month ago. You said you would marry me.
 MR. B. A fortnight ago you promised me. You said we would be married to-day.
 MR. C. Bishop, what does this mean? Florence Evans promised to marry me, and this very day was fixed upon. And see how false she has been! She has, as you see, promised both of us, and now is going to wed this man.
 BISHOP. But Mr. Emerson and Miss Evans made the arrangements with me; how is it that neither of you said anything of it beforehand?
 MR. C. I forgot.
 MR. B. So did I.

[*F. weeps.*][*Enter ANNIE.*]

- A. I thought I should be too late to be your bridesmaid, but I find I am in time. But I thought you were to be married at half-past four, and it is five by the church clock.
 MR. E. We should have been married by this time, but these men say that Florence has promised to marry them. Is it true, Florence?
 F. No. [*BESSY, her younger sister, supports her.*]
 A. It is n't true, for you know, Edward Bruin, that you and I are engaged, and Mr. Cas and Bessy have been, for some time. And both engagements have been out for more than a week.
 [*BESSY looks reproachfully at CAS.*]

- B. Why, Joseph Cas!
 BISHOP. I see that Mr. Cas and Mr. Bruin have been trying to worry your bride. But their story can't be true, for these other young ladies say that they are engaged to them.
 F. They each of them made me an offer, which I refused. [*The BISHOP marries them.*]
 F. [*After they are married.*] I shall never again be troubled with such offers [*looks at CAS and BRUIN*] as yours!

I meant to give one scene, and I have given the whole play, not knowing where to stop. There was nothing funny about it to Julia. The heroine, with her wonderful command of silence, was her ideal of maiden reserve and dignity; the deep-dyed villainy of Bruin and Cas, the retiring manners of the fortunate Emerson, the singular sprightliness of the Bishop were all perfectly natural, as her vivid mind saw them.

So, she was bitterly grieved one day, when a dear friend of the family, to whom our mother had read the play, rushed up to her, and seizing her hand, cried :

“Julia, will you have me?’ ‘No!’ Exit Mr. Bruin.” Deeply grieved the little maiden was; and it cannot have been very long after that time that she gave the little book to her dearest aunt, who has kept it carefully through all these years.

If Julia was like Milton’s “Penseroso,” Flossy was the “Allegro” in person, or like Wordsworth’s maiden:

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

She was very small as a child. One day, a lady, not knowing that the little girl was within hearing, said to our mother, “What a pity Flossy is so small!”

“I ’m big inside!” cried a little angry voice at her elbow; and there was Flossy, swelling with rage, like an offended bantam. And she *was* big inside! her lively, active spirit seemed to break through the little body and carry it along in spite of itself. Sometimes it was an impish spirit; always it was an enterprising one.

She it was who invented the dances, which seemed to us such wonderful performances. We danced every evening in the great parlor, our mother playing for us on the piano. There was the “Macbeth” dance, in which Flossy figured as “Lady Macbeth.” With a dagger in her hand, she crept and rushed and pounced and swooped about in a most terrifying manner, always graceful as a fairy. A sofa-pillow played the part of “Duncan,” and had a very hard time of it. The “Julius Cæsar” dance was no less tragic; we all took part in it, and stabbed right and left with sticks of kindling-wood. One got the curling-stick and was happy, for it was the next thing to the dagger, which no one but Flossy could have. Then there was the dance of the “Four Seasons,” which had four figures. In spring we sowed, in summer we reaped; in autumn we hunted the deer, and in winter there was much jingling of bells. The hunting figure was most exciting. It was performed with “knives” (kindling-wood), as Flossy thought them more romantic than guns; they

were held close to the side, with point projecting, and in this way we moved with a quick *chassé* step, which, coupled with a savage frown, was supposed to be peculiarly deadly.

Flossy invented many other amusements, too. There was the school loan system. We had school in the little parlor at that time, and our desks had lids that lifted up. In her desk Flossy kept a number of precious things, which she lent to the younger children for so many pins an hour. The most valuable thing was a set of three colored worsted balls, red, green, and blue. You could set them twirling, and they would keep going for ever so long. It was a delightful sport, but they were very expensive, costing, I think, twenty pins an hour. It took a long time to collect twenty pins, for of course it was not fair to take them out of the pin-cushions.

Then there was a glass eye-cup without a base; that cost ten pins, and was a great favorite with us. You stuck it in your eye, and tried to hold it there while you winked with the other. Of course all this was done behind the raised desk-lid, and I have sometimes wondered what the teacher was doing, that she did not find us out sooner. She was not very observant, and I am quite sure she was afraid of Flossy. One sad day, however, she caught Laura with the precious glass in her eye, and it was taken away forever. It was a bitter thing to the child (I know all about it, for I was Laura) to be told that she could never have it again, even after school. She had paid her ten pins, and she could not see what right the teacher had to take the glass away. But after that the school loan system was forbidden, and I have never known what became of the three worsted balls.

Flossy also told stories; or rather, she told one story which had no end, and of which we never tired. Under the sea, she told us, lived a fairy named Patty, who was a most intimate friend of hers, and whom she visited every night. This fairy dwelt in a palace hollowed out of a single immense pearl. The rooms in it were countless, and were furnished in a singular and delightful manner. In one room the chairs and sofas were of chocolate; in another, of fresh strawberries; in another, of peaches, and so on. The floors were

paved with squares of chocolate and cream candy, the windows were of transparent barley-sugar, and when you broke off the arm of a chair and ate it, or took a square or two out of the pavement, they were immediately replaced, so that there was no trouble for any one. Patty had a ball every evening, and Flossy never failed to go. Sometimes, when we were good, she would take us, but the singular thing about it was that we never remembered what had happened. In the morning our infant minds were a cheerful blank till Flossy told us what a glorious time we had had at Patty's the night before, how we had danced with Willie Winkie, and how much ice-cream we had eaten. We listened to the recital with unalloyed delight, and believed every word of it, till a sad day of awakening came. We were always made to understand that we could not bring away anything from Patty's, and were content with this arrangement; but on this occasion there was to be a ball of peculiar magnificence, and Flossy, in a fit of generosity, told Harry that he was to receive a pair of diamond trousers, which he would be allowed to bring home. Harry was a child with a taste for magnificence, and he went to bed full of joy, seeing already in anticipation the glittering of the jeweled garment, and the effects produced by it on the small boys of his acquaintance. Bitter was the disappointment when, on awakening in the morning, the chair by his bedside bore only the familiar brown knickerbockers with a patch of a lighter shade on one knee. Harry wept and would not be comforted; and after that, though we still liked to hear the Patty stories, we felt that the magic of them was gone, that they were only stories, like "Bluebeard" or "Jack and the Beanstalk."

CHAPTER II.

MORE ABOUT OURSELVES.

JULIA and Flossy did not content themselves with writing plays and telling stories. They aspired to making a language; a real language, which should be all their own, and should have grammars and dictionaries like any other famous tongue. It was called Patagonian — whether with any idea of future missionary work among the people of that remote country, or merely

because it sounded well, I cannot say. It was a singular language; I wish more of it had survived; but I can give only a few of its more familiar phrases:

MILLDAM — Yes.

PILLDAM — No.

MOUCHE — Mother.

BIS VON SNOT? — Are you well?

BRUNK TU TOUCHY SNOT — I am very well.

CHING CHU STICK STUMPS? — Will you have some doughnuts?

These fragments will, I am sure, make my readers regret deeply the loss of this language, which has the merit of entire originality.

There were several dolls that should be mentioned. "Vashti Ann" was named after a cook; she belonged to Julia, and I have an idea that she was of a very haughty and disagreeable temper, though I cannot remember her personal appearance. Still more shadowy is my recollection of "Eliza Viddipock," a name to be spoken with bated breath. What dark crime this wretched doll had committed to merit her fearful fate, I do not know; it was a thing not to be spoken of to the younger children, apparently. But I do know that she was hanged, with all solemnity of judge and hangman. It seems unjust that I should have forgotten the name of Julia's good doll, who died, and had the cover of the sugar-bowl buried with her, as a tribute to her virtues.

"Sally Bradford" and "Clara" both belonged to Laura. Sally was an india-rubber doll; Clara a doll with a china head of the old-fashioned kind: smooth, shining black hair, brilliant rosy cheeks, and calm (very calm) blue eyes. I prefer this kind of doll to any other. Clara's life was an uneventful one, on the whole, and I remember only one remarkable thing in it. A little girl in the neighborhood invited Laura to a dolls'-party on a certain day; she was to bring Clara by special request. Great was the excitement, for Laura was very small, and had never yet gone to a party. A seamstress was in the house making the summer dresses, and our mother said that Clara should have a new frock for the party. It seemed a very wonderful thing to have a real, new white muslin frock, made by a real seamstress, for one's beloved doll. Clara had a beautiful white neck, so the

frock was made low and trimmed with lace. When the afternoon came, Laura brought some tiny yellow roses from the greenhouse, and the seamstress sewed them on down the front of the frock and round the neck and hem. It is not probable that any other doll ever looked so beautiful as Clara when her toilet was complete.

Then Laura put on her own best frock, which was not one half so fine, and tied on her gray felt bonnet, trimmed with quillings of pink and green satin ribbon, and started off, the proudest and happiest child in the whole world. She reached the house (it was very near) and climbed up the long flight of stone steps and stood on tiptoe to ring the bell; then waited with a beating heart. Would there be many other dolls? Would any of them be half so lovely as Clara? Would there—dreadful thought!—would there be big girls there?

The door opened. If any little girls read this they will now be very sorry for Laura. There was no dolls'-party! Rosy's mama (the little girl's name was Rosy) had heard nothing at all about it; Rosy had gone to spend the afternoon with Sarah Crocker.

"Sorry, little girl! What a pretty dolly! Good-by, dear!" and then the door was shut again.

Laura toddled down the long stone steps, and went solemnly home. She did not cry, because it would not be nice to cry in the street; but she could not see very clearly. She never went to visit Rosy again, and never knew whether the dolls'-party had been forgotten, or why it was given up.

Before leaving the subject of dolls, I must say a word about little Maud's first doll. Maud was a child of rare beauty, as beautiful as Julia, though very different. Her fair hair was of such color and quality that our mother used to call her *Silk-and-silver*, a name which suited her well; her eyes were like stars under their long black lashes. So brilliant, so vivid was the child's coloring that she seemed to flash with silver and rosy light as she moved about. She was so much younger than the others that in many of their reminiscences she has no share; yet she has her own stories, too. A friend of our father's, being much impressed with this

starry beauty of the child, thought it would be pleasant to give her the prettiest doll that could be found; accordingly he appeared one day with a wonderful creature, with hair almost like Maud's own, and great blue eyes that opened and shut, and cheeks whose steadfast roses did not flash in and out, but bloomed always. I think the doll was dressed in blue and silver, but am not sure; she was certainly very magnificent.

Maud was enchanted, of course, and hugged her treasure, and went off with it. It happened that she had been taken only the day before to see the blind children at the institution near by, where our father spent much of his time. It was the first time she had talked with the little blind girls, and they made a deep impression on her baby mind, though she said little at the time. As I said, she went off with her new doll, and no one saw her for some time. At length she returned, flushed and triumphant.

"My dolly is blind, now!" she cried; and she displayed the doll, over whose eyes she had tied a ribbon, in imitation of Laura Bridgman. "She is blind Polly!—ain't got no eyes 't all!"

Alas! it was even so. Maud had poked the beautiful blue glass eyes till they fell in, and only empty sockets were hidden by the green ribbon. There was a great outcry, of course, but it did not disturb Maud in the least. She wanted a blind doll, and she had one; and no pet could be more carefully tended than was poor blind Polly.

More precious than any doll could be, rises in my memory the majestic form of "*Pistachio*." It was Flossy, ever fertile in invention, who discovered the true worth of *Pistachio*, and taught us to regard with awe and reverence this object of her affection. *Pistachio* was an oval mahogany footstool, covered with green cloth of the color of the nut whose name he bore. I have the impression that he had lost a leg, but am not positive on this point. He was considered an invalid, and every morning he was put in the baby-carriage and taken in solemn procession down to the brook for his morning bath. One child held a parasol over his sacred head (only he had no head!), two more propelled the carriage, while the other two went before as outriders. No mirth was allowed

on this occasion, the solemnity of which was deeply impressed on us. Arrived at the brook, Pistachio was lifted from the carriage by his chief officer, Flossy herself, and set carefully down on the flat stone beside the brook. His sacred legs were dipped one by one into the clear water, and dried with a towel. Happy was the child who was allowed to perform this function! After the bath, he was walked gently up and down, and rubbed, to assist the circulation; then he was put back in his carriage, and the procession started for home again, with the same gravity and decorum as before. The younger children felt sure there was some mystery about Pistachio. I cannot feel sure, even now, that he was nothing more than an ordinary oval cricket; but his secret, whatever it was, has perished with him.

I perceive that I have said little or nothing thus far about Harry; yet he was a very important member of the family. The only boy: and such a boy! He was by nature a Very Imp, such as has been described by Mr. Stockton in one of his delightful stories. Not two years old was he when he began to pull the tails of all the little dogs he met,—a habit which he long kept up. The love of mischief was deeply rooted in him. It was not safe to put him in the closet for misbehavior; for he cut off the pockets of the dresses hanging there, and snipped the fringe off his teacher's best shawl; yet he was a sweet and affectionate child, with a tender heart, and sensitive withal. When about four years old, he had the habit of summoning our father to breakfast; and, not being able to say the word, would announce, "Brescott is ready!" This excited mirth among the other children, which he never could stand; accordingly, one morning he appeared at the door of the dressing-room and said solemnly, "Papa, your food is prepared!"

At the age of six, Harry determined to marry, and offered his hand and heart to Mary, the nurse, an excellent woman, some thirty years older than he. He sternly forbade her to sew or do other nursery work, saying that his wife must not work for her living. About this time, too, he told our mother that he thought he felt his beard growing.

He was just two years older than Laura,

and the tie between them was very close. Laura's first question to a stranger was always, "Does you know my bulla Hally? I hope you does!" and she was truly sorry for any one who had not that privilege.

The two children slept in tiny rooms adjoining each other. It was both easy and pleasant to "talk across" while lying in bed, when they were supposed to be sound asleep. Neither liked to give up the last word of greeting, and they would sometimes say "Good night!" "Good night!" over and over, backward and forward, for ten minutes together. In general, Harry was very kind to Laura, playing with her, and protecting her from any roughness of neighbor children. (They said "bunnit" and "apurn," and "I wunt," and we were fond of correcting them, which they not brooking, quarrels were apt to ensue.) But truth compels me to tell of one occasion on which Harry did not show a brotherly spirit. In the garden, under a great birch-tree, stood a trough for watering the horses. It was a large and deep trough, and always full of beautiful, clear water. It was pleasant to lean over the edge, and see the sky and the leaves of the tree reflected as if in a crystal mirror; to see one's own rosy, freckled face, too, and make other faces; to see which could open eyes or mouth widest.

Now one day, as little Laura, being perhaps four years old, was hanging over the edge of the trough, forgetful of all save the delight of gazing, it chanced that Harry came up behind her; and the spirit of mischief that was always in him triumphed over brotherly affection, and he

"Ups with her heels,
And smothers her squeals,"

in the clear, cold water.

Laura came up gasping and puffing, her hair streaming all over her round face, her eyes staring with wonder and fright!

By the time help arrived, as it fortunately did, in the person of Thomas the gardener, poor Laura was in a deplorable condition, half choked with water, and frightened nearly out of her wits.

Thomas carried the dripping child to the house and put her into Mary's kind arms, and

then reported to our mother what Harry had done. misdeed Harry was put to bed at once, and our mother, sitting beside him, gave him what we used to call a "talking to," which he did not soon forget.

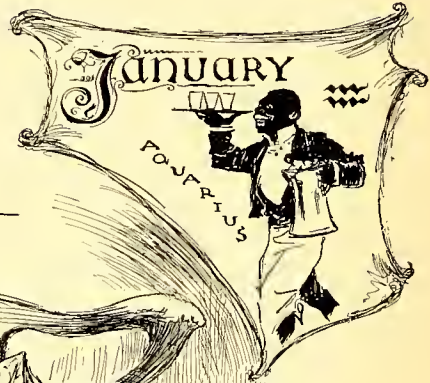
We were almost never whipped; but for this

(To be continued.)

A year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

My darling Dolly is one week old;—
 Her forehead is fair and creamy,
 Her cheeks are pink and her hair is gold,
 And her eyes are dark and dreamy.
 She's lovely and sweet as she can be;
 She's Santa Claus' own little daughter,
 But she came to me on the Christmas Tree:—
 How glad I am that he brought her!



I never am lonely since she came,
 And the only trouble with me is
 That I haven't been able to find a name
 One half as pretty as she is.
 Mama's in favor of "Isabel";
 And papa says "Betsy or Polly!"
 And I've thought and thought and maybe—
 I guess I shall call her Dolly. [well,



MOTHER GOOSE IN SILHOUETTE.

BY KATHERINE BALDWIN ROBERTSON.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER FROM JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In introducing to you my young friend Miss Katie Robertson, the artist of the "Mother Goose Silhouettes," I desire to relate the circumstances which first revealed to me this young lady's peculiar gift. It was during my first visit to the Teche country in lower Louisiana. Upon landing from the queer little stern-wheel steamer that brought us up the bayou, I was introduced to Mr. William Robertson, who with characteristic Southern hospitality invited me to lunch with himself and family. As we approached the house, his little daughter ran toward her father and with outstretched arms greeted him with a kiss. This affectionate welcome was performed with some difficulty, as the deep sunbonnet in which her childish face was embedded made it as difficult for her father to reach it as if she had been at the other end of a tunnel.

After luncheon I walked out upon the broad veranda of the house, where I found the child

seated on the floor and surrounded by a host of children of various sizes. Little Katie had removed the extinguisher from her head, which was adorned with golden hair, and in her hand she held a pair of scissors, with which she busied herself and interested her eager audience by cutting out with wonderful dexterity long rows of dolls from an old newspaper. I naturally expected to see a string of those conventional babies clinging to each other with outstretched arms and looking like so many twins, but on examination I discovered that the skill of the little artist avoided too great a family resemblance between the children. Tall, short, thin, fat, laughing, and crying; many in grotesque and awkward attitudes; some posed with perfect grace, and each and all breathing life and character. The busy little hands and flashing scissors worked with wonderful rapidity—cut, slash, snip—and lo! we had a whole menagerie of wild animals and a barn-yard of



"JACK SPRATT COULD EAT NO FAT AND HIS WIFE COULD EAT NO LEAN."

domestic ones, in a jiffy. Where could a little child of five years of age have seen and received so clear an impression of all these things, and whence came the dexterity to form them? This, I said to myself, is genius, intuition; there has been no time to learn it. I predicted that some artistic excellence would come of this, and I do not believe that I was mistaken. A letter

will reveal to your young readers better than I can how charmingly the artist does her work. Still, I would like to point out certain touches that strike me as being particularly marked and original. Jack Spratt and his wife, for instance, how jolly and plump is the little woman, and how mean and stingy is the man, as if his dislike to fat was more from



"IF WISHES WERE HORSES, THEN BEGGARS WOULD RIDE."

written to me by the artist and now before me, says, "You gave me the first pair of scissors I ever owned." I am proud of this, for by her own confession she is my protégée. Her pictures, which you now publish for the first time,

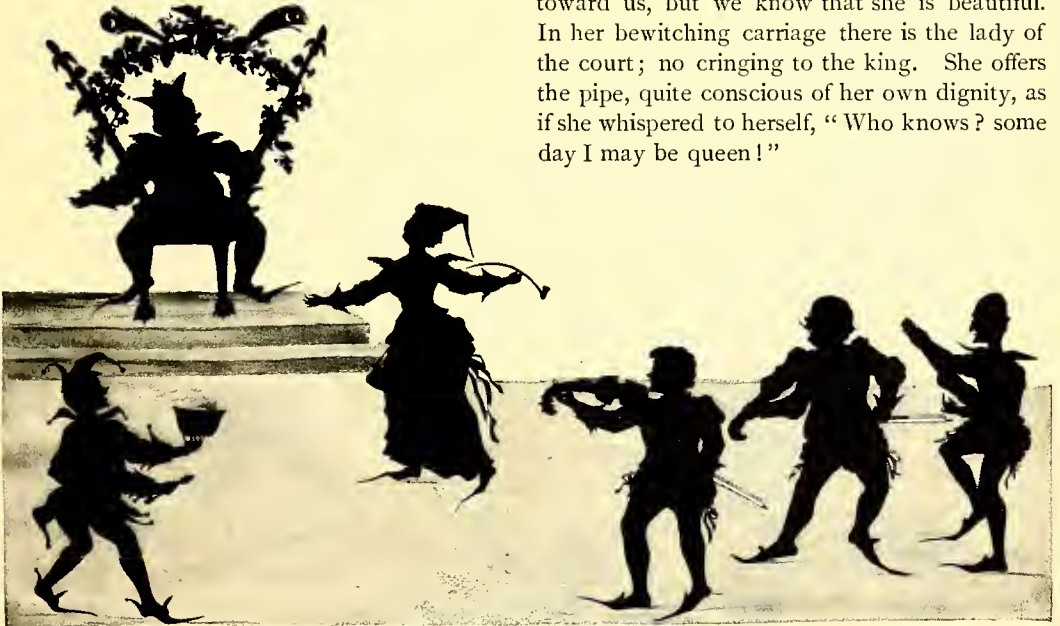
economy than taste! In the silhouette "If wishes were horses, then beggars would ride," note the contrast between the fantastic refinement of my lord and my lady and the vulgar aspect of the beggars who tramp after them.



"TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, LEARNED TO PLAY WHEN HE WAS YOUNG,
AND ALL THE TUNE THAT HE COULD PLAY WAS 'OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.'"

See how the figures dance as the piper's son plays the pipe! The pig leaps from the ground, and the very birds in the air catch the infection and

all, behold the maid of honor bearing the pipe to her king—with what grace she moves, and how dainty are her tapering fingers. Her back is toward us, but we know that she is beautiful. In her bewitching carriage there is the lady of the court; no cringing to the king. She offers the pipe, quite conscious of her own dignity, as if she whispered to herself, "Who knows? some day I may be queen!"



"OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL, AND A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE—
HE CALLED FOR HIS PIPE, AND HE CALLED FOR HIS BOWL, AND HE CALLED FOR HIS FIDDLERS THREE."

caper rather than fly. In the picture of "Old King Cole" the figures are most eloquent. See with what regal dignity the old monarch "calls for his pipe, and calls for his bowl, and calls for his fiddlers three." Mark the jester, how carefully he bears the steaming punch; and, above

Indeed, I am right glad that you are the first to publish the work of my old young friend, and I congratulate the little lady on finding a patron saint so kind as good St. NICHOLAS.

Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.



“‘WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?’
‘I’M GOING A-MILKING, SIR,’ SHE SAID.”



“LITTLE MISS MUFFETT SAT ON A TUFFET,
EATING OF CURDS AND WHEY;
THERE CAME A BIG SPIDER AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,
AND FRIGHTENED MISS MUFFETT AWAY.”



"PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN-EATER, HAD A WIFE AND COULD N'T KEEP HER.
HE PUT HER IN A PUMPKIN-SHELL, AND THERE HE KEPT HER VERY WELL."



"TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN, TAFFY WAS A THIEF—
TAFFY CAME TO MY HOUSE AND STOLE A PIECE OF BEEF."



"CROSS-PATCH, DRAW THE LATCH, SIT BY THE FIRE AND SPIN
TAKE A CUP, AND DRINK IT UP—
THEN CALL THE NEIGHBORS IN."

LITTLE NUT PEOPLE

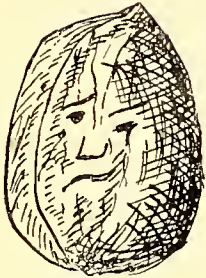
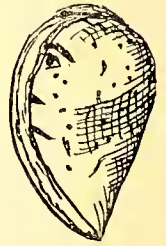
P.N.

BY PEARL RIVERS.



OLD Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr
 Padded and lined with the softest of fur.
 Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,
 And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain,
 Some raisins from Malaga came in his train.
 He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner,
 When both come together we shout, "Philopena!"



This is Sir Walnut; he 's English, you know,
 A friend of my Lady and Lord So-and-So.
 Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,
 Be sure and have wine for the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut, from North Carolina.
 She 's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.
 Sometimes she is roasted and burnt to a cinder.
 In Georgia they call her Miss Goober, or Pinder.



Little Miss Hazelnut, in her best bonnet,
 Is lovely enough to be put in a sonnet;
 And young Mr. Filbert has journeyed from Kent,
 To ask her to marry him soon after Lent.



This is old Hickory; look at him well.

A general was named for him, so I 've heard tell.
Take care how you hit him. He sometimes hits back!
This stolid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil,
Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;
But like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,
His covers a kernel deliciously flavored.



Here is a Southerner, graceful and slim,
In flavor no nut is quite equal to him.
Ha, Monsieur Pecan, you know what it means
To be served with black coffee in French New Orleans.

Dear little Chinkapin, modest and neat,
Is n't she cunning and is n't she sweet?
Her skin is as smooth as a little boy's chin,
And the squirrels all chatter of Miss Chinkapin.



And now, my dear children, I 'm sure I have told
All the queer rhymes that a nutshell can hold.

THE REWARD OF THE CHEERFUL CANDLE.

By MARY V. WORSTELL.

ONCE upon a time two little candles lay side by side in a big box. Both were pure white. Said one: "I wonder what will become of us? Do you think we could be meant for a Christmas tree?" (For you must know that to be put on a Christmas tree is the best possible thing that can happen to a candle.) "Of course *not!*" said the other, who was

cross. "If we are meant for a Christmas tree it will be for some shabby little children,—see if it is n't."

"If we are," said the first, "I'll shine my very brightest; for the eyes of even poor children with only few pleasures in prospect are enough to rival little candles on Christmas eve."

"If we are," grumbled the second, "I am not sure that I will allow myself to be lighted at all."

Christmas eve drew nearer and nearer. Sure enough, the two little candles, with many others of blue and pink and yellow and red, were bought for a Christmas tree.

On the day before Christmas, while it still was daylight, some young girls came to arrange the presents, and make the tree ready for the evening.

"Oh, what a lot of pretty little candles!" said one of them. "They are such lovely colors,—all except those two white ones. We will put those out of sight, because the red and pink ones are prettier."

"Did n't I tell you what would happen?" said the cross little candle, in a whisper.

"Yes; but wait," replied the other. "Just shine your brightest all the time."

"I won't!" snapped the cross one.

When evening came, ranged all round the tree were happy boys and girls. Soon every bough on the great tree blossomed with little lights. Some of the flames were faint, but many were bright. When the little white candles were lighted, the cross one just sputtered a minute, and then went out. The other shone so brightly that a gentleman standing near said:

"Oh, what a brilliant little candle—but it is almost out of sight among the green branches.

We ought to put it where it can be seen better."

"Put it on the very tip-top," said a little lady.

And that is where they *did* put it—on the very tiptop of the tree, where it nodded and gleamed in answer to the smiling faces all around it.



THE BAREFOOT DANCE.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.



ZOO AND JOE are going to bed. Their cribs are side by side in the big nursery. From the window Joe sees the lights, one, two, three, four, in a big house across the river; he hears the water dash over the dam and go down with a roar. Zoo is watching the wood-fire that is burning on the hearth. She likes to see the little sparks creep up the chimney,—“people on their way to church,” grandpa calls them.

“One, two, free, one,” Zoo counts.

Joe runs from the window and says, “One, two, three, *four*, Zoo.”

When the children are ready for bed, they stand before the pretty fire and take each other’s hands. Then they dance around and around upon the soft rug, and mama claps her hands and sings:

“Oh, for the merry barefoot dance! Skip and prance, white feet glance,
Barefoot children skip and prance, Oh, for the merry barefoot dance!”

“Once more, Mama,” asks Joe, and mama sings again and claps her hands.

“Now dance away to bed,” she says, and the children scamper off and jump into their cribs.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ABOUT four hundred years ago, my friends, this now highly intelligent earth, while revolving round the sun (though its inhabitants did n't know it at the time), rolled right into a date that has become one of the most famous periods of its kind ever known. I allude to the year 1492. I'll venture to say, now, that the members of this congregation are quite as familiar with that date as with any other in the world's history. You feel a sort of right in it, so to speak; a sense of satisfaction sometimes mounting to enthusiasm. In brief, you are supposed, in this four-hundredth anniversary year, to have a wild desire to learn all about it, and the grown folk do not intend that you shall be disappointed, if they can help it. Therefore, your Jack will be happy, during the coming twelve months, to amuse and refresh you occasionally with simple facts and incidents entirely outside of the remarkable and distinguished date under consideration.

So here is a nice little sea-story—true, too—that the Deacon related only yesterday to a few of the Red School-house children. It happened over forty years before 1492, so we are safe:

A TRUE STORY.

IT appears that a bright little fifteenth-century Italian boy, a son of humble and honest parents, was possessed by a strong desire to go to sea; and so, when he was about fourteen years of age, he was allowed to make his first voyage. Of course, there was no such thing as steam-navigation in those days, so this boy went on a sailing-ship, and a pretty mean one at that. At the start he was as proud and happy a little mariner as one could wish to see. But trouble came. The ship caught fire, and as this Italian boy never had heard of your old friend Casabianca, and the situation was desperate, he sprang overboard. Fortunately, he caught hold of an oar, and with its assistance he deter-

mined to swim all the way to land, wherever it might be.

It was a hard tussle with the waves for a boy of fourteen, but he had grit and resolution, and, in short, there was other work waiting for him somewhere, he knew. So he swam on for a mile, then another—and another—and another—and another—and finally, persevering manfully, he accomplished the sixth mile, and reached the land in safety!

I believe in that boy; and I'd like to know what became of him in later years—what he accomplished; what he suffered; whether he was a benefactor to his race or not. Who can tell me about him?

Meantime, let us consider the strangeness of

COWS WEARING BLUE SPECTACLES.

DEACON GREEN says he has never happened to meet with one of this special breed of Bostonian cows, but he has placed upon my pulpit an extract from a letter, which he thinks is well worth reading to you, my beloved:

During the past year thousands of cows in Russia have been seen wearing blue spectacles! Yes, blue glass was obtained from Vienna, Paris, and London for the purpose, because Vienna alone could not supply the quantity required.

It must have been a funny sight. But it was not funny to the cows. They, poor things, had suffered so much from the blinding effect of light upon the snow that their eyes became diseased, and, to help them, the experiment of making them wear blue spectacles was tried, and with good results, I am told.

So you see some kinds of animals are kindly cared for in that far land of the Czar.

A PIECE OF RUDENESS.

THE naughtiest boy in the Red School-house goes about asking helpless girls and boys how it happens that we are to have another 1890.

"But we're not," reply the poor children.

"But you *are*," insists the naughty boy.

"There's to be a new 1890 as sure as you live."

"How do you make that out?" sharply put in the Deacon, this very morning.

"Why," replied the naughty boy, "did n't we have 1890 a year or so ago?"

"Certainly," said the Deacon.

"Very well, sir. Is n't the new year going to be 1890 too?"

The Deacon walked slowly away.

WHO KNOWS?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1891.

DEAR JACK: Here is a little matter which I beg to lay before your very observant crowd of young folk: When the snow began to melt last winter, I found a great number of little mounds of dry grass which proved to be nests. They were closed on top and had small openings at one side, from which paths led in all directions. It was easy to see that these had been tunnels when the snow covered the ground. In several places near by I

found little heaps of roots nicely gnawed into convenient sizes, and all ready for use.

Doubtless many of your boys and girls will know at once to whom these cozy homes belong, but I am as yet woefully ignorant on the subject.

Will somebody please enlighten me?

Very sincerely,

K. H.

THE KINKAJOU.

DEAR JACK: May I introduce to your favorable notice my friend Mr. Kinkajou of South America. Circumstances prevent his visiting you personally, but the accompanying picture will show you exactly how he looks.

Indeed, his absence is timely, for it enables me to tell you of many of his charming qualities, which would embarrass him if he were present.

To begin with, he is purely American. He never has been found on the Eastern hemisphere, though certain distant relatives of his make their homes there.

In size the kinkajou resembles a large cat. From his picture you might fancy he belonged to the monkey tribe, but the bear family claim him. His long tail is very useful in climbing from tree to tree, for he can hang or swing by it as easily as any monkey. In captivity he coils it round and round, till it looks like a thick mat, and he uses it as a blanket or mattress, whichever he chooses.

His tongue is remarkable in that it is very long. In his native haunts he lives on insects and sweet fruits; and when he finds wild honey he considers himself very lucky indeed. His liking for this dainty has given him another name—"honey-bear." In obtaining the honey stored in crevices of rock or hollow trees his long tongue is very useful—in fact, he could not do without it.

His head is round, and his ears are like those of a cat, and, like the cat, his habits are nocturnal. His fur is a tawny-yellow, a trifle darker on the back than underneath.

But, beautiful as he is to look at, he is good as he is beautiful. Though when caught and tamed he longs for his native land and his free, happy life in the forest, he is a pattern for the most particular. He is not mischievous; he is neat, he is good-tempered, and as loving and affectionate as a child.

One of these really beautiful creatures, owned by a lady, was one night seeking some sweet food of which he was extremely fond. He fancied that it was concealed in some vase on the parlor mantel. Instead of smashing all the bric-à-brac, as a monkey would have done, he took one vase at a time, examined it (with his tongue, I fear), and then set it carefully on the floor. Pictures, too, were examined, were actually taken from the walls, and placed gently on the floor beside the vases.

In the morning, when his owner entered the room, she found no more mischief done than an absolutely new arrangement of her choice ornaments and engravings.

Mr. Kinkajou has one rather bad habit which I will touch upon briefly. Sometimes, in the forests, he has been known to snatch mother-birds out of their nests with those deft little claws of his, and drink the contents of their eggs; still, so long as this bad practice is confined to his home we will not censure him too severely, but think, with gratitude, of our own lack of faults both at home and abroad.

For fear all of your congregation will at once send orders for a kinkajou, I must tell you that his home is in Guiana, Venezuela, and the United States of Colombia. Like the monkey, he has always been accustomed to the warm, moist climate of the tropical forests, and he does not long survive a removal to a colder country.

M. V. W.

A PINK BEAR AND A WHITE FROG.

YOUR Jack has no wish to join the exiles in Siberia, but if it is true, as a Portland newspaper



THE KINKAJOU.

said, that an enormous polar bear with bright pink fur has been captured in that country, and that it is to be sent as a present to the Czar of Russia, Jack would be glad to make a *short* visit to Siberia—that strange land where there is a pink polar bear! Nature has queer fancies now and then, my dears. Why, I have been informed on very good authority that a live white frog was exhibited last spring at a meeting of the Linnean Society of London—an albino frog, they called it. I can see it now, rolling its great pink eyes coquettishly at the learned men bending over it and declaring it to be one of the very rarest things they ever had seen.



ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

(Old words set to new music.)

BY JULIAN MOUNT.

And all the an - gels in Heaven shall sing On Christmas day, on Christmas day: And

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with the lyrics 'And all the an - gels in Heaven shall sing On Christmas day, on Christmas day: And'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef.

all the an - gels in Heaven shall sing On Christmas day in the morn - ing.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with the lyrics 'all the an - gels in Heaven shall sing On Christmas day in the morn - ing.'. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef.

HYMN.
Wak - en, Chris - tian chil - dren, Up, and let us sing

The third system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, common time, with the lyrics 'Wak - en, Chris - tian chil - dren, Up, and let us sing'. The bottom staff is piano accompaniment in bass clef.

With glad voice the prais - es Of our new - born King!

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, common time, with the lyrics 'With glad voice the prais - es Of our new - born King!'. The bottom staff is piano accompaniment in bass clef.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WE thank "two young readers of ST. NICHOLAS" for a beautiful photograph showing them reading the Magazine.

KOBÉ, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you ever been in a typhoon? because if not you may like to hear of one that took place in Kobé on the night of the 16th of August. The weather had been lovely but very hot, and we jeered at the weather-ball which had been up for two days warning ships not to put out to sea. The storm was gathering all Sunday, and about eight o'clock in the evening it came upon us in full force. All our windows and shutters are very strong, but we had to barricade them all inside as if for a siege; and truly it was like a siege. The din was awful, and above it all we could hear the signals of distress from the bay, but knew that no help could be given. It was a fearful night. At daybreak the wind had died down, and we opened the house, almost afraid to look out. Our beautiful garden was a wreck, trees were blown down in all directions, and not a flower was left standing; but this was nothing to what met our view when we rode down to the harbor. We did nothing but exclaim all the way. The streets were full of the wrecks of sampans and junks (Japanese boats), and enormous planks of wood and masts of ships had been jammed up against the houses in front of the bay. The sea-wall was gone in many places, and the Bund, which is a pretty lawn in front of the bay, was piled with wrecks of steam-launches, roofs of houses, and uprooted trees, and a big ocean-steamer was on the rocks. Nothing was left of the P. and O. dock except the iron foundations. Many lives were lost among the Japanese, but several lives were saved in front of the hotel, and for hours the streets were waist-deep in water.

I am afraid this is a rather long letter, but there is so much to tell.

I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your constant reader,
FRANCES MAUD MCG—.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year, and have enjoyed you very much.

Last summer we went to Canada and had a very pleasant trip, and this summer we went to Manitou Springs, which also was pleasant. I have been in Denver about three years, and every winter have missed the sleigh-riding, coasting, and tobogganing that I had when I lived in Canada three winters ago. Manitou Springs, at the base of Pike's Peak, is a very pretty little place. When we were there we took many rides, and these are some of the places we went to: Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Cañon, Iron Springs, Rainbow Falls, and the Cog Railway (which runs to the summit of Pike's Peak, over fourteen thousand feet high), all of which present very curious and wonderful points of interest.

I like to read the interesting letters from boys and girls in the ST. NICHOLAS "Letter-box."

When I was in Manitou Springs I had some fun rid-

ing on a donkey. I have no brothers nor sisters, and sometimes I am very lonely. I go to Wolfe Hall. Papa is the warden of both Wolfe Hall and Jarvis Hall; these are two large boarding-schools, four miles apart, the former being for girls, the latter a military academy for boys. I am your faithful little reader,

F. MABEL B—.

ENGLEWOOD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. You have been in our family about seventeen years, and so I am going to write you a letter. We have a small printing-press which I like to play with very much. I am going to learn telegraphing. I have a small dog named Tip and a cat named Buttercup.

Good-by. PARKER.

COBURG, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time any of us has written to you, but my eldest brother has taken you since 1880. I like all your stories very much. I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have four brothers and three sisters. We are staying in Coburg at present, which I like very much; it is such a pretty old town, with an old castle overlooking it. I have traveled in Europe a great deal, and seen many interesting places. You do not know how impatient we are for you to arrive; we even count the days.

I am your constant little reader,

BEATRICE B—.

GULNARE, LAS ANIMAS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy ten years old. I enjoy all your stories. I think "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" is the best. I like "Chan Ok," too. The Indians were on our ranch only six years before we came.

From your loving reader, MALCOLM L—.

IWORTH, SUFFOLK, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our school-room we have three green French frogs. They eat flies; it is very curious to see them catch flies. When we put a fly into the aquarium, sometimes they will jump and take it out of our hands, and sometimes we drop it into the aquarium they live in, and let them catch it. They wait till it moves for fear it should be dead, for they never eat a dead fly. When the fly moves they jump. They take very good aim, and hardly ever miss. When it is dusk, they like to croak; it is a very ugly noise. I think they like music, because often, when somebody is playing upon the piano, as soon as the playing stops they croak. In winter we have to put a sod of earth in the aquarium for them to go to sleep in till the spring. I was very interested in "Toby Trafford." I am twelve years old.

I remain your sincere admirer, HILDA T—.

FORT MCINTOSH, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been visiting my grandpa all summer, and I had a very pleasant time. We went out driving or down-town 'most every day. We went to the theater and we saw some Lilliputians. They played a very pretty play; the tallest one was a great deal taller than the rest, and she was only thirty-seven inches high, and the shortest was only twenty-eight inches high. We went into Chinatown, and visited a great many places, but we remained on one street, so did not see much. What we did see was very interesting; we went to a store where they had fancy things. I saw a satchel which was made of wood; it is opened by the handle; you take the handle out of a place made for it, and then the top springs open. On our way here we stopped at Redoak, a small place eighteen miles from Los Angeles, on the coast. We went in bathing every day, and I got knocked down three or four times by the breakers. Then we stopped at Fort Bliss, a mile from *El Paso* (The Pass), and there I had a very nice time, as I knew everybody there. We went across the river to Juarez (pronounced Wharez). It was a very queer place, the streets were narrow, and there were hardly any sidewalks. From there we came here.

Yours truly, WINNIE M. P.—

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for over eight years. My little sister Maia wrote a poem about "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I illustrated it. I have three sisters and two brothers: Maia, Trixie, and Lisa are the girls, Laurie and Harold the boys. I go to a private school, and shall be graduated in '93.

I have a parrot from Cuba for a pet. Our family is very musical: Maia (thirteen years) plays the mandolin; Lisa (eighteen) the harp; and Laurie and I the violin. Harold has a banjo, and Trixie (ten) plays the "bones" when she dances; mama plays the piano and papa a cornet; and mama and I sing soprano and Lisa alto. We have concerts every night.

Our papa is Spanish-French, and mama is Spanish. I bear her name. We are all brunettes except Maia, who has lovely golden curls. Many people tell her she looks like Elsie Leslie, whom we met in New York. Besides our Chicago home we have a chateau near the Pyrenees in Spain. I love it much; also Paris, where I was born. With love, dear ST. NICK, I am your friend,

MANUELITA RENÉ M.—

FORT BLISS, EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is in the army and we have to move very often. We had a very long move from Fort Mackinac to San Antonio. It took us five days and a half. I like the army very much and would not leave it for anything. Fort Mackinac was very old; it was built by the British in 1780. Our house was very queer; there were a great many old block-houses and other old places; it was a very pretty place, and there were a great many curiosities on the island. There were Arch Rock and Sugar-loaf and a great many other things. We used to go wading in the lake very often and also would go boating on the lake. San Antonio is a very old place too; it is the headquarters of our regiment. The post is lovely; the houses are all new. From there we moved to Davis, which was twenty-two miles from the railroad, and we had to ride in ambulances. There used to be dust-storms so that we could not see

ahead of us, and at last we moved here. I do not like this place so well. I have one little playmate, and we have lots of fun riding burros.

Your loving little friend, MARY S. P.—

FAR ROCKAWAY, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama and I composed a story, without using a dictionary, with words beginning only with S:

SARAH SIMONDS'S SCHOLARS.

Sarah Simonds sought some Sunday-school scholars. "Scholars seldom sit still" said she, so she selected six, straightforward, sober, steady, serious, save Stella Stark's small sister Susan. Susan seemed stubborn, sullen. Stella started scolding. Seeing she seemed sorry, soon stopped—said sweet, soothing sentences.

Soon she seemed satisfied, serene. So Stella spun some startling stories. She said she saw seven ships sailing southward Sunday.

Suddenly she saw some ships slowly sinking. She screamed several seconds. Strangely she saw six sailors swim swiftly shoreward, seeking succor. Sad scene! Six sole survivors! She simply said, "Sabbath-breaking!"

Susan sighed.

BETH C. T.—

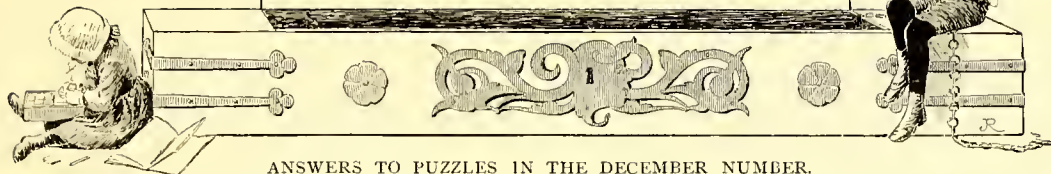
READING, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps the readers of "A School-girl's Recollections of Hans Christian Andersen," in the October number, would like to know that the story is quite true, and I have even heard Fraulein Rosa tell it. I spent the winter of 1887-88 in Dresden, and I spent all the time I was there with the author of the delightful tale. After supper we would all go into the salon and beg her to tell us the story, and when she did she showed the flowers and verse—the former carefully pressed, and she is very proud of them. One day Fraulein Schmalz took us to the house where she had the birthday party. It is a dear little house, high up on the mountain, with a beautiful view of the Elbe. Dresden is a beautiful and quaint old city, but is not at all clean-looking on account of the soft coal the people burn. It has one of the very finest picture-galleries in the world. It contains the "Sistine Madonna," the most celebrated of Raphael's Madonnas. Unfortunately I was only nine years old then, and it is very seldom children under twelve years of age are admitted, so I did not see as much of it as I wished to. There is a beautiful park there called the Grosse Garten, which is over two hundred acres in size. It has a great many flower-beds, which have different flowers put into them about twice a week. The garden is full of beautiful walks and drives. In winter it is especially nice, for there are many skating-ponds. Many of the German families get their breakfasts in the cafés. I went to a German school, but it was very different from American ones. We never had any school in the afternoon, but always on Saturday. I think I would rather have it in the afternoon and then have Saturday to myself. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much.

NELLY OLIVER B.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Tom B., Tom R., Eleanor G., Adeline L., Leslie A. F., Rebecca W. N., Eliza C., "Yum-yum," Edna F. S., Anna, Emma O.

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Quest. 2. Satyr. 3. Tepid. 4. Melon. 5. Seton.

DOUBLE ZIGZAGS. From 1 to 10, Childermas; from 11 to 20, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Collects. 2. Chaplets. 3. Criminal. 4. Callopie. 5. Sadducee. 6. Besought. 7. Reggiolo. 8. Amusable. 9. Braggart. 10. Amassing.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Crimson. Cross-words: 1. flaCcid. 2. marks. 3. fin. 4. M. 5. aSk. 6. crOak. 7. flaNnel.

ACROSTIC. Oregon, "Alis volat propriis." She flies with her own wings. Cross-words: 1. Cacas. 2. Flate. 3. Field. 4. Ascot. 5. Ovoid. 6. Colon. 7. Elegy. 8. Galop. 9. Atoll. 10. Optic. 11. Orion. 12. Lotus. 13. Apple. 14. Erato. 15. Girth. 16. Tiger. 17. Assay.

DECEMBER DIAMONDS. I. 1. C. 2. She. 3. Sarah. 4. Sadiron. 5. Christmas. 6. Earthen. 7. Homes. 8. Nan. 9. S. II. 1. M. 2. His. 3. Paste. 4. Hastens. 5. Mistletoe. 6. Steered. 7. Enter. 8. Sod. 9. E.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Primals, terra; finals, cotta. Cross-words: 1. Talc. 2. Echo. 3. Rust. 4. Rant. 5. Anna.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—Lillie O. Estabrook—"The McG.'s"—"The Wise Five"—"Arthur Gride"—Josephine Sherwood—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—"Mid"—Stephen O. Hawkins—Jo and I—"Eagle-eye," "Nimble Sixpence," J. M. V. C. Jr., and E. F. S.—"King Anso IV."—Ida Carleton Thallon—E. M. G.—Gertrude L.—"Leather-stocking"—Alice Mildred Blanke and Edna Le Massena—"Uncle Mung"—"The Spencers."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Blanche Watson, 1—Susan W. F., 1—"Lorna Doone," 1—"Lillian Adonis," 3—Jennie De Shields, 1—Sarah Maxwell, 1—Genevieve Mattingly, 1—Elizabeth Moffatt, 1—Hughes, 1—Elaine S., 2—Annie McClure, 1—"Topsy" Adams, 1—Paul Reese, 11—Helen Sewell, 1—Harold Franks, 2—Julia Johnson, 1—"The Peterkins," 9—Mabel Ganson, 1—Georgiana Stevenson, 1—Helen R., 1—Efic K. Talboys, 7—"One of the A. S.," 2—A. P. C., A. A. W., and S. W. A., 4—Jane V. Hayes, 1—Crosby Miller, 1—Jessie and Robert King, 1—Edith Emory, 4—"May and '79," 6—Carita and Mama, 4—Eric Palmer, 3—David W. Jayne, 6—"The Tiwoli Gang," 11—"Wee 3," 11—B. G. Harman, 1—Wilfred W. Linsly, 3—Nellie L. Hawes, 10—Blanche and Fred, 10—"Leap Year," 1—Agnes E. Brewin, 1—Hubert L. Bingay, 11—"Papa and Ed," 10—Jessie Chapman, 6—Ida and Alice, 11—"Suse," 9.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

I HAD a young playmate named I — 2 — 2 — 1,
And I went to school with her once, just for fun;
But at 2 — 3 — 3 — 2, when recess was most through,
I said that she was a 2 — 3 — 4 — 2.
She said she was not, that my grammar was new,
But that if "she" was one, then "I" was one, too.
So we quarreled and parted, as others have done,
And I went home alone, without 1 — 2 — 2 — 1.

The words to be supplied may be arranged so as to form a word-square. M. E. D.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take a word of denial from signified, and leave an act. Answer, de-not-ed.

1. Take consumed from conquered, and leave a boy's nickname. 2. Take to possess from made dusky, and leave reared. 3. Take part of a table from to declare, and leave a beverage. 4. Take the entire sum from rent paid for a stall, and leave a platform. 5. Take frequently from gently, and leave crafty. 6. Take one of a certain tribe of Indians from cried, and leave furnished with shoes. 7. Take a pronoun from ecclesiastical societies, and leave a beautiful city. 8. Take the conclusion from despatching, and leave to utter musically. 9. Take to fasten from a clavichord, and leave to place. 10. Take

ANAGRAM. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BEHEADINGS. I. Byron. Cross-words: 1. B-racket. 2. Y-ale. 3. R-ice. 4. O-pen. 5. N-ape. II. Chaucer. Cross-words: 1. C-arouse. 2. H-eaves. 3. A-tone. 4. U-sage. 5. C-rash. 6. E-rebus. 7. R-anger.

PI. Heap up the fire more cheerly,—
We 'll hail the new year early,
The old one has gone fairly,—
A right good year and true!
We 've had some pleasant rambles,
And merry Christmas gambols,
And roses with our brambles,
Adieu, old year, adieu!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, dog; finals, dog. Cross-words: 1. Deputed. 2. Othello. 3. Grazing.

A LAMP PUZZLE. Centrals, Statue of Liberty. Cross-words: 1. Asp. 2. Ute. 3. Bag. 4. Hates. 5. Volutes. 6. Propeller. 7. Camelpards. 8. Grandfather. 9. Elk. 10. Brisk. 11. Fable. 12. Fleet. 13. Arc. 14. Whittle. 15. Rallyings.

an era from directs, and leave fortifies. 11. Take an article from boiled, and leave a germ. 12. Take the goddess of Revenge from a clergyman's assistant, and leave worthless dogs.

All the syncopated words contain the same number of letters. When these twelve words are placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a festival time occurring in January. F. S. F.

DOUBLE SQUARES.

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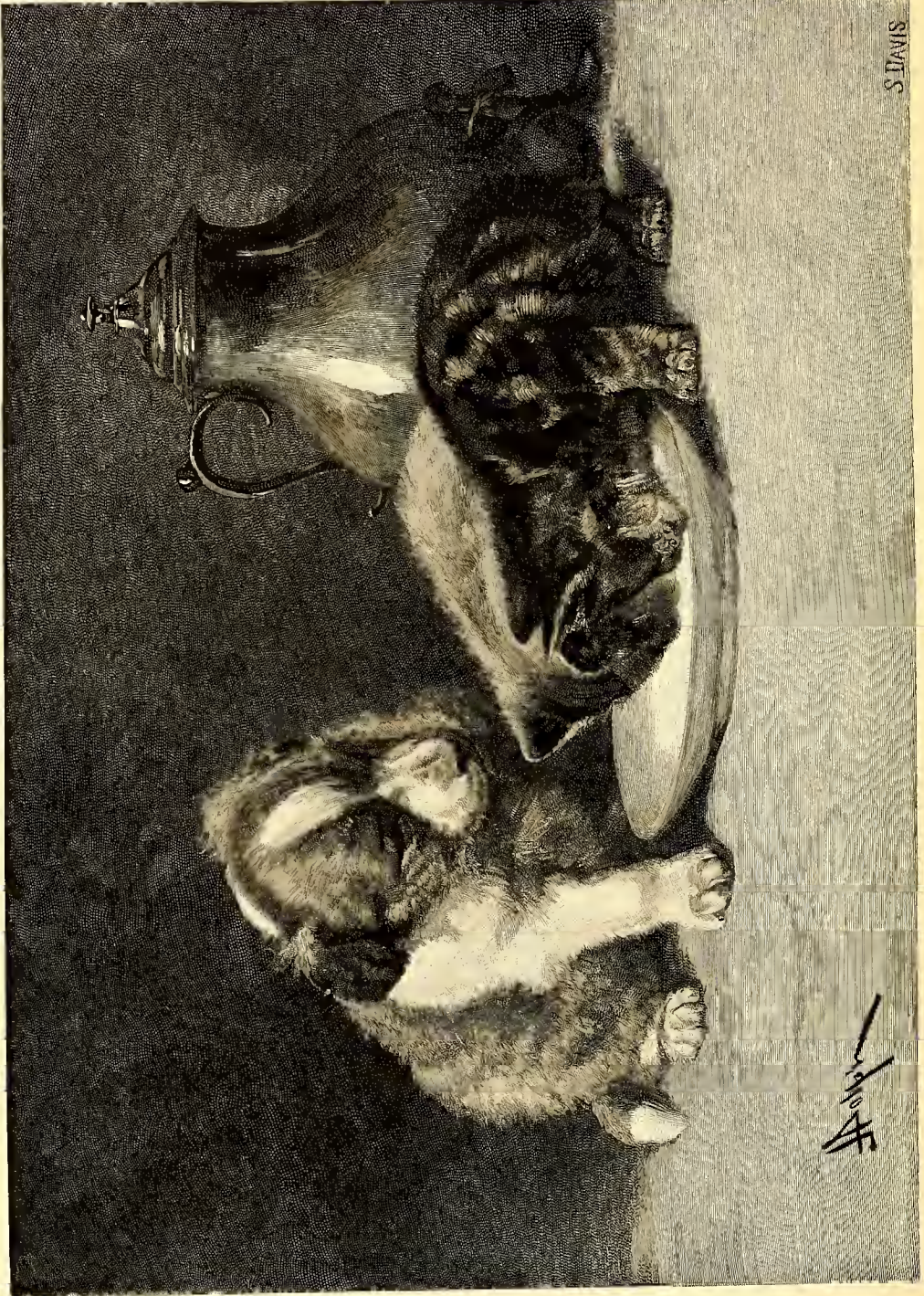
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I. ACROSS: 1. A Mexican plant. 2. Having the mouth wide open. 3. Household deities among the ancient Romans. 4. On the point. 5. A colloquial word meaning "troublesome."

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. An opening. 2. A measure of surface. 3. A vegetable.

II. ACROSS: 1. To delineate. 2. One who breaks or manages a horse. 3. Farewell. 4. Tests. 5. Confidence.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. A small fish. 2. To expire. 3. A snake-like fish. "XELIS."



S. DAVIS

"A PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

1864

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 4.

THE BATTLE ON SKATES.

BY EVA HUTCHISON.

THREE faces peered out of the window across the common to where the pond lay dark and calm in the clear moonlight. A number of people were skating upon its smooth surface.

The faces were wistful and disappointed ones, for the children longed to join the skaters, but mama had said they must stay in, because they had been out all day.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsted had gone to a wedding, and the children did not know how to pass this long, dreary evening.

Edith, the oldest, pouted and declared that it was mean; Walter was teasing the cat to relieve his injured feelings; while Mollie nestled up to Edith, lovingly, and was silent.

"Children, come here," called a soft voice. At the sound their faces brightened, and quickly they went to the sitting-room whence the voice proceeded. It was Aunt Ella who called. The jolliest aunt in the world—always ready for fun or a game, or even to tell a story,—she could fly a kite and shoot marbles 'most as well as a boy, invent new fashions for dolls, and run a race. She was, in the eyes of the children, a paragon, and to be adored.

She had been ill with headache during the day, and the children had been kept away from her; but now they eagerly rushed into the room. She sat in an easy-chair by the grate, and the glowing bed of coals threw a dim light into the room—half redeeming it from darkness. After they had greeted her, she said:

"What is the matter, Edith? You are so quiet. Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, I 'm well. But mama won't let us go out. The other girls are going and we can't. The ice is just right, too." The tone in which Edith spoke betrayed how near she was to tears.

"I 'm sure mama is right, dear," said Aunt Ella. "Hear how the wind blows. It is very cold, and while this weather lasts you will have plenty of such fun. What are you going to do this evening, while your mother is away?"

"Nothing," came the answer in a disconsolate voice.

"Then, listen; I have a story to tell you. Just sit down near the fire and I will begin."

"Let it be a truly story, Auntie," pleaded Mollie.

"Yes, dear."

Quickly they prepared to listen. Mollie, be-

cause she was the youngest, crept into Aunt Ella's lap; Edith nestled by her side on an ottoman, and Walter, stretched full length upon the hearth-rug, stared intently into the fire. Surveying the expectant trio, Aunt Ella began:

Once upon a time King Philip of Spain went to war with Holland. You know where Holland is, don't you? It is a small country in Europe, somewhat north of Germany. You

capture Haarlem. The city was almost surrounded by water, then frozen over, as it was winter. There were a few ships lying near Haarlem, but they were held fast by the ice, and might easily have been captured had not the sailors dug a trench all around them, and fortified them against the enemy.

As soon as Don Frederick arrived, he sent a body of soldiers to attack the ships. The soldiers marched out to the vessels, but as they



CHARGE OF THE DUTCH SOLDIERS ON SKATES.

remember the story, how a brave boy stopped a leak in the dike in this same place; you know, too, that the country is lower than the sea-level and there have to be big walls, called dikes, to keep the water from sweeping over the land. This fight was a desperate one, for King Philip was so eager to subdue the country that he waged the war with all the means at his command. He sent to Holland, as his commander-in-chief, the Duke of Alva, a Spanish nobleman and a famous general. After the war had been going on a long time and many towns had been seized, the Duke saw that if he could take Amsterdam he could easily overcome the rest of Holland,—but between Amsterdam and the King's forces lay the city of Haarlem.

The Duke sent his son Don Frederick to

came near a body of armed men on skates sprang from the trench.

The Hollanders were used to skating from their very babyhood, for in winter the canals and sea were frozen for miles around, and everybody skated. Not only did they skate for fun, but to market, and their daily business, just as easily and far more quickly than they could walk. They used to have games and sham battles on the ice, so that when there was need for real fighting, they knew what to do.

But the Spaniards lived in a southern country where there is little ice, and they never went sliding or skating. When they saw the Hollanders dart out at them, their feet shod with steel, appearing almost to fly in the air, they thought the enemy must be aided by witchcraft! They

were tempted to run, such was their amazement and terror.

However, when the bullets came flying among them, they tried to pick up their courage and fight. But their efforts were feeble, for, unable to keep their footing on the slippery surface, they would stumble and fall, while the Hollanders would glide by unharmed and send their bullets to the mark.

The Hollanders were victorious; and, when they drove the Spaniards off the ice, several hundred of the enemy lay dead, while the conquerors scarcely suffered any loss. When the Duke heard of this defeat he was much surprised, and decided that he would not be beaten again in that way.

So he ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and commanded all the soldiers to learn to skate. They had fun while learning, but not long afterward were able to handle their weapons on ice as boldly as the Hollanders. But they had little occasion to make use of this new accomplishment, for a sudden thaw and flood made it possible for the ships to sail away, and the sailors' brave spirits were much cheered by the sudden frost that followed and rendered them safe from naval attack for a time.

The Spaniards soon after captured Haarlem, but they had to fight hard to take it, for the city was well fortified and the people brave.



Reluctantly the children marched off to bed, and in their dreams that night saw strange visions in which ice, skates, ships, Spaniards and Hollanders mingled in the wildest confusion.



THE SPANIARDS LEARNING TO SKATE

THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN.

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

CHAPTER V.

BOB SCARLET'S GARDEN.

BEING in a garden full of flowers at Christmas-time is a very fine thing; and Dorothy was looking about with great delight, and wondering how it had all happened, when she suddenly caught sight of a big robin walking along one of the paths, and examining the various plants with an air of great interest. He was a very big robin, indeed—in fact, he was about as large as a goose, and he had on a gar-

markable thing about him was that he was walking about *with his hands in his waistcoat-pockets.*

Dorothy had never seen a robin do this before, and she was looking at him in great astonishment, when he chanced to turn around to take a particular look at a large flower, and she saw that he had two caterpillars embroidered on the back of his waistcoat forming the letters B. S.

“Now I wonder what B. S. means,” she said to herself with her usual curiosity. “It *stands* for Brown Sugar, but of course it can't be that. Perhaps it means Best Suit, or Bird Superintendent, or—or—why it must mean



“THE ROBIN WAS WALKING ABOUT WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS WAISTCOAT-POCKETS.”

dener's hat, and a bright red waistcoat which he was wearing unbuttoned so as to give his fat little chest plenty of room; but the most re-

Bob Scarlet, to be sure!” and clapping her hands in the joy of this discovery, she ran after the Robin to take a nearer look at him.

But Bob Scarlet proved to be a very difficult person to get near to. Over and over again Dorothy caught sight of the top of his hat beyond a hedge, or saw the red waistcoat through the bushes; but no matter how quickly she stole around to the spot, he was always gone before she got there, and she would see the hat or the waistcoat far away in another part of the garden, and would hurry after him only to be disappointed as before. She was getting very tired of this, and was walking around rather disconsolately, when she happened to look at one of the plants and discovered that little sunbonnets were growing on it in great profusion, like white lilies; and this was such a delightful discovery that she instantly forgot all about Bob Scarlet, and she started away in great excitement to examine the other plants.

There was a great variety of them, and they all were of the same curious character. Besides the bonnet-bush, there were plants loaded down with little pinafores, and shrubs with small shoes growing all over them, like peas, and delicate vines of thread with button blossoms on them, and, what particularly pleased Dorothy, a row of pots marked "FROCK FLOWERS," and each containing a stalk with a crisp little frock growing on it, like a big tulip upside down.

"They're only big enough for dolls," chattered Dorothy, as she hurried from one to the other; "but, of course, they'll grow. I s'pose it's what they call a nursery-garden. Just

fancy—" she exclaimed, stopping short and clasping her hands in a rapture, "just fancy going out to pick an apronful of delightful new stockings, or running out every day to see if your best frock is ripe yet!" And I'm sure I don't know what she would have said next, but just at this moment she caught sight of a paper lying in the path before her, and, of course, immediately became interested in *that*.

It was folded something like a lawyer's docu-



"THERE WERE PLANTS LOADED DOWN WITH LITTLE PINAFORES, AND SHRUBS WITH SMALL SHOES GROWING ALL OVER THEM."

ment, and was very neatly marked in red ink "MEMORUMDRUMS"; and after looking at it curiously for a moment, Dorothy said to herself, "It's prob'ly a wash-list; nothing but two aprons, and four HDKefis, and ten towels —there's always such a *lot* of towels, you know," and here she picked up the paper; but instead of being a wash-list, she found it contained these verses:

*Have Angleworms attractive homes?
Do Bumblebees have brains?
Do Caterpillars carry combs?
Do Ducks dismantle drains?*

Can Eels elude elastic earls ?
Do Flatfish fish for flats ?
Are Grigs agreeable to girls ?
Do Hares have hunting-hats ?
Do Ices make an Ibex ill ?
Do Jackdaws jug their jam ?
Do Kites kiss all the kids they kill ?
Do Llamas live on lamb ?
Will Moles molest a mounted mink ?
Do Newts deny the news ?
Are Oysters boisterous when they drink ?
Do Parrots prowl in peaws ?
Do Quakers get their quills from quails ?
Do Rabbits rob on roads ?
Are Snakes supposed to sneer at snails ?
Do Tortoises tease toads ?
Can Unicorns perform on horns ?
Do Vipers value veal ?
Do Weasels weep when fast asleep ?
Can Xylophagans squeal ?
Do Yaks in packs invite attacks ?
Are Zebras full of zeal ?
P. S. Shake well and recite every
morning in a shady place.

“I don't believe a single one of them, and I never read such stuff!” exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly; and she was just about to throw down the paper when Bob Scarlet suddenly appeared, hurrying along the path, and gazing anxiously from side to side as if he had lost something. As he came upon Dorothy, he started violently, and said “Shoo!” with great vehemence, and then, after staring at her a moment, added, “Oh, I beg your pardon — I thought you were a cat. Have you seen anything of my exercise?”

“Is this it?” said Dorothy, holding up the paper.

“That 's it,” said the Robin, in a tone of great satisfaction. “Shake it hard, please.”

Dorothy gave the paper a good shake, after which Bob Scarlet took it and stuffed it into his waistcoat-pocket, remarking, “It has to be well shaken before I take it, you know.”

“Is that the prescription?” said Dorothy, beginning to laugh.

“No, it 's the postscript,” replied the Robin, very seriously; “but, somehow, I never remember it till I come to it. I suppose it 's

put at the end so that I won't forget it the next time. You see, it 's about the only exercise I have.”

“I should think it was very good exercise,” said Dorothy, trying to look serious again.

“Oh, it 's *good* enough, what there is of it,” said the Robin, in an off-hand way.

“But I 'm sure there 's *enough* of it,” said Dorothy.

“There *is* enough of it, such as it is,” replied the Robin.

“Such as it is?” repeated Dorothy, beginning to feel a little perplexed. “Why it 's *hard* enough, I 'm sure. It 's enough to drive a person quite distracted.”

“Well, it 's a corker till you get used to it,” said the Robin, strutting about. “There 's such a tremendous variety to it, you see, that it exercises you all over at once.”

This was so ridiculous that Dorothy laughed outright. “I should *never* get used to it,” she said. “I don't believe I know a single one of the answers.”

“I do!” said Bob Scarlet proudly; “I know 'em all. It 's ‘No’ to everything in it.”

“Dear me!” said Dorothy, feeling quite provoked at herself, “of course it is. I never thought of that.”

“And when you can answer *them*,” continued the Robin, with a very important air, “you can answer anything.”

Now, as the Robin said this, it suddenly occurred to Dorothy that she had been lost for quite a long time, and that this was a good opportunity for getting a little information, so she said very politely: “Then I wish you 'd please tell me where I am.”

“Why, you 're *here*,” replied the Robin promptly. “That 's what *I* call an easy one.”

“But *where* is it?” said Dorothy.

“Where is *what*?” said the Robin, looking rather puzzled.

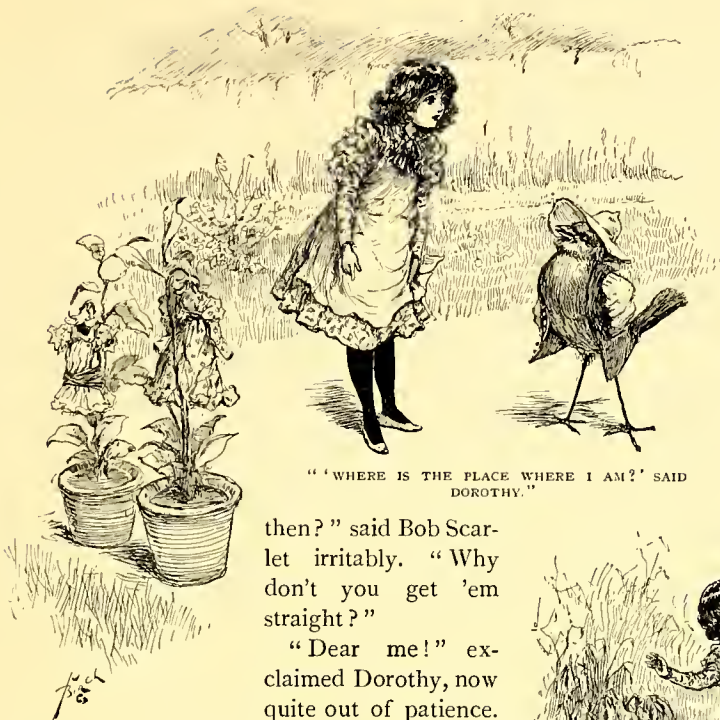
“Why, the place where I am,” said Dorothy.

“That 's here, too,” replied the Robin, and then, looking at her suspiciously, he added, “Come — no chaffing, you know. I won't have it.”

“But I 'm *not* chaffing,” said Dorothy, beginning to feel a little provoked; “it 's only because you twist the things I say the wrong way.”

“What do you say 'em the wrong way for,

garden itself was already beginning to be very much agitated, and the clothes on the plants were folding themselves up in a fluttering sort of a way as she ran past them; and she noticed, moreover, that the little shoes on the shoe-shrub were so withered away that they looked like a lot of raisins. But she had no time to stop and look at such things, and she ran on until she had left the garden far behind.



“WHERE IS THE PLACE WHERE I AM?” SAID DOROTHY.

then?” said Bob Scarlet irritably. “Why don’t you get ’em straight?”

“Dear me!” exclaimed Dorothy, now quite out of patience.

“How dreadfully confusing

it all is! Don’t you understand—I only want to know where the place is where I am now,—whereabouts in the geography, I mean,” she added in desperation.

“It is n’t in there at all,” said Bob Scarlet very decidedly. “There is n’t a geography going that could hold on to it for five minutes.”

“Do you mean that it is n’t *anywhere*?” exclaimed Dorothy, beginning to feel a little frightened.

“No, I don’t,” said Bob Scarlet obstinately. “I mean that it *is* anywhere—anywhere that it chooses to be, you know; only it does n’t *stay* anywhere any longer than it likes.”

“Then I’m going away,” said Dorothy hastily. “I won’t stay in such a place.”

“Well, you’d better be quick about it,” said the Robin with a chuckle, “or there won’t be any place to go away *from*. I can feel it beginning to go now,” and with this remark Bob Scarlet himself hurried away. There was something so alarming in the idea of a place going away and leaving her behind that Dorothy started off at once as fast as she could run, and indeed she was n’t a moment too soon. The



“DOROTHY STARTED OFF AT ONCE, AS HARD AS SHE COULD RUN.”

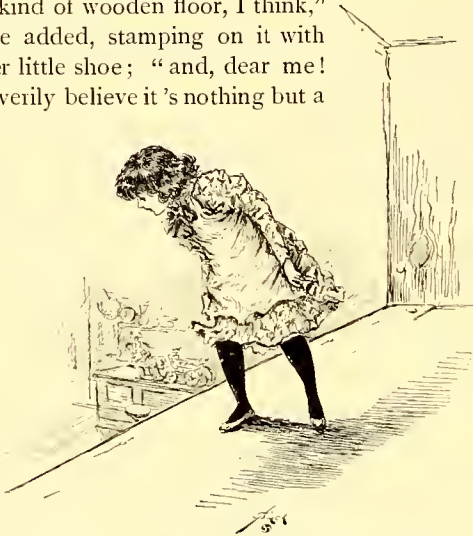
CHAPTER VI.

IN THE TOY-SHOP.

DOROTHY was just drawing a long breath over her narrow escape, when she discovered the braided floor of the garden floating away far above her head with the trunks of the trees dangling from it like one-legged trousers. This was rather a ridiculous spectacle, and when the floor presently shriveled up and then went out of sight altogether, she said, “Pooh!” very contemptuously and felt quite brave again.

“It was n’t half so solemn as I expected,” she went on, chattering to herself; “I certainly thought there would be all kinds of phenome-

ners, and after all it's precisely like nothing but an old basket blowing away. But it's just as well to be saved, of course, only I don't know where I am any more than I did before. It's a kind of wooden floor, I think," she added, stamping on it with her little shoe; "and, dear me! I verily believe it's nothing but a



"IT IS A SHELF! SHE EXCLAIMED."

shelf. It *is* a shelf!" she exclaimed, peeping cautiously over the edge; "and there 's the real floor ever so far away. I can never jump down there in the world without being dashed to destruction!"—and she was just thinking how it would do to hang from the edge of the shelf by her hands and then let herself drop (with her eyes shut, of course), when a little party of people came tumbling down through the air and fell in a heap close beside her. She gave a scream of dismay and then stood staring at them in utter bewilderment, for, as the party scrambled to their feet she saw they were the Caravan, dressed up in the most extraordinary fashion, in little frocks and long shawls, and all wearing sunbonnets. The Highlander, with his usual bad luck, had put on *his* sunbonnet backward, with the crown over his face, and was struggling with it so helplessly that Dorothy rushed at him and got it off just in time to save him from being

suffocated. In fact, he was so black in the face that she had to pound him on the back to bring him to.

"We're disguised, you know," said the Admiral, breathlessly. "We found these things under the bed. Bob Scarlet is n't anywhere about, is he?" he added, staring around in an agitated manner through his spy-glass.

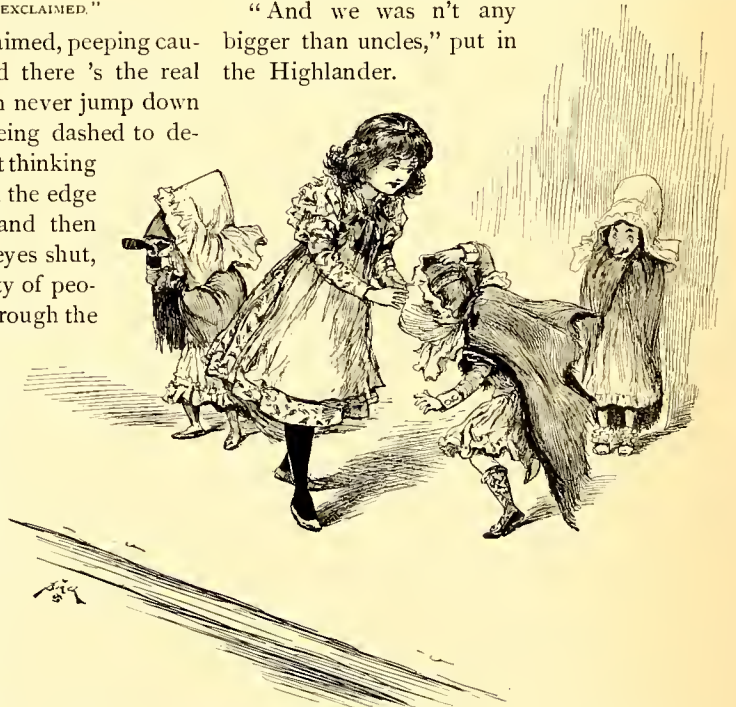
"About?" said Dorothy, trying to look serious. "I should think he was about five miles from here by this time."

"I wish it was five thousand," exclaimed Sir Walter, angrily, smoothing down his frock. "Old Peckjabber!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" said Dorothy, beginning to laugh in spite of herself.

"Matter!" exclaimed the Admiral, with his voice trembling with emotion. "Why, look here! We were all shrinking away to nothing in that wanishing garden. Bob Scarlet himself was no bigger than an ant when we came away."

"And we was n't any bigger than uncles," put in the Highlander.



"DOROTHY GOT THE SUNBONNET OFF JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE HIGHLANDER FROM BEING SUFFOCATED."

"You're not more than three inches high this minute," said Sir Walter, surveying Dorothy with a critical air.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Dorothy, with a start. "It seems to me that 's extremely small. I should think I 'd have felt it coming on."

"It comes on sort of sneaking, and you don't notice it," said the Admiral. "*He 'd* have been completely invisible by this time if we had n't jumped overboard."

"It was an awful jump!" said Dorothy, solemnly. "Did n't it hurt to fall so far?"

"Not at all," said the Admiral, cheerfully. "The falling part of it was quite agreeable—so cool and rushing, you know; but the landing was tremenjus severe."

"Banged us like anything," explained the Highlander; and with this the Caravan locked arms and walked away with the tails of their shawls trailing behind them.

"What strange little things they are!" said Dorothy, reflectively, as she walked along after them, "and they 're for all the world precisely like arimated dolls—movable, you know," she added, not feeling quite sure that "arimated" was the proper word,— "and speaking of dolls, here 's a perfect multitude of 'em!" she exclaimed, for just then she came upon a long row of dolls beautifully dressed, and standing on their heels with their heads against the wall. They were at least five times as big as Dorothy herself, and had price-tickets tucked into their sashes, such as "2/6, CHEAP," "5s., REAL WAX," and so on; and Dorothy, clapping her hands in an ecstasy of delight, exclaimed: "Why, it 's a monstrous, enormous toy-shop!" and then she hurried on to see what else there might be on exhibition.

"Marbles, prob'ly," she remarked, peering over the edge of a basket full of what looked like enormous stone cannon-balls of various colors; "for mastodons, *I* should say, only I don't know as *they* ever play marbles,—grocery shop, full of dear little drawers with real knobs on 'em, 'pothecary's' shop with *true* pill-boxes," she went on, examining one delightful thing after another; "and here 's a farm out of a box, with the trees and the family exactly the same size, as usual, and oh! here 's a Noah's Ark full of higgledy-piggledy animals—why, what are you doing here?" she exclaimed, for the Caravan were huddled together at the door of the

ark, apparently discussing something of vast importance.

"We 're buying a camel," said the Admiral, excitedly; "they 've got just the one we want for the Caravan."

"His name is Humphrey," shouted the Highlander uproariously, "and he 's got three humps!"

"Nonsense!" cried Dorothy, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "There never was such a thing."

"They have 'em in arks," said the Admiral very earnestly. "You can find *anything* in arks if you only go deep enough. I 've seen 'em with patriarchs in 'em, 'way down at the bottom."

"Did *they* have any humps?" inquired the Highlander with an air of great interest.

Dorothy went off again into a burst of laughter at this. "He 's the most ignorant creature I ever saw!" she said to herself.

"I thought they was something to ride on," said the Highlander sulkily; "otherwise, I say, let 'em keep out of arks!" The rest of the Caravan evidently sided with him in this opinion, and after staring at Dorothy for a moment with great disfavor they all called out, "Old Proudie!" and solemnly walked off in a row as before.

"I believe I shall have a fit if I meet them again," said Dorothy to herself, laughing till her eyes were full of tears. "They 're certainly the foolishhest things I ever saw," and with this she walked away through the shop.

"How much are you a dozen?" said a voice, and Dorothy, looking around, saw that it was a Dancing-Jack in the shop-window speaking to her. He was a gorgeous creature with bells on the seams of his clothes and with arms and legs of different colors, and he was lounging in an easy attitude with his right leg thrown over the top of a toy livery-stable and his left foot in a large ornamental tea-cup; but as he was fastened to a hook by a loop in the top of his hat, Dorothy did n't feel in the least afraid of him.

"Thank you," she replied with much dignity. "I 'm not a dozen at all. I 'm a single person. That sounds kind of unmarried," she thought to herself, "but it 's the exact truth."

"No offense, I hope," said the Jack, looking somewhat abashed.

"No — not exactly," said Dorothy rather stiffly.

"You know, your size *does* come in dozens — assorted," continued the Jack with quite a professional air. "Family of nine, two maids with dusters, and cook with removable apron. Very popular, I believe."

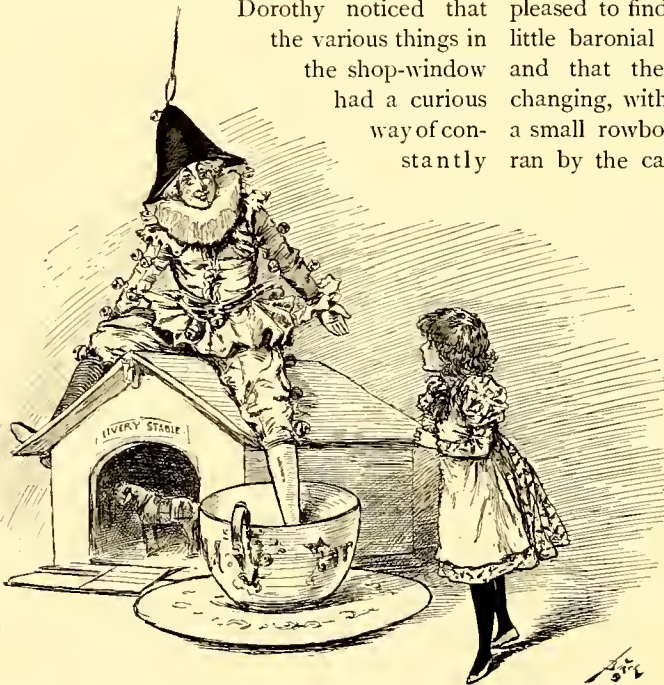
"So I should think," remarked Dorothy, beginning to recover her good nature.

"But of course *singles* are much more select," said the Jack. "*We* never come in dozens, you know."

"I suppose not," said Dorothy innocently. "I can't imagine anybody wanting twelve Dancing-Jacks all at the same time."

"It would n't do any good if they did want 'em," said the Jack. "They could n't get 'em, — that is, not in *this* shop."

Now, while this conversation was going on, Dorothy noticed that the various things in the shop-window had a curious way of constantly



"' YOU KNOW YOUR SIZE DOES COME IN DOZENS,' CONTINUED THE JACK."

turning into something else. She discovered this by seeing a little bunch of yellow peg-tops change into a plateful of pears while she chanced to be looking at them; and a moment afterward she caught a doll's saucepan, that

was hanging in one corner of the window, just in the act of quietly turning into a battledore with a red morocco handle. This struck her as being such a remarkable performance that she immediately began looking at one thing after another, and watching the various changes, until she was quite bewildered.

"It 's something like a Christmas pantomime," she said to herself; "and it is n't the slightest use, you know, trying to fancy what anything 's going to be, because everything that happens is so unproblesome. I don't know where I got *that* word from," she went on, "but it seems to express exactly what I mean. F'r instance, there 's a little cradle that 's just been turned into a coal-scuttle, and if *that* is n't unproblesome, well then — never mind!" (which, as you know, is a ridiculous way little girls have of finishing their sentences).

By this time she had got around again to the toy livery-stable, and she was extremely pleased to find that it had turned into a smart little baronial castle with a turret at each end, and that the ornamental tea-cup was just changing, with a good deal of a flourish, into a small rowboat floating in a little stream that ran by the castle walls.

"Come, *that 's* the finest thing yet!" exclaimed Dorothy, looking at all this with great admiration; "and I wish a brazen knight would come out with a trumpet and blow a blast" — you see, she was quite romantic at times — and she was just admiring the clever way in which the boat was getting rid of the handle of the tea-cup, when the Dancing-Jack suddenly stopped talking, and began scrambling over the roof of the castle. He was extremely pale, and, to Dorothy's alarm, spots of bright colors were coming out

all over him, as if he had been made of stained glass, and was being lighted up from the inside.

"I believe I 'm going to turn into something," he said, glaring wildly about, and speaking in a very agitated voice.

“ Goodness ! ” exclaimed Dorothy in dismay. “ What do you suppose it ’ s going to be ? ”

“ I think, ” said the Jack solemnly, “ I think it ’ s going to be a patch-work quilt, ” but just as he was finishing this remark a sort of wriggle passed through him, and, to Dorothy ’ s amazement, he turned into a slender Harlequin all made up of spangles and shining triangles.

Now this was all very well, and of course much better than turning into a quilt of any sort, but as the Dancing-Jack ’ s last remark went on without stopping, and was taken charge of, so to speak, and finished by the Harlequin, it mixed up the two in a very confusing way. In fact, by the time the remark came to an end, Dorothy did n ’ t really know which of them was talking to her, and, to make matters worse, the Harlequin vanished for a moment and then reappeared, about one half of his original size, coming out of the door of the castle with an unconcerned air as if he had n ’ t had anything to do with the affair.

“ It ’ s dreadfully confusing, ” said Dorothy

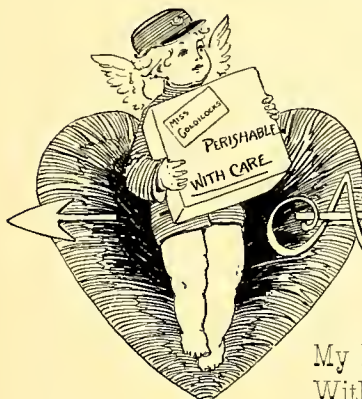
to herself, “ not to know which of two people is talking to you, ’ specially when there ’ s really only one of them here, ” but she never had a chance to ask any questions about the matter, for in the mean time a part of the castle had quietly turned upside down, and was now a



“ THE HARLEQUIN SAILED AWAY UNDER THE BRIDGE. ”

little stone bridge with the stream flowing beneath it, and the Harlequin, stepping into the boat, sailed away under the bridge and disappeared.

(To be continued.)



Valentine

By Elizabeth L. Gould.

My heart, dear Goldilocks, Though certainly ’ t is small,
Within this paper box Yet ’ t is my little all,
You will find : Bear in mind.



HISTORIC DWARFS.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

I. SIR JEFFREY HUDSON.



HARLES I. was to marry the young and beautiful Henrietta Maria of France. When she came to England there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom. Bells rang merrily, bonfires blazed, and the people shouted themselves hoarse.

Perhaps the finest of the many feasts given in honor of the royal couple was at Burleigh, in Rutlandshire, the home of the Duke of Buckingham. The fair Henrietta had a fancy for dwarfs, and, as everybody at that time was striving to please her Majesty, the Duke concluded to offer her a certain little manikin of his own, named Jeffrey Hudson. This mite became celebrated, and was the hero of so many adventures by sea and by land that the story of his life reads more like romance than like history.

Queerly enough, he was born in Rutlandshire, the smallest county of England, in 1619. Little is known of his babyhood. His mother was tall, and his father must have been a robust man, for he was a drover in the service of George, Duke of Buckingham.

When Jeffrey was seven or eight years old, he was presented by his father to the Duchess. He was well formed and good-looking, although he was only eighteen inches tall. He remained at this height from his eighth to his thirtieth year, after which he grew again, reaching three feet and six inches, and never exceeded that.

The Duchess ordered his patched and well-worn clothes to be removed, arrayed his little

person in silk and satin, and appointed two tall serving-men to attend on him.

Here is a story of one of his adventures while living with her Grace, though the quaint terms of the period have been changed. An old woman, having invited a few of her cronies to dinner, some practical jokers who had stolen her cat dressed Jeffrey in a cat's skin and conveyed him into the room. When the feast was nearly over and cheese set upon the table, one of the guests offered the pretended cat a bit. "Grimalkin can help himself when he is hungry," said the dwarf, and then nimbly ran down-stairs. The women all started up in the greatest confusion and clamor imaginable, crying out "A witch, a witch with her talking cat!" But the joke was soon after found out; otherwise the poor woman might have suffered.

A magnificent feast had been prepared at Burleigh in honor of the King and Queen, and it was arranged that the little dwarf should step from a huge venison pasty into her Majesty's service. This mode of appearance was not new even then. A pie with a dwarf inside was thought a "dainty dish to set before a king," and a gift of this kind was often a road to the sovereign's favor.

On the day of the dinner, Jeffrey found himself imprisoned in a large dish surrounded by a high wall of standing crust. Of course a way had been found to give him air, but he afterward said he felt buried alive. To add to his discomfort, Buckingham slyly ordered the pie to be warmed, saying, "It were better eaten warm than cold."

Young Jeffrey remained quiet and said never a word as the dish was carried to the kitchen;

but he was far from happy, and thought of Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery furnace until he grew "warm with apprehension." The cook, however, understood the joke, and the dwarf-pie was placed in safety on the royal table. At last came the fateful time—the crowning moment of Jeffrey's life. The pie was opened, the trumpet sounded, and forth sprang the dwarf! He was clad in a full suit of armor and skipped about the table, shaking his little sword at some of the guests; and, remembering the scorching the Duke had threatened for him, he gave a vicious little tweak at his Grace's noble nose. Buckingham drew back in time to save his handsome face and threatened to cudgel the young knave with a chicken-bone; but the King laughed and said Buckingham was served quite right.

By this time Jeffrey was nearly deafened with applause, and half drowned in the perfumes the ladies sprinkled upon him, so he hastened to end the scene by prostrating himself before the Queen's plate and entreating to be taken into her service.

His request was readily granted, for her Majesty was much diverted by his odd performances. Although she already had two other dwarfs, one named Richard and the other Anne Gibson, Jeffrey was taken back to court, where he was made much of by Queen Henrietta and the court ladies. He was as brave and true-hearted a little knight as ever wore spurs, and proved a trusty messenger on many occasions.

Through all the trouble that afterward came to the royal couple the dwarf remained loyal to the King and his beloved Queen; but the little fellow could not stand prosperity, and his sudden rise in the world had filled his small head with queer vanity and foolish fancies.

One day, in frolicsome mood, the King was persuaded to confer the order of knighthood upon the manikin. How his little heart must have throbbed with pride when, kneeling on a velvet cushion at the feet of his sovereign, he felt the sword laid gently across his shoulders and heard the royal voice say, "Arise, Sir Jeffrey Hudson!"

Being so much indulged, Sir Jeffrey altogether forgot his humble birth, and when his father came to see him he refused to recognize the

drover, for which, by the King's command, the ungrateful son was very soundly and very properly whipped.

By this time Jeffrey was high in the favor of Queen Henrietta, and afforded her so much amusement by his odd speeches that he became a privileged character.

