



ST. NICHOLAS



ILLUSTRATED

1881

Part One.





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(See page 174.)

THE MADONNA OF THE LILY.

AFTER A PAINTING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

ST. NICHOLAS

AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME VIII.

PART I.

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"ONCE UPON A TIME —"

EMMS

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

NO. I.

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THE CREW OF THE CAPTAIN'S GIG.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THEY kept the light-house on Great Porpoise Island—Aunt Dorcas (nobody ever called her anything but *Darkis*), Saul and Semanthy, Nick and Little Job, and the Baby.

Job Jordan (Aunt Dorcas's brother and the children's father) was the light-house keeper, but Job was, in the language of the Porpoise Islanders, a "tarlented" man, and "dretful literary." His chief talent seemed to be for smoking and reading vividly illustrated story papers, and he devoted himself so completely to developing that talent that all the prosaic duties of the establishment fell upon Aunt Dorcas and the children. "The light-house would 'a' ben took away from him long ago, if it had n't 'a' ben for Darkis," the neighbors said.

Aunt Dorcas did seem to have the strength of ten. She and the children raised a large flock of sheep on the rocky pastures around the light-house, and, rising up early and lying down late, tilled a plot of the dry ground until it actually brought forth vegetables enough to supply the family; and they cleaned and filled and polished and trimmed the great lamp, with its curious and beautiful glass rings, which reflected the calm and steady light from so many angles that myriads of flashes went dancing out over the dark waters and dangerous rocks. Through summer and winter, storm and calm, the light on Great Porpoise Island never was known to fail.

And they kept everything in the tower, and in the dwelling-house, as bright and shining as a new pin. So when the commissioners came to examine the light-house, their report was that "Job Jordan was a most faithful and efficient man."

What the family would have done if Job had lost

the position, I don't know; though I think that Aunt Dorcas would have managed to keep their heads above water in some way. They all looked upon her as a sort of special providence; if good fortune did not come to them in the natural course of things, Aunt Dorcas would contrive to bring it.

She was very nice to look at, with smooth, shining brown hair, and pretty, soft gray eyes. She had been a beauty once—in the days when she had turned her back upon the brightness that life promised her, and shouldered the responsibilities of Job's family; but she was past thirty-five now, and years of toil and care *will* leave their traces. She still had a springy step, and laughed easily—and these are two very good things where work and care abound. It was when Mrs. Jordan died that she had come to live with them, and when the baby was only a year old.

That was four years ago, now, and the baby was still called the Baby. The reason for this was that his name was Reginald Fitz-Eustace Montmorenci. His father named him—after a hero in one of his story papers. Aunt Dorcas scorned the name—she liked old-fashioned Bible names—and the children could n't pronounce it, so it had fallen into disuse.

He was tow-headed and sturdy—Reginald Fitz-Eustace Montmorenci—with a fabulous appetite, and totally unable to keep the peace with Little Job.

Little Job, who came next,—going up the ladder,—found life a battle. His namesake of old was not more afflicted. He had sore eyes, and his hair was "tously," and he *hated* to have it combed. He was always getting spilled out of boats, and off docks, and tumbling down steep rocks and stairs. When the tips of his fingers were not all badly scratched, his arm was broken or his ankle sprained.

His clothes were always in tatters, and Aunt Dorcas sometimes made him go to bed while she mended them, and that always happened to be just when the others were going fishing. The cow swallowed the only jack-knife he ever had, and when he saved up all his pennies for a year, and had bought a cannon, it would n't go off. And he always was found out. The others might commit mischief, and go scot-free, but Little Job always was found out.

And this sort of existence he had supported for nine years.

Nick was but little more than a year older than Little Job, and no larger, but he took life more easily. He was brave, and jolly, and happy-go-lucky; so full of mischief that the neighbors had christened him "Old Nick." Aunt Dorcas thought that he did n't deserve that, as there was never anything malicious about his mischief, but little did Nick care what they called him. He had little, bright, beady cross-eyes, which seemed to be always eagerly looking at the tip of his nose. And as the tip of his nose turned straight up to meet them, the interest appeared to be mutual.

His shock of red hair *would* stand upright, too, let Aunt Dorcas and Semanthy do what they would to make it stay down. And his ears—which were the largest ears ever seen on a small boy—would not stay down, either, but stood out on each side of his head, so that Cap'n 'Siah Hadlock (who was Aunt Dorcas's beau once, and still dropped in to see her occasionally, in the light of a friend) declared that Nick always reminded him of a vessel going wing-and-wing. Cap'n 'Siah and Nick were very good friends, notwithstanding, and now that Cap'n 'Siah had given up following the sea, and kept a flourishing store on "the main," there was no greater delight to Nick than to stand behind his counter, and sell goods; it might have been rather tame without the occasional diversion of a somersault over the counter, or a little set-to with a boy somewhat bigger than himself, but these entertainments were always forthcoming, and the store was Nick's earthly paradise.

Saul and Semanthy were twins. They were twelve, and felt all the dignity and responsibility of their position as the elders of the family. Semanthy was tow-headed and freckled, and toed-in. Saul was tow-headed and freckled, too, but he was (as Cap'n 'Siah expressed it) "a square trotter." Their tow heads and their freckles were almost the only points of resemblance between them, although they were twins. Saul had an old head and keen wits. He was very fond of mathematics, and had even been known to puzzle the school-master by a knotty problem of his own making. Semanthy could do addition, if you gave her time. Saul kept his

eyes continually open to all the practical details of life, and was already given to reading scientific books. Semanthy was a little absent-minded and dreamy, and as fond of stories as her father. Saul always observed the wind and the clouds, and knew when it was going to rain as well as Old Probabilities himself. And if he had been suddenly transported to an unknown country, blindfolded, he could have told you which way was north by a kind of instinct. And he heaped scorn upon Semanthy because she was n't a walking compass, too,—poor Semanthy, who never knew which way was east except when she saw the sun rise, and then could never quite remember, when she stood, with her right hand toward it, according to the geographical rule, whether the north was in front of her or behind her! Saul was a wonderful sailor, too, and had all the proper nautical terms at his tongue's end, as well as numberless wise maxims about the management of boats; if he had sailed as long as the Ancient Mariner he could n't have been more learned in sea lore. But Semanthy did n't even know what the "gaff-topsail" was, and had no more idea what "port your helm" and "hard-a-lee" meant than if it had been Sanscrit. When she was sailing, she liked to watch the sky, and fancy wonderful regions hidden by the curtain of blue ether, or build castles in the clouds which the sunset bathed in wonderful colors; she liked that much better than learning all the stupid names that they called things on a boat, or how to sail one. She was perfectly willing that Saul should do that for her. And Saul cherished a profound contempt for girls, as the lowest order of creation, and for Semanthy, in particular, as an especially inferior specimen of the sex. Semanthy had a deep admiration and affection for Saul, but still, sometimes, when he assumed very superior airs, and said very cutting things about her ignorance, she did feel, in her heart, that boys were rather a mistake.

It was about five o'clock on a sultry Saturday afternoon, in August. Aunt Dorcas was putting her last batch of huckleberry pies into the oven, and thanking her stars that they had not been troubled by any "city folks" that day; for Hadlock's Point, the nearest land on "the main," had become a popular summer resort, and troops of visitors were continually coming over to Great Porpoise Island, to explore the rocks and the lighthouse. Nick was endeavoring to promote hostilities between a huge live lobster, which he had just brought in, and which was promenading over the floor, and a much-surprised kitten. Little Job was in the throes of hair-combing, under the hands of Semanthy, and howling piteously. Suddenly they all looked up, and Little Job was surprised into ceasing his howls. A deep bass voice, just outside

the door, was singing, or rather roaring, this singular ditty:

“For I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.”

This was “The Yarn of the Nancy Bell,” which Cap’n ’Siah Hadlock had learned from some of the summer visitors, and was never tired of singing. He had taught it to the children, too, and the experience of the “elderly naval man,” who had cooked and eaten all the personages

“Gittin’ ready, Darkis?”

“For the day of judgment? Yes, an’ I hope you be, too,” said Aunt Dorcas, trying to force a pucker upon a face that was never made for puckering. But something brought a color to her cheeks just then—perhaps the heat of the oven, as she opened the door to look after her pies.

Semanthy wondered if Cap’n ’Siah never would get tired of saying that to Aunt Dorcas, and she never would get tired of blushing at it—such old people, too!

“Well, I kinder calkerlate that the day o’ jedg-



THE CAPTAIN'S GIG AT GREAT PORPOISE ISLAND.

named in the rhyme, had fired Nick's soul with a desire to boil Little Job in the dinner-pot, and Little Job accordingly dwelt in terror of his life. Cap'n 'Siah was just what his voice proclaimed him—a big and jolly-looking man of forty or thereabouts, with a twinkle in his eye, and a double chin with a deep dimple in it. But what made his appearance particularly fascinating to the children was the fact that he wore ear-rings—little round hoops of gold—and had grotesque figures tattooed all over his hands, in India-ink.

All four of the children knew what he was going to say, for he always said the same thing, whether he came often or seldom.

ment 'll get along 'thout my attendin' to it, but if ever I 'm agoin' to git a good wife, I 've got to go arter her!" said Cap'n 'Siah.

"Then p'raps you'd better be agoin'," said Aunt Dorcas. Whereupon Cap'n 'Siah sat down.

"I come over in the captain's gig," he said, addressing himself to the children.

They all looked bewildered, not knowing that "captains' gigs" had an existence outside of "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell."

"There 's a revenue cutter a-layin' up in the harbor; she come in last night. The cap'n he come off in his gig, and went off ridin' with some of the folks up to the hotel. He wanted some

good fresh butter, an' I told him I'd come over here an' see if I could n't git some o' the Widder Robbins, an' he said his men might row me over in the gig. So there the boat lays, down there at the shore, an' the men have gone over to the cliffs after ducks' eggs. I told 'em they need n't be in no hurry, seein' as I was n't."

The children were all out of the house in a trice, to see what kind of a boat a "captain's gig" was.

They were somewhat disappointed to find only a long, narrow row-boat; it had outriggers, and was painted black; except for those peculiarities, they might have taken it for a boat belonging to some of the summer visitors at Hadlock's Point. They all had a fancy that a "captain's gig" must bear some resemblance to a carriage.

