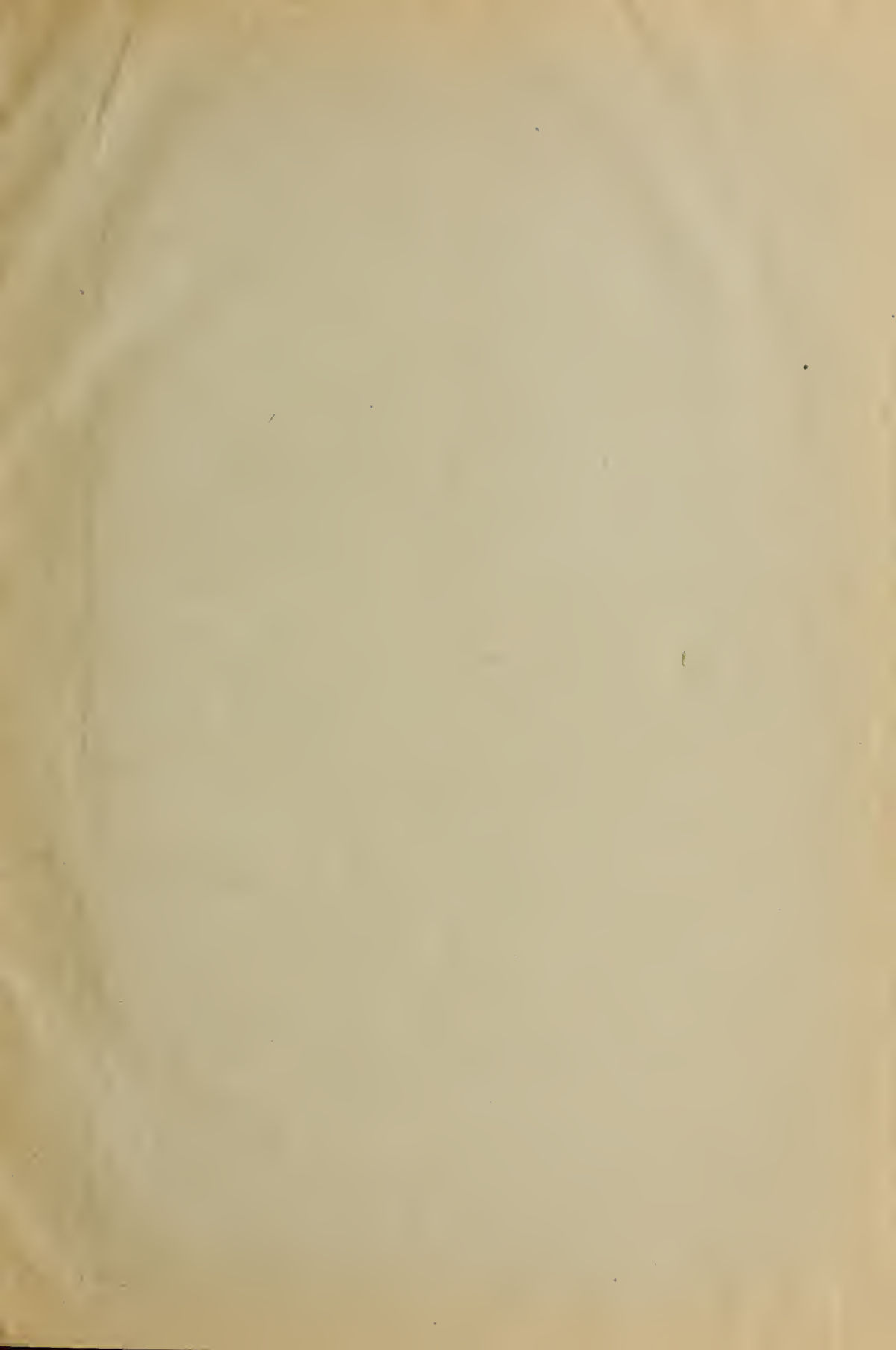
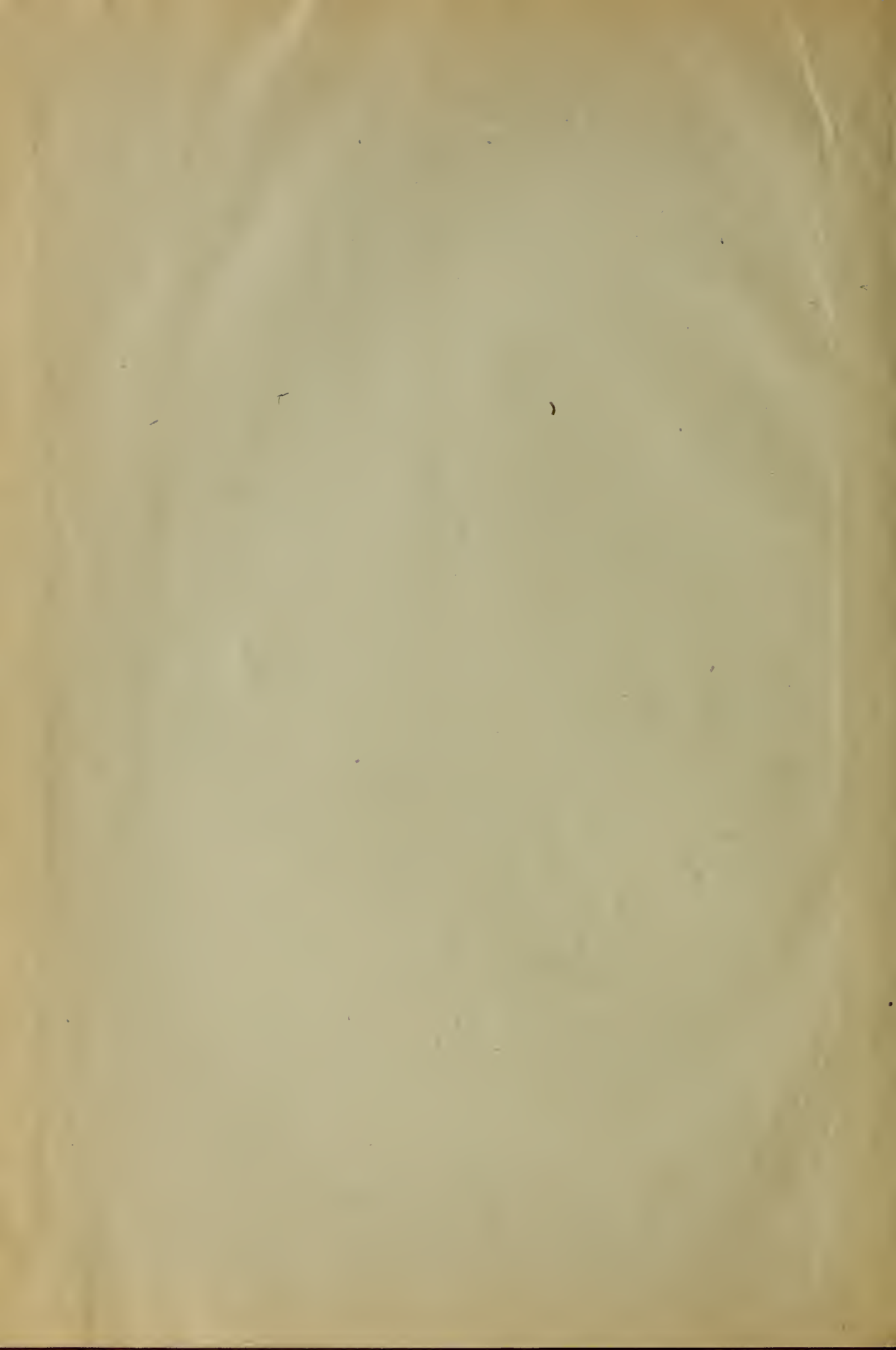


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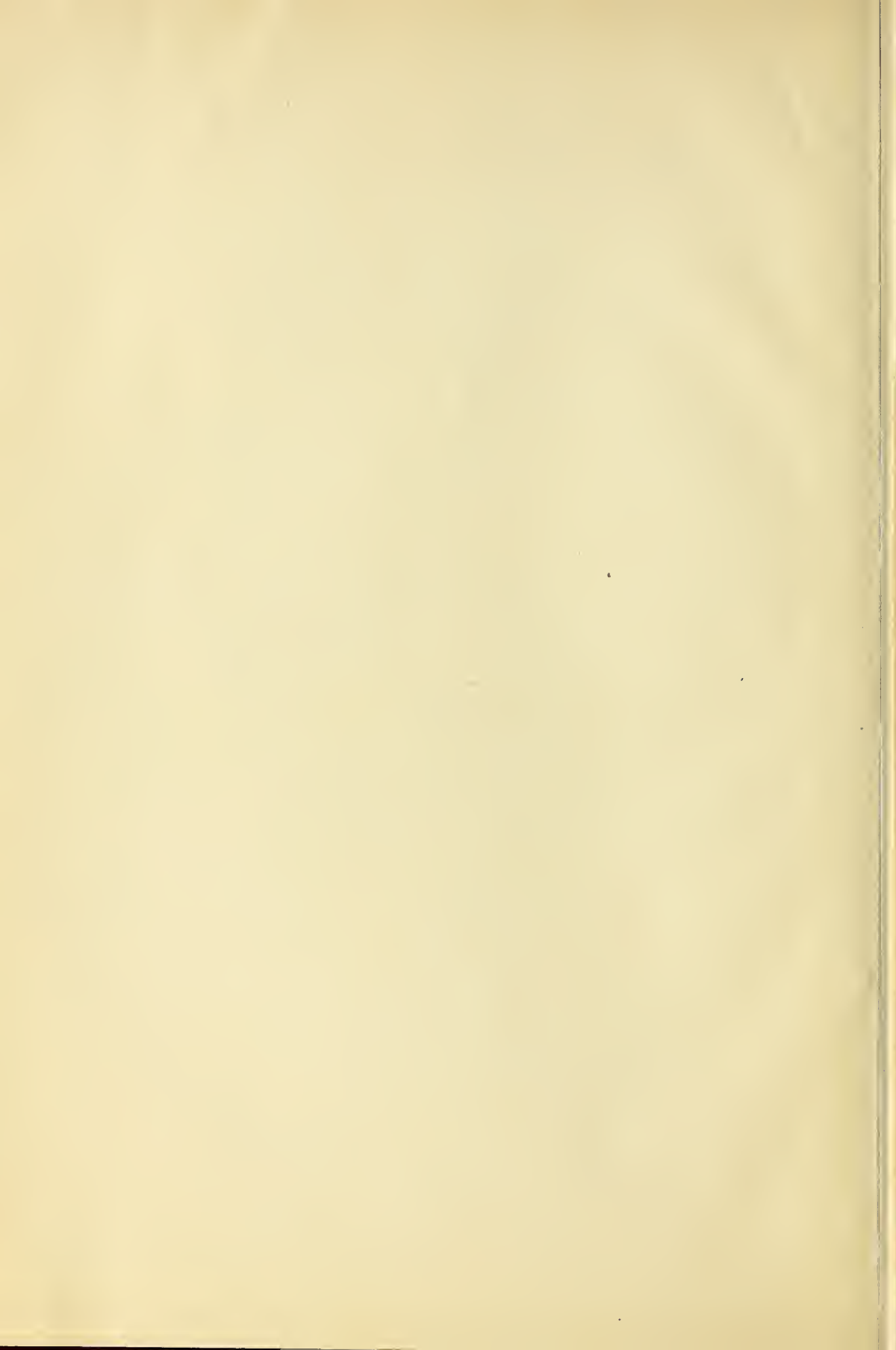






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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XXIX.

PART II., MAY, 1902, TO OCTOBER, 1902.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

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THE DE VINNE PRESS.

ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXIX.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1902, TO OCTOBER, 1902.



CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XXIX.

	PAGE
ANGELINA TITHERINGTON. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>W. H. Cady</i> 620
ANGLING BUNNIES, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Albert Blashfield</i> 734
ANOTHER CHANCE. (Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer).....	<i>Julia Truitt Bishop</i> 688
ANXIOUS MOTHER, AN. Picture, drawn by Albertine Randall Wheelan	1005
APPLE-TREE, THE. (Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall).....	<i>Harriet Lewis Bradley</i> 1060
ARMADILLO AND THE PILLOW, THE. Jingle.....	<i>Frank Valentine</i> 639
ATTICUS AND THE ALPHABET. Verse. (Illustrated by Mrs. Jessie Walcott).....	<i>Margaret Johnson</i> 1080
AT YE SIGN OF YE APPLE-BOUGH INN. Picture, drawn by Margaret Ely Webb.....	1109
BALLAD OF THE PLYMOUTH WASHING. Verse. (Illustrated by George Varian).....	<i>Ethel Parton</i> 721
BECAUSE. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>John Bennett</i> 873
BOY AND AN OLD UMBRELLA, A. (Illustrated by the Author and Victor J. Smedley).....	} <i>Meredith Nugent</i> 1102
BUSTER AND THE ANTS. (Illustrated by George Varian).....	<i>N. A. Jennings</i> 724
"BUT—".....	<i>Emilia Elliott</i> 1166
BY LO, BABY FAIRY. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Laura C. Hills</i> 812
CANARY'S SIEGE, THE.....	<i>Mary D. Leonard</i> 626
CAPTAIN'S JEST, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Annie E. Tynan</i> 826
CASTLE GARDEN AQUARIUM, THE. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn, J. Carter Beard, Louis H. Joutel, and others).....	} <i>Charles L. Bristol</i> 680
CHARADES IN RHYME.....	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 723
CIRCUS ON A KITE-STRING, A. (Illustrated by Nugent and Smedley).....	<i>Meredith Nugent</i> 820
CRITIC IN THE TREE, THE. Picture, drawn by Henry Wallace Phillips	634
CRUISE OF THE "DAZZLER," THE. (Illustrated by M. J. Burns).....	<i>Jack London</i> 784
CURIOSITY. Verse.....	<i>Alberta Bancroft Reid</i> 932
CURIOUS BIRD'S NEST, A. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Charles C. Abbott, M.D.</i> 627
DAISY DAYS, IN. Verse. (Illustrated by F. M. Lungren).....	<i>Mary Elizabeth Blake</i> 712
DAMASCUS JUSTICE.....	<i>Anna Harris Jessup</i> 634
DISTURBING VISIT, A. Verse.....	<i>Montrose J. Moses</i> 642
DR. WISDOM. Verse. (Illustrated by F. Strothmann).....	<i>L. Strothmann</i> 1093
DUMPLING'S WONDERFUL VOYAGE. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>E. Boyd Smith</i> 1116
EAGLE'S NEST, THE. (Illustrated from photographs).....	<i>Francis H. Herrick</i> 816
FAMOUS CASE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch).....	<i>Theodore C. Williams</i> 1011
FLYING THE FERRET. (Illustrated by E. Mumford).....	<i>Frederick Wendt</i> 622
FORGETFULNESS. Picture, drawn by M. K. Moore.....	921
FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW. From a photograph.....	679
GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE, A. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....	635
GOLD-SPINNER, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by F. C. Gordon).....	<i>Carrie White Osgood</i> 974
"HERE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!" Picture, drawn by Henry Ihfeld.....	837
HILARITY HALL. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea).....	<i>Carolyn Wells</i> 976
HOW CATS CAME TO PURR. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>John Bennett</i> 1094
HOW MOSES WAS EMANCIPATED. (Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis and Theodore R. Davis).....	} <i>Susan Huntington Hooker</i> .. 781
HOW MR. FOX FISHED AND HUNTED. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>E. Boyd Smith</i> 829
HOW THE PILGRIMS CAME TO PLYMOUTH. (Illustrated from a painting by Marshall Johnson and by Winfield S. Lukens).....	} <i>Azel Ames, M.D.</i> 713

	PAGE
HOW THE WEATHER IS FORETOLD. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Clifford Howard</i> 1021
HUNTING THE PUMA. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Clarence Edwin Booth Grossmann</i> 736
IN DAISY DAYS. Verse. (Illustrated by F. M. Lungren)	<i>Mary Elizabeth Blake</i> 712
IN THE WOODS. (Illustrated from photographs by the Author)	<i>Rosalind Richards</i>
The Flowers of May	645
The Flowers of June	741
The Flowers of July	838
The Flowers of August	934
IRIS, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by George A. Williams)	<i>May Elliott Floyd</i> 933
IS KING EDWARD REALLY "EDWARD VII.?" (Illustrated)	<i>Arthur Johnson Evans</i> 813
JINGLES 620, 621, 639, 687, 740, 741, 873, 932, 933, 1030, 1067, 1093, 1099	
KING OF UNSERGARTEN, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Eric Parker</i> 930
LIGHTHOUSE AND THE WHISTLING-BUOY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by } I. W. Taber) }	} <i>Mary Austin</i> 1059
LITTLE COLONEL, THE. (Illustrated by J. N. Marchand)	<i>Mrs. Guy V. Henry</i> 1016
LITTLE COURT LADY, A. (Illustrated)	<i>N. Hudson Moore</i> 1009
LITTLE JOURNEY THROUGH THE AIR, A. (Illustrated from photographs)	<i>Katharine Morgan Crooks</i> 1066
LITTLE MAID OF THE BEACH, THE. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea)	<i>Florence Francis</i> 914
LITTLE MATILDA. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Mary Sigsbee Ker</i> 1067
LITTLE RED FLAG, THE. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea)	<i>Lawrence Reamer</i> 833
LITTLE WHITE STEAMER, A MAN IN GRAY, AND TWENTY THOUSAND } SHIPS, A. (Illustrated by the Author) }	} <i>Howard F. Sprague</i> 579
MAID OF THE HILLS, A. Picture, from the painting by J. G. Brown	929
MAN WHO LIVES IN THE PANSY, THE. (Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory)	<i>Helen A. Loosley</i> 640
MARTY BROWN, MASCOT. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea)	<i>Ralph Henry Barbour</i> 963
MEHITABEL'S GOWN, THE RHYME OF. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Ethel Parton</i> 771
MERRY-GO-ROUND, THE. Jingle.	<i>Virna Woods</i> 687
MIKE DEEHAN'S SPREE. (Illustrated by William T. Smedley)	<i>Mary Densel</i> 918
MIRANDA AND MIRIFICUS. Verse. (Illustrated by Oliver Herford)	<i>Eric Parker</i> 633
MOON, THE. Verse.	<i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i> 643
MOTHER NATURE AND THE JOINTED STICK. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>Dan Beard</i> 1109
MOVING DAY. Picture, drawn by William A. McCulloch	642
NEW SENTRY AND THE LITTLE BOY, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Tudor Jenks</i> 973
NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. Picture, drawn by R. B. Birch	1010
ODD STREET SHOW, AN. (Illustrated by G. G. Döring)	<i>Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron</i> 640
OVER THE FENCE IS OUT! Picture, drawn by Georg Stoopendaal	735
PAINFUL INCIDENT, A. Verse.	<i>Charles Perez Murphy</i> 711
PAPER HOUSE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated from a photograph)	<i>Harriet McLearn</i> 1126
PERHAPS YOU 'VE MET HIM. Jingle. (Illustrated by Georg Stoopendaal)	<i>E. L. Sylvester</i> 1099
PICTURES 625, 634, 635, 642, 643, 644, 679, 735, 837, 875, 921, 929, 1005, 1010, 1109	
PING-PONG. Jingle. (Illustrated by E. Warde Blaisdell)	1030
PLANTING OF A TREE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated)	<i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i> 624
PLYMOUTH WASHING, BALLAD OF THE. Verse. (Illustrated by George Varian)	<i>Ethel Parton</i> 721
PRICKLY PIG, THE. Jingle. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>J. G. Francis</i> 620
PRUDENT MAID, A. Verse. (Illustrated by Isabel Lyndall)	<i>Harriet Brewer Sterling</i> 932
PUMA MONTEZUMA, THE. Jingle.	<i>Frank Valentine</i> 639
RHYME OF MEHITABEL'S GOWN, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Ethel Parton</i> 771
RIGHT IN THE WIND'S EYE. (Illustrated by Nugent and Smedley, and from } photographs) }	} <i>Meredith Nugent</i> 685
ROCK-A-BY ROUND THE WORLD. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Martha Burr Banks</i> 636
ROWBOAT, SONG OF A. Verse.	<i>Eric Parker</i> 972
RUNAWAY, A. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea)	<i>H. M. Kingery</i> 1100
RUNAWAYS, THE. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>E. Boyd Smith</i> 922
SIR MARROK. (Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer)	<i>Allen French</i> 592
SLIGHT MISTAKE, A. Verse. (Illustrated)	<i>Helen Standish Perkins</i> 621
SLIMME, SIR MARMADUKE. Verse. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch)	<i>Henry Groff Dodge</i> 876
"SLUSHY," THE ROUSTABOUT. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea)	<i>Howard E. Ames U.S.N.</i> 1068
SOMETHING NEW. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	<i>E. Warde Blaisdell</i> 740
SONG OF A ROWBOAT. Verse.	<i>Eric Parker</i> 972

CONTENTS.

VII

	PAGE
"S. P. O. U.," THE. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea).....	Agnes Louise Provost 588
THISTLEDOWN. Verse. (Illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb).....	Lizette Woodworth Reese 874
THREE LITTLE RULES. Jingle	Stella George Stern 933
TIMELY RESTORATION, A. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea).....	Mary G. Foster..... 776
TIMID KITTEN, THE. Verse.....	Carolyn Wells 1066
TIMID LITTLE MAY QUEEN, A. Picture, drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	643
TOM JARNAGAN, JUNIOR. (Illustrated by Jay Hambidge).....	Francis Lynde 880
TOMMY TUCKER. (Illustrated by J. Carter Beard)	Mary V. Worstell 629
TO REPEL BOARDERS. (Illustrated by J. H. Marchand)	Jack London 675
T. RADFORD'S DIAMOND-DIGGING. (Illustrated by Howard Giles)	Thomas A. Janvier 867
TRIPLE ALLIANCE, A. (Illustrated by George Varian).....	Charlotte Sedgwick..... 1084
TWO MEN OVERBOARD! (Illustrated by the Author).....	E. Boyd Smith 1012
UNCLE SAM'S BEAR. (Illustrated from photographs, and by H. Bradford)	Edith V. Corse 1090
UNDER THE GREENWOOD. From the painting by George Inness	625
WEATHER, THE: HOW IT IS FORETOLD. (Illustrated from photographs)....	Clifford Howard..... 1021
WEDDING, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author)	Katharine Pyle..... 879
WHAT PUSSY THINKS. Jingle. (Illustrated).....	Christopher Valentine... .. 741
WONDERFUL BOY, A. Verse	Frances Wilson..... 780
WOODS IN EARLY SPRINGTIME, THE. Picture, drawn by Henry W. Allchin	644
WORKADAY FAIRIES. Picture, drawn by Lucy G. Morsee	875

LONG STORIES.

EACH COMPLETE IN ONE NUMBER.

SIR MARROK. (Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer)	Allen French..... 592
ANOTHER CHANCE. (Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer)	Julia Truitt Bishop..... 688
THE CRUISE OF THE "DAZZLER." (Illustrated by M. J. Burns).....	Jack London 784
TOM JARNAGAN, JUNIOR. (Illustrated by Jay Hambidge).. ..	Francis Lynde 880
HILARITY HALL. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea).....	Carolyn Wells 976
"SLUSHY," THE ROUSTABOUT. (Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea)	Howard E. Ames, U.S.N... 1068

FRONTISPIECES.

"Clara," by Adelaide Cole Chase, page 578 — "The King of the Butterflies," by George Wharton Edwards, page 674 — "The Rhyme of Mehitabel's Gown," by R. B. Birch, page 770 — "An American Boy," from a painting by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, page 866 — "Françoise-Marie de Bourbon," from the painting by Mignard, page 962 — "All Night on all its Changing Moods I Keep a Watchful Eye," by I. W. Taber, page 1058.

DEPARTMENTS.

	PAGE
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. (Illustrated).....	656, 752, 848, 944, 1040, 1136
NATURE AND SCIENCE. (Illustrated).....	648, 744, 840, 936, 1032, 1128
BOOKS AND READING. (Illustrated)	668, 764, 860, 956, 1052, 1148
THE LETTER-BOX.....	670, 958, 1054, 1150
THE RIDDLE-BOX.....	671, 767, 863, 959, 1055, 1151
EDITORIAL NOTES	766, 862, 1054



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FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR MAY, 1902.

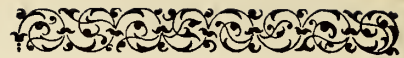
	Page
Frontispiece. "Clara"	578
<small>From the painting by Adelaide Cole Chase.</small>	
A Little White Steamer, a Man in Gray, and Twenty Thousand Ships	Howard F. Sprague 579
<small>Illustrated by the author.</small>	
The "S. P. O. U." Story	Agnes Louise Provost 588
<small>Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.</small>	
Sir Marrok. A Long Story Complete in this Number	Allen French 592
<small>Chapter I. The Lord of Bedegraine — II. How Agatha the Nurse advised Marrok, and of What the Knight did — III. How it fared in Bedegraine with Marrok away — IV. Of Marrok's Return, and of the Magic of the Lady Irma — V. How the Great Opportunity came to Marrok — VI. Of Marrok and the Wolves, and how he served the Witches who dwelt within Bedegraine — VII. How the doings of the Wolf came to the ears of Irma — VIII. How Bennet and Father John were driven from their Homes — IX. Of the Abbey of Bedegraine, and Who became Abbot in Anselm's stead — X. The Hunting of Sir Marrok — XI. Of Hugh Who would have slain the Wolf, and of Agatha the Nurse — XII. Of the Stranger Knight Who came from the North, which bringeth an End to this Tale.</small>	
<small>Illustrated by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer.</small>	
Jingle. "The Prickly Pig"	J. G. Francis 620
<small>Illustrated by the author.</small>	
Jingle. "Angelina Titherington"	W. H. Cady 621
<small>Illustrated by the author.</small>	
A Slight Mistake. Verse	Helen Standish Perkins 621
Flying the Ferret. Story	Frederick Wendt 622
<small>Illustrated by E. Mumford.</small>	
Arbor Day Song. The Planting of a Tree	Marion Couthouy Smith 624
<small>Heading by G. M. B.</small>	
Picture. Under the Greenwood	625
<small>From the painting by George Inness.</small>	
The Canary's Siege. A True Story	Mary D. Leonard 626
A Curious Bird's Nest	Charles C. Abbott, M.D. 627
<small>Illustrated from photographs by the author.</small>	
Tommy Tucker. Story	Mary V. Worstell 629
<small>Illustrated by J. Carter Beard.</small>	
Miranda and Mirificus. Verse	Eric Parker 633
<small>Illustrated by Oliver Herford.</small>	
Picture. The Critic in the Tree	Henry Wallace Phillips 634
Damascus Justice. Story	Anna Harris Jessup 634
Picture. A Go-as-you-please Race	635
<small>Drawn by Culmer Barnes.</small>	
Rock-a-Bye Round the World. Verse	Martha Burr Banks 636
<small>Illustrated by R. B. Birch.</small>	
Two Jingles	Frank Valentine 639
The Man Who Lives in the Pansy	Helen A. Loosley 640
<small>Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory.</small>	
An Odd Street Show.	Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron 640
<small>Illustrated by G. G. Döring.</small>	
Picture. Moving Day	642
<small>Drawn by William A. McCulloch.</small>	
A Disturbing Visit. Verse	Montrose J. Moses 642
Picture. A Timid Little May Queen	643
<small>Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd.</small>	
The Moon. Verse	Albert Bigelow Paine 643
Picture. The Woods in Early Springtime	644
<small>Drawn by Henry W. Allchin.</small>	
In the Woods. The Flowers of May	Rosalind Richards 645
<small>Illustrated from photographs by the author.</small>	
Nature and Science for Young Folks	648
<small>Winter "Hoods" as Spring Ornaments—The Unfolding Buds—What about that Ribbon?—A Surprised Flicker—Bread and Milk for Pet Animals—The Fern "Question-Marks"—Grasshoppers attracted by White—The Star-Nosed Mole—Cocoons on an Athanasus-Tree.</small>	
<small>Illustrated.</small>	
The St. Nicholas League. Award of Prizes for Poems, Drawings and Photographs	656
Books and Reading	668
Letter Box	670
The Riddle-Box	671
<small>Illustrated.</small>	

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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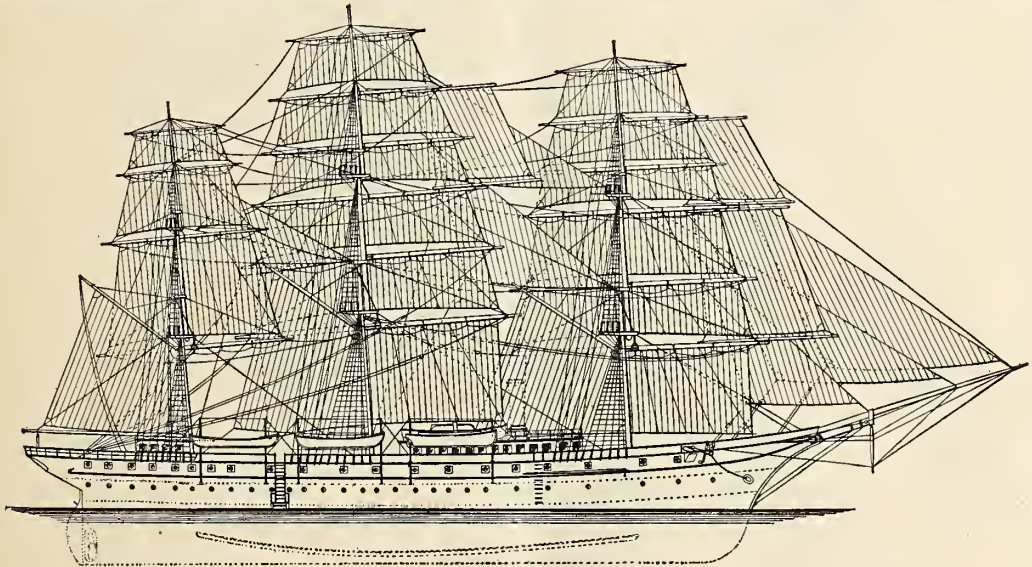


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"CLARA." BY ADELAIDE COLE CHASE.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX.

MAY, 1902.

No. 7.

A LITTLE WHITE STEAMER, A MAN IN GRAY, AND TWENTY THOUSAND SHIPS.

BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

THE visitor to the Great Lakes who strolls along the riverside of Belle Isle, near Detroit, may see, almost any time, some part of the grand parade of the lake ships.

The shingling and crunching contact of the first steamer's bow is hardly heard in the ice of the Strait of Mackinac in April before the early starters of this parade are under way from Chicago with the first loads of grain in the new season. While these cargoes are being stored in the Buffalo elevators, the answering crack of the frosty covering of the St. Mary's River proclaims that navigation is open from Duluth, and the gates of the great locks at the "Soo" swing wide to admit the spring ships from Lake Superior.

The ice cakes are still lazily floating and lingering in the Detroit River, although the warm breath of early May is on them, while the bulk of the procession is forming and falling into line all along the triangular course of fresh water between Duluth, Chicago, and Buffalo, each ship placing itself according to its speed and time of departure.

By the middle of May the excitement of the

opening season is felt in full, and all through the spring, summer, fall, and early winter an observer on Belle Isle could view some passing ship every few minutes of the day.

Numerous statistics have been printed from time to time to prove that the traffic passing by this point is the greatest inland commerce in the world. And in this ceaseless stream of ships, may be seen almost every variety of craft used in commerce.

Many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS live in the towns and cities of the Great Lakes, and no doubt many of them know something of the vast shipping voyaging back and forth during the navigation season; but it is safe to assume that some interesting facts are yet to be told, and it would be well for American young folk to get the idea firmly fixed in their minds that the commercial supremacy of America is largely due to the aid of these great fresh-water seas, over whose courses are carried the nation's corn and flour, its copper and iron ores, its lumber and salt, and the coal for the great Northwestern country. It is estimated that

the freight tonnage passing Detroit in 1897 amounted to over thirty-five million tons.

The portion of this amount passing the canal at Sault St. Marie, which is open only to lake shipping, is greater than the tonnage passing through the Suez Canal, open to the ports of the world the year round, while the American locks pass ships but about eight months out of the twelve.

But it is not the main purpose of this story to deal with the ships that float or the tonnage that is carried over this magnificent reach of waterways, whose shore-lines contain over half the fresh water of the earth, but rather to tell of a small, yacht-like white steamer that dances over the swells of the Detroit River to meet and exchange messages and salutes with every one of the passing ships—a little midget servant to this enormous commerce. Without this tiny steamer the lake commerce would be as helpless as we of the cities and towns ashore would be without the postman and the post-office. From Kalamazoo and Yokohama, from Australia and Sweden, from all over America, and from the uttermost parts of the earth, come the messages that this little boat delivers to her big-ship friends as they speed up and down past Detroit and Belle Isle, to the mines of Lake Superior and the elevators of Duluth and Chicago, and back again to Cleveland and Buffalo and the other distributing points of Lake Erie.

The tremendous advance in shipping facilities on the Great Lakes in recent years has been due to tireless American enterprise, fostered by generous appropriations by the government in aids to navigation; so when the need of this little messenger presented itself, the Washington authorities were not slow in making the experiment leading to its adoption.

This method of handling United States mail is the only one of its kind in existence, and the idea of a floating post-office that successfully delivers and receives mail to and from ships at full speed is only another illustration of the wonders and far-reaching benefits of our wide-awake postal system.

Although Detroit is a very busy port, yet very few through steamers stop there, by far

the larger number of ships sailing past direct to upper and lower lake cities, making of Detroit River a connecting channel that might be called the natural gateway of the commerce of the Lakes, as all its vast shipping must pass through this river in going from loading to unloading dock. For this reason this marine postal service was made a branch of the Detroit post-office, because it was decided the steamer could from there find easiest access to the passing vessels.

Long before ships could exchange postal matter and telegrams "on the fly," it became necessary to work revolutions in loading and unloading cargoes, and to light channels (hitherto dangerous enough in daytime) so that they could be run at night, that not a minute should be lost, going or coming, night or day.

The books of the United States Treasury Department in Washington now contain the names of nearly four thousand ships that constitute this Great Lakes marine. The fresh-water sailors to whom this fleet is intrusted would, in numbers, make the population of a large city. They are, therefore, fairly entitled to some means of communication with their homes and families in the States bordering the Lakes, and with friends far away, and the little white steamer performs this service as perfectly as can be desired.

Before the establishment of this delivery it was difficult to send letters to any one aboard ship, although Niagara's wall confined the movement of vessels to the Great Lakes, and their voyages back and forth were past the shores of eight States, with a population of twenty-six millions, and their ports of call included six cities of over one hundred thousand population each. This may seem strange, but it is easily explained by the fact that the greater number of lake steamers "run wild"—that is, they depend on their owners and agents making profitable charters for them from trip to trip.

The crew of a "wild" steamer seldom knew where to have a letter sent before the Detroit service began, for it often happened that a ship would come down with ore from Duluth, billed to Cleveland, and as she passed Detroit a tele-

graphic order would change her destination to some dock in Ashtabula or Lorain.

So the letters sent to Cleveland to meet her would finally reach the dead-letter office, in company with hundreds of others, and it was this accumulation of mail coming from the cities of the lake district that prompted the experiments leading to the adoption of a marine post-office during the summer of 1895.

During the first month only ninety letters were delivered to passing ships; but at the close of navigation in that year the mail delivery amounted to five hundred pieces of matter a day. In 1899 the amount of mail delivered to

mail, to each captain, on the first day of every month, by the Weather Bureau, of a paper showing weather conditions for that month during twenty years, from which a fair guess can be made of the weather for that month.

As the down-bound ships swing around the lower curving corner of Belle Isle Park, and the miles and miles of Detroit's water-front come into view, every one on board, from the officers on the bridge down to the humblest deck-hand, knows that away off down that shore-line to the right, or else hidden by the busy shipping, is the little white mail-boat, that



THE LITTLE MAIL STEAMER INTERCEPTING THE GRAND PARADE OF LAKE COMMERCE.

passing ships exceeded one thousand pieces a day, and it is now even greater.

The revenue to the government from this marine service is greater than the appropriation necessary to carry it on. Very few branches of the postal service can say as much. The skippers of lake ships are in close touch with the Weather Bureau also, through this office, and weather reports, or special storm warnings, may be daily placed on board the passing vessels.

The assistance given the lake navigators is further shown by the issuance, through the

will come leaping and dancing out to meet them, blowing her signal of one long, one short, followed by another long whistle, which, interpreted, means, "We have letters for you." The approaching ship answers the salute with a satisfied growl from her big bass whistle, the mail is soon exchanged, and, streaming a long trail of smoke behind her, the big ship is soon again full speed ahead down the river.

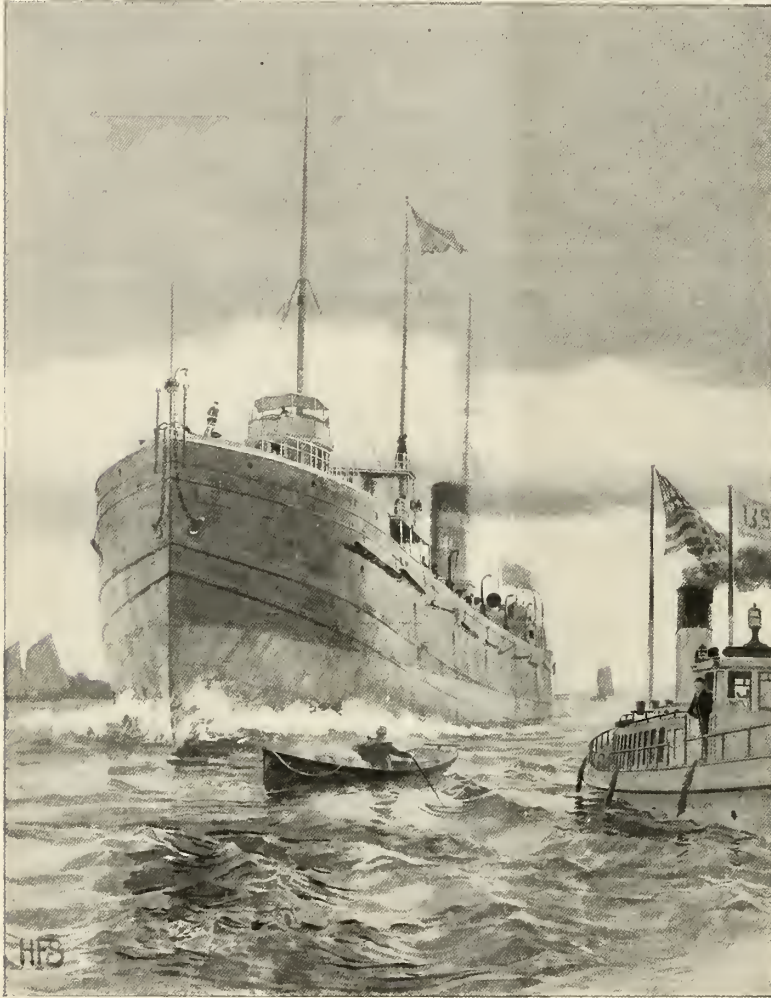
If the day is a busy one, and many vessels are passing up and down, the mail-boat stays on the river, and goes to each vessel in turn as

it passes; but oftentimes the river is crowded with steamers and tows that have become bunched here, and must keep moving to get steerageway. It is a time like this, when boats are going each way, that calls for daring exhibitions of coolness and judgment; for United

to and receive it from ships at full speed, and the emergencies that arise bring out wonderful exhibitions of "seamanship" at times.

In the first experiments of this service it was found that some means must be devised to do the work at full speed, as ships had not been

accustomed to slow up at this point. At first a swift yacht was proposed, to run alongside while the exchange was being made; but this was soon found to be dangerous, as the suction between the boats would draw them together with a bump equal to a collision. After trying various methods, it was finally decided to employ three carriers to do the work in eight-hour shifts, and to furnish them with a small, stout, clinker-built row-boat, fitted with strong, light lines of about eighty feet in length attached to the stem, the line to be coiled in the bow, and its end thrown to the passing ship to be made fast, while the remainder of the eighty feet leaped out of the bow to fetch up and drag the row-boat and carrier alongside to exchange the mail. This might be



THE MAIL-CARRIER PREPARING TO GO ALONGSIDE A STEAMER AT FULL SPEED.

States mail must not be delayed, and the mail-boat must now and then be jumped over a tow-line and speeded across the roaring bows of some fast-going steamer, only to shake herself clear of the wet that comes aboard from the bow wave, and, circling alongside some vessel anxious for the bundle, to toss it on the deck and be off to the next one.

It is by no means an easy task to deliver mail

easy for a boatman to do, but the prospect of a steamer's big black bow looming over him, coming full speed, and pushing a wall of foaming water fifty feet across right at him and his little cockle-shell, would make the ordinary carrier used to shore-work faint away, and even forget that he knew how to swim. Possibly, after the first few attempts, he might gather courage enough to get within hailing



RIDING THE BOW WAVE BEFORE MAKING FAST.

distance of the steamers, but this would be delaying the United States mail; so three practical boatmen, accustomed to river work, were put through the civil-service examination, and it was arranged that the little white steamer was to tow them out to the passing ships, and make their deliveries sure under all conditions and in all kinds of weather.

Thus the little white steamer is the floating post-office, and the men in the small boat towing behind are the carriers who handle the mail of the passing fleet. Now and then comes a lull in the business of the stream, and the little steamer returns to her berth at one of the city docks some few hundred feet above the Woodland Avenue landing of the ferries connecting the King's Dominion with the United States at this place. It does not spend much time

at the dock, however: only a few minutes, now and then, to receive the bundles of letters, rolls, and papers, and to start on their way the similar letters and parcels that have been taken off the passing ships.

Hardly has the reversing-propeller swung her alongside, and the light line been looped over a peg in the wharf with its two ends in a half-hitch on the bitts aboard, made ready for instant slipping, when a wiry-looking carrier, clothed in gray, emerges from the low cabin, and stepping lightly from the pipe railing aboard

to the dock, remarks: "It is three o'clock. I think I will see what there is upstairs." He walks rapidly to an outside stairway near by



DELIVERY OF THE MAIL IN A BUCKET.

leading up to a windowed balcony overlooking and commanding a view of the river as far as one can see in either direction. Inside these bal-

adjusting a pair of marine glasses to his eyes, looks intently for a moment toward the distance up the river, where the down-bound ships



AFTER A NIGHT DELIVERY — THE CARRIER PICKING UP HIS LINE.

cony windows is the marine branch of the main post-office, in charge of two clerks, who look after the handling of the nine collections and deliveries from the main office each day. Here the mail is handled in the ordinary way, except that no letters are received unless they are intended for some ship. On the back of each letter the name of the vessel for which it is intended is marked in large letters, so that the carrier who delivers it on the river may lose no time in deciphering a blind address.

The mail-boat comes in from the river as often as possible, in order that the mail may be placed aboard of her. A few minutes after the carrier's disappearance through the balcony door, another figure (the captain of this interesting boat) steps out of the wheel-house, and

first come into view around Belle Isle. Standing out sharp and clear is a large steamer with four masts and a red band around her black smoke-stack. The white deck-houses show clear above the black hull, and she pushes a billow of water in front as she comes at full speed, sweeping rapidly past a slower steamer towing three barges. Behind, in the distance, just showing through the thin fringe of trees, can be made out the gleam, in the sunlight, of the bright work forward of another lone steamer, one rapidly following the first. Turning about, and with a hurried glance at a patch of smoke still farther down the river, the observer places the glasses in their rack, and quickly sounds a short, sharp whistle, the sound of which brings the carrier to the balcony door.

"Hurry up, Yates!" says the captain. "Here is the 'Tuscarora' coming *down*, with another big fellow right after her, and a tow besides. Get the last delivery, and hustle aboard, for there is another tow coming *up*, and, I think, a single steamer behind them."

Before the captain can say all this, however, the carrier rushes hurriedly down the stairs, carrying a leather pouch from which long envelopes and rolls of tightly wound paper protrude.

Leaping aboard, he soon after steps into the rowboat towing behind, and proceeds to place the envelopes and rolls of paper he has brought with him into a canvas-covered box, divided into pigeonholes, that fits nicely into the forward part of his boat. Another such box placed in the after end, just leaves room enough in the center for a seat where he can handle the oars that now hang idly in their rowlocks.

In the little white steamer there must be some feeling of great dignity and importance born of long and constant government service and attention to the wants of this grand parade of ships. Apparently she knows every one by sight, and can call their names as soon as they come into view in the distance. Certainly there is a tremble of excitement all through her fifty feet of length as the first few turns of her propeller send her circling away from the dock again. Giving herself a good shake and toss of her

bow while crossing the lumpy wake of a ponderous car-ferry boat, she runs straight for the middle of the river, knowing well that she will soon be laying her clean white sides close to the black and dirty sides of one of her big-ship friends.

"That fellow behind the Tuscarora is the 'City of Bangor,'" sings out the captain again from the wheel-house to the carrier, who is now arranging his lines in careful coils in the bow of his boat, so that they will run free when the critical moment comes. The carrier answers:

"The City of Bangor and Tuscarora locked



A BUNDLE FOR A WHITE FLYER.

through the Soo together yesterday morning, according to this morning's paper, and they are sticking right together all the way down."

"Do you think you can get them both, and the tow, before these fellows coming up get here?"

"Yes, I believe so," the carrier replies. "Better head down a little, and keep close to me, so as to pick me up quick after I get through with the Tuscarora."

A spoke or two of her steering-wheel to port heads the mail-boat downstream and just a comfortable distance to one side, and parallel with the path of the oncoming ship, now close by and foaming grandly toward her. In response to three strokes on the engine-room gong, the engine of the mail-boat is turning over very slowly now; but the hand of the engineer is on the throttle, ready for the jingling signal that will come within half a minute to "let her out" for a race with the rushing steamer for the short time that the carrier is alongside. Letting go the short line binding him to the mail-boat, the carrier gives a few quick pulls on his oars, placing his boat square under the bows of the approaching ship coming at full speed, whose high black sides loom over him with awful meaning for an instant. With beautiful precision a dexterous twist of his oars places his boat just right as the huge steel hull and the great roaring billow of water in front of it crash down on him. The water splashes into his boat and lifts it high on the foaming crest, and then the boat sinks down and out of sight behind the wave, only to appear again in a moment close to the flying side of the steamer. The carrier is standing erect in his boat, with about twenty feet of his bow-line grasped in his right hand. A strong upward swing lands the rope on the steamer's deck. Plenty of willing hands are waiting to make it fast. A quick turn around a pin, and as the remainder of the coil in the bow goes rasping, leaping, and curling out, the carrier sits down and hangs on, for the jerk that comes almost at the same moment sometimes lifts his boat clear out of the water.

While his boat is dragging and slapping over and through the river swells with the momentum of the ship, a pail is lowered over the

side, in which is the mail to go ashore. Taking out the bundle, he replaces it with the bundle for the ship, the pail is hauled up, his line let go, and the big steamer speeds away, leaving him bobbing up and down in her stern waves, and coiling up again his dripping line, ready for the next one.

A minute later he steps aboard the mail-steamer (that has followed him all the time) as coolly as if stepping off a car at a street-crossing. Wiping a few drops of spray from his face, he enters the cabin, and bending over a table, writes in an official-looking book: "Steamer Tuscarora passed down 3:20 P.M. Delivered 36, received 29, and four telegrams."

He has hardly time to do this before the captain's voice from the wheel-house sings out: "Here is the City of Bangor right on top of us. Hurry up or you will miss her. I guess you had better hang on and go down with her, and come back with the tow coming up. That will place us about right for these fellows coming down."

The last of this ends in a shout, for the carrier is already in his boat, and is rowing the few feet necessary to place himself again under the bows of the following steamer, to repeat his perilous performance with the Tuscarora.

So, day after day and night after night, as the ships go speeding by Detroit, do the sailors of the fresh-water seas get their mail, and send their messages to the loved ones they cannot see until the winter covering and its snowy blanket in December forces their ships into winter quarters in the ports of the Lakes.

During a season of navigation over twenty thousand vessel passages will be reported at Detroit. Not individual boats, however, as each vessel may make a number of trips, placing her name often in the papers. In this great fleet is every conceivable kind of craft, from the magnificent three-stack liner down to the rusty little old gravel-scow that beats its way up against the four-mile current or comes to an anchor to wait for a favorable breeze. The crew of the wheezy old sand-sucker are waited on as quickly as are the smart-looking officers in their blue coats and gold braid pacing the bridge of the big white fliers. A deck-hand's postal-card goes in the same mail with his

captain's bulky trip-sheet, and both are delivered together. The value of this service to vessel-owners is illustrated by the number of telegraphic orders sent to their ships while passing Detroit, a two-cent stamp affixed insuring delivery by the mail-boat.

Sometimes a special-delivery letter or telegram will come to the marine office for a ship already in sight approaching. A signal is run up on the flagstaff, the mail-boat comes hurriedly in, leaving the carrier in midstream to take care of himself. The special is taken aboard, and soon placed on the passing ship, possibly changing her destination and saving her owners a lot of trouble. Thus the little steamer is valuable in more ways than towing the carrier about. The daily papers published in the lake cities each chronicle the movements of lake vessels. Reports of arrivals and clearances as well as passages at other points are printed daily for the benefit of the lake sailors. From these reports a complete record of the movements of ships is kept on board the mail-boat, so that the expected vessel's passage at Detroit can be timed within an hour, and sometimes the timing proves right to the minute.

The carrier in his rowboat has room only for the mail to be delivered to ships expected within a few hours, the bulk of the postal matter being carried on the steamer, whose cabin is fitted up for that purpose.

Sometimes some quick work is necessary in

getting out the mail for a vessel appearing unexpectedly on the river, but never yet has the mail been lost or delayed. The minute detail in the work of the United States postal service is here shown by the record of every ship passing, kept to the minute, as well as the number of letters taken on and off each vessel.

In service of this kind the unexpected often happens. Every ship must be visited alongside, no matter whether it is day or night, or wet or blowing hard. The carrier never knows what the next hour has in store for him; he may be drenched to the skin as his little boat goes leaping like a monstrous fish attached to a long line through the rolling swell of some close-passing boat, or plashing from crest to crest of a choppy sea dug up by a screaming sou'wester straight up the river. Whatever happens, he knows he can swim, and so does not get nervous when his boat crashes over that of the clumsy newsboy who has tried to take the starboard side also; but he cuts his line and rows back in time to rescue the vender of papers from his sinking boat. Once in a while his boat fetches up under the condenser-discharge,



"HAUL UP, AND LET GO!"

and it takes only a few seconds to get enough water in her to make it rather unpleasant; but as she is built to float always, the mail delivery goes on just the same, although the letters may be a little damp. As all sailors are used to the wet, they care little for that.

The number of lives the mail-boat and carriers have saved during their few years of service

amounts to more than a score. Anxious to get their letters, sometimes sailors have leaned too far over the ship's rail, and gone overboard with the pail they were lowering to the carrier—only to be picked up by him a little later and placed on board the vessel again. In her trips back and forth on the river, the mail-boat has been present at more than one accident, and so has several times been the means of saving life.

From the lazy drift alongside a low, slow—"going" lumber tow to the coolly calculated effort necessary to land his line on the forward deck of some high freighter "going up light," lies an experience, during a season, in strong contrast to that of the carrier who handles our mail ashore, and who always has the solid earth under his feet. Toward the close of the day, after a busy afternoon, the crew of the

little white steamer watch for a chance between ships to get into the dock again, sometimes leaving the carrier in his rowboat bobbing up and down way out in midstream. If the hour is near six o'clock, as the day crew step to the dock and the night crew take their places aboard, and while her signal-lights are being lighted and placed, the little steamer has a few minutes to rest in the deepening twilight.

She seems to heave a sigh of relief as a puff of steam escapes from a pipe near the water and sputters and dies out in a little whisper of sound while she rises and dips on a passing swell. She rubs her nose affectionately against the spring pile that has softened so many bumps for her in the past, and sleepily nods while waiting for the signal that will start her into the activity of her useful life again.

THE "S. P. O. U."

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

"WHAT *do* you suppose it is?"

Four heads clustered together over a bit of a note, four voices chattered in chorus, and a fifth from the doorway announced a new-comer.

"Girls, did any of you get a note from Nan Howland?"

"Yes, all of us!" the chorus exclaimed. And Margery Winson danced into the room.

"I never was so curious in all my life! Can you imagine what it is? Listen! 'You are invited to attend and participate in the charter meeting of the S. P. O. U.,—the Society for the Prevention of Uselessness,—to be held in Room 138, Marsden Hall, at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, December the eleventh.' 'Prevention of Uselessness'! Of all mysterious things! And our frivolous Tess is invited, too."

"It looks suspicious, girls. Methinks I sniff a rodent." Alice Murray waved one hand dramatically, as with the other she deftly ab-

stracted a corpulent chocolate from the box in her sister Olive's lap. "I am beset with a harrowing suspicion that it is less by accident than design that this wise Nan of ours has selected six of the most useless girls in college for her extraordinary society."

"Yo' insult meh dignity," drawled Marvin Ayers. In moments of excitement Marvin's Georgia drawl was always intensified, although she never entirely lost her pretty, slow intonation.

"Now, Dixie Ayers, tell me honest, tell me true, did you ever do anything of deadly practical usefulness in your life?"

Marvin smiled ruefully as Alice pressed her point home. Marvin was a good student, but on all points involving unnecessary exertion she was frankly indolent.

"I reckon I could if I wanted to," she laughed; "but so long as I don't have to, honey, I 'd ratheh not."

"Alas, that I must go!" mourned Tess. "I

hate to leave such fascinating society and a box of bonbons, but I must get to work and improve my mind, if only to set a good example to Dixie. Think of me in ten minutes as with rumpled locks and anxious brow, an ink-smudge on my chin and a dozen ponderous

and her room-mate Bess Van Arsdale, and seven inquiring faces turned toward the promoter of this mysterious scheme.

Nan Howland was a popular girl, loving, generous, and unusually well endowed with mental and physical gifts. She was at once the



" 'I SHALL BEGIN BY ASKING YOU A QUESTION,' NAN ANNOUNCED. "

comes about me. Dear me! I don't see how Nan can be so amazingly in earnest, and have so much fun too. If I were as wise as our Nan I should be a perfect muff!"

The Society for the Prevention of Uselessness was in session, eight in all, counting Margery

girl most in demand for all manner of entertainment, and one of the best students in college.

"I shall begin by asking you a question," she announced, after she had laughed in spite of herself at the rustle of expectancy which greeted her. "Suppose, for a moment, that your father should fail in business, or should die and leave

you without a penny. What should you do to support yourselves?"

Nan's voice was drowned in a chorus of protesting exclamations.

"Do!" echoed Tess Haines. "Why, I—I—I don't know what I'd do! I'd sit down and wait in despair."

"Well," ruminated Alice Murray, who was of a practical turn of mind, "I suppose I should turn to the first thing that offered, from grim necessity, and it would probably be the wrong thing, and I'd make a mess of it."

"That 's just it!" said Margery, eagerly. "To fit yourself then for a profession or clerical position would require time and money, which might not be possible for you to give. Now does n't it seem only right that we should be prepared for emergencies like that, and have something to rely on which we know we could do well?"

"Nan, you dear old trump, it 's a scheme!" applauded Helen Cuyler, ever enthusiastic, and half a dozen voices chattered at once, as their owners were fairly caught by the spirit of the new idea.

"I'll spend less time in drawing cartoons of the faculty and turn my precocious artistic talents to—to designing!" announced Olive Murray, in triumph, and Nan beamed with delight.

"I know what I could do! I'll get papa to let me take a librarian's course at one of those jolly summer schools," Margery Winson called out over the Babel of tongues, and Bess Van Arsdale followed with: "And I love gymnastics so, why could n't I learn to teach physical culture?"

But it was Marvin Ayers, lazy little Dixie, who astonished them all.

"I reckon that while we 're fitting ow'selves for professions, we might earn something heah. I'll open a dancing-class. Yes, I really will, honey"—this to the astonished Tess. "I've taken dancing lessons all my life, *neahly*."

"I'll trim over your old hats," sighed Tess, resignedly. "My sole talent!"

"And since we 're none of us really poor," supplemented Alice Murray, flushing with sudden shyness, "suppose we put the money we earn into a common fund, to pay the tuition of some girl who can't afford a college education."

"You old dear!" cried Tess, impetuously. And in this manner the Society for the Prevention of Uselessness began.

Moreover, it grew and flourished, and with it the generous plan suggested at the first meeting. Over Tess Haines's door appeared a sign, decorated with absurd designs by Olive Murray: "Old Hats 'Transformed to New." Olive somehow found time to give drawing lessons to two aspiring young residents of the college town, and Dixie's private dancing-class met once a week, with ten paying members and Nan for the orchestra. On Helen Cuyler's door was a sign with one expressive word: "Fudge!" And this was perhaps the most flourishing trade of all. As the treasury grew they hovered over it delightedly, making vast plans for the unknown person whose ambitions it was to gratify. The faculty recognized the society, smiled, and encouraged it gladly and earnestly, and when the long vacation came in June, a little group of girls who had hitherto had no thought in life but the unthinking enjoyment of the present went to their homes bubbling with zeal and enthusiasm in their respective schemes.

Summer passed, full of its own pleasures, and with autumn the school came together once more. The Society for the Prevention of Uselessness held its first meeting of the school year in the Murray girls' room, but there was a shadow over them all.

Nan was not there. What was worse, Nan was not coming back at all! News had come to all of them that Mr. Howland had failed, a business crash resulting from a partner's recklessness, and the Howlands were ruined. Mr. Howland was bravely beginning again, quietly burying his pride and ambitions in a clerkship, since money must be had to live on; but the dream of Nan's life must be laid aside. She had been preparing herself at college for a profession which was the pride of her heart, but two years were needed yet before she could take the high place which her talents and energy would have given her, and these were costly.

"Oh, I think it 's a shame! Nan *must* come back!"

Tess Haines sat up on Olive's couch and mopped her eyes defiantly as she delivered her

ultimatum, and Dixie added just two words, with more Northern vigor and briskness than she had ever displayed before:

"Nan *shall!*"

The Society for the Prevention of Uselessness held a late session that night. The speeches were whispered, the lights low, but there was joy in the hearts of the conspirators.



"NAN STOOD AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF HER NEW HOME."

Before the meeting adjourned a little slip of paper went around. At the top were the words "Cash in treasury," with a neat sum following, and below, each girl's name and other

amounts, smaller, but representing self-denial and an abundance of generous love.

Nan Howland stood at one of the windows of her new home as the postman came up the walk. It was a plain little home in a plain neighborhood, but it was not this which made Nan's pillow suspiciously moist nights, although her face was bright enough by day. She had bravely put aside the dear old ambitions, for several years at least, and had turned her hand to what she found to do, but it was a bitter disappointment. It was almost a pain now to take the two letters with the familiar postmark. She opened the thin one first, recognizing with surprise the clear, decided writing of no less a personage than the president of the college.

MY DEAR MISS HOWLAND: I have recently had a sum of money placed in my hands, with the request that it be used as a scholarship fund. It gives me great pleasure, with the full approval of the donors, to offer this scholarship to one of my best students. We shall be glad to welcome you among us again if you see your way clear to accept it.

Nan tore open the other letter with trembling fingers. She knew where that money came from!

DEAR, BLESSED OLD NAN: The Society for the Prevention of Uselessness cannot exist without its President. Do come back. Now we have a scheme. In order to demonstrate to the frivolous and skeptical that we are something more than a long name, we want one of us to start a tea-room just on the edge of the college grounds. There's lots in it, because it has been done in other college towns, and the girls would just swarm there. You are just the one to do it, and you could take some bright girl from the town to assist, and to be there when you had to be away. Please, Nan; we do miss you horribly.

ALICE MURRAY,
HELEN CUYLER,
DIXIE AYERS,
TESS HAINES,
Committee.

P.S. If the tea-room is n't enough, we have two of the dumbest little freshies you ever saw this year, and they are in desperate need of tutoring.

Nan read it twice, with brimming eyes.

"Those dear girls!" she said chokingly, catching her breath in a laugh which was half a sob, and the president of the Society for the Prevention of Uselessness laid her head on her arms and cried from pure gratitude and joy.

SIR MARROK.

BY ALLEN FRENCH.

(Author of "The Colonials" and "The Junior Cup.")

THE scene of this romance of knighthood and of magic, the seventh of the "long-stories-complete-in-one number," is the Britain of King Arthur and the Round Table. In it you will read of a noble knight wrought upon by a wicked spell, and of his land that lay under the sway of wrong-doers till the knight won his own again.

Readers of the author's serial "The Junior Cup" will be delighted by this story also, though the two are so different.

CHAPTER I.

In Sherwood, many a hundred year
Ere Robin Hood first saw the light,
There was a knight, famed far and near,
By witchery brought to woeful plight.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

SHERWOOD FOREST was once called Bedegraine, strange, mysterious, dark. There the last Druids held their rites and sacrificed human lives. There witches and warlocks worked ill on all the countryside, feeding their lean and wasted bodies on the belongings of the poor people. Into those forest fastnesses withdrew robbers, emerging to plunder travelers, even to pillage villages and towns.

The word came to Uther in his hall—Uther Pendragon, King of Britain. 'T was not the first complaint—it should be the last. His crown lost honor when pagan, sorcerer, robber, lived safe from him. He looked about from the dais, and out of the throng of his knights called forth Marrok, the newest companion of the Table Round. Marrok knelt before the throne.

"Marrok, thou hast asked a quest."

"Yea, my liege."

"Instead, take thou a fief. Go, put in order my land of Bedegraine."

'T was banishment. What of that? Kings were in those days the instruments of God, men the instruments of kings. Marrok went, and toiled long at the task. He gathered men. His castle rose at the edge of the wood; under its shadow settled the weary peasants of the

region, glad at last of peace. By little and little he swept a larger circle through the wood. At last Bedegraine, through its extent, stood clear, for, as says the bard whose ballad has come down to us in fragments,

Marrok the knight left no place of rest
For witch or warlock or pagan pest,
And burned to ashes each robber nest.

Then throughout Bedegraine were to be seen here and there the thresholds and chimneys of the dwellings of witches, the charred logs of the strong houses of the robbers, and the deserted stone rings of the Druids. But at the forest's rim rose villages, and the sheep and cattle wandered safe, and the swine were herded even in the wood, for Marrok—fighting finished—took to hunting, and the beasts of prey were his quarry. Beneath the branches of beech and oak no wolf lurked, but far to the north the harried packs fled at his coming.

Then the old roads through Bedegraine were cleared, and traffic once more flowed along its leafy arteries. Monks came; Marrok gave them land and workmen, and they built a monastery. Not far away knights built castles, each like an outpost to Marrok's own. The land grew rich, and in peace was happy.

Marrok himself was happy. He had won a wife long before, and when the days of war were ended she blessed him with a son. Then she died, and her loss was his one grief. His life was simple. Mornings, in the castle hall, he judged causes, listened to the reports of his

underlings, and directed what should be done. Afternoons, he rode out, looked at the farms and buildings, saw that everything was in order, planned changes, remedied defects. Or he rode

all listened, all agreed. His word was law because it was right. His calm face, his hair just turning gray, his great, strong frame, and his sinewy hand, seemed to his people the attri-



SIR MARROK RECEIVES THE HERALD OF THE KING.

far through the wood, hunting the deer. And in the evening, by the great fireplace in the hall, he listened to the songs of minstrels or heard the tales of travelers, to shelter whom was his delight.

One morning Marrok sat in the great hall and judged the causes of his people. Small quarrels and great were brought before him; he settled them all. Before his keen eye and quiet smile truth was laid bare. When he spoke

butes of unvarying justice. In those dark days of the early world, at least one corner held light.

There sounded a bugle at the gate. The porter announced a herald. The travel-stained man stood before the dais, bearing on his tabard the insignium of the king, the fabled beast Pendragon. Marrok commanded to bring meat and drink.

"Nay," said the herald. "To Sir Marrok,

knight of the Table Round, bring I a message. Then must I forward on my journey."

"Say on."

The herald drew himself up. "Arthur Pendragon—"

"Arthur?" cried Marrok. "Not Uther?"

"Arthur Pendragon, King of England, to Marrok, knight, sends greeting. Son am I to Uther, lately dead. Since lords and knights in evil council do deny my kingship and combine against my kingdom, now I, Arthur, do command thee, Marrok, straightway to London. Take arms and arm thy men; set thy affairs in order; leave in thy lands some sure steward, and come thyself, with all force and speed, to join my army."

There was silence in the hall. The herald stood waiting.

"Of Arthur," said Marrok at last, "heard I never."

"Merlin the magician," said the herald, "also sends thee greeting. By the great Pendragon, by thy knighthood, by thy vow as member of the Table Round, he bids thee come. By every sacred sign doth he swear: Arthur is son of Uther, by his wife Igraine, long kept in secret, bred under Merlin's eye. And if thou come not—"

"Peace," said Marrok. "Against Arthur who are arrayed?"

"King Lot of Orkney, the King of the Hundred Knights, King Carados, and King Nentres of Garloth."

"And with Arthur?"

"King Bors of Gaul and King Ban of Benwick."

"I will come."

One stood ready with a salver and a goblet of wine. The herald took the vessel. "To thee, Marrok, to us all, I drink." He set the empty goblet down, turned, and was gone.

Dead silence reigned in the crowded hall. Suitors and henchmen stood waiting. Marrok, his head sunk upon his breast, his hands gripping the arms of his chair, sat long. But then he groaned aloud.

His people answered with a sudden cry. Some kneeled; all began to pray him: "Lord, go not. Stay with us. Let war go on. Defend us, thyself, thy son, and leave us not!"

Marrok rose and raised his hand. There was silence. They gazed with wonder and fear upon his face, where pain sat visible.

"It has come," he said. "War has come. Our peaceful fields, our happy homes, will be swept upon, trampled down, destroyed. But I must go—else were I no true knight. Go now. Go all. Let every man set his house in order. On the third day each one who can bear arms bringing sword or shield, bow or spear, on horse or foot shall come here to the castle, ready to go or stay as I direct."

They left the hall. With sobs and tears they hastened to their homes. Marrok, alone, turned his face upward. "What shall I do?" he murmured, "how shall I find a loyal one to guard this land, this people, and my son?"

CHAPTER II.

HOW AGATHA THE NURSE ADVISED MARROK,
AND OF WHAT THE KNIGHT DID.

Now Irma was a lady wise,
And Irma was a lady fair,
And unto Bedegraine she came,
To live within the forest there.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

MARROK sat thoughtful, even sad. He knew what was to come. For himself he cared not. To go where he was sent, to do as he was bidden, to fight,—even to die,—was a part of his duty toward his lord. But to leave his people, whom he regarded as his children, was hard. He had reclaimed Bedegraine; he had made happiness possible in the land. Should war in his absence sweep over Bedegraine, all which he had built up would be destroyed, like tender plants stamped into the ground. And to leave his son—that was the worst pang of all.

Some one came into the empty hall—Agatha the nurse, leading his seven-year son. "Oh, my lord," she cried, "what is this I hear? You will leave us?"

"I must."

She ran and knelt at his feet; she made the boy, who knew nothing of it all, kneel and clasp his little hands. She knew it was of no use, knew that Marrok must go; but Agatha was ever an actress. And Marrok, irritated at

the useless plea, took the child in his arms. Wise man that he was, in only one thing was he ever at fault—in his judgment of women. Good women he knew, thanks to his wife. But of Agatha sometimes he suspected that she was not good.

"Peace, woman," he said.

She rose and stood before him humbly. "Oh, my lord," she said, "now truly I see that thou must go. Tell me, then, what wilt thou do for the safety of us here left behind, and of thy little son?"

"Agatha," said Marrok, "it is even that which troubles me sorest. There are Father John and old Bennet, and I can perhaps leave behind one of my men-at-arms."

"Thy neighbors?" asked Agatha.

"Nay," said Marrok. "The nearest is ten miles away—what succor could he be in time of need? Moreover, all must do as I—gird on armor and fight for the king."

"T is true," said Agatha.

"If but my wife were alive!" said Marrok. "She had the mind of a man. I can leave behind none but a priest and an old man to guard my people. But, Agatha, thou art wise, and thou art of the council of Morgan le Fay. I pray you, think, and devise a scheme."

Now in those early days, before the coming of Arthur to his own, it was not known what Morgan le Fay truly was. Daughter of Igraine and half-sister of Arthur, she was known as a wise princess and honored. But in truth she was a sorceress of great and terrible powers, whose magic arts, in after years, were like to wreck the kingdom of Britain. And already she was spreading her nets throughout the island.

"Oh," said Agatha, sighing, "if but my lady were alive, then should we all have safety in thy absence. Truly could she defend the castle and administer the lands. And, my lord, I see but one way to leave us in equal safety. For Father John and old Bennet are but weak bulwarks against misfortune."

"What is thy plan?"

"To marry again."

"Marry? But whom?"

"The Lady Irma."

Then Marrok rose to his feet and cried, "Never!" For when Agatha first proposed

he should marry he smiled in contempt, and when he heard the name, and saw that the Lady Irma was the one person who in his absence could take his place, he rebelled at the idea of placing her in his wife's place.

"Truly," said Agatha, "the idea seems to me good. The Lady Irma is discreet and wise. Moreover, she hath a firm hand to keep thy lands in order. And again, she liveth alone in her moated grange within Bedegraine, where is no protection against danger. It would at least be courteous to offer her the shelter of this castle."

One more reason Agatha had, which she did not offer, namely, that Irma was also of the council of Morgan le Fay.

Then Marrok bowed his head and said: "Leave me, and the child with me." Agatha, turning at the door of the hall, saw how his fingers drummed upon the arm of his chair, and went away smiling, content. But Marrok sat and thought, moving not and saying nothing, until his child slept in his arms. At last, when it was near sunset, he rose from his seat. Sorely against his will, he had decided to give his son another guardian and his people a protectress. He laid the sleeping child in Agatha's arms, ordered his horse to be saddled, and rode away in the wonderful summer evening.

Beautiful was Bedegraine with the last light lingering among its leaves. But Marrok, thoughtful, saw nothing of the beauty as he guided the horse along the little-used path. He stopped before the lonely dwelling of the Lady Irma. The moat of the ancient house was grown with grass, the palisades were insecure, and the grange seemed ready to fall from age. When he was admitted, and stood waiting in a chamber, the dim shapes and shadows seemed strange and even awesome.

There were odd hangings on the walls, bordered with histories which his unlettered skill could not interpret. Had he but known it, they represented the sorceries of Medea, the magic of Circe, and the weird, mysterious rites of Isis. Vessels of curious shape hung from the rafters, books stood on shelves, and vials with many-colored contents were ranged against the wall. But Marrok knew that Irma was a wise woman to whom such things were

as playthings, and he puzzled not over their use. In truth, before he had long time to think, a bright little figure ran into the room and caught him by the knees. He knew it was Irma's daughter Gertrude.

Then Irma herself stood before him, grave and beautiful and tall. Dark were her hair and eyes, her skin was as the olive of the South. Graceful was her form, and courteous the words and gestures with which she bade him welcome. Marrok, as he stooped and lifted the child from the ground, noted that she was different from her mother in everything—in golden hair, blue eyes, and cheek as fair as a rose-petal. He held her within the crook of his arm, and spoke to her mother from out his open, manly nature.

"My Lady Irma," he said, "this day heard I news—the saddest for this kingdom that have come in many years. Uther is dead, and over his throne has arisen strife. The realm of Britain will be rent in twain."

"Sir Marrok," cried the lady, as in surprise, "I grieve." But in truth she was not surprised, nor did she grieve; for as to the news, she had known it for many days; and as to what she hoped Marrok should say to her, she had wished it long.

"My lady," said Marrok, "we may all grieve, for war is the most dreadful thing on this earth, and of what may happen to our poor people here in Bedegraine, I tremble to think. Two days hence must I forth to the war, and leave behind all that I love."

"Nay," said Irma, "is it sooth? And who, Sir Marrok, will guard your people and your lands till you return?"

"My lady," answered Marrok, "let this child, your little Gertrude, appeal to your own heart and let you know my fears for my son, and for my vassals, who are as my children. And as for what I shall say to you, if it come hastily and blunt, I beg you to pardon my lack of courtliness, remembering that I am but a rough knight, and that there is no time for delay."

"Sir Marrok," replied the lady, "I pray you speak without fear of my opinion."

She stood waiting for his words. But Marrok, as he tried to speak, felt that something tied his tongue. Beautiful as Irma was, and strong of character likewise, he would

not ask her to be his wife. Marriage without love was impossible to him, and this was not at all a matter of love. Remembering how, on bended knee, he had begged his wife for her hand, his face grew red and he stood speechless.

The lady glanced at his face quickly, and thought that she read all that was written there plainly as in a book. Then she dropped her eyes and stood waiting, while the little girl cooed and stroked with her soft hand Marrok's cheek. Finally he found voice and spoke.

"My lady," he said, "I beg you to leave this place and come to my castle, and in my absence rule over my people and my lands. It is much that I ask; but in the castle is safety, and this will be a place of danger. Also will you earn much gratitude from all." Remembering what he had come to say, his voice died away and he looked at the floor.

But the lady's face flushed and her eyes flashed, for she had expected a proposal of marriage. Had he been looking at her, he must have perceived her anger. Yet she controlled it quickly, and thought how she should answer: whether (and here her anger would rule), with irony, that she was his vassal and would obey; or (and this would be with craft) that she was thankful for his thought of her. And she said to herself: "To wait is wise, for to those who wait power comes in the end." And she answered him humbly and sweetly:

"You honor me much, Sir Marrok, and in deep gratitude I accept your offer."

Then Marrok bowed and thanked her from his heart, and for a time they spoke together, planning when she should come to the castle. The knight was much pleased, for in all she said Irma showed great understanding, and he thought that now everything would go well. As he took his leave he said, for the lovely child had touched his heart: "Who knows the future, my lady? Perhaps after us our children may marry, and rule long happily in Bedegraine!" Then he mounted his horse and rode homeward cheerfully.

On the third day, early in the morning, came the people to the castle of Bedegraine. Long lines of men, in armor and with weapons, horsed or on foot, thronged the ways that led to the castle. Even the women of the nearer ham-

lets came to take farewell of their lord. And conspicuous among the poorer sort came horses and wains, laden with the possessions of the Lady Irma, her books and her strange utensils, while the lady herself rode on a mule, with her little daughter beside her.

Marrok with sad heart ordered the men as they came, and set them in companies, some to go and some to stay. When the lady came he went to meet her. And Father John appeared, all in his richest priestly robes. At last, where an altar was erected in the great hall, and the chief vassals crowded about,—while the two children, Gertrude and Walter, Marrok's silent son, stood behind their parents,—then the lady vowed solemnly that she would administer Marrok's lands truly, and cherish his little son. And after that Marrok stood upon the dais, with the lady at his side.

"Hear ye," he cried, "and let it be known throughout Bedegraine that I, Marrok, give into the hands of the Lady Irma, the keys of my castle, and authority over all my possessions. In my absence everything shall be hers—the ordering of all things. She shall adjudge causes, she shall receive rents. And all shall obey her word."

Then the vassals, one and one, swore allegiance to the lady, placing their hands within hers. And she, standing upright, said no word, but looked with ever-brightening eyes.

Then came the time for departure. Sir Marrok kissed his son and little Gertrude, and pressed his lips to the hand of the lady. Quickly he gave the word, and sprang into the saddle. And man and horse followed, even to the animals with packs, bearing food, and arms for the campaign. Women wept and cried farewell, and with their hearts full of fear for the future, both those that went and those that stayed said good-by. Within the castle all hastened to the battlements, to catch the last glimpse of those departing. The train slowly disappeared in the forest, while on the highest turret the Lady Irma, and Agatha the nurse, and the two children waved their hands. Little Gertrude laughed and did not understand; yet Walter knew, and while from his habit he said nothing, he wept.

But the Lady Irma seemed to smile.

CHAPTER III.

HOW IT FARED IN BEDEGRAINE WITH MARROK AWAY.

The news came flying from the south,
A fearful word for all, I ween;
In haste it passed from mouth to mouth,
And sadder folk were never seen.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

THE forest of Bedegraine was of great extent. On its southern border was the castle of Marrok, with its wealthy lands. But the great battle which was fought in Bedegraine, between the king and his rebellious vassals, was many miles to the north, and only stragglers came to Marrok's land. And the castle of Bedegraine, of the siege of which we read in Malory, was only a little watch-tower near the battlefield. Then the war swept far away, and of it Bedegraine heard only murmurs. For Arthur, having made himself secure in Britain, led his armies overseas and marched upon Rome.

How he sped, and what wonders he accomplished, read in Malory. Marrok was with him, fought in the great battles, and won much praise. But let us turn our eyes upon Bedegraine, where, though there was peace, greater harm could not have come in war.

When Marrok was gone there was great welcoming and many kisses between Agatha and the Lady Irma. The strange books of the new mistress of the castle, with her vials and mysterious instruments, they set in a little room within the keep, where the thickest walls gave greatest safety. None but Irma and Agatha might enter therein, and at times—often in the night, at the dark of the moon—they retired there for hours. Yet at first, when the armies of the king were still within England, the lady ruled in Bedegraine as Marrok himself, with such clear judgment and steady hand that the people marveled at her.

At these times the Lady Irma consulted much with Father John the priest, and with Bennet the old squire, the trustiest of the servants of Marrok. From them she learned all the ways of Bedegraine, its riches, and its people. With Agatha she spoke much in secret, and with her she went publicly among the peo-

ple, until, like Marrok, she knew each house and its inmates.

But when Arthur took ship for Brittany, and left only Sir Bawdwin and Sir Constantine to govern England, there came a change at Bedegraine. Slowly the Lady Irma began new ways. First of all she sent away, one by one, the old castle servants, so that at last cooks and serving-maids, grooms and men-at-arms, were new in the castle. Some were from the lands round about, and, oddly, were those that had never found favor in the eyes of Marrok. And some were new in Bedegraine. And when the second year was but half gone, of the former servants none remained but Agatha and old Bennet and Father John.

Bennet was old, but, like an oak, he was sturdy. Cross was he, but, like a watch-dog, was honest and kind at heart. His advice had ever been heeded, and in the ordering of the men of the castle he had always been the chief. In devotion to the lords of the castle he never failed, even to the peril of his life, and once he saved the life of the Lady Irma when, in the courtyard, a caged bear broke loose and would have killed her. From that encounter old Bennet lay a month in his bed, and for the rest of his life could use his left arm but stiffly; and yet his devotion helped him nothing.

For the loose manners and careless words of the new servants angered him much. Most of all, Hugh, the young and careless cup-bearer, irritated Bennet, so that one morning the old man gave the younger a cuff on the ear. Hugh went bawling to the hall, and soon Bennet was summoned before the lady.

"What hast thou done?" asked Irma, with bent brows. "This man is my servant, subject to the orders of none but me."

"Nay," said Bennet; "he came among the grooms in the courtyard and gave orders contrary to mine. If such things are to be, then serve I no longer in the castle."

This he said with confidence, for he believed he could not be spared. But the lady answered quickly, glad at heart: "Then pack thy belongings and go. Old art thou and useless, and shalt stay no longer here."

Bennet stood open-mouthed, staring. All the new servants winked and nudged one another,

and even Hugh, despite his aching jaw, smiled with delight. Only Father John started out to protest, and cried: "My lady!"

But Irma answered: "Peace. The man shall go."

Then Bennet, with angry head held high, said, "Well, I will go." He packed his few possessions and left the castle; but when he crossed the drawbridge his head drooped, and he sought his daughter's home in the near-by village, nigh heart-broken.

Father John stayed behind at the castle, and sought still to move hearts to the good. But among the new servants he found none who listened, and at last it happened that when he rang for daily prayers no one came. Mindful of the fate of Bennet, he made no complaint, but turned his hopes toward the two children, Gertrude and Walter. And them, throughout a month, he taught the rudiments of knowledge and principles of religion. But once, as he was teaching them, and they at his knee attended, each according to character,—for Gertrude asked many questions, and Walter said nothing, but thought,—once he turned and saw behind him the Lady Irma, with Agatha and Hugh the cup-bearer, listening at the door.

The lady came forward and spoke, and in her eyes Father John saw the light that was in them when she dismissed Bennet. "Father John," she said, "I have listened to thy teaching, and it is not good. Saidst thou not: 'a child should love the commands of God above the desires of men, and obey God even rather than a parent?'"

"Ay," said the priest; and he saw what was coming.

Then the lady stamped her foot, and her eyes flashed. "But I say that submission is the virtue of a child, to every word that its parent commandeth. How shall a child think for itself against the wishes of its parent? False priest, begone, and take thy teachings elsewhere!"

Father John saw on the lips of Agatha and Hugh smiles such as he saw when Bennet went away. He himself smiled—a smile so strange that the others sobered, not knowing what it meant. But the priest stooped and kissed each child, and, as he was, with neither

scrip nor cloak, went down the stairs to the gate of the castle. There, with sign and word, he blessed it and its inmates, and went away.

Thus Bennet and Father John went to the village outside the castle, there to dwell. To the people Bennet became a great helper, being wise in all things worldly, whether as regards the work in the fields, or the building of houses, or the care of animals, or the making and use of arms. But Father John became a spiritual guide, and people came to him every day for help and counsel. They built him a church and a manse. Because in the castle the lady now seldom sat to judge causes, and her justice had become injustice, the disputes of the vassals were at last brought to the priest for settlement, and by him wisely adjudged.

And daily in the castle were music and singing and great merriment. Yet on the face of the child Walter were seldom seen smiles, for though but nine years of age he was not happy, with his father and Bennet and Father John all away. Only with Gertrude, when they two were alone, could he be merry. And the Lady Irma, viewing his sober face, felt as if he were watching her acts, to remember them against her. She grew to hate him.

It came at last to the autumn of the second year since Marrok's departure, and winter was coming on. One day the lady and her archers were outside the castle wall, and to give her pleasure the men shot at a mark. Of them all Hugh, now their captain, was the best, and, as the lady's favorite, received many smiles. Gertrude and Walter played near, from the edge of the forest gathering colored leaves to make themselves garlands. At a little distance, above the trees, rose the smoke from village chimneys.

Along the forest road came spurring a rider on a jaded horse. He wore a herald's tabard, and as he neared he blew a horn. Archers and women, even the children also, gathered around the Lady Irma, and all heard the words of the messenger as he sat upon his steed.

"My Lady Irma," said the messenger, "I crave the guerdon of a bearer of news."

"Thou shalt have it," said the lady.

"But give it me now," said the rider, "for my news is ill, and thou mayst forget."

Then the lady, smiling lightly, gave money from the purse at her belt—broad silver pieces. From a cask of wine that stood near for refreshment she commanded to bring drink for the man. He thanked, and drank, and delivered the message.

"My Lady Irma," he said, "my news is sooth, and all London weeps at it. In Lombardy, hard by Pavia, Arthur the king was slain, and all of his great lords. And Sir Marrok was among the slain."

Then the lady rose and laughed aloud. From her girdle she took her purse, all bejeweled, and gave it to the messenger. "Callst thou such news ill?" she cried. "Better heard I never!"

The messenger smiled, for he was shrewd and loved money. The archers that stood about smiled also, and nudged each the other, and whispered, "Now our good times begin." But Agatha and Hugh smiled broadest of all, and Hugh fell upon his knee and kissed the lady's hand, saying, "Fair lady, I give you joy."

At these words the children, that had stood staring, began to cry. At first none noticed them, till the Lady Irma, hearing the sound of weeping, called them to her. Gertrude's chin she took between thumb and finger, and raising her face upward, she looked with a severe expression into the child's eyes.

"Gertrude," said she, "this news is naught to thee. Go then to thy room until thou art thyself again."

Then the lady called Walter, and she looked into his face as she had into her daughter's. The boy was still, but he defied her. He looked into the lady's eyes manfully, and she saw that she had over him no such power as over gentle Gertrude. With her glance she insisted, trying to make him yield, but still his eyes looked at her unsubdued. No word passed between them, but she knew he did not fear her, and grew angry.

"Come down, Sir Messenger," she cried, "from your jaded steed. He is spent and spoiled; you shall have another." The messenger dismounted. Then the lady's eyes flashed, and she spoke to her men. "Bind this boy upon the horse's back! Tie his feet beneath the saddle, his hands behind him!"

It was done. Walter made no protest, uttered no cry. When he was bound upon the horse he looked at the lady, and the glance of the silent boy was more than she could bear. "Whip the horse into the wood!" she cried.



"'SIR MARROK,' SAID THE LADY, 'IT IS YOU IN SOOTH?'"

Then Agatha, laughing, flung her scarf across the boy's breast. "Wear this for my sake," she said in jest. And the archers urged the beast toward the forest; but it would move only

slowly. At last Hugh, taking his bow, shot an arrow into the horse's croup. With a great cry of pain the steed sprang forward into the wood. He disappeared, but all, listening, heard his hoof-beats upon the turf until at last they died away.

It was three days before the news reached the village. Then Benet and Father John, with what few able-bodied men remained from the war, with old men, boys, and even women, went forth into Bedegraine to search. They found nothing. Snow came and drove them homeward; the night was bitter cold. Hugh mounted upon his horse, guarded by the archers, met them on the return. He spoke scornfully:

"Fools, know ye not that wolves have come again to Bedegraine?"

And in proof came at that moment a long howl from the forest.

CHAPTER IV.

OF MARROK'S RETURN,
AND OF THE MAGIC
OF THE LADY IRMA.

She mixed the spices and the wine,
She made the waxen image small,

She lit three candles at the shrine,
And on the evil powers did call.
The Lay of Sir Marrok.

It was the seventh year since Marrok's departure. Britain was at peace; Arthur was secure upon his throne. All the neighboring countries did him homage. His barons and

knights that had so well fought for him returned unto their homes. A little train, much smaller than had left it, rode toward Bedegraine, and their leader, spurring out before the others, reached it first.

But as he passed along the road his countenance overclouded, and his heart grew heavy. Gone were the waving fields of grain, the acres of prosperous crops. Changed indeed were the neat and smiling villages. The houses were squalid, the streets dirty. At his coming he saw people look, then hide from sight. In the fields the scanty hay-crop rotted ungathered, and hosts of sapling oak and beeches invaded lands which the peasants once had plowed. The warrior bowed his head. "Woe is me!" he cried. "War hath swept over Bedegraine!"

Then he spurred faster, anxious for sight of the castle. "My son!" he thought. But presently he cried, "God be praised!" Serene and strong, the castle lifted its rugged head above the trees. When he had it in full view he knew no harm had come to it. "At least," he thought, "that hath been spared. But oh! my poor people!"

It was evening. The castle drawbridge was raised. The knight blew his horn, and a warder looked over the battlement. "What aileth you all?" cried the knight. "Hath no news of peace come to Bedegraine? Let down the bridge."

"Who are you," asked the churl, "that you speak so high?"

"Go to the lady," answered the knight. "Tell her that Sir Marrok hath returned."

The warder laughed. "Go to!" he cried. "Sir Marrok is dead."

"Send for the lady," said the knight, again. "Tell her that one who calls himself Sir Marrok is at the gate."

The warder would have laughed again, but from the knight spoke dignity and authority. "If it should be true," he muttered, "then are we all sped!—I go," he said, and went.

The knight waited. "They have supposed me dead! But what of that? My poor people! Fire and sword have swept my fields."

And yet that desolation in Bedegraine came not from the torch and ax of a pillaging army. The wicked, careless woman within the castle

had caused it all, with over-great taxes, with seizure of cattle, and with exaction of severe labor.

At last upon its hinges creaked the bridge, and the chains rattled. The bridge sank, the portcullis rose, and the great gate opened. The knight rode forward. The courtyard was bright with torches; the archers stood about, each with a flaming knot. Among them stood the Lady Irma, with white face.

The knight drew rein and looked about him. The lady he saw, Agatha he saw. The rest were strangers all. "Lady Irma," he said, "gladly I see you again. Agatha, too. But where are Bennet and Father John, and where is my little son?"

"Sir Marrok," said the lady, "it is you in sooth?"

"It is I," said the knight.

"Bennet is in the woods for deer," said the lady; "he hath not returned. But, Marrok, thy child is sick, and lieth in the turret chamber, and there Father John watcheth, for he is a good leech."

Marrok sprang from his steed, and his armor clanged in the courtyard. "Is the boy ill?" he cried. "Is he in danger? Then will I to him at once."

"Nay, Sir Marrok," said the lady. "There is no danger. But the lad sleepeth, and the priest saith he must not be disturbed. Rest thou here. Hast thou no word for me?"

Then Marrok bent over the lady's hand, and spoke to Agatha, and began to inquire of the castle servants. For Hugh he knew not, but he missed Christopher and Ronald and the dozen others he had left behind. But the lady interrupted, and ordered the servants to unarm him. They hastened to remove his helmet and his armor; they bore away his sword, and led the steed to the stable. And Marrok gladly gave up his arms and wrapped himself in the rich mantle which Agatha brought. Then the lady ordered food. With much talk and laughter she led him to the table in the hall.

But a thought was heavy on Marrok's mind, and he broke into her talk. "My Lady Irma, my heart was sad as I rode hither. For I perceived clearly that war hath visited my lands and spoiled my vassals of prosperity. Tell me,

I pray you, when it happened, and how many were killed, and who are yet left. Glad am I that the castle escaped."

But she hung upon his arm, and smiled, and said: "Nay, my lord; of these things ask not tonight. To-morrow will be time for sorrowful tidings. But now let me go and with my skill brew thee a drink that will cure thy fatigue, and make thee glad to be once more in thine own castle." Then she slipped away, laughing back over her shoulder, so that Marrok was pleased, and with a smile sat in the hall, watching the servants spread a table, and waiting her return.

The lady went quickly to her chamber, and shut herself in. She took wax and softened it over a brazier; then with deft fingers she kneaded it and made of it a figure. A wolf she made, so small as to stand upon the hand. She put it within a little cabinet upon the wall, and before it lit three candles, one burning with a green flame, one with red, and one with blue. Then she took her vials, and quickly compounded a drink, mixing it in a golden chalice. And all the time she said strange words for spells and charms.

She left the room, and gave orders that the servants should leave their work and all go into the servants' hall. Agatha she sent to see that the gate of the castle, and the drawbridge, stood free. Alone she entered the hall, and, pausing before Marrok, offered him the golden chalice, that he might drink.

He took it and pledged her. "May thy wishes prosper," he said.

"May thy wish come true," she answered; and she watched him keenly.

He sipped the wine and smiled at her. "A noble taste!" he cried.

"Drink it all," she said.

Then he drank the drink, glad at heart. But as he took the chalice from his mouth, smiling and about to speak, lo! words would not come! And a strange change came over him. For gray hair sprang on his hands and face, and his face became a snout, and his arms and legs were as those of an animal. The chalice fell to the ground. Then the Lady Irma struck at him with her hand, and laughed, and cried: "Down, beast!"

Anon Marrok fell upon all fours, and behold,

he was a wolf, long, and lank, and gray. The lady, with delight, pointed him to a mirror. There with horror he saw himself. Then she cried, "Out!"

Amazed he fled from the hall, down the stairs, over the drawbridge, and out into the night. In deadly fear he sought the forest and hid in its depths. And though his men came home, and his people watched and waited long, Marrok was seen not again, and none knew what had become of him.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY CAME TO MARROK.

By baleful deed, on woeful day,
Sir Morcar sought to win a bride,
And thus to Marrok showed the way
For him to help the weaker side.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

TRULY it seems sometimes that injustice and cruelty triumph in the world, and innocence and right are trampled. And now, when the Lady Irma and her minions carried it with a high hand in the castle, and Marrok, in wolfish shape, cowered in the forest, did it especially so seem.

Sad and pitiful were the feelings of Marrok. Deep in the woods he hid himself, and with shame and dread avoided the sight of all living things. Even the birds that sang in the branches caused him to start, and as for the deer that fled at his coming, their fear could not be greater than his. For weeks he lay close, living on the scantiest of food, and grew thin with starvation and with hatred of himself.

What was there left him in the world? Only as a wolf to hunt food in the wood, miserably to live as a beast in the forest, hated of men. And he cried to God from the depths of his heart, "Kill me and let this life finish!" But no such merciful end was sent.

Sometimes he would steal to the edge of the forest and look out upon the homes of men. Sometimes he would creep close to the castle and lie long in wait, hoping for a sight of his son. But though he saw the lady and her retainers, richly clothed and making merry, he saw neither the boy Walter, nor Bennet, nor Father John. And when he looked at the vil-

lages he saw the poverty of his people. No longer they fed in the forest their rich herds of swine, for wolves lurked in the coverts and the swine were nearly all killed. And only in little hidden patches the peasants tilled the ground, for the lady sometimes sent her servants and seized the greater part of what they had.

In the forest Marrok spied upon the wolves and counted their numbers. It seemed they were as many as when he first came to Bedegraine. Here and there he found the abodes of witches and warlocks, workers of ill. And once he came to the roadside where men lay dead upon the ground, where horses and mules strayed masterless, and chests lay strewn, open and plundered. Marrok knew this for the sign of robbers.

Then his heart almost burst within him, and he cried: "Bedegraine is again but a savage place, and all the work of my life is made nothing!"

One day he was upon a height. Bedegraine lay before him like the green ocean, the wind moving the leaves in waves. In one place he could see the towers of his castle, in another a village, and in another the open land and wooden house of old Sir Simon, once his friend.

And as he watched, behold! he saw new proof that evil reigned. For he saw fighting before the house of Sir Simon, and the servants of the old knight driven within pell-mell. Then he saw arrows tipped with fire fly to the roof of the house, and marked besiegers battering at the door. Before long the ancient grange burned brightly at all its four corners. Then suddenly those within came rushing out, in the attempt to save their lives by flight.

Marrok saw women in the midst of a valiant little band. On horseback they pushed their way, and made for the wood. But many fell; one, who from his knightly bearing seemed Sir Simon, sank at last from many wounds. Then suddenly the distant struggle became flight and pursuit along the forest road, with a girl, as it seemed, ahead on her steed, with but a boy to defend her, and armed men thundering along behind. And thus they disappeared within the screen of leaves.

Marrok rushed from his place and plunged into the forest.

Now it was Agnes, the daughter of Sir Simon,

who fled so hastily, and her brother who defended her. Behind came hurrying the men of Sir Morcar, with the knight himself at their head. And the reason of it was that Agnes was pledged in marriage to Sir Roger, who lived far away across Bedegraine, and she had refused the offer of Morcar.

Her brother, unhelmeted, bade her not fear. But she knew by the laboring breath of her horse that the poor beast was wounded and could not run far. In fact, when they were scarce a mile within the forest, it stopped and stood trembling. The pursuers were close behind. Her brother cried, "Into the woods!" and, turning, rode to meet his death that he might delay her pursuers.

She waited till she saw him fall, sprang to the ground, and slipped into the covert. Behind her she heard shouts, and men crashing through the bushes. She ran the faster. Then pattering on the fallen leaves came steps at her very side, and there, as she ran, was a wolf trotting with her. She feared him less than the men, and ran on. But at last she stopped breathless and sank on a stone. The wolf placed himself before her, listening to the sounds of her pursuers.

Men beat the forest to right and left. But only one came where they lurked, and he, with the wolf at his throat, died before he could raise sword to strike. Then, gaining breath, the maiden said, as if to a friend, "I can go on," and she followed the wolf away. Deeper and deeper they went among the trees, until no sounds came from behind. Safe, the maiden fell on her knees, and wept and prayed.

There, as they delayed, night fell, and Marrok watched her troubled sleep. He heard a human voice again, and from her broken words learned the story. "Nay, father," she cried earnestly, "not Morcar—Roger do I love. Him only can I wed." Then words of thanks, as to her father yielding to her request, and then, waking to the forest night, she clung eagerly to her preserver, wet his fur with her tears, and lying close slept again, only to wake once more, crying, "Mercy, Morcar, spare my father!" Then she lay long awake, moaning: "Roger—Roger! How shall I find him?"

And Marrok, once more appealed to, once more trusted, trembled with joy at the touch of

her arms, the moisture of her tears. Understanding her words, he knew what to do.

On the third morning thereafter Sir Roger of the Rock went forth early into the wood, wishing, in the happiness of his heart, to see the coming of bright day and hear the birds sing. He wandered on the turf under the trees, and made himself a song and a tune, and he sang them. The song, say the chronicles, runs thus :

My Lady Agnes, fair and bright,
Happy I who am your knight—
Happy that to-morrow morn
I shall no more be alone.
For to-day I ride to marry
My lady fair
With golden hair,
And shall no longer tarry.

But of the tune to this song we know nothing.

Thus ever smiling to himself, and at times singing, Sir Roger went farther into the wood, until he was nearly a mile from his castle. Thinking upon his lady, and how fair and sweet she was, he went farther than he meant. At last he remembered the hour. He was to ride that morning to the house of Sir Simon, and there take the Lady Agnes to wife. So he turned himself about and started to return.

But there, right there under an oak-tree, lay a lady, young, it seemed, and perhaps fair, but he could not see her face. At her side couched a wolf, the largest ever seen, grim and terrible of aspect, but fast asleep. Sir Roger thought: "The beast hath slain the lady!" But on looking, lo, her breast was moving gently, and she also slept. Sir Roger stood marveling.

At last he thought, "I must slay the wolf and save the lady." With all quietness he drew his sword and stole upon the beast, meaning to strike. The eyes of the wolf opened and he rose to his feet, and Sir Roger was astonished at his size. But seeing the lady move, he said to himself, "Haste!" and gripped his sword for the attack. Then he heard a voice cry, "Roger!" It sounded as the voice of his love. In truth, the lady who had been sleeping stepped between him and the wolf, and it was Agnes, his betrothed.

Then doubly he feared for her life, and cried: "Agnes, beware the wolf at your back!" He

sought to pass her, and struck eagerly at the beast. But the lady caught his arm, and the wolf, turning away, vanished among the trees of the forest.

"Oh, Roger," said Agnes, in tears, "now is he gone! My life hath he saved. Leagues hath he led me in the forest, even, when I was tired, bearing me upon his back." And she told him her story. Then he joined her in searching for the wolf; but he was indeed gone.

Now as to the revenge which Sir Roger took upon Sir Morcar for the sake of his wife, that is too long a tale to be told in this story. But Marrok, leaving the lovers together, went away rejoicing. Once more he had been of use in the world. And since he had defended Agnes against the men of Morcar, and then against wolves, and then against robbers (but these stories are also too long to be told here), at last he knew his power, and knew how he should use it.

CHAPTER VI.

OF MARROK AND THE WOLVES, AND HOW HE SERVED THE WITCHES WHO DWELT WITHIN BEDEGRAINE.

For what is Brute but body strong?

And what is strong in Man but brain?

And Marrok, to thee still belong

The powers to make thee man again.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

MANY were the wolves of Bedegraine, and fierce. They hunted in great packs, and to them day and night were the same, for none opposed them. That Marrok alone should war upon them seemed madness.

But one day, where more than twenty lay sodden, gorged upon two does and their fawns, Marrok walked into the pack. Slowly, with anger at the intrusion but with no alarm, they straggled to their feet and faced him. One by one he measured them with his eye. He was longest of limb, deepest of chest, firmest of muscle, but he knew that without his fertile human brain he could do little against twenty. The plan of his brain was ready.

He singled as the leader the wolf who growled quickest and loudest of all. Now, animals have no speech, and no words could pass; but signs are much, defiance is easy of expres-

sion, and the cool, slow stare of the intruder enraged the leader-wolf. He challenged first, then sprang—and in an instant lay with broken back.

Marrok moved slowly from the circle, contemptuous. Another of the pack leaped at him, to be flung headlong. Then the whole, recovering from their amazement, hurled themselves blindly on his footsteps, and followed him furiously into the bushes as he began his easy run. In the long chase that then commenced, again and again the fugitive turned, and the first pursuer, from a single snap of iron jaws, gasped out his life amid the leaves. From the pursuit but ten returned.

So began Marrok's hunting. On the second day the terrible wolf sought out the remnant of the pack, attacked, fled, and killed the pursuers singly, till at the last three in their turn fled before him, and but one escaped. Confident, Marrok sought the survivor in the very center of the pack in which it had found refuge, killed it there, and then the leader also of this new band. That night he lay down wounded, but six more wolves were dead, and the shuddering rumor of his deeds passed through the forest. Two months more, and a pack of thirty fled at his coming.

Then gradually he herded them northward, from side to side ranging the forest and sweeping it clear. His animal senses were so keen that nothing could deceive him. Here a band of six, there a pack of a dozen, broke back to their old haunts. He hunted them down, every one, and again commenced his northward drive. Each time, when their panic left them and the wolves sought to return, he appeared among them, however numerous, and slew without mercy. Neither spared he himself. Gaunt, haggard, sore from wounds, stiff from hard fights, tired from long running—his hunt began each morning at dawn, rested only at dark, and ceased not, day after day. At last, and for good, the wolves fled across the open lands to the forests far beyond. Forever it was known among them: no wolf might live in Bedegraine.

The year came round again, and Bedegraine was free. Yet Marrok, scarred and weary, might not rest. The second pest of his lands

must go. He had marked each house of warlock or witch, had listened at their doors and spied upon their actions. The old Witch of the Marsh was the most potent of all—who, with snakes and cats as familiars, brewed evil nightly in her squalid hut. To her abode he went.

Within she crooned a spell:

“Ye marshy imps and goblins rude,
Whose powers I
Do fortify
And serve you with your food,
Come feed ye here at my repast,
And when ye well have broken fast
Give each a drop of blood.”

Listening, Marrok cowered. The sounds in the air seemed from the invisible wings of spirits whose powers might blight him where he stood. Yet he made with clumsy paw the sign of the cross, and then with all his force pushed at the door.

The Witch of the Marsh saw a wolf on the threshold, and forgot her spells. Her herbs fell from her hands into the fire, and flamed out; she retired into the corner. Hissing, her snakes sought safety, and her cats, with great tails, sprang on the shelves. The white fangs of the wolf showed as in a smile. “She fears me,” thought Marrok, and advanced. He seized a brand from the hearth.

The witch screamed. “Out!” she cried. “Imp of Satan—beast of the pit—out! Will ye fire my house? Out!” Feebly she threw at him a dish.

“If I am of Satan,” thought Marrok, “why should she fear me? Then would we both be of the Evil One, and so cousins.” But he paused not to puzzle. “She throws but a dish. I had feared spells.”

He thrust the brand into a heap of tow in the corner. Barely did the Witch of the Marsh escape with her life from the destruction of the hut.

“Her snakes and cats are dead and her belongings burned,” thought Marrok. “I will not kill her.” He left her wailing in the night.

That night three other huts went up in flames. The next night more followed. Only the warlock of the Druids' Ring, who lived among the fallen stones of the ancient altar, could retire into his house and defy fire. Marrok

scratched at the stone slab that made the door, but could not seize to lift it. Then he pushed at a tottering stone that stood near, until it fell across the slab. Imprisoned for days, the warlock at length dug his way out, then fled far from Bedegraine.

But his fellows gathered at the castle and begged protection of the Lady Irma. "We have served you," they said, with quavering voices and shaking hands. "Do thou now help us."

The lady in her silken robes looked at the witches and warlocks dressed in rags. Long hair and matted beards, lean bodies and shrunk limbs—such were the rewards of all their spells.

She sneered. "Get ye hence," she said. "Out of my castle!"

They fell on their knees. "We all are of the same origin," they cried. "Sorcerers are we all. The great should help the small." Their shrill cries smote upon the lady's ear.

"You offend me," she answered. "Get ye forth. Ho, archers, drive them hence!"

As the archers whipped them away Agatha plucked the lady's sleeve. "Truly," she said, "we are witches as are they. Shall we destroy them?"

"They are but carrion," said the lady. "I despise them."

"They have served us."

"But can serve us no longer and no injury can they do us."

"But this wolf of which they speak?"

"Believe you such a tale? The forest wolves are hungry and bold. The witches have been frightened; that is all."

So the witches were driven forth, and wandered up and down the roads, sleeping in the ditches, till at last, in other regions, they found new homes. Irma, as she had said, took from them no harm. And yet—their story of the wolf! Irma could not forget it.

Outside, in the forest, Marrok hesitated before beginning his next task. To fight men! But one day he met a robber alone in the wood.

The man laughed. "A royal wolf!" he cried. "Standeth at gaze! Sith he runs not, I must e'en have his skin." And he began to string his bow.

The distance was short between them; the

man had no sword. Marrok saw his chance, and on his third task made a beginning there and then.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE DOINGS OF THE WOLF CAME TO THE EARS OF IRMA.

"Peter the Robber," the lady said,

"What of the tribute you used to pay?

Speak the truth or beware thine head!"

But when he spoke she was in dismay.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

IRMA sat in the hall, and her vassals paid their tithes. The peasants, one by one, brought in their produce and laid it, sighing, at her feet. Servants bore it away to the store-rooms after the lady, with keen eyes, had measured each man's share.

To none she gave praise, to none thanks; but when all was finished she commanded them to stand before her again.

"Knaves," she cried, "your produce is still bad. What oats are these? what fruit? what meat? Lean meats and musty grain have ye brought, now, for the fourth year. For the last time I say it, bring better, or ye leave your farms."

With the cold hand of fear on their hearts they went away. Then from where he stood within a bay she beckoned forward one who had been waiting—a strong man, fierce of face.

"Peter," she said, "thou also hast come. Little hast thou brought of late. How much bringest thou now?"

"My lady," he said,—and he bowed low even as the peasants,—"here is the tale of my tribute: forty golden crowns, and two hundred of silver; seventy yards of silken cloth, ninety of woolen, a hundred ten of linen bleached, and a packet of fine lace."

A smile came upon the lady's face—a smile at which her archers were uneasy and the man before her quailed.

"Peter," she said, "Peter the Robber, thou hidest in my woods, thou robbest travelers on my lands. Half thy gains are mine. I laugh at these trifles you bring. Seek you to deceive me?"

"Lady," said the surly robber, "I bring you fair half—nay, more. For misfortune has

come among us. My men are frightened; they will scarcely forth to rob even a rich train. One hardly dares go forty yards from another, for fear of the wolf. Even I, lady—”

The lady bent forward. “The wolf, sayst thou?” She waved her hand to her archers. “Clear the hall!”

The hall was cleared. Irma, Agatha, Peter, alone remained. “Now,” said the lady, “speak plainly. If thou liest, ’t is at peril of thy head. A wolf, thou saidst?”

“Ay,” said the robber, “a wolf. My lady, ’t is two months now since my men began to fail me—going out to hunt, returning not. Three, then six, were missed. Then we came on one lying dead. A beast had killed him as with one bite. More men were missed; we found more bodies. Then one day,—I saw it with my own eyes,—as my best man walked not the length of this hall away from us, a wolf rose out of a thicket and killed him on the instant.”

“Nay!” said the lady.

“We were all there,” cried Peter. “Forty of us within a javelin’s cast. Since then more men are lost. He follows, attacks even openly. The men fear. I fear, I myself.”

“A single wolf?”

“One wolf alone. Lady, there has been war among the wolves. Many have died. Now see we none except this wolf.”

“He is large?”

“The largest of any.”

“And strong?”

“Can break a man’s neck. And cunning as a cat.”

“And so,” said the lady, “ye fear him as old women fear the tale of a witch! Call ye yourselves men?”

“Men are we,” said Peter, stoutly. “Naught human do we fear. But, my lady, listen. This fortnight past heard we news of the coming of a train of wealthy merchants through from the south. Them had we seized, we all were rich. I laid my men in ambush on the road; the trap was sure. I heard the distant bells on the mules coming along the road, when sudden fell a panic among our men. My lady, ’t was the wolf!”

“Ay!” cried Irma, angrily.

“Hear me, my lady,” begged Peter. “He

slew the farthest quietly; three were dead before the rest were ware. Then sprang he right among us.”

“And you fled?”

“Ay, quickly, and he on our heels. ’T was twenty minutes before we drew together against him.”

“And the merchants?”

“Passed through scatheless.”

The lady rose and stamped her foot. “Peter,” she said, “ye may speak sooth. But go; bring me the skin of the wolf!”

“My lady!” cried he.

“Go; come not again without it.”

“He is a werewolf!” gasped Peter. “We cannot slay him.” But he went.

Then Agatha and the lady looked at each other long, without speaking, and in the faces of both was alarm.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW BENNET AND FATHER JOHN WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES.

Though Bennet hunted as he could,
Old was he now and maimed beside,
And there for very lack of food
In Bedegraine they might have died.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

THERE came to the Lady Irma the news that the peasants were more prosperous. She set about to find the reason.

In fact, the peasants were fatter and more content. Now their dependence, as in the days of Marrok, was in their swine and their crops.

“Truly, madam,” said Hugh, “in hunting I have seen larger herds of the villains’ swine, and they are beginning to cut down the saplings that were springing in their fallow land.”

“Send out,” quoth the lady, “and catch me a peasant.”

Presently one was brought in, trembling properly at a horse’s tail, a rope around his neck.

“Hark ye, villain,” said the lady. “Tell me of thy fellows. How is it that ye have more swine?”

“Lady,” answered the fellow, in fear, “there are less wolves in the forest.”

“How,” she asked, “hath that aught to do with thy swine and their number?”

"Two years ago," he said, "I had but two. Last year but three young swine grew up. But this year I have raised in safety two great litters—sixteen in all."

"And that is because there are few wolves?"

"This twelvemonth, lady, have I seen not one, save the great gray wolf that doth no harm."

"Go," said the lady. "See that thou bringest, within the week, six of thy young porkers, killed and dressed."

The peasant went, wringing his hands. The lady caught more, and learned more things. There were surely no wolves to do harm. Peter the Robber said so, also. The peasants even dared to pasture their milch-cows, most valuable of their belongings, on the fine herbage that grew at the edge of the forest.

"Thus the cows are growing fat and give more milk, and the calves are stronger," said Peter. "The peasants are becoming sturdier, with more milk and meat. This also have I learned, lady: 't is Bennet and Father John that have set the peasants at saving their old lands; this spring and summer at least a hundred of the old acres are again under the plow."

"And the great gray wolf?" asked the lady, looking into Peter's eyes.

Peter became confused. "The wolf—my lady—we have killed him not yet."

"So," sneered Irma, "my valiant robbers are afeard."

"My lady," he cried, "surely it is no beast. The wolf is human. We dare go about only by threes. With two it is not safe. The wolf killeth one, and escapes before the other can raise his bow."

"Not an arrow in him yet?"

"Not one."

"Nay," cried the lady, in anger, "but I see ye are all cowards. Hark ye. Hunt him the more. Follow him! Track him! Give him no sleep!"

"But he is swifter than a horse," muttered Peter. "He leaveth no trail, and none know his lair."

"Find it," said the lady. "Begone, and act. And you," quoth she, turning to Hugh, "take archers and go to the village. Rout me that old villain Bennet from his daughter's house, where he liveth now these seven year. Take

Father John from his manse by the church. Too long have these men comforted and counseled the peasants. Bid them leave my lands. Proclaim it death for any to harbor them. They work against me secretly. I will be rid of them."

And so that evening, while within Bedegraine Peter and his men again laid their heads together to catch the gray wolf, in the village women wept, and children wailed, and men knitted brows and clenched their fists. For Father John and Bennet were driven away, and had no place to go except into the forest.

They found the house of the warlock of the Druids' Ring, and made it habitable for themselves. On the heathen stones Father John hourly offered prayer. But old Bennet, though he hunted long, brought in no food.

"There is game in plenty," he grumbled. It was the third day, and both were faint with hunger. "But I cannot shoot as I used. This left arm, that I injured saving the Lady Irma from the bear, permits me not to draw the bow."

"It is well," said Father John. "The Lord, who fed his prophet with his ravens, will feed us also. Let us ask him for help."

But there, as he turned to the altar, stood a great gray wolf and looked at them.

Bennet put hand to knife.

"Stir not," said the priest. "'T is the wolf of which the peasants tell. He will not harm us." And he knelt.

But as he prayed he watched the wolf.

"O Lord," he said, "whose land this is, we pray thee take us in thy care. And first, we pray thee, send Marrok, our beloved master, to rule over us again."

At these words the wolf trembled.

"Or, if this cannot be, bring us the boy Walter, to take his father's place, and grow into a man, and rule over us. Yet, since we have not seen him from that day when he was driven forth, a child, bound upon a horse's back, here into the wintry forest—grant us, if he be dead, to find his bones, that we may give them Christian burial."

At this the wolf dropped his head, and great tears rolled from his eyes and fell upon the sod.

"But if we ask too much," said Father John, "stretch forth at least thy hand over these

poor people, and lift them up. Give again swine and cattle, crops and fruit. And soften the heart of the lady of the castle, that she may do justice and her cruelties may cease."

The wolf gritted his teeth, his bristles rose, and

and he laid a collop before the wolf. "Look, he eateth, and daintily, unlike an animal."

"He seemeth to like cooked food," whispered Bennet — which was true.

Then daily the wolf brought food to the two



"BUT THERE, AS HE TURNED TO THE ALTAR, STOOD A GREAT GRAY WOLF AND LOOKED AT THEM."

he looked so fierce that the priest almost feared to proceed. With a weaker voice he concluded:

"And send food, we pray thee, to us thy two servants, who starve here helpless."

"Thank Heaven," cried Bennet, "the wolf is gone!"

He had indeed vanished in the bushes. But at the end of half an hour the thicket cracked, and lo! there was the wolf again, over his back a fresh-killed fawn. This he dropped before the priest.

"Praised be the Lord," cried Father John, "who hath sent us a helper! Make fire, Bennet, and cook the meat."

"If only the beast spring not upon my back," grumbled Bennet. And he made the fire, ever ready to clap his hand upon his weapon. But the wolf lay and watched, and when the crisp meat was done he drew near, as if himself ready to eat.

"Mayhap he will partake," said the priest,

men, and they lived in comfort. But also he searched the forest from end to end and side to side. Yet never found he, whether in thicket or in grove, bones of horse or boy.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE ABBEY OF BEDEGRAINE, AND WHO BECAME ABBOT IN ANSELM'S STEAD.

"Now Richard to the west hath hied,
And Anselm he is like to dee.
Ride, Peter, ride!" the lady cried,
"And bring the prior speedily."

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

THE peasants of Bedegraine continued to prosper. The fame of the gray wolf spread. In irritation the lady oppressed the peasants more, and planned many a hunt for the wolf. But to no purpose.

For the swine and cattle multiplied, and the crops grew plentiful. And when men beat the forest for the wolf he was not to be found.

When packs of hounds were brought and put upon his trail, he fled from them, and turning, killed the first pursuer, till all were slain—which has been the method of one against many since the time of the Horatii. So, when the lady could find no more hounds, she ceased hunting in this manner.

But the news came to her ears that the wolf abode with Bennet and Father John and fed them daily. The sanctity of the priest became multiplied in the eyes of the peasants, and they revered him greatly. Then the lady laid a plan to catch the wolf. Yet when the men of Peter's band closed in, one morn, around the Druids' Ring, the wolf slipped out through a gap in their line, and, turning on their backs, slew three.

The godliness of the priest began to make him friends, and in the Abbey of Bedegraine raised him up followers. Marrok had founded the abbey, endowed it with rich lands, and gave it many privileges. But the influence of the Lady Irma had worked even there, and in the years of Marrok's absence abbot and prior and many of the priests came to lead wicked and disorderly lives. Their peasants were oppressed, their lands began to waste.

But the good among the monks took heart of grace at the story of Father John and the wolf. Surely this priest, Marrok's chaplain, was a saintly man, and in a land of darkness shone like a ray of good. Among them secretly spread a strong resolve to imitate him, and to wait and watch and pray.

Now one day came to the Lady Irma a monk in haste. "My lady, the abbot lies at the point of death, and the prior is far away."

"What matters that to me?"

"This: that the lesser monks are murmuring. Unless the prior can be brought back before the abbot dies, they will make Father John abbot, and then—"

And then farewell drinking, and fat feeding, and merrymaking, and all good things. That was the monk's idea. But the lady saw further. She frowned. "Send for Peter the Robber!"

Peter came, with sword and bow and dagger, and a hunted light in his eyes.

"Nay, Peter," quoth the lady, when she had gazed upon him, "thou lookest strange."

"Strange I feel, and strange feel we all, not knowing whom the wolf will take next."

"A pest on him!" cried the lady, and wished it true; for while in the castle she worked spells and tried to cast them on the wolf, he was out of her power until he should return into her sight. But she never saw him, though he often saw her.

"Peter," said the lady, "here is a letter which take thou to the Prior Richard. Three days ago went he to the west. Seek him out and bring him back."

"Nay," said Peter. "Give me a horse. Afoot will I not travel without my fellows."

The lady commanded to give him a horse, and Peter rode forth into Bedegraine and took the forest road. His horse was fresh and fleet, he was well armed. Wayside flowers bloomed along the ancient turfy road, and the great trees of the forest were calm. Bright shone the sun, yet Peter's mood was dark and fearsome. He scanned the forest on either hand, and urged his horse, that he might quickly pass the three leagues of the forest. And though he was so high on his horse, he rode with knife in hand, to defend his life.

But nothing showed among the trees except the dun deer. And though the bright sun, the warm air, the beauties of the forest, were nothing to Peter, he was a stout carle, and at last gained heart. When but a league of the road was left he slipped his knife into its sheath. "Ho!" he said, "I meet not the gray wolf to-day."

Then as he rode he hummed a catch, to prove his courage. And he sat easier on his horse, cocked his bonnet, and thought of his reward, for the lady had promised many crowns. But out of a thicket shot suddenly the great gray wolf, and sprang on the horse's croup.

Peter screamed, felt for his knife, and struck with his spurs. The wolf seized him by the neck from behind. Rearing, the horse flung them both to the ground. The wolf leaped up, but Peter lay still. His neck was broken.

Then the wolf, pawing and nuzzling, drew the letter out of Peter's doublet, for he knew that not without purpose did Peter ride on horseback. He broke the seal and spread the letter out, and stood with wrinkled forehead,

scanning the lines. Then he took the letter in his mouth and sped away among the trees.

He came to where Father John and Bennet had celebrated their daily mass. At the priest's feet he laid the letter. The priest read the screed :

TO PRIOR RICHARD: Why wanderest thou in the west? Anselm the abbot lieth on his death-bed, and the monks murmur. If thou returnest not in haste, not thou wilt be abbot, but the hedge-priest, Father John, who with his werewolf mightily impresseth all here in Bedegraine. And if that happeneth thou wilt not even be prior. Return, therefore, and guard thy interests and mine. This by the hands of Peter the Robber, from thy lady

IRMA.

Then Father John arose, and took his staff and scrip, and said: "I go to the abbey. Bennet, lead thou me by the straightest way."

But Bennet cried: "The way lies past the castle!"

Then Father John, with ready wit, turned to the wolf and said: "O noble wolf, much hast thou done for this land! Canst thou now not lead us quickly to the abbey?"

The wolf, at such a pace that the priest and Bennet might follow, led them through the forest. By devious ways he brought them until at last, when they left the shelter of the trees, the abbey towers were close in front. Bennet thundered at the gate and demanded admittance.

"But who are ye?" asked the warder. "Our abbot lieth dying, and we are all in fear."

"I am Father John," said the priest, "and I come to shrive the abbot."

When that was heard within the abbey, monks came running. The gate was opened, and Bennet and the father went in. But Marrok watched outside, and would not enter.

On his bed lay Anselm the abbot, sick to death. Had Prior Richard been there, no thought of repentance would have stirred the abbot's mind. But lying in his cell alone, thinking of his past life, fear came to him. He had heard of Father John. Once he had laughed; now he welcomed him. And Father John, standing by the bed, confessed the abbot of all his sins, and shrived him. Then the abbot commanded the monks to come to the door of his cell. As they stood in the passage outside, he commanded them that they should immediately make Father John abbot in his

place. Then he begged for their prayers, and died.

Anon in full chapter—all being there but the Prior Richard and the monk that had gone to the lady—they elected Father John abbot, but expelled Richard from the brotherhood. When this was done the new abbot went to the gate, and the wolf started out of the edge of the forest where he had watched.

"O wolf," said Father John, "now am I abbot, thanks to thee. Come within these walls, and spend at rest the remainder of thy days."

But the wolf, having heard this news, went away. He returned to Bedegraine, knowing that Peter's men, so soon as they found the body, would be in confusion. They were so already. Fright had fallen on them. By twos and threes they fled away, nor stopped for their treasure. And the wolf was content to scare away those that would have sought refuge in the castle. None did he slay, for he was weary of killing.

Thus was Bedegraine cleared of outlaws, and we hear of no more until the time of Robin Hood. But then Bedegraine was called Sherwood.

When the Lady Irma heard the news, she laughed bitterly, and hid her chagrin with scornful words. Nevertheless she knew that two of the props of her strength were gone.

And Bennet, stoutly refusing to be made priest, dwelt in the abbey and became overseer of the lands. Soon as he might, he began to train the peasants to arms, meaning some day to take revenge on the lady. And sometimes he stole at night to the castle of the lady, looking to see how strict guard was kept, and whether in any place the walls of the castle were weak.

CHAPTER X.

THE HUNTING OF SIR MARROK.

Sir Tristram was a well-versed knight

In harping and in minstrelsy.

In hunting took he great delight,

And best of all the hounds had he.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

THE Lady Irma puzzled much about the great wolf. She laid her spells to bewitch him;



"THE WOLF SPREAD THE LETTER OUT, AND STOOD WITH WRINKLED FOREHEAD, SCANNING THE LINES."
(SEE PAGE 610.)

her archers hunted him. In vain. But one day seemed promised her her heart's desire.

A knight came riding to the castle. He was tall and fair, with flowing locks and open, joyous face. A squire and two servants attended him, with horses and dogs. Six dogs there were, great hounds for the chase, and with them two little bratchets. On his shield the knight bore the arms of Cornwall.

The lady met him in the court, and bade him welcome. The servants she sent to the servants' hall, the knight she led to her own table, where she charmed him with her hospitality and her conversation. At last she asked him his name—"if you are under no vow to conceal it," she said, for to that all knights were much given.

"Lady," he said, "my name is Sir Tristram of Lyonesse."

"Nay," she cried, "and is it true? See I in my hall the noble Tristram, greatest of the knights of Britain?"

"My lady," he said, "there are better knights than I—Launcelot and Sir Lamorak."

"Forgive me, sir," she said. "Your modesty is beyond praise, but also your worth.

Known are you everywhere for a noble knight, and a sweet singer, and the greatest of all hunters. Known is your fight against Sir Marhaus of Ireland, and your many valiant deeds."

And she flattered him to his face, but so sweetly that Sir Tristram was pleased. Then she begged him to sing, and sat as rapt in delight, but really she was thinking deeply. When he had finished she sighed.

"Lady," he asked, "why sigh you?"

"Ah, Sir Tristram," she answered, "thy harping and singing were so sweet that I had forgotten my troubles. When you finished I remembered them again. Therefore did I sigh."

"Truly, lady," he responded, "if you have troubles, tell them to me; for the heart becomes lighter by confidence."

Irma had put Gertrude into a deep sleep in her chamber, and she now sent Agatha to busy the squire and Hugh with pleasant chat. Then, knowing she could speak freely, she began her tale to Sir Tristram.

"Saw ye," she said, "my lands as ye rode hither? What thought you of them?"

"T is a rich land," he said, "with prosperous and happy peasants. Lady, to them thou art a benefactress."

Irma sighed. "Truly I seek to be to them as their dead lord" (but she mentioned not Marrok's name), "and my peasants have been happy. But lately has come a plague into my land that is beginning to waste our substance."

"What is it?" he asked. For Tristram was

hath it come to such a pass that two must work always in the field together, for one man dares not work alone."

Thereat Tristram laughed a mighty laugh. "Lady, is that all? Ere to-morrow's sun is set lay I this wolf dead."

"How?" she asked. "With thy dogs?"

"With my dogs, and my fleet steed, and my javelin," was the knight's confident answer.

"But this wolf is strong; he pulls down one by one the dogs that pursue him."

"Yet will he not pull down my dogs, and should he, he will not escape my bratchets."

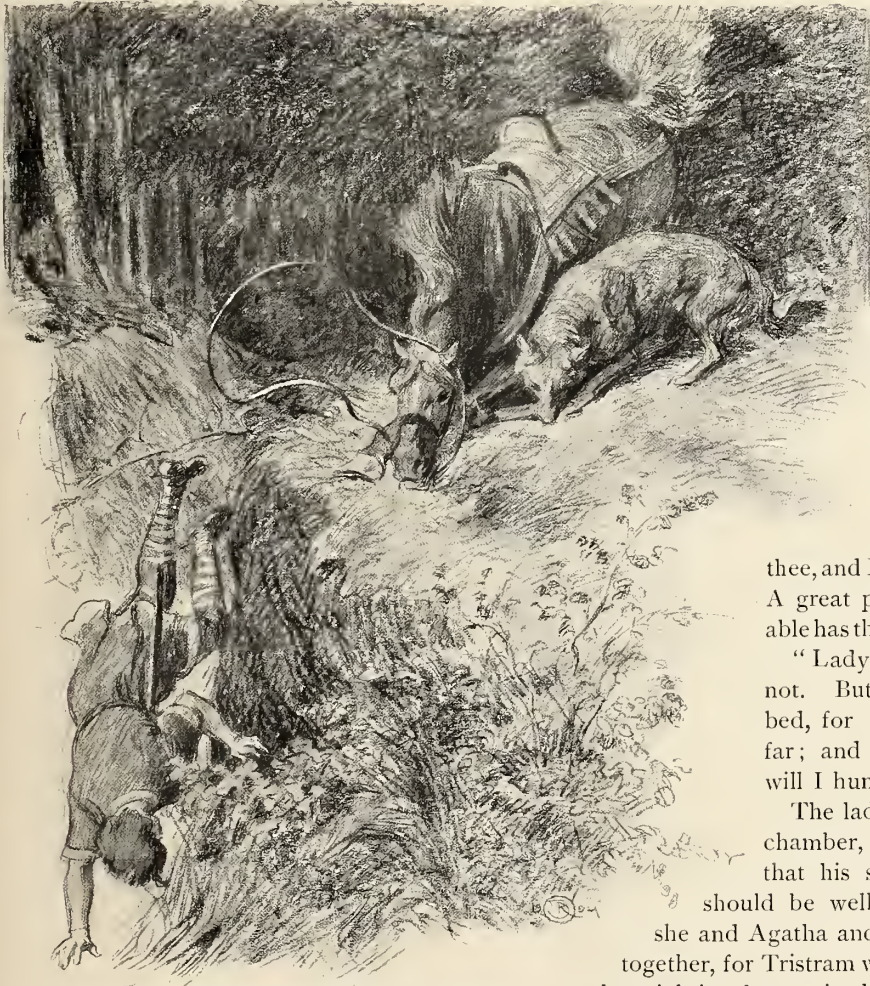
The lady's eyes sparkled. "Oh, Sir Tristram, if thou deliverest this land, my people will bless

thee, and I more than they! A great pest and unbearable has this wolf become."

"Lady," he said, "fear not. But now let me to bed, for I have traveled far; and in the morning will I hunt the wolf."

The lady led him to his chamber, and gave orders that his squire and men should be well served. Then she and Agatha and Hugh rejoiced together, for Tristram was renowned as the mightiest hunter in the world.

In the morning Tristram mounted his steed at the castle gate, and Gouvervail his squire mounted his, and Hugh, who would go too, mounted his. The dogs were loosed, eager for the chase, and all moved into the forest. Before long the lady, listening, heard Sir Tristram's horn, and knew that the dogs had found the scent.



"BUT HUGH, THROWN FROM THE SADDLE, WAS HURLED INTO THE DEPTHS." (SEE PAGE 616.)

a noble knight, and, as Irma meant, he started at the hope of adventure.

"These four years," she said, "hath there lived a wolf in my forest. He killeth swine and cattle; he devoureth children. And now

But Marrok, couched in the forest, heard the horn, and groaned. "That," said he, "is the horn of Sir Tristram." For he knew Sir Tristram well, and since no one in the world could blow the horn so well as the knight of Lyonesse, Marrok knew the blast. And he groaned again, for he believed his end had come.

But he ran a good race, doing as he had done before. For the great hounds of Sir Tristram, the fleetest and strongest in all Britain, one by one he slew. The swiftest first, the slowest last, one by one they lay dead. And Marrok thought for one instant, "Perhaps now I am free."

Then he heard the baying of the bratchets, which so long as the hounds bayed were silent, but now gave tongue. And he knew that against bratchets he could do nothing, for they were small and slight, quick to turn and dodge, and he could never take them. He stood a moment in despair, and they came upon him among the trees, and waited and barked. Then Marrok saw the fair-haired knight coming upon his white horse, and turned and ran.

Minstrel and gleeman chanted of that chase for full four hundred years. Northward first fled Marrok, through the forest, till he reached its border. Then he turned west, and through the roughest country he led his pursuers. Then he ran south, then east, till the fair towers of Sir Roger of the Rock shone upon his sight. For a moment he was minded to flee there for protection. But the bratchets and the knight came upon him,—all else were left behind,—and Marrok fled south once more.

Then in despair he was minded to stay in the bushes and wait the knight and attack him. For ever, whether through swamp or thicket, or over knoll, or among rocks, Sir Tristram followed close. But Marrok could not slay his friend, and he ran on. His heart grew heavy in his breast, his lungs and mouth were dry, and his legs weary. Then he thought at last: "I will die among my people."

He turned toward the village of Bedegraine, and with his last strength fled thither. One bratchet fell and died, but the other and Sir Tristram followed on. And Marrok, almost spent, reached the village, ran into a yard, stood, and panted. The last bratchet, at the entrance,

fell, and the horse stopped for weariness. But Sir Tristram leaped to the ground, his javelin in his hand, and walked up to Sir Marrok.

Marrok looked him in the eye and thought: "Better die from friend's hand than from foe's." He budged not, but waited for the blow. And Sir Tristram admired him, and said: "'T is pity, brave wolf; but thy end hath come at last."

He raised his javelin. But a little flitting figure came in between, and behold, there was a child by the side of the wolf! She threw her arms about his neck and covered him with her body; and looking over her shoulder with sparkling eyes, she cried to the knight: "Thou shalt not slay him!"

"Stand aside!" cried Sir Tristram. "Child, he will kill thee!" And he sought to find place for a blow. But he might not hurl his weapon without striking the child, and as he hesitated the men of the house came running, and with scythes and pitchforks confronted Sir Tristram. "Sir Knight," cried they all, in one voice, "hold thy hand!"

Sir Tristram stood in amazement. "This," he cried, "is the wolf ye all hate."

"But we love him!" they answered.

"He killeth your swine and cattle."

"Nay," they protested. "Since he has come to the land our kine feed in peace."

"But he beareth away children."

The oldest man stood out before the others and spoke: "Sir Knight, listen. Last winter was a snow-storm, great and terrible; and the child that thou seest here was bewildered in the storm, and though we sought for hours, we might not find her, and the cold and snow drove us within doors to save our own lives. While we waited and lamented, we heard a scratching at the door. We opened, sir, and there was the child in the drift at the door, and this wolf stood a little way off. In the snow were no other marks than his. He had brought her home on his back."

"Is this truth?" queried Sir Tristram, greatly puzzled. "The lady said—"

"Oh, the lady!" cried they all. And Sir Tristram heard things that astonished him.

At last he mounted again his wearied steed, and gave gold to the peasants so that they should bury his bratchet. And while the wolf,

wearily and yet glad, made his way to the wood, Sir Tristram took the road to the castle. As he went he met his squire and men; but Hugh, fearing to remain in the forest, had returned to the castle. Tristram rode thither.

From the castle battlements the Lady Irma spoke to Tristram; but reading much in his face, she kept the gate barred.

"How now, Sir Tristram," she asked, as if eagerly, "is the wolf slain?"

"Lady," he answered, "the wolf hath escaped."

"Alas," she responded, "my peasants will lament!"

"Out upon thee, traitress," cried Sir Tristram, fiercely. "Deceiver art thou truly, and oppressor of thy people. Would thou wert a man!"

She laughed without words.

He turned his horse's head away. "Lady," he said, "I shall tell of thy deeds among knights."

But the lady still laughed serenely. Tristram was not of Arthur's court, and none but Arthur did she fear.

CHAPTER XI.

OF HUGH WHO WOULD HAVE SLAIN THE WOLF, AND OF AGATHA THE NURSE.

He armed himself at break of dawn,
Beneath his coat a shirt of mail.

"Let the wolf stand, though I go alone,
And to me the beast shall fall."

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

GERTRUDE, the daughter of Irma, grew tall and beautiful. She lived in the castle like a flower in a moss-grown wall, and lighted it by her presence. Therefore it came naturally that Hugh, the captain of the archers, wished her for his wife.

Hugh was stout of body and bold of deed, cruel and hateful. He served the Lady Irma in her own spirit, and she trusted him. He called himself knight, but he was none, nor yet a gentleman born, being the son of a peasant. So for a while the lady denied him the hand of Gertrude, putting him off from time to time.

But one day Hugh came to her and said: "My lady, what wish ye most in the world?"

She answered: "The death of the wolf."

"Lady Irma," he asked, "if I slay the wolf, wilt thou give me thy daughter Gertrude to wife?"

The lady thought, but not long. She answered: "I will."

Hugh said with joy: "Make ready the bridal dress, for the wolf dieth soon."

Now Hugh had learned that Marrok slept at the Druids' Ring, in the hut of the warlock, where Father John and Bennet once lived. Loving the Lady Gertrude greatly, he dared a deed. "I will go alone," he thought, "and seek him out. If I wear my shirt of mail, he cannot harm me."

He put on beneath his doublet a fine shirt of chain-mail. In the bright day he rode out from the castle and went to the Druids' Ring. There Marrok lay sleeping; but he waked at the tramp of the horse. When Hugh appeared among the great stones, the wolf stood looking at him.

Hugh cast a javelin, and missed. Then Marrok, hearing the chink of chain-mail and seeing it was useless to attack, turned limping, and slipped away into the forest. "He is lame!" cried Hugh, in delight, and gave chase. The horse with his heavy burden could go but slowly among the trees. But the wolf seemed wounded and sore, and Hugh kept him in sight. He urged his horse with the spurs, and rode eagerly. "Nay," he cried, "the wolf is mine."

But go as he might, Hugh could not gain until he came out upon a great ledge, all rocks, which overhung the forest. Below, fifty feet, were jagged stones. The ledge was broad and mossy, and the wolf seemed so near, limping in front, that Hugh gave a shout and beat the horse with the flat of his sword. "I have him!" he cried. "I have him!" And the horse, lumbering into full speed, lessened the distance between them.

Then the wolf, just as the horse was close behind, and Hugh leaned forward to strike, leaped nimbly to one side. His lameness vanished. For one instant he waited, until the horse was quite abreast. Then he sprang under the horse's body, avoiding the blow of the sword, and caught the steed by the further forefoot. Quickly he wrenched backward, and

the steed, tripped as with a noose, plunged and fell at the edge of the crag. But Hugh, thrown from the saddle, was hurled into the depths.

The steed, in great fear, scrambled to his

She picked crocuses, and at the edge of the wood waited long, to wish him joy of his success. Then she spied flowers in the forest, earliest snow-drops, and went into the wood to pick them. She heard a sound behind her,



"MARROK TURNED TO HIS SON, DROPPED HIS SWORD, AND HELD OUT HIS ARMS." (SEE PAGE 619.)

feet and fled headlong. The wolf stood listening. From below he heard a mighty crash. And then was silence.

That very day, soon after noon, Agatha wandered into the mead to watch for Hugh.

and turned. Almost she fainted from fright, for there stood the wolf, gray and great. He advanced upon her slowly. "Marrok!" she cried, and fell on her knees for mercy.

Still he advanced, and she gained strength from despair. She sprang up and ran away,

ever deeper into the forest. Behind her trotted the wolf, and at each glimpse of him she ran faster. He kept between her and the castle, and she had no chance to return, but ran always farther from safety. When she had gone a mile, she came upon the forest road.

There at the edge of the trees was a horse all ready saddled, cropping the turf. And Agatha ran to him in hope. He let her seize the bridle and mount. "'T is Hugh's horse. Hugh must be dead," she thought, "but I shall escape." She headed the horse to the north, and urged him to start.

Then into the road came the wolf, and the horse started indeed. Snorting with fear, he ran, and the wolf for a little way followed. Then Agatha, looking back, saw that he fell farther behind. At last he stopped, satisfied, for he knew she would not return. In truth she rode eagerly, far away, into the country of the north. Never was she seen again in Bedegraine.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE STRANGER KNIGHT WHO CAME FROM
THE NORTH, WHICH BRINGETH AN
END TO THIS TALE.

'T is far the outcast lad may flee,
And wide the wanderer may roam,
But soon or late, before he die,
He finds the way to his father's home.

The Lay of Sir Marrok.

HUGH and Agatha came no more, and a new life began for the Lady Irma—a lonely, irksome life.

She was shut in and companionless. Her one-time friends were gone, for Sir Roger had slain Sir Morcar, and Father John ruled in the abbey. No longer might she ride thither for merrymaking. And in the castle were none but her serving-maids, her archers, and her daughter Gertrude.

Between Gertrude and her mother was no affection, but only tyranny and mistrust. The mother kept the daughter close, watched her, checked her, commanded her. Therefore she received not love, but patient service. Also there was no heartiness, for Gertrude could not but dislike her mother's ways. She sat silent in her presence, and Irma complained angrily of

her sullenness. Yet it was not sullenness—merely timidity and repression; for Gertrude was sweet and gentle.

Thus Irma, bored and wrathful, chafed in her castle. And another cause for irritation there was—that the peasants refused her all supplies, but beat off her archers when they were sent for tithes. The lady might not send to the abbey; neither could she depend upon traveling merchants. For the road from the south was through the village, and the peasants warned all travelers away, lest they should pay heavy toll. Sir Roger stopped the eastern road, and the abbey the western. The wolf himself guarded the road from the north.

It was lucky for Irma that Marrok had built the castle as a very granary, holding food for five years' siege. The great chambers had always been kept full, and there was store of gold and wine. So the lady lived secure, but she bit her fingers in impatience and vowed vengeance on all. When a luckless trader chanced into her clutches, she fleeced him. If she caught a peasant, she made him a slave. And when knights fell into her hands, she held them long time for ransom. She feared nothing, and laughed away the forebodings that sometimes came, telling her the end was drawing near.

One day there rode through the forest a young knight, coming from the north. Strong and handsome he was, brown-haired and blue-eyed. It was in May. He hung his helmet on his saddle-bow and looked about in the beautiful wood. The birds sang sweetly among the trees, the sky was blue, the turf was green, and the first daisies, Chaucer's darling flowers, nodded by the wayside. His heart laughed and his eyes danced. Another knight would have caroled gaily; but the young man was silent by nature, and he said no word.

He came to a cross-road, and behold, across the southern road lay a great wolf, gray and shaggy and scarred. The horse snorted with fear, but the knight urged him on. There lay his road. Then the wolf rose and fawned on the young man, as if to turn him to the right or left. But the knight, greatly wondering, kept the horse's head to the southern way, and would not be turned from his course.

Then the wolf stood in the path and growled; but the young man had no fear. He raised his javelin and threatened. The wolf, crying as with a human voice, vanished in the forest; and his cry sounded often as the knight pursued his way, coming now from the right, now from the left. But the sound ceased when the knight came to a great mead, in the midst of which stood a castle.

Perhaps the crying of the wolf, perhaps the whispers of the forest, had called strange voices to the young knight's heart, speaking to him of the past. It was more than the mere beauty of the scene, as he drew rein at the edge of the wood, that made the castle seem to him familiar, kindly. "Mayhap," he said, "my search is ended." With childish memories stirring, and hope rising fast, he gave no heed to the last call of the wolf, that seemed to say: "Back! Back!" He rode forward to the castle.

It was near nightfall, and the knight blew his horn at the castle gate. He was admitted; a lady, beautiful and gracious, met him in the court. "Welcome, fair knight," Irma cried. "Dismount and unarm thyself, and come to the feast. I am the Lady Irma of Castle Bedegraine, and thou art welcome."

The knight, with slow, grave smile, answered with few words: "Lady, thou art kind." He dismounted.

The archers took his arms and armor, a groom his horse. The lady led him to a great hall, where the young man paused and looked about. "Nay, my lady," he said, with brightening face. "Were it not for these hangings and yonder great banner, I should think I had ended my search. I pray thee, under the banner is there not a shield carved in stone, and thereon a lion sleeping?"

Now under the banner was the shield indeed, the arms of Marrok, which the lady had covered with the banner. Yet she answered: "Nay, there is no carving there." And her heart leaped in her breast, for she knew from his slow speech, and from his question, that the knight was Walter, Marrok's son.

Now Gertrude had come into the hall, and stood at her mother's back, but Irma did not see her. And Walter, looking at the banner, sighed and said: "Almost it seems the same

hall. Lady, I seek my birthplace, the home of my father, whence years ago I was cruelly driven. The castle's name I know not, nor my father's; but I recall the hall with the carved shield, and I should know my own little room."

Then Gertrude caught her breath, and they both saw her. But while Walter, in the midst of his disappointment, looked on her with a sudden strange delight, thinking her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, Irma was frightened and angry. She cast on Gertrude the old glance of command, and the daughter, shuddering, knew that she must obey her mother, even to the words she spoke.

"Gertrude," asked Irma, "thou art not well?"

"Nay, mother."

"Then go to thy chamber." And Gertrude, struggling to stay, to speak, went from the hall.

Irma turned to Walter. "Sir Knight," she said, "I pray thee forgive my daughter's intrusion. She is ill-mannered. But for yourself, prithee wait here a little space. I will bring a spiced drink for welcome, and will order for thee a bath and fresh robes." She left the young man wondering at the vision he had seen, and sought her secret chamber.

At its door was Gertrude, who marked the look on her mother's face, and fell at her feet. "Mother," she cried, "what go you to do?"

"Gertrude," said Irma, "I bade you go to your chamber."

"Mother," cried Gertrude, "I cannot. The young man is Walter. What wilt thou do to him?"

Irma strove to fix her with her glance, but she failed. Gertrude, summoning her will, threw off Irma's power, even at this late time.

"I will go," she said, "to warn him."

And she turned away.

But Irma seized her suddenly by the arms. By force she drew Gertrude to her chamber, thrust her in, and locked the door. "Now," she said, ignoring Gertrude's cries, "do thy worst."

Gertrude leaned from the window, and there, far below in the dusk, under the wall, she saw the figure of a man. "Ho!" she cried, "who is there?"

"My Lady Gertrude," answered a cautious voice, "is it thou? I am old Bennet."

"Bennet," cried Gertrude, "fly for help.

Here within is Walter, Marrok's son. He knoweth my mother not, and I fear for his life."

But though she saw Bennet hasten toward the village, she despaired. The village was a half-mile thence, and it would take time to gather men.

Meanwhile Irma went to the secret chamber and shut herself in. She took wax and warmed it in the brazier, and as she warmed it she thought. Should she make Walter a cat, or a dog, or a snake? Remembering the unexpected deeds of the wolf, she thought any of these too dangerous. Out of spite, she would not kill him. So when the wax was warmed she modeled with it swiftly the figure of an owl — the small brown horned owl. She put the figure on the little shrine on the wall, and lit before it three candles, one red, one blue, and one green. "There," quoth she; "he can hoot in the forest and catch mice."

Then she took her vials and compounded a drink, and all the while she muttered charms and spells. And bearing the drink in a golden chalice, she went down to the banqueting-hall.

Now without, in the forest, the wolf mourned for the young man. Seven years he had lived in Bedegraine, but never had he felt so drawn toward human being as to this stranger knight. A great sadness seized him, and he wandered, striving to throw it off. Instead, it grew upon him. He could think of nothing but the young man lying dead. He cried at last, "Let death come to me, not to him!" And he ventured all.

He went to a thicket in the wood, and entering, came upon an iron door among rocks.

Then Marrok pushed upon a hidden lever, and the door swung inward. He entered and shut the door, and went forward in darkness. But he knew the way, for he had built it himself against a time of danger to the castle. The passage led straight, then curved, and Marrok came upon a wall. He found a spring and pushed, and the solid stones moved upward.

This time he was on a stair, up which he clambered. Again he came on the solid rock, but again it moved at his touch on a spring, and let him pass. And there he was in a little chamber, lit by a lamp. There were hangings on the walls, books on shelves, and vials within cupboards. In one place hung a suit of armor.

Upon the wall was a little shrine, and a waxen figure of an owl thereon, and three candles, red, blue, and green, burning before it.

Then he understood everything, and hastily rearing, he reached at the shrine with clumsy forefoot, meaning to destroy the figure of the owl. The shrine swayed at his touch, the candles guttered, and the figure, rolling away, hid under the hangings. The wax was still warm and tough, and it did not break. But from within the shrine fell out another figure, and broke in two upon the stone flags of the floor. And it was the figure of a wolf.

Then Marrok, standing there upright, felt a change come over him. The fur vanished from his body, his paws became hands and feet, and his limbs were those of a man. Behold, he was himself again, clothed in the robes he wore when he became a wolf!

He knew the change, and uttered a great cry of joy. But pausing not, he seized from the wall his sword, and casting down the scabbard, hastened from the room. Down the stone stair he hurried, till he came to the banqueting-hall, and stood at the door.

Within were Irma and the stranger knight, and Marrok heard her words:

"Thou art Walter, son of Marrok, and thy father's castle is not far from here. Pledge me in this wine, Sir Knight, and I will tell thee where to find him."

The young knight, with sparkling eyes, took the chalice from her. "Lady," he said, "a thousand times I thank thee. I pledge thee."

But Marrok strode forward from the door, and cried, "Drink not!" And Walter, seeing a man with drawn sword, put down the wine hastily upon the table, and seized his dagger.

Then Marrok turned to Irma and cried in triumph, "Traitor, thou hast failed!" He raised his sword to strike the cup to the floor.

But she, thinking he meant to slay her, snatched quickly at the chalice, and drained the drink to the dregs. Then she looked the knight in the face, and dropped the chalice.

"Marrok! Marrok!" These were her last words. For she changed quickly into a little owl, circled upward, found an open window, and flew hooting into the night.

Marrok turned to his son, dropped his sword,

and held out his arms. "Walter," he cried, "she was a sorceress. But I am Marrok, thine own father!"

Long was their embrace and loving, and then they sat and told each other many things. But after a while they heard a great commotion in the castle, and each seized his sword, fearing the servants of Irma.

Yet it was Bennet that they heard, who had come with help. For while the old man mustered men in the village, but all too slowly, there had ridden up Sir Roger of the Rock, and Father John, each with retainers. All together hastened to the castle and forced the gate. Bennet sent the peasants to the servants' hall to surprise the archers. Great and complete was the vengeance that the peasants took. But Bennet himself, and Sir Roger, and Father John, with the men-at-arms, rushed to the banquet-hall, and it was they who burst in the door upon Sir Marrok and his son.

Joyous was the greeting, and deep was the delight of all. Gertrude they brought from her chamber. She hung upon Sir Marrok's neck, and Walter was delighted with the sight. And the peasants, thronging into the hall, fell upon their knees and gave thanks at the sight of their lord.

Of Irma, who had become an owl, nothing more was heard. But Walter, the son of Marrok, married Gertrude, the daughter of Irma, some six months from that day. And all the land of Bedegraine was happy, except that the peasants lamented that they saw the great gray wolf no more. For since the return of Marrok the wolf was never again seen. And Marrok told to no one that he had been the wolf, except to Walter and Gertrude and to Father John. And Father John, growing old, wrote all this in a chronicle, whence came the song that minstrels sang, from which was written the story that is printed here.





A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

YOUNG Billy boy came running home
 As fast as he could run,
 And quick unlocked the stable doors
 And opened every one.
 For you may guess with what delight,
 Upon that very day,
 To Mr. Brown, the carpenter,
 He 'd heard his father say:

"I think you have a horse to sell."

"Yes, *two*," said Mr. B.

"Well," Billy's father answered him,
 "Please send them *both* to me."

And now through little Billy's head
 Danced many a vision bright;
 In fancy on those horses' backs
 He rode from morn till night;
 Or else adown the village street
 He drove each fiery steed,

Till all the boys throughout the town
 Were envious indeed.

Alas, alas! for rosy dreams
 And castles in the air;
 The next day home the horses came,
 But—what a fall was there!

They stood on four legs strong and stout,
 As every pony should;
 But oh, alas! alackaday!
 They *both* were made of wood.





“FLYING THE FERRET.”

BY FREDERICK WENDT.

“QUICK! quick! there she goes! quick—oh!—”

“Jiminy!” and a boy’s head and arms come out from a green shawl-tent, just in time to catch a big white rat that has tried hard to slip away.

Georgie and Nellie were playing with their two pets, Georgie’s ferret and Nellie’s white rat. The brother and sister had put up a shawl-tent on the side of a grass terrace. They had chosen this particular spot for two reasons: the terrace formed a natural wall for one side of their “house,” and secondly, there was a delightful air of mystery about an old earthen pipe, six inches in diameter, which came out at the bottom of the embankment.

“Georgie,” said Nellie, “why did pa say we had to move from this beautiful place? Why could n’t we stay here?”

“Well, I don’t know exactly,” answered Georgie, cutting a pear into fine slices to represent chops; “but I believe it ’s because we ’re so far away from the city. Pa says if we only had a telephone we could stay here.”

“Why don’t they put up telegraph-poles, and tie a telephone to it?”

“It would cost dollars and dollars to put up telegraph-poles all the way from here to the city,” remarked Georgie, proud of his financial knowledge.

The fact of the matter was that Georgie and Nellie’s beautiful country home was quite a distance from the city, without any means of communication except by a mile-long drive. Their father, although liking nothing better than to follow his literary work with his wife and children at his side, often felt that he must be more in touch with the world. A telephone might have solved the question, but the expense of “putting up telegraph-poles and tying a telephone to it,” as Nellie said it, made this altogether too expensive, if not quite impossible.

The white rat, after having been caught in its attempt to run away, had been remarkably quiet. Nellie insisted that her white rat could understand, and think too; and so she had often told it the story of the prince whose life had been saved by escaping through a “subletanean” passage, as she called it. Whether the white rat was convinced that its own life would be safer as far as possible away from the ferret, or whether it doubted the story of the prince, will never be known. One thing, however, was certain, that the white rat was bound to explore the subterranean pipe-passage, for suddenly a little tail wiggled in the opening of the tube and then disappeared.

With a cry of despair that awoke the ferret in her lap, Nellie dropped the ferret and rushed to the entrance of the pipe.

“Georgie, my rat ’s gone !”

“Never mind; it ’ll come back,” said Georgie, consolingly.

So the two children sat down and called into their pipe, and placed cracker “soup,” and cake “potatoes,” and pear “chops” temptingly in front of the opening to coax the white rat back. But it was all in vain.

Nellie began to cry, and Georgie was at his wit’s end. The ferret, after eating everything that the children had left on the table, climbed down again and joined them at the pipe. All at once the ferret too was gone, and the tip of a bushy tail told that another pet was starting to prove the story of the prince. Georgie, however, was too quick for the little animal, and a second later it was struggling in his arms.

“Nellie, I have a splendid idea ! Let ’s send the ferret to look for the rat.”

“Oh, no ! We ’ll lose him, too.”

“No, we won’t ; I am going to tie a string to him and pull him back.”

When the children built their “play-house,” pins and string took the place of brick and mortar ; and so it happened that Georgie had a large ball of twine for his very original plan.

It did not take him long to tie the string firmly to the ferret’s body. Nellie, trembling with excitement, anxiously watched the second pet disappear, while the ball of twine showed that the ferret’s progress was by no means a slow one.

“Suppose he is going straight through to China,” she said, “do you think we have string enough ?”

The supply of string was soon exhausted.

“Hold on till I come back, and don’t let go,” shouted Georgie, and started off on a run, only to reappear a few minutes later, his arms filled with balls of twine of various colors.

“Oh, what a lot of cord !” cried Nellie. “Where did you get it ?”

“Pa’s string-closet,” panted Georgie. “I tell you, Nell, here we have balls of red, white, and blue ; let ’s tie ’em together in that order, one ball after another, so when the ferret comes out in a heathen country, the Indians ’ll know he ’s an American !”

The patriotic combination of string had gone in twice, a third red ball had been tied to a rapidly diminishing blue one, and then George had brought out a big reel of cord their father had used in some modern kite-flying experiments. This was light, strong, and — best of all — there was no end to it !

When the bell rang at the house father and mother appeared at the dinner-table. Where were the children, usually so punctual ?

Suddenly Georgie rushed in, out of breath, and told of their adventure, and that he “and Nell could n’t think of eating.”

Soon a larger group was assembled around the children’s “subbletanean” passage : father, mother, Georgie, Nellie, the waitress, even “Rover,” the big St. Bernard ; every one had forgotten that dinner was cooling on the table ; all were “flying the ferret,” as Nellie said, for the cord was still running quickly into the opening.

Their father grasped the situation immediately.

“Let in more string until you feel three distinct tugs or till it stops ; then you will know that I am at the other end,” he said.

“How will pa get into the ground ?” asked Nellie.

But father was in a buggy a few minutes later, hurrying to the place in the city where he knew the pipe-line ended. The children’s tunnel was an old unused water-main — an almost forgotten, unsuccessful venture.

The sun was setting, and still they were anxiously watching the cord run in quickly. Suddenly Georgie shouted :

“One — two — three ! Father ’s at the other end !”

The tugging stopped ; with a sigh of relief, they started for the house.

Not very long after that their father drove through the gate, and handed out a basket and a box. In the first was the ferret, which jumped up and down, as lively as ever ; in the other the poor white rat lay quietly asleep, tired by the long run.

Oh, how happy were Georgie and Nellie to see their pets again ! And their father — was he angry that the little incident had delayed dinner for over two hours that evening ?

On the contrary, he was more delighted than the children; for to him the two animals had prepared a way, by means of the string in the pipe, to draw through the pipe a stronger cord, and by that a telephone-wire. The beautiful place would no longer be isolated and alone; for a telephone-wire laid through the pipe would bring the city within speaking distance.

The poor, tired white rat woke sufficiently,

after they all had gone to bed, to eat a fringe into Nellie's new blue dress; and the ferret, who was not used to being kept in the house overnight, had gnawed through the box in which he had been put, and was found, by the two children, quietly asleep on the hearth-rug the next morning.

"I 'd rather fly a ferret than a kite, would n't you?" said Nellie.



THE PLANTING OF A TREE.

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

WOULDST thou upbuild a home where sweet wild lives are nested,
 Glad with the sound of song, quick with the flash of wings,—
 Where the soft broods may rock, warm-housed and unmolested,
 Deep in the leafy nooks, through all the changeful springs?

Or wouldst thou rear an arch of noblest grace and splendor,
 Lifted in air and light, shaped by the sun and storm,
 Moved by the wandering wind, swayed by each influence tender,
 Yet by the hand of life molded to steadfast form?

Wouldst thou make day more fair, and night more rich and holy,
 Winter more keenly bright, and summer's self more dear,—
 Grant the sweet earth a gift, deep rooted, ripening slowly,
 Add to the sum of joys that bless the rounded year?

Go, then, and plant a tree, lovely in sun and shadow,
 Gracious in every kind—maple and oak and pine.
 Peace of the forest glade, wealth of the fruitful meadow,
 Blessings of dew and shade, hereafter shall be thine!

For though thou never see the joy thy hand hath granted,
 Those who shall follow thee thy generous boon may share.
 Thou shalt be Nature's child, who her best fruit hath planted,
 And each of many a spring shall find thy gift more fair.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS.

THE CANARY'S SIEGE.

(*A True Story.*)

BY MARY D. LEONARD.

"DANNY," the canary, had always enjoyed the long summers on the front veranda, where his roomy cage was hung in early May. Having no mate, he comforted himself with an interest in all the other feathered folk who came about his home near enough to be seen and heard. He began to imitate their notes. He soon learned the song of the oriole whose nest hung in a maple-tree close by, the whistle of the old green parrot across the street, and the twitter of the little chickens whose mothers sometimes led them into the front yard.

One morning in midsummer there arrived among the honeysuckles a pair of house-wrens, bent upon finding a place for a new home. Danny watched the noisy visitors with interest, and attempted an imitation of their notes. The wrens, however, flew into a rage instantly, and, alighting on the cage, silenced the astonished canary with a stream of angry chatter such as he had never heard before. Moreover, their examination of the cage put a new notion into their heads: they decided that on its flat top they would build a nest, and live on the roof of a gilded palace, if not inside one. Away they flew, and in a jiffy they were back again, and had carefully arranged a foundation of twigs on the top of the cage, Danny looking on in amazed silence. But the invasion of his premises was not to be permitted, of course, and as soon as the insolent little squatters flew off for more building material, Danny dragged through between the bars all the sticks they had arranged. Back they came presently with more twigs, and at once discovered what had been done in their absence. Instantly they dropped their sticks and in a great passion began an attack on the poor canary, who curled up, a trembling little ball of yellow fluff, on the floor of his cage, just out of reach of the long beaks they thrust with lightning-like swiftness through the bars. At last, having, as they thought, reduced the canary to a state

of fear that would keep him from further resistance, they picked up their twigs, once more laid the foundation of their nest on the top of the cage, and went off for another load.

The canary, however, was not yet wholly subdued, and no sooner were the wrens out of sight than he again pulled their foundation sticks through the bars, and, when he saw his besiegers returning, prudently retreated to the only safe spot beyond the reach of their beaks. The rage of the wrens when they found their second foundation destroyed knew no bounds. Over the bars of the cage they ran, screaming and scolding, and trying to seize with their bills the almost paralyzed canary, or to drag through the bars such of their twigs as they could reach. Finally they again rearranged their foundation, and Mistress Wren went alone for more material, while her mate remained to guard the foundation. The case of the canary was now hopeless; his strength was nearly gone, his courage wholly gone; and so his human friends, seeing the contest had reached this stage, came to his rescue.

The insolent invasion of the wrens was not to be borne, of course. Yet it seemed possible to make respectable and useful veranda-citizens out of these dashing freebooters, and plans were laid to that end. An old strawberry-box was found, a top fastened over it, a hole was cut in one side for a door, and it was tacked inside the cornice of the veranda near the ceiling. Danny's cage was cleared of the wrens' building materials, the twigs being put into the box. When the wrens returned, the pair took in the new suggestion instantly. A long and noisy discussion followed; repeated investigations of the box, inside and out, were made, intermixed with much scolding of Danny and his rescuers. At last, however, the wrens decided to accept the concession offered, but, in order to assert their independence and their intention to manage the affair their own way,

they scornfully scratched out of the box all the twigs that had been placed there as a hint, and proceeded with wholly fresh material to furnish the home. Their subsequent airs of having won a great victory were exceedingly diverting.

Danny's nerves were shaken, and his vanity certainly received a great setback; but in time he learned to listen to the wrens' boasting without fear, while they ceased to resent his perfect imitation of the softer notes of their song.

A CURIOUS BIRD'S NEST.

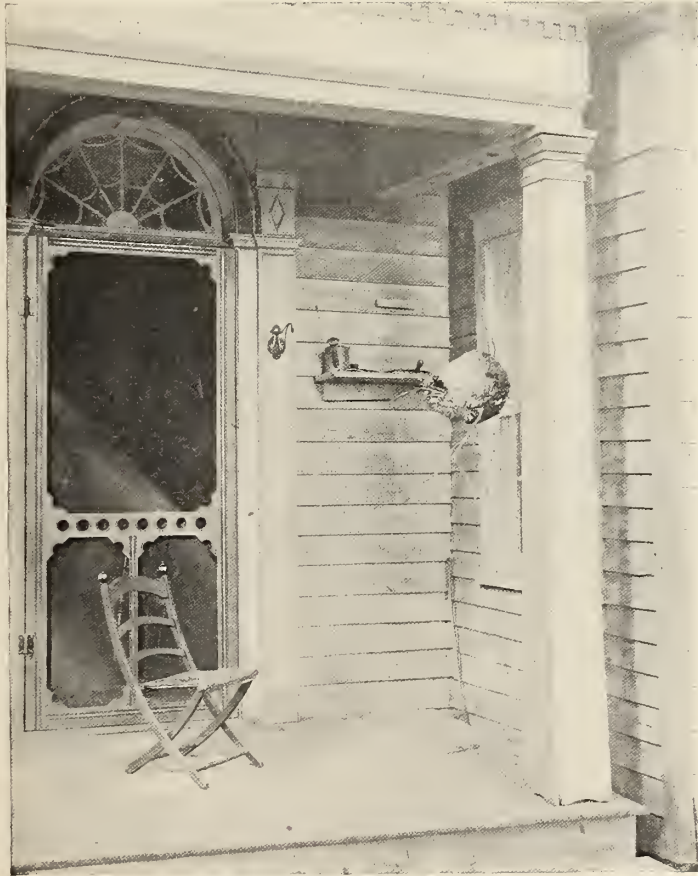
BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

THOSE who are familiar with our common house-wren know how often it happens that very strange nesting-sites are at times decided

possession of, and the wrens, all unmindful of people constantly coming and going very near them, raised their broods, and returned the following summer. A permanent box was placed in the spot after the second season, and this has since been used.

Wrens have been known, too, to enter houses through open windows and attempt nest-building indoors, and in places, too, very inconvenient to the family, as in a card-basket on the piano, and on the pole supporting portières. But more curious than all other instances, it seems to me, is the following. In the spring of 1901 a hornets' nest that had long hung in my hall was temporarily placed in a covered porch. Some weeks later, a pair of wrens were noticed examining it very critically, and they finally decided that as a nesting-site it was in every way admirable. The fact that I was frequently sitting on that porch, often with two or three people, in no wise troubled them. The birds were absolutely fearless.

Having chosen the hornets' nest as a summer residence,



THE NEST IN THE COVERED PORCH.

upon by this bird. It is not so long ago that a small watering-pot, hanging within easy reach of a pump constantly used, was taken

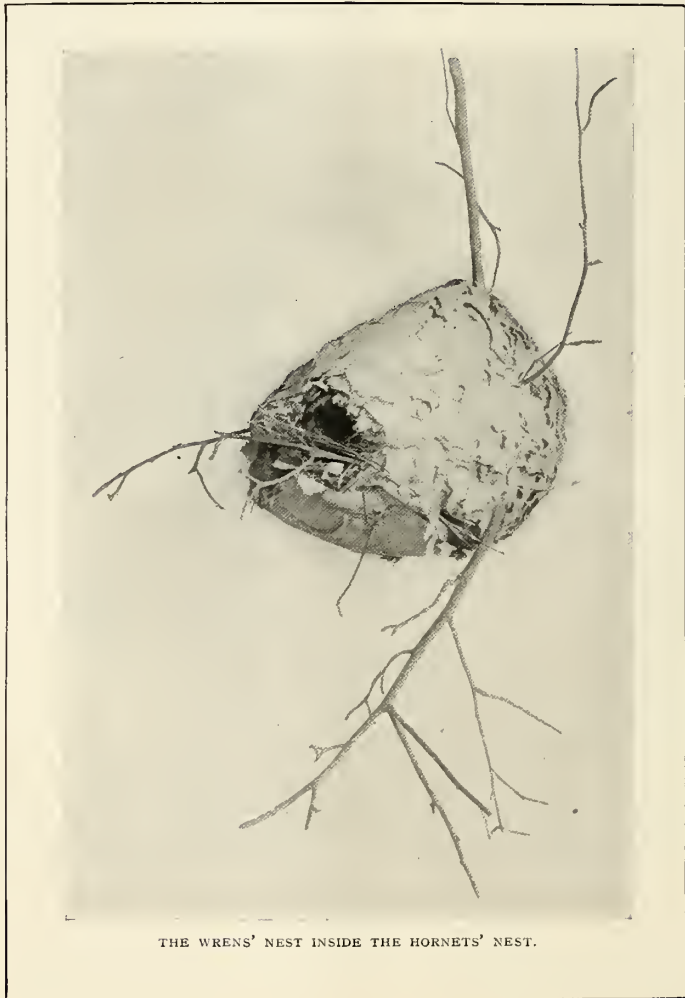
the wrens first cleared out sufficient space for their use, and chipped a new circular entrance to it, as the illustration shows. This

they made the more secure by placing in front a platform of twigs, many of which were thrust through the paper walls. This was not always easily done, and gave rise to some cross words, or so it seemed—and I occupied the camp-stool shown in the illustration while much of this nest-construction was under way. Except a few feathers, there was nothing carried into the hole made by the wrens in the body of the hornets' nest. As soon as all was to their liking, eggs were laid and the brood successfully reared.

While the parent birds were noticeably tame during the days of nest-making, they were even more so when there were young birds to look after. Without really troubling them, I tried in many ways to test their confidence

in my good will toward them. Several times I leaned against the pillar supporting the roof of the porch, as shown in the illustration, so as to bring my face within eighteen inches of the opening to the nest. Twice, under such circumstances, one of the old birds darted by me and entered, but at other times waited most impatiently until I again sat down in the chair near by.

One fact that interested me greatly was that when interrupted by my coming, the wren, firmly holding a wriggling worm in its beak, would scold crossly, making a loud whirring and shrill sound. How the bird could make the sound and yet retain the worm in its beak I leave to others to explain.



THE WRENS' NEST INSIDE THE HORNETS' NEST.



"ONE GLOVE WAS MINUS A FOREFINGER." (SEE PAGE 631.)

"TOMMY TUCKER."

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

"TOMMY TUCKER" was the name really given to him (for this story is true in every detail) when he was a wee baby kitten—when he was too young to do anything but eat and sleep, and run a few yards when he happened to want exercise. The intelligence which afterward made him a marked cat had not then developed.

But if I am to tell his story accurately I must go back even further than his kittenhood. Nearly all of our family wanted a cat for a pet. Birds we had had for months and years, and we agreed that they were nice enough, but "no fun."

When the subject of having a cat was delicately suggested, the little mother said no—that a city "apartment" was no place for a cat. In fact, there were so many good reasons for *not* having a cat that we wondered at our rashness in suggesting such a thing. But a day came when the little mother started for a fortnight's visit in Massachusetts, and then a spirit of adventure and daring took possession of us all.

"Let's get a cat," suggested Willis, our oldest brother, who was very fond of animals.

"Let's!" we all echoed with enthusiasm.

"I don't believe mother would care; and if she did, why, we could give it away," said I.

Nothing could be fairer than that, we thought, so within two days a boy brought a pretty little basket addressed to Willis. There was a card with it, and the card bore the name of a young lady that Willis used to call on quite frequently. He took care of the card and the basket, but the attention of the other members of the family was centered in what the basket contained—a fluffy little kitten, all white excepting a Maltese patch, like a gray blanket, over his back.

Our troubles and fun began that day, for Tommy Tucker did n't know how to lap milk.

After a few lessons, which consisted of pushing his little pink nose into a saucer of milk, he seemed to grasp the idea, and thereafter he lapped like any grown-up cat.

Then our fun began, for if ever there was a springy, restless, capering kitten, it was Tommy Tucker. The only time he did n't seem bent on mischief was for about half an hour after he had partaken of his saucer of milk, during which time he would be affable and allow us to stroke his pretty fur.

We made use of this peculiarity when, in two weeks' time, mother wrote that she was about to return.

"What *shall* we do with Tommy Tucker when mother gets back?" That was what we all thought, and what the youngest member of the family said.

"We *could* give him back—if we must," said Willis, "but I believe mother will like him."

"She won't if she sees him running up the parlor curtains," said the youngest, with conviction.

"Well, give him all the milk he can drink just before mother gets here, and perhaps when she sees how nice and quiet he can be—at intervals—he won't seem so dreadful."

The next day we acted on this suggestion. Just before starting for the station in a body to meet and welcome the traveler, our little maid received her instructions.

"The train gets in at five, Maggie," we said, "and we'll be home by half-past. At quarter-past five give Tommy Tucker all the milk he will hold—just to keep him quiet."

This plan of action was carried out; and when mother, escorted by all of her happy children, reached home, there was Tommy Tucker, as inert as a child's muff, curled on a chair, sleeping.

He was pretty to look at, and when he opened his sleepy little eyes even mother could n't help exclaiming, "How cunning he is!" On our way from the station we had told her of our new pet, and she afterward said she inwardly resolved that no cat should be kept in *her* apartment. Within a week she was as fond of him as the rest of us were.

He soon began to develop some unusual traits. He was of an investigating turn of mind, and discovered that by getting out on the tiny balcony by the front window he could easily drop to the ledge above the windows of the apartment below ours. As this ledge was continuous, he used it for a pathway to the corner of the house; and then, after another little leap, he was on the finest playground a city cat could have: for there were the roofs of seven houses—a royal playground a hundred and seventy-five feet by about eighty feet, and dotted here and there with English sparrows. Often, from our side windows, I have seen Tommy Tucker crouched behind a chimney or a skylight, ready for a spring, but I never saw him succeed in catching the wary little birds. If it looked like rain, or if it was too cold to have the window open, we had only to go to a side window and give a little whistle, and Tommy would come as straight home as a good little story-book child. He would run along the ledge, jump in through the window, and scamper down the long hall with such headlong speed that he sometimes would bump into the wall at the end.

There was a good deal of the aristocrat in our pet. He always took his naps in the biggest and best chair our home afforded, though at times I could see that he was not insensible to the charms of a silk quilt. His food, excepting what was given him from our table, had to be placed on a certain plate with a blue border, otherwise he would not touch it. Water he would drink only from a silver bowl that belonged with the ice-pitcher. The bowl usually contained a little water, and Tommy

Tucker, by getting on a chair and placing his two paws on the edge of the sideboard, could just get at the water. He never showed the least disposition to drink out of anything besides the silver bowl.

Tommy Tucker would allow us to admire him in a respectful way, but he seldom permitted any familiarities beyond an occasional stroke as he chanced to pass. When we all were seated at the dining-table he would walk about slowly, in the hope that some one would give him a bit of fish or meat. If we paid no attention to him, he would try the effect of gently touching our elbows. If this failed, he became desperate, and would give a spring and alight upon some one's shoulder. There he would crouch and purr in the most delightful way, and the one singled out by Tommy Tucker for this sign of his favor never failed to reward him with various dainties. Sometimes, when guests chanced to dine with us, Tommy Tucker would astonish our friends by suddenly appearing on somebody's shoulder. This was such a disgraceful proceeding (when company was present) that we would try to say, in a tone of righteous mortification, "Here, Maggie, take Tommy Tucker right away!" If Tommy repeated the performance at the next meal, provided we had no guests, he was caressed and fed as if he were in truth a model cat.

He had strong likes and dislikes. A cousin visiting us was rather appalled at Tommy Tucker's important air and intelligent expression. Tommy was conscious of her dislike, and one evening he retaliated in a most unexpected way. We were seated around a table in the parlor, playing a game, Willis in a Turkish chair seated opposite his cousin. Suddenly, like a young whirlwind, Tommy Tucker dashed into the parlor and up the back of Willis's chair, so that only the cat's head was visible. Then, assuming a most fiendish expression, and looking only at our cousin, he gave the most tremendous "sspptt!" that any cat ever uttered. The next instant he had dropped to the floor and was dashing down the hall at his usual breakneck speed.

He had one very troublesome habit, that proved a very expensive one. He would eat

kid gloves. Unless they were put in a drawer, and the drawer tightly closed, that cat would get them. Many a time has a friend taken off hat and gloves, and, unless the gloves were instantly put away, there would be an unavailing search for them. Later, in some corner, bowed down with guilt and perhaps indigestion, would sit the humblest-looking cat you ever saw, and near by would be the remains of a torn and wretched-looking glove.

One afternoon, when Alice returned from a concert, she put her new long gloves in a drawer. "Did you put your gloves in the drawer and close the drawer *tightly*?" I asked, from habit.

"Yes, of course—at least, I *think* I did. I'll go and see."

She went immediately, but Tommy had been there before her. Though the heavy drawer was open less than half an inch, a little claw had been thrust in, a glove drawn out, and when Alice reached the scene of action, one glove was minus a forefinger. Besides his liking for kid, he was fond of sharpening his claws on the upholstered furniture. In this retrospect of his life it occurs to me that our little cat was an expensive luxury.

But Tommy Tucker's life was not one round of dainties, gloves, and scamperings over the roofs. There was a tragic element in it. One day he had been dashing around the parlor in his usual impetuous fashion while I was sitting there absorbed in a book. Presently there came an ominous stillness that disturbed me more than noise. "Tommy, Tommy!" I called. No answer came. I went to the side window and whistled. Still no response. I fancied he had been playing with the curtain-string, so I looked out of the window, down, down, five stories; but no sign of Tommy—nothing but rows and rows of striped awnings. I tried to read again, thinking he would soon appear; but it was impossible to fix my mind on my book. In about twenty minutes the janitor of the building appeared.

"There's a little cat down in the area—seems to be hurt; is it yours?"

"What color is it?" I asked anxiously.

"It's black," he answered. "It's mewing like everything, and acts as if it was hurt."

"I'm going to see if it 's Tommy," said Alice, hurriedly starting for the basement.

In a few minutes she returned, pale-faced, and bearing in her arms the most forlorn, dirty little cat that ever was seen; but it was our Tommy Tucker—our own fastidious Tommy, whose fur had always been immaculate. In springing for the curtain-string he had gone out the window—down, clear to the coal-stained area. No wonder he cried pitifully every now and then. We determined that if help could be had Tommy should have it. We went down to a friendly druggist near by, and asked his advice.

"Take him to Dr. Kelly—the dog-doctor—on the next block. He'll tell you just what to do."

So Tommy was placed in a basket, on a little soft bed, and gently carried to Dr. Kelly. The so-called "doctor" was a little old Irishman who had a tiny store filled with pigeons, rabbits, canaries, cats, and dogs. We told him of the terrible leap our cat had taken. He gently lifted Tommy from the basket, and felt of his back and legs with the air of an experienced surgeon.

"There ain't no bones broken," he at length announced to the trio who stood anxiously awaiting his diagnosis. "No, no bones are broke, but he 's awfully bruised, and had n't ought to stir for a while. I'll keep him here a day or two, and watch him." (I think he

needed watching, for even then he was eying the pigeons in a way that boded no good to them.)

"If he 's better, I'll send him home to-morrow."



DR. KELLY AND HIS PATIENT.

"And—how much will you ask?"

"Three dollars," answered the doctor, as he reached for a wooden cage in which to put the little sufferer.

"Three dol—" But just at that moment Tommy set up such a wail, either at the charge, or with pain, or at the idea of imprisonment, that it seemed contemptible and mean to

object to paying this sum, when paying it might save our pet's life.

The next day, early in the afternoon, I returned from doing an errand, and was met by mother, who exclaimed joyfully:

"Tommy Tucker's home again! He seems much better. Yesterday I did n't think he could live."

"Did you pay the doctor?"

"Yes; four dollars. He's rather high-priced, I think."

"High-priced? I should say he was! He said he would ask three dollars. He's a dishonest old thing!" I exclaimed.

"The next time Tommy Tucker indulges in lofty tumblings," said Willis, pacifically, "instead of taking him to Dr. Kelly, we'll pay a few dollars more and take him to the Waldorf-Astoria, where he can have cream galore, and all of his meals served in his room, if he prefers it. Besides, the novelty of the surroundings would be likely to distract his mind."

Tommy Tucker, like the foolish cat he was at heart, did not learn wisdom by experience, for he had no less than four terrible falls from our windows. After each one we said that we

ought to give him away to some one living in a house with a back yard where he could run about; but each time our courage failed, and we fancied that *now* Tommy Tucker had learned to keep away from windows. Oh, what a pitiful plight he was in after the last fall! Our hearts ached, though Willis tried to be funny, and said something about "needing a cake-turner to lift him with." His joke was a miserable failure, for no one paid any attention to it. For twenty-four hours Tommy Tucker lay on his little bed, meowing piteously now and then. Dinner was just over when Alice, looking as if she could cry, but trying to appear unmoved, said quietly: "It's all over. Tommy Tucker's dead."

We went, in a body, to his little bed, and stroked the silky fur of our pet whose antics and mischief had endeared him to us for three years. We did n't say much, and afterward I noticed an inclination to solitude in each member of the family.

We have had no other cat since then. Several have been offered to us, but we have steadily refused them, for we believe that there never was, and never can be, another such cat as our foolish, sagacious Tommy Tucker.

MIRANDA AND MIRIFICUS.

(Nonsense Verse.)

MIRANDA was a kitten black,
Mirificus was white;
It was about the time of day
When it is nearly night.
Their little ears were listening,
Their little eyes were bright;
They waited for the dinner bell,
And thought with all their might.

Miranda said: "Mirificus,
When dinner-time is nigh
I wonder what is meant by 'now'
And 'soon' and 'by-and-by';
But what perplexes me the most
Is whether I am I,
Or whether you are some one
else.
Can you inform me why?"



Miranda said: "If black were white,
Or red a kind of blue,
Or if you happened to be me,
And I were sometimes you,
Or we were each some other kit
And neither of us knew,
'T would be a pleasant task to find
What would be best to do."

Miranda said: "Mirificus,
I also had a plan
To try a little waltz with you
Before the night began.
Suppose we start now: One,
two, three!
I'm sure we'll do it well."
"Excuse me," said Mirificus,
"I hear the dinner bell!"

Eric Parker.

THE CRITIC IN THE TREE: "DON'T
LET HIM TREAT YOU LIKE THAT,
JAKE! JAB HIM! JAB HIM! IF I WAS
DOWN THERE, I 'D SHOW YOU."



H. P. Powell

“DAMASCUS JUSTICE.”

BY ANNA HARRIS JESSUP.

A WORTHLESS but shrewd fellow from Ain Zibde, who went to Damascus on business, got into some scrape or other, and started for home very suddenly, snatching up on the way, and taking with him from the city, a drum left by some children on the street. He took refuge for the night in a deserted mill. There was no place to sleep except in the hopper over the great millstones. Very early he was awakened by a shuffling near him, and as it grew light he saw that a good-sized bear had come into the mill and was snuffing about,

getting uncomfortably near. The man had no weapon, but began to beat on the drum. The bear was terrified and tried to dash out of the door, but one of his clumsy sidewise motions hit the door and closed it. So the man and the bear were imprisoned within the mill together. The man did n't dare get out and open the door, and the bear started for him; so he beat his drum, and the bear dashed around; and he kept on pounding, and the bear became frantic, tearing around and stirring up the white dust. Soon some muleteers with mules laden

with pottery came by. They heard the sound of the drum, and wondered, and opened the door of the mill. As soon as it was opened, out dashed the bear, scattering the men, and causing a panic among the mules, who dashed off, breaking all the pottery against the rocks.

The bear escaped to the mountains.

The muleteers, angry at their loss, came in and found the man climbing out of the hopper. “We ’ll have the law on you; your bear has broken all our jars. Give us five hundred piasters, the price of what we have lost!”

“Give you five hundred piasters, indeed! Give me back that bear! I want my bear! Did n’t you see me teaching him to dance? And you let him out, and now he ’s gone!”

But the muleteers took him off with them to Damascus to the judge. He listened to the muleteers, and then to Simple Simon. The

latter demanded justice for the loss of his bear, let loose by the muleteers, and so glib was he that he got sentence in his favor. The muleteers lost their pottery and had to pay two thousand piasters for the bear, and departed.

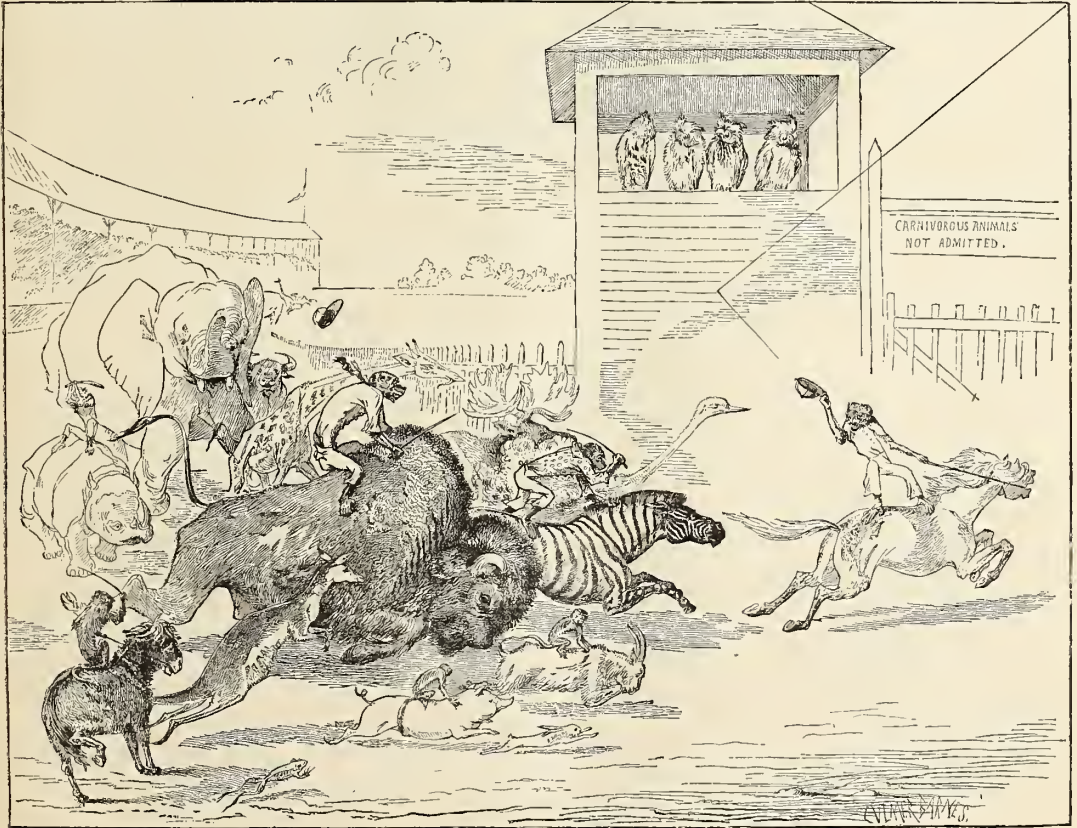
Simple Simon went his way rejoicing, met some travelers, and told of his good fortune.

“And where are your piasters?”

“Right here in my belt.”

“Oblige us by presenting us with them,” said his new acquaintances, who happened to be friends of the muleteers; and they fell on him and relieved him of the entire sum—and even took from him the drum which he had stolen. One of them recognized it, and said he would restore it to its young owner.

So the man from Ain Zibde got his deserts, after all, being punished for his theft, his trickery, and his falsehood.



A GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE.

Rock-a-bye the Round World



BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, now night-time is near!
But your mother's beside you, there's nothing
to fear.

Like a bird snowy white,
In your nest you alight;
Ah, so chime the rhyme that we sing to her
here!

Rock-a-bye, baby, on hemlock or spruce!
Your bed is a board gaily trimmed for your
use;
Oh, so swings another,
While low sings the mother
Of the Indian baby, the little papoose.

Rock-a-bye, baby, out under the sky,
In your Mexican home where your hammock
hangs high!



THE LITTLE PAPOOSE.



THE MEXICAN.

But the sun shall not shock you,
The moon shall not mock you,
But the winds will come whispering a sweet
lullaby.



THE ESKIMO.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in lands of the snow!
Here 's a funny brown baby, the small Es-
kimo.
In his mother's fur hood
He thinks it is good
To cozily cuddle to dreamland to go.



THE JAPANESE.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in gentle Japan!
On the back of your sister, poor tired little
man ;

But a fine tum-tum drum
When you waken shall come,
So sleep, little brother, as well as you can.



THE CHINESE.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in China the great!
In your big bushel basket you 're blinking too
late ;
For cakes fresh and nice,
And rare dumplings of rice,
And a grand dragon boat in your dream-gar-
den wait.



IN INDIA.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in India abed!
Here they sing to the baby of sugar and
bread.

From the ceiling he 's swung
Where his square cradle 's hung,
And with jewels he shines from his feet to his
head.



IN TURKEY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Turkey, now say ;
All wrapped up and strapped up, and so tucked
away!
O'er a bar overhead
Then a thick cloth is spread,
And the cradle goes rocking all night and all
day.



IN SYRIA.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Syria near!
We 'll croon to her soon of a kind cameleer.



IN LAPLAND.

We 'll kiss and caress her,
And then we 'll undress her,
And lay her to rest in her little *serceer*.

Rock-a-bye, baby, swung up in a shoe!
For that is in Lapland the cradle for you;
Made of wood and of skin,
With moss stuffed within,
And you 'll lie there, on high there, the drowsy
hours through.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on Finland's far shore!
Now see, little redbreast, Sleep stands at the
door.

She says: "Are you here,
Little field-bird? I 'm near,
And gladly you 'll slumber, for play-time is
o'er."



IN FINLAND.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Hungary, now!
From the rainbow the angel will robe him, I
trow;
A star drops a kiss,
A breeze brings him bliss,
And a butterfly bevy will fan his bright brow.



IN HUNGARY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Germany, then!
Now sleep, little women, and sleep, little men;
The stars are the sheep,
Which the fair moon doth keep,
Till the long night has gone and the light
comes again.



IN GERMANY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Italy bright,
The joy of your mother, her dearest delight!
Eyes slowly closing now,
Baby is dozing now,
Hush-a-bye, baby; now, baby, good night.



IN ITALY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, where sunny France lies!
"Come, *Souin-Souin!*" the little one cries;
The baby would sleep,
No longer she 'll weep,
So come, *Souin-Souin*, and shut up her eyes.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, my plaything, my pride!"
Sing the pretty dark mothers in Spain who
abide;



IN FRANCE.

They speak of the Stranger
Once laid in a manger,
And tell of the saints who kept watch at his side.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on mother's broad back!
The African baby shall ride pick-a-pack;
His arms and his neck with beads she will deck,
And soundly he 'll sleep as they trudge on their track.

Rock-a-bye, babies, anear and afar!
Where the soft breezes blow, or beneath the
north star;
Eyes black, blue, or gray
Must close every day,
And the Sandman will find you wherever you
are.



IN SPAIN.



IN AFRICA.



TWO JINGLES.

BY FRANK VALENTINE.

I. THE PUMA MONTEZUMA.

I CAUGHT a little Puma,
And—was n't it absurd?—
To put him in good humor
A happy thought occurred.
At first I called him "Numa,"
But that was not the word,
So I whispered, "Montezuma,"
And *then* my Puma purred!

II. THE ARMADILLO AND THE PILLOW.

ONCE I saw an Armadillo
At the dead of night,
Sitting, scowling, on my pillow.
I was in a fright,
But said, "Sit still, O
Armadillo!
While I strike a light!"

THE-MAN-WHO-LIVES-IN-THE-PANSY



BY HELEN A. LOOSLEY.



HE Little Sister came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers, and begged her mama for a story —“a brand-new one, mama.” So mama tried to think of a new story, while the Little Sister kept very still. At last mama caught sight of a pansy among

the flowers the Little Sister held, and this is what she told the Little Sister:

In the middle of every pansy there lives a

little old man. He must be a very cold little man, too, for he is always wrapped in a little yellow blanket, and even then has to have an extra covering of velvet pansy leaves to keep him warm. And he sits in the flower with only his head uncovered so that he can see the world.

But the queerest thing about this little old man is that he always keeps his feet in a foot-tub. Such a funny little tub, too—so long and narrow that you wonder how he manages to get his feet in it. He does, though, for when you pull the tub off, there you will discover his two tiny feet, just as real as can be.

The next time you pick a pansy, see if you can find the man, and his little foot-tub.

AN ODD STREET SHOW.

BY DR. EUGENE MURRAY-AARON.



THE picture on the opposite page, from a sketch made on the streets of a town in the province of Bengal, shows a method, somewhat unusual even in that country, by which a tiger may be put on public ex-

hibition. Instead of being confined in a zoo or menagerie, where the people are required to

visit him and pay a regular price of admission, the tiger is carried around in the towns, where everybody can see him and pay or not, as they please. The native owner collects the small coins that people choose to pay, while his assistant attends to the team.

This tiger was captured when a cub, and when he was half grown or more, a strap of heavy leather was fastened around his neck and another around his flanks. For greater security these two straps are connected by a lighter one—not shown in the picture—running

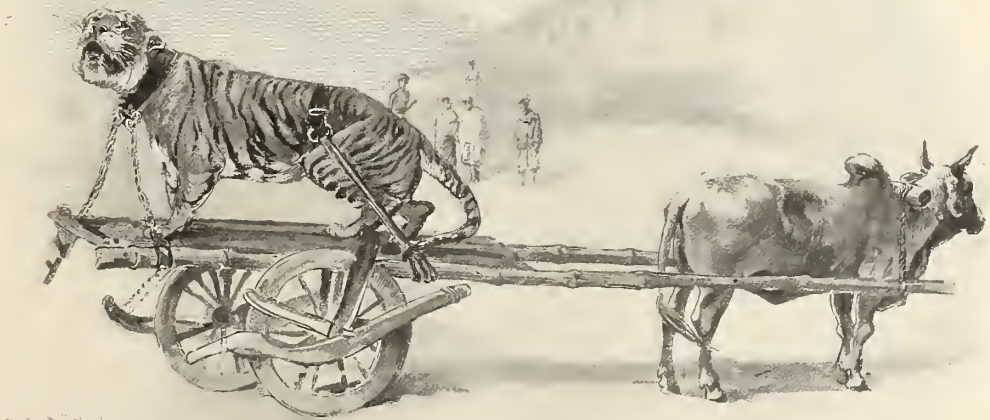
along the animal's back. Firmly attached to the neck strap, or yoke, are two stout iron chains, fastened to the opposite ends of the platform-frame. Straps could not safely take the place of these front chains, for the tiger's sharp teeth would soon gnaw through the leather and set him at liberty. To the hinder strap, or belt, are fastened two straps, each firmly looped to the platform-frame. Thus the powerful beast is firmly held captive, and at the same time is left sufficiently free in his motions to stand or crouch.

The platform is framed on two long, stout bamboo poles, which serve also as shafts for the small Indian ox which drags the cart. An ox not thoroughly trained would be in mortal terror of his load. The platform is mounted on two rough, heavy cart wheels such as are used in India, and the outfit is complete.

We can imagine the timid curiosity with which the women and especially the children in the streets of a town, or along a country

road, would gaze at their strange visitor. They have heard many a story of the slaying of human beings by the dreaded "man-eater" of the jungle, and perhaps one of their own number has fallen a victim. The man-eater is usually an older tiger, whose strength is failing and whose teeth have partly lost their sharpness. Such a beast finds it easier to lurk in the vicinity of settlements and to pick up an occasional man, woman, or child, than to run down wild cattle.

The largest, fiercest, and most brightly colored tigers are found in the province of Bengal, near the mouths of the Ganges River, and not far from Calcutta. A full-grown Bengal tiger sometimes measures ten feet from nose to tip of tail. Such a monster makes no more account of springing upon a man than a cat does of seizing a mouse. He surpasses the lion in strength and ferocity, and has no rival among beasts of prey except the grizzly bear and the recently discovered giant bear of Alaska.



THE BENGAL TIGER ON EXHIBITION IN INDIA.



A DISTURBING VISIT.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

SAID Tommy :

"If Bobby had n't come over to-day,
 To play,
 There were lots of things I was going to do :
 Study an hour or two ;
 And get through
 With that book I was reading ;
 And the flower-bed needed weeding ;
 And there were some errands to be run ;
 And some jobs to be done.
 But I did n't do a single one
 Of these things, for, you see,
 Bobby—he
 Did come over to-day,
 So I *had* to play."

Said Bobby :

"If I had n't gone over to Tommy's to-day,
 To play,
 I suppose I would now have been through
 The things I had to do :
 The lawn needed raking ;
 And there was the doll-house I was making
 For Polly ; and my cap, which is some-
 where around,
 Should have been found ;
 And my express-wagon needed mending.
 But the things I should have been attending
 To—I did n't do,
 For I *did* go over to Tommy's to-day,
 So I *had* to play."



A TIMID LITTLE MAY QUEEN.

DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

THE MOON.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE moon it travels with the train ;
I see it on the window-pane.
The woods and fields they hurry by,
But we keep on—the moon and I.

My mama says, at home they see
The same old moon that 's here with me.
I think it very strange, don't you,
That it is there and with us, too?



THE WOODS IN EARLY SPRINGTIME.

IN THE WOODS—THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

BY ROSALIND RICHARDS.

MAY and June are the royal months for wild flowers. There are no such showy masses of color as come in July with the daisies, or in August with the goldenrod, but all the wonderful lower world of the woods, which later sobers down to the cool summer greenness, is twinkling with countless delicate flowers, and flowering trees—shad-bush and cherry and hawthorn—are breaking into blossom overhead.

Most of these beautiful little wild flowers can be easily distinguished by striking color or shape—the violets, purple or yellow, the rose-pink fringed polygala (sometimes given the name “lady’s-slipper,” to which it has not the smallest resemblance); but there are five or six small white flowers, blossoming at about the same time, that are enough alike to be often mistaken for one another, though when you once know and love them you will never confuse them. Last spring a little girl—quite a big little girl—asked me to tell her the name of “that little starry white thing that grows in the woods.” Going out to look for it, I found she was not quite sure which of four flowers she meant.

The best known of these small white blossoms is the anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*, crow-foot family), which nearly every child has seen and picked. The plant, which grows for the most part in open pastures, forming little colonies about old stumps and sunken boulders, is from four to six inches high. It has a straight, slender stem, crowned with a whorl of three very smooth, trifoliate (that is, having three separate leaflets), deeply notched leaves, from the middle of which springs the still more slender flower-stem. Each plant has one flower. The small, tightly closed buds vary in color from purple and pink to blue, which fades as the flower opens. They hang their heads very low, hiding the mass of stamens in the middle, until they open fully, when they stand erect, pure white, five-pointed stars.

The star-flower, perhaps the most beautiful of these delicate white wood flowers (*Trintalis*

Americana, heath family), is somewhat like the anemone in growth, but it has a whorl of many leaves instead of only three, and the leaves are uncut, pointed, and of a beautiful warm light green. Sometimes you will find three flowers to a plant, sometimes only one, but the common number is two—twin white stars. The blossoms, like those of the anemone, spring from the center of the whorl of leaves, on stems as slender as a thread; they are white as snow, with delicately pointed petals and tiny yellow or orange anthers setting off the whiteness.

Still another plant grows in much the same way as the anemone, though, like the star-flower, it is of an entirely different family. This is the dwarf ginseng or groundnut (*Aralia trifolia*, ginseng family). It has the same whorl of three leaves, each leaf having three, sometimes five, leaflets; but the leaflets are only notched, not deeply cut, like those of the anemone, and they are of quite a dark green. The many small feathery flowers are clustered together into a head—an umbel, as it is properly called. Most of the ginseng family have spicy, aromatic roots. Those of one variety are used by the Chinese to mix with opium, and so they bring a large price.

The dwarf ginseng and the star-flower both like the deep woods, though they are also found in open pastures. They do not grow in close groups, but are scattered freely through the forest, springing up between the dead leaves; only, the star-flower likes a rather dry, open wood, a young beech-growth for instance, while the ginseng chooses moister places.

The little goldthread (*Coptis trifolia*, crowfoot family, the English name coming from the bright yellow, thread-like roots) is so small, so fine and delicate in growth, and so near the ground, that without looking closely you will scarcely notice it. The whole tiny plant (it is only four inches high) seems to shine; the petals look as if polished; the stamens are like spun glass. The leaves shine; they have three rounded leaflets, notched along the edge with

slender, juicy stems, looking somewhat like young celery plants in the garden. The plant is evergreen, and you can find the bright-green leaves under the snow.

The maianthemum (*Maianthemum Canadense*, lily family) takes us back to the open pastures, where it grows in close colonies through the sweet-fern, and about old stumps and ant-hills. It is a small plant, about five inches high. The creamy white flowers grow in a sort of close



THE ANEMONE.

a name for almost the most delicate of all the spring flowers. It seems better to keep to the Latin, *Tiarella*—as pretty a name as could well be found (*Tiarella cordifolia*, saxifrage family). This



TRIENTALIS AMERICANA.

spike or raceme; the leaves are broad and shining, of a beautiful warm green. It is pretty stiff in growth, but this is made up for by its lovely contrast of color. I do not know any English name for the maianthemum, though it is sometimes mistakenly called wild lily-of-the-valley from its broad, smooth leaves.

False miterwort is too clumsy



DWARF GINSENG.



MAIANTHEMUM.

flower you will find in rich woods, or sometimes by the roadside where there has been a trickle of water. It often grows as high as ten inches, though usually not more than six. The leaves, a light, warm green, are very soft and

downy, shaped a little like those of the white maple, and the stems have soft white hairs. The flowers are pure white, with ten long, slender stamens, and bright yellow or orange anthers, growing in an open raceme. Anything more graceful, more feathery and delicate, it would be impossible to imagine; it is as if the fairies' breath had crystallized of a moonlight night.

All through May the wild flowers are almost countless, each more lovely than



GOLDTHREAD.



FALSE MITERWORT.

the last, and your walks through the woods cannot help being a delight. Here is a suggestion. If you know some one who cares for wild flowers, and is not able to go hunting for them in the woods, bring home with you a quantity of tiarella and of that beautiful little straw-colored lily, *Clin-tonia borealis*, and arrange them—not too many for the size of the bowl—lightly together in a finger-bowl. You will find that no tropical display of orchids can be more beautiful than these delicate, every-day flowers, to be found not far from your own home, in the May-time.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



PROTECTING WINTER "HOODS" BECOME SHOWY SPRING ORNAMENTS.

WE were a merry party of young naturalists tramping in the sunny May woods. The botany-box and note-books seemed a burden, for the fresh, half-opened foliage, so full of color, furnished scarcely any shade. Suddenly, as we came near a brook in the ravine, we chanced upon a flowering dogwood in the clearing. Its snowy masses of bloom made great patches of shade, and we sat down to admire the beauty and rest ourselves.

Harry, who was first to recover his breath, told the girls that the flowers were all wormy, and that he thought some insect had eaten out a piece of each petal. At that moment Margery, who had been intently studying a blossom, exclaimed: "What a queer flower! I can't find any pistil or stamens." Just then a big bee lighted on a dogwood blossom near her hand, and solved the problem for

her as it visited each tiny floret in the small round cluster.

The grown-up guide now explained that the four snowy white leaves which so closely imitate a large flower are not petals at all, but a very singular cluster of petal-like ornaments that inclose the true blossoms. The two dozen or more tiny green florets were packed snugly away all winter in an odd round bud. Then Harry, who had climbed the tree, dropped us down some winter-killed buds, and we took off the four little coverings, which reminded us of small gray hoods, and found the flat head of tiny blossom buds.

"But where are the little white leaves?" asked some one. "Were n't they packed away, too?"

"We can't find one," shouted a chorus of voices; "and we have looked into every dead bud on the branch."

Suddenly one of the party ex-



ENLARGED VIEW OF A DOGWOOD BUD.

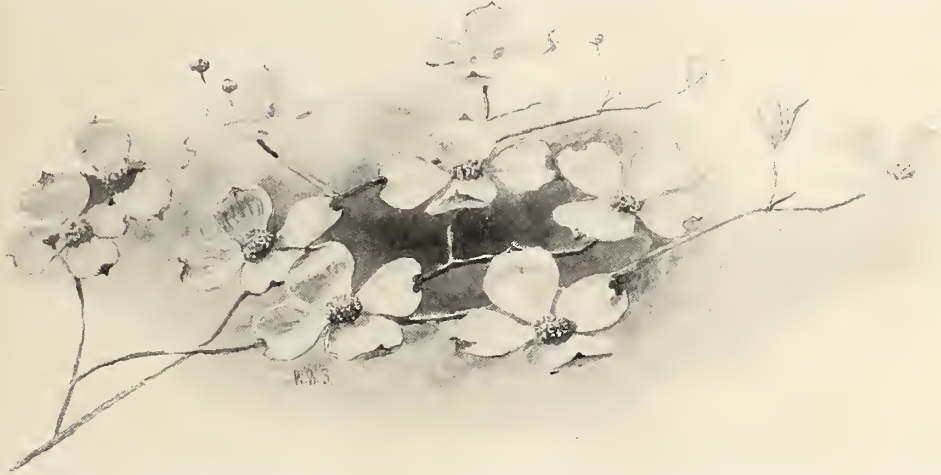
As it exists in winter, but with the four protecting hoods pushed back to show the cluster of tiny florets.

claimed: "Could those little gray hoods grow into such beautiful petal-like ornaments?"

The guide now pointed to the telltale tip of a small gray hood on the summit of a snowy leaf. The hoods had grown from beneath, and

WHAT ABOUT THAT RIBBON?

PEARL was puzzled, and so was I—in the first place, for over a week, to know what became of the ribbon, and, when we found it, to



DOGWOOD BRANCH IN BLOOM.

The four hoods have enlarged and become petal-like, showy bracts around the tiny true flowers in the center. A few unopened buds explain the secret.

their hard hollow tips had made the puckers and scars which Harry thought were the work of some mischievous insect. Two of the white petal-like ornaments are larger than the other two, and they were originally the outside coverings of the bud. The two smaller were the inside ones.

Plainly, Mother Nature did not let the dogwood flowers throw away their winter hoods, like the pussy-willows by the brook, and the spring sunshine changed their warm gray hoods into these fairy petal-like ornaments, the marring of whose beauty we all regret.

W. C. KNOWLES.

THE UNFOLDING BUDS.

OUR sharp-eyed young folks can readily learn many of Mother Nature's wonderful methods of packing away the baby leaves and flowers and protecting them in the buds. Some buds are covered with overlapping scales like shingles on our houses, many kinds glistening as if varnished. Other bud-coverings are like wrappings of dainty woolly blankets. Then what wonderful economy of space and variety in the arranging of the tiny leaves in the buds!

know what it was used for. And then, in studying that problem, we found another equally mystifying. So we have decided to ask the ST. NICHOLAS young folks to help us.

It came about in this way: In our backyard I have a small roughly built house originally called by a big name—"Biological Laboratory"; for there I watch the growth of plants and small animals, and there have a large table on which is a pile of packages from ST. NICHOLAS "because-we-want-to-know-what-this-is" young folks. Of course I keep examining packages and filing them away on the shelves, but as they keep coming there are always at least a few on that table.

But this big name of the little building has been somewhat changed. My five-year-old daughter Pearl asked permission to put "just a few dolls' things in one corner." While looking over the letters, I rather absent-mindedly said, "Yes; bring them down from the house." I kept at work, and so did she! Did you ever see one of your sisters have a doll moving-time? Well!—I felt as if I should have to move, too! I never before realized that she had such a family. Dolls,—over a score of them,—cribs, tables, bedroom-suits, stoves, blocks—I don't know what! I must have been occupied a long time with those letters, or else she had help.

But things have changed. Now we call it the "Doll House," and I have the privilege of doing a little Nature and Science work occasionally in one end and a part of one side.

lifted the box to make some changes in arrangement. And was n't I surprised!

"What do you want here?" (apparently) said a mouse, as he tremblingly peered up out



THE MOUSE IN THE NEST OF BITS OF PAPER, WITH ENCIRCLING RIBBON. ANOTHER MOUSE IN ONE OF THE TWO RESTING-ROOMS AT THE END OF AN UNDERGROUND BURROW, TO WHICH THERE ARE TWO ENTRANCES.

"Where's my ribbon?" That was a puzzle. I never could be responsible for such a mass of paraphernalia, and it astonished me to learn that just one ribbon could be missed out of such a lot! But she insisted that this was a particularly long and wide one—beautifully white. And so I searched in *my* "playthings," as she called them, and she in *hers*. But the ribbon was n't to be found for over a week, notwithstanding a careful search, and I had almost forgotten about the matter.

On one side of the room was an indoor flower-bed—that is, there was no floor in a small boxlike space filled with earth. In this I had been growing some mosses. Later I turned a box over them and put on the bottom of the inverted box a pan of sawdust in which I was growing seeds, feeding them with tablet solution in a novel manner suggested by one of the ST. NICHOLAS competitors in the germinating-seeds contest. I took off the pan, and

of a mass of bits of newspaper, and sniffed in a manner that worked the long hairs on both sides of his nose; and then he hid far down in the cozy nest. But what surprised us most of all was the long white ribbon,—not nibbled or even soiled, as were bits of cloth in the nest,—which had been carefully drawn more than twice around the nest. Why? Was it for ornament? Did the mouse reason that it would bind the mass of paper together more firmly? Was the bit of ribbon taken for its beauty, or because reason advised it, or both? Are n't we admitting a good deal for a mouse when we claim either?

Then we discovered another problem—openings to two underground burrows, in one of which was another mouse. When we touched the nest the mouse in it ran out and into the nearest hole. I carefully removed the earth from one side of the bed up to half of the burrows, set a cage-trap, and caught one of the

mice that night and the other one a little later. Then I sent for an artist, and he made the accompanying drawing from the nest in the mosses.

I put all the bits of papers, a few newspapers, with some cotton and a big pailful of earth and mosses, into this large box-cage, and am experimenting with them. Already they have the double-mouthed burrow made—but I 'll tell you more about them later, when you 've told us why the ribbon was there, why there were two holes to the underground retreat, and have told us all about some queer mouse or squirrel nest that you may have seen in an unusual place.

A SURPRISED FLICKER.

SOME years ago a neighboring farmer built a barn out in the broad grain-fields, about half a mile from my home. It was tight, well shingled, and sided with white pine boards that were lapped at the edges, so that not a streak of daylight crept in anywhere.

One day shortly after it was finished, and while it was still empty, a flicker lighted upon the ridge-pole and hammered. She jumped into the air at the first rap. How it sounded! Never had she struck anything with such a ring to it before. What a glorious hole for a nest there must be in there! Why, if there was a brood of twenty young ones, each could have a bed and a room all to himself—a condition of affairs altogether unheard of, up to this time, in Flickerdom!

Now, I saw that flicker when she discovered this barn; and while I must say that she did not

utter one of these exclamations, yet I do believe that she *thought* them all, for she instantly set to hunting for a good place at which to begin boring.

Next to the thud of soft, punky wood,—which means worms to eat,—the ring of hollow wood with a thin, hard shell is most interesting to a flicker's ears, for this is the sound of a good nesting-place. Even when she is not house-hunting, a flicker is delighted at the ring of a cavity; for she has the monkey's (and the boy's!) curiosity about caves and hollows, and she simply loves to dig holes.

The roof of the barn did not suit. It is not natural for a flicker to stand like ordinary beings and work, so she flew around to a side of the barn where she could hang on to the perpendicular boards and brace herself by her spine-pointed tail. Picking out a spot here at the lapping of two boards, she diligently began.



"SHE MUST HAVE BEEN THE MOST AMAZED AND MYSTIFIED BIRD IN THE REGION."

I wish I could have seen the expression on her face, and read her thoughts, when she got

through and found herself inside a great empty barn! She must have been the most amazed and mystified bird in the region. Instead of a neat, snug cavity big enough to turn round in, she had bored into an empty hay-loft. Perhaps an English sparrow would not have been daunted at the prospect of filling up a hay-mow with a nest, but the flicker was.

And how stupid she was, too! For out she came, hopped sidewise across a few boards, tapped, listened, and began a new hole. This, of course, opened into the same mammoth cave;

and milk for pet animals. Although this criticism is, as was stated, contrary to the instruction in many books, it is indorsed by many of our correspondents. Others insist that no harm results from bread and milk, at least as a part of the diet. All agree, however, that great care must be used as to quantity and condition. Of the many letters received by this department, these three seem of especial interest to our young folks. Will others who have had experience in feeding pet animals please write us? Tell us not only of the diet, but of their interesting traits.



"WHEN THE FARMER SAW THE HOLES HE WAS NOT ONE BIT AMUSED."

yet she could not learn, but went along a little farther and bored through again.

It was all very funny for the naturalist; but when the farmer saw the holes he was not one bit amused. And the worst of it was, almost all the flickers of the neighborhood discovered the barn and went to boring holes. To-day the barn is riddled as if it had received a severe cannonading.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

BREAD AND MILK FOR PET ANIMALS.

In the interesting article on "Bino and the Baby," in *Nature and Science* for March, our contributor strongly denounced a diet of bread

I.

I KNOW nothing of cotton-head marmosets, but I do know that bread and milk agrees very well with young rabbits and guinea-pigs, with ferrets and mice. A ferret will live on nothing but bread and milk. And as for mice, I know from experience that bread and milk is the best thing for them. But they must not be fed bread and milk that is sloppy, or that is so that they can drink the milk. It must be so that the bread soaks up the milk.—JAMES LOSE, Williamsport, Pa.

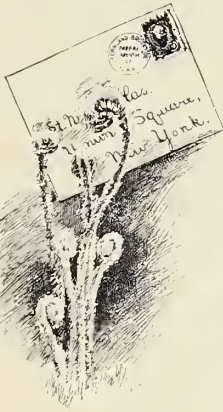
II.

BREAD and milk is a proper and a valuable food for cats, dogs, fancy mice, monkeys, and such animals, but the greatest care must be exercised to have it given them perfectly fresh. Bread and milk should never be allowed to stand over in a saucer so that the animal can come back to it for another meal. It should be freshly prepared each time that it is given; it so soon sours and becomes indigestible that it is often the cause of serious digestive disorder.—THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, New York.

III.

WE do consider bread and milk a proper food for cats and dogs to a reasonable extent, but by no means wholly their diet; in a limited way to fancy mice. These little creatures like an occasional nibble of lettuce, cabbage-leaf, etc.—J. L. STEVENS, Secretary to the MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, Boston, Mass.

“Because we want to know?”



THE FERN “QUESTION-MARKS.”

“FIDDLE-HEADS” we usually nickname the unrolling fronds. Indeed, they do markedly resemble the head of a violin or “fiddle”; but an equal amount of imagination makes it very easy, at least for our “because-we-want-to-know” young folks, to regard them as interrogation-points, or question-marks.

Just a little day-dreaming as we sit under this old willow-tree will reveal to us the questions the little ferns would ask if they should write a letter to St. Nicholas.

Here is such a letter as they might write:

BROOKSIDE, FERNLAND,
Merry Month of May.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all rise up here to ask you some questions:

????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

We want to know what are the names of the birds that come without our leaves (and even before we’ve had time to grow any leaves) or license, and rob us of a large part of our beautiful woolly fuzz. We want to report the birds to all your young folks. We think they ought to know just what kind of birds they are—and all about their queer habits.

Then, too, we want to know what these birds do with their plunder. Where is their storehouse for our beautiful decorations?

Circinately yours,
THE FERNS
(age 2 weeks).

These are indeed puzzling questions. I recognize that yellow warbler on the first clump

of ferns, and I know his mate in the nest in the alders by the brookside. Then, I see also our little blackcap chickadee farther on. His storehouse is in a hole up in that old white birch-tree on the farther bank of the brook. But I have a strong suspicion that these are not the only bird marauders of the ferns.

Will our young folks please assist in detecting the habits of all birds that use fern “wool” for nest-lining? One naturalist states that he has observed that the chickadees began at the bottom of the fern-stems, climbing up to the very tops “until they had accumulated bundles of fern-down as large as hickory-nuts.”

GRASSHOPPERS ATTRACTED BY WHITE.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to inquire why grasshoppers are attracted more by white than any other color. I have noticed that when I wear a white dress I find several grasshoppers on it, but when I wear any other colored dress they do not jump on me at all. I have often seen



A COMMON GRASSHOPPER.

what look like lumps of earth, but when I look at them closer I find them to be those flying grasshoppers.

DOROTHY A. BALDWIN.

I cannot tell why, and before receiving your letter I did not know that they are so attracted; but since your letter was received I have learned that such is the case from many women and girls,

having inquired in person or by letter. Much has been published about the color-sense of insects since the naturalist Sprengel years ago first suggested that insects are able to distinguish colors, but I could find nothing on this particular taste of the grasshopper for white, so I sent copies of the letter to several authorities.

One of the best authorities is Professor A. S. Packard of Brown University, author of the advanced "Text-book of Entomology," an excellent "Guide to the Study of Insects," and other books. Here are his words of commendation for the observation, and what he says of the facts:

The little girl has made an excellent observation. It was new to me, but on inquiry I find one of my daughters has observed the same thing. She has always observed that white or light-colored clothes attracted grasshoppers. In walking hardly more than a hundred feet, she has found five or six grasshoppers on her white dress. This has never occurred when the dress was dark in color. Perhaps others have noticed this, and the publication of these facts may elicit statements of other similar observations.

I observed, last summer at Fermal, Switzerland, that white butterflies (*Pieris*) showed a preference for visiting white flowers in the hotel grounds. I also noticed the same thing many years ago. Insects evidently have color preferences. Before we can tell why we must observe more cases.

The grasshoppers appearing "like lumps of earth" are Carolina locusts, and they furnish an excellent example of protection by resemblance.

THE STAR-NOSED MOLE.

SAWKILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you about a little animal called the "star-nosed mole." Our cat, "Tabby," walked up on our porch with something in her mouth. She dropped it on the floor. As soon as we had looked at it, my sister Charlotte and I exclaimed, "It is a star-nosed mole." We had never seen one before, but I had

a small card with a picture on it of a star-nosed mole, and this resembled the picture so much that we were sure that that was its name. I would like to have you tell me about it.

Your loving reader,

MABEL STARK (age 12).

Most boys and girls are familiar with the common mole that is found quite generally throughout the Eastern United States. The star-nosed mole, of similar form in body, differs, as its name would indicate, in having remarkable starlike appendages to its nose. Moles eat earthworms and insects. To secure these, and to make their tunnels and burrows, these star-nosed moles, like our common moles, are excellently adapted to digging and traveling in the earth. Professor William T. Hornaday makes these excellent suggestions to our young observers.

Catch the first one you can. Tie a long string to one of his hind legs, and then devote an hour to studying him. Even though you never before thought of such a thing as studying the actions and form of a small quad-



THE STAR-NOSED MOLE.

ruped, you will find the mole interesting. The instant he touches the earth, down goes his nose, feeling nervously here and there for a place to start his drill. In about a second he has found a suitable spot. His nose sinks into the soil as if it were a brad-awl, with a half-boring and half-pushing motion, and in an instant half your mole's head is buried from view. Now watch sharply or he will be out of sight before you see how he does it.



THE CYNTHIA MOTH.

COCOONS ON AN AILANTHUS-TREE.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day in late autumn I was out in the back yard. There are two ailanthus-trees, one on each side of the yard. Both of them have been shedding their little twig-like leaves. I picked up one that had two cocoons on it, and a great deal of silk had been spun from the base to quite a little distance beyond. I inclose a bit of the silk. Is it for protection against ants, insects, etc.? I noticed it on several other cocoons, too. I send the cocoons in a match-box. I have removed the twig that was on another one, leaving a perfectly hollow tube of silk. I enjoy the Nature and Science department very much.

Sincerely your reader,

DOROTHY STIMSON (age 11).

Your cocoons were spun by one of our giant silk-worms, the *Philosamia cynthia*, that was introduced into this country several years ago from China. In the vicinity of New York City it has become a pest on the ailanthus shade-trees, on the leaves of which the larvæ feed in summer. The cocoons closely resemble those of the *Promethea* moth (see upper illustration on second page of Nature and Science last month) in that they are inclosed in a leaf, and the silk of the cocoon extends up around the petiole of the leaf and along the branch for quite a distance. If the leaf breaks away by swaying in the wind, the silk holds it. Wonderful, is n't it, that the larva—"an ugly-looking worm," some would call it—takes this precaution to anchor its home in case of accident?

THE COCOONS.

ST.
NICHOLAS
LEAGUE
FOR
MAY.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY ALLEN G. MILLER, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

ALAS! ah me, that there should be
Still those who do not give their ages,
Or names, or parent's guaranty
On sketches neat or written pages!

"On both sides of the paper," too,
Good stories and good verse we see—
And no address—such carelessness!
Alas! ah me, that it should be!

AFTER all, it is easier for the League editor when contributions are not properly prepared, for then he does n't have to read or examine them. Still it makes him very sorry when he does happen to notice that a very, very good one can't take a prize just because the little girl forgot to put down her address, and there is no chance to send her a prize badge.

This is the heaviest month in the history of the League—the most new members, the most new chapters, the most contributions of all sorts. We could have filled double the number of pages—all with good work—if we had had them. As it was we could print only those that seemed the very best, and console ourselves with the thought that the members whose good work could not get in this time will have many more chances in the future. It is the effort itself that counts most and means growth and still better work later on. And with the better work reward, too, will come.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 29.
IN making the awards contributors' ages are considered.

VERSE. Gold badges, Marcia Louise Webber (age 17), Schuyler, Neb., and May Margaret Bevier (age 15), Bishop Pl., New Brunswick, N. J.

Silver badges, William Carey Hood (age 15), Hope House, South Park, Lincoln, England, Jessica Nelson North (age 10), Edgerton, Wis., and Leanora Denniston (age 9), Schoolhouse Lane, Germantown, Pa.

PROSE. Gold badges, Mary P. Parsons (age 16), 306 N. Van Buren St., Bay City, Mich., and David MacGregor Cheney (age 17), 6 Sewall St., Peabody, Mass.

Silver badges, Susie Franks Iden (age 16), 408 E. Hargett St., Raleigh, N. C., and Owen Keeler (age 14), Thaxton, Va.

DRAWING. Cash prize, Allen G. Miller (age 17), 134 Maple Ave., Dallas, Tex.

Gold badges, Clark De



"OUR ANIMAL FRIEND." BY HELEN LIVINGSTON, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

Ball (age 17), Paola, Kan., and Margaret Jane Russell (age 14), Luray, Page Co., Va.

Silver badges, Ruth Felt (age 13), 1133 Pierce St., Council Bluffs, Ia., Robert Hammond (age 12), 4627 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill., and William B. Huntley (age 17), Royal Bank House, East Newington Pl., Edinburgh, Scotland.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, Helen Livingston (age 15), 2386 California St., San Francisco, Cal., and Susanne L. Glover (age 12), 39 E. 30th St., New York City.

Silver badges, William T. Van Nostrand (age 15), 482 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., and Fredericka Going (age 11), 105 Westminster Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Elk," by Orville H. Sampson (age 16), Box 547, Grand Junction, Col. Second prize, "Raccoon," by Morgan Hebard (age 14), Thomasville, Ga. Third prize, "Swan," by Mary Charlotte McClure (age 11), Hotel des Vevey, Switzerland.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Harrie A. Bell (age 16), 815 W. 9th St., Wilmington, Del.

Silver badges, Don W. Pittman (age 10), 604 S. 27th St., Omaha, Neb., and Edwin Doan (age 15), Westfield, Ind.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Elsie W. Dignan (age 16), 5853 Ind. Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Elmer W. Pardee (age 15), Snyder, N. Y.

Silver badges, Lilian Sarah Burt (age 13), Ivoryton, Conn., and Carmelita McCahill (age 14), 1210 Fairmont Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

A THOUGHT FOR MAY.

"In memory of the unknown dead,"

BY MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE on the smooth green turf it stands,
Monument raised by loving hands,
Honoring those whose blood was shed:

"In memory of the unknown dead."
Over their grave no kindred weep;



"OUR ANIMAL FRIEND." BY SUSANNE L. GLOVER, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

There they lie in their last long sleep,
Strong hands folded, brave hearts at rest,
Dead for the cause—but God knows best.
To each of them came their country's call.
Lo! at her bidding they gave their all.
Taps are sounded—they rest in peace.
But the praise of their deeds shall never cease.
Earth laughs under the smiles of May,
And we honor our noble dead to-day.

South and North in their
sorrow meet
And pay their homage, sin-
cere and sweet.
But at this monument so
grand,
Erected here by our grate-
ful land,
Oh, let some loving words
be said
"In memory of the unknown
dead"!

ONE SUNNY DAY.

BY DAVID MACGREGOR
CHENEY (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

ON one of the first sunny days I can remember I was in a broad field, with long-stemmed, golden-hearted daisies nodding drowsily all about me in the sunshine, and booming bees and buzzing flies sailing gaily on gauzy wings from flower-head to flower-head. Then I could not name even the daisy's stem, and I was content. To me they were unfathomable mysteries, whose very existence was a profound wonder. Oh, for a day like that again!

Then there is a memory of an old cellar laid bare to the elements by fire and decay. It is a dim recollection of heavily fruited blackberry-bushes, of shining tin pails brimming over with their luscious contents, of a stained face and crimson fingers, and a deep content. How fast my hands flew from berry to berry! How many I did manage to eat, and how few fell into my pail!

On another day, a sunny day, we had been on a long walk through thickly growing woods. It was a strange country, and when we came out my father's "bump of locality" failed him. We were lost! And I prayed we might find our way again. My father climbed a tree and discovered our whereabouts, and we soon were home.

All the scenes of the vanished past roll away, and leave only the present before me. A whirlwind of

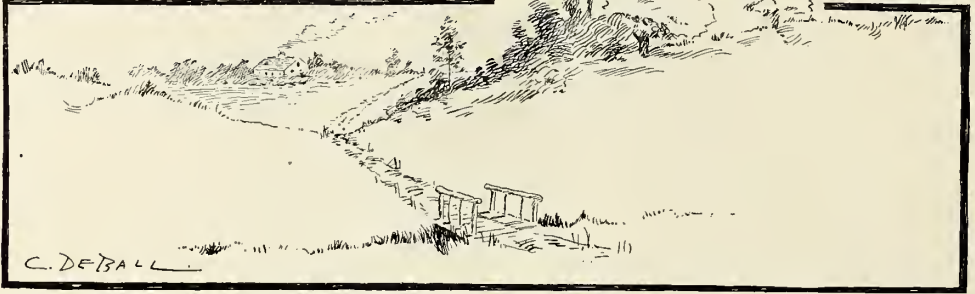


"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY MARGARET JANE RUSSELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

memories sweep my brain, adventure falling over adventure, and happy incidents tripping them up.

The waves of the sounding sea send an echo of gurgling waters across my mind, and I remember standing barefoot in the cool, damp sand when the tide was out, watching the fiddler-crabs. It was then, in a pool of salt sea-water, I first investigated the mystery of the hermit-crabs—how they live in shells not their own. It was then I saw a homeless hermit turn another out of

his shell and take possession himself, only to be turned out again by the rightful owner. If I should write down here all the memories of sunny days that throng my brain, the League of all the past months and for years to come could not contain them. So I shall not try.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY C. DE BALL, AGE 17. PAOLA, KAN.

ONE SUNNY DAY.

BY MARY P. PARSONS (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

LOUISE and Helen had taken the rowboat and anchored it a little way from the shore, in the shade of some tall trees.

Louise sat in the bow, reading, while Helen, in the stern, tried to make a little boat sail.

"Oh, look at that!" she exclaimed.

Louise turned the way Helen was pointing. There was one of the floats that Fred and Harold had put out, and it was standing straight up on end. Then it went under the water and came up again, only to dance about like mad.

The girls were so excited that they could hardly pull up the anchor, and Helen, in her haste to row over to the float, first splashed water into the boat, and then pulled the oars wildly through the air without touching the water. But finally they came within reach, and Louise proudly pulled in the fish. "What a big one!" she exclaimed with delight. "He must weigh five pounds anyway."

Just then the girls noticed their cousins on the shore, and held up the fish in triumph. But the boys did not seem at all pleased, and Fred shouted:

"That's our fish, and you'll have to come in and give it to us."

"No, it is n't. It's ours, because we caught it. It would have gotten away if we had n't pulled it in," said Helen.

The boys did not wait for any more words, but determined to take the fish by force. Finding an old boat,

Fred pushed off with a paddle, and left Harold on the shore so the girls could not land.

Helen rowed with all her might, but she soon saw it would be impossible for her to keep away from Fred long. So she pulled to land at the nearest place. The girls scrambled up the bank with their dolls, the sailboat, and the precious fish. They came to a field of plowed ground and tried to cross; but it was hard walking, and the sun was hot. They heard the boys coming behind, and when they had nearly caught up, Helen dropped the treasure and they went on.

The family were divided as to whose fish it really was. Their grandfather sided with the girls, and their grandmother and Aunt Alice with the boys, so they were all satisfied.



"ELK." BY ORVILLE H. SAMPSON, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

MAY-TIME.

BY MAY MARGARET BEVIER
(AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

THE early morning air was crystal clear,

The sparkling dew lay gemlike on the ground;
The notes of singing birds from far and near

Made woods and meadows vibrate with the sound.

The green-tipped boughs swayed softly in the breeze,

The flowers awaked and stood up in their beds;

The springtime birds made merry in the trees,
While, high above, the sun shone on their heads.

The arching heavens were radiant in their glory
Of clearest blue to crown the sun's bright rays;
The fleeting clouds passed on to tell the story
That spring had come and all her magic days.

A SUNNY DAY.

BY SUSIE FRANKS IDEN (AGE 16).
(*Silver Badge.*)

It was a bright, warm day in the spring of '65. The sky was cloudless and the trees were fresh and green in their new spring dress. A solemn hush seemed to pervade everything, and the very air seemed heavy with a nameless something that caused people to walk restlessly to and fro, excited, expectant, and half frightened. Children clung to their mothers for protection as from more than one lip they heard the whispered words: "The Yankees are coming!"

That was a day never to be forgotten in Raleigh. More than a few hearts beat quicker at the thought of the entrance of the Federal soldiers into the surrendered town; for Wheeler's cavalry had just swept through Raleigh, taking everything with them, and leaving the people in great want.

A little girl stood on the porch of a yellow cottage, looking south across the large grove in front of the



"HEADING
FOR MAY."

BY RUTH FELT, AGE 13.
(*Silver Badge.*)

MAY.

THE COMING OF MAY.

BY WILLIAM CAREY HOOD (AGE 15).
(*Silver Badge.*)

OH, no one saw fair springtime come in robes of
glorious sheen,
Nor yet upon her head a crown of flashing gems
was seen.

She came into the wide, wide world a simple, pretty
maid;
She bore no scepter, but she was in purest green ar-
rayed.

She came, but not in regal might or royal power—nay;
And yet—and yet—all nature bowed and owned her
queen of May.

The streamlets murmured gently, the birds in chorus
sang;
Where'er her dainty feet had touched the mead sweet
flowers upsprang.

So when the sun is setting and the day is nearly done,
And children laughing, shouting, run homeward one
by one,

When twinkling stars smile kindly from a sky of sap-
phire hue,
We welcome thee, O queen of May, so loyal and so true.

ONE SUNNY DAY.

BY OWEN KEELER (AGE 14).
(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE very sunny day last summer we went out to the
orchard to pick peaches. In one of the trees was a large



"RACCOON." BY MORGAN HEBARD, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

house. As there was no sign of the "Yankees" yet, the child went back into the house. Inside, the ward-
robes and trunks were stripped of their contents, which had been hidden behind the wooden panels under the windows. Under the house, by one of the pillars, a little box of gold and silver money had been hidden; but no one but the child's father knew of this until long after.

At last the expectant hush was broken, and the air seemed to vibrate with an excited murmur. People shaded their eyes from the dazzling sun and leaned breathlessly forward to catch the first glimpse of the long blue line winding slowly up Blount Street.

The little girl standing on the porch of the yellow cottage hardly knew what she expected to see. Certainly not the long line of tired, dusty men in their dark-blue uniforms. With a feeling of keen disappointment she exclaimed: "Why, they look just like folks!"

And very kind "folks" most of them proved to be during the days that followed, and many firm friends were found among them.

As nearly all families were protected by guards, very few suffered.

This is a true story, for my mother was that little girl, and the little yellow cottage is still standing.

The old grove, though for a while much damaged from soldiers camping there, is now a pretty park where children play on summer evenings.



"SWAN." BY MARY CHARLOTTE MCCLURE, AGE 11. (THIRD
PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

hornets' nest, which we succeeded in cutting off the bough, but we could not get the peaches, because the nest was on the ground beneath. I suggested that we put a half-bushel measure over it so that the hornets could not attack us.

Accordingly, we clapped the measure over it, and papa sprang up on it, and the negro boy and I began to pick.



"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY FREDERICKA GOING,
AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Suddenly, however, the hornets darted from beneath the measure and flew at us. One side of the measure was propped up by a stick, and the hornets were rushing out in a swarm. As they reached us I felt like I was being pricked by a dozen red-hot needles, and away all three of us rushed, the hornets following in a cloud. I tore out into the path and ran toward the gate, every fresh sting making me go faster. The negro and papa ran into the thickest part of the orchard, and at last got rid of their assailants, but it was some time before I got away from them. When they had left me I went back, but we got no peaches off the tree, after all.

MAY-TIME.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 10).
(*Silver Badge.*)

AMONG the forest-trees in spring
The robin built her nest,
And chose from straw and everything
The parts she thought were best.
Beneath the spreading branches' shade
A cozy little nest she made,
In which her young should rest;
And there she laid her eggs so blue,
And there she lived the summer through.

MAY-TIME.

BY LEANORA DENNISTON (AGE 9).
(*Silver Badge.*)

DOWN in the meadow the tall grass is
swaying;
It sways when the wind goes by.
Let us go down in the meadow and see it—
Let us go down there, you and I.

Down in the meadow the violets are blooming;
Their eyes are as blue as the sky.
Let us go down in the meadow and see them—
Let us go down there, you and I.

ONE SUNNY DAY.

BY ELIZABETH MCCORMICK (AGE 9).

In the summer we have beautiful times. I remember a certain summer when we had lovely pastimes especially.

One day we went to what we call the Open Fields. There the grass grows long and is so high that you can hide in it. We had eight little puppies at that time. My brother would lie on his back and let them play with him. Oh, those were glorious times! What fun we had there! The fields are still there, but we only have one little dog now, and somehow we don't have such fun.

I love the woods, the flowers, and all that nature created, and I hope that we will sometime have such good times again, playing hide-and-go-seek in the Open Fields.

MAY.

BY LEIGH SOWERS (AGE 15).

I 'VE heard lots of poems of beautiful May—
How fragrant the blossoms, how lovely the day;
But all these queer notions I'm *sure* you would pass
If you but belonged to our botany class.

The days are *not* lovely, the sky is *not* fair,
And the leaves and flowers drive us to despair;
So when May comes to us, we sigh: "Ah, alas!
I wish I was out of this botany class."