But even in these prosperous days Sir Jeffrey had his troubles. His pathway through the royal household was not altogether without thorns. The domestics and nobles took great pleasure in teasing the fiery-tempered midget, and truth compels me to state that he was quick to take offense and of quarrelsome disposition. The Queen had a pet monkey with which Jeffrey was on very friendly terms; but often, when the two were seen together, such jokes and comparisons were made as would drive young Hudson into a frenzy of rage.

The King's gigantic porter, William Evans, was another thorn in Jeffrey's flesh, and a very big thorn, too. Evans was truly a giant, measuring seven and a half feet in height. Jeffrey and he could never meet without squabbling, and indeed the very sight of this ill-assorted pair standing side by side was enough to occasion remarks that made Jeffrey's blood boil.

One evening, when a merry-making or mask-ing-frolic was going on at the palace, the giant and the dwarf happened to meet. As usual, an angry quarrel took place. Evans began to tease his tiny rival by allusions to pies, venison-pasties, and the like, and, in the style of the well-known Goliath of Gath, when deriding David, cast reflections upon Hudson's diminutive size. Jeffrey, though extremely angry, tried to preserve his dignity. With a very red face he strutted up to the giant, whose knee was about on a level with the dwarf's head, and said with an angry stamp:

"Peradventure, my friend, you have never sufficiently considered that the wren is made by the same hand that formed the bustard, and that the diamond, though small in size, outvalues ten thousand times the granite!"

At this sally Evans's mighty lungs thundered forth a peal of laughter that drowned the shouts of the courtiers, and snatching up the valiant knight he thrust him into one of his huge pockets. Holding an immense hand over the



SIR JEFFREY HUDSON. FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING. "HE WAS NOT MORE THAN EIGHTEEN INCHES IN HEIGHT UNTIL HIS THIRTIETH YEAR, AFTER WHICH HE GREW TO BE THREE FEET AND SIX INCHES TALL, BUT NEVER EXCEEDED THAT."

midget to prevent his escaping, Evans proceeded to take his place in the pageant, where he was to perform a dance. When this was finished he drew from his pocket a big loaf of

bread which he broke in two, and then from the other pocket he took the squirming Jeffrey, placed him between the half-loaves as if he were the slice of meat that goes to make up a

sandwich, and intimated that the King's giant would lunch upon the Queen's dwarf.

The surprise and mirth of the spectators were gall and wormwood to poor Jeffrey, whose little feet could be seen kicking furiously in all directions from the sides of the loaf.

While I am telling of the giant, I will take time to say that in Newgate street, London, fixed in the front of a house, is a stone carving in low relief representing these two remarkable persons. The tablet has remained there for more than two hundred years, and bears the words

M. P. A.

THE KING'S PORTER AND DWARF.

The letters M. P. A. are supposed to be the initials of the builder.

About this time Jeffrey was sent by the Queen on a mission to France. He was to bring back with him a French servant, and, according to a letter written by her Majesty to a certain Madame St. George, she was in need of "a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves, one of doeskin, and the rules of any species of game then in vogue." She also asked that a French tailor be sent over, "if only to make her some petticoat bodices."

Here was an errand for our hero! A little man a foot and a half high was selected to go to France and escort back to England a servant and a tailor, to say nothing of gloves and games!

Sir Jeffrey arrived safely at the French court, where he became an object of great admiration and received presents for himself to the value of some twelve thousand dollars. He attended faithfully to the business of the Queen, and in due time was ready to return with the servant, the gloves, and a French dancing-master in place of the tailor. He had in his keeping, too, many rich gifts from Marie de Medicis, the French queen and mother of Henrietta, to her daughter in England.

The voyage home proved unlucky. The vessel in which he embarked with all this treasure was old and small, scarcely fit to contend with the rough waves of the Channel. They had not proceeded far when a Dunkirk privateer bore down upon them; and as the frail little

French craft could not offer the slightest resistance to an armed vessel, she was soon boarded by the pirates. They were no respecters of persons, but captured Sir Jeffrey, the servant, and the dancing-master, and robbed them of all they had; whereby the unhappy dwarf lost not only his mistress's presents, but his own as well.

I am afraid none of the captives behaved very bravely. The doughty knight was found hidden behind an enormous candlestick, and the French dancing-master was easily persuaded to put on one of her Majesty's "petticoat bodices" and do a French step for the amusement of the pirate crew. Jeffrey, with the rest of his party, was held a prisoner at Dunkirk for some little time.

Here it was that our hero fought his famous battle with a turkey-cock, which recalls the celebrated combats between the pygmies and the cranes told about by Homer. It is said, though it is a big story, that a turkey-cock encountered the knight in one of his walks, and tried to swallow him as if he were a grain of wheat.

After a gallant struggle the dwarf was almost beaten, but, the servant appearing at a lucky moment, he called to her for help, and she soon saved him from the beak and claws of the fierce enemy.

Several years after this Sir William D'Avenant was appointed poet laureate and printed a stately epic poem called "Jeffreidos," in which he holds up to ridicule the events of the dwarf's trying journey:

For Jeffrey strait was throwne; whilst faint and weake
The cruel foe assaults him with his beake.

Sir Jeffrey lost none of the Queen's favor by his misfortunes; his liberty was bought from the pirates, and he was sent on another mission across the Channel. Again he was taken prisoner by pirates, this time by Turks, and was carried off to Barbary, where he was sold as a slave. He was taken to Morocco, where, according to his own account, he was exposed to many hardships, and set to cruel labor; but the officers of the garrison stationed at Tangiers told a different tale, and asserted that it took the dusky Moors a long time to invent an employment for the tiny slave.

Again a ransom was paid, and after many mishaps he reached his native shores, to find England engaged in civil war, and his beloved King and Queen in dire distress.

Jeffrey immediately took up the King's cause, and was made a captain of horse in the royal army, a capacity in which he must have been a very comical figure. Once, when the dashing Prince Rupert made a sudden charge on a troop of the Roundheads near Newbury, Jeffrey and his band joined in the assault. The Royalists were driven back; but Jeffrey declared the victory would have been sure if he had been better mounted. He complained that he was seated on a long-legged brute of a horse and that his sword was too short. At all events, our tiny knight and Prince Rupert were forced to beat a hasty retreat, while the victorious Puritans set up a cry of "There go Prince Robin and Cock Robin!"

By this time Henrietta, the queen, whom all England had been striving to please but a few years before, had become even more unpopular than her unfortunate husband. She was a stanch opponent of the Puritans, and she had incensed the members of Parliament by trying to raise money to provide the King with means of defense. On her return from Holland, whither she had gone to sell her jewels, Queen Henrietta went to Bath in hopes of finding relief from a severe attack of rheumatic fever. But war had left its traces on that beautiful western city. The place was full of soldiers, and the Queen was forced to push on to Exeter, one of the few towns which still remained loyal. She was there greeted with tender messages from her husband, but her sufferings increased; and in less than two weeks the Earl of Essex advanced to besiege the city. Hearing that his lordship had set a price upon her head, she summoned sufficient resolution to leave her sick-bed, and with three faithful attendants hid herself in the woods between Exeter and Plymouth. A few of her ladies and officers, in various disguises, stole out of the town and joined her; among these was the valiant Jeffrey. For two days the faithful dwarf kept watch while the Queen lay hidden in a miserable little hut under a heap of rubbish, suffering from cold and hunger. She heard the enemy's soldiers pass by her retreat,

exclaiming that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, where Parliament had offered for her death a reward of fifty thousand crowns.

As soon as the troops had passed, she left her hiding-place, and, accompanied by Jeffrey and a few other officers and attendants, made her way to Pendennis Castle. The Queen suffered greatly on the road, but at last reached the royal fortress on the 29th of June, 1644.

A friendly Dutch vessel was in the bay. In this the party set sail; but before they reached the shores of France a cruiser in the service of Parliament gave chase and fired on them several times. Sir Jeffrey was again in danger of being taken prisoner, but this time he escaped, although one shot hit the Queen's bark, and all gave themselves up for lost. In the nick of time, a French fleet hove in sight and hastened to their rescue. The party finally landed at a wild and rocky cove near Brest.

For a time Henrietta's French relatives generously gave her money; and, wishing to be near the baths at Bourbon, the poor Queen made her residence at an old palace in the city of Nevers. Next the château was an extensive park, and there was fought a famous duel between Sir Jeffrey and Mr. Crofts, a member of the Queen's household.

When his royal mistress was in greatest danger, the manikin had shown himself quite as brave as many of her cavaliers and much more useful; and ever since her escape from Exeter he had assumed an air of great importance that was highly amusing to the Queen's attendants. His temper had not improved by time, and he used to grow frantic with rage at any one who attempted to jest with him or tease him.

Accordingly, he announced with great dignity that he would challenge to mortal combat the first person who should allude to battles with turkey-cocks, or mention venison-pasties, or who should insult him in any way. This, of course, gave promise of great fun to his tormentors, and Mr. Crofts lost no time in finding an opportunity to quote a part of Sir William D'Avenant's poem, "Jeffreidos," before the knight and other members of the royal household.

Jeffrey was furious, and nothing but a duel

would heal his wounded honor. It was settled that Crofts and the dwarf were to meet on horseback, in order that Jeffrey might be more nearly on a level with his adversary, and they were to fight with pistols.

Jeffrey carefully armed himself for the fray; but Crofts, who looked upon the whole affair as a joke, took with him nothing but a large squirt-gun, thinking to put out both his small opponent and the priming of his pistol by a generous shower of water. The angry Jeffrey, however, was a skilful horseman and an accurate shot. He managed his steed with such dexterity that he avoided the shower aimed at him and killed Crofts with a shot from his pistol.

Great was the excitement at the palace when the news was told. The duel brought Queen Henrietta a great deal of trouble and proved the ruin of Jeffrey. In order to save his head, Henrietta wrote to Anne of Austria, Queen Regent of France, asking her to pardon the dwarf, and she also sent the following letter to the prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin:

MON COUSIN: I have written to the queen, madame my sister, on the misfortune which has happened in my house. Le Joffroy has killed the brother of Crofts. I have written to the commandeur the whole affair for your information; and what I wish is, that both one and the other being English and my domestics, the queen, my sister, will give me power to do justice or pardon as I would. This I would not do without writing to you, and praying you to aid me herein, as I ever do in all that concerns me, according to my profession of being, as I am, my cousin,

Your very affectionate cousine,

HENRIETTE MARIE.

NEVERS, October 20, 1644.

Sir Jeffrey's life was spared; but he could no longer retain his place at the court of his royal mistress. The brother of the Crofts whom Jeffrey had killed was captain of the Queen's guard, and proved implacable in his pursuit. The dwarf was forced to escape to England, where he lived in obscurity for many years.

His kind protector, Charles I., died on the scaffold, and Queen Henrietta was long without money for her own living.

Jeffrey managed to exist at Oakham, his na-

tive town, on a small pension granted him by the Duke of Buckingham and a few others. During his residence there he grew, as I already said, till he was more than twice his former height, and his chief amusement was to tell his adventures to the country people.

After the great London plague and fire had devastated the city, Sir Jeffrey (he never forgot his title) was induced to pay a visit to the son of his beloved Queen Henrietta, who was then reigning as Charles II. At this time the whole nation was excited over the supposed discovery of a plot to assassinate the king, and Jeffrey was accused of complicity and thrown into prison with numerous other persons.

The Merry Monarch,

Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one,

left the inquiry about the plot and plotters to drag on for years, and certainly did not trouble himself to find out whether his mother's favorite dwarf was innocent or not. Poor little Jeffrey in jail must have presented a most fantastic appearance. His mustache was so long that the ends almost "twisted back amongst, and mingled with, his grizzled hair." His head, hands, and feet seemed rather large for the rest of his body, and the only clothes he had were his worn-out court fineries, the lace and embroideries of which were tarnished and torn.

He had an old cracked guitar, on which he occasionally strummed the air while he sang some of the Spanish or Moorish ballads he had learned in former days. The little voice that at one time had served to divert and amuse the highest in the land grew feebler and feebler, and finally, in 1682, it ceased altogether.

The valiant Jeffrey died, all unnoticed and uncared for, in his cell in the Gate-House, Westminster. His little waistcoat of blue satin, slashed and ornamented with pinked white silk, and his breeches and stockings, in one piece of blue satin, are preserved and may still be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

No tomb marks his resting-place, but he has been immortalized by two of the greatest artists of his time, Vandyck and Daniel Mytens.

JINGLES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I. A PUZZLER.

My papa is a great big man;
But what I cannot see is
Just how they're going to work that plan
To make me big as he is.

II. A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

My brother's brother 's not my brother;
And this is why, you see,
Though his dear mother 's *my* dear mother,
My brother's brother 's me.



THE SMALLEST FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

A SOUTH AMERICAN HUNT.



BY HERBERT H. SMITH.

WE were living — Dolly, and Bert, and I — in the little village of Chapada, somewhere about the center of South America. You will not find Chapada on your maps. It lies some thirty miles to the northeastward of Cuyabá, well within the limits of Brazil, but not far from Bolivia.

Cuyabá is a "city," capital of the province or state of Matto Grosso. But when you read "capital" and "state," you must not think of a region like New York, and a capital like Albany or Boston. Matto Grosso is, indeed, larger than New England and the Middle States put together; but half the civilized inhabitants live in the capital, which is only an oversized village after all; another quarter make up the "cities" of Corumbá and Villa Maria, and the rest — enough to form another village — are scattered over the inhabited part of the State. This does not differ greatly from the uninhabited part, for the houses or settlements are often twenty miles asunder, and even the largest plantations are mere dots in the wilderness.

But what a wilderness! Suppose I could select a score of the St. NICHOLAS boys — the real boys, who love a gun and fishing-rod, and glory in a long tramp — to ramble with them over those great, breezy, sunshiny hills and down through the tangled forest? I am sure that a deer might be stalked on that green hillside;

possibly there are wild pigs and certainly game-birds in that little wood; no lack of fish in the stream. You can never know the zest of hunting or fishing until your dinner depends on your success; you have never attained the sublime in cookery until you have spitted your fish or meat on a freshly peeled stick, rubbed the salt in with your fingers, and boiled it over a woodland fire, you watching it jealously lest it get ablaze, and all the time that meat is browning you grow hungrier and hungrier; and every time it sputters in the glow you catch wafts of fragrance, until you feel that you have the capacity of a dozen starving men, and wonder whether a single haunch of venison can supply your wants.

Bert was a youngster then, — so was I for that matter, and am yet whenever I get a whiff of the wild woods. Bert had his gun, a good serviceable breech-loader, the envy of the neighboring hunters. Of these, we generally kept three or four in our employ — sturdy, brown fellows, of that mixed race found all over the interior of Brazil. Then there was our German boy Carl, or Carlos as we called him, a good shot, and handy about camps. For myself, I 'm no hunter, unless an entomologist be one; but I could share in the excitement of a successful day, and assist nobly at the dinner afterward.

We made our headquarters at Chapada for a long time, and what we did n't know of the country for twenty miles round was not worth knowing. One day we organized a grand hunting-party. Besides Bert and Carlos, there were Vicente, a dark half-breed and notable hunter; David, an ex-soldier of wandering

tastes; Pedro, a great strapping fellow, principally handy for bringing home game, though he could shoot too, on occasion; and three or four others. Vicente's wife, Barbina, went along as cook, and to take care of her husband's numerous dogs: these were all of that doubtful race known as pure mongrel—small and bony and scraggly; but what they lacked in flesh they made up in voice. Our own dog, "Bocanegra," would never associate with this pack in the village, but when hunting he admitted them to a modified companionship, for the general good.

We were bound for a place or region called Taquarassú, about twenty miles from Chapada; our hunters had already stalked the small red and brown deer there, and had seen *cervos* or stags. The latter are rather rare on the highlands, though common along the river-plains. I was anxious to secure a cervo for our collection, and Bert and Carlos were equally anxious to shoot one. Bocanegra, too, pricked up his ears when we talked of cervos and Taquarassú; he could n't understand a word of English, but was fairly well up in Portuguese for a dog, and thoroughly versed in hunting-terms. Dear old fellow! He was a mongrel too, but he must have had noble blood somewhere in his veins, for no dog was ever braver or more generous.

The main party set out in the morning; the men on foot, with two mules and an ox to carry the camp-fixtures, hammocks, blankets, and supplies of mandioca-meal, coffee, sugar, and so on. Dolly and I followed about two o'clock, on horseback. The road for Matto Grosso is a good one, winding along the edge of the plateau, with glorious views here and there over the lowlands of the Cuyabá.

Just before sunset we turned into a path which led to the lower table-land of Taquarassú. Surely there is not such another bit of hunting-ground in the world; hardly a prettier spot. The country, though I have called it a table-land, is not flat, but rolling. Most of the slopes support but a scrubby growth, showing gray in the distance; here and there it is varied by stretches of emerald-green sward, where the land is wet; and all the valleys are dotted with the loveliest groves, certain marks of a stream or spring.

We knew that there were streams in plenty, and could catch the sparkle of one below us, between two of the groves. Here, to complete the picture, stood a noble group of fan-leaved miriti-palms; and beyond the palms, quietly grazing on one of those patches of greensward, were two deer. We were a quarter of a mile away, with the wind blowing toward us, so they had not caught our scent; but as we rode down the hill they lifted their pretty heads, gazed at the apparition for a second or two, and then bounded off, the pictures of grace.

It was growing dark when we reached the place that had been agreed upon for the camp; much to our surprise, it was deserted, though there were signs of recent occupation. We did not see in the twilight a note that had been left for us, stuck in a split stick; so, as we knew that the party could not be far off, we found their trail and rode after them. Luckily the grass was high and showed plainly where the party had passed, else we could not have followed in the gathering darkness; as it was, we nearly lost the trail once or twice. It crossed a brook and skirted a strip of woods. After half an hour we saw the gleam of a fire, and, guided by its light, presently rode under the trees into a space that had been cleared for the tents.

They had done well to change the camp. The place was sheltered from wind and heat, and a prettier spot could hardly have been found. Our tent was up, and the men had constructed beside it a most ambitious palm-thatched hut,—that is, it would have been palm-thatched, but the palm-leaves gave out before it was half covered; so it was a house with a hole where most of the roof should have been. Hammocks were slung to trees; pack-saddles and cooking-utensils were scattered about; the dogs sallied out in grand chorus as we rode up; the fire blazed and crackled, throwing queer, moving shadows on the overhanging branches; there came to our nostrils a fragrance as of broiling meat, and a faint aroma as of coffee; and, best of all, on a horizontal pole, between uprights, two deer were hanging by their hind legs, as deer should hang at a camp. These were enough to prove that the hunters had made a start; true, they were the small, brown

deer, not stags, but then the party had been here but a few hours.

The hunters greeted us as warmly as though we had been separated for days' instead of hours; cups of fragrant coffee were brought, and presently supper of venison-steaks and black bean-porridge, with such "fixings" as the packs would afford. Then we turned into our hammocks, watching the play of firelight on the branches above; no sound but of a crackling brand and the murmur of the brook, or the monotonous creak of hammock-ropes as the men swung lazily, until we dropped off to dreamless slumber such as only children and hunters can know.

At the first glimpse of dawn, Bert roused me softly. I had arranged to go with him and Carlos to stalk cervos by a small lake near by; that is, the boys were to do the stalking, while I looked on from the vantage-ground of a tree. We stole silently through the scrub growth, a mile or more, to the top of a ridge; beyond this lay the lake, a mere pond in a hollow, with the scrubby growth all around except close to the shore, where there was a strip of open sward. The dawn was now well advanced. At the top of the ridge Carlos, who was ahead, suddenly stooped behind a bush, with a quick sign of caution to us. We crept up on all-fours and looked down over the lake. There, knee-deep in the water and calmly drinking, was a stag.

I think both the boys had an attack of buck-fever when they saw those antlers. But—whiff! there came just a waft of air *on our backs*, and going right toward the stag. He raised his noble head,—such a sight!—sniffed the air, came to the shore, sniffed again, and began to move off uneasily. The boys raced along behind the ridge to head him, but it was too late. Those antlers never adorned Bert's room, though he has plenty of other hunting-trophies.

We followed the tracks for half a mile, until it was clear that the chase was hopeless. The boys fumed a little, but agreed that prospects were encouraging, and their spirits went up to boiling-heat when we returned to the lake and found the marks of more than one cervo along the banks; mingled with these, too, were numerous trails of the small deer, and, best of all, the unmistakable three-toed tracks of tapirs. No

doubt this was a regular drinking-place for forest animals, and by watching at night, the usual drinking-time, a cervo or a tapir might be bagged. Disappointment gave way to hope. Bert had visions of antlers with ten prongs, and Carlos talked of a tapir-skin lariat as if he already had the dead tapir at his feet. The sun was rising gloriously; we took a cool dip in the lake, of course carefully avoiding the side where tracks were numerous, and then hurried back to our camp.

There a new excitement awaited us. Vicente, exploring the woods up-stream, had struck the fresh trail of wild hogs—a large drove, he said, and they must have passed during the night. Probably they were feeding within a few miles, and could easily be brought to bay with the dogs.

Dolly had thoughtfully urged forward the morning repast, well knowing that there would be no time to lose. You should have seen the boys go through that meal, talking all the time, with their mouths full of corn-cake, and Bert hammering at fresh cartridges the while.

In five minutes we were ready—Bert, Carlos, Vicente, and Pedro with their guns; I with a revolver strapped to my waist and an insect-net in my hand, ready for peace or war; and the dogs in great excitement circling about anywhere. David went off to hunt alone, and the other men stayed by the camp to complete their too-aspiring hut. It never got beyond half a covering.

The stream by our camp and above it for a long distance was bordered by a strip of beautiful forest. Vicente led us quietly along the skirts of this wood about a mile, and then turned under the trees to a bit of swampy ground within. The dogs, running ahead, were already yelping as only Vicente's dogs could, and no wonder, for the mud was covered with pig-tracks where a large herd had been feeding, probably just before daybreak.

The trail passed up-stream, always in the wood; soon the dogs were racing after it, noses to the ground, and at first yelping madly; but after a bit they settled down to their work, and we heard their signals only at intervals. We scrambled on as fast as we could, now cutting our way through the woods, now running along

the edge, each man for himself, but all struggling to catch up with the pack. Stopping to net an insect or two, I was soon distanced hopelessly, so, to make the best of it, I found a good spot and descended to the less exciting pursuit of bugs and butterflies.

I had heard shouts in the distance, and knew that our hunters must have found the game. Presently our dog Boca-negra broke through the bushes and ran up wagging and whining, as triumphant as a dog could be. A minute after, the hunters—all except Pedro—trooped up



"WE CREEPT UP ON ALL-FOURS AND LOOKED DOWN OVER THE LAKE."

It is not uninteresting work, and my captures were good; by noon my boxes and bottles were full, and I strolled down to the stream, where the trees grew thinly, forming a lovely open glade. A tiny cascade looked so inviting that I immediately stuck my head under it, and came out with my hair and half my shirt dripping. Then I threw myself on the bank, watching the play of sunlight on the pool below, while I discussed the lunch that Dolly had provided. The ferns bent down lovingly to the pool; a humming-bird came to bathe, poising its tiny body over the water and flashing green and crimson from its helmet, then dipping twice or thrice and darting off to plume itself on a neighboring twig. I have seen large moths bathing and drinking in the same way.

with the rest of the dogs, Vicente bending under the weight of a pig that was slung over his back. They had found the drove, about thirty, a mile farther up-stream; the pigs were gathered in a little open space, clicking their white tusks at the dogs, and making no attempts to escape; the dogs were barking furiously, but kept a safe distance—all except one that had ventured too close and was lying on the ground, a victim to his own rashness; he had yelped his last yelp. Vicente, who was ahead, called to the boys to be careful, and climb a tree if the drove charged, as these animals sometimes do. Bert plunged through the bushes, and came up to the pigs on one side while they were still engaged with the dogs. Seeing his chance, he picked out the largest one within range and knocked it over neatly

with a shoulder-shot. At that the drove broke and raced off through the woods. Vicente took a flying shot, but only wounded one; they followed for a mile or more, but the trail ran through a tough thicket of bamboos, where their progress was so slow that the hunters had to give up the chase.

They then returned to the dead pig, waited for the dogs to come in, and, about noon, started back to camp. All were in high spirits, though Vicente growled a little about his lost dog, and vowed never to set his pack on a pig-trail again. Pedro was missing, but could take care of himself; so we went on.

The pig was one of the kind called *caititú*, the smaller of two species found in this region; it generally goes in droves, sometimes of a hundred or more, and its chase is quite dangerous enough to be exciting. I have heard of hunters treed

We found David in camp, and he had brought another deer; one of the men had shot a brace of pheasant-like birds; and, late in the day, Pedro came staggering in under the weight of a great *porco*, the larger species of wild hog. The trail had carried him across ravines and over a rocky hill, until he came on the hogs (there were a pair) in a little thicket. His first shot secured one. It weighed about a hundred pounds, and Pedro carried it nearly eight miles.

We remained at Taquarassú a week, but I have no space to tell you all of our adventures: how we watched at night by the lake and saw more cervos, but got none; how Vicente shot an ant-eater, and Bert and Carlos between them bagged a young tapir.

It was a successful hunt, though we got no stags. The week's sport counted up seven deer, three wild hogs (one the larger species),



"THE HUNTERS TROOPED UP WITH THE REST OF THE DOGS."

by pigs, and besieged for hours. A pack of wolves is hardly more to be dreaded than a score of *caititús*, if they have the courage to charge.

an ant-eater, a young tapir, and as much small game as the men had cared to shoot. We were a very tired and very happy party when we reached Chapada late Saturday night.

TOM PAULDING.

(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

CAKES AND A COMPOSITION.



SEVERAL successive Saturday afternoons Tom Paulding devoted to the box of old papers, carefully going over every letter twice or thrice, that he might make

sure of its full meaning and of its exact bearing on the problems to be solved. With like industry he read through the old newspapers and the cuttings therefrom which made up more than half the contents of the box. In these newspapers Tom found nothing relating to his investigation; but he discovered much in them that was amusing; and the glimpse of old New York they gave seemed to him so strange that Tom began to take interest in the early history of his native city. The more thoroughly he came to know the annals of New York, the prouder he was that he and his had been New-Yorkers for five generations at least.

One Saturday morning, early in December, about a month after Mrs. Paulding had given her son permission to take the box of old papers, Tom was going out to get his mother the ingredients for a batch of cakes she had to bake for a customer. Mrs. Paulding was fond of cooking, and she made delicious broths and jellies; but her special gift was for baking cake. When the New York Exchange for Woman's

Work was opened, Mrs. Paulding sent to it for sale a Washington pie, made after a receipt which had been a tradition in the family, even before the days of Mrs. Nicholas Paulding, Tom's great-grandmother. The purchaser of this delicacy was so delighted with it that she went again to the exchange and asked for another. So in time it came about that Mrs. Paulding was one of the ladies who eke out a slender income by making soups, jellies, and cakes to order for the customers of this Woman's Exchange.

In this pleasant labor Tom and Pauline were always anxious to aid. Polly had much of her mother's lightness of touch, and was already well skilled as a maker of what she chose to call "seedaway cake,"—because it was thus that she first had tried to name a cake flavored with caraway seeds. Tom had no liking for the kitchen, but he was glad to do what chores he could and to run all his mother's errands. Besides, Mrs. Paulding, with motherly forethought, was wont to contrive that there should be left over, now and again, small balls of dough, which she molded in little tins and baked for Tom and for Polly. These, however, were accidental delights to which they looked forward whenever their mother had a lot of cakes to make.

The Careful Katie did not always approve of Mrs. Paulding's invasion of her kitchen to make cake for others; but she always was pleased to see the little cakes which might lie a-baking in a corner of the oven as a treat for Tom and for Polly.

"It's a sweet tooth they have, both o' the childer," she said.

Polly had just called to her brother, "Oh, Tom, don't go out till you have given me that 'rithmetic of yours!"

"All right," answered her brother.

Just then Katie left the room, and Polly again delayed Tom's departure.

"When you were little," she said, "and Katie used to say you had a sweet tooth in your head, did it make you open your mouth, and feel your teeth, and wonder why she said you had only one? Because I did,—and I used to be afraid that perhaps if I ate too much cake I might lose my sweet tooth and not be able to taste it any more."

"You did lose all that set of sweet teeth, my dear," remarked Mrs. Paulding, smiling at Polly, as she weighed out the powdered sugar for her frosting.

"But I've got a new set of them," Polly replied, "and I'm sure that I like cake now more than ever."

"There was one of Katie's sayings that used to worry me," said Tom; "and that was when she pretended to be tired of talking to us, and declared that she would n't waste her breath on us. That made me think that perhaps we had only just so much breath each, and that if we wasted it when we were young, we should n't have any left when we were grown up —"

"I used to think that too," interrupted Pauline.

"And I thought that it would be horrible," continued her brother, "to be an old man, and not be able to speak. So when I went to bed, sometimes I used to save my breath, keeping it in as long as I could."

"I wish I'd thought of that," Polly declared. "But I did n't. Now, where's that 'rithmetic?" she added, seeing that her brother had again started to go.

"I'll get it for you," Tom answered. "It's in my room."

In a minute he returned with the book in his hand.

Across the cover were written the following characters:

τομ παυλδινγς βροσλ.

Polly took the volume, and, seeing this strange legend, she asked at once, "What's that?"

"That?" echoed Tom. "Oh, that's Greek."

Mrs. Paulding looked around in surprise.

"I did not know you were studying Greek," she said.

"I'm not," Tom answered. "That is n't really Greek. It's just my name in Greek letters—I got them out of the end of the dictionary, you know. Besides, I did that years ago. I have n't used that book since I was eleven."

Then he took the list of things his mother wished him to get, and went out.

When he came back, Pauline danced out to meet him, waving a paper above her head with one hand, while with the other she kept tight hold of the kitten which had climbed to her shoulder.

"Guess what I've found!" she cried; "and guess where I found it!"

Tom went into the dining-room to make his report to his mother. Then he turned to Polly and said: "Well, and what did you find?"

"I found this—in your 'rithmetic," she an-



"'GUESS WHAT I 'VE FOUND!' SHE CRIED."

swered, opening the paper and holding it before him. "It's one of your compositions, written when you were younger than I am now—when you were only ten. It's about money—and Marmee and I don't think that it is so bad, considering how very young you were when you wrote it."

Mrs. Paulding smiled, but said nothing.

"Let me see!" cried Tom, holding out his hand.

"Will you promise to give it back?" she asked, retreating behind her mother.

"It's mine, is n't it?" he replied.

"But I want to keep it. I would like to show it to our teacher and to some of the girls, because it is so funny. I can tell them that a little boy wrote it, without telling who it was. It was a good subject to write about, I think. Just think what I've got to do a composition on next week! On 'Loyalty!' What can I write about Loyalty? That's one of those head-in-the-air words I never have anything to say about. The teachers we had last year used to let us write descriptive compositions. I wrote one on 'A Walk in Riverside Park,' and I told all about the little girl's tomb with the urn on it, you know. And we kept changing teachers, and I handed in that composition three times!"

"O Pauline!" said her mother, reproachfully.

"Well," the little girl explained, "I wrote it over every time and made it longer and fixed it up a bit. It's so hard to think of things to say when you have to write a composition."

"Let me have mine now," said Tom, "and I'll give it back."

"Honest?" she asked.

"Certain sure," he answered.

"Hands across your heart?" she inquired, holding out the paper.

"Never see the back of my neck again, if I don't!" declared Tom, taking it from her hand hastily.

When he had opened it, and when he saw the irregular handwriting and the defective spelling, he blushed slightly.

"I wrote this when I was a boy," he said apologetically.

"What are you now?" asked his mother, as she glanced up from her labors, smiling.

"I mean a little boy," Tom answered.

This is the composition which Tom Paulding had written when he was "a little boy."

The signature and the date under it are omitted, but the latter showed that Tom was just ten years and three months old when he composed it:

MONEY.

I Money is one of the most useful things in the world
 II and if it was not for money we should not have
 III half the comforts and emplacements which we have. Money
 IV is a great thing and goes a great sometimes. There
 V are a great many kinds of coins of different nations
 VI the English, the French, the American, the Austrian, and the
 VII Russian, and a great many others kinds of coins,
 VIII There has been a great deal of money spent in
 IX the war, To pay the soldier, and to buy the imple-
 X ments of war, such as cannons, mortars, and cannons balls
 XI and powder, and some of it to give to the widows
 XII of the soldierds who have been killed, There are
 XIII two kinds of Money, one kind of which is paper
 XIV and the other kind is speice which is coin such
 XV as gold silver and copper The coin, of the United
 XVI States are eagles, dollars, dimes, cents, and
 XVII mills, These are gold silver and copper. The
 XVIII, Eagles dollars are gold, dollars dimes half dimes are sil-
 XIX, ver, cents and half cents are copper., Besides the paper
 XX money of the United States, which are the 100, 10, 5
 XXI dollars and less.

"What I like about it," said Polly, stooping so that the kitten could jump off her shoulder, "is the way you have numbered the lines. Those Xs and Vs take up a lot more space than plain figures, and they help to fill up beautifully. Our teacher now wants us to write forty lines, but she won't let us number them—is n't that mean?"

"I suppose you could write a very different composition on the same subject now, Tom, since you have been in search of the money stolen from your great-grandfather," Mrs. Paulding suggested.

"I don't know," Tom answered, with a laugh; "I think I have learned something about the history of the battles here in September, 1776; but I don't know any more about money, because I have n't found any yet."

"How do you get on with your search?" asked his mother.

"I don't get on at all," Tom answered frankly. "I seem to have found out all there is to know—and that does n't tell me anything really. I know all about the stealing, but I have n't the first idea where the stolen money is."

"Then I would not waste any more time on it," said Mrs. Paulding.

"Oh, I'm not going to give it up now," Tom declared forcibly; "it's just like a puzzle to me, and I've worked over puzzles before. Sometimes you go a long while, and you don't see in the least how it could be done; and then, all of a sudden, it comes to you, and you do it as easily as can be. And that's what I hope will happen about this two-thousand-guinea puzzle. At any rate, that's the biggest prize I ever had a chance at, and I'm not going to give it up without trying hard for it."

Mrs. Paulding's eyes lighted up with pleasure at Tom's energy.

"I wish your uncle Dick were here to help you," she said.

"I'd rather do it all by myself, if I can," Tom returned. "If I can't, then I'd like Uncle Dick's help."

"Where is Uncle Dick now?" asked Pauline.

"I believe he is at the diamond-fields in South Africa," her mother answered. "That is where I wrote him last; but I have n't heard from him for nearly a year now."

"But if Uncle Dick came back, mother, we should n't need the two thousand guineas," said Tom; "he'd pay off the mortgage, and send me to study engineering, and get a new doll for Polly, and—"

"I'm not a baby!" interrupted Pauline, "and I don't want a new doll. If I had lots and lots of money, I think I should like a little teeny-weeny tiger—just a tiger-kitten, you know. It would be such fun to play with it. Is Uncle Dick very rich, Marmee?"

"I do not know whether he has any money at all or not," answered Mrs. Paulding. "He was always a rolling stone, and I doubt if he has gathered any moss."

"I should n't like an uncle who had about him anything so green as moss," said Tom.

"We'd like to see him, if he had n't a cent," cried Polly. "But I've read stories where uncles came back, and were ever so rich, and did everything you wanted, and paid off the mortgage, and gave everybody all the money they needed."

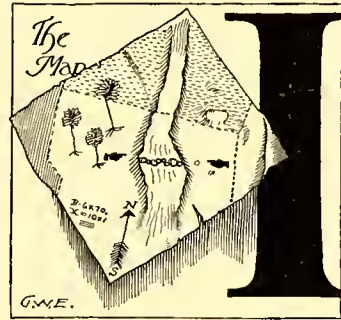
"I'm afraid you must n't expect that kind of an uncle," sighed Mrs. Paulding.

"Then I wish we had a fairy godmother!" Polly declared.

"We've got something finer than that," said Tom, bending forward and kissing Mrs. Paulding; "we've got a mother better than any fairy."

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUARREL AND AN ARRIVAL.



IT must not be supposed that Tom Paulding's whole time was given up to his quest for the stolen guineas, or that he in any way neglected his studies at school or his

duties at home. He went to school regularly, and he did his usual tasks much as he had done them before he had taken up the search; perhaps his interest in American history was a little keener now that he felt himself in touch with the soldiers of the Continental army. His liking for mathematics, and his ingenuity in solving problems, were no greater than before, as the science of numbers had always been his favorite branch of learning.

At home, as at school, life went on with the same round of duties and pleasures, the sameness of which was not relieved after Tom had set his mind on a single object. It was only on Saturdays, and then chiefly in the afternoon, that Tom could really devote himself to his quest. And this fixing of Tom's energies on a private enterprise caused a loosening of the tie that bound him to the Black Band. He lacked the time to take part in all the elaborate sports of his friends; and although, now and again, some specially wild plan of the delicate Harry Zachary might for a moment tempt him, he wavered for a moment only and went on his own way with little regret, leaving his friends to amuse themselves after their fashion.

At first this giving up of the pleasant sports of boyhood, even for a little while, was not easy;

but as time went on, and as Tom became more and more deeply interested in the work to which he had given himself, he found that it was easier and easier to turn aside from the tempting suggestions of Harry Zachary and the hearty invitations of Cissy Smith. It seemed to Tom as if he had now a more serious object in life, to gain which would relieve not only himself, but his mother and his sister; and this thought strengthened him, and he ceased to regret in any way his lessened interest in the doings of the Black Band.

On the afternoon of the Saturday when Pauline had read his early composition on "Money," Tom took a map he had found in the boxes of papers. This was the map roughly outlined by Nicholas Paulding, and it showed the position of the American and British forces on the night of the robbery. On it were marked also the situation of the camp-fire where Nicholas had slept that evening, and the posts of the two sentries who had fired at the thief. It showed, moreover, the course of the little stream which separated the opposing armies. Tom intended to compare this map with the ground as it was now, and to see if he could identify any of the landmarks, and so make sure exactly where the robbery took place and in which direction Jeffrey Kerr had fled.

The weather was mild for the season of the year. It was almost the middle of December, and as yet there had been neither ice nor snow. A bright, clear December day in New York is, as Shakspeare says of old age, "frosty, but kindly." Tom felt the bracing effect of the breeze as he stepped briskly along. What he wished chiefly to discover was a trace of the brook which the map indicated as having flowed between the camp of George Washington's men and the camp of the men of George III. He knew the ground fairly well already, but he did not recall any such stream.

As he was hurrying along he came suddenly upon a little group of the Black Band, marching down the street two abreast under command of Cissy Smith, who careened at the head.

"Hello, Tom!" cried Cissy Smith.

"Hello!" replied Tom.

"Halt!" commanded the leader of the Black Band. "Break ranks! Go as you please!"

Lott twisted himself forward and greeted Tom sneeringly:

"Hello, Curly! Are you off on your wild-goose chase now?"

"Look here, Corkscrew, I've told you before that I won't be called Curly! And you sha'n't do it any more," Tom declared indignantly. He regretted bitterly that his dark hair persisted in curling, despite his utmost endeavor to straighten it out and to plaster it down.

"If I had hair like a girl's, all curls and ringlets, I should n't mind being called Curly," Corkscrew explained, a little sulkily.

"Well, I do mind," Tom said emphatically; "and I want it stopped."

Lott was silent. Perhaps he had no answer ready. He was a little older than Tom, and of late he had begun to grow at a most surprising rate. He was already the tallest boy of the group. Cissy Smith had said that if Corkscrew only kept on growing, the Black Band would make him their standard-bearer and use him as the flagstaff, too. Lott's spare figure seemed taller and thinner than it was because of the high boots he always wore.

"I reckon there 'll be a row between Tom and Corkscrew, sooner or later," whispered Harry Zachary to Smith. "They are both of 'em just spoiling for a fight."

"Tom would knock the fight out of him in no time," Cissy answered. "He 's well set up, while Lott 's all out of shape, like a big clothes-pin. If he tried to bully me, I 'd tell him to stop it, or I 'd make him sorry."

Lott hesitated and then held out his hand to Tom. "I tell you what I 'll do," he said. "I 'll agree never to call you Curly again, if you 'll take me into this search of yours. I 'd like to know all about it, and I can find out a lot for you."

"Oh, ho!" cried Cissy. "I thought you called it a wild-goose chase?"

"So I did," Lott replied. "But that was only to tease Tom."

"I do not want any help," Tom declared.

"I 'll do what I can," urged Lott. "And when we get it, I 'll ask for only a third of the money."

"No," Tom replied. "I 'm going to find it alone or not at all."

"I 'll help you for a quarter of what we get—" Lott went on.

"There 's no use talking about it," said Tom. "When I want a side-partner in this business, I 'll pick one out for myself."

"All right," Corkscrew answered, with a sudden twist which took him out of the circle. "It 's your loss, not mine. Any way, I don't believe you 'll ever find anything, either."

At this juncture little Jimmy Wigger ran up breathlessly and joined the group of boys.

"Are you going to play any good games to-day?" he asked eagerly. "Can't I play, too? I 'd have been here before, but my aunt would n't let me till now. She 's given me permission to be out two hours if I 'm with Cissy or Tom, and if I promise to be very careful and not to get my feet wet."

"I 'll take care of you," said Cissy.

"And we 'll let you play with us, if you are a good boy, and don't cry," added Lott.

"I have n't cried for 'most a year now," little Jimmy declared indignantly.

"Then see you don't cry to-day," said Lott, taking from his pocket what was apparently a bit of wooden pencil. "Oh, I say, Jimmy, just hold this for me, will you, while I tie it?"

"Certainly," little Jimmy replied willingly.

"Hold it this way," Lott explained, "between your thumb and your finger—so. Press tight against each end—that 's it. Now I 'll tie the string."

As Corkscrew took hold of the threads which came out of a hole in the middle of the pencil, which, if pulled, would thrust two needles into little Jimmy's hand, Tom grabbed him by the arm.

"Drop that, Corkscrew!" he cried. "You sha'n't play that on Jimmy."

"Why not?" asked Lott. "I fooled you with it yesterday."

"I 'm old enough to take care of myself," Tom answered. "Jimmy is n't. Besides, he 's just been put under my care and Cissy's for to-day."

Lott sullenly wound the threads about the mean contrivance in preparing which he had spent his study hour the day before. As he

put it in his pocket he said, "I don't see why some people can't mind their own business!"

"I 'm going to make it my business to keep you from bullying Jimmy," Tom responded.

"How are you going to do it?" sneered Lott.

"I 've been able to do it so far by catching you in time. But before we get through I believe we shall have to fight it out," Tom asserted.

"Oh, indeed!" Lott rejoined. "And who 'll take you home to your mother then?"

"I 'm younger than you," Tom answered, "and I 'm not so big, but I don't believe you can hurt me. And I don't mean to have you hurt Jimmy here. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand fast enough," Corkscrew rejoined; "and I shall do just what I like. So there!"

There was a little more talk among the boys, and then they parted. The Black Band



"TOM WAS ABLE TO FIND MOST OF THE POSITIONS INDICATED ON THE MAP." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

marched off, Cissy Smith lurching ahead as captain, with little Jimmy Wigger and Corkscrew Lott in the ranks together. Tom went on his way to verify the map made by his great-grandfather.

Just as the Black Band was going around a

corner which would take them out of sight, Lott stopped and called back.

Tom turned in answer to this hail. What he heard was the taunting voice of Corkscrew shouting after him, "Good-by, Curly! Curly! Oh, Curly! Put them up in paper when you get home!"

Tom hesitated whether he should run after Lott and have their fight out once for all, or whether he should pay no attention to his words. He chose the latter course, and went on his way again.

During the afternoon, before the early twilight closed in, he was able to find most of the positions indicated on the map. Some of them were plainly to be seen, being very little changed from their condition the night before the Battle of Harlem Heights. Others were difficult to verify, because of the new streets and the houses which had been built of late years.

The little brook, which was the chief object Tom wished to trace, he succeeded at last in locating precisely. Of course it was no longer a brook. When streets are run across meadows and through hills, the watercourses must needs lie dry and bare. But there were several adjoining blocks where the street-level was higher than the original surface, and where the vacant lots had not been filled in.

Across three of these open spaces Tom was able to trace the course of the little stream, with its occasional rock-bordered pools, in which fish once used to feed, and which had become dry and deserted. The willows which bordered one bank of the brook were still standing. Tom was successful in discovering even the site of the Seven Stones which had served for a passage across the stream where it broadened out into a tiny pond.

In the plan made by Tom's great-grandfather these were marked "the stepping-stones" simply; but in another and rougher map, which also Tom had found among the papers of Wyllys Paulding, they were called the Seven Stones. Tom was interested in identifying them, as he thought that Jeffrey Kerr might have crossed them in his flight from the American camp to the British.

But as Kerr never reached the British forces,

there was no need of speculating how it was that he might have gone if he had reached them. This Tom felt keenly. In fact the more he studied the situation, and the better he became acquainted with the surroundings, the more difficult seemed the problem of Kerr's disappearance. When that feeling was at its worst, he would recollect that his grandfather had made the same inquiries he was now trying to make, and that his grandfather had suddenly and unhesitatingly abandoned the quest; and the reason for this strange proceeding seemed to Tom as hard to seek as the other.

Tom walked slowly home in the gathering dusk of the December day. The sun was setting far down across the river, and the clouds were rosy and golden with the glow. Tom did not see the glories of nature; his mind was busy with his puzzles. He kept turning them over and over again. He wished that he had some one to whom he could talk plainly, and who might be able to suggest some new point of view. None of his school-fellows was available for this purpose. Corkscrew, of course, would not do, and Harry Zachary was too young, while Cissy Smith was so practical and so sarcastic sometimes that Tom hated to go to him, although he and Cissy were the best of friends.

His mother he was not willing to bother with his hopes and his fears. She had her own burdens. Besides, the delight of bringing her money to pay off the mortgage and do with as she pleased would be sadly damped if she had any share in the recovery of the guineas.

Tom found himself wishing that he had some older friend whom he could consult. He wondered even whether he might not do well to go down-town and have a talk with the lawyer, Mr. Duncan.

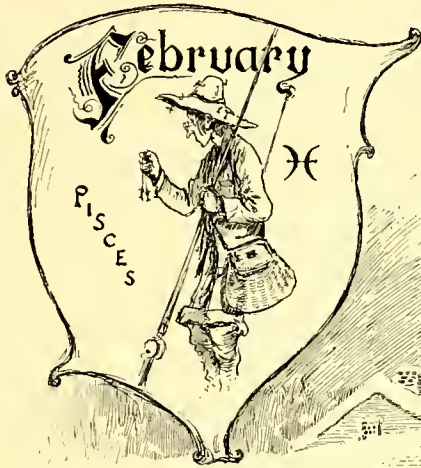
When he had climbed the steep flight of wooden steps which led from the street to the ground about their house, he thought he saw Pauline at a window as though she were waiting for him. As he drew near the porch, the front door was opened and Pauline came flying out, her eyes sparkling and her hair streaming out behind.

"Tom," she cried; "oh, Tom, guess who is here!"

“I can't guess,” he answered. “Who is it?” now he 's in the parlor talking to Marmee and
 “It 's Unele Dick,” she answered. “He waiting to see you.”
 came this afternoon just after you went out, and Here, as it happened, was the very friend
 I was all alone, and I had to receive him. And Tom had been hoping for.

(To be continued.)

A Year with Dolly



My Dolly went to ride in a sleigh,
 And I was the horse to draw her;
 She tumbled out — I was running away —
 And O there was nobody saw her;
 But I found her at last in a bank of snow,
 All so smiling and rosy,
 Just as patient and good, you know,
 As if it were warm and cozy.



I took her in and put her to bed —
 I was sure she must be freezing;
 I rubbed her feet and I rubbed her head
 For fear it would set her sneezing.
 Now she will soon be well, no doubt,
 But I've made a resolution
 To take more care when she goes out
 Of my Dolly's constitution.



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.¹

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

[*Began in the December number.*]

CHAPTER II.

THE Great American Desert was almost better known a generation ago than it is to-day. Then thousands of the hardy Argonauts on their way to California had traversed that fearful waste on foot with their dawdling ox-teams, and hundreds of them left their bones to bleach in that thirsty land. The survivors of those deadly journeys had a very vivid idea of what that desert was; but now that we can roll across it in less than a day in Pullman palace-cars, its real—and still existing—horrors are largely forgotten. I have walked its hideous length alone and wounded, and realize something more of it from that than a great many railroad journeys across it have told me. Now every transcontinental railroad crosses the great desert which stretches up and down the continent, west of the Rocky Mountains, for nearly two thousand miles. The northern routes cut its least terrible parts; but the two railroads which traverse its southern half—the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad and the Southern Pacific—pierce some of its grimmest recesses.

The first scientific exploration of this region was Lieutenant Wheeler's United States survey about 1850; and he was first to give scientific assurance that we had here a desert as absolute as the Sahara. If its parched sands could speak their record, what a story they might tell of sufferings and death; of slow-plodding caravans, whose patient oxen lifted their feet ceaselessly from the blistering gravel; of drawn human faces that peered at some lying image of a placid lake, and toiled frantically on to

sink at last, hopeless and strengthless, in the hot dust which the mirage had painted with the hues and the very waves of water.

No one will ever know how many have yielded to the long sleep in that inhospitable land. Not a year passes, even now, without record of many dying upon that desert, and of many more who wander back, in a delirium of thirst. Even people at the railroad stations sometimes rove off, lured by the strange fascination of the desert, and never come back; and of the adventurous miners who seek to probe the golden secrets of those barren and strange-hued ranges, there are countless victims.

A desert is not necessarily an endless, level waste of burning sand. The Great American Desert is full of strange, burnt, ragged mountain ranges, with deceptive, sloping broad valleys between—though as we near its southern end the mountains become somewhat less numerous, and the sandy wastes more prominent. There are many extinct volcanoes upon it, and hundreds of square miles of black, bristling lava-flows. A large part of it is sparsely clothed with the hardy greasewood; but in places not a plant of any sort breaks the surface, as far as the eye can reach. The summer heat is unbearable, often reaching 136° in the shade; and a piece of metal which has been in the sun can no more be handled than can a red-hot stove. Even in winter the midday heat is insufferable, while at night ice frequently forms on the water-tanks. The daily range of temperature there is said to be the greatest ever recorded anywhere; and a change of 80° in a few hours is not rare.

Such violent variations are extremely trying

¹ Copyright, 1891, by Charles F. Lummis.

to the human system; and among the few people who live on the edges of the hottest of lands, pneumonia is the commonest of diseases. The scattered telegraph-offices along the railroad are all built with two roofs, a couple of feet apart, that the free passage of air may partially ward off the fearful down-beating of the sun. There are oases in the desert, too, chief of which are the narrow valleys of the Mojave* River and the lower Colorado.

It is a strange thing to see that soft green ribbon across the molten landscape—between lines as sharp-drawn as a fence, on one side of which all is verdant life, and on the other, but a foot away, all death and desolation.

The twisted ranges, which seem to have been dropped down upon the waste, rather than upheaved from it, are very rich in gold and silver—a fact which has lured many a victim to death. Their strange colors have given an appropriate name to one of the largest silver-producing districts in the United States—it is called “Calico.” The curiously blended browns and reds of these igneous rocks make them look like the antiquated calicoes of our grandmothers.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed of. The Arabian simoom is not deadlier than the sand-storm of the Colorado Desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express-trains cannot make head against it—nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by car-loads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snow-drifts to blockade trains there; but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laden tempests has little chance of escape. The man

who will lie with his head tightly wrapped in coat or blanket and stifle there until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose swift feet cannot bear it betimes to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose, and throat almost past endurance.

The few rivers of the American desert are as strange and as treacherous as its winds. The Colorado is the only large stream of them all, and the only one which behaves like an ordinary river. It is always turbid—and gets its Spanish name, which means the “Red,” from the color of its tide. The smaller streams are almost invariably clear in dry weather; but in a time of rain they become torrents not so much of sandy water as of liquid sand! I have seen them rolling down in freshets with waves four feet high which seemed simply sand in flow; and it is a fact that the bodies of those who are drowned at such times are almost never recovered. The strange river buries them forever in its own sands. All these rivers have heads; but hardly one of them has a mouth! They rise in the mountains on the edge of some happier land, flow away out into the desert, making a green gladness where their waters touch, and finally are swallowed up forever by the thirsty sands. The Mojave, for instance, is a beautiful little stream, clear as crystal through the summer, only a foot or so in depth but some two hundred feet wide. It is fifty or sixty miles long, and its upper valley is a narrow paradise, green with tall grasses and noble cotton-woods that recall the stately elms of the Connecticut Valley. But presently the grass gives place to barren sand-banks, the hardier trees, whose roots bore deep to drink, grow small and straggling; and at last the river dies altogether upon the arid plain, and leaves beyond as bare a desert as that which borders its bright oasis-ribbon on both sides.

It is a very curious fact that this American Sahara, over fifteen hundred miles long from north to south, and nearly half as wide, serves to trip the very seasons. On its Atlantic side the rains all come in the summer; but on the Pacific side they are invariably in the winter, and a

* Pronounced *Mo-hah-vy*.

shower between March and October is almost as unheard of as the proverbial thunder from a cloudless sky.

In the southern portions of the desert are many strange freaks of vegetable life—huge cacti sixty feet tall, and as large around as a

barrel, with singular arms which make them look like gigantic candelabra; smaller but equally fantastic varieties of cactus, from the tall, lithe ocalilla, or whipstock cactus, down to the tiny knobs smaller than china cups, whose innocent-looking needles give them a roseate halo. The blossoms of these strange vegetable pin-cushions (whose pins all have their points outward) are invariably brilliant and beautiful. There are countless more modest flowers, too, in the rainy season, and then thousands of square miles are carpeted thick with a floral carpet that makes it hard for the traveler to believe that he is really gazing upon a desert. There are even date-palms—those quaint ragged children of the tropics; and they have very fitting company. Few people are aware that there are wild camels in North America, but it is none the less true. Many years ago a number of these "ships of the desert" were im-

ported from Africa by an enterprising Yankee who purposed to use them in freighting across the American Sahara. The scheme failed; the camels escaped to the desert, made themselves at home, and there they roam to-day, wild as deer but apparently thriving, and now and then



THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ported from Africa by an enterprising Yankee who purposed to use them in freighting across the American Sahara. The scheme failed; the camels escaped to the desert, made themselves at home, and there they roam to-day, wild as deer but apparently thriving, and now and then

frightening the wits out of some ignorant prospector who strays into their grim domain.

There are in this desert weird and deadly valleys which are hundreds of feet below the level of the sea; vast deposits of pure salt, borax, soda, and other minerals; remarkable "mud-volcanoes" or geysers; marvelous mirages and supernatural atmospheric effects, and many other wonders. The intensely dry air is so clear that distance seems annihilated, and the eye loses its reckoning. Objects twenty miles away appear to be within an easy half-hour's walk. There are countless dry beds of lakes of ages ago—some of them of great extent—in whose alkaline dust no plant can grow, and upon which a puddle of rain-water becomes an almost deadly poison.

In the mountain-passes are trails where the pattering feet of starveling coyotes for thousands of years have worn a path six inches deep in the

limestone. Gaunt ravens sail staring over the wan plains; there hairy tarantulas hop; and the "side-winder"—the deadly, horned rattlesnake of the desert, which gets its nickname from its peculiar sideling motion—crawls across the burning sands, or basks in the terrific sun which only he and the lizards, of all created things, can enjoy.

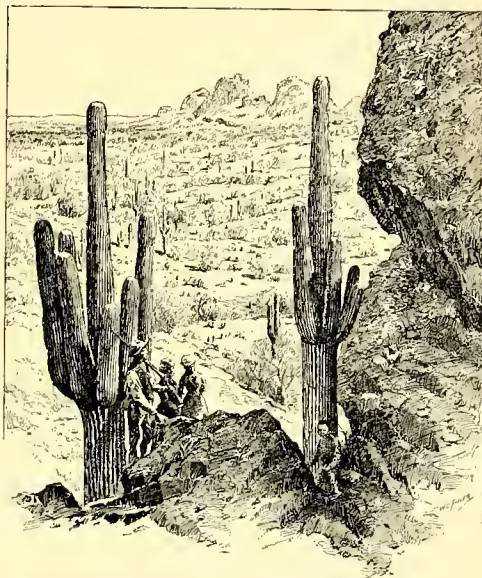
Within a year great interest has been excited by the formation of the "Salton Sea." There was no need for mystery about it—the Colorado River merely broke into that strange basin which is two hundred and sixty-eight feet below the sea-level.

The most fatally famous part of the Great American Desert is Death Valley, in California. There is on all the globe no other spot more forbidding, more desolate, more deadly. It is a concentration of the horrors of that whole hideous area; and it has a bitter history.

One of the most interesting and graphic stories I ever listened to was that related to me, several years ago, by one of the survivors of the famous Death Valley party of 1849—the Rev. J. W. Brier, an aged Methodist clergyman now living in California. A party of five hundred emigrants started on the last day of September, 1849, from the southern end of Utah to cross the desert to the, then new, mines of California. There were one hundred and five canvas-topped wagons, drawn by sturdy oxen, beside which trudged the shaggy men, rifle in hand, while under the canvas awnings rode the women and children. In a short time there was division of opinion as to the proper route across that pathless waste in front; and next day five wagons and their people went east to reach Santa Fé (whence there were dim Mexican trails to Los Angeles), and the rest plunged boldly into the desert. The party which went by way of Santa Fé reached California in December, after vast sufferings. The larger company traveled in comfort for a few days until they reached about where Pioche now is. Then they entered the Land of Thirst; and for more than three months wandered, lost in that realm of horror. It was almost impossible to get wagons through a country furrowed with cañons; so they soon abandoned their vehicles, packing what they could upon the backs of the oxen.

They struggled on to glittering lakes, only to find them deadly poison, or but a mirage on barren sands. Now and then a wee spring in the mountains gave them new life. One by one the oxen dropped, day by day the scanty flour ran lower. Nine young men, who separated from the rest, being stalwart and unencumbered with families, reached Death Valley ahead of the others, and were lost. Their bones were found many years later by Governor Blaisdell and his surveyors, who gave Death Valley its name.

The valley lies in Inyo County, and is about



VIEW AMONG THE CACTI.

one hundred and fifty miles long. In width it tapers from three miles at its southern end to thirty at the northern. It is over two hundred feet below the level of the sea. The main party crossed it at about the middle, where it is but a few miles wide, but suffered frightfully there. Day by day some of their number sank upon the burning sands never to rise. The survivors were too weak to help the fallen.

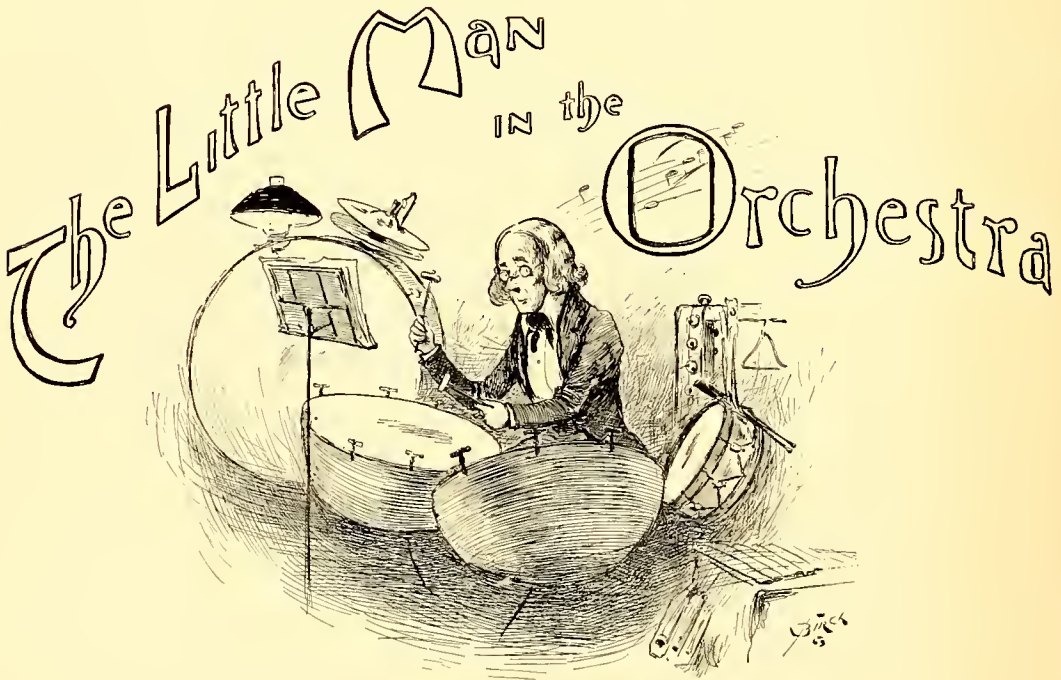
The strongest of the whole party was nervous, little Mrs. Brier, who had come to Colorado an invalid, and who shared with her boys of four, seven, and nine years of age that indescribable tramp of nine hundred miles. For the last three weeks she had to lift her athletic

husband from the ground every morning, and steady him a few moments before he could stand. She gave help to wasted giants any one of whom, a few months before, could have lifted her with one hand.

At last the few survivors crossed the range which shuts off that most dreadful of deserts from the garden of the world, and were tenderly nursed to health at the hacienda, or ranch house, of a courtly Spaniard. Mr. Brier had lost one hundred pounds in weight, and the others were thin in proportion. When I saw him last he was a hale old man of seventy-five, cheerful and active, but with strange furrows

in his face to tell of those bygone sufferings. His heroic little wife was still living, and the boys, who had had such a bitter experience as perhaps no other boys ever survived, are now stalwart men.

The Great American Desert reaches from Idaho to the Gulf of California and down into Mexico; and includes portions of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and California. There have been numerous schemes to reclaim parts of it,—even to turning the Colorado River into its southern basins,—but all the ingenuity of man will never change most of it from the fearful wilderness it is to-day.



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

If you should go to the play some night
 You 'll see in the orchestra, on the right,
 A little man;
 And, if he does n't astonish you
 With the musical antics he goes through—
 Why, nobody can!

First he plays the I-don't-know-what, whose tones
 Sound just as if you were hitting bones ;
 Then, with a jump,
 He jangles the chords of the tumty-tum,
 And he 's sure to be back when the big bass drum
 Requires a thump.

Next the what-you-may-call-it must be whacked ;
 And then from the thingummy he 'll extract
 A tinny sound ;
 While the jiggermaree he will wake to life
 Till it sets you on edges, like a knife
 When it 's being ground.

And there are those round brass things, you know ;
 What 's the name they give 'em ?—er—er—they go
 Ching-ching ! Ching-ching !
 Wherever there comes a great big crash
 He uses his feet, and makes 'em clash
 Like everything !

There 's a little bald man on the other side
 Who stands up and looks rather dignified ;
 But don't watch *him* ;
 His fiddle 's the biggest of all, it 's true,
 But the only thing he can make it do
 Is to go "zim-zim !"



THE WINNING OF VANELLA.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

My father was a rich merchant, and I naturally expected that he would give me enough to insure me a fair start in life. Consequently, after the celebration of my twenty-first birthday, I was not surprised when he told me that he wished to hold a serious conversation with me in his study. I found him sitting upon his favorite green silk divan.

He motioned to me to be seated.

"My son," he began, "it is time you began your career."

"Most true, Parent revered," was my answer.

"Unfortunately," he went on, "the pirates have lately captured six of my largest galleys loaded with emeralds, topazes, and notions, and I shall be unable to provide for you as I wished to do. But the money, which it seems was fated to be lost, would have been only a disappointment, and you can now show me what you are capable of doing by your unaided efforts."

"It is an excellent opportunity," I agreed.

"Your brothers, as you know, have already attempted to cope with the world."

"I know," I assented.

"But hitherto I have not told you of their fortunes. The King of a neighboring country seeks a husband for his only daughter, and promises to abdicate as soon as he has found a suitable son-in-law for the place."

"What sort of a son-in-law does his Majesty desire?"

"He does n't say. Both of your excellent brothers have returned to me for enough to make a new start in life, after having failed to win the hand of this princess."

"Did they tell you of their experiences?" I inquired with natural curiosity.

"Only in the most general terms," my father answered, smiling grimly at his own thoughts. "They told me that each candidate had certain tasks to perform, and agreed to leave the country forever if unsuccessful."

"And my brothers failed?"

"At the first task," said my father.

"Which was, perhaps, difficult?"

"Difficult, you may well say. It was to bring from the Hereditary Khan of Bijoutery, a proud and warlike chieftain, his most cherished bit of bric-à-brac, a goblet containing three priceless amethysts, given to him by a descendant of Haroun Alraschid. The Princess thinks she would like to have the jewels set in her *bonbonnière*."

"Pardon me, Papa," said I, "but I do not know that Frankish term."

"It is an outlandish name for a candy-box," said my father, who was simplicity itself.

"Could not my brothers obtain this little favor for the gentle Princess?" was my comment.

"They escaped with their lives only by the merest accident," said he. "The eldest made a midnight visit to the Khan's jewel-room, was discovered and leaped into the moat, some fifty parasangs below, if my memory be what it was; and then he swam four leagues, according to his own estimate, before rising to the surface for air."

"And the second?"

"Formed an alliance with a Cossack leader, and made war upon the Khan. But the Khan defeated them in seven pitched battles, and that discouraged your brother so that he returned home."

"Hearty commiserations for my brothers' misfortunes!" I said, after a few moments spent in reflection. "And the Princess—is she beautiful, that she inspires such courage and resolution?"

"The Princess Vanella is an exceedingly nice girl," said my father. "She is graceful, respectful to her elders, plays upon the lute like a true daughter of the desert, makes excellent muffins, and has the happiest disposition (next to that of your lamented mother) I have ever

known. She is worthy of your highest ambition. To win her hand would be happiness, even should you thereafter lose the kingdom that goes with her. And those realms, my son," added my father, with a sigh, "are always slipping through one's fingers!"

In silence I waited my father's recovery from his emotion. My loved parent had lost several kingdoms already—not by carelessness, but through misfortune. From our earliest days my mother taught us never to remind papa of the thrones that were once his. She was always considerate.

"Why should I not undertake this adventure in my turn?" I asked soon after.

"So I asked your brothers; but they were inclined to ridicule the idea."

"Ultimate ridicule is most satisfactory," I suggested, quoting a proverb of my native land.

"No doubt," my father agreed, nodding his great white turban. "Really, your chances are excellent. The fairy stories are all in your favor. You are the third son, and I have nothing to give you; your elder brothers have failed, and scorn your desire to attempt the tasks. You will, when you go, have only your father's blessing—which I will furnish. All seems favorable. But are you stupid enough? There I cannot help you. The true stupidity is natural, not acquired."

"I will be as stupid as I can," said I, with proud humility. "The lovely Princess Vanella shall be mine. I am enchanted with her already. She shall be mine."

"Enough!" said my father; and I withdrew.

In a few days I started, with my father's blessing, carrying all my possessions in a silk handkerchief slung from a stout staff. Upon my way I kept a sharp lookout for old men with bundles of fagots too heavy for their strength, aged women asking alms, and, in fact, for all unattractive wayfarers; for I knew that fairies were likely to take such forms.

And my vigilance was rewarded. At the first cross-roads I saw an ancient beggar crone hurling stones at a tree with more earnestness than aim.

"What seek ye, honest dame?" I inquired in an anxious tone as a rock avoided the tree and came most marvelously close to my right ear.

"Alas! My best bonnet has flown on the zephyr's wing, and roosts in yon tree," she replied, poising another boulder.

Resolved to stop the bombardment at any cost, I spoke hastily:

"Nay, pelt not the shrub! Care thou for my burden, and I will scale the branches and rescue the errant triumph of the milliner's art!"

My language was romantic in those days, perhaps too romantic, for she failed to catch my meaning, and waved the stone uneasily.

"Hold on!" I said. "Drop the rock, and I'll get the bonnet. If you hit it, you might smash all the style out of it."

My praise of her bonnet was not unpleasant to her, for when I brought it she said gratefully:



"FARE THEE WELL, GENTLE DAME," I REPLIED.

"You are a noble youth. I have little with which to reward you; but give me the pen and inkhorn that dangles from your belt, and a bit of parchment. I can write you a line that may aid you in time of need."

Convinced that she was a fairy, I obeyed. She wrote a few words in a crabbed hand, and

advised me to read them when I was in need of counsel.

"Give you good day, fair youth," said she, courteously.

"Fare thee well, gentle dame," I replied, removing my right slipper, which is a token of respect in my native land.

I met with but one other adventure on my way to the Khan's palace. I rescued an emerald-green parrot from a cat, and seeing no dwelling near carried the pretty creature with me.

On the eighth day after leaving my father's house, I was ushered by two gorgeous guards into the courtyard of the palace where the beautiful Vanella dwelt. My heart beat rapturously, and I felt so young, so brave, and so strong that I feared neither the King nor his people.

I happened to arrive just when the King was holding audience, and he was graciously pleased to see me without more than three or four hours' delay in the anteroom.

When the curtained doorway was opened I advanced into the audience-hall and saw—Vanella!

For seventeen minutes I saw nothing but the Princess! In fact, the guards had just been ordered to show me out, as a dumb and senseless wanderer, when I came to myself, and began to catch sight of the King dimly through the edges of the glory which in my eyes surrounded the Princess.

"Pardon, father of Vanella the peerless," said I, "the stupefaction of one who indeed knew your daughter to be beautiful, but had no idea what a pretty girl she was. I never saw any princess who can hold a rushlight to her; and it was very sudden. I am better now."

"We are glad you are better," said the King, "and hope you will soon be well enough to tell us what you wish."

"I have come to marry Her Effulgent Perfection the Princess Vanella!"

"Yes?" said the King, with a slightly sarcastic air.

"Provided I can win her," I added. "And that we shall soon see."

I think the old man liked my courage. At

all events, he called me to him, and presented me to the Princess. For he was a very sensible ruler and an indulgent father; and he had no idea of marrying his daughter to any man she did n't think worthy of her. So in all cases, permission had to be given by the Princess before the candidate could begin the ordeal. But so beautiful was Vanella, and so eager were the young nobility to win her hand, that they all looked handsome and daring when in her presence. I think I must have been attractive in those days, for Vanella says now that she never admired me more than when I was first presented to her. It was love at first sight on both sides. In fact, after we had conversed a few minutes, the Princess told me that she was "sorry the tests were so *awfully* difficult, and she did n't care so *very* much about the goblet, after all, though of course she would *like* it, if it was n't *too much trouble* to get it."

"No trouble at all," said I. "I would get it for you, even if you did n't want it at all."

She looked pleased and then frowned.

"I mean," I added hastily, "I 'd get it if you wanted it, even if you did n't care whether I got it or not."

She seemed to understand me perfectly.

"I shall start after luncheon," I said. "And, before I go, is there anything else of the Khan's that you 'd like? It's no bother to me to get you the whole treasury if you 'd care for it."

"The goblet will do," she said, blushing charmingly, and looking at her father to see whether he was listening. He was n't.

"Papa," said Vanella, "it's all right."

"Eh? What's all right?"

"He's going, after luncheon."

"Who is?"

"This young gentleman."

"Oh, yes," said the King. "Very well. I suppose he will get the goblet first. Yes? Well, then, good-by, my young friend. Good-by."

"Au revoir," I answered, in the Frankish mode.

"Can you not leave the parrot?" suggested Vanella. "I adore green parrots—of that particular shade of green, I mean!"

"With pleasure," I answered with a grateful glance. "May I ask you to allow it to remind you of me?"

"The color will help," said the King, a little maliciously, I thought. So I hurried away without further delay.

As there were no modern systems of rapid transit, I traveled speedily but comfortably toward Bijoutery, thinking so constantly of the Princess that I never reflected upon how I was to obtain possession of the goblet until I found myself upon the frontier. Then I was stopped by an outpost of the Khan's army.

"Who goes there?" he inquired, as he drew his bow and adjusted an arrow to the string.

"Goes where?" I asked, waking up from a brown study, for I was a little abstracted.

"Wherever you are going," he explained, lowering his bow.

"Why, I do, I suppose," I answered, a little annoyed by the question, which was absurd on the face of it.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to marry the Princess Vanella," I said, absent-mindedly.

"Why don't you, then?" the soldier inquired, smiling indulgently.

"She has sent me to get the Khan's goblet," I said, for I had no wish to go about the enterprise in any underhand manner.

"I did n't know he was going to send it to her," said the sentinel.

"Perhaps he won't after all," I said frankly.

"Maybe not," answered the soldier; "he thinks a great deal of it. But I suppose she would n't have sent you unless she thought he would let you have it. Would she, now?" he asked. He seemed to be proud of his cleverness.

"Well, she might," I said, cautiously. "But if he does n't care to give it to me, he can say so."

"So he can," said the soldier. "I wish you good luck."

Thanking him for his kindness, I went on my way. It did n't occur to me until afterward that the soldier thought I was a mere messenger sent by the Princess according to some arrangement between the Khan and herself.

Once within the frontier, I had no further difficulty until I reached the Khan's castle. I attributed my good fortune thus far to the fact that I had minded my own business. It is so

much easier to go into a foreign country by yourself than it is to get in at the head of an army. My brother expected to be stopped, and he *was* stopped. I took it for granted that I could go in, and they let me in. It was very simple indeed.

Now another problem confronted me. Here was a strong castle built on a rocky promontory surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth defended by a lofty wall of hewn stone.

I went to the drawbridge gate and blew the trumpet.

"Hullo! Who 's there?" said a gruff voice.

"It 's a gentleman to see the Khan," I said.

"Where is he?" asked the voice, through an iron lattice.

"I am the gentleman," I replied.

"Go away, boy!" said the voice, and the latticed window was shut.

This was discouraging.

"What would the Princess say if she saw me now?" I thought, and then I returned to the gate and again winded the trumpet. No answer. I kept on winding the trumpet, but without result. At last, having blown so hard that I broke it, I was in despair.

I sat me down on the bank of the moat and threw stones into the water, with a strong desire to throw myself in after them.

Then I remembered the bit of parchment which the old woman had given me, and concluded it was time to use it. At first I hesitated, because I thought I should perhaps need the charm when I came to the other tasks which the King would set me. However, reasoning that I should never come to the second task until the first was performed, I drew out the bit of writing and read:

"IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, ASK FOR IT."

That was all it said. Bitterly disappointed, I flung it after the stones into the moat. But I could n't forget it. And as I began to think it over, I found the advice good.

"What is it I want to do?" I asked myself. "Why, to get at the Khan and his goblet." Now, the thing that stopped me was simply a stone wall and a locked gate; and I was n't anxious to get into the castle. I wanted to communicate with the gentleman of the house.



"HE CALLED ME TO HIM AND PRESENTED ME TO THE PRINCESS." (SEE PAGE 282.)

Nothing could be simpler. I still had my writing-materials, and in a few moments I had written a note and tossed it over the wall. It was as follows:

MOST NOBLE KHAN OF BIJOUTERY. SIR: I have broken the trumpet at the gate, and can't get an answer. I come directly from the princess Vanella, who wishes the great goblet which is decorated with amethysts. What are you afraid of? I am only a single young man without weapons, and promise not to hurt you. I await your answer. But if I do not receive some proper recognition within a reasonable time, I shall report your discourtesy to Princess Vanella and her royal father.

KABA BEN EPHRAF.

This letter was of course handed to the Khan as soon as it was picked up, and I was admitted at once to his presence.

He demanded an explanation of my letter, and I told him just how the matter stood.

"I did n't believe you would allow a paltry bit of glassware and jewelry to stand between a young man and happiness—especially when a lady had asked for it. In my own country, we never refuse any reasonable request a lady makes; and in spite of reports to the contrary, I knew you to be too brave and great a man to depend upon the possession of a few gems for

your renown. So, instead of bringing an army,—which, of course, you would easily defeat, thus causing much trouble and distress,—I thought I would see what you wished to do about it."

The Khan said not a word during my explanation. Then taking the crystal goblet from the top of his sideboard, he handed it to me, saying:

"Young man, you have my best wishes. You have acted like a gentleman in the whole matter. I believe your name is Kaba ben Ephraf, is n't it?"

I nodded.

"Well, was n't there a ben Ephraf whom I defeated a few months ago?"

"My brother," I explained.

"Yes, yes!" said the old gentleman. "He sent me a demand for the goblet, but as he did n't explain what he wished it for, of course I considered the message impertinent, and refused it. It is n't the gems I care for; but I do insist upon being approached in a proper spirit. I am fond of romance, myself, and if you and the Princess care to visit me some time, I'll show you my jewels. I have barrels of them. I am tired of them—so tired of them that I prefer paste for personal use."

I looked uneasily at the goblet in my hand.

"Oh, that is all genuine," he said. "You are quite welcome to it. But," he added, after a pause, "when you come to the throne, there 's a little province that abuts on my dominions, and if you could see the way to transfer it to me—why, favors between friends, you know—"

I begged him to receive the assurances of my wish to oblige him in any reasonable request, and we parted in the best of humor.

"By the way," said he; as he pressed my hand in parting, "that gatekeeper who called you 'boy'—"

"Oh, let it go," I said.

"He has already been beheaded, or something," said the Khan. "I 'm sorry, if you would have preferred to forgive him."

"It 's of no consequence," I said.



"TAKING THE GOBLET FROM THE SIDEBOARD, HE HANDED IT TO ME."

"None whatever," said the Khan good-humoredly. "Good-by."

I returned to the frontier in the Khan's private carriage, and had a pleasant trip back to the palace. Like many other distinguished people, the Khan had been misunderstood.

My meeting with Vanella was joyful, and she received the goblet with exclamations of admiration and gratitude.

The King invited me to stay to supper, informally; and we had the most delicious muffins I ever ate. The Princess has never been able to make them taste quite so good again. She says that they were then flavored with our first happiness; but I insist that it was simply a larger portion of sugar.

Next morning, bright and early, I announced to the King that I was ready for the second test.

"It is a sweet little puzzle," said the King. "My daughter has another name than Vanella, known only to herself and to me. We have vowed never to tell the name to any human being. You must find out by to-morrow morning what that name is."

I was much discouraged, and did not see how it was possible for me to perform this task. I returned to my own room in the palace and racked my brains in vain all day. There seemed no possible clue to the mystery, and the longer I thought of the difficulty of the task, the bluer I became. Just at nightfall there came a light footstep at my door and then a soft knock.

"Come in," I said in a hollow voice.

It was one of the Princess's attendants.

"The Princess Vanella's compliments," said the maiden, "and she says this parrot chatters so that she cannot sleep at night. She requests you to take charge of him yourself." She bowed and retired.

"She cares no longer for me or my presents!" said I, bitterly.

Then I put upon a table the golden cage in which the parrot was confined, and threw myself upon the divan without undressing.

"Alas!" I said bitterly, "I have deceived the Khan! I shall never be able to learn the name—and I can never give him the province he desires. Unhappy ben Ephraf!"

"Mrs. ben Ephraf!" said the parrot.

"Hush!" I said ill-naturedly.

"Vanella, Vanella; Strawberria, Strawberria!" repeated the parrot slowly and impressively.

It did not require a remarkably keen intellect to comprehend the Princess's kindly hint. I went cheerfully to sleep, slept soundly till morning, and awoke ready to resume the tests.

But when I had guessed the name "Strawberria," much to the King's surprise, Vanella

objected to putting me through any further trials, and as there was no reason for delay we were married within a few weeks.

We invited the Khan to the wedding, and he proved an excellent dancer and most agreeable conversationalist.

Vanella was delighted with him, and he sent her fourteen mule-loads of jewels as a wedding

present. My father also came to the wedding and gave me his hearty congratulations.

"You have won a prize, my son," he said.
And so it proved.

NOTE.—Any one who will give a green parrot a good home and kind treatment, may have one free by applying to Mrs. ben Ephraf at the palace, any week-day between eleven and three o'clock.

The Elf & the Dormouse

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

UNDER a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

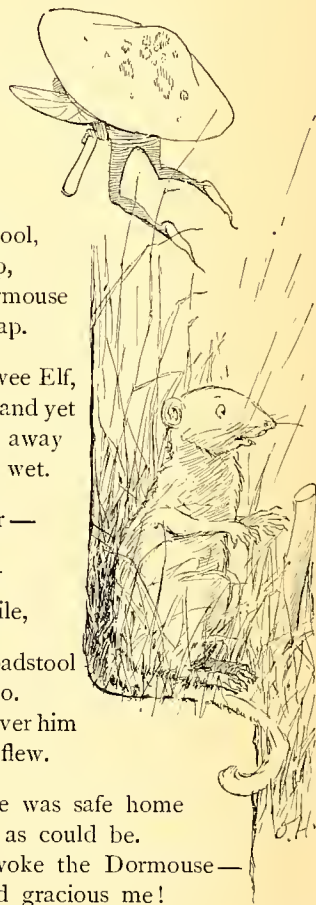
Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Topped in two.
Holding it over him
Gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—
"Good gracious me!

Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented.
—And that 's how umbrellas
First were invented.





ELECTRIC LIGHTS AT SEA.

By J. O. DAVIDSON.



IN olden times the galleys or war-ships used by the Romans and the Carthaginians were driven along by oars and sails. They had neither guns, steam-power, nor the compass, and so must be steered cautiously from point to point of the coast on the way to their distant battle-ground (if the scene of a naval engagement can be so called).

Steering from one well-known headland to another by day was not so hard; but when storms arose, and the ship was blown out of sight of land, and the darkness of night fell on the sea, the mariner had many an anxious moment until daylight revealed once more some well-known landfall, as the first sight of land at sea is called by sailors.

The whereabouts of harbors in those times was shown at night by fires kept constantly burning on the nearest headland, or, when the coast was low, on a high tower near the entrance of the port, and sometimes on light-ships anchored off shore. Occasionally, if the port was a wealthy one, they built an immense stone tower called a "pharos," on the top of which wood-fires were kept burning day and night. These lights were visible from a great distance at sea; and the coasts at that time must have been pretty with these twinkling lights, the flaming pharos, and the lights upon passing ships.

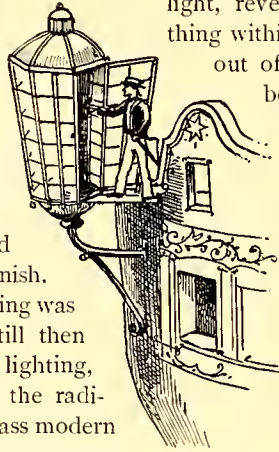
As science taught the modern world to light its coasts with other and stronger lights of great power, these were used almost entirely by lighthouses; and war-ships, through all ages and down to within a few years, still used oil-lamps and common candles or "dips." Even the great Nelson, as he walked the quarter-deck

of the "Victory," did so by the light of lanterns. These were placed at the stern of the ship, and were very large; but, as far as giving light is concerned, they were not so good as the open wood-fires carried by the ancient Roman galleys. Some of the stern-lanterns used by the French and Spanish fleets which fought with Nelson were large enough to hold several men, and were of very elegant design and finish.

At length, however, electric lighting was invented. The maritime world, till then content with the old methods of lighting, soon blossomed and flashed with the radiance of electricity. Now, no first-class modern ship, whether a man-of-war or a passenger-steamer, is complete without its sets of inside lamps and outside search-lights, and the modern voyager has his own pharos, not only to warn others from his path, but to discover by night the rocky cape or wandering iceberg.

The electric search-light is so mounted that its rays can be swept for miles around the hori-

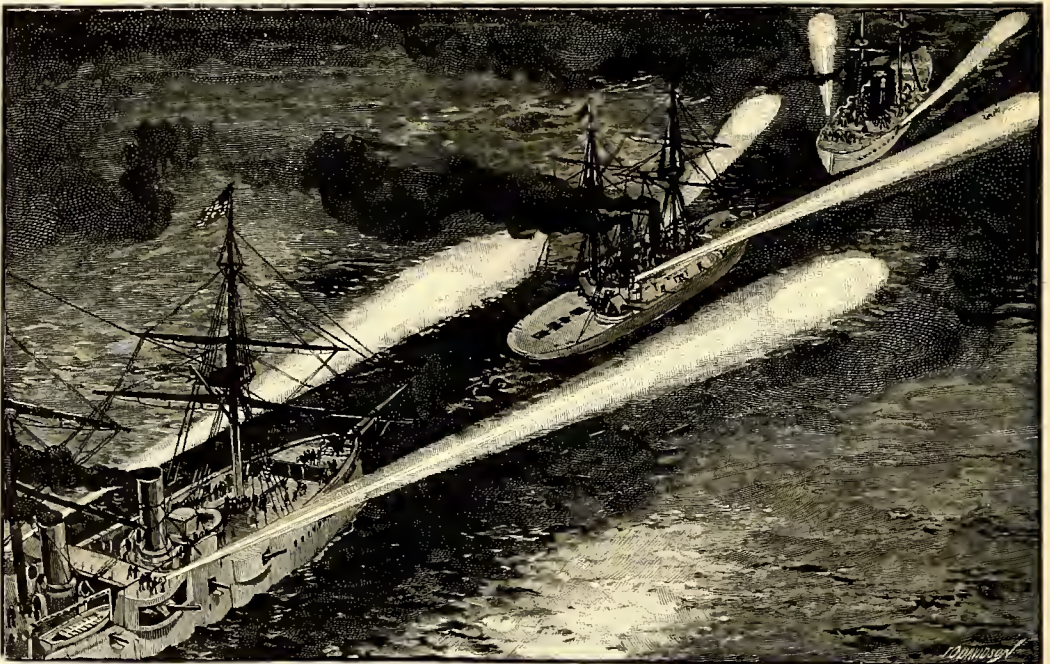
zon, spread out over a vast expanse of water, or narrowed down to a thread-like beam of light, revealing with blinding intensity everything within its range, and bringing up objects out of the darkness, with a silvery sheen beautiful to behold.



AN OLD-TIME STERN-LANTERN.

A fine exhibition of its splendid equipment of electric lights was recently given by the "White Squadron" on the Hudson River, near New York city; and some of those who paid taxes to build these vessels had an opportunity to see what our Navy Department had accomplished. It is safe to say that all who saw that wonderful display were convinced that no enemy could steal up undiscovered to attack those ships by night.

The picture shows several of these vessels moving "in line of battle," each lighting up with its friendly search-light the water beside the one ahead, and thereby making a bright strip around its companion vessel, through which no torpedo-boat could advance unseen.



THE SHIPS OF THE "WHITE SQUADRON" GUARDING ONE ANOTHER FROM NIGHT ATTACK.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER III.

GREEN PEACE.

NOT many children can boast of having two homes ; some, alas ! have hardly one. But we actually had two abiding-places, both of which were so dear to us that we loved them equally. First, there was Green Peace. When our mother first came to the place, and saw the fair garden, and the house with its lawn and its shadowing trees, she gave it this name, half in sport, and the title clung to it always.

The house itself was pleasant. The original building, nearly two hundred years old, was low and squat, with low-studded rooms, and great posts in the corners, and small many-paned windows. As I recall it now, it consisted largely of cupboards—the queerest cupboards that ever were, some square and some three-cornered, and others of no shape at all. They were squeezed into staircase walls, they lurked beside chimneys, they were down near the floor, they were close beneath the ceiling. It was as if a child had built the house for the express purpose of playing hide-and-seek in it. Ah, how we children did play hide-and-seek there ! To lie curled up in the darkest corner of the “twisty” cupboard, that went burrowing in under the front stairs ; to lie curled up there, eating an apple, and hear the chase go clattering and thumping by—that was a sensation !

Then the stairs ! There was not very much of them, for a tall man, standing on the ground floor, could touch the top step with his hand. But they had a great deal of variety ; no two steps went the same way ; they seemed to have fallen out with each other, and never to have “made up” again. When you had once learned how to go up and down, it was very well, except in the dark, and even then you had only to remember that you must tread on

the farther side of the first two steps, and on the hither side of the next three, and in the middle of four after, and then you were near the top or the bottom, as the case might be, and could scramble or jump for it. But it was not well for strangers to go up and down those stairs.

There was another flight that was even more perilous, but our father had it boarded over, as he thought it unsafe for any one to use. One always had a shiver, in passing through a certain dark passage, when one felt boards instead of plaster under one’s hand, and knew that behind those boards lurked the hidden staircase. There was something uncanny about it—

“O’er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted.”

Perhaps the legend of the hidden staircase was all the more awful because it was never told.

Just to the right of the school-room, a door opened into the new part of the house, which our father had built. The first room was the great dining-room, and very great it was. On the floor was a wonderful carpet, all in one piece, which was made in France and had belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, a brother of the great Emperor. In the middle was a medallion of Napoleon and Marie Louise, with sun-rays about them ; then came a great circle, with strange beasts on it ramping and roaring (only they roared silently) ; and then a plain space, and in the corners birds and fishes, such as never were seen in air or sea. Yes, that *was* a carpet ! It was here we danced the wonderful dances. We hopped round and round the circle, and we stamped on the beasts and the fishes, but it was not good manners to step on the Emperor and Empress—one must go round them. Here our mother sang to us ; but the singing belongs to another chapter.

The great dining-room had a roof all to itself—a flat roof, covered with tar and gravel, and

railed in, so that one could lie on one's face and kick one's heels, pick out white pebbles, and punch the bubbles of tar all hot in the sun.