"Cap'n 'Siah must have been fooling us; it's nothing but a row-boat," said Nick.

Saul had been there before them, inspecting the boat, and spoke up: "That's what they call it—the sailors said so; it's a good boat, anyway, and I'd like to take a row in it."

"Come on!" shouted Nick, jumping into the boat. "It's a good mile over to the cliffs where the ducks' eggs are; the men wont be back this two hours."

"Do come, Saul," urged Semanthy, and Little Job joined his voice to the general chorus.

"I suppose they would let us take it if they were here, but I don't just like to take it without leave," said Saul, doubtfully.

"Stay at home, then. We're going, anyhow. Semanthy can row like a trooper," cried Nick.

"If you are all going, I suppose I shall have to go to take care of you," said Saul, jumping in. "But we must n't go so far that we can't see the sailors when they come back for their boat."

So they all went off in the "captain's gig"—Saul and Semanthy, Nick and Little Job, and the Baby.

But as soon as they were off, conscientious Saul pushed back again, and sent Little Job up to the house to ask Cap'n 'Siah if it would do for them to use the "captain's gig" for a little while. And Cap'n 'Siah said that the sailors would n't be back before dark, and he would "make it all right" with them. Whether Cap'n 'Siah was anxious to get rid of the children, that he might have a better opportunity to urge Aunt Dorcas to "git ready," I cannot say, but he was certainly very willing that they should go.

Saul's mind was now at ease, and he was quite ready to enjoy himself; but I am afraid that Nick felt, in the bottom of his mischievous heart, that there was quite as much fun about it before they had anybody's permission.

"Now we can go over to the Point!" said Semanthy.

That was Semanthy's great delight, to go over to the Point and see the crowds of summer visitors, in their gay, picturesque dresses, the steamers coming in, and the flags flying. Now and then there was a band playing; and at such times Semanthy's cup of happiness ran over.

Saul did not make any objection. He liked to go over to the Point, too. Not that he cared much for crowds of people, or flags, or bands, but

there was a queer, double-keeled boat, which they called a catamaran, over there, and he wanted to investigate it. The Point was nearly three miles away, but they pulled hard, Saul and Semanthy, Nick and Little Job, each taking an oar. To be sure, they had to keep an eye on Little Job, for he had an unpleasant way of dropping his oar into the water—if he did n't drop himself in—and of keeping the Baby in a drenched condition, which aroused all the pugnacity

of his infant nature. But in spite of all drawbacks, they reached the Point in a very short space of time. And Semanthy saw a steam-boat just coming in, and it had a band on board,



THAT BOY NICK STARTED THEM.

Semanthy could row a boat if she could n't sail one, and she was proud of her accomplishment, especially as Saul always chose her as an assistant in preference to any of the boys.

playing "Pinafore" selections, and some Indians had come and pitched their tents on the shore, and hung out silvery seal-skins and beautiful, gay baskets at their tent-doors, and the little Indian children, running about, were queerer than anything out of a fairy book. And Nick had an opportunity to invest a long-cherished five-cent piece in "jaw-breakers"—a kind of candy whose merit seemed to consist in "lasting long." Little Job had time to be knocked off the wharf by a huge Newfoundland dog, and rescued dripping. Saul found the catamaran fastened to the slip, where he could inspect it to his heart's content. The owner was standing by, and noticing Saul's interest, he told him all about the boat, and ended by asking him to go sailing with him.

"Go, of course, Saul! You don't suppose we can't get home without you?" said Semantha.

"Of course you can, but you had better go right along. You have no more than time to get home before dark," called prudent Saul, as he stepped into the catamaran with his friend.

"O my! Don't we feel big!" called out Nick, in a voice which was distinctly audible in the catamaran. "You'd think we were the cap'n of the boat! I would n't feel big in that queer old machine—'t aint any kind of a boat, anyhow!"

And Little Job piped up, in a high, shrill voice:

"O I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bos'n tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

It was clearly a relief to get rid of Saul; he was so very prudent and cautious, and kept them in such good order. "The crew of the captain's gig" meant to have a good time now!

Semanthy tried her best to make Nick pull with a will, straight for home, for it was already past six o'clock, and she had a vivid picture in her mind of the sailors all on the shore waiting for their boat, and furiously angry with those who had stolen it.

But Nick and Little Job had become hilarious, and preferred "catching crabs" and "sousing" Semantha and the Baby, and rocking the boat from side to side to see how far it would tip without tipping over, to going peaceably along.

And all Semantha's remonstrances were in vain, until, suddenly, she espied a black cloud swiftly climbing the sky.

"Look there, boys!" she cried. "*There's a squall coming!* Now I guess you'll hurry!"

And they did. Nick and Little Job were not without sense, and they had not lived on that dangerous, rocky coast, where sudden "flaws" came down from the mountains, and squalls came up with scarcely a moment's warning, in the calmest,

sunniest days, for nothing. Even the Baby understood the situation perfectly.

But there was little danger in a row-boat, unless



CAP'N 'SIAH HADLOCK.

it should grow so dark before they got home that they could not see their way, or the waves should run so high as to swamp their boat—and the "captain's gig" was not a boat to be easily swamped. Semantha wished they were at home, but her chief anxiety was for Saul, out in a sail-boat,—and such a queer, new-fangled one, too!

"Pooh! Saul knows how to manage any sail-boat that ever was!" said Nick, scornfully, when Semantha expressed her fears.

"And if he did n't, those fellers know how to manage their own craft," said Little Job.

The black cloud spread so quickly over the sky that it seemed as if a pall had been suddenly cast upon the light of day. The water was without a ripple, and there was a strange hush in the air. It was a relief to Semantha when a flock of gulls flew screaming over their heads—the stillness was so oppressive.

Then the wind swooped down suddenly and

fiercely upon them. On the land they could see the dust of the road torn up in a dense cloud, and the trees bent and writhing. The smooth water was broken into great, white-capped waves.

Semanthy and Nick tugged away bravely at the oars, but it was very hard work, and they made but little progress. The darkness was increasing with every moment; every ray of the setting sun had been obscured, and the sky over their heads was black. In a very few minutes they were in the midst of a thick darkness.

"Look out! You just missed that buoy!" called

"If night were not coming on, I should hope that it would grow lighter soon," said Semanthy; "but, as it is, I wonder why Aunt Darkis does n't light the lamp?"

But, though they strained their eyes to the utmost, peering anxiously into the darkness, there was no welcome flash from the Great Porpoise light-house. They rested on their oars, while the boat stood, now on its head and now on its feet, as the Baby said, until Nick's stock of patience was exhausted.

"I move that we pull ahead," he said. "I know



"THERE 'S A SQUALL COMING!"

out Little Job. And in another moment he shouted:

"I don't b'lieve this is the way at all! I think you 're goin' straight for Peaked Nose Island!"

"Well, I aint got eyes in the back o' my head, like Saul! No other fellow could tell which way to go in this darkness. Anyway, I can't tell Little Porpoise from Peaked Nose. We might just as well drift."

"Drift! I should think it was drifting, with the boat most turning a somersault every minute. Most likely we shall all be drowned," said Little Job, with the calmness of one accustomed to misfortune.

"If you say that again, I 'll pitch you overboard!" said Nick. "Of course we aint going to get drowned! It will get lighter by and by, and then we 'll go home."

this place too well to get a great ways out of my reckoning, and it 's enough to make a fellow crazy to be wabbling around here this way. We can't do any worse than to bump on a rock, and, if it 's above water, we 'll hold on to it."

Semanthy was prone to sea-sickness, and the pirouetting of the boat had caused her to begin to feel that there might be worse things even than being drowned. So she was only too glad to "pull ahead."

They did not "bump" upon any rock, but neither did they, after what seemed like hours of rowing, see any signs that they were nearing home. They were rowing against wind and tide, and could not expect to make rapid progress; but still it did seem to Nick that they ought to have got somewhere by this time, unless they had drifted out into the open sea.

"Goin' straight ter Halifax! All aboard!" shouted Little Job, whose spirits were fitful.

The wind's violence had abated somewhat, and it had begun to rain. If Semanthy had only known that the catamaran and its crew were safe, she would have felt that their woes were not beyond remedy. But the gale had come on so suddenly! Before they had time to take down their sail, the boat might have capsized, or been blown upon the rocks. Even Nick shook his head now and then, and said: "This squall 's been pretty rough on sail-boats, I can tell you."

"Nick, where *can* we be that we don't see our light?"

"That must be Great Porpoise just ahead," said Nick, pointing to a spot in the distance, which looked only like darkness intensified and gathered into a small compass. "Why we can't see the light I am sure I can't tell."

As they drew nearer, the black spot grew larger, and revealed itself as land beyond a question.

"But it *can't* be Great Porpoise, Nick, because we should see the light!"

Nick looked long and earnestly, doubt growing deeper and deeper in his mind.

"Well, it *must* be Peaked Nose," he said, at last, "though it is certainly a great deal bigger than Peaked Nose ever was before."

And so they turned the boat in the direction in which Great Porpoise ought to lie, if this were Peaked Nose.

That the light on Great Porpoise might not be lighted did not occur to any one of them. For that lamp to remain unlighted after night-fall was a thing which had never happened since they were born; it would have been scarcely less extraordinary to their minds if daylight should fail to put in an appearance.

Since there was no light there, that could not be Great Porpoise Island. That was all there was about it,—so they all thought.

They rowed swiftly and in silence for a while, and another dark shape did appear ahead of them; but there was no light there!

"Oh, Nick! The Pudding Stones! I hear the breakers!" cried Semanthy, suddenly. "It must be Little Porpoise!"

"Then the other was Great Porpoise!" said Nick, blankly. "What is the matter with the light?"

The Pudding Stones made Little Porpoise a terror to mariners. If the beams from Great Porpoise light-house had not fallen full upon them, they would probably have been the ruin of many a good ship. Now, where was the Great Porpoise light?

The other end of Little Porpoise was inhabited; they had friends there, and went there often, but Semanthy had never before been so near the Pud-

ding Stones, and she was anxious only to get as far away from them as possible. They seemed to her like living monsters, with cruel teeth, eager to crush and grind helpless victims.