So we toil and we labor; we dig and we press,
And get our herbariums all in a mess;
Till the truthful opinion of each lad and lass
Is, they ought to abolish the botany class!

So while others are writing in elegant phrase
Of the beauties and pleasures of wonderful Mays,
This common decision *our* minds does harass:
"May 's horrid." Yours truly,

THE BOTANY CLASS.



"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY WILLIAM T. VAN NOSTRAND,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

ONE SUNNY DAY.

BY EDWARD MCKENZIE (AGE 15).

It was a typical summer's day. The sun beat down on the little school-house on the side of the hill. Farther down the hill, in the valley beneath, the sun beat on a broad expanse of water, smooth as glass and as unrippled as a mill-pond. The drooping willows that bordered the bank cast an alluring shade.

The schoolmaster started up, looked at the old-fashioned clock which hung on the wall, and said in a drawling tone: "Well, children, I guess you kin run along home now, and get your dinner. Remember what I told you this morning."

Every child in the room remembered the "lecture" they had received that morning. Filled with quaint philosophy and homely sayings, it was indeed a lecture to remember. They had listened spellbound when this farmer-schoolmaster told them of "Abe Lincoln's" thirst for education—how he had walked fifteen miles to borrow a book to study. He told them of all the great men's early struggles. They had listened with wonder and admiration.

The children scampered off—that is, all except two boys, who went arm in arm down the pathway to the



"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY FITZ JOHN PORTER, AGE 12.

"Yep."

At that moment the school bell rang. Harry started up and said:

"Say, Jack, let's go?"

"Yep."

The schoolmaster smiled as the boys scrambled to their seats. His "lecture" had done some good.

MAY.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 13).

LITTLE flowers are peeping, tiny buds are seen,
Pink, blue, and yellow, coming through the green,
Little beds of violets and anemone
Blossoming on the hilltop, in the vale and lea.
Little baby crocus lifts its tiny head,
Showing spring is coming and flowers are not dead.
On the rocky hillsides thistles sharp spring up,
And in fields and meadows is the buttercup.
Lovely little daisy, with its petals white,
Grows beside the dandelion with its blossoms bright.



"OUR ANIMAL FRIEND." BY MARION D. FREEMAN, AGE 10.

lake. The master looked after them, and said softly: "Two good boys—sometimes. Good grit, little sense."

The boys, Harry Callnon and Jack Murray, ate their lunches under the willows. They leaned against a log and gave themselves up to the pleasure of the moment. Far away the murmur of a distant waterfall; near at hand the broad expanse of water. Quiet reigned.

"Quiet, Jack, ain't it?"

"Yep."

"Say, remember we planned to stay away from school to-day and have a nice swim?"

No answer. Quiet for a while, then Harry said:

"The master is all right, ain't he?"

"Yep."

"Lincoln was a great man!"

"Yep."

"What did he say about his goodness?"

"Never played truant from school. Only went a short time."

"Like to be a great man, Jack?"

"Yep."

"Pretty near school-time, ain't it?"

"Yep."

"Like school, Jack?"



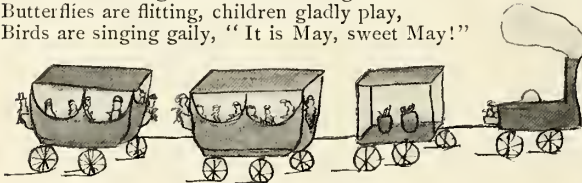
"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY PAUL H. PAUSNITZ, AGE 15.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY EDWARD C. DAY, AGE 17.

Pretty Robin Redbreast says it's spring again,
 Welcoming the coming of the bluebird and the wren.
 Dainty little primrose from its winter bed
 Nods across to wintergreen with its berries red.
 Blossoms now are coming on the apple-trees;
 Flowers are giving honey to the busy bees;
 Clumps of yellow cowslip spring up everywhere;
 Lovely pink arbutus scents the springtime air.
 Brooks are madly coursing through moss-covered banks;
 Wetted field and valley murmur back their thanks.
 Flowers and grass are nodding in the gentle breeze;
 Birds are building houses in the tall green trees;
 Butterflies are flitting, children gladly play,
 Birds are singing gaily, "It is May, sweet May!"



AN OLD-TIME TRAIN. (SEE STORY BELOW.)

ONE SUNNY DAY.

BY MARGARET WINTHROP PECK (AGE 11).

ONE sunny day in 1831 Aunt Lydia said: "I must go and see sister Amy, who lives a hundred miles away."
 "Oh, mama, can't I go?" cried little Joe.

"And I, too?" said Mary.

Aunt Lydia said they might go, and she put on Mary's best bib and tucker, and her little pantalets—which were tiny skirts for each leg and were tied on just above the stocking.

Then she put on Joe's pink calico trousers and his little pink waist, and packed the boxes, and got a horse and wagon, and started.

Pretty soon they met Uncle Amos, who was going too, and Aunt Sarah, all going to Troy, New York.

It took them nearly a week to get there, and they slept and ate in taverns and at their friends' houses.

By and by they got to Miss Amy's house.

When they got there Brother Miles said: "I hear there is a train running from Albany to Schenectady. Let's drive over and ride on it."

They all wanted to go very much, so they drove to Albany.

The train was an engine with three stage-coaches

hitched on, and a wagon with two barrels of wood to burn in the engine.

"Oh, mama, see the funny horse!" said Joe.

And Mary said: "Will it bite?"

"No, no," said Aunt Lydia. "It will give you a nice ride."

The people thought it would 'most kill any one to ride twenty miles an hour, because the roads were so rough and there were no springs in the carriage.

They climbed on the train and rode to Schenectady.

When they came back the road was mostly uphill and the engineer hitched on a pair of horses to help the engine.

I know this is true, because my great-grandmother was one of the party that rode on the train, and my grandmother told me about it.

SUNNY DAYS IN CASCO BAY.

BY PHOEBE HUNTER (AGE 10).

THE rippling bay sparkled in the sunlight, and the pines waved majestically against their sapphire background, as Helen, Nancy, and Daisy clambered over the rocks on the pretty island where they were spending the summer.

They had arrived at a place where the beach was covered with large, flat stones when an idea occurred to Daisy.

"Let's build a hut!" she cried. "The boys did, and I am sure we can."



THE STONE HUT. (SEE STORY.)

"Oh, yes!" responded the others. And the work began.

They intended to build it high enough to sit in, but that was easier said than done; and when their appetites and the setting sun cried, "Supper-time!" the work was only half done.

The next morning found them at it again, and after several hours of hard work the walls were up.

They were sitting down to rest, when a "Whoop!" announced the boys.

"Is this your hut?" "Did you build it?" "It's rather small; what say to building another room?" "We'll help you." And before the girls knew what they were at, foundations were laid for a new addition.

The girls had thought they were good builders, but found themselves totally eclipsed by the boys. After the walls were built, Tom, the possessor of a toy tool-chest, went after his hatchet to cut pine branches for the roof. Jack undertook to build a fireplace, and succeeded after he had several times knocked down portions of the wall. Little Ted worked as hard as any, bringing handfuls of shells to trim the parlor. The girls helped carry pine branches and other things called for by the boys.

In a short time the hut was finished, making as nice a play-house as any one could wish. It had two rooms—the parlor, with its little ledges trimmed with the shells, and the living-room, with its fireplace, and couch of pine branches.

The roof was made by laying long poles of driftwood across the stones and piling them with pine branches until almost rain-proof. This thatching added much to the picturesque of the hut.

The girls often took their books, games, and fancy-work out there; and when vacation was over, all were sorry to leave their little hut.

OUR MAY-TIME.

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 15).

HAWAII has May-time all the year—
We have no other weather here.
E'en when it rains the sun doth shine—
A rainbow is this isle of mine!
Sweet flowers bloom and nestlings sing
From summer all around till spring.
We know no seasons—all the year
Is warm and sunny, bright with cheer.

BIRTHDAY HOPES.

BY MARY C. NASH (AGE 9).

"I HOPE to have a nice big doll
For my birthday present," said
May.

"I hope to have a pretty bird
And party upon that day;
An angel-cake with candles bright,
And dishes of azure hue.

These are the things I want the most.
I think you would, would n't you?"



"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARY G. SKINNER, AGE 11.



"FRIEND OR FOE?" BY STEPHEN D. KELLEY, AGE 16.



"OUR ANIMAL FRIEND." BY ARTHUR M. COMEY, AGE 15.

A MAY EVENING.

BY ELEANOR HALPIN (AGE 9).

THE sun is setting in the west,
The clouds are gay with light;
The earth is naught but fairy-land.

Good night, good night.

The little flowers are peeping
up,

All radiant with the light,
The grass is wet with shining
dew.

Good night, good night.

ONE SUNNY DAY.

BY UNA GRAFTON (AGE 7).

I AM going to have a little party.
I am going to have some candy
and cakes. I have got a table
and dishes. I am going to invite Eliza and Edith and
Bessie and Martha. I am going to wear a blue dress,
and we are going to play games and have a good time.

MAY.

BY DOROTHY RUSSELL LEWIS (AGE 14).

MAY-TIME, May-time,
Gay time, fay time,
Bubbling o'er with blossoms and with laugh-
ter and with glee;
Dancing, singing,
Glancing, winging,
May, forever sweetest of the summer months
to me.

May-time, May-time,
Gay time, fay time,
Bringing, with the fleetest breaths of faint
woodland perfume,
Glad dreams, sad dreams,
Sunbeams, bright streams,
Redolent with life and love and song and summer bloom.

MAY-TIME.

BY HILDA B. MORRIS (AGE 14).

WHEN March's blustering winds have
fled,
And April's tears have all been shed,
There comes a time with breezes rare,
When blossoming fragrance fills the air,
And springing life is everywhere.

'T is then the sweet arbutus blows,
'T is then the blue-eyed violet grows,
And fruit-trees blush with pink and white,
And strew the ground with petals light
That flutter from their airy height.

The brook, from winter's bonds burst
free,

Rejoices at its liberty;
And with a tuneful note and gay
To crown the sweet delights of May
The robin pours his roundelay.

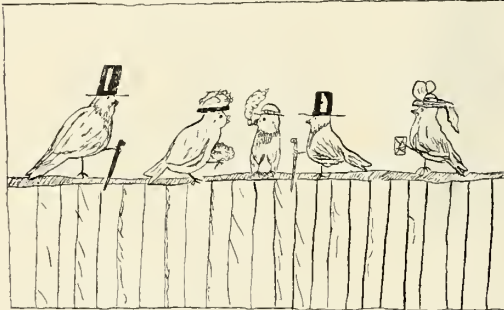
All nature's voices in a throng
Are singing, rustling, one glad song;
'T is this: "The cold has passed away,
And summer-time has come to stay.
Rejoice with us this fair May day."



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY JOSHUA W. BRADY, AGE 17.

NEW CHAPTERS.

NEXT month we will have the report on the Chapter Competition, and an announcement of the winners of the book prizes to be given for the best entertainments. The great number of contributions received this month, and new chapters, make it impossible to give anything in the way of chapter news.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY VIRGINIA BRAND, AGE 9.

No. 435. "K. I. O." Brewer Goodsell, President; nine members. Address, 3214 Oakland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Object, amusement and instruction of the members. Meetings every Friday evening. First meeting of the month, business. Second, programme. Third, social. Fourth, programme.

No. 436. Edith Van Horn, President; Genevieve Babcock, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Wellsboro, Pa.

No. 437. Kenneth Park, President; Harold Young, Secretary; three members. Address, Eugene, Ore.

No. 438. "Six Jolly Girls" Margaret Hasbrook, President; Gretchen Franke, Secretary; six members. Address, Bound Brook, N. J.

No. 439. "Aloha." Marion Greene, President; Hazel Gillette, Secretary; four members. Address, Honolulu, Hawaii.

No. 440. "Brownies' Club." Margery Brown, President; Thomas Brown, Secretary; four members. Address, 344 Broad St., Westfield, N. J.

No. 441. "Kenwood." Woodworth Sibly, President; Robert Hammond, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 4627 Greenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 442. Howard Schneider, President; fourteen members. Address, 508 Armory Ave., Cincinnati, O.

No. 443. "Smart Set." Edward Birmingham, President; Russell Stryker, Secretary; two members. Address, Bound Brook, N. J.

No. 444. "Raspberry Joke Chapter."

Gwendolen Burgwin, President; Winifred King, Secretary; four members. Address, 834 Amberson Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

No. 445. Robert Garrett, President; Julius May, Secretary; twenty members. Address, Aspen Hill, Tenn.

No. 446. "Atlantic Camera Club." Robert Underhill, President; Warren Eccles, Secretary; forty-one members. Address, Box 245, Bayside, N. Y.

No. 447. "Girls' Amateur Dramatic Chapter." Mary Hackley, President; Margaret Jennings, Secretary; eight members. Address, 304 East Church St., Elmira, N. Y.

No. 448. "Philotoisisme." Mary Turner, President; Evelyn Corse, Secretary; three members. Address, 1370 Spruce Place, Minneapolis, Minn.

No. 449. "Octavo." Dorothy Shehan, President; Frances Loney, Secretary; eight members. Address, 1707 Twenty-first St., West Superior, Wis.

No. 450. "Lone Star." Leroy Johnston, President; William Holden, Secretary; five members. Address, 262 Browder St., Dallas, Tex.

No. 451. "Friendship Chapter." Frank Schneider, President; Charles Gallager, Secretary; ten members. Address, 187 E. 5th St., Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

No. 452. Harry Mimich, President; Edward Holloway, Secretary; four members. Address, 1804 North Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 453. "Palisade." Helen Cahen, President; Mathilde Abraham, Secretary; ten members. Address, 55 E. 83d St., New York City.

No. 454. "T. N. N. Z." Ralph Blumenthal, President; Charles Heidelberger, Secretary; five members. Address, 51 E. 90th St., New York City.

No. 455. John Calkins, Jr., Secretary; eight members. Address, 2516 Hillegas Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

No. 456. Isabelle Cook, President; Milored Owen, Secretary; eight members. Address, 335 Spring St., Portland, Me.

No. 457. Frances Seckles, President; Louisa Horn, Secretary; six members. Address, Box 137, Liberty, N. Y.

No. 458. Hy Griffin, President; Earle Bagnall, Secretary; nine members. Address, West Roxbury, Mass.

No. 459. Florence Pike, President; Eleanor Carley, Secretary; thirty-two members. Address, River Point, R. I.

No. 460. John Bailly, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, 324 Wisconsin Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

No. 461. Beatrice Wetmore, President; Miriam Washburn, Secretary; six members. Address, 1019 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Col.

No. 462. "Chestnut Club." Eleazer Bowie, President; Caroline Wakefield, Secretary; nine members. Address, 25 Shady Lane, Uniontown, Pa.

No. 463. Jessie Sellman, Secretary; six members. Address, 1416 Pennsylvania Ave., Baltimore, Md.

No. 464. "Jolly Five." Clarke Barney, President; five members. Address, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

No. 465. "Boys' Best." Harry McBride, President; Bruce Bromley, Secretary; four members. Address, 295 Orchard Lane Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

No. 466. "Narcissus." Lois Pett, President; Elizabeth Chase, Secretary; four members. Address, 456 Rahway Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

No. 467. "Cavalry Troop." Bert Brewer, President; Carmen Warner, Secretary; seventeen members. Address, 1335 N. Carey St., Baltimore, Md.

No. 468. "Golden Crescent." Helen Dixon, President; Esther Clapp, Secretary; six members. Address, 310 N. Aurora St., Ithaca, N. Y.

No. 469. "Nickwacket." Ruth Blackwell, President; Elisabeth Weeks, Secretary; seven members. Address, Brandon, Vt.

No. 470. "Spanish Duo." Two members. Address, Zenobia and Augustus Camprubi Aymar, Plaza de Eozaga, Farragona, Spain.

No. 471. "Roxboro Club." Karl Goodwin, President; Robert Taylor, Secretary; twenty members. Address, 1045 Pearl St., Boulder, Col.



"OUR ANIMAL FRIEND." BY NELLIE S. ANDREWS, AGE 15.

LOST AND DAMAGED BUTTONS WILL BE REPLACED ON APPLICATION.

LAKE MINNIE ON A MAY DAY.

BY GRACE SPERRY (AGE 8).

UPON the lakelet's soothing breast
The beautiful white lilies rest.

And when the golden sun doth
rise,
Its lovely ribbons fill the skies.

And in the early morning gray,
Before the damp mist rolls
away,

The wild ducks on the lake do
swim;
They duck and splash with a
hearty vim.

MAY-TIME.

BY ELISABETH RALPH BEVIER
(AGE 8).

'T WAS in the pleasant month of May,
And the flowers were blooming bright
and gay,
When a little maiden strolled that way,
To see what kinds grew there.

A baby calf lay in the grass,
Right on the road where she must pass,
And much afraid was the little lass,
But the bossy did n't care.

THE WARM MAY BREEZE.

BY MARTHA CATHERINE GUNN (AGE 7).

THE maple-trees were in a row,
But all at once the wind did blow;
It shook the trees and made them bow
The very lowest they knew how.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

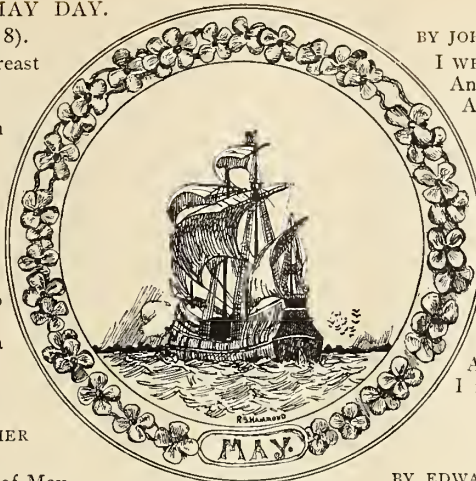
A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found
worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.



BY ARTHUR MILES WICKBOLD,
AGE 17.

- VERSE.
- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Agra Bennett | Fay Marie Hartley |
| Emma Hawkridge | Sydney P. Thompson |
| Beulah H. Ridge-
way | Louisa F. Spear |
| Marjorie Sawyer | Marie Ortmayer |
| Florence Cochran | Alma Jean Wing |
| Turner | Lottie Ludlow |
| Louise Robinson | Janet Percy Dana |
| Esther Schmitt | Marguerite Marshall Hil-
lery |
| Carl T. Thompson | Constance Ellis |
| Freda Phillips | Edwina L. Pope |
| Henrietta Romeike | Graham Hawley |
| Teresa Cohen | Mignonne Lincoln |
| Harold R. Norris | Florence L. Bain |
| Frank W. Heyden-
burk | Karl F. Adams |
| Bessie Neville | Dorothy Posegate |
| Floy De Grove | A. S. Hart |
| Baker | Carl Bramer |
| M. Letitia Stockett | Brewer Goodsell |
| James J. Macumber | Leon Bonnell |
| Sidonia Deutsch | Dorothy M. Burnham |
| Marguerite Stuart | J. H. Norman |
| Annie Wagner | James Gribben |
| Lucy E. Cook | Priscilla Stanton |
| Katherine Bastedo | Caroline Millard Morton |
| William G. Cane | Arthur J. Mix |
| Mildred M. Whit-
ney | Nellie Daily |
| Marjorie Beebe | Mable Stark |
| | Emily Melcher |
| | Roscoe Adams |
| | Hazel E. Wilcox |
| | Mabel L. Parmelee |

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Kathleen Carrington | Arthur Farwell Tuttle |
| Mary Alice Allen | Miriam Kent Flynn |
| Ruth Wistar Fisher | Charles Arthur Wenzel |
| Dorothy Catherine Wads-
worth | Madeleine Fuller Mc-
Dowell |
| Julia Mumford | Margaret Wagner |
| Beatrice Cochran | Richard Barbour |
| Ethel Winifred Mix | |
| Alice Moore | |
| Florence G. Wertheimer | |
| Beatrice Cochran | |
| Dorothy Read | |
| May H. Ryan | |
| Marion Prince | |
| Adriana W. Van Helden | |
| Lucile May Peirson | |
| Helen C. Perot | |
| Fred Ames Coates | |
| Ruth E. Jones | |
| Dorothy Rowland Swift | |
| Annis Baldwin | |
| Louise Fitz | |
| Margaret Duyckink Cum-
mins | |
| George Veisley Rusk | |
| Stephen Bonsal White | |
| Alex S. Dubin | |
| Margaret Stevens | |
| Stanley Coon | |
| Acton Griscom | |
| Bessie G. Perot | |
| Abigail E. Jenner | |
- PROSE.
- | |
|------------------------------|
| Florence Elwell |
| Greta W. Kernan |
| Emily Browne |
| Doris Franklyn |
| Tyler H. Bliss |
| Florence Miller |
| Kathleen M. Moore |
| William Newton Coup-
land |
| Florence H. Block |
| Earl D. Van Deman |
| Fred Swigert |
| A. Sherman Hoyt |
| Sybil H. Pease |
| Karl Tiedemann |
| Harry Reed |
| Katherine Sadie Anker |
| Ruth Fairbank |
| Emelyn Ten Eyck |
| Catherine H. Straker |
| Clarence Cutler Abbott |
| Marguerite E. Daniell |



"A HEADING FOR MAY."
BY ROBERT HAMMOND,
AGE 12. (SILVER
BADGE.)

MAY.

BY JOHN HERSCHEL NORTH (AGE 8).

I WENT out fishing just last May,
And, oh, it was a lovely day!
A heron stood upon a log;
I heard the croaking of a frog.
Just then I saw my bobber
sink;
For in the water, by the brink,
And circling round my rod of
birch,
Was an enormous school of
perch.
That night, as I was going
home,
The sunset made a purpledome;
And after climbing up a hill,
I reached my home when all was
still.

A THOUGHT.

BY EDWARD H. O. PFEIFFER (AGE 11).

THE boy who says "I can't" is weak;
The boy who says "I'll try" is meek;
The boy who says "I won't" is wrong;
But the boy who says "I will" is strong.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY L. RAY SAPP, AGE 14.

Stanley H. Browning
Richard M. Hoe
Frances White
Lewis Marsh
Randolph S. Bourine
Helen Frances Carrin-

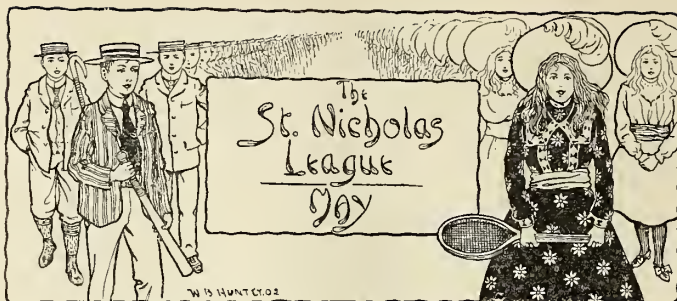
ton
Elizabeth W. Paige
Leslie Conner
William A. Simonds
Irene Hoge
Laura H. Fell
Alice Young
Charles H. Brady
Ruth M. Peters
Margaret M. Brown
Juanita Emily Field
Samuel Robbins
John Hall, Jr.
Lucie A. Dolan
Lucy Brooks Cole

Lucy H. Chapman
Lucy Gutmann
Adah Knight
Gladys Crockett
Lily Schneppe
John Krauss
Mary E. Scribner
Arthur West
Katherine Shortall
Julia Coolidge
Hilda Keller
Gladys Perkins
Marion Goodwin Eaton
Millie Neumann
Enid H. Frank
Gladys Augusta Cole
Anne R. Waldo
Ivy Varian Walshe
Frances Sharp
Leslie Williamson
Mary Y. Westcott
Alice Sachs
Dean Meeker
Mary Coffin

Beulah Grafton
Robert Jay Knox
Louis Edwards
Helen A. Tufts
Helen Flickinger
Lyle C. Saxon
Denison H. Chift
Bernice Beatty
Charles McKnight
Fred Dart
Ella Jones
Faye Tuttle
Beulah Gertrude Hartford
Horace Platt
William Hamilton
Molly Perkins
E. C. Callahan
Marguerite Cole
Roy M. Sterne
Mildred Gaskill
Josephine Williams
James T. Hanna
Herman White Smith
Leila E. Aiken
Ernest Burton
Henry H. Armsly
Alice Cone
Howell May
Pearl Ella Deuell
James Parsons Gifford
Francis Marion Miller
L. Blanche Phillips
Henry E. Atwood
Emory H. Skinner
Dorothy Dunning
Helen Shortall
Mary Wenzel
James L. Owens
Paul Kimball Whipple
Gertrude Elizabeth Ten
Eyck
Constance Richardson

DRAWINGS.

Cecil Edwards
Rosabel Norton
Eileen Lawrence Smith



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY WILLIAM B. HUNTLEY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Jan Herbet
Margaret W. Yancey
Helene G. Demarest
Roger Lane
Grace B. Peck
S. Adele Voorhies
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Ruth E. Crombie
Frederick Harris Warner,
Jr.

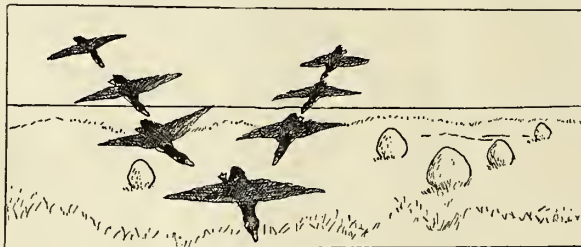
P. C. Johnson
Catherine Lee Carter
Tina Gray
Marguerite Noble
Calvin Favorite
Gladys Swift Butler
Sara Marshall
Miles S. Gates
Edna Phillips
Ruth Cutler
Ruth B. Hand
Pat Lawrence

Frances Renée Despard
Laura A. Chanler
Walter S. Davis
Frances E. Hayes
Winifred Stuart Carmer
Will M. Laughlin
Orlo A. Bartholomew
Edgar Pearce
Marjorie S. Collins
Dorothy Huggard
Alexander Murray
Laurence M. Simmonds
James H. Daugherty
Elizabeth Fuller
Karl Keffer, Jr.
Carl Henking
Johnnie Held
Delmar G. Cooke
Edith Sherwood
Cordner Howard
Lois D. Wilcox
Eleanor Kinsey

Margaret Hazen
Elizabeth Flynn
Margaret Lentz Daniell
William Bergen Chaffant
Bernice Lucille Beatty
Fred Graff
Marion O. Chapin
Margaret Josenhans
Frances Russell
Cora Westcott
Clinton Brown
Gustav H. Kaemmerling
Franklin Lockwood Moe
Lloyd Wright
Alan McDonald
John Wright
Katherine Gay
Margaret Drew
Jean M. Batchelor
Grant Fewsmith
M. R. Edwards
Edmund Parker Chase

Robert Garland
H. Gourdin Young
Robert S. Burr
R. Ludlow Fowler, Jr.
George S. York
Hugo Graf
Philip S. Ordway
Anna McCague
Marguerite Benson
Helen Frith
Charles W. Church
Medora C. Addison
Jesse Friedley
Harriet R. Fox
Katharine Wadsworth
Alexander Stuart
George H. Stuart
Gladys Jackson
Thomason L. Riggs
Chandler W. Ireland
Rowland H. Rosekelly

Marjorie Conner
Erna L. Weil
Helen M. Levy
Christine Graham
Will Maynard
Charles S. Smith
Jean Forgeus
Lucy Kent
Harold Braun
Robertson Burdett
A. R. Shiland
Sarah Davis
Kate S. Tillett
Lucy S. Robinson
Alick Wetmore
Louise Paine
Stanley B. Elwell
Merrill S. June
Eno Hamm
May Putnam
Matthew Gaut, Jr.
Julia Addison
Sylvia Hathaway
Adolf Widemann
Constance Taylor
Sidney D. Gamble
Margaret Wright
Harold Thompson
Grace R. Jones
Frances Mears
Arthur Howell Wilson
Lois R. Frost
Henry Emerson Tuttle
William L. Saunders
Lucile G. Weber
Kendall Bushnell
Helen Almy
W. Caldwell Webb
John Graham Thompson
Mary Thompson
Marjorie Day
Rufus Gamor
Belle M. Chamberlain



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY ARTHUR FULLER, AGE 12.

Katherine Andrews
Dorothy Lawrence
Katherine E. Foote
Genevieve Jenness
Aimée Vervalen
Will Timlin
Percy Jamieson
Madge Falcon
Helen Duncan
Mildred Wheat
Clare S. Currier
C. H. Johnson
Emilie C. Flagg
Helen De Veer
Louise Hurlbutt
Essa M. Starkweather
Rose Kinney
Nina A. Wilkinson
Margaret Caroline Wurtz-

burg
Lawrence J. Young
Carol H. Bradley
Margery Bradshaw
Garrett Van Vranken
Melton R. Owen
Geraldine Feger
Sarah Gibson
Harriet Park
Helena B. Pfeifer
Agnes Anderson
Paul J. Woodward

Fannie Taylor
Helen E. Jacoby
Jerome Lilly
Anthony F. Kimbel
Elsa Falk
Margaret A. Dobson
Hazel May Matthews
Samuel Davis Otis
Charlotte Waugh
Ruth Corinne Knox
Ritchie Graham Kenely, Jr.
Grace Brown
Ruth M. Waldo
Harold Hill
Russell S. Walcott
Mary M. Alexander
Margaret D. McKeon
Julia Kurtz
Arthur Bodwell
Mabel W. Whiteley

PHOTOGRAPHS.

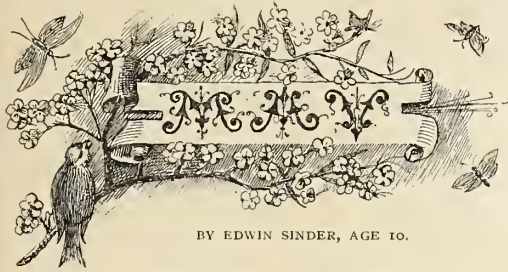
Ethel McFarland
Louise C. Neal
Caroline C. Everett
Irene F. Wetmore
Antoinette Heckocher
Edith G. Daggett
Louise L. Obert
Grace C. Gilman
Susanne M. Henning
Edward Robinson Squibb
Helen H. Herr
Sophie Knowlton Smith
Lena E. Bushnell
Fannie H. Bickford
Charles T. Sweeney
Grace Morgan Jarvis
James William Davis
Clifford Lawrence
Gertrude Herbert
Theodore J. Grow
Wendell R. Morgan
Austin B. Mason
Harold V. Smith
Lewis B. Wagman
Lulu M. Elliott
Alec H. Woollea
John E. Woodruff
Thomas R. Pooley, Jr.
Eloise Gerry

PUZZLES.

Stewart Robb
Lillie Knollenberg
Theodore Wilkinson
Bertha L. Florey
Frances Benedict
Dorothy Carr
Henrietta E. McClatchey
Nettie Lawrence
Augustine L. Donnelly
Dorothy Hurd
Kenneth Durant
Dorothy Calman
Harold K. Schoff
Robert Rutan
Cantey McD. Venable
Adelaide Skoog
Alastair H. Kyd
Mildred Ockert
Joe L. Hunter
Margaret Platt Mead
Violet Pakenham
Maurice R. Scharff
Barnekah Angell
Minnie Athowe West
Nellie Littell McCulloch
Donna J. Todd



BY JOHN GLEN STANLEY, AGE 8.



BY EDWIN SINDER, AGE 10.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

SARAH WHITE DAVIS writes a nice letter, and wishes to know what become of the pictures that take prizes. In reply, these pictures are mounted on large boards, and are sent out to various libraries throughout the country for exhibition. They are in great demand, and we have several sets of them going all the time.

Danforth Greer, Jr., wishes to know if photographs of sparrows and other small birds will be admitted in the wild-animal and bird competition. Yes, if well taken. The object of this competition is to prevent the pursuit of harmless wild creatures with destructive weapons. Protection of wild birds is one of the important aims of the League.

Nos. 9 and 10 of the "Bubble," a juvenile paper published at Charleroi, Pa., edited by Karl Keffler, Jr., have been received. This is one of the few amateur publications that have achieved the dignity of a second volume and still preserved their excellent appearance and literary quality. A little more careful proof-reading is all it needs.

We grieve to say that the little poem in January beginning, "A little bit of patience," was not original with the sender. The fact was not reported to us immediately, but sooner or later the truth must come.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is an old hickory-nut tree in our yard which has been badly abused before we came here. Two birds have adopted the tree. Mr. Robin came here, and we boys fed him with bread-crumbs. In three days he went off, and stayed away for two days. One day, as I was in bed, I heard a sweet, clear note. I knew then that Mr. Robin had come back to us. I looked out of the window, and not only saw one robin, as before, but two. They were hard at work building a nest. Mrs. Robin was shy at first, but soon became as tame as her mate. Soon the nest was finished, and everybody had to take a look. First there was one egg, then another and another, until there were four.

One day I climbed up the tree, and instead of the eggs there were four little birds. We were good friends all summer.

Your little friend, GEORGE HUMPHREY GWYNN (age 9).

THE WILDERNESS, ST. HELENS, HASTINGS, ENG.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can answer W. F. Stead's letter about Shakspeare's houses.

Shakspeare was born in a cottage at Stratford-on-Avon. He went to London and wrote some of his works there. He then went back to his native town and either bought or built a house of his own with the money he had made in London, and lived there for some time. He afterward went back to London, finding he had to work again, and it was more than likely that his house was pulled down in his absence; but Shakspeare's birthplace still stands, and is shown to people as Shakspeare's house. Your correspondent was mixing his house with his birthplace. I hope I have made clear to you what you wished to know. Hoping this will interest you,

Believe me, one of your devoted readers,
MARJORY ANNE HARRISON (age 13).

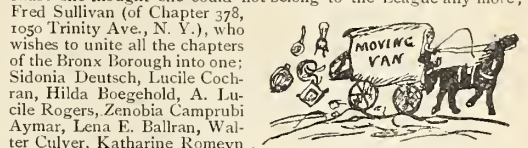
BRAMWELL, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I notice that the secretary of Chapter 171, in the February number, asks about the cracking of the Liberty Bell. It was done at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall, who was my great-great-grandfather. This is the first time I have written to you, but I enjoy you very much. I like all of the long stories you have pub-

lished, and I like the "Colburn Prize," "The Story of Barnaby Lee," and "The Junior Cup."

Your sincere friend,
FITZ-HUGH BALL MARSHALL.

Other sympathetic, appreciative letters have been received from Karl F. Kroch, whose suggestion is good, but not practicable just now; Gertrude Crossland, who drew the "nice cat and dog heading" that found its way into January, though it was intended for December; Emmeline Bradshaw, who writes a "cross letter," and gets forgiven because she writes such a pretty apology; Alastair Hope Kyd, who has a good heart and wishes to protect cats; Grace Reynolds Douglas, who cried at first when she received the cash prize because she thought she could not belong to the League any more;



BY VIEVA MARIE FISHER, AGE 8.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 32.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 32 will close May 20 (for foreign members May 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in the August number.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "The Fields of Summer-time."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "discovery." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Brook I Know."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "An Outdoor Sketch."

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

RULES FOR REGULAR COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.



BY DULCIE LAWRENCE SMITH, AGE 9.



"TAILPIECE." BY HORACE GRAF, AGE 7.



THE "BIRTHDAY DINNER." **THOUGH** all the answers have been received, the result of the contest in choosing guests for a "birthday dinner" to characters from fiction cannot be announced until the June number. A few of our young readers must have read the conditions of the contest carelessly, for they have named as guests both authors and real people, instead of characters from their favorite books. Others misspell names of the guests they choose. "Jo March" from "Little Women" was a favorite, but several spelled her name "Joe," and her eldest sister's married name was "Brooke," not "Brook." Of course these will not be considered serious errors, but they show lack of care.

READERS OF THINGS. **DID** you ever think that the word "reading" means many other actions than merely reading words? We read faces, we read things. The hunter reads animal-tracks, the business man reads figures, the musician reads notes, the dog reads his master's eyes and gestures. In these sorts of reading savage or barbarous races are often very skilful—more so than civilized men. A good instance of nature-reading is given in the **ST. NICHOLAS** story "The Boys of the Rincon Ranch," where the boy José shows the city boy how to find his way from what can be "read" outdoors—the moss on the trees, the place of branches, the flowers. The Nature and Science department is full of suggestions for outdoor reading, and one charm of such reading lies in the fact that it comes to the mind directly instead of through another brain. Book-reading, we all ought to remember, is "second-hand" reading. We ought to value more highly the direct reading practised by

those that do the practical work of this world. A farmer who "turns about to view his land," as the old nursery jingle has it, is reading a most valuable and interesting work, partly natural, partly artificial. The best works of fiction contain much of this direct reading reported in the thoughts and doings of the characters, but the outer world is full of good reading for those who have learned the art. Do not let too much book-reading blind your eyes to the art of reading the world outside of books.

AN ADVANTAGE OF GOOD READING. **WHEN** you grow up, whatever your work may be, you will find that words are the most useful tools with which to work, either for yourselves or for others. Now, a "vocabulary" is a word tool-box. Reading and writing give you a good set of word-tools and teach you how to use them. Good books will give you good words and will teach you to use them properly and effectively. The reason why works of true literature are valued is because their authors have known how to use words, and you will be likely to catch the knack from them.

LONGFELLOW ON READING. **TEN** poems by Longfellow were selected for the public schools of Berks County, Pennsylvania, in preparing for a celebration of his birthday. The ten all referred to books or reading: 1. "The Day is Done," singing of the quieting influence of poetry; 2. "The Wind Over the Chimney," confessing a poet's hopes and fears; 3. "To an Old Danish Song-book," telling the life of a book of verse; 4., 5., 6. Sonnets to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, three miniature word-portraits (read the exquisite comparison of Milton's verse to waves breaking on a beach); 7. "Travels by the Fireside," a poem

about entering the world of fancy through the book-gate; 8., 9. Sonnet upon Dante and a poem upon Burns, which all young readers will find delightful; 10. "My Books," the old poet's lament over his library when he can no longer use his learning as he did when younger.

As most good editions of the poets are indexed, a young book-lover might easily collect the poems in which different poets praise the same old books or old writers.

TWO KINDS OF BOOKS. **SOMETIMES** it is forgotten that there are two great classes of books, and two ways of reading them. There are those that demand careful reading, and reward the attention given; there are also those that are merely for amusement and will not reward more than a moderate amount of time and attention. Yet a young reader who should confine his reading to either class would lose much by neglecting the other.

Reading is much like listening to what others say, and a boy or girl who should give all spare hours to serious talk only would lose much that is delightful and improving. Humor, fancy, even nonsense, each has a place in life, and therefore a right to its place in literature. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" contains no great moral truth, teaches no practical lesson, and is little more than a fairy-story in word-pictures; yet who would be so foolish as to consider the poem not worth a reading? It is equally true that "Bacon's Essays" have been called "an epitome of human wisdom," but a young reader would be unwise to give away all his books and to confine his reading to these essays. One now and then will prove to be about the right dose for children—and for most grown-ups. The classics will taste all the sweeter when mixed with the—what shall we call them?—the "unclassics."

HOLD ON TO THE REINS. **WHEN** you are reading, keep your hold of the reins. That is, do not allow your reading to push out of the way all your own thoughts. Remember that what you read is what another person says, and either agree or disagree, according to your own opinion. It may not be necessary to make up your own view at the very time the book is in your hand, but remember to ask whether you find its opinions sound before you make them

your own. Many very able books have been adopted as true and eagerly followed for a time, and have afterward been found to be one-sided and unfair; others have been sent out to the world under great names, and afterward have been shown to be by other hands. Something has been said in this department before about not thinking too much of a statement merely because it is in print. Young people will learn just as quickly or more quickly by not accepting as true every well written assertion. Let us all remember that upon nearly every question we shall find able books on each side.

BOOKS AS THINGS MADE. **HOW** many of you know just how books are made—how the great sheets made up of many pages are printed, folded, and bound? We all own books, but not all of us remember how they are put together. If we did know, possibly we might give them better treatment. A book well treated will last a long time, and even withstand some rough handling; but a little force applied in the wrong way may ruin a volume forever. One reason that cheaply made books go to pieces so soon is because good binding is expensive and poor binding cannot resist the slightest strain. Even opening a book out flat will soon break a poor binding. Children ought to be taught early the difference between books that are valuable and those that are not, since a taste for good books will cause publishers to make good books, whereas because poor books seem cheap they will be made unless the public knows enough to ask for something better. A sham book can be sold for ten or fifteen cents, while good paper, good binding, and good printing cost money and are worth buying. A cheap book may be better than none, but a good book is cheap at any reasonable price. If you must buy a cheap edition of a good book, buy the cheapest, since all are about equally worthless.

OUR ALPHABET'S STORY. **THE** history of the letters of the alphabet is one of the most remarkable stories in the world. You may catch glimpses of this story in the dictionary, under each letter—the first article under each letter. If you find yourself interested, there are plenty of books to tell you more. St. NICHOLAS itself told the story in 1886.

THE LETTER-BOX.

FARMINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was sitting in the window, reading a book about animals, this morning. "Tim," the pretty black-and-white pussy, sat outside in the grass, licking her glossy coat. As I looked up from my book, "Nip," the pug-dog, ran around the corner of the house with a bone in his mouth. He stopped a few yards from pussy, and began to eat his bone. Tim watched him closely, but did not move. After a while Nip paused and looked at pussy. He ran to pussy and, dropping a portion of the bone at her feet, scampered out of sight, leaving pussy to eat the bone in peace.

Don't you think that was a very cunning act between cat and dog? I do; and when I saw it I said, "I must go and write to St. NICHOLAS about it."

Nip is a very bright pug-dog, and he likes nothing better than to have me scratch his back for him. Tim, the cat, is also a great friend of mine.

I remain, your loving reader,
ISABELLE W. PEMBROOK.

MOURINO, ST. PETERSBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Russia. During the winter we stay at St. Petersburg, but in the summer we go to Mourino, a tiny village an hour's drive from St. Petersburg. Here we have a large house and garden. Our aunts have gardens opening into ours.

We have two shaggy Russian ponies, and two Cossack polo-ponies. My father has some sporting dogs, and at home we have an Irish terrier, "Pat," and a liver-and-white spaniel, "Sam."

My sister and I often go long drives with our pony "Roy." He's twenty-five years, but you might think he was a colt—he's so strong.

Our carriage is called a *tarantaz*. There's a box-seat, and a seat behind; it looks something like a boat on three poles. It's absolutely destitute of springs, as the roads are very rough and often only mended by mattresses.

We've only taken St. NICHOLAS for five months or so, and so we began in the middle of "Barnaby Lee." Such a pity!

I have never tried for any competitions yet. Please print this. I've never written before.

I remain, your interested reader,
PHYLLIS R. WHISHAW.

FAIRBURY, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and have taken your magazine for about six years.

The stories I liked best are "The Story of Betty," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Quicksilver Sue," "Pretty Polly Perkins," and "The Frigate's Namesake."

I know that all those that have read "Denise and Ned Toodles" would like to hear about my little Shetland pony.

A year ago last fall, one evening in September, father told me to come to the door and see what was there. I jumped up—for father is always surprising me—and ran to the door, and there was a little black Shetland pony and buggy. His mane is very white and thick, and his tail very long. There is a white star on each side of his neck.

As quick as I saw him I thought of "Ned Toodles," for he resembles him so much, and when father asked me what I was going to name him, I said, "Ned Toodles," so he has gone by that name ever since.

He is very strong, and one time he tried to run away with me, but I held on, and of course I thought of Ned Toodles when he ran away with Denise.

Hoping you will publish my letter, I am,
Your loving reader, BRETA BILLS.

BOGOTÁ, REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy ten years old. I read you whenever I want to do so, because my sister takes you. When the magazine comes I get it and look at the pictures, and then she reads it, and I read what I want to and leave the rest.

We live almost on the top of the Andes Mountains, and it is so cold that there is sometimes frost on the ground in the mornings. But in five or six hours' ride down the mountains we can reach a very warm climate, and farther down it is still warmer, until we get to the Magdalena River, and there it is a regular tropical climate. To get a change of climate here we have to go to it, as it will not come to us.

Your loving reader,
ROBERT R. CANDOR.

"STAITHE HOUSE," CATFIELD,
GREAT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND.

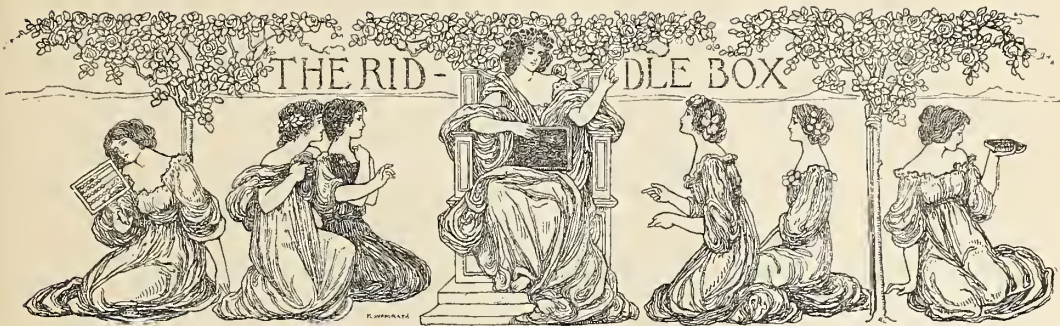
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for about two years now, and so I thought I would write to you. I have got two little canaries, and they both sing very nicely. I have got two sisters; the biggest one's name is Edna, and the smallest one is Dora. Edna has got a dog, and we call it "Rex," and it is full of fun. I like reading the letters in your magazine. I liked the story about "Sam Benson's Automobile," and I liked the poetry about "When Laura Goes to Play." I hope I will succeed in getting this printed, as it is the first. My sister Edna is at school to-day, but as I have not been well I am not going for two or three days. We live in England, near the Norfolk Broads. A broad is like a little lake, with rivers and streams connecting one with another, and you can go very many miles from one to another. Wherries go from place to place, trading.

In the summer-time we go out in a sailing-boat or rowboat, and take our tea on the broads, and we have nice fun. There are little dikes (something like small and narrow rivers) running from the broads into the land. Norfolk is very nice and hot in the summer, but in the winter it is rather cold.

Our father was at the war in South Africa a little more than a year ago, but he's not a soldier; he is a correspondent and he takes photographs.

He goes about lecturing now about the war, and the beginning of last year he had a lecture nearly every night at different places. He had some lectures at Scotland last year, and we went with him. We were all born at Scotland, but our father and mother are both English. I like England a lot better than Scotland, because it is nearly always wet in Scotland.

I remain, your little reader,
ELAINE SHELLEY (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

PHONETIC ADDITIONS. 1. Yell-ow. 2. Shall-ow. 3. Fall-ow. 4. Call-ow. 5. Fell-ow. 6. All-ow. 7. Will-ow. 8. Pill-ow. 9. Bill-ow.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Easter. 1. St-ecl. 2. Ap-art. 3. Up-start. 4. En-tire. 5. Pl-ease. 6. St-ray.

DOUBLE SYNCOPATIONS. Easter Sunday. 1. (th)aler, earl. 2. (c)o(ats), osts. 3. se(ver)s, seer, seer. 4. puls(es), puls, plus. 5. e(rr)and, eand, Edna. 6. (bra(w)ny, rany, yarn.

POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES. 1. Fie, fire. 2. Ewe, ewer. 3. Pitch, pitcher. 4. Draw, drawer. 5. Flow, flower. 6. Steam, steamer. 7. Dress, dresser. 8. Moth, mother. 9. Bat, batter. 10. Broth, brother. 11. Trig, trigger. 12. Put, putter. 13. Lard, larder.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. St. Valentine's. 1. F-lash-y. 2. S-late-s. 3. P-love-r. 4. S-pear-s. 5. S-tilt-s. 6. G-reed-y. 7. P-lane-s. 8. G-rate-s. 9. T-rain-s. 10. B-ring-s. 11. L-ever-s. 12. C-rest-s.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 15th, from Mabel, George, and Henri — M. McG. — Edgar Whitlock — George Devey Farmer, Jr. — Joe Carlada — S. L., and B. — Carl W. Boegehold — Grace C. Norton — Basco Hammond — Lilian Sarah Burt — "Grandma Jones" — Arthur H. Weston — Frances Elizabeth Doan — Elmer W. Pardee — "Allil and Adi" — Helen Mildred Rives — Elsie W. Dignan — Mary Ruth Hutchinson — Olive R. T. Griffin — Kathrine Forbes Liddell — Mary R. Norton — Wilkie Gilholm.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Florence and Edna, 4 — Elizabeth Clarke, 3 — Helen L. Frew, 2 — Irene Williams, 2 — "Johnny Bear," 6 — Amelia S. Ferguson, 5 — Fred H. Lahee, 6 — L. Greenfeld, 3 — Carmelita McCahill, 5 — William H. Young, Jr., 6 — Marguerite Power, 6 — Fritz van de Water, 1 — Richard Church, Jr., 1 — Howard Rumsey, 1 — Dorothy Dwight, 1 — Eleanor Lindrooth, 1 — Ella Sachs, 1.

DIAMOND.

1. In expression. 2. A pronoun. 3. Walks through water. 4. A kind of car. 5. Full of mystery. 6. Withdrawn. 7. A cavalry sword. 8. A pole. 9. In expression. ELSIE LOCKE.

RIDDLE.

RUNNING up and down, I make
Many little fingers ache;
Though I'm found within the sea,
I can measure pounds of tea.
Often glittering, rainbow-specked,
I adorn and I protect. A. M. P.

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, each word may be curtailed by two letters, and a word will remain. Example: since-re. The seventeen curtailed words will form a four-line stanza.

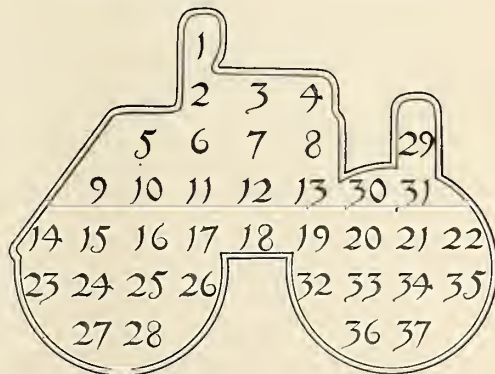
1. Doubly curtail an appointed meeting, and leave to test. 2. Doubly curtail in opposition to, and leave once more. 3. Doubly curtail a large book, and leave a preposition. 4. Doubly curtail to flinch, and leave to earn. 5. Double curtail to distribute, and leave entire. 6. Doubly curtail perhaps, and leave a month. 7. Doubly curtail airy, and leave to gain. 8. Doubly curtail complete, and leave a pronoun. 9. Doubly curtail a light boat, and leave a drinking-cup. 10. Doubly curtail a discoverer, and leave to detect. 11. Doubly curtail a text, and leave a common article. 12. Doubly curtail estate, and leave suitable. 13. Doubly curtail fastened or tightened with keys, and leave part of a lock. 14. Doubly curtail labor, and leave a preposition. 15. Doubly curtail a fable, and leave a pronoun. 16. Doubly

curtail mysterious, and leave obscure. 17. Doubly curtail a celestial body, and leave a design.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

AUTOMOBILE PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM 2 to 4, a color; from 5 to 8, to decrease; from 9 to 13, piles of rocks; from 14 to 22, installing; from 23 to 26, small children; 27 and 28, to exist; 30 and 31, a father; from 32 to 35, a plant having an edible bulb; 36 and 37, a deer; 14 and 23, a pronoun; from 9 to 27, a lump; from 5 to 28, to squander; from 1 to 26, begins; from 3 to 18, a girl's name; from 4 to 32, cozy places; from 30 to 36, a wharf; from 29 to 37, the Abyssinian ox; 22 and 35, to pass from one place to another.

HARRIE A. BELL.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE objects pictured in the accompanying puzzle may be described by words of four or more letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the fourth row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a certain Italian worker in gold and silver; he made a beautiful suit of armor for the ruler named by the initial letters.

- The sixteen small pictures may be described as follows:
1. A protuberance.
 2. A body of land surrounded by water.
 3. One of the parts of speech.
 4. A sauce for meat.
 5. A kind of pastry.
 6. Part of the heads of certain animals.
 7. A book to hold photographs.
 8. The course which is traveled.
 9. A tropical fruit.
 10. A heroic poem.
 11. A covering for the foot.
 12. A pointed piece of metal.
 13. Something that is worshiped.
 14. An announcement.
 15. A collection of dwellings.
 16. A large fish.



NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a spring festival; another row will spell a spring flower.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A kind of urn used in Russia for making tea. 2. The art of covering anything with a plate or with a metal. 3. A masculine name. 4. To withhold restraint from. 5. Tidiest. 6. Pertaining to gem engraving.

EDWIN DOAN.

A TRIPLY BEHEADED ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead contest, and leave an entreaty. Answer, Competition.

1. Triply behead a certain division of time, and leave a time of light.
2. Triply behead a creature with an appetite for human flesh, and leave one who eats.
3. Triply behead harmony, and leave a small rope.
4. Triply behead to indulge in boisterous mirth, and leave a river of England.
5. Triply behead a Biblical mount, and leave a rodent.
6. Triply behead to impair, and make competent.
7. Triply behead a tropical tree, and leave a woody plant of considerable size.
8. Triply behead to state falsely, and leave to instruct.
9. Triply behead confusion, and leave a command.
10. Triply behead a plant beloved by felines, and leave to pinch.
11. Triply behead to enrage, and leave a cave.
- 12.

Triply behead fancifully, and leave to unite. 13. Triply behead a large city of the United States, and leave the place where Severus died.

When these words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a holiday.

DON W. PITTMAN.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a game.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A game played in summer. 2. The central part of an amphitheater in which the gladiators fought. 3. A favorite athletic game in England. 4. Something needed in playing the game named in the first cross-word. 5. The greatest of the national festivals of ancient Greece. 6. An English game resembling ninepins, but played by throwing wooden disks. 7. A baseball player. 8. A popular game of cards.

MARIE HAMMOND (League Member).

DIAMOND.

1. IN yesterday.
2. To ask for as a charity.
3. The surname of a famous man.
4. To obtain possession of.
5. In yesterday.

KENNETH WYCKOFF (League Member).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

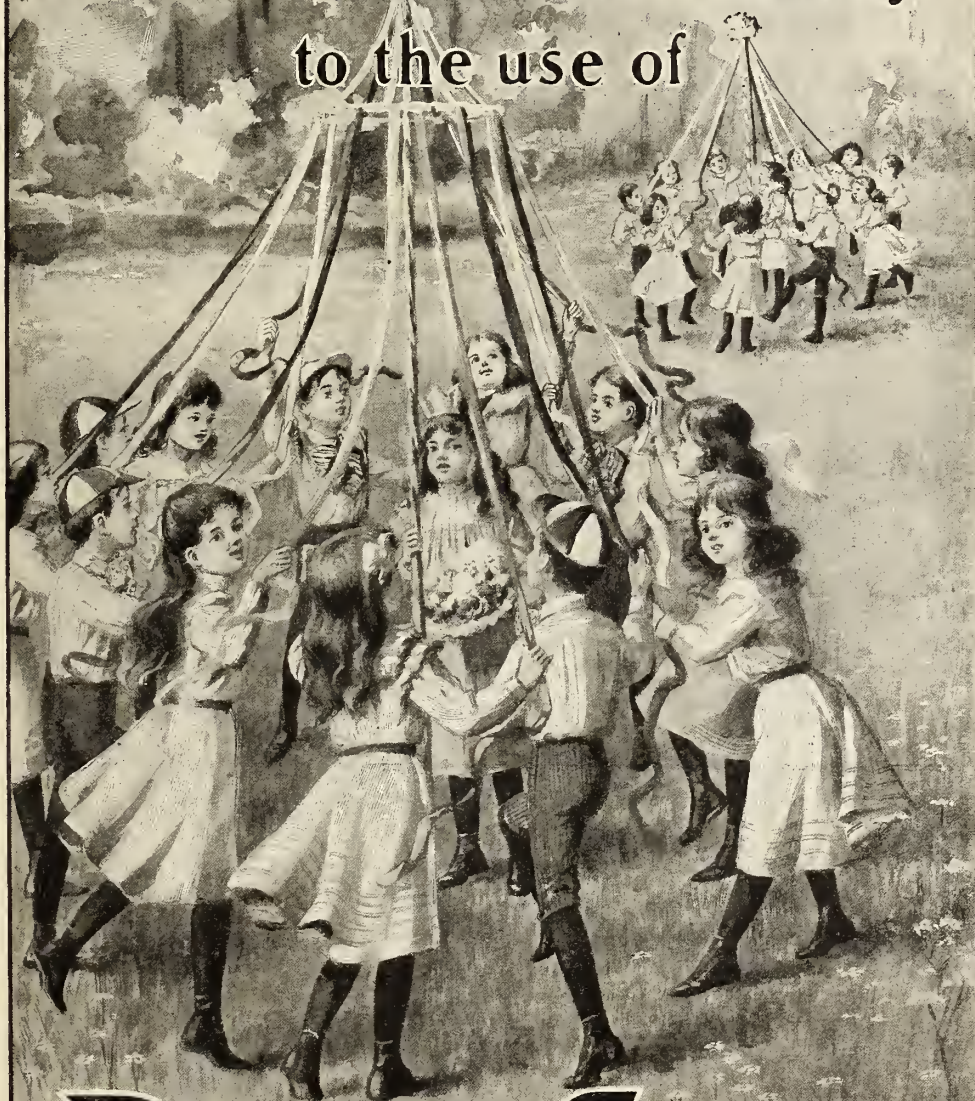
WHEN fields are green and skies are blue High festival I keep with you.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. His Highness thought of going to swim; He thought a mermaid spoke to him.
2. "Fair sir," she said, "if you will climb From cliff to crag at evening-time"
3. "And search for wrinkled watercress, You may or may not have success."
4. "Now, should you slip, I question much The aid of either cane or crutch."
5. "And if your feet go on a strike, You can't strut home as you would like."
6. "But you're a rover to and fro, And you can climb with care, I know."
7. "The reason why I'm far from home Is simply this — I've lost my comb."
8. "And if you swim a normal stroke —" What luck! His Highness here awoke!

ANNA M. PRATT.

From **POLE** to **POLE**
children's faces bear testimony
to the use of



Pears' Soap

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

WE HEAR a great deal, from time to time, about the study of stamps, and young collectors, as well as those who are older, desire to know what is meant by this. Looking at stamps, and merely noting slight differences between them, is not studying them in the way which produces the most valuable results. It is necessary, in order to acquire much valuable knowledge of stamps, that considerable numbers of them be accumulated for purposes of study. It is not necessary that these should be rare stamps. If, for instance, one wishes to study the stamps of the United States of the issues between 1870 and 1890, a great deal of information may be secured by examining a number of the common three-cent green stamps issued during these years. This was the stamp which covered the ordinary letter-postage, and it is in it that the largest number of variations from the ordinary type are found. If one wishes to secure a knowledge of papers upon which the stamps were printed, the differences are more likely to be found in the common stamps than in the rare ones. A lot of stamps secured for purposes of study should be sorted out according to the object that is sought in the study. That is, if one wishes to know what variations of perforation there were, the different stamps should be mounted according to perforation. The result of such work always proves of value in obtaining a thorough knowledge of the stamps of the country studied. It is not necessary to do a great deal of reading in order to obtain a knowledge of stamps. If one does read, the best articles that have been written on the stamps of the country studied are all that it is worth while to examine. There are many countries which have had very little study, up to the present time, and if any one wishes to gain knowledge which has not been secured by many collectors, the examination of such stamps as those of Bosnia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Montenegro will yield a great deal of valuable information. It is not in relation to stamps only that such work as this is of value to collectors. The training of the powers of observation which comes from the study of stamps will be found to be exceedingly valuable in whatever work one may have in life. The observing of small variations and the noting of shades and small distinctions are worth a great deal in almost any business or pursuit. The training of the powers of observation is greatly aided by the study of stamps.

A NEW ISSUE of stamps has appeared for the Dominican Republic. It does not take the place of the set recently put forth, but is merely a Jubilee issue to be used for a short time only. The central portion of each stamp is printed in a different color from the frame. The one-cent stamp has been found with inverted center.

ARGENTINA has issued a very attractive set of official stamps. The colors are good, and the general design



NEW STAMP OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

of the stamps is more pleasing than that of those usually issued for this country.

THE PROVISIONAL issue of stamps recently made for the Danish West Indies, consisting of the two-cent surcharged on three-cent, and eight-cent surcharged on ten-cent, has been sold out. It is not known whether these stamps are very scarce or not, for it is possible that many of them have been bought by speculators who desire to sell them at an advance to collectors. The purchase of the islands by the United States has made a great demand for the stamps of this country, and there are no signs of any lessening of the demand in the immediate future.

IT IS SAID that the three-crown stamp of Hungary, issued in 1900, is likely to be one of the best of these stamps, as there are comparatively few of them to be had, and the stamp was in use only a short time.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

FOREIGN REVENUE stamps are not collected in this country to any great extent, nor are United States revenue stamps in demand in foreign countries. There are a few collectors of revenues, but the field is so extensive that few care to take it up.

The differences between the dies of United States envelopes are fully described in the Standard Catalogue. The variations are frequently seen in the figures at the sides.

Counterfeits of the first type of the Samoan express stamps are not scarce. One who obtains any of these, as described in the Standard Catalogue, should submit them to experts before allowing them a place in a collection. The surcharged types for the French colonies have been counterfeited.

The possession of an over-printed stamp does not necessarily mean that one has a rare type. The United States envelopes known as "albinos," because they are lacking in color, are produced by a fault of the envelope-machine, which picks up two pieces of paper at one time, prints the outside one in color, and causes the impression to show on the inside envelope without any color.

The difference between the paper of the stamps printed by the Continental Bank-Note Company, and that used for American Bank-Note Company prints, is most easily seen by holding the stamps to the light. The early or Continental issues are on a hard paper which is thinner than that used for later issues. The American stamps are on a soft thick paper which shows, in most cases, a fine mesh, which gives the paper the name of "wove."

“YOUNG COLLECTORS”

Have we your name on our mailing list to receive our 1902 84-page price-list of Packets, Sets, etc.?

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount? Acme imported hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.



Popular Stamp Album illustrated, spaces for 6000 stamps, cloth and gold, 75c.; No. 2, to hold 3000 stamps, 50c.; No. 1, board covers, 25c.; 200 different foreign stamps, 15c.; 15 Mexican, 10c.; 15 Cuban, 10c.; 12 Porto Rico, 10c.; 1000 mixed foreign, 15c.; 100 different Central American stamps, \$1.00; 25 stamps, showing different animals and birds, \$1.00; 800 different foreign stamps, \$2.50. (These are guaranteed to amount by Scott's catalogue *six times* our price.) We have over 5000 varieties in stock to sell at 1/2 of Scott's catalogue prices. Information about our approval system, a copy of our weekly stamp journal, our booklet "About Stamps," and our price-list sent free.

MEKEEL STAMP CO. (Dept. N), St. Louis, Mo.

5 PHILIPPINE STAMPS, 2 CENTS

Different, unused, genuine. Catalogue value, 15c. 152 different foreign, including Servia, etc., 10c. Fine approval sheets, 50% commission. Immense stock. Price list free.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 21-27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

109 var. very fine India, Egypt, hinges, etc., and Chinese coin, only 10c. Finest sheets 50%. Catalog free. 4 var. Soudan, 15c. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES,** Omaha, Neb.

STAMP MENAGERIE—"The birds and the beasts are there." 10 diff. animal stamps 10c. 20 diff. 40c. 20 Paris Exp. stamps 10c. Postage 2c. Lists free. **Toledo Stamp Co.,** Toledo, O.



STAMPS. 103, no two alike and GENUINE, 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for 10c. only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOVER & CO.,** St. Louis, Mo.

PREMIUM GIFTS In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps. **Northwestern Stamp Co.,** Freeport, Ill.

STAMPS in album and cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 In.-China, a U.S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. **BULLARD, STA. A,** Boston, Mass.

JAPAN, big wedding stamp FREE to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. MCKAY,** 673 Broad St., Newark, N.J.



STAMPS. 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10 cents; 1000 fine mixed 25 cents; all fine bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections. **C. A. STEGMAN,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

COIN list 4 cents. 5 large U. S. cents, 22c. U. S. and Foreign Stamps, 50 per cent. discount. **R. M. LANGZETTEL,** 92 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn.

111 different stamps, China, etc., 6c.; 1000 mixed, 25c. 10 diff. picture stamps, Tigers, etc., unused, 15c. 40 diff. U. S., 10c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co.,** Omaha, Neb.

\$10 for only 7 cents: \$1 red, \$1 green, \$1 gray, \$1 olive, \$2 gray, \$2 olive and \$2 slate, U. S. Documentaries, the entire lot for 7 cents, postage extra. New list free. **KOLONA STAMP CO.,** DEPT. N, DAYTON, OHIO

500 STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. Old stamps bought. **Union Stamp Co.,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

500 Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 18 Australia, 10c. 24-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

HUNGARY, 1000—11 var., 1 to 25f., 8 cts., postpaid. App. sheets 50%. **GEO. M. FISK,** 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.

A
Luscious
Treat
to
Serve
Between
The
Meal-
Time
Hours
NABISCO
Sugar
Wafers

Many flavors.



60% commission from our sheets. Agents wanted. **PHILATELIC EXCHANGE,** Box 72, Cincinnati, O.

The Century Cook Book

More than a Thousand Receipts.
600 pages, 150 Illustrations.
Price only \$2.00.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

Use Dixon's American Graphite Pencils

Their tough, smooth leads don't break or scratch when in use. Made in all styles, covering the whole field of pencil use.

THEIR GRADES NEVER VARY

Ask for them at your dealer's. If not obtainable, mention St. Nicholas, and send 16 cents for samples worth double.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.



Figures Went Wrong.

**Something about
Food that Saves one
from Brain Fog.**

That food can make or break a man is shown in thousands of cases. If one's work requires the use of the brain, the food must furnish particles that will build up the brain and replace the daily loss.

Many times people fall ill not knowing that the real cause of the trouble is the lack of the right kind of food to keep the body nourished.

As an illustration: A young man in Chatham, Va., says, "I have been employed for quite a time in a large tobacco warehouse here. My work required a great deal of calculating, running up long and tiresome columns of figures. Last winter my health began to give out and I lost from two to ten days out of every month.

"I gradually got worse instead of better. It was discovered that when I did work many mistakes crept into my calculations in spite of all I could do. It was, of course, brain fag and exhaustion. After dragging along for several months I finally gave up my position, for every remedy on earth that I tried seemed to make me worse instead of better and I had to force down what food I ate, hating to see meal time come.

"One day a friend said, 'Crider, do you know there is a food called Grape-Nuts that I believe is made to fit just such cases as yours?' The name rather attracted me and I tried the food. The delicious, sweetish taste pleased me and I relished it. In about a week my old color began to come back and I gained in strength every day. Finally I weighed and found I was gaining fast in flesh, and with the strength came the desire for work, and when I went back I found that my mind was as accurate as ever and ready to tackle anything.

"I now can do as much work as any man, and know exactly from what my benefit was derived, and that is from Grape-Nuts. I feel that it is but fair and just that my experience be known." E. P. CRIDER, Chatham, Va.



SIMPLEX

TRADE MARK

PIANO PLAYER

Will enable you to *play the piano with all the feeling and sympathy* of your nature and with the *skill of a virtuoso*, even though you never tried to play a note before. *No strength required* (this is one way in which the SIMPLEX excels all other players). The SIMPLEX is acknowledged by competent critics to be the *perfection of science* and superior in all ways to any player yet manufactured, being just what its name signifies,— simple all through. The SIMPLEX can be adjusted to

any piano in a few minutes and removed at will. By the use of the SIMPLEX the piano becomes a part of yourself, your own individuality and expression entering into the music produced. The selection of music for the SIMPLEX now embraces classical, operatic, sacred, dance, popular, vocal, and other accompaniment—our music catalog contains a list of more than 4,000 pieces and will be sent on application. *It includes any and every piece that has been or can be supplied for any other piano player.* A music library has been established at all of the principal SIMPLEX agencies, where at a moderate cost the owner of a SIMPLEX is supplied with an extensive repertoire, with monthly or fortnightly changes. The SIMPLEX is recommended and endorsed by hosts of people well known in the musical world. Price, \$225 cash. Can be bought on instalments. Write for illustrated booklet.

THEODORE P. BROWN, Manufacturer
6 MAY STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

AGENCIES

NEW YORK
 Horace Waters & Co.
 CHICAGO
 The Cable Co.
 PHILADELPHIA
 Estey & Bruce
 ST. LOUIS
 Jesse French P. & O.
 Co.
 BOSTON
 Walter J. Bates Co.
 BALTIMORE
 Kranz & Smith Piano
 Co.

CLEVELAND
 Meckle Bros. Co.
 BUFFALO
 Geo. F. Hedge Son
 & Co.
 SAN FRANCISCO
 Zeno Mauvais Music
 Co.
 PITTSBURG
 E. G. Hays & Co.
 NEW ORLEANS
 L. Grunewald Co.,
 Ltd.

DETROIT
 C. J. Whitney Co.
 MILWAUKEE
 Hafsoos & Stumpf
 WASHINGTON
 D. J. Pfeiffer
 NEWARK
 Reed, Dawson & Co.
 TORONTO
 R. S. Williams &
 Sons Co.

PROVIDENCE
 Goff & Darling
 ROCHESTER
 J. W. Martin &
 Brother
 DENVER
 Knight, Campbell
 Music Co.
 TOLEDO
 J. W. Greene Co.
 LOS ANGELES
 Fitzgerald Music Co.

ALBANY
 Boardman & Gray
 PORTLAND
 Allen & Gilbert Co.
 RICHMOND
 The Cable Co.
 DALLAS
 Jesse French P. & O.
 Co.
 WHEELING
 C. A. House Co.

Report on the

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE ADVERTISING COMPETITION

*In the February St. Nicholas in suggestion of Catch Phrases
and Trade-marks for Firms advertising in St. Nicholas.*

Of course we can show here only a few of the bright suggestions made in the hope of winning one of the fifty-four prizes, and we think it fair to our competitors to say that this was a more difficult competition than they imagined. It is easy to write down a set of notions of varying value, but when it comes to hitting on a phrase that shall be as taking as "You press the button," or "Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" even the wisest advertisers may search in vain. Altogether, our young thinkers have won much credit, for they have secured gleanings in a well-harvested field.

PRIZE WINNERS.

*Result of Advertising Competition in February
Number, for One Hundred Dollars in Prizes,
divided into fifty-four Prizes.*

Four Prizes of \$5.00 each.

Alfred L. Gimson (17), Lambertville, N. J.
Margaret Hale (14), Keene, N. H.
Louise F. Thompson (15), San José, Cal.
Dorothy Turple (14), Worcester, Mass.

Ten Prizes of \$3.00 each.

Marjorie Betts (13), London, Ontario.
Ada H. Case (15), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kate Colquhoun (17), Hamilton, Ont.
Helen Duncan (16), Dorchester, Mass.
Roger S. Hoar (14), Holderness, N. H.
Victor W. Jones (14), Stamford, Conn.
Alice E. Lee (15), Milton, Mass.
Lina Meyer (17), Delphi, Wash.
Ruth M. Peters (15), Dorchester, Mass.
Edith Clare Williams (13), Old Orchard, Mo.

Ten Prizes of \$2.00 each.

Samuel Bowles, Jr. (16), Holderness, N. H.
Joshua W. Brady (17), Potsdam, N. Y.
Richard de Charms, Jr. (13), Denver, Col.
Marjorie Stowe Collins (16), Springfield, Mass.
Ralph E. Cushman (14), Keokuk, Iowa.
Evelyn Olver Foster (14), Bellevue, Pa.
James Hart (15), Marion Ave., N. Y. City.
Clarence T. Purdy (12), Yorktown Hts., N. Y.
Edith Rogers (14), Lovingston, Va.
Sara H. Seymour (13), Newark, Ohio.

Thirty Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Grace E. Allen (15), Washington, D. C.
Harris T. Baldwin (9), St. Paul, Minn.
Dorothy Biddle (8), St. Paul, Minn.
John L. Binda (15), Mattapan, Mass.
Ajax Brennan (14), Clinton, Conn.
Alfreda Lucy Brennan (16), Clinton, N. Y.
L. Charles Burrows (15), New York, N. Y.
Fleta Chandler (13), West Superior, Wis.
Eleanor F. L. Clement (12), Brookline, Mass.
Albert H. Cushman (12), Keokuk, Iowa.
Irene Dalton (15), Lincoln, Neb.
Cecil Edwards (17), Wichita, Kansas.
Rosalind Munro Ferguson (9), New Brunswick, Can.
Henry Goldman (15), New York, N. Y.
Hugo Graf (14), St. Louis, Mo.
W. Hodkinson (8), Pueblo, Col.
Angeline Huff (12), Greensburg, Pa.
Robert J. Knox (13), Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Lottie Ludlow (12), St. Paul, Minn.
Kenneth Lyne (10), Henderson, Ky.
Selma Matson (15), Madison, Wis.
Margaret McKeon (12), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Charles A. Moore (16), Phila., Pa.
Charlotte Morton (16), Tescott, Kansas.
Alice Paine (13), West Newton, Mass.
Clifford H. Pangburn (13), Shelton, Conn.
Ellen W. Peckham (11), Orange, N. J.
Margaret Peckham (13), Orange, N. J.
Earl Percy (14), Hoosack Valley, N. Y.
Marion C. Phinzy (13), New York, N. Y.

Report on the Competition.

Upon looking over the material submitted, it is evident that many of the competitors failed to understand just what was desired. They wrote poems or made elaborate drawings (these, even if not called for in some competitions, are always welcome, and when accepted by the advertiser will be paid for by him) instead of giving some of the time to *thinking* out clever ideas and then expressing these in a few words or a slight sketch.

Many contestants, by neglect, lose prizes because they will not *strictly* follow the terms of the competition. One of the best sets of phrases bore neither name nor address; and a number had no statement of the contestant's age, or no indorsement of originality.

The rules controlling this competition are the same as those governing the other regular League contests. Writings and drawings for this special contest, however, *must not* bear the author's or artist's name and address. These must be given on a separate slip accompanying each contribution—not for publication, but for the proper filing and reference by the editor of the League. Any member of the St. Nicholas League may compete (and any reader of St. Nicholas, not over eighteen years of age, may become a member of the League upon application for a League badge and instruction leaflet). These are sent upon application accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Competition No. 14.

For the next advertising competition in the St. Nicholas League, in view of approaching vacation days, we shall propose a contest that will be an amusement as well. The contest is to consist in seeing which of our young advertising experts can make the most amusing new combinations of the pictures and text occurring in the advertising pages of this (May) number of ST. NICHOLAS. That is, you are to select from these pages such pictures and bits of text as you like, and then put these together in the most amusing or surprising way you can, the object being to arouse interest in the advertisements so used.

No contestant shall submit more than *three* combinations — that is, three pictures with three bits of text. Paste each selected picture to a single sheet of note-paper not larger than six inches wide by ten inches long, and paste below or above it the descriptive text.

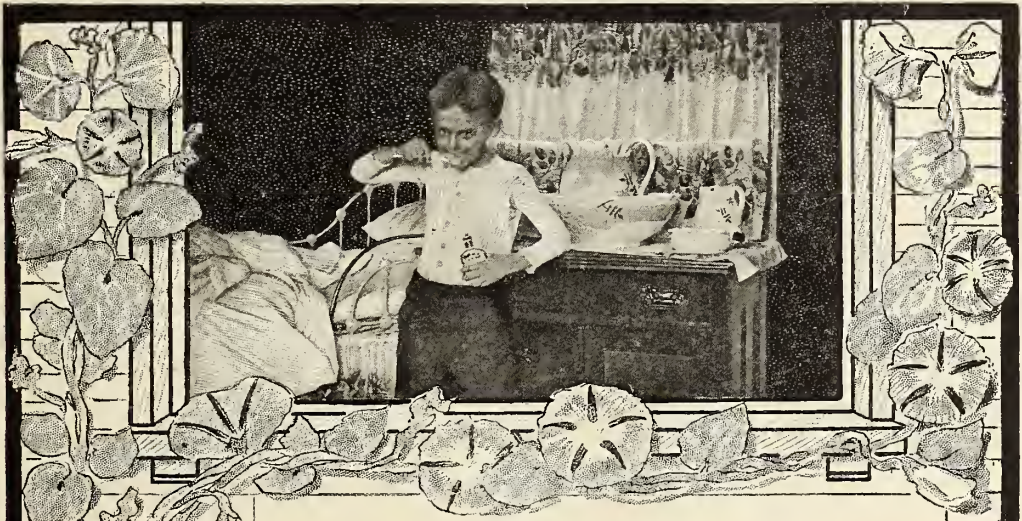
For the most amusing and ingenious of such pictures the following prizes will be awarded :

- For the best four \$5 each = \$20.
- For the next best ten 3 each = 30.
- For the next best ten 2 each = 20.
- For the next best thirty 1 each = 30.

Answers must be received by the 1st of June.

Contestants must give their ages, but in this case they may be helped by their elders, since this is a contest in which age gives no advantage.

Do not draw or write a new advertisement, but cut out the material from the advertising pages. We show example made from advertisements in the April number.



The Secret of Cinderella's Beauty

(From April St. NICHOLAS. A combination of the "Rubifoam" and "Lowney's Bon-bons" advertisements.)



An ideal investment that adds to the pleasures of childhood.

M. & M. CHILD'S PORTABLE PLAY-HOUSES

form an attractive addition to the homes of young children. They are handsome in appearance, and when erected on the lawn, convenient to the house, will bring new life, new interest, and wholesome responsibilities into their pleasures. The M. & M. Portable Play-houses are not toys, but are **comfortable, strongly built, wind and water proof, and reasonable in price.**

These houses can be put up in half an hour or taken down in ten minutes by a bright boy of 12 years, can easily be transported for camping or stowed away in a small space in winter if desired. We also manufacture

Hunters' Cabins, Automobile Houses, Summer Cottages, etc.

M. & M. Portable Houses are all accurately built on the "Unit System," every panel being interchangeable — **no nails, no carpenter, and no experience required to erect.** Write at once for catalogue, full description and prices. We have styles to meet every requirement — state your needs definitely.

MERSON & MORLEY, 650 Broadway, Saginaw, Mich.



SPECIAL TO MOTHERS!

Send us 5 two-cent stamps with the ages of your children and the name of your dealer from whom you buy toys and we will send postpaid a set of the regular 25-cent size of

Cannon's Toy Blocks

This set will make Doll Bed, Chairs, Table, Easel, Swing and various other things.

The famous railroad set of 112 pieces postpaid for **\$1.00.** Instructive. Highly endorsed by kindergartens. Makes big freight car, 9½ inches long, 4 inches wide, 5 inches high.

CANNON TOY COMPANY,
620 Main Street, Casco, Wisconsin.

Make Prints at Night
with



Far and away the Best Developing Paper made
If your printer cannot supply you send 20c. for one dozen 4x5 size with Developer.
THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.
122-124 Fifth Ave., 17th and 18th Streets New York
Atlas Block; Randolph Street and Wabash Ave. Chicago

AN INDEX TO THE VOLUMES OF ST. NICHOLAS

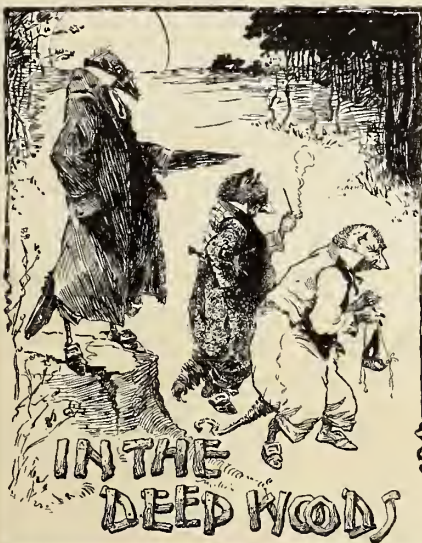
A complete, comprehensive index to the first twenty-seven volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, containing 20,000 references arranged analytically, alphabetically, and classified — now ready. Invaluable to every owner of the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS.

Cloth bound, price \$4.00. Address **THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York**

A Book for the Summer Days

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE
EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book



The adventures of the Hollow Tree Folk, Mr. Coon, Mr. Possum, Mr. Crow, Mr. Rabbit and their friends in the Deep Woods. The stories are charmingly and amusingly told by A. B. Paine in the vein of Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus," though not in dialect. Illustrated with over one hundred clever drawings by J. M. Condé.

Bound in cloth with a striking cover design.
Size 5 3/4 x 8 1/4 inches. Price \$1.50.

FREE TO LEAGUE MEMBERS

A handsomely illustrated catalogue describing this and many other delightful books for boys and girls, with pictures by Penfield, Walter Russell, Frank Verbeck, Condé and others, will be sent free to any address.

R. H. RUSSELL: Publisher, 3 West 29th Street, NEW YORK



The American Boy

Biggest, Brightest, Best Boys' Paper in the World. Hezekiah Butterworth says, It enters into their life

**Trial: 3 months for 10c
Regular: \$1.00 a year**

Boys are enthusiastic over it. Clean, inspiring stories, Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Meets universal approval. The only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interest. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

Address SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY
266 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan

TWO MARVELOUS IMPROVEMENTS make the EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Perfect.



The New Moulded Record "Hard Wax," and the New Reproducers

duplicate the human voice in volume and clearness. Absolutely free from scratching—perfectly smooth and natural. A new result from your old phonograph.

New Reproducers on all new phonographs. Nine styles from \$10.00 to \$100.00. The new Records, 50 cents, \$5.00 per dozen.

Full particulars at all dealers.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
New York Office, 83 Chambers St.
Chicago Office, 141 Wabash Ave.

CARMEL SOAP



Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP FOR Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY
A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.
122 FEARL ST. NEW YORK.

The New Red Riding Hood



Copyright by The Walter M. Lowney Co., 1902.

We have always felt that it was very unfortunate that "Little Red Riding Hood" and her doubtless estimable Grandmother should have been food for a hungry wolf. Could "Little Red Riding Hood" have made some nourishing and delightful

LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

for the wolf, his hunger would have been appeased, and doubtless by the same invigorating beverage her Grandmother would have become strong and well and all would have lived happily forever after.
(Trial size for 15 cents in stamps.)

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY, Dept. Z, BOSTON, MASS.

Mellin's Food



FREEPORT, ILL.

DONALD J. BILLIG

"Our baby, Donald J. Billig, aged 14 months, has never been sick a day; his only diet has been Mellin's Food, which I am glad to endorse as the best food for infants."

Send for a free sample of Mellin's Food.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.



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NATURE washes the earth, and every field and tree blossoms into life. She uses no other agent than pure water, air and sun. Get as near to Nature's way as you can. The nearest thing to water, air and sun is Ivory Soap: light as the water, bright as the air, white as the sun. No acids. No chemicals. Just soap.
IT FLOATS.

Libby's

GOOD
THINGS
TO
EAT



Libby's (Concentrated) Soups

are just pure, wholesome, deliciously flavored, natural stock. Ready to serve in one minute by adding water, and heating. Among all of

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

no article is more conspicuous for excellence than the Soups made in large quantities by an experienced chef in Libby's famous hygienic kitchens. **Libby's Ox Tongue** (whole) can be bought of your grocer at less cost than fresh tongue of your butcher. They are selected and trimmed—put up in 1½ to 3½ lb. key opening cans, cooked ready to serve.

Send to-day for the little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," full of ideas on quick, delicious lunch serving. Libby's Atlas of the World mailed free for 10 cents postage.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Royal

Baking Powder

ABSOLUTE
PURE

Royal is undoubtedly the most reliable baking powder offered to the public.—U. S. Gov't Chemist's Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

DELICIOUS DRINKS and DAINTY DISHES

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R'S
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DA

TELY PURE
for smooth-
acy, and flavor

Recipe Book
u how to make
a great variety
ishes, from our
Chocolate. Sent
any address

D. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

St Nicholas 29
Vol
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May 1902
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Reason Talks to Habit



A Knock Down Argument

is the final piece of logic used by Nature. Many people lean on the "don't-hurt-me" theory about coffee until the beautiful machinery of the body collapses.

Postum Food Coffee

is the way out of trouble. If you have dyspepsia, heart troubles or any disease of the digestive organs or nerves, stop coffee and use Postum for 10 days. The change works wonders.

WEBER

That which gives the Weber Piano its charm, its real worth, apart from the quality of the materials which enter into its construction and the artistic beauty of its exterior, is that pure, rich and sympathetic tone in the possession of which it stands alone.

PIANOS

108 Fifth Ave., New York
266 Wabash Ave., Chicago

“Another Chance,” a long story, complete

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR · YOUNG · FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY
MARY · MAPES · DODGE



MACMILLAN AND CO · L^TD, ST. MARTIN'S ST · LONDON

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Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon Silver Leaf Lard



—occupy the front rank
they stand for all that is
purest and best in food
products; the utmost care
is exercised in selection,
preparation and inspection.

Swift & Company

U. S. A.



CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE, 1902.

	Page
Frontispiece. The King of the Butterflies. A June Fantasy..... <small>Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.</small>	674
To Repel Boarders. Story <small>Illustrated by J. H. Marchand.</small>	Jack London 675
Picture. "Fresh Woods and Pastures New"..... <small>From a photograph by Wallace Nutting.</small>	679
The Castle Garden Aquarium <small>Illustrated by Harry Fenn, J. Carter Beard, Louis H. Joutel, and others.</small>	Charles L. Bristol 680
"Right in the Wind's Eye." Story <small>Illustrated by Nugent and Smedley, and from photographs.</small>	Meredith Nugent 685
The Merry-go-Round. Verse <small>Illustrated by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer.</small>	Virna Woods 687
Another Chance. A Long Story, Complete in this Number <small>Chapter I. Jack Clears the Way—II. A Tangled Web—III. On the Wrong Road—IV. "We have Failed!"—V. The Gray Days and Dull—VI. Another Chance, and the Valedictory.</small>	Julia Truitt Bishop 688
A Painful Incident. Verse.....	Charles Perez Murphy 711
In Daisy Days. Verse <small>Illustrated by F. M. Lungren.</small>	Mary Elizabeth Blake 712
How the Pilgrims Came to Plymouth <small>Illustrated from a painting by Marshall Johnson, and by Winfield S. Lukens.</small>	Azal Ames, M.D. 713
Ballad of the Plymouth Washing. Verse..... <small>Illustrated by George Varian.</small>	Ethel Parton 720
Eight Charades in Rhyme. Verse <small>Illustrated by George Varian.</small>	Carolyn Wells 723
Buster and the Ants. Story <small>Illustrated by George Varian.</small>	N. A. Jennings 724
The Angling Bunnies. Verse <small>Illustrated by the author.</small>	Albert Blashfield 734
Hunting the Puma. Story..... <small>Illustrated by the author.</small>	Clarence Edwin Booth Grossmann 736
Something New. Verse..... <small>Illustrated by the author.</small>	E. Warde Blaisdell 740
Jingle <small>Illustrated.</small>	Christopher Valentine 741
In the Woods—June <small>Illustrated from photographs.</small>	Rosalind Richards 741
Nature and Science for Young Folks <small>You may Gather all You Wish—"Please Don't!"—Wild Geese at Home—How We Stocked the Aquarium—Thought the Kite was a Hawk—Which Seasons are the Best?—Summer Green Snake—Our Largest Beetles—Lives in Silk Tents, and Travels on Silk Roads.</small>	744
The St. Nicholas League. Awards of Prizes for Poems, Drawings and Photographs.....	752
Books and Reading. Award of Prizes in "Birthday Dinner" Competition.....	764
Editorial	766
The Riddle-Box. Award of League Prizes for Puzzles <small>Illustrated.</small>	767

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, Prest.
CHAS. F. CHICHESTER, Treas.
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Secy.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.



An ideal investment that adds to the pleasures of childhood.

M. & M. CHILD'S PORTABLE PLAY-HOUSES

form an attractive addition to the homes of young children. They are handsome in appearance, and when erected on the lawn, convenient to the house, will bring new life, new interest, and wholesome responsibilities into their pleasures. The M. & M. Portable Play-houses are not toys, but are comfortable, strongly built, wind and water proof, and reasonable in price.

These houses can be put up in half an hour or taken down in ten minutes by a bright boy of 12 years, can easily be transported for camping or stowed away in a small space in winter if desired. We also manufacture

Hunters' Cabins, Automobile Houses, Summer Cottages, etc.

M. & M. Portable Houses are all accurately built on the "Unit System," every panel being interchangeable—no nails, no carpenter, and no experience required to erect. Write at once for catalogue, full description and prices. We have styles to meet every requirement—state your needs definitely.

MERSHON & MORLEY, 650 Broadway, Saginaw, Mich.

NEW-YORK, Nyack-on-Hudson (25 miles from N. Y. City).

Rockland Military Academy.

(Education is costly, ignorance is more so.) Our school gives boys what they need at a critical time, develops backbone, trains the mind, builds character—43rd year. Electric lights, steam heat, baths, gymnasium, athletics, bowling alleys, etc. Prepares for college, West Point, Annapolis and business. Formerly widely known as Rockland College.

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Clinton Preparatory School.

15 Boys.
6 Teachers.

Prepares for any college. Boys 10 to 14 years at time of entrance preferred. References: Bishop Huntington, Bishop Whitehead, 4 College Presidents. J. B. WHEELER, A.M., Prin.

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Summer Home for Boys in the Berkshire Hills.

Recreation and nature study. Give the boys a chance to know and love nature, and to enjoy country life. Send for cir. Address C. S. PHELPS, Mansfield Center.

NEW-YORK, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson.

The Mackenzie School

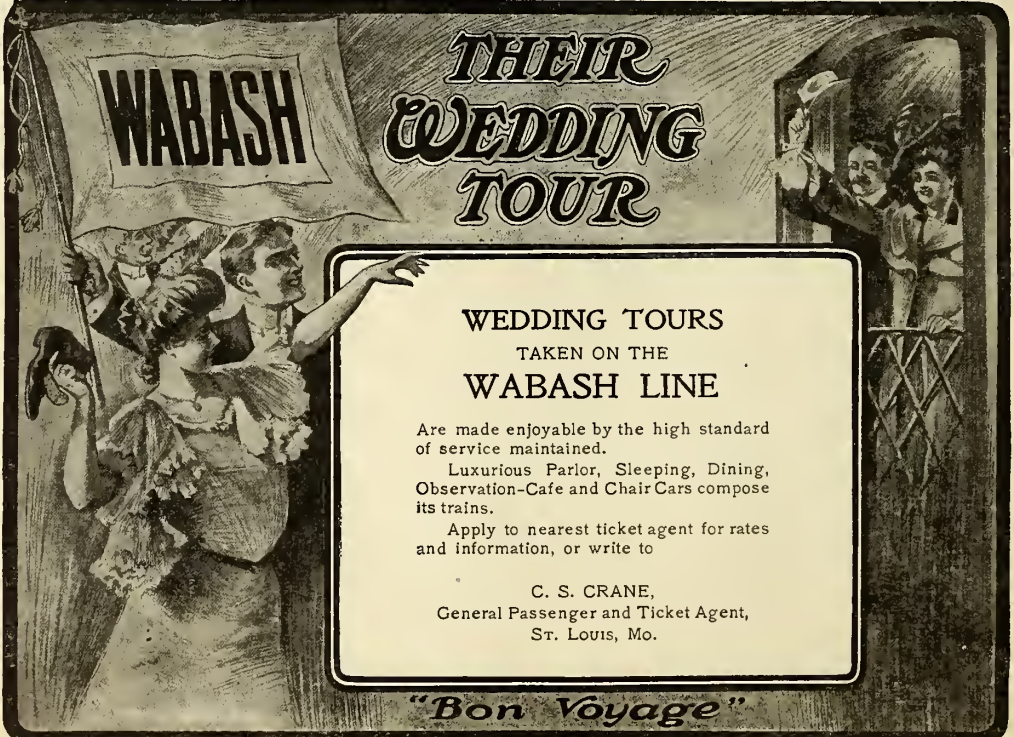
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A complete, comprehensive index to the first twenty-seven volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, containing 20,000 references arranged analytically, alphabetically and classified—now ready. Invaluable to every owner of the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. Cloth bound, price \$4.00. Address

THE CENTURY CO., - Union Square, New York



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TAKEN ON THE
WABASH LINE

Are made enjoyable by the high standard of service maintained.

Luxurious Parlor, Sleeping, Dining, Observation-Cafe and Chair Cars compose its trains.

Apply to nearest ticket agent for rates and information, or write to

C. S. CRANE,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
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"Bon Voyage"



The Nautical Preparatory School

Prepares for College or Business while
touring the world.

Imagine a well-equipped preparatory school; a completely furnished dormitory, gymnasium, library, museum, laboratory, and an efficient corps of skilled instructors. Then imagine all this put on board a big ship, and with the pupils taken around to the various countries of the world, and you have a good idea of this remarkable plan and the wonderful educational possibilities of the Nautical Preparatory School—a ship with 250 Cadet pupils studying and preparing for American colleges, afloat on the blue ocean and visiting every clime.

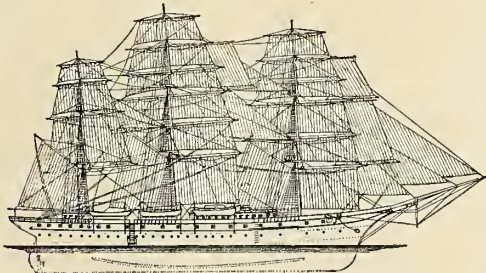
The Cadets of this school will study English History and visit Westminster Abbey; they will construe the stately periods of Cicero and visit the Colosseum at Rome; they will trace the history of Greek Art and Arms and inspect the Acropolis and the sites of famous battle-fields; they will read of Egypt and explore the Pyramids; they will read the Bible and see the places where dawned the light of Christianity. They will round out each part of their education by travel intelligently directed,—an opportunity that a man of broadest culture might well envy.

In modern languages, in art, in the study of the world's commerce, the opportunity will be unique. Special facilities will be afforded for the study of Entomology, Zoölogy, Botany, Deep-Sea Dredging, and Commercial Products.

The organization and the discipline will be that of the U. S. Navy, modified to meet the conditions. The ship itself will be worked by a competent crew of sailors. The Cadets will never be called upon for manual labor except sail and spar drills for gymnastic exercise.

The first year the ship will sail from Newport, R. I., September 1, travel 16,000 miles, touching at upwards of fifty ports in **British Isles, Norway, France, the Mediterranean, the West Indies**, and return to Newport the following June for a four-months' vacation.

The "Young America" will be a safe and commodious full-rigged ship of 3000 tons, with auxiliary steam power—a model of the most advanced steel construction. Her equipment will include every device for comfort and safety that modern science can supply: electric lighting, apparatus for distillation of pure water for drinking, cooking, and washing, perfect ventilation, cold storage rooms, an ice plant, a large corps of servants, and extensive kitchens in charge of an experienced chef.



In the line of amusements the ship will be rich in attractions. The ship will carry two steam launches and ten rowing and sailing boats of navy pattern. There will be an organ and a piano in the music and recreation room, a carefully selected library, a printer and printing presses for the publication of a school paper, a photographer and dark room for lovers of the camera, and a ship's band for military and social purposes.

The "Young America" will be commanded by a U. S. Naval Officer of 25 years' experience and with an honorable record.

The following are only a very few of many well-known men, in all walks of life, who have approved the purpose of this school and permitted the use of their names as indorsers.

Theodore Roosevelt, while Governor of New York.
 Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Boston, Mass.
 Gen. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Havana, Cuba.
 Robert T. Lincoln, Pres. Pullman Car Co., Chicago, Ill.
 George J. Gould, Pres. Missouri Pacific R. R., New York.
 Rear-Admiral S. B. Luce, U. S. N., Newport, R. I.
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 Hon. Melville Bull, M.C., Newport, R. I.

You owe it to your boy to send for booklet giving details and list of references.

THE NAUTICAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, P. O. Box 1826, Boston, Mass.



The King of Nonsense Land

This is the King of Nonsense Land,
 He wears his coronet on his hand;
 He shoots with his scissors, and writes with
 his fork,
 And lives upon soup made of clarified cork.
 He always runs up a tree to sing,—
 This roysterous, boisterous Nonsense King.

He gives silk hats to the oyster crabs,
 And sends them home in hansom cabs;
 He feeds his kittens on strawberry bones,
 And he wears a robe made of paving stones.
 He dines 'neath a great rock-crystal dome,
 And instead of wine he drinks RUBIFOAM.

But

Sensible People all say this:

"RUBIFOAM

is the Very Best Dentifrice."

Copyright, 1902, by E. W. Horn & Co.,
makers of "Rubifoam for the teeth."



ATHLETES
 TO KEEP IN GOOD TRIM
MUST LOOK WELL
 TO THE CONDITION
 OF THE SKIN
 TO THIS END
 THE BATH SHOULD
 BE HAD WITH



HAND
SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH





THE KING OF THE BUTTERFLIES—A JUNE FANTASY.

DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX.

JUNE, 1902.

No. 8.

TO REPEL BOARDERS.

BY JACK LONDON.

"No; honest, now, Bob, I'm sure I was born too late. The twentieth century's no place for me. If I'd had my way—"

"You'd have been born in the sixteenth," I broke in, laughing, "with Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh and the rest of the sea-kings."

"You're right!" Paul affirmed. He rolled over upon his back on the little after-deck, with a long sigh of dissatisfaction.

It was a little past midnight, and, with the wind nearly astern, we were running down Lower San Francisco Bay to Bay Farm Island. Paul Fairfax and I went to the same school, lived next door to each other, and "chummed it" together. By saving money, by earning more, and by each of us foregoing a bicycle on his birthday, we had collected the purchase-price of the "Mist," a beamy twenty-eight-footer, sloop-rigged, with baby topsail and centerboard. Paul's father was a yachtsman himself, and he had conducted the business for us, poking around, overhauling, sticking his penknife into the timbers, and testing the planks with the greatest care. In fact, it was on his schooner the "Whim" that Paul and I had picked up what we knew about boat-sailing, and now that the Mist was ours, we were hard at work adding to our knowledge.

The Mist, being broad of beam, was comfortable and roomy. A man could stand upright in the cabin, and what with the stove, cooking-

utensils, and bunks, we were good for trips in her of a week at a time. And we were just starting out on the first of such trips, and it was because it was the first trip that we were sailing by night. Early in the evening we had beaten out from Oakland, and we were now off the mouth of Alameda Creek, a large salt-water estuary which fills and empties San Leandro Bay.

"Men lived in those days," Paul said, so suddenly as to startle me from my own thoughts. "In the days of the sea-kings, I mean," he explained.

I said "Oh!" sympathetically, and began to whistle "Captain Kidd."

"Now, I've my ideas about things," Paul went on. "They talk about romance and adventure and all that, but I say romance and adventure are dead. We're too civilized. We don't have adventures in the twentieth century. We go to the circus—"

"But—" I strove to interrupt, though he would not listen to me.

"You look here, Bob," he said. "In all the time you and I've gone together what adventures have we had? True, we were out in the hills once, and did n't get back till late at night, and we were good and hungry, but we were n't even lost. We knew where we were all the time. It was only a case of walk. What I mean

is, we've never had to fight for our lives. Understand? We've never had a pistol fired at us, or a cannon, or a sword waving over our heads, or — or anything.

"You'd better slack away three or four feet of that main-sheet," he said in a hopeless sort of way, as though it did not matter much any way. "The wind's still veering around.

"Why, in the old times the sea was one constant glorious adventure," he continued. "A boy left school and became a midshipman, and in a few weeks was cruising after Spanish galleons or locking yard-arms with a French privateer, or — doing lots of things."

"Well,— there *are* adventures to-day," I objected.

But Paul went on as though I had not spoken:

"And to-day we go from school to high school, and from high school to college, and then we go into the office or become doctors and things, and the only adventures we know about are the ones we read in books. Why, just as sure as I'm sitting here on the stern of the sloop *Mist*, just so sure am I that we would n't know what to do if a real adventure came along. Now, would we?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered non-committally.

"Well, you would n't be a coward, would you?" he demanded.

I was sure I would n't, and said so.

"But you don't have to be a coward to lose your head, do you?"

I agreed that brave men might get excited.

"Well, then," Paul summed up, with a note of regret in his voice, "the chances are that we'd spoil the adventure. So it's a shame, and that's all I can say about it."

"The adventure has n't come yet," I answered, not caring to see him down in the mouth over nothing. You see, Paul was a peculiar fellow in some things, and I knew him pretty well. He read a good deal, and had a quick imagination, and once in a while he'd get into moods like this one. So I said, "The adventure has n't come yet, so there's no use worrying about its being spoiled. For all we know, it might turn out splendidly."

Paul did n't say anything for some time, and

I was thinking he was out of the mood, when he spoke up suddenly:

"Just imagine, Bob Kellogg, as we're sailing along now, just as we are, and never mind what for, that a boat should bear down upon us with armed men in it, what would you do to repel boarders? Think you could rise to it?"

"What would *you* do?" I asked pointedly. "Remember, we have n't even a single shotgun aboard."

"You would surrender, then?" he demanded angrily. "But suppose they were going to kill you?"

"I'm not saying what I'd do," I answered stiffly, beginning to get a little angry myself. "I'm asking what you'd do, without weapons of any sort?"

"I'd find something," he replied — rather shortly, I thought.

I began to chuckle. "Then the adventure would n't be spoiled, would it? And you've been talking rubbish."

Paul struck a match, looked at his watch, and remarked that it was nearly one o'clock — a way he had when the argument went against him. Besides, this was the nearest we ever came to quarreling now, though our share of squabbles had fallen to us in the earlier days of our friendship. I had just seen a little white light ahead when Paul spoke again.

"Anchor-light," he said. "Funny place for people to drop the hook. It may be a scow-schooner with a dinky astern, so you'd better go wide."

I eased the *Mist* several points, and, the wind puffing up, we went plowing along at a pretty fair speed, passing the light so wide that we could not make out what manner of craft it marked. Suddenly the *Mist* slacked up in a slow and easy way, as though running upon soft mud. We were both startled. The wind was blowing stronger than ever, and yet we were almost at a standstill.

"Mud-flats out here! Never heard of such a thing!"

So Paul exclaimed with a snort of unbelief, and, seizing an oar, shoved it down over the side. And straight down it went till the water wet his hand. There was no bottom! Then we were dumfounded. The wind was whistling

by, and still the Mist was moving ahead at a snail's pace. There seemed something dead about her, and it was all I could do at the tiller to keep her from swinging up into the wind.

"Listen!" I laid my hand on Paul's arm. We could hear the sound of rowlocks, and saw the little white light bobbing up and down and now very close to us. "There 's your armed boat," I whispered in fun. "Beat the crew to quarters and stand by to repel boarders!"

We both laughed, and were still laughing when a wild scream of rage came out of the darkness, and the approaching boat shot under our stern. By the light of the lantern it carried we could see the two men in it distinctly. They were foreign-looking fellows with sun-bronzed faces, and with knitted tam-o'-shanters perched sea-man fashion on their heads. Bright-colored woolen sashes were around their waists, and long sea-boots covered their legs. I remember yet the cold chill which passed along my backbone as I noted the tiny gold ear-rings in the ears of

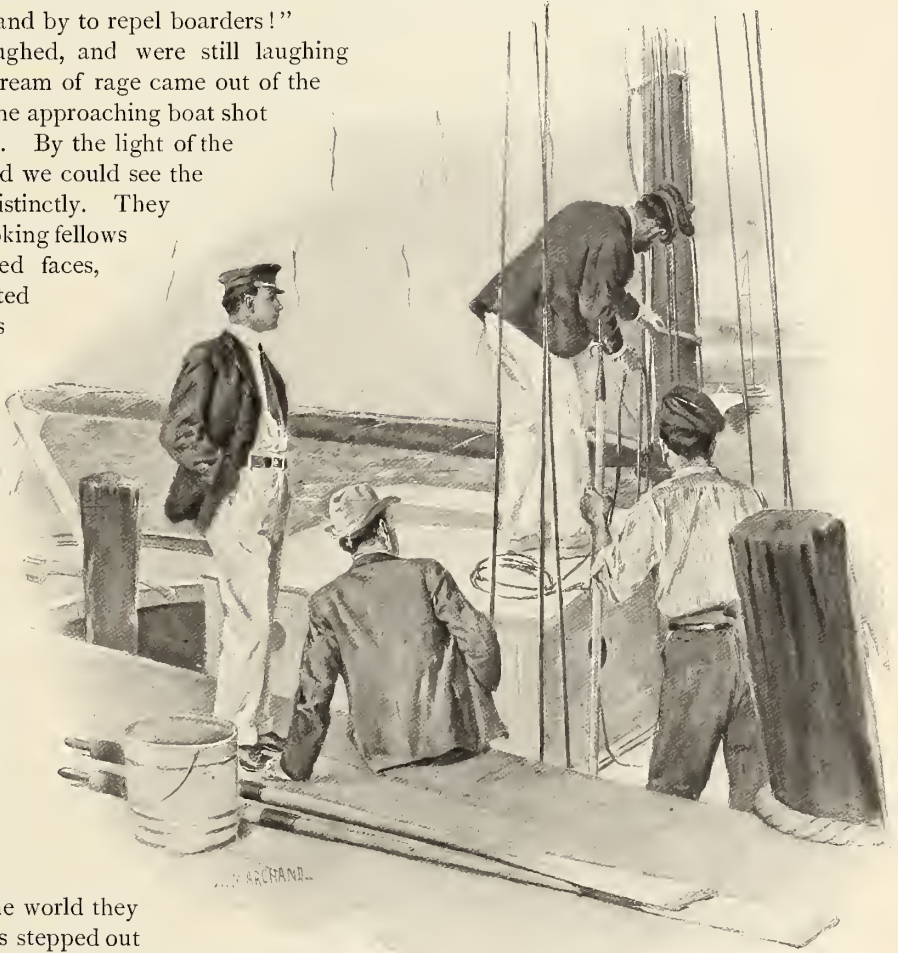
one. For all the world they were like pirates stepped out of the pages of romance. And, to make the picture complete, their faces were distorted with anger, and each flourished a long knife. They were both shouting, in high-pitched voices, some foreign jargon we could not understand.

One of them, the smaller of the two, and if anything the more vicious-looking, put his hands on the rail of the Mist and started to come aboard. Quick as a flash Paul placed the end of the oar against the man's chest and shoved

him back into his boat. He fell in a heap, but scrambled to his feet, waving the knife and shrieking:

"You break-a my net-a! You break-a my net-a!"

And he held forth in the jargon again, his companion joining him, and both preparing to make another dash to come aboard the Mist.



"PAUL'S FATHER WAS A YACHTSMAN HIMSELF."
(SEE PAGE 675.)

"They 're Italian fishermen," I cried, the facts of the case breaking in upon me. "We 've run over their smelt-net, and it 's slipped along the keel and fouled our rudder. We 're anchored to it."

"Yes, and they 're murderous chaps, too,"

Paul said, sparring at them with the oar to make them keep their distance.

"Say, you fellows!" he called to them. "Give us a chance and we'll get it clear for

"You break-a my net-a! You break-a my net-a!" the smaller man, the one with the earrings, screamed back, making furious gestures. "I fix-a you! You-a see, I fix-a you!"



"MOMENT BY MOMENT THEY CAME CLOSER."

you! We did n't know your net was there. We did n't mean to do it, you know!"

"You won't lose anything!" I added. "We'll pay the damages!"

But they could not understand what we were saying, or did not care to understand.

whatever damage their net had suffered, but my words seemed to be without effect.

Then my man began to tuck the oar under his arm, and to come up along it, slowly, hand over hand. The small man did the same with Paul. Moment by moment they came closer.

This time, when Paul thrust him back, he seized the oar in his hands, and his companion jumped aboard. I put my back against the tiller, and no sooner had he landed, and before he had caught his balance, than I met him with another oar, and he fell heavily backward into the boat. It was getting serious, and when he arose and caught my oar, and I realized his strength, I confess that I felt a goodly tinge of fear. But though he was stronger than I, instead of dragging me overboard when he wrenched on the oar, he merely pulled his boat in closer; and when I shoved, the boat was forced away. Besides, the knife, still in his right hand, made him awkward and somewhat counterbalanced the advantage his superior strength gave him. Paul and his enemy were in the same situation—a sort of deadlock, which continued for several seconds, but which could not last. Several times I shouted that we would pay for

and closer, and we knew that the end was only a question of time.

"Hard up, Bob!" Paul called softly to me.

I gave him a quick glance, and caught an instant's glimpse of what I took to be a very pale face and a very set jaw.

"Oh, Bob," he pleaded, "hard up your helm! Hard up your helm, Bob!"

And his meaning dawned upon me. Still holding to my end of the oar, I shoved the tiller over with my back, and even bent my body to keep it over. As it was the Mist was nearly dead before the wind, and this manœuver was bound to force her to jibe her mainsail from one side to the other. I could tell by the "feel" when the wind spilled out of the canvas and the boom tilted up. Paul's man had now gained a footing on the little deck, and my man was just scrambling up.

"Look out!" I shouted to Paul. "Here she comes!"

Both he and I let go the oars and tumbled into the cockpit. The next instant the big boom and the heavy blocks swept over our heads, the main-sheet whipping past like a

great coiling snake and the Mist heeling over with a violent jar. Both men had jumped for it, but in some way the little man either got his knife-hand jammed or fell upon it, for the first sight we caught of him, he was standing in his boat, his bleeding fingers clasped close between his knees and his face all twisted with pain and helpless rage.

"Now 's our chance!" Paul whispered. "Over with you!"

And on either side of the rudder we lowered ourselves into the water, pressing the net down with our feet, till, with a jerk, it went clear. Then it was up and in, Paul at the main-sheet and I at the tiller, the Mist plunging ahead with freedom in her motion, and the little white light astern growing small and smaller.

"Now that you 've had your adventure, do you feel any better?" I remember asking when we had changed our clothes and were sitting dry and comfortable again in the cockpit.


"Well, if I don't have the nightmare for a week to come"—Paul paused and puckered his brows in judicial fashion—"it will be because I can't sleep, that 's one thing sure!"



"FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW."

The Castle Garden Aquarium

BY CHARLES L. BRISTOL.



THE clear, limpid waters that surround Bermuda and the West Indies lie above coral reefs covered with plants and animals, many of which are brilliant in color as a rainbow. They look like glimpses of fairyland, and as your eye wanders from one wonder to another you catch yourself striving to peek just around some corner into a strange nook, half hoping to see a bevy of mermen and mermaids sporting and playing within the crannies. Here is a patch of pale-green sea-lettuce; there a group of great purple sea-fans; yonder some golden corals standing out like a shelf or branching like a tree; while among them all swim lovely fishes that take the place of the fairies that should dwell in this magic land and fascinate you by their gorgeous colors and their graceful, wavy motions.

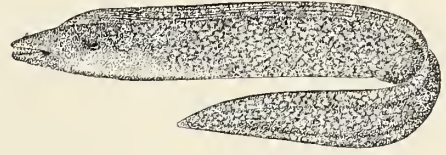
There is a great green "parrot-fish," as brilliant in color as his namesake the bird, showing himself boldly, and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of springtime, and each one is bordered by a pale-brown line. His fins are pink, and the end of the tail is banded with nearly every color of the rainbow. He is showy, but this showiness serves him a good purpose. His flesh is bitter and poisonous to man, and probably so to other fishes as well, and they let him well alone, for they can recognize him afar off, thanks to his gaudy dress.

Underneath the parrot, lying on the bottom, is a "pink hind." You notice him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet, and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the par-

rot been looking for his dinner, and thought the hind would make a good first course, this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the hind is disturbed at night he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder and send him away in a fright.

In a crack in the rocks, half hidden by the seaweeds, you may spy a "speckled moray." He looks like one of our common eels, except that his dark-green body is flecked with bright-yellow spots, so that he is a handsome fellow. His name comes from the Latin *muræna*, an eel, and he has a famous relative—the "great green moray"—that grows to the length of eight feet. The green moray lurks among the caverns and crevices of the outer reefs in the deeper waters, darting out upon his prey with great speed. The wealthy Romans of ancient times, who had villas on the sea-shore, esteemed the flesh of the green moray as a dainty food, and they constructed great pools in which to con-

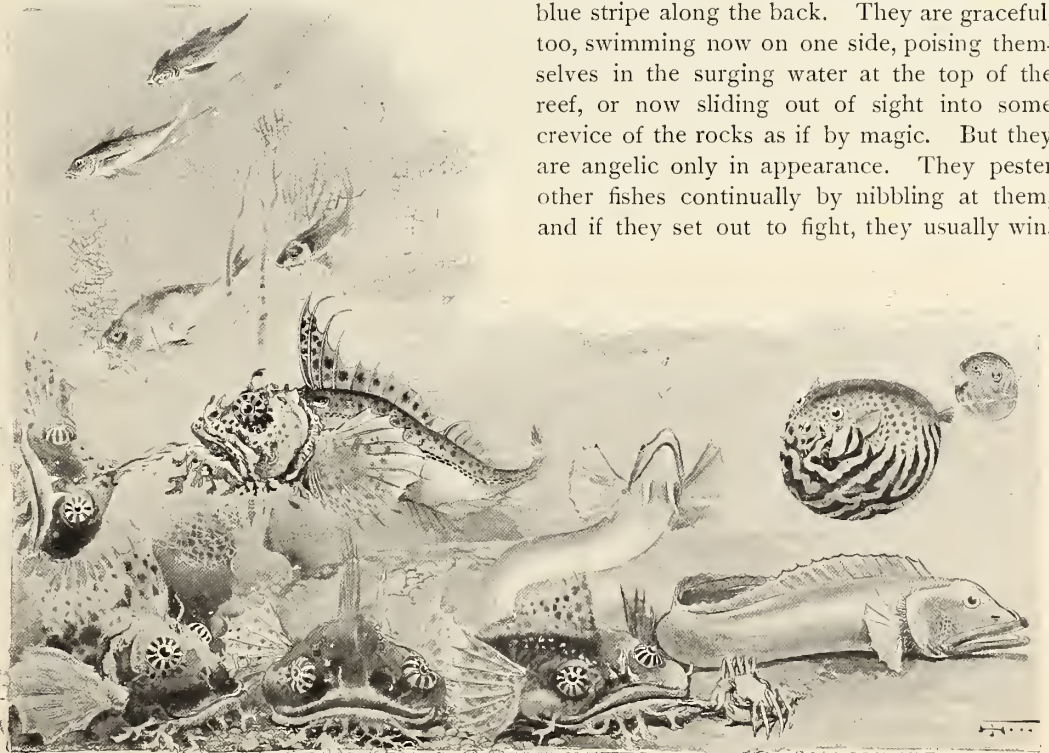
fine them while they fattened them for the table. Pliny relates that a certain man named Hirtius provided six thousand dishes of moray flesh for his friends at Cæsar's triumph. One



SPECKLED MORAY.

Crassus was so fond of a great moray which he had in his tank that he decked it with golden ornaments, and actually wept when it died. These epicures fed them on chickens or pigs or sheep or other food in their rivalry to produce a new flavor. The ferocity of the morays was well known then, for we find allusions to threats to throw disobedient slaves into their pools.

Swimming out boldly like the parrots are the most attractive of all the bright tropical fishes—the "angels." They are easily distinguished by long streamers of golden yellow and a beautiful blue stripe along the back. They are graceful, too, swimming now on one side, poising themselves in the surging water at the top of the reef, or now sliding out of sight into some crevice of the rocks as if by magic. But they are angelic only in appearance. They pester other fishes continually by nibbling at them, and if they set out to fight, they usually win.

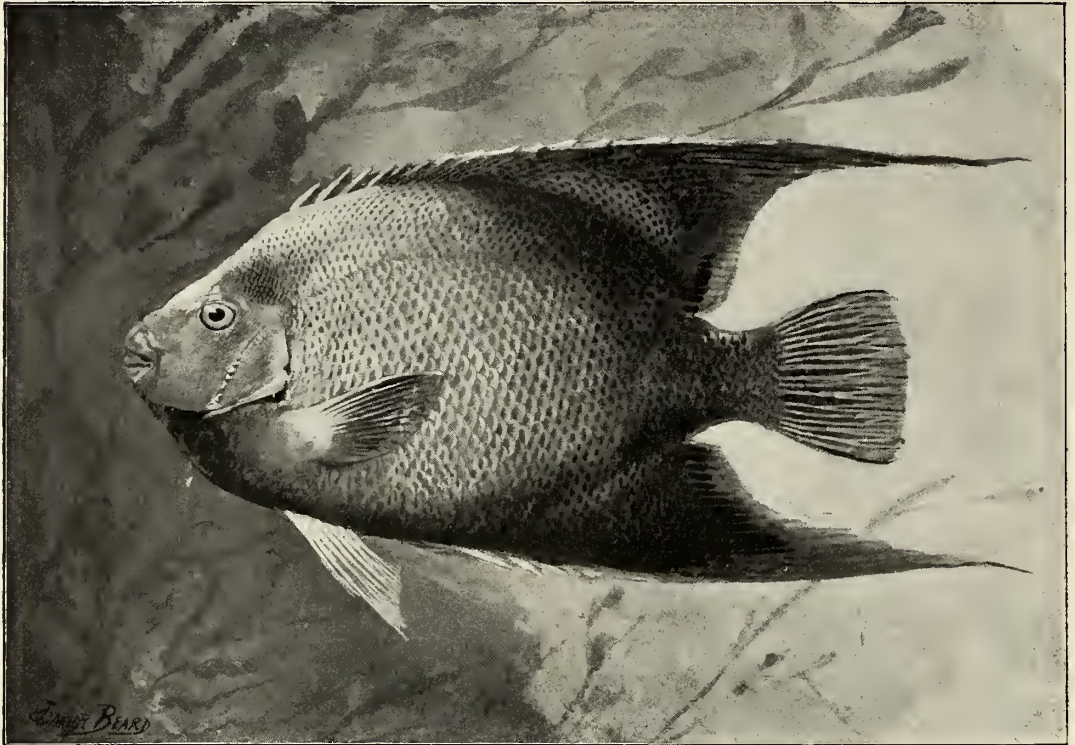


SEA RAVEN MUTTON FISH BALLOON FISH

They are armed for fighting with a long, sharp spine on each gill-cover, and with it they inflict ugly wounds on their opponents.

The "ladyfish" may be seen sometimes lazily

Park, at the southern end of the island of Manhattan, within easy reach of all the ferries and the elevated railroads. The building, which was built for a fort, a little less than a



THE ANGEL-FISH.

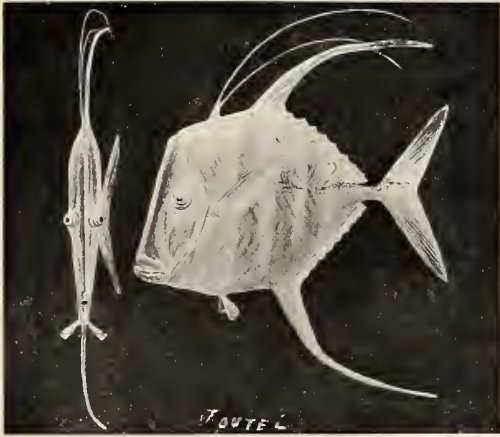
lounging about among the corals and gorgonias of the sea-gardens, his body bent so as to appear hunchbacked, but always on the alert to pursue and capture his prey. The Bermuda fishermen call this fish the "Spanish hogfish," and when asked why they give it that name they reply: "Why, sir, you see it lazes around just like a hog, and it carries the Spanish colors."

The reason is good, for the fish is brownish red from his head to the middle of his body, and from there to the end of his tail a bright yellow.

It is not necessary to go to Cuba or Porto Rico or to Bermuda to see these beautiful fishes, for the city of New York has established an aquarium on a grand scale, where all of those described and a multitude of others may be seen without cost on any day between nine and four o'clock. It is situated in Battery

park, at the southern end of the island of Manhattan, within easy reach of all the ferries and the elevated railroads. The building, which was built for a fort, a little less than a hundred years ago, is circular in form, and as you enter, the whole arrangement of the exhibit is plainly seen. On the floor are six large pools ranged around a larger central pool, and in the walls are the tanks, whose fronts appear like so many beautiful living pictures. The thick plate-glass of these tanks is so clean and clear that it is invisible, and one feels, as he looks into them, that he is walking about in the submarine world. On the main floor there are thirty-six of these tanks, and in the gallery floor above are fifty-six more, making in all, with the pools, the largest aquarium yet constructed anywhere.

The pools on the floor receive the large water animals, such as sharks, seals, whales, and sturgeons. It would be hard to say which pool is the most interesting. The common harbor-seal "Nelly" and her small companion

TOUTE.
THE MOONFISH.

"Babe" are, perhaps, the greatest favorites. Nelly has lived in the Aquarium for more than five years, while Babe was procured about two years and a half ago, when it was no larger than a pug-dog. It was brought up on milk until it was large enough to eat fish, and now it has grown to be quite a chunky, jolly little fellow. When you stand by their pool and see Nelly rise out of the water, stand on her hind flippers, and gaze at you with her soft, large eyes, you can readily understand how in the past sailors came home and told the wandering landsmen that they had seen mermaids—sea-maids.

In another pool is another kind of seal,—the West Indian seal,—three or four times larger than Nelly. He has become a practical joker in his captivity. He has dis-

covered that he can squirt a stream of water from between his lips with considerable precision of aim. He stands on his hind flippers and barks until he has collected a number of people about the pool; then he squirts a mouthful of water into the faces of the spectators, and throws himself back into the water with the air of a naughty boy who knows he has been bad and rejoices in his mischief.

In another pool, along with some sturgeons, are some large and curious-looking fishes—the anglers. This fish is almost flat, with broad fins and a wide, flat head that makes up nearly three fourths of the bulk. It is reddish brown in color, and mottled so as to resemble the common rockweed of the ocean, and all along the edge of the body the skin grows out so as



THE SPOTTED HIND.

to make a ragged fringe. Its mouth is a huge affair, so large and cavernous that a fish of medium size could easily take in a large pie at a gulp. On the end of its nose are two or three long spines, and on the tips of these are little tassels of flesh. The name "angler" was given to the fish because it half buries itself on the bottom among the weeds so that it is concealed, then plays the little tassels in the water before its mouth to lure the unsuspecting fishes near enough to engulf them in its capacious maw. Here is a veritable fisherman fish! It lives along our Atlantic coast in somewhat deep water, and may grow to reach a large size. There are other fishes that angle for their dinner, and one in the Mediterranean Sea, the "star-gazer," runs a long, worm-like tongue out of its mouth, which it wiggles and twists



THE GREEN PARROT-FISH.

like a worm. The little fishes rush greedily to seize it, only to find that they have run into a trap from which there is no escape.

The wall-tanks on the right side as you enter are devoted to fresh-water specimens, and those on the left to salt-water specimens. Among the fresh-water fishes are many that are familiar to every boy who has wet a hook. Here are bullheads, "punkin-seeds," yellow perch, pickerel, suckers, several kinds of bass, and a large display of the royal family of the lakes, streams, and brooks—the trout family.

On the salt-water side may be seen the beautiful tropical fishes from Bermuda, and many more kinds besides. One tank is filled with lobsters, blue crabs, spider-crabs, horse-shoe-crabs, and others. Here are some sand-sharks with sullen, ferocious looks, and along with them are the pilot-fish that swim around with the sharks just as they do in the ocean, expecting to gather up the crumbs of the sharks' next meal. The "moonfish," in another tank, is, perhaps, the weirdest of all the fishes in the Aquarium. It looks as if made of burnished silver. The body is thin from side to side, but wide from top to bottom, and the long fins reach above and below like wands.

Among the warm-water fishes that make their way up along the coast during August and September is one known as the "cavally," or crevallé. It belongs to the mackerel family, and is found in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

It has a blunt head and a short tail, and is bright golden in color. It is excessively timid, and never becomes wonted to a life of captivity. These fish swim about in a bunch, and are constantly in motion. The night watchmen have often tried to come upon them stealthily to see if they are ever quiet, but so far they have been found circling as in the daytime. One day some thoughtless person flung a handkerchief at the glass front of the tank, and that night every cavally was dead from fright. Its name comes from the Spanish *caballo*, a horse. On our coast it has gained the name of horse-mackerel.

I have not attempted to mention most of the interesting aquatic animals, nor even all the rarest and most peculiar. A list would require a good-sized book, for there are more than two hundred and fifty different kinds on exhibition. There is, however, one feature of the exhibit that must be mentioned. The fishes and other aquatic animals have been collected from a very wide geographical range—from the Great Lakes, the Mississippi Valley, the West Indies, the rivers of Maine, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. No other aquarium pretends to collect fishes beyond a few miles from its doors, while here distance is no barrier to the exhibition of a beautiful or interesting specimen. The daily attendance is the best measure of the success and popularity of the Aquarium, and that has averaged five thousand for several months, without any unusual attraction.





BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

It was a glorious day. The breakers booming across the Sculpin Shoals wore the whitest of whitecaps; the cloudlets swept through the sky in a golden chase, while the waters which hurled themselves against the weed-clothed foundations of Hunter's Head thundered and flung far the jeweled spray, as if in restless impatience for the contest to begin.

"They're off!" suddenly shouted a group of excited boys and girls on Knowlton's Point; and by the time I had climbed to that same vantage-ground, the long-looked-for struggle was well under way.

Now, of all the boat races that I've ever seen this was the queerest, and even to-day I

am unable to tell you whether it was a sailing match or otherwise. To be sure, the contesting boats were moved by the wind; yet, on their outward journey at least, they did not sail with the wind on any point; instead, they sailed directly against it! And who ever heard of a sail-boat sailing against the wind? No; clearly these could not be classed with sail-boats at all, if but for this one reason alone; and then, too, about a foot in front of each bow the water was churned into foam by a small propeller, which whizzed around as if for dear life. "Why, they were propeller-boats!" the majority of you will say; but did any of you ever hear of propeller-boats going by wind-power? On the

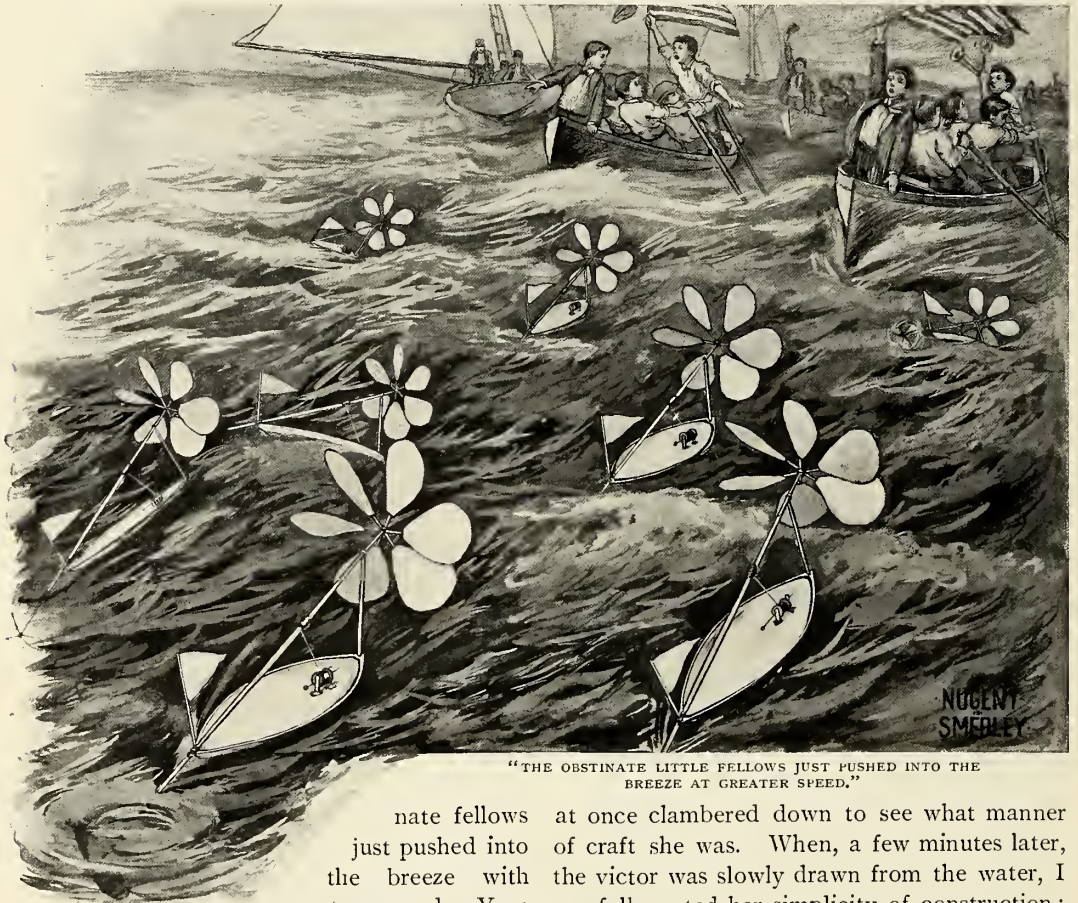


TWO PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE BOATS UNDER WAY. THE FIRST PICTURE SHOWS THE REVOLVING WHEEL AS A BLUR, AND IN THE SECOND ARE SEEN THE WAVES MADE BY THE PROPELLER.

other hand, I'll admit Sir Thomas Lipton himself would be astonished to hear of sail-boats going by propeller-power. Perhaps some of the bright boys and girls who solve the puzzles in *ST. NICHOLAS* will be able to solve this problem, and decide whether this might fairly be called a sailing race or not.

But to return to the race itself. The wind had now freshened to half a gale; yet, instead of the little boats being blown shoreward, as one might naturally have expected, the obsti-

nate fellows, and entirely of her own accord. The surprise was that the sails, which up to this time had whizzed round and round ever so rapidly, had suddenly ceased to revolve at all, so that the propeller-boat of a moment ago was transformed into a sail-boat in every sense of the word. Now, in place of resolutely bucking against wind and wave, she joined forces with them, and fairly flew over the ruffled seas. Onward she came, amid a Babel of noise, right into the rocky cove at my feet, where I



"THE OBSTINATE LITTLE FELLOWS JUST PUSHED INTO THE BREEZE AT GREATER SPEED."

nate fellows just pushed into the breeze with greater speed. Yes; the more the wind endeavored to blow them back, the more they forged ahead against it!

Soon, when the sounds of cheers and fish-horns announced that the leader had started for home, there was another surprise. It was not because she had turned the stake-boat first, for in fact she had n't turned at all, but was returning in her own novel fashion—which

at once clambered down to see what manner of craft she was. When, a few minutes later, the victor was slowly drawn from the water, I carefully noted her simplicity of construction; and in order that every boy reader of *ST. NICHOLAS* may make one just like her, I have appended the following detailed instructions.

HOW TO MAKE THE BOAT.

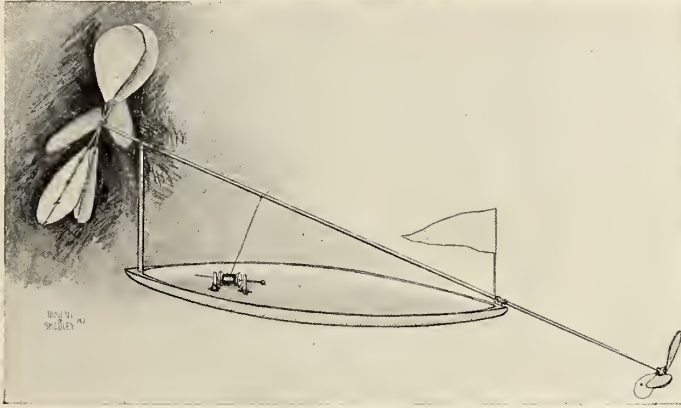
TAKE a piece of board two feet long, eight inches wide, and one inch thick, and draw a pencil line along its entire length, and in the center. On this line, an

inch from one end, bore a hole three eighths of an inch in diameter nearly through the board. Half an inch from the other end, and on same pencil line, put in a delicate screw-eye that has an inside diameter of three eighths of an inch, and then cut your board into the shape of the boat as shown in illustration.

Now take a stick nine inches long and half an inch square, and put a screw-eye—same size and kind as one

picture.) After this take six pieces of stiff writing-paper six inches long and four and a half inches wide, and cut each into the shape shown in the diagram of the windmill; fasten these to the spokes with sealing-wax at exact angle, as shown in the picture of the boat.

The blades of the screw are made of three thin pieces of wood, each three and a half inches by two inches, with edges sharpened. Place the blades—with sealing-wax—



THE BOAT, DRAWN TO SHOW THE SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION. LENGTH, THREE FEET THREE INCHES. THE FLAG IS AT THE PROW.

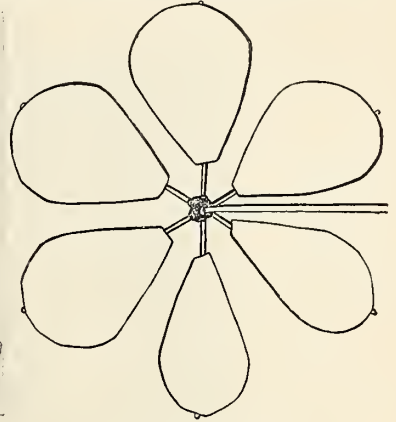


DIAGRAM OF THE WINDMILL.

mentioned previously—into one end of it. Shape the other end of this stick so that it will fit tightly into the hole already made in the boat, and then round it off so as to make it slightly thinner at top than at bottom. The shaft is a straight cylindrical stick thirty-nine inches long, three eighths of an inch in diameter in the middle, and tapering slightly toward each end. On one end fasten with plenty of sealing-wax six delicate sticks each seven and three quarter inches in length, taking care to set them all evenly and at the same distance apart.

Now pass the shaft through the screw-eyes until it projects one foot beyond the bow of the boat. Hold in this position, and then, while slowly turning it, put sealing-wax around it, each side of the forward screw-eye. These sealing-wax shoulders (if I may call them such) should be perfectly smooth and a quarter of an inch apart. (See

in the shaft at equal distances apart, and at the same angle as the papers on the windmill. The two little upright sticks which support the spool are one inch and a quarter high, two inches apart, and fastened with sealing-wax to the bottom of the boat, six inches from the stern. Afterward burn holes through these supports with a heated hat-pin.

Tie the end of the stout cotton to an empty spool, and wind this spool with as much thread as it will carry; then thrust a hat-pin through the supports and the spool, as shown in the picture, and fasten the loose end of the cotton to the shaft. On starting the boat, point it directly toward the wind, when the little screw will at once begin revolving rapidly. As soon as the thread is all unwound from the spool the windmill will cease to revolve, and the craft will sail gallantly back to the shore from which she was started.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

THE world, the world is a merry-go-round;
 And all the people we see are bound
 On a daily trip that is never done,
 And a yearly journey around the sun.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

THIS, the eighth of the "long-stories-complete-in-one-number," is about life at a girls' boarding-school. The purpose is to show—what young people too often forget—how failure may follow a slight deviation from the "straight line" of duty, but that the noblest characters may be built upon the ruins of great failures. Though teaching a moral, the story will be read for its own interest, and because of its well drawn characters.



"JACK DANCED A JUBILANT WAR-DANCE ALL AROUND THE ROOM, WAVING THE DUST-BRUSH."

CHAPTER I.

JACK CLEARS THE WAY.

HE had paused in the post-office door long enough to tear open, with trembling fingers, a

letter. It contained a note, and another letter in an unsealed envelope; and he ran his eager eyes over the note, and then went dashing down the street, joyously waving that inclosed letter. If he were making undignified haste, what did it

matter? For everybody in Roseville had known him from his babyhood, and Mrs. Aldridge and Ethel knew him best of all.

He burst in at the open door of Mrs. Aldridge's kitchen, his hat on the back of his head, his eyes shining. Mrs. Aldridge, placidly sewing at the window, looked up with a questioning smile. It had been a good number of years, now, since she began making a pet of motherless Jack Carson, whose grandfather lived in the big house on the hill.

"What is it, Jack?" she asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Aldridge, such good fortune!" he cried. "Where is Ethel? Come here, Ethel; it's about you. Did n't I tell you that I would be the cause of your making your fortune some day?"

And he took off his hat with a mock-heroic flourish, and set it on the head of the girl who had come in and stood waiting, dust-brush in hand. Then he sat down and prepared to give Mrs. Aldridge the letter, but at the last minute he held it back.

"I've often told you," he said with an ingenuous blush, "that I'm 'first-class friends' with Mrs. Fairfax of Belmont College—and I've mentioned Ethel to her—and told her about you—"

After which, finding that he was not making a very lucid explanation, he gave the letter to the astonished lady at the window, and she read it aloud:

"BELMONT COLLEGE, SPRINGFIELD,
August 9.

"MY DEAR MRS. ALDRIDGE: Through my young friend Jack Carson I have heard of your daughter—of her capacity for learning, and of your ambitions for her. I appreciate the fact that you are unable to give her the advantages she should have. My own education was gained through the kindness of others, and it has been my pleasure to pass that kindness on to certain bright and promising girls, who will, I hope, continue the work begun by those who educated me. If you are willing to trust your daughter to my care, I will receive her as a boarding pupil; and unless she speaks of it herself no one will ever know that she is not received on the same terms as the others.

"Faithfully yours,

"LAURA E. FAIRFAX,

"President Belmont College."

Mrs. Aldridge had turned pale before the letter was finished, and her voice had failed so that she could scarcely read. Jack barely

waited for the concluding words to dance a jubilant war-dance all around the room, waving the dust-brush, which he had snatched from Ethel for that purpose.

"Now is n't that great?" he cried with boyish delight. "That's the chance of your lifetime, Ethel. Mrs. Fairfax is a regular trump, if ever there was one; and there's a great schoolful of bright girls. I say, Ethel, you'll carry off all the honors, for nine tenths of those girls are rich and don't think it necessary to study."

Ethel had forgotten that Jack's hat was still perched sidewise on her brown curls. She was standing still, with eager, parted lips and shining eyes.

"I shall have to get any amount of new clothes," she said absently. "And how am I to get them?"

"Oh, nothing of the kind," said Jack, with a boy's reckless disregard of clothes. "They wear a uniform at Belmont—a—a kind of a blue sort of jacket and—and everything; all the girls just alike, you know—and it is n't anything to make, Mrs. Aldridge. I could almost make it myself, I've—I've looked at it so much. You know, sometimes they go walking past our campus," he added, with a demure twinkle in his eyes. "And then, once a month they hold receptions."

"Oh, Ethel, you're going to have a chance! You're going to have a chance!" murmured the mother, looking straight before her with quivering lips; and Jack knew she had not heard a word of his merry chatter.

"Oh, I know you can't get used to the thought of this in ten minutes," he said cheerily. "I've been working up to it by degrees ever so long, so I can hold myself down, now that it's happened. I'll go home and write to Mrs. Fairfax now, and of course you'll both write. And say, Ethel, just tell her that you've known Jack Carson all his life, and that he's the finest boy she's ever likely to meet."

He dodged the flying dust-brush which she had just rescued from him, and ran out of the door, light of heart and of foot. He had made a way for the brightest and most popular girl in Roseville to gain the thorough education for which she had longed. There was nothing

meritorious in his having done so, he would have said, simply because it was the only natural thing to do. He and Ethel had been companions and friends from the mud-pie stage up to the present. When he was sent to the university at Springfield, a year before, it had seemed hard to him that Ethel must stay behind with no advantages and no hopes for the future beyond teaching some petty country school. His generous praise of her and of Mrs. Aldridge had led to this morning's triumph. No wonder that the tune Jack whistled proclaimed to his grandfather, long before he reached home, that he was in a merry mood.

The letters were duly written, and Ethel, in feverish haste, started to the post-office. The next train for Springfield would not pass through Roseville until that afternoon, but she could not wait. She was wild with excitement, and a new fire burned in her eyes and crimsoned her cheeks. This morning, only an hour or two ago, she had been sweeping and dusting, with no prospect before her but the same old hum-drum tasks every morning of her life. Now it was as though Aladdin had rubbed his lamp, and what might not come to pass? Her horizon was suddenly filled with visions of white graduating-ropes, and scenes of triumph, and gay, flitting figures that were all like herself, and all happy as the day was long. She and her mother would have a sweet little cottage somewhere; and her mother would wear a black dress and a filmy white handkerchief folded across her breast, and would sit and read all day, with gold-rimmed glasses instead of those homely old steel ones; and there would be a servant to do the work—that wretched house-work, which Ethel detested with all her heart. She smiled and held up her head triumphantly at the very thought of it—and turning a corner just then, almost ran against Josie Barnes, whom she did not like. Not that she had anything against Josie Barnes, but they had been classmates and rivals in the village school from the first grade up; and then, Josie had an exasperating way of saying things.

"Mercy, Ethel! You look feverish!" said Josie, now. "Been over the stove too long this hot morning? I'm just going down to your house to get your mother to make my new dress."

"It will not be worth while to go, I am sure," said Ethel, with dignity, intensely irritated and willing to triumph a little. "I am going away to school on the first, and mama will be very busy sewing for me."

It delighted her to see Josie's start of surprise and incredulous stare, and she added complacently:

"I am going to Belmont College to finish my course."

"My! but you are coming up!" exclaimed Josie, too astonished to be other than downright and disagreeable. "Belmont's awfully expensive. I should n't think your mother could afford it."

For one swift moment an awful choice flashed before Ethel's vision. Should she tell Josie the truth, and have her bruit it abroad among all her friends? No doubt she would tell it in the least favorable way; perhaps she would even say that "Ethel Aldridge was a charity student at Belmont." Her very soul sickened at the thought, and with a sudden access of color she replied:

"At any rate, my mother thinks she can."

And with a curt good-by she went on her way to the post-office.

Most things in our lives have their beginnings, and Ethel was wholly unconscious that this brief conversation was to be the beginning of many strange things.

"I'll stop on the way home and tell Maud Andrews all about it," she said to herself, in excuse for the little something in her conscience that troubled her.

But there were some purchases to make for her mother, because the sewing must begin at once, and she was delayed about them an hour or two. When she opened the gate at Maud's home at last, Maud came flying out to meet her.

"Oh, Ethel, Josie stopped and told us," she cried. "And is n't it good luck? I'm just as glad as though it had happened to me!"

And while Maud chattered, there was Mrs. Andrews in the door, holding out both hands and ready to hug Ethel with delight.

Well, she would tell them about it after a while.

"You know, I could scarcely believe it when Josie told me," said Maud, excitedly. "I

did n't think it possible that you could be able—we 've always talked over the ways and means together. But Josie said she asked you about that, and you were able—and I 'll declare, I could fly, Ethel, I 'm so glad. I sat right down and wrote to Will, and told him all about it."

Will was the fine young fellow who was digging a farm out of the backwoods to make a home for Maud some day. "Well," said Ethel to herself, "I 'll wait, and get Maud to walk home with me, and tell her then."

But the call was over, and Maud had walked half-way home with her, and the story was not told; and now it never could be told—as Ethel imagined. Ethel Aldridge, the girl whom every one had loved for her transparent honesty, hurried home and laid the packages on the table.

"Mama," she said, "I have n't told any one of the terms on which I am going to Bellmont, and I 've been thinking that we should n't let any one know."

Mrs. Aldridge looked up in surprise.

"Why, Ethel," she cried, "we would surely tell our friends of a kindness like that—a kindness that is to give a poor girl the advantages that are enjoyed by those higher up in the world!"

"That is just it," said Ethel, eagerly. "I think her letter shows that she does n't care to have it talked about, and you can easily see the reason. If everybody is told of it, she will be overwhelmed with applications to take other girls on the same terms—and you can understand that she can't fill the college with pupils who don't pay anything."

And the argument was such a good one that Ethel instantly let herself believe it. From that time on, it was for Mrs. Fairfax's sake that she told no one how she went to Bellmont College.

The chief difficulty was with Jack. When she made to him that evening the carefully prepared speech she had been thinking of, he looked surprised.

"Of course, Ethel, that 's with you," he said. "No, I have n't mentioned it—did you think I would? But I was a little taken aback this evening when Josie Barnes told me a string of nonsense about a wonderful rise of fortune you had been telling her of—"

"Oh, Jack, I did nothing of the kind!" cried the horrified Ethel. "I said that mama was able to send me, and she *is* now. You can't go about telling all your private affairs to people like Josie Barnes. I don't mind everybody up at school knowing all about it, for they 'll understand it; and after a while I 'll explain it to a few intimate friends here. But you know what a gossipy little old place this is."

"I suppose you are right," replied the boy, more soberly than was his wont. "But I had n't thought of it in that way. My way would have been just to tell it straight out to everybody that came near me, and so have done with it."

"That 's very easy for you to say," said Ethel, warmly. "You 've never known what poverty is."

And she ran away from him and shut herself up in her room and cried a little, notwithstanding the grand good fortune that had come into her humdrum life, and that was going to make "everything possible."

At least half the young people of the village went down to the station to see Ethel off—because she had grown up with them from her babyhood. Since Ethel's good fortune had been first announced the matter had been discussed with much excitement in every home within a radius of three miles; and many of Mrs. Aldridge's friends and acquaintances felt aggrieved because they had not been taken into her confidence. They had given her every opportunity to confide in them; they had visited her early and often, had talked about Ethel's going away, and had hinted delicately at the expense; but, remembering Ethel's "argument," she had quietly turned the subject, and they were baffled. It was evident that she had come into possession of some kind of wind-fall, and did not mean to tell them of it; and they thought their friendship deserved better treatment. They were not too pleased, and stood somewhat aloof, watching the little group that was gathered around Mrs. Aldridge and Ethel—and Jack Carson, for Jack was going up to the university on the same train.

"Oh, Ethel, it does seem too good to be true!" cried Maud, for the twentieth time, giv-

ing her friend's arm a delighted squeeze. "If I had been your fairy godmother, I could n't wish better than this for you."

"Yes," added Josie Barnes, from the other side; "it must be lovely to have plenty of money and be able to go to aristocratic boarding-schools and all that. Some of the rest of us would have liked it—but we're not all rich."

A deathly silence followed the speech, and Ethel heard the slow "tick, tick, tick" of the waiting-room clock. A fierce flood of anger and humiliation sent the blood into her face and the tears to her eyes; but it was Jack who came to the rescue.

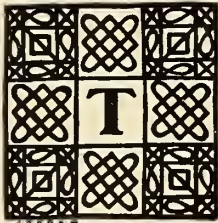
"Oh, there's nothing like an Aladdin's lamp!" he cried, with a mock-heroic air, fanning himself with his hat and using an imaginary locket. "You simply rub it, and, presto! off you go to boarding-school or wherever you please. You have only to look at me, now—"

And then the train-whistle sounded, and they all crowded closer, laughing with Jack. In another minute Ethel was in the car, looking out at a multitude of faces and seeing only her mother's in the midst of them, white, thin, and with eyes unnaturally large and bright because the tears were about to come.

"Good-by, Ethel! Good luck, Ethel!" Maud was crying. And so, smiling proudly back at them, Ethel went out to her new life.

CHAPTER II.

A TANGLED WEB.



THROUGH all Jack Carson's running fire of light-hearted nonsense, on the way up to Springfield, some twenty miles away, Ethel was telling herself monotonously that now she was done with Josie

Barnes, and would never again have to make equivocations that were almost falsehoods. The memory of it was a continual irritation. She had always been the soul of candor, and had even gained in her earlier years a reputation for downrightness that was not always careful to smooth things over for politeness' sake. And here had she, Ethel, the candid and

truthful, been betrayed into something that was at least a misrepresentation—a something that stung and tortured her, and kept pace with the flying train, and was not to be left behind.

"I'll let the girls at school know all about it as soon as I get well acquainted," she told herself, dreamily. "They will understand the spirit of the thing, and how it is merely money borrowed—for of course I shall repay Mrs. Fairfax when I go to work."

Her head went up at the thought of it, and in her dreams the money was as good as paid already. How she would like to see Josie Barnes then!

"Don't curl your lip and tilt your nose at me that way, Ethel," she heard Jack saying sternly. "Really, you've said hardly a word. That's the reward I get for being entertaining. Did you know we were at the end of the journey? Yonder's Springfield around that bend—and there's the university, where they are making a doctor out of me; and there's Belmont, on that highest hill. Now, my dear girl, one last word of advice. It'll be a month before I'll see you,—to talk to,—so keep your eyes shut and your mouth open—no, turn that around; I never could get it straight!"

And he took her bundles and led the way out to the platform, where Mrs. Fairfax stood waiting.

That very evening Ethel wrote a hurried letter home. "Mrs. Fairfax is lovely," she wrote, "with the most beautiful silver-white hair you ever saw; and yet she does n't look half old enough to be gray. She is so kind to me, and has made me feel at home already. It seems odd for poor, penniless me to be in a school like this, where there are so many rich girls. I have three room-mates, and they all are the daughters of wealthy men. One of them is Florence House; her father is the Mr. House who owns the Morrisdale factories, and he is a bank president and I don't know what all besides. I suppose they think I am rich, too."

And Ethel had meant to be frank with her schoolmates, and never again to place herself on a false footing, as she had done at home! It was not that it was her duty to tell every one the circumstances of her admission to the

school, but she had equivocated and had sent abroad a wrong impression, and the thought of it filled her with humiliation. But, again, she said to herself that the very first time there was *need* of it she would surely let the girls know how she was making her way through school, by the aid of Mrs. Fairfax's kindness.

But that first afternoon she sat in her room watching Florence and May and Elise make their hurried toilets for the daily walk. She had been ready in a very few moments, and was smiling a little as Florence jerked her jacket this way and that and tried on her college cap at many different angles.

"I'll never go to another school where there's a uniform!" she cried at last. "Think of being forced to wear this hideous blue!—and with my complexion! It's all very well for you," she added, catching Ethel's smile. "You can wear any color. But a brunette, like me! Why, I'm simply a fright!"

"But I thought the uniforms were very pretty," said Ethel, uneasily, with a sinking at her heart as she remembered how little her mother had been able to afford the money for hers.

"Oh, they are as pretty as the average uniform," said Florence, ungraciously. "But did n't it make you wretched to leave all your beautiful clothes at home and come up here to wear an old blue skirt and jacket forever?"

Once again a choice was before her. Florence had turned and was looking at her while she drew on her gloves, and the other girls stood ready. A choking something was in Ethel's throat. It seemed an age, but it was all over in a second. Then she had replied evenly:

"Oh, I did n't mind it so very much."

And then the bell sounded below, and she led the way from the room.

The walk did Ethel little good that evening, though it led past the university campus, and she caught a glimpse of Jack making a famous home run in the ball game out in front, and though the boys cheered Belmont loud and long. Florence, who walked beside her, found Ethel a dull companion, for she was silent and absorbed. Before the walk was ended, Ethel had formed a resolution. It was not too late—she would set herself right that very evening.

But that night, as they were preparing to

settle to their studies, Elise, an impulsive little madcap, said gaily:

"I'm so glad that we have Ethel this year instead of Jessie Barker. She was *so* disagreeable!"

"And to think of her being a charity scholar, after all we endured from her!" rejoined the haughty Florence. "We did n't find that out till the session was nearly over. Mama was astonished at Mrs. Fairfax putting her with us."

"Oh, who cares for her being a charity scholar?" retorted Elise. "Anybody may be poor, but nobody need be disagreeable."

"Well, I'm sure I don't come to Belmont College to associate with just *anybody*," said Florence, scornfully.

And that was why Ethel never told. Her cheeks were crimson, and the pages of her book swam in an indistinct blur before her eyes. She wished herself back at home, with no prospects and no ambitions. She felt herself a coward, untruthful and dishonorable, for she had placed herself in a position to be insulted by this haughty girl who was not half so well-bred as Ethel's own poor mother, working beyond her strength that she might keep her daughter at school.

But custom reconciles one to many things. A week later Florence chanced to see the postmark on one of Ethel's letters, and exclaimed:

"Roseville! Why, I did n't know you lived there. Mama and I spent one summer with the Oliphants at Roseville. Do you know the Oliphants?"

This time she did not give herself an opportunity to choose.

"The Oliphants?" she answered readily. "Oh, yes, I know them—but not intimately. They spend most of their time in Europe, you know; and once in a long while they come down with a house-party. What a beautiful home they have! Do you remember their conservatory?"

She might have added that she knew the Oliphants as the other people of Roseville did, from meeting them as they rode or drove about the town and along the country roads; and that she had carried up to the great house some sewing which her mother had done for Mrs.

Oliphant, and so had caught a glimpse of the interior of the beautiful home. But she did not tell this side of the story, and a few moments later she was singing with an untroubled conscience. On the whole, she told herself, she had adopted the only possible course. She *must* be free to study without worry and anxiety, in order to gain the education that would enable her to support herself; and if these girls learned the truth they would make her life unendurable. It did not concern them in the least whether she were rich or poor. Personally, she made herself very agreeable to them, and being their superior in thoroughness and quickness of comprehension, was always ready to help them over their little difficulties.

Before the session was two weeks old Mrs. Fairfax met Jack Carson, and said to him warmly:

"Your judgment is good, Jack. The little girl you praised so highly is going to be one of my star pupils. And she is such a sweet little lady in her manners, too. She is having a fine influence over the three girls in her room. Last year that room dragged all the session; but now they all are improving in scholarship from day to day."

"See what comes to people who put their whole confidence in me!" replied Jack, saucily.

It was at the end of the month that the pupils of Belmont gave their first reception to the university boys, and Jack had an opportunity to shake hands with his chum and playmate of the old days. Before she had spoken half a dozen words he found himself studying Ethel with a puzzled frown, wondering if she were really changed at all, or if he had forgotten how she used to be.

"I led my class this month, Jack," she said jubilantly. "Won't that be good news for mama?"

He took her over to a window and sat down by her, while she told him that she was at last beginning to hold up her head, for here no one knew that she was poor.

"I've always known it, Ethel, and I like you just as well," said Jack, quietly. "Decidedly, Ethel must have changed."

"Is n't Mrs. Fairfax lovely?" she cried, leaving the dangerous subject. "Do you know what made her hair so white? I have heard

all about it. It was her son, you know—her only son; and he's broken her heart and ruined himself, and he's in prison somewhere—"

"Ethel!"

Jack's horrified eyes were fastened on her face, and he had involuntarily lifted his hand as if to stop her.

"Ethel," he went on presently, a note of sternness in his voice, "I have known Mrs. Fairfax since I was nine years old, and I have never seen the time when I would have allowed anybody to tell me anything about her private affairs."

"Oh, this is your evening to lecture, is it?" said Ethel, with rising color. "Shall I clear a place on the rostrum and ring the bell for order?"

But Jack was not easily offended.

"Don't be silly, Ethel," he said seriously and candidly. "You have been listening to gossip about the best friend you've ever had, and, worse still, you've been repeating it. No, I don't want it repeated even to me. I would have gone fifty miles out of my way to keep from hearing it!"

"You will not be troubled soon by any further speech of mine," said Ethel, rising; and with a haughty little bow she walked away. Jack made his excuses early, and went home. He had meant to be a friend to Ethel, and now they were alienated, for the first time in their lives.

Ethel lay awake for hours that night, tingling with mortification over Jack's very decided reproof. What right had he to reprove her? Did he think that she was only a common gossip because she merely mentioned this one little incident that he should have found interesting? Jack had certainly been very rude, and it would serve him right if she refused to be reconciled.

For by this time Ethel's point of view was wholly changed. The girls who shared her room gossiped about Mrs. Fairfax, and she had learned to join glibly in the idle talk, for she was morbidly anxious to seem in nowise different from them.

It was not long before her independence of thought and action was gone, and she was fast becoming a very servile Ethel, who followed where the silly, empty-headed Florence chose to lead.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE WRONG ROAD.



ASY is the descent into Avernus, says the old proverb, and Ethel was finding the truth of it. Indeed, it seemed to her that there was no other way than the downward road, when one has once started.

Having committed herself to statements which carried with them the impression that she was something higher than she really was in the social scale, she had never seen a place where she could retract. True, she had told no direct falsehoods—she comforted herself with that reflection; and now her position was established among the girls, and doubtless the trouble was all over.

“Let’s see!” said Elise, the evening after the reception, as the four chums sat in the moonlight near the window, indulging in one of the midnight frolics which were so carefully hidden from Mrs. Fairfax, and at which many kinds of indigestibles were devoured. “It was May’s treat first, then Florence’s, and this is mine. Your turn next, Ethel—and do give us something new. I am tired to death of potted chicken and chocolate creams.”

The first of the stolen feasts had filled Ethel with secret dismay, but she had taken part in it, urged by her morbid fear of seeming different from other girls. With the second the sense of disloyalty to Mrs. Fairfax had grown lighter; and now her secret and only trouble was the haunting agony of spending her little store of money on midnight treats. But it must be done. There was not the smallest hesitation on her part. Her mother had sent her the sum for which she had written to buy drawing materials, and she had been very jubilant over it, for she had a real talent for art. Never mind; she would get cheaper materials than she had intended—and perhaps her mother could spare her a little more money. The home expenses were surely very light now. Doubtless there would be a little store laid up just for her expenses, and this was something she could not avoid. She would write the next morning and ask her mother to send a little more.

Somehow, that letter to her mother took a long time to write, and her face reddened as she read it over. “I am so sorry to ask you for more money already,” she said, “but it does seem that there are always new expenses coming up. My gloves are looking so shabby, and I am out of stamps, and need several little things; and if you can spare me as much as two dollars I shall be so glad, and will promise not to trouble you again for a long time.”

While she was reading over the letter Florence came in, and Ethel started guiltily and hastily folded the sheet and thrust it into the envelope.

“Writing home for money?” Florence asked carelessly. “Of course you are. I never write home for anything else. You’ve got to have plenty of money to make life bearable at a school like this. I hope you’ll know how to spend it when you get it, for I’m dying for a treat that amounts to something.”

Ethel thought with secret dismay of the expensive bonbons that had been spread at the other feasts, but she answered lightly:

“Oh, just leave that to me!”

Florence had gone to the mirror to arrange her hair, but she dropped her arms and cried petulantly:

“Oh, do come and help me fix my hair! Suzette always did it for me, and I can’t get used to doing it myself. Isn’t it awful to do without a maid when you’ve always been used to one?”

“It certainly is dreadful!” murmured Ethel, intent on the dark waves of hair that she was so deftly braiding.

“But you have learned how so much easier than I have,” Florence went on, turning her head from side to side to admire the effect. “You do that beautifully. And see how pretty yours always is! How did you learn to do it yourself—and this your first session away from home, too?”

“Oh, mama always insisted on my learning it, so that I would never have any trouble about it,” said the girl who had waited on herself from her childhood.

“Some mothers are so sensible!” purred Florence. “If it would n’t be such an imposition I’d ask you to arrange my hair every day.”

"Oh, it will be no trouble at all," said Ethel.

"How different you are from other girls!" cried Florence, smiling at her reflection in the mirror. "Jessie Barker could make my hair perfectly lovely, but when I asked her the same thing she was insulted, and said she did n't come to school to play lady's-maid to anybody; and after I had offered to pay her for it, too! I think she took a good deal on herself, considering—"

"I think so!" interrupted Ethel, hastily. "As for me, I think it a real pleasure to help the girls one likes."

"Oh, but you see, you are a lady," smiled Florence, "and that makes all the difference in the world. What a pretty color you have, Ethel! Even these wretched old uniforms look lovely on you. There 's the bell; we 'll have to run, or Old Lady Fairfax will have a dozen checks ready for us."

And in spite of the hot indignation that swept over Ethel like a flame at hearing such a flippant epithet applied to the lady who had befriended her, she made no protest, because—well, because they were going down the stairs the next moment, and it is difficult to talk on the stairs; and because it did not really concern her what other people said of Mrs. Fairfax, so long as she said nothing wrong herself; and because some other time would do as well; and, in short, for a multitude of good reasons. For Ethel's moral sensibilities were weakening, and she had learned how to make many ready excuses to her conscience.

The money came from her mother, with a letter that filled her with vague trouble and sharp self-reproach. "I send the money," she wrote; "but do be careful, Ethel, about spending every cent of it, and don't buy anything you are not compelled to have. Somehow, my work has fallen short lately,—I think people are under the impression that I have suddenly grown independent,—and most of the sewing has gone to Miss Snyder. Well, she needs it, too. I did feel hurt, though, when Mrs. Barnes put me off about paying for Josie's two dresses, and said that if I could afford to keep my daughter at Belmont I must have a great deal more money than she had, and I could certainly afford to wait a few weeks for the money for

two dresses. Worst of all, my eyes are troubling me a great deal, and I am scarcely able to go on with my work at night—and you know I can't give that up, now that the days are so short and expenses are so high."

The tears gushed to Ethel's eyes as she read these homely details. Somehow, in the midst of these new and absorbing interests, she had almost lost sight of her mother. She remembered now that she had written but three letters home since she came, and all of them had been hasty scrawls, and two of them had been requests for money. Poor, lonely, hard-working mother! She would send the money back without delay. She would ask Mrs. Fairfax if there were not some way by which she could make a little money while she was at school, and help her mother along. She would—

"Oh, your money has come!" cried all three of the girls in a breath, bursting into the room and noticing the money-order crushed up in Ethel's hand.

"That means that we have our treat promptly on time," laughed Florence. "Make it crystallized fruits, Ethel, and remember that Oliveiri's are the best, and that we shall want a quantity, for we all are half starved."

"Girls," exclaimed Elise, reflectively, laughing and dimpling at the thought, "you remember how Jessie Barker used to help eat all our treats, and then back out when her turn came, because she said it was n't treating Mrs. Fairfax right?"

The others shrieked with laughter at the thought of it, and the speech Ethel had been going to make was never made. She even joined in the laugh, in a mirthless way, though she was very pale as she slipped the money-order into her pocket-book.

After all, now that the money had come, she might as well spend it as she had intended. Her mother would not expect it back, and of course she must be able to spare it or she would not have sent it. Besides, if the money were sent back now, her mother would naturally ask why it was asked for if it was not needed. The proper thing to do was to keep the money—she was surprised to think that had not occurred to her at first. But she would certainly make this the last. She would have nothing to do with

any more of the treats, and then they would not expect anything from her. So once more Ethel mentally arranged all the future satisfactorily, and then did wrong in the present, with many good excuses for it, and, each time as she said to herself, "for the *last* time."

Saturday morning she asked and received permission to go to the post-office for stamps and to the book-store for drawing materials.

That afternoon Jack Carson, walking across the park, saw Mrs. Fairfax in a distant avenue, and leaped a hedge or two and half a dozen flower-beds to intercept her. She greeted him in the old affectionate way, but she did not begin talking of Ethel, as she had done when he met her last.

"And how is Ethel doing?" he asked presently. "Still at the head of her classes?"

"Still at the head, Jack," she answered gravely. "She is a very intelligent girl."

Was there something back of her speech, or did he only imagine so? He rattled on, trying to fill an uncomfortable pause.

"I caught a glimpse of her this morning, just coming out of Oliveiri's, but she was too far away for me to overtake her. Besides, I would n't talk to her here without your knowledge," he added loyally, and said good-by and went on his way. "Now what has happened?" he kept asking himself. "Has she heard some of that talk? Oh, Ethel, Ethel! to think you could be the brightest, frankest girl I ever saw until you had a chance for yourself, and then could spoil it all by such wild nonsense as that!"

There was a "treat" in Ethel's room that night, with much whispering and with convulsions of hushed merriment; and Ethel was assured over and over that her treat was the best of the series, and that they would hurry to have her time come around again. Ethel had never been so gay and witty, had never said so many sparkling things as those she whispered that night. Perhaps she had merely crossed the Rubicon, and was grown reckless. The feeling did not pass away with the night. The new spirit was still in evidence next day as she walked along the upper hall, light of foot and with head uplifted, and suddenly came face to face with Mrs. Fairfax. The principal did not pass; she stopped Ethel with a gentle hand on

her shoulder, and looked gravely into her startled eyes.

"Ethel," she said, "have you anything to tell me?"

Ethel's face was white, but she did not falter. "Anything to tell? Why, no, Mrs. Fairfax," she replied.

"Let me ask it in another way," persisted the lady. "Have you anything to confess?"

The girl turned cold to her finger-tips, but her eyes did not fall.

"How could I confess anything unless I had done something wrong?" she asked innocently.

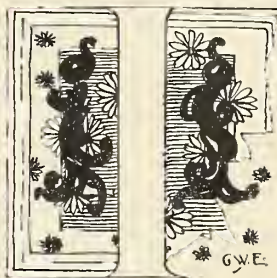
"Nothing to tell?" repeated Mrs. Fairfax, solemnly. "I am not a hard teacher, Ethel. Think! Nothing to confess?"

"Nothing," said Ethel, a dogged resolution settling down upon her face; and Mrs. Fairfax released her and turned away.

Truly Ethel had wandered far since the summer day when Jack had opened the way to Belmont.

CHAPTER IV.

"WE HAVE FAILED!"



IN spite of her hardihood, the moment Ethel was left alone she flew to her room, white and palpitating, and told the story of the meeting to the three girls.

"And oh, girls, she has found out something—she knows something! I don't know what it is, but she has found out."

"Who cares if she has?" cried the spoiled, foolish Florence, recklessly. "I don't doubt in the least that some one was listening at the door of our room last night. I hate a spy! Suppose she has found out? She can't do anything worse than send us home, and, so far as I am concerned, that would not trouble me much. Then mama would send me to Fair Oaks, and nothing would please me better."

The rude and angry speech would have been inexpressibly shocking to Ethel a few weeks before, but now she heard it without flinching.

She, too, hated a spy, and she applauded what she called Florence's "generous spirit." It transformed things very materially, and completely altered the point of view. It was much nobler to break the rules by having a midnight treat than to eavesdrop, and, in her new state of mind, Ethel could easily persuade herself that this was what Mrs. Fairfax must have done. She felt alienated and estranged from her all at once. She tried even to think herself upon a high moral plane, and that she could criticize Mrs. Fairfax with perfect justice.

May and Elise were slower to take sides with Florence; and Elise, wild and thoughtless as she was, even suggested that it would be better for the four of them to go together to Mrs. Fairfax and confess their prank, and promise not to offend again.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, so far as I am concerned," said Florence, angrily. "You could not confess for yourself without bringing us all into trouble too, and you have no right to do that. You see how nobly Ethel protected the rest of us, even if she herself had to suffer. There is only one person meaner than a spy, and that is a telltale."

For one moment Elise's suggestion had sent an accusing pang to Ethel's conscience. She remembered it long afterward with bitterness of spirit. If that suggestion had only come from her instead of from Elise! If she could only have had this one good impulse to her credit! But instead she lifted her head proudly, elated with Florence's compliment to her faithfulness.

"I am sure I would never tell, no matter what the punishment might be," she said with the air of a martyr. "That is something one simply can't do. If I alone had been at fault, now—"

"But nobody was at fault," declared Florence. "What else can Mrs. Fairfax expect? We are compelled to indulge ourselves a little. We pay enough for our board, and look what kind of fare we get!"

The fare was quite as good as it should be, and Ethel knew it; but she made no comment.

When the girls filed into the assembly-room

the next morning, Mrs. Fairfax was standing ready at her desk. As Ethel passed, going to her seat, the lady's eyes dwelt earnestly and anxiously on her face; but there was no softening in it. Ethel merely looked up with a cold and studiously polite "good morning," but there was nothing more—no contrition, no acknowledgment, no sign of a desire for reconciliation. More than that, the eyes of the principal, flashing from face to face, saw that there was an understanding among the three other girls, and that they were angry and resentful. For now, as of old, as a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, so does the taint of evil spread.

As the days passed and Ethel met always that questioning look, she resented it more and more, and grew colder in proportion. It was a grave and sorrowful look, and it made the girl uncomfortable in spite of herself. In resistance to that uncomfortable feeling she took on a more determined air of opposition. She persuaded herself that she was the one to be offended, and that Mrs. Fairfax owed her some amends; and so she went about with her head up, and met Mrs. Fairfax's look with one as steady as her own.

It was when she chanced to be alone with Mrs. Fairfax that she suffered most. She avoided all such meetings with care, but there would come times when for a few moments she would be left alone with the principal. At such times she escaped from the room, if possible, and if this could not be done she studied intently, and saw no one. Taken altogether, these were not the happiest of times for Ethel. When the other girls were with her, numbers gave her boldness, but she had no courage to face the present condition of things without their support.

And no wonder that by this time her studies began to suffer; for she found that she could hold a book before her face and read over a lesson many times without being conscious of a word she had read. During all the study-hours her mind went wandering over and over the incidents of the past few weeks; and at night her wide-open eyes stared into the darkness and she could not sleep. Her hand was no longer steady with the pencil, and her art

teacher complained to Mrs. Fairfax that his most promising pupil seemed to be losing ground.

The ambitions with which Ethel had come to Belmont were fading away. It had been a long time, now, since she had dreamed of the cottage she and her mother were to have, and of the pleasant freedom from care she was to bring into her mother's life when she was ready to work.

It had been agreed between herself and her mother in the summer that she would not go home for the Christmas week vacation, because she would save money and expense by remaining at the school. Most of the other pupils were going, the few who remained being those who lived at a great distance. When the gay preparations for the Christmas fitting began in her room, and Florence and Elise and May were packing their trunks days beforehand, Ethel told the girls that she would not have the week at home. She had studied over the available excuses, and, now that the time had come, gave them the one selected as she helped crowd Florence's trunk with the disordered array of garments:

"Mama wrote me that it would be better for me to stay here. She is n't very well, and I'm sure the quiet will be better for her than to have me there."

"Oh, of course, for during the holidays one is sure to have a houseful of company all the time," said Florence. "I fully expect to throw mama into nervous prostration while I'm at home. She often says that between me and the servants she never has a moment's peace."

This was but one of many heartless speeches Ethel had heard Florence make about her mother, and though shocked by them at first, now she scarcely heeded it. She was busily thinking, instead, and in a moment she added:

"And it's too bad—but mama being sick, she has n't had an opportunity to send me any Christmas money; so if any of you are thinking of making me a present, girls, let me warn you right now—don't."

This was the speech that had given her the greatest trouble, but she found that she could make it very easily. Poor girl, all too rapidly

she was growing accustomed to saying such things.

"Oh, I have n't bought the presents for you girls yet," replied Florence, carelessly. "I have something for each of the teachers; and I wish you could see the beautiful brass-and-onyx table I selected to-day for a peace-offering to Old Lady Fairfax!"

And again Ethel made no protest.

It was like Florence that she should propose one last grand feast before the holidays, and it was like Ethel—the new and changed Ethel—that she should seem quite ready to contribute as much as the others; for this was to be a "share-and-share-alike" feast. The little sum she had jealously guarded since the first of school to buy a Christmas present for her mother went into this feast. "Mama does n't expect anything, anyhow," was her selfish way of quieting her conscience this time.

Just before sunset, on the night before Christmas eve, Jack came up and asked Mrs. Fairfax if he might see Ethel.

"Certainly; I will send for her," the lady replied. And when Ethel came Mrs. Fairfax left the room.

Ethel waited a little haughtily to hear what Jack might have to say. They had not met since the evening of their disagreement, and there was a burning consciousness of that evening in Ethel's face.

"I knew you were not going home, Ethel," Jack said gently, "so I came by to see how you were—for Mrs. Aldridge will want me to report to her to-morrow evening."

"You need n't trouble about it," said Ethel, stiffly. "I have written to mama to-day, giving her a full account of everything she would care to know."

"Oh, of course; I knew you must have written," he replied cordially, determined not to be repulsed. "But she'll want to know how you look, and everything about you—"

"She is not at all uneasy about me," replied Ethel, ungraciously.

Jack looked at his friend of the old times with wondering scrutiny.

"I scarcely know what has happened to change you so, Ethel," he said candidly. "I don't know you of late. But, at any rate, I

shall go to see Mrs. Aldridge, for she 's always been my friend, and is not likely to change toward me without telling me the reason. She must have had a lonely time since school began,—but she 'll never complain, as long as you are at the head of your classes."

He said good-by and went away, a little sore at heart; and Ethel flew upstairs and cried in secret because her world was all upside down.

Among her books was the letter she had written her mother that day, telling her that the girls were getting ready to go home for the holidays and that she would soon be left alone. "I have not come out at the head of my class this month," she had written. "Indeed, one could hardly have expected it three months in succession. And then, I have suffered with headaches a great deal. I have not said anything about it, for I did not want to worry you. I suppose it is caused by the strain on my eyes, studying so much at night."

It was a very neatly written letter, and it all sounded so plausible. What was it that made Ethel open it after Jack had gone, and write a postscript?

"How I wish I could see my darling mother, if only for a little while!" she wrote. "But we both know that it is n't best now; and we can wait and look forward to the time when your life is going to be easier. Don't worry about my eyes. The rest during Christmas week will make them all right again."

And then, in the midst of the better thoughts that were coming to her, the other girls came in and began planning for the feast, and the lonely mother down at Roseville was forgotten.

There were no lessons next day; only gay good-bys all day long, for pupils were leaving by every train. Early in the afternoon the departure of a group of girls left Ethel and her three friends standing in the wide hall together, and they walked into the assembly-room with their arms around one another and sat down.

"I wish it were evening," said Florence, discontentedly. "Think of staying here to another dinner! And then think of having to come back to eat three of those meals every day until the last of June. Honestly, Ethel, are n't you nearly starved to death?"

If Ethel could have spoken honestly she

would have said that the fare was good and plentiful; but she laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"I 'm so hungry I don't know what to do with myself," she said with a doleful air.

"I certainly do pity you, here all alone all Christmas week," said Elise, cordially.

"Yes—fancy it!" cried Florence. "Less to eat than ever, and alone with the Ogress. Old Lady Fairfax will give you a lovely time after we go away. What on earth makes you stay? Write your mother you are starving and must go home to get something to eat. Get her to send you somewhere else. She could find better schools almost anywhere for the dollars and dollars a month she spends here for you; don't you think so?"

"I should think she might," said Ethel, unwaveringly, though her eyes were dropped to her hands, which were toying with a book.

"And then to think how she is going to make your life miserable about those treats! She 'd be in a rage if she knew about the one last night, would n't she? I don't believe she would ever forgive any one who had done a wrong thing."

The remark was made directly at Ethel, with such point and purpose that she was fired with anger, and cried hotly:

"Well, I think a woman whose own son has been disgraced should have very little to say about other people's short-comings!"

She had seen a look of wide-eyed terror on May's face directed toward the door behind her, but had been too angry to heed it. She had scarcely noticed that some one was passing her until at last, as she finished speaking, she looked up into the face of Mrs. Fairfax.

A white, drawn face, looking years older than when she had looked at it last, half an hour ago. The lady's thin hands were clasped tight together, as though to control the trembling in them. She stood there and battled for self-control, and tried to speak, and could not.

A deadly silence had settled down on the frightened group, but Ethel was no longer conscious of the others. She gazed at Mrs. Fairfax with a frightened stare, realizing at last what she had done.

"Young ladies,"—the sweeping glance in-

cluded only the three others,—“you may go to your room.”

The three fled—Ethel heard their footsteps scurrying along the hall and up the stairs; but she herself sat still, numbed and breathless.

not helped your associates. You have shown no consideration for your mother—your poor mother! Ah, I suppose a young girl can hardly know what that means! And you have shown nothing but animosity toward me. I



“AS ETHEL FINISHED SPEAKING, SHE LOOKED UP INTO THE FACE OF MRS. FAIRFAX.”

It was a long time before Mrs. Fairfax spoke again; and when she tried to speak there was something in her throat that kept her thin hand fluttering there. But at last Ethel heard the low voice that was to pronounce her doom.

“We have tried the experiment,” she said, “and it has failed. I gave you my confidence, and you have abused it. I placed you where your influence was most needed, and where you could have helped me most, and you have not been true to me, nor to yourself, and have

have found nothing to build on in your character, for you have not been truthful or candid with me; and that is like building on quicksand. And at last—at last—you have stabbed me to the heart—you have dared to speak so of the great agony of my life—”

Her voice failed, and she merely sat and looked at the cowering girl. When Ethel heard the low voice again it was saying:

“You will tell the girls that it has been decided that you are to go home, after all. Tell no

more than that, and no one will ever know how—how we have failed.”

CHAPTER V.

THE GRAY DAYS AND DULL.



LONG time after, Ethel arose and went out of the assembly-room, feeling her way along the seats and creeping like some wounded thing. She had heard the dinner-bell hours ago, it seemed to her, but had not heeded it. Her room-mates were about to go; she heard them asking for her with subdued voices, that they might say good-by. The sound of it roused her as nothing else could have done; and she steadied herself and walked along the hall to meet them, her head erect and a smile on her white lips.

“Oh, girls, are you ready?” she cried. “I did n’t think of its being so near train-time. Good-by—good-by, all of you! Merry Christmas!—though of course you ’ll have that!”

She wondered, long afterward, how she could have done it—how she could have stood there waving merry good-bys and uttering glib good wishes, as though hers were the lightest heart in all the world. When it was over, and they were really gone, she crept silently up the stairs and went to her room, and began throwing things into her trunk; for in less than an hour her own train would leave, and she would be speeding home—home!

The uniform she had been so proud of once, she packed away on the shelf in the closet. She no longer had any right to wear it. She put on one of the old home dresses that she had brought with her thinking it would do to wear on Saturdays—the plain, neat little old dress that her mother had fashioned with such careful handiwork; she had never worn it on the school Saturdays, because it looked insignificant beside the other girls’ elegant lounging-robos. Her eyes burned now with the tears that would not come, as she put it on.

She had no money for railroad fare—all her savings had gone into that last treat. Alone and friendless and beggared, she sat down on her trunk after it was packed, and looked around the desolate room, feeling that, in its emptiness and ugliness, it was a picture of the wreck she had made of her life at school.

The matron tapped at the door presently, and civilly announced that the carriage was ready, at the same time giving Ethel a ticket to Roseville. If she had only offered to shake hands with the forlorn girl—if she had only wished her a merry Christmas! But Ethel had silently acquiesced in Florence’s rude treatment of the matron, and now in her extremity she was alone. The men came up after her trunk, and she silently followed them down the stairs. She lingered a moment at the last landing, to be sure that the hall was deserted, and finding everything quiet, flitted out and plunged into the waiting carriage. And this was her going away from Bellmont! And she had been so proud when she came there a little while before!

She had found a thick veil among her possessions, and had fastened it on. When Mrs. Fairfax came out and took the opposite seat in the carriage, and they drove away, the veil hid them from each other. Ethel could not see the sorrow on the pale, grave face at which she dared not more than glance; and Mrs. Fairfax could not see the miserable, dumb agony in the eyes that stared out of the window.

The day was drawing to a close when she found a seat in the car, crowded with merry Christmas travel. She had sunk down next to a window, and sat there for a little while, afraid to look out. When she did look, there was Mrs. Fairfax, standing just where she had stood to welcome her three months before. Only now it was a different Mrs. Fairfax, with a pang at her heart that Ethel had planted there; and this was a different Ethel—oh, so different!—a numb, despairing Ethel, whose little world was in ruins, whose hopes and ambitions were blighted.

The train was racing away through the fields when she found herself again, and Bellmont was miles behind; and it was then that she saw Jack.

He was two or three seats ahead of her, wholly unconscious of her, his hat off, his hands

clasped behind his head, watching the other passengers with friendly interest, and whistling softly to himself.

Jack! She had not thought of him before. But now Jack would know! He had made the chance for her—he had opened the way to Belmont; he had tried to warn her when he saw the mistake she was making; and now he would know! A cry almost burst from her lips, and she cowered and shrank down into the corner of the seat, and pressed her face against the cold glass of the window, and stared hopelessly out into the twilight. If there were only some place to hide where no one who had ever known her would see her again! But to go back among the people who had known her always—to face the curiosity, the questions, the hints, the open amusement! How Josie Barnes would go up and down and talk, and shrug her shoulders, and raise expressive eyebrows! Josie Barnes! It had all started with her. If she could only go back to that day when she had met Josie Barnes, and could start over again!

There would be a crowd at the Roseville station to see the Christmas train come in; and Ethel dwelt with agony on the recognitions. She drew the thick veil closer and folded her jacket tight around her, and as the train drew up at the station the people were only conscious that a dark little figure had slipped through the circle of light and was gone before any one could tell who she was.

When she approached her mother's house it was by the back way; and she opened the gate and slipped stealthily in—the Ethel who had gone out so triumphantly three months before.

Something stirred in the shadows of the porch, and she almost shrieked as it came at her with a rush; but it was only old "Cæsar" the dog, embracing her feet with his paws, and looking up into her face with a tremulous whine. In a moment she was down on her knees, with her arms around the old dog's neck and the tears falling on his face, for she was very desolate.

The light was shining from one of the windows, and she stood up and looked at it, and even took a few steps toward it; but then she

turned and fled until the fence stopped her. She knew who was sitting in that room. How could she dare to go in there and tell her mother—her poor, toiling mother, who had been so poor ever since the daughter could remember, and who had never been ashamed of poverty, and who thought dishonor the one thing of which to be ashamed. All at once everything else faded away from Ethel's mind. During all these desolate hours she had dwelt upon her ruined hopes and her humiliation; but now she saw only her mother, her head bowed before the people who had known her all her life, bitter shame brought upon her by the girl for whom she had toiled and suffered and saved. Something had cleared Ethel's vision. She was conscious, as she had never been before, that if she had prospered in the Roseville school it was all because of the mother who had worked unceasingly that she might have a chance to study. She had grown up thinking that was a fair division of labor—that her mother should be always working while she was always studying. Her mother had never complained. Had she needed help sometimes? Ethel, crouched against the fence in the dark and looking at that lighted window through raining tears, wished that she had helped her mother once in a while, that the memory of it might make her forget how she had thrown away her great opportunity at last.

But after a while the window drew her, and she could not resist. She would look in, if only for a moment. She searched around the yard, and found a box, and placed it under the window, and climbed up on it, and saw—her mother.

She had been sewing, and was still at the machine, but had leaned her elbows on it and covered her eyes with her hands. It was because her eyes were aching, perhaps; but she was all alone, and looked so lonely—so lonely!

And then she turned a little, and Ethel saw the gleaming of tears on the cheeks that had grown so hollow since she saw them last, and a cry of anguish was wrung from the girl's heart.

The mother heard the sound, and saw the white face at the window. In another moment Ethel was stumbling up the steps and into the

room, her hands outstretched as though she were feeling the way. Mrs. Aldridge had risen, and stood leaning forward, her lips parted, her hand on her heart.

"Oh, mama," cried Ethel, reaching her at last, "don't grieve so much. I'm not worth it. I'll do something to try to make a living—I will indeed! I'll help you more than I've ever done. Maybe I can get a place in a store—or somewhere. Don't look like that, mama—please don't!"

"Ethel!" whispered the mother, in a voice Ethel had never heard before, "what is it? Why have you come home—without letting me know? Has anything—happened?"

"Oh, mama!" was the girl's despairing cry, "I have been expelled from school!"

And then, with a look of death in the worn face, the mother wavered and fell.

Jack Carson's hand was on the latch of the gate when Ethel's agonized shriek tore the night, and in a moment he was in the room. Ethel was down on the floor, her mother's head in her arms, and she looked up with a look that he never forgot.

"I have killed mother, Jack," she cried. "I've ruined my school career—I've been sent home—and it has killed her."

It was then that Ethel learned for the first time what Jack was.

"Why, nonsense, Ethel! She is n't dead," he cried. "Help me lift her to the bed. There—that's all right. Now get some cold water. She's just fainted—and who could wonder, having you come in like a ghost, when you were n't expected, and with that forlorn face? Do get on another look by the time she comes around!"

"But you don't understand, Jack," she said desolately. "I have been expelled—*expelled* from school!"

But shocked as Jack was,—inexpressibly shocked,—he would not let her talk of it at that moment.

"I'd rather think of your mother, and of making things easier for her when she wakes," he said bluntly. "Thank Heaven, we won't have to call in anybody and make it public—not for the present, at least. And that will

give us time to look over the field a little and decide what to do."

"Us"! Ah, it was the old, unselfish Jack—the Jack who had been so radiant because he had opened the way to Belmont. Unutterably humiliated and abased and tortured with anxiety, she stood by while he bathed the white temples with cold water; and when the mother's eyes opened at last, it was Jack's bright greeting that met her first.

"Hello!" he cried, smiling down at her and caressing the worn hand affectionately. "Is that the way you receive us when we come home to give you a Christmas surprise? The next time we'll send down a herald the week before, so that you can begin to reconcile yourself to the idea of seeing us."

She passed her hands over her eyes and looked at him, bewildered.

"I thought—did I dream it?—I thought Ethel came in and told me that—that—"

"You are not a success as a dreamer," he said gaily. "Now, you are tired out—you show it in every look. We are going to sit down here and talk for a little while, and you are to lie still and rest. Don't say a word, for we won't allow it. We have taken this case in hand, you see."

And it was Jack who moved the lamp so that her face was shaded from the light, and who made Ethel sit down where her mother could not see her, while he gravely took a chair near her and waited.

The worn and exhausted mother sank into slumber almost before they were aware of it; and after a while, speaking in low tones, and choking back the sobs so that she might not disturb her mother, Ethel poured out her story to Jack.

"I did n't think of being untruthful at first," she said; "I merely thought of getting around a difficulty; and so I said things that were not exactly true, and thought that would be the end of it. But they placed me in a false position, and in order to shield myself I was constantly compelled to tell new things, and worse things, until after a while they did n't seem so very bad, and I began to excuse them to myself, and to think that I was perfectly justifiable. It seems so hard to get out of a

place like that when one is once in. If only I had not started in! I know that now. I lost my independence and my self-respect at the very beginning, and then I kept going down."

"Don't cry, Ethel," said Jack. "It is something to be able to see a fault as clearly as you see yours. Lots of people don't."

Ethel's eyes were wandering around the bare

they suggested. I don't blame them at all—it was all my fault. It seems to me now that it would have been so easy to have told them right in the beginning that I was not able to afford any of those extra expenses; but I did n't say it then, and after that I never dared."

"Please don't cry, Ethel," said Jack, greatly moved by her repentant grief.



"ETHEL WAS DOWN ON THE FLOOR, HER MOTHER'S HEAD IN HER ARMS."

rooms; she had almost forgotten the bareness of it in the midst of the comforts that had surrounded her since she went to school.

"And to think that I took mama's money to treat rich girls!" she broke out afresh. "It seemed to me that I absolutely belonged to those girls from the time I told them the first falsehood, and I did n't dare to refuse anything

"And then I went on and acted so—so horribly to Mrs. Fairfax. I don't know what kind of influence was over me, for it seemed to me then it was all right, but now I can look back all along the road and see how dishonorable I was. Oh, she can never forgive me! And to speak so of her son, when her heart is broken over him! But I never understood

broken-heartedness until I had trouble too. And she 'll remember that always when she thinks of me."

Jack went and looked out of the window, for there was a mist in his own eyes; but when he came back he said cheerily:

"Now you 've talked it all out, Ethel, keep still about it. Don't let a human being know that anything wrong has happened at Belmont; at least, not for two or three days. And then, if we have to tell it, we can put it in some way so that we can shield your mother. And you are not to tell her, either, for the present. Naturally, you would come home at Christmas time, you know."

"But it will have to be told at last," moaned Ethel, despairingly.

"It 's a bad business, Ethel," Jack said gravely. "I don't want you to think it is n't, for I believe it *would* kill your mother if she knew all about it. You see how she looks—I think she has been working too hard, to keep up with the expenses." Ethel groaned and bowed her face to the table. "And we 've got to work along a few days and try to devise some means to smooth it over—for her sake, Ethel. I think she 'll sleep the rest of the night; and if she wakes, just hold on to your good sense and don't let her know how things are."

And Jack slipped quietly out and walked slowly homeward, more troubled and anxious than he had ever been.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER CHANCE, AND THE VALEDICTORY.



HE mother's deep, exhausted sleep lasted all that night and far into the next morning, and when she waked a strange weakness was upon her, so that she could not stir. Ethel hung over her, and waited on her, and smoothed the soft hair that was growing white so fast, and burned her hands at the stove trying to prepare something that would tempt her mother to eat—and did not know they were burned. Mrs. Aldridge did not attempt to talk, for her strength was gone;

but she followed Ethel with contented eyes, and smiled at her when she kissed the worn hands and pressed them to her cheeks.

Ethel caught herself fifty times looking out of the window for Jack, but he did not come all that day. No one came, for it was Christmas day, and people were making merry in their own homes. A lonely, desolate Christmas, Ethel thought; but there was a swift moisture in her eyes as she realized that but for her coming home her mother, weak and exhausted as she was, would have been utterly alone.

All day, whenever her mother dozed, Ethel was busy making the bare room a little more habitable—putting up the little pictures she had accumulated at school, and disposing her modest ornaments so that they would meet her mother's tired eyes when she waked. If she longed for anything more for herself that day, it was that she might give it to her mother. If she wished for wealth that day, it was only that she might make life easier for her mother. For this was another Ethel who had come home—more generous, more unselfish than she had ever been: an Ethel who had learned to love her mother.

The early night came down, and she lighted the lamps in all the rooms to make the house a little more cheerful, and sat down to her lonely vigil—anxious about her mother's continued prostration, fearing that she had killed her indeed, wishing that Jack would come and put hope and courage into her heart, as he always did, and wondering what could have kept him away all day, when he knew how she needed him. The evening train came in—the train that had brought her the night before; and she listened to its roaring; and went over that evening in memory, and felt very old and grave.

She felt very sure that she could never be happy or light-hearted again. Would she live many years like this? she wondered. Would she live long enough to atone somewhat to her mother by her devotion, and to make Jack, yes, and even Mrs. Fairfax, respect her again?

"She 's asleep, is she?" whispered Jack's voice beside her, for she had been so absorbed in unhappy thought that she had not heard him come in. "That 's good. I 've a plan, Ethel. Come into the other room and let 's talk it over."

She arose and followed him on tiptoe into the poor little parlor, and had closed the door behind her when she found herself face to face with Mrs. Fairfax!

And what would she say—the wronged and insulted principal of Bellmont who had been stabbed to the heart so cruelly? Had she come to cast her off still further? Ethel shrank back against the door, her eyes wide with terror. But Mrs. Fairfax went over to her, and put her arms around the shrinking form, and—were there tears in her eyes?—said tenderly:

“Poor little girl, did you think you were altogether forsaken? See—we have both had time to think it over. You are going to start over again, Ethel—and it will be a different start. Perhaps you and I know of a poor lad who might be a different man if he could only start over again. Some day, let us pray, he will get the new start; but I am going to give one to *you* now.”

Yes, there *were* tears on her cheeks, and Ethel was clinging to her; and Jack went out and closed the door, and sat on the steps with Cæsar.

“Good old doggy!” he said to that old friend. “This is a fine world, Cæsar. I am glad I live in it!”

When Jack went in, after a while, Mrs. Fairfax and Ethel sat side by side, and Ethel still held the lady’s hand and clung to it. She had poured out her full heart to her teacher, and they had talked it all over.

“Do you see that boy?” Mrs. Fairfax said, smiling at Jack as he came in. “You have wondered, perhaps, why he and I are such friends, when there is such a difference in our years. It is because, from the first time I saw him, I have always thought, ‘If my boy had not made his first wrong start he would have been like Jack.’ I have watched Jack grow up, and have loved in him another boy who might have been like him but for the first wrong start.”

When Jack spoke, after a while, it was to say: “Your mother is saved, Ethel. She’ll never know there was any trouble.”

“I’ll tell her some day,” said Ethel, seriously.

“When I have succeeded—and I *will* succeed!—I’ll tell her how near I came to failure—and who saved me,” she added, with a swift and eloquent glance at both.

If there was any difficulty in the road, it was Mrs. Fairfax who saw it and smoothed it away. She saw that Mrs. Aldridge needed rest and could not be left alone; and she sent down an elderly woman who longed for a country home and was willing to work for small wages. “We will merely add this to your account, Ethel,” she said smilingly.

So the way was open for Ethel again, and she was to go back to Bellmont. But the day after Mrs. Fairfax’s departure she left her mother sleeping, with the new “help” sitting beside her, and went out to make a visit. She walked to Mrs. Barnes’s with a steady step, but her face was colorless as she stopped Josie’s exclamations of surprise.

“Josie, I want to set something right,” she said simply—“something I said to you once that gave you a false impression and has caused me a great deal of trouble. I told you last summer that mama felt able to send me to Bellmont, and that made you think that we must have a great deal of money, for Bellmont is such an expensive school. That was not true. We had no money. Mrs. Fairfax offered to *give* me my education. See, here is the letter she wrote. I am sorry I did n’t show it to you then. I know you will set it right now, when people mention it to you.”

Josie had given an astonished gasp at the disclosure, but she read the letter in silence. Then she looked up and said:

“Well, Ethel! I did n’t think you had grit enough to own up to a thing like that, when there was n’t any particular need of it. I could n’t have done it, I’m sure.”

“There was particular need of it,” said Ethel, with a faint color rising in her cheeks.

“Anyhow, I’m glad you’ve told me,” Josie responded cordially, holding out her hand. “I was very disagreeable about it, thinking you had a fortune and blaming you for not telling me more about it. What a good woman Mrs. Fairfax must be! You ought to show that letter, just to let people know there is such a woman in the world.”

And Josie and Ethel parted better friends than they had ever been.

From Josie's Ethel went to Maud's and set matters right there; and then she turned her steps homeward, lighter at heart than she had been in many a day. It seemed to Ethel afterward that Jack must have visited everybody in Roseville that week, and that he must have painted her success at school in glowing colors everywhere he went. "And Ethel's going to make her mark, mind that," he said to every one. "She will pay Mrs. Fairfax for her schooling when she has finished; and, between Mrs. Fairfax up at school and Mrs. Aldridge down here, Roseville will be proud of Ethel some of these days; and then don't forget that I told you about it."

Well, if Roseville was to be proud of Ethel some day, it were as well to begin showing its appreciation now; so, again, half the town was at the station to see her go away, and this time nobody stood at a distance, and nobody wondered how she managed it. The doctor had brought Mrs. Aldridge up in his buggy, and the people were all close around her, shaking hands with her; and, in short, there was general friendliness on every side, with scores of voices wishing Ethel success and promising to look after her mother.

And so Ethel, with the happy tears on her smiling face, began life over again.

Three years went by.

It was graduating day at Belmont, and the opera-house was filled to overflowing with the friends of the institution. A celebrated man had made the address to the senior class, and one after another they had read the essays that closed their school-days and sent them out into the world.

Far back among the audience was a sunburned young fellow, half concealed by a column; and when the slender, graceful valedictorian walked to the front of the stage and spoke the first clear, earnest words, he lost neither look nor tone of hers. When the applause sounded at the last, how he joined in!—for this was a day to which Jack had looked forward with a thrill at his heart. And his little playfellow of the olden time had won.

He made his way to her after the exercises were over, and she cried radiantly:

"Oh, Jack, were you here, after all? I gave you up this morning."

"I hid behind a column," he said easily. "You did n't expect me to stand the full glory of this scene? I wrote you that, in whatever part of the world I might be, I was coming home for this. Behold me, then, just from my work in the Paris hospitals."

He went with her to one of the vacant seats, and turned to look at her.

"You're all *right!*" he said smilingly. "Now tell me all about it."

But there was so much to tell, she assured him, and it was difficult to know just where to begin; only—

"See—there is mama, Jack. Does n't she look well? Would you have known her? No, don't go to her yet—not until I have told you—"

Her voice failed a little, but she looked at him presently, a light that he had never seen in her eyes.

"We are not going back to Roseville," she said. "I have found the sweetest little cottage here, Jack—and mother and I will be together in a little home. You see, Mrs. Fairfax has given me a position, and I am going to do very well, I hope. And I am to go on with my art studies. They think I have a talent in that way, and Mrs. Fairfax is giving me the best opportunities."

Jack made an effort to speak, but thought better of it, and cleared his throat instead.

"And I have tried very hard, Jack, to undo the mischief I did in those wretched three months. As soon as I came back I told the girls how I really stood, and the next day they all went to Mrs. Fairfax and asked her pardon for the way they had acted; and they have always been my good friends. I have shared their room all this time, and we all have studied and worked together, and there has hardly ever been an inconsiderate word from any of them. You see how kind people are when you once know the best side of them."

"Yes—I see," said Jack.

"And who won the next highest honors to mine, do you think?" she asked, with laughing eyes. "Why, Josie Barnes!"

"I saw her among the graduates," he replied with an answering smile. "How did Mrs. Fairfax find her?"

"Well, Jack, I told her about Josie," she admitted with a blush. "And she said it

dare to say anything against Mrs. Fairfax on Josie's presence. One did try it once, and she said afterward that Josie was a perfect tigress."

But some one called for Ethel, and Jack lost

himself in the crowd, and listened to the snatches of conversation, many of them telling what a brilliant girl the young valedictorian was.

"There she is—that is Ethel, papa," he heard a girl saying. "Is n't she a lovely girl? Oh, I am sure I would never have accomplished anything in school if it had not been for Ethel!"

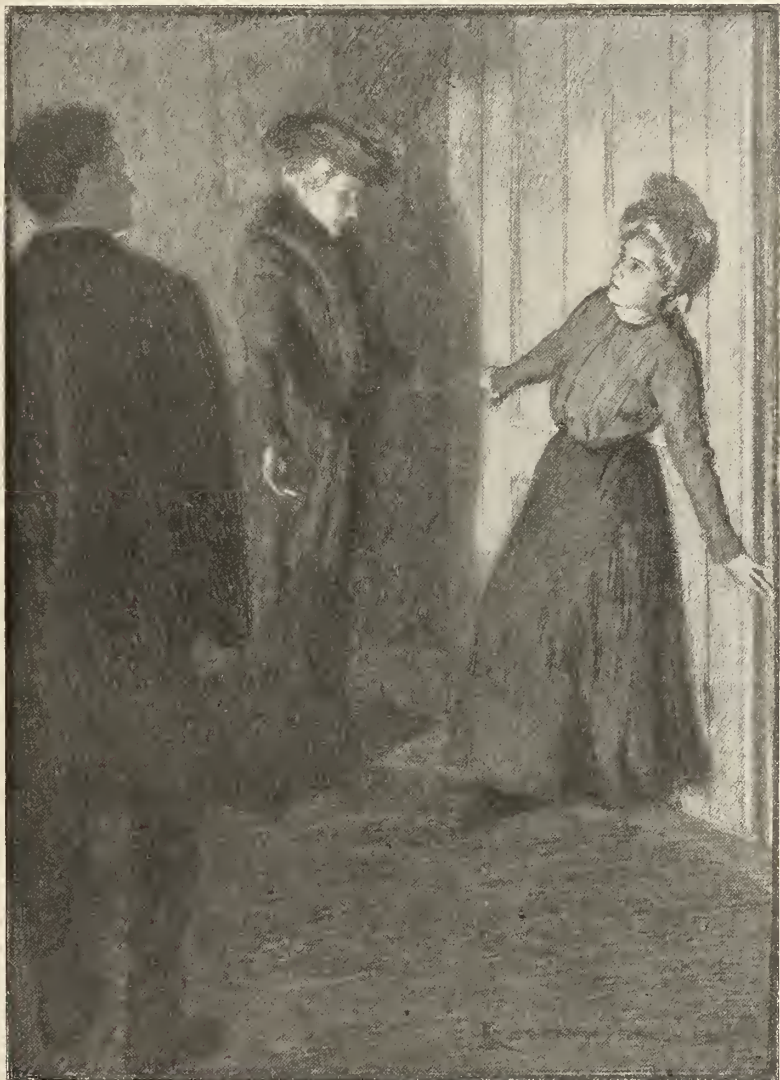
"Well, Florence, let us invite her to spend the summer with you and take a trip in the yacht," suggested the portly and prosperous man, whose daughter was the pride of his life.

"Yes, invite her—but she won't come," replied the daughter. "She would n't leave her mother to spend the summer with a queen. I wish you could see the cottage they're going to live in, papa. It's like a doll'shouse. But somehow I envy Ethel."

The girl sighed as she said it, and Jack felt that his friend could have had no higher praise.

And a little later he came to Mrs. Fairfax, and, holding both his hands, she gazed into his face lovingly.

"The experiment has succeeded, Jack," she said. "Ah, how glad I have always been that



"ETHEL SHRANK BACK AGAINST THE DOOR, HER EYES WIDE WITH TERROR." (SEE PAGE 707.)

would help me if we gave Josie a chance, too. And she had been studying at home all that time, Jack, and she went right into my classes, and has given me the hardest work of my life ever since. She was a better girl than I was, Jack; for she has been truthful and honest from the first; and no girl in the school would

you came to see me that Christmas day, and would not be denied. She has been my right hand since then, Jack. I look on that as one of the great days in my life. There has been only one greater—and that was the day you met my boy at the prison door, and took him out West, and started him in business for himself—”

“And he ’s doing finely!” interrupted Jack. “I found a letter from him when I reached

home yesterday, and I ’ll bring it around—though of course you hear from him all the time.”

“Yes,” she murmured, with a look of peace on her face; “to have him safe, and Ethel here beside me—”

A slow red crept up into his face.

“But the day may come—when you will have to lose Ethel,” he said simply.



THE VALEDICTORIAN.

A PAINFUL INCIDENT.

(*But true.*)

BY CHARLES PEREZ MURPHY.

A VERY kind and gentle child
Is little George, whose age is three;
Of disposition sweet and mild,
He would not harm a mouse—not he;
But if the mouse were hurt, and George
were by,
He 'd wish to offer help, and doubtless try.

His papa George has learned to know
As partner of his griefs and joys;
Some other papas are not so,
Which makes it hard for little boys.
One person in the world, George always
knows,
Will share his pleasures and relieve his
woes.

One day, about a month ago,
As Georgie, all in Sunday best,
Was waiting till 't was time to go
To Sunday dinner with the rest,
He sighed a little sigh, and wished he knew
Of "something nice" a little boy might do.

His papa did not sigh, although
His feelings may have been the same;
But, pacing idly to and fro,
He walked about until he came
To the piano, which was open wide,
And on the rack a hymn-book he espied.

So down he sat, and with his thumb
And right-hand fingers, two or more,
He presently began to drum
The good old tune of "Shining Shore";
While George, who sat upon a stool near by,
Looked on and listened, and forgot to sigh.

And papa, all at once, began
To sing; the noise he made was more
Like swarming bees, or thunder, than
The tune we know as "Shining Shore."
And little George, with blue, wide-open
eyes,
Regarded papa with a pained surprise.

His loving, loyal little soul
Was troubled by a nameless dread
As, with a noiseless step, he stole
To where his mama sat and read.
He laid one little hand upon her book,
And met her eyes with anxious, pleading
look.

She closed the book, and on his hair
She laid her fingers, soft and cool;
But, with a gesture of despair,
George pointed to the music-stool,
And, in two words, voiced pity, fear, and
dread:
"Poor papa!" This was all that Georgie said.

Why mama shrieked, and dropped her book,
And laughed aloud, George could not see;
Nor why his grandpa fairly shook
With merriment and childlike glee.
George left the room and started down the hall;
He did not understand the joke at all.



IN DAISY DAYS.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

SUNS that sparkle and birds that sing,
Brooks in the meadow rippling over,
Butterflies rising on golden wing
Through the blue air and the deep-red clover,
Flower-bells full of sweet anthems rung
Out on the wind in lone woodland ways—
Oh, but the world is fair and young
In daisy days!

Lusty trumpets of burly bees
Full and clear on the sweet air blowing;
Gnarled boughs of the orchard trees
Hidden from sight by young leaves growing.

Scars of the winter hide their pain
Under the grasses' tangled maze,
And youth of the world springs fresh again
In daisy days.

Down the valley and up the slope
Starry blooms in the wind are bending;
Glad eyes shine like the light of hope,
Comfort and cheer to the dark earth lending.
Buoyant with life they spring and soar
Like the lark that carols his matin lays,
Climbing to gates of heaven once more
In daisy days.

HOW THE PILGRIMS CAME TO PLYMOUTH.

BY AZEL AMES, M.D.

(Author of "*The May-Flower and Her Log.*")

FOR nearly twelve years "brave little Holland" had given shelter to the true men and women who, in 1607-8, were driven out of England by the persecution of the bishops because they *would* worship God in their own way.

After many trials and dangers they came together at Amsterdam in 1608, and formed a little "Independent" church, with Richard Clifton, their old pastor among the Nottingham hills, for their minister, and John Robinson, their teacher, as his assistant.

Governor Bradford tells us, in his "Historie," that "when they had lived at Amsterdam about a year they removed to Leyden, a fair and beautiful city and of a sweet situation," on the "Old Rhine." Clifton was growing old and did not go with them, and Robinson became their pastor.

For eleven years—nearly the whole time of "the famous truce" which came between the bloody wars of Holland and Spain—they lived here, married, children were born to them, and here some of them died.

Most of them had been farmers in England, but here "they fell to such trades & employments as they best could, vauewing peace & their spirituall comforte above any other riches whatsoever, and at length they came to raise a competente and comfortable living, but with hard and continuall labor."

But about 1617 these good, brave people of Pastor Robinson's flock became very anxious as to their circumstances and future,—especially for their children,—and at length came sadly to realize that they must again seek a new home. Their numbers had much increased, they could not hope to work so hard as they grew older, while war with the Spaniard was coming, and would surely make matters harder for them. But the chief reasons which made them anxious to find another and better home were the hardships which their children had to bear and

the temptations to which they were exposed. Besides this, they were patriotic and full of love of their God, their simple worship, and their religious liberty. As Englishmen, though their king and his bishops had treated them cruelly, they still loved the laws, customs, speech and flag of their native land. As they could not enjoy these in their own country, or longer endure their hard conditions in Holland, they determined to find a home—even though in a wild country beyond the wild ocean—where they might worship God as they chose, "plant religion," live as Englishmen, and reap a fair reward for their labors. It was very hard to decide where to go, but at last they made up their minds in favor of the "northern parts of Virginia" in the "New World" across the Atlantic. They found friends to help them both in England and in Holland, and they helped themselves; but even then, owing to enemies, false friends, and many difficulties, it was far from easy to get away, and they had sore trials and disappointments.

And now "the younger and stronger part" of Pastor Robinson's flock, with Captain Miles Standish and his wife Rose and a few others, were to go from Leyden, in charge of Elder Brewster and Deacon Carver, and some were to join them in England, leaving the pastor and the rest to come afterward.

It was a busy time in the *Klock Steeg*, or Bell Alley, where most of the Pilgrims lived, all the spring and early summer of 1620, when they were getting ready for America. Deacon Carver and Robert Cushman, two of their chief men, were in England, fitting out a hired ship—the "May-Flower." But the Leyden leaders had bought in Holland a smaller ship, the "Speedwell," and were refitting her for the voyage, an English "pilot," or ship's mate (Master Reynolds), having come over to take charge. (Bradford spells the word "pilott." He was in reality a mate, or "master's mate," as Bradford

also calls him—the executive navigating officer next in rank to the master. The term “pilott” had not to the same extent the meaning it has now of an expert guide into harbors and along coasts. It meant, rather, a “deck” or “watch” officer, capable of steering and navigating a ship. He was on board the May-Flower practically what the mate of a sailing-ship would be to-day.) Thirty-six men, fifteen women, sixteen boys, four girls, and a baby boy—seventy-two in all, besides sailors—made up the Leyden part of the Pilgrim company. Of these, six went no farther than Plymouth, Old England, though three of them afterward joined the others in New England. Of the fifteen women, fourteen were wives of colonists and one was a lady’s-maid. The thirty-six men of Leyden included all who became Pilgrim leaders, except three.

At last they were off, and on Friday, July 21 (31),* they said good-by to the grand old city that had been so long their home. Going aboard the canal-boats near the pastor’s house, they floated down to Delfshaven, where their own little vessel, the Speedwell, lay waiting for them. At Delfshaven they made their last sad partings from their friends, and Saturday, July 22 (or August 1, as we should call it), hoisted the flag of their native land, sailed down the river Maas, and Sunday morning were out upon the German Ocean, under way, with a fair wind, for the English port of Southampton, where they were to join the other colonists.

For three fine days they sailed down the North Sea, through Dover Straits, into the English Channel, and the fourth morning found them anchored in Southampton port. Here they found the May-Flower from London lying at anchor, with some of their own people—the Cushmans and Deacon Carver—and some forty other Pilgrim colonists who were going with them. Among these our Leyden young people were no doubt very glad to find eight more boys and six girls of all ages, two of them

being Henry Sampson and Humility Cooper, little cousins of their own Edward Tilley, who was to take them with him.

For ten days the two ships lay in this port. Trying days for the elders indeed they were. Mr. Weston, their former friend (who had arranged with the merchants to help them, but was now turned traitor), came to see them, was very harsh, and went away angry. The passengers and cargoes had to be divided anew between the ships, thirty persons going to the Speedwell and ninety to the May-Flower. Then the pinnace sprung a-leak and had to be reladen. To pay their “Port charges” they were forced to sell most of their butter. And there were many sad and anxious hearts. But great times those ten days were for the larger boys and girls who were allowed to go ashore on the West Quay (at which the ships lay), and to whom every day was full of new sights, both aboard the vessels and ashore. “Governors” were chosen for the ships; a young cooper—John Alden—was found, to go over, do their work, and come back, if he wished, on the May-Flower; and all was at last ready. They said what they thought were their last farewells to England, and down the Solent, out by the lovely Isle of Wight, into the broad Channel, both ships sailed slowly, “outward bound.”

But twice more the leaky Speedwell and her cowardly master made both ships seek harbor—first at Dartmouth, where they lay ten days while the pinnace was overhauled and repaired, and again at Plymouth, after they had sailed “above 100 leagues beyond Land’s End.” At Plymouth it was decided that the Speedwell should give up the voyage and transfer most of her passengers and lading to the May-Flower, which would then make her belated way over the ocean alone.

Some twenty passengers—the Cushmans, the Blossoms, and others—went back to London in the pinnace, and after a weary stay of nine days, on Wednesday, September 6 (16), the lone

* Owing to a difference in the methods of reckoning time used by England and other nations between the years 1582 and 1752, —when all became practically alike,—it was common to make use of “double-dating.” In so doing, the terms “Old Style” and “New Style” were used, and to make the dates of the former and the latter correspond, ten days are *added* to all dates of the period between 1582 and 1700, eleven days to those between 1700 and 1800, and twelve days to those between 1800 and 1900. December 11, 1620, Old Style, would be by our present reckoning December 21, 1620 (“Forefathers’ Day”).

Pilgrim ship at last "shook off the land" and, with a fair wind, laid her course for "the northern coasts of Virginia."

One hundred and two passengers sailed from Plymouth on the *May-Flower*. They had been so constantly stirred up, in so many ways, since leaving Leyden or London, that they were glad to settle themselves at last for their long voyage. After the two ships' companies were united, Carver became Governor (in place of Mr. Martin, the treasurer, who made many enemies), and though the vessel was badly crowded, and of course many were seasick, things were soon in order, and with the fine weather which lasted till they were half-way over the sea all were soon used to the ship life.

But who were the passengers? Of the seventy-six who came from Leyden six went back, leaving seventy, and there were but thirty-two left of those who joined at Southampton. Of these thirty-two, nine were men, four young men, five women (wives), eight were boys, and six girls. So there were, in all, forty-four men (including the hired seamen and servants of full age), nineteen women, twenty-nine young men, boys, and male (minor) servants, and ten girls of all ages.

The master of the Pilgrim ship was Thomas Jones, "a rough sea-dog" who had been a pirate, but was a good navigator and had sailed one or more voyages to "Virginia" (as all North America was then called). The first mate (or "pilot") was John Clarke, a quiet man and good officer, who had also been to "Virginia"; the second mate (or "pilot") being Robert Coppin, an "over-smart" young man who had made one voyage to the New England coast. Besides these were the "ship's merchant," or supercargo, Mr. Williamson, a fine man, who had doubtless also been in some parts of "Virginia," as he seems to have known the Indian "lingo," and lastly, the ship's surgeon, Giles Heale, of whom we know very little.

Not much that is good can be said of Master Jones, and his record is wholly bad. He inspired confidence only in his skill as a seaman and sportsman. The Pilgrim leaders evidently made little talk with him, and we may be sure that the young folks feared him. He died a pirate. Clarke was modest and faithful, one in

whom all seem to have had confidence. Coppin was not, as a certain author has portrayed him, "old," "saintly," or even a "pilot" (in the sense of a guide), and he was but the third officer of the Pilgrim ship, and of very little account, though he came very near wrecking the Colony by his blunders on the shallop's first visit to Plymouth harbor.

If our young folks of to-day could see the old *May-Flower* they would think her a queer sort of ship, with her high, three-decked stern, high fore-castle, stumpy masts, big lateen sail, toy cannon, bowsprit sails, funny anchors, etc. She was no less queer inside, for her main deck after-house was divided up into little cabins for the women and girls, set around a central cabin, or saloon; the deck-house above was taken up by the officers' quarters; while in the "between-decks" were the little cabins and bunks of the men and boys who were passengers, and their crude appliances for fire and cooking.

The high, tilting, pitching poop-deck at the stern was no place to play shovel-board or ring-toss, as one does to-day on an ocean liner, or, in fact, for any one to be without good sea-legs. The deck-space in the "waist," or middle, of the ship was apt to be very wet and unsafe because of the breaking seas, and in very rough weather there were above decks *no* places where even the men and larger boys could safely stay.

John Howland, one of the Leyden young men, proved this. "Coming above the gratings [i.e., upon the high after-deck] he was, by a sudden seel [roll] of the ship," tossed overboard, and would surely have drowned if he had not caught hold of a rope trailing alongside, and, though he was buried deep under the waves, held on, and by means of the rope and a boat-hook was drawn into the ship. Though he was ill after this escape, he lived many years to tell the story to his grandchildren, and became a prominent man in the Pilgrim Colony.

The Pilgrim leaders very wisely bought a large sail-boat, or shallop, for fishing, and to take them from place to place; but when they tried to put it aboard the *May-Flower* it was so large they had to cut it down to stow it between decks. They got it in, and as the men and boys could not stand or lie about the decks in stormy weather, they lay in the shallop. It

must, in fact, have been a favorite lounging-place during the voyage, for Bradford says that the shallop "was much opened [i.e., her seams were opened] with the people lying in her."

In the beautiful weather which they had for

days); could chat with old friends or new acquaintances; and could give the little ones, now and then, a whiff on deck of the fresh air and a sight of the big ship and the sea.

A sharp change of weather came all too



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF F. ERNEST ZIMMERMANN, ART PUBLISHER, FROM HIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY MARSHALL JOHNSON.

THE MAY-FLOWER NEARING PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

weeks under the harvest moon, after they left the land, many of the passengers could walk or lie about the decks at times; could sometimes cook (no very easy matter at sea in those

soon, and heavy gales, wild seas, and severe storms followed the fine days and nights. "The ship was shrewdly [roughly] shaken and her upper works made very leaky. One of the

main [deck] beams in the midships was bowed and cracked and [there was] some fear that the ship could not perform the voyage." Clearly there was great anxiety and alarm and some danger. Fortunately a passenger had brought a jack-screw aboard, by which the bent deck-beam was forced up into its place, so that a post was set under it, the leaky decks were calked, and the danger and discomfort lessened. The jack-screw has become historic and is sometimes said to have saved the ship and Colony; but a few wedges would have done its work nearly as well.

In late October, after the fine weather had come again, a son was born to Mistress Elizabeth Hopkins, the wife of Master Stephen Hopkins. This boy was named Oceanus in commemoration of his having been born at sea.

A few days after the birth of the first child to the colonists, the first death occurred among them—though one of the crew had died before. William Butten, Dr. Fuller's servant-assistant, who had come with him from Leyden,—and was no doubt known to all the May-Flower boys and girls as "Billy Butten,"—died and was buried in the sea. Although they were now nearing land and were full of joy and hope at thought of it, there can be no doubt that as Elder Brewster offered prayer, and the shrouded form slid into the dark waters, there were many saddened hearts among those who had known the poor boy in the old Dutch city.

All were now anxiously watching for signs of land, and three days later, on the morning of Friday, November 10 (20), at daybreak, the lookout at the masthead gave the welcome cry of "Land, ho!" They made it out to be "Cape Cod," as named by the navigator Gosnold, and laid down on the chart of Captain John Smith—of Pocahontas fame—as "Cape James."

But they were not yet where they meant to land, so they "squared away" around the cape for the mouth of "Hudson's River," little dreaming of the plot to be sprung upon them, or how soon they would turn back. Not long after noon the ship was in the midst of dangerous "rips and shoals" off the easterly shore of the cape, and, after much (apparent) trouble, got out of them before dark. The wind

shifted to "dead ahead," and Master Jones declared it impossible to go on, and that he should go back to Cape Cod harbor.

We know *now* that he had been hired and ordered by his employers, Thomas Weston and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and by the Earl of Warwick, whose evil work he had long done, to land his passengers somewhere north of the forty-first parallel of north latitude. They would then be within the territory of the Council of Affairs for New England, controlled by the wily Gorges, who had long wanted these Pilgrim colonists and plotted and manœvered to get them upon his domain. This was Master Jones's chance, and he was quick to seize it, and so *steal the Pilgrim Colony for his masters from the London Virginia Company*, who were the colonists' friends and patrons.

So round again the good ship went for the harbor of Cape Cod. All night under "short sail" she worked slowly back to the "sighting" point. And now another trouble arose; for as soon as it was determined to go about and land farther north, Stephen Hopkins, John Billington, and others of the colonists who joined in England, began to whisper that if they settled on territory not covered by their "patente," neither Governor Carver nor any other would have authority over them, and that "when they came ashore they would use their own libertie."

To meet this difficulty the Leyden leaders and others drew up that famous "Compact" by which the first "civill body politick" was organized in America, and "government by consent of the governed" was first set up. A little beginning for such mighty results!

Saturday morning, November 11 (21), found them just north of the cape, with only the harbor to reach. Bradford says: "This day before we came to harbor . . . it was thought good there should be an association and agreement, that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government and governors, as we should by common consent make and choose." So while the ship was slowly "beating" into harbor the "Compact" was made and signed, Carver was "confirmed" as Governor, and the peace and good order of the Pilgrim Colony were made secure.

They sounded their way carefully into the

harbor, and, circling round it, let go their anchors, three quarters of a mile from shore, under the wooded point (now Long Point, Provincetown harbor) separating the harbor from the sea—sixty-seven days from Plymouth, ninety-nine from Southampton, one hundred and twenty-nine from London.

To get out the long-boat and set ashore "a party of fifteen or sixteen men in armor, and some to fetch wood, having none left, landing them on the long point toward the sea," was the work of an hour. The party returned at night, having seen no person or habitation, but with the boat loaded with juniper wood (savin), and fires were soon lighted between decks.

Their first Sunday in New England, we may be sure, was a quiet, grateful, and restful one; but they were up betimes on Monday, got out their shallop, and set the carpenters to work on her. The women went ashore to wash their clothes in the fresh water of a near-by beach pond; but the water was shallow where they landed, and the men had to wade ashore from the boats and carry the women, bundles, and kettles. A very merry time they no doubt had, that first morning ashore in the New World, and a sight it was at which to have snapped a kodak; but, alas! many colds were taken that day, from which some never recovered.

"Some sickness began to fall among them," Bradford tells us, but with soldierly steadiness they closed ranks where one or another dropped out, and bravely sent out two expeditions to spy out the land and find a fit place for them to inhabit. They saw a few Indians at a distance, found their habitations, graves, and concealed corn, a few deer, wild fowl and sassafras in plenty, and good water, but no good place for a home. The weather changed suddenly, —was cold and stormy; the ground froze, and Master Jones became surly and domineering.

Monday, November 27 (December 7 according to our reckoning), a son was born to Mistress Susanna White, wife of Master William White. He was named Peregrine, and he was the *first white child born in New England, and the last survivor of all the Pilgrim company.*

Numbers of "whales" (probably blackfish or grampuses) frequently played about the ships in the harbor, "and one lying within half a musket

shot, two of the planters shot at her." But the musket of one blew in pieces, stock and barrel; yet none were hurt—nor was the whale.

On Wednesday, December 6 (16), the third exploring party got away in the shallop, to try to find a harbor recommended by young Coppin, the second mate. Captain Standish was in command, and with him were Governor Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Warren, Hopkins, the brothers Tilley, Howland, Dotey, two of the colonists' seamen, Alderton and English, the mates Clarke and Coppin, the master gunner, and three of the sailors—eighteen in all, most of them the leaders. If disaster befell *this* party it would surely end the undertaking—and they narrowly escaped it.

The day after their departure Master Bradford's wife fell overboard and was drowned, and the day following Master Chilton died, and was buried ashore.

On Wednesday, December 13 (23), the third exploring party returned to meet sorrowful news, but bearing good tidings. They had a short but fierce encounter with Indians (Nausets), and met a severe gale with snow later the same day, in which they were very near being cast away in making a harbor which Master Coppin thought he knew but about which he was mistaken. They—and the Colony—were saved by the quick sense and pluck of Thomas English, master of the shallop, and landed on an island which they named for Master Clarke, the first mate, and spent two days there.

On Monday, December 11 (21), which we now call "Forefathers' Day," they examined and sounded the harbor, landed on a rock upon the shore (the now famous "Plymouth Rock"), found a good town-site, and agreed upon it as the place for settlement—the colonists approving the same upon their report.

On Friday, December 15 (25), the ship weighed anchor to go to the place agreed upon (which is called "Plimoth" by Captain John Smith upon his chart of 1616) after lying in Cape Cod harbor five weeks and losing four of her company. The shallop piloted them across the bay, but when within six miles, the wind coming northwest, they could not get into the harbor, and were forced to go back to their old anchorage. This would have been Christmas

day according to our present reckoning, but was ten days earlier by theirs. But to them Christmas was an offense, as a holy day of the Church of England which the Pilgrims had left, and it was many years before they would in the least honor it. When Christmas day, as they knew it, arrived, ten days later, three

says: "It was devoted to worship and rest; yet curious eyes must have been peering over that ship's rail much of the day." But wild and beautiful nature was all those eyes could discover. The old village of the Patuxets which once stood on the westerly shore, had been without hut or inhabitant since the terrible



"THE FIRST MORNING ASHORE IN THE NEW WORLD."

more had died, and sorrow and sickness filled the ship; those who could, worked hard all day on their first log-house, and so far were they from merrymaking that they began that day to drink water instead of beer, though Master Jones gave some at night to those on board. There was no "Christmas" on the May-Flower!

The next day, December 16 (26), the wind again being fair, ship and shallop took final departure from Cape Cod, this time made Plymouth harbor safely, and the shallop piloted the ship to the anchorage she had sounded out for her the Monday before. A little before dark the weary but immortal May-Flower let go her anchors just within a long spur of beach a mile and a half from the landing rock—one hundred and two days from Plymouth to Plymouth, one hundred and fifty-five from London. The Pilgrim voyage was over. "Freedom's ark had reached her Ararat."

The next day was the Sabbath. Goodwin

plague of 1612-15 had swept the red man away. The good Massasoit dwelt forty miles away, at Pokanoket. Not an Indian did the Pilgrims see till the last of January, nor one to talk with till Samoset came, in the middle of March. It was March 22 before he brought Massasoit.

By the extinction of the Patuxets they were practically

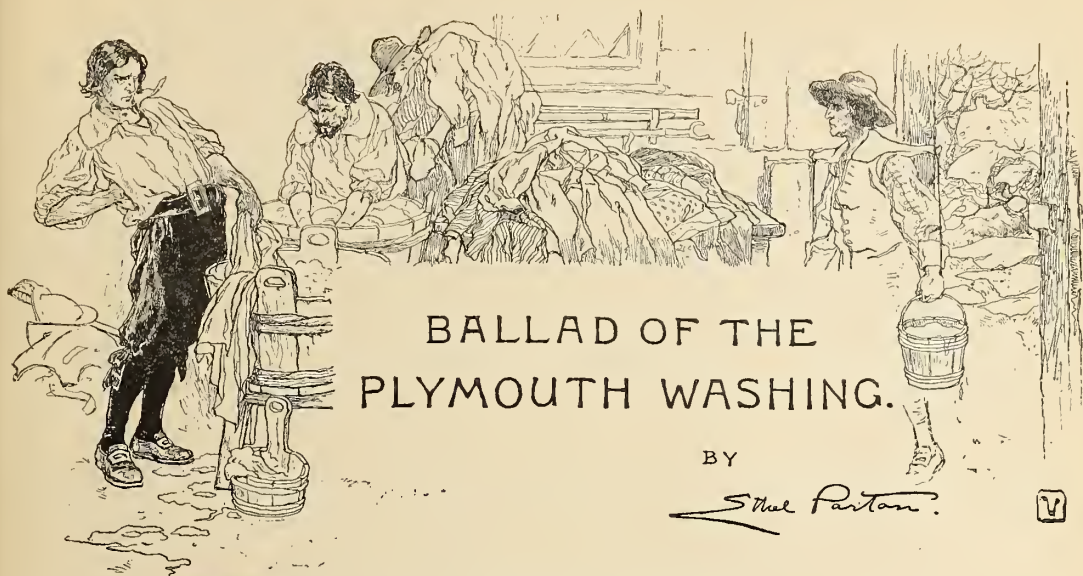
Monarchs of all they surveyed, their right there was none to dispute;

From the center around to the sea they were lords of the fowl and the brute.

On the morrow they began to lay the foundations of the Pilgrim Republic, with Liberty for their corner-stone.



"STRANGE TO THE PEERING SICK FOLKS' EYES
CAPTAIN STANDISH IN SUCH A GUISE!"



BALLAD OF THE PLYMOUTH WASHING.

BY

Stuel Parton.



WHEN Captain Standish of Plymouth town
(Able and strong while the weak went down),
With the six good men left sound and well,
Labored for all, strange things befell!
Half o' the folk were under the snow;
Famine and fever had laid them low;
And the sick, too feeble for work or care,
Were a burden the seven men must bear:

Guardians, nurses, and serving-men,
They showed the stuff they were made of then!
Nothing too lowly they found to do,
Nor shirked to try when little they knew.
They cooked, they cleaned, and their rough hands tried
The tasks the women's had thrown aside.
They soothed and tended as best they might;
They mothered the orphaned babes at night.
They gathered the garments foul, forgot,
And linen stripped from the fever-cot,
And sturdily faced, as a foe at bay,
The toilsome terrors of washing-day!
Brows bent sternly and anxious eye,
Weapon unslung and sleeves rolled high,
Brawny back bent over the tub,
Great hands awkward to wring and rub,
And lean, strong arms in the sudsy snow
Tossing the linen to and fro—

Strange to the peering sick folks' eyes
Captain Standish in such a guise!

BALLAD OF THE PLYMOUTH WASHING.

His sword-hand, used to grip o' the hilt,
 Dealt but ill with a cradle-quilt.
 Alack for the Dutch-wove white and blue,
 Frayed where a hero's thumb went through!
 Alack for the stitches, tiny as pearls,
 Sewn in the shifts of the Deacon's girls!
 The tender mother who set them there,
 So fine for her dear little maids to wear,
 Little might guess a soldier's hand
 Should scrub the gathers from wrist and band,
 Nor ever her housewife's soul could dream
 That cruel rending of cloth and seam,
 While, strong and steady, he hummed a strain
 Of a marching air with a deep refrain.

Strong and steady, and yet, good lack!
 He learned the ache of a wearied back.
 He had rubbed right often his brightening blade,
 Yet, work of a man 'gainst work of a maid,
 Harder he found, by the strained arms' feel,
 Clothes to cleanse than the fleckèd steel:
 A maiden's lawns, fair, fine, and frail,
 Than the warrior's helmet, sword, and mail!

Bold Miles Standish, grim at your tub,
 Down through the years we see you rub,
 And the water that whitens the web you hold
 Brightens your name till it shines like gold
 Clear and clean o' the pride of war!
 Was fame e'er won at the wash before?

Never a care for praise or blame,
 Never a thought of mock or shame,
 Soldier and captain, brave o' the brave,
 Drudging, ungrudging, to serve and save!



EIGHT CHARADES IN RHYME.

(For Answers, see Letter-Box next Month.)

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

I.

My first, when full, holds many a pound;
In my last of my first a duke was drowned.
My first of Troy is much renowned;
My last an obstacle oft is found;
'Mid songs and dances they heard the sound
Of my whole one time when a king was crowned.

II.

My first can boast a head and tail,
Has feathers and an eye,
And sometimes wings; yet what avail?
It cannot walk or fly.

And St. Paul was my first, we're told;
And my first may be bought
In bottles,—but though rare and old,
Its value 's almost naught.

Out of my last my first is made,
My last is in a crown;
And heroes wield its shining blade
For glory and renown.

My whole, a marvel of brute force
With human power combined;
We never see it now, of course,
We've left it far behind.

III.

My first, the Scriptures say, in Eden grew.
Pronounce its letters—there 's my whole for you!
My last name to myself I can't apply;
My whole, tradition says, could never lie.

IV.

My last was very tall and very slim,
So all his people made a mock of him;
Their jeerings worried him and grieved his
soul;
And when a clown with jest and laughter
passed,
And said, "Aha! you are my first, my last!"
He said, "Don't speak to me; I am my whole."

V.

I'd oft be thankful, could I be my whole;
And yet I would not always be my whole;
I woo my first, that I may be my whole;
Cockneys call her my last; but in my whole
When to my first I go, I am my whole.

VI.

"A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush,"
How often we've heard those old words;
And my total, I have it on evidence strong,
Is exactly the worth of two birds.

The dome of St. Paul's is my first, my last;
The dome of St. Peter's is, too;
But if you should go there and see for yourself,
You would say that this is n't true.

VII.

'T is growing dusk, yet in the gathering
gloom
I still can see two faces in the room.
On one face two of my first I can spy,
And on the other twenty I descry.
And of my second, one face shows me none
While I see five upon the other one.
My whole is on one face; but placed with care
Above the other rests on shining hair.

VIII.

My first grows by the riverside,
And in the fields it has been seen;
'T is raised on poles, the country's pride,
Dear to the peasant and the queen.

The men had many battles braved,
And on my last I saw them sit,
Beside the General, who waved
My last, and read aloud a writ.