But, after all, we did not stay in the house much. Why should we, with the garden calling us out with its thousand voices? On each side of the house lay an oval lawn, green as emerald. One lawn had the laburnum-tree, where, at the right time of year, we sat under a shower of fragrant gold; the other had the three hawthorn-trees, one with white blossoms, another with pink, and a third with deep red, roselike flowers. Other trees were there, but I do not remember them. Directly in front of the house stood two giant Balm-of-Gilead trees, towering over the low-roofed dwelling. These trees were favorites of ours, for at a certain time they dropped down to us thousands and thousands of sticky catkins, full of the most charming silky cotton. We called them the "cottonwool trees," and loved them tenderly. Then, between the trees, a flight of steps plunged down to the greenhouse. A curious place this was—summer-house, hot-house, and bowling-alley all in one. The summer-house part was not very interesting, being all filled with seeds and pots, and dry bulbs, and the like. But from it a swing-door opened into—Elysium! Here the air was soft and balmy, and full of the smell of roses. One went down two steps, and there were the roses! Great vines, trained along the walls, heavy with long white or yellow or tea-colored buds; I remember no red ones. Mr. Arrow, the gardener, never let us touch the roses, and he never gave us a bud; but when a rose was fully open, showing its golden heart, he would often pick it for us, with a sigh, but a kind look, too. Mr. Arrow was an Englishman, stout and red-faced. Julia made a rime about him once, beginning,

"Poor Mr. Arrow, he once was narrow,
But that was a long time ago."

Midway in the long glass-covered building was a tiny oval pond, lined with green moss. I think it once had goldfish in it, but they did not thrive. When Mr. Arrow was gone to dinner, it was pleasant to fill the brass syringe with water from this pond, and squirt at the roses, and feel the heavy drops plashing back in one's upturned face. Sometimes a child fell into the

pond, but as the water was only four or five inches deep, no harm was done save to stockings and petticoats.

The bowling-alley was divided by a low partition from the hothouse, so that, when we went to play at Planets, we breathed the same soft perfumed air. The planets were the balls. The biggest one was Uranus, then came Saturn, and so on down to Mercury, a little dot of a ball. They were of some dark, hard, foreign wood, very smooth, with a dusky polish. It was a great delight to roll them, either over the smooth floor, against the ninepins, or along the rack at the side. When one rolled Uranus or Jupiter, it sounded like thunder—Olympian thunder, suggestive of angry gods. Then the musical tinkle of the pins, as they clinked and fell together! Sometimes they were British soldiers, and we the Continentals firing the "iron six-pounder" from the other end of the battle-field. Sometimes, regardless of dates, we introduced artillery into the Trojan war, and Hector bowled Achilles off his legs, or vice versa.

The bowling-alley was also used for other sports. It was here that Flossy gave a grand party for "Cotchy," her precious Maltese cat. All the cat-owning little girls in the neighborhood were invited, and about twelve came, each bringing her pet in a basket. Cotchy was beautifully dressed in a cherry-colored ribbon, which set off her gray satiny coat to perfection. She received her guests with much dignity, but was not inclined to do much toward entertaining them. Flossy tried to make the twelve cats play with one another, but they were shy on first acquaintance, and a little stiff. Perhaps Flossy did not, in those days, know the proper etiquette for introducing cats, though since then she has studied all kinds of etiquette thoroughly. But the little girls enjoyed themselves, if the cats did not, and there was a great deal of chattering and comparing notes. Then came the feast, which consisted of milk and fish-bones, and next every cat had her nose buttered by way of dessert. Altogether, the party was voted a great success.

Below, and on both sides of the greenhouse, the fertile ground was set thick with fruit-trees, our father's special pride. The pears and peaches

of Green Peace were known far and wide. I have never seen such peaches since, nor is it only the halo of childish recollection that shines around them, for others bear the same testimony. Crimson-glowing, golden-hearted, smooth and perfect as a baby's cheek, each one was a thing of wonder and beauty; and, when you ate one, you ate summer and sunshine. Our father gave us a great deal of fruit, but we were never allowed to take it ourselves without permission. Indeed, I doubt if it ever occurred to us to do so. One of us still remembers the thrill of horror she felt when a little girl, who had come to spend the afternoon, picked up a fallen peach and ate it, without asking leave. It seemed a dreadful thing not to know that the garden was a field of honor. As to the proverbial sweetness of stolen fruit, we knew nothing about it. The fruit was sweet enough from our dear father's hand, and, as I said, he gave us plenty of it.

How was it, I wonder, that this sense of honor seemed sometimes to stay in the garden and not always to come into the house? For as I write the thought comes to me of a day when Laura was found with her feet sticking out of the sugar-barrel, into which she had fallen head foremost while trying to get a lump of sugar. She has never eaten a lump of sugar, save in her tea, since that day. Also, it is recorded of Flossy and Julia that, being one day at the Institution, they found the store-room open, and went in, against the law. There was a beautiful polished tank which appeared to be full of rich brown syrup. Julia and Flossy liked syrup; so each filled a mug, and then they counted one, two, three, and each took a good draught, — and it was train-oil!

But in both these cases the culprits were hardly out of babyhood, so perhaps they had not yet learned about the "broad stone of honor," on which it is good to set one's feet.

I must not leave the garden without speaking of the cherry-trees. These must have been planted by early settlers, perhaps by the same hand that planned the crooked stairs and quaint cupboards of the old house — enormous trees, gnarled and twisted like ancient apple-trees, and as sturdy as they. They had been grafted — whether by our father's or some earlier



THE HOME CALLED "GREEN PEACE."

hand I know not — with the finest varieties of "white-hearts" and "black-hearts," and they bore amazing quantities of cherries. These attracted flocks of birds, which our father in vain tried to frighten away with scarecrows. Once he put the cat in a bird-cage and hung her up in the white-heart tree, but the birds soon found that she could not get at them, and poor pussy was so miserable that she was quickly released.

I perceive that we shall not get to the summer home in this chapter; but I must say a word about the Institution for the Blind, which was within a few minutes' walk of Green Peace.

Many of our happiest hours were spent in

this pleasant place, the home of patient cheerfulness and earnest work. We often went to play with the blind children, when our lessons and theirs were over, and they came trooping out into the sunny playground. I do not think it occurred to us to pity these boys and girls deprived of one of the chief sources of pleasure in life; they were so happy, so merry, that we took their blindness as a matter of course.

Our father often gave us baskets of fruit to take to them. That was a great pleasure. We loved to turn the great globe in the hall, and, shutting our eyes, pass our fingers over the raised surfaces, trying to find different places. We often "played blind," and tried to read the great books with raised print, but never succeeded that I remember. The printing-office was a wonderful place to linger in; and one could often get pieces of marbled paper, which was

were always a good many notes that really sounded, and they had quite individual sounds, not like those of common pianos; then there were some notes that buzzed, and some that growled, and some that made no noise at all. And one could poke in under the cover and twang the strings, and play with the chamois-leather things that went flop (we have since learned that they are called hammers), and sometimes pull them out, though that seemed wicked.

Then there was the matron's room, where we were always made welcome by the sweet and gracious woman who still makes sunshine in that place by her lovely presence. Dear Miss M—— was never out of patience with our pranks, had always a picture-book or a flower or a curiosity to show us, and often a story to tell, when a spare half-hour came. For her did Flossy and Julia act their most thrilling tragedies, no other spectators being admitted. To her did Harry and Laura confide their infant joys and woes. Other friends will have a chapter to themselves, but it seems most fitting to speak of this friend here, in telling of the home she has made bright for over fifty years.

Over the way from the Institution stood the workshop, where blind men and women, many of them graduates of the Institution, made mattresses and pillows, mats and brooms. This was another favorite haunt of ours. There was a stuffy but not unpleasant smell of feathers and hemp about the place. I should know that smell if I met it in Siberia! There were coils of rope, sometimes so large that one could squat down and hide in the middle, piles of hemp, and dark, mysterious bins full of curled hair, white and black. There was a dreadful mystery about the black-hair bin—the little ones ran past it with their heads turned away—but they never told what it was, and one of them never knew.

But the crowning joy of the workshop was the feather-room—a long room, with smooth clean floor; along one side of it were divisions, like the stalls in a stable, and each division was half-filled with feathers. Boy and girl readers will understand what a joy this must have been!—to sit down in the feathers, and let them cover you up to the neck, and be



"LAURA WAS FOUND WITH HER FEET STICKING OUT OF THE SUGAR-BARREL." (PAGE 291.)

valuable in the paper-doll world. Then there was the gymnasium, with hanging rings, and its wonderful tilt which went up so high that it took one's breath away. Just beyond the gymnasium were some small rooms in which were stored worn-out pianos, disabled after years of service under practising fingers. It was very good fun to play on a worn-out piano. There

a setting hen! or to lie at full length and be a traveler lost in the snow, Harry making it snow feathers till you were all covered up, and then turning into the faithful hound and dragging you out! or to play the game of "Winds," and blow the feathers about the room! But Old Margaret did not allow this last game, and we could do it only when she happened to go out for a moment, which was not very often. Old Margaret was the presiding genius of the feather-room, a half-blind woman, who kept the feathers in order and helped to sew up the pillows and mattresses. She was always kind to us, and let us rake feathers with the great wooden rake as much as we would. Later, when Laura was perhaps ten years old, she used to go and read to Old Margaret. Mrs. Browning's poems were

making a new world for the child at that time, and she never felt a moment's doubt about the old woman's enjoying them; in after years doubts did occur to her.

It was probably a quaint picture, if any one had looked in upon it: the long, low room, with the feather-heaps, white and dusky gray; the half-blind, withered crone, nodding over her knitting, and the earnest little child, throwing her whole soul into the "Romaunt of the Page," or the "Rhyme of the Duchess May."

"Oh! the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!"

The first sound of the words carries me back through the years to the feather-room and old, blind Margaret.

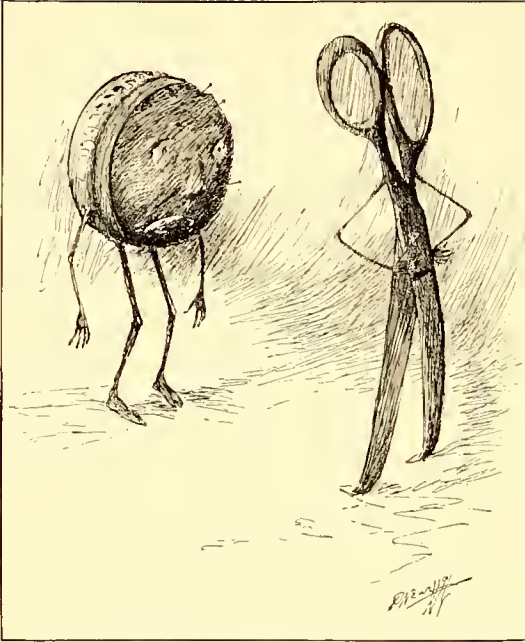
(To be continued.)



TAKEN ONE SECOND TOO EARLY: "PLEASE TAKE OUR PICTURES. I'LL STOP LAUGHING RIGHT AWAY!"



TAKEN ONE SECOND TOO LATE: A NAUGHTY BOY THROWS A SNOWBALL AS I PRESS THE BUTTON.



AN ALARMING STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The Scissors: "Now what's the matter with you that you're looking so alarmed?"
The Pincushion: "Do you know, I've swallowed a pin!"



PECULIARLY APPROPRIATE.

Rr-r-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat, a-rat-a-tat-tat!
 Is the national air of the rollicking rat.



FASHION NOTE.

Opossum: "What is new in Winter styles?"
Hare: "Ears and hind legs are to be worn long — tails short."

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER III.

THE next day was Saturday, and a holiday for Mildred. Leslie Morton came to see her in the morning as she had said she would do. Mildred had made up her mind, the night before, that she would accept that challenge to run a foot-race with her, as soon as she came. But when she saw Leslie she felt so shy about it that she was glad the matter was not mentioned.

"I 'm ever so glad that you came," said Mildred. "Let 's go up-stairs, and I 'll show you my play-room and my dolls."

Now if there was one spot in the old-fashioned, yellow-brick house on Sixteenth street that Mildred was fonder of than another, it was the attic up under the steep roof. It was all her own to do as she liked in, and all of her playthings were there. It was a very large room, indeed, with a low ceiling. The ceiling began at about four feet from the floor, and sloped up to the middle like a tent. At each end was a big brick chimney coming up from the floor on its way out through the roof, as if they were the tent-poles. Then on the side facing the street, where the roof sloped down, were the two queer little dormers, like passageways, ending in windows which opened out as shutters do. From these you could see the Capitol, and the Smithsonian Institution, and the Washington monument, and a great many other places.

In one of these little alcoves Mildred had put some doll's chairs, and a little bedstead and a bureau, and she had laid a piece of carpet on the floor.

"What a big, lovely room it is!" said Leslie, looking around the garret. "Why, you could have lots of fun up here!" And then she began to dance over the spacious floor until at last she stopped in front of Mildred again, quite out of

breath, and exclaimed, "That 's fine! There 's room enough to give a party. And would n't it make a splendid place for a theater, though? Charlie would make a theater out of it in a minute."

"Would he?" said Mildred, a little doubtfully. "Oh, but," she added, suddenly clapping her hands, "I have n't shown you my best doll!"

She was a blond doll, having curly flaxen hair, and blue eyes, and she was dressed in a black silk frock, which was very becoming to her.

"There," said Mildred, showing her to Leslie, "don't you think she 's pretty? Her name is Marie."

"Is it?" said Leslie, just glancing at the doll. "Yes, she is pretty. You could swing a hammock up in here, too," she added, looking around.

"Have you got any dolls?" asked Mildred, feeling not quite satisfied with Leslie's interest in Marie.

"No," said Leslie, promptly. "I gave them all away, long ago. Oh!" she exclaimed, darting over to the window, "there 's a pigeon!"

"Why did you give your dolls away?" said Mildred, slowly following her.

"Oh, because," said Leslie, laughing, "I 'm too old to play with dolls any more. I never cared very much for them, anyway. Is that the Capitol, over there?"

"Yes," said Mildred. Then, while Leslie was staring out of the window, she looked down at the pretty Marie in her black silk dress. Somehow Marie did not seem such a treasure as she had seemed before. Mildred thought to herself that she was twelve years old now, and she felt a bit abashed to think that she had been so eager to show Leslie her dolls. She remembered, too, that some of the girls at school had laughed at her for playing with them. And old Mrs. Seller had met her once when she was wheeling her doll-carriage on the pavement and said, "Dear, dear, what

a big girl to be playing with dolls!" But old Mrs. Seller always was saying something disagreeable. Still, Mildred wondered whether Leslie thought her silly. Just then Leslie turned away from the window and said, "What shall we play?"

"I don't know," said Mildred. "I guess I don't care to play with the dolls. Maybe I am getting too old." But as soon as she had said this, Mildred repented it. She felt as if she had been disloyal to Marie and her other old playmates just to please this new friend. So she added quickly, while the color came into her face, "But I would n't give them away for anything in the world!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said Leslie, staring at Mildred's flushed face. "I did n't say anything about your dolls to hurt your feelings, did I? I did n't mean to."

"No," said Mildred, holding herself very straight, "but—but some of the girls at school do laugh at—at other girls for playing with dolls."

"Well, goodness!" burst out Leslie, "let them laugh. I guess it does n't hurt anybody. If I liked dolls and wanted to play with them, I'd play with them if all the girls in school were to stand up in a row and laugh till they cried. I guess they'd get tired of it before I would."

Mildred nodded her head in assent, too much overcome by Leslie's unexpected and sturdy sympathy and encouragement to say much.

"Oh," she said, suddenly awakening to the fact that Leslie was her guest, and it was her place to entertain, "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's play house. This window shall be your house, and this one shall be mine. And there are some old dresses and things in this trunk that mama lets me play with, and we will put them on, and then I'll come and call on you, and you can come and call on me—will you?"

"All right," said Leslie; "that will be fun."

"The things are in this trunk," said Mildred, going to a queer little trunk that stood in the corner of the attic with a lot of other trunks and boxes, a spinning-wheel, some disused furniture with spindle-legs, and all sorts of odds and ends. This particular trunk was made of cowhide with the hair on it, and all around the edges it was studded with brass-headed

nails, and on the end were the initials J. H. F. in brass-headed nails, and altogether it was very old-fashioned, and much worn and battered. Leslie had never seen a trunk like that, and its oddity was quite enough to start her laughter afresh.

"It belonged to my great-grandfather's brother," said Mildred, with dignity, "John Henry Fairleigh. He was a lieutenant in the navy ever so long ago."

"Was he?" said Leslie.

"Yes," said Mildred. "He was with Lieutenant Decatur in the war with Tripoli. All the other countries were afraid of Tripoli, 'cause the people there were pirates, and they paid them money to get them to leave them alone. But we did n't. We fought them, and made them leave us alone. And my great-grandfather's brother, he was in one of the ships that fought the pirates. It was named the 'Philadelphia.' And while it was running after the pirates it ran on a rock. And then the pirates came and took them all prisoners."

"Did they?" said Leslie, beginning to get interested. "What did they do with them? Cut their heads off?"

"No," said Mildred. "They took them on shore and kept them there."

"Then they could n't have been real pirates," said Leslie; "because real pirates would have cut their heads off, or made them walk the plank. I know, 'cause Charlie used to tell me all about them out of a book he had."

"Well, these did n't," said Mildred, shaking her head very positively; "and they were real pirates, too, because Amanda says they were. They just took them on shore and kept them there. And some of the pirates kept the ship, though they could n't get it to go, because it was stuck on the rocks. And Lieutenant Decatur he was on another ship, and one day he went away off, and got a boat that looked just like the boats the pirates had. And in the evening he sailed right up to the Philadelphia, and the pirates did n't know that he was an American, 'cause he was in one of their kind of boats. So then he jumped on the Philadelphia, and drove all the pirates into the sea."

"All by himself?" exclaimed Leslie.

"Oh, no," said Mildred; "he had some

other sailors with him. And then he set fire to the Philadelphia, and burned it up, and the pirates were so scared that they gave up my great-grandfather's brother and all the rest of the prisoners."

"What 's in the trunk?" asked Leslie. "Are there any of the pirates' things?"

"Oh, no," said Mildred; "only some old dresses that mama gave me for my dolls."

And Mildred opened the trunk and pulled out some faded finery that had been part of a ball-dress some fifty years ago, a black silk skirt, stained and torn, and other odds and ends that would have found their way into the rag-bag had not Mildred begged them for her dolls.

"Now," said Mildred, "you put on some, and I'll put on some."

And, laughing a great deal, they dressed themselves in the long skirts and tied pieces of lace and ribbons around their necks, and then Leslie began to parade around the room, singing:

"Hark! hark! The dogs do bark.
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

Just at that moment a strange voice was heard saying: "Hullo! May I come in?"

Mildred looked up with a little gasp, and saw a strange boy standing in the doorway.

"Why, Charlie Morton!" cried Leslie. "What are you doing here? Nobody asked you to come."

"Ma sent me for you," said the boy; "and the colored girl down-stairs told me you were up here, so up I came."

He was a nice-looking boy, tall and slender, with blond hair cropped close to his head, and gray eyes with black lashes, which made them look curiously dark. He had a rather large mouth like Leslie's, but otherwise he did not resemble his sister. He did not laugh at everything, as she did; on the contrary, he seemed rather solemn, so that when Mildred found him looking at her she was very much disconcerted, and began hurriedly to take off her ragged finery. But Leslie interposed, and said, "Oh, don't mind him."

"No," said the boy, "don't mind me. Go ahead with your fun. My goodness! what a jolly big room!"

"I don't believe ma wants me at all," said Leslie.

"Do you suppose I'd come tramping all the way up here after a little girl like you, if I did n't have to?" said her brother. "Don't flatter yourself, madam. I've too many other things to do."

"Honor bright?" said Leslie.

"Honor bright," said Charlie. "You're not polite," he added. "Why don't you introduce me to your friend?"

"Oh," said Leslie, "I forgot. Mildred, this is my brother, Charlie."

Then Mildred shook hands with the boy, and Leslie, bemoaning the necessity of having to go home so soon, began taking off her costume.

"This would make a gorgeous theater," said Charlie, looking around the room.

"There!" cried Leslie, stopping her work and looking at Mildred; "what did I tell you?"

By this time both of the girls were ready, and they all started down-stairs. When they reached the second floor, Leslie said, "I'll beat you down!" and sitting sidewise on the banister, she slid down the short length to the first landing where the steps made a turn.

"You tomboy!" said her brother.

Charlie shook his head disapprovingly, and said to Mildred, "I wonder what you think of her, at any rate?"

And Mildred, remembering what she had said of Leslie to her mother, blushed guiltily and did not reply.

"You see," said her brother, apologetically, "she's been petted and spoiled. She's been used to living in a garrison where she had all outdoors to play in, and the officers and men made a great deal of her. She will learn quieter ways after a while. I hope you'll like her. I know you will," he added; "everybody is fond of Les." Charlie said this as if he was ten years older than his sister, instead of three.

CHAPTER IV.

LESLIE was right when she said that she supposed that she would have to go to school, now that she was living in Washington. This had been the principal subject of conversation between her mother and Mrs. Fairleigh, on the day that Mildred and Leslie first met. And

when Mrs. Morton learned what school Mildred attended, she declared that she would send Leslie there, too. An omnibus, on the side of which was painted "Loring Seminary," went around each morning for the day-scholars, and brought them home in the afternoon. In this way Mildred met Leslie regularly, and soon they became quite intimate; and Mildred found, as Charlie had said, that she was beginning to

intimate with them than Mildred was, although Mildred had been going to the school for two years. Not that Leslie seemed to try especially to make friends; she was simply companionable, that was all. She was ever ready to laugh and talk with anybody and everybody, and consequently there was always a little group of girls around her.

Mildred, on the contrary, was somewhat shy



"AND WOULD N'T IT MAKE A SPLENDID PLACE FOR A THEATER, THOUGH!" LESLIE EXCLAIMED." (SEE PAGE 295.)

like Leslie. In fact Mildred was secretly a little surprised when she thought how quickly this friendship had grown. She had not a great many intimate friends, and those she had were among the children of families who, like her own, had lived in Washington a great many years; all of which friendships were very serious affairs with Mildred, the growth of her lifetime. Therefore she was surprised at the rapidity with which she and Leslie had become acquainted.

But she was still more surprised at the rapidity with which Leslie became friends with all of the girls of her own age in the school. A week after her entrance she knew them all by name, and in a month she was a great deal more

and reserved. As I have said, she had but few intimates whose arms would naturally slip around her waist for a confidential walk and talk during recess. Therefore, in Leslie's first few weeks at school, she quickly formed so many new and closer friendships with girls whom Mildred scarcely knew, that Mildred began to have less and less of her companionship. She had felt a little hurt at this, at first, and had let Leslie see that she felt hurt; but Leslie declared that it was not her fault. "Why don't you be more sociable?" she said. "What 's the use of poking off by yourself, or with that haughty Blanche Howes all the time! You'd have lots more fun if you went with us, and I

try to get you to. You know I do. I keep asking you and asking you over and over, only you won't."

This was true. But it was not precisely what Mildred had in mind. She had expected that Leslie, being her friend, would be content to go with her alone, and not care for the society of all the other girls, too. But as Leslie did not seem to think of the matter in this way, Mildred did not like to explain it to her, so she said nothing at all.

Then Leslie said, "You're not angry with me, are you?"

"No," said Mildred; "of course not. You have a right to go with whoever you choose."

At the same time there was no denying that Mildred was secretly disappointed with Leslie.

But Leslie, on the contrary, was quite satisfied when Mildred said that she was not displeased. And when she was not visiting elsewhere, or having some girl visit her, she would run over to Mildred's house and play with her as usual. And after a while Mildred began to understand Leslie better, and to see that she could not fashion her friends on a pattern of her own, but would have to accept them as she found them.

Charlie, too, was now going to school. Before his father had been ordered to Washington he had been attending a boarding-school in New York. But now he was living at home and going to school in the city. He was preparing for college, and he had to study very hard; at least Charlie said so, although he seemed to have plenty of time for other matters.

One afternoon Mildred's mother had gone out, leaving Mildred alone; so she went to Leslie's house to ask Leslie to come and play with her. The servant told her that Leslie was in the library with her brother. This room was not exactly a library, but a place where Captain Morton had a desk and a few books, and it was here that the children studied their lessons. When Mildred opened the door, she found no one but Charlie there. He was lying on the rug with his chin on his hands, gazing at the fire.

"Come in!" he said, rising as he saw Mildred, and offering her a chair. "Are you looking for

Leslie? She just went up-stairs. Sit down; she'll be back in a minute."

Mildred by this time had become well acquainted with Charlie, so she sat down and, noticing a book lying on the rug, said, "What were you reading?"

"I was n't reading," he replied; "I was studying geometry, but I got to thinking, instead."

"What about?" said Mildred, with ready sympathy; for she herself had a habit of thinking when she ought to be studying.

"Well," said Charlie, dreamily, "I got to thinking what an awful lot there is in the world to learn. Now there's that geometry," he continued, touching the book with his foot; "that seems pretty hard when you're just beginning to tackle it, but it's nothing to algebra, and algebra is easy compared to trigonometry, I'm told, and trig. is just A, B, C to calculus, and when you get to calculus, you find you're just about ready to begin what they call higher mathematics. Same way with everything," continued Charlie, shaking his head at the fire. "Here I am studying just as hard as I can for college,—just to get ready for college, mind you,—and when I get to college I'll have to work like a horse for four years just to get ready for studying some profession. And I've heard my father say that a man sometimes does n't master his profession till he's forty. And here I am, only sixteen. It does n't seem worth the trouble, does it?" And Charlie looked up at Mildred so dolefully that she could not help laughing. "That's all right," he said; "you can laugh. You're a girl, and don't have to work as men do, you know."

"I did n't mean to laugh," said Mildred; "only you looked so funny. Don't you wish that you were a girl? Then you would n't have to study all those things?"

"Who! Me?" exclaimed Charlie, scornfully. "Not much, I don't!"

"But then you would n't have to study so hard, and learn a profession," persisted Mildred.

"Well, I'd rather study," said Charlie. "Besides that," he added, looking back at the fire, "when you come to think of it, it is n't so bad, after all. It's fun to find out about all sorts of things. It's like going into a strange land. You don't know what is before you,

nor what may happen to you. Who knows, maybe some day I might be looking at the fire like this and discover something very wonderful just as What 's-his-name did when he saw the steam lifting the lid of the kettle?"

"I don't see why you should n't," said Mildred, earnestly.

"Now that 's the way I like a girl to talk," said Charlie, looking up at Mildred approvingly. "That 's what I like about you; you 're not always making fun of a fellow. Now, some day, if I should ever become a great lawyer or engineer, or anything, I 'll call around on you, and say, 'Miss Fairleigh' (you 'll be a young lady then, you know), 'do you remember the afternoon we were sitting by the fire together in that house on Seventeenth street?'—and so forth. And you 'll say, 'Yes'; and I 'll say, 'Well, look at me now; I 'm a shining light in my profession!' And then you 'll say, 'Did n't I tell you so!' And you 'll ask me in and feed me on tea and sponge-cake." (These were two things of which Charlie was very fond.)

They both laughed at this brilliant flight of fancy, and then Mildred said: "But really, what are you going to be, Charlie?"

"I don't know," he replied. "My father wants me to be a civil engineer, but I think I 'd rather be an artist."

"What kind of an artist?" said Mildred.

"Why, a painter," said Charlie. "That 's the only kind of an artist I ever heard of. No, it is n't, either. Come to think of it, there 's a barber down on Pennsylvania Avenue who 's got a sign, 'Tonsorial Artist.' But I don't think I 'd like to be a barber," he added.

"Well, I should think not!" exclaimed Mildred, indignantly.

"I used to think that I would be a pirate," said Charlie. "That was ever so many years ago, when I was reading a book about pirates. And I made Les, who was a little thing then, walk the plank into a tub of water, and I got such a punishment for it that I never wanted to be a pirate since. But I think that I really should like to be an artist. I never showed you any of my pictures, did I?"

"No," said Mildred.

Then Charlie got up, and opening a drawer of his father's desk, took out a little portfolio and

handed it to Mildred. "They 're not very good, of course," he said; "but still —"

And he waited for Mildred to speak. The pictures were water-colors, and to Mildred they seemed beautiful, and so she told him frankly, at which Charlie blushed a little, and said:

"Pa says this one is pretty good. The cow is not quite right. I don't know what 's the matter with her, but she looks more like a zebra than a cow. Still, it 's the best of the lot. I don't suppose you 'd care to have it to stick up in your garret parlor, would you?"

"Do you mean to give it to me?" said Mildred, looking up in pleased surprise.

"Yes, if you care for it," said Charlie.

"Why, of course I care for it," said Mildred, enthusiastically. "But then," she added, "perhaps I ought not to take it, because your father thinks it is the best, and he might not want you to give it to me."

"Oh, that 's all right," said Charlie. "Pa has all he wants of my works of art."

At this moment Leslie came in.

"Why, Dreddy," she said ("Dreddy" was a name she had given Mildred), "I did n't know you were here. Has Charlie been showing you his pictures?"

"Yes," said Mildred, "and he has given me this. Is n't it pretty?"

"Why, Charlie Morton!" exclaimed Leslie, "you mean thing! You never gave *me* one of your pictures!"

"You never said you wanted one," said Charlie.

"I have, too!" retorted Leslie. "Lots of times; and I think you 're real mean!"

"You can have one now if you want it. Take your choice," said Charlie.

Then Leslie, laughing a good deal, appealed to Mildred for her opinion, and finally chose one, which she afterward left lying on a chair.

"Now, will you come over to my house?" said Mildred. "I want to show you what I am making for Christmas."

"May I come too?" said Charlie. "I 'd like to see it."

"It 's nothing that you 'd care to see," said Mildred. "It 's only a tidy."

"But I 'm a fine judge of tidies," said Charlie; "you'd better let me come."

So then they all went together to Mildred's house; and while Mildred was in her room getting the tidy, Leslie and her brother went up to the attic. Mildred kept the tidy hidden away very carefully, because it was to be a surprise for her mother, and so it took her some little time to get it. When she finally went upstairs to rejoin them, she heard them talking together, and when she went in the room she heard Charlie say, "Hush! here she is now," and they both stopped talking, and Leslie began to laugh. Then her brother said, "Now, remember! You 've promised!"

"What is it? What 's the matter?" said Mildred, looking from one to the other.

"It 's a secret!" cried Leslie, dancing up and down.

"Is it about me?" said Mildred.

"Yes," said Leslie, nodding her head several times.

"Now, Leslie," said her brother, "that 's not fair!"

"I don't like you to have a secret about me," said Mildred.

"Oh, but it 's a nice secret," said Leslie, "and you 'll know some day."

"Is that the tidy?" said Charlie. "Let me see. Why, I think that 's very swell. How did you make all those holes in it?"

"Holes!" shouted Leslie. "That shows how much boys know about such things. Those are not holes."

"I don't believe you know any more about it than I do!" said Charlie. "You never do any of that kind of work."

"Well, but I can," said Leslie. "That 's what you call drawn-work, and you pull the threads out to make it. Don't you, Dreddy?"

Mildred nodded her head. She was thinking about the secret.

"Well, I think you are very clever to make it," said Charlie. "Will you have it done in time for Christmas?"

"Of course," said Mildred; "this is only November, and it does n't take very long. Christmas won't be here for a month yet. Only I 've got other things to make."

"What do you do on Christmas?" said Leslie. "Do you have a Christmas tree?"

"No," said Mildred, "but I get lots of pres-

ents, and have lots and lots of fun." And her brown eyes sparkled at the thought of it.

"I don't believe we 'll have a good time at all this Christmas," said Leslie, gloomily. "In garrison we always had a splendid time. Oh, say, Charlie!" she suddenly exclaimed, "do you remember that Christmas at Fort Jones? The snow," she continued, turning to Mildred, "was that deep on the parade-ground," and she held her hand about two feet from the floor. "And in the drifts it was 'way over your head. And the mail-rider had to go on snow-shoes all the way to Crazy Dog station. And the freighters were snowed up so that all the things we had sent for for Christmas did n't get to the post—oh, for ever so long after Christmas. But we had a lovely time, just the same. All the officers and everybody got together and fixed us up a Christmas tree. Charlie, don't you remember Mr. Hartley,—he was quartermaster, you know."

"We made everything ourselves that we put on the tree," said Charlie. "And there were presents for everybody, grown people as well as the children. Mr. Saddler, he got a gingercake doll, and pa got a great big pair of moccasins. Mr. Sabrely was the cleverest, though. He made Leslie a set of dolls' furniture—everything, parlor and bedroom and dining-room; it was awfully nice. And he made me a base-ball. And he got a lot of new tin from the quartermaster and cut it in thin strips—you know how tin curls up when you cut it with shears—and he hung those little curls on the tree, and they shone just as bright and looked as pretty as the real things you buy in a store. And he made for the tree a lot of little flags, out of silk."

"Oh, we had all sorts of things," Charlie went on. "I don't remember half of them. We had the tree in a big log-house they used for a theater or ball-room, or anything like that. It was all decorated with evergreens, and flags, and guns, and sabers. And the tree looked fine. We had lots of pop-corn and made strings of it, and one of the officers,—I don't remember now who it was,—he got some glue and some powdered mica out of the quartermaster's stores, and he dipped apples and nuts in the glue and then powdered them with mica, so that they looked as if they were covered with frost."

"I should n't think you 'd want to eat them after that," said Mildred.

"We did n't mean to eat them, goosie," said Leslie; "they were to hang on the tree."

"Oh!" said Mildred.

"Then we bought a lot of candles from the commissary," continued Charlie, "and painted them red, and blue, and all sorts of colors, and stuck them up on the tree; only they kept falling down all the time, and they had to put two soldiers there to look out for them. And after that we had a dance. Old O'Shaughnessy, of pa's troop, played the fiddle, and one of the music-boys out of D company played the flute, and Smith played the guitar. You remember Smith, don't you, Les? He deserted the next spring."

Leslie nodded her head in assent.

"What is 'deserted'?" asked Mildred.

"Ran away," said Charlie. "He was in the guard-house half the time. But he could play the guitar beautifully."

"And after the dance," Leslie chimed in, "we had supper. It was nearly all commissary things, but it was pretty nice—all except the ice-cream. Mr. Saddler tried to make that out of condensed milk and snow, and it was *horrid*."

"I tell you what," said Charlie, shaking his head thoughtfully, "that was a hard winter. We were snowed in for nearly four months, and 'most all the cattle on the ranges died, and even the coyotes would come right into the post at night, and sit on the parade-ground and howl, 'cause they were so hungry. But we had a pretty good time. The soldiers used to have a show nearly every week, and sometimes the officers would give one. Oh, say! I tell you," he exclaimed suddenly, "why can't we get up some charades, or something?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Leslie, clapping her hands.

"How do you mean?" said Mildred. "I don't understand."

"Did n't you ever act in a play?" said Leslie. "It 's more fun! I acted once in a play that Mr. Sabrely wrote, called 'The Last Nail in the Shoe; or, the Farrier's Ruse.' That was at Fort Gila, ever so long ago. I was the farrier's daughter, and Charlie was my brother, and we were lost out on the plains, and had to sleep out there, and Charlie took off his coat

and put it over me, and the audience all applauded like anything! Did n't they, Charlie?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "only 'Rags' spoil it all. Rags was a little spaniel that Mr. Sabrely gave Les," Charlie explained to Mildred. "He was only a puppy and did n't have much sense, and when he saw Les and me lying there on the stage, he thought we were playing, and he ran up and began to bark at us, and got hold of a corner of the coat, and pulled and tugged at it, and tried to get it away from Les, and then everybody commenced to laugh. But say, I don't see why we can't get up a play. There 's Mildred, and you, and me, and we can get Frank Woods, and one other girl, and that will be enough."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mildred, drawing back, "I can't act."

"Yes, you can," said Charlie. "I know you can. That 's one thing that made me think of it. Have n't you noticed, Les, that whenever Mildred gets interested in anything she's saying that she makes little gestures with her hands and her head. That 's all that you 've got to do when you act. I never could get Les to do it. Why, the way you said you could n't act, just now, was fine. 'Good gracious, I can't act!'" and Charlie drew himself back and threw up his hands in imitation of Mildred, so that Leslie laughed, and Mildred blushed, but then laughed, too, and was rather pleased than otherwise.

"But I don't think mama would let me," she said.

"Oh, yes, she would," said Leslie.

"But I 'd be afraid," said Mildred. "I would n't like to do it before a whole lot of people."

"But there won't be a whole lot of people," said Charlie. "Only your mother and father, and my mother and father, and girls and boys that we all know. It 's all right, at home. Ma would n't let us act except at home, or in a garrison where we know everybody. You ask your mother. I know she won't mind. And then," continued Charlie, growing quite enthusiastic over the idea, "this would be a splendid place to have theatricals up here. And you 've got so many jolly things we could use,—that old spinning-wheel and those old dresses. I believe

I could write a play myself, and make it take place a long time ago, when they used spinning-wheels, and the men wore wigs and gold-lace on their coats, and the ladies powdered their hair, and all that, like those pictures you 've got down-stairs. We 'd look fine, I tell you!" and Charlic nodded his head several times in admiration of their appearance. "Ask your mother, will you?"

"Well, yes," replied Mildred, doubtfully. "I 'll ask her, but really I don't believe she will like me to do it."

"Well, I 'll tell you," said Charlic. "When she comes home, we 'll all go down and ask her. How would that do?"

"All right," said Mildred, somewhat relieved; "that 's what we 'd better do, 'causc I don't know enough about it to explain it to mama."

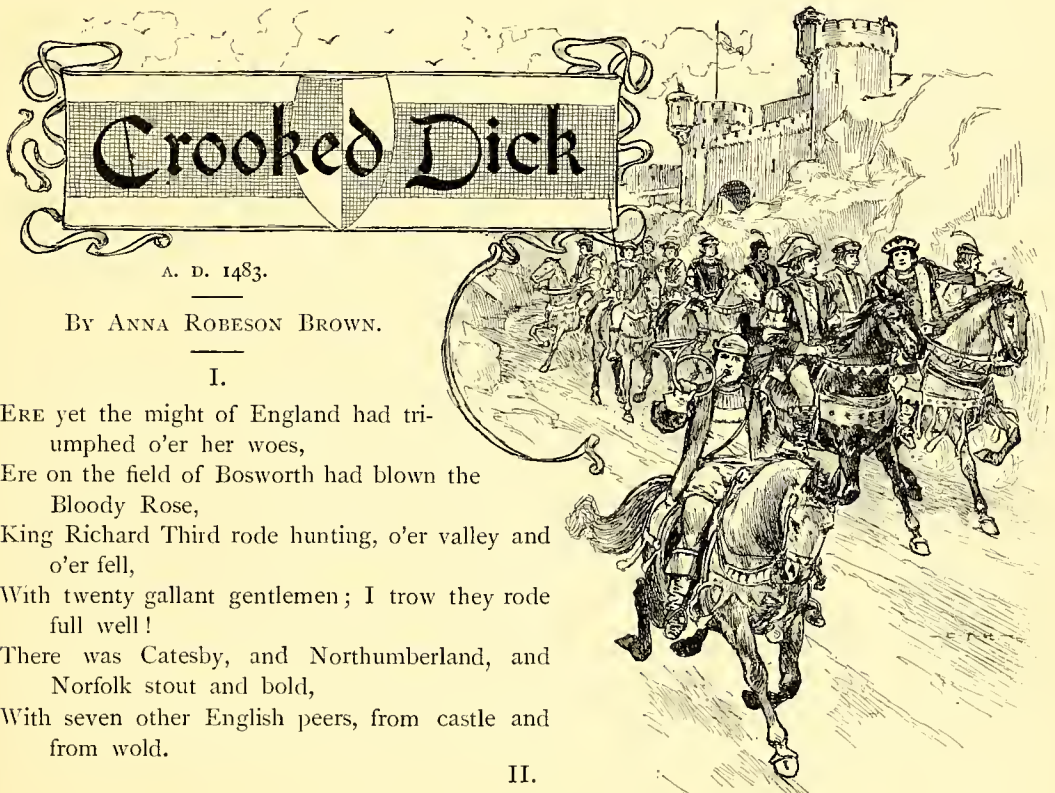
"What do you call her 'mama' for?" said Leslie. "Why don't you call her 'ma'?"

"Why, because," said Mildred, "I 've always called her 'mama.' There she is now," she continued, as the front door was heard to close.

"All right," said Charlie; "you go down first. Maybe some onc is with her."

So Mildred went, and finding her mother alone, delivered her message. Then she came out, and calling to Charlic and Leslie, who were leaning over the banisters, they all went in together.

(To be continued.)



ERE yet the might of England had triumphed o'er her woes,
 Ere on the field of Bosworth had blown the
 Bloody Rose,
 King Richard Third rode hunting, o'er valley and
 o'er fell,
 With twenty gallant gentlemen; I trow they rode
 full well!
 There was Catesby, and Northumberland, and
 Norfolk stout and bold,
 With seven other English peers, from castle and
 from wold.

II.

They chased the deer from thicket thro' bracken and thro' glade,
 With yelping hounds and trampling steeds the forest pathway made;
 They drave the deer o'er stony crags, 'neath mighty fern and tree,
 Till the weakest strained them forward and drew breath pantingly,—

But, lo! the King's horse staggers, and his rider, spent at last,
Sees the chase go sweeping by him, ever faster and more fast,
And the tot'ring steed, now struggling in the agonies of death,
Throws his master on the greensward,—helpless, senseless, without breath.

III.

But little hands have raised him, and soft voices whisper low,
While on his misty eyesight now the leafy arches grow;
Two "children of the forest," clinging, timid, sorely shy,
Bring the fallen hunter's senses from the death he else might die.
"Wind the horn, child!—Norfolk! Catesby!—'T is no use, the chase is hot!
But they must return to seek me, so I will not leave this spot.
Ah, what mishap! Brave White Surrey, strong of limb, and keen of sight,
You would never leave your master here, in this confounded plight!"
The wide-eyed children, wond'ring at the trappings rich with gold,
Never heed the restless glances, and the cruel eye, and cold,
For the glance toward them was softened and the harsh voice gentler grew,
As he said, with hand extended to the pair that nearer drew,



"Ah, little ones, I thank ye for a kindly deed, in truth!
Tell me your names, I pray you?" "I am Edwyn; this is Ruth.
What is yours?" The guileless question makes the dark smile keen and quick.
"Mine you ask? You see it on me. People call me 'Crooked Dick.'



"COME, LITTLE ONE, TAKE YOU THIS PURSE AND GIVE IT TO POOR JOAN." (SEE PAGE 306.)

For I bear my shoulders weighted with a weight of bitter woe;
Are n't you frightened at a cripple?"

Quick the answer: "Frightened? No."

"Why, there are Joan and Margery"—they said, in loving tone,
"There 's nobody in all the shire that has not heard of Joan.
She 's on her couch the livelong day, and all night racked with pain.
We children bring her marigolds to make her well again.
She tells us fairy-stories, and she knows each flower's name,
While she draws us pretty faces, and never two the same.
And she sits out by the cottage door, all in the yellow sun,
And sings us merry ballads—oh, Joan is full of fun!
And mother says," the voice was awed, "the King 's a cripple too!
And has a big hump on his back, and suffers just like you!
And you know, sir,—oh, you must know, that his Majesty the King
Is the greatest man in England, and the head of everything!"

IV.

The huntsman cleared his throat and laughed, a loud laugh and a long,
And a robin swinging overhead stopped suddenly his song,

For the laugh was not a merry one. "The King's a cripple, eh? And does he, too, bear his burden with patience day by day?"
 "Oh, sir, you 're laughing at me; I 'm but a little thing.
Of course, there 's no one in the land so good as is our King!
 Why, everybody honors him,—in church his name is read;
 I always say, 'God bless the King,' before I go to bed!"

V.

A clatter in the bushes, a hurried, panting breath,
 The trample of a speeded horse, a courtier white as death.
 "My liege! you 're safe?"—he cried, and dropped in haste on bended knee;
 "The others follow fast, my horse the swiftest carried me.
 We thought you lost!—"

"Begone at once! and leave us here alone!
 Come, little one, take you this purse and give it to poor Joan,
 From a cripple to a cripple,—and remember 'Crooked Dick'
 The mischief take this dusty day, the very air is thick!"
 He stooped and kissed the upturned mouth, left in the hand a ring
 Bearing the arms of England, the signet of the King!
 Then, turning not to right or left, strode silently away,
 Half blinded by a something which was not the dusty day.

VI.

The two ran home in wonder. "Oh, Father, Father, see!
 We met a huntsman in the woods, and this he gave to me!
 His dress was of green velvet, his housings all of gold,
 And he kissed me very kindly, although his eyes were cold—
 But, Father!" here the brown eyes filled, the voice with sobs grew thick,
 "He says that people laugh at him and call him 'Crooked Dick'!"





A STRIKE IN THE NURSERY.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

Five Play.

Five little holes in **B**aby's shoe,
Five round buttons to slip through,

First one says -
Second one says -
Third one says -
Fourth one says -
Fifth one says -



?? **I**ll begin??
 ?? **L**et me in!??
 ?? **I** can try??
 ?? **O**h, how high!??
 ?? **R**oom for me????

Then pops his head up just to see!

A RECORD OF MASTER HARRY'S UPS AND DOWNS.

By L. N. W.

It had often occurred to the writer of this paper that a vast field for research lay open to the student who would devise a system or method by which to gage the spirits of people.

With such a system we should not say, on being asked how we were, "Pretty well," "Quite well," or "So-so," but we should be able to reply to our friends' inquiries that we were at 20, 40, or 60, as the case might be.

Now, without any idea of offering such a system, the author has recorded here simply a few facts which took place in a certain family—which we will call the Thompsons.

Mrs. Thompson, with her daughter Seraphina Angelina, had decided upon paying a visit to relatives at some distance, leaving behind the head of the family and the two boys, Alfred, aged fifteen, and Harry, aged nine years. Before her departure Mrs. Thompson had serious misgivings as to the state of the spirits of the family during her absence, and repeatedly urged each one left behind to "be sure to write." Her husband promised faithfully to keep her advised as to the state of affairs, and to this end it was decided, after consultation with Alfred, that the spirits of the family might be faithfully recorded from the emotions of Harry; for it was self-evident that if he was not down-hearted the others would be all right. Then again, Harry, being the youngest, and free from outside cares, would not be affected by causes which might disturb the other members of the family. Thus, silence on the part of the head of the family, or absent-mindedness at the breakfast-table, might be due to anxiety for the welfare of the recently planted strawberries, but this would have no effect whatever upon his general spirits when recalled to himself. Or, in the case of Alfred, a tendency to rise discontentedly from the breakfast-table, or to look serious, might be due to anxiety on his part as to how long the home-made bread would last; whether there was

in the kettle water enough to wash the dishes; whether he could pick and shell peas enough for dinner in time to cook them that day, and so on. But if Harry was observed to eat his breakfast slowly, to sit still in his chair after having pushed it back from the table, or to stand by the side of his papa's chair with a pensive, far-off look in his eyes, then the spirits of the family took a downward course. When, on the other hand, Harry forgot to shut the door after him, put very large pieces of bread into his mouth, or whistled at table, then the spirits of the family were certainly rising.

The chart shows the rise and fall during the first week of Mrs. Thompson's absence.

EXPLANATION OF THE CHART.

THE curve starts at 50 on Monday, the day of his mother's departure, descending rapidly, toward evening, and reaching the lowest point about eight o'clock, shortly after the departure of the train, when the curve indicates 10.

On Tuesday there was a slight improvement, and the curve rises to 20, which improvement was maintained throughout the day.

The rise to 30 on Wednesday morning was due to a decided improvement in the weather and to the prospect of remunerative employment next day in a neighbor's garden. There was a steady improvement during the day, so that the curve reached 40 at night.

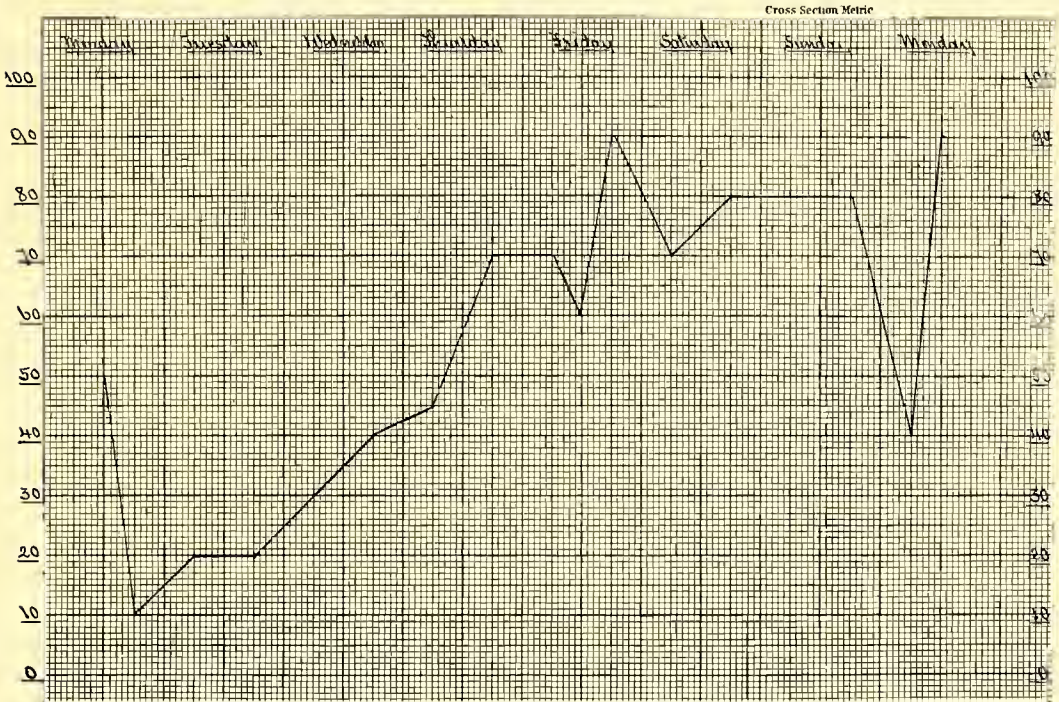
Thursday there was a steady and continuous rise. In the morning Harry and his particular chum, Billy Brown, each made ten cents by weeding the neighbor's garden; at noon a fine dinner was prepared by Alfred, consisting of peas from the Thompson garden, and there was said to be a prospect of beans from the same source on the following day. In the afternoon Harry's father employed the two boys in his garden, so that in the evening Harry was possessed of the sum of twenty cents. A part

of this sum he expended on cakes; with the rest he bought a so-called "Fisherman's Outfit," and closed the day with a curve record of 70.

Thursday's high mark was maintained on Friday morning, as it was a perfect day. The fishing-tackle was tested, in company with two young friends, on a neighboring pond. At noon, however, there was a fall to 60, due to the fact that it was not deemed wise to allow him to go fishing again in the afternoon; but

being due, possibly, to a reaction from the previous evening's excitement. It rises to 80 in the evening, after an afternoon spent on the pond with papa and Alfred, and a trip down-town.

This high point is maintained throughout Sunday; but on Monday morning there is a decided fall, as it was very hard to induce him to eat any breakfast. Alfred suggested that the line should not go too low on this occasion, as he thought the depression was largely



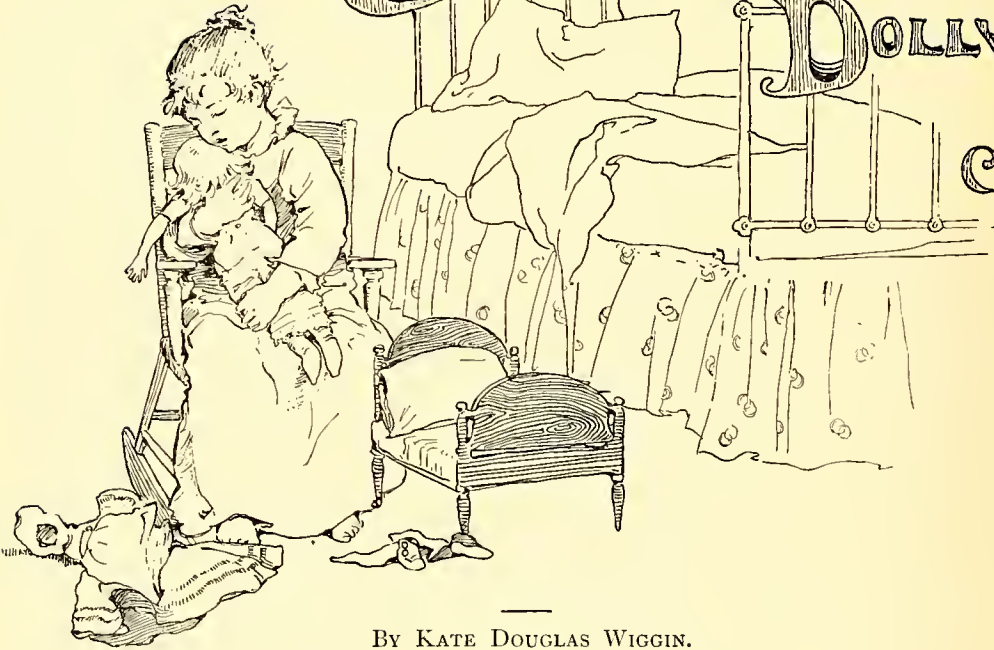
THE CHART, SHOWING THE VARIATIONS OF MASTER HARRY'S SPIRITS WITHIN SEVEN DAYS.

the curve rises to 90 in the evening, when he went out to tea at the Rectory, where he conducted himself beautifully. He had water-ice for the first time, and was delighted when he found that a whole plateful of bonbons had been provided for his special benefit. The curve on this night would have gone up to 100, but it was found that this point could not be reached until his mother's return, for, on the way home, being asked if he had not had a royal good time, he said, "Yes, I had a lovely time, and I think all the Rectors are lovely, but — I'd like to see mama."

The curve falls to 70 on Saturday morning, this

due to the fact that Harry was up quite late on the preceding evening; he also stated that he had observed similar depressions even when their mother was at home. However, in spite of the fact that the curve went down to 40, the recovery was rapid, so that at noon — the end of the first week — Harry is found seated under the awning, his friend by his side, a large tin dish containing half of a good-sized watermelon on his knee, and, as he slices it up, calling to his father, who is just leaving the house, "I shall want a pretty high mark now, Papa." So Mr. Thompson has no hesitation in putting him up as high as 90.

CUDDLE DOWN, DOLLY



BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

THEY sent me to bed, dear, so dreadfully early,
I had n't a moment to talk to my girlie;
But while Nurse is getting her dinner, down-stairs,
I 'll rock you a little and hear you your prayers.

Moderato.

Cud-dle down, dol-ly, Cud-dle down, dear! Here on my shoulder you've nothing to fear.

That's what Mama sings to me ev - ery night, Cud-dle down, dol-ly dear, shut your eyes tight!

Not comfor'ble, dolly?—or why do you fidget?
You 're hurting my shoulder, you troublesome midget!
Perhaps it 's that hole that you told me about.
Why, darling, your sawdust is trick-ker-ling out!

We 'll call the good doctor in, right straight away;
That can't be neglected a single more day;
I 'll wet my new hankchif and tie it round tight,
'T will keep you from suffering pains in the night.

I hope you 've been good, little dolly, to-day,
Not cross to your nursie, nor rude in your play;
Nor dabbled your feet in those puddles of water
The way you did yesterday, bad little daughter!
Oh, dear! I 'm so sleepy—can't hold up my head,
I 'll sing one more verse, then I 'll creep into bed.

Legato.



Cud-dle down, dol-ly, here on my arm, Nothing shall frighten you, nothing shall harm.



Slowly and softly.



Cud-dle down sweetly, my lit-tle pink rose, Good angels come now and guard thy re- pose.




ÉLECTRICITÉ BIEN APPLIQUÉE.

(A Jingle in French.)

BY KATE ROHRER CAIN.

JE chante de ma poupée française,
Qui n'a jamais des humeurs mauvaises!
Elle est toujours très gaie,
Elle parle ou se tait
Comme je veux — elle est "Edisonaise."

FROM "FIDO."

A LETTER FROM A PET DOG.



ST. NICHOLAS: I am a pet dog named Fido. I belong to a little girl whose name is Sally. She has always been very good to me, and I never snap nor growl at her, for I do not need to. But I have some young puppies to bring up, and do not like the way she treats them. I am too shy to speak to her about this; but, as she reads your magazine, I have made up my mind to write you a letter so that you can print it. Then she will read it, and it will make her stop doing the things I do not like.

While puppies are small it is good for them to sleep nearly all the time. Now, as soon as I have put mine to sleep, Sally is sure to come and take one of them to play with. What would she think if I went up to the nursery and took her baby sister out of the cradle to play with?

One day she took "White Nose," my smallest puppy, and carried him into the hall. Here she sat down in grandpa's big chair, took a lump of sugar from the bowl, and tried to make White Nose eat it! Was n't she silly? It made my mouth water to see her waste good sugar on a puppy that had no teeth. I tried to show her that it was better for me to eat sugar than to let White Nose have it. I even sat up and begged for it. White Nose only kicked at it with his fat little legs, and was afraid the sugar would bite him.

I hope Sally, after she reads my letter, will see that it is best to give sugar to big dogs, and to let little puppies sleep until they have some teeth.

Your friend,

FIDO.





"SHE TRIED TO MAKE WHITE NOSE EAT THE SUGAR."

TOY VERSES.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



The Card Castle.

Up in the high card castle
There sat a princess fair.
The castle was enchanted;
No toy could enter there.
The paper-dolly princess
Could see far, far away
The floor and nursery closet,
And all the toys at play;

And, sitting in the castle,
She heard their cheerful stir,
But not a toy among them
Would come to rescue her.
Now hark! she hears a sighing,
Yet nothing can she see.
Then some one softly whispers,
"I come to rescue thee."

"Who is it," asks the princess,
"Has dared to hither come?"
"I am the wind," it answers.
"I'll bear thee to my home."
Now—puff!—out through the window
He and the princess fly,
While on the nursery carpet
The cards all scattered lie.

The New Toy and the Clock .

THE busy, happy little clock
Hangs just above the shelf;
The toys can hear it every day
Still singing to itself.

One time a china figure came;
She had been bought that day;
Too lonely and too strange to rest
She longed to run away.

The other toys were fast asleep,
'T was dark as it could be,
But all the while the nursery clock
Kept singing cheerfully.

It cheered the lonesome little toy,
And so she slept ere long,
And in the morning, when she woke,
She still could hear that song.

“ I 'd rather be that cheerful clock,”
The china figure thought,
“ Than be the very finest toy
That ever money bought !”



The Music Box .



THE music-box is not at all
Like any other toys;
There are no games that it can play
With little girls and boys.

Sometimes upon the bureau
It stays for days and days,
But, oh! when once it has been wound,
Such pretty tunes it plays.

And sometimes, when the little girl
Is snugly tucked in bed,
Between the sheet and bolster,
It lies beneath her head.

Like far-off fairy music,
It tinkles faint and clear;

It plays until she 's fast asleep,
And can no longer hear.

It 's only meant for quiet times,
Or when the hour grows late;
And yet it 's such a gentle toy,
It 's quite content to wait.



THE LETTER-BOX.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT requests us to say that he is now enjoying a brief vacation rest. He will address his congregation as usual, next month, and he hopes for a large attendance.

CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live beside the river Mersey; we can see the many Atlantic steamers that pass. The stories I like best are "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" and "The Land of Pluck." We have got a spaniel dog called "Bruce." We live just opposite the Liverpool docks. Sometimes we go to see the large steamers.
Yours, etc. NEIL CAMPBELL S—.

PORTLAND, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. In the winter we live in Portland, and in the summer at Cape Elizabeth. The Cape is a very nice place, with its green fields and meadows, its trees, ponds, and brooks. There are trees in our grounds that are centuries old. Once papa made me a boat, and I took it down to the brook and got in it. I was sailing around as nice as could be, when over I went and got wet through! We have a camera and we take lots of pictures, mama and I. I have n't any children to play with in summer, but I have a bicycle, and we have a horse named "Don" and a dog named "Rover." The other day papa and I went fishing. The fish were so plenty that as fast as we could bait our hooks we would pull up a fish, and got a big basket full in an hour. I have taken your magazine ever since I was four years old, and think it is the best magazine I ever read. Yours very truly,

PHILIP H. C—.

SALEM, OR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the capital of a State which is known but little in the East, but is, nevertheless, one of the greatest States in the Union, viz.: Oregon. Salem has a population of about 15,000, and is beautifully situated on the Willamette River.

It has an excellent public-school system, besides a university.

It contains many of the State institutions, and is a place of great attraction to Eastern people, and many emigrants settle here.

"Vive la St. NICHOLAS!"

Your admiring reader, GUY C. M—.

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Peruvian girl, and all is new to me in this country. I am seven years old. I came from Lima, Peru. Lima is a beautiful city, but small in comparison to New York. When I came, in April, I did not know how to speak a word of English. Our trip lasted seventeen days. I have been in New York for a good while. Now I am in Bay City with my Aunt Kate and Uncle Dan. My sister Anna R. B. wrote two years ago to you.

Your little friend, SOPHY CARROLL B—.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you six years, and in all that time I have seen only one letter from Russia.

I am an American boy, but we have lived here over six years, and so I am tolerably Russified by this time. As I think the American summer is much better than the Russian one, I will not write anything about it; but I am sure some of your many readers would like to hear something about the winter here.

Before the real winter we have what is called the "little winter," a few days of snow and frost. The real winter lasts usually about seven months, during which time we have snowfalls about every four days, and sharp frosts. We can very rarely make snowballs, for the snow is frozen so hard as to become like dry powder.

We have a great deal of skating and tobogganing here in winter. Our hills are made like tobogganing hills, only they are paved with ice, and the sleds are iron, with cushions. The sledges are very low, with curved-up fronts, behind which the driver is seated, thus protected from the flying snow. Sometimes private sledges have nets in front. The passengers sit back of the driver, all muffled up in furs, for it is not at all uncommon to have the thermometer register 5 degrees above zero.

I remain your constant reader,

ERNEST C. R—.

THE LODGE, LONGFORD, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl six years old. Mama buys you for us every month, and my brother, who is five, and I love you very, very much. We think the American books are much nicer than the English ones. Mama read us a letter from a little American girl, and I think little American girls and boys must be very clever. My big sister is helping me; she rules the lines. This is the first long letter I have written, but I had to write to say how I love you. Your little friend,

MIMI F—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last week mama gave me a surprise in bringing me home the first and second parts of ST. NICHOLAS for 1891.

I have read many nice and interesting books before, but I have to confess that the ST. NICHOLAS takes the prize of them all. Two of the best stories I have read in it are "Toby Trafford" and "Lady Jane." I am very anxious to get the next number of ST. NICHOLAS. Very truly yours,
W. S—.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to a gymnasium and my cousin fell and broke her arm once, we have lots of fun playing ball down there.

I go to Lake Geneva every summer. We have lots of fun going on picnics in the woods. And also bathing in the lake and rowing. My brother and I have a bicycle; we have fun in riding it.

We have three horses and two colts; the horses are "Tom," "Nellie," and "Captain Jinks." The latter is a race-horse. "Mora" is the older colt's name; it is one of the best colts in Ohio. The other colt is not named yet. "Nellie" is the name of its mother. Nellie is very gentle; we ride her horseback and drive her all around town. Well, good-by. Your friend,
LOUISE M. B—.

CHILlicothe, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a letter from one of your grown-up children, for I have several bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, subscribed for me as a child, and still often used both by myself and by my children — two boys, one nine and the other twelve years of age.

After marriage I renewed my subscription because I missed you. When the babies came, first they enjoyed the pictures, then I read what they could understand and had the numbers bound. The source of endless enjoyment the magazines have been since the boys could read for themselves I cannot express.

May you live always!

I will tell you of a clever trick I saw this summer; it may be interesting to your little readers. B—.

A BIRD STORY.

A LITTLE robin was being taught to fly by its parents; attempting too great a distance, it fell to the ground in the middle of the street on which I live. My little boy caught it; I told him to bring it to me. Taking it up-stairs, I put it out on the roof of the front porch. "Now," said I, "we will see if they will give another 'flying lesson!'" What do you think happened? After the old birds fluttered about awhile, they went off and I really feared had forgotten the young one. But not so. Here come three robins; they go direct to the roof. Two of them hold a piece of twine by the ends; the nestling grasps the center and off they go, but as they start we see why the third bird came, for it flies directly under the young bird, supporting it on its back.

Don't you think they were smart birds?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went to Quebec last summer, and while I was there I went to St. Anne's. It is twenty miles from Quebec. People who have been sick for years go there and are said to come out well and strong. Our landlady told mama that a friend of hers from the United States came to Quebec and went to St. Anne's; she was so sick she had to be carried there; when she came home she walked and was well. In front of the church are two pillars reaching to the top of the church, and these are filled with crutches from big ones to babies' crutches. In going there I saw the falls of Montmorenci, which are higher than Niagara. In Quebec we went to the House of Parliament and heard the people talking French. It seems so strange that in a country that has been under English rule for one hundred and thirty years that almost all the people speak French. Even the little children speak it too. Good-by. Your loving little reader,
ELEANOR S. H—.

NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

My father is a naval officer on duty here. We live in the grounds, and our house commands a fine view of the harbor and of Chesapeake Bay beyond.

We girls have fine times playing, and our favorite game is Hare and Hounds.

Every boy and girl should know this game, for it is splendid.

I enjoy the foot-ball Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when the cadets play against some out-of-town team.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS, I do enjoy you so much, and so do my two little sisters. I have read everything in your magazine for the last year. I like all your stories, but

"Lady Jane," "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," and "Chan Ok" are my favorites.

I have not said anything about Annapolis, which is an old historic place, you know, but my letter is already long enough.

Your devoted reader,
KATHERINE P—.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope you will publish this letter about the Tower of London, which I think was the most interesting thing I saw when I was abroad this summer. I saw the room where the crown jewels are kept; also the Armory, St. John's and St. Peter's chapels, Beauchamp tower, and the dungeons, through which we were taken by a very fat old beef-eater, who, after he had taken us through many dark and narrow passages, calmly remarked that "the people imprisoned there did not have a very pleasant time." Your devoted reader,
KATHARINE P. H—.

LA PORTE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the youngest of three children who have taken you for three years. I read you, and like you very much.

About three years ago I went to Colorado; I had a very nice time there, too. I climbed the mountains, and once mama and I were taking a nap in our room, and mama woke up and went down-stairs, and they all went to climb the mountains, and left only grandpa and me there alone. When I woke up I asked grandpa where the folks were; he said they were out climbing the mountains. I told him I was going too, and when I got half-way up I saw them 'way above me, so I tried to climb up the side of the mountain, but I could n't do it, so I commenced to cry, and the folks thought it was some little boy or girl lost on the mountain back of them. At last they looked down and saw me there. They sent the boys home with me. Yours truly,
LAURA S—.

STRAWBERRY HILL, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before. I live near to London. My little brother and I like the "Brownies" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" best of all your stories.

I am eleven years old, and I am the editress of a magazine called *The Gosling*. All my cousins and friends write for it. I am yours truly,
AGNES E. B—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twin sisters, aged fifteen, and last winter was spent in travels in Europe. We visited the most interesting points in London, among which were the Tower, National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, British Museum, Houses of Parliament, and St. Paul's Cathedral. While in London we both received presents of small gold lockets with "London" engraved upon them, also our names underneath, for mementos, as we were to gather such from every place of interest.

In Paris we made the ascent of the Eiffel Tower, early one morning.

We then journeyed to Switzerland, and high up among the Alps, at a queer little hut, we made our abode for the night. The next morning we started, on our donkeys, the guide leading us along the easiest places down the rocky path. The queer things in Berne amused us very much, and to remember that place we collected small pictures of the wayside taverns and parks.

Italy we enjoyed most of all. In Venice we spent most of the time in rowing and noticing the natural way in which the children took to the water. For a remem-

brance from Venice we got small miniatures of the gondolas, cut in coral. In Rome, the guide took us through many ruins of noted castles. The huge stones lay in crumbled masses, and we were allowed to pick up some, upon which we had our names and the date chiseled.

On our way back we spent a week in Berlin, visiting the most important places. Wishing you prosperity, we remain,
ASALITA AND VALERIE D—.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother took *Our Young Folks* until you were first issued, and I have taken you ever since.

I attend the Milwaukee College, and enjoy it very much. I live up at the bank of Lake Michigan, in a red house. I can see the lake all day. I enjoy most watching the sun rise out of the lake.

We have a large, black horse, and he takes us for the most beautiful rides. I so wish you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, might be with us.

My uncle, who was the minister to Japan some years ago, brought us many quaint and beautiful things, one of which is a black table with gold lacquer work on it.

FAITH VAN V—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two years ago my mother, brother, and myself were in Europe and went to the Paris Exposition, which was very beautiful.

My uncle, who was then in Paris, took me to see the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, and many other beautiful things.

Summer before last I was in Washington; I saw the Capitol, White House, the Treasury, and Navy Department, the Declaration of Independence, and the Sword of George Washington. I went up to the top of Washington Monument, from which there was a lovely view.

Your loving reader,
LAURA Y. G—.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of eleven years, and go to school at the Milwaukee College.

I have two turtles, each the size of a fifty-cent piece, and they are very cunning. I have had them all sum-

mer, and they are quite tame. They eat flies and bugs mostly. I keep them in a long tin bath-tub, with sand at the bottom and leaves at one end for them to sleep in. They are very pretty and intelligent. Whenever I feed them, they stick their heads out of the water and open their mouths. Your constant reader,
E. B—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year. I like you very much.

I am eight years old. I have been to Washington, Baltimore, Maryland, all over the battle-field of Gettysburg and the cemetery in which the soldiers are buried.

I like "Chan Ok: A Romance of the Eastern Seas," "Toby Trafford," and the "Tee-Wahn Folk-Stories."

Your loving friend,
ROGER RAE R—.

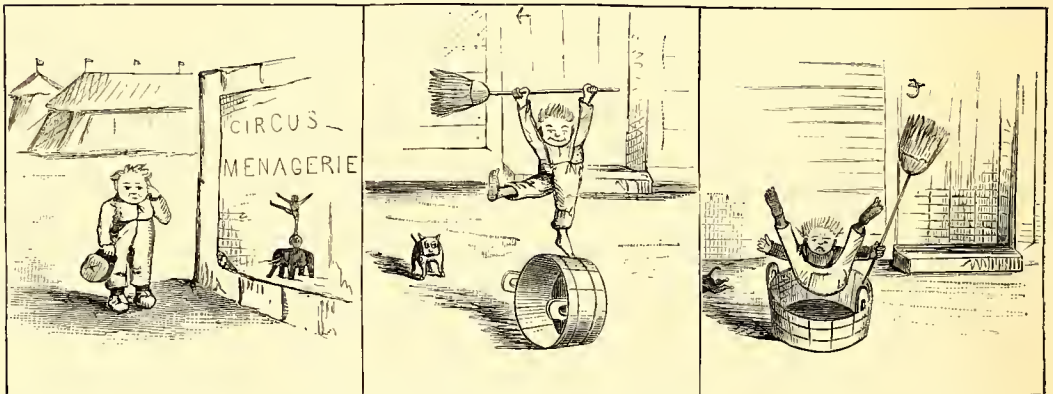
RAMONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twin brothers, Freddie and Percy, and live on an orange-ranch, in California, near the home of "Ramona." We each have a bronco pony and a rifle, and ride many miles each day in search of coyotes. The Government gives us five dollars for each wolf's scalp. We each have six greyhounds, and are very successful in hunting rabbits. We will now give you a piece of poetry we composed, and if our letter is too long, please publish our poetry:

Freddie and Percy are two gay Spanish boys,
Who are exceedingly fond of tomares;
They have guns and toys and their sorrows and joys,
And their father's name is Gonzales.

FRED AND PERCY.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Marjorie H., "Pinkie," Léonie W. W., Anna St. J., Judith S. R., Marie V. P., W. H. H., Elsy, Clara J., Julia S. J., Katharine T. W., Irma K., M. H., Jean H. V., Rebecca W. B., Katharine E. F., Ida S., Edwin W. J.



THE EVIL EFFECTS OF A CIRCUS POSTER.

HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. IDIOCY. 2. Beginning. 3. To mature. 4. A kind of molding. 5. Wickedness. 6. Within. 7. In sprain.

II. 1. The shell of a nut. 2. Coalesced. 3. The protagonist in a play by Shakspeare. 4. A minute particle. 5. "Children of a larger growth." 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In sprain.

"COUSIN FRANK."

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



ALL of the ten small pictures may be described by words of equal length. When these are rightly guessed, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of certain things which often come in February.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

C. B.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To drain off completely. 2. Pertaining to an organ. 3. The place where King Arthur is supposed to have held his court. 4. Relating to the base. 5. Pertaining to a canon or rule. 6. A large artery in the neck. 7. A beautiful, wax-like flower.

When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of the heroine of an epic poem by Tasso.

SEPARATED WORDS.

D.

EXAMPLE: Separate conferred, and make the first quality and indebted. Answer, best-owed.

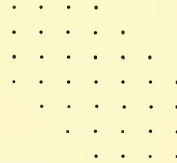
I. Separate the trachea, and make to twist and a boatswain's whistle used to call the crew to their duties. 2. Separate a large fleet of armed ships, and make a branch and a feminine name. 3. Separate the aspect of two planets sixty degrees apart, and make gender and a name sometimes given to a man's stiff hat. 4. Separate great

dislike, and make a cover for the head and a color. 5. Separate ignorant of letters or books, and make sick and to do a second time. 6. Separate the name of a distinguished philosopher, and make a small lizard and forward. 7. Separate a voracious eater, and make to cloy and a measure of weight or quantity. 8. Separate the stopper of a cannon, and make to drive in by frequent gentle strokes and the title of a tragedy by Thomas Noon Talfourd. 9. Separate to subvert, and make above and to place. 10. Separate a native of Normandy, and make a conjunction and a human being.

When the above words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials of the first row of words will spell the name of a famous man born in 1732; the initials of the second row spell a quality for which he was distinguished.

CYRIL DEANE.

A HEXAGON.



I. A RELIGIOUS book of the old Scandinavian tribes. 2. A piece of mournful music. 3. Exhausts. 4. To disturb. 5. A substance of the nature of glass. 6. A variety of iron. 7. Certain measures of length.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A PERCH. 2. Uncovered. 3. To grant to another for temporary use. 4. Closes.

II. 1. A stain. 2. To regard with affection. 3. A place for heating or drying. 4. A portable house of canvas.

M. K.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of a celebrated conqueror; my finals, the surname of the author of a very popular book. The primals and finals together spell the name of a hero.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A tree. 2. A South American lizard. 3. The sweet-bay. 4. A leguminous plant. 5. Yttrium. 6. Pertaining to the maple. 7. A plant sacred to Venus.

"XELIS."

DOUBLE SQUARES.



I. 1. To ENVIRON. 2. To suppress. 3. Fascinating. 4. Delightful regions. 5. Rigid.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. Part of the eye. 2. Wrath. 3. A retreat.

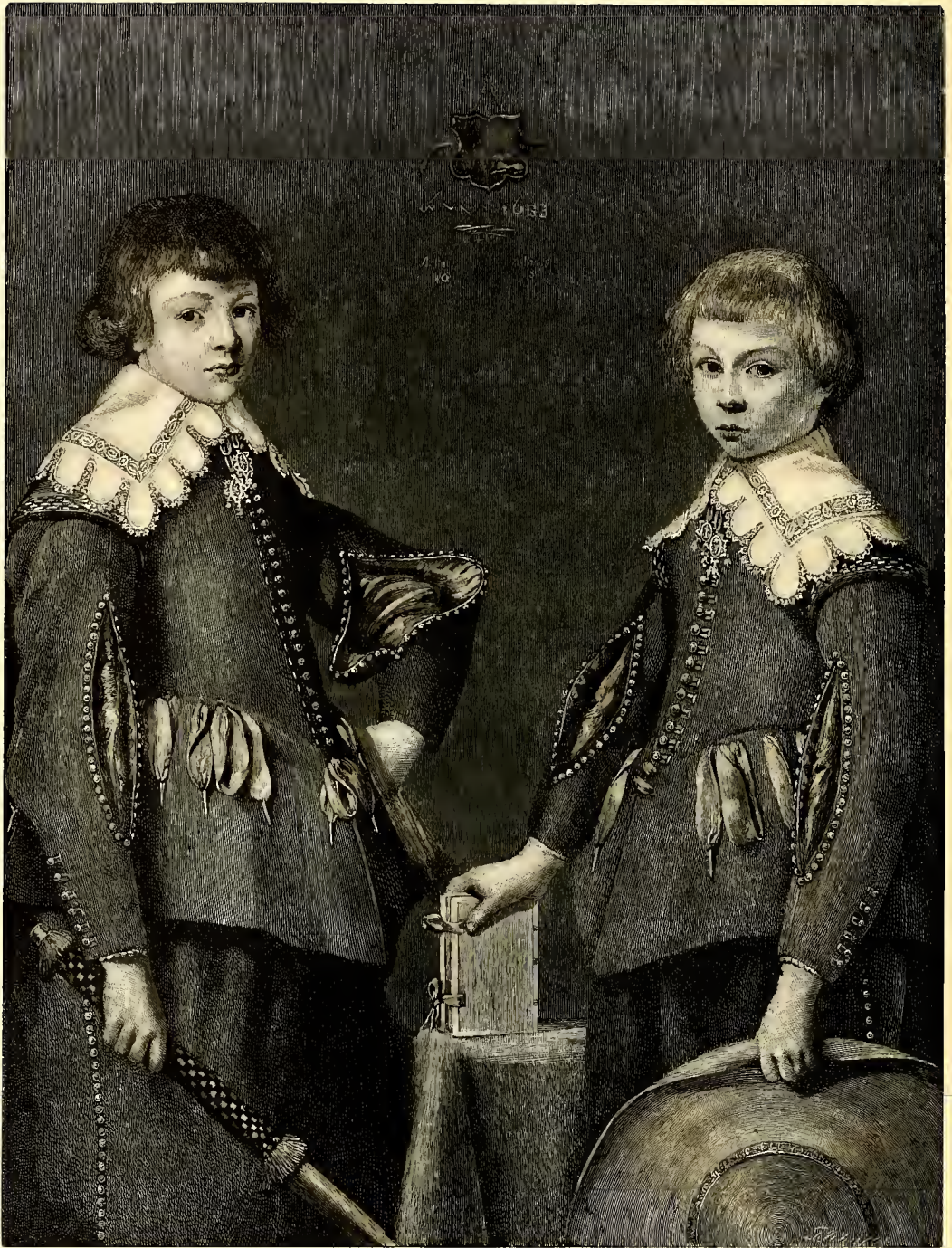
II. 1. A variety of fine clay containing iron. 2. Unspotted. 3. Courage. 4. Less common. 5. A vestibule.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. A meadow. 2. Part of the head. 3. A verb.

III. 1. A nautical term meaning "cease." 2. Small hairs on plants. 3. A foreigner. 4. A fall of hail and snow. 5. Hues.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. Evil. 2. To remain. 3. Sediment.

"CHARLES BEAUFORT."



TWO BOYS OF HOLLAND.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PAINTING BY CUYP, OWNED BY MR. C. T. BARNEY, NEW YORK.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 5.

FROM SHIP TO SHORE.

BY JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

I REMEMBER well, when I was living upon a broad arm of the Potomac River, what keen delight I took in paddling about in a little boat; sometimes gliding up a narrow creek shadowed by the overhanging boughs of a gloomy pine forest; sometimes deftly steering into a favorite landing in the crotch of a dead and fallen tree; sometimes lying peacefully beside a mossy bank; and sometimes sailing from point to point with an old cedar-bush for a sail. No doubt hundreds of you who read this magazine take the same delight in handling a little boat of your own on pretty lakes, or rivers, or bays. To you I say, first learn to swim, then learn to handle your boat in every possible way.

Many of you have stood on the beach at the seaside, and watched the seas rolling in heavy breakers after a storm, curling and crashing into volumes of foam and broken water, with such force as to send them sweeping up almost to your feet. It is through such waves that men who follow the sea must at times pass in reaching the shore; but not through one or two on a smooth, quick-shelving beach, but through thirty or forty, perhaps, covering a mile

of treacherous shoals, and at places surging between jagged reefs and huge boulders.

With intense interest we read of dreadful shipwrecks almost every week. The survivors tell how the big ship labored and struggled through monster billows and shrieking wind, under black flying clouds and amid jagged streaks of lightning, until, mastless and helpless, she lay exhausted in the trough of the sea, and passively received the crashing deluge of merciless waves until she sank. They tell how they, poor puny human beings, clung to helm and pumps till the great ship's struggles were over and it became evident that she could carry them no longer; then how they hastily threw a cask of water and a few provisions into some remaining boat, and at a favorable moment launched upon the angry waters in a craft so frail that it seemed as if all on board were doomed to instant destruction.

Here always comes the strangest part of their narrative. Read all such accounts carefully, and you will find that in nearly every case where such a little boat is safely launched from an abandoned ship, it floats and drifts for days and even weeks on the open ocean, living

through the dreadful tempest which wrecked the big ship, sailing buoyantly through calmer seas, and finally bringing the survivors within sight of other ships or land.

This will not seem so strange to you after you have been much upon the ocean. You will then see how the big ship is so large and long that the driving wind can almost turn her over, and several waves can attack her at once. The wind will literally hold her down while the great waves beat upon her. When a little boat is launched, however, she is so small that only one big wave attacks her at a time, and she can ride over it like a cork. Its broken edge sometimes pours into the boat, but with constant care and bailing she can be kept afloat. Moreover, the very size of the waves shields the tiny craft from the driving wind, save for the moments when she is on their crests.

I have said that the little boat usually brings its occupants safely within sight of a ship or land. If you are ever so cast away, choose that you may sight a ship rather than land. Only too often the fierce storm is weathered, and the hopeful crew sail over hundreds of miles of sunny seas, almost as if on a pleasure-trip, until the glad sight of land greets their eyes, and their troubles seem but a dream of the past, when suddenly they are plunging through a mass of white and broken water, and amid the roar of crashing waves the little boat is lifted and twisted and flung about till dashed into fragments upon jagged rocks; while those survivors of terrible storm and shipwreck, of uncounted miles of open ocean, are thrown upon the sunny beach which gladdened their hearts, cruelly battered or perhaps even lifeless! Almost always, too, this is due to their not knowing how to handle their boat at this crowning, critical moment when but a few hundred yards remain of a thousand-mile journey from ship to shore.

What, then, should be done at such a time?

When the breakers are sighted, experienced boatmen lie at a safe distance outside of the surf and make these simple preparations: They take off any loose or cumbersome clothing, such as their coats, which might be washed up over their heads, or their boots or shoes, which would fill with water and drag upon them. If there

are no tanks or lockers in which they can stow these things, they throw them overboard; for floating articles will follow them ashore, while if the boat is upset a man does n't care to have an overcoat wrapped about his face or legs, or a heavy boot to pound him on the head. If there are air-tanks or lockers in the boat, they put in them all remaining food, besides instruments and unnecessary clothing, and make them as water-tight as possible. They put on life-preservers if they have them. They throw overboard all masts and sails, even the cask of water—only they make sure that the bung is in the latter. The helmsman ships an oar to steer with instead of a rudder, if he has not already been using one.

Now that they are prepared to land, they next must seek a place to land, and here their early training, although they may not be conscious of it, will first aid them. One stands up in the boat that he may see as far as possible. The rowers skirt the breakers at a safe distance, seeking a place where there are fewest of them between the boat and the shore, where the beach seems steep and clean, where no treacherous rocks protrude when the seas recede. All these conditions may not exist in the same spot. Good judgment alone can determine the best place under varying conditions.

Selecting a landing-place, the men wait for an opportunity. By lying outside and watching the breakers, they find that after a certain number of heavy ones there is a quiet interval, and after several counts they know when to expect this interval and take advantage of it. If there are but two or three lines of bad breakers near a seemingly steep beach, a bold dash, bows on, during this interval of quiet, will probably land them high and dry.

Much more frequently, however, the water will shoal far out from the shore, and many lines of breakers will have to be passed. The quiet interval will be too short to allow a boat to reach the shore. Only courage, coolness, quickness, and good judgment can save the men in the battle for life which must then be fought. They select a place where the breakers seem to roll in parallel to the beach and not slantingly, and then they row toward them as close as they can with safety, and turn the



A SURF-BOAT AT SEA.

boat's bow out to sea. Next, they back in rapidly when the quiet time comes, but keep the boat's bow pointed squarely at the breakers. The lull is too soon over, and the battle begins. A mountainous sea comes rolling in and mounting upward from a rounded crest to a thin green edge, which tumbles above them. Then the nearer side seems to pause, and from the green edge sweeps hissing backward a curling, feathery spray, as the farther side of the wave seems to rush over the nearer and descend with a

crashing roar in overwhelming volumes of whitened surf. If the little boat is caught in this deluge, she may be thrown end over end, or slued so far around that the next sea will roll her over and over; and even if skilful management should keep her head

perience and judgment can tell how to pass them with more than occasional success. By pulling a few strokes toward the sea, a wave may pass under the boat just before it breaks. Then what a ride they have! More swiftly than by express train they are shot shoreward by a mighty power utterly beyond control. The roar around them is frightful, and the swirling, broken water terrifying, but while that speeding lasts they are safe. Every effort is always made to keep on the back of that shore-rushing wave. It



AN UPSET IN THE SURF.

to sea she would soon be completely swamped. These points where the seas break must then be eluded as often as possible, but only ex-

was an enemy a moment before, but now it is a guiding friend. The boatmen back in upon it with all their might, but watching all



RUSHING THE BOAT UP ON THE BEACH.

the time, for the next wave to rise and form for attack.

When the welcome shore is close at hand the helmsman presses down the loom or shaft of the steering-oar; otherwise the blade would suddenly catch in the sand, the boat would rush over it, and as it pivoted in the oarlock the oar would fling the man far astern. Lucky would he be if there was still water to fall upon!

When the boat touches bottom, all hands spring overboard, and, seizing her gunwales, rush her high up on the beach; otherwise the waves would do this for them, probably broadside on, and in a very ruthless manner, perhaps breaking bones and crushing the boat, as if angry at the men's escape.

shore is still great, but seek to get away from the thrashing oars, which might stun them. They try rather to float than to swim, saving their strength for the moment when they first touch the sand. Then is the difficult time; to escape they must stagger shoreward against an outrushing torrent of sandy water, and even at best they will reach the land exhausted. Then, as soon as they are able, they rush as far out as their foothold is safe, and aid their companions who may be more exhausted than themselves.

There are boats especially designed for launching and landing through surf. They curve up very high at both ends, so as to ride over breakers easily and glide well up on a beach, and they are much broader than ordi-

nary boats, to make it harder to upset them. In the bow and stern and along both sides under the thwarts they have air-tight tanks, so that they float lightly even if filled with water. In



BACKING IN THROUGH THE SURF.

Should the worst catastrophe come, and the boat be overturned in the surf, the men do not try to swim back to her unless the distance from

the bow and stern tanks can be stowed instruments, bread, and such other things as must be kept dry. These boats are built unusually strong,

and can stand hard knocks. Every ship should have at least one surf-boat. The pictures show you just such a boat, built and used for landing through surf during a survey on the Pacific coast. In her were made many dangerous landings. In spite of her good qualities there

whenever they are upset, and they have false bottoms high up inside with little scuppers all around just on a level with the false bottom, so that all water will run out as soon as the boat rights herself. But such boats are considered too heavy to carry aboard ship.



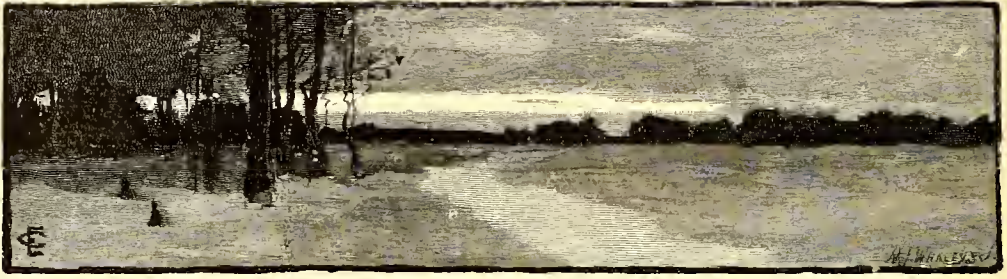
CLIMBING OVER A BIG BREAKER.

were frequent upsets, but the crew was well trained and fearless, so that there was never loss of life.

The boats at life-saving stations have still other good qualities. They have heavy lead keels which will turn them right side up again

It is always interesting to watch a boatful of men, conducting a small boat in safety from ship to shore.

Whenever you have to make a landing through the waves, whether from a lake or from the sea, remember how it is done by sailors.