"Why are you going so near, Nick?" she cried, in terror.

"I want to make sure where we are. There are other rocks around besides the Pudding Stones, and it seems as if we must have got to the other side of nowhere. If we have n't, *where in creation is that light?*"

This did seem to Semanthy an almost unanswerable argument in proof of their having "got to the other side of nowhere." But still she did not feel any desire to investigate the rocks just ahead, upon which the breakers were making an almost deafening uproar. But Nick would not turn away until he had fully satisfied his mind about their position.

Suddenly, above the roar of the breakers, they heard a voice,—a shrill, despairing cry for help,—a woman's voice, and not far away.

"A boat has run against the rocks, most likely," said Nick, and pulled straight on toward the breakers. "We may be in time to save somebody."

"Oh, but Nick, it is n't as if there were only you and me to think of! Here are the children. We are risking their lives!" said Semanthy.

It was Little Job who piped up then, in his high, weak little voice, and not by any means in the terror-stricken wail which might have been expected from little Job. His courage had evidently mounted with the occasion.

"I guess we 're all the crew of the captain's gig, and we aint agoin' to let anybody get drowned if we can help it!" he said.

Nick did not reply to either Semanthy or him, but rowed as if his own life depended upon it. Semanthy knew that he thought she was a coward, and was disgusted with her; but she was sure that, if she and Nick had been alone, she would not have hesitated.

Little Job's speech and Semanthy's thoughts occupied but a moment's space. The next moment the boat grated against a rock, and that cry, weaker and fainter, arose close beside them.

"Jehosaphat! There 's a woman clinging to this rock! Steady, Semanthy—she 's slipping off! Hold the boat tight to the rock, Little Job! Take hold here, Semanthy; she 's heavier than lead!"

Using all their force, they dragged her into the boat—a limp, drenched form, from which no sound came. The boat rocked terribly, but righted at last.

"Semanthy, she 's fainted, and she was losing her hold of the rock! If we had n't grabbed her just as we did, she 'd 'a' been drowned," said Nick, in an awed voice.

"I think she's dead, Nick," said Semanthy, who had put her face down to the woman's lips, and felt no breath.

"Rub her hands and feet," said Nick. "We can't do anything else, but try to get out of this place, now; or we shall all be ground to bits."

"It is so dark! I can't see to do anything!" groaned Semanthy. "Oh, where is the light-house lamp? This all seems like a dreadful nightmare!"

"I know those were the Pudding Stones, so now I know the way home," said Nick.

"The lamp has most likely got bewitched," said Little Job, who was a reader of fairy tales.

But suddenly, like a ray of sunshine falling on the black waters, out shone the lamp!

It shone full on the white face of the unconscious and half-drowned woman, resting on Semanthy's lap.

"Aunt Darkis! Oh, Aunt Darkis!" they all cried, in concert.

"Oh, Nick, aint we dreaming?" said Semanthy, while a flood of tears fell on Aunt Dorcas's face. "How could she have come there?"

"Why, it's plain enough. I heard Cap'n 'Siah ask her to go over to Little Porpoise with him, to see his sister, the last time he was over. They took our little sail-boat, and went over, and the squall struck 'em coming home, and drove 'em on to the rocks."

"But where is the boat, and where is—oh where is Cap'n 'Siah?"

"Can't say—p'r'aps all right!" said Nick.

Semanthy and Little Job rubbed Aunt Dorcas's poor white hands, and wrung the water out of her pretty brown hair, and kissed her over and over again. And by and by they could detect a faint fluttering breath coming through her parted lips.

"But oh—oh, Nick, if we had n't been there!" Semanthy said.

Nick did n't say anything. He had too big a lump in his throat.

In a few minutes more they were carrying Aunt Dorcas tenderly and with great difficulty into the house. The sailors—the original "crew of the captain's gig"—were all there; it was one of them who had lighted the lamp. The children's father, they were told, was down at the Widow Dobbins's.

The sailors did n't scold about their boat, you may be sure, when they knew what service it had done.

Aunt Dorcas soon came to herself enough to know them, and to speak to them, but they none of them dared to ask the question that was trembling on

their tongues—where was Cap'n 'Siah? And Aunt Dorcas seemed too weak to remember anything that had happened.

But while they were sitting there, looking questioningly into each other's faces, in walked a drenched and weather-beaten, and pale-faced man—Cap'n 'Siah, but ten years older, it seemed, than he had been that afternoon. But when he caught sight of Aunt Dorcas, he threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands, and when he took them away they saw tears on his cheeks—great rough man as he was.

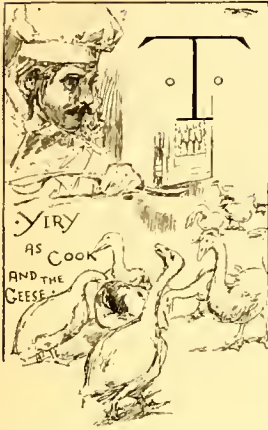
"I thought she'd got drowned, and I'd let her," he said. "You see, I wa'n't lookin' at the sky, as I'd ought to 'a' ben, and that pesky little boat went over ker-slap, an' there we was, both in the water. I ketched hold o' the boat, and reached for yer Aunt Darkis, and jest missed her! Then I let go o' the boat, and tried to swim for her, but I found I was sinkin', with all my heavy toggery on, and I ketched hold o' the boat again. Then a big wave knocked me off, and I went down, and I thought I was done for, but when I came up I managed to grab the boat again. But your Aunt Darkis was gone. I could n't see nothin' of her, and in a few minutes 't was so dark I could n't see nothin' at all! By and by, after I had drifted and drifted, I heard voices, and I hollered, and that queer craft from the P'int, the catamaran, picked me up—and there was our Saul aboard of her! I did n't care much about bein' picked up, seein' your Aunt Darkis was drowned, and I'd let her, but now I'm obleeged to ye, Saul, for pickin' me up!"

Then Nick and Semanthy told their story, and soon Aunt Dorcas told how she had clung, for what seemed like hours, to the steep and slippery rock, from which Nick and Semanthy had rescued her just as her strength gave out.

"And yer pa he's a-courtin' the Widder Dobbins, it appears, otherwise he might 'a' ben here to light the lamp," said Cap'n 'Siah, in a mild and meditative tone. "And yer Aunt Darkis an' me 's ben a-thinkin' that yer pa an' the Widder Dobbins an' her six might be enough here, an' so you'd better all of you come over to the main and live with me. My house is big enough for us all, and Saul, he'll kind of look after my boats that I keep to let, and Nick, he'll tend in the store, when he aint to school, and Semanthy—why, of course Aunt Darkis could n't do without her; and as for Little Job and the Baby, why, they'll kinder keep things lively."

So, not only Aunt Dorcas, but the whole "crew of the captain's gig" are "gittin' ready" now.

GOLDEN-HAIR: A RUSSIAN FOLK-STORY.



HIS curious story is told over and over to the children of Russia by their fathers and mothers, who first heard it from *their* fathers and mothers, who in their turn had learned it in the same way. For it is like our own stories of Cinderella, and Blue-Beard, and the rest,—so old that nobody knows who wrote them or first told them. But boys and girls are

alike, the world over, when there is a good story to be heard. Golden-hair and her wonderful history are perhaps as well known to Russian children as Cinderella and her glass slipper are to you. Here is the tale, with its king, its princess, its water of life, and all:

There was a certain king, and he was so wise that he understood all animals, no matter what they said.

Now hear how he learned this art: Once an old grandmother came to him, bringing a fish in a basket, and told him to have it cooked; that, if he would eat it, he would understand what living creatures in the air, on the earth, and in the waters, say. It pleased the king to be able to know what no man knew; he paid the old woman well, called his servant straightway, and commanded him to have the fish ready for dinner. "But see to it," said he, "that you don't put a bit on your tongue; if you do, you'll pay for it with your head."

When it was all ready, he put a bit on his tongue and tasted it. That moment he heard something buzz about his ears:

"Some for us, too; some for us, too."

Yiry looked around, and saw nothing but a few flies moving around the kitchen. But on the street he heard a hoarse voice:

"Where are you going—where are you going?"

"To the miller's barley—to the miller's barley."

Yiry looked out of the window and saw a flock of geese.

"Oh," thought he, "that's the kind of fish it is! It gives one a new gift of hearing. I have found out!"

He put a fresh piece in his mouth and carried the remainder to the king, just as if nothing had happened.

After dinner, the king ordered Yiry to saddle his horse and attend him, for he wanted to ride. The king rode ahead and Yiry behind. When they were crossing a green field, Yiry's horse sprang forward and kicked up his heels.

"Oh, ho, brother," said he, "I feel so light that I should like to jump over a mountain!"

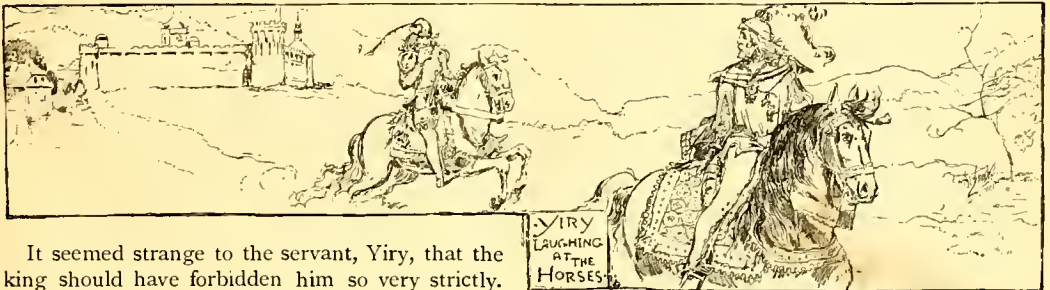


"What of that?" said the other horse. "I should like to jump, too; but an old man sits on my back. If I jump, he would certainly fall to the

ground like a bag, and be badly injured."

"Let him!" said Yiry's horse. "Then, instead of an old, you'll carry a young man."

Yiry laughed heartily, but to himself, lest the king should notice it. But the king, who also knew what the horses were saying, looked around and saw that Yiry was laughing. He inquired:



It seemed strange to the servant, Yiry, that the king should have forbidden him so very strictly. "While I live," said he to himself, "I have n't seen such a fish; it looks just like a snake; and what sort of a cook would he be, I'd like to know, who would n't taste of what he was cooking!"