Beside a river flowing free,
The spot marked by a grassy mound,
My whole, nicknamed "Old Hickory,"
Was long ago put in the ground.

BUSTER AND THE ANTS.

By

N.A.JENNINGS.



BUSTER galloped up and down the lawn and around and around the house, dragging a piece of old clothes-line after him and making believe he was a wild horse, until he was tired. Suddenly he stopped close to a gravel path, and threw himself down on the grass. He lay on his back a few minutes, looking up at the blue sky; but the sun made him blink his eyes, and so he turned over on his side. Very soon he saw something moving in the grass close to him, and he propped his head up on his elbow and looked closer to see what it could be.

It was a little red ant about a quarter of an inch long, and it was struggling very hard in the effort to pull a tiny stone after it as it climbed over a bit of dead grass. It pulled and pulled and pulled, but the stone was too heavy for it to drag over the grass. After a series of struggles the ant let go of the stone and ran off as fast as it could go. Buster watched it, and before long he saw it meet another ant and stop. The two ants put their heads together, as if talking to each other, and then both of them started back for the stone. One pushed it and one pulled it, and presently they managed to get the stone over the bit of

grass and it tumbled down on the other side, one of the ants rolling over and over with it as it went. Buster was interested, and he watched the ants drag the little stone farther and farther away until at last they let go of it and went back along the path they had traveled as fast as they could go.

When they reached the gravel garden-path Buster noticed many more ants there. They were all very busy around a little hole in the path. They went down into the hole and came up out of it, stopped and circled around, hesitated, retraced their steps, and seemed to be very busy indeed. Some of them carried tiny bits of gravel and little pieces of wood, and worked very hard all the time, but others just stood about and apparently did nothing at all except to look on.

Buster watched them for about five minutes, and then he picked up a twig about two inches long and dropped it right over the little hole in the path. He wanted to see what the ants would do, for he felt pretty sure they could n't move the twig.

"I don't believe they'll drag *that* away in a hurry," he said softly to himself.

At first the ants did n't seem to know what to do. The twig completely covered the hole

so that none could go in or come out, and they ran around it and over it and along it, seemingly too confused to do anything toward getting out of the way.

Buster lay on the grass and watched the ants a long, long time, and once or twice his eyes closed, for it was very pleasant out there on the lawn, and the air was soft, and a mocking-bird in a tree near by sang a song which sounded very much like a lullaby. As Buster watched the twig he discovered, after a while, that he was looking up at it, instead of down, and then the twig grew and grew, until at last it seemed like a great log of wood, and the ants around it and on it were as big as horses. They did n't look nearly so harmless as when he had first noticed them, for now he saw that their bodies were covered with armor, and their legs were long and hairy, and they had big, sharp claws instead of feet.

"My!" said Buster, "I never saw ants as big as that before."

"Did n't, eh?" said some one close behind him.

"No, I did n't. Did you?" asked Buster, looking around to see who was speaking.

He did n't see any one at all, but standing close by him was a very big and a very savage-looking ant, glaring at him with the largest and queerest eyes Buster had ever seen, and opening and shutting a pair of great, horrible black shiny things like enormous pincers, or ice-tongs, in front of its mouth.

"I did," said the ant; "but I never saw such a small boy as you are."

"I'm not small," cried Buster, indignantly. "I'm eight years old, and my mama says I'm a very big boy for my age."

"You are the littlest boy for any age I ever heard of," said the ant, solemnly. "Why, you're no larger than I am — and I am only an ant."

"If you are only an ant, how is it you can talk?" asked Buster. "Ants can't talk, I'm sure."

"What's that? what's that? what's that?" cried the ant, in an excited way. "Ants can't talk! Boy, you are not only very little, but you are silly. I'm an ant, and I think I can talk as well as you can — maybe better. I'd

be ashamed of myself if I could n't. But what are you doing here in the jungle?"

Buster was about to answer that he was on his papa's lawn, but when he looked about him he knew that he could n't possibly be there, for instead of the close-cropped lawn-grass, he saw, rising high above him, great plants like Indian corn, and all around as far as he could see was a tangle of fallen stalks and leaves of enormous size. And the house where he lived was nowhere in sight.

"I—I guess I'm lost," said Buster, at last. "I know I was playing wild horse on the lawn, and then I was watching an ants' nest, and I put a little stick on it to see what the ants would do, and they began to run around and around, and—"

He stopped short in great confusion, for the big ant was snapping those ice-tong things of his in a horrible way, and glaring at him and waving two huge, many-jointed horns in the air above him.

"Oh!" growled the ant, "so you are the boy who dropped that great log down at the gates of the city, are you?"

"I did n't see any city," said Buster, "and I only had a little stick about as long as my finger."

"It was a hundred times as long as your finger," cried the ant. "I saw it!"

Buster looked at his finger and saw that the ant was right, for the finger was the tiniest little bit of a thing, not any thicker than a hair, and his whole hand was only about the size of the head of a pin.

"I seem to have shrunk," said Buster, "for I'm sure that—"

"You mean you have shrougt," corrected the ant. "I told you I could talk better than you. Think, thought; shrink, shrougt."

"Oh, I know; it's shrunk," exclaimed Buster. "I mean shrunken."

"Then why did n't you say so?" snapped the ant. "I should have thunk—I mean thunken—you'd know better. But come along. I have n't time to stand here and teach you grammar all day. I'm a policeman, and it is my duty to arrest you for throwing that log down at the city gates. I may as well tell you, though, that anything you say will be used as

evidence against you at the trial, so I'd advise you not to say anything more about it. Come along."

"Do you suppose I'll let a common red ant arrest me?" cried Buster, indignantly, as he set his back against a stone and prepared to fight.

But the next moment the big ant reached out two or three arms and lifted Buster very neatly off his feet. Buster felt the ice-tong things close gently around his body, and then away went the ant very rapidly through the tangled vegetation, carrying Buster with him. The boy was terribly frightened, for the ant policeman went tearing through the jungle, up hill and down, now going under low-hanging vines so close to them that Buster had to duck his head, now running as fast as he could go along a fallen log, and then over the end of it and back on the under side *upside down*.

"Oh, please, Mr. Ant—plea-ea-ease, Mr. Policeman, put me down!" screamed Buster. "I'll go with you if you'll only put me down."

The ant stopped and set poor Buster on his feet, and looked at him.

"Well, I'll trust you," said he. "Come along."

Buster started after the ant, and went as fast as his little legs could take him; but the way was rough, and he fell down twice and bumped his nose. That hurt him and made him cry, but the ant did n't seem to care at all. He only said, "Hurry up, boy; hurry up, hurry up!" over and over again.

"Don't go so fast," panted Buster.

"I'm not going fast," said the ant. Then he paused and looked at Buster and began to laugh. When he laughed he opened his mouth very wide and snapped his ice-tongs together in such a way that Buster trembled with fear.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Buster.

"Why," said the ant, "I'm laughing because I just happened to think of something. Where are your other legs?"

"My other legs?"

"Yes, your other legs. Where are they? You ought to have six, you know."

"Boys don't have six legs," said Buster.

"Huh! you're so smart, I should think you'd know that."

"Do you mean to say that all boys have only two legs apiece?" asked the ant in surprise.

"Of course they have only two legs apiece," said Buster.

"Why, you poor things!" said the ant. "I'm awfully sorry for you. Of course, if that is so, you can't go as fast as I can. Let me see; two into six goes three times and none over. Is n't that right?"

"I think so," said Buster.

"You ought to know. But it is right, whether you know or not, and so I suppose that means that we can go three times as fast as you can. You have one foot on each side, and I have three feet—one yard—on each side. Has your papa feet or yards?"

"Feet, of course."

"Well, well, well! That's funny. But I can't be stopping here all day talking to you. Suppose you get up on my back and I'll carry you that way."

Buster tried two or three times to get on the ant's back, but the armor was so hard and slippery that he fell off almost as soon as he was up.

"You must get on my prothorax," said the ant; "climb up there, and then I think you can hold on easily."

"Your what?" asked Buster.

"I said prothorax. Don't you know what a prothorax is?"

"No, I don't. I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, my, but you are ignorant!" cried the ant, with a sigh. "My prothorax is just back of my head and in front of my mesothorax; and my mesothorax is in front of my metathorax. See?"

"What makes them have such funny names?" asked Buster.

"Gracious me, boy! I don't know. I never named them. Some of you smart human beings did that for us. We call them among ourselves our dubs, flubdubs, and hullidubs."

"Why?"

"Because we feel like it!" snapped the ant. "They are ours and we have a right to call 'em what we please. Eh? *What?*"

"Oh, of course," poor Buster hastened to say, for the ant was waving those long, jointed horns of his in a very angry manner.

"Well, then, get up—get up," ordered the ant.

So, after two or three attempts, Buster managed to climb up on to the prothorax. He held on by the front edge, and then the ant started off faster than ever. But pretty soon the ant tossed back its head, and Buster's fingers got between the cracks in the armor and were pinched, so that he screamed with pain.

"Whatever is the matter now?" demanded the ant, coming to a stop. "You are making a horrible noise."

"I p-pinched my f-fingers between your head and your flub—"

"Dub," corrected the ant.

"Your d-dub," sobbed Buster, as they sped rapidly along.

"Well, don't do it again," said the ant, in a cross tone, and away he went.

Little Buster had to watch very carefully or his fingers would have been pinched many times, for the ant's armor overlapped at the edges and the cracks kept opening and shutting with every step. But they were on a fine, smooth road by this time, and it was easier riding than it had been in the jungle.

"This is a good road," said Buster.

"Yes, it is," assented the ant. "It is a very good road indeed. We put our slaves to work to build it last week after your fool of a gardener destroyed our other road."

"Why!—can ants build roads?"

"Can ants build roads! What do you think we are—grubs? Of course we can build roads. That is where we are simply great. I don't have to do anything with building them myself, but our slaves understand it and we make them do it."

"It is very wrong to have slaves," said Buster.

"Who says so?"

"Why, everybody says so. My grandpapa went to the war and fought to set the slaves free, and—"

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed the ant. "How could we ever get our work done if it was n't for the slaves? Answer me that, now. And they are happy enough, too. They really like to work."

"I thought all ants liked to work," said Buster.

"Where did you ever get such an idea as that?"

"I've always been told so; and my Sunday-

school teacher told us that Solomon said, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' and she said—"

"Who said that about the sluggard?"

"Solomon."

"Don't think I ever heard of him," said the ant, "but he must have meant the slaves. Now the ants of our best families, the aristocrats, you know, never work at all. They just sit about and watch the slaves work. Sometimes they go out and fight when an army of enemy ants attacks our city. But work? Never! Why should they?"

"But what are they good for if they don't work, I should like to know?" said Buster.

"They are fighters, I tell you. They have big heads like mine, and big strong jaws to bite with. Have n't you any fighters?"

"Ye-es," said Buster, slowly. "Yes, we do have fighters."

"Well, do your fighters work?"

"Do you mean soldiers?"

"Yes."

"They work, I know, because I heard my papa say so. They have to drill and build bridges and—oh, all sorts of things."

"Well, we ants have gone beyond that," said the policeman. "Our workers work, and our fighters fight. There is no sense in having one ant obliged to do both. Oh, sometimes, when there is a big battle, we call on the working-classes to help us fight, but as a rule they have all they can manage to bring in food, take care of our cattle—"

"Cattle!" exclaimed Buster. "Now, that is just a little too much for me to believe. I've seen lots of cattle, and I know that a cow is ever and ever so much bigger than a million ants put together."

"Not our cows," said the ant. "I know the kind you are thinking about, but they are different from ours. You see, we keep ours for the honey."

"Huh!—suppose you expect me to believe that cows make honey!" exclaimed Buster. "Cows give milk, and bees gather honey."

"Yes, the bees do gather honey," assented the ant. "The bees are our cousins, you know."

"I did n't know it," said Buster, "and I don't see how they can be any relation to you. Bees, in the first place, have wings."

"So have ants — in the first place."

"They have?"

"Some of us. Our queen had a beautiful pair of wings when she went on her wedding journey."

"So she must have them still."

"She may keep them to look at, but she does n't wear them."

"She does n't?" asked Buster, in surprise.

"Bless you, no! She took them off when she came back from her wedding trip."

"Why did she do that?"

"Oh, it is a way queens have. They always take off their wings and put them away when they come back from their wedding trips and settle down. They know they are never going off on another trip, and so the wings would be in their way, I suppose."

"That is very funny," said Buster. "But you were telling me about the cows gathering honey."

"Certainly," said the ant; "only we don't call them cows. We call them *aphides*."

"That 's a queer name for cows."

"Yes; it is another name given by your professors to our cattle."

"But they are only bugs, then."

"I don't know what you mean by 'bugs.' They are cattle. We herd them and drive them to their feeding-grounds, and we take care of them during the cold weather, and raise their young and build sheds for them."

"Cow-sheds?"

"Certainly. We build them of clay to protect the *aphides* from wild insects and from the heat of the sun."

"What do the *aphides* eat?"

"Oh, they get honey from the flowers; but they get more than they need, and we use the rest."

"Why don't you set your slaves to work to gather the honey?"

"They could n't. That 's the trouble with the ants. You see, the flowers are made so that we ants can't get at many of them that have much honey. It takes a bee to get in where the honey is stored, or a butterfly with its long proboscis."

"Its what?" Buster asked curiously.

"I said proboscis. Don't you know what that is?" said the ant, in surprise.

"No, I don't," Buster had to admit.

"Well, it is a longish sort of nose like a piece of garden-hose, and it is hollow. The butterfly keeps it curled up most of the time, but when it gets on

a flower it just uncurls the proboscis and pushes it into the heart of the flower and sucks up the honey."

"Oh, I know. It 's like an elephant's trunk, only smaller," said Buster.

"I don't know what an elephant's trunk is," said the ant, "but I guess you 're right. I know ants have n't such things."

"Have *aphides*?" asked Buster.

"No; but they are little, and they can crawl into flowers we could n't get into at all."

"Do you own any *aphides*?" asked Buster.

"Of course not; they belong to the public," said the ant. "None of us own anything individually in Antland. What use would I have for an *aphis*?"

"What is an *aphis*?"

"An *aphis* is the singular of *aphides*."

"I think they 're all singular," said Buster. "Very."

"Hah! that is a joke," said the ant. "Wait a moment until I laugh."

The ant policeman stopped very suddenly, opened his mouth very wide, snapped his jaws together a number of times very rapidly, and waved his long, jointed horns in every direction. It was so awful to Buster that he begged the ant to stop, and he would n't make another joke for anything.

After a while the ant stopped laughing, and continued along his way. But Buster did n't talk any more; he was afraid he might unintentionally say something funny. They had n't traveled far before they met another ant hurrying along the road. He was a very ferocious-looking fellow, and his big eyes glared at Buster threateningly. He waved his long, jointed horns in the air in greeting to the policeman ant, and the policeman ant waved his back to return the salute. Then they stopped close



THE ANTS' "COWS," OR APHIDES.

to each other and rubbed their horns caressingly over one another. It is the way ants have of shaking hands when they meet. But Buster did n't know that, and he was afraid of the waving horns of the stranger ant, for they brushed close to the boy's head more than once.

"Please be careful with your horns or you'll brush me off," cried Buster.

"My what?" demanded the ant, in an angry tone. "I have n't any horns, young man. Perhaps you refer to my antennæ."

"They certainly look like horns," said Buster, "but I suppose you call them antennæ because you're an ant. What does 'ennæ' mean?"

"Ennæthing you please," growled the ant. "You are very inquisitive — and rude."

"I did n't think —" began Buster.

"Then you should," snapped the ant. "Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Augustus, but my papa calls me Buster, and I am —"

"Remember that anything you say will be used against you at court," interrupted the policeman ant. "It is my duty to warn you. But we must hurry or we'll be late."

At that he started off again in a great hurry, and Buster hung on with both hands. In a few minutes they met another ant. It was carrying an egg in its mouth very carefully, but Buster could n't see what it was, and so he called out:

"What have you in your mouth?"

The ant opened its mouth to answer, and the egg fell to the ground and rolled away, but did not break.

"There, see what you made me do!" exclaimed the ant that had been carrying the egg.

"I did n't make you drop it," protested Buster. "I only asked you what —"

"What what?" demanded the ant.

"Why, what —" began Buster.

"What why what?" shrieked the ant, dancing about in a rage.

"I don't know what you mean," said Buster, in despair.

"You mean *you* mean," yelled the ant, in a still shriller tone.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what you're so mad about."

"About what what you mean," said the ant.

"Oh," said Buster, "I'll never get this straight in the world."

"Straighten it out in court," growled the policeman ant, "and don't try to explain matters to a slave." And he hurried on.

"Was that a slave?" asked Buster.

"She was carrying an egg, was n't she?"

"Yes."

"Then she was a slave."

"Do all the slaves carry eggs?"

"No; but all eggs are carried by slaves, when they are carried at all around the city."

"You have chickens, then?"

"Chickens? Gracious goodness, no! Ugh! Horrid big things with only two legs and two eyes."

"Two eyes!" cried Buster. "Why, how many eyes would you expect them to have?"

"Well, that depends," said the policeman ant. "Now, some ants have only eighty or ninety eyes, and some have as many as twenty-four hundred; but —"

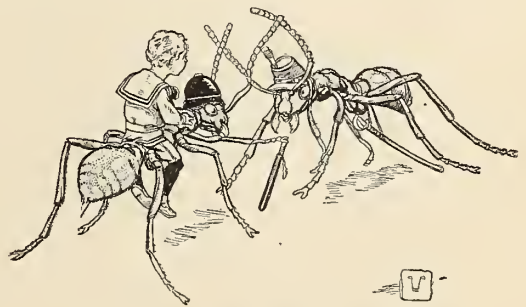
"What? *Twenty-four hundred eyes!*" cried Buster. "How many have you yourself?"

"I myself have twenty-four hundred and three — twenty-four hundred compound eyes and three simple eyes. That's all."

"I had n't noticed them," said Buster.

"Well, get down and look at them," said the ant. "I'm tired and want a rest."

Buster clambered down and looked at the ant's head closely. Sure enough, on each side



"HE WAS A VERY FEROCIOUS-LOOKING FELLOW."

of his head were hundreds and hundreds of little eyes, and then there were three big eyes, one on each side of his head and one in the middle. The ant winked about half a hundred of his eyes at Buster all at once, and said:

"It's a little inconvenient at times to have so many eyes when a fellow gets sleepy and wants to rub them. For, don't you see, I have only six arms."

"Legs," said Buster.

"They're all the same," said the ant. "I can rub my eyes with all of them. But then, you see, 6 goes into 2403 just — wait a minute — just 400 times and a half, — yes, that's right, — and so if I rubbed with all six arms, or legs, at once — and I could n't possibly unless I lay on my back — I should have to rub 400 times."

"And a half," put in Buster.

"Yes, that's so; and a half. My goodness! what a lot of work!"

"But why do you rub them at all?"

"I don't. I merely said *if* I did. And then think of getting cinders into all those eyes!"

"But you don't ever, do you?"

"No, certainly not; but just think if I did. And then suppose I should fall down and get 2403 black eyes all at once."

"But you never did."

"I never did."

"Then I would n't worry about it. But why do you need so many eyes?"

"To see with, of course."

"But you could see just as well with two eyes as with 2407."

"Pardon me, 2403," corrected the ant.

"Well, 2403, then. You could see every bit as well with two eyes."

"Could, eh?"

"I think so."

"How many eyes have you?"

"Two."

"Can you see every bit as well with one eye as with two?"

"No, not quite so well, but —"

"Precisely. And I see — hold on a minute till I make a little calculation — I see 1201½ times better than you can."

"I don't believe it," said Buster. "You can't see anything I can't see."

"Yes, I can, too."

"What?"

The policeman ant scratched his head with his left hind claw and looked a little puzzled. Suddenly his face brightened up and he said:

"Well, I can see your eyes, and you cannot."

"But," cried Buster, triumphantly, "I can see your eyes. You can only see my two eyes, and I can see your 2403 eyes, and so it is I who can see 1201½ times as much as you, Mr. Smarty."

"Come along," growled the ant. "That will be used against you in court."

So Buster climbed once more on the ant's back, and before many minutes they arrived at the entrance to the city. There was a great crowd of ants around the entrance, and they all seemed to be much excited. They were running around and waving their antennæ in an angry way and shouting to one another. Numbers of policemen and soldiers were in the crowd, and they seemed even more angry than the others, who seemed to belong to the working-classes.

"He ought to be cut in two!" cried one of the soldiers.

"I'd like to bite his head off," said another.

"What did he do it for?" asked a third.

"Oh, out of pure meanness! They are all alike, those boys. Here he throws a great log down at the gates of our city, and now it will take I don't know how long to get it away. I believe we'll have to leave it there and tunnel under it. But the engineers must decide that. They're holding a meeting now."

Just at that moment one of the ants happened to look up and see Buster on the back of the policeman.

"Hi! what have you there?" he called out. "Why, as I live, it's a — it's a boy!"

"It's *the* boy," screamed another. "It's the boy who threw the log down at the gates of the city."

"So it is," shouted a big fellow, coming close up to Buster and standing on his hind legs for a better view. "Let's take him and kill him."

"Kill him! kill him! kill him!" cried all the ants, as they crowded around. "Cut him in two! Bite his head off! Snap his legs off!"

"Hold on, there," cried the policeman ant. "He's my prisoner, and I'm taking him to court."

"To the court, then; to the court!" screamed the mob, and away they all went after the policeman and Buster, who by this time was frightened nearly out of his wits.

When they came to the log at the city's gates the policeman paused, for he did n't know which way to go.

"Crawl under it," said a slave ant who was standing there. "We've made a little tunnel and it is big enough to admit you. But the boy will have to get down."

Buster slipped down from the policeman's back, and saw a tiny hole under the middle of the log, close to a pile of dirt and gravel. It was too low for him to walk upright, and so he had to get down on his hands and knees and crawl in, the policeman coming close after him. It was hard work, for the way was rough, and the farther Buster went the darker the passage became. But after a while it broadened out, and then Buster found he could stand up.

"Go on, go on," ordered the policeman ant.

"I can't; it's all dark," said Buster.

"Dark?"

"Yes."

"Well, what difference does that make?" demanded the policeman.

"Why, I can't see."

"Then feel."

Buster groped with his hands before him, but it was pitch-dark, and his tiny hands did not touch anything as he carefully felt with each foot before making a step.

"Keep to the path, keep to the path," cried the policeman, "and hurry."

"I can't see any path, and I'm afraid to hurry. If I only had a light it would be all right," said Buster. "Have n't you any lights in your city?"

"Certainly not," said the ant. "We don't need any."

"Oh, I know," cried Buster. "I have an idea. Can't you catch a lightning-bug—a fire-fly, you know—and use that?"

"I don't know about catching one," said the policeman, "but I'll see if we can't get some of them to come here and help us. Here, one of you slaves run up and see if you can find Mr. Photuris. Present my compliments to him, and ask him if he won't be kind enough to come down here with some of his family and help us. Hurry, now. We'll wait here."

"Who is Mr. Photuris?" asked Buster.

"He's the gentleman you referred to as a

lightning-bug. His family name is Photuris, however."

Buster wondered how a lightning-bug came to have such a high-sounding name, but he did n't say anything, and waited quietly, close to the policeman's side, for he was afraid the other ants might harm him in the dark. In about five minutes he heard voices behind him, and then he saw a light. He turned his head and saw six lightning-bugs marching in single file, carrying their lanterns with them in their stomachs. They lighted the street—or tunnel, it seemed to Buster—very well, and he was able to go ahead much more comfortably and rapidly. The road was wide enough for a dozen or more ants to walk abreast in it, but presently it narrowed again, and ended in a low tunnel only sufficiently broad for one ant to go through at a time. This little tunnel was quite short, and when Buster reached the farther end he found himself in a great vaulted chamber hollowed out of the earth. A number of fierce-looking soldiers were on guard at the mouth of the tunnel, but at a word from the policeman ant they drew back and permitted Buster, his captor, the Photuris family, and the crowd to pass.

They all crossed this chamber and entered another tunnel. It, too, was low and narrow, and was guarded by soldiers.

"You see, the approaches to our city are well guarded," said the ant policeman, with some show of pride, to Buster. "Just now we are in a state of war with another tribe of ants, who live in a big city over toward the east. Twice they have sent armies to attack us, and many were killed on both sides; but our soldiers were able to defend these narrow passages so well that the enemy could not get in."

"What were they after?" asked Buster.

"Eggs and pupæ."

"What are pupæ?"

"Young ants who have not yet reached a self-supporting age."

"Don't you mean puppies?" asked Buster.

"No, I don't," said the policeman, in an angry voice. "I mean just what I say."

"But what did the enemy want with your children?"

"They wanted to make slaves of them. Those

enemies of ours are very wicked; they 'd make slaves of all our tribe if they could. They have n't any sense of right and wrong."

"But your tribe makes slaves of other ants."

"That is a very different thing."

"Why?"

"Because."

"That is n't an answer."

"It 's all the answer you 're going to get. You are entirely too inquisitive. Now stop talking. We 're coming to the court."

They entered a much larger chamber than any Buster had seen on his journey. The place was filled with ants. Slaves were hurrying to and fro, carrying food in their mouths, and giving it to a number of lazy-looking fellows who were grouped around a very handsome lady ant, to whom they were paying most respectful homage. Occasionally she would take a dainty morsel from one of the slaves, but she did n't appear to have much of an appetite.

"Who is she?" asked Buster, in a whisper, of the policeman.

"Hush! She 's our queen," said the policeman, in a low tone.

"Is she eating her dinner?"

"She 's always eating her dinner. We must wait until she has finished it."

"But if she is always eating she 'll never get through with it," protested Buster.

"That is her affair," said the policeman.

Buster was about to reply, but at that moment the queen looked up and saw him. She looked very hard at him, and Buster made a low bow, for he was a polite boy, but she did not appear to take any notice of the deference he paid her.

"Come here, boy," she said, and Buster went close to her and stood waiting. She looked very hard at him for a long time, while all the other ants stopped eating and waited to hear what she would say.

"You are accused of throwing a log down at the gates of my city," she said at last. "Did you do it?"

"I want to explain—" began Buster.

"Answer my question: did you do it?"

"Yes, your Majesty, but—"

"But me no buts, boy. Why did you do it? Why did you want to close the gates of my

city? Do you suppose that the Royal Engineer Corps have n't sufficient work already without having to repair the mischief of your hands? Hey? Hey?"

"I did n't understand at the time that—"

"Don't you dare to answer me. What I want to know is why you did that thing? Hey?"

"I—"

"Silence! If you dare to answer me again I 'll order my guard to cut off your head. Now, why did you do such a thing?"

Poor little Buster was afraid to open his lips for fear his head would be cut off, and so he was silent.

"Hah!" exclaimed the queen, in great anger. "You see, my lords, the prisoner puts in no defense. There is nothing to do but pass sentence on him. My decision is that he be taken out of our city to the lair of an ant-lion and thrown into its pit."

"But, your Majesty," cried Buster, "you did n't let me explain. I never knew before that ants had cities and streets and queens and—"

"Silence! So much the worse for you. If you had paid a little attention to— to— I had the word on the tip of my tongue—"

"Entomology?" suggested an old ant with a high forehead who stood near the queen.

"No. Thank you. Antomology is what I was thinking of. If you had paid more attention to that, you 'd have known that our ancient people of Antland builded cities long before you human nuisances came upon the earth. You would have known that we raised ant rice and stored the grain while you poor humans were still savages and killing beasts and birds with stone hatchets for food. You would have known that we have tunneled under rivers and transported armies before human engineering was dreamed of. You would have known that our civilization is ages older than yours, that our cities are better governed, that we are living on a principle that your wisest men hope may in some far-distant day govern the human race—the principle of the Greatest Good for the Greatest Number. You are a savage—like all boys. You have no place here in our ancient civilization. Take him away!"

And poor little Buster, frightened and trembling, his head confused at the harangue which he did n't understand, was dragged from the chamber and out through the tunnels and passages by which he had entered. Surrounded by a guard of soldiers, he was hurried over a rough country to where the ant-lions sat at the bottom of their pits waiting for victims. One moment he stood at the edge of one of the deep pits, gazing into its awful depths at the cruel beast waiting with open jaws at the bottom. Then a soldier behind him gave him a push, and he went sliding, sliding, sliding down the steep sides. In vain he clutched at the ground about him. He was literally a part of a landslide, and went down, down, down, with ever-increasing rapidity.

At last he reached the ferocious ant-lion at the bottom of the pit. He saw the jaws open. Then, dazed as he was, he noticed an expression of extreme surprise come over the ant-lion's face, followed by one of disgust.

"Pah! I thought you were an ant," exclaimed the ant-lion. "I don't eat boys. Get out of my pit."

"I can't," panted Buster. "The sides are too steep and slippery."

"Oh, yes, you can," said the ant-lion. "Get out, or I'll throw you out."

Buster tried hard to climb the slope, but his feet kept slipping back at every step. Suddenly he heard the ant-lion give an awful growl, and then something picked him up and threw him high into the air. He went up, up, up, up, until he thought he'd reach the moon. Then he stopped and began coming down again. Faster, faster! He knew he'd be dashed to pieces. Closer and closer to the earth — faster and faster he fell —
Bump!

Buster opened his eyes with a start, and found himself lying on his papa's lawn, and close beside him lay a peach that had fallen from a tree and hit him on the head. He looked



BUSTER IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE QUEEN OF THE ANTS.

over toward the ants' nest. The tiny creatures were still hurrying to and fro close to the little stick he had thrown over the hole. He saw one or two go through a wee opening under it, and others come out the same way. Then he reached over and very gently lifted the stick from where it lay, and threw it far away. As he did so he noticed one ant with a big head standing close by, and, although he was not quite sure, he thought he recognized in this ant the policeman.

And now Buster is helping his papa study the ants and their habits, and, to his great astonishment, is learning that all, or almost all, he saw in the underground city was true: for the ants do keep cattle and build sheds for them; they do own slaves; they do have soldiers and policemen and a queen and an idle class; they do raise rice and store the grain; they do build roads and dig tunnels.

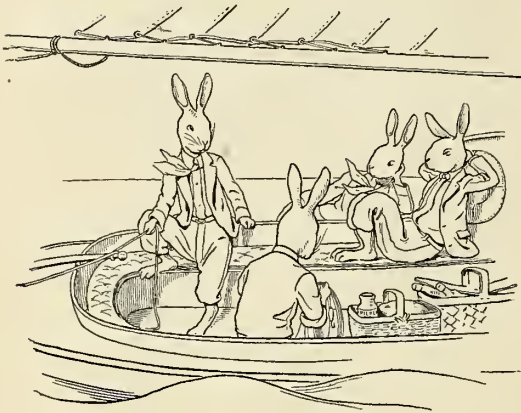
And if you study them, young reader, you will find out that many of the most wonderful things in this story are so true that really this account of Antland is n't a fairy-tale at all.

THE ANGLING BUNNIES.

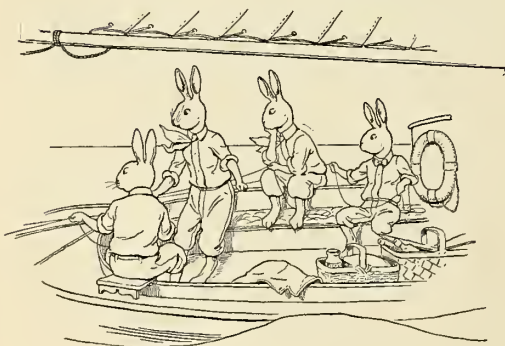
BY ALBERT BLASHFIELD.

A PARTY of bunnies,
As brave as could be,
Went fishing, one day,
In the depths of the sea.

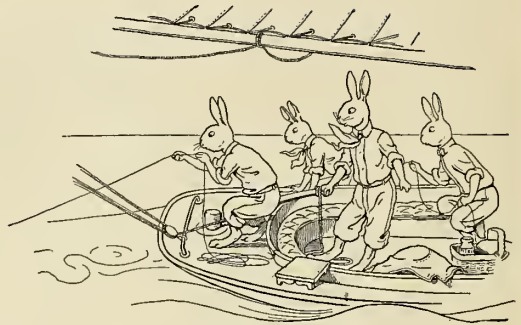
Their host, full of fun,
Had provided good cheer;
They had pickles and pie
And good ginger-beer.



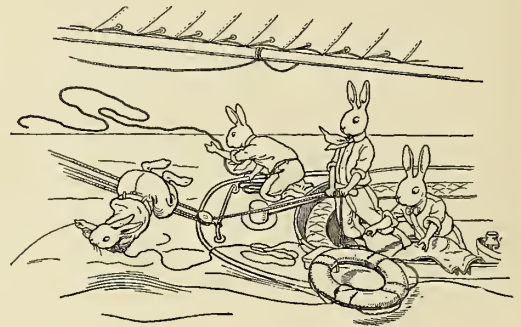
They soon set their lines;
Each eye was intent,
All watching to see
Which way the luck went.



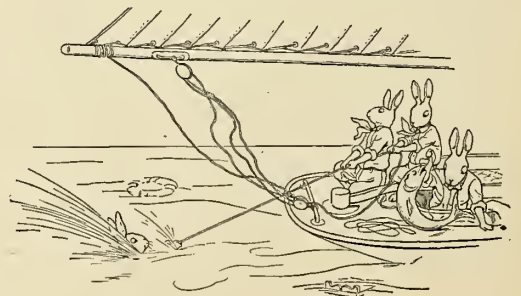
"See, see! there 's a bite!
It 's your line, friend Dick.
Now steady, my boy,
And pull it in quick!"



But the gamy young fish
Ran off with the hook,
And jerked it so hard,
All strength Dick forsook.

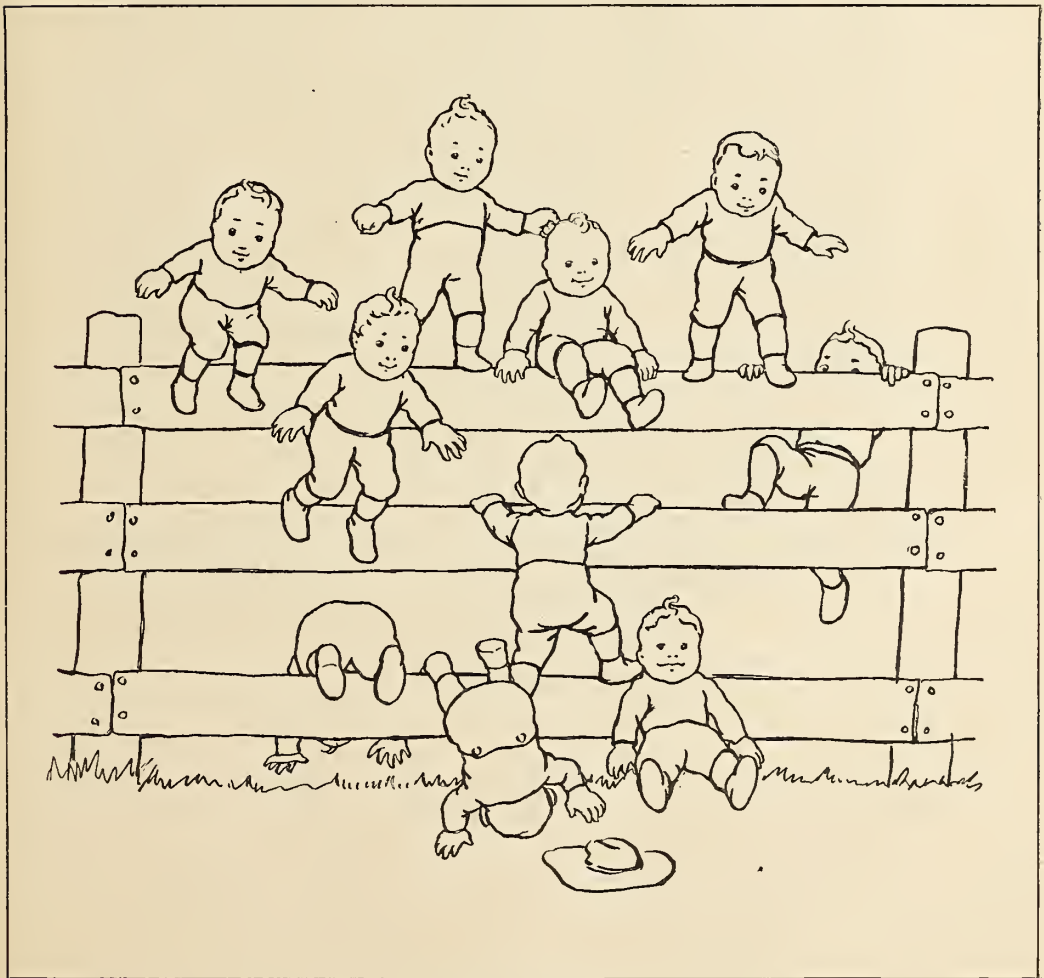
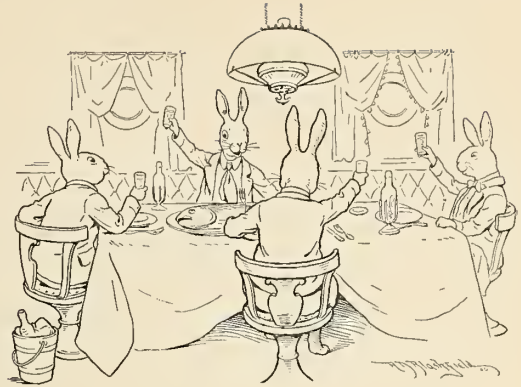


Still holding his line,
He fell in headlong,
While his friends to the rescue
Came, mighty and strong.



“Be sure of the fish!”
 Poor Dicky called out.
 And soon a fine blue
 Was flopping about.

That eve they sat down,
 As merry as lords,
 To the best dish of fish
 The deep sea affords.



OVER THE FENCE IS OUT!

HUNTING THE PUMA.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

BY CLARENCE EDWIN BOOTH GROSSMANN.

I.

HE was born many years ago, away up in the Lost River Mountains, on the northern boundary of Idaho. For miles around stretched the rolling mesas; in the north the peaks of the Salmon River Mountains rose high, cutting, as it were, into the blue expanse above; while beyond, a faint white outline marked the distant snow-peaks of the Rocky Mountains. Such was the sight that met four sleepy little eyes one warm April day. Now, cub cougars are always cute little things, just as young kittens are; but when, about a week after they are born, they open their eyes to the great world about them, they are the brightest, dearest, cunningest little animals on the face of the earth. And "Puma" and his brother were no exceptions to the rule; at least, so thought Mother Cougar as she watched them stretch their tired bodies and look out on the wonderful sight which was now disclosed to them.

Such happiness as there was in that rocky den which was the home that Mother Cougar had selected for her young ones! From morning till night the little fellows lay out in the warm sunshine, now and again scampering about over the rocks or clawing and biting each other in play, reveling in the pleasure of strong and healthy bodies, and in the very feeling of being alive.

And so they lived at peace far up in a secluded part of the mountains, with never a care to trouble them; for did they not have a good, kind mother, who protected and fed them, and when they were weaned, did she not bring home fine, luscious hares and gophers for them to eat? Therefore they played and were happy. But this could not go on forever, and Mother Cougar knew it; for in days to come, when they no longer had a mother to feed and care for them, they must know where and how to stalk the wary deer, how to spring straight and

swift as a thunderbolt on the unsuspecting mountain-sheep, and how to avoid the antlers of the great bull-elk when furious with rage. This was what she must teach them before they were grown; and how at least one of them profited you shall see for yourself.

II.

THE great sun had set; and as the ruddy glow in the west grew paler, out from the lingering golden light the evening star, that marvelous jewel of God's heaven, shone delicate as a glittering dewdrop, set in a frame of most wonderful color.

Then, far out on the prairie, the sharp bark of a coyote could be heard, and one by one others joined in, each singing that great song of the Western plains, which, once heard, will stir your soul with some unspeakable emotion never to be forgotten.

The warm breeze of this August evening must have carried the sound of the barking coyotes to the den of Mother Cougar and her cubs; for certain it was that at about this time the little fellows began to yawn and open their eyes, for they had been fast asleep most of the day, snuggled up close to their mother. She also began to stretch and yawn, and, rising up, she sniffed the evening air, uttering a low whine.

Nearly four months had passed since Puma and his brother opened their eyes to the world, but the time had not been wasted, for Mother Cougar had spent most of her time in teaching them what she herself had learned by hard experience. There were few cub cougars who could equal the little fellows in the gentle arts of leaping, fighting, or stalking the shy blue grouse. But there was one experience which they had not as yet had—that of coming face to face with a human being; for, except trappers and Indian hunters, very few men had at that

time invaded the wild country in the north of Idaho.

And so it was that on this summer evening the mother led her little ones down the mountain to give them their first lesson in the ways of mankind. The moon had risen, throwing a

was something the cubs had never smelled before, and it affected them in a strange way. There was in the smell something pleasing to them, and then again another odor that mingled with the first smell made the hair on their backs stand up, and filled them with a



"FOR A FEW SECONDS THERE WAS A TERRIBLE FIGHT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

silvery light on the surrounding country, and lighting up the way for the cougars.

What a picture they made—the old one picking her way noiselessly among the loose rocks, and the little fellows following excitedly after her! The land became flatter, and soon they were walking on the level ground. Sage-brush grew on every hand, and tall pines sighed as the cool breeze swayed them gently to and fro.

But presently a subtle odor filled the air. It

desire to run away. Then when their mother saw the effect it had on them she led them to the spot where a lot of logs were piled up to make a sort of den, and as they approached the smell grew stronger and worse. They fairly shook with mingled fear and excitement. I don't know what Mother Cougar said, or how she said it, but it is certain that somehow she made the little fellows understand this: "That is a bear-trap; it is made by *man*, and

though it may smell good, it is of evil ways and means death!"

So, in their early youth, was the hatred for mankind instilled in their minds.

III.

THE "survival of the fittest," a law among wild animals, accounts for most of them having about the same amount of intelligence, of course varied according to the scale of animal intellect. But once in a while an animal excels his fellows by superior wisdom, strength, or craft, and becomes a veritable leader of his kind. And it was by a series of occurrences that Puma, the little cub-cougar, grew up to be one of the strongest and wisest of his race.

He always had been remarkably bright, and as he grew older and stronger he became one of the most reckless, fear-inspiring animals that ever played havoc with cattle and sheep, or that ever was so suggestive of death to the inhabitants of the small town of Birchcreek.

Several months had passed, and one day, late in November, Mother Cougar was leading her young ones home to their den.

It was a wintry day; the snow covered the



"MOTHER COUGAR UTTERED A SCREAM."

ground, and dark clouds were swept across the sky. The little cougars had grown considerably, although Puma's brother had developed some internal trouble which made it hard for him to swallow or to digest food without discomfort, and so he was ailing most of the time.

Just as they were coming around a small hill, a huge grizzly bear loomed up in front of them. At first he did n't see them, but Mother Cougar arched her back and uttered a blood-curdling scream, which was a good enough warning for any animal but a grizzly to change his direction. The little fellows were fairly frightened to death, and ran back some distance into the woods. But still the grizzly kept on until he got quite near Mother Cougar, and again she uttered that wild scream. She was terribly enraged now, and was prepared to fight if he made another step in the direction of her little ones. The bear raised up on his hind legs and awkwardly continued his way, as though he thought himself more terrifying in that exalted position. But Mother Cougar's fighting blood was up, and she made a couple of bounds and a leap that landed her square on the grizzly's shoulders. She buried her teeth deep in the fleshy folds of his chest, and fell to work with all her twenty claws.

For a few seconds there was a terrible fight, the snow flying in all directions; and the agonized roars of the grizzly were pitiful to hear. But as soon as the bear could shake one arm free, he raised it like a powerful club high in air, and brought it down with one awful crushing blow on Mother Cougar's head.

And that was all. She dropped to the ground limp and lifeless, while the grizzly made the best of his way to the woods, roaring with pain and fury.

The little ones? Well, they were bereft of their one and only friend in the world. They had crept up nearer during the fight, and when they saw her drop lifeless to the ground they ran up to her. But it was all so strange; she was so still and quiet; and they, not knowing what to do, ran whimpering off into the woods.

IV.

AND now comes a great blank space in this short history of the life of Puma.

No one knows exactly what happened in the years immediately following the incident just related, except that once he had been seen on a neighboring ranch. Nor does any one know just what happened to the sickly little brother

of Puma. It is more than probable that his sickness relieved him of all misery and suf-

fered, as if it had been crushed, so that his tracks in the snow looked like this:



PUMA'S TRACKS IN THE SNOW.

fering, and that he fell asleep, never to awake, in the heart of the great Northern woods.

In the winter of 1899 I was one of a party of four men making the best of a vacation by a short hunting-trip. We had with us guns and ammunition galore, and we were met by our guide at Fort Lemhi, five miles north of the Lemhi Indian Reservation in Idaho. The guide, Johnson, had a pack of splendid hounds, for our game was to be cougars, or mountain-lions, as they are called there.

We put up at the fort for a couple of days before starting on our hunt, and, while there, were surprised to hear many tales concerning a very wild mountain-lion that was the worst enemy the sheep and cattle raisers had known. But all attempts to kill him had proved unsuccessful, for immediately after he had ravaged one part of the country he would disappear, and in a few nights the news would be heard that several sheep or young calves had been killed by him in a settlement twenty miles away. And he did not confine himself to killing cattle, for there was a story which the Indians told of how one wintry night the lion crept into a small outlying camp of the reservation, and sprang upon a sleeping woman, and of how Eagle-track, the husband, took the trail the next morning, and never came back!

But a very singular thing about this mountain-lion was that his left hind foot was slightly de-

formed, as if it had been crushed, so that his tracks in the snow looked like this:

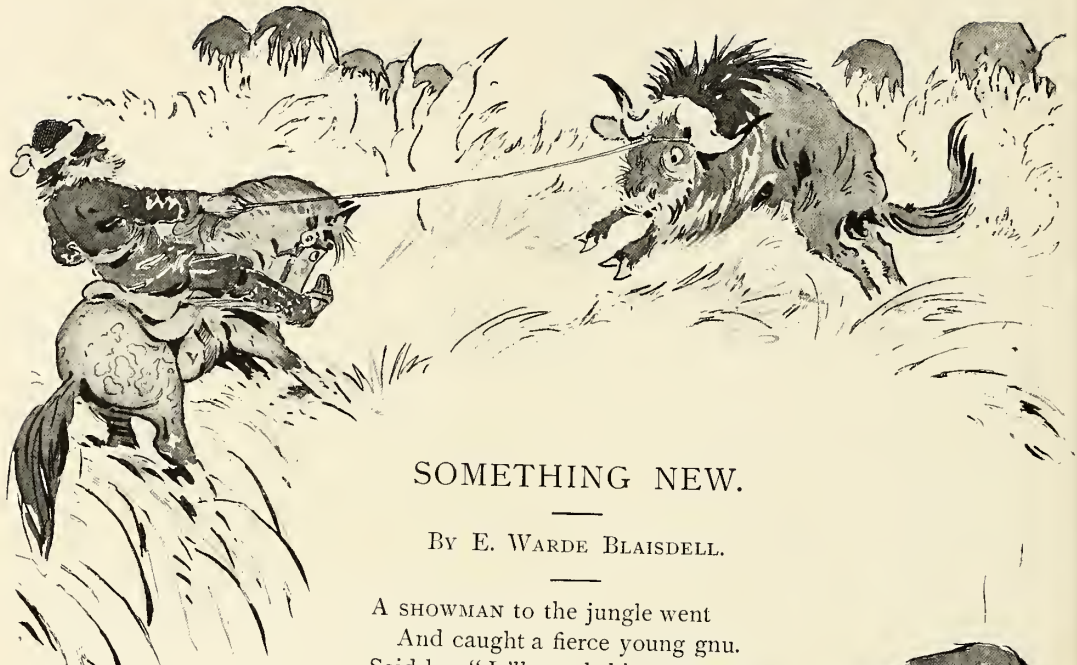
When one of the trappers at the fort told us this, a man who was listening jumped up and said: "Now, that 's mighty queer! More 'n three years ago the boys down at our ranch caught a little cub lion, and, as I come to think on it, he 'd been shot' in his left hind leg, and walked sort o' unsteady-like, so we named him the 'Lame Lion'! Wonder ef 't can be the same one as what 's cuttin' up sech a row with the cattle!"

And who could prove that the sheep-killer was aught other than the one-time little cub-cougar who so sadly had been left alone in the world that winter evening long ago?

I shall not go into the details of our hunt, but suffice it to say that we were three long weeks on the trail of the sheep-killer, man-murderer, or shall I call him "Puma"?

For many miles we had followed that singular track through the snow, until at last, as the faint yellow glow in the western sky betokened the approach of another night, we distinctly heard in the quiet wintry air the barking of our hounds, which said as plainly as words: "Treed! treed! The great killer of sheep and cattle and man is treed. The hunt is over!"

And then the little coyotes far out on the snow-covered plain broke the deep silence of the air with their evening song—the same, perhaps, that sang to wake two little cougars some years before in the Lost River Mountains!

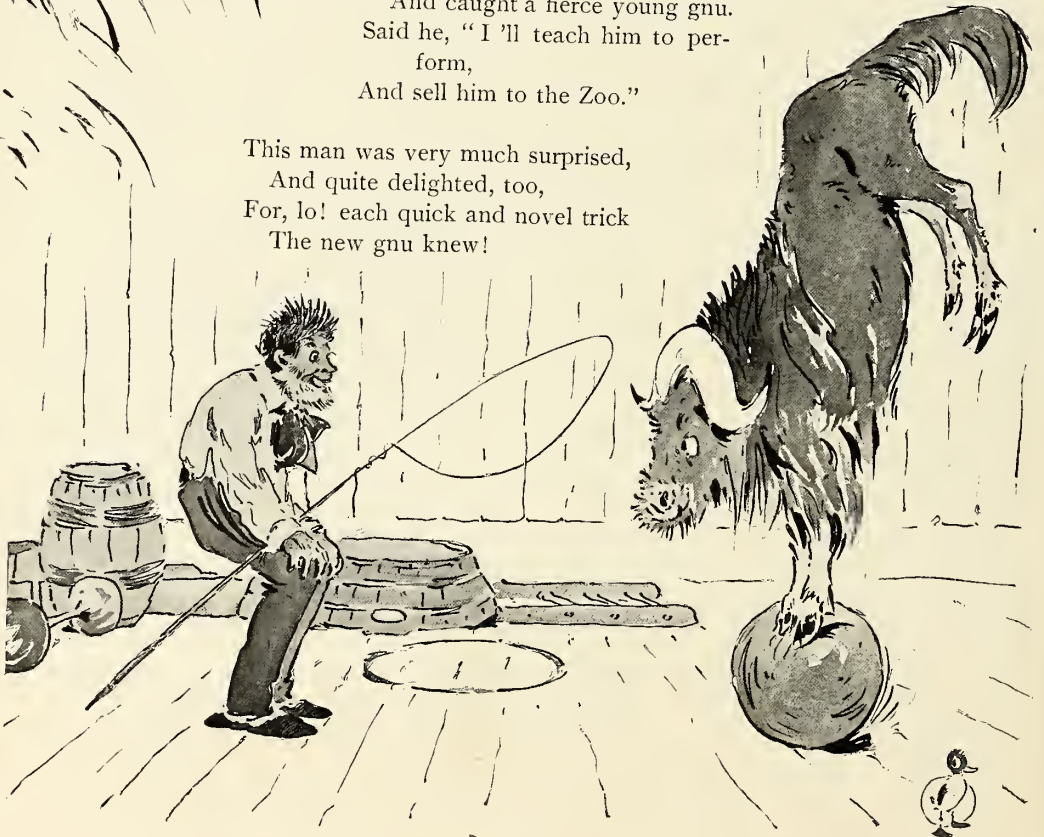


SOMETHING NEW.

By E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

A SHOWMAN to the jungle went
And caught a fierce young gnu.
Said he, "I'll teach him to per-
form,
And sell him to the Zoo."

This man was very much surprised,
And quite delighted, too,
For, lo! each quick and novel trick
The new gnu knew!



WHAT PUSSY THINKS.

BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

“THIS studying birds is dry work,
indeed,”
Says Puss, “when the bird ’s
stuffed with hay ;
But give me a real one, well within
reach,
And the study is nothing but
play!”



IN THE WOODS — JUNE.

BY ROSALIND RICHARDS.

ONE'S first idea of orchids is apt to be of brilliant, fantastic flowers—some of them so strange in shape as scarcely to seem flowers at all—blossoming in tropical forests or under glass in greenhouses. We go to see “orchid shows” at horticultural exhibitions, and often forget that there is an orchid show, even in our very Northern woods, ready and waiting for us every spring. All of our native orchids are beautiful, some of them very wonderfully and delicately so; but we have only a few that are as large or as brilliant in color as those of warmer countries, and of these the “lady’s-slippers,” or moccasin-flowers, are the most striking. We have several of this family, the splendid *Cypripedium spectabile*, purple, pink, and white, the yellow lady’s-slipper, and others—six in all; but through New England, at least, the best known is the pink, or stemless, lady’s-slipper (*Cypripedium acaule*, orchis family).

It would be hard to find anything pleasanter than hunting for lady’s-slippers on a bright June day. Like most orchids, they are very local in their habits; but when once you know the right kind of place to look, you are nearly sure to find them. The botanical direction is “dry or moist woods, under evergreens,” but I have happened to come across them more often under lighter growth—maples or young beeches. Look through light, open woods, and along wooded ridges, where the rock crops out and gray moss crunches under your feet. Sooner or later you will find the lovely things, standing sometimes singly, sometimes in groups of three or four to ten or twelve. The whole plant is beautiful. The great broad leaves are a warm green, and between them, as from a sheath, the downy stem rises, with the perfect blossom bending at the top. The flowers vary greatly in color, from deep rose-pink with pur-



STEMLESS LADY'S-SLIPPER.

ple veinings to palest rose-color; and sometimes, if you are lucky, you will find one that is pure white.

The whole family of orchids has a very curious and interesting peculiarity. Probably you all know that a flower cannot bear seed or fruit unless the fine powder from the stamens, called pollen, falls upon the pistil. In many flowers this happens of itself, but the orchids have to depend upon bees or other insects climbing in for honey, brushing against the pollen masses, then rubbing off their dusty jackets against the pistil.

Our next flower is hardly less beautiful—the “painted trillium” (*Trillium erythrocarpum*, lily family). You will find it in the latter part of May, as well as in June, sometimes in the same places where the lady's-slippers grow, but generally in darker, richer woods, where the leaf-mold is deep and moist. Sometimes you will find only a single plant; but often there are a good many growing near together, scattered in open ranks among the trees. The plant is usually eight or ten inches high, a single stem crowned with a whorl of three

leaves, from the center of which the flower-stem rises. They are all in threes—leaves, petals, sepals; hence the Latin name *Trillium*, and an English name occasionally heard, trinity-flower. The single blossom is bright, pure white, with a crimson stain at the base of each petal.

We have many trilliums: the broad-petaled red trillium, with its unpleasant smell, the great white trillium, or wake-robin, and others, but none so beautiful as this smaller flower, with its crimson painting.

And now you must put on your rubber boots, or, better still, take a flat-bottomed boat and a stout pole, for we are going into wet places. There are many enchanting things in

plain sight in a good peat-bog—rhodora, sundew, and, if there are good stretches of open water, water-lilies; but in among the tall tufted grasses that fringe the swamp there hides a



PAINTED TRILLIUM.

delicate rose-pink flower, growing on a tall, slender stem, its roots, like those of the grass around it, actually in the black bog-water—are-

shore, some by shoving the boat as far as you can into the grasses; but there will always be many more that you will never even see, waving by themselves when the wind bends down the grasses; and of course it is not in every peat-bog that you will find arethusas at all.



ARETHUSA BULBOSA.

thusa, another orchid (*Arethusa bulbosa*, orchis family), as lovely and fragile a thing as ever grew in any tropic forest. The leaf scarcely shows, but the stem, with its sheaths, is pale green; the bearded lip has purple markings, otherwise the whole flower is the same pale rose-color.

It is often a difficult piece of work to reach the arethusas, and you must remember that bog-grasses are very treacherous. Some arethusas you can pick by wading in from the

Another bog-flower! Alas for your shoes and stockings! But this plant, buck-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*, gentian family), does not hide itself away among the grasses, but fills entire swamps, and you can pick it from the edge. It is an extraordinary flower. The five pointed petals, pure white, though tipped in the bud with pink, are thickly bearded with a white, curling fringe—not down or wool, but a thick, curling beard. The stamens in this curly mass are crimson, and there is just a touch of yellow. The whole plant is about a foot high.

The buck-bean has a wide range, from New England south to Pennsylvania and westward as far as Wisconsin; but it is an extremely local flower. You may know many swamps that *ought* to be exactly the right place for it, and yet never come across it. When you *do* find it, though, there can be no mistake. It fills the swamp from end to end, so that you can see it showing white from a great distance, and you can pick it by the armful.



BUCK-BEAN.



THE ABUNDANCE OF WILD FLOWERS ON THE HILLSIDE THAT MAY BE GATHERED FREELY.

YOU MAY GATHER ALL YOU WISH.

How attractive are the daisies! And the best part of it is that there are enough for all, and that they lose but little, if any, of their charms when gathered into bouquets. Gather them in varying lengths of stems, and intermingle a liberal supply of the graceful grasses, the golden-treasure buttercups, and the rich red and crimson clovers. You may make daisy chains, telling fortunes by pulling out the white rays—truly there are many

delights of the daisies to the young folks. They are the day's eye of youth. Another much-loved



VIOLETS AND GRASSES.

flower is the blue violet. Nature has provided them so bountifully that we may gather them freely. They are most dainty and attractive in bouquets when only a few grasses



THE DICKSONIA FERN.

A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET MAY BE MADE FROM DAISIES, BUTTERCUPS, CLOVER, AND THE ALMOST INNUMERABLE VARIETIES OF GRASSES.

are intermingled with them. Then they seem naturally and coyly to be hiding among their slender, graceful companions.

Then there are the ox-eye daisies, cowslips, wild irises, elders, and a great many other very common flowers that may be picked, but true lovers of wild-flowers will pick them only in reasonable quantities.

Ferns lose much of their beauty when taken away from their natural surroundings. If, however, our young folks wish to take home a few fronds, care should be taken not to disturb the crown of frond buds (croziers) in the center. The common dicksonias are graceful and

“Please don’t!”



OUR MUCH-PRIZED TRAILING ARBUTUS IS IN IMMEDIATE DANGER OF EXTERMINATION. GUARD IT AS YOUR BEST FLORAL FRIEND.

MANY flowers that love the wild woods have suffered greatly from the clearing of the forests. Field flowers have been destroyed by the farmer’s plow.

Strange as it may seem, next to those who ruthlessly collect large quantities for sale, among the worst enemies of our delicate and beautiful flowers are young folks, and older folks too, who claim they “just love them,” and either pick in unreasonably large quantities or thoughtlessly pull up the entire plant. And it is not to



MOST ATTRACTIVE ARE THE COMMON ASTERS AND GOLDEN-RODS BY THE ROADSIDES AND IN THE FIELDS. FORTUNATELY, WE MAY FREELY GATHER THESE AUTUMN BEAUTIES.

delicate and may be gathered in reasonable amount. The common brake, sensitive fern, and in most places the cinnamon ferns, have great depth of roots, and are thus able to take care of themselves, even if the fronds are gathered in quantities.

Later in the year there are many graceful flowers (most of rich, deep color) that may be gathered freely. The wild carrot, or “bird’s nest,” is very attractive to a true nature-lover.



DO NOT DEVASTATE THE ATTRACTIVE LAUREL. OF NO FLOWER ARE SUCH UNREASONABLY LARGE BOUQUETS USUALLY GATHERED.

be doubted for a moment that the love is genuine. The trouble is that in most cases the love is too greedy and is combined with thoughtlessness.

Please don't, oh, please don't, gather the rare, dainty woodland wild-flowers. Perhaps of these none need your protection more than the trailing arbutus. In Connecticut, laws with strong penalties have been passed protecting this flower, and also the Hartford or climbing fern.

It must be admitted that it requires strong self-control to refrain from picking the moccasin-flower, or pink lady's-slipper, that "seems too beautiful to be found outside a millionaire's



PLEASE DO NOT GATHER ANY WALKING-FERNS. THE CHIEF INTEREST IS IN THE MANNER OF THEIR GROWTH.

tips of the fronds touch the ground, root, and thus form the center of a new fern plant.

Please pick only a very few, if any, of the spring beauties, dogtooth violets, blood-roots, hepaticas, columbines, anemones, wild pinks, lilies, azaleas, dogwoods, viburnums, and other of our rarer dainty woodland flowers.



IF YOU TRULY LOVE THE CYPRIPEDIUMS, OR LADY'S-SLIPPERS, YOU WILL NOT PICK THEM. THEY ARE FAR TOO RARE.

hothouse." Once it was common, but the temptations to those who ought to have been its best friends have been too strong. Don't, please don't, pick this charming orchid.

The mountain laurel is in double danger—from those who gather it for its winter decoration of green leaves, and from gatherers in the early summer for its novel and beautiful little "umbrella" flowers. Holly is another slow-growing plant that is picked in enormous quantities for Christmas decorations.

The walking-fern, though not so beautiful as other ferns, has been nearly exterminated on account of its novel method of growth. The



THE FRINGED GENTIANIS ARE RARELY TO BE FOUND. PLEASE DO NOT PICK THEM. TRUE NATURE-LOVERS REGARD THEM AS ALMOST SACRED.

Elizabeth G. Britton, in a valuable article on our "Vanishing Wild-flowers" (published in pamphlet form by the New York Botanical Garden), makes this surprising statement: "Several times . . . I have stopped children and teachers who were picking flowers or breaking branches of trees for 'nature study' or for 'school.'" Strange to say, "they implied that the object for which they were to be used justified the breach of the law."

We agree with Mrs. Britton in hoping that "we shall have for a long time yet places near the city where the wild-flowers may be seen growing, and that the children of the public schools may not only learn to know them by name and enjoy them, but leave them to continue their growth."

Our Nature and Science department is also in most hearty sympathy with the purpose of the Society for the Protection of Native Plants. For leaflets and particulars regarding the work of that society address the Secretary, Miss Maria E. Carter, Boston Society of Natural History, Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

WILD GEESE AT HOME.

In March and April* we observed wild geese going northward in V-shaped flocks. Let us follow them and see what they are now doing.

In their Northern summer home, in some marsh or by some stream, the goose lays four or five pale-buff eggs in a mass of sticks cozily lined with grass and feathers. The gander usually keeps guard near by. Our young folks in the North know of the nests; those in the South may know of the geese at the winter home, while those living not far north or south of the latitude of New York City know the geese only by their thrilling, weird, and yet joyous calls, coming faintly from the hurrying flock far

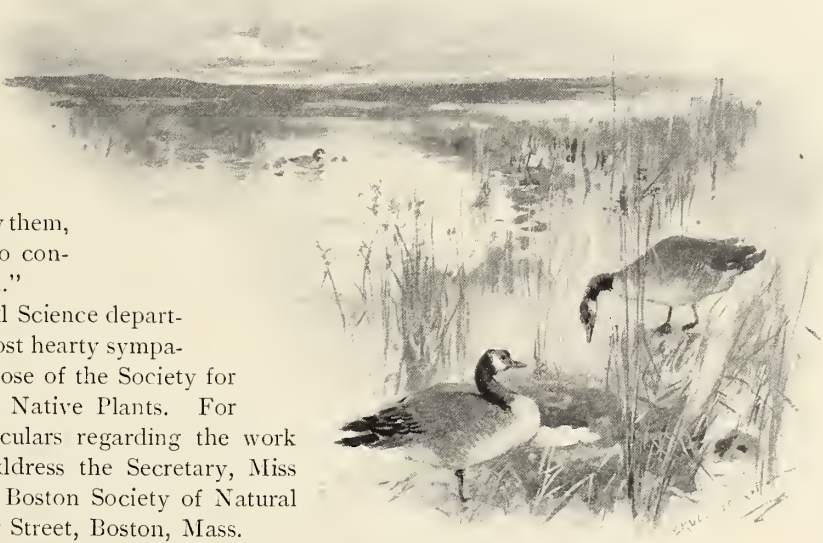
* See "The Heralds of Spring," page 554 of *Nature and Science for April*.

above. They went north in March and April and will return in October and November.

Let us all watch for the wild geese, and then "write to ST. NICHOLAS about it." Each will please contribute some observations for the good of all.

HOW WE STOCKED THE AQUARIUM.

"WE want to fix up an aquarium in our school-room. We have bought a glass tank, and the boys and the girls are all eager to go

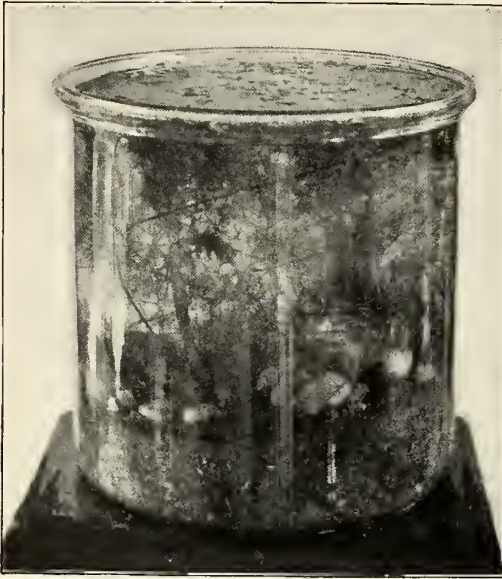


WILD GEESE AT THEIR NORTHERN NESTING-PLACES
IN THE MARSHES.

and find the things to put in it. Will you go with us and show us how?"

No nature-lover could resist such an invitation from a teacher, supplemented by the bright eyes and eager, smiling faces of the young folks in the school-room. The teacher had been unpacking the aquarium and explaining its purposes, and it was evident that all were under the spell of the fascinations of aquatic life, or, as a ten-year-old boy expressed it as soon as we were outdoors, "We want to see the live things wiggling around among the plants."

Two miles away—it really seemed not over half a mile that pleasant spring day—was a



THE COMPLETED AQUARIUM.

Shows the layer of sand, the pebbles, and the aquatic plants. The animal life was too small to be visible in the photograph.

beautiful ravine, through which glistened and rippled a small brook from the marshes. Here was everything needed. First a three-pint pail was filled with clean sand from a smooth, white, low bank projecting into a wide, shallow part of the brook.

Two of the boys picked up about a quart of pebbles of various sizes and colors. These were for ornament and to hold down in the aquarium the plants which were pulled up along by the edge of the brook from just beneath the surface of the water. Some with broad green leaves, and others that had feathery leaves on a vine-like stem, were readily obtained.

From a near-by

stagnant pool we skimmed a few tiny floating plants (duckweed), that are shown on the surface of the water in the cut from the photograph of the completed aquarium. You readily see in the second illustration how the boys caught a supply of aquatic insects, a few tadpoles, and three or four tiny fish, by the aid of our butterfly-net. With care such a net is strong enough for small aquatic life, and the mesh soon dries. Every dip of this net brought up some wriggling, squirming, or swimming form of aquatic life, so that we soon had an ample supply.

Such an aquarium made in the spring can be kept for many months and new inhabitants added from time to time. It is not necessary to change the water. Merely add small quantities to equal the loss by evaporation. Keep the tank full.

A perfectly self-sustaining aquarium—that is, one of even balance of plant and animal life—can be made with care in a tumbler or even in a very small, wide-mouthed bottle. Of course in such small space the animals and plants must be few and proportionate in size. Keep the aquarium in a cool place where the light is not too strong: a north window does very well.



THE YOUNG NATURALISTS GATHERING MATERIAL FOR THE AQUARIUM FROM THE BROOK IN THE RAVINE.

“ WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT.”

THOUGHT THE KITE WAS A HAWK.

912 CALIFORNIA AVENUE, URBANA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Only a little way from our house there is a wood in which there are several hundred blackbirds. It was just about sundown that I was out with my kite, and the birds were just coming home. Usually they come and alight near the woods on a big tree and sing together; but the kite seemed to frighten them, and they did not gather as usual in the tree-top. I think they thought it was a hawk.

RACHEL ROADÉS.

Fly a kite over a farm-yard, and the fowls will run to shelter, and the turkeys turn their heads quarter-way around, and look up in the sky with one eye, saying, “Quit, quit!” exactly as they do when a hawk is soaring overhead.

WHICH SEASONS ARE THE BEST?

MENDOTA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like spring and summer better than I like winter, although winter has its pleasures of skating, sleigh-riding, and all those things, because in the summer-time I can study all Mother Nature’s beautiful flowers, insects, and singing birds and their habits. I never get tired of looking through my microscope at the insects and flowers — delicate little throats and “ice-covered” petals. This I can’t do in the winter, although I can look at the different-shaped snowflakes and frosts; but there are not so many interesting things as in summer. As I live in the country I enjoy outdoor life, but not the best in the winter, although I love to skate.

Your faithful reader,
JOY ADAMS
(age 11).

How enjoyable are all seasons! Truly has Sir John Lubbock said:

“Happy, indeed, is the naturalist: to him the seasons come round like old friends; to him the birds sing; as he walks along, the flowers stretch out from the hedges, or look up from the ground; and as each year fades away, he looks back on a fresh store of happy memories. . . . Every month has its own charms and beauty.”

SUMMER GREEN SNAKE.

HAZELTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have caught three green snakes under a rock. They are about five inches long.



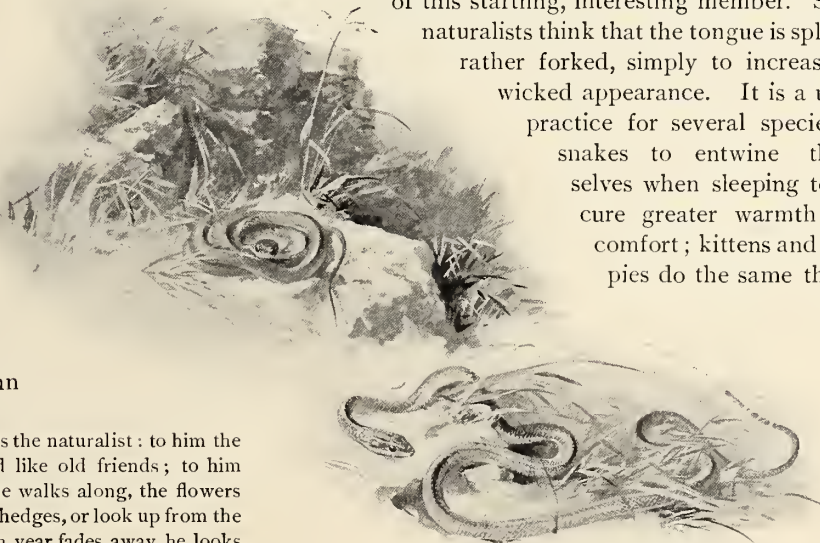
HEAD OF SUMMER GREEN SNAKE, SHOWING FORKED TONGUE.

They have green backs, and are white underneath. They have a black tongue which parts in two at the end. Do you know why they stick their tongues out so much? When they sleep they all get in a bunch. Can you please tell me what they eat?

Your interested reader,
J. B. McNAIR.

The green snakes described in your letter are summer green snakes, young specimens. This pretty creature grows to about thirty inches in length, is found in rocky country, feeds on small toads, salamanders, and insects. It is perfectly harmless and of quiet habits.

As many of our common snakes have no means of protecting themselves from attack, nature has provided them with a dangerous appearing, but perfectly harmless, tongue, the purpose of which is to feel the objects with which the snake may come in contact, and to frighten its foes with the lightning-like dartings of this startling, interesting member. Some naturalists think that the tongue is split, or rather forked, simply to increase its wicked appearance. It is a usual practice for several species of snakes to entwine themselves when sleeping to secure greater warmth and comfort; kittens and puppies do the same thing.

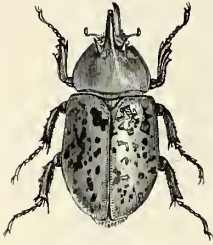


SUMMER GREEN SNAKES IN CHARACTERISTIC POSITIONS.

OUR LARGEST BEETLES.

HICKORY, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We mail you to-day a bug our teacher found. It was lying dead in the garden. She afterward found a live one in the same place. The live one ate a piece of chicken. We should like to know what its name is, and all about it.



RHINOCEROS-BEETLE.

Respectfully yours,
HATTIE HANWAY.

The insect you send is not a "bug," but a beetle.

There are many differences between the two orders. Chief among these is the fact that a bug sucks, a beetle bites. Your insect, the rhinoceros-beetle (known to scientists as *Dytiscus tityrus*), has the appearance, at least, of ability to do thorough biting. This is our



HERCULES-BEETLE OF THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

largest North American beetle. (You will recall that our giant *bug* was pictured on page 848 of Nature and Science for July, 1901.)

In the West Indies and South America there is a still larger member of this family, the Hercules-beetle, which is regarded as the largest known insect. It is about six inches long.

LIVES IN SILK TENTS, AND TRAVELS ON SILK ROADS.

FALLS VILLAGE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you something I learned about tent-caterpillars. One day I found a twig with a lot of little tiny caterpillars on it. I took a little bottle and put some water into it, and then I put the twig in it to keep it alive and so keep the buds growing. The caterpillars crawled out of their tent and began to eat the buds. Oh, how fast they grew! The girls had to get apple leaves and wild-cherry leaves for them. Every night I watched them grow and spin. They would make their heads go backward and forward, and every time they would make their tent larger and straighter. They would come out and eat awhile, and then spin awhile, and then go back into their little house

again. By and by they got so large that they left their tent and began crawling up and down the window and over the floor, so Winifred Dean had to move out of the way. One morning when I went to school there were only two or three left. I like to study nature, and I like ST. NICHOLAS, too.

Your little friend,

JULIA LANE (age 8).

Every country boy and girl, at least, has noticed, in the fall and winter months, the well protected eggs of the tent-caterpillar, in masses of two hundred or more, encircling the twigs of wild-cherry and apple trees. Early in the spring—at least as soon as the first leaves start—a tiny caterpillar hatches within each egg, gnaws a hole in the shell, crawls out, and at once begins to eat buds and tiny leaves, and to help in building the "colony-house" of silk.

It is an extremely interesting sight to watch the little workers from the very first. As they grow they add layer after layer to make their home larger. Some work on the outside, others just within the transparent layer. You can see them all busily walking back and forth spinning the silken thread. You can easily watch those on the outside attaching the thread to the bark at each end of the line of march. But they are very careful not to close up their "door," even if they crawl over it. Everywhere else goes the silken thread. As they go back and forth from the tent to the food-supply of buds and tender leaves, there is the silken line; and thread after thread trails along, making, literally, a "silk-ribbon" road along which they travel. They spend the nights and the cold or rainy days within the web.

Sometimes they evidently ascertain that they have made a mistake in locating the tent too near the end of the branches. Then they leave that place and go farther down the branch, where there is more room. Several colonies may thus



EGG MASSES OF THE TENT-CATERPILLAR ENCIRCLING A TWIG.

come down smaller branches to another place where several larger branches diverge in various directions, and there unite in building one large tent perhaps two feet or more in length.

When ready to transform, the caterpillars leave the trees, and in some sheltered place make their peculiar cocoons, that are covered with a yellowish powder. In about three weeks the moth comes out.

Young naturalists may learn many interesting habits of these insects, but the farmers find them more to be detested than interesting, on account of their greedy appetite for leaves, especially of the apple-trees.

Our young folks will find a very interesting, well illustrated, and extended description of the tent-caterpillar, its work and transformation, in Professor Clarence Moores Weed's "Nature Biographies."

This well known writer on insects explains that the tent is for warmth to the caterpillar and for protection from insect and bird enemies.

He says regarding the birds :
" But the tent is by no means a



"YOU CAN SEE THEM ALL BUSILY WALKING BACK AND FORTH SPINNING THE SILKEN THREAD."

Note the small abandoned tent, near the end of the branches in the upper right-hand corner of the illustration. The "door" is shown as a black spot at the lower point. In the large web the door is near the upper right-hand point. Some of the caterpillars here are at "work on the outside, others just within the transparent layer." See the white "silk roads" along the branches.

safeguard against all enemies. Some birds, like the cuckoos and the Baltimore orioles, have learned to make holes in the web, and to tear out the larvæ concealed within."



TWO COCOONS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THE UNDER SIDE OF A BOARD THAT LIES ON THE GROUND AMONG THE GRASSES.



THE TENT-CATERPILLAR MOTH.



"JUNE DAYS." BY W. B. HUNTLY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Now every tree is filled with birds,
And every field with clover,
And every boy is filled with joy,
For school will soon be over.

AND so the third League June is coming. It seems but a week ago since the editor was writing for the first time about closing school and summer vacation. Perhaps it seems quite long to some of the members, especially to the young ones, for time between birthdays passes slowly when we are still in one figure. Even the teens do not hurry — at least, not at first, though of late we have had many letters from members who are nearing their last year of League membership, and to them the months are flying almost as fast as they do with the editor, who almost fears sometimes that they will actually leap over one another in their mad haste. Since that first June we have doubled and trebled our membership over and over. The League has become one of the great educational institutions of the world — the greatest in many respects; and, if we may judge from the affectionate regretful letters sent by those who must pass the eighteenth gate and close it behind them, the League is one of the few schools in which the student would gladly linger.

And the editor is sorry to see them go. He has learned to know them — their trials, their hopes, and their achievements. It is like losing old friends, and he hopes in that greater school — the world of art and literature toward which they have been striving — he will one day meet and greet and congratulate many of those who have made their beginnings here.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 30.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

VERSE. Cash prize, Isadore Douglas (age 14), 34 Linnwood Ave., Newton, N. J.

Gold badge, Alice May Fuller (age 17), 563 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, Grace B. Coolidge (age 13), 422 Quincy Ave., Scranton, Pa., and Phœbe Hunter (age 10), Phoenixville, Pa.

PROSE (Illustrated Operetta, with verses). Gold badge, Hilda B. Morris (age 14), 611 Spring St., Michigan City, Ind.

PROSE (Stories). Gold badge, Margery Darrach (age 13), Ridley Park, Pa.



"WINDY DAYS IN THE CANAL OF HONOR," WORLD'S FAIR, AS IT NOW APPEARS, SHOWING THE SPANISH CARAVELS. BY ERNEST H. WOOD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, Ruth G. Allen (age 14), Box 247, Paonia, Col., and Alexis Tardy Gresham (age 10), 726 Adams Ave., Huntsville, Ala.

DRAWING. Gold badge, W. B. Huntly (age 17), Royal Bank House, East Newington Pl., Edinburgh, Scotland.

Silver badges. Emily Storer (age 15), Windsor Harbor, Me., and Marion D. Chapin (age 11), Porter Pl., Montclair, N. J.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badge, Ernest H. Wood (age 14), 5601 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, Anna B. McFadon (age 14), 1651 Maine St., Quincy, Ill., and Marjorie McIver (age 14), Pabmer-via Sq., Brighton, Eng.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Wild Fawn," by Dean M. Kennedy (age 15), Madison, S. D. Second prize, "Raccoon," by Harold B. Kennicott (age 15), 44 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Third prize, "Deer Grazing," by Earl E. Colvin (age 15), 433 Elmwood Ave., Providence, R. I.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, Charles Smith (age 12), Louisiana St., Lawrence, Kan., and Scott Sterling (age 14), Lawrence, Kan.

Silver badges, George Fish Parsons (age 15), 37 W. 94th St., New York City, and J. Mack Hays (age 13), Petersburg, Va.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Agnes Cole (age 13), 582 Penn. Ave., Elizabeth, N. J., and Lilian Sarah Burt (age 13), Ivoryton, Conn.

Silver badges, Gladys Burgess (age 12), Ridley Park, Pa., and Fred C. Kearns (age 16), Box 111, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

Illustrated Operetta.

BY HILDA B. MORRIS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

SCENE. A great green field with wild strawberries and wild roses growing in profusion. A mossy cave is on one side.

A little elf peeps out at the opening of the cave, then he falls back in amazement.

He returns presently, followed by many other elves, who all look delighted and astonished.

All run around the field, eagerly eying the roses, the berries, and the fresh green grass, and listening with delight to the bird's sweet song.

FIRST ELF.

Summer's really come at last;
The winter's cold is now all past.
Let's all join hands with joy and mirth,
And gaily hail the summer's birth!

ALL.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the summer's here,
The fairest time of all the year.
Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll sing her praise
As long as lovely summer stays!



"A WINDY DAY." BY ANNA B. MCFADON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

All join hands in a circle and dance round and round, singing:

When fields are green
We haunt the scene;
We dance and play
The livelong day,
When fields are green.

When fields are green
We dance unseen;
We hide 'neath flow-
ers
In shady bowers,
When fields are green.

When fields are green
And skies serene,
We sing all day
Our songs so gay,
When fields are green.

A little mortal girl
peeps through some
bushes at them. The
elves spy her and cease

their song, and run hither and thither in consternation, seeking places of refuge.

MARJORIE. (*Advancing.*)

Dear little elves, pray do not hide,
But in this field with me abide;
I will not harm you, have no fear,
But sing for me your songs of cheer.

Elves come timidly out of their hiding-places, and gather around her in a circle, whispering. Then they sing softly:

When fields are green
We haunt the scene;



"A WINDY DAY." BY MARJORIE MCIVER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

We lull to sleep
The grass-blades deep,
When fields are green.

When fields are green
We dance unseen;
We rock the flowers
To sleep for hours,
When fields are green.
(*Marjorie's head droops.*)



When fields are green
And skies serene,
As day draws nigh
We say "good-by,"
And end our magic lullaby!

Elves steal softly away
to cave. Marjorie lies fast
asleep beneath a wild-rose
bush.

CURTAIN.

IN JUNE-TIME.

Illustrated Poem.

(Cash Prize.)



"IN JUNE-TIME." (SEE POEM.)

All dark and green among the rocks and golden on the beaches.

And here across a smooth green stone a crystal sheet goes sliding;

Below the water gurgles soft, among the boulders hiding;
And then again across a ledge a veil of silver shimmers,
And at its foot all shadow-flecked the ghostly water glimmers.

And here, where through the parted boughs comes summer sunlight streaming,

A single branch of brier-rose hangs o'er the brooklet gleaming,

And swinging on the rosy spray a brown-coat elf a-tilting—

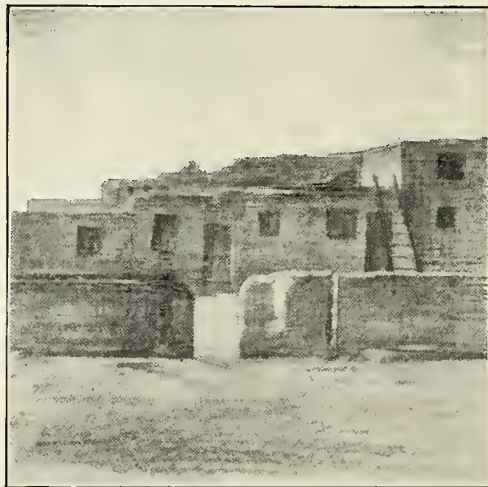
A little merry woodland bird, his happy carol lilting.

ISADORE DOUGLAS (age 14).

THERE 's silver birch adown the glen, and dainty aspen blowing,
And here beneath the tangled boughs a mountain brook is flowing—

With here a little fern-girt pool and there the swifter reaches,

THE sunniest days I ever saw were in New Mexico and Arizona last spring, and the sunniest day of all was the day we climbed to the top of the great mesa to see



"PUEBLO HOUSES." BY RALPH BLACKLEDGE. (SEE STORY.)

the Acoma Pueblos. It was reached by our little party of four and our Indian guide by riding from Laguna for miles across a stretch of sandy desert, where, part of the way, horses could not pull us, and we sank to our knees in sand that was like great snowdrifts.

Then came the climb up a fissure in the side of the great mesa, which is a cube of solid rock rising up suddenly out of the great level stretch of sand, with a few others like it scattered in the distance.

To reach the top we had to climb by clinging with our fingers and toes in little hollowed places in the solid rock worn by the footsteps of the poor little, gentle Pueblos who sought these heights hundreds of years ago to escape the more savage tribes coming down from the north. For the Pueblos do not fight, but love peace.

When we reached the top we had our first glimpses of their strange home. The entire village is one long house reaching all the way around the edge of the flat mountain-top. All the windows and doors are on the inside, and a pool of water in the inclosed place. From the outside it all seems but a part of the mountain. The village is all built of clay in terraces two or three stories high, all carried up on the Indians' backs from the plain three hundred and fifty feet below. It took forty years to carry enough earth that way to bury their dead.

We saw them making beautiful water-jars, that, with



"A WINDY DAY." BY GRACE MORGAN JARVIS, AGE 16.

blankets, bows and arrows, they gladly exchanged for bright little buttons cut from Aunt Dedee's red waist, and for small coins. They could n't speak our language, and did n't know what paper money was, and valued a few bright pennies much more.

In that part of our country it does not rain sometimes for years. It is called the land of perpetual sunshine.

IN JUNE DAYS.

BY ALICE MAY FULLER (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ONCE there was a merry child,
Sweet and wild,
Sweet and wild,
Followed fairies all the day,
All the livelong day;
Saw them swing the birds so wee,—
Two or three,
Two or three,—
Bringing berries all the way—
From the garden, all the way.

Saw them race the butterfly
Dancing by,
Floating by;
Steal the sweets from thistle-blow,



"WILD FAWN." BY DEAN M. KENNEDY, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

WHEN THE FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY MARGERY DARRACH (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"I AM very sorry that I will not be here on your birthday, Dorothy, but I have to go to see grandma, who is very sick."

"Oh, dear!" said Dorothy. "Well, then, can I have a picnic, and invite the girls, and will you let me order what I want from the store for it? We'll go in the woods. If you're afraid, we'll take 'Shep.'"

"Very well; I only hope you won't be sick after it," said mama; and Dorothy ran off to invite her friends and order the things for the picnic.



"RACCOON." BY HAROLD B. KENNICOTT, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

From the thistle-blow;
Found them scatt'ring fern-seed brown
Up and down,
Up and down,
So the maidenhair could grow,
Dainty maidenhair could grow.

Till at last the gentle twilight
Lulled the drowsy elves to sleep,
Cuddled in the rosebud's petals
Or the honeysuckle dew.



"DEER GRAZING." BY EARL E. COLVIN, AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"JUNE DAYS." BY MARION D. CHAPIN, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The girls were delighted to come, and thought it would be fun with no older person.

The articles Dorothy got at the store—bananas, dates, figs, ice-cream cakes, cinnamon buns, and peanut candy—would probably not have been ordered by a more sensible person; but the girls thought them fine, and she went away well satisfied.

The next day was just right for a picnic, and at eleven o'clock they set out through the wood, telling stories as they went.

"Look; what is that following us?" said one of the girls.

"It 's Shep and that dear little brown dog," said Dorothy, and the girls oh'd and ah'd about him to their hearts' content.

They spread their lunch under a large tree by the side of a little brook; then some one suggested going in wading. While they had their backs turned to the feast, the two dogs quietly ate up most of the good things, and then trotted homeward, knowing that they would not be received by the girls with as much joy as before.

After a while the girls thought they had enough wading, and turned to what they expected would be a lovely lunch. But what a dreadful sight met their eyes! Everything was gone but the bananas, figs, and dates.

Two younger girls began to cry. Dorothy looked as if she wanted to. "Well," she said gloomily, "we might as well eat what 's left."

That night, when her mother came home, she said (and the other mothers agreed with her) that she was glad the dogs saved the children from being sick that night.

ST. NICHOLAS League membership is free to every reader of the magazine. Badge and instructions sent on application.

IN JUNE-TIME.

BY PHOEBE HUNTER (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

'T is June! the month of roses fair.
A fragrance fills the summer air;
And soaring 'neath the sunny sky
The birds go winging up so high.
The green grass and the leafy trees
Are waving now in ev'ry breeze.
Yet to me sweetest and most fair
Is the dear little maiden there.
In her eyes are the summer skies;
Caught in her hair, the sunshine lies.
The birds are her friends,
Her playmates the flowers,
And with them she spends
The long summer hours.
She is the sunbeam of the day
As she goes skipping out to play.
The sweetest flower ever seen
Is this, our little "June-time" queen.

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY ALEXIS TARDY GRESHAM (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE upon a time long years ago, when fields were green, a woman came down a dusty road with a baby boy in her arms.

She stopped and looked around, to see if any one was near; then she opened a neighboring gate and walked into a field, and there she laid down the little boy. After the woman was out of sight, a school-boy came along, whistling merrily. He heard a grasshopper chirping loudly, so he could not resist the temptation to jump over the fence to find the grasshopper. And as he was about to catch it, he discovered the little baby boy. Picking up the child, he carried it home to his mother; though she had many children, she nursed it tenderly, and he grew up to be Sir Thomas Gresham, knight of Queen Elizabeth.

He founded the Stock Exchange in London, and placed on its spire a grasshopper, which was his family crest. About two hundred years after, a little boy read the story of his life in an old paper. This little fellow has the same name as Sir Thomas Gresham, so he feels he can claim his crest and try to live as wisely. About a month or two afterward he commenced publishing a paper, using a type-writer instead of a printing-press, doing all the work himself. This paper, which he called "The Grasshopper," grew and prospered. The editor first began making three copies. He afterward used carbon-paper, making twenty-five copies a month. He was proud when he exchanged with one of the best papers in town, the oldest paper in the State exchanging with the youngest editor.

When the fields turn green in the South, there will be great rejoicing in "The Grasshopper's" family, as with the April number



"JUNE DAYS." BY MARJORIE CONNOR, AGE 13.

this little paper will be six months old. Every month the editor has in his paper an original article which he calls his editorial, but which is really his school composition. His motto is "Festina lente," which he does not keep very well, as in all his undertakings he goes in a rush.

He hops about like a grasshopper, himself; he is so happy over his paper, because as the days grow longer it will grow too, and chirp out merrily:

"Hop if you like, but don't get out of breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

IN JUNE-TIME.

BY GRACE B. COOLIDGE (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

I LOVE the early mornings
When the fields are bathed in dew,
And the birds seem ever calling,
Calling, sweet and clear, to you.

And the woods are cool and fragrant,
Where the shadows deepest lie,
And the brook is ever murmur'ring,
Murmur'ring as it wanders by.

And I love the sweet wild roses
That open at the noon,
And lift their fragrant faces
Up to the skies of June,

And the flower-spangled meadow
Waving, rippling in the breeze,
And the sunshine falling, flicker'ing
Through the branches of the trees.

And at even, when the shadows
Slowly gather o'er the hill,
And the moon hangs pale and glimmering
In the skies so blue and still,

Then I love the tender twilight,
When the birds fly back to nest,
And I hear the cow-bells tinkle
As the cows come home to rest.

WHEN THE FIELDS WERE GREEN.

BY RUTH G. ALLEN (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

GEORGE had gone to visit his grandmother, who lived in the country on a large farm. He had only been there four days; but what fun he had been having!

The cherries had begun to ripen, and the gooseberries were plenty large enough to pick. The water in the creek was getting warm enough to wade in, and altogether he was having a splendid time.

One day, when he had been there about a week, he came running in, shouting: "Oh, grandma, you can't guess what I've found! And I'll only give you three guesses to find out."

"Dear me!" said grandma. "I guess it's a four-leaf clover."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed George. "You'll have to guess again."

"Well, well; then it must be a nest full of good fresh eggs."

"Do you mean hens' eggs?" said George; and then his face turned quite red, for he thought he had let the cat almost out of the bag.

"Then I guess it's a wild rose." For although the fields were all green, and it was warm and pleasant, it was not quite time for the roses, and George and his cousins were trying to see which would find the first rose.

"You have n't guessed it once, so I'll have to tell you," said George. "It's a robin's nest with four blue eggs in it."

"Deary me! how did you expect me to guess that?" she said with mock indignation.



"JUNE DAYS." BY RUTH OSGOOD, AGE 14.

After this George went to look at the eggs every day until, one day, what do you suppose he found? Three of the homeliest little birds he had ever seen! They had no feathers, and their mouths seemed the largest part of them. He ran to tell grandma; and she said he might take some bread-crumbs with which to feed them. When he came near, the mother bird flew away, and for the first few times (for George brought crumbs every day) she would not come near the nest until George had gone. Soon afterward she became quite bold, seeing that he did no harm, and would perch on a limb near by while he fed the little ones. Day by day they grew larger and prettier, until one day he found them gone.

He looks forward to next summer, when he hopes to find some more eggs.

MORNING IN JUNE-TIME.

BY SYDNEY P. THOMPSON (AGE 11).

SHROUDED in magic veils of morning mist
The mystic mountains silent stand,
While at their feet there sleeps a silver lake
With shining golden strand.

The dawn's pale light spreads slowly o'er the
earth;

The cows are lowing at the bars;
The waking birds begin their joyful song
Under the fading stars.

IN JUNE-TIME.



"TINGED BY THE BLUISH HAZE OF JUNE-TIME."

Illustrated Poem.

BY ELLEN DUNWOODY (AGE 15).

STILLNESS is everywhere,
Sweetness pervades the air;
Earth casts aside all care
In June-time.

Long are the summer days,
Golden the sun's bright rays,
Tinged by the bluish haze
Of June-time.

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY KNIGHT RECTOR (AGE 15).

THERE is something restful and soothing in this title. In the mind's eye we see long vistas and shining lawns and all the green glory of that resurrection of the earth which we call spring. And with the mere fact of green fields and pleasant weather we feel the rapture, the freshness, of the spring swelling up within us like the sap within the tree.

When fields are green! When the earth wakes and decks herself in a garment of leaves! When from each mountain-side rippling springs rush down to tell the sleeping sea the story it has listened to so many years, the never-tiring story of new life, then through our thought runs a dream. We see fields far from the city's breath in lands primeval, silent to human sounds, bursting with melody, glowing with life, gleaming with the first flush of the newly awakened earth.

Through this bright scene we see a running rivulet, and on its bank rises, inclosed by green walls of shrubbery, lit up by the young sun, sounding with forest birds, a fairy palace—not of gorgeous marble and windows of jewels, but covered with vines and glistening with dew-drops.

This is the Palace of Spring. Here comes no summer with its palling sweet; no autumn with its blighting winds; no winter with its chilling frosts: but here there never dies on the distant hills the morning's first light, for here spring dwells forever.

IN JUNE-TIME.

BY WILLIAM NEWTON COUPLAND (AGE 14).

I LEFT the village nestling in the vale,
And climbed the hillside, whistling an old tune;
A light breeze met me as I strode along,
That glorious day in June.

Heedless of fleeting time, I wandered on,
By many a forest path and grassy glade,
Or stopped to watch the rippling rivulet
Under an oak-tree's shade.

'T was evening when at last I left the woods,
And, wearied with the exertions of the day,
I sat me down to rest awhile before
I took my homeward way.

The hillside was deserted, and below
The hamlet lay, and from the gray church tower
The sound came faintly, as the village clock
Lazily struck the hour.

Unwillingly I rose, and, with a sigh,
Departed down that hillside filled with pain,
Knowing that many months must pass ere I
Should see those woods again.

A SUGAR PLANTATION.

(A True Story.)

BY MARION S. ALMY
(AGE 13).

"IN PORTO RICO." (SEE STORY.) FIELDS would be green all the year round down in Porto Rico if there were any grass to be green, but instead they have great sugar plantations, which are very interesting. I once went with a party to visit one of these. We started in a short train of quaint little cars which the Porto Ricans use for travel; it took us to the plantation, where we got out, and saw many women making hats; they wove them by hand with different-colored pieces of straw, and we thought it very entertaining to watch them do it.

"I am going over to see the merry-go-round," said one little girl in our party. We turned to see what she meant, for such a thing as a merry-go-round you do not see in Porto Rico. The object that met our eyes was a queer wooden cross-bar turned by oxen hitched to it, and was going round and round as merry-go-rounds do.



"JUNE DAYS." BY EMILY STORER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

We found that the oxen were grinding the sugar-cane up which the men had gotten in the fields. The machine pressed the juice of the sugar-cane out and threw the husks away. This was all very interesting.

The Porto Rican man who showed us around suggested in Spanish that we should go in his hut, which was small, with a thatched roof and bamboo floor. Many pretty little wild flowers and grasses grew around it. I entered after jumping up a high step to get in. It felt cool in there compared to the blazing sun outside. The hut had but one tiny room. A very cute little girl called out, "Americano niño," as most of them did.

After we had seen around I was asked to drink some of the sugar juice just pressed from the cane, but it was too sweet and I could not take much.

The sun was going down by this time—a most magnificent sight in the tropics. The skies were a brilliant scarlet, which gradually faded into a pink and disappeared. We got into the same queer little cars and went back to Mayaguez, having had a lovely day. The little natives watched us go, throwing us bouquets of flowers, and in return we threw them some centavos, which pleased them very much. As the small engine puffed away they waved their hands and called, "Adios, adios!"

IN JUNE-TIME.

(A Southern Lullaby.)

BY HELEN LUDLOW WHITE (AGE 15).

De star dey glitter in de sky,
De moon she glimmer sof' on high.
De wolfs dey howl,
De dorgs dey growl;
Dey knows de hot June night am nigh.
So hit 's sleep, li'l' honey coon,
An' wake up afore de noon.
Lullaby! Hushaby!

De moon am a-goin' 'hine a cloud,
De yowls am a-hootin' very loud;
De sandman 's come,
De firefly 's home,
De 'skeeters am buzzin' in a crowd.
So hit 's sleep, li'l' honey coon,
An' wake up afore de noon.
Lullaby! Hushaby!

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY CICELY MARY BIDDLE (AGE 17).

THE very title sounds refreshing! and recalls to me a delightful summer holiday spent in the Engadine some years ago. No fields are so lovely as the Swiss pastures; they are so full of beautiful flowers that the ground is carpeted with them, and I decided to make a dried collection of them. So one lovely June morning, armed with a new flower-presser, I started out to make a beginning in a field near our hotel. What a lovely field it was! It sloped down from the road to the river which flowed through the valley, babbling noisily over the stones. The farther bank was crowned with a belt of dark pines; beyond was some broken heathery ground; then the pine woods began again—stretching away till they climbed the sides of the opposite mountain; then came the bare mountain-side, crowned by the eternal snow, standing out dazzlingly white against the blue sky. It was bliss! I roamed in the cool grass, feeling delightfully free, and I remember thinking how often I would come there.

My bliss was short-lived. I had not picked two flowers before I heard a shrill whistle, and saw stand-

ing by the fence a rough-looking man. Was he whistling to me? I pretended not to think so, till he got over the fence and came toward me.

He began to jabber at me in German, of which I did not understand a word.

I said as much, rather indignantly, in English.

Then he began in French, and I gathered that this was hay—that I was trespassing—and he wanted a franc in payment.

Preposterous!

I was rather frightened though, and I did not like being seen coming up to the hotel with this man, so I broke away from him, saying (in very bad French) I would fetch the money.

I ran into the hotel breathless, and poured out my story to my mother, who, not understanding Swiss laws, said it was absurd, and we took no notice, thinking the man would go away. But he caught sight of me at the window, and stood underneath and whistled; that horrid whistle!

So he had to have his franc, after all. All this was damping to the ardor of my botanical researches, and as the flower I had picked fell to pieces the next day, it was rather a dear one!



"JUNE DAYS." BY MELTEN R. OWEN, AGE 14.

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY MARY C. SCHEINMAN (AGE 15).

WHEN Betty and Letty were very little girls they went with their mama to board one summer in a tiny village nestling among the Cumberland Mountains.

Little girls were friendly in Oakton, so when Betty and Letty and their brand-new sunbonnets were swinging on the little cottage gate just ten minutes, they were on a friendly footing with Kitty Clover forever, and were invited to her next party on the spot.

Then merry days followed—playing in the meadows, gathering in the orchards, and romping on the hills, until they grew quite chubby and rosy.

One morning a dozen of the little girls, with big baskets dangling, went over to Brim's Creek to gather elderberries. Reaching the creek, the little mountain lassies took off shoes and stockings, preparing to gather the best and ripest along the edges of the water. But Betty and Letty did not venture.

"Why don't you come in?" cried the other girls.

"We—we don't want to," they faltered.

"You 're 'fraid," said Mamie Black, contemptuously.



"JUNE DAYS." BY NANCY BURNHART, AGE 13.

"No, we ain't," stoutly affirmed the two on shore, and they slowly drew off their shoes.

Timidly they entered the water. They did not mind it nearer shore, but as they approached the middle, the water reached their knees. Then poor Betty clung to shivering Letty in terror, declaring "it 'most reached her neck."

"Take me home; I just hate the country!" she wailed.

Letty and Betty had so often assumed their superiority as "city girls" who rode in "lectric cars" and "el'vators" that the country girls were secretly delighted to see how crestfallen they were under these circumstances.

"Even if we ain't stuck-up city folks, we ain't scared of worms and cows and gettin' our feet wet," said Mamie Black, loftily.

When Betty and Letty reached the shore, they walked to the opposite side, gathered up their belongings, and, with empty baskets and storming little hearts, started slowly homeward. The others, repentant, stopped them, crying: "You ain't mad, are you?" and, before they realized it, Betty and Letty received a shower of berries in their baskets.

Peace was restored by this friendly act, and Betty and Letty went to Mamie Black's tea-party next day in the orchard.

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

Receipt for Preserving Children.

BY MIGNONNE LINCOLN (AGE 16).

1 extra large grassy field.

½ doz. children, assorted ages.

3 small dogs.

1 long, narrow strip of brook (pebbly, if possible).

Mix children with dogs, then empty them into field, stirring continually; sprinkle with field flowers, pour brook in gently over pebbles, and cover all with a deep blue sky; bake in a very hot sun.

When children are well browned they may be removed. Will be found just right.

NOTICE.

League members who have lost or injured their badges may obtain new ones on application.

IN JUNE-TIME.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 9).

WHEN June with roses bright appears,
And berries sweet and red,
The little children flock from school—
By pleasure they are led.

Exam. is done, and all is well,
For June vacation brings;
And now 's the time for fun, you know,
With bats and balls and swings.

And there 's the sea-shore nice and cool,
With games upon the sand;
And children in the boats may sail—
'T is June on sea and land.

WHEN FIELDS WERE GREEN.

(A Story of the Last Coronation.)

BY JULIA W. WILLIAMSON (AGE 16).

Winner of Former Prizes.)

SHE was a very happy little girl as she stood on the curb, clutching granny's hand, and waiting for the Queen to go by. All the day before she had run through the fields, telling everybody and everything the joyful news: "To-morrow I 'm going to see the Queen." She told dear old "Dobbin'," and "Bossy," the cow, and the birds, and even the flowers.

Indeed, the daisies looked so envious of her good fortune that she picked a great bunch that they might go with her and see the Queen.

Now she was waiting patiently for the procession to come. Once when it began to drizzle she felt almost as if she must cry; but the rain only lasted for a little while, and then the sun came out.

It seemed to Margie that just as the sun appeared the crowd burst into cheers, for the parade could be seen approaching. The little girl had no eyes for the glittering troops and ambassadors: all she saw was the Queen. As she looked at the great state carriage bearing its precious burden, she was carried away by her loyalty, and leaning forward, she raised her daisies and flung them toward the Queen.

They would have fallen short of their mark, so one of the Queen's guard deftly caught them.

Her Majesty, who had seen the child's act, beckoned for the flowers, and, when they were handed to her, with a sweet smile at the little giver, raised them to her lips.

The crowd burst into a resounding cheer, while the child whose flowers had been so honored, proud yet shy, buried her face in granny's gown, murmuring blissfully: "The Queen smiled at me!"

WHEN THE FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY FLORENCE MAE CLARK (AGE 9).

I LIVE on a farm of two hundred and forty acres in the famous blue-grass region of Iowa. The farm is divided into pastures, meadows, and corn-fields. It is a very pretty sight to see fields turn from dark brown to green. The clover-field is the prettiest field of all. It is covered with the dark green plant of the clover. The clover plant has dark green leaves of oval shape. Three leaves are upon one graceful stem.

Sometimes a stem is found with four leaves, which is called good luck.

The plants are covered with red, white, and pink blossoms which look like asters.

In the corn-field, long, straight rows of slender green shoots of corn spring up.

The wheat and blue grass, when the wind sweeps over it, looks what I imagine the sea does.

There is nothing as pretty as when the grass and fields are green.

IN JUNE-TIME.

BY FAY MARIE HARTLEY (AGE 12).

THE mocking-bird sings in the evergreen-tree
Tra-la-la-la for June-time!
And deep in the branches a nest I see,
And a trio of birdlings cute as can be—
Tra-la-la-la for June-time!

Thick on the prairie the daisy grows,
And here and there 'mid the tall grass shows
The blushing face of a sweet wild rose.
How dear, how dear is June-time!

The meadow-lark sits on the fence-top there—
Chirrup, chirree for June-time!
Happy, and light, and free from care,
His beautiful music fills the air—
Chirrup and chirree for June-time!

Now off in the woods are lad and lass,
Where the golden sunlight flecks the grass
Down through the green leaves as we pass,
In beautiful, beautiful June-time.

WHEN FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY FLORENCE E. CASE (AGE 9).

WHEN fields are green, and daisies are nodding their heads toward us, it is lots of fun to play hide-and-seek in the long grass. The grasses extend far above our heads, so that we cannot be seen.

Then we all call, "Ready!" Helen comes and looks for us, and sometimes nearly steps on us before she knows where we are.

Usually "Trixy," the fox terrier, finds us first, and barks as much as to say, "I found her, I found her!" and then Helen jumps upon us with joy.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY THOMAS JOHN BUTTERWORTH (AGE 12).

THE sun, in all its majesty, hath sunk beneath the plain;
From prairies wide its light hath flown, its shadows
from the lane.

The day is gone, and stillness reigns amid
the earth and sky;

And through the misty night I hear the
owl's enchanting cry,

While from the dreamy little brook that
winds across the lea

The vapors rise and dance around the
rushes in their glee.

The moon is glowing 'mid the stars, and
softly through the night

On fragrant prairies wrapped in green
descends its silver light.

And as the scent of flowers wild is wafted
through the gloom,

I love to wander through the night and
breathe the sweet perfume.

How sweet it is, when all our cares have
vanished with the day,

To breathe the balmy air, and rest among
the shadows gray!

VOL. XXIX.—96.

WHEN THE FIELDS ARE GREEN.

BY ISABELLE TILFORD (AGE 14).

WHEN the fields are green and all animal life is gay and joyful, even the most sedate of us feel like throwing restraint to the winds, and to run and shout with the youngest. That is just the way I felt one day out in the country when I was making a visit on a farm.

Just as I was looking about for something to do, I spied my uncle sitting on top of a load of hay, and running to him, I asked if he would give me a ride. He said that he would, and, stopping the wagon, helped me to get up beside him; we then set out for the barn. All went well for a time, when suddenly, just after we had turned into our own road, the cart, without rhyme or reason, gave a great lurch and went over. I gave a wild scream, and grasped at the air, and then my troubles began, for, instead of falling outside the range of the hay, I fell directly under the whole load.

My uncle, who had got out of the way of the hay, after trying to get me out ran to the house for help. When he returned after a few minutes' absence the work began. It took the men fifteen minutes to get me out, but it seemed like hours to me. Luckily I was not at all hurt, and had only a good fright under the load of hay.

IN JUNE-TIME.

BY WILLIAM R. BENÉT (AGE 16).

HARK, hark, to the meadow-lark

As he swells his throat in a burst of song!
By the rippling brook sway the lilies. Look!

They lift their heads in a surpliced throng.
The sun's bright gleam shakes the silver stream

With ripples of light that dance and play;
The fields are white with the daisies bright;

The earth rejoices, and all is gay.

It 's June-time, it 's June-time,

The sparkling ripples tell;

It 's June-time, it 's June-time,

So shakes each lily bell.

The sky is smiling blue above; the streams below run
clear.

It 's June-time, it 's June-time, the chosen of the year!

It 's June-time, it 's June-time,

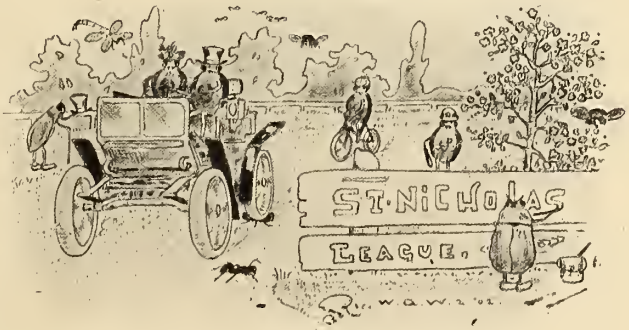
The daisies whispering note.

It 's June-time, it 's June-time!

So swells each robin's throat.

The world is one vast Paradise, and heaven shines more
near.

It 's June-time, it 's June-time, the chosen of the year!



"JUNE DAYS." BY WILLIAM GARRISON WHITFORD, AGE 15.

ROLL OF HONOR.

OWING to our overcrowded pages, it has been decided to put on the Roll of Honor only those whose work is considered *worthy of publication if space would permit*. This makes the "Roll" something well worth striving for, and the "Honor" well worth having.

VERSE.

Gertrude May Winstone
Alma Jean Wing
Helen King Stockton
Florence Thornburg
Howard Ferry
Tina Gray
William Force Stead
Sidonia Deutsch
Margaret Norris
Hilda Van Emster
Mattie Anderson
Mary Hoover
Louisa F. Spear
Mabel Ward Ackley
Teresa H. McDonnell
Amy E. Mowry
Edith Lambert
Marguerite M. Hillery
R. Elsie Love
Edna Miriam Hooper
Marjorie McIver
Daniel Stoneglass
Ethel H. Wooster
Eveline Waterbury
Donna J. Todd
Minnie C. Feel
S. R. MacVeagh
Florence Cochrane Turner
Carolyn Reed Buckhout
Margaret Barber
Marjorie Hill

Theodora Van Wagener
Helen Spear
Ruth Julien Best
Edith Agnes Madge
Fred H. Lahee
Marcia Louise Webber

PROSE.

Mary E. Cassard
Henry Goldman
Ivy Varian Walshe
Bessie Russell
Irene Hogey
Lucille E. Rosenberg
Jessie Maclay
Charles Henry Brady
Elsie Flower
Gladys Ord
Sarah McDavitt
Florence Gordon
Herman J. Grote
Alleine Langford
Bessie Stella Jones

Arnold Lahee
Katherine Hall
Frances Carpenter
Constance Helen Parmely
Geva Rideal
Marjorie Sawyer
George McIntyre
Grace E. Shepard
Susan Warren Wilbur
Potter Remington

DRAWING.

Carol Bradley
Russell Westover
Aimee Vervalen
Fred Stearns
Clark De Ball
Yvonne Jequier
Allen G. Miller
Will Timlin
Charlotte Morton
Ernest Patrick Doyle
Katherine Denison

Ruth B. Hand
Laura Chanler
Ethel Brand
Gladys Swift Butler
Marguerite Rogers
Maurice Lincoln Bower, Jr.
Warren H. Butler
Roger K. Lane
Mildred Curran Smith
Rose Conner
Carl Markgraf
Alexander Whitten
Katherine Maddock
John Rodney Marsh
Eleanor May Kellogg

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Irene F. Wetmore
Henrietta Elizabeth
McClatchey
Robert C. Lower
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Dorothy W. Hurry

Mildred Grindstaff
Erwin Moran
Rita Baldy
Marguerite F. Williams
William Zinsser
Percy Yewdale
Donald G. Robbins
K. McIntosh
Paul H. Pausnitz
Esmonde Whitman
Chandler W. Ireland
Lawrence D. Smith
Harold R. Callisen
James Wroth
Edith M. Gates
C. B. Andrews
Glyde Maynard
Harold A. Kelley
Theodore J. Groh

PUZZLES.

Ellen Shippen
Arnold Post
Ralph E. Hyatt
Helen M. W. Gaston
Florence Hoyte
Basil Aubrey Bailey
Dorothy Wagner
F. M. Weston, Jr.
Clarence T. Purdy
Marion Senn
Ralph B. Wilson
Kenneth G. Darling
Ralph Mitchell
Albert E. Stockin
Horace D. Lyon
Gertrude Marfield
Madeline E. Brewster
John L. Langhorne
Dorothy P. Tuthill
John Marshall
Elsa Eschbach
Anita Mary Stillmann
Dorothy Carr
Lydia E. Bucknell

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

DOROTHY P. TAYLOR has sent for badges twice, but each time failed to send her address. The stamped and addressed envelope which she says she sent did not reach this office.

Edith A. Madge takes great interest in the League, and wishes to correspond with the president of Chapter 404. Miss Madge's address is St. Swithin's Rectory, Winchester, England.

PETCHABUREE, SIAM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a picture of a Siamese house, or *ruen*. It is made mostly of bamboo, and roofed with a kind of palm-



"A SIAMESE HOUSE."
(SEE LETTER.)

leaf called *chak*. The Siamese houses generally have three rooms—a kitchen, a bedroom, and an outside room. They are eleven or twelve feet square. This picture shows the main house. They add rooms and verandas as they like. A funny thing about a Siamese house is, they set their posts with a slant. The steps of a Siamese house can be three, or five, or seven in number, but they can never have an even number. Something will happen to them if they do. They always have a jar of water at the foot of the steps to wash their feet. They don't have any chimneys; the smoke gets out through the cracks in the wall. A Siamese meal consists

of a pot of rice, dried fish, some very hot curry, some vegetable, and a mixture of pepper. They think it is good. I don't.

I would like to become a member of the League, although I live twelve thousand miles away and cannot hope to compete for a prize.

Your friend,

ARTHUR M. McCLURE (age 13).

Here is a letter from one of those who have outgrown the League:

320 CLASSON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The beautiful badge which you thought my little sketch worthy of winning has come. Of course I am delighted with it, but I am afraid it is the last prize I will be able to try for in the League. You see, I have had a birthday lately, which makes me eighteen, and therefore I am barred from further contests.

Oh, I am so sorry, for I have enjoyed the contests very much indeed. And then, I hate to grow old, though I don't feel eighteen one bit.

When a small girl I always imagined myself trailing around in long dresses, with my hair "done up," and going into "society," upon reaching the mature age of eighteen. But it still finds me a little girl in many ways. On my birthday I dressed my hair young-lady fashion, but it was n't long before it was pulled down and I breathed defiance upon all things grown-up. So I have decided to be a little girl always, at heart if not in appearance.

Though I won't be able to enter the contests, I am going to write the little stories just the same, for it is so much fun.

With many thanks again for the badge, I am,

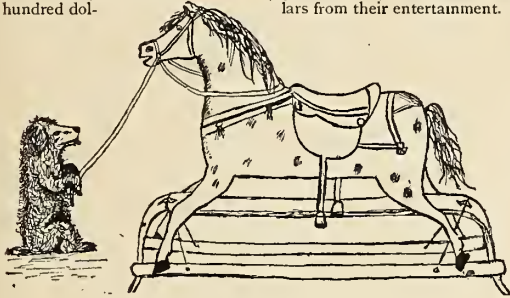
Lovingly,

HELEN L. COLLINS.

OTHER appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Priscilla Dexter, Margaret Hyde Beebe, Mary M. B. Ar buckle, Eva Wilson, Juliet Freevald, Alice W. Cone, Hazel May Matthews, Beatrice W. Doolittle, Elizabeth Kauffman, Miriam A. De Ford, Bessie Barnes, Margaret T. Clemens, Frederic Randolph, Edward Otis Knight, Beth Chamberlin, B. Jean Bradshaw, Dorothea Posegate, Herbert Huncke, Marjorie McIver, Sara L. Kellogg, Teresa Cohen, Ernest H. Wood, Kendall Morse, Fred H. Lahee, Kathryn Janie Sutherland, Yvonne Jequier, Marian Butler, Lulu Mildred Hood (whose name was misspelled on March Roll of Honor, under "Poems"), Katie Clary, Marion Freeman, Herbert Hodgkinson, Fannie H. Bickford, Mabel Stark, Agnes Churchill Lacey, Ruth Helen Brierley, Muriel Bent, Katherine King, Clara Thornton, Nellie Dean Taylor, Samuel P. Haldenstein, and Janie P. Mengel.

CHAPTERS.

THE Chapter Entertainment Competition was to have closed on March 31, but owing to a misprint in the announcement, which said that entertainments were to be given in March and April (instead of February and March), it has been decided to withhold the report until July, that no one may feel that he has been unjustly used through our error. Several reports have been received, the highest figure thus far being from the Rhododendron Club (No. 405) of Tacoma, which netted one hundred dollars from their entertainment.



BY EDMUND PARKER CHASE, AGE 7.

NEW CHAPTERS.

- No. 472. "St. Nicholas Glee Club." Elsie Wratten, President; Norma White, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Westfield, N. Y.
- No. 473. "The Triplet." Ruth Buffington, President; Margaret Blaine, Secretary; three members. Address, 141 High St., Taunton, Mass.
- No. 474. Gladys Craggs, President; Dorothy Stephenson, Secretary; six members. Address, "The Woodland," Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, England.
- No. 475. "Cheyenne." Alan Gregg, President; Helen Striely, Secretary; six members. Address, 805 N. Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.
- No. 476. Frank Shea, President; Percy Nelson, Secretary; ten members. Address, 213 11th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- No. 477. "Busy Bees." Catherine Potter, President; Florence Bourne, Secretary; five members. Address, 512 B St., N. E., Washington, D. C.
- No. 478. James Carney, President; Walter Warner, Secretary; seven members. Address, 4095 Longfellow Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
- No. 479. Katharine Steele, President; Josephine Johnson, Secretary; ten members. Address, Girton School, Winnetka, Ill.
- No. 480. "The Quartette." Margaret Murray, President; Katherine Manson, Secretary; four members. Address, 909 Franklin St., Wausau, Wis.
- No. 481. "Interested Nicholettes." Horace Hale, President; Dorothy Cleveland, Secretary; three members. Address, Canton, N. Y.
- No. 482. Mary Winans, President; Elizabeth Duffield, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 45 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J.
- No. 483. "Musical Club." H. W. Merrill, President; I. F. Kent, Secretary; three members. Address, 230 Pleasant St., Concord, N. H.
- No. 484. Daniel Force, President; Thomas Coots, Secretary; five members. Address, Pierce Road, Newburg, N. Y.
- No. 485. "Liberty Bell Club." Eleanor McHenry, President; Howard McHenry, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, 6928 Saybrook Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.
- No. 486. "Clover Dale." Katie Ritter, President; Lillie Mehner, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 2014 N. Pulaski St., Balt. Md.
- No. 487. Lawrence Kane, President; Henry Lyonmark, Secretary; twenty members. Address, 33 Newell St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- No. 488. "B. B. S. C." Corene Bryant, President; Myrtle Pierson, Secretary; six members. Address, Mineville, N. Y.
- No. 489. "Pond Lily." Carolyn Buckhout, President; Millicent Pond, Secretary; eight members. Address, State College, Pa.
- No. 490. "Fun-lovers." Helen Hammond, President; Sylvia Cooney, Secretary; five members. Address, 11 New England Terrace, Orange, N. J.
- No. 491. "The Students." R.

- Hudson, President; H. Maguire, Secretary; thirty-seven members. Address, care Miss Alice Thompson, 29 W. 35th St., Bayonne, N. J.
- No. 492. "Earnest Workers." Helen Elliott, President; Minnie Neumann, Secretary; sixty members. Address, care of Miss Florentine Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.
- No. 493. Edward Kopper, President; James Punderson, Secretary; six members. Address, 612 Holly Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
- No. 494. Marion Welch, President; Mary Jones, Secretary; twenty members. Address, Richfield Spa, N. Y.
- No. 495. "Wide Awake Club." George Foley, President; Spencer Dayton, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, 205 Engle St., Englewood, N. J.

WANTS ADOPTION.

MISS NETTA PEARSON (age 14), of No. 31 Celo Farforovoe, Schlüsselburg Road, St. Petersburg, Russia, care D. D. Bell, would like to be adopted by some American chapter as a "sleeping member," though why such a wide-awake Leaguer as Miss Netta wants to call herself a "sleeping" member is not quite clear. That, however, is for her to say; the main thing is, will some good, progressive American chapter take in this little far-away Russian? She says: "The children belonging to it might write me now and then, describing their meetings, or picnics, or anything like that, and I could write back and tell them about Russia and the customs of the Russian people."

Our crowded pages this month make it impossible to give chapter details and items.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 33.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 33 will close June 20 (for foreign members June 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "Over the Hills."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "journey." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Summer Snap-Shot."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for September."

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

"KING'S MOVE" ADVERTISING COMPETITION.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on one of the advertising pages.

RULES FOR REGULAR COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, N. Y.



"JUNE DAYS." EUPHAME C. MALLISON, AGE 6.

BOOKS AND READING.

REPORT ON THE "BIRTHDAY DINNER" COMPETITION.

IN the March number the following offer was made:

Suppose you were to give a birthday dinner to ten characters selected from favorite books, whom would you invite? Let us have five boys and five girls, or five men and five women—as you prefer; that is, five male characters and five female.

To each of the three readers under sixteen who write the best letters of three hundred words or less (age being considered), giving a list of ten such characters, with the reasons why they would be welcome guests, a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS will be awarded.

The competition was a difficult one, but the letters received were exceedingly well written. We should be glad if it were possible to print a large part of those received. They all were carefully examined and considered with reference to the age of the contestant, the merit of the letter, the choice of characters, and the suitability of the characters as guests at a birthday dinner.

The three subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS for one year each are awarded to:

1. Ellen Biddle Shipman (seven years old), Windsor, Vt.
2. Nathalie E. McIver (twelve years old), Brighton, England.
3. Ruth E. Crombie (thirteen years old), Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIRST-PRIZE LETTER.

Alice, because she could tell about her adventures in Wonderland; and she was such a nice, polite little girl, all the company, I am sure, would be pleased to see her.

Princess Joan, by Mary De Morgan, because she could tell how the wicked yellow fairy stole her heart, and how Prince Michael got it back for her.

Portia, because she was so noble and kind and could tell all about how she went to court and saved Antonio's life.

Mary, in Katharine Pyle's "Christmas Angel." I am sure they would like her. She

could tell all about Mrs. Kringle and her baby brother.

Joan of Arc, because she could tell how she fought for the King of France and his men. She was so good I am sure all the company would love her.

Mowgli would interest every one. He could tell all about the wild beasts and the jungle, and how he was brought up by the mother wolf, and how he went down to the plain.

Lord Fauntleroy could tell how he talked to Mr. Hobbs and how he went across the sea. He was the dearest little boy, and they would all love him best of all.

Jackanapes, because I think some would love him even better than Lord Fauntleroy, he is so noble and brave. He could tell how he tried to sit on the water, and about Lollo.

Sinbad I want at my party, because he could tell about his voyages and wrecks. I think every one would enjoy what he had to say.

Gulliver, because he might bring me the palace and some little people to play with; and then, he could tell how he went to the land of the giants.

I think this would be a beautiful party.

ELLEN BIDDLE SHIPMAN (age 7).

SECOND-PRIZE LETTER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If I were to give a birthday dinner to ten characters selected from favorite books, I would invite:

(From "The Merchant of Venice," Shakspere) *Portia*, because she was interesting, lovely, and witty, and would greatly support conversation.

(From "Ivanhoe," Walter Scott) *Rebecca*, because she was very noble and of the same religion as I am.

(From "Little Men," Miss Alcott) *Jo*, because she was so merry, and would help me with my practical duties as hostess.

(From "Pickwick Papers," Charles Dickens) *Rachel Wardle*, the Spinster Aunt, because she would amuse the assembled company.

(From "The Tale of Two Cities," Charles

Dickens) the *Little Seamstress*, because I love her so much.

(From "The Fair Maid of Perth," Walter Scott) *David, Duke of Rothsay*, because I think he would have made as good a king as Henry V. of England did, and I am so sorry for him.

(From "The Holy Grail," Tennyson) *Galahad*, because he was pure, good, and brave.

(From "The Caged Lion," Miss C. M. Yonge) *John, Duke of Bedford*, because he was chivalrous in the true sense of the word.

(From "The Tale of Two Cities," Dickens) *Sydney Carton*, because he was a brave and faithful friend.

(From "Pickwick Papers" Charles Dickens) *Jingle*, because his manner of talking would be so delightfully funny.

NATHALIE E. McIVER (age 12).

THIRD-PRIZE LETTER.

IF I were going to invite any of my dear friends that live in books to take dinner with me, one of the first I should think of asking would be sturdy *John Ridd*. I must be sure to invite *Lorna Doone* to come with him. Then I am going to ask *David Copperfield* and his little wife *Dora*. *Dora*, of course, will bring her little dog Jip, and Jip will walk on the table-cloth; but I think we can stand that for the sake of *Dora's* company. I doubt whether my old friend *Natty Bumppo*, or, as the Indians call him, Hawkeye, will travel from the far West to come to my dinner; but I will invite him. Think what fine stories he can tell us of his wild life and encounters among the Indians, if he comes. Whom do you think I am going to ask? *Miss La Creevy*, the cheery little miniature-painter whom we became acquainted with in "Nicholas Nickleby." She is a great talker; but as I am one myself, I think we shall get along nicely. I am going to invite old *Mr. Pickwick*. I know he will like to sit down and crack some jokes with us. He must make us a speech, too. I will ask *Mira*, the little Jewess in "Daniel Deronda." She has such a lovely, unselfish character it is always a pleasure to be with her. I am going to ask her to sing for us. I must not forget *John Halifax*. He is my idea of a perfect gentleman. Last but not least, *Esther*, the daughter of Simonides,

whom we hear of in "Ben-Hur," is coming. These are not half of the friends I should like to invite. I have many others, but these are the ones I like best. I am sure we will have a good time, are not you?

RUTH E. CROMBIE (age 13).

The following names are those of contestants whose letters were so excellent as to deserve a place on

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

(In order of excellence, age being considered.)

Dorothy G. Thayer (8).	Grace Reynolds Douglas
Mary Allerton Kilborne (15).	(11).
Mary E. Atkinson (14).	Olive R. T. Griffin (11).
Catharine Lee Carter (14).	Arthur Wenzel (9).
Alan Fairbank (12).	May Wenzel (8).
Marion Prince (11).	Harold R. Norris (9).
Sarah McDavitt (14).	Margaret Douglas Gordon
Louisa F. Williams (14).	(10).
Rena Fitzpatrick (14).	Anna B. Johns (11).
Willia Nelson (15).	Margaret Wynn Yancey
Ruth H. Keigwin (12).	(13).
	Elnora Simpson (15).

It is impossible in reading this list of names to overlook the loneliness of the *three boys* who are named in the roll of honor, and it is only fair to say that there were many more girls competing than boys. Apparently the boys do not care so much about birthday dinners to their favorite book-characters. So let us try something else—a contest that will be more interesting to boys and possibly no less interesting to girls.

ANOTHER PRIZE ST. NICHOLAS offers CONTEST. three yearly subscriptions to the three readers less than sixteen years of age who shall write the best letters of three hundred words or less, giving the names of the members of an expedition to rescue "Robinson Crusoe" from his desert island. There may be ten in the party, but there must be no real persons, no characters from myths or fairy-stories; only book-characters supposed in some play, story, or poem to be real. The expedition is to go in a sailing-vessel, and must be ready to explore and to fight savages. The reason for giving each name must be told.

Answers must be original, certified by an older person, and must be received by June 15. Give age. Address "Books and Reading Department," ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

JUST as this June number of ST. NICHOLAS is ready for the press comes the sad news of the death of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, a man whose name is as popular with the boys and girls of America as with their elders, and whose writings for young folk have been especially identified with ST. NICHOLAS. Mr. Stockton was not only one of the valued contributors to this magazine, but was himself assistant-editor of ST. NICHOLAS for several years—beginning with the very first number, in 1873. He retained this position until ill health compelled him to relinquish it in 1878. During this period he wrote especially for the magazine two long serial stories: "What Might Have Been Expected" and "A Jolly Fellowship." And no less popular than these serials were his numerous short stories, in which were combined a most ingenious fancy and a delightful humor peculiarly his own. It was while assistant-editor of ST. NICHOLAS, moreover, that he wrote the story "Rudder Grange," which won him instant fame with grown-up readers. After he resigned his editorial position it was still the good fortune of ST. NICHOLAS to receive frequent contributions from his pen. Mr. Stockton was affectionately proud of the magazine with which he had long been associated, and our readers do not need to be reminded of the great debt which they owe him for his many fascinating stories and sketches. These include two long series of articles: "Personally Conducted," an interesting and valuable set of papers descriptive of various countries and cities of Europe; and "The Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast," a stirring account of famous American freebooters, published only a few years ago. But even more popular than these, perhaps, was the long list of short stories—too long to be given here in full—which, within the last twenty-five years, were written especially for ST. NICHOLAS. The mere mention of those familiar titles "The Floating Prince," "The Emergency Mistress," "Sweet Marjoram Day," "The Reformed Pirate," "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," "How the Aristocrats Sailed Away," "Old Pipes and the Dryad," and "The Clocks of Rondaine" will bring back to our older readers the memory of the happy hours which they have spent in the enjoyment of Mr. Stockton's rich imagination and whimsical wit. And all these stories are but a few of the many contributions which we owe to his genius.

Personally, Mr. Stockton was one of the most gentle and lovable of men. His kindly spirit, quiet humor, and strong but winning personality took deep hold upon the hearts of all his friends, associates, and co-workers. With them his death leaves a void which never can be filled, and by all who knew him his presence will be sadly missed. His life was useful and inspiring in the highest sense, for by the faithful exercise of rare and noble gifts he has immeasurably increased the happiness of thousands of readers, old and young. And by none of these will he be held in more loving remembrance than by the young folk who, during the most fruitful years of his life, were readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

WE commend to young students of history, and indeed to all our readers, the article printed in this number under the title "How the Pilgrims Came to Plymouth." It was written by Dr. Azel Ames, the author of "The May-Flower and Her Log," who says he may justly claim that it is the only up-to-date, accurate, condensed presentation, for young readers, of the causes, the purpose, the spirit, and the historical facts of the "May-Flower's" voyage. That voyage was one of the most momentous events in our country's history, and the facts concerning it, and all that it meant—not only to the voyagers themselves but to their children's children—ought to be known by every American boy and girl.

We are the more glad to give our readers this authoritative account because ST. NICHOLAS some time ago printed a little paper that presented a very different picture of the Pilgrims. It was entitled "Christmas on the May-Flower"; and the author stated, in a

letter accompanying the manuscript, that it was "half fact, half fiction," and this statement ought to have been printed with the article as a head-note—but by an unaccountable oversight it was omitted. An editorial note explaining this error was printed in a subsequent number. But in order that no reader of ST. NICHOLAS may retain a misleading impression of the voyage of the May-Flower, Dr. Ames has written, at our request, the article printed this month.

ST. NICHOLAS is fortunate in being able to supplement his interesting sketch with the beautiful ballad by Miss Ethel Parton immediately following it.

ALL our readers, we are sure, will be interested in the story beginning on page 736 of this number, entitled "Hunting the Puma." The interest of the story is enhanced by the fact that it was written and illustrated by a boy of seventeen—a grandson of Edwin Booth, America's great tragedian.



OUR RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. R. 2. His. 3. Wades. 4. Handcar. 5. Riddle-box. 6. Seceded. 7. Saber. 8. Rod. 9. X.

RIDDLE. Scales.

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. 1. Try-st. 2. Again-st. 3. To-me. 4. Win-ce. 5. All-ot. 6. May-be. 7. Win-dy. 8. Who-le. 9. Can-oe. 10. Find-er. 11. The-me. 12. Proper-ty. 13. Key-ed. 14. To-il. 15. My-th. 16. Mystic-al. 17. Plan-et.

AUTOMOBILE PUZZLE. From 2 to 4, tan; 5 to 8, wane; 9 to 13, karns; 14 to 22, instating; 23 to 26, tots; 27, 28, be; 30, 31, pa; 32 to 35, sego; 36, 37, ra; 14, 23, it; 9 to 27, knob; 5 to 28, waste; 1 to 26, starts; 3 to 18, Anna; 4 to 32, nests; 30 to 36, pier; 29 to 37, sangas; 22, 35, go.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Fourth row, Benvenuto Cellini; initials, King Charles Ninth. 1. Knob. 2. Isle. 3. Noun. 4. Gravy. 5. Cake. 6. Horn. 7. Album. 8. Route. 9. Lemon. 10. Epic. 11. Shoe. 12. Nail. 13. Idol. 14. Notice. 15. Town. 16. Halibut.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Third row, Mayday; fifth, violet. Cross-words: 1. Samovar. 2. Plating. 3. Raymond. 4. Indulge. 5. Neatest. 6. Glyptic.

TRIPLY BEHEADED ACROSTIC. Decoration Day. 1. Sun-day. 2. Man-eater. 3. Con-cord. 4. Car-ouse. 5. Ara-rat. 6. Dis-able. 7. Fig-tree. 8. Mis-inform. 9. Dis-order. 10. Cat-nip. 11. Mad-den. 12. Ide-ally. 13. New-York.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Lacrosse. 1. Lawn-tennis. 2. Arena. 3. Cricket. 4. Racket. 5. Olympics. 6. Skittles. 7. Short-stop. 8. Euchre.

DIAMOND. 1. D. 2. Beg. 3. Dewey. 4. Get. 5. Y.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. May Queen. 1. Tamer. 2. Agate. 3. Mayor. 4. Pique. 5. Truth. 6. Overt. 7. There. 8. Manor.

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 MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Joe Carlada — "M. McG." — Sara Lawrence Kellogg — Gladys Burgess — Augustus Bertram George — Edgar Whitlock — Florence and Edna — Arthur H. Weston — Helen Souther — Lilian Sarah Burt — "Allil and Adi" — Clare, Ernest, Louise, and Agnes — Hildegard G. — Agnes Cole — "All the Erlenkotters" — Eleanor R. McClees — No name, San Antonio, Texas — Fred C. Kearns.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Olive R. T. Griffin, 9 — Theodore W. Gibson, 4 — M. W. Johnstone, 8 — "Pine Bluff Camp," 7 — Orian E. Dyer, 3 — G. D. F., Jr., 9 — A. C. and Z., 7 — Agnes Ruth Lane, 5 — Charles J. Biddle, 2 — Louise W. Brown, 9 — Ellen I. Ward, 4 — M. Wilkie Gilholm, 9 — Mary S. Pusey, 9 — "Johnnie Bear," 9 — Florence Hoyte, 5 — Musgrove Hyde, 6 — Margaret Henry, 3 — Carroll R. Harding, 9 — Deane F. Ruggles, 5 — E. L. Kaskel, 1 — A. W. Brockett, 1 — M. Aldridge, 1 — H. L. Goodwin, 1 — M. Richardson, 1 — H. Given, 1 — E. Roby, 1 — L. Durand, 1 — B. C. Nathans, 1 — P. H. Suter, 1 — H. Summers, 1 — E. Schnoor, 1 — Emilie and Anna, 1 — H. B. Rumsey, 1 — J. Reed, 1 — J. E. Colley, 1 — H. Rankin, 1 — B. I. Plumb, 1 — E. A. Bowell, 1 — C. O. Pengra, 1 — C. Hukill, 1 — M. Egbert, 1 — G. Souther, 1 — S. S. Lilienthal, 1 — W. H. Perkins, 1 — J. M. M. Deering, 1 — I. Rulison, 1 — E. G. Denham, 1.

DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell what every one looks forward to.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Disappeared. 2. A vehicle. 3. An unmarried man. 4. Weighs. 5. To adorn. 6. To punish. 7. Attrition. 8. A conjurer.

J. MACK HAYS

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. BEHEAD and curtail a person given to fantastic projects, and leave hurried.
2. Behead and curtail a Siberian river, and leave a consonant.
3. Behead and curtail a bird, and leave a word meaning "hail."
4. Behead and curtail due, and leave to gain.
5. Behead and curtail an old form of the word "needle," and leave a snake-like fish.
6. Behead and curtail to rectify, and leave people.
7. Behead and curtail to become so warm as to melt ice, and leave an exclamation.

8. Behead and curtail a belief, opinion, or doctrine, and leave a little Latin prefix.

9. Behead and curtail not the same, and leave a very common little article.

10. Behead and curtail to be drowsy, and leave a vowel.

The words described are of unequal length. The beheaded letters will spell a spectacular event which will take place in June; the curtailed letters will spell the central figure in the event.

CHARLINE SMITH.

LOST SYLLABLES.

1. TAKE the first syllable from territory, and leave principal.
2. Take the first syllable from refractory, and leave submissive.
3. Take the first syllable from to exalt, and leave stately.
4. Take the first syllable from tumult, and leave movement.
5. Take the first syllable from a mariner, and leave a conjunction.
6. Take the first syllable from to mistake, and leave to comprehend.
7. Take the first syllable from a reservoir, and leave an aquatic bird.
8. Take the first syllable from to draw into the lungs, and leave robust.

When the syllables have been removed, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a battle of the Revolution.

F. M. WESTON, JR. (League Member).

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A month. 2. A range of mountains. 3. An iron pin. 4. A feminine name.

DOROTHY WAGNER (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.



EACH of the eleven little pictures may be described by a single word, and the words are all of the same length. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the perpendicular rows of letters will spell the name of a famous hero. His nationality is indicated in the decorative border.

INTERLACING ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

- 1 . . . 7
 . 2 8 .
 . 9 3 .
 . 4 10 .
 5 . . 11
 . 6 12 .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To dispose of for money. 2. A large animal. 3. Distorted. 4. To search for. 5. A measure of length. 6. A small island.

From 1 to 6, a poem written in June, 1840; from 7 to 12, the author of the poem. SCOTT STERLING.

ADDITIONS.

EXAMPLE: Add one to a shallow dish, and make an ache. Answer, pa-i-n.

1. Add fifty to a combat, and make a hasty departure. 2. Add fifty to pay, and make to run away. 3. Add one hundred to repose, and make the summit. 4. Add five

to recline, and make wide awake. 5. Add one hundred to a little wave, and make to lame. 6. Add fifty to good will, and make taste. 7. Add five hundred to a pronoun, and make a number of beasts assembled together. 8. Add one thousand to a lyric poem, and make manner. 9. Add five hundred to a farming implement, and make the male of the duck kind. 10. Add one to attitude, and make to balance.

CLARENCE T. PURDY (League Member).

EASY ZIGZAG.

ALL of the following words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper right-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell three words often heard in the early summer.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. An exclamation of horror. 2. A color. 3. A deer. 4. Part of a curved line. 5. A meadow. 6. A pronoun. 7. A fairy. 8. Shy. 9. Hostility. 10. The beginning of night. 11. Help. 12. A cold substance. 13. A large body of water. 14. A place for pigs. 15. A useful fluid. 16. An enemy. 17. An article useful to writers.

HELEN M. GASTON (League Member).

A JUNE ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. Behead and curtail a number, and leave the period preceding some event.
2. Behead and curtail to begin, and leave a sailor.
3. Behead and curtail a fast, easy-riding horse, and leave a unit.
4. Behead and curtail external coverings, and leave a cereal plant.
5. Behead and curtail a shallow dish, and leave the goddess of revenge.
6. Behead and curtail an imaginary being, and leave a melody.
7. Behead and curtail a slow-moving animal, and leave a Biblical character.
8. Behead and curtail a fop, and leave a conjunction.

All the foregoing words contain the same number of letters. When rightly beheaded and curtailed, the remaining little words should be written one below the other, when the central letters will spell a welcome season.

GEORGE FISH PARSONS, JR.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE particular point of this nonsense rhyme Is the perfect gift of a perfect time.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. When birds announce that the day's begun, When joyful carols salute the sun,
2. I turn my pillow as oft as I choose, For I am used to a morning snooze.
3. Though the maid Mary Ann expects that all Will answer at once to her warning call,
4. I think she'll discover her three times three Will not result in arousing me.
5. I do not care for the tints of dawn, Nor to hear the birds on the dewy lawn.
6. For the moral of this old proverb trite, That an early worm makes a hopeless fight,
7. Is one that the past endued with powers To prove that bed, in the morning hours,
8. Is the only place where 't is safe to lie When dodging the microbe's eagle eye.
9. And so I write, and you'll read, perhaps, A popular sonnet on morning naps.

ANNA M. PRATT.



By Special
Warrant

PEARS

Soap Makers
TO

HIS MAJESTY
THE KING

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE second lot of stamps of Great Britain recently issued, bearing the head of King Edward, are of the values one and one half, two, and three pence, and one shilling. They are printed in the same types as the Jubilee issue of 1887 bearing the head of the Queen. The first values printed (that is, the one half, one, two and one half, and six penny stamps) were generally unsatisfactory, and the change to the type of the former stamps makes it likely that the whole set will be issued in this style. The first lot printed, however, will not be very scarce, as Great Britain issues very large numbers of stamps, and there are always those who buy them in quantity for the purpose of selling them. The new stamps for the Cayman Islands have appeared in the denominations of two and one half pence, sixpence, and one shilling. The one half and one penny in use are still of the old type with the head of the Queen.



STAMP OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

The Dominican Republic has issued a set of official stamps of the values two, five, ten, and twenty cents. The design is the same for all values, which are printed in two colors, the center in each case being black. The workmanship is very poor,

the stamps being merely lithographs locally printed. The issue appears to commemorate various events in the history of the Dominican Republic, there being various dates, from 1844 to 1865 on each stamp.

A number of years ago the Standard Catalogue listed a provisional stamp of Hawaii made by a pen-and-ink surcharge upon the thirteen-cent stamp of the issue of 1853. Considerable doubt was cast upon this stamp by those who had made special study of the stamps of Hawaii, and it was finally dropped from the catalogue. Recently, however, a few entire covers have been shown containing this stamp, used side by side with United States postage-stamps in such a way as to show that it was a provisional issue. It was customary to keep United States stamps on hand in the Hawaiian Islands to sell to those who wished to correspond with people in the United States. Therefore many envelopes of this country, issued between 1850 and 1860, bear United States stamps as well as those of Hawaii. There seem to have been on hand a considerable number of thirteen-cent stamps, and the Postmaster at Honolulu evidently used them as five-cent stamps until the supply of the new five-cent blue, which had been ordered, was secured. This stamp will be again listed in the catalogue, and perfect specimens of it will be very desirable.

A large number of proofs of the United States were secured by a government official many years ago, and

they were finally sold in France. These proofs have been peeled down and worked over by experts in France, in the endeavor to make them look like United States stamps, and they have recently been received in this country. Early issues of United States are growing very scarce, particularly in fine uncanceled condition, and the attempt is made to deceive collectors by the preparation of these proofs. The prices asked for them, however, are so high that they will never prove troublesome to young collectors. The stamps shown, to the present time, have been of the condemned varieties issued before the Civil War. The original lot, however, contained some very scarce things, such as high-value State Department stamps with inverted centers, and the issues of 1869 in the same state. It is probable that if it had been possible to deceive American collectors with these stamps, the other and scarcer proofs would soon have been offered for sale.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE reason Dutch colonials cannot be secured as soon as they are announced is that they are seldom issued in the colonies until the old stock on hand is used up. The surcharged varieties were discontinued January 1 of this year, so far as issuing them is concerned, but they may be in use for a long time. Double surcharges of Haiti are not exceedingly rare, but they are unusual. The fine work on such stamps as those of the present issue of Costa Rica and Liberia is done in London, as there are no facilities for doing very fine work in the countries where these stamps are issued. There has been a general discontinuing of contracts of the nature of those entered into between the governments of Central American states and the various banknote companies whereby stamps were furnished free, the privilege being allowed to the printers of making as many for their own use and sale as they desired. Such contracts were so unpopular with collectors that they did not pay. There are many stamps among the surcharged issues of Tobago in which there is a wider spacing between the numeral of value and the word expressing value than is found in the ordinary stamp. These specimens are worth several times as much as the common varieties. There have been many false surcharges made upon stamps of French colonies, so that it is not safe to purchase these or place them in one's collection without submitting them to competent experts. There are many stamps which change slightly in color under the influence of the atmosphere combined with dampness. This produces a very dark color, as in the United States three-cent stamps of 1851. It is most common with those stamps that are printed in a red ink, as the older varieties of ink of this color usually contained iron, which oxidizes, or rusts, and thus changes in hue.

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In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps. **Northwestern Stamp Co.,** Freeport, Ill.

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COIN

list 4 cents. 5 large U. S. cents, 22c. U. S. and Foreign Stamps, 50 per cent. discount.

R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn.

U. S. Revenues, 1000, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5 Gray, \$1 Red, \$3 Brown, \$1, \$2 Surch., all for 20 cents. Stamp paper free. 40 diff. U. S. Stamps, 12c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co.,** Omaha, Neb.

\$10

for only 7 cents: \$1 red, \$1 green, \$1 gray, \$1 olive, \$2 gray, \$2 olive and \$2 slate, U. S. Documentaries, the entire lot for 7 cents, postage extra. New list free. **KOLONA STAMP CO.,** DEPT. N, DAYTON, OHIO

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STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50% commission. **Old stamps bought.** **Union Stamp Co.,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

60%

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Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 18 Australia, 10c. 24-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

60%

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THE AMERICAN HABIT.

One in Every Three Affected.

Of the coffee drinkers in America, it is estimated that one in three are partially disabled from broken-down nervous systems. America is the greatest consumer of coffee in the world. Can you draw the correct inference from these two facts?

Many a person will exclaim "Nonsense!" It is easy for any thoughtless person to jump at a conclusion that a philosopher would study carefully over before reaching. Think of the members of your own family; how many of them are perfectly and completely well in every respect? How many of your friends are perfectly healthy? Inquire of them and you will be surprised to learn that the average of one in every three, who are sick, in the main stands true. Health depends, primarily, upon a perfectly poised nervous organization, and the greatest known enemy to the nervous system is coffee. Its active principle is caffeine, which is a pronounced nerve-destroyer. The action is, first, to attack the stomach, then the pneumogastric nerve which lies behind the stomach and which is directly connected with the brain.

The disordered condition passes thence from the brain to all parts of the body, and in some it will show in trepidation (well-known nervous condition); in others this is hidden but the work goes on from day to day, until some day the accumulation of forces climaxes in some organic disease. It may be the kidneys become affected and Bright's disease sets up, it may be weak eyes, may be catarrh, stomach trouble, palpitation and heart failure (which is becoming more and more noticeable among Americans).

Somewhere, you may depend upon it, this work will show forth in the form of disease. It may become so fixed and chronic that it cannot be thrown off. It is hard to induce a man or a woman to give up coffee when they have become addicted to its use, but if such people can be given Postum Food Coffee, they will quickly change for the better, for the food drink, when properly made, has even a more beautiful color than the ordinary coffee, and has the delicious, toothsome flavor of old government Java of the milder and higher priced grades. The work of reorganization begins at once, for the tearing down element of coffee has been eliminated, and in its place the strong, rebuilding effects of the elements contained in the food coffee go directly to work to rebuild the broken down, delicate gray matter in the nerve centers and brain. This is just plain, old-fashioned common sense, that any thoughtful person can make use of; in fact, hundreds of thousands of brain-workers in America have already discovered the fact and are using Postum Food Coffee, to their very great benefit and relief.

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SHAW STOCKING CO., 34 Smith Street, LOWELL, Mass.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

Vacation Advertising Competition of the St. Nicholas League.

For the vacation months, we have decided to institute a three-months' competition, with twenty prizes of \$5.00 each, making \$100.

These twenty prizes will be awarded to the twenty boys or girls who shall best describe, or illustrate, in drawings or photographs, in verse or prose, an incident or incidents, *real or imaginary*, showing the use of any article or articles advertised in any number of ST. NICHOLAS from November, 1901, to June, 1902, both inclusive. The League members should be on the watch during the vacation days for incidents showing the use or popularity of articles advertised in the magazine. Contributions must conform to the usual conditions as set forth in the League circular, and must be received on or before September 15th. Make your picture clean-cut and simple, use the fewest possible words in describing the incident or occurrence, or expressing your ideas.

RESULT OF ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE "KING'S MOVE" ADVERTISING COMPETITION IN MARCH ST. NICHOLAS.

The most popular St. Nicholas League advertising contest yet held has been the King's Move Competition. The result of this contest brought out the one unflinching characteristic of great numbers—carelessness. The large number of replies received made necessary a strict adherence to the letter of rules governing these contests, and the many correct and neat answers demanded time, patience, and discrimination justly to apportion the prizes. This brought out many reasons why certain contestants should neither receive a prize nor be entered on the roll of honor. Three reasons predominated. Over four hundred answers were not endorsed as original, nearly one hundred neglected to state the age, and nearly one hundred overlooked both. Among these were one hundred and forty-nine possible prize-winners in point of correctness and neatness of work. Some extremely modest ones forgot to sign names, while others gave no address. Where a family was represented by two or more members, we gave preference to the younger contestants, everything else being equal. The evident amount of time and care spent on this contest by some members of the League is gratifying and noteworthy. The highest number of correct answers obtained was thirteen, though some competing showed the possibilities of the puzzle by spelling the names of a few articles in as many as six ways.

PRIZE WINNERS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Allen, Lawrence Howe (14), Quincy, Mass. | Hirsch, Harry (14), N. Y. City |
| Baker, Effie K. (12), Washington, D. C. | Hoffman, Margery E. (13), Boston, Mass. |
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| Beebe, Marjorie (11), Columbus, O. | Johnson, Doris F. (13), Phila., Pa. |
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| Broadhead, Wm. A. (14), Jamestown, N. Y. | Lane, Agnes Ruth (13), N. Y. City |
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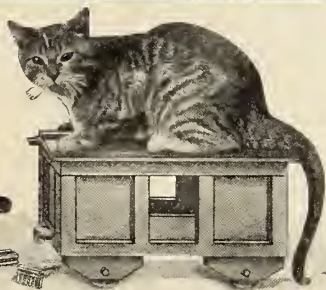
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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR JULY, 1902.


	Page
Frontispiece. "They Raced to Help Those Maids Aboard"	770
(See "The Rhyme of Mehitabel's Gown.") Drawn by Reginald B. Birch.	
The Rhyme of Mehitabel's Gown. Verse	Ethel Parton 771
Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.	
A Timely Restoration. Fourth-of-July Story	Mary G. Foster 776
Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.	
A Wonderful Boy. Verse	Frances Wilson 780
How Moses was Emancipated. A True Story of the Civil War	Susan Huntington Hooker 781
Illustrated by Louise L. Heustis and Theodore R. Davis.	
The Cruise of the "Dazzler." Long Story Complete in this Number	Jack London 784
Chapter I. 'Frisco Kid, and the New Boy—II. Joe Tries Taking French Leave— III. Joe Loses Liberty, and Finds a Friend—IV. 'Frisco Kid Tells his Story— V. Perilous Hours—VI. The End of the Cruise. Illustrated by Michael J. Burns.	
By lo, Baby Fairy. Verse	Laura C. Hills 812
Illustrated by the author.	
Is King Edward Really "Edward VII."?	Arthur Johnson Evans 813
Illustrated.	
The Eagle's Nest	Francis H. Herrick 816
Illustrated from photographs.	
A Circus on a Kite-String	Meredith Nugent 820
Illustrated by the author and Victor J. Smedley.	
The Captain's Jest. Verse	Annie E. Tynan 826
Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.	
How Mr. Fox Fished and Hunted. Story	E. Boyd Smith 829
Illustrated by the author.	
The Little Red Flag. Story	Lawrence Reamer 833
Illustrated by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer.	
Picture. "Here the Conquering Hero Comes"	837
Drawn by Henry Ihlefield.	
In the Woods—July	Rosalind Richards 838
Illustrated from photographs.	
Nature and Science for Young Folks	840
The Curious Experience of Marjorie and Philip—An Inside View of the Swallow's Box—Lampreys Ascending Falls—The Purple Martin—Experiences with a Baby Woodchuck—Butterflies and Moths—Very Friendly Redstart.	
The St. Nicholas League. Awards of Prizes for Poems, Drawings and Photographs	848
Books and Reading. Favorite Illustrators, etc.	860
Editorial Note and Letter-Box	862
The Riddle-Box. Award of League Prizes for Puzzles	863
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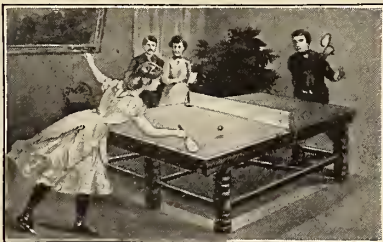


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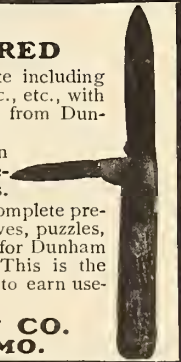
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"AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE FERRY-BOAT, THE SOLDIERS ON THE BANKS
THEY RACED TO HELP THOSE MAIDS ABOARD AND WIN THEIR MODEST THANKS!"
(SEE PAGE 775.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX.

JULY, 1902.

No. 9.



The Rhyme of Mehitabel's Gown

BY ETHEL PARTON.

*"Oh, silly, silly Hitty!"—yet the tears were
running down—*

*"To be crying like a baby for a rosy-flowered
gown!*

*To be crying while you 're laughing, and you
know that you are glad*

*It has marched away forever on a slim French
lad!*

*"Oh, silly, silly Hitty! It was striped white
and blue,*

*All sprinkled o'er with roses and with knots
of lovers true;*

*And I laced him in it laughing, and he
laughed, the merry lad;*

*But, oh! 't is gone, my silken gown, the only
one I had!"*

He tossed a twig at the window-pane; he
whispered, "Mademoiselle!"

He said: "I am frien' of your bruzzare
John; you are Me-hit-a-belle?"

"Ze British have a camp not far; zey have
me in it, too.

I break away; I would return—but 'ow ze
t'ing to do?"

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"To my comrades I would return—I know
w'ere look for him;
But ze redcoat hol' ze ferry road, and,
hélas! I do not swim.

"Zey hunt for me—zey fin' me soon; I am
almos' despair,
W'en I sink, 'W'ere live *mon ami* John, who
have *une seur, un père?*'

"I seek zat house he have describe—zat
John describe ver' plain;



“‘I AM ALLY; I AM GOOD FRIEN’; I KNOW ZAT JOHN VER’ WELL.’”

I find it—*bon!*—I peek a bough an’ knock
you at ze pane.

“I am ally; I am good frien’; I know zat
John ver’ well;
I am pris’nare; I am escape. W’at say,
Me-hit-a-belle?”

Mehitabel came hurrying down, her curls in
disarray
(The sky was dim and flushing pink; ’t was
at the break of day).

Weary and pale he waited her, and scarcely
older than she—
Tattered lace and a ragged coat and a
bow ’t was grand to see.

“Never he can be twenty!” she thought as
she dipped and rose,
Curtsying deep with her finest sweep and
pointing of dainty toes.

Then in they passed to the kitchen, and
soon from the ingle-seat
Grateful he watched two busy hands and
two small willing feet

A-reaching, running, bustling, and a-kneel-
ing lowly down
Till the fire purred, the kettle sang, and
the cakes were golden brown.

And the burly father snored o’erhead while
they whispered there below.
“If they search, it is he they’ll question—so
better he should not know.

“He could not lie, though he’d ne’er betray;
safer for him and you
He neither should see nor hear nor guess,
and say so, speaking true.”

“Ver’ wise!” the French lad nodded. “Now,”
quoth she, “a place to hide—”
“Not hide! Go on! I mus’ go on! I
mus’—*I mus’!*” he cried.

“I have one little plan I draw I mus’ give
Rochambeau;
I mus’ go on, Me-hit-a-belle, though ’ow I
do not know.

"I mus' zat river some'ow cross—I mus' myself disguise."

Mehitabel laughed soft and quick, with a sparkle in her eyes.

She fled upstairs in smiling haste; she hurried dimpling down;

And trailing from her shoulder hung a bonnet, shawl, and gown!

"You are not tall" (he tiptoed), "but, alas! I'm shorter yet.

But stay! I have a better thought, and a better gown to get.

"My mother's silk lies stored away in a chest with brasses bound;

She was a stately dame and tall; 't will reach unto the ground.



"CURTSYING DEEP WITH HER FINEST SWEEP AND POINTING OF DAINTY TOES."

"Measure!" quoth she, and back to back they tried their youthful height.

"'T will be too short"; she shook her head. "Your boots would be in sight.

"'T will robe you safely, neck to heel; 't is flowing, long, and wide."

And forth she fared to seek for it; but the dimples slowly died.



“‘MEASURE!’ QUOTH SHE.”



“‘AVE MERCY! AÏE! ME-HIT-A-BELLE!’”

“There ’s Jenny and there ’s Polly,” she mourned. “On Sabba’ day They wear their buff and purple silks. And then, there ’s Nabby Ray; Upon a pillion will she ride next Saturday to town— Her father so hath promised her—to buy a silken gown.

“A scant fifteen is Nabby; full six months more am I. Money ’s scarce in war-time, and I never hoped to buy; But I knew what lay in lavender, and soon I thought with pride To wear the dress my mother wore the day she walked out bride.”

Down the stair she stepped again, and o’er her arm was laid Shiny fold on shiny fold, the beautiful brocade.

Softly Hitty handled it, softly with a sigh, Until she met the Frenchman’s look with laughter in his eye.

Off he slipped his ragged coat, and on the glistening gown.

“*Hélas!* It vill not hol’ me all; I am too far aroun’!”

But Hitty tugged, and toiled, and tugged, while the lad held in his breath.

“‘Ave mercy! Aie! Me-hit-a-belle! I shall be kill’ to death!’”

At last in fair brocaded silk, with scarf and cap arrayed,

Quoth she, “Now, sir, a mirror and behold a pretty maid!”

One pretty maid, two pretty maids, went tripping down the road;

Ay, though but one went richly clad, a pretty pair they showed.

And when they reached the ferry-boat, the
soldiers on the banks
They raced to help those maids aboard and
win their modest thanks!

With scanty speech and eyes demure they
glided from the strand;
And half in mocking, half good-by, the
taller waved a hand;

Then (with a clash of bonnet-brims) upon
the farther side
Stooped for a maid-like, fond farewell, while
the other maiden cried.

“Cry not! Adieu! Zat John be proud
w'en all you do I tell.
I fin' him wiz ze *armée* soon. Adieu, Me-
hit-a-belle!”

So home across the stream again, with tears
a-running down,

Laughing for a saucy trick and weeping for
a gown.

“*He 'll trail through mud and marshes, he 'll
break through bush and brier;*

*'T will be torn to shreds and streamers, and
fouled with stain and mire.*

*'T will be—I dare not think of it! My beau-
tiful brocade!*

*While I go dressed in dimity, a sad and sober
maid.”*

*And yet—you laugh, Mehitabel! Ay, laugh
and dry your eyes!*

*Clap the cover on the chest that wide and
empty lies.*

*Were the thing to do again, what different
would you do?*

*Freedom's more than Sabba' silk, and the lad
went safely through.*





"AN INSTANT LATER THE BOY, CAP IN HAND, WAS STANDING BESIDE HER." (SEE PAGE 778.)

A TIMELY RESTORATION.

(A Fourth-of-July Story.)

BY MARY G. FOSTER.

It was half-past ten in the morning of a glorious Fourth of July in Venice—glorious with radiant sunshine, blue sky, and shimmering waters. There was no display of flags and bunting, no sound of fire-crackers, nothing that makes the day noticeable in America, and Dorothy Stoneman, of Chicago, aged eleven, walking beside her father that bright morning, never once thought what day it was.

They had arrived in Venice early, after traveling all night, and Mrs. Stoneman, suffering with a headache, having sought the quiet of her room, it chanced that Dorothy and her father started for a few hours' sight-seeing by themselves.

At home Dorothy had prided herself upon being one of the most patriotic girls in the country. Just before the Fourth she had always made out a list of fireworks for her father

to bring her—what she considered necessary for the proper celebration of the day. Having no brothers, Elmer Dewey, who lived next door, used to come over and assist both in selecting the fireworks and in celebrating with them. He had given her a small flag when they said good-by, and she had promised to carry it all day and to think of him on the Fourth of July, wherever she might be.

This had been only three months ago. But when going from place to place in a foreign country it is not always an easy matter even to keep trace of what day of the week it is; and there being no preparations going on, as there are in America, to remind them of the approach of the Fourth, it slipped into place like any ordinary day, and no one recognized it.

A short walk brought Dorothy and her father to the front of a great church, before a recess,

high up over the entrance of which stood four bronze horses, and Mr. Stoneman, taking a book from his pocket, came to a standstill.

It was doubtless all well worth looking at, but soon an object caught Dorothy's eye that was of much greater interest to her than churches or bronze horses. A little girl of about her own age was crossing the square toward where they were standing. She was bare-headed, and her small face was full of winning gentleness. She was all brown,—hair, eyes, and complexion varying in shade from chocolate to cream,—and her frock looked as if it had faded for the purpose of blending with the tints of the wearer. Across one shoulder she carried a sort of wooden yoke, something like an Indian bow, from each end of which was suspended a small copper bucket filled with water.

Mr. Stoneman was gazing upward, absorbed in contemplation of the bronze horses, and the girl, observing his attitude and apparent interest, stopped, slipped the yoke from her shoulder, and placing the buckets upon the ground, came close beside him and looked up in the same direction with frowning curiosity.

It may have been that she thought something was about to take place with those horses, or perhaps she could not understand why the tall stranger was gazing at them. Whatever it was, after a short scrutiny she turned away, and in doing so came face to face with Dorothy.

The little girls looked at each other, and then both smiled at once, one in English and the other in Italian, but it needed no interpreter to make either understand.

Dorothy put out her hand and caressingly touched the somewhat soiled one of her companion, and the smiling continued. All at once, as if some recollection had come to her, the small brown water-carrier turned to where her buckets were standing, and raising the yoke to her shoulder,—with a backward glance showing her face still illuminated,—trotted away and disappeared round an adjacent corner.

Mr. Stoneman being still absorbed in the study of the front of the church, Dorothy walked to the corner, a moment later, to see if her new acquaintance was still in sight.

Yes, there she was, stopping at an open door; and Dorothy ran down the narrow street

to exchange smiles with her once more. The little brown maiden put down her buckets, and the children drew near and looked into each other's face again. There was a gulf as wide as the world between them, but the living instinct of childish sympathy spun its invisible thread from heart to heart.

An untidy woman, and a little tot who evidently had fancied a morning walk before being washed, stopped in passing to gaze at the unusual sight of the little American in their neighborhood. Half a dozen boys and girls of assorted sizes joined them, and before Dorothy was aware she was the center of a curious group.

It suddenly occurred to her that she was out of her father's sight and had better return. Edging her way out between the spectators, she tripped back to the corner.

It looked like the same corner she had turned a few minutes before, but before going many steps beyond it she discovered that she had made a mistake. There was nothing in sight that she remembered. Retracing her steps, she tried again; but instead of coming to the church where she had left her father, she found herself at the end of a street where a short flight of stone steps led down to a canal.

It came to Dorothy with a sudden thrill—a thrill that went from her heart out to the ends of her fingers and toes and back again—that she was lost! Her father had repeatedly warned her not to wander from his sight. She vividly remembered the warning now.

She was too frightened to cry. Round the corner and up another narrow street she ran, over a bridge that seemed to her excited senses to be stretched across the canal by magic at her approach.

At the next corner she paused for breath. Dark, strange faces were passing to and fro, but their glances, though not unfriendly, only added to her alarm. She was about to start again, in another direction, when her heart gave a bound of joy. Suddenly, as though she had come up out of the stones of the street, the little brown water-carrier stood before her!

Dorothy had known in her life what it was to be glad, but never before had she felt the gladness of that moment.

Before the smile of the brown maiden had

widened sufficiently to show half her white teeth, Dorothy's arms were clasped about her, and in the great universal language of tears she made known her trouble.

Several passers-by stopped, and there was much talking and gesticulating, as if all were offering advice,—which doubtless was the case,—and then the Venetian girl took Dorothy by the hand, and with an understanding between them as perfect as if it had been expressed in words, they left the chattering group and tripped back up the quaint old street.

Over a bridge or two, and then a few yards beside a canal,—it was but a very short distance, although Dorothy seemed to have gone miles,—when a sudden turn brought them into the square where the great church stood. The bronze horses looked quite like familiar friends to Dorothy, who, dropping her companion's hand, ran to the place where she had left her father.

There were a number of people moving about the square, but Mr. Stoneman was nowhere to be seen. Dorothy looked in every direction, and then the tears returned and again flooded her blue eyes.

The little Venetian undoubtedly understood the situation, for she took Dorothy's hand once more, and pointing in an opposite direction, murmured some unintelligible words, and Dorothy, drying her tears, went willingly with her in the direction indicated.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the side of the square, where a broad flight of steps led down to the water, and a row of long, slender black boats, or gondolas, were moored.

They paused at the top, and the little brown girl looked up and down among the boatmen lying idly about. Very likely she was looking for some gondolier who was known to understand English. Dorothy's glances also were wandering about, and all at once they fell on something that set her heart beating again in the most violent manner.

There, on the shining blue-green waters before her, was a gondola silently gliding toward the place where they were standing. The only occupant beside the Italian who stood up propelling it was a boy somewhat older than herself, wearing a sailor-cap and blouse.

But it was neither the fine gondola nor its

occupants that caused the commotion under Dorothy's bodice. It was the fond, familiar sight of an American flag which she saw flying at the stern of the boat! Never before, though she loved them well, had the Stars and Stripes appeared half so dear and beautiful to her.

With a cry of welcome that startled the idlers about the landing, she ran down the stone steps, and reached the water's edge just at the moment that the graceful gondola came alongside.



"THE LITTLE GIRLS LOOKED AT EACH OTHER, AND THEN BOTH SMILED." (SEE PAGE 777.)

An instant later the boy, cap in hand, was standing beside her. He was a head taller than she, with the friendliest gray eyes imaginable, and hair that looked bronze in the sunshine.

Dorothy saw that he was almost as distinctly American as the flag. Eagerly, as if she feared he might escape before she could make known

her need, she burst out, in a tone the genuine distress of which there was no mistaking :

"Oh, excuse me, but you *are* an American, are n't you? and won't you please help me to find my father? I've lost him, and don't know my way or—or anything." The tears were coming again.

"Don't—don't cry," said the boy, replacing his cap with one hand. "You'll soon find your father." And then, by way of further consolation, he added: "One can't get lost for very long in Venice."

Dorothy held an entirely different opinion, but she did not contradict him. She brokenly told him of the morning's experience, not forgetting the part the little brown girl (who had drawn near and was watching them with deep interest) had played.

"Do you remember the name of the hotel where you are staying?" he asked, as she paused to tuck away her handkerchief somewhere beneath the folds of her frock.

"The Grand Hotel," answered Dorothy, her face lighting up. "Papa said it had quite a homelike sound."

The boy's eyes looked friendlier than ever as he said:

"I don't know your name yet."

"Oh," exclaimed Dorothy, "I forgot we were strangers!" Then they both laughed, and the little Venetian, being within the influence, smiled.

"I'm Dorothy Stoneman," she continued, "and we live in Chicago. And, oh, I'd like so much to find out *her* name!"—indicating the little brown girl. "She has been so good to me!"

"That's easy to find out," replied the boy. And, to Dorothy's surprise, he addressed the little Venetian in her own tongue.

"Her name is Bettina," he announced a moment later.

"Please tell her how much I thank her," said Dorothy, "and that I want her to stay with me till I find my father, and he'll give her some money."

This was duly interpreted, and the brown face beamed.

"Now," said the young knight, "I'll take you to the hotel. Your father would very likely go back there first, I believe, for a guide."

He spoke a few words in Italian to the man who had remained standing in the gondola, an apparently interested spectator throughout the interview. Silently the boat was turned about and brought to a standstill at the steps. Dorothy was gallantly assisted to a seat. Bettina stepped lightly in without help. Then the boy seated himself, facing Dorothy, and the gondola glided out on the smooth, bright water.

It was like a scene out of a story-book, and in the pleasant novelty of the situation Dorothy forgot her troubles.

Before the hotel came in sight she and her new acquaintance were on terms of friendship that under ordinary circumstances it would have taken weeks to reach. In the exchange of confidences she learned that her companion's name was Paul Mathews, that he and his parents had been living in Venice a year, and that their home was in Boston, where they expected to return in the autumn, to which time he was longingly looking forward.

The marble front of the hotel was soon pointed out, and, as they drew near, Dorothy recognized among several figures on the porch the form of her father. Some one in the group called his attention to the approaching gondola, and then there was a waving of hands and the sound of voices exchanging happy greetings across the canal, and a few minutes later the little party alighted at the steps.

Mr. Stoneman's face still wore an anxious look. He had been just about setting out with a guide to search for Dorothy.

Introductions and explanations followed, and Bettina's eyes sparkled at sight of the silver coins that Dorothy's father placed in her little brown palm.

To Paul he gave his warmest thanks, with many a hearty handshake.

"After this I shall be prouder than ever of Young America," added Mr. Stoneman, putting his arm about Paul's shoulders. "There are no boys in the world like those of my own country."

"It was the flag I noticed first," cried Dorothy. "If it had n't been for that I might n't have seen Paul. How lovely it is"—looking at him admiringly—"to think you always carry our flag on your gondola!"

"But I don't—always," replied Paul, hon-

estly; "only on American holidays. Of course we celebrate the glorious Fourth, and this being the Fourth of July—"

"Oh, no," gasped Dorothy, interrupting; "it can't be!"

It had fallen like a bolt from a clear sky. A vision of Chicago, and Elmer Dewey, and the flag that had been lying folded in the bottom of the trunk for three months, came before her.

"Papa, papa!" she cried reproachfully, "how could we forget it?"

Mr. Stoneman stared blankly, and Bettina's eyes grew grave with wondering what all the excitement was about.

"There 's plenty of time yet to celebrate," ventured Paul, who had not fully grasped the situation.

"You don't understand," sorrowfully replied Dorothy. And then she told him about her playmate at home, and of his parting gift, which she had promised to display on Independence Day, wherever she might happen to be.

"I 'll be so ashamed to tell him that I for-

got it was the Fourth until almost noon," she concluded, with a deep sigh. The thought of the offense against patriotism was overwhelming.

"It can't be helped," said Mr. Stoneman, in a sympathizing voice. "We must get the flag out now, and make the best of a bad matter."

Paul had taken out his watch and was intently looking at it; then for the second time that morning he came to Dorothy's rescue. This time he brought an inspiration instead of a gondola, but it served her need just as well.

"We 've all forgotten about the difference of time," he said, his gray eyes dark in their earnestness. "It 's not quite five o'clock in the morning in Chicago now. The people there are just waking up."

The sunshine broke out on Dorothy's face and her feet began to dance. She grasped Bettina by her disengaged hand, and in an ecstasy of delight cried out:

"Get the flag, quick, papa! Just think of it; Elmer 's not up yet, the day is n't begun, and we have n't lost the Fourth of July, after all!"

A WONDERFUL BOY.

WE met in the midst of a dream;
 But I 'm waiting for him to come true!
 The style of his nose I 've completely forgot,
 But his eyes, I remember, were blue.

It was just 8 P.M. by the clock—
 Which stood, I recall, on its head—
 When his mother spoke up and said:
 "Kiss me, my son,
 And run away quickly to bed."

I thought that the next thing would be
 Loud wrath and perhaps even tears;
 But instead—well, I really give you my word
 That I 've not been so staggered for years!

For he mumbled, this wonderful boy—
 (I can feel my astonishment yet!):
 "It 's a pity I can't go at seven, when you
 know
 How tired and sleepy I get!"

I felt myself falling away—
 (In dreams chairs collapse without squeaking),
 And when I came to, the first thing that I
 heard
 Was the voice of the fond mother speaking.

She was kind, she was patient, but firm;
 And her calm words decided his fate:
 "It is settled, my son, that a boy of your size
 Must learn to sit up until *eight*."

I sat on the floor, and I stared
 In a dazed way from one to the other;
 Then I said: "You are truly a wonderful boy,
 And the son of a wonderful mother!"

Frances Wilson.

HOW MOSES WAS EMANCIPATED.

(A True Story of the Civil War. See page 862.)

BY SUSAN HUNTINGTON HOOKER.

"MAMA, mama, where did you get this photograph of a darky with such funny, wide-open eyes, and why are you keeping it?" asked Fritz, who had been rummaging in the drawer of an old bureau sacred to relics of bygone days. Mrs. Reed paused a moment on her way through the room, and exclaimed: "Oh, Fritz, what *are* you doing in that drawer? Shut it up. There are all sorts of valuable and rubbishy things there—things I shall never have time to look over until you children are grown up, and I am a gray old grandmother with nothing else to do."

Mrs. Reed had taken the photograph in her hand, and was utterly oblivious of Fritz's presence. Her mind was in the past. It was not the photograph, but the glimpse she had of the drawer, with its old letters, shoulder-straps, army buttons, bits of Confederate scrip that had papered a room she saw in Vicksburg, and other odd relics. She even wondered how she came by that battered and faded old picture.

"I remember this now," said mama, after

a few moments' thinking. "Papa sent me the picture while he was in the army. That colored man has quite a history. This even-



MOSES ARRIVES IN CAMP BY THE "AIR LINE."

ing ask your father to tell you 'How Moses was Emancipated.'

When Mr. Reed opened the front door that

evening he was at once surrounded by a clamorous group of children, all talking at once.

"Tell us about Moses precipitated!" cried Betty's shrill treble, a little higher than the others.

"No, no, Betty; not precipitated," said Dan.

"Well, Moses anticipated, then," said she.

They all laughed, and Miss Betty subsided.

Her father picked her up and led the way into the sitting-room.

Mr. Reed was a busy man, absorbed in the cares of a large business. He found little time to think of the past, and the old Civil War days were sometimes almost like a dream to him, or seemed as if belonging to some previous existence. He had served three years in an engineer regiment that was transferred from one army-corps to another as their work was needed, and as much of it was repairing and building bridges and railroads in the hostile country, he could tell of many a skirmish with bushwhackers that belongs to the unwritten history of the war.

It was a rare treat for the children when they could lead him to tell some of the strange and thrilling exploits in which he had taken part.

After tea, when they were all gathered around the fireplace with its bright wood fire, and Betty had climbed into his lap and nestled her head against him in a persuasive way, their father told them "How Moses was Emancipated."

You all have heard that the siege of Vicksburg lasted many months. During the first part of the siege our regiment was engaged in very important and sometimes very dangerous work in front of Vicksburg. We had a number of times to run the blockade, and our work on the fortifications was often directly under the enemy's guns. One day orders came for us to join the forces in the rear of the city. We crossed the river, and reached the other side after a roundabout march. Our regiment was placed in front of one of the enemy's most formidable fortifications. At first we were some distance away, but we gradually worked up with our approaches until we were within speaking distance. We came so near that we

could "pass the time o' day" and talk in as friendly a way as you please. Occasionally our men would throw the poor, hungry fellows opposite a bit of bacon or a bite of hardtack.

We were fairly starving them out, and when they surrendered there was not a bit of flour or fresh beef in the city. They had long been living on mule and horse meat and corn meal. An order came at this time for a secret and dangerous service, and we learned that we were to undermine a part of the fort and blow it up. The entrance to the tunnel was covered with a thick growth of underbrush, and secretly and silently our brave sappers and miners did their work.

We made a long tunnel, with a gradual descent, flat at the bottom and arched overhead. The men passed the dirt out one to the other in pails and baskets, and it was carefully distributed inside of our earthworks so as not to attract attention. The work progressed slowly but surely, until finally the day came when it was ready for the mine. Our men carried in keg after keg of powder until there were about three thousand pounds in the end of the mine. Then fuses were so placed as to connect the kegs, to make sure of an instantaneous explosion. When the mine was finished the tunnel was packed solidly with earth for some distance, the fuse being carried through the barrier by means of a tube.

When everything was ready our men came out, leaving one man, a plucky fellow with nerves like steel and a sure hand, to light the fuse. It was a critical moment when the men lying in the intrenchments awaited the result. Our brave comrade had scarcely joined us when the explosion took place.

We saw what looked like a volcano before us. Stones, camp equipage, and clouds of dirt were blown into the air, and one nondescript black mass was thrown directly into our camp. Imagine our surprise, when this bit of wreck unrolled itself, at seeing the blackest and most scared looking ducky we ever beheld!—his eyes fairly protruding from their sockets. As he came plump down on a pile of soft earth, and a moment later rolled off on to the ground, we were about as much amazed as he was. Marvelous as it may seem, the man was as sound

as a dollar, not a bone broken. As soon as he could articulate he said:

"Wha-wha-whar is I?"

"Safe, safe in the Promised Land!" said our adjutant.

"Good Lawd, how 'd I get here?"

"I 'spect you came in a 'chariot of fire'!" replied the adjutant, who was never at a loss.

The bewildered darky looked around him in a dazed sort of way, utterly unable to locate himself; but the blue coats of our soldiers and the practical character of the camp seemed to convince him that he was yet in the world. It took him several days to pull himself together, and after that we had great sport with him in the camp, where he was a prime favorite. He used to say:

"Gen'lemen, I admiah to stay heah; but if ye gwine send me back, I pray de Lawd ye won't do it de way I come!"

He told us direful stories of the straits of those inside of the city. He said: "My missis she lib in a cave 'side ob de road, for feah of de bomb-shells. Her ha'r done all come out, and she look moah like a scarecrow dan her own potty self."

He gave us some valuable information in

regard to the fortifications and resources of the enemy. He was delighted to be among the "Yankees," and to feel that he was no longer a slave.

When the boys questioned him about his flight, he said:

"I were just lightin' de kindlin' to het up de colonel a dish o' mule soup when de summons come, and I was fired in de air like a rocket. I dunno what all became ob de colonel or de soup."

"What did you think, Moses, when you were flying through the air?" was one of the inquiries put to him.

"I done hab no use for thinkin'. 'T were too suddint like; but, good Lawd, how de wind blew!"

"Did n't you think that the last day had come?" asked another soldier, upon joining the group.

"No, sah. I tawt de debbles was all let loose."

Moses proved a very good cook, and our colonel appropriated him for his own particular use. He always called him his "godsend," and was never tired telling over the mess-table the story of "How Moses was Emancipated."



VIEW OF VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE, FROM THE FEDERAL TRENCHES.

THE CRUISE OF THE DAZZLER

By JACK LONDON.

This, the ninth of the "long-stories-complete-in-one-number," tells the exciting adventures of a runaway boy in a cruise on the Pacific coast. Though he falls into bad company, he finds a good friend, and benefits by his brief experience at sea.

CHAPTER I.

'FRISCO KID, AND THE NEW BOY.

'FRISCO KID was discontented—discontented and disgusted; though this would have seemed impossible to the boys who fished from the dock above and envied him mightily. He frowned, got up from where he had been sunning himself on top of the "Dazzler's" cabin, and kicked off his heavy rubber boots. Then he stretched

himself on the narrow side-deck and dangled his feet in the cool salt water.

"Now, that 's freedom," thought the boys who watched him. Besides, those long sea-boots, reaching the hips and buckled to the leather strap about the waist, held a strange and wonderful fascination for them. They did not know that 'Frisco Kid did not possess such things as shoes; that the boots were an old pair of Pete Le Maire's and were three sizes too



JOE EATS HIS FIRST MEAL ON THE "DAZZLER."

large for him; nor could they guess how uncomfortable they were to wear on a hot summer day.

The cause of 'Frisco Kid's discontent was those very boys who sat on the string-piece and admired him; but his disgust was the result of quite another event. Further, the Dazzler was short one in its crew, and he had to do more work than was justly his share. He did not mind the cooking, nor the washing down of the decks and the pumping; but when it came to the paint-scrubbing and dish-washing, he rebelled. He felt that he had earned the right to be exempt from such scullion work. That was all the green boys were fit for; while he could make or take in sail, lift anchor, steer, and make landings.

"Stan' from un'er!" Pete Le Maire, captain of the Dazzler and lord and master of 'Frisco Kid, threw a bundle into the cockpit and came aboard by the starboard rigging.

"Come! Queeck!" he shouted to the boy who owned the bundle, and who now hesitated on the dock. It was a good fifteen feet to the deck of the sloop, and he could not reach the steel stay by which he must descend.

"Now! One, two, three!" the Frenchman counted good-naturedly, after the manner of all captains when their crews are short-handed.

The boy swung his body into space and gripped the rigging. A moment later he struck the deck, his hands tingling warmly from the friction.

"Kid, dis is ze new sailor. I make your acquaintance." Pete smirked and bowed, and stood aside. "Mistaire Sho Bronson," he added as an afterthought.

The two boys regarded each other silently for a moment. They were evidently about the same age, though the stranger looked the heartier and the stronger of the two. 'Frisco Kid put out his hand, and they shook.

"So you 're thinking of tackling the water, eh?" he asked.

Joe Bronson nodded, and glanced curiously about him before answering. "Yes; I think the Bay life will suit me for a while, and then, when I 've got used to it, I 'm going to sea in the forecandle."

"In the what? In the *what*, did you say?"

"In the forecandle—the place where the sailors live," he explained, flushing and feeling doubtful of his pronunciation.

"Oh, the fo'c'sle. Know anything about going to sea?"

"Yes—no; that is, except what I 've read."

'Frisco Kid whistled, turned on his heel in a lordly manner, and went into the cabin.

"Going to sea!" he remarked to himself as he built the fire and set about cooking supper; "in the 'forecandle,' too—and thinks he 'll like it!"

In the meanwhile Pete Le Maire was showing the new-comer about the sloop as though he were a guest. Such affability and charm did he display that 'Frisco Kid, popping his head up through the scuttle to call them to supper, nearly choked in his effort to suppress a grin.

Joe Bronson enjoyed that supper. The food was rough but good, and the smack of the salt air and the sea-fittings around him gave zest to his appetite. The cabin was clean and snug, and, though not large, the accommodations surprised him. Every bit of space was utilized. The table swung to the centerboard-case on hinges, so that when not in use it actually occupied almost no room at all. On either side, and partly under the deck, were two bunks. The blankets were rolled back, and they sat on the well-scrubbed bunk boards while they ate. A swinging sea-lamp of brightly polished brass gave them light, which in the daytime could be obtained through the four deadeyes, or small round panes of heavy glass which were fitted into the walls of the cabin. On one side of the door were the stove and wood-box, on the other the cupboard. The front end of the cabin was ornamented with a couple of rifles and a shot-gun, while exposed by the rolled-back blankets of Pete's bunk was a cartridge-lined belt carrying a brace of revolvers.

It all seemed like a dream to Joe. Countless times he had imagined scenes somewhat similar to this; but here he was, right in the midst of it, and already it seemed as though he had known his two companions for years. Pete was smiling genially at him across the board. His was really a villainous countenance, but to Joe it seemed only "weather-beaten." 'Frisco Kid was describing to him, between

mouthfuls, the last sou'easter the Dazzler had weathered, and Joe experienced an increasing awe for this boy who had lived so long upon the water and knew so much about it.

The captain, however, drank a glass of wine, and topped it off with a second and a third, and then, a vicious flush lighting his swarthy face, stretched out on top of his blankets, where he soon was snoring loudly.

"Better turn in and get a couple of hours' sleep," 'Frisco Kid said kindly, pointing Joe's bunk out to him. "We 'll most likely be up the rest of the night."

Joe obeyed, but he could not fall asleep so readily as the others. He lay with his eyes wide open, watching the hands of the alarm-clock that hung in the cabin, and thinking how quickly event had followed event in the last twelve hours. Only that very morning he had been a school-boy, and now he was a sailor, shipped on the Dazzler, and bound he knew not whither. His fifteen years increased to twenty at the thought of it, and he felt every inch a man—a sailor-man at that. He wished Charley and Fred could see him now. Well, they would hear of it quick enough. He could see them talking it over, and the other boys crowding around. "Who?" "What!—Joe Bronson?" "Yes, he's run away to sea. Used to chum with us, you know."

Joe pictured the scene proudly. Then he softened at the thought of his mother worrying, but hardened again at the recollection of his father. Not that his father was not good and kind; but he did not understand boys, Joe thought. That was where the trouble lay. Only that morning he had said that the world was n't a play-ground, and that the boys who thought it was were liable to make sore mistakes and be glad to get home again. Well, *he* knew that there was plenty of hard work and rough experience in the world; but *he* also thought boys had some rights and should be allowed to do a lot of things without being questioned. He 'd show him he could take care of himself; and, anyway, he could write home after he got settled down to his new life.

A skiff grazed the side of the Dazzler softly and interrupted his reveries. He wondered why he had not heard the sound of the row-

locks. Then two men jumped over the cockpit-rail and came into the cabin.

"Bli' me, if 'ere they ain't snoozin'," said the first of the new-comers, deftly rolling 'Frisco Kid out of his blankets with one hand and reaching for the wine-bottle with the other.

Pete put his head up on the other side of the centerboard, his eyes heavy with sleep, and made them welcome.

"'Oo 's this?" asked "the Cockney," as 'Frisco Kid called him, smacking his lips over the wine and rolling Joe out upon the floor. "Passenger?"

"No, no," Pete made haste to answer. "Ze new sailor-man. Vaire good boy."

"Good boy or not, he 's got to keep his tongue a-tween his teeth," growled the second new-comer, who had not yet spoken, glaring fiercely at Joe.

"I say," queried the other man, "'ow does 'e whack up on the loot? I 'ope as me an' Bill 'ave a square deal."

"Ze Dazzler she take one share—what you call—one third; den we split ze rest in five shares. Five men, five shares. Vaire good."

It was all Greek to Joe, except he knew that he was in some way the cause of the quarrel. In the end Pete had his way, and the new-comers gave in after much grumbling. After they had drunk their coffee all hands went on deck.

"Just stay in the cockpit an' keep out of their way," 'Frisco Kid whispered to Joe. "I 'll teach you the ropes an' everything when we ain't in a hurry."

Joe's heart went out to him in sudden gratitude, for the strange feeling came to him that, of those on board, to 'Frisco Kid, and to 'Frisco Kid only, could he look for help in time of need. Already a dislike for Pete was growing up within him. Why, he could not say—he just simply felt it. A creaking of blocks for'ard, and the huge mainsail loomed above him in the night. Bill cast off the bow-line. The Cockney followed with the stern. 'Frisco Kid gave her the jib as Pete jammed up the tiller, and the Dazzler caught the breeze, heeling over for mid-channel. Joe heard some talking in low tones of not putting up the side-lights, and of keeping a sharp lookout, but all

he could comprehend was that some law of navigation was being violated.

The water-front lights of Oakland began to slip past. Soon the stretches of docks and the shadowy ships began to be broken by dim sweeps of marsh-land, and Joe knew that they were heading out for San Francisco Bay. The wind was blowing from the north in mild squalls, and the Dazzler cut noiselessly through the landlocked water.

"Where are we going?" Joe asked the Cockney, in an endeavor to be friendly and at the same time satisfy his curiosity.

"Oh, my pardner 'ere, Bill—we 're goin' to take a cargo from 'is factory," that worthy airily replied.

Joe thought he was rather a funny-looking individual to own a factory; but conscious that stranger things yet might be found in this new world he was entering, he said nothing. He had already exposed himself to 'Frisco Kid in the matter of his pronunciation of "fo'c'sle," and he had no desire further to show his ignorance.

A little after that he was sent in to blow out the cabin lamp. The Dazzler tacked about and began to work in toward the north shore. Everybody kept silent, save for occasional whispered questions and answers which passed between Bill and the captain. Finally the sloop was run into the wind and the jib and mainsail lowered cautiously.

"Short hawse, you know," Pete whispered to 'Frisco Kid, who went for'ard and dropped the anchor, paying out the slightest quantity of slack.

The Dazzler's skiff was brought alongside, as was also the small boat the two strangers had come aboard in.

"See that that cub don't make a fuss," Bill commanded in an undertone, as he joined his partner in his own boat.

"Can you row?" 'Frisco Kid asked as they got into the other boat. Joe nodded his head. "Then take these oars, and don't make a racket."

'Frisco Kid took the second pair, while Pete steered. Joe noticed that the oars were muffled with sennit, and that even the rowlock sockets were protected by leather. It was im-

possible to make a noise except by a mis-stroke, and Joe had learned to row on Lake Merritt well enough to avoid that. They followed in the wake of the first boat, and glancing aside, he saw they were running along the length of a pier which jutted out from the land. A couple of ships, with riding-lanterns burning brightly, were moored to it, but they kept just beyond the edge of the light. He stopped rowing at the whispered command of 'Frisco Kid. Then the boats grounded like ghosts on a tiny beach, and they clambered out.

Joe followed the men, who picked their way carefully up a twenty-foot bank. At the top he found himself on a narrow railway track which ran between huge piles of rusty scrap-iron. These piles, separated by tracks, extended in every direction, he could not tell how far, though in the distance he could see the vague outlines of some great factory-like building. The men began to carry loads of the iron down to the beach, and Pete, gripping him by the arm and again warning him to not make any noise, told him to do likewise. At the beach they turned their loads over to 'Frisco Kid, who loaded them, first in one skiff and then in the other. As the boats settled under the weight, he kept pushing them farther and farther out, in order that they should keep clear of the bottom.

Joe worked away steadily, though he could not help marveling at the queerness of the whole business. Why should there be such a mystery about it, and why such care taken to maintain silence? He had just begun to ask himself these questions, and a horrible suspicion was forming itself in his mind, when he heard the hoot of an owl from the direction of the beach. Wondering at an owl being in so unlikely a place, he stooped to gather a fresh load of iron. But suddenly a man sprang out of the gloom, flashing a dark lantern full upon him. Blinded by the light, he staggered back. Then a revolver in the man's hand went off. All Joe realized was that he was being shot at, while his legs manifested an overwhelming desire to get away. Even if he had so wished, he could not very well have stayed to explain to the excited man with the smoking revolver. So he took to his heels for the beach, colliding

with another man with a dark lantern who came running around the end of one of the piles of iron. This second man quickly regained his feet, and peppered away at Joe as he flew down the bank.

He dashed out into the water for the boat. Pete at the bow oars and 'Frisco Kid at the stroke had the skiff's nose pointed seaward and were calmly awaiting his arrival. They had their oars all ready for the start, but they held them quietly at rest, notwithstanding that both men on the bank had begun to fire at them. The other skiff lay closer inshore, partially aground. Bill was trying to shove it off, and was calling on the Cockney to lend a hand; but that gentleman had lost his head completely, and came floundering through the water hard after Joe. No sooner had Joe climbed in over the stern than he followed him. This extra weight on the stern of the heavily loaded craft nearly swamped them; as it was, a dangerous quantity of water was shipped. In the meantime the men on the bank had reloaded their pistols and opened fire again, this time with better aim. The alarm had spread. Voices and cries could be heard from the ships on the pier, along which men were running. In the distance a police whistle was being frantically blown.

"Get out!" 'Frisco Kid shouted. "You ain't a-going to sink us if I know it. Go and help your pardner!"

But the Cockney's teeth were chattering with fright, and he was too unnerved to move or speak.

"T'row ze crazy man out!" Pete ordered from the bow. At this moment a bullet shattered an oar in his hand, and he coolly proceeded to ship a spare one.

"Give us a hand, Joe," 'Frisco Kid commanded.

Joe understood, and together they seized the terror-stricken creature and flung him overboard. Two or three bullets splashed about him as he came to the surface just in time to be picked up by Bill, who had at last succeeded in getting clear.

"Now," Pete called, and a few strokes into the darkness quickly took them out of the zone of fire.

So much water had been shipped that the

light skiff was in danger of sinking at any moment. While the other two rowed, and by the Frenchman's orders, Joe began to throw out the iron. This saved them for the time being; but just as they swept alongside the Dazzler the skiff lurched, shoved a side under, and turned turtle, sending the remainder of the iron to the bottom. Joe and 'Frisco Kid came up side by side, and together they clambered aboard with the skiff's painter in tow. Pete had already arrived, and now helped them out.

By the time they had canted the water out of the swamped boat, Bill and his partner appeared on the scene. All hands worked rapidly, and almost before Joe could realize, the mainsail and jib had been hoisted, the anchor broken out, and the Dazzler was leaping down the channel. Off a bleak piece of marshland, Bill and the Cockney said good-by and cast loose in their skiff. Pete, in the cabin, bewailed their bad luck in various languages, and sought consolation in the wine-bottle.

The wind freshened as they got clear of the land, and soon the Dazzler was heeling it with her lee deck buried and the water churning by half-way up the cockpit-rail. Side-lights had been hung out. 'Frisco Kid was steering, and by his side sat Joe, pondering over the events of the night.

He could no longer blind himself to the facts. His mind was in a whirl of apprehension. If he had done wrong, he reasoned, he had done it through ignorance; and he did not feel shame for the past so much as he did fear of the future. His companions were thieves and robbers—the Bay pirates, of whose unlawful deeds he had heard vague tales. And here he was, right in the midst of them, already possessing information which could send them to State's prison. This very fact, he knew, would force them to keep a sharp watch upon him and so lessen his chances of escape. But escape he would, at the very first opportunity.

At this point his thoughts were interrupted by a sharp squall, which hurled the Dazzler over till the sea rushed inboard. 'Frisco Kid luffed quickly, at the same time slacking off the mainsheet. Then, single-handed,—for Pete remained below, and Joe sat still looking idly on,—he proceeded to reef down.

CHAPTER II.

JOE TRIES TAKING FRENCH LEAVE.

THE squall which had so nearly capsized the Dazzler was of short duration, but it marked the rising of the wind, and soon puff after puff was shrieking down upon them out of the north. The mainsail was spilling the wind, and slapping and thrashing about till it seemed it would tear itself to pieces. The sloop was rolling wildly in the quick sea which had come up. Everything was in confusion; but even Joe's untrained eye showed him that it was an orderly confusion. He could see that 'Frisco Kid knew just what to do, and just how to do it. As he watched him he learned a lesson, the lack of which has made failures of the lives of many men—*knowledge of one's own capacities*. 'Frisco Kid knew what he was able to do, and because of this he had confidence in himself. He was cool and self-possessed, working hurriedly but not carelessly. There was no bungling. Every reef-point was drawn down to stay. Other accidents might occur, but the next squall, or the next forty squalls, would not carry one of these reef-knots away.

He called Joe for'ard to help stretch the mainsail by means of swinging on the peak and throat halyards. To lay out on the long bowsprit and put a single reef in the jib was a slight task compared with what had been already accomplished; so a few moments later they were again in the cockpit. Under the other lad's directions, Joe flattened down the jib-sheet, and, going into the cabin, let down a foot or so of centerboard. The excitement of the struggle had chased all unpleasant thoughts from his mind. Patterning after the other boy, he had retained his coolness. He had executed his orders without fumbling, and at the same time without undue slowness. Together they had exerted their puny strength in the face of violent nature, and together they had outwitted her.

He came back to where his companion stood at the tiller steering, and he felt proud of him and of himself. And when he read the unspoken praise in 'Frisco Kid's eyes he blushed like a girl at her first compliment. But the next instant the thought flashed across him that

this boy was a thief, a common thief, and he instinctively recoiled. His whole life had been sheltered from the harsher things of the world. His reading, which had been of the best, had laid a premium upon honesty and uprightness, and he had learned to look with abhorrence upon the criminal classes. So he drew a little away from 'Frisco Kid and remained silent. But 'Frisco Kid, devoting all his energies to the handling of the sloop, had no time in which to remark this sudden change of feeling on the part of his companion.

Yet there was one thing Joe found in himself that surprised him. While the thought of 'Frisco Kid being a thief was repulsive to him, 'Frisco Kid himself was not. Instead of feeling an honest desire to shun him, he felt drawn toward him. He could not help liking him, though he knew not why. Had he been a little older he would have understood that it was the lad's good qualities which appealed to him—his coolness and self-reliance, his manliness and bravery, and a certain kindness and sympathy in his nature. As it was, he thought it his own natural badness which prevented him from disliking 'Frisco Kid, and while he felt shame at his own weakness, he could not smother the sort of regard which he felt growing up for this common thief, this Bay pirate.

"Take in two or three feet on the skiff's painter," commanded 'Frisco Kid, who had an eye for everything.

The skiff was towing with too long a painter, and was behaving very badly. Every once in a while it would hold back till the tow-rope tautened, then come leaping ahead and sheering and dropping slack till it threatened to shove its nose under the huge whitecaps which roared hungrily on every hand. Joe climbed over the cockpit-rail upon the slippery after-deck, and made his way to the bitt to which the skiff was fastened.

"Be careful," 'Frisco Kid warned, as a heavy puff struck the Dazzler and careened her dangerously over on her side. "Keep one turn round the bitt, and heave in on it when the painter slacks."

It was ticklish work for a greenhorn. Joe threw off all the turns save the last, which he held with one hand, while with the other he

attempted to bring in on the painter. But at that instant it tightened with a tremendous jerk, the boat sheering sharply into the crest of a heavy sea. The rope slipped from his hands and began to fly out over the stern. He clutched it frantically, and was dragged after it over the sloping deck.

"Let her go! Let her go!" 'Frisco Kid roared.

Joe let go just as he was on the verge of going overboard, and the skiff dropped rapidly astern. He glanced in a shamefaced way at his companion, expecting to be sharply reprimanded for his awkwardness. But 'Frisco Kid smiled good-naturedly.

"That's all right," he said. "No bones broke, and nobody overboard. Better to lose a boat than a man any day. That's what I say. Besides, I should n't have sent you out there. And there's no harm done. We can pick it up all right. Go in and drop some more centerboard,—a couple of feet,—and then come out and do what I tell you. But don't be in a hurry. Take it easy and sure."

Joe dropped the centerboard, and returned, to be stationed at the jib-sheet.

"Hard a-lee!" 'Frisco Kid cried, throwing the tiller down and following it with his body. "Cast off! That's right! Now lend a hand on the main-sheet!"

Together, hand over hand, they came in on the reefed mainsail. Joe began to warm up with the work. The Dazzler turned on her heel like a race-horse and swept into the wind, her canvas snarling and her sheets slatting like hail.

"Draw down the jib-sheet!"

Joe obeyed, and the head-sail, filling, forced her off on the other tack. This manœuver had turned Pete's bunk from the lee to the weather side, and rolled him out on the cabin floor, where he lay in a drunken stupor.

'Frisco Kid, with his back against the tiller, and holding the sloop off that it might cover their previous course, looked at him with an expression of disgust, and muttered: "The dog! We could well go to the bottom, for all he'd care or do!"

Twice they tacked, trying to go over the same ground, and then Joe discovered the skiff bobbing to windward in the starlit darkness.

"Plenty of time," 'Frisco Kid cautioned, shooting the Dazzler into the wind toward it and gradually losing headway.

"Now!"

Joe leaned over the side, grasped the trailing painter, and made it fast to the bitt. Then they tacked ship again and started on their way. Joe still felt sore over the trouble he had caused, but 'Frisco Kid quickly put him at ease.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said. "Everybody does that when they're beginning. Now, some men forget all about the trouble they had in learning, and get mad when a greeny makes a mistake. I never do. Why, I remember—"

And here he told Joe of many of the mishaps which fell to him when, as a little lad, he first went on the water, and of some of the severe punishments for the same which were measured out to him. He had passed the running end of a lanyard over the tiller-neck, and, as they talked, they sat side by side and close against each other, in the shelter of the cockpit.

"What place is that?" Joe asked as they flew by a lighthouse perched on a rocky headland.

"Goat Island. They've got a naval training-station for boys over on the other side, and a torpedo magazine. There's jolly good fishing, too—rock-cod. We'll pass to the lee of it and make across and anchor in the shelter of Angel Island. There's a quarantine station there. Then, when Pete gets sober, we'll know where he wants to go. You can turn in now and get some sleep. I can manage all right."

Joe shook his head. There had been too much excitement for him to feel in the least like sleeping. He could not bear to think of it, with the Dazzler leaping and surging along, and shattering the seas into clouds of spray on her weather bow. His clothes had half dried already, and he preferred to stay on deck and enjoy it. The lights of Oakland had dwindled till they made only a hazy flare against the sky; but to the south the San Francisco lights, topping hills and sinking into valleys, stretched miles upon miles. Starting from the great ferry building and passing on to Telegraph Hill, Joe was soon able to locate the principal places of the city. Somewhere over in that

maze of light and shadow was the home of his father, and perhaps even now they were thinking and worrying about him; and over there his sister Bessie was sleeping cozily, to wake up in the morning and wonder why her brother Joe did not come down to breakfast. Joe shivered. It was almost morning. Then, slowly, his head drooped over on 'Frisco Kid's shoulder, and soon he was fast asleep.

"Come! Wake up! We're going into anchor."

Joe roused with a start, bewildered at the unusual scene; for sleep had banished his troubles for the time being, and he knew not where he was. Then he remembered. The wind had dropped with the night. Beyond, the heavy after-sea was still rolling, but the Dazzler was creeping up in the shelter of a rocky island. The sky was clear, and the air had the snap and vigor of early morning about it. The rippling water was laughing in the rays of the sun, just shouldering above the eastern sky-line. To the south lay Alcatraz Island, and from its gun-crowned heights a flourish of trumpets saluted the day. In the west the Golden Gate yawned between the Pacific Ocean and San Francisco Bay. A full-rigged ship, with her lightest canvas, even to the sky-sails, set, was coming slowly in on the flood-tide.

It was a pretty sight. Joe rubbed the sleep from his eyes and remained gazing till 'Frisco Kid told him to go for'ard and make ready for dropping the anchor.

"Overhaul about fifty fathoms of chain," he ordered, "and then stand by." He eased the sloop gently into the wind, at the same time casting off the jib-sheet. "Let go the jib-halyards and come in on the downhaul!"

Joe had seen the manœuver performed the previous night, and so was able to carry it out with fair success.

"Now! Over with the mud-hook! Watch out for turns! Lively, now!"

The chain flew out with startling rapidity, and brought the Dazzler to rest. 'Frisco Kid went for'ard to help, and together they lowered the mainsail, furling it in shipshape manner, made all fast with the gaskets, and put the crutches under the main-boom.

"Here's a bucket." 'Frisco Kid passed him the article in question. "Wash down the decks, and don't be afraid of the water, nor of the dirt, neither. Here's a broom. Give it what for, and have everything shining. When you get that done, bail out the skiff; she opened her seams a little last night. I'm going below to cook breakfast."

The water was soon slushing merrily over the deck, while the smoke pouring from the cabin stove carried a promise of good things to come. Time and again Joe lifted his head from his task to take in the scene. It was one to appeal to any healthy boy, and he was no exception. The romance of it stirred him strangely, and his happiness would have been complete could he have escaped remembering who and what his companions were. But the thought of this, and of Pete in his bleary, drunken sleep below, marred the beauty of the day. He had been unused to such things, and was shocked at the harsh reality of life. But instead of hurting him, as it might a lad of weaker nature, it had the opposite effect. It strengthened his desire to be clean and strong, and to not be ashamed of himself in his own eyes. He glanced about him and sighed. Why could not men be honest and true? It seemed too bad that he must go away and leave all this; but the events of the night were strong upon him, and he knew that in order to be true to himself he must escape.

At this juncture he was called to breakfast. He discovered that 'Frisco Kid was as good a cook as he was sailor, and made haste to do justice to the fare. There were mush and condensed milk, beefsteak and fried potatoes, and all topped off with good French bread, butter, and coffee. Pete did not join them, though 'Frisco Kid attempted a couple of times to rouse him. He mumbled and grunted, half opened his bleared eyes, then went to snoring again.

"Can't tell when he's going to get those spells," 'Frisco Kid explained, when Joe, having finished washing the dishes, came on deck. "Sometimes he won't get that way for a month, and others he won't be decent for a week at a stretch. Sometimes he's good-natured, and sometimes he's dangerous. So the best thing to

do is to let him alone and keep out of his way. And don't cross him, for if you do there 's liable to be trouble."

"Come on; let 's take a swim," he added, abruptly changing the subject to one more agreeable. "Can you swim?"

Joe nodded. "What 's that place?" he asked as he poised before diving, pointing toward a sheltered beach on the island, where there were several buildings and a large number of tents.

"Quarantine station. Lots of smallpox coming in now on the China steamers, and they make them go there till the doctors say they 're safe to land. I tell you, they 're strict about it, too. Why—"

Splash! Had 'Frisco Kid finished his sentence just then, instead of diving overboard, much trouble might have been saved to Joe. But he did not finish it, and Joe dived after him.

"I 'll tell you what," 'Frisco Kid suggested half an hour later, while they clung to the bobstay preparatory to climbing out. "Let 's catch a mess of fish for dinner, and then turn in and make up for the sleep we lost last night. What d' you say?"

They made a race to clamber aboard, but Joe was shoved over the side again. When he finally did arrive, the other lad had brought to light a pair of heavily leaded, large-hooked lines, and a mackerel-keg of salt sardines.

"Bait," he said. "Just shove a whole one on. They 're not a bit partic'lar. Swallow the bait, hook and all, and go—that 's their caper. The fellow that don't catch first fish has to clean 'em."

Both sinkers started on their long descent together, and seventy feet of line whizzed out before they came to rest. But at the instant his sinker touched the bottom Joe felt the struggling jerks of a hooked fish. As he began to haul in he glanced at 'Frisco Kid, and saw that he, too, had evidently captured a finny prize. The race between them was exciting. Hand over hand the wet lines flashed inboard; but 'Frisco Kid was more expert, and his fish tumbled into the cockpit first. Joe's followed an instant later—a three-pound rock-cod. He was wild with joy. It was magnificent, the largest fish he had ever landed or ever seen

landed. Over went the lines again, and up they came with two mates of the ones already captured. It was sport royal. Joe would have certainly continued till he had fished the Bay empty had not 'Frisco Kid persuaded him to stop.

"We 've got enough for three meals now," he said, "so there 's no use in having them spoil. Besides, the more you catch, the more you clean, and you 'd better start in right away. I 'm going to bed."

Joe did not mind. In fact, he was glad he had not caught the first fish, for it helped out a little plan which had come to him while in swimming. He threw the last cleaned fish into a bucket of water, and glanced about him. The quarantine station was a bare half-mile away, and he could make out a soldier pacing up and down at sentry duty on the beach. Going into the cabin, he listened to the heavy breathing of the sleepers. He had to pass so close to 'Frisco Kid to get his bundle of clothes that he decided not to take them. Returning outside, he carefully pulled the skiff alongside, got aboard with a pair of oars, and cast off.

At first he rowed very gently in the direction of the station, fearing the chance of noise if he made undue haste. But gradually he increased the strength of his strokes till he had settled down to the regular stride. When he had covered half the distance he glanced about. Escape was sure now, for he knew, even if he were discovered, that it would be impossible for the Dazzler to get under way and head him off before he made the land and the protection of that man who wore the uniform of Uncle Sam.

The report of a gun came to him from the shore, but his back was in that direction and he did not bother to turn around. A second report followed, and a bullet cut the water within a couple of feet of his oar-blade. This time he did turn around. The soldier on the beach was leveling his rifle at him for a third shot.

CHAPTER III.

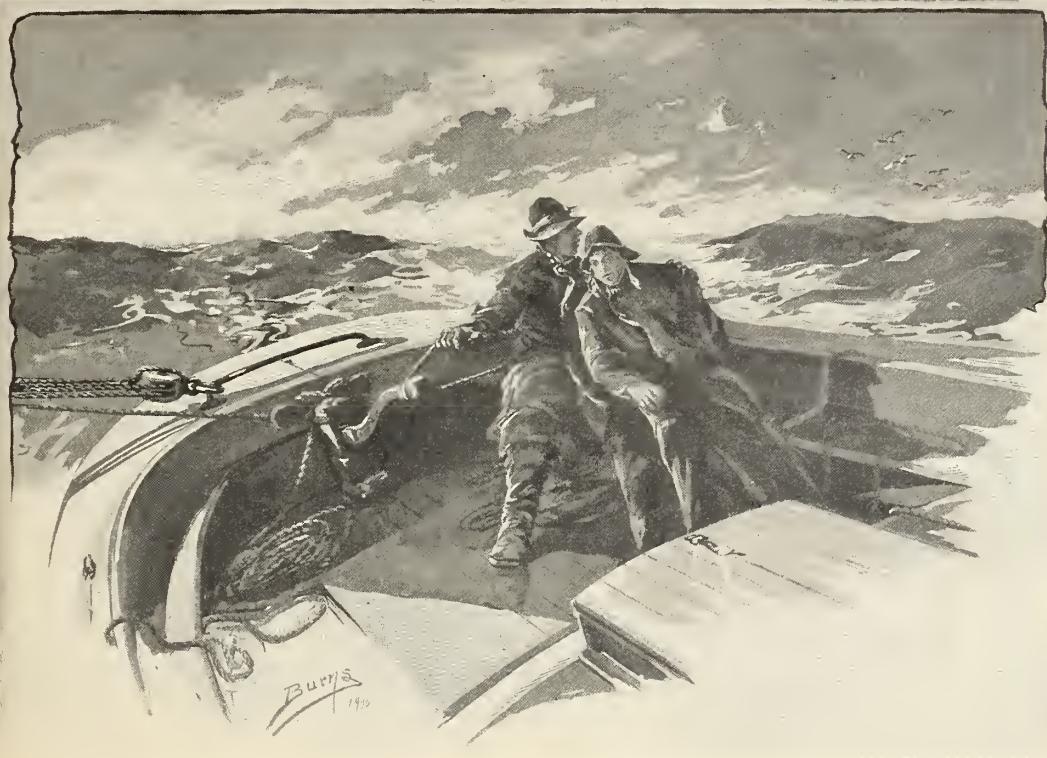
JOE LOSES LIBERTY, AND FINDS A FRIEND.

JOE was in a predicament, and a very tantalizing one at that. A few minutes of hard rowing would bring him to the beach and to

safety; but on that beach, for some unaccountable reason, stood a United States soldier who persisted in firing at him.

When Joe saw the gun aimed at him for the third time, he backed water hastily. As a result the skiff came to a standstill, and the soldier, lowering his rifle, regarded him intently.

Joe thought rapidly. The island was large. Perhaps there were no soldiers farther on, and if he only once got ashore he did not care how quickly they captured him. He might catch the smallpox, but even that was better than going back to the Bay pirates. He whirled the skiff half about to the right, and threw all



"THEY SAT SIDE BY SIDE IN THE SHELTER OF THE COCKPIT." (SEE PAGE 790.)

"I want to come ashore! Important!" Joe shouted out to him.

The man in uniform shook his head.

"But it's important, I tell you! Won't you let me come ashore?"

He took a hurried look in the direction of the Dazzler. The shots had evidently awakened Pete; for the mainsail had been hoisted, and as he looked he saw the anchor broken out and the jib flung to the breeze.

"Can't land here!" the soldier shouted back. "Smallpox!"

"But I must!" he cried, choking down a half-sob and preparing to row.

"Then I'll shoot," was the cheering response, and the rifle came to shoulder again.

his strength against the oars. The cove was quite wide, and the nearest point which he must go around a good distance away. Had he been more of a sailor he would have gone in the other direction for the opposite point, and thus had the wind on his pursuers. As it was, the Dazzler had a beam wind in which to overtake him.

It was nip and tuck for a while. The breeze was light and not very steady, so sometimes he gained and sometimes they. Once it freshened till the sloop was within a hundred yards of him, and then it dropped suddenly flat, the Dazzler's big mainsail flapping idly from side to side.

"Ah! you steal ze skiff, eh?" Pete howled

at him, running into the cabin for his rifle. "I fix you! You come back queeck, or I kill you!" But he knew the soldier was watching them from the shore, and did not dare to fire, even over the lad's head.

Joe did not think of this, for he, who had never been shot at in all his previous life, had been under fire twice in the last twenty-four hours. Once more or less could n't amount to much. So he pulled steadily away, while Pete raved like a wild man, threatening him with all manner of punishments once he laid hands upon him again. To complicate matters, 'Frisco Kid waxed mutinous.

"Just you shoot him and I 'll see you hung for it, see if I don't," he threatened. "You 'd better let him go. He 's a good boy and all right, and not raised for the life you and I are leading."

"You too, eh!" the Frenchman shrieked, beside himself with rage. "Den I fix you, you rat!"

He made a rush for the boy, but 'Frisco Kid led him a lively chase from cockpit to bowsprit and back again. A sharp capful of wind arriving just then, Pete abandoned the one chase for the other. Springing to the tiller and slacking away on the main-sheet,—for the wind favored,—he headed the sloop down upon Joe. The latter made one tremendous spurt, then gave up in despair and hauled in his oars. Pete let go the main-sheet, lost steerage-way as he rounded up alongside the motionless skiff, and dragged Joe out.

"Keep mum," 'Frisco Kid whispered to him while the irate Frenchman was busy fastening the painter. "Don't talk back. Let him say all he wants to, and keep quiet. It 'll be better for you."

But Joe's Anglo-Saxon blood was up and he did not heed.

"Look here, Mr. Pete, or whatever your name is," he commenced, "I give you to understand that I want to quit, and that I 'm going to quit. So you 'd better put me ashore at once. If you don't, I 'll put you in prison, or my name 's not Joe Bronson."

'Frisco Kid waited the outcome fearfully. Pete was aghast. He was being defied aboard his own vessel, and by a boy. Never had such

a thing been heard of. He knew he was committing an unlawful act in detaining him, while at the same time he was afraid to let him go with the information he had gathered concerning the sloop and its occupation. The boy had spoken the unpleasant truth when he said he could send him to prison. The only thing for him to do was to bully him.

"You will, eh?" His shrill voice rose wrathfully. "Den you come too. You row ze boat last-a night—answer me dat! You steal ze iron—answer me dat! You run away—answer me dat! And den you say you put me in jail? Bah!"

"But I did n't know," Joe protested.

"Ha, ha! Dat is funny. You tell dat to ze judge; mebbe him laugh, eh?"

"I say I did n't," Joe reiterated manfully. "I did n't know I 'd shipped along with a lot of pirates and thieves."

'Frisco Kid winced at this epithet, and had Joe been looking at him he would have seen the red flush of shame mount to his face.

"And now that I do know," he continued, "I wish to be put ashore. I don't know anything about the law, but I do know right and wrong, and I 'm willing to take my chance with any judge for whatever wrong I have done—with all the judges in the United States, for that matter. And that 's more than you can say, Mr. Pete."

"You say dat, eh? Vaire good. But you are one big t'ief—"

"I 'm not! Don't you dare call me that again!" Joe's face was pale, and he was trembling—but not with fear.

"T'ief!" the Frenchman taunted back.

"You lie!"

Joe had not been a boy among boys for nothing. He knew the penalty which attached itself to the words he had just spoken, and he expected to receive it. So he was not overmuch surprised when he picked himself up from the floor of the cockpit an instant later, his head still ringing from a stiff blow between the eyes.

"Say dat one time more," Pete bullied, his fist raised and prepared to strike.

Tears of anger stood in Joe's eyes, but he was calm and in dead earnest. "When you

say I am a thief, Pete, you lie. You can kill me, but still I will say you lie."

"No, you don't!" 'Frisco Kid had darted in like a wildcat, preventing a second blow and shoving the Frenchman back across the cockpit.

"You leave the boy alone," he continued, suddenly unshipping and arming himself with the heavy iron tiller, and standing between them. "This thing 's gone just about as far as it 's going to go. You big fool, can't you see the stuff the boy 's made out of? He speaks true. He 's right, and he knows it, and you could kill him and he would n't give in. There 's my hand on it, Joe." He turned and extended his hand to Joe, who returned the grip. "You 've got spunk, and you 're not afraid to show it."

Pete's mouth twisted itself in a sickly smile, but the evil gleam in his eyes gave it the lie. He shrugged his shoulders and said: "Ah! So? He does not dee-sire dat I him call pet names. Ha, ha! It is only ze sailor-man play. Let us—what you call—forgive and forget, eh? Vaire good; forgive and forget."

He reached out his hand, but Joe refused to take it. 'Frisco Kid nodded approval, while Pete, still shrugging his shoulders and smiling, passed into the cabin.

"Slack off ze main-sheet," he called out, "and run down for Hunter's Point. For one time I will cook ze dinner, and den you will say dat it is ze vaire good dinner. Ah! Pete is ze great cook!"

"That 's the way he always does—gets real good and cooks when he wants to make up," 'Frisco Kid hazarded, slipping the tiller into the rudder-head and obeying the order. "But even then you can't trust him."

Joe nodded his head, but did not speak. He was in no mood for conversation. He was still trembling from the excitement of the last few moments, while deep down he questioned himself on how he had behaved, and found naught to be ashamed of.

The afternoon sea-breeze had sprung up and was now rioting in from the Pacific. Angel Island was fast dropping astern, and the waterfront of San Francisco showing up, as the Dazzler plowed along before it. Soon they were

in the midst of the shipping, passing in and out among the vessels which had come from the uttermost ends of the earth. Later they crossed the fairway, where the ferry steamers, crowded with passengers, passed backward and forward between San Francisco and Oakland. One came so close that the passengers crowded to the side to see the gallant little sloop and the two boys in the cockpit. Joe gazed almost enviously at the row of down-turned faces. They all were going to their homes, while he—he was going he knew not whither, at the will of Pete Le Maire. He was half tempted to cry out for help; but the foolishness of such an act struck him, and he held his tongue. Turning his head, his eyes wandered along the smoky heights of the city, and he fell to musing on the strange ways of men and ships on the sea.

'Frisco Kid watched him from the corner of his eye, following his thoughts as accurately as though he spoke them aloud.

"Got a home over there somewhere?" he queried suddenly, waving his hand in the direction of the city.

Joe started, so correctly had his thought been anticipated. "Yes," he said simply.

"Tell us about it."

Joe rapidly described his home, though forced to go into greater detail because of the curious questions of his companion. 'Frisco Kid was interested in everything, especially in Mrs. Bronson and Bessie. Of the latter he could not seem to tire, and poured forth question after question concerning her. So peculiar and artless were some of them that Joe could hardly forbear to smile.

"Now tell me about your home," he said, when he at last had finished.

'Frisco Kid seemed suddenly to harden, and his face took on a stern look which the other had never seen there before. He swung his foot idly to and fro, and lifted a dull eye to the main-peak blocks, with which, by the way, there was nothing the matter.

"Go ahead," the other encouraged.

"I have n't no home."

The four words left his mouth as though they had been forcibly ejected, and his lips came together after them almost with a snap.

Joe saw he had touched a tender spot, and strove to ease the way out of it again. "Then the home you did have." He did not dream that there were lads in the world who never had known homes, or that he had only succeeded in probing deeper.

"Never had none."

"Oh!" His interest was aroused, and he

tiller, while they went in to eat. Both lads hailed his advent with feelings of relief, and the awkwardness vanished over the dinner, which was all their skipper had claimed it to be. Afterward 'Frisco Kid relieved Pete, and while he was eating, Joe washed up the dishes and put the cabin shipshape. Then they all gathered in the stern, where the captain strove



"FRISCO KID INSTANTLY NAMED IT AS THE 'REINDEER.'"

now threw solicitude to the winds. "Any sisters?"

"Nope."

"Mother?"

"I was so young when she died that I don't remember her."

"Father?"

"I never saw much of him. He went to sea, —anyhow, he disappeared."

"Oh!" Joe did not know what to say, and an oppressive silence, broken only by the churn of the Dazzler's forefoot, fell upon them.

Just then Pete came out to relieve at the

to increase the general cordiality by entertaining them with descriptions of life among the pearl-divers of the South Seas.

In this fashion the afternoon wore away. They had long since left San Francisco behind, rounded Hunter's Point, and were now skirting the San Mateo shore. Joe caught a glimpse, once, of a party of cyclists rounding a cliff on the San Bruno Road, and remembered the time when he had gone over the same ground on his own wheel. That was only a month or two before, but it seemed an age to him now, so much had there been to come between.

By the time supper had been eaten and the things cleared away, they were well down the Bay, off the marshes behind which Redwood City clustered. The wind had gone down with the sun, and the Dazzler was making but little headway, when they sighted a sloop bearing down upon them on the dying wind. 'Frisco Kid instantly named it as the "Reindeer," to which Pete, after a deep scrutiny, agreed. He seemed greatly pleased at the meeting.

"Epont Nelson runs her," 'Frisco Kid informed Joe. "They 've got something big down here, and they 're always after Pete to tackle it with them. He knows more about it, whatever it is."

Joe nodded and looked at the approaching craft curiously. Though somewhat larger, it was built on about the same lines as the Dazzler—which meant, above everything else, that it was built for speed. The mainsail was so large that it was more like that of a racing-yacht, and it carried the points for no less than three reefs in case of rough weather. Aloft and on deck everything was in place; nothing was untidy or useless. From running-gear to standing-rigging, everything bore evidence of thorough order and smart seamanship.

The Reindeer came up slowly in the gathering twilight, and went to anchor not a biscuit-toss away. Pete followed suit with the Dazzler, and then went in the skiff to pay them a visit. The two lads stretched themselves out on top of the cabin and awaited his return.

"Do you like the life?" Joe broke silence.

The other turned on his elbow. "Well—I do, and then again I don't. The fresh air and the salt water, and all that, and the freedom—that 's all right; but I don't like the—the—" He paused a moment, as though his tongue had failed in its duty, and then blurted out, "the stealing."

"Then why don't you quit it?" Joe liked the lad more than he dared confess, and he felt a sudden missionary zeal come upon him.

"I will, just as soon as I can turn my hand to something else."

"But why not now?"

Now is the accepted time, was ringing in Joe's ears, and if the other wished to leave, it seemed a pity that he did not, and at once.

"Where can I go? What can I do? There 's nobody in all the world to lend me a hand, just as there never has been. I tried it once, and learned my lesson too well to do it again in a hurry."

"Well, when I get out of this I 'm going home. Guess my father was right, after all. And I don't see—maybe—what 's the matter with you going with me?" He said this last impulsively, without thinking, and 'Frisco Kid knew it.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he answered. "Fancy me going off with you! What 'd your father say? And—and the rest? How would he think of me? And what 'd he do?"

Joe felt sick at heart. He realized that in the spirit of the moment he had given an invitation which, on sober thought, he knew would be impossible to carry out. He tried to imagine his father receiving in his own house a stranger like 'Frisco Kid. No, that was not to be thought of. Then, forgetting his own plight, he fell to racking his brains for some other method by which 'Frisco Kid could get away from his present surroundings.

"He might turn me over to the police," the other went on, "and send me to a refuge. I 'd die first, before I 'd let that happen to me. And besides, Joe, I 'm not of your kind, and you know it. Why, I 'd be like a fish out of water, what with all the things I don't know. Nope; I guess I 'll have to wait a little before I strike out. But there 's only one thing for you to do, and that 's to go straight home. First chance I get, I 'll land you, and then deal with Pete—"

"No, you don't," Joe interrupted hotly. "When I leave I 'm not going to leave you in trouble on my account. So don't you try anything like that. I 'll get away, never fear; and if I can figure it out, I want you to come along too—come along, anyway, and figure it out afterwards. What d' you say?"

'Frisco Kid shook his head, and, gazing up at the starlit heavens, wandered off into day-dreams of the life he would like to lead, but from which he seemed inexorably shut out. The seriousness of life was striking deeper than ever into Joe's heart, and he lay silent, think-

ing hard. A mumble of heavy voices came to them from the Reindeer; from the land the solemn notes of a church bell floated across the water; while the summer night wrapped them slowly in its warm darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

'FRISCO KID TELLS HIS STORY.

AFTER the conversation died away, the two lads lay upon the cabin for perhaps an hour.

Then, without saying a word, 'Frisco Kid went below and struck a light. Joe could hear him fumbling about, and a little later heard his own name called softly. On going into the cabin, he saw 'Frisco Kid sitting on the edge of the bunk, a sailor's ditty-box on his knees, and in his hand a carefully folded page from a magazine.

"Does she look like this?" he asked, smoothing it out and turning it that the other might see.

It was a half-page illustration of two girls and a boy, grouped in an old-fashioned, roomy attic, and evidently holding a council of some sort. The girl who was talking faced the on-looker, while the backs of the two others were turned.

"Who?" Joe queried, glancing in perplexity from the picture to 'Frisco Kid's face.

"Like—like your sister—Bessie." The name seemed reluctant to come from his lips, and he expressed it with a certain shy reverence, as though it were something unspeakably sacred.

Joe was nonplussed for the moment. He could see no bearing between the two in point, and, anyway, girls were rather silly creatures to waste one's time over. "He's actually blushing," he thought, regarding the soft glow on the other's cheeks. He felt an irresistible desire to laugh, but tried to smother it down.

"No, no; don't!" 'Frisco Kid cried, snatching the paper away and putting it back in the ditty-box with shaking fingers. Then he added more slowly: "I thought I—I kind of thought you would understand, and—and—"

His lips trembled and his eyes glistened with unwonted moistness as he turned hastily away.

The next instant Joe was by his side on the

bunk, his arm around him. Prompted by some instinctive monitor, he had done it before he thought. A week before he could not have imagined himself in such an absurd situation—his arm around a boy! but now it seemed the most natural thing in the world. He did not comprehend, but he knew that, whatever it was, it was something that seemed of deep importance to his companion.

"Go ahead and tell us," he urged. "I'll understand."

"No, you won't; you can't."

"Yes—sure. Go ahead."

'Frisco Kid choked and shook his head. "I don't think I could, anyway. It's more the things I feel, and I don't know how to put them in words." Joe's arm wrapped about him reassuringly, and he went on: "Well, it's this way. You see, I don't know much about the land, and people, and homes, and I never had no brothers, or sisters, or playmates. All the time I did n't know it, but I was lonely—sort of missed them down in here somewheres." He placed a hand over his breast to locate the seat of loss. "Did you ever feel downright hungry? Well, that's just the way I used to feel, only a different kind of hunger, and me not knowing what it was. But one day, oh, a long time back, I got a-hold of a magazine, and saw a picture—that picture, with the two girls and the boy talking together. I thought it must be fine to be like them, and I got to thinking about the things they said and did, till it came to me all of a sudden like, and I knew that it was just loneliness was the matter with me.

"But, more than anything else, I got to wondering about the girl who looks out of the picture right at you. I was thinking about her all the time, and by and by she became real to me. You see, it was making believe, and I knew it all the time; and then again I did n't. Whenever I'd think of the men, and the work, and the hard life, I'd know it was make-believe; but when I'd think of her, it was n't. I don't know; I can't explain it."

Joe remembered all his own adventures which he had imagined on land and sea, and nodded. He at least understood that much.

"Of course it was all foolishness, but to

have a girl like that for a friend seemed more like heaven to me than anything else I knew of. As I said, it was a long while back, and I was only a little kid. That 's when Nelson gave me my name, and I 've never been anything but 'Frisco Kid ever since. But the girl in the picture: I was always getting that picture out to look at her, and before long, if I was n't square, why, I felt ashamed to look at her. Afterwards, when I was older, I came to look at it in another way. I thought, 'Suppose, Kid, some day you were to meet a girl like that, what would she think of you? Could she like you? Could she be even the least bit of a friend to you?' And then I 'd make up my mind to be better, to try and do something with myself so that she or any of her kind of people would not be ashamed to know me.

"That 's why I learned to read. That 's why I ran away. Nicky Perrata, a Greek boy, taught me my letters, and it was n't till after I learned to read that I found out there was anything really wrong in Bay-pirating. I 'd been used to it ever since I could remember, and several people I knew made their living that way. But when I did find out, I ran away, thinking to quit it for good. I 'll tell you about it sometime, and how I 'm back at it again.

"Of course she seemed a real girl when I was a youngster, and even now she sometimes seems that way, I 've thought so much about her. But while I 'm talking to you it all clears up and she comes to me in this light: she stands just for—well, for a better, cleaner life than this, and one I 'd like to live; and if I could live it, why, I 'd come to know that kind of girls, and their kind of people—your kind, that 's what I mean. So I was wondering about your sister and you, and that 's why—I don't know; I guess I was just wondering. But I suppose you know lots of girls like that, don't you?"

Joe nodded his head in token that he did.

"Then tell me about them; something—anything," he added, as he noted the fleeting expression of doubt in the other's eyes.

"Oh, that 's easy," Joe began valiantly. To a certain extent he did understand the lad's hunger, and it seemed a simple enough task to

satisfy him. "To begin with, they 're like—hem!—why, they 're like—girls, just girls." He broke off with a miserable sense of failure.

'Frisco Kid waited patiently, his face a study in expectancy.

Joe struggled vainly to marshal his ideas. To his mind, in quick succession, came the girls with whom he had gone to school, the sisters of the boys he knew, and those who were his sister's friends—slim girls and plump girls, tall girls and short girls, blue-eyed and brown-eyed, curly-haired, black-haired, golden-haired; in short, a regular procession of girls of all sorts and descriptions. But, to save himself, he could say nothing about them. Anyway, he 'd never been a "sissy," and why should he be expected to know anything about them? "All girls are alike," he concluded desperately. "They 're just the same as the ones you know, Kid. Sure they are."

"But I don't know any."

Joe whistled. "And never did?"

"Yes, one—Carlotta Gispardi. But she could n't speak English; and she died. I don't care; though I never knew any, I seem to know as much about them as you do."

"And I guess I know more about adventures all over the world than you do," Joe retorted.

Both boys laughed. But a moment later Joe fell into deep thought. It had come upon him quite swiftly that he had not been duly grateful for the good things of life he did possess. Already home, father, and mother had assumed a greater significance to him; but he now found himself placing a higher personal value upon his sister, his chums and friends. He never had appreciated them properly, he thought, but henceforth—well, there would be a different tale to tell.

The voice of Pete hailing them put a finish to the conversation, for they both ran on deck.

"Get up ze mainsail, and break out ze hook!" he shouted. "And den tail on to ze Reindeer! No side-lights!"

"Come! Cast off those gaskets! Lively!" 'Frisco Kid ordered. "Now lay onto the peak-halyards—there, that rope; cast it off the pin. And don't hoist ahead of me. There! Make fast! We 'll stretch it afterwards. Run

aft and come in on the main-sheet! Shove the helm up!"

Under the sudden driving power of the mainsail, the Dazzler strained and tugged at her anchor like an impatient horse, till the muddy iron left the bottom with a rush, and she was free.

"Let go the sheet! Come for'ard again, and lend a hand on the chain! Stand by to give her the jib!" 'Frisco Kid, the boy who mooned over a picture of a girl in a magazine, had vanished, and 'Frisco Kid the sailor, strong and dominant, was on deck. He ran aft and tacked about as the jib rattled aloft in the hands of the Joe, who quickly joined him. Just then the Reindeer, like a monstrous bat, passed to leeward of them in the gloom.