FIRELIGHT.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

DEAR Mother Dusk hath stolen in,
 And, close unto the chimney tall,
 Her wheel doth swiftly turn and spin,
 And straightway darker shadows fall,
 And straightway red the flame doth start,
 The hearthstone is alight once more;
 While shifting phantom fires dart
 Athwart the ceiling and the floor.

Outside, a giant wind in vain
 Hath striven for a welcome here,
 And now upon the window-pane
 Soft, truant snowflakes whirl and peer.

But let the giant madly blow!
 What matter if he storms or grieves?
 For, from the fiery embers' glow,
 Dear Mother Dusk a story weaves.

Methinks it could not well be told,
 Because, in truth, 't is seen, not spoke;

The princess, though, hath hair of gold,
 The ogre's beard is curling smoke,
 And where his charred old castle stands,
 Beside the moat and drawbridge there,
 We see her wring her lily hands,
 We spy that lovely floating hair!

Fain would we to her rescue fly,
 When lo, the drawbridge down doth crash!
 Princess and ogre buried lie
 Where starry sparks and flames upflash!

Dear Mother Dusk hath stopped her wheel,
 And all the hearthstone brighter gleams:
 Night hath crept in, and she doth steal
 To make a place for Jack o' Dreams.

But Oh, the grim old ogre strong!
 And Oh, the princess in the tower!—
 Through echoes dim of slumber-song
 We feel that magic twilight hour.



BY

The Monarch of Olla

Margaret Johnson

To the court of Olla, the Island of Ease,
 Two wise men came one day.
 On a geological journey bound,
 With hammer and chisel, the wide world
 round
 They were visiting isle and continent,
 And winning, wherever their steps they
 bent,
 By explanation and argument
 Their way.

“Objects to your chipping the royal rocks,
 Dislikes scientific research,
 Hard facts, and harsh noises, and ham-
 mers and such,
 And does n't like gray-headed men very
 much,—
 In short, your departure, good sirs, I sug-
 gest!”
 And, bowing (his manners were quite of
 the best),



But here, as soon as they went to work,
 In Olla, the Island of Ease,
 A personage, dignified, florid, and bland,
 Came hurriedly out to them, hat in hand.
 “The Monarch of Olla regrets,” said he,
 “This manifestation of industry,
 Desires you will stop it immediately,
 If you please.

He left the two scholars, perplexed and
 distressed,
 In the lurch.
 “This Monarch of Olla, I hear,” said one,
 “Is only a child, forsooth!
 Yet a sovereign child is a sovereign still,
 And has, without doubt, a tyrannical will;

And how to deal with the infant mind
Is a difficult problem at best, I find,
To the clearest logic so hopelessly blind
Is youth."

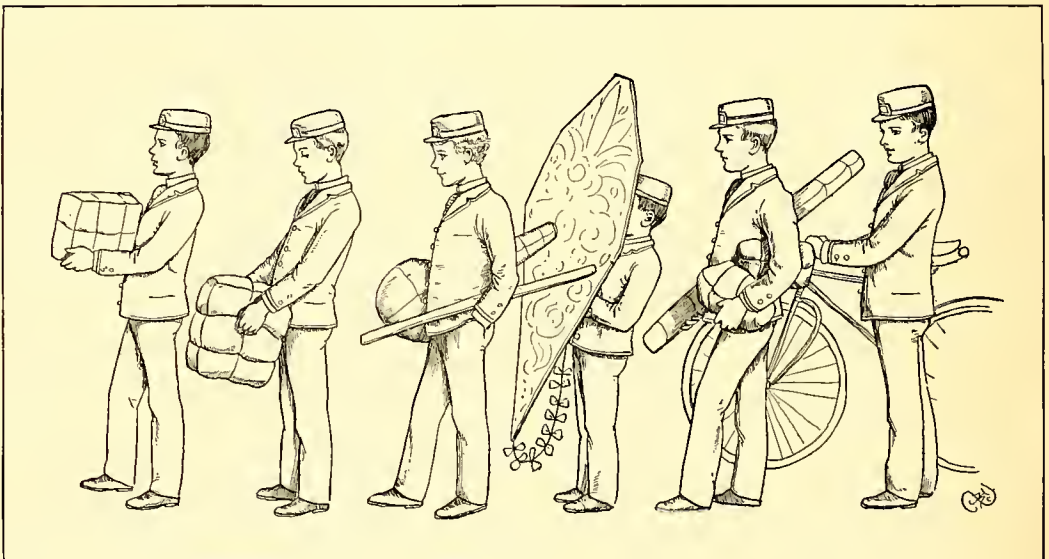


Then down they sat in the sand to mourn
Their lost geological joys,
Till a fisher-maid, with a bright black eye,
Came strolling, listening, smiling by.
"Good sirs," said she, "may I make so bold?
The Monarch of Olla is eight years old,
And remarkably fond, I've often been
told,
Of toys!"

They started, they smiled, they stroked their
chins,
With a dignified, deep delight;
They telegraphed straight to the nearest
town,
Where dwelt a toyman of much renown,
And ordered from him in the greatest haste
A whip with a handle silver-chased,
A ball with the costliest broi'dery traced,
And a kite

Of wonderful beauty and monstrous size,
Embossed in rich design;
A banjo of gold with a tuneful twang,
And a golden gun with a patent "bang";
A bicycle (safety) and trumpets and
drums
(The noisiest each of its kind that comes),
And a number of tops with a number of
hums
Very fine;

A train of cars that would run all day
At a genuine railway rate;
An army of men in a golden box,
And a trunkful of golden building-blocks;—
In short, they ordered each possible toy
That is dear to the heart of the every-day
boy,
Yet costly enough for a king to enjoy
In his state.



Then, bowing and breathless, they stood
without

In an anteroom neat as a pin,
While the messenger boys in an orderly
corps

Went in with their gifts at the nursery
door.

Five minutes they waited (it seemed a
week),

Then rose on the silence an uproar unique—

That hid the laughter that lurked in her
eyes.

“Nay, now,” she cried, “what a heart of
stone

This ruler of eight years old must own!

Yet, hark you, sirs, you may still atone

For your blunder.

“A gift of my choosing (at your expense)

Will settle the matter with ease,



A tempest of weeping and shriek upon
shriek

From within.

And out at the door came the unlucky
toys

In a shower that darkened the air;
And out from the palace in dire dismay

The wise men fled by the shortest way,
Nor paused until they had reached the

shore,
Where, all in a heap on the sandy floor,

The fisher-maid found them as once
before,

In despair!

She heard their tale with a brow demure,

At first with a glance of wonder,

And then with a frown of grave surprise

And win you, I 'll warrant, the royal grace,
And the consequent love of the populace.

So cheer you, sirs, it is not too late;

For a moderate sum you may mend your
fate,

Five dollars will do it, or four ninety-
eight,

If you please!"

They sighed and they doubted, but drew
her a check

Quite double her modest demand;

And a day or two afterward stood once
more

In the anteroom, at the nursery door,

While the fisher-maid, with a face of joy,

Sent in on his errand one messenger boy

With a single box and a single toy

In his hand.

Then lo! there was laughter and clapping
of hands,

And a rustle of delicate frocks;

And then from the monarch's mysterious
room

No warning there came of immediate
doom,

But a gracious message of compliment,

And the Monarch of Olla's free consent

To chip away to their hearts' content

At the rocks.

The wise men looked at the fisher-maid;

She laughed with her lip a-curl.

"Next time," she cried, "before you begin,
'T were well to consider whose grace you
would win.

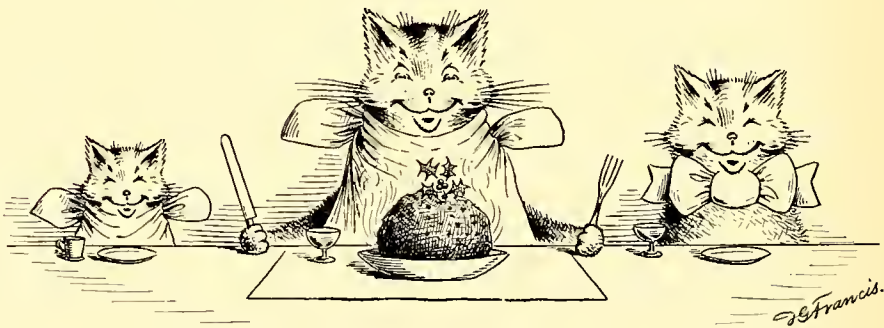
Sooth, wisdom and folly are like as two peas!

That box, learned sirs, held a doll, if you
please,

For the Monarch of Olla, the Island of
Ease,

Is a girl!"

The Genial Grimalkin



There was an old Cat named Macduff
Who could joke till you cried, "Hold, enough!"
His Wife and his Child so persistently smiled
That their cheeks got a permanent puff.

TOM PAULDING.

(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[Begin in the November number.]

CHAPTER IX.

UNCLE DICK.



WHEN Tom followed Pauline into the parlor he found his uncle seated on the sofa beside their mother. The first sight of his uncle gave Tom the im-

pression of strength and heartiness, which was confirmed as they came to know each other well. Uncle Dick was neither tall nor stout, but his figure was well built and solid; perhaps he was rather under than over the average height of man. His eyes were dark, and so was his hair, save where it was touched with gray at the temples. His hands, which were resting on his knees, seemed a little large; and the distinct sinews of the wrists indicated unusual strength of grip. His face was clean shaven, except for the mustache which curled heavily down each cheek.

His smile was kindly as his eyes looked Tom straight in the face, and his greeting was hearty.

"So this is Tom, is it?" he said, holding out his hand and giving Tom a cordial clasp.

"And you are Uncle Dick," Tom responded, echoing his uncle's pleasant laugh.

"Yes, I am Uncle Dick. I'm your mother's only brother, and you are her only son. Let me get a good look at you."

So saying, he raised his hands and grasped Tom by the shoulders and held the boy off at arm's-length, while he took stock of him.

After a long searching gaze, which Tom met

unflinchingly, Uncle Dick said to Mrs. Paulding, "He has your eyes, Mary, and your hair,—but how like he is to his father!"

Despite his bold front, Tom had endured the close scrutiny with secret discomfort; but now he flushed with pleasure. Mrs. Paulding had often talked to her son about the father he could scarcely remember, and it was Tom's chief wish to grow as like his father as he could.

"Yes," repeated Uncle Dick, "he is very like Stuyvesant." Then he released his hold on Tom's shoulders. "I do not see, Mary," he said, turning to Mrs. Paulding, "that you have any reason to be dissatisfied with these youngsters. They look like healthy young Americans with clear consciences and good appetites. If they take to me as I have taken to them, we shall get along all right."

"I'm sure we shall all be ever so fond of you, if you'll only stay here," said Pauline; "in fact, I'm fond of you now."

"You see, your sister and I," explained Uncle Dick to Tom, "have already made friends. She has shown me round her cat-ranch outside there, and—"

"And what do you think?" interrupted Pauline. "'Mousie' approved of Uncle Dick at once, and went up and let him stroke his neck—and you know Mousie is very hard to please."

"Then I can look upon Mousie's approval of me as a certificate of good moral character," said Uncle Dick, with a ringing laugh. "And I don't know but what I'd rather have a letter of recommendation from a dumb beast than from many a man I've met. As a judge of human nature, 'the biped without feathers,' as Plato called him, is sometimes inferior to our four-footed friends."

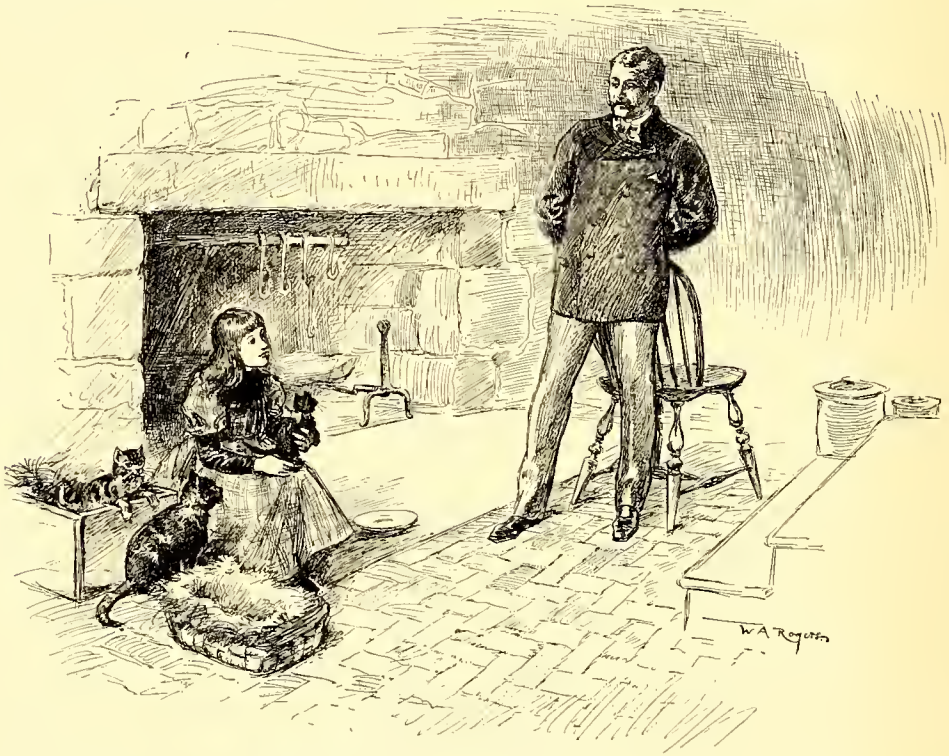
"I'm glad to be told I'm like my father," Tom remarked as he sat down by his mother's side.

"You are like him, as I've said," responded his uncle, "and that's a reason you and I should be good friends,—for no man ever had a better friend than your father was to me. When we were boys of your age we played together on these grounds; and we went off on long walks together up to High Bridge and across the Harlem River. This is a fine place for a boy—at least we found it so. There are

"There's one thing to tell," replied Uncle Dick; "it's a great deal more fun to play at Indians here on Manhattan Island than it is to have the real redskins come whooping after your scalp."

"They did n't get yours, did they?" asked Pauline.

"They did n't that time—but it was a very tight squeak," Uncle Dick answered.



PAULINE AND UNCLE DICK INSPECTING THE "CAT-RANCH."

lots of good spots for sham fights and so forth. Down in the woods by the river, near the railroad track, we used to go on long scouting-raids after the Indians. But I suppose that is altogether too old-fashioned a sport for you boys nowadays."

Tom promptly informed his uncle all about the Black Band, and about the bonfire on election night, when he had to run the gantlet and had afterward been burnt at the stake.

"Mother has told us about your adventure with the Indians in the Black Hills," Tom said; "that is, she's told us all you wrote, but there must be lots more to tell—is n't there?"

"You'll tell us about *all* your adventures, won't you?" Pauline besought.

Uncle Dick laughed heartily. "I've been about a good deal, here and there, but I don't know that I've really had any adventures that you could call adventures," he said.

"But you ran away to sea?" Polly cried.

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"And you were wrecked?" she continued.

"Yes," assented her uncle.

"And you went to the war, and you were taken prisoner?" she went on.

"Yes."

"And you've fought the horrid Indians, and

you've been to Africa for diamonds, and you've done lots and lots of other things like that,—and if those are not adventures, I'd just like to know what are?" she urged.

"Some of these things were rather exciting while they lasted," said Uncle Dick calmly, "but I don't think I should call any of them adventures."

"What would you call an adventure, then?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "Perhaps it is an adventure to have been shut up in the Rock Temple at Petra, alone with your deadly enemy, when he had a revolver and you had nothing but a penknife, and when you believed that if you got out alive the natives outside would promptly kill you."

"Did that happen to you?" asked Tom with intense interest.

"Well, it was n't exactly that way," responded his uncle. "You see he had only a single-barreled pistol and I had a bowie-knife, so it was almost an even thing."

"Did you fight him?" Polly inquired.

"I had to."

"And how did it end?" Polly asked eagerly. "Did he kill you?"

Uncle Dick laughed again and responded, "Do I look like a ghost?"

Polly blushed and explained hastily, "I mean, did you kill him?"

"No," her uncle said, "I did n't kill him and he did n't kill me. He fired at me and missed my head by half an inch—I believe he did cut off a stray lock of hair—you see I have curls like yours, Tom."

"And what did you do then?" was Polly's instant query.

"He sprang on me and I defended myself, and he got a wound—"

"A serious wound?" asked Polly.

"I never yet saw a wound that was comic," Uncle Dick replied, "either for the man who had it, or the man who gave it. Fighting is a sad business, at best, and I keep out of it when I can. As good luck would have it, this man's wound was not dangerous; but it left me free to make my escape."

"But how did you get past the natives outside, who were waiting to kill you?" asked Tom.

"I did n't get past them," was the answer.

"But they did n't *kill* you!" Polly cried.

"They got ready to do it," Uncle Dick explained, "when an old sheik interfered. He was a great friend of mine, that old sheik, and I had done him a favor once; and so he saved my life and got me away to the coast. Of course you ought to do people favors whenever you can; and the very least reason is that you never know when their gratitude may come in handy."

"How did you happen to be in the Rock Temple?" asked Tom, "and with your enemy, too?"

"How did I happen to get into all my scrapes?" returned Uncle Dick. "For a simple reason. Because I did not follow the advice of the Turkish proverb which says, 'Before you go in, find a way out.' All my life I've been going into all sorts of things—and generally I've had to squeeze out of the little end of the horn. As the old colonel of my regiment used to say, 'I've had lots of luck in my life—good and bad.'"

"It is good luck which has brought you back to me, Dick," said Mrs. Paulding. "And the longer you stay the better I shall like it."

"I don't know how long it will be, Mary," he answered; "that all depends on what Joshua Hoffmann says on Monday morning."

"Joshua Hoffmann?" Tom repeated; "is n't he the gentleman who owns that grand new house on the Riverside drive, with the broad piazzas, and the tower, and the ground around it with a brick wall?"

"Yes," Mrs. Paulding replied. "Mr. Hoffmann has built a new house near us since you were here last, Dick."

"Everything around this place seems new since I was here last," Dick returned. "But even if Joshua Hoffmann has a house near us, I sha'n't intrude on him up here—at least not at first. I'll talk business down-town at his office."

"He 's sure to be glad to see you, Dick," said Mrs. Paulding. "Children, you know that your uncle saved Mr. Hoffmann's life?"

"I did n't know it at all," Tom replied.

"Neither did I," Uncle Dick declared.

"Tell us all about it at once, please," Polly

besought. "I like to hear about people's lives being saved."

"It 's very little to tell," her uncle responded; "all I did was to give him warning of a plot against him. It was when he was out in the China Seas, aboard his private steam-yacht, the 'Rhodamanthus.' He had a crew of Lascars, and was going down the coast. From a Chinaman I had once recommended I received warning not to go—he 'd offered me a berth on the yacht—because the Chinese pirates had bribed half the crew, and they meant to attack Mr. Hoffmann in a pirate junk which would come alongside under pretense of being in need of water. Of course I warned Mr. Hoffmann, and I accepted the berth on the yacht, and we made ready for a good fight. We ran out of port, dropped alongside an American man-of-war, sent back the treacherous crew, and took on board a lot of new men we could trust."

"And did the pirate junk attack you?" Tom asked eagerly.

"It did," Uncle Dick answered. "And when they made their sudden assault and found us ready for them with a couple of Gatling guns on the main deck, you never saw pirates so surprised in all your life."

"I did n't know that Chinamen were ever pirates," said Polly; "I thought they all either made tea or took in washing."

"How did the fight end?" was Tom's impatient question.

"The junk was sunk, and the crew were sent back as prisoners; and I suppose that in time they were tried and sentenced."

At this juncture in the conversation, the Careful Katie entered to announce that supper was ready. Tom rushed up-stairs to wash and to brush his hair.

When he came down, he found his mother and Uncle Dick discussing Mr. Joshua Hoffmann, who was at once one of the richest and one of the best men in New York; a man good himself and never tired of doing good to others; a man full of public spirit and leading in notable public enterprises; a man who considered his great fortune as a trust for the benefit of those who had been less fortunate.

"He 's a man riches have not spoiled," re-

marked Uncle Dick; "and that 's saying a great deal for anybody."

"He 's a man that 's good to the poor," interjected the Careful Katie. "Heaven bless him!"

For a second Uncle Dick looked a little surprised at this intrusion of the waitress into the conversation. Then he laughed softly to himself; and he said to his sister, as the Careful Katie left the dining-room to get the hot biscuits, "I see that she is quite as talkative as ever."

Mrs. Paulding smiled and answered, "She 's a faithful creature, and I am used to her occasional loquacity."

"I like it," Uncle Dick responded; "I like anybody out of the common,—anybody or anything that has a character of its own. I have no use for a man who has had all his edges and corners smoothed off till he is just as round and as commonplace as his neighbors."

The Careful Katie returned and placed on the table a plateful of smoking hot biscuits. As she did this she dislodged a knife, which fell to the floor.

"That 's a gentleman 's coming to the house," she said promptly. "Sure if I 'd done it yesterday, I 'd 'a' said it meant you comin' back to us to-day, Mr. Richard."

"So if you drop a knife it means a gentleman is coming to the house, does it?" asked Uncle Dick with immediate interest. He had studied the folk-lore and strange beliefs of savage peoples in all parts of the world; and to find a superstition quite as absurd in the chief city of the United States, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, was a surprise.

"What else should it mane?" answered Katie.

"And if you drop a fork," Uncle Dick continued, "I suppose that means a lady is coming?"

"An' how could it mane anything else?" she asked in answer. "I do be wondering who it is that knife 'll bring us here to-night."

And with that she left the room.

"Mary," said Uncle Dick as the door closed behind the Careful Katie, "you were remarking that this house was old-fashioned and had no modern conveniences—no dumb-waiter, for example. It seems to me that it has something

more useful than a dumb waiter,— it has a talking waitress.”

Mrs. Paulding laughed. “Katie will talk a little too much,” she said, “but we don’t mind it.”

“Mind it!” repeated Uncle Dick. “It is delightful. I enjoy it. I have often heard of a certain person’s being a brilliant conversationalist — and I never knew exactly what that meant.

ful Katie is conversation-

“She ’s pussies,” said as if Uncle were attacking the Careful Katie.

“I ’ve no doubt she is good in every way,” responded Uncle Dick.

“She ’s a good talker, and that is a good thing. Conversation is her hobby — and we must never look a friend’s hobby in the mouth.”

In chat like this the evening sped away.



fearing that in their absence he might tell of some new and strange adventure by land or sea. The next day was Sunday ; and before they went to bed

again they had learned more of their uncle’s varied career. But it would have taken many a “month of Sundays,” as the Careful Katie phrased it, for them to have been told a tithe of the extraordinary adventures in which he had taken part.

Just turned two score years at the time he went back to his sister’s house in New York, Richard Rapallo had not spent more than twelve weeks in any one place since he was thirteen. A little before the Rebellion

had broken out, in February, 1861, when he was exactly thirteen years old, he had run away to sea.

He made a voyage in a whaler as cabin-boy ; and when they had gathered a fair harvest of oil and bone in the Northern Pacific, and had come homeward around the Horn, and were at last almost in sight of port, a terrific storm caught them and blew them far out of



UNCLE DICK TELLS TOM AND POLLY HIS ADVENTURES.

Pauline first and then Tom went to bed reluctantly, unwilling to leave their uncle, and their course, and finally wrecked them on Sable Island, that well-filled graveyard of good ships.

When at last Richard Rapallo was taken off in an American vessel, he again met with misfortune, for the ship was captured by the Confederate cruiser "Alabama," then just starting from England on her career of destruction. The American crew saw their ship burnt before their eyes. They were sent off in a little fishing-smack to make their way home as best they could.

Richard Rapallo was only fifteen when he returned to New York and went back to school. He was barely seventeen when he enlisted in the army, then about to make its final effort to crush the Confederate forces and to capture Richmond. It was in January, 1865, that he enlisted; and in February his regiment had its first skirmish. Taken by surprise, two companies were surrounded and forced to surrender. Richard had scarcely seen any fighting, he had hardly heard a shot fired, but he was taken prisoner like the rest; and a prisoner he remained until the war was over.

Since the surrender of Lee there was hardly anything that Richard Rapallo had not done; and there was hardly anywhere that he had not been. The restlessness which had led him to run away as a school-boy had grown with the years and with the lack of restraint, until it was quite impossible for him to settle down in any one spot for long.

Young as he was then, only nineteen, he had had charge of an important exhibit at the Paris Exposition of 1867. There he formed friendships which led him to Algiers and thence to Syria and to Egypt. After long wanderings in the Dark Continent he came back to New York again; and he was present at his sister's marriage to his old friend and school-fellow, Stuyvesant Paulding.

Then again he started out, to the West this time, as if he had had his fill of the East. He had a ranch for a while; and he was in the legislature of Nevada for a term; and he was one of the first men to enter the Black Hills.

He became interested in a patent for hydraulic mining, and it was to introduce this that he left America for Australia. Here he traveled far into the interior; and he was gone so long with a party of friends that it was feared they had all been lost in the bush.

From Australia he had gone up to China and Japan, and then down again to Calcutta and Bombay, forming one of a party which ascended some of the loftiest peaks of the Himalayas. On his way to Europe he was invited to join an exploring expedition to the antarctic regions; and when the explorations were concluded, it was by one of the ships of this expedition that he was taken to Cape Colony. In time he wandered north to the diamond-mines, and there he had remained nearly a year.

In all his voyages and his journeyings, in the haps and mishaps of his varied career, he had sharpened his shrewdness, mellowed his humor, and broadened his sympathies. There could be no more congenial companion for a healthy and intelligent and inquiring boy like Tom Paulding; and, long before Sunday night, uncle and nephew were on the best of terms.

"I've been 'Jack of all trades,'" said the man to the boy; "I hope you will be master of one. Make your choice early and stick to it, and don't waste your life as I have wasted mine."

Tom wondered whether this could mean that Uncle Dick was not as rich as he and Polly supposed that an uncle ought to be—especially an uncle just back from the diamond-fields.

He was a little reassured on Sunday evening when Uncle Dick brought out a large tarnished pebble, and told them that it was a diamond.

Tom felt that only a rich man could afford to keep diamonds looking as shabby as that.

As to whether he wished his uncle to be rich or not, Tom could not quite determine off-hand. He himself would prefer to find the guineas stolen by Jeffrey Kerr, and with them to pay off the mortgage and make sure his own future and his sister's. But if he did not find the guineas,—and he confessed that he had made no great progress as yet,—then, of course, it would be very convenient indeed to have in the house a wealthy and generous uncle.

Tom went to bed on Sunday night trying to make up his mind whether his uncle was rich, and whether he wanted his uncle to be rich.

Almost the last thing that he heard his uncle

say, as he went up to bed that night, made him suspect that perhaps a man might come back from the diamond-fields of South Africa without being enormously wealthy.

What Uncle Dick had said was this: "I've gone abroad on many a cruise, and I've been in many a port,—but my ship has never come home yet." Then Uncle Dick laughed lightly and added, "Perhaps she is now refitting for the voyage—at my castle in Spain."

Tom knew that a castle in Spain was the sole residence of the absolutely homeless, and he thought that this speech meant that his uncle Dick's having was less than his hope.

On Monday morning, as Tom went off to school, Uncle Dick started with him, saying, "I've two or three things to attend to downtown before I go to see Joshua Hoffmann, and I suppose I'd better start early."

"I can show the way to the elevated railroad station," Tom suggested, as they went down the little flight of steps to the street.

"I don't want any elevated railroad station," replied his uncle. "I'm going to walk. 'Shanks's mare' is my steed: it does n't take money to make that mare go—but on the other hand it's true that mare does n't go very far."

Pauline was a little late that morning, and

when she came to kiss her mother good-by, before going to school, she could not resist the temptation of the opportunity. She said:

"Marmee, can I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, Polly dear," was the answer.

"It's about Uncle Dick," Pauline went on shyly.

"Well?"

"Well, is he very rich?" she asked at last.

Mrs. Paulding looked down at her little daughter and said, "Why do you ask that?"

"Because Tom and I thought that if Uncle Dick had been picking up diamonds—I wonder if they do it in Africa with raw meat and a big bird as they did in 'Sindbad'—if he'd been finding diamonds, why, of course he was very rich, and he'd pay the mortgage and make you more comfortable and we'd all be happier."

"Your Uncle Dick," Mrs. Paulding said, smoothing her daughter's hair, "is not rich. He has very little money, and he has gone now to see Mr. Hoffmann hoping he can get a situation of some sort here in New York."

"Oh!" said Pauline, "then he is poor?"

"Yes," her mother answered. "He is not in need, of course; but he has little or no money."

"I must tell Tom as soon as I can," Pauline remarked gravely; "and now he has just got to find that stolen money at once."

(To be continued.)



TEE-WAHN FOLK-STORIES.



BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



AMONG the principal heroes of the Tee-Wahn folk-lore, I hear of none more frequently, in the winter story-tellings to which my aboriginal neighbors admit me, than the mighty Nah-chu-rú-chu. To this day his name, which means "The Bluish

Light of Dawn," is deeply revered by the quaint people who claim him as one of their forefathers. He had no parents, for he was created by the Trues themselves, and from them received such extraordinary powers as were second only to their own. His wonderful feats and startling adventures—as still related by the believing Indians—would fill a volume. One of these fanciful myths has pleased me particularly, not only for its important bearing on the history of the race, but for its interesting story as well. It is a characteristic legend of the Southwest.

Long before the first Spaniards came to New Mexico (and that was three hundred and fifty

years ago) Isleta stood where it stands to-day—on a lava ridge that defies the gnawing current of the Rio Grande. In those far days, Nah-chu-rú-chu dwelt in Isleta, and was a leader of his people. A weaver by trade,* his rude loom hung from the dark rafters of his room; and in it he wove the strong black *mantas* or robes like those which are the dress of Pueblo women to this day.

Besides being very wise in medicine, Nah-chu-rú-chu was young, and tall, and strong, and handsome; and all the girls of the village thought it a shame that he did not care to take a wife. For him the shyest dimples played, for him the whitest teeth flashed out, as the owners passed him in the plaza; but he had no eyes for them. Then, in the custom of the Tee-wahn, bashful fingers worked wondrous fringed shirts of buckskin, or gay awl-sheaths, which found their way to his house by unknown messengers.

But Nah-chu-rú-chu paid no more attention to the gifts than to the smiles, and just kept weaving and weaving—such *mantas* as were never seen in the land of the Tee-wahn before or since.

* An ancient custom. Manta-weaving by men remains now only among the distant Moquis.

Two of his admirers were sisters who were called, in Tee-wahn language, Ee-eh-chóo-ri-ch'áhm-nin—the Yellow-Corn-Maidens. They were both young and pretty, but they “had the evil road,” or were witches, possessed of a magic power which they always used for ill. When all the other girls gave up, discouraged at Nah-chu-rú-chu's indifference, the Yellow-Corn-Maidens kept coming day after day, trying to win his notice. At last the matter became so annoying to Nah-chu-rú-chu that he hired the deep-voiced town-crier to go through all the streets and announce that in four days Nah-chu-rú-chu would choose a wife.

For dippers, to take water from the big earthen jars, the Tee-wahn used then, as they use to-day, queer little *omates* made of a gourd; but Nah-chu-rú-chu, being a great medicine-man and very rich, had a dipper of pure pearl, shaped like the gourds, but wonderfully precious.

“On the fourth day,” proclaimed the crier, “Nah-chu-rú-chu will hang his pearl *omate* at his door, where every girl who will may throw a handful of corn-meal at it. And she whose meal is so well ground that it sticks to the *omate*, she shall be the wife of Nah-chu-rú-chu!”

When this strange news came rolling down the still evening air, there was a great scampering of little moccasined feet. The girls ran out



THE ISLETA GIRLS GRINDING CORN WITH THE “MANO” ON THE “METATE.”

from hundreds of gray adobe houses to catch every word; and when the crier had passed on, they ran back into the store-rooms and began to

ransack the corn-bins for the biggest, evenest, and most perfect ears. Shelling the choicest, each took her few handfuls of kernels to the sloping *metate*,* and with the *mano*, or hand-stone, scrubbed the blue grist up and down and up and down till the hard corn was a soft blue meal. All the next day, and the next, and the next, they ground it over and over again, until it grew finer than ever flour was before; and every girl felt sure that her meal would stick to the *omate* of the handsome young weaver. The Yellow-Corn-Maidens worked hardest of all; day and night for four days they ground and ground, with all the magic spells they knew.

Now, in those far-off days the Moon had not gone up into the sky to live, but was a maiden of Shee-ah-whíb-bak (Isleta). And a very beautiful girl she was, but blind of one eye. She had long admired

Nah-chu-rú-chu, but was always too maidenly to try to attract

his attention as other girls had done; and at the time when the crier made his proclamation, she happened to be away at her father's ranch. It was only upon the fourth day that she returned to town, and in a few moments the girls were to go with their meal to test it upon the magic dipper. The two Yellow-Corn-Maidens were just coming from their house as she passed, and told her of what was to be done. They were very confident of success, and told the Moon-girl, hoping to pain her. They laughed derisively as she went

running to her home.



THE MOON-MAIDEN.

* The slab of lava which still serves as a hand-mill in Pueblo houses.

By this time a long file of girls was coming to Nah-chu-rú-chu's house, outside whose door hung the pearl *omate*. Each girl carried in her hand a little jar of meal; and as they passed the door one by one, each took from the jar a handful and threw it against the magic dipper. But each time the meal dropped to the ground, and left the pure pearl undimmed and radiant as ever.

At last came the Yellow-Corn-Maidens, who

ing our meal four days and still it will not stick, and you we did not tell till to-day. How then can you ever hope to win Nah-chu-rú-chu? Pooh, you silly little thing!"

But the Moon paid no attention whatever to their taunts. Drawing back her little dimpled hand, she threw the meal gently against the pearl *omate*, and so fine was it ground that every tiniest bit of it clung to the polished shell, and not a particle fell to the ground!



THE YELLOW-CORN-MAIDENS THROWING MEAL AT THE PEARL "OMATE."

had waited to watch the failure of the others. As they came where they could see Nah-chu-rú-chu sitting at his loom, they called: "Ah, here we have the meal that will stick!" and each threw a handful at the *omate*. But it did not stick at all; and still from his seat Nah-chu-rú-chu could see, in the shell's mirror-like surface, all that went on outside.

The Yellow-Corn-Maidens were very angry, and instead of passing on as the others had done, they stood there and kept throwing and throwing at the *omate*, which smiled back at them with undiminished luster.

Just then, last of all, came the Moon, with a single handful of meal which she had hastily ground. The two sisters were in a fine rage by this time, and mocked her, saying:

"Hoh! *Páh-hlee-oh*,* you poor thing, we are very sorry for you! Here we have been grind-

When Nah-chu-rú-chu saw that, he rose up quickly from his loom and came and took the Moon by the hand, saying, "You are she who shall be my wife. You shall never want for anything, since I have very much." And he gave her many beautiful *mantas*, and cotton wraps, and fat boots of buckskin that wrap round and round, that she might dress as the wife of a rich chief. But the Yellow-Corn-Maidens, who had seen it all, went away vowing vengeance on the Moon.

Nah-chu-rú-chu and his sweet Moon-wife were very happy together. There was no other such housekeeper in all the pueblo as she, and no other hunter brought home so much buffalo-meat from the vast plains to the east, nor so many antelopes, and black-tailed deer, and jack-rabbits from the Manzanos, as did Nah-chu-rú-chu. But constantly he was saying to her:

* Tee-wahn name of the moon.

"Moon-wife, beware of the Yellow-Corn-Maidens, for they have the evil road and will try to do you harm; but you must always refuse to do whatever they propose."

And always the young wife promised.

One day the Yellow-Corn-Maidens came to the house and said:

"Friend Nah-chu-rú-chu, we are going to the *llano** to gather *amole*†. Will you not let your wife go with us?"

"Oh, yes, she may go," said Nah-chu-rú-chu; but, taking her aside, he said, "Now be sure that while with them you refuse whatever they may propose."

The Moon promised, and started away with the Yellow-Corn-Maidens.

In those days there was only a thick forest of cottonwoods where are now the smiling vineyards, and gardens, and orchards of Isleta, and to reach the *llano* the three women had to go through this forest. In the very center of it they came to a deep *pozo*—a square well, with steps at one side leading down to the water's edge.

"Ay!" said the Yellow-Corn-Maidens, "how hot and thirsty is our walk! Come, let us get a drink of water."

But the Moon, remembering her husband's words, said politely that she did not wish to drink. They urged in vain, but at last, looking down into the *pozo*, called:

"Oh, Moon-friend, Moon-friend! Come and look in this still water, and see how pretty you are!"

The Moon, you must know, has always been just as fond of looking at herself in the water as she is to this very day; and forgetting Nah-chu-rú-chu's warning, she came to the brink, and looked down upon her fair reflection. But at that very moment the two witch-sisters pushed her head foremost into the *pozo*, and drowned her; and then they filled the well with earth, and went away as happy as wicked hearts can be.

Nah-chu-rú-chu began to look oftener from his loom to the door, as the sun crept along the adobe floor, closer and closer to his seat; and when the shadows were very long, he sprang suddenly to his feet, and walked to the

house of the Yellow-Corn-Maidens with long, strong strides.

"Yellow-Corn-Maidens," he asked of them, very sternly, "where is my little wife?"

"Why, is n't she at home?" asked the wicked sisters, as if in great surprise. "She got enough *amole* long before we did."

"Ah," groaned Nah-chu-rú-chu within himself; "it is as I thought—they have done her ill."

But without a word to them he turned on his heel and went away.

From that hour all went ill with Isleta; for Nah-chu-rú-chu held the well-being of all his people, even unto life and death. Paying no attention to what was going on about him, he sat motionless upon the topmost crosspiece of the *estufa* (sacred council-chamber) ladder—the highest point in all the town—with his head bowed upon his hands. There he sat for days, never speaking, never moving. The children who played along the streets looked up with awe to the motionless figure, and ceased their boisterous play. The old men shook their heads gravely, and muttered: "We are in evil times, for Nah-chu-rú-chu is mourning, and will not be comforted; and there is no more rain, so that our crops are dying in the fields. What shall we do?"

At last all the councilors met together, and decided that there must be another effort made to find the lost wife. It was true that the great Nah-chu-rú-chu had searched for her in vain, and the people had helped him; but perhaps some one else might be more fortunate. So they took some of the sacred smoking-weed wrapped in a corn-husk and went to the eagle, who has the sharpest eyes in all the world. Giving him the sacred gift, they said:

"Eagle-friend, we see Nah-chu-rú-chu in great trouble, for he has lost his Moon-wife. Come, search for her, we pray you, to discover if she be alive or dead."

So the eagle took the offering, and smoked the smoke-prayer; and then he went winging upward into the very sky. Higher and higher he rose, in great upward circles, while his keen eyes noted every stick, and stone, and animal on the face of all the world. But with all his

* Plain. † The soapy root of the palmilla, used for washing.

eyes, he could see nothing of the lost wife; and at last he came back sadly, and said:

"People-friends, I went up to where I could see the whole world, but I could not find her."

Then the people went with an offering to the coyote, whose nose is sharpest in all the world; and besought him to try to find the Moon. The coyote smoked the smoke-prayer, and started off with his nose to the ground, trying to find her tracks. He trotted all over the earth; but at last he too came back without finding what he sought.

Then the troubled people got the badger to search, for he is best of all the beasts at digging—and he it was whom the Trues employed to dig the caves in which the people first dwelt when they came to this world. The badger trotted and pawed, and dug everywhere, but he could not find the Moon; and he came home very sad.

Then they asked the osprey, who can see furthest under water, and he sailed high above all the lakes and rivers in the world, till he could count the pebbles and the fish in them, but he too failed to discover the lost Moon.

By this time the crops were dead and sere in the fields, and thirsty animals walked crying along the dry river. Scarcely could the people themselves dig deep enough to find so much water as would keep them alive. They were at a loss what to do; but at last they thought: We will go now to the P'ah-ku-ee-teh-áy-deh,*



THE GRIEF OF NAH-CHU-RÚ-CHU.

who can find the dead—for surely she is dead, or the others would have found her.

So they went to him and besought him. The turkey-buzzard wept when he saw Nah-chu-rú-chu still sitting there upon the ladder, and said: "Truly it is sad for our great friend; but for me, I am afraid to go, since they who are more mighty than I have already failed. Yet I will try." And spreading his broad wings, he went climbing up the spiral ladder of the sky. Higher he wheeled, and higher, till at last not even the eagle could see him. Up and up, till the hot sun began to singe his head, and not even the eagle had ever been so high.

He cried with pain, but still he kept mounting—until he was so close to the sun that all the feathers were burned from his head and neck. But he could see nothing; and at last, frantic with the burning, he came wheeling downward. When he got back to the *estufa* where all the people were waiting, they saw that his head and neck had been burnt bare of feathers—and from that day to this the feathers would never grow out again.

"And did you see nothing?" they all asked, when they had bathed his burns.

"Nothing," he answered, "except that when I was half-way down I saw in the middle of yon cottonwood forest a little mound covered with all the beautiful flowers in the world."

"Oh!" cried Nah-chu-rú-chu, speaking for the first time. "Go, friend, and bring me one flower from the very middle of that mound."

* Turkey-buzzard; literally, "water-geese-grandfather."

Off flew the buzzard, and in a few minutes returned with a little white flower. Nah-chu-rú-chu took it, and, descending from the ladder in silence, walked solemnly to his house, while all the wondering people followed.

When Nah-chu-rú-chu came inside his home once more, he took a new *manta* and spread it in the middle of the room; and laying the wee white flower tenderly in its center, he put another new *manta* above it. Then, dressing himself in the splendid buckskin suit the lost wife had made him, and taking in his right hand the sacred *guaje* (rattle), he seated himself at the head of the *mantas* and sang:

"*Shú-nah, shú-nah! Ai-ay-ay, ai-ay-ay, ai-ay-ay.*" (Seeking her, seeking her! There-away, there-away.)

When he had finished the song, all could see that the flower had begun to grow, so that it lifted the upper *manta* a little. Again he sang, shaking his gourd; and still the flower kept growing. Again and again he sang; and when he had finished for the fourth time, it was plain to all that a human form lay between the two *mantas*. And when he sang his song the fifth time, the form sat up and moved. Tenderly he lifted away the upper cloth; and there sat his sweet Moon-wife, fairer than ever, and alive as before!

For four days the people danced and sang in the public square. Nah-chu-rú-chu was happy again; and now the rain began to fall. The choked earth drank and was glad and green, and the dead crops came to life.

When his wife told him how the witch-sisters had done, he was very angry; and that very day he made a beautiful hoop to play the hoop-game. He painted it, and put many strings across it, and decorated it with beaded buckskin.

"Now," said he, "the wicked Yellow-Corn-Maidens will come to congratulate you, and will pretend not to know where you were. You must not speak of that, but invite them to go out and play a game with you."

In a day or two the witch-sisters did come, with deceitful words; and the Moon invited them to go out and play a game. They went up to the edge of the *llano*, and there she let them get a glimpse of the pretty hoop.

"Oh, give us that, Moon-friend," they teased.

But she refused. At last, however, she said:

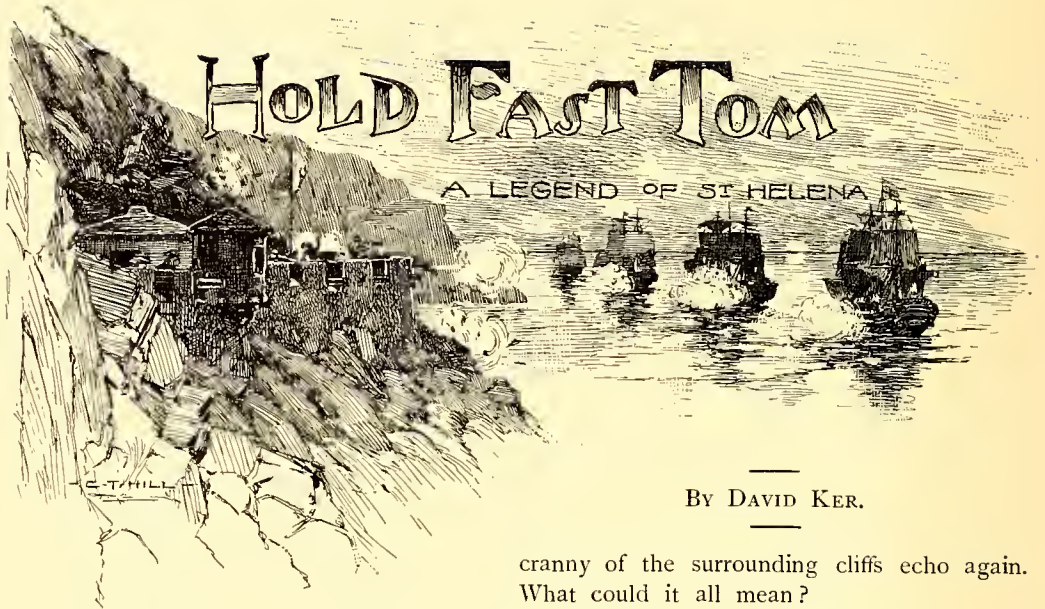
"Well, we will play the hoop-game. I will stand here, and you there; and if, when I roll it to you, you catch it before it falls upon its side, you may have it."

So the witch-sisters stood a little way down the hill, and she rolled the bright hoop. As it came trundling to them, both grasped it at the same instant; and lo! instead of the Yellow-Corn-Maidens, there were two great snakes, with tears rolling down ugly faces. The Moon came and put upon their heads a little of the pollen of the corn-blossom (still used by Pueblo snake-charmers) to tame them, and a pinch of the sacred meal for their food.

"Now," said she, "you have the reward of treacherous friends. Here shall be your home among these rocks and cliffs forever, but you must never be found upon the prairie; and you must never bite a person. Remember you are women, and must be gentle."

And then the Moon went home to her husband, and they were very happy together. As for the sister snakes, they still dwell where she bade them, and never venture away; though sometimes the people bring them to their houses to catch the mice, for these snakes never hurt a person.





BY DAVID KER.

THE sun was setting over the island of St. Helena on a fine spring evening in 1673, and in its red glow the vast black cliffs stood out like the walls of a fortress above the great waste of lonely sea that lay around them as far as the eye could reach. Very quiet and very lonesome did it appear, that tiny islet, far away in the heart of the boundless ocean; for the world had scarcely heard of it in those days, and 142 years were still to pass before Napoleon should come there to die, and thereby make St. Helena famous forever.

But there was *one* part of the island that was busy and noisy enough, and that was the spot where the low white houses and single church-spire of Jamestown, half buried in clustering leaves, nestled in a deep gully close to the water's edge, walled in by two mighty precipices nearly a thousand feet in height. All along the line of forts and batteries, perched like birds' nests among the frowning crags that overhung the sea, there was an unwonted stir and bustle. Cannon were rumbling to and fro, rusty pikes and muskets were being dragged forth and laid in readiness, soldiers in buff jackets and big looped-up hats were clustering along the ramparts, while hoarse words of command, clanking swords, the ceaseless tramp of feet, and the clatter of gun-stocks and pike-staves made every

cranny of the surrounding cliffs echo again. What could it all mean?

It meant that the stout-hearted Dutchmen who had taken the island from England a few months before were about to have their courage again put to the proof. Those five ships of war in the offing, coming down before the wind under a full press of sail, had just hoisted the red cross of St. George (not yet changed into the Union Jack), and Englishman and Dutchman alike were eager to try

“Whether John or Jan
Be the better man,”

as one of their favorite songs worded it.

Neither side, certainly, lost any time in beginning. The sturdy Hollanders did not wait even for a summons to surrender. The foremost English ship had barely dropped her anchor in front of the Zwart Steen Battery, when there was a red flash from the old gray wall, a loud bang, and then a cannon-ball came tearing through the foretopsail, and splashed into the water far beyond. Bang went the Englishman's whole broadside in return, and the balls were heard rattling among the rocks, or crashing into the front of the breastwork; and now the fight began in earnest.

Fire, smoke, flying shot, crashing timbers, deafening uproar, multiplied a thousandfold by the echoes of the surrounding hills—it was a hard fight, for there were Dutchmen behind

those batteries who had swept the Channel with Van Tromp, and there were Englishmen aboard those ships who had fought him and his men, yard-arm to yard-arm, under Robert Blake; and it would have been hard to tell which were the braver or the more stubborn of the two.

“Fire away, boys, for the honor of Old England!” shouted Captain Richard Munden, pacing up and down the quarter-deck of the British flag-ship amid a hail of shot.

“Stand to it, my sons, as if Father Van Tromp were with you still!” cried the brave old Dutch commandant, Pieter Van Gebhardt, as he leveled a gun with his own hands over the fast-crumbing parapet. “Fear not for the fire and smoke; it is but the Englishman lighting his pipe.”

Both sides fought stoutly, and men began to fall fast; but it seemed as if on the whole the Dutch were getting the best of it. The ships, lying out upon the smooth water, made an excellent mark, while the rock-cut batteries could hardly be distinguished from the cliff itself.

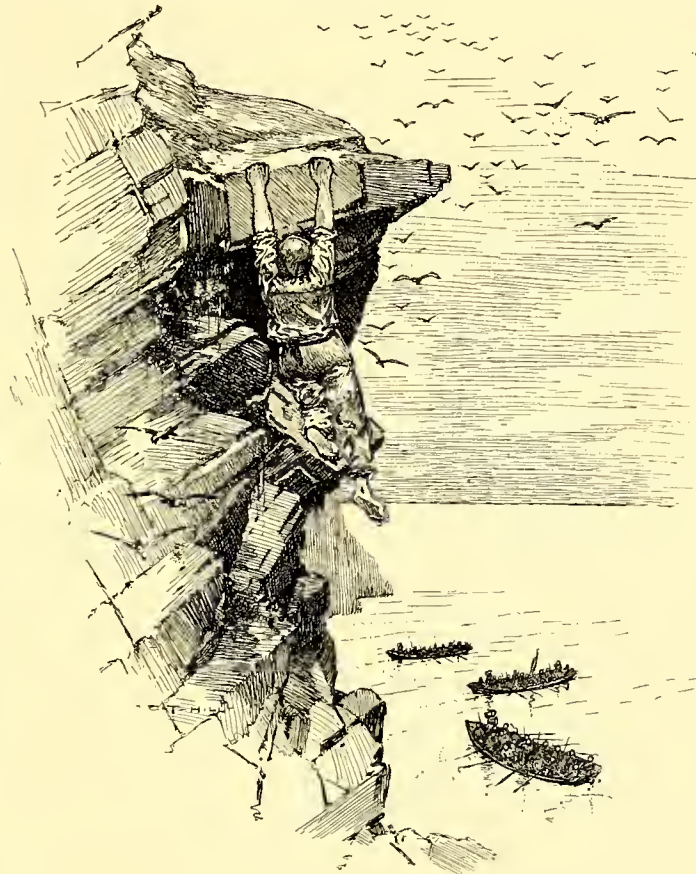
But just at that moment a very unexpected turn of fortune changed the whole face of the battle. To explain how this happened, we must go back a little way.

The Dutch garrison had given their whole attention to the attack in front, feeling sure that this was the only point from which they could be assailed. And they reasoned well; for everywhere else the coast was merely one great precipice of several hundred feet, rising so sheer out of the sea that it seemed as if nothing without wings could possibly scale it.

But they might perhaps have been less confident had they seen what was going on just then at the opposite side of the island.

When the English ships first advanced to the attack, the hindmost of them, while still hidden from the Dutch by the huge black pyramid of Sugar-loaf Point, had lowered several large boats filled with armed men, which instantly shot away round the great rocky bluff of “the Barn” as fast as eight oars apiece could carry them.

Away they went past headland after headland,



TOM SCALING THE CRAG. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

while every eye was fixed upon the rocky shore, as if seeking something which was not easily to be found.

At length, just when they rounded the bold, craggy promontory of King and Queen point, a dull boom reached their ears, followed instantly by the thunder of a sustained cannonade. At that familiar sound the sailors clenched their teeth savagely, as they looked up at the tremen-

dous precipices that seemed to shut them out from all hope of taking part in the battle.

"Can't we get up *anywhere*?" growled the captain of the frigate, who was in the foremost boat. "We 're disgraced forever if they do the job without us."

"With your honor's leave," broke in a stalwart young topman, touching his thick brown forelock, "I think I could get up that rock yonder, and fasten a rope for the rest to climb by."*

"What! up *there*?" cried the captain, glancing doubtfully from the young sailor's bright, fearless face to the tremendous height above. "Well, my lad, if you can do it, I 'll give you fifty guineas!"

"It 's for the honor of the flag, not for the money, sir!" answered the seaman, springing from the boat to the lowest ledge of the terrible rock.

Up, up, up, ever higher he clambered, with the rising wind flinging his loose hair to and fro, and the startled sea-birds whirling around him with hoarse screams of mingled fear and rage. To the watching eyes far below, the tiny points of rock to which he clung were quite invisible, and he seemed to be hanging in mid-air, like a fly on the side of a wall.

And now he was two thirds of the way up the precipice; and now he was within a few yards of the top; and now his hand almost touched the highest ledge, when suddenly his feet were seen to slide from under him, and in a moment he was swinging in the empty air, grasping a projecting crag with the strength of desperation.

"Hold fast, Tom!" yelled his comrades, as they saw him.

Tom *did* hold fast, and the strong hands that had defied the full fury of an Atlantic gale to loosen them from the slippery rigging did him

good service once more. He regained his footing, and the indrawn breath of the anxious gazers below sounded like a hiss in the grim silence as they watched the final effort that brought him safely to the top.

The rope was soon fixed, and the last man had scarcely mounted when the daring band were hurrying across the ridgy interior of the island toward the spot whence the cannonade still boomed upon the evening air. And there it was at last, as they crowned the farthest ridge, the tall masts standing up through billowy smoke, and the batteries marked out amid the gathering darkness by the flashes of their own cannon. A deadly volley of English musketry cracked along the cliff, and several of the Dutch were seen to fall, while dismay and confusion spread fast among the survivors. Thus caught between two fires, with the British ships thundering upon them from below, and the British marksmen shooting them down from above, the defenders had no chance; and at length brave old Van Gebhardt, with a look of bitter grief on his iron face, slowly hauled down the Dutch flag in token of surrender.

"Mynheer," said he to the English captain, as the latter came marching into the fort at the head of his men, "my followers have done all that men could do; but yours have done more."

"And if we had *not* done more, we could never have beaten the gallant Dutchmen," answered the captain, taking off his battered cocked hat with a polite bow.

Thus it was that the English regained St. Helena, over which the British flag flies to this day. Nor has the brave fellow who led that daring attack been forgotten; for when I visited the island, I found that the crag which he scaled (and a very grim-looking crag it is) still goes by the name of "Holdfast Tom."

* The capture of Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke, in 1703, was aided by a feat of the same kind.

THE BOOMERANG.

BY ARTHUR HOWLETT COATES.

EVERY one has heard of the boomerang, and not a few have seen one; but of really reliable information as to this weapon and its maker, the Australian savage, there is very little.

Three years ago I lived close to an aboriginal camp in New South Wales. This camp was only about two hundred yards from our settlement, and it was my daily custom to walk over to the *moorong*, as they called it, and study the habits of the blackfellows, as the original natives of Australia are called.

I was naturally more interested in the boomerang than in any other of their weapons, and with a little practice soon learned to throw it. In the language of this tribe, the *Wong-ai-bong*, which is situated in the Bogan River region, the boomerang is called a *womera*.

I shall therefore call it a womera. The womera is made from what is technically known as an "elbow" from the kurrawung tree, and sometimes from the yarran and myall trees. All of these trees belong to the acacia tribe, and have sweet-scented woods.

The kurrawung is a remarkably hard wood, tough as oak one way of the grain, but almost as "splitty" as deal the other. I think the blackfellows could get a much more reliable weapon from a native oak, but probably this wood was too hard for the old-time blacks to work on with their primitive tools, and the present generation have not troubled, or are not bright enough, to try fresh woods. The blackfellow, having found a suitable elbow, chops it out of the tree, and, as it is generally too heavy to carry home, trims it on the spot into the rough outline of the forthcoming weapon. This work is done with the little American steel tomahawk or ax, which, in comparison with their ancient stone ax, is such an inestimable boon that the black will part with anything rather than this. To buy it from the white storekeeper he has to make an opossum rug—a

long job; or perhaps a whole stand of arms—a still longer one.

After about two hours' labor the womera will be reduced to three or four pounds weight, but it is still a long way from being a finished weapon. As it now appears it is a flat, heavy club, longer and thinner at one arm than at the other. The black is a decidedly lazy specimen of the human species, and he will as often as not lay aside his uncompleted weapon for a week or perhaps a longer period. When he resumes work the wood will have become hard and dry, and consequently difficult to work upon, but it never once occurs to him that he is now paying for his former indolence. Time, however, is of little or no consequence to the black.

After some further paring down the weapon is charred all over, and this part of the work is quite skilfully done, no one part being more burned than another. The charcoal is chipped off, and the blackfellow then licks the weapon all over with his tongue, and places it in a smoky fire of green boughs, which warms it and makes it quite pliable.

He now begins experimental throws; and if the weapon does not return to him as it should do, he will bend it slightly outward on the long end. This slight curve is most ingeniously given with the hands and feet while the wood is yet pliant.

Standing almost upright, and keeping the womera in a line with his eye, he will hold the weapon in his right hand and between the first two toes of the right foot. The toes of the left foot are then used to draw over the wood to the right curve, which sometimes may not be attained until after several bendings.

When the womera will travel well through the air, and return as nearly as the blackfellow requires, he lays it aside until it becomes cool and hard once more.

Practically it is a finished weapon, but the

workman loves to adorn the womera, and to do this he has a particular tool which is simply one blade of an old pair of sheep-shears, given him by some shearer or squatter. He rubs the point of this blade on a stone until it has a round but very sharp edge. With this rounded edge he clips little shavings, all in one direction, from the flat surface of the womera. This process occupies him a full day. He will then perhaps scratch a few crossed lines at one end as a final ornamentation, and the womera is complete.

We have now a weapon about a yard long, four inches wide, one eighth of an inch thick, and weighing from a pound to a pound and a half. It has a brownish or umber appearance from the charring and smoking it has received, though all the charred part of the wood is re-

really more in the shape of the weapon than in the skill with which it is thrown—a white man soon learning to throw it fairly well.

The common and the easiest way of throwing



BEGINNING THE THROW.



Position after throwing the Boomerang

moved. The fine chippings made with the old shear-blade give it a wonderfully pretty finish, and it is an ornament to any room, which, if it be made of yarran, it for a time fills with a sweet smell.

The peculiarities of the womera's flight lie

it is to take a short run and hurl it from the shoulder with the point downward, giving the weapon a slight horizontal twist as it leaves the hand. It will travel about thirty or forty yards on a plane with the thrower's head, and then suddenly shoot upward with increased speed at an angle of fifty degrees, and, after reaching a height of sixty or seventy feet, will rapidly return, whirling swiftly around. If the soil be soft, one of its ends will be buried several inches in the earth. When well thrown, it returns nearly to the spot from which it was hurled.

The natives have a way of throwing it, how-

ever, which gives the weapon a lower flight, and then it goes further and faster.

They hurl it directly toward the ground, on which, at a distance of about fifteen yards, it sharply impinges, and it will then gradually rise and travel a great way.

Having seen a little black boy with his tiny womera, which was made for him by an affectionate father, bring a small parrot down from the bough of a tree at a first attempt, I thought I would like to see the best effort of a full-grown black. So I got one of the blacks, with whom I was quite friendly, to give me a specimen of his skill in throwing his wonderful weapon.

We were standing on the veranda of the house at which I lived, and in front of us was a large clearing.

"Where shall I throw it?" said he, drawing a light womera from his belt. I selected a tree, which was over two hundred yards away, scarcely expecting to see his womera travel much more than half the distance. Taking a short run, he threw it with all his force, and the womera, after lightly touching the ground, sped with marvelous velocity in a somewhat circular route toward the tree. It passed through the light and feathery foliage at the summit of the tree, and continuing in the same sharp curve, it turned for home. I rapidly counted twenty-five while I watched its return, and it actually seemed to burst in on us as it

struck the ground at my very feet, scattering dust and stones from the track all over us.

It often occurs that a womera will split in half should it hit a stone or other hard substance when it reaches the earth.

There is a womera made which will not return. The long end is finished off with a sort of ax. This kind, however, is used only in war, which is now rare, and occurs in the very far "back-blocks," as the Australian settlers call the interior of the country.

The womera is made in every size, from the toy weapon of the child to one which is over a yard long and will kill any large game. The women are never allowed to use the womera, but every little boy is made proud and happy by the gift of a small one from his father, and it is his delight to use it too, whizzing it all over the camp until his mother, or some other aggrieved person, is perhaps obliged to take it away from him.

The blackfellow is quite ready to sell any of his weapons but his sacred tomahawk and the choicest of his womerars, as only a few of the latter will return quite to the point from which they are thrown. Hence a really good womera, capable of doing all that is required of it, is very rare, even in the Australian museums.

The Australian black's wonderful come-back weapons are actually able to kill a man hiding behind a tree or round a corner, after the manner of the fabled Irishman's gun.

JOHNNY'S RECKONING.

BY CAROLINE EVANS.

I 'VE thought of such a jolly plan! The calendar, you know,
Seems quite unfinished, for most months keep spilling over so.
Now should they all have just four weeks, the pages would look neat,
And surplus days together form another month complete,
An extra month with one odd day—oh, would n't it be prime
If this were done, and added on to our vacation-time!

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

I keep my Dolly so warm and nice
This cloudy, stormy weather,
My Dolly and I are quiet as mice
Whenever we play together.
And yet we have the pleasantest play -
Would you like to ask "What is it?"
Why, over and over, every day,
My Dolly and I "go visit."

Sometimes on "Towser" we like to call,
Or travel to see the Kitty;
'Tis Grandpa's farm just out in the hall,
And the parlor is Boston City;
'Tis mama's house in the corner there,
And then, when the lamps are lighted,
My papa's at home in his easy chair,
And Dolly and I are invited.





BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

IT was on a pleasant June morning that I rode out of the inn gates in Santa Carnova, a little, dirty Mexican town away down in southwestern Texas. You need n't look on your maps for it,—I never could find it on one yet, and you cannot. But of all the ill-conditioned towns I ever saw, this ranks among the worst.

Well, as I said, I rode out of the gateway of the inn on a June morning. Not at all such an inn as you would imagine, but a plain, untidy, square, flat-roofed structure built of adobes—a kind of sun-dried bricks. There was an archway leading to an ill-paved court, and as I rode out I gave "Rangoon" the rein.

A proud head, two alert ears, a silky-bright bay coat, four swift, restless feet, a frame of iron and muscles of steel—such was Rangoon. No one ever ruled him but I, and he scorned all laws but the law of love. If you own horses, boys, make them love you, and you have stanch friends—truer, sometimes, than human ones—who will not fail you in time of need. Rangoon loved me; he obeyed my voice or signal; I could guide him by word, if necessary. He saved my life many times, and at last gave his own for mine. But of that I will not tell now.

I rode at full gallop down the dirty, narrow street. I was glad to see the last of the dingy houses, to leave the road, and to strike off on the trail that led northeast across the prairie.

Many Eastern boys know nothing of the prairies, the wide, grand, far-reaching, undulating lands that lie all through the southwest and west. Ah, that morning the world seemed as fresh and sweet as on the morning of the creation! The prairie was a mass of flowers; the air indescribably pure and exhilarating. The sun rose to meet me, slanting goldenly over the tops of the long swells. Rangoon had buckled down to his day's work, going forward with the long, easy, loping gallop natural to him. I rode all the morning. The sun crept up and up the sky, and at noon I camped down in the timber by a swift, narrow creek, for dinner. I was in a hurry that day. I wanted to be in Mendios by noon on the morrow; I had many a weary mile to get over, and expected the prairie to be my bedroom for the night. I liked company too well, generally, to travel alone, but I was taking a cross-cut to meet the Doctor, whom I expected to find at the inn in Mendios.

Well, when the sun began to decline in the west, I was still in the saddle and galloping on to the northeast as I had been all day. I was tired; so was Rangoon. He slackened suddenly to a slow trot, threw up his head, and sniffed the air. Just then something singular happened. A child's cry, faint but clear, came to my ears. I declare to you, a cold chill crept over me. Just consider, I was at

least fifty miles from any human habitation, and I did not know what to make of it. Rangoon stopped short.

That cry again! A long-drawn, pitiful cry; it made my hair stand on end. I don't know whether I thought it was a ghost, or what; but nothing ever moved me before or since as I was moved at that moment. It was sunset, too, and the dusk of evening was beginning to envelop all things. The wide, far-reaching prairie lay on all sides, no human being was near; no emigrant-wagon would pass this way, it seemed to me. The tall grass and flowers waved silently in the fresh wind. I tried to start Rangoon along. I said to myself, "It is a coyote, or a prairie-dog"; but common sense told me better. Suddenly Rangoon turned short round and dashed off to the left. He took the bit in his teeth, put down his head, and bolted. What under the sun possessed him, I could not tell. For about three minutes he galloped like mad through the tall grass, and then brought up with a jerk.

What did I see? A little fellow about three years old, standing in the tall grass which was as high as his head. He had beaten it down all round him. A wee little man alone on the lonely, darkening prairie, with none but God and the angels to watch over and defend him.

He looked up into my face with a pair of the brightest eyes I ever saw, and said, "Well, I 's dot most tired out! I t'ought nobody would n't never tum. You 's been a most awful long time, Mr. Man!"

I never said a word. I could n't; something choked me. I reached down, pulled the little fellow up, and set him in front of me. Then I reined Rangoon back to the trail I had left.

"I dess I 'm some t'irsty, Mr. Man," said the wee mite; and, still without a word, I gave him my canteen.

"I dess I 'm some hungry, too," he added; and then, looking up in my face, he observed, "Has you lost your tongue, Mr. Man?"

"No," said I; but I could hardly smile. Do any of you realize, as I realized then, the probable fate of this innocent child left alone, on the wide prairie at nightfall?

"How did you come here, child?" said I.

"I 's little Mr. Quimbo," he explained with dignity. "I did tum in a big wagon wiz a white top, an' I tooked a walk, an' I went all aseepy, and zis mornin' de wagon was all gone!"

"Who was in the wagon?"

"My papa 'n' mama, course," he answered with complacency; "an' Sam; he 's a black man. An' my Kitty, an' 'Bo Peep.' He 's a lamb, Bo Peep is."

"What 's your papa's name?"

"Papa 'honey'—zat what mama says."

"Nothing else?" asked I.

"Nuffin' 't all. S'pose I don't know?" said the midget.

"Where were you going in the big wagon?"

Here little Mr. Quimbo was at fault. He said his papa was going to a big river; but he knew no more of the matter.

Plainly, there was nothing for it but to convey little Mr. Quimbo to Mendios, where I might possibly obtain information of the wagon. I camped down soon, for it was too late to search further for timber, picketed Rangoon near by, and rolled the child and myself in the blanket.

I did n't sleep much; but the little fellow hardly stirred all night. Toward morning Rangoon slipped his halter, and came and lay down close to me, treading circumspectly, for fear of hurting me. After he laid himself down, he stretched his long neck over and sniffed at the child with an air of astonishment.

"It 's all right, old fellow," said I sleepily. "We 'll take care of him, won't we, Rangoon?"

I dozed and waked till the western sky turned darker blue, the east a lighter gray. The stars paled and went out. The east turned pink, then rosy, and golden streaks shot up. It was sunrise. A fresh wind blew across the flower-prairie.

I rose; so did Rangoon. The child still slept. I was investigating the contents of my knapsack, and wondering whether it would pay to stop to shoot and cook game,—for I was in haste,—when a shout of laughter made me turn.

The young scamp was hanging for dear life to Rangoon's tail!

Rangoon was amazed. He gave a jump and whirl which swung the child about like a feather; but the boy still laughed and would not let go.

"Bless my soul, child! The horse might kick the life out of you!" I cried, and sprung to the rescue. But Rangoon knew better. He stopped, laid back his ears, and shook his head. I got the midget away, and gave him a fatherly caution.

Then breakfast, and a fresh start. Little Mr. Quimbo chattered like a magpie. But

Spanish compliments. Out also came a ragged old woman, who said she would take my horse.

"Is Señor the Doctor here?" I asked in Spanish.

Before he could answer the Doctor's portly form, perspiring face, and jovial voice made answer for themselves.

"Ransom, my dear fellow, you 'vc been forever and a day. Here I 've spent two nights in this wretched old place. But, my dear fellow, whose child is that?"



"I SAW A LITTLE FELLOW STANDING IN THE TALL GRASS, WHICH WAS AS HIGH AS HIS HEAD."

toward noon he grew sleepy, and by the time I struck the broad, quiet street of Mendios, he was asleep in my arms.

This inn was quite imposing. Some of the windows had balconies. It was built in a hollow square with a large paved court in the middle. There was a fountain in the court. You entered under a part of the house, through an arched passage; and the clang of Rangoon's hoofs on the flags opened wide little Mr. Quimbo's eyes.

"Has you dot dere, Mr. Man?" was his salutation. "Where 's my papa 'n' mama?"

I felt uneasy. What if I could n't find them? Out came the host with many low bows and

"I 's my papa 'n' mama's child," said dignified little Mr. Quimbo.

"I picked him up on the prairie, Doctor. Do you know anything of any emigrant-wagon that has passed hereabout?"

"They 're all over creation; you might as well search for a needle in a haystack," said the Doctor philosophically. "Hold on, though. Seems as if there was one that went out of here early this morning." He inquired in Spanish of the attentive innkeeper.

"Si, señores—and in it was the Señor Hayes, his wife, who seemed like one distraught, and a rascally negro. They go to Broad's ranch; it is not far from here, five miles down the San Saba."

"I must go on down there at once, old fellow," said I to the Doctor. "I'll be back this afternoon."

And down the narrow trail by the San Saba I galloped at the top of Rangoon's speed, with little Mr. Quimbo on the pommel of the saddle.

By and by we saw the ranch, on a knoll overlooking a bend of the stream.

"Dere 's zat wagon now," remarked little Mr. Quimbo. "I dess I t'ink it 's pretty mean—

"He 's my brother Abner's. Abner! come here!" the man called through the house. Then to me, "Stranger, you never see such a time as we've had here since Abner and his wife come this mornin'. She 's nigh about crazy 'cause they lost the boy on the perarie, an' she goes on like a cre'tur' possessed. There now!"

There was a rush from an inner room—a cry—a sob—and little Mr. Quimbo was snatched out of my arms. When Mr. Hayes



“DERE 'S ZAT WAGON NOW,” REMARKED LITTLE MR. QUIMBO.”

goin' an' leavin' me. 'Mos' dot a min' not to speak to 'em!"

A negro sat idly on the shafts; a lamb was tied to one of the wagon-wheels by a long rope. The negro looked up as we rode through the gates, jumped several feet, and gave a shriek.

"Oh, hi—*yar!* dar he is! Dar he is now, dis yer minute! Oh, lors-a-massy, Mars' Hayes, whar is you, anyway! Hi! Mars' Hayes! come out hyar, quick, dis minute!"

And he performed around Rangoon a wardance startling to behold.

Two men rushed to the door as I ascended the steps, the child in my arms.

"Stranger—God bless you!—where 'd you come by that boy? Tell me quick!"

He seized me and the child together.

"Is he yours?" asked I.

had set his wife and boy on the settle,—for she nearly fainted away,—he made a charge at me. Everybody else made a charge at the same time; two or three got hold of my hands at once, and they were nearly shaken off in the excitement and gratitude of these good people.

"Hold on—hold on!" said I when I got my breath. "It 's all right, friends, but I am a bashful fellow, you see, and this is all quite too much, you understand!"

In the hearty laugh that followed, the tears were wiped away, and the men became composed.

I can assure you, I did n't get away from Broad's ranch that afternoon, and I left next day under strict promise to see them again, whenever I came that way.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Mildred led the little procession into her mother's presence, Mrs. Fairleigh held out her hand to Leslie and said kindly, "How do you do, my dear? Are you well?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, thank you," replied Leslie heartily, though somewhat bashfully; "I'm always well," and then she giggled a little, partly at the idea of her being anything else but well, and partly because of their all having marched in there in file like a corporal's squad.

"And how are you, Charlie?" said Mrs. Fairleigh, giving him her other hand.

Charlie, having acknowledged that he too was well, began to feel a little embarrassed over the proper way of opening the subject about which they had called.

Seeing this, Mrs. Fairleigh helped him out by saying smilingly, "Now, I wonder what it is that two little girls and one big boy want to consult me about. I don't think that it can be dolls' dresses?"

This with another look at Leslie, who thereupon availed herself of the chance to laugh aloud, and said, "No, indeed!"

"Well," said Mrs. Fairleigh, pretending to think very hard, "it is n't anything about — about — books?" this time to Charlie.

"No 'm," said Charlie.

"It is n't permission to go to see Leslie?" said Mrs. Fairleigh to Mildred.

"No," said Mildred, clasping her hands, while her eyes danced with pleasure, "it is n't that. Guess again, Mama!"

"Well, I'm afraid that I shall have to give it up," said Mrs. Fairleigh, turning to Charlie. "Some one will have to tell me."

By this time Charlie had found his tongue.

"We want to know," he said, "if we can't get up a little play, just we three, and one or two more, and have it up-stairs in the attic."

Then they all looked anxiously at Mrs. Fairleigh.

"Oh, that is it," she said pleasantly. "But tell me more about it. When do you wish to have it?"

"Oh, not for a long time yet," said Charlie, "because it will take a long time to get ready. I'll have to write the play first, and then we'll have to fix up the costumes, and rehearse, and make the scenery, and all that."

"But won't it be a great deal of work?" said Mrs. Fairleigh.

"Oh, we don't mind that!" exclaimed Leslie eagerly. "It will be fun."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fairleigh, "but Mildred's time is nearly all occupied now, going to school and studying her lessons, and I should not like her to undertake anything that will interfere with her studies."

Then Mildred's hopes began to fade away. She had not known before how firm a hold this project had taken on her imagination. To be sure, she never had acted in a play, but Charlie had said that she could, and she now wanted very much to try. The idea of appearing dressed in a strange costume before other people, while it made her heart beat faster, became more attractive the more she thought of it. So that now, when her mother seemed about to refuse permission, she felt very much disappointed, and clasping her hands she looked at her mother appealingly, and said, "Oh, Mama, please!"

"But whom are you going to have for the audience?" said Mrs. Fairleigh, after a moment's thought.

"Just you, and Major Fairleigh, if he will come," said Charlie, "and pa, and ma, and maybe Frank Woods's father and mother, and a few of Mildred's friends and Leslie's and mine; that's all."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Fairleigh, smiling. "And who will make the scenery and costumes?"

"Oh, we will," said Charlie, confidently.

"Well," said Mrs. Fairleigh, after another few moments of silence in which she looked at the eager faces in front of her, "I wish that I could say yes. But first I must think it over. And perhaps it is better for me to tell you now, frankly, that I doubt very much whether it will be possible. Would you be greatly disappointed if I were to say no?"

Their three faces showed very plainly that they would be. But Charlie spoke up manfully, and said, "Oh, you know best, Mrs. Fairleigh. Maybe we ought not to have asked you. Maybe it might give you a good deal of bother. I just thought it would be fun, because we got talking about it up there in the attic, where there are a good many things we might use in a theater, you know. But it does n't matter if you 'd rather we did n't."

Then Mrs. Fairleigh gave Charlie her hand, and said, "It is not that it would bother me, Charlie; but there are so many other things to be taken into consideration,—which I cannot explain very well just now. As I tell you, I will think it over and let you know by and by."

"Yes, ma'am," said Charlie; and then, not knowing what else to say, he said, "Thank you." And the deputation slowly filed out of the room.

When they were once more by themselves, Leslie said discontentedly, "Oh, I think she might!"

Whereupon Mildred looked at her doubtfully out of big eyes that were full of disappointment.

"I 'm not sure that we ought to have asked her," said Charlie, thoughtfully, rubbing his hand over his closely cropped hair. "And at any rate," he added decidedly, "she was very kind to us about it."

Whereupon Mildred turned her eyes upon him, but there was no doubt whatever in them this time, only pleasure that Charlie should have spoken in that way of her mother. Still, in her secret heart Mildred was dissatisfied. It seemed to her that it would have been such an easy thing for her mother to have said yes, especially when they all wanted to have the play so much. And when Leslie and Charlie had gone home, Mildred went back into the sitting-room and wandered around

aimlessly, until her mother looked up and said, "What makes you so restless, dear? Can't you find anything to do?"

"Oh, Mama," said Mildred, "won't you please let us have the play? I wish you would."

"No, Mildred; really, I don't think that I can," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "There are many objections which I could not explain to Charlie and Leslie, but I thought that you would understand. And now that I have considered it more fully, I am quite sure that it is best for me not to give my consent."

"Do you mean that we cannot have it at all?" asked Mildred, dolefully.

"Yes," said her mother. "I don't know that I should altogether have approved of it at any time; but just at present it is impossible to have children use the attic for such a purpose."

"Oh, Mama," said Mildred, "I think you might! You never let me do anything that other children do!"

"Don't I, dear?" said her mother.

"No," said Mildred, "you don't; and I think you 're real unkind!"

Mrs. Fairleigh made no reply to this, but took up the book she had been reading when Mildred came in.

Mildred felt the reproach of her mother's manner, and was really a little frightened and remorseful for what she had said. But some evil influence induced her to face it out and pretend that she did not care. She tried to justify herself by talking, saying, "You know I never played in theatricals, Mama; and Charlie says I can, and I want to so much. We would n't bother anybody, 'cause there 's nobody ever goes into the attic, and—and—and you said I might have it for a play-room, all to myself. Don't you remember you did?"

Still her mother made no reply. And Mildred stood there and looked at her, feeling very uncomfortable. At one moment she had almost made up her mind to say that she was sorry for having spoken so ungraciously, and that she did not mean it; but the next moment the recollection of her disappointment and the desire to show her resentment overcame the better impulse. And while this battle was going on in her heart, Eliza came in on some

household errand which called her mother away, and the opportunity was lost.

Then Mildred, feeling altogether dissatisfied and unhappy, went to the window and stood there looking out at the drizzling rain that had begun to fall in the dull twilight of the November afternoon. There was nothing very cheerful in the sight of an occasional umbrella, or the smoking cab-horses and the wet drivers going by; and after she had watched the lamp-lighter hurrying along the pavement, marking his progress with little misty blurs of yellow light which were finally lost in the distance, she turned away and went down-stairs into the kitchen.

Now, Mildred knew very well that she ought not to go into the kitchen, as Amanda was busy preparing dinner; but at that moment she felt in the humor to do what she ought not to do. Besides, it seemed the most inviting place just then, and she wanted Amanda to sympathize with her in her disappointment. But, unfortunately, Amanda was late with her dinner, and consequently was what she herself would have called "mighty hard driven." She had the oven doors open, basting a roast of lamb which obstinately refused to take on that rich, golden crispiness on which Amanda prided herself; and when Mildred came into the kitchen, she looked at her sharply over the rims of her big silver spectacles, and said, "W'at is it, honey,—w'at you want?"

"I don't want anything," said Mildred. "I just want to stay in here a minute; I 'm cold."

"Well, dere 's a fire in you' ma's settin'-room, an' anodder in de lib'ary, an' dose de bestest places fer white chillun to go to git warm," said Amanda, turning to the roast and pouring the brown gravy over it with her big iron spoon.

"What is there for dinner?" said Mildred, peeping over her shoulder into the oven.

"Now, Miss Milly," said Amanda peevishly, "dere you are, you see, bodderin' me when I 'm clean frustrated to death wid de dinner bein' late! An' you know how it vexes you' pa ef de dinner ain't ready at de 'xact time. You 'd better run 'long, I tell you; you' ole mammy 's cross. Run away, dat 's a good chile." And Amanda, closing the oven doors, bustled off to other matters.

"I don't care!" said Mildred. "If you won't tell me, I can see for myself." And as soon as Amanda's back was turned she lifted the lid of one of the pots. But a puff of hot steam came up about her hand and startled her so that she dropped the lid; and in trying to catch it she touched the stove with her wrist and was burned.

"De great zookity zook!" cried Amanda, facing around at the clatter of tin and iron, "what you gone an' done now? I tell you, Miss Milly, ef you don't go out o' dis yere kitchen, I 'll call you' ma, sure!"

"I 've—burnt—my—hand!" said Mildred, trying to overcome a strong desire to cry, as she held the injured wrist to her mouth and looked at Amanda reproachfully through her tears.

"Well, den, it sarves you mighty near right fer mussin' an' meddlin' wid de stove, w'en you ain't got no business in de kitchin, at all. I tell you you 'd better go 'long befo' I call you' ma!"

Evidently Amanda was really angry, and Mildred, who did not at all want to have her mother appealed to just at this time, exclaimed, "You 're just as hateful as you can be!" and went out, banging the door after her.

Going up-stairs in a worse humor than when she came down, Mildred went to her own room, and sat there, and nursed her wrist and tried to make herself believe that it was a very much more serious burn than it really was, and that nobody had any sympathy for her. If it should "prove to be dangerous," so that she should be "sick in bed, and maybe die," then she guessed they would "all be sorry for being so unkind!" And she lighted the gas and examined her wrist very closely, rather hoping that the burn was beginning to look alarming. But although she held it very close to the light, she could not make sure exactly where the burn was, so that at last she had to give up that source of consolation. Then she did not know what to do with herself. Dinner would not be ready for some time, and she did not want to go down-stairs until it was ready.

This twilight hour was usually one of the happiest in her twenty-four, for she generally spent it sitting at her mother's knee looking at the

fire and talking over what had happened during the day. In fact the impulse to go down into her mother's sitting-room, now, was so strong that Mildred found it very hard to resist. But she did resist it. She told herself that she was very much ill-used and wronged, and that she would stay all by herself, in her own room. She rather expected that some one would come for her, but no one came, and after a while Mildred began to feel that staying all by herself with nothing to do was not very pleasant.

Then suddenly she remembered the tidy that she was making for her mother's Christmas gift. That, indeed, was a happy thought. She could accomplish a great deal on that before dinner, so she brought it out and started to work. But for some reason she found that the rather complicated pattern, which had always required a great deal of patience, was unusually troublesome and vexatious. When she tried to draw the threads the material puckered up and the thread broke; and in making the stitches she was annoyed to find, after a great deal of labor, that in some places she had taken up three or five instead of four. But Mildred, with a deep frown upon her brows and a pout upon her lips, persisted obstinately. When the threads failed to come out easily, she jerked them and picked at them with her needle; and as for the stitches, she told herself that she was doing the best she could and that they would have to do. The result was that when the dinner-bell rang, her cherished tidy, which had depended on its neatness and precision for its beauty, looked botched and spoiled, and she herself was completely tired out.

Then Mildred threw down the work, and her eyes once more filled with tears. Everything seemed to go wrong with her that afternoon. She laid herself down on the bed and hid her face in the pillow, feeling very unhappy. Presently the door opened and Eliza came in.

"Miss Mildr'd," she said, "you' ma wants to know why you don't come down to dinner."

"I don't want any dinner," cried Mildred from the depths of the pillow.

"Why, Miss Milly," said Eliza in a gentler voice, coming to her side, "w'at 's the mattah? W'at you cryin' fer?"

But Mildred did not answer her, and Eliza, who, as I have said, was really good-hearted, although she did not always seem so, put her arm around her, and lifted her up, and said, "Tell Eliza, honey, w'at 's the mattah?"

Then Mildred, swallowing the lump in her throat, managed to say, "Nothing. I—I spoiled the tidy I was making for Christmas."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Eliza, taking up the tidy and looking at it. "Is that all? Why, bless you' heart, Miss Milly, I kin fix that fer you in no time! I kin take them last stitches out easy, an' run a hot iron over this yere puckerin' so 's it 'll look jest as good as ever it was. Come, now, jump up an' wash you' face, like a good girl, an' come down-sta'rs. You' pa 's askin' fer you. An' Mandy she 's fixed up one o' them little ras'berry tarts fer you, that you like so well, with a M on it, 'deed she has. An' w'en I went into the kitchen fer to serve the soup, she asked me if you was at the table, an' w'en I said no, she tol' me to go tell you 'bout the tart."

Then Mildred, feeling that this was a peace-offering from Amanda at least, reluctantly got up, and with Eliza's help was soon ready to go down-stairs. When she went into the dining-room her mother looked at her, but made no reference to her absence, while her father simply said, "Well, young lady, you are late."

Mildred was not hungry and neglected the dinner, although when Amanda's tart came on she ate it all, partly to let Amanda see that she forgave her, but mainly because it was good.

As it was Saturday evening, Mildred, after dinner, had to prepare her lessons for Monday. She was permitted to bring her books into the library, where her father and mother usually sat in the evening, her father in his big leather-covered easy-chair, reading by the soft light of a lamp, her mother on the other side of the fireplace, reading sometimes, and sometimes engaged on a piece of fancy work, but at all times ready to help Mildred with her lessons.

But this evening her mother did not offer to assist her, although Mildred found her lessons particularly hard to learn. In fact she was not in the frame of mind for studying. Although by this time she had recovered from her disappointment at not being allowed to have theat-

ricals in the attic, the shadow of the cloud between herself and her mother still darkened her thoughts and interfered with her studies.

Every few minutes her gaze kept wandering to where her mother sat, with her soft brown eyes fixed upon her sewing. She began to think that one smile from those dear lips was worth more than any other pleasure on earth. She was beginning to hate theatricals, and, more unreasonably, she was beginning to feel dis-

nothing but trouble, at least she would show the world that she could endure it. And so, without asking to be allowed to sit up later, she proudly kissed her father and mother good-night, and went silently to her room. When at last she was in bed she could not go to sleep, but lay there brooding over the events of the afternoon. It was her habit to leave her light burning, and, later, her mother would come up and see that she was safe and warm, and



"OH, MAMA, MAMA, I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU 'VE COME!"

pleased and angry with Charlie and Leslie for having, innocently, caused her all this unhappiness.

Thinking of these things, Mildred found that by the time nine o'clock had arrived she knew no more of her lessons than when she had begun them. Well, that meant getting up an hour or two earlier on Monday morning. And if there was anything that Mildred disliked, it was having to get up early those cold, dark November mornings, Monday mornings especially. But she set her lips closely together, and made up her mind that if she was to have

give her a final good-night kiss, before putting out the light. Would her mother do this to-night? or was she too greatly offended? As the time passed by it seemed to Mildred as if she was not coming, and, for all her heroic determination to endure the worst that might befall her, she felt that she could not bear this last stroke. A dozen times she started up in bed to listen anxiously as she heard a distant door close or a footfall on the steps, and each time she sank back disappointed. At last, when, feverish and excited, she had made up her mind to get up and go down-stairs to seek her mother,

she finally did hear the well-known rustling of skirts at the door, and her mother entered the room. Then, forgetting all about her pride and anger of the preceding hours, Mildred stretched out her arms and cried tearfully, "Oh, Mama, Mama, I'm so glad that you've come!"

"Are you, Mildred?" said her mother, seating herself on the side of the bed.

"Oh, yes, Mama," said Mildred, looking very earnestly into her mother's eyes. "And I am sorry for what I said this afternoon — just as sorry as I can be!"

"And you don't think," said her mother, "that I am unkind, or that I don't try to give you as much pleasure as other children have?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Mildred, two tears escaping from her full eyes, and rolling down her cheeks, "I did n't mean it, I was just horrid! You know I did n't mean it!"

Then her mother put Mildred's arms around her neck and said, "Yes, I know it, dear. It hurt me this afternoon to have you say what you did, but I knew that little girls and even grown-up people, when they lose their temper, sometimes hastily say things they do not mean. And I was ready to forgive you for it. But I was disappointed when my little girl did not come to say that she was sorry."

"Oh, Mama," said Mildred, "I was just hateful, that was all! I don't know what got into me."

And she told her mother all that had happened: how she had made Amanda angry by going into the kitchen, and had burned herself on the stove, and had spoiled a piece of work that she was making (she did not say for whom), and had failed to get her lessons; "and everything," she concluded, "seemed to go wrong."

"Shall I tell you what it reminds me of?" said her mother, as she stroked the curly head. "It reminds me of when you were very little, and got a splinter in your finger. If you came to me bravely and had it out right away, it gave no more trouble; but if you lacked the courage and let it stay in, it festered and became very sore, and the longer it stayed the sorer the finger became, and the harder it was to get the splinter out. But now," she added affectionately, patting Mildred's cheek, "I think all of the splinter is out, is n't it?"

And Mildred, quite happy once more, laughed and nodded her head, and kissed her mother good-night; and when the gas was turned out, she lay there with so contented a heart that almost before her mother had left the room, her eyelids closed and she was asleep and dreaming.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the Loring Seminary omnibus, on its rounds to gather up the day-scholars, stopped in front of the Fairleigh mansion Monday morning, Leslie Morton leaned out as far as she dared, and beckoned to Mildred, who was at the parlor window, to hurry. Wondering what made Leslie so eager to speak to her, Mildred quickly climbed into the omnibus. Then Leslie made room for her by her side, and, with a face full of importance, exclaimed, "Oh, Dreddy, what do you think!"