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing important, your majesty; something came into my mind."

The king suspected him, however, and did not trust the horses; so he turned back. When they came to the castle, the king ordered Yiry to pour him out a glass of wine.

"But if you don't fill it, or if it overflows, your head will pay for the mistake," said he.

Yiry took the decanter and was pouring; at that moment two birds flew to the window; one was chasing the other—the one pursued had three golden hairs in its bill.

"Give them to me," said the other.

"I will not give them up—they are mine; I picked them up," said the first bird.

"But I saw them as they fell, when the golden-haired lady combed her hair," said the second.

"Well, I shall keep two of them, at least."

"No; not one."

Then the second bird rushed at the first, and seized the golden hairs. After they had struggled for them on the wing, one hair remained in each bird's bill. The third fell to the ground and sounded.

Yiry looked after it, and the wine overflowed the glass.

"You have lost your life," said the king; "but if you wish, I will be merciful. I will spare you, if you find and bring me the golden-haired maiden to be my wife."

What was Yiry to do? He wished to save his life. He must go for the maiden, though he did not know where to look for her. He saddled his horse, and went in one direction and another. He came to a dark forest, and under the trees near the road a bush was burning. The shepherds had set it on fire. Under the bush was an ant-hill; sparks were falling upon it, and the ants were running hither and thither in great alarm, and carrying their small white eggs.

"Oh, help us, Yiry, dear! help us!" cried they, pitifully. "We are burning up, and our little ones are in these eggs."

He jumped from his horse in an instant, cut down the bush and put out the fire.

"When you are in need, think of us, and we will help you, too."

Then he traveled through the forest till he came to a lofty fir-tree; on its summit was a raven's nest, and beneath it, on the ground, two little ravens were crying, and said:

"Our father and our mother have flown away. We have to find food for ourselves; and, weak little piping things, we don't know how to fly yet. Oh, help us, Yiry, dear! help us! Feed us, or we shall perish of hunger."

Not thinking long, Yiry sprang from his horse, and plunged the sword into his horse's side, so the little ravens might have something to eat.

"If you need it," piped the young ravens, "think of us, and we will help you, too."

Yiry was obliged to continue his journey on foot. He traveled long through the woods, and when at length he came out, he saw in front of him the great sea. On the shore two fishermen were quarreling. They had caught a great golden fish. Each one wished to have it for himself alone.

"The net is mine! The fish is mine!" said one.

To this the other answered:

"Little good would your net have been without my boat and my help."

"When we catch another such, it will be yours."

"No, no; you wait for the other and give me this."

"I will settle between you," said Yiry. "Sell me the fish; I will pay you well. Divide the money between you equally."

He gave them all the money the king had given him for the journey. He spared nothing. The fishermen were glad to find so good a market. But Yiry let the fish out into the sea. The fish



moved about gladly; dived down, came up again, and stuck out its head near the shore, saying:

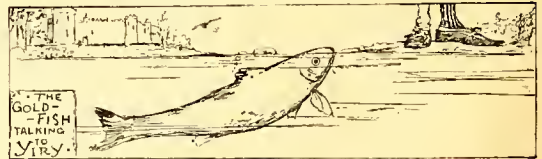
"If you should need me, Yiry, think of me, and I'll serve you."

Then it disappeared.

"Where are you going?" asked the fishermen.

"I am going to get the golden-haired maiden as bride for my master, the old king," answered Yiry, "and I don't know where to look for her."

"Oh, we can tell you all about her," said the fishermen. "That is Golden-Hair, the daughter of the king of the crystal palace there on that island. Every morning at day-break she combs her golden hair, and light goes out from it over the sky



and the sea. If you like, we'll take you to the island, since you settled our dispute so well. But be careful to choose the right maiden, for there are twelve sisters, daughters of the king, and only one has golden hair."

When Yiry reached the island, he went to the

crystal palacc to ask the king to give his golden-haired daughter to his master as wife.

"I will," answered the king, "but you must earn her. During three days you must perform three



tasks that I shall give you—one each day. Now, you may rest till to-morrow."

Next day the king said: "My Golden-Hair had a string of precious pearls; the string snapped, and the pearls fell amongst the tall grass in the green meadow. You must collect these pearls so that not one shall be missing."

Yiry went to the meadow; it was long and wide. He knelt down in the grass and began to search. He looked and looked, from morning till midday, but did not find a single pearl.

"Oh, if my ants were here, they would help me."

"But we are here to help you," called the ants, as they swarmed around him. "What do you wish?"

"I have to gather Golden-Hair's pearls in this meadow, and I do not see a single one."

"Wait a while. We will collect them for you."

It was not long before they brought him a heap of pearls from the grass. All that was needed was to put them on a string.

When he was about to tie the ends of the string, one halting ant came up, he was lame; he had burned his leg at the time of the fire. He cried out:

"Wait, Yiry, my dear, don't fasten the ends; I bring one more little pearl."

When Yiry brought the pearls to the king, he counted them; not one was missing.

"You have done your work well," said he. "To-morrow I will give you another task."

Yiry came in the morning and the king said to him:

"My Golden-Hair was bathing in the sea, and she lost a gold ring. You must find it and bring it here."

Yiry went to the sea, and walked along the shore in sadness. The sea was clear, but so deep that he could not see the bottom.

"Oh, if my gold-fish were here, it could help me."

That moment something gleamed in the water, and out of the depth a gold-fish swam to the surface and looked up at Yiry.

"But I am here to help you. What do you wish?"

"I have to find a gold ring in the sea, and I cannot see the bottom."

"I have seen a pike with a gold ring in its fin. Wait a bit, I will bring it to you."

It was not long till the fish returned with the pike and the ring.

The king praised Yiry for having done his work so well, and the next morning gave him the third task.

"If you wish that I should give my Golden-Hair to your king as wife, you must bring the waters of life and death. She will need them."

Yiry did n't know where to go for the waters; he went here and there, wherever his legs carried him, till he came to a dark forest.

"Oh, if my ravens were here, they would help me."

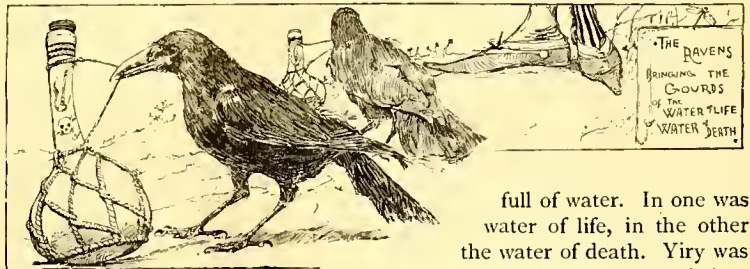
Here something rustled above his head, and, wherever they came from, the two ravens were there.

"But here we are to help you. What do you wish?"

"I have to get the waters of life and death, and I don't know where to look for them."

"Oh, we know well. Wait a little, and we will bring them to you."

In a short time, each one brought Yiry a gourd



full of water. In one was water of life, in the other the water of death. Yiry was

rejoiced that he had succeeded so

well, and hastened to the palace near the wood. He saw a spider's web stretched from one fir-tree to another, and in the center a great spider attacking a fly. Yiry took the gourd with the water of death, sprinkled the spider, and he fell to the ground dead. Then he sprinkled the fly with the water of life, from the other gourd. It began to buzz, escaped from the web, and flew out into the air.

"It's your luck, Yiry, that you brought me to life," buzzed the fly, "for without me, you would have hardly guessed which of the twelve is Golden-Hair."

When the king saw that Yiry had performed

the three tasks, he agreed to give him his golden-haired daughter.

"But," said he, "you must find her yourself."

Then he led him into a great hall. In the middle of the hall was a circular table. Around the table sat twelve beautiful maidens, one like the other, but each had on her head a long head-dress, reaching to the ground, and white as snow. So it could not be seen what kind of hair they had.

"Here are my daughters," said the king. "If you guess which one of them is Golden-Hair, she is yours, and you may take her away; if you do not guess, then she was not destined for you, and you must go away without her."

Yiry was in the greatest trouble, he did n't know how to begin. That moment something whispered in his ear:

"Buzz, b-z-z, b-z-z. Go around the table. I will tell you which is she."

It was the fly which Yiry had rescued from the spider, and raised up with the water of life.

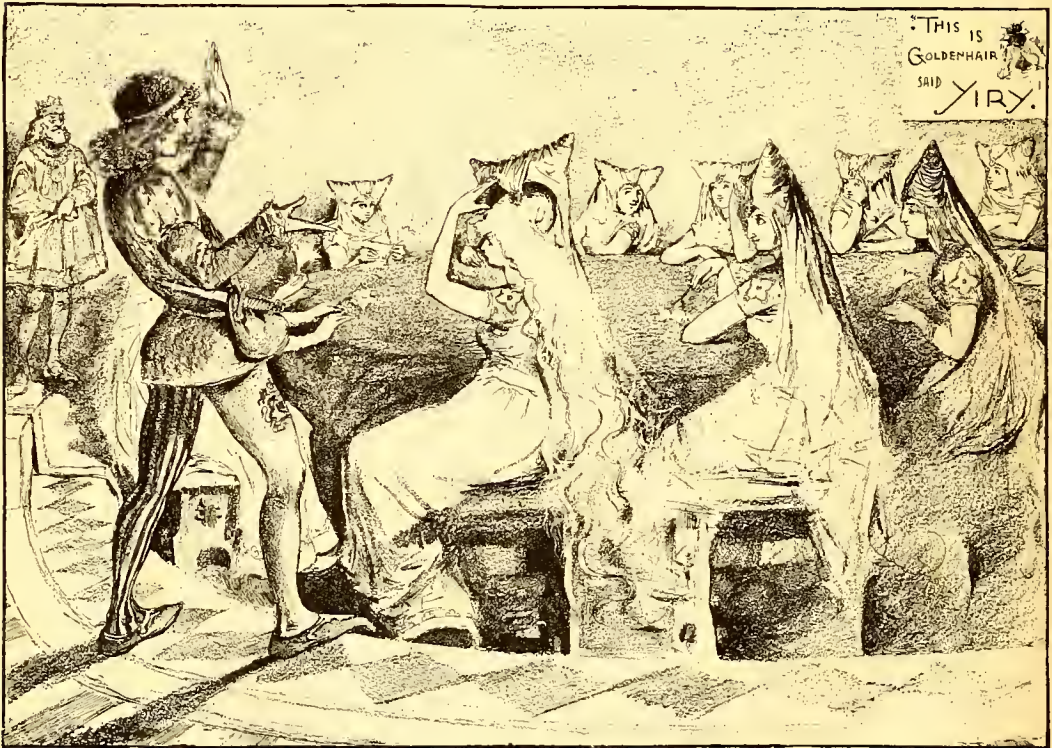
"You have guessed," said the king.