"Ah! dose boys! Dey take all-a night!" they heard Pete exclaim; and then the gruff voice of Nelson, who said: "Never you mind, Frenchy. I learned the Kid his sailorizing, and I ain't never been ashamed of him yet."

The Reindeer was the faster boat, but by spilling the wind from her sails they managed so that the boys could keep them in sight. The breeze came steadily in from the west, with a promise of early increase. The stars were being blotted out by driving masses of clouds, which indicated a greater velocity in the upper strata. 'Frisco Kid surveyed the sky. "Going to have it good and stiff before morning," he prophesied, and Joe guessed so, too.

A couple of hours later both boats stood in for the land, and dropped anchor not more than a cable's-length from the shore. A little wharf ran out, the bare end of which was perceptible to them, though they could discern a small yacht lying to a buoy a short distance away.

As on the previous night, everything was in readiness for hasty departure. The anchors could be tripped and the sails flung out on a moment's notice. Both skiffs came over noiselessly from the Reindeer. Nelson had given one of his two men to Pete, so that each skiff was doubly manned. They were not a very prepossessing bunch of men—at least, Joe thought so, for their faces bore a savage seriousness which almost made him shiver. The captain



"DOES SHE LOOK LIKE THIS?" HE ASKED, TURNING IT THAT THE OTHER MIGHT SEE." (SEE PAGE 798.)

of the Dazzler buckled on his pistol-belt and placed a rifle and a small double-block tackle in the boat. Nelson was also armed, while his men wore at their hips the customary sailor's sheath-knife. They were very slow and careful to avoid noise in getting into the boats, Pete pausing long enough to warn the boys to remain quietly aboard and not try any tricks.

"Now 'd be your chance, Joe, if they had n't

taken the skiffs," 'Frisco Kid whispered, when the boats had vanished into the loom of the land.

"What 's the matter with the Dazzler?" was the unexpected answer. "We could up sail and away before you could say Jack Robinson."

They crawled for'ard and began to hoist the mainsail. The anchor they could slip, if necessary, and save the time of pulling it up. But at the first rattle of the halyards on the sheaves a warning "Hist!" came to them through the darkness, followed by a loudly whispered "Drop that!"

Glancing in the direction from which these sounds proceeded, they made out a white face peering at them from over the rail of the other sloop.

"Aw, it 's only the Reindeer's boy," 'Frisco Kid said. "Come on."

Again they were interrupted at the first rattling of the blocks.

"I say, you fellers, you 'd better let go them halyards pretty quick, I 'm a-tellin' you, or I 'll give you what for!"

This threat being dramatically capped by the click of a cocking pistol, 'Frisco Kid obeyed and went grumblingly back to the cockpit. "Oh, there 's plenty more chances to come," he whispered consolingly to Joe. "Pete was cute, was n't he? Kind of thought you 'd be trying to make a break, and fixed it so you could n't."

Nothing came from the shore to indicate how the pirates were faring. Not a dog barked, not a light flared; yet the air seemed quivering with an alarm about to burst forth. The night had taken on a strained feeling of intensity, as though it held in store all kinds of terrible things. The boys felt this keenly as they huddled against each other in the cockpit and waited.

"You were going to tell me about your running away," Joe ventured finally, "and why you came back again."

'Frisco Kid took up the tale at once, speaking in a muffled undertone close to the other's ear.

"You see, when I made up my mind to quit the life, there was n't a soul to lend me a hand; but I knew that the only thing for me to do

was to get ashore and find some kind of work, so I could study. Then I figured there 'd be more chance in the country than in the city; so I gave Nelson the slip. I was on the Reindeer then—one night on the Alameda oyster-beds, and headed back from the Bay. But they were all Portuguese farmers thereabouts, and none of them had work for me. Besides, it was in the wrong time of the year—winter. That shows how much I knew about the land.

"I 'd saved up a couple of dollars, and I kept traveling back, deeper and deeper into the country, looking for work and buying bread and cheese, and such things, from the store-keepers. I tell you it was cold, nights, sleeping out without blankets, and I was always glad when morning came. But worse than that was the way everybody looked on me. They were all suspicious, and not a bit afraid to show it, and sometimes they 'd sick their dogs on me and tell me to get along. Seemed as though there was n't no place for me on the land. Then my money gave out, and just about the time I was good and hungry I got captured."

"Captured! What for?"

"Nothing. Living, I suppose. I crawled into a haystack to sleep one night, because it was warmer, and along comes a village constable and arrests me for being a tramp. At first they thought I was a runaway, and telegraphed my description all over. I told them I did n't have no people, but they would n't believe me for a long while. And then, when nobody claimed me, the judge sent me to a boys' 'refuge' in San Francisco."

He stopped and peered intently in the direction of the shore. The darkness and the silence in which the men had been swallowed up were profound. Nothing was stirring save the rising wind.

"I thought I 'd die in that 'refuge.' Just like being in jail. You were locked up and guarded like any prisoner. Even then, if I could have liked the other boys it would n't have been so bad. But they were mostly street-boys of the worst sort, without one spark of manhood or one idea of square dealing and fair play. There was only one thing I did like, and that was the books. Oh, I did lots of reading, I tell you. But that could n't make

up for the rest. I wanted the freedom, and the sunlight, and the salt water. And what had I done to be kept in prison and herded with such a gang? Instead of doing wrong, I had tried to do good, to make myself better, and that 's what I got for it. I was n't old enough, you see.

"Sometimes I 'd see the sunshine dancing on the water and showing white on the sails, and the Reindeer cutting through it just as you please, and I 'd get that sick I would n't know hardly what I did. And then the boys would come against me with some of their meanesses, and I 'd start in to lick the whole kit of them. Then the men in charge 'd lock me up and punish me. After I could n't stand it no longer, I watched my chance, and cut and run for it. Seemed as though there was n't no place on the land for me, so I picked up with Pete and went back on the Bay. That 's about all there is to it, though I 'm going to try it again when I get a little older—old enough to get a square deal for myself."

"You 're going to go back on the land with me," Joe said authoritatively, laying a hand on his shoulder; "that 's what you 're going to do. As for—"

Bang! a revolver-shot rang out from the shore. Bang! bang! More guns were speaking sharply and hurriedly. A man's voice rose wildly on the air and died away. Somebody began to cry for help. Both boys were to their feet on the instant, hoisting the mainsail and getting everything ready to run. The Reindeer boy was doing likewise. A man, roused from his sleep on the yacht, thrust an excited head through the skylight, but withdrew it hastily at sight of the two stranger sloops. The intensity of waiting was broken, the time for action come.

CHAPTER V.

PERILOUS HOURS.

HEAVING in on the anchor-chain till it was up and down, 'Frisco Kid and Joe ceased from their exertions. Everything was in readiness to give the Dazzler the jib and go. They strained their eyes in the direction of the shore. The clamor had died away, but here and there

lights were beginning to flash. The creaking of a block and tackle came to their ears, and they heard Nelson's voice singing out "Lower away!" and "Cast off!"

"Pete forgot to oil it," 'Frisco Kid commented, referring to the tackle.

"Takin' their time about it, ain't they?" the boy on the Reindeer called over to them, sitting down on the cabin and mopping his face after the exertion of hoisting the mainsail single-handed.

"Guess they 're all right," 'Frisco Kid rejoined.

"Say, you," the man on the yacht cried through the skylight, not venturing to show his head. "You 'd better go away."

"And you 'd better stay below and keep quiet," was the response.

"We 'll take care of ourselves. See you do the same," replied the boy on the Reindeer.

"If I was only out of this, I 'd show you," the man threatened.

"Lucky for you you 're not," was the response.

"Here they come!"

The two skiffs shot out of the darkness and came alongside. Some kind of an altercation was going on, as Pete's shrill voice attested.

"No, no!" he cried. "Put it on ze Dazzler. Ze Reindeer she sail too fast-a, and run away, oh, so queeck, and never more I see it. Put it on ze Dazzler. Eh? W'at you say?"

"All right," Nelson agreed. "We 'll whack up afterwards. But hurry up. Out with you, lads, and heave her up. My arm 's broke."

The men tumbled out, ropes were cast in-board, and all hands, with the exception of Joe, tailed on. The shouting of men, the sound of oars, and the rattling and slapping of blocks and sails, told that the men on shore were getting under way for the pursuit.

"Now!" Nelson commanded. "All together! Don't let her come back or you 'll smash the skiff. There she takes it! A long pull and a strong pull! Once again! And yet again! Get a turn there, somebody, and take a spell."

Though the task was but half accomplished, they were exhausted by the strenuous effort, and hailed the rest eagerly. Joe glanced over

the side to discover what the heavy object might be, and saw the vague outlines of a very small office safe.

"Now, all together! Take her on the run, and don't let her stop! Yo, ho! heave, ho! Once again! And another! Over with her!"

Straining and gasping, with tense muscles and heaving chests, they brought the cumbersome weight over the side, rolled it on top of the rail, and lowered it into the cockpit on the run. The cabin doors were thrown apart, and it was moved along, end for end, till it lay on the cabin floor, snug against the end of the center-board-case. Nelson had followed it aboard to superintend. His left arm hung helpless at his side, and from the finger-tips blood dripped with monotonous regularity. He did not seem to mind it, however; nor even the mutterings of the human storm he had raised ashore, and which, to judge by the sounds, was even now threatening to break upon them.

"Lay your course for the Golden Gate," he said to Pete, as he turned to go. "I'll try to stand by you; but if you get lost in the dark, I'll meet you outside, off the Farralones, in the morning." He sprang into the skiff after the men, and, with a wave of his uninjured arm, cried heartily: "And then it's Mexico, my jolly rovers—Mexico and summer weather!"

Just as the Dazzler, freed from her anchor, paid off under the jib and filled away, a dark sail loomed under her stern, barely missing the skiff in tow. The cockpit of the stranger was crowded with men, who raised their voices angrily at sight of the pirates. Joe had half a mind to run for'ard and cut the halyards so that they might be captured. As he had told Pete the day before, he had done nothing to be ashamed of, and was not afraid to go before a court of justice. But the thought of 'Frisco Kid restrained him. He wished to take him ashore with him, but in so doing he did not wish to take him to jail. So he began to experience a keen interest in the escape of the Dazzler, after all.

The pursuing sloop rounded up hurriedly to come about after them, and in the darkness fouled the yacht which lay at anchor. The man aboard of her, thinking that at last his time had come, let out one wild yell, and ran

on deck, screaming for help. In the confusion of the collision Pete and the boys slipped away into the night.

The Reindeer had already disappeared, and by the time Joe and 'Frisco Kid had the running-gear coiled down and everything in shape, they were standing out in open water. The wind was freshening constantly, and the Dazzler heeling a lively clip through the comparatively smooth water. Before an hour had passed, the lights of Hunter's Point were well on her starboard beam. 'Frisco Kid went below to make coffee, but Joe remained on deck, watching the lights of South San Francisco grow, and speculating on his destination. Mexico! They were going to sea in such a frail craft! Impossible! At least, it seemed so to him, for his conceptions of ocean travel were limited to steamers and full-rigged ships, and he did not know how the tiny fishing-boats ventured the open sea. He was beginning to feel half sorry that he had not cut the halyards, and longed to ask Pete a thousand questions; but just as the first was on his lips, that worthy ordered him to go below and get some coffee, and then to turn in. He was followed shortly afterward by 'Frisco Kid, Pete remaining at his lonely task of beating down the Bay and out to sea. Twice Pete heard the waves buffeted back from some flying forefoot, and once he saw a sail to leeward on the opposite tack, which luffed sharply and came about at sight of him. But the darkness favored, and he heard no more of it—perhaps because he worked into the wind closer by a point, and held on his way with a rebellious shaking after-leech.

Shortly after dawn the boys were called and came sleepily on deck. The day had broken cold and gray, while the wind had attained half a gale. Joe noted with astonishment the white tents of the quarantine station on Angel Island. San Francisco lay a smoky blur on the southern horizon, while the night, still lingering on the western edge of the world, slowly withdrew before their eyes. Pete was just finishing a long reach into the Raccoon Strait, and, at the same time, studiously regarding a plunging sloop-yacht half a mile astern.

"Dey t'ink to catch ze Dazzler, eh? Bah!"

And he brought the craft in question about, laying a course straight for the Golden Gate.

The pursuing yacht followed suit. Joe watched her a few moments. She held an apparently parallel course to them, and forged ahead much faster.

"Why, at this rate they 'll have us in no time!" he cried.

Pete laughed. "You t'ink so? Bah! Dey outfoot; we outpoint. Dey are scared of ze wind; we wipe ze eye of ze wind. Ah! you wait—you see."

"They 're traveling ahead faster," 'Frisco Kid explained, "but we 're sailing closer to the wind. In the end we 'll beat them, even if they have the nerve to cross the bar, which I don't think they have. Look! See!"

Ahead could be seen the great ocean surges, flinging themselves skyward and bursting into roaring caps of smother. In the midst of it, now rolling her dripping bottom clear, now sousing her deck-load of lumber far above the guards, a coasting steam-schooner was lumbering heavily into port. It was magnificent, this battle between man and the elements. Whatever timidity he had entertained fled away, and Joe's nostrils began to dilate and his eyes to flash at the nearness of the impending struggle.

Pete called for his oilskins and sou'wester, and Joe also was equipped with a spare suit. Then he and 'Frisco Kid were sent below to lash and cleat the safe in place. In the midst of this task Joe glanced at the firm-name gilt-lettered on the face of it, and read, "Bronson & Tate." Why, that was his father and his father's partner. That was their safe! their money! 'Frisco Kid, nailing the last retaining-cleat on the floor of the cabin, looked up and followed his fascinated gaze.

"That 's rough, is n't it?" he whispered. "Your father?"

Joe nodded. He could see it all now. They had run in to San Andreas, where his father worked the big quarries, and most probably the safe contained the wages of the thousand men or so whom his firm employed. "Don't say anything," he cautioned.

'Frisco Kid agreed knowingly. "Pete can't read, anyway," he added, "and the chances are that Nelson won't know what your name

is. But, just the same, it 's pretty rough. They 'll break it open and divide up as soon as they can, so I don't see what you 're going to do about it."

"Wait and see." Joe had made up his mind that he would do his best to stand by his father's property. At the worst, it could only be lost; and that would surely be the case were he not along; while, being along, he at least held a fighting chance to save or to be in position to recover it. Responsibilities were showering upon him thick and fast. Three days before he had had but himself to consider. Then, in some subtle way, he had felt a certain accountability for 'Frisco Kid's future welfare; and after that, and still more subtly, he had become aware of duties which he owed to his position, to his sister, to his chums, and to friends. And now, by a most unexpected chain of circumstances, came the pressing need of service for his father's sake. It was a call upon his deepest strength, and he responded bravely. While the future might be doubtful, he had no doubt of himself; and this very state of mind, this self-confidence, by a generous alchemy, gave him added strength. Nor did he fail to be vaguely aware of it, and to grasp dimly at the truth that confidence breeds confidence—strength, strength.

"Now she takes it!" Pete cried.

Both lads ran into the cockpit. They were on the edge of the breaking bar. A huge forty-footer reared a foam-crested head far above them, stealing their wind for the moment and threatening to crush the tiny craft like an egg-shell. Joe held his breath. It was the supreme moment. Pete luffed straight into it, and the Dazzler mounted the steep slope with a rush, poised a moment on the giddy summit, and fell into the yawning valley beyond. Keeping off in the intervals to fill the mainsail, and luffing into the combers, they worked their way across the dangerous stretch. Once they caught the tail-end of a whitecap and were well-nigh smothered in the froth; but otherwise the sloop bobbed and ducked with the happy facility of a cork.

To Joe it seemed as though he had been lifted out of himself, out of the world. Ah, this was life! This was action! Surely it

could not be the old, commonplace world he had lived in so long! The sailors, grouped on the streaming deck-load of the steamer, waved their sou'westers, nor, on the bridge, was the captain above expressing his admiration for the plucky craft.

"Ah! You see! You see!" Pete pointed astern.

The sloop-yacht had been afraid to venture it, and was skirting back and forth on the inner edge of the bar. The chase was off. A pilot-

they picked up the Reindeer, hove to and working offshore to the south and west. The wheel was lashed down, and there was not a soul on deck.

Pete complained bitterly against such recklessness. "Dat is ze one fault of Nelson. He no care. He is afraid of not'ing. Some day he will die, oh, so vaire queeck! I know, I know."

Three times they circled about the Reindeer, running under her weather quarter and shout-



"PETE LUFFED STRAIGHT INTO IT, AND THE 'DAZZLER' MOUNTED THE STEEP SLOPE WITH A RUSH."

boat, running for shelter from the coming storm, flew by them like a frightened bird, passing the steamer as though the latter were standing still.

Half an hour later the Dazzler passed beyond the last smoking sea and was sliding up and down on the long Pacific swell. The wind had increased its velocity and necessitated a reefing down of jib and mainsail. Then she laid off again, full and free on the starboard tack, for the Farralones, thirty miles away. By the time breakfast was cooked and eaten

ing in chorus, before they brought anybody on deck. Sail was then made at once, and together the two cockle-shells plunged away into the vastness of the Pacific. This was necessary, as 'Frisco Kid informed Joe, in order to have an offing before the whole fury of the storm broke upon them. Otherwise they would be driven on the lee shofo of the California coast. "Grub and water," he said, could be obtained by running in to the land when fine weather came. He also congratulated Joe upon the fact that he was not sea-

sick—which circumstance likewise brought praise from Pete, and put him in better humor with his mutinous sailor.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," 'Frisco Kid whispered, while cooking dinner. "To-night we'll drag Pete down—"

"Drag Pete down?"

"Yes, and tie him up good and snug—as soon as it gets dark. Then put out the lights and make a run for it. Get to port anyway, anywhere, just so long as we shake loose from Nelson. You'll save your father's money, and I'll go away somewhere, over on the other side of the world, and begin all over again."

"Then we'll have to call it off, that's all."

"Call what off?"

"Tying Pete up and running for it."

"No, sir; that's decided upon."

"Now, listen here: I'll not have a thing to do with it—I'll go on to Mexico first—if you don't make me one promise."

"And what's the promise?"

"Just this: you place yourself in my hands from the moment we get ashore, and trust to me. You don't know anything about the land, anyway—you said so. And I'll fix it with my father—I know I can—so that you can get to study, and get an education, and be something else than a Bay pirate or a sailor. That's what you'd like, is n't it?"

Though he said nothing, 'Frisco Kid showed how well he liked it by the expression of his face.

"And it'll be no more than your due, either," Joe continued. "You've stood by me, and you'll have recovered my father's money. He'll owe it to you."

"But I don't do things that way. Think I do a man a favor just to be paid for it?"

"Now you keep quiet. How much do you think it'd cost my father to recover that safe? Give me your promise, that's all, and when I've got things arranged, if you don't like them you can back out. Come on; that's fair."

They shook hands on the bargain, and proceeded to map out their line of action for the night.

But the storm yelling down out of the northwest had something entirely different in store

for the Dazzler and her crew. By the time dinner was over they were forced to put double reefs in mainsail and jib, and still the gale had not reached its height. The sea, also, had been kicked up till it was a continuous succession of water mountains, frightful and withal grand to look upon from the low deck of the sloop. It was only when the sloops were tossed up on the crests of the waves at the same time that they caught sight of each other. Occasional fragments of seas swashed into the cockpit or dashed aft clear over the cabin, and before long Joe was stationed at the small pump to keep the well dry.

At three o'clock, watching his chance, Pete motioned to the Reindeer that he was going to heave to and get out a sea-anchor. This latter was of the nature of a large shallow canvas bag, with the mouth held open by triangularly lashed spars. To this the towing-ropes were attached, on the kite principle, so that the greatest resisting surface was presented to the water. The sloop, drifting so much faster, would thus be held bow on to both wind and sea—the safest possible position in a storm. Nelson waved his hand in response that he understood, and to go ahead.

Pete went for'ard to launch the sea-anchor himself, leaving it to 'Frisco Kid to put the helm down at the proper moment and run into the wind.

The Frenchman poised on the slippery fore-deck, waiting an opportunity. But at this moment the Dazzler lifted into an unusually large sea, and, as she cleared the summit, caught a heavy snort of the gale at the very instant she was righting herself to an even keel.

Thus there was not the slightest yield to this sudden pressure coming on her sails and mast-gear.

Snap! Crash! The steel weather-rigging was carried away at the lanyards, and mast, jib, mainsail, blocks, stays, sea-anchor, Pete—everything—went over the side. Almost by a miracle, the captain clutched at the bobstay and managed to get one hand up and over the bowsprit. The boys ran for'ard to drag him into safety, and Nelson, observing the disaster, put up his helm and instantly ran the Reindeer down to the rescue of the imperiled crew.

CHAPTER VI.

THE END OF THE CRUISE.

PETE was uninjured from the fall overboard with the Dazzler's mast, but the sea-anchor which had gone with him had not escaped so easily. The gaff of the mainsail had been driven through it, and it refused to work. The wreckage, thumping alongside, held the sloop in a quartering slant to the seas—not so dangerous a position as it might be, nor as safe, either.

"Good-by, old-a Dazzler. Never no more you wipe ze eye of ze wind. Never no more you kick your heels at ze crack gentleman-yachts."

So the captain lamented, standing in the cockpit and surveying the ruin with wet eyes. Even Joe, who bore him great dislike, felt sorry for him at this moment. As the horse is to the Arab, so the ship is to the sailor, and Pete suffered his loss keenly. A heavier blast of the wind caught the jagged crest of a wave and hurled it upon the helpless craft.

"Can't we save her?" Joe spluttered.

'Frisco Kid shook his head.

"Or the safe?"

"Impossible," he answered. "Could n't lay another boat alongside for a United States mint. As it is, it 'll keep us guessing to save ourselves."

Another sea swept over them, and the skiff, which had long since been swamped, dashed itself to pieces against the stern. Then the Reindeer towered above them on a mountain of water. Joe caught himself half shrinking back, for it seemed she would fall down squarely on top of them; but the next instant she dropped into the gaping trough, and they were looking down upon her far below. It was a striking picture—one Joe was destined never to forget. The Reindeer was wallowing in the snow-white smother, her rails flush with the sea, the water scudding across her deck in foaming cataracts. The air was filled with flying spray, which made the scene appear hazy and unreal. One of the men was clinging to the perilous after-deck and striving to cast off the water-logged skiff. The boy, leaning far over the cockpit-rail and holding on for dear

life, was passing him a knife. The second man stood at the wheel, putting it up with flying hands, and forcing the sloop to pay off. By him, his injured arm in a sling, was Nelson, his sou'wester gone and his fair hair plastered in wet, wind-blown ringlets about his face. His whole attitude breathed indomitability, courage, strength. Joe looked upon him in sudden awe, and, realizing the enormous possibilities in the man, felt sorrow for the way in which they had been wasted. A pirate—a robber! In that flashing moment he caught a glimpse of truth, grasped at the mystery of success and failure. Of such stuff as Nelson were heroes made; but they possessed wherein he lacked—the power of choice, the careful poise of mind, the sober control of soul.

These were the thoughts which came to Joe in the flight of a second. Then the Reindeer swept skyward and hurtled across their bow to leeward on the breast of a mighty billow.

"Ze wild man! ze wild man!" Pete shrieked, watching her in amazement. "He t'inks he can jibe! He will die! We will all die! He must come about! Oh, ze fool! ze fool!"

But time was precious, and Nelson ventured the chance. At the right moment he jibed the mainsail over and hauled back on the wind.

"Here she comes! Make ready to jump for it!" 'Frisco Kid cried to Joe.

The Reindeer dashed by their stern, heeling over till the cabin windows were buried, and so close that it appeared she must run them down. But a freak of the waters lurched the two crafts apart. Nelson, seeing that the manœuver had miscarried, instantly instituted another. Throwing the helm hard up, the Reindeer whirled on her heel, thus swinging her overhanging main-boom closer to the Dazzler. Pete was the nearest, and the opportunity could last no longer than a second. Like a cat he sprang, catching the foot-rope with both hands. Then the Reindeer forged ahead, dipping him into the sea at every plunge. But he clung on, working inboard every time he emerged, till he dropped into the cockpit, as Nelson squared off to run down to leeward and repeat the manœuver.

"Your turn next," 'Frisco Kid said.

"No; yours," Joe replied.

"But I know more about the water," Frisco Kid insisted.

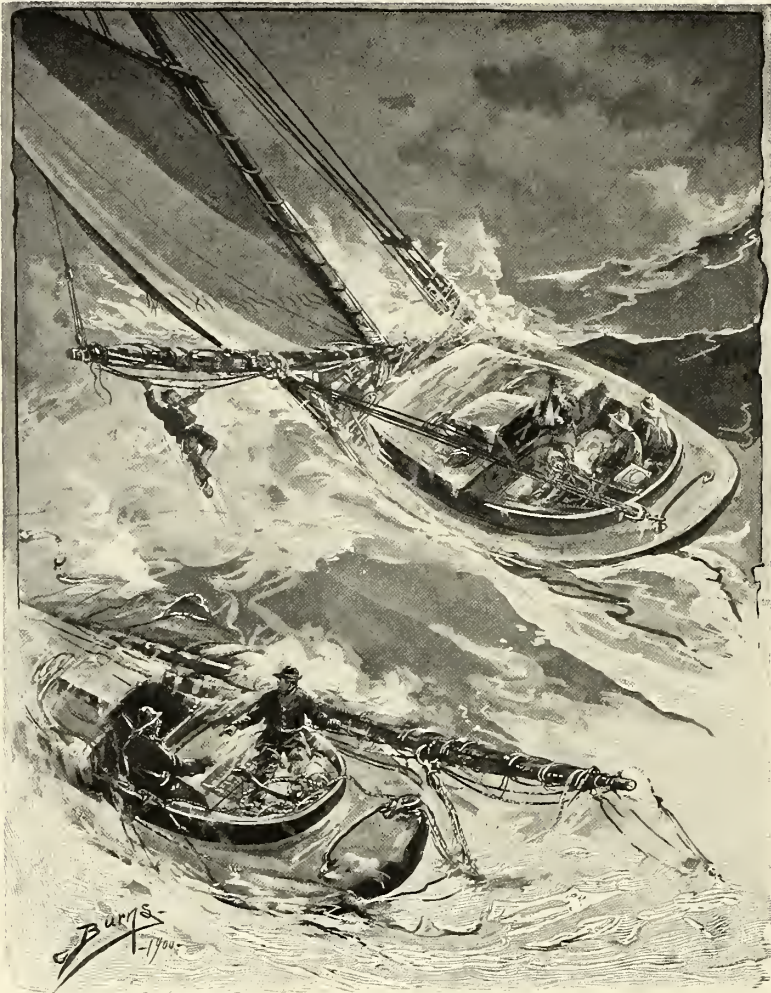
"I can swim as well as you," said the other.

It would have been hard to forecast the outcome of this dispute; but, as it was, the swift rush of events made any settlement useless.

eyes only the angry waters. Doubting, they looked a second time. There was no Reindeer. They were alone on the ocean.

"God have mercy on their souls!"

Joe was too horrified at the suddenness of the catastrophe to utter a sound.



"PETE CLUNG ON, WORKING INBOARD EVERY TIME HE EMERGED, TILL HE DROPPED INTO THE COCKPIT." (SEE PAGE 807.)

The Reindeer had jibed over and was plowing back at breakneck speed, careening at such an angle that it seemed she must surely capsize. It was a gallant sight.

The storm burst in fury, the shouting wind flattening the ragged crests till they boiled. The Reindeer dipped from view behind an immense wave. The wave rolled on, but where the sloop had been the boys noted with startled

"Sailed her clean under, and, with the ballast she carried, went straight to bottom," Frisco Kid gasped when he could speak. "Pete always said Nelson would drown himself that way some day! And now they're all gone. It's dreadful—dreadful. But now we've got to look out for ourselves, I tell you! The back of the storm broke in that puff, but the sea'll kick up worse yet as the wind eases down.

Lend a hand, and hang on with the other. We 've got to get her head-on."

Together, knives in hand, they crawled forward, where the pounding wreckage hampered the boat sorely. 'Frisco Kid took the lead in the ticklish work, but Joe obeyed orders like a veteran. Every minute or so the bow was swept by the sea, and they were pounded and buffeted about like a pair of shuttlecocks. First the main portion of the wreckage was securely fastened to the forward bits; then, breathless and gasping, more often under the water than out, it was cut and hack at the tangle of halyards, sheets, stays, and tackles. The cockpit was taking water rapidly, and it was a race between swamping and completing the task. At last, however, everything stood clear save the lee rigging. 'Frisco Kid slashed the lanyards. The storm did the rest. The Dazzler drifted swiftly to leeward of the wreckage, till the strain on the line fast to the forward bits jerked her bow into place, and she ducked dead into the eye of the wind and sea.

Pausing but for a cheer at the success of their undertaking, the two lads raced aft, where the cockpit was half full and the dunnage of the cabin all afloat. With a couple of buckets procured from the stern lockers, they proceeded to fling the water overboard. It was heartbreaking work, for many a barrelful was flung back upon them again; but they persevered, and when night fell, the Dazzler, bobbing merrily at her sea-anchor, could boast that her pumps sucked once more. As 'Frisco Kid had said, the backbone of the storm was broken, though the wind had veered to the west, where it still blew stiffly.

"If she holds," 'Frisco Kid said, referring to the breeze, "we 'll drift to the California coast, somewhere along in, to-morrow. There 's no thing to do now but wait."

They said little, oppressed by the loss of their comrades and overcome with exhaustion, preferring to huddle against each other for the sake of warmth and companionship. It was a miserable night, and they shivered constantly from the cold. Nothing dry was to be obtained aboard, food, blankets, everything being soaked with the salt water. Sometimes they dozed; but these intervals were short and harassing, for it seemed

as if each of the two boys took turns in waking with such a sudden start as to rouse the other.

At last day broke, and they looked about. Wind and sea had dropped considerably, and there was no question as to the safety of the Dazzler. The coast was nearer than they had expected, its cliffs showing dark and forbidding in the gray of dawn. But with the rising of the sun they could see the yellow beaches, flanked by the white surf, and, beyond,—it seemed too good to be true,—the clustering houses and smoking chimneys of a town.

"It 's Santa Cruz!" 'Frisco Kid cried. "And we 'll run no risk of being wrecked in the surf!"

"Then you think we 'll save the safe?" Joe queried.

"Yes, indeed we will! There is n't much of a sheltered harbor for large vessels, but with this breeze we 'll run right up the mouth of the San Lorenzo River. Then there 's a little lake like, and boat-houses. Water smooth as glass. Come on. We 'll be in in time for breakfast."

Bringing to light some spare coils of rope from the lockers, he put a clove-hitch on the standing part of the sea-anchor hawser, and carried the new running-line aft, making it fast to the stern bits. Then he cast off from the forward bits. Naturally the Dazzler swung off into the trough, completed the evolution, and pointed her nose toward shore. A couple of spare oars from below, and as many water-soaked blankets, sufficed to make a jury-mast and sail. When this was in place Joe cast loose from the wreckage, which was now towing astern, while 'Frisco Kid took the tiller.

"How 's that?" said 'Frisco Kid, as he finished making the Dazzler fast fore and aft, and stepped upon the stringer-piece of the tiny wharf. "What 'll we do next, captain?"

Joe looked up in quick surprise. "Why—I—what 's the matter?"

"Well, are n't you captain now? Have n't we reached land? I 'm crew from now on, you know. What 's your orders?"

Joe caught the spirit of it. "Pipe all hands for breakfast; that is—wait a minute."

Diving below, he possessed himself of the money he had stowed away in his bundle when he came aboard. Then he locked the cabin

door, and they went uptown in search of restaurants. Over the breakfast Joe planned the next move, and, when they had done, communicated it to 'Frisco Kid.

In response to his inquiry the cashier told him when the morning train started for San Francisco. He glanced at the clock.

"I've just time to catch it," he said to 'Frisco Kid. "Here is the key to the cabin door. Keep it locked, and don't let anybody come aboard. Here 's money. Eat at the restaurants. Dry your blankets and sleep in the cockpit. I'll be back to-morrow. And don't let anybody into that cabin. Good-by."

With a hasty hand-grip, he sped down the street to the depot. The conductor, when he punched his ticket, looked at him with surprise. And well he might, for it was not the custom of his passengers to travel in sea-boots and sou'westers. But Joe did not mind. He did not even notice. He had bought a paper and was absorbed in its contents. Before long his eyes caught an interesting paragraph:

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LOST.

The tug "Sea Queen," chartered by Bronson & Tate, has returned from a fruitless cruise outside the heads. No news of value could be obtained concerning the pirates who so daringly carried off their safe at San Andreas last Tuesday night. The lighthouse-keeper at the Farralones mentions having sighted the two sloops Wednesday morning, clawing offshore in the teeth of the gale. It is supposed by shipping men that they perished in the storm with their ill-gotten treasure. Rumor has it that, in addition to a large sum in gold, the safe contained papers of even greater importance.

When Joe had read this he felt a great relief. It was evident no one had been killed at San Andreas on the night of the robbery, else there would have been some comment on it in the paper. Nor, if they had had any clue to his own whereabouts, would they have omitted such a striking bit of information.

At the depot in San Francisco the curious on-lookers were surprised to see a boy clad conspicuously in sea-boots and sou'wester hail a cab and dash away in it. But Joe was in a hurry. He knew his father's hours, and was fearful lest he should not catch him before he went to luncheon.

The office-boy scowled at him when he

pushed open the door and asked to see Mr. Bronson; nor could the head clerk, when summoned by this strange-looking intruder, recognize him.

"Don't you know me, Mr. Willis?"

Mr. Willis looked a second time. "Why, it 's Joe Bronson! Of all things under the sun, where did you drop from? Go right in. Your father 's in there."

Mr. Bronson stopped dictating to his stenographer, looked up, and said: "Hello! where have you been?"

"To sea," Joe answered demurely enough, not sure of just what kind of a reception he was to get, and fingering his sou'wester nervously.

"Short trip, eh? How did you make out?"

"Oh, so-so." He had caught the twinkle in his father's eye, and knew that it was all clear sailing. "Not so bad—er—that is, considering."

"Considering?"

"Well, not exactly that; rather, it might have been worse, and, well—I don't know that it could have been better."

"You interest me; sit down." Then, turning to the stenographer, "You may go, Mr. Brown, and—hum—I sha'n't need you any more to-day."

It was all Joe could do to keep from crying, so kindly and naturally had his father received him—making him feel at once as if not the slightest thing uncommon had occurred. It was as if he had just returned from a vacation, or, man-grown, had come back from some business trip.

"Now go ahead, Joe. You were speaking to me a moment ago in conundrums, and have aroused my curiosity to a most uncomfortable degree."

Thereat Joe sat down and told what had happened, all that had happened, from the previous Monday night to that moment. Each little incident he related, every detail, not forgetting his conversations with 'Frisco Kid nor his plans concerning him. His face flushed and he was carried away with the excitement of the narrative, while Mr. Bronson was almost as interested, urging him on whenever he slackened his pace, but otherwise remaining silent.

"So you see," Joe said at last, "it could n't possibly have turned out any better."

"Ah, well," Mr. Bronson deliberated judiciously, "it may be so, and then again it may not."

"I don't see it." Joe felt sharp disappointment at his father's qualified approval. It seemed to him that the return of the safe merited something stronger.

That Mr. Bronson fully comprehended the way Joe felt about it was clearly in evidence, for he went on: "As to the matter of the safe, all hail to you, Joe. Credit, and plenty of it, is your due. Mr. Tate and I have already spent five hundred dollars in attempting to recover it. So important was it that we have also offered five thousand dollars reward, and this morning were even considering the advisability of increasing the amount. But, my son,"—Mr. Bronson stood up, resting a hand affectionately on his boy's shoulder,— "there be certain things in this world which are of still greater importance than gold or papers which represent that which gold may buy. How about *yourself*? There 's the point. Will you sell the best possibilities of your life right now for a million dollars?"

Joe shook his head.

"As I said, that 's the point. A human life the treasure of the world cannot buy; nor can it redeem one which is misspent; nor can it make full and complete and beautiful a life which is dwarfed and warped and ugly. How about yourself? What is to be the effect of all these strange adventures on your life—*your* life, Joe? Are you going to pick yourself up to-morrow and try it over again? Or the next day, or the day after? Do you understand? Why, Joe, do you think for one moment that I could place against the best value of my son's life the paltry value of a safe? And *can* I say, until time has told me, whether this trip of yours could not possibly have been better? Such an experience is as potent for evil as for good. One dollar is exactly like another—there are many in the world; but no Joe is like my Joe, nor can there be any others in the world to take his place. Don't you see, Joe? Don't you understand?"

Mr. Bronson's voice broke slightly, and the

next instant Joe was sobbing as though his heart would break. He had never understood this father of his before, and he knew now the pain he must have caused him, to say nothing of his mother and sister. But the four stirring days he had spent had given him a clearer view of the world and humanity, and he had always possessed the power of putting his thoughts into speech; so he spoke of these things and the lessons he had learned, the conclusions he had drawn from his conversations with 'Frisco Kid, from his intercourse with Pete, from the graphic picture he retained of the Reindeer and Nelson as they wallowed in the trough beneath him. And Mr. Bronson listened and, in turn, understood.

"But what of 'Frisco Kid, father?" Joe asked when he had finished.

"Hum! there 's a great deal of promise in the boy, from what you say of him." Mr. Bronson hid the twinkle in his eye this time. "And, I must confess, he seems perfectly capable of shifting for himself."

"Sir?" Joe could not believe his ears.

"Let us see, then. He is at present entitled to the half of five thousand dollars, the other half of which belongs to you. It was you two who preserved the safe from the bottom of the Pacific, and if you only had waited a little longer, Mr. Tate and I might have increased the reward."

"Oh!" Joe caught a glimmering of the light. "Part of that is easily arranged, father. I simply refuse to take my half. As to the other—that is n't exactly what 'Frisco Kid desires. He wants friends—and—and—though you did n't say so, they are far higher than gold, nor can gold buy them. He wants friends and a chance for an education—not twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Don't you think it would be better that he choose for himself?"

"Ah, no. That 's all arranged."

"Arranged?"

"Yes, sir. He 's captain on sea, and I 'm captain on land. So he 's under my charge now."

"Then you have the power of attorney for him in the present negotiations? Good. I 'll make a proposition. The twenty-five hundred

dollars shall be held in trust by me, on his demand at any time. We'll settle about yours afterward. Then he shall be put on probation for, say, a year—as messenger first, and then in the office. You can either coach him in his studies, or he can attend night-school. And after that, if he comes through his period of probation with flying colors, I'll give him the same opportunities for an education that you possess. It all depends on himself. And now, Mr. Attorney, what have you to say to my offer in the interests of your client?"

"That I close with it at once—and thank you."

Father and son shook hands.

"And what are you going to do now, Joe?"

"I'm going to send a telegram to 'Frisco Kid first, and then hurry home."

"Then wait a minute till I call up San Andreas and tell Mr. Tate the good news, and I'll go with you."

"Mr. Willis," Mr. Bronson said as they left the outer office, "do you remain in charge, and kindly tell the clerks that they are free for the rest of the day."

"And I say," he called back as they entered the elevator, "don't forget the office-boy."



By LO, Baby Fairy,
 Your crib is high and airy.
 But what a nurse you have — oh, my!
 I'd wake right up and kick and cry
 At anything so scary.



IS KING EDWARD REALLY "EDWARD VII.?"

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON EVANS.



"WHY, what a ridiculous question, Uncle Harry! Of course he is. I was looking at the new pennies you gave me the other day, and there it was, plain enough, with funny half-words following it all around the king's head."

Uncle Harry had run down from London to spend a week's-end with his brother in his pleasant Berkshire home, and his nephews and nieces thought this only another of the queer catches he was in the habit of putting to them.

"Yes," he said, "I know that 'Edwardus VII.' is on the coins. But what I mean is, *ought* the inscription to be there?"

"Of course it ought," said his nephew. "Have n't we had six Edwards already? There are the three that come together in the Plantagenet line; Edward IV., the king who went to see Caxton at his printing-press; that king's little son, Edward V., the one who was killed by his wicked uncle; and then there was Edward VI., son of Henry VIII., the little Tudor king who died in boyhood. We've never had another Edward since then till now."

"Yes, Tom; you are quite right as far as you go; but have n't there been more than six Edwards that have reigned in England? Who built Westminster Abbey?"

"Edward the Confessor," said Mary, after a moment's reflection.

"Then 'Edward I.' was not the first Edward, after all; and now look in your history and see if there were any other Edwards before the Confessor."

"Yes, there are two," said the children, when they had consulted their books: "Edward the Elder, next after Alfred the Great, and Edward the Martyr, just before Ethelred the Redeless. Why, that makes nine Edwards, and so our new king ought to be Edward X. But why was n't Edward I. called 'Edward IV.,' then?"

"I've read somewhere," said Uncle Harry,

"that Edward I. was sometimes called 'Edward III.,' and that would have been correct."

"You mean 'fourth,' uncle," said Tom.

"No, I mean third; and now I dare say you all are fairly puzzled with my figures, and it is time to straighten things out a bit. You know, all of you, that Alfred the Great was king only of the West Saxons, though he called his language *English*. Well, his son, Edward the Elder, was the same; and it was Alfred's grandson, Athelstan, who was the first to call himself regularly 'King of the English.' Edward the Martyr, therefore, would be properly the first Edward, King of the English, the Confessor would be Edward II., and so Edward I. could quite rightly be called 'Edward III.,' though by his time they called themselves kings of England,* not of the English. But the Norman Conquest had been so great an event in English history, and had so changed men's ways of thinking, that the kings began reckoning over again; and 'Longshanks,' as we used to call him, was Edward 'the First after the Conquest.'"

"Well, that makes it right, then," said Dick. "Our king is the seventh Edward 'after the Conquest'; and you've been simply teasing us."

"No, Richard; I've not done with you," said his uncle. "I maintain that the new king ought to be Edward the First."

"*First*, uncle!" Mary exclaimed. "I don't see how that can be."

"Well, all your six Edwards were kings of England, were n't they? And the kingdom of England came to an end long ago. I'm not quite sure whether it was three hundred or only two hundred years ago." Then he went on: "The translators of the Bible in 1611 called James I. 'King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.' The 'wisest fool in Christendom' (as he was also called) had reasons of his own for

* It was John who first called himself, on the Great Seal, "King of England."

not wishing to be King of England, but he did not get his way in this matter; and it was not till 1707, when the Parliament of England and the Parliament of Scotland united to form the Parliament of Great Britain, that the kingdom of England came finally to an end, and the kingdom of Great Britain took its place. Of that kingdom there were only three kings, three of the Georges; and before it was a century old the kingdom of Great Britain had united with the kingdom of Ireland, which Henry VIII. had given himself, to form the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

"I see what you are coming to, uncle," said Tom. "You mean that our new king is the first Edward of Great Britain and Ireland. But, if so, why did the king allow himself to be called 'Seventh'?"

"There are perhaps many reasons for that, Tom," his uncle replied. "Probably the king had very little to do with it himself; possibly no one reflected on the matter. Here's Maggie, now, your Scottish cousin, who says that Edward can't be the seventh Edward north of the Tweed, for they've never had more than one Edward there at the most, and the kingdom of Ireland created by Henry VIII. can, of course, have had but one Edward, the boy who was Edward VI. of England."

The children sat for a time quietly thinking. After a little, Uncle Harry said:

"Do you know that the Prussian boys and girls have to say three times over 'Frederick I., Frederick II., Frederick III.,' when they learn their dates?"

"How can that be?" said Tom.

"They are somewhat more logical about the matter than we are," said their uncle. "When their princes changed their titles, they began counting again, and so they have six Fredericks who were Burgraves of Nuremberg in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then, when that unhappy Emperor Sigismund (who was so cowardly as to break his word to John Huss and allow the Council of Constance to burn the reformer) was deep in debt to Frederick VI. of Nuremberg, he sold him his Margravate of Brandenburg, and thus there were three Fredericks and several others who were Margrave-Electors of Brandenburg. And finally Frederick

III. of Brandenburg in 1701 bought from the emperor of his day, with help in the War of the Spanish Succession, the right to call himself 'King in Prussia,' and the third Frederick of that line was also Frederick I., Kaiser in Deutschland. Some day we may have a *fourth* 'Frederick III.' of the ancient Hohenzollern house."

"What would he be Frederick III. *of*, uncle?" said Mary.

"Of Germany, my dear. I must apologize for using the German word for Germany; but 'Kaiser in Deutschland' seems a more natural way of saying it than 'Emperor of Germany.'"

"That means," said Dick, "a better way of reckoning than ours. After all, the modern Fredericks have not much to do with those old Fredericks of Nuremberg."

"That's quite true, Richard," said his uncle; "and, if you think of it, there's not much more connection between Edward our new king and the Edwards of whom we know so little before the Conquest. What a little country they governed! No bigger in proportion to the British Empire as it exists to-day than Nuremberg is to the German Empire—if as big. And there have been more changes than those of mere size. Even the word 'king' has changed its meaning. At first it was kin-ing, the man of the kindred, one leader of one tribe, to whom he belonged by birth and language, and of which he was the representative, as it were, to God and to other peoples. Now it means ruler of a territory containing many peoples of many races, united often only by a common allegiance to the king. Then, think of our six Edwards 'of England.' What a small and unimportant country they possessed! Just the southern half of an island lying off the continent of Europe, gradually losing what territory its kings had inherited in France, with Scotland always hostile, and ruling in Ireland scarcely more than they could see from the walls of Dublin Castle."

"Oh, uncle, this is too terrible!" said the children. "What about Crécy, and the Black Prince, Poitiers, Agincourt, Flodden—and oh, everything?" they said.

Uncle Harry smiled at the eagerness with which they expressed their wounded patriotism, and then quietly asked them a question:

"And what did they gain by all those brilliant names?"

"Well, what about the Armada, then?" said Tom.

"Now you are getting on the right track, Tom," replied his uncle. "England was then beginning to turn her back on the Europe she had faced till then, and began to build up a North American empire. To my mind, the voyage of the 'May-Flower' outweighs in importance all the chivalry fights of which you are so proud. Perhaps James I. was wiser than he knew when he called himself 'King of Great Britain.' England and Scotland together were beginning to become 'great' on the other side of the Atlantic, and if only George III. and his advisers had been a little wiser or a little kinder, or perhaps if only they had had an electric telegraph, the British Empire of the eighteenth century might have remained united instead of being partitioned. As it is, our friends in the United States are 'Brother Jonathan,' you know. We must play the part of David."

"We lost the American colonies, anyhow," said Mary.

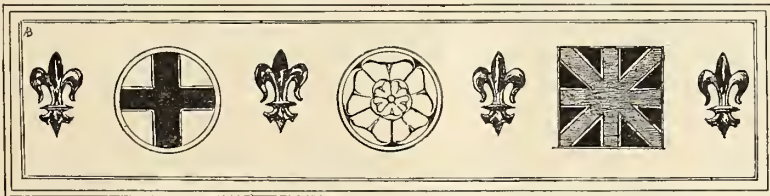
"We lost the *rule* over them, my dear, which we ought never to have attempted to keep; but think how, even so, we have made up for it by peaceful growth," said their uncle. "Since that unhappy quarrel we have founded and colonized Canada and Australia. Your Australian cousins take comparatively little interest in your Edwards and Henrys, your fights in France, and your Tudor squabbles. They begin their

own history with Queen Victoria, and England is to them 'home' and 'mother,' whose family history many of them care as little about as little Vera upstairs in her cradle now cares about her great-grandmother."

"Why, how young our British Empire is!" said Tom.

"Yes, my boy," said Uncle Harry. "It is not so old as grandfather, is it? We are at the beginning of things. The world is still young for the 'Anglo-Saxon' race; and the British Empire rules from Montreal and Melbourne, Cape Town and Calcutta; I won't say quite as much (though that may be true some day) as from London, or rather Westminster. But does n't all this help to prove my point? Let the men of Edward VI.'s time have ruled over their little half-island of Englishmen, and have been concerned to keep Calais. We lost Calais, it is true, and you remember the pathetic saying about its being 'written on a woman's heart.' But a grown-up millionaire does n't cry over the marble he lost at school. And we began again with Queen Victoria, who watched the growth, if not the foundation, of a world-wide empire containing men of many different races and of endless varieties of language and religion. And if Edward is, as they put it, 'Britanniarum Omnium Rex,' he is not only the first Edward who can fairly say so, but the first that could even have dreamed of being so.

"But now I am sure you are tired of this long talk, and, at any rate, youngsters should find some things out for themselves."





THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

NOT long ago I had the good fortune to discover from a car window an eagle's nest. In September, 1899, while passing North Springfield, Ohio, not far from Girard, I noticed in the top of a dead tree a huge dark object which at once aroused my curiosity. This proved to be a well-known landmark, an aery of the white-headed eagle, which had been occupied for years and was known to every workman on the road.

The ancestral tree stood at the entrance to a wooded tract two hundred yards from the railroad, and rose to a commanding position among the low growth, bearing aloft, at the height of seventy feet, a nest remarkable both for its great size and for its isolation.

In June, 1900, I paid a visit to Girard, confident of finding the eagles at home, and hoping for an opportunity to study their habits and photograph them in action. To my keen disappointment, however, this nest had been laid low in a gale the previous January; but the eagles, true to their attachment to places, were still there. They had founded a new aery close by.

Possibly no one now living in Girard can remember when there were no eagles nesting in their neighborhood. For many years this pair or their predecessors are said to have occupied an old shell of a sycamore in the midst of woods at Milesgrove, Pennsylvania, not far from the station. When this aged tree finally succumbed to the storm, the second and more famous nest

was begun at North Springfield in 1885. This lasted fifteen years, until January, 1900. With the aid of the photographs of this nest, made in May, 1899,* and actual measurements upon the prostrate tree, I was able to determine the exact dimensions of the nest itself. It was nine feet tall and six feet in diameter, and contained enough wood, earth, and stubble to fill a good-sized hay-rack. Until its overthrow it rested in the skeleton arms of a huge sycamore, which had become reduced to a shell of bark and rotten wood for many yards from its base. The top of the nest was exactly seventy-seven feet from the ground, and the tree-trunk measured three and a half feet in its greatest diameter. The tree suffered a general collapse in its fall, but the simple construction of the nest could easily be made out. Its foundations and outer walls were composed of dead sticks of any length from six inches to four feet, laid crosswise and packed closely together. Some of the larger fagots were two inches thick and a yard long. The sticks also supported the center of the nest, where the interstices were filled with straw, weeds, corn-stubble, and much earth brought in with the latter. In consequence of annual repairs carried on during fifteen years, this nest had risen until it was three feet taller than broad, while the first year's nest is several times broader than deep.

Though its lease may be short, the eagle chooses well in placing its aery on the com-

* By Mr. H. E. Denio, of Milesgrove, to whose kindness I am indebted for their use.

manding summit of a dead tree which stands boldly against the sky, for its home is always in sight and easily guarded; but, best of all, it can come and go with perfect freedom, there being no foliage or branches to interfere with the broad sweep of its wings. Accordingly I was a little surprised to find the new nest not only in a sycamore which had thus been preferred for the third time, but in a live and healthy one, which seemed good for a hundred years. It had a girth of twelve feet at the ground, and a clean, straight bole without a branch for sixty feet, at which point it suddenly spread and bent its arms, forming a spacious and secure support for a nest of great size. This huge spreading crotch had evidently attracted the birds, although close beside it rose a stately tulip-tree, whose branches touched those of the sycamore and partly overshadowed them.

On approaching this nest not a sound was heard for fully twenty minutes, when suddenly the male came upon the scene, and, circling overhead, sounded his peculiar alarm, *kak! kak! kak!* Then, alighting in the topmost branch of a dead tree, he expressed his emotion in the characteristic manner which he shares, in some degree at least, with other birds of kin as remote as the night-hawk. With depressed head and outstretched neck, with drooped and quivering wings, his mandibles would open and close as if moved by springs as he uttered his prolonged monosyllabic cry of distress. To my surprise, the female was sitting quietly at the nest all the time, as became evident when she suddenly left it and, with protesting screams, began to circle over the tree-tops. Both birds had evidently become shy and suspicious of visitors since their former nest had been destroyed, and neither would now go to their young while a human being was in sight. My camera chanced to catch an eagle as it rose to the edge of its wicker platform, but ordinarily the young were invisible from below. At this time (June 8) this bird appeared as large as a good-sized domestic fowl.

When I paid a second visit to the aery, on the following day, neither bird was at home; but both soon appeared under full sail, and in a

moment the place resounded with their cries. At times the voice of the male degenerated into a low grunt as with giant strides he moved from place to place. I noticed that when the eagle wheeled in mid-air he suddenly dropped his legs, but on recovering himself drew them up out of sight.

The eagles were constantly assailed by a pair of kingbirds, who seemed to take a special de-



THE EAGLE'S CLAW — LIFE-SIZE.

light in tormenting their big neighbors. They would be quite helpless in returning the kingbirds' quick assaults, whether perched or on the wing, and apparently did not care to waste their energies in fruitless attempts. They also found trouble in another quarter where some crows possibly had a nest of their own; for whenever an eagle approached a certain cluster of ever-



FIG. 1. DISTANT VIEW OF THE NEST.

greens it was forced to beat a speedy retreat, which often brought it again into the sphere of the doughty kingbirds.

These eagles found a good friend in Mr. Hall, their landlord; and, whether grateful or not for his protection, their conduct has been most exemplary, since not a live lamb or chicken has ever fallen to their talons, although, as he told me, any dead animal is quickly appropriated. He has often seen them bringing fish and snakes to the young, and one of the photographs shows an old bird standing on the aery with fish in bill, while the other is perched aloft on guard. He has seen them fly against the dead branch of a tree, and, as it broke with loud report, bear it to their aery. They undoubtedly clasp the branch in their talons as the fish-hawk is known to do, and snap it off by sheer force—an easy matter for birds of their weight and strength. After examining the old nest I felt confident that most of the small fagots had been picked up from the ground.

The annual repairs on the old nest were said to begin in February or March, and there were young, as the photograph proves, by the middle of May. According to Audubon and

other observers, the young eagles cling to the nest until they are finally driven off by their elders. One July, many years ago, a young bird from the Milesgrove nest, by attaining its freedom too early, became a permanent captive. It flew against a house, where it was caught and made a prisoner.

The bald eagle, as this species is commonly



FIG. 2. NEARER VIEW.

Both the eagles are at the nest. The one with raised wings has just alighted with a fish in its bill, while the mate is perched aloft.

called, with little show of justice to a bird with so good a head-dress, has the reputation of stealing the young of wild and domestic animals, which it probably does in many places; but the charge of kidnapping or carrying away children would be more difficult to verify. While eagles and some of the other larger birds of prey, in various parts of the world, may have been guilty of such acts, and thus started the popular tradition, the stories which the newspapers print with commendable regularity rarely possess any vestige of truth.

The power of the eagle is expressed in its



FIG. 3. THE SAME NEST.
An eagle is flying to the tree.

mailed and clenched foot, its great spread of wing, and its powerful bill-hook. A bird which was sent to me last year measured seven and a half feet from tip to tip of the spread wings.

The eagle is the emblem of bird strength the world over, and he illustrates the common practice of the strong preying on the weak. The eagle will attack defenseless quadrupeds and

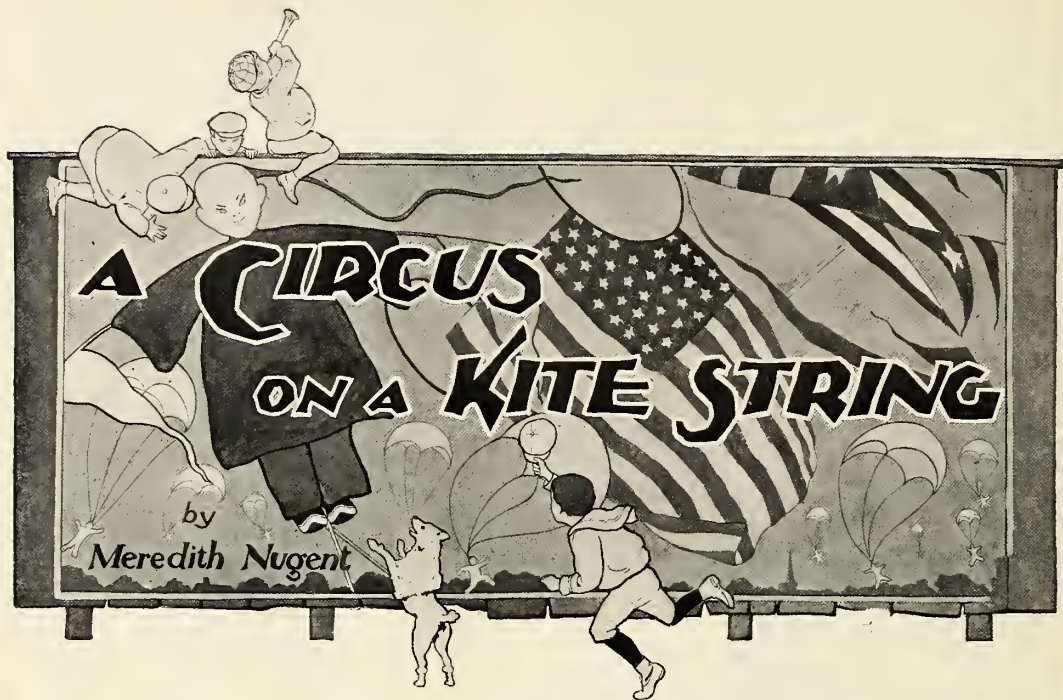


FIG. 4. A NEARER VIEW.
Eagle perched over the nest, balancing with raised wings, and looking down upon young.

water-fowl, and rob the osprey of a hard-earned quarry. Though turning his white tail-feathers to many a small bird, the eagle is not necessarily such a coward as this might seem to imply, for he will fight furiously in the defense of his home.



THE NEW NEST BUILT TO REPLACE THAT DESTROYED IN 1900. AN EAGLET IS ON THE EDGE OF THE NEST.



(Illustrated by the Author and by Victor J. Smedley.)

No wonder all faces were upturned upon that memorable afternoon. What American boy would n't turn his face upward on seeing a whole troop of Chinamen careering wildly across the blue sky, especially when that bit of blue sky happened to be hovering above our beloved Pine-tree State? Was this a Boxer invasion, and were those great whirlers some new diabolical means of annihilation? Those showers of parachutes, and weird umbrellas, and flags, sweeping through the heavens as if in avenging pursuit—what did it all mean?

Well, the newspapers explained it fully the next morning, and then, for the first time, the inhabitants of one of the largest cities in Maine learned that right in their midst was a real "up-to-date" club of Yankee boys with Yankee ideas and a Yankee way of doing things. Singularly enough, I had frequently observed these very boys when walking through State Street, and had often stopped as a flood of light streamed through the open doorway of their club-house, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the "goings on" in the "sanctum"; but, be-

yond the silhouetted figure of a member hastily entering, my glimpses were always fruitless.

Fortunately, however, I happened to stroll down State Street upon the very day the circus was to be given, and when opposite the club-house I found the sidewalk there blocked by boys in all stages of excitement. Some were dancing and wildly tossing up packages of bright tissue-paper; others were hilariously waving flags and yelling at the top of their voices. Curious-looking frameworks were bobbing out of the club-house doors like so many giant-legged spiders, and, oh, such a number of umbrellas followed after!—which was puzzling indeed, as the weather was exceedingly fine. Kites there were of all kinds, and funny-looking windmills, and disks, and great paper Chinamen, and bunting everywhere.

After every club-member was so enveloped with packages as to be hardly discoverable, the multitude swarmed up Charles Street and into the fields beyond, where the boys set to work so vigorously that in a surprisingly few minutes kites seemed suddenly to spring up in

every direction. What a bewildering time then there was for a while! The little kites zigzagged all through the air, as if so glad to be out that they just could n't help bumping into everybody and everything. The four and five foot kites tugged frantically at their strings, as though begging to be anywhere out of reach of their entangling little brothers, while the tailless kites, big fellows some thirteen feet in height, rose majestically, like great eagles, and as though wholly oblivious of the flying rabble all about them. On they all sped, big kites, little kites, bow kites, coffin kites, tandem kites, tailless kites, stickless kites, paper kites, muslin kites,—all sorts of kites,—until the heavens seemed to tremble with the fluttering mob. When finally chaos gave place to some sort of order, and the little kites had ceased to harass their more dignified relatives, a chorus of "ah's" swept over the fields, and on looking up to the right I saw twenty pretty parachutes sailing high in the sky straight to the city beyond the Penobscot. A hearty cheer greeted the next flight of parachutes, which were released a moment later, and the din became almost deafening as shower after shower of the tissue-paper balloons burst into the sunshine like glittering jewels. Many of these were so exquisitely poised that in place of falling they steadily soared higher, and must have traveled long

distances indeed ere reaching Mother Earth. Before the last shower of parachutes had faded in the distance, the boys set to work busily on the mysterious-looking windmills, and five minutes later a most gorgeous spectacle broke into view. Just think of twenty-two brilliantly col-



"A BRILLIANTLY COLORED WINDMILL MORE THAN FOUR FEET IN HEIGHT."

ored windmills, more than four feet in height, decked out with long streamers of bright bunting, revolving up a kite-string! Just imagine twenty-two great catharine-wheels whizzing up into the heavens, and you may form some idea of the glorious sight which blazed through the



"THE ASCENT OF A BLACK UMBRELLA."

skies on this fine afternoon. Faster and faster the great whirlers whirled as they rushed into the perspective, until when arrested by the "stopping-knot" they whirled faster than ever. The joy of the excited crowds now knew no bounds, and it seemed as if the boys would go frantic when two and even three whirlers went whizzing up the same string at the same time.

After a brief lull in the excitement, occasioned by drawing the kites in so as to free the

strings from the great whirlers, the fun started in livelier than ever; for the kites had hardly reached the sky again when a loud roar of laughter announced the ascent of a whole cloud of black umbrellas. There was something so irresistibly comical about these umbrellas that one could not help laughing, and when they fled to the heavens as though more scared than scared witches, pandemonium reigned complete.

Now there was a scurrying to and fro and a scene of intense animation as the multitude speedily resolved itself into excited little groups, where they kept bobbing up and down like corks in a fish-pond. In the center of each group was an extravagant paper Chinaman, flapping his long sleeves and behaving as ridiculously as other folks. Unbelievable as it may seem, these gorgeously tricked out fellows were being put in readiness for a trip to the sky. But, oh,



"A FLIGHT OF PAPER PARACHUTES."



THE CHINAMAN SAILS UP THE KITE-STRING.

how slow they were in starting! At last the signal was given which sent the Celestials off, and then what a lot of bowing and scraping there was! They bowed to the right, they bowed to the left, and then they bowed backward and forward. They shook their large sleeves and flung out their long queues, and glided up into space with all the elegance born of their Eastern civilization, so many dim and dusty centuries old.

When an altitude of such height had been reached that one might easily imagine the Chinamen to be looking into their own beautiful Flowery Kingdom, there was a thrilling scene which made every patriot's heart jump for joy and pride.

How or why or where none knew, but before any one realized what was happening, an army of American flags rose through the heavens as

if in pursuit of the barbarian horde. In an instant all was babel and confusion. Every bright Yankee boy may have a circus of his own by carefully studying the illustrations



"UP WITH 'OLD GLORY'!"

crowds danced and shouted. They seized banners and bunting and umbrellas and windmills, and waved them like mad. Strains of "My Country" arose on the air, and as the shadows of evening crept o'er the cool earth, it but heightened the brilliancy of a magnificent sky ablaze with the hues of "Old Glory."

printed with this article and the directions given below.

SAILING A FLAG TO THE SKIES.

THE disks are of cardboard, in the center of which is inserted a spool. The light stick from which the flag is suspended is fastened to the ends of the spools where these project inwardly beyond the disks.

PARACHUTES.

THE parachutes are made of square pieces of colored tissue-paper, and to each a small cardboard figure is attached. A small twist is taken in the top of the para-

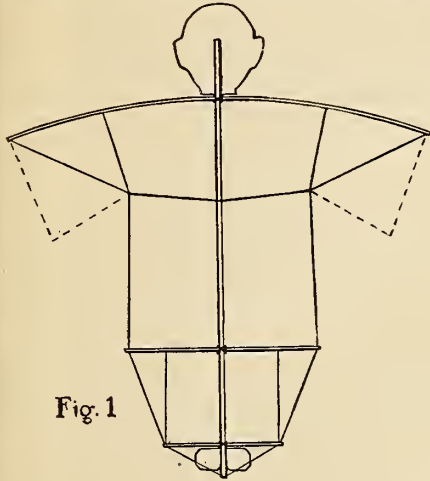
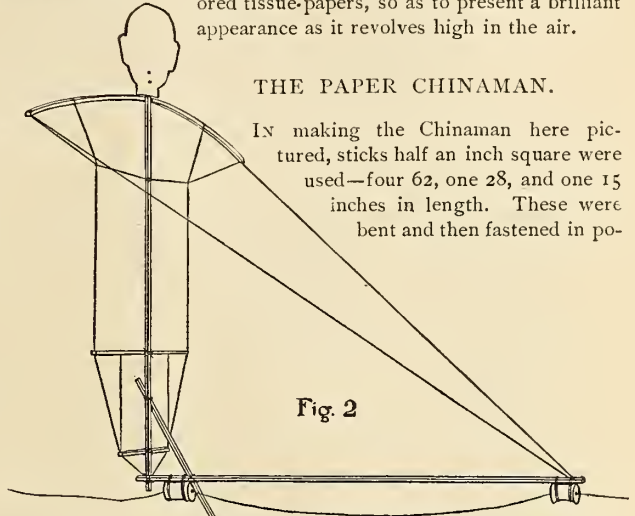


Fig. 1

THE GIANT WHIRLER.

THIS is made of light sticks, wrapping-paper, and string. The picture shows exactly how these are put together. Decorate with long streamers and varicolored tissue-papers, so as to present a brilliant appearance as it revolves high in the air.



THE PAPER CHINAMAN.

IN making the Chinaman here pictured, sticks half an inch square were used—four 62, one 28, and one 15 inches in length. These were bent and then fastened in po-

Fig. 2

chute, to which is attached a thread. To the other end of the thread a pin bent at right angles is fastened. Make a number of loops in the kite-string about six feet apart, and to each loop suspend a parachute. Parachutes are released by shaking the kite-string vigorously.

SENDING AN UMBRELLA UP A KITE-STRING.

WIRES are fastened to the handle and the ferule of the umbrella and hooked over the kite-string as shown in the illustration printed on a previous page.

sition with stout string, as shown in the diagrams (Figs. 1 and 2). Then the framework was covered with paper, and large sheets of colored tissue-paper, blue for trunk and sleeves, and red for legs; the head was of cardboard 14 inches high, with features marked on with black paint. This was fastened to the backbone with tacks. The feet were of cardboard and the "pig-tail" of dark cloth. The flags were of yellow tissue-paper, decorated. A ballast of stones sufficient to balance the figure was used. Tandem kites were used for this large figure.





The Captain's Jest

BY ANNIE E. TYNAN.



HE captain of the "Swallow" had sacks and bales galore
To carry to old England from the land across the sea;
He had a hundred messages and errands by the score,
For the link between Virginia and the dear old home
was he.

When, sitting on his anchor, he conned them one by one,
This item seemed to please him, for he chuckled
as he read:

"*Six feet of honest English flesh; a lad, to make my son,
And a lucky lad that lad will be!*" the jolly cap-
tain said.

The captain came to England; his errands dwin-
dled down;

His Swallow yielded up her freight of fra-
grant woods and weed.

He took the governor's report of progress to
the crown,

And he scattered news and gossip as the
farmer scatters seed.

His gallant ship, refreighted, was ready for the sea,
And but a single duty still remained for him to do.

"I 've bought my gowns and sold my pitch," in thoughtful mood said he;
"But I have n't found 'six feet of flesh' to bring to Major Drew."

He puffed his pipe and puzzled, and, puzzling, failed to see

A scrambling group of urchins who were busy with their games.
He stumbled in among them. "Why, why, my lads!" said he.

Then he stopped in recognition. "Tom and Ted!" he cried, "and James!"
He stood and looked upon them. The scraggy, bare-legged three
Had smiling eyes and tangled mats of curly yellow hair.

He 'd known their father—ay, a soldier brave and bold was he,
Who had fought and died at Naseby when the king met Cromwell there.

"Who keeps you now?" he asked them. His twinkling eyes surveyed
Half mirthfully their cheerful dirt, their rags, their bare brown feet.

"Six feet of honest English flesh," quoth he; he stopped, dismayed;

Then he clutched his sides and sent a roar of laughter up the street.

"Six feet! I vow I 'll do it!" He turned and sought the door

That James had pointed out as where they lived with Dame Carew.

"Is Dame Carew within?" he called. She crossed the littered floor.

"And if she is," she cried, "what is her being in to you?"

The captain bowed. "Your servant, dame. John Howard was my friend.

These boys of his have been a drain upon your purse, I ween."

"Ay, ay! a drain they 've been!" said she. "Their hunger knows no end.

Sir, they eat until my purse-sides meet! Their like was never seen."

The captain's blue eyes twinkled. "The place for them," said he,

"Is where the corn is plenty—where the fowl fly to the grill.

I 'll take them in my vessel to Virginia colony;

It 's a land where boys can eat and eat, and leave a-plenty still."

Ten weeks the passage lasted; the Swallow's trusty wings

At last are folded, and her anchor cast into the stream;

A dozen petty crafts push out to see what news she brings;

A church bell peals; across the dusk the lights of Jamestown gleam.

To Jamestown rode the major upon his piebald mare;

His servant Simon led a horse to carry back his son;

"Six feet," he pondered pleasantly, "so, be he dark or fair,

It 's as well the horse we bring for him should be a sturdy one."

"Well, captain! Did you bring them—my six good feet?" he cried.

"Ay, ay!" the captain answered in a voice of hearty cheer,

And grasped his hand in greeting as he scaled the Swallow's side;

"They 're the finest bit of cargo that I 've brought in many a year."

The major was delighted; his eager face grew bright.

"James! Teddy! Tom!" the captain bellowed in his deep bassoon.

Above the hatch three curly heads came bobbing into sight.
 "Here they are!" The captain's beaming face was
 like a round red moon.

The major looked bewildered; he heard the cap-
 tain say:

"Come, lads — come, Ted, you rogue, come
 here; show Major Drew your feet.

They're '*honest feet*'; no better stand on
 English soil to-day!

And you lift them from the mire of a
 squalid London street."



"ABOVE THE HATCH THREE CURLY HEADS CAME BOBBING INTO SIGHT."

He slapped him on the shoulder. The major tried to frown.

"This jest—" But words refused to come as Teddy shyly smiled.

"I 'll not—" But Tom by chance looked up as he by chance looked down—

And the major's greatest weakness was his fondness for a child.

The major rode from Jamestown upon his piebald mare;

The bridle-paths were noisy with the nesting birds of May.

Before him was a shining shock of wavy golden hair,

And behind him James and Teddy rode with Simon on the bay.



HOW MR. FOX FISHED AND HUNTED.

BY E. BOYD SMITH.

"WON'T you please tell us another story, Uncle Henri?" asked Victor one evening as they sat around the supper-table.

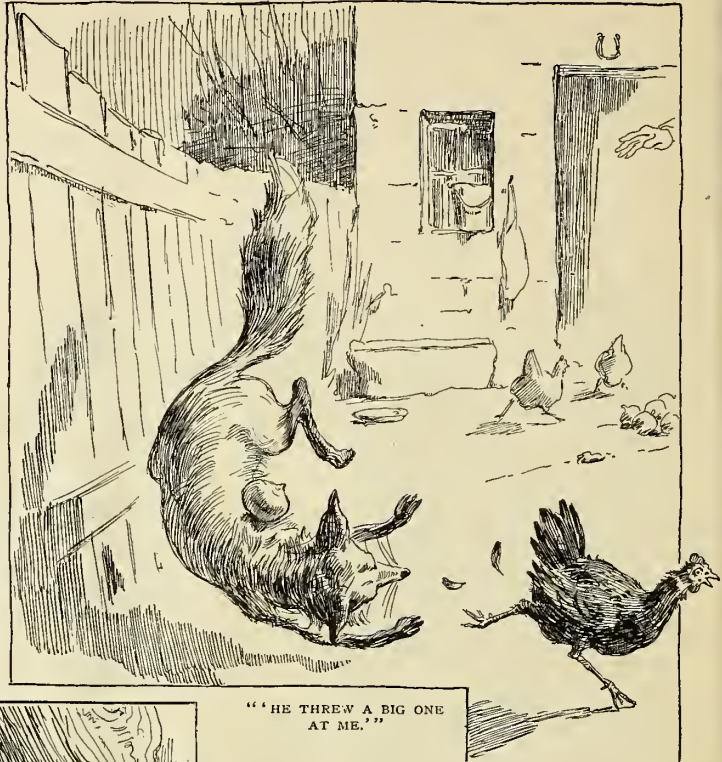
"Another story? Dear me!" cried the good man, as though quite embarrassed by their eager demands. "I 'm afraid I have n't one about me to-day. But wait a minute. I 'll tell you about Mr. Fox.

"A great scamp, the fox," he went on, "but an interesting one. Bright as a dollar. And sly! I tell you, one must get up early in the morning to steal a march on him. Farmers think him a thief, too, and he has more tricks at the ends of his fingers than a dozen.

"He is a pretty little fellow, with his sharp nose, bright eyes, and long, bushy tail. And he is a good papa to his little ones. He digs them a warm hole in the ground, and goes out foraging to get them something to eat. Then he becomes quite brave and takes all sorts of risks.

"This fox about which I am going to tell you, and his mate, had two young ones. And as they were always hungry, like most healthy children, he was out hunting from morning till night, and often through the night, too, trying to get them enough to eat. But sometimes luck was against him, and now and then Mrs. Fox complained that he was letting the children starve.

“I do the best I can,’ he said mournfully, ‘but everything has gone wrong to-day. I hung about the barn-yard for nearly two hours in the cold, trying to catch the black hen. But she always kept too near the barn, out of my way. At last I got desperate and made up my mind to brave every danger. So when the farmer’s back was turned I nimbly hopped over the fence and dashed at her. But just as I seized her she set up a terrible screaming. The farmer turned to see what was the matter. He was putting turnips in a bag, and, when he saw what was happening, quickly threw a big one at me. I did n’t have time to dodge, and it



MR. FOX TAKES TO FISHING.

struck me squarely. Over I rolled. I thought my back was broken! And I’ve been feeling stiff ever since. It was lucky for me that he did n’t throw the pitchfork; you’d never have seen your poor husband again.

“Of course I scrambled over the fence as fast as I could go, and just had time to get to the trees when the dog got after me. I hate that dog; he is so brutal! Some day I must play a trick on him to get even.’

“You must be more careful next time,’ said Mrs. Fox, anxiously, ‘for I would never get on alone with these two children on my hands. But don’t be discouraged, dear; you are so clever that you will surely find some way of getting us a dinner.’

“This so encouraged Mr. Fox that he twirled his mustache and then proudly smoothed out his bushy tail, and assured her that he had a few tricks left yet.

“So off he started, after telling the little ones to be good and not worry their

poor mother. As he trotted along he reflected, 'Now it won't pay to go near the barn-yard again to-day. They will surely be on the lookout for me. And I'm not ashamed to say that I'm afraid of the gun, for I can't dodge shot, no matter how fast I scamper.' Just here he came to the river, and stopped to look at his own reflection in the water. 'I'm quite a good-looking fellow,' he thought. Then his attention was attracted by some crawfish swimming along the bottom. A bright idea struck him. 'I wonder if I can't catch some,' he thought. He tried hard to reach them with his paw, but they always dodged the stroke.

"Still he would n't give up. 'I've seen boys fishing with lines,' he meditated. 'Why can't I try to fish with my tail? It's quite long.' So, very quietly and cautiously, he dropped his tail into the water, just above the fish. 'Rather cold work,' he thought. But soon he got a bite. One of the crawfish had caught his tail with its claws. Up, with a swish, he jerked it out of water. With a good nip he made it let go. Then he sat down and quietly ate it, smiling all over. The trick struck him as such a good one that he threw back his head and silently laughed, till he nearly fell into the water.

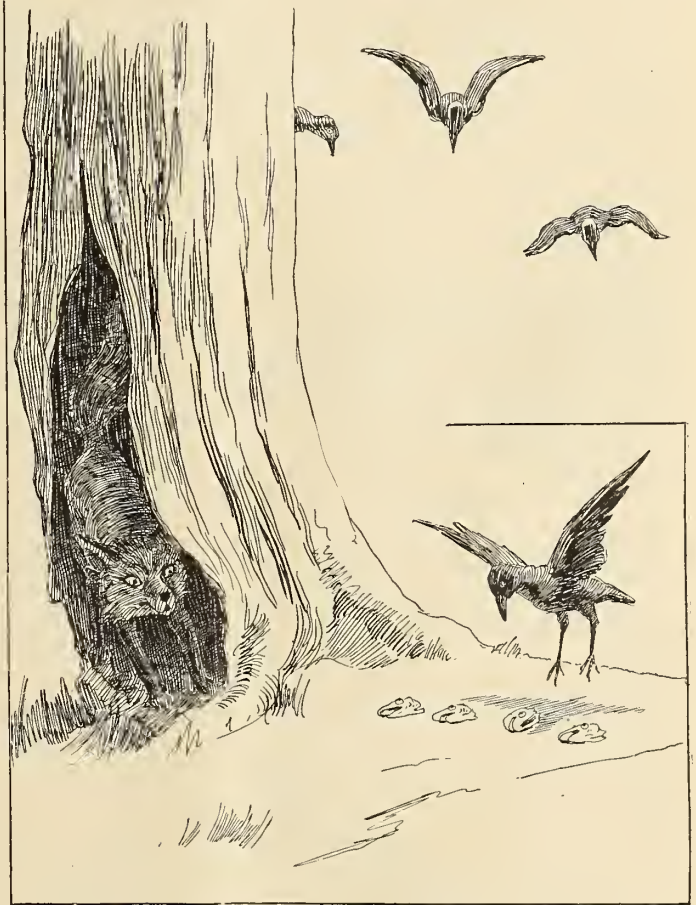
"He recovered himself, and said seriously, 'I must catch some more for the children,' and again dropped his line into the stream. The crawfish nipped him every time, and every time he landed them successfully. When he thought he had as many as he could carry, he took them up in his mouth and started for home. Mrs. Fox welcomed him and the fish with sparkling eyes. 'I hope the children will like them!' she exclaimed.

"The little foxes did like them very much, and

soon the whole catch had disappeared. Now things looked a little brighter to the family.

"'But still, you know,' said Mrs. Fox, 'that won't last us till to-morrow. You must try to bring in something more.'

"So away went Mr. Fox again. 'Children are a great care,' he sighed. He trotted along the river-bank, hoping that something might happen to help him. Finally he came to the



MR. FOX'S TRAP FOR THE CROWS.

fish-house. He did n't like to approach too near, as the men were working inside. But luckily he found some stray fish-heads which had been thrown out.

"'Ha, ha! here's luck,' he cried, and, capturing several, away he scampered, hurrying a little as he heard a dog bark.

"But while running along he thought, 'If I take these things home the wife may complain.

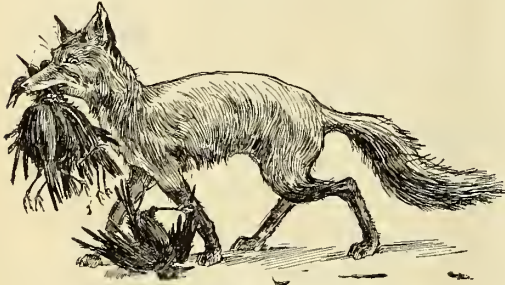
People can't live on fish all the time, and I've just given them one fish course.'

"He was troubled, and sat down to reflect. While wondering whether he had better take the fish-heads home or not, he was disturbed by a party of crows flying above him. They had been attracted by the appetizing odor.

"If I could only catch a crow, that would be worth while!' he thought. 'But how?' That was the problem. 'I have it,' he gleefully cried, as he suddenly spied a hollow tree.

"At once he set to work and placed the fish-heads temptingly in a row before it. Then he hid himself in the hollow and waited.

"Now we shall see fun,' he said to himself, and chuckled over his clever plan



SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.

"The crows kept circling about the spot, attracted yet fearful. As the fox had disappeared, they became bolder. The first bird dropped upon the prize. Quick as a flash, out

sprang Mr. Fox and seized him by the neck. There was a short, sharp struggle, and then the fox was again in his hiding-place, his prey still and silent beside him. Back came the other birds. Another descended warily, and was in a like manner captured by the nimble fox. And yet others were his victims, so that before the afternoon was over he had caught four.

"Off he started for home, dragging his crows after him.

"Won't the goodwife rejoice?' he thought.

"And she really did. For now the whole family dined well, and still something was left for the morrow's breakfast.

"The two foxes laughed loudly over the trick.

"You really are the wisest fox I ever knew,' said Mrs. Fox, admiringly.

"I think perhaps I am up with the times,' answered Mr. Fox, in a very self-satisfied tone.


"Papa, tell us about it again, won't you?' asked the little ones, already anxious to learn their trade.

"But the old fox was tired. 'Be good and go to sleep: when you're bigger I'll teach you everything,' he told them.

"And, the day's work and the good dinner finished, the family cuddled up comfortably in their den and slept, and dreamed of crows and clever tricks; while the north wind blew keenly outside, and other hungry foxes, less clever, still hunted here and there for their dinner."



"I THINK PERHAPS I AM UP WITH THE TIMES,' ANSWERED MR. FOX."



THE LITTLE RED FLAG

BY LAWRENCE REAMER.

FEBIA thought she had never heard so much music. It was almost the first sound that had fallen on her ears when she was awakened at an hour that seemed too early for any band to play. But at that time the sound of military music in the street below could be heard, and it had seemed ever since that as one band marched so far into the distance that its music died away, there was always another to take its place quickly and keep up the chorus that was so unusual in the little town. In Febia's mind music and soldiers were inseparably associated, and the sound always brought to her mind a strange vision that seemed the first thing that had ever happened in her life. The figures in this vision were numerous and indistinct, but included all the people she had ever seen until that time. They were marching together through the streets so early in the morning that the stretches of snow about the houses looked gray, and lights were lit in the windows from which the people watched this procession pass. It was cold, and Febia, who had never been in the street so early, huddled more closely under the cloak of the man who was carrying her. She could never remember who he was. It was not grandfather, but somebody who must have loved her just as well, although he had no long beard. She had known him always. He had never carried her again after that day, and he was a very faint memory to her. She had never, however, forgotten the soldiers on that bleak morning. In shining helmets and long gray coats, they stood

on the side of the streets through which all the people were marching, and that fine man whose name she could never remember was carrying her. They marched, too, along with the procession. There was no music, and Febia wondered why. The soldiers she had seen before always marched to music. But these were still and quiet, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the tread of the company over the snow. After all of them had walked for a time, the soldiers stopped, and Febia was lifted into a railroad car. She had never seen one before, but she was not afraid, for the same strong arms carried her still, and both grandfather and grandmother came with her. There were only a few soldiers with them then, and there was scarcely room for the crowd that gathered in the room. It seemed to Febia a smaller house than any she had ever seen before, and so many people were collected in it that they could scarcely move. The man who had carried her went away after kissing her good-by. Then she was in her grandfather's arms. The memory of what followed was to her only a faint consciousness of being in the train with her grandfather and grandmother and many other men and women, until, by and by, they all were on a big boat that kept them on the water for such a long time that she wondered whether she would ever again see the trees, the grass, the houses, and the snow that had always before seemed a part of the world to her.

Febia dreamed vaguely of this vision that morning when she heard the music as she lay in her little bed.

"Febia, Febia!" called her grandmother, coming into the room. "Don't you hear the music? Come; I will dress you, and after breakfast you may see the soldiers and hear

the bands. It is a holiday, and there will be music everywhere."

Febia was dressed to the accompaniment of more music. Several times she ran to the window when it seemed nearest. But she was too small to see into the street over the ledge.

"Look, grandmother, at the beautiful flags," she cried, for the top of the large building in the square opposite the house in which she lived could be seen. "There are flags everywhere on the tower. There have never been such beautiful colors there before."

There had never been many beautiful colors of any kind in Febia's life before. Probably her grandmother thought of that. She was busy placing a bowl of milk and porridge on the table, and did not answer.

"Are they not beautiful, grandmother?" she said again, gazing at the large American flag which was blown open by the breeze, and the long tricolored streamers that hung from the cupola of the building. "And see," she cried, with an outburst of delight; "the big flag has fallen over the clock."

Her grandmother took her by the hand and led the little girl over to the table. "Sit there," she said, kissing her forehead as she lifted her into the chair, "and you can see the flags still while you are eating your breakfast."

She stepped over to the window and looked out into the square. In the center of it stood the town hall of the suburban village. The centennial of the town's foundation was to be celebrated, and the building was decorated with banners and flags. It stood in a region once occupied by the homes of wealthy residents; but they had deserted it, and the old houses on the streets adjoining the once fashionable square had been torn down or were rented as tenements until the time came for them to be demolished as their neighbors had been, and make way for such business buildings as the needs of the little town demanded. The spick-and-span red buildings showed their flags and bunting in honor of the day. It was to be a day such as the place had never known the like of before. There were to be speeches by distinguished citizens, and songs by the school-children. There was to be a drill by the military company, and the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic

were to parade. So was the fire department. Neighboring towns had lent their bands to add luster to the occasion and to shine themselves in the glory that was bound to be reflected from the event. The group of dingy tenements in one corner of the square alone showed no appreciation of the wonderful things that were to happen. No flag was visible on the row of dull houses.

It was into one of these that Febia's grandfather had come to live with his wife and the little girl when he arrived in this country from Russian Poland. Some of his countrymen were already there. They found the rooms the cheapest that the town afforded, because they were the oldest, and the old man occupied the top floor in one of the houses. He had been driven out of his own country by persecution, and so had most of his friends and neighbors. His son, Febia's father, had been sent by the Russian government to Siberia. Febia's mother had died when she was born. The little girl had come with her grandfather and grandmother to the United States, and the old man's earnings as a chair-mender had enabled the three to live in no worse poverty than they had known before. The Gregorowitsch family comprised only these three, and the chief pleasure that life held for the two old people was the care and rearing of the child.

As her grandmother turned from the window, Febia jumped down from her chair. "Tell me, grandmother," she cried, "and are the flags everywhere? Flags on our house, too?"

Mrs. Gregorowitsch shook her head. "No, there are none on our house," she said. "But wait until I have come back from market and I will take you into the square, and we'll see all that there is to be seen. I will not be gone long. You be good; don't go near the windows, and remember that I am coming back in a little while, and then we will go out ourselves. We will see the soldiers, and hear the children sing, for there are to be all the little girls and boys from the schools. Be good and patient, and you shall see everything."

Febia was accustomed to be alone, and this ordeal was less trying for her than it would have been for most children. She knew too little English to go to school, and her only

playmates were some children of her own race, who lived so far away that she saw them only on Sundays, when the family made an excursion to visit these friends. Her grandfather was gone all day. He left early in the morning, and rarely returned until Febia had gone to bed. So she was not unused to solitude. It often happened that her grandmother had errands on which it was not possible to take her, and she was thought to be safest in her home even if she were unwatched; and in most cases she had been.

Loneliness had been easier to Febia to bear than it was when she heard the music outside. No sooner had her grandmother turned the key in the door than the bands were playing again. It was plain even to the little listener locked in the room that there was something different in the way she heard the music this time. It was growing momentarily louder. Febia concluded that the soldiers must be marching down to see the flags. It seemed to her that they took a long time to reach them. Occasionally there were cheers from the street just under her window. Presently a crash of brass before the house warned her that the soldiers must already have reached the square. But there were still others to follow, for far down the street she could hear music. It was interrupted now by the sound of voices in front of the house, cheering the arrival of the carriages containing the great men who were to sit on the platform or take a more active part in the proceedings, shouting for the visiting bands, and raised in every kind of vociferous outburst possible. Febia, standing near the open window and straining her ear to catch every sound, could hear all this. But she saw only the American flag floating lazily about the tower.

"Not even a flag on our house," thought the little girl; "and this is the only house in the square without one."

Her eyes wandered around the room, but fell on nothing that could possibly be made to serve as a flag. The Gregorowitsches had no use for flags, and Febia had thought of one for the first time in her life. Suddenly she spied the red cloth thrown over the table. That would at least show that somebody in the house took an interest in the great meeting out in the

square. Febia's house should not be the only one to show no honor to the day. In a moment she had removed from the table the few objects on it, and thrown out of the window the red cotton cover. Standing on her toes, she could reach far enough to put a book on the cloth. It held it firm. Then she sat down in delight—in the thought that there was a flag on her house, after all.

A great shout went up from the crowd as Febia's red flag appeared at the window. She thought it might be in honor of her decoration. But one of the distinguished orators from a neighboring city had just delivered a speech that had moved his hearers to all this enthusiasm. Febia heard the music that followed with greater interest because she herself was now a part of the celebration. She strained her ears to catch every sound and hear the voices of the speakers. But she did not notice a change in the tone of the crowd. She did not observe that a sudden violence was in the voices of the men, nor could she hear the words they shouted.

"The Nihilist flag!" one of the voices cried. "The Nihilists have hung out a red flag!"

If Febia could have looked over the window-ledge, she would have seen that nearly every person in the group was staring up at the red flag. Backs were turned unceremoniously on the speakers and all the other notabilities on the platform, and they themselves were staring at the little block of tenements, which had never attracted the attention of so many people at one time since they were first built. But Febia neither saw this nor heard the roar of voices that was now rising from the square. "The anarchists have dared to hang out a flag!" "Take down that red rag!" "Tear it down!" were some of the exclamations that arose from the group. Febia heard none of them, although it seemed to her that the music had stopped for a long time. Then she began to feel very lonesome suddenly, and wished that her grandmother would return.

The two floors below the window from which the red flag hung were empty. The occupants had gone out, and were not there to hear the outburst and take down the flag. It still hung from the window, and the crowd considered

the refusal to remove it a defiance of its will as bad as the original offense.

"Come along," said one of a group of men. "We'll go up ourselves and take it down. We'll show this bloodthirsty foreigner that he cannot defy law and order here!"

A dozen sprang forward to join the expedition, and many followed in their trail. Two policemen led the force which ran into the crowd at the other end. The united party ascended the dark staircase with caution.

and the unknown trouble which she knew threatened her. If only grandmother would come home now! As the policeman shouted "One!" she hid herself in a closet and closed the door behind her.

"Two" and "three" were counted, and then the sudden lunge of a crowd pushed the door from its hinges. It fell on the floor with a crash. Febia trembled in her closet. The rush of men's feet sounded in the room, and the same outbursts heard from the men downstairs were repeated. Then a shout from the crowd showed that the offending flag had been removed. With a tramp of feet that shook the floor, the party walked through the few bare rooms. But they could find nobody. Not a single soul was there to serve as the "desperate anarchist" they had expected to find.

Suddenly one of them spied the door of the closet in which Febia was hidden. "Here it is!" he shouted. "The fellow is hidden here. Be careful. These men are dangerous."

Everybody in the room rushed toward the closet door as it was thrown open and revealed Febia. Her hands were before her eyes. Tears ran down her face.

"Why, this is a little girl! Why, it is impossible that she—" The man who began this was too astonished to finish it. So were the others. Febia did not dare look up. She had gradually sunk to the floor. The men watched her without speaking a word.

"My dear Febia, what has happened?" cried her grandmother, in Russian, dashing into the room and seizing her in her arms. "Tell me,



"THE CLOSET DOOR WAS THROWN OPEN, AND REVEALED FEBIA."

"Here it is—the third floor," said one of the party. A policeman knocked on the door. Febia inside had heard the march up the steps. She was too weak with fright to answer.

The language, the voice, the presence of the crowd, were all incomprehensible to Febia. She did not in the least connect them with herself. Her only desire was to get away from the voices

dear child, what have they done to you?" But Febia could not speak. She was weeping in her grandmother's arms, but from delight that she was with her once again. "We've done nothing to her," said one of the leaders in the party, who had begun to feel a little bit foolish, as most of the men were on the point of breaking into laughter, until the old woman had come into the room. "But somebody hung an anarchist flag out of the window. We told them to take it down, but they would not obey."

"An anarchist flag?" repeated Mrs. Gregorowitsch, in English. "Why, we are not anarchists, and we have no flag here."

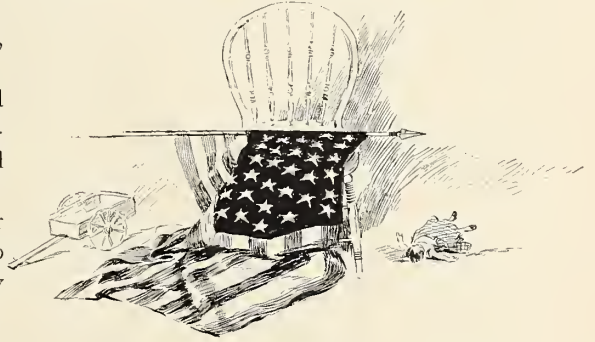
"What is this?" asked one of the men, holding out the red cloth.

"Why, that belongs on this table," the old woman answered. Then she seemed to receive a sudden light. "Febia," she said, "tell us about this. You must know."

"I did it," Febia said, after a pause, to her grandmother, in Russian, who translated it to the others, "because, you know, we were the only ones that had no flag; and this is a holiday."

The men started to leave the room. As they came to the broken door, one of them put his hand in his pocket. Then he put what he had taken from his pocket into his hat. Then he handed the hat around to all the men in sight, and it was passed from hand to hand, down to the men on the stairs below. They all did just as he had done, and the hat came back to its owner well lined with dimes, nickels, and pennies.

"For the little girl," he said to Mrs. Gregorowitsch, as he poured the money into Febia's apron, "so she may buy the right flag."



"HERE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!"

IN THE WOODS—JULY.

BY ROSALIND RICHARDS.

FOREST wild flowers, for the most part, blossom in the spring months. A walk through the July woods will show us many kinds of fruit beautiful to look at (but this is a case of "handsome is as handsome does n't," some of the pretty things being quite poisonous): the blue clintonia and cucumber-root berries, the handsome white baneberries, like painted china, and the bright-scarlet berries of the dwarf cornel and Jack-in-the-pulpit. We shall see wonders of fern-tracery, but few flowers compared to the myriads that carpeted the forest in May and June. We must go instead to open places, to fields and swamps, to pasture borders, and, first of all, to the roadside. Here is elder in creamy

and a throng of others, loving the sun, and crowding the open places in bright-colored masses. There are smaller plants also—harebells blowing on rocks and ledges, and the glorious red of the cardinal-flower along the borders of brooks and streams.

Sometimes it happens that by midsummer people have ceased to care so much for studying wild flowers. The delight of being in the woods again after the long winter, and the shyness with which the spring flowers hide themselves away through the forest, keep them interested through the spring months; but by July it is hot, and there are other things to do. Wild flowers are blossoming everywhere in such

profusion that they do not seem any longer rare and precious, and too often one hears half a dozen beautiful varieties classed together as "weeds." For instance, last July I came upon a quantity of little flowers, making a mass of pink among the grass, that were quite new to me. I was walking with a lady who had been keenly interested in lady's-slippers in May. "Oh," she said, on my pointing to the flowers, "that grows all about here. It must be some kind of pink clover thing. I have never troubled to pick it."

The "pink clover thing" was *Polygala sanguinea* (it is too pretty not to have an English name, but I have never heard one). A glance at the straight alternate leaves shows that it could be no possible relation of the clover; in fact, it is a sister of the bright-fringed polygala of the spring woods. It is a small



POLYGALA SANGUINEA.

masses, swarming with butterflies; wild carrot, delicate in design as the finest lace; and the tall host of the composite family, daisies, thistles, rudbeckia, hankweed, wild sunflower,

plant, six to eight inches high, with a tough, much-branching fibrous stem, and narrow dull-green alternate leaves. The flowerets grow massed together in a head, as close as a head of



CALOPOGON PULCHELLUS.

clover, though very differently shaped. Each plant bears a great many of these heads of flowers, which are bright rose-purple, making

some as any orchid in a florist's window. The plant bears sometimes three or four, sometimes five or six, wide-spreading, butterfly-like flowers, gracefully set, as if just alighted, on the slim stem. They are bright rose-color, sometimes (nearly always in the bud) rose-purple. The petals and sepals are alike in color, broad, but finely pointed; the lip (on the upper side of the flower, not drooping lower than the petals, as in arethusa and pogonia) is crested with a tuft of delicate hairs, purple, yellow, and white. You will find calopogon in swampy places, among tall bog grasses, often, indeed, by the roadside; for it is, for an orchid, very common.



beautiful spaces of color wherever many of the plants grow together.

July is a great month for orchids. The earlier lady's-slippers are past, but the splendid showy lady's-slipper is still in blossom, and the delicate-fringed orchises, the white, the purple, the yellow, and the ragged-fringed; and now, too, we find two beautiful rose-pink orchids, so much like each other, and like arethusa, which blossoms in June, that the three are often confused. All three have much the same general characteristics of shape and color, and all three grow in swamps, or at least in swampy places, bogs where the sphagnum moss is thick and wet and velvety.

The most striking of the three is calopogon (*Calopogon pulchellus*, orchis family), as hand-

thusa, it has but one flower (rarely two), a large, spreading blossom of a most delicate rose-color. The petals and sepals are broader than those



POGONIA OPHIOGLOSSOIDES.

of arethusa, and the broad lip, not marked with any stronger color, is wonderfully bearded and crested; and, most delightful of all, it has a faint but very sweet fragrance.

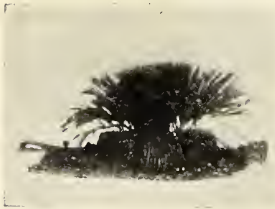


“UNDER THE OLD OAK-TREE IN THE ORCHARD NORTH OF THE HOUSE.”

THE CURIOUS EXPERIENCE OF MARJORIE AND PHILIP.

“OH, uncle, do come and see what Philip and I have found!” cried Marjorie, as she met Uncle George on the lawn one sunny morning in July. “Just look here!”

Marjorie led the way, and all three were soon under the old oak-tree in the orchard north of the house ; and there, sure enough, was a curious sight. A slimy, pasty-looking, yellowish mass of something extended all the way



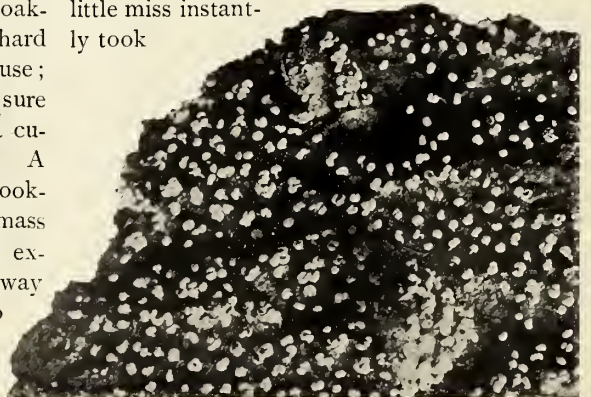
MOLD IN A TINY TUFT, LIKE GRAY OSTRICH-PLUMES.

up and down the tree-trunk and seemed to be oozing out of the crevices of the bark.

“Philip said some one had thrown an egg at the tree,” said Marjorie ; “but that cannot be, for there are no

pieces of shell lying about ; besides, it does not look just like egg, does it, Uncle George?”

“Smells like it,” remarked Philip, rather for the sake of saying something than for any other reason, or because he had really noticed any odor. But if Philip thought thus to check his sister’s curiosity he reckoned without his host, for the intrepid little miss instantly took



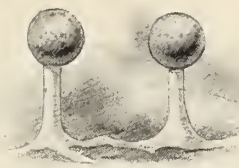
MOLD, LIKE LITTLE BALLS OF SNOW, SCATTERED OVER THE BARK. MAY EASILY BE SEEN WITHOUT THE AID OF EVEN A POCKET-MICROSCOPE.

up the challenge, went up close, and began sniffing the strange stuff that had spread away up into the crotch of the tree.

"It does not smell like a bad egg, anyway," said Marjorie. "It does smell curious, though; kind of newy."

All this time Uncle George said not a word. He had been watching the investigation with much interest, even scraping off a little of the strange substance with the point of his knife and smelling it.

"No, it is not egg, certainly," said he. "See here." And he pointed to the thin, shiny

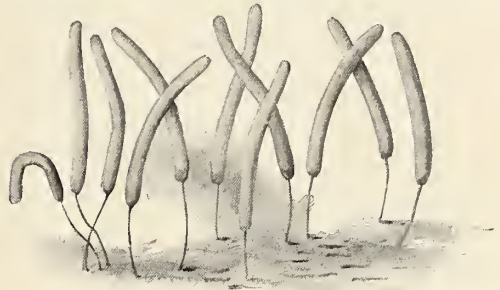


MAGNIFIED VIEW OF MOLD-FRUIT, LIKE SPHERES OF BRONZE ON PILLARS OF MARBLE.

find it in unexpected places, as on the leaves and flowers, it is because it has crept there."

"Crept there!" said Philip. "Then it must be alive! Do you suppose that stuff is alive, Uncle George?"

"Well, we may wait and see," said the uncle. "Let us not disturb it, and wait till afternoon and see what happens. I believe it is what the naturalists call a slime-mold; it looks and acts much like a living thing; we shall watch and see."



MOLD, LIKE CAT-TAILS, ON STALKS ATTACHED TO BARK, AS SEEN BY AID OF A POCKET-MICROSCOPE.



FRUITING OF THE MOLD, AS OFTEN FOUND ON DECAYING LEAVES. (SLIGHTLY MAGNIFIED.)

The young people ran off, and Uncle George betook himself to his newspaper and the porch. All the morning, however, the subject was in his mind. He himself had never seen anything just like the curious substance on the tree, although he had read of such things, and he determined to keep on the lookout. So after lunch who should be calling from beneath the trees again but Uncle George.

film below the principal mass and traceable down the tree all the way to the ground, where, odd to see, was more of the slimy material, some of it pale yellow, some colorless, in thin veins or threads, forming a network over a pile of rotten wood at the foot of the tree, all wet now with the summer rains.

"Where *does* it come from?" exclaimed Philip, now become as eager an investigator as the rest. "Look here; did you ever see anything like it? Here! if it is not all over the grass, and on the leaves, and even on these nicotiana blossoms! Look here! Look here! Do you believe it rained down? They say it rains fish-worms sometimes."

"It did n't rain down," said Marjorie, "else it would be everywhere, and it's only right here around the old tree."

"No," said Uncle George, "it did not rain down, no more than do fish-worms; and if we

"Look here! Just look here! It is my turn now to play the showman. Look here!"

The youngsters needed no second call. They ran to the orchard, and there stood Uncle



FRUITING, BELL-LIKE FORMS OF THE MOLD ON LONG STALKS. THESE ARE OFTEN BRIGHT YELLOW, EACH WITH A TINY LID. (MAGNIFIED.)

George by the selfsame tree. But the slime had entirely disappeared; only the shining film could be traced here and there as in the morning. But high up between the branches of the tree, and all over the grass and the nicotiana leaves, and on the very cups of the white perfumed flowers, were thousands of diminutive spheres, silvery gray, each mounted on a tiny stalk, motionless, fixed!

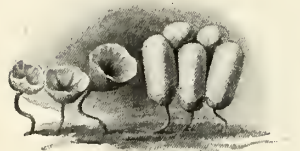
"Did you ever!" said Marjorie.

"Oho!" said Master Philip. "Wonder what the teacher would say to that?"

"We'll go down and see," said Uncle George.

"No use; it's vacation now," said Marjorie.

However, with specimen in hand, all three hurried away to the village high school, where what should they find but the



LIKE PACKETS OF FAIRY WOOL SET UP BY A SLIME-MOLD ON DECAYING BARK.

professor himself, studying the very identical thing that had been the cause of so much intelligent excitement! Only, the professor had brought some of the slime indoors, had covered it with a bell-jar, and it had formed its marvelous network inside the jar.

"It is going to fruit," said the professor.

Then Uncle George showed what he had brought and told of the morning happenings. "Wonderful, is it not?" said Uncle George.



FAIRY-LIKE CLUSTERS OF SPORE-SPHERES ON LONG, CROOKED, TWISTING STALKS. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)



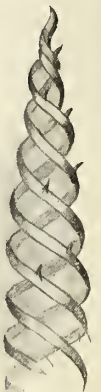
MOLD, LIKE CRULLERS, AS SLIGHTLY MAGNIFIED BY A POCKET-MICROSCOPE.

"Wonderful! Yes, indeed; and yet no wonder, for what you have been watching is a form of protoplasm, simple living matter, the most wonderful substance that we know anything about. And just to think of it out of doors, streaming about your orchard in that unprotected way. Little wonder that you all were surprised and charmed!"



TINY SALVERS; ONE BEARING A FLOSSY CYLINDER OF FRUIT. ONE HAS A WOOL-LIKE GROWTH OF THE SPORES.

And then the professor went on to tell how common were such things on every rotting log and stump in all the woods, on piles of refuse, everywhere. He told of the queer appetite the slime has for organic food—how fond it is of some sorts of mushrooms and things of that kind. Then, under his microscope, he showed the fruit, as he called it, the little stalked spheres, turned and sculptured, and sometimes covered with glittering flakes. Nor was this all. The professor brought forth tray after tray of these beautiful objects. Some looked like embroidery of gold on the rich brown of an autumn leaf; some like tracings of silver. Some were little cups of scarlet foaming over, one would say. But no; this foamy crest was but the finest fluff of tiniest



TIP OF ONE OF THE SPIRAL THREADS THAT MAKE THE FLOSS AMONG THE SPORES. (VERY HIGHLY MAGNIFIED IN A COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.)

fibers, like fairy wool. Some were elfin cylinders of bronze, it seemed, mounted on pedestals of snowy marble, so small, so delicate, that the "horns of elf-land faintly blowing" would certainly blow them all away. And yet, under a lens the bronze gleamed and shone with the colors of the rainbow, especially blue and green and gold. These, too, were tiny fruits full of fine dust-like spores, and came up from slime. Some other forms were of the softest gray, like tiny ostrich-plumes, only a great deal finer, an inch high some of them, big



THREE SPORE-BALLS. TWO OPENED, ONE CLOSED. (SIX TIMES NATURAL SIZE.)

enough for Marjorie to touch them with her fingers and feel just how soft they were—tufts of these as big as Marjorie's hand; and so on, and on, and on, forms of every color and shape, but all of exquisite grace and loveliness, until everybody grew enthusiastic, and Uncle George and Philip and Marjorie were ready to believe that slime-molds were almost the only forms of life at all worth watching. At any rate, they then and there resolved that when in August and September they visited the woods and forests of the Adirondacks they would certainly leave no log unturned, no stump unsearched, in an effort to find in their native homes some, at least, of these beautiful and charming things.

The slime-molds are, indeed, true lovers of the forest

primeval and its shadows undisturbed.

Life flashes in the sunshine,
All athwart the meadow;
Life's fountains spring again
In the forest's shadow:
Rise again, spring again
In the darksome shadow.

These queer little forms of life, that have many characteristics of animals as well as of plants, have been a source of much controversy among scientific people as to whether they are plants or animals.

"But why call them either animals or plants?" inquired the professor. "No one test can be supplied to separate plants from animals in the lowest forms of life."

The study of slime-molds still rests chiefly with the botanists, and most people think of them as plants, notwithstanding the fact that, as we have seen, they sometimes go creeping all about, like so many real animals.

THOMAS H. MACBRIDE.

NOTE.—The large heading illustration on page 840 was drawn by our artist from photographs of house and ravine furnished by the author. The two other illustrations on that page were reproduced directly from photographs made especially for this article. Illustrations on this page and the preceding two were redrawn from those in the author's "The North American Slime-Moulds," by permission from him and his publishers, the Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE SWALLOW'S BOX.

SWALLOWS, bluebirds, and wrens are all interesting neighbors which any one living in the country can usually have for the asking. A box with a single opening at one side, set up on a pole at some convenient point near the house, is the only invitation required. The more weather-beaten the box-house the more attractive it becomes. Make a round or square door two inches wide, but don't put a piazza in front, unless you wish to attract the swallow's worst enemy, the house-sparrow.



NETWORK OVER ANOTHER BELL-SHAPED FORM CONTAINING SPORES. (MAGNIFIED.)

A SPORE-CLUSTER LIKE A SWAYING, LACE-COVERED BALLOON. (HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.)

Swallows are most interesting to watch; their powers of flight are marvelous, and few birds in the world can surpass their grace and

thick yellow lips, which show very plainly in the picture. Here they are sitting in a row with their mouths closed;



NO. 1. YOUNG OF TREE-SWALLOW, TEN DAYS OLD, WHEN THE THICK, LIGHT-COLORED LIPS ARE MOST PROMINENT.

but imagine them in their dark box when the parent comes with food and the four mouths open wide. Four bright little rings or targets can then be plainly seen, and it thus becomes easy to quickly place the food down in the throat where it should go.

When this box was opened the parents did not know what to make of it at first, but were soon bringing moths and dragon-flies, as shown in picture No. 2. When

freedom of movement. The male is very pugnacious, and will dart at the head of every person who approaches his home, and pounce upon any bird who intrudes upon his domain.

When the nest is building they enter the box hundreds of times just to see that all is well, and often make many trials before they land a long spear of grass or feather on the inside. When the male who nested in my yard last summer brought a feather which was too long to be carried in crosswise of the hole, his mate would try to seize it from him; but, no! he must do it himself, so off he would go, only to return time after time until finally successful.

This box-house had a hinged lid or roof, so that it was possible to take a peep inside every day or two and see what was going on. Beginning about June 16, five snow-white eggs were laid on the softest and coziest of nests, made almost wholly of white pigeons' feathers, which were arched up at the sides so as to almost cover the eggs. Then about July 1 the young began to hatch. An egg which proved to be bad was kicked to one side, but the shells of the others were carefully removed. The young birds when a week old squeak when handled and often surprise you by the strength with which they cling to your fingers. They can support their weight by holding on with one foot. But most remarkable of all are their

the wind blew out a feather the mother at once darted after it, and in picture No. 3 we see her replacing it in the nest, for they cannot bear to lose any of their possessions. When building anew or repairing the old nest, they



NO. 2. THE BOX OPENED, SHOWING THE MALE SWALLOW READY TO FEED HIS HUNGRY BROOD.

LAMPREYS ASCENDING FALLS.



NO. 3. WHEN THE BOX WAS OPENED THE WIND BLEW OUT A FEATHER, AND HERE WE SEE THE MOTHER RESTORING IT TO THE NEST.

will sometimes become so tame or bold as to seize a feather tossed in the air.

This bird, called the white-bellied or tree swallow, is gradually changing its nesting habits; that is, it is more and more forsaking the hollow trees in the woods beside the streams and coming to the neighborhood of man. But attachment to the home roof is strong, and many an old tree has sheltered dozens of generations of these swallows.

Note the dark steel green of the back, and the forked tail.

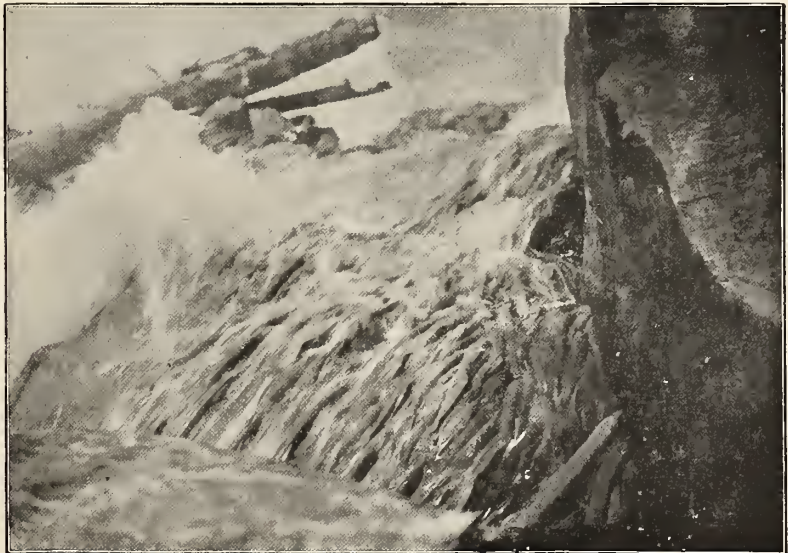
FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

THIS is one of the characteristic fish-like animals of the Pacific coast of the United States, where it is known as an "eel." It is especially abundant in the Columbia River, up whose tributaries it runs to spawn. One day in June I was fishing at the falls of the Willamette River while there was a movement of "eels" in progress, and took the accompanying photograph. Some of the rocks over which the water was falling were completely covered by large-sized lampreys, forming a slimy, wriggling mass several layers deep. A lamprey dislodged by the current, or forced to give up its hold by exhaustion, would sometimes dislodge and carry half a dozen with it to the bottom of the falls.

The upward progress of the lampreys was accomplished by fastening themselves to the rocks by means of their sucking mouths and gradually working their way to the crest of the falls by loosening their hold for an instant while propelled by a sudden springing movement of the body. The trying ordeal through which they were passing showed in the condi-

tion of their bodies; many were worn away for fully one fourth their length by being whipped against the rocks while their heads were fixed, and numbers were seen to lose their hold and float away, emaciated, and apparently dead.

H. M. SMITH,
U. S. Fish Commission.



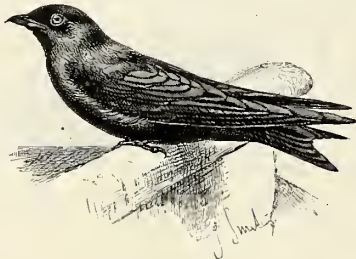
LAMPREYS ASCENDING THE FALLS.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

THE PINES, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Early on some summer morning, while out walking, you may hear a twittering like that of rippling laughter, and looking up you see a bird, a little smaller than a robin, sailing high up in the sky. You may tell by its graceful flight, and by its musical twittering, that it is a purple martin. There is no other swallow whose flight is so graceful as that of the martin, unless it be a barn-swallow. Among all the swallows



PURPLE MARTIN.

the purple martin does about the most good and the least harm. It has never been known to eat a single bud or sprout that does good to man, while it eats all the injurious insects.

The help that the martin gives us has been recognized all over America, for the Indians used to cut the branches from a tree and hang hollowed-out gourds on it for them to nest in, and the farmers, instead of trying to chase them away, as they do with many other birds, rather encourage them to come and live in the houses built for them. In spite of all this care, the martins are gradually growing fewer in numbers. Till recently there has been no cause known for this, but most people think it is the English sparrow which drives them away. There has been a deadly feud between them ever since the sparrows were imported to America in 1851. There has been no reason for this except that the sparrows try to take the martins' homes away, and the martins try not to let them. The martin is one of the most courageous birds of North America, and it is often seen to go out and help the king-birds drive off some prowling hawk. But, for all that, it cannot stand against the sparrows, for the simple reason that the sparrows are so numerous; and though the martin could stand against three, or possibly four, he could not stand against a dozen of them.

INNESS HARTLEY (age 13).

In many parts of the South it is customary for the colored people to dig out the interior of long-necked squashes and hang them on poles near the cabins. The purple martins occupy these hollowed-out squashes.

Bradford Torrey states that in answer to an inquiry "Uncle Remus" explained:

"Why, dey is martins' boxes. No danger of hawks carryin' off de chickens so long as de martins am aroun'."

EXPERIENCES WITH A BABY WOODCHUCK.

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We killed an old woodchuck, and the next day I went up to the hole, and saw three cunning baby woodchucks sitting just outside. I tried to catch one, but failed, as they ran into the hole. Later I caught one asleep and picked it up by the tail. I tried to bite, but I put it in a box, and fed it by taking milk in my mouth and blowing it through a straw into the woodchuck's mouth. This little "chucky" ground his teeth all the time when disturbed. I kept it two days, and then it got away, and I never saw our little one again.

One of the two "chucks" that I did not catch was killed, and the other is still living in the hole.

Yours truly,

ISABEL ORMISTON.

This seems to be an improvement, at least in novelty, on the method of feeding the baby woodchucks with a spoon, as John Burroughs tells us in "Riverby":

There were three young ones creeping about a few feet from the mouth of the den. We captured them all. How these poor, half-famished creatures did lay hold of the spoon when they got a taste of the milk! One could not help laughing. Their little shining black paws were so handy and so smooth, they seemed as if incased in kid gloves.



BLOWING MILK THROUGH A STRAW DOWN INTO THE MOUTH OF A BABY WOODCHUCK.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

CARTHAGE, IND.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer the following questions which have been puzzling me very much.

What useful purposes do butterflies serve?

How can butterflies always be distinguished from moths?

Yours truly,
 LOIS P. HILL.

If you mean the "purposes" to themselves in the sight

of Mother Nature, they may be defined in the same language that our national Constitution defines the "certain unalienable rights" of all men—that is, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

If you mean the "purposes" in the sense of uses to others, among the most important are the transfer of pollen from flower to flower, beautifying the roadsides and fields, food for birds, bats, and insects, and last, but not least, very entertaining and instructive objects of study for St. NICHOLAS young folks.

The chief distinguishing habits of butterflies and moths are that butterflies usually fly between sunrise and dusk, very rarely taking wing at night. Butterflies usually transform from the larva to adult in an uncovered chrysalis. Moths fly mostly after sunset and before sunrise in the twilight, though a few fly in daylight. They usually transform in a pupa covered by a cocoon.

The chief differences of structure are that butterflies have long, thread-like antennæ, enlarged at the end in club-shaped appearance.

This form is unusual in moths, though found in a very few tropical kinds. All our true moths do not have club-shaped antennæ; some have antennæ that are tapering to a point, others are feather-shaped, and some



INDIAN CLUB-SHAPED ANTENNÆ OF BUTTERFLIES.



FEATHERED, BRANCHING ANTENNÆ OF MOTHS.

have a little pin or hook at their end. There are many variations of these forms. Remember, antennæ not club-shaped means a moth.

VERY FRIENDLY REDSTART.

WATERTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not seen anything about the redstart in your magazine since I have been reading it, so I intend to tell you our experiences with one. One day in the summer my grandfather was sitting in the back yard reading, when this little salmon-orange and black bird lit right on his knee, and stayed there quite a while. Another time he was about to light on my mother's chair, and my mother moved, and of course that scared him and he flew away. At still another time he lit on a branch that was not more than six or eight inches above my head. No doubt he would



REDSTART.

have lit somewhere on me if I had not moved. These birds were very tame and nested in the yard that summer. I have been studying birds ever since then.

Yours very respectfully,
 CHESTER W. WILSON (age 13).

This is a very unusual manifestation of friendliness on the part of the beautiful little redstart. Mrs. Wright aptly describes its appearance as a "wind-blown firebrand, half glowing, half charred." Mr. Chapman says it is known in Cuba as the *candelita*, the little torch.

Watch its almost ceaseless activity in pursuit of flies and other small insects. You will see that it is a warbler, very different in its manner from members of the true flycatcher family. Note its sudden dashes up, down, here, there, everywhere, even tumbling somersault as if blown by the wind, and all the time singing its merry little *ser, ser-wee* jingle.

Burroughs, in "The Tragedies of the Nests," tells a story of two warblers that built a nest in the apple-tree near his rustic summer-house.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY W. B. HUNTLEY, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE JULY

WE SEEM to have made a mistake in believing "Jack's Fourth of July" to be a good subject for a story. Not that it proved unpopular — far from it! In fact, we have never had so many prose contributions as were received in

this competition. Only, most of them were not stories. Neither were they articles. They were really nothing but the most commonplace descriptions of the most commonplace Fourth of Julys that Jack could possibly imagine. Of course there were a number of good ones, and from these we have selected some *very* good ones indeed for the prizes; but of the four hundred received about three hundred and fifty were so hard for the editor to read that he wished before he was through that he had never heard of Fourth of July, or of Jack, or even of all the dogs and parrots and monkeys by that name that the young writers put into their stories.

Just a word of advice. Don't write a story just because you can put down on paper four hundred words of prose.

Don't write a story unless you have a story to write.

A simple narration of events is not a story, unless the events are unusual, or unless the commonplace events lead to something worth while—something that the reader may begin to suspect from the beginning, but is never quite sure of till he gets there.

In other words, you must have interest. You must be interested yourself, and you must interest the reader.

It is by no means easy to write good prose. It is a good deal easier to photograph wild animals and to work out puzzles, even when the puzzles are hard and the wild animals are on a dead run. Of course anybody can get down four hundred words that mean something, but unless they mean a good deal more than most of those that told of Jack and his Fourth of July, or than many of those received in the majority of the prose competitions, the writers will find it at least four hundred times as easy to win a badge in almost any other competition.

SCHOOL 'S OUT.

BY ALMA JEAN WING (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

OH, why do you sing, you jocund bird
With the dash of bright red in your wing?
For the green of the grass? for the winds that pass?
Or the sun's gold glimmering?
Ah, no, not so! I chirp and trill
In my cheeriest way, you see,
I sing for the joy of the little boy;
School 's out and he is free!

Ah, why do you blow, you wanton
wind,
And play with the meadow flow-
ers?
For the butterflies and the radiant
skies
Are you whiling away the hours?
Ah, no, not so! I chirp and blow
In my gay, glad way, you see,
I dance and whirl for the little girl
Who will turn from her books to
me!

And the great, sad ocean smiles; he
knows
Why the birds are gay and the zephyr
blows,
And he laughs as he hears the chil-
dren shout,
And whispers, "'T is well; I am
glad school 's out!"

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 31.

IN making awards contributors' ages are considered.
VERSE. Cash prize, Alma Jean Wing (age 17), 610
First Ave., S., St. Cloud, Minn.

Gold badges, Sidonia Deutsch (age 15), 231 E. 122d
St., New York City, and Jessica Nelson North (age
10), Edgerton, Wis.



"EARLY SPRING." BY FRANCIS EARLE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, May H. Ryan (age 12), 280 S. 3d St., San Jose, Cal., and Helen C. Coombs (age 10), Warren, Pa.

PROSE. Gold badges, Randolph S. Bourne (age 15), 290 Belleville Ave., Bloomfield, N. J., and Edna Mead (age 14), 223 Vose Ave., South Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, Katherine Shortall (age 11), 1604 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Dorothy May Crossley (age 13), 1223 Vermont Ave., Washington, D. C.

26 Albion St., Brantford, Ont., Canada. Silver badges, Kenneth Durant (age 12), 2288 19th St., Phil., Pa., and Isabel Graham (age 8). Address mislaid. Please send.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Sumner Ford (age 14), 40 8th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Marion Farnsworth (age 13), 74 Garfield St., N. Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, Hugh Albert Cameron (age 11), Sylvania, Pa., and Marjorie Anderson (age 10), 603 Wayne St., Sandusky, Ohio.



"EARLY SPRING." BY ELOISE GERRY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

DRAWING. Cash prize, W. B. Huntley (age 17), Royal Bank House, East Newington Pl., Edinburgh, Scotland.

Gold badge, Joshua W. Brady (age 17), 31 Elm St., Potsdam, N. Y.

Silver badges, Helen A. Trapier (age 16), Box 18, Rutledge, Delaware Co., Pa., and Mary Helen Stevens (age 9), 1150 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, Francis Earle (age 14), 33 Stiles St., Elizabeth, N. J., and Eloise Gerry (age 17), Fryeburg, Me.

Silver badges, W. F. Harold Braun (age 12), 250 Pelham Road, Germantown, Pa., and Frank Heard (age 15), 39 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Roxbury, Mass.

WILD-ANIMALAND BIRD

PHOTOGRAPHY. First

prize, "Woodchuck," by Lily C. Worthington (age 16), Francis Lane, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Second prize, "Wild

Doe," by Charles L. Ehrhard (age 15), 304 Rich Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Third prize, "Sea-gulls," by Charlotte Morrison (age 14), 2021 Summit St., Oakland, Cal.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, George Fish Parsons, Jr. (age 15), 37 W. 94th St., New York City, and Enid Hatley (age 13),

JACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

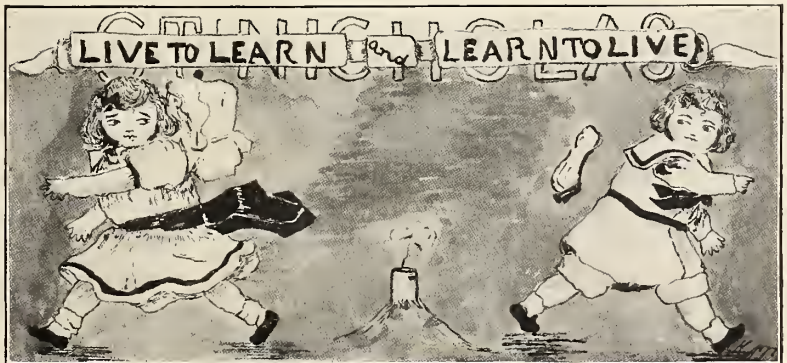
JACK was a dear little boy with brown hair and blue eyes, and he had just passed his fifth birthday. Until then he had been a baby; but on that memorable morning he had donned trousers, had his hair cut, and blossomed forth a boy.

And now the Fourth of July was here, and Jack was resolved not to be so frightened at the noise of crackers and cannon as he had been on former Independence Days. So after breakfast he went out with his big brother Jim to help set off some fire-crackers. Jack grew rather tired after a while, and so he started up the street to see what was going on there, while Jim was so busy with a little cannon that he did not notice his departure.

Jack walked on, and when he reached the corner he caught sight of the firemen's parade coming along. So he went out into the side street to get a better view of it. But just at that moment

the parade turned the corner, and the first thing Jack knew he was in the midst of the marching men. Then he was frightened and began to cry. But one of the big firemen picked him up, carried him back, and set him up on the hose-cart, and thus he rode high above the procession, smiling and happy.

Some half an hour later Jim was in front of his house, just stooping down to light a giant fire-cracker with which to salute the procession just passing the house, when he happened to catch sight of somebody sitting on the hose-cart. Jim stopped—Jim looked exceedingly surprised; then he tore into the house, calling for his father. Together they rushed out after the parade. Jack was delighted to see them, and wanted them to get up



"HEADING FOR JULY." BY HELEN A. TRAPIER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



"EARLY SPRING." BY W. F. HAROLD BRAUN, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

on the seat with him. He was very much surprised, naturally, when his father, reaching up, lifted him down and carried him back to the house, after thanking the firemen for caring for him. When they reached home, Jack's mouth began to curl and his eyes began to look moisty; but recollecting that he was now a boy, he bravely forced back his tears and went out with Jim to play. And that is the way Jack spent one hour of his Fourth of July.

SCHOOL 'S OUT.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

I STROLLED along the village street,—
The summer day was passing fair,—
When laughing voices, clear and sweet,
Were wafted on the summer air.
"Whence come these voices gay and glad?
How comes this revelry about?"
I asked a bonny blue-eyed lad,
Who answered, "School is out!"

Oh, brightly smiles the burnished sun
From 'mid his gorgeous train on high;
He rolls the floating clouds in one,
Gold-tinting all the fair blue sky.
And all the woods are robed in green,
With brown-eyed daisies girt about;
Bright faces everywhere are seen,
For school at last is out!

Laugh on, dear children, laugh and play,
For Time is cruel, youth is fair,
Life-giving is the sun's bright ray,
And sweet the flower-scented air.
And hark! the merry voices hear!
And hear the joyous, ringing shout!
A rippling laugh falls on my ear:
"Hurrah, for school is out!"

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, or any one intending to become a reader, is entitled to League membership free of charge.

JACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY EDNA MEAD (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

FOUR o'clock in the morning, the Fourth of July, 1800. An American frigate of war lay at anchor in the harbor of Tripoli. The night was very warm, and the heat of the sailors' quarters had driven one of her crew on deck. This was cabin-boy Jack, a boy of about twelve years, golden-haired and blue-eyed. He was leaning on the forward bulwark, lost in thought. "Thousands of miles from home," he said, "and nothing to celebrate the Fourth with." Not a sound broke the stillness, and the eastern sky reddened with the coming dawn. He raised his head, and suddenly there appeared on the water near the ship a large galley, rowed by

its crew with muffled oars. The moment he saw it, the boy, making a trumpet of his hands, called: "Ahoy, the galley, who are ye?" Getting no answer, he seized a cutlass from the stand by the foremast, and took his place in the gangway. Fierce men came leaping up the steps; but he cut down the first, second, and third. The fourth, however, a powerful Moor, with one stroke of his simitar mortally wounded our hero, who, sinking upon his knees, still fought desperately. At this moment the captain and crew of the frigate, roused by the noise, rushed up on deck, and, after a short, fierce struggle, drove the pirates from the ship. Meanwhile the frigate had weighed anchor and hoisted sail, and, as the galley started to run, the frigate put about and followed. The galley seemed to fly, but ere long she was caught, riddled with shot, and sunk.

When all was over they found the cabin-boy and carried him below. All day he lay without sign of life; but a little while before sunset his eyes opened and he said: "I'm glad we had the firing; it seemed like the Fourth, after all." Very soon afterward he raised himself, and pointing toward the last rays of the glowing sun, whis-



"EARLY SPRING." BY FANNIE H. BICKFORD, AGE 15.

pered: "How beautiful!" Then, with a happy smile on his face, he fell back dead. They wrapped him in the Stars and Stripes, and bore him to the side of the ship. The chaplain read the burial service, and as the sailors lowered the body into the sea he said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

WHEN SCHOOL IS OUT.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 10).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHERE the spreading willows stand
On the low and marshy land,
And the stream flows through its
twisting, winding bed,
There I love to lie asleep
In the grass so cool and deep,
With the willow branches waving o'er my head.

In vacation's happy hours
All the woods are full of flowers,
And the shadows of the trees are cool and dark.
When the sky is blue and clear
If you listen you will hear
The warbling of a little meadow-lark.

In the woods the partridge drums
When the glad vacation comes,
And the poplars and the willows bend and sway;
They are calling me to lie
Where the summer breezes sigh
By the brook that flows and murmurs all the day.

JACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY KATHERINE SHORTALL (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

JACK was awakened by a boom which shook the house and made the windows rattle. He jumped out of bed and ran to the window, but saw nothing but the morning-glories and trees. As he turned back he saw a red fire-cracker, which reminded him of the day.

"Hurrah!" he shouted.
Boom! And the house shook again. He heard his sisters in the next room give a little cry of fright.
"Pooh! I'm not afraid," he said. "Course not. I have a soldier-suit with brass buttons, and a sword and a drum. All I need now is

'A gay prancing steed,'"

Just then his aunty came to the door.

"My dear little Jack," she said, "I wish you a very happy birthday."

"Why? Oh, it's my birthday! I forgot all about it," exclaimed Jack.

"Did you? That 's queer."



"EARLY SPRING AT THE TOWER OF LONDON." BY E. S. MCCAWLEY, AGE 11.

Jack dressed quickly. Then he took his largest cannon-cracker, and set it off under his sisters' and old Dinah's windows.

"Boom!" went the cannon, and two windows opened. Two yellow heads popped out of one, and a black one out of the other.

"Oh, Jack!" cried the two little sisters.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dinah, "if I wa' n't skeered!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jack. "That 's just what I wanted. Hurry up and come down."

"We will," cried the two little girls, and the yellow heads disappeared.

Then Jack went to the stable to see James groom Sally; but James would not let him come in. He was so surprised that he let a fire-cracker go off in his hand.

At breakfast Jack thought that the family were remarkably jolly. His two sisters were giggling, and his father and uncle were in very high spirits. Pretty soon James came in.

"Is it ready?" asked Jack's papa.

"Yes, sir," said James, with a grin.

"Come on, Jack," said his uncle.

Jack went out on to the piazza, and what do you think he saw? He saw a pretty black pony on the drive.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack. "Whose is he?"

"Yours," said his father.

"Mine?" cried Jack.

"Yes. Is he not splendid?" cried the two little sisters.

"Oh, papa, thank you so much!" said Jack.

"A sword and a drum,
A gay prancing steed;
My brave soldier boy,
What more can you need?"

sang his aunty.

"Nothing," cried Jack. Just then James came with a barrel, which they blew up to celebrate Jack's Fourth of July.



"EARLY SPRING ALONG AN IRRIGATING CANAL."
BY ALEXANDER MACOMB, AGE 13.



"WILD COW ELK." BY ORVILLE H. SAMPSON, AGE 16.
(WINNER OF FORMER PRIZES.)

WHEN SCHOOL 'S OUT.

Lines to my Doll.

BY HELEN C. COOMBS (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I 've gone to school all through the term,
And never missed a day.
To-morrow, dear, school will be out!
Then I 'll have time to play.

I 'll make you a sweet summer dress,
As nice as nice can be,
While down beside the boxwood hedge
We 'll give a little tea.

And we 'll invite Ethlinda Anne
(Poor thing, she 's getting old),
And Dorothy and Rosa May
And little Tommy Gold.

We 'll have the nicest little tea,
With lemonade and cake,
And lovely little biscuits brown,
That I know how to bake.

And, dolly dear, you must be good
And do just what I say;
So all your little friends will think,
Oh, what a happy day!

SCHOOL 'S OUT.

BY MAY WENZEL (AGE 8).

City.

SCHOOL out for to-day,
And little Miss May
Is dressed in her frills and laces;
She is going to drive
In the park until five,
Then visit a few other places.

Country.

School out, in her door stands
Mrs. Hood.
"Come, Johnny, hurry and bring
me some wood;
And go to the spring for some
fresh water cool.
What made you so late coming
home from school?"



"EARLY SPRING." BY FRANK HEARD, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

JACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY DOROTHY MAY CROSSLEY (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

No need to call Jack this morning! Bright and early he was up and out in the yard with his fireworks, where he was soon joined by his friend Charlie, who brought over an armful, which constituted his collection, to add to the store.

Carefully the two boys sorted them out, putting all the crackers and noise-making things into one box, and the fireworks which were to be set off at night into another box, while Jack's little sister Beatrice took a seat in her little rocking-chair near the stoop and watched all that was going on intently.

After a while Jack said, "We are going to set them off now, Beatrice, so look out!" Whereupon Beatrice, taking a puppy under each arm, retreated to the farthest corner of the yard, where she turned a bucket upside down to make a seat for herself there.

The boys soon tired of firing off single crackers, so they thought that they would increase the fun by setting off a bunch at a time. This went all right for a time, when, oh, horrors! a bunch was thrown into one of the boxes, and they were all going off in rapid succession.

Jack was nearly wild with distress and fright, and ran about crying:

"Put 'em out! Oh, put 'em out!"

Charlie could only scream at the top of his voice, "Where 's the water?" not realizing that water would be nearly as destructive to them as fire. The puppies barked until they nearly split their throats, and poor Beatrice could only throw herself flat on the ground, hide her face in the tall grass, and scream.

But all was useless. Roman candles, pin-wheels, and colored lights all went off at once, and mama and Bridget came running out just in time to hear the last cracker bang! and to see the last rocket go off with a flourish.

Poor Jack ran into his mother's arms and cried, "They all went off, and I have n't any Fourth of July left."

"Hush, Jackie," she said. "It 's not as bad as that. Your father has bought some fireworks, and will help you set them off."

So Jack dried his tears and spent the happiest Fourth of July of his life.

SCHOOL 'S OUT.

BY MAY H. RYAN (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE waves beat loudly on the shore

And murmur in the caves;
The mermaids are reciting lore
Of old, old days, long, long gone
by,
The legend of the sea-gull's cry,
The music of the waves.

Of icebergs in the North they tell,
And sing strange ballads, too.
They listen for the clanging bell
Of steamer gliding on her way;
They have no dialogues to say,
They have no suns to do.

But down beneath the deep blue sea
I have not one small doubt
But what the mermaids show
great glee,
And quickly gaily swim away,
On coral reefs to sport and play,
When teacher says, "School's out!"

JACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY DOROTHY FREEMAN (AGE 13).

It was the 3d of July, and Jack's first day in America. The big ocean steamer had arrived from England that morning. Jack and mother had driven around New York all day in a rickety cab, and evening found a very sleepy little Jack sitting at dinner with father and mother in the large hotel dining-room.

"My little Jack looks tired," said mother as they left the table. "I think he'd better come right to bed now."

Jack was too sleepy to say no, so he soon found himself in the bedroom which he was to have.

As his mother sat having a good-night talk with him, they heard music, and voices singing the American national songs. Mother said they were doing that as tomorrow was the Fourth of July.

"But why should they sing national songs just because to-morrow is the Fourth of July?" asked her rather sleepy son.

Then she told him about how the Declaration of Independence was signed long ago, and how the Americans celebrated that day. By the time she had finished he was fast asleep, so she kissed him good night and left him to dream of hot, noisy New York.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
Jack woke with a start. What was happening? At first he thought it was in his own room, but soon found it came from the street. He seemed to hear banging and booming from all parts of the city. What could it be? Then what mother had told him last night flashed across his mind. The Americans were celebrating the Fourth!

In a flash he was out of bed and had his clothes on. He dashed to father's room and woke that sleepy man. "Dad! Dad! Please get up and get some fire-crackers. I want to help the 'Mericans celebrate the Fourth!" As "dad" would always do anything for Jack, they were soon sauntering down the street to the shop where they keep fire-crackers.

The rest is briefly told. Jack had soon joined the other small boys in the hotel, and they fired away all day.



"WOODCHUCK." BY LILY C. WORTHINGTON, AGE 16.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

That evening Jack said to mother, "Mother, I'm so glad the 'Mericans made the Declaration of Independence, for if they had n't there would n't be any Fourth of July."

SCHOOL'S OUT.

BY EVERETT T. MITCHELL
(AGE 11).

We pick up our books and paper,
And bade our teacher good-
by;
And some go out with a caper,
And some go out with a sigh.

We think of the long vacation,
And the things we shall en-
joy;
For it brings a strange elation
To each happy girl and boy.

July is a goodly season;
Do you wonder why we
shout?

Would you like to know the reason?
It is simply this—school's out.

WHERE JACK SPENT THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY HENRY WEBB JOHNSTONE (AGE 9).

It was the Fourth of July, and Jack was out in the yard shooting off his fire-crackers.

"Jack, where are you?" called his father from the front porch.

"Here I am," said Jack, running to the front porch. "Would you like to go with me this morning to see the people go up in a balloon?"

"Yes," said Jack, "I should like to go very much."

"Very well," said his father; "are you all ready?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack, trying to speak as politely as he could.

Jack and his father reached the place at half-past nine. The balloon was to go up at ten o'clock. Just before the people got in, Jack saw a place where he could get in among the blankets. Nobody was looking at him just then, so, as quick as a flash, Jack was in the balloon. Just then a rope gave way, and the balloon sailed away with Jack in it. One of the men called out, "The rope has broken, and the balloon is gone, with a kid in it," for he saw Jack's frightened face looking down at them. All day Jack sailed along. He thought at once that if he had brought his fire-crackers with him he might have set them off; but, after all, he had no matches, and besides, he might set fire to the balloon. He rather liked it at first, but after a while he felt a little sick and wished he were home.

At last he grew hungry, so he ate some of the lunch that the people had put in the bal-



"SEA-GULLS." BY CHARLOTTE MORRISON, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"WILD DOE." BY CHARLES L. EHRHARD, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY VICTOR SHERMAN, AGE 14.

loon. The people he saw looked like little dolls. White clouds were sailing all about him. Pretty soon Jack fell asleep. The balloon sailed along. He slept for a long while. When he woke up it was dark. He heard people talking and asking questions.

"Who is he? Where did he come from?" asked a kind-looking old gentleman.

"Where am I?" asked Jack. And just then he remembered how he had gotten into the balloon.

"In Rockledge. Where did you come from?"

"From the city," said Jack.

His new friend took him to his house, and that evening telegraphed to Jack's father.

Mr. Philips came the next day, and how glad he and his wife were to see Jack! But Mrs. Philips made him promise never to do such a thing again.

SCHOOL 'S OUT.

BY MARGARET STURGES (AGE 14).

I RUN, I jump, I laugh with glee,
I sing and frolic on the lea,
I feel so gay, and blithe, and free,
Because—school 's out!

I take my best beloved book,
ST. NICHOLAS, down by the brook;
With time through all of it to look,
Because—school 's out!

I watch the birds fly through the air,
And maybe go to the county fair,
With not a single bothering care,
Because—school 's out!

'T is thus I play the summer through.
Don't have a single thing to do,
Till autumn comes with pleasures new—
Because—school 's out!

JACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY KATHLEEN MURPHY (AGE 10).

"WHAT on earth is this?" Jack Morrow stared in a bewildered way at the old leather case which he held in his hand. "Here is a spring; I wonder what is in it."

As if in answer to his question, the case flew open, disclosing the picture of a boy about his own age dressed in the quaint, old-fashioned costume of two centuries ago.

Jack was a patriotic little boy, but he had grown tired of his Fourth-of-July fireworks and had sought amusement in the garret, where he had found the picture.

"I wish you could tell me how you spent a Fourth

of July; I am sure it would be a jolly treat," Jack went on, when the other interrupted; "If you will give me a chance, I will tell you how I spent the Fourth of July, 1776. In those days children were seen and not heard; but on this particular day the boys were making as much noise as the grown people. We went around shouting at the top of our voices. Crowds of people with eager faces were surging to and fro. I was anxious to remain with the boys, for they were having great fun, running about the streets shouting, 'Down with the king!' 'Long may the United Colonies prosper!'

But I had to stay near the State House (we lived in Philadelphia). My father was the bell-ringer," he said, with a touch of pride in his voice, as he looked steadily at Jack, who was staring at him with curious eyes. "That morning he had said to me, 'Jack, my boy, you must go with me and stand under the steeple of the State House. If independence is declared, you must shout up to me, so that I will be the first to proclaim liberty.'

"It was very hot; the air was almost stifling. After I had waited for hours, a man rushed by shouting, 'The United Colonies are free and independent!' Then I called at the top of my voice, 'Ring, father, ring!' A moment more and the bell pealed out its glad story, and in another every bell in Philadelphia reëchoed it."

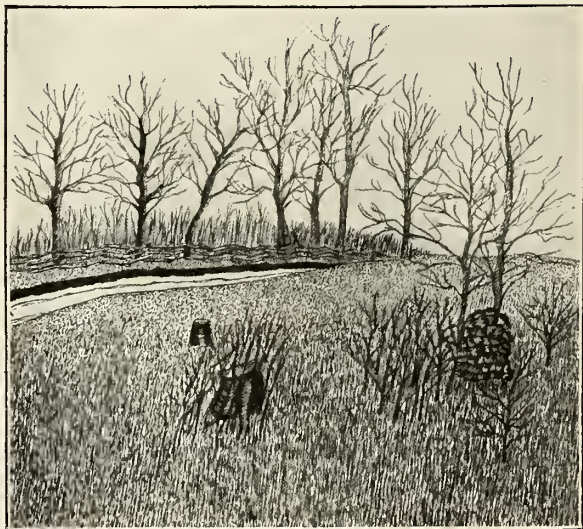
"Jack, where are you?" called mother's sweet voice.

Jack rubbed his eyes as he looked at the case which he held in his hand, and he could hardly believe that he had only been dreaming.

JACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MARY H. POPE (AGE 13).

JACK had been sick. Though he was quite well, he must lie in bed for a week or so more. This was quite



"A BIT OF ARKANSAS." BY DONALD E. LANDON, AGE 16.

hard for an active boy to do, especially as it was Fourth-of-July week. "Just my luck!" he would exclaim.

On Fourth-of-July morning he awoke early, with the noise. He looked around and whistled, at what he saw.

Around the room were hung lanterns, and the curtains were looped up with red, white, and blue ribbon. On the bed were several large fire-crackers, and as he lifted these up the tops came off. Inside one cracker was a jack-knife—just what he had been wanting. In another was a little silk flag for his collection. And in still another was a small toy cannon. This was only the beginning of a day of surprises.

After breakfast some boys came in and showed him their fireworks and played games with him. Grandma gave him a book, which he read and pronounced "dandy."

In the evening he was carried to the window to see the fireworks. As he was getting ready for the night he said that it was the finest day that he had ever had.

SCHOOL 'S OUT.

BY MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER (AGE 17).

(Winner of former prizes.)

FOR the last time the clanging bell has rung;
The lessons hard we gladly lay away.
The world looks bright, all nature wears a smile,
And "School is out!" the robin seems to say.

For all the pleasant, toiling hours now o'er
What is the gain that we must proudly show?
We've passed another mile-stone on our way;
We're older than we were a year ago.

One class stands sadly; with reluctant feet

Its members pass with-
out that open door.
For them the last good-
bys have all been said;
They'll wander through
the pleasant halls no
more.

Yes, school is out! Lift high
your happy voices,
You who have labored
faithfully and well.
All hail, O joyous days
that stretch before us!
And take your well-
earned rest, O clang-
ing bell!

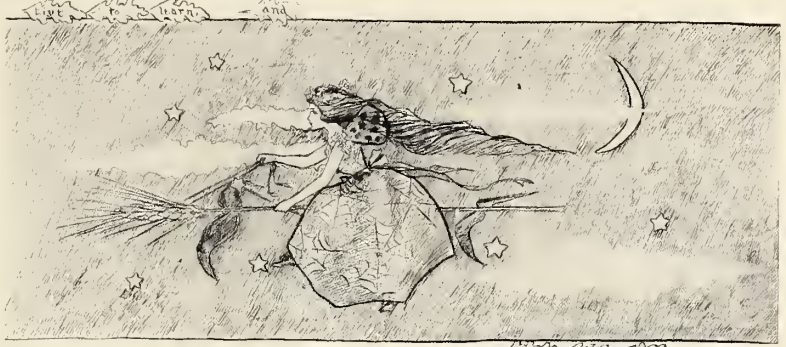
SCHOOL 'S OUT.

BY MAX WARREN GARNETT
(AGE 15).

HE fidgets in his well-
known seat,
And turns around to
watch the clock,
And yawns and drums his
hands and feet,

Till sounds the long-expected knock.
The school board files in, stern and grim—
At least, they seem that way to him.

Then comes the crisis of the year
To him, and great his joy when classed,



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY CHARLOTTE MORTON, AGE 16.

With many comrades who are here,
Among the boys and girls who've "passed."
The very sparrows seem to say,
"He's passed, and school is out to-day."

And now a shout rings up the stair,
And, as he comes aglow with joy,
His mother wakens in her chair
With smiles, and says, "What ails the boy?"
He answers in his joyous way,
"I've passed, and school is out! Hooray!"

A LITTLE SCHOOL MISS.

BY CHARLOTTE BRATE (AGE 11).

THIS is little Miss Isabel,
Who knows her lessons very well;
She's always very prompt at school,
And pays attention to the rule.



"EARLY SPRING AT MT. VERNON." BY MILDRED ANDRUS, AGE 10.

JAPANESE SLEIGHT- OF-HAND.

BY MARY H. CHAPPELL, OF
JAPAN (AGE 10).

A FEW days ago my father, mother, sister, and I went to a party where a professional juggler entertained us.

The first thing he did was to make a great many gestures and bows while some other people beat drums and played an instrument to call the spirits to help him in his work.

Taking a piece of paper, he rolled it in his hands, then let go, but it did not fall more than two inches.

He then took the paper, smoothed it out, and set it on fire, rolling the ashes up in a folding fan, which he blew at one end; but in-

stead of ashes, square pieces of paper came out. Then he took a handful of the pieces and threw them over the audience, and they became four long, white strings of paper.

When he had gathered these up he threw them out again over the crowd, and they became two colored



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY JOSHUA W. BRADY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

SCHOOL 'S OUT.
 BY RUTH ELIZA PETT (AGE 9).
 SUMMER is here now
 With air soft and warm;
 Summer is here now,
 And bees will soon swarm.

Summer is here now;
 Vacation has come:
 Summer is here now;
 We add not a sum.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

MARGUERITE THOMPSON, age 13, address 1225 Fayette St., Allegheny, Pa., would like for an English correspondent a girl of about her own age.

By an error in March roll of honor Barbara Hinkley was made to read Susan H. Hinkley — the latter being the name of Barbara's mother, who endorsed her very nice drawing.

strings. He gathered those up and put his hands into them and took out about seven balls and twenty kites. He picked up the kites and said: "I gib you." We children each had one to take home.

Next, another man brought up a table with a handsome piece of embroidery around it, and put a silk hat on the table. He showed the hat to us, and let us take it in our hands. There was certainly nothing in it. But he tapped it, and then took out from it, one by one, about forty tin cups. Then the juggler got some heavy porcelain plates and spun them on slender bamboo poles. Then he set a jar on a chair and put an egg in it, and a flag in a glass close by. Then he covered them up. He opened them, and took the flag out of the jar and the egg out of the glass.

He then took the flag and ruffled it up in his hands and gradually let go, and it became a long string of flags of many nations.

WHOOPIING-COUGH.

BY RUTH G. DE PLEDGE (AGE 10).

JOHNNY has the whooping-cough—
 Sick in bed, poor lad.
 The doctor he was here last night,
 And said 't was very bad.

But Johnny 's getting better,
 Getting better every day,
 And soon he will be well enough
 To run about and play.

My aunts all had the whooping-cough,
 Six of them together;
 And grandma she took care of them
 In any sort of weather.

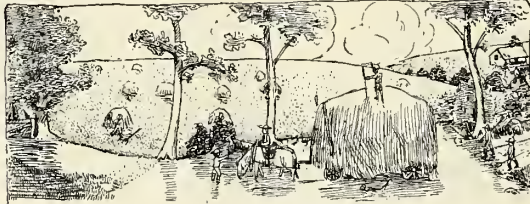
But Johnny 's getting better,
 Getting better every day,
 And soon he will be well enough
 To run about and play.

Mildred Ockert asks a number of questions about letters that are all or nearly all answered in the "Instruction Leaflet." We may say, however, that all the rules governing stories apply to letters, except that letters should not contain over two hundred words.

Maude Fulmore, age 14, address Walton, Nova Scotia, would like to exchange stamps with some European member of about her own age.

A little book of verses, and very pretty ones, comes from Dorothy Cory Stott. The verses were written between the ages of seven and nine, and are full of promise. We hope the little author will enter the League competitions.

Winifred Hemming, of Chestnut Street, Richmond Hill, Long Island, New York, would like to exchange souvenir postal-cards with League members in any country. She would send New York cards in letters, or would write on them and mail them, whichever is preferred. It would make no difference to her.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY WALTER S. DAVIS, AGE 14.

PATERSON, N. J.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Paterson and I am eleven years old. My father is in business with his father, and in the great fire the store was burnt down. When on Tuesday I went downtown to see the ruins, I could not tell the streets. Everything seemed to be chaos.

The store was removed, for the present, across the river, right on the bank. Then came the flood. The river at the falls was like a raging ocean. The water rushed through the streets in a torrent. The water in the engine-room in my father's store came up to the ground floor, but did not do much damage.

I was downtown from eleven to half-past one o'clock on Sunday. One rescuing boat got caught in the current and almost ran into a telegraph-pole. Barns, steps, houses, carriages, etc., went down the river. But here I must close. I remain,

Yours truly,
 REA DUNNING.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 13.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have tried for a badge for a long time, but I am not discouraged yet. The practice is worth more than a prize, for from it we receive the real benefit.

The ST. NICHOLAS is truly improving every month.

Yours truly,
EARL D. VAN DEMAN.

OTHER interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Julia W. Williamson, Ann Aymar Milliken, Rufus Rhodes Berman, Rose Kinney, Gertrude L. Cannon, Ruth G. Allen, Besse Jenkins, Howard Curtis, Theodora North, Lucy C. Lovell, Mrs. C. L. Hoffman, Ruth G. De Pledge, Eleanor Cushing, Edna Enos, Ida B. Jelleme, Dorothy E. Gaynor, Juliet De Hart Smith, Katherine L. Whitin, Janet P. Dana, Fred H. Lahee, Mildred Curran Smith, Edith C. Dunn, Ruth Wales, Marjorie Wallbridge, Helen Tillotson, Fannie H. Bickford, Dorothy Calman, Alice Cone, M. E. Tuttle (album idea impracticable), Ernest Gregory, Jessica North, Margaret J. Russell, Eleanor T. Colby, Fannie Eugenie Saville, Lottie Paulson, Yvonne Jequier, Herbert C. Jackson, Katherine Dummies, Dorothy Miall Smith, Bertha Skinner, and Ralph Crozier.

ROLL OF HONOR.

OWING to our overcrowded pages, it has been decided to put on the Roll of Honor only those whose work is considered worthy of publication if space would permit. This makes the "Roll" something well worth striving for, and the "Honor" well worth having.

VERSE.

Agnes Churchill Lacy
Ruth Bagley

Edwina L. Pope
Elaine Ingersoll
M. Letitia Stockett
T. Garnet Fraser
Pauline Meyers
Mabel B. Ellis
Margery Bennett
Gertrude Mary Winstone
Minnie Feil
Ralph H. Jewell
Elma Heller
Elsie M. Heller
Dorothy Moore

Gertrude Helen Heydtmann
Mary Margaret Groff
Medora C. Addison
Ruth Cutter
M. C. Scheinmann
Louis Edwards
Theodora Maud North
Alfred Fullerton Loomis
Clarence C. Abbott
Lula Larrabee
Eleanor May Barker
Jessie E. Durfee
Florence Townsend
Reynold A. Spaeth
Marjory Anne Harrison
Arthur Smith
Annie Crim
Ona Ringwood
Frances May Ingalls
Earl D. Van Deman
Maysie Regan

Helen M. Roney
Nathan B. Chase
Gladys L. Vaughan
Dorothy Nicoll
Grace Leadingham
Helen Tillotson
Miriam Kramer
Marion Prince
Mary Cromer
Donald Piper
Winifred L. Bryant
Katherine Shippen
Isabella Holt
Susan Warren Wilbur

DRAWINGS.

Marion Paulding Murdock
J. H. Daucherty
Beth Howard
Sara Marshall
Harry Barnes
Nancy Barnhart
Mary Williams Bliss
Melton R. Owen
Yvonne Jequier
Roda E. Gunnison
Catherine Goodwin Parker
Felix Gayton
Philip H. Chadbourne
Margaret McKeon
Geddis Smith
Henry C. Hutchins
Margery Bradshaw
Helen E. Jacoby
Ruth Crombie
Mary Frances Keeline
Dorothea M. Dexter
Manuela von Heroygen
Jean G. Gardener
Elizabeth Otis

PUZZLES.

Helen F. Carter
Jeanette Rathbun
Talbot Truxton Smith
Elinor Kaskel
Doris Hackbusch
Marion E. Lenn
Helen M. Gaston
Helene Boas
Nina H. Weiss
Margaret Twitchell
Ralph Barker Wilson
Florence Hoyte
Helen Andersen
Lydia Kellogg Hopkins
Shipley W. Ricker, Jr.
Mabel Stark

July.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARY HELEN STEVENS, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

Fay Marie Hartley
Jean Olive Heck
Viola Ethel Hyde
Florence L. Bain
Robert E. Dundon
Lenora Kempfer
Alice Frances Richards
Lydia Caroline Gibson
Dorothy Douglas
Henrietta E. Romeike
Edward Horr

Frances Irwin Smith
E. Adelaide Hahn
Frances Benedict
Hilda B. Morris
Verna Mae Tyler
Besse Jenkins

PROSE.

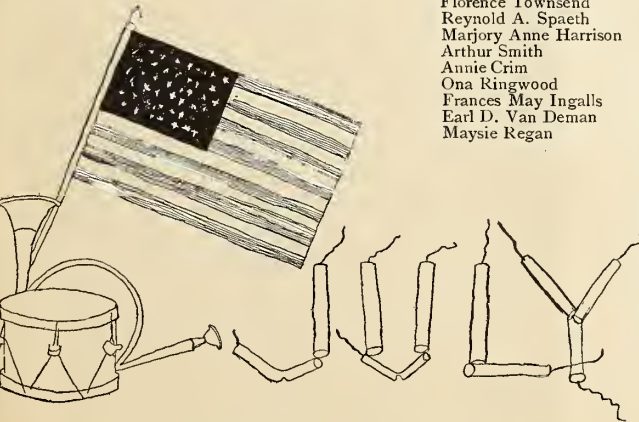
Clara A. M. Davis
Ruth M. Peters

Wynonah A. Brazeale
Zenobia Camprubi Aymar
Dorothy E. Robinson
Alice Murray Rann
Anne Herendeen
F. Evelyn Thomas
Charlotte Hayes
Miriam A. De Ford
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Henrietta Strong
Wilson Boyer

Cordner H. Smith
Edith G. Daggett
Irving A. Nees
Marjoite A. Bishop
Maude L. Hamilton
Dorothy Winslow
Pauline Croll
P. M. Price
Pierre E. Johnson
Allen G. Miller
Marguerite Rogers
Elizabeth B. Warren
Doris Cole
Hilda van Emster
C. H. Johnson
E. G. Hanks
Florence E. Lahee
Edward B. Fox
Ruth B. Hand

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Edward C. Day
Roland G. Ewer, Jr.
Gladys W. Wheeler
Carl Bechtel
C. B. Andrews
Gus E. Warden
Henrietta B. Jacob
Marion Bolles
Stephen Royce
Katherine L. Buell
Seymour Blair
Lawrence Prall
Donald Marshall Call
Allen M. Schaffner
Eugene White, Jr.
Morris F. Conant
Andrew W. Anthony
May S. Lilienthal
Dorothy McAlpin
Miriam Russell
George H. Plough
Hildegard Allen
Philip S. Ordway
Ellen Dunwoody
Katherine T. Halsey
Howard L. Cross
Henry Ormsby Phillips
George M. Williamson
Morris Pratt



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY D. HART MCKOY, AGE 7.

"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARY L. BRIGHAM, AGE 15.



REPORT OF THE ENTERTAINMENT COMPETITION.

The Chapter Entertainment report was to have been published last month, but was held over until July, owing to a misunderstanding as to date of closing the competition. A number of chapters took part in it, and many more would have done so but for the Lenten season. We hope to have another Chapter Competition by and by—perhaps just before Christmas, or during the holidays, when all the chapters can take part.

The following is the report of prize-winners in Chapter Competition No. 1:

First Prize: Fifty dollars' worth of books, to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by Chapter 335, of North Cambridge, Mass. Entertainment and sale, given for the benefit of the Boston Floating Hospital for Children and the Boston Nursery for Blind Babies.

Donated to the Floating Hospital, to pay for a "Named Day" \$100.00
 Donated to the Nursery for Blind Babies, to endow a bed 61.00

Total net sum realized \$161.00

North Cambridge may well be proud of its St. Nicholas Chapter, and Boston babies will give a vote of thanks to the nine little girls who worked to buy for the unfortunate ones the comfort of the beautiful Floating Hospital and a dainty bed for little sufferers whom the light of day cannot make glad.

Second Prize: Twenty-five dollars' worth of books, to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by Chapter 405, the Rhododendron Club, of Tacoma, Wash. Entertainment given for the benefit of Mrs. Woolsey's Home for Babies.

Total net sum realized, \$100.00.

This entertainment was a great success, and the money received was used for a most commendable purpose. Chapter 405 is thinking of repeating "The Changeling" and the many other excellent features of the performance which netted so handsomely to the thirty little ones of Mrs. Woolsey's worthy charity. The merchants of Tacoma are to be thanked for three large pages of profitable advertising in the Rhododendron programme, and Tacoma is to be congratulated on having a woman like Mrs. Woolsey to care for the unfortunate little ones and a chapter like 405 to help make them happy.

Third Prize: Fifteen dollars' worth of books, to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by Chapter 438, of Bound Brook, N. J. Entertainment given for the benefit of Somerset Hospital.

Total net sum realized, \$53.50.

The "Four-leaved Clover" and the "Little Women Play" were given, and, considering the size of the chapter and the town, the Bound Brook entertainment was a great success, and the Bound Brook merchants were liberal in their programme advertising. Hospital funds seem to be the popular charities, and certainly none could be more worthy. The Somerset Hospital may be thankful to have the generous support of Chapter 438.

Fourth Prize: Ten dollars' worth of books, to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by Chapter 466, the Narcissus Club, of

Elizabeth, N. J. Entertainment given for the benefit of the Daisy Bed Ward in the Elizabeth General Hospital.

Total net sum realized, \$7.42.

The Elizabeth papers speak of the Narcissus entertainment as a delightful affair reflecting great credit on the eight little boys and girls who took part. It was held in the barn at the home of the secretary, and must have been great fun. The Elizabeth Hospital publishes an appreciative note of acknowledgment and thanks to the energetic and hard-working little folks of Chapter 466.

Among the other chapters who took part was No. 384, of Jersey City, which realized \$5.70 to be used for some good purpose later, and No. 348, "The Sunshine," of Detroit, Mich. No. 348 realized \$9.75, but could not compete, as the entertainment was begun before the prize offer was made, and the programme could not be changed to accord with the rules. The money made was used to pay a poor woman's rent and to buy glasses for a little boy whose mother could not afford them. We hope No. 348 will compete next time, and we congratulate one and all on their worthy efforts to give pleasure to their friends and assistance to those in need. Such effort is far-reaching and does more good than is ever realized by those faithful and happy ones to whom the credit is due.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 496. "Jolly Boys' Club." W. S. Dalilba, Jr., President; J. M. Longyear, Secretary; five members. Address, 19 Villa de la Réunion, Auteuil, Paris, France.

No. 497. Mabel Heine, President; Norman Mousley, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 919 W. 9th St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 498. "Coming Men of America." Lawrence Siper, President; Willis Goddard, Secretary; five members. Address, 113 School St., Concord, N. H.

No. 499. "Little Women." Rita Hocheimer, President; Effie Cowen, Secretary; eight members. Address, 1311 Madison Ave., New York City.

No. 500. "Fireside Chapter." Reyburn McClellan, President; Eleanor McClellan, Secretary; four members. Address, 636 S. Detroit St., Xenia, Ohio.

No. 501. "Merry-makers." Alfred Shohl, Secretary; six members. Address, 2929 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. 502. Ray Murch, President; H. Mawdsley, Secretary; six members. Address, 5809 Michigan Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 503. May Kjobach, President; Maud Rogers, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 38 Newell St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 504. Sarah Bent, President; seven members. Address, 8 Craigie St., Cambridge, Mass.

No. 505. D. Cohen, President; M. Hirschbaum, Secretary; ten members. Address, 16 W. 117th St., New York City.

No. 506. "Choctaw." Esther Doyle, President; Jeannette McMurray, Secretary; seven members. Address, South McAlester, Ind. Ter.

No. 507. "Jolly Frisco Girls." Rita Colman, President; Eva Moldrup, Secretary; six members. Address, 1713 Webster St., San Francisco, Cal.

No. 508. "V. A. C." A. Zane Pyles, President; Etta Kinsella, Secretary; eight members. Address, 115 Monroe St., Anacostia, D. C.

No. 509. "Happy Four." Mary Bliss, President; Helen McBurney, Secretary; four members. Average age 12. Address Upper Montclair, N. J.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." MARION O. CHAPIN, AGE 11.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 16. (WINNER OF FORMER PRIZES.)

No. 510. Walter Allen, President; Eddie Emmerling, Secretary; six members. Address, 1841 Bedford Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

No. 511. "American Eagle." Wanda Heidenreich, President; Frances Haworth, Secretary; eight members. Address, 527 Kenwood Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

No. 512. Florence Chamberlin, President; Eva Sanborn, Secretary; four members. Average age 14. Address, 223 Church St., Newton, Mass.

No. 513. "St. Nicholas Bicycle Club." Sam Burnet, President; Stine Houser, Secretary; five members. Address, 6825 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 514. "Rosebud." Mary Barr, President; Mildred Miles, Secretary; five members. Address, 109 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 515. Helen Fitzgerald, President; Marion Buchanan, Secretary; six members. Average age 12. Address, Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 516. Donald Brooks, President; Frank Dovin, Secretary; fifteen members. Average age 13. Address, 125 Park St., Carbondale, Pa.

No. 517. "Garden City Chapter." James Hayes, President; B. L. Hammond, Secretary. Average age 10. Address, 642 South 2d St., St. Jose, Cal.

No. 518. "Lake Michigan Chapter." Hilda Morris, President; four members. Address, 611 Spring St., Michigan City, Ind.

No. 519. Grace Vedder, President; Lucile Culver, Secretary; six members. Address, 131 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

No. 520. Margaret Caldwell, President; Cora Hinkins, Secretary; seven members. Address, 5202 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 521. "Violet Chapter." Charlotte Bullock, President; Mary Bodie, Secretary; six members. Address, Honesdale, Pa.

No. 522. "Hanna Dustin Club." Clarence Huse, Secretary. Address, 21 Auburn St., Haverhill, Mass.

No. 523. "Merry Workers." Ralph Lichtenstein, President; Harry Benson, Secretary; three members. Address, 810 West St., Wilmington, Del.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 34.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 34 will close July 20 (for foreign members July 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the word "Evening."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Orchard" or "Orchards," and must be a true story. May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Vacation Day."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Study of Summer Life."

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on one of the advertising pages.

A NEW COMPETITION.

IN addition to the above it has been decided to have at least one competition for those interested in modeling. For the best model in clay a gold badge, and for the next best a silver badge. Models or photographs of models may be sent. If models are sent they should be carefully packed and sent prepaid by express. If photographs are sent there must be no less than three of each model, showing front, back, and side views, and must be well taken.

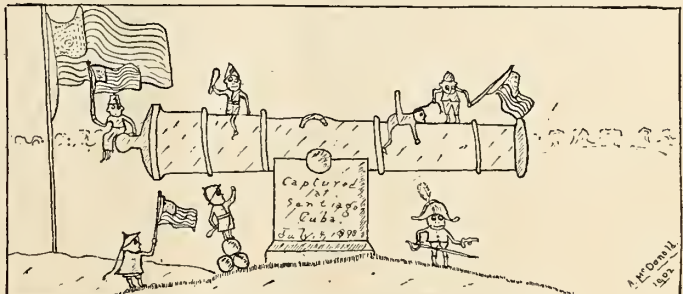
The subject this time will be left to the choice of those competing. Every model must be guaranteed by parents, teachers, or guardians to be the original work of the sender.

Now let us see how many young sculptors we have in the League.

RULES FOR REGULAR COMPETITIONS.

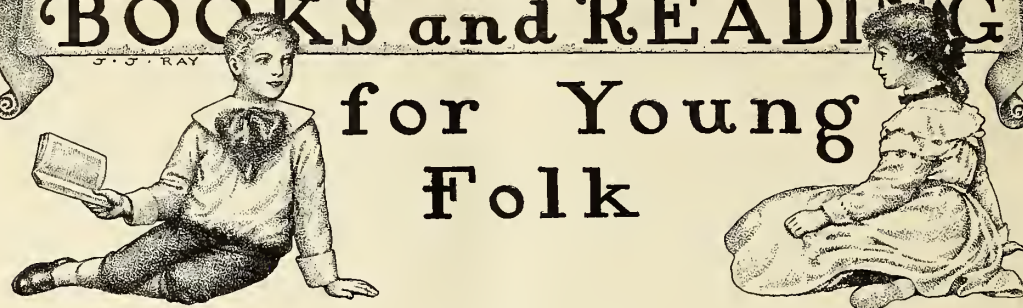
EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself— if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.



"TAIL-PIECE FOR JULY." BY ALAN McDONALD, AGE 10.

BOOKS and READING for Young Folk



FAVORITE ILLUSTRATORS. MANY of the letters sent in response to the suggestion that readers name their favorite illustrators have expressed pleasure at the opportunity to say a good word for those who have made young people's books so attractive. One correspondent says: "I venture to suggest that the reason less attention is paid to the illustration of a book than to the author is because it seems to be a prevailing style among artists to sign their names indistinctly, if not to make them entirely illegible." This seems to be a hint that illustrators would do well to bear in mind; especially as some publishers of books for young folks do not care to put the artist's name on the title-page.

Of course it is natural young readers should choose their favorite artists from the ones that make the pictures for their favorite books. But still, the leaders in the voting have good reason to be pleased with their popularity. We cannot begin to print the letters or lists received, and must be content with showing the one letter from the partizan of Howard Pyle, and then recording the names of a few other artists who received the most votes. Here is the way in which our correspondents have named their favorites. The names are arranged in accordance with the number of votes.

Fanny Y. Cory.	Peter Newell.
Reginald B. Birch.	Alice Barber Stephens.
Charles Dana Gibson.	Maxfield Parrish.
Howard Chandler Christy.	Henry Hutt.
Howard Pyle.	A. B. Frost.
Charles M. Relyea.	Penrhyn Stanlaws.
Etheldred B. Barry.	André Castaigne.
Ernest Thompson Seton.	A. I. Keller.
Frederic Remington.	A. B. Wenzell.
Charles Allen Gilbert.	Thomas Mitchell Pierce.

These twenty led among ninety-three, that being the whole number of different artists named by the children in their lists. Fifty-eight of these artists were mentioned only once each. Miss Cory was mentioned in sixteen lists, Mr. Birch in fifteen, and all the rest fell several below this record. It is surprising that so many lists were received, considering how few children take the trouble to find out the names of the artists whose work pleases them. It will be noticed, also, that the voters do not confine their attention to artists whose work appears very often in this magazine, though it is natural St. NICHOLAS artists should be favorites with our readers.

PACIFIC HEIGHTS, HONOLULU, I. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I read in the Books and Reading department of your magazine the request to know who were the favorite illustrators of the books we read, I was delighted, for in one name is combined my favorite author and illustrator—Howard Pyle. Could there be a more beautiful or a more entertaining book than "The Adventures of Robin Hood and his Merry Men"? "Men of Iron" is the finest book ever written, to me, and I know people—grown people, too—that say the same. From "Pepper and Salt" and "Robin Hood" I learned how to print, copying the letters as he drew them, until now I am able to make beautiful lettering on my drawings, quite like Mr. Pyle's, I flatter myself. Whenever I see his pictures in books or magazines, I know them, for there is something in his work—I can't quite explain it—that distinguishes it from that of other artists. I must stop writing about Mr. Pyle now, but just one word. I wrote and illustrated a fairy tale, a long one, and sent and dedicated it to some one, who wrote, in thanking me: "Why, B——, if you keep on writing stories and making pictures, some day you can make a 'Pepper and Salt' of your very own."

I love the quaint pictures illustrating "Pan Pipes," "The Wonder Book," and "Grimm's Fairy Tales," by

Walter Crane. Another favorite illustrator is Peter Newell, who illustrated the new volume of "Alice in Wonderland," and Maxfield Parrish. Then there are the beautiful animal pictures of Ernest Thompson Seton. There are many, many more I could speak of, but it will make my letter too long.

There are so many beautiful books nowadays, and I think half the pleasure of a book is in beautiful pictures and a pleasing cover.

BETH HOWARD.

THE MEMORY LIBRARY. SOME of the "illustrator" letters made additions to the poems and bits of choice prose already named as worth learning as part of a mental library. You will find others named in this department for October, 1901, and April, 1902. We give here some of those suggested by these correspondents:

(FROM MAUD E. DILLIARD.)

Lowell, "First Snowfall."
Whittier, "Barefoot Boy."
Tennyson, "Death of the Old Year."
Bryant, "Death of the Flowers."
Milton, "May Morning."

(FROM CHRISTINE MEMMINGER.)

Jean Ingelow, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire."
Tennyson, "Bugle Song"; "Lady of Shalott"; "Locksley Hall"; "Lady Clara Vere de Vere"; "Edward Gray."
Whittier, "Maud Muller."
Wordsworth, "The Daffodils."

A GOOD BOOK LIST. THOSE who desire a good list of reading for young people should send ten cents to Miss Elizabeth P. Clark, of the Public Library, Evanston, Illinois, for her list of 500 books, carefully selected, arranged, and indexed. It was prepared to aid in choosing school libraries.

A BUYING LIST. ONE little girl who early became a lover of good reading makes out a list for herself containing the names of such books as she believed she would care to keep, and marked this list with different symbols. A cross put opposite a title meant that she had a satisfactory copy—that is, one as good as she cared to own; a cipher meant that, though she owned a copy of the book, she meant some day to have a better one; the title without a symbol meant that she would like to own that book. When a birthday or Christmas is approaching, the list serves as a reminder to

others or as a memorandum of a good way to spend any small sums that may come her way.

THE FAMOUS WOODEN CODFISH. WE have received a few letters explaining how the wooden codfish came to be in the Boston State House, and we take pleasure in showing two of them to our readers:

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new reader and I like you very much.

In the November number you asked if anybody could tell why it hangs and who painted the wooden codfish in the State House. There was more than one codfish. The first was the gift of Judge Sewall. After Judge Sewall had died the State House was burned. In 1748 the old State House was built, and it seems that a codfish was hung there before 1773, as a bill at that date reads: "To painting codfish, 15 shillings." At some time it disappeared from the State House; no amount of research has been able to trace why or where it went. But not many years was the State House allowed to remain without its codfish, for on March 17, 1784, "Mr. John Rowe moved the House that leave might be given to hang a representation of a codfish in the room where the House sit as a memorial of the importance of the cod-fishery to the welfare of this commonwealth, as has been formerly used." Mr. Rowe's motion to suspend a codfish in the State House was granted, and when the records were transferred in 1798 from the old State House on State Street to the new one on Beacon Hill, the codfish was taken along with the other valuables. The codfish was not left behind, but was lowered from the ceiling, wrapped in the American flag, placed on a bier, and borne to the new State House.

My aunt told me about this codfish. I hope this will be printed.

From your thirteen-year-old reader,

BERTHA STONE.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1901, you asked for information about the wooden codfish that hangs in the Boston State House.

The name of the maker of the codfish is not known with certainty. It was put up in 1784, on a motion of Mr. John Rowe, a merchant of Boston. It is supposed that this fish, or the one that preceded it, was carved by John Welch, a Boston patriot.

It represents one of the great industries of Massachusetts.

My authority is the State Librarian of Massachusetts. I wrote to him on a return postal-card, and on it I put simply my name, Neva Curtis, and my address. When I received the answer, the heading of the letter was: "Neva Curtis, Esq., Dear Sir." A good joke on me!

Yours truly,

(MISS) NEVA CURTIS.

EDITORIAL.

CONCERNING LONG STORIES.

OUR thanks are due to many of our readers for their hearty letters in praise of the long stories which have appeared "each-complete-in-one-number" in the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS. And we should be very glad to hear from all other readers, young or old, who are sufficiently interested to send a few lines to the editor, stating whether they prefer this method of printing long stories or our former plan of publishing them as "serials" continued through several numbers.

BEFORE accepting the story about the negro who was "emancipated" by the explosion of a mine at Vicksburg, careful inquiry was made as to the truth of that incident. The inquiry resulted in finding out that the late Theodore R. Davis, well known as artist and war correspondent during the Civil War, was present at the explosion and saw the negro fall to the ground.

The incident is referred to in the novel "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill. Mr. Davis's letter follows:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yes, it is true that a colored slave escaped unhurt and became a freeman when a ton of gunpowder was exploded under one of the forts built by the Confederate soldiers for the defense of Vicksburg, and after a short explanation of the situation I will tell you exactly how it happened.

The city of Vicksburg is built on very hilly ground on the east side of the Mississippi River, and when it became one of General Grant's tasks to capture this strongly fortified city, Grant's army was camped in Louisiana, on the west side of the Mississippi. After much planning, General Grant managed to move his army across the river in steamboats, and then to be successful in the hard battles fought against General Pemberton's army, which tried hard to drive General Grant's men back. Unable to do this, Pemberton's men hurried back to their strong fortifications about Vicksburg, followed by Grant's army, which, after unsuccessfully trying to fight its way into Vicksburg, went to work building earth forts, and trenches called rifle-pits. The soldiers of each army were busy shooting cannon-balls, rifle-bullets, and mortar-shells at one another, and these dangerous things came so thick and fast that a soldier on either side ran a great risk whenever he showed his head or even his hands above the protecting earthworks. The digging and shoveling and shooting went on, and Grant's men steadily pushed ahead with their zigzag roads, which were sunk deep enough in the earth to screen the toiling soldiers from the sharp eyes and whizzing bullets of Pemberton's men, who could not safely reach up to look over to see exactly what was going on, although they knew that Grant's men had dug away on their approaches, or saps, as the zigzags are called, until they could walk into the ditch of the fort. And they also knew that Grant's men were probably burrowing away under the fort, which was exactly what they had done — for a long, narrow tunnel had been dug, at the end of which a cave or chamber was scooped out large enough to hold, in several distinct piles, nearly three thousand pounds of gunpowder — each pile connected to the others

by trains of loose powder and fuses. The tunnel had been tamped, or filled, and at three o'clock on Friday afternoon, June 26, 1863, the fuse which led out into the ditch of the fort was lighted, and General Logan, commanding the division of General Grant's soldiers at this point, ordered everybody back a safe distance from the expected explosion, which was probably to blow most of this particular fort out of existence. It was my duty and wish, as war correspondent, to see precisely what happened, and to be present at the attack that was to follow, so I did not go back far. *Boom!!* Two more booms, nearly together. A great round cloud of snowy white smoke broke from the crest and side of the fort, followed instantly by a vast cloud of earth and dust. It was like a tornado, and out of it something whirled eastward over the trenches, and presently struck on the side of a sap between two gabions (fortification baskets), then fell into the sap. It was a man's body. "Poor fellow," I thought, "another of war's victims." I turned to look again, when, starting to follow the attacking party, now rushing forward to gain the crater made by the explosion, I saw the supposed victim traveling with surprising rapidity — his luck again — toward a safer locality than his landing-place.

Most of the earth thrown out by the explosion had fallen, a barrier. The fort was not destroyed, but a lodgment had been gained toward the crest. The stars and stripes and stars and bars waved with only the separating space of a few yards of earth. It was at a point directly between the two flags, as I learned later, that the flying man had been digging when the mine was fired.

The incident of the afternoon was over, so I started back through the heat and dust of the hither and thither going saps to the navy battery, whose big guns thundered away, hurling short-fused shells over the saps into the fortifications beyond and above them. Finding General Logan at his headquarters near by, I asked concerning the sky-rocket man.

"Come see him," said the general. "Belle has him — a hungry contraband."

"Where's your contraband?" I asked Isabelle, General Logan's courageous colored cook.

"Dar in dat shell-hole, loading hisself. Dat nigger's nuffin but feathers — dat's w'at savened him, shua. I's gwine ter keep him, too, fer de luck he's boun' to bring headqua'ters."

And she did. The darky was a droll fellow, and quite unhurt from the quick-transit experience, when he left the shovel in the Confederate fort, and landed unhurt, some hundreds of feet away among the labyrinth of rifle-pits, at a point which a few days later I pointed out to General Grant, who remarked the escape as most wonderful.

THEODORE R. DAVIS.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

(See June ST. NICHOLAS, page 723.)

- I. SACKBUT (sack; but, butt).
- II. CENTAUR (cent, sent, scent; ore).
- III. FIGURE (fig, effigy, f-i-g; your).
- IV. THINKING (thin, king).
- V. SLEEPER (sleep, 'er).
- VI. FARTHING (far, thing).
- VII. IVY (I, eye, IV; the second "face" is a clock-face with its Roman numerals).
- VIII. FLAGSTAFF (flag, staff).

RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Beheaded letters, Coronation; curtailed letters, King Edward. 1. C-ran-k. 2. O-b-i. 3. R-ave-n. 4. O-win-g. 5. N-eel-e. 6. A-men-d. 7. T-ha-w. 8. I-de-a. 9. O-the-r. 10. N-o-d.

LOST SYLLABLES. Initials, Monmouth. 1. Do-main. 2. Dis-obedient. 3. En-noble. 4. Com-motion. 5. Sail-or. 6. Mis-understand. 7. Cis-tern. 8. In-hale.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. June. 2. Ural. 3. Nail. 4. Ella.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Third row, Robert Bruce. 1. Carrot. 2. Plover. 3. Sabots. 4. Sieve. 5. Parrot. 6. Fathom. 7. Rabbit. 8. Turtle. 9. Church. 10. Orchid. 11. Beetle.

INTERLACING ZIGZAG. From 1 to 6, Sirens; 7 to 12, Lowell. Cross-words: 1. Sell. 2. Lion. 3. Awry. 4. Seek. 5. Nail. 6. Isle.

DIAGONAL. Vacation. 1. Vanished. 2. Carriage. 3.

Bachelor. 4. Balances. 5. Beautify. 6. Chastise. 7. Friction. 8. Magician.

ADDITIONS. 1. F-l-ight. 2. F-l-ee. 3. C-rest. 4. Li-v-e. 5. C-ripple. 6. F-l-avor. 7. Her-d. 8. M-ode. 9. D-rake. 10. P-o-i-se.

EASY ZIGZAG. Hurrah for vacation! 1. Ugh. 2. Dun. 3. Roc. 4. Arc. 5. Lea. 6. She. 7. Fay. 8. Coy. 9. War. 10. Eve. 11. Aid. 12. Ice. 13. Sea. 14. Sty. 15. Ink. 16. Foe. 17. Pen.

A JUNE ACROSTIC. Vacation. 1. S-ee-n. 2. S-tar-t. 3. P-ace-r. 4. C-oat-s. 5. P-ate-n. 6. F-air-y. 7. S-lot-h. 8. D-and-y.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. June Roses. 1. Enjoy. 2. Amuse. 3. Annex. 4. Shell. 5. Earth. 6. Aloft. 7. Paste. 8. Obese. 9. Arson.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from S. L. Kellogg — "H. Twins" — Hildegard G. — G. Burgess — S. L. Mygrant — E. Sterling — J. Carlada — D. M. Miller — T. Gibson — M. McG. — O. Koch — M. Fay — E. Janney — E. S. Steinbach — E. Kaskel — H. H. Crandall — D. Hazard — F. F. Wheeler — S. Eastwood — T. L. Riggs — Thayer Co. — R. C. Montgomery — D. L. Evans — D. W. Davis — H. K. Schoff — E. I. Ward — W. G. Cane — Z. N. Kent — R. M. Craig — B. Hammond — Mabel, George, Henri — E. S. Riker — W. S. Wests — M. Flower — L. W. Brown — Allil and Adi — J. A. Ranney — E. M. Hax — C. Allen — A. H. Lord — F. Votey — W. N. Woods — J. MacCurdy — A. B. George — M. M. Scranton — Midwood — M. Stoneman — F. and Tip — H. Bulky — B. Angell — C. M. Tyson — J. W. Fisher, Jr. — B. E. Pope — L. A. Bracy — J. P. Phillips — S. Ford — A. F. Thompson — D. Platt — E. M. Whitlock — C. Almy, Jr. — J. Royon — H. G. G. — A. L. McMahan — L. Hardee — F. and Edna — A. Cole — H. M. Brooks — M. W. Foley — M. R. Hutchinson — F. M. Thomsen — R. E. Hyatt — M. L. Linton — C. C. Jersey — C. W. Boegehold — G. L. Craven — H. A. Cameron — A. V. Kirtland — E. Bankson — E. F. Murtha — B. Clancy — G. T. Colman — W. and K. K. Nelson — B. C. Brook — A. I. Hazelett — E. C. Breed — L. Edgar — F. Hackbusch — D. A. Baldwin — M. Werneck — B. B. Janney — H. H. Ferry — M. Anderson — Knickerbocker — H. Marshall — C. Kelsey — C. B. Trask — M. H. Hamkens — M. W. Gilholm — R. M. Woltmann — R. V. Snow — D. F. Ruggles — R. A. Williamson — C. A. Doke — G. C. Norton — G. Thompson — H. A. Seeligman — O. R. T. Griffin — C. R. Hart — A. M. C. — I. Graham — Two Members — F. W. Taft — A. West — E. R. McClees — H. Sanders — A. E. Stewart — G. L. Cannon — A. G. Twiss — J. E. Colley — B. Kennedy — E. F. Malone — B. S. Gallup — L. S. Burt — J. B. Washburn — M. Dudley — E. B. Ballard — B. L. Florey — I. Sanders — A. Naumburg — M. Farnsworth — E. T. Harned — G. Hilliard — O. Richardson — A. K. MacMaster — K. L. Whitin — M. Binney — M. Douglas — A. H. Kyd — D. Rogers — A. Frazer — R. Page — M. G. Stevenson — G. Conklin — H. Marston — R. L. Hausmann — M. Whitin — E. Rogers — M. T. Crosby — F. C. Kearns — J. Brewster.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from E. L. Kaskel, 4 — M. G. Clark, 2 — K. McCook, 2 — N. F. Crosby, 3 — C. L. Sidenberg, 2 — L. Manny, 4 — L. Wachinan, 3 — M. C. Wilby, 4 — B. Gormley, 4 — J. Clapp, 3 — L. Greenfield, 4 — E. J. Bermingham, 2 — B. Platt, 4 — E. Clarke, 2 — J. L. McLennan, 3 — E. McGill, Jr., 4 — M. B. Richmond, 2 — C. B. Loomis, Jr., 4 — M. Lampert, 3 — E. Jackson, 4 — E. Thomas, 2 — P. Brewster, 4 — M. G. Stevenson, 3 — D. Gutman, 4 — E. H. Jewett, 2 — L. M. Pett, 2 — A. Mailliard, 3 — M. B. Bloss, 3 — B. Hawkes, 2 — H. Falconer, 4. (So many sent answers to only one puzzle that these cannot be acknowledged.)

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. Doubly behead easy in conversation, and leave fiction. 2. Doubly behead a near relative, and leave not the same. 3. Doubly behead to sleep, and leave a pigment. 4. Doubly behead a ghost, and leave correct. 5. Doubly behead to try, and leave to allure. 6. Doubly behead to raise, and leave to lift. 7. Doubly behead con-

veyed, and leave should. 8. Doubly behead to compel, and leave violence. 9. Doubly behead to decide judicially, and leave a connoisseur. 10. Doubly behead to stammer, and leave complete. 11. Doubly behead a scale, and leave a weapon. 12. Doubly behead to unhitch, and leave to couple.

When the words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a summer holiday.

GEORGE FISH PARSONS.

MUSICAL ANAGRAMS.

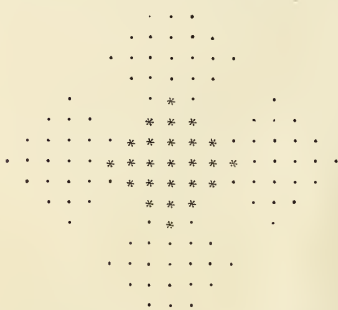
(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following notes have been rightly transposed into words, the initials of these five words will spell the name of a reward that all members of the St. Nicholas League strive to win.



ENID HATELY.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In seasons. 2. Citizens. 3. A famous Italian singer. 4. The wife of Mars. 5. A near relative. 6. A number. 7. In seasons.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In seasons. 2. The whole amount. 3. A skilled archer, son of the Athenian king Erechtheus. 4. The daughter of Æolus and wife of Ceyx. 5. Untied. 6. A point of the compass. 7. In seasons.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In seasons. 2. To allow. 3. A loathsome disease. 4. The god of the sea. 5. Honestly. 6. Some, of whatever kind. 7. In seasons.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In seasons. 2. A pronoun. 3. Damp. 4. The goddess of retribution. 5. Ascended. 6. Clatter. 7. In seasons.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In seasons. 2. A genus of large grasses. 3. A son of Eliphaz. 4. The wife of Athamas. 5. In advance. 6. Ancient. 7. In seasons.

M. B. C.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals, from the upper right-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter, and then from the upper

left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell a patriotic exclamation.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A bone of the head. 2. A famous kind of tapestry. 3. A kind of beetle. 4. Pernicious. 5. The act of coming. 6. A studio. 7. One who is fond of yachting.

ISABEL GRAHAM.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a day famous in American history.

1. Doubly behead to transgress, and leave a kind of trimming.
2. Doubly behead a loud cry, and leave not in.
3. Doubly behead to grieve, and leave a kind of vase.
4. Doubly behead an extensive wood, and leave repose.
5. Doubly behead to withdraw, and leave part of a wheel.
6. Doubly behead to use a second time, and leave to chop into small pieces.
7. Doubly behead a low, hoarse noise, and leave a tree.
8. Doubly behead to purify, and leave a penalty.
9. Doubly behead damage, and leave a body of men to judge a cause.
10. Doubly behead spoil, and leave beneath.
11. Doubly behead to please, and leave airy.
12. Doubly behead an inlet from the Gulf of Mexico, and leave a pronoun.

KENNETH DURANT.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE glorious Fourth will now suggest me,
And floating flags will surely test me.

CROSS-WORDS.

(One word is concealed in each line.)

1. One needs a scarf of fur or feather
To don in haste all kinds of weather;
If cold, enjoy them both together.
2. In bowery, flowery, showery places,
Where one can see the roses' graces,
And take one's pick of pinky faces,
3. Where butterflies flit helter-skelter,
Or where the restless billows welter,
These feather boas throats should shelter.
4. But when in London or in Florence,
Or Scamadam Falls or the St. Lawrence,
Or Bitterfeld it pours in torrents,
5. Put on your fur and smile serenely,
And thank your stars while winds blow keenly
A gentle maid may look so queenly.

ANNA M. PRATT.



A Maiden's Wishes

—are but three,
 O'er all the world, whoe'er she be—
 To handsome grow,
 And have a beau,
 And to the bridal altar go—
 All these fruitions of her hope



Come quickly, if she'll

USE PEARS' SOAP

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

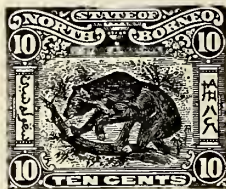
It frequently happens that when a new issue of stamps is made in a small country, all of the stamps are bought at once by those who purchase them to sell to collectors. Sometimes the stamps thus bought comprise all that are issued for the country at that time. Therefore, when a new printing is made, if there is any change in color, those who secured the earlier printings find that they have valuable stamps. It is not well, however, when such a purchase has been made, to be so anxious to secure stamps from the early printings as to be willing to pay high prices for them. The buyers frequently become tired of their purchases, and the stamps come on the market at a comparatively low price. Stamps of British New Guinea were purchased in this way when they were first issued, and until recently it has been impossible to secure any of them. Now, however, they are sold at a price no higher than they would have been had collectors been able to purchase them at first in the ordinary manner. There are countries where the buying of all the stamps in this way prevents the collector from securing his supply for some time, but in the end all such stamps sell at reasonable prices. Therefore there is no necessity for haste in securing new issues. When new issues are sold at new-issue prices — that is, a fair advance over the face-value — it is a good plan for the collector to buy them, for he will find that on the whole the collecting of stamps when first issued enables him to secure them at the lowest prices.

Young collectors more than any one else need to be counseled often to see that the stamps in their collections are in fine condition. Most young collectors buy the albums which are printed on both sides of the page, and, consequently, stamps are placed opposite to each other and sometimes catch upon one another or rub together. Great care should be taken to prevent this: A little change in the mounting of a stamp will remedy the trouble, as it is the catching together of perforations on opposite stamps which causes them to tear. It is also a good plan to put a leaf of tissue-paper between the pages of one's album where there are many stamps face to face.

Change in the government, or anything which concerns the internal affairs of a country, awakens an interest in its stamps. Collectors have had offered them recently a great many varieties of the stamps of the Colombian Republic, where a revolution has been going on steadily for several years. It is frequently necessary for this government to make provisional stamps either by lithographic process or by surcharging. These stamps are of coarse workmanship, but they have the merit of being very low-priced, and it is a good thing for collectors to secure what they can of them. The currency of the Colombian Republic is very much depreciated, the

money having been worth as little as three cents on the dollar, so that the face-value of its stamps is exceedingly small when measured by our gold standard.

The stamps which were announced some time ago as issued by North Borneo have now appeared. The ten-cent stamp which we illustrate is of the same general type and workmanship as the former issues for this State. The sixteen-cent stamp which has upon it a picture of a railroad train is not so interesting, although the design is similar.



TEN-CENT STAMP OF
NORTH BORNEO.

“King’s-head” stamps are appearing for all parts of the British Empire. Those lately issued for the Transvaal show very clearly that there is no hope for an independent Boer State in South Africa. The design is similar to that of the recently issued “Queen’s-head” stamps of Southern Nigeria. It is more attractive than the ordinary De La Rue type, and it is probable that it will be for this reason used in other colonies.

Spain is producing a large number of stamps for the colony of Fernando Po by the simple process of repeating the issues every year, with no change other than that of the date. It is said that the intention of the government is to put forth a set of stamps for the use of Spanish Guinea, a colony upon the mainland of Africa not far from Fernando Po. If it proves to be as difficult to get these stamps as it always has been to purchase those of Fernando Po, they will be greatly sought after by collectors who desire stamps difficult to obtain.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE inversion of a surcharge, or the presence or absence of small marks upon stamps, makes very considerable differences in the actual value. Such stamps are sometimes held for very high prices, but there are not enough collectors who want them, so that these prices are likely to be maintained. Stamps of French colonies which have no name printed in the surcharge, but merely a figure of value, will be found to have been used in either Cochin China, Madagascar, or Senegal. The number of stamps issued does not enable one to decide as to what the catalogue value of a stamp will be. It is more important to know how many have been preserved, and also what the demand is for the stamps of the particular country. Ordinary and poor specimens of United States stamps have very little value, as there are large quantities of these to be had; but fine specimens are worth full catalogue prices.

"YOUNG COLLECTORS"

Have we your name on our mailing list to receive our 1902 84-page price-list of Packets, Sets, etc.?

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount? Acme imported hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

5 PHILIPPINE STAMPS, 2 CENTS

Different, unused, genuine. Catalogue value, 15c. 152 different foreign, including Servia, etc., 10c. Fine approval sheets, 50% commission. Immense stock. Price list free.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 21-27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.



STAMPS. 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for 10c. only — a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOVER & CO.,** St. Louis, Mo.

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var. very fine India, Egypt, hinges, etc., and Chinese coin, only 10c. Finest sheets 50%. Catalog free. 4 var. Soudan, 15c. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES,** Omaha, Neb.

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PREMIUM GIFTS | In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps. **Northwestern Stamp Co.,** Freeport, Ill.

STAMPS in album and cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 In.-China, a U.S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. **BULLARD, STA. A,** Boston, Mass.

FREE A little set of Mexican stamps to all who apply for sheets at 50% commis. **W. T. MCKAY,** 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.



STAMPS. 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10 cents; 1000 fine mixed 25 cents; all fine bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections. **C. A. STEGMAN,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

COIN list 4 cents. 5 large U. S. cents, 22c. U. S. and Foreign Stamps, 50 per cent. discount. **R. M. LANGZETTEL,** 92 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn.

U. S. Revenues, 1900, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5 Gray, \$1 Red, \$3 Brown, \$1, \$2 Surch., all for 20 cents. Stamp paper free. 40 diff. U. S. Stamps, 12c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co.,** Omaha, Neb.

TEN all diff. Australia, 2c.; 100 all diff. U. S. Stamps, 40c. 1000 of other bargains. **Kolona Stamp Co.,** Dayton, Ohio.

500 STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. Old stamps bought. **Union Stamp Co.,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

500 Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 18 Australia, 10c. 24-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

A RARE STAMP FREE to all sending for my approval books at 50 per cent. discount. A reference should accompany application. **J. L. MORRISON,** Smethport, Penna.

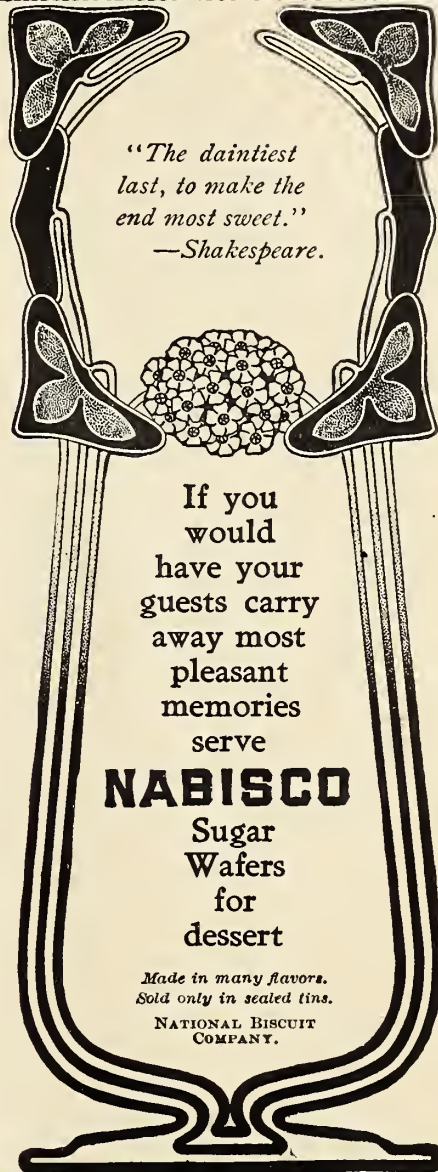
STAMP Collectors and Agents to sell stamps from our Fine Approval Books and Sets at 50% discount. **THOMAS STAMP CO.,** 604 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

PORTO RICO STAMPS, 20 varieties, only 15c. (catalogue price \$1). Est. 1898. **GEO. B. FISKE,** San Juan, P. R.

The Century Cook Book

More than a Thousand Receipts.
600 pages, 150 Illustrations.
Price only \$2.00.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.



"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."

—Shakespeare.

If you would have your guests carry away most pleasant memories

serve

NABISCO

Sugar
Wafers
for
dessert

Made in many flavors.
Sold only in sealed tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

CARMEL SOAP

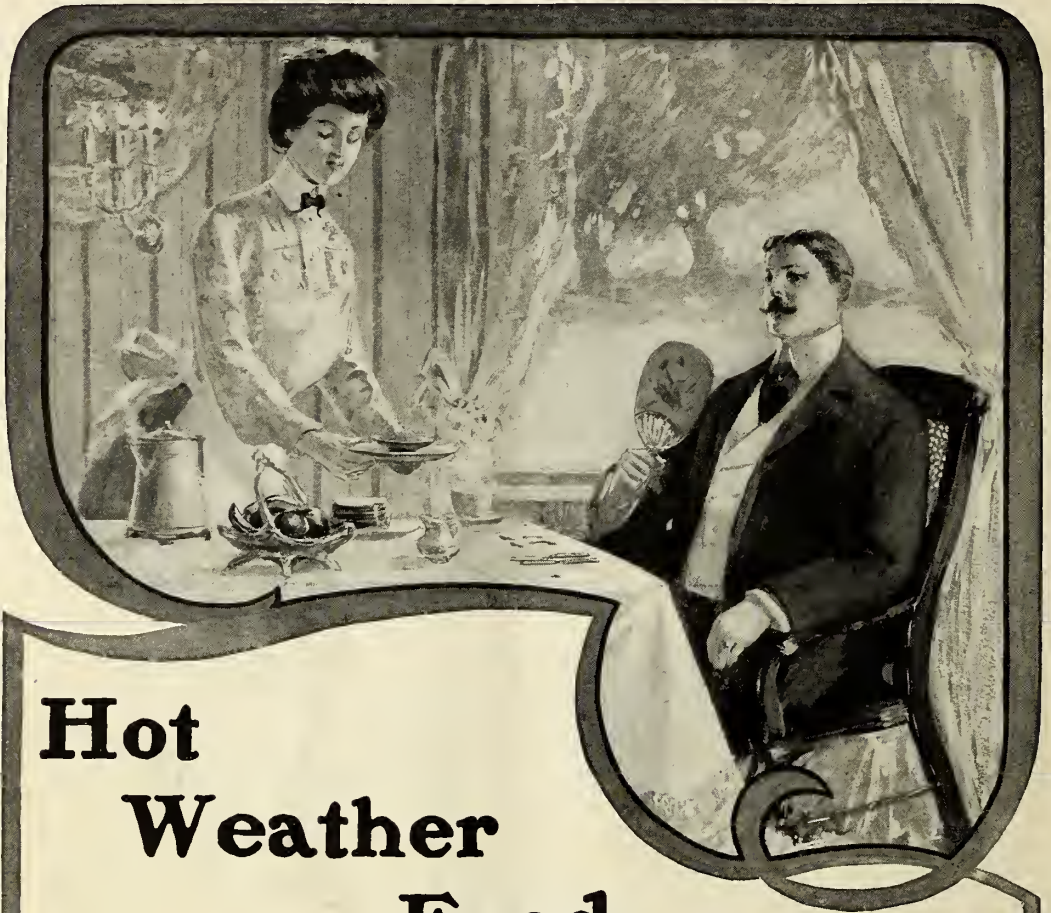
Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

CARMEL

MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP FOR Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY **A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,** 122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.



Hot Weather Food.

Food for hot weather is an important question. People can feel from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors, by avoiding fats, cutting down the butter ration and indulging more freely in fruits and food easy of digestion.

An ideal meal is Grape-Nuts with cream, some fruit, a couple of slices of whole wheat bread, and a cup of Postum Food Coffee, hot, or if cold a little lemon juice squeezed in; Grape-Nuts can be made the principal food of the meal, because it is a concentrated food, one pound having as much nourishment—that the system will absorb—as ten pounds of beef, in addition to which it is already cooked and ready to serve. Delicious hot weather entrees and desserts are easily made.

Try this entree :—(*Salmon Croquettes with Grape-Nuts.*)—Drain a can of salmon and mash the fish fine; add two beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cup of bread crumbs, one-half cup of finely ground Grape-Nuts, six tablespoonfuls of milk; salt, cayenne pepper and a pinch of mace. Beat to a paste. Lay small spoonfuls first into beaten egg, then in cracker dust, and shape into croquettes. Fry a delicate brown in deep fat, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

A dessert for a warm day:—(*Fruited Grape-Nuts.*)—Chop together enough pineapple, bananas and peaches to make one cupful. In a dainty dish place a layer of this chopped fruit; then one of Grape-Nuts, and repeat. Over all turn a cupful of whipped cream, let stand on ice ten minutes and serve.

A booklet of excellent recipes is found in every package of Grape-Nuts and many easy warm weather dishes can be made that are not only nutritious but pleasing to the palate.

A person can pass through weather that may be intensely hot, in a comfortable manner, if the food be properly selected and the above suggestions can be put into practice with most excellent results.



GREEN RIVER CAÑON

THE ROUTE
BY WHICH THE



REACHES

PUGET SOUND

is a SCENIC GEM in the

CASCADE RANGE.

“WONDERLAND 1902” describes the Sound country and will be sent to any address for 6¢.

“CLIMBING MT. RAINIER” gives the story of the ascent of the giant peak of the region and will be sent for 25 cents.

The “NORTH COAST LIMITED” and the
PACIFIC EXPRESS both pass through
GREEN RIVER CAÑON in daytime.

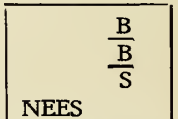
CHAS. S. FEE, GEN. PASS. AGT, ST. PAUL, MINN.

NEW EXCURSION STEAMER SPOKANE SAILS FOR ALASKA FROM TACOMA
AND SEATTLE, JULY 12-26. FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS ONLY.

*Report on the Pictorial Rebus Advertising Contest
which appeared in the April St. Nicholas.*

Competitors must give age and address, and have their work indorsed as original in order to be considered. Failure in this respect barred many from the pictorial rebus contest, and necessitated the giving of fewer prizes than were offered. This branch of the League has assumed such proportions that stringency has become necessary, especially as one of the important features of the League is to teach care in observing detail.

We are convinced by the result of this competition that the making of rebuses is not so easy a matter. The young writers and designers have done well under the circumstances, and have seen what was possible. But the field open to them was not very wide, as is shown by their repeating the same ideas over and over again. Postum became "post 'em," Mellin's Food, "melon's food," Rubifoam, "rub eye foam," Huyler's, "high lers," Baker's Chocolate, "bakers, chalk, o late," American Boy, "a merry can boy"—until the judges were weary. Yet what else could be done? A. E. Little & Co. was turned into "A. E. little 'and' Co." more than once, and Sorosis became "sow roses" and "sew roses" while Lowney's Bonbons was by young Miss Ballard translated into this rather clever result: Yet none of these seem particularly valuable to advertisers. Though a not very satisfactory rebus, there is a good advertising idea in putting an American flag upon a Dixon's pencil as if the pencil were a staff—to mean "Dixon's American Graphite Pencils." There were some exceedingly clever drawings, amusing and bright, but the rebus-idea did not seem to be particularly attractive to our puzzlers. Possibly the coming of the vacation-days filled the League members with other notions.



"Lowney's Bonbons"

PRIZE-WINNERS

- | | |
|--|---|
| Ballard, Elizabeth B. (16), Pittsfield, Mass.
Bertolacci, Genevieve (11), Berkeley, Cal.
Boynton, Frieda Farrand (12), Saginaw, Mich.
Brady, Joshua W. (17), Potsdam, N. Y.
Briggs, Wood (16), Paducah, Ky.
Burgess, J. Edwin (12), Dansville, N. Y.
Burrows, L. Charles (15), New York City
Clancey, John (10), East Troy, Wis.
Clark, Mabel B. (14), Newton Centre, Mass.
Cober, Marian (10), Quincy, Ill.
Cockroft, Hazel C. (11), Oakland, Cal.
Cohen, Henry (16), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cole, Agnes (14), Elizabeth, N. J.
Cooke, Delmar G. (13), Piper City, Ill.
Crane, Alice (13), Fargo, N. Dak.
Crombie, Ruth E. (13), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Daggett, Edith G. (14), San Diego, Cal.
Dalton, Irene (15), Lincoln, Neb.
Dana, Delia Farley (12), Cambridge, Mass.
Day, Edward C. (17), San Anselmo, Cal.
Dean, Rodney (11), Orange, N. J.
De Ford, Miriam A. (13), Phila., Pa.
Delano, Gerard C. (12), Marion, Mass.
de Veer, Helen (15), New York City
Dexter, Dorothea M. (13), New Haven, Conn
Edwards, Cecil (17), Wichita, Kan.
Fernald, S. D. (16), West New Brighton, N. Y.
Frank, Earle P. (12), East Liverpool, O.
Frost, Ruth E. (13), Bath, N. Y.
George, Louise (10), St. Louis, Mo.
Gest, Elizabeth A. (13), Lambertville, N. J.
Gilbert, Arthur D. (15), Syracuse, N. Y.
Gimson, Alfred L. (17), Lambertville, N. J.
Graf, Jr., Fred. (11), St. Louis, Mo.
Harvey, Josephine (14), Washington, D. C.
Hawley, Graham (16), Tarrytown, N. Y.
Heard, Frank (15), Roxbury, Mass.
Hoyt, Romaine (17), Dorchester, Mass.
Holley, Horace H., (15), Torrington, Conn.
Huff, Rose C. (14), Greensburg, Pa.
Izor, Albert (12), Indianapolis, Ind. | Jackson, Anna (13), Springfield, Mass.
Jelleme, Wm. O. (13), West Newton, Mass.
Jennings, Margaret (12), Elmira, N. Y.
Johnson, Peirce C. (16), Covington, Ky.
Jones, A. Barnett (14), Torrington, Conn.
Kinney, Curtis (14), Mt. Vernon, O.
Kroek, K. F. (13), Orange, N. J.
Lewis, Willard (12), New York City.
Little, Philip (14), Worcester, Mass.
Loney, Frances (13), W. Superior, Wis.
MacLagan, Florence (12), Passaic, N. J.
Macullur, Margaret Burbank (11), Worcester, Mass.
Macumber, James J. (17), Brooklyn, N. Y.
McKeon, Margaret (12), Brooklyn, N. Y.
McKinney, Jean C. (12), Allegheny, Pa.
Miles, Leighton (15), Glenburn, Pa.
Morgan, Wilber (11), Carbondale, Pa.
Morton, Charlotte (16), Tescott, Kan.
Pardee, Elmer W. (15), Snyder, N. Y.
Percy, Earle (14), Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Peters, Lewis (11), Dorchester, Mass.
Porter, Elizabeth C. (14), Stockbridge, Mass.
Reddy, Richard A. (15), New Brighton, Staten Island
Richardson, Charles (14), Scituate, Mass.
Sage, Helen A. (14), Nyack, N. Y.
Saville, Fannie Eugenie (16), Mineville, N. Y.
Shoemaker, Alice (9), Phila., Pa.
Simonds, Donald D. (16), Worcester, Mass.
Simonds, William (14), Oshkosh, Wis.
Smith, Herbert W. (13), Morenci, Mich.
Smith, Sophie K. (16), Bridgeport, Conn.
Steed, Mabel (17), St. Charles, Mo.
Taylor, Gertrude (13), Worcester, Mass.
Van Valkenburgh, Alice (10), Milwaukee, Wis.
Venable, Cantey McDowell (15), Chapel Hill, N. C.
Waldron, Celestine (10), Stamford, Conn.
Webb, Doris (17), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Woodman, Mary Weston (14), Cambridge, Mass.
Wood, H. Frances (14), Worcester, Mass.
Woodward, Paul J. (14), Keene, N. H.
Yoder, Florence E. (13), Washington, D. C. |
|--|---|

ROLL OF HONOR

- Burt, Hartwell, Carr, Alice W., Cushman, Jr., George, Dexter, Priscilla, Jones, Charlie, Jones, Virginia, Lindsay, Joy, McKenna, James E., Merrill, George A., Peters, Ruth M., Smith, Earle B., Whitcomb, Grace, Whitcomb, Jessie.

VACATION ADVERTISING COMPETITION OF THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

A "Reminder" of the announcement in the June ST. NICHOLAS. Twenty prizes of Five Dollars each for the twenty best

Photographs or Pictures or Articles in Prose or Verse or Combination of any of these	}	relating to	Some article or articles advertised in ST. NICHOLAS from November, 1901, to June, 1902, inclusive, and describing, proving, or illus- trating the use or popularity of the advertised article.
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The competitors may use real or imagined incidents. Write briefly and plainly, make your pictures simple and clear, and observe the usual rules governing the contests. More latitude is allowed you this time to exercise your ingenuity and more time to complete the detail. This should insure some excellent results. You have already had a month to think about it, and if you are alert throughout the summer and painstaking with your work and prompt in sending it in, on or before September 15th, you are likely to win one of the twenty prizes of \$5.00 each offered to each one of the twenty boys or girls doing the best work.

Remember to give your name, address, and age, and have your work indorsed by an older person as original.

The idea of the present competition is that each League member shall choose any method of working he may prefer, so that all may be on equal terms, whether excelling in drawing, photography, or writing. Mark your envelopes "Vacation Advertising Competition."

Malta-Vita THE PERFECT FOOD

FOR BRAIN AND MUSCLE



Teach your children the following definition, which will appear in future dictionaries:

MALTA-VITA (Mäl'tä-vit'a), n. sing. (malta, life of grain and vita, vitality). The perfect food, pure, palatable, nutritious; so prepared as to be easily digested and perfectly assimilated by the human system, requiring no cooking.

MALTA-VITA is the Perfect Food. It insures health (perfect digestion), clean, white teeth, sweet breath, bright eyes, and a clear, active brain.

Ask your physician about the value of malt extract (diastase of barley) as an aid to digestion, as a perfect food when combined with the whole wheat which has previously been thoroughly cooked. Tell him that MALTA-VITA is made from the whole wheat, thoroughly cleaned, perfectly cooked by steam, then cooled and put through a special process of curing, after which the whole wheat is thoroughly impregnated with the diastase of barley, flaked and toasted.

A GREAT LABOR SAVER. Half the work and worry of the housewife's life is removed when she introduces MALTA-VITA into the family.

MALTA-VITA is the perfect food—perfect in taste, perfectly cooked and perfect because MALTA-VITA contains all the elements necessary to sustain life and invigorate both mind and body. MALTA-VITA requires no cooking, and is relished by old and young, sick or well. MALTA-VITA and fruit, with cream and sugar to taste, make a delightful summer diet and removes all necessity for building fires to insure a palatable and pleasant meal.

We would not urge MALTA-VITA upon you were it not for the fact that it is good to eat. MALTA-VITA tastes good, it is pure, nutritious and palatable.

MALTA-VITA is an ideal food for old and young, sick and well. Hundreds of intelligent physicians all over this country recognize in MALTA-VITA a long-felt want and a great aid to them in their practice, for no one appreciates more than an intelligent physician the value of a thoroughly cooked and properly prepared diet. MALTA-VITA can always be eaten by sick people with perfect safety.

If your grocer does not keep MALTA-VITA send us 25 cents to pay for wrapping and postage, and we will send you a package direct. Six packages, direct, \$1.00.

FREE. A beautiful cook book, "72 Delectable Dishes," on request.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.
Battle Creek, Mich.

“‘The Rescue’ is all that you have said of it. It is a beautiful piece of literary work and the psychology is sound and interesting. You are right, I am sure, in saying that a new light and a real one has arisen in the literary firmament.”—*Extract from a letter from a well-known literary man.*

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

is the master of a firm, transparent, suggestive style, and of imaginative and dramatic resources of a very high order. She has precision and genuineness. Her characters are novel and interesting. In

THE RESCUE

she has produced a really notable piece of literature. The theme is an engaging variation of hereditary tendency, with action smooth, clear, deep, and strong. A man of thirty falls in love with a photograph, the original of which was nineteen when the picture was taken. However, more than twenty years



have passed. He finds her—and then the story. The scene is mainly in Paris, and of the four chief characters—two men and two women—it is difficult to decide which is the most interesting, or to tell till near the end to whom “the rescue” refers.

12mo, 250 pages, with colored frontispiece by Keller. \$1.50

A New Edition of Miss Sedgwick's **THE DULL MISS ARCHINARD**

This is the story of a real, a modern Cinderella. The title is as ironically a misnomer as the general attitude of the world toward the heroine is a misjudgment. In this story we have romance in its essence—and pathos, humor and tragedy.

The wolf knocks at the door of the Archinards, a well-bred English family, who are forced to give up their country place and practise economy in Paris lodgings.

“‘The Dull Miss Archinard’ . . . the most readable novel, pure and simple, of the year.”—*Boston Transcript.*

“A more charmingly unselfconscious heroine we do not remember to have met with.”—*Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.*

12mo, 287 pages, with colored frontispiece, \$1.50.

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This is the story of a beautiful and brilliant young woman, selfish and self-centered, who has captured the London social world. She returns to her country place for a rest and amuses herself with a house-party, and more especially with a childhood friend and mentor—a man of forty, who has been hopelessly in love with her from the first. The final “confounding of Camelia” is a marvelous combination of brilliant dialogue, keen analysis, and dramatic situations.

“A delightful story . . . such as George Eliot need not have been ashamed to sign.”—*The Speaker, London.*

“A singularly clever and subtle study of a spoiled beauty.”—*Truth, London.*

12mo, 309 pages, with colored frontispiece, \$1.50.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

THE RESCUE

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK'S
NEW NOVEL.

Second large edition ready. Colored frontispiece, \$1.50.

"A piece of fiction of such freshness, insight, and individuality of style that it gives ground for the hope that a new force in literature has disclosed itself. . . . It is a long time since a study of character so distinct, so searching, and so convincing has appeared."

Hamilton W. Mabie in The Outlook.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch

ONE OF THE BEST SELLING BOOKS IN AMERICA.

And it has won entirely on its merits.

"Mrs. Wiggs is a real creation."—*Philadelphia Times*. \$1.00.

Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND'S LATEST.

"Chimmie is perennial; he never grows old. . . . He is an unfailing delight."

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Richly illustrated by Levering.
\$1.50.

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By the Author of "Madame Butterfly."

"Fresh, full of insight, and singularly attractive both in spirit and workmanship."

With colored frontispiece, \$1.50.

—*Commercial Advertiser, New York*.

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By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

Illustrated by Will Crawford. \$1.50.

"An historical romance possessing unexpected merits."—*New York Tribune*.

"A capital bit of writing, which will please many a jaded palate."—*The Book Buyer*.

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By ELLIOTT FLOWER.

A DECIDED HIT.

"A vividly realized character, as clear-cut as any in recent American fiction."

—*World's Work*.

Illustrated by Steele. \$1.50.

THE LITTLE BROTHER

JOSIAH FLYNT'S FIRST NOVEL.

"Clear-cut, incisive, and powerful."—*Daily News, Chicago*.

Colored frontispiece, \$1.50.

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DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL'S LATEST NOVEL.

"Were it a question what story published during the past three months is the best in the delineation of character, the development of plot, the strong contrast in personalities, the description of exciting situations, I should unhesitatingly say 'Circumstance.'"—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Sixth large edition. \$1.50.

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By AUGUSTA FOOTE ARNOLD.

This book has been designated as a "Descriptive Census of the Shore." It is written in a popular, entertaining style—not technical, yet will answer every beginner's "what" and "why" in studying the treasures of the seashore. It is a guide to the student or amateur collector of animal and vegetable organisms of the sea.

500 pages, richly and helpfully illustrated with 600 pictures, \$2.40 net (\$2.60 by mail).

HOW
TO
KNOW
THE
SEASHORE
is the object of
THE

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

THE
GREAT LAKES
OF
AMERICA



NORTHERN S.S. Co's SHIPS NORTH WEST
AND
NORTH LAND

★ **IN ALL THE WORLD** ★
NO TRIP LIKE THIS

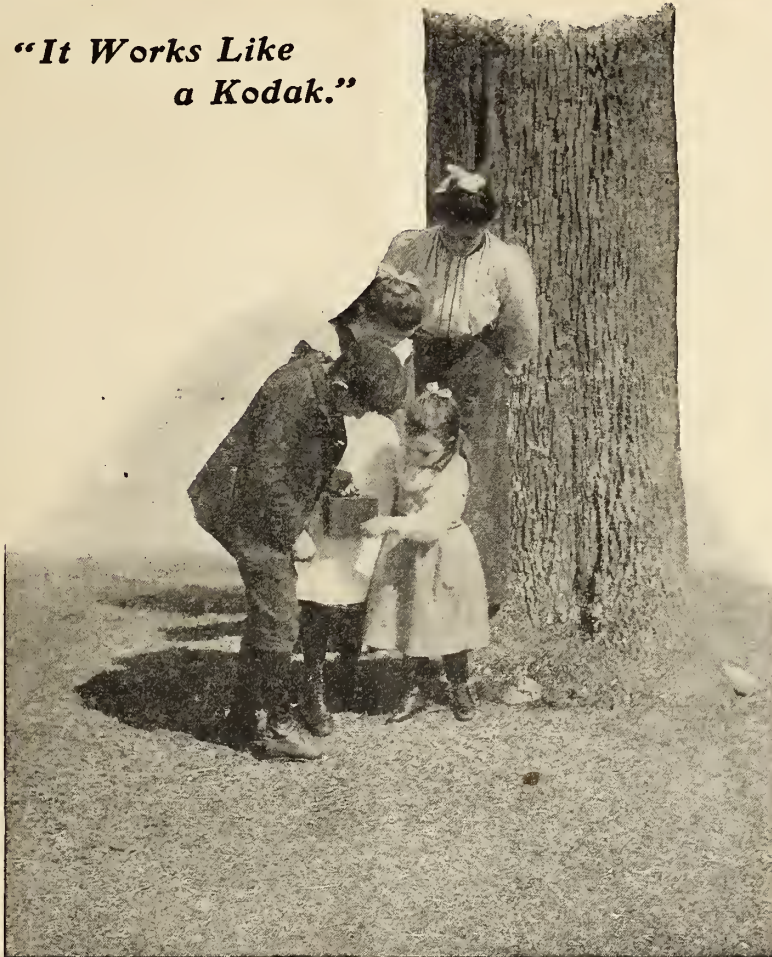
THESE magnificent steamships upon which a half-million dollars have just been expended in new furnishings and luxurious accommodations, will open this season, sailing from Buffalo June 14th and from Chicago June 18th, making two trips each week, stopping at Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, Harbor Springs and Milwaukee. A tour through the grandest fresh water seas in the world in these superb floating palaces offers the most delightful vacation trip in America. Equipment, cuisine and general service not surpassed on any ships afloat.

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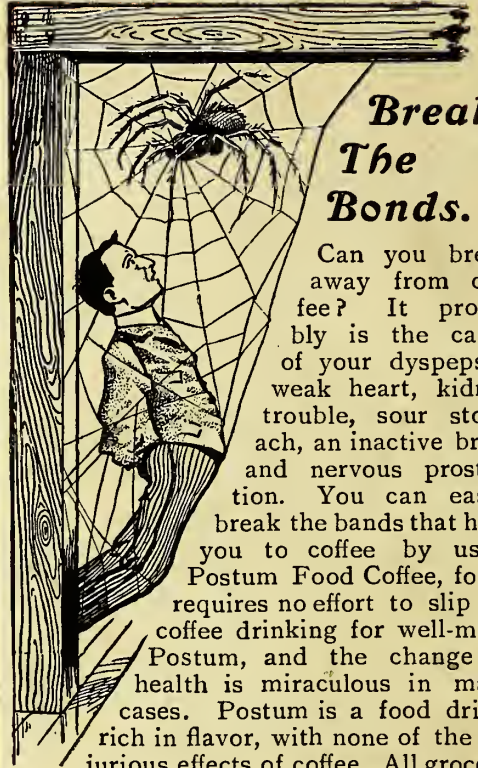
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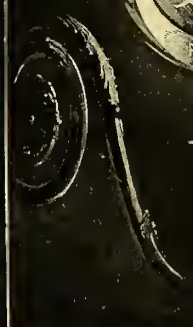
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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR AUGUST, 1902.

	Page
Frontispiece. An American Boy.....	866
From a painting by Prince Pierre Troubetskoy.	
T. Radford's Diamond-digging. Story.....	867
Illustrated by Howard Giles. Thomas A. Janvier.....	
Because. Jingle.....	873
Illustrated by the author. John Bennett.....	
Thistledown. Verse.....	874
Illustrated by Margaret Ely Webb. Lizette Woodworth Reese.....	
Picture. Workaday Fairies	875
Drawn by Lucy G. Morse.	
Slimme Sir Marmaduke. Verse.....	876
Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch. Henry Groff Dodge.....	
The Wedding. Verse.....	879
Illustrated by the author. Katharine Pyle.....	
Tom Jarnagan, Junior. (Long Story Complete in this Number).....	880
Chapter I. How a Letter went Astray—II. In Which the Fight Begins—III. In Which Tom Takes a Baited Hook—IV. In Which the Enemy Scores a Bull's-Eye—V. How Tom Turned Sailor and was Wrecked—VI. How Mr. Manville Laughed at Tom's Expense—VII. In Which He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last. Francis Lynde.....	
Illustrated by Jay Hambidge.	
The Little Maid of the Beach. Story.....	914
Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea. Florence Francis.....	
Mike Deehan's Spree. Story.....	918
Illustrated by William T. Smedley. Mary Densel.....	
Picture. Forgetfulness	921
Drawn by M. K. Moore.	
The Runaways. Story.....	922
Illustrated by the author. E. Boyd Smith.....	
Picture. A Maid of the Hills	929
From the painting by J. G. Brown.	
The King of Unsergarten. Verse.....	930
Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.	
A Prudent Maid. Verse.....	932
Illustrated by Isabel Lyndall. Harriot Brewer Sterling.....	
Curiosity. Verse.....	932
Alberta Bancroft Reid.....	
Three Little Rules. Jingle.....	933
Stella George Stern.....	
The Iris. Verse.....	933
Illustrated by George A. Williams. May Elliott Floyd.....	
In the Woods—August	934
Illustrated from photographs. Rosalind Richards.....	
Nature and Science for Young Folks	936
Gigantic "Whirlwind" of Water—The White Robin—Want to Know about Turtles: Brief Experience, but wants to Know More—Several Turtles as Pets—What to Feed Them—Turtles of Small Size.	
Illustrated.	
The St. Nicholas League. Awards of Prizes for Poems, Drawings, and Photographs.....	944
Illustrated.	
Books and Reading. Report on "The Robinson Crusoe Expedition".....	956
Illustrated.	
The Letter-Box	958
The Riddle-Box. Award of League Prizes for Puzzles.....	959
Illustrated.	

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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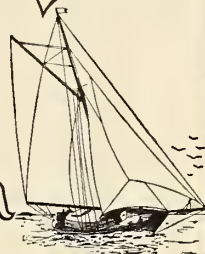
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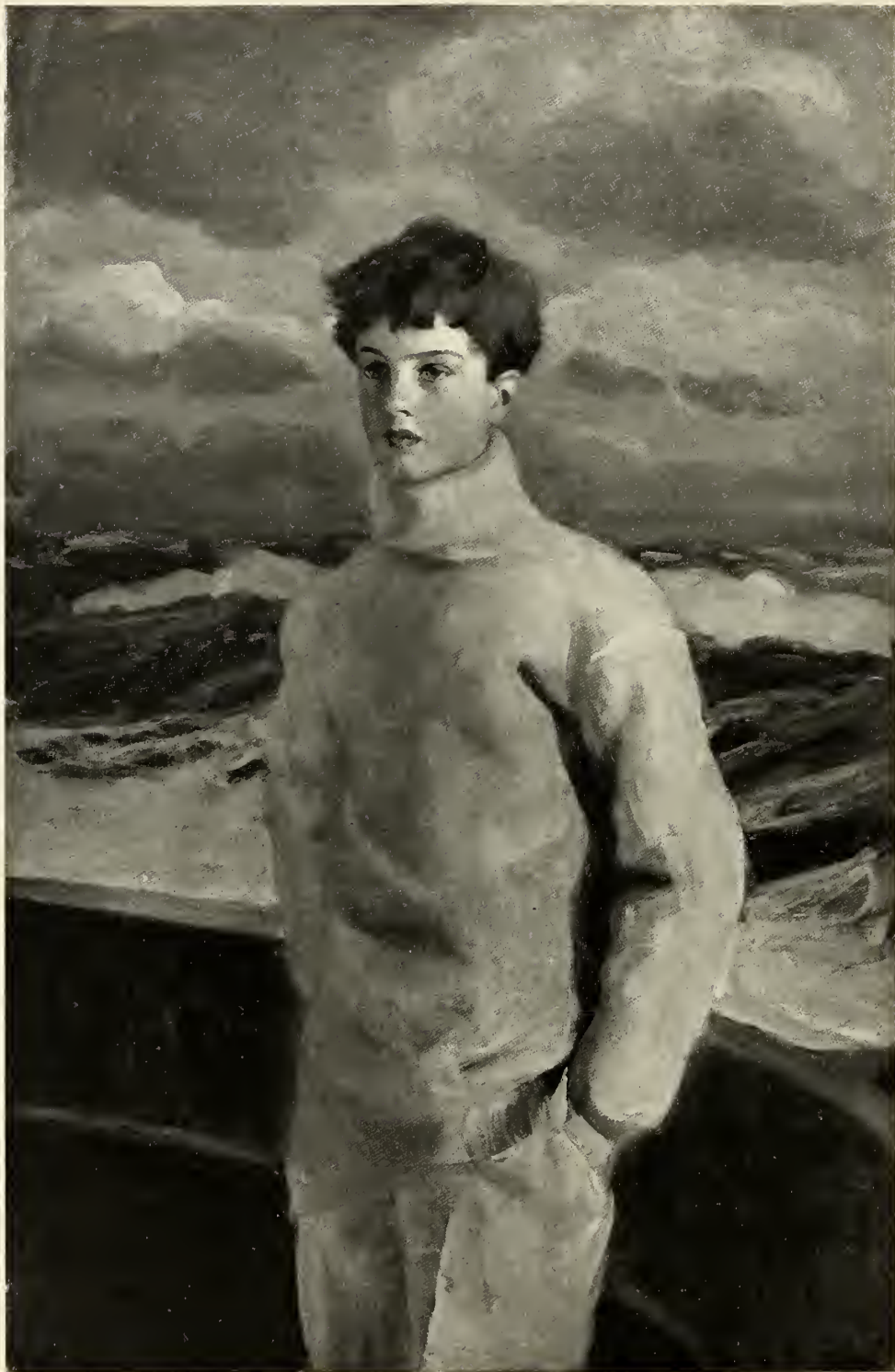
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VOL. XXIX.

AUGUST, 1902.

NO. 10.

T. RADFORD'S DIAMOND-DIGGING.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

EXCEPTING Captain Radford's wife Jane and Captain Radford's son Theodore, every human being in Greyshells believed that Captain Radford was as dead as a salt mackerel—that he and his brand-new whaling-brig the "Saucy Jane," and the entire crew of that unfortunate vessel, all were lying a great many fathoms under water somewhere up in the polar seas.

The weight of evidence certainly was in favor of that dismal conclusion. Captain Warble, in the "Harmony Home," who had been cruising in company with Captain Radford, furnished the facts on which the conclusion rested. The two captains had run a good way up into Baffin's Bay pretty late in the season, and when they wanted to work south again they had head winds that held them until the ice began to form. Then, the first thing they knew, they both were frozen fast in the ice-pack; and there they were, as it seemed, for the winter anyway, and with the chance that they might be nipped in the pack and go to the bottom, or drift north with the pack and never come out again at all.

The Harmony Home, as it happened, was not nearly so deep in the ice-pack as the Saucy Jane was; and Captain Warble had a turn of luck that fetched him out of his tight fix and safe home. Just as the winter was closing in, down came a storm from the north that broke up the pack for a single night. The Harmony Home, being close to open water, was blown free of the ice,—getting some squeezes first

that everybody on board thought would squeeze the life out of her,—and before the gale ended she had made so good a southing that all danger of being frozen in for the winter was past. Six weeks later she was safe back at Greyshells and tied up to Warble's Wharf.

At first everybody hoped that Captain Radford had got out, too. But when a whole month went by, and still the Saucy Jane did not come sailing up the river, that hope was given up. Captain Warble and the other captains said to Mrs. Radford, very gravely, that her husband certainly would not get home that season; and to one another they said that he probably would not get home at all: that the Saucy Jane, getting a harder squeeze in the ice than any of the squeezes which had come so near to finishing the Harmony Home, had gone to the bottom and never would be heard of again. When the next year passed, and the Saucy Jane did not come sailing back to Greyshells, and none of the whalers coming down from the northern seas brought news of her, there seemed to be no room for doubting that she really was lost.