"I don't know," said Mildred, with great interest. "What is it?"

"I've got just the best news you ever heard of!" cried Leslie, clapping her hands softly.

"Have you?" said Mildred. "Tell me!"

"Promise you won't tell," said Leslie excitedly, "cause it's a secret."

"May n't I tell mama?" said Mildred.

"Oh, of course," said Leslie, laughing, "you may tell your mother; but not any of the girls."

"All right," said Mildred; "I won't."

"Well," said Leslie, taking in a long breath, and whispering the rest of it, "ma's going to give me a party Christmas week!"

"Is she?" said Mildred, joyfully.

"Yes," said Leslie, laughing. "Won't that be fine? And I'm going to invite you and Mabel Hensly and Carrie Wilkins, and, oh! ever so many of the girls — only, you must n't tell any of them yet. But that is n't all; there's something else. You'd never guess in the world!"

"What?" asked Mildred, opening her eyes very wide. "Is it that secret that you and Charlie had about me, up in the attic?"

"No," replied Leslie, disdainfully; "that's Charlie's secret. No, you'd never guess this. We're going to get up a play, and act it the night of the party!"

"Are you?" cried Mildred, staring at Leslie, quite overcome by the extent of this information.

“Yes, yes; a real play!” continued Leslie, very energetically, and speaking as fast as she could. “Ma said we might. It all happened like this: You know we were talking about Christmas at your house the other day, and, when we went home, I told ma that I did n’t believe I ’d have a good time this Christmas, at all—not as we have in garrison. And ma said that if I was a good girl, and studied hard, and got a good report from Miss Snell, maybe she would let me have a little party during Christmas week. And then Charlie said why could n’t we have a play too, ’cause we had been talking about it, don’t you know. And ma said that would be too much bother, and she would n’t listen to it for a long time. But Charlie said it could be just a little play, and he would fix it all himself. And he talked about the old-fashioned things over at your house that he thought your mother would lend us, said that we would powder our hair, and all that, and after a while he coaxed ma into saying that she ’d think about it. And after the play we ’re going to have dancing, and after that a supper, some ice-cream and oysters and cake and lemonade, and lots of other good things—are n’t you glad?” concluded Leslie, out of breath.

“Yes, indeed!” said Mildred, her eyes sparkling. “But,” she added more thoughtfully, “shall I—do you wish me to act?”

“Of course,” said Leslie; “Charlie said that you must.”

“But I don’t believe that mama will let me,” said Mildred.

“Oh, yes, she will,” replied Leslie, confidently. “Ma ’s going over to see your mother to-day to talk it over with her.”

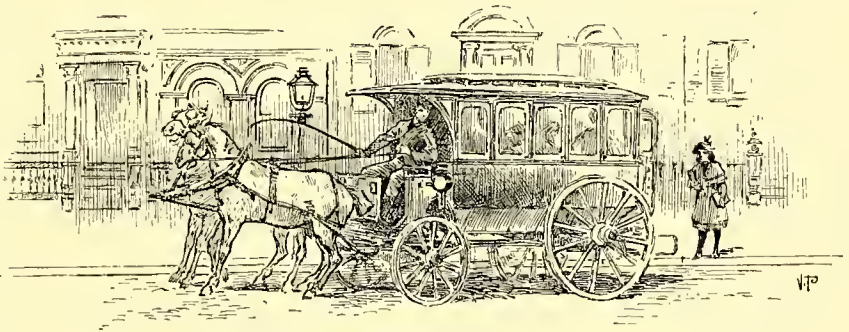
“Is she?” said Mildred.

This was a piece of news indeed.

Just then the omnibus stopped at Mabel Hensly’s house, and Leslie, exclaiming, “Oh,

there ’s Mabel, now!” made that young lady, when she got in, sit down on the other side, and, rather to Mildred’s surprisc, proceeded to tell her, too, all about the party. “She won’t tell anybody,” Leslie explained to Mildred. It would not have made much difference if she had told, for before the day was over Leslie had confided the secret to every girl in school.

As for Mildred, she was so much occupied with wondering what Mrs. Morton would say to her mother about the party and the play, and what her mother would reply, that her lessons rather suffered, especially as she had not got up quite so early that morning to study them as she had intended. It was Mildred’s custom to take her lunch to school, so that she usually did not go home until afternoon. As soon as she was in the house, however, she went to her mother’s room, and, not finding her there, discovered that she was in the parlor entertaining a visitor. Seeking Eliza, Mildred learned that the visitor was actually Mrs. Mor-



THE LORING SEMINARY OMNIBUS.

ton. It was with the greatest impatience that Mildred waited for the lady to depart; but when she did go, Mildred was almost afraid to go to her mother to learn the result. She was quite sure that her mother would not let her act, but would she let her go to the party? At any rate, she was determined that, whichever way her mother decided, she would not again be ill-tempered, but would show that she cared more for her good opinion than anything else. Only, she did hope that she would be allowed to go to the party—and, oh! if her mother only *would* let her act!

Mildred tried to be as calm and quiet as pos-

sible when she went into her mother's room, and fortunately her patience was not tried very long. Her mother asked her one or two questions about school matters, and then said, "I suppose that Leslie has told you that her mama is going to give her a little party?"

"Yes," said Mildred, eagerly.

"Would you like to go?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mama; ever so much!"

"Very well," said her mother; "I don't see any reason why you should not, although it is a long time before to be making promises."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Mildred, dancing about her mother's chair.

"Mrs. Morton was here this afternoon," continued Mrs. Fairleigh, "and she told me that Charlie still wished to have a play."

At this Mildred stopped short and listened.

"I did not tell Mrs. Morton that he had spoken to me about it," said her mother, "because I did not think it necessary to explain to her my reasons for not wishing you to enter into such an undertaking. But you are getting to be a big girl now, dear, and I think that perhaps it is better that you should begin to understand such matters yourself, and help me by exercising your own reason and judgment. You know, or at least you ought to know, that papa's health is the very first thought that I have, and everything must be looked at with that in view. And you know that any unusual noise or excitement in the house is bad for him. Now, it is for you and me to guard him against the possibility of suffering. I have taken part in private theatricals, and I know all about them. I know that if you were to have a play in the attic, there would be more or less hammering and pulling things about, and coming to me for this, and to Eliza for that, and there would be running up and down stairs; all of which would be bad for papa. We could not buy such pleasure for ourselves at the cost of one day's sickness to him, could we, dear?"

And Mildred promptly shook her head.

"So it is necessary for you and me to think of all these things, and take care that he does not run any such risks."

And Mildred nodded her head this time in assent, and said gravely, though with a happy expression, "Of course, Mama, I ought to have

thought of that." It pleased her to be taken into her mother's confidence and to become her partner, as it were, in the business of caring for her father.

"So that in itself," continued Mrs. Fairleigh, "was enough to decide me against Charlie's plan. But there was more. If we gave the entertainment in our house, we should have to invite all of your friends to see it."

"Should we?" said Mildred, opening her eyes. "Charlie said we would ask only a few."

"If we invited any one at all," said her mother, "we should have to ask every one. Otherwise, those whom you did not ask would feel disappointed, and some even might think that you had slighted them on purpose, and would feel hurt. To do that would not be polite or kind. Now, if we invited all of your friends, we should have to entertain them properly; we should have to provide music and a supper. In other words, the theatricals would gradually grow into a regular party. Experience has taught me that, time and time again. Now, apart from considerations of papa's health, we cannot afford to give a party this Christmas. If we had plenty of money, it would be very pleasant to entertain our friends; but to attempt to do so when we have not the money would be worse than silly. I—and I am sure that you, too—would rather spend what little money we can spare in making a few poor people happy. Don't you think that it would be pleasanter to give old lame Joe a turkey for his Christmas dinner, and hear him chuckle and say, 'Thank you, ma'am; Miss Milly, de good Lord bress you, honey; de ole woman an' de chillun 'll be powerful pleased to see dis yere bird, dey will dat!' than to watch Mademoiselle Jones, in her lace frock, eating ice-cream?"

Her mother imitated old Joe so cleverly, and said all this so funnily, that Mildred laughed and said, "Of course I would."

"I think it would give you more pleasure," said her mother, smiling. "Then there is poor old rheumatic Mrs. Trummle, who has to have her winter's supply of flannel, and the Wakely children to be made happy with a little Christmas cheer, not to mention the societies to which you and I belong—the 'Children's Aid Society,' and the 'Women's Mission,' which

have a use for all that we can give. And finally, Sweetheart, if I have not already tired you with this long list of reasons, I was afraid that if you were to get interested in theatricals in your own play-room, it would upset all of your regular habits of study and amusement. So now you see why I decided against Charlie's request."

"Of course, Mama," said Mildred, feeling as if she had grown quite old and was being consulted on a very important family matter; "it never would have done at all. Don't you know, just as soon as Charlie spoke about it, I somehow felt that it would n't do, though I did n't know why, exactly. I guess that was because I did n't think."

"Perhaps so," said her mother.

"But now it seems that Master Charlie has begged his mother to allow him to have the theatricals at their own home on the evening of the party. Mrs. Morton talked to me a little doubtfully about it, but of course I did not try to influence her one way or the other; and when she spoke of our having some things that Charlie wanted to borrow, I said that I would be very glad indeed to lend the children anything we had that would be of use."

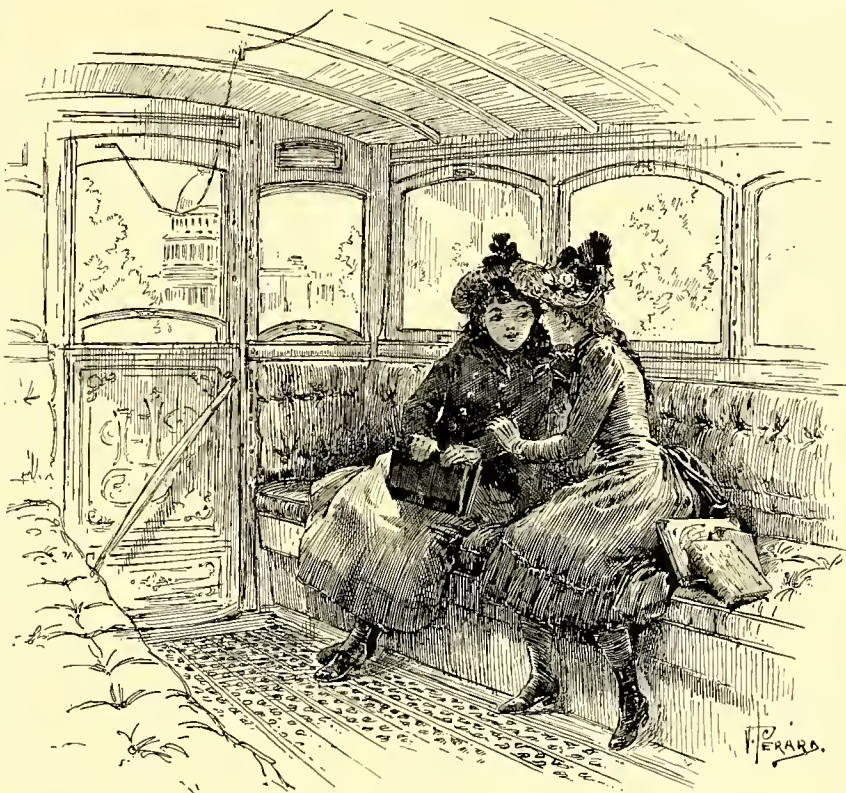
"Did you?" said Mildred, looking very much pleased.

"Yes," said her mother; "I am quite willing to help them all that I can. Then Mrs. Mor-

ton wanted to know if I would let you take part. But that I could not promise her."

Here Mildred's face lengthened.

"Not that I have any especial objection to your playing in parlor theatricals," concluded Mrs. Fairleigh; "but it is all so uncertain that



"LESLIE MADE ROOM FOR MILDRED, AND, WITH A FACE FULL OF IMPORTANCE, EXCLAIMED, 'OH, DREDDY, WHAT DO YOU THINK!'"

I think it would be better to wait and see what kind of a play Master Charlie is going to have, before you promise to take part in it. There is plenty of time, and it is never well for a little girl to be too ready and eager to join in a thing of this sort as soon as she is asked, and without knowing what it is to be like. Don't you agree with me, dear?"

"Why, yes, Mama, I suppose so," said Mildred, slowly. Then she raised her downcast face, smiled, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, cried, "Really and truly I do, Mama."

(To be continued.)

THE SEALS' CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.



ARK! Cr-aa-sh, boom-m, splash!

With a sound like twenty thunderclaps combined, the end of a glacier has broken off; a mountain of ice has been

launched into the sea with a resounding splash, making rings of mighty waves that chase each other away from it; an iceberg has been set free

to go on its travels into the melting south.

A glittering mass of transparent blue, lifting its rainbow-crowned peak majestically two hundred feet toward the clouds and plowing the ocean to a depth of nearly one thousand five hundred feet. Four such ice-mountains placed side by side would cover a mile of distance.

And yet, massive as it is, the restless, ever-moving, yielding waters dauntlessly attack it. They scoop out a cavern here and a tunnel there, they melt it into fantastic shapes, they snatch off huge blocks, until the proud ice-mountain humbly bends its head, totters and surges, snaps in twain, plunges into the ocean, and looms up again made over into two weird, towering, grotesque monsters nodding defiance to each other over the foam-covered waves.

Perhaps they hurl themselves against each other with a crunch and a crash, and then sullenly retire, each to go its own way and fulfil its own mission of shipwreck, or silent melting away into the unmeasured volume of the ocean.

Once it happened that one of these wandering ice-mountains was so ingeniously shaped by the warm waves that, when it snapped in the middle and fell over on its side, one portion of it rose with the honeycombed part toward

the water, thus making the iceberg an ice palace filled with many a crystal grotto which, rising story upon story, stage upon stage, converted the translucent mountain into a floating crystal palace with transparent walls.

It would have been a pity if such a gorgeous palace had passed away, with never an inhabitant to profit by its existence, and so it was fortunate that it was discovered by a troop of seals migrating southward.

The seals might just as well have swarmed over the outside of the iceberg, as they had often done in previous cases; but possibly they recognized the advantages of having a roof over their heads, and consequently dived down and came up inside of the crystal palace. Anyhow, whatever their reasons, that is what they did.

By hundreds and by thousands they clambered up the irregular inner walls, occupying the grottoes and ledges till the palace was crowded to its full capacity with the noisy, active creatures.

They might easily have been uncomfortable in their splendid palace had not accident come to their relief. The warm air from their bodies and their warm breath rose to the top of the iceberg and fortunately found thin spots in the roof and melted holes, so that places of escape for the bad air were made.

Of course this air, being warm, no sooner reached the colder atmosphere outside than it condensed like steam and rose, a white column, above the palace, looking very much like smoke.

Indeed, a sailing vessel passing that way thought it was smoke, and the captain changed his course to go nearer the iceberg, hoping to save the lives of some shipwrecked sailors, who, he supposed, had built a fire on the berg.

Fancy your own astonishment at coming upon a crystal palace in mid-ocean, inhabited

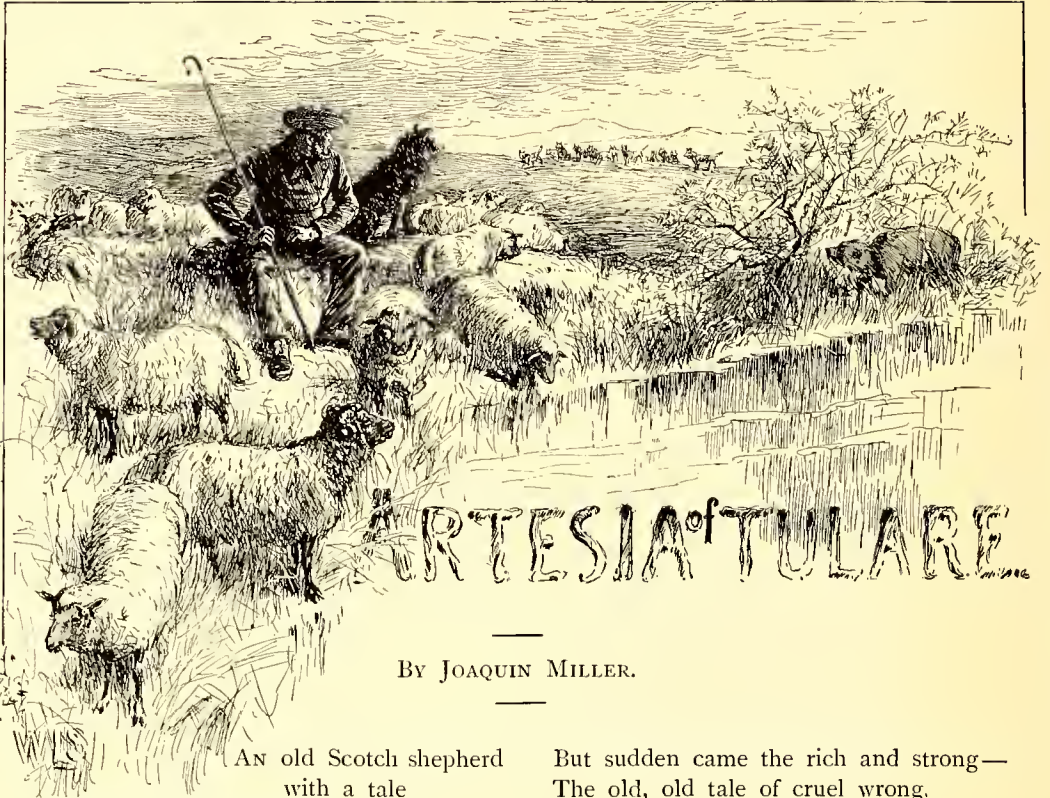
by thousands of seals, and you may then understand how the captain and his crew felt when, looking through the clear walls of the stately structure, they saw the countless animals in conscious security playing or sleeping in the fairy-like chambers.

The captain bewailed his lot that there were

twenty thousand dollars' worth of sealskins in sight, but out of reach!

It was disappointing for the captain, but it was tolerably comfortable for the seals, who take more interest in sealskins when they wear them than when human beings make coats of them.





ARTESIA of TULARE

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

AN old Scotch shepherd
 with a tale
 Of crofter strife, heartbroken wife;
 A barefoot girl sad-eyed and pale;
 A dog, a gun, a buckhorn knife;
 With garments torn, with face unshorn
 And all his better life outworn.
 But then his fond white flock of sheep
 Where still Tulare's waters creep:

Fair, level water, willow-lined,
 The one loved stream in all that land!
 You should have seen it wind and wind
 Through unfenced seas of loam and sand
 Long years ago, with here and there
 A pack of wolves, a waiting bear,
 When this stout-hearted, lorn old man
 Kept flock as only Scotchmen can!

And how he loved Tulare's bank,
 And planned to buy, and build, and rest,
 The while his white flock fed and drank.
 Aye he had thrift and of the best,
 And back, where no rich man laid hands,
 Had bought and bought wide desert lands.

But sudden came the rich and strong—
 The old, old tale of cruel wrong.

“I 'll have his lands,” the rich man cried.
 “His lands are broad as his Scotch brogue—
 That 's saying they are broad and wide.
 I 'll have his lands! He calls me rogue.
 Out, out!—away! I will not spare
 One drop from that deep river there.

And, banished so, they sadly turned,
 The barefoot lass, the bent old man,
 To where the barren desert burned—
 His dog, his gun, a water-can;
 His white flock bleating on before
 All loath to leave the watered shore;
 His dog with drooping tail and ears;
 His barefoot, tattered child in tears.

They found a rounded mound not far,
 That rose above the sage and sand,
 Where one green willow, like a star
 In some dark night, stood lone and grand.
 And here the can and gun were swung;
 In grief as when lorn Israel hung

Her harp on willow-tree and kept
 Sad silence as she sat and wept.
 The dog crouched fretful at their feet;
 The woolly fold crept close with fear,

The dog sprang up, his eyes aflame,
 And all his frame did quiver so!
 Then like a shot right down he sped, . . .
 Crept back all blood and fell down dead.



"NO MORE SHE WEPT,
 BUT WATCHED, THE WHILE THE SHEPHERD SLEPT."

And one meek lamb did bleat and bleat,
 So pitiful, so sadly drear,
 The girl crept from the bowed old man,
 Reached up and took the water-can,
 And gave it water while he slept,
 The while she silent wept and wept.
 Then came gaunt wolves — all sudden came —
 And sat in circle close below!

She snatched the gun. No more she wept,
 But watched, the while the shepherd slept.

Then came the moon. Vast peaks of snow
 Flashed silver from Sierra's height,
 And lit the lonely scene below
 As if with some unearthly light —
 A light that only made a gloom

'Mid silence, space, and shoreless room.
Why, all that moonlit scene but seemed
Such as half-maddened men have dreamed.

At last the sun burst like a flame,
And shaggy wolves fled from the light.
Then wide-eyed, wondering rabbits came
And stood in circle left and right.
They stood so graceful, trim, and tall,
You might have guessed this was a ball
Where dainty dancers, slim and neat,
Stood waiting with impatient feet.

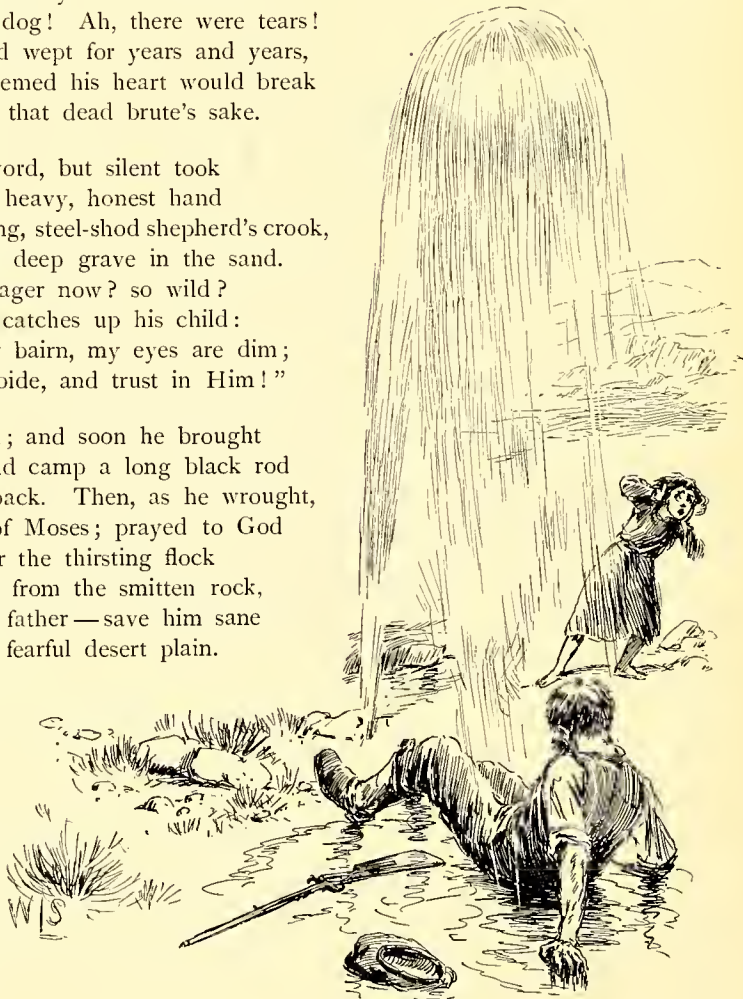
The old man wakened. Why, his fold
Had crept so close ere break of morn
That he reached out and there laid hold
Of his huge ram by one curled horn!
But then the dog! Ah, there were tears!
He scarce had wept for years and years,
But now it seemed his heart would break
In sorrow for that dead brute's sake.

He said no word, but silent took
In his broad, heavy, honest hand
His long, strong, steel-shod shepherd's crook,
And digged a deep grave in the sand.
But why so eager now? so wild?
He turns, he catches up his child:
"My bairn, my bairn, my eyes are dim;
But bide ye, bide, and trust in Him!"

Away he sped; and soon he brought
From some old camp a long black rod
On his bent back. Then, as he wrought,
She thought of Moses; prayed to God
That water for the thirsting flock
Might flow as from the smitten rock,
And save her father—save him sane
There in that fearful desert plain.

He forced the black tube through the sod
Beneath the waving willow-tree
With giant's strength. Then, as if God
Decreed, it sank, sank swift and free—
Sank sudden through the slime and sand,
Sank deep, slid swift, slid from his hand!
Then he sprang up, aghast and dazed
And piteous, as if sudden crazed.

He caught his gun; he madly wrenched
The barrels out and thrust them down;
And then he fell, fell drenched, fell drenched
With floods that leaped as if to drown!
And all Tulare came there to drink,
As happy-faced as you can think.



WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER IV.

THE VALLEY.

THE time of our summer flitting varied. Sometimes we stayed at Green Peace till after strawberry-time, and lingered late at the Valley; sometimes we went early, and came back in time for the peaches. But in one month or another there came a season of great business and bustle. Woolen dresses were put away in the great cedar-lined camphor-chests studded with brass nails; calico dresses were lengthened, and joyfully assumed; trunks were packed, and boxes and barrels; carpets were taken up and laid away; and white covers were put over pictures and mirrors. Finally we departed, generally in more or less confusion.

I remember one occasion when our rear column reached the Old Colony station just as the train was starting. The advance-guard, consisting of our mother and the older children, was already on board, and Harry and Laura have a vivid recollection of being caught up by our father and tumbled into the moving baggage-car, he flashing in after us, and all sitting on trunks, panting, till we were sufficiently revived to pass through to our seats in the passenger-car. In those days the railway went no farther than Fall River. From there we must take a carriage and drive twelve miles to our home in the Island of Rest. Twelve long and weary miles they were, much dreaded by us all. The trip was made in a large old-fashioned vehicle, half hack, half stage. The red cushions were hard and uncomfortable; the horses were aged; their driver, good, snuff-colored Mr. Anthony, felt keenly his duty to spare them, and considered the passengers a minor affair. So we five children were cramped and cooped up, I know not how long. It seemed hours that we must sit there, while the ancient horses crawled up

the sandy hills, or jogged meditatively along the level spaces. Every joint developed a separate ache; our legs were cramped—the short ones from hanging over the seat, the long ones because the floor of the coach was piled with baskets and bandboxes. It was hot, hot! The flies buzzed, and would not let one go to sleep; the dust rolled in thick yellow clouds from under the wheels, and filled eyes and mouth, and set all a-sneezing. Decidedly, it was a most tiresome jaunt. But all the more delightful was the arrival! To drive in under the apple-trees, just as the evening was falling cool and sweet; to tumble out of the stuffy prison coach, and race through the orchard, and out to the barn, and up the hill behind the house—ah! that was worth all the miseries of the journey.

From the hill behind the house we could see the sunset; and that was one thing we did not have at Green Peace, shut in by its great trees. Here, before our eyes, still aching from the dust of the road, lay the great bay, all a sheet of silver, with white sails here and there; beyond it Conanicut, a long island, brown in the noon light, now softened into wonderful shades of amethyst and violet; and the great sun going down in a glory of gold and flame. Nowhere else are such sunsets! Sometimes the sky was all strewn with fiery flakes and long delicate flame-feathers, glowing with rosy light; sometimes there were purple cloud-islands, edged with crimson, and between them and the real island a space of delicate green, so pure, so cold, that there is nothing to compare with it save a certain chrysoprase our mother had.

Gazing at these wonders, the children would stand, full of vague delight, not knowing what they thought, till the tea-bell summoned them to the house for a merry picnic supper. Then there was clattering up-stairs, washing of hands in the great basin with purple grapes on it (it belonged in the guest-chamber, and we were

not allowed to use it save on special occasions like this), hasty smoothing of hair and straightening of collars, and then clatter! clatter! down again.

There was nothing remarkable about the house at the Valley. It was just a pleasant cottage, with plenty of sunny windows and square, comfortable rooms. But we were seldom in the house save at meal-times, or when it rained; and our real home was under the blue sky. First, there was the orchard! It was an ideal orchard, with the queerest old apple-trees that ever were seen. They did not bear many apples, but they were delightful to climb in, with trunks slanting so that one could easily run up them, and branches that curled round so as to make a comfortable back to lean against. There are few pleasanter things than to sit in an apple-tree and read poetry, with birds twittering undismayed beside you, and green leaves whispering over your head. Laura was generally doing this when she ought to have been mending her stockings.

Then there was the joggling-board, under the two biggest trees. The delight of a joggling-board is hardly to be explained to children who have never known it; but I trust many children do know it. The board is long and smooth and springy, supported at both ends on stands; and one can play all sorts of things on it. Many a circus has been held on the board at the Valley! We danced the tight-rope on it; we leaped through imaginary rings, coming down on the tips of our toes; we hopped its whole length on one foot; we wriggled along it on our stomachs, or on our backs; we bumped along it on hands and knees. Dear old joggling-board! it is not probable that any other was ever quite so good as ours. Near by was the pump, a never-failing wonder to us when we were little. The well over which it stood was very deep, and it took a long time to bring the bucket up. It was a chain-pump, and the chain went rattlety-clank! rattlety-clank! round and round, and the handle creaked and groaned, "Ah-*ho!* ah-*ho!*" When you had turned a good while there came out of the spout a stream of—water? No! of daddy-long-legses! They lived, apparently, in the spout, and they did not like the water; so when they heard the bucket com-

ing up, with the water going "lip! lap!" as it swung to and fro, they came running out, dozens and dozens of them, probably thinking what unreasonable people we were to disturb them. When the water did finally come, it was wonderfully cold, and clear as crystal.

The hill behind the house was perhaps our favorite play-room. It was a low, rocky hill, covered with "prostrate juniper" bushes, which bore blue berries very useful in our housekeeping. At the top of the rise the bare rock cropped out, dark gray, covered with flat, dry lichens. This was our house. It had several rooms: the drawing-room was really palatial, a broad floor of rock, with flights of steps leading up to it. The state stairway was used for kings and queens, conquerors, and the like; the smaller was really more convenient, as the steps were more sharply defined, and you were not so apt to fall down them. Then there was the dining-room rock, where meals were served—daisy pudding and similar delicacies; and the kitchen rock, which had a real oven, and the most charming cupboards imaginable. Here were stored hollyhock cheeses, and sorrel leaves, and twigs of black birch, fragrant and spicy, and many other good things.

On this hill was celebrated, on the first of August, the annual festival of "Yeller's Day." This custom was begun by Flossy, and adhered to for many years. Immediately after breakfast on the appointed day, all the children assembled on the top of the hill and yelled. Oh! how we yelled! It was a point of honor to make as much noise as possible. We roared, and shrieked, and howled, till we were too hoarse to make a sound; then we rested and played something else, perhaps, till our voices were restored, and then—yelled again! Yeller's Day was regarded as one of the great days of the summer. By afternoon we were generally quite exhausted, and we were hoarse for several days afterward. I cannot recommend this practice. In fact, I sincerely hope that no child will attempt to introduce it; for it is very bad for the voice, and might in some cases do real injury.

Almost every morning we went down to the bay to bathe. It was a walk of nearly a mile through the fields—such a pleasant walk! The

fields were not green, but of a soft russet, the grass being thin and dry, with great quantities of a little pinkish fuzzy plant whose name we never knew. They were divided by stone walls, which we were skilful in climbing. In some places there were bars which must be let down, or climbed over, or crawled through, as fancy suggested. There were many blackberries, of the low-bush variety, bearing great clusters of

was of fine white sand, sparkling as if mixed with diamond dust. Starfish crawled about on it, and other creatures; crabs, too, sometimes, that would nip an unwary toe if they got a chance. Sometimes the water was full of jelly-fish, which we did not like, in spite of their beauty. Beyond the white sand was a bed of eel-grass, very dreadful, not to be approached. If a person went into it, he was instantly seized

and entangled, and drowned before the eyes of his companions. This was our firm belief. It was probably partly due to Andersen's story about the "Little Sea-Maid," which had made a deep impression on us all, with its clutching polyps and other submarine terrors.

We all learned to swim more or less, but Flossy was the best swimmer.

Sometimes we went to bathe in the afternoon instead of the morning, if the tide suited better. I remember one such



THE CELEBRATION OF "VELLER'S DAY."

berries, glossy, beautiful, delicious. We were not allowed to eat them on the way down, but only when coming home. Some of these fields belonged to the Cross Farmer, who had once been rude to us. We regarded him as a manner of demon, and were always looking around to see if his round-shouldered, blue-shirted figure were in sight. At last the shore was reached, and soon we were all in the clear water, shrieking with delight, paddling about, puffing and blowing like a school of young porpoises.

At high tide the beach was pebbled; at low tide we went far out, the ground sloping very gradually, to a delightful place where the bottom

time when we came delightfully near having an adventure. It was full moon, and the tide was very high. We had loitered along the beach after our bath, gathering mussels to boil for tea, picking up gold-shells or scallop-shells, and punching seaweed bladders, which pop charmingly if you do them right.

German Mary, the good, stupid nurse, who was supposed to be taking care of us, knew nothing about tides; and when we came back to the little creek which we must cross in leaving the beach, lo! the creek was a deep, broad stream, the like of which we had never seen. What was to be done? Valiant Flossy proposed to

swim across and get help, but Mary shrieked and would not hear of it, and we all protested that it was impossible. Then we perceived that we must spend the night on the beach; and when we were once accustomed to the idea, it was not without attraction for us. The sand was warm and dry, and full of shells and pleasant things; it was August, and the night would be just cool enough for comfort after the hot day; we had a painful of blackberries, which we had picked on the way down, meaning to eat them during our homeward walk; Julia could tell us stories; altogether it would be a very pleasant occasion. And then to think of the romance of it! "The Deserted Children!" "Alone on a Sandbank!" "The Watchers of the Tide!" There was no end to the things that could be made out of it. So, though poor Mary wept and wrung her hands, mindful (which I cannot remember that we were) of our mother waiting for us at home, we were all very happy.

The sun went down in golden state. Then, turning to the land, we watched the moon rising, in softer radiance, but no less wonderful and glorious. Slowly the great orb rose, turning from pale gold to purest silver. The sea darkened, and presently a little wind came up, and began to sing with the murmuring waves. We sang, too, some of the old German student-songs which our mother had taught us, and which were our favorite ditties. They rang out merrily over the water:

Die Binschgauer wollten wallfahrten geh'n!
(The Binschgauer would on a pilgrimage go!)

or,

Was kommt dort von der Hoh'?
(What comes there over the hill?)

Then Julia told us a story. Perhaps it was the wonderful story of Red-cap, a boy who met a giant in the forest, and did something to help him, I cannot remember what. Whereupon the grateful giant gave Red-cap a covered silver dish, with a hunter and a hare engraved upon it. When the boy wanted anything he must put the cover on, and ask the hunter and hare to give him what he desired; but there must be a rime in the request, else it could not be

granted. Red-cap thanked the giant, and, as soon as he was alone, put the cover on the dish and said:

Silver hunter, silver hare,
Give me a ripe and juicy pear!

Taking off the cover, he found the finest pear that ever was seen, shining like pure gold, with a crimson patch on one side. It was so delicious that it made Red-cap hungry, so he covered the dish again and said:

Silver hunter, silver rabbit,
Give me an apple, and I'll grab it!

Off came the cover, and lo! there was an apple the very smell of which was too good for any one save the truly virtuous. It was so large that it filled the dish, and its flavor was not to be described, so wonderful was it. A third time the happy Red-cap covered his dish, and cried:

Hunter and hare, of silver each,
Give me a soft and velvet peach!

And when he saw the peach he cried out for joy, for it was like the peaches that grew on the crooked tree just by the south door of the greenhouse at Green Peace, and those were the best trees in the garden, and therefore the best in the world.

The trouble about this story is that I never can remember any more of it. But it must have been about this time that we were hailed from the opposite side of the creek; and presently a boat was run out, and came over to the sand beach and took us off. The people at the Poor Farm, which stood on a hill close by, had seen the group of Crusoes and come to our rescue. They greeted us with words of pity (which were quite unnecessary), rowed us to the shore, and then kindly harnessed the farm horse and drove us home. German Mary was loud in her thanks and expressions of relief. Our mother was also grateful to the good people, but from us they received scant and grudging thanks. If they had only minded their own business and let us alone, we could have spent the night on a sandbank. Now it was not likely that we ever should! And, indeed, we never did.

(To be continued.)



By Margaret Vandegrift

At The Little-End-of-Nowhere lived a single little man ;

He had nobody for company but a little black-and-tan ;

There was not much to do there, as perhaps you will suppose,

For as he had no neighbors, he had neither friends nor foes.

And so he fell to wondering, and wondered night and day ;

“ I wonder why the people live so very far away !

They must find it inconvenient, I should think — extremely so !

For when they come here, they will have so very far to go ! ”

At last he took a high resolve ; he said, “ I ’ll go and see

Why those misguided people live so far away from me !

Perhaps it is their ignorance, and I can set them straight

Before they grow so very old that it will be too late ! ”

So he walked and walked and walked and walked until he found a city,

And to the people he expressed his wonderment and pity.

He was completely thunderstruck when some one chanced to say,

“ ’T is *you*, my worthy little friend, who live so far away ! ”

He went home pondering deeply ; he said, “ It cannot be !

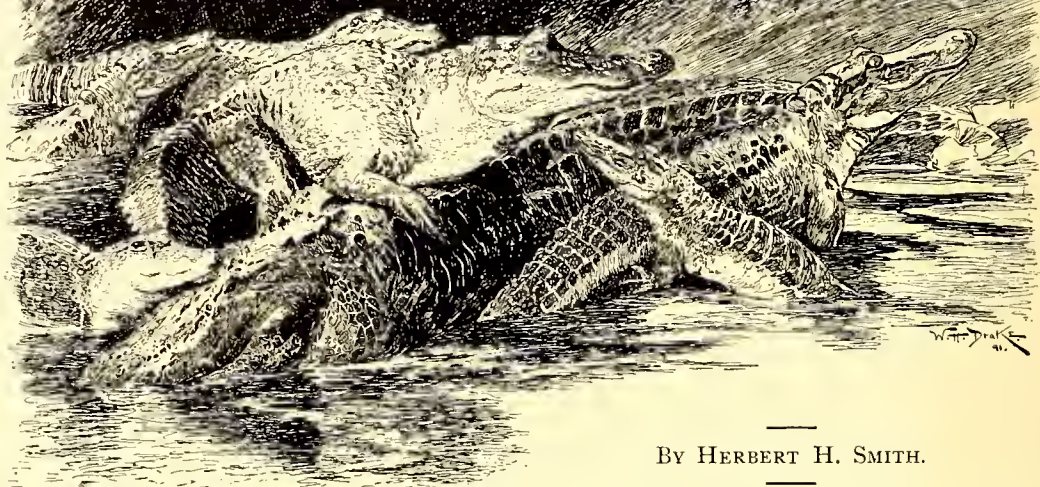
That person is insane — ’t is *they* that live so far from me !

But I ’ll be patient with them, and perhaps they ’ll learn, some day,

That such a distance from my home must needs be far away ! ”



AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.



BY HERBERT H. SMITH.

ALLIGATORS, of various species, are common in most of the South American rivers, but in all my travels I never found them so abundant as on the Upper Paraguay and its tributaries. That part of Brazil is a wild, almost uninhabited region, near the frontier of Bolivia. The rivers are bordered by immense swamps, which are overflowed every year, as the streams swell with the heavy rains. Once a month a steamer passes through this vast watery desert, carrying merchandise and passengers to the four or five small cities and villages that have been established along the base of the highlands. At long intervals may be seen on the river-shore a half-ruined house, the dwelling of some cattle-farmer; but even these are wanting in many parts, and for hundreds of miles not a single sign of civilization is encountered, not even an Indian canoe, or a thatched hut such as the wild tribes use for shelter. Excepting the desert of Sahara, it is probably the most thinly inhabited region in the world.

Of course, there being no hunters to kill them, wild animals are very plentiful; it is not uncommon to see jaguars and deer, even from the deck of the steamer. But, most of all, alligators abound. When the waters are highest, they roam over the flooded land, seeking the small animals, water-birds and fish, on which

they live; at that time they are not so common along the river-channels, and only now and then may one be seen in the shallows, with but the top of his ugly head above the surface of the water.

In the dry season, as the waters recede, they gather in the rivers in such amazing numbers that I can compare them only to tadpoles in a pond. I have counted over sixty on a small sand-bank, literally piled one over the other; while, all around, the water was full of them. They lie thus for hours, basking in the sun, and quite still; but, if a steamer approaches, the mass begins to move, there is a great rattling of scales as they hustle each other to reach the water, and in a moment only five or six are left, who raise their heads and stare at the vessel until it has passed them. These more courageous fellows are generally the larger ones, and offer tempting shots. I am no sportsman, but my brother-in-law, who was traveling with me, killed many from the steamer's deck, using only coarse shot.

It is not so easy to kill those that are seen on the surface of the water: shot, and even a bullet, will glance off from the hard skull unless the eye be hit. The top of the eye-socket is never more than two or three inches above the surface, and as they are usually at rather long

range, even a skilful marksman may be pardoned for a miss.

Though so numerous, the alligators are not generally regarded as dangerous. I have often seen the young negroes and Indian boys swimming within a few yards of them, and the reptiles paid little attention to their play. Cattle, too, wade about the flooded grass-lands, in search of pasturage, and are rarely molested by alligators. In fact, unless driven to bay or ravenous with hunger, they dare not attack man or the larger animals; but they are always on the watch for smaller prey. One day I was walking with one of my hunters near the shore of the Paraguay, when he shot and wounded a bird. It was a kind of snipe, a rare species, which I was anxious to add to our collection; but, as I ran to secure it, it fluttered away and fell into the water. I was just plunging in after it when a black snout appeared above the surface; there was a clashing of teeth, and I saw that an alligator had caught the bird by the wing. As I hesitated, doubting whether it would be safe to contest the prize, other black noses arose here and there, until half a dozen were struggling and splashing for the morsel. "Have a care!" cried my hunter, running up. But I needed no warning; I retired to dry ground, leaving the reptiles to settle the dispute in their own way.

The flooded lands are a rich collecting-ground for the naturalist. As the waters rise, the grass grows longer and floats on the surface, mingled with tall weeds and bushes; and these swarm with beautiful insects. While at Corumbá, on the Upper Paraguay, I often made excursions over

these lands, accompanied by my boy-of-all-work, Carlos, who, from long experience, had become a very handy fellow in all sorts of collecting.

On these occasions we would take a light wooden canoe, such as is commonly used on these rivers. Paddling half a mile up the river, we would seek a place where the banks, being lower, were overflowed; once past these barriers, we could push the canoe for miles over the flooded land behind, making long detours to avoid the thickets of thorny bushes or occasional clumps of forest. I had made an insect-net with a long handle, to reach and sweep the



"CARLOS JAMMED THE PADDLE INTO THE REPTILE'S MOUTH AND THEN JUMPED OVERBOARD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

bushes and weeds without leaving the canoe; but where the water was not more than three feet deep I generally found it more convenient to wade about after specimens, while Carlos

paddled the canoe after me. Floating vegetable matter covers the water so thickly that little of the surface can be seen; and, of course, all beneath is hidden; indeed, the whole region may be described as a grassy and weedy plain floating upon a vast lake of shallow water.

One day, while thus wading and up to my waist in water, I was much occupied with an insect I had just captured. Carlos was seated in the stern of the canoe, ten yards behind me, lazily pushing it through the grass, using his spear-shaped paddle as a pole. Suddenly I heard a great shouting and splashing. Turning quickly, I saw the canoe almost upset, Carlos struggling in the water, and—the cause of all the commotion—a great alligator making wild plunges at the boat, luckily from the side opposite to where Carlos had fallen. The boy struggled to his feet and scrambled into the canoe again; but, as he did so, the alligator made another rush, and, getting his head and one leg over the side of the canoe, snapped his great jaws within a few inches of his face. Carlos was ordinarily brave enough, but this attack was too much for him; he jammed the paddle into the reptile's mouth and then jumped overboard, and running to the other end of the canoe, he climbed in and stood there, dripping and ready for a fresh retreat. Meanwhile, although I had not been attacked, my situation was far from pleasant; the alligator was not five yards away, and had come around between me and the canoe, and there was an impenetrable thicket of bushes behind me. Carefully keeping my eyes on the reptile, I made a wide circuit, and so reached the other side of the canoe and scrambled in with Carlos.

The alligator now lay quiet, about two yards from the canoe, but he blocked the only path out; and our paddle, crushed by his teeth, floated on the surface close to him. Fortunately we had a gun. Hastily withdrawing the shells, which were loaded with fine shot, I put in others containing very heavy loads of buckshot. Then, handing the gun to Carlos, who was in a more favorable position, I told him to aim at the alligator's eye. As he fired, with the muzzle almost against the creature's head, it leaped half out of the water, and turned completely over, but con-

tinued to struggle. A shot from the other barrel, which took effect in its throat, finished the work. The body lay stretched on the water, with the dull-yellow surface turned upward. We found that it measured about eleven feet from nose to tip of tail, so that it was an unusually large individual for this region.

After that I was much more cautious in my work on the flooded lands, and did not wade when it could be avoided. Before this alligator attacked the canoe, I must have passed within two feet of him; they move so quietly under the grass that no disturbance is seen on the surface.

On the Amazon, one species of alligator attains an immense size, even eighteen or twenty feet in length in some cases; but these big fellows are not nearly so common as their smaller cousins of the Paraguay. They frequent the shallow lakes near the river. In one lake I counted eighteen of these monsters basking at once on the surface. The species is dangerous at times; it is very cunning, and, though it will not attack a man in fair battle, it is always perilous to expose one's self to a sudden assault.

The female alligator lays twenty or thirty eggs together, on land, and generally in a swampy thicket; the eggs are white, hard, and rough, making a loud noise when rubbed one against another. The hunters say that if this noise is made, the mother alligator comes to protect her nest. Whether this be true, I cannot say; but I know that when little alligators crawl out from the eggs, they are abandoned to their own resources; if an old alligator encounters them, they are eaten like any other game. One day, when canoeing on the Paraguay, we found some fifty of these amiable babies crawling down a bank to the water. I caught half a dozen of them—they were about eight inches long—and put them into a tea-kettle which we had. Notwithstanding their diminutive size, they were very brave, snapping fiercely at us if we put a finger near their jaws.

We kept them for some days, and they became quite tame, eating rice and meat; but one night they wandered off, and we saw them no more.

Many Indian tribes eat alligators, and white hunters also use them for food at a pinch.

JACK'S LETTER.

By R. E. L.



“THE MAN FROWNED AT ME ANGRILY.”

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear what I did the other day. I am not more vain than most people, I think, but still, when one has done a fine thing one likes to have some notice taken of it. My grandmistress (she is my mistress's mother, and I think that a good name for her) bought me in Paris for her little girl, and put me in her trunk, and brought me home. It was a long, dull voyage, and I did not leave my box once all the time. When we reached New York, a man came and opened my grandmistress's boxes and trunks, and pulled all her things about, and poked into every corner. He kept talking about “duty” all the time, but it was not my idea of duty, and I am sure every doll, even the jointed wooden ones that cost half a sou, will agree with me. I cost five francs myself, and have naturally a very high sense of duty.

Well, when this fussy man had taken out all the dresses, and boots, and shoes, and shawls, and books, and bonnets, and bangles, and stockings, and gloves, and things, he came at last to my box, which was in a corner at the very bot-

tom of the trunk. “What is this, madam?” he asked, as bold as brass. My grandmistress had been very angry at first, but she always sees the funny side of things, and now she began to laugh. “What have you here, madam?” asked the man again. “Jewelry, laces, trinkets of any description? All subject to duty. I must examine this box, madam. The law! the law compels me to open this box.” “Open it, sir, by all means,” said my grandmistress, still laughing. So he unfastened the hasp, and—bang!!—out I popped, and hit him on the nose, just as hard as I could hit. My head is very heavy, and what with the blow and the surprise of it, the man frowned at me angrily, dropped me into the trunk, and said he did n't “care to examine anything else.” You may imagine how pleased I was! And as for my grandmistress, she tried to keep her face straight, but could not help laughing. If I could only speak, I should have said to the man, *so* angry, “My dear sir, there are different sorts of duty in the world, and mine is to surprise people!”

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN.

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

THE SONG IN THE DELL.

"I 'm sorry he 's gone," said Dorothy to herself, gazing with longing eyes after the Harlequin. "He was n't much to talk to, but he was awful beautiful to look at"; and, having relieved her mind by this remark, she was just starting to take another walk through the shop when she suddenly caught sight of a small door in one corner. It was n't much larger than a rat-hole, but it was big enough for her to go through, and that, of course, was the important thing; and as she never could bear to go by strange doorways until she knew where they led to, she immediately ran through this one, and, quite to her surprise, found herself outside the toy-shop.

There was nothing very peculiar about the outside of the shop, except that a high bank which sloped down from the wall was completely overgrown with little green rocking-chairs. They were growing about in great confusion, and once or twice, when Dorothy's frock happened to brush against them, quite an avalanche of them went clattering down the bank and broke up at the bottom into curious little bits of wood like jack-straws. This made climbing down the bank very exciting, but she got safely to the bottom at last, and ran off to see what other discoveries she could make.

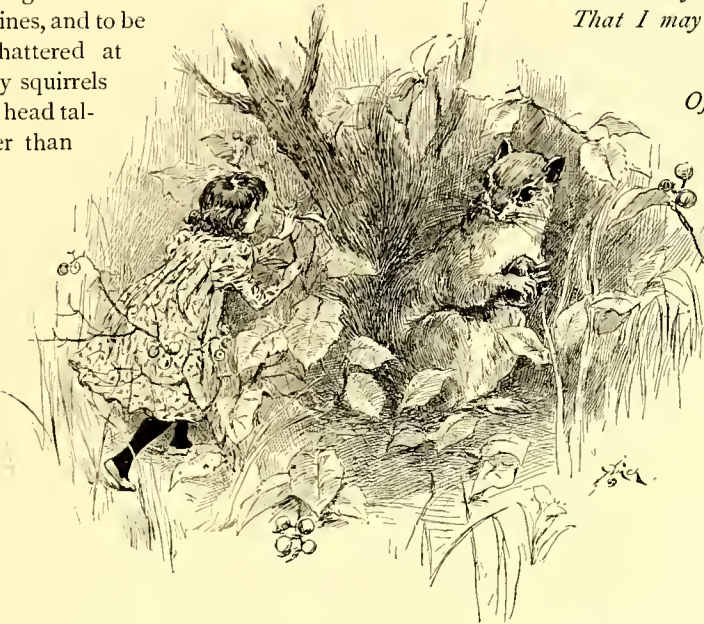
self in a beautiful wood—not a make-believe affair like the toy-farm, but a real wood with soft grass and pads of dark-green moss growing underfoot, and with ferns and forest flowers springing up on all sides. The wind was rustling pleasantly in the trees, and the sunlight, shining down through the dancing leaves, made little patches of light that chased each other about on the grass, and as Dorothy walked along she felt happier than she had at any time since losing the Blue Admiral Inn. To be sure, it was n't the easiest matter in the world to get along, for as the trees and the bushes and the blades of grass were all of the natural size and Dorothy was no bigger than a wren, she fell



"SHE FOUND IT RATHER TRYING TO HER NERVES AT FIRST, TO MEET WITH RABBITS AS BIG AS HORSES."

"Oh, lovely!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands in a rapture of delight; for she found her- over a good many twigs and other small obstacles, and tumbled down a great many times.

Then, too, she found it rather trying to her nerves, at first, to meet with rabbits as big as horses, to come suddenly upon quails whistling like steam-engines, and to be chattered at by squirrels a head taller than



“— TO BE CHATTERED AT BY SQUIRRELS A HEAD TALLER THAN SHE HERSELF WAS.”

she herself was; but she was a very wise little child about such matters, and she said to herself, “Why, of course they ’re only their usual sizes, you know, and they ’re sure to be the same scary things they always are,”—and then she stamped her foot at them and said “Shoo!” very boldly, and, after laughing to see the great creatures whisk about and dash into the thicket, she walked along quite contentedly.

Presently she heard a voice singing. It seemed to come from a thick part of the wood at one side of the path; and, after hesitating a moment, Dorothy stole into the bushes, and, creeping cautiously along until she was quite near the sound, crouched down in the thicket to listen.

It was a very small voice, and it was singing this song:

*I know a way
Of hearing what the larks and linnets say.
The larks tell of the sunshine and the sky;
The linnets from the hedges make reply,
And boast of hidden nests with mocking lay.*

*I know a way
Of keeping near the rabbits at their play.
They tell me of the cool and shady nooks
Where waterfalls disturb the placid brooks
That I may go and frolic in the spray.*

*I know a way
Of catching dewdrops on a night
in May,
And threading them upon
a spear of green,
That through their sides
translucent may be seen
The sparkling hue that emeralds display.*

*I know a way
Of trapping sunbeams as they
nimblely play
At hide-and-seek with
meadow-grass and
flowers,
And holding them in store
for dreary hours
When winds are chill and
all the sky is gray.*

*I know a way
Of stealing fragrance from the new-mown hay
And storing it in flasks of petals made,
To scent the air when all the flowers fade
And leave the woodland world to sad decay.*

*I know a way
Of coaxing snowflakes in their flight to stay
So still awhile that as they hang in air
I weave them into frosty lace, to wear
About my head upon a sultry day.*

Dorothy, crouching down in the thicket, listened to this little song with great delight; but she was extremely sentimental where poetry was concerned, and it happened that when she heard this last verse she clasped her hands in a burst of rapture and exclaimed in quite a loud voice, “Oh, delicious!” This was very unfortunate, for the song stopped short the instant she spoke, and for a moment everything was perfectly silent; then the little voice spoke up again, and said, “Who is that?”

“It ’s I,” said Dorothy.

"It's two eyes, if it comes to that," said the little voice; "I can see them through the bushes. Are you a rabbit?"

"No," said Dorothy, laughing softly to herself; "I'm a child."

"Oh!" exclaimed the voice. It was a very little Oh; in fact, it sounded to Dorothy as if it might be about the size of a cherry-stone, and she said to herself, "I verily believe it's a fairy, and she certainly can't be a bit bigger than my thumb—my regular thumb, I mean," she added, holding up her hand and looking at the size of it with great contempt.

Then the little voice spoke up again and said, "And how big are you?"

"I'm about three inches tall," said Dorothy; and she was so excited by this time that she felt as if a lot of flies were running up and down on the back of her neck.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little voice, expressing great astonishment in its small way. "Why, there's hardly enough of you to put in a corner."

Dorothy reflected for a moment and then called out, "But, you know, *that* depends on the size of the corner."

"Oh, no, it does n't!" said the little voice, very confidently. "All corners are the same size if you only get close enough to 'em."

"Dear me!" said Dorothy to herself. "How very intelligent she is! I *must* have a look at her"; and, pushing the leaves gently aside, she cautiously peeped out.

It was a charming little dell, carpeted with fine moss, and with strange-looking wild flowers growing about the sides of it; but to Dorothy's astonishment the fairy proved to be an extremely small field-mouse, sitting up like a little pug-dog and gazing attentively at the thicket: "and *I* think"—the Mouse went on, as if it were tired of waiting for an answer to its last remark—"I think a child should be six inches tall, *at least*."

This was so ridiculous that Dorothy had to put her hand over her mouth to keep from

screaming with laughter. "Why," she exclaimed, "I used to be"—and here she had to stop and count up on her fingers—"I used to be eight times as big as *that*, myself."

"Tut, tut!" said the Mouse, and the "tuts" sounded like little beads dropping into a pill-box—"tut, tut! Don't tell me such rubbish!"

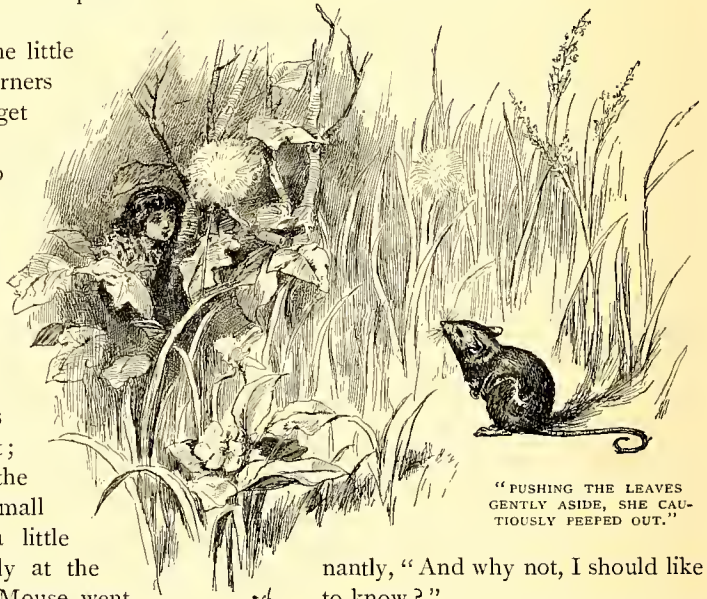
"Oh, you need n't *tut* me," said Dorothy. "It's the exact truth."

"Then I don't understand it," said the Mouse, shaking its head in a puzzled way. "I always thought children grew the other way."

"Well, you see," said Dorothy, in her old-fashioned way,— "you see, I've been very much reduced." (She thought afterward that this sounded rather as if she had lost all her property, but it was the only thing she could think of to say at the time.)

"I *don't* see it at all," said the Mouse fretfully, "and what's more, I don't see *you*; in fact, I don't think you ought to be hiding in the bushes and chattering at me in this way."

This seemed to Dorothy to be a very personal remark, and she answered rather indig-



"PUSHING THE LEAVES GENTLY ASIDE, SHE CAUTIOUSLY PEEPED OUT."

nantly, "And why not, I should like to know?"

"Because,—" said the Mouse in a very superior manner,— "because little children should be seen and not heard."

"Hoity-toity!" said Dorothy very sharply. (I don't think she had the slightest idea of what

this meant, but she had read somewhere in a book that it was an expression used when other people gave themselves airs, and she thought she would try the effect of it on the Mouse.) But, to her great disappointment, the Mouse made no reply of any kind, and after picking a

leaf and holding it up to his eyes for a mo-

ment, as if it were having a cry in its small way, the poor little creature turned about and ran into the thicket at the further side of the dell.

Dorothy was greatly distressed at this, and, jumping out of the bushes into the dell, she began calling, "Mousie! Mousie! Come back! I did n't mean it, dear. It was only an experiment." But there was no answer, and, stooping down at the place where the Mouse had disappeared, she looked into the thicket.

There was nothing there but a very small squirrel eating a nut; and, after staring at her for a moment in great astonishment, he threw the nut in her face and scampered off, and Dorothy walked mournfully away through the wood.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CAMEL.

THE wood was n't nearly so pleasant now as it had been before, and Dorothy was quite pleased when, after walking a little way, she came in sight again of the bank covered with rocking-chairs. Running up the bank, she hurried through the little door into the toy-shop.

Everything was just as she had left it, and

as she walked along on the shelf, she presently came to the grocer's shop and found the Caravan sitting in a row on a little bench at the door. The Admiral had the Camel in his lap, and they were all gazing at it with an air of extreme solicitude. It was a frowsy little thing with lumpy legs that hung down in a dangling way from the Admiral's knees, and Sir Walter was trying to make it drink something out of a bottle.

"What are you giving him?" inquired Dorothy, curiously.

"Glue," said the Admiral promptly. "He needs stiffening up, you see."

"What an awful dose!" said Dorothy with a shudder.

"That does n't make any difference to long as he won't take it," said Sir Walter; and here he began beating the Camel so furiously with the bottle that Dorothy cried out,



"DOROTHY FOUND THE CARAVAN SITTING IN A ROW ON A LITTLE BENCH AT THE DOOR."

"Here—stop that instantly!"

"He does n't mind it no more than if he was a bolster," put in the Highlander. "Set him

up again and let 's see him fall down," he added, rubbing his hands together with a relish.

"Indeed, you 'll do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Dorothy with great indignation; and, snatching the Camel from the Admiral's lap, she carried him into the grocer's shop and set him down upon the floor. The Camel looked about for a moment, and then climbed into one of the drawers that was standing open, and pulled it to after him as a person might close a door, and Dorothy, after watching this remarkable performance with great wonderment, went out again.

The Caravan had lost no time, and were putting up a little sign on the front of the shop with "CAMEL FOR SALE" on it, and Dorothy, trying not to laugh, said, "Is this your shop?"

"Yes," replied the Admiral, with an important air. "The grocer 's been sold for a cook because he had an apron on, and we 've taken the business."

"What are you going to keep?" asked Dorothy.

"Why, we 're going to keep the shop," said the Admiral, staring at her in great surprise.

"But you must keep things to sell," said Dorothy.

"How can we keep things if we sell 'em?" inquired Sir Walter.

"Well, you can't sell anything unless you keep it in the shop, you know," persisted Dorothy, feeling that she was somehow getting the worst of the argument.

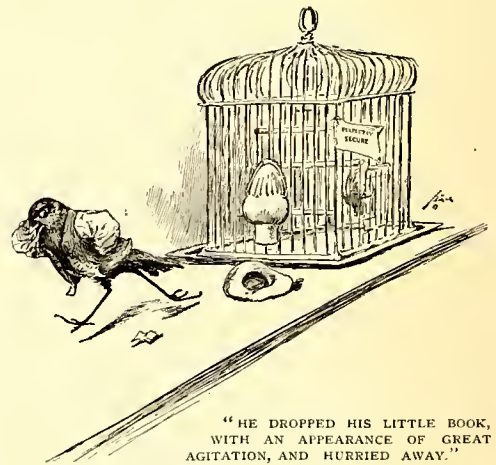
"Bosh!" said the Admiral, obstinately, "You *can't* keep things you sell—that is," he added, "not unless your customers are crazy"; and with this remark the Caravan went into the shop and shut the door in Dorothy's face, as if she was n't worth talking to any longer. Dorothy waited for a moment to see if they were coming out again, and then, as there was a noise inside as if they were piling up the drawers against the door, she walked slowly away through the toy-shop.

She had had such a variety of adventures in the shop by this time that she was getting quite tired of the place, and she was walking along rather disconsolately, and wishing there was some way of growing to her natural size, and then getting back again to poor old Uncle

Porticle and the Blue Admiral Inn, when, as she went around the corner of the little apothecary's shop, she came suddenly upon Bob Scarlet. To her great surprise, he was now just about the size of an ordinary robin, but he had on his red waistcoat and had quite as important an air as ever, and he was strolling about examining the various toys, and putting down the price of everything in a little red book.

"Now, I wonder how he ever got to be *that* size," thought Dorothy, as she hid behind a little pile of lead-pencils and watched him over the top of them. "I suppose he 's eaten something, or drunk something, to make him grow, the way they do in fairy stories; because the Admiral certainly said he was n't any bigger than an ant. And, oh! I wish I knew what it was," she added mournfully, as the tears came into her eyes. "I *wish* I knew what it was!"

"If I was n't a little afraid of him," she went on, after she had had a little cry, "I 'd ask him. But likely as not he 'd peck at me—old peckjabber!" and here she laughed through her tears as she thought of the Caravan in their little sunbonnets. "Or p'raps he 'd snap me up! I 've often heard of snapping people up when they asked too many questions, but seems to me it never meant anything so awful as that, before"; and she was rambling on in this way, laughing and crying



"HE DROPPED HIS LITTLE BOOK, WITH AN APPEARANCE OF GREAT AGITATION, AND HURRIED AWAY."

by turns, when at this moment Bob Scarlet came suddenly upon a fine brass bird-cage, and, after staring at it in a stupefied way for a mo-

ment, he dropped his little book, with an appearance of great agitation, and hurried away without so much as looking behind him.

Dorothy ran after him, carefully keeping out of sight in case he should turn around, and as she went by the bird-cage she saw that it was marked "PERFECTLY SECURE" in large letters. "And *that's* what took the conceit out of you, mister," she said, laughing to herself, and hurried along after the Robin.

As she caught sight of him again he was just hurrying by the grocer's shop, and she could see the faces of the Caravan watching him, over the top of a little half-blind in the window, with an expression of the greatest concern, and the next moment a door at the back of the shop opened and they all rushed out. They had on their sunbonnets and shawls, and Dorothy saw that the Admiral was carrying the Camel under his arm; but before she could say a word to them they had scampered away and were out of sight.

By this time the toy-shop itself was all in a commotion. Dolls were climbing down from the shelves and falling over each other; the big marbles had in some way got out of the basket and were rolling about in all directions; and, to make matters worse, quite a little army of tin soldiers suddenly appeared, running confusedly about, many with the drawers from the little grocer's shop upside down on their heads, and

all calling "Fire!" at the top of their voices. As they could n't see where anybody was going or where they were going themselves, it made the situation very desperate indeed.

Dorothy was frightened almost out of her



Fin

"A DOOR AT THE BACK OF THE SHOP OPENED AND THEY ALL RUSHED OUT."

wits, but she ran on in a bewildered sort of a way, dodging the rolling marbles and upsetting the dolls and the soldiers in great numbers, until she fortunately caught sight of the little rat-hole. Rushing through it, she hurried down the bank and ran off into the wood as fast as she could go.

(To be continued.)



ALMOST A QUADRUPED.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.



Far away, in a southerly part of the southern hemisphere, are a number of rocky, barren islands seldom visited by man. Now and then a ship cruising in quest of seals or whales touches at one, but they are so dreary that nobody cares to stay long or to become acquainted with the inhabitants.

For these lonely islands are inhabited, and those who live there like the place so well that no inducement you could offer would make them leave it,—not of their own free will.

The dwellers are no vulgar upstarts, either, for their family can be traced back for I don't know how long,—certainly for thousands of years. The Professor tells me that huge fossil bones, from the "upper eocene" have been found there, and that the skeletons of which these bones were a part must have been as tall as the tallest man you can see to-day.

The inhabitants of which I am telling you, however, are not men, but huge birds called penguins. They are not very unlike the auk, which found the arctic circle as delightful and homelike a place to live in as the penguin finds the antarctic. But the auk is nearly if not quite extinct, for it has been hunted industriously many years; and now, whenever eggs or bones, or even skins, are offered for sale they are eagerly bought by museums, at high prices. A single auk-skin was bought some years ago for \$625, and presented as a valuable addition to a New York museum.

Naturalists divide penguins into three classes: the "king" penguin, so called because it is the largest and strongest; the "jackass" penguin, because when disturbed it makes a sound like a bray; and the "rock-hopper," which receives

this name because, when it is on shore, instead of waddling, it places its big feet close together and hops from rock to rock.

It is the "jackass" penguin that is shown in the first picture. Their queer webbed feet, you will notice, are planted squarely on the ground ("plantigrade," the Professor calls them), and at first glance you would predict that they would be capital runners. But although their feet are so big, their legs are very short indeed, and when they are attacked and must run away, they resort to a desperate device. They use their stiff, muscular little wings as fore legs. In this way they get over the ground rapidly, though they must look funny enough stumbling and tumbling along in this fashion. One writer who has carefully watched their queer antics says:

"No living thing that I ever saw expresses so graphically a state of *hurry* as a penguin, when trying to escape. Its neck is stretched out, flippers whirring like the sails of a windmill, and body wagging from side to side, as its short legs make stumbling and frantic efforts to get over the ground. There is such an expression of anxiety written all over the bird; it picks itself up from every fall, and stumbles again with such an air of having an armful of bundles, that it escapes capture quite as often by the laughter of the pursuer as by its own really considerable speed."

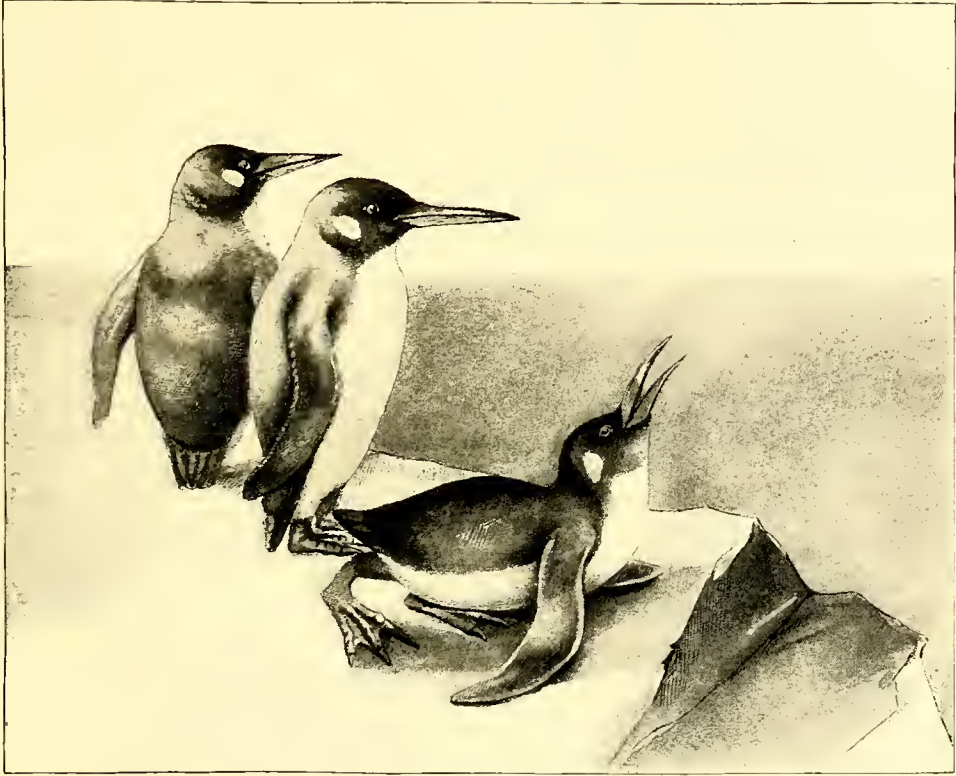
The penguin is a very large bird. Standing upright, it would reach nearly to a man's waist. You can form some idea of the long strides it makes when I tell you that some painstaking naturalists measured the distance between the impressions made by one of the stiff, leathery wings, and found that they were three quarters of a yard apart. These same paddle-shaped wings are of great service in the water, for they are brought into use alternately, together acting like a screw-propeller in a steamer, and ena-

bling the bird to swim very swiftly. The penguins love the noisy surf and the boisterous ocean, but sometimes, during a very hard storm, they will seek a temporary refuge from the tumult by diving down into the water to a depth that no tempest can disturb.

Penguins spend a few months in every year on the rocky islands where their eggs are laid,

a layer of grass and of leaves of the *Pringlea*—a coarse, cabbage-like plant—is spread over the stones.

In October they visit the rocky shores in great numbers, and soon after they begin to build their nests. During the process they are nearly as polite to each other as a lot of quarrelsome children would be while measuring off



A GROUP OF YOUNG PENGUINS.

and here the young birds are reared. The nests are on the ground, which is sometimes hollowed out a little by the birds, though frequently a sheltered nook by a rock is selected.

The nests being so shallow, the birds have had to use their reasoning faculties in order to preserve their eggs. If the eggs were laid upon the ground, the rain would spoil them; so, centuries ago, a really bright idea came to certain of the cleverer fowls, which commended itself to every bird who learned of it. This was to cover the hollow first with a layer of stones and shells which would support the eggs above the reach of water; and, to make a soft bed,

a number of tennis-courts. They steal the best places if the possessors happen to be absent, and when the rightful owners return there is likely to be serious trouble.

When man, by any chance, takes up his abode near a colony of penguins, they are quick to learn caution. Instead of making their nests on the open ground they excavate burrows, and in these the eggs are hatched.

Two large, pear-shaped eggs are laid in each nest, and for six weeks the parents take turns in sitting on them. When an adventurous egg-hunter pushes a bird from the nest, its first thought is to run away—which it does. But

remembering the eggs, and feeling, I dare say, as uncomfortable as a human being who has thought of a neglected duty, it soon comes waddling back, and jumps, both feet at once, into the now empty nest. It gazes about stupidly for a while, and when it realizes its loss, breaks forth into so doleful and discordant a wail—such a “tale of woe,” in bird language—that the pity which a kind-hearted person ought to feel at this stage of the proceeding is overcome by uncontrollable laughter.

The nests are quite regularly placed, and the penguins themselves are very methodical. They live in colonies numbering from a dozen to a hundred and fifty families. We are told that, on Macquarie Island, a small island southeast of Australia, a certain penguin rookery covered forty acres of ground, and as many as thirty thousand penguins would land during one day, and an equal number would go to sea.

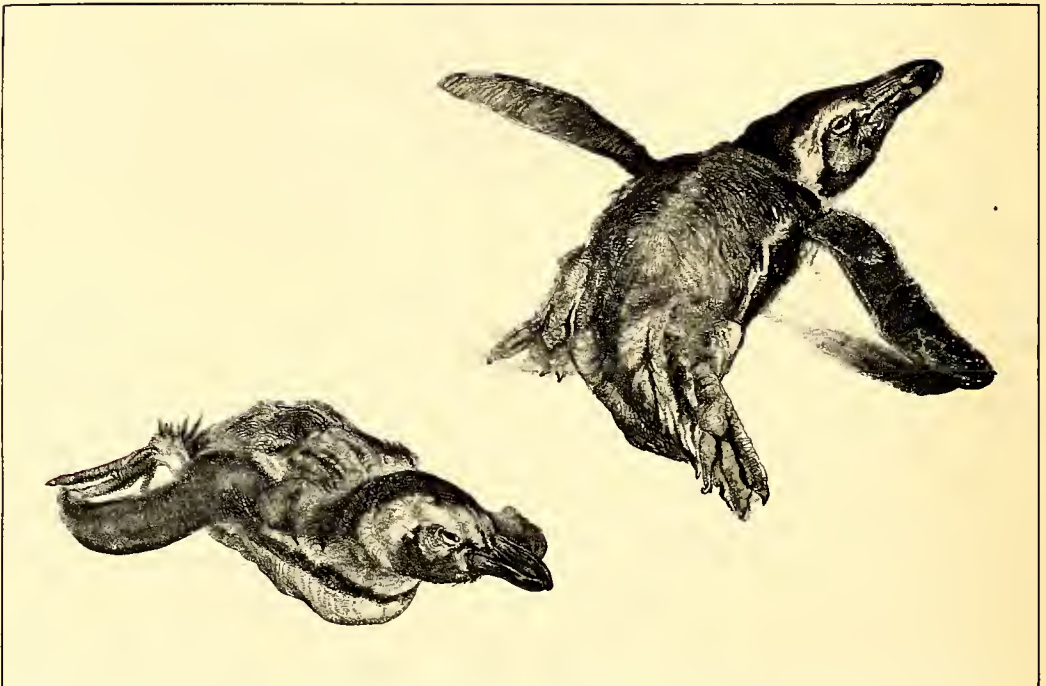
When on shore they are as orderly and compact as files of soldiers. Many will take a long swim in the morning in search of the fish on which they live, and at about the same hour every afternoon they land and compose them-

selves for a nap. Some put their heads behind their flippers, and others draw their heads closer and closer to their bodies—their bills pointing straight up into the air—till one would imagine they had no more neck than a codfish. There they sit, winking and blinking at the sun with watery eyes, and looking as grave and sedate as amateur actors in a farce.

The penguins are not what you would call either graceful or dainty, and do not resemble the beautiful sea-gulls that circle in numbers about our coastwise steamers. They have not the light step of the sandpiper, to which Lowell alluded when he humorously wrote:

I've a notion, I think, of a good dinner speech,
Tripping light as a sandpiper over the beach.

And as to the vocal powers of this strange bird, the less said about them the better. But we may admit this much: though the penguin is not a bird of beautiful flight, step, or song, it is a strong and graceful swimmer, and admirably adapted to its surroundings in the cold and bleak islands of the southern oceans, where a less hardy bird would surely perish.



PENGUINS. DRAWN FROM ORIGINALS IN THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS, BERLIN.

TOY VERSES.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

V. REVIEWING DAY.

THE wooden ruler does not live
With the toys upon the shelves,
But yet he often comes to see
How they behave themselves.—

Knock! knock! along the cupboard shelf
He marches, stiff and bright;
The playthings that are bent and scratched
Are in a dreadful fright.

“Oh dear,” the toy-horse whispers,
“I scarce can stand at all.
I hope he will not notice
I ’m propped against the wall.”

The animals from Noah’s Ark
Are marshaled, two by two.
The dolls smooth out their frocks and try
To look quite fresh and new.

There is no scratch he does not see,
No dent he does not spy.
The toys scarce dare to stir until
The ruler has passed by.

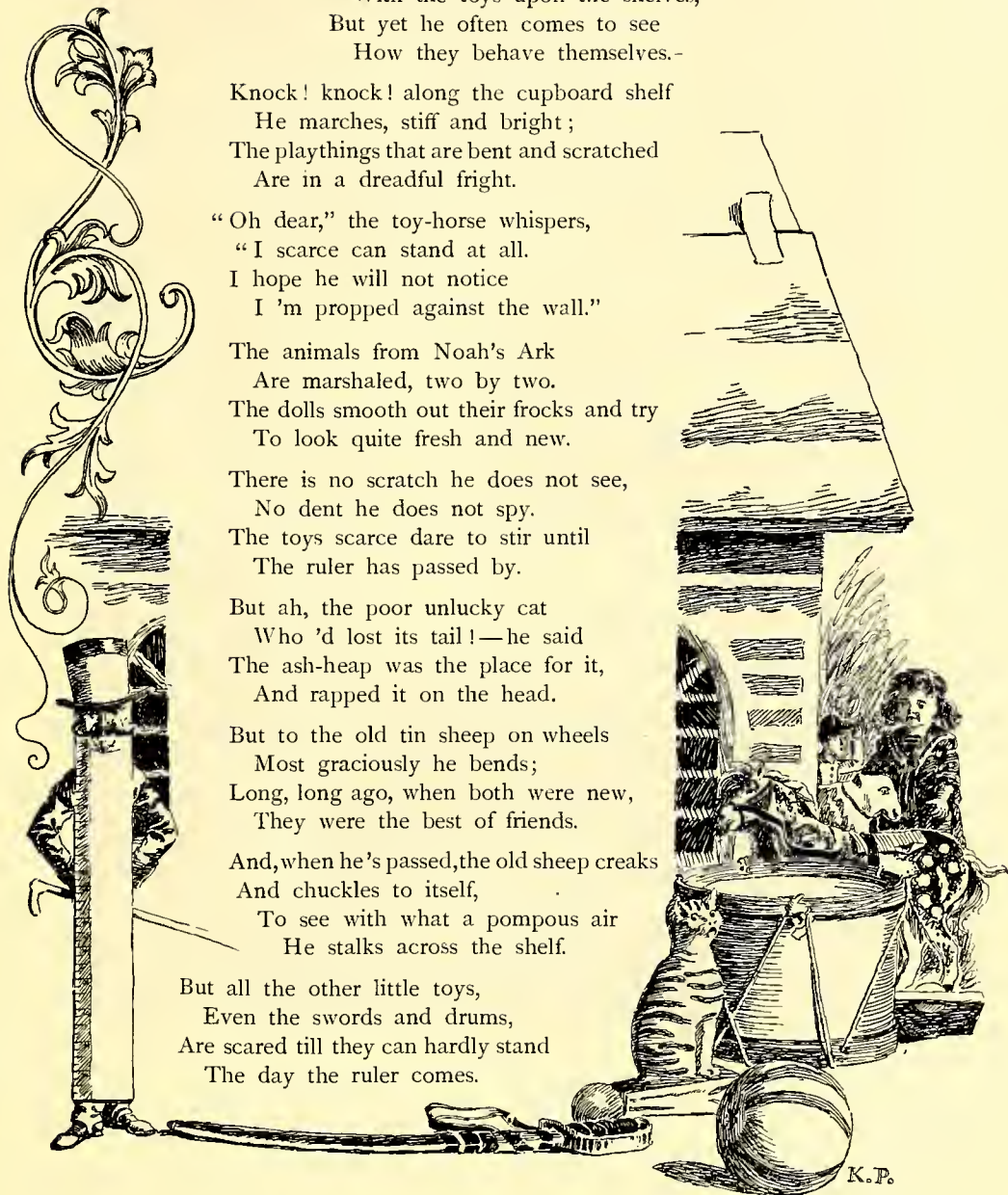
But ah, the poor unlucky cat
Who ’d lost its tail!—he said
The ash-heap was the place for it,
And rapped it on the head.

But to the old tin sheep on wheels
Most graciously he bends;
Long, long ago, when both were new,
They were the best of friends.

And, when he’s passed, the old sheep creaks
And chuckles to itself,

To see with what a pompous air
He stalks across the shelf.

But all the other little toys,
Even the swords and drums,
Are scared till they can hardly stand
The day the ruler comes.



K.P.

WHAT MARCIA IS READING.



WHAT is Marcia reading? She is reading a fairy story. But she thinks of other things, too. Here is what she reads, and what her reading calls to mind: "The Princess who lived in the Emerald Grotto heard the Wizard's knock, and went to the door." (Dear me! that reminds me that I left the pantry door open when I went to get that gingerbread. Suppose the kitten should get at the milk again! Oh, well!—I don't believe she will.) "She opened

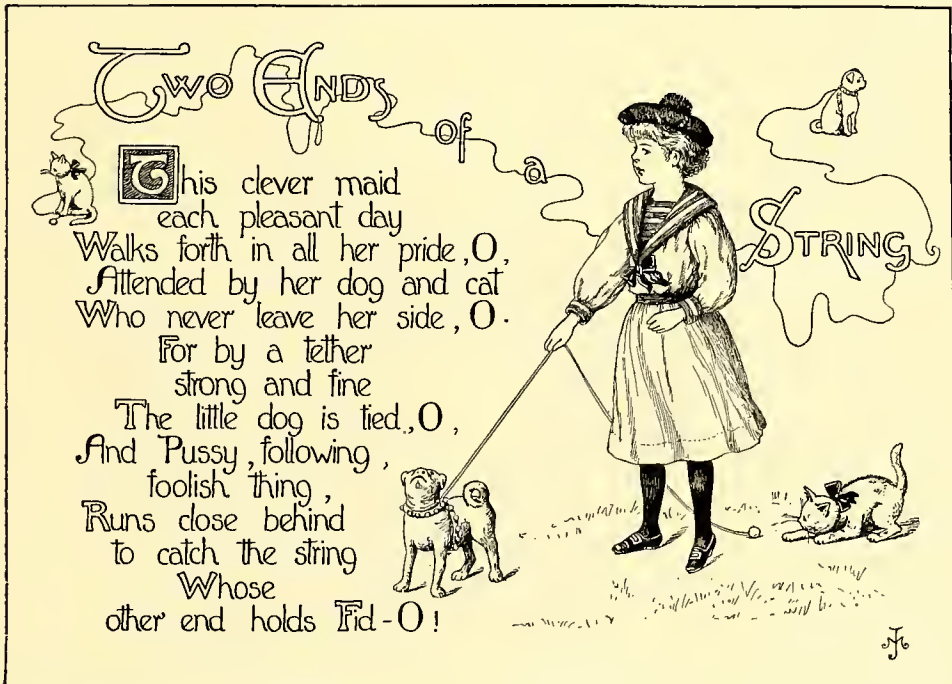
the door with the key of gold and glass, and there stood the Wizard holding the three bags in his hand." (I promised to finish that bag for the children's fair to-morrow, but I can do it this evening, I think.) "The Wizard bowed, and said, 'Princess, can you guess what is in these three bags? If you can, the King of Diamonds will take you for his wife. If not, your head must be cut off with the saber of silver.'" (Silver? Oh, dear! Mama asked me to rub the silver for her this morning, and I meant to do it right after breakfast. I'll do it before dinner, surely.) "The Princess replied, 'Well can I guess what is in the three bags, Wizard. The first is of samite, and is filled with dust of pearls and sand of sapphires. The second is of hempen cloth, and contains—'" (Cloth? Oh, dear! I did n't take that piece of cloth to Miss Snipper, and she cannot finish my new dress without it. I suppose I ought to go up

there now. Well, I will,—in just a minute) "—"contains snake-skins and sardonyx. The third bag, Wizard, contains nothing at this moment, but it shall be filled at once.' So saying, she drew the saber of silver, and cut off the Wizard's ugly head, and popped it into the bag. No sooner had she done this than a loud crash was heard. A bell rang, and—"

"Ding-a-ling-ling-ling!" goes the dinner-bell.

"Come to dinner, dear children!" says Mama's voice on the stairs. "No, Bobby; no ice-cream to-day, for some one left the pantry door open, and the kitten knocked over the cream-can and spilled every drop. Where is our Marcia? Oh, I remember; she had to go to the dressmaker's, and that will make her late. We will not wait. Come, little ones!"

The sweet voice passed on. How do you think Marcia feels at this moment? But I don't suppose any of you can possibly imagine.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A GOOD breezy March welcome to you, my friends—one and all! And now let us proceed to business.

In the first place, what of the answers to Helen M.'s question given to you last November?

Does this earth, when looked at from another planet, seem to be above or below it? And why?

Well, out of very many answers, verbal and written, right and wrong, possible and impossible, the best—in the opinion of the dear Little School-ma'am—are those sent by Alice D. C. of Rhode Island, William S. T. of Massachusetts, and Z. M. F. of Tennessee and Margaret S. T. of Kent, England.

And these four agree that, for obvious reasons, this earth would seem, to gazers belonging to that other planet, to be above and not below them. In other words, they would look up into their sky and see the earth as we now see the planets.

Now, as I cannot consume the time of this congregation by giving "obvious reasons," we may as well take the matter for granted, quite satisfied that we are being properly looked up to by all well ordered planets. As for

COUNTING AN ENGLISH BILLION,

my children have positively settled the fact that it cannot be done by any man alive! They have calculated the thing out most carefully, and, figuratively speaking, young voices are shouting to me across the ocean and from every part of this country: "*No, Sir. It cannot be done!*" Perhaps I shall show you some of the letters next month. Meantime we may be sure that the Deacon was right when he told us that the man does not live who can count an English billion.

HERE is a little tale in verse, by your friend Dorothy Chester, telling about a girl whose "nervousness" was a matter of temper. The lines are well worth reading, for they describe a novel and

A WONDERFUL CURE.

THERE was once a girl in Dixie, so quarrelsome and tricky,
If she could not rule the other girls she 'd say she would n't play!
And her mother sighed, "My Julia is so nervous and peculiar
That how I 'm e'er to govern her is more than I can say."

But a funny little woman (who was more or less than human)
Saw that wilful little maiden once break up a merry play,
And she took her and she shook her, till the "nervousness" forsook her
And that sad "peculiarity" was shaken quite away!

A TAME SEA-GULL.

CHILDREN, have you ever seen a pet sea-gull? Well, they are the dearest little pets you ever saw. At least, so says a friend who signs her letter A. E.

"The one I had," she writes, "was snow-white with little pink web-feet and jet-black bill; how lovely it looked swimming!

"But what to give it to eat I did not know, until my little nephew said, 'Why, Aunt Amy, he must have fish, and I will catch them for him.' So every morning he would take his crab-net down to the beach, and bring home a number of little fish for Mr. Gull's breakfast. I wish you could have seen him when he caught sight of his pan with the fish; he knew just as well what was in that pan as I did. He would half run, half fly into it; then would swim around and pretend to be dressing his feathers and making himself look beautiful; all this time he was watching out of one eye his breakfast swimming around the bottom of the pan; every minute he would dive like lightning, and bring up in his bill a poor little fish which he would swallow whole, and then dive for another. On some days he would take ten or twelve for his breakfast and as many more for his dinner and supper. He would play with anything he could find that would play with him. He was particularly fond of a small kitten we had. You could hear those little web-feet go pitter-patter all over the room after pussy. Now and then puss would turn and with her paw give Mr. Gull a whack on the back, and then the gull would give pussy's tail a tweak. They would play in this way for hours without hurting each other.

"We had a number of other pets, but the gull liked pussy best of all."

THAT was indeed a very uncommon pet, my friends, and a very beautiful one.

Now let us consider another sort of pets, described for this Pulpit by Mr. Benjamin C. Atlee of Pennsylvania. These may properly be called

FAR-AWAY PETS.

PROUD of the ownership of some living thing, how our hearts throb with joy when our first pet is intrusted to our care!

We all have heard of the kind-hearted old lady—ah, how her eyes must have twinkled with satisfaction!—who left her pet cat a goodly income by

will, that Tabby's last years might be soft and easy, even though her mistress was not there to provide.

But here is a stranger bequest yet: Professor Watson, the eminent astronomer, discovered a "family" of twenty-two asteroids (small planets); they were the companions of many a lonely night spent in gazing beyond and above the sleeping earth into the liquid depths of the starry sky.

So in his will he leaves a trust fund to the American National Academy of Sciences for the watching and taking care of his children. They have indeed long since come of age, perhaps in centuries; but the kind heart of their discoverer has made provision for his far-distant children, that their paths may be watched, and their comings and goings noted.

HERMIT-CRABS.

DEAR JACK: Some animals form queer partnerships. Here, for instance, is the hermit-crab, which so often is found with a sea-anemone on his back. Although this may seem very ornamental, the hermit does not carry the brilliant flower for its beauty, but for the protection it affords him. Gurnards and other sea-fish are very fond of hermit-crabs, but they do not like sea-anemones at all; in fact, they would rather go hungry than dine on hermit seasoned with sea-anemone. Now, all wise hermit-crabs know of this, and, fearing they may meet some of their hungry foes, take care to provide themselves, if possible, with one of these friendly anemones.