She threw off her head-dress, and her golden hair rolled down in great waves to the floor, and threw out just such a light as the sun does when it rises, so that Yiry's eyes were almost dazzled by the radiance.

Then the king gave his daughter a proper outfit for the journey, and Yiry conducted her to the old king. The old king's eyes sparkled, and he jumped for joy when he saw Golden-Hair, and gave orders to prepare for the wedding.

"I wished to hang you for your disobedience," said the king, "so the crows might eat you; but you have served me so successfully that I will only cut your head off, and then I will have you buried decently."

When they had cut off Yiry's head, Golden-Hair begged the old king to give her the dead servant. He could n't refuse his Golden-Hair. She put Yiry's head on his body, and sprinkled him with the water of death. The body and head



"It is not this maiden, nor this, nor this, either," buzzed the fly to Yiry. "But here is Golden-Hair."

"Give me this daughter," cried Yiry, stepping near to her. "I have earned her for my master."

grew together, so there was n't a sign of a wound. Then she sprinkled him with the water of life, and Yiry rose up as if he had been born anew, fresh as a deer, and youth shone bright on his face.

“Oh, how soundly I have slept,” said Yiry, and rubbed his eyes.

“I believe that,” said Golden-Hair. “And if it had not been for the water of life, you would not have awakened for ages.”

When the old king saw that Yiry had come to life, and that he was younger and more handsome than before, he wished to be young again himself. He gave orders to cut his own head off, and sprinkle him with the waters. So they beheaded him and

sprinkled him with the water of life till it was all used up, but the head would n't grow to his body. Then they began to sprinkle him with the water of death; body and head grew together at once, but now the old king was dead in earnest, for they had no water of life with which to raise him up. And as a kingdom cannot be without a king, and there was no other man in the realm so wise as to know the speech of all animals, as Yiry did, they made Yiry king and Golden-Hair queen.



THIRTEEN AND DOLLY.

BY MOLLIE NORTON.

OH Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm thirteen to-day,
And surely 't is time to be stopping my play!
My treasures, so childish, must be put aside;
I think, Henrietta, I'll play that you died;
I'm growing so old that of course it wont do
To care for a dolly,—not even for you.

Almost a young lady, I'll soon wear a train
And do up my hair; but I'll never be vain.
I'll study and study and grow very wise—
Come, Dolly, sit up now, and open your eyes;
I'll tie on this cap, with its ruffles of lace,
It always looks sweet round your beautiful face.

I'll bring out your dresses, so pretty and gay,
And fold them all smoothly and put them away;
This white one is lovely, with sash and pink bows—
Ah, I was so happy while making your clothes!
And here is your apron, with pockets so small,
This dear little apron, 't is nicest of all.

And now for your trunk, I will lay them all in—
Oh Dolly, dear Dolly, how can I begin!

How oft of our journeys I'll think with a sigh—
We've traveled together so much, you and I!
All over the fields and the garden we went,
And played we were gypsies and lived in a tent.

We tried keeping house in so many queer ways,
Out under the trees in the warm summer days!
We moved to the arbor and played that the
flowers
Were housekeepers too, and were neighbors of
ours;
We lived in the hay-loft, and slid down the
ricks,
And went out to call on the turkeys and chicks.

Now here is your cradle with lining of blue,
And soft little pillow—I know what I'll do!
I'll rock you and sing my last lullaby song,
And I'll—No, I can't give you up! 'T will be
wrong!

So sad is my heart, and here comes a big tear—
Come back to my arms, oh, you precious old
dear!

THE SWISS GLACIERS.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.



THE ROSENLAUI GLACIER.

YOU all have read in your geographies, or have been told, about the vast "rivers of ice" called glaciers.

There are more than four hundred "stream glaciers" in Switzerland and the adjoining Tyrol, which have made those countries famous. No scene is more striking or beautiful than these great ice-rivers, placed often amid fertile and wooded valleys, where there are growing grain fields, fruit trees in bloom, smiling meadows, and human habitations.

Many ages ago, a greater part of the surface of the earth was covered with a sea of snow and ice, just as Greenland and certain parts of Switzerland are to-day. All the minor ridges and valleys of Greenland are constantly concealed under huge layers of ice and snow. The broad wastes of Greenland ice go on slipping forward and down to the sea, where, breaking loose in mountainous masses, they sail away as icebergs—the terror and dread of the northern Atlantic seas. Not many months ago, a great steam-ship, the "Arizona," ran into an iceberg and broke away a portion of her bow. Indeed, in many cases, vessels

have been utterly wrecked by icebergs. These floating mountains of ice are often of enormous size. Some of them have been grounded in Baffin's Bay, where the water is 1,500 feet deep. Another, seen by a French explorer in the South Sea, presented a mass of ice nearly equal to the greatest of the Swiss glaciers, it being thirteen miles long, and with walls 100 feet above the water. As ice floats with but one-ninth of its bulk raised above the surface of the sea, the term floating mountain does not seem to be an exaggeration. In 1842, the steamer "Acadia" passed one in the Atlantic ocean that was 400 to 500 feet above water, and therefore, on a moderate calculation, some 3,000 feet below the surface—a total height equal to that of the highest peak of the Green Mountains.

Glaciers are produced by the gradual changing into ice of the peculiar granular snow that falls in the high Alpine regions, above the snow limit of 18,000 feet. The height at which vegetation ceases in Switzerland is about 6,000 feet, though Prof. Agassiz found a tuft of lichen growing on the only rock that pierced through the icy summit of

the Jungfrau mountain, nearly 13,000 feet above the sea. The snow, as it showers down, is as perfectly dry as so much fine flour, and the ice formed from it is very different from our pond or river ice, or sea ice, called ice-floc. The snow not only falls in winter, but from time to time throughout the seasons. Melting during the day, it is at night frozen into a kind of pudding-stone ice, in rough cakes, which gradually or suddenly slip below to form the first portion of the glacier. As they collect in very loose order, they move slowly farther down, melting and freezing together, until they become changed into a mass of clear blue ice at the lowest point of the glacier. It is curious to examine one, starting upward from where the ice is transparent and blue, and find it gradually becoming less compact, less clear, more light and granular, until at the highest point, where it is snow, it is as light and shifting as down.

Very large quantities of rock and broken material from the tops of the Alps are carried down by the glaciers, either quite into the low valleys, or to the ledges along the way. These accumulations on the side of a glacier appear, like the embankments of a canal or river, as if built to prevent the glacier from spreading. In the lower portion of Switzerland, called the Jura, are to be found blocks of stone, some of them as large as cottages, transported there by glaciers from a distance of fifty miles. The rocks, broken material, and dust are so thickly spread over the tops of most ice-rivers that their true character is concealed, and at a little distance, or even in walking over them, not a strip of ice can be seen for some distance. The surfaces of others, however, are clear, like the Rhone glacier, and dazzling to the eyes in a strong sunlight.

Strange sights appear in plenty as you wander over one of these huge ice-rivers. Large slabs of stone, supported on legs of ice, are frequently to be met with, the leg of ice having been saved from melting by the stone. (These blocks of ice make very convenient tables, too, on which to spread out a lunch.) Whenever a glacier's course takes it over a precipice or sharp decline, the surface is split up into innumerable huge ice-needles and ice-pyramids, some standing at an angle, appearing just ready to topple over and crush any one rash enough to approach them. Occasionally, at a sharp decline, the ice-river will break in two, the forward part shooting ahead, and the rear portion gradually, or as quickly, closing up the gap. A hamlet in the St. Nicholas valley has been, on several occasions, partially destroyed by the falling of the Bis glacier. At one time, 360 millions of cubic feet of ice fell in an instant toward the hamlet, the agitation of the air causing houses to be twisted around and their roofs torn

off, while many others were crushed like almond-shells. In speaking of a scene like this, an eyewitness says: "It made its presence known by a frightful noise; everything around us appeared to move of itself. Rocks, apparently solidly fixed in the ice, began to detach themselves and dash against each other; crevasses [cracks in the ice], ten and twenty feet wide, opened before our eyes with a fearful crash, and others, suddenly closing, drove to a great height the water which they contained." When these cracks do not close up, or, as is frequently the case, do not extend to the bottom of the glacier, the melted ice-water flows down their sides, to collect at the bottom, and, in doing so, polishes the ice to a beautiful marine green. I saw a guide on the Groner glacier pause over a crevasse many yards wide and nearly filled with water; and such was its depth that, after he had hurled his heavy alpenstock down through the water, some time elapsed—in fact, I thought it lost—before it shot up through the green surface. If the water flows into a well from between the layers of ice, a weird sound may be heard coming up from the depths, that has been well compared to the tinkling of a silver bell. The smaller cracks in the ice become lightly covered by frost or snow, and the careless traveler runs the risk of breaking through these frail snow-bridges, and losing his life. Such accidents are prevented by the members of a party linking themselves together with a strong, light rope, and, in case one person breaks through, the others prevent him from falling any distance. Several lives have been lost in Switzerland, during the past season, through the neglect of this precaution.

It is at the lowest portion of a glacier, however, that more signs of its destruction are to be seen than elsewhere. The melting ice at the end of the Glacier des Bois often forms an ice-vault, or portico, one hundred feet high, from the bottom of which rushes out the yellowish, frothy glacier-water. When the vault becomes top-heavy, it breaks in upon the stream with a thundering crash. One winter, one of these vaults was supported by a regular and beautifully fluted column composed of icicles. The lower part of an ice-river sometimes forms a delightful picture, with its flower-covered banks, a rye-field, perhaps, growing at one side, and the ears of ripening rye nodding over the ice.