But Mrs. Radford, who was a woman of a very hopeful disposition, took a brighter view of the matter. Her husband's brig, she said, being new and strong, had drifted north with the ice-pack, and in due time—it might be in a year or it might be in two years—would drift south again, and then home she would come

again, safe and sound. Mrs. Radford also declared that the brig was so well provisioned that her people—especially as they could shoot and eat bears and things—were safe against starving from hunger; and that with so much oil on board (Captain Warble had reported her nearly full of oil) they were safe against starving from cold. Indeed, Mrs. Radford went so far as to say that they could be quite cozy and comfortable—which certainly was stretching her hopeful disposition about as far as it would go!

In reality, of course, Mrs. Radford was very miserable. It was only by pretending to herself, and by roundly asserting to other people, that her husband was alive and safe that she could save herself from despair. Most women in her place would have taken to despair in short order; and very few women would have kept up even a make-believe cheerfulness when netted in such a tangle of misfortunes as was around her by the end of the second year.

By that time things really were going with Mrs. Radford about as badly as things could go. Her husband was lost to her, being either frozen fast in the arctic ice or lying drowned beneath it; her money was nearly all gone; and her home was about to be sold over her head to pay off a mortgage held by the Wareham Bank. The mortgage had been put on the property—it was Mrs. Radford's own property, and had been in the family for nearly two hundred years—in order that Captain Radford might buy the Saucy Jane. That seemed to be a good investment; and so it would have been if only the Saucy Jane, instead of getting caught in the ice, had come home all right, year after year, with good cargoes of oil.

Captain Radford had left Mrs. Radford and Teddy—Teddy was about six years old when his father sailed away on that unlucky voyage—all the money necessary to keep them for a year comfortably, and with enough over to pay the interest on the mortgage due at that year's end. But when the second year was run out, and the interest again had to be paid, there came a pinch of the sharpest sort. It was the mortgage that made all the trouble. If it had not been for that, Mrs. Radford could have managed to worry along somehow or another for at least another year—living on the garden-

stuff and the chickens and the pig (he was a rousing big pig), and on the milk and butter from the two cows, and raising what little ready money she needed now and then by selling one of the cows or some of the house furniture. But the mortgage covered everything of value that she owned,—the house, the furniture in it, the stock, and the three acres of land,—and so there was nothing that she could sell. Being in such a fix as that, it was not surprising that she was quite at her wit's end.

Teddy, of course, did not understand, being only eight years old, how bad things were. His mother tried to be cheerful with him, and always told him that soon his father would be coming home; and as he was quite satisfied that she must know all about it, since she spoke so positively, he was as sure of the home-coming as she professed to be herself. When some of the ill-advised people in Greysells told him that his father was dead,—and some of them did do that,—he talked right up to them, saying that he knew more about it than they did, and that his father was alive and might be coming home that very afternoon. Other of the Greysells folk, more tender-hearted, when they heard him talk that way went a little moist about the eyes.

What at last did make Teddy know that there was real trouble in the wind was waking up in the middle of the night and finding his mother hugging him and crying over him. Mrs. Radford did not mean to wake him up, but she was pretty nearly distracted that night, and did not more than half realize what she was doing. She had been in to Wareham the afternoon before to see if there was anything that could be done about putting off paying the mortgage interest, and the bank manager had told her that there was n't. He was nice about it, in a way; but he also was firm. He believed, just as everybody else believed, that Captain Radford and his brig were at the bottom of the sea; and so, as the interest charge could not be met, and as the mortgage could not by any possibility be paid off, there was nothing for him to do, in the bank's interest,—which, of course, he had to look out for,—but to foreclose the mortgage and bring a bad business quickly to an end.

To do him justice, though, the bank manager

did try—he was a kind-hearted man—to help Mrs. Radford to find a way by which the interest money could be raised and the foreclosure staved off. But there was no way. She had nothing but her own personal property—her clothing and a few books—that she was free to sell. Ten dollars was the most that she could

in the "May-Flower," which did not seem likely, because the Puritans did not approve of such things. Also, no sensible woman would wear a diamond ring when she went a-milking. And, finally, supposing that the ring really had existed, and really had been lost in that absurd way in the cow-stable, it pretty certainly would



"HE TALKED RIGHT UP TO THEM."

raise that way—and she needed more than a hundred dollars to pull her through for another year. When he asked her if she had n't some jewelry that she could sell, she almost laughed in his face; and very likely would have laughed if she had not felt so much more like crying just then. She did smile, in a dismal sort of way, as she answered that the only jewelry that ever she had heard about in her family was a legendary diamond ring. The story went, she said, that the ring had belonged to her great-great-grandmother, and that her great-great-grandmother had lost it in the cow-stable while she was milking the cows, away back in the time before the Revolutionary War. She added that she did not believe in this legend. The ring was said to have come from England

have been found again in the course of more than a century, seeing that the cow-stable was cleared out and the litter spread in the garden every spring. And so, as there was no way of raising the interest money, the bank manager had to say that the mortgage must be foreclosed.

It was quite enough to set Mrs. Radford distracted, and no wonder that she went to hugging Teddy and to crying over him in the middle of the night. And because she was so upset, and because it was a relief to her to talk to anybody, she told Teddy all about the great trouble that they were in; and even told him the story about her great-great-grandmother's lost diamond ring—and went on to say what a blessing it would have been, supposing that her great-

great-grandmother ever really had a diamond ring, if she had not worn it when she went a-milking, and so had left it in the family to save them from the ruin that would be upon them so soon.

Teddy was too young and also was too sleepy to understand much of what his mother told him; but the bit about the diamond ring did get into his head, and stuck there. When, at last, his mother stopped crying over him, and he went to sleep again, he dreamed that he had gone into the business of diamond-digging, and was getting about a peck and a quarter of diamonds every day. He found them of all sizes, and he knew, in his dream, that the very smallest of them was worth not less than a dollar and a half.

Teddy woke up with his head full of diamond-digging; and, by one of those queer chances which happen sometimes, in the Wareham "Express" that came that morning—the editor of the "Express" was an old friend of Captain Radford's, and kept on sending it—there was an article about diamond-digging more than a column long. Teddy read every word of it; and when he had finished it, he made up his mind that he would go to diamond-digging that very day.

From what the paper told it seemed reasonable to believe that he would find diamonds right there on their own premises. Not African diamonds, which "occur in a serpentine breccia, filling 'pans,' or 'chimneys,' generally regarded as volcanic ducts, which rise from unknown depths and burst through the surrounding shales"; nor Indian diamonds, which "are sought chiefly in recent deposits, beds of sand or clay, or in some places in ferruginous sandstone or conglomerate." Both of those seemed unlikely. But when it came to Brazilian diamonds, and therefore, as Teddy argued, to American diamonds generally, which "are found in the sands and gravels of river-beds, associated with alluvial gold, specular iron ore, topaz, and tourmalin," it really looked as though they might be all over the place! Their own river, he had heard Deacon Weld say, once filled the entire valley, and as the whole of their three acres of land lay in the

valley, it followed that every bit of it must have been a part of the river-bed in diamond-making times. If any "alluvial gold" happened to turn up in the course of his digging, that would be so much the better. Probably the other things—"specular iron ore, topaz, and tourmalin"—also were worth having, and quite likely they were there, too. What they were was not clear to him, beyond the probability that "specular iron ore" had something to do with spectacles.

Mrs. Radford was too much worried that morning to pay much attention to Teddy. She had made up her mind to try to borrow the money that she needed from Captain Barkum or from Deacon Weld. She did not believe much that she would get it, but she meant to try. And so, after breakfast, she put on her best frock and her best bonnet, and set off, telling Teddy to stay about the house and not to go into the garden, and to keep out of mischief while she was away. She usually told him those three things when she left him alone that way; and it very often happened—although he really did mean to do his best to obey her—that, before she got back home, he somehow managed to do all the things that he was told not to do.

On that particular morning he had his usual set of good intentions, but there was less room for them in his head than usual because his head was so full of his scheme for diamond-digging; and his very first thought, after his mother left him, was that if he went right at it and worked hard he might have enough diamonds dug up by the time she came back to give her all the money she needed to make things right at the bank. And so, before she had got anywhere near Deacon Weld's, he had fetched his own little spade from the tool-house and the riddle that they used to sift the coal-ashes from the ash-heap, and was ready to begin.

Then he was pulled up short by a case of conscience. The best place for his purposes undoubtedly was the garden, where the soil was soft and easy to dig in. The difficulty about that was that he had been forbidden to go into the garden. A compromise between his duty and his desire did not seem possible, until the thought occurred to him that the importance of what he was going to do changed

the whole face of the affair. He reasoned it out in this way: of course his mother never had happened to think that there were diamonds in the garden. If she had, she would have dug them up for herself. Therefore, he concluded, she would be very much obliged to him for finding them—and especially at that particular moment, when a half-peck or so of diamonds would come in so uncommonly well! This logic was not as sound as it might have been, but it was sound enough to serve his turn.

At the end of five minutes his case of conscience was settled, and into the garden he marched, upheld by his carefully reasoned out theory that he was performing a virtuous action, and having (oddly enough), away down inside of him, a curiously strong feeling that he deserved to be spanked.

The most likely spot for diamonds, he decided, was as close to the river as he could get. That spot, as it happened, was occupied by the onion-bed. But onions were hardy vegetables, he reflected, and would be none the worse for being out of the ground for a few hours if he laid them carefully under the currant-bushes in the shade. When his digging was ended, and he had filled in the hole, he could replant them with ease. Having settled matters in that way to his satisfaction, he pulled up the first six rows of onions and went to work with a will.

For half an hour he worked steadily, shoveling the earth into the riddle, sifting it thoroughly, and examining the matter left in the riddle with the utmost care. No diamonds turned up, and—excepting a glass alley that he had lost the year before—he found nothing of any value at all.

Finding the glass alley, however, was distinctly encouraging; and presently he was still more encouraged by another find that was right in the line of what he was looking for: the rust-eaten frame of a pair of spectacles—that is to say, "specular iron"! As he made that most cheering discovery, he gave a shout of triumph, and worked away harder than ever. Even though he did not strike diamonds,—and the chances, of course, were excellent for diamonds,—there was a strong probability that in another minute or two he would strike "alluvial gold." And so, although his back was beginning

to ache pretty badly, he kept on shoveling and riddling hard; and as he did not go down very deep into the ground, the onion-bed fast grew to be a wholly shocking wreck!

He kept at his work for another half-hour, but without making farther discoveries of an encouraging sort. By that time he was pretty well done up. He took longer and longer rests, and wriggled and twisted himself about a good deal to get some of the ache out of his loins. He began to think that diamond-digging was not all that it was cracked up to be; and he also began to think that most serious trouble was in store for him when his mother came home and found him with his clothes all over dirt, and the onions all up by their roots, and the carrot-bed and the beet-bed—which were at the sides of what had been the onion-bed—more or less covered with loose earth and badly trampled down!

As he dug away and riddled away more and more slowly, the bad possibilities of the situation more and more filled his mind. In the face of the disaster that was settling down upon him fast, he perceived the extreme thinness of the explanations which he had to offer in excuse for what he had done. That his mother would accept these explanations at their face-value was grossly improbable. All the facts were against him. He had disobeyed her flatly, he had ruined the onion-bed, he had almost ruined the adjoining beet-bed and carrot-bed, he had got himself into a dreadful mess of dirt; and to show for all this he had no diamonds, no "alluvial gold," no "topaz," even no "tourmalin." The net proceeds of his operations were only his recovered glass alley and his scrap of "specular iron." The catastrophe really was appalling—and just about as he had come to a realizing sense of its immensity he heard his mother opening the front gate!

For a moment he was disposed to strike his colors and to throw himself on the mercy of the enemy—that is to say, to run straight into his mother's arms and to beg for forgiveness. But he was of a resolute nature, and in another moment he had decided to go down with his colors nailed to the mast—that is to say, to let his mother find him still working away in the midst of the ruin that he had wrought. He

was so stiff and so sore that he hardly could move; but he managed to fill the riddle once more; and then he called out: "Here I am, in the garden, mother"—and bent over the riddle, slowly shaking it, as his mother opened the garden gate and came toward him along the garden path.

Mrs. Radford was about as miserable as she well could be when she came into the garden. She had not been able to borrow the money, and she knew that she had got to the end of her tether and that her home must go. What would become of her after that she did not know, and her sorrow was so bitter that she did not much care.

When the unhappy woman got down to the end of the garden, and saw the shockingly dirty Teddy sitting in the middle of the ruined onion-bed, with the partly ruined beet-bed and carrot-bed on each side of him, it was the last drop in the bucket. "Oh, Teddy, Teddy!" she said. "What *have* you been doing?" And then she just sat down on the earth-covered carrot-bed,—in her best frock, too,—with her feet in the hole that Teddy had made, and fairly broke down and cried!

Teddy was prepared for a rattling scolding, followed by a sound spanking; but he was not prepared to see his mother flop down on the carrots and take to crying like that. It upset him so completely that he dropped the riddle at her feet, buried his very dirty face upon her knees, and took to crying too. (What with sitting on the carrots and fresh earth, and the mud that came off Teddy's face when his tears started, Mrs. Radford never could wear that frock again.)

Between his sobs Teddy tried to tell his mother that he had been digging for diamonds, there in the garden, because he wanted to help her to get the money that was needed for the bank; but Mrs. Radford was so utterly up-



"OH, TEDDY, TEDDY!" SHE SAID. "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"

set that she did not hear more than about one word in ten. With the onions scattered all around them, they kept on crying together for nearly half an hour.

At last Mrs. Radford began to pull herself together. Her heart was pretty well broken by her troubles, but she knew that for Teddy's

sake it would not do for her really to break down. She began to get ready to get up, and mopped her eyes with her handkerchief, and then almost went to crying again as she looked around her and saw what a dreadful wreck among the vegetables Teddy had made. At her feet lay the riddle, and she looked at that too.

Suddenly Teddy felt her knees tremble, and heard her give a sort of gasp. The next thing that he knew, she had jumped up and sent him flying over backward into the wreck of the beet-bed, and was down on her knees beside the riddle, and was laughing and crying all in the same breath; and as he picked himself up from among the beets, she fairly shouted: "Teddy! Teddy! Here it is! You *have* been digging diamonds! As sure as you're alive, here is my great-great-grandmother's ring!"

And there it was, sure enough, lying in what was left of that last riddleful of earth that he had shoveled up when he decided not to strike his colors, but to sink with his colors nailed to the mast. There it was—the diamond ring that had been lost, more than a hundred years before, in the cow-stable, and that some time or other had been brought out into the garden when the litter from the cow-stable was spread there in the spring.

What a story Mrs. Radford and Teddy had to tell to Captain Radford when he came home! For he *did* come home,—after being frozen fast for two whole seasons,—and brought along with him a cargo of oil that paid off more than half of the mortgage (the rest was paid a year later) that Teddy's diamond-digging had saved from being foreclosed that hard summer.



BY JOHN BENNETT.

THERE were three crows sat roosting high,
With a down, derry down!
 When a farmer's boy came marching by,
With a down, down, down!
 (*Also a gun!*)

"You ugly-mugly thieving three,
 Why do you steal my corn?" said he;
 But all the crows replied was, "Be-
 Cause, 'cause, 'cause!"



THISTLEDOWN.

WHEN the nights are long and the dust is deep,
 The shepherd 's at the door;
 Hillo, the little white woolly sheep
 That he drives on before!

Never a sound does the shepherd make;
 His flock is as still as he;
 Under the boughs their road they take,
 Whatever that road may be.

And one may catch on a shriveling brier,
 And one drop down at the door,
 And some may lag, and some may tire,
 But the rest go on before.

The wind is that shepherd so still and sweet,
 And his sheep are the thistledown;
 All August long, by alley and street,
 He drives them through the town.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.





WORKADAY FAIRIES.



Slimme Sir Marmaduke

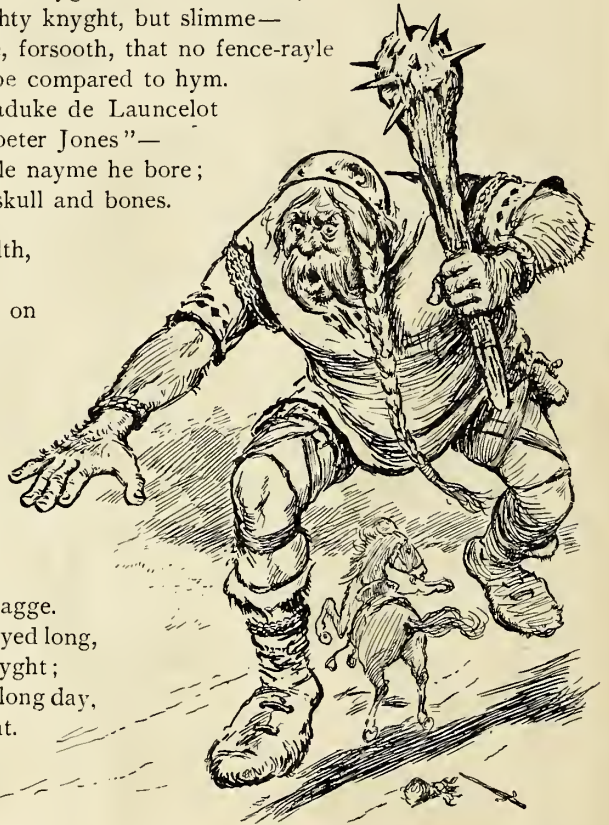
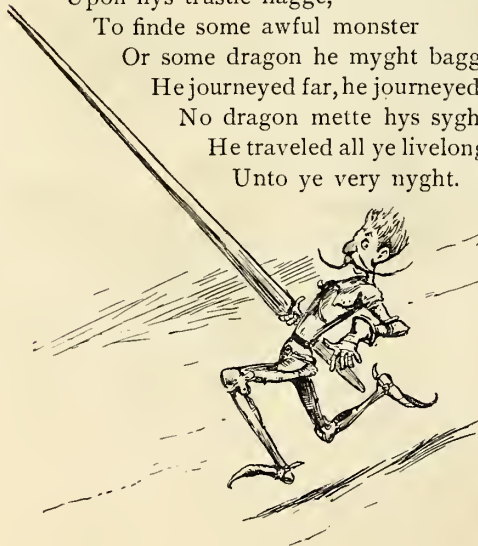
BY HENRY GROFF DODGE.

A DOUGHTY knyght was Marmaduke,
A doughty knyght, but slimme—
So slimme, forsooth, that no fence-rayle
Could be compared to hym.
“Sir Marmaduke de Launcelot
Gahalapeter Jones”—

Such was ye noble nayme he bore ;
Hys crest, ye skull and bones.

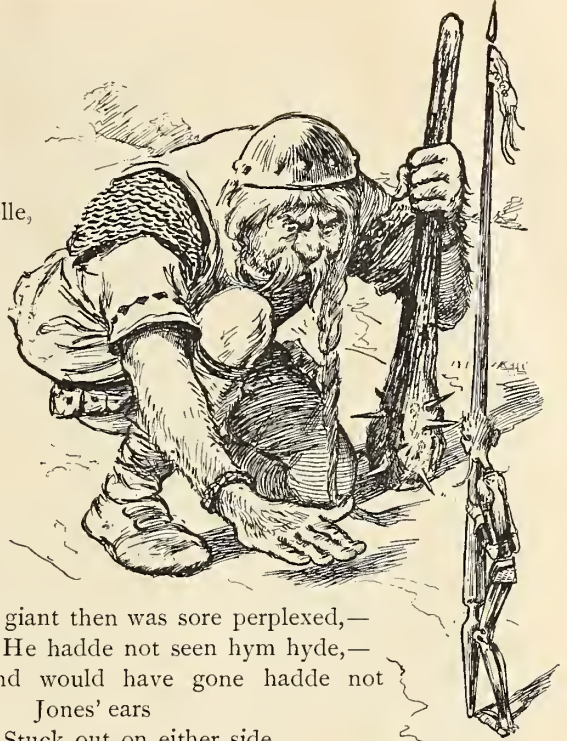
But Marmaduke, despyte hys wydth,
Was valourous and bolde,
And when he put hys stove-pypes on
Was fearsome to beholde.
He 'd slayn full twentie dragons, in
Ye regulation way,
And rescuing a princess was
For hym ye merest play.

One summer's day he sallyde forth
Upon hys trustie nagge,
To finde some awful monster
Or some dragon he myght bagge.
He journeyed far, he journeyed long,
No dragon mette hys syght ;
He traveled all ye livelong day,
Unto ye very nyght.



But when ye day was nearly donne
He saw, to hys dismay,
A giant with a sturdie clubbe
A-coming down ye way.
Full twentie cubits was hys hyght,
Hys legges were lyke to trees,
Hys massive arms with hairy fystes
Hung nearly to hys knees.

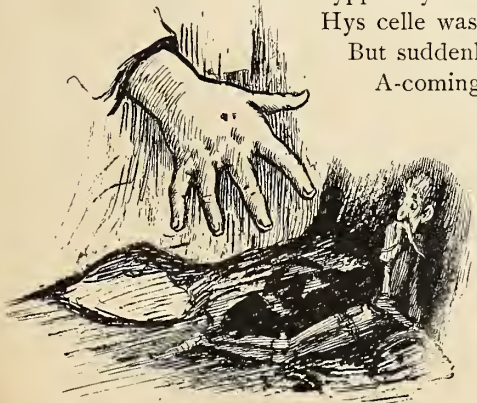
HE spyed ye warrior from afar,
 And bellowed as he ranne;
 And sure he was a horryd syght,
 To fryghten any manne.
 Sir Marmaduke, erstwhile so brave,
 Was like to die of fear;
 He thought hys syze would serve hym welle,
 And hidde behynd hys spear.



HE giant then was sore perplexed,—
 He hadde not seen hym hyde,—
 And would have gone hadde not
 Jones' ears
 Stuck out on either side.
 He ranne around and caught hym there,
 And hadde hym soon fast bounde,
 And started home, a-draggyng Jones
 Behynd along ye ground.

HOW long they reached ye giant's hold,
 And Marmaduke was cast
 Into a darksome coal-cellar.
 Ye door was bolted fast.

He slypped hys chayns and looked about—
 Hys celle was colde and bare.
 But suddenly he hearde a steppe
 A-coming down the staire.



IN fryght he shrank agaynst ye walle;
 Ye door was opened wyde,
 And then a buxom giantess
 Stepped jauntily insyde.

WHERE are my tongs?" quoth she, aloude.
 And Marmaduke perceived
 That she knew not that he was there,
 And strayghtway felte relieved.



NOW Marmaduke, we should have said,
Was all encased in steel,
And wyth hys longe and slender legges
Would look, and even feel,
To giant's eyes, just lyke a pair
Of tongs with knobbe head,
And so the Madame, groping rounde,
Found Marmaduke instead.

HT fyrst poor Jones was terror-strook,
But quickly he took hearte,
And, synce she 'd taken him for tongs,
Resolved to acte hys parte.
And so when she had seized hys legges,
And thrust them in ye binne,
He caught a piece between
hys feet,
And then hung on lyke
synne.

HE fetched hym up ye wyndyng stary
Into ye room above,
Then deftlie stretched hys legges
and dropped
Ye coal into ye stove.
Then, luckyly for Marmaduke,
She didde not take hym back,
But stood hym in ye corner,
In a handie little rack.



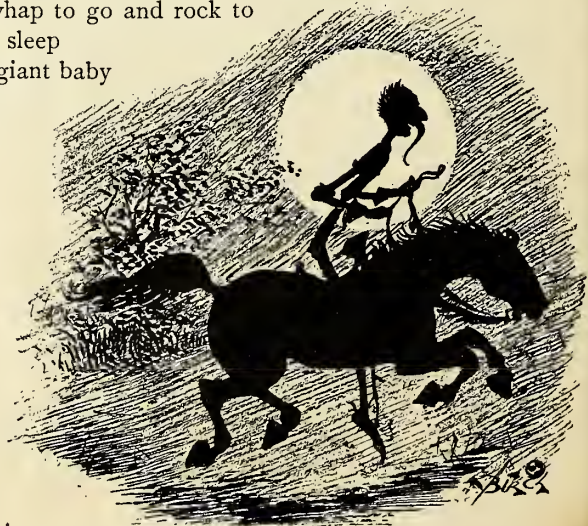
A MOMENT, and she left the room
To calle her husbände, maybe,
Mayhap to go and rock to
sleep

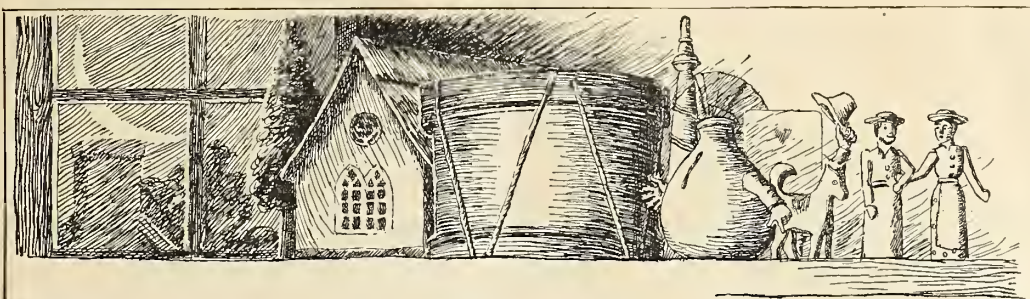
Ye lyttle giant baby

(In any case our Marmaduke
Soon hearde ye baby's roars).
No sooner was she out of syght
Than he was out of doors.

HE crept around ye castle walles
Upon hys handes and knees,
And found hys nagge besyde ye
gate,
A-nybblyng at her ease.

"That tyme," quoth he, as home he rode,
"My leanness served me welle.
And how surprysed Hys Nybbs will be
To see my emptie celle!"





THE WEDDING.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

WHAT 's all this stir in among the toys?
 The rustle and stir? The donkey creaks,
 The paper rustles, the little ball rolls,
 The round drum rumbles, the rabbit
 squeaks.

There 's not a toy but means to see,
 In all the closet, from wall to wall,
 The wedding between the Jack-in-the-box
 And the prettiest china doll of all.

She looked so timid, and he so proud,
 And both were as happy as they could be;
 And the moon shone in through the closet
 door —

It was really a beautiful sight to see.

But when it was over, and all the toys
 Had settled again upon the shelves,

Where Jack and the dolly could not hear,
 They talked about it among themselves.

The little boy doll who came from France
 Sighed as he shook his flaxen head;
 " 'T would have been all right for a wooden
 doll,
 But she might have done much better," he
 said.

Said Mrs. Noah, " I really think
 'T was a very stupid and slow affair;
 I hope we shall find when we reach the ark
 The animals all in order there."

But Jack-in-the-box and the little doll
 Smiled at each other tenderly;
 They did not hear, and they did not care,
 But both were as happy as they could be.



K.P.

TOM JARNAGAN, JUNIOR.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

This, the tenth "long-story-complete-in-one-number," is a railroad story. Tom Jarnagan and his sister are suddenly called upon to take their father's place in an important business transaction, and they make a good fight against heavy odds, fair and unfair.

CHAPTER I.

HOW A LETTER WENT ASTRAY.

"IT'S no use talking, Tom; you must learn to keep your wits about you if you ever expect to become a successful passenger man. You can't hope to win in the railway service if you do your work with one eye on business and the other on something else."

Mr. Thomas Jarnagan, traveling passenger-agent of the Colorado East & West Railway, was a busy man with little time and less inclination for fault-finding; hence the reproof moved Tom Junior to say in his own defense:

"I don't fall down so very often, do I?"

"No, but when you do it counts. Now, to-day I had an hour between trains, and I've lost half of it because you were careless enough to copy that Jensen letter in the telegraph-book."

"I'm awfully sorry," Tom began contritely, but his father interrupted:

"I suppose you are, but regrets don't mend broken bones. The repentance that counts is the kind that keeps you from falling down in the same place another time."

"I always do mean to be more careful."

"Yes, but 'mean to' is a lame duck. I appreciate your unselfishness in giving up the Colorado trip to stay here and help me, but your help will be only a hindrance unless I can depend upon you while I'm away. I don't care how little you do, but I want to feel sure that the little is going to be done, and done right."

"I tackle everything I dare to," asserted Tom, who was not lacking in self-confidence.

"I know you do, and I'm not finding fault with your judgment. Your weak point is care-

lessness. Oversights in business are always expensive; there is hardly a day passes in which you could not neglect something that might make us no end of trouble."

Tom hung his head and made many good resolutions, some outspoken but more to himself. He was a dutiful son, and nothing was further from his intention than mere lip-service. Hence, when his father had left the office to take the train for Duluth, he copied the letters, cleaned up the desk, and did everything he could find to do before going home.

At that time—it is needful to be particular, because railway people are ever on the move—the Jarnagans lived in Merriam Park, which is half-way between Minneapolis and St. Paul.

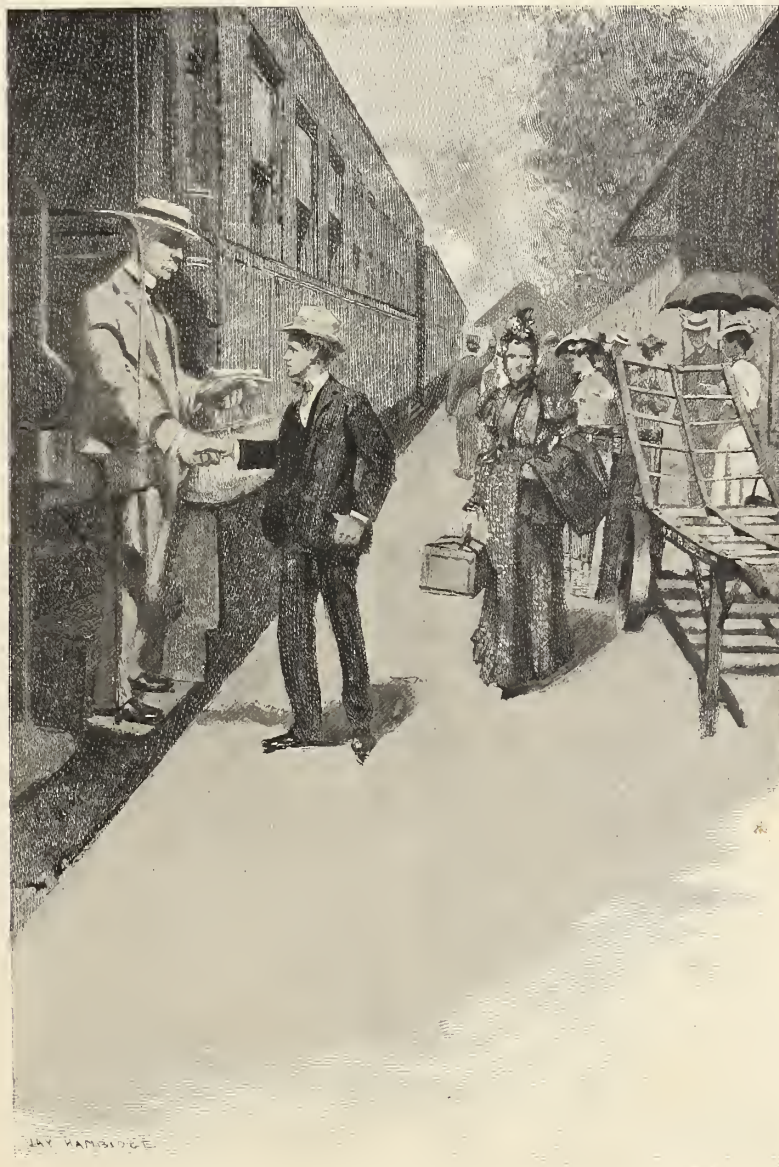
Mrs. Jarnagan and the two younger children were visiting in Colorado, and Kate and Tom were keeping house by themselves.

Mr. Jarnagan's business, which was the securing of passenger traffic for the C. E. & W. Railway, and a general oversight of that company's interests in the Northwest, kept him "on the wing" much of his time. His office was in St. Paul, and, like most traveling passenger-agents, he had no clerk. For this cause Tom, who had already made choice of his father's calling, sided with his sister when she argued that some of them ought to stay and keep the home open for their father.

"I'm with you, Kittie," Tom had said, when the Colorado trip was up for discussion in the family council; "you stay and run the house, and I'll stay and help out in the office." And thus it had been decided.

The arrangement was a fortnight old when Tom received his little lecture about carelessness. On the whole, matters had gone on very satisfactorily, and if Tom could have found

enough to do at the office to keep him busy to spend an unbroken day at Juniper Lake, and he would have made fewer slips. As it was, a certain dutiful dislike to omit the customary trip to St. Paul. Having caught up two or three hours a day were all he could



“‘WHATEVER YOU DO, DON’T SLIP UP ON THIS.’” (SEE PAGE 883.)

find employment for, and so there was too much time to think of other things.

The two or three hours were usually given out of the afternoon; but on the morning following the reprimand a fishing-excursion intervened, and Tom was divided between a desire

with the office-work the previous evening, he knew there was nothing pressing; but there was no telling what the mail might bring, and on this chance he hesitated.

“Oh, what ’s the reason you can’t go?” demanded Joe Johnson, when Tom gloomily

shook his head at Joe's proposal to go to Juniper Lake for a day's fishing.

Tom stated his dilemma briefly and with force.

"If that's all, you just go ahead and catch fish," said Harry Bramwell, Tom's permanent chum. "I've got to go to the city this afternoon on an errand for Uncle Frank, and I'll get your father's mail and bring it out. What's the matter with that?"

Tom considered it for a moment, and concluded there was nothing "the matter with it." So he went with the others to the lake, neglecting, you may be sure, to tell Kate that he had authorized Harry to get the mail.

That was the last of it, so far as either of the principals was concerned. Tom came home late in the evening, too tired to think of anything but supper and bed; and since he did not happen to meet Harry the following day, the volunteer errand and its possible outcome in letters and telegrams was easily forgotten.

That afternoon, after Tom had been hammering on vacation Latin with a coach who came over twice a week from Hamline University, he went home and found Kate waiting for him on the veranda.

"Hurry, Tom!" she called as he came leisurely up the walk. "You must fly around and take the four-twelve to the city."

Tom quickened his pace. "I'm going to. What's the matter? Wire from father?"

"Yes; he's coming in on the Omaha local, and going right out with the Langton party to California. You're to take the auxiliary, and get the mail, and meet him at the station."

The "auxiliary" was a relay handbag kept ready packed in Mr. Jarnagan's room for just such emergencies as the present, and Tom ran upstairs and brought it down.

"All aboard!" he said. "Anything else?"

"No,—but hurry, or you will miss the train."

But Tom did not miss it. Procrastination was not one of his failings; and, moreover, he prided himself on never missing a train—no railway man ever did that.

Now, it chanced that upon this day of all others the Omaha local was late—so late that Mr. Jarnagan had barely five minutes to spare between his arrival on one train and his de-

parture on the other. Tom was waiting on the platform with the mail and the "auxiliary," and he carried the handbag over to the S. E. & S. W. train while his father opened and read the letters and telegrams.

"Sure you have everything, Tom, are you?" he asked when they reached the steps of the Langton sleeper.

"Sure," asserted Tom, confidently. Then his conscience nipped him smartly when he remembered, for the first time since its making, the resultless arrangement with Harry Bramwell the day before. Left to himself and given a little time, he would have made open confession, as the occasion required; but his father went on, speaking hurriedly and watching the rapidly diminishing truck-load of baggage which was the outgoing train's last anchor.

"I asked because I was expecting a letter from Aaron Simpson about that Utah colony. He promised to let me know when I was wanted, and said he'd write in a day or two. That was a week ago."

Tom knew all about the Utah colony, a large party of people preparing for a westward migration from a small town in southern Wisconsin—possible passengers for the C. E. & W.

"I know," he said, trying desperately to find words in which to tell of the Harry Bramwell episode.

"Well, there's no letter, so I suppose they are not ready to close yet; but we mustn't be caught napping on it, whatever happens. It's the largest party of the season, and Manville, the agent of our rival road, the Transcontinental, is after it, hot-foot. Listen, now, and I'll tell you exactly what to do. If the letter should come before to-morrow night, wire me at Kansas City and I'll turn back to Richville on the first train. Do you understand?"

Seeing his chance of confession escaping with the tumbling cataract of trunks pouring into the baggage-car, Tom's "Yes, sir" was anything but intelligent; but his father was too hurried to notice his abstraction.

"Good. If the letter does n't get here by to-morrow night, I shall be too far away to turn back. In that event, you must find Fred Cargill, tell him the circumstances, and ask him whether he can arrange to go in my place."

"Where shall I find him?" asked Tom, absently, knowing very well that Cargill's office was two doors above his father's in East Third Street.

"Why, at his office, of course; and if he is n't in town, you must chase him by wire, and keep on wiring till you catch him and get his promise to go to Richville at once. Will you do that?"

Tom promised in one word, and the South-eastern conductor waved his hand to the impatient engineer. Mr. Jarnagan swung up to the step of the sleeper, and said once more while the first blast of steam was hissing through the cylinders:

"Remember; between now and to-morrow night you're to wire me. If I don't hear from you at Kansas City, I'll know you are going to find Cargill. Good-by; and, whatever you do, don't slip up on this."

The train gathered headway, and Tom went slowly across to the "short-line" track to wait until he could go home. That was half an hour, and he had time to despise himself from several different points of view for his lack of frankness. What if the letter had come yesterday, and Harry had forgotten to give it to him? The thought was harrowing, and he refused to entertain it. Of course Harry had not found any mail at the office; if he had, he would have brought it to the house.

So reasoning, Tom went home, meaning to make assurance sure by hunting up Harry before he slept. But the good intention failed, as usual; and when he went to bed the proposed inquiry had gone to join the very considerable number of things he meant to do, but never did.

Now, a well-regulated conscience, when it is once unhandsomely snubbed, is apt to avenge itself by taking a nap. Tom saw Harry half a dozen times during the next two days, but he never thought to ask about the mail; and as no letter came from Farmer Simpson, there was nothing to jog his memory.

But on the third day the suspended sword fell, and Tom's peace of mind fled shrieking. They had been fishing together all morning, and on the way home Harry had occasion to search his pockets for a bit of missing gear.

Among the many things which came to light in this process were three letters addressed to Mr. Thomas Jarnagan, and Harry gave them to Tom with much contrition expressed in few words.

Tom heard nothing and saw nothing but the letters, which he tore open with shaking hands. Two were unimportant. The third was from Aaron Simpson, written five days before, and asking Mr. Jarnagan to come to Richville on the first train.

Tom had a sharp attack of dizziness when he realized the magnitude of the thing. Then came the reaction, and he bounded away with nerves a-tingle and his heart pounding a double-quick, leaving Harry without a word of explanation, and taking the shortest cut across lots for home.

Kate was away and the house locked, but he found the key under the mat. After he had dashed up to his room and changed his clothes, there was still time to snatch a bite of luncheon from the pantry, and to scribble a brief note to Kate, telling her he was going to find Cargill, and what for. Fifteen minutes later he was in St. Paul, making breathless inquiry at the ticket-office for Mr. Frederic Cargill.

The search for the traveling passenger-agent of the Utah Inland promised to be sufficiently exciting. Everywhere Tom went, Cargill had just preceded him. The chase led him around and about among the railway-offices, and finally took him back to his starting-point at Cargill's headquarters in East Third Street. Here, again, he was a minute too late. The passenger-agent had just gone down to take the train for Minneapolis; and as Tom braced himself for a run, the office-boy gave him a telegram.

"Give that to Mr. Cargill, and tell him it came just after he left," said the boy; and Tom jammed the envelope into his pocket and made a quick dash for the Union Depot, reaching the platform just in time to see the short-line train disappear around the curve in the yard.

That meant a trying wait of half an hour before he could follow, and he walked it out on the platform with his head down and his hands in his pockets, reflecting upon the wisdom of that Scripture which says: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

A tempting but unnecessary fishing-trip; the very natural "trusting to luck" and to his chum; a sprinkling of forgetfulness and a pinch of inaccuracy in the answer to his father's question: these were the kindlings. And out of the fire would come the loss of a great deal of money for the Colorado East & West Railway, a reprimand or something worse for its passenger-agent, his own father, and disgrace enough to bury the passenger-agent's son beyond all hope of a business resurrection.

Tom's conscience was wide awake now, sketching disquieting pictures with chalk-talk rapidity and startling clearness of detail.

"Great Peter! what a terrible mess I've made of it!" he ejaculated, tramping anxiously up and down, and turning every tenth second to mark the snail-like movement of the minute-hand on the big clock. "Five days lost, and father out of reach, and Mr. Cargill dodging around so that I just can't get at him. But I will find him—I'll never go home till I do."

He meant what he said, but when the tardy train finally bore him to Minneapolis, and he had made the round of the ticket-offices and hotels without finding a trace of Cargill, he began to doubt his ability to keep the promise. When he was about to give up in despair, he stumbled upon John Crosby, the Minneapolis ticket-agent of the S. E. & S. W., and recovered the lost clue.

"Fred Cargill? He's gone to Lake Minnetonka. Want to see him?"

"I've got to see him," Tom corrected. "Did he go to Hotel Lafayette?"

"Yes; can't you wire?"

"No; I've got to see him and talk to him."

"Well, you can take the one-o'clock train and skip out to the lake. Got money enough to pay your fare?"

Tom remembered that he had not, and admitted it.

Crosby laughed. He was a good friend of the Jarnagans, and he was shrewd enough to guess that Tom was about his father's business. Wherefore he pressed a five-dollar bill into Tom's hand and said: "Here you are; I'll get it back from your father when I see him. By the way, where is your father?"

"Did n't you know? He has gone to California with the Langton party," said Tom.

"Oho!" said the ticket-agent, as if that explained something.

"What is it?" queried Tom, acutely alive to the hidden possibilities in things.

"Oh, nothing much, I guess. Charlie Manville was here yesterday, and he seemed tolerably anxious to find out where your father was."

Tom understood perfectly. Manville knew about the Utah colony, and had made a flying trip to ascertain if his rival, Mr. Jarnagan, the C. E. & W. representative, would be on the ground.

"That's a pointer," Tom said. "Good-by." And he sped away to the Union Station, caught his train, and was swiftly transported to the great hotel at Minnetonka Beach.

Here the chase ended tamely. The first person Tom saw as he went up the steps to the broad veranda was the Utah Inland traveling agent; and when he had told his tale, Cargill readily consented to take the night train for Richville.

"Zabulon's on our line and we'll get the business, anyway," he said; "but I'd ride a couple of nights any time to help your father out."

"Thank you," said Tom, beginning to live again. "You'll be sure to go?"

"Sure; unless something happens between now and train-time. You say they've notified your father?"

"Yes."

"How long ago?"

"Mr. Simpson's letter was written last Thursday. It—it has been mislaid," faltered Tom.

"Whew!" Cargill whistled. "Five days! Why, it must have been mailed two days before your father left."

"It was," Tom admitted; "but it was—er—mislaid." He could think of no other word.

"Well, I'll go; but that makes it a wild-goose chase, sure. The business has probably gone by default long before this."

So it came about that the burden rolled back upon Tom's shoulders, and he started for the station to take the train for Minneapolis and home with his responsibility weighing upon him like a nightmare. At the station, and

when the train was already in sight, he remembered the telegram which had been given him in St. Paul to hand to Cargill, and had barely time to dash back to the hotel with it, and to catch his train as it was moving out.

It was an hour and a half later when he reached home; and Kate, who was watching for him, ran out as he came up the steps, and handed him a freshly written telegram.

"What does this mean, Tom?" she questioned. "Have n't you seen Mr. Cargill?"

Tom's jaw fell and his eyes grew wide as he read the message. It was dated an hour earlier at Hotel Lafayette, and addressed to T. Jarnagan, Jr., Merriam Park:

The message you came back to bring me was wire from headquarters ordering me to Winnipeg first train. Can't make Richville, and would probably be too late, anyway. Wire your father and explain.

F. R. CARGILL.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE FIGHT BEGINS.

TOM read the passenger-agent's telegram twice, and tried to keep Kate from suspecting the true direfulness of it. Then he broke down and told her the whole story, sparing himself not at all, and even going so far as to excuse Cargill's apparent indifference.

Kate sat in the hammock and listened, relieving the strain on her nerves by tying knots in the fringe. When she found speech it was a fine mixture of indignation and reproach; and if there be any truth in signs, Mr. Frederic Cargill's left ear should have burned painfully.

"It 's just too mean!" she declared; "after he had promised—" and then: "Oh, Tom, Tom, will you never learn to be heedful!"

Tom ignored the reproach and rose superior to mere personal bitteresses, shaking his head and answering out of a vaster experience of business.

"You 're a girl, and you don't understand," he said dogmatically. "He says he 's 'ordered,' and that settles it. Besides, if I 'd given him that telegram at first, as I ought to have done, he would n't have promised. But that does n't let me out. What are we going to do about it? That 's the question."

It suited Kate's purpose at that moment to

appear altogether devoid of suggestion, so she said, as if in despair: "Do? What can we do?"

"I don't know; wire father that I 'm no good on top of earth, I suppose."

"What good will that do?"

Tom thought about it for a moment, and was constrained to admit that no good end could be attained by telegraphing.

"We 're just done up, that 's all; and it 's my fault," he said desperately, when he had reasoned it out.

Kate went on with the knot-tying, and was silent while she measured her opportunity. Then she looked up and said:

"That message came half an hour ago, and I 've been puzzling over it ever since." She stopped abruptly and looked him straight in the eyes. "Tom, how much have you learned about the passenger-business since you 've been helping in the office?"

He saw whereunto her question would lead, and shook his head gloomily. "You might say next to nothing—anyway, not enough to make me believe I could do it."

But Kate knew her brother and would not be stopped. "I wish I knew as much as you do—about rates and such things; I 'd go."

Tom's heart leaped within him, and then became as heavy as lead.

"Pooh! You would n't know the first identical thing to do after you got there, and neither should I. Of course I can figure rates, and all that, but that does n't count."

"What does count?" demanded Kate.

"Oh, a whole lot of things. You 've got to know your people, and how to get on their blind side, and how to jolly 'em up and make 'em believe your line 's the only one there is, and all that."

"Who says so?"

"Why, all the men; I 've heard them tell about it in the office lots of times. Then Mr. Manville will be there, and father says he 's a hustler from 'way back, and as tricky as he is smart. I should n't be anywhere after the people got a good chance to laugh at me once."

Kate swung herself gently in the hammock and began to untie the knots. "I thought you had more nerve, Tom, and—I must say it—more magnanimity," she said, with true feminine

artfulness. "You say it 's your fault, but it is father who will have to suffer for it."

The remark was as spark to powder, as she had intended it to be.

"Nerve!" cried Tom, hotly. "You think I 'm afraid, do you? — that I 'm ashamed to go and tell them what a blockhead I 've been? I 'll just show you! If you 'll give me the money, I 'll go to Richville to-night. You 'll see if I have n't nerve!"

Kate sat up and applauded.

"That 's what I was waiting for; I knew it was in you if I could only press the right button. Now listen to me — I 've thought it all out since that message came. You take the four-twelve to St. Paul, go to Mr. Donegal and get passes for us, — yes, I 'm going, too; two heads are better than one, especially when neither of them happens to be a man's head, — then get your rate-sheets and things out of the office, and meet me at the Union Depot at five-thirty."

Tom went aghast at the immensity of the thing, but he was too near drowning not to catch at straws. At first sight the undertaking seemed little better than hopeless, even if they should reach Richville in time; but Kate's offer to go along and help turned the scale. She was three years his senior, and beneath a boyish assumption of contempt for all girls of whatever age he had a profound respect for his sister's diplomatic gifts.

"I don't know; maybe we can do it," he said doubtfully. "Any way, we can try."

The preliminaries went near to arranging themselves. Mr. Donegal, the chief clerk in the general office of the S. E. & S. W., was amenable to reason in the matter of the passes, though he smiled at the forlorn hope.

"Of course you won't get the party," he said; "but you 'll have a pleasant little trip, and the satisfaction of having done what you could. Here 's your transportation; what else can I do for you?"

"Tell me about Richville — what kind of a place it is, I mean."

"It 's a little country town, with a few stores and one hotel, at the crossing of our line and the W. & I."

"Thank you," said Tom. Then he went to

his father's office, gathered up all the tariff-sheets, folders, time-tables, and other publications that might have the smallest grain of pertinent information in them, and hurried to the Union Depot to meet Kate.

She was waiting for him; and a few minutes later they had taken their section in the South-eastern sleeper, which presently clanked out over the switches at the tail of the Chicago Express.

After supper in the dining-car they spent the evening poring over the printed matter in Tom's bundle. Among the pamphlets there was a summer-resort folder of the W. & I. Railway, and in it Kate found what she was looking for.

"You 'll make your headquarters at the hotel in town, won't you, Tom?" she asked.

"Why, yes, I suppose so; we 'll both have to go there."

"I must n't," she said decisively; "it would embarrass you — and me, too. I 'm only going to be the advisory committee, you know, and it 'll be best for me to keep entirely out of sight. Don't you think so?"

Tom assented, though Kate's real reason — the question of the proprieties — did not appeal to him.

"But how are we going to fix it? Mr. Donegal says there is only one hotel."

"Listen," said Kate, and she read from the list of summer hotels in the folder: "The Maples, Mrs. Cartwright, proprietor. A family hotel on the shore of Lake Chokota, three miles from Richville. Telephone connection. A pleasant country home for teachers and families. Terms reasonable."

"That 'll do," said Tom. "You can stay there and think up schemes; and I can drive out and talk to you whenever I get stuck. That will be about twenty times a day."

Then they put their heads together and tried to plan the campaign; but this is a difficult thing to do when one does n't know the battlefield, the dispositions of the enemy, or anything more than the issue at stake. So they gave it up early and went to bed, mindful of the arriving-time at Richville, which was 5:30 A.M.

Seasoned travelers maintain that early-morning trains are perversely prone to be on time,

and it was exactly half-past five the following morning when the Chicago Express clattered in over the W. & I. crossing at Richville. Kate and Tom were the only passengers to leave the train; and as the village hotel was only a square distant, there was no porter at the platform.

A farm team was drawn up behind the station, and its driver, a weather-worn man in the fifties, came up when he saw them hesitate.

"Looking for the hotel?" he asked. "It 's right over there — just around the corner."

Tom rose to his responsibilities as caretaker, and made answer:

"We 're going out to Mrs. Cartwright's — The Maples. Can you tell me where I can hire a horse and buggy?"

The farmer took the measure of the two, and glanced at his wagon. "I 'm going right out by there on my way home. If the lady would n't mind riding in the wagon —"

Kate met the suggestion with her most winning smile. "Not in the least; I 'd like to," she said; so they climbed in, filling the wide spring-seat to overflowing. The farmer whipped up his horses, and they soon left the sleeping village behind.

"It 's a fine country around here," Tom ventured, feeling it incumbent upon him to make talk of some sort.

"Yes, good enough, but pretty long o' winters; leastways, that 's what a lot of us 've about made up our minds to," replied the farmer.

Kate was sitting on the outside, and she signaled to Tom with the sharp point of her elbow. But Tom's faculties were already alert and needed no jogging.

"Going to emigrate?" he asked, with just the right degree of polite interest.

"That 's what we 're figuring on — 'bout seventy-five of us, counting the women and children. I drove in this morning in hopes to meet a railroad-agent that was coming down to figure with us."

Tom held his breath and fought for clearness of mind. "What was his name? Perhaps we know him. My father is a railroad man."

"Jarnager," said the farmer, calmly. "I seen him two weeks ago, and we figured then we 'd be ready before long. Then I wrote a

letter to him, but I hain't heard anything from him, and I 'm afraid he can't come."

"He can't," said Tom, briefly. "He 's on his way to California with an excursion party."

"Sho! then you do know him? I 'm kind of sorry for that; he 's a right clever gentleman, and I took a fancy to him first sight. I think he 's got the best rowte for us, too; but there 's a lot of 'em think different now, since the Transcontinental man 's been round."

"Mr. Manville 's here, is he?" asked Tom, determined to know the worst.

"Well, I declare! you know him, too? Yes, he 's here, circulatin' round in a buggy to beat everything."

"But he can't offer any better rates than fath — than the Colorado East & West, can he?"

"No, don't know as he can; but then, you see, he 's on the ground, and Mr. Jarnager ain't. The folks like to have somebody they can see and talk to; and of course he tells all the good things about his road and all the bad ones about the other."

"Of course," echoed Tom; "that 's his business. Then you think he 's going to get the party?"

"Looks that way now. He 's got Judge Sloan, and that means a good third of 'em. Judge knows everybody, y' see, and he 's well liked. Then there 's John Olestrom — owns the farm next to me; he controls all the Swedes and Norweijins, and Manville 's got hold of him, somehow. That leaves me and about twenty more that 'd like to go t' other way, but I guess we 'll let the majority rule, 's long 's Mr. Jarnager can't come."

Lake Chokota was in sight, and Tom questioned Kate with his eyes. She telegraphed back "Yes," and Tom braced himself for the plunge.

"This is Mr. Simpson, is n't it?" he asked, trying his best to be cool and businesslike.

"That 's my name; how did you know?" queried the farmer, curiously.

"I guessed it right away. I 'm Mr. Jarnagan's son, and we — that is, I 've come down here to try to get your colony to go over our line."

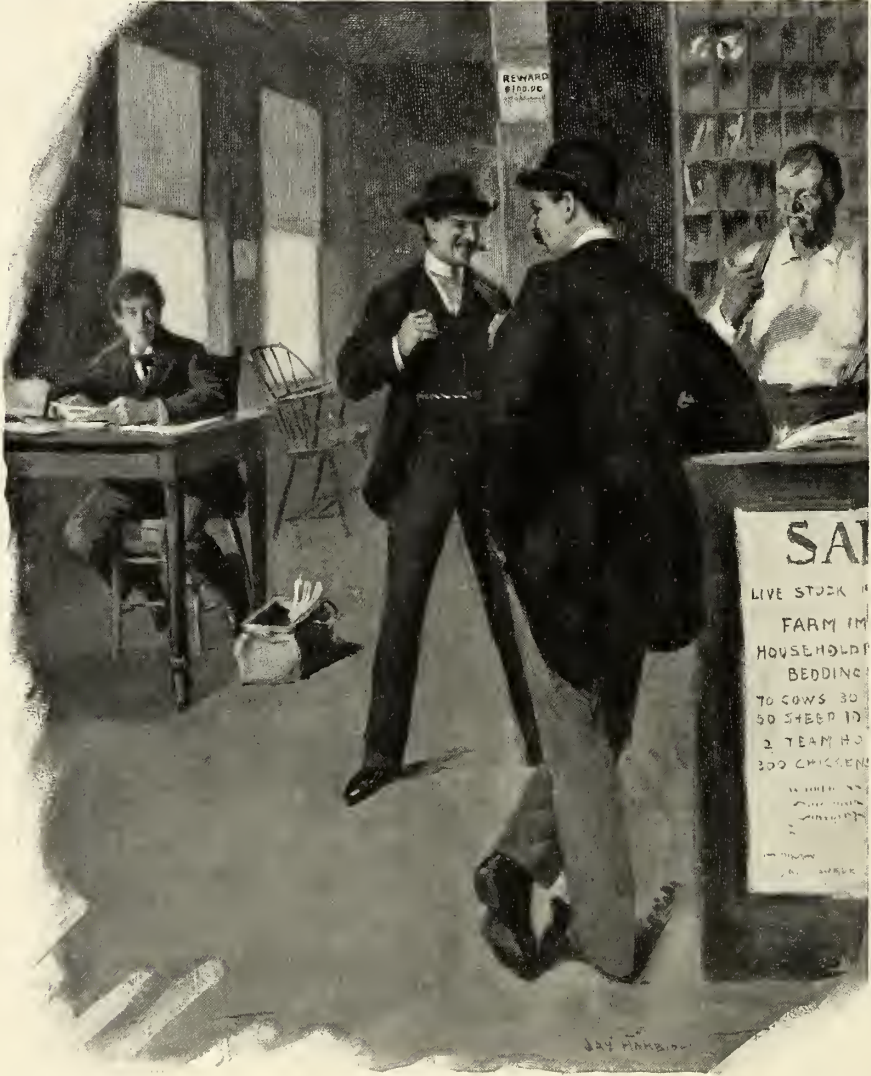
Mr. Simpson pulled his team up short in the road, and turned half-way around in the wagon-seat to get a good look at his passengers.

"Well, I vow to gracious!" he declared. "Why, you ain't nothing but a—"

The Jarnagans laughed in concert. "Say it right out," said Tom; "nothing but a boy. But I know it, and father says when you know

The explanation left Kate unaccounted for; but the farmer waived that point and spoke in regard to the business side of the affair.

"Well, I vow!" he repeated, not quite able to quench his astonishment. "It does beat all



"'IT'S NOT A MAN—IT'S—IT'S THAT!'"

your handicap that 's half the race. I'm here to get this party, and you've said enough to let me know you're my father's friend. More than that, it's my fault that father is n't here. Your letter came in time, but it was—was mislaid." He boggled over the stubborn word again, and hastened to say, "Please tell me what to do, and I'll do it just the best I can."

how the boys get to be men nowadays—it does, for a fact. But I'll help you, same as I would your father. I took a fancy to him. First thing is to go and see Judge Sloan."

"Where can I find him?"

"At his house, in town." The farmer gathered up the reins and drove on. "He 's sort o' queer—man with lots of friends, and a kind

word for every single one of 'em, and yet pretty middlin' gruff to strangers. He 'll like as not snap you up sharp at first, but if you 've got grit enough to hang, maybe you can fetch him round."

The description was not altogether heartening, but Tom made shift to answer courageously:

"I 'll do my best; and after I 've seen him I 'll come out and tell you what he says. Is this The Maples?"

"Yes, this is Mis' Cartwright's." The farmer drew rein at the gate of the summer hotel. "Right nice place; but I should think you 'd want to stop in town, so 's to be handy."

"I 'm going to; but my sister — this is my sister, Miss Kate Jarnagan, Mr. Simpson — thought she 'd rather stay out here. The home folks are all away, and she could n't very well stay alone."

"Yes — no — of course," acknowledged the farmer, helping Kate over the wheel. "Happy to know you, Miss Jarnager. We 're all tore up at the house, getting ready to move, or I 'd just take you right out with me. Mis' Simpson 'd be proud."

Kate thanked him, and put in her word for the first time:

"My brother's reason is one, and another is that I thought I 'd better be out of his way. On that account perhaps it would be as well if it is not generally known that I am here. It might make it harder for Tom, you know."

Farmer Simpson smiled shrewdly. "Should n't wonder if it would; some of 'em 'll try to poke fun at him, anyway, maybe. But I won't let on; and, what 's more, I 'll do what I can to help out. My place is just two mile beyond here — big white house, sets on a little hill to the right. You can find me there when you want me."

He climbed back into the wagon and picked up the reins. "Should n't lose much time if I was you," he added, to Tom. "Manville 's right anxious to get us to make a contract, and I don't know just how long we can stand it off."

"I 'll see Judge Sloan right away after breakfast," Tom promised; and the farmer drove on, and they went up the walk to The Maples.

They waited an hour for breakfast, but the time was not lost. The opportune meeting with Aaron Simpson was discussed and made much of; and after breakfast Tom walked to town with his bundle of rate-sheets and folders under his arm, a confused jumble of lately acquired railway information trying to pigeon-hole itself in his brain, and his heart far lighter than it would have been if he had known all the difficulties lying in wait for him.

Reaching the village before eight o'clock, he went first to the hotel and registered, so that he might have a right to a rallying-point. Then, as it was rather early to make even a business call, he sat down at the writing-table with the tariffs, to deduce, for the twentieth time, the rate of fare from Richville to Zabulon, Utah. While he was in the midst of the labyrinth of figures, two young men came out of the dining-room, found their hats, and sauntered across to the counter. One of them glanced at the register, smote upon the page with his fist, and shoved the book at his companion.

"Look at that, Manville! I thought you said Jarnagan could n't get here."

"So he can't — Great Scott! Say," — to the landlord, — "when did this man get in?"

Mine host, who was five feet seven and built barrel-wise, chuckled inwardly, till the barrel-hoops threatened to burst.

"It 's not a man; it 's — it 's that —" indicating Tom in dumb-show.

The two young men looked, and laughed unfeelingly, whereat Tom came suddenly out of the fog of figures, flushed hotly, and gathered up his papers and went out. When he was gone, Manville spoke his mind freely:

"Well, I 'll be switched! I 've heard of sending a boy to mill, but I never saw it done in the passenger-business before. Why, Jarnagan must be getting childish in his old age!"

"I don't know about that," rejoined his companion. "It 's just possible that Tom Jarnagan does n't know anything about it; but if he does, it 's more than likely he 's given the boy a cut-rate low enough to put us clear out of the fight."

Manville leaned against the counter and thrust his hands deep down into his pockets.

"Don't you worry," he said, jingling the loose silver in one pocket and his keys in the other; "I've got the thing coopered up so tight that Tom Jarnagan himself could n't get it out now."

"I only hope you know what you're talking about," said the other.

"I do," rejoined Manville, emphatically. "He's just a few hours too late. *I've got the contract!*"

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH TOM TAKES A BAITED HOOK.

NORTON, Manville's companion, was the agent for the Interstate Trunk Line, a connecting-link between the Wisconsin & Iowa and the Western railways, and so should have been strictly neutral as between the Transcontinental and Jarnagan's line. But the "pointer" concerning the Utah colony had reached him through Manville; and it is a rule in railway soliciting that a man must be loyal to his informant. Hence Norton was, for the time being, Manville's ally.

"Got the contract, you say?" he queried. "When did you get it?"

"Last night, after you'd gone to bed," answered Manville. "There are three or four leaders in the party, but a Swede named Olestrom has the pull on the most of them. I caught him last night, and got him to sign a contract to take the outfit our way."

Norton closed one eye reflectively. "Do you suppose he can deliver the goods?"

Manville laughed. "That remains to be seen. You know what a party contract amounts to: it binds you and the man who signs — and not anybody else. But that's all right, as long as they don't know any better. They're just like a flock of sheep; and if Olestrom does what he has promised to, they'll follow him all right."

"What did it cost you?" inquired Norton, cynically.

"None of your business," laughed Manville. "The Transcontinental pays its own bills."

"But the business is some of my business. If this boy of Jarnagan's goes out and cuts the rate —"

"He's not going to cut the rate."

"Well, even if he does n't, he's liable to give us a whole lot of trouble. He won't know any better than to tell the truth — first, last, and all the time. Moreover, if — as I suspect — he's down here on his own hook, he'll make capital out of that."

"What if he does?"

"Why, he'll win 'em right from the start — if I know anything about human nature."

Manville was as optimistic as he was unscrupulous, and laughed at the idea of being worsted by a boy.

"You're rattled this morning, Norty," he said complacently. "If you're going to lose any sleep about it, we'll have to get rid of Tom Jarnagan's proxy."

"How?" asked Norton.

Manville suggested a plan, but his ally shook his head.

"He would n't have a drop of Tom Jarnagan's blood in him if he could be chased away by any such antediluvian trick as that."

"Don't you believe it," Manville argued; "he'd jump at the chance."

Norton hesitated. Unlike Manville, he was not altogether conscienceless, but his chief weakness lay in trying to be all things to all men; so he said:

"All right — if we have to. But it's a low-down trick to play on a boy."

"Oh, you be hanged!" laughed Manville; and then they went out together to see what Tom would do first.

In the meantime Tom had walked off some of his wrath, and had inquired his way to Judge Sloan's house. When he found it, he passed it once to reconnoiter, again to get his courage well in hand, and a third time to see if the judge was still sitting at his desk in the small office abutting upon the street. Then he went in.

"Good morning, my boy; what can I do for you?" said the judge, hospitably.

The greeting was a flat contradiction to Aaron Simpson's qualified recommendation, and Tom thought that he had fallen upon a lucky moment; wherefore he proceeded to make good use of it in the manner foretold by Norton. At the conclusion of the unbusiness-like introduction the judge smiled approvingly.

"Trying to help your father, are you? Well, now, that 's what I like to see. I wish there were more sons like you;" and the good man's eyes dimmed when he thought of his own first-born, whose memory was all the dearer to him because of the lad's devotion to his father.

"Don't," said Tom, humbly. "I don't deserve any credit. If I had n't been too careless for anything, father would have been here himself three days ago;" and he went on bravely and told the story of the delayed letter.

The judge listened sympathetically, and refused to withdraw his praise.

"That makes it all the more creditable — that you should try to set the matter right," he said; "but I 'm afraid you have come too late. We had given your father up, and then Mr. Manville came and proposed to treat us so nicely that we have about concluded to go with him."

"Is it a promise?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Not quite that, though he may so consider it. His offer to give us through colonist-sleepers from Richville is the strong point in his favor. Your father said he could n't do that."

"Neither can Mr. Manville," said Tom, decidedly.

"How do you know?" asked the judge.

"I help my father in the office, and there has been a lot of correspondence lately about that very thing. All the lines have been doing it, but now they 've agreed not to. There is a notice out to all agents — wait a minute; maybe I 've got it here." Tom unrolled his bundle, and happily found the circular in question.

The judge read it with a little wrinkle coming and going between his eyebrows — a danger signal that more than one over-anxious attorney had disregarded to his sorrow.

"H-m, promises what he can't perform, eh? That looks like bad faith, to begin with. What could your line do for us?"

Tom opened his mouth and told a truthful tale which would have made a professional solicitor weep for the very artlessness of it. Certainly no intending traveler had ever heard the advantages and disadvantages of a competing

route set forth with such impartial and conscientious minuteness of detail. When Tom ran out of facts, the judge was smiling again.

"Could you repeat that as often as need be?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Tom.

"Very well; I 'll give you a list of our members, and you can start out. If you 'll go around and tell as straight a story to the others, there is a fair chance for you yet. I have n't heard so much self-evident truth since we began to talk the thing up."

"Thank you; if you 'll give me the names I 'll start out right now."

The judge opened a drawer and found the list. "You 'll have to inquire your way around; you could n't remember all the directions if I gave them to you. You say you 've met Simpson?"

"Yes, sir."

"He and Olestrom can direct you in their neighborhoods. If you could get the people together — I 'll tell you what to do: talk the thing up, and call a meeting for to-morrow night — say at half-past seven, at the school-house near Simpson's. Then we can go over the whole matter, and settle the question of the route definitely."

Tom paled at the bare thought of addressing a public meeting. "Would — would I have to talk?" he stammered.

"Certainly; but that 's what you 're here for, is n't it?"

"Ye-es; but I never thought of having to talk to more than one at a time. I don't believe I can ever do it."

"Oh, I guess you can; your audience will be friendly. You will meet nearly all of our people between this and to-morrow night, if you fly around."

Tom took the hint and gathered up his papers.

"May I say you told me to call the meeting?" he asked, with his hand on the door-knob.

"Certainly, if you think it will help you. Good-by; come to me when I can do anything for you."

Tom went his way with his heart afire, sought out a livery stable, and hired a horse and buggy

for the day. Then he made his first mistake by unfolding the plan of the meeting to the half-dozen members of the colony who lived in the village.

At eleven o'clock he took the road for Aaron Simpson's, meaning to see Kate on the way; and there was nothing in the pleasant drive to The Maples to suggest that he was like one who has set a prairie afire behind him.

But Kate saw the danger as soon as he had finished recounting the doings of the morning.

"It's going on famously, Tom, but there is just one thing I wish you had n't done."

"What's that?"

"Telling those people in the village first. They'll talk, and Mr. Manville will have just that much more time in which to checkmate us. You ought to have left them till the last."

"Why, of course I ought!" said Tom, disgusted at his own lack of foresight. "I'm no good on the face of the earth. What do you suppose he'll do?"

"I don't know that. What would father do in such a case?"

"Huh! that's easy. He'd just hustle around and get 'em all to put up some money; then, when they went to the meeting, they'd have to vote the way they'd paid."

"Well?" said Kate, smiling.

"Pity's sake! that's just what Mr. Manville will do! And I can't stop him."

"I think you can if you manage it right. Of course the people would n't pay money to you, but how would it do to ask them to go to the meeting prepared to make a deposit of ten dollars a ticket after they have chosen their route? You could caution them against making any promises or paying any money before that time."

Tom looked disgusted again.

"Say, Kittie, we've got this thing just turned around. You ought to take the horse and buggy, and let me stay here and hide my head awhile. Why, I can't seem to see two inches beyond my nose!"

Kate laughed and pushed him toward the steps. "Yes, you can; only you have been too busy to think—and too worried; I've had nothing else to do all the morning. But you must n't lose any more time; you have a lot of

people to see and talk to between now and to-morrow evening."

Tom ran down the walk, unhitched his horse, and was soon out of sight of The Maples, driving rapidly along the smooth lake-shore road, and keeping a sharp lookout for a big white house on a knoll to the right.

He found Aaron Simpson at home, submitted the judge's original proposition, with Kate's amendment, and secured the farmer's hearty approval. Nay, more. Simpson made him stay to dinner, and afterward went the round of the neighborhood with him, introducing him to the other members of the colony, and thus expediting the affair, so that by four o'clock Tom had interviewed all of Simpson's contingent.

"That's the last one of my crowd," said the farmer, as Tom cramped the buggy and turned away from John Hathaway's gate. "There's another little gatherin' of 'em round on the far side of the lake, but you can drive over there to-morrow. Now we'll go and see Olestrom."

They found the Swedish farmer, but he was disposed to be impracticable. Without saying that he did not approve the plan, he made many vague difficulties; and neither Tom nor Simpson could fathom his motives.

"Aye bane gone to see 'bout dem t'ings feerst," was all he would say; and while he did not promise to come to the meeting himself, he offered to notify his Scandinavian neighbors.

Tom accepted the offer thankfully; but when they were clear of the house, Simpson shook his head.

"I dunno 's I'd resk too much on that," he said. "Manville's been out to see Olestrom two or three times, and I'm afraid they're up to something together."

"Maybe I'd better go around and see the people myself," Tom suggested.

"Maybe you had; leastways, 't won't do no harm if you come out to-morrow in the afternoon to see if he's been round. B'lieve I'd do that, if I was you. Going straight back to town now?" They had pulled up at the Simpson gate.

"Over to Mrs. Cartwright's, and then to town," replied Tom, whose slip of the morning made him determined to keep in close touch thereafter with his "advisory committee."

"All right; and in the morning you can chase round to the north shore and see the folks over there. Japhet Rutherford 's the man."

Now, Rutherford is not an uncommon name, but its pronunciations are various, and Aaron

Kate was sitting on the veranda when the buggy came in sight, and she went down to the gate to save Tom the trouble of hitching. When he had made his report of the campaign up to date, he asked what he should do next.



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT DID I UNDERSTAND YOUR NAME CORRECTLY—
IS IT JARNAGAN?" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Simpson's rendering of it was "Roothf'd." None the less, Tom understood,—or thought he did,—made a note of the name as he had heard it, and drove back to The Maples.

"The idea!—as if I could tell you how many breaths to draw!" she retorted. "If you can't find anything else to do, you might go to the hotel and study up your speech for to-morrow night."

"Don't!" begged Tom, pathetically. "That 's just where I 'm going to fall down hard. I know I shall be deaf, dumb, and blind. I can feel the symptoms coming on already."

"Nonsense!" said Kate; and then she thought of something else. "I 've heard father say the first thing he always does in a new place is to get acquainted with the local agent. Have you done that yet?"

"No; I 'll go straight and do it now, before supper—there is just about time. Good-by; you may not see me again till to-morrow noon."

He drove on, and midway between Mrs. Cartwright's and the village met a young man and a young woman in a buggy, who bowed to him, as the custom of country neighborhoods dictates. Tom returned the salutation, wondering who they were and how they knew him. The young man was also puzzled, but it was for another reason.

"You don't know Tom Jarnagan of the C. E. & W., do you, Nellie?" he said to his sister, some minutes later.

"No," she replied. "Why?"

"Because that boy we just passed is enough like him to be Tom himself, gone young again. By the way, that reminds me. I had a wire from Fred Cargill, yesterday, asking me to do what I could to help the C. E. & W. on this Utah crowd. It seems that Jarnagan had to go to California at the last minute, and so could n't come down to look after it himself."

"But you have to be neutral, have n't you?"

"Oh, yes; that's the supposition; but I always make it a point to help my friends when I can. Jarnagan is a man I can respect, and that's more than I can say of Manville."

The horse turned of its own accord up to the gate of The Maples, and Mr. Henry Haworth, the local agent whom Tom was on his way to seek, sprang from the buggy and helped his sister to alight. Kate was at the open parlor window when they came up, and Mrs. Cartwright's greeting proclaimed them relatives of hers. So much Kate overheard, but it was not until after supper that she learned anything more about the new-comers. Then she was asked to come down to the parlor to meet the landlady's nephew and niece from Richville.

She went willingly. And after the commonplace the young man said:

"I beg your pardon, but did I understand your name correctly — is it Jarnagan?"

"Yes," replied Kate, wondering if she had stumbled upon an acquaintance of her father's.

"J-a-r-n-a-g-a-n?"

Kate laughed. "You know my father, or you could n't spell the name. You 'd laugh to see how many of his correspondents make *i*'s and *e*'s of the *a*'s."

"I do know him — I'm the local agent at Richville. I was just saying to Eleanor as we drove up that I was sorry he could n't be here to secure the Utah colony."

"He could n't come, but his 'proxy' is here," said Kate, smiling. "My brother Tom is in Richville, and he is trying to do what he can in father's absence."

Mr. Haworth and his sister exchanged glances of intelligence. "I think we met him

as we were coming out," he said. "He was in a buggy, driving to town."

"Yes; he was on his way to get acquainted with you. He wished to tell you what he is doing, and to ask your advice."

"What is he doing?" inquired the agent.

Kate seized the opportunity to make another friend for the cause, and told the story of the campaign as far as it had progressed. When she concluded, the agent drew a copy of the "Richville Argus" from his pocket and passed it to her with his finger on a marked item.

"Did either of you see that?" he asked.

Kate read the paragraph, which was a mention of heavy storms in the West, catching her breath with a little exclamation of dismay at the final sentence, which ran thus:

The railroads have suffered severely, and the Colorado East & West, being unable to run its trains, has arranged to have the Transcontinental carry its Utah business until further notice.

"Oh, dear, dear!" Kate lamented. "Is n't that perfectly dreadful? And Tom does n't know a thing about it! What shall we do?"

"Wait a minute, and I'll see if I can't get your brother by telephone," said the young man, and he went into the hall to try. Five minutes later he came back, and Kate saw fresh anxiety and perplexity in his face.

"There is something wrong somewhere," he said gravely; "I have just learned that your brother has left town without taking his baggage or paying his hotel bill."

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE ENEMY SCORES A BULL'S-EYE.

WHEN Tom reached the village, he left the horse and buggy at the livery stable and started for the railway station. The shortest cut led him past the hotel, where the rotund landlord stood beaming on the by-passers from his doorstep.

"Hello, my boy," he called. "Where 've you been? Got you charged up with a dinner you did n't eat?"

"Out in the country," said Tom; and, failing to see that the landlord was in fun, he added: "but of course I'll pay for my dinner."

"You 'd better," declared the jocund inn-

keeper, laughing; then, as Tom was turning away: "Hold on; there 's a letter here for you," and he went in to get it.

Tom took it for granted it was for his father, but he tore it open and crammed the envelope absently into his pocket. The letter was written with a pencil, much misspelled, and quite innocent of grammar:

MR. T. JANNERGAN, esqr, DEAR SIR. They is some of us over here to Monkton that wants to jine the Utah collony. If this reeches you, you better come right over on the commodation trane this afternoon, sure, relse we 'll hav to sine over with the other feller.

Yrs in haist,
J. RUTHVEN.

Tom's nerves tingled as he read. A much more experienced person might have been pardoned for accepting the conclusion which thrust itself upon him.

This must be the party on the north shore of the lake, and "J. Ruthven," not "Rutherford," the man he was to go and see in the morning. Manville was doubtless there ahead of him, and this friendly letter was evidently intended to give his father a timely pointer. Tom's resolution was taken upon the spur of the moment.

"When does the train go to Monkton?" he demanded eagerly.

"Five-fifteen—" the landlord turned and glanced at the clock over the office desk; "she 's just about due to leave now."

Tom threw his head up, clenched his fists, and sped away in a breathless dash for the station. A short freight-train with a combination-car coupled on behind was slowly crawling out through the yard, and a young man whose face was familiar, but whom he did not recognize, stood on the platform watching it.

"Is—is that the Monkton train?" gasped Tom, swooping down upon the solitary watcher like a young whirlwind.

The young man nodded, and Tom raced on across the tracks and down the yard. He made it narrowly, with lungs and legs in the last ditch of exhaustion, and dragged himself up to the rear platform of the combination-car by a sheer effort of will.

Then another young man joined the watcher on the station platform, and the two sat down

on a conductor's box and laughed long and loud.

"I told you it would catch him," said Manville, when he could speak.

"It worked all right, but it 's a low-down trick," asserted Norton. "I wonder if he saw the item in the 'Argus'?"

"Not he; boys don't read the newspapers," Manville rejoined. "Let 's go up to the hotel and wait for developments."

When Tom found himself safely aboard of the train, and had a little recovered his breath, he congratulated himself upon his prompt decision and presence of mind, to say nothing of his prowess as a fleet sprinter. Then the conductor came in, and Tom found his pocket-book.

"Tickets!" said the official, twirling his punch.

"Did n't have time to buy one," Tom explained, opening the pocket-book and dropping one of his father's business-cards in his haste to get at the money.

The conductor picked up the card. "What 's this?" he demanded.

"It 's one of my father's cards. How much is the fare to Monkton?"

If the conductor had told him, and so given him an idea of the distance, his suspicions would have been aroused at once. But the man merely said: "Are you Tom Jarnagan's son?"

"Yes," said Tom.

The conductor promptly exceeded his authority and imperiled his official head by punching the card and putting it into his pocket.

"That 's ticket enough for you," he said; "Tom Jarnagan's boy can't pay fare on my train"; and he went about his business without further parley.

Whereupon Tom congratulated himself afresh, and the burden of self-reproach, which had been growing steadily lighter with the successes of the day, promised to disappear altogether. It really began to look as if he should be able to fend off the avalanche of disaster which his own heedlessness had set in motion, and the uplift of this conviction helped him to wear out the first hour of the slow journey without undue impatience.

But when station after station failed to answer to the name of Monkton he began to grow un-

easy. There was a farmer-like man in the next seat, and Tom asked a question:

"How far is it from Richville to Monkton?"

"'Bout forty mile by rail, I believe."

"Forty miles!" gasped Tom. "Why, I thought it was just across the lake from Richville!"

"So 't is, but 't ain't nowheres anigh the lake. Must be twelve mile or more to the head o' Samson's Bay, an' that 's the nearest."

Not once since he had read the letter fresh from the hands of Landlord Bostrick had it occurred to Tom to question its being real; but now a cavalry charge of doubts and misgivings swept down upon him and trampled him under foot, and the burden of accountability came back with an added hundredweight. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, but he made shift to ask the farmer if he was acquainted in Monkton.

"Ought to be; I've lived ther' goin' on twelve year."

"Perhaps you know a Mr. Japhet Ruthven, who is going to Utah," suggested Tom, faintly.

The farmer shook his head. "Ain't nobody o' that name in the township. Japh Rutherford lives down Hector way, but lawzee! that 's more 'n twenty mile from our place."

Tom swallowed hard, and made instant search for the letter, that he might read it again by the failing daylight. The envelope came first to hand, and an examination of the postmark settled the question. The letter had been mailed that day *in Richville*; it was neither more nor less than a decoy-letter, written by Manville and designed to send him afield while his opponent made capital out of his absence.

"Great goodness! what a wooden-headed idiot I am!" he exclaimed, when the true inwardness of Manville's ruse became apparent; and the farmer said, "Hey?"

"What time does the train go back to Richville?" demanded Tom, ignoring the query.

"Day after to-morrow."

"What! — not till then?"

"No; this is only a jerk-water branch — mixed train three times a week."

Tom groaned in spirit. "They 'll think I've been lying to them, and dare n't come to the meeting," he said tragically; then, turning to the farmer, he asked: "Can't I get somebody to drive me back from Monkton to-night?"

"Guess not; it 's too fur."

"To-morrow morning, then."

"I dunno. Ther' 's no livery at Monkton, an' 't ain't likely you 'd find anybody willin'."

"But I've got to get back before to-morrow evening, if I have to walk! I've just got to, I tell you!"

"That so? 'Mister Got-to' 's a hard man to work fer, ain't he? Well, now, if it 's that bad, let 's jus' figger on it a little. Can you han'le a skiff?"

Tom was native-born in the State of ten thousand lakes, and his ready affirmative was no idle boast.

"Ain't afeard o' the dark?"

"I should think not!"

"Well, then, I 'll tell you how you can make it to-night, if you've got to, an' don't mind consider'ble hard work. Four mile this side o' Monkton this branch crosses the Nishneganee main line. Ther' ain't no station, but the Nishne trains all stop, 'cordin' to law. You can drop off at the crossin' an' catch the night-train west. That 'll take you down this side o' the lake to Carroll Bay, an' from ther' it 's about six mile straight across to Richville."

There were contingencies, and Tom saw them, but he was in no frame of mind to stick at trifles. So he merely asked if he could be sure of getting a boat at Carroll Bay.

"I guess so. Old man Lackner lives nearest to where the train 'll stop, an' he 's got a skiff o' some kind."

The plan seemed simple enough, if the contingencies would only behave themselves, and Tom accepted it at once.

"I 'll try it," he said. "How far are we from the crossing now?"

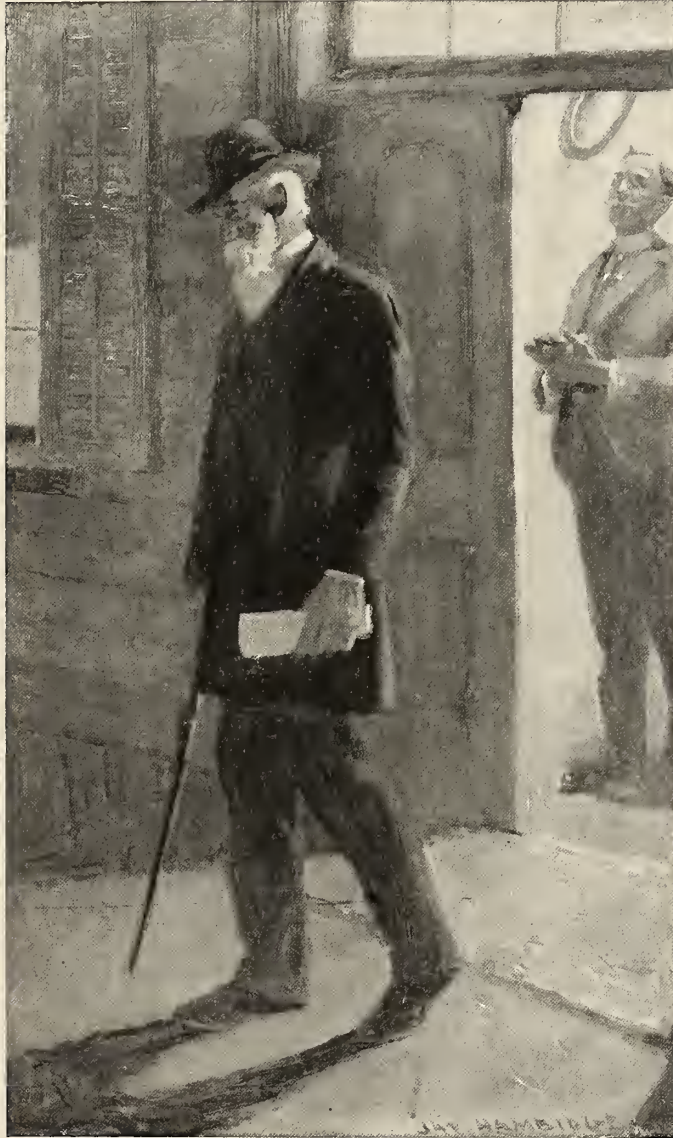
The farmer craned his head out of the window, jerking it in again when the locomotive shrieked the crossing signal.

"Well, well! we ain't no ways at all — this is it right here. Have to flax round or you 'll get carried by!"

Tom "flaxed" accordingly, and a moment later found himself standing at the crossing of two railway-tracks in the heart of a swamp, with the tail-lights of the Monkton train disappearing up a dim aisle of the forest to the northward.

"Mercy sake, what a place to wait in!"

He sat down on the end of a cross-tie and began your brother has left town without taking his a fierce battle with a cloud of mosquitos. baggage or paying his hotel bill." "And I 've got to stay here a whole hour. At the grave announcement Kate's distress



"WHEN JUDGE SLOAN WENT AWAY, MANVILLE ACCOMPANIED HIM TO THE DOOR." (SEE PAGE 899.)

Woof! these bloodthirsty things will carry me off piecemeal in half that time!"

The mosquito battle began at dusk; and at that precise moment, in the cozy parlor of The Maples, Mr. Haworth came back from the telephone to say to Kate: "There is something wrong somewhere; I have just learned that

became quite pitiful. She sat for a moment in silence. Then:

"Oh, Mr. Haworth! What do you suppose has happened?" she cried.

The young man knew what had happened, or thought he did, but he was unwilling to add to Kate's anxiety by going too abruptly into particulars. But his sister made haste to comfort Miss Jarnagan.

"I should n't worry, if I were you," she said. "You spoke of a party across the lake that your brother was to go and see in the morning. Perhaps he has heard something that made him think it was best to go at once."

The agent shook his head gravely to warn his sister that she was on the wrong track; but she did not see. Kate did, however, and she pounced upon the young man in a way to make him wish he had been frank at the outset.

"You 're keeping something back, Mr. Haworth, and that is mistaken consideration for me. Tom is my brother, and I am responsible for his being here. If you don't tell me all that I ought to know, I shall go to Richville and find out for myself."

Thus adjured, the agent stated the facts, promising himself to atone in helpfulness for what seemed like a very brutality of frankness.

"It was Bostrick, the landlord of the hotel, who answered the telephone. He thinks your brother saw that report in the 'Argus,' and ran away to dodge the necessity of explanation. He was only joking about the board bill. He says Tom registered after breakfast, and was n't at dinner, so he really does n't owe anything."

"But how did he go?" Kate persisted. "There has n't been any train north since he was here; and, besides — but there is no use guessing about it. Mr. Bostrick is altogether mistaken. Tom would n't run away, even if he felt like doing it; and, anyway, he would have come straight to me first. I suppose I have n't any reason to say it, but I can't help thinking that Mr. Manville is at the bottom of this. As matters stood at four o'clock this afternoon, it was certainly to his interest to get Tom out of the way."

"That is so," admitted the agent. "And he 's none too scrupulous when it comes to a fight for business. Wait a second, till I call up my operator."

He was back from the telephone directly, with the light of discovery in his eye.

"Your guess was just right, Miss Jarnagan. Manville and Norton were at the station while the Monkton accommodation was making up, and at the last moment your brother ran down the yard and caught the train. Then the two agents sat down on a box under the operator's window and joked each other; and Hawley heard enough of their talk to understand that they had played some kind of a trick on Tom."

Kate's eyes snapped with indignation, and Haworth was immediately at loss to decide whether Miss Jarnagan was the more attractive when she was sorrowful or when she was indignant.

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves!" she cried. "Two grown men to play tricks on a boy because they could n't beat him in a fair field! But they sha'n't beat him — not if I have to go out and take his place. When can he get back, Mr. Haworth?"

The young man looked down at his feet as if he had just discovered their existence.

"That 's the worst of it, Miss Jarnagan; the train service on the Monkton branch is tri-weekly. He can't get back till day after to-morrow."

Kate wanted to cry out in her extremity, but she did no such effeminate thing. On the contrary, she said with great coolness:

"Then Mr. Manville has succeeded in securing a change of antagonists, that is all. I don't mean to sit here and fold my hands while

father and Tom lose this party; if Tom is n't back by to-morrow forenoon, I shall take his place."

Thereupon Eleanor Haworth did a kindly act. She rose, crossed the room swiftly, and put her arm around Kate.

"You are a brave girl, and I envy you your courage," she said; "but you 'll not have to do that — we could n't think of letting you. Just tell Henry here what to do, and he 'll do it, even if he is supposed not to favor either railroad as against the other."

"Oh, thank you!" said Kate, from the bottom of her heart. "I 'm afraid I could n't do it alone, after all. But I 'd try — before I 'd let Mr. Manville beat us now."

The agent was very willing to put himself at her service, and he made haste to say so.

"Just give me my orders, Miss Kate, and I 'll be your aide-de-camp. Is there anything to be done to-night?"

Kate knitted her brows and reviewed the situation. "I think there is. This newspaper report is what will hurt us most; and since Mr. Manville has played one trick, it is quite possible that he played two. Had you thought of that?"

Haworth had not thought of it, but now he re-read the paragraph carefully, while Kate went on.

"It may be true and nothing more than a coincidence, but it seems much too lucky for him — coming just at the right time, and in just so many words, you see."

"Is n't there some way we can find out?" Eleanor inquired.

"Yes; we can wire to the general office in Kansas City."

"That 's it," said the agent. "Write your message, and I 'll take it to town and send it."

The thing was done forthwith, and the wording of the telegram was a joint effort of the trio. Kate hesitated over the signature, finally appending her father's name, with the thought that it would forestall curious comment in the C. E. & W. general office. After which, as Eleanor was going to stay all night with her aunt, her brother got his horse and drove to town.

He made good time to Richville, and went

straight to his office at the station. While he was spelling out Kate's telegram to the general passenger-agent questioning the item in the "Argus," and thinking what a pretty hand she wrote, Manville was reading the item aloud in the hotel office. When he had finished, Bostrick winked and nodded in sage approval of his own shrewdness.

"That 's what I told Haworth when he called up from The Maples a little while ago."

"What did you tell him?" Manville inquired, with his curiosity well concealed under a seeming indifference.

"That this report was what made the little Jarnagan run away as if the mischief was after him — though he was sharp enough to make believe it was a letter he received."

"Has he gone?" asked Manville, with well-feigned surprise.

"That 's what he has; took the Monkton train because that went first, I suppose."

"Well, I declare!" said Norton. "And after he 'd been all around calling a meeting for tomorrow night! That leaves you a walk-over, Manville."

So Manville thought, and so the turn of events began presently to indicate. The report of the washouts, coupled with the story of Tom's sudden flight, spread abroad in the town; and shortly after eight o'clock Judge Sloan called at the hotel and was closeted for half an hour with the two passenger-agents. When he went away, Manville accompanied him to the door.

"Yes; as you say, Judge, it was sharp, especially when he knew what chances he was taking."

"Then you think there is no doubt he came here knowing about the trouble on his line?"

"A railway company always posts its own agents first," replied Manville, evasively.

"But, in that case, I don't see why he came at all. Why should he try to get us if he knew that his line could not transport us?"

"For the credit of his father's district, of course. If he can persuade you to buy tickets over his line, it 's not his fault or his father's if the line can't carry you."

"That is only a little short of sheer dishonesty," replied the judge, shaking his head sadly. "I 'm sorry; I thought better of him; I was very much mistaken in the lad."

"Oh, well; the Transcontinental will take the best care of you," said Manville. "I 'll go out and see Simpson in the morning, and we 'll hold the meeting just the same. I 'd like to get the matter settled definitely while I 'm here. And, by the way, about those through colonist-cars: with no competition in the field, you ought not to insist upon them. Good night."

CHAPTER V.

HOW TOM TURNED SAILOR AND WAS WRECKED.

WHEN the proverb about the slow boiling of the "watched pot" was coined, it seems certain that its author had never waited somewhere in darkness and solitude for a laggard railway train.

Tom thought about it between-times, when the mosquitos permitted him to think of anything, and fancied he could construct a stronger figure of speech out of the experience of the dragging moments.

While it was light enough to distinguish the figures on its dial, he looked at his watch every two minutes. After dark each observation cost a match, and he began to wait for five minutes.

At the end of half an hour he came to his last match. As he was about to strike it he had a sudden attack of the castaway's economy, and put it away carefully against a time of greater need. Then he began to realize how very dark it was, and how solemn the silence of a swamp could be, despite the croaking of the frogs, the shriller din of the tree-toads, and the fine treble of uncounted insects.

Under such conditions inaction can hardly be borne, and he tried the "movement cure," getting up to stumble back and forth along the tracks until he missed his footing on the cross-ties and fell into a culvert. That was discouraging, and he crept back to the crossing and sat down again to fight it out with the mosquitos, and to wonder if in all the great book of the past there had ever been recorded another hour of such infinite length.

The wonder presently prompted a desire which soon grew into an overmastering temptation to use his last match in finding out how much shorter the hour had become. He with-

stood the suggestion till there was no more resistance in him, and then he said that he would count a hundred before yielding. Half-way through this brief delay he suddenly remembered that benighted travelers in stories are always able to tell the time by the sense of touch, and he stopped counting to try it.

The experiment was not a success. Try as he might to concentrate the acuteness of the other senses into that of touch, he could not tell whether it was twenty minutes to nine or a quarter to eight. The hands were nearly together, and, so far as his untrained fingers could determine, the two were of exactly the same length.

"It's no use; it's just made up, like everything else in stories," he said dismally. "I've got to light that last match, and when it's gone I'm done. I wish it were a mile long, so it would burn awhile. Wonder if I could n't piece it—" He stopped suddenly and thumped his head with his fist. "Tom Jarnagan, you have n't sense enough to last overnight! Here you sit on a tie and kick about its being dark, when there's a whole worldful of fire-wood in reach and you have a match to light it with!"

After which criticism upon himself, he felt his way down the embankment to the driest spot he could find, and made a fire—though not without many qualms when it came to the point of striking the priceless match. But the tiny point of flame survived; the dry leaves caught and passed the blaze to the twigs; and the black darkness—and with it much of the loneliness of the swamp—retreated a few paces in every direction.

"What an everlasting booby I've been, all around!" he mused, when the fire was burning briskly and the pungent smoke from a hatful of pine-cones had begun to discourage the mosquitos. "I have n't done much but blunder from one thing to the next ever since that day when I let Harry get the mail! To think of being chased away off here into the woods by a bogus letter just because I was n't sharp enough to look at the postmark! It's disgusting!"

Whereupon he kicked the fire by way of

emphasis, and climbed the embankment to lay his ear to the ground to listen if haply the train might be coming. It was not; and for another half-hour he divided the time equally between keeping up his fire and listening with his head near the rail.

At eight-thirty poor Tom's long vigil ended. First there was a fine song in the metal of the rails; then came a distant muttering as of sustained thunder—an alien note that set the air a-trembling; and then a great yellow eye flashed into view, and the engineer of the approaching train woke the echoes with the crossing signal: *rhaow! rhaow! rha-rhaow!*

Tom kicked the fire into the nearest pool, and held himself in readiness for prompt action. He knew—what every one knows who has ever attempted to board a train at a crossing—that there is no telling just where the engineer will stop. So he stood poised for a quick dash, measuring the lessening speed of the oncoming eye, and fighting a grim battle with an unnerving fear that the train would stop before it came near to him.

Fortunately, chance favored him. The big engine came to a stand just opposite the embers of the fire, and Tom's dash was but a pair of car-lengths. None the less, the wheels began to turn again while he was scrambling up the steps of the smoking-car; and before he had found a seat, the train had clanked over the crossing-frogs and was speeding away toward the northern shore of Lake Chokota.

When the conductor came through, Tom paid his fare to Carroll Bay and thought his troubles at an end,—the six-mile pull across the lake counted for nothing,—and he amused himself by picturing Manville's consternation when he should presently walk into the Richville hotel as if nothing unusual had happened.

Into the midst of this diversion came the voice of the brakeman calling his station; and Tom hastened out, once more to face the realities. A drop of rain plashed on his hand as he left the train, and he was surprised to find that the night which, fifteen miles away, had been calm and starlit was now darker than ever, with the wind rising in fitful little gusts.

There was no station at the cross-roads, but the lights of a farm-house twinkled among the

trees a few rods distant, and thither Tom made his way. A white-haired man, carrying a tall dip in an old-fashioned iron candlestick, came to the door. Tom made known his want in a single sentence, but the old man, when the sentence ended, shook his head in doubt.

"It's goin' to rain right down pretty soon," he predicted: "better stop with us overnight, an' go across in the morning."

Now, being once more fairly in sight of Richville, and within a mile or two of Japhet Rutherford, whom he would have to see in the morning, there was no good reason why Tom should refuse the kindly offer of hospitality; but it is not in human nature to do things so clearly sensible.

"I'm ever so much obliged, Mr. Lackner, but I guess I'll try it to-night, if you'll let me have your boat."

The old man demurred further: "The skiff's pretty heavy for a boy like you. S'pose you can han'le it if the wind gets up?"

"I'm not afraid," said Tom, muzzling the desire to boast of his greatest accomplishment. "Besides, I've just got to go; it's a—a matter of business, you know."

"It might be dang'rous; Chokoty gets pretty rough in some o' these summer storms," urged the farmer; but Tom was not to be daunted.

"I'll risk it, all the same, if you're not afraid to trust me with the boat," he insisted.

The old man made no further difficulties. "Just hold on till I get my hat and a lantern," he said; and Tom waited on the door-step.

A few minutes later they were standing on a rude pier at the lake-edge, and Tom was looking askance at a flat-bottomed, blunt-ended affair called by courtesy a skiff. In his imagin-

ings he had pictured himself skimming across the lake in a canoe or light boat, pulling a long, swinging "thirty" or thereabout, and making the six miles in considerably less than an hour. The misshapen bateau, with single wooden thole-pins in lieu of rowlocks, and



"THE BIG ENGINE CAME TO A STAND JUST OPPOSITE THE EMBERS OF THE FIRE."

clumsy home-made sweeps with leather loops, was quite another matter. Yet he would not reconsider, though the hospitable farmer urged him again.

"No; I'm much obliged, and you're very kind, but I'll try it," he said stoutly, paying the boat-hire and dropping aboard the bateau.

"I don't believe it 's going to rain much; and, anyway, I 've got to make it — rain or shine."

The farmer handed him the oars and shoved the bateau into clear water. "If ye 've got to, ye 've got to, I s'pose. I 'll leave the lantern down here a spell, so 't ye can have it to steer by. Good night to ye, an' good luck."

Tom shipped the heavy oars, fitted himself uncomfortably between the thwart and the foot-brace, which were too far apart, and swung the clumsy craft into line with the lantern and the lights of Richville. As he did so a sharp gust flung a dash of rain in his face, and the trees on the bay shore began to sigh ominously.

He knew then he was in for a wetting, but that was a small thing compared with the recovery of his lost ground. Without reasoning it out in so many words, he felt that the moral effect of his sudden return would be to amaze his rivals and check Manville's plans. Wherefore he disregarded the warning of the trees, and put his mind upon the management of the bateau — a task which called for all his strength and skill, and soon demanded more of both than he had.

The real difficulties began when he had worked the boat out of the landlocked bay. There was no sea on in the open lake as yet, but the wind was coming in flattening squalls saturated with rain, and the bateau spun around in the gusts as if it were on a pivot. Tom stopped rowing long enough to eke out the distant foot-brace with the forward thwart, and to strip off his coat. Then he buckled down to his work, determined to worry through, if he had to make the six miles by inches.

There was a fine sense of exhilaration in his first grapple with the wind and the lake. Tom was young and strong, with enough soldier blood in his veins to make him obstinately brave and persistent in the thick of a fight. So for a time, while the wind came only in flaws and the sea kept down, he held the stroke steadily, keeping the tiny point of light on Lackner's pier fairly astern.

Suddenly the beacon went out in a fierce gust of wind and rain, and in the lull which followed it did not reappear. At first Tom thought it had been blown out. Then he glanced over his shoulder and saw what had happened. Instead of being dead ahead, the lights of the town

were far to the westward; the bateau was drifting down the lake on the wind, in spite of all his hard work.

That was the beginning of the end. Tom flung himself upon the oars with desperate zeal, forgetting to save his strength, and succeeded only in exhausting himself in a dozen strokes. Having nothing to steer by, he soon lost the sense of direction; and when the short, choppy waves began to rise, the bateau reared and plunged and became wholly unmanageable.

Tom was but a fresh-water sailor, but he knew enough to try to keep the head of the yawing craft to the wind. The effort was successful until a thole-pin suddenly snapped short off at the gunwale, landing him on his back in the bottom of the boat, and deluging him with the crest of a wave which came aboard as the bateau fell off broadside to the wind.

After that it seemed to be only a question of moments. As if the breaking thole-pin had been a signal, the storm burst in spiteful fury. Crash upon crash of thunder roared overhead in quick succession, and the vivid play of the lightning was blinding. Tom thought it was all over with him, and clung to the thwart, waiting with what fortitude there was in him for the final plunge and the hand-to-hand struggle in the water.

He had been nearly drowned once, while learning to swim, and he remembered the sensations well enough not to fear them greatly; but it was hard to give up — to go out of life at its very beginning, leaving undone everything he had meant to do. But the cruelest thought was that he should die defeated; that, after all his hard work, the Utah colony would go by default and his repentance and efforts in his father's behalf would come to naught.

The sharp regret of it stung like a blow, goading him into a fresh struggle for life, inspired now by a stronger motive than the fear of death. Taking advantage of a momentary lull, he tugged at the remaining oar with fierce energy; and when the blast swept down again he had heaved the bateau out of the trough. The boat hung for a palpitating second on the crest of the wave, and then slid away to leeward as Tom scrambled aft with the oar.

When the slide became a hissing rush in the

darkness, breath-cutting but on an even keel, Tom's courage came back with reinforcements, and the fear of death receded. By taking a purchase on the angle of the stern he found he could keep the bateau before the gale with the single oar. He knew little of the size of the lake, and still less of its contour; but he doubted not he should shortly be flung ashore, and he prayed earnestly that it might be upon a shelving beach.

Without being able to gage it, he felt that the speed of the drifting bateau was something terrific; and, rather sooner than he had expected, the fact was rudely demonstrated. A black wall of forest rose up suddenly out of the duller darkness of the night; a smother of foam churned over the uptilted bow of the bateau; there was the crash and shock of a collision in mid-career; and Tom was flung upon the beach as if both the lake and the boat were sick of him.

He was on his feet in a moment, sore and bruised as to body and limb, but thankful to his finger-tips. The bateau had gone out with the receding wave, but it was cast up again on the next, and Tom seized and ran it ashore on the lift of the billow. Then he found his coat and set out to seek for shelter, wet, miserable, and bedraggled as any shipwrecked mariner, yet filled with such a fine glow of gratitude for his deliverance that discomforts went unnoticed.

A hundred yards from the bellowing lake he came to a road with a cultivated field beyond it. And a few paces along the road brought him to a farm-house, guarded by a vociferous dog. He made friends with the dog without any trouble, but he was afraid to approach the house unannounced; wherefore he stood at the gate and yelled until a light appeared at a window. Then the door opened, and some one called out in broken English to ask what was wanted.

Tom came up, patting the dog; and the man at the door seemed to accept this friendly overture with some displeasure.

"Aye bane gone to sell dat dawg," he said calmly. "Aye tank hay 's make oop vid anybody."

Tom laughed, wet and miserable as he was. Then he told his plight, and asked for shelter and something to eat. The man at the door listened patiently; and when he was assured

that Tom was a fellow-Christian in distress, and no vagrant, he nodded hospitably.

"Coom en da house," he said; "Aye tank you bane havin' poorty hard taim. Vait a meenut; Aye 'll make oop da faire."

In a few minutes Tom's wet clothes were steaming on the backs of two chairs before a roaring fire in the kitchen stove; and Tom himself, girt about with a quilt for the lack of more fitting apparel, was devouring a past-due supper, and telling his host as much as he had a right to know about the adventures of the day and evening.

"Den you bane vaerkin' feer da East-Vest Railroad?" queried the farmer, slowly. "Aye laik to know dat; Aye bane gone 'long vid da peoples, too."

"Are you?" said Tom, between mouthfuls. "Has Mr. Olestrom told you about the meeting for to-morrow night?"

The man wagged his head. "Aye tank Jan Olestrom bane gone da odder vay. Aye bane poorty sure 'bout dat."

"What makes you think so?" queried Tom. "I saw him this afternoon, but he would n't talk."

The farmer nodded solemnly and looked as non-committal as only an uneducated Scandinavian can.

"Aye know; hees vife bane talkin' to may vife. Da odder maens bane gifin' heem free da — da *biljet*."

"A free ticket? a pass, you mean —" A sudden light broke in upon Tom, and what Olestrom had said to him was fully accounted for. "Mr. Manville has given him a pass so that he 'll take his friends over the Transcontinental; is that what you mean? I should n't think you 'd like that."

"Aye don't; en da odder maens dey don't laik it, too, ven dey faind out."

"Good," said Tom, twice thankful for the ill wind which had blown him to this timely discovery. "Will you help me to get your friends to go our way?"

The farmer promised, conditionally. If Aaron Simpson was for the Colorado East & West, he would go that way, and would tell his compatriots about the Olestrom bribe. That was enough for Tom; and when he had

finished his supper, Olaf Petersen gave him the guest-room with its plethoric feather-bed and eider-down quilts, and bade him good night, with a promise to bring him his dried clothes in the morning.

They breakfasted early at the Petersens',

tow the bateau back to Carroll Bay, and set out afoot for Simpson's, whither Petersen promised to follow him a little later.

Simpson was properly surprised to see the young passenger-agent so early in the morning; but his surprise turned to honest indignation when Tom told his story.

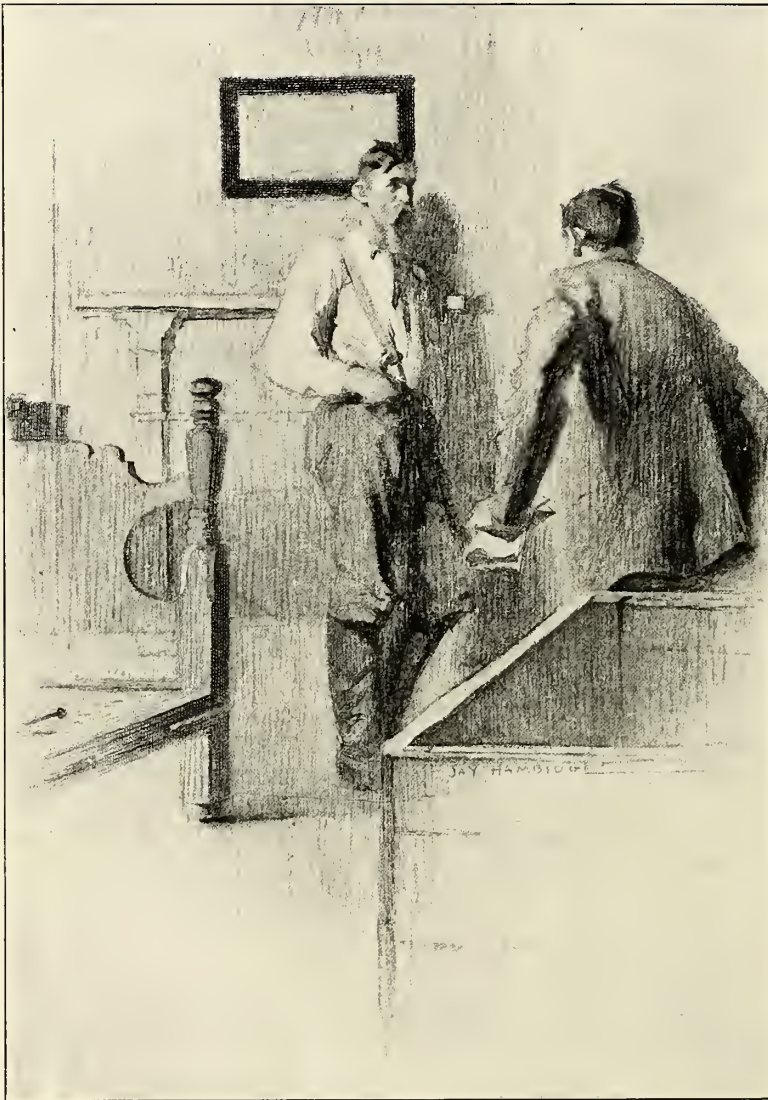
"The ornery rascal!" he declared, "playin' a scampin' trick like that on a boy! That settles Manville now, I tell you. Why, you might have been drowned in the lake, for what he cared."

Tom laughingly explained that Manville was not responsible for anything more than the decoy letter; and then they began to plan as to the best way to take advantage of the Olestrom bribe. In the midst of the talk the frontgate clanged. Tom looked out and saw a horse and buggy in the road, and a man with a newspaper in his hand coming up the walk.

"There's Mr. Manville now!" he exclaimed. "He must n't find me here — where shall I go?"

Mr. Aaron Simpson smiled grimly as he pointed to the door of the adjoining room.

"Just you slip in there and leave the door jarred open a lit-



"MR. SIMPSON! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT THE BOY IS DROWNED!"

and at table Tom learned — what he had not thought to ask the previous night — that he had been shipwrecked two miles beyond Aaron Simpson's.

After breakfast he hired Petersen's son to

take grain," he said, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps you'd like to hear what I have to say to our friend Manville. If I'm not mistaken, I'm goin' to have some fun with that young feller."

CHAPTER VI.

HOW MR. MANVILLE LAUGHED AT TOM'S
EXPENSE.

MR. CHARLES MANVILLE came up the walk jauntily, like a man who is on good terms with himself and with the world at large. It was a fresh, clean morning after the storm, and he had keenly enjoyed the early drive from town. Aaron Simpson met him at the door with a gruff "Good morning," and led the way to the dismantled sitting-room.

"Fine morning, Mr. Simpson," Manville began, seating himself on the edge of a half-filled packing-case. "Getting ready for the journey, are you?"

The farmer said "Yes," rather crustily.

"Sold off all your stock?"

"'Bout all I ain't goin' to take along."

Manville had not expected a very warm welcome at the hands of Jarnagan's outspoken friend; but as Simpson's manner was so plainly antagonistic, he thought it best to come at once to the business affair.

"I know you're Jarnagan's friend, Mr. Simpson, but you must n't let that fact prejudice you. Nobody thinks more of Mr. Jarnagan, personally, than I do; though, of course, we're always at war in a business way. I mention this because I came out this morning at Judge Sloan's special request to bring you a bit of news which changes the situation very materially."

The farmer nodded, and Manville went on:

"There have been heavy storms in the West, and it says in the paper Jarnagan's road is in trouble. I had preferred not to use this as an argument, simply because accidents are liable to happen on any line."

"Don't beat the bushes," said Simpson, briefly.

"I sha'n't. Since it's in the newspaper, it is public property and I am free to use it. The paper says the Colorado East & West is tied up with washouts, and that our line has been requested to carry the Utah business until further notice."

There was a slight noise in the adjoining room, but Manville did not remark it. Aaron Simpson thrust out his jaw and, looking Man-

ville in the eye, said an impolite thing: "I don't believe it."

Manville was suavity itself. "Naturally; I don't blame you. It seems too well-timed. But I brought the paper so you could see for yourself."

The farmer took the paper, adjusted his spectacles, and read the report with wooden impassiveness.

"Is that your news?" he demanded, frowning at the young man over his glasses.

"Yes."

"Got to go your way, whether we want to or not?"

"I'm afraid that's about the size of it."

Simpson returned the "Argus." "That's just where you're a leetle grain mistaken, Mr. Manville. Me and my crowd 'll wait till t' other road's fixed up."

"But, Mr. Simpson—"

"Hold up a minute and let me talk awhile. Maybe I can show you why some of us people would n't ride over your road, even on free passes," interrupted the farmer. "Yesterd'y you fixed up a trick to run Mr. Jarnager's boy off to Monkton, so's to get him out of your way. Don't you deny it, because I know you did. Well, that boy rid and tramped his way back to the head o' Carroll Bay last night, and took old man Lackner's skiff to row over to Richville just as the storm was comin' up. This morning the boat turns up two mile below here, half full o' water, one oarlock busted and the oar gone. I want to know who's responsible."

Manville came down from his perch on the packing-case as if it had been suddenly electrified. "Good heavens, Mr. Simpson! you don't mean to say that the boy is drowned!"

"Figger it out for yourself," said the farmer, coolly.

But Manville was too genuinely shocked to do anything of the sort, or even to reflect that Aaron Simpson knew that which could have been told him only by Tom himself. Snatching his hat, he fled without another word; and when Tom burst into the sitting-room, Manville's buggy was a vanishing-point on the shore road.

Aaron Simpson was chuckling softly in his beard; but Tom was too much excited by what he had heard to appreciate that Manville had been caught by his own trick.

"Where 's that paper, Mr. Simpson?" he gasped.

"I gave it back to him after I 'd read it."

"Did it say what he said — that our road 's washed out?" demanded Tom.

"That 's what it said."

Tom groaned. "Then we 're done up, after all! Did anybody ever see such luck as I have had?"

That was the serious side of the matter, and Farmer Simpson had not yet taken time to consider it.

"That 's a fact," he said reflectively. "It 's going to everlastedly bust the thing up for you, ain't it? As I told him, some of us 'd wait; but I 'm mortally afeard most of 'em won't. What 's the first thing to do about it?"

"Telegraph and find out for sure," said Tom, promptly; and, having answered the question, a side-light on the joke flashed upon him like an unexpected flare of lightning.

"Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed. "There 's another thing we have n't thought of. *Now* Mr. Manville thinks I 'm drowned, and he 'll give the alarm as he goes. It 'll scare my sister half to death!"

Then Aaron Simpson saw what he had done, and made a dash for the barn, calling to Tom to follow.

"There ain't no fool like an old fool, Tommy; don't you ever forget that!" he ejaculated, flinging the harness on a sleek young sorrel, and hauling the horse out to a sulky in the yard by main strength. "Get in quick, and drive like Jehu! When you 've got that story headed off, just keep the sorrel to do your runnin' round with. I 'll see to Olestrom and the Swedes; we won't give up till we find out for sure about the washouts. Off you go!"

The sorrel was fresh and the sulky weighed next to nothing, so Tom made racing speed to The Maples. Manville had been there before him and raised the hue and cry; but, fortunately, the report had not yet come to Kate's ears. She was just coming downstairs with Eleanor Haworth when Tom drove up; so they heard the story of his drowning and met Tom himself at the same moment.

"I think Mr. Simpson did just right," said Kate, vindictively. "Mr. Manville needed

shocking, if any one ever did. You poor boy! what a time you have had!"

But it was hardship past, and Tom made light of it. Moreover, he was generous enough to charge the adventure to his gullibility first and his rashness afterward. Then the girls went in to breakfast, and Tom sat with them and exchanged news with his sister.

"I 'm glad you wired last night," he said, when Kate told him what had been done. "The more I think of it, the more it looks just like a put-up job. We ought to get an answer from Mr. Barnes this morning."

"You can't do much till we do, can you?" Kate asked.

"No; the way the thing stands now, I have n't anything to say."

"Even if your general passenger-agent denies the report, you 'll have your work all to do over again, won't you?" said Eleanor Haworth.

"Every last bit of it; but I can't make a move till I have his telegram to show."

At that moment Mrs. Cartwright came in with a letter addressed to Eleanor.

"A boy came out with Henry's buckboard, and he is waiting to take back an answer," she explained.

Eleanor opened the envelope, and a telegram fell out. The note of inclosure was from her brother, and she read it aloud:

Message for Miss Jarnagan herewith. Been trying all morning to get you by 'phone, but the wire is n't working. Manville has just come in from somewhere down the lake with the story that Tom was drowned last night trying to get back to Richville. Break it gently to his sister, and don't take it for granted until we have better proof.

With Tom sitting opposite, alive and well, they could afford to laugh at the alarm; but Kate quickly saw direful possibilities of a wider range.

"Mercy on us! He 'll get it on the wires next, and mother and father will hear of it and go wild. Write your brother quick, and tell him to stop the story before it gets out of Richville."

The thing was done in a twinkling, and the messenger was despatched, with a liberal tip to purchase celerity. Not till that was done did any of them remember the telegram. It was

from General Passenger-Agent Barnes, and it said:

No truth in rumor. Our trains are running regularly and on time. Contradict in special edition of newspaper, if necessary, at our expense. Have asked general passenger-agent of Transcontinental to wire denial to Agent Haworth.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, waving the telegram over his head jubilantly. "That settles it. Now watch Tom Jarnagan, Junior, go out and tie Mr. Manville up in a hard knot!"

"Keep cool, Tom," said his sister, warningly; "remember your weakness, and go slowly. You have all day before you, and, for pity's sake, don't do anything rash. Everything depends upon you now."

"And the horse," amended Tom. "Mr. Simpson let me take his colt for the day, and, I tell you, he's a flier."

Not to lose any precious time, he made preparations to begin the recanvass at once, and Kate and Eleanor went to the gate with him.

"Be careful," was Kate's final admonition. "Keep in communication with Mr. Haworth or me, and don't fall into any more traps."

Tom promised, and drove first to Aaron Simpson's, to show his telegram and to start the ball in motion from that center. Petersen had been over, and Simpson started out to make the round of the neighborhood.

Then Tom drove to Japhet Rutherford's, and, inasmuch as the conflicting reports had not reached that neighborhood, he had no difficulty in arranging for the presence of the other section of the colony at the proposed meeting. That done, he returned to Richville, astounded the jovial landlord at the hotel by turning up as if nothing unusual had happened, and then went to Judge Sloan's.

His reception was not altogether what he thought he had a right to expect. The judge listened — rather doubtingly, Tom fancied — to the story of the decoy letter, read the telegram without comment, and was silent for a full minute after Tom had concluded.

"I'm sorry for you, my boy," he began, at length. "You ought to have stayed here and faced the thing out. I could have told you there were no members of the party in Monk-

ton. As to this report and its contradiction, you need n't feel hurt if I say that it's a little difficult for us to know what to believe."

"But there is Mr. Barnes's telegram!" protested Tom, to whom everything with a general office signature was law and gospel.

"Yes, I know — or what purports to be; but you must remember that I don't know Mr. Barnes, nor by what means this message was procured. If Mr. Manville's superior confirms it, that will settle the question beyond doubt. I know it's hard for you to admit any point of view but your own; but to us" — he emphasized the plural — "it appears to be a question of veracity, with the weight of evidence on the side of a report in a newspaper which can scarcely favor either party."

Tom could scarcely credit his senses. Was this the kindly gentleman who had so encouraged him only twenty-four hours before?

"Why, Judge Sloan, don't you see that Mr. Manville's at the bottom of it all?" he burst out.

"No, I do not. That is a very grave charge, involving the editor of our paper. I can't entertain it."

Tom turned away with a heartache. He was untrained to bear rebuffs; and he was learning that the way to repentance with restitution is likely to be cruelly hard. He stayed to ask but a single question:

"Judge Sloan, have you promised Mr. Manville to go over his road?"

The judge's reply was ambiguous: "As the matter stands at present, I know of no other way to reach our destination. We shall hold our meeting, as arranged; if you have anything further to say, you should say it there."

Tom left the judge's office with his head in a whirl and the burden of accountability weighing little less than a ton. Yet he would not give up until he had made the whole weary round again, or as much of it as he could make in what was left of the day.

When that was done, and he had talked with every man, he knew he was defeated. As between his story, certified by the telegram, and the single sentence in the "Argus," there seemed to be no question whatever. He found his arguments met and even forestalled

in a way which would have made an experienced agent suspicious at once.

As a matter of fact, Manville, upon discovering that he was not guilty of having caused Tom's drowning, had thrown himself into the railway fight with renewed vigor, timing his movements so as to keep just ahead of Simpson's sorrel and the sulky. At the very beginning of the canvass, he shrewdly doubled back, and, by re-interviewing a member of the party whom Tom had just visited, learned exactly what Tom was doing. After that, he was able to fortify his position with the others at precisely the point which Tom would attack.

So successful was this manœuvre that it prevailed even with the greater number of Aaron Simpson's followers, and before evening Tom's staunch friend found himself holding out almost alone. Tom met him late in the afternoon at the house of one of the colonists, and, after a comfortless conference, drove back to town, too dejected to see a gleam of hope on any horizon.

More than once he caught himself wishing that he might turn back the years to a time when it would have been something less than disgraceful to wash away his troubles in a manner peculiar to small boys and to girls of all ages. Since it was too late to do that, he tried to put a brave face on it, and upon his arrival in town went to the railway station to see Mr. Haworth.

"No wire yet, I suppose," he said, when the agent admitted him to the office.

"No; and I'm afraid we're not going to get it in time," replied Haworth.

"I don't see why it should take so long."

"Don't you? I do. Mr. Barnes has asked the Transcontinental to contradict a report which is favorable to its business. Manville's general passenger-agent suspects the true origin of the report; and while Mr. Barnes can compel him to admit that he has no authority to carry East & West business, he will naturally delay the denial as long as he can, so as to give his man time to secure the party."

"It does n't matter much," rejoined Tom, dejectedly. "I've been all around and talked with everybody, and I don't believe I could get the party now if I had forty telegrams."

"Oh, I should n't give up yet, by any means; you may come out all right in the end."

"No, I sha'n't; and you would n't think so if you 'd been through what I have to-day. Why, everybody has gone back on me but Mr. Simpson. Even Judge Sloan won't have anything more to do with me."

"Don't you worry about the judge. His strong point is even-handed justice. If we can once make him understand that you've been unfairly treated, he'll fight for you to the finish. I've known Judge Sloan all my life."

"I wish my father were here!" said Tom.

"So do I."

Tom's eyes sought the floor. "Do you know why he is n't here?"

"Yes; your sister told me last night."

"Then you know why I've tried so hard to make this thing go. And now to be—to be—" He thrust his hands into his pockets with nervous vehemence and turned to the window.

The agent was considerate enough to turn his back; and when he spoke he led the talk back into the practical channel.

"You're not offering to carry any of the leaders free, are you?" he asked.

"Of course not; I have no authority."

"Manville is."

"I know it; he has given Olestrom a pass."

"Yes, and offered one to Judge Sloan. The judge would n't take it."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. Hawley, my operator, overheard Manville telling Norton about it." The agent put his books into the safe and turned the knob of the combination. "What's the programme for to-night? Of course you'll go to the meeting?"

"Oh, yes; I'll go to punish myself—that's all it will amount to now," said Tom.

"Well, your sister and mine wish to go, too," Haworth continued, ignoring the discouragement in Tom's reply. "Supposing you drive out to The Maples for supper, and then go on from there with them."

Tom agreed,—he would have agreed to anything just then,—and asked if the agent would be at the meeting.

"Not unless the message we want comes before six-thirty. When I go to supper, I'll get my horse and bring him down. Then, if it comes at the last minute, I'll get it to you as quick as 'Bucephalus' can cover the road."

"Oh, thank you—*thank* you!" said Tom, out of a full heart. "Some people are a good deal kinder to me than I deserve." And he left the office before he should be tempted beyond what he could bear.

At the supper-table he told Kate and Eleanor all that had befallen, and so did not have to account otherwise for his lack of appetite. Kate began to condole with him, as her sympathy prompted; but when she saw how perilously near he was to the brink of things, she changed front quickly, and rallied him mercilessly upon his unsuccess. Eleanor Haworth thought it needlessly cruel, though she forebore to say so; but Kate knew her brother. By the time the trio set out to walk to the school-house, Tom had crept far enough back from the brink to take his defeat with a certain measure of philosophy.

As they were going out at the gate, a smart buggy went by, with Manville driving and Judge Sloan occupying the other half of the narrow seat.

"That settles it," said Tom, ruefully; "he's got them, horse, foot, and artillery. Come on; let's go to the funeral—it's mine."

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.

"THAT was 'Jarnagan, Junior,' was n't it?" said Manville to the judge, when they had driven past The Maples.

"Mr. Jarnagan's son, yes." Judge Sloan was opposed to flippancy in any guise.

Manville took his cue. "He's a bright little chap. Pity to spoil him in the passenger-business; it is an unscrupulous trade."

"It certainly seems to be," said the judge.

The ready assent was rather more than Manville had bargained for, so he tried to put in a defense.

"That is, in a general way. The temptations are pretty sharp. It's so much easier to tell people what they want to be told than to tell them the exact truth, you know."

But the judge was not in sympathy with any such view of things. "I don't agree with you," he said curtly. "Your business is much like any other: it is what you make it. And the

exact truth is not only right: it is also expedient, in the long run."

Manville bit his lip and inwardly resented what he was pleased to call the judge's "high-and-mighty tone." Then he tried to say something which should be quite harmless and agreeable.

"I wonder if the boy will be at the meeting?"

"Inasmuch as he took the trouble to call it, and risked drowning in the lake to get back in time for it, I should suppose he would."

"I did n't know," rejoined the passenger-agent, with a final effort to be soothing and deferential. "The way the matter shapes up now, it would seem to be a waste of time, would n't it?"

They were nearing the school-house, and Judge Sloan spoke his mind freely:

"Don't take too much for granted, Mr. Manville. So far as I am concerned, you are both on trial. There is a very reprehensible question of trickery up between you; and our decision, so far as I may be able to influence it, will seek to vindicate the truth."

Manville turned his horse aside into a grove of oak saplings, and sprang out with the hitching-strap.

"You forget the present condition of Jarnagan's line, don't you, Judge?" he said.

"I forget nothing. If the lad can disprove your statements, that objection disappears. In that case, I can assure you there are not ten persons in the party who would go with you under any circumstances."

"But if he can't disprove them?"

"Then you have nothing to fear. If, as you intimated last night, the boy came here to solicit us merely to get the credit of selling the tickets over his line, knowing that the C. E. & W. could not transport us, then it will be the worse for him, and for his father's business-standing in this locality—that's all."

The judge crossed the road to the school-house, where the colonists were already filling the benches, leaving the passenger-agent in an unenviable frame of mind. An investigation was the last thing Manville desired, and he hitched and unhitched the horse several times while trying to make up his mind whether to advance or retreat. In the meantime Tom

came up with his sister and Miss Haworth, and a glance at his youthful opponent decided Manville.

"By George! it won't do to be bluffed out by a boy this late in the day," he muttered, hitching the horse again. "I'd never hear the last of it as long as I live. If the old man'll only hold that telegram back; or if Norty can manage to delay it—" He crossed the road and followed Tom into the school-house.

The little square room was well filled when Tom found seats near the door for his companions and himself. Judge Sloan and a committee, of which Aaron Simpson was the chairman, occupied seats on the teacher's platform; and when Manville entered he walked boldly up the aisle and took a vacant chair beside them.

Then the murmur of voices was hushed and the meeting grew formal while the judge's eyes sought and found Tom in his retirement near the door. Tom had a swift premonition of what was coming, and tried to make himself as small as possible. It was useless. The judge whispered to Simpson, and the farmer came down the aisle.

"Come on," he said, in a whisper which sounded like a shout in Tom's ears; "time's up."

"Oh, Mr. Simpson, I can't!" he said desperately, with fiery face and twitching nerves. "There is n't anything more for me to say. Please don't make me go!"

But Simpson was inexorable, and Kate added a needle-pointed taunt of exactly the right degree of penetration; and Tom was led away like a sheep to the slaughter. When he reached the platform and sat down facing the terrible battery of more than two hundred human eyes, the room spun around, and the kerosene lamps, brought in for the occasion by the neighbors, lurched and flickered in a most distressing manner. When the buzzing in his ears permitted him to hear ordinary sounds, the judge was speaking:

"Mr. Jeffrey, will you come and take a chair with us on the platform?"

A young man rose and went forward; and Kate turned to her companion to whisper:

"Who is he?"

"The editor of the 'Argus.' I wonder if—"

But at that moment the judge called the meeting to order and said:

"The object of this meeting, as you know, is the selection of the route over which our colony will go to Utah. The question has been thoroughly discussed; but, in order that there may be no dissatisfaction, it is thought best that we decide as a body to patronize the line which is acceptable to the majority.

"So far as I can see, the advantages offered by the competing railways are fairly equal; but, to the end that we may compare them, Mr. Manville is here to present the claims of the Transcontinental line; and young Mr. Jarnagan, acting for his father, will do as much for the Colorado East & West."

The judge paused as if about to call on one or the other, but if that were his intention he changed his mind and went on:

"Before opening the discussion, I think it is my duty to call attention to a question of right and wrong which seems to be involved. In the strife to secure our patronage, serious charges and countercharges of unfairness have been made. I hope these may be disproved on one side or the other; and I believe you all will agree with me that we should take this question into account in making our decision.

"Mr. Manville, you were first on the ground; let us hear what you have to say."

During these moments Tom was in an agony of "stage-fright"; but when he heard his reprieve he began to breathe again.

Manville rose, gripped the back of his chair, and slid into his speech with an easy air of self-confidence that made Tom sick with envy. He began by describing the advantages of his line, touching lightly upon the inevitable discomforts of the long journey, and deftly avoiding all mention of untimely changes of cars and bad connections.

Tom listened despairingly, but at the end of fifteen minutes began to cherish the hope that his opponent was not going to say anything about the reported trouble on the C. E. & W. But Manville, who was making a very good case for himself as it was, could not let well enough alone. In concluding, he said:

"I have gone into details merely to show that we have claims which entitle us to consid-

eration against any competing line; but, as a matter of fact, at the present time we have no competitor. You all have seen in your newspaper the statement that the only other line by which you could reach your destination is blocked by washouts; and that being so, if you should buy your tickets over it — as my young friend here would be glad to have you do for the credit of his father's district — you still could not avoid the necessity of going over the Transcontinental Railway."

He sat down, and a buzz of comment ran through the assembly. Then some one asked:

"D' you mean to say if we bought tickets over the Coloraydo road they would n't be any good?"

Manville hesitated. He was playing a hazardous game, as he well knew, but he had gone too far to retreat.

"Oh, no; not that. The paper says we are authorized to carry East & West Utah passengers — people holding tickets reading over that line. But as long as you have to use our line, I don't see why you should n't buy over it. That 's the point I 'm trying to make."

Then one of Simpson's friends stood up in his place near the door:

"That 's what you say, but the boy says ther' ain't any washouts — says he 's telegraphed to his comp'ny, an' they say it 's no such a thing."

Manville shrugged his shoulders. "You 'd hardly expect any one interested to admit the fact. That would be a surrender in advance."

Tom had been dreading the moment when his turn should come, but now he began to be eager for it. The cool assumption of his opponent inspired him with courage of the sort which does not come at the beck of reason. If that man could stand up and tell plausible falsehoods without tripping, he would presently show them that he could do as well with the truth, at any rate.

"If there are no more questions, we will hear what Mr. Jarnagan has to say," said the judge; and Tom set his teeth and tried hard to keep his knees from knocking together.

The air in the room was very close; and while the moderator waited, Simpson, who was sitting directly behind Tom, got up to raise the

window at his back; and Manville shifted his chair and opened the back door.

Then some one called, "Jarnagan! Speech!" and the cry was taken up and passed about.

Tom was almost helpless with embarrassment, but he struggled to his feet when the judge signaled him. As he pushed back his chair, some one behind him slipped a folded paper into his hand.

Now, "stage-fright" is a curious malady, and one of its effects is to make one oblivious to everything except a sea of Medusa-like faces, bounded by wavering shores of walls and ceiling; and seeing these things, Tom clutched the bit of paper and forgot he had it, all in the same instant. When the faces became a little less terrifying, and the walls assumed their proper places, he found his tongue.

"I did n't come here to make a speech," he began. "As far as that goes, I could n't if I wanted to ever so much — I don't know how. When I got back to Richville this afternoon I was pretty badly discouraged, and thought I would n't come at all — it seemed as if it would n't be of any use.

"But I 'm glad now I did come. I 've found out why so many of you did n't seem to have any use for me to-day. You believed that story about the washouts; and you thought I knew, and was just trying to get you to buy tickets our way, anyhow.

"I did n't know, and maybe I can prove it; but first I want to tell you some things that Mr. Manville left out. He told you what he 'd do for you if you go his way; but he forgot to tell you that he gave Mr. Olestrom a free pass for promising to take all the Scandinavian colonists over his line. Now, I don't think that 's quite fair to the rest of you; and, anyway, I thought you 'd like to know —"

Manville interrupted angrily: "Judge Sloan, I object! There is n't a shadow of proof —"

A plain-looking woman rose in the knot of Scandinavians on the front seats and said deliberately:

"Aye can prove dat; Aye bane see dat maeself. Jan Olestrom's wife she show him to mae — *ja!*"

The woman sat down, and Tom continued: "That 's one thing. Another is, he offered

Judge Sloan a pass, and the judge would n't take it. Is n't that so, Judge Sloan?" — turning suddenly and appealing to the moderator.

For a second or two the audience grappled with the boyish daring of the thing, and then a shout of laughter went up that made the horses snort in the grove across the road. Even the moderator was constrained to smile, though he rapped smartly for order. Manville colored, but made no other sign; and when quiet was restored, Tom began again:

"Now, about that report in the newspaper. I don't know who started it, and I don't care. Our general passenger-agent says it is n't true, and that's all there is of it. He wired me this morning to get out a special edition of the 'Argus' to contradict it, if I wished to, and I'd have done it if there'd been time. More than that, he said he'd have Mr. Manville's general passenger-agent deny it to Mr. Haworth, so you'd know it was all straight and fair, and—"

He was leaning heavily on the back of his chair, and just at this point Aaron Simpson, whose foot was on one of the rounds, did something that made Tom lose his balance. The farmer caught him neatly and stood him up again, and the audience thought it was an accident and laughed.

In the moment of confusion Simpson whispered: "Why don't you read 'em your despatch? I gave it to you when you first got up."

Tom came to his senses and opened the square of yellow paper which he had been nervously crumpling in his free hand. A glance showed him what it was, and he took up the thread of his speech with a flash of his father's quick wit:

"As I was saying, Mr. Manville's general passenger-agent was to wire Mr. Haworth and deny the report, and here is his telegram."

Manville started to his feet at this, and no one noticed that he did not sit down again when Tom began to read:

"TO H. HAWORTH, AGENT W. & I. R. R.,
RICHVILLE, WISCONSIN.

"We have not been requested to honor Colorado East & West tickets, and know nothing of the reported blockade referred to by Mr. Barnes.

"F. XAVIER,

"G. P. A., Transcontinental Railway."

Somebody started a shout of applause, and again the little school-house rocked and the

horses snorted in sympathy. When the storm subsided, Manville had disappeared. Aaron Simpson went to close the back door.

"Ain't nobody else going to run away," he said dryly, whereat the people laughed again.

Tom sat down, and the editor whispered to Judge Sloan, who rapped for silence.

"Mr. Jeffrey has a word to say," he announced, and the editor rose in his place.

"Just a word and no more. Our friend who has just left us so unceremoniously was responsible for the railway part of the report in the 'Argus.' He gave me the information, and I supposed, of course, it was official. I came here this evening for the express purpose of telling you this if it should seem necessary."

He bowed and sat down, and the judge glanced at his watch. "I think we've found out what we wanted to, neighbors, and it's getting late. All in favor of contracting with this young man's road, please stand up."

The assembly rose as one person.

"All in favor of taking the other route."

Nobody responded.

"Very good. Nominate your trustee, and we'll make the deposit, as agreed."

The judge himself was nominated, and elected by acclamation, and the business part of the affair was put through so speedily that Tom could scarcely count the money as fast as it was handed in. The judge had the contract drawn up in blank; and when it was signed and witnessed, the meeting adjourned.

Many of the colonists had far to go, and the school-house cleared quickly, though a few remained to congratulate Tom. Into the circle of well-wishers came Haworth, with Kate and his sister.

"I'll bet you don't know yet where that message came from," he said, laughing at Tom's embarrassment.

"No, I don't," said Tom.

"I brought it out, as I said I would; and when I looked in at the door and saw how the land lay, I slipped around to that window and gave it to Mr. Simpson here. I thought you were never going to spring it."

"I did n't have sense enough to do it of my own accord. Mr. Simpson kicked the chair from under me, and told me," Tom admitted.

"Well, I had a time getting it here. Norton stayed downtown on purpose to delay me, and I pretty nearly had to fight to get away from him." Mr. Simpson's letter came two days before you started from St. Paul. I let Harry Bramwell get the mail that day, and he forgot it, and so

"It is a complete vindication for you, my boy, and I'm right glad of it," said the judge. "Manville very nearly made me believe that I was mistaken in you."

"I know it," said Tom, "and that hurt worse than anything else; but it's all right now."

Kate was waiting for her chance at Tom when the rattling of wheels and the quick beat of a horse's hoofs announced a new arrival. The new-comer thrust his face in at the door, and Kate ran to meet him with a little cry of joyful surprise. A moment later Mr. Thomas Jarnagan came up with his daughter on his arm.

"You're too late," laughed the judge, shaking hands heartily with the passenger-agent, who looked from one to another of the group and tried not to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"I—I don't understand," he said. "What—you here, too, Tom?—you here, too, Tom? Where is the rest of the family?"

Everybody laughed, and Simpson hastened to explain—a proceeding which made Tom hang his head for sheer shame's sake when the farmer magnified his triumph. Then the judge put in his word, and Kate added hers, and the father was visibly moved.

"Tom, my boy, I'm proud of you," he began; but Tom could stand no more.

"Don't!" he broke in. "Wait till I tell you.

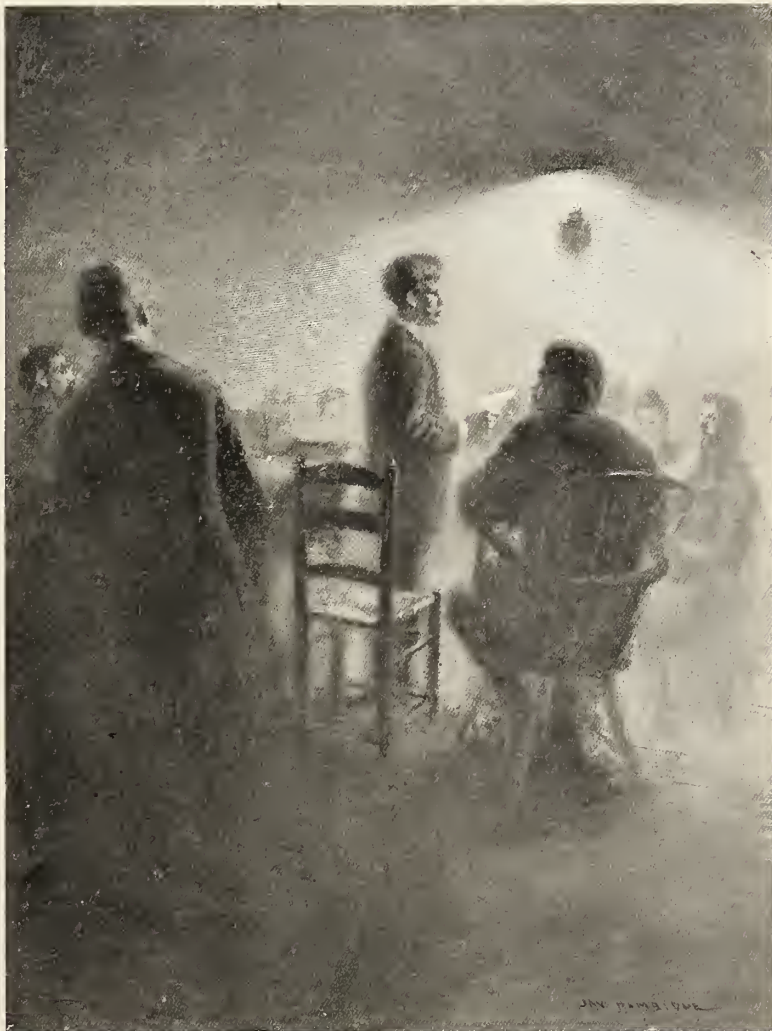
did I. Then I found Mr. Cargill, and he could n't come."

"He wired me he could n't, and that is what brought me back," Mr. Jarnagan explained.

"And then Kate made me see I'd have to tackle it myself or be disgraced forever," Tom went on. "But I never would have got the party if everybody had n't helped me, and Kate most of all."

The judge put his hand on Tom's shoulder.

"This putting the blame where it belongs



"'HERE,' SAID TOM, 'IS HIS TELEGRAM.'"

is n't the least praiseworthy thing you 've done in the last two days," he said, with kindly emphasis; "and I think you have learned something, too. A bit of carelessness is sometimes like a match dropped on dry prairie, and you 've been finding out what it costs to put out the fire after it has time to make headway."

The neighborhood lamps had all been reclaimed save one, and Simpson was holding that to light the group to the door. In the road the party separated, Judge Sloan and

Mr. Haworth driving to town in the agent's buggy with Mr. Jarnagan's horse in tow, and the passenger-agent walking to The Maples with Kate and Tom and Eleanor.

That was the beginning of a lasting friendship between the Jarnagans and the Haworths, and it led to—but that was a long time afterward, when Henry Haworth had a general agency for the W. & I., and Tom had made a record of his own to give individual value to the name "Tom Jarnagan, Junior."

THE LITTLE MAID OF THE BEACH.

BY FLORENCE FRANCIS.

It was one of those bright, cloudless mornings in the middle of July when the sky and sea seem rivaling each other in their depth of blue, and the gleaming sand, not to be outdone by the gorgeous coloring about it, fairly flashes defiance from its dazzling whiteness.

A little girl sat on the edge of an up-turned fishing-boat, carefully mending a large net, which spread around her little bare brown feet in heavy, graceful folds.

She was humming softly to herself a stray bit of a tune, gathered perhaps from an echo of the waves, and the sweet childish voice, low though it was, attracted the attention of a man who was sauntering aimlessly along the beach with a book kept open by a forefinger, his eyes turned out across the broad ocean, which he found more absorbing, in its natural greatness, than the printed pages that had failed to hold his interest.

"What a wee chick," he said half aloud, and he walked up beside her. The child raised her eyes as he approached, and gave him a little flitting, bashful smile, and then dropped them again quickly upon her work.

The young man—for he was young, young enough, at least, to feel a throb in his own heart echoing to the fresh young life beside him—seated himself on the sand, regardless of white duck trousers, and in that tone of good-

fellowship which rarely fails to win its way to a child's heart he said smilingly:

"May I sit here just a little while and watch you work, if I promise to be very good and quiet?"

His tiny companion raised the downcast eyes again, and a second smile, more lingering than the first, parted the pretty red lips.

"Yes," she said graciously; "but I 'm 'most done, and then I 'll have to go in and get papa's dinner."

"Get papa's dinner"!—that mite of a creature, whose most serious domestic problem one would suppose to consist of providing enough little sand-pies, on tiny shells, for an assemblage of doll guests.

"Do you mean actually *cook* your papa's dinner?" was the wondering question.

"Well," she admitted, "I can't lift the heavy pot for the potatoes, or fry the fish; but I get them all ready, and cut the bread, and papa cooks them when he gets home. There he comes now—I did n't know it was so late"; and she started up hastily.

"Will you excuse me?" she added, with an unlooked-for touch of courtesy.

She turned when a few paces distant, and called back to her visitor:

"You may come again to-morrow morning

if you like. I don't generally come to the beach in the afternoons, 'cause the babies are awake then, and it's so hard to keep them from getting in the water."

On she trudged toward a row of small, unattractive houses such as one often finds along the margin of a little fishing-village, and disappeared from view.

John Wentworth smilingly watched her as far as he could distinguish the dignified little figure, and then arose and went on to the big hotel a mile farther down the beach.

"I 'll come back to-morrow," he mused. "Here 's more fun than watching a lot of silly girls jump up and down on a rope and call it 'bathing.'"

But the next day it rained, and so it was the second day following that he found himself almost hurrying toward the old boat and the little figure seated upon it. She was evidently expecting him, for she seemed in no wise surprised.

"I wish you 'd try to get here a little earlier," she remarked, by way of greeting. "It gives us more time to visit."

Her guest laughed merrily as he threw himself at her feet.

"Tell me about the babies," he said, recalling her last remark on their previous meeting.

"Why, they 're *our* babies," she answered, surprised that any one did not know — "my two little brothers, the twins; and oh! they are *so* cunning — just learning to run to the door and watch for papa and tell me when they see him coming"; and her face assumed a look of maternal pride.

"Have n't you a mother?" inquired her visitor, hesitatingly, as though fearful of bringing a memory of sorrow to the sweet little face so near his own.

"No," answered the child, sadly. "Mama has gone over the sea to God. She went in a big white ship with all the sails spread, and there was a beautiful white angel in the stern, and she had wings —" Presumably a sleeping vision was flitting through the little brain and stamping itself as a reality.

"Papa says I must be a little mother to him and the babies now," she added, after a moment; "and he says when the babies get big

they will help me mend the nets and do lots of things for me, and papa says they will have a 'colloge eggecashun,' whatever that may be."

"A college education"! Was that the aspiration of a humble and, as John had heretofore thought (if he had thought of him at all), an ignorant fisherman for his sons?

It suggested a new train of thought immediately.

"I wish I could know your papa," he said. "Don't you think you could manage it for me?"

"I don't know — my papa 's very busy," responded his young hostess, demurely; "but I 'll ask him if he wants to see you."

This last was more honest than flattering, but the innocent child lips knew only truth, so used it, and used it simply.

"Won't you tell me your name?" asked her guest, after silently watching her sturdy little fingers busy with their task.

"Ellen," she answered promptly. "What is yours?"

"Jack," was the reply; and then they both laughed.

"I did n't tell you the babies' names," she said, as though hurt that he omitted to ask.

"Oh! I was just going to ask the babies' names," he hastened to assure her, noting the aggrieved look.

"Teddy is one of them, and *Jack* is the other — is n't that funny?" and she laughed again as merrily as before.

"Oh, I hear them crying!" she exclaimed. "You wait here and I 'll bring them." And she almost flew over the sand, scattering little showers of it behind her as she went.

A short time elapsed, and then the quaint little trio appeared, the sister in the middle, leading a sturdy two-year-old by either hand.

"Here they are!" she announced triumphantly, depositing them upon the sand, while they stared open-eyed at the stranger, "and are n't they cunning?"

"Veritable babes in the sand!" he laughed; and the youngsters, seeming to believe that his attentions toward them and their sister were friendly, gave a series of subdued chuckles.

"What 's that?" Ellen asked doubtfully,

not quite knowing whether the title might be considered complimentary or the reverse.

"Have n't you heard of the 'Babes in the Wood'?"

All three children brightened visibly at the

over you in a tidal wave—I hope they ain't botherin' you, sir," he added with concern.

"No, indeed," was the hearty response; "we were having a royally good time. Won't you be willing to join our little band?"



"MAY I SIT HERE JUST A LITTLE WHILE AND WATCH YOU WORK, IF I PROMISE TO BE VERY GOOD AND QUIET?"
(SEE PAGE 914.)

prospect of a story, and the twins, a perfect bundle, or two bundles rather, of good nature, fairly gurgled with delight.

"Well, once upon a time—" A hearty laugh close at hand caused the group to turn suddenly, and three voices screamed: "Papa!"

"I beg your pardon," said the new-comer, in a rich, deep voice. "I missed the children and came out here to find 'em, and it struck me as funny to see the way they had sort o' swept

The fisherman seated himself on the sand with a twin on each knee, and Ellen hovering between the two men—not allowing even her love for her father to outweigh loyalty to her new friend. She feared he might feel neglected.

This fisherman was a splendid "son of the sea"—tall without being angular, broad-shouldered, and with the muscle of an athlete. His eyes were dark and intelligent, and his browned

skin and well cut features made his face one to be studied and admired, while with his rough hand he fondled the yellow curls on the babies' heads with almost a woman's tenderness of touch.

"I trust you did not think I was trying to win away these attractive little people," John said, with something in his children-loving eyes which betokened an unspoken longing that he might be justified in so doing.

"Oh, no, sir!" answered his companion, taking the remark more seriously than it was intended. "I'm always glad when some one is kind to my wee 'mother-daughter,' as I call her. These fellows ain't old enough to feel it, but she 's kind o' lonesome sometimes; I wish it was n't so"; and he drew the little girl fondly to him.

"You see," he continued, unsolicited, "her mother slipped away from us when these two little chaps was only a week old, and she has to fill an empty space too big for even her willin' little heart"; and tears stood in the strong man's eyes, which, however, he hastily brushed away with the back of his hand.

"Ellen tells me the boys are to be sent to college," John ventured, striving to turn the conversation into a happier channel.

The father smiled sadly. "Would that Ellen spoke what really may be!" he said.

"You see, sir, this is n't the sort of a life — this one I 'm leadin', I mean — for a boy to look forward to. It 's just killin' to the soul. So I 'm just givin' myself the comfort of paintin' pictures of their future, and it seems to me a man can't do his very best without a college education. It puts the right stuff in him from the beginnin' just to have it to look forward to, and I thought mebber if I let 'em grow up expectin' — sort of expectin'," he modified his statement — "to go to college, it might be

a — a sort o' somethin', I can't just think of the word —"

"An incentive, perhaps," kindly suggested his listener.

"Yes, that 's it — an *incentive* to *be* somethin', even if we don't see the way clear to the college.

"I 've read and studied some myself," he said, with a little touch of pardonable pride, "and before the little wife left me, we used to read together evenin's; she was a school-teacher before we were married," he explained, "and she always loved to have a book handy.

"I don't get much time nowadays," he continued regretfully, "for these little people keep me pretty busy. You see, when night comes, the little 'mother-daughter' is too tired to do more than tumble into her own little bed"; and he patted the mature little face nestling close to his arm.

The summer glided swiftly by, and John Wentworth had wandered many times to the humble little home beside the sea, drawn thither as much by the brave, noble character which shone through the fisherman's rough exterior as by the amusement which the children, now his sworn comrades, always afforded him.

August was drawing to its close, and John's long vacation with it. His weeks by the sea had brought him a wealth of experience sadly needed in his lonely bachelor life, and as he stood on the door-step of the fisherman's home on his last evening, and grasped the strong, hard hand extended to him, he felt himself to be, somehow, a richer man — even though, in one sense, perhaps, somewhat the poorer because of the snug little sum carefully tucked away in the savings-bank of the large neighboring town to be a beginning that would help defray the expenses of the "colloge eggecashun."



MIKE DEEHAN'S SPREE.

BY MARY DENSEL.

O'GALLAGHER COURT was by no means a pleasant spot, in spite of the sunshine of that summer morning. Indeed, it seemed as if the sun did more harm than good, by bringing out in bold relief the old pots and pans, the cast-off shoes, the mud and the mire of that wretched lane. But one ray might have blessed itself for shining, when it darted, on the morning of Labor Day, through a crack in the shutters of No. 5, and fell full in the face of Mike Deehan, who was then sound asleep.

Mike's blue eyes opened in a twinkling.

"Hooray!" cried he. "Sure I thought it was goin' to rain, and here 's the mornin' as bright as a new pewter pot. And 't is a holiday, too! Lively wid breakfast, mither dear, I 'm off on a spree to-day."

Mike's "mither" knew what a "spree" meant, and with so much kindly amusement on her face that one could forgive its many wrinkles, and forget that her hair was—let us say a *trifle* frowsy, she took down the bowl of mush which formed the morning meal.

"I 'm goin' to my tailor's first, mither," said Mike, pulling on the torn coat that served him as a jacket. "A feller must be fine if he 's to 'sociate with the swells, you know."

Mike gave a series of knowing winks, which warmed his mother's heart.

"I sha'n't be home till late; so you 'll have a rousin' supper."

Up the court swung Mike, his mother with arms akimbo watching him from the rickety door-steps.

"Ye 're either a dunce, or the smartest lad in this town!" she muttered, and then she turned to chat with Mrs. Flaherty, whose head had popped out of a neighboring window; while Mike went merrily on through narrow, crooked streets, which gradually led into broader and straighter ones.

Here he was at last on Broadway, where

block after block of shops showed windows full of tempting goods.

"Here 's my place," said Mike, pausing before a tailor's establishment, where, through the plate-glass window, he could gaze at the newest styles.

"Them 's the trousis for me," he decided, pointing with his forefinger at a pair of a gorgeous plaid material; "an' that blue vest, an' the coat on that image in the corner. That 's nobby. I likes them cutaway coats, I do. I 'll take all three," continued Mike, pompously addressing an imaginary salesman. "An' you can *charge* them. He need n't think I 'm that poor I have to pay on the spot!"

"My eye! won't I be a swell!" he exclaimed when arrayed in his make-believe new suit. "Sure the folks at home 'd skeerse know me!"

But when he glanced down, his great brogans met his view.

Up the street he strolled, and soon found a fashionable shoe-store.

"I 'll take them shiny boots," cried he, breathlessly, as he viewed them through a window. "*Charge* 'em. That 's the style! Now I need a flower for my buttonhole."

Again Mike sauntered slowly along.

"A buttonhole bokay!" ordered he, reaching a florist's shop. "Something cheerful-like. That 's the ticket!"

Mike chose a small sunflower, and then he composed his face into an imitation of deep thought.

"I must get some posies to put on the table this evenin'. Send 'em to—le' me see, where do I live?—oh, No. — Fifth Avenor. Send 'em there—an' *charge* 'em."

Here Mike's eyes shone as he felt it his duty to go and look up his new quarters.

When he reached the number he had chosen, he found that No. — was indeed a palace of a house for Mike. Mike's blue eyes grew

bigger, and he gave a long, low whistle as he gazed at its lofty front.

"Now I'm going to come out of my house and go to the the-*ay*-ter."

Glancing cautiously around him, Mike crept up the broad steps, and stood under the archway of the door. Luckily the owners were out of town, and no one spoke to the new tenant.

With a grin of satisfaction on his freckled face, Mike marched majestically down the steps and spoke to the airy coachman who was supposed to drive Mr. Deehan's prancing steeds.

"I *prefer* walking, to-day. Take them horses away, and feed 'em on oats and molasses. Here 's a hundred dollars to pay for the oats—no; tell the stable-man to *charge* it. Jest see them trotters rear! and how their harness do shine!" exclaimed Mike in ecstasy as the coach disappeared as noiselessly as it had come.

When Mike reached the theater a crowd of people were waiting for the *matinée*.

"I 'most wish I had me auto," Mike said to himself, as, in spite of his importance, he was suddenly obliged to dodge hither and thither among the swift-moving equipages. "I 'll stay out here awhile."

He leaned against the building, carelessly toying with a cane which, although he had forgotten to buy one, was somehow in his hand. To the unaided eye it bore a semblance to a common switch; but Mike knew that a gold dog's-head was its handle, that it was made of the rarest wood, and had cost dollars and dollars.

Mike would fain have gazed at the young ladies who were going in at the theater door; but so beautiful were their garments, so lovely were the faces under those big hats with their long feathers, that he was utterly abashed, and felt more like falling on his knees before them. He hardly raised his eyes until they all had passed.

But when he fairly opened his eyes he closed them again, that he might transport himself to the enchanted spot within the theater. He strained his ears to catch even one squeak of the violins, and once or twice clapped his hands softly to join in the applause.

But this was really more than Mike could bear. He hungered and thirsted to see that

play with his bodily eyes. He would have forfeited all his make-believe grandeur for one solid fifty-cent piece.

"I guess I 'll move on," sighed he, mournfully. "It 's one too many for me to stay this side of that door. Besides,"—as his face cleared,— "it 's high time I was down on Wall Street, a-tendin' to my cash business."

Arrived in Wall Street, Mike tucked himself in a cozy nook just outside a large banking-house, and "opened his office."

"Plenty o' bonds this way," said he in a whisper, pretending to address a portly gentleman who was stepping from his coupé. "A few shares left in the elevated railroad! I 'll sell 'em to you for the lowest price. But you must speak up sharp!"

Business proved to be so brisk that Mike was kept busy for fully quarter of an hour. His brain was quite reeling with fatigue; and when he was obliged to telephone to the President of the United States, who wished to know the lowest figure at which he could sell certain securities, it did seem as if the cares of the nation rested on Mike's shoulders.

"I 'm 'most wore out with so many jobs!" said he, languidly. "Guess I 'll go and get lunch. Here, you, there! Stop!"

This last order was to his coachman, who (the horses having finished their oats) happened to be passing down Wall Street without seeing his master. Indeed, Mike was forced to pursue his equipage. Having caught up with the coach, he preferred—much preferred—to ride behind, with his legs dangling down.

"A heap more comf'ble than being jammed inside. An' I 'm glad o' the chance to give those two coves a lift uptown."

The "coves," one an elderly man with white hair, the other his son just come from Paris, were graciously permitted to give their orders to the driver as though in their own carriage.

"Make yourselves to home!" begged Mike, blissfully swinging his feet until the coach came near a restaurant. "Farewell," said Mike, kissing his hand to his guests inside, who, not noticing the salute, failed to return the courtesy. "Farewell; keep my hack as long as you please. I believe I 'll step off here. Hi—i—i!"

This exclamation was caused by Mike's sit-

ting suddenly down in the middle of the street, having omitted to order his coachman to stop.

But who minds a trifling trouble? Not Mike. He paused before the restaurant, ordering one dainty after another, spelling out their names on the bill of fare, and, as usual, charging everything; and when his banquet was ended, he listened, in much awe, to the conversation of two men who evidently had just dined.

"Frightful dyspepsia. I can't enjoy anything," said one, with a rueful face.

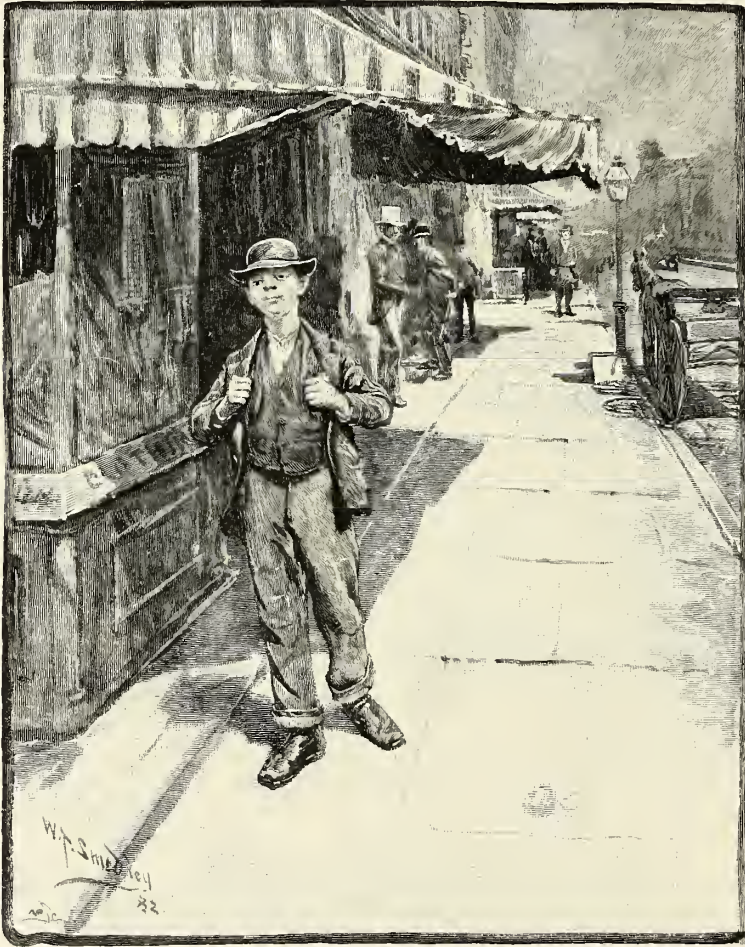
"You eat too rich food," answered the other.

Mike, deeply impressed by the stranger's words and manner.

"Now I've just time to buy a present for mither; to skip down to the pier and tell the cap'n of my ocean steamer not to start if there's a fog; and to see if they have sent the can of apple-sarce for the rich old party uptown.

An hour later, Mike appeared, fresh and smiling, at his home in O'Gallagher Court.

"Thought I'd come home," he announced. "Gittin' dark. Stars all out. And I almost forgot to tell you, here's a gold watch for you, mither, an' a shawl, an' a couple o' pins."



MR. MICHAEL DEEHAN ON HIS WAY TO TELL THE CAPTAIN OF HIS "OCEAN STEAMER NOT TO START IF THERE 'S A FOG."

"No doubt—no doubt. But that's to be expected of one in my station."

"So rich he has to be unhealthy!" meditated

The pins were real, for Mike had luckily found them on the sidewalk.

"The shawl's illigint. Red an' green, ain't

it, Micky?" cried his mother, pretending to examine it.

"An' blue an' yellor," added Mike.

"Sure enough. Blue an' yellor," she echoed.

"Now for our rousin' old supper, mither!"

The remains of the morning's mush and molasses graced the three-legged table.

"Splendid pie!" said Mike, smacking his lips over his saucer. "Now some stuffed turkey, and stuffing."

Down on his saucer came more mush.

"An' some blue monge," said Mike, pouring on molasses.

"An' some herring?" suggested Mrs. Deehan, chuckling.

"An' *ysters*, an' ice-cream, an' orange-jelly," added Mike, gaily.

"An' enough cake to make you squeal all night with the nightmare?"

"Yes, an' coffee, an' choc'late-camels, an' duck, an' more pie an' cranberry-sauce," said Mike, stowing away the mush at a great rate. "I declare I never *eat* such a supper, mither. Seems 's if I was full clean up from my toes.

Now I'll go to sleep on my iv'ry bed with the velvet quilt on. Ye need n't mind if I groan a bit, mither. It's only dyspepsy."

Mike gave a final grin at his sympathizing parent, and then went to his humble couch, wrapping himself in the frayed coverlet.

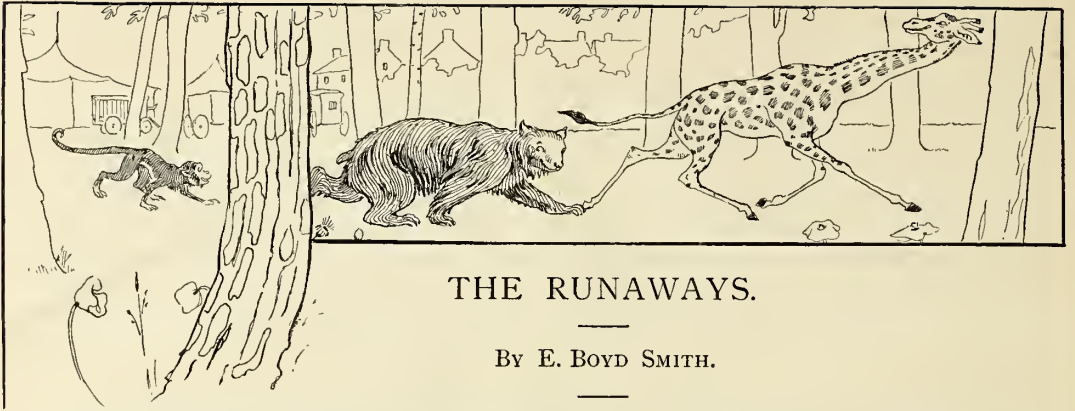
"Such a grand time as I've had of it! *Such* a spree! But I'm dead beat now. So ugstinguish the electric light, Mis' Deehan," said he, and his mother nearly fell from her chair for laughing, as she blew out the solitary tallow dip which served to make darkness visible in No. 5.

A few groans came from the victim of dyspepsia ("so rich that he had to be unhealthy"), but they speedily changed to sounds which strongly suggest slumber. Happy Mike Deehan had floated into the land of dreams. Let us hope that they were as cheerful as his waking fancies.

And—who knows? perhaps Mike's dreams of happiness will come true. For Mike was a bright, hard-working lad, with push and energy enough to earn himself a place in the world.



"WHAT SHALL I DO? I 'VE FORGOTTEN MY DOLLY'S NAME!"



THE RUNAWAYS.

BY E. BOYD SMITH.

THE circus had put up its tents on the edge of the town, under the trees which bordered the highroad.

It was summer, and the air was strong and fresh; the birds twittered joyfully in the branches, and the leaves whispered lightly, fanned by the sea-breeze.

Every one felt lazy and happy; it was good to be in the sunshine, and the winter was still far away.

The animals in their cages grew restless; the birds, the sunshine, and the air were calling to them, and they longed to answer and to come out. But, alas! they were prisoners, taken away from their own world to be forever shut up and shown in a circus. The brown bear grew sulky, and the monkey spiteful.

"I 'm going to get out of this and take a run in the woods," said the bear to the monkey.

"I 'm with you," Jacko answered; "but how can we manage it?"

"That 's simple enough," said Bruin. "I can easily pull up my stake. No one knows how strong I am, because I 've always been content to stay here and be quiet. Then I can break your little chain for you, if you wish to come, and we 'll go off and have a fine time." And Bruin began to tug at his chain.

"Wait a minute," whispered Jacko. "The master is too near us just now; wait till he goes away."

Jacko kept his eyes wide open, to be sure that no one should see them when they left. Some one was always lingering about, and no good chance offered itself.

"We 'd better wait till after dark," he sug-

gested; "then, when they 're all sleeping, we can sneak out."

The brown bear was impatient, but as he knew Jacko had a reputation for being sharp-witted, he decided to take his advice.

"And then, too, we 'll have our dinner by waiting," added the monkey, "and it 's always pleasanter to make sure of that; one never knows what may happen, and a full stomach is better than an empty one."

Here the giraffe, who had been listening, spoke up: "I 'll go along too."

"The more the merrier," answered Bruin.

But Jacko did n't seem quite to like the idea. "If we go in a crowd we 're sure to be seen and brought back," he suggested. "Now, Bruin and I can hide easily, or get up into a tree, but you can't, and you 're so long, and so — well, *conspicuous*."

"But I 'm thin. I can get *behind* a tree, even if I can't climb one," pleaded the giraffe.

"Come along; that 's all right," said the genial bear; "we 'll get along somehow."

Jacko still looked doubtful, but as people always called monkeys selfish he did n't like to say anything more.

By and by along came Jules the groom with dinner, and for a while the animals crunched and munched away quietly, looking as innocent as possible. Bruin now wanted to take a nap; he no longer felt that craving for liberty and adventure. But the energetic monkey insisted that if they were going to run away they must do it at once, while the men were eating their dinner. The bear was lazy, but as it was he who had first proposed the plan he could n't

very well give it up so soon. So, with a vigorous jerk, he soon had his stake out of the ground and dangling at the end of his chain. Next he quickly set free the monkey, then bit in two the giraffe's rope.

Quietly and cautiously they stole out among the wagons, and, once clear of these, struck out for the wood. Being under cover of the shadow of the trees, they started off at a brisk trot.



"THE GIRAFFE SPOKE UP: 'I'LL GO ALONG TOO.'"

"Hold on," cried the monkey, who was being left behind. "You two are in a great hurry."

The bear had just been thinking the same thing about the giraffe.

"Here; let me ride, and then I'll have time to think of what we must do next," suggested Jacko, hopping up on the bear's back.

After trotting this way for a mile, Bruin began to wonder if it was n't time to rest. "This is harder work than the circus," he said.

So they stopped under a big tree. The bear sat down puffing.

"Hot work, this foot-racing," he panted.

"Just in my line," murmured the giraffe, still fresh and cool, as he began nibbling and munching the young leaves above him.

"Any nuts up there?" asked Jacko.

"Climb up my neck and see," answered the giraffe.

No sooner said than done. "It's a chestnut-tree," said Jacko, from the branches, "but the chestnuts seem to be rather scarce."

"What shall we do now?" asked Bruin, impatiently.

"I see a bright light over there," said Jacko, from the tree. "Let's go and reconnoiter; we may find chickens—that's in your line."

So off our heroes started in the direction of the light.

"I can't see any light, though," said the bear.

"That's because you're too short," said the giraffe. "I can see it easily. It is n't such a bad thing to be so long, after all."

"That's so," said Bruin.

"I did n't think of that," added the monkey, who now admitted the giraffe's advantages.

Soon they came to a farmyard; beyond, in the house, the light was burning. The monkey climbed over the fence to explore.

Presently he came back.

"Cabbages, turnips, chickens, and bees!" was the report he brought. The bear licked his chops; his run had given him a fresh appetite.

"I like cabbages," said the giraffe.

They went around the fence, looking for an opening. Finding none, the bear lost patience. "I'll make one," he said, and at once began tearing down the boards. In a few minutes the three were making themselves at home in the garden.

"Try a cabbage," said Bruin to the giraffe, as he sat on his haunches, comfortably munching.

"Turnip-tops are n't bad," said the giraffe.

The bear at last found the bees, and nosed around the hive; impatient to get at the honey, he upset it with a blow of his paw. The giraffe and monkey, quietly munching, stood looking on. Suddenly from out the overturned hive swarmed a myriad of bees. In a moment our vagabonds were covered with them, and the bees were stinging furiously.

"Ow! ow!" yelled the monkey, skipping off as fast as he could scamper; the giraffe jumped and kicked, but he could n't get away from the stings; and Bruin, quite upset, rolled on the ground, groaning and desperately pawing his nose and ears. Then they all beat a retreat so as to talk it over.

"See here, Bruin," declared Jacko; "if that is all you know about bees, you must hunt them alone after this. I've had quite enough."

"But the honey is so very good," pleaded Bruin, with his mouth full.

"That may be, but it costs too dear," sighed the giraffe, rubbing his nose and neck against a tree.

"It's so long since I've hunted that I suppose I'm rather clumsy," apologized the bear, poking his nose in the ground to cool it.

"Let us try the chickens," suggested Jacko; "they can't sting, anyway."

So they cautiously stole around to the coop. The bear tore down the side, and the monkey nimbly seized a couple of sleepy chickens and passed them out. But the other fowls, now awake, set up a great cackling, and the cock loudly gave the alarm by crowing.

"Enough of your racket," shouted the monkey, knocking the noisy cock from his perch. But he only crowed the louder for that.

"I don't think all this noise is very good for us," suggested the bear.

Scarcely had the words escaped him when he heard the farmer cry:

"Hi, chicken-thieves!" then bang! went a gun.

"Oh, me! oh, my!" exclaimed Jacko. "I'm killed outright."

But there was no time for talk, and so the party rushed away through the fence to the wood.

"Now I'm stung with a vengeance," grunted the bear, who had received a good part of the charge of shot.

"And I feel like a sieve," sobbed the chattering monkey. "Oh, I don't want any more bees or chickens!"

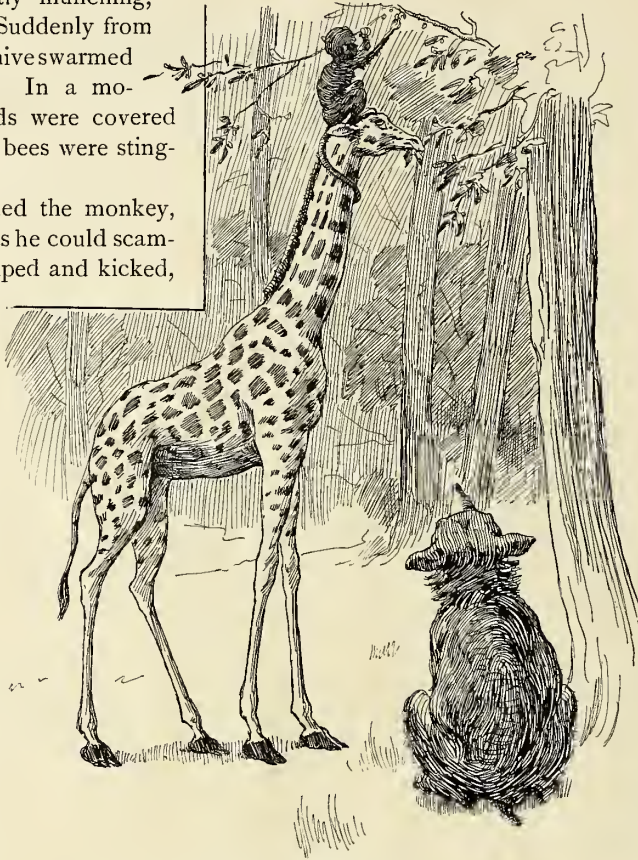
"I did n't get much," said the giraffe, "because I'm so thin. I see it's a good thing to be thin sometimes."

And now they rested again in a quiet place to talk it over.

"We're free enough," said the monkey, "but don't seem to be having such a good time as I thought we should. Perhaps the circus is n't such a bad place, after all."

"Oh, don't be discouraged," answered the bear; "we'll have some fun yet."

Feeling tired and rather shaken up after all this excitement, they comfortably settled down



"THE CHESTNUTS SEEM TO BE RATHER SCARCE," SAID JACKO." (SEE PAGE 923)

for a nap, and were awakened in the morning by the birds twittering above them.

"Is n't it breakfast-time?" suggested Bruin.

"Let's look about and see if we can find anything," said Jacko.

As there did n't seem to be much to eat in the wood, except for the giraffe, who never complained, they sneaked in close to the village. From the back kitchen of a house came a savory odor of hot breakfast.

"Ah, that smells good," said the bear, hungrily. Without more ado he ran up to the door and looked in. "No one here," he called to the others.

This was indeed good luck. In they went—that is, the monkey and the bear; for the giraffe was too tall for the door, so he reached in through the window. Warm bread and milk were set upon the table; the farmer's wife had gone out to call the workmen.

"This is better than circus food," suggested Bruin.

"Yes; things are going better this morning," answered the monkey.

"Pass that bread, please," said the giraffe, poking his head through the window; and life seemed bright and gay again for the escaped prisoners.

But alas! shadows quickly followed the sunlight, for just as they were feeling comfortably at home the farmer's wife came back. She put her head in the door, and set up a howl of terror.

"Hello, what's up now?" said the bear. "Perhaps we'd better be moving."

But they did n't move quick enough; for soon the farmhands, armed with pitchforks and clubs, came clamoring up to the house.

The giraffe at the first alarm ran for the shelter of the wood, soon followed by the monkey. But the bear was slower, and, as he started to join his comrades, was pelted with stones and hammered with clubs, while the

dogs bit savagely at him. He had to turn and fight, from time to time, to protect himself. The dog he upset with a swinging blow of his great paw; and as the men dared not approach too near, he escaped the pitchforks. But he could not dodge the stones, and received many a severe blow before reaching the trees. Once there, he took to his legs and ran as he had never run before.

Deep in the wood he found the giraffe, panting and terrified, waiting for him.

"Where's Jacko?" he asked.

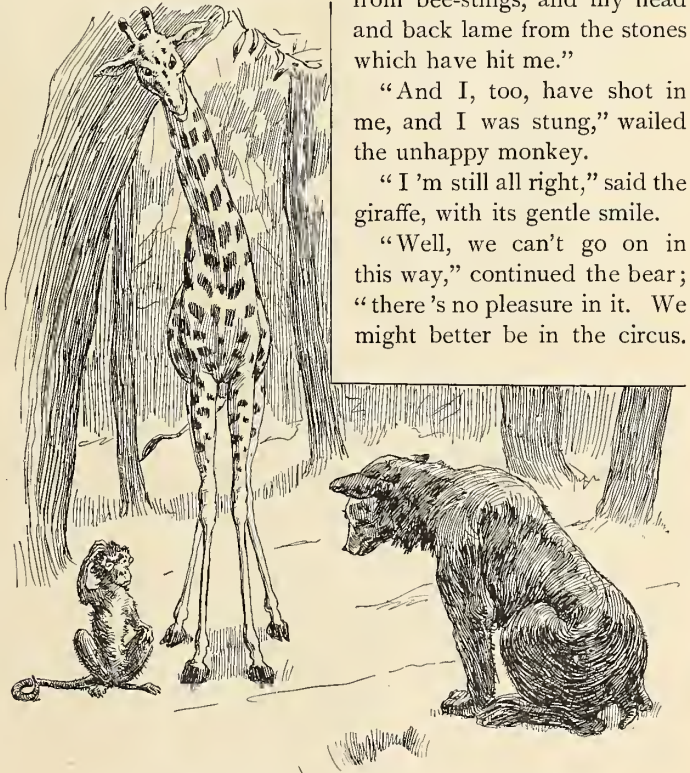
"Up here, where there are n't any men with sticks," called the monkey from overhead, slowly coming down to join the others.

"Now," said the bear, "this kind of thing won't do; something is wrong. Here I am, already half full of shot, my nose all swelled from bee-stings, and my head and back lame from the stones which have hit me."

"And I, too, have shot in me, and I was stung," wailed the unhappy monkey.

"I'm still all right," said the giraffe, with its gentle smile.

"Well, we can't go on in this way," continued the bear; "there's no pleasure in it. We might better be in the circus."



"THEY RESTED AGAIN IN A QUIET PLACE TO TALK IT OVER."

Jacko, you are clever; can't you fix up things better, so that we won't get knocked about and abused every time we try to get something to eat? People who came to see us in the circus used to give us buns and sugar, and were friendly.

But here they shoot at us and club us. What's the matter? Why are they so changeable?"

Jacko scratched his head and tried to look wise; but he could n't find any ideas, and said he'd need more time to think about it.

As Bruin was thirsty after his lively run, he proposed that they go and look for water. They had n't gone far when they heard the sound of a brook. As they came out of the wood, what should they see but a man swimming in a large pool formed by the brook.

"I'm off," cried Jacko. "We'll be shot at or stoned again."

But Bruin was feeling angry, and said he'd have a drink, man or no man; so he started down the bank to the water.

The swimmer, hearing a rustle, turned, and, catching sight of the bear, leaped out of the water in terror, running up the opposite bank, and leaving his clothes behind him.

"Now, I've got an idea," cried Jacko, picking up the clothes. "I'll dress up as they used to fix me in the circus; then the people will give me things, and we can get along in that way."

But the trousers were too big, and though he tried in every way, he could n't keep them on. He was sorely disappointed, the idea was such a clever one, but he could n't make it work.

At last he thought of another scheme. "You might dress up, Bruin; they'll fit you,—you're bigger than I am,—and I'll show you just how."

But Bruin was n't enthusiastic; he said bears never wore suits of clothes, even in the circus.

Jacko insisted. "You can go into the houses

and get what you want; people will take you for a man if you dress yourself up like one."

The bear still looked doubtful, but, as the giraffe also thought well of the scheme, finally agreed to try it. So Jacko helped him to put on the man's trousers, slipping the suspenders over his shoulders.

"But the trousers are much too long in the legs," objected the bear.

"We can roll them up," said Jacko. So he rolled them up at the bottom. They were too tight to button around the waist, but the monkey said that did n't matter, the blouse

would cover them. Next the blouse was put over Bruin's head; the sleeves were too long, so Jacko rolled them up, too. Next the cap; this he fastened on by letting out the strap till it went around Bruin's chin. Then he stood back, delighted with his work. "Looks just like a man, does n't he?" he appealed to the giraffe.

The giraffe thought he did—"just like."

"But my face is far too black," said Bruin, who did not like it all.

"Oh, no,"

protested the monkey; "lots of men have whiskers and look exactly like that. You look like a sailor from abroad."

"But I can't keep those shoes on."



"LIFE SEEMED BRIGHT AND GAY AGAIN FOR THE ESCAPED PRISONERS." (SEE PAGE 925.)

"Well, you can wear the stockings; there used to be a man about the circus who went around in his stockings. That 'll be all right," said the monkey, encouragingly.

When he was dressed, Jacko nimbly skipped off a few paces, to see the effect. "You must walk on your hind legs all the time," he recommended; "that 's the way the men do."

Bruin looked very funny in his clothes, with his cap slipping down over one ear. The

giraffe grinned, but said nothing. "Well, now what shall we do?" asked the bear, who was getting used to his clothes, and who began to feel that he did look like a man, in spite of his first doubts.

"We 'll go back to town," said Jacko, "and try the scheme."

So off they started toward the village. Occasionally one leg of the trousers would unroll and get wound around the bear's foot, sending him sprawling. At last he got tired of walking upright, and dropped down on all fours.

"I can stand up when we come to a house," he said. "It 's too hard work here."

But now the blouse got around his fore paws and upset him, and the cap slipped down on his nose and he could n't see. "I 'm glad I 'm not a man," he said. "Clothes certainly are a terrible nuisance."

Jacko straightened up the cap and gave him a new start, and at last they succeeded in getting near the village.

"Now," said the monkey, "I 'll take your hand, and we 'll go in together. We can have some fun, anyway, for we 'll fool these people."

"I don't *feel* just like a man," said the bear. "How do I *look*?"

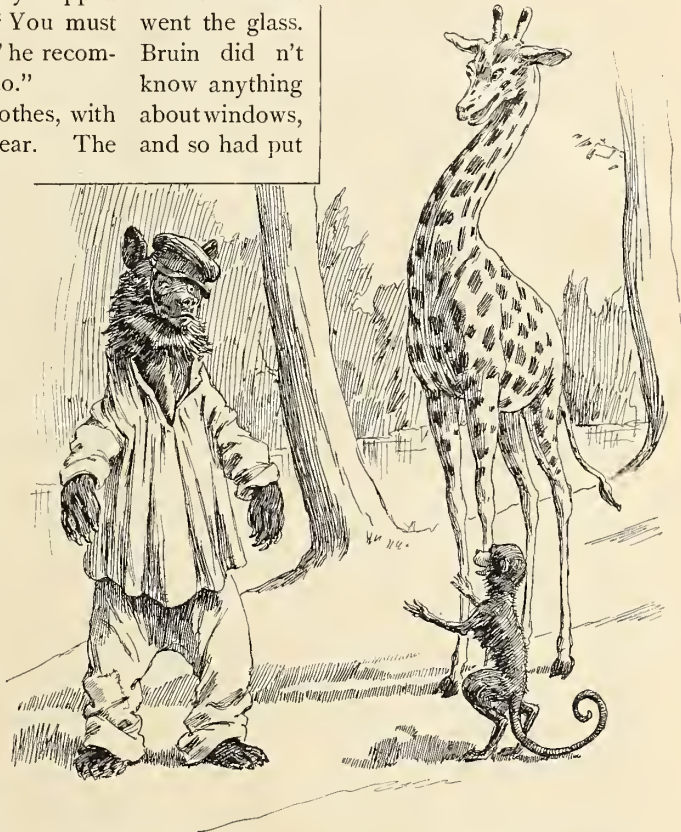
"Just like the boss of the circus, for all the world," Jacko assured him.

This gave Bruin confidence, and he stepped boldly out into the street, with Jacko by his side. The giraffe stayed behind and looked on. It was getting toward dusk, so no one noticed them. The first house they came to

was a pastry-shop, and the window was filled with many delicious brown pies and cakes.

"Here 's luck," said the bear. "I 'll have that nice big one," and he reached for it.

But crash! went the glass. Bruin did n't know anything about windows, and so had put



"BRUIN LOOKED VERY FUNNY IN HIS CLOTHES, WITH HIS CAP SLIPPING DOWN OVER ONE EAR."

his paw through the pane. He was very much surprised, but had n't time to make a remark before he heard the baker's wife cry: "Oh, the thief!"

And the next thing he knew she had given him a terrible whack on the head with the broom-handle. Then she rushed out and caught him by the collar.

"You vagabond, you 'll go to jail for this!" But here she caught sight of Bruin's face. "A bear!" she cried, and dropped to the ground; she had fainted from fright.

"I guess that woman 's gone to sleep," said Bruin, wonderingly.

"She was wide awake a minute ago," said Jacko; "it certainly is very remarkable."

"What did she hit me on the head for, I wonder," muttered the bear, rubbing the bruised spot.

But here the baker's wife came out of her faint. She started up, shouting loudly for help, and dashed down the street.

"Now, that 's just the way the other woman did this morning," suggested the bear. "Things went wrong then, and I have an idea that things are going wrong again."

And things did go wrong; for pretty soon down the street came the whole village. The alarm had spread that a bear was at large. The dogs sat up a furious barking.

"There 's a man with a gun again," cried Jacko. "Let 's run."

But the dogs were soon barking around them. Jacko picked up the cakes and biscuits and pelted the noisy dogs; but they only barked the louder. And then the men appeared.

"I think we made a mistake when we left our circus," sorrowfully said Bruin, as he cuffed the troublesome dogs to keep them from biting his legs.

The men were afraid to approach the bear, but they poked at him with long sticks, which worried him, for while he was defending himself from these the dogs would rush in and bite him. To make matters worse, the legs of his trousers came unrolled and fell about his feet, and he began to have a hard time.

Suddenly he caught sight of the man with the gun. He made a dash through the shop, with Jacko after him. And the dogs came, too. Straight out through the back window he leaped, carrying with him a heap of flower-pots. Clatter and crash! down they came together in the court. Up jumped Bruin and ran—anywhere to get away; right into a stable door he darted. But a donkey had seen him coming, and kicked out with both heels, sending the poor bear rolling out, nearly as fast as he had gone in.

"I 'll never play man again," he groaned as he picked himself up.

But he had n't much time to spare for groaning, for already the men and dogs had come around the house and were looking for him. The fence was high, but he clambered over it, in spite of the hampering blouse and trousers. Once over, he put his best foot forward to get to the wood.

"Phew!" he puffed as he sat down to rest. "That 's enough for me."

Hearing a crackling in the bushes, he jumped up and stood on his guard.

"Well, you can run pretty fast when you 're in a hurry," said the giraffe, appearing. "I 've been trying to catch you since you left town. Did you have a good time?"

"See here," said Bruin, grimly; "if you think this is a good time for joking you make a mistake. And," he added, "I 've had enough of being free. Liberty may be a good thing, but it 's much too wearing. I 'm going back to the circus."

"Wait for me," squeaked a panting voice from the branches of a neighboring tree. It was Jacko. "I guess I don't care as much for being free as I did; it 's too exciting."

"Well, I can't stay out here all alone," put in the giraffe. "I suppose I 'll have to go back, too."

"Here, Jacko, take off these rags," said the bear, "and the next time anybody wants to play man, I won't be the one."

"But the idea was such a good one," protested Jacko; "only, somehow we had no luck."

Slowly and sadly the three set off to hunt for the circus. Bruin was feeling sore and stiff, and Jacko was very quiet; but the giraffe was as calm and dignified as ever.

Just before dawn they found their old home, and stole quietly in, feeling that perhaps they were not yet quite ready to enjoy liberty.





A MAID OF THE HILLS.

(FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN. BY PERMISSION.)



BY ERIC PARKER.

THE King of Unsergarten
Went forth to fight the foe;
He took with him his trumpet,
His shield and sword and bow.

Along the gravel pathway
And round the lawn he passed;
He stopped at every corner
And blew a fearful blast.

His quiver and his buckler
He brandished in the breeze;
He shot a score of arrows
Into the ambush trees.



“AND BLEW A FEARFUL BLAST.”

The King of Unsergarten,
When that the war was done,
His wooden sword beside him,
Lay sleeping in the sun.





A PRUDENT MAID.

MISS DOROTHY DOT, before going to wade,
 Takes her little tin bucket and little tin spade,
 And Bobbie and she work away with a vim

Till her little tin bucket is full to the brim.
 "With this sand we can build us a little dry spot
 If the ocean's too wet," says Miss Dorothy Dot.

Harriot Brewer Sterling.

CURIOSITY.

I saw the fog shut out the hills,
 The clouds shut out the sky.
 I slipped my pony from the barn,
 And galloped off—to spy!
 For I have read in books, and know
 That curious things occur
 When mists go trailing down the way
 And all the world's a-blur.
 It's then strange folk are seen abroad;
 In trailing robes they go;

Like streamers in the wind they dance
 A measure weird and slow.
 They rise from out the sodden ground;
 They drift from out the sky;
 And they are never seen except
 The mists go trailing by.
 I longed so much to look at them!
 I galloped down the lane
 And past the dykes, to where the creek
 Divides the fields of grain.

The fog was in the orchard rows,
 And there was not a sound
 But drops of water dripping off
 The branches to the ground.

I don't know what it was I saw,—
 It glimmered everywhere.
 My pony wheeled and galloped home—
He had an awful scare!

Alberta Bancroft Reid.

THREE LITTLE RULES.

THREE little rules we all should keep
 To make life happy and bright—
 Smile in the morning; smile at noon;
 And keep on smiling at night!

Stella George Stern.

THE IRIS.

BY

MAY ELLIOTT FLOYD.



WEE Mabel stood by the garden bed
 Where the tall white iris grew;
 "Oh, mama!" in tones of delight she said,
 "It 's holding its little hands over its head
 To ward off the rain and dew."

IN THE WOODS—AUGUST.

BY ROSALIND RICHARDS.

THERE are still a few small wood-flowers to be found now, though for the most part the stronger-growing asters and goldenrods and the great wild carrot and wild parsnip tribe have it all their own way.

Here is a little flower as delicate as any of those of early spring, and with a name to fit its dainty prettiness—lady's-tresses (*Spiranthes cernua*, orchis family). You will find it in open fields and pastures, on the borders of woods, anywhere where it can find a little extra moisture. Like several of the flowers we have spoken of in June and July, it belongs to the great family of orchids, though in shape and growth it is quite unlike any of the other orchids

top, as it were, into a tight spiral, with the flowers protruding at every twist. The green of the twisted stem and the white of the blossoms make a delightful contrast, and the white of the petals and sepals, and of the crinkly lip, is of a peculiar glistening quality.

There are several other varieties of lady's-tresses, among them *Spiranthes gracilis*, which has a stalk less twisted than that of *Spiranthes cernua*, and still finer and more delicate.

The glory of August belongs to the composite family, to the goldenrods and wild asters, that are making a wonderland of every ragged bit of roadside and common. I do not think I was ever prouder of the splendid profusion of our goldenrod, covering whole fields with gold as it does, than once, in the north of Scotland, in an elaborately laid out garden, where, as a rarity, I was shown a carefully grown border of *Solidago Canadensis*, one of our handsomest varieties.

The wild asters—and indeed the goldenrods—are so difficult to determine that the simplest course for the amateur is to avoid the long descriptions in the botany, and, when he has the chance, ask some one who knows.

Here are two of our wild asters, however, that are more or less easy to distinguish. One, *Aster puniceus*, is a splendid plant, one of our very handsomest. It grows often to be six feet high, with a thick stem, many leaves, and quantities of great showy flowers, an inch to an inch and a half across, rich purple, with yellow centers.

The other, *Aster cordifolius*, is not so striking, but it is one of our commonest and best-loved varieties. It blossoms everywhere,—along the sidewalk, by the roadside, in the pasture,—but it is most beautiful in old sterile fields that have run out to June grass and juniper, where it grows in masses with the lovely slender *nemoralis* goldenrod, making field after



LADY'S-TRESSES.

that we have had. It is a slender little plant with long, narrow leaf, or leaves, at the base, and a single straight stem, on which the many small white delicately fragrant flowers grow in three ranks, the stem being twisted toward the



ASTER CORDIFOLIUS.

field of pale blue and gold, with the dark warm green of the junipers to set it off. The beauty of one of these aster and goldenrod fields is so great that it comes back to your thoughts to color all the winter months.

This aster is a much-branching plant, usually about two feet high, though often as high as four or five, with a very great profusion of small star-like flowers, their rays varying from white to every shade of pale purple and blue. The leaves are heart-shaped, and notched, or serrate.

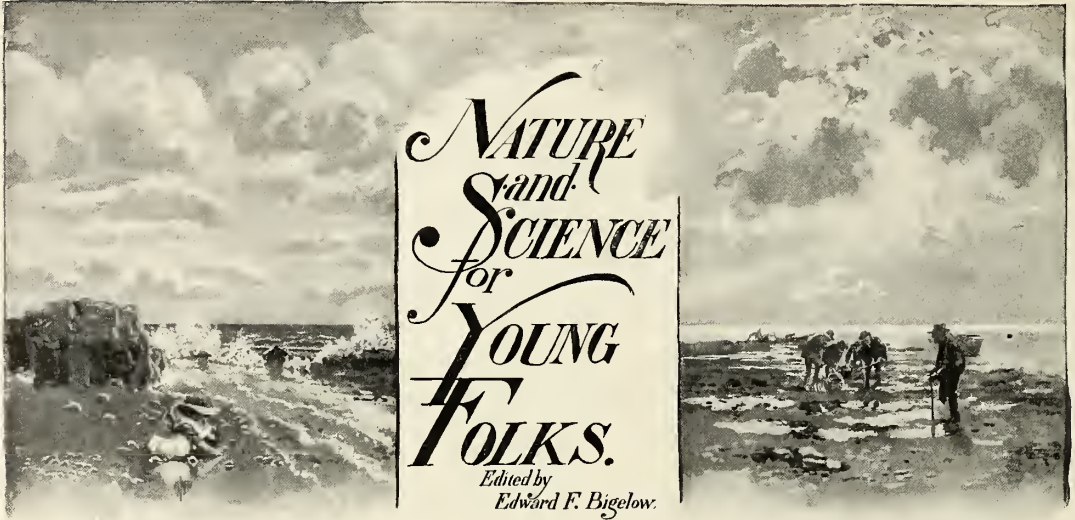
But it is not in summer that we can realize quite how much we owe to the roadside flowers, to asters and goldenrod, meadow-sweet and wild carrot. After the last bright petal has fallen and the last leaf has withered, long after the witch-

hazel has flamed in the October woods for a "lights out" signal, their beautiful seed-vessels, perfect and exquisite in shape, line the roadside with delicate tracery, or stand out over the snow, soft gray stars that for a while seem to have lost their light.

So we have their beauty with us all the year: so the woods grow more wonderful to us, till sometimes we cannot feel quite sure which is actually more beautiful, the silent, snow-warmed sleep of January, or the green, sun-lighted delight of the May-time.



ASTER PUNICEUS.



GATHERING SHELLS ON THE BEACH.

(DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

THE CLAM-DIGGERS.

GIGANTIC "WHIRLWIND" OF WATER.

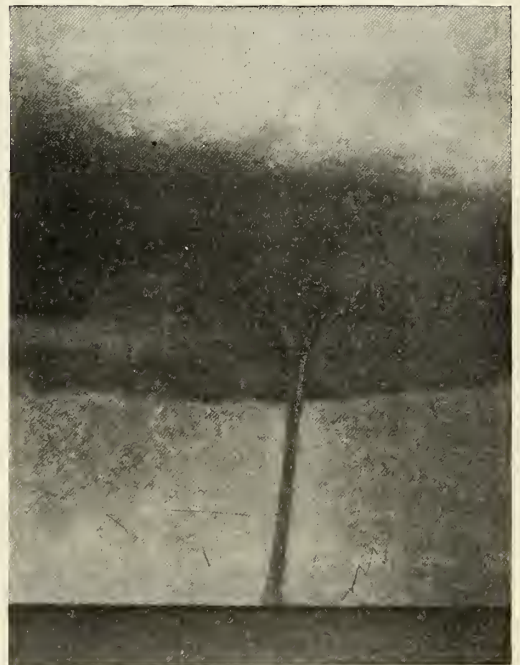
OUR young folks have at least some knowledge of tornadoes, from personal experience—for they are quite frequent in various parts of the country, especially in summer—or from reading accounts in the newspapers of the terrible devastations by tornadoes.

These local whirlwinds, of great energy, are usually formed within thunder-storms. You know or have read of the funnel-shaped cloud that passes along at the rate of from say twenty to forty miles an hour, with deafening roaring noise.

This gigantic upward whirlwind takes up trees by their roots, tears houses to pieces, and scatters the fragments for miles. Children, and even grown-up folks, are taken up into the air and carried long distances, falling at last so violently as to cause instant death or at least very serious injuries.

In such land tornadoes the destruction is so terrible that it makes what is known as a "path" of devastation. People within this path can, of course, know but little of the appearance of the cloud overhead or of the appearance between cloud and earth, but there are many descriptive accounts from people who have been at a safe distance. Such observers tell of the funnel-shaped cloud and the whirl-

ing, twisting, writhing spout of the "funnel," that reaches down to the ground, sweeping or taking up nearly everything, forming the path as it passes along. A tornado at sea is called a waterspout, and then it indeed is a funnel, for



NO. 1. THE WATERSPOUT AT THE TIME OF ITS BEST FORMATION. IN THIS THE "SPOUT" PART IS VERY SHARPLY DEFINED. THIS TOOK UP THE WATER, IT IS CLAIMED. THE DOWNPOUR AND THE CLOUD-FORMS ARE SHOWN ON THE NEXT PAGE.

it is one tubular column of water and vapor, that is drawn in from the surrounding atmosphere or from the sea. It is generally admitted that in at least the outer part of the spout the water and vapor are going upward in violent whirling motion. One observation has led scientists to think that there is in the center of the spout water and vapor moving downward. There are also differences of opinion as to whether the water on the outside is wholly fresh from the falling rain and surrounding vapor or at least partly salt from the water of the sea.

Mr. Baldwin Coolidge, a photographer of Boston, had the rare opportunity of taking a series of photographs of a waterspout on the Atlantic Ocean near Marthas Vineyard. He was on the bluffs near Cottage City, with his camera and holders with liberal supply of plates, when the spout appeared. During the half-hour continuance of the spout he took several photographs, of which the principal ones are represented herewith. He writes: "It was the most wonderful sight I ever beheld, and one never to be forgotten, and probably ten thousand persons saw it that day from Cottage City alone. It was also seen by hundreds at Edgartown, Vineyard Haven, Woods Hole, and Falmouth. My set of photographs is the only known *series* of views, and the finest illustrations of the phenomenon, and it is so acknowledged by various authorities."

Of the progress of the waterspout he writes:

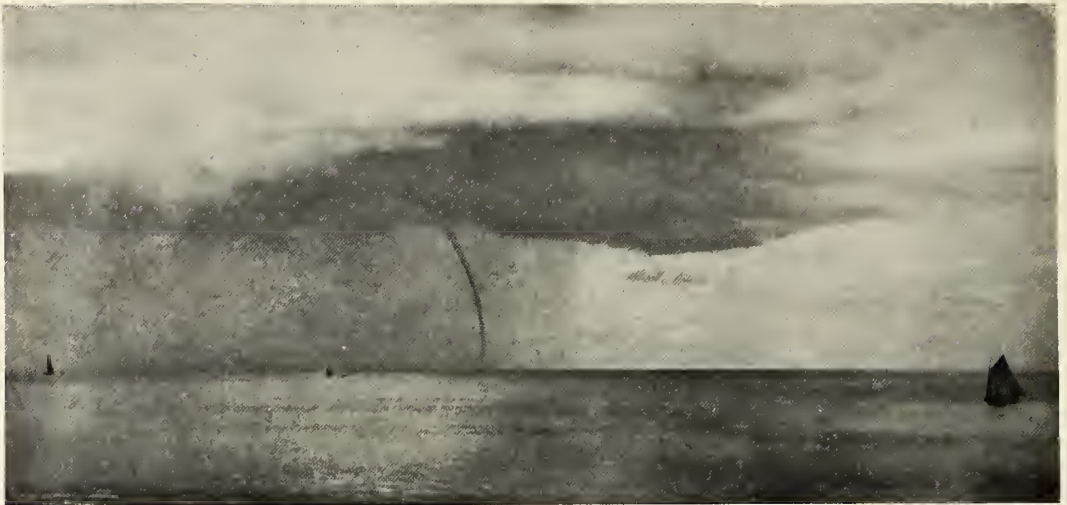


NO. 2. THE SHOWER PORTION AT THE RIGHT OF THE SPOUT. HERE THE CLOUDS AND RAIN-FALL WERE VERY DARK, WITH FREQUENT LIGHTNING-DARTINGS THROUGH THEM.

"The water was sucked up in a spiral form and diffused to the right, as shown in view No. 1. The Nantucket boat came through the midst of it, and a gentleman remarked, upon landing at the wharf at Cottage City: 'The water in that shower was salt.'

"Another gentleman present remarked: 'I claimed a shower last year at Vineyard Haven was salt, and the people laughed at me.'

"A friend of mine at Cottage City has a



NO. 3. THE WATERSPOUT AS SEEN FROM FALMOUTH. (PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MR. F. W. WARD, OF BURLINGTON, VT., AT RIGHT ANGLES TO NO. 1.) IN THIS THE SHOWER IN THE BACKGROUND IS SHOWN BETTER THAN IN NO. 2.

telescope with a six and one half inch object-glass, mounted for astronomical study and marine observation. This telescope was powerful enough to see the buttons on a man's vest on the Suconessett Shoal light-ship, which was beyond the spout and which came in range

while observing the spout. He said that the ropes of water were whirled upward with terrific rapidity, and that the sea at the foot of the spout was like a huge caldron, in tremendous agitation, the water leaping in waves and lashed into foam and spray, with a mist above."



NO. 4. THE WATERSPOUT AS IT BEGAN TO DISINTEGRATE OR DISAPPEAR. THE SHOWER AT THE RIGHT (NOT SHOWN IN CUT) HAD THE ORDINARY APPEARANCE OF A HEAVY THUNDER-STORM.

THE WHITE ROBIN.

IN the summer of 1900 some friends of mine came to me with a story of a strange white bird that had been seen several times among the trees of a small grove which formed a part of the fair-grounds of the county in which I live. They described it to me as closely as they could, but I could not identify it as any of the birds which may be found in southern Ohio, the State in which my home county is. Finally another friend told me that he had seen a pair of robins feeding it, and, between us, we agreed that it must be a white robin—an albino.

An albino among men is a person whose skin and hair are unnaturally white. Among birds and animals an albino is one which is white, differing from others of its species. A bird or animal the normal color of which is white, or which changes to white feathers or fur for winter, is not an albino. The perfect albino has pink eyes, and no color about it. The white robin I saw was a perfect albino.

The rest of the brood of which the albino was one had scattered and were looking out for themselves; but the parent birds were still feeding their white fledgling. The other birds in the grove took a great deal of interest in the strange inhabitant, especially the purple grackles. As the white robin sat on a bough the grackles would perch near it, looking at it with their heads turned shrewdly to one side, or hopping from place to place, as though to get a better view. All the time they kept up a blackbird conversation about the object of their curiosity, clucking and chuckling away at a great rate.

The white robin did not hunt food for itself, although it was fully old enough to do so, but depended on its parents. When it flew, it did so awkwardly and blunderingly, and generally seemed to prefer staying in one place.

A day or two afterward two boys brought to

my office the white robin, dead. One of the local papers had said that an albino robin might be sold to a museum, and I accused the boys of having killed the bird on the chance of selling it. This they stoutly denied, saying that they found it dead. I took off the skin for the purpose of mounting it, and found that the boys had been telling the truth, for there was no sign of an injury. The poor robin was very thin, and its stomach was almost empty, except for the remains of one bug. I wondered if its parents had grown tired of feeding it. I found, also, that the reason it flew so poorly was because its eyes were defective, and that it must



THE WHITE, OR ALBINO, ROBIN. (DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.)

have been almost blind. Had its parents fed it until the time of the fall migration southward, the white robin could not have gone with the rest, and must have starved. The robin was entirely white, with pink eyes, a pinky-white beak, and pinkish legs.

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

[Albinism is caused by the lack of pigment, or coloring matter, in the quills. Birds so afflicted are, usually, not well developed, and suffer from attacks of individuals of their own species.—EDITOR.]

WANT TO KNOW ABOUT TURTLES.

MANY of our young observers are interested in turtles. On my desk is a package marked "About Turtles," and from this I have selected the following "want to know" letters.



"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ME? I'M 'AT HOME' ALL THE SPRING AND SUMMER. COME AND SEE—THAT'S THE WAY TO FIND OUT."

Almost every one knows something about turtles, for they are plentiful by roadside and brookside and in the marshes and ponds. Yet no one knows very much, and comparatively little about them, either in popular or scientific form, has been published. We all want to know more about them.

Many young people grab up a turtle immediately upon discovering it, and then the turtle draws in its head, legs, and tail, and will, of course, tell about as much as a stone.



THE PAINTED TURTLES ARE, PERHAPS, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL OUR TURTLES—AND THEY ARE ALWAYS LIVELY, TOO. NO OTHERS SEEM TO ENJOY ACTIVE LIFE BETTER THAN THEY.

BRIEF EXPERIENCE, BUT WANTS TO KNOW MORE.

RUXTON, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell your readers something about turtles? I once found two in a meadow stream with gold spots on their backs, but they escaped in the water so quickly that I could not examine them very closely. Ever since then I have been curious to learn something about them. Hoping that my desire may be gratified, I will close.

From your sincere reader,
EDITH KAPP.

The painted turtle is usually the first to make its appearance—about the middle of March. The spotted turtle appeared the last of the month or the first part of April along swampy streams. The box-turtle appeared a little later. Our young folks are all requested to make all turtles that they may find an especial object of study. The best popular account of turtles that I recall is Chapter xxix, "Short Studies of Turtles," in Dr. C. C. Abbott's very interesting book "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home." I will send a copy of this book to the St. NICHOLAS boy or girl who sends me, previous to November 1, 1902, the best original observations about our common small turtles.



SEVERAL TURTLES AS PETS.

117 EAST FIFTY-FOURTH ST.,
NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where I go in the summer I get a great many turtles. Last summer I had nine water-turtles all at one time. I also had a large turtle, very different from the others. I found him on land, though I have found some just like him in water. At first he would have nothing to do with any one, but after a while he became quite tame, and would eat apples, pears, and grapes out of my hand. He would eat raw meat, but preferred fruit. I used to tether him by a heavy string tied around his shell. One day he got away, and though I looked all over I could not find him. After I came to New York my sister wrote to me that the turtle had been found. If it is possible she will bring it to the city with her.

When I spent a few days in Philadelphia last week, I went to the Academy of Natural Sciences. There was a stuffed turtle there exactly like "Tervy," called a wood-tortoise. I should be very much obliged if you could tell me something about these turtles. I have looked for something about them, but I cannot find anything. I would like very much to know whether the turtle will live all winter in the back yard. I have a box-turtle in the yard already. Do you think there is any danger of his freezing?

Yours truly,

MARGARET SHEAVER.



THE BOX-TURTLE, OR LAND-TORTOISE, IN A WOOD PATH EATING VEGETATION.

A box-turtle is an especially amusing pet. A correspondent tells of keeping one in a large but shallow box filled with sand to the depth of about four inches. The box was covered with wire netting, and contained a large dish of water, plenty of fresh moss, and growing ferns. In the winter the turtle was allowed to roam around the house, as I have seen them in school-rooms. This correspondent gives an amusing account of the manner in which the turtle went downstairs, falling from step to step, each time landing on its back. After a struggle he would turn over and then try the next step as before. Arriving on the ground floor, he always made his way to the kitchen and established himself in a corner near the kitchen fire.

This reminds me of an anecdote related by Dr. Abbott. Of a box-tortoise he writes:

I followed and found him still traveling in a direct course, and was just in time to witness a funny scene. The steep bank of a deep ditch had been reached, and the tortoise was contemplating the outlook. It was too abrupt a descent for ordinary crawling, and to go in search of a more easy crossing seems not to have been thought of. At last, leaning over the edge as far as possible, the creature withdrew into his shell, and sent himself, by a sudden push with his hind feet, head over heels down the incline, and landed on his back. . . . Was this accidental or intentional? I think the latter. The whole manner of the tortoise seemed to indicate it.

From this amusing incident the writer not only learns of the habits of the box-tortoise, but he draws a valuable lesson. Perhaps you will like to tell the anecdote and the lesson to some of your grown-up friends. Here is the lesson—part reason, part venture.

I thought, too, at the time, what a happy way to cross our lives' deep, deep ditches, if we could but put it in practice. Shut ourselves within ourselves, roll over, and trust to luck. But how few have sufficient confidence to do this! Half our lives we tremble on the bank of a dry ditch, and then turn back in despair.

It seems rather reasonable that this box-tortoise's expeditious, even if undignified, descent of the bank was not accidental, for when kept

to give it. It has been asleep nearly all the time since I have had it,—that is to say, about the beginning of last November,—and I have tried feeding it on bread-crumbs, milk, seeds, and raw meat, but as yet it has eaten nothing. Could you tell me what to do in the "Because I want to know" department? Your interested reader,

MARION HOUNSFIELD (age 16).

The water-turtles are chiefly flesh-eaters, and are very fond of earthworms, snails, fish, and all



THE SPOTTED TURTLES ARE FOND OF SUNNING THEMSELVES ON A LOG OR ROCK AT THE EDGE OF THE POND.

as pets they manifest considerable intelligence, and soon learn to distinguish between members of the family and strangers.

By the way, it is the box-tortoise that tempts the jack-knife. Doubtless many carved dates are authentic, and I have personal knowledge of at least one boy on a farm who found a box-tortoise with initials and date cut by his grandfather when a boy. This species is long-lived, but "C. C., 1492," on a shell is, of course, a joker's work, rather than a Columbus autograph.

WHAT TO FEED THEM.

LES MOULINS, SÈVRES, FRANCE.

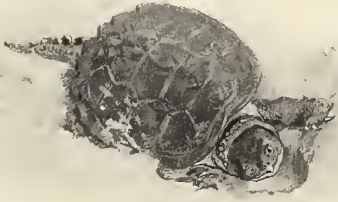
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little terrapin was given to me some time ago, and I should like to know what food

kinds of meat. The "mud-turtles" are scavengers and will not usually take living prey. They pass the winter in at least a semi-torpid state in the mud. Whether there or in captivity, they will not eat during the winter.

Box-turtles in freedom do not eat in the winter, but in a warm house in captivity they will eat sparingly, and in fact are not large eaters at any time of the year.

It is claimed that the box-turtle is strictly a vegetable-feeder, and in wild state probably feeds mostly on plants. In captivity it will, however, not only eat lettuce, cabbage, potatoes, and apples, but will take a few earthworms and bits of meat. A small quantity every two

or three days in warm weather and in captivity, every two or three weeks in cold weather, is



THE SNAPPING-TURTLE DIGGING ITS NEST.

sufficient. The box-turtle usually burrows in earth under a log or pile of leaves. You can keep one in the back yard if such facilities for burrowing are provided.

The snapping-turtle is ferocious and dangerous, and gets its name from the sudden manner in which it seizes live prey in its powerful jaws. It is not advisable to keep this turtle as a pet. It is claimed on good authority that the snapping-turtle will bury surplus food, and thus "gives evidence of intellectual activity."

TURTLES OF SMALL SIZE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer I caught two small turtles. One of them slipped through my net because it was so small, but the man that was with me caught it with his hand. I carried them from Long Island to New York in a handkerchief. One time, on the train, I missed one of them, and found it half-way down the aisle. I have noticed that they do not eat in winter.

LAURA BUR-
LESON.

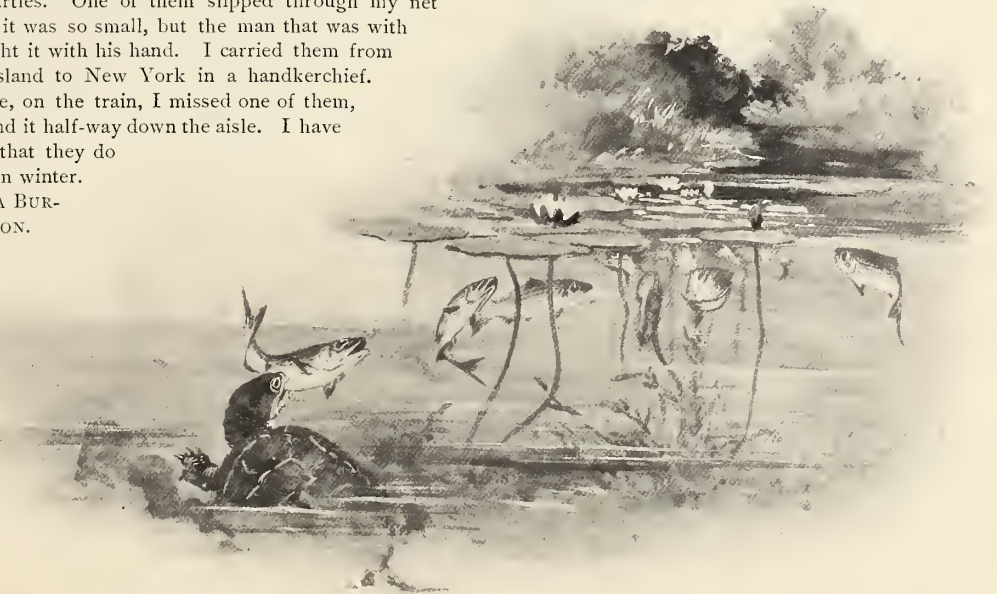
Small aquatic turtles are plentiful and often caught in a fine mesh net. But try to find a small box-tortoise, and that's a different matter. You can easily find several full-grown box-turtles in the damp woods of early spring, but small or recently hatched box-turtles are almost unknown.

As an example of keen observation, John Burroughs in "Lovers of Nature" ("Riverby") says:

The farm-boy who told a naturalist a piece of news about turtles, namely, that the reason why we never see any small turtles about the fields is because for two or three years the young turtles bury themselves in the ground and keep quite hidden from sight, had used his eyes to some purpose. This was a real observation.

Dr. J. A. Allen claims that "the box-turtle has a note—a shrill, piping sound." What can you tell us about this matter?

Turtles lay their eggs in the sand about three inches below the surface. If you find one of these nests please send drawings and full particulars. Have you ever seen one digging in the sand? How does it do it? Will some one please tell about the tracks made by the claws of different species in the sand by the pond? There are many things about turtles that we all want to know. Let's all learn something new, by careful seeing, about them this season.



THE SNAPPING-TURTLE CATCHING A FISH FROM ITS CONCEALED POSITION IN THE MUD.
This turtle catches its live prey by a quick "snap" of its head, hence the name snapping-turtle.



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY ROBERT CANLEY HALLOWELL, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

FROM year to year we journey on,
 With pictures, puzzles, prose, and rhyme.
 The months are past, the seasons gone,
 From summer-time to summer-time.

THIS has been a good League month—good contributions of every sort. Those selected for prizes and publication are most of them worthy of place anywhere. It has been hard for the editor to award the prizes, and members who have failed must bear in mind that it has been a selection of the fittest as well as the best. A very excellent poem or story or picture is sometimes left out, and the contributor's name placed on the roll of honor, for the reason that the contribution is not altogether suited to League readers, who are to be thought of as well as League writers and artists.

For this is always the way with a magazine. It cannot print some of the very best things that come, because

they are not quite suited to its public and its purpose, and those League members who hope to continue writing and drawing after they have left the League behind must keep this in mind as one of the little League lessons that will be of value by and by. The League editor has had it taught to him a great many times, and he is willing to pass it along. If League contributors will learn this lesson as well as they are learning how properly and skilfully to prepare their work, we shall have, some day, as League graduates, the most famous lot of magazine writers and authors the world has ever seen.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 32.

IN making awards contributors' ages are considered. VERSE (Illustrated). Cash prize, Beth Howard (age 15), Pacific Heights, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Gold badges, Rose C. Goode (age 16), Boydton, Va., Dorothy Russell Lewis (age 14), 4378 Westminister Pl., St. Louis, Mo., and John Herschel North (age 9), Edgerton, Wis.

Silver badges, Eleanor Myers (age 12), 4 W. 47th St., New York City, Margaret E. Mauson (age 16), 191 Fredrick Ave., Oshkosh, Wis., and Gertrude Elizabeth Ten Eyck (age 7), Box 384, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

PROSE. Gold badges, Jean Olive Heck (age 16), 632 Barr St., Cincinnati, O. (illustrated story), Bessie Stella Jones (age 13), 80 Wilton St., Wilkes Barre, Pa., and Bernice A. Chapman (age 10), 712 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, Robert Ruttan (age 14), Port Arthur, Tex., Katharine J. Bailey (age 11), Station A, Gardner, Mass., and Katharine Sergeant (age 9), Marion, Mass.

DRAWING. Cash prize,



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY LAURENCE M. SIMMONDS, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

Laurence M. Simmonds (age 15), 307 W. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md.

Gold badge, Robert Canley Hallowell (age 16), 1203 W. 9th St., Wilmington, Del.

Silver badges, Jacob Salzman (age 16), 124 Second St., New York City, Marshal McKeon (age 12), 32 Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Dulcie Lawrence Smith (age 10), 31 Portman Square, London, England.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badge, Clifford H. Lawrence (age 15), 295 Montgomery Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Silver badges, Robert V. Hayne, Jr. (age 12), address mislaid, and Eugene White, Jr. (age 11), 25 S. Washington St., Tarrytown, N. Y.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Wild Fowl," by Edith M. Gates (age 15), 115 School St., Springfield, Mass. Second prize, "Mallard Duck," by Harold Kelly (age 16), Clinton, Ia. Third prize, "Seals," by Marion D. Freeman (age 10), Santa Fé, N. M.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, Dorothy Winslow (age 16), 239 Hampden Court, Chicago, Ill., and Kenneth Durant (age 12), 228 S. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, Clarence A. Southerland (age 13), 1318 W. 7th St., Wilmington, Del., and J. E. Fisher, Jr. (age 10), 34 W. 76th St., New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Gladys Burgess (age 12), Ridley Park, Pa.

(No silver badge award.)

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY DOROTHY RUSSELL LEWIS
(AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

THE rain is falling from the
clouded sky

In warm, fast-coming
tears, as weeps a child.

The north wind answers, sobbing deep and wild,
And with a sigh

Stirs the dead leaves. While all things dreary
seem,

I close my eyes and see as in a dream

The fields of summer-time, so long gone by.

I hear once more the skylark's roundelay,

As it soars upward, borne on pinions fleet;

I see again the waving fields of wheat,

The golden day,

The sky above me, shining clear and blue

In tender, soft'ning shades of azure hue.

Oh, fields of summer-time, so far away!

Above the swaying grasses in the glen

The sky grows pink in tints of pearl and rose.

All things are calm in twilight's deep repose.

A last amen

To the birds' anthem of sweet melody

Comes floating through the still night air to me—

Oh, fields of summer-time, come back again!

A DISCOVERY.

BY BESSIE STELLA JONES (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

DAISY was a little girl eight years old, one of a large family. She possessed an old fairy-book, her favorite story being the fable of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Her mother was poor and worked daily. Her father was dead.

One day, after finishing her work, she sat down and read over and over the story of the rainbow gold. At last the sun came out, making a beautiful rainbow after the terrible shower. The children were out. Daisy had made a decision.

When the rain ceased Daisy started out, passing along the familiar streets of the village. Then the houses be-



"THE BROOK I KNOW." BY CLIFFORD H. LAWRENCE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

came few. She followed the course of that wondrous rainbow, ever traveling from home. Such a beautiful scene seldom is witnessed. She sped on, springing, singing merrily, and occasionally plucking a flower. The time was fleeting. She became tired at last, but she was determined to reach the end of the bow, discover the gold, and make the family rich. The vision of a tired mother returning homeward to find herself and the family rich flashed through her active mind.

Daisy sat down on a broad stone, beside a babbling brook, to rest. She looked for her guide, the rainbow, but, alas! it had long disappeared. All hopes of becoming rich fled. She cried passionately, mingling her tears with the shady brook; and she seemed to hear murmurs of sympathy from it.

She became bewildered, and knew not where to go and what to do. As is always the way of lost people, she took the opposite direction. Over hill, dale, and valley she wandered, weary and discouraged. But suddenly, as if by magic, she found herself in a large open moor where was a most beautiful view of the setting sun, as the lingering rays were reflected in the neighboring river. It was a perfect picture for an artist. Daisy



"THE BROOK I KNOW." BY ROBERT Y. HAYNE, JR., AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

felt more light-hearted. But it disappeared. She was alone in the night.

The next day, at dawn, a party of hunters, headed by the king of the country, found a tired little girl under a tree, fast asleep. They took her home, and heard her pathetic story. The king granted the family a pension and gave them a cozy home, and was their lifelong friend.

in the interest of science, we must capture our newly discovered reptile, take him to Chicago, and present him to the Lincoln Park Zoo. So papa opened a newspaper, and after much scrambling, with the aid of a stick, placed the frog-snake or snake-frog within the paper.

Carefully holding his precious package, he carried it for some distance, meanwhile planning on the best way

OUR WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

(A True Story.)

BY BERNICE A. CHAPMAN
(AGE 10).

(Gold Badge.)

OUR pleasant summer vacation was at an end, and we were taking our last walk through the woods at Macatawa before leaving for our home in Chicago, when suddenly, right before us in the path, we saw a most curious reptile. Papa, whose boyhood days had been spent in the country, had never seen anything like it, and we all expressed our astonishment at its queer appearance.

It looked like a snake with a frog's head and front legs, and its movements were so swift we could not in our excitement determine whether it used its frog legs or not. We all agreed that,

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY ROSE C. GOODE (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

AWAY in the east the sky grows pink
With a marvelous splendor bright,
And the sun comes up like a golden ship
Afloat on a sea of light;
The dewdrops sparkle and gleam and fall;
The birds awake and begin to call.
"Twit, tweet! Twit, tweet!" rings soft
and sweet
Out over the fields of summer.

The sun shines down in the noonday fair,
While the daisies laugh and the bobolinks swing;

While the butterfly dreams in a wild-rose cup;

While the swallows dart and the thrushes sing.

For in all the world there is nothing sad—
All things alive are free and glad.

And the locust's cry rasps shrill and high
Out over the fields of summer.

A breeze springs up 'mid the silent trees;

The sun hangs low in the purple west;
The daisies nod, the birds trail home,

And the world sinks down to rest.

Then clear and soft through the shadowy night,

Through the silver mist and the pale moonlight,

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" floats over the still
And sleeping fields of summer.



"THE BROOK I KNOW." BY EUGENE WHITE, JR., AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

to pack his prize safely for the journey to Chicago. Suddenly there was a wriggling, and out squirmed an ordinary snake, leaving in the paper a common frog.

Mr. Snake, it appeared, had tried to satisfy his hunger by gobbling Mr. Frog, who was too large for one mouthful and would neither go down nor come up.

In our party were five grown people and two children, all of whom were deceived. Lincoln Park has no frog-snake or snake-frog in its collection.

THE DISCOVERY OF OIL AT SPINDLE TOP.

BY ROBERT RUTAN (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

ON January 10, 1901, our little town of Port Arthur was excited over the news of a very large oil-gusher near Gladys City on Spindle Top. Spindle Top is not a hill, but an elevated tract of land which lies about twelve miles northwest of Port Arthur.

A. F. Lucas is the man who struck the oil.

First there was an explosion, and in a few seconds the pipes were sent into the air like straws, followed by an eight-inch stream of oil, which went up over a hundred feet above the derrick, where the wind blew it out in a spray.

As soon as it was heard that there had been a gusher struck, every one in Beaumont, a city about four miles from the well, wanted to see it.

The liveries could not supply all, and many delivery-wagons loaded with men went to the well.

Before long there were about one thousand people around it. Every one that thought about it, or could, took bottles for samples.

The employees of Mr. Lucas went to work to build a levee to save the oil, as they estimated that about five thousand barrels had gone out already.

Some negroes took buckets of the oil to the fence to fill the bottles of all sizes, tin cans, and anything that would hold the oil.

They were not very careful about spilling it, so a good many suits of clothes were spoiled.

When they got the oil they would wrap their handkerchiefs around the bottle and put it in their pockets. They did not care if their hands were soiled, if they had the oil.

The gusher gushed for ten days without stopping, and then they got it shut off; but the waste oil got afire and burned up. There was a rush for all the land near, and people who owned



"WILD FOWL." BY EDITH M. GATES, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

it thought themselves millionaires, when before they were unwilling to pay the taxes on it.

They have struck many more wells around there, but none so famous as the Lucas Gusher.

Pipe-lines are now laid between Port Arthur and Spindle Top, also tanks and docks on the canal.

They have built refineries here, and much refined oil has been sent away in oil boats and cars, while the crude oil is used as fuel. The immense oil-boats are filled from the pipes which bring oil from the wells.



"MALLARD DUCK." BY HAROLD KELLY, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY MARGARET E. MAUSON (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

HEIGH-HO for the grass-green fields,
And the woodlands dark and deep,
Where the feathery fern and violet
Have wakened from their sleep;
Where snows of winter once did fall,
But now are fled and gone;
Where first Aurora shakes apart
The curtains of the dawn.

A DISCOVERY.

(A True Story.)

BY KATHARINE SERGEANT (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE a friend of mine showed me something that interested me very much. It was a spider's nest. The spider had made it out of red clay. It had, at one end, a little door that opened. When the spider was inside, all he had to do was to push the door and it opened out. When he went out, he left the door



"SEALS." BY MARION D. FREEMAN, AGE 10. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY MARSHAL McKEON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

open. If you looked carefully at the inside of the door, there was a tiny hole, so tiny that you could hardly see it. So when the spider went in he put his leg in the hole and pulled the door shut after him. Anybody who tried to open the door from the outside would have to tip the nest upside down.

For the inside of the nest the spider had spun a web which made it all soft and silky. The nest was small and round and just the color of the ground, so it was very hard to find. I think a spider who had a house like that would be very happy.

THE LONG PATH OF DISCOVERY.

BY JEAN OLIVE HECK (AGE 16).
(*Gold Badge Illustrated Story.*)

A CHILD learned his alphabet and began to read. He spent delightful, silent hours spelling out the wonderful legends that the nations have loved since the world was young. He made for himself a dreamy habitation peopled with fairy folk who were his friends and playmates. These beings had no time to think or feel; they were always busy, like the child's own active brain. So the little reader loved them for the marvelous deeds they wrought.

Then victorious princes and slain dragons lost their fresh charm. The child discovered that he had been reading the same story over and over again. He found new books which told of knights and tournaments and castles. These he joyfully added to his imaginary kingdom. But once he came to a place in his reading where there were long sentences about love and hate and fear. For a while he pushed his way among the solemn words. After that he skipped the chapters that told how the heroes stopped to think.

By and by the child grew old—it may have been in



THE LONG PATH OF DISCOVERY.
(SEE STORY.)

years, it may have been in suffering. His fairyland became a dwelling-place of shadows. He took down the old books from their shelves and read them through again; but this time he lingered long over the pages he had passed by before. What he had thought was needless sorrow proved to be the sympathy for which he sought.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY JOHN HERSHEL NORTH (AGE 9).

(*Gold Badge.*)

The brooklet danced, the soft wind blew;
The branches on the oak-trees swayed,
And flung the sparkling drops of dew
Upon each leaf, each stalk and blade.

My boat lay rocking by the pier,
With sails furled up and anchor cast;
Upon the water bright and clear
There fell the shadow of her mast.

The big sun sent its golden beams
Across the marsh and grassy plain;
It shone upon the trickling streams,
And on the shocks of golden grain.

I roamed among the fields of corn,
And gazed into the summer sky;
I breathed the fragrant odors borne
Upon the breeze that wandered by.

MR. MANSFIELD'S DISCOVERY.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THEODORE VALENTINE MANSFIELD—such was the very dignified name that graced, or, as he himself would have said, disgraced, a very undignified little boy in New York City. His father was a rich man, and thought he was doing his duty to his motherless boy by dressing him like a little lord, providing him with expensive toys, and hiring a tutor for his education.

This tutor was the most objectionable person in the house to Ted, for it was he who always called him "Master Theodore," and Ted hated long names.

Moreover, he had no one to play with, and that was a source of trouble. His mother had died when he was only three years old, and, from what people said, he knew that she would have been very different. But his father did not understand children, and so Ted's life was not a happy one.

One day when he was in a park with his tutor, that gentleman began talking with a friend, and told Mas-

ter Theodore to run away a minute. He was only too glad to obey, and went to the other side of the park. There he found a little boy apparently about the same age as himself, and, to open the conversation, Ted asked unceremoniously: "What 's your name?"

"Dick," he answered. "That is, my name is Richard Beverly, but every one calls me Dick. What 's yours?"

"Theodore Valentine Mansfield, I suppose; but

mother used to call me Ted,—mother's dead now,—and that is name enough for me."

The two boys talked for quite a few minutes, and then, seeing his tutor coming, Ted said:

"Say, you're what I call a boy. Can't you come up to my house some day? If you can, bring your baseball, so we can have some fun."

The result of it was that one day he came, and after a glorious three hours' play, Ted came up to his father just as Dick was going home. This is what he burst out in a breath: "He's awfully nice. I met him in the park. His name's Dick, and he brought his baseball. Say, can't I have a suit like his? I'm tired of these velvet things. And I wish you'd call me Ted, and let me go to school. Won't you?"

Thus Mr. Mansfield discovered that there were other things a boy cares about besides fine clothes, expensive toys, and a tutor.



"THE BROOK I KNOW." BY FRANCIS EARLE, AGE 14.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY ELEANOR MYERS (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OH, the prettiest sights of the cool early morn
Are the bright fields of summer-time, waving with corn.
The brisk breeze of morning is lustily blowing,
The sun slowly rises to set the sky glowing,
And bright clouds, all tinted with silver and gold,
They smile to the earth as their wings they unfold,
And swiftly they sail through the gay summer sky
As if to some beautiful haven
they'd fly.

To a child looking upward from
bright fields of wheat
These clouds have a message,
and to her 't is sweet;
The message is this: "Little
child, do not fear,
For love is beside you and hea-
ven is near;
So run and be merry the summer
day long,
That sometimes up here I may
hear your gay song."
So the child turned away with a
smile on her face,
And her merry song sounded all
over the place.

MY DISCOVERY.

(*A True Story.*)

BY GERTRUDE HELENE HEYDT-
MANN (AGE 13).

ONE sunny day in June I thought I would like to go for a horseback ride, so I saddled my horse and went off. After a few miles I came to one of the numerous caves that abound in Hawaii, and thought I would like to see if there was anything inside (as the Hawaiians often leave things), and to get some ferns to make a lei (wreath) for my hat.

I tied my horse and went to the edge of the cave,

when my attention was attracted by a curious stone that stood in a space free of all leaves, stones, and grass, as if it was or had been used for a special purpose.

The stone was about two feet thick, two feet broad, and three feet long. It was made of very heavy stone, and as smooth as glass except where shallow indentions had been chiseled.

It was set upon stone feet and was perfectly straight. There were a few stones beneath the stone that were about as long as a baby's little finger and about as thick.

I afterward found that I had discovered an ancient Hawaiian chess-board. The small stones were the men. I also found that it is one of the few, if not the only one, in existence.



"THE BROOK I KNOW." BY JOHN S. PERRY,
AGE 14.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY EDWARD LAURENCE MCKIN-
NEY (AGE 10).

THE fields are gay with flowers
In the summer-time so bright;
And the birds are sweetly singing
From morning until night.

The lilac and the pink are here,
The clover and the daisy;
The bee is working in his hive—
He never does get lazy.

The children, having now begun
A very nice vacation,
Are spending here their holidays
In happy occupation.

Some are in the meadows,
Playing in the hay;
Some are on the lawn, playing
Tennis or croquet.