A famous English naturalist wished to see what the crab would do if the anemone were removed, and by an ingenious contrivance managed to separate them. The hermit strongly objected to this separation, and, to the naturalist's great surprise, took the anemone up in his claws and held it close to his stolen shell for about ten minutes, when it was as firmly fixed there as before. Again and again the anemone was displaced, and as many times it was recovered and put in place by the crab.

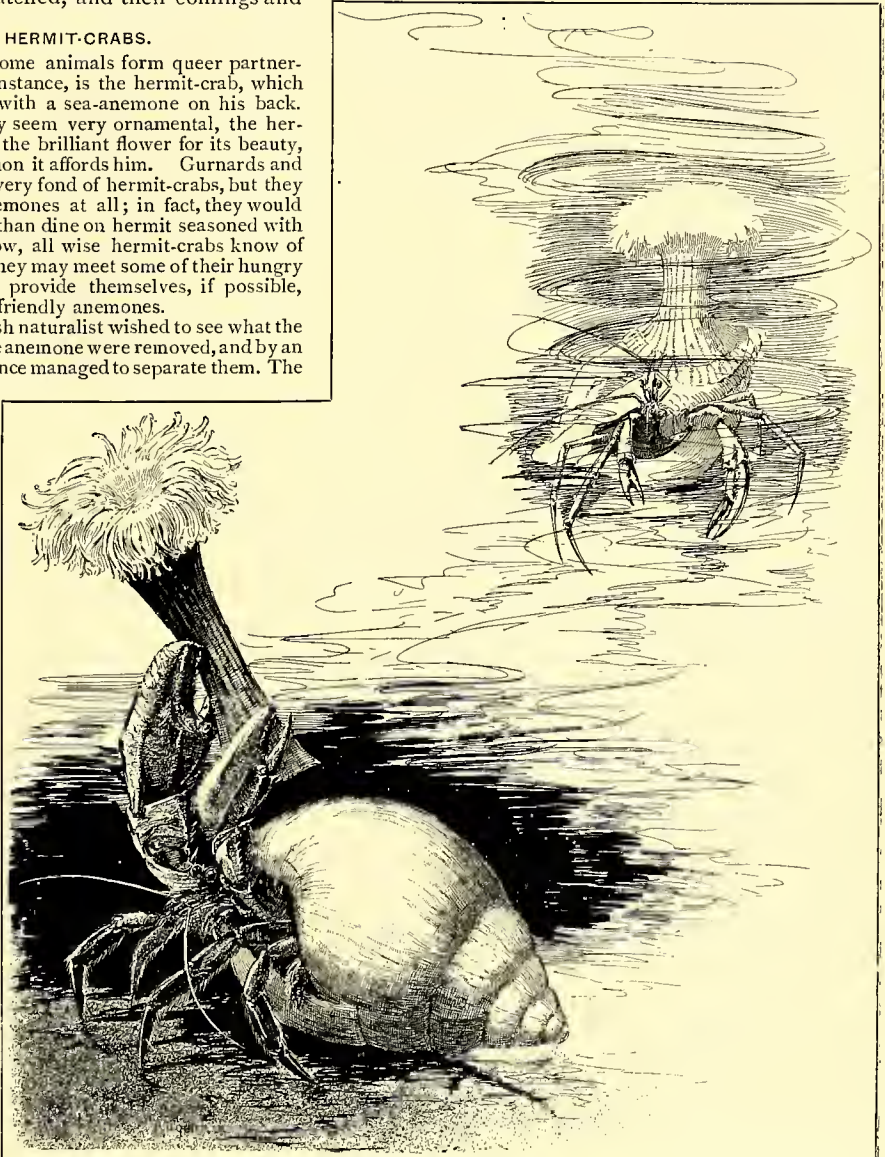
Of course you know that the hermit has no shell of his own, as other crabs have, but takes the shell of a snail or some other mollusk to live in. For various reasons, generally on account of his growth, the hermit is often forced to move into new quarters; and it has

been suggested that perhaps he carries his anemone with him to transfer to his new home.

Little hermit-crabs do not fare so well as their big brothers, for they are obliged to live in shells too small for the anemone; consequently great numbers of little hermits, houses and all, are swallowed by the ravenous fishes. It is only when they become big enough to live in a fine large house that the crabs are enabled to carry the friendly sea-flower.

There is one species of crab which carries two anemones, one in each claw. Still another species is always found in shells covered with a brilliantly colored sponge; and as fishes do not like sponges any better than sea-anemones, these crabs are admirably protected.

MEREDITH NUGENT.



HERMIT-CRABS AND ANEMONES.

A PAGE OF BEETLES.*

BY JARED ELDERKIN.



EGYPTIAN SCARABÆUS,
NATURAL SIZE.

think of it,—but you don't think of it.

To the ancient Egyptians the beetle called the Scarabæus was sacred, and they actually embalmed the bodies of those that died! They made charms out of emeralds and other stones cut in the form of beetles, and put their names and their kings' names upon them. These were supposed to ward off evil spirits, being worn on bracelets, and on necklaces, and buried with their owners. Here is a "scarab" which was recently found buried with the mummy of an Egyptian who died probably hundreds of years before Moses was born.



AN EGYPTIAN
SCARAB.

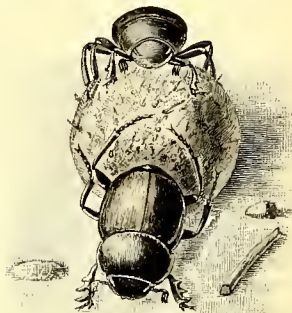
One of the reasons why the Scarabæus was sacred to the Egyptians was because the round balls in which its eggs were deposited were symbols of the world and of its being rolled from sunrise to sunset; and the beetle also was considered sacred to the sun because of the points on its head which suggested rays.

Here is a picture of two modern "tumble-bugs," as we call them, rolling along their ball. By and by it will tumble into a hole, and in course of time the egg within will hatch out, and the little beetle will feed on the dirt of the

THERE is a great deal more to a beetle than one would think at first blush. He is n't very handsome, but he has a majestic air of attending strictly to his own affairs that certainly commands respect. And then he's such a very *old* insect. Of course, all insects are old, when you

ball,—that is, if nobody happens to step into that hole before all this comes to pass.

The "burying-beetle," or "sexton-beetle," which was recently described in *ST. NICHOLAS*, makes it his business to bury dead moles, and mice, and birds,—not altogether out of the good-



TUMBLE-BUGS. ABOUT NATURAL SIZE.

ness of his heart, but because he thinks there's nothing like a dead bird to put eggs into if you intend them to come to anything.

This way beetles have of burying their eggs makes people think that one of the reasons the Egyptians used to consider them sacred was because they typified resurrection—the egg



SEXTON-BEETLES BURYING A DEAD BIRD.

buried in dirt or in a dead body finally breaking forth into life.

And these are only two kinds of beetles out of a great many hundred.

* The illustrations are from "The Century Dictionary."

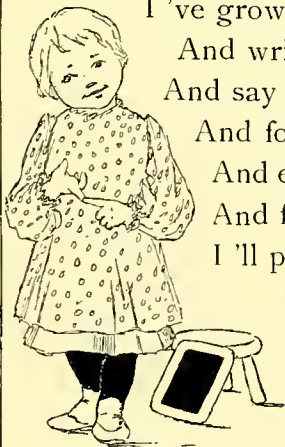
A BRIGHT IDEA



In from the garden, little JOE
 One day in FEBRUARY,
 Came with his eyes and cheeks aglow
 And ran to MARY.
 "The CHICKADEES" he cried "love snow.
 They eat it just as fast! and so
 I've brought some in my pail, you know,
 For our CANARY!"



I've grown so big, I go to school,
 And write upon a slate,
 And say now, Two and two make four,
 And four and four make eight.
 And eight less four is four, you know,
 And four less eight is—wait!—
 I'll put it down—



Oh dear,
 oh, dear!



Now
 what *is*
 four less eight?

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

IN Ensign Ellicott's interesting sketch, "From Ship to Shore," which opens this number, our boy readers may learn how skilful sailors make a landing through rough water. Those who mean to remember the directions for a time of need, will be glad to know where further knowledge may be found. The author writes:

"For an able and thorough professional discussion of this subject, see 'Notes on the Management of Boats in the Surf,' by Ensign A. A. Ackerman, United States Navy, in the 'Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute,' Vol. XV., No. 2. There is also an article by the same author in Vol. XVI., No. 3, of the same publication, entitled 'Navy Boats.'"

ALINETOES RANCH, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old and live on a very large ranch about twenty-five miles from Los Angeles. I have taken the ST. NICK about five years, but do not subscribe for it because the mail is not delivered here; so I buy it when I go to Los Angeles every month. There are a great many little rivers and brooks here, and in the winter they rise and form large swamps, in which duck, snipe and other water-fowl are common. We have horses, cattle, and ponies on our ranch.

In the summer I can ride all over, but in the winter it is too wet; you know that we have the rainy and dry seasons out here. We have two or three thousand sheep on the ranch, and have fifty-seven collies. They are very pretty dogs, but they stay in the corrals and never come near the house. My own dogs are "Nero," "Hector," "Bruce," "Heather," and "Vic"; the first three being St. Bernards and the other two Newfoundlands. I also have seven greyhounds and two foxhounds. In the summer I have a great deal of fun chasing rabbits. When I go hunting in the winter I use two pointers and a setter of my father's. I have a tutor, and he is calling me now, so I must go. I hope very much you will publish my letter; I get lonesome out here, and I take off a good deal of solitude with the ST. NICK. I will look for my letter next number.

Yours truly, DAN MCF—.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is raining very hard here to-day, and I cannot go out, so I will write to you about my experience at the fishing-banks.

One bright morning I started out to go to the fishing-banks. We boarded the boat and had a good seat in front. That day luck was against us; I was very seasick, but not the only one, and we caught only a few fish. One man that was there you might call a crank, for he threw his pole, lines, and basket overboard because he did not catch any fish.

In the afternoon I went into the cabin and lay down. After a while I felt better, and I went out on deck. One man had caught a codfish about one yard long and thicker than a man's arm; another caught one about a foot and a half long.

I saw a lot of small crabs crawling around on deck. I saw a bag from which they had made a hole. I told a

man, and he had a lot of trouble catching them; for as he went to grab one it would jump in the water, and he almost went after it. Many boys were playing games in the cabin, so I joined them. After getting tired of playing, I went out and began to fish, but without luck.

We landed and went home. I was very pale, and when my mother saw me she said she thought it was the first and last time I would ever go to the fishing-banks.

Another time my father went alone and caught a seven-pound sea-bass, and about a dozen other one-pound ones. My father takes me to Prince's Bay very often.

Our whole family are very anxious for the 26th to come, for that is the day we get your lovely paper. I go to a German school, and I learn English there too.

Your constant reader and friend,
JOSEPH K—.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nearly nine, and you were one of my Christmas presents. I learned telegraphy when I was only seven years old, as we had a private instrument. I learned quicker and better than mother, though I think she is very clever. I love to work with my hands and head too. I cut wood, make a garden, and raise chickens. I have a rooster named "Prince" who knows his name. I have read lives of the Presidents, and like geography and history. I raised peanuts last year.

Your friend,
EDMUND JAMES P—.

DUANE, FRANKLIN CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of reading the LETTER-BOX, so I thought I would write to it. I am thirteen years old, and I am a farmer's daughter. I have two brothers and two sisters.

I live among the Adirondack Mountains. I have been ill with rheumatism for three years, and enjoy you very much. I wish you came oftener. I do not take you, but a lady in Boston sends you to me. I will close with best wishes for dear old ST. NICK.

From one of his loving readers,
CORAS—.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you remember that you had in one of your late numbers the picture of a horse named "Linus," with a very long tail and mane. Well, the other day, as I was coming home from school, I saw a bill pasted up on a fence, and on it was written, "Linus, the famous long-tailed horse, will be on exhibition next week, commencing Monday, the 23d." I was perfectly delighted at having a chance to see one of my "ST. NICHOLAS friends." So I went, and he did not disappoint me, I assure you. I am an American, but am living in Canada for a time. Perhaps you will get a letter from Rochester (New York) during the winter, because I am going to school there. I have been taking you for a year, and intend to take you this year too.

I am exceedingly interested in your new story, "Tom Paulding," and hope it will be very long.

I know my letter is not good, but I wanted very much to tell you that I had seen Linus.

I remain your devoted reader,
MARIE B. P—.

U. S. NAVAL HOME, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two girls whose fathers are officers in the navy and are stationed here at present. This is the place where old disabled sailors, who have served twenty years in the United States Navy, come and are taken care of. There are about two hundred beneficiaries and about twenty-five marines here.

One of us has been here but five months, the other has been here over three years.

We have a great deal of fun roller-skating in an empty ward in the hospital. In the summer we play lawn-tennis.

One of us has a little silver Skye terrier dog named "Joe," or, as the men here sometimes call him, "Jack." He comes to either name.

We both go to the same private school. Our class colors are olive and white, which we think is a very pretty combination.

We are very much interested in all the letters from your many readers, especially those from the children of naval officers.

We were also much interested in the article in the December number of your magazine, entitled "Honors to the Flag," but we think the author made a mistake in the music on page 140. One of us has lived at the United States Training Station, Newport, R. I., and she thinks that the fourth note, E, has been left out by mistake. She has heard "Evening Colors" many times, but when she tried the music in ST. NICHOLAS she found it different in that one respect. She also compared it with a number of printed bugle-calls she obtained while her father commanded the "Tennessee," and it lacked that one note.

We are your constant readers,

BESSIE S.—

FRANCES F.—

(The music is correct as printed. See page 198, "Instructions for Infantry and Artillery, United States Navy," 1891. Many buglers, however, make errors in blowing this and other calls. I have heard this



blown as the beginning of "Evening Colors." I think that must be what the little ladies mean—the E being the third note. The bugler who blows it so is wrong.

W. J. HENDERSON,

Author of "Honors to the Flag."

VALCARTIER, QUEBEC, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa says we live on the border of a wilderness that extends to Hudson's Bay. From our sitting-room window we look upon the Jacques-Cartier River, and up the valley, to the north, mountains tower above mountains as far as the eye can reach. They are full of bears and caribou. This fall a bear swam the river just below our house, and caribou often come into the fields to feed. The caribou are the same as the Lapland reindeer. We live near an Indian village called Lorette, and we often go there for moccasins and snowshoes. It is very cold here, and sometimes the snow is five and six feet deep, so that we have to wear snowshoes to get about; they help to keep you from sinking. For pets we have a dog,—he is a spaniel,—a canary, and we had a pony, but we sold him. He was a little Norwegian fellow. We had a fox, too, but one day he got away, chain and all, and when we found him he was dead. I study arithmetic, spelling, grammar, geography, French, and I am learning to play the piano. The other day I had a sleigh-ride of twenty-one miles with my

grandpa and great-grandpa. I have no playmates here, so I am always anxious to get ST. NICHOLAS. A month seems a long time to wait. I am eleven years old. Good-by.

FRANCES I. F.—

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your readers, and send you this little article, which I hope to see in print. It is an experiment with a family cat. Take pussy on your lap, stroke her back, and at the same time put your hand to the tip of her ear. It will give you an electric shock. Another way is to stroke her back, and hold the end of her tail between the thumb and forefinger. It too gives a shock. The whiskers also act as a conductor.

If the experiment is tried in the dark, sparks may be seen. I hope others will try this experiment and report, for I want to know if all cats are as wonderful as mine. She is eight years old, and a great pet.

JOHN W. E.—

P. S. My cat's name is "Dorothy Dean," but we call her Dora, for short.

PRINCE OF WALES ROAD,
NORWICH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two English girls, living at Norwich, an ancient city in the east of England. Besides its castle, originally built by the Romans, Norwich possesses a beautiful cathedral, any number of queer old churches and some new ones, and an extremely curious gild-hall, built chiefly of flint, containing many relics and a portrait of Nelson.

Norwich was formerly surrounded by fortified walls, towers, and gates, but these have been ruthlessly destroyed. Only here and there can be seen remains of what, had they been left, would have attracted visitors from all parts of the world, especially from America. Father tells us there is also a city called Norwich in the United States.

ST. NICHOLAS is a great favorite with us girls. We have taken you for many years, and always look forward to the new number with great pleasure. The best tales we ever read were "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford." Last year one of us (Merry) learned by heart "The New Piano," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and earned many sixpences for saying it. This year we are going to learn "The Crocodile" from the December number, to say at Grandfather's children's Christmas party. Good-by.

From your constant readers,

MERRY AND MARGERY B.—

MOUNT VERNON ON THE POTOMAC,
FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little sister and I have been spending this lovely Indian summer at the home of George Washington, with our father and mother.

I am a little girl seven years old, and my mother is writing this letter for me, but I am telling her what to say. I don't write very well yet.

I am very fond of you, ST. NICHOLAS, and love to have stories read to me the minute you come into the house. My mother has just been reading to me and my little sister "Afternoon Tea" in the Christmas number, and I like it so much. I wonder how Molly could know which of her dollies to choose to go to that "tea." I have twenty-seven dolls, and I love them all, specially Dorothy. We had lovely times here, playing on the east portico, where we can see the steamboats go up and down the Potomac River, and feeding the deer with persimmons and sweet-locust beans. Every night Dick, the old colored man, comes to the gate of the deer-park, and

calls, "Who-e-e! who-e-e!" and the deer—fourteen in all—come bounding up to him, and he feeds them with corn. We go out and gather pecan-nuts from under the tree on the lawn, and our two kittens, "Malta" and "Maltesa," follow us and chase the gray squirrels up the tree. When they are half-way up, they turn around and bark at the kittens, trying to frighten them. We fish down at the wharf, under the new pavilion that was built last spring through the kindness of a new vice-regent. It used to be so very warm in summer, waiting for the boat, with no cover for our heads, but now it is shady and cool. We love to stand on the sun-dial on the lawn by the west front of the mansion, and watch the men dig way down in the ground, where, my father says, they are going to put a little house to hold the new fire-apparatus, just brought here for the protection of the buildings. We walk in the old garden bordered by box-bushes, which have lived there since President Washington's time, and on rainy days we play in the slave-quarters that were rebuilt a few years ago of the old bricks.

This is a very long letter. I hope you'll print it, for I think some little boys and girls would love to know what two little girls do at Mount Vernon.

ELSIE K. D—.

MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Tennessee girl eight years and seven months old. This town is one of the oldest in the State—used to be the capital of this State. One of the big battles of the late war was fought here, and nearly nine thousand soldiers are buried here. Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock") lives in this town.

I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. A kind, good friend in Eminence, Kentucky, sends it to me. I like the nice letters from the boys and girls. I have three pets—a shepherd-dog named "Dr. Kelley," and two cats named "Sugar" and "Snowball." The first is a beautiful Maltese, and the other is as "black as a crow." I do not go to school, but I study under mama at home. I spent the summer in the country at my grandpa's. I had lots of fun there.

COMA E. R—.

"GRAYTHWAITE," ST. LEONARD'S,
SYDNEY, N. S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote to you a long time ago, but you did not print my letter, so I suppose it was not worth printing. I am the seventh in a family of eight. I am nearly sixteen. Our house is situated on the north side of the harbor, surrounded by seven acres of land. It is very pretty about Sydney. I would tell you about our harbor, but as we Sydney people are supposed to boast about it, I will not. We have a steam-yacht called "Eua," the aborigines' name for fish. We go out every Saturday for a cruise, and four times a year we go for a camp on the Hawkesbury River. It is fun to get oysters, rowing, and to gather ferns and wild flowers, and we are always sorry when the time comes for going home.

In the summer we all leave Sydney for the Blue Mountains. This year we are going to Katoomba, such a lovely place three thousand feet above the sea. Last

time we were there, five of us went for a twenty-mile walk. Only six men have been to the place we went to. Most of the way we were walking up to our knees in water, and one of my friends slipped into a big hole. We pulled her out looking like a drowned rat. But when we got beneath the falls we felt quite rewarded for all the scrambling, etc. We did not get back to our cottage till 6.30, and very tired we all were. My sister and I had to be up very early next morning to pack and be ready for the early train back to Sydney.

I have seven nephews; two are staying with us, and I have been reading stories from your dear old magazine all this afternoon. I am very fond of reading, and always look forward to the end of the month for your stories. We are all much interested in "Toby Trafford." "Lady Jane" is my favorite.

Your reader ever, WINIFRED H. D—.

IF.

WE should be so very happy
Had we only wealth untold;
If, within our empty coffers,
Brightly gleamed the glittering gold.

We should be so very happy
Had we hut the strength of ten;
If we had King Solomon's wisdom,
Or the power of the pen.

We should be so very happy
If our griefs were far and few;
If, in moments that have vanish'd,
We had known the thing to do.

Let me tell thee, then, a secret:
If the "ifs" away were sent,
We should be so very happy
If we'd learn to be content.

Stella Stern.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Stella S., Ethel G., Robert M. H., Jr., Richard A. R., Margaret W. H., Mary E. A., Abbie M. V., Alice G. W., Grace S., Edith M., Janette A., Flossie S., Ethel A. B., Wm. B. G., H. A. R., W. C. B., Mary E. M., Midgie M., Edythe P. J., E. E. W., Paula H., "Only I," Lillian B., Thorp H. and Reggie M., Mary T. S., Louise H., E. B., Adele T., Nellie B., Marlon I. W., Mary J. R., Katie S., Clarence W. F., A. Louise T., Albert W., E. C. S., "Aunt Kitty," Priscilla and Samuella, Edward M. D., C. E. D., Mary E. M., Mary H. S., G. B. M., Susie E., Emily M., Bessie P., Emilie A. P., Alice B. and Lula B., Grace A. K., Margaret M. H., Fernley P., H. E. P., Graeme S., Julie S. M., Annie T. F., "Fleurite," L. Adele C., Samuel W. B., Edith B., Bonnie L. B., Ned W. R., Eleanor E. W., May A. F., Louise and Ethel, R. M., Alice B., Bessie L. F., Florence B., Ethel L. P., Arline A. D., Clara Edith N., and Louise I. T.



THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Ounce. 2. Pearl. 3. Train. 4. Essay. 5. Eager. 6. Day. 7. L. V. 1. L. 2. Dab. 3. Dates. 4. Lateral. 5. Berry. 6. Say. 7. L.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Cut. 3. Chirp. 4. Tuition. 5. Tried. 6. Pod. 7. N. II. 1. N. 2. Sew. 3. Stead. 4. Needful. 5. Wafer. 6. Dur(ion). 7. L. III. 1. N. 2. Dew. 3. Druid. 4. Neutral. 5. Wired. 6. Dad. 7. L.

IV. 1. N. 2. How. 3. Humid. 4. Nominal. 5. Windy. 6. Day. 7. L. V. 1. L. 2. Dab. 3. Dates. 4. Lateral. 5. Berry. 6. Say. 7. L.

ZIGZAG. "The Hero of the Nile." Cross-words: 1. Tier. 2. Whir. 3. Abet. 4. Hugh. 5. Even. 6. Iris. 7. Oboe. 8. Fool. 9. Heft. 10. Halt. 11. Echo. 12. Leek. 13. Node. 14. Gibe. 15. Balk. 16. Dome.

SEPARATED WORDS. Washington, patriotism. 1. Wind-pipe. 2. Arm-ada. 3. Sex-tile. 4. Hat-red. 5. Ill-iterate. 6. Newt-on. 7. Glut-ton. 8. Tamp-ion. 9. Over-set. 10. Nor-man.

A HEXAGON. 1. Edda. 2. Dirge. 3. Drains. 4. Agitate. 5. Enamel. 6. Steel. 7. Ells.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Alice Mildred Blanke and Co."—Mama and Jamie—"The McG.'s"—L. O. E.—Maude E. Palmer—Josephine Sherwood—"Wee 3"—"Cuckoo"—Hubert L. Bingay—E. M. G.—"Uncle Mung"—"A Family Affair"—"Leather-stocking"—Ida, Alice, and Ollie—Jessie Chapman—Rychie de Rooster—Edith Sewall.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Gussie and Flossie, 6—Elaine S., 1—Helen Patten, 3—Natalie B., 1—Paul Reese, 10—"Only I," 1—Hortense Holbrook, 3—Harold W. Mason, 2—Rulinda M. Hough, 1—Willie Gallagher, 1—Eleanor Underhill, 1—Etta and Agnes Sonntag, 1—Grace Cochrane, 7—Charles Wachter, 2—Mabel Gannon, 1—Mabel S. West, 1—Clara W., 1—Lottie Chamberlin, 1—"Evelina," 2—Hattie A. Hosmer, 1—"Midwood," 10—Ralph H. Thacher, 2—Effe K. Talboys, 6—Elsie S. Kimberly, 1—"Two Hayseeds," 1—Lucia Cardigan H., 1—Guy C. Miller, 6—Julia Johnson, 2—Astley P. C. Ashurst, 7—Carrie K. Thacher, 5—Aidine and Amelia, 4—Nellie Archer, 5—Adelante Villa, 6—Mama and Marie, 3—Ethel and Hazel, 6—G. P. and C. C. P., 1—Mama and Harry, 8—Marion, 3—Jo and I, 10—Nellie L. Howes, 6—"May and 79," 4—"Kamest Girls," 7—Winifred, 1—Papa and Ed, 8—Willie S. Cain, 1—J. and W. Smith, 7—No name, Chicago, 6—Laura M. Zinzer, 2—Anna L. Carpenter, 1—Alice Butterfield, 1.

PI.

SEARLY fo twiner, rat hout heer ainga?
 O lewmoce, hout hatt bestgrin het rumsem gihn!
 Het betrit dwin kamest ton hyt otrvyk naiv,
 Ron llwi ew kocm heet rof hyt nifat lube kys.
 Clewmeo, O charm! showe nyldik sayd dan ryd
 Keam pirla dayre rof eht shotstrel gons,
 Touh stirf serdreres fo eht rewstin grown.

A NOVEL OCTAGON.

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1. TO EDUCATE. 2. A masculine name. 3. A feminine name. 4. A contrivance for lifting. 5. A gift. 6. Fatigues. 7. Manifest. 8. Reposes.

"O. C. TAGON."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals, reading downward, name an eminent reformer, and my finals, reading upward, spell an eminent American lawyer who, in 1787, advocated the sovereignty and equality of the States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Culmination. 2. The three-toed sloth of South America. 3. To remember with sorrow.

ANAGRAM. James Russell Lowell.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Morosis. 2. Origin. 3. Ripen. 4. Ogee. 5. Sin. 6. In. 7. S. II. 1. Putamen. 2. United. 3. Timon. 4. Atom. 5. Men. 6. Ed. 7. N.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Candypulls. Cross-words: 1. Laces. 2. Blade. 3. Candy. 4. Caddy. 5. Mayor. 6. Capes. 7. Fruit. 8. Balls. 9. Bells. 10. Masks.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals, Erminia. Cross-words: 1. Exhaust. 2. Organic. 3. Camelot. 4. Basilar. 5. Canonic. 6. Carotid. 7. Camelia.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Pole. 2. Open. 3. Lend. 4. Ends. II. 1. Blot. 2. Love. 3. Oven. 4. Tent.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, William; finals, Wallace. Cross-words: 1. Willow. 2. Iguana. 3. Laurel. 4. Lentil. 5. Ittria. 6. Aceric. 7. Myrtle.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Beset. 2. Elide. 3. Siren. 4. Edens. 5. Tense. II. 1. Ochre. 2. Clean. 3. Heart. 4. Rarer. 5. Entry. III. 1. Avast. 2. Villi. 3. Alien. 4. Sleet. 5. Tints.

4. Violent dread. 5. Notion. 6. A model. 7. To be dilatory. 8. A judge. 9. By means of. 10. A village. 11. A large Australian bird. 12. A starting or falling back. C. B.

A DICKENS PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the characters described may be found in Dickens's works. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials will spell the name by which a desperate "waterside character" was known.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The Christian name of this "waterside character." 2. The Christian name of the boy who asked for "some more." 3. An old man employed to draw Paul Dombey's couch. 4. Part of the name bestowed on Thomas Balderstone in a sketch by "Boz." 5. The Christian name of Mr. Peggotty's niece. 6. The surname of a half-crazed youth who joins in the Gordon riots. 7. A friend of Mr. Jackson's. 8. The surname of the hero of one of Dickens's stories. 9. The surname of one of Mr. Marton's pupils. 10. The surname of a turnkey at the Fleet prison. 11. The surname of a pupil of Bradley Headstone's. 12. The surname of a character in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance. 13. The surname of a journeyman employed by Joe Gargery. 14. The surname of a gloomy old bachelor who figures in "The Bloomsbury Christening." ELLEN MILLER.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A syllable applied to the musical note B. 3. Crime. 4. A term in trigonometry. 5. The straps of a bridle. 6. A warbler. 7. Helping. 8. Separating. 9. Withholding. 10. Shielding. 11. Continuing. "XELIS."

MARCH DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In common. 2. The queen of the fairies. 3. To fashion. 4. The surname of an eminent American statesman born in Virginia, in March, 1751. 5. To perplex. 6. Destiny. 7. In common.
 II. 1. In common. 2. A bank to confine water. 3. An island of Greece. 4. A distinguished American statesman born in South Carolina, in March, 1782. 5. A large animal. 6. To entreat. 7. In common.

C. D.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

FIND the names of fourteen kinds of cake in the accompanying illustration. O. N.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

By starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking every third letter, a proverb may be formed.

BUTTON, TUB,
 ANON, OH, BOW,
 SLOT, ECHO,
 MEAGRE, POET,
 US, OGRE HONEY,
 IRIS, ME, NADIR,
 FACT, SHOOTs,
 AHOY, EMU, FLOAT, JIM,
 IRATE, SCREAMS, MALAY,
 NAY.

AN URBAN PUZZLE.

ON a certain pleasant day, three sisters named (1) *city of Australia*, (2) *city of Italy*, and (3) *city of Bulgaria* planned a little trip into the country. As they thought they might (4) *city of Italy* through the pleasant country for some hours, they asked their two brothers to accompany them.

Accordingly, (5) *city of Australia* and (6) *city of the District of Columbia* acted as escorts. As it was to be a strictly private affair, (5) *city of Australia* thought a (7) *city of Morocco* a comfortable thing to wear on his head; he always wore one, he said, when he smoked a fragrant (8) *city of Cuba*. (1) *City of Australia* suggested that a (9) *city of South America* would be more appropriate, or perhaps a (10) *city of England* with a (11) *city of Ireland* lining. The (9) *city of South America* had, in fact, belonged to his father, and was much (12) *city of France* for him.

(2) *City of Italy* wore a broad (13) *city of Italy*; (3) *city of Bulgaria* wore a jaunty turban trimmed with (14) *city of Russia*; while (1) *city of Australia* wore a hat of her little cousin's, made of buff (15) *city of France*.

"I wish," said (2) *city of Italy*, when they had started, "that there was an old castle we could visit." "Would n't a (16) *city of Delaware* do?" asked (5) *city of Australia*. "No, indeed," said (3) *city of Bulgaria*; "there would be no romance in that. It would be smartly furnished with (17) *city of Belgium* carpets in staring patterns, and cheap (18) *city of England* curtains. Half of the outside would be painted a bright (19) *city of Italy* yellow, and the remainder red, bright enough almost to (20) *city of Switzerland* if you touched it. No," she continued, "give me the old castles of the Old World."

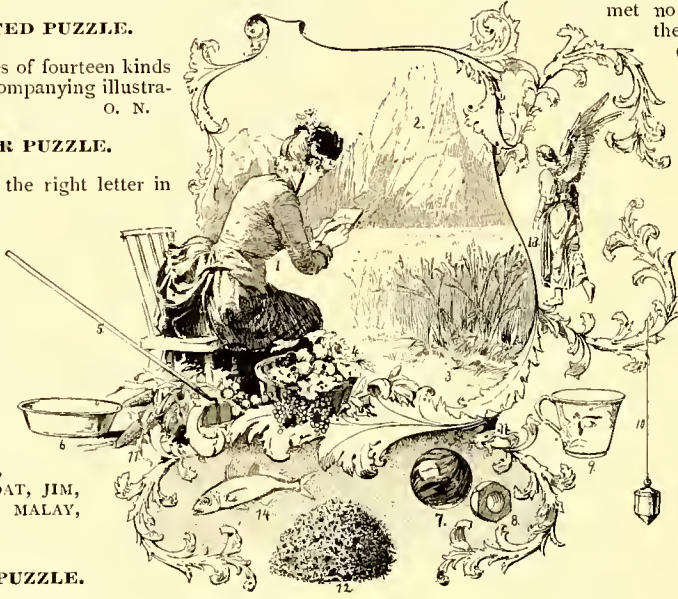
Presently they reached a favorite spot in the woods,

and here (6) *city of the District of Columbia* began to unpack the luncheon. "Christopher (21) *city of Ohio*!" he exclaimed. "Margaret has put (22) *city of Italy* in our sandwiches instead of chicken. Its flavor is enough to (23) *city of France* everything. The (24) *city of Spain* grapes are fine. I think a few (25) *city of Peru* beans, nicely seasoned with a dash of (26) *city of French Guiana* would be relished, even if they were cold."

In spite of sundry mishaps, the luncheon was voted a success. Then the party made a little (27) *city of Italy* the woods near by, and though they met no (28) *city of France*, they did encounter a stray (29) *city of China*.

But all good times must end, and as the sun was setting the little party wended its way homeward. The outing had been very pleasant, though (2) *city of Italy's* (30) *city of France* gloves were badly torn, and her (31) *city in the northern part of Africa* shoes scratched by sharp stones.

The servant was ringing the (32) *city of Ireland* as they entered the house. "We are in (33) *city of India*," exclaimed (5) *city of Australia*; "though a (34) *city of Burmah* doing other things, he is always on hand for supper."



WORD-SQUARES.

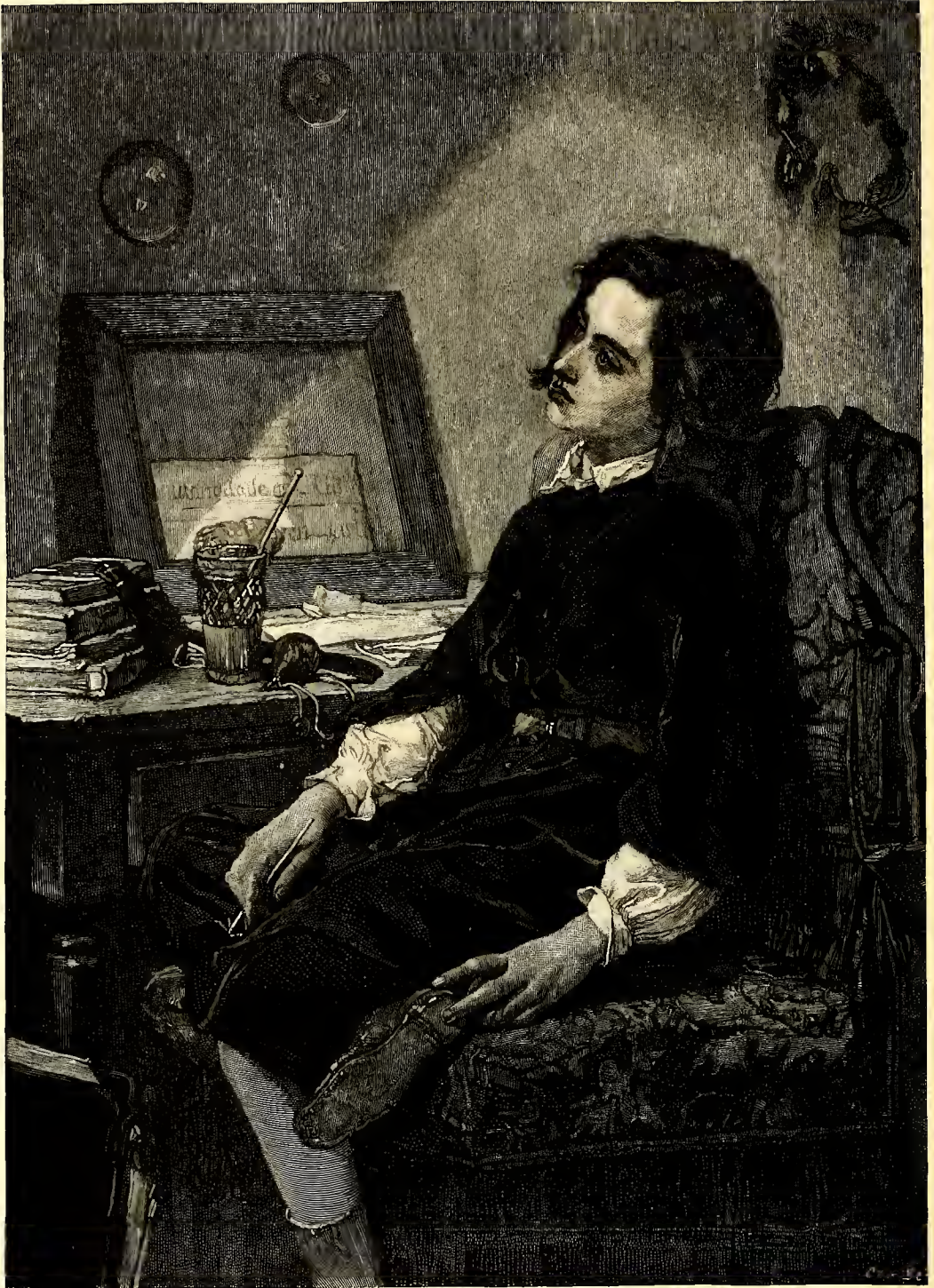
I. 1. A famous epic poem. 2 A dipper. 3. A simpleton. 4. Solitary. 5. To prevent.
 II. 1. To depart suddenly. 2. A person who prepares a magazine for publication. 3. A kind of dulcimer. 4. Makes reparation. 5. To disturb. 6. Quickly.
 "WEE 3."

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To bring to a stand. 2. To unclose. 3. To dispatch. 4. Finishes.
 II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Scarce. 2. The agave. 3. To inwrap. 4. Snake-like fish.
 III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To box. 2. A step. 3. A small tract of land. 4. A rustic pipe.
 IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A blent. 2. To confine. 3. Long periods of time. 4. A pause. D. N. S. B.



THE IDLE STUDENT.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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APRIL, 1892.

No. 6.

THE FAMOUS TORTUGAS BULL-FIGHT.

—
BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.
—

THERE was an air of mystery about a certain house in Tortugas. For several days a number of boys had been coming and going, meeting in the back yard, and arranging seats about the sides (some of which they decorated with green vines, and others with pots of flowers), until finally the place bore the appearance of a circus, with its central inclosed arena.

The secret finally made its escape, and a rumor announced to the world that on the Fourth of July there would be in the arena a bull-fight, at which a celebrated matador would appear.

I remember it well, for I was the matador, and the picadors and banderilleros were my fun-loving companions. Our parents had recently been on a visit to Havana, where they had attended a bull-fight, and the event was now to be duly reproduced with all the splendor available.

I had been chosen matador. There was no little competition, and well there might be: the matador receives all the honors. He it is who, with eagle eye, stands like a statue and receives the terrific charge of the bull, slays him by a thrust of his gleaming sword; and then, as the animal is dragged off, accepts the homage of the people.

I was matador not that I had experience, but simply because I owned the "bull"—a very extraordinary rabbit that had known me as master for several years.

"Jack," as the rabbit was called, differed from any of his kind that I have ever seen or heard of. He was not only absolutely without fear, but he never missed an opportunity to show his courage. He stood not upon the order of going, but promptly charged every person or dog that dared to enter upon his ground. This disposition upon Jack's part, I must confess, was encouraged rather than otherwise. It was a strong temptation to scale the fence of the inclosure in which he was kept, jump in, run across, and climb up the other side just ahead of Jack, who would leap a foot into the air in his disappointment.

It can readily be seen, then, that Jack possessed all the characteristics necessary to enable him to perform as a first-class bull; and in no sense did he disappoint the great expectations we had of him.

On the day of the proposed bull-fight everything was in readiness. The yard, which was covered with grass, was about thirty feet wide by sixty in length, and surrounded by a fence.

Boxes had been placed in the upper end, against this fence; and here the young spectators were seated, representing the Spanish grandees and ladies, patrons of the sport.

As the matador, I was not to come in until the bull had been driven to a frenzy by the banderilleros or dart-throwers, and picadors or

be on horseback, and were armed with long spears made of old garden poles; while the banderilleros only carried red bandanas, which they were to wave in front of the enraged bull to distract his attention if it so happened that the picadors were in danger.

Finally everything was ready. A blast from a bugle, and the slat which took the place of a gate was pulled up, the bull darted from his box, and with two or three hops gained the center of the arena.



"THE 'BULL' DARTED FROM HIS BOX."

spearmen. At an early moment I took my place among the grandees. I was dressed in an attempt at Spanish magnificence, with numerous ribbons and a turban-like hat, and was armed with a wooden sword; as, after all, it was in fun, and at the last Jack was to be spared. The picadors and banderilleros were also fantastically arrayed. One was bare-legged and had red ribbons bound about his sun-browned limbs; another wore a yellow sash about his waist and many-hued ribbons on shoulders and elbows. The two picadors were supposed to

Jack was a magnificent fellow, large, and dark gray except a white stripe running down his nose; his ears were long and lopped heavily. He was a native of the British Isles, and possessed all the fighting qualities that appertain to the Evergreen Isle. For a moment, the bull (meaning Jack, of course) looked about, amazed at the unusual concourse; then, perceiving a banderillero waving a red cloth, he started. His long ears stood out straight behind, and he went over the ground like a flash. The banderillero stepped nimbly to one side after the usual fashion, but Jack jumped for the scarlet cloth, seized it with his teeth, and jerked it from the hands of the banderillero, amid a roar of applause.

This was an unexpected move and not down on the bills, and the banderillero stood irresolute a moment. Not so the bull. Dropping the bandana, he rushed at his enemy, who, panic-stricken, leaped into the air to avoid him and then dashed pell-mell for the fence. The bull had gone by but a few feet, and, turning quickly, he flew in pursuit with fire in his eye, and would



THE PICADOR EVADES THE "BULL'S" CHARGE.

have overtaken his victim had not a picador dropped the point of his long lance, and prepared to charge. Quick as a flash, the bull lowered his head and dashed under the wea-

pon. Taken by surprise, the picador hesitated; the audience, seeing his danger, screamed and shouted encouragingly — then hooted and jeered as he turned and fled at full speed. The bull was not a foot behind, and the picador had no opportunity to climb the fence without being caught unless he could first increase the distance between them. So on he flew, once around, then dodged, and amid a roar of applause leaped his imaginary horse into the air, allowing the bull to pass under him. Before the latter could recover, he was half-way to the fence. To increase his speed he threw down the spear. A few steps more, and he reached the barrier — his hands were on the top rail — up — almost over, when a long-eared object shot into the air. A yell, a ripping, tearing sound, and the bull dropped back with a mouthful of gaudy ribbons, while the defeated picador whisked over the fence.

The bull looked at the ground, chewed the ribbons a moment or two, and boldly hopped into the middle of the arena. He smelled of the wooden lance, nosing it with contempt, then deliberately sat up on his haunches and



ESCAPE OF THE PICADOR.

looked around, with his great lop ears gracefully drooping.

This was undoubtedly a challenge; and the grandees stood up in the private boxes and cheered long and loud. In the mean while the "physician" in attendance had been sent for court-plaster; as on the brown legs of the pic-

The picadors and banderilleros decided that they had done their duty, which was to enrage the bull by feats of daring at the risk of their legs. The horse of one picador had been terribly gored, they said; a banderillero wounded and his expensive costume ruined; and the bull was not only not conquered, but seemed to be

enjoying it,—to prove which they pointed to his recumbent form. Shouts now came from the grand stand, and the grandees rose *en masse* and clamored for the matador.

For the benefit of St. NICHOLAS readers who have never engaged in a bull-fight, I should explain that the matador is selected for personal prowess and skill. He must stand the charge of the bull, and, as the infuriated animal dashes at him, step swiftly aside and plunge his true and gleaming blade into the victim, killing him on the spot. It was now my turn; and, as I stepped down from the boxes and the grandees cheered and waved their sombreros, it was the proudest day of my life. My lath sword was looked to, and, feeling glad that I knew the bull, I stepped into the arena.

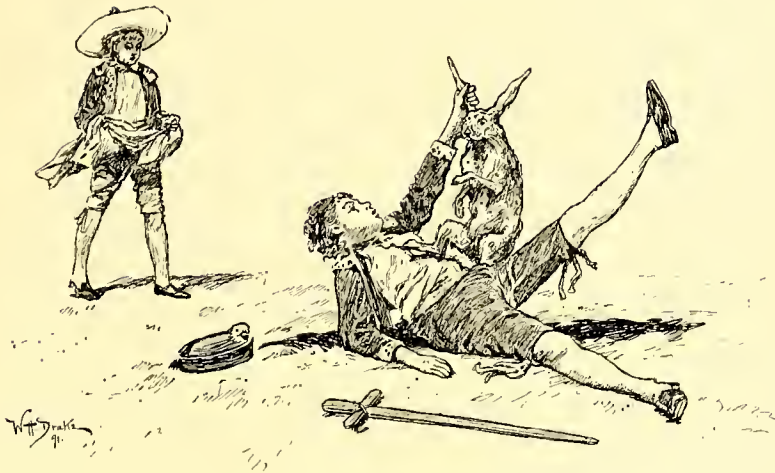


MASTER OF THE ARENA.

ador various red streaks were rapidly appearing. After the bull had seized the gay ribbons that had ornamented the short trousers of the brave picador, he had used his hind legs vigorously as scratchers—"raking the picador fore and aft," as was said by a young sailor who was among the spectators. This was the first casualty, and inspired every one with no little respect for the bull. He was lying stretched at full length upon the grass, with one eye on the boxes, where a loud talking was kept up.

Old Jack first raised one ear as I entered, next raised his head and calmly eyed me; then he dropped his big ears upon the grass again and pretended to go to sleep!

This was unbearable; and an agile picador sprang forward and fluttered a red bandana before him. Jack rose into the air with a single bound, and away went the two for the fence, the picador escaping, and the bull leaping half-way, but falling back upon his haunches. For a moment he stood looking up, hoping that his.



"SEIZING JACK BY ONE OF HIS LONG EARS, I WRENCHED HIM FROM HIS HOLD."

enemy would reappear. Then, turning, he saw the matador.

Jack evidently recognized me, and felt that here was no common enemy, but one who knew his tactics. And I did; numerous scars upon my legs testifying to the fact. He did not approach me, but loped slowly around the circle—a scheme to gain time, I thought. A picador now jumped after him, another met him in front. Finally he turned, and, as they fled, came at me upon a dead run. It was in the nature of a surprise; but I stood firm, intending to lunge at him, pretending to slay him. Then, by successful dodging, I would avoid a personal conflict, claiming a victory upon the ground of skill. All eyes were upon me; the grandees were spell-bound, and a blast from the trumpet rent the air.

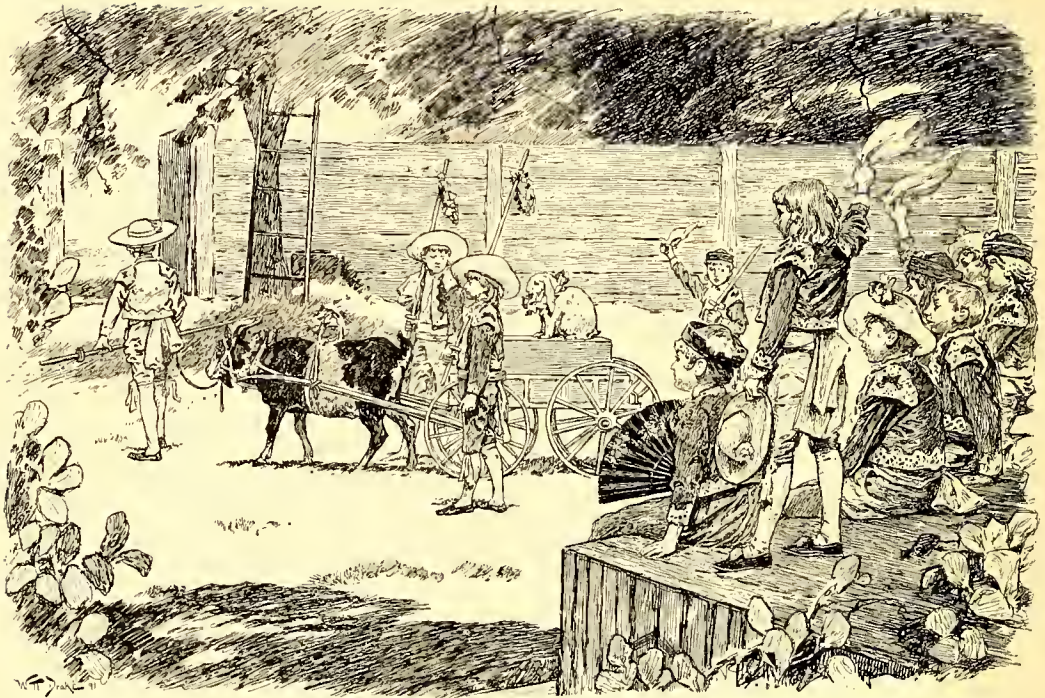
On came the bull, and raising my gleaming lath I prepared to strike and jump; but the bull forestalled me. Instead of coming close, as was his rule, he jumped at me from a distance of about three feet. Confused by the flying object, I fell back, caught my foot in a piece of wire-grass, and ignominiously went down with Jack upon me. He seized my thin trousers with his

teeth, and with quick scratches of his sharp hind claws gave the article as many serious wounds. A shout—yes, a roar—arose as I fell! I was aware of the derisive tone, and seizing Jack by one of his long ears, I wrenched him from his hold and picked myself up. No gaily caparisoned horses came in to drag out the dead bull; no applause arose from the grandees; no flowers or wreaths were thrown to the victor.

The matador had been fairly defeated, and he was forced to acknowledge it.

This unlooked-for ending had somewhat changed the program. It was expected that the bull would be slain, or defeated, and a goat in complete harness, with a garland of flowers about his neck, was in waiting to drag out the body. A compromise was finally effected, for the grandees cheered the bull and demanded that he receive the flowers. So the matador accepted the situation, the goat-team was driven in, a box placed on the cart, and the victorious bull was perched upon it. He looked ready for another fight, and as if he would enjoy it.

And so the cavalcade drove up to the boxes of the grandees, and the wreath intended for the matador was placed about the neck of tri-



TRIUMPHAL EXIT OF JACK.

umphant Jack. Chewing at the flowers, he was borne proudly around the arena, amid shouts, and blasts from the trumpet! Then the

picadors and banderilleros opened the gates, and he passed out. So ended the famous Tortugas bull-fight.

IT REALLY RAINED.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN the most violent shower of last summer, when the rain fell as violently as we North Americans ever see it descend, I could not help but think how slight a rainfall it was as compared with a shower that once overtook me—a shower that causes me to say that I have only once seen it “really rain.”

It was in Cuba, and I was in a railway-car, journeying from Matanzas to Havana. It was springtime, and the beginning of the rainy season was at hand. The people were looking

forward to the first rain as—I was going to say, as we do to the first snow; but that does not parallel their expectation, for they know that when it once begins to rain there is an end to their liberty. After that it may (and it does) rain at any moment on every day and several times a day. But such rain! When you hear a description of the first shower of the season, you will say that until we have been to the tropics we shall not know what rain is, any more than we know what a snow-storm is until we have lived

on the plains in winter, or what ice is without going to the arctic regions. We live in what is well termed the temperate zone; and grand as nature is around us, she is seldom terrific.

The first intimation that I had of the likelihood that something was going to happen, came from my seeing a dense jet-black cloud over against the southern horizon. All around me lay a peaceful and prosperous scene. Beside the track were some hut-like negro cabins, with black women seated in the doorways, and funny little half-naked piccaninnies playing in the dirt. A long row of giant palms was behind the huts, bordering a wide clearing, and throwing great black patches of shade on the sunlit earth. Beyond the clearing were woods and a jungle. The train came to a standstill, and I drank in the beautiful scene, all yellow and green and hot. I noticed that not a breath of air was stirring, and I envied the Cubans around me in the car, dressed for the climate in white duck and loose shirts and spreading straw hats.

But the black cloud grew bigger and blacker. It was advancing toward us with very great, and evident, speed; and presently I saw that it was all fretted with bolts of lightning, toothed with white darts of fire. Never before or since did I see such a dreadful display of the electrical force. The bolts were so close together that it seemed as if they must destroy every living thing in the pathway of the cloud. When the black and terrible mass in the sky came still nearer, it seemed no longer toothed or fringed, but it spat the lightning with vicious force straight down upon the forest beneath it.

Next came a sucking, roaring sound of wind, the sky grew black, and with the last glimmer of daylight, before it vanished into night, I saw the giant palm-trees throw up their huge fan-like arms like mortal creatures that were hurt and panic-stricken. Then the storm burst over the train, and through its din I heard the crashing

of the falling palm-branches that had been snapped off and thrown to the earth.

In another minute the worst of the darkness was over, and in the half-light that remained I saw such rain as I never had dreamed could fall from the sky. It did not appear to fall in drops, or in "ropes," as I once heard an Englishman say of a severe downpour of rain, but it descended in vast thick sheets, layer upon layer. You could see one thickness tumbling after the other as so many great plates of glass might be thrown down. It grew lighter still, and I saw that the beautiful palms were wrecked, and were still writhing in their misery, tossing up their broad hands and thick arms, many of which were broken and disjointed, while others had been snapped off.

At the feet of the palms there was no longer any ground. The surface of the earth had become a lake. The water stood high in the doorways of the negro cabins. The litter of palm-branches floated about on the rain-pelted water. I remember waiting to see the train demolished by the lightning, but it was not, nor could I see that the fiery bolts had harmed anything around us. Another minute passed,—perhaps not more than five minutes had passed since the shower began,—and the daylight came back grandly, disclosing the great flood everywhere.

A Cuban, sitting on the other side of the car from me, passed me his cigarette-box; and as he did so he said in a labored effort to be polite in a foreign tongue: "I t'ink it will rain. W'at you t'ink?"

The cars moved on. The black cloud had gone far to the north. The sun burst through the sky, and the water began to sink into the ground. Presently we were passing through a region where millions of jewel-like raindrops on the trees were all that told of the furious shower which had ushered in the rainy season of the year.

THE LARK'S SECRET.

BY JESSIE B. SHERMAN.

ELSA THORN was a dear, shy little English girl, who lived with her grandmother and with sister Betty in a pretty village near the sea.

Now, when Elsa was born, the kind fairies who love all good children gave her a very lovely gift — a sweet, beautiful voice; so very sweet, truly, that every one who heard it once longed to hear it again. However, very few besides Granny and sister Betty ever did hear it, for, as I said, Elsa was shy.

But at last there came a time when she found she must try to be brave. Something was about to happen — something very grand indeed. A splendid musical service was to be held at Easter in the beautiful new church; and it had been announced that all the children might come and have their voices tested by the great master, with the chance of being chosen to join the children's choir and have the best of training for many weeks.

Ah, what a chance for Elsa! Surely she must not lose it; and so it was decided that on the morrow she should go with the rest.

"Well," said Grandmother, "it is indeed a great opportunity, and I hope you will try to be brave, dear, and sing well; for think of the training, my child, the valuable training. Perhaps you may even sing like the sweet lark yonder, should you ever voice but learn its use."

"But my poor lark sings no more, now that it is caged," said Elsa. "Perhaps the seeds we give it make it ill."

Early next day, even before the old sexton had finished his dusting, little Elsa was at the church door, and soon the flocks of children came swarming in, all eager and impatient for the great master to come.

And, when he did come, what a moment was that, and how great the awe and excitement of it all! No wonder shy little Elsa was shaking with fear. It all seemed a dreadful dream, the waiting for her turn to come. At

last, however, she stood alone, facing the stern eyes of the great master.

I do not like to tell what happened next.

In spite of all her brave resolutions, the poor child gave way. It was pitiful to see her; even the stern master looked sorry when the clear, sweet voice faltered, and the rare high notes, which came so easily at home, failed utterly, ending with a sob.

Lost, lost, all lost!

Elsa was on her way home now, smothering her sobs as best she could, walking with her eyes too blinded by tears to notice the hurrying crowd about her. But who was this touching her shoulder? What voice was speaking so kindly at her side? Surely this could not be the stern, terrible master! Yet it was he. And, listen, is he not saying that Elsa may try again at the second test, next day? After all, the chance is not lost then! But how should she learn to be brave?

Late into the night Elsa lay in her little bed, thinking. Once the lark, in its cage at the window, stirred in its sleep.

"Little bird," murmured Elsa, "how is it that you, too, cannot sing any more now?"

Again the lark stirred. Elsa was growing very sleepy. Was it the effect of the moonlight, or was the little bird nodding its head at her? More and more sleepy she grew, and whether she dreamed it or whether it really happened no one could ever be quite sure, but after a while it seemed as if the lark were speaking. Yes, surely she heard it plainly now, though the voice was very low.

"Dear mistress," it said, "shall I tell you a secret? You ask me why I cannot sing; but have you never thought that one cannot sing in prison? Set me free, my little mistress, and I will tell you my great secret. Yes, I will tell you how I sing, and how you, too, may sing."

"Oh," cried Elsa, starting up in bed, "that

will be splendid! Tell me, birdie, tell me, and you shall be free to-morrow, I promise you."

The lark hopped to the side of the cage and looked down at Elsa.

"Did you never notice," it said, "that when we sing we always look up into the beautiful sky? And we sing to the sun, and to the sweet air, and most of all to the dear Father above. Now, I cannot sing here to my cage bars, neither can you sing to the church walls or the crowd within. But forget them, little mistress. Think of the beautiful world without, and sing as the birds sing. Then you will succeed."

Elsa, much pleased, tried to clap her hands, but with the effort everything seemed to change. There was the bright sun shining in at the window, and Betty calling her to breakfast. The lark still looked very knowing, however, and Elsa found it hard to believe that she had but dreamed.

"I promised, anyway," she said gravely to the lark; and soon after breakfast, having whispered the story to Betty, they carried their precious bird out to the meadows and set it free. Then it was that Elsa felt surer than ever that it was all no dream, for the little lark, so long dumb, no sooner passed the cage bars than it burst into a song so glorious, so rapturous, that the children held their breath and listened as it soared up and up, straight toward the sun, singing till it vanished at last; and yet its song still came to them, far, far away, but exquisitely sweet.

Elsa went to the church, but all the way the lark's song rang in her ears; and when she herself stood up to sing, it was there still.

Gazing straight up through the open window to the far-off sky, she sang as it had sung: sang for the very joy of singing, till her clear voice thrilled with a melody more exquisite than ever before.

All was still when she finished. The children stared in wonder; and as for the master—well, he wiped his eyes suspiciously, and, after some clearing of his throat, nearly took Elsa's breath away by telling her that she—yes, she, little Elsa Thorn—was chosen to sing the solo!

But about the lark? Well, that was the strangest part of all; for on reaching home



"THEY CARRIED THEIR PRECIOUS BIRD OUT TO THE MEADOWS AND SET IT FREE."

Elsa found it perched on a rose-bush in the garden, and though it would not come very near, it seemed extremely friendly, and Elsa declared that if ever a bird looked as if it wanted to say, "I told you so," the lark did.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Charlie Morton so boldly declared that he would write a play, he did not for a moment doubt that he could do it. And when he further announced that he would make the scenery and design the costumes, he was quite confident that he would succeed. To be sure, he never had written a play, nor had he ever painted any scenery, or designed costumes. Perhaps that was one reason why he was so ready to enter upon these tasks. But apart from his ignorance of the amount of work in such an undertaking, Charlie was a boy who took pleasure in engaging in big enterprises. If he had lived in the days of giants, he would have been a giant-killer, and would have selected only the biggest giants. If he had met Antæus, he would have begged him to lie on the ground until Mother Earth had soaked him through with strength, before he set about fighting him. He would have promptly volunteered to tame Pegasus, whip the Minotaur, or relieve Atlas of the strain of holding up the world. As, however, there were no fabled monsters for Charlie to overcome, he took great pleasure in reading about desperate adventures, such as seeking the discovery of the North Pole, or penetrating to the interior of Africa. Even starting out to conquer all the learning that there is in the world, guarded as it is by algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus, was not without a certain charm to him because the conquest seemed so impossible.

To be sure, it had often happened that Charlie found himself unable to complete what he had taken in hand. He had tried to make all sorts of things while at army-posts where his father had been stationed, and where the carpenters and wheelwrights, the blacksmiths and saddlers, were good-natured enough to permit

him to work in their shops. He had attempted to make a wagon, a windmill, a pair of bellows, a set of harness, and various other things, at various times, none of which had ever arrived at a state where it could be used. Not that he was daunted or disheartened in the least by these failures; on the contrary, they spurred him to new efforts.

Now, Charlie was particularly fond of private theatricals and charades, for on the stage it is much easier to do impossible things than it is in actual life. He could be a pirate and scuttle whole navies, or a prairie scout and kill a hundred Indians, or a king and confer royal favors on everybody. This, together with the amount of work involved in preparing a play, the managing and directing, the authority and responsibility—all made the amusement a favorite one of his. So, after he had obtained a sort of half consent from his mother, he promptly went to work to write his play: that is to say, he went around in a deep study, and every now and then would slap his brow tragically and mutter to himself, and then hurriedly take out his pencil and note-book and scribble away at a great rate. Sometimes, when Leslie went into the library where Charlie was writing, he would start up from the desk, brandishing the paper-knife, and exclaim fiercely, "Ha! Villain! I have thee now!" whereupon Leslie would turn and run for her life. At other times he would hold out his arms and murmur pathetically, "It is! it is! — me long-lost sister!" At which Leslie would say, "Oh, Charlie, don't be so silly!" and he would roll his eyes and frown, and scrawl away in his note-book, without minding her in the least.

Charlie assured Leslie that this was the way that all great geniuses wrote plays. But at the end of a week Charlie had not got much farther than the title, and he was not quite sure of that. It was, "A Woman's Heart; or, The Moor's

Revenge." Leslie thought that it was a nice title, but his father, on being asked to admire it, objected:

"But I understood that yours was to be an American play."

"Well, so it is," said Charlie; "but I thought that putting in the 'Moor' made it sound better."

"Humph!" said his father; "that reminds me of why the men in my troop called Private Michael O'Shaughnessy 'the Italian.'"

"Why?" said Charlie.

"Because," replied his father, "he was an Irishman."

At which Leslie laughed long and loud, and Charlie looked a little discomfited.

"The trouble is," he said, "I don't have time enough to work on this play. I don't get home from school till four o'clock, and there are all my lessons to be studied, and lots of things to do. If I had more time I could do better."

"Shall I tell you what I think is the trouble?" said his father.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, a little doubtfully, afraid of being laughed at again.

"Well," said his father, "my opinion is this: You don't know whether you can write a play or not. Now, the only way to find out whether you can do a thing is to go to work and try; and you're not trying."

"Why, yes, I am, Pa," said Charlie, surprised and somewhat indignant.

"No, I think not," said his father; "you are playing at it. You go maundering around, about Arabs and women's hearts and all sorts of nonsense, trailing off here and there, wherever your fancy leads you, and never getting anywhere. That's not going to work. It is your old fault of not being practical. Now, I never wrote a play, but I fancy that it's a good deal like everything else in this world. You've got to go at it in a common-sense way, just the same as if you were making a boat or building a house. First of all, get the material together. You say that the play is to be in America in the time of the Revolution. All right, get a book and find out how they talked and dressed in those days. Then make your plot; you'd better get that out of a book, too. Then cut it into lengths according to the number of acts you are going to have.

Decide on your characters, and whom you will have to play them, and what scenes are necessary—the fewer the better. Now, knock the whole thing together, put in the conversation, and there you are."

Charlie smiled. It did seem easy, put in that way. But whoever heard of setting about writing a play as if you were going to build a house? With all due respect to his father, Charlie thought that he knew better. He gloried in his father's soldierly qualities, and loved to hear the old saying that "Morton's troop would follow him from No Man's Land to Salt Creek." But everybody knew that writing was a very different matter from soldiering. Writing had to be done by genius, by inspiration.

"You don't believe me, do you?" asked his father, looking at him with his keen gray eyes.

"Well, sir," said Charlie, blushing a little guiltily at having his thoughts read so easily, "it seems to me rather different."

"Exactly," said his father; "you think that in order to write a play a man must put on a velvet coat, and wear his hair long, and that he must roll his eyes, and bite his finger-nails, and all that tomfoolery. Well, there's your favorite, Sir Walter Scott." (Charlie was very fond of Scott's novels, and could recite whole pages of "Marmion.") "Do you suppose that he ever put on any airs of that sort? Not much! He worked like a gentleman and a man of sense, and had no patience with your affected people. However, Master Charlie, you are in command of this expedition, not I."

And so saying, the Captain laughed under his big blond mustache (it was easy to see from whom Leslie got her sunny disposition), put on his hat, and went striding freely down the street with his back so straight, and his shoulders so square, and his head so erect, that, in spite of his civilian dress, every one knew him to be a soldier.

Charlie, however, did not readily give up his cherished notions of how a play should be written; and when his father left, he proceeded to argue the matter with his mother, at some length, apparently convincing her that his view was the correct one, and at the same time trying to convince himself. For, while he felt that his father's theory was an insult to literary in-

spiration and genius, in his secret heart he knew that his father must be right because, in the first place, experience had shown that his father always was right, and because in the second place, Charlie could not deny that his father's suggestions seemed suddenly to open a path for him through the jungle of his confused ideas. He thought over the matter during the day, and at last determined to give the plan a trial.

The first point, where to locate the play, had been easy enough to decide. The spinning-wheel and the old furniture at the Fairleighs' had, in fact, decided that. Mildred, too, with her gentle ways and gestures,—Mildred, whom Leslie often good-naturedly called "old-fashioned,"—was one of the principal characters that Charlie had in his mind. Perhaps he was unconsciously thinking of the picture of Mistress Barbara, whom Mildred was said to resemble; and, indeed, as Mildred grew older, the picture really did look, at times, as if it might be herself masquerading in brocaded silk and high-dressed hair. Yes, Mildred certainly must act in an old-time play.

But the plot was not so easily secured. Fortunately, while on his way to school, Charlie remembered a story of Cooper's, full of adventures, in which Washington and his soldiers figured. As soon as school was out he went to the library in the Capitol, and, quickly scanning the various volumes of the "Leather-Stocking" series, soon found the one he desired. Sitting down with this treasure, his elbows planted on the table, and his head in both hands, Charlie began reading.

At first he skipped about in search of a good plot, and gravely considered the value of the different adventures with an eye solely to the play. But finally he became interested in the story, which he had not read for a long time, and before he was aware of it the afternoon was gone, and the attendants were lighting the gas in the reading-room. Arousing himself, Charlie looked at his watch and found that he would have to hurry home or he would be late for dinner. At the same time he felt that he had got material enough in his head to make a dozen plays.

After dinner he sat down by the parlor fire to sort out his material and select from it some-

thing that would serve his purpose. But the more he thought the more confused he grew. Just as he joyfully fancied that he had obtained an episode that would make a capital scene, he would discover that there was nothing to fit on to it; while another, that seemed to suit the purpose exactly, he would discover, later on, had a frigate or a horse or some such impossible thing in it, and was therefore useless. At last, in desperation, Charlie groaned aloud, and exclaimed, "Oh, gracious! I don't believe I can write a play!"

This remark, exploded, as it were, in the quiet of the family circle, took every one by surprise. His mother, lost in her own thoughts over her sewing, started and exclaimed, "Why, Charlie! How you frightened me!" His father looked up from his book, while Leslie, being more accustomed to Charlie's exclamations, promptly replied, "I don't believe you can, either, Charlie. I never did think so. Don't you remember I told you that you could n't?"

"Well, you're very encouraging, are n't you?" said Charlie. "Perhaps if you tried to help me a little, instead of jumping on me like that, we'd get along better."

"Well, why don't you stop acting so silly," retorted Leslie, "and do what pa said?"

"I don't think it is proper for a little girl like you to talk to her elder brother in that way," said Charlie, with dignity.

"Oh, pooh!" said Leslie.

"Now don't quarrel over it," said Mrs. Morton. "Though I do think that you are wrong, Leslie, to talk to your brother in that way; and I do think that you might try to help him instead of discouraging him."

"Oh, she did n't mean any harm, Ma," said Charlie, taking his sister's part, as was his custom whenever any one else scolded her.

"And what is more," said his father, "I don't see how any one can help you, Charlie, except by advice, and I don't think that is of much use."

"Well, Pa," protested Charlie, "I did follow your plan. I went to the library and read up for a plot, and I found a whole lot of adventures in the Revolution, but somehow or other they don't seem to work out right."

"Maybe you are too ambitious," said his

father. "You expect too much. Why not take some simple thing? Suppose that you tell us some of the stories you have read, and perhaps we can find something that will do."

"Yes, Charlie," said Leslie, getting up and sitting close to her brother, "tell us some of the stories," which was Leslie's way of saying that she was sorry for having offended him.

"Well," said Charlie, taken somewhat aback by this proposition, "let me see. I think the first was where Washington came up to a house on the Hudson one night, riding a big black horse, and it was thundering, and lightening, and raining like everything."

"I don't see how you could act that," said Mrs. Morton.

"Wait a moment, my dear," said the Captain. "Go ahead, Charlie."

"Well, Washington tied his horse to the fence and rang the door-bell—no, it was a knocker; he hammered on the knocker."

"What is a knocker?" said Leslie.

"If you interrupt me all the time," said Charlie, "I can't tell the story."

"I should think you might just tell me what a knocker is," said Leslie.

"It's a thing made out of brass or iron, that people used to hang on their front doors in place of a bell; and when you wanted to get in you pounded with it on the door."

"Why could n't they knock with their knuckles, as we do in garrison?" asked Leslie.

"Because," said Charlie, "how could they hear you in a big house in a city, if they were down in the kitchen, or up in the garret, with all the noise in the street?"

"Oh!" said Leslie.

"Well," continued Charlie, with a long sigh, "where was I? Oh, yes. A black servant opened the door and showed him into the parlor. There was a gentleman there with two ladies. They did n't know who General Washington was, 'cause he did n't have on his uniform and they had never seen his face before. The gentleman's name was—I've forgotten what his name was," said Charlie.

"Call him Smith," said his father.

"All right," said Charlie, "the gentleman's name was Smith. Now, you know his house was right between the American and British

armies, and he was trying to be neutral; only, he had a son in the British army, and he was scared all the time for fear that he was going to get into trouble with one side or the other. The eldest lady was his sister; she was about forty, and she was n't married. The other two were young and pretty, and were his daughters."

"But you said there were only two ladies altogether, Charlie," said Leslie.

"Hush, Leslie!" said her mother, frowning at her, and shaking her head.

"Well, he did, Ma," whispered Leslie.

"But the stranger," continued Charlie, not noticing these side remarks, "was evidently a gentleman, and Mr.—ah—Mr.—"

"Smith," said his father, encouragingly.

"Mr. Smith introduced him to the ladies, though he did n't know whether he was an American or a Britisher. Washington, you know, said his name was Harper."

"But that was a story," said Leslie, "and General Washington never told a story."

"Well, he did n't exactly tell a story about it," said Charlie; "only when Mr. Smith said, 'Whose health have I the honor of drinking?' General Washington said, 'Mr. Harper.'"

"I think that was just as bad as a story," said Leslie.

"I don't at all," said Charlie, indignantly. "How could he go around telling everybody who he was! He was just disguising himself, that was all. Well, then they all sat down to supper. And while they were at supper there was another knock at the front door, and pretty soon the black servant came into the room, looking as white as a sheet."

"Oh!" cried Leslie, beginning to laugh.

"I wish to goodness you'd hush, Les!" said Charlie, angrily. "How can I go on if you keep interrupting me all the time?"

"Keep quiet, Leslie," said her father.

"Well," continued Charlie, "the black man whispered something to Mr. Smith, who got up and excused himself and left the room. The ladies seemed sort of worried, too, because, you know, everybody was afraid of everybody in those days. But Mr. Harper, that was General Washington, he just kept right on eating his supper. And by and by Mr. Smith returned with

another man—a man with red hair, and a red beard, and a patch over his eye, and a rough overcoat. The new man sat down to the table and began eating, and Mr. Harper looked at him pretty sharp, and they had a little conversation. They talked about the war, and one of the young ladies was on the American side, 'cause she had a lover in the American army, and the other was for the British, 'cause she had a lover in the British army. And of course they got to spating a little bit about it; and the red-

surprised. And when he found that Mr. Harper was really gone, he shut the door and came back into the room in front of them all, and began to take off his hair, and —”

“Oh, Charlie,” burst forth Leslie, “how could he take off his hair?”

“Because it was a wig, Les, don't you see?” said Charlie. “He was disguised, too. He took off his red wig and beard, and the patch on his eye, and it was the son of Mr. Smith—the young man who was in the British army! He had



“SITTING DOWN WITH THIS TREASURE, HIS ELBOWS PLANTED ON THE TABLE, AND HIS HEAD IN BOTH HANDS, CHARLIE BEGAN READING.”

headed man soon showed he was for the British, and the old man, Mr. Smith, who wanted to be neutral, he was mighty uneasy, and tried to get everybody to talk about the weather and the crops. Then, pretty soon Mr. Harper—that is, General Washington—finished supper, and Mr. Smith called the negro to show him to his bedroom. Then as soon as he was gone, the red-headed man jumped up and went to the door and listened; at which they were all very much

slipped into the American lines to see his father and sisters. Well, then, of course there was a great time. Mr. Smith, he says, ‘Henry, my son!’ and the girls they all got around him, crying, and hugging him, as girls do, and the black servant came in to see his young master, 'cause he knew the secret all along on account of young Smith's having told him when he opened the door for him, and — and —”

“And down comes the curtain on the end of

the first act," said Captain Morton. "Bravo! Charlie, I don't see that you need look any further. That will do first rate."

"Do you really think so, Pa?" said Charlie, in great surprise.

"Why, yes," said his father. "What better do you want? In the first place, here you have a scene in a parlor; so there will be no trouble about scenery. You need only put your spinning-wheel and an old-fashioned table and chair there, that is all. Then Leslie can be one of the daughters, and Mildred the other, if her mother will consent. We don't care about the aunt or the lovers; let them go. When the curtain goes up, Mildred can be sitting at the spinning-wheel—"

"Oh, Pa," interrupted Leslie, "why can't I be sitting at the spinning-wheel?"

"Well, because it belongs to the Fairleighs," said her father, "and it will be polite to offer that place to Mildred, especially as she is your guest. Now comes a little conversation to let the audience know who Mr. Smith and the ladies are, that the war of the Revolution is going on, that there is a son and brother in the British army whom they have not seen for a long time, and so on. Then you hear the rumbling of thunder—"

"Oh," said Charlie, "I know how to make it. Sheet-iron."

"Yes," said his father, "or a gong, or a drum will do. Somebody says, 'We are going to have a storm. Pray heaven Dick'—or Tom, or whatever is the son's name—'is not out in it to-night.' Then a flash of lightning."

"Calcium!" cried Charlie.

"Yes," said his father. "Then a dash of rain. You do that by throwing a handful of dried peas into a wooden box."

"Jupiter!" exclaimed Charlie, walking up and down excitedly, "I never thought of all that. That 's a fine scheme!"

"When the lightning flashes," continued his father, "one of the girls cries 'Oh!' and the other gets up and goes to the window. You can have a good deal of what they call 'business' out of the storm. Then comes the sound of horses' hoofs heard at first in the distance, and one of the young ladies says 'Hark!' and they all listen. And the sound gets louder— that

is done by drumming with the fingers on a cardboard box, or a book. At last it stops. There is a knock at the door; the black servant announces the arrival of a stranger. The black servant is the funny man of the play."

"Oh, let me be the servant, won't you, Charlie, please?" said Leslie.

"What!" cried Charlie, "and wear boy's clothes?"

"Oh," said Leslie, faintly, "I did n't think of that."

"No," said Charlie, "I will either take that myself, or give it to Will Baily. He is always talking funny, like an Irishman or a darky. Go on, Pa, please."

"Well," said his father, "General Washington comes in, in a big military cloak and a three-cornered hat dripping with rain."

"What, really?" said Charlie.

"Of course," said his father. "All you have to do is to sprinkle a little water on them before he goes on. Then follows the conversation you told us. The youngest daughter wins General Washington's friendship by her gentle courtesy and her love of her country. They sit down to supper. The black man brings in the dishes, and makes one or two comical remarks while polishing the glasses. Meantime the storm gradually rumbles off in the distance. Then comes another rapping on the door with the knocker."

"What shall we have for a knocker?" said Charlie.

"I don't know," said his father. "You must arrange all those details yourself. I am merely giving you suggestions. I don't propose to make up the play for you."

"Of course not," said Charlie. "We 'll contrive something."

"I should think two pieces of wood might do," said Mrs. Morton.

"Or we might hammer with the poker on the floor," said Leslie.

"Well," said the Captain, "your black man comes in with his eyes popping out, because the red-headed man at the door has told him who he is. As for the rest of the act, that goes on just as you related it. When General Washington departs to his bedroom the red-headed man throws off his disguise; Mr. Smith cries,

'Henry! My son!' the girls fall on his neck, and down comes the curtain."

"Hurrah!" cried Charlie; "that 's fine, Pa!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Morton; "I think it is quite exciting."

"How did you know how to make a play, Pa?" said Leslie, sitting on her father's knee, and looking into his face admiringly. "Did you ever make one before?"

"No," said her father. "But I have acted in them many a time in my day. You know it has always been one of our amusements in garrison. As for making them, as I told Charlie, a little common sense goes a great way."

And the Captain's good-humored laugh was joined in by Leslie, and finally by Charlie himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next day, of course, Leslie told Mildred on their way to school of the sudden progress that the play had made, and of the part that had been assigned to her. And Mildred, as she listened, felt that to be like Mistress Barbara, seated at the spinning-wheel, while the sheet-iron thunder and the calcium lightning rattled and flashed outside, would be as near perfect joy as anything she knew of. The more she thought of it, too, the more certain she became that she could play the part well. Had not her own great-grandmothers and her great-granddaunts and her "great-grand-cousins" been ladies like these? Still she said nothing to her mother about it, when she went home from school. In fact neither Mildred nor her mother had spoken of the matter since Mrs. Morton's visit, ten days ago; partly, perhaps, because they had heard nothing from Charlie.

Later during the afternoon, however, Charlie himself made his appearance at the house, full of enthusiasm.

"Has Les told you about the play?" he said to Mildred.

"Yes," said Mildred. "Have you done anything more to it?"

"No," he said; "not yet. But is n't it fine, though?"

Mildred agreed that it was fine.

"I want to go up-stairs and look at the spinning-wheel. May I?" he asked.

"Of course," said Mildred.

But they had scarcely started up the stairs when Leslie came running after them to announce that her mother had just told her her father had said they might use his old campaign overcoat and hat for the character General Washington.

"Ma says that she can pin up the sides of the hat to make it look like a three-cornered hat," said Leslie, "and you can put some paper or something in it to make it fit."

"Of course," said Charlie, "that 's easily enough fixed. I 'm glad pa lent us that coat, though. I wanted to ask him, but I did n't like to."

"But won't it spoil it to put water on it?" said Mildred.

"Spoil it!" said Charlie. "You can't spoil that coat. It has been out in the rain and the snow and the sand-storms more times than I could count. Pa has lain down in the mud or the dust, and slept in it, many a night. No; it 's just the thing."

And so, all talking together, they trooped into the attic, panting and out of breath.

"Here 's the wheel," said Charlie, dragging it from its corner. "Sit down by it, Mildred, and let 's see how you look."

"But it 's too dirty," said Mildred, drawing back.

"Well, here; wait," said Charlie, taking out his handkerchief and slapping at the wheel vigorously; "I 'll dust it off."

"Goodness gracious!" cried Leslie, as a dense cloud arose. "Charlie, stop that!"

Then they all began to sneeze violently, and finally Leslie and Mildred ran out into the hall, while Charlie tried to open one of the dormer-windows. In this he finally succeeded, and inducing the girls to return, Mildred sat down on her great-granduncle's trunk, by the side of the spinning-wheel, and worked the treadle with her foot, much to Charlie's satisfaction. Then they examined the spindle-legged table and some high-backed chairs, that had stood long undisturbed in their covering of dust. Soon after, they went down-stairs, and Charlie, on the plea of asking Mrs. Fairleigh if she was quite sure he might use these things, proposed that they all go in to see that lady. Then, of

course, he told her all about the play, even to the part that Mildred was to take.

"You will let her do it, won't you, Mrs. Fairleigh?" said Charlie, finally.

"We have not quite decided yet, Charlie," said Mrs. Fairleigh; "and if you want to settle about the characters now, don't delay on Mildred's account."

"Oh, we don't at all," replied Charlie hurriedly; "there's plenty of time. And when the play is finished I will bring it over to you to read. May I? Pa told me that you would be the best person to tell me whether it was all right, only I was not to bother you."

"It would not bother me at all," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "While I do not think that I am any better able to criticize the play than others, I shall be very glad to listen to it and to help you if I can."

"Thank you," answered Charlie; "we are ever so much obliged. Now I've got to go home and write up the conversation."

And leaving Leslie with Mildred, he hurried off, full of importance.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARLIE was quite clever enough to "write up" the conversation of his play, now that he had the framework. The trouble was that he found it difficult to stop writing. He had some vague notion of making the entertainment moral and instructive, with a view, particularly, to pleasing Mrs. Fairleigh, and in that way of inducing her to let Mildred take part. So he made the personage whom they had dubbed "Old Mr. Smith" tell all about the War of Independence, giving facts and figures which Charlie himself obtained from a school history. That certainly was instructive. And General Washington in his talk uttered many good and wise sayings, which the young author took bodily from other books. When at last the act was finished, Charlie was secretly delighted with his produc-

tion, and thought with pride of the effect it would create when he read it aloud in the family circle.

But the effect was different from what he anticipated. He read his work to Leslie, first of all. He generally tried his performances on his sister before displaying them to the family at large. So, making Leslie sit down in front of him, one afternoon, in his very best manner and voice he read the play aloud. But as he proceeded Leslie began to fidget. When he came to the instructive part about the causes of the Revolution, poor Leslie yawned—actually yawned, although she tried hard to turn the



LESLIE LISTENING TO CHARLIE'S PLAY.

yawn into a cough as she caught Charlie's reproachful glance.

Then, when he became very much absorbed in his reading, she got up and went to the window and looked out. Of course that made Charlie stop; but she said, "Go on; I'm listening. I can hear better over here." And when he resumed she did try to listen, but she became more interested in what was taking place in the street, and presently, just as General Washington was saying in his most impressive manner, "A truly virtuous man is he who prides himself upon nothing," she burst out with, "Oh, Charlie, come and look at this funny old woman with a big nose!"

"I won't read you another word!" said Charlie indignantly.

"Why," said Leslie, innocently, and looking around at him, "what 's the matter?" And then suddenly remembering the play, she put her hand to her mouth and exclaimed, "Oh, I forgot!" and gazed at Charlie a moment, very penitently. But, as usual, the humorous side of the situation appealed to her most strongly, and finally she began to laugh. Then she tried to excuse herself by saying, "But, Charlie, it's so long!"

"Is it?" said Charlie, looking down at his manuscript doubtfully. "Maybe it is. I had n't thought of that." Evidently there was something wrong about it. It was a great disappointment to him. Then he added, hesitatingly, "Perhaps I had better cut it down a little."

"Yes," said Leslie, promptly, "I would, if I were you." And then, seeing the postman coming up the steps, she ran out to the front door to meet him.

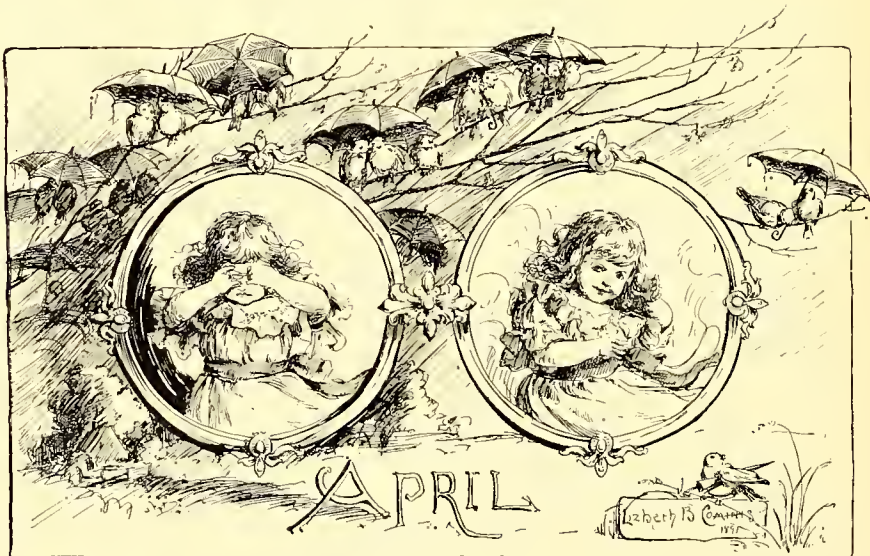
Charlie sat down at the desk with a sigh, and spread out his precious writing before him, somewhat at a loss what to do. At last he began to realize that an act which took so long to read would be too long to play, so he set himself seriously to the task of "cutting it down."

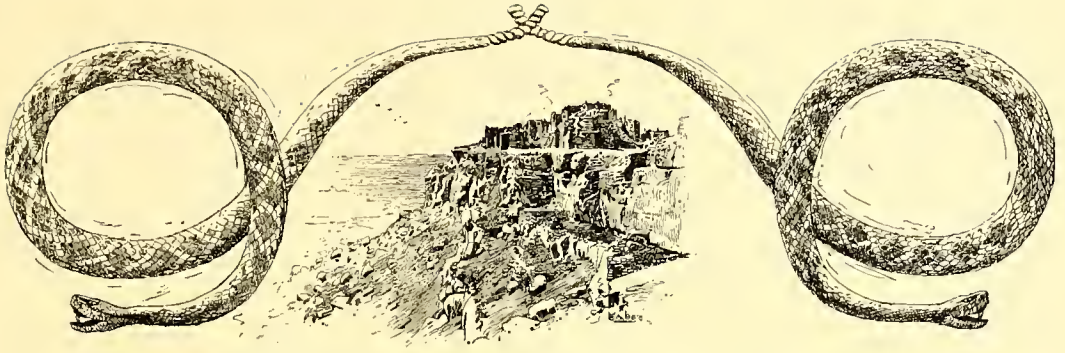
But as he read each portion over, it seemed so especially fine that he could not bring himself to destroy it, and so passed on to something else. Finally, after reading it all through, he was unable to find any place that he had the heart to omit. So he set the manuscript aside with the intention of reading it to his father that evening, hoping that he would prove a more appreciative audience than Leslie.

But, on the contrary, his father interrupted him before he had got half-way through. "My dear boy," said the Captain, "that won't do at all. As usual, you have gone wandering off into all sorts of things that have nothing to do with the action of the play. Why, your audience would get up and go away before you were half through with all that talk."

So poor Charlie had to set to work again, with much of his enthusiasm taken out of him by these successive showers of cold criticism. Three times did he write that first act over, each time squeezing it smaller and smaller, to fit into the ten minutes' time allotted by his father. Finally, on the fourth effort, when, as he gloomily remarked, every bit of good writing had been knocked out of it, his father said that, with a little more cutting at rehearsals, it would do very well.

(To be continued.)





STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

[*Began in the December number.*]

III. THE SNAKE-DANCE OF THE MOQUIS.



IN and about the edges of the Great American Desert are many of the strangest corners. Those of which I have already told you are but a few of the wonders which cluster about that great waste. It seems as if Nature has crowded her curiosities into that strangest and most forbidding of museums, that they may not be too easily found.

A hundred miles north of the Petrified Forest, and well into the edge of the Arizona desert, are the seven strange and seldom visited Pueblo cities of Moqui. They all have wildly unpronounceable names, like Hualpi, A-hua-tu, and Mishongop-avi; and all are built on the summits of almost inaccessible mesas—*islands of solid rock*, whose generally perpendicular cliff-walls rise high from the surrounding plain. They are very remarkable towns in appearance, set upon dizzy sites, with quaint terraced houses of adobe, and queer little corrals for the animals, in nooks and angles of the cliff, and giving far outlook across the browns and yellows, and the spectral peaks of that weird plain. But they look not half so remarkable as they are. The most remote from civilization of all the Pueblos, the least affected by the Spanish in-

fluence which so wonderfully ruled over the enormous area of the Southwest, and practically untouched by the later Saxon influence, the Indians of the Moqui towns retain almost entirely their wonderful customs of before the conquest. Their languages are different from those of any other of the Pueblos;* and their mode of life—though to a hasty glance the same—is in many ways unlike that of their brethren in New Mexico. They are the best weavers in America, except the once remarkable but now less skilful Navajos; and their *mantas* (the characteristic black woolen dresses of Pueblo women) and dancing-girdles are so famous that the Indians of the Rio Grande valley often travel three hundred miles or more, on foot or on deliberate burros, simply to trade for the long-wearing products of the rude, home-made looms of Moqui. The Moquis also make valuable and very curious fur blankets by twisting the skins of rabbits into ropes, and then sewing these together—a custom which Coronado found among them three hundred and fifty years ago, before there were any sheep to yield wool for such fabrics as they now weave, and when their only dress materials were skins and the cotton they raised.