On one of the most beautiful Alpine routes, the bridle-path leads over green pastures and alps decked with rhododendrons and patches of vivid and countless wild-flowers; passing in view of a magnificently scarred and broken wall of ice and snow twenty-five miles long, which pierces the clouds, and increases in grandeur almost throughout the whole distance. About the middle of the second day of

the journey, we would find ourselves, after a good dinner, seated in a comfortable chair within a seeming stone's throw of that majestic mountain, the Jungfrau, its summit and higher portions covered with snow of the most brilliant purity, while one of its minor peaks, called the silver horn, is perfectly dazzling. Here, seated in safety and ease, we might, on a warm day, be greeted by the rush and bomb of an avalanche. At the distance, though seemingly near, it would appear like a small white cascade curling up white puffs of snow, but in reality it would consist of many tons of ice and snow powerful enough to cut its way through any obstacle, though there harmlessly hurling itself into a deserted valley.

There are many celebrated Alpine points from which to view the glaciers. In descending from one of these higher overlooking mountains, the ascent to which had led us a half-hour over ice and snow, the distance was considerably shortened by a safe and exhilarating slide on the smooth ice covered with downy snow. It reduced the half-hour to a few minutes, but I had no wish to repeat the experiment. We simply had to take a seat on the snow near the edge of the incline, give a slight push,

Near Mount Rosa, in 1861, some members of the Alpine Club discovered a peculiarly grand and beautiful crevasse, hollowed out into a long cavern formed like the letter C. The walls were of a transparent blue color, arched over from the sun, "while from the roof above hung down a forest of long, clear icicles, each adorned with two or three lace-like fringes of hoar frost." They were seeking shelter from a sudden gale of wind, and to enter the cavern were forced to sweep these beautiful decorations down with their poles.

The three pictures will give you a good idea of how the Alpine glaciers look. The one on page 14 represents the Rosenlauri glacier, noted for the rosy hue and great purity of its ice. It lies between the two mountains of the Wellhorn and the Engelhorn, and to the right of the picture is the Wetterhorn, a famous Alpine peak, 12,165 feet high.

The Rhone glacier, shown in our second illustration, is imbedded between the Gersthorn and the Galenstock, and extends backward like a huge terrace for a distance of fifteen miles. As its name denotes, it is the source of the river Rhone. At the foot of this glacier, an ice-grotto is hewn into the mass of clear blue ice. To the right is



THE RHONE GLACIER.

and before we knew what had happened, the bottom of the snow-field was reached. The drawbacks were shoes and garments filled with snow, followed the next day by frosted toes,—in August, too.

seen the Furca road, ascending the mountain in long zig-zags.

The Grand Mulets is 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is the point reached by travelers on



GRAND MULETS, MONT BLANC.

the first day's ascent of Mont Blanc. During the second day, they reach the summit and return to Grand Mulets, and on the third they descend to Chamounix. It was in the vale of Chamounix that the English poet, Coleridge, wrote his beautiful "Hymn before Sunrise," containing these lines about the glaciers:

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped, at once, amid their maddest plunge.
 Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God!—Let the torrents, like a shout of nations
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!"

Mont Blanc, you know, is the highest mountain of Europe, and on its side, in an icy desert 9143 feet above the sea, is to be found a little oasis of grass and flowers celebrated all over the world as the "Jardin." A more strangely placed "garden" is not to be found anywhere; it is the delight of travelers, and there are to be seen, in many Ameri-

can homes, carefully pressed flowers from this lofty garden, preserved as souvenirs of a visit there. During certain states of the atmosphere, in passing over the upper portions of a glacier, gleams of beautiful blue light issue from every hole made by the feet or staff in the snow. At that elevation, the snow as it falls is presented to the naked eye as showers of white, frozen flowers, all of them six-leaved, but of many different arrangements. When, from a high peak, the wind catches up this new-fallen snow in light clouds, and spreads it out like the graceful tail of a comet, the Swiss say the peak is smoking a pipe.

The glaciers assume many other strange appearances, sometimes looking like a pure water-fall, as in the case of the Palii glacier, which is claimed by many to be the most beautiful of all. Sometimes they look in the distance like fleecy clouds resting in the hollows, and sometimes, at sunset, like gorgeous plains of many-colored crystal. The singular effect called "red snow," to be found among the glaciers, is really a curious plant, springing up in such abundance as to redden large patches, just as small plants make green the surfaces of our ponds in summer.

A NONSENSE RHYME.

BY J. W. RILEY.

RINGLETY JING!
 And what will we sing?
 Some little crinkety-crankety thing,
 That rhymes and chimes
 And skips, sometimes,
 As though wound up with a kink in the spring.

Grunkety-krung!
 And chunkety-plung!
 Sing the song that the bull-frog sung,—
 A song of the soul
 Of a mad tadpole,
 That met his fate in a leaky bowl;
 And it 's O for the first false wiggle he made
 In a sea of pale pink lemonade!
 And it 's O for the thirst
 Within him pent,
 And the hopes that burst
 As his reason went,
 When his strong arm failed and his strength was
 spent.

Sing, O sing!
 Of the things that cling,
 And the claws that clutch, and the fangs that
 sting—
 Till the tadpole's tongue
 And his tail unflung
 Quavered and failed with a song unsung!
 —Oh! the dank despair in the rank morass,
 Where the cray-fish crouch in the cringing grass,

And the long limp rune of the loon wails on
 For the mad, sad soul
 Of a bad tadpole
 Forever lost and gone!

Jinglety-Jee!
 And now we 'll see
 What the last of the lay shall be,
 As the dismal tip of the tune, O friends,
 Swoons away where the long tail ends.
 And its O and alack!
 For the tangled legs
 And the spangled back
 Of the green grigg's eggs,
 And the unstrung strain
 Of the strange refrain
 That the winds wind up like a strand of rain.
 And it 's O,
 Also,
 For the ears wreathed low,
 Like a laurel-wreath on the lifted brow,
 Of the frog that chants of the why and how,
 And the wherefore, too, and the thus and so
 Of the wail he weaves in a woof of woe.
 Twangle, then, with your wrangling strings
 The tinkling links of a thousand things!
 And clang the pang of a maddening moan
 Till the echo, hid in a land unknown,
 Shall leap as he hears, and hoot and hoo,
 Like the wretched wraith of a Whoopy Doo.

THE MAGICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a great castle which belonged to a magician. It stood upon a high hill, with a wide court-yard in front of it, and the fame of its owner spread over the whole land. He was a very wise and skillful magician, as well as a kind and honest man, and people of all degrees came to him, to help them out of their troubles.

But he gradually grew very old, and at last he died. His only descendant was a daughter, thirteen years old, named Filamina, and everybody

wondered what would happen, now that the great magician was dead.

But one day, Filamina came out on the broad front steps of the castle, and made a little speech to all the giants, and afrits, and fairies, and genii, and dwarfs, and gnomes, and elves, and pigmies, and other creatures of that kind, who had always been in the service of the old magician, to do his bidding when some wonderful thing was to be accomplished.

"Now that my poor father is dead," said she, "I think it is my duty to carry on the business. So you will all do what I tell you to do, just as you used to obey my father. If any persons come who want anything done, I will attend to them."

The giants and fairies, and all the others, were very glad to hear Filamina say this, for they all liked her, and they were tired of being idle.

Then an afrit arose from the sunny stone on which he had been lying, and said that there were six people outside of the gate, who had come to see if there was a successor to the magician, who could help them out of their trouble.

"You can bring them into the Dim-lit Vault," said Filamina, "but, first, I will go in and get ready for them."

The Dim-lit Vault was a vast apartment, with a vaulted ceiling, where the old magician used to see the people who came to him. All around the walls or shelves, and on stands and tables, in various parts of the room, were the strange and wonderful instruments of magic that he used.

There was a great table in the room, covered with parchments and old volumes of magic lore. At one end of the table was the magician's chair, and in this Filamina seated herself, first piling several cushions on the seat, to make herself high enough.

"Now, then," said she, to the afrit in attendance, "everything seems ready, but you must light something to make a mystic smell. That iron lamp at the other end of the room will do. Do you know what to pour into it?"

The afrit did not know, but he thought he could find something, so he examined the bottles on the shelves, and taking down one of them, he poured some of its contents into the lamp and lighted it. In an instant there was an explosion, and a piece of the heavy lamp just grazed the afrit's head.

"Don't try that again," said Filamina. "You will be hurt. Let a ghost come in. He can't be injured."

So a ghost came in, and he got another iron lamp, and tried the stuff from another bottle. This blew up, the same as the other, and several pieces of the lamp went right through the ghost's body, but of course it made no difference to him. He tried again, and this time he found something which smelt extremely mystical.

"Now call them in," said Filamina, and the six persons who were in trouble entered the room. Filamina took a piece of paper and a pencil, and asked them, in turn, what they wished her to do for them. The first was a merchant, in great grief because he had lost a lot of rubies, and he wanted to know where to find them.

"How many of them were there?" asked Filamina of the unlucky merchant.

"Two quarts," said the merchant. "I measured them a few days ago. Each one of them was as large as a cherry."

"A big cherry?" asked Filamina.

"Yes," said the merchant. "The biggest kind of a cherry."

"Well," said Filamina, putting all this down on her paper, "you can come again in a week, and I will see what I can do for you."

The next was a beautiful damsel who had lost her lover.

"What kind of a person is he?" asked Filamina.

"Oh," said the beautiful damsel, "he is handsomer than tongue can tell. Tall, magnificent, and splendid in every way. He is more graceful than a deer, and stronger than a lion. His hair is like flowing silk, and his eyes like the noon-day sky."

"Well, don't cry any more," said Filamina. "I think we shall soon find him. There can't be many of that kind. Come again in a week, if you please."

The next person was a covetous king, who was very anxious to possess the kingdom next to his own.

"The only difficulty is this," he said, his greedy eyes twinkling as he spoke, "there is an old king on the throne, and there is a very young heir—a mere baby. If they were both dead, I would be the next of kin, and would have the kingdom. I don't want to have them killed instantly. I want something that will make them sicker, and sicker, and sicker, till they die."