A DISCOVERY.

BY MARGARET M. BROWN (AGE 17).

WE had been gathering violets in the old St. Clair cemetery at Greensburg, Pennsylvania. With hands full of the beautiful purple and white flowers, we were



BY W. B. HUNTLY, AGE 17.

strolling slowly along the grass-grown road toward the tall, weather-beaten black posts. These showed where there had once been a gate, through which many a funeral cortege had passed. While we walked we read the inscriptions on the few tombstones that we passed.

Being hot and tired, I lay down on the grass to rest, but was aroused by hearing my friend call: "Come, see what I have discovered."

I found her standing before a small brownstone monument, regarding it intently.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Read the inscription," she replied.

Obediently, I read these words on the old monument:

THE
EARTHLY REMAINS
of
MAJ.-GEN. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR
ARE DEPOSITED
BENEATH THIS HUMBLE MONUMENT
which is
ERECTED
TO SUPPLY THE PLACE
OF A NOBLER ONE
DUE FROM HIS COUNTRY
HE DIED
AUG. 30
1818
IN THE 84TH YEAR OF HIS AGE

We gazed in silence until my friend spoke. "Let's put our flowers on the steps," she said.

With this tribute to the soldier—at one time commander-in-chief of the army, and the first governor of the Northwest Territory, but now resting under a humble monument beneath the rustling pines in the old cemetery—we passed on.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY GERTRUDE ELIZABETH TEN EYCK (AGE 7).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE a grasshopper brave and true
Was sipping honey and the dew.
A bee said: "My friend, how do you do?
The fields are green, and so are you."
The grasshopper, wroth, said: "What do you mean?
Of all the impudence ever was seen!"
How long they'd have quarreled 't is hard to say,
But on seeing me they flew away.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 10).

THE days of August have come again;
The sun shines down on the golden grain,
And the fields are bright
In the radiant light
Of the summer sun in its azure height.

By the country path where the trees are few
The aster grows with its petals blue;
And o'er the sod,
By the roadside nod
The yellow flowers of goldenrod.

The grass is deep on the lonely hill;
The air is quiet, the birds are still.

The hours pass by,
And beneath the sky
The fields of summer in splendor lie.

THE SEARCH FOR AND DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

BY EDNA MEAD (AGE 14).

FAR away on the other side of the world lies the continent of Africa. For the most part wild and covered with arid deserts, it yet possesses one feature unsur-



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY THOMAS PORTER MILLER, AGE 13.



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY
FANNIE TAYLOR, AGE 13.

passed by any in all the world. This is the river Nile. For thousands of years men have searched for the sources of this wonderful river, but until late in the nineteenth century their search was in vain. When Nero was emperor of the Romans, in the years 54-68 A.D., he sent two expeditions for this purpose, but they ascended only as far as the meeting of the river Sobat with the Bahrel-Abiad, or White Nile. Nothing more was discovered until the year 1770,

The bobolinks call and the thrushes sing,
The fleecy clouds fly o'er the sky,
But babykin's head o'er a daisy is bent—
Heigh-ho, baby and I!

I pick a blossom. "He loves me not."
The petals are falling fast.
"He loves me. Alas! he loves me not."
The very, very last!
But I feel two soft arms about me cling,
And I hear a baby voice cry,
"I do love 'oo, sister—I do, I do!"
Heigh-ho, baby and I.

Robin Redbreast can tell you what happened next;
Ask him if you want to know.
The sunshine showered o'er the daisies white,
And—baby and I, heigh-ho!



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY ALMON E. FIELD, AGE 13.

when James Bruce, a Scotch explorer, discovered that the Blue Nile, a river one hundred and ninety miles long, issued from Lake Tana. In the years 1839-42 the government of Egypt sent three expeditions up the river, which got as far as Gondokoro. In 1858 the explorer Speke reached the Victoria Nyanza (which means Victoria Lake), and in 1862 discovered Ripon Falls. Two years later Sir Samuel Baker discovered Albert Nyanza, and in 1868-71 Schweinfurth explored the western tributaries of the White Nile.

At last, in 1875, Henry M. Stanley, one of the greatest of explorers, sailed all round Victoria Nyanza, and in 1889 discovered Albert Edward Nyanza. Thus, as far as we know, the sources of the great river have been found one by one, and from their discovery dates the beginning of civilization in the heart of Africa, and in time even its wild wastes may be covered with homes.

IN THE FIELDS OF THE SUMMER-TIME.

BY EDWINA L. POPE (AGE 17).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

OH, babykin dear, with your eyes so blue,
And curls like some sunbeam astray,
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho for the daisies white,
And for the baby and me at play!

was wandering along this bank, looking for flowers. Suddenly a small lark flew up from the grass and perched on a bush near by. The child knew that its nest must be near, so she searched among the grass until she found a small nest with four eggs in it.

She was very proud of her treasure, and told no one, for she was afraid that some

BESSIE'S DISCOVERY.

BY G. M. STABBACK
(AGE 12).

FAR away in a remote part of Canada there is a pretty little river which runs slowly along to join the great lake which is its mouth. On one side of this river a steep bank rises, covered with shrubs and trees, and it is carpeted with ferns, violets, and river-grasses.

One summer's morning a little girl of about four years



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY NANCY
W. HUNTLEY, AGE 12.



"THE BROOK I KNOW." BY HENRY ORMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 16.

one might find it. Day after day she visited the nest and watched the mother bird's movements. She wondered what was inside the eggs, and thought there must be some little birds. She became more curious every day, and finally resolved to break one open and see.

The next morning, when she visited the nest, she took one of the eggs out, and with a stone broke it open. The mother bird, who had flown to a bush near by, when she saw what had happened, started to utter the most piteous cries, and to circle around the nest, longing yet not daring to come near. Bessie—for that was the child's name—viewed her work sorrowfully. The cries of the mother grew louder and louder, and she could stand it no longer. She burst into tears, and ran away, holding her ears to shut out the sad cries of the poor little bird.

Bessie is grown up now, but she has never treated any bird or helpless creature cruelly, for the lesson she learned was so great that she has always remembered it.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY MAY H. RYAN (AGE 12).

The fields of summer-time are quite alive with merry folk.
There's Robin Hood with bow and arrow, clad in long green cloak;
And Little John, a mighty fellow, striding o'er the green,
And many a jesting archer among his comrades seen;



"THE BROOK AT NIGHT-FALL." BY WALTER P. SCHUCK, AGE 13.



"THE BROOK I KNOW." BY WALLACE DUNN, AGE 10.

Old Friar Tuck strolls slowly round, with meek and pious air,
While saying softly 'neath his breath a disconnected prayer.
The milkmaid and the shepherdess go by with jaunty swing;
And this is the rollicking song, in concert gay, they sing:

"Heigh-ho! The fields are gay once more, for summer-time is here,
And now in the wakened forest wanders the timid deer.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! In sooth, the merry summer-time is near,
And soon the hunter winds his horn with echoes wild and clear!

"With crook and milking-stool and pail, we gaily dance along.

Heigh-ho! Oh, join us in our merry, merry, merry milking-song!
Our merry milking-song! Heigh-ho!

"The many wand'ring minstrels thronging through the countryside
Will gladly use their fiddle-bows for us at eventide!

In sooth, we will be merry in the fields of new-mown hay;

Ah, yes, but we will be merry, and, la, we will be gay!

"With crook and milking-stool and pail, we gaily dance along.

Heigh-ho! Oh, join us in our merry, merry, merry milking-song!

Our merry milking-song! Heigh-ho!"

NOTICE.

League members can have lost badges or leaflets replaced on application.

ROLL OF HONOR.

OWING to our over-crowded pages, it has been decided to put on the Roll of Honor only those whose work is considered *worthy of publication if space would permit*. This makes the "Roll" something well worth striving for, and the "Honor" well worth having.

VERSE.

- Louisa F. Spear
- Frances Benedict
- Agnes Dorothy Campbell
- Albert Richard
- Hanna D. Monaghan
- Adelaide L. Flagler
- Meta Walther
- Bessie G. Perot
- Dorothy Douglas
- Elizabeth Ralph Bevier
- Edward Herendeen
- Dora May Reed
- Florence L. Bain
- Pleasance Baker
- Ada Arabelle Bamberger
- Marcia Louise Webber
- Edward Royce
- Helen Cowles
- C. M. Ulp
- Caroline C. Everett
- Marion D. Freeman
- Edith Dunham
- Margery Johnson
- Karl F. Adams
- W. Bleecker
- A. Zane Pyles
- Harold R. Norris

PROSE.

- Luther D. Fernald
- Elizabeth Hill Sherman
- Ruth M. Peters
- Anne R. Waldo
- G. Mercer Williams
- Edith M. Airy
- Annie Crim
- Charles Henry Brady
- Mabel Fletcher
- Earl D. Van Deman
- Flora Heath
- Henry Goldman
- Herman White Smith
- Emelyn Ten Eyck
- Greta Wetherill Kernan
- Bessie Burgess
- Bessie M. Oberst

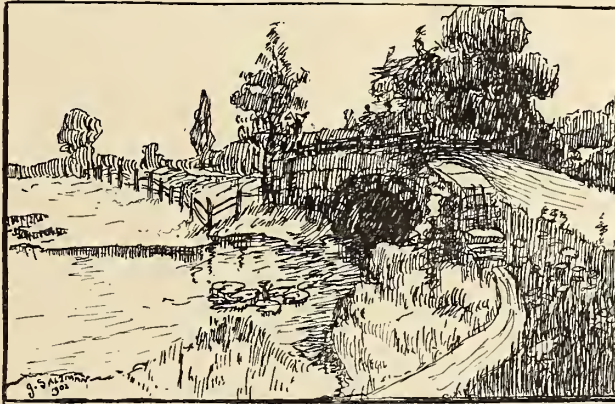
- Edith Worden
- Edyth F. Vermeulen
- Katherine T. Halsey
- Susie Franks Iden
- Mabel S. Daniels
- Alice May Fuller
- Edna Youngs
- Dorothy T. Biddle
- Grace Capron Johnson
- Ethelyn Russell
- Virginia S. Grint
- Paul Shipman Andrews
- W. N. Coupl nd
- Dorothy K. Fairchild
- Mary M. McGuin
- Lucy O. Beck
- Louise Lauder
- Francisca Y. W. Blaauw
- Walter Barton
- Elizabeth L. Alling
- Nelson Hackett
- Freda Allene Snow
- Gladys Crockett
- Frances May Ingalls
- Charlotte Brate
- J. D. Keeler, Jr.
- Olive M. Kenyon
- Emmeline Bradshaw
- Helen Bogart
- Frances Marion Miller
- Hilda Nash (no age)
- Ivy Varian Walshe
- Alstair H. Kyd



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY DULCIE LAWRENCE SMITH, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

- Clara H. Currier
- Margaret Brewster Stevens
- Doris G. Ripley
- Roscoe Adams

- Prescott Wright
- Kathleen E. Bailey
- Rose Kinney
- Laura Gardin
- Howard Johnson
- Anna Katherine Cook
- Norman H. Shepard
- Percy Jamieson
- Edgar Pearce
- Fred H. Lahee
- M. Effie Lee
- Josh Brady
- Charlotte Morton
- Saidee E. Kennedy
- Joseph B. Kramer
- Madge Falcon
- Marjorie A. Bishop
- Honora Patton Russell
- Edith Tally
- Edwin H. Weaver
- R. L. Fowler
- Ursula Colquhoun
- Melton R. Owen
- Gladys Swift Butler
- K. B. Allison
- Harry Barnes
- Hazel Chadwick
- Ursula Roberts
- Herbert Clifford Jackson
- Margery Bradshaw
- Annie Genge
- Anna Strang
- Ruth Cutler
- Mary McKin Wilde
- John H. Bodwell
- Ralph Burke
- Charlotte Stark
- Doris Cole
- Louise Paine
- Irving A. Nees
- Philip Little
- Irma Castle Hanford
- Jerome Lilly
- Elizabeth McCormick
- Dorothy G. Thayer
- Violet Packenham
- Lucia Mundorf
- Dorothy Watkins
- Everett Snyder
- Gertrude Ferndon
- Winthrop Mandell



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY JACOB SALZMAN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

- Dorothy Rogers
- Margery Hoffman
- George A. Andrews
- Elsie Stark

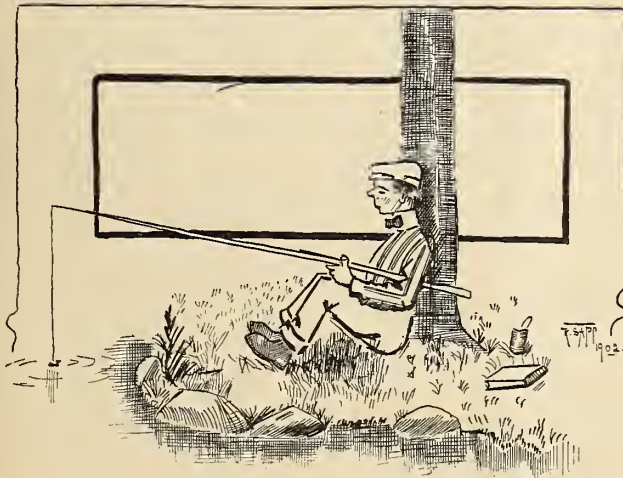
- Mary R. Hull
- John Fry
- Phyllis H. Langlois
- Marie Allen Packard
- Helen M. Prichard
- Cyrus McCormick
- William Wright
- Josephine W. Pitman
- Elisabeth R. Bryant
- Marguerite Wilmer
- Everett T. Mitchell
- Helen Jelliffe
- Muriel Bent
- George Foley
- H. Roswell Hawley
- Dorothy G. Thayer
- Violet Packenham
- Lucia Mundorf
- Dorothy Watkins
- Everett Snyder
- Gertrude Ferndon
- Winthrop Mandell

DRAWINGS.

- John Ruys
- Hugh C. Warner
- Walter S. Davis
- Allen G. Miller
- F. Harold Reuling
- Peirce C. Johnson
- Helen Rose
- Delmar G. Cooke

PHOTOGRAPHS.

- Lawrence G. Bennett
- Katherine Taylor
- Chanler W. Ireland
- Adolf Widenmann



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY L. RAY SAPP, AGE 15.

Grace Morgan Jarvis
Robert C. Hallowell
Seymour Blair
Orville H. Sampson
Mollie B. Macgill
Lilla A. Green
Lottie Woods
H. L. Martenet

Olive C. McCabe
S. B. Murray, Jr.
Dwight Pangburn
Lena E. Barksdale
Mary H. Cunningham
Clarence L. Hauthaway
G. Guier Hill
Margaret Wynne Yancey

Matthew Gault, Jr.
Emily Jones
W. F. Harold Braun
Fitz John Porter
Robert W. Williams
David L. Williams
Harold Bennett
Mary Thompson

Harold W. Knowles
Barnekah Angell
Gladys Hewett
Amelia K. MacMaster
Florence Hoyte
Audrey C. Bullock
Gretchen Neuburger
Helen Andersen

Mabel Stark
Fanny G. Selden
John Van Horne, Jr.
Donald Weir
Marion Pond
Elizabeth B. Ballard
Marion E. Senn
Elizabeth Harned

Marcus H. Doll

Leonard Major

Chester Grant Norcross

Muriel Bigott

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

JEAN BRADSHAW (age 13), of Walton, Hants County, Nova Scotia, would like a girl correspondent of her own age.

The anniversary number of the "Bubble," a little paper published at Charleroi, Pa., by Karl Keffer (age 13), is the best number of one of the best amateur papers that comes to the League. Every line of it is interesting.

Hobart Millett, 348 Euclid Ave., Beloit, Wis., would be glad to exchange American stamps with League members in foreign countries; also interesting specimens, such as flowers and butterflies.

Clara Wallber (age 15), 730 Central Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., would like to correspond with a girl of her own age, one in some foreign country preferred.

It has been reported to us that a story recently printed in the League was also printed by the author in the "club" page of the San Francisco "Bulletin," before its use in the League. While there is no rule against this, it is contrary to all literary usage; and the League editor trusts that no other member will send a story which the author has published elsewhere.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been on a trip to Arles, an interesting city in the southern part of France.

There were several Roman remains there. There were two pillars of the Forum, a kind of market-place. There was quite a large arena, in which they are preparing to have bull-fights; and also the scanty remains of a Roman theater. There was also a Roman burying-ground, in which there were two or three lines of stone coffins, about twenty of which had covers. At another place that I passed through there was a Roman theater in which plays are given once a year. A little farther out from the city than the theater there was a triumphal arch, made by the Roman general Marius. It is partly restored on one side, but the other side only has a few corners restored.

Hoping to see this in print soon, I still remain, Your loving reader,
JACK M. LONGYEAR.

WINONA, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am too old now to contribute any more pictures to the League, but still I look at its pages with interest. In after years I think it will be interesting to look back at the pictures of those who will then have won renown. We so often read "he drew as soon as he could hold a pencil," or "she showed an aptitude for drawing early in life," but none of the early productions of the young artists are ever shown. The young artists of a few years hence will be able to compare their drawings with the early productions of the famous men of their day.

Wishing you continued success, I am

Yours truly,
RALPH E. DYAR.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you a funny story that happened here the other day. I am sure it would interest many of your readers, especially those interested in birds. A lady living across the street from us had a lace collar fifty years old. It was quite valuable. It was out in the air getting dried, and a bold little robin came along and stole it. No one knew where the nest was, so they put a spool of thread in the same place where the lace was. Mr.

Robin soon returned for the rest of the lace, but he found the thread instead. He took the end of the thread up to his nest. Then the lady followed the thread which led to the nest. In it was the lace. The same robin stole a duster to ornament his nest with, too.

Your ever interested reader,

ELIZABETH A. GEST.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a large hickory-tree in our yard, and every morning and evening it is visited by a very cunning little red squirrel who comes to get his meals from the tree.

He has gathered a great many nuts in the fork of the tree, and he goes there and stays for about fifteen minutes every morning and evening.

It is surprising how fast he can run along the top of a very high board fence which is at the end of our lot. He can jump so far, too. He does not touch the ground at all, when he goes to his home, which, I think, is in a wood about a quarter of a mile from here. Jumping from tree to tree, it seems as though he *must* have invisible wings.

Hoping I will see this letter in print, I am

Your loving reader,
M. JOSEPHINE O'BRIEN
(age 15).

OTHER interesting and helpful letters have been received from Niva Curtis, Frederick Going, Helen Lathrop, Louise F. Thompson, Isabelle W. Pembroke, Marcia Louise Webber, Kenneth Perkins, Marjorie Anne Harrison, Helen Dorothy Johnston, Allen G. Miller, James Carey Thomas, Dorothy Rumsey Mercer, William T. Van Nostrand, Helen S. Mackay, Eleanor Louise Halpin, Susanna Glover, Owen Keeler, May Bevier, Margaret Russell, George Newgarden, and Elsie Dignan.



The Fields of Summer Time

The fields of summer time are gay,
And softly little breezes play
Among the flowers that show our way.
There're poppies red and cornflowers blue,
And buttercups and cowslips, too
All glistening in the morning dew
And underneath an old pine tree,
We spread our lunch - enough for three,
And oh - we're hungry as can be!
Then hide-and-seek and Jaq we play
We keep it up the livelong day,
Until a bell - quite far away -
Now tells us it is time for tea,
And nurse must brush our hair, you see,
And clean our frocks and hands must be
When fields of summer time are gay
Oh! - dear, it is such fun to play!
It's hard to tear one's self away.

ILLUSTRATED POEM. BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

IN THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY DOROTHY POWER (AGE 12).

I STARTED for a walk, one day,
To see the meadows filled with hay,
And as walking along the road
I met a child whose conduct showed
That she was cross, or she was shy,
Or that she was about to cry;
For she had closed her eyes so brown,
And muttered with her head hung down.
So, stepping toward the little one,
In soothing tones I then begun.
"What 's the matter, my child?" said I.
"What 's the reason that you should cry?"
"Hundred!" she cried. "I did n't peek."
And off she ran. 'T was hide-'n'-go-seek.

CHAPTERS.

THE great number of new chapters forming makes it almost impossible to give anything more than a bare report of numbers and officers. We will try, however, to give a line or two of news here and there when something of general interest occurs.

Chapter 347 celebrated their anniversary with a hard-times party, and one of the "chapter" mothers also gave a luncheon to the members. This is a good precedent, and the luncheon was of "general interest," at least to 347.

Chapter 405, who won second prize in the Entertainment Competition, has elected new officers.

Chapter 424, of Bronxville, N. Y., has added some new members, and as Bronxville is a literary center the League expects some notable work from this chapter.

There is to be another Entertainment Competition during the months of October, November, and December. It will be regularly announced in the October issue. Chapters might begin thinking over it, however, as soon as they choose—the sooner, the better.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 524. "Silver Stars." Fred Wyatt, President; Ralph Crozier, Secretary; six members. Address, S. W. corner 9th and Madison Sts., Wilmington, Del.

No. 525. "Boy Merry-makers." Arthur Oakes, President; Charles Rittenberry, Secretary; seven members. Address, Box 8, Jellico, Tenn.

No. 526. "Blue Jay." L. Ellison, President; Harvey Deschere, Secretary; four members. Average age 13. Address, 334 W. 58th St., New York City.

No. 527. "The Daisies." Harry Day, President; Ralph Day, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 276, Forest Grove, Ore.

No. 528. "Althea." Harriet Munroe, President; Ethel



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY EDITH DAGGEIT, AGE 14.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 35.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 35 will close August 20 (for foreign members August 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "Quiet Days."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "A Critical Moment," and must be a true story. May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happy Days."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Study from Still Life."

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

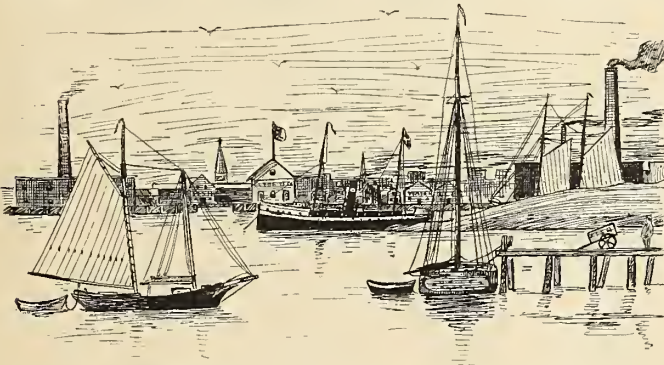
ADVERTISING COMPETITION.

The report of this competition will be found in one of the advertising pages of the American edition.

RULES.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY DAVID A. WASSON, AGE 14.

Pritchard, Secretary; four members. Address, 16 1/2 Cherry St., Elizabeth, N. J.

No. 529. "Blithe Quartette." Gwendolen Perry, President; Ruth Gurdy, Secretary; four members. Address, 64 N. Main St., Rockland, Me.

No. 530. G. Merce Williams, President; Katherine Williams, Secretary; seven members. Address, 1 Hopper St., Utica, N. Y.

No. 531. "Iroquois." Meriam Abbott, President; Elizabeth Rice, Secretary; five members. Address, 21 Cedar St., Worcester, Mass.

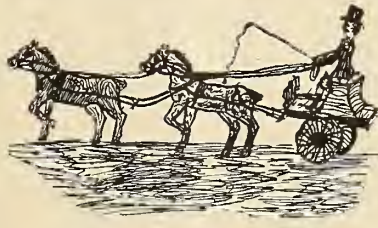
No. 532. Charles Burg, President; Warren Talcott, Secretary; six members. Address, Livingston, Mont.

No. 533. M. C. White, President; C. McKenna, Secretary; three members. Address, 134 W. 91st St., New York City.

No. 534. May Buthfer, President; Mabel Covey, Secretary; six members. Address, 612 Hudson St., New York City.

No. 535. Hershah White, President; Jesse Walker, Secretary; seven members. Address, Savannah, Tenn.

No. 536. "Hyperion Club." Edna Fritts, President; Marguerite Luce, Secretary; four members. Address, Caro, Mich.



"AN OUTDOOR SKETCH." BY NIXON FISHER, AGE 8.



BOOKS AND READING



W.H.M.

REPORT ON THE "ROBINSON CRUSOE EXPEDITION."

IN the June ST. NICHOLAS three yearly subscriptions were offered

to the three readers less than sixteen years of age who shall write the best letters of three hundred words or less, giving the names of the members of an expedition to rescue "Robinson Crusoe" from his desert island. There may be ten in the party, but there must be no real persons, no characters from myths or fairy-stories; only book-characters supposed in some play, story, or poem to be real. The expedition is to go in a sailing-vessel, and must be ready to explore and to fight savages. The reason for giving each name must be told.

After due consideration of all lists received, the prizes, *age being considered*, are awarded as follows:

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Robert Porter Crow (age 11), Shelby City, Kentucky.

Florence L. Hodge (age 10), Toledo, Ohio.

Elsie Bishop Buckingham (age 11), Springfield, Ohio.

SPECIAL HONORABLE MENTION.

Elsa Frederiksen (age 11), James Lukens McConaughy (age 14), Alan Fairbank (age 12), Eleanor Linton (age 13), Horace H. Underwood (age 11), Doris Francklyn (age 15), Gertrude May Winstone (age 14).

ROLL OF HONOR.

Ruth R. Abbott (age 13), Amanda Brecke (age 13), Marion Durell (age 14), Anna Dutton (age 14), Margaret Douglas Gordon (age 10), Frances May Ingalls (age 14), Edna Johnson (age 14), Marita O. Lincoln (age 12), J. F. McCurdy (age 14), Harold R. Norris (age 9), Alan Vreeland Parker (age 14), Mary E. Parkman (age 10), Edith Rogers (age 15), Fanny M. Stern (age 10), Josephine Taylor (age 13), Karl Tiedemann (age 11), Howard Welton (age 11), Dorothy Wheelock (age 13).

There were some excellent letters received too late to compete, and others were thrown out because they did not comply with the conditions. Here are the letters of the prize-winners:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In command of the expedition to rescue Robinson Crusoe I would place *Greatheart* and *Captain Nemo: Greatheart* because he is the noblest and bravest character in the literature of the world; *Captain Nemo* because he is the greatest navigator ever heard of in history or romance, and his knowledge of the waters on the globe was perfect. He had such a wonderful and inventive mind that I am sure he would take many devices to terrify and defeat the savages without shedding blood. In case of storm or any danger his knowledge and ingenuity would be invaluable.

John Ridd, on account of his great strength and manly courage.

The Deerslayer, for his chivalry, courage, and truth. *Rudolf Rassendyll*, for his shrewd quickness of mind, his dexterity, and his fidelity in every undertaking.

D'Artagnan, because of his wonderful skill with the sword and his dauntless courage.

Olaf Guldmar, for he was a true seaman, possessed a vigorous mind, and was brave and fearless.

Long Tom Coffin, because he combined true bravery and nobility of soul with a thorough knowledge of the sea.

Tom Bowling and *Ned Land*, because they were bold, heroic seamen, and could be depended on in time of danger.

ROBERT PORTER CROW.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If I were Robinson Crusoe the men I should want to rescue me are:

(From "Kidnapped," Robert Louis Stevenson) *Alan Breck*, because he could fight the savages.

(From "Tom Brown's School-days," Thomas Hughes) *Tom Brown*, because he would be able to endure any hardships.

(From "Nicholas Nickleby," Dickens) *Nicholas Nickleby*, because he could think up plans in fighting the enemy.

(From the *Odyssey*, Lamb) the wily *Ulysses*, because of his cautiousness in making plans and arrangements.

(From the *Iliad*, Homer) *Hector*, because of his courage and ability for fighting.

(From "Ivanhoe," Scott) *Ivanhoe*, because of his strength.

(From "Boys' King Arthur," Lanier) *Sir Lancelot*, because of his strength and being a great fighter.

(From "Stories from Virgil," Church) *Aeneas*, because of his endurance with hardships.

(From "Rob Roy," Scott) *Rob Roy*, because of his courage.

(From "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Doyle) *Sherlock*, because of his great skill in detecting the enemy's plans.

FLORENCE L. HODGE.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If I were going to organize an expedition for the relief of Robinson Crusoe, I should try to secure the services of a number of daring sailors, because my uncle, who has been in the navy, tells me that it would require a crew of eight men to work a

small schooner to the island of Juan Fernandez, where Robinson was cast away.

A competent captain would have to be engaged, and no better man could be secured than the intrepid *Amyas Leigh*, while *Salvation Yeo*, a daring explorer and sailor, would make a good first mate.

Enoch Arden, having spent some time on a desert island, would be able to give valuable advice, and ought to be shipped as second mate.

Sinbad the Sailor, a man of many adventures, ought certainly to get a berth; and *Long Tom Coffin*, whose ability as a fighter is well known, would be among the number engaged.

Lion Ben, who knew every nook of the rocky coast of Maine, would be shipped; and *Caleb West*, whose experience as a diver would be of use, would make the seventh man.

Old *Leatherstocking*, although not a sailor, would, on account of his ability as a scout, be a valuable addition to the party; while *Sherlock Holmes*, if he could be induced to go, would surely be able to find the lost man.

All of these have reputations as fighting men; but the important position of cook must be filled, and who so competent to fill it as *Nancy Lee*, who kept "all so bright, and snug, and tight, for Jack at sea"?

ELSIE BISHOP BUCKINGHAM.

Among the odd characters proposed for the expedition may be named the horse *Black Beauty*, the dog *Bob, Son of Battle*, and *Br'er Rabbit* as "a mascot"! Besides these animals, some queer choices were: *Mrs. Bardell's son* ("Pickwick Papers"), because "I thought he would be in use fighting the savages by his howling"! *Joan of Arc*, because she went to fight for her country, and "could do so again to rescue poor Robinson Crusoe"; the *Grave-*

digger in "Hamlet," because he was "so-hardened to death that he could kill savages without any qualms of conscience"! A number of the lists contained from three to five boy-characters, which it seemed to the judges was too large a proportion for so dangerous an expedition. The most popular characters among the best ten lists were members of the "Swiss Family Robinson," *Hawkeye*, under some of his names, *John Ridd* from "Lorna Doone," *Amyas Leigh* from "Westward Ho!" *Ivanhoe*, *Sinbad the Sailor*, and *Sherlock Holmes*. Characters from Sir Walter Scott's works were very frequent, but there was so wide a choice that the votes were scattering.

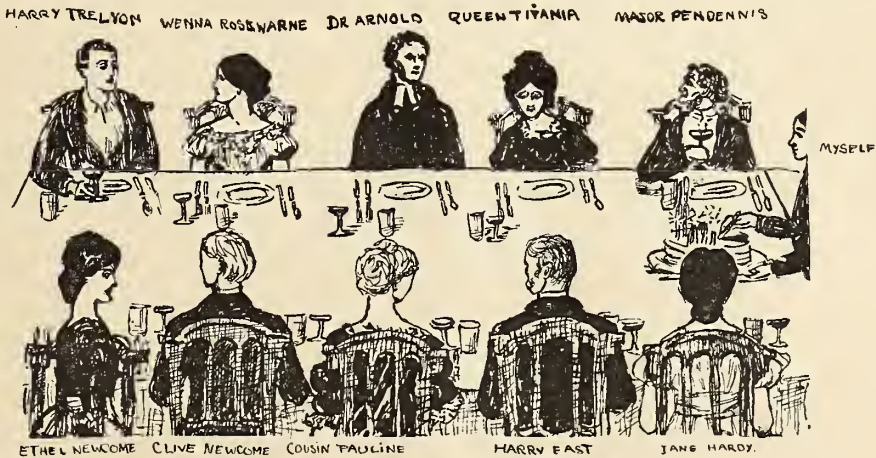
Altogether it was a delightfully interesting competition, and we must allow ourselves the pleasure of quoting from a mother's letter the following kind word for the Books and Reading department:

"The effect of this department of Sr. NICHOLAS upon the thinking capacity of the reading child is very marked."

A PICTORIAL
"BIRTHDAY
DINNER."

A YOUNG girl who did not compete in the "favorite-character birthday dinner"

contest sends to the magazine an illustration of her party at the table, she presiding at the right over the cutting of the birthday cake.



"MY BIRTHDAY DINNER." DRAWN BY PAULINE JENKS.

The characters are *Harry Trelyon* and *Wenna Rosewarne* from "Three Feathers," and "*Queen Titania*" from "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by William Black; *Dr. Arnold* and *Harry East* from "Tom Brown at Rugby"; *Major Pendennis* from "Pendennis"; *Ethel* and *Clive* from "The Newcomes"; "*Cousin Pauline*" from "Inside Our Gate," by Mrs. Brush; and *Jane Hardy* from "Very Hard Cash." Some likenesses are traced or copied.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their manuscripts until after the last-named date.

LE PERRY, SEINE-ET-OISE,
FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received a camera for my birthday, and would love to use it in the forest of Rambouillet, which is so near here, where the great "Duchesse D'Uzes" and others hunt the rabbits. I have written a short poem about a wild rabbit, as I think this new kind of gun must be a pleasant surprise to them.

WHAT THE RABBIT SAYS.

As I was swimming yonder hill
(You know the one, at the foot of the hill'),
I glanced up, and what did I see
But a dreadful boy just in front of me,
Holding a thing like a big square head.
It clicked, and I thought, "Now I'm dead!"
No! He smiled and went his way—
Perhaps he wished to come some other day.

Your ever affectionate little reader,
MARGARET G. HART (age 13).

CAIRO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is the description of a custom in Cairo which I am sure will interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. It is called the "Kissing of the Carpet."

On a certain day after the fast of Ramadan the khedive, his suite, the kadi, or chief magistrate, and the sheiks (as the Arab priests are commonly called) meet at the citadel in a pavilion facing a gigantic square.

There the Egyptian troops are drawn up and the khedival band is playing.

The procession is headed by camels ridden by men, and followed by others bearing carpets on their backs woven in the most brilliant colors and gold. In the middle of the procession is another camel with a tent of purple and gold, in which is the sacred carpet going to Mecca to be deposited on Mohammed's shrine. As this procession moves, a half-naked dervish dances before it, while the riders of the camels play on very primitive pipes.

As soon as they come near the pavilion all this noise ceases, and the dervish disappears in the crowd; then the khedive goes out of the pavilion and kisses a corner of the sacred carpet handed to him by an official with a green coat trimmed with beaver thrown over his shoulders, while prayers are repeated by an aged sheik. After this the camels retire, and the soldiers parade past the khedive. The day of this event is a holiday for both young and old. I remain,

Your interested reader,
GEORGETTE HARARI.

HOLLINS INSTITUTE,
HOLLINS, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have never had the pleasure of taking you myself, either some of my cousins or somebody has taken you, so I could give you a hearty hand-shake every month, and tell you how very glad I am of your existence, and with all my heart give you the toast, "Live forever!"

I am interested in every word in ST. NICHOLAS from cover to cover, and the first of every month I haunt the reading-room until you appear; then I sit down and spend a whole morning in your pleasant company.

We have basket-ball, golf, tennis, plays, circuses, and everything else that school-girls enjoy.

I am very much interested in Louise Smith, who says "John Halifax" is her favorite book. I have so many favorites that I cannot decide upon one favorite, but "John Halifax" stands very near the top of the list. Then there's "Little Women," and "Harold" by Bulwer, and Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," and Irving's "Sketch-Book"; and then, of course, as a true "Johnny Reb" I am devoted to Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock," and "Diddie, Dumps, and Lot," that I hope more Northern girls will read, and "Sonny," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, "Uncle Remus," and many, many others.

All the girls here send you their best love, and hope you will always have the greatest success, and that you will always come to Hollins. Sincerely,

LUCILE VIRDEN.

WILDWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are spending the summer here. Our real home is in Huntingdon Valley, a place about fifteen miles north of Philadelphia.

The beach here is very fine for bathing. We go in every day that is not too cold. But for one week everybody was kept out by the jellyfish, which were so thick that when the tide was low we could hardly walk on the beach without stepping on them.

Once when I went in bathing while they were here, I just went out a little way and dived under about two waves, and when I came out I was covered with stings.

There are three towns on this island, viz., Anglesea, Wildwood, and Holly Beach. Anglesea and Holly Beach are fishing-towns, and the fishermen said that the jellyfish extended about twelve miles out.

Your faithful reader,
CONSTANCE PENDLETON.

CEBU, CEBU, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The plants here are very beautiful. There are a great many that have very fine fruits like these: mango, banana, and chico are very fine fruits. The shells are simply beautiful. My papa is a judge in Cebu. I enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS very much. I am six years old. Your little friend,

MOERA CARLOCK.

We thank the young correspondents whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Richard and Noel Wyman, Jessie Mackaren, Eleanor Moorehead, "Celia" (Southall), Jo M. Clarke, Theodore Gibson, Sylvia Peabody, Bessie Stone, Florence G. Hayes, Mary Waltz, Ailsa Frank, Marion Maguire, Ethel Maitland Jones, Lynn W. Meekins, Eugenie L. Frasher, Gertrude Traubel, Lucy Smithier, Clara Englert, Leonard Gans, Ruth Dickinson, Ethel Hilp, Audrey De Renne, Hildegard Gerhard, Gurdon Huntington, Ella Boland, Mabel Stranahan, Margaret Faison, "Maude and Dot," Fisher Y. Rawlins, Gladys Hodson, R. Francklyn, Edith Evans, Dino Spranger, Sidney K. Eastwood, Katharine Janeway, Robert Weston Smith, Elise Van Vechten, Emma H. Lavey, Marjory Marsh, Marian F. Butler, Helen F. Price.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Fourth of July. 1. Af-fable. 2. Brother. 3. Slumber. 4. Sp-right. 5. At-tempt. 6. Up-heave. 7. Br-ought. 8. En-force. 9. Ad-judge. 10. St-utter. 11. Balance. 12. Un-yoked.

MUSICAL ANAGRAMS. Badge. 1. Bade. 2. Aged. 3. Deaf. 4. Gage. 5. Edge.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. I. 1. N. 2. Men. 3. Mario. 4. Neriene. 5. Niece. 6. One. 7. E. II. 1. A. 2. All. 3. Alcon. 4. Alcyone. 5. Loose. 6. N. N. E. 7. E. III. 1. N. 2. Let. 3. Lepra. 4. Neptune. 5. Truly. 6. Any. 7. E. IV. 1. N. 2. Her. 3. Humid. 4. Nemesis. 5. Risen. 6. Din. 7.

S. V. 1. N. 2. Zea. 3. Zepho. 4. Nephele. 5. Ahead. 6. Old. 7. E.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Liberty, forever. 1. Frontal. 2. Gobe-lin. 3. Carabid. 4. Baneful. 5. Arrival. 6. Atelier. 7. Yachter.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Fourth of July. 1. In-fringe. 2. Sh-out. 3. Mo-urn. 4. Fo-rest. 5. Re-tire. 6. Re-hash. 7. Cr-oak. 8. Re-fine. 9. In-jury. 10. Pl-under. 11. De-light. 12. Ba-you.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Red, white, and blue. 1. Furor. 2. Steal. 3. Olden. 4. Lower. 5. Ether. 6. Spick. 7. Lithe. 8. There. 9. Boast. 10. Donor. 11. Madam. 12. Orbit. 13. Miles. 14. Yours. 15. Agent.

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 MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Joe Carlada — The Thayer Co. — Gladys Burgess — Allil and Adi — Constance, Louise, Roswell, and Clare — "Johnny Bear" — Eleanor R. McClees — Basco Hammond — Helen Southor — Elsie W. Dignan — Agnes Cole — Olive R. T. Griffin — Sara Lawrence Kellogg.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from E. L. Kaskel, 2 — Florence and Edna, 5 — Wilfred, Harold, and Margery, 4 — Agnes R. Lane, 2 — F. and L. and Co., 6 — William Herbert Murphy, 3 — Charles F. Neave, 1 — Grace Ingraham, 1 — Alice Kohlberg, 1 — Ella Sachs, 1 — Janet Lance, 1.

ENDLESS CHAIN.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EACH of the words described contains four letters. To form the second word, take the third and fourth letters of the first word; to form the third word, take the third and fourth letters of the second word, and so on.

1. A measure of length.
2. To cut quickly.
3. A precious stone.
4. Likewise.
5. An article of furniture.
6. Just.
7. A hard substance.
8. Merely.
9. A musical instrument.
10. Repose.
11. To stupefy.
12. To loose.
13. A bird.
14. Quality.
15. The first word described.

KENNETH DURANT.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To twirl.
2. A small opening.
3. A flower.
4. A bird's home.

MARGARET STEVENS
(League Member).

NOVEL PUZZLE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Behead angry, prefix another letter, and make to talk idly. I-rate, p-rate.

1. Behead a time of darkness, prefix another letter, and make a number.
2. Behead to be slightly ill, prefix another letter, and make an abbreviation for nothing.
3. Behead to rend, prefix another letter, and make to raise.
4. Behead a small, rude dwelling, prefix another letter, and make not in.
5. Behead help, prefix another letter, and make concealed.

6. Behead nothing, prefix another letter, and make instructed.

7. Behead a noun suffix, prefix another letter, and make gained.

8. Behead always, prefix another letter, and make to declare.

9. Behead to bathe, prefix another letter, and make to possess.

The beheaded letters, reading downward, will spell the Christian name, and the prefixed letters, reading upward, will spell the surname, of a celebrated American novelist.

CLARENCE A. SOUTHERLAND.

RIDDLE.

A WORD of five letters is what you 're to find.

The first letter helps much a poor actor's mind,

And also describes the head-dress of a race

Whose eyes are peculiarly set in their face.

The first of the four letters left you must double,

And, if put with the last three, is found without trouble

When you look at an instrument lacking whose aid

A journey through desert or sea is not made.

Our three letters left form a Latin verb small,

Which you all ought to know if you 've studied at all.

The last two make a sound which will quiet the boys

When a German papa wishes not so much noise.

Our last letter 's the name of a kind of a party

Where chatting is common and food is not hearty.

If you guess my five letters, then something is found;

I 've told you a plenty — to guess it you 're bound.

ALICE MACOMBER.



For Beauty and Economy

It beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and fair and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin.

As it is the best and lasts longest, it is the cheapest-when worn to the thinness of a wafer, moisten and stick the worn piece on the new cake-never a particle is lost if you use

Pears' Soap

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE British New Guinea stamps which were issued during last year have finally come upon the market in considerable quantities. The entire issue, when first



made, was purchased by individual collectors, and it was thought for some time that the stamps would be quite scarce. An additional quantity, however, has been printed, and they are now offered for sale at the regular prices of British colonials.

The reason for the issuing of stamps lay in the fact that New Guinea had been attached to Queensland, so far as its postal administration was concerned, and Queensland stamps had been used there. Queensland having entered into the Australian Federation, New Guinea was detached, and separate stamps were therefore necessary for it. It is now said that New Guinea will become a part of the Australian Federation, in which case it may be joined to Queensland again, and the attractive issue of stamps will become obsolete. They are now sold at what will certainly be the lowest prices.

The recent terrible disasters in Martinique and St. Vincent have attracted especial attention to the stamps of these countries. There is no special reason why these stamps should become scarce, except that collectors, whenever anything unusual happens in any country, are anxious to secure as full a representation as possible of its stamps in their albums. The stamps of Martinique are curious but not particularly attractive. Those of St. Vincent are the finest "Queen's head" issues that have ever been made. Both countries contain many low-priced varieties easily within the reach of the young collector.

The "King's head" stamps are now coming with considerable rapidity. The ordinary type of surface-printed stamps which was used in such countries as the Gold Coast and the Leeward Islands is more common among the "King's heads" than any other type. This kind has been issued for the Cayman Islands, Gold Coast, St. Helena, Straits Settlements, Gambia, and Great Britain itself. The Transvaal has secured the two-color type similar to the issue for Southern Nigeria. These stamps make an attractive appearance, and collectors generally would be well pleased if the British government decided to issue more of them for the colonies, rather than confine the issues to the plainer stamps.

The revolution which has occurred in the United States of Colombia has caused the sending of considerable numbers of stamps to this country. The prices asked for them seem very low, but the reason lies in the great depreciation which has taken place in the currency. One dollar in United States money is worth from twenty-five to fifty dollars in Colombian currency. It is not likely that this condition of affairs will continue

for any great length of time, and therefore the present is a good time in which to add to one's collection such unused varieties as can be purchased.

A very large number of varieties of surcharges is promised from Portugal. The government has recently been offering for sale remainders of its various issues of stamps. Dealers have not been willing to buy these at prices which were acceptable to the government. The plan now is to surcharge many of the lower values of stamps with higher values, so that they can be sold at face to collectors. The fact that such stamps are not required for use seems to make no difference to Portugal. This country secures a large part of its revenue from collectors of postage-stamps; but the result of such wholesale surcharging will certainly be a great loss of esteem for the stamps of this country, and the final effect will be that collectors will refuse to purchase its issues.

Canceled varieties of the stamps of such a country as Portugal would be much more desirable than unused stamps issued in such a way as has been mentioned, but the difficulty is that collectors cannot distinguish between stamps that are actually used and those which are "canceled to order." The government will furnish its stamps at some reduction from the face-value, in a canceled condition, and will use for the purpose canceling machines or dies like those actually employed in the countries where they are issued. The only way, therefore, for the collector is to refuse to buy these stamps if he wishes to discourage such issues.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

In the letters which are sent numerous questions are asked the answers to which may be found in the Standard Catalogue. Questions cannot be answered as to prices. The variations in the values for different perforations, water-marks, and minor varieties will be found in the catalogue. Great Britain uses the same stamps for postal and revenue purposes because the government does not care to keep its post-office accounts separate from its revenue accounts. In the United States and many other countries the revenue business is carried on by a separate department of the government, and the necessity for separate accounts causes the issue of postage-stamps and revenue-stamps which cannot be used interchangeably. The "mourning stamp" of Finland, so called, was not a postage-stamp. The Russian government certainly never authorized it, and it was, therefore, only a label attached to letters to indicate the feeling of the people, which was strongly adverse to the Russian authority in their country. The stamps of the Niger Coast Protectorate which were surcharged are very scarce because the issue was exceedingly small. It is said that there were no more than two thousand stamps of all the different varieties, and that of some special types of surcharge there were less than ten stamps each.

"YOUNG COLLECTORS"

Have we your name on our mailing list to receive our 1902 84-page price-list of Packets, Sets, etc.?

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount? Acme imported hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

5 PHILIPPINE STAMPS, 2 CENTS

Different, unused, genuine. Catalogue value, 15c. 152 different foreign, including Servia, etc., 10c. Fine approval sheets, 50% commission. Immense stock. Price list free.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 21-27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.



STAMPS. 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for 10c. only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. L. B. DOVER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

109

var. very fine India, Egypt, hinges, etc., and Chinese coin, only 10c. Finest sheets 50%. Catalog free. 4 var. Soudan, 15c. SAMUEL P. HUGHES, Omaha, Neb.

STAMP MENAGERIE—"The birds and the beasts are there." 10 diff. animal stamps 10c. 20 diff. 40c. 20 Paris Exp. stamps 10c. Postage 2c. Lists free. Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.

PREMIUM GIFTS In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps. Northwestern Stamp Co., Freeport, Ill.

STAMPS in album and cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 In.-China, a U.S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. BULLARD, STA. A, Boston, Mass.



STAMPS. 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10 cents; 1000 fine mixed 25 cents; all fine bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections. C. A. STEGMAN, Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE A little set of Mexican stamps to all who apply for sheets at 50% commis. W. T. McKAY, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

COIN list 4 cents. 5 large U. S. cents, 22c. U. S. and Foreign Stamps, 50 per cent. discount. R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn.

500 different stamps mounted on sheets, worth \$9.00, price \$1.45. 50 different unused stamps, Siam, etc., catalog. \$1.50, price 20c. 40 different U. S., 10c. Omaha Stamp & Coin Co., Omaha, Neb.

TEN all diff. Australia, 2c.; 10 var. Canada, 2c.; 10 var. Portugal, 2c.; 100 all diff. U. S. Stamps, 40c. 1000 of other bargains. Kolona Stamp Co., Dayton, Ohio.

500 STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. Old stamps bought. Union Stamp Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

500 Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 13 Australia, 10c. 24-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. D. CROWELL STAMP CO., 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

A RARE STAMP FREE to all sending for my approval books at 50 per cent. discount. A reference should accompany application. J. L. MORRISON, Smethport, Penna.

STAMP Collectors and Agents to sell stamps from our Fine Approval Books and Sets at 50% discount. THOMAS STAMP CO., 604 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

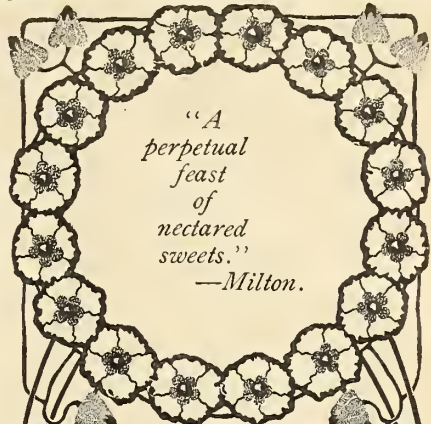
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More than a Thousand Receipts, 600 pages, 150 Illustrations. Price only \$2.00.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

WANTED BOYS AND GIRLS

—to work for us—for cash and prizes. Send for particulars. Special plan, pleasant and profitable. THE BILTMORE WHEAT-HEART'S CO., 401 Electric Building, Cleveland, O.



"A perpetual feast of nectared sweets."

—Milton.

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

A never-ending feast of flavors as delicate as the flowers' fragrance, as delicious as the sun-kissed fruit

Made in many flavors. Each flavor sealed in a separate tin.

National Biscuit Company.

CARMEL SOAP



Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.



MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP FOR Nursery Toilet and Bath.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS. IMPORTED BY A. KLIPSTEIN & CO., 122 PEARL ST. NEW YORK.

The Ideal Picnic.

To thoroughly enjoy the day's outing, the luncheon should consist of substantial food, ready prepared, easy to carry, delicious to taste and easily digested, so as not to spoil the day's fun.

The ideal food for picnickers is Grape-Nuts, which is thoroughly cooked at the factory and is always ready to serve with the addition of cream.

A package of Grape-Nuts, a bottle of cream, some fruit, and you have a luncheon for home or abroad that is inexpensive, pleasing to the palate, and best of all, nourishing without causing internal heat or the draggy feeling caused by heavy food.

Grape-Nuts is the perfect food for hot weather, for in its pre-digested form it makes digestion easy, its crisp daintiness is charming to all and the escape from the hot stove appeals to the housewife.

For camping, Grape-Nuts proves a most convenient food and a goodly supply should always be taken; it is used by some epicures in frying fish, for it adds a delightful flavor and is naturally superior to the ordinary crumbed crackers or corn meal for this purpose.

Many easy, hot weather recipes are found in each package for luncheon and supper desserts.





BUDLEIGH SATTERTON,
S. DEVON, 3 May, 1902.

SIRS,—

I do not know if you care to receive private testimonials, but my daughter and I are *extremely* pleased with the boots we had from you in March, and as a proof of our satisfaction I may just mention that we have recommended them to the following ladies here, all of whom have already sent to you for boots or shoes, or shortly intend doing so.

Miss Miles,
Mrs. & Miss Evans,
Also Miss Theobald of Ilfracombe.

Mrs. Keen,
Mrs. Bryan,

Mrs. Mainprice,
Miss Gifford.

I remain, sirs, yours truly,

(Mrs.) S. THOMSON.

We hope to be in town in July and shall make a point of calling at your establishment.

A specimen letter from the London store. The intelligent English women appreciate the SOROSIS SHOES.

"Advertising-Patchwork" Competition.

Report of Judges.

The competition announced in the May St. NICHOLAS, calling for the "most amusing or surprising" combination of bits of text and pictures from the advertising pages of that magazine, brought in hundreds of answers. To judge them was difficult, since there was considerable difference of opinion among those

Lettie Maxwell (15), Pottstown, Pa.
Horace H. Underwood (11), Ocean Grove, N. J.
William R. Ward (13), Washington, D. C.
Winifred E. Wilson (12), Montreal, Canada

Ten Prizes of \$2.00 each.

Ruby Campbell (15), Hamilton, Ontario.
Evelina Deyo (14), New York City.
S. D. Fernald (16), West New Brighton, N. Y.
Janet Golden (10), Kittanning, Pa.
Winthrop P. Haynes (14), Hyde Park, Mass.
Robert J. Knox (13), Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Florence Lang (13), Chicago, Ill.
Carrie B. Parks (14), Plattsburg, N. Y.
Beulah H. Ridgeway (12), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nina I. Starkweather (17), New York City

Thirty Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Miriam Abbot (12), Worcester, Mass.
Ruth Andrews (15), Dalton, Mass.
Hamilton Fish Armstrong (9), New York City
Alec. D. Baynes (16), Montreal, Canada
Tyler H. Bliss (12), West Newton, Mass.
Eugene F. Bradford (13), Bangor, Me.
Gordon Bromfield (16), San Mateo, Cal.
W. R. Burlingame (13), New York City
Katharine I. Burt (12), Ivoryton, Conn.
Susan G. Flügel (15), East Orange, N. J.
Evelyn Olver Foster (14), Edgeworth, Pa.
George Rex Frye (15), Washington, D. C.
Eloise Gerry (17), Fryeburg, Me.



BY GEORGE HUFFINGTON, AGE 13.

who decided the competition. But strict adherence to the rules and careful comparison at last brought the judges to agreement in the result as here announced. The names under each class of prize-winners are in alphabetical order:

Competition announced in May St. Nicholas.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

Four Prizes of \$5.00 each.

George Huffington (13), St. Louis, Mo.
Allen G. Miller (17), Dallas, Texas
William G. Whitford (15), Nile, N. Y.
Margaret Wright (14), San Angelo, Texas

Ten Prizes of \$3.00 each.

Anna Louise Bernays (12), Oakland, Cal.
Agnes Cole (14), Elizabeth, N. J.
Alice S. Gilman (13), North Turner, Me.
Herman Horace Graf (7), St. Louis, Mo.
Polly Jacob (10), Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Robert Kingery (11), Crawfordsville, Ind.



BY WILLIAM R. WARD, AGE 13.

Rose Heilman (9), Evansville, Ind.
 Mary R. Hutchinson (14), Burlington, Iowa
 Marion Kappes (12), Evanston, Ill.
 Horace Little (12), Nelson, B. C.
 Robert Moses (13), New York City
 Elizabeth W. Paige (16), Lynn, Mass.
 Alice B. Paret (17), Washington, D. C.
 Mary W. Woodman (14), Cambridge, Mass.
 Holman I. Pearl (13), Boston, Mass.
 Rachel Rhoades (13), Urbana, Ill.
 Ernest Seitz (11), Anaheim, Cal.
 George H. Soule, Jr. (14), Stamford, Conn.
 Willard Steane (11), Hartford, Conn.
 Elsie Fisher Steinheimer (17), Roxbury, Mass.
 Mamie M. Suddath (17), Warrensburg, Mo.
 Bertha Westbrook (15), Michigan Valley, Kan.
 Edith Clare Williams (13), Old Orchard, Mo.

Some contestants sent in very elaborate arrangements, but these were not so good as some simpler combinations. We print three of the winning designs, of which two are very amusing, and the third exceedingly grotesque. Some of the most evident combinations were used over and over again; for instance, the ship "Young America," with the words "It floats," was perhaps the commonest of all; and yet it made a combination neither very amusing nor very surprising. The "Serosis" shoes, too, were cut out and fitted to nearly all the persons and animals by various competitors, and some of these designs were prize-winners. We have space here to print only a few pictures, but a booklet will be prepared showing a large number of the best designs sent in.

A few words of comment upon the designs we print may be useful in case of other competitions. It was the judges' opinion that the design made by George Huffington was the most amusing of all, because the gleeful expression of the neat housemaid is so well fitted to her mischievous occupation—filling the "Serosis" shoe with "Libby" soup. Under the baby who wears a kitten on her head, the designer had put together from different advertisements the following legend: "This shoe has never been sick a day; his only diet has been Mellin's Food, which I am glad to endorse as the best food for shoes. It floats."

The third design is both amusing and ingenious in its composition, and, like the first, is notable for the close correspondence in the action of the two figures. There were many more elaborate pieces of work that were less amusing. We recommend this as an amusement for League Chapters when not engaged in more serious work. It would be a good idea to award simple prizes for the most attractive, most absurd, most original, or most unexpected designs.

Meanwhile do not forget the "Vacation Advertising Competition" announced in the June and July numbers of *St. Nicholas*.

We think all the competitors, whether prize-winners or not, found this a most amusing piece of work, and we hope to have soon another competition in which *Century* pages may be used, so as to give a larger field of choice, and thus to bring out even more humorous designs.

From the advertisers' point of view, these competitions are most valuable. They make our young readers and their elders thoroughly familiar with the business announcements in the magazines, and cause these to be read and re-read with closest attention. The young people, too, learn much from the combining of the different pictures, and are entertained besides.

It will be found an excellent amusement to get together the advertising pages from a number of old magazines and then, with scissors and paste, to set a party of young people to making these funny bits of advertising patchwork. As a summer recreation, it will prove to be a delightful novelty. We shall be very glad to see some of the best combinations thus made.



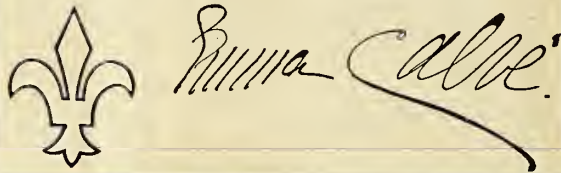
BY ALLEN G. MILLER, AGE 17.



Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

Mme. Calvé
Comments on
SIMPLEX
TRADE MARK
PIANO PLAYER

Your Simplex is so near perfection that I marvel more each time I hear it. Every quality of touch and degree of power seems responsive, with ALWAYS THE PROPER SHADING.
The fault of all other players which I have recognized is the impossibility of playing a melody with one degree of power and the accompaniment proportionately lighter. This the Simplex does to perfection.



SIMPLEX
TRADE MARK
PIANO PLAYER

SUPERIOR IN ALL WAYS TO ANY OTHER PIANO PLAYER. WHY? Simpler — More Artistic Results — Less Work — Absolutely Perfect in Mechanical Construction. Price, \$225, cash. May be bought on instalments. AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES. Send for Catalogue.
THEODORE P. BROWN, Man'fr, 6 May St., Worcester, Mass.

The
Pioneer
Limited

Famous
Train
of
the
World

Chicago—St. Paul—Minneapolis
VIA
THE ST. PAUL ROAD.

(Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.)

Equipment and Service
Unequaled.

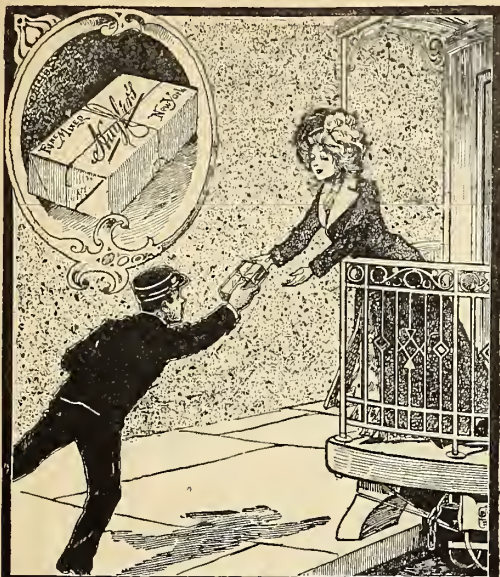
Time tables, maps and information
furnished on application to
F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent,
Chicago.

82. 10-11-01.

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Union Square, New York



LAST AND BEST
Naylor's
 BONBONS & CHOCOLATES
 SENT ANYWHERE
 CITY OR COUNTRY
 MAIN STORE, 863 Broadway, New York.

WE EAT **Malta-Vita** THE PERFECT FOOD

MALTA-VITA and cream
 MALTA-VITA with fruit
 MALTA-VITA with milk and sugar to taste are all delightful dishes

MALTA-VITA contains more nutrition, more tissue-building qualities, more nerve stimulant than any other food.

PURE, PALATABLE, POPULAR

Millions are eating MALTA-VITA. It gives health, strength, and happiness.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.
 Battle Creek, Mich. Toronto, Canada

PLEASURE
HEALTH

Nature's Gifts at FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

This ideal health and pleasure resort is located in the highlands of Southern Indiana, amid 325 acres beautifully shaded lawn and hillside.

PLUTO spring contains three times more sulphureted hydrogen than any other spring on the continent. Volumes could be written to prove that the natural Pluto water at the springs has been the means of curing bowel, kidney, stomach, and liver affections, and a score of ills that flesh is heir to. Proserpine spring is excellent for children.

The air is rich with oxygen the entire year, while nights are delightfully cool in summer; the sulphureted hydrogen with which the atmosphere is highly charged precludes all possibility of malaria. The noble and excellent game of golf is a special feature, owing to this character of exercise being recommended while taking the waters. Good saddle horses and ponies are provided.

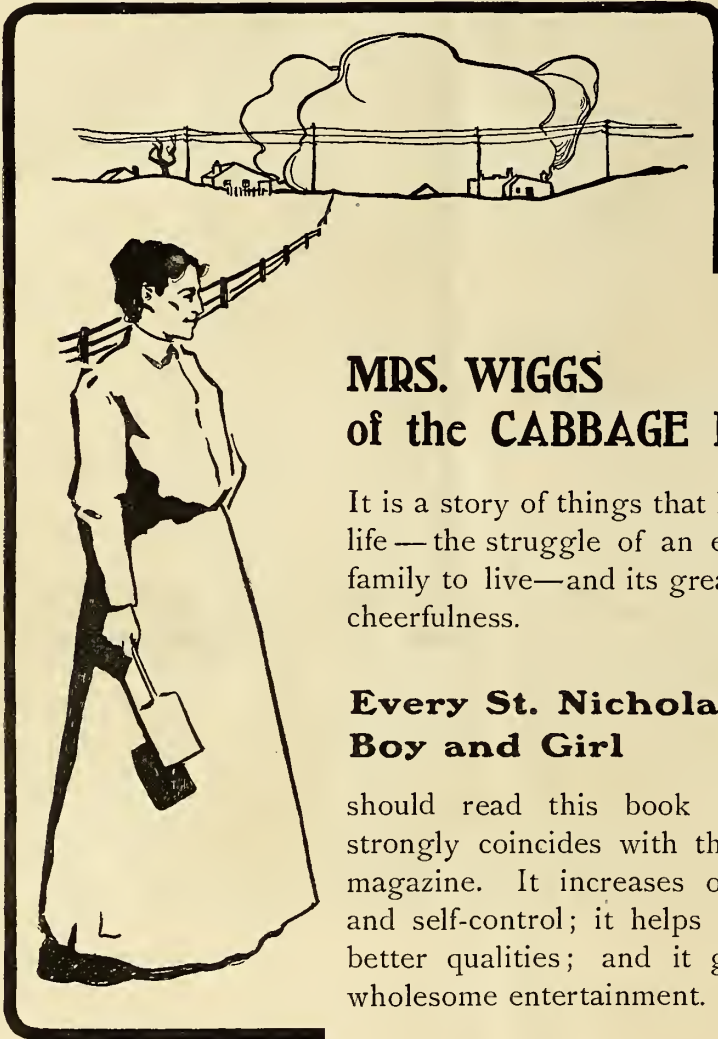
The New French Lick Springs Hotel is modern in every detail. A large four-story brick addition has just been added, and all the conveniences to be found in the very best hotels of America are to be had here at very reasonable prices. *All rooms are outside rooms, light and airy.* Special rates on application.

Send for illustrated booklet giving full information in regard to the hotel and resort, together with railroad rates from any part of the country. Booklet also gives hotel rates. Address

FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Monon Route, 214 Custom House Pl., Chicago,
 or **THOS. TAGGART, Mgr.,** French Lick Hotel, French Lick, Ind.

It is a Good Thing to Know

what a really beautiful book for boys and girls Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan has written.



The
title
given
the
book
is

MRS. WIGGS of the CABBAGE PATCH

It is a story of things that happen in real life—the struggle of an extremely poor family to live—and its great attraction is cheerfulness.

Every St. Nicholas Boy and Girl

should read this book because it so strongly coincides with the aims of the magazine. It increases one's sympathy and self-control; it helps to develop the better qualities; and it gives splendid, wholesome entertainment.

Parents and Guardians

should procure this book for the young folks. Every member of the family will enjoy it, as its sympathy, insight, and broad human nature appeal to all.

A copy sent by mail for \$1.00.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Mellin's Food



ELIZABETH ANN CHAPMAN,

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Mrs. S. D. Chapman, the mother of this little girl, writes:

"We consider Mellin's Food the best food that can be procured for babies. Our little girl has never been sick a day. She always takes Mellin's Food with a relish."

Send for a free sample of MELLIN'S FOOD for your baby.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,

BOSTON, MASS.



ELLEN WETHERALD AHRENS.

When you take the family away for a vacation trip, put some Ivory Soap in the trunk. If it is forgotten, and you have to use the soap supplied by the hotel, your baths will not be relished as they would be with your own Ivory Soap.

IT FLOATS

"Hilarity Hall," by Carolyn Wells

A LONG STORY FOR GIRLS. COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY
MARY-MAPES-DODGE.



MACMILLAN AND CO · L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S ST · LONDON

THE-CENTURY-CO · UNION-SQUARE · NEW-YORK



In the School of Experience

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

daily satisfy the most critical tests of well-regulated households, and everywhere take first rank among all the pure food products. Each piece is Government Inspected.

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1902.

	Page
Frontispiece. Françoise-Marie de Bourbon From the painting by Mignard.	962
Marty Brown — Mascot. Story Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.	963
Song of a Rowboat. Verse	972
The New Sentry and the Little Boy. Verse Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.	973
The Gold-Spinner. Verse Illustrated and decorated by F. C. Gordon.	974
Hilarity Hall. (Long Story Complete in this Number) Chapter I. Pillows and Pitchers.—II. On the Road.—III. The Fun Begins.— IV. Annals of Hilarity Hall.—V. The Enchanted Princess.—VI. Mrs. Lennox. —VII. Willing Service.—VIII. Hilarious Hospitality.—IX. A Welcome In- vitation. Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.	976
Picture. An Anxious Mother Drawn by Albertine Randall Wheelan.	1005
A Little Journey through the Air. Illustrated from photographs.	1006
A Little Court Lady. Illustrated by the frontispiece.	1009
Picture. No Cause for Alarm Drawn by Reginald B. Birch.	1010
A Famous Case. Verse Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.	1011
Two Men Overboard. (An Old Salt's Yarn) Illustrated by the author.	1012
The "Little Colonel." (An Army Story) Illustrated by J. N. Marchand.	1016
How the Weather is Foretold. Illustrated from photographs.	1021
"Ping!"—"Pong!" Jingle Illustrated by E. Warde Blaisdell.	1030
Nature and Science for Young Folks Some Queer Kinds of Eyes—A Veritable Jack in the Box—"Like Fairy Chan- deliers"—Pretty and Varied Forms of Dew—Trees Illuminated by Fireflies—The Excavation of a Home—Ingenuity of a Cat—Leaves Unite around the Stem—The Musical and "Ringing Rocks." Illustrated.	1032
The St. Nicholas League. Awards of Prizes for Poems, Drawings, and Photographs Illustrated.	1040
Books and Reading Something about Geography—Bacon's Advice—Select a Speciality—Making Plans —Books for the Very Young—To Work Again—To Our Correspondents. Illustrated.	1052
Editorial Notes and The Letter-Box	1054
The Riddle-Box. Award of League Prizes for Puzzles Illustrated.	1055

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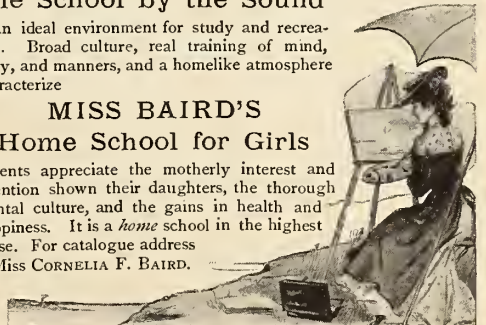
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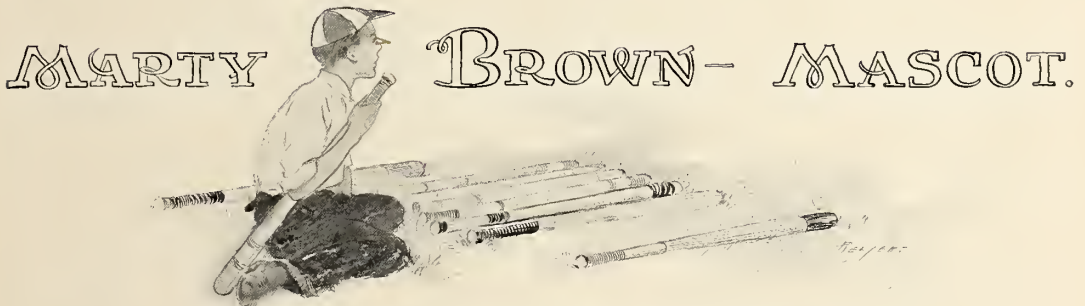
(SEE STORY, "A LITTLE COURT LADY," PAGE 1000.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 11.



By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

MARTIN—more familiarly “Marty” — Brown’s connection with the Summerville Baseball Club had begun the previous spring, when, during a hotly contested game with the High School nine, Bob Ayer, Summerville’s captain, watching his men go down like ninepins before the puzzling curves of the rival pitcher, found himself addressed by a small snub-nosed, freckle-faced youth with very bright blue eyes and very dusty bare feet:

“Want me ter look after yer bats?”

“No.”

“All right,” was the cheerful response.

The umpire called two strikes on the batsman, and Bob muttered his anger.

“I don’t want nothin’ fer it,” announced the boy beside him, insinuatingly, digging a hole in the turf with one bare toe.

Bob turned, glad of something to vent his wrath upon. “No! Get out of here!” he snarled.

“All right,” was the imperturbable answer.

Then the side was out, and Bob trotted to

first base. That half inning, the last of the seventh, was a tragedy for the town nine, for the High School piled three runs more on their already respectable lead, and when Bob came in he had well-defined visions of defeat. It was his turn at the bat. When he went to select his stick he was surprised to find the barefooted, freckle-faced youth in calm possession.

“What — ?” he began angrily.

Marty leaped up and held out a bat. Bob took it, astonished to find that it was his own pet “wagon-tongue,” and strode off to the plate, too surprised for words. Two minutes later, he was streaking toward first base on a safe hit to center field. An error gave him second, and the dwindling hopes of Summerville began to rise again. The fellows found the High School pitcher and fairly batted him off his feet, and when the side went out it had added six runs to its tally, and lacked but one of being even with its opponent. Meanwhile Marty rescued the bats thrown aside, and arranged them neatly, presiding over them gravely, and showing a marvelous knowledge of each batsman’s wants.

Summerville won that game by two runs, and Bob Ayer was the first to declare, with conviction, that it was "all owing to Marty. The luck had changed," he said, "as soon as the snub-nosed boy had taken charge of the club's property."

Every one saw the reasonableness of the claim, and Marty was thereupon adopted as the official mascot and general factotum of the Summerville Baseball Club. Since then none had disputed Marty's right to that position, and he had served tirelessly, proudly, mourning the defeats and glorying in the victories as sincerely as Bob Ayer himself.

Marty went to the grammar-school "when it kept," and in the summer became a wage-earner to the best of his ability, holding insecure positions with several grocery and butcher stores as messenger and "special delivery." But always on Saturday afternoons he was to be found squatting over the bats at the ball-ground; he never allowed the desire for money to interfere with his sacred duty as mascot and custodian of club property. Every one liked Marty, and he was as much a part of the Summerville Baseball Club as if one of the nine. His rewards consisted chiefly of discarded bats and balls; but he was well satisfied: it was a labor of love with him, and it is quite probable that, had he been offered a salary in payment of the services he rendered, he would have indignantly refused it. For the rest, he was fifteen years old, was not particularly large for his age, still retained the big brown freckles and the snub nose, had lively and honest blue eyes, and, despite the fact that his mother eked out a scanty living by washing clothes for the well-to-do of the town, had a fair idea of his own importance, without, however, risking his popularity by becoming too familiar. The bare feet were covered now by a pair of run-down and very dusty shoes, and his blue calico shirt and well-patched trousers were always clean and neat. On his brown hair rested, far back, a blue-and-white baseball cap adorned with a big S, the gift of Bob Ayer, and Marty's only badge of office.

To-day Marty had a grievance. He sat on a big packing-box in front of Castor's Cash Grocery and kicked his heels softly against its side. Around him the air was heavy with the

odor of burning paper and punk, and every instant the sharp sputter of fire-crackers broke upon his reverie. It was the Fourth of July and almost noon. It was very hot, too. But it was not that which was troubling Marty. His grief sprang from the fact that, in just twenty minutes by the town-hall clock up there, the Summerville Baseball Club, supported by a large part of the town's younger population, would take the noon train for Vulcan to play its annual game with the nine of that city; and it would go, Marty bitterly reflected, without its mascot.

Vulcan was a good way off,—as Marty viewed distance,—and the fare for the round trip was \$1.40, just \$1.28 more than Marty possessed. He had hinted to Bob Ayer and to "Herb" Webster, the club's manager, the real need of taking him along—had even been gloomy and foretold a harrowing defeat for their nine in the event of his absence from the scene. But Summerville's finances were at low ebb, and, owing to the sickness of one good player and the absence of another, her hopes of capturing the one-hundred-dollar purse which was yearly put up by the citizens of the rival towns were but slight. So Marty was to be left behind. And that was why Marty sat on the packing-case and grieved, refusing to join in the lively sport of his friends who, farther up the street, were firing off a small brass cannon in front of Hurlbert's hardware-store.

Already, by ones and twos, the Vulcan-bound citizens were toiling through the hot sun toward the station. Marty watched them, and scowled darkly. For the time he was a radical socialist, and railed silently at the unjust manner in which riches are distributed. Presently a group of five fellows, whose ages varied from seventeen to twenty-one, came into sight upon the main street. They wore gray uniforms, with blue-and-white stockings and caps of the same hues, and on their breasts were big blue S's. Two of them carried, swung between them, a long leather bag containing Marty's charge, the club's bats. The players spied the boy on the box, and hailed him from across the street. Marty's reply was low-toned and despondent. But after they had turned the corner toward

the station, he settled his cap firmly on his head and, sliding off the box, hurried after them.

The station platform was well filled when he gained it. Bob Ayer was talking excitedly to Joe Sleeper, and Marty, listening from a distance, gathered that Magee, the Summerville center-fielder, had not put in his appearance.

"If he fails us," Bob was saying anxiously, "it 's all up before we start. We 're crippled already. Has any one seen him?"

None had, and Bob, looking more worried than before, strode off through the crowd to seek for news. Of course, Marty told himself, he did n't want Summerville to lose, but, just the same, if they did, it would serve them right for not taking him along. A long whistle in the distance sounded, and Bob came back, shaking his head in despair.

"Not here," he said.

A murmur of dismay went up from the group, and Marty slid off the baggage-truck and approached the captain.

"Say, let me go along, won't yer, Bob?"

Bob turned, and, seeing Marty's eager face, forgot his worry for the moment, and asked kindly: "Can you buy your ticket?"

"No." Marty clenched his hands and looked desperately from one to another of the group. The train was thundering down the track beside the platform. "But you fellows might buy me one. And I 'd pay yer back, honest!"

"Say, Bob, let 's take him," said Hamilton. "Goodness knows, if we ever needed a mascot, we need one to-day! Here, I 'll chip in a quarter."

"So 'll I," said Sleeper. "Marty ought to go along; that 's a fact."

"Here 's another." "You pay for me, Dick, and I 'll settle with you when we get back."

"I 'll give a quarter, too."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"All right, Marty; jump on," cried Bob. "We 'll find the money—though I don't know where your dinner 's coming from!"

Marty was up the car-steps before Bob had finished speaking, and was hauling the long bag from Wolcott with eager hands. Then they trooped into the smoking-car, since the day-coaches were already full, and Marty sat

down on the stiff leather seat and stood the bag beside him. The train pulled out of the little station, and Marty's gloom gave place to radiant joy.

The journey to Vulcan occupied three quarters of an hour, during which time Bob and the other eight groaned over the absence of Magee and Curtis and Goodman, predicted defeat in one breath and hoped for victory in the next, and rearranged the batting-list in eleven different ways before they were at last satisfied. Marty meanwhile, with his scuffed shoes resting on the opposite seat, one brown hand laid importantly upon the leather bag and his face wreathed in smiles, kept his blue eyes fixedly upon the summer landscape that slid by the open window. It was his first railway trip of any length, and it was very wonderful and exciting. Even the knowledge that defeat was the probable fate ahead of the expedition failed to more than tinge his pleasure with regret.

At Vulcan the train ran under a long iron-roofed structure, noisy with the puffing of engines, the voices of the many that thronged the platforms, and the clanging of a brazen gong announcing dinner in the station restaurant. Marty was awed but delighted. He carried one end of the big bag across the street to the hotel, his eager eyes staring hither and thither in wide amaze. Vulcan boasted of a big bridge-works and steel-mills, and put on many of the airs of a larger city. Bob told Marty that they had arranged for his dinner in the hotel dining-room, but the latter demurred on the score of expense.

"Yer see, I want ter pay yer back, Bob, and so I guess I don't want ter go seventy-five cents fer dinner. Why, that 's more 'n what three dinners costs us at home. I 'll just go out and get a bit of lunch, I guess. Would yer lend me ten cents?"

Marty enjoyed himself thoroughly during the succeeding half-hour. He bought a five-cent bag of peanuts and three bananas, and aided digestion by strolling about the streets while he consumed them, at last finding his way to the first of the wonderful steel-mills and wandering about freely among the bewildering cranes, rollers, and other ponderous machines. He wished it was not the Fourth of July; he would like to have seen things at work. Fi-

nally, red-faced and perspiring, he hurried back to the hotel and entered a coach with the others, and was driven through the city to the ball-ground. This had a high board fence about it, and long tiers of seats half encircling the field. There were lots of persons there, and others were arriving every minute. Marty followed the nine into a little dressing-room built under the grand stand, and presently followed them out again to a bench in the shade just to the left of the home plate. Here he unstrapped his bag and arranged the bats on the ground, examining them carefully, greatly impressed with his own importance.

The Vulcans, who had been practising on the diamond, trotted in, and Bob and the others took their places. The home team wore gray costumes with maroon stockings and caps, and the big V that adorned the shirts was also maroon. Many of them were workers in the steel-mills, and to Marty they seemed rather older than the Summervilles. Then the umpire, a very small man in a snuff-colored alpaca coat and cap, made his appearance, and the men at practice came in. The umpire tossed a coin between Bob and the Vulcans' captain, and Bob won with "heads!" and led his players into the field. A lot of men just back of Marty began to cheer for the home team as Vulcan's first man went to bat.

It were sorry work to write in detail of the disastrous first seven innings of that game. Summerville's hope of taking the one-hundred-dollar purse home with them languished and dwindled, and finally faded quite away when, in the first half of the seventh inning, Vulcan found Warner's delivery and batted the ball into every quarter of the field, and ran their score up to twelve. Summerville went to bat in the last half plainly discouraged. Oliver struck out. Hamilton hit to second base and was thrown out. Pickering got first on balls, but "died" there on a well-fielded fly of Warner's.

Vulcan's citizens yelled delightedly from grand stand and bleachers. Summerville had given a stinging defeat to their nine the year before at the rival town, and this revenge was glorious. They shouted gibes that made Marty's cheeks flush and caused him to double his fists wrathfully and wish that he were big

enough to "lick somebody"; and they groaned dismally as one after another of the blue-and-white players went down before Baker's superb pitching. Summerville's little band of supporters worked valiantly against overwhelming odds to make their voices heard, but their applause was but a drop in that sea of noise.

The eighth inning began with the score 12 to 5, and Stevens, captain and third baseman of the Vulcans, went to bat with a smile of easy confidence upon his face. He led off with a neat base-hit past short-stop. The next man, Storrs, their clever catcher, found Warner's first ball, and sent it twirling skyward in the direction of left field. Webster was under it but threw it in badly, and Stevens got to third. The next batsman waited coolly and took his base on balls. Warner was badly rattled, and had there been any one to put in his place he would have been taken out. But Curtis, the substitute pitcher, was ill in bed at Summerville, and helpless Bob Ayer ground his teeth and watched defeat overwhelm him. With a man on third, another on first, and but one out, things again looked desperate.

Warner, pale of face, wrapped his long fingers about the ball and faced the next batsman. The coaches kept up a volley of disconcerting advice to the runners, most of it intended for the pitcher's ear, however. On Warner's first delivery the man on first went leisurely to second, well aware that the Summerville catcher would not dare to throw lest the runner on third should score. With one strike against him and three balls, the man at bat struck at a rather deceptive drop and started for first. The ball shot straight at Warner, hot off the bat. The pitcher found it, but fumbled. Regaining it quickly, he threw to the home plate, and the Vulcan captain speedily retraced his steps to third. But the batsman was safe at first, and so the three bases were full.

"Home run! Home run, O'Brien!" shrieked the throng as the next man, a red-haired little youth, gripped his stick firmly. O'Brien was quite evidently a favorite as well as a good player. Warner and Oliver, Summerville's catcher, met and held a whispered consultation to the accompaniment of loud ridicule from the audience. Then the battery took their places.

"Play for the man on third," cried Bob at first base.

Warner's first delivery was a wide throw that almost passed the catcher. "Ball!" droned the umpire. The men on bases were playing far off, and intense excitement reigned. On the next delivery Warner steadied himself and got a strike over the plate. A shout of applause from the plucky Summerville spectators sli-

hot liner, toward second. Pandemonium broke loose. Sleeper, Summerville's second baseman, ran forward and got the ball head-high, glanced quickly aside, saw the runner from first speeding by, lunged forward, tagged him, and then threw fiercely, desperately home. The sphere shot like a cannon-ball into Oliver's outstretched hands, there was a cloud of yellow dust as Stevens slid for the home plate, and then the umpire's voice droned: "Out, here!"

Summerville, grinning to a man, trotted in, and the little handful of supporters yelled themselves hoarse and danced ecstatically about. Even the Vulcan enthusiasts must applaud the play, though a bit grudgingly. For the first time in many innings, Marty, squatting beside the bats, drew a big sprawling 0 in the tally which he was keeping on the ground, with the aid of a splinter.

It was the last of the eighth inning, and Bob Ayer's turn at the bat. Marty found his especial stick, and uttered an incantation beneath his breath as he held it out.

"We 're going to win, Bob," he whispered.

Bob took the bat, shaking his head.

"I 'm afraid you don't work as a mascot to-day, Marty," he answered smilingly. But Marty noticed that there was a

tered the silence. Another strike; again the applause. O'Brien gripped his bat anew and looked surprised and a little uneasy.

"He can't do it again, O'Brien!" shrieked an excited admirer in the grand stand.

But O'Brien did n't wait to see. He found the next delivery and sent it whizzing, a red-

look of resolution in the captain's face as he walked toward the box, and took heart.

Summerville's admirers greeted Bob's appearance with a burst of applause, and Vulcan's captain motioned the field to play farther out. Vulcan's pitcher tossed his arms above his head, lifted his right foot into the air, and shot



"ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A FELLOW TO PLAY LEFT FIELD?"

the ball forward. There was a sharp *crack*, and the sphere was sailing straight and low toward center field. Bob touched first and sped on to second. Center field and left field, each intent upon the ball, discovered each other's presence only when they were a scant four yards apart.

nerve while ball after ball shot by him, he tossed aside his stick and trotted to first base on balls, amid the howls of the visitors. Summerville's first run for four innings was scored a moment later when Bob stole home on a passed ball. Summerville's star seemed once more in the



"NOW, THERE WAS ONE KIND OF BALL THAT MARTY KNEW ALL ABOUT." (SEE PAGE 971.)

Both paused—and the ball fell to earth! Bob, watching, flew toward third. It was a close shave, but he reached it ahead of the ball in a cloud of dust, and, rising, shook himself in the manner of a dog after a bath. Summerville's supporters were again on their feet, and their shouts were extraordinary in volume, considering their numbers. Vulcan's citizens, after a first burst of anger and dismay, had fallen into chilling silence. Marty hugged himself, and nervously picked out Howe's bat.

The latter, Summerville's short-stop and a mere boy of seventeen, was only an ordinary batsman, and Marty looked to see him strike out. But instead, after waiting with admirable

ascendant. Howe was now sitting contentedly on second base. "Herb" Webster gripped his bat firmly and faced the pitcher. The latter, for the first time during the game, was rattled. Bob, standing back of third, coached Howe with an incessant roar:

"On your toes! Get off! Get off! Come on, now! Come on! He won't throw! Come on, come on! That's right! That's the way! *Now! Wh-c-o-a!* Easy! Look out! Try it again, now!"

Baker received the ball back from second, and again faced the batsman. But he was worried, and proved it by his first delivery. The ball went far to the right of the catcher,

and Howe reached third base without hurrying. When Baker again had the ball, he scowled angrily, made a feint of throwing to third, and, turning rapidly, pitched. The ball was a swift one and wild, and Webster drew back, then ducked. The next instant he was lying on the ground, and a cry of dismay arose. The sphere had hit him just under the ear. He lay there unconscious, his left hand still clutching his bat, his face white under its coat of tan. Willing hands quickly lifted him into the dressing-room, and a doctor hurried from the grand stand. Bob, who had helped carry him off the field, came out after a few minutes and went to the bench.

"He's all right now," he announced. "That is, he's not dangerously hurt, you know. But he won't be able to play again to-day. Doctor says he'd better go to the hotel, and we've sent for a carriage. I wish to goodness I knew where to find a fellow to take his place! Think of our coming here without a blessed substitute to our name! I wish I had Magee for a minute; if I would n't show him a thing or two! Warner, you'd better take poor Webster's place as runner; I'll tell the umpire."

In another moment the game had begun again, Warner having taken the place of the injured left-fielder at first base, and Sleeper having gone to bat. Vulcan's pitcher was pale and his hands shook as he once more began his work; the injury to Webster had totally unnerved him. The immediate result was that Sleeper knocked a two-bagger that brought Howe home, placed Warner on third and himself on second; and the ultimate result was that five minutes later, when Oliver fouled out to Vulcan's third-baseman, Sleeper and Wolcott had also scored, and the game stood 12 to 9.

Bob Ayer meanwhile had searched unsuccessfully for a player to take the injured Webster's place, and had just concluded to apply to Vulcan's captain for one of his substitutes, when he turned to find Marty at his side.

"Are yer lookin' fer a feller to play left field?"

"Yes," answered Bob, eagerly. "Do you know of any one?"

Marty nodded.

"Who?"

"Me."

Bob stared in surprise, but Marty looked back without flinching. "I can play, Bob; not like you, of course, but pretty well. And, besides, there ain't no one else, is there? Give me a show, will yer?"

Bob's surprise had given place to deep thought. "Why not?" he asked himself. Of course Marty could play ball; what Summer-ville boy could n't, to some extent? And, besides, as Marty said, there was no one else. Bob had seen Marty play a little while the nine was practising, and, so far as he knew, Marty was a better player than any of the Summer-ville boys who had come with the nine and now sat on the grand stand. The other alternative did not appeal to him: his pride revolted at begging a player from the rival club. He turned and strode to the bench, and Marty eagerly watched him conferring with the others. In a moment he turned and nodded.

A ripple of laughter and ironic applause crept over the stands as Marty, attired in his blue shirt and unshapen trousers, trotted out to his position in left field. The boy heard it, but did n't care. His nerves were tingling with excitement. It was the proudest moment of his short life. He was playing with the Summer-ville Baseball Club! And deep down in his heart Marty Brown pledged his last breath to the struggle for victory.

Vulcan started in on their last inning with a determination to add more runs to their score. The first man at bat reached first base on a safe hit to mid field. The second, Vulcan's center-fielder and a poor batsman, struck out ingloriously. When the next man strode to the plate, Bob motioned the fielders to spread out. Marty had scarcely run back a half-dozen yards when the sharp sound of ball on bat broke upon the air, and high up against the blue sky soared the little globe, sailing toward left field. Marty's heart was in his mouth, and for the moment he wished himself back by the bench, with no greater duty than the care of the bats. It was one thing to play ball in a vacant lot with boys of his own age, and another to display his powers in a big game, with half a thousand excited persons watching him.

At first base the runner was poised ready to leap away as soon as the ball fell into the fielder's hands — or to the ground! The latter possibility brought a haze before Marty's eyes, and for an instant he saw at least a dozen balls coming toward him; he wondered, in a chill of terror, which one was the real one! Then the mist faded, he stepped back and to the right three paces, telling himself doggedly that he *had* to catch it, put up his hands —

A shout of applause arose from the stands, and the ball was darting back over the field to second base. Marty, with a swelling heart, put his hands in his trousers pockets and whistled to prove his indifference to applause.

The batsman was out, but the first runner stood safely on third base. And then, with two men gone, Vulcan set bravely to work and filled the remaining bases. A safe hit meant two more runs added to Vulcan's score. The fielders, in obedience to Bob's command, crept in. The grand stand and the bleachers were noisy with the cheers of the spectators. Warner glanced around from base to base, slowly settled himself into position, and clutched the ball. The noise was deafening, but his nerves were again steady, and he only smiled carelessly at the efforts of the coaches to rattle him. His arms shot up, and a straight delivery sent the sphere waist-high over the plate.

"Strike!" crooned the umpire. Applause from the Summerville deputation was drowned in renewed shouts and gibes from the rest of the audience. Warner received the ball, and again, very deliberately, settled his toe into the depression in the trampled earth. Up shot his arms again, again he lunged forward, and again the umpire called:

"Strike two!"

Oliver tossed the ball to Bob and donned his mask. The batter stooped and rubbed his hands in the dust, and then gripped the stick resolutely. The ball went back to Warner, and he stepped once more into the box. For a moment he studied the batsman deliberately, a proceeding which seemed to worry that youth, since he lifted first one foot and then the other off the ground and waved his bat impatiently.

"Play ball!" shrieked the grand stand.

Warner smiled, rubbed his right hand reflec-

tively upon his thigh, glanced casually about the bases, lifted one spiked shoe from the ground, tossed his arms up, and shot the ball away swiftly. Straight for the batsman's head it went, then settled down, down, and to the left, as though attracted by Oliver's big gloves held a foot above the earth just back of the square of white marble. The man at bat, his eyes glued to the speeding sphere, put his stick far around, and then, with a sudden gasp, whirled it fiercely. There was a thud as the ball settled cozily into Oliver's leather gloves, a roar from the onlookers, and above it all the umpire's fatal:

"Striker — out!"

Marty, watching breathless and wide-eyed from the field, threw a hand-spring and uttered a whoop of joy. The nines changed places, and the last half of the last inning began with the score still 12 to 9 in favor of Vulcan.

"Play carefully, fellows," shouted Vulcan's captain as Hamilton went to bat. "We've got to shut them out."

"If youse can," muttered Marty, seated on the bench between Bob and Wolcott.

It looked as though they could. Bob groaned as Hamilton popped a short fly into second-baseman's hands, and the rest of the fellows echoed the mournful sound.

"Lift it, Will, lift it!" implored Bob as Pickering strode to the plate. And lift it he did. Unfortunately, however, when it descended it went plump into the hands of right field. In the stand half the throng was on its feet. Bob looked hopelessly at Warner as the pitcher selected a bat.

"Cheer up, Bob," said the latter, grinning. "I'm going to crack that ball or know the reason why!"

The Vulcan pitcher was slow and careful. They had taken the wearied Baker out and put in a new twirler. Warner let his first effort pass unnoticed, and looked surprised when the umpire called it a strike. But he received the next one with a hearty welcome, and sent it speeding away for a safe hit, taking first base amid the wild cheers of the little group of blue-and-white-decked watchers. Hamilton hurried across to coach the runner, and Bob stepped to the plate. His contribution was a

swift liner that was too hot for the pitcher, one that placed Warner on second and himself on first. Then, with Hamilton and Sleeper both coaching at the top of their lungs, the Vulcan catcher fumbled a ball at which Howe had struck, and the two runners moved up. The restive audience had overflowed on to the field now, and excitement reigned supreme. Another strike was called on Howe, and for a moment Summerville's chances appeared to be hopeless. But a minute later the batter was limping to first, having been struck with the ball, and the pitcher was angrily grinding his heel into the ground.

"Webster at bat!" called the scorer.

"That 's you, Marty," said Wolcott. "If you never do another thing, my boy, *swat that ball!*"

Marty picked out a bat and strode courageously to the plate. A roar of laughter greeted his appearance.

"Get on to Blue Jeans!" "Give us a home run, kid!" "Say, now, sonny, don't fall over your pants!"

It needed just that ridicule to dispel Marty's nervousness. He was angry. How could he help his "pants" being long? he asked himself, indignantly. He 'd show those dudes that "pants" had n't anything to do with hitting a baseball! He shut his teeth hard, gripped the bat tightly, and faced the pitcher. The latter smiled at his adversary, but was not willing to take any chances, with the bases full. And so, heedless of the requests to "Toss him an easy one, Joe!" he delivered a swift, straight drop over the plate.

"Strike!" droned the little umpire, skipping aside.

Marty frowned, but gave no other sign of the chill of disappointment that traveled down his spine. On the bench Wolcott turned to his next neighbor and said, as he shook his head sorrowfully:

"Hard luck! If it had only been some one else's turn now, we might have scored. I guess little Marty 's not up to curves."

Marty watched the next delivery carefully — and let it pass.

"Ball!" called the umpire.

Again he held himself in, although it was all

he could do to keep from swinging at the dirty-white globe as it sped by him.

"Two balls!"

"That 's right, Marty; wait for a good one," called Wolcott, hoping against hope that Marty might get to first on balls. Marty made no answer, but stood there, pale of face but cool, while the ball sped around the bases and at last went back to the pitcher. Again the sphere sped forward. Now was his time! With all his strength he swung his bat — and twirled around on his heel! A roar of laughter swept across the diamond.

"Strike two!" cried the umpire.

But Marty, surprised at his failure, yet undaunted, heard nothing save the umpire's unmoved voice. Forward flew the ball again, this time unmistakably wide of the plate, and the little man in the snuff-colored alpaca coat motioned to the right.

"Three balls!"

Bob, restlessly lifting his feet to be off and away on his dash to third, waited with despairing heart. Victory or defeat depended upon the next pitch. A three-bagger would tie the score, a safe hit would bring Sleeper to the bat! But as he looked at the pale-faced, odd-looking figure beside the plate he realized how hopeless it all was. The pitcher, thinking much the same thoughts, prepared for his last effort. Plainly the queer little ragamuffin was no batsman, and a straight ball over the plate would bring the agony to an end. Up went his hand, and straight and sure sped the globe.

Now, there was one kind of ball that Marty knew all about, and that was a nice, clean, straight one, guiltless of curve or drop or rise, the kind that "Whitey" Peters pitched in the vacant lot back of Keller's Livery Stable. And Marty knew that kind when he saw it coming. Fair and square he caught it, just where he wanted it on the bat. All his strength, heart, and soul were behind that swing. There was a sharp *crack*, a sudden mighty roar from the watchers, and Marty was speeding toward first base.

High and far sped the ball. Center and left fielder turned as one man and raced up the field. Obeying instructions, they had been playing well in, and now they were to rue it.

The roar of the crowd grew in volume. Warner, Bob, and Howe were already racing home, and Marty, running as hard as his legs would carry him, was touching second. Far up the field the ball was coming to earth slowly, gently, yet far too quickly for the fielders.

"A home run!" shrieked Wolcott. "*Come on—oh, come on, Marty, my boy!*"

Warner was home, now Bob, and then Howe was crossing the plate, and Marty was leaving second behind him. Would the fielder catch it? He dared look no longer, but sped onward. Then a new note crept into the shouts of the Vulcans, a note of disappointment, of despair. Up the field the center-fielder had tipped the ball with one outstretched hand, but had failed to catch it! At last, however, it was speeding home toward second base.

"Come on! Come on, Marty!" shrieked Bob.

The boy's twinkling feet spurned the third bag and he swung homeward. The ball was settling into the second-baseman's hands. The latter turned quickly and threw it straight, swift, unswerving toward the plate.

"*Slide!*" yelled Bob and Warner, in a breath.

Marty threw himself desperately forward; there was a cloud of brown dust at the plate, a *thug* as the ball met the catcher's gloves. The little man in the alpaca coat turned away with a grin, and picked up his mask again.

"*Safe, here!*"

The score was 13 to 12 in Summerville's favor; Marty's home run had saved the day!

In another minute or two it was all over. Sleeper had popped a high fly into the hands of the discomfited center-fielder, and the crowds swarmed inward over the diamond.

It was a tired, hungry, but joyous little group that journeyed back to Summerville through the soft, mellow summer twilight. Marty and the leather bat-case occupied a whole seat to themselves. Marty's freckled face was beaming with happiness and pride, his heart sang a pæan of triumph in time to the *clickety-click* of the car-wheels, and in one hand, tightly clenched, nestled a ten-dollar gold piece.

It was his share of the hundred-dollar purse the nine had won, Bob had explained, and it had been voted to him unanimously. And next spring he was to join the team as substitute! And Marty, doubting the trustiness of his pockets, held the shining prize firmly in his fist and grinned happily over the praise and thanks of his companions.

"It was n't nothin', that home run; any feller could have done that!" And, besides, he explained, he had known all along that they were going to win. "Why,—don't you see?—the other fellers did n't have any mascot!"

SONG OF A ROWBOAT.

BY ERIC PARKER.

FAR out and away the sea is gray
 And the crested roller whitens,
 And the slow gull lazily beats upwind,
 Where the dancing water brightens.
 But under the wee boat's wet brown stern
 There are clear cool emerald hollows;
 There 's a rippling patch of deep, deep green,
 And a bubbling foam that follows.
 Oh, it 's clear, clear blue, and deep, deep green,
 And it 's cream the oars are churning,
 And a brimming, kissing wave that swirls
 And hisses when we 're turning.

And the great white liner passes by,
 Nose down into plunging water;
 But we swing here in our tiny boat,
 Alone with the man that brought her.
 His coat is frayed and his jersey 's torn,
 And his beard, in a wind that 's gusty,
 Blows loose and wild; but his eyes are kind,
 And his face is brown and trusty.
 He will row us back three miles or more,
 With the tide beneath us flowing,
 High in the sky a summer sun,
 And a big northwester blowing.



BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE sentry stood before the throne,
 So pompous, grim, and tall.
 A little lad came strolling in,
 So quiet, trim, and small.

“Come, come! Be off!” the sentry said;
 “You can’t stay here, you know.
 I am the King’s new body-guard.
 Be off and don’t be slow!”

The little lad stood all amazed,
 As if he had not heard;

The little lad stood still and gazed
 To hear the sentry’s word.

“Be off, you dolt!” the sentry cried,
 “And see you make no noise.
 The King or Prince may soon be here—
 They don’t like little boys!”

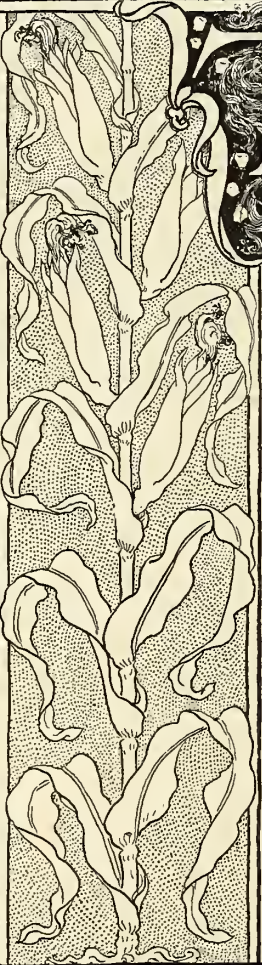
“Oh, but you’re wrong!” the child replied;
 “The King, I know, loves me!
 While I like little boys myself—
 And *I*’m the Prince, you see.”



THE GOLD-SPINNER

A SONG OF
THE CORN

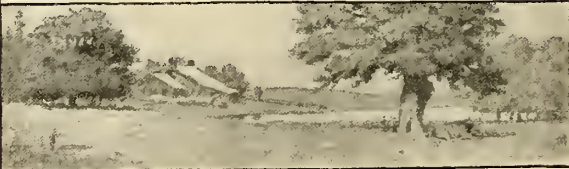
BY
CARRIE WHITE OSGOOD



THE breeze is light and the cloud is high,
The dews yet white on the meadows lie.
I toil as toiled in the legend old
The miller's daughter for straw-spun gold,
Yet by no magic of gnome or elf—
True power have I in mine own true self,
And cheerily I my task begin,
A greater than kings doth bid me spin.



The breeze is faint and the cloud has fled,
But noon's fierce heat bows not my head,
For earth and air and wave and sun
Must serve me till my task is done;
I bind their gift on my distaff green
And draw my threads in their silken sheen.
Spin, spin, busily spin!
And for every thread a pearl I win.



F.C. Gordon del.

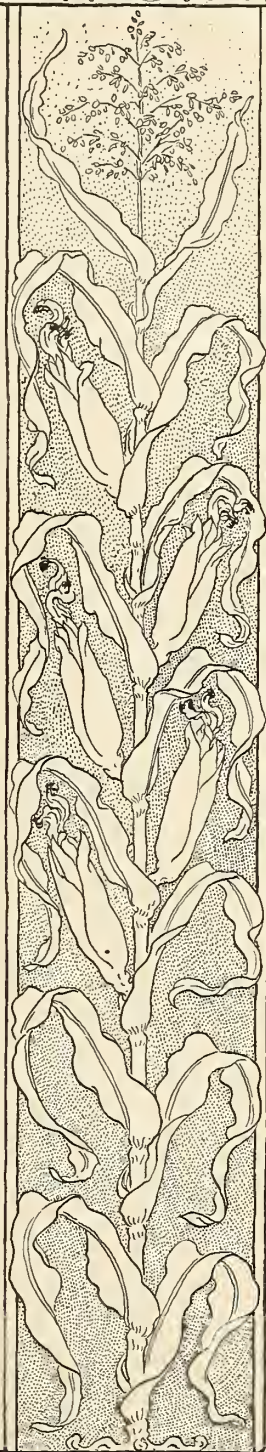
The breeze is strong and the cloud is black.
 Away, away from the storm-king's track
 Shuddering bird and beast have fled!
 But the rushing showers they cool my head,
 The lightning's torch beside me burns,
 While swifter still my distaff turns.
 Spin, spin, steadily spin!
 I sing to the rolling thunder's din.



The breeze is cool and the cloud is dim,
 The moon looks over the forest's rim,
 And down by the willows where lilies are
 The river has mated every star.
 The sun-browned laborer takes his rest,
 But night is vigor and toil is best.
 Spin, spin, and loose not hold,
 For my pearls are changing to grains of gold.



The breeze is chill and the cloud is gray,
 The swift sun flies from the laggard day,
 And frosty and silent lies the land.
 The distaff falls from my shaking hand,
 My threads are tangled, my task is done,
 But the rich reward of my toil is won;
 Though I am withered and old and bent,
 My wealth for a hungry world is spent.



HILARITY HALL:

BEING THE STORY OF EIGHT GIRLS AND A DOG.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

In this, the eleventh of the "long-stories-complete-in-one-number," the author of "The Story of Betty" takes a club of eight young girls to the seaside, and puts them in full charge of a summer cottage. It is no wonder that the jolly household was known as "Hilarity Hall." A bit of masquerading brings the story to an odd and pleasing conclusion.

CHAPTER I.

PILLOWS AND PITCHERS.

"Is there any way to pack pillows in pitchers?" said Marjorie, framing herself in the front doorway, one hand grasping recklessly the handles of three large pitchers and both arms full of sofa-pillows.

The group on the veranda looked up at her doubtfully.

"Yes," said brilliant Nan. "Have your pitchers bigger than your pillows and the thing is done."

"But the pillows are bigger than the pitchers."

"Then pack the pitchers in the pillows," said Betty.

"Why, of course! Betty, you're a genius!" And Marjorie disappeared with her burdens, while the girls on the veranda fell to chattering again like half a dozen shirt-waisted magpies.

Now, I know that a story with eight heroines is an imposition upon even the gentlest of readers; but you see there were eight girls in the Summer Club, and when their president, Marjorie Bond, proposed that they go down to Blue Beach and spend a fortnight in her father's cottage all by themselves, the whole club rose up as one girl and voted ay.

Objections were disposed of as fast as they were raised. Permission? The girls were sure that the sixteen parents concerned could be persuaded to see the matter in a favorable light. Expense? That should be divided equally among them all. Trouble? Would be more than compensated by the fun. Luggage? Not so very much required; the house was completely furnished, except the linen and silver, and each girl should take her share. Burglars?

That idea caused some apprehension; but when Marjorie said that Uncle Ned and Aunt Molly would be right next door, plans were suggested sufficient to scare any reasonably cautious burglar out of his wits. And so the preliminaries had been arranged, and the date decided upon, and the day had come.

It was Thursday morning, and they were to leave on the noon train; and now, although ten o'clock had struck, six sailor-hatted girls were gathered on the Bonds' veranda, hurriedly making final arrangements and frantically trying to remember what were the most important things they had forgotten.

"It's like a fire," Jessie Carroll was saying. "You know people always save their old trash and leave their best things to burn up. Now I'm sure I've packed just the very things we won't want, and left at home the things we'll need most. And that reminds me — Nan, can't I put my best hat in your box? I just *had* to take my down comfortable, and it was so puffy it would n't leave room for anything else."

"Oh, don't take your best hat," cried Betty Miller. "We're not going down to Blue Beach to dress up and be giddy. It's so late in the season none of the summer boarders will be there, and we're just going to wear flannel frocks all day, and tramp in the woods, and loll in the hammocks, and get brown as berries and hungry as hunters and uncivilized as — as Hottentôts."

"Yes, Betty; but remember somebody has to care for these hungry Hottentôts," said Mrs. Bond, smiling. "Are n't you afraid, girls, that you'll get tired of it? And you'll find that there's a great deal of work connected with housekeeping if you do it all yourselves."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Bond," said Hester Laverack. "I just love to look after things; I don't mind

housework a bit. Oh, here 's Helen. What 's your misfortune, my pretty maid?"

Helen Morris came up on the veranda, and dropped into a big wicker chair, and fanned herself with her hat.

"Girls, I 'm exhausted. You know I said I 'd take all the things for afternoon tea, but I had no idea there were so many. Why, I packed a whole barrel, and they 're not all in yet. To be sure, it 's mostly tissue-paper and excelsior, but I was so afraid they 'd break. And I could not get the tea-cozy in at all, or the Dresden cups; I 'd hate to break *them*."

"Yes," said Betty, sympathetically, "*don't* break the tea-cozy, whatever you do, if it 's that pretty yellow satin one. But you 've no ingenuity, Nell. Why don't you wear it down on your head? Then you 'll look like a drum-major."

"I will, if you 'll all obey my orders. Well, this won't do for me. I must go back and reason with those tea-things. I just ran over a minute because I saw you all here. If I can't get them into the barrel I 'll have to take a cask besides. Good-by; I 'll meet you at the train. What time do we start?"

"Twelve-ten," replied Hester. "I 'll go home with you, Helen, and help you pack your china."

"Yes, do," said Betty. "Two heads are better than one in any barrel."

But the two heads were already bobbing down the walk, and did n't hear Betty's parting shot.

"Nell 's crazy," remarked Millicent Payne, who always did everything leisurely, yet always had it done on time. "I do hope her barrel will go safely, for her tea-cups and things are lovely."

"Shall we have tea *every* afternoon?" asked Marguerite Alden, a fragile wisp of a girl who looked as if a real strong ocean breeze would blow her away. "I 'm so glad. I don't care for the tea at all, but the having it with all us girls together will be such fun, only—I do hate to wash up the tea-things."

"Girlies," said Mrs. Bond, "I think it would be much better all round if you 'd hire a neat little maid to wash your dishes for you. You can probably find one down there, and I 'm

sure you 'll be glad to have help when you discover what dish-washing for eight means."

"I think it would be heaps better, Mrs. Bond," said Marguerite. "I don't see how we can have any fun if we have to work all the time."

"Lazy Daisy!" said Betty; "you won't do any more than your share. But we won't let the interloper do any of our cooking—I insist upon that."

"All right, Betty," said Marguerite, or Daisy, as the girls called her, though she wished they would n't. "And you may be chief cook."

"No," said Betty, "I 'm not chief cook; Marjorie is that; I 'll be the first assistant. I 'll prepare the vegetables for her, and be a— a peeler."

"Hurrah for Betty the Peeler!" said Marjorie, appearing again in the front door. "And what am I?"

"You 're the cook," said Millicent.

"But we 're all cooks."

"Yes, I know; but you 're head cook, chief cook, cook plenipotentiary, or any title you prefer."

"Then I 'll be cook," said Marjorie—"just plain cook."

"Indeed, you 'll be more than a plain cook," said her mother, laughing, "if you attempt all the fancy dishes in all those receipt-books I saw you stowing away in your trunk."

"Oh, they were n't all receipt-books. Some of them were delectable tales to be read aloud at twilight hour. I could only take light literature, as the box weighs about a ton now; so I took 'First Aid to the Injured' and 'Alice in Wonderland'—we can struggle along with those."

"All right, Duchess," said Betty, rising. "And now look over your lists for the last time. I 'm going home to lock my trunk, and then I 'm going to don my war-paint and feathers."

"I am, too," said Nan; "and I want to go down to the station an hour before train-time, so as to have ample leisure to come back for what I forget."

"Good idea," said Marjorie, approvingly. The girls called her "Duchess" because she had a high-and-mighty way of giving orders.

Not an unpleasant way — oh, dear, no! Marjorie Bond was the favorite of the whole village of Middleton. Her stately air was due to the fact that she was rather tall for her sixteen years, and carried herself as straight as an arrow. She could have posed admirably for a picture of Pocahontas. Her dark, bright eyes were always dancing, and her saucy gipsy face was always smiling, for Marjorie had a talent for enjoyment which she cultivated at every opportunity. The girls said she could get fun out of anything, from a scolding to a jug of sour cream.

"I'm sure I've thought of everything," said the Duchess, wrinkling her brows over a handful of scribbled lists. "You're to bring the forks, Nannie, and a pair of blankets, and a table-cloth — and don't forget your napkin-ring, and bring your Vienna-coffee-pot. And, Betty, take your chafing-dish — we'll need two. Millicent, you're responsible for the spoons, and Jessie, knives. Lazy Daisy will take a hammock, and I'll take one too; and I've packed lots of sofa-pillows, and I hope Helen will take her banjo. I've lost my most important list, so I may have forgotten something. But I've packed towels, hand and dish, and a scrub-brush and a tack-hammer — and is n't that all we need to keep house? Except this good-for-nothing little bundle, my own, my only "Timmy Loo." Will you go with us, honey?" Marjorie picked up the bundle in question, who wagged his absurd, moppy, silvery ears and his still more absurd, moppy, silvery tail, and accepted his invitation with a few staccato barks of joy.

"That means yes, of course," said Betty. "His French accent is so perfect that even I can understand it. Well, good-by, Timmy; I'll see you later. Can you take him on the train, Marjorie?"

"No; he'll have to ride in the baggage-car. But I've explained it all to him, and he does n't mind, and he will keep an eye on our trunks and wheels."

Timmy Loo barked again and blinked his eyes acquiescently, and Betty gave him a final pat on his funny little nose and ran away home.

"I must go, too," said Marguerite, rising as

she spoke, and picking a full-blown rose from the trellis above her head.

A careless observer would probably have called Marguerite the prettiest of all the Summer Club girls. She was small, slender, and graceful, with a rose-leaf complexion and sea-blue eyes and a glory of golden hair that the girls called her halo. She was visionary and romantic, and her especial chum was Nan Kellogg, who was lounging in the hammock with her hands clasped behind her head and her eyes closed. Nan was a dark-haired, olive-skinned Southern girl with a poetic temperament and a secret ambition to write verse.

"Come, girl," said Marguerite, dropping rose-petals one by one on Nan's nose, "what are you dreaming of?"

"Oh," said Nan, opening her eyes, "I was thinking what gay old times we're going to have down there. I'm *so* glad we're going! Marjorie, you're *such* a darling! I shall dedicate my first book of poems to you. Now I'm off, Marjorie. I'll meet you at the train. And oh, Duchess, I almost forgot to ask you; brother Jack says can he and Ted come down and spend the day with us?"

"No, indeed!" cried Marjorie. "We are not going to allow a boy in sight all the time we are there. Tell them we're sorry to refuse, but we're not running a coeducational institution, and only girls need apply."

"I did tell him that, but he begged me to ask you again."

"No," said Marjorie, laughing but positive. "Tell him we turn a deaf ear — I mean sixteen deaf ears — to his entreaties, and harden our eight hearts to his appeal. There is no use, girls; if the boys come down they'll spoil everything. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said each girl, but with such varying accents that Mrs. Bond laughed heartily, while Marguerite shook her yellow curls and protested that she did n't want the boys anyway, even if they *did* bring candy.

Then she and Nan went home, and Jessie Carroll said: "We'll have plenty of candy, Marjorie, for father will send it down whenever I want him to."

"Oh, Jessie, that will be fine. It will be just like boarding-school when the boxes come

from home," said Hester Laverack, who had returned from Helen and her refractory tea-things.

Hester was an English girl who had only been in America about a year and was not yet quite accustomed to the rollicking ways of the rest of the club. "I think," she went on slowly, "I may take my camera down, if you like; it will be rather good fun to take pictures of us all."

"Yes, indeed; you must take your camera," said Marjorie. "What larks! we 'll have jolly pictures. And if Helen takes her banjo we can sing songs and have concerts, and oh, dear, the time won't be half long enough!"

The crowd scattered, and Millicent Payne said: "Well, I 'm the last little Injun, and I reckon I 'll go too, and then there 'll be none."

Millicent Payne was Marjorie's dearest friend and chum, and lived next door; at least, she was supposed to, but she almost lived at the Bonds'. Millicent was a delightful girl to know, she was so clever and bright, and took such an interest in anything that interested anybody else—such a kind, whole-hearted interest, that was neither curious nor critical. And she had such funny little tricks of imagination. If, for any reason, her surroundings were not quite what she wished they were, she immediately created for herself an environment to suit her better, and, quite oblivious of facts, lived and moved among her fancies. She was devoted to stories and fairy-tales, and would repeat them in an irresistibly funny manner, becoming at times so imbued with the spirit of fantasy that she seemed a veritable witch or pixy herself.

"Run along, Millikens," called Marjorie; "come back when you 're ready, and we 'll go down together."

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ROAD.

THE clock in the railroad station announced high noon; but of all the party, only Marjorie and Millicent were there to hear it. Nan Kellogg had fulfilled her own prophecy by coming down fifteen minutes earlier, and then going back home for her cuckoo-clock, which was one of her pet possessions, and which she decided

she could n't be parted from for two whole weeks. She came flying back, and entered the station by one door just as Betty Miller came in at the other.

"Oh," said Nan, breathlessly, "I thought of course I 'd be the last one here. Where are the other girls? But since they 're not here, won't you hold this clock, Marjorie, and let me run back home and —"

"No," said Betty, decidedly. "You *cannot* go back for anything else. Follow the example of your clock and stop running for a while."

"Has it stopped? I was afraid it would. Never mind; I can set it going after we get there. But I do want to go back and—"

"But you can't," broke in Marjorie; "so sit down, please."

Nan laughed, but sat down obediently, holding her precious clock; and then Helen appeared with her banjo, and Hester with her camera.

"Have you checked your wheels, girls?" asked Betty.

"Yes, with our trunks," said Helen. "Mr. Bond is keeping watch over them until the train comes; and he is holding Timmy Loo, who is a most important-looking animal just now, dressed in a new red ribbon and a baggage-tag."

"Oh, he 's delighted with his prospective journey," said Marjorie. "I told him he had the entire charge of our trunks and wheels, and he feels the responsibility. Oh, here 's Jessie. Now we 're all here but Marguerite. Where is she, Nan?"

"Who? Daisy? Oh, she 'll be here in a minute. I think she waited to learn how to make soup."

"She 'll be in it if she does n't hurry," said Nan. "I think I 'll go and poke her up."

"Don't do it," cried Betty; "you 'll miss her, and then we won't have either of you. Here she comes now, grinning like a Chessy cat."

Dainty Marguerite, in her fresh white duck suit and pink shirt-waist, came in, smiling radiantly.

"Girls," said she, "I was detained because Aunt Annie was calling at our house, and she taught me a new soup. It 's wonderful, and I 'll make it for you, if you want it, the first thing."

"Of course we want it the first thing," said Nan. "Did you suppose we thought it was a dessert?"

"Come, girls!" called Mr. Bond from the platform, as the train that was to have the honor of carrying the party puffed into the station and came noisily to a standstill. "Are you ready? All aboard! Good-by, Margy dear; don't set the house afire. Who is the matron of this crowd, anyway? I'd like a word with her."

Marjorie looked at the girls. "I think Mar-

I can manage them, and I'll rule them with a rod of iron."

And then the bell rang, and Mr. Bond jumped off the train just in time, and he waved his hat and the girls waved their handkerchiefs from the windows until they were whisked away out of his sight.

"Now, my children," said Marguerite, highly elated at her absurd title of matron, "you are in my care, and I must look after you."

The eight girls were quickly paired off, and



"MR. BOND IS HOLDING TIMMY LOO," SAID HELEN."

guerite is," she said. "She's the youngest and smallest and rattle-patedest. Yes, she shall be our matron."

"Very well, then, Matron Daisy, I consign these young barbarians to your care, and I put them and my house in your charge, and I shall expect you to render me an account when you come back."

"Don't scare me, Mr. Bond," pleaded Marguerite, shaking her yellow curls. "If the responsibility proves too much for me I shall leave them to their fate and run away. But I think

the general chatter was broken up into dialogues.

Mindful of her position as matron, Marguerite kept a watchful eye on her charges. To be sure, the watchful eye was so bright and merry that as a means of restraint it was practically useless. But the Summer Club knew how to behave itself in a public conveyance — oh, dear yes; and, save for a few sudden and really unavoidable bursts of merriment, it was as proper and decorous a rosebud garland of girls as one could wish to see upon a summer's day.

To be sure, there was some commotion when the conductor asked for Marguerite's ticket and she suddenly remembered she had written Aunt Annie's soup receipt on the back of it, intending to copy it before the conductor came around.

"It was the only bit of paper I had," she explained, "and it is such a good receipt. What shall I do?" Nan had a blank-book with her which she always carried in case of poetic fire, and the conductor obligingly left the soup-ticket, as Betty called it, for them to copy, and returned later to receive the yellow card, much crumpled by the process of erasure. But the precious receipt was safe — and at least one page of Nan's book was worth having.

And there was another mild excitement when Nan's cuckoo-clock, which was carefully laid away up in the rack, suddenly announced in shrill pipes that it was twelve o'clock. It was n't twelve o'clock at all, and that rascally cuckoo knew it; but having been silenced by Nan's breathless run down to the station, he was well pleased to be set going again by the jar of the train, and he chirped his twelve double notes with an evident enjoyment of the situation.

Nan tried her best to look unconscious, but only succeeded in looking so funny that the girls went off into peals of laughter.

Betty leaned over, and picking up Nan's blank-book, scribbled in it:

Nannie had a little clock,
But it was rather slow;
And when she thought that it had stopped
The clock was sure to go.

This was passed around, and caused such hilarity that Marguerite confiscated the book, and assuming an air of rigid decorum, sat staring straight before her with all the appalling dignity of a blond wax doll.

Upon which, Millicent slyly regained the book, unobserved by the stern matron, and drew a funny sketch of Marguerite wearing epaulets and a cocked hat, mounted on a fiery steed, and commanding a great army. The curly mop of hair, the stiff duck skirt, and the side-saddle, contrasted with the military pose and uplifted sword, were very funny; and when

Millicent labeled it "A Daisy Napoleon," and passed it over to Betty and Jessie, they giggled outright. But now they had passed Spring Grove, and the next station would be Blue Beach. Gathering up their belongings, they all were ready, when the train stopped, to jump out on the platform, and there they found Uncle Ned and Aunt Molly waiting for them.

"All here?" sang out Uncle Ned, in his cheery way. "Where are your checks?"

A dozen metal medals were produced by Betty, who announced herself as a courier. It was an appalling lot of luggage to which these checks entitled Uncle Ned; but he soon found a man with a big wagon, and trunks, wheels, and boxes were lifted into it and despatched to the cottage, while Marjorie received frantic expressions of affection from Timmy Loo, who had had quite enough of baggage-cars for one while.

Uncle Ned politely put the spare seats of his carriage at the disposal of the girls, but the loyal crowd refused to be divided. Not they, indeed! They would find a conveyance that would hold them all, or they would walk. It was only about a mile. But a capacious stage lumbered up, and the whole eight were bundled into it.

Timmy Loo, as was his custom when riding, jumped up on Marjorie's shoulder, and sat there, fairly quivering with curiosity to know what kind of a performance was going on anyway. For his part, he could not understand it at all. But Marjorie gave him a little whack on his nose, and he subsided into a wary indifference.

"Here 's the ocean, Nan; get out your best pensive expression and put it on," cried Betty, as the stage bumped around a corner and the blue sea shone before them.

But Nan was already wearing what the girls called her "rapt look," and she paid no attention to their banter.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!" began Millicent.

"Should you dry up, 't would leave an awful hole," continued Marjorie. "Oh, how good this salt air is! It makes me feel like a mermaid."

"It has a worse effect on me than that," exclaimed Betty; "it makes me just awfully hungry. Do we really have to get settled at

housekeeping, and all that, before we can have anything to eat?"

"No, indeed," said Marjorie; "we 'll have a picnic supper as soon as we can get enough things unpacked to have it with, and then we 'll begin our regular living to-morrow. There 's the house, girls — that shingled one next to the one with the yellow dog in front of it."

And in another minute they had stopped in front of the shingled house, and were tumbling over one another out of the stage.

Nan landed first, and no sooner had she touched the ground than, as if by magic, a swarm of men appeared, who gathered around her, out-lying one another in impressive politeness, and offered her cards.

Bewildered at the suddenness of the onslaught, Nan glanced helplessly at Marjorie with a scared "What *do* they want?"

At this the swarm turned their attention to Marjorie, and the cards were pointed at her, while the men stood respectfully silent.

"What *do* you want?" repeated Marjorie; whereupon one braver than the rest volunteered the information that he was the best butcher at Blue Beach, and then another calmly made the same statement.

The cards of the other men announced them to be fish and vegetable merchants, bakers, and milkmen; and one, being cardless, declared himself the coal and wood agent.

"We may as well order that at once," said Marjorie; "but I can't tell about the other things until we get into the house."

At this the men departed, with envious looks at the coal and wood agent, who remained.

"Will you, sir," continued Marjorie, reflectively, "please send us a barrel of kindling-wood and — a — girls, how much coal ought we to have for two weeks?"

"A ton, I should think," said Marguerite, with an air of superior wisdom that made her look like a canary that wanted to be an owl.

"Crazy Daisy!" said Betty. "We could n't *begin* to use a ton, nor a half, nor a quarter. Why, we only use twenty tons for a whole year at home, radiators and all."

"If six Millers in one year burn twenty tons, how much is necessary to supply one miller

and seven other insects that they may have coal to burn?" said Marguerite.

"I 'll be stoker," said Hester Laverack. "The only thing I 'm a real success at is making a fire and keeping it going. And *I* think we 'll need a barrel of coal."

"A barrel! Just the thing!" cried Betty. "That 's lots better than a fraction of a ton; and there are so few fractions of a ton to choose from!"

"All right," said Marjorie; "you may send us a barrel of coal and some wood for the open fire."

"A quarter of a cord?" suggested the man, as if he feared another lengthy discussion.

"Yes," said Marjorie, breathing a sigh of relief as he went away. Then she stood looking helplessly at her handful of cards. "Girls," said she, "the responsibilities of housekeeping are wearing me out, and we have n't even entered the house yet."

"Where are the keys?" said impatient Marguerite.

Marjorie flourished her bunch of keys importantly, unlocked the door, and, with a wild whoop from Betty and a responsive bark from Timmy Loo, they all went in.

CHAPTER III.

THE FUN BEGINS.

"SAVED! I have fallen into a grotto!" exclaimed Millicent, dashing through the hall and into the parlor, where she flung herself into a big wicker rocker.

"What do you mean by that?" said Hester, who always liked to have everything explained.

"Why, don't you remember that ridiculous hero in one of Jules Verne's stories who fell thousands of miles down into the earth, and landed in a beautiful grotto which caused him delight but no surprise? Those are exactly my sensations."

"Well, your grotto is full of used-up atmosphere. Let 's turn it out and get some fresh." And swish! up went the shades, and bang! up went the windows, and in came the air and sunlight; and after eight girls had flung down their hats and wraps and bags and bundles the place began to look quite homelike and cozy.

"Here are the trunks and bicycles," cried Helen, as a wagon stopped before the cottage.

"Oh, dear!" said Marjorie, "we have n't chosen our rooms yet. Two will have to sleep downstairs; who wants to?"

"I will," said Betty; "I 'm not afraid, are you, Jessie?"

"No, indeed!" And the Invincibles immediately appropriated the pretty bedroom that adjoined the parlor.

Have n't I told you about these two girls yet? Well, Betty was fifteen, a very tall girl, with that kind of tallness that is called overgrown. She was fond of all outdoor sports, and, strong, athletic, and muscular, she strode through life regardless of conventions, but making friends as she went. Jessie was of a directly opposite type in most ways. A chubby little maiden with a happy-go-lucky disposition, she had a positive genius for getting her own way. Always amiable and acquiescent, and very generous, she yet managed never to do anything she did n't wish to do. She was a frivolous little creature, devoted to finery and dress, but so winning and affectionate that it was really impossible to interfere with her wishes. And so Betty's determination and Jessie's persistency had won them the name of the Invincibles, and whatever they agreed on always came to pass; but as they rarely agreed on anything, this was not so disastrous as it might have been.

The social economy of the eight was very clearly defined. The Octave, as they called themselves, divided very naturally into two quartets or four duets whenever occasion required. And just now occasion did require; so, leaving Betty and Jessie, the other six flew upstairs, and Marjorie and Millicent took one room, Nan and Marguerite another, and Helen and Hester the third, so that when the trunks were sent up, they were put at once where they belonged. The wheels were stacked in the hall — only five of them, for Millicent, Nan, and Marguerite did n't ride. Then the trunks were unpacked, shelves divided fairly, hooks counted out, top bureau-drawers tossed up for, and the "settling process" had begun.

Soon Betty's voice was heard from below:

"Don't fiddle with your finery any longer now, girls. Come on down. Let's see about supper."

The six upstairs, feeling a responsive thrill, suspended operations at once and skipped down.

Then they all flocked out to the kitchen, and great and joyous were the exclamations of the club when they beheld the completeness of the furnishings thereof.

The old corner cupboard disclosed griddles and gridirons, saucepans and frying-pans; rows of shining tins hung over the sink; egg-beaters and syllabub-churns smiled out at them from the shelves; and a big fat pudding-mold beamed a welcome from its corner.

Betty seized two tin kettle-covers, and, clashing them like cymbals, broke into the club's "Battle Song," which they sang on every possible occasion. Marjorie played an accompaniment on the coffee-mill, Nan whisked in some trills with the egg-beater, and they all sang:

"Rub-a-dub-dub!
 Rub-a-dub-dub!
 Hurrah for the girls of the Summer Club!
 And whether we 're beating
 Or heating
 Or eating,
 We always have fun at the Summer Club."

A loud knock at the back door made them all jump.

"You go, Marjorie," said Nan. So Marjorie opened the door and faced again the persistent crowd of venders. The butcher, the grocer, the baker, milkman, vegetable man, fish man all stood, beaming and expectant.

"The club will please come to order!" said Marjorie, turning to the girls. "These claimants must be satisfied. *What*, ladies of the Summer Club, *what*, I ask you, do you want to eat?"

A serious silence fell on the crowd. They realized that at last they must cope with the great question.

"We 'll divide forces and appoint committees," went on the president. "Betty, you and Jessie order the meat, whatever you like; Nan, do up the baker; Marguerite, the milkman; Helen and Hester, reason with the vege-

tarian; and Millikens and I will attend to the grocer."

Nan soon despatched the baker with a stand-

"Any celery?"

"Yis, mum; fine celery indeed. Will ye be so kind as to look at it, mum?"



MARJORIE AND MILLICENT ORDERING THINGS ALTERNATELY.

ing order of two loaves per day, subject to amendment. Marguerite discussed the milk problem at length with good-natured old farmer Hobbs, and wound up by deciding on two quarts every morning, or three quarts if there was a clothes-pin on the pail which he would find on the back steps; also a quart of cream each morning, with a like understanding of the clothes-pin. "For," said the sagacious matron, "what with whips and charlottes, we'll need a lot of cream."

Helen and Hester declared they would attend to their department in an orderly and systematic manner. Taking the index of a cookery-book for their guide, they decided they would eat their vegetables alphabetically.

"Have you any artichokes?" said Hester.

"No, mum," replied the man, looking as if she had asked for a salamander.

"Any Brussels sprouts?" asked Helen.

"No, mum."

"We ought n't to have celery until day after to-morrow," said Helen, dubiously, as they went out to the wagon, "but I guess we'll have to give up the alphabet plan. Let's order celery and potatoes — and oh, look at that big pumpkin! Would n't a pumpkin-pie be just grand?"

"Gay," said Hester; "we'll take that — and that's enough for to-day; you'll call to-morrow, won't you?"

"Yis, mum," replied the man; and when the purchases were deposited on the kitchen table, Helen and Hester felt proud of their choice.

Jessie had disappeared, but the stray

notes of song floating out from her room made it an open secret that the attractions of her trinkets and fripperies had charmed her away from the culinary pastimes. So Betty faced the butcher alone. She was very decided and business-like.

"We want meat for supper to-night," said she, looking at Mr. Parkin's card as if for inspiration. "Beef, veal, mutton, lamb, pork, and poultry. H'm! Well, we'll begin at the beginning; beefsteak, I think. You may send two nice porterhouse steaks, and please send them as soon as possible. Then we'll have a roast for to-morrow, a two-rib roast of beef; you may send that to-morrow morning." The butcher noted down the orders and went away.

Then the only committee still out was Marjorie and Millicent. When Betty, having finished the course, turned to them, they were in a wild state of excitement. They had de-

cided to suggest things alternately, while the grocer wrote the list.

The grocer was a lanky, raw-boned young man with bushy red hair. Seated in a chair, holding pad and pencil, he looked for all the world like a district schoolmaster, while the two girls stood before him looking like a very animated couple in a spelling-match.

Marjorie, dancing on one foot, was twisting up the corners of her apron into knots, which she tied and untied with unconscious rapidity. Millicent stood firmly facing him, with folded arms and screwed-up forehead.

"Flour," said Marjorie.

"Butter," suggested Millicent.

"Sugar," Marjorie went on.

"Salt," said Millicent.

"Pepper."

"Mustard."

"Ketchup."

"Sardines."

"Olives."

"Oh, we must get staples! Molasses."

"Buckwheat."

"No; we don't want buckwheat. Kerosene."

"Oh, yes; and candles."

"Matches."

"Starch."

"Oh, we don't need starch. Corn-starch."

"Eggs."

"Vanilla."

"Worcestershire sauce."

"Dear! I'm sure we've forgotten the most important things. Lard."

"Rice."

"We ought to have some canned things."

"Well, let him bring what we've ordered, and then we can remember whatever we've forgotten. Soap!"

"Ammonia."

"Salad-oil."

"How one thing suggests another! Lemons."



"MILLICENT DECLARED SHE LOOKED LIKE TWEEDLEDEE PREPARED FOR HIS FIGHT WITH TWEEDLEDUM." (SEE PAGE 987.)

"Cheese."

"Macaroni."

"Macaroons."

"He does n't keep those; the baker does. Let's not order any more things now; I'm all mixed up, and can't remember the names."

Mr. Fenn went away, well pleased with his order, and Millicent dropped into a kitchen chair exhausted.

"Girls," said Hester, "you 've run up an awful big order. *Do* you suppose it will cost all our money?"

"Oh, no," said the wise and matronly Marguerite, shaking her halo; "and, besides, most of those things won't need to be ordered again; the staples will last us all the time we are here. Now, when they bring the bills I'll fix up my accounts. I have a little red book, real Russia, and I'll have a page for each department. Are these committees *standing* committees, Miss President?"

"Oh, no!" said Marjorie; "we'll take turns at things. I don't want to order groceries again — I'm quite worn out."

"Poor Margy! 'Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,'" sang Nan, catching Marjorie around the waist and dancing about the kitchen with her.

"Oh, I am *so* hungry!" pleaded Betty. "Can't we get out the silver and table-cloths and set the table now?"

"Yes, come on; I love to set a table," said Nan; "but oh, *how* I hate to wash dishes! I thought we were going to have an Irish lady to do that, eh, Marjorie!"

"Aunt Molly says there's a nice Irish girl who lives up the beach somewhere who would come and help us for a consideration. You and Marguerite go and hunt her up. Her name is Rosie O'Neill."

"Beautiful name!" said Nan.

"A lady named Rosie O'Neill
I'm sure will be loyal and leal;
Fulfilling our wishes,
She'll wash up our dishes,
And our apples and onions she'll peel."

"There! we forgot to order apples."

"Let's have a slate on the kitchen table, and write down orders whenever they occur to us."

"Come on, matron; we'll go and seek the radiant Rosie. Where does she live, Duchess?"

"Oh, I don't know. Stop in and ask Aunt Molly; she'll tell you where to find her."

"T is well, O chief! We will return in triumph with our enchained captive!"

"Now," said Marjorie, as the door banged

behind Nan and Marguerite, "those rattle-pated girls are sure to get lost and we'll never see them again. Meantime let's get to work. We have n't explored the cellar yet. Perhaps the people who've been in the cottage all summer left a lot of good things."

Down cellar they went; but a thorough search revealed nothing of interest but a flour-bucket and a refrigerator.

"Nothing but flour," exclaimed Marjorie, "and it looks queer; I don't believe it's good."

"That is n't flour, you goose — it's Indian meal. It'll be fine for corn-bread."

"Who can make corn-bread? I can't," confessed Betty.

"Oh, yes, you can, if you try," declared Marjorie; "your cooking always turns out all right. Now, as we're going to have supper, let's decide what to have."

Then, as usual, all began to talk at once.

Marjorie seized a long iron spoon and, rapping on the table, said: "This meeting will please come to order. If you don't we'll never have any supper. Now don't all talk at once, but if you've any sensible propositions to make, make them when you're called on."

"Oh, promise me — oh, *promise* me-e-e," came floating out from the bedroom where Jessie was still arranging and rearranging her cherished belongings.

"Jessie ought to do *some* work," said Millicent. "She's too dainty and dressy for any use. She ought to be disciplined. Let's make her come out here and be Scullery-maid."

So they all crowded in at Jessie's doorway, and found her sitting on the floor by her open trunk, surrounded by laces and ribbons and fans, and still musically begging the required promise.

"We'll promise you nothing until you come out and do some work for it," said Marjorie; "so get up at once." Then, picking up an elaborate little Swiss apron, she tied its ribbons round Jessie's waist. "There!" she said. "Now you're appropriately decorated, and I herewith appoint you Scullery-maid of this institution. Now skip along and empty that pan of ashes, as befits your station."

"Oh, *don't* let her spoil that pretty apron,"

said Hester the practical, and she took off her own big gingham one and tied it over the dainty affair.

"Is this a game?" said Betty, taking off her own apron and tying it on Jessie over Hester's.

Like a flash, the three other aprons came off of their owners and were piled on the luckless Jessie, round her waist, round her neck, before and behind, until Millicent declared she looked like Tweedledee prepared for his fight with Tweedledum.

Good-natured Jessie trotted off with the pan, and on her return was seized by Betty the Peeler, who peeled off the numerous aprons and restored them to their owners.

CHAPTER IV.

ANNALS OF HILARITY HALL.

AGAIN Marjorie rapped on the table with her iron spoon.

"As none of you seem to offer any suggestions," she went on, as if she had not been interrupted at all, "I will lay down the law. Hester, you're Stoker. The coal and wood has come. Now see if you can make a fire that shall be worthy of one whom England expects this day to do her duty!"

"Ay, ay!" said Hester, bringing her hand to her temple, palm forward, with the quick, jerky salute of a British marine. "Helen, you and Jessie might set the table; but don't both of you get to singing at once, for you'll drive us distracted. Millicent, what are *you* good for, anyway?"

Millicent was putting away the groceries that were piled on the table in the outer kitchen, or buttery, as Hester called it, and she replied:

"Oh, I would ornament any calling; but when I see these candles and kerosene, it makes me just long to fill the lamps and candlesticks, 'cause it's going to get dark pretty soon."

"You're a wise virgin," said Betty, "and you shall ever be our honored Lamplighter. I suppose I must peel these potatoes. How many, Duchess?"

"Two apiece," replied Marjorie. "We'll have them mashed, and the steak broiled, and I'll make coffee, and that's all we'll have cooked

for supper. And now let's set the table. Goodness, Millicent! what *are* you doing?"

Millicent was standing on the dining-table with a kerosene-can in one hand and a lamp-chimney in the other. The lamp-shade was on her head, and she was with difficulty holding the swinging-lamp still while she filled it.

"Why did n't you take the lamp down?" began Marguerite.

"Who's Lamplighter of this establishment, I'd like to know? This is the only correct and elegant way to fill a swing-lamp. It is a patented way, and recommended by all the crowned heads of Europe, of whom I am one. Now, you see, I set down my can, then my chimney, replace the shade — and there you are!" And Millicent sprang off the table and betook herself and her can to the Grotto.

Many hands make light work, and in half an hour everything was ready. The table was laid, and wonderfully pretty it looked, too; for under Jessie's supervision it had blossomed out into dainty doilies and bits of shining glass and silver.

Seeing no signs of dessert, Helen had run over to the grocer's and returned triumphantly with a basket of fruit, a box of candied ginger, an Edam cheese, and a tin box of biscuits. The fruit she arranged as a centerpiece, and the coffee-cups she placed on a side-table, and surveyed the result with a very pardonable pride. In the kitchen, too, all was in readiness.

Betty had boiled and mashed the potatoes until Millicent declared they looked like cotton batting.

Marjorie had broiled the steak to the proverbial turn, and made a potful of her celebrated coffee; and now, blushing with success and Hester's fire, she sat on the edge of the kitchen table, her iron spoon still in her hand, like a scepter.

"I do wish Nan and the Matron would come," she said, "I am so starved." And in a few minutes they did come, tired and chilled with their long walk, and without the much-desired Irish lady.

"Where's your captive?"

"Could n't you catch her?"

"Is she coming?"

"Yes," said Marguerite; "it's all right. Don't

all talk at once. Let me tell you. She can't come until to-morrow, but she 'll be here early — before breakfast."

"Then we've got to wash the dishes to-night, have n't we?" groaned Jessie.

"Never mind, my pretty scullery-maid," said Betty; "you need n't do it — we can put them away with neatness and despatch." And Jessie beamed again.

"Is supper ready?" said Nan. "I'm slowly but surely starving."

"Yes," chimed a chorus, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the feast was on the table.

"You sit at the head, Duchess," said Betty, "and I 'll sit at the foot and carve, for none of the rest of you know how. The fair scullery-maid can sit at my right hand, in case I need her assistance; Nan and Daisy next; then Millicent, at Marjorie's right, and then Helen and Hester; and there you are!"

There they were indeed, and a merrier crowd never sat down to feast.

"We have n't any pastry," said Helen, when it was time for dessert. "I thought ripe fruit would do as well."

"Yes, indeed," said Marjorie. "I love pears — oh!" And simultaneously Betty made a wry face and left the table.

"What *is* the matter?"

"Ugh! the fruit is all kerosene."

The luckless Lamplighter looked up at the swinging-lamp, and, sure enough, it was still dripping.

"I must have put in too much oil," said she, calmly, scrutinizing it with interest, "and it — it overflowed."

"I should think it did," wailed Jessie, looking at her pretty centerpiece spotted with drops of oil.

"It won't hurt it any," said Millicent. "I 'll wash it for you myself. Is there any more fruit?"

But there was not; so Marjorie poured coffee, and the red-coated cheese was placed before Betty, who thoroughly enjoyed "scooping," and there was much laughter and merry talk. And they all complimented one another and congratulated one another; and they feasted and jested, and laughed and chaffed. And as they all talked at once, each made jokes

that never were heard, and told stories that never were listened to, and asked questions that never were answered. And Timmy Loo thought it was all a great entertainment for his especial benefit; and he barked his funniest barks, and ran round the table like mad, and paused in front of each one, standing up and putting out his paw in his very best beggarly manner, receiving always a bit of ginger or biscuit on his solicitous little nose — until, finally, Marjorie said:

"Now, sisters, if there 's any redding up to be done, 't were well 't were done quickly. I don't mind washing the dishes, and if we all fly round, we 'll have things in order in no time."

They did fly round, and in very little more than no time things were in order, and the eight girls, feeling very proud of their tidy kitchen, gathered round Hester's wood fire in the Grotto, as Millicent persisted in calling the parlor. And then Uncle Ned and Aunt Molly came over to call, and were nearly talked to death by the enthusiastic eight, who were delighted to have some one to "tell things to."

The much-amused guests were escorted out to the kitchen to see how beautifully the young housekeepers had "redded up," and then they were invited to partake of crackers and cheese in the dining-room. And such a hospitable spirit pervaded the hostesses that they refreshed themselves also, until the crackers were all gone and the cheese required deep-sea scooping.

"Well, you certainly seem a capable crowd," said Aunt Molly, as she was taking leave. "Are you sure you won't be afraid to-night?"

"Of course they won't," said Uncle Ned, in tones that would have inspired confidence in a lame rabbit. "What is there to be afraid of? Blue Beach is the safest old place in the world. But, my lambs, if you want us at any hour of the day or night, you've only to push this bell in the hall, which communicates with our bell, and we 'll fly over."

"Now," said Matron Marguerite, as they returned to the Grotto, "I am going to make up my accounts. I have all the bills that came in to-day, and I have five dollars apiece from each one of you for the first week, though I'm afraid it won't be enough, and Helen forgot to give me hers anyway, and Betty gave hers to

me and then borrowed it back again, and I have n't paid my own yet, either; but I paid out eighty cents for our stage-fares, and twenty-five cents expressage,—no, fifty,—and fourteen cents for two quarts of milk. You see, I did n't know we were going to have bills, and I almost wish we had n't. Oh, yes, and I owe Marjorie thirty-six cents that she paid to the butter-and-egg lady—I mean the club owes it. But I guess I can straighten it all out."

"You ought to have one of those smart cash-registers," said Millicent. "You just play on it with your fingers, and it rings a bell and counts your money for you."

"I wish I had one," said Marguerite, who was beginning to be mathematically bewildered. "But I'll be all right if you girls will let me alone."

"We will, we will," said Hester. "Just remember, Daisy dear, that two and two are four, and then go ahead. Now I'm going to begin our Journal. I brought a grand and elegant new blank-book for the purpose. We must write something in it every day, and we'll keep it here on the table, where any one can write a page when she feels disposed. What shall we call it? What's the name of this cottage, Marjorie?"

"Oh, father calls it Fair View, but I don't

think that's much of a name. Let's christen it for ourselves."

"Call it Liberty Hall," said Jessie, "because we're going to do just as we like all the time we're here."

"Too hackneyed," returned Betty. "Let's call it Hilarity Hall, because we are going to have lots of fun while we're here."

So Hilarity Hall it was, and Hester printed it in big letters on the fly-leaf of her book. Then she began to scribble, and the others leaned over her shoulder and knelt at her side and helped and suggested and amended, until the first instalment of the Journal stood thus, and Hester read it aloud amid a fire of running comment:

"THE SEPTEMBER
SESSION OF THE
SUMMER CLUB.

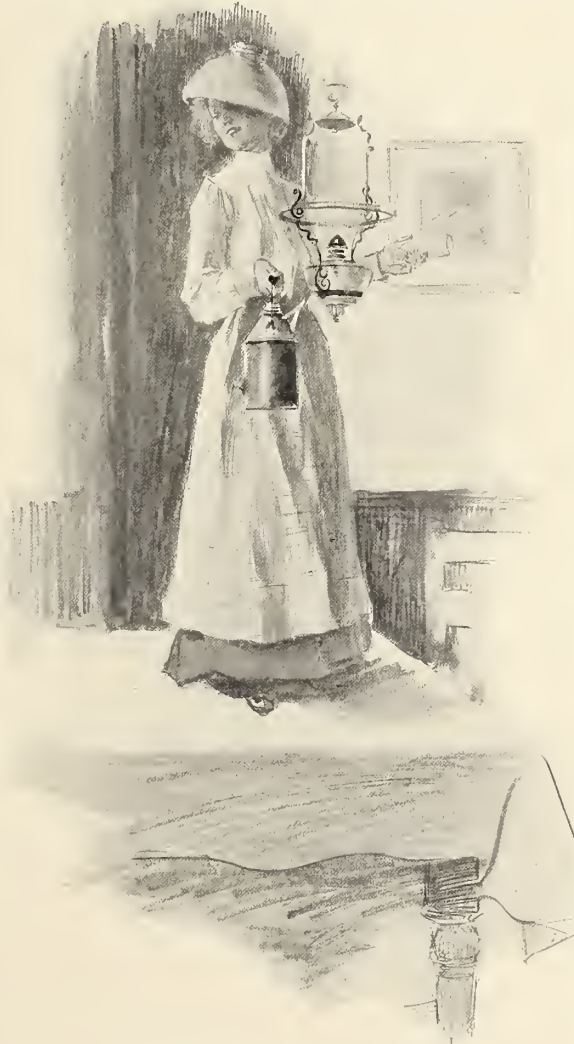
"HILARITY HALL,
BLUE BEACH,
September 21.

"The entire club left Middleton on the 12:10 train, leaving the weeping villagers sad and lonely at the departure of their favorite citizens. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the journey. Except for an ill-behaved cuckoo, who gave his insolent opinion as to

the time of day, the club behaved itself with dignity and decorum that delighted all beholders.

"Here, you see, it drops into verse:

" Reaching Blue Beach these maids demure
In haste the local stage secure;
And all the gaping rustics gaze



"THIS IS THE ONLY CORRECT AND ELEGANT WAY
TO FILL A SWING-LAMP."

With open mouth and much amaze
 At all the boxes, trunks, and wheels,
 And Timmy Loo's pugnacious squeals.
 But not a curious look or stare
 Can disconcert these maidens fair.
 Quickly the festive stage they fill,
 And amble slowly up the hill.

[Poetic license — no hill!]

And so at last with anxious feet
 They gain their much-desired retreat.

"Now we come to the account of the 'Truly Awful Encounter with the Greedy Grocer.'

"If it is n't all quite true, you must remember that we poets must often sacrifice veracity to the demands of poetic diction."

This was agreed to, and Hester read on:

"Ere the girls had time for napping,
 Suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping,
 Rapping at the kitchen door.

"Then the Chief, up quickly getting,
 All her pots and pans upsetting,
 All her dignity forgetting,
 Sprang across the kitchen floor
 (With one leap she cleared the floor);

"Oped the door with perturbation,
 And observed with indignation
 That a Man! — oh, desecration! —
 Stood outside the kitchen door.

"Then the girls drew close and closer,
 And the Chief said sternly, 'Go, sir!'
 But he murmured 'I 'm the grocer,
 Grocer from the neighboring store'
 (Red-haired grocer from the store).

"For I am the groceryman —
 Garrulous groceryman —
 Red-headed, ready, and spry;
 A versatile groceryman,
 Close-fisted groceryman,
 Silver-tongued groceryman, I."

"So the girls made out their order,
 Made a long and costly order;
 And the grocer's heart was gladdened,
 And he left them, smiling brightly.
 Then the Matron, slow departing,
 And the Poet, going with her,
 Said, 'We go to seek a Lady —
 Strong and willing Irish Lady,
 Who will wash our dinner-dishes.'

"So, the others all agreeing,
 These two maidens went to Northward,
 Seeking for the Irish Lady
 Who would wash the dinner-dishes;
 And the hopes of all went with them.

"There; that 's as far as I 've written."

"Give it to me," said Millicent. "I 'm no poet, but I 'll write the account of our late social function."

So she scribbled, reading aloud as she wrote:

"Hilarity Hall was the scene of unparalleled gaiety this evening, the occasion being a reception which was tendered to distinguished and honored guests, Sir Edward and Lady Mary. The reception was held in the Grotto, after which the Duchess led the way to the Refectory, where a limited collation was enjoyed. The honored guests then inspected the Cinderella Section, and, expressing themselves much pleased with their visit, they reluctantly departed."

"Why, this book is going to be fine!" said Betty. "What shall we call it? Just the 'Journal'?"

"No; let 's call it 'Annals of Hilarity Hall,'" said Nan.

"What are annals?"

"I don't know, but they 're things they always have in a quiet neighborhood."

All agreed to the title, and "Annals of Hilarity Hall" was scrawled across the cover of the book in artistically uncertain characters.

"Now, my lambs, you must go to bed," said the Matron, ruffling up her halo and looking very sleepy. "What time do we rise, Duchess?"

"Oh, whenever we unanimously agree to; we 'll all call one another. Where are your candles, Lamplighter?"

"On the hall table." And, sure enough, there stood eight candles, burning in a heterogeneous assortment of candlesticks. Helen grasped her banjo and began to play a lullaby.

"Put up the book, Poet, and come along."

But Nan was adding a final verse, though her sleepy audience would not wait to hear:

"The rest of the evening passed quickly away,
 And thus came to a close the first happy day.
 Then each maid, with her candle, filed slowly up-
 stairs,
 The Minstrel preceding them, playing sweet airs."

CHAPTER V.

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

THE sun was shining o'er the sea, shining with all its might, and had been doing so for two hours, but no one in Hilarity Hall had

awakened to the fact. A loud rap at the kitchen door partially roused sleepy Jessie, who murmured, "Yes, mama," and dozed off again. But Betty was thoroughly awakened by the sound, and, giving Jessie a shake, she exclaimed: "I believe it 's that horde of men again!" Then, springing up, she began to dress hastily.

The knocking not only continued, but was supplemented by other peremptory sounds,—a ring at the front-door bell, a toot on a tin fish-horn, the postman's whistle,—all of which were responded to by frantic barkings from Timmy Loo, who tore madly from one door to another, bounding at last into Betty's room and waltzing before her on his hind legs. His fat little body was quivering with excitement, and his bright eyes blinked through the wispy locks that hung over them.

But Betty was struggling with a stiff shirt-waist and a pair of sleeve-links, and her fruitless endeavors to bring them into harmony rendered her incapable of good work in that direction. Then Timmy Loo grew wheedlesome, and patted Betty's foot, as was his custom when he wanted anybody to go anywhere. Betty pushed him aside, a little impatiently it seemed to Tim, and he ran to Jessie, who was enjoying the added luxury of Betty's pillow, and looking as if she would stay there undisturbed though China fell.

The second-story contingent was aroused by this time, and six frowzled heads hung over the banister and twelve bare feet poked themselves between the rails.

"Can't you go, Betty?" said Marguerite's plaintive voice.

"I'll be down in a minute," sang out Hester, as she skipped back to her room and made things fly.

"Oh, hang!" said Betty, throwing her links down on the bureau and flinging her shirt-waist across the room.

"Take mine, dear," said Jessie, placidly; "it 's on that chair, and the buttons are all in it."

Betty's face cleared, and she slipped on Jessie's waist in a jiffy, and was at the front door in another.

There she found the postman, and a pleasant-faced Irish girl who said:

"Good morning to ye. I 'm Rosie, mum."

"You are indeed," said Betty, looking at her red cheeks; "come in."

Just then Hester landed in the lower hall with a jump which had included the last four steps.

"Is this Rosie?" she said in her quick, pleasant way. "How do you do? I 'm glad to see you. Now, Betty, we must have breakfast first of all, I suppose. But as we did a lot toward getting supper last night, it is n't our turn this morning. Marguerite 's the Matron of this establishment and I think she ought to assume some responsibility."

"So do I," said Betty; "let 's go and read the Riot Act to her."

"No," said Hester; "let 's write a mandamus, or habeas corpus, or whatever they call it, and send it up to her by Rosie, and we 'll go for a spin on our wheels."

Whisking a leaf from the order-pad, Betty wrote in large letters:

MATRON MARGUERITE
OF
HILARITY HALL
WILL PREPARE AND SERVE
BREAKFAST
THIS (FRIDAY) MORNING
IN THE
REFECTORY.
COVERS LAID FOR EIGHT.

"There, Rosie; take that upstairs, please, and knock at the first door at the head of the stairs, and give this to the young lady with the fly-away yellow hair—the one who came to see you last night, you know; Miss Marguerite."

"Yes, ma'am," said Rosie.

Then Hester and Betty each drank a tumblerful of the fresh milk farmer Hobbs had brought, and in great glee started off on their wheels.

"It seems mean to run away," said Hester; but Betty replied:

"Nothing of the sort; it 's only fair that Daisy should do some work. Let 's go around by the church and down that road to the beach."

Rosie took the paper and started obediently on her errand, but Jessie stopped her as she passed the door, inquiring:

"Where did the girls go?"

"I cudden't tell ye, miss; they wint galloping away on their bicycles."

"They did! What about breakfast?"

"They towld me to give this note to Miss Margreet."

"Oho!" said Jessie, reading the notice, "they did, did they? Well, take it up, Rosie." And Jessie sauntered out on the piazza and sniffed the salt morning air.

Rosie went upstairs with the note, but her knock at the door received no response. After

around, she went into the kitchen, and looked amazed at the solitary Rosie.

"Where *is* everybody?" began Helen.

"Sure, I don't know, mum. Thim as was in the house wint out, and the rest was gone before."

"Well, of all performances!" and Helen wandered out to the front veranda, and discovered Jessie there.

Now the front door of Hilarity Hall was at the side, and so faced Aunt Molly's front door, which was also on the side; and just as the



"'WHO ARE YOU?' SHE SAID IN A LOW, MYSTERIOUS WHISPER."

another gentle rap she opened the door, to find the room vacated. The bedclothing was thrown back and the windows wide open.

"Faix, they 've been shpirited away," thought the astonished maid. "If this ain't the quarest family! I 'll be p'avin' if things goes on like this."

Uncertain how to proceed, she returned to the kitchen, and sat down with folded hands to await developments.

Helen came downstairs next. Seeing nobody

two puzzled-looking maidens met on their veranda, Aunt Molly stepped out on hers.

"Good morning, girlyes! Had your breakfast?"

"No," said they.

"Come over and breakfast with us," cried jolly Uncle Ned, not expecting at all that they would do so.

But Helen replied, "Indeed we will, for I 'm awfully hungry, and it does n't look at all hopeful over here," and the two girls ran across and

gratefully seated themselves at Aunt Molly's breakfast table.

And that is how it happened that the mystified Rosie waited alone in the silent kitchen until she could stand it no longer, and resolved to take her hat and go home. But first she thought she would go upstairs and make sure that the fairy-like "Miss Margreet" had not reappeared in the same mysterious fashion in which she must have taken her departure.

But no; she found the room still empty.

Uncertain what to do, she opened the door of the next room, and there were Millicent and Marjorie, who had returned to bed and to sleep, just waking up, startled at the sudden apparition. The apparition was startled, too, and exclaimed:

"Oh, young ladies, I was that shcared! Sure there 's nobody in the house at all, at all, savin' your prinsce."

Millicent could think of no explanation for this extraordinary statement, but that did not bother her in the least. Here was a dramatic situation just to her mind, and she grasped it at once.

"Who are you?" she said in a low, mysterious whisper.

"Rosie O'Neill, miss," said the Irish girl, fascinated by Millicent's gaze.

"Roseoneal," continued Millicent, pronouncing it as if it were one word, and speaking in a thrilling tone, "I am a princess—the Princess Millikens. This lady beside me is my first gold-stick in waiting. But, alas! we are under an enchantment, and dare not leave this bed. If I were to set foot to the floor, I should at once be changed into a red dragon, breathing forth fire and flames!"

"Oh, Lor', miss!" exclaimed Rosie, clasping her hands and gazing, horror-stricken, at Millicent's tragic face.

"But there is one thing that will break the direful spell," went on the mendacious maiden. "If any one should bring me a mug of mead and a golden pomegranate I would be freed from the enchantment and regain my liberty."

"What 's thim things, miss? Could I get 'em fer ye?"

"Alas, no! they grow in the land of the cypress and myrtle, where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand. But a base imita-

tion *might* answer the purpose. Is there aught of food below?"

"Plenty of milk and bread, miss, and I can make you a toast."

"Roseoneal, thou art a man-of-infinite-resource-and-sagacity. You may even yet be the humble means of releasing my Royal Highness from my unfortunate predicament. Fetch, I prithee, a flagon of morning milk for me and for my gold-stick, who is, alas! dumb and all unable to speak for herself. Make also a plate of golden toast, arrange neatly on a tray, and fly upstairs with it, that I may nibble the portion in all its pristine hotness. Hast thou understood me, O maiden?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness; but would n't you like some jam?"

"Roseoneal, I am your friend, and therefore your future is assured. Right heartily will I like jam, if jam there be. Now hie thee to thy task, and we may yet cheat the Enchanter of his dire intent. But beware of a crumb or a drop out of place. All is lost unless it be conveyed hither with neatness and despatch. And, before you go, please hand me my gold crown, which is on the bureau."

"I don't see it, your Highness. There 's nothing here but brushes and hair-pins."

"What! has my crown been stolen? Alack-a-day! what shall I do? Bring me then a bunch of goldenrod, and we may devise a temporary coronet that shall at least proclaim my rank and station. Disappear!" and Millicent waved her hands with such an impressive gesture that Rosie shot out of the door as if under the influence of a real enchantment.

Marjorie lay back on her pillows choking with laughter at Millicent's dramatics, and wondering whether Rosie would really bring them some breakfast.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. LENNOX.

"Is n't it splendiferous!" cried Betty, as they reached the beach. "Hester Laverack, you are the most exasperating girl! You just sit there like a bump on a log. Why don't you shout, or turn a handspring, or do something to express your appreciation of the scene?"

"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,"

said Hester; "'t is n't *my* nature. I 'm enjoying it all just as much as you are, but I don't make such a fuss about it."

"Well, I don't see how any one can look at that great, boiling blue ocean, and those jolly big waves coming up ker-smash! and not feel like yelling. I shall have to burst into song. '*Columbia the gem of the o-shun!*'"

"Betty, you have n't a speck of romance in your nature," said Hester, laughing. "Now if Daisy were here she 'd quote an appropriate ditty instead of howling a national air."

Just then they rounded the corner of an old pier, and there, leaning cozily against a post, were Marguerite and Nan.

"Did you come for us?" said Marguerite. "We were just going to start; we 've been here a long while, and we 've had the loveliest time!"

"You have!" exclaimed Hester. "How did you get here?"

The two scapegraces laughed, and Nan said: "Well, you see, it was such a pleasant morning, and such a short walk, we left our hats at home, and, not to disturb the rest of you, we climbed out of our window and crawled down that low slanting roof, and jumped off."

"Then you did n't get our note," said Betty.

"What note?"

"Oh, girls, there 's no breakfast ready — or anything."

"Well," confessed Marguerite, "when we jumped down by the shed steps, there was the pail of milk, and we just took a drink, and, truly, we did n't mean to stay so long; but Nanny 's been writing a poem, and I hated to interrupt her till she finished."

"Yes, yes," said Betty, "that 's all very well, but I 'm hungry as a bear, and I 'm going home to forage."

The others agreed to this, and Betty and Hester led their wheels, while they all walked along together.

Half-way home they met Helen and Jessie coming down to the beach. A general explanation followed, and Nan exclaimed:

"Well, we are the best set of housekeepers I ever *did* see! But perhaps that duck of a

Millicent has a gay old breakfast all ready for us. It would be just like her to do it, and, I say, let 's hurry up and not keep her waiting."

Helen and Jessie turned back with them to see the fun, and the six, with Timmy Loo at their heels, burst into the house. No one was in sight, but as the little dog wagged his sagacious tail and hopped upstairs, they all followed, and bundled into Millicent's room.

That absurd damsel was still in bed, propped up against a pillowy background; a red shawl draped her shoulders, and a wabby wreath of goldenrod lay gracefully on her black curls—while a shaking mound under the bed-covers was the only indication of Marjorie's presence.

Rosie sat on the edge of a chair, her hands tightly clasped and her eyes wide open, enthralled by the tales of magical experiences that Millicent was dramatically pouring forth:

"Why, Millicent Payne!"

"Why, Marjorie Bond!"

"For goodness' sake!"

"Well, you *are* nice ones!"

"Look at that tray!"

"Did you ever?"

These exclamations, being all shouted at once, conveyed no intelligence, and the serene Millicent waved her scepter, which was a long stalk of goldenrod, and said:

"Minions and slaves, how dare you rush thus unannounced into the royal presence? And—where in the world have you been?"

Concerted explanations followed, and Marguerite protested so prettily that she would gladly have prepared breakfast if she had received the notice before she jumped out of the window, that of course she was forgiven.

Timmy Loo had stationed himself before the table which held the tray of empty dishes, and sat up motionless, his fore paw extended in his very best beggarly manner.

"You precious poodle-puppy," said Marjorie, catching him up, "you have n't had a single speck to eat this day, and I think it 's a shame, so I do. Girls, we 're a nice lot! We 've been here nearly twenty-four hours and we 've had *one* meal! Now I call a conference of the powers, and let 's settle on some definite line of action, or we 'll have the agent from the Associated Charities down here giving us soup-tickets.

Rosie, won't you please take Tim down to the kitchen and give him some bread and milk? And the Summer Club will please come to order."

Marjorie had on her presidential pose, and when that was the case the girls always became rational and "quit fooling."

"Now, my fellow-sufferers," said she, "we've got to have some sort of a system. We thought it was going to be such lots of fun to do all the work, and already we're sneaking out of it. Do you want to give up the scheme and go home?"

"No!" chorused the crowd.

"Well, then, here's my plan, and any one can improve upon it who wants to. We'll have three meals a day, with dinner at noon and a supper or high tea at six o'clock, and we'll take turns by twos. Two is enough to have in the kitchen at once besides Rosie, and then, having four pairs of people and three meals, we won't have to cook the same kinds of things each time. Am I clear?"

"You are!" was the unanimous response.

"Now let Helen and Hester get dinner to-day; then suppose Marguerite and Nan take charge to-night; then Millikens and I will get breakfast for you to-morrow morning — and we'll do it, too; and Betty and Jessie can dine us — and so on, over again."

As might have been expected from such a really capable lot of girls, this plan worked extremely well; and if they learned to look forward with especial confidence to the feasts prepared by Marjorie or Hester, they were none the less appreciative of the lesser efforts of Betty, or even the merry mistakes and elaborate failures of Marguerite.

And so the days danced by, each one happier than the last, and all too short for the amount of fun that had to be crammed into them. Wheeling, walking, boating, bathing, fishing, and crabbing were favorite employments; but best of all the girls liked to gather on the veranda and just "group around," as Millicent expressed it.

And the veranda at Hilarity Hall was a most attractive place. Hammocks, rockers, and wicker settees abounded, and pillows were as sands of the sea-shore for multitude.

One morning Marjorie threw herself into a hammock, and declared that she should stay there all day.

The Matron settled her small person in the biggest rocking-chair, and, with an air of weighty responsibility, frowned over her account-books.

Nan appropriated a wicker couch, and announced that she was going to dream dreams and see visions.

Betty and Jessie sat together in another hammock, swinging themselves by vigorous kicks which scratched much paint from the piazza floor.

Hester sat bolt upright in a small straight-backed chair, and crocheted lace from a gently bobbing spool of thread.

Helen was trying to write a letter, but was much hampered by Millicent's teasing.

It pleased the ingenious Lamplighter to substitute various articles in place of Helen's inkstand, and that preoccupied scribe had dipped her pen successively into an apple, a hat, a slipper, and finally into Millicent's own curly topknot.

Long-suffering Helen smiled good-naturedly at each prank, and patiently set her inkstand in place again.

So Millicent declared it was no fun to tease her, and transferred her attention to Timmy Loo. Taking a sheet of Helen's paper, she made a cocked hat for him, and, with a paper-cutter for a sword, he posed successfully as Napoleon.

The applause at this performance was so great that it caused Aunt Molly to appear at her window.

"Come over," called Marjorie.

"Yea, come, Fairy Godmother," chimed in Millicent, and, well pleased, Aunt Molly trotted over and joined the merry group.

They had a good time telling her all about their most recent fun, for what is nicer than a really interested listener?

Marjorie read the "Annals" to her, which she declared was the work of genius.

"Why," said the Duchess, as she reached the end of what they had written the night before, "here's another page. Who wrote it?"

"Read it," said Betty, and Marjorie read:

"There 's something gone wrong in Hilarity Hall,
There 's something awry, I guess ;
For the Scullery-maid to the parlor has strayed,
And the Stoker is mending her dress !

"The Wandering Minstrel is cooking the soup,
The Peeler is writing a pome ;
The Lamplighter 's painting a ' Sunrise at Sea,'
Resplendent with madder and chrome.

"The dignified Duchess is washing the hearth,
The Matron 's embroidering a scarf ;
While the Peeler is writing this lyrical ode
In hopes that the others will larf."

"Why, that 's fine, Betty ; I 'm proud of you!" cried Marjorie ; but Betty only said, "Pooh, that 's nothing ; read the next page." So Marjorie read :

"TO NAN.

"Our poet writes such clever verse,
I 'm sure no one writes prettier ;
And though some poets have done Moore,
I know that she is Whittier.

"Of course our poet fair is Young,
Although not quite a Child is she ;
In years to come she may be Gray,
But Sterne I think she 'll never be.

"She almost always is all Smiles,
And of her kind Harte I speak highly ;
But on occasions she is Gay,
And when she 's nervous she is Riley.

"Our poet wants to be a Cook
And turn her mind to Ruskin jelly ;
She 's very, very fond of Crabbe—
Indeed, of anything that 's Shelley.

"She yearns for Browning, fears not Burns,
And for a Piatt times has sighed ;
But yesterday she had a Payne,
And day before an Akenside.

"She scorns the Wordsworth of her brain,
Though she 's as wise as forty owls ;
But when her muse once gets a start,
Look out ! for, great Scott, Howitt Howells !"

"Who wrote it ? Who wrote it ?" queried the girls in chorus, and then each one tried to blush and pretended to look conscious, and Hester said suddenly :

"Oh, see that queer-looking person. I believe she 's coming here!"

All looked and beheld a tall, imperious-looking lady, garbed in eccentric fashion, stalking toward them at a rapid gait. Her bonnet was

elaborately decked with high feathers, which nodded and bobbed in unison with her quick, jerky footsteps, and over an old-fashioned black silk gown she wore a rich lace mantilla.

"Why, it 's Mrs. Lennox," said Aunt Molly, rising. "I dare say she 's coming to call on me. Excuse me, girlies. I must run home."

"Let us go with you," cried Marjorie. "I 'm sure you 'll need protection from that warlike Amazon. I would n't dare face her alone."

"I 'll call you over if I feel timid," returned Aunt Molly, already half-way down the steps.

Sure enough, the stranger turned in at Aunt Molly's gate, and marched up the walk as if she were storming a citadel.

"Jiminy crickets!" whispered Betty, "what can she be? She 's too distinguished for a book-agent, and too excited for a plain everyday caller."

"She 's Zenobia," said Millicent, "returned to earth in disguise. I think she 's collecting a regiment, and wants us to join it."

"She 's Minerva in modern garb," said Betty ; "and she wants Aunt Molly to take her to board."

"Not she," said Hester. "She 's no summer boarder. I think she 's a dowager countess with several castles of her own."

By this time they all were watching the old lady, who was evidently telling Aunt Molly a fearful tale of woe, for she gesticulated angrily ; and though the girls could not hear her words, they gazed at her bobbing feathers and her clenched hands in sympathy with her trouble, whatever it might be.

Suddenly Aunt Molly called out : "Come over here, girlies ; I want you."

Over flew the Octave helter-skelter, but they stood up politely enough while Aunt Molly introduced them to her guest.

"Dear Mrs. Lennox," continued Aunt Molly, "is in a sad dilemma. Only yesterday — but I will ask her to tell you about it herself."

"Yes, I will tell you," cried Mrs. Lennox, fairly glaring at the flock of girls, who fell in an expectant group at her feet ; "for the tale ought to be blazoned abroad to the four winds of heaven ! Gratitude, thou 'rt but an empty name ! Respect, honor, deference ? What mean such words ? Chimeras all — chimeras all !"

The girls sat enthralled, though Millicent with difficulty restrained herself from replying to the old lady in kind.

"We are told," went on Mrs. Lennox, waving her hand dramatically, "that this is a free country! No greater, graver misstatement was ever made. We are slaves!" And she shook her clenched fist at Nan, who chanced to be nearest her, with such a belligerent air that the poor Poet feared she was responsible for the national bondage.

"Slaves!" continued Mrs. Lennox, warming to her subject and waving both arms about. "Slaves to our servants! The time has come when they rule us; they dictate to us; they make the laws and we obey them!"

"Yes'm," murmured Helen, who thought the ensuing pause ought to be filled somehow.

"And now what have my servants done?" she cried, looking from one young face to another, but too engrossed to notice the various expressions of mirth or bewilderment on each.

As no one was in a position to reply, she continued:

"What have they done? They have left me! Departed, one and all, with no word of warning, no cause for offense."

"Why did they go?" inquired Betty, who liked to know reasons for things.

"Alas! James, my butler, obtained a fine position in a large hotel in the city, and, viper that he is, he must needs tell all the others of it; and one and all, from the head cook down to the footman, ungratefully left my kind service and followed James to the unknown, untried hardships of a city hotel."

"But you can get a new set of servants," said Aunt Molly, soothingly.

"Of course I can," cried Mrs. Lennox, bristling up as if her dignity had been menaced. "Of course I can! Hosts of the best servants in the country are only awaiting an opportunity to come to my service. But it takes time to procure and install a new lot, and here is the culmination of my dismay. But now I received a telegram bidding me expect Lady Pendered and her daughter to-morrow, to remain with me overnight. Ah, my dear friend, you do not know Lady Pendered, but she represents the very flower of the British aris-

ocracy. Her fair daughter Lucy is a sweet gem of purest ray serene, and they have never known what it was to have less than twenty servants at command. And my James was such a paragon of a butler!"

"When are your English friends coming?" asked Aunt Molly.

"To-morrow afternoon," replied Mrs. Lennox; "and oh, how it would have pleased me were I but able to offer them such hospitality as 't is in my heart to give. They can remain with me but twenty-four hours, and then they will speed away to publish broadcast the news that Miranda Lennox has no establishment save one old colored woman and a good-for-nothing boy. For those, alas! are all I can find in this howling wilderness of a sea-shore town."

"Girls," was all Aunt Molly said, but she looked volumes of meaning out of her kind, clever eyes.

Marjorie was first to understand and respond.

"Of course we can," she cried, "can't we, girls? It would be the jolliest sort of a lark, and a 'helping hand' besides."

"We could," said Betty, "but —"

"But me no buts!" cried Hester. "We can and we will!"

"Vote!" exclaimed Marjorie. "Shall we or sha'n't we? All in favor, ay!"

"Ay!" yelled the eight, and so quickly was it all done that Mrs. Lennox still wore a look of frightened bewilderment when Marjorie began:

"My dear Mrs. Lennox, you want accomplished and experienced servants to permit you to entertain your friends properly. We claim to be such, and, for one day only, we offer you our services with the greatest pleasure, the only condition being that you take the whole eight."

CHAPTER VII.

WILLING SERVICE.

AT this unexpected solution of her great problem, Mrs. Lennox recovered herself quickly, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dears, if you only would! But do you really mean it? Do they?" and she looked at Aunt Molly for confirmation of an offer which seemed too good to be true.

"I think they do," said Aunt Molly, smiling, "and I can assure you, dear Mrs. Lennox, that whatever these young ladies undertake will be well and thoroughly done."

"How can we do it?" said Nan. "Do you mean for the English ladies to think we 're really servants?"

"Of course they must," cried Millicent, who had waked up to the glorious possibilities of the situation. "Unless it's a real masquerade, it 'll be no fun at all. But where can we get the right kind of caps and aprons?"

Aunt Molly volunteered to obtain them that very afternoon, and Mrs. Lennox, seeing that these strange girls were really in earnest, accepted the blessing Heaven had so unexpectedly sent her, and at once began to make the most of it.

"Which of you are the best cooks?" she inquired, with the air of a general marshaling his forces, but such a capable and straightforward general that no offense could possibly be felt.

"Hester and Marjorie," was the immediate reply of the other six.

"Very well," said Mrs. Lennox; "Hester shall be head cook, since you named her first, and Marjorie, assistant."

Then Jessie and Betty were selected as being the deffest waitresses, and Millicent and Helen were declared ideal lady's-maids.

Helen preferred to be Mrs. Lennox's own maid, so Millicent was allotted to the English visitors.

All agreed that Marguerite would make the most picturesque parlor-maid; and as no other post could be thought of, Nan said she would be private secretary and librarian. Mrs. Lennox entered heartily into the scheme, and agreed with Millicent that if the thing were done at all, it must be done completely and with most careful attention to the minutest details.

"Could you submit to be spoken to as menials, as you might be?" said Mrs. Lennox. You would have to be modest and deferential, address me as 'madam,' and both the visitors as 'your ladyship.'"

But all this only made it seem more of a lark, and after copious directions Mrs. Lennox went home, the eight girls promising to appear ready for duty the next afternoon at two.

That night Aunt Molly returned from the city, bringing wonderful paraphernalia.

The waitresses were to wear white — piqué skirts and linen shirt-waists; their caps were of the conventional shape, and their aprons were voluminous indeed, with crossed straps and broad wings, which Uncle Ned declared could not be surpassed for acreage in all London.

The cooks were to wear white, too — linen blouses with rolled-up sleeves, and real cooks' caps.

The lady's-maids wore pink and blue gingham respectively, with aprons befrilled and beflounced, and most fetching little caps with ribbon bows.

But Marguerite was pronounced the "gem of the collection."

In her plain black dress, with a white apron of thin lawn, trimmed with a wide accordion-plaited ruffle, and tied back with a most enormous bow, a hand in each pocket of her apron, she looked like the coquettish parlor-maid one sees on the stage or in the comic papers; a bewitching little cap was jauntily perched on her fluffy golden hair, and her high-heeled slippers clicked gaily as she tripped around.

At two o'clock precisely, on the day of the performance, the eight presented themselves at Mrs. Lennox's door, and were admitted by that lady herself.

"Well, you *are* a proper-looking lot!" she exclaimed as the girls filed in, "and you 've taken a weight off my mind, I can tell you. When I woke this morning I thought it was all a dream,— your coming, I mean,— and I have not really felt sure of you until I saw you approaching. Goodness gracious, Miss Marguerite, I think her ladyship will open her eyes at my parlor-maid! Of course I shall call you all by your first names—they 're rather unusual for servants, some of them, but I 'll explain that American servants are often elaborately dubbed."

Then the girls flew to their respective places, and work began in earnest.

Hester and Marjorie were a bit appalled at the overflowing condition of Mrs. Lennox's larder; but Nan and Millicent, having nothing to do, came to their assistance, and a really fine dinner was soon in course of preparation.

Jessie and Betty set the table, while Marguerite gathered flowers and decorated the various rooms until they were fragrant bowers of beauty. Mrs. Lennox's house was a large and luxurious mansion, exquisitely appointed and with elegant furnishings. Indeed, so delighted was Marguerite with her surroundings, and with the mirrored representations of her pretty self, that she almost forgot to do her work.

"Is n't it fun?" said Jessie, as she passed the parlor door with a huge silver-basket which Mrs. Lennox had just intrusted to her. "It 's a delight to set a table with such lovely things."

"How are the cooks?" said Marguerite, leaving off pirouetting before the pier-glass and coming out to chum with the others.

But her entrance to the kitchen was not welcomed. "Go away," cried Marjorie. "Fly away, you butterfly. We're really busy, and much flustered besides."

"You seem to be frying everything," commented Marguerite, teasingly; "there is a sound as of sizzling grease."

"The crackling of grease saved Rome," called out Hester, and Marguerite went back giggling.

But at last everything was in readiness, and not any too soon either, for the door-bell rang a resounding peal.

Hurriedly the servants confabbed as to whose place it was to go to the door. In the absence of a man-servant they concluded it was a waitress's place; but Marguerite settled the question by remarking that no matter whose place it was, *she* would go anyhow.

Nan was ensconced in the library, Helen was with Mrs. Lennox in her boudoir, and Millicent waiting in the guests' apartments; but the eyes of the other four were peering cautiously from behind doors and portières as the pretty and audacious parlor-maid flung open the front door with an air that would have done credit to a Lord Chamberlain.

"Mrs. Lennox?" murmured the grand lady visitor, somewhat taken aback at the lovely vision which smilingly confronted her.

"Yes, your ladyships," said Marguerite's pretty voice. "Will your ladyships enter?"

She curtsied low, then ushered the visitors into

the drawing-room, and presented her silver tray for cards.

"Lady Pendered and Lady Lucy Pendered," said the elder guest, in dignified tones; and Marguerite reddened, and whipped her tray behind her, wondering if she had made a mistake.

She thought she caught the echo of a giggling retreat to the kitchen, but determined to play her part as well as she could. She tripped upstairs and announced the guests to Mrs. Lennox.

"I will go down at once," said that lady. "Helen, my shawl."

"Yes, madam," said Helen, gracefully offering the dainty trifle of a shawl; and then Mrs. Lennox sailed downstairs, and the two girls dropped to the floor and rocked back and forth in silent paroxysms of mirth.

Then a bell summoned Helen and Millicent, and, resolutely assuming a prim demeanor, they went downstairs side by side, and presented themselves for orders.

Although a woman of age and experience, Lady Pendered had never seen just such lady's-maids as these before, and she raised her lorgnon and stared at them with perhaps pardonable curiosity.

"Millicent, attend these ladies," said Mrs. Lennox, easily. "I trust she will make you comfortable, Lady Pendered. Helen is my own maid, but I beg you will command her, Lady Lucy."

Lady Lucy Pendered was a pale, willowy girl of perhaps eighteen or twenty, with light-blue eyes and straw-colored hair, which was most exceedingly frizzed. Millicent and Helen promptly disliked her, but with demure deference they relieved the distinguished visitors of their wraps and hand-bags and preceded them upstairs. Arrived at their rooms, Lady Pendered dismissed Helen, declaring that Mrs. Lennox must need her, and stating that she and her daughter could easily manage with one maid. Which Millicent discovered to mean that Lady Lucy would monopolize her services, and Lady Pendered would shift for herself.

As a beginning, Lady Lucy reclined languidly on a couch and thrust out her foot, which was heavily shod after the most exaggerated English

fashion. For a moment Millicent felt annoyed and her face flushed deep red; then, remembering it was a game, she threw herself into it in her own whole-souled way, and dropping on her knees before the pale-haired aristocrat, she removed her heavy boots, brought her slippers and put them on for her, and then proceeded to assist her through the intricacies of a very elaborate toilet.

Millicent afterward confessed to Marjorie that she *did* want to burn the Lady Lucy's noble forehead when she frizzed that ridiculous nest on top of her head; but at the time she was a most exemplary lady's-maid — deft, patient, and willing.

Meanwhile Helen was assisting Mrs. Lennox to don her grandest attire in honor of her titled guests; and not having to masquerade just then, Helen and the eccentric old lady were becoming fast friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

HILARIOUS HOSPITALITY.

THE dinner-table was a surprise even to Mrs. Lennox. Although her own table appointments were fastidiously elegant, they had been supplemented by Jessie's exquisite arrangement of flowers, and by dainty dinner-cards which Millicent had that morning painted in water-color.

The two "white-winged angels," as the immaculate waitresses called each other, stood like marble statues while the guests entered the dining-room.

This brought Lady Pendered's lorgnon again into requisition, and she scanned Betty and Jessie until, as they afterward declared, they felt like waxworks at the Eden Musée.

Then the fun began. The two waitresses, intent on doing their best, were so careful and thoughtful that Mrs. Lennox grew more and more dignified and important, as befitted the mistress of such a fine establishment.

Hester and Marjorie sent in most deliciously cooked viands, which were faultlessly served by the expert waitresses.

Lady Pendered expatiated on the extreme delicacy of her daughter's constitution, and averred that the Lady Lucy had absolutely no appetite and ate literally nothing.

This moved the apparently oblivious Betty to offer Lady Lucy braised sweetbreads for the second time; and as the fragile one helped herself bountifully, Jessie again urged upon her the stuffed cucumbers, of which she again partook.

"My child, my child, you will be ill," said Lady Pendered in real and well founded alarm.

"I don't care if I am, mama," said the wilful Lady Lucy. "These American things are very good. Why don't we have them at home?"

"Tut, tut, my daughter. All the world knows nothing can excel England's well-spread boards. This America of yours," she continued, turning to Mrs. Lennox, "is a most extraordinary place. I've been here but a fortnight, and that I spent in New York. Very awful town, is n't it?"

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Lennox, politely non-committal.

"Indeed, yes. It's so sudden and unexpected. One never knows what will happen next."

"I'm rather fond of New York," said Mrs. Lennox, "but of course its homes are different from English country houses."

"Oh, quite different; and the service is something atrocious. My dear Miranda, you are to be congratulated on your establishment. I have n't seen a decent lady's-maid since I left England until I reached here. That pretty Millicent of yours is a treasure."

Although inwardly convulsed, Betty managed to control her features, and by biting her lips achieved an expression of intense agony, which was, however, better than laughing aloud.

Not so Jessie. The sudden mental picture of Millicent assisting these ladies at their toilet was too much for her, and, with a smothered sound something between a chuckle and a scream, she hurriedly retreated to the kitchen.

"What is it?" cried Hester and Marjorie, seeing the waitress appear unexpectedly and almost in hysterics.

But Jessie had a plucky determination of her own, and, without a word to the bewildered cooks, she pulled herself together, straightened her face to an expression of demure propriety,



“WELL, YOU ARE A PROPER-LOOKING LOT!” MRS. LENNOX EXCLAIMED AS THE GIRLS FILED IN.”

and was back in the dining-room with her tray inside of two minutes.

But the ordeal was not yet over. When she returned, Lady Pendered was still recounting Millicent's virtues as a lady's-maid.

“Why, really,” said the English lady, “she crimped my fringe quite as well as Dawkins does at home. And my clothes were never brushed more neatly.”

Millicent brushing clothes! This was almost

too much for Betty ; but, not daring to glance at Jessie, she went on about her work, endeavoring not to listen to any further disclosures.

"Yes, she 's not bad," drawled Lady Lucy. "She darned a bit of a rent in my lace bodice, and smiled amiably when I asked her to do up my fine handkerchiefs."

Millicent as a laundress! The girls nearly broke down at this; but the sound of Mrs. Lennox's clear, even voice restored their calm. Surely if she could preserve her equanimity they ought to do so.

"Millicent is indeed a perfect treasure," the hostess was saying, "but all of my maids are; I could not wish for a better lot."

"Dear Mrs. Lennox," said the languid Lucy, "they do seem superior—all except that frivolous parlor-maid of yours. We would n't like to have such a pretty one at home. I like more serious maids."

A heavy portière at the end of the dining-room wavered convulsively at this, and the too pretty parlor-maid scurried away to a distant room where she could enjoy the joke with some of her fellow-servants.

Now one of Hester's greatest feats was the concoction of Yorkshire pudding. It was the real thing, and was a favorite dish at the club table.

On this occasion, therefore, she fairly outdid herself, and when it accompanied a very English-looking joint to the table, Lady Pendered's delight knew no bounds.

"Yorkshire pudding!" she exclaimed. "Ah, Miranda, you have an English cook."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lennox, repressing a smile, "my head cook *is* English, and she is especially experienced in making English dishes."

After dinner the ladies went for a stroll on the beach, Millicent and Helen accompanying them, carrying veils, wraps, purses, and other impedimenta.

The rest of the club members were much annoyed that the two girls had to go, for they had planned to have a hilarious dinner of their own after the formal meal was over.

But the two lady's-maids declared they wanted to go, saying it was great fun to attend on the high-bred foreigners.

And the fun was greatly increased when, on

reaching the pavilion, they met Uncle Ned and Aunt Molly.

Mrs. Lennox greeted these delightful people, and presented them to her guests.

The lady's-maids sat, demurely unobtrusive, a little apart from the group, but not out of range of Uncle Ned's merry eyes, which twinkled and winked at them whenever opportunity offered.

"Those are uncommonly pretty attendants you have, Mrs. Lennox," said Uncle Ned, in a stage-whisper; but Aunt Molly pulled his coat-tail furtively, and said: "How blue the sea is to-night!"

Meantime Mrs. Lennox's usually quiet and dignified home was the scene of wonderful hilarity.

Jessie and Betty were recounting all the details of the dinner at which they had served so successfully. Marguerite confessed that she and Nan had basely spied from behind the portières. Hester and Marjorie owned up that their iced pudding had failed to freeze properly and that they had sent Helen to the confectioner's for ices.

But all agreed that Mrs. Lennox was a dear, and they were glad of the opportunity to help her in her time of need.

Not realizing how fast time was flying, they gathered in the music-room, and Marguerite played on Mrs. Lennox's grand piano, while all sang their favorite songs lustily and with a will.

"Now," cried Marguerite, "in honor of our distinguished English guests and our far more distinguished English cook, we will sing 'Rule Britannia!'"

At it they went, pell-mell, and as the chorus rose high and strong the beach-party returned, and entered the front door, to be greeted by the assurance that Britons never, never, never should be slaves!

CHAPTER IX.

A WELCOME INVITATION.

WITH great presence of mind, Hester suddenly turned out the light in the music-room, and, under cover of the darkness, the girls scurried away.

As the services of the lady's-maids were re-

quired late at night, it had been arranged that Millicent and Helen should sleep at Mrs. Lennox's; but the other six returned to Hilarity Hall.

Uncle Ned and Aunt Molly called for them at the kitchen door, and it was with difficulty they repressed their merriment until they were far enough down the street to be out of ear-shot.

Then all the girls talked at once, and as they had most appreciative listeners the fun waxed high.

Next morning, bright and early, they returned to the scene of their labors.

Marguerite, armed with a huge and fluffy feather-duster, posed anew before the pier-glasses.

Helen seated herself at a desk in the library, and, though looking like the primmest and most industrious of amanuenses, was in reality writing a letter to her mother.

But the cooks and waitresses went to work and exerted themselves to the utmost to show those "English sillies," as Marjorie called them, what an American breakfast in its perfection is like.

"She wants her hair frizzed again!" said Millicent, in tones of deepest disgust, as she came into the kitchen to fill an alcohol-lamp.

"Well, it's lucky they selected you, Lamp-lighter, for that position; I could n't have filled it."

"No; you could n't even have filled the lamp," said Millicent, as she hurried to her uncongenial work.

The breakfast was ideal—beautifully cooked, perfectly served, and appreciatively eaten.

The morning wore away, and soon after luncheon the visitors prepared to depart.

Pretty Marguerite was a little too much in evidence for a parlor-maid; but she was so anxious to see as much as possible of the interesting English ladies that she could n't keep properly in the background.

Her reward was a withering glance from Lady Pendered as she drove away, and an overheard remark that "Miranda's servants were all admirable except that yellow-haired popinjay."

But when the carriage containing the Ladies Pendered was entirely out of sight, Mrs. Len-

nox's manner underwent a decided change, and the girls realized for the first time how much she, too, had been masquerading.

"You're perfect dears!" she cried. "Let me kiss you—the whole lot of you! It was the most wonderful success! And I am simply delighted that you all acquitted yourselves so cleverly, and under so trying an ordeal. Girls, I shall never forget your kindness.



"THE GEM OF THE COLLECTION."

You were trumps—absolute trumps! Now listen to me, my dearies. I have to go to the city to-morrow to get a new staff of servants—though I can assure you they'll never give me such fine work as you girls have done. But that was fairyland, and we must now drop back to a prosaic reality in the matter of house-

keeping. Now this is what I want you to do. Go back to your cottage for a couple of days, and then shut it up and come to stay with me as my guests for the rest of the time you are at Blue Beach."

"Oh, Mrs. Lennox," cried Marguerite, "how lovely that would be! The housekeeping at the cottage was fun in some ways, but I 'd far rather stay in this lovely home and *not* cook my own meals."

"Lazy Daisy!" said Marjorie. "But I own up that I, too, am a little tired of the working part of Hilarity Hall."

"And well you may be," chimed in Betty; "for you did far more than your share of it."

"No, I did n't," declared Marjorie. "But, as president of the Summer Club, I move we accept Mrs. Lennox's invitation with heartfelt gratitude, and that a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and framed and presented to the lady in question."

"Ay, ay!" cried seven voices; and Mrs. Lennox beamed with delight at the anticipation of the frolics of these young girls in her somewhat lonely house.

So the good lady went to New York, and the girls trooped back to Hilarity Hall and told Aunt Molly all about it.

"It seems a bit like defeat," said Hester, who always liked to carry out successfully anything she undertook.

"Oh, no," said Aunt Molly; "you have no especial reason for staying in the cottage if a pleasanter plan offers itself. Take the good the gods provide, and be thankful."

"And I do hate to cook," confessed Marguerite. "It 's all very well for Hester and Marjorie. They can put a bone in a kettle of water, set it on the fire, and wag a bay-leaf at it, and behold a delicious soup! But I follow carefully that grimy old cookery-book, get out all the utensils in the cupboard, and stew myself into a salamander, and then I 've only an uneatable mess as the result."

"Never mind, my pretty parlor-maid," said Marjorie "some are born cooks — that 's me; some achieve cooks — that 's Mrs. Lennox; and some have cookery thrust upon them — and that 's what we 'll do after to-morrow. Now let 's write up the 'Annals.'"

"Give the book to Nan; let her write," said Hester. "That 's the only work we can trust her to do."

So Nan took the "Annals" and began to scribble, Marguerite reading aloud as the words appeared on the page:

"When the interesting Poet 's not composing,
Or rolling round her fine poetic eye,
Oh, she loves to leave her tragic muse a-dozing
And spend her time in making cake and pie.

"But the other girls her aspirations smother
And will not let her have a bit of fun.
Taking one consideration with another,
The Poet's life is not a happy one.

"Oh, she 'd love to make a salad or a fritter,
Or even polish up the parlor grate!
Yet they must suppose she is a helpless critter,
For they bind her to her melancholy fate.

"They make her grind out verses when she 'd ruther
Turn out a pie or pudding or a bun.
Taking one consideration with another,
A Poet's life is not a happy one."

"Now, who 'll write up the annals of our sojourn at Mrs. Lennox's?" said Betty.

"Past or future?" queried Nan.

"Oh, past; we 'll all do the future ones when we get there."

"Let 's leave the annals of the Pendered party to do after we get there, too," proposed Millicent. "We 'll have more time, and can do them better."

All agreed to this; so Hester took the book and said she 'd wind up the cottage annals in short order. Which she did, with this result:

Of the merriment and laughter,
Of the jolly jokes and jesting,
Of the dream-engendering suppers,
Given by our clever Matron,

Of the boating and the bathing,
Of the games of golf and tennis,
Of the happy, fleeting moments,
Much must here be left unwritten.

But we must express our thankful-
Ness to our devoted neighbors,
Uncle Edward and Aunt Molly,
For their never-failing kindness.

And we must admit, my sisters,
That we feel a trifle saddened
As we leave the little cottage
Where so gaily we have frolicked.

Ah, the sadness of the parting,
 Ah, the chaos of the packing,
 Ah, the settlements unwilling
 With the butcher and the grocer!

Ah, the desolated cottage,
 Ah, the sad and doleful maidens,
 Ah, the weeping, wailing maidens —

“There, there, Hester, stop!” cried Helen, reading over her shoulder. “Your machine has run down; it’s out of gear; the spindle is broken! Stop where you are, I beg of you!”

So Hester stopped; and—would you believe it?—such a good time did those girls have at Mrs. Lennox’s house that they never wrote in the “Annals” again until after they had left Blue Beach and returned to their homes.

And, besides giving them the jolliest house-party they had ever known, Mrs. Lennox not long afterward presented each of the eight with the dearest little *châtelaïne* watch, engraved with her name and the date of the memorable visit of the Ladies Pendered.



“I S’POSE I’M FOOLISH, DOCTOR, BUT DO YOU THINK THERE’S ANY DANGER
 BABY’S EAR WILL NOT COME TO ITS FULL SIZE?”

A LITTLE JOURNEY THROUGH THE AIR.

BY KATHARINE MORGAN CROOKS.

WHEN I was small I often heard my elders tell what a great invention a railway with wooden tracks, on which cars were drawn by horses, had seemed to them when they were young. Nowadays we are so used to the wonders of mechanics that the most extraordinary methods of journeying appear as matters of course to us. Those of you who have been in London have probably gone from one part to another on the "Tuppenny Tube," the electric railway deep in the earth, which winds its way like a long snake beneath London. It is built with two single-track tunnels; each tunnel, when you peer into it from an underground station, looks like a big tube, and is not much higher or wider than the train. From its shape and the fare, which is twopence (familiarily "tuppence"), comes the nickname Tuppenny Tube.

Many of you have looked down into the

there is one form of elevated-railway travel to which we have not yet accustomed ourselves and which does seem odd. This is an elevated railway where the car, instead of running on the track, hangs from it. I took a little trip one day last summer on the only railway of this kind in the world.

There flows in Germany, not far from the Rhine, a narrow winding river called the Wupper. On this river, about twenty-seven miles from the old city of Cologne, are two busy towns, Elberfeld and Barmen. About where Elberfeld ends Barmen begins, so that together they have a length of from six to eight miles. The factories and houses of both line the two sides of the little river, fill the narrow valley, and climb the hills which begin close beside the river's banks. I took a walk in Barmen up one of these hilly streets, and met

an electric street-car on its way down. The car ran on a cog-wheel railway, so you may imagine how steep the road was. Although the odd kind of elevated railway of which we have spoken is called the Elberfeld - Barmen Suspension Railway, the Barmen end was not all finished at that time. It was,



A STATION ON THE HANGING RAILWAY.

deep cuts in New York where men are digging and blasting for a railway under the city; and most of you are familiar with railways which, instead of burrowing in the ground, go on supports through the air. A railway through the air is now a prosaic, every-day affair. But

therefore, in Elberfeld that I mounted the steps to a station not quite fifteen feet above-ground, and paid five cents for a first-class trip to the end of the route.

In the station, as you may see by the picture, a stout iron netting is stretched for security be-

tween the two platforms, and apparently there are tracks. In reality what one sees are supports on which a car rests as the passengers get in and out, to prevent its tipping. Each car runs alone, like a street-car, and is much like a street-car in appearance. The ends, however, instead of being square, taper slightly, something like a kite, and there is no open platform. Perhaps you would be interested

to know something more of these cars. With all its belongings a car weighs about twelve tons; it is about thirty-eight feet long, over eight feet high, and nearly seven feet wide, is divided by a glass door into two compartments for first and second class passengers, and can seat fifty persons. The trucks for the wheels—and this is the curious part—are above the car, as you see, instead of below. There are two of them, one to the front and one to the back of the car; each has two wheels, one behind the other, so that the car seems to hang from the top edge of one side. The electricity is supplied to a motor for each truck by means of a contact-rail running beside the rail on which the wheels rest. When the railway is finished a car will run the whole route of eight and a quarter miles, including stops at many stations, in twenty-five minutes.

Now that we understand something about it, we enter by the door at the side of the car, first passing through the little gangway from the platform. The door is locked after us, and without noise or jar the car starts. The windows are large, and there is a glass door at each end besides those on the side of entry; a platform to the front, on which the motorman stands, is also inclosed in glass, so that one can see forward and backward as well as to the sides. The railway, which was opened March 1, 1901, has now been running sixteen months. In the beginning the townspeople, who get on and off every few minutes at a station, were

curious about the railway; so many thousands scrambled to be among the first to ride through the air that the traffic had often to be suspended. Once, as a German newspaper solemnly announced, in the station shown in the first picture a car window was actually broken—whereupon the police were hurriedly called in, and they ordered the road closed for the day!



ABOVE THE RIVER.

For a long way the car travels over the river between the rows of houses and factories. You can see how it looks from the picture of the structure as it straddles the stream. Here the supports look like big A's with very slanting sides and square tops; over dry land, as you see by the last picture, the supports to the railway are like big U's upside down. The Wupper is a narrow, dirty stream of many colors, like Joseph's coat, for the refuse of the dye and chemical works which line its sides give it more hues than has the rainbow. While passing above, you look down on a stream that is, by turns, yellow, brown, magenta, and many other shades, but never a natural water-color.

Standing in the car, it is necessary to steady one's self; altogether, though, there is very little jarring, and one feels like a bird looking down in this fashion on the world. This is especially the case when the car finally quits the river and travels over the road toward Vohwinkel, as the highway is lined on both sides by fine trees.

When I was a little girl and firmly believed every word of the "Arabian Nights," I

Suspension Railway. The scheme of building it as far as possible over the Wupper probably



ABOVE THE CITY STREETS.

used to sigh for a magic horse which would soar through the air without spilling me off. That horse, I feel, will never appear; but perhaps a substitute for him might be found in the magic coach in which one seems to float, during this part of the route, through a green bower. The illusion is heightened by the noiseless flitting-by of cars traveling the other way. There is nothing picturesque in the New York elevated railway, as all of you who live near that city know, excepting sometimes at sunset in the spring when a brightly lighted train, pictured against a glowing sky, flies past the opening of a cross-street, and the chance observer catches at the same time the shimmer of the river beyond. Novelty and nature, however, throw a charm over a large part of the route of the

arose from the desire to have direct and speedy communication between the two ends of the sister towns without going up hill and down dale. Certainly the matter was long and carefully pondered before this form of an elevated road, the invention of an engineer in Cologne named Eugene Langen, was decided upon. So successful has the experiment proved that, as the conductor tells with much importance, there is talk of extending the railway to Cologne.

Now the German railway man is even less willing to answer questions

than his American mate; and, just as local pride makes this one communicative, the magic coach comes to a sudden standstill. The Vohwinkel terminus has been reached in eighteen minutes after leaving the station in Elberfeld, which lies across the way from the ordinary railway station.

When, all aglow with the adventures of the day, I sought, on return to the pretty town from which I had gone, to narrate these experiences to the good Germans who had suggested the trip, they shook their heads and said: "So you really tried it, did you? Perhaps you don't realize what a dangerous river the Wupper is. Did you know that the refuse from the factories has made mud at the bottom twelve feet deep, and nothing that falls into it is ever found?"

A LITTLE COURT LADY.

(See the Frontispiece.)

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.

FRANÇOISE-MARIE DE BOURBON was born in May, 1677. She was the daughter of a king — that king who rejoiced in being called the “Grand Monarch,” the “Sun King,” and any other titles his subjects could suggest to flatter him.

From looking at Françoise-Marie you would never guess what an idle life she led, and what a very lazy little girl she was. Nobody nowadays would like to change places with her. She wears pearls in her hair, and her gorgeous silken gown was made at the factories either of Lyons or Genoa. Her dress was so long that she could not run about, and even when she grew up she hated to walk, and was trundled about the beautiful gardens at Versailles in a little carriage something like a jinrikisha, drawn by a man. The “body” of her gown, as they called the waist, was made perfectly stiff with whalebones, or even splinters of wood, which were so ill-trimmed that they pierced the flesh.

Shoes she had on, and stockings too, no doubt, as they began to be woven in France about 1656; but of warm underclothes she knew nothing, and often shivered with the cold, for there were scant means of heating the great stone palaces, and many of the windows were without glass, owing to its excessive cost. Indeed, as the king moved from one palace to another the windows were sometimes carried along, as even he did not have all his windows glazed.

Little Marie’s eyes look bright, yet I do not think she knew her letters. She never cared for reading as a pleasure, but had her ladies read to her every night to put her to sleep; and as for writing, she could not even sign her name. What *did* little Marie know? She could dance beautifully long and intricate figures, and, like other little girls of her age, she could ride, and she could “cast a falcon” from her wrist when she went a-hawking.

There was no romping up and down stairs.

Our little lady walked very carefully down the broad stairs, with a lackey on either side holding her arms, and a page or two carrying such trifles as her kerchief and her fan, or her mask if she was to go riding in the gilded coach with six horses.

Yet she had to get up and eat her breakfast at six o’clock every morning, for her dinner came between eleven and twelve. They used to say of her that she ate so much and so slowly that “larks already cooked ought to fly into her mouth.” She ate her supper at five o’clock, and very likely was popped into bed before seven, as wax candles were very costly and the houses were dark.

What do you fancy she had for her dinner? Larks, they say, but she never had even heard of a potato, for not till a century later did they become at all common in France. She had pease when she could get them, and vegetables and fruits grown in some of the royal gardens. China oranges were a great rarity. She ate a good deal of salted meat, for, having very little ice, the meat could be preserved only by salting it. Tea was little known, and though chocolate was first introduced about 1660, people were afraid of it for many years. They thought it induced sickness.

To amuse herself little Marie blew bubbles as you see, with a straw split at the end. She had her soapy water in a shell, because even in a palace china and porcelain dishes were costly and rare. They were brought from the Orient. The celebrated manufactory at Sèvres was not founded till 1756.

She never ran and threw her arms about her mother’s neck and kissed her, but made a deep curtsy, said “madame,” and kissed only the hands of her parents on those rare occasions when she chanced to see them.

When she was ill, drugs bought from a man who knew nothing of medicine were given her,

or she was bled by a barber, an operation costing about thirty cents.

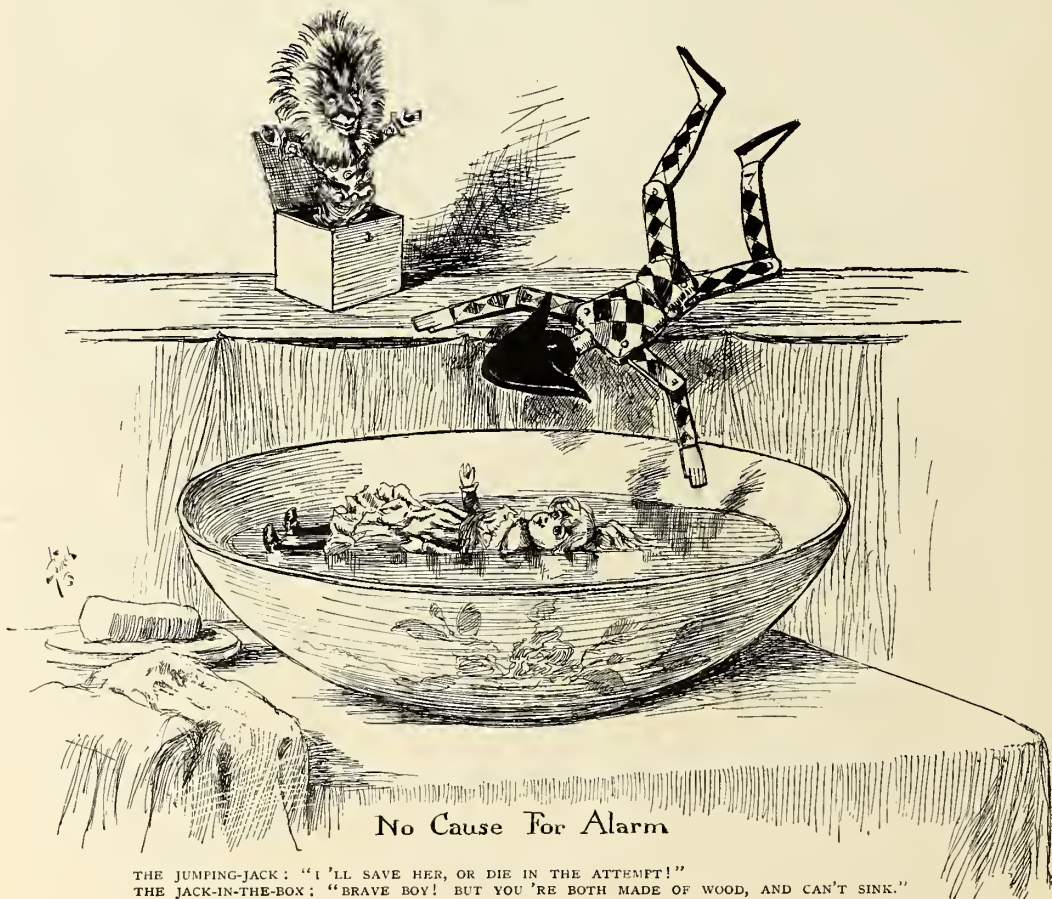
Though she was richly dressed, it was the youthful pages, particularly those educated about the court, who wore the gayest plumage. If of royal blood, boys were declared of age at thirteen. Even a page, were he near the person of the king or a member of the royal household, must have splendid suits of clothes, with jewels for shoes, knees, and hat, the whole often costing two thousand dollars.

The military dresses were gorgeous. It is recorded that the lieutenant of the Swiss Guards rode at the head of his men in a habit of satin the color of flame. His mantle was covered with threads of silver and gold; he had red shoes, gold garters, and a velvet hat looped with a heron's feather, and with streaming plumes sparkling with little diamonds!

The first requisite in a boy's education was to know how to ride. But even in Paris the streets were narrow and unpaved, full of mud and dirt, for they were never cleaned, and reeking with dreadful odors. They were unlighted at night, save by the torches carried by lackeys seeing their master or mistress home. Robbers and cutpurses swarmed in the dark corners, so that it was considered unsafe to be abroad after dark.

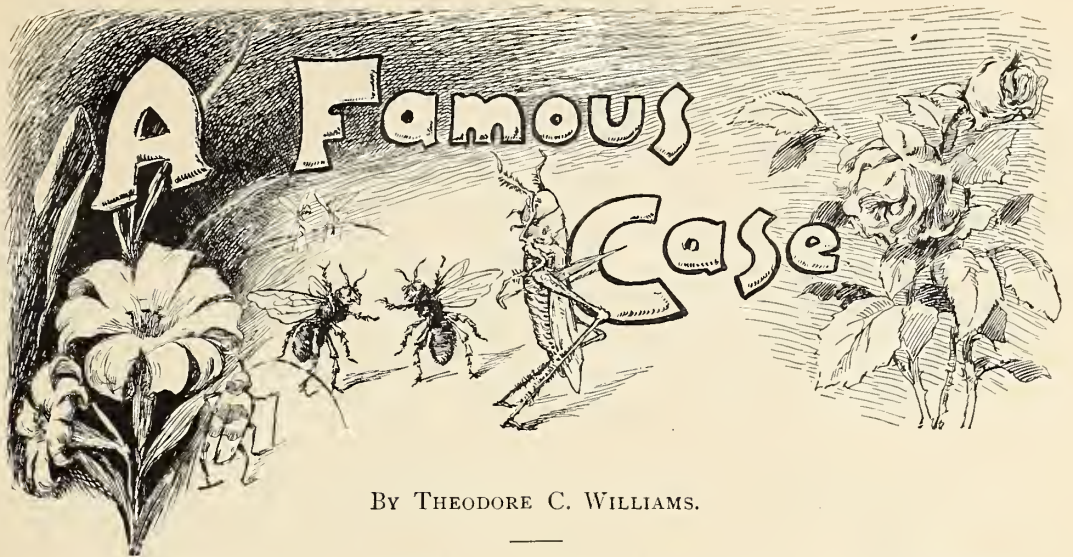
Who would change places with little Marie? Who would return to the days when there were no steamships or engines, no telegraphs or telephones, no post-offices, no paved and lighted streets, not many books or well managed schools, nor homes warm and bright, even to have lived in a palace, such as a palace was three hundred years ago?

Not I, and not you, I am sure.



No Cause For Alarm

THE JUMPING-JACK: "I 'LL SAVE HER, OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!"
 THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX: "BRAVE BOY! BUT YOU 'RE BOTH MADE OF WOOD, AND CAN'T SINK."



BY THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

Two honey-bees half came to blows
 About the lily and the rose,
 Which might the sweeter be;
 And as the elephant passed by,
 The bees decided to apply
 To this wise referee.

The elephant, with serious thought,
 Ordered the flowers to be brought,
 And smelt and smelt away.

Then, swallowing both, declared his mind:
 "No trace of perfume can I find,
 But both resemble hay."

MORAL.

Dispute is wrong. But foolish bees,
 Who will contend for points like these,
 Should not suppose good taste in roses
 Depends on elephantine noses.



TWO MEN OVERBOARD!

(An Old Salt's Yarn.)

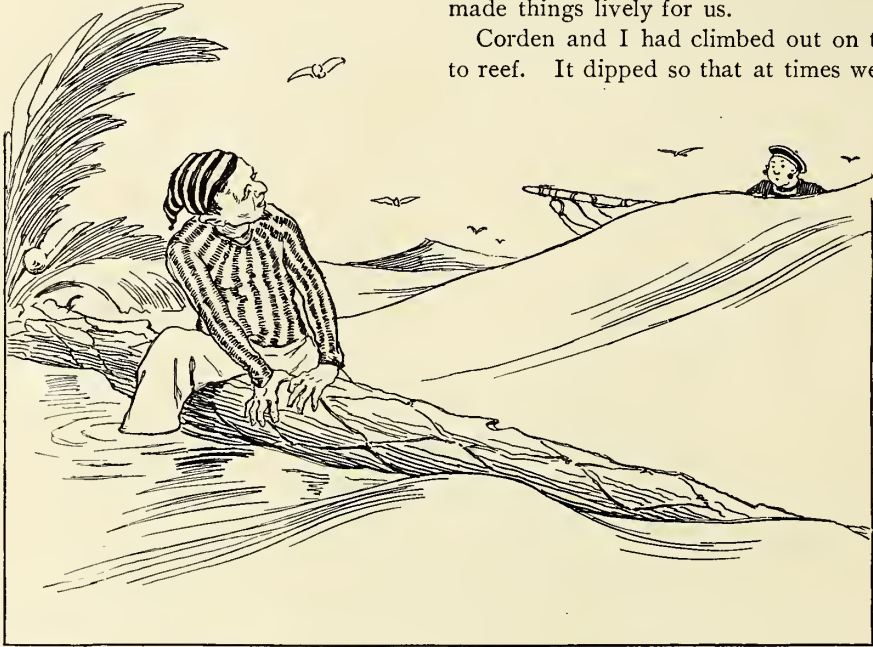
BY E. BOYD SMITH.

It was in '62, and, with a good cargo of log-wood aboard, we were cruising along the coast, trying to get into the track of the trade-winds for a straight run home. The wind was pretty light, and we had every sail set; still we did n't make much headway. We were so used to calm

rage. The ship was down on her beam-ends, shooting along like a streak of lightning. Everything was tearing and cracking. We thought the masts would be torn out of her.

The captain was in a great state. We could not work quick enough for him. He was a good captain, but when he was excited, my eye! he made things lively for us.

Corden and I had climbed out on the yard to reef. It dipped so that at times we almost



“‘FINE AS SILK,’ HE CALLED BACK AS HE CLAMBERED UP ON IT.”

weather that no one even thought of any sudden change, and when, in the middle of one hot night, a howling squall struck us, we all were greatly surprised. That's the worst of those tropical calms—you can't count on them. Down drops a hurricane upon you when you least expect it.

The captain piped us out in a hurry, to get in the sails. But the gale was too quick for us, and the topsails were tearing themselves to pieces while we were getting in the foresails. I never heard such a racket before. The wind shrieked through the rigging; and the waves, which had come up in a minute, so it seemed, splashed and splattered around us in a terrible

touched the sea; what with the banging of the loose sail and the fear of being washed off, we had a hard time.

“Rather lively,” Corden shouted to me. “How do you like it?”

“I don't like it,” I howled back.

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, and blowing out to sea, when, crash! down we banged into a great wave. I gripped tight and held on. Rip! Tear! Crash! The topmast gave way. Another wave, another wrench, and the yard, sail, and all were torn off and sailing about on their own hook. But the worst of it was, they had taken Corden and me along.

"Here 's a pretty kettle of fish!" was Corden's first remark as his head popped up and he sputtered out the salt water. Cool chap, that Corden!

You can believe we held on to that yard. The night was black as pitch. We could n't see ten feet ahead of us. But now and then a lightning-flash gave us a quick glimpse of waves and more waves, but no ship. She probably was scudding away under bare poles at the rate of a mile a minute.

Well, we did n't enjoy that night. Even Corden had n't much to say, and he is a talker. Corden 's an American, and always tells a big-

ger story than the other men. He is somewhere away on the China coast now, I think. When the day broke we were glad to see the light, though it did n't help matters much. Still, it 's a kind of satisfaction to be able to see exactly how things are. All that day the sea was still somewhat high though the wind had gone down as quickly as it had come up.

What possible escape could there be for us? That was the question. I put it to Corden.

"Just hold on a while and we shall see," was his answer.

It looked as if we 'd hold on until we got pretty tired of it, I thought to myself.

"Hullo, a tree!" suddenly cried Corden.

"We must be pretty near land. That 's encouraging."

"A tree might drift across the ocean," I objected rather gloomily.

As it rose on the top of a wave we saw that it was a big one and that its leaves were still green. That *was* encouraging.

"S'pose we change boarding-houses," suggested Corden. "The tree is more roomy. We can climb up on it and be comfortable. It looks more home-like too—I used to live on a farm."

He swam over to look at it.

"Fine as silk," he called back as he clambered up on it. "Room for another passenger. Come along, Rénaud, and get aboard."

"Let 's save our timber just the same," I suggested. "It may come in handy in some way."

So between us we managed to push our wreck over to the tree and make it fast. Our tree was a fine big one, and we floated quite comfortably. It had not been long in the water, and we decided that it, like ourselves, was a victim of last night's storm. This gave us courage, for we knew that we could n't be far from shore.

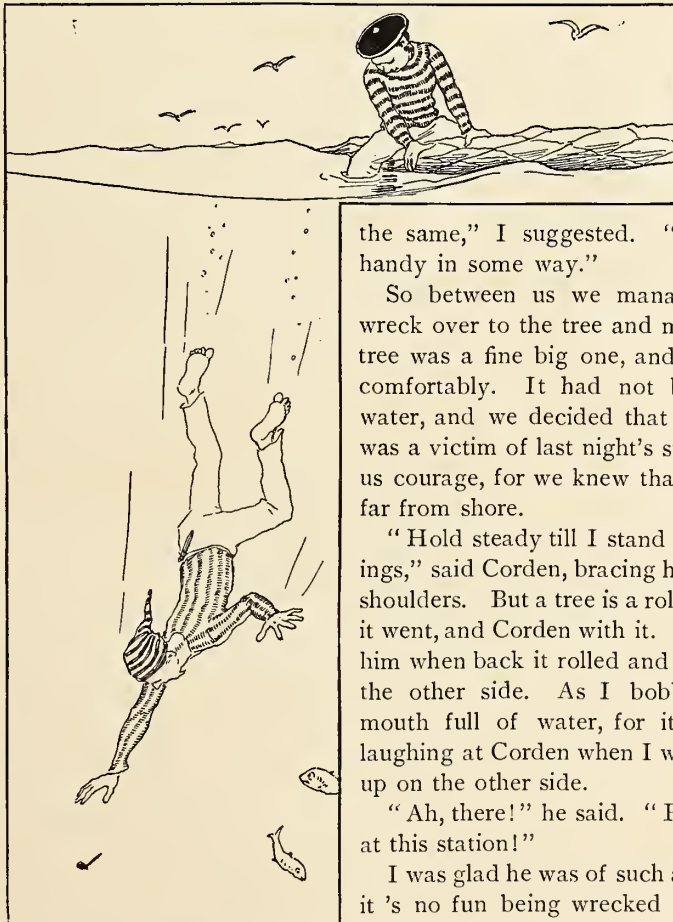
"Hold steady till I stand up and take bearings," said Corden, bracing himself against my shoulders. But a tree is a roly thing, and over it went, and Corden with it. I was laughing at him when back it rolled and dropped me over the other side. As I bobbed up with my mouth full of water, for it had been open laughing at Corden when I went in, he popped up on the other side.

"Ah, there!" he said. "Passengers change at this station!"

I was glad he was of such a good humor, for it 's no fun being wrecked with a man who thinks he 's going to die any minute. We climbed aboard again.

"Let 's put our yard across underneath; that 'll steady us," I suggested.

This we did without much trouble. Next,



"AS THE PIPE DISAPPEARED CORDEN DIVED AND FOLLOWED IT." (SEE PAGE 1015.)

with great care, I got upon my feet, balancing like a tight-rope walker. But I could n't see anything but water, water, all around; no land, no ship.

"You try it, Corden; you're longer than I am."

So Corden took a look. He claimed that he saw our ship. So I got excited and jumped up, and I took another tumble.

As I came up I saw that Corden had kept me company.

"See here, Rénaud," he said; "you're better as ballast. You're fatter than I am. S'pose I do the lookout business?"

So he got up again. Yes; he insisted he

"Then she'll never find us," I said in despair. But Corden, as usual, was hopeful.

As we could do nothing but wait and see how things turned out, we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. But after a time we commenced to feel pretty hungry, and thirsty too. And now we discovered that our tree was a cocoanut, and fairly well filled with the fruit. We found them quite ripe.

"We've struck it, old man," said Corden. "Our poor mates have n't cocoanuts, and they're probably working like slaves putting the ship to rights after her shaking-up, while we are loafing and living on cocoanuts. It's a regular picnic!"

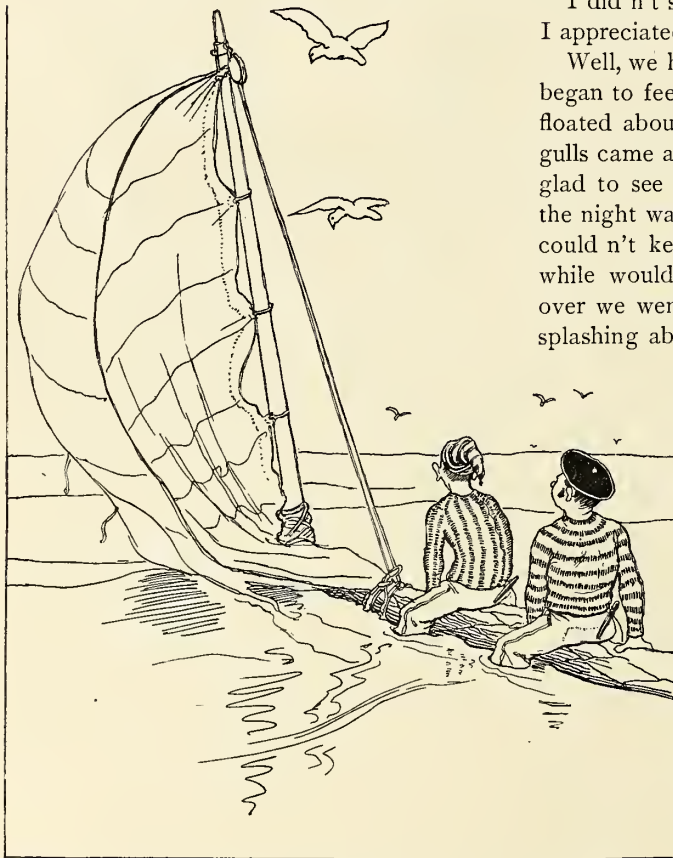
I did n't see it just as Corden did; but still, I appreciated the cocoanuts.

Well, we had a good meal of cocoanuts, and began to feel quite cheerful. All that day we floated about on our tree. Occasionally the gulls came and had a look at us, and we were glad to see them: they were company. But the night was terribly long and tiresome. We could n't keep our eyes open, and every little while would fall into a doze; but each time over we went, and woke up to find ourselves splashing about in the water.

"This won't do," said Corden; "I'm going to perch in the branches."

"By-by, Rénaud," I heard him say a little later; and I could hear him crackling around among the branches of our tree, but it was too dark to see.

I finally made up a scheme for sleeping, though it was n't exactly perfect. I stretched out on my face, my feet on each side of the trunk and my hands on the yard, which lay across underneath. This balanced me pretty well; but sometimes, just as I was dropping into a nice nap, a wave would lap up and smack me in the face. These



"WE WERE LOOKING FOR SHORE, AND COULD N'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE."
(SEE PAGE 1016.)

could see a ship, and he felt sure that it was the one we had been in.

"How far away?" I asked.

"A good six miles," he answered.

little surprise-parties spoiled my dreams. But I stopped them by facing to leeward, so that the water struck me only in the back of the head. You can get used to almost anything,

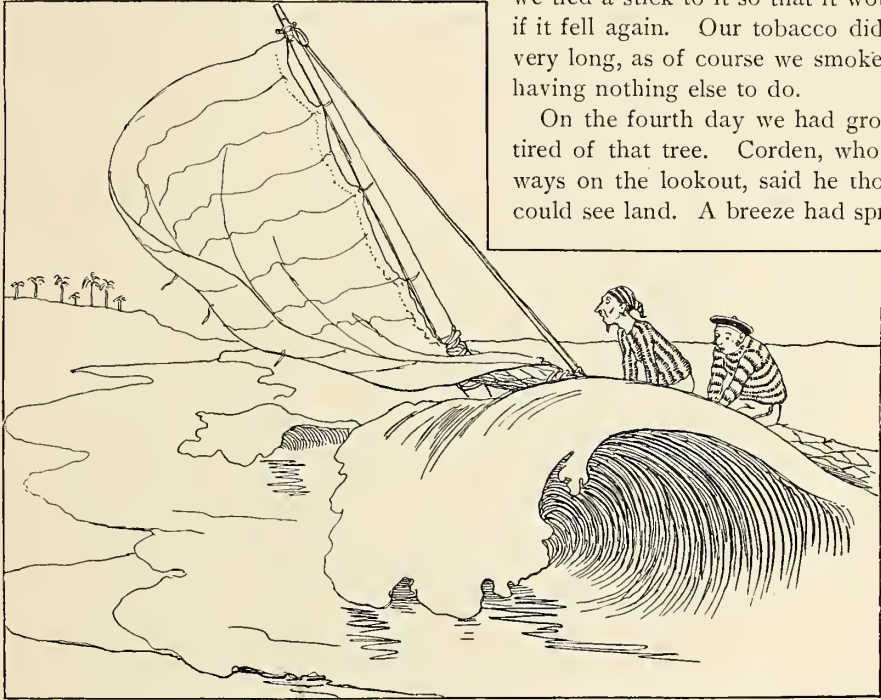
and pretty soon I was comfortably snoozing. Corden was doing the same, for I could hear him snoring like our fog-horn on board ship.

We slept well into the morning, and woke up

I saw that. And he got it, coming up with his face black, his eyes starting out of his head. He drew a long breath and climbed out.

As we could n't afford to lose that pipe, we tied a stick to it so that it would float if it fell again. Our tobacco did n't last very long, as of course we smoked often, having nothing else to do.

On the fourth day we had grown very tired of that tree. Corden, who was always on the lookout, said he thought he could see land. A breeze had sprung up.



"THE NEXT MINUTE WE WERE RIDING IN ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE." (SEE PAGE 1016.)

feeling cramped. Corden complained that branches, though not the worst things in the world, were n't as good as a hammock.

"Well, what 's the bill of fare for breakfast, Rénaud," he asked, "coffee or milk? I guess I 'll try milk. There 's cocoanut milk to-day."

We tapped two cocoanuts and made a pretty good meal.

To make a long story short, we floated around in this way for three days. I found I had my old pipe in my pocket, and Corden had some tobacco. We dried it in the sun, and took turns at smoking. When I handed the pipe to Corden, he was in such a hurry that, as he reached, he knocked the pipe from my hand. It fell on the trunk, balanced a second, then slowly rolled off. We both clutched for it, but too late. As it disappeared Corden dived and followed it. The water was now almost calm, and as I leaned over I could see him going down, down. He was bound to get that pipe;

"Let 's try and get up a sail," I suggested. And we were glad to do anything to relieve the monotony of just drifting. We got out the broken yard with its piece of sail still hanging to it. But getting it up was a big job. Finally, after working hard all day, and taking many sudden tumbles into the sea, we managed to lash it up against the end of the tree-trunk. We had our knives,—sailors never lose their knives, you know,—and we needed them here. It was n't very solid, but we stayed it from the trunk with the rigging which still hung to it.

We decided to wait for the daylight before hoisting our sail, so slept as best we could for another night. But we were awake early the next morning. That sail-idea was on our minds. I had been dreaming about it all night. We got the sail on. The wind freshened, and the sail drew. Slowly we crawled through the water—but ever so slowly.

"We'll have to cut away a lot of those branches to make any headway," I told Corden.

So Corden hacked some of them off, though he was careful to save the ones with cocoanuts.

Then we commenced really to sail. The wind kept coming from the sea, so we knew that in time we would reach land, unless our sail blew over. Of this we were very much afraid.

It came on dark, and still no land. We commenced to feel discouraged. We did n't try to sleep that night at all: we were looking for shore, and could n't think of anything else. When it was nearly morning we heard a dull roar. We strained our ears to listen.

"It's surf!" shouted Corden.

"It's surf!" I cried after him.

Louder and louder we could hear the noise. The surf was coming nearer and nearer, or so it seemed to us, for we forgot that we were moving. At last through the darkness we could see the white line. And now we won-

dered how we were to land, whether among rocks or on a sandy beach. Landing in surf is ticklish business.

Soon we got in the big swells, and we dashed ahead. Ah! we were saved! It was a long sandy beach. The next minute we were riding in on the crest of the wave. The surf broke and threw us. A splurge, a scramble and rush, and, on our hands and knees, we were soon sprawling on the sand, while the white surf lapped up around our feet. Corden got up; I got up. Then we silently shook hands; but we did n't say anything.

We sat down on the beach and waited for the daylight. And when it came, to our great joy, we heard the familiar creaking of blocks. We hurried around a bend of the beach, and there, before us, was our own ship. She had put in to repair damages. They had given us up for lost, of course; but here we were, none the worse for our sail on a cocoanut-tree.

THE "LITTLE COLONEL."

(An Army Story.)

BY MRS. GUY V. HENRY.

It was far away at a frontier fort that Ray Allen first opened his big blue eyes on a strange world of sage-brush, sand, and Indians. And this is the way he came to be called the "Little Colonel."

When Ray was three days old, the soldiers over in the barracks, who wanted to see the young stranger very much, filed over to the colonel's house. The bundle of flannel was brought out into the hall for exhibition. This little red-faced baby was the image of its father — such a funny resemblance, everybody laughed aloud at it. The men, as they looked, each said, "The *Little* Colonel!" so from that day he was called the Little Colonel by every one.

He was a great cry-baby, but I do not wonder. If you had been born in a little log hut, with nothing bright or pretty to look at, you would have been a cry-baby, too. When Ray was three months old the Indians came to the

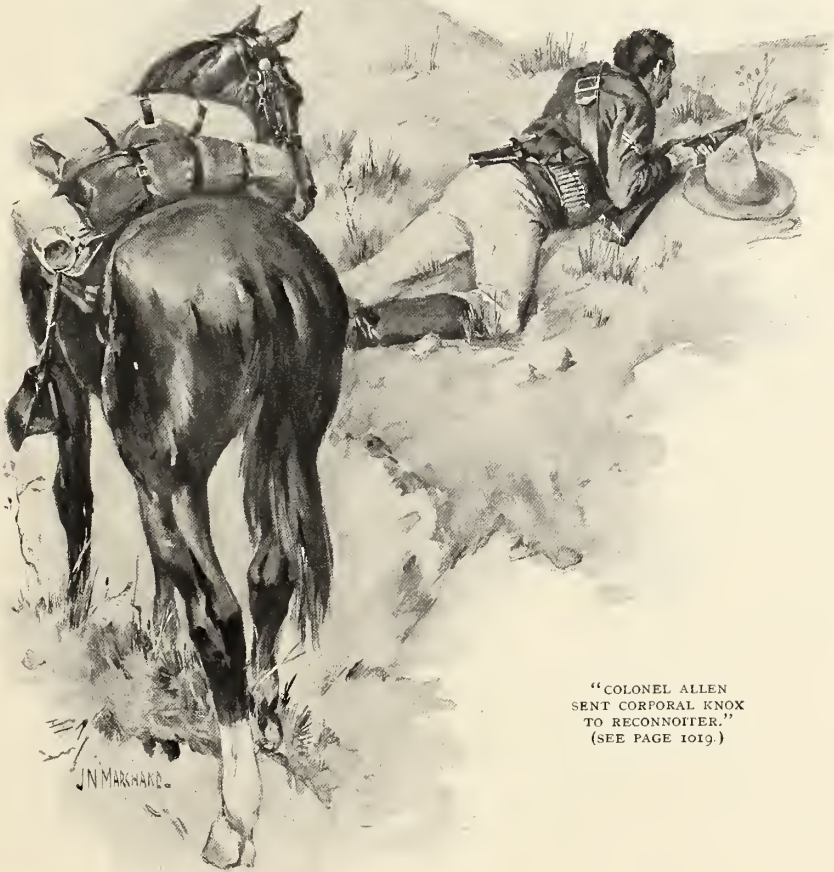
fort for a war-dance, not to kill the people there, but for an exhibition dance. Ray's mama wanted very much to see this fine affair, but there was the cry-baby to be looked after. She determined to sing him to sleep if possible, then slip quietly away; and if he wakened, he was to cry till he was tired. So Mrs. Allen sung and sung, and Master Ray cried and cried; and just as she was giving up in despair, she heard a fearful noise away in the distance. She knew the Indians must be coming. Crying Ray was at once deposited in his cradle, and Mrs. Allen flew to the door. It was such a wonderful sight to see these wild creatures approaching, Mrs. Allen was determined not to miss it.

Oh, such a fearful din and noise away off over the hills! Drums beating, Indians yelling, old squaws moaning and groaning. Such a pandemonium you never heard. Mrs. Allen shaded her eyes with her hand and listened.