It is in these strange, cliff-perched little cities of the Húpi (“the people of peace,” as the Moquis call themselves) that one of the most astounding barbaric dances in the world is held;

* Except that the one Moqui village of Tehua speaks the language of the Tehuas on the Rio Grande, whence its people came.

for it even yet exists. Africa has no savages whose mystic performances are more wonderful than the Moqui snake-dance, and as much may be said for many of the other secret rites of the Pueblos.

The snake is an object of great respect among all uncivilized peoples; and the deadlier his power, the deeper the reverence for him. The Pueblos often protect in their houses an esteemed and harmless serpent—about five or six feet long—as a mouse-trap; and these quiet mousers keep down the little pests much more effectively than a cat, for they can follow *shee-td-deh* to the ultimate corner of his hole.

But while all snakes are to be treated well, the Pueblo holds the rattlesnake actually sacred. It is, except the *pichucuâte* (a real asp), the only venomous reptile in the Southwest, and the only one dignified by a place among the "Trues." The *ch'ah-rah-ráh-deh** is not really worshiped by the Pueblos, but they believe it one of the sacred animals which are useful to the Trues, and ascribe to it wonderful powers. Up to a generation ago it played in the marvelous and difficult superstitions of this people a much more important part than it does now; and every Pueblo town used to maintain a huge rattlesnake, which was kept in a sacred room, and with great solemnity fed once a year. My own Pueblo of Isleta used to support a sacred rattler in the volcanic caves of the Cerro del Aire,† but it escaped five years ago, and the patient search of the officials failed to recover it. Very truthful old men here have told me that it was nearly as large around as my body; and I can believe it with just a *little* allowance, for I myself have seen one here as large as the thickest part of my leg.

This snake-tending has died out in nearly—and now, perhaps, in quite—all the New Mexican pueblos; but the curious trait still survives in the towns of Moqui. Every second year, when the August moon reaches a certain stage (in 1891 it occurred on the 21st), the wonderful ceremony of the snake-dance is performed; and the few white men who have witnessed these weird rites will never forget them.

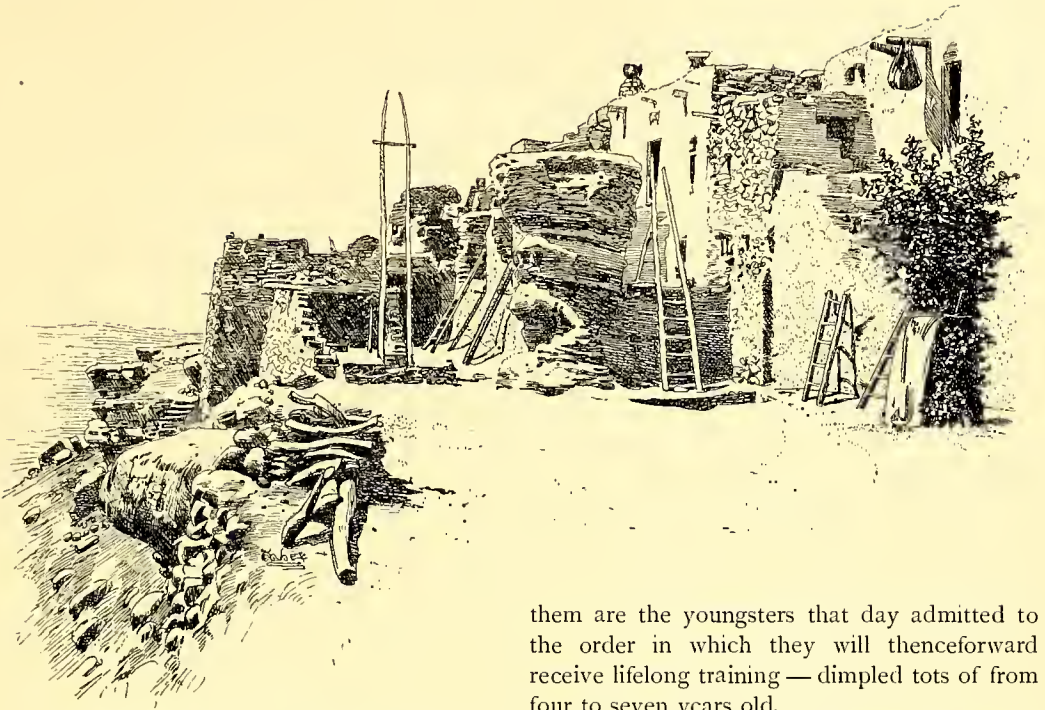
For sixteen days beforehand the professional "Snake-men" have been in solemn preparation for the great event, sitting in their sacred rooms, which are carved in the solid rock. For many days before the dance (as before nearly all such ceremonies with the Pueblos) no food must pass their lips, and they can drink only a bitter "tea," called *máh-que-be*, made from a secret herb which gives them security against snake-poison. They also rub their bodies with prepared herbs.

Six days before the date of the dance the Snake-men go down the mesa into the plain and hunt eastward for rattlesnakes. Upon finding one, the hunter tickles the angry reptile with the "snake-whip"—a sacred bunch of eagle feathers—until it tries to run. Then he snatches it up and puts it into a bag. On the next day the hunt is to the north; the third day to the west; the fourth day to the south—which is, you must know, the only possible order in which a Pueblo dares to "box the compass." To start first south or north would be a dreadful impiety in his eyes. The captured snakes are then kept in the *kibva* (sacred room), where they crawl about in dangerous freedom among the solemn deliberators. The night before the dance the snakes are all cleansed with great solemnity at an altar which the Snake-captain has made of colored sands drawn in a strange design.

The place where the dance is held is a small open court, with the three-story houses crowding it on the west, and the brink of the cliff bounding it on the east. Several sacred rooms, hollowed from the rock, are along this court, and the tall ladders which lead into them are visible in the picture. At the south end of the court stands the sacred Dance-rock—a natural pillar, about fourteen feet high, left by water wearing upon the rock floor of the mesa's top. Midway from this to the north end of the court has been constructed the *keé-si*, or sacred booth of cottonwood branches, its opening closed by a curtain. Just in front of this a shallow cavity has been dug, and then covered with a strong and ancient plank with a hole in one side. This covered cavity represents *Shi-pa-pú*, the Great Black Lake of Tears,—a name so sacred that

* The Tee-wahn name is imitative, resembling the rattling. The Moquis call the rattlesnake *chú-ah*.

† Hill of the wind.



THE DANCE-COURT AND THE DANCE-ROCK.

few Indians will speak it aloud,—whence, according to the common belief of all southwest-Indian, the human race first came.

On the day of the dance the Captain of the Snake-men places all the snakes in a large bag, and deposits this in the booth. All the other active participants are still in their room, going through their mysterious preparations. Just before sunset is the invariable time for the dance.

Long before the hour, the housetops and the edges of the court are lined with an expectant throng of spectators: the earnest Moquis, a goodly representation of the Navajos, whose reservation lies just east, and a few white men. At about half-past five in the afternoon the twenty men of the Antelope Order emerge from their own special room in single file, march thrice around the court, and go through certain sacred ceremonies in front of the booth. Here their captain sprinkles them with a consecrated fluid from the tip of an eagle feather. For a few moments they dance and shake their *guasjes* (ceremonial rattles made of gourds) in front of the booth; and then they are ranged beside it, with their backs against the wall of the houses. Among

them are the youngsters that day admitted to the order in which they will thenceforward receive lifelong training — dimpled tots of from four to seven years old.

Now all is ready; and in a moment a buzz in the crowd announces the coming of the seventeen priests of the Snake Order through the roofed alley just south of the Dance-rock. These seventeen enter the court in single file at a rapid gait, and make the circuit of the court four times, stamping hard with the right foot upon the sacred plank that covers Shi-pa-pú as they pass in front of the booth. This is to let the *Cachinas* (spirits, or divinities) know that the dancers are now presenting their prayers.

When the Captain of the Snake Order reaches the booth, on the fourth circuit, the procession halts. The captain kneels in front of the booth, thrusts his right arm behind the curtain, unties the sack, and in a moment draws out a huge, squirming rattlesnake. This he holds with his teeth about six inches back of the ugly triangular head, and then he rises erect. The Captain of the Antelope Order steps forward and puts his left arm around the Snake-captain's neck, while with the snake-whip in his right hand he "smooths" the writhing reptile. The two start forward in the peculiar hippety-hop, hop, hippety-hop of all Pueblo dances; the next Snake-priest draws forth a snake from the booth, and is joined



HUALPI—A MOQUI VILLAGE.

by the next Antelope-man as a partner; and so on, until each of the Snake-men is dancing with a deadly snake in his mouth, and an equal number of Antelope-men are accompanying them.

The dancers hop in pairs thus from the booth to the Dance-rock, thence north, and circle toward the booth again. When they reach a certain point, which completes about three quarters of the circle, each Snake-man gives his head a sharp snap to the right, and thereby throws his snake to the rock floor of the court, inside the ring of dancers, and dances on to the booth again, to extract a fresh snake and make another round.

There are three more Antelope-men than Snake-men, and these three have no partners in the dance, and are intrusted with the duty of gathering up the snakes thus set free and putting them back into the booth. The snakes sometimes run to the crowd—a ticklish affair for those jammed upon the brink of the precipice. In case they run, the three official gatherers snatch them up without ado; but if they coil and show fight, these Antelope-men tickle them with the snake-whips until they uncoil and try to glide away, and then seize them with the

rapidity of lightning. Frequently these gatherers have five or six snakes in their hands at once. The reptiles are as deadly as ever—not one has had its fangs extracted!

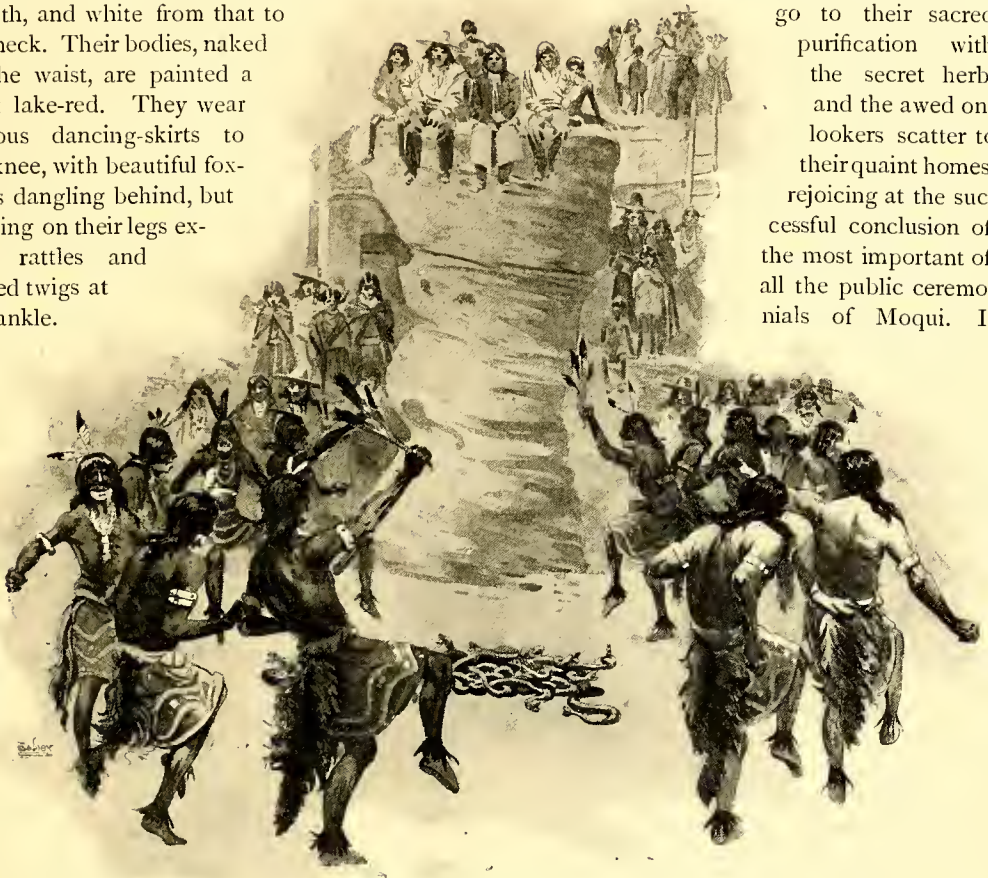
In the 1891 dance, over one hundred snakes were used. Of these about sixty-five were rattlesnakes. I stood within six feet of the circle; and one man (a dancer) who came close to me was bitten. The snake which he held in his mouth suddenly turned and struck him upon the right cheek. His Antelope companion threw the snake upon the ground; and the pair continued the dance as if nothing had happened! Another man a little farther from me, but plainly seen, was bitten on the hand.

I never knew one of them to be seriously affected by a rattlesnake's bite. They pay no attention to the (to others) deadly stroke of that hideous mouth, which opens flat as a palm and smites exactly like one, but dance and sing in earnest unconcern. There is in existence one photograph which clearly shows the dancers with the snakes—and only one. Beginning so late, and in the deep shadow of the tall houses, it is almost impossible for the dance to be photographed at all; but one year a lucky reflector

of white cloud came up and threw a light into that dark corner, and Mr. Wittick got the only perfect picture extant of the snake-dance. I have made pictures which do show the snakes; but they are not handsome pictures of the dance. The make-up of the dancers makes photography still harder. The faces are painted black to the mouth, and white from that to the neck. Their bodies, naked to the waist, are painted a dark lake-red. They wear curious dancing-skirts to the knee, with beautiful fox-skins dangling behind, but nothing on their legs except rattles and sacred twigs at the ankle.

Reaching the bottom of the great mesa, Hualpi, where the chief snake-dance is held, six hundred and sixty feet above the plain, they release the unharmed serpents.

These astounding rites last from half an hour to an hour, and end only when the hot sun has fallen behind the bald western desert. Then the dancers go to their sacred purification with the secret herb, and the awed on-lookers scatter to their quaint homes, rejoicing at the successful conclusion of the most important of all the public ceremonies of Moqui. It



THE MOQUI INDIAN SNAKE-DANCE.

At last all rush together at the foot of the Dance-rock and throw all their snakes into a horrid heap of threatening heads and buzzing tails. I have seen that hillock of rattlesnakes a foot high and four feet across. For a moment the dancers leap about the writhing pile, while the sacred corn-meal is sprinkled. Then they thrust each an arm into that squirming mass, grasp a number of snakes, and go running at top speed to the four points of the compass.

would take too long to tell the supposed meaning of the dance.

It is interesting to notice that

THE NAVAJO INDIANS,

who are the nearest neighbors of the Moquis, have superstitions widely different though quite as benighted. They will not touch a snake under any circumstances. So extreme are their prejudices that one of their skilled silversmiths

was beaten nearly to death by his fellows for making me a silver bracelet which represented a rattlesnake, and the obnoxious emblem was promptly destroyed by the raiders,—along with the offender's hut.

Living almost wholly upon game as they do, the Navajos cannot be prevailed upon to taste either fish or rabbit. I have known some very ludicrous things to happen when meanly mischievous Americans deluded Navajos into eating either of these forbidden dishes; and sometimes there have been very serious retaliations for the ill-mannered joke. Rabbits are wonderfully numerous in the Navajo country, being molested only by feathered and four-footed enemies; but the Indian who would fight to the death sooner than touch a delicious rabbit-stew, is greedily fond of the fat and querulous prairie-dog. That whole region abounds in "dog-towns," and they are frequently besieged by their swarthy foes. A Navajo will stick a bit of mirror in the entrance of a burrow, and lie behind the little mound all day, if need be, to secure the coveted prize. When Mr. *Tusa* ventures from his bedroom, deep underground, he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door; and when he hurries out to confront this impudent intruder, whiz! goes a chalcedony-tipped arrow through him, pinning him to the ground so that he cannot tumble back into his home, as he has a wonderful faculty for doing even in death; or a dark hand darts from behind like lightning, seizes his chunky neck, safely beyond the reach of his chisel-shaped teeth, and breaks his spine with one swift snap.

But when the summer rains come, then is woe indeed to the populous communities of these ludicrous little rodents. As soon as the down-pour begins, every adjacent Navajo between the ages of three and ninety repairs to the *tusa* village. They bring rude hoes, sharpened sticks, and knives, and every one who is able to dig at all falls to work, unmindful of the drenching. In a very short time a lot of little trenches are dug, so as to lead the storm-water to the mouths of as many burrows as possible; and soon a little stream is pouring down each.

"Mercy!" says Mr. *Tusa* to his fat wife and dozen chubby youngsters; "I wish we could elect aldermen that would attend to the drain-

age of this town! It's a shame to have our cellars flooded like this!"—and out he pops to see what can be done. The only thing he can do is to swell the sad heap of his fellow-citizens, over which strange two-footed babies, far bigger than his, are shouting in wild glee. Such a rain-hunt often nets the Navajos many hundred pounds of prairie-dogs; and then there is feasting for many a day in the rude, cold *hogans*, or huts of sticks and dirt which are the only habitation of these Indians.

With the Pueblos, the mountain-lion or cougar is the king of beasts—following our civilized idea very closely; but with the Navajos the bear holds first rank. He is not only the greatest, wisest, and most powerful of brutes, but even surpasses man! The Navajo is a brave and skilled warrior, and would not fear the bear for its deadly teeth and claws, but of its supposed supernatural powers he is in mortal dread. I have offered a Navajo shepherd, who had accidentally discovered a bear's cave, twenty dollars to show it to me, or even to tell me in what cañon it lay; but he refused, in a manner and with words which showed that if I found the cave I would be in danger from more than the bear. The Indian was a very good friend of mine, too; but he was sure that if he were even the indirect cause of any harm to the bear, the bear would know it and kill him and all his family! So even my princely offer was no inducement to a man who was working hard for five dollars a month.

There is only one case in which the Navajos will meddle with a bear. That is when he has killed a Navajo, and the Indians know exactly which bear was the murderer. Then a strong, armed party, headed by the proper religious officers (medicine-men), proceed to the cave of the bear. Halting a short distance in front of the den, they go through a strange service of apology, which to us would seem entirely ludicrous, but to them is unutterably solemn. The praises of the bear, commander of beasts, are loudly sung, and his pardon is humbly invoked for the unpleasant deed to which they are now driven! Having duly apologized beforehand, they proceed as best they may to kill the bear, and then go home to fast and purify themselves. This aboriginal greeting: "I beg

your pardon, and hope you will bear no resentment against me, but I have come to kill you," is quite as funny as the old farmer I used to know in New Hampshire, who was none too polite to his wife, but always addressed his oxen thus: "Now, if you please, whoa hish, Bary! Also Bonny! There! Thank you!"

Under no circumstances will a Navajo touch even the skin of a bear. The equally dangerous mountain-lion he hunts eagerly, and its beautiful, tawny hide is his proudest trophy outside of war, and the costliest material for his quivers, bow-cases, and rifle-sheaths. Nor will he touch a coyote.

A Navajo will never enter a house in which death has been; and his wild domain is full of huts abandoned forever. Nor after he is married dare he ever see his wife's mother; and if by any evil chance he happens to catch a glimpse of her, it takes a vast amount of fasting and prayer before he feels secure from dangerous results. The grayest and most dignified chief is not above walking backward, running like a scared boy, or hiding his head in his blanket, to avoid the dreaded sight.

Feathers figure very prominently in the religious customs of most aborigines, and remarkably so in the Southwest. Among Navajos and Pueblos alike these plume-symbols are of the utmost efficacy for good or bad. They are part of almost every ceremonial of the infinite superstitions of these tribes. Any white or bright-hued plume is of good omen—"good medicine," as the Indian would put it. The gay feathers of the parrot are particularly valuable, and some dances cannot be held without them, though the Indians have to travel hundreds of miles into Mexico to get them. A peacock is harder to keep in the vicinity of Indians than the finest horse—those brilliant plumes are too tempting.

Eagle feathers are of sovereign value; and in most of the pueblos great, dark, captive eagles are kept to furnish the coveted articles for most important occasions. If the bird of freedom were suddenly exterminated now, the whole Indian economy would come to a standstill. No witches could be exorcised, nor sickness cured, nor much of anything else accomplished.

Dark feathers, and those in particular of the owl, buzzard, woodpecker, and raven, are unspeakably accursed. No one will touch them except those who "have the evil road,"—that is, are witches,—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially tried and officially put to death! Such feathers are used only in secret by those who wish to kill or harm an enemy, in whose path they are laid with wicked wishes that ill-fortune may follow.

How many of my young countrymen who have read of the "prayer-wheels" of Burmah, and the paper prayers of the Chinese, know that there is a mechanical prayer used by thousands of people in the United States? The Pueblo "prayer-stick" is quite as curious a device as those of the heathen Orient; and the feather is the chief part of it.

Prowling in sheltered ravines about any Pueblo town, the curiosity-seeker will find, stuck in the ground, carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers (generally white) bound at the top.

Each of these sticks is a prayer—and none the less earnest and sincere because so misguided. Around the remote pueblo of Zuñi I have counted over three thousand of these strange invocations in one day's ramble; but never a tithe as many by any other pueblo.

According to the nature of the prayer, the stick, the feathers, and the manner of tying them vary. The Indian who has a favor to ask of the Trues prepares his feather-prayer with great solemnity and secrecy, takes it to a proper spot, prays to all those above, and plants the prayer-stick that it may continue his petition after he has gone home.

This use of the feather is also shared by the Navajos; and so is what may be called the smoke-prayer, in which the smoke of the sacred cigarette is blown east, north, west, south, up and down, to scare away the evil spirits and please the good ones.

The Navajos weave the finest and most durable blankets in the world. Civilized looms turn out no such iron-like weaving as these barbarians make with no better loom than two straight sticks hung from the limb of a tree by

ropes, and connected by the cords of the wool. Their brilliant colors and barbaric patterns, as well as the close texture which enables them to hold water perfectly, or to stand use as a carpet on an earth floor for fifty years, render them very valuable. I have in my collection Navajo blankets upon each of which the weaver worked thirteen solid months. One weighs twelve pounds; and every red thread was raveled from an imported Turkish serge which cost the Indian six dollars a pound.

These *bolleta* blankets, however, are no more made now, and are seldom seen, for the fine Germantown yarns make a blanket which sells more readily at far less, though not nearly so durable.

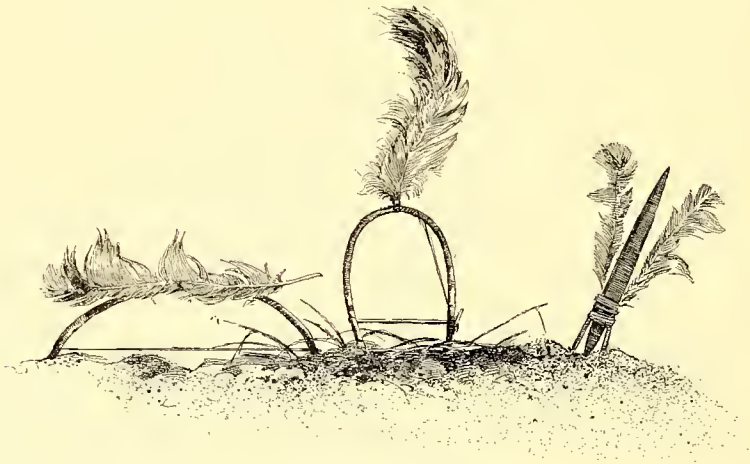
In a corner of the Navajo country, too, is another curiosity of which few Americans are aware—a catacomb of genuine mummies! This is in the grim Cañon de Tsáy-ee,—ignorantly called “du Chelle,”—which is lined along the ledges of its dizzy cliffs with the prehistoric houses of the so-called Cliff-dwellers. These were not an unknown race at all, but our own Pueblo Indians of the old days when defense

against savage neighbors was the first object in life.

These stone houses, clinging far up the gloomy precipice, were inaccessible enough at best, and are doubly so now that their ladders have crumbled to dust. In them are many strange relics of prehistoric times, and in some the embalmed bodies of their long-forgotten occupants. There is a still larger “deposit,” so to speak, of American mummies in the wildly picturesque San Juan country, in the extreme northwestern corner of New Mexico and adjacent parts of Colorado. They are in similar cliff-built ruins, and belong to the same strange race. So we have one of Egypt’s famous wonders here at home.

The largest Indian tribes of the Colorado desert have from time immemorial cremated their dead on funeral pyres, after the fashion of the classic ancients and of modern India. All the property of the deceased is burned in the same flames, and the mourners add their own treasures to the pile. So property does not accumulate among the Mojaves, and there is no contesting of wills.

(To be continued.)



PUEBLO PRAYER-STICKS.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



We went for a promenade today,
My Dolly and I together ;
The sun came out and, I'm sorry to say,
We were April-scooled by the weather ;
For while we walked to the end of the lane
The clouds were quietly slipping
Over the sky, and they poured the rain
Until we were cold and dripping.



Mama was ready to change my clothes
And set poor Dolly a-drying ;
But the drops ran down her cheeks and nose
Till it seemed as if she were crying ;
And her feet were wet, and her hair was down
And blown in every direction ;
And it nearly ruined her nicest gown
And her delicate wax complexion .

TOM PAULDING.

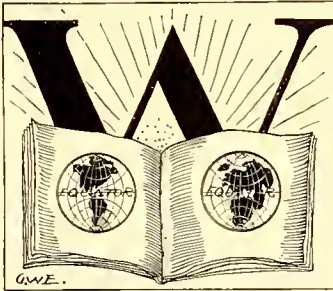
(*A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.*)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[*Begin in the November number.*]

CHAPTER X.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.



WITHIN forty-eight hours after Mr. Richard Rapallo's arrival at Mrs. Paulding's house, he had made himself quite at home there. He took

his place in the family circle easily and unobtrusively, and before he had been in the house more than a week, Pauline found herself wondering how they had ever got on without Uncle Dick; Tom recognized in his uncle the wise friend for whom he had been longing of late; Mrs. Paulding was very glad to have her brother with her again; and even the Careful Katie was pleased.

"It 's a sight for sore eyes," she said, "to see Mrs. Paulding so cheerful! And Mr. Richard was always a lively boy and kept the pot a-boilin'."

In the Careful Katie Uncle Dick took amused interest. Her willingness to enter now and then into the talk at the dinner-table afforded him unending entertainment. He usually called her the "Brilliant Conversationalist"; and as he knew that this was a nickname she would not understand, he did not hesitate to allude to the Brilliant Conversationalist even when Katie was actually present.

He delighted in drawing her out and in getting at the strange superstitions in which she believed, for they came up in the most unexpected ways. He would set Pauline to lead her on about signs and warnings. Having been

told that the dropping of a knife meant the coming of a "beau" or of "some other gentleman," and that the dropping of a fork indicated the visit of a lady, he was greatly puzzled to know what the dropping of a spoon could portend. Pauline agreed to find out for him.

Pauline and her uncle were great friends. He had become interested in her and in her doings at once, and he had the art of seeing things as she did. In time she wholly forgot that there was a great difference of years between them, and she came to talk with her uncle as with a comrade of her own age.

She reported that the fall of a spoon foretold that "it" was coming—"it" being something vague, unknown, impossible to predict with precision.

"I see," said Uncle Dick, when Polly told him this. "I see it all now. The scheme is as simple and as logical as one could wish. The knife indicates that the coming visitor is masculine, while the fork is the feminine of this prediction, and the spoon is the neuter."

"So it is!" Polly declared with surprise. "It 's just like the grammar, then, is n't it? And I think grammar is horrid!"

"There is n't much English grammar left nowadays," Uncle Dick returned. "We have shaken off most of the unnecessary distinctions of more complicated languages. In French, now, the sun is masculine, while in German it is feminine."

"Then, if I was a French-and-German girl I should n't know whether the sun was a man or a woman?" asked Polly. "I think that would be terrible!"

"It would be terrible indeed," Uncle Dick answered gravely; "but perhaps the sun would still shine, even if you did n't know its gender."

"Grammar 's bad enough," continued the little girl, "but sometimes I think joggraphy 's worse."

"Oh, it 's joggraphy still, is it?" asked her

uncle. "It used to be when I was a boy at school."

"Of course it's joggraphy," she returned in surprise. "What could it be?"

"I did n't know," Uncle Dick responded. "I thought that perhaps it might now be geogrophy."

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" said Polly, blushing, "I think it's real mean of you to catch me like that." Then, after a little pause, she added, "We do say joggraphy, I know — that is, we generally shorten it to jog. We shorten everything we can. We say Am. hist. for American history, and comp. for compositions, and rith. for arithmetic."

"I suppose that you have to condense a great deal," Uncle Dick remarked gravely, "because you have so little time before you."

Pauline did not see the irony of this. She went on gaily. "I don't like jog. any more; we are in Africa now —"

"I should n't have thought it, from the weather here," Uncle Dick interrupted, glancing at the

"And I don't like it at all. It's all so hard and so—so dry."

"I've found Africa very dry myself," admitted her uncle.

"Have you been there?" she asked. Then she added hastily, "Why, of course you have. You were at the diamond-fields. Now, is n't that funny? I read about the diamond-fields in my jog., and it never struck me that they were real places, you know, where real people might be, as you were."

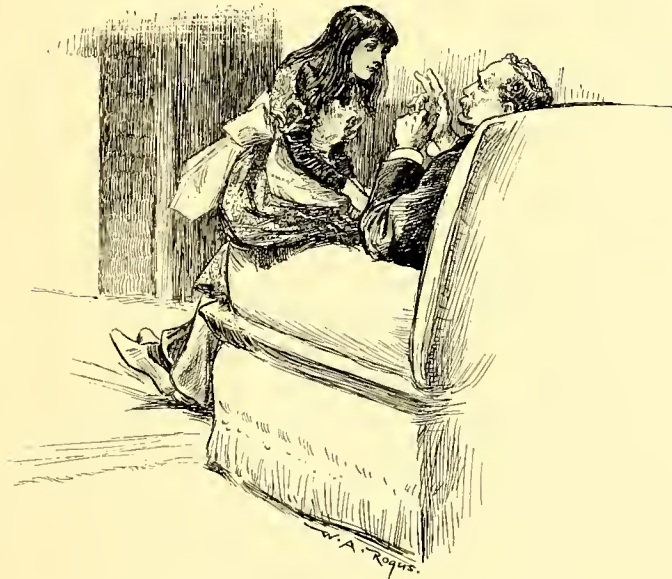
Uncle Dick laughed a little. "I can understand that," he remarked. "They were simply a name on the map—simply something that you had to study out of a book—not something interesting, and alive, where there are men and women and children. Well, I'll try and make you take a little more interest in that name on the map."

Then he lifted her on his knee and told her about the diamond-fields. He described the country thereabouts and the difficulties of the journey there. He explained how the mines

were worked, and he showed her that the laborers there were human beings with good qualities and bad qualities of their own. He set before her in a few graphic words the different nationalities that are to be found in South Africa—the English colonists, the Dutch settlers, and the native Africans.

When he had come to an end of his description, Pauline kissed him and said, "Uncle, I shall never hate jog. again. I had no idea it was so interesting. And besides, when we have a review now, I shall know ever so much more than any of the other girls. I shall surprise them so!"

Uncle Dick smiled again. "I've had that feeling myself," he confessed. "When I went back



UNCLE DICK TELLS POLLY ABOUT THE DIAMOND-FIELDS.

window, through which he could see the falling flakes of the first snow-storm of the winter.

"I mean we are in Africa in our jog.," she explained.

"I see," he answered sedately.

to school after I'd been on a voyage, geogrophy was my favorite lesson, because I'd seen so many of the places. I remember to this day how conceited I was when I told them all that it was n't necessary to go around Cape

Horn if you could get into the Strait of Lemaire."

"I 'll remember that, too," Polly declared promptly.

"As long as we were at work on South America," continued Uncle Dick, "I was all right. I 'd been around it, and I thought I knew all about it; and of course I had seen more than any of the others. But pride had a fall at last, and conceit got knocked on the head as soon as we finished America and began on Europe."

"Had n't you been to Europe?" she inquired.

"Not then; I did n't cross the Atlantic until '67, at the time of the Paris Exposition. And as I knew, or thought I knew, all about South America, I 'd got into the habit of not studying my geography lesson. There were times when I did n't even open the book. So one day,—I can remember now how the school looked when the teacher asked me the question,—it was late in June, and we were all restless. I think the teacher saw this and wished to make it as easy for us as she could, so she called on me. She had found out that I liked to talk, and that the other boys liked to hear me because I used to bring in words and phrases I 'd picked up from the sailor-men during our long voyage. So she called, 'Rapallo,' and I stood up. And she asked, 'Which way does the Nile flow?' Now, I did n't know anything at all about the Nile or about Africa, and I was at a loss. I hesitated, and I tried to remember how the Nile looked on the map. But I had n't really studied the map, and I could n't remember anything at all. So I did n't know what to say. I stood there foolishly, thinking as hard as I could. Then I tried to get out of it by luck or else by sheer guessing. So when she repeated the question, 'What is the course of the Nile?' I answered boldly, 'Southwest by south.' And you should have heard how the boys laughed! The teacher had to join in too."

And Uncle Dick himself laughed heartily at the recollection of his blunder.

Pauline smiled, a little doubtfully.

"I think I 'll go out and get a taste of that snow-storm," said her uncle, rising. "It is the first I 've seen in three years."

As soon as Uncle Dick had left the house, Pauline went to her own room and got down her

geography and turned to the map of Africa. She wished to make sure of her own knowledge as to the course of the Nile, so that she could enjoy her uncle's blunder.

CHAPTER XI.

SANTA CLAUS BRINGS A SUGGESTION.



HE snow-storm kept up all night, and in the morning there was no denying that winter had come at last. The steep slopes of the Riverside Park were covered three inches deep. The

boys got out their sleds and began to coast. A sharp frost followed the snow-storm and froze the water out of the snow, so that it was too dry to make into balls.

Before the Christmas vacation began, the aspect of the landscape had undergone its winter change. The skies were dull and gray, though the frosty sunset glowed ruddy over the Jersey hills. Ice began to form in the river; the night-boats had ceased running weeks before; and now the long tows of canal-boats were seen no more. Even the heavy freight-boats and the impudent little tugs became infrequent, as if they feared to be caught in the ice. The long freight-trains stood still on the tracks of the railroad down by the water's edge, or moved slowly past as the powerful locomotives puffed their white steam into the clear cold air.

Uncle Dick was in and out of the house in the most irregular way. Generally he went out early in the morning, and sometimes he did not return till late at night. Mrs. Paulding never delayed dinner in the hope of his coming back in time for it. He had told her not to expect him until she saw him.

"I 've many things to do," he explained, "and I 've many people to see, and sometimes I have to catch them on the jump, when I get the chance."

Just what his business was he never explained. He did not tell any one in the house whether or not he had succeeded in securing the situation

for which he had applied to Joshua Hoffman. Pauline was very curious, and she wanted to ask her uncle about this; but she thought it would not be polite. She was always glad when Uncle Dick "took an afternoon off," as he phrased it, for then he was likely to spend a good part of it talking to her.

Tom had been busy with the examinations at school and with the preparations for Christmas at home, so that it was not until the vacation began that he found an opportunity to consult his uncle about the lost guineas.

On the afternoon before Christmas, Tom went out to give an order for the supplies his mother needed to meet an unexpected demand for several kinds of cake which a tardy customer of the Woman's Exchange had called for. Having

gentlemen got out, and the carriage drove around the corner to the stable. One of these gentlemen was tall, thin, white-haired, and evidently very old, although he still carried himself erect. The other was Tom's Uncle Dick.

The old gentleman apparently asked Mr. Rapallo to enter the house, and Uncle Dick declined, shaking hands and bidding good-by. The elderly man went up the few steps which took him inside his own grounds; then he paused and called Mr. Rapallo back. Leaning over the low stone wall which surrounded his lawn, the old gentleman had a brief talk with Uncle Dick—a talk which ended a little before Tom came opposite to them.

Then the elderly man again shook hands with Mr. Rapallo and went into the house.

As Uncle Dick turned he caught sight of Tom Paulding.

"Hullo, youngster!" he cried across the road. "Don't you want to go for a walk?"

It seemed as if Uncle Dick could never have enough walking. Tom thought sometimes that his uncle took long tramps just to humor his restlessness—to "let off steam," as Tom expressed it.

Mr. Rapallo crossed the road and joined Tom. "Where shall we go?" he asked.

"Are you in a hurry?" Tom inquired.

"I'm never in a hurry," he answered.

"I mean, have you time for a long talk with me?" was Tom's next question.

"Of course I have,"

he replied. "We've all the time there is."

"Then I'll take you up and show you the place where my great-grandfather was robbed," said Tom, as they dropped into the steady pace at which Mr. Rapallo always walked. "I've



MR. JOSHUA HOFFMAN HAS A TALK WITH UNCLE DICK.

done his errand, he turned into the Riverside Park and began to walk along the parapet.

When he came near the handsome house which Mr. Joshua Hoffman had recently built, he saw a carriage stop before the door. Two

been wanting to tell you all about it and to get your advice."

"Advice is inexpensive," laughed his uncle; "there is n't anything I can afford to give more freely. But I'm afraid you'll not find it a very substantial Christmas present."

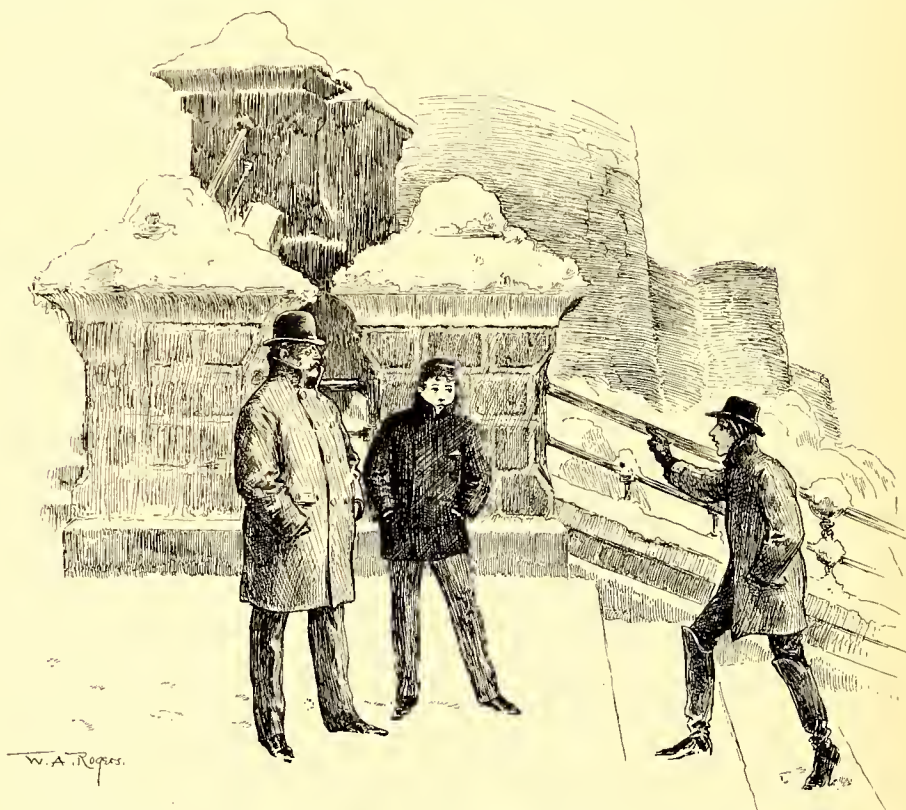
"You see, Uncle," Tom pursued eagerly, "I've worked on this now till I've done all I can. I've got to the end of my rope, and I thought that you could help me out with your experience."

"I've had plenty of experience, too," returned Uncle Dick. "If experience was an available stock in trade, I could fit up a store and sell off my surplus supply. I've more than I need for my own use. I've been pretty nearly everywhere, and I've seen all sorts of things, and

"I'm richer than anybody I ever met," Uncle Dick declared seriously.

Tom looked at him in surprise.

"I don't mean in mere money," he went on. "Money is only one of the standards by which you measure riches—and it is n't a very good one, either. I'm rich because I have all I want. I've met wealthy men in all parts of the world—in New York and in New Zealand, among the Eskimos and among the Arabs; they had different ideas of wealth, of course, but they were all alike in one thing—they all wanted more. I've never met a very wealthy man who did n't want more than he had. Now, I don't. I'm content. And that's 'the best gift of heaven to man'—contentment. It takes few things to give it. Health, first, of course;



"CORCSREW" TELLS UNCLE DICK AND TOM OF THE DISCOVERY BY THE AQUEDUCT LABORERS.

I've met all sorts of people, and—I've nothing to show for it now but experience."

"Your not having money does n't make you miserable, anyway," said Tom.

then freedom; then food and clothing; after that, a roof over one's head and a fire if it is cold. I've been in places where clothing and fire and shelter were not needed, and where

the food grew wild for the picking. In those places a man can get the essentials of life very easily. But however he may get them, the main thing is to be content with little. After all, I believe contentment is a habit. So I advise you to get accustomed to being content as soon as you can. Then you will never long to change places with a wealthy man. With most of them, the more they have the more they want. I was talking just now with a very wealthy man —

“The Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall?” Tom inquired.

“The Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall,” his uncle assented. “He has money, houses, lands, mines, ships; but though he is old and has now earned his rest, and though the care of all these things wears on him, still he wants more. He is a good man, too,—one of the best men in the world to-day,—and probably he wishes for more money only that he may do more good with it. But he does wish for it, all the same.”

“I ’m afraid I ’m not so content as you, Uncle Dick,” said Tom. “I want more than I have. You know mother is troubled about that mortgage, and I ’d like to go to the School of Mines, and I think Pauline ought to have a chance, too; so that ’s why I ’m trying to find the gold which was stolen from my great-grandfather.”

“It ’s a boy’s habit to be hopeful and striving,” Uncle Dick replied. “I should not wish you to look at the world with my eyes yet a while. But even when you are trying for what you think would better you—even then you can be content with what you actually have. Now tell me all about this gold which vanished suddenly and was seen no more.”

Tom began at the beginning and told Uncle Dick the whole story. He took Mr. Rapallo over the ground, and showed the exact position of the two armies on the night of the robbery. He had in his pocket the map Nicholas Paulding had roughly outlined. With the aid of this he traced for Uncle Dick the course of the little stream which had separated the hostile camps the night before the battle, and he pointed out the stepping-stones by means of which a passage might have been had from one bank to

the other. He gave Mr. Rapallo all the information he had been able to extract from the papers gathered by Wyllys Paulding. He explained all the circumstances of Jeffrey Kerr’s taking the bags containing the two thousand guineas, and of his escape with them. He dwelt on the fact that after the second sentinel had fired on Kerr, the thief had never been seen again, so far as anybody knew.

“In other words,” said Uncle Dick, “this man Kerr took the money, ran outside our lines, and then vanished.”

“That ’s it exactly,” Tom replied.

“And when he vanished, the gold disappeared too,” Mr. Rapallo continued. “You are right in calling this a puzzle. It is a puzzle of the most puzzling kind.”

“And there is one question which puzzles me quite as much as the fate of the thief or the disappearance of the gold,” Tom declared; “and that ’s why it was that my grandfather suddenly gave up the search.”

“That is odd,” Uncle Dick confessed; “very odd, indeed. It will bear a good deal of thinking over.”

“And I want you to help me, Uncle Dick,” pleaded Tom.

“Of course I will,” replied Mr. Rapallo heartily. “I ’ll do what I can—that is, if I can do anything. Have you told any of the boys here about this?”

“They know I ’m going to try to find it,” Tom replied, “but that ’s all they do know. I thought at first of consulting Harry Zachary,—he has such good ideas. He ’s just been reading a book called the ‘Last Days of Pompeii,’ and he wants us to make a big volcano for the Fourth of July and have an eruption of Vesuvius after it gets dark, and then by the light of the burning mountain two of us will fight a duel with stiletos—that ’s a kind of Italian bowie-knife, is n’t it?”

“Yes,” answered Uncle Dick, smiling. “I think that is a good scheme. This young friend of yours seems to have excellent ideas, as you say. Why did n’t you consult him?”

“Well,” Tom answered, “his head ’s all right, but he is n’t very strong, and he gets scared easily. Besides, his father thinks he ’s delicate, and he won’t always let him out. His father ’s

a tailor—that is, he manufactures clothes. Harry says he has more than a hundred hands.”

“Quite a Briareus,” said Mr. Rapallo. “And is he the only one you could take into confidence?”

“Oh, no,” Tom responded; “there ’s Cissy Smith.”

“I don’t think I would advise you to consult a girl,” said his uncle.

“Cissy is n’t a girl,” Tom explained. “‘Cissy’ is simply short for Cicero. His full name is Marcus Cicero Smith, Junior.”

“Then I think I must know his father,” Mr. Rapallo declared; “that is, if he ’s a doctor, and if he used to live in Denver.”

“He did,” said Tom.

“And why did n’t you consult him?” asked his uncle.

“Well,” Tom explained a little hesitatingly, “I don’t know that I can tell, for sure. I like Cissy. He ’s my best friend. But he ’s so sharp, and he sits down on one so hard. And besides I thought I ’d rather do all the work myself.”

They were then walking along the upper terrace of Morningside Park.

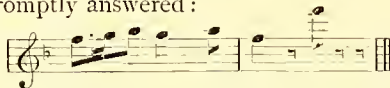
Mr. Rapallo glanced down into the park below and said, “Is n’t that boy making signals to you?”

Tom leaned over and caught sight of Corkscrew Lott, who was waving his hands as if signaling.

As Tom came to the edge of the parapet, Lott whistled:



Tom promptly answered:



“That sounds like a rallying-call,” said Mr. Rapallo, smiling.

“We ’ve got a secret society, called the Black Band, and that ’s our signal,” Tom explained.

They walked a little way down toward Lott, and stood still until he came up. Then Tom presented him to Mr. Rapallo.

Lott hardly waited for this introduction, he was so anxious to communicate his intelligence.

“Have you heard the news?” he asked, twisting with impatience.

“What news?” Tom returned.

“Then you have n’t heard it,” Lott went on gleefully. “It was found only this forenoon, and I was almost the first to see it.”

“What was found?” asked Tom, with a sudden chill as he feared that possibly some one else had discovered the treasure he was after.

“It ’s the skeleton of a soldier who was killed during the Revolutionary War,” Lott explained.

Uncle Dick and Tom looked at each other with the same thought in their minds.

“Where was this discovered?” Mr. Rapallo asked.

“Over there,” Corkscrew answered, pointing toward the Hudson River behind them. “The men at work there on the new aqueduct, dug up the bones. It was the skeleton of a British soldier.”

“A British soldier?” echoed Mr. Rapallo. “How do you know that?”

“Oh, everybody says so,” Lott answered. “Besides, they found things with him that prove it.”

“Did they find any money?” cried Tom anxiously.

“Did n’t they though?” Corkscrew replied. Again Tom and Uncle Dick exchanged glances and their faces fell.

“Do you know how much they found?” inquired Mr. Rapallo.

“Of course I do,” Corkscrew answered. “I went up at once, and I asked all about it, and I ’ve seen all the money. There are two silver shillings and a silver sixpence and a copper penny—a great big one with the head of George the Second on it.”

“Is that all?” Tom demanded.

“Is n’t that enough?” Lott returned. “How much do you think a British soldier ought to have had?”

Tom drew a breath of relief. “If that is all,” he began—

“How do you know it was a British soldier?” Mr. Rapallo repeated. “An American soldier might have had two-and-six in silver and a penny in copper.”

“The money was n’t all that was found,” Lott explained.

“I thought you said it was,” Tom interrupted.

“I did n’t say anything of the sort,” Lott re-

plied. "I said that was all the money; but they found something else — the buttons of his uniform; and Dr. Smith, who has collected buttons — I'm going to begin a collection at once; I can get one from a 'sparrow' policeman, and I've a cousin in the fire department at Boston, and —"

"Never mind about the collection you are going to begin," said Mr. Rapallo; "tell us about these buttons now."

"Well," Lott returned, "Dr. Smith recognized them at once; he said that they were worn in 1776 by the Seventeenth Light Dragoons; and that they were one of the British regiments which took part in the Battle of Harlem Heights."

"And what did Dr. Smith say about the death of the poor fellow whose bones have been found?" asked Uncle Dick.

"He said it was easy to see how the man had been killed, and he took a big musket-ball out of the skull," said Lott. "He thinks that in the hurry of the fighting some of the other soldiers must have thrown a little earth hastily over the body, and left it where it fell; and so, in time, with the washing of the rain and the settling of the dust and the growing of the grass, somehow the skeleton got to be well under ground. Why, it was at least six feet down, where they dug it out."

"Are you sure that they did not find anything else with it?" Mr. Rapallo inquired.

"Certain sure!" said Corkscrew. "I asked every one of them all about it. Oh, that's all right: if there'd been anything else, I'd have found out all about it. Maybe the men are there still; you can go and ask them yourself, and I can show you exactly where the bones were."

Mr. Rapallo and Tom Paulding walked with Lott to the place where the men were yet at work sinking a deep ditch for one of the huge pipes of the new aqueduct. The laborers had advanced at least ten feet beyond the spot in which the skeleton had been discovered, but Corkscrew pointed out the place.

Uncle Dick asked the foreman a few questions, and then he and Tom started for home.

"I don't see how that can be the skeleton of your thief, Tom," said Mr. Rapallo, as they walked on after parting with Lott.

"I'm sure that Kerr could n't have got to

the place where those bones were found," Tom declared. "Kerr did n't reach the British camp, and that place is well inside their lines. Besides, he could n't have had on the uniform of the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, you know; he was an assistant paymaster in our army. And then those two shillings, and that sixpence, and that penny — there was more than that in my great-grandfather's money-bags! No; this can't be the man we're after."

"Then you are no nearer the solution of your problem," said Uncle Dick. "I'm afraid it will take you a long while to work it out. I'd help you if I could, but I don't see how I can."

"It helps me just to have some one to talk to about it," Tom urged.

"Oh, you can talk to me till you are tired," Uncle Dick laughed. "The mystery of the thing fascinates me, and I shall be glad to talk about it. But you will have to do the hard thinking yourself. 'Be sure you're right — then go ahead!' That was a good motto for Davy Crockett, and it is n't a bad one for any other American."

"I wish I only knew which way to go," said Tom; "I'd go ahead with all my might."

"Put on your thinking-cap," remarked Mr. Rapallo, as they mounted the flight of steps leading from the street to the knoll on which stood Mrs. Paulding's house. "Sleep on it. To-morrow is Christmas, you know; perhaps in the morning you will find an idea in your stocking."

Generally Tom was a late sleeper, like most boys, and it was not easy to rouse him from his slumbers. But on Christmas morning, by some strange chance, he waked very early. Despite his utmost endeavor he could not go to sleep again. He lay there wide awake, and he recalled the events of the preceding day. Soon he began to turn over in his mind the circumstances connected with Jeffrey Kerr's mysterious disappearance.

Suddenly he sprang from his bed and lighted the gas. Without waiting to dress, he pulled out the box of papers and searched among them for a certain newspaper. When he had found this he read a marked paragraph with

almost feverish eagerness. Then he put the paper away again in the box, and dressed himself as rapidly as he could.

By the time he got down-stairs, creeping softly that he might not disturb his mother, it was just daybreak.

At the foot of the stairs he met the Careful Katie, who was just back from early mass.

"Holy Saints defend us!" she cried. "Is that the boy, or his banshee?"

"Merry Christmas, Katie!" he said, as he put on his overcoat.

"An' is it goin' out ye are?" she asked in astonishment. "For why? Ye can't buy no more Christmas presents—the stores is n't open, even them that ain't closed the day."

"I've got to go out to see about something," he explained. "I shall be back in half an hour."

"It'll bring no luck this goin' out in the

night, an' not to church either," said the Careful Katie, as she opened the door for him.

An hour or so later, when Mr. Richard Rapallo was dressing leisurely, there came a tap at his door.

"Who's there?" he cried.

"Merry Christmas, Uncle Dick!" Tom answered. "You were right, and Santa Claus has given me a suggestion."

"What do you mean?" asked his uncle, opening the door.

"I have found an idea in my stocking," Tom explained; "or at least it came to me this morning early, and I've been out to see about it. And I think I've made a discovery."

"Produce your discovery!" Uncle Dick responded, noting the excitement in the boy's voice and the light in his eyes.

"I think I know what became of Jeffrey Kerr," said Tom; "and if I'm right, then I know where the stolen gold is!"

(To be continued.)



NOVEMBER IN THE CAÑON.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE long season of fair autumn weather was drawing to a close. Everybody was tired of sunshine; there had been nearly six months of it, and the face of nature in southern Idaho was gray with dust. A dark morning or a cloudy sunset was welcome, even to the children, who were glad of the prospect of any new kind of weather.

But no rain came. The river had sunk so low in its bed it barely murmured on the rocks, like a sleeper disturbed in his dream. When the children were indoors, with windows shut and fire crackling, they could hear no sound of water; and this cessation of a voice inseparable from the life of the cañon added to the effect of waiting which belonged to these still fall days.

The talk of the men was of matters suited to the season. It was said the Chinamen's wood-drive had got lodged in Moor's Creek on its way to the river, there being so little water in the creek this year; and might not get down at all, which would be almost a total loss to the Chinamen. Charley Moy, the cook at the cañon, knew the boss Chinaman of the "drive," and said that he had had bad luck now two seasons running.

The river was the common carrier between the lumber-camps in the mountains and the consumers of wood in the towns and ranches below. Purchasers who lived on the river-bank were accustomed to stop their winter's supply of firewood as it floated by. It was taken account of and paid for when the owners of the drive came to look up their property.

Every year three drives came down the river. Goodwin's log-drive came first, at high water, early in the summer. The logs were from twelve to twenty feet long. Each one was marked with the letters M, H. These were the first two of Mr. Goodwin's initials, and were easily cut with an ax; the final initial, G, being

difficult to cut in this rude way, was omitted; but everybody knew that saw-logs marked M. H. belonged to Goodwin's drive. They looked like torpedo-boats as they came nosing along, with an ugly rolling motion, through the heavy current.

The men who followed this first drive were rather a picked lot for strength and endurance; but they made slow progress past the bend in the cañon. Here a swift current and an eddy together combined to create what is called a jam. The loggers were often seen up to their waists in water for hours, breaking up the jam, and working the logs out into the current. When the last one was off the men would get into their boat—a black, flat-bottomed boat, high at stem and stern like a whale-boat—and go whooping down in mid-current like a mob of school-boys upon some dangerous sort of lark. These brief voyages between the jams must have been the most exciting and agreeable part of log-driving.

After Goodwin's drive came the Frenchmen's cord-wood drive; and last of all, when the river was lowest, came the Chinamen's drive, making the best of what water was left.

There is a law of the United States which forbids that an alien shall cut timber on the public domain. A Chinaman, being an alien unmistakably, and doubly held as such in the West, cannot therefore cut the public timber for his own immediate profit or use; but he can take a contract to furnish it to a white dealer in wood, at a price contingent upon the safe delivery of the wood. But if the river should fail to bring it in time for sale, the cost of cutting and driving, for as far as he succeeds in getting it down, is a dead loss to the Chinese contractor, and the wood belongs to whoever may pick it out of the water when the first rise of the creek in spring carries it out.

The Chinese wood-drivers are singular, wild-looking beings. Often at twilight, when they camped on the shore below the house, the children would hover within sight of the curious group the men made around their fire—an

the water, no male or female of the white race could show anything in the way of costume to approach them.

The cloudy weather continued. The nights grew sharper, and the men said it was too



CHARLEY MOY'S ESTABLISHMENT.

economical bit of fire, sufficient merely to cook the supper of fish and rice.

All is silence before supper, in a camp of hungry, wet white men; but the Chinamen were always chattering. The children were amused to see them "doing" their hair like women—combing out the long, black, witch-locks in the light of the fire, and braiding them into pigtails, or twisting them into "Psyche knots." They wore several layers of shirts, and sleeveless vests, one over another, long waterproof boots drawn up over their knees, and always the most unfitting of hats perched on top of the coiled braids or above the Psyche knots. Altogether, take them wet or dry, on land or in

cold for rain; if a storm came now it would bring snow. There was snow already upon the mountains and the high pastures, for the deer were seeking feeding-grounds in the lower, warmer gulches, and the stock had been driven down from the summer range to winter in the valleys.

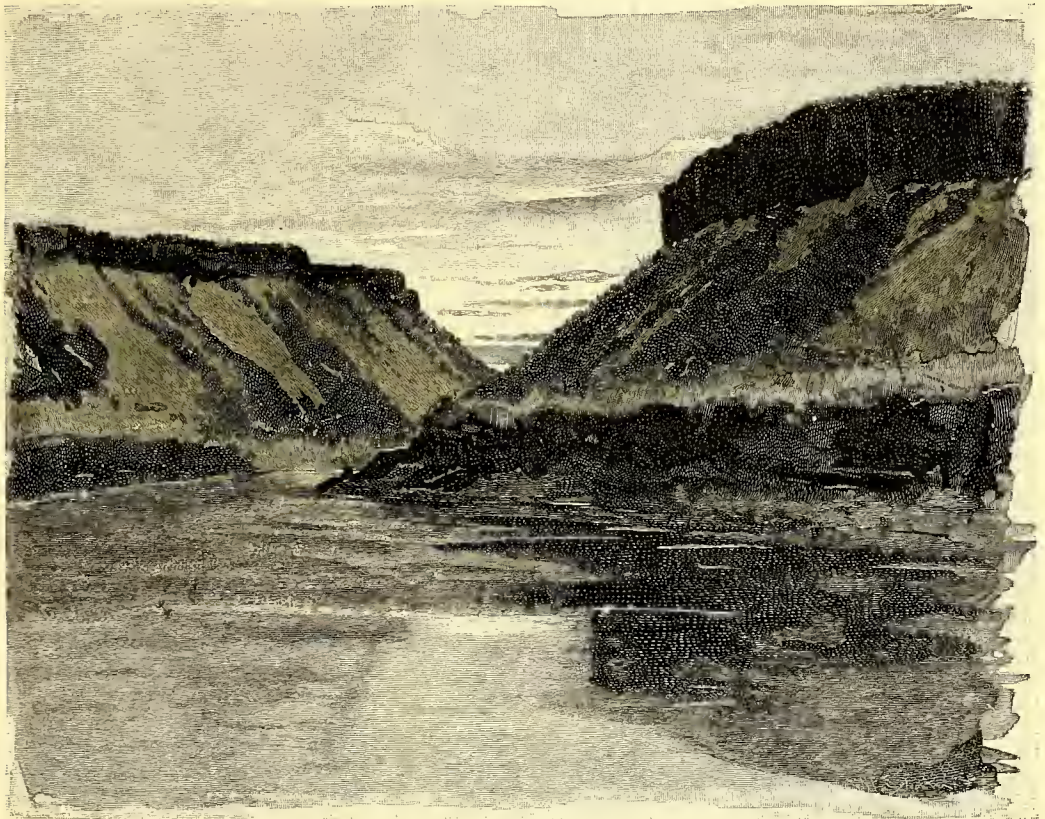
One afternoon an old man, a stranger, was seen coming down the gulch back of the house, followed by a pack-horse bearing a load. The gulch was now all yellow and brown, and the man's figure was conspicuous for the light, army-blue coat he wore—the overcoat of a private soldier. He "hitched" at the post near the kitchen door, and uncovering his load showed

two fat haunches of young venison which he had brought to sell.

No peddler of the olden time, unstrapping his pack in the lonely farm-house kitchen, could have been more welcome than this stranger with his wild merchandise, to the children of the camp. They stood around so as not to miss a word of the conversation, while Charley Moy entertained him with the remnants of the camp lunch. The old buckskin-colored horse seemed as much of a character as his master. Both his ears were cropped half-off, giving a sullen and pugilistic expression to his bony head. There was no more arch to his neck than to the handle of a hammer. His faded yellow coat was dry,

his master were caught out too late in the season, and the old horse had both his ears frozen.

The children were surprised, to learn that their new acquaintance was a neighbor, residing in a dugout in Cottonwood Gulch, only three miles away. They knew the place well, had picnicked there one summer day, and had played in the dugout. Had not Daisy, the pet fawn, when they had barred him out of the dugout because he filled up the whole place, jumped upon the roof and nearly stamped it in?—like Samson pulling down the pillars of the temple? But no one had been living there then. The old man said he used the dugout only in winter. It was his town house. In summer he and the old



THE RIVER.

matted, and dusty, as the hair of a tramp who sleeps in haymows. He followed his master, without bit or bridle, like a dog. In the course of conversation it appeared that the cropped ears were not scars of battle, nor marks of punishment, but the record of a journey when he and

horse took their freedom on the hills, hunting and prospecting for mineral—not so much in the expectation of a fortune as from love of the chances and risks of the life. Was it not lonely in Cottonwood Gulch when the snows came? the children asked. Sometimes it was lonely,

but he had good neighbors: the boys at Alexander's (the horse-ranch) were down from the summer range, and they came over to his place of an evening for a little game of cards, or he went over to their place. He would be very glad, however, of any old newspapers or novels that might be lying around camp; for he was short of reading-matter in the dugout.

There was always a pile of old periodicals and "picture-papers" on Charley Moy's ironing-table; he was proud to contribute his entire stock on hand to the evening company in the dugout. The visitor then modestly hinted that he was pretty tired of wild meat: had Charley such a thing as the rough end of a slab of bacon lying around, or a ham-bone, to spare? A little mite of lard would come handy, and if he could let him have about five pounds of flour, it would be an accommodation, and save a journey to town. These trifles he desired to pay for with his venison; but that was not permitted, under the circumstances.

Before taking his leave the old hunter persuaded Polly to take a little tour on his horse, up and down the poplar walk at a slow and courteous pace. Polly had been greatly interested in her new friend at a distance, but this was rather a formidable step toward intimacy. However, she allowed herself to be lifted upon the back of the old crop-eared barbarian, and with his master walking beside her she paced sedately up and down between the leafless poplars.

The old man's face was pale, notwithstanding the exposure of his life; the blood in his cheek no longer fired up at the touch of the sun. His blue coat and the yellow-gray light of the poplar walk gave an added pallor to his face. Polly was a pink beside him, perched aloft, in her white bonnet and ruffled pinafore.

The old sway-backed horse sulked along, refusing to "take any hand" in such a trifling performance. He must have felt the insult of Polly's babyish heels dangling against his weather-beaten ribs that were wont to be decorated with the pendent hoofs and horns of his master's vanquished game.

Relations between the family and their neighbor in the dugout continued to be friendly and mutually profitable. The old ex-soldier's

venison was better than could be purchased in town. Charley Moy saved the picture-papers for him, and seldom failed to find the half of a pie, a cup of cold coffee, or a dish of sweets for him to "discuss" on the bench by the kitchen door. Discovering that antlers were prized in camp, he brought his very best pair as a present, bearing them upon his shoulders, the furry skull of the deer against his own, back to back, so that in profile he was double-headed, man in front and deer behind.

But the young men of the camp were ambitious to kill their own venison. The first light dry snow had fallen, and deer-tracks were discovered on the trails leading to the river. A deer was seen by John Brown and Mr. Kane, standing on the beach on the further side, in a sort of cul-de-sac formed by the walls of the lava bluffs as they approached the shore. They fired at and wounded him, but he was not disabled from running. His only way of escape was by the river, in the face of the enemy's fire. He swam in a diagonal line down stream, and, assisted by the current, gained the shore at a point some distance below, which his pursuers were unable to reach in time to head him off.

They followed him over the hills as far and fast as legs and wind could carry them, but lost him finally, owing to the dog Cole's injudicious barking, when the policy of the men would have been to lie quiet and let the deer rest from his wound. By his track in the snow they saw that his left hind foot touched the ground only now and then. If Cole had pressed him less hard the deer would have lain down to ease his hurt, the wound would have stiffened and rendered it difficult for him to run, and so he might have met his end shortly, instead of getting away to die a slow and painful death.

They lost him, and were reproached for it, needlessly, by the women of the family. One Saturday morning, when Mr. Kane was busy in the office over his note-books, and Jack's mother was darning stockings by the fire, Jack came plunging in to say that John Brown was trying to head off a deer that was swimming down the river—and would Mr. Kane come with his rifle, quick?

Below the house a wire-rope suspension-bridge, for foot-passengers only, spanned the river at its narrowest point, from rock to rock of the steep shore. Mr. Kane looked out and saw John Brown running to and fro on this bridge, waving his arms, shouting, and firing stones at some object above the bridge, that was heading down stream. Mr. Kane could just see the small black spot upon the water which he knew was the deer's head. He seized his gun and ran down the shore path. Discouraged in his attempt to pass the bridge, the deer was making for the shore, when Mr. Kane began firing at him. A stranger now arrived upon the scene, breathless with running: he was the hunter who had started the game and chased it till it had taken to the river. The deer was struggling with the current in mid-stream, uncertain which way

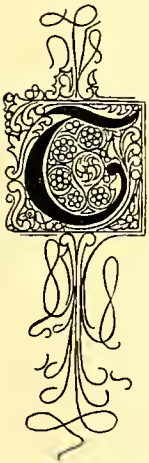
to turn. Headed off from the bridge and from the nearest shore, he turned and swam slowly toward the opposite bank. The women on the hill were nearly crying, the hunt seemed so hopeless for the deer and so unfair: three men, two of them with guns, combined against him, and the current so swift and strong! It was Mr. Kane's bullet that ended it. It struck the deer as he lifted himself out of the water on the rocks across the river.

The venison was divided between the stranger who started the game and the men of the camp who cut off its flight and prevented its escape.

The women did not refuse to eat of it; but they continued to protest that the hunt "was not fair"; or, in the phrase of the country, that the deer "had no show at all."

THE COBBLER MAGICIAN.

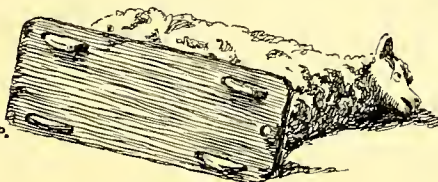
BY KATHARINE PYLE.



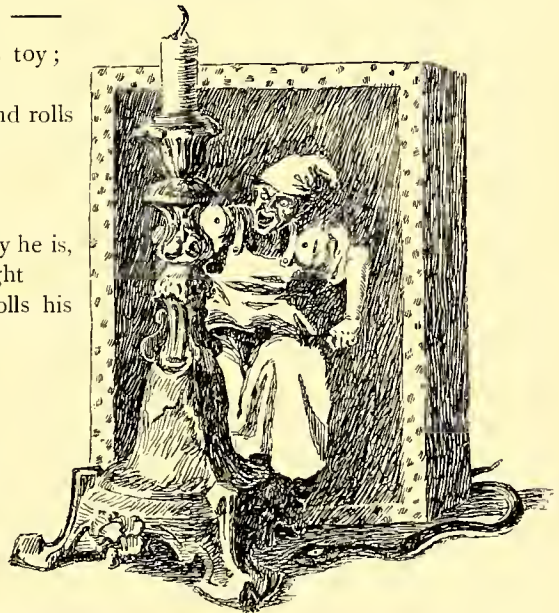
HIS is the cobbler, a curious toy;
Behind the glass he lives,
And he sticks out his tongue and rolls
his eyes
For every stitch he gives.

A mischievous cross-grained toy he is,
And he dearly loves to fright
And worry the toys, as he rolls his
eyes
Up almost out of sight.

And over the little tin lamb on wheels
A wicked spell he has cast;
When they try to draw it about the floor
It falls, and its wheels stick fast.



K. P.



And the children think that the lamb's worn out;
They would find he went quite well,
If they sent the cobbler toy away,
And broke his magic spell.

THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN.

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

[*Began in the December number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAMEL'S COMPLAINT.

DOROTHY ran along until she thought she was quite safe, and then stopped to look back and listen. There was a confused sound of shouts and cries in the distance, but nothing seemed to be coming after her, so she walked quietly away through the wood.

"What a scene of turmoil it was!" she said to herself. (You see, she was trying to express herself in a very dignified and composed manner, as if she had n't been in the least disturbed by what had happened.) "I presume," she went on, "—I presume it was something like a riot, although I really don't see what it was all about. Of course I've never been in a riot, but if it's anything like *that*, I shall never have anything to do with one";—which certainly was a very wise resolution for a little girl to make; but as Dorothy was always making wise resolutions about things that were never going to happen, I really don't think that this particular one was a matter of any consequence.

She was so much pleased with these remarks that she was going on to say a number of very fine things, when she came suddenly upon the Caravan hiding behind a large tree. They were sitting in a little bunch on the grass, and, as Dorothy appeared, they all put on an appearance of great unconcern, and began staring up at the branches of the tree, as if they had n't seen her.

"They've certainly been doing something they're ashamed of," she said to herself; and just then the Admiral pretended to catch sight of her and said, with a patronizing air, "Ah! How d' ye do? How d' ye do?" as if they had n't met for quite a while.

"You know perfectly well how I do," replied Dorothy, speaking in a very dignified

manner, and not feeling at all pleased with this reception; and then noticing that Humphrey was nowhere to be seen, she said severely, "Where's your Camel?"

"Camels is no good," said the Admiral, evasively. "Leastwise *he* was n't."

"Why not?" said Dorothy. She said this very sternly, for she felt morally certain that the Admiral was trying to conceal something from her.

"Well, you see," said the Admiral uneasily, "he talked too much. He was always grumbling."

"Grumbling about what?" said Dorothy.

"Oh, about a variety of things," said the Admiral. "Meals and lodgings and all that, you know. I used to try to stop him. 'Cammy,' I says—"

"'Cammy' is short for camel," explained Sir Walter, and Dorothy laughed and nodded, and the Admiral went on—

"'Cammy,' I says, 'don't scold so much'; but lor! I might as well have talked to a turn-pike-gate."

"Better," put in Sir Walter. "*That* shuts up sometimes, and *he* never did."

"Oh, jummy!" said the Highlander, with a chuckle, "*that*'s a good one!"

"But what was it all about?" persisted Dorothy.

"*You* tell her, Ruffles," said the Admiral.

"Well," said Sir Walter, "it was all the same thing, over and over again. He had it all in verses so he would n't forget any of it. It went like this:

*"Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And, as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles
Have chickens and cream for their lunch.
But there's never a question
About MY digestion—
ANYTHING does for me!"*

"Cats, you 're aware, can repose in a chair,
 Chickens can roost upon rails;
 Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
 And oysters can slumber in pails.
 But no one supposes
 A poor Camel dozes —
 ANY PLACE does for me!

"Lambs are enclosed where it 's never exposed,
 Coops are constructed for hens;
 Kittens are treated to houses well heated,
 And pigs are protected by pens.
 But a Camel comes handy
 Wherever it 's sandy —
 ANYWHERE does for me!

"People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,
 Or mounted the back of an ox;
 It 's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,
 Or try to bestraddle a fox.
 But as for a Camel, he 's
 Ridden by families —
 ANY LOAD does for me!

"A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
 And weasels are wavy and sleek;
 And no alligator could ever be straighter
 Than lizards that live in a creek.
 But a Camel's all lumpy
 And bumpy and humpy —
 ANY SHAPE does for me!"

Now, Dorothy was a very tender-hearted little child, and by the time these verses were finished she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. "Poor old feeble-minded thing!" she said compassionately. "And what became of him at last?"

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then the Admiral said solemnly:

"We put him in a pond."

"Why, that 's the most unhuman thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed Dorothy, greatly shocked at this news.

"Well," said the Admiral, in a shamefaced sort of way, "*we* thought it was a good thing to do — for us, you know."



THE CARAVAN DISCIPLINE THE CAMEL.

"And I call it proud and unforgiving," said Dorothy, indignantly. "Did the poor creature say anything?"

"Not at first," said the Admiral; "but after he got in he said things."

"Such as what?" said Dorothy.

"Oh, we could n't make out *what* he said," replied the Admiral, peevishly. "It was perfectly unintelligible."

"Kind of gurgly," put in the Highlander.

"Did he go right down?" inquired Dorothy very anxiously.

"Not a bit of it," said the Admiral, flippantly. "He never went down at all. He floated, just like a cork, you know."

"Round and round and round," added Sir Walter.

"Like a turnip," put in the Highlander.

"What do you mean by *that*?" said Dorothy, sharply.

"Nothing," said the Highlander, looking very much abashed; "only I thought turnips turned round."

Dorothy was greatly provoked at all this, and felt that she really ought to say something very severe; but the fact was that the Caravan looked so innocent, sitting on the grass with their sunbonnets all crooked on their heads, that it was as much as she could do to keep from laughing outright. "You know," she said to herself, "if it was n't for the Highlander's whiskers, it 'd be precisely like a infant class having a picnic; and after all, they're really nothing but graven images"—so she contented herself by saying, as severely as she could:

"Well, I'm extremely displeased, and I'm very much ashamed of all of you."

The Caravan received this reproof with great cheerfulness, especially the Admiral, who took a look at Dorothy through his spy-glass and then said with much satisfaction: "Now we're each being ashamed of by *three* people"; but Dorothy very properly took no notice of this remark, and walked away in a dignified manner.

CHAPTER X.

THE SIZING TOWER.

As Dorothy walked along, wondering what would happen to her next, she felt something

tugging at her frock, and looking around she saw that it was the Highlander running along beside her, quite breathless, and trying very hard to attract her attention. "Oh, it's you, is it?" she said, stopping short and looking at him pleasantly.

"Yes, it's me," said the Highlander, sitting down on the ground as if he were very much fatigued. "I've been wanting to speak to you privately for a very long time."

"What about?" said Dorothy, wondering what was coming now.

"Well," said the Highlander, blushing violently and appearing to be greatly embarrassed, "you seem to be a very kind-hearted person, and I wanted to show you some poetry I've written."

"Did you compose it?" said Dorothy, kindly.

"No," said the Highlander; "I only made it up. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Dorothy, as gravely as she could; "I should like to hear it very much."

"It's called," said the Highlander, lowering his voice confidentially and looking cautiously about, "—it's called 'The Pickle and the Policeman';" and taking a little paper out of his pocket, he began:

There was a little pickle and his name was John—

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Dorothy, "I don't think that will do *at all*."

"Suppose I call him *George*?" said the Highlander, gazing reflectively at his paper. "It's got to be something short, you know."

"But you must n't call him *anything*," said Dorothy, laughing. "Pickles don't have any names."

"All right," said the Highlander; and taking out a pencil, he began repairing his poetry with great industry. He did a great deal of writing and a good deal of rubbing out with his thumb, and finally said triumphantly:

There was a little pickle and he had n't any name!

"Yes, that will do very nicely," said Dorothy; and the Highlander, clearing his voice, read off his poetry with a great flourish:

*There was a little pickle and he had n't any name —
In this respect, I 'm just informed, all pickles
are the same.*

*A large policeman came along, a-swinging of
his club,
And took that little pickle up and put him in
a tub.*

"That 's rather good about taking him up," said the Highlander, chuckling to himself; "so exactly like a policeman, you know."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Dorothy, who was ready to scream with laughter. "What 's the rest of it?"

"There is n't any more," said the Highlander, rather confusedly. "There was going to be another verse, but I could n't think of anything more to say."

"Oh, well, it 's very nice as it is," said Dorothy consolingly; and then, as the Highlander put up his paper and went away, she laughed till her eyes were full of tears. "They are *all* funny," she said at last as she walked away through the wood, "but I think *he* 's funnier than all of 'em put together" — which, by the way, was not a very sensible remark for her to make, as you will see if you 'll take the trouble to think it over.

But presently, as she strolled along, she made a discovery that quite drove the Highlander and his ridiculous poetry out of her head. It was a tower in the wood; not an ordinary tower, of course, for there would have been nothing remarkable about that, but a tower of shining brass, and so high that the top of it was quite out of sight among the branches of the trees. But the strangest thing about it was that there seemed to be no possible way of getting into it, and Dorothy was very cautiously walking around it to see if she could find any door

when she came suddenly upon the Caravan standing huddled together, and apparently in a state of great excitement.

"What is it?" asked Dorothy, eagerly.

"Hush!" said the Admiral, in an agitated whisper. "We think it 's where Bob Scarlet changes himself" — and as he said this there was a tremendous flapping of wings, and down came Bob Scarlet through the branches and landed with a thump a little way from where they were standing. He was as big as a goose again, and his appearance was so extremely formidable that the Caravan as one man threw themselves flat on their faces in a perfect frenzy of terror, and Dorothy herself hid in the grass, with her heart beating like a little eight-day clock.

But Bob Scarlet fortunately paid no more



"'THERE IS N'T ANY MORE,' SAID THE HIGHLANDER, RATHER CONFUSEDLY."

attention to any of them than if they had been so many flies, and hurried away in the direction of the toy-shop.

"Now what do you make of *that*?" said the Admiral, lifting up his head. "He went in at a

little door not five minutes ago, and he was n't any bigger than an every-day bird."

"Where 's the door?" said Dorothy, running around the tower and looking at it on all sides.

"It went up after him," said the Admiral, "like a corkserew."

"And it 's coming down again, like a gimlet!" shouted the Highlander; and, as they all looked up, sure enough there was the little door slowly coming down, around and around, as if it were descending an invisible staircase on the outside of the tower. As it touched the ground it opened, and, to Dorothy's amazement, out came the little field-mouse.

"What is it?" cried Dorothy, as they all crowded around the little creature. "Do tell us what it all means."

"It 's a Sizing Tower," said the Mouse, its little voice trembling with agitation. "You get big at the top, and little at the bottom. I would n't go up there again — not for a bushel of nuts."

"Were you pretty big?" inquired Sir Walter.

"Monstrous!" said the Mouse, with a little shudder; "I was as big as a squirrel; and while I was up there Bob Searlet flew up and came down with the door, and there I was."

"That was a precious mess!" remarked the Highlander.

"Was n't it now!" said the Mouse. "And if he had n't taken it into his head to come up again and *fly down*, I 'd 'a' been there yet."

"Why, it 's the very thing for us!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands with delight. "Let 's all go up and get back our regular selves."

"You go first," said the Admiral suspiciously, "and eall down to us how it feels." But Dorothy would n't hear of this; and after a great deal of arguing and pushing and saying "*You go in first*," the whole party at last got squeezed in through the little doorway. Then the Mouse sat up on its hind legs and waved a little farewell with its paws, and the door softly elosed.

"If we begin to grow *now*," said the Admiral's voice in the dark, "we 'll all be squeezed, *sure!*"

"What an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Dorothy; for they had come out into a street full of houses.

"What *I* want to know is what 's become of the door," said Sir Walter indignantly, staring at a high wall where the door had been, which was now perfectly blank.

"I 'm sure I don't know," said Dorothy, quite bewildered. "It 's really mysterious, is n't it?"

"It makes my stomaeh tiekle like anything," said the Highlander, in a quavering voice.

"What *shall* we do?" said Dorothy, looking about uneasily.

"Run away!" said the Admiral promptly; and without another word the Caravan took to their heels and disappeared around a corner. Dorothy hurried after them, but by the time she turned the corner they were quite out of sight; and as she stopped and looked about her she discovered that she was once more in the Ferryman's street, and, to her great delight, quite as large as she ever had been.

(To be *conclud.d.*)

IF.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

If I had a trunk like a big elephant,
 'T would be lovely; for then I 'd be able
 To reach all the sugar and things that I can't
 Reach now, when I eat at the table!



Albertine Randall Wheeler



THE CURIOUS CASE OF AH-TOP.

(A Chinese Legend.)

The slant-eyed maidens, when they spied
The cue of Ah-Top, gaily cried,
"It is some mandarin!"
The street-boys followed in a crowd;
No wonder that Ah-Top was proud
And wore a conscious grin!

But one day Ah-Top's heart grew sad.
"My fate," he said, "is quite too bad!
My cue will hang behind me.
While others may its beauty know,
To me there's naught its grace to show,
And nothing to remind me."



Albertine Randall. Whirligig. 1891.

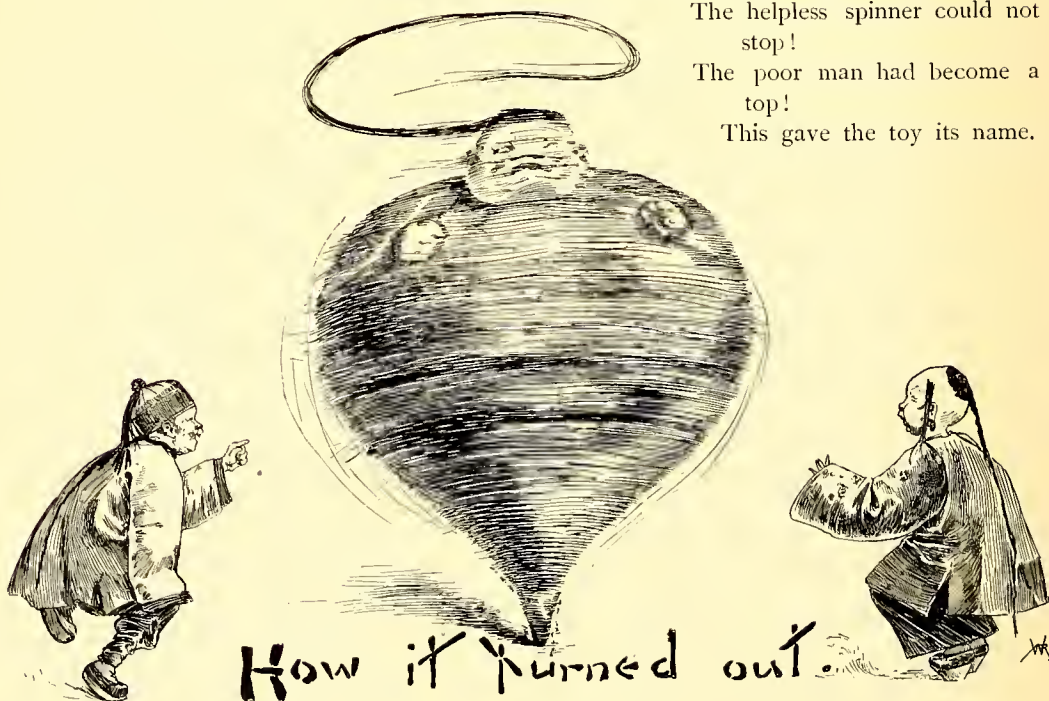
At length he hit upon a plan,
Exclaiming, "I 'm a clever man!
I know what I will do:
I 'll simply wheel myself around,
And then the pigtail will be found
Where I can see it, too."

He spun himself upon his toes,
He almost fell upon his nose,
He grew red in the face.
But when Ah-Top could whirl no more,
He found the pigtail as before,
Resolved to keep its place.

"Aha!" he cried, "I turned too slow.
Next time, you see, I 'll faster go.
Besides, I stopped too soon.
Now for a good one! Ah, but stay—
I 'll turn myself the other way!"
He looked like a balloon!

So fast he whirled, his cue flew out
And carried Ah-Top round about.

An awful moment came—
The helpless spinner could not
stop!
The poor man had become a
top!
This gave the toy its name.



How it turned out.

A STORY OF THE SWISS GLACIER.

BY MARY A. ROBINSON.

"SEE, mother, dear, what a good report I have brought from school," cried Rudi,* as he burst into the room where his mother sat at her spinning-wheel. "I have tried to do my best all the week."

"I am very glad, my boy," said his mother, as she gave him a hearty kiss; "and, as a reward, you may go up to the pasture to see your grandfather this afternoon, and you can bring me back a crock of butter."

Rudi was delighted; a visit to his grandfather was one of his greatest pleasures, for, aside from the cordial reception which he always received, he enjoyed the climb. Then, too, he was greatly interested in the herd of cattle which was sent to the pasture early in the spring, not to return till the autumn.

For Rudi was a "merry Swiss boy," born and bred in a little village high up in the mountains, which, though not built on quite as steep a slope as that where, it is said, even the chickens need to wear spikes on their feet to keep them from slipping,† could yet be reached from the valley, a thousand feet below, only by steep and narrow paths. Those leading to the pastures above were still more difficult—that is, they would have been so to any one unaccustomed to climbing them; but to the mountaineers it made no difference how rough the track, how steep the ascent or descent, for all, men or women, young or old, were as nimble and sure-footed as their own goats, and trod these mountain-paths, even with heavy loads on their backs or heads, with as much ease as if they had been good and level roads.

So Rudi hailed with joy every occasion which offered a climb up to the Alm (as these mountain-pastures are called) where his grandfather, with two or three younger herdsmen, or Senners,

had charge of the herd and made the cheese, which was sent to the cities, or even out of the country, to be sold. Like all the Swiss, Rudi loved his mountains passionately, and often his little heart swelled within him when he looked around upon the craggy rocks and snowy peaks which towered above the village. The higher he climbed the lighter and happier he felt; and he was looking forward impatiently to the time when he should be old enough to accompany his father on an expedition to a neighboring glacier, or, better still, join him in a chamois-hunt, which would take them to the region of eternal snow.

But to do this he would have to wait some time, for as yet he was but a little fellow, hardly nine years old; a bright, handsome boy, with fair curly hair, honest blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and sturdy, well-knit limbs. His costume was that worn since time immemorial by the boys of his canton‡—knee-breeches and jacket of brown, with a red vest, gray ribbed stockings, heavy mountain shoes, and a peaked, gray felt hat, trimmed with green ribbon and a cock's feather. He was a good boy, too; and, being an only child, was idolized by his parents, who, however, were wise enough not to spoil him. His father, Ulric Werner, was the bailiff and chief man of the village, and both the honest bailiff and his wife, Lisbeth, were generally beloved and respected.

After a hasty dinner, Rudi started forth, his alpine staff in his hand, and carrying some dainties for his grandfather in a bag slung over his shoulder.

"Be sure," said his mother, as he bade her good-by, "to be back before dark; and promise me one thing—that you will not venture upon the glacier; for after the warm rains we have had

* Diminutive of "Rudolph." † The village of Emd, in the valley of the Visp, on the road to Zermatt.

‡ One of the departments into which Switzerland is divided, each one of which, in former times, had its distinct costume, though of late years this has no longer been the case.

this week, no one can know what changes there may be, even at the edge."

"Never fear, mother," replied Rudi; "I should not think of going on the glacier all by myself."

"I know I can trust you, my son, and so I shall feel easy. Perhaps you can persuade your grandfather to come back with you, and stay with us over Sunday. Do your best; it seems a long time since we have seen the dear old man."

"That's a capital idea!" cried Rudi. "I'll be sure to bring him. But now good-by; I must hurry, or my time will be too short. I'll bring you the prettiest flowers I can find. Good-by," and away he ran at full speed.

The glacier in question was about half a mile from the village; and from the path leading to it that to the Alm branched off, and ascended along its high bank for some distance. There was a track across the glacier, and another leading up it, both marked, as far as possible, by stakes; but they were traveled by experienced mountaineers alone, and even by these only with the greatest caution. The changes in the surface of these huge bodies of ice are so frequent and so great that in place of a smooth track which you have trodden one day, you may find on the next a huge fissure or "crevasse," or a tall hillock or peak, and be obliged to go far out of your way to get around the unexpected obstacle.

The glacier had a wonderful fascination for Rudi, who was a very thoughtful child. He would often sit on the bank above it, gazing down upon its frozen waves and glittering "needles," or peaks, and think of all that his father had told him about these wonderful "ice rivers," as they might be called. How they came down from the snow always lying on the mountains above, and were constantly bearing away a portion of it as they melted and changed, and, in the course of years, crept slowly and silently downward. He knew that they carried with them rocks, logs, trees, or any object that lay upon their surface or obstructed their course, and that the "moraines," or walls, on either side of them or in their middle were formed by their

casting out the rocks after bearing them along for a while. And, not long before, there had been found on the edge of the glacier near the village a knapsack which had been lost ten years before by a guide who was taking a party up into the mountains. Having slipped partially into a crevasse, he was rescued by his companions; but his knapsack, the strap of which broke, had fallen to such a depth that it could not be reached unless some one went down for it. And this happened 4300 feet above the place where the knapsack afterward was found, quite well preserved.*

Rudi knew, too, that under the surface of the glacier there is a constant flowing and gurgling of water, and that countless tiny rivulets unite in its heart to a stream which, growing larger and larger, finally issues from the lower end, often through a perfect arch of beautiful blue ice, in a wild, rushing, milky torrent, thus forming the source of some river, such as the Rhone, or the Reuss.

There was to Rudi something very mysterious about all this, and the short expeditions along the edge of the glacier, which he sometimes made with his father, only increased his interest, by giving him a nearer view of the deep blue crevasses or the sharp needles like huge inverted icicles which towered above him. But they also showed him how much danger there was of slipping into one of the crevasses, or of getting lost among the hillocks which rose up on every side, especially in one of the sudden fogs which would sometimes come up and hide the whole glacier from sight. He was therefore quite content to wait until he was older and stronger before venturing upon a lengthy glacier trip.