"Then you would like something suitable for a very old man, and something for a very young child?" said Filamina.

"That is exactly it," replied the covetous king.

"Very well," said Filamina; "come again in a week, and I will see what I can do for you."

The covetous king did not want to wait so long, but there was no help for it, and he went away.

Next came forward a young man, who wanted to find out how to make gold out of old iron bars and horseshoes. He had tried many different plans, but could not succeed. After him came a general, who could never defeat the great armies which belonged to the neighboring nations. He wanted to get something which would insure victory to his army. Both of these were told to come again in a week, when their cases would be attended to.

The last person was an old woman, who wanted to know a good way to make root-beer. She had sold root-beer for a long time, but it was not very good, and it made people feel badly, so that her custom was falling off. It was really necessary, she said, for her to have a good business, in order that she might support her sons and daughters, and send her grandchildren to school.

"Poor woman!" said Filamina. "I will do my best for you. Do you live far away?"

"Oh, yes," said the old woman, "a weary way."

"Well, then, I will have you taken home, and I will send for you in a week."

Thereupon, calling two tall giants, she told them to carry the old woman home in a sedan-chair, which they bore between them.

When the visitors had all gone, Filamina called in her servants and read to them the list she had made.

"As for this merchant," she said, "some of you gnomes ought to find his rubies. You are used to precious stones. Take a big cherry with you, and try to find two quarts of rubies of that size. A dozen fairies can go and look for the handsome lover of the beautiful damsel. You'll be sure to know him if you see him. A genie can examine the general's army and see what 's the matter with it. Four or five dwarfs, used to working with metals, can take some horseshoes and try to make gold ones of them. Do any of you know of a good disease for an old person, and a good disease for a baby?"

An elf suggested rheumatism for the old person, and Filamina herself thought of colic for the baby.

"Go and mix me," she said to an afrit, "some rheumatism and some colic in a bottle. I am going to make that greedy king take it himself. As for the root-beer," she continued, "those of

Thereupon, Filamina went up to her own room to take a nap, while quite a number of fairies, giants, dwarfs and others went to work to try and make good root-beer. They made experiments with nearly all the decoctions and chemicals they found on the shelves, or stored away in corners, and they boiled, and soaked, and mixed, and stirred, until far into the night.

It was a moonlight night, and one of the gnomes went from the Dim-lit Vault, where his companions were working away, into the court-yard, and there he met the ghost, who was gliding around by himself.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the gnome, "I don't want to be here to-morrow morning, when that stuff is to be tasted. They're making a lot of dreadful messes in there. I'm going to run away, till it's all over."

"It does n't make any difference to me," said the ghost, "for I would n't be asked to drink anything; but, if you're going to run away, I don't mind going with you. I have n't got anything to do." So off the two started together, out of the great gate.

"Hold up!" soon cried the gnome, who was running as fast as his little legs would carry him. "Can't you glide slower? I can't keep up with you."

"You ought to learn to glide," said the ghost, languidly. "It's ever so much easier than walking."



THE SIX APPLICANTS WHO WISHED TO BE HELPED OUT OF TROUBLE.

you who think you can do it, can take any of the stuff you find on the shelves here, and try to make good root-beer out of it. To-morrow, we will see if any of you have made beer that is really good. I will give a handsome reward to the one who first finds out how it ought to be made."

"When I'm all turned into faded smoke," said the gnome, a little crossly, "I'll try it; but I can't possibly do it now."

So the ghost glided more slowly, and the two soon came to the cottage of a wizard and a witch, who lived near the foot of the hill, where they

sometimes got odd jobs from the people who were going up to the magician's castle. As the wizard and his wife were still up, the gnome and his companion went in to see them and have a chat.

"How are you getting on?" said the ghost, as they all sat around the fire. "Have you done much incanting lately?"

"Not much," said the wizard. "We thought we would get a good deal of business when the old man died; but the folks seem to go up to the castle the same as ever."

"Yes," said the gnome, "and there 's rare work going on up there now. They 're trying to make root-beer for an old woman, and you never saw such a lot of poisonous trash as they stewed up."

"They can't make root-beer!" sharply cried the witch. "They don't know anything about it. There is only one person who has that secret, and that one is myself."

"Oh, tell it to me!" exclaimed the gnome, jumping from his chair. "There 's to be a reward for the person who can do it right, and —"

"Reward!" cried the witch. "Then I 'm likely to tell it to you, indeed! When you 're all done trying, I 'm going to get that reward myself."

"Then I suppose we might as well bid you good-night," said the gnome, and he and the ghost took their departure.

"I 'll tell you what it is," said the latter, wisely shaking his head, "those people will never prosper; they 're too stingy."

"True," said the gnome, and just at that moment they met a pigwidgeon, who had been sent from the castle a day or two before on a long errand. He, of course, wanted to know where the gnome and the ghost were going; but when he heard their story, he said nothing, but kept on his way.

When he reached the castle, he found that all the beer had been made, and that the busy workers had just brought out the various pots and jars into the court-yard to cool. The pigwidgeon took a sniff or two at the strange stuff in some of the jars, and then he told about the gnome and the ghost running away. When he mentioned the reason of their sudden departure, the whole assemblage stood and looked at each other in dismay.

"I never thought of that," said a tall giant; "but it 's just what will happen. We shall have

to taste those mixtures, and I should n't wonder a bit if half of them turned out to be poison. I 'm going!" And so saying, he clapped on his hat,



THE GNOME VISITS THE WITCH AND WIZARD.

and made one step right over the court-yard wall. In an instant, every giant, genie, dwarf, fairy, gnome, afrit, elf, and the rest of them, followed him out of the gate or over the wall, and, swarming down the hill, they disappeared toward all quarters of the compass.

All but one young hobgoblin. He had a faithful heart, and he would not desert his mistress. He stayed behind, and in the morning, when she came down, he told her what had happened.

"And they have all deserted me," she said, sadly, "but you."

The hobgoblin bowed his head. His head was a great deal too large, and his legs and arms were dangly, but he had an honest face.

"Perhaps they were wise," she said, looking into the pots and jars. "It might have killed them. But they were cowards to run away, instead of telling me about it; and I shall make you Ruler of the Household, because you are the only faithful one."

The hobgoblin was overwhelmed with gratitude, and could scarcely say a word.

"But I can never get along without any of them," said Filamina. "We must go and look for them; some may not be far away. We will lock the gate and take the key. May I call you Hob?"

The hobgoblin said she certainly might, if she 'd like it.

"Well, then, Hob," said she, "you must go and get a chair, for we can't reach the big lock from the ground."

So Hob ran and got a chair, and brought it outside. They pulled the gate shut, and, standing on

the chair, and both using all their force, they turned the big key, which the hobgoblin then took out, and carried, as they both walked away.

"You ought to be careful of the key," said Filamina, "for, if you lose it, we shall not be able to get back. Have n't you a pocket?"

"Not one big enough," said the hobgoblin; "but you might slip it down my back. It would be safe there."

So Filamina took the key and slipped it down his back. It was so big that it reached along the whole of his spine, and it was very cold; but he said never a word.

They soon came to the cottage of the wizard, and there they stopped, to ask if anything had been seen of the runaways. The witch and the wizard received them very politely, and said that they had seen a gnome and a ghost, but no others. Then Filamina told how her whole household, with the exception of the faithful hobgoblin, had gone off and deserted her; and, when she had finished her story, the witch had become very much excited. Drawing her husband to one side, she said to him:

"Engage our visitors in conversation for a time. I will be back directly."

So saying, she went into a little back-room, jumped out of the window, and ran as fast as she could go to the castle.

"Just to think of it!" she said to herself, as she hurried along. "That whole castle empty! Not a creature in it! Such a chance will never happen again! I can rummage among all the wonderful treasures of the old magician. I shall learn more than I ever knew in my life!"

In the meantime, the wizard, who was a very kindly person, talked to Filamina and the hobgoblin about the wonders of Nature, and told them of his travels in various parts of the earth, all of which interested Filamina very much; and, as the hobgoblin was ever faithful to his mistress, he became just as much interested as he could be.

When the witch reached the castle, she was surprised to find the great gate locked. She had never thought of that. "I did n't see either of them have the key," she said to herself, "and it is too big to put in anybody's pocket. Perhaps they've hidden it under the step."

So she got down on her knees, and groped about under the great stone before the gate. But she found no key. Then she saw the chair which had been left by the gate.

"Oho!" she cried. "That's it! They put the key on the ledge over the gate, and had the chair to stand on!"

She then quickly set the chair before the gate and stood up on it. But she could not yet reach the ledge, so she got up on the back. She could

now barely put her hands over the ledge, and while she was feeling for the key, the chair toppled and fell over, leaving her hanging by her hands. She was afraid to drop, for she thought she would hurt herself, and so she hung, kicking and calling for help.

Just then, there came up a hippogriff, who had become penitent, and determined to return to his duty. He was amazed to see the witch hanging in front of the gate, and ran up to her.

"Aha!" he cried. "Trying to climb into our castle, are you? You're a pretty one!"

"Oh, Mr. Hippogriff," said the witch, "I can explain it all to you, if I can only get down. Please put that chair under me. I'll do anything for you, if you will."

The hippogriff reflected. What could she do for him? Then he thought that perhaps she knew how to make good root-beer. So he said he would help her down if she would tell him how to make root-beer.

"Never!" she cried. "I am going to get the reward for that myself. Anything but that!"

"Nothing but that will suit me," said the hippogriff, "and if you don't choose to tell me, I'll leave you hanging there until the giants and the afrits come back, and then you will see what you will get."

This frightened the witch very much, and in a few moments she told the hippogriff that, if he would stretch up his long neck, she would whisper the secret in his ear. So he stretched up his neck, and she told him the secret.

As soon as he had heard it, he put the chair under her, and she got down, and ran home as fast as she could go.

She reached the cottage none too soon, for the wizard was finding it very hard to keep on engaging his visitors in conversation.

Filamina now rose to go, but the witch asked her to stay a little longer.

"I suppose you know all about your good father's business," said she, "now that you are carrying it on alone."

"No," said Filamina, "I don't understand it very well; but I try to do the best that I can."