She was soon joined by all the other fort-people, and they waited breathless. Over the hills they came, hundreds and hundreds, on horse-back and on foot, just as if all the evil spirits we sometimes hear about had broken loose from somewhere. Nearer and nearer, louder and louder, that terrible war-whoop all the

feathers stuck in every way; the well-cared-for papoose babies in their strange cradles on their mothers' backs. It was a weird picture.

The fort-ladies began to feel afraid; but they looked round, and saw the soldiers had been ordered out, fully armed, as soon as the Indians entered the fort, for fear, in the midst



"COLONEL ALLEN
SENT CORPORAL KNOX
TO RECONNOITER."
(SEE PAGE 1019.)

time. You could see them distinctly: the "big chiefs" on ponies were all in war-paint, with yellow, red, and green faces, hair braided with strips of flannel, big elk-horn rings in rows around their necks; the ponies painted with many colors and loaded with war-trophies; the squaws, young and old, in blankets or calico skirts, faces all painted, hair cut short and

of the war-dance, they might suddenly decide to have a real, true battle, and then the poor soldiers would have been massacred—indeed, every one—if they had not been ready at a word of command for any emergency. Now they are right in front of Mrs. Allen's house, and the dancing begins. A big chief rides out, and, waving his tomahawk in air, tears round and

round as if killing his enemies, singing in a shrill voice of battles won and scalps taken; others on foot approach and dance and sing; the old women moan louder; other chiefs ride forward yelling, waving scalp-locks, and brandishing knives. Some one touched Mrs. Allen's arm and said: "Where is the Little Colonel?"

"The Little Colonel!" said Mrs. Allen. She turned quickly and ran into the house. She crept up to the cradle, which had been drawn close under the window, and there, with his fat fist stuffed tight in his mouth, was Ray, sleeping as quietly as a kitten — Ray the cry-baby, who, in spite of everybody's tiptoeing round and whispering, would never sleep and never stop his crying. It was such a wonderful sight that Mrs. Allen forgot all about the horrible noise outside, and gazed astonished. No baby could be happier. Mrs. Allen stole out just in time to find the commanding officer about to put an end to the powwow. The soldiers had gone for the bacon, flour, and bread which was the pay demanded by the Indians for the dance.

Soon the bacon was divided and the Indians began to disperse, making such a heathenish noise that every one was thankful when quiet reigned once more.

Mrs. Allen came back to the house, and found the Little Colonel wide awake, laughing and crowing to himself; and from that day he ceased crying. I think he concluded there were other people in the world who could make more noise than he, and that he would waste no more time in that way.

When Ray was three months old Colonel Allen was ordered to an Eastern fort, or one nearer civilization. The great question was, how to spare an escort through the Indian country. There were only a few men at the fort, and thousands of hostile Indians all about. But the order had come and had to be obeyed.

So, one bright morning in May, Mrs. Allen and Ray, with bags and bundles, were to start. There was a wagon all covered with canvas and made very comfortable inside for them, then a wagon with the bedding and mess-chest. Colonel Allen and six men were to go on horseback. With their carbines slung over their shoulders, they looked all ready for a fight if the Indians came too near.

The little cavalcade drew up in front of Mrs. Allen's door, the wagon was packed, and soon out came Mrs. Allen, followed by Colonel Allen with the Little Colonel in his arms. All rolled up in a big flannel shawl, a pair of very bright blue eyes looked out and round on every one to say good-by. The officers patted his round cheeks, wishing a "good luck to the Little Colonel!" The ladies hugged and kissed him; they were very sorry to have him go. The soldiers all looked sorry, too; they thought he *belonged* to them. In a few moments everything was ready, and off they started.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, the prairies stretching away to right and left, ahead the straight, level road seeming to lead right into the horizon.

Colonel Allen with one man rode ahead; then the wagon with Mrs. Allen and the baby; then the wagon with the tent, two mounted men behind and one on each side. All alert and watchful they trotted on, hardly daring to stop even to get at the great lunch-basket — on and on till the sun was high up in the sky.

Suddenly Mrs. Allen saw the colonel gallop back and give some hurried message all round. She felt a little anxious, but in a moment he was by her side and said quietly: "Do not be alarmed. I think I see the forms of Indians, now and then, over yonder on the hills, and have sent two men to reconnoiter."

There were Indians. All the afternoon they seemed to be following the little party. Just at dusk the colonel called, "Halt!" for here they were to camp for the night. A long ride of fifty miles had made them all so tired! I wish you could have seen the Little Colonel when he was unrolled. He had kicked his small legs out of the woolen shawl, or tried to, many times; but his nurse's arms were good and strong, and he was rolled up again very quickly. The little fellow was a born soldier, though, and liked camping out. He never made a sound, and he was very hungry and uncomfortable, but waited patiently, much amused at it all. The rest of the party were rather more anxious than amused; they knew the Indians who had followed them all day were now not far away, and Colonel Allen

had only six good fighting men, and, oh, what a precious party to guard from danger!

He looked serious while he superintended the putting up of the tent, unrolling the bedding, and getting things comfortable. One of the men made a fire and put over the coffee-pot, and soon the hurried supper was over.

Nurse had just brought the Little Colonel to look out of the tent for a minute, when suddenly there was a rushing sound, and in an instant a dozen Indians on ponies tore into the little camp. Colonel Allen had been on the watch. His quick command, "To arms!" and six brave soldiers stood in a line right in front of little Ray. All was confusion — for a minute only. But Colonel Allen was very cool, and went right forward, close to the Indians, all ready for a fight. They were so surprised to see such bravery, it startled them. They dropped their guns and with a "How! How!" suddenly pretended to be friends. It was only pretense. They found they could not do much in camp with such brave men; they would lose more than they would gain. Indians are very quick to discern when it is better to be friendly than to fight. So "How! How!" to every one, and they must see the baby. How Ray laughed and crowed at them! The colonel asked what they meant by rushing into camp in that style. They pretended they did it for fun. In half an hour they were gone — not a trace of them anywhere.

Ray's father knew them too well to trust them, and he did not let the men sleep much that night. Three soldiers stood guard for a while, then rested, and the other three took their places. The colonel rolled himself in a blanket and lay down outside the Little Colonel's tent. But no one was allowed to rest more than till midnight, when, quietly and silently, the tent was folded, the wagons packed, Mrs. Allen and Ray lifted in, and at a swift pace the party started.

Not a word, not a sound. Everything to be gained before daylight. The colonel feared if he was not far on their way by that time the Indians would attack them in larger force. With the first ray of dawn, gray shadows seemed to be fitting here and there on the hill, then suddenly to disappear. Colonel Allen sent Cor-

poral Knox to reconnoiter. He rode on a quarter of a mile ahead, where, dismounting and stealthily creeping up, he watched a few moments, sheltered by the crest of the hill. Soon from out the brush, down the other side, close by the little stream, came the painted creatures at full run straight toward him — they had not yet seen the corporal. He jumped on his horse and spurred him at a run back to the little cavalcade. Colonel Allen was watching. He saw the sudden turn about of the soldier, and knew at once what it meant. The Indians would attack them between the hills. A quick word of command, and one wagon drew up close behind the other, forming a rear barricade. The soldiers closed in around the little stockade. Colonel Allen ordered Mrs. Allen and the nurse to drop to the bottom of their wagon in a voice so harsh and stern, the Little Colonel puckered up his mouth for a cry; but he was quickly taken from nurse's arms, and gathering him tightly in her own, and pressing the warm little face to hers, Mrs. Allen breathed a prayer to Heaven for protection in that awful hour.

A shadow fell across the wagon windows; the soldiers — six — surrounded it. The gallant colonel, with one hand grasping his revolver, held tightly in the other the reins of his horse, bringing him closer to the side where Mrs. Allen crouched with baby Ray. All waited in silence. On the seat above lay the bright new revolver given Mrs. Allen for fear of sudden attacks like this, for those were days full of danger and hardship.

The silence for a moment was intense. Then, with terrific yells and like a rushing wind, up and over the hill came the Indians. "Fire!" rang out Colonel Allen's voice. A volley of shot. Another, and another. Swiftly whizzing through their wagon came a bullet, cutting straight and true against the crashing glass on the opposite side. Colonel Allen's face paled; his fingers closed tighter over the revolver. Clearer and sterner came his commands, with words of encouragement.

Shouting and whooping Indians rushed around, firing recklessly, while volley followed volley steadily into their ranks.

Mrs. Allen, with white, set lips, reached up-

ward and, groping on the seat above, clasped her trembling fingers around the revolver. Suddenly a fist came upward and pushed itself straight into her cheek. In the fear of the moment she had forgotten him—the Little Colonel! Looking down, she saw the little hood pushed far back from his face, and two

Colonel Allen stooped down and kissed his wife's pale face, and gently laid a smoked and grimy hand over the baby head; then quickly gathering his reins, the horse stepped back a pace, and six dusty, splendid soldiers rode up, and each one of them gave a salute and a look of tender care to the Little Colonel. He



"SHOUTING AND WHOOPING INDIANS RUSHED AROUND, FIRING RECKLESSLY, WHILE VOLLEY FOLLOWED VOLLEY STEADILY INTO THEIR RANKS."

fists pounding the air; then a baby voice was raised to its utmost pitch as if giving commands; it all sounded strangely amid the din.

A ray of light suddenly came in the windows, and then sounded the rush of horses' feet. The firing grew fainter, and Mrs. Allen raised up a little and looked out cautiously. Over the prairie flew Colonel Allen and his gallant little band in hot pursuit. Five Indians lay dead on the slope of the hill, and just at the right a cavalry-horse was giving up his brave life in breaths of wounded suffering. Mrs. Allen shuddered; then, laying the Little Colonel on the wagon seat, she folded her hands and bowed her head over the wide-eyed, silent child, with a prayer of thanks for this wonderful escape.

A moment later and back came the victorious riders. Not many words were spoken.

laughed and cooed at them, and again pounded the air with his fists, as if to say, "Was n't it splendid!" Then came a quick command from Colonel Allen, and the little party went at a rapid pace over the now deserted prairie.

Just as the stars were coming out and twilight settled down, the welcome sight of old Fort Laramie was seen over the hill, where soon poor, tired Mrs. Allen and happy, good Little Colonel were welcomed to the bright quarters of the commandant. Every one rejoiced at their thrilling escape, and praised their courage. The blue-eyed baby smiled on them all, and tried to tell about it, too.

Over in the barracks the soldiers were gathered to hear the story of the six brave men—who "would have died to the last man," they said, "for the Little Colonel!"

HOW THE WEATHER IS FORETOLD.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head.

SUCH was the way in which our grandparents foretold the weather. They did not have any printed predictions as we have to-day, except those in the almanac; and as those were only guesses, and very poor guesses at that, they did not amount to much in a practical way, except to put money into the pocket of the almanac-maker: for in those days no household was complete without an almanac, and a great many people believed everything it said, no matter how often they were deceived. But, in spite of their faith in the almanac-maker, the old-time folks always kept their eyes and ears open for the signs that nature gave them.

If it was noticed that the old tabby washed herself by rubbing her paw over her ear, or that the little tree-toads trilled their mournful little songs, or the fireflies flitted low among the flowers and the vines, the old folks shook their heads and spoke of rain; or if grandmother's feet ached the little folks grew very sorry — not because grandmother had a pain, but because it meant bad weather on the morrow. In fact, there were so many signs which prophesied falling weather that nobody could have remembered them if some of them had not been put into rhyme, so that the children could learn to say:

If the soot falls, the squirrels sleep,
The spiders from their cobwebs creep,
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh,
How restless are the snorting swine,
The busy flies disturb the kine,
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Grandmother's joints are on the rack,
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws
Sits wiping off her whiskered jaws,
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast —
'T will surely rain; I see with sorrow
Our work must be put off to-morrow.

But sometimes, in spite of ducks and pigs and cracking chairs, it did not rain at all, and many times feet were very painful in the driest kind of weather, and soot and even chimneys fell down without bringing so much as a cloud; so that, notwithstanding all these signs, nobody could tell for certain what the weather was going to be from day to day.

It is said that in a certain kingdom far off in the East there was a high official known as the weather-maker, whose business it was to look after the rain and the wind and the other things that go to make up the weather, and he had to have them so well managed that if the king wished to go on a royal picnic he must make the sun shine; or if the king thought the country needed sprinkling, he must have it rain. This was a very high position to hold, but nobody held it very long, because if his Majesty ordered sunshine and it hailed instead, the weather-maker had his official head chopped off before he had time to explain or make any excuses. No doubt the people in that country grew tired of always looking at the sky and listening to noises and watching insects and learning rhymes to find out what the weather was to be, and not being very sure of it even then, and so the whole matter was put into the hands of one man.

Very much the same thing happened in this country; only, instead of putting the weather in charge of one man who was likely to lose his head if it did not snow at the right time, Uncle Sam built a Weather Bureau, and employed a large number of men to manage it for him. He does not ask them to do anything more than to keep a record of the weather, and to predict as well as they can what the weather will be the following day; and if they sometimes make a wrong prediction, Uncle Sam only smiles and tells them to try it again — a very much better kind of a master to have than the one away over in Asia!

This Weather Bureau is in Washington, the

capital of the United States. It is situated on a large square in the northwestern part of the city, where there is plenty of room and not much noise or confusion of any kind. It is a large brick building, standing far back from the

at the end of each, perched up on a high pole. The least breath of air turns this around, and it is so arranged that when it turns around five hundred times it shows that the wind has traveled a mile, and in this way the observer can



THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

street and having pretty flower-beds and terraces in front of it. At first sight the building looks something like a big toy house, with its roof bordered with turrets and filled with chimneys and all sorts of contrivances that are spinning and turning around.

In the box that you see perched up on the middle of the roof are the thermometers that tell how hot or how cold it is. Two of these are for telling the temperature at any time during the day, another marks the highest point reached, and the fourth shows what has been the lowest temperature; so that by opening the little door in front of the box the observer, or the man who looks after the weather, is able to see just what the temperature is at that time, and how high it has been and how far down it has gone since he last peeped into the box. To one side is a very large weather-vane, to show in what direction the wind is blowing. Then there is the anemometer, four little metal sticks with a cup

tell just how fast the wind is going. Then there are the rain-gauges: long, narrow tanks with a little hole at the top, looking like small stove-pipes standing on end, which catch the rain and measure how much has fallen. On one edge of the roof is the sunshine-recorder, a little instrument that keeps an account of every minute the sun shines and of every minute it does not shine.

But the most important instrument used in predicting the weather is not on the roof, but is in the building, away from the sun and the wind and the rain. This is the barometer, which measures the pressure or the weight of the atmosphere. When the air is settled it presses more heavily on the mercury that is in the barometer and sends the little stream farther up into the long glass tube, and this we call a sign of good weather. But when the air is unsettled and light, the mercury falls, and so does the weather.

All of the instruments in the main part

of the building are used in the observations that are made every day, and are looked at directly by the observer; but in the other part of the building there is another set of these instruments connected by electricity with machines that run by clockwork in a large room called the instrument-room. These are for the purpose of keeping a constant record of the weather, and all day long and all night long, month after month and year after year, these ingenious machines are ticking away and keeping a complete account of what the weather is doing outside. It is all done in writing on paper — not the kind of writing you do in your copy-books, but a kind which the Weather Bureau people can read as easily as they can read the finest copper-plate. Now, all this writing done by the machines is filed away from day to day or week to week, just as any other official records are preserved.

So perfectly do these little machines do their



PROFESSOR WILLIS L. MOORE, CHIEF OF THE WEATHER BUREAU.



THE INSTRUMENT-ROOM AT THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU.

work that if a person wanted to know what the weather had been on the Fourth of July in the year 1890, the people at the Weather Bureau,

by looking at the written record for that day, could tell him exactly what the temperature was at any time during the day, how fast the

wind was blowing and in what direction it was going, when the sun shone and when it did not shine, whether it rained and if so how long it lasted and how much fell, whether there was any thunder or lightning, and what the barometer marked; and if there had been an earthquake that day they would tell him just when it happened, how long it continued, and what particular kind it was.

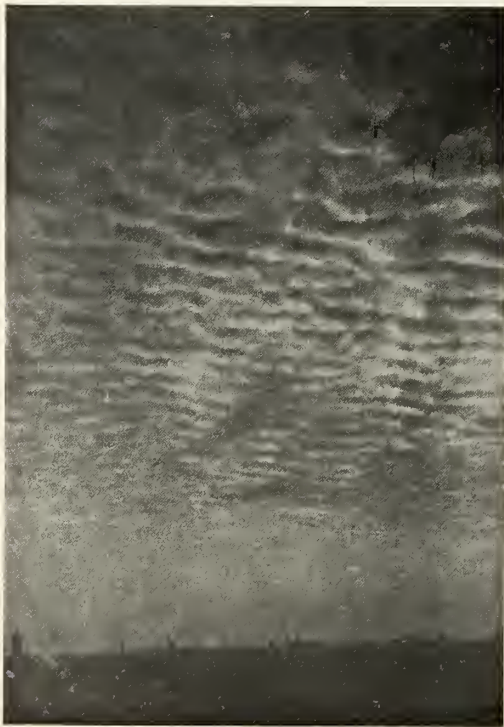
So, you see, Uncle Sam keeps a pretty close account of the weather, and it is fortunate he does, for it is sometimes of very great importance to know what the weather was on a certain day. Some time ago a case was tried in one of the courts in which a man sued another because a brick wall tumbled down on his head. He claimed that the man who built the wall ought to pay him for his broken



THUNDER CLOUDS.

came to look at the weather record for that particular day, it was found that at the time the wall fell the wind was blowing at such a high rate that it would have been a very strange wall if it had not tumbled down, and so the poor man with the broken head was disappointed.

Strictly speaking, the Weather Bureau is made up of a great many buildings scattered all over the United States, and this one at Washington is the central station that governs and directs the smaller ones, and to which they send in their daily reports; for it is by getting reports from all the different sections of the



A "MACKEREL" SKY.



STORM CLOUDS.

head, for he said it would not have fallen down if it had been properly built; but when they

country that Uncle Sam's weather-makers are able to make their predictions. There are one

hundred and eighty towns and cities in the United States where there are observation stations, or some particular state of the atmosphere. When he has finished his observation and



AN APPROACHING STORM.

having the same instruments and apparatus as the Washington bureau. Now, the observers at these one hundred and eighty stations do not spend their time waiting for spiders to crawl out of their holes or looking at the sky to see whether it is red or gray in the evening. They look at their thermometers, barometers, anemometers, and so on, which are far better guides than all the other signs put together.

At eight o'clock in the morning and at eight o'clock in the evening of every day the observer at each one of these weather stations from Maine to California looks at his different instruments, and carefully notes what each of them marks. Then he takes a look at the sky, to see whether it is fair or raining or snowing, and to see what sort of clouds may be sailing about. According to the Weather Bureau, there are seven different kinds of clouds, and it is important that the observer should see what particular kind is hovering around, for each kind means some special sort of weather

noted all the indications, he telegraphs his report to Washington.

In that way, then, the Washington station receives an account of the weather at all parts of the country at the same time, and, as you may easily believe, it keeps the four telegraph operators busy receiving the messages that come pouring in soon after eight o'clock. As each message is received in the telegraph-room



A STORM PASSING AWAY.



A VERY INTENSE FLASH.

it is carried by a messenger across the hall to the forecast-room, or room where predictions are made, and handed to the translator.

Perhaps you will think it strange that these despatches have to be translated, but nevertheless it is true. It is not because they are

written in a foreign language, but because they are sent in cipher, or in words that do not mean anything in themselves. This is not done to keep the reports secret, but to save expense; for, as you know, every word in a telegram has to be paid for, and as there are a great many



SOME BIG LIGHTNING FLASHES, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THUNDER-STORMS AT NIGHT.

messages, and as some come from a great distance, it would cost Uncle Sam a considerable



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A CITY TOWER.

sum of money if each weather report was written out in full; and so he uses a system by which a very few words are made to mean a very great deal. For instance, the observer at Boston may send this despatch: "Irregular Nevada Bore." Now, of course, as it stands, it does not mean anything at all; but as soon as the translator sees it he reads that the observer at Boston reports pressure of air 30.06 inches; temperature 74 degrees above zero; wind from the southwest and traveling at the rate of eighteen miles an hour; two one-hundredths inch of rain; sky cloudy. As the translator reads aloud the reports from the different stations, other men in the room mark what he reads upon a map of the United States, so that when the last message has been translated the map shows just what the weather is at each one of the one hundred and eighty stations. The map is then turned over to the official who is to make the predictions. In order to get his bearings, he traces across the map the different places throughout the country where the temperature is the same and the places where the barometer is the same. The one he marks with red lines and the other with black lines, and if you will look at a weather map you will see these red and black lines wriggling and twisting all over the country.

The Weather Bureau publishes instructions as

to how to predict the weather by looking at one of these weather maps, but while people may be able to tell in a general way what the weather is likely to be, it takes a man with much experience and knowledge in weather matters to make a really good and reliable prediction; for while there are some things which are known for certain, there are a great many things about the weather which are still very mysterious. When the forecast official sees a particular kind of weather away out in Oregon, he knows that it is going to move eastward, because it is a regular habit of the weather-waves to move from west to east, no matter in what direction the wind is moving. But just how far east one of these warm or cold waves will come, or just how fast or what path it will follow, are very difficult problems to solve, and this is where the knowledge and the skill of Uncle Sam's weather-maker show themselves.

When, for instance, the reports from the Northwest show a great fall in temperature, he knows



LIGHTNING FLASHES THROUGH HEAVY CLOUDS.



NORTH ATLANTIC WEATHER IN MAY
 This map shows the weather of the North Atlantic Ocean, as reported by the United States Weather Service, from the 1st of May to the 1st of June, 1902. The map is based on the observations of the United States Weather Service, and is published for the use of the public. It is not intended for use as a guide to navigation, and is not to be used for any other purpose.

**U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
 WEATHER MAP**
 Washington, D.C., Thursday, May 29, 1902 - 8 A.M.

LOW
 29.8
 29.9
 30.0
 30.1
 30.2
 30.3
 30.4
 30.5
 30.6
 30.7
 30.8
 30.9
 31.0

HIGH
 30.0
 30.1
 30.2
 30.3
 30.4
 30.5
 30.6
 30.7
 30.8
 30.9
 31.0

WEATHER CONDITIONS AND GENERAL FORECAST.
 The weather is generally fair, with light to moderate winds. There is a possibility of rain or showers in the afternoon and evening. The temperature is in the 60s and 70s.

WASHINGTON, D.C., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1902 - 8 A.M.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

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U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

ONE OF THE WEATHER MAPS.

Explanation of Flag Signals.



Interpretation of Displays.

- No. 1, alone, indicates fair weather, stationary temperature.
- No. 2, alone, indicates rain or snow, stationary temperature.
- No. 3, alone, indicates local rain, stationary temperature.
- No. 1, with No. 4 above it, indicates fair weather, warmer.
- No. 1, with No. 4 below it, indicates fair weather, colder.
- No. 2, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather, rain or snow.
- No. 2, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather, rain or snow.
- No. 3, with No. 4 above it, indicates warmer weather with local rains.
- No. 3, with No. 4 below it, indicates colder weather with local rains.
- No. 1, with No. 5 above it, indicates fair weather, cold wave.
- No. 2, with No. 5 above it, indicates wet weather, cold wave.

CARD ISSUED BY THE WEATHER BUREAU.

that a cold wave has started on a journey through the United States, and he keeps a lookout to see how fast it reaches the different stations in the West. Then he calculates how rapidly it is moving and what kinds of weather it has to encounter, and perhaps when he has worked out the problem he will telegraph the following bulletin: "Hoist cold-wave flag; thermometer will fall thirty degrees in next twenty-four hours," and, sure enough, by next day Jack Frost has got hold of our noses and toes, and the cold-wave flag is almost tearing itself to pieces with delight. But sometimes the cold wave does not come as was expected,—it is switched off on a side-track or it melts on the way,—and then the cold-wave flag droops in shame.

Well, after the forecast official has made his predictions for the next thirty-six hours, a drawing is made of the map, and it is then reproduced and printed, and copies of it are sent to the newspaper offices and to various offices and buildings where they can be seen by the public. Each one of the little circles on the map stands for a weather station, and the little arrow in each one points in the direction the wind is blowing. If the weather is fair the circle is left clear; if it is partly cloudy you will see that half of it is black, and if it is very cloudy it is all black. Thunder-storms are shown by little zig-zag marks, and wherever it is raining or snowing you will see the letter R or S. If there is rain over any extent of country, it is shown by dark-gray spaces that look like blots on the map. Taking note of all these weather conditions, and

knowing that the weather moves from west to east, and that the wind generally blows from the direction of a high barometer to that of a low barometer, you will be prepared to predict, with a little experience, what the weather is likely to be, in general, for the coming day.

The whole work of making observations, of graphing the reports,

of translating them, of marking them on the map, of predicting the weather, of drawing and printing the maps, is finished before eleven o'clock. In order to save time, this same work is done at nearly a hundred of the smaller weather stations, and they supply the country round about them with predictions and weather maps.

In this way, then, twice a day, the weather in the United States is predicted.

Explanation of Whistle Signals.

The warning signal, to attract attention, will be a long blast of from fifteen to twenty seconds duration. After this warning signal has been sounded, long blasts (of from four to six seconds duration) refer to weather, and short blasts (of from one to three seconds duration) refer to temperature; those for weather to be sounded first.

Blasts.	Indicate.
One long	Fair weather.
Two long	Rain or snow.
Three long	Local rains.
One short	Lower temperature.
Two short	Higher temperature.
Three short	Cold wave.

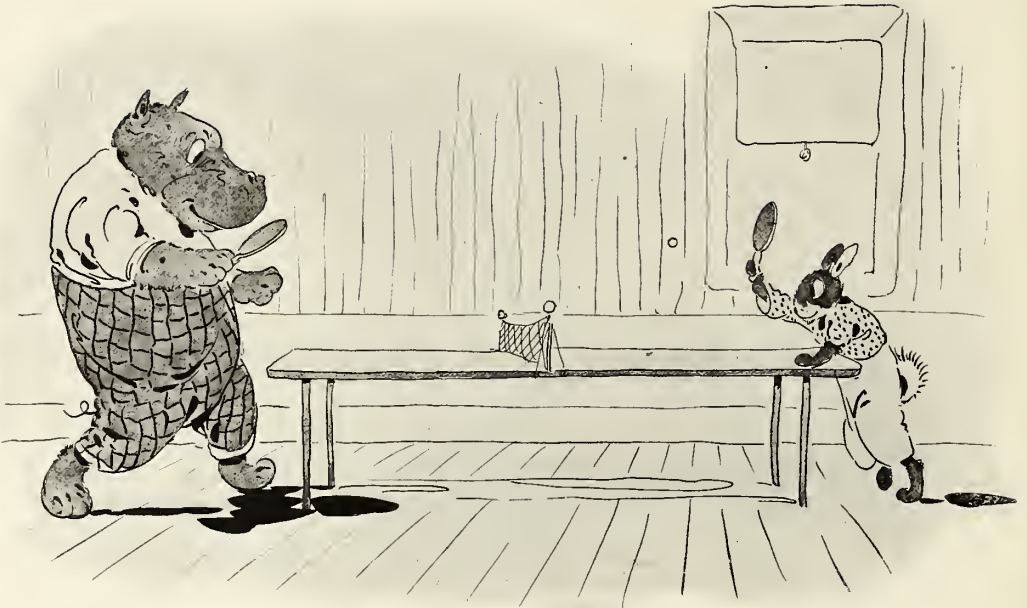
INTERPRETATION OF COMBINATION BLASTS.

One long, alone	Fair weather, stationary temperature.
Two long, alone	Rain or snow, stationary temperature.
One long and short	Fair weather, lower temperature.
Two long and two short	Rain or snow, higher temperature.
One long and three short	Fair weather, cold wave.
Three long and two short	Local rains, higher temperature.

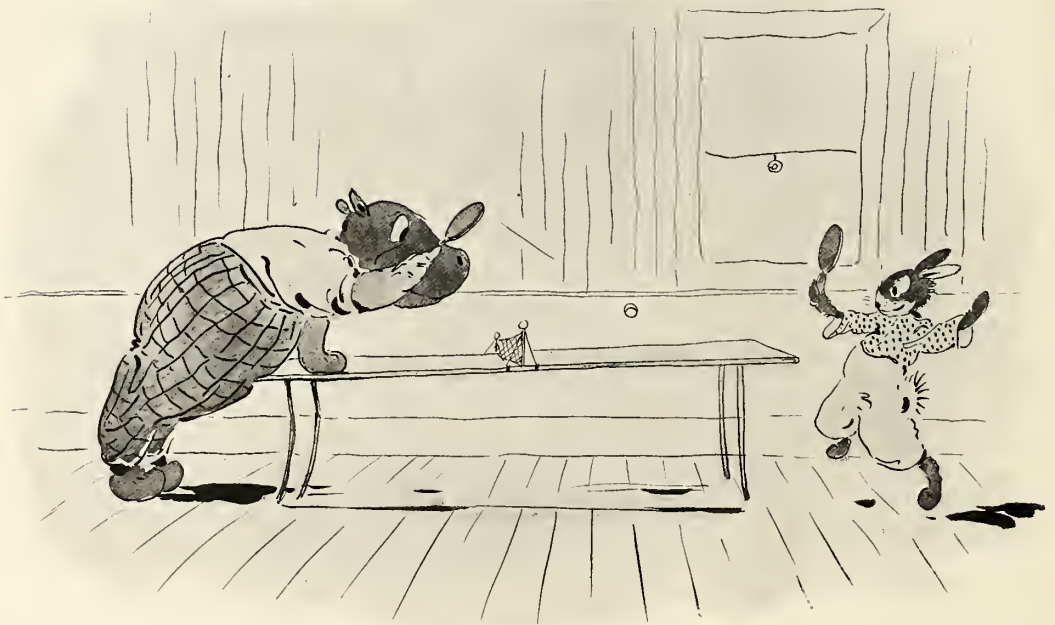
By repeating each combination a few times, with an interval of ten seconds between, possibilities of error in reading the forecasts will be avoided, such as may arise from variable winds, or failure to hear the warning signal.

WEATHER SIGNALS GIVEN BY LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLES WHILE PASSING THROUGH SMALL TOWNS.

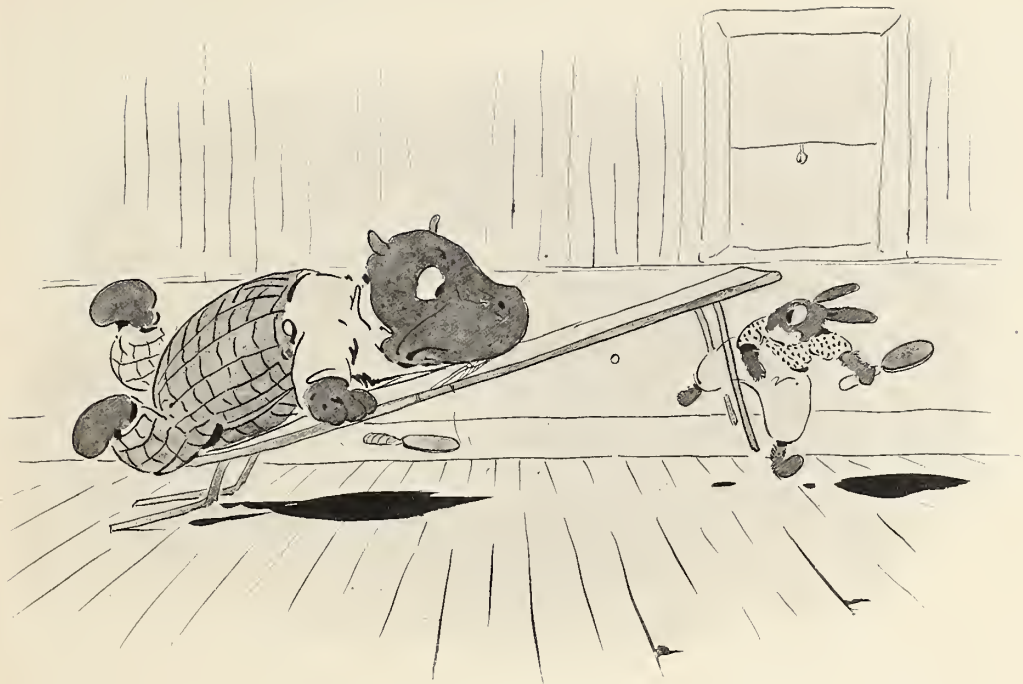
“PING!”—“PONG!”



Hippo serves a ball that Bunny
Returns as if it were bad money.



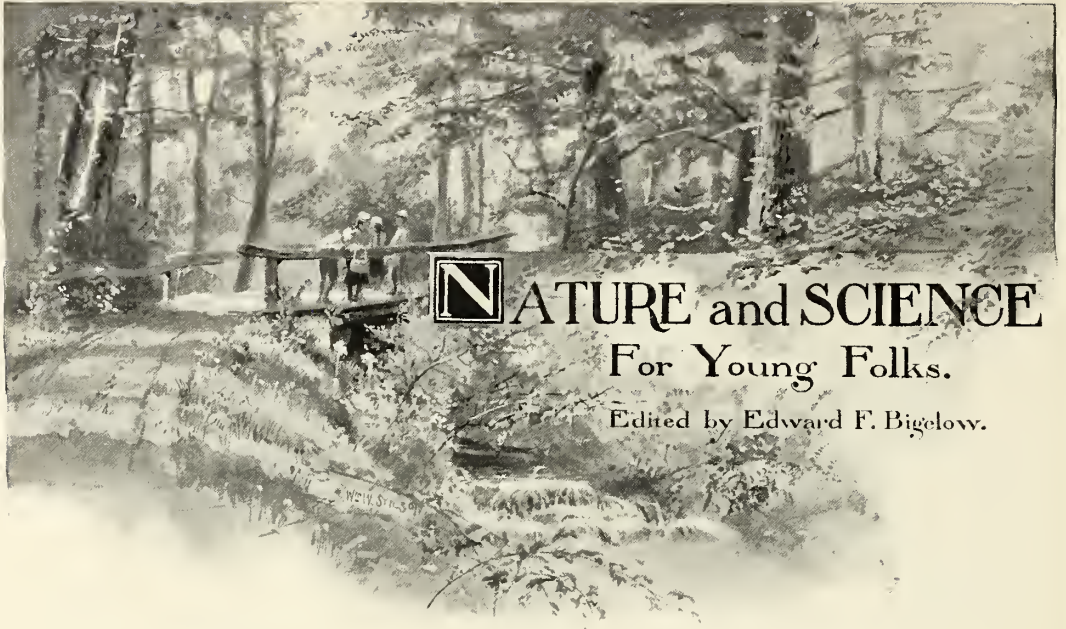
Hippo thinks he 'll try a “smash,”
And does! Just see the table crash!



Bunny fears "an early fall,"
And bounds like any ping-pong ball;



But Bunny 's caught, which is no fun,
For Hippo weighs more than a ton!



NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

Well may Tennyson speak of the "fairy tales of science," and well may Walt Whitman say:

"I lie abstracted, and hear beautiful tales of things, and the reasons of things;
They are so beautiful, I nudge myself to listen."

JOHN BURROUGHS, in "Birds and Poets."

SOME QUEER KINDS OF EYES.

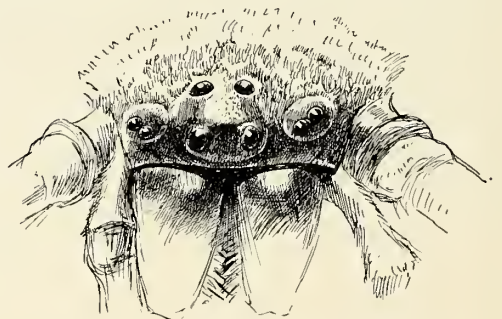
OUR readers may recall something about insects' eyes as described in these columns a



few months ago,* and remember that insects possess a large compound eye upon each side of the head, through which they can see an object right side up, but probably in the form of dots, as the same object would appear to us if we could view it through a pile of short pipes or a piece of perforated paper; and that, besides these, they have in their foreheads two or more tiny eyes furnished with lenses, similar to ours, which invert the image. To imagine how the world seems to an insect, and how it

can straighten out these various impressions in its little white brain that looks like a knot tied in a piece of cotton thread, seems a hard thing to do; but how much stranger must the world appear to some other creatures whose eyes, in our opinion, are still more peculiar!

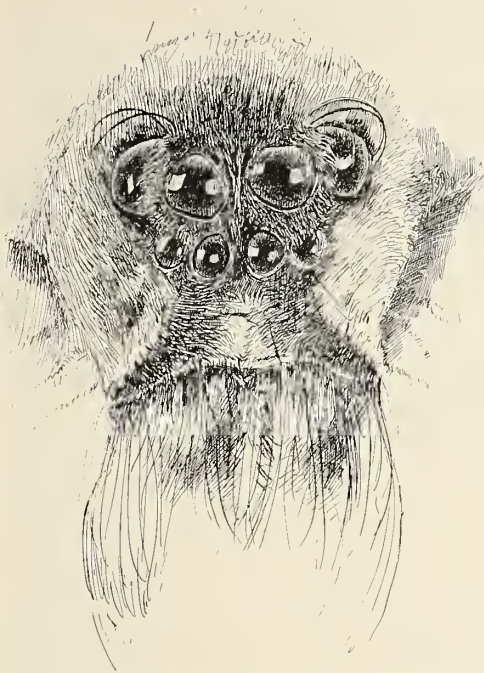
For instance, look at the next spider you find, and try to find the eight shiny little eyes at the anterior end, some above and some just under the edge of what we may imagine to be its forehead. To examine these parts to best advantage hold the spider in tweezers, or it may be better to use a spider killed by being dropped into a bottle of diluted alcohol.



SPIDERS' EYES.

Nearly alike in size, but curiously grouped in twos.

* "How Insects See," page 363 of *Nature and Science* for February, 1902.



LARGE EYES IN UPPER ROW AND SMALLER EYES IN LOWER ROW.
This and previous illustrations drawn directly from magnified views of spiders' heads.

These eight eyes vary in arrangement and in relative size in various species of spiders,—in some they may be arranged in two rows, in others in three; some may be very small and others large and prominent; and so on,—but there they are: rather poor eyes, near-sighted, looking in several directions at once, and the spider, who can never shut any of them, is sure to see everything that approaches, unless she is asleep.

For some purposes it may be convenient to have eyes that roll up and disappear at the approach of danger. And these are exactly what the snail has, situated at the end of two long and sensitive palpi, or feelers. When all is quiet their owner extends these organs, and you can see at their tips small round knobs upon which the eyes are placed. But if you touch one of the palpi, or even jar the snail a little, the eyes begin to back into these feelers as the tip of a glove-finger may be turned in, and they no longer see the danger. Queer animal, that, which dares to peep at the world only when it is in perfect safety, and refuses to look when danger threatens! But the snail never had

much reputation for bravery, and therefore has little to lose.

But there are many animals whose eyes are not perfect enough to form a complete image, or even parts of an image, but which can receive only a sensation of light and perhaps, in some cases, an indistinct impression of color; and among those that can in this way perceive light, it is probable that the sensation is more like what we call heat than it is like actual vision. In the simplest of these cases the "eye" consists of nothing more than a little mass of dark-coloring matter, known as pigment, placed around the outer edge of a nerve. You know how much warmer on a hot day a black dress is than a white one, and a black sunshade seems to collect more heat than does a light one. In a similar way the little black mass of pigment absorbs the heat in the strong light, and by this simple means the animal may be able to perceive the direction of the light and regulate its actions accordingly. A greatly improved form of this pigment-eye is seen in a tiny crustacean, that is, a crab-like animal, about the size of a pinhead and found almost everywhere in fresh-water ponds and ditches.



WOOD-SNAIL ON A DECAYING PIECE OF WOOD.
The eyes are the tiny knobs at the end of the horn-like projections from the head.

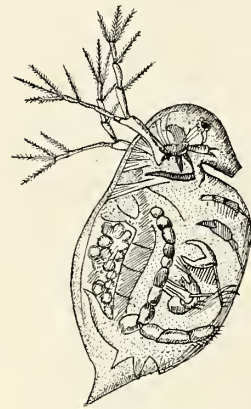
Its name is *Daphnia*, and its head, when seen sidewise under a microscope, looks like that of a bird, with its large round black eye. But if you see it from above you will notice that instead of having two eyes it has but one, and that one in the center of the head, and thus upon whichever side you look you see the same eye. This queer organ does not come to the surface

anywhere, which is in this case of no importance, since the head is perfectly transparent; and surrounding the mass of pigment there are

HOME OF DAPHNIAS AND CYCLOPS.
Probably you have often seen them as little white specks in stagnant pools in swamps.

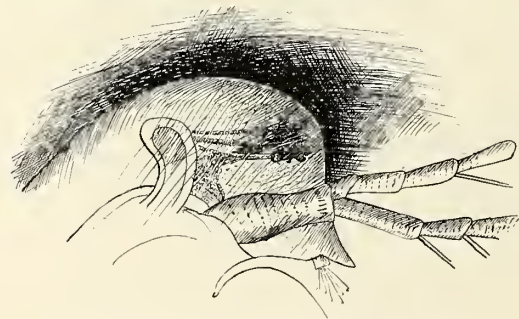
clustered a number of crystalline bodies which draw the rays of light like so many lenses, and in addition may catch a little of the color, and possibly of the form, of surrounding objects. This eye is turned up and down by the muscles shown in the picture, which act much like rubber

A large number of other small animals known as crustaceans, besides *Daphnia*, have a single eye in the middle of the head; and since in some cases the eye is dumb-bell-shaped, this is taken as an indication that the eye is in reality a pair which have grown together to form a single organ. One of the commonest of these one-eyed forms is called *Cyclops*, after the huge giant

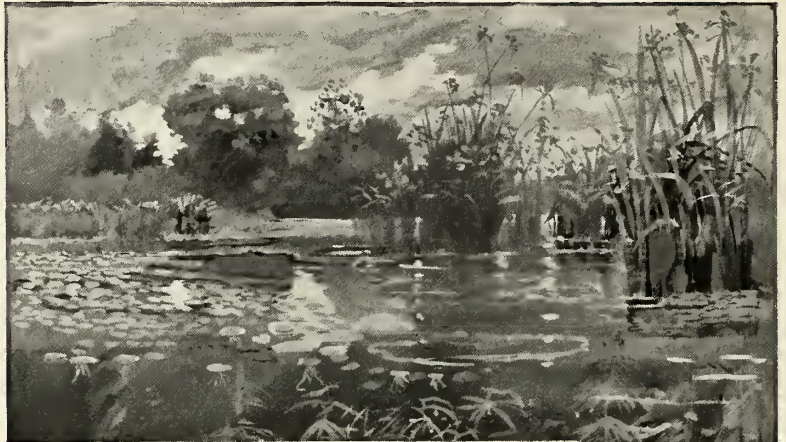


DAPHNIA (MAGNIFIED).

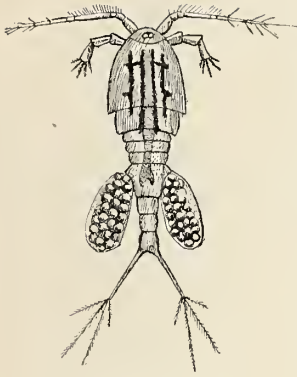
bands, and the eye is constantly cocked up and rolled around as if to search farther into the world of which it can learn so little.



THE EYE OF THE DAPHNIA (GREATLY MAGNIFIED).



whom the Greek hero Ulysses outwitted so cleverly, although the similarity lies rather in the possession of a single eye than in the size; for while Cyclops the famous giant waded far out in the ocean after the ships of Ulysses, Cyclops the crustacean would feel quite at home in a teaspoonful of water. The latter is found everywhere in fresh-water ponds, and may be recognized by its rounded body and tapering tail, and, in many cases, by the two egg-sacs, which are often attached to the sides of the body in the female. A relative of Cyclops, found also in fresh water, though not so commonly, bears the name of *Polyphemus*, which, it will be remembered, was the real name of the particular Cyclops with which Ulysses had to do; and we can imagine how some old natu-



CYCLOPS (MAGNIFIED).

ralists must have laughed when they named these tiny, fragile creatures after the enormous mythical monster of the old Greek story-writers.

You can easily obtain a large number of these tiny animals by pouring the clear but stagnant water through a tea-strainer. Examine with a pocket-microscope.

HARRIS H. WILDER.

Zoölogical Laboratory, Smith College,
Northampton, Massachusetts.

A VERITABLE JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Now is the time to look in the folded leaves of the spice-bush and of the sassafras-tree for the most startling of butterfly larvæ. It is perfectly harmless, but the appearance of the eye-like spots makes it formidable.

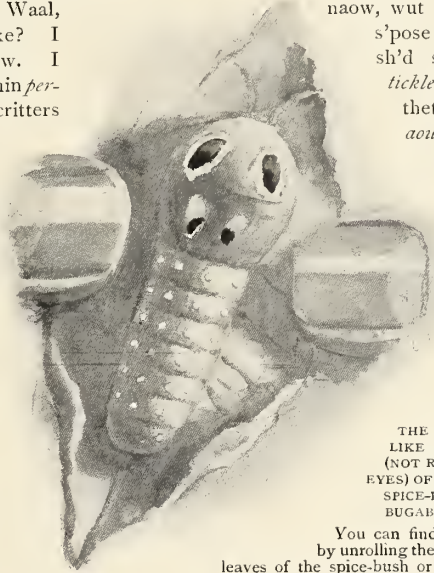
William Hamilton Gibson called it "the spice-bush bugaboo." Here is the way he records one experience :

The farmer, a venerable "old inhabitant," came from his doorway to see what I was after, well knowing from experience that I was looking for "bugs" of some sort. When he had approached close to my elbow I suddenly opened one of the leaves. Had it contained a

viper he could hardly have appeared more excited. "Be conscience' sakes!" he exclaimed, starting backward with affright, "I never see sech a beast. Ef I 'd 'a' known I hed sech wild-lookin' pizen critters around my dooryard, I 'd 'a' been scar'd to go out o' nights. Wut *be* they?" he continued, pausing a safe distance up the path. "A kind o' snake er grub, I s'pose."

"It is only a caterpillar."
"Waal, make? I know. I suthin *per-* o' critters

a caterpillar."
naow, wut 'll *he* s'pose you sh'd s'pect tickler out thet start aout like thet.



THE EYE-LIKE SPOTS (NOT REALLY EYES) OF "THE SPICE-BUSH BUGABOO."

You can find them by unrolling the curled leaves of the spice-bush or sassafras-tree.

Like 'nuff you 'll git an *awol* er suthin aout on 't. Ugh!"

"Oh, there 's nothing to get scared about," I replied, smoothing one of the caterpillars.

"Ugh! I would n't tech the critter fer a nine-dollar bill!" he exclaimed, as he started with a shudder that fairly electrified his aged being, and almost ran back to his cottage door.*

A little later the larva changes to a chrysalis which lives through all the winter. Next spring there emerges the well known blue swallow-tail butterfly.

The eye-like spots on this caterpillar remind one of the eyed-elater.



EYED-ELATER.



BLUE SWALLOWTAIL BUTTERFLY.

* From "Sharp Eyes," by W. Hamilton Gibson. Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

“LIKE FAIRY CHANDELIERS.”

THE fruit of a plant is often more interesting than the flower, and the boys and girls who have learned to know a plant by its blossom have learned not more than half of its secrets.

The curious fruit of the crane's-bill (*Geranium maculatum*), which looks

like a fairy chandelier, may be found almost anywhere along shady roadsides or in open groves. Its queer behavior is worth studying.

If you look for the green fruit soon after the purple petals have fallen, the withered stigmas show that each compound pistil has grown into a slender green column.

When this little candle-shaped fruit has ripened, it reminds you of a miniature chandelier, for the five dry brown styles have split away from the central column and have curled up, carrying with them the five little empty seed-pods, as shown in the illustration.

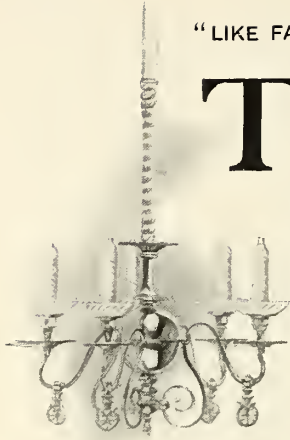
In this position the seed-boxes are inverted and look as if the seeds had been spilled on the soil beneath the parent plant. To prove that this is not the case, and that the seeds were *thrown*, select a fruit which shows signs of maturity. Place the point of a pin underneath a ripened seed-box. The dry brown style flies back like a piece of elastic and shoots the seeds into the grass, possibly hitting the brim of your hat, as it did the writer's, with a slight whizzing sound.

A stir in the grass or the brush of an insect's wing often causes a series of mimic explosions, for the jar of one shooting seed-box is likely to set off the rest of the circle.

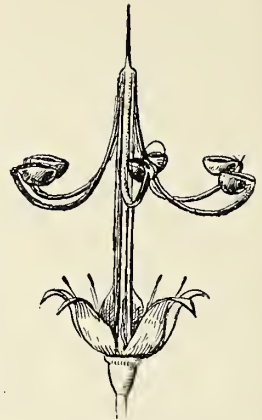
A person who was experimenting with the seeds to see how far they would shoot placed a bunch of fruiting crane's-bill on a covered table in a dry room. The table-cover was soon strewn with seeds. Many of them shot a distance of three feet, and several lay six feet and three inches from the vase.

It is an interesting fact to note that after the seeds are expelled the dry elastic styles become limp on a dewy morning, and that they close and unclose with the sun like tiny umbrellas, until the wind and the rain destroys them. This proves that the seeds do not shoot in wet weather.

W. C. KNOWLES.



THE CANDLE-SHAPED FRUIT OF THE CRANE'S-BILL.



SEED-PODS BECOME "LIKE FAIRY CHANDELIERS."



CRANE'S-BILL, OR WILD GERANIUM, IN FLOWER.

PRETTY AND VARIED FORMS OF DEW.

LAST winter we studied the delicate six-sided patterns of the snow crystals and the lace-like and fairy forms of the frost. Now we may examine "the freaks of dewy decoration," and find an equally endless variety of flashing spangles, glittering jewels, silvered surfaces, and dainty forms. Even to the unaided eye that sees things carefully, rather than looks at them casually, there is an indescribable beauty of these solid moisture decorations of frost and snow crystals of winter, and of the liquid dew of summer.

But bring some of these forms under a pocket-microscope or a large reading-glass in strong light, and you will discover that the beauty is veritably of the "Oh, my!" kind.



"JEWELS" OF DEW ON STRAWBERRY-LEAVES.

The pearly-edged strawberry-leaves in the foreground of the accompanying illustration were drawn from photographs sent us by W. A. Bently, of Nashville, Vermont. The boy in the background is not only examining various leaves that have dewy decorations, but is setting a good example to all our young folks of examining dew patterns in the early morning.

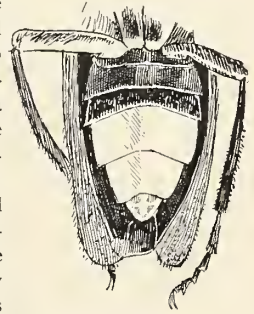
TREES ILLUMINATED BY FIREFLIES.

ONE of our grown-up boys, James C. Scott, an attorney-at-law at Fort Worth, Texas, states that he has read St. NICHOLAS for twenty-four years—"with as much pleasure as my children and grandchildren." He sends the following account of an observation that will doubtless be of interest to the "other young folks."



FIREFLY.

Several years ago, I was returning home about three o'clock in the morning, riding horseback down a creek-bottom, when I saw a large tree, two or three hundred yards from me, lighted up so I could distinctly see the outlines of the tree. It was a dark night, and that was the only tree I could distinguish in the valley. I did not understand it. I was not superstitious, yet a strange feeling of curiosity and wonder was aroused. Two miles farther I crossed the river (West Fork of Trinity) and passed through dense timber. I rode under another tree lighted up just as the first one I saw. It was a large pecan-tree, and probably had honeydew on the leaves that attracted the fireflies in great numbers—so many that each one's fitful light, added to the thousands of others, lighted the tree as well as hundreds of little lanterns would have done. I could see the limbs and leaves distinctly. I have seen the same magic lighting since, but not so brightly.



UNDER SIDE OF BODY OF OUR COMMON FIREFLY, SHOWING LIGHT-GIVING SEGMENTS.

Fireflies are more abundant in the Southern than in the Northern States, but in any part of the country such outdoor Christmas-tree illuminations in summer are not very common objects.



CUCUJO FIREFLY OF BRAZIL.

This summer, however, I saw from the train, at about midnight, on the meadows between Philadelphia and New York, such an innumerable number of the fireflies as to make a continuous light.



WEST INDIAN FIREFLY.

Often brought alive to the United States.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

THE EXCAVATION OF A HOME.

CLINTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The home of the chickadee is in many cases hollowed from the inside of some decaying old birch. It is an intensely interesting sight to watch the little fellow excavate his house. This last spring, in April, I had the remarkable privilege of being allowed by Mr. and Mrs. Chickadee to watch the ceremony of dedication, so to speak.

Well and faithfully had they worked, that loving pair; sharing alike in the toil of excavating, alike the joys of returning spring, alike the danger of naughty little boys with air-guns and the lesser dangers of the forest. And now, after their long work was nearly done, they could afford to be a trifle deliberate in their motions. Not that they did n't move quickly,—they always do,—but the exceedingly deliberate manner with which they removed the decayed wood, billful by billful, was enough to make the eyes of a village idler turn green with envy.

About this time I happened along—great clumsy I, blundering my way upon them, snapping the twigs and rustling the dry leaves, not to speak of the awful screech of a whistle that rushed from my lips. It was truly enough to alarm the bravest of birds, but dear little Mr. and Mrs. Chickadee were not to be so scared, and kept on, very methodically, about their work. First Mr. Chickadee would fly from his perch in a neighboring iron-wood to the birch, and, after entering the hole in its broken top, returned to his perch again with a billful of rotten wood. A quick jerk of his round black head, and a shower of birchwood dust was sent over the surface of the brook over which the birch



CHICKADEES BUILDING A NEST.
From Dallas Lore Sharp's "Wild Life near Home": The Century Co.

slanted. Mrs. Chickadee then took her turn, and, flying from her perch in a neighboring birch, repeated the operation. They did this many times, until just the tip of the square little tail of Mr. Chickadee was visible when he was in the hole. Then each alighted on a small branch. The loving pair were tired, and needed to rest from their labors.

How much there is in forest and field to watch, study, and wonder over! Sometimes I feel almost bewildered with the variety of life, the busy, busy life of Mother Nature's realm. So whenever I see anything I cannot explain,—a rolled leaf, a strange twig, an unknown mineral,—I take it home and attempt to name it from books. How much easier you can remember what men say than books! You really need some one who can tell you about the interesting things.

Your sincere friend and lover of nature,

DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY.

How busy are the chickadees when building their nest, and how sociable are they when they are not engaged in household cares! Little blackcap chickadee persistently introduces himself by calling his own name. It is our fault if we don't get well acquainted with this little "brother of the air."

INGENUITY OF A CAT.

HARTFORD, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know of a cat who has lost one of her fore feet in a trap. She can no longer sit up and wash her face, so she lies on her back and washes it. Don't you think that is clever of her?

Your interested reader, ALICE CONE.

LEAVES UNITE AROUND THE STEM.

DEADWOOD, S. D.

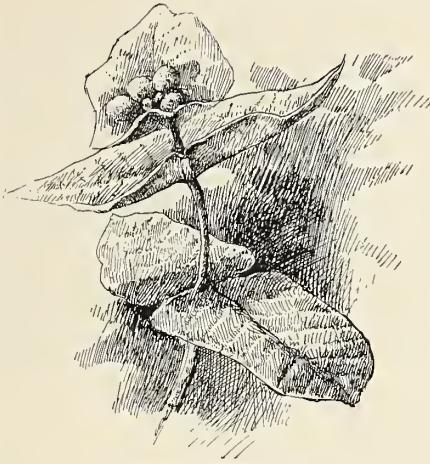
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While walking on the hills I saw a bush with a few bright-red berries on it. On closer examination of the bush I found that the leaves at the branch summits were peculiarly formed. It seemed as though two leaves, like the lower ones but wider at the base, had grown together base to base, forming a cup. From the center of each cup a stem grew bearing a cluster of berries. They are hardly matured yet, but in most of the clusters all but one or two berries were shriveled up. Whether some insect has destroyed them or not I do not know. Hoping others will be interested as well as myself, I am,

Your devoted reader,

LYDIA E. BUCKNELL.

This is the trumpet-honeysuckle (*Lonicera sempervirens*), and is an excellent example of leaves uniting around the stem. In this the upper leaves unite.

Examine the common boneset of meadows



TRUMPET-HONEYSUCKLE.

and roadsides in lowlands, and note a similarity and yet a decided difference. What is that difference?

THE MUSICAL AND "RINGING ROCKS."

POTTSTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Ringing Rocks Park" is a wild and beautiful place about three miles north of Pottstown. The Ringing Rocks, a great natural curiosity, are a great mass of weather-beaten gray rocks, heaped together in wild confusion, and covering two acres of ground. Scientists are not wholly agreed as to their origin, but they state that it is certain they are related to some vast volcanic disturbances which agitated the earth hundreds of thousands of years ago. The rocks which give forth the best and clearest sound are found near the middle of the great mass, and when struck with a hammer or any other metallic substance give a distinct musical note. All the notes of several musical octaves may be produced from these stones. There is a group of selected stones behind the pavilion so arranged that they form an octave. Any musician can play airs upon them by means of a hammer. The Rocks are in a very picturesque location, being surrounded by a grove of fine trees. I inclose the best photograph of the Rocks that I can procure. In addition to this large group of which I send the photo-

graph, there is in the East Park a very interesting smaller group called "Little Ringers." They possess the same musical qualities as the larger group, though not in such a marked degree. There are also in the East Park Haystack Rock, Bullfrog Rock, and many other geological curiosities scattered here and there amid fragrant cedar-trees. The Rocks were held in veneration by the Indians from the earliest times, and many of their legends regarding the Rocks are still related. The whole park is very stony. I have been told that there is in this country only one other group of stones like these, and that it is in Arizona.

Yours respectfully,

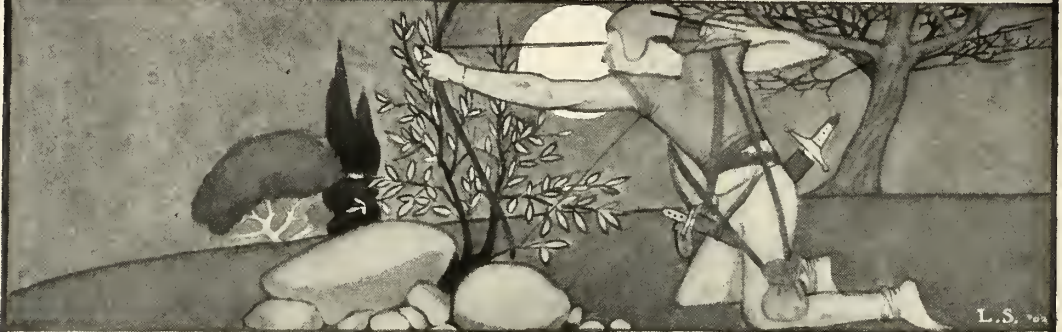
HELEN STETSON JEWELL (age 14).

"Ringing rocks" are simply close-grained, compact rocks which in weathering have broken up into comparatively thin slabs and blocks without much decomposition, or decaying, as some boys and girls would call it. They are likely, therefore, to be found in any region of compact rocks, particularly among what the geologists call igneous rocks, and are more likely to occur in dry regions subject to great extremes of temperature than in wet. The Ringing Rocks of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, are known as diabase (trap), a rock in nature like that which makes up the famous Hudson River Palisades. "Ringing rocks" of the same nature are found also at Black's Eddy, your State, and in various places in other States.



MUSICAL AND "RINGING ROCKS."

S T N I C H O L A S L E A G V E



f o r S E P T E M B E R

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY LEE SIMONSON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE mellow sun, the purple haze,
The peace of summer's closing days,
'T is these that make September seem
The picture of a poet's dream.

LESS verse has been written of September than of the months of spring—perhaps because September is itself a poem—the poem of the year. The richness of its golden fields mingled with the sadness of the dying summer-time, the first passing of the year's bloom and glory, the silence and the dream-like atmosphere upon the fields—these combine in a poem so complete in its imagery and so perfect in its setting that not many have had courage to try to express it in rhymes. September is a poet's month—a month in which he is content to revel and dream, to weave songs without words.

other competition on the same word and let these stories compete again. Of course all other members can compete, too, and it is by no means sure that any of the ones held over will win a prize, but the editor feels that they deserve another chance, and he is so encouraged by the marked improvement in our prose work that he is anxious to make the most of a good subject.

We have a number of fine poems this month by old friends—those who have already won one or more prizes and are on the road to greater triumphs. It is always a pleasure to use a poem or a story or a picture from an old friend, and we would do so much oftener if space would permit. Of course we must keep room for the new ones, for, don't you see, the old ones were once the new ones, and then they wanted room, too.



"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY HELEN DICKINSON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

We had another good subject this month for prose. The word "journey" brought so many good stories that every one of those whose authors' names appear on the Roll of Honor ought to be used, if we only had room. The best we can do is to have an-

DRAWING. Gold badge, Lee Simonson (age 14), 42 W. 68th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Elizabeth Otis (age 14), Sherwood, Cayuga Co., N. Y.; and Virginia Brand (age 9), 8 W. 131st St., New York City.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 33-

IN making the awards contributors' ages are considered.

VERSE. Gold badge, Margaret Alline Fellows (age 14), Suffern, N. Y.

Silver badges, Frances Paine (age 10), 76 E. 55th St., New York City, and Marguerite Betts (age 8), 130 N. Butler St., Madison, Wis.

PROSE. Gold badge, Marjorie Mears (age 16), 11 Northumberland Sq., North Shields, Northumberland, England.

Silver badges, Olive Clinton McCabe (age 14), 253 Marcus St., Walla Walla, Wash., and Philip Collins Gifford (age 10), care of Prof. S. K. Gifford, Brown, Shipley & Co., London, England.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, Helen Dickinson (age 13), Garvanza Sta., Los Angeles, Cal., and J. Parsons Greenleaf (age 13), Sparta, N. J.

Silver badges, Carolyn Putnam (age 14), Southampton, L. I., and Hazel Hyman (age 14), 1608 E. Colfax Ave., Denver, Col.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First Prize, "Deer," by Marjorie Schenck (age 12), Auburndale, Mass. Second Prize, "Seals," by Levis W. Minford, Jr. (age 12), 106 Wall St., New York City.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, Muriel Douglas (age 16), 29 Holmewood Gardens, Streatham Hill, S. W., London, Eng., and T. Lawrason Riggs (age 13), New London, Conn.

Silver badges, Gertrude Marfield (age 13), 3003 Vernon Place, Vernonville, Cincinnati, O., and Howard Hosmer (age 10), Nashville, Ill.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Elizabeth Williams (age 13), 5884 Cates Ave., St. Louis, Mo., and David A. Wasson (age 14), Kittery Point, Me.

Silver badges, Elizabeth Bishop Ballard (age 16), 247 South St., Pittsfield, Mass., Stella B. Weinstein (age 16), 115 Goliad St., San Antonio, Tex., and William Stix Weiss, Fort Washington, New York City.

OVER THE HILLS.

BY MARGARET ALLINE FELLOWS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

TWILIGHT again, the distant hills

Stretch out their shadows o'er all the vale;
Quietly murmur the trickling rills—
Evening is falling on hill and dale.

Down by the cow-path a tiny stream flows;
I linger and gaze in its pebbly bed.
The sun is setting, a light breeze blows,
And tiny Forget-me-not raises her head.

Hark! there 's a distant cow-bell's chime
From the grassy fields where the cattleroom;
Let down the bars; it is milking-time,
And Molly is calling the cattle home.

Over the hills where the pasture lies
The cow-bells tinkle and nearer come.
"Co-boss! Co-boss!" the milkmaid cries,
And over the hills the cattle come.

The sun has set and the day is done;
On the hill against the evening sky
I see them coming one by one,
And listen to the milkmaid's cry:

"Co-boss! Co-boss!" The sky is pink,
And wee Forget-me-not lifts her head
From the marshy grass at the streamlet's brink,
Over the hills to the cattle-shed.



"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY HAZEL HYMAN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

JIMMY'S JOURNEY.

BY MARJORIE MEARS
(AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

JIMMY was a chicken. He was made of cardboard and covered with yellow fluff, and his internal organs were represented by cotton-wool. He had come as an Easter egg to a little girl called May, and for two months he was her constant companion. She told him all her secrets, and he would have told her his if his little cotton-wool breast had contained any. One day May, the proud possessor of a whole penny, invested in a balloon from an old man who came round selling them—a beautiful pink balloon with a long string hanging from it. She played

with it for an hour, while Jimmy was left forgotten on the grass; but at last she went and fetched him.

"Jimmy," she said, "it's quite time you learned to fly; I'm going to teach you!" Then she tied him



"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY J. PARSONS GREENLEAF, AGE 13.
(GOLD BADGE.)



"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY EDITH C. HOUSTON, AGE 13.

firmly to the end of the long string. But alas! just as she had done so, a sudden gust of wind swept past, and away went Jimmy, balloon, and all!

In vain she ran and shouted; Jimmy floated away, up, up, over the tree-tops, and she never saw him again.

That same evening some rooks who had built a nest in a little wood a few miles away were just settling down to sleep when something pink came floating over the trees and caught among the branches, and Jimmy was hanging at the end of the string just above the nest!

How the baby rooks fluttered and screamed, and their parents rushed to investigate. "Why," said Mrs. Rook, "it's got feathers! Really not unlike us. What a splendid thing to help me keep the babies warm! It seems quite harmless"—pecking at it cautiously.

So they nibbled at the string until it broke and Jimmy tumbled into the nest. And there he stayed all the summer; and the babies nestled against him when it was cold and their mother was away; and Mrs. Rook said she "had never had such a help in nesting-time." And oh, how happy he was! And after they grew up and had flown, he stayed there for many months, swinging in the tree-top.

OVER THE HILLS.

BY MARGUERITE BETTS (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

DADDY FOX looked out one night
When the moon was shining bright;
Though the ground was white with snow,
Well he knew which way to go.

Daddy Fox he was a thief;
His ill deeds would pass belief.
Eggs he loved, and chickens too;
Where to find them fresh he knew.

Straight across the hills he sped,
Till he reached a poultry-shed;
Soft and stealthy, in he crept,
While the old hens soundly slept.

A WONDERFUL DAY IN OUR ITALIAN JOURNEY.

BY PHILIP COLLINS GIFFORD (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IN the morning we went to St. Peter's. We went up an inclined plane to the roof, which was quite like a small city. We crossed it to a stairway leading to the first gallery of the dome, where we admired the beautiful mosaics. At last we reached an outside gallery, from which there was a fine view. We climbed a steep stairway to a small room, where we rested a moment before climbing the little iron ladder not large enough to let anybody pass without squeezing, and found ourselves in the ball, where one cannot stand straight, and the highest point of St. Peter's, except the cross on its top.

When we came down we found that we could not visit the Sistine Chapel because the Pope was holding service there. A Dominican monk had told us to go to Monsignor Bislette if we wished to see the Pope, and mention that he sent us, as the Dominicans have great influence at the Vatican. Monsignor Bislette's secretary was in his office. When we asked if we could see the Pope, he said it was impossible; but when we told him a Dominican had sent us, he said, "Here are the tickets; go in at once." We hurried along, the gorgeous Swiss Guards pointing out the way, to the "Hall of Benediction." The Pope was carried slowly in the papal chair on the shoulders of six men to the throne at the end of the hall, where he held an audience. We could see him beautifully as he stood up in the chair and lifted his hand in blessing.

In the afternoon we heard that the King, Queen, and the Duke of Aosta would pass the Gate of San Giovanni, returning from the races. We took a carriage and drove



"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY CAROLYN PUTNAM, AGE 14.
(*SILVER BADGE.*)

to the gate. First came a great many splendid court carriages and noisy automobiles. Then came the King and Queen, sitting on the back seat of a victoria, with the Duke facing them. Their livery was simple, and the outriders were on bicycles.

And so with shouts of "Viva il re!" closed this wonderful day of our Italian journey.

OVER THE HILLS.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

OVER the hills and far below
Where sparkling streamlets swiftly flow,
Where flowers bend their pretty heads
To see their image in its beds,
On a starlight night
When the moon shines bright
The fairies laugh and dance and play.
But never will they
Come out by day,
Oh, no, indeed!
They hide in the reed
Till the sunlight goes away.



"SEALS." BY LEVIS W. MINFORD, JR., AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

A JOURNEY TO THE FROZEN NORTH.

Illustrated Story.

BY OLIVE CLINTON MCCABE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

LAST summer we spent a very delightful week on the way to Sitka, Alaska, by steamboat.

The first stop after leaving Seattle was at Victoria, B. C. It is a quaint old English town on Vancouver Island, Canada.

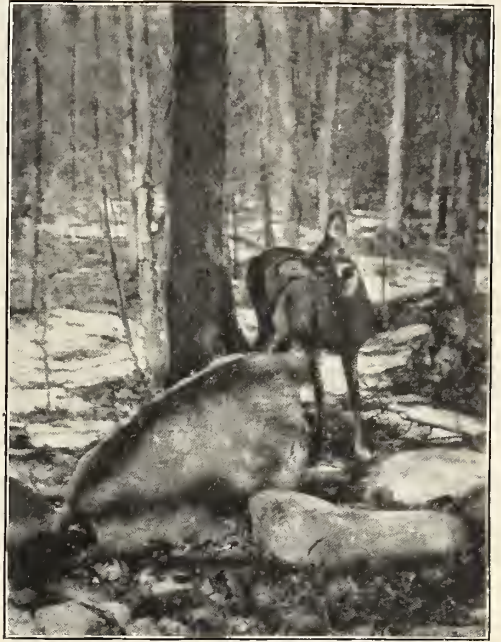
Then came a two days' stretch on the water, without a stop.

Late in the afternoon of the third day we came to an Indian village called Ketchikan.

There was nothing much of interest here except one or two Indian curio-shops and a totem-pole, which I promptly photographed. The Alaska Indians live in



"NOT VERY WILD." BY PHILIP S. ORDEVOY, AGE 15.



"DEER." BY MARJORIE SCHENCK, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

roughly built shacks of lumber, and every family of any importance has a totem-pole, or ancestral tree. Here I bought a silver bracelet which an Indian had made from a dollar.

The next stop was at Fort Wrangel. Here we visited the old fort, and saw several totem-poles.

Soon we arrived at Juneau. We saw a small Greek church and many baskets and curios at this place.

The next place was Skagway. We arrived at about 11:30 P. M., and it was just dusk. All



"KETCHIKAN." (SEE STORY.)

the passengers went uptown, and we found all the stores open. Our steamer did not leave until the next evening about six, so the following morning we went to the summit of the White Pass by railroad. We saw the old pass winding up the side of the mountain, where so many hundreds of lives were lost during the first Klondike craze.

Our last stop was at Sitka, but we made, on our way there, an eight-hour trip up into Glacier Bay. About two years ago our steamer sailed right up to the great Muir Glacier; but an earthquake occurred shortly after, which shook immense icebergs from the glacier, and we were scarcely able to get within eight miles of it.

Sitka is a beautiful town, and for the



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

reason that it contains the Capitol and a small army post, there are a few very nice people there; but the population consists mostly of Indians. There is also a beautiful Greek church. These churches have no seats, as ours do, and several of the pictures on the walls have only the faces and hands painted, while the garments are of solid gold and silver. This particular church contains one fifty-thousand-dollar Madonna of this kind.

This ended the most enjoyable part of our journey, for returning we saw the same places as before.

OVER THE HILLS.

A Sketch.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 15).

TOMMY longed to be a painter, but his hopes grew faint and fainter. His teacher said, "Just as you see put in your colors bold and free." Over the hills in purple west, the sun was sinking to its rest. "A lovely picture I shall make," quoth Tom. "I'll use my crimson lake." Goodness! Ere he'd had time to think, the heavens were a sweet rose-pink. Then, before his very eyes, to his wondering surprise, yellow, red, and purple rays followed in a perfect blaze. Tommy gazed with much delight, and sudden realized that 't was night! Our friend resources did not lack; he brushed his canvas o'er with black.

OVER THE HILLS.

BY TERESA COHEN (AGE 10).

'MID leafy branches overhead
Birds sing their sweet wild forest lay;
Flowers dot the meadow as the stars
In heaven dot the Milky Way.
The little brook laughs as it flows along,
As if in a gay and happy mood;
Like sentinels the tall trees stand,
The stately giants of the wood.
Bright butterflies and humming bees
Float o'er the flowers like fairies gay,
Thus robed in nature's garments lie
The hills, those hills so far away.

OUR JOURNEY.

BY WILLIA NELSON
(AGE 15).

WE all climbed into the old farm-wagon and started for a day's journey into the Flint Hills. The sun was slowly rising, a great ball of fire, and changing to rose-color, a few gray, feathery clouds floating in the sky.

The stubble in the meadow was damp with the night's dew, and the new stacks of sweet-smelling hay were silhouetted against the clear blue sky. In the corner of a rail fence encircling an orchard was a mass of golden-rod. On the top rail sat a meadow-lark singing clearly and sweetly.

We passed from the lane to the rolling prairie, or rather pasture, for it is fenced, but no one can see to the opposite side. The cattle were peacefully grazing on the short grass, with looks of contentment on their faces.

On, on, till in the distance we saw the hills, pointed, rounded, of many shapes and sizes, and the blue haze that is always upon them made them appear weird and spectral. The hills are not very large, but what they lack in size is made up in number.

There is a scraggy cedar on the side of a bluff, growing among large slabs of blue flint, and here are clumps of wild currant and gooseberry bushes, whose leaves are already yellowing. Bunches of prickly-pear were growing on rocky places where even the buffalo-grass could not take root.

There was the pond, situated on a "draw." It is large enough to be called a lake, though of course it is only a pond in Kansas. The waves, in never-ending succession, beat against the mossy rock-work of the dam with a hollow, mournful sound. A green water-snake,



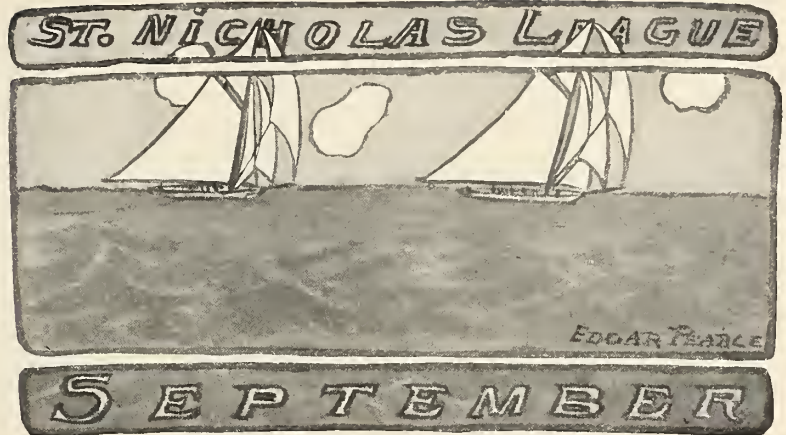
"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY ADA H. GARRISON, AGE 17.

sunning itself on the bank, glided noiselessly into the water as we approached.

Peace and quiet were everywhere, only occasionally disturbed by the distant lowing of cattle and the quick, sharp buzz made by a grasshopper flying through the air.

The day passed all too quickly for us explorers. The shadows made by the hills grew longer, and the blue haze deepened into gray.

The sun slowly sank from sight, leaving a fading pink glow behind, as we, with our hands full of "specimens," journeyed homeward from the Flint Hills.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY EDGAR PEARCE, AGE 17.

MARGARET'S JOURNEY THROUGH FAIRYLAND.

BY MARY GRIGSBY (AGE 13).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARGARET, a mortal child; PUCK and MUCK, two brownies; ROSELEAF, DANDELION, HARELIP, and BLUEBELL, fairies; OLEANDER, the fairy king; a number of subjects and attendants.

SCENE I. A mossy dell wherein the fairies and brownies are holding a midnight revelry. Enter two brownies, leading between them a shy, frightened mortal child with her arms full of daisies and other wild flowers. On being granted permission to speak, PUCK begins:

To you, your Majesty, our king,
We fain would dare a request to bring:
That your fairies, before they farther roam,
Will accompany this poor maiden home.
We found her tremblingly (poor mortal)
Crouched beneath our fairy portal,

By her golden tresses gowned,
By a wreath of wild flowers crowned.

KING.

Indeed, she is a pretty maiden,
With her arms with daisies laden.
You, my subjects, how do you feel
Regarding our kind PUCK's appeal?

FAIRIES ALL.

We agree with your Majesty,
To take her home immediately.

SCENE II. They all arrive at a tiny lake, and embark in a canoe. Strains of music are heard, and the fairies sing, while MARGARET falls asleep.

Quickly row, quickly row,
Lightly touch the shining water;
Give the mortals back their daughter.
Quickly row, quickly row.

Quickly row, quickly row,
Lovingly the moon's rays gleaming
On the head of her who 's dreaming.
Quickly row, quickly row.

Quickly row, quickly row,
The stars their midnight vigil keeping
Over her who 's sweetly sleeping.
Quickly row, quickly row.

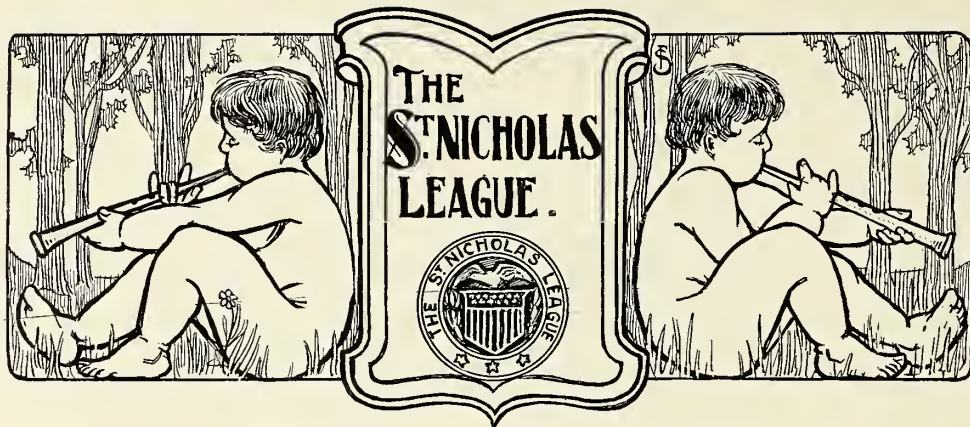
The strains of music cease, the boat touches the shore, and MARGARET awakes. The brownies carry her on shore, and are about to disappear when MARGARET calls them back. She sings softly:

Sadly and sorrowfully Margaret must
roam;
Oh, pity the poor girl that has no home,
Whose friends are all dead, and who 's
now left alone;

Whose blighted young life has only
begun,
Who 's a wanderer by night, when the
day's work is done,
Who 's a friend to all sorrows and
stranger to fun!



"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY S. BUTLER MURRAY, JR., AGE 14.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 16.

After a consultation, it is decided that MARGARET is to be chosen queen of the fairies. Her wreath of daisies is placed on her head, and all the fairies catch hold of one another's hands and sing:

All hail to sweet MARGARET, our dear fairy queen,
The loveliest mortal that ever was seen.
Kingdoms may perish and time pass away,
But MARGARET will still hold her sovereign sway.

CURTAIN.

A JOURNEY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY ALICE W. PHILLIPS (AGE 14).

LITTLE do the people think when they can come to California in luxurious Pullman cars, traveling night and day with every comfort, how they would have had to come fifty years ago.

A party of people left New York early in the winter of 1852 on the old ship "Georgia" for Aspinwall. It was indeed an old ship—almost unseaworthy and full of rats; and before Aspinwall was reached the provisions had grown stale and the water ruddy.

At Aspinwall throngs of people were waiting for the little train which was to convey them thirty miles. This was then the extent of the Panama Railway. At the end of the thirty miles' ride in crowded, stuffy cars, boats were taken on the Chágres River. These boats were pushed by the native men, and they took the people as far as Cruces.

The night was spent at Cruces in a miserable little room; the people slept on bunks fastened to walls of the room instead of beds.

Next morning the men went out to hire mules from the natives for the ride over the mountains. The women donned trousers and short wrappers, for bloomers were not then thought of. They mounted astride their mules like the men, and the children were carried in chairs slung over the backs of the natives. The trip over the mountains was very hard. The trails were steep and narrow, good provisions hard to procure, and the heat intense.

When Panama was at last reached, after a tedious week spent on the isthmus, the people found that their trunks had not ar-

rived. They must either forfeit their passage on the "California," which was awaiting them, or lose their trunks. Most people chose the latter, and boarded the California without their baggage.

As the California neared the Golden Gate a squall arose, and the huge breakers washed over the vessel, wetting everything. The people had arrayed themselves in their best to present a good appearance on entering San Francisco. But alas for reviving spirits and fine clothes! Both were sadly dampened by the water, and a sorry little band of people landed at San Francisco, January, 1853, having traveled far and endured many hardships to come to the "Land of Gold." My own grandmother was one of that party, and it is she who has given me the facts with which to write this little story.

MY LITTLE JOURNEY.

BY BEATRICE E. E. BAISDEN (AGE 15).

THE largest boat I ever sailed in was the steamer "Trinidad," in which I came here. It was about half-past eleven on a Thursday morning in Bermuda that the gong sounded for all to be aboard. With a glad yet trembling heart, I walked on board with the rest.



"A SUMMER SNAP-SHOT." BY MORGAN HEBARD, AGE 15.

This journey was by no means my longest, but my most interesting one. After passing out of the beautiful harbor of Hamilton, we sailed past many beautiful islands belonging to the Bermudas. The last was named St. George, which was one of the largest and also the capital of all the islands.

The wind was mild and the sky was of the balmiest blue, as becomes the isles of the Atlantic. As night drew on we lost sight of all land, and most of the passengers retired quite early to their state-rooms.

I arose very early the next morning, and, looking out of my window, I noticed that the weather, though clear, was very windy. There were not many passengers on deck, for many of the passengers were already seasick. At meals that day there was hardly any one at the table; and before evening came on nearly every one went to their state-rooms.

The next day, which was Saturday, the weather was still worse. A few gentlemen, two or three ladies, and two little boys and myself were the only ones at the breakfast-table. The stewardess and the stewards said I was a good sailor, considering that nearly every one else was seasick.

The same afternoon at two o'clock we landed in the harbor of New York, having sailed in two days and a few hours.

When we got on a trolley-car, I was astonished to find out that the car was for any one, and it stopped wherever you wanted it, for I thought the car that we were on was especially for the passengers.

The trolley-cars, elevators, high buildings of eight, nine, ten, and twenty stories high were quite unknown to me. For on the island of Bermuda there is no room for such things, and the rural life is much better there than it would be here. Before the week was out I got quite accustomed to the hustle and bustle that was around me. Here my journey ends for the present.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY VIRGINIA BRAND, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

OVER THE HILLS.

BY M. LETITIA STOCKETT (AGE 17).

WHEN in the woods the shadows fall,
And the white owl cries *tu-who!*
And the fireflies gleam in the twilight dim,
And the stars are shining too,
Over the distant purple hills,
Where softly the breezes blow,
A peal of elfin music shrills,
First high, then sweet and low.

Out from each secret hidden nook,
At the sound of that silver tune,
The airy folk, with jest and joke,
Dance 'neath the light of the moon.
With here a caper and there a hop,
They form in a fairy ring,
And over the hill their voices shrill
As they merrily leap and sing.

And oh, but the elfin folk are wise!
They are mischievous, tricky fays!
And sharp are their tiny ears and eyes,
And cunning their elfin ways.
They never appear when the sun shines bright,
But wait till the moon hangs low,
Then quickly they pass through the dewy grass,
And dance in the yellow glow.

A JOURNEY TO THE WHITE CLOUD HILLS.

BY LIONEL DREW (AGE 12).

WHEN I was about nine years old I lived with my family in Canton, China, having been born in Pekin. During the summer we made an interesting trip to a Chinese temple in the White Cloud Hills, a few miles out of Canton.

We started in sedan-chairs early one Saturday morning. The foreign settlement is about a mile from the Chinese city, and soon we were entering the west gate, blocked by a noisy crowd of work-coolies. As we were conveyed swiftly through the city, we noticed that the crowd parted at the sight of the official hat (which denotes rank) worn by our bearers.

The shops are open to the street, and the owners are shouting out their wares. We soon



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 11.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY CECIL EDWARDS, AGE 17.

reached the water's edge and boarded a small launch, which moved off and glided swiftly down the river.

A large portion of the population live on the river in small boats, and many of them never go ashore.

We arrived in about ten minutes at another wharf, and found several ponies and their owners ready to carry us up the hills. The trip up was a hard one for the ponies, but in about an hour's time we reached the temple. We paid the drivers a few "cash," and entered one of the back rooms of the temple, as we were not allowed to go where the idols were. The priest was very civil and asked us to take dinner with him, but as we had brought our own we declined.

After we had had our lunch we asked the priest if he would take us to see the idol for a quarter. He said he would, and led us into a very large room lighted by one lamp. On an altar in front of us were set bowls of rice and other food for the idol. The idol was a very hideous figure about twenty feet high, with at least ten pairs of hands and feet. It also had one eye in the middle of its forehead.

We then started to go home. We were in fear of falling as the horses ran down the mountain, but we reached the launch in safety, and turned toward home, having had a very enjoyable journey.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY
(AGE 14).

THE fields are gay with flowers, my dear;
The bees go buzzing by;
And see, above yon blushing rose,
A glowing butterfly.
Oh, there are dainty buttercups, my dear,
As golden as your hair;
And daffodils, and lilies white,
As pure as they are fair.
Go, gather while you may, my dear;
Cull ev'ry blossom gay
Before the winter frost and chill
Sweeps ev'ry bloom away.
So gather in *life's* flow'rs, my dear,
While ev'ry hue is bright;
Enjoy each pleasure while you may,
With youth's supreme delight.

For when the changing meads of life
Are white with frost and rime,
You ever will look back to see
The fields of summer-time.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY
MARGARET WHITE, AGE 13.

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS TOYS.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD
(AGE 13).

OH, the little boy is tired to-night—
He has played the whole long day;
With coos and laughs he has happy been,
So happy and cheery and gay!
And what has made the little boy tired?
You 'll be quite surprised when you know.
Why, the wooden dog Ned

With the wiggly head,
And the horse that will not go.

And, oh, he 's so tired when bedtime comes,
And he 's robed in his gown of white,
He 's fast asleep in his nurse's arms
Before he can say good night.

But when the morning's first sunbeams
Peep in at the little boy,
He jumps from his bed to his nurse's arms
With one glad whoop of joy.
And why is the little boy happy to-day?
You 'll be quite surprised when you know.

Why, the wooden dog Ned
With the wiggly head,
And the horse that will not go.

MY VISIT TO KAIULANI.

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 16).

DEAR old Sol was setting slowly
O'er the ocean's sapphire brow,
And his rays were last caressing
Palm and tree of Ainahou,

As I wandered up the driveway
'Neath the banian and the palm,
Where the loneliness was blessed
And the silence was a balm.

Kaiulani came to meet me;
She was clad in simplest white,
And the sunbeams falling round her
Seemed to form a halo bright.

"Welcome! Welcome!" was her greeting,
"Welcome, friend, to Ainahou!"
And she placed her hand caressing
For a minute on my brow.

Then she called my cousin to me.
Smiling still, she left us there,
And the rays of fading sunlight
Crowned with gold her shining hair.

NOTICE.

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League Membership. Send for badge and instruction leaflet, free.

OVER THE HILLS AT SUNSET.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 11).

Over the hills in the land of clouds,
 Silent a mystical city lies;
 Sentinels stand like ghosts in shrouds
 Guarding these castles that touch the skies.
 Smiles from the sun gild each minaret;
 From his blushing face pink shadows fall,
 While a purple haze like a coronet
 Floats o'er the towers so grand and tall.
 Over the hills come the breezes swift,
 Wafting the mystical city away.
 The sentinels flee and the gray castles drift,
 And the vision fades with the dying day.

And as the years went on the same and centuries rolled by;
 The oysters dead still lying there did turn to stone so dry.

For many years the oysters stayed there, turned to hard,
 hard stone;
 For centuries in hard dry rock they lay there all alone;
 But men at last did find them there and took them from
 their bed,
 And they called them fossil oysters, these little oysters
 dead.

The oyster small whom I began this little rhyme about
 On a shelf right here in Grenville with others is laid out.
 I found him in a small ravine where oyster-beds do lie,
 And where some centuries ago the oyster small did die.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE
"PETRIFIED INDIAN."

BY BERTHA CADIEN (AGE 15).

WHEN we moved from St. Paul to Seattle, Washington, we took the Canadian Pacific route, and during that trip saw some of the most varied scenery, beautiful beyond description; but part of the country we passed through was more interesting than picturesque.

After traveling two days and nights we reached northern Montana. It is the most desolate country, and for miles and miles all we saw was alkali and stone—no vegetation whatever. At last the porter told us in a few minutes we would see a wonderful discovery made when the railroad was laid through that barren land. No white man ever lived on that ground, but for miles on each side of the track were Indian mounds one after another, and placed about five feet apart, as far as you could see. But the most wonderful was a petrified Indian standing on a high rock, about one hundred feet from the cars, with one arm raised toward heaven. It was a perfect Indian, and a sight one would never forget.

Even if it was only a formation of rock, it looked like it was standing there as a sentinel over the graves of the dead Indians who lay buried by thousands.

THE FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY HELEN O. CHANDLER (AGE 9).

Oh, fields of summer, green and fair,
 Why do you always stay out there,
 Where men with pitchforks come and say,
 "'T is time to be getting in the hay"?"

A TINY OYSTER.

BY KATHERINE TAYLOR (AGE 12).

ONCE a little oyster lived in the water so blue,
 But as I do not even know what little oysters do,
 I will now relate what happened and what of him became,
 And that's the best I can do, as I do not know his name.

For years the oysters lived there till the waters dried away,
 And as they could not live on land, the oysters died one day;



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY CONSTANCE WHITTEN, AGE 13.

RHYME OF JANE.

BY JEAN DICKINSON (AGE 5).

THERE was a pretty maiden and
 her name was Jane,
 And she played on the harp all
 day,
 And she never took time to make
 a rhyme,
 And she never fainted away.

MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY MAY H. RYAN (AGE 12).

I AM a large gray cat. My name is "Tobe." I live in a pretty home with my mistress.

Once she went away for a long time. Her brother slept in the house in the daytime; but he could not cook, and was of no use to me.

One afternoon thunder-clouds began to darken the sunny sky, and to storm steadily for several weeks. As it was in California, no one thought much of it; and all they said was, "All this rain will spoil the ripe crops."

I alone smelt danger in the air.

On the 17th of August the town was overhung with threatening clouds. All day long I was exceedingly nervous. Late in the day, just at dusk, a loud roar awoke me from one of my many cat-naps. Springing up, I perceived a black wall of something rolling toward me; and, with my tail swelling with fear, I dashed rapidly up a cottonwood-tree near by.

The great black volume rolled past me, striking the house with a crash. The roaring filled my ears.

I sat in the tree for several hours before I could stop my trembling. The moon came up, and the clouds cleared away. In a weak tone I began a serenade to the planet that rules a cat's destiny. My voice sounded barely audible above the roar.

Soon I saw a dark figure approaching the house, evidently with great difficulty. I mewed loudly. The figure stopped, put up an arm, and took me down. I recognized my mistress's brother.

The veranda had been torn down, the house very badly damaged. He struggled to the front door, unlocked it, and stepped in with me. Ruin reigned within.

"Glad you are safe, pussy," he said. "The flood has gone down several feet; no danger now."

CHAPTERS.

The members of Chapter 482 would be pleased to adopt Miss Netta Pearson of Russia. If she will write to Miss E. F. Duffield, 45 Nassau St., Princeton, N. J., they will be most happy to enter her name and receive her as an honorary member.

Chapter 348 gave a picnic at Belle Island, Mich., in honor of their anniversary, and have sent us a most interesting group of the members. We are always glad to receive chapter groups.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 537. "E. A. N. C." Alastair Kyd, President and Secretary; three members. Address, Edinburgh Academy, Henderson Row, Edinburgh, Scotland.

No. 538. "Jolly Half Dozen." Howard Wilson, President; six members. Address, 137 Poughkeepsie St., Newcastle, Pa.

No. 539. "Golden Eagle." M. Blossom Bloss, President; Senova Preston, Secretary; eight members. Address, 618 N. 24th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

No. 540. "Little Four." Cameron Squires, President; Springer Brooks, Secretary; four members. Address, 19 Summit Court, St. Paul, Minn.

No. 541. Harold Griffin, President; three members. Address, 130 Temple St., West Newton, Mass.

No. 542. "Hosmer Club." Eric Crawford, President; Minnie Landstrom, Secretary; thirty-seven members. Address, Watertown, Mass.

No. 543. "Twentieth Century Girls." Ella Husted, President; L. Blanche Phillips, Secretary; five members. Address, Box 66, Atlantic City, N. J.

No. 544. "Virten." Elizabeth Parker, President; Virginia Jones, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 308 Moore St., Bristol, Tenn.

No. 545. "The Ideal." Harry Barker, President; Lilius Littlejohn, Secretary; eight members. Address, Broadalbin, N. Y.

No. 546. "Gamma Iota Kappa." Elizabeth Gest, President; Margaret Cochran, Secretary; four members. Address, Lambertville, N. J.

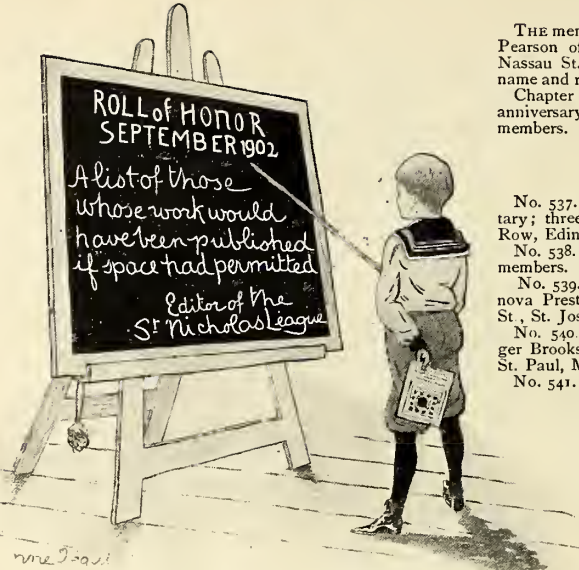
No. 547. Otto Naffz, President; nineteen members. Address, care of Miss Bertha Brown, Free Library, Madison, Wis.

No. 548. "Daisy Chain." Mary Woodman, President; Mary Sanger, Secretary; six members. Address, Hubbard Park, Cambridge, Mass.

No. 549. "Kentucky Chapter." Elizabeth Hutchings, President; Nannie Mason, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, 115 West Kentucky St., Louisville, Ky.

No. 550. Helen Henry, President; Aida Riley, Secretary; eight members. Address, 506 Ninth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 551. Alice Cousens, President; Eleanor Crehore, Secretary; two members. Address, Cohasset, Mass.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY YVONNE JEQUIER, AGE 17.

VERSE.

Helen L. Carrington
 Mary Halsey Averill
 Alice Harriet Cook
 Hilda B. Morris
 Miriam A. De Ford
 Helen Chandler Willis
 Clara S. Cutler
 Louise Chapman
 Gladys Edgerton
 Maria L. Llano
 Lena Adam
 Gerald Jackson Pyle
 Elsie Graves
 Josephine Fleckenstein
 Laurie Van Wart Ackerman
 Elizabeth Chabot
 Clara P. Pond
 Harold R. Norris
 Charlotte Baum
 Susanna Haigh
 Philip S. Smith
 Margery Bennett
 Mary Ellen Durr
 Florence L. Bain
 Leigh Sowers
 Janice Oliver
 Caryl Greene
 Wilhamette Partridge
 Louisa F. Spear
 Charlotte Morrison
 Dorothy Read
 Freda Phillips

Emily R. Burt
 Anna Welles
 Edna Mead
 Dorothy S. Biddle
 Eugenie V. Martin
 Ivy Varian Walshe
 Louise Reid Bruce
 Elizabeth Duffield
 Gertrude H. Heydtmann
 William A. Taussig
 Bennie Nicolet
 Ralph Blackledge
 Mary E. Parkman

Dorothy Flynn
 Irene Gaylord Farnham
 Aileen Hyland

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Elizabeth Heroy
 Isabel H. Noble
 Alice Mae Gray
 Pauline Wolf Bancroft
 Henry Ormsby Phillips
 Florence L. Kenway
 Clarissa Simonds
 Louis L. Delafeld, Jr.
 Constance W. Warren
 Ethel Gates
 Philip H. Suter
 Muriel Weber
 Frank Damrosch, Jr.
 Jarvis A. Britton
 Barbara Horton
 Florence Thornburg
 Alastair H. Kya
 Ethel Myers
 Gertrude Herbert
 W. Frohne, Jr.
 George Harris Baker
 Marjerie Mullins
 Alan McDonald
 Rosamond Sergeant
 Alice Fairhanks Day
 Michael Heidelberger
 Antoinette Heckscher
 Eloise Gerry
 Wendell R. Morgan
 Robert C. Hollowell

DRAWINGS.

Thomas Porter Miller
 Milton See, Jr.
 Edith Hoskinson
 Madge Falcon
 Fdwina Howard
 James H. Daugherty
 Lonlon Sloet
 Melton R. Owen
 Helen E. Jacoby
 George Crouse
 Will Timlin
 Ella Munsterburg
 Emily W. Browne
 Helen de Veer
 William J. Henderson
 Will M. Laughlin
 Mildred Wheat
 Phoebe Wilkinson
 Edna Youngs
 Saidee E. Kennedy
 Margaret Jane Russell
 Katherine F. Liddell
 Sarah C. McDavitt
 Marjorie Connor
 Louise Davidson
 Walter S. Davis
 Edythe Nicholson
 Florence Ewing Wilkinson
 Nancy Barnhart
 Margaret Wynn Yancey
 Anna H. Strang
 Frances Keeline
 Margery Burhans
 Harlan Frye
 Maude Whitten
 Agnes Patten
 Marion O. Chapin
 Margaret Daniell

PROSE.

Margarete Munsterburg
 Jessie Catherine Macurdy
 Zenobia Campubri Aymar
 Jessie F. Macley
 Lorraine Roosevelt
 Elizabeth Foulds
 Janet Golden
 Abby P. Morrison
 Mary Redfield Adam
 Octavia Donnie
 Mary C. Scheinman
 Eva L. Wilson
 Henry Goldman
 Ruth M. Peters
 Helen C. Brown
 Edith Agnes Madge
 Hannah M. Marcy

PUZZLES.

Jeanette Rathbun
 Dorothy Rogers
 Phebe E. Titus
 Virginia Worthington
 Caroline W. Benson
 N. Antrim Crawford, Jr.
 Helen Adele Seeligman
 Florence Short
 Irving Rulison
 Gladys Kralston Britton
 Edwin Doan
 Gretchen Neuburger
 Albert E. Stockin
 Mary Williams Bliss
 Paul J. Woodward



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY SAMUEL D. OTIS, AGE 12.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

L. BEATRICE PRITZMAN wants to know if a picture should be entered under the age when it was taken, or under that of the sender at the time of competing. It may be entered under the age when it was taken. But as a rule pictures should be taken especially for the competitions in which they are submitted. A picture taken for one competition may be submitted in another, if the subject is suitable.

In answer to several members: Yes; members may compete in the advertising contest and in the regular League competition in the same month if they desire to do so. The judges are different and the contributions do not conflict. Foreign members do not get the American advertising pages unless they take the American edition, which would hardly reach Europe before the 7th of the month.

Margaret Luce, Caro, Mich., would like the present address of Elsie Flower, her old correspondent.

MOUNT MEENAHGA, ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday we went to a cabin in the woods. We kindled a fire in the fireplace.

When we first lighted it we heard a squeak. We went outside of the cabin, looked on the roof, and what do you think we saw?

A field-mouse ran out of the chimney with a little one on her tail. It was evidently too young to walk, so she had put it there to carry it.

After she had been gone a few minutes, she came again with the little mouse in her mouth.

She hunted around for a place to put it. Finally she put it in a crack in the roof, and ran off to find a place of safety. Your young reader,

ROBERT M. JACKSON (age 10).

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: An incident occurred last summer which seems to show that thrushes have a good musical ear as well as a beautiful voice. My brother was lying in a hammock near the bush in which were the pair of thrushes of which I am speaking. Mr. Thrush began to call; my brother answered, but a half-tone lower. The thrush followed his lead until five whole notes below where he started. A few days after I was in the same hammock, and tried the same thing, excepting that I went half a tone higher. The thrush followed till he could go no higher, and flew around trying to find the other bird, and when he saw it came from me seemed very angry, and flew around, fairly chattering.

Your faithful reader,
RUTH POWERS (age 17).

WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am eighteen years of age, I have not, and never will, lose interest in the League. I would like, before I say good-bye, to ask through the League for a foreign correspondent.

I have always wanted to write to some one with different people and different surroundings. If any one in Scotland, France, Spain, or any other nation cares for a correspondent of this kind, I would be delighted to receive a letter from them.

Yours very truly,
BESSE JENKINS,
273 Paint St., Washington C. H.,
Ohio, U. S.

Other valued letters have been received from Selma Swanstrom, Signe Swanstrom, Marjorie McIver, Dulcie Lawrence Smith, Yseulte Parnell, Alice Fuller, Victor L. Sherman, Matsy K. Wynn, Laura S. Dow, Blanche Gaffey, Irene G. Farnham, Edwin Doan, Robert S. Hammond, Charles V. Anderson, Clara M. H., Mary P. Parsons, Margery Darrach, Winifred Tempest Sears, Ethelinda Schaefer, Jeanette Hawkes, Phoebe R. Ferris, Lydia E. Bucknell, Francis William O'Neill, Litta Voelchert, Pearl O. Maynard,



WE LIVE AS LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY CLARISSA ROSE, AGE 14.

The
St. Nicholas
League

Hilda B. Morris, Phoebe U. Hunter, E. F. Duffield, Ernest H. Wood, Margaret D. White, Dorothy Wadsworth, Dorothy Prescott, Marguerite G. de Neuf, Pedro Martin, James Pickands Maynard, Emily Storer, Katherine Norton, Grace E. A. Field, and Eugene White, Jr.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 36.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 36 will close September 20 (for foreign members September 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "When the Holidays Come."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Journey." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "September Days," and must be taken especially for this competition.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "December."

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

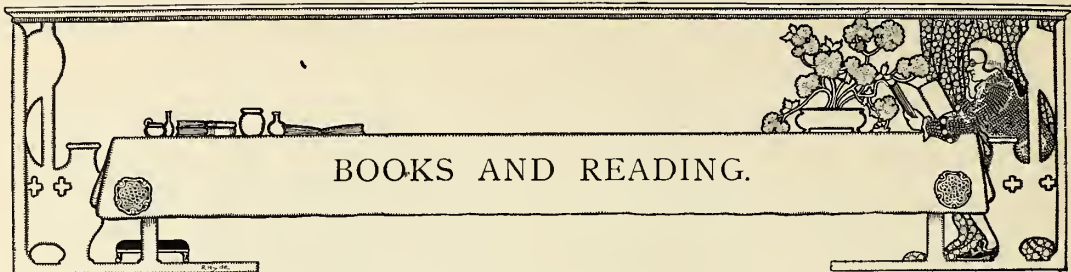
RULES.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.



"A TAILPIECE FOR SEPTEMBER." BY WILLIAM STANLEY DELL, AGE 9.



BOOKS AND READING.

SOMETHING ABOUT GEOGRAPHY.

IN the days when books were few, and even the learned could afford but a single little row such as Chaucer's "Clerk of Oxenford" had at his "beddes heed . . . clad in blak or reed," there was little need for putting them in order or for considering them in classes. They were simply to be read, read again, and studied until squeezed dry like an old orange-rind. Nowadays, when we may roam like honey-bees over a full-blossomed garden, we may imitate the bees in taking only from one sort of flower at each flight. That is, we may seek one kind of knowledge at a time from many books. If you are studying South America, for example, you will find no difficulty in selecting books that tell of that continent; and the books may be of many varieties. You will find on inquiry from teachers, parents, librarians, clergymen—all those very useful grown-up friends—that some of them can give you lists of books relating to South America and its nations—to big Brazil, clever Chile, peculiar Patagonia, brave Bolivia, and the respectable rest. You will find each subject amazingly interesting if only you are a little persevering. Lack of interest may come from ignorance only; and ignorance is curable in most cases.

. Begin, if you choose, by finding the origin and meaning of the name Venezuela. All "American" boys and girls should know something of the sister republics of South America, with whom we might well be on better terms. But the suggestion of these paragraphs applies as well to any continent, nation, island, or people. In the encyclopedias you will find good book-lists suggested at the end of many of the more important articles.

BACON'S ADVICE. OVER and over is quoted from Bacon's essay "Of Studies" the words: "Some *Bookes* are to be Tasted, Others to be

Swallowed, and Some Few to be Chewed and Digested." But few consider the advice of the whole essay, which is to apply by study remedies for every defect of the mind. Thus Bacon counsels us: "If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematicks." How many boys in school use their arithmetic to cure mind-wandering? On the contrary, is not the boy with a restless mind who decides he is not "cut out for a mathematician"? Bacon seems to think that a boy can develop and strengthen weak faculties of the mind just as the same boy can exercise his muscles and become stronger for baseball, tennis, football, or rowing. Possibly he is right, even though some young students disagree with him, and think each scholar should study only what he finds easy. And they might quote Shakspeare,—"In brief, sir, study what you most affect,"—without remembering that these words come from the mouth of a servant afraid his master may be too serious a student.

SELECT A SPECIALTY.

SOME persons say that ours is a time of specialists; that all branches of knowledge have spread so wide and borne so many leaves that it is not possible for any of us to study more than a few twigs. Perhaps this is true. Yet all may take a general view of the whole tree of science, and learn enough to know where to seek the fruits we prefer. But, at all events, the advice to know all about some one thing is wise, whether the object be to get on in the world, or to enjoy study. So young people will find it an advantage to make a choice among the smaller branches, and give a larger part of their spare time to their choice. If your love of reading leads to history, choose a single country, such as Switzerland, or a single period, such as the Commonwealth in England or the supremacy of Venice on the sea. If you pre-

fer science,—which means “orderly knowing,”—know all you can of a single subject, whatever it may be, whether Tides, Volcanoes, the Moon, Beetles, Magnetism, or Weaving. Do not fear that you will be narrowing your view; for any one thing properly studied will teach you something of all things.

MAKING PLANS. WHEN you return from your vacation in the mountains, on the shore, by the lakes, or amid the fields, looking tanned or ruddy, rested, refreshed, and ready to run a race, or like the boy in the country proverb, “Strong enough to butt a bull off a bridge!” do not make a set of resolutions which will require the patience of Job, the care of the Duke of Wellington, the endurance of Napoleon, and the strength of Hercules to carry into performance, else you will have a fine set of fragments amid which to sit like Marius on the ruins of Carthage. Set yourself something well within your powers, and then do as much more as you wish—for good measure. Do you remember the story of the college student? “John,” said he to a friend, “I have found out how to accomplish a lot. Get up at five, read till seven on Greek, then till eight on Latin. After breakfast, mathematics till eleven, logic till twelve, then German till one”—and so he continued until he had covered about eighteen hours of hard work during the twenty-four. “But, goodness me!” exclaimed the anxious friend, “you will break down under the strain! How long have you been doing all this?” “Commence tomorrow,” was the reply, and his friend was reassured.

In all your planning, allow for interruptions and for waste. Some of your best mental work will be done when you think you are idle.

BOOKS FOR THE VERY YOUNG. IN talking to “young readers” it is well to remember how great a difference there is between the eight-year-old and the sixteen-year-old, and the readers of five and six, too, have their rights.

An enormous amount of trash is decorated in gaudy colors and dumped upon store-counters “for the little ones,” who are of all others deserving of the best pictures and best writing. The passing years bring ability to choose for yourself, but little boys and girls must depend

upon their elders. Here is an opportunity for older brothers and sisters to do good. They may act as guides to lead the tiny feet in paths of pleasantness, and to save them from boggy and briery patches in the great Reading Land. You who read this department have sent many lists for yourselves. Won't you make lists for your juniors? Let us have some suggestions for books to be read aloud to the little listeners whose literature must come to them from the lips of kindly readers. And remember not to waste your pen and ink upon Mother Goose, the Brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen, and the Fairy books that every one knows. Let us all combine our wisdom for the benefit of the latest comers into the great heritage of English literature. To reward your kindness and to make the task lighter, St. NICHOLAS will give three subscriptions of one year each for the best list of books for readers or listeners under ten years. Any reader of the magazine may send in a list of from five to ten books or parts of books, and the three prizes will be given for the most useful and valuable lists. Direct them to the Books and Reading Department, St. NICHOLAS magazine, and let them be received before September 15. Do not write long essays; the names of the books, the publishers, the prices if possible, and a few remarks about the books will be enough.

TO WORK AGAIN. THIS department may seem rather serious in tone this month; but vacation is over, and we have had a number of amusing contests and competitions. It is time that we took up the more important part of our work—the consideration of the good that is to be derived from the printed pages of our good friends the books. There will always be time for the amusing side of literature, but there can be no true rest or recreation without work and thought to give it flavor. Cowper says:

Absence of occupation is not rest;

A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS. DURING the last few months, while this department has been given up to the contests already mentioned, many letters have accumulated, and now must receive attention. We will attend to the most important next month.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE age of Mr. Clarence Edwin Booth Grossmann, author of the story "Hunting the Puma," in the June St. NICHOLAS, was stated incorrectly in an editorial note in the same number. He is but fifteen.

THE frontispiece to the August St. NICHOLAS is from a painting by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, as stated in the table of contents; the name below the picture itself was misspelled in the printing.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl fifteen years old, and will take you as long as I can.

A couple of years ago my grandmother and I went to Gibraltar. We went up the Rock with an English soldier we got at a guard-house just before entering the tunnel which leads up the Rock.

Here and there were openings where cannon were placed and which let in the light. We went up and up till we came to a kind of a cave carved out of the solid rock. In this cave, or room, Nelson had his last dinner before the battle of Trafalgar. As this spot was very interesting, we looked all about the room and out at the splendid view. Then we turned to go down again. There are a great many tunnels running through the Rock; it would be a dreadful place to get lost in.

As we came out of the tunnel and descended the hill alongside the Rock, we saw an ape poking about the bushes above us, then it disappeared from view.

In Gibraltar the people in the stores are mostly Moorish; they try to cheat all tourists, so, what with the bargaining and talking, it is often quite a long while till you buy the thing you want. We also saw Mount Vesuvius during our trip. It is magnificent. A party of our friends went up and looked down the crater. At night we saw it all glowing, and it rumbled every little while, as if some one were firing off a cannon inside.

At Genoa we visited the Campo Santo. It is a very large cemetery on the side of a hill, with many beautiful statues.

I am eagerly waiting for the next number of St. NICHOLAS. I decorated my room with the covers, and it looks very nice.

Hoping to see this printed,

I remain your interested reader,

HELEN DE VEER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am living at my grandfather's farm, which is near St. Petersburg, for my holidays, or vacation, as you say in America. The school that I go to is a Russian one, on the Nevsky. It closed on May 21, and does not begin again till September 21. That is four months, which is rather a long time, is it not? The hay-making here has just finished. It was over in three weeks, as the weather has been so hot and dry; it generally does not finish for six weeks. Every morning at five o'clock the men and women, about a hundred of them altogether, went off to their work, the men with scythes and the women carrying rakes over their shoulders. They made such a pretty picture as they worked in the fields! The women wear loose cotton jackets and short skirts, with kerchiefs on their heads. Under

the kerchiefs the married women wear a tightly fitting colored cap, tied behind with ribbon or braid. Red is their favorite color, but they are also fond of bright blues, magenta pinks, emerald greens, and all other gay colors. The young women and girls decorate themselves with strings of large colored beads hung round their necks, and their hair, which they wear in plaits, is tied with a long ribbon. They either go barefoot or wear long, clumsy boots. I have a little rake, and sometimes I went to the fields and helped them. They called me Nastenka, which means "little Netta." They are all so sunburnt with being all day in the sun, and look so nice with their bright dresses and brown faces. The men wear colored cotton shirts, and trousers which they tuck into their long boots. They have breakfast, dinner, and supper in their eating-room, but in the afternoon, big round loaves of black rye bread, and tubs of a drink which is made from the bread, called kvass, are brought to the fields. The men gather round one tub, the women round another, eating huge chunks of bread and one by one drinking kvass from a big ladle which does for them all. They finish work at eight o'clock, and as they come home from the fields the women sing all kinds of village songs. They appreciate a strong voice more than a sweet one, and the one who can yell the loudest is called "a very good singer." I hope this letter is not too long to print.

Your loving reader,

NETTA PEARSON.

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I arrived home from Nova Scotia about two weeks ago. We went on the steamer "Halifax" and were all sea-sick, so we decided to come back by rail.

We had a terrible thunder-shower on the ocean, and the boat was struck twice by lightning.

We stopped at Halifax overnight. In the evening we took a drive through a park overlooking Halifax Bay, and the sunset that night was beautiful.

Built on a glacier rock in the park is an old English fort which the Indians used to attack. Halifax is built on the side of a hill.

There are a great many forts and barracks all around the town, and every place you go you see a soldier with a little cap on the side of his head and a little cane in his hand. They call them "Tommy Atkins," which I think is a very good name. We took a thirty-two-mile drive to Hubbard's Cove, where we stayed for ten days. We were sailing a great deal of the time.

We then took that long drive back to Halifax again, and had an accident at the last. We were coming down a steep hill and turning a corner when one of the horses slipped and fell, and of course pulled the other horse with him. We were quite frightened for a moment. We then stayed a day in Halifax. We went in an old Parliament building and saw some oil-portraits of some old English kings and queens.

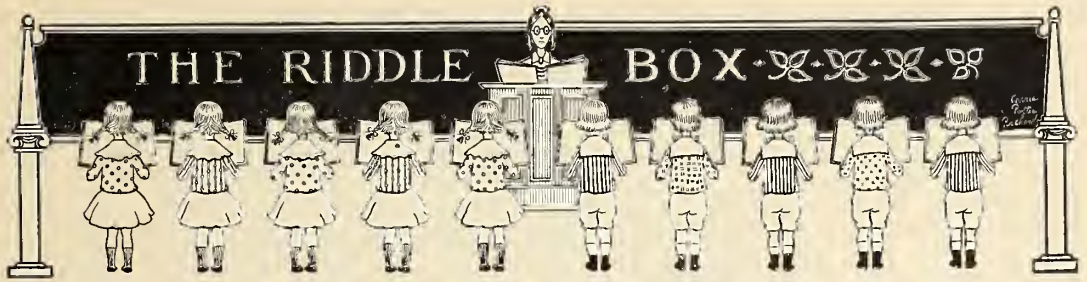
From Halifax we went to St. John and saw the reversible falls, which are the only ones in the world. The tide rises and falls from forty to fifty feet at St. John.

We then went right through to Boston. And in the afternoon of the day we spent in Boston we visited Boston Common and Cambridge and saw Longfellow's and Lowell's homes.

We had a delightful trip. But I must not stop to tell you any more, because my letter is getting very long.

Your very interested reader,

MARION ROSE SCHEFFLER.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Inch. 2. Chop. 3. Opal. 4. Also. 5. Sofa. 6. Fair. 7. Iron. 8. Only. 9. Lyre. 10. Rest. 11. Stun. 12. Undo. 13. Dove. 14. Vein. 15. Inch.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Spin. 2. Pore. 3. Iris. 4. Nest.

NOVEL PUZZLE. Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1. Night, eight. 2. Ail, nil. 3. Tear, rear. 4. Hut, out. 5. Aid, hid. 6. Naught, taught. 7. Ion, won. 8. Ever, aver. 9. Lave, have.

RIDDLE. Quest.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Christine Nilsson. 1. Chord. 2. Wrist. 3. Paste. 4. Chain. 5. Alien. 6. Grill. 7. Essay. 8. Onion.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Harvest. 1. Hare. 2. Alligator. 3. Roebuck. 4. Vulture. 5. Elephant. 6. Swan. 7. Turtle.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Knead. 2. Norse. 3. Erase. 4. Assam. 5. Deems. II. 1. Tamed. 2. Alone. 3. Moist. 4. Enue. 5. Deter. III. 1. Smart. 2. Meter. 3. Atone. 4. Rends. 5. Tress. IV. 1. Remit. 2. Erode. 3. Model. 4. Ideal. 5. Tells. V. 1. Heart. 2. Error. 3. Arise. 4. Rosin. 5. Trend. VI. 1. Stamp. 2. Tower. 3. Aware. 4. Mercy. 5. Preys.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Vacation.

DIAGONAL. Apricots. 1. Ascended. 2. Appeared. 3. Heretics. 4. Maximian. 5. Africans. 6. Oklahoma. 7. Appetite. 8. Furnaces.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Mary Parker—The C. Family—Erenkötter and Co.—M. McG.—David A. Wasson—Florence and Edna—Joe Carlada—Lilian Sarah Burt—Elizabeth Bishop Ballard—"Johnnie Bear"—Edith Williams—Muriel Pigott—Irene Hart—Allil and Adi—Gladys Burgess—Olive R. T. Griffin—Stella B. Weinstein—William Stix Weiss—Nessie and Freddie—Elsie W. Dignan—John W. Fisher, Jr.—William G. Hollister—Elizabeth Harned—Helen Souther—Eleanor Cowen—Grace L. Craven—Agnes Rutherford—Sara Lawrence Kellogg—Alice Fellowes—Eleanor R. McClees—Margaret Hamilton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from P. L. and E. Russell, 2—Evelyn Amy Reid, 7—Channey S. De Witt, 4—Alice and Helen Cook, 4—Orian Dyer, 3—Fredrika G. Holden, 8—Agnes R. Lane, 3—Margaret C. Wilby, 5—Arthur H. Lord, 3—Claudine Clement, 3—Rosella Woodruff, 8—No name, Ottawa, 7—M. Macgowan, 1—S. L. Levengood, 1—M. Aldridge, 1—D. MacT. Fuller, 1—E. Sutcliffe, 1—E. Moloney, 1—P. B. Schnur, 1—N. H. Green, 1—M. Abbot, 1—H. H. Calvin, 1—Henrietta T., 1—E. W. Tucker, 1—J. Bruce, 1—E. Zuerker, 1—N. Weiss, 1—A. Shuck, 1—Deane F. Ruggles, 6—Amelia S. Ferguson, 6—William H. Murphy, 3.

DIVIDED WORDS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Take the first syllable from a kind of ornament, and leave labor. Answer, Fret-work.

1. Take the first syllable from a reproduction, and leave a poetical comparison.
2. Take the first syllable from incapacity, and leave faculty.
3. Take the first syllable from a glossy fabric, and leave not out.
4. Take the first syllable from piously, and leave an Easter blossom.
5. Take the first syllable from a large wading-bird, and leave a common little verb.
6. Take the first syllable from a name given in familiarity, and leave an appellation.
7. Take the first syllable from part of a suit of armor, and leave to obtain.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initials of the first syllables and the initials of the second syllables will each spell a summer sport.

GERTRUDE MARFIELD.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FRAME for holding fuel. 2. A bird that is the subject of a famous poem. 3. To ward off. 4. Elegantly concise. 5. To pierce. W. K. B.

LOST LETTERS.

1. TAKE the middle letter from mails, and leave cooking utensils. 2. Take the central letter from rings, and leave skips. 3. Take the central letter from faults, and

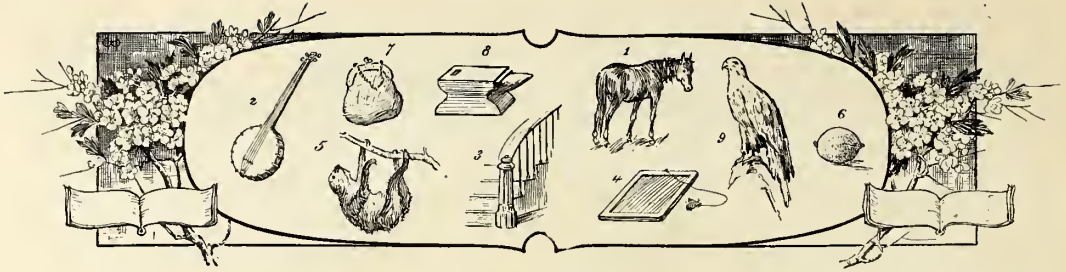
- leave contends. 4. Take the central letter from an animal, and leave a pipe. 5. Take the central letter from small perforated balls, and leave couches. 6. Take the central letter from a masculine name, and leave an equal. 7. Take the central letter from an insect, and leave a common verb. 8. Take the central letter from a kind of cement, and leave the top of the head.

The central letters will spell the name of a noted philosopher. ELLEN SHIPPEN (League Member).

INSERTIONS.

EXAMPLE: Insert a letter in a fuel, and make a resinous substance. Answer, co-al, co-p-al.

1. Insert a letter in a masculine name, and make a tropical fruit.
 2. Insert a letter in kitchen utensils, and make tortures.
 3. Insert a letter in contends, and make crimes.
 4. Insert a letter in single numbers, and make pangs.
 5. Insert a letter in revolve, and make a European country.
 6. Insert a letter in light conversation, and make to defraud.
 7. Insert a letter in to fly, and make pertaining to the sun.
 8. Insert a letter in farming implements, and make habitations.
 9. Insert a letter in movement, and make a means of ascent.
 10. Insert a letter in an ancient divinity of the Phenicians, and make relating to the base.
- The ten letters inserted will spell a name given to September 29. C. D.



ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.

ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous American writer whose name is hinted at in the picture.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a month; the diagonal beginning with the lower left-hand letter and ending with the upper right-hand letter will spell the name of a flower.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Astonished. 2. One who slanders. 3. Authorized. 4. An African savage. 5. A numeral adjective. 6. To behave badly. 7. That which cannot be read. 8. A board or council. 9. An explosive substance.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

. 3 9 . . .
 . 11 . 1 . . .
 . . . 6 . . .
 . . . 2 . . .
 . 8
 . . . 7 . . .
 5 . . .
 . . . 10 12 . . .
 . . . 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An aromatic drink. 2. A puzzle. 3. Dust. 4. A large fish that is highly esteemed as food. 5. Something that rubs out. 6. A Biblical character mentioned in Genesis 46:11. 7. Wearing boots. 8. Staring. 9. To move back.

When these words are rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the initials will spell the name of a month, and my finals will spell the name of a bird often alluded to by sportsmen; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 12 will spell the name of a brave young woman who, in 1838, rescued nine persons from a wreck on the 7th of the month named by the initial letters.

MURIEL DOUGLAS.

SINGULAR AND PLURAL.

EXAMPLE: Singular, a beverage; plural, to annoy. Answer, Tea, tease.

1. Singular, an animal's foot; plural, to hesitate. 2. Singular, a period of time; plural, to bewilder. 3. Singular, to run away; plural, annoying insects. 4. Singular, the call of a bird; plural, reason. 5. Singular, an American poet; plural, attitude. 6. Singular, a pro-

noun; plural, parts of a lobster's head. 7. Singular, a measure; plural, a crystallized mineral. 8. Singular, merry; plural, to look at steadily.

ROBERT D. SHERWOOD (League Member).

STAR PUZZLE.

I
 4 * * 5
 * * *
 2 * * 3
 6

FROM 1 to 2, an end; from 1 to 3, fastened; from 2 to 3, a burden; from 4 to 5, to slower; from 4 to 6, uproar; from 5 to 6, tidy.

LORNA INGALLS (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To exist in abundance. 2. Equipment. 3. A spice. 4. A month. 5. To pitch tents. 6. Border.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the diagonals (beginning at the upper left-hand corner and ending at the lower right-hand corner) will spell a welcome season.

HOWARD HOSMER (age 10).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

SEPTEMBER'S gift am I, although
 You do not mourn me when I go.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. In San Francisco men should seek
To climb a redwood once a week.
2. But, should they slip, I question if
They would not find their ankles stiff.
3. In Fundy's Bay, the tide, they say,
Is quite tremendous every day;
4. And fishermen are seldom dry
When waves are more than ten feet high.
5. In Boston Common adverbs jump
And frolic round the old town pump,
6. And hurl at one another's toes
The adjectives, their deadly foes.
7. In Fredericksburg the verbs and nouns,
As well as those of neighboring towns,
8. Are friendly in terrific weather,
And dance a hornpipe then together.
9. In Australasia's ideal clime
The people take no note of time;
10. All day their clocks go round and round,
And yet the most are never wound.
11. While near the Himalayan range
There 's always something new and strange.

ANNA M. PRATT.



For more than a
Hundred Years
PEARS has remained
ahead of a thousand
others

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

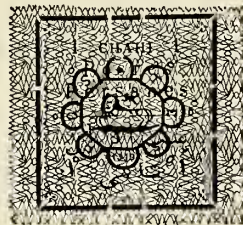
MUCH may be learned from the designs upon various stamps if one has some ability in drawing. A magnifying-glass held over such a design as that of the Barbados current issue will enable one to see many things in it which are not visible to the naked eye. The design is that of the great seal of Barbados, which from time to time is modified somewhat, as the sovereigns of Great Britain change. The figure in the shell drawn by the sea-horses now represents the Queen. This will be changed to represent the King. A variety will be thus introduced into the design, if indeed an entire change is not made in the appearance of the stamp. The design on this stamp, enlarged a dozen times, makes a very pretty and attractive drawing. Young collectors who have a talent in designing can find upon many other issues hints which are of value for one who does artistic work.

The troubles in Haiti and Cuba are likely to lead to developments of interest to stamp collectors. President Sam having left the island of Haiti with no intention of returning, his face, which has appeared for so many years upon its issues, will probably be replaced by that of the new President, whenever one may be chosen. The financial difficulties of Cuba are such that the future cannot be predicted, but a further decline in resources might well lead to a change from bureau-work stamps to those produced by the less costly method of lithography. Annexation to the United States would make separate issues for Cuba a thing of the past. It certainly seems probable that both of these countries will finally be annexed, as neither Cuba nor the island of Santo Domingo, including Haiti and the Dominican Republic, can reach the highest prosperity without a stable form of government.

Greek stamps are becoming great favorites with collectors. Used specimens from this country are very easily obtained, and young collectors will do well to fill out the pages in their albums as rapidly as possible, since the older issues are likely to become scarce if the collecting of these stamps increases at the same rate in the next few years as it has during the year just past. A complete series of Unpaid stamps of new design has recently been issued corresponding in values to the regular issue. The old Unpaid stamps of Greece were of very poor design, but the recent issue is much more elaborate and attractive.

An error which has interested collectors considerably occurs in the 3-pfennig stamp of the German Empire. Würtemberg having become a part of the empire, the inscription was changed on the whole series of stamps from *Reichspost* to *Deutsches Reich*. In one stamp of the sheet the second letter of *Deutsches* was broken so that it made an *f*, and considerable numbers of this "error" were printed before the injury was discovered.

Persia has issued a series of stamps of a provisional character. Our cut shows the design, which in the low values is printed over a buff background called a burelé, and in the high values is over a blue burelé. The stamps are imperforate, and include all the values commonly issued for Persia, from 1-chahi to 50-krán.



THE NEW PERSIAN STAMP.

Great numbers of the stamps issued for the Russian occupation of Crete have recently come upon the market. It is not probable that many of these stamps were used, and the cancelations which

are found upon them appear to be done by officials for the accommodation of the owners. This does not give the collector confidence in them, and while they may be interesting from a historical point of view, they are not desirable stamps to place in one's collection.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THERE is nothing to prevent the issue of provisional stamps in French colonies. This is shown by recent issues for New Caledonia and Réunion. A number of years ago, when surcharging became extensive, the government put a stop to it, but changes of values appear to be made now by officials without any interference on the part of the government. The recently issued stamps of Benadir are the work of a company, and are in the nature of local stamps, the regular postal service by the Italian government not having been established. Revenue-stamps of St. Vincent bearing a postmark were not used for postal purposes. A large number of these stamps were falsely canceled some years ago in New York, and many collectors have been led to think them genuine. The government of St. Vincent never authorized the use of revenue-stamps for postal purposes, as was done in St. Lucia and other colonies. The issues of Nicaragua for 1900, both regular and official, are not Seebecks, but were printed by the American Bank-Note Company. The best means of discovering a water-mark in a stamp is to use the ordinary water-mark detector, which is a cup especially prepared, having a black bottom. Into the cup benzine is put. When the stamp is placed in this the water-mark shows very plainly. The stamps of Venezuela which have upon them *Escuelas* are used to pay postage within the country, and the income derived from their sales is devoted to the use of the public schools; hence the word *Escuelas*, which means schools.

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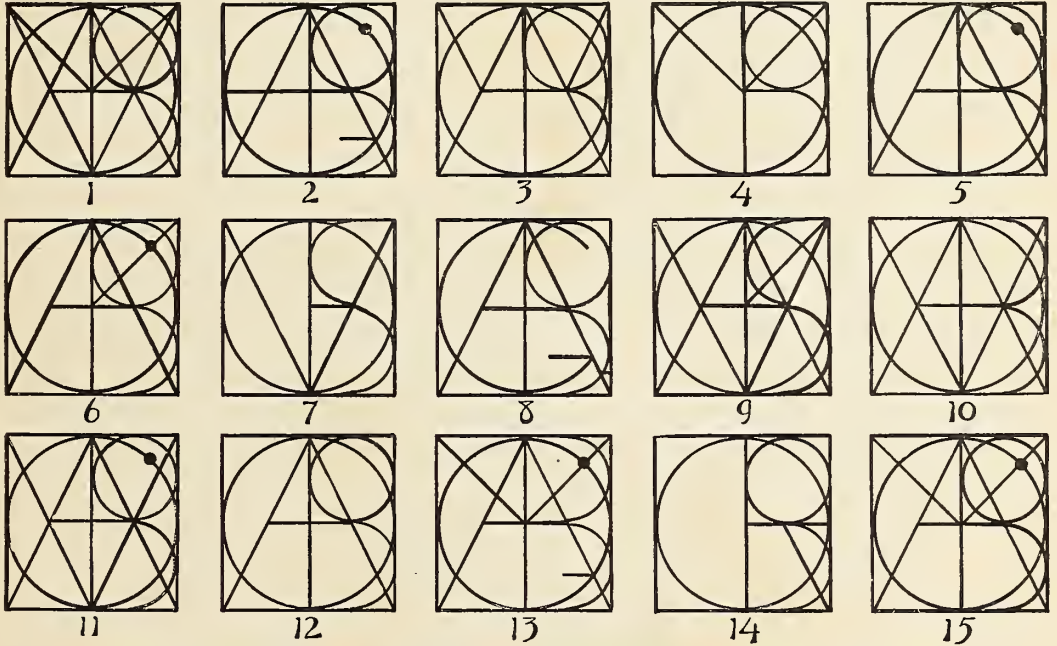
WOOL EXCHANGE, WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

*St. Nicholas League Advertising-Competition, No. 16,
September, 1902.*

FIFTY DOLLARS in prizes will be awarded to the solvers of the puzzles on this page, as follows :

One First Prize of Five Dollars,	- - - - -	\$5.00
Three Second Prizes of Three Dollars each,	- - - - -	\$9.00
Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars each,	- - - - -	\$10.00
Twenty-six Consolation Prizes of One Dollar each	- - - - -	\$26.00
		\$50.00

These thirty-five prizes will be awarded for the best, neatest, and most creditable solutions (age being considered in the consolation prizes) received before September 25th, under the usual League regulations.



Each diagram contains the letters to spell an advertised article in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Each diagram is in the form of a square, and some lines of the square form parts of letters, but it is not necessary that every line of the square shall be used in the formation of letters.

Each diagram is different, but the right diagram will spell the right article, which will require all the *inner* lines of the diagram, leaving no surplus ones.

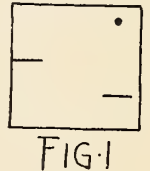
No lines can be added to a diagram, as each one is complete to spell the right article.

Where a dot is found on the large circle, as shown in diagram No. 5, it means the circle is to be used for O and C also; and where both dot and dash are shown, as in diagram No. 13, it means the circle is to be used as O, C, and G.

All the letters employed to spell the various words are the full height of the diagram except W, which in every case is made in the upper half of the diagram.

Diagram No. 1 spells Ivory Soap; so will No. 15, but if spelled with No. 15 it will read

I V O R Y S O A P



which is not right, as the V is short, W being the only short letter allowed; and there will be a surplus dot, and in No. 15 this means that both O and C are to be employed to spell the right words.

Another diagram spells Pears' Soap; so will No. 2, but if No. 2 is used the surplus lines shown in Fig. 1 will be left.

Diagram No. 5 will spell Pears' Soap too, but it is not right, as there is a surplus dot, meaning that C, as well as O, is employed to spell the right words.

Address ADVERTISING COMPETITION 16, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.



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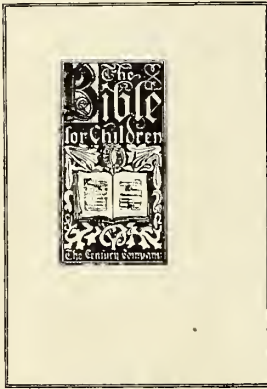
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HI-LO

LITERARY NOTES

ABOUT FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE CENTURY Co. is about to bring out an edition of the Bible for children. The appeal of the Bible to children's minds is both natural and simple, yet there are some things in it which careful parents would keep from their children, and in reading it aloud to young children one often skips what seems unsuitable. These omitted parts include genealogies also, and whatever we regard as unprofitable for the young listeners. The present issue



of The Century Co. has a preface by the Rev. Francis Brown, D.D., of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and Bishop Potter furnishes the introduction. It aims to be made up entirely of the parts of the Bible suitable for children, and it has been so divided into subjects as to form complete stories. The life of Jesus has been put together in a continuous account taken from the four Evangelists.

The book will be printed in two colors and will be very beautifully illustrated with full-page illustrations from the old masters. It is to be sold at a low price.

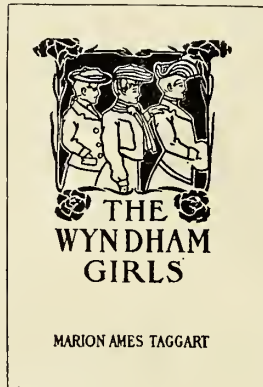
PETER NEWELL is to put out a new "Topsy and Turvy" book this year. The demand for his two previous "Topsy and Turvy" books (now out of print) has led the publishers to issue the present volume, which is made up of selections from his two previous books, published in 1893 and 1894.

"CATERPILLARS AND THEIR MOTHS" is the title of a new nature-book which The Century Co. has in preparation. It is the work of Ida Mitchell Eliot and Caroline Gray Soule, and it presents the result of more than twenty years spent in studying and rearing moths. The illustrations are said to be especially striking, being made from photographs, each one showing the actual size.

JAMES H. STODDART, the veteran New York actor, has in preparation "Recollections of a Player," which The Century Co. will soon bring out. Mr. Stoddart has been identified with the American stage for about fifty years, and his book is the reflection of a singularly interesting career, as the public has learned through the chapters already printed in *The Century*. Mr. William Winter writes the introduction.

MARIAN AMES TAGGART has added a new book to the fall list of The Century Co. It is to be called "The Wyndham Girls," and gives a charming story of some rich girls who were reduced to poverty, and their brave struggle to make a home and a living. The reality and wholesome air about the book make that rarity—a good book for young girl readers.

THE popular little Thumb-Nail Series of The Century Co. will have added to it this autumn three new books:



Tennyson's "In Memoriam," with an introduction by E. C. Stedman; Sheridan's "The Rivals," with an introduction by Joseph Jefferson; and "Thoughts of Pascal," newly translated from the French by Benjamin E. Smith. The designs for the embossed leather bindings of these

new Thumb-Nail books are said to be peculiarly beautiful.

THE CENTURY Co. will begin this autumn the publication of a new series of books for

boys and girls, to be called "The St. Nicholas Series," made up of long stories which have appeared in *St. Nicholas* magazine. That periodical began this past year to dispense with serials, and instead has given a long complete story in each number. The new series will include "Sir Marrok," by Allen French, "The Cruise of the Dazzler," by Jack London, "The Boy and the Baron," by Adeline Knapp, "The Boys of the Rincon Ranch," by H. S. Canfield, "Tommy Remington's Battle," by Burton E. Stevenson, and "Eight Girls and a Dog," by Carolyn Wells,—all richly illustrated, and all issued in uniform and attractive binding.



LITERARY NOTES

ABOUT FORTHCOMING BOOKS

"CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE," by the pseudonymous author "Mary Adams," will be issued by The Century Co. in the autumn. The publishers began to get orders for this book four months before its completion in serial form in *The Century Magazine*, and several London publishers have contended for the honor of issuing it in England. Granville Smith has made the illustrations for the book.



BEFORE his death Mr. John G. Nicolay, for many years marshal of the Supreme Court of the United States, and with John Hay author of the authorized life of Lincoln, made a condensation of the original ten-volume biography upon which he and Mr. Hay spent so many years. This condensation The Century Co. will soon issue. It will contain all the essential facts of President Lincoln's life, and, it is believed, will be the best and most complete short biography of Lincoln yet issued.

TIMOTHY COLE, "greatest of wood-engravers," is to have another volume of his engravings issued in the autumn, with text from his own notes and by Professor John C. Van Dyke. The new book is called "Old English Masters," and it will contain Mr. Cole's engravings of the work of the English school, including Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and Landseer. For eighteen years Mr. Cole has been engaged in reproducing upon wood, for *The Century Magazine* and his books, the work of the great masters of the world. He has already covered the art of Italy, Holland, Flanders, and England, and is now working upon the Spanish school.

MR. THEODORE L. DE VINNE, the veteran printer, who has recently issued books on "Plain Printing Types" and "Correct Composition," will soon publish a volume on "Title-Pages," designed to be an aid to printers and publishers, and also interesting to those who care for the making of fine books.

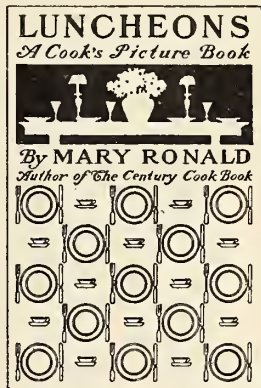
THIS season's additions to The Century Classics, a series of the world's best books, edited and introduced by distinguished men of letters, include "Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb, and Laurence Sterne's "A Sentimental Journey." Both volumes will be illustrated with portraits and accompanied with introductions by well-known literary men.

JOHN BACH MCMASTER, author of one of the best-known histories of the United States and a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, will soon issue his biography of Daniel Webster, some of which has already appeared in *The Century Magazine*.

HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER, lecturer on architecture at Princeton University, has written "The Story of Athens," which The Century Co. will bring out in the autumn, very richly illustrated with photographs and with drawings by the author. It is intended to be a sketch of the life and art of Athens from its earliest beginnings, the endeavor being to present a view of the ancients themselves.

THE author of "The Century Cook Book," Mary Ronald, is preparing a new volume, with the title "Luncheons," which she calls "A Cook's Picture Book."

It is a guide to the preparation of dainty dishes for dainty meals, and while it contains no general rules for cooking, it is designed to suggest quick and pleasing dishes, especially for luncheons. It will be elaborately illustrated by photographs, each showing some tempting dish properly garnished, ready to be served.



BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER of New York is the author of "The East of To-Day and To-Morrow," which The Century Co. will soon bring out. It is the result of the bishop's recent visit to Japan, China, India, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines, dealing with the religion, tradition, class prejudice, method of living, and politics of each of these countries. Bishop Potter's visit to the East was made just after the close of serious hostilities in the Philippines and the quelling of the Boxer movement in China.

JOHN BENNETT, author of that popular book for boys and girls, "Master Skylark," has nearly ready a new volume, "Barnaby Lee," portraying New Amsterdam during the sway of Peter Stuyvesant. The story was one of the most popular serials *St. Nicholas* magazine has printed.



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Here are our two Mellin's Food babies, Elsie Genevieve Wolfe 14 mos. old and Lawrence Oscar Wolfe 5 years old, are they not a picture of health?

Mellin's Food is worthy of the highest praise, it is a blessing to babies.

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Minneapolis, Minn.*

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Libby's Corned Beef Hash

is one of the articles which can never be equaled in a private kitchen. This viand

is distinctively American

and universally popular; but comparatively few persons can make it just right. Libby's cooks make it this way, and it's good. Breakfasts—Luncheons—Suppers can all be made successes with any of

LIBBY'S (Natural Flavor) FOOD PRODUCTS

and the book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells how; ask for it, it's free.

Send five 2-cent stamps for Libby's big home Atlas. It has 32 new maps. Size 8 x 11 inches.

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Makes pure, delicious, wholesome food.

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SANFORD HUBBARD, aged 15 years, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 176 pounds. Diet principally **Grape-Nuts** (no meat).
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MARY-MAPES-DODGE



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THE-CENTURY-CO-UNION-SQUARE-NEW-YORK

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What Would the Harvest Be

without the sleek and fat corn-fed porkers so requisite in the production of—

Swift's Premium Hams

and Bacon, the food products of ripest experience in cure, flavor, and quality. Each piece is United States Gov't inspected.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard reaps popularity everywhere. 3, 5, 10-lb. pails. Sold by leading dealers.

Swift's Art Calendar for 1903, to be issued in November, will surpass all previous efforts in beauty of design and color. The original is from the brush of a celebrated French artist, while the work represents the highest and most modern standards of lithography. Description, information, and other calendar particulars, will be given in the November number of this magazine. The price will remain the same as in previous years—10 cents.



Chicago Kansas City Omaha **Swift & Company** St. Louis St. Joseph St. Paul

CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCTOBER, 1902.

	Page
Frontispiece. The Lighthouse	1058
(See poem, "The Lighthouse and the Whistling Buoy.") Drawn by I. W. Taber.	
The Lighthouse and the Whistling Buoy. Verse	1059
Illustrated by I. W. Taber.	
The Apple-Tree	1060
Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall.	
The Timid Kitten. Verse	1066
Illustrated by the author.	
Little Matilda. Jingle	1067
Illustrated by the author.	
"Slushy," the Roustabout. Long Story Complete in This Number	1068
Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.	
Atticus and the Alphabet. Verse	1080
Illustrated by Mrs. Jessie Walcott.	
A Triple Alliance. Story	1084
Illustrated by George Varian.	
Uncle Sam's Bear. Story	1090
Illustrated from photographs, and by H. Bradford.	
Dr. Wisdom. Jingle	1093
Illustrated by the author.	
How Cats Came to Purr. Story	1094
Illustrated by the author.	
Perhaps You've Met Him. Jingle	1099
Illustrated by Georg Stoependaal.	
A Runaway. Story	1100
Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.	
A Boy and an Old Umbrella.	1102
Illustrated by the author and Victor J. Smedley.	
"But —" Story	1106
Illustrated by the author.	
Picture. At Ye Sign of Ye Apple-Bough Inn	1109
Drawn by Margaret Ely Webb.	
Mother Nature and the Jointed Stick.	1109
Illustrated by the author.	
Dumpling's Wonderful Voyage. Story	1116
Illustrated by the author.	
The Paper-House. Verse	1126
Illustrated from a photograph.	
Nature and Science for Young Folks	1128
The Golden Harvest — Pinky's Preference — A Beautiful and Unique Vase of Flowers — Fungus in Form of a Tiny Bird's Nest — A Woodchuck can Climb a Tree — Interesting Cocoons in a Queer Place — Cocoons attached to Grass — Do English Sparrows Catch Flies? — Black-and-White Creeping Warbler.	
Illustrated.	
The St. Nicholas League. Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, and Photographs	1136
Illustrated.	
Books and Reading	1148
Our Correspondence — Some "Robinson Crusoe Rescue" Letters — For the "Class in Geography" — A Ten-Year-Old Reader's List of Books — A Final Letter — A Father's Letter.	
The Letter-Box	1150
The Riddle-Box. Award of League Prizes for Puzzles	1151
Illustrated.	

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We *bind* and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

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ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903

FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT—AND MORE TO FOLLOW!

SINCE the first number of St. NICHOLAS was published, in 1873, many weekly and monthly publications for children have come and gone, but ST. NICHOLAS still holds its place—the unrivaled “prince of periodicals for young folk,”—and seemingly never *can* grow old or dull. It was never more prized by its young readers than now. One “just-grown-up” critic wrote recently: “I have read ST. NICHOLAS for twelve years, and I think that 1902 has been the banner year of this wonderful magazine.”

Assuredly, the editor and the publishers are bent upon securing for it the utmost that money, enterprise, and unceasing effort can achieve in providing for Young America entertaining, varied, and helpful reading.

The November number begins the thirtieth volume of “St. Nicholas.” In the volume just ending “St. Nicholas” made an absolutely new departure in magazine editing by discarding entirely the serial story, which had long been regarded as an essential feature, and printing a long story complete in each number of the magazine. A large majority of the young readers have declared themselves in favor of this plan, but there are still a goodly number who enjoy the old-time “to-be-continued” story. Perhaps the best solution of the problem is suggested by a young reader who requested “continued stories during the winter months when boys and girls have to study,” and “long-stories-complete in the summer, when they have no lessons to learn, and plenty of time to read.”

However, it is the good fortune of ST. NICHOLAS to have obtained for next year a long story which seems to offer an ideal serial, both for the lovers of the “to-be-continued” story and for those who like the “long-story-complete.” This is:



“The Story of King Arthur” By Howard Pyle

Young readers everywhere are familiar with Mr. Pyle's story of “Robin Hood”—and in this new serial the famous artist-author furnishes a companion story to that well-known book, but even surpassing it in the

strength and interest of the narrative and the beauty and richness of the illustrations. There is little doubt, indeed, that this story will be known as Mr. Pyle's masterpiece for young readers. It is no recounting of old

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903—continued.

stories, but an entirely new series of picturesque, romantic tales woven about the old legend of King Arthur. The narrative as a whole is Mr. Pyle's own creation, and it is worthy to rank with any of the famous chronicles of King Arthur and his court.

The story will run through twelve numbers of the magazine and thus will be a serial. But each instal-

ment, with its episodes or adventures, is complete in itself. Altogether, this story, enriched by Mr. Pyle's preëminent gifts as an illustrator, is likely to prove the most notable work for young readers published in the English language during the coming year. And it appeals equally to boys and girls.

Another announcement of great interest to young readers, everywhere, is that of

Two Short Stories by Louisa M. Alcott "Lu Sing" and "The Eaglet in the Dove's Nest"

These two charming stories were written by Miss Alcott for her own little niece; and the one entitled "Lu Sing" derives an added interest from the fact—explained in introductory comments by Mr. F. Alcott Pratt—that "the characters are representative of real persons, including the author herself."

Nearly all of Miss Alcott's best stories, during the

later half of her life, were written for ST. NICHOLAS, and it is peculiarly appropriate that these two tales by the famous author of "Little Women" should also appear in this magazine. They were held unpublished by her relatives after her death, and have only recently been obtained by ST. NICHOLAS. Each will be accompanied by several illustrations.

The magazine is fortunate, also, in having secured a new, original, and interesting short story with the quaint title of

"The Watermelon Stockings" By Alice Caldwell Hegan

Miss Hegan's story of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has attained astonishing popularity during the past summer, and her present contribution, written especially for ST. NICHOLAS, exhibits the skilful mingling of humor and pathos that gained so wide a circle of readers for her book.

"Alligator Hunting in Florida" By Frank R. Stockton

This article was written especially for ST. NICHOLAS by Mr. Stockton, and it will be sure to interest boys and girls, both because of the picturesque subject

itself, and the many characteristic touches which this favorite author has given to his account of it.

"'Baby' Elton, Quarter-Back" By Leslie W. Quirk

A foot-ball story which will appeal strongly to all lovers of the great college game; and it outlines other equally entertaining episodes of college life, apart from the foot-ball contest which it so stirringly describes.

"In Yedo Bay" By Jack London

Tells the story of a plucky Yankee boy's adventure in getting back to his ship from the Japanese mainland.

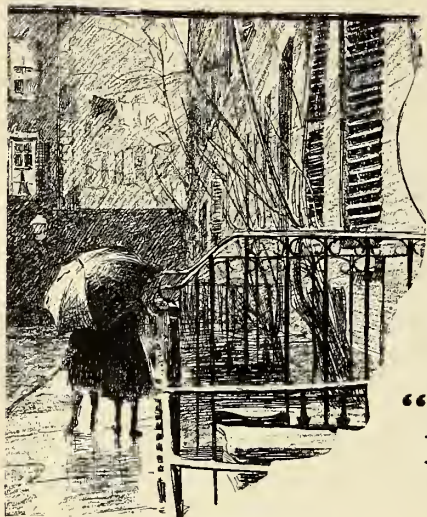
"Lady Baby" By Ruth McEnery Stuart

Is a brief story of a charming little Southerner, ending with a characteristic bit of Southern verse.



ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.
Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903—continued



"A CORNER OF QUEERIN PLACE."

"Beth of Queerin Place"

By Marion Ames Taggart

Is a unique story of a unique and little-known corner of New York, by the author of "The Wyndham Girls,"—and other admirable stories for girl readers.

"Little Man Friday"

By Clara Morris

Is a fine story, written in the best style of this gifted woman and popular author.

"What Another Summer Brought to Denise and Ned Toodles"

By Gabrielle E. Jackson

Girl readers everywhere will be interested in the announcement of this long story, which is a sequel to that very popular ST. NICHOLAS serial "Denise and Ned Toodles."

PAPERS OF INFORMATION

An unusually rich and varied list of descriptive sketches will be published in the new volume. It is far too long to be enumerated in full, but a few of the most striking papers of information may be mentioned:

Young lovers of athletics who delight in startling feats will be pleasantly amazed by an article—

"Snow-Shoeing in Norway"

By C. Borchgrevink

The famous Antarctic explorer here describes the remarkable descents made by Norwegian ski-riders, and the sensational leaps through the air which they per-

form. This will be illustrated, moreover, with very striking pictures drawn from photographs furnished by the author.

"How Uncle Sam Observes Christmas"

By Clifford Howard

This seems, at first sound, a trite subject. But when young readers reflect that "Uncle Sam" has now grown to be a "world-power" and that his territory reaches from Alaska to Porto Rico, and from the easternmost point of Maine to the Philippines, they will understand

the significance of this interesting article. Readers young and old, moreover, will be surprised by the vast differences in the Christmas celebrations at the extreme points of Uncle Sam's big domain. Several well-known artists will collaborate in illustrating the sketch.

Other interesting papers relating to our own country include:

"Children of the White House"

By Waldon Fawcett

A brief historical glimpse of the children and child-relatives of the various Presidents who have lived in the Executive Mansion from its first year down to the present day.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903 — continued

“Our Boys and Our Presidents”

By Charles Benjamin

This novel and suggestive paper gives a summary and review of the careers of the various Presidents, their boyhood, the vocations which they chose, and the turning-points which led each one of them into the path that ended finally in the great office of President. All boys intending to be President should read this article, for it will enable them to calculate with reasonable accuracy their chances of attaining this ambition!

Two very interesting descriptive papers will describe :

“A Trip Through the New York Navy-Yard”

With photographs of several unique scenes taken “on the spot,” and—

“A Trip Through the Assay Office of New York”

Giving the reader an inside view of one of the most interesting and least-known government institutions in the country. The place where an employee may be seen using a ninety-thousand-dollar pile of gold bars for a luncheon table, and another, worth seventy-five thousand dollars, for a chair, must be well worth visiting.

A contribution of especial interest, just at this time, is a double paper entitled:

“The Story of Two Buried Cities”

This article will describe the destruction of Pompeii and of St. Pierre in Martinique. And from it young readers will gain a good idea of the similarity between two of the greatest disasters in the world's history—involving the destruction of two cities separated by thousands of miles and nearly two thousand years.

“Book-Plates for Children”

By Wilbur F. Macey

Is a novel contribution, with very charming pictures, showing the value and the beauty of book-plates for little folk, which may easily be made as artistic and appropriate as those of the grown-up book-lover and collector.

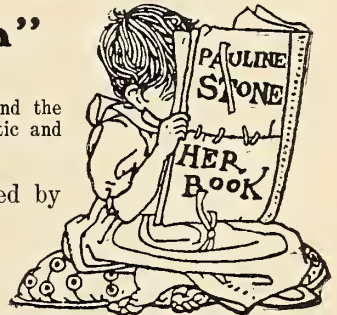
An important series of six brief papers will be contributed by Dr. E. E. Walker, under some such title as—

“Until the Doctor Comes”

These little articles will tersely and clearly tell young folk what to do in case of accident—such as drowning, sunstroke, burns, wounds, etc.—in the interval between the sending for the doctor and his arrival, pointing out the few simple, safe, and helpful things that can be done and the mistakes that can be avoided.

Among other practical or descriptive papers, there will be accounts of “The Hundred Year Old Academy at West Point,” “A Sled with One Runner,” “Grip, the

Talking Crow,” “In the Night Crew” (a railroad sketch), and historical papers such as “In Chaucer's Youth,” “Richard, my King,” etc., etc.



A BOOK-PLATE FOR A CHILD.

FUN AND NONSENSE

ST. NICHOLAS would not be ST. NICHOLAS without its funny pictures, its jolly nonsense rhymes, and the many contributions in prose and verse that appeal to the rollicking sense of humor in boys and girls. Contributions of this sort will abound in the new volume—one of the most delightful comicalities being a charming poem, “The Family Noah,” by GUY WETMORE CARRYL, which will appear, with illustrations, in the Christmas number.

LAURA E. RICHARDS will contribute several pieces of nonsense verse. And a very catchy and amusing “Calendar,” comprising one page of the magazine each month, will be contributed by Miss CAROLYN WELLS, whose clever rhymes have so often delighted the readers of the magazine.

There will be, also, a rich supply of funny pictures by such favorite artists as Miss Fanny Cory, Reginald Birch, E. Warde Blaisdell, and others.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903 — continued

DEPARTMENTS

The Departments of "Nature and Science" and the "St. Nicholas League," which have proved so popular during the last few years, will be continued throughout 1903.

The "Nature and Science" pages of the magazine have received the warmest commendation from teachers and scientists everywhere—for they are not only of incalculable benefit to the boys and girls, but also of great assistance in the school-room. In one large city, indeed, a course of Saturday morning lectures for children has been successfully conducted during the past few months, based entirely upon the "Nature and Science Department" of ST. NICHOLAS.

The "St. Nicholas League" is constantly growing in membership and popularity, and was never so prosperous as now. The work of the young folk in the various competitions instituted by the "League" has attracted the attention and aroused the admiration of parents and teachers all over the land, and the enthusiastic interest of the boys and girls themselves is evinced by the thousands of letters received, as well as by the contributions sent in.



"AT REST IN AN OLD BIRD'S NEST."
From "Nature and Science."

AN EARLY RENEWAL

of *your* subscription, if it expires at about this time, will insure your receiving the numbers promptly. We do not mean to lose any of our old subscribers this year, and we do mean to add many new ones. Can you help us in this?

The new volume begins with November.
Price, \$3.00 a year.

Two Unsolicited Testimonials

From a Grown-up

"Thank you very heartily for the pleasure and profit ST. NICHOLAS brings to my boys."

JOHN BACH MCMASTER,
Professor of History,
University of Pennsylvania.

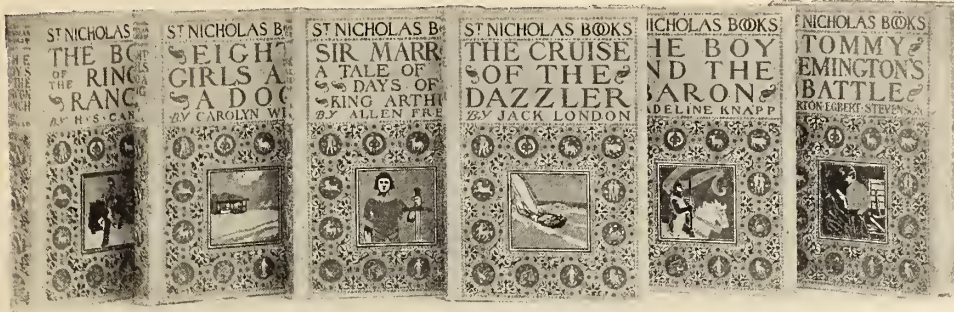
From a Young Girl

"My drawing teacher says he wishes there had been a League when he was little, and I always count the days till ST. NICHOLAS comes, and then I just sit down and read *every* word of it, advertisements and all, so that I may not miss anything!"

RUTH E. CROMBIE.
(A subscriber.)

THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

The Century Co.'s New Books



A New Series of Books for Boys and Girls, called the "St. Nicholas Books." Issued in uniform and very attractive binding, richly illustrated, \$1.00 net (postage 10 cents).

SIR MARROK. By Allen French. 12mo, 281 pages, with illustrations by Bernard Rosenmeyer.

A fairy-story romance of the Britain of King Arthur and the Round Table. The hero is a knight changed to an animal by a wicked witch, and his brave battle with wrong-doers, his good

deeds, and his final triumph make a book unlike any but the "Morte Arthur," and for young readers more to be commended than Sir Thomas Malory's classic.

THE CRUISE OF THE DAZZLER. By Jack London. 12mo, about 275 pages, with illustrations by M. J. Burns.

A boy runs away to sea, as many do. He wishes he had not, as all do. He finds, however, a good friend, and makes the fault a means of rescue. The story gives a vivid and exciting view

of the modern pirates who live by robbery along the Pacific coast—petty criminals, but men who at times are dangerous. A true sea-story, with the dash of waves and the creak of timbers.

THE BOY AND THE BARON. By Adeline Knapp. 12mo, 210 pages, with illustrations by Bernard Rosenmeyer.

A stirring romance, interesting to boys and girls alike, dealing with the times of the robber-barons in Germany, when the nobles were abso-

lute lords of their own castles and the regions round about,—the days of the Crusades, of out-laws, of sudden change of fortune for man and boy.

THE BOYS OF THE RINCON RANCH. By H. S. Canfield. 12mo, 249 pages, with illustrations by Martin Justice.

Here is a story of ranch life in Texas. To read it is almost as good as joining the two New York school-boys who spend those delightful months

with their Texan cousin in real—not "dime-novel"—adventure. It is like Mayne Reid without melodrama.

TOMMY REMINGTON'S BATTLE. By Burton E. Stevenson. 12mo, 257 pages, with illustrations by C. M. Relyea.

This is the record of a boy's fight for an education. Born a coal-miner's son, Tommy succeeds in overcoming all obstacles that keep him from

college life, and then meets perhaps the greatest of his difficulties in the question of "College Athletics vs. College Studies."

EIGHT GIRLS AND A DOG. By Carolyn Wells. 12mo, 275 pages, with illustrations by C. M. Relyea.

A jolly story of *real* girls who went a-summering at the sea-shore and kept house for themselves in "Hilarity Hall." The incidents are funny, the

dialogue brisk, and the pictures are lifelike and charming. The author is a very popular writer, well known to magazine readers.

Send for
Richly Illus-
trated Catalogue.

The Century Co.'s

The Serial Hit of the Year.

Ready in book form October 15

Confessions of a Wife

By Mary Adams

No serial published in *The Century* for many years has attracted as much attention as this remarkable book by an unknown and pseudonymous author. It is a story dealing with courtship and marriage, and it is considered one of the most unusual and striking pieces of writing that have appeared for many years. The book is enriched with six illustrations by Granville Smith. 12mo, 400 pages, \$1.50.

Luncheons

By the Author of "The Century Cook Book."

This is a guide to the preparation of dainty dishes for dainty meals, elaborately illustrated by photographs. It is a book of illustrated receipts, thoroughly indexed, which will prove a most helpful assistant to the housekeeper. 8vo, 200 pages, 208 photographs, price \$1.40 net (postage 15 cents).

Caterpillars and Their Moths

By IDA MITCHELL ELIOT and CAROLINE GRAY SOULE. The result of more than twenty years spent in studying and rearing moths. The illustrations are very striking. They are made from photographs and show actual size. 8vo, 300 pages of text and 80 insets, with index, price \$2.00 net (postage 18 cents).

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Exquisite Little Books in Embossed Leather Bindings. Size, 2 3-4 by 5 1-8. \$1.00 each

In Memoriam. By ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON, with an introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman, and a portrait of Lord Tennyson taken about the time "In Memoriam" was written.

Thoughts of Pascal. Translated from the French and with an introduction by Benjamin E. Smith. With a portrait of the author.

The Rivals. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. With a portrait of the author and an introduction from "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." A charming setting for Sheridan's masterpiece.

Biography of a Prairie Girl

By ELEANOR GATES. Describing in a most charming manner the life of a little girl in the Northwest twenty-five years ago. Full of color and adventure, with touches of delightful humor. 12mo, 350 pages, price \$1.50.

Barnaby Lee

By John Bennett

A book for older readers and for boys and girls as well. The scene and time are New Amsterdam under Peter Stuyvesant, the hero a boy who has run away from a piratical ship captain. Illustrations by Clyde O. DeLand. 12mo, 454 pages, price \$1.50.

A New Story by the Author of "Tom Beauling"

Aladdin O'Brien

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, whose "Tom Beauling" is one of the recent successes in fiction. Humor and pathos play hide-and-peek through the pages of Mr. Morris's latest romance. It is the story of two men in love with the same girl, told in the delightfully original style that is distinctive of this promising young author. The three brothers of the heroine are real creations. 12mo, 300 pages, \$1.25.

The East of To-Day and To-Morrow

By Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D.

Dealing with the religion, politics, etc., of China, the Philippines, Japan, India, and the Hawaiian Islands. \$1.00 net (postage 9 cents).

The Call of the Sea

Poems by L. Frank Tooker.

A collection of poems which have attracted wide attention as they have appeared in various periodicals. 12mo, 175 pages. Price \$1.25 net (postage 6 cents).

October Books.

Send for
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trated Catalogue.

Mrs. Ruth McEneyr Stuart's New Story

Napoleon Jackson

The hero of this story, "The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker," is unable to work because he has been "marked for rest," so his good-natured wife assumes the rôle of provider. The situations are delightfully ludicrous and the humor subtle. Mrs. Stuart is the author of the popular books "Sonny," "Holly and Pizen," etc. With eight illustrations in tint by Edward Potthast. 16mo, 132 pages, \$1.00.

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By John Bach McMaster

Professor McMaster, the author of "A History of the People of the United States," here gives a terse yet comprehensive picture of Webster's striking career, written in an easy, forceful style. 8vo, 343 pages, 23 full-page illustrations. \$2.00 net (postage 16 cents).

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A Short Life. Condensed by John G. Nicolay from Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln.

Condensed from the standard life of Lincoln by one of its authors. In one volume, 8vo, 600 pages, with portrait and index. Price \$2.40 net (postage 18 cents).

The Bible for Children

The appeal of the Bible to children's minds is both natural and simple, yet there are some things in it that careful parents would keep from their children, and in reading it aloud to young children one often skips what seems unsuitable. These omitted portions include genealogies and whatever we regard as unprofitable for the young listeners. "The Bible for Children" contains an introduction by Bishop Potter and a preface by the Rev. Francis Brown, D.D. It is printed in two colors and beautifully illustrated with pictures from the old masters. \$3.00.

Topsys and Turvys

Pictures and Verse by Peter Newell

Hold the book in one position for one picture; invert it, and behold! another. The present volume contains selections from the previous "Topsy and Turvy" books. Price \$1.00 net (postage 11 cents).

The Wyndham Girls

By Marion Ames Taggart

A book for girls, containing reality and the fascinating touch of romantic fiction. 12mo, 303 pages, illustrated by Relyea. Price \$1.20 net (postage 13 cents).

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The St. Nicholas Series

Issued in uniform and very attractive binding, richly illustrated, and sold at \$1.00 net

Sir Marrok. A fairy-story romance of Arthur and the Round Table. By ALLEN FRENCH. Illustrated by Rosenmeyer.

The Cruise of the Dazzler. A capital sea-story, by JACK LONDON, giving a vivid view of life along the Pacific coast. Illustrated by Burns.

The Boy and the Baron. A stirring romance of the times of the robber-barons in Germany. By ADELINE KNAPP. Illustrated by Rosenmeyer.

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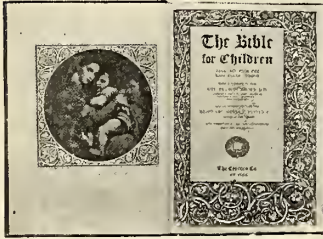
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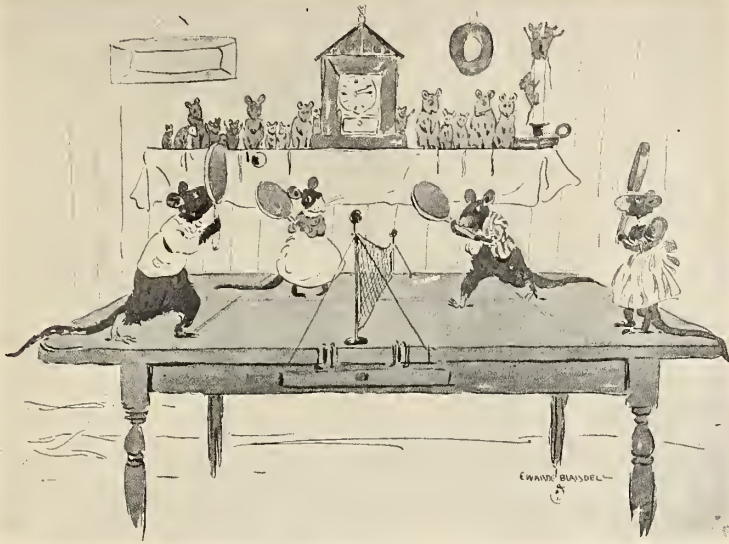


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The two pictures on this page are from a list of fifteen subjects which appeared originally in

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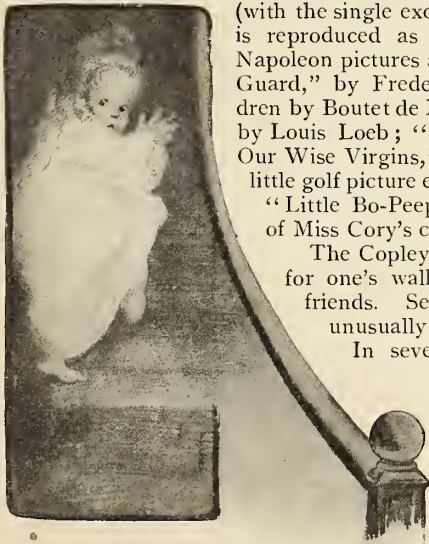
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ON THE DARK STAIRS, WHERE A BEAR IS SO LIKELY TO FOLLOW ONE.—F. V. CORY

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The Prince of Nonsense Land

This is the Prince of Nonsense Land,
 He listens all day to a rubber band;
 He carries his clothing around in pails,
 And scents all his kerchiefs with tenpenny
 nails.

He dresses his lackeys in apple-blue chintz,—
 This popular, popular Nonsense Prince.

He goes gunning for fish in the forest deep,
 And he always plays cricket when he's asleep;
 He once shook hands with an eight-day clock,
 And chased a centipede round the block,
 And he said, "Here's a trick I learned in Rome:
 To polish my boots with RUBIFOAM."

But
 Sensible People all say this:

"RUBIFOAM

is the Very Best Dentifrice."

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THE SOAP
THAT TAKES THE PALM
 FOR TOILET AND BATH
 IS

HAND SAPOLIO





"ALL NIGHT ON ALL ITS CHANGING MOODS I KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE."

(SEE POEM, "THE LIGHTHOUSE AND THE WHISTLING-BUOY.")

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1902.

NO. 12.

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THE LIGHTHOUSE AND THE WHISTLING-BUOY.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

THE sea-sand drifts about my feet and whitens on the dunes,
While, still complaining to the sky, the rocking water croons;
The salt, salt spray blows in by day, by night the breakers roar;
The white sea-horses toss their manes, all trampling on the shore.

All hours I hear the whistling-buoy across the long tides cry,
And watch the smoke of steamships trail along the down-bent sky,
And see the fog-bank mountains build, or doze and dream all day,
Or count the sails of fisher-boats, or watch the porpoise play.

But night at last steals down the sky, and be it late or soon,
And be the ocean inky black, or whitening to the moon,

Or ruffling to a quiet wind, or, storm-lashed, breaking high,
All night on all its changing moods I keep a watchful eye,

And coastwise throw a steady beam, by which the good ships steer ;
And meanwhile sounds the whistling-buoy to bid them come not near.
We have the trade of states to guard, and lives of sailor-men,
And sleep not till the screaming gulls call up the day again.

And when the little fisher-boats come beating up the bay,
We call them in by pier and port, or bid them steer away.
So up and down our coasts they ply, and fear its reefs no more
While whistling-buoy and lighthouse keep their watch along the shore.

THE APPLE-TREE.

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY.



AUNT ELINOR is eighty-three years old, and I am eleven. My name also is Elinor. We both of us love the apple-tree. Some day I am to have it for my own, with the little cannon and the rows of currant-bushes and the bed of tall flowers against the fence, where the stone

wall used to be. I am to invite there in blossom-time one or two discouraged or disappointed persons and give them tea, and read aloud about "the blossoms that were never anything but blossoms," which is a sermon written by a famous preacher who is a dear friend of Aunt Elinor's. Aunt Elinor tells it every year, when the apple-tree is in bloom and we are having tea beneath the branches. She does not tell it quite the way it is preached, and she makes it a good deal shorter, because the apple-tree and I are not the same as a grown-up congregation sitting in pews. The way she tells it sounds like this.

Once Aunt Elinor's friend looked out of his

window and saw a tree in bloom, and he said to himself: "This is blossom-time. It began in the South, and now it has come to my garden, and it will go on and on until it reaches the last tree in the world, far away up in the North; and so blossom-time sweeps over the earth like a great white, lovely wave." And then he thought: "But all the blossoms will not be changed to fruit, and for ten blossoms on an apple-tree there may be but one apple."

After that he remembered how, when he was a little boy, there was a plum-tree in his father's garden, and one spring it was covered with blossoms, but in the autumn there were only a few plums, and he was disappointed and said God must have changed his mind. When he grew up he knew better: he knew that the way it happened was the best way; that it takes a great many blossoms to make May; that if all these blossoms became fruit, it would be too much for the tree to bear. Thinking about blossoms so much, he began to think about people: how often they woke up in the morning with aspirations (that means something like plans) as beautiful as the blossoms on the trees, and hoped to do many things; but at night



"WHEN THE APPLE-TREE IS IN BLOOM AND WE ARE HAVING TEA BENEATH THE BRANCHES."

they found perhaps they had done only one thing, and that not a very important one, either, and so they felt discouraged and disappointed. This was wrong. People should remember that the beautiful things they wish to do, and try to do, but for some reason never can do, are



“TO MAKE THE ROOMS LOOK PRETTY.”

like the blossoms. They have helped to make life pleasant—to make it resemble May.

You see now why this sermon would be good for a discouraged or a disappointed person to hear, or for an apple-tree which had been obliged to see a great many of its blossoms scattered by the wind or broken off to make the rooms of a house look pretty.

When I asked Aunt Elinor how I was to know the discouraged and disappointed, so as to invite the right ones,—for of course no one could go about asking people if they had that the matter with them,—Aunt Elinor said I was to invite whomever I wished; that all persons had moments of being discouraged and disappointed; that it would be almost impossible to find any one who would not be cheered and

comforted by a cup of tea and hearing the blossom-time sermon read under the apple-tree.

From this I imagine that grown-up people do not have things always the way they want them, any more than children do.

In October, when the apples are ripe, we carry little baskets of them to different friends of Aunt Elinor's, who know the story of the tree, and out of the windfalls Aunt Elinor makes jelly and marks the glasses with two dates. The first, 1786, is of the year when the boys climbed the apple-tree—I will explain about that later; the other date is of the year when the jelly was made.

If I should live to be as old as Aunt Elinor I could mark the jelly “1786-1976”; that would be within ten of two hundred years. Where my German teacher, Fräulein Wedekind, lives when she is at home,—the name of the town is Hildesheim,—there is a rose-bush eight hundred years old. Fräulein Wedekind says our apple-tree reminds her of it, because it is the oldest thing she has seen growing in America. She asked one day if there were any known reason why a New England apple-tree, properly cared for, should n't live as long as a German rose-bush. We were not able to tell, but we mean that ours shall be properly cared for.

I see on people's tables a great many books with pictures in them about old gardens. Aunt Elinor's garden looks like the most beautiful one described in the books, but it has what none of the written-about ones have, and that is the apple-tree and the little old cannon in the grass with the bird's nest just inside its mouth. I often think how surprised the cannon must be every summer to have a bird fly out of it instead of a cannon-ball. The cannon is two hundred years old. We are quite sure of this because a date was put on it when it was made; but we know nothing about the first hundred years of its life, and we do not believe that even the bird does which has built its nest within it, although we think the robin that sings in the apple-tree may know a great deal more about the apple-tree's story than we do.

We, for instance, only know it as far back as the year when the boys went blueberrying in the sheep pasture. That was in 1786. Pos-

sibly some great-great-grandmother robin may have sung about the years before to little baby robins, and they, when they grew up, to other little baby robins, until in this way the story has come down to the robins which sing to us now.

The last time we had tea under the apple-tree and Aunt Elinor told the blossom-time sermon, a robin sat on a branch, very still, quite as if he were listening. When Aunt Elinor finished, he sang for at least twenty minutes the sweetest song you ever heard. Then he hopped upon a table and helped himself to a bit of seed-cake.

But I must begin my story.

It was more than a hundred years ago. Aunt Elinor's father was seven years old. One morning he told his mother the older boys were going to the sheep pasture, blueberrying, and he wanted to go with them. At first his mother said no; she was afraid he would get too tired. This made him very unhappy. He was always very unhappy if he could n't do exactly what the older boys did. Finally his mother concluded to let him go. So the big boys, and the one little boy who was Aunt Elinor's father when he grew up, started off together, each with his dinner in a pail. It really was n't very far, but it seemed so in those days, when it was all country, with no streets and houses.

I go the same distance several times a day and think nothing of it. It takes me a little less than half an hour. It probably took the boys longer because of stopping to play on the way. When they reached the sheep pasture, they sat down on a stone wall and ate what they had brought. It was still quite early, but they needed the pails to pick berries into; besides, boys are always hungry. It must have been a beautiful pasture. It sloped to the sea, and there was a brook near by, and on the slope, close to the wall, an apple-tree full of apples which would not be ripe till October, and this was August. Of course the boys could not wait till October, so after they had picked their berries they climbed the tree and each boy ate an apple.

Aunt Elinor's father, the smallest of the boys, also climbed the tree and ate an apple, but he was careful not to let any one see how very sour he found it, and how very hard it was to look as if he enjoyed it; and all his life long, whenever he told the story, he said he could never forget the taste of that sour apple, and wondered why children liked such things. This was in 1786.

Aunt Elinor and I think the tree must have been about ten years old, otherwise it would not have been large enough for all those boys to climb—at least this is one reason we think



"WHEN THE BOYS WENT BLUEBERRYING IN THE SHEEP PASTURE."

so; the other is that we *want* it to have been ten years old. You see, in that case its story would begin in the same year as the Declaration of Independence and the history of the United States—a particularly nice age for an American apple-tree.

But I tell you about the tree's age just as we talk of it ourselves. You must form your own

and the City Hall, and the shops that have n't moved.

Now let me tell you about the town and the sheep pasture and the apple-tree and the little boy forty years later.

A great many things can happen in such a long time as that, and a great many things did. The town grew larger until it overtook the pas-



“ ‘GOOD EVENING, APPLE-TREE,’ HE SAID;
‘THIS IS MY
LITTLE
DAUGHTER.’ ”

opinion about it, for we don't know the exact age of the tree. On account of not being quite sure, Aunt Elinor marks the jelly-glasses “1786.” We should prefer to mark them “1776.”

On the morning when the boys went to the pasture, the last house in the town was half an hour away from the apple-tree. To-day the place where the last house stood is in what is called “down-town,” where the post-office is,

ture and went a little beyond it. The pasture changed into a garden with rose-trellises and flower-beds and box borders, and there was a fine new house on the street side. The apple-tree had become a beautiful shape with low, spreading branches. The little boy had become a wealthy merchant, and was owner of the house and of the garden and of the apple-tree.

The evening after he came to live in his new

house he walked into the garden, holding a little girl by the hand. This was my Aunt Elinor. She says she remembers about it quite distinctly.

She was seven years old. They walked straight to the apple-tree, and her father, pulling down one of the branches, put the end of it in the little girl's hand. "Good evening, apple-tree," he said; "this is my little daughter. Who would have thought of our meeting again in such a pleasant way? I am glad to have an old friend like you in my garden."

Then he told the little girl about the time when he went blueberrying with the older boys, how the pasture looked, about the sheep, and the brook, and the view of the sea, which was shut off now, except here and there between the houses on the opposite side of the way. He told her, too, about climbing the tree and eating the apple, and how sour it was, and that he wondered why children liked such things, and how impossible it would have seemed if any one had said to him then, "Some day you will grow up and stand under this same tree with your own dear little daughter, and the place will be changed to a garden."

My Aunt Elinor had heard the story many times before, but it sounded more interesting than ever that day. She thought it was much nicer to have a garden than a pasture, only she wished they could have kept the brook and some of the sheep.

The street on which the garden faced was bordered with elm-trees, whose branches met overhead, forming a bower. All the processions passed along this street, and all the distinguished guests when they were shown the town, and drove out with the governor and the mayor and other important persons.

In this way many noted people have seen the apple-tree—even his Majesty the present King of England may have seen it.

It was when he was Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and nineteen years old. He had been visiting America, and late that afternoon was to sail for England. Aunt Elinor, who had been grown up for a long time, was giving a birthday party for one of her aunts. She had five of them. They came to the party dressed in black silk, with white lace at the throat, and

the two oldest ones wore caps. They were all older than sixty, except Aunt Charlotte, who was fifty-seven. It was Aunt Charlotte's birthday. They were very dear aunts, beautiful to look at, and their names were Aunt Angeline, Aunt Patience, Aunt Faith, Aunt Ruth, and Aunt Charlotte, who had been twice round the world with her husband the sea captain. For supper, beside the birthday cake, there was rich fruit-cake and damson preserves and other things. It was October, and the apple-tree was glorious with red apples, shining in the sun. The leaves of the elm-trees had turned yellow, which made a golden bower for the Prince and the people with him to pass under.

Some one had told him about the birthday party and the five sisters. He smiled and bowed to them in quite an especial manner as they stood together at the open window. At least this is the way it was printed in the next morning's paper; and this is what every one believed, except Aunt Charlotte, who always said, whenever the subject was mentioned, that royal people were obliged to smile and bow so much, they did it just the same as breathing, and that probably the Prince had not given a thought to them.

But I think just as the morning paper did.

It would have been perfectly natural, and why should not a prince be perfectly natural, particularly in America?

Not long after this something very serious happened to the apple-tree. It was struck by lightning, and almost split into two parts, and a great hole made in one side. It is curious to see a tree, whose trunk is only a shell, doing everything just as trees with whole trunks do. It never seems to mind at all because of being hollow inside, but is covered with blossoms every May, and green leaves all summer, and in the autumn still bears the same delicious apples, of a kind whose name no one knows. The only difference is, there are not so many apples as there used to be, but that makes them choicer.

Now I will tell you about the little cannon which lies under the apple-tree in the grass, with the date "1702" on the side. When Aunt Elinor's father had ships at sea the little

cannon was used on one of them to help protect his merchandise from pirates and other enemies. When the ships were sold, it was kept as a relic, and after a while brought to the garden and given a place in the grass, where a woodbine began to twine around it; and then a bird came and built a nest in it, and its life was full of peace—the best thing that can happen to a cannon.

And so they are there together in dear Aunt Elinor's



garden,—the old apple-tree with its hollow trunk and the little old cannon,—covered with woodbine,—and in the streets round about are tall, drooping elms, making the garden seem, when one is in it, like a lovely place of flowers hidden in the midst of an elmwood forest. Places hidden in forests are not always easy to find; but if any one wishes to make it a visit, I should be glad to tell exactly where the reader must go to find the apple-tree.

THE TIMID KITTEN.

THERE was a little kitten once
 Who was of dogs afraid;
 And being by no means a dunce,
 His plans he boldly made.

He said, "It 's only on the land
 That dogs run after me,
 So I will buy a cat-boat, and
 I 'll sail away to sea.

"Out there from dogs I 'll be secure,
 And each night, ere I sleep,
 To make assurance doubly sure,
 A dog-watch I will keep."

He bought a cat-boat, hired a crew,
 And one fine summer day
 Triumphantly his flag he flew,
 And gaily sailed away.

But in mid-ocean one midnight—
 'T was very, very dark—
 The pilot screamed in sudden fright,
 "I hear a passing bark!"

"Oh, what is that?" the kitten said.
 The pilot said, "I fear
 An ocean greyhound 's just ahead,
 And drawing very near!"

"Alack!" the kitten cried, "alack!
 This is no paltry pup!
 An ocean greyhound 's on my track—
 I may as well give up!"

Carolyn Wells.



"SLUSHY," THE ROUSTABOUT.

BY HOWARD E. AMES, U.S.N.

In this, the twelfth of the "long-stories-complete-in-one-number," a well known surgeon of the United States navy tells the interesting and true story of one of our "jackies"—a sailor lad who, with a very unpromising start, succeeded in making himself a credit to the navy and to his country.

IN 1875-77, while attached to the "Richmond," flagship of the South Pacific station and afterward of the South Atlantic, I found several boys among the crew. Not apprentice boys, such as we have now, for our apprentice system was just being established; but in all ships a few boys were enlisted and considered apprentice boys. It is one of these boys whose story I shall tell you.

A few days after I joined the ship, we were sailing north from Callao to Panama, along the coast of South America, before the constant but gentle gale that prevails on that coast from Valparaiso to Panama. The shore looked brown and barren, but the Cordilleras were lovely in their soft veil of blue haze. The day was one of those rare ones, so clear and beautiful, with the sea and sky so blue that we were treated to a view that few enjoy. The snow-capped tops of the distant Andes showed themselves far above the lower clouds that hid their flanks and shoulders, revealing only the loftier peaks against a broad and unbroken sheet of blue sky. They resembled white, fleecy clouds flecked with gray and brown, rather than mountain-tops. Had you seen them, so high above the Cordilleras, you would have taken them for clouds instead of solid earth.

It was a genuine lazy day, so charming, clear, mild, and warm that all hands were on deck—just such a day and such a sea as, sailors say, "would make sailors of our grandmothers, if they experienced such weather!" The ship was clean, and everything so bright; our sails filled so steadily and with such even strain by the gentle gale that not a spun-yarn started. What a soft, sweet song the wind sang through our rigging! Even old ocean seemed happy, for the little waves danced merrily in

the sun. Not a single white-capped grandmother wave or white-haired grandfather wave was to be seen, but the grandchildren wavelets were out and having a glorious time. The watch on deck had almost nothing to do, and the watch below were all on deck. The ship's crew is divided into two parts: one half is on deck for four hours, and then they are off duty; so those who are not on duty are called the watch *below*, because, if they wish, they can go below; while the watch on deck can *never* leave the deck unless ordered or by special permission. Some were smoking or playing checkers, a favorite game with Jack; others were overhauling their clothes-bags or ditty-boxes, and others sewing, reading, or napping: each suiting his individual fancy, and all happy, contented, and cheerful.

I was leaning over the fore-castle-rail near the cat-head, day-dreaming, watching the white wedge of foam as it curled back from the bow and shoulders of our good ship, listening to the soft, sweet notes of ocean's voice made by the little waves kissing our ship's bow and then jumping back, falling over one another in their glee, while we easily rolled along, rising and bowing to each crest or hollow that crossed our course. The soft swish of the water had lulled me into a happy, half-dreamy state when a voice at my elbow roused me.

"Is that real land 'way up in the sky, sir?" asked a boy who stood by my side, as he nodded toward the peaks.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "they are real mountain-tops projecting above the clouds."

In a low, sad voice he said: "I wish I was up there."

"Why?"

"Because I 'd be happier and feel better."

His remarks arrested my attention, and I looked at him. He stood gazing up at the peaks in the sky, with his hands pressed against his breast. My impression of the boy was not favorable. In fact, his shiftless and untidy appearance was so unusual on a man-o'-war that I examined him more carefully. His shoes were not polished, but were rubbed and washed by the

soiled and the letters dimmed by grease and dirt; his knife-lanyard was a piece of hammock-clew. His hands were dirty and his finger-nails black; his neck was not clean and his hair was long and uncombed. His like I had never seen before in the navy, and I was astonished and not pleased. His face was not a bad one at all, but rather, a good one. His features were regular—a well-formed, broad forehead, grayish blue eyes, straight, full nose, well-shaped mouth, with good teeth and a good chin. He was browned by the sun, but his complexion would have been called fair without the tan. His whole attitude was slouchy.

“Boy, what is your name?” I asked.

“My real name is William H——, but they call me ‘Slushy’ on the ship.”

“Jack” has a habit of nicknaming his shipmates, but this name struck me as one that suited the bearer exactly, although a very unpleasant name. Slush is the skimmings from the salt pork or beef (“salt-horse”) after it is boiled, and it is used to slush or rub down the mast or spars after they have been scraped bright.

“Why do they call you by such a name?” I asked.

He seemed to blush, and he hung his head, but did not answer.

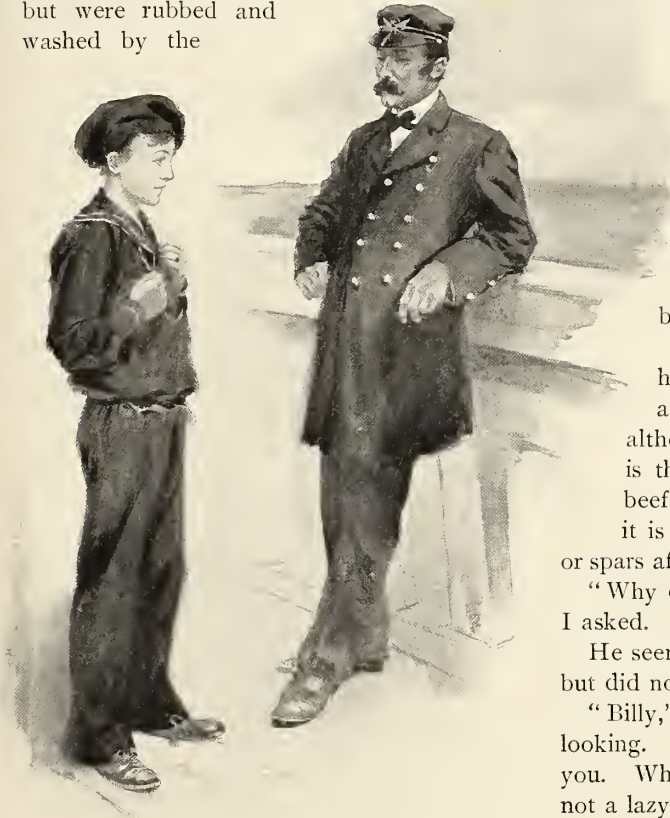
“Billy,” I said, “you are not very clean-looking. You should have more pride about you. Why are you not more tidy? You are not a lazy boy—are you?”

“I know my looks are against me, sir; but I cannot help it. No one—”

“Here, Slushy, clean out your spitkids. Shake a leg and get out of here, or I’ll tow you to the mast!” Old Nick Anderson, our chief boatswain’s mate,—an old “shell-back,” whose face, though rough, tanned, and wrinkled, was as kind and tender as a woman’s,—had spoken, and stood glaring at Slushy in harmless severity. Slushy slowly turned and slouched away.

“Anderson,” I asked, “who is that boy, and what is the matter with him?”

“Sir,” as he touched his cap, “Billy is a



“WHY DO THEY CALL YOU BY SUCH A NAME?”

salt water until they had a rusty color; instead of shoe-lacings, he had them fastened with rope-yarns; his trousers were ill fitting and dirty, and the back lacing was a white string instead of black braid or silk, while buttons were sadly wanting; his shirt, in keeping with his trousers, dirty! The white braid on cuffs and collar was soiled and greasy; his cap had no gromet on it, and hung limp on the side of his head; the cap ribbon was frayed and

genniwine roustabout—a reg'lar beach-comber; must 'a' been a wharf-rat. No good, sir, no good! Ought to be put on the beach, sir. But he 's a boy, sir, and we can't put him ashore in a foreign country, for he was shipped at home. When I was a boy, sir, like him, a dose of the cat took the turns out of such youngsters; but that 's gone, sir, with the old junk."

"Do you believe in whipping with the cat, Nick?"

"Well, sir, takin' it 'full and by' we 're better without it. I 've seed some good come of it; but I 've seed many a good sailor's back broke and the spirit all knocked out of him. I 've knowed many a frigate-bird turned into a booby by the cat, sir. You see, sir, sailors is like ships—you got to study 'em. Some does better when they are down by the head, some wants to be trimmed by the stern; some 's good all round, some sails better free. Why, I knowed a ship that sailed better on the port tack than she did on the starboard. It 's a fact, sir; her lines wa'n't the same on both sides. Why is men different? You doctors may know—I don't. I think they 're like ships. Now there 's 'Moldy'; he 's left-handed and long-sparred, but there ain't a better topman in the ship, sir. An old shipmate of mine on the 'Oneida' was slew-eyed on the port side, sir, but he had the best eyes in the ship, sir: he 'd pick up land before any officer or man in the ship, sir. 'Slew' was a fine swimmer, too, but he got drowned. He went aft with me to look after the steering-gear after we were struck by the Englishman, and afore we knowed it he was in the water; he was drowned. The Oneida wreck sent lots of my chums to Davy Jones, and here I am. It 's curious how things go. Well, I can't make nothing out of Slushy. The first lieutenant, Mr. R——, gave him to me, but I give him up. He ain't bad, but he 's more trouble than one stunsail boom in variable weather, sir, and lazier than the doldrums. He 's a disgrace to the service, sir—a disgrace to the ship!"

Nick went off, muttering to himself.

I watched Slushy at the port head-pump, cleaning the fore-castle spitkids. He would pump a few strokes with one hand and then

with the other, holding the free hand against his breast; and occasionally he gazed out vacantly on the western waters. A mess-cook came up to the head-pump, with slop-bucket in one hand and swabs in the other, to wash out his mess-kettle. Without a word, he kicked the spitkid from under the spout, shoved Slushy aside, and washed out his kettle. Low words of remonstrance were spoken by the boy, which were answered by the cook with a swipe of the dirty swab full in his face. Slushy, with a low cry, started toward the cook, who made another dab with the swab. Before a blow had passed, I quickly stepped across the fore-castle and called sharply to them. With indignation on his face, Slushy stepped back, said nothing, but wiped his face with his hands and then wiped his hands on his trousers. I reprimanded the man for his cowardly, needless attack, and threatened to report him; but as he was a good man I let him off with the rebuke. His excuse was that Slushy was always in the way and too slow, and *he* was in a hurry to finish his work.

Little sympathy was expressed on the faces of the men whose attention had been attracted by the episode—a smile, rather, of commendation for the cook and pity for me. Slushy had distributed his spitkids and gone.

Afterward I occasionally saw Slushy, but under unfavorable conditions. I noticed him lazily going aloft, or in hauling on a rope shirking with one hand; he never took part in any games, or was seen with any one; and I saw him eating his meals alone and apart from his messmates—perhaps he belonged to no mess. Once I saw him smiling and petting two guinea-pigs that belonged to Jimmy Lind, our fore-castleman. Jimmy called his pets "my boys," and had built them a little house raised on legs, about eight inches square, with a sleeping-nest below and a cage on top. The "boys" were very tame, liked to be rubbed and scratched, and would eat from the hand. Slushy was petting them, when he was rudely driven off by Jimmy Lind.

"Let my boys alone, and keep away from them; I don't want them p'isoned."

The poor boy slunk away, his smile fading into the old sad look. Poor Slushy! It was plain that he was an outcast—a roustabout.

I felt so sorry for him that I spoke to Jimmy, who said: "Doctor, he is so dirty he 'll p'ison my boys; and them boys is so partic'lar they don't like it—do you, boys?" And he patted each.

In Panama it was my custom every morning to take a salt-water plunge off the gangway. A swim is dangerous on account of the sharks that infest the bay. I had had my bath, was dressed and standing on the starboard gangway one morning, when I noticed Slushy on a little raft with the side-cleaners and scrubbers. Our wooden ships are covered with copper below the water-line to prevent the teredo—a sea-worm—from boring into the wood; also, to prevent the fouling of the ship's bottom by the growth of seaweed and barnacles, especially in port, which would seriously impair her sailing, owing to the large mass that forms. On a man-o'-war, the copper above and for a short distance below the water-line is scrubbed off, so that the copper looks clean and bright. This disagreeable work is disliked by the men, and is generally done by men who have violated some of the regulations of the ship and have been placed upon the restricted or "black" list. I have been on a ship where there was no black-list,—a rare thing!—and then it is done by men detailed for the purpose, and they are changed often so they cannot feel it is a punishment. In this case Slushy was among the black-listers; I suppose he was always a black-lister, but this time I am sure of it.

He was the same listless, lazy boy. He was holding the grab-rope with one hand, while the other was pressed against his breast. The grab-rope is looped along the side to hold on to when boats are alongside or in case any one should fall overboard. Slushy was, as usual, gazing at nothing. His absent manner attracted the attention of the others, and a silent signal was soon passed among them. Suddenly the catamaran was jerked astern; Slushy, off his guard, lost his balance and fell overboard. Down he went with a splash close to the side of the ship; slowly he rose, shook the salt water from his shock of hair, blew it from his mouth and nose, and quickly took a stroke to his greasy cap, which had been jerked beyond him, put it on his head, swam back to

the catamaran, and climbed up, amid the laughter of the others, and resumed his place at the grab-rope.

I joined in the laugh, for the water was warm, and it was a ludicrous sight to see the wild gyrations of his arms and his awkward efforts to keep his balance on the raft, and the sudden, startled look on his face. All made a funny picture. I thought it a good lesson that would teach him practically to pay more attention to his work. He saw me laugh, but said nothing; neither did his face change; he resumed his old position, the water running and dripping from him in little streams.

My laugh was soon checked as I saw blood trickling down his cheek; and when I called to him, telling him of the fact, he wiped his temple with his hand, and this he cleaned on his wet trousers, but made no comment. The blood still running in a tiny stream down his face and dropping from his chin, I called the catamaran, and as they hauled to the gangway Slushy stooped down and bathed his head with salt water. The laughter had given way to seriousness, and I thought his comrades looked, as I felt, thoroughly ashamed.

In a few minutes Slushy came aboard and down to the sick-bay, leaving a trail of salt water and blood past the crew on deck, who were silent and unsympathizing. He sat down, looking paler in contrast with the crimson blood, and his face seemed sadder. I thought that his eyes were filled with tears, but none fell. His mouth was firmly closed, his hands pressed, in the old way, against his breast. I cut away the hair, and found a jagged scalp-wound, neither serious nor very deep, his head having come in contact with some ragged copper on the ship's side when he fell overboard. I sent for his bag of clothes, that he might get a dry suit, but before it arrived he rose to leave the sick-bay. I told him to sit down again, and I soon had him fixed up in good shape.

While I was checking the flow of blood his hands had dropped from his breast, and as he held one with the other, palms up, I quickly noticed them. They were cracked, swollen, and ready to bleed. A careful examination revealed a skin disease which shows itself in the palms, and his were in a bad condition. He said

nothing—neither did I for some time; I was busy with my thoughts, and so mortified and ashamed that I could not have said anything. How my heart went out to the poor boy!

point of despair! How clearly now I understood his shortcomings! I knew why his hands were held against his breast; why his clothes were soiled, face and hands unwashed,

shoes not blackened and untied; why he had used one hand at a time, why he shirked pulling a rope, and went aloft so slowly; why he wiped his hands on his trousers. He could not do otherwise. I felt, as all medical men would under such circumstances, ashamed. My professional pride was humbled, for I should have found this out before—should have noticed the constant attitude of this poor boy and sought out the cause of it. I should have questioned him more closely, and not have blundered, as it were, upon the truth.

I drew a chair close up in front of him, and, taking his unresisting hands in my own, spoke as gently as I could to him. His hot and painful hands made my face burn with shame and caused my heart to ache as did his poor tortured hands. My heart within me warmed to him."



"DOWN HE WENT WITH A SPLASH CLOSE TO THE SIDE OF THE SHIP."

How the truth came to me, with a rush, that he was a sufferer, that he had been suffering for a long time patiently and uncomplainingly; how he had been misjudged, abused, cruelly treated, trampled down ruthlessly, I felt, to the

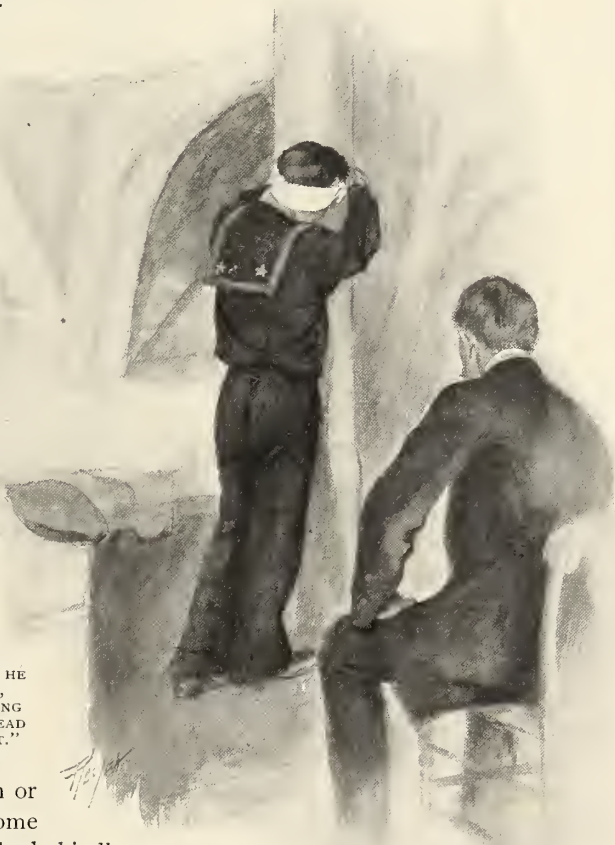
"Billy, my boy," I said, "I beg your pardon. I am sorry that I have thought ill of you. You will forget it, won't you? I am sorry I did not know of this before. I thought you a worthless, miserable boy—and I was mistaken.

You have been ill-treated and abused without cause. No one has been friendly to you, and you feel lonely and sick. Cheer up, my lad. We will get your hands cured, and you can make a fresh start in the world."

Looking up at me, he tried to speak. His mouth was tightly closed, and tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks; his nostrils dilated, and the corners of his mouth drooped. He struggled to his feet, looked at me for a moment, and, turning, threw both arms about an old oaken stanchion that stood by, and, with bowed head, wept and sobbed as though his very heart was breaking.

It was a sad, sad sight, and tears were in my own eyes. There he clung, trembling from head to foot, completely broken down. The master-at-arms brought in his bag, laid it softly on deck, and tiptoed out of the sick-bay. The nurses withdrew at a motion from me, and I was left alone with Slushy, who clung, poor boy, to that stanchion as though it were his mother's arm he was clasping. In his long, weary life on the ship he had longed for love and sympathy, and not a single word of kindness or encouragement had he received. He yearned for just what you or I would, were we alone among a crowd, sick, discouraged, misunderstood, driven by rude push or perhaps harsh blows, looking for some face, either human or animal, to look kindly at or speak to us. At last he had turned to the dumb oak post and there found comfort. It stood firm; it did not repel him or shrink from him; it uttered no harsh words or derisive jeers. A bond of sympathy seemed to exist. I thought of how the oak had been beaten by the local storms that swept the forest in which it lived; how it was happy with its

fellow-companions in the woods, swaying its leaves in the winds and sunshine,—happy days!—until it had been torn from its home and, like Slushy, become a wanderer on our ship, though filling a useful purpose, because guided and fitted by careful hands. Could not Slushy, I thought, be made upright and good, and fill a useful purpose in life, and, perhaps, support some poor afflicted heart as his own was being supported by that dear old post? Since that time I have had a tender feeling for that stanchion, and I often think of it where it



"THERE HE
CLUNG,
TREMBLING
FROM HEAD
TO FOOT."

stands to-day in the old ship, which lies at the navy-yard in Philadelphia.

With these thoughts I turned to Slushy. He had ceased crying, but an occasional deep, jerky sigh showed how his poor heart had been

stirred. Calling one of the nurses, we had a dry suit put on him in a jiffy. With warm fresh water, Castile soap, and a soft sponge, I soon had his poor hands washed and dressed. While doing this pleasant task I asked Billy why he had not come to me about his hands. He said he had been once to another doctor a long time before when they were "not so bad," and they had been treated; but that they "got bad again," and the men had told him that they needed toughening by pulling on ropes—that they were only tender. He had tried to harden them, but they would not harden.

Every one had "got down on" him; he had kept dropping behind; he had been punished so many times for so many things that he concluded it was his own fault. "And," he said, "I kind of gave up. I am strong, sir. When my hands got better, then I'd work hard; and then they'd get bad again and bust open, and hurt so that I could n't hold or pull nothing. And the salt water makes 'em sting so. I can't sew with them, and I could n't even black my shoes. I paid to have my hammock washed, but the feller did not do it so it would pass inspection. And at last they all gave me up, sir. I kept hoping they'd get better so I could make a new start, and I was then going to ask to be transferred to the 'Omaha' or 'Onward.' If you will get 'em well and get me transferred, I'll try again, sir," the boy assured me.

I was thus brought into close relations with Billy—for he was to be known as Billy hereafter, and, to help effect this change of name, I immediately ordered the men connected with the medical department not to use the name Slushy, appealing to their sense of justice. They all promised, and, so far as I know, faithfully kept their words.

We now come to a pleasant period in Billy's life. The change that took place was wonderful. For a time his hands were under treatment and he was not allowed to use them.

He had been given a warm bath, and his face was bright and clean and his hair nicely cut. New, broad tape laces replaced the rope yarn; a new suit of clothes was made by one of the men, and his old clothes washed; his shoes were polished by one of the nurses; and a smart new cap with well-fitting gromet and new ribbon, having an American flag at each end of the woven gilt letters "U.S.S. Richmond," with a neat bow at the side, took the place of his old greasy cap. How well he looked!

The pained, set look was gone from his face, and he no longer kept his hands pressed against his chest when on deck. I had him, by request, made a messenger boy, and he acted so promptly that he was soon noticed by the officers and spoken to more kindly. The men were not long in learning the cause of his previous miserable appearance, and feeling their condemnations of the boy unjust, quickly changed them, like true sailors, to sympathy; their regret of their harsh judgment was apparent by their actions toward Billy.

And here let me tell you that, both in the navy and merchant service, sailors are a misunderstood and misjudged set of men—why, is hard to define. But this feeling I have noticed giving way to a better. As a class, the men who go to sea are the noblest, most generous, sympathetic, and friendly in the world. I have studied them everywhere, afloat and ashore, and I



BILLY, THE MESSENGER BOY.

love their courage, charity, gentleness, and patience. The common saying "a rough sailor" is unjust—despite their prematurely wrinkled and weather-beaten faces, their strong, hard, stained, and scarred hands, and their ungraceful gait on shore. Their trusting nature and liberality have made them the prey of the unscrupulous and ever-ready victims of the vicious. This simplicity and confiding nature lead them to believe others as honest as themselves.

Many a time have I seen a confiding and honest Jack come home from a cruise with his

three years' earnings in his pocket—proud of his country, his flag, and his ship, dressed in his best mustering-suit, clean from truck to keel, or rather from head to foot, happy and proud to visit his native land once more, bid good-by to his shipmates, and leave—and appear in three days at the receiving-ship for reënlistment! But how sadly changed! Bruised, besotted with drink, soiled with the dirt of streets, stripped of money, ashamed and crushed. Sadly he tells the *old* story: "Was drugged by some land-sharks, sir, robbed, beaten, and turned into the street. Was run in by the law, sir, for fighting, sir; but I don't remember it, sir." Is he turned away by us with harsh words? No; he is sure to find an officer or man who knows him and his good qualities, and, also, *his weaknesses*. So he is treated kindly by his shipmates, sobered, cleaned, fed, and shipped for another cruise.

We know him, but not as you see him—a miserable, rough sea-dog with bloated face and bleared eyes, avoided by the landsmen, shunned by gentlefolks, the terror of women and children, neglected by the law. In the police-court the judge only sees a degraded sailor; and poor Jack, with his throbbing brain and befogged memory, feeling ashamed because he can recall nothing, stands mute. Even though the evidence against him is false, he cannot prove his innocence. Overwhelmed with the false charges and the unfriendly faces, and the stern rebuke of the judge, he pleads guilty and asks to be allowed to go, promising to ship at once and not again to mar the city with his presence. And, so, back to his sailor friends. We have seen him in storm and in calm, at the helm or engine or furnace or brace, on a stormy night when his coolness and attention were at their greatest strain, and where a false step, a shrinking or neglect of duty, would mean destruction to the ship and crew; when to let go a brace would hurl his shipmates aloft into the sea; when to forsake his trying work at the furnace would drive the ship to destruction. Then it is you see these men of the sea uncomplainingly facing danger, working cheerfully and willingly. The officers know them, and with encouraging words cheer

them. This close contact makes us love our sailor-man. At the first call of distress his money-bag is opened and the largest coin is sought after and given, be it gold or silver. When a wounded or sick shipmate requires nursing, his rough hands are as gentle as those of a woman; they are as deft, when he makes his clothes or embroiders the embellishments on his mustering-suit. Were he known as well ashore as he is afloat, you would take more interest in and feel kindlier and more forbearing toward our seafaring men, both in the navy and merchant service.

Soon Billy's hands were nicely healed, and, as he was anxious to return to duty, I tried to think of some work less severe for his hands than that of the deck. Happily, he solved my trouble by asking if I would request to have him assigned as a lamp-trimmer. This was just the thing. The oil would be good for his hands, and I learned that the trimmers did not like the billet. The position being easily obtained, Billy took charge, and was stationed next the dispensary in the dark and not very large lamp-room. How he scrubbed and fixed things in shape! And it was soon noticed that the standing lights, as well as all the lamps and lanterns in the ship, were bright, clean, and well trimmed, seldom smoked, and gave their full capacity of light. I noticed that Billy was always in the lamp-room during the day, and seldom seen on deck even in the evening. I supposed he was reading when not at work. One day I stopped at the door, and saw him busy with slate and pencil—so busy that he did not notice me. He started, with a salute and smile, when I inquired what he was doing.

"Trying to study algebra, sir," he answered.

"Algebra, Billy? Algebra! Have you ever studied it?"

"No, sir; but I thought I would try to work it out." In answer to my question as to whether he had studied arithmetic, he said: "I have just finished it, sir."

"Just finished? Who has been teaching you?"

"No one, sir; I worked it out myself all the way from long division."

An examination revealed the fact that Billy had gone through the whole arithmetic, and

knew it from cover to cover. I was greatly astonished and interested, for it is unusual to find a boy showing so much determination. And he was studying algebra unaided! He gladly accepted my offer to help him, and made rapid progress. Very soon I discovered Billy's deficiency in common branches. His education was very meager, as he had attended school only a short time.

Here was a sailor-boy knowing the points of the compass, the names of many ports, and that he was in South America, who yet did not know whether we were in the eastern or western hemisphere, or whether the countries we visited were republics, kingdoms, or empires. His knowledge of our own country—its history, its extent, its government, everything that our boys should know—was nearly as poor. He was honest in acknowledging his ignorance, and anxious to learn. Every evening, after I had purchased some books for him, when it did not conflict with my duty, I would hear him recite lessons in geography, history, and algebra. Besides, I had him read aloud to me in the dispensary his lessons for the next day, and gave him a copy-book, in which I had him copy a certain amount from some good book. The rapidity with which he progressed was really wonderful, and he would go beyond the lessons I set him. Being encouraged to ask questions, he asked very sensible ones. All this study was done in addition to his regular duties, and done cheerfully and quickly. He never halted a moment, but went at his work with such a will and in so systematic a way that he had a good amount of time which he devoted to study.

During an outbreak of fever on the ship, when our captain and many officers—our fleet surgeon among them—were ill, our apothecary court-martialed, and I suffering with a sprained ankle, though obliged to be about, Billy proved of valuable assistance to me. He saw the condition of things, and asked if he might help me. I accepted his services, and, perched on a stool beside the scales, I would indicate the bottle I required, and Billy would bring it to me. He would ask the meanings of the abbreviations on the labels, and, to my surprise, he soon told me he knew every article in the dispensary.

I allowed him to rub up the medicines and help make pills, taught him the weights and measures used, and let him try weighing and compounding the medicines, which he did, in a short time, accurately and quickly. He showed the same active mind in lessons in materia medica and pharmacy, and I am safe in saying that he learned more in six weeks than others would learn in the same number of months. With the sick he showed his kindness and gentleness, and he was ever ready. Finally I allowed him to give the medicines, and in this duty he was also prompt and methodical.

"Billy, I fear you have too much to do," I said to him one day.

"No, sir," he replied; "I am learning so much every day, and am happier now than I have been for years. I know so little that I wish there was more time in the day, it goes away so fast."

Among the fever-stricken was the man who had hit Billy with the dirty swab, and Billy treated him with the same consideration and kindness that he showed others. That he remembered (and he must have remembered) the assault and insult he never showed. The man confessed to me his regrets at his harsh treatment of Billy, saying, "I don't know what to do, sir." I told him to speak like a man to Billy and to apologize. I was pleased to learn he had done so, for it made Billy so happy; his face showed it, though he never mentioned it.

While back again in Callao, Billy kept at his books. He read Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" with great advantage, tracing out all the marches with atlas before him.

What a new interest this country had for him now! I saw that his trips ashore were always a delight to him. He visited Lima, saw the old chapel Pizarro built, and took an interest in the old palaces that were built by the old governor-generals when Spain ruled the country long before Peru became a republic. With interest he examined the ancient pottery, and ruins of the old Incas, about which he talked earnestly and intelligently. Also he read about the conquest of Chile; the wonderful march of Valdivia after that soldier left Pizarro and started across the Desert of Atacama. He read the history of the west coast, of its people and

its products. On my little walks for recreation on shore he would plead to go with me, and I can recall his delight at my commonplace re-

a task. On one of these walks at Coquimbo, Chile, I saw some pretty sea-flowers that grew in the sand in a little pool among the rocks.



"'YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME, SIR.'" (SEE PAGE 1079.)

marks about the peculiar condition of the various portions of the coast. It was no longer a mystery to him why no rain fell in Peru, or why it rained so much in the south. His appetite for knowledge grew, and the study of Maury's Physical Geography was a pleasure rather than

He was delighted when I asked him to pluck them for me, and he was about to reach for them when I checked him to call his attention to the beautiful colors of salmon and pink, for they looked like the bright corollas of some wild flower. I then told him to pull them. How

surprised he looked when his first touch made them withdraw under the sand! and he was so pleased to find they were sea-anemones—animals instead of vegetables. So it was with everything: the hermit-crab, the various shells, the differences in the color of lizards—why they were bright and beautiful in Panama and so dull-colored in Peru. These little points made him observant, and he asked questions about things that the ordinary boy, or even man, would pass unnoticed.

We received orders to proceed to the east coast of South America. We entered the Gulf of Penas, and going through the inner channel, ran down through Smith Channel and English Reach into the Straits of Magellan, a route seldom taken by any but men-o'-war, though one of the most picturesque and interesting. The ship in twenty minutes ran from a raging gale in the gulf, with close-reefed topsails, into a narrow passage as smooth as a river, steaming between shores that were wild and dangerous and only to be navigated during the day. We had to anchor before night, often long before, and would not get under way at times until late in the morning, owing to the condition of the tide, as it was not always advisable to steam at any stage of the water.

When the anchor was dropped I would go ashore, if possible, and Billy with me. Wading knee-deep through the moss, the perfect wildness of the place, together with the fact that he was standing on land that probably no civilized man had trod, gave to these little trips a relish such as can be appreciated only by those who experience it. A particularly picturesque place, Island Harbor, greatly pleased him. We ran straight for a solid cliff of rock, no opening seeming to exist; but soon a small streak of water showed itself, into which we passed behind a rocky island into a little cove with a thundering cataract at its head and lofty peaks of bare rock on three sides that seemed ready to topple over and crush us. Another beautiful harbor was on Desolation Island. After steaming up a canal about a mile we found ourselves in a little circular bay, with bare rocks and high cliffs all about us. And here we had such a treat of the mussels that abound in the Straits of Magellan! They were

gathered by the men into barrels, and a jet of steam turned on them; thus steamed, they proved fine eating, and were enjoyed by officers and men. The curious fowl called "side-wheel" ducks interested us much. Their wings are too small to enable them to fly, so the ducks use them very successfully in propelling themselves over the water, making such a churning noise and leaving such a wake as to cause them to be likened to a side-wheel steamer.

The scenery of this inland passage was curious and varied. With a sweep of the eye one could see a fierce snow-storm, with driving gale; a heavy rain-storm, with dark masses of heavy clouds; beautiful sunshine, with everything clear and bright. The mountains were topped with snow, their flanks bare and brown, while the base was fringed with a beautiful deep green.

These all interested Billy, and his expressions of delight in them interested me. He observed everything, and was constantly making notes, and asking where he could find books that treated upon the various things that attracted his attention. When we found a deserted Fuegian hut, he carefully examined it, and watched the shores to catch a glimpse of others, even at a distance. How delighted he was when later he saw a Fuegian Indian girl, a temporary prisoner, held by the governor of Sandy Point for the purpose of giving her some slight education before returning her to her tribe; how interested in the groups of penguins on the low sandy islands which we passed in the straits, the herds of seals on the shore or sporting in the water! All were looked upon in a new light and with an intelligent interest. At one of the islands where we anchored we saw several graves of sailors who had died and were buried away off from their native land on these desolate shores. Billy reverently took off his cap as he walked around among them, and I thought he assumed his old sad look as he stood quietly lost in thought, his hands drawn up the same as when I first saw him. After standing for some time, in a sad and sympathetic tone he said: "Poor fellows! Who knows but that they were good, honest sailors? They must have been, for their shipmates buried them nicely. It is very quiet and lonesome here, and it seems like a good place to bury sailors, here

on the wild shores of the strait, for Magellan, the man that discovered it, was a sailor, and he died far away from home, as these men did, and was buried on the Philippine Islands."

At another place we found an abandoned miner's-cradle, which showed that a search for gold had been made even in this desolate place. No name or mark of encampment was to be found, but there was the proof that the gold-hunter had been here, for the cradle was the work of civilized hands. We stopped for a few days at Puntas Arenas (Sandy Point), a penal colony belonging to Chile, and which is the most southerly settlement in the world. The place is bleak and dreary, but may become important, as coal is found near by, and coal is a valuable product at that place.

Before long we ran out into the Atlantic Ocean, and made a good voyage to Montevideo, where I was ordered to another vessel for temporary duty. I was sorry to leave Billy, but found him much improved in looks and intelligence when I returned three months later. He had continued his studies alone and made great improvement. Again I was separated from him at Rio, when the Richmond was ordered home. At parting he promised to act on my advice to be true to himself and just to others; and as the Richmond passed us with her homeward-bound pennant floating far astern, the band playing "Home, Sweet Home," I saw Billy standing on the fore-castle at the same place where I had first noticed him. He waved his cap to me, and so we parted.

About nine years after I bade good-by to Billy, I was leaving my office at the New York Navy-yard one day, and as I stepped out from the passage a gentleman passed in. In a moment the apothecary called after me, saying, "Some one wishes to see you."

I returned to the office, and found a gentleman, handsomely dressed, tall and well built, with brown hair and bluish gray eyes, and a Vandyke beard adding greatly to his appear-

ance. He came toward me with right hand extended, while in his other he held his cane and silk hat. He did not speak for a moment, but in reply to my greeting he said, "You do not remember me, sir?"

I had to acknowledge that I could not recall him, but remarked that there was something familiar about his face.

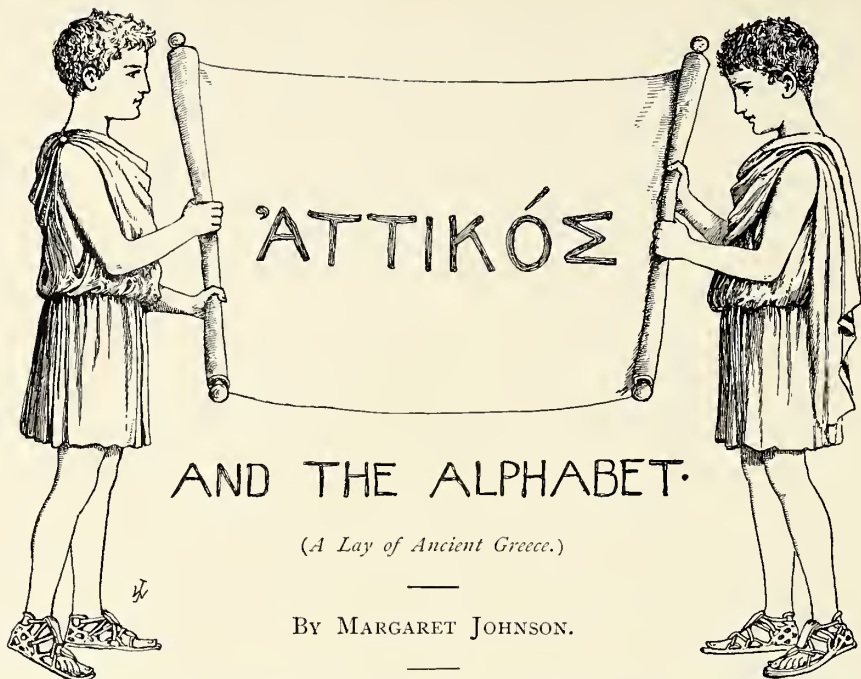
"Doctor, do you not remember that poor miserable boy, the roustabout, that was on board the Richmond with you?" he asked in a deep, manly voice.

"Why, Billy, is it you?" And I shook him again by the hand. I was glad to see him, and wanted to know all about him. In our chat he told me that he had been true to himself; had saved his money on the cruise, gone to school, studied engineering, and graduated from college, and stood before me a civil engineer—and a good one, too, as I afterward learned. He had had a struggle, but had never given up, and never ceased his studies. He had helped in a survey on the Southern Pacific Railroad, done good engineering work in several ports of the South, and was then on his way to Pennsylvania to undertake another important work. With pride he showed me a beautiful watch, suitably engraved, that had been given him by his subordinates "as a slight token of their appreciation of his skill and kindness, justness and generosity," as the inscription showed. Billy had been true to himself!

Before leaving he told me that old Nick Anderson was dead, and he paid a noble tribute to the faithful old sailor. He also said: "I have given up the sea, but my heart is always warm for the men who 'go down to the sea in ships.' I love the sea, for although it was the scene of some of the saddest days of my life, it was also the beginning of my new life."

Again thanking me for my kindness, he warmly shook my hand and bade me good-by.

I have not seen him since that meeting, but I believe that Billy is still true to himself, and to all whom he meets in the world.



AND THE ALPHABET.

(A Lay of Ancient Greece.)

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

YOUNG Atticus was born in Greece,
That favored land, in times of peace,
Which many a genius nourished;
And round him poets sang their lays,
And sculptors carved, to earn their bays,
And in a thousand ancient ways
The fine arts greatly flourished.

And then he had, his steps to dog
And his reluctant brain to jog,
A very learned pedagogue—
Pray do you know what *that* is?

He had a master wise at school
Who followed Solon's every rule,

Young Atticus, his parents' pride,
With every luxury was supplied;
They hoped to see him famous,
Like Solon or like Socrates,
Like Phidias or Demosthenes,
Or others they could name us.

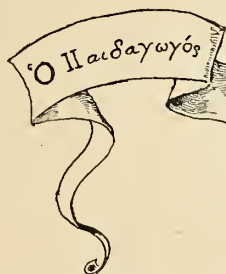
He had a nurse till he was grown,
A little chamber all his own,
With many a toy upon the shelves
Such as we 'd like to have ourselves,
If our mamas would let us!
And he was classically fed
On figs and dates and barley bread
And honey of Hymettus.

He had a *chiton*,—that 's a gown,—
A pair of sandals small and brown—
Queer clothes were these of Atty's!



And bound each scholar who resigned
Into his care an infant mind,

With Wisdom's
firmest fet-
ters;
And yet, in spite
of all of
these
Remarkable ad-
vantages,



He was—the truth I grieve
to speak! —
He was a stupid little
Greek;
He could not learn his
letters!

In vain his pedagogue implored,
In vain his angry master roared,
His tender nurse grew tearful.
Still at the bottom of the class,
He saw the happier scholars pass,
Promoted one by one. Alas,
His ignorance was fearful!

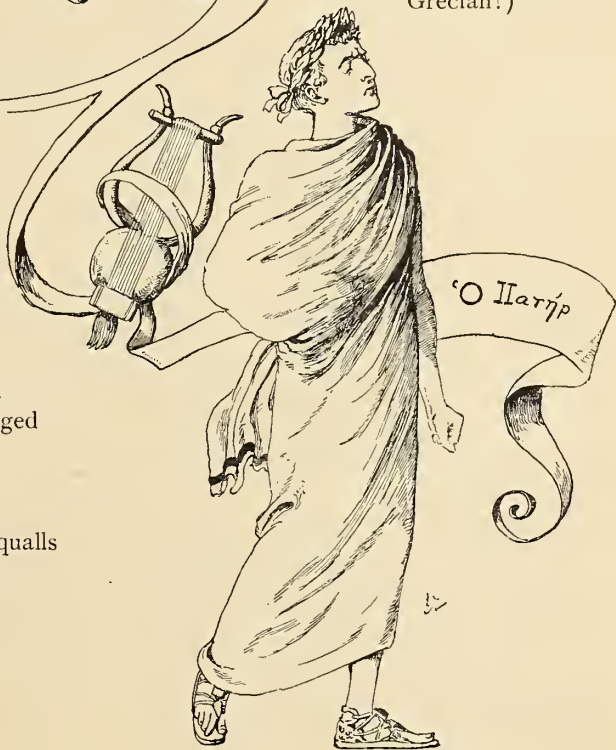
The pedagogue each morning dragged
The boy to school, with steps that lagged
And loud expostulation;
Each night the proud paternal halls
Reëchoed his despairing bawls,
As on through tempests and through squalls
He sought his education.

So matters went from bad to worse
For master, pedagogue, and nurse,
Till little Atticus's
Ambitious, kind, and wise papa
Laid down his—no, not his cigar—

His lute, perhaps, or cithara,
And said (in Greek): "This is too much!
My nerves are shattered quite, with
such
Distracting frets and fusses."

And straightway he put on, with that,
His laurel wreath (he had no hat),
His purple *chlamys* (which, you'll
note,
Was just a kind of overcoat),
And to the market went he;
Where, from a hundred lit-
tle slaves
Brought captive from be-
yond the waves,
He chose him four and
twenty;

And, quite regardless of
their names,
Josiah, Jacob, John, or
James—
(No, no! those are not
Grecian!)





Cleon, I mean, Miltiades,
 Eudexion, or Damocles—
 He named them for the A B C's,
 The alphabet Phenician;
 And on his son the gift bestowed,
 Together with a graceful ode
 (Which I refrain from quoting),
 In which he bade the boy to play
 With his new toys the livelong day,
 His time to them devoting.

Now fancy how this little boy
 Was filled with fervent (Grecian) joy!
 Behold him at his play anon
 With Alpha and with Omicron,
 Iota, Sigma, Upsilon,
 Omega, Pi, and Eta;
 With Chi and Kappa, Tau and Mu,
 Lambda and Epsilon and Nu,
 And Zeta, Beta, Theta;
 With Gamma, too, and Xi and Phi,
 And Rho (I 'm nearly through) and Psi,
 And nimble little Delta,
 And—no, I think I 've said them all!
 At play with battledore and ball,
 And running races through the hall,
 And gamboling with shout and call—
 Why, how *could* Atticus forget
 The letters of the alphabet?
 He learned them helter-skelter!

Then while his fellows wondering gazed,
 And every one his progress praised,
 Whom late they shouted "Fie!" on,
 Peace, sweeter far than tongue can tell,
 Upon that troubled household fell,
 For everything at last was well
 For parent and for scion.

The moral of this little tale
 Is, firstly, just a little wail
 That things cannot be made for us
 As easy as for Atticus,
 That woeful little weeper!
 We too, instead of books and blocks,
 Might have live letters in a box,
 And find how pleasant learning is,
 If our papas were rich as his,
 Or little boys were cheaper.

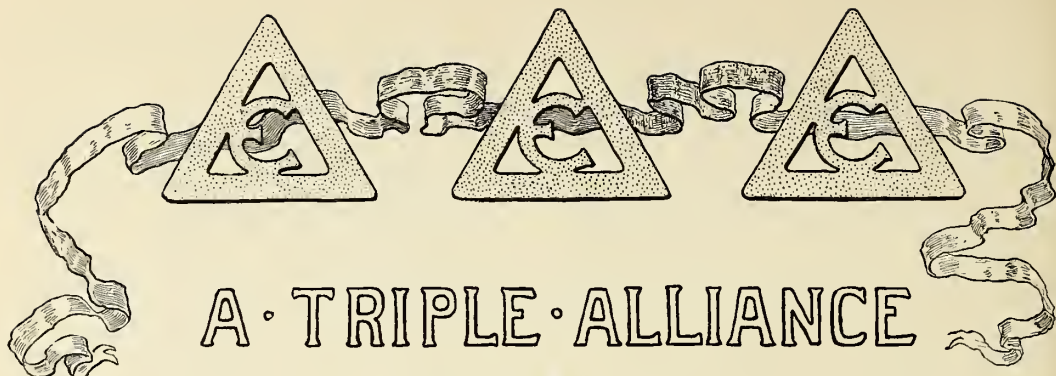


But since that cannot be, how glad
 We ought to feel *we* never had
 To learn, in hours of study sad,
 A language hieroglyphic.



He never would have made a fuss,
 That stupid little Atticus,
 Could he have learned just A B C's
 Instead of dreadful things like these:
 ΑΒΓΔΕΖΗΘΙΚΑΜΝΞΟΠΡΣΤΥΦΧΨΩ
 Now are they not terrific?





A · TRIPLE · ALLIANCE

BY

Charlotte Sedgwick.

I.

FOR the third time she arranged the gay drift of cushions on the big divan which looked as if it could tell where the bed was hiding, and for the third time she took care to leave a gorgeous affair in orange and black at the top of the heap. Then she placed the picture of a grim-looking youth in football costume in a conspicuous position on her desk and regarded it with loving eyes.

"You are not exactly pretty, Tommy dear," she observed in the silent language which pictures seem to understand, "but you are interesting, and I want my Elizabeths to know you. You shall have a candle on each side of you — so."

She lighted them and adjusted their red shades. Then she turned off the electric light and kindled a dozen more on dressing-table, tea-table, and bookcase, until the room was filled with a soft, rosy glow. Finally, catching up her dainty pink skirt with both hands, she backed slowly toward the door, studying the effect as it would meet the eyes of her guests.

"It is lovely," she told herself with much satisfaction. "You know how to make a room look attractive, Elizabeth Kendall, if you are only a freshman and did n't know a permutation from a combination yesterday."

A sweet-faced girl with dark hair was smiling approval at her from a mirror across the room, and Elizabeth made a sweeping curtsy which the girl in the mirror returned with stately politeness.

"I don't wonder our great-grandmothers

were such beauties," thought Elizabeth; "they had the advantage of candle-light, and —"

An emphatic knock close to her ear sent old-time maids scurrying from her thoughts, and she flung the door open to greet the distinctly new-time maid who stood at her threshold.

With one hand raised to the level of her chin in affectation of the fashionable salutation, while with the other she held the glasses through which she haughtily surveyed her laughing little hostess, Elizabeth Curtis stalked into the room, murmuring languidly, "Ah, *de*-lighted, I 'm sure!"

"Beautiful!" applauded the lady of the room. "Where did you get it? Where is Elizabeth Ward?"

"To the manner born, your most surprising impudence!" retorted the other, with a withering glare whose effect was somewhat damaged by the hug which punctuated it. "I have n't seen Elizabeth the Third since dinner. What a wee little girl you are! You make me feel out of drawing, somehow."

They settled themselves comfortably, feet and all, on the wide divan, whence Miss Curtis promptly threw overboard the topmost cushion.

"It matches my hair too well," she explained, laughing. "I told my cousin Sidney that just on that account he must n't go to Princeton; that he need n't expect *me* to wear his old colors if he did. So he 's at Yale, and it 's much more becoming."

"Well, however lightly you may toss Yale and Princeton aside, I shall insist that you must be polite to my cushion, or I —"

"Don't move; look pleasant, please," commanded a quiet voice from the doorway, where a slender girl in black was standing. "No, *don't* get up; I'm coming right over there. Shall I close the door?"

She raised the fallen colors and hid her face in them for an instant, saying as she looked up: "My father was a Princeton man; he—"

Her voice broke, and she stopped. But the girls understood. They had wondered why Elizabeth Ward wore mourning, but something in her brave smile and in the proud poise of her head had discouraged curiosity and sympathy alike. Dumb with youthful shyness of another's sorrow, they could not speak now. They pulled her tenderly down between them and snuggled close to her, each trying to think of the right thing to say, and each hoping that the other would say it first. In a moment she herself came to the rescue with a commonplace remark, and after that the conversation rippled along in familiar, pleasant shallows until the hostess slipped out from the cushions and went to lower the candle-shades to suit the decreasing candles.