The long summer afternoon was nearly gone when Rudi's father returned from a hunting expedition on which he had started early in the morning. After greeting his wife, his first question was, as usual, "Where is the boy?"

"I let him go to the Alm after dinner, as he brought home an excellent report from school," replied Lisbeth. "He was very happy about it."

Looking up, she saw a troubled expression in her husband's face. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked.

* A similar incident, with names and dates given, is mentioned in H. A. Berlepsch's work "The Alps; or, Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains," translated by the Rev. Leslie Stephen.

"Oh, nothing serious," answered Ulric; "I dare say I am over-anxious. But I heard last night that a party of tourists was coming up from below, to-day, to go over the pass, and the men have been clearing the track across the glacier. I hope Rudi's curiosity will not have led him to go near them —"

"Oh, Ulric!" cried his wife, excitedly, "why did I let him go just to-day! He promised me, indeed, that he would not set foot on the glacier; but he may have thought there would be no danger when the men were working there. Oh, why did you not tell me of this?"

"I forgot it last night, and this morning you were still asleep when I left. But calm yourself, dear wife; there is really no cause for fear. And here comes Heinrich, who was at work with the rest. He certainly does not look as if he were the bearer of evil tidings. I dare say he can tell us all we wish to know. Did you see anything of our boy while you were working on the glacier?" he asked a young villager, who just then entered the room.

"No; nothing," was the reply. "Yet he might have been on it at this end while I was at work at the other; that could easily happen. But, master, they sent me up here to see if you had got home, and to ask you to come down there. The party crossed the glacier about two hours ago, and Hans, the guide, told us that another party of tourists was coming up to-morrow. So we want your advice about keeping the track open."

"I will go with you," said the bailiff. "Did you find it hard work to clear the track?"

"Yes, in some parts," answered Heinrich; "and in one place, not far from the edge on this side, we found an immense crevasse, which must have opened within a day or two; for it was not there when I crossed the glacier on Wednesday. And what do you think?" he added, laughing, "Niclas Spyri's wallet fell into it, and on our way back he declared he must have it again, and had himself let down into the crevasse with ropes, and he had n't yet come up again when I left."

"What foolhardiness!" exclaimed Ulric, "so to risk his life only for a wallet!"

"Oh, well, sir, there was a keepsake in it that his sweetheart had given him; and, most of all,

I think he was curious to see the inside of a crevasse."

"Well, I hope he will come up again safe and sound. I will go with you, and then we will hear what he has to say."

As they reached the cottage door they saw the *curé*, or village priest, approaching the house, and by his side two men solemnly bearing a litter made of branches, covered with a cloth. A troop of villagers followed. The men were grave and sad, and the women and children were weeping.

Ulric staggered back. "Rudi?" he cried.

"Yes, my son," said the *curé*, compassionately; "God has laid his hand heavily upon you."

"What has happened?" gasped the poor father.

"In the crevasse," was the reply, "Niclas discovered him and brought him out." The *curé* motioned to the bearers to carry their burden into the house. At this moment Lisbeth, who had gone to the back of the cottage and had neither seen nor heard what had occurred in front, reëntered the room. With a shriek, she tore the covering from the litter as the men set it down, and threw herself upon the little form that lay there before her. Ulric stood as if stunned, gazing on the sweet childish face now still in death and bearing no trace of pain.

The *curé*, himself deeply moved, spoke gentle words of consolation to the poor parents. Many of the crowd were sobbing and weeping, for little Rudi had been a general favorite.

One of the bearers was Niclas, the young man who had been lowered into the crevasse.

"I found him," he said in a broken voice, "at the bottom of the crevasse, lying face downward in some water which had gathered there. He cannot have suffered; we could find no hurt on his body; he was probably stunned by the fall and then suffocated by the water, so that he died without a struggle."

"He must have fallen in while we were at our dinners," said the other bearer, an older man, who lived at the end of the village nearest the glacier. "I saw him running past my house a short time before I went back to work."

The sun had set; the twilight was deepening, and one by one the neighbors sadly stole away

to return to their own homes, leaving only a few intimate friends with the heartbroken parents. The curé, too, remained to administer comfort by his presence rather than by words. Nothing was heard but the sobs of the women and the deep sighs of Ulrich.



NICLAS SPYRI IS LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE.

Suddenly a murmur arose outside at a distance. It drew nearer and nearer, and sounded so utterly out of place near that house of mourning that one of the men left the room to see what could be the cause of such a disturbance. His astonished eyes beheld a little fellow, with a huge bunch of flowers in his hand, running swiftly toward the house. The next moment the boy dashed past him, with a cry of "Here I am, Mother dear; I am not dead! See what lovely flowers I have brought you!" and he threw himself into Lisbeth's arms. They were closely surrounded by a crowd of villagers, shouting, laughing, crying, and talking excitedly.

Words cannot paint the scene that ensued. All was confusion. Ulrich and Lisbeth at first could hardly comprehend what had happened, and for a moment looked in dumb amazement alternately at the living and at the dead.

When quiet was at last restored, and the happy parents were able to realize fully the joy into which their mourning had been turned, Niclas asked:

"But who can this poor little boy be, whom I found in the crevasse? He is not one of the village children, nor does he belong in the neighborhood, for I know all the boys in these mountains as if they were my own."

"His likeness to Rudi is indeed striking," said the curé, bending over the little body and examining it more closely in the dim light. Suddenly he started. "My friends," he exclaimed in excited tones, "this is no child that has died recently; it is a frozen little body which has been embedded in the glacier, for how long no one can tell. There can be no doubt of this; and it has been brought to light in a wonderful way. But how can we account for this strange resemblance, which deceived even a mother's eye?"

"Oh, Father," cried Lisbeth, "that was only because I was quite beside myself with grief. Now I can see a great difference; though, indeed, the likeness to my son Rudi—not only in features, but also in size and figure—is most remarkable."

All were still discussing this new source of wonder and speculation, when Rudi, who had been examining his double with deep interest, looked up, and cried joyfully:

"Oh, here is grandfather! He came down the mountain with me, but when we heard up at the glacier what had happened, I rushed ahead, so as to get to you, Mother, as soon as I could; and I left grandfather to follow me."

A hale and hearty old man, alpine staff in hand, now entered the room, accompanied by the curé, who had gone to meet him with a few words of explanation. He seemed much agitated, and, after greeting his daughter and her husband, he turned to the litter, saying:

"Let me see this poor dead boy; I have a suspicion as to who he may be. Yes, I am right," he exclaimed, as he fell on his knees

beside the little form, and tears gushed from his eyes; "it is as I thought — this is my brother Seppi,* who, as some of you may know, disappeared suddenly one day, more than sixty years ago. No trace of him could be found. Who would have thought that I should ever see him again in this world!"

Here was fresh cause for amazement. It was touching to see the old man gazing upon the little brother who had been dead so long. After a while he grew calmer, and, rising from his knees, said:

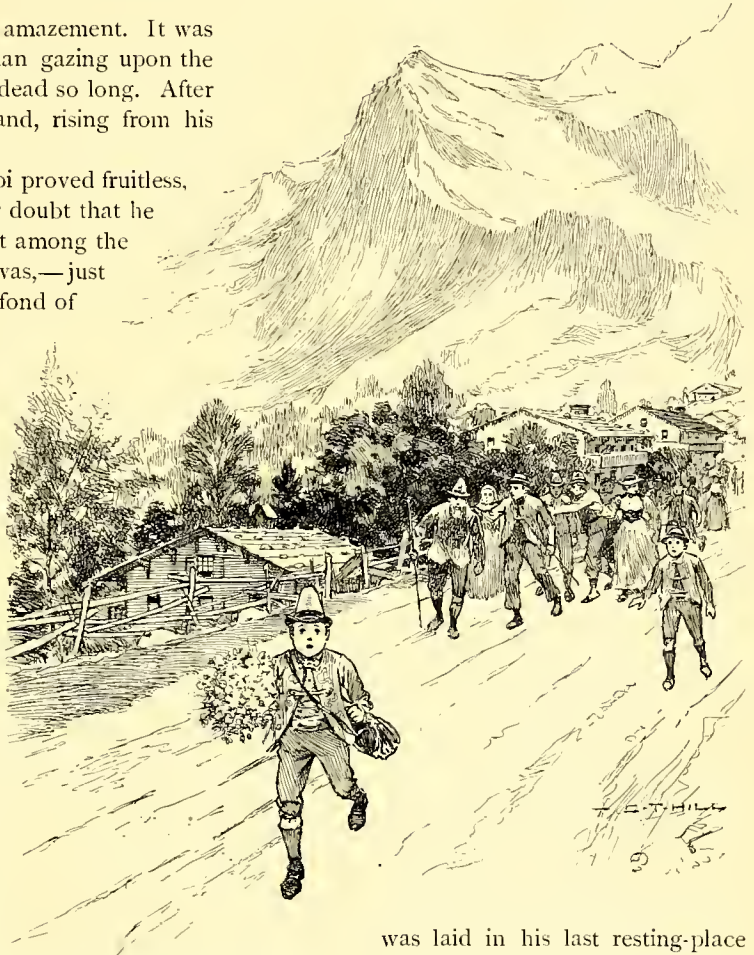
"When all search for Seppi proved fruitless, my parents could no longer doubt that he had met with some accident among the mountains. Young as he was,—just Rudi's age,—he was very fond of rambling and climbing about by himself, and even going upon the glacier, although he had been strictly forbidden to do so. No one knew in what direction he had gone that day; and, even if there had been reason to suppose that he had been lost upon the glacier, it would have been useless to look for him there except in the nearest neighborhood. I think now that he must either have followed some chamois-hunter's tracks leading upward or have gone upon the ice much higher up; perhaps, poor boy, he wanted to see the eternal snow at the head of the glacier. Rudi has often reminded me of him. Seppi was somewhat older than I was, and I missed him sadly for a long time. Now, when I am old and gray, I see him here as a beautiful child."†

"Poor little boy," said Lisbeth, "his own mother's tears did not fall upon him, but she surely mourned for him as I would have done for my Rudi. Let us thank God with all our hearts that the sorrow which fell upon her has been spared me. And may Ulric and I, dear

* Diminutive of "Joseph."

father," she added, turning to the old man, "bring up our boy to be as good a man as your brother would surely have been, had he grown up like you."

The next day little Seppi, covered with the flowers which Rudi had brought from the Alm,



A LITTLE FELLOW, WITH A HUGE BUNCH OF FLOWERS IN HIS HAND, WAS RUNNING SWIFTLY TOWARD THE HOUSE."

was laid in his last resting-place in the village churchyard. On searching the village records, the curé found an official notice, of about sixty years before, giving an account of the disappearance of little Seppi, and a personal description of him which corresponded exactly with the little body found in the crevasse.

To Rudi the sea of ice now became more mysterious than ever, for having yielded up, after all those years, his young granduncle, the little boy who so very long before had ventured upon the forbidden glacier.

† See Letter-box, page 476.

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.



I WHISPERED THAT I SAW DOLL ROSE
EAT UP A WHOLE JAM TART!



SHE HEARD, AND CAME AND PULLED MY HAIR,—
GAVE ME AN AWFUL START!



WE QUARRELED, AND WE WOULD N'T SPEAK.
FOOR JAP DOLL WAS DISTREST.



HE COAXED US TO BE FRIENDS AGAIN,
AND WE BOTH THOUGHT 'T WAS BEST.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[Begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER V.

OUR FATHER.

(THE LATE DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.)

THERE is so much to tell about our father that I hardly know where to begin. First, you must know something of his appearance. He was tall and very erect, with the carriage and walk of a soldier. His hair was black, with silver threads in it; his eyes of the deepest and brightest blue I ever saw. They were eyes full of light: to us it was the soft, beaming light of love and tenderness, but sometimes to others it was the flash of a sword. He was very handsome; in his youth he had been thought one of the handsomest men of his day. It was a gallant time, this youth of our father. When hardly more than a lad, he went out to help the brave Greeks who were fighting to free their country from the cruel yoke of the Turks. At an age when most young men were thinking how they could earn most money, and how they could best advance themselves in the world, our father thought only how he could do most good, be of most help to others. So he went out to Greece, and fought in many a battle beside the brave mountaineers. Dressed like them in the "snowy chemise and the shaggy capote," he shared their toils and their hardships; slept, rolled in his cloak, under the open stars, or sat over the camp-fire, roasting wasps strung on a stick like dried cherries. The old Greek chieftains called him "the beautiful youth," and loved him. Once he saved the life of a wounded Greek, at the risk of his own, as you shall read by and by in Whittier's beautiful words; and the rescued man followed him afterward like a dog, not wishing to lose sight of him for an hour, and would even sleep at his feet at night.

Once he and his comrades lay hidden for

hours in the hollow of an ancient wall (built thousands of years ago, perhaps in Homer's day), while the Turks, simitar in hand, scoured the fields in search of them. Many years after, he showed this hollow to Julia and Laura, who went with him on his fourth journey to Greece, and told them the story. When our father saw the terrible sufferings of the Greek women and children, who were starving while their husbands and fathers were fighting for life and freedom, he thought that he could help best by helping them; so, though I know he loved the fighting, for he was a born soldier, he came back to this country, and told all that he had seen, and asked for money and clothes and food for the perishing wives and mothers and children.

He told the story well, and put his whole heart into it; and people listen to a story so told. Many hearts beat in answer to his, and in a short time he sailed for Greece again, with a good ship full of rice and flour, and cloth to make into garments, and money to buy whatever else might be needed.

When he landed in Greece, the women came flocking about him by thousands, crying for bread, and praying God to bless him. He felt blessed enough when he saw the children eating bread, and saw the naked backs covered, and the sad, hungry faces smiling again. So he went about doing good, and helping whenever he saw need. Perhaps many a poor woman may have thought that the beautiful youth was almost like an angel sent by God to relieve her; and she may not have been far wrong.

When the war was over, and Greece was a free country, our father came home, and looked about him again to see what he could do to help others. He talked with a friend of his, Dr. Fisher, and they decided that they would give their time to helping the blind, who needed help greatly. There were no schools for them

in those days, and if a child was blind, it must sit with folded hands and learn nothing.

Our father found several blind children, and took them to his home and taught them. By and by some kind friends gave money, and one, Colonel Perkins, gave a fine house to be a school for these children and others; and that was the beginning of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, now a great school where many, many blind boys and girls learn to read and study, and to play on various instruments, and to help themselves and others in the world.

Our father always said, "Help people to help themselves; don't accustom them to being helped by others." But I hope you will all read, some day, a life of our father, and learn about all the things he did, for it needs a whole volume to tell them.

You have heard about Laura Bridgman,* whom he found a little child, deaf, dumb, and blind, knowing no more than an animal, and how he taught her to read and write, to talk with her fingers, and to become an earnest, thoughtful, industrious woman.

But it is especially as our father that I want to describe this great and good man. I suppose there never was a tenderer or kinder father. He liked to make companions of his children, and was never weary of having us "tagging" at his heels. We followed him about the garden like so many little dogs, watching the pruning or grafting which were his special tasks. We followed him up into the wonderful pear-room, where were many chests of drawers, every drawer full of pears lying on cotton-wool. Our father watched their ripening with careful heed, and told us many things about their growth and habits. We seldom left the pear-room empty-handed.

Then there was his own room, where we could examine the wonderful drawers of his great bureau, and play with the "picknicks" and "bucknicks." I believe our father invented these words. They were—well, all kinds of pleasant little things: amber mouthpieces, and buckles, and bits of enamel, and a wonderful Turkish pipe, and seals, and wax, and some large pins two inches long which were great treasures. On his writing-table were many clean pens in boxes, which you could lay out

in patterns; and a sand-box—very delightful! We were never tired of pouring the fine black sand into our hands, where it felt so cool and smooth, and then back again into the box with its holes arranged star-fashion. And to see him shake sand over his paper when he wrote a letter, and then pour it back in a smooth stream, while the written lines sparkled and seemed to stand up from the page! Ah, blotting-paper is no doubt very convenient, but I should like to have a sand-box, nevertheless!

I cannot remember that our father was ever out of patience when we pulled his things about. He had many delightful stories: one of "Jacky Nory," which had no end, and went on and on, through many a walk and garden prowl. Often, too, he would tell us of his own pranks when he was a little boy: How they used to tease an old Portuguese sailor with a wooden leg, and how the old man would get very angry, and cry out, "Calabash me rompe you!" meaning, "I 'll break your head!" How, when he was a student in college, and ought to have known better, he led the president's old horse up-stairs and left him in an upper room of one of the college buildings, where he astonished the passers-by by putting his head out of the windows and neighing. And then our father would shake his head and say he was a very naughty boy, and Harry must never do such things. (But Harry did!)

He loved to play and romp with us. Sometimes he would put on his great fur coat, and come into the dining-room at dancing-time, on all-fours, growling horribly, and pursue us into corners, we shrieking with delighted terror. Or he would sing for us, sending us into fits of laughter, for he had absolutely no ear for music. There was one tune which he was quite sure he sang correctly, but no one could recognize it. At last he 'd say, "O—Su-sanna!" and then we 'd all know what the tune was. "Hail to the Chief!" was his favorite song, and he sang it with great spirit and fervor, though the air was strictly original, and very peculiar. When he was tired of romping or carrying us on his shoulder, he would say, "No; no more! I have a bone in my leg!" which excuse was accepted by us little ones

* An account of Laura Bridgman was published in *St. NICHOLAS* for August, 1889.

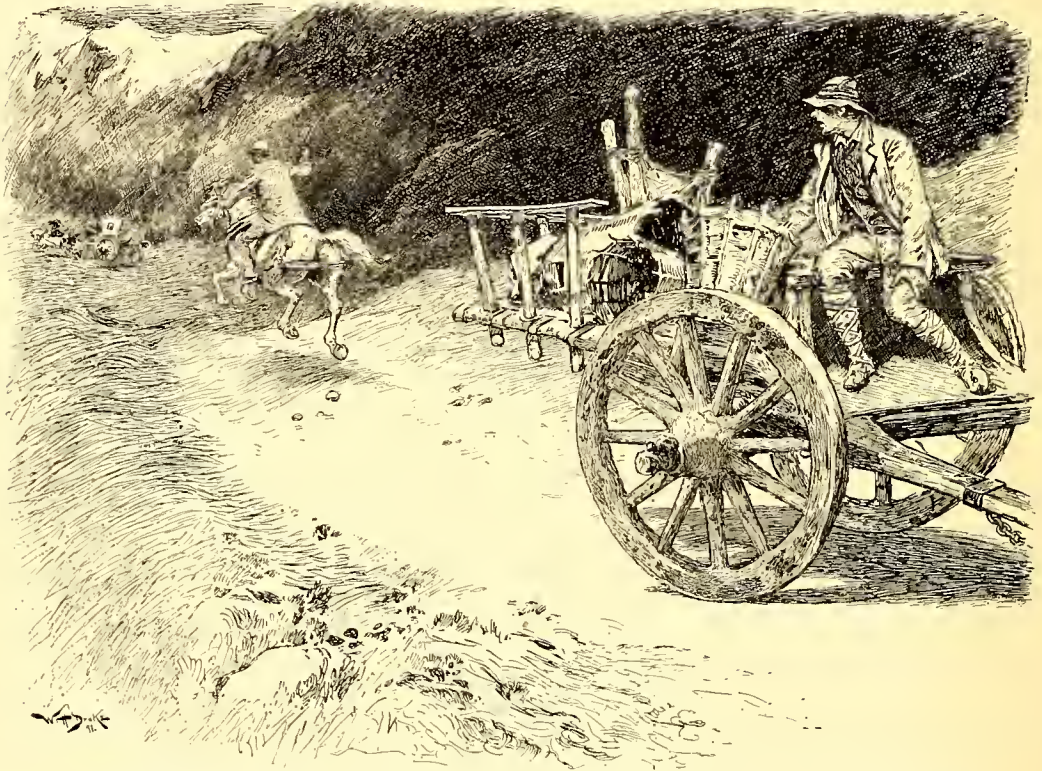
in perfect good faith, as we thought it some mysterious but painful malady.

If our father had no ear for music, he had a fine one for meter, and read poetry aloud very beautifully. His voice was melodious and ringing, and we were thrilled with his own enthusiasm as he read to us from Scott or Byron, his favorite poets. I never can read "The Assyrian came down," without hearing the ring of his voice and seeing the flash of his blue

Or if war or fighting were mentioned, he would often cry :

"Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!"

I must not leave the subject of reading without speaking of his reading of the Bible, which was most impressive. No one who ever heard him read morning prayers at the Institution (which he always did until his health failed in later



"HE UNHITCHED THE HORSE, LEAPED UPON HIS BACK, AND WAS OFF BEFORE THE ASTONISHED DRIVER COULD UTTER A WORD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

eyes as he read, or rather recited, the splendid lines. He had a great liking for Pope, too (as I wish more people had nowadays), and for Butler's "Hudibras," which he was constantly quoting. He commonly, when riding, wore but one spur, giving Hudibras's reason, that if one side of the horse went, the other must perforce go with it; and how often, on some early morning walk or ride, have I heard him say :

"And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

years) can have forgotten the grave, melodious voice, the reverent tone, the majestic head bent above the sacred book. Nor was it less impressive when on Sunday afternoons he read to us, his children. He would make us read, too, allowing us to choose our favorite psalms or other passages.

He was an early riser, and often shared our morning walks. Each child, as soon as old enough, was taught to ride, and the rides before breakfast with him are things never to be

forgotten. He took one child at a time, so that all in turn might have the pleasure. It seems hardly longer ago than yesterday—the coming down-stairs in the cool, dewy morning; nibbling a cracker for fear of hunger; springing into the saddle, the little black mare shaking her head, impatient to be off; the canter through the quiet streets, where only an early milkman or baker was to be seen, though on our return we should find them full of boys who pointed the finger and shouted:

“Lady on a hossback,
Row, row, row!”

then out into the pleasant country, galloping over the smooth road, or pacing quietly under shady trees. Our father was a superb rider; indeed, he never seemed so absolutely at home as in the saddle. He was very particular about our holding whip and reins in the right way.

Speaking of his riding reminds me of a story our mother used to tell us. When Julia was a baby, they were traveling in Italy, driving in a “vettura,” an old-fashioned kind of carriage. One day they stopped at the door of an inn, and our father went in to make some inquiries. While he was gone, the rascally driver thought it would be a good opportunity for him to slip off and in at the side door to get a draught of wine; and, the driver gone, the horses saw that here was *their* opportunity, so they took it, and ran away with our mother, the baby, and nurse in the carriage.

Our father, hearing the sound of wheels, came out, caught sight of the driver's guilty face peering round the corner in affright, and at once saw what had happened. He ran at full speed along the road in the direction in which the horses were headed. Rounding a corner of the mountain which the road skirted, he saw at a little distance a country wagon coming slowly toward him, drawn by a stout horse, the wagoner half asleep on the seat. Instantly our father's resolve was taken. He ran up, stopped the horse, unhitched him in the twinkling of an eye, leaped upon his back, and was off like a flash, before the astonished driver, who was not used to two-legged whirlwinds, could utter a word.

Probably the horse was equally astonished;

but he felt a master on his back, and, urged by hand and voice, he sprang to his topmost speed, galloped bravely on, and soon overtook the lumbering carriage-horses, which were easily stopped. No one was hurt, though our mother and the nurse had of course been sadly frightened. The horses were turned, and soon they came in sight of the unhappy countryman, still sitting on his wagon, petrified with astonishment. He received a liberal reward, and probably regretted that there were no more mad Americans to “steal a ride,” and pay for it.

This presence of mind, this power of acting on the instant, was one of our father's great qualities. It was this that made him, when the wounded Greek sank down before him,

“—fling him from his saddle
And place the stranger there.”

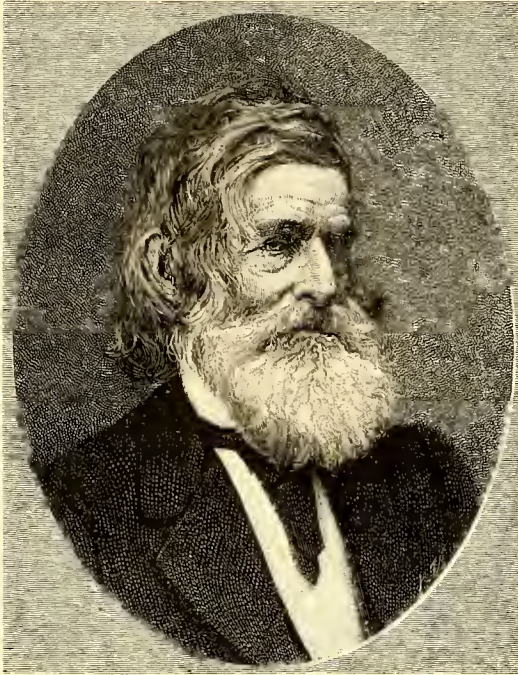
It was this, when arrested and imprisoned by the Prussian government on suspicion of befriending unhappy Poland, that taught him what to do with the important papers he carried. In the minute during which he was left alone, before the official came to search him, he thrust the documents up into the hollow head of a bust of the King of Prussia which stood on a shelf; then tore some unimportant papers into the smallest possible fragments and threw them into a basin of water which stood close at hand.

Next day the fragments carefully pasted together were shown to him, hours having been spent in the painful and laborious task; but nobody thought of looking for more papers in the head of King Friedrich Wilhelm.

Our father, though nothing could be proved against him, might have languished long in that Prussian prison, had it not been for the exertions of a fellow-countryman. This gentleman had met him in the street the day before, had asked his address, and promised to call on him. Inquiring for him next day, at the hotel, he was told that no such person was or had been there. Instantly suspecting foul play, this good friend went to the American minister, and told his story. The minister took up the matter warmly, and called upon the Prussian officials to give up his countryman. This, after repeated denials of any knowledge of the affair, they at length reluctantly consented to do. Our father was

taken out of prison at night, placed in a carriage, and driven across the border into France, where he was dismissed with a warning never to set foot in Prussia again.

One day, I remember, we were sitting at the dinner-table, when a messenger came flying, "all wild with haste and fear," to say that a fire had broken out at the Institution. Now in those days there lay between Green Peace and the Institution a remnant of the famous Washington Heights, where Washington and his staff had once made their camp, if I remember right.



DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

Much of the high ground had already been dug away, but there still remained a great hill, sloping back and up from the garden wall, and terminating on the side toward the Institution in an abrupt precipice, some sixty feet high. The bearer of the bad news had been forced to come round by way of several streets, thus losing precious minutes; but the Doctor did not know what it was to lose a minute. Before any one could speak or ask what he would do, he was out of the house, ran through the garden, climbed the slope at the back, rushed like a flame across the green hilltop, and slid down the almost per-

pendicular face of the precipice! Bruised and panting, he reached the Institution and saw at a glance that the fire was in the upper story. Take time to go round to the door and up the stairs? Not he! He "swarmed" up the gutter-spout, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, was on the roof, and cutting away at the burning timbers with an ax, which he had got hold of, no one knows how. That fire was put out, as were several others at which our father assisted.

Fire is swift, but it could not get ahead of the Doctor.

These are a few of the stories; but, as I said, it needs a volume to tell all about our father's life. I cannot tell in this short space how he worked with the friends of liberty to free the slave; how he raised the poor and needy, and "helped them to help themselves"; how he was a light to the blind, and, first of all men (in this country, at least), brought light also into the darkened mind of the unhappy idiot. Many a great man, absorbed in such high works as these, would have found scant leisure for family life and communion; but no finger-ache of his smallest child ever escaped his loving care, no childish thought or wish ever failed to win his sympathy. We, who had this high privilege of being his children, love to think of him as the brave soldier, the wise physician, the great philanthropist; but dearest of all is the thought of him as our loving and tender father.

And now, to end this chapter, you shall hear what Mr. Whittier, the noble and honored poet, thought of this friend of his.*

THE HERO.

"O FOR a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"O that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride and not her scorn:
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born'!

* See Letter-box, page 476.

- “ But now life's slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.
- “ O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!”
- Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
“ Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave, and sweet!
- “ Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man at least I know
Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
Or Sidney's plume of snow.
- “ Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—
- “ Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.
- “ Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabers,
Like fire before the wind!
- “ Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek,
- “ With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!
- “ He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.
- “ ‘ Allah! hu!’ Through flashing sabers,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.
- “ Hot spurred the turbaned riders;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.
- “ One brave and manful struggle,
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band.”
- “ It was very brave and noble,”
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
“ But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been?”
- “ Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.
- “ But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.
- “ Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.
- “ Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.
- “ True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.
- “ As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.
- “ Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—
- “ Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.
- “ Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?”

(To be continued.)

REACHING A GREAT HEIGHT WITH KITES.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

THE movement of a flying kite downward in circles may be caused by a sudden increase of the wind's force. A square iron plate (something like a kite, but having springs behind it) with which Professor C. F. Marvin carried out experiments on the summit of Mount Washington showed that the wind may vary in strength more than one third within a few minutes. It is thus clear that even after long experience a boy may be unable to prevent his kite from diving into a tree-top, because the wind may so suddenly increase.

Constant watchfulness and quick action are necessary while flying a kite after sunset, because the air a few hundred feet above the earth generally has at night a swifter motion than in the daytime. The darkness also is a source of peril, for, in case of a sudden downward movement, the position of the kite as related to the tree-tops and roofs cannot be made out unless Japanese or other lanterns are tied to the kite's tail, or to the string holding the kite.

The shape of a kite controls its ascending power. One having six sides (resembling a star kite with the points filled in) flies much higher than any other. It is trustworthy, moves steadily, and at times carries up a very steep string. I call it the "hexagon kite." While in the air it resembles a six-sided open umbrella, and at a great distance it looks like a balloon with no basket, especially when the tail is thin and scarcely visible. In a brisk wind it pulls hard, and so can carry upward a long string, and reach great heights.

The actual height of kites above the earth is difficult to measure, because an object floating alone in the air looks farther away than it really is. When a kite is flying at a height of 1800 feet, it has reached about as high a point as is possible without the assistance of other kites. Such a kite will seem to have reached an altitude of half a mile; yet a careful measurement of the

string and its steepness will show that the kite is not over one third of a mile above the ground. Ordinarily the kite will go no higher even if more string is let out, because the wind presses against the great length of string with increasing force as the kite recedes and rises.

If more than one kite be used, remarkable heights are attainable. The kites can be fastened along a single string, but this method requires quickness in attaching the right amount of tail to each kite; otherwise so much time may be wasted in preparing the successive kites for flight that the daylight will wane before the experiment can be concluded. However, when one kite is up and the amount of tail for it is determined, it becomes possible, after long experience, to at once estimate the amount of tail necessary for each additional kite, according to its size.

We will now suppose that a blue-paper kite has been let out until it has reached a height of about 1800 feet. The string will then slacken, owing to its great weight. If a red kite with its own string be subsequently let out to a height of about 300 feet, from another part of the open space from which the kites are to be flown, then the string holding the red kite can be carried to the long, gradually slanting string of the blue kite, which, as we have seen, is very high and very far off. The string holding the red kite is fastened to the string holding the distant blue one, in such a manner that the two kite-strings then branch upward from the main string by which both are held. The inner kite—the one with about 300 feet of string—will fly with so steep a string that it will not interfere with the movement of the blue kite first sent up.

In this way each kite is fastened to the string of the kite sent up ahead of it, thus lifting the first kite—the blue one—several hundred feet higher as each kite is added. The kites should

be larger as the earth is approached, because the increasing pull of all the kites calls for greater lifting force nearer the ground.

On May 9, 1891, at Bergen Point, New Jersey, I thus sent up five kites, from two to four feet in diameter, all held by one string at the surface of the earth. The altitude of the highest kite was probably nearly a mile, as roughly calculated from the slant and length of the strings. It is therefore clear that the number of kites to be flown is limited only by the strength of the string, its length, and the force and steadiness of the wind. The variously colored kites fly one above another with a very pretty effect. They look like colored disks floating irregularly at a great height, because each kite is held at a slightly different angle from every other, making differences of position in the sky.

caused by increasing strain due to an approaching storm. The kites, which were at a great height, wavered, turned partly aside, and started down rapidly. But they were so very high that the length and weight of the twine which they were dragging delayed their descent. They caught the wind again just as the broken end of the twine was drawn up into a line of telegraph-wires, becoming fastened to them at a height of about fifty feet above the ground. Then the kites came up and flew perfectly, held by



FLYING FIVE KITES TOGETHER.

At the same place, two kites were flying from one string which broke near the ground, the severed end careering across a field. It was

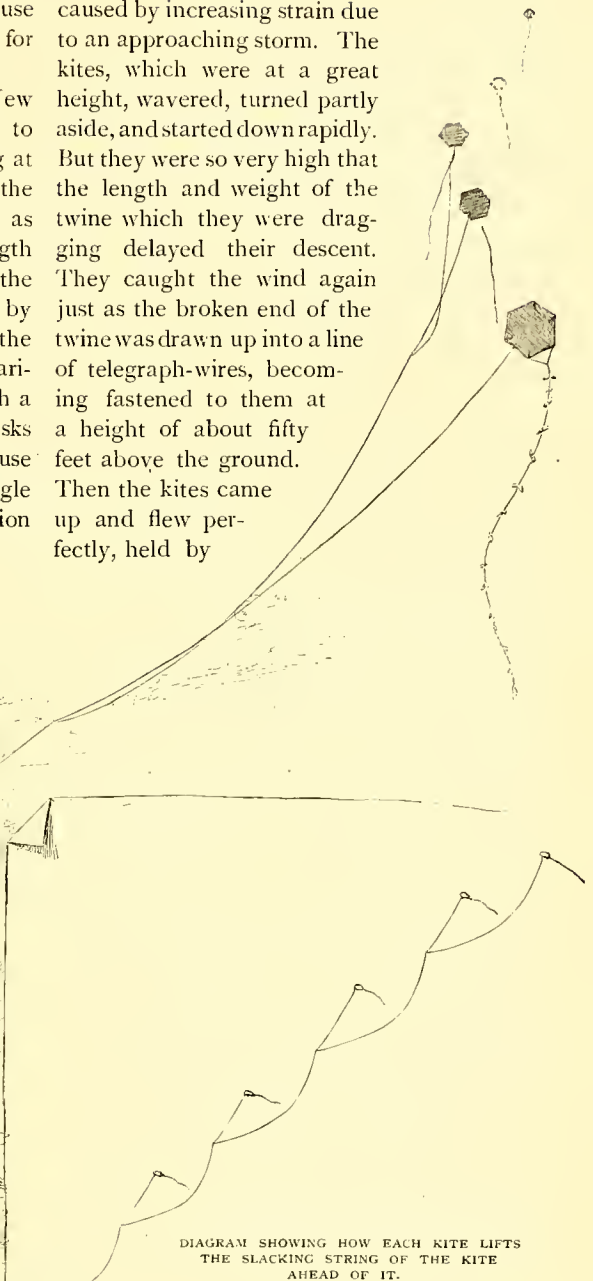


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW EACH KITE LIFTS THE SLACKING STRING OF THE KITE AHEAD OF IT.

the telegraph-wire in which the twine yet remained entangled and out of reach.

A stone to which a light string was fastened was thrown upward and over the twine leading up to the kites, but this rescuing string gave way. The kites then broke loose again, and

away they went toward the shore of the Kill von Kull. The long string, which soon began to trail through the water some distance off the shore, was broken by a passing boat, thus throwing the lower of the two kites into the water. It sank and was not recovered. Meantime the farther kite had again risen in the air, the string holding it having caught on the Staten Island side of the Kill von Kull, which at this point is nearly half a mile in width. This distant kite appeared above the opposite shore as a dim black dot, darting to and fro in the high wind. It was never brought back, because it could be regained only by taking a ferry-boat and a railroad. The sun was setting, and the coming on of night probably would have made it impossible to find it.

It is shown in this case that if the kites are very high in the air, and the string holding them breaks near the ground, they may still fly. At another time the end of the string, which had been released by mistake, dragged rapidly along over fences, sidewalks, trees, and telegraph-wires; yet, after an uncontrolled flight of about a quarter of a mile, the kites rose again and flew as well as ever. It was then difficult to find where the string was held from which the two kites were flying. After considerable searching it was found that the string had become fastened in a tree-top, and that none of it reached the ground. The limbs of the tree appeared too small to be climbed, and no boy was permitted to make the attempt. It was impossible to throw upward a stone tied to a string, because the spreading branches of other trees were too near. Not far from the tree to which the kites were fastened was an open lot. But there the string slanting up to the kites was so far above the ground that it could not easily be seen, and the position of it had to be guessed at from the position of the kites. It became necessary to send up another kite after the two fugitives. This was easily done. The rescuing kite, when well up, was guided until it became entangled with the string reaching to the others, and in that way all were pulled down to the ground. But it was impossible to control in the air such a confused mass of kites and strings. One kite hung head downward, held high in the air by the string running on

up to the higher kites, and soon the increased weight of this disabled and hanging kite rapidly carried down both the others. They came to the ground in good condition, but it was a long time before the various strings could be untangled and wound up.

EXPERIMENTS IN KITE-FLYING.

BY N. FREDERICK CARRYL.

DID you ever fly a kite? Of course you did, so I will not weary you with further questions.

We, young and old, in Nutley, a pretty little New Jersey town, enjoy kite-flying; and you may be interested in reading how we came to build a big kite—a monster, about the size of it, how it was constructed, and whether it was a success.

On the next page is a drawing of this kite from a photograph which I took some weeks after it was built.

Note how small my little girl, eight years old, is in comparison with the height and width of the kite. The drawing will show how the cords are attached to the frame, and on the ground you will see the kind of reel we used to hold our cord. In fact, it is a double reel, and will hold twice the quantity of cord we wound upon it.

Having tried the new tailless kites with indifferent success, as the adjustment must be just so, my children begged me to make them a kite—"a large one, as tall as a man if possible." The idea rather caught my fancy, so I said, "You shall have a kite—no baby affair, either, but a real, grown-up kite."

The kite was made of cross-sticks six feet long, the middle stick four feet long, of five-eighths-inch clear pine, tapering to five sixteenths of an inch at the ends; and the frame was covered with four yards of twenty-six inch cherry-colored cambric. The tail was fifty feet long, having a quarter-page of newspaper rolled and knotted into the cord at every twelve inches, and a whole page rolled and tied to the end as a tassel.

We wound half a mile of "No. 24 hard-wound fish-net cord" upon a large multiplying-reel, and were ready for business.

At the first trial the kite would not fly. This was due to lack of sufficient wind for so large an affair, as we afterward discovered. A second attempt was entirely successful.

In a moderate breeze the kite rose from the ground (I had run with it about sixty feet), shook the long tail loose from the dry grass, and mounted rapidly toward the clouds. We checked the quick flight of this aerial machine by giving the cord a



"A REAL, GROWN-UP KITE."

turn round a piece of broomstick. Becoming excited, we paid out the cord more rapidly, and a smell of burning wood and a glance at the broomstick showed that our "brake" was cut half-way through!

We were now curious to know how much the pull really was, as we had all taken turns in holding the kite, and had made various wild estimates as to how much it pulled in pounds. Hav-

ing made the kite fast to a fence, while we rested, we brought out a large spring-balance, and hooked it to a loop in the cord. The balance showed a strain on the cord of over twenty pounds.

We found it hard to get the kite in; one child turned the crank on the reel, while I "walked" the kite in, with the cord over my shoulder, as if towing a boat.

Our third trial was made while a strong, high wind was blowing. No trouble about going up quickly, this time! The kite seemed fairly bewitched and mounted skyward like an immense bird, as if the few pine sticks and piece of cambric had suddenly become alive. The broomstick brake smoked, our gloves were torn, and our fingers burned. We paid out about one half the cord (a quarter of a mile), just past a knot in the line. No attempt was made to measure the tension, but no doubt the pull was about all the cord could stand.

Flying the kite for the first time, and noting the great tension on the cord, I concluded that some method of lessening the strain must be provided. I decided to put spiral springs, of about five pounds tension each, on the lower

stay-cords. These allow the lower edge of the kite to tip up as the wind increases, which presents less resistance to the air. The springs relieved the strain, but I have since concluded that they should have been weaker.

The children wanted to ride in their cart, making the kite pull them. So the kite-cord was tied to the pole of the cart, the children sprang in (I held the slack cord behind), and away they went along a soft, muddy road, at a lively rate. We found that, like coasting, this sport had its drawbacks. In fact, to draw the kite to the starting-point each time was hard work. A straightaway course of a few miles would be great fun, with a horse to assist in the return trip.

As there seemed to be much more power than was necessary to pull a small cart with two children in it (Margery was eight and Fred ten), I got into the cart, with my legs hanging outside. The kite pulled me over the same soft

road, at a fair speed, the cord, tight as a fiddle-string, singing an airy accompaniment to the children's merry shouts and laughter.

Not to make too long a story, I must begin to reel in. We could not succeed in pulling down our aerial pet. The cord parted near the knot, and the kite sailed away toward the Passaic River, which flows about one mile east of Nutley. Half an hour later it was discovered in a field, three quarters of a mile from where it started, but none the worse for its trip to the clouds and fall to earth again.

We are now talking of a kite to be twelve feet high and about eight feet across, but it seems doubtful whether such a monster could be controlled without a number of springs and trap-doors that will open easily to let the stronger puffs of wind through.

Perhaps Kite Clubs will be a feature of the near future. Kite-flying is certainly a healthy, elevating amusement.



SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT A BIRTHDAY.

BY REV. GEORGE MCARTHUR.

A SCOTTISH clergyman who died nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Leishman of Kinross, used to tell that he had once been seven years without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could see that, if he had been born on the 29th of February, he would have no birthday except in a leap-year. But leap-year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only; their first thought would therefore naturally be that the old man, who in fact was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion. At the present time there can be very few, if there are any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on the 29th of February at least ninety-six years ago. But a similar line of missing dates is now soon to return; and indeed there are no doubt some readers of this page who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twelve years to come.

The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be very widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap-year and 1900 will not be. The February of the present year had twenty-nine days; but in all the seven years intervening between 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three between 1892 and 1896, that month will have only twenty-eight.

This explanation, however, like many others, itself needs to be explained; and the purpose of this short paper is to give a plain account of the leap-years and of the reasons for them. And the reader who casts his eye in advance over what follows has no cause to be alarmed at the sprinkling of figures he sees. There are here only a few of the simplest facts of astronomy and a few fragments of somewhat interesting history, put together by the aid of a little arithmetic which any young reader may figure out.

It will be convenient to speak of 1800, 1900, etc., as "century years"; and here there is another thing that puzzles many people—the question, When does the century end? It is well known that the century in which an event occurs is not ordinarily that which figures of the year suggest: thus 1616, the date of Shakspeare's death, is not in the sixteenth century but in the seventeenth, and this century in which we now live, in 1892, is the nineteenth. The rash guesser therefore jumps to the conclusion that the century ends when the line of eighteens is completed; that is, at the close of 1899. But this is not the case. A century is a group of a hundred years; the first century, beginning with the year 1, must end with the year 100, the second century with 200, and so on—each century taking its name from the year which completes it. The nineteenth century, then, ends with the year 1900, and the twentieth begins with the 1st day of January, 1901.

But, to return to our leap-years, why is it that there have to be such years—that all our years are not of the same length? It arises from the fact that the year does not consist of an exact number of days. The length of the day and that of the year are the measures of the motions of the earth. The globe we live on moves in two ways. It turns itself round like a spinning top, and at the same time it goes steadily forward like a bullet shot from a gun. It turns itself once completely round in twenty-four of our hours as shown by the clock: this amount of time we call a *day*. Its forward or onward motion carries it round the sun in a path that is nearly a circle: the time it takes to go completely round we call a *year*. The first motion gives us day and night following each other in turn (the word "day" here having now a different meaning—namely, not twenty-four hours, but the time of daylight). The second motion gives us days (that is, periods of daylight) grow-

ing gradually longer and then gradually shorter, one end of the earth turning more toward the sun for half the time and the other end for the other half; and this brings us summer and winter and the other seasons. Now the length of the year is found to be nearly $365\frac{1}{4}$ times the length of the day of twenty-four hours; that is, the year is 365 days long and nearly 6 hours more. It is these 6 hours that give us our leap-years, and it is in the "nearly" that we find the reason for 1900 not being one of their number.

To understand the whole matter, we have to go back to about half a century before the birth of Christ, and have to halt at the fourth and sixteenth centuries on our return. Down to the time of that great warrior, and writer about his wars, Julius Cæsar, there had been no little confusion in the modes of reckoning the months and days of the year—a state of things which he, with the assistance of an astronomer named Sosigenes, set himself to remedy.

The scheme which Cæsar adopted has been called from him the Julian Calendar; with a very few changes, it regulated the reckoning of time for fully sixteen hundred years from its introduction, on the 1st of January of the year 45 before Christ.

The length of the year was fixed at $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, and the odd quarters were gathered up into a day at the end of every four years; after three years of 365 days there was always one of 366. This is just our leap-year.

Our next stopping-place is in the year 325 after Christ, when a great church council was held at Nicæa, or Nice, in Asia Minor. The Council of Nice was largely occupied with the question of the proper time for observing Easter, and laid down regulations by which the date of that festival is still determined. Easter falls on the Sunday after the full moon which is on or comes next after the 21st of March; only it is to be noticed that the "full moon" of the church is not in every case the full moon of our almanacs.

As time passed on, it was seen that there was an error in the calendar, which was gradually increasing. The year had been made too long, for it was really not quite so much as $365\frac{1}{4}$ days; and occurrences depending on the earth's

movement round the sun, such as the solstices (when the length of the daylight is greatest or least) and the equinoxes (when the days and nights are of equal length), were returning at dates that were becoming earlier and earlier. The date of the spring equinox was of particular importance because the celebration of Easter had been made to depend upon it. This equinox came round with perfect regularity, and astronomers could tell the time of it exactly; but according to the calendar the date of it was changing. When Julius Cæsar arranged the months in his calendar the equinox was on the 25th of March; but it had fallen back to the 21st of March at the time of the Council of Nice, and to the 11th in the sixteenth century. The reason of this was not in the equinoxes, but in the length that had been assigned to the year. The leap-year day had been added too often—once too often in about 128 years.

When a clock has for a time been going too fast or too slow, two things have to be done: it has to be altered, first, so that it may go at the proper speed, and, secondly, so that it may show the correct time; it has to be regulated, and it has to be set right. With regard to what might be called the clock of the year, or rather of the calendar or the almanac, the first of these corrections is by far the more important; but both were attended to in the sixteenth century. This supposed clock of the year had been going too slow, but it was made go faster by the year which it measured off being made a very little shorter; and the clock was at the same time set forward.

All this was done by Pope Gregory XIII., or under his direction, and the result is the calendar now in almost universal use, named from him the Gregorian Calendar.

The shortening of the year, so that the equinoxes, etc., might no longer fall back, was brought about in a very ingenious way. The number of years having 366 days had to be reduced somehow, for the dates had been going back at the rate of about one day in 128 years. It was observed that this made a very little more than three days in 400 years; and then it was further seen that these three days could be got by grouping the century years in fours like the years in general and making only one in every

four of *them* a leap-year. In ordinary course these years were all leap-years; but, by a decree which Pope Gregory issued in 1582, it was ordered that after the year 1600 there should be three of the century years with 365 days and the fourth with 366. The well-known rule for finding what years are leap-years applies to the century years only after their two ciphers are cut off. It may be stated thus: *Divide the date-number of the year by 4; if there is no remainder it is a leap-year. Should the date-number end with two ciphers, these are to be struck off before dividing.* As the groups of four years ending with a leap-year always start afresh after each century year, the division of the last two figures by 4 will be sufficient (as 92 instead of 1892); and the rule may be given thus: *Divide by 4 the last two figures of the date-number, but the first two when the last two are ciphers; if there is no remainder the year is a leap-year.* It will be seen that, as 18 and 19 are not divisible by 4 without remainder, 1800 and 1900 are not leap-years, but, as 20 is so divisible, 2000 is one.

Our leap-years have thus been accounted for, as well as that interruption of their occurrence which leaves some persons for seven years without a birthday. The change that was thus introduced does not secure absolute exactness, but it approaches this so nearly that the clock of the year will not need to be regulated again for something like thirty centuries. Astronomers tell us (and their computations are wonderfully precise) that the length of the year is about 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds. To add an extra day every four years, which is the uninterrupted leap-year method, is to make the year 365 days and 6 hours long; but this is 11 minutes and 14 seconds too much. The correction by omitting three leap-year days in four centuries, as has just been explained, reduced this by the four-hundredth part of three days, that is, by 10 minutes and 48 seconds. The year is thus still left too long by 26 seconds; but that surplus will barely amount to a day of 24 hours, or 86,400 seconds, in 3323 years; so the need for any further meddling with our leap-years is a very long way in the future.

The second of Gregory's alterations of the calendar has still to be described. He did

more than regulate the clock of the calendar; he also set it forward. This was, except in one respect, a change of little importance. The arrangement of the months is entirely arbitrary. There is nothing in nature to fix their order or to determine when any one should begin. The Roman year in the earliest times began with March, so that the months from September to December were the seventh to the tenth months, as appears in the names they still bear; and down to 1752 the legal year in England began with the 25th of March. (And this, by the way, explains to us why before that time dates from January to March were sometimes written as of two years—as, the 8th of February, 1728–29, or 1728², in what would now be called the year 1729.) There is no astronomical reason why the spring equinox should fall on the 21st of March any more than on the 11th or on the 25th. But there were ecclesiastical reasons. The Council of Nice had made Easter depend on the 21st of March, and it was thought advisable to make the equinox return to that date. This meant the dropping out of ten days from the calendar. Accordingly, Pope Gregory, in his decree already mentioned, ruled that the day coming after the 4th of October in 1582 should be the 15th and not the 5th of that month—there being in that year no 5th or 14th of October or any one of the days between. This “New Style” at once took the place of the “Old Style” in most of the Catholic countries and states, but was not adopted in England till 1752. By that time there had been two more century years, of which 1600 had been a leap-year and 1700 had not, and the difference between the styles had thus increased from ten days to eleven. In 1751 the British Parliament passed a law enacting that the day coming after the 2d of September, 1752, was to be not the 3d but the 14th. Notwithstanding the great advantages of this change, especially in facilitating intercourse with other countries, it met with not a little opposition, and some of its opponents kept for a time to the old mode of reckoning; indeed, even in the early part of the present century, O. S. dates were not uncommon. The New Style is that now in use in all so-called civilized countries except Russia, which, on account of 1800, is now in this re-

spect twelve days behind the rest of the world, and is likely to be thirteen days behind eight years hence.

An addition to the calendar such as is made in a leap-year is called an "intercalation"; the added day is said to be "intercalated," and is known as an "intercalary" day. The month in which the intercalary day of the leap-years has been placed has all along been February. Throughout its whole history this has been the most unstable of the months. It has formed a kind of quarry from which materials have been dug for repairing the rest of the calendar. January and February found their way into the calendar together—January at the beginning and February at the end of the year. Then February was put after January, as the second month instead of the last. Julius Cæsar gave the alternate months, January, March, May, July, September, and November, thirty-one days each and the others thirty, except February, which had its thirty in leap-years of 366 days and only twenty-nine in ordinary years of 365. This arrangement, which is greatly better than our present irregular scheme of months, was upset to gratify the vanity of Augustus. Cæsar had called the month Quintilis by his name Julius—our July; and so Augustus, though he had done nothing

to reform the calendar, must have his month as well, and he must have it as long, too, as that of Julius. The month Sextilis was accordingly named Augustus,—our August,—and its thirty days were increased by one, of which poor February had, of course, to suffer the loss. This brought that month's twenty-nine or thirty days down to the twenty-eight or twenty-nine it has now. And the change made by Augustus, or at least in his interest, did not end there; it affected all the following months, September and November being reduced to thirty and October and December increased to thirty-one—possibly because it seemed awkward to have three months of thirty-one days (July, August, and September) together.

To the inquiry why the leap-years are so called there appears to be no satisfactory answer. What connection, it may be asked and has been asked, was the year or the added day supposed to have with a leap or with leaping? Were these years regarded as coming with leaps or bounds, as contrasted with the steps or paces of other years? Did days or years leap over something, or were they themselves somehow leaped over? All this seems matter for conjecture; and there is nothing left for us but to fall back on The Century Dictionary's statement, "The exact reason of the name is unknown."

BRUNO AND JIM.

By M. F. J.

WHEN Bruno's dinner was brought to him by Susan, the cook, he was not hungry. She was going out, and so fetched it earlier than usual.

"There," she said to herself; "it's quite a step to the end of the garden, and if I forgot the poor dog, no one else would take the trouble to feed him, so I'll go while I think of it."

You see, Susan was kind to animals, and could not bear to have them neglected.

So she put down the plate with the big bone

beside Bruno's little house, and gently patted his head. Bruno jumped up on his hind legs, and tugged at his chain, wishing he might go with Susan. But she said:

"No, old fellow; Susan cannot take you today, for she has to go to town, so take care of the house, and eat your nice dinner."

But the cook did not know what was going to happen.

It was a hot afternoon, and Bruno lay down in front of his little house and thought.

He thought how pleasant it would be to go to town with Susan—there was so much to amuse one in town. He thought how dull it was to have to stay at the end of the garden. There was nothing to see but some stupid flowers, and trees, and blue sky. "I'll take a nap," he thought; "nothing happens here."

For Bruno did not know that something would happen, any more than the cook did.

So he stretched out his paws, and putting his head on them, he was soon fast asleep.

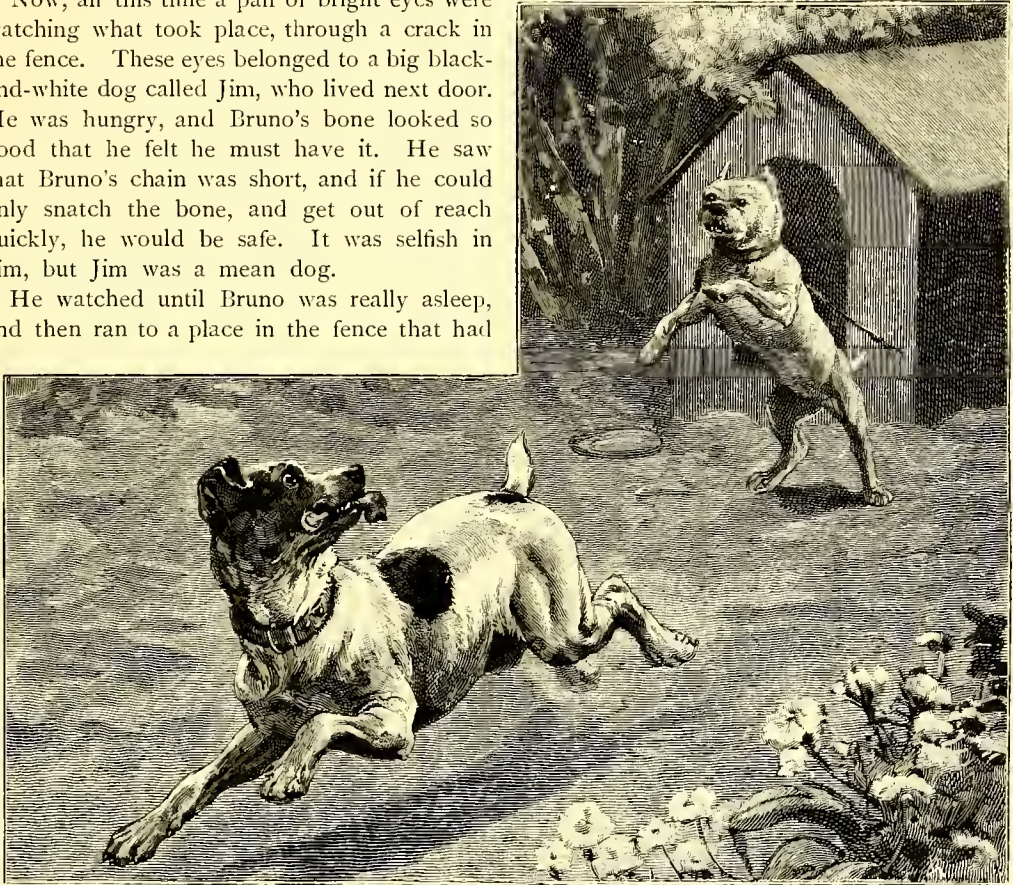
Now, all this time a pair of bright eyes were watching what took place, through a crack in the fence. These eyes belonged to a big black-and-white dog called Jim, who lived next door. He was hungry, and Bruno's bone looked so good that he felt he must have it. He saw that Bruno's chain was short, and if he could only snatch the bone, and get out of reach quickly, he would be safe. It was selfish in him, but Jim was a mean dog.

He watched until Bruno was really asleep, and then ran to a place in the fence that had

fell with a rattling sound against the plate. Bruno woke and jumped up, barking loudly.

But Jim did not intend to lose the bone, for which he had taken so much trouble, and snatching it, this time firmly, he bounded away. Poor Bruno rattled his chain, barking fiercely.

He made so much noise that the children who were playing in the garden heard him, and came to see what was the matter. You may be sure that Jim was by this time out of sight on the other side of the fence.



been broken, where he thought he could get through. But it had been nicely mended. He ran wildly back and forth until he found a place where he could just squeeze through.

Then, very slowly and quietly he came, gliding along, nearer and nearer, until he was within reach of the bone. He made a wild leap, and snatched the bone, but in his hurry, it

fell with a rattling sound against the plate. Bruno woke and barked at some one who had passed in the road.

But, as they were going away, Paul, the oldest boy, saw the empty plate, and said:

"I believe no one has given Bruno his dinner, for Susan is out. I will run and get it." So, after all, Bruno had his dinner.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BLESS me! How this earth travels! The dear Little Schoolma'am wonders it does not have nervous prostration. For thousands of years it has been spinning around, day and night, and at the same time journeying unceasingly around the sun, giving us season after season, month after month. Lately, we had winter, now we have spring; last time it was March, now it is April, welcome and true as any of the twelve.

My friends, the poets, are fond of calling April fickle, changeable, easily upset, so to speak; but that is not quite the way to look at her. Now what I like about April is her constancy, her faithful steadiness of purpose. She is always to be depended upon—always ready to give us the benefit of variety. Besides, she never sulks, as, for instance, November and February too often do. No, she either smiles or she weeps outright, and often she indulges in both performances at the same moment. At one time I thought her rather trifling, but I was wrong.

Learn of her, my children! April's kindergarten is always open. Every boy and girl, even the youngest, can understand her pretty object-lessons. She shows plainly that she expects them never to lose temper, never to hold a cloud any longer than is necessary, and, above all, to be always on the alert for every sunbeam that comes along.

HERE is an account of a beautiful creature which was found last August, and ever since seems to have been

ASLEEP BUT BUSY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR JACK: On August 16th of last year I found a caterpillar. It was about four inches long and very fat. It had a small head, twelve rings, and eight pairs of legs. It had eight knobs on each ring. Its colors were beautiful: the body was light blue-green, and five pairs of legs were yellow and blue, and three pairs were yellow. Two

of the knobs on each ring were yellow, with black points; the others were a beautiful blue. I put it into a basket with some maple leaves, and the caterpillar began to weave its cocoon right away. The cocoon is over three inches long, and light brown. I do not know of which moth this is the caterpillar. Will you please tell me? I like to study insects very much, and will be glad to know more about this caterpillar.

Yours truly,
MIRIAM C.—.

WELL, the dear Little Schoolma'am, being interested by this letter, sent a copy of it to Mrs. Ballard, who knows a great deal about insects of all sorts, and here is that lady's reply. Let me say, right here, that Jack and the Little Schoolma'am thank her very much, and so doubtless will you and many another member of this congregation.

MRS. BALLARD'S REPLY.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The caterpillar so well and minutely described by "Miriam C.," of St. Louis, is doubtless that of the *Attacus cecropia*. The large brown cocoon holds a secret which will give Miriam a delightful surprise at its "spring opening,"—this large and elegantly ornamented moth. While the "blue" and the "green" do not appear in its new dress, the exquisite figures and shading of richest brown and gray make ample amends for their loss. A full description of this moth from egg to imago is to be found in "Moths and Butterflies," published in New York.

Very sincerely,

JULIA P. BALLARD.

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

I TOLD you last month that I might show you some of the budget of letters about counting an English billion. So now you shall have a few of their well-considered arguments. The Little Schoolma'am says the Deacon had a reason for saying "English" billion, for that is one million millions, or one thousand times the French or the American billion, which is only one thousand millions.

DEAR JACK: You ask in the Christmas number why no man could count an English billion. It would take a man over 31,000 years to do so, if he counted day and night at the rate of sixty a minute, and did not stop to eat or drink. That, of course, is impossible, as no one could do it.

JOSEPHINE I.—.

DEAR JACK: By figuring it all out, I came to the following conclusion: By counting as fast as I can, I managed to count 10 a second; and, as there are 60 seconds in a minute, 10 has to be multiplied by 60, which makes 600; and, as there are 60 minutes in an hour, 600 has to be multiplied by 60, which makes it 36,000; and, if the man counts 14 hours a day, it would be 14 times 36,000, or 504,000; and, as there are 365 days in a year, 504,000 has to be multiplied by 365, which makes it 183,960,000; and, if the man lives even 90 years, it will but make it 16,556,400,000, which is not by any means an English billion; which proves that the Deacon is right.

Your interested reader,

HORACE G.—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the December number the Deacon says: "The man does not live who can count a billion." Say a man lives 100 years. In these years

there are 3,183,600,000 seconds. But to say 999,999,999 would require about ten seconds or more, and nearly every other number up to one billion would require more than one second in which to say it. Then there are a few years at the beginning of his life in which he couldn't count, even if he lived longer than 100 years.

Yours truly,
C. MAY S.—.

DEAR JACK: I counted up to a thousand, and found that it took ten minutes. I then found that a person could count 15,024,000 in one year, counting eight hours a day and not counting Sundays. And it would take sixty-six years to count a billion; and papa says that a person could not count more than two years without going crazy; so that it would be impossible for a person to count even an American billion.

From
M. E. B.

DEAR JACK: It would take a man over nine years to count 1,000,000,000, without stopping for meals or sleep. I send you my figures.

Your faithful follower,
JULIAN V. B.—.

HERE is an indignant letter that came many weeks ago:

"WAS YOU?" INDEED!

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK: I have just read with interest, though not with approval, Laura Price's letter.* I don't agree with her at all, for it seems to me that *you was* is an ugly and entirely unreasonable form.

If the "real learned grown-up folks" Laura speaks of think it proper to go back to the old *thou art, thou wert*, etc., I shall not mind using this form to my intimate friends, as the French and Germans do. But to say *you was* is another story.

I suppose that, strictly speaking, it is wrong to say *you*, meaning one person. For, in the beginning, I am sure *you* was the plural form only. But of course after it has been accepted for hundreds of years, it becomes right through long usage, and nobody questions it. Nevertheless, it has never been used with a singular verb, and it seems to me that to use it so now is acting on the principle that two wrongs make a right, which, as you know, they never can.

Besides, *was* is not the form for the second person, at all. It is used only with the first and third persons, and there seems to me no possible reason in favor of using it for the second. Also, I should like to ask Laura whether, in the present tense of the same verb, it is proper to say *you am* or *you is*?

Yours sincerely,
BERTHA BROOKS R.—.

SPRING NOVELTIES.

THE Little Schoolma'am tells me that they are now making ladies' purses and gentlemen's cigar-cases and other articles out of snakeskin!

Well, well! I am astonished. Snakes can squirm themselves into almost anything, but, beautiful though they are, I never dreamed that they would work their way into human fashions.

By the way, I doubt if any of you ever have learned by observation that

A SNAKE SHEDS ITS SKIN.

THIS would be a very obliging act on the part of the snake, considering the purses and cigar-cases, if the cast-off skin were not too thin to be good for anything. A friend of the dear Little Schoolma'am, who has been reading an account of this operation,

tells me that on the 18th of last March one of the common sort of New Jersey snakes known as *Eutaenia sirtalis* was caught and placed in the vivarium of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Here it was observed by a learned doctor, who saw it come out of the water and shrug itself an instant on the grassy sod; then the skin parted at the jaws, and the creature soon crawled out of it, leaving the skin inside out.

A SCIENTIFIC JINGLE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Don't you

Really think that it is time

Some one sent a scientific

Item, couched in jingling rime?

I do. I've just read a paper

By John Lubbock (whose odd name

Will sound queer as Amos Cottle's

When it fills the Trump of Fame).

It was from "The Senses, Instincts,

And Intelligence of An-

imals," a book just written

By this widely learned man.

Here he tells of a "Photichthys,"

Swimming near the ocean's bed,

Carrying a bull's-eye lantern

Neatly mounted in its head.



We might call this fish, "Policeman,"

Were it not that all its prey

When 't is caught at once is eaten

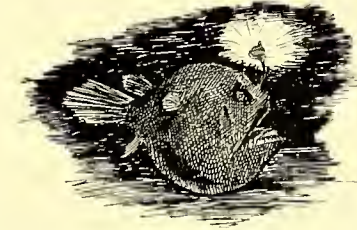
In a most illegal way!

There 's another deep-sea "Angler,"

Which hangs out a danger-light,

A red lantern in the ocean

Shining softly, glowing bright.



Should some curious fish approach it,

Wondering what it 's all about,

Grins *Cerattus bispinosus*,

And the stranger soon finds out.

With this verse I send two drawings—

Merely sketches, meant to show

What these lantern-bearers look like.

Should you meet them, now you 'll know.

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHITTIER'S stirring lines, "The Hero," at the end of Mrs. Richards's interesting account of her father, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who was the subject of the poem, are given to our readers in this number by the kind permission of Mr. Whittier's publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN regard to the "Story of the Swiss Glacier," in the present number, the author sends the following note, giving the facts upon which it is based:

—The story of the glacier is founded on an incident mentioned by Gruner, one of the first writers on Switzerland. In his "Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes" (Ice Mountains of Switzerland), published in 1760, he says (Vol. III., p. 208): "About thirty years ago the dead body of a boy was washed out from under the glacier at the Grimsel, without there having been the slightest mention of any one having been lost there for many years. At last a very old man remembered that, eighty years before, a boy of the same size, a relative of his, had fallen into a glacier-crevasse somewhere in this region. Upon this, the corpse was in fact identified as that of the boy in question; but in spite of his having been buried beneath the ice for eighty years, he looked as fresh as if he had lost his life only a few days before." Gruner also declares that "there are still living many witnesses to the truth of the story."

A more recent similar case is that of the three guides of Dr. Hamel, who, in 1820, were lost in a crevasse near the summit of Mont Blanc. Their bodies appeared forty-one years later (in 1861) near the foot of the Glacier des Boissons (which comes down from Mont Blanc), about ten thousand feet lower than the spot where they were lost, and a little over five miles distant from it. All three of the men were positively recognized from the color of their hair. Some of the articles found, although of a fragile nature, were preserved quite perfectly. These were a silk veil, a cotton cravat, the face of a compass, even a leg of mutton, which still retained something of its original appearance.

This case is perfectly authenticated in all its details, and at Annecy the relics are preserved in the museum of the village. Various accounts of the occurrence have been published, but the best and fullest is that given by Durier in "Le Mont Blanc" (Paris, 1877), pp. 391-421.

SINCE the publication of the historical sketch, "A Curious Relic," in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, we have received a letter from Mrs. Louisa B. Gaston, of Boston, Massachusetts, stating that her father, Mr.

Laban S. Beecher, was undoubtedly the man who carved the head of President Jackson described in Miss Bisland's paper.

The fact is referred to also in the letter printed below:

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In making some genealogical researches undertaken to occupy my mind during a tedious illness, a short time since, I ran across the record, published about eight years ago, of the man who carved the image of General Jackson, referred to in your October number in the article, "A Curious Relic," and also a note giving a brief account of the amputation of the head, which, it seems, was a Fourth-of-July escapade of one of a mischievous set, and had but little political significance. One of the ears was cut off and sent to the late Mordecai M. Noah, of New York City. But to return to the man who carved the image. He was Laban Smith Beecher, a distant relative of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and did an extensive and prosperous business in figureheads and in wood-carving generally, and also in leather. He made large investments in the West, but was always a resident of Roxbury, now a part of Boston. He died while on a visit in the West, in 1876, at the age of seventy-one years. One of his daughters is the wife of Ex-Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts; another is the wife of General Henry W. Fuller, a distinguished officer of the Union Army during the Rebellion, and now a resident of Boston. The man Sewall, who, in Miss Bisland's interesting account, claimed the honor of carving the image, was probably in Mr. Beecher's employ as a carver.

Very truly yours, H. W. C—.

ANOTHER letter about the same sketch gives an interesting account of the man who sawed off the figurehead:

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot claim to be one of the young subscribers, but please allow me a few words. The delightful articles throughout the magazine have lost none of their zest for me, and "A Curious Relic," by Margaret Bisland, made me wish heartily that all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS had enjoyed the privilege of knowing well Captain Samuel W. Dewey, who sawed off the figurehead of the frigate "Constitution." Never shall I forget how we children enjoyed that tale,—as well as many similar ones,—our bedtime hour being forgotten by the elder members of the family, who, also, were deeply interested. We know the thrilling story almost by heart. Captain Dewey was alone when he rowed out to the bow of the frigate, and the night was wild and stormy.

During the summer of 1890, Captain Dewey, then eighty-four years old, stayed a month with us, and we begged again for the story. He read us a newspaper clipping, much worn, describing his interview with Mahlon Dickerson, the Secretary of the Navy. He is also known for the famous "Dewey Diamond," found over thirty years ago in Virginia. It was then the largest diamond ever found in America. He is very fond of precious stones, and used to have most mysterious little pockets, from which, to our open-mouthed wonder, he would produce his treasures, and we were allowed to examine them to our hearts' content.

I wish, too, that you could see the so-called "flexible

sandstone," itacolumite. Mr. Dewey owns a place in North Carolina where this sandstone is. He always carries with him a long, narrow, flat piece, perhaps eight inches long. Holding the extreme ends you can easily bend it, making it bow at least half an inch. Very pretty crystals are found in this sandstone.

When we last saw him he was a hale, hearty man, full of vigor as well as brimming over with a delightful

of knowledge which he dearly loves to impart to others. He declares he is not going to die for years to come.

Longfellow has written a beautiful poem, "The Iron Pen," to "Beautiful Helen of Maine." The handle of the pen he celebrates is made from the wood of the frigate Constitution.

From an admirer of dear St. NICHOLAS and brave Captain Dewey. Sincerely,
ZAIDEE S. D.—.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HELENSBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter any of us has ever written you, although you have come to our house from the very beginning. At Christmas my little sisters and I (Norah is nine, Tina is seven, and I am twelve) acted a little play, which we wrote ourselves, called "The Flower Fairies." After the play I recited Milton's "L'Allegro," Norah recited "John Gilpin," and we finished up with "The Feast of Nations," from St. NICHOLAS. Each of us did the verses we could act best. We call our best doll "Lady Jane."

Your loving reader,
MARGARET MURIEL G.—.

LAPEER, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a little more than six years, and enjoy you more than ever. I am nearly twelve years old. I have a sister who is sixteen years of age. Mama reads to me every Sunday afternoon. Chester Johnson, a chum of mine, takes you, and enjoys reading you just as much as I do, and that's saying a good deal, I can tell you. Good-by.

Your loving reader,
CHARLES H. W.—.

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. Last summer I went to Europe. While I was there I saw the Queen of England in Hyde Park. She was going to the christening of her great-grandchild. She rode in a splendid coach, with outriders before and behind and on each side. She came back soon, so I saw her twice. I enjoy the St. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN R.—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for two years, and I like it very much. I have a Russian horse. He was bred in the breeding-stables of the Grand Duke Nicholas, near Moscow. His name is Leo; it means lion. He belongs to the breed that Count Orloff brought from Arabia, and he is the only one of his kind in this country. He was brought over by a Russian gentleman and given to my father. He can kneel down, and march, and do other tricks.

Yours truly,
T. G. T.—.

RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two girls, and we live in Richmond, Virginia.

Our names are Helena, and Evelyn, and, though I, Helena, am a loyal British subject and Evelyn is a stanch little Southerner, we rarely quarrel, and it is never about our nationalities.

I have no brothers or sisters, but Evelyn has a very sweet little brother, and one big one who throws cushions at her when she primps before the looking-glass.

Your most devoted readers,
HELENA T. L.—.
EVELYN C. G.—.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl almost eleven years old. I want to tell you about a visit I made last May to South Dakota. My mama and little sister went, too. We visited my cousin, who owns a large farm of a thousand acres, most of it planted in wheat and flax.

The barn, with its eighty stalls and big hay-loft where we used to roll and tumble in the hay, was a jolly place for us children to play, but I think we enjoyed most of all the little chickens that were just hatched. They were so soft and downy, just like little puffballs.

We saw a great many poor farmers who had only sod houses for themselves, and still poorer shelter for their stock.

VIRGINIA B.—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have traveled quite a good deal. I have been south to Georgia, Florida, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and all over the South. I have been west to Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Lincoln (Nebraska), and a great many other places. I like the West very much. But I think, of all the places, Washington is the nicest to live in. I like everything about it, and there are so many different places of interest to visit. While I was in Washington I shook hands with President Harrison,— "my president,"—and I think he is lovely. I also visited General Grant not long before he died, and went up to see him. He asked me my name, and I told him, and he kissed me and said, "You're a nice little girl." I was quite young then, but it is something I will never forget. Your faithful and loving reader,

M. EVELYN Q.—.

ADEN, ARABIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My last letter was sent from Japan. I have now left Japan to return to the United States *via* Europe. When we were at Hong-Kong we went to the top of Victoria Peak. Half-way we went in a cable-car; the other part we walked. The cars are so made that one car goes up and the other down at the same time. The scenery from the top is beautiful. The harbor and town on one side, with the ships; on the other are small islands in the sea. It is cool up on the mountain. We saw the house and garden of a rich Parsee. There were statues in the garden. The public gardens also are fine. At Singapore the street-cars are run by steam. We are going to visit Palestine, Egypt, Italy,

France, and England. I am not now taking ST. NICHOLAS, because I am traveling about, but expect to when I get to America.

Yours truly,
W. J. H—.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The more I read you the more I like you, for I always find something splendid in each number. Pretty often, when I am looking in the Letter-box, I see some poetry written by some of your readers. I love to make up poetry, and send you some verses of my own.

Your devoted reader,
"MARGUERITTE."

SANTA CUSH.

PAPA, sitting in his chair,
Talking business to a friend,—
An old man, with beard and hair
White as snow-drifts in December,—
Scarcely noticed blue-eyed Ted,
In a cunning little dress,
Gold curls clustering round his head,
As did all the rest of us.

Teddie gazed in mild surprise
At the stranger sitting there,
Then—then brightly shone his eyes,
And soft gleamed his yellow hair,
As with dainty baby grace
O'er the carpet he did rush,
Gazed up in the old man's face,
And lisped out sweetly, "Santa Cush!"

ROTHESAY TERRACE, EDINBURGH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since 1880, and we all agree that you are the nicest magazine we have ever seen.

I have not written to you before, though you are so old a friend. I am surprised that more children do not write to you from Scotland, because quite a number there take you. We have two dogs—one of them is a setter named "Glen," the other a small mongrel. We also have two canaries, and one funny, wee bird called a zebra finch.

I go to school here, but Archie and Margaret have a governess. They are my little brother and sister. The boys do not play base-ball in Scotland, but they play cricket, which is the same sort of game. We go north every summer, and have a "shooting," which is a great piece of ground, either woodland or hills, to shoot grouse, partridges, rabbits, etc., on. We play rounders and others games in the gardens close to where we live. I have never been abroad, out of the British Isles, but perhaps I will go soon. My father and mother were in America seven years ago, and what interested my mother more than anything was Wellesley College, for girls, near Boston.

I am twelve years old. I am your loving reader,
VERA B—.

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you in our family for seventeen years, and I have taken you for seven. I always enjoy your stories, and find one in this month's number especially interesting to me, describing a man-faced crab. I recognize the crab as like one that was brought to me from the South Sea Islands. Mine has quite an interesting history. I was told that this funny-looking face was an exact likeness of the chief god of

the Chinese, hence it is considered holy and revered by them. It is also believed to possess the charm of preserving its owner from every misfortune. Armed with his little crab, Ah Sing sailed from his home in China, fully expecting it would protect him and land him safely on the American coast, notwithstanding our laws forbidding Chinese immigration. Regardless of his talisman, however, the American authorities prevented his landing, and placing him in a boat, he was taken to the South Sea Islands, where my friend one day found him in a most desolate condition, grieving over the crab. Ah Sing related his sad tale of woe, and felt that the gods had forsaken him. My friend became interested in his story, and tried to buy the crab; but under no consideration would he part with it. Knowing the man needed money, my friend offered him a five-dollar gold piece. The temptation was too great to be resisted, the crab was sold, and my friend gave it to me.

Your constant reader,
CLARA B—.

HARTLAND, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years. I want to tell you about a funny thing that happened a little while ago. An owl came down the chimney into a fireplace which is never used, and began to flutter about. My aunt went to see what it was, and saw two big yellow eyes glaring through the iron grating. She thought it must be a cat, but when she took away the grating, out flew the owl. When it was caught, it stiffened out and seemed to be dead; so we put it into a covered box and went back into the parlor. In a little while we heard the box-cover rattle; and on going to see what was the matter, found the owl as lively as ever. He escaped from our hands, and flew about the house all night. When he was caught in the morning he again pretended to be dead. We put him out of doors, and have not seen him since.

Your faithful reader,
MARY G. P—.

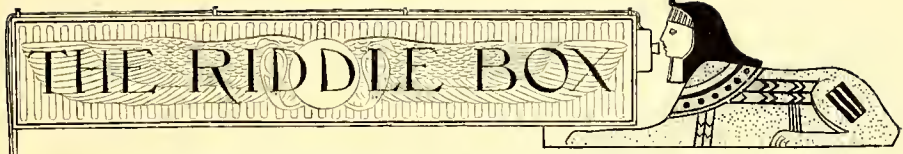
LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your beautiful stories now for three years. I am only ten years old, and have nothing interesting to tell you such as other little girls have. But I can tell you this: I live in Lincoln; it is named for President Lincoln; even the old hotel and the court-house where he practised law are standing in Postville, one of its suburbs.

The electric street-cars have just begun to go to and fro, and we are very proud of them.

I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your constant little reader,
EDITH T—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Matie K. G., Bessie H., Winifred S. S., Arthur F. S., G. A. K., Jennie S., Charlotte R. L., Jeannette E. B., Annie W., Florence W., Adaline and Anita M., Virginia T. and Kathleen McM., Emily, Saidee H. K., Beatrice I., Burt G., Barry M., Eleanor W. M., Margaretta K., Harry G. E., H. L. D., Eva H., Ashley P. C., J. H. II., A. J. C., Bessie W., W. A. N., C. G., Willis G. J., Agnes E. S., Elsie B. B., John A. S., Jr., Henrietta M. H., Hortense C., Herman W., Grace W. D., Carrie N., Georgette F., Cora M., Edith H. T., Flora and Edith, Sadie P., Roy B., Annie K. P., Alice L. J., Eleanor G., Allie S. D., Helen M. L., Belle U. H., Willie M., Mary E. V., Edith I. P., R. A. W., Adelaide B., Harriet B., Helen J. H., Floyd R. J., Susy L., Ruth T. T. V. E. R., Margaret K., Elmer G. B., Jennie C. T., May T., Edna B. and Alice D., C. H. P., Nellie K. S., Maurice M., Grace B. F., B. S. M. and S. L., Beatrix E. L., Adelaide S. D., Isabel B. T., and Victor F. S.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

NOVEL OCTAGON. ACROSS: 1. Breed. 2. Rollo. 3. Ellen. 4. Elevator. 5. Donative. 6. Tires. 7. Overt. 8. Rests.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, downward, Martin Luther; finals, upward, Luther Martin. Cross-words: 1. Meridian. 2. Ai. 3. Repent. 4. Terror. 5. Idea. 6. Norun. 7. Loiter.

MARCH DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Mab. 3. Model. 4. Madison. 5. Beset. 6. Lot. 7. N. II. 1. C. 2. Dam. 3. Delos. 4. Calhoun. 5. Moosc. 6. Sue. 7. N.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. 1. Lady. 2. Mountain. 3. Wheat. 4. Fruit. 5. Hoe. 6. Pan. 7. Marble. 8. Nut. 9. Cup. 10. Plum. 11. Corn. 12. Sponge. 13. Angel. 14. Fish.

LETTER PUZZLE. Begin at T in slot. "The rougher March, the fairer May."

AN URBAN PUZZLE. 1. Adelaide. 2. Florence. 3. Sophia. 4. Rome. 5. Sydney. 6. Washington. 7. Fez. 8. Havana. 9. Panama. 10. Derby. 11. Cork. 12. Toulouse. 13. Leghorn. 14. Astrakhan. 15. Marseilles. 16. New Castle. 17. Brussels. 18. Nottingham. 19. Naples. 20. Berne. 21. Columbus. 22. Bologna. 23. Rouen. 24. Malaga. 25. Lima. 26. Cayenne. 27. Turin.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—Dodo and Doder—Paul Reese—Thphncm—Jo and I—"Uncle Mung"—"The Tivoli Gang"—"The McG.s"—Annie M. Bingham—Rosalie S. Bloomingdale—"Alice Mildred Blanke and Co."—B. B. B.—C. W. Brown—Chester B. S.—"Leather-stocking"—"Arthur Gride"—"A Family Affair"—"The Spencers"—Gertrude H. Husted—L. O. E.—Ida, Alice, and Ollie—Josephine Sherwood—Hubert L. Binyay—"Adelante Villa"—Dad and Bill—E. M. G.—A. H. and R.—Aunt Kate, Mama, and Jamie—Effie K. Talboys—Two of "The Wise Five"—"Lehte"—"Kamesit Girls"—Papa and Ed—Jessie Chapman—Harry Day Brigham—"We Three."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Thomas Crabb, 1—Maud and Margaret E., 2—A. A. Crane, 2—Helen N. Eckard, 1—"Only I," 1—Crosby Miller, 2—Louise and Ethel, 1—Mabel S. West, 1—Florence B. S., 1—Jas. R. Sharp, 5—Elaine S., 1—Marjorie, 4—No Name, Chicago, 1—Grace I. Shirley, 1—May C. Francis, 2—Grace and Nannie, 6—Nellie M. Archer, 6—Lucy W. H. Joel, 1—Amanda E. T., 6—Esther L. Little, 1—M. W., 6—Grandpa, Papa, Alice, Clara, and Mary, 3—Julian C. Smith, 6—Blanche and Fred, 6—Harrold R. Hastings, 4—Ludwig und Anna, 6—"May and '79," 4—Laura M. Zinser, 3—Harry and Mama, 5—Nellie L. Howes, 6—Carrie Thacher, 3—E. K., 1—"We Girls," 4—No Name, Englewood, Ill., 6—Esme Beauchamp, 1—Wilfred and Helen Jordan, 1.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell a word often heard, and the central letters a day of the week.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A support for a picture. 2. Invectic. 3. Lays. 4. Periods. 5. A kind of antelope. 6. Superb. K. F. L.

HOURLY-GLASS.

1. A PUZZLE. 2. An English poet and artist. 3. To disclose. 4. A letter. 5. A club. 6. Glossy. 7. Faculty. The central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous artist who was born and who died in the month of April. C. B.

DIAGONAL.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell a much-loved name.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ancient. 2. A sovereign. 3. Gentleness. 4. Rumor. 5. To fancy. 6. A plant whose virtues have been put in verse by Charles Lamb. 7. A character in Shakspeare's play of "The Tempest." HATTIE.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below

28. Lyons. 29. Shanghai. 30. Lisle. 31. Morocco. 32. Belfast. 33. Lucknow. 34. Mandalay.

DICKENS PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Rogue Riderhood. Cross-words: 1. Roger. 2. Oliver. 3. Glubb. 4. Uncle. 5. Emily. 6. Rudge. 7. Isaac. 8. Drood. 9. Evans. 10. Rokcr. 11. Hexam. 12. Orange. 13. Orlick. 14. Dumps.

WORD-BUILDING. I, si, sin, sine, reius, singer, serving, severing, reserving, preserving, persevering.

P1. Slayer of winter, art thou here again?
O, welcome, thou that bringest the summer night!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!
WM. MORRIS—"The Earthly Paradise."

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Iliad. 2. Ladle. 3. Idiot. 4. Alone. 5. Deter. II. 1. Decamp. 2. Editor. 3. Citole. 4. Atones. 5. Molest. 6. Presto.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Pose. 2. Open. 3. Send. 4. Ends. II. 1. Rare. 2. Aloe. 3. Roll. 4. Eels. III. 1. Spar. 2. Pace. 3. Acre. 4. Reed. IV. 1. Scar. 2. Cage. 3. Ages. 4. Rest.

the other, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a word which, through one of Dickens's stories, has come to mean unreasonably self-sufficiency.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of light shoe. 2. The chief commander of a regiment of troops. 3. Proceeding by degrees. 4. To confuse. 5. An error. 6. A person affected by excessive enthusiasm. 7. The master of a small trading-vessel. 8. A small anchor. 9. Service. 10. A kind of puzzle. II. Sportive. D.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

I
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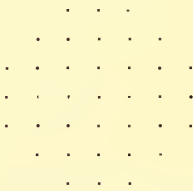
UPPER SQUARE: 1. To support. 2. To overthrow. 3. A famous mountain. 4. A kind of turf.
LOWER SQUARE: 1. A kiln to dry hops or malt. 2. Surface. 3. To make fast. 4. Lofty.
From 1 to 2, ended; from 3 to 4, spoken; from 1 to 4, an idyl. "XELIS."



WORD-BUILDING.

I. A LETTER. 2. A printer's measure. 3. A tree. 4. A tree. 5. The hero of a tragic poem. 6. A destructive wind that sometimes blows, in Turkey, from the desert. 7. Doth mail. 8. To pretend. 9. Cripples. 10. Animates.

OCTAGONS.



I. 1. To fold. 2. The European thistle. 3. The name of a church and palace in Rome. 4. Medial. 5. Published without the authors' permission. 6. Philosophers. 7. A masculine nickname.

II. 1. A grassy field. 2. A rapier. 3. Following the exact words. 4. To raise. 5. Wasted away by friction. 6. Made of oats. 7. Induced. FRANK SNELLING.

ANAGRAM.

A DISTINGUISHED man of letters:

OH, N! HEAR THIN WAN TALE. W. S. R.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

By selecting the right word from each of the thirteen sentences following, a proverb concerning April may be formed:

1. Alexander was below a man when he affected to be a god.
2. April showers bring forth May flowers.
3. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.
4. Every dog has his day, and every man his hour.
5. Corn and horn go together; when corn is cheap, cattle are not dear.
6. It is better to do well than to say well.
7. It is very hard to share an egg.
8. A good life keeps off wrinkles.
9. For the rose, the thorn is often plucked.
10. Hear both sides before you praise or condemn.
11. Make hay while the sun shines.
12. April and May are the key of the whole year.
13. Calm weather in June sets the corn in tune.

C. D.

RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. Low hills of drifting sand. 2. To separate. 3. Moderate warmth. 4. Pertaining to ships. 5. The fruit of a tropical tree.

DOWNWARD: 1. In danger. 2. A pronoun. 3. To

gain as clear profit. 4. Level. 5. A division of the calyx. 6. To wander. 7. To thrust with violence. 8. An exclamation. 9. In danger.

II. ACROSS: 1. The mountain daisy. 2. To indulge without restraint. 3. The principal post at the foot of a staircase. 4. To give new life to. 5. A masculine name.

DOWNWARD: 1. In danger. 2. A conjunction. 3. A small tumor. 4. To assert. 5. Fresher. 6. A kind of cotton gauze. 7. Part of a sofa. 8. A pronoun. 9. In danger. G. F.

PI.

RALEDAY solce yb rou sermum glenwild
 Het tearse rowrasp sparete hre gosn;
 A reymr brewlar, seh sedich het slomboss—
 Het deil mossbols hatt plese os glon.

Het budibrel schant rofin het slem glon charbens
 A myhn ot clewmeo het dingdub yare.
 Eht thous dwin redswan romf difel ot fresot,
 Dan flytos sperwish "Eht grispsn si heer."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A FAMOUS fleet. 2. Erects. 3. Mistakes. 4. To suppose as a fact. 5. One who deems. 6. To maintain.

II. 1. A white metallic alloy. 2. Abandons. 3. Truncheons. 4. The person who has a right to present to a benefice. 5. Doctrines. 6. To estimate.

CHARLES BEAUFORT.

ZIGZAG AND DIAGONAL.

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.	2	.	9	.
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. The river of forgetfulness. 2. Legends. 3. A town of France, famous for its mineral springs. 4. Passionate. 5. A tenth part. 6. Spiritless. 7. Foundation.

From 1 to 7 and from 8 to 14 each name a great elegy.

1	12
.	2	.	.	11	.
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7	6

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Disguised. 2. A narrow valley. 3. Encomium. 4. A soldier placed on guard. 5. A fabulous animal. 6. Relating to the Muses.

From 1 to 6 and from 7 to 12, the two authors of the elegies named in the foregoing zigzag. DYCIE.