"We'll have our tea now," she said, "before that miserable bell sends us all to bed."

Elizabeth Ward insisted on making the tea, and soon the little kettle was humming a soft home tune which the girls grew quiet to hear.

"How nice and comfortable it seems!" said Elizabeth Curtis at last, with a deep breath of contentment. "I wish we could do it often."

"Don't sigh like that often," cautioned the girl at the tea-table, laughing and screening the alcohol blaze with her hand; "you'll put my lamp out."

"We *can* do it often," said Elizabeth Kendall, eagerly. "I've been thinking about it a good deal, girls, and I have an idea."

"Found at last, in the freshman class!" quoth Miss Curtis. "Wait till I run and mention it to the faculty."

"Don't abuse your own class, Elizabeth," came a gentle protest over the tea-cups. "Be still and let's make Elizabeth go shares with her idea."

"Yes, Elizabeth; Elizabeth is keeping still. Go on, Elizabeth."

"O-oh!" wailed their unhappy hostess, with

her fingers in her ears. "This Babel of Elizabeths is ruining my reason and my manners. Has n't either of you a nickname? I tried to leave mine at home along with my dolls and other childish things; but take it—it's 'Beth.'"

Elizabeth Curtis reluctantly confessed that she had been known to answer to the name of "Lizzie." But Elizabeth Ward disclaimed all diminutives. "I have always been Elizabeth," she said; "please let me remain Elizabeth, as we are sufficiently untangled now. Come, Beth, tell us your idea."

"It's very simple. The other girls regard us as a great joke, you know, thanks to our all having the same name; and I think myself that we are too good a joke to spoil. Let's form a little—not club, exactly, but—"

"A Triple Alliance," suggested Elizabeth, who was putting lumps of sugar and slices of lemon into three red cups.

"That's just what I mean," agreed Beth. "And we can meet Saturday nights, when there's nothing else to do. Don't you think—"

"Wait a minute," interposed Lizzie. "What is to be the object of this—club? If you're going to parse Browning, or discuss what would have happened if something else had n't, then I think we're nicer just as we are. Do you aim to instruct me, Miss Kendall?"

"Never!" declared Beth, with a hopeless shake of her head. "The tea is in that Wedgwood powder-box, Elizabeth. I *aim* just at friendship and good comradeship. My brother says that girls miss the best part of their college life because they are n't capable of real friendship—they don't know the meaning of the word. They'll purr and be lovely, he says, until they happen to want the same thing, and then they'll claw, as he elegantly puts it. I think that he is wrong. Let's prove that he is, girls."

"And we'll have a badge," said Lizzie, as if the whole matter had had her approval from the first. "I'll tell you! a little gold triangle with a pearl E on it. What do you think?"

"I think I can't afford it," answered Elizabeth, quietly, although her face grew warm. She expected to say those words many times, but somehow the first rehearsal before these richer girls was hard.

"Do you want to bankrupt us?" demanded

Beth, with tact that never failed her. "Put a cheaper E on a cheaper triangle, Lizzie love. Why would n't blue enamel on silver be pretty?"

"It would—lovely!" said Lizzie, heartily. "And let 's have some significant word engraved on the back. What 's the key-note of friendship, girls?"

"Sympathy," said Elizabeth, promptly.

"Oh, I should say love!" objected Beth.

"You are both wrong," declared Lizzie, with conviction; "it 's loyalty."

"You 're right," agreed Elizabeth, after a moment's thought. "I think she 's right, Beth. Here 's to loyalty and the Triple Alliance!—Ow, the horrid stuff is *hot!*" and she set the cup down vindictively, while the girls screamed with unfeeling merriment at her anti-climax.

"The solemnity—of this—occasion seems—a trifle—b-bent," choked Lizzie. "Never mind, dear; just wait until the tea is cooler and we 'll join you."

II.

THE little treaty of friendship and alliance, made in the red candle-light and pledged from the red tea-cups, came to be the sweetest fact in the sweet college life of the three Elizabeths. It did not in any way weaken their class allegiance—'98 had no members more loyal; but it was to them the center around which the broad circle of class life and class spirit swung. Nobody resented the little coterie, for each class contained many similar ones. "There would n't be anything particularly remarkable about us if our names were n't Elizabeth," insisted Lizzie; "but that fact seems to have made us one of the property jokes of the institution." The other girls laughed, and found it very pleasant on a stormy afternoon to drop in at Beth's room for a chat with "the triangle" and a cup of tea from the bustling little kettle.

Tom Kendall, off at Princeton, found much entertainment in Beth's enthusiastic letters about the alliance. "Do I labor under a misapprehension," he wrote, "or does the class of '98 consist of just three members, named Elizabeth, Elizabeth, and Elizabeth, respectively? It 's all very sweet and pretty, little sister, but I 've watched girls' undying friendships before, and it usually takes about three months to finish

them. Girls overdo things so; they profess too much, gush too much, and exact too much. They don't know what honor and loyalty mean, either. I 've heard them say things about their 'best friends' until my blood curled up on the edges. I 'll tell you, though: if your alliance is still on bowing terms, I 'll invite you all on for Commencement next June."

"We 'll be there, Tommy," wrote Beth; and they were.

III.

FATHER TIME is a reckless driver all along the road of life, but the college course is the speedway where he puts his steeds to their best paces. He had soon whirled the class of '98 past the third June-post, and dashed into September with increased speed.

The first Saturday night of their senior year found the three girls in the dear familiar room which Beth had refused to exchange for larger quarters. She herself was on the floor with her head against Lizzie's knee, and Elizabeth sat on the window-sill, looking out, while a big harvest-moon was looking in. A little breeze was swinging in the curtain, and down on the campus an orchestra of crickets was plaintively fiddling.

"How good it is to be back!" said Beth, breaking a long silence which had followed an hour of lively chatter. "But oh, girls, to think that this is really our very last year!"

"Don't think it," returned Lizzie, cheerfully. "What 's the use of spoiling good times by remembering that they 're going to end some time next year? Let 's talk of something pleasant. When are you going to begin your prize essay?"

"Your choice of a pleasant topic is inspired," Beth observed. "I don't know; I should n't begin it at all if I did n't have to. That prize essay has haunted my sleeping thoughts and my waking dreams all summer. I *can't* write, and the effort is agony; but one of you girls must take the prize, for the honor of the Elizabeths."

"I wish I might win it," responded Lizzie; "I should like the honor of it, and it would delight father's heart, bless him! I 've done nothing yet to add luster to the name of Curtis."

"And I should like the money from it," confessed Elizabeth. "Senior years come very

high. Let 's write a partnership essay, Lizzie; you may have the honor and I 'll take the hundred dollars. You don't need the money."

"And *you* don't need the honor? The modesty of our editor-in-chief is refreshing in this conceited world, is n't it, Beth?"

"If Lizzie should get the prize, then I 'll be the only one who has n't done anything for the glory of the triangle," said Beth, thoughtfully. "I can't even win 'honorable standing.' Oh, it *is* trying to be such a failure!"

"Failure!" scolded Lizzie. "You might as well call a violet a failure because it does n't happen to be good to eat."

Elizabeth came down from the sill to put her arms around the little girl on the floor. "I know some high-honor girls," she comforted, "who would be glad to exchange their power to win nines and tens in scholarship for somebody's power to win love. Shall I tell you this little somebody's name?"

They were quiet for a long time after that. The moon ceased to find them interesting and withdrew her gaze; the little breeze "let the old cat die"; and the crickets' serenade was lost in the twanging of some mandolins and guitars in the room across the hall.

IV.

ELIZABETH WARD had always done the best literary work of the class. It was her nature to do well anything that she undertook, and to this capacity for taking pains was added the gift of expression. Her tendency was toward serious composition, and her themes, her essays, her criticisms, showed a depth of thought and a keenness of insight uncommon in one so young. Even in her freshman year her work had been in demand for the columns of the "Oracle," and in her senior year she was unanimously chosen editor of that ambitious little college monthly.

Elizabeth Curtis, too, wrote extremely well, because she loved to write; but it was almost impossible to get any serious work from her. Her pen was a magic wand which, the girls declared, could make even a scientific treatise funny. If a bright story was wanted, or a bit of nonsense verse, or a reply to some exchange editor's gibe, it was sure to be her pen from which the stream of wit was expected to flow.

It was a foregone conclusion that one of these two would win the Hunniwell Prize, the greatest literary honor of the whole course. Ordinarily Lizzie's mere "bright way of saying things" would have had no chance against the calm judgment and correct style of the other girl, but this year the subject assigned — "The Humor of Women in Literature" — favored her somewhat and made the issue doubtful.

"Anyhow, there 's one comfort," Helen Reese said cheerfully; "the rest of us need n't work ourselves to death. But, after all, nobody likes to be last in a race, and an honorable mention is worth trying for. I don't envy the committee their task of wading through those thirty-two essays, though. I reckon they 'll see more *humor* about women than we mean them to."

Since that first night the Elizabeths had never discussed the prize essays. Once Beth had mentioned them, but the subject had seemed so unwelcome and so embarrassing that she had speedily changed it. She worried about this a good deal. What was the matter with the girls? Was it going to be as Tom had said? — that girls' friendship was not strong enough to bear the strain put upon it when they wanted the same thing at the same time? She was forced to admit that the girls were unchanged in other respects, but *why* did they become silent and look so guilty when any one asked them about their essays? She knew that they were working over them, and it would be so much more comfortable if they would only talk about them frankly. Her own generous nature suffered from the thought that her Elizabeths were growing jealous and suspicious of each other. She finished her own modest essay, and read it to them, hoping that it might bring a like response from them. But her little ruse failed, and she began to dread the day which would bring victory to one and defeat to the other. Her distress crept even into her letters to Tom; and he wrote:

"I see your finish! Those little silver triangles will soon be dangling on the willows. I was afraid of it; only you had gone so far I had begun to think that you might hold out. Never mind, little sister; I tell you that girls simply can't do it — they are n't generous."

That letter made Beth cry, and she did not go down to dinner. When the girls came to her as soon as dinner was over they found her lying on the divan with a suspiciously red little nose and a headache. They asked no questions. They petted her and fed her tea and amused her until the color of her nose was reduced by several shades and the blood ceased to pound at her temples. Then they began to talk naturally about the prize essays. They had been sent to the committee that very day, and relief had appeared on many a senior brow as the ink-stains had disappeared from many a senior finger.

"For the first time in a month '98 is itself again," Elizabeth declared. "But I wonder you did n't offer to read your essay to me, Lizzie, just for the sake of my kindly criticism."

"Oh, I'm superior to kindly or unkindly criticism," returned Miss Curtis, placidly polishing her glasses with the frill of a silk cushion. "Besides, I was afraid you might steal some of my thunder. I consider my essay rather neat—in its way."

"Do you? I'm glad," responded Elizabeth, with sincerity. "Mine is a work of art, too; I consider it the most remarkable one I have ever written."

Beth listened and wondered, while the mountain of anxiety she had reared crumbled away and left the sweet level of assurance and faith unbroken. The girls had been queer, but they evidently understood, and it was all right.

V.

ONE morning, three weeks after, the whole college was assembled in the big, octagonal chapel. The students were seated, as usual, by classes, manifesting interest and excitement that decreased regularly from the highest class to the lowest. To the juniors the occasion was a vivid reminder of the ordeal which they must meet in one short year; to the freshmen it was a faint suggestion of something to happen in a dim, far-distant future. The usual morning hymn was sung, every one of the six stanzas; the usual chapter was read—an unusually long one, it seemed to the girls; and the usual prayer was offered. Then, instead of announcing the usual second hymn, the president of the college, with much hesitation and much clearing of the throat, an-

nounced that it was his pleasure to introduce to the young ladies Dr. Westlake, chairman of the Hunniwell Prize Committee, who, he was sure, needed no introduction to most of those present.

Dr. Westlake, a nervous, scholarly-looking man, in a long explanatory preface gave the history of the founder of the Hunniwell Prize; gave the history of the founding of the Hunniwell Prize; gave the history of the labors of the committee which had been chosen to award the Hunniwell Prize. Then, just before the girls' politeness snapped under the long strain, he opened a paper in his hand and told them that it gave him great pleasure to announce that the present winner of the Hunniwell Prize was Miss Helen Reese, with honorable mention of the names of Miss Agnes Arnold and Miss Janet Comstock.

For an instant there was a hush. Then Elizabeth Curtis began to applaud, and the other girls followed with enthusiasm. Helen was popular, and the momentary hush had been one of surprise, not of disapproval. When the last hymn had been sung and the girls were dismissed, the three Elizabeths were the first to congratulate her, and then they slipped away to Beth's room to talk it over.

"Why did n't you take that prize?" demanded Elizabeth, as soon as the door was shut. "I thought you wanted the honor, and you ought to have won it. I don't understand it at all."

"Why did n't *you*?" Lizzie retorted fiercely. "I thought you were positively suffering for the money. I was *sure* you would get it."

Suddenly a ray of light shot into Beth's benighted intelligence. She made an inarticulate little exclamation and fell in a heap on the divan, burying her face in the pillows and shaking with sobs or laughter, the girls could n't tell which.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Lizzie, making ineffectual efforts to drag her forth into the daylight. "Has she got hysterics, do you suppose? Beth, if you don't come out of that, I'll throw some water at you."

Beth sat up, wiping her eyes, and the girls saw that it was mirth which had overpowered her.

"Oh, you bats!" she gasped. "*Don't* you see?" Then her face grew grave, and with a

wisdom truly Solomon-like she glanced at both but looked at neither, and said:

"You mean thing! Why did n't you tell me that you were actually trying *not* to win that prize?"

"Why, how did you guess?" asked both girls in one breath, staring at her in amazement, and then quickly transferring the amazed looks to each other. Thus they stood for a moment, and then — there were three dignified seniors lying in an undignified and shrieking heap on that much-enduring divan.

VI.

TOM KENDALL'S reply to his sister's little song of triumph was characteristic and expressive.

"I give up," he wrote. "Girls can — some girls. I take off my hat to the Triple Alliance. I have sent you a five-pound box of caramels as a sort of apology for my scepticism. Please celebrate with it.

"Yours in humble admiration,

"TOM.

"P.S. But of all the 'plum idjits'!"

"I don't exactly know what a 'plum idjit' is," Lizzie said, when this letter had been read, "and we were certainly something, all right; but just tell your brother that we are mortally offended at his unseemly language — we expect another 'apology'"; and she took another caramel and handed the box around.



UNCLE SAM'S BEAR.

BY EDITH V. CORSE.

FAR up among the northern pines of a State famed for its beautiful lakes lies the most beautiful of them all, so hidden in the forests that it only just sprouted from a logging-camp in the woods, and we had. So we accepted the agency hotel with a spirit of thankfulness, and prepared to make it the headquarters for many exciting sorties. We could hardly decide at first between the powerful rival attractions of the Indians and the military. But it was soon clear to us that the Indians, as the more extensive and varied subject, demanded time—whole days; and so, while joyful visions of a near future full of the unknown but long-dreamed-of red man brimmed full in our heads, we started off to enjoy at once the more familiar but hardly less enchanting scenes at the barracks.



"DEVOURING AN ARM IN FRIENDLY FASHION."

stretches out, four hundred miles of wild and lovely shore-line, unsuspected by most of the white man's world, and the Indians still hunt in the wilderness about it and move over its waters in their birch-bark canoes—still, too, indulge sometimes in their old pastime of killing off their white neighbors; and that is why, as the train brings you up to the tiny village which marks the reservation agency, you catch a glimpse of Uncle Sam's little white tents among the trees by the lakeside, and meet his boys in blue along the street as you go up to the hotel.

It really called itself a hotel, and we did not dispute the point with it. You would, I feel quite sure; but then, you probably have never been to spend Sunday in a new town that has

W— has not been a military post very long, and is but a small one, so the barracks are just nothing but a big wooden house, standing like a huge yellow bonnet-box on the edge of the lake. It is approached by a sandy road through the low scrub of young oak and blackened stumps, and along this we were proceeding—Jack, Hester, and I, with mother following

at a less enthusiastic but equally cheerful pace—when we saw on the grassy open before the barracks what seemed to our startled eyes to be a soldier in mortal combat with a large black bear. The grinning faces of the sentry and the men about the door of the guard-tent, however, soon reassured us, and with mixed feelings of delight and awe we drew nearer.

It was a soldier, and it was a bear; but as we approached, he—the man, not the bear—disentangled himself sufficiently to make us a friendly signal to come on, and you may be sure we were soon—at a respectful distance—making their acquaintance.

"He's the company's mascot, miss," explained the private, with a smile that was as

broad and good-natured as everything else about him. "We trapped him when he was a little feller. He ain't very old now, but he 's big. Oh, no; he would n't never hurt any one"—as the bear, who did not care for the interruption to his scuffling-match, rose on his hind legs and with teeth and claws set about devouring an arm in friendly fashion. "He 'most bit the cook's finger off the other day." The soldier chuckled as if he enjoyed the recollection. "You see, he ain't used to havin' no one manage him but me, an' I was up in the town, an' when I come back, there he 'd got loose, an' they had him cornered in the cellar with pitchforks an' brooms an' everything, a-waitin' fer me to get back 'n' chain him up."

Here the bear made an unexpected move, and nonchalantly hooked his claws into Jack's shoe-lace, causing that youth to hop with more energy than dignity for a moment, while the rest of the audience retired a space with much alacrity.

"Tricks? Oh, yes, he knows a few stunts—nothin' much. Where 's yer bottle, Bug? Here"—he picked up an old beer-bottle from the ground and handed it to "Bug" (or Bugamegëshig, to give him his full dignity and the Indian leader his full *indignity*). The bear gravely raised it to his mouth and tipped back his head as though enjoying a long draught. "If it was full he would be better pleased," said the soldier. "He likes his beer along with the rest of us," said his guardian, laughing.

Bug here threw down his bottle, and the soldier startled us by calling out: "'Tention!"

The bear at once straightened up to his full height, and turned his sharp nose to the right with comical solemnity as his commanding officer shouted:

"Right dress!"

"Front!"

Bug obeyed, standing quite steady and looking very military as he did his best to follow the manual as well as any other of Uncle Sam's well-drilled subjects could. The bear went through a few more manœuvres, much to our delight, and then the soldier said:

"Want to see him take his bath? He has his bath in the lake every day. Now I 'll jes' show you another funny thing he does, too. This ain't no trick, neither, 'cept jes' his own—the little cuss." He dropped the chain from his hand, and instantly, before we had time to be horrified, the bear made a dash for the barracks and disappeared round the corner of the building, lumbering at full speed. Away went the soldier too, and in at a door like a flash, and shortly reappeared at the corner round

which Bug had so precipitately vanished, leading him again by the chain, and laughing.

"The sly little fellow! He always makes a bee-line upstairs to get into the beds," he said fondly; "an' if we don't get there he has 'em all tore up in no time."

He now led the bear down to the water's edge, and flung the chain over a stump, and then for some time we watched our



TAKING HIS BATH.

friend's enjoyment of the cool water, where he sat, with his usual gravity, fishing up from the bottom, one by one, some unspeakable old

playing-cards, and eating them adroitly from the back of his paw.

At last we bade him a lingering adieu, and took our way back through the sunshine to the town, where the noble savage was to be seen, in all his dirt and dignity—for he has dignity still, if you look at him with the right eyes to see it. We were soon lost in admiration of an old Indian who had so many wrinkles in his face that you would not have been able to tell which of them was really his mouth except for the fact that a pipe was protruding from it; and we had almost forgotten Bugamegēshig's existence, when a wild chorus of yelling voices burst upon our ears, to the accompaniment of a jingling sound. Of course we hardly needed to look around to know that our new acquaintance had broken loose. But I hope you don't imagine that on this account we *did n't* look around, for we did, and executed several other very hasty moves at the same time. The brute—one always calls them brutes when they are indulging their native instinct for freedom—rounded the corner close to us, and came pounding, full trot, down the plank sidewalk, his big red mouth wide open, while behind him

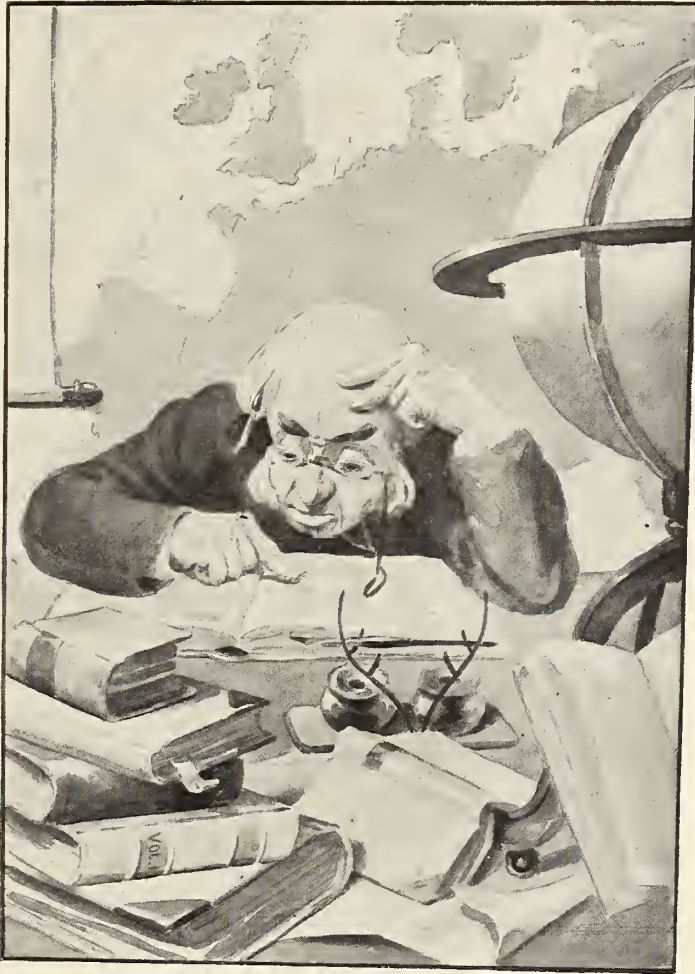
came the full hue and cry of the barracks; and before him stood—we four and the old Indian. The latter, as I remembered afterward, did not rise from his seat nor alter the arrangement of one wrinkle during this encounter. I thought of the cook's finger. What the thoughts of mother, Jack, and the Indian were I won't pretend to say. But Hester, I can assert, thought of something more to the purpose than did any of us. She raised above her head the big hickory bow she had just bought, and shouted with all her lungs, almost in the bear's face:

“Attention!”

Bug stopped short, looked about in an uncertain way, and then, as he heard “Right dress!” quickly follow, rose to position as if that settled it. Then, of course, in another second his keeper was upon him, and the thrilling moment was over. I have never really regretted the shortness of its duration, for mother and all of us found ourselves thrilled quite enough for one day as it was. We went to see Bug once more before we left. Our respect for him, and for our quick-witted sister, was several degrees higher than during the first scene of our acquaintance with him.



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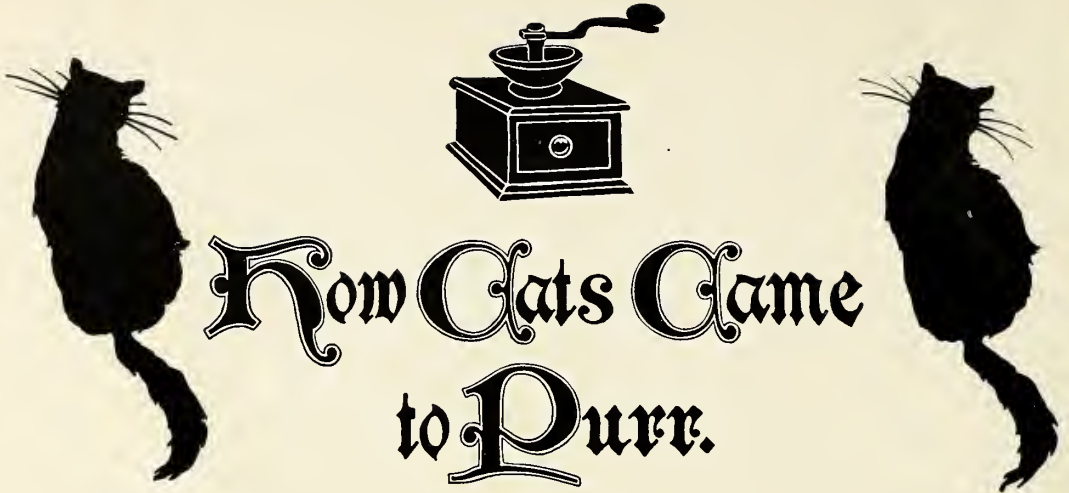


DR. WISDOM.

BY L. STROTHMANN.

WHEN Dr. Wisdom sits among
His papers and his books, sir,
He runs his fingers down the page,
And very wise he looks, sir.

He cares not if the soup be cold,
Nor if the meat it burns, sir.
When Dr. Wisdom 's at his books,
Oh, what a lot he learns, sir!



BY JOHN BENNETT.

A Boy having a Pet Cat which he Wished to Feed, Said to Her, "Come, Cat, Drink this Dish of Cream ; it will Keep your Fur as Soft as Silk, and Make you Purr like a Coffee-Mill."

He had no sooner said this than the Cat, with a Great Glare of her Green Eyes, bristled her Tail like a Gun-Swab and went over the Back Fence, head first—pop!—as Mad as a Wet Hen.

And this is how she came to do so :

The story is an old one—very, very old: It may be Persian ; it may be not : that is of very little moment. It is so old that if all the nine lives of all the cats that have ever lived in the world were set up together in a line, the other



"THE CAT THAT GROUND THE COFFEE IN THE KING'S KITCHEN."

end of it would just reach back to the time when this occurred.

And this is the story :

Many, many years ago, in a country which was quite as far from anywhere else as the entire distance thither and back, there was

a huge cat that ground the coffee in the King's kitchen, and otherwise assisted with the meals.

This cat was, in truth, the actual and very father of all subsequent cats, and his name was Sooty Will, for his hair was as black as a night in a coal-hole. He was ninety years old, and his mustaches were like whisk-brooms. But the most singular thing about him was that in all his life he had never once purred nor humped up his back, although his master often stroked him. The fact was that he never had learned to purr, nor had any reason, so far as he knew, for humping up his back. And being the father of all the cats, there was no one to tell him how. It remained for him to acquire a reason, and from his example to devise a habit which cats have followed from that time forth, and no doubt will forever follow.

The King of the country had long been at war with one of his neighbors, but one morning he sent back a messenger to say that he had beaten his foeman at last, and that he was coming home for an early breakfast as hungry as three bears. "Have batter-cakes and coffee," he directed, "hot, and plenty of 'em!"

At that the turnspits capered and yelped with glee, for batter-cakes and coffee are not cooked upon spits, and so they were free to sally forth into the city streets and watch the King's home-coming in a grand parade.

But the cat sat down on his tail in the corner and looked cross. "Scat!" said he, with an angry caterwaul. "It is not fair that you should go and that I should not."

"Oh, yes, it is," said the gleeful turnspits; "turn and turn about is fair play: you saw the rat that was killed in the parlor."

"Turn about fair play, indeed!" cried the cat. "Then all of you get to your spits; I am sure that is turn about!"

"Nay," said the turnspits, wagging their tails and laughing. "That is over and over again, which is not fair play. 'T is the coffee-mill that is turn and turn about. So turn about to your mill, Sooty Will; we are off to see the King!"

With that they pranced out into the court-yard, turning hand-springs, head-springs, and heel-springs as they went, and, after giving three hearty and vociferous cheers in a grand chorus at the bottom of the garden, went capering away for their holiday.

pantry. "Hullo!" he said gruffly. "Come, hurry up the coffee!" That was the way he always gave his orders.

The black cat's whiskers bristled. He turned to the mill with a fierce frown, his long



"'HULLO!' HE SAID GRUFFLY. 'COME, HURRY UP THE COFFEE!'"

tail going to and fro like that of a tiger in its lair; for Sooty Will had a temper like hot gunpowder, that was apt to go off *sizz, whizz, bang!* and no one to save the pieces. Yet, at least while the cook was by, he



"TURNING HAND-SPRINGS, HEAD-SPRINGS, AND HEEL-SPRINGS AS THEY WENT."

The cat spat at their vanishing heels, sat down on his tail in the chimney-corner, and was very glum indeed.

Just then the cook looked in from the

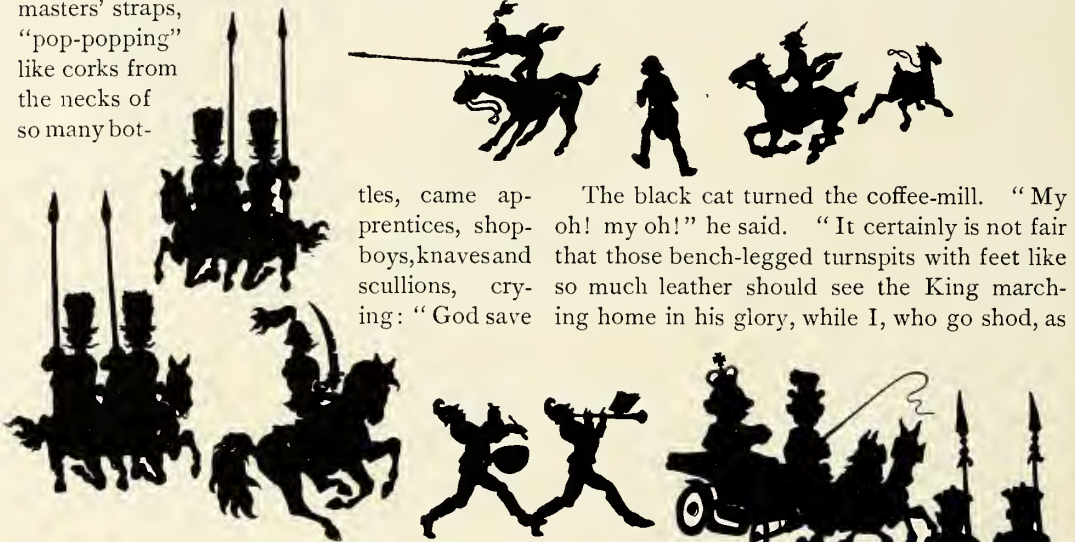
turned the mill furiously, as if with a right good-will.

Meantime, out in the city a glorious day came on. The sun went buzzing up the pink-

and-yellow sky with a sound like that of a walking-doll's works, or of a big Dutch clock behind a door; banners waved from the castled heights, and bugles sang from every tower; the city gates rang with the cheers of the enthusiastic crowd. Up from cellars, down from lofts, off work-benches, and out at the doors of their masters' shops, dodging the thwacks of their masters' straps, "pop-popping" like corks from the necks of so many bot-

accordions and dudelsacks and Scotch bagpipes—a glorious sight!

And, as has been said before, the city gates rang with the cheers of the crowd, crimson banners waved over the city's pinnacled summits, and bugles blew, trumpets brayed, and drums beat until it seemed that wild uproar and rich display had reached its high millennium.



A PART OF THE GRAND PROCESSION.

the King! Hurrah! Hurrah! Masters and work may go to Rome; our tasks shall wait on our own sweet wills; 't is holiday when the King comes home. God save the King! Hurrah!"

Then came the procession. There were first three regiments of trumpeters, all blowing different tunes; then fifteen regiments of mounted infantry on coal-black horses, forty squadrons of green-and-blue dragoons, and a thousand drummers and fifers in scarlet and blue and gold, making a thundering din with their rootle-te-tootle-te-tootle-te-rootle; and pretty well up to the front in the ranks was the King himself, bowing and smiling to the populace, with his hand on his breast; and after him the army, all in shining armor, just enough pounded to be picturesque, miles on miles of splendid men, all bearing the trophies of glorious war, and armed with lances and bows and arrows, falchions, morgensterns, martels-de-fer, and other choice implements of justifiable homicide, and the reverse, such as hautboys and sackbuts and

tles, came apprentices, shop-boys, knaves and scullions, crying: "God save

The black cat turned the coffee-mill. "My oh! my oh!" he said. "It certainly is not fair that those bench-legged turnspits with feet like so much leather should see the King marching home in his glory, while I, who go shod, as

it were, in velvet, should hear only the sound through the scullery windows. It is no doubt 'The cat may dog shall have have as much he; and imme-

has, quite as much as that the dog may have his day. I will not stand it; it is not fair. A cat may look at a king; and if any cat may look at a king, why, I am the cat who may. There are no other cats in the world; I am the only one. Poh! the cook may shout till his breath gives out, he cannot frighten me; for once I am going to have my fling!"

So he forthwith swallowed the coffee-mill,



box, handle, drawer-knobs, coffee-well, and all, and was off to see the King.

So far, so good. But, ah! the sad and undeniable truth, that brightest joys too soon must end! Triumphs cannot last forever, even in a land of legends. There comes a reckoning.

When the procession was past and gone, as all processions pass and go, vanishing down the shores of forgetfulness; when barons, marquises,



"HE FORTHWITH SWALLOWED THE COFFEE-MILL."

dukes, and dons were gone, with their pennants and banners; when the last lancers had gone prancing past and were lost to sight down the circuitous avenue, Sooty Will, with drooping tail, stood by the palace gate, dejected. He was sour and silent and glum. Indeed, who would not be, with a coffee-mill on his con-



"AND WAS OFF TO SEE THE KING."

science? To own up to the entire truth, the cat was feeling decidedly unwell; when suddenly the cook popped his head in at the scullery entry, crying, "How now, how now, you vagabonds! The war is done, but the breakfast is not. Hurry up, scurry up, scamper and trot! The cakes are all cooked and are piping hot! Then why is the coffee so slow?"



"THE CAT WAS FEELING DECIDEDLY UNWELL."

The King was in the dining-hall, in dressing-gown and slippers, irately calling for his breakfast!

The shamefaced, guilty cat ran hastily down the scullery stairs and hid under the refrigerator, with such a deep inward sensation of remorse that he dared not look the kind cook in



"IT SEEMED AS IF EVERYTHING HAD GONE WRONG."

the face. It now really seemed to him as if everything had gone wrong with the world, especially his own insides. This any one will



"'WHERE IS THE COFFEE?' SAID THE COOK."

readily believe who has ever swallowed a coffee-mill. He began to weep copiously.

The cook came into the kitchen. "Where is the coffee?" he said; then, catching sight of

the secluded cat, he stooped, crying, "Where is the coffee?"

The cat sobbed audibly. "Some one must have come into the kitchen while I ran out to

sides and that the mill might thus remain undiscovered.

But, alas! he forgot that coffee-mills turn. As he humped up his back to cover his guilt,



"OUT STEPPED THE GENIUS THAT LIVED UNDER THE GREAT OVENS."

look at the King!" he gasped, for there seemed to him no way out of the scrape but by telling a plausible untruth. "Some one must have come into the kitchen and stolen it!" And with that, choking upon the handle of the mill, which projected into his throat, he burst into inarticulate sobs.

The cook, who was, in truth, a very kind-hearted man, sought to reassure the poor cat. "There; it is unfortunate, very; but do not weep; thieves thrive in kings' houses!" he said, and, stooping, he began to stroke the drooping cat's back to show that he held the weeping creature blameless.

Sooty Will's heart leaped into his throat.

"Oh, oh!" he half gasped, "oh, oh! If he rubs his great hand down my back he will feel the corners of the coffee-mill through my ribs as sure as fate! Oh, oh! I am a gone cat!" And with that, in an agony of apprehension lest his guilt and his falsehood be thus presently detected, he humped up his back as high in the air as he could, so that the corners of the mill might not make bumps in his

the coffee-mill inside rolled over, and, as it rolled, began to grind—*rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr!*

"Oh, oh! you have swallowed the mill!" cried the cook.

"No, no," cried the cat; "I was only thinking aloud."

At that out stepped the Genius that Lived under the Great Ovens, and, with his finger pointed at the cat, said in a frightful voice, husky with wood-ashes: "Miserable and pusillanimous beast! By telling a falsehood to cover a wrong you have only made bad matters worse. For betraying man's kindness to cover your shame, a curse shall be upon you and all your kind until the end of the world. Whenever men stroke you in kindness, remembrance of your guilt shall make you hump up your back with shame, as you did to avoid being found out; and in order that the reason for this curse shall never be forgotten, whenever man is kind to a cat the sound of the grinding of a coffee-mill inside shall perpetually remind him of your guilt and shame!"



— JOHN BENNETT — 1901 —
 "HE RETIRED TO A HOME FOR AGED AND REPUTABLE CATS."

With that the Genius vanished in a cloud of smoke.

And it was even as he said. From that day Sooty Will could never abide having his back stroked without humping it up to conceal the mill within him; and never did he hump up his back but the coffee-mill began slowly to grind, *rr-rr-rr-rr!* inside him; so that, even in the prime of life, before his declining days had come, being seized upon by a great remorse for these things which might never be amended,

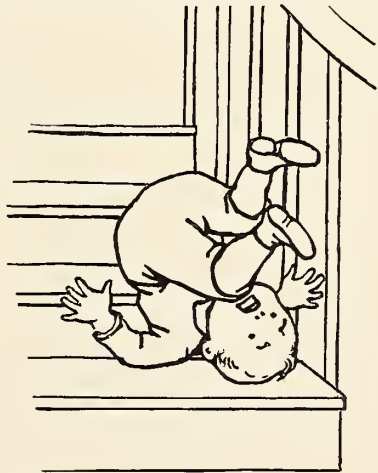
he retired to a home for aged and reputable cats, and there, so far as the records reveal, lived the remainder of his days in charity and repentance.

But the curse has come down even to the present day, as the Genius that Lived under the Great Ovens said, and still maintains, though cats have probably forgotten the facts, and so, when stroked, hump up their backs and purr as if these actions were a matter of pride instead of being a blot upon their family record.

PERHAPS YOU 'VE MET HIM.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.

THERE 's a little boy I know
 Who never seems to go
 Downstairs in just the regulation way;
 He will roll, or slide, or crawl,
 Go backward, jump, or fall.
 But walk?—oh, no! not once the livelong day.



A RUNAWAY.

BY H. M. KINGERY.

"WAIT, Lulu; we shall have to walk down this hill."

"Oh, no," was the laughing reply. "I am going to ride."

A party of young people awheel had reached the brow of the bluff that bordered Indian Creek. The road wound its way down the steep hillside with many a curve, and was widely known as the most difficult and dangerous in all the country around. Teamsters dreaded it, and avoided it whenever they could. Only the boldest of wheelmen dared descend it, with toe pressed hard on tire; and none had ever succeeded in riding up. And Lulu was an inexperienced young rider, little acquainted with the country and unaware of the danger involved in attempting the descent. She had ridden a little in advance of the party, and had started down the hill before the rest realized what she was doing. Her wheel had no brake, and she had not mastered the useful art of braking with the toe, while her back-pedaling left much to be desired. So it was that she had hardly begun the long descent when it became evident to her companions behind that she had lost control of her machine.

"Oh, she will be killed!" cried one of the girls of the party, and the boys turned pale as they realized more fully how great the peril was. There was no time for deliberation. Whatever was to be done must be done on the instant. Luckily one of the older boys was an expert bicyclist who thought little of making a "century" or two a week, and who, as his admirers declared, "could do anything with a wheel but make it talk." Before the rest knew what he had in mind, he had buttoned his jacket tight, mounted his wheel, and dashed down the steep road in pursuit. He was at least fifty yards behind, but his wheel had a "high gear," an advantage which he now used to the utmost. Slowly he overcame her lead, but the pace grew terrific. He lost his cap, and a pebble grazed by his forward tire flew up and struck him in

the face. He pressed on, however, gaining very gradually, until he had reached and passed the fugitive. When he had secured a lead which he thought sufficient, he swung himself off, letting his wheel take care of itself. His momentum was such that, although he landed on his feet, he was thrown violently to the ground, and slid for several yards, badly barking his hands and knees. With a heroic effort he recovered and stood upright—not a moment too soon, for the runaway wheel was now bearing down upon him at frightful speed.

Lulu had begun the descent without a thought of danger. The rapid increase of speed surprised but at first did not alarm her. Soon, however, the pedals began to revolve so rapidly that she could not follow them with her feet, which thenceforth hung helpless, struck and bruised by the swiftly whirling pedals at every revolution. Then her hat blew off, and her hair, flying loose, fluttered behind her, or, blowing across her face, blinded her. Most fortunately she still remained in the saddle, and with grim determination clung to the handlebars, and was able, almost miraculously, to follow the various turns of the road.

As she approached the spot where her friend awaited her it was evident she could not hold on much longer. Breathless, with staring eyes and pale, set features, she clung, hardly conscious, to the wheel, which now was "wobbling"—zigzagging from one side of the road to the other. The boy watched her movements keenly and placed himself so that she must pass close to his right side, and as the wheel shot by he braced himself and, with a desperate effort, caught her in his arms. The shock threw him to the ground, where he lay for a moment stunned, while she fell beside him in a faint, and the bicycle, after staggering on a few yards farther, rolled over the high bank at the roadside.

Fortunately neither the boy nor Lulu suffered any permanent injury, though the fright and

the nervous shock were sufficient to keep Lulu indoors for some days, and her friend had the pleasure of nursing a broken collar-bone.

of the wheel would have dashed her to the earth with almost certainly fatal results; while even if she had kept upon the wheel all the

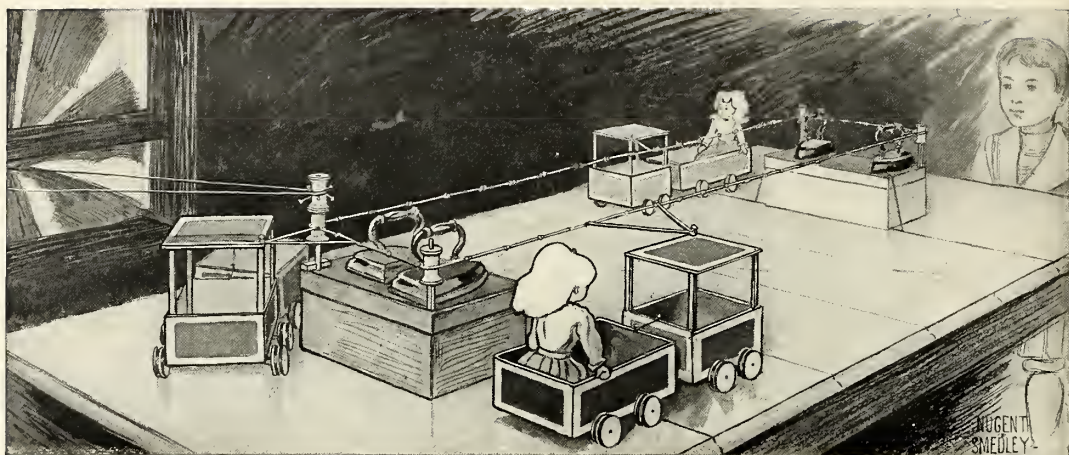


"WITH GRIM DETERMINATION SHE CLUNG TO THE HANDLE-BARS."

It was a perilous feat, showing great presence of mind as well as daring, and beyond a doubt was the means of saving the girl's life. The point at which she was stopped was less than half-way down the long hill, and at the rate of speed attained already—which was accelerated every moment—the slightest jolt or swerving

way, she could hardly have avoided disaster upon the narrow bridge at the foot of the descent.

Much to his disgust, the boy was hailed as a hero, and even now, after several years, few bicyclers pass the spot without recalling his timely and plucky deed.



THE "UMBRELLA TROLLEY-LINE."

A BOY AND AN OLD UMBRELLA.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

(Illustrated by the Author and Victor J. Smedley.)

EVERYTHING was soaked, yet still it poured in torrents. Will Bishop languidly tossed the book he had read for the third time on to the blue-covered lounge, and aimlessly walked over to the window. A shutter banged to right in his face, and the rain *tattooed* against the well washed panes harder than ever. Thoroughly disgusted, he meandered out into the hall, and there the glimpse he caught through the narrow side-window, of a man struggling with a wrecked umbrella, nearly convulsed him with laughter. "It's a jolly enough storm," he thought to himself, "but three days of it is too much." The man outside indignantly threw the umbrella into the gutter and bowed his head to the gale. The umbrella hilariously flapped its black wings up and down, and then turned half a dozen somersaults, as though it had played a good joke on the man and was greatly tickled in consequence. However, this funny incident served only for a momentary diversion, and as soon as it was over Will was as much in a quandary as before what to do with himself. It was his wont, whenever he wished to get thoroughly aroused, to run up the stairs two at a time until he reached the garret; and this he did now with all

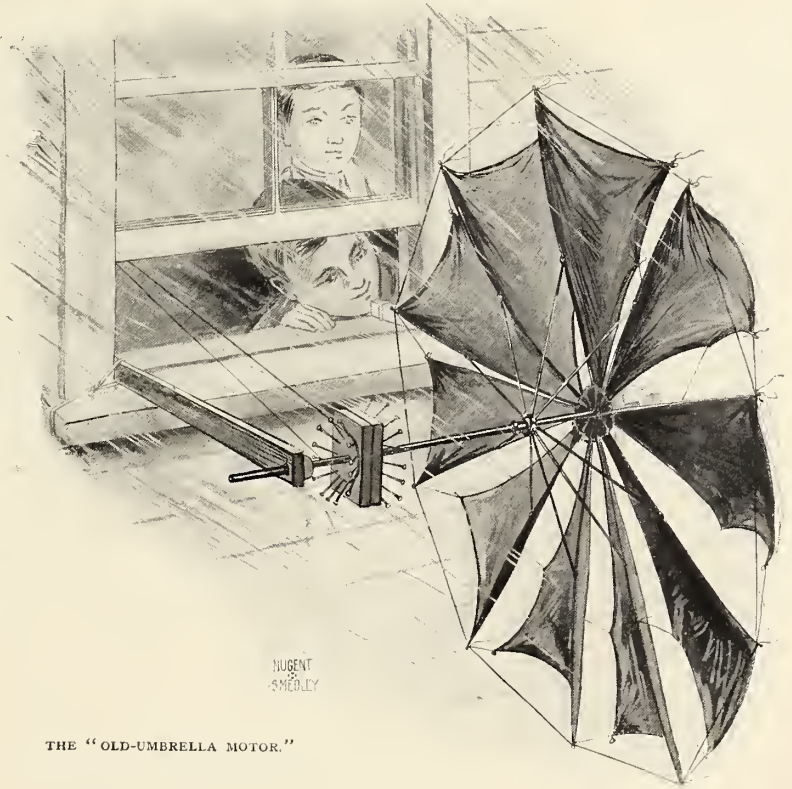
the energy he could command. "Hurrah! is n't this bully!" he shouted as he bounded into the raftered chamber, and, to give still further vent to his appreciation of the roaring din which filled the place, he executed a lively dance on an old storm-door which lay on the garret floor. The wind whistled, the house shook, and the rain beat on the roof furiously. There is something about the noise of a storm that is very conducive to action, and the present one was having its effect on Will. He knocked out the sides of some old soap-boxes, plunged into the dark recess at the far end of the garret, where he emptied a barrel of its noisy contents, and ransacked the place generally as though in quest of something he was not quite sure of. A blast harder than any that preceded it, accompanied by a loud crashing noise, caused him to rush to the little oval window to see what had happened. The big beech opposite had fallen prostrate across the road, and almost in the midst of the wreckage, as if in ecstasies over the great havoc wrought, was that same old umbrella, cutting up didos livelier than ever. The sight of the old umbrella nearly doubled Will up again. But, all at once becoming

serious, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed excitedly: "Why did n't I think of it before? It's just the very thing!"

Five minutes later a bare-headed boy struggling with a wrecked umbrella was seen forcing his way against the drenching gale. The umbrella behaved like some wild thing. It snapped its black wings, thrust out its skinny ribs, flipped water into Will's face, and once completely covered his head and pushed, oh, ever so hard, as though just determined to be free. Harry Bates, who had witnessed this novel wrestling-match from his house opposite, feeling sure there was going to be lots of fun, reached Will's house almost as quickly as Will himself, as did also little Paul Campbell from the house below. Paul, I am afraid, left without his mother's consent; but then, if ever boys were to be excused for doing as they ought not to, it was on this wild afternoon.

Once in the garret again, Will set to work on the old umbrella with all the enthusiasm he was capable of. He cut the silk along one side of each rib with a big pair of shears, tied strings to its drooping wings, and in very short order made the militant fellow look as though he would be glad to surrender. However, the umbrella soon showed its spirit again when Will held it up in front of the opened oval window, for it suddenly whizzed round and round in his hands like mad. Now this was exactly what Will had wanted it to do, and so tickled was he over the result that he unfolded his plans to Harry and Paul, so that both boys could assist him in carrying out his schemes.

What a lot of fun lads do have, to be sure, when they get on the track of a real good idea and are enthusiastically working it out! The busy occupants of this garret paid not the least attention to the lowering darkness, nor to the angry rumblings of the approaching thunder, until a vivid flash of lightning made them all feel as though they might be occupants of an electric light globe. Stop work? No; they did not even think of stopping; to the contrary, they actually enjoyed the fun of adding to the racket by banging away the harder. The

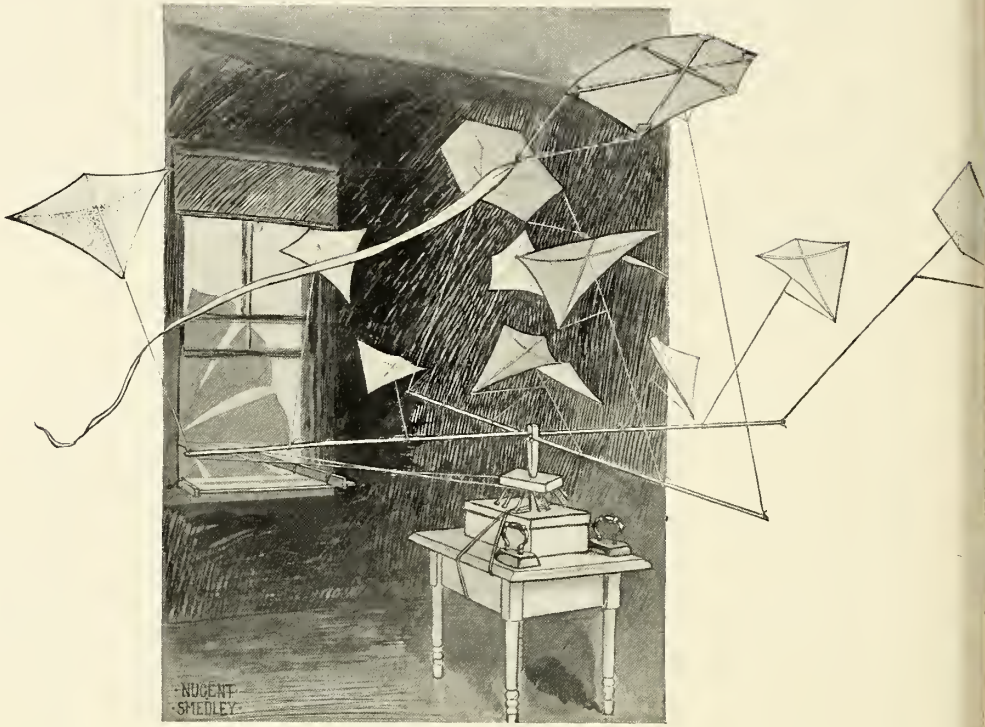


THE "OLD-UMBRELLA MOTOR."

thunder boomed, the wind blew, the rain thrashed on the roof, and all at once the little oval window, which Will had forgotten to securely fasten, shot wide open, so that the gale, rushing full on to the old umbrella, which was now set up in position and attached to a train of shoe-box cars, made it whizz around like a runaway catharine-wheel. Then such a shouting and racket as followed you never heard.

The shoe-box train got to going at such a speed that the caboose was flung clear off its couplings, so that it landed up in the paste-pot. Numerous tin cans suddenly descended from

By means of very simple devices Will made the black umbrella serve as the motive power for running all sorts of things. Among the most novel of these I noted his scheme for fly-



KITES FLOWN IN THE HOUSE BY THE "UMBRELLA WINDMILL."

numerous mysterious shelves and disported themselves all over the floor; old-time newspapers swished up to the rafters like monstrous white bats. And lightning? Why, you'd have thought some one was taking a series of flashlight pictures in a hurry. Most boys, indeed, would have been half scared out of their wits by all this hubbub, but somehow I think the whirl of the old umbrella must have had something to do with it. These boys were n't scared a bit; instead, they just hurraed with all their might.

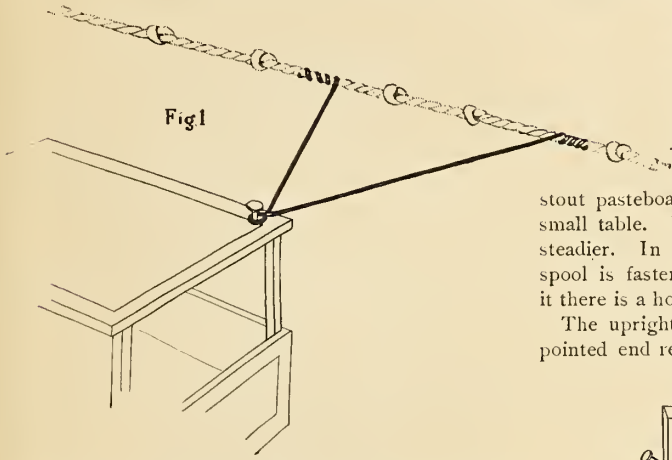
Of course Will's family were not at home, or such a noisy jollification would not have taken place; but when, three hours later, his mother and sister made their way through the double row of freshened maples, which were then sparkling in glory against the rainbowed heaven, they espied the black umbrella outside of the second-story window, whizzing away as cheerily as ever.

ing kites in the house, and his "umbrella trolley-line." So simply were these arranged that I have appended the following directions, in order that every boy reader of ST. NICHOLAS may have just as good a time as did Will.

HOW TO MAKE THE UMBRELLA WINDMILL.

Saw off the handle from an umbrella having a wooden stick, and with scissors cut the cover all the way down from one side of each rib. Connect tips of ribs, at equal distances apart, with string, fasten short strings to loosened ends of cover and tie to tips of ribs. Fasten again loose ends of cover—half-way down—to ribs, with shorter strings. Then bore a hole through the center of a six-inch square block of wood, force it over the umbrella-stick until it rests against the ribs, then drive a nail slantingly through the block into the umbrella-stick, and on both sides of each rib drive large tacks into the wooden block. The pulley is made of two pieces of wood nailed together, each an inch thick and eight inches square, with a hole bored through its center of slightly less di-

iameter than the umbrella-stick. A circle of long wire-nails is driven in on each side of the block. (See diagram.) Fasten this block securely to the umbrella-stick with a nail. The windmill rests on wooden supports tied



to the window-sill both inside and out. A little block of wood nailed to the tip of one support holds the point of the umbrella in place. Carefully follow the picture in working, and you will not go wrong.

UMBRELLA TROLLEY-LINE.

THE cars are cigar-boxes with pill-box wheels. The trolley-line is twine with knots tied in it at intervals of an inch. The trolley is of copper wire, and attached to trolley-line and car as shown in diagram. Shoe-boxes with upright sticks and spools on them support the trolley-line. Upright sticks are fastened to shoe-boxes with sealing-wax. The power-cord from the umbrella windmill is connected to the upper of the two spools seen on the box nearest the window. A row of small wire-nails is driven into both of these spools, and at such an angle as to form a sort of picket-fence. Pass strings around centers of these. The cars travel quickly.

INDOOR KITES.

THESE kites are made of very delicate sticks covered with tissue-paper. The upright support for the "kite-flier" is one and a half feet in length, and carries four delicate sticks, each measuring four feet in length, which are tied to it, as shown in picture. Half-way up the upright is fastened a pulley just like the one on the umbrella windmill, with the exception that this one has only one ring of nails. The upright sets in a stout pasteboard box which is securely fastened to a small table. Flat-irons may be put on top to hold it steadier. In the middle of the bottom of the box a spool is fastened with sealing-wax, and directly over it there is a hole in the cover.

The upright is passed through this hole so that its pointed end rests in the spool. A piece of stout twine

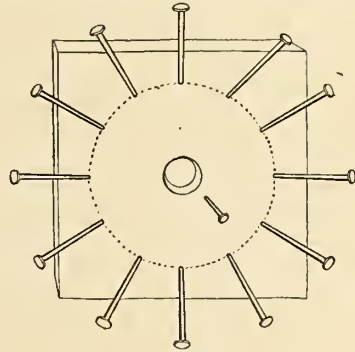
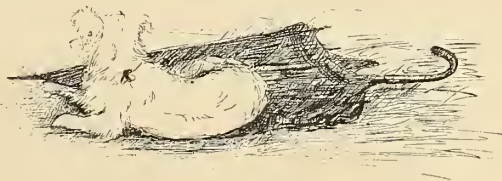


Fig. 2

connects the pulley on the windmill with that on the kite-flier. The largest kites are one and a half feet in length, the others much smaller.

When starting, hold up the kite which is to first pass over the cord. The others will rise into the air of their own accord.

These kites as they circle around look most effective. The illustration shows arrangement of kite-flier and kites.



“BUT—”

BY EMILIA ELLIOTT.

MONDAY.

JACK tossed restlessly on the lounge in Aunt Charlotte's best bedroom, very dull and home-sick, and wondering why a fellow who 'd done his level best the whole long term, honestly earning his vacation, should have to come down with the measles the day after his arrival at his Aunt Charlotte's.

The worst was over now, thanks, not to "Dr. Tweedle" but to Dr. Hardy, who had been aggravatingly cheerful all along, and who still insisted on another week in the shaded room, with all books forbidden, for Jack's eyes were rather weak. What in the mischief was a fellow to do with himself?

At that moment Jack heard unknown steps on the garden walk below—a boy's steps. He held his breath. Then came a swift rush upstairs, a knock at the half-opened door. Jack's "Come in" was eager.

The boy who entered was a sturdy, freckled-faced youngster, dressed in a blue flannel sailor-suit with red silk anchors embroidered at the corners of the big square collar, and a red silk tie knotted jauntily in front. There was nothing unusual in his appearance, unless, perhaps, an exceptionally merry twinkle in his brown eyes.

"Good morning," he said sociably; "I'm Rodman Evanton Moore, from Boston, staying for the summer at my grandfather's over at the next farm. Thought maybe you 'd like to see a new face. Had the measles myself when I was a kid about four years old."

Having delivered this information, Rod drew forward a large arm-chair, in which he disposed himself with more regard to comfort than grace. "Ever been up this way before?" he asked.

Jack shook his head. "Uncle Ed bought the farm only last autumn."

"It's jolly all about here. We'll have prime fun when you get out," Rod promised.

He chattered away, detailing numerous plans for future good times. His love of outdoor sports

seemed only surpassed by his aversion to books, instruction or otherwise, "Robinson Crusoe" and Cooper's Tales being notable exceptions; those he approved of heartily. Football was his delight. He described with gusto various victories won by his team.

Then Jack came in with vivid tales of life aboard his father's yacht, to which Rod listened with dancing eyes. When he left at dinner-time he and Jack were already firm friends.

Jack ate his dinner with a new appetite. He plied Aunt Charlotte with questions about Rod; but Aunt Charlotte knew no more than Jack did—that Rod was visiting his grandparents, and seemed a nice, well-mannered boy.

TUESDAY.

JACK listened impatiently for Rod's steps the next morning. When they came he failed to recognize them. The door stood open, and it was with a start of both surprise and pleasure that he saw Rod appear. "What's up?" he asked. "You look as meek as Tabby when she's been caught in the dairy."

Rod laughed. "Oh, I never hurry if I can help it; it's too much trouble."

Jack thought of the hurried run upstairs of the day before. "What've you been doing?" he asked, trying not to show his astonishment at Rod's speech.

"Reading, of course. Just finished a book about those old Greek fellows. It's fine; I'll lend it to you when you get to reading again."

"Thanks. But I thought you—"

"Grandfather's given me a colt. It is n't broken yet. Guess I'll name him 'Mercury.'"

"You like to ride?"

"Only exercise I do like, except biking."

"You don't consider outdoor games only 'exercise'?"

"Consider them all a big nuisance."

"Not football?"

"Hate that worst of all; you're always getting jumped upon or banged up."

Jack fairly gasped. “ But — ”

“ Know a fellow who got his leg broken last fall. None for me, thank you,” Rod said calmly.

“ But — yesterday — you — said — ” Jack faltered.

“ A jolly book beats everything else all hollow. Ever read ‘ David Copperfield ’ ? ”

Jack nodded, too confused to speak.

“ Rattling good, ain’t it? Dickens takes the lead.”

“ After Cooper? ”

“ He your favorite? Not much stuck on Cooper myself,” Rod answered.

Jack stared at the frank-eyed boy opposite him in positive bewilderment. Any one so contradictory he had never seen before.

Rod glanced about the great, cool room. “ Not such a bad place to be sick in. Seems to me you ’re late in the day with your measles, sonny. I came down on my seventh birthday — in time to spoil the party. Never will forget how I howled at not having the fun. How old are you? ” he added.

“ Fourteen and three months,” Jack answered.

“ Two months behind you, then,” Rod said.

“ I ’ll have to trot along now; I ’ve some practising to do. Next time I ’ll play you a game of checkers. Bet two to one — in apples — I beat.”

“ Done,” agreed Jack. “ Come to-morrow? ”

“ Won’t promise.”

WEDNESDAY.

JACK thought his new friend more than ever inconsistent when he heard the latter’s rapid scramble upstairs.

“ I ’ve been for a ride,” Rod announced breathlessly. “ Grandfather ’s got some dandy horses. He gave me a colt yesterday. Can’t think what to name it.”

“ What ’s the matter with Mercury? ” Jack asked.

“ Too high-flown.”

“ Take ‘ David ’ — ‘ Dave ’ for short — from the book.”

“ What book? ”

“ Why, ‘ David Copperfield. ’ ”

“ Oh! Never read it.”

“ But — ”

“ Guess I ’ll choose ‘ Crusoe ’; that ’s queer.”

Jack fairly glared at him. Such a mass of contradictions took his breath away. “ Shall we play checkers? ” he proposed, changing the subject.

Rod assented with his customary good nature.

“ Though I ’m not much at it,” he warned as he arranged his men.

“ Beginning to weaken,” Jack thought complacently.

After three short overwhelming defeats, Rod looked up smiling.

“ I ’ve had enough,” he said. “ It can’t be much fun for you.”

“ What possessed you to wager two to one you ’d win? ”

“ Never did.”

“ But — ”

“ Did n’t.”

“ But — ”

“ Don’t get your back up, sonny; it ’s too hot to fuss. Say, I ’ve found a bully fishing-place; caught a dandy yesterday.”

Jack swallowed the bait eagerly; he was an ardent fisherman.

For an hour fish stories ran riot in that peaceful-looking best bedroom.

THURSDAY.

ROD was late on Thursday morning.

“ Hope you ’re not tired of me,” he said, stretching himself out in the big chair.

“ It ’s jolly good of you to come cheering a fellow up. How ’s Crusoe? ”

“ Who? ”

“ Your colt.”

“ Mercury? Fit as anything. He ’s going to be broken soon.”

“ You ’ve settled on Mercury, then? ”

“ Never thought of any other name. Suits him, too — he goes like the wind.”

“ Where ’s that famous fishing-place? ” Jack asked abruptly.

“ What place? I have n’t been fishing since I came.”

“ But — ”

“ Ain’t it beastly dull, not being able to read? I was shut off from books awhile last winter.

Had my violin, though. Do you play? ”

“ The piano. I sing in our choir at home.”

"I'm not a nightingale myself," Rod answered. "Do you live in Boston?"

Jack nodded.

"Ever been to New York?"

"Sure."

"I have n't yet," Rod said. "I chose my violin, last winter, 'stead of the trip; thought that would come later anyhow."

FRIDAY.

"How soon 'll you be out?" Rod asked next morning. "We 're having fine weather—reminds me of when I was in New York."

Jack started. "But—"

"Had the time of my life," Rod went on in cheerful unconcern—"theaters, museums, parks, show buildings."

"You said yesterday that you chose a violin instead of the trip."

"I chose a violin? What rot!"

"But—"

"You're a mighty queer chap—a greater old butter than any goat," Rod remarked coolly.

"Not half as queer as you," Jack retorted.

"Now you 're in a huff again. I never saw such a fellow for flying off the handle."

Jack's eyes flashed; but somehow, in the face of the other's wholly unquenchable good humor, his own indignation died away. Perhaps Rod could n't help telling—well, rather contradictory stories, to put it as charitably as possible. Jack had heard of such cases. Rod was a good fellow every other way. "If I only knew which side of you to believe!" he exclaimed.

Rod laughed, not even changing color at the implication. "I've never laid particular claim to being a second father of my country. Still, I've never set out to tell any out-and-out whoppers in my short and simple career."

"I should have used the familiar term 'varied' rather than 'simple,'" Jack observed.

"Now you 're veering round to the quarreling-line. Guess I 'll skip till the atmosphere 's clearer," Rod said.

SATURDAY.

JACK was surprised to see Rod the next day. The latter appeared to have forgotten the disagreement of the day before.

"You 'll be out Monday, won't you? We 'll have times. I want you to see Mercury."

He did n't stay long.

SUNDAY.

SUNDAY afternoon Jack was wandering restlessly about the room, wondering when Aunt Charlotte would be back from church, thinking it the longest day he had ever known, wishing that Rod would run over. Then the door opened, and Jack turned hurriedly.

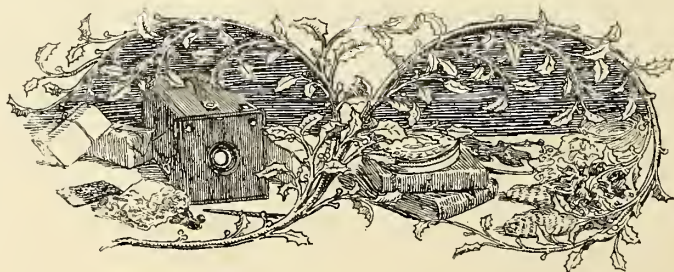
On the threshold stood *two* brown-eyed, freckle-faced boys, dressed exactly alike, and as alike as two peas in a pod.

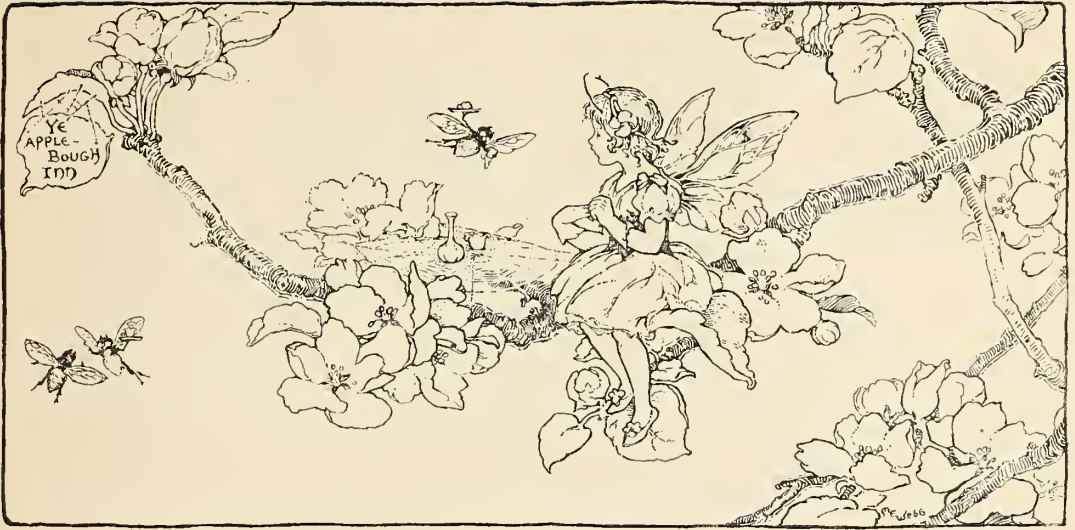
Jack stared, then sank on the lounge.

"Oh," he gasped, as those many vexed questions settled themselves, "you 're *twins!* But are you both Rods?"

"When occasion serves," Rod the book-lover answered. "I 'm *Rodney E. Moore*. He"—indicating his twin—"is *Rodman E. Moore*. We 're alike in looks and names, but in nothing else. You 're not our first victim. We chose alternate days. It 's been such fun!"

Jack sat up, weak with laughter. When he found breath to speak, it was to commit a sin pardonable only when one considers the provocation. "I 'm very glad," he said, "very glad—that there—are—no *Moore* of you."

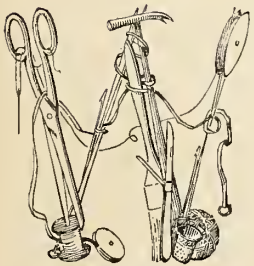




AT YE SIGN OF YE APPLE-BOUGH INN.

MOTHER NATURE AND THE JOINTED STICK.

BY DAN BEARD.



WHEN you build a kite, you first make a skeleton of sticks, then cover the skeleton with a skin of paper. When you build a boat, you first make a backbone called the keel, then add ribs and cover this frame with a wooden skin; but neither the kite nor the boat has life or intelligence of its own,—both are helpless, immovable machines until they are directed by man.

A kite with a boy at the end of the kite-string, and a boat with a sailor at the helm, appear to possess both life and intelligence, because they are governed and directed by human intelligence, which serves for the brains

of these otherwise inanimate things. Your bicycle is a stationary bit of iron and india-rubber until you put your feet upon the pedals and use your mind to guide the wheel. A cat, dog, or horse, when deprived of life, is an inert, motionless machine,—a kite without a boy, a ship without a sailor, a bicycle without a rider; but when life is in the body and brain of one of these creatures, the machines which we call their bodies work better than the most perfect engine ever built by man. For us to learn how these animated machines are built, it is necessary to start at a point near the beginning; and, that we may better understand the work, we will pretend that there really lives a good old fairy godmother whom we will call Mother Nature, and that this kind-hearted old lady is so much interested in our work that she has agreed



FIG. 1. FACE OF A TIGER.



FIG. 2. FACE OF A CAT.



FIG. 3. FACE OF A CHIMPANZEE.



FIG. 4. FACE OF A MAN.

to help us by supplying life to anything we select for experimental purposes.

Behind the hall door there is a cane, and we ask Mother Nature to endow it with life;

but the old lady laughs at us, because she knows that a live cane is as helpless as a dead one.

It is rigid and stiff, it has no joints, and is incapable of motion. To remedy this, we saw

the stick into pieces, making each section about an inch long, and with a glue-pot and cotton cloth join the pieces together, taking care to leave enough space between the joints to allow free movement.

Although the cane is alive, still it cannot move, because it has no brains to control it, no nerves to tell the brain when to move, and no muscles with which to move the joints.

We next examine our own arm, and, watching the muscle move it, we see that the arm is bent by the muscle shortening itself and in this way drawing the lower half of the arm toward the shoulder. We also see that the elongation of the muscle allows the arm to stretch to its full extent.

Satisfied that the muscles must be elastic, we run elastic strings to each joint and connect them with a battery at one end of the cane; we also run a wire through the hollow center of the cane, from the battery to the opposite end, and run a branch wire to each joint.

But old Mother Nature now calls our attention to the fact that the brain of the cane is not

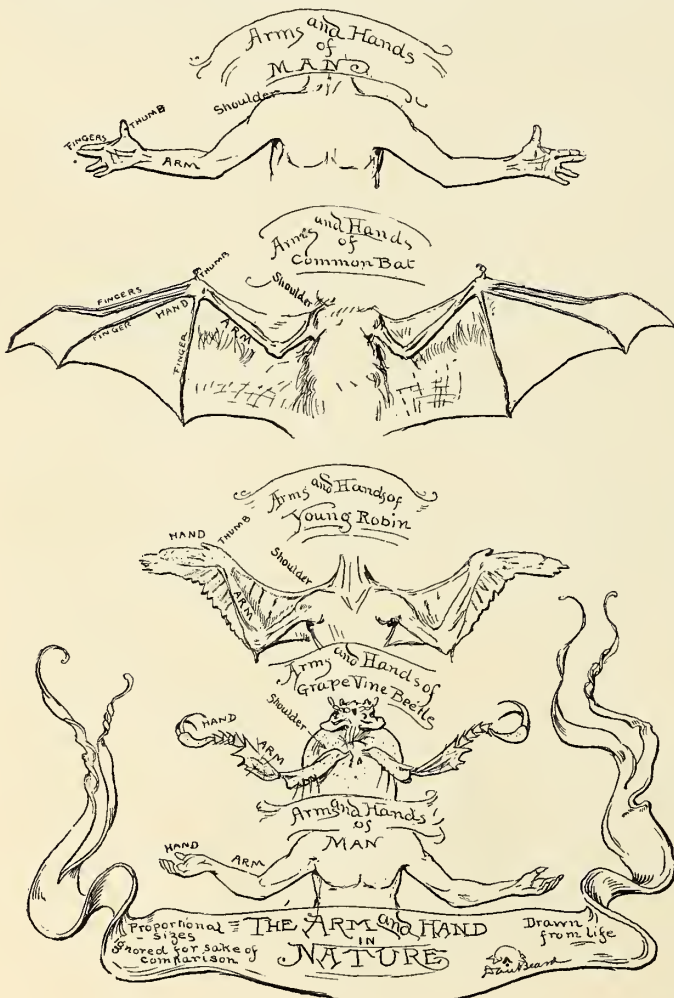


FIG. 5.

protected from injury as it should be; so we inclose the battery in the knob which once served as a handle to the original stick.

With wire nerves, elastic muscles, cloth joints, wooden body, and buckhorn head, our manikin

of these creatures you will find that it is built on the plan of a jointed stick, with a round knob containing the brain, from which nerve wires run to all parts of the body.

Even the faces on the outside of the knobs are alike in this — they each have two eyes,

two ears, two nostrils, one nose, and one mouth; although these organs are modeled to suit the different needs and uses of the individual concerned.

Not only are these things true of the few animals depicted in the accompanying illustrations, but they are also true of all birds, beasts, reptiles, and fish; and it is because these creatures are built on the plan of a jointed cane that they are called the vertebrates, which means backboneed animals. What is a backbone but a jointed stick made of bone? Yet you may say that most of the backboneed animals have legs, arms, and ribs. This is true.

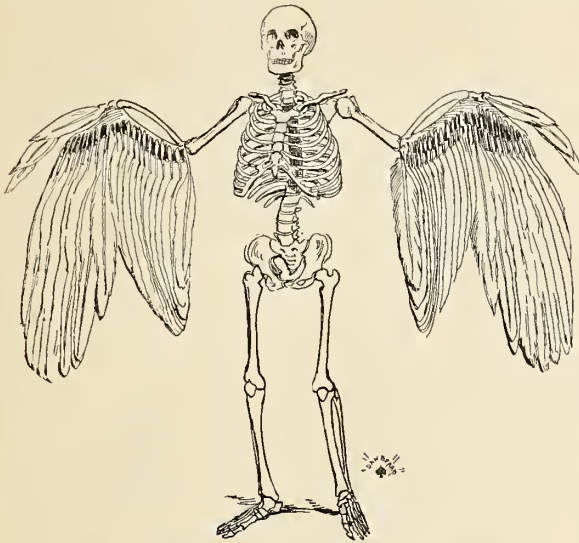


FIG. 6. FRAMEWORK OF A MAN AS IF WITH WINGS.

is indeed a funny old thing. Yet we need not the approving smile of Mother Nature to know that it is built on correct principles.

If any one now steps on the toe or end of our live cane, the wire immediately telegraphs the fact to the battery at the head, and the head, in fear of injury, shortens the elastics, which draw the toe toward the buckhorn knob and out of harm's way.

If the readers will now pass their hands over their own heads, they may distinctly feel the round boxes or knobs with which nature protects their batteries, the ones we call brains, which control the movements of the machines they call their bodies.

Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4 represent the heads of some well known live canes, in which the reader will recognize the head of a tiger, a cat, a chimpanzee, and a man. When you examine the framework of any one

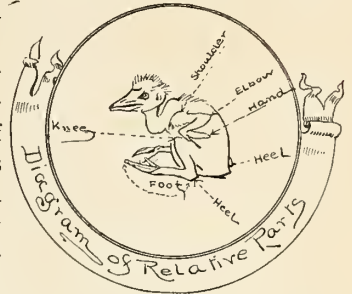


FIG. 7. YOUNG BIRD (NIGHT-HERON).

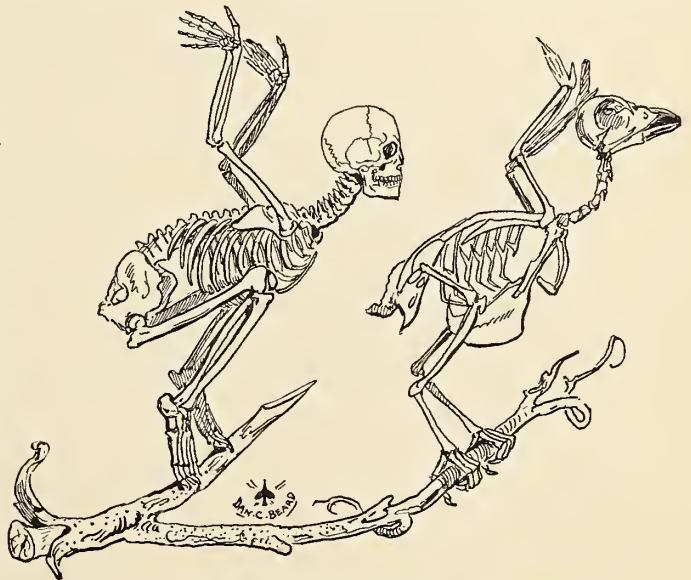


FIG. 8. FRAMEWORK OF A MAN IN THE POSE OF A SPARROW WITH ITS WINGS UP.

Your kite and boat have ribs; we know what they are and their use; we know that they keep the outer covering of the body distended, as the old-fashioned hoops kept the ladies' skirts spread, or as the ribs of an umbrella spread the covering of this useful implement. It will not

must understand exactly what we mean by the words arms and legs.

When the writer was still a small boy making crude attempts to draw pictures of animals, he could not understand why the horses, dogs, and cats all had their legs bent *the wrong way*. Often he would get down on all fours and crawl around in front of a mirror, trying to find out where the error was located; but his elbows and knees still seemed to bend one way and those of the animals mentioned to bend in the opposite direction.

He was about to give up his investigations in despair when he made a great discovery: he

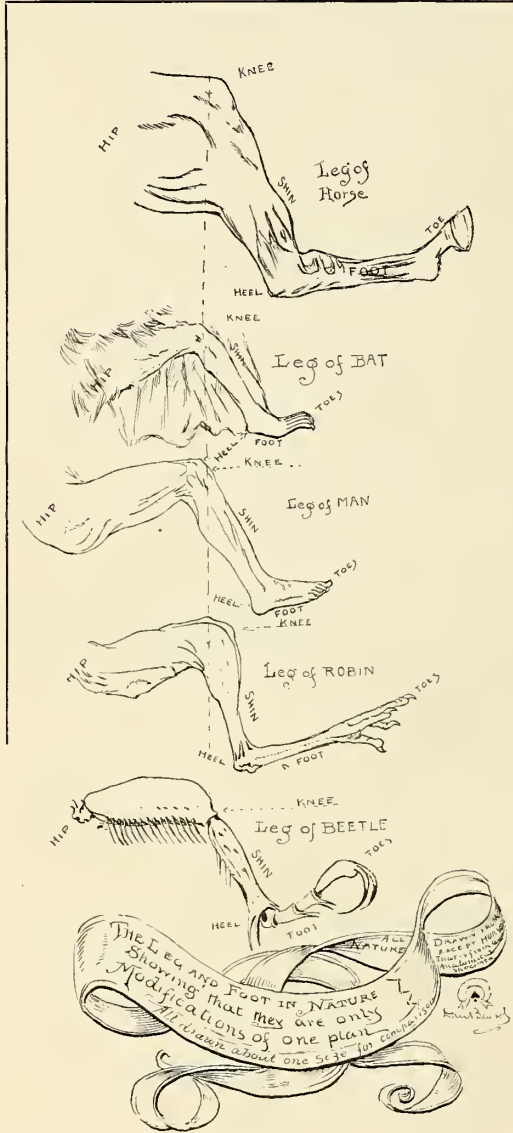


FIG. 9.

be a difficult task to add ribs, arms, and legs to our jointed-stick animal, especially as it is a make-believe. However, before we attempt to fit arms and legs to our wooden backbone, we



FIG. 10.

found that what he thought to be the animals' elbows are really their wrist-joints, and what he mistook for their knees are their heels.

This explained everything; and in spite of the fact that all this was known to scientists many years before the writer was born, they never explained it to boys, and hence it was—to the writer—his own discovery and a great triumph.

A brief examination of any of the four-legged animals will teach the reader that their fore limbs correspond with a man's arms, and when we speak of arms and legs we are speaking of the fore and hind limbs.

Fig. 5 is a series of drawings: one was made

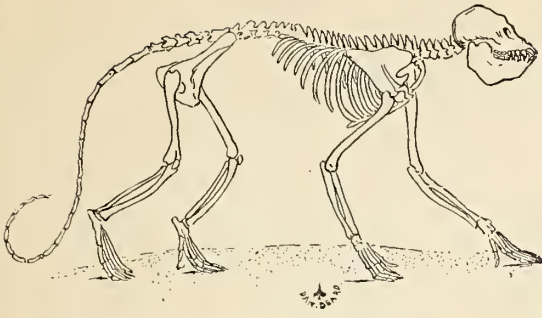


FIG. 11. SKELETON OF A MONKEY.

from a bat caught in the attic, another from a young robin which was killed by the house cat and deposited by its slayer behind the kitchen stove, and the last from a grape-vine beetle which was buzzing around the lamp where the writer was at work.

The beetle is not a backbone animal; he belongs to a lower set. Nevertheless, a little comparison will show you that even the humble beetle's arms, like the others shown in Fig. 5, correspond part for part with the arm of a man, and its elbows bend in the same direction with the rest.

I think that the youngest reader of St. NICHOLAS can see from these sketches that each of the arms depicted bears an unmistakable likeness to all the others: each has a shoulder, elbow, wrists, and hand, modified to suit the purpose for which it is used by its owner.

Man does not walk on his hands, and these appendages are arranged to carry food to his mouth and as convenient tools for all his various occupations. Birds' hands are incased in a fleshy mitten (Fig. 5), from which grow the long feathers of the wing seen in the framework of a bird's wings shown in Fig. 5. The bird's arm is arranged very much like the arm of the bat, with a web of skin stretched from the hand to the elbow and thence to the body, also a web from the root of the thumb to the shoul-

der (see young robin, Fig. 5). This skin serves as a foundation for the wing-feathers; the hand and forearm (Fig. 5), however, with the feathers attached, form the principal part of the fan that does the work of flying. Wings are paddles and used to propel a bird in the air, as the fins of the skate-fish are used to propel that fish in the water.

Again referring to Fig. 5, the reader can see that the bat's wings are practically made by further extending the web of skin seen on the wing of the bird. The bat's hand is not inclosed in a mitten, but the fingers are very long and webbed together like a duck's foot; and at the upper edge of the wing, where additional strength is need-

ed, two fingers are arranged close together. When the forefingers of a bat's wing are spread they correspond to the sticks of a kite.

Fig. 6 shows the framework of a man, with birds' wings used in place of the man's arms, from

which you may see that the arms of a man and the arms of a bird correspond with each other, stick for stick.

To further impress this upon the mind of the

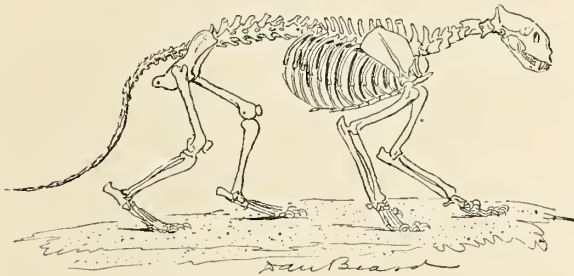


FIG. 12. SKELETON OF A TIGER.

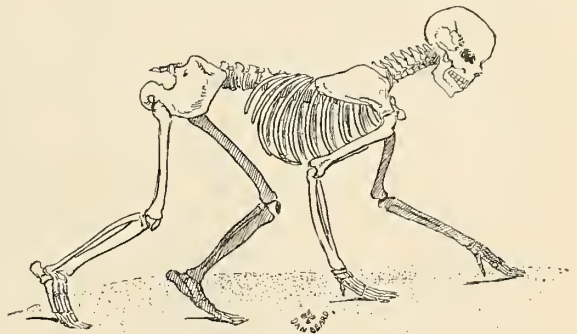


FIG. 13. SKELETON OF A MAN.

reader, I have drawn the frame of a sparrow with elevated wings, and alongside of it the frame of a man in the same pose as the bird (Fig. 8).

Fig. 7 is a little diagram of a young black-

crested night-heron resting on the soles of its feet. The tail-piece to this article shows two storks also resting on the soles of their feet.

We often see statues and pictures of men with wings growing from their backs; and since we have seen that the wings are the arms, then



FIG. 14. A PLAYFUL TIGER.

a man with wings on his back is simply a man with four arms. But you must remember that artists use wings as symbols and in the same way that they paint a halo around a saint's head; they do not expect you to take them literally as four-armed men or men with blazing heads.

Let us now look at the hind limbs of some of the animals, and we will see that their knees *do not* bend in the opposite direction from our own (see Fig. 9).

Because horses and birds have very long feet and walk on their toes, it is customary to call the real foot the leg (see Figs. 9 and 16). You can now understand that if the part of our frame which we stand upon is a foot, then the distance from the point marked heel on the leg of a horse to the part marked toe (Fig. 9) must also be a foot, and the same must be true of the other legs in that drawing; but if the distance from the point marked heel to the part marked toe in Fig. 9 is really part of the leg, then the same must be true of that part of the man's leg (Fig. 16), and we must agree that we stand with part of our legs *resting on the ground*.

Bears and coons walk on their feet and hands as a boy does when on all fours; but horses, cows, cats, and dogs walk on their toes with

their heels in the air. Fig. 10 shows the framework of a man facing the framework of a tiger standing in the pose of a man. In this diagram you can see that there is a great difference in the shape of the head of the "jointed man-stick" and the head of the "jointed cat-stick." There is also a difference in the length of the legs of the man and the tiger, but these are variations of proportions, and not a difference in the principle upon which they are both constructed. The tiger differs also in having the jointed stick prolonged into a tail; but a glance at Fig. 10 will show you that it needs only the addition of more joints to the end of the back-

bone to produce a tail on any backboned creature.

If you now want to illustrate to yourself the manner in which dogs, cats, and horses walk, you must get down on all fours and then try to walk on your fingers and toes. See the framework of a man shown by Fig. 13, and compare the frames of the monkey, tiger, and man (Figs. 11, 12, and 13).

The tiger has been previously spoken of as a cat, and this may cause confusion in the minds of the younger readers; so Figs. 14 and 15 have been added that the reader may see that the tiger is a real cat in spite of the great



FIG. 15. A LAZY KITTEN.

difference in size between it and our little domestic pussy. A comparison of Figs. 1 and 2 will enable the readers to see where these two cats differ and give the young naturalist a chance to study and think over the reasons why one has small ears and the other big ones, one powerful jaws and the other weak

ones, one small eyes and the other very large ones.

To those who study geology the earth itself is an open book with pages of stone illustrated by stone models of the strange and weird plants and animals which formerly lived upon the globe: birds with teeth, birds that did not wear mittens to conceal their well-formed jointed fingers; tiny horses that had five toes in place of one; rhinoceros-like creatures which laid eggs and had tails like alligators; and big flying dragons that would have frightened even the doughy St. George!

But even these strange monsters, the lizard-like birds or bird-like lizards and the funny little five-toed horses, had frames built upon the principle of the jointed stick, and legs and arms made on the same principle as those shown in the accompanying illustrations, while from the very beginning all their knees and elbows bent the same way as do ours to this day.

Study of these things will increase your wonder at the simplicity of the plan and the perfection of nature's animated machines, and increase your awe for the skill of the infinite mind which constructs so many strange and varied forms by simply modifying the proportions of the original plan.

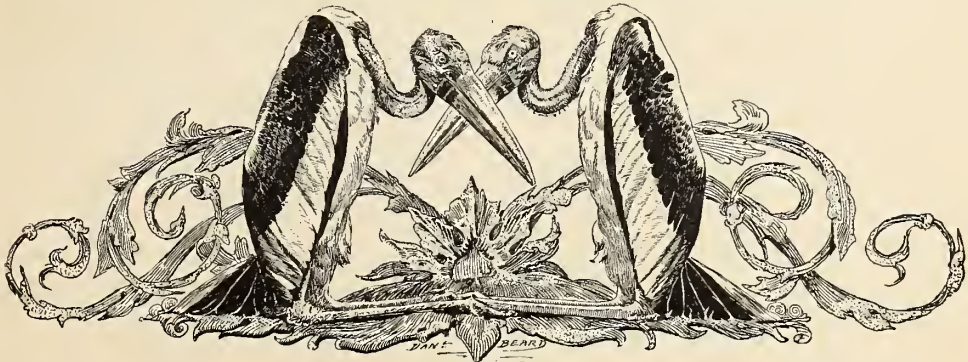
The more knowingly you watch the little squirrels as they hold their food in their tiny hands, and the birds hopping around on their toes, with their knees concealed in the feathers of their bodies, or with outstretched arms sailing far overhead, the greater

will be your love for your undeveloped brothers of the woods.

The more you think of these things the more brutal will it seem to hunt with bullets and stones our fellow-inhabitants of this big ball we call the earth, and of which, owing to our superior minds, in many respects we are at present the lords and masters.



FIG. 16. DONKEY AND CLOWN WITH THE SAME LETTERS AT SIMILAR JOINTS.



DUMPLING'S WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

By E. BOYD SMITH.

"Ho! a balloon," cried Dumpling suddenly, as the boys of the little town of Bonheur, in France, were getting ready for a game of marbles one afternoon.

And, true enough, there was a balloon sailing over the wood and coming toward the village. At once all was excitement, for a balloon was a rare sight to the boys. As it approached, the occupants of the basket dropped a long rope, shouting to them to catch hold and make it fast to a post. They wished to come down. The boys ran eagerly for the rope; but the balloon was going too fast, and they were unable to hold it. "Take a turn around that post," called one of the men from above. But before the eager boys, tugging with all their might, could do as they were asked, a sudden gust lifted the balloon, and they, carried off their feet, were dragged along, their toes barely touching the ground.

"Let go, let go!" shouted the men, alarmed lest the boys should be hurt. The boys, now somewhat frightened, let the rope slide through their hands, and tumbled and rolled on the ground, unable to stop themselves. But Dumpling, as always, was too slow: the last to take hold, he was now the last to let go. In fact, he did n't let go at all; for just as he was making up his mind to do so, the balloon, freed from the weight of the other boys, rose with a jump, carrying him high up from the ground.

"Stop, hold on, stop! I want to get down," cried poor Dumpling, now very anxious to let go. But the men above cried out to him to hold on for dear life, for they saw that should he fall from such a height he would surely be hurt, and perhaps seriously. So Dumpling set his teeth and held on. Away they went. A slight squall had struck them, and the balloon, like a great frightened bird, flew before it. At times, when the wind would slacken, the balloon would descend, and Dumpling, dragging behind, was pulled through fruit-trees and over walls.

The other boys were following at full speed, but could not catch him. Several times he was tempted to let go as he found himself near the earth; but the balloon went so fast that he did n't have time to make up his mind.

At last, quite low down, he found himself dragging across Mère Seigle's garden. The linen was hanging out on the lines to dry. Now was Dumpling's chance: he decided to drop; but just as he had come to this conclusion, a sheet flapped around his head and so bewildered him that he forgot to let go.

"Get out of that! Get away from that clean linen," angrily cried Mère Seigle.

Poor Dumpling wished to: he had n't come there of his own free will. And he did get away; for the balloon suddenly rose again, dragging him across the clothes-lines. They broke, and away he went, with several of Mère Seigle's best sheets and table-cloths hanging about his neck.

"Come back, come back, you thief!" she shouted.

Dumpling would have liked only too well to come back, but the balloon was in too much of a hurry.

Another strong gust of wind, and away they sailed, this time high above the houses. Dumpling shut his eyes in terror; but he held on. Far down below, the other boys, in open-mouthed horror, watched him sail away.

The men in the balloon were having trouble themselves to keep from falling out, as the basket rocked dangerously, shaken by every squall. And they could not pull Dumpling in, as they had intended. When Dumpling, nearly out of breath, again opened his eyes, he saw, beneath him, the village, looking like a collection of tiny toy houses. The boys were only little black specks.

"Oh, dear," he thought, "how shall I ever get down?"

But higher and still higher flew the balloon.

Soon they were among the clouds. These looked temptingly soft to Dumpling.

"I think I'd rather be on a cloud than dragging along like a tail to a kite," he said. And the more he thought about the clouds, the more he liked the idea of trying one. At last a big round cloud just below seemed to invite him.

"I've a mind to drop down on it," he said to himself; for he was getting very tired of holding on to the rope, and it hurt his hands.

The temptation was too great to resist. Dumpling let go. Wh-r-r-r! he shot down through the air, while the sheets were released and whirled up and away. He alighted in the middle of the soft cloud without a shock; it felt like a feather-bed. He was delighted: it was so much more comfortable than the end of a rope. The balloon soon disappeared, still going up, up, and he found himself alone.

"Now this is very well so far," said Dumpling, "but how shall I get home in time for supper?"



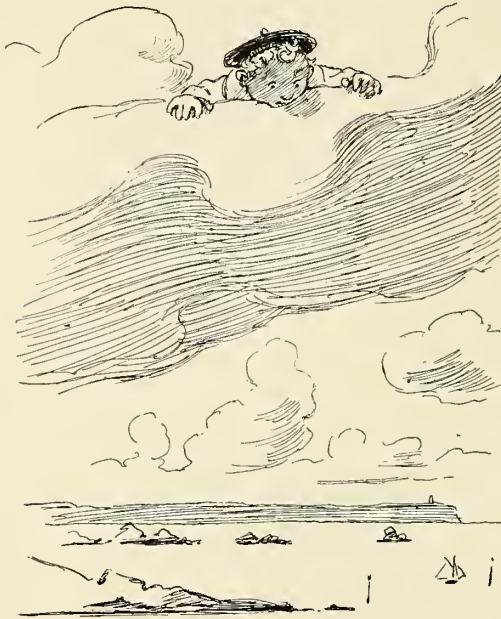
"AWAY HE WENT, WITH SEVERAL OF MÈRE SEIGLE'S BEST SHEETS AND TABLE-CLOTHS HANGING ABOUT HIS NECK."

He crawled over to the edge to look down: but all he could see at first was more clouds. And, to his surprise, they all seemed to

be drowned!" he cried. "Oh, I want to go back! I *must* go back!"

But how could he? That was the great question. As he peered down and wondered what to do next, he noticed that the clouds which passed at some distance below him were going in the opposite direction—going back to the land.

"If I could only change clouds," he thought; and he could think of nothing else. "Suppose I should drop down?" he said to himself. "I dropped all right from the rope." So he waited for the next cloud; but when it came his courage failed him. "What if I should miss it?" he reflected. And in a vision he saw himself dashed to pieces on the earth below, or drowned in the sea. Dumpling trembled at the very unpleasant idea.



be going in different directions. At last, between them, he saw the earth far down below. "Oh, I 'll never get back in time," he thought.

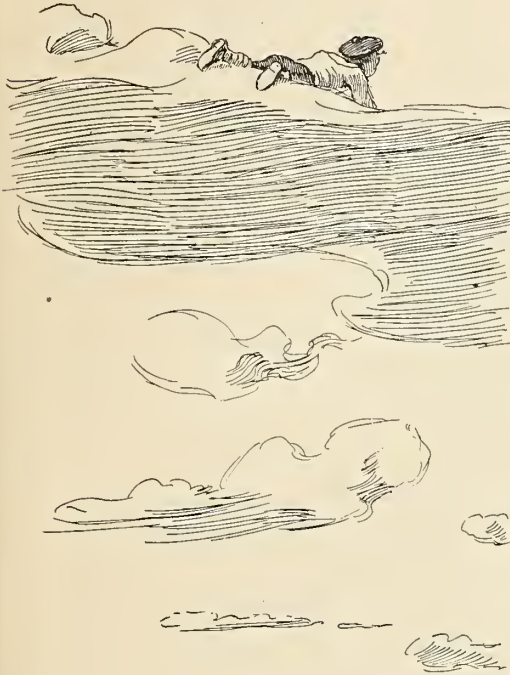
As he looked the land seemed to slide away from beneath him. For a while he could not understand this; but he soon discovered the reason—his cloud was moving along all the time. And now he became interested in the different places which he passed over. "How tiny the houses are in that town!" he thought; "and how small the trees are! And, oh, there 's the sea!" True enough; for Dumpling's cloud was rapidly carrying him out over the ocean. Suddenly he became frightened. "Oh, I shall



"OH, THERE 'S THE SEA!"

Little by little he became accustomed to the danger, and decided to run the risk. He watched for a good chance. A nice white

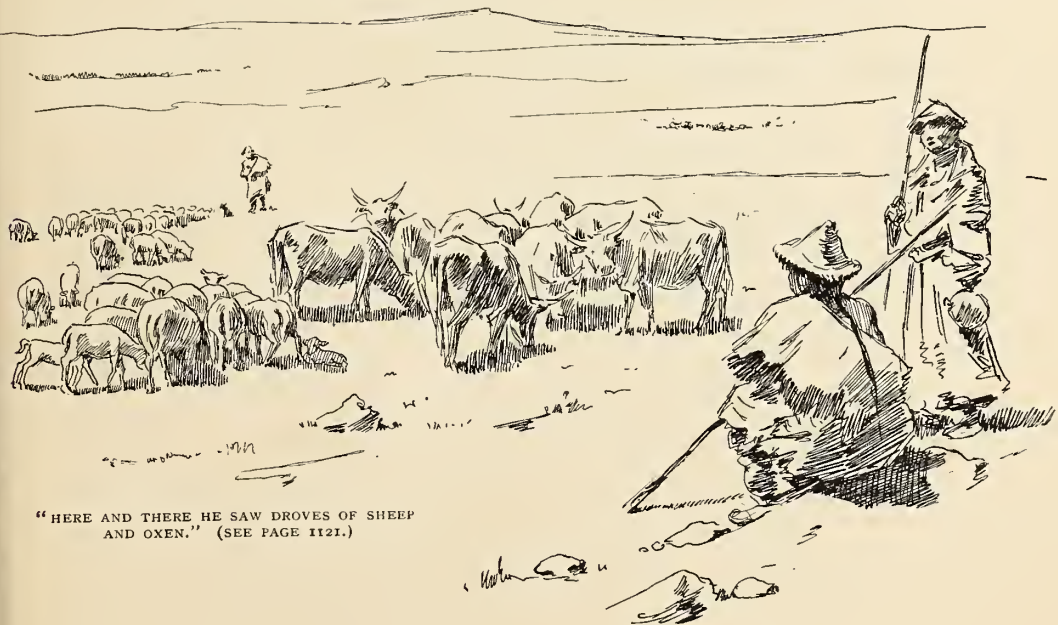
cloud came slowly sailing underneath. One—two—three! Taking good aim, he jumped. He shut his eyes and whizzed through the air.



How long he seemed in getting down! Had he missed it, and was he rushing down into the sea? Poor Dumpling dared not open his eyes.

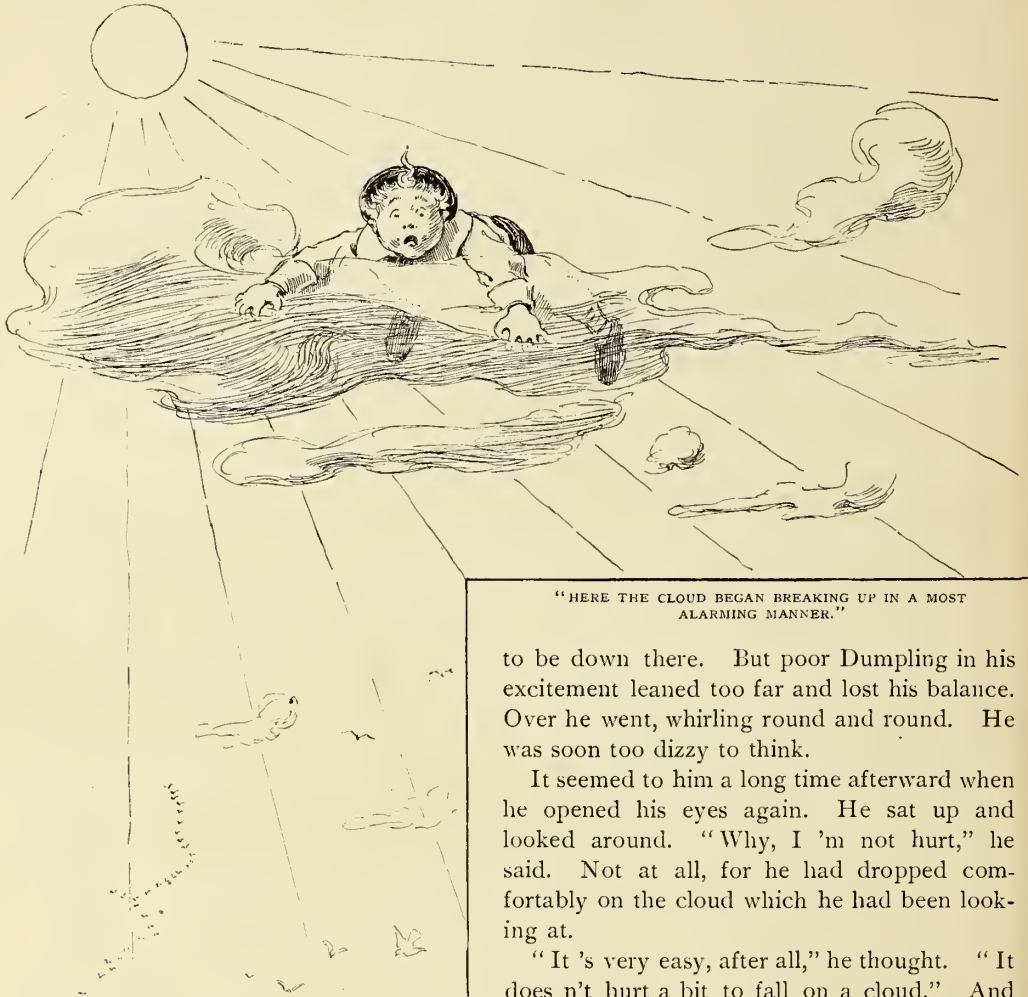
At last he struck something, and found that he had fallen flat on his new cloud. "Ah," he sighed, "I'm glad I've got here." Now he looked over the edge to see how things were going. Yes, he was all right; the cloud was carrying him back to land. The houses looked a little bigger now, and the trees were taller. By and by Dumpling recognized his own village—even his house. But the cloud was carrying him past. "Stop! stop!" he shouted in desperation. But the cloud did n't stop. And as they slowly sailed along the cloud grew smaller and smaller, till at last it was barely large enough to hold him. Poor Dumpling was very sad. "Oh, I shall never get home for supper," he wailed. "But," he thought, "perhaps I can drop down on to another cloud."

So he studied those below him. Quite far



"HERE AND THERE HE SAW DROVES OF SHEEP AND OXEN." (SEE PAGE 1121.)

down he could see some which appeared to be the courage! He tried to jump; but no, he going back toward Bonheur. Dumpling was was afraid. He leaned far over again, longing



"HERE THE CLOUD BEGAN BREAKING UP IN A MOST ALARMING MANNER."

to be down there. But poor Dumpling in his excitement leaned too far and lost his balance. Over he went, whirling round and round. He was soon too dizzy to think.

It seemed to him a long time afterward when he opened his eyes again. He sat up and looked around. "Why, I 'm not hurt," he said. Not at all, for he had dropped comfortably on the cloud which he had been looking at.

"It 's very easy, after all," he thought. "It does n't hurt a bit to fall on a cloud." And then, "But suppose I had missed it?" And he shivered to think of the consequences.

Now, when he looked down, he could see the earth quite near, that is, near enough to make out the people walking about. "I will still get home in time," he thought.

But, alas! there were no more clouds under him. He waited in vain, and already it was quite dark. Soon night would be upon him. Below him was only the empty air, not the tiniest cloud in sight. He strained his eyes, searching in every direction, peering through the thickening darkness; but not one could he see.

He was very much frightened at the idea

in despair. He knew that he never should have the courage to drop so far. As his home was fast disappearing, he became desperate. But still he dared not jump. So he sadly sailed on. And now it began to get dark.

"Oh, I can't stay up here all night!" wailed Dumpling. He decided to drop down at any risk. He was terribly frightened, but still it had to be done. Unfortunately, just as he had nerved himself to make the jump no clouds were beneath; and gradually his courage oozed away again. He lay down and peered over the edge. Ah! there was a fine big one, coming slowly along below! Oh, if he only had

of staying out all night, and on a cloud too. It was bad enough in the daytime, when he could at least see where he was going; but now, at night, he might sail away to some distant, savage country, he knew not where, and in the morning be so far from home that he could never get back. He might even go to China, he thought, away to the other end of the world. And his heart sank as he thought of it. Poor lost Dumpling tried hard to keep awake; but he was tired from so much excitement and such unusual exercise, and his eyes closed in spite of all he could do to keep them open. The cloud was soft and comfortable, so at last he fell asleep.

The sun was shining brightly when he awoke. He looked down from his cloud to see where he was. All below him was a great desert of rocky plains, burnt and dry from the heat of the sun. Here and there he saw droves of sheep and oxen, and occasionally a man or two; but they looked very foreign to him.

And now Dumpling discovered that he was hungry. And the sun became hotter and hotter. He crawled down into a shadowy nook of his cloud to try to keep cool. While he sat there, reflecting over his mishap and wondering where he could get a breakfast, he discovered that his cloud had grown smaller while he was sleeping. And even now, as he looked, it seemed to be breaking up. It also became thinner and more transparent, and he was surprised to find that he could almost see through it. The hot sun was drying it up.

In the course of a few hours, though to Dumpling it seemed a much shorter time, the larger part of his cloud had melted away before his eyes. Here was a new danger. What would become of him if it disappeared entirely?

He no longer could move about on it with safety, for steadily big pieces would break off and float away. And now he noticed that the remnant of the cloud was also getting nearer to the earth all the time.

"If it only holds together till I get there!" he thought to himself. But he very much feared that it could not last long enough to let him down in safety. Now he saw houses,



"HE SAT UP AND LOOKED AROUND."

plenty of them. He was just over a great city: he could see it stretching away in every direction. And what strange houses! He had never seen the like before. They were of such odd shapes, like great wooden tents, and all brightly colored.

"Perhaps it's China," he thought.

Here the cloud began breaking up in a most

alarming manner. Piece after piece broke off and melted away into the air. Dumpling scrambled from each shifting piece to another, and held on for dear life. But they kept growing thinner and thinner. To his horror, he found that his feet went through and left holes. He felt that he must soon fall unless things changed at once. But the sun grew hotter and

had struck something. Crack! crash! It gave way. Splash! Dumpling had landed.

For a moment he was dazed; but a great clamor and shouting made him open his eyes. He looked up. Above him was a hole which he had made in the bamboo roof. He looked down. He was sitting in the middle of a big fountain. Now he understood why he was not

hurt. He looked about him. Strange people were shouting and waving their hands. Some were on their knees, as though worshipping before him.

"It is the Child of the Sun," they cried. "He has come to us from the sky!" At once they helped Dumpling out of the water. They took off his wet clothes and put a rich robe around him; then they sat him on fine cushions and brought him all sorts of strange food and drink, which they placed before him. Then they prostrated themselves at his feet, while musicians beat gongs and sang what seemed tuneless songs.

Dumpling was so bewildered that he forgot to be frightened. But when the food was presented to him he remembered that he had had no dinner the day before, nor breakfast that morning. He forgot everybody in his



"ABOVE HIM WAS A HOLE WHICH HE HAD MADE IN THE BAMBOO ROOF."

hotter, and the cloud still melted away before it. Dumpling felt himself rapidly sinking. He tried to hold to the last lump of cloud, but it vanished in his arms. He shut his eyes, for he knew that now he was lost. Down, down he rushed through the air. Thud! He

hunger, and ate until he could eat no more, for Dumpling always had a good appetite. And those who watched him said to one another that he must be a god, for no mere human being could eat so much.

Next he looked about him. What strange

men these were! He had never seen any such before. He would have been afraid, but he saw that they seemed to fear him. This gave him courage. "I wonder if I'm in China," he thought.

Child of the Sun. Dumpling was carried to the temple on a golden throne, while all the populace of the city fell down on their faces as he was borne before them.



"THEY PROSTRATED THEMSELVES AT HIS FEET."

He asked where he was, but of course they could not understand him.

"They are Chinamen," he thought.

"He is a god," they thought. "He speaks a celestial language which we do not know."

And again they bowed down before him.

Dumpling had fallen through the roof of the prince's palace. To every one of course it was evident that he had come straight from heaven; they knew well that no ordinary person lived in the clouds. The prince gave up his best throne to him: so overcome was he by this great honor that the gods had done him.

Messengers were sent running through the city to announce the wonderful event; and soon the people came in multitudes to see the

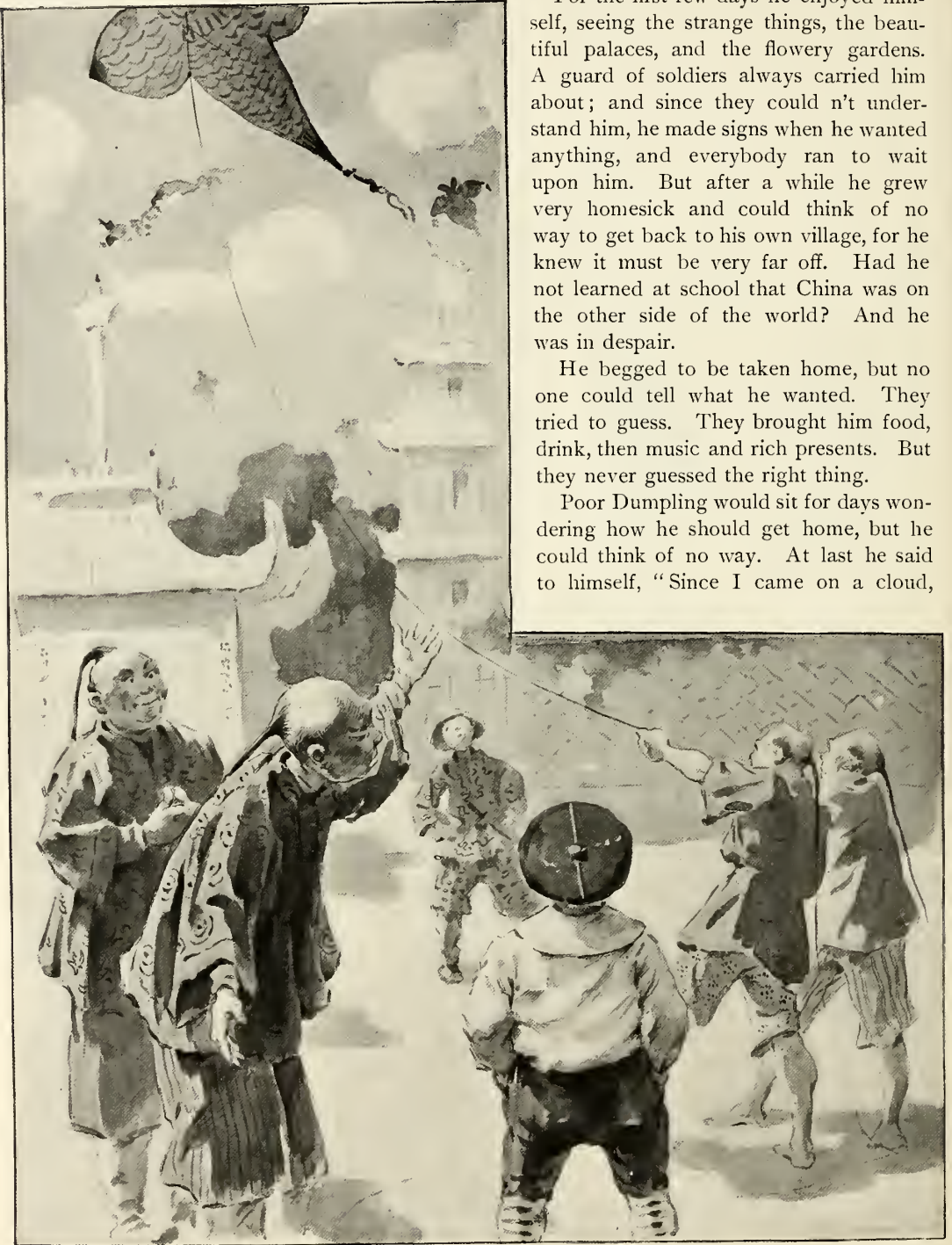
Dumpling thought they looked very funny with their smooth-shaved heads and long pig-tails of hair hanging down their backs. And their eyes, too, were queer, running up at the corners. And they wore strange shoes and strange clothes. It all looked very funny to him. When he smiled at them the people shouted in their joy; for they thought it a sign of his great favor, and that he would bring them much happiness and glory. Now there would be no more troubles, since the Child of the Sun had come to rule over them. But Dumpling soon grew tired of it all. He did n't want to rule; he wanted to go home. He told them so. But, alas for him! they did n't understand, and only bowed down the more when

he spoke to them. But they brought him said to himself, "Well, it's surely very much better than living on a cloud, anyway."

For the first few days he enjoyed himself, seeing the strange things, the beautiful palaces, and the flowery gardens. A guard of soldiers always carried him about; and since they could n't understand him, he made signs when he wanted anything, and everybody ran to wait upon him. But after a while he grew very homesick and could think of no way to get back to his own village, for he knew it must be very far off. Had he not learned at school that China was on the other side of the world? And he was in despair.

He begged to be taken home, but no one could tell what he wanted. They tried to guess. They brought him food, drink, then music and rich presents. But they never guessed the right thing.

Poor Dumpling would sit for days wondering how he should get home, but he could think of no way. At last he said to himself, "Since I came on a cloud,



"ONE OF THEM PULLED SO HARD THAT IT TOOK TWO MEN TO HOLD IT."

perhaps I might go back that way." Then he would go out into the garden and study the sky. But it was perfectly blue: not a cloud in sight. And Dumpling fell into greater despair.

"And even if there were any clouds, how could I get up to them?" he thought; "there's no balloon here."

So his idea seemed hopeless. But still Dumpling did not give up an idea easily, as we know, and every day he faithfully watched for clouds. At last, to his delight, he discovered a few small ones up in the blue. This encouraged him a little.

"Perhaps bigger ones will come by and by," he thought.

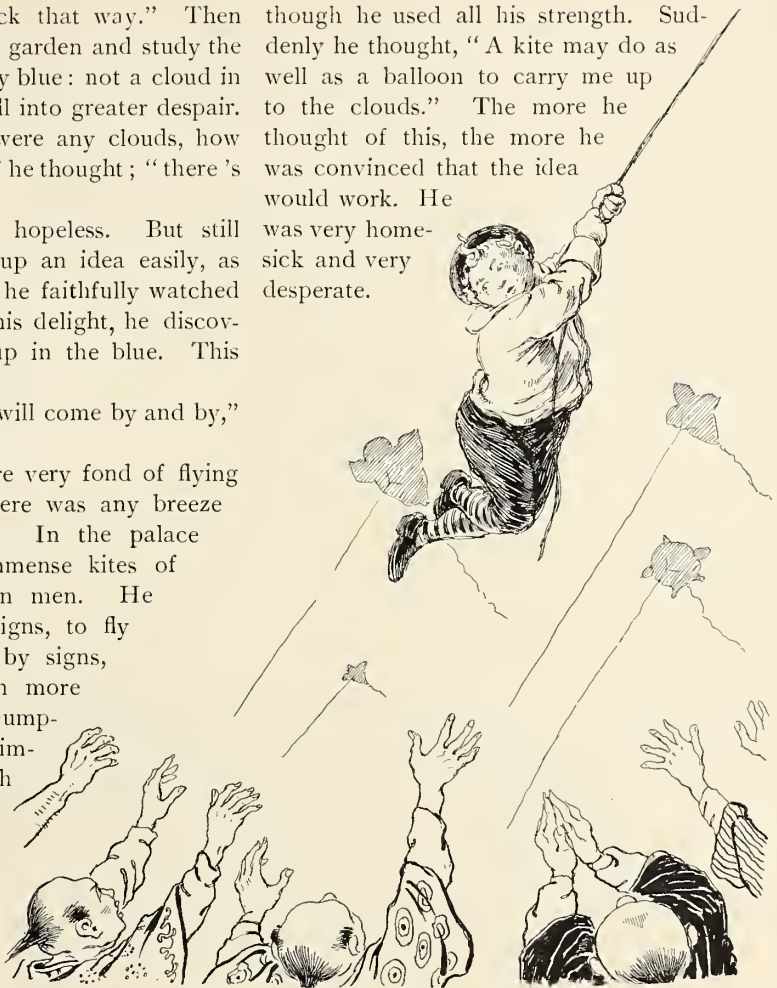
The Chinese boys were very fond of flying kites, and as soon as there was any breeze they were out at play. In the palace Dumpling saw some immense kites of odd shapes, bigger than men. He asked the people, by signs, to fly them. They answered, by signs, that they needed much more wind. This also gave Dumpling hope, for he said to himself, "Since they have such big kites, which need a great deal of wind, there must be some windy days here; and when there's wind there may be clouds, too."

For Dumpling still clung to his plan of going home on a cloud. At last, one day there was a strong breeze; the big kites were taken out, and Dumpling was delighted to see great clouds high up in the sky.

"Oh, if I could only get up to them!" he thought.

The men sent up the big kites. One of them pulled so hard that it took two men to hold it. As soon as it was up a long way in the sky,—almost to the clouds, it seemed to Dumpling,—they tied it firmly to a post. Then they came bowing to Dumpling, the Child of the Sun, to show him that they had fulfilled his command. They invited him to feel how strongly it pulled. Dumpling was surprised to find that he could not move the great kite,

though he used all his strength. Suddenly he thought, "A kite may do as well as a balloon to carry me up to the clouds." The more he thought of this, the more he was convinced that the idea would work. He was very homesick and very desperate.



"HOLDING ON TO IT FIRMLY, AWAY HE SAILED."

"I will try it, at any rate," he said at last; "I want to go home." So, while his unsuspecting attendants watched him adoringly, he suddenly cut the line which held the kite, and, holding on to it firmly, away he sailed.

The prince and his guards, when they saw him go, fell down on their faces, crying, "The Child of the Sun is vexed with us, and he has gone back to his house in the sky."

The kite soon carried Dumpling up among the clouds; and as he was now so used to traveling in this way, he easily dropped off upon a soft, thick one, and soon was speeding away toward home.

As he had made an early start, he reached his own part of the world just before dark.

He skilfully dropped from one cloud to another, until quite near the earth. When he approached his home his cloud, swayed by a gust of wind and his weight, passed close over the tops of the forest trees. Dumpling managed to drop in the branches, and, after some trouble, succeeded in climbing down to the ground, once again safely at home.

"Hehy! Dumpling! I say, Dumpling! Where are you?"

Dumpling rubbed his eyes and looked out.

There he saw the other boys with lanterns in their hands. It was quite dark. They were looking for him.

"Indeed, but you do sleep well!" said Victor. "Did n't you hear the supper bell?"

"We thought you were lost, and have been hunting for you for the last hour," added George.

"What have you been dreaming about this time, Dumpling?" asked Howard, laughing.

But Dumpling would n't tell. In fact, he is n't sure yet whether it was a dream or not.

THE PAPER HOUSE.

BY HARRIET MCLEAR.

If you were in our nursery, you 'd see the greatest fun,
Because it is the place where all the nicest things are done.
But best of all the times we have upon our nurs'ry floor
Is when we make a paper house and pin it to the door.

When mother was a little girl, she made them then—just think!
And she knows how to cut them out—why, quicker than a wink;
You ought to see the scissors fly and snip and turn and quirl—
But they made the papers larger when she was a little girl.

She folds the paper up, and cuts the attic first of all,
And then the scissors fly along and make the chimneys tall.
Four slits for door and window up above—they must be cut
In half again between the slits; they open then and shut.

The front steps—they are easy—you can see how they 're cut out;
And then she folds again, and cuts the windows all about.
And when she spreads the paper out, and opens windows wide,
And pins it up—what fun it is when we can look inside!

And then we cry: "The Family!" and mother laughs and takes
The scissors up again, and oh, what lively folk she makes!
The children have the bestest times, and first they always go
And hang far out on window-sills, and nobody says no.

Their feet *will* come below the floor sometimes—that has to be ;
But mother says no matter, just pretend that you don't see.
The father is a nice tall man—right by the steps he stands ;
He 's watching his eight "middling" boys all standing joining hands.

The mother 's looking from the door, as pleased as she can be ;
Her little girls are playing "ring-a-rosy"—you can see.
She thinks they 're having so much fun, she 'll never make them stop—
(She does n't know her littlest boy is on the chimney-top!)

And at the attic window her two other little boys
Are hanging out and having fun, without a bit of noise.
They know how to hold on quite tight, so we don't think they 'll fall,
And really they are having just the nicest time of all.

Her houses, mother says, all used to be three stories high ;
They make the papers smaller now—she can't imagine why,
For they really have more in them—but we think they just don't know
How many little boys and girls would like to have them grow.





And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
 Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
 And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
 Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.
 WHITTIER, "The Huskers."

When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
 Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
 Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
 In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!
 WHITTIER, "The Pumpkin."

THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

"INDIAN corn forms by far the largest cereal crop of the Western Hemisphere. In the United States the amount raised is greater than the sum of all our other grain crops, and doubtless considerably exceeds the total maize crop of the rest of the world. The place of maize in the Western Hemisphere is similar to that of rice in the far East. . . . In further token of the importance of maize to our country, it has been proposed to have this plant adopted for our national flower."



AN EAR OF CORN IN THE HUSKS.

And I am positive that our country boys and girls will agree with me in adding that, of all crops on the farm, it is first in importance in the happy days connected with it.

No other occupation blends so harmoniously with the bright days of spring as dropping the corn, while the brown thrasher sings from a favorite perch in the near-by shrubbery a bewitching mocking-bird song that has been almost literally translated by Thoreau, "*Drop it, drop it—cover it up, cover it up—pull it up, pull it up, pull it up.*"



This is what Frederick Le-roy Sargent says of the agricultural importance of Indian corn or maize in his excellent book entitled "Corn Plants."

Then there 's the riding horseback astride old strong-bitted Charles drawing the cultivator. "Whoa, now, I tell you—keep off that hill! Don't you know this is the end of the row?" Did ever a general lead an army with more dignity and importance than Julius on that horse? You country boys and girls all know Charles and Julius. Perhaps you call them by some other names.

Then there 's the hoeing and hilling, and the pumpkin-vines crawling across from row to row in spite of the cultivator.

And, speaking of vines, — don't tell any one, — there 's a watermelon-patch hidden in about the middle of the field. The apple-tree is the landmark. You can find it by that, even when the corn is full height. But those Skinner and



"OLD SPOTTY" WAITING FOR JULIUS TO CHOP THE PUMPKINS.

Fifth Avenue carriages can't equal it for real pleasure! Ask some of the grown-up occupants who may have spent youthful days on "the old homestead."

Then the cornstalk-fiddles! Two strings were all that were needed, and in case of an old-time one, Paganini-like, we did very well with one.

And then of the other part of "the golden harvest" I wonder which had the most pleasant anticipations, "Old Spotty" waiting for the pumpkin to be chopped with a spade, or the chopper, eager to finish that task and have a pumpkin for a "punkey moonshine lantern"?

For you know the farmer-boy scrapes out the interior of the pumpkin, cuts holes in one side in imitation of eyes, nose, and mouth (even with teeth!), and then sets a lighted candle in a hole cut in the bottom of the inside.



HUSKING CORN IN THE FIELDS.

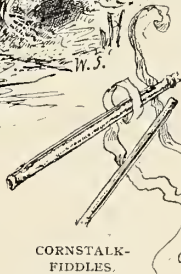
Crocker boys can't. That 's why we have it in the center of the corn-field.

What fun cutting the corn and putting it into shocks! Then later carting it to the barn. And the mice—how they jump from underneath the shock as it is draggily lifted to put on the wagon!

Riding home on the old corn-wagon!



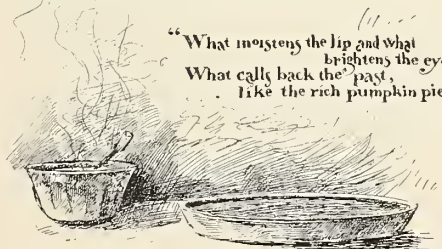
"PUNKEY MOONSHINE LANTERN."



CORNSTALK-FIDDLES.

"GIVE us the bowl of samp and milk
By homespun beauty poured."

"What moistens the lip and what
brightens the eye
What calls back the past,
like the rich pumpkin pie?"



PINKY'S PREFERENCE.

Most wild animals stoutly resist all of our well intentioned efforts to bring them up in door-yard ways, and take to the woods again with the first opportunity. I have tamed many squirrels, but, sooner or later, every one of them has escaped to the wilds. I have never known but one wild animal that wanted to be domesticated, that refused to stay in the woods when taken there; and this was a little possum, named, from the color of his long nose, "Pinky."

He was one of a family of nine that I caught, several springs ago, and carried home. In the course of a few weeks his brothers and sisters

morning, when breakfast was preparing, what should we see but Pinky, curled up in the feather cushion of the kitchen settee, fast asleep.

He had found his way back during the night, had climbed in through the trough of the pump-box, and had gone to sleep like the rest of the family. He gaped and smiled and looked about him when awakened, altogether at home, but really surprised that morning had come so soon.

He took his saucer of milk under the stove as if nothing had happened. We had had a good many possums, crows, lizards, and the like, so, in spite of this winsome show of confidence and affection, Pinky was borne away once more to the briars.

He did not creep in by the pump-box trough that night. Nothing was seen of him, and he passed quickly out of our minds. Two or three days after this I was crossing the back yard, and stopped to pick up a big calabash-gourd that had been on the woodpile. I had cut a round hole, somewhat larger than a silver dollar, in the gourd, intending to fasten it up for the blue-birds to nest in.

It ought to have

were adopted by admiring friends; but Pinky, because he was the "runt," and looked very sorry and forlorn, was not chosen. He was left with me. I kept him, for his mother was dead, and fed him on milk until he caught up to the size of the biggest mother-fed possum of his age in the woods. Then I took him down to the old stump in the brier-patch where he was born, and left him to shift for himself.

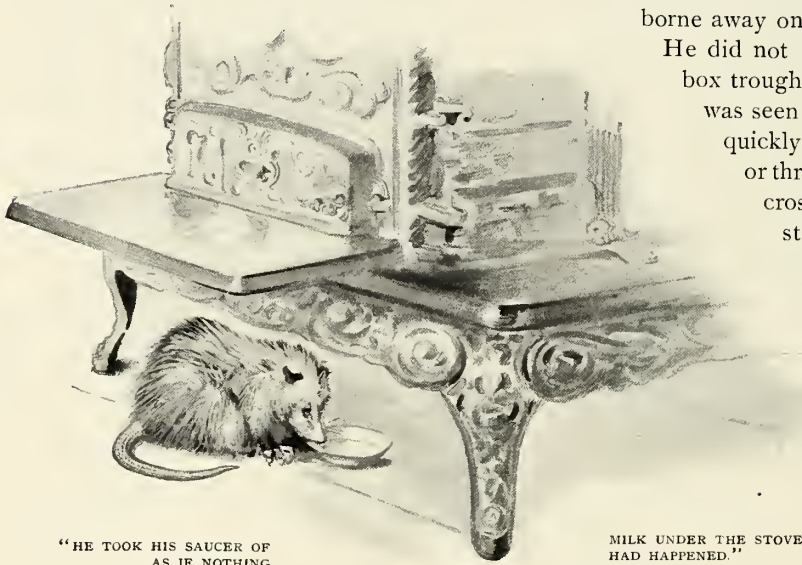
Being thrown into a brier-patch was exactly what tickled "Br'er Rabbit" half to death, and any one would have supposed that being put gently down in his home brier-patch would have tickled this little possum still more. Not he! I went home and forgot him. But the next

been as light as so much air, almost, but instead it was heavy—the children had filled it with sand, no doubt. I turned it over and peeked into the hole, and lo! there was Pinky.

How he ever managed to squeeze through that opening I don't know, but there he was, sleeping away as soundly as ever.

But that 's just like him—always a puzzle. He is most stupidly wise, or most wisely stupid.

And what became of him then? My heart smites me whenever I think of it. I took him back again to the woods the third time, and again he returned, but blundered into a neighbor's yard, and—and a little later he was drawn up in a bucket of water from the bottom



"HE TOOK HIS SAUCER OF
AS IF NOTHING

MILK UNDER THE STOVE
HAD HAPPENED."

A BEAUTIFUL AND UNIQUE "VASE OF
FLOWERS."

DOUBTLESS all our young folks will admit that even in this black-and-white cut the vase and flowers are very beautiful. Had you seen the original of which this is a photographic representation, you would indeed have exclaimed "Oh, my!" at the beautiful and harmonious colors. And that was what it was designed to be. The old-time users of the microscope called it an "Oh, my!" specimen. It is in the original a mounted slide, with the entire design less than one half-inch from top to bottom. Our friend Mr. Walmsley has photographed it through his microscope, and this cut is a reproduction of his photomicrograph, which is merely a photograph much larger than the object that is pictured. The "flowers," "butterflies," and "vase" are only arranged scales and hairs from the wings and bodies of various butterflies and brilliant Brazilian beetles, together with a few shell-like parts of certain microscopic members of the plant kingdom known as diatoms.

An ordinary microscopical slide is valued at from twenty-five to fifty cents. This slide cost thirty dollars, and doubtless Mr. Dalton, the English artist who made it many years ago, well earned his money even at this price, for it must have taken many days of careful and skilful work to arrange the vast number of microscopic specks, scales, and hair-like forms.



"THE OLD STUMP IN THE
BRIER-PATCH."

of that neighbor's well, still asleep, only—they could not wake him up.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

The following extract from the Rev. Mr. Sharp's personal letter to the editor of this department will be of interest to our young naturalists — especially to those who have many books and are encouraged in nature interests:

As you surmise, my love for the out-of-doors is born in me—through a Quaker grandfather and a mother who could worship in the woods. From my earliest childhood, mother gave me the freedom of the fields, especially the spare hours on Sundays, for the other days were always full of work. Down in Jersey, in those days, my school-teachers spanked me for bringing a little lizard to school in my purse. Except for mother, I was absolutely alone in my passion for the wild things about me—discouraged, even, on every hand. How the world moves! No books, no suggestions, no guidance. I was fourteen or fifteen years old before I read about Gilbert White, and sent off secretly and bought a thirty-five-cent edition of "Selborne."



VASE AND FLOWERS MADE OF MICROSCOPIC SCALES AND HAIRS.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

FUNGUS IN FORM OF A TINY BIRD'S NEST.

DOWNER'S GROVE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This morning while working in the garden I found a curious and beautiful growth on



BIRD'S-NEST FUNGUS ON A DAMP STICK.

a little stick. I picked it up from a moist, dark place under some tomato-vines. I think it must be some kind of lichen or fungus. It is about half an inch high and shaped like a vase or cup. There are two other little oval-shaped lichens (?) on this stick. They are all gray and of a soft, velvety texture. The large "cup" has three cells in the inside which look as if they might contain seeds. Can you tell me what it is and more about it?

Your loving reader,

PAUL SLUSSER.

This is one of the bird's-nest fungi. This little fungus, not slime-mold, occurs commonly on sticks as represented. It has several cousins found in similar situations. All belong to the puffball family. The little seed-like bodies inside the vase are not seeds, but contain, in turn, very much smaller bodies, spores, each a single cell.

A WOODCHUCK CAN CLIMB A TREE.

CLINTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: During the first part of July my father and I were crossing a tract of sugar-maple woods on our way to my uncle's farm. Suddenly there was a scurry of tiny feet, a scratching, a rattling of dry bark, and a young woodchuck had climbed some four feet up a tree-trunk. This trunk must have been a foot and a half, possibly more, in diameter. The young rodent held on in a way that closely resembled the cat's method when driven up a tree by some barking dog of evil intent. Although I had never heard of a woodchuck climbing a tree before, I was not so much surprised when I considered that he was a young one.

But this occurrence, surprising in itself in a measure, was totally eclipsed by an incident that came about in August. I was wandering up a rocky creek, tearing

here and there a fossil from its bed, and plucking here and there a flower from its banks. The sun shone, the birds sang, and the bees boomed away down the creek to the catnip and the spearmint. Nature sang, my heart sang, and we were happy there together. On my right rose a wooded hill whose cool shaded side beckoned, and I entered the enchanted land. Wandering idly about, I chanced upon the clearing where the cows love to graze and chew their cuds, where the birds love to hover and pour out their grateful melody of song. And there Mother Nature showed me another of her secrets I had never seen before.

Near the middle of the clearing grows an ancient apple-tree loaded with small sour green fruit. Attracted by the shade and the chance to rest and watch the little world about me, I strolled that way, when a low crunching noise and a sharp bird-like call caused me to pause and look about. The noise had evidently come from the tree. I had examined all of it, so I supposed, but to be more sure I looked again. There, half-way out a branch some ten feet or more from the ground, was a full-grown woodchuck feasting on green apples. He held them as a squirrel holds a nut, with his fore paws; and, to judge by those I examined beneath the tree, he ate only a little out of each apple. Dainty ground-hog!

When the woodchuck discovered me he dropped his apple and became absolutely motionless, blending in so well with the foliage and bark that at a short distance he resembled a large weather-beaten tent-caterpillar's nest. I may have passed a woodchuck up an apple-tree a dozen times, and never known it from appearance. Searching for a dry spot (for the ground was marshy), I lay down and watched him for an hour, possibly longer, scarcely moving a muscle in the vain hope he would eat again of the fruit. A bird flew from the tree, probably the one who gave the warning note. The birds seemed unconscious of my presence, sometimes flying almost



WOODCHUCKS OFTEN SPEND MUCH TIME UNDER A TREE AND AT THE MOUTH OF A HOLE BETWEEN THE ROOTS, BUT EXTREMELY SELDOM DO THEY GO UP THE TREE.

directly over my head, and often alighting near me; but Mr. Marmot was more suspicious, and never removed from me his watchful little eyes, almost hidden from sight by his thick fur. Well, I acknowledge that a woodchuck has more powers of endurance than I, for I was giving out. My left arm, upon which I had been leaning, was for the time paralyzed, as I had no control over any part of it; I could not even close my fingers. It was some time before I got my arm back to a normal condition by constant rubbing, and I had to forcibly open and shut my fingers with my right hand before they would move at all. Yet all this time the woodchuck never stirred, except twice, when he moved his head. Afterward he would be as inactive as ever. When I turned my weary steps toward home, I was much the

and it is mentioned as a great event in a farmer-boy's life. The boy stood under the tree, taunted the animal, and threw stones at it. Thereupon the woodchuck dropped down and attacked John. Mr. Warner vividly describes the fight, and adds: "The boy never forgot it."

I remember an aged farmer who frequently told the boys of his experience, when he was a boy, of his "yaller dog Dan" chasing a woodchuck up a slanting trunk of an apple-tree. As "Uncle Hiram" put in variations to make a good story every time he told it, I am sure



BOY AND WOODCHUCK IN CONTEST OF KEEPING STILL.

wiser. Why did the woodchuck choose green apples when on every hand was the abundance of the harvest, ripe corn, and fields of tempting sweet clover?

DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY (age 17).

A few older naturalists have recorded observations of a woodchuck up a tree, but in most cases only when closely pressed by some pursuing dog or person, and even then it is always mentioned as a very rare event.

In that interesting book "Being a Boy," by Charles Dudley Warner, there is a photographic illustration by Clifton Johnson of the farmer-boy watching a woodchuck up a tree,

he would n't have hesitated to distort facts and make the trunk of the tree perpendicular, if he had n't evidently thought that there were some things too much for the boys to believe.

It's a fact that woodchucks do climb trees even voluntarily, and yet it's a fact in the estimation of a country boy very close to myth-land. I know our young friend to be a careful and reliable observer. He had the pleasure of a sight that I never have had, notwithstanding boyhood days on a farm where woodchucks were very plentiful. Have you or any of your friends ever seen a woodchuck up a tree?



LARGE GREEN CATERPILLAR COVERED WITH TINY WHITE COCOONS.
On under side of grape-vine leaf.

INTERESTING COCOONS IN A QUEER PLACE.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what I found this summer. I am very much interested in butterflies and insects, and as I was watching some beetles, I found, on a grape-leaf, a large green caterpillar. His back was completely covered with very small white cocoons. On closer examination I found that each cocoon had a tiny cover. I took the caterpillar into the house and put him in a dish with a few grape-leaves. I kept him for several days. Each day he seemed to grow weaker and thinner. About the forenoon of the fifth day, suddenly, and almost at the same time, the covers of each cocoon flew up, and a tiny black fly was seen struggling to get free from each one. When they were free from the cases they flew away, and the cocoons



OUT OF PRISON
The *Microgaster* flies have burst the door of the urn-shaped cocoons.

were left empty and with the covers up. By this time the caterpillar had died. I learned afterward that the adult fly had laid the eggs in the caterpillar's back and they had hatched there. Then they spin these cocoons and live in them until they are fully formed flies.

From your interested reader,

ROMAINE HOIT.

The white cocoons on the caterpillar are those of the *Microgaster* fly. This fly lays its eggs within the body of the caterpillar, on which the larvæ feed. Just at the end of larval existence they come out and spin these cocoons, from which later a tiny fly escapes by the opening of a little lid at the top. Examine these cocoons with aid of a pocket-microscope and you will find that they are very beautiful objects.

Many young folks have sent me a large number of these tiny cocoons, and I have *Microgaster* flies hatching out in boxes and on a table in my laboratory by thousands. It is very interesting to see the little prisoners escape from the miniature silky urn-shaped cocoons.

COCOONS ATTACHED TO GRASS.

WEST SUTTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed is a drawing of a piece of grass which I found; the eggs on it are creamy white, with little dark, watery-looking marks as big as a pin-point at the end, and also a small line of the same on either side. Can you tell me what kind of an insect they belong to? I shall keep them and watch them hatch out.



MICROGASTER COCOONS ATTACHED TO GRASS.

ALICE R. KNOWLES.

These are the cocoons of the *Microgaster* fly. See previous letter. Sometimes the larvæ leave the host caterpillar and attach the cocoons in little clusters to grass or other plants.

DO ENGLISH SPARROWS CATCH FLIES?

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been watching the English sparrows in Bangor, and I have not seen them catch flies on the wing.

One of my aunts was in Boston last spring, and she says she saw them do it several times; but she has never seen it done anywhere else, and neither have I.

DOROTHY A. BALDWIN.

I have never seen English sparrows catch flies, as do the various members of the flycatcher family. Probably you have noticed how the wood-pewee, king-bird, or any other member of the flycatcher family darts out from its perch and catches a fly. Perhaps the habits of English sparrows are not the same in different places. Will our young folks please observe and "write to St. NICHOLAS about it"?

BLACK-AND-WHITE CREEPING WARBLER.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are one of my best friends, and I like to read you very much.

A little while ago, as I was reading in the *Nature and Science*, I saw a letter about the yellow warbler, and it reminded me of a very pretty black-and-white creeping warbler which I saw last fall. I thought perhaps your readers would like to know about it.

One morning, about half-past seven, one of our maids came up to our room (where my two sisters and I had just finished dressing) with something in her hands, and said, "Who wants something?" I ran to her, and she put in my hands the prettiest little black-and-white bird I had ever seen. It was about the size of a wren, and its back was striped from the top of its head to the tip of its tail. It had a pure white breast, with black stripes on the side.

It did not seem to be at all frightened, but just sat up in my hand and looked about. Once in a while it would chirp and seem to be real lonely. I felt sorry for the poor little thing, and supposed it was on its way South when its wings gave out, because the maid said she found it struggling on the pavement. I thought I could take it to school by putting it in a cage in which I previously had Japanese mice. The school was not far from our house. We have an hour every day for nature. In the springtime we would study the birds and flowers, and sometimes we would take long walks in the Brandywine woods. At nature time we let the bird out, and it flew up to a pole over the window. We opened all the windows, but it would not go out, and stayed there for three days, and on the fourth it was gone. The first day we looked up in a book to see what it was, and we decided

from the description of it that it must have been a black-and-white creeping warbler.

Wishing you a long life, and hoping your readers will like my letter, I remain,
Your loving reader,
GLADYS JACKSON (age 12).

This warbler is unique, as it differs in dress and in many habits from other members of the warbler family. It is often mistaken for a downy woodpecker, which it somewhat resembles, at a distance, both in color and method of searching for insects on the trunks and branches



BLACK-AND-WHITE CREEPING WARBLERS.

of trees. But a little watching shows that it has the true warbler traits of restlessness—flitting nervously from place to place, zigzagging back and forth, pecking and peering here and there. The downy woodpecker and the nut-hatch search more thoroughly and systematically.

The nest is usually in an old stump or on such a mossy bank, where ferns abound, as is shown in the illustration. The black-and-white suit has given this warbler the nickname "zebra-bird."

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A VACATION DAY." BY EDITH C. HOUSTON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

I hold the greatest joy is found
 In doing well the work we do —
 That labor's unremitting round
 May beam with glory, too.

THE League editor is proud of the good work for October. Many of the poems, stories, and pictures are worthy of recognition by any periodical in the land, while the puzzles are good too, as they always are. It is most encouraging to note the progress of those who began with us nearly three years ago. Some of the prize-winners this month have had prizes before — one of them having won a silver badge in the first League issue. Her gold-badge poem in this number is a beautiful and finished piece of work, as is the illustrated prize poem. Indeed, every contribution to this number shows unusual merit—age, of course, being remembered. Truly in striving earnestly and well there is the joy that comes of growth and sweet reward.

The modeling competition has been interesting, but not enough members have competed to justify another at present. Furthermore, most of the models were not carefully packed and nearly every one was either chipped or broken altogether. One of the very best—of an alligator—was completely ruined.

This month we announce another Chapter Competition. The competition last spring was a great success, and we hope this time there will be still better results. Chapters will have three months in which to prepare and give their entertainments. It must have been a great satisfaction this summer to chapters who contributed to baby hospitals and other worthy charities to remember those who were being benefited by their noble efforts. Now let us see what can be done for next year.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 34.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

VERSE. Cash prize, illustrated poem, by Jean Olive Heck (age 16), 632 Barr St., Cincinnati, O.

Gold badge, Helen Janet Ripley (age 16), Brandon, Vt.

Silver badges, Minnie C. Feil (age 13), Charles City, Ia., and A. Elizabeth Goldberg (age 10), 348 Central Park W., New York City.

PROSE. Cash prize, Marguerite Beatrice Child (age 15), 31 River St., Oneonta, N. Y.

Gold badges, Mayblossom Ayres (age 14), 6 Burton Ave., Roxbury, Mass., and Louis D. Edwards (age 13), 1 Fry St., Lakewood, O.

Silver badges, Marie C. Bassett (age 11), "Wind-cliff," Tarrytown, N. Y.,

and Mary Jane Heitman (age 15), Mocksville, N. C.

DRAWING. Cash prize, Robert Canley Hollowell (age 16), 1203 W. 9th St., Wilmington, Del.

Gold badge, Margaret McKeon (age 12), 32 2d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, Eileen Lawrence Smith (age 12), 31 Portman Sq., London W., and Edgar Pearce (age 17), 1538 Willington St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, Edith C. Houston



"A VACATION DAY." BY FREDERICKA GOING, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

(age 13), "Druin Moir," Chestnut Hill, Pa., and Fredricka Going (age 11), "The Carlyle" 32 N. Carolina Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

Silver badges, Constance Freeman (age 9), 430 Marlboro St., Boston, Mass., and Margaret C. Phillips (age 15), Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Walk in," by John L. Hopper (age 16), Highland, N. Y. Second prize, "Deer," by Ethel Hawthaway (age 13), Sharon, Mass. Third prize, "Terrapin," by Catherine Lee Carter (age 14), Wayside, N. J.

MODELING. Gold badge, Alice Paine (age 13), West Newton, Mass.

Silver badge, Dorothy Turpie (age 14), 823 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, Eugenie Sterling (age 16), 1129 Louisiana St., Lawrence, Kan., and Vera A. Fueslein (age 14), 351 E. 77th St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, Lena Woods (age 15), Luther-ville, Md., and Oliver Spaulding (age 10), St. John's, Mich.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, George Putnam (age 13), Manchester, Mass.

Silver badge, Laura E. Jones (age 14), 1845 Arlington Pl., Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE.

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to membership in the League.

Badge and instruction leaflet, free.

EVENING.

BY HELEN JANET RIPLEY (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

'T is evening; hush, the vesper hymn
The dark-cowled trees in cadence loud
Chant to themselves, and to and fro
Against the twilight background dim
The lilies swing their censers slim.

The last faint memories of the day
Still linger in the dark'ning west—
Among the dusky clouds they rest;
Soon, soon they too shall fade away,
Lost in the mighty sea of gray.

Ah, evening star that trembles there
Against the heaven's dark'ning blue,
In the grand roll of ages you

Have seen full many a night as fair
Sink gently through the silent air.

And still you gleam, and still shall gleam
When centuries are left behind;
Calm, beautiful, unmoved, you bind

The twilight to the dark,
and seem
Part of the world's great,
silent dream.

THE ORCHARD.

BY MARGUERITE BEATRICE CHILD (AGE 15).

(Cash Prize.)

THE orchard is behind a big, old-fashioned white house, and it is there, among the gnarled old apple-trees, that I have spent some of the happiest hours of all my life.

When I was only five years old I first made the acquaintance of the orchard. Even now I dimly remember the pleasant summer afternoons when I used to sit beneath the trees, whose long branches swept down about me like protecting arms.

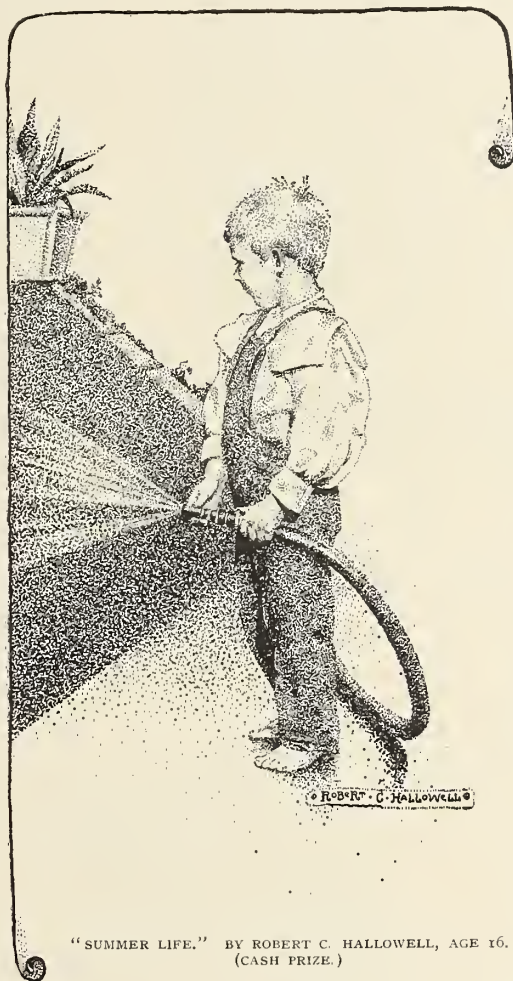
In a few years I learned to climb the trees, and what fun I had! After I began climbing them I named the ones I liked best. There is Post-Office Tree, that has ever so many queer deep little knot-holes that are just the places for hiding cipher notes.

Willard Tree, named after a jolly little cousin with whom I have had some very good fun, is an early apple-tree that has big yellow apples in August. But I do not remember the time when I have not tried those apples in July. This tree has a long, low branch, and

this has been my ship ever since I could climb. Standing up, and bending back and forth till the long branch swayed in a rather alarming but very delightful manner, I have taken many journeys.

But the tree which I think is the most oddly named of all is Paradise Station. It is a big greening tree, with many delightful seats. Close by, in the days when I named it, was a little oval spot where tall, lovely primroses grew, and the ground was covered with plants of light, delicate green. In the center I had built a little throne of twisted pieces of wood, and this lovely place, surrounded by the old apple-trees, I called my Paradise. And since this well loved tree of mine was at the entrance of Paradise, I named it Paradise Station.

Then there is the German Tree, where I read "Sartor Resartus" for the first time, and since when I have always associated the tree with those dreadful, unpro-



"SUMMER LIFE." BY ROBERT C. HALLOWELL, AGE 16.
(CASH PRIZE.)

EVENING.

BY A. ELIZABETH GOLDBERG (AGE 10).
(*Silver Badge.*)

MILD evening, in her silver car,
Through the azure depths doth roll;
On her pale brow a shining star
Marks well her purity of soul.

The stars rise softly, one by one,
Into the dark'ning field of night;
Like weary souls whose task is done,
They twinkle with delight.

The shadows grow more long and gray,
The daylight fades from heaven;
The moon upon the Milky Way
Rides through the starlit even.

The tired earth sinks down to rest,
Hushed by the music of the sky;
The birds are sleeping in the nest,
While guardian angels hover nigh.

IRWINALLALY AND OTHER
ORCHARD FRIENDS.

BY MAYBLOSSOM AYRES (AGE 14).
(*Gold Badge.*)

WHEN I was about four or five years of age my happiest hours were spent in the orchard. There happened all the wonderful and beautiful things possible in a child's imaginings. I do not think that most who have passed their childish years realize how fully a child may believe what he has imagined.

I know that at one time, for almost a year, I believed myself to be lame. Whenever any member of the family was near I suffered great pain in trying to walk like other people, and when able to leave the table, I would get two old poles and hop away to my favorite resting-place in the arms of my friend, "Irwinallaly."

Irwinallaly was an old apple-tree, short and stunted, but bearing such apples that even the green ones were more delightful to the taste than any ripe ones on the other trees.

I always thought that Irwinallaly signified some friend whom I had never seen. She was to me something indefinable. It could be no one of my own family, for I was not to live with her but only see her occasionally. Three years ago I met my friend. I felt, when I first saw her, that Irwinallaly had come; and I was right—my dreams have been fulfilled.

Under this tree I used to sit and talk to my invisible companions. But my language was not English.

It was something I had made myself, and guarded as a most precious secret. It consisted of the sounds which I considered most musical. I had one word for each idea, and it never varied.

I remember one word which I thought particularly beautiful; it meant rain: and never was I so happy as when making up "poems" about it.

I cannot remember the names of any of the other



"CHILD'S HEAD." MODELED BY ALICE PAINE, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

nounceable words that Carlyle scatters so thickly. The German Tree, I think, is my favorite now, and it is there that I take my books and studies, and often my writing. Indeed, it is there I am sitting now; and as I look about me I realize how very little of the orchard's beauty and restfulness can be guessed by one who does not know it well, as I do. And as I think of the other happy children who have enjoyed its delights, the conviction comes to me that never will I find a place I shall love as I do the orchard.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should be a member of the League. Every member should belong to a chapter.

THE ADVENT OF
EVENING.

BY MINNIE C. FEIL (AGE 13).
(*Silver Badge.*)

THE fireflies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams
and dies;
The bat, a wavering, sound-
less blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling
eyes.
Still the sweet, fragrant dark
o'erflows

The deep'ning air and dark'ning ground;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars;
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone;
And now the heavens are set with stars,
And night and quiet reign alone.



"CUPID'S HEAD." MODELED BY DOROTHY TURPIE,
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

trees except Mergerlin Bharkt, a tall sour russet who guarded the precious trees from harm.

One day there was a reception given to the trees by Irwinallaly, to which I was invited. After many songs and speeches, I rose and told them that I was going to give one more name to my darling cat, and had my dearest friends any name to suggest? The trees swayed to and fro in answer and altogether murmured, "Ooabubbling"; and ever after until he died my cat rejoiced in the name "Minnie May Ooabubbling Ayres."

OUR PLAY-HOUSE AND OUR ORCHARD.

BY MARY JANE HEITMAN (AGE 15).
(Silver Badge.)

OUR play-house is in the back yard, by the damson and locust trees.

We have n't played there lately, but last week we had a boarding-house.

My little cousin was the landlady sometimes, and I was also.

The house is near the wash-bench. A chicken-coop is a room upstairs; downstairs we had a nice parlor with a toy piano in it. In the hall we had a "telephone." Back of the parlor is the dining-room. We had a box for the table, and another box for the buffet. On it were colored china (broken) and a glass stand. We had two rooms back of the dining-room, separated by rocks.

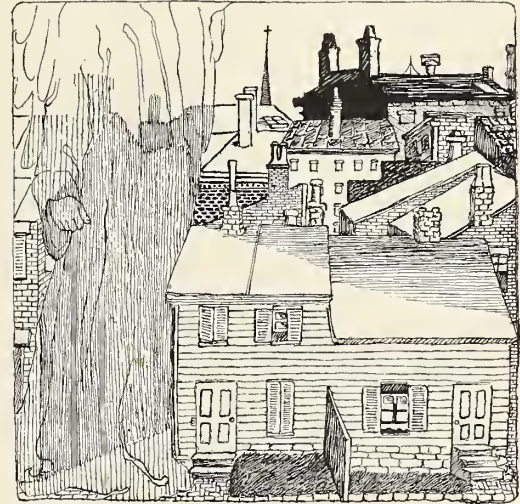
A big box served for the back piazza. The kitchen is in the back yard, and we had my little iron stove out there. The fence is one wall of the kitchen. Back of the kitchen is the stable.

Up in our orchard, which is between my cousins' home and mine, we have a post-office. It is made of

bricks, and is near the path by an old cherry-tree. The post-office is broken down now, but every now and then we build it up. We have a big orchard with peach, pear, and apple trees in it. We also have two cherry-trees. In our play-house we have sand for flour, light sand for sugar, chicken feathers for chickens, and small rocks for eggs.



"A SUMMER DAY." BY MARGARET McKEON, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)



(SEE POEM BELOW.)

THE EVENING ANGEL.

BY JEAN OLIVE HECK (AGE 16).
(Cash Prize.)

THE Angel of the Eventide has silently come down,
A presence hushed and holy with his amber wings
wide-spread;
And all who blamelessly abide within the busy town
Are blessed with peace and joy and rest, for he is
overhead.

He lays a cooling hand upon the toiler's weary brow
And sends him smiling homeward to the loved ones
waiting there.
And when his wings have fanned the breeze, disease
and squalor bow
Unto his might and take their flight before the
clean-sweet air.

He calls the city children, and they hear his gentle voice;
They flock to him and crowd the streets in eager,
happy streams.
Their little hearts joy-filled cry out and noisily rejoice,
And then again are silent in the Twilight Land of
Dreams.

The Angel's work is ended, but he lingers yet a while.
"The city like a shriven soul shall see the 'gates
ajar';"
And in his face are blended love and joy as, with a
smile,
He sets the skies aglow, and lo! there shines the
evening star.



"WALK IN." BY JOHN L. HOPPER, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE INHABITANTS OF OUR ORCHARD.

BY LOUIS D. EDWARDS (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

THE spider is the most repulsive and yet the most interesting of insects. I never tire of watching him, with his many curious ways. The three kinds I have taken particular notice of are the little tiger-like spider who builds no web, but stalks his prey. He will sneak around in back of a fly, and then spring upon him; and he very seldom misses his mark. Then there is the common brown spider who builds his web horizontally and has a funnel-shape lair where he lies in wait for some hapless fly to get entangled. Last of all, the gauze spider, who is all the colors of the rainbow. He builds his web in the grass and waits silently for prey. He is the most courageous of all, and will attack wasps and bees.

I was watching one, one day, when I saw two large wasps fly into his web. He kept well away from the wasps' business until he had wound nearly all his web around them. Then he rolled them to the center of his web and sat on them. When a spider has hard luck by having his web torn down a number of times, he goes prospecting to find a suitable web to steal. The thief is almost always killed, though I don't know why, unless the spider that owns the web knows it better than the other—probably so.

One night I was watch-

ing a little brown spider just putting the finishing touches on his web, when a spider three times his size jumped into it and started to take possession. They advanced, reaching at each other with their long pincers. The little spider refused to take a death-lock with the larger one, by always jumping backward. They had been fighting nearly an hour when the little fellow saw his chance, and, darting behind his opponent, fastened both his adversary's hind legs to the web, and there he left him to starve. The little spider retired to his den minus two legs.

Let me say, in conclusion, that my classification of spiders is from observation, and perhaps not scientific.

AN OLD ORCHARD.

BY MARIE C. BASSETT (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

WHAT more beautiful place is there to lie and dream in than a fine old orchard in full bloom! I know of



"DEER" BY ETHEL HAUTHAWAY, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

none, unless it be an orchard in full fruit, whose sun-kissed apples hang on the branches waiting to be eaten. I am dreaming in the blossom-time—dreaming about my travels in Europe.

Switzerland, with its snow-capped mountains and quaint little Swiss stores and the "Lion of Lucerne" and many other things, is my favorite. Jungfrau, as it looms up in the moonlight, is indeed a grand sight.

Then I see the Dutch people clapping around in their funny wooden shoes, and the canals with their pretty boats, and the Dutchwomen washing along the banks, and the thatched windmills, with now and then a head popping out of the top of one, calling to some one down below.

How queerly the people



"TERRAPIN." BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

talk in Scotland! Although their language is English, I think not many of our American boys and girls would understand them very well. The lochs, or lakes, we would say, are very pretty, especially those through the Trossachs. How it makes me laugh when I remember what a time we had trying to pronounce Loch Katrina the way the Scotch do!

"Hoch der Kaiser!" You German men are so funny, with your stiff bows and queer caps. How pretty the beer-gardens are—such nice music and pretty decorations! How picturesque you are, little German girls, with your long yellow braids and blue eyes, and how fond you are of your Rhine! No fonder than I am of the Hudson, though. True, you have old castles with old stories, and fine vineyards too, while we have nature's beauty only, and a few stories, chiefly those of Rip Van Winkle and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." You could not understand us, either, if we did not say Bonn exactly the way you do.

Jabber, jabber, jabber! go the people at the cafés along the streets of Paris, drinking and jabbering at the same time.

I fancy I hear Westminster Abbey chiming five, and think it is time to go to service.

As I turn around I see the towers of the Houses of Parliament—and now I really do hear the clock striking five. I wake up from my dream, pick one little sprig of apple-blossoms, and go down the hill to supper.

THE BLUEBELLS.

BY CATHERINE FLINT (AGE 10).

THE sweet little bluebells are nodding their heads,

In their delicate dresses of blue;

They are saying "Good morning,"

They are saying "Good morning,"

They are saying "Good morning" to you.

EVENING.

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY (AGE 17).

A GOLDEN light now paints the western sky,
And in its glow the fading sunbeams die.
The vesper-song swells upward from the wood,
And wild things there leave off their search for food.

The mother bird now slumbers on her nest,
And all the world sinks silently to rest.
Now rest, my soul, from daytime's weariness;
The dark is tonic for life's dreariness.
I love to feel the evening's fragrant breeze

And hear it softly stirring in the trees;
I love to hear the voices of the night
That vanish at the coming of the light,
Like echoes, ling'ring on the wood-lake's shore,
Sinking to rest to wake no more.



"A VACATION DAY." BY MARGARET C. PHILLIPS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

AN EVENING IN OCTOBER.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH
(AGE 10).

THE smoky haze
Of autumn days
Is filling all the air;
The oaks are red,
The grass is dead,
The willow-trees are bare.

The sun sinks low,
The west winds blow,
The day is almost done;
Upon the hill,
When all is still,
I watch the setting sun.

The sun hath set,
The grass is wet,
The colors slowly die;
And lo! afar
The evening star
Is shining in the sky.

A DREAM OF AN ORCHARD.

BY MARY H. POPE
(AGE 13).

IT was a drowsy afternoon in July. I was lying in the hammock under the

linden-tree in the back yard, listening to the hum of the bees around the clover, and feeling the cool breeze from the lake. At last they combined to make me feel drowsy.

Suddenly I heard a *baa, baa!* I sat up and looked around. To my surprise everything was changed. Instead of the swing and the flower-garden, there were fruit-trees, while daisies and swaying grasses were knee-deep everywhere. All around frisked little lambs.



"A VACATION DAY." BY CONSTANCE FREEMAN, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

One came up to me and put his head in my lap. I looked around, and in my hand I saw a crook. "Oh," thought I, "I have turned into Little Bo-peep.

Off I scampered through the tall grass and gathered the sheep together. I felt blithesomely happy. I sat on the ground and played with the lambs until the sunset. Oh, what a glorious sunset that was!

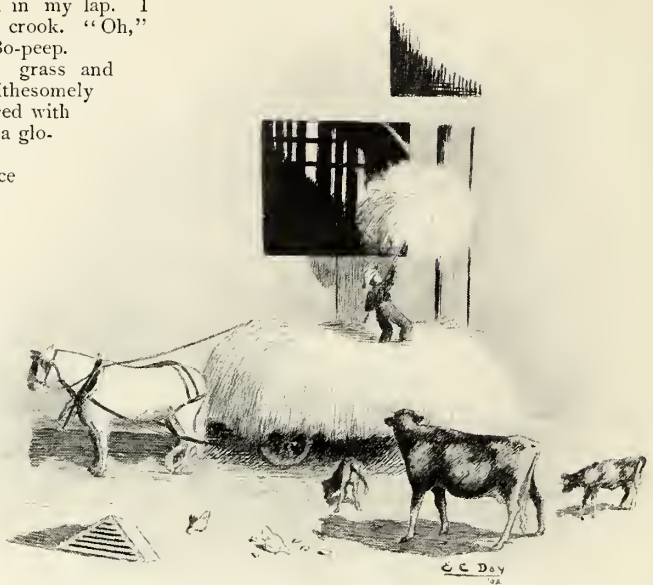
Then I heard a tinkle in the distance which grew louder and louder, and then I heard some one calling me, and I woke up to find that it was the dinner-bell and that mother was calling.

EVENING.

BY MAY WENZEL (AGE 8).

'T is evening in the country;
The flowers droop their head;
The little birds have sung their
prayers—
They are going now to bed.

All but one poor fellow—
It must be naughty Bill;
You can hear him every evening
Begging, "Don't whip poor
Will—
Don't whip poor Will!"



"SUMMER LIFE." BY EDWARD C. DAY, AGE 17.

EVENING.

BY IRENE FREDERICA RAU (AGE 16).

The sun is sinking in the
west

In clouds of fiery hue.
Each bird is going to its nest;
Soft falls the evening dew.



"SUMMER LIFE." BY LOIS
D. WILCOX, AGE 13.

Across the river's broad expanse
The white-winged sail-boats
fly.
The lingering sunbeams softly
glance
And kiss the stream good-by.
The sunset pales to amber tint;
The stars in groups appear;
The moonbeams on the dewdrops
glint,
The firefly glimmers near.
The boats are anchored, and I
hear
From far the vesper-bell;
So now I leave this grassy mere,
And bid the scene farewell.

THE ORCHARD TELEPHONE.

BY MIRIAM ABBOT (AGE 12).

ONE warm afternoon in the latter part of June, Mary and I, having nothing else to do, thought we would go out and read in the orchard. So we went into the house to get books for ourselves.

Then, suddenly, I had a bright thought. Why not take some stout string, tie it together, and make a double line, which would connect the two trees in which we were going to play?

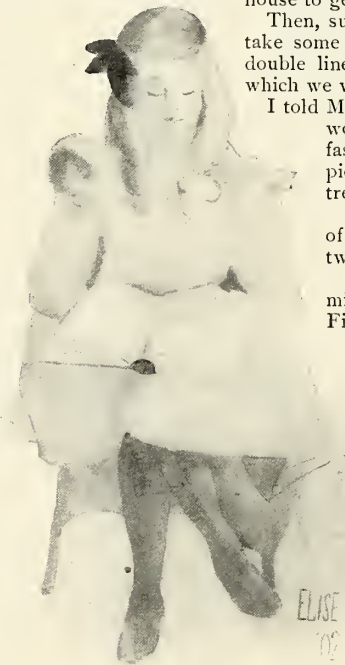
I told Mary my plan, which she said she thought would be great fun. So we took some twine, fastened it together, and made a long enough piece to stretch doubly between the two trees.

Then we tied a basket on, and fitted a piece of cardboard on the basket for a cover, with two elastics to hold it on.

Then Mary got into her tree, and I into mine, each with a book, paper, and pencil. First we read a little while, and then we wrote notes to each other. We did not get the line tied tight enough, and the basket went wibbly-wabbly whenever it went across, but it always got across all right.

After a while the sun got around so that it shone right into the tree where Mary was sitting, so I went into the house and got an old sheet, and fastened it up so that it shaded her.

We played there all the afternoon, and I am sure that we shall ever remember with pleasure the pleasant afternoon spent in the orchard.



"SUMMER LIFE." BY ELISE DONALDSON, AGE 14.



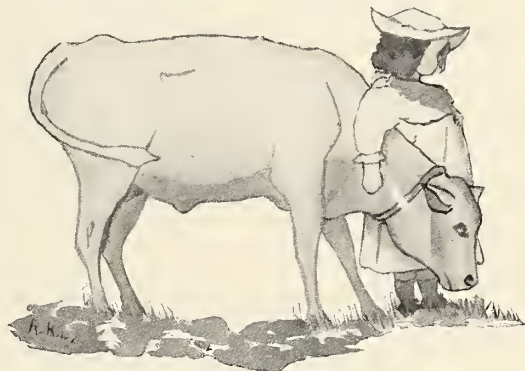
"SUMMER LIFE." BY MARGARET JANE RUSSELL, AGE 14.

EVENING.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 11).

THE sunset glow lights up the dark'ning sky,
While homeward swift the skimming swallows fly.
The daylight fades, the sun sinks lower down,
And radiant clouds the evening's beauty crown.

The whippoorwill sends forth his mournful lay;
Soft winds sing lullabies, now sad, now gay;
The crickets chirp, the frogs croak loud and deep,
While mothers sing their little ones to sleep.



"SUMMER LIFE." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 11.

IN THE ORANGE ORCHARD.

BY MARGARET L. HESS (AGE 9).

ONCE there were two little boys named Bryce
and George. One day they went in the orchard.
They heard a noise, and they looked in among
the bushes, and they thought they would see a
snake; but just when they were getting ready
to stone it the head of a turkey popped out.

A LULLABY.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 14).

HUSH thee, sleep thee, little one;
See, the fireflies dance and glow;
And to sing thy lullaby
Comes the night-wind, whispering low.

Hush! The night a spell has wrought
With the misty moonbeams weaving;
In the meadows fairies dance,
And afar an owl is grieving.

Sleep! and the lark at dawn upspringing
Shall await thee with his singing.
Hush thee, hush thee, sleep is best;
Night has come, and thou must rest.



"A VACATION DAY." BY MARGARET HAMILTON, AGE 15.

MIDSUMMER EVENING.

BY RUTH BAGLEY (AGE 14).

THE full moon rises big and bright, and gleams
Upon the tree-tops and the quiet streams.
All mortals are asleep; no glimmering light
Is shining in the little town to-night.

A large bare spot of ground surmounts the hill;
It is the fairy ring. When all is still
The elves creep up and form a circle there
About their queen so delicate and fair.



EVENING.

BY GERTRUDE FOLTS (AGE 14).
 SIGHING softly, ever softly,
 Comes the gentle evening
 breeze;
 Faintly stirs the meadow
 grasses,
 Blows among the linden-trees;
 While a breath of perfume
 wafted
 Steals upon the autumn air,
 And the dewdrops sparkle,
 glisten,
 In the moonbeams every-
 where;
 Then the glow-worm's cheer-
 ful lantern
 Gleams a little shining light,
 And the crickets, chirping
 softly,
 Seem to say, "Good night,
 good night."

EVENING PICTURES.

BY GERTRUDE LOUISE CAN-
 NON (AGE 16).

OH, come to yonder rock-
 bound coast, where angry waves break into foam,
 And pause upon the topmost cliff, where some lone sea-
 bird makes his home.
 The restless waves toss far below; the summer wind
 breathes o'er the sea,
 And slowly sinks the sun to rest beneath his gorgeous
 canopy.
 They know no rest, those tossing waves, and when an
 age has passed away
 This towering cliff they've changed and marred—little
 by little, day by day.

And now to yon fair lake we'll fly. See, how it like a
 jewel lies,
 Embosomed in the lofty hills, reflecting all the crimson
 skies!
 The sun's red disk, like burnished gold, slow in the
 western sky descends.
 Across his face a lonely pine its ragged, wind-blown
 crest now bends;
 And from those leafy soli-
 tudes a faint, sweet note
 floats o'er the bay;
 'T was even thus those for-
 ests grew—little by lit-
 tle, day by day.

And last we'll turn to that
 gray pile of somber
 stone, all ivy-clad;
 All peace and quiet here we
 find—the very air seems
 sweet and sad.
 The golden light from out
 the west gleams bright
 in yon secluded nook;
 An aged monk in cowl and
 gown is seated there,
 bent o'er a book.

The crimson beam falls on the page; the letters gleam
 beneath its ray:

"The world rolls on from age to age; so make the best
 of each short day!"



"A VACATION DAY." BY EDWIN J. KUH, AGE 13

EVENTIDE.

BY JAMES CAREY THOMAS
 (AGE 17).

THE day is swift declining,
 And darkness comes apace;
 The stars will soon be shining,
 The ebon night to grace.

The vesper-sparrow is singing
 Adown by the rippling
 brook;
 The robin is homeward wing-
 ing,
 And homeward flies the
 rook.

Over the hills before me
 Is the rim of the setting sun.
 A feeling of peace comes o'er
 me;
 The day at last is done.

DOWN IN THE CHERRY
 ORCHARD.

BY ANNIE LEE GASKILL
 (AGE 16).

It was in the summer, when the cherries were getting
 good and ripe.

Some of the boughs on a big cherry-tree were so full
 of the fruit that they came nearly down to the ground.
 One branch high up in the tree was just loaded with
 ripe red cherries, and seemed nearly ready to break.

Grandma said the tree needed trimming, so she would
 have somebody to saw off the big limb in the top.

Jo was her little daughter and is my mother. She
 was then only eight years old.

"I'll saw it for you, mother," she said. "Let me
 climb right up in the tree, and then you can give me the
 saw."

My grandmother consented for her to try it, telling
 her to be very careful and not fall.

The limbs were close together and it was no trouble
 to get up as high as she wanted to.

In a few minutes she had climbed to the limb her
 mother wanted cut off.

"Now hand me the saw," she said. So she went to
 work with a will, and it was
 not long before it was cut
 half through.

Her mother was standing
 near, watching her indus-
 trious little girl, when all at
 once down came Jo, the saw,
 and the limb, with the cher-
 ries flying in every direc-
 tion.

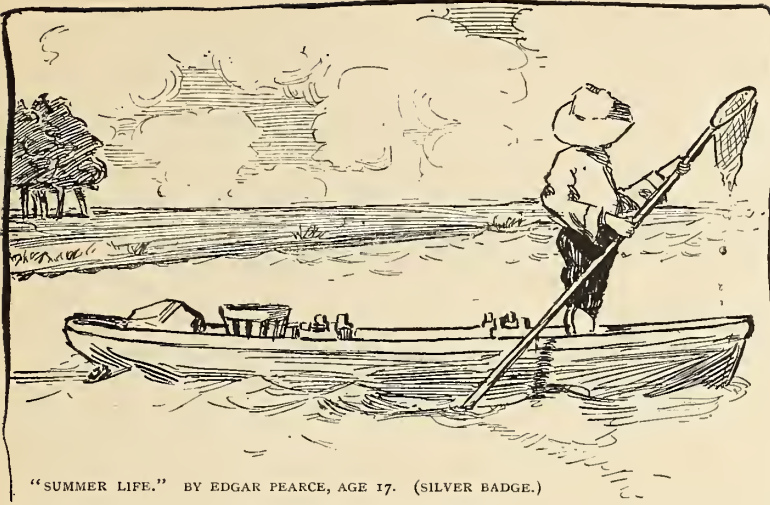
The branches were so
 thick and came so close to
 the ground, she did not have
 a hard fall, but seemed just
 to roll to the ground. She
 was not hurt at all, and when
 her mother saw she was not
 she began to laugh, for it
 really was funny: there was



"A VACATION DAY." BY FRANK HEARD, AGE 15.

a little girl lying in a heap on the ground, with cher-
 ries all over and around her.

She had been sitting on the limb she sawed, never
 dreaming that she would fall. Her mother had not



"SUMMER LIFE." BY EDGAR PEARCE, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

thought of it, either. She lay still on the ground a few minutes, not hurt, but a very surprised little girl.

At last she thought she had been laughed at long enough, so she called her mother and said, "Why don't you pick me up?"

This only made it more ridiculous, so she thought she had better laugh too; and many times now she laughs when she thinks about the time she got the cherries for grandma.

EVENING.

BY DOROTHY G. THAYER (AGE 8).

The thrushes are singing in the woods,
The birds are saying good night,
And little Elsie in her bed
Is tucked in snug and tight.

WOODS AND ORCHARDS AROUND CARLSBAD.

BY MARGARET PRESTON DRAPER (AGE 11).

I WAS obliged to put "orchards" in the title; but I shall not say much about them, except that they are beautiful here in Carlsbad.

This is a great health resort, as all your readers probably know, and more than fifty thousand people come here every year to take the cure. Part of the cure consists in taking long walks. The town is surrounded by wooded hills, where there are winding paths leading to various points of view—shrines, chapels, and quaint pictures of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints.

From the Schlossbrunn, or Castle Spring, a way leads to the Hirschenprung, or Deer's Leap, where there is a colossal bust of Peter the Great of Russia, who greatly prized the cure here. There is

also a monument there on which is written the legend of the Deer's Leap. Here it is:

A long time ago Charles IV. of Austria visited the Baron of Elbogen, a castle near Carlsbad.

One day, when he was hunting, one of his hounds, while pursuing a wounded deer, fell over the cliff, landing near a bubbling spring of hot water. He bathed in it and was instantly cured.

On seeing this, the king's attendants persuaded him to wash an old wound received upon the battle-field of Crécy.

It also was immediately healed. In thanks for this King Charles named the village Carlsbad, and gave it a charter.

Elbogen, where King Charles visited, is such a quaint little place that to-day one might think he had gone back to the days of the barons.

There is an interesting legend about the castle, as follows:

Once upon a time there lived in the castle a very wicked count. He was so cruel that the peasants cursed him with bell, book, and candle.

The next day came a flash of lightning which turned him into a huge meteoric stone, that is still called the "Accursed Count."

Between Elbogen and Carlsbad is the Café Hans Heiling. From its garden, across the river, we could see the Hans Heiling rocks. They are tall and picturesque, and seem to have faces.

There are two legends about them, but I shall tell the prettiest:

Hans Heiling was a peasant that married a little water-fay. He afterward fell in love with an earth maiden; but when the wedding had just started, the water-fay came and turned them all to stone.



A STUDY OF SUMMER LIFE - A PICNIC.

"SUMMER LIFE." EILEEN LAWRENCE SMITH, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"SUMMER LIFE." BY GRETCHEN RUPP, AGE 15.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

J. P. MOORE, Hooper Cottage, Quaker Hill, Conn., would like to correspond with some American boy of his own age (13). May R. Welsh, Box 223, Westfield, N. Y., would like a European girl correspondent of about 12. Mary Emily Cassard (age 14), 454 Broadway, Newport, R. I., would like Agnes Churchill Lacy to write to her. Sarah C. McDavid, 596 Grand Ave., St. Paul, Minn., will exchange souvenir post-cards with League members either in the United States or abroad. Would like some line, descriptive or otherwise, written on them. Already has a full set from Boston.

Helen Hopkins (age 13), 147 Hoyt St., Buffalo, N. Y., would like to join a Buffalo chapter. Fannie H. Bickford, White Hills, Shelton, Conn., will exchange souvenir post-cards with other members. Will send New Haven or Bridgeport cards in return for those of any country.

OTHER welcome letters were received from Ruth E. Crombie, Susan C. Wharton, Evelyn Over Foster, Roderick White, Elizabeth Bishop Ballard, James J. Macumber, Margaret L. Garthwaite, Agnes J. Hillehecht, Eleonore F. Hahn, Marjory Anne Harrison, Helen Livingston, Susie F. Iden, Cleos L. Rockwell, Isabel C. Garcia, Haryot Kathleen Pease, Emily Storer, Marian Cober, L. Beatrice Todd, Don W. Pitt-

ROLL OF HONOR.
A LIST of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

VERSE.
Ellen Dunwoody
Margaret V. Underhill
Elsie Flower
Claudia Stella Blount
Doris Francklyn
Margery Bennett
Leonora Kempffer
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Marjorie McIver
Frederick A. Coates
Marjorie Macy
Helen Brainard
Lucy A. Barton
Harold R. Norris
Edward T. Hills

Alice Allcutt
Dorothy T. Biddle
Bessie Lynch
Gertrude S. Twichell
Ethel Abbott
Nannette F. Hamburger
Elizabeth Peeble
Marguerite Cole
Olive A. Granger
Ruth Cutler
Henry Scott

DRAWINGS.
J. B. Kramer
Loulou Sloet
Emily Grace Hanks
Rose C. Goode
Fern Forrester
Della Farley Dana
Edna Phillips
Donald McMurray
Albert Izor
Sara D. Burge
Carl Henking
Thalia Graham
Mary M. Alexander
Talbot F. Hamlin
R. A. Reddy

PHOTOGRAPHS.
Marjorie Stewart
A. Mary King

Fannie H. Bickford
Elizabeth Chapin
Elizabeth P. Lee
Olive C. McCabe
Marguerite Presbrey
Wm. G. Cane
Lilla A. Greene
Marion D. Freeman
Katherine Taylor
Marguerite Benson
Irene F. Wetmore
Samuel E. Berry
Grace Morgan Jarvis
Gertrude Slocum
Marion S. Almy
Gertrude Hawk
Doris Long
Mary Harrischfeger
Gertrude Trumplette
Robert Y. Hayne, Jr.
Amy M. Walker
Mary Shipley

PUZZLES.
Wilmot S. Close
Marion E. Senn
T. Morris Longstreth
Miriam A. De Ford
Irene Dalton
Margery Quigley
Clarence A. South-
erland

PROSE.
Susie Franks Iden
Jessie Maclay
Ruth M. Peters
Dorothea Sydney Paul
Gertrude Helene Heydt-
mann
Chas. K. Hughes
Annie Laurie McBirney
Mary Byers Smith
Isabel Robinson



"SUMMER LIFE." BY A. H. DORIN, AGE 16.

man, Harold Braun, Alice Troth Brazer, Henry Blinkenstine, Dorothy C. Mills, Charles L. Ehrhard, Katherine Shortall, Earl P. Frank, Luther T. Smith, Edna Mead, Florence Maclagan, Marguerite Johnson, Louise M. George, Millicent Pond, Helen A. Trapier, Dorothy M. Crossley, Mary Helen Stevens, Ruth Dodge, Phoebe Matthews, and Marjorie Anderson.

CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form chapters to take part in the Chapter Competition No. 2, announced on the next page.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 552. "The Pelicans." Isabel Williamson, President; Wynonah Breazeale, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Natchitoches, La.

No. 553. "Melrose Park Pleasure Club." Richard Purdy, President; Henry Fleming Secretary; thirteen members. Address, 129 19th Ave., Melrose Park, Md.

No. 554. "Twentieth Century Amateur Dramatic Chapter." Helen Vallette, President; Evelyn Springer, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, Edwardsville, Ill.

No. 555. "Pickwick." Elizabeth Kauffman, President; Hilda Given, Secretary; four members. Address, 420 Chestnut St., Columbia, Pa.

No. 556. "Merry Three." Gladys Steel, President; Lucile Reynolds, Secretary; three members. Address, 204 E. 2d St., Dixon, Ill.

No. 557. Eleanor Freedley, President; Rachel Conrad, Secretary; nine members, average age 15. Address, 1447 Powell St., Norristown, Pa.

No. 558 "Societas Puellas." Helen Krigbaum, President; Mabel Fletcher, Secretary; two members. Address, 432 S. Main St., Decatur, Ill.



"SUMMER LIFE." BY MABEL GOODSSELL FARRINGTON, AGE 16.

St. Nicholas League.



"SUMMER LIFE." BY MARK CURTIS KINNEY, AGE 14.



COMPETITIONS.

CHAPTER COMPETITION No. 2 CLOSES DECEMBER 31.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that in October, November, or December of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, fifty dollars' worth of books, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, twenty-five dollars' worth of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, fifteen dollars' worth.

To the chapter ranking fourth, ten dollars' worth.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.
2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.
3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving "SUMMER LIFE." BY ARTHUR E. BYE, AGE 16.
4. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.
5. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. —,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned, care of the Century Co., when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before January 3, 1903. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to whatever good purpose it be applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments given heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber, but only a reader of the magazine, to belong to the League.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

As a matter of convenience, the secretary of each chapter should be authorized to receive subscriptions from any one desiring to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, and the publishers have agreed to allow a liberal commission on each new subscription so received.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 37.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 37 will close October 20 (for foreign members October 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "When the Holidays are Over."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Resolve." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Early Autumn," and must be taken especially for this competition.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A School Study," and must be from life.

PUZZLE. Any sort, carefully prepared and accompanied by the answer.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

RULES.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent,

teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.



BY MARGARET ANDREWS,
AGE 3.

BOOKS AND READING.

OUR WE promised in the September CORRESPONDENCE. number to give space this month to some of the many kind letters received. To do more than say "thank you" is not possible in replying to most of the friendly notes, and so we shall here group the names of those whose letters cannot be quoted.

Arthur M. Smith, of Paterson, N. J., sent a list of his three favorite artists, and also a classified list of books, some titles being new. "The Wouldbegoods," "Jimmy Brown," and "Whilomville Stories" he suggests as additions to the list of Humorous Books, and "Melody," "Rosin the Beau," and "The Nuremberg Stove" he says are "pretty." The rest of those he suggests are either too old or have been named already. *Elizabeth Barrett*, Bellevue, Pa., says: "I want also to tell you how much I enjoy this department. It certainly is a guide and help for us in our reading." We thank her gratefully, and we hope she will find other guides among her elders, and among writers. This department will do much if it leads young readers to seek guidance in reading. It is too important a matter to be left to chance. *Laura F. Woodbridge* says that more people would know artists by their work if the artists would sign their pictures distinctly—a good suggestion. *W. S. Carter*, Somersworth, N. H., would name for the Memory Library "Ye Mariners of England," "The Chambered Nautilus," "Henry of Navarre," and "Little Orphan Annie," and, in prose, Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address," Webster's "Liberty and Union," and Patrick Henry's "The War Inevitable." And to these *Christine Memminger* would add Lamb's "Old Familiar Faces," Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" and "The Rainy Day," Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and "To a Water-fowl," Alexander's "The Burial of Moses," Scott's "Lochinvar," and Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," all well chosen. *Maud E. Dilliard* names "The Barefoot Boy," by Whittier, "The Death of the Old Year," by Tennyson, and Milton's "May Morning," and says she always enjoys this department very much. *Frances J. Striver* sends an explanation of "apple-pie order," taken from the New York "Times":

"Apple-pie order" is, on its very face, a term of good old New England origin, for where else has pie flourished in equal luxuriance? A certain Hepzibah Morton, whose name smacks of New England equally with pie, was, in Puritan times, in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple-pies every Saturday, which were to last the family through the week. Hepzibah placed the pies in the pantry, labeling a certain number for each day of the week. Needless

to say, the pantry thus arranged was in apple-pie order."

Helen Greene sends a letter that deserves to be printed. Here it is:

WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been traveling in Europe where I could not get your magazine, and so, when I saw the list of favorite illustrators, I thought perhaps you would like to know mine. I have not many, but I like my few favorites very much. They are: Ernest Thompson Seton, Reginald B. Birch, Howard Pyle, and one whom I did not see mentioned at all, Daniel C. Beard. I have arranged them in the order that I like best. Then, about the Memory Library. I can learn very easily, and whenever I like a certain poem I learn it by heart. I enjoy good poetry, and like to make it up myself. Here is my list: Longfellow, "The Children's Hour," "The Bridge," "Nuremberg," and "The Reaper and the Flowers"; Tennyson, "Bugle Song" and "Charge of the Light Brigade"; Whittier, "Barefoot Boy"; Byron, "Prisoner of Chillon"; Macaulay, "Horatius at the Bridge." Those are the only ones that I can think of now, but of course there are a great many more. I read Beth Howard's letter from Honolulu, and liked it very much. She said she had learned to print from the "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," so I have made up my mind that I, too, will learn. She mentioned a book called "Pepper and Salt." Could you tell me who wrote it and what it is like? I like your department and the lists of good books, for I am a regular book-worm, and I hope it will always continue successfully.

HELEN GREENE.

P.S. There is one more poem, by Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus," that I forgot to mention.

SOME "ROBINSON CRUSOE RESCUE" LETTERS.

SOME few of the letters suggesting a party to rescue Robinson Crusoe were mislaid at the time of the competition, and were examined after the rest. None of them were considered as good by the judges as those that won prizes, but these five names should be added to those receiving honorable mention for their efforts:

Margaret Nason (age 11).
Helen Marshall (age 8).
N. Antrim Crawford, Jr. (age 14).
Emerson Cash Springer (age 11).
Margaret Tibbits (age 11).

FOR THE "CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY." HERE is an extract from a recent criticism of a geographical reader surely written by a foreigner. Our young readers may be glad to know that

some of their elders can make blunders, even in print :

It is evidently a compilation of hastily and poorly written letters of an unobservant, uninformed, and gullible tourist. Some of the facts stated are startling. Providence, an important manufacturing town, is in Maine, the smallest State in the Union ; Boston is the capital of New England ; Philadelphia is 90 miles from New York, and is reached by way of Union Pacific Railroad. The pavements of its streets are almost equal to that of our English towns, thus comparing most favorably with New York, where the street stones are most atrociously rough and uneven ; Washington is in Columbia, and has a gigantic monument in memory of the first President, surmounted by his statue ; the Bostonians are among the best educated of all Americans ; St. Louis may be reached either from New York by the Central Pacific Railroad or from New Orleans by a boat coming up the Mississippi, a distance of 1200 miles. Such are a few of the choice bits of information the volume contains. The entire chapter on Chicago is most amusing, illustrated by a cut of State Street that must have been made in the early part of its history.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD READER'S LIST OF BOOKS. WE think our readers will find it a hard task to make many improvements in this list made unaided by Margaret Gordon :

STAUNTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a list of my favorite books. I like the Riddle-box very much. I hope you will print my letter.

This is the list I inclose :

Tanglewood Tales, Hawthorne.	Stories from Homer, Church.
Household Book of Poetry, Dana.	Stories from Virgil, Church.
Uncle Remus, J. C. Harris.	Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.
Scottish and English Ballads, Nimmo.	A Child's History of England, Dickens.
The Jungle Book, Kipling.	Tales of a Grandfather, Scott.
History of Hannibal, Abbott.	Ivanhoe, Scott.
History of Romulus, Abbott.	The Talisman, Scott.
The Pilgrim's Progress.	The Lady of the Lake, Scott.
Heroic Ballads, Montgomery.	Greek Heroes, Kingsley.
The Blue Poetry Book, Lang.	Wonder Book, Hawthorne.

MARGARET DOUGLAS GORDON (age 10).

A FINAL LETTER. WE print one more letter this month, and beg the indulgence of other correspondents whose letters must remain, for the present at least, unanswered. We can only assure them, once more, that all their letters are carefully read, considered, and, when possible, made useful in this department.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been very much interested in the Books and Reading department, and have read the lists of books preferred by your readers. I read a great deal (perhaps too much to make me think as much as I ought), so my list of favorite books would take too much of your space. But I send a partial list of my favorite illustrators, and shall like to compare it with those you publish. I have not tried to arrange them in order of my preference, for it would be nearly impossible to decide. I have always liked to notice and grow familiar with the "styles" of our great illustrators, and have wondered why you have not asked for the lists before.

The "R. H. S." on my letter stands for the Rogers High School of this city, and the numerals, those of the present third-year class, are my class numerals. Perhaps you would be interested in a system lately introduced into the high school. Blank-books are made out twice a year for each of the four classes, with a page for each member of the class. In these books we write the names of the books we read, the author's name, and where we got the book, whether from home or public libraries or from a friend. In this way the teachers know something about our reading, and incidentally, I suppose, something about what kind of girls and boys we are. Wishing great success to ST. NICHOLAS,

Very sincerely yours,

ELEANOR MAY BARKER
(age 16).

A FATHER'S LETTER. HERE is an extract from a letter of advice to an eleven-year-old daughter :

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: . . . There are two or three things about reading that you have perhaps never thought of, but which you are advanced enough to appreciate.

The first object of reading is the getting of information. You learn the facts of history and the facts about people and places which you have never seen. You also read novels partly for information about people, their feelings, their motives for doing things, and what they do in circumstances that you have never been in. These readings educate you concerning men and women as you will meet them in the world. You will see that it is important that you read only good novels which give you true pictures of true men and women. The millions of novels that are called "trash" are trash because the authors were not great enough themselves to understand true manhood and womanhood. Not knowing it, they cannot tell about it.

Another reason for reading is the learning of language. When you read the work of a great author you have before you and going through your brain the expression of ideas in the best and most accurate form. You cannot read such a book without learning something. Whether you know it or not, the impression which his language has made upon your brain will have its effect ever after upon your own use of language. The more slowly and carefully you read a book the deeper is the impression upon your brain and the greater its influence upon you.

G. H. F.

THE LETTER-BOX.

LYMINGTON, HANTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are eight of us, so that there is always a great rush for the ST. NICHOLAS every month, and the one who gets you first generally reads the serial tales and a few of the others before he puts you down.

Lymington is a very old town, and there was most likely a British village on its site before the Romans occupied Britain.

Lymington is only four miles from the Isle of Wight, and has a regular steam-packet service with Yarmouth, Yolland Bay, and Alum Bay. I have been to all three. Alum Bay is noted for its colored sands, chalk cliffs, and view of the Needles. I have also been to Freshwater, Cowes, and Carisbrook, where there is the famous castle, which of course we visited; also several little villages between there and Yarmouth.

The New Forest is not so very far from Lymington, and though not like an American forest, is very lovely and quite woody round Lyndhurst and Rufus's Stone, where the trees are really magnificent, especially the oak. We sometimes go for paper-chase, which we enjoy very much, especially when the hares lead us across moor and forest land.

We very often see the big transatlantic steamers going up and down the Solent, and one day when my father and mother were in the little river steambot which goes from Lymington to the Isle of Wight they got right behind the "St. Paul" and were finely rocked about.

There is no public bridge over the river which Lymington is on till two miles farther up, the one at Lymington being a toll-bridge.

Lymington, being such an old town, has an immense lot of rats, which come up from the river through the old drains, so that it is of little use to get rid of them in one place alone.

Hoping you will print my letter,

I remain,

Your interested reader,

GEOFFREY LEMMON.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,
AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think some of your readers would like to hear a little about the Commonwealth of Australia. I could write pages, but I don't want to fill the Letter-box.

Sydney looked beautiful on the Commonwealth night. It was all like day with the electric lights. Right up to the top of the general post-office and town hall was nothing but lights; but the Lands Office, "Star" office, and Sydney railway station were the prettiest of them all. There were a beautiful lot of arches all along the line of the procession. The Wool Arch was the best; it had written on it: "Welcome to the land of the Golden Fleece." The American, Wheat, Canadian, French, German, and Coal arches were very pretty. But some people were pulling little bits of coal out of the Coal Arch for curiosity, and the sillies pulled away such a lot that it came down and nearly killed some people. The procession was a very long one; it was all right; a thousand Imperial men came out from England to march in it, and not one of them was under six feet. A lot of them did n't want to go back to England, they liked Australia so much; and some did run away. Father built a stand, so we had a grand view of the procession. That night we went all round

town on the top of a bus, and it was great; the horses could scarcely move through the streets for the mass of people. There were more people in Sydney during the Commonwealth festivities (which lasted a week) than ever there has been before. A few nights afterward was the firework illuminations on the harbor; all the men-of-war were lit up, and they had a sort of a raft moored out in the harbor, which they sent the fireworks off; it was very pretty. They have n't chosen the federal capital yet; they are thinking of having it up our way, at Yass. I hope it is n't, because we have a station up there and we shall have to sell it.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for nearly three years and I like it very much. "The Sole Survivors," by Henty, was a great story. Well, having told your readers a little about the Commonwealth, I will end.

I remain, your interested reader,

DOUGLAS M. TERRY (age 14).

CAIRO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer we went to live at Fleming, which is a seaside resort about a quarter of an hour by train from Alexandria; there mama took a large house standing in a splendid garden.

One morning, a few days before we left, we were all awakened by a loud chirping in the hall upstairs, and as soon as I was dressed I went to see what was the matter. It was a bird which was in the skylight; as I stopped to look at it I saw another bird knocking with its beak against the glass of the skylight from outside; then it flew away and came through an open window to join its companion. Very soon, however, it flew away a little distance, then came back quite close to the other, and then flew away again; it was clear to see that it wanted to show its friend the way to go out. The friend, however, did not go out; and every morning until we left, the other one came and knocked with its bill against the skylight, then came in, went close to its friend, and flew away for about four or five times.

I hope you will put this letter in your paper, for I am sure your readers will laugh to see what a dense little birdie it was.

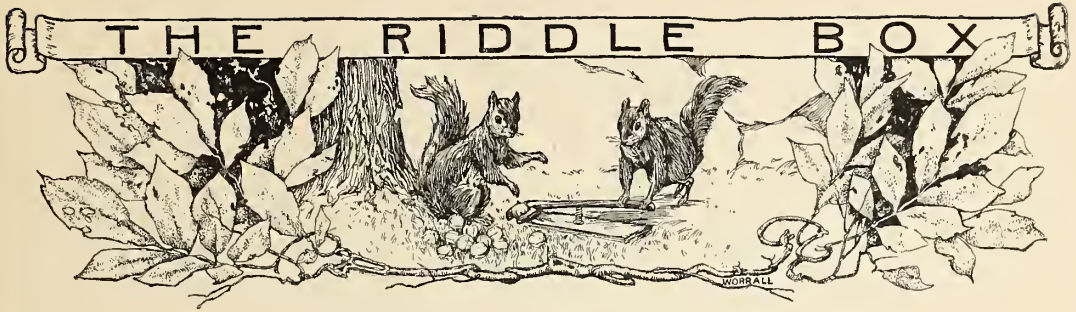
Yours truly,

MARIE HARARI.

VEVEY LA TOUR, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a trip that I took in the mountains. Monday morning at nine o'clock we started from here and arrived at Les Avants at four o'clock. There we bought our provisions and started for the Col de Jaman, where there were two châteaux. As there was no time to go up the Dent de Jaman we decided to spend the night in one of the châteaux. The cow-herd let us spend the night in his chateau, and made us a big fire to warm ourselves by, as it was rather cool, and gave us some covers for the night. We slept on the hay, but could not go to sleep very soon, because there were one hundred and twenty cows, fifty under us and seventy outdoors, ringing their bells all night long. There were some cows that had a fight. The next morning it rained so that we did not have a very nice walk, but in the afternoon it cleared off. We went to the Rochers de Naye and had a magnificent view of the Bernese Oberland. We arrived at Vevey at six o'clock. Your loving reader,

ELEANOR DASHIELL (age 12).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIVIDED WORDS. Fishing, Sailing. 1. Fac-simile. 2. In-ability. 3. Sat-in. 4. Ho-ily. 5. Ib-is. 6. Nick-name. 7. Gor-get.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Grate. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Terse. 5. Enter.

LOST LETTERS. Socrates. 1. Po-s-ts. 2. Ho-o-ps. 3. Vi-c-es. 4. Ho-t-se. 5. Be-a-ds. 6. Pe-t-er. 7. B-e-e. 8. Pa-s-te.

INSERTIONS. Michaelmas. 1. Le-m-on. 2. Pa-i-ns. 3. Vi-c-es. 4. Ac-h-es. 5. Sp-a-in. 6. Ch-e-at. 7. So-l-ar. 8. Ho-m-es. 9. St-a-ir. 10. Ba-s-al.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Hawthorne. 1. Horse. 2. Banjo. 3. Newel. 4. Slate. 5. Sloth. 6. Lemon. 7. Purse. 8. Anvil. 9. Eagle.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. September, goldenrod. 1. Surprised. 2. Detractor. 3. Empowered. 4. Hottentot. 5. Fifteenth. 6. Misdemeanor. 7. Illegible. 8. Committee. 9. Gunpowder.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, September; finals, partridge; from 1 to 12, Grace Darling. Cross-words: 1. Saloop. 2. Enigma. 3. Powder. 4. Turbot. 5. Eraser. 6. Merani. 7. Booted. 8. Eyeing. 9. Recede.

SINGULAR AND PLURAL. 1. Paw, pause. 2. Day, daze. 3. Flee, fleas. 4. Caw, cause. 5. Poe, pose. 6. I, eyes. 7. Quart, quartz. 8. Gay, gaze.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, tail; 1 to 3, tied; 2 to 3, load; 4 to 5, rain; 4 to 6, riot; 5 to 6, neat.

DIAGONAL. Autumn. 1. Abound. 2. Outfit. 3. Nutmeg. 4. August. 5. Encamp. 6. Margin.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Equinoctial. 1. Omens. 2. Pique. 3. Douse. 4. Thigh. 5. Monad. 6. Atone. 7. Ricks. 8. Inter. 9. Aside. 10. Stare. 11. Malay.

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 JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Joe Carlada—George Putnam, Jr.—Florence and Edna—"Johnny Bear"—"Chuck"—Mary E. Miller—"Allil and Adi"—Eleanor R. McClees—Elsie W. Dignan—Helen Tredway—Gladys Burgess.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from E. Rushton, 1—A. Halsey, 1—E. C. Andrews, 1—G. Sturgis, 1—E. H. Stevens, 1—E. Gandere, 1—E. Luster, 1—"Ruth," Berne, Ind., 1—L. Igen, 1—G. Thompson, 1—C. Glasgow, 1—E. H. Johnston, 1—G. E. Sanford, 1—Edith Leonore Kaskel, 4—F. Bjorklund, 1—H. Schreuder, 1—M. Keiper, 1—J. R. Reed, 1—A. C. Stauber, 1—R. Turner, 1—M. E. Winslow, 1—F. E. Mallory, 1—M. G. Runkle, 1—A. Russell, 1—L. Benjamin, 1—M. C. Young, 1—C. L. Cohn, 1—G. H. Robinson, 1—C. S. Hanks, 1—M. Kretsinger, 1—Dorothy L. Evans, 2—Philip B. Schnur, 4—P. Green, 1—K. M. Lewis, 1—P. J. Casey, 1—E. K. Moloney, 1—William W. Bloss, 4—E. P. Lee, 1—Yevrah, Laup and Co., 5—Laura E. Jones, 5—Beryl Hawkes, 3—M. Ford, 1—W. S. W. Kew, 1—M. Trogdon, 1—D. Fisk, 1—F. R. Abbott, 1—Evelyn G. Patch, 4—B. Hogeland, 1—Amelia S. Ferguson, 4—D. L. Smith, 1—Clement S. Rutter, 4—Margaret C. Wilby, 3—F. Kerr, 1—J. Weil, 1—Horace Stewart, 2—J. E. Fahs, 1—S. G. Jones, 1—L. Darr, 1—Bertha B. Janney, 5—H. Ellis, 1—F. Plant, 1—W. Austin, 1—Wilmot S. Close, 3—"Pickwick Club," 1—A. E. Joseph, 1—W. Check, 1—Marguerite Wilmar, 5.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been triply beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a time which children look forward to.

1. Triply behead to fade and leave a pronoun.
2. Triply behead an assembly having the highest legislative power and leave consumed.
3. Triply behead a hammer and leave to allow.
4. Triply behead a small and mean bed and leave rents.
5. Triply behead a nobleman and leave a preposition.
6. Triply behead the most sluggish and leave a point of the compass.
7. Triply behead impolite and leave a letter from Maine.
8. Triply behead a rope and leave a letter from New Hampshire.
9. Triply behead fervent and leave a retreat.

OLIVER SPAULDING.

3. Perhaps in covert hanging high
'T will hide a season from your eye.
4. It seems as old (so Jack believes)
As shiny stars on frosty eaves.
5. He laughs at inane jokes with tears
When he salutes its crown of years.
6. But those who search its safe retreat
Can always find it young and sweet.
7. Yet don't step rudely on it, lest
A stinging pain must be confessed.
8. Now if the clue you still pursue,
Don't say "I can't"—"I can" will do.

ANNA M. PRATT.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

OCTOBER is the auspicious time
To find the secret in this rhyme.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. I'll drop a hint to brace your mind
In case this puzzle seems too blind.
2. The clue may be (you know it well)
Within a gluttonous hermit's cell.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. HE looked at his 1-2-3-4-5 without a 6-7-8-9, and then turned back without giving the sentinel the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9.
2. The men who do not take active part in the 1-2-3 should not 4-5-6-7 about defeats until their actions 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 success.
3. In this land one can 1-2-3-4-5 his thoughts 6-7-8-9 frequently, but he should not push his liberty to the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9.
4. It is a commendable 1-2-3-4-5 in a boy 6-7 girl to scorn a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7.

HERBERT I. PRIESTLEY.

ACROSTIC.

1. THE emblem of peace. 2. The national flower of Japan. 3. The flower that once made a great stir in Holland. 4. A delicious tropical fruit. 5. A fruit which grows in the West Indies. 6. A flower found on the mountains of Switzerland. 7. The national flower of England.

When the above names have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell a pleasant time.

MARGERY QUIGLEY (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the ten objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed and the names written one below another in the order given, the initial letters will spell the name of one of the United States whose name is hinted at in the picture.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded and doubly curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell an autumn pleasure.

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to give up, and leave a part of speech. 2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail joined again, and leave a single thing. 3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail premature, and leave "the stuff that life is made of." 4. Doubly behead and

doubly curtail appointed for a particular service, and leave part of a cat. 5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail more attenuated, and leave a public house. 6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail respected, and leave a conjunction. 7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail those who inherit, and leave a movable opening in a fence.

VERA A. FUESLEIN.

CONCEALED ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ONE word is concealed in each line. When these twelve words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, and the middle row of letters, reading downward, will each spell two words used by Longfellow in his poem entitled "Autumn."

On a weary nag a bleeding knight
With plumes all soiled in fray and fight —
Well may we laud such deeds as his —
Is riding in a cloud of dust; yon hilltop reach this night
he must.

His helmet here does shine and beam;
Upon his rein eight jewels gleam—
Gems treasured up from infancy.
He holds an azure galingale that bloomed within a shady
dale.

A fearful lethargy comes on;
All pride, all vanity, is gone.
The knight will thankful be for rest—
He feels a fervid fever now, but soon will be at peace, I
trow.
EUGENIE STERLING.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a fall vegetable.

1. Doubly behead evident and leave a near relative. 2. Doubly behead rare and leave ordinary. 3. Doubly behead crude and leave completed. 4. Doubly behead to deteriorate and leave two. 5. Doubly behead preference and leave a ruler. 6. Doubly behead to stop and leave a pronoun. 7. Doubly behead irregular and leave natural.
LENA WOODS.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A FLAT, circular plate. 2. A useful metal. 3. A certain quantity. 4. Apprehended clearly.

II. 1. A tropical fruit. 2. Affirm. 3. Sound. 4. A jug.
V. DOWDELL AND K. WYCKOFF
(League Members).

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded and triply curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell an autumn flower.

1. Doubly behead and triply curtail one who manages an engine, and leave a machine for separating the seeds from cotton. 2. Doubly behead and triply curtail a public walk, and leave an augury. 3. Doubly behead and triply curtail one of the United States, and leave a controlling regulation. 4. Doubly behead and triply curtail common, and leave clamor. 5. Doubly behead and triply curtail earnest advice, and leave every. 6. Doubly behead and triply curtail to dignify, and leave a denial. 7. Doubly behead and triply curtail noon, and leave to clear. 8. Doubly behead and triply curtail scentless, and leave perfume. 9. Doubly behead and triply curtail the plural of a word meaning "my lady," and leave a river of Russia.
DON W. PITTMAN (League Member).

WHILST
THERE'S
LIFE
THERE'S
SOAP



J. L. MAY



*Pears' Soap is matchless
for the complexion.*

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE desire to secure specimens of the stamps of Martinique and St. Vincent which has been aroused among collectors by the recent tragic events in those islands is further increased by the change which is now taking place in the stamps of the latter country to those bearing the king's head. The set which has been issued consists of all the regular values from halfpence to five shillings. No stamps have been issued in any country which approach in beauty of design and fineness of execution the various earlier issues of St. Vincent. The latest type in the ordinary De la Rue form is not very pleasing, but the fact that it is one of the King Edward issues makes it desirable.

The high-value stamps for Great Britain itself have now appeared. The two-shilling sixpence, five-shilling, and ten-shilling are the same in design and coloring as the former stamps with the queen's head. The one-pound, however, has been changed in design to some extent, and presents a more pleasing appearance than the old one-pound green with the queen's head.

The annual catalogue, which will contain many changes in prices and much other information for the benefit of collectors, is about to appear.

Adjustments have been made in prices during the past few years in such a way that nearly all changes taking place at the present time are in the way of advances representing the increasing demand for scarce stamps. The new catalogue will, of course, contain a complete list of all issues that have been made since the former catalogue was published, thus giving to collectors a comprehensive idea of what exists in the postage-stamps of different countries. The old idea of listing principal varieties as numbers and small variations in the stamps as minor varieties under letters *a*, *b*, and so on, will be continued, thus making the catalogue valuable not only for the young collector but for all who are interested in stamps.

This is also the year when a new album appears. The close of the Victorian era with the nineteenth century makes a natural division in stamp-collecting. Albums which have been published in the past few years have become very bulky, and the new album will therefore close with the nineteenth century. An entirely new edition will be begun for the twentieth century. New issues that have appeared for the various countries will have spaces provided for them in the twentieth-century album. Thus the nineteenth-century album will be a complete book, and collectors who mount their stamps in it will never be obliged to remount them. This makes the album especially desirable, for there is nothing more

injurious to stamps, both used and unused, than the constant changing of them from album to album. A hinge, even though it be of peelable quality, cannot be removed from the back of a stamp without danger of tearing it or at least making thin spots upon it. The nineteenth-century album will probably appear with the catalogue during the month of November. The time for the publication of the twentieth-century album has not yet been settled, as the book would be so small, on account of the comparatively few issues that have been made in this century, that the publication will be postponed for several months.

The Macedonian Committee, which has made so much stir during the past year in northern Greece and Bulgaria, has undertaken to advance its interests by preparing a postage-stamp which has been affixed to a few letters and parcels passing through the mail. This stamp does not have the character of a regular postage-stamp. It is merely a label-design to interest the world in the efforts being put forth by the Macedonians for the accomplishment of their purpose. Its use has been forbidden by the government, and a mention is made of the stamps here only because they are likely to be offered to young collectors, and it is well that they should know that they have no more character than the so-called Finland mourning-stamp issued a year or two ago.

The stamps of Spain have not been favorites with collectors for several years. This is probably on account of the effects of the Spanish war. They are, therefore, stamps well worth collecting. Some of the earlier issues are very rare, but a large proportion of the stamps are quite easily secured. The successive changes in the Spanish monarchy are well set forth in the issues. They are thus of considerable historical interest. The government of Spain, also, has never done what other governments have done, that is, issued stamps merely for the purpose of selling them to collectors. It has had a number of changes made during some years for the purpose of preventing counterfeiters from defrauding the government. The effort to do this was not very successful, and therefore during recent years there have been many less changes. It is always a good time to collect the stamps of any country when few are paying attention to it, as the scarcer stamps can then be obtained much more easily than when the country is popular.

Paraguay has issued a provisional stamp. The one-cent lithographed having been used up, the two-cent, clipped in two, was sold by the post-office for use as a one-cent stamp. It is, of course, of no value except in used condition, and then few collectors will care for it, as it will be necessary to have it upon the original cover in order to prove that it is a real stamp, as any one could cut a two-cent stamp in two and offer it as one of the original unused specimens.



"YOUNG COLLECTORS"

Have we your name on our mailing list to receive our 1902 84-page price-list of Packets, Sets, etc.?

Would you like to try our **Approval Sheets at 50% discount?** Acme imported hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.



152 DIFFERENT foreign stamps, Servia, etc., 10c. 1000 mixed, 25c. Finest approval sheets, 50% com. Large list of albums, packets, cheap stamps, etc., free. **NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.,** 27 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON, MASS.



STAMPS, 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an **ALBUM,** for 10c. only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOVER & CO.,** St. Louis, Mo.

109 var. very fine India, Egypt, hinges, etc., and Chinese coin, only 10c. Finest sheets 50%. Catalog free. 4 var. Soudan, 15c. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES,** Omaha, Neb.

STAMP MENAGERIE—"The birds and the beasts are there." 10 diff. animal stamps 10c. 20 diff. 40c. 20 Paris Exp. stamps 10c. Postage 2c. Lists free. **Toledo Stamp Co.,** Toledo, O.

PREMIUM GIFTS In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps. **Northwestern Stamp Co.,** Freeport, Ill.

STAMPS in album and cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 1n.-China, a U.S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. **BULLARD,** STA. A, Boston, Mass.



STAMPS, 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10 cents; 1000 fine mixed 25 cents; all fine bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections. **C. A. STEGMAN,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

NYASSA. A big and pretty stamp offered to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. McKay,** 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

COIN list, 2 cents. 4 large U. S. cents, 20c. 50% disc. on U. S. and Foreign Stamps. Estab. 1883. **R. M. LANGZETTEL,** 92 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn.

500 different stamps mounted on sheets, worth \$9.00, price \$1.45 50 different unused stamps, Siam, etc., catalog. \$1.50, price 20c. 40 different U. S., 10c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co.,** Omaha, Neb.

500 STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. Old stamps bought. **Union Stamp Co.,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

300 Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 18 Australia, 10c. 24-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

50 different stamps from British Colonies only, as Malta, Gibraltar, British Honduras, Barbados, Bermuda, Hong Kong, Gold Coast, Lagos, Sierra Leone, etc., for 25 cents. This is a real bargain. A rare stamp to all sending for our Approval Books at 50% disc. **Thomas Stamp Co.,** 604 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

A Chinese Stamp free to all responsible persons applying for approval sheets. 50% disc. **Geo. M. Fisk,** 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O

TEN all diff. Australia, 2c.; 10 var. Canada, 2c.; 10 var. Portugal, 2c.; 10 var. Netherland, 2c. 1000 of other bargains. **Kolona Stamp Co.,** Dayton, Ohio.

60 0/ dis. on fine app. sel. Prize free. 1000 fine U.S. or foreign 0 mixed, 25c. 100 diff. foreign and hinges, 10c. Write at once. **Pacific Stamp Co.,** 132 N. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

100 VAR. fine stamps free to all who send for my fine approval sheets at 50% commission. **F. C. BARTLETT,** Norwich, N. Y.

COLLECTORS, ATTENTION!
40 var. Canada, 35c.; 30 var. Canada, 15c.; 15 Canada Revs., 12c.; 7 Canada Maple Leaves, 13c.; 15 British African Colonies, 10c.; 100 mixed Foreign, 10c. Price-list free. **THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP COMPANY,** 217-8 Temple Building, London, Canada.

SAID
THE
ROSEBUD
TO
THE
VIOLET—
"THE
FAIRIES
ARE
FEASTING
ON

NABISCO Sugar Wafers."

A FAIRY SANDWICH
MADE IN MANY
FLAVORS.

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

CARMEL SOAP



Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.



MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP

FOR
Nursery Toilet and Bath.

SOLE BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY
A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,
122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

The
Old-Fashioned
Beauty
Spot

*There are
no blotches
on the face
of Beauty
when fed on*

Grape-Nuts

The true pink-and-white complexion is made on the inside of the body. Change your diet and use some of the delicious dishes from the free recipe book found in each package of GRAPE-NUTS.

The food is a straight road to health and comfort.
There's a reason.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A
Triumph
in
Sugar
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

"CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR" is packed in neat, sealed boxes, and is NEVER sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household;—there is no intermediate handling. Hence, no dirt, no waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece alike—and every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold by ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS, and is manufactured only by HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.



"The Soap My Mama Uses"

FOR BABY'S BATH USE

CRADDOCK'S MEDICATED BLUE SOAP

Keeps smooth and soft
the most delicate skin

Sold at the right price
for the best toilet soap **10c.**

Ask for Craddock's Blue Soap at your dealer's first. If he hasn't it, kindly send us his name and address and we will see that he gets it.

The Eureka Soap Co., Cincinnati, O.



SHOES



Yes, I wear the Sorosis Shoes.

Price of Sorosis Shoes for Men, \$5.00.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 17,
October, 1902.*

FIFTY DOLLARS in prizes will be awarded for the best advertisements submitted according to the directions on this page, as follows :

One First Prize of Five Dollars, - - - - -	\$5.00
Three Second Prizes of Three Dollars each, - - - - -	\$9.00
Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars each, - - - - -	\$10.00
Twenty-six Consolation Prizes of One Dollar each - - -	\$26.00
	\$50.00

These thirty-five prizes will be awarded for the best, neatest, and most creditable solutions (age being considered in the consolation prizes) received before October 25th, under the usual League regulations.

PICTORIAL OR LITERARY ALPHABETIC ADVERTISEMENT CONTEST.

Select some advertisement from this number of ST. NICHOLAS, and then make up an alphabetic list of appropriate words that can be made into a rhyme, or that can be illustrated to form an advertisement. Thus for "Sorois" Shoes the rhyme might begin :

A is Attractive, describing their style;
B is the Belle, who walks many a mile;
C is their Cost, three-fifty a pair;
D is for Durable, excellent wear;

and so on. The idea is to make an advertisement in the alphabetic form. It may be illustrated or not, as the author chooses; and the pictures may be as few or as many as you like.

If you prefer, you may submit an acrostic advertisement,—that is, a set of lines in prose or verse beginning with the letters of the thing advertised. Thus, for Pear's Soap, one might write something in this style — but better, of course :

PEARS is a maker of
Excellent soaps;
At home or abroad
Rewarding our hopes.
Safe for the skin,
Sure to be best,
One hundred years
Ahead of the rest.
Purchase a cake, and give it a test.

The acrostic form also may be illustrated or decorated pictorially, so that both writers and artists may compete. Competitors may submit as many advertisements as they like, and may work together or separately.

If you do not know the "League Conditions," write for circular, inclosing stamped and addressed envelope.

Address ADVERTISING COMPETITION 17,
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.



Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

Mrs. Sembrich
Praises the...

SIMPLEX

TRADE MARK

PIANO PLAYER

HOTEL TOURAINE,
BOSTON, March 12, 1902.

THEODORE P. BROWN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I am astounded at the possibilities of your Simplex Piano Player. So many similar instruments lack elasticity in rendering accompaniments for the voice. It seems to me while this is more easily manipulated physically, its possibilities are greater than any other.

Marcella Sembrich

SIMPLEX

TRADE MARK

PIANO PLAYER

POSSESSES EVERY REQUISITE FOR A PERFECT PIANO PLAYER. Simplicity and durability—ease of operation—execution or technique—control of expression—range of tempo—range of keys.

PRICE, \$225.

May be bought on instalments. Agencies in all principal cities. Send for Catalogue.

THEODORE P. BROWN, Man'fr, 6 May St., WORCESTER, MASS.

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT FREE

Would you like a better position; do you wish to increase your salary; would you learn how to succeed in business? We will teach you bookkeeping and business methods quickly and thoroughly, by the best system in the world, at your own home, without interfering with your present employment and without your advancing a single cent for tuition. You get

\$1,000 IN GOLD

If We Do not Teach You Bookkeeping and Business Methods Free, or Get You a Paying Position.

Many of our graduates are among the best paid accountants in the country. We are securing good positions for others every week. Our employment department is the largest in the world and we will guarantee to find a paying position for you before asking you to pay us a single cent for tuition. No other school in the world can do as much for you. Our faculty is composed of practical, experienced, business men. Our graduates obtain recognition wherever they go. Our diploma is an honored one.

C. L. Suter, of Webster, N. Y., writes: "I still have the position which you secured for me, and I assure you it is very satisfactory. There is no need for anyone to be out of employment if they will but correspond with you, since you wait for tuition until you have placed your students in paying positions."

"How to Succeed in Business"

Is the title of our valuable treatise on Business. It explains the best system of accounts in the world. It tells how you can make more money and better your position. It has started hundreds on the road to success. If you want to secure a better position and a larger salary, if you want to succeed in business, send for it to-day. Do not delay. You take no risk. If we do not teach you bookkeeping free or secure you a paying position, you can cash in the \$1,000 guaranty bond which protects all our students. Write to-day.

Commercial Correspondence Schools, Drawer 105C Rochester, N. Y.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 13 and 15 W. 86th St.
Mrs. Leslie Morgan's Boarding and
Day School for Girls.

Reopens Wednesday, October first.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 12 West 40th Street.

STAMMERING. Our course cures because it trains the mind as well as voice, restores confidence and cures nervousness. Applicants may rely upon having the best treatment known. Send for illustrated pamphlet, giving outline of treatment and references. F. A. BRYANT, M. D. Est. 1880.

NEW-YORK, New-York, Washington Heights, Depot Lane.

The Grozmann School

For Atypical and Nervous Children.

Few pupils accepted. Individual instruction. Physiological and psychological methods. Healthy location. Consulting specialists.

I want to be a pen and ink artist



CUT THIS OUT
If you have a liking or a natural talent for drawing, cut this out, mail it with your address and receive our Free Sample Lesson Circular with terms, with twenty portraits of well-known newspaper artists and illustrators.

N. Y. SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING, Studio 85 World Bldg., N. Y. City.



I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper, Press, \$5. Larger size, \$18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

ST. NICHOLAS SONGS.

Both words and music are adapted to the tastes of young people. Each piece of music is original and can be found in no other form. The Songs are not issued separately, and all are beautifully illustrated. Price, in boards, \$1.25; in cloth, \$2.00; in full leather, \$3.50.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York.

GOOD BOARD



THE
SIGN
OF
THE
PERFECT
FOOD
FOR
BRAIN
AND
MUSCLE

Malta-Vita

"The Perfect Food"

MALTA-VITA is good board for all mankind.

Needs no cooking.
Always ready to eat.

MALTA-VITA contains all of the elements necessary to sustain life and invigorate mind and body.

SOLD BY GROCERS.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD CO.

Battle Creek, Mich. Toronto, Canada

Mellin's Food



Leslie Jesse Matthes

Milwaukee, Wis.

"My little boy, LESLIE JESSE MATTHES, has been fed on Mellin's Food ever since he was 12 weeks old. I began nursing him, but I had a great deal of trouble and anxiety about him, until I gave him nothing but Mellin's Food. I found your little book and pamphlets a great aid, and I thank you for same, also for samples with which you have favored me. I would advise every mother, who is unable to nurse her babe, to try Mellin's Food."

OUR BOOK "THE CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS," SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., Boston, Mass.

Do you know

that there is hardly a food-product as much adulterated as

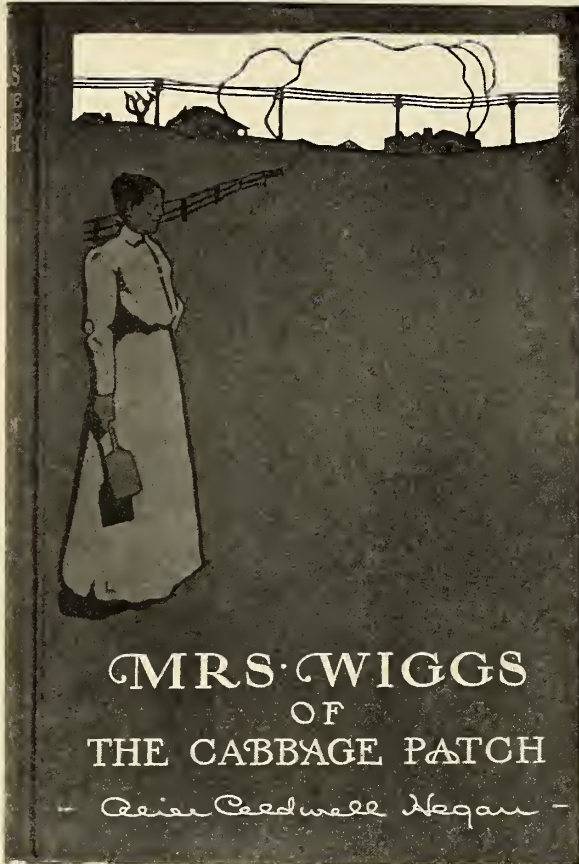
Cocoa and Chocolate?

Set your mind at rest

Stuyler's

Cocoa and Chocolate
are absolutely pure and wholesome.

If not handled by your grocer send his name on postal to us at 863 BROADWAY, N. Y., asking for free sample and booklet.



Mrs. Wiggs

Some of Her Sayings:

“Somehow, I never feel like good things b’long to me till I pass ’em on to somebody else.”

“I hold that it’s wrong to keep ever’thing bottled up inside you. Yer feelin’s is like ras’-berry vinegar: if you’re skeered to use ’em an’ keep on savin’ ’em, first thing you know they’ve done ’vaporated.”

“It ain’t never no use puttin’ up yer umbrell’ till it rains!”

“I jes’ do the best I ken where the good Lord put me at, an’ it looks like I got a happy feelin’ in me ’most all the time.”

“It looks like ever’thing in the world comes right if we jes’ wait long enough.”

A book which delights every reader – a book which people read and then buy more copies of to give away, for as Mrs. Wiggs says, “Somehow I never feel like good things b’long to me till I pass ’em on to somebody else.” It is “full to the brim of wit, wisdom, and humanity.”

Ask for “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch” at your bookstore. It costs only \$1.00 – some people consider the reading of it worth a great many dollars.

**“In the mud and scum of things
Something always, always sings!”**

THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Shaw Knit

TRADE MARK

There's a difference in *Shaw Knit* stockings and the kind that seem as good in appearance. A good, fair test will prove it, prove that the cotton yarns we make ourselves are tougher, better, more costly than other yarns. Our dyes are non-poisonous, the best we can procure. Our methods and machinery the latest and best. The result: a stocking that has no equal, a stocking that will look better, hold its shape, and will *outwear three pairs* of any other stocking made.

STYLE G. B. MISSES' LIGHT WEIGHT RIBBED HOSIERY

Fast black. Won't crock, fade, or stain. REINFORCED knee, heel, and ankle. With DOUBLE SOLE.

**25 Cents Per Pair. Sizes, 5 to 9½
Six Pairs in Dainty Box, \$1.50**

SOLD BY DEALERS or sent express or post paid to any address in the U. S. upon receipt of price.

FREE — Our latest and best catalog and price list, with colored illustrations men's half hose and misses' hosiery. TELLS YOU WHY SHAWKNIT HOSIERY IS THE VERY BEST HOSIERY.

SHAW STOCKING CO.

34 Smith Street
LOWELL, MASS.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS ^{Which the} EDISON
PHONOGRAPH

Reproduces
 Faithfully

TRADE MARK
 THIS
 NINE GENUINE WITHOUT
 THE
 Thomas A. Edison
 MARK



Mr. Edison's Latest Inventions

**The MOULDED RECORD and
 The NEW REPRODUCER**

Duplicate the human voice in volume and clearness. Absolutely free from scratching, perfectly smooth and natural. The Moulded Records are "high speed," made of hard wax, freely and safely handled. With the New Recorder perfect records can be made at home. **New Recorders and New Reproducers on all Phonographs.** Ask your dealer for exchange proposition ("Gem" excepted). Phonographs in Nine Styles, \$10.00 to \$100.00. Records, 50 cents; \$5.00 per dozen.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Orange, N. J.
 New York, 83 Chambers St. Chicago, 144 Wabash Ave.



The American Boy

Biggest, Brightest, Best Boys' Paper in the World. Hezekiah Butterworth says, It enters into their life

**Trial: 3 months for 10c
 Regular: \$1.00 a year**

Boys are enthusiastic over it. Clean, inspiring stories. Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Meets universal approval. The only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interest. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

Address **SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**
 288 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan

**A United States
 Wall Map**

FREE This handsome county map, 48x34 inches, is mounted on rollers, ready to hang on the wall. It is printed in colors, is thoroughly up to date and is particularly interesting and valuable, as it shows in colors the different divisions of territory in America acquired since the Revolution. The original thirteen states, Louisiana purchase, the Texas annexation, the Gadsden purchase, the cession by Mexico and the Northwest acquisitions by discovery and settlement. It will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage to pay for packing and transportation.

P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager
C. B. & Q. Ry. Co., 209 Adams St., Chicago

THE HI-LO EVERYTHING

A veritable Pandora's Box for little folks. Baby Jumper; Baby Tender; Cradle and High-spirited Hobby Horse (warranted safe, sound, and kind).

Teaches baby to walk, keeps him happy by the hour. Nothing like it ever seen.

Price \$5.00, prepaid east of Denver; add \$1.00 west of Denver.

O. C. A. SWING CO., Dept. D, 38 Park Row, New York.

Send three two-cent stamps for beautifully illustrated catalogue.

THE HI-LO HORIZONTAL BAR

Something new for the boy. A horizontal bar for the home. Can be set up or taken down in a moment. A firm support with strong cross bar and laminated suspending rings.

Price \$3.00, prepaid east of Denver; add \$1.00 west of Denver. Extra finish, \$4.00.

O. C. A. SWING CO., Dept. D, 38 Park Row, New York.

Send three two-cent stamps for beautifully illustrated catalogue.



"CONSTRUCTION."



"CONSUMPTION."

Any child desiring to make a mold of wine jelly for a sick friend can receive formula "Desserts by Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria," and a package of

"Cox's Checkerboard Packet Gelatine"

free of charge, by mail, by addressing

THE JOHN M. CHAPMAN COMPANY,

American Representatives of Messrs. J. & G. Cox, L't'd, Edinburgh.

WOOL EXCHANGE, WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



More than Twice as Big.

1901—3,800 miles.

1902—8,000 miles.

From a local line, 3,800 miles long, whose interests were almost entirely confined to Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, the Rock Island System has branched out until its rails now fairly gridiron the Central West—from Minnesota to Texas and from the Great Lakes to the foot-hills of the Rockies—a territory a thousand miles long, a thousand miles wide, supporting a population of more than 21,000,000 people, and capable of supporting four times that many.

John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Rock Island System, Chicago.

This is one of a series of announcements which are intended to bring home to the traveling and shipping public the facts that the Rock Island is one of the world's great railroads; that it is in perfect physical condition; that the territory tributary to its lines is as rich as any on the globe; that the Rock Island enjoys the distinction of being the only Western railroad which has north and south, as well as east and west lines—an advantage which, in time, will make it the strongest, most independent and most self-sufficient railroad system in the United States.

Travelers should use the Rock Island. Businessmen should locate in the towns along its lines. Farmers and stock raisers should buy land in the territory it traverses. Reasons why will be furnished on request.



How Jack kept his Strength



Copyright by the Walter M. Lowney Co., 1902

When **Jack of the Bean-Stalk** had climbed part way up to the Giant's house he became very tired, and the Fairies say that a delicious confection, exactly like **Lowney's Chocolate**, which he carried in his wallet, was what refreshed and strengthened him and enabled him to complete his task.

LOWNEY'S

**Vanilla Sweet Chocolate, or
Malted Cream Chocolate, or
Tid-Bit Chocolate, or
Medallion Chocolate**

are *perfect foods* and the most delicious chocolates made.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

COPYRIGHT 1902 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



The sweetest thing on earth is the face of a little child. Its skin is exquisitely delicate, like the bloom of a ripe peach. Imagine washing a peach with colored and perfumed soap! Next to pure water, Ivory Soap is the purest and most innocent thing for a child's skin. No chemicals! No free alkali! Just a soft, snow-white puff of down, which vanishes instantly when water is applied.

IT FLOATS.

The drawing by Jessie Willcox Smith, reproduced above, was awarded first prize of Six Hundred Dollars in an artists' competition conducted by The Procter & Gamble Co.

Libby's

GOOD
THINGS
TO
EAT



SOUPS The most appetizing, nutritious and most trouble-
some to make at home, of any article of diet, are
offered you, ready to eat by the addition of boiling water : : :

LIBBY'S CONCENTRATED SOUPS

Made in large quantities from the choicest of pure, wholesome materials,
by accomplished chefs, are the perfection of excellence.

NO SUCH SOUPS CAN BE MADE AT HOME

Ten cents a can; makes six portions. : : : Ask for our booklet
"HOW TO MAKE GOOD THINGS TO EAT." It tells about all of

Libby's (Natural Flavor) **Food Products** and how to serve them
APPETIZINGLY

Send ten cents stamps for Libby's big
home Atlas with 32 new maps.
Size, 8 x 11 inches.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Old Reliable

ROYAL



**BAKING
POWDER**

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

FIVE CENTS THE CAKE



The use of this wonderful cleanser throughout the entire household not only ensures perfect cleanliness but also ensures freedom from the danger of infectious diseases. Lifebuoy is a sanitary disinfectant soap which can be used everywhere the same as ordinary soap.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
111 Fifth Ave., New York

*May Be
Hitting You.*

Try leaving off

COFFEE

and use

POSTUM

TROUBLE IN DRINK.

Not Always Easy to Discover.

Many highly organized persons cannot digest even one cup of coffee a day.

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