"What you ought to do," said the witch, "is to try to find one or two persons who understand the profession of magic, and have been, perhaps, carrying it on, in a small way, themselves. Then they could do all the necessary magical work, and you would be relieved of all trouble and worry."

"That would be very nice," said Filamina, "if I could find such persons."

Just then a splendid idea came into the head of the hobgoblin. Leaning toward his mistress, he whispered, "How would these two do?"

"Good!" said Filamina, and turning to the worthy couple, she said, "Would you be willing to take the situation, and come to the castle to live?"

The witch and the wizard both said that they would be perfectly willing to do so. They would shut up their cottage, and come with her immediately, if that would please her. Filamina thought that would suit exactly, and so the cottage was shut up, and the four walked up to the castle, the witch assuring Filamina that she and her husband would find out where the runaways were, as soon as they could get to work with the magical instruments.

When they reached the gate, and Filamina pulled the key from the hobgoblin's back, the witch opened her eyes very wide.

"If I had known that," she said to herself, "I need not have lost the reward."

All now entered the castle, and the penitent hippogriff, who had been lying in a shadow of the wall, quietly followed them.

The wizard and the witch went immediately into the Dim-lit Vault, and began with great delight to examine the magical instruments. In a short time the wizard came hurrying to call Filamina.

"Here," he said, when he had brought her into the room, "is a myth-summoner. With this, you can bring back all your servants. You see these rows of keys, of so many colors. Some are for fairies, some for giants, some for genii, and there are some

obedience when the magic keys were struck which summoned them.

They collected in the court-yard, and Filamina stood in the door-way and surveyed them.

"Don't you all feel ashamed of yourselves?" she said.

No one answered, but all hung their heads. Some of the giants, great awkward fellows, blushed a little, and even the ghost seemed ill at ease.

"You need n't be afraid of the beer now," she said, "I am going to have it all thrown away; and you need n't have been afraid of it before. If any of you had been taken sick, we would have stopped the tasting. As you all deserted me, except this good hobgoblin, I make him Ruler of the Household, and you are to obey him. Do you understand that?"

All bowed their heads, and she left them to their own reflections.

"The next time they run away," said the faithful Hob, "you can bring them back before they go."

In a day or two, the messengers which Filamina had sent out to look for the lost rubies, and the lost lover, to inquire into the reason why the general lost his battles, and to try and find out how horseshoes could be turned into gold, returned and made their reports. They had not been recalled by the myth-summoner, because their special business, in some magical manner, disconnected them from the machine.

The gnomes who had been sent to look for the rubies, reported that they had searched everywhere, but could not find two quarts of rubies, the size of cherries. They thought the merchant must have made a mistake, and that he should have said currants. The dwarfs, who had endeavored to make gold out of horseshoes, simply stated that they could not do it; they had tried every possible method. The genie who had gone to find out why the general always lost his battles reported that his army was so much smaller and weaker than those of the neighboring countries that it was impossible for him to make a good fight; and the fairies who had searched for the lost lover said that there were very few persons, indeed, who answered to the description given by the beautiful damsel, and these were all married and settled.

Filamina, with the witch and the wizard, carefully considered these reports, and determined upon the answers to be given to the applicants when they returned.

The next day, there rode into the court-yard of the castle a high-born boy. He was somewhat startled by the strange creatures he saw around him, but he was a brave fellow, and kept steadily on until he reached the castle door, where he dismounted and entered. He was very much disap-



THE WITCH SEARCHES FOR THE KEY.

for each kind of creature. Strike them, and you will see what will happen."

Filamina immediately sat down before the keyboard of this strange machine, and ran her fingers along the rows of keys. In a moment, from all directions, through the air, and over the earth, came giants, fairies, afrits, genii, dwarfs, gnomes, and all the rest of them. They did not care to come, but there was nothing for them but instant

pointed when he heard that the great magician was dead, for he came to consult him on an important matter.

When he saw Filamina, he told her his story. He was the son of a prince, but his father and mother had been dead for some time. Many of the people of the principality to which he was heir urged him to take his seat upon the throne, because they had been so long without a regular ruler; while another large party thought it would be much wiser for him to continue his education until he was grown up, when he would be well prepared to enter upon the duties of his high position. He had been talked to a great deal by the leaders of each of these parties, and, not being able to make up his mind as to what he should do, he had come here for advice.

"Is the country pretty well ruled now?" asked Filamina, after considering the matter a moment.

"Oh, yes," answered the high-born boy; "there

All the principalities in our neighborhood have regular princes, and they want one, too."

"I'll tell you what I would do," said Filamina. "I would just keep on going to school, and being taught things, until I was grown up, and knew everything that a prince ought to know. Then you could just manage your principality in your own way. Look at me! Here am I with a great castle, and a whole lot of strange creatures for servants, and people coming to know things, and I can do hardly anything myself, and have to get a wizard and a witch to come and manage my business for me. I'm sure I would n't get into the same kind of a fix if I were you."

"I don't believe," said the high-born boy, "that I could have had any better advice than that from the very oldest magician in the whole world. I will do just what you have said."

Filamina now took her young visitor around the castle to show him the curious things, and when he heard of the people who were coming the next day, to know what had been done for them, he agreed to stay and see how matters would turn out. Filamina's accounts had made him very much interested in the various cases.

At the appointed time, all the persons who had applied for magical assistance and information assembled in the Dim-lit Vault. Filamina sat at the end of the table, the high-born boy had a seat at her right, while the witch and the wizard were at her left. The applicants stood at the other end of the table, while the giants, afrits, and the rest of the strange household grouped themselves around the room.

"Some of these cases," said Filamina, "I have settled myself, and the others I have handed over to these wise persons, who are a wizard and a witch. They can attend to their patients first."

The high-born boy thought that she ought to have said "clients," or "patrons," but he was too polite to speak of it.

The wizard now addressed the merchant who had lost the rubies.

"How do you know that you lost two quarts of rubies?" said he.

"I know it," replied the merchant, "because I measured them in two quart pots."

"Did you ever use those pots for anything else?" asked the wizard.

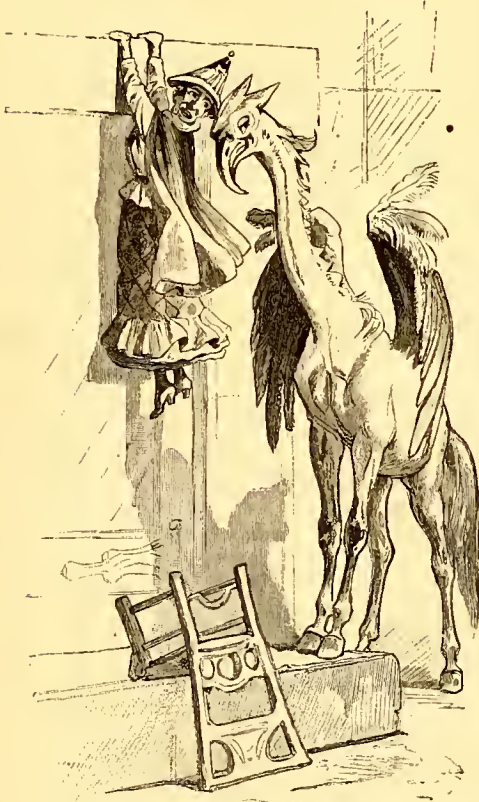
"Yes," said the merchant; "I afterward measured six quarts of sapphires with them."

"Where did you put your sapphires when you had measured them?"

"I poured them into a peck jar," said the merchant.

"Did they fill it?" asked the wizard.

"Yes; I remember thinking that I might as



THE HIPPOGRIFF GAINS THE SECRET.

are persons, appointed by my father, who govern everything all right. It's only the name of the thing that makes some of the people discontented.



THE TWO GIANTS BRING IN THE SEDAN-CHAIR.

well tie a cloth over the top of the jar, for it would hold no more."

"Well, then," said the wizard, "as six quarts of sapphires will not fill a peck jar, I think you will find your rubies at the bottom of the jar, where you probably poured them when you wished to use the quart pots for the sapphires."

"I should n't wonder," said the merchant. "I'll go right home and see."

He went home, and sure enough, under the six quarts of sapphires, he found his rubies.

"As for you," said the wizard to the general who always lost his battles, "your case is very

simple: your army is too weak. What you want is about twelve giants, and this good young lady says she is willing to furnish them. Twelve giants, well armed with iron clubs, tremendous swords and long spears, with which they could reach over moats and walls, and poke the enemy, would make your army almost irresistible."

"Oh, yes," said the general, looking very much troubled, "that is all true; but think how much it would cost to keep a dozen enormous giants! They would eat more than all the rest of the army. My king is poor; he is not able to support twelve giants."

"In that case," said the wizard, "war is a luxury which he cannot afford. If he cannot provide the means to do his fighting in the proper way, he ought to give it up, and you and he should employ your army in some other way. Set the soldiers at some profitable work, and then the kingdom will not be so poor."

The general could not help thinking that this was very good advice, and when he went home and told his story, his king agreed with him. The kingdom lay between two seas, and the soldiers

he declared. "The best metal-workers here have failed in the undertaking, and I myself have tried, for many years, to turn old iron into gold, but never could do it. Indeed, it is one of the things which magicians cannot do. Are you so poor that you are much in need of gold?"

"Oh, no," said the young man. "I am not poor at all. But I would like very much to be able to make gold whenever I please."

"The best thing you can do," said the wizard, "if you really wish to work in metals, is to make



ADIEU TO FILAMINA AND THE HIGH-BORN BOY.

were set to work to cut a canal right through the middle of the country, from one sea to the other.

Then the ships belonging to the neighboring kingdoms were allowed to sail through this canal, and charged a heavy toll. In this way the kingdom became very prosperous, and everybody agreed that it was a great deal better than carrying on wars and always being beaten.

The wizard next spoke to the young man who wanted to know how to make gold out of horseshoes.

"I think you will have to give up your idea,"

horseshoes out of gold. This will be easier than the other plan, and will not worry your mind so much."

The young man stood aside. He did not say anything, but he looked very much disappointed.

This ended the wizard's cases, and Filamina now began to do her part. She first called up the greedy king who wanted the adjoining kingdom.

"Here is a bottle," she said, "which contains a very bad disease for an old person and a very bad one for a child. Whenever you feel that you would like the old king and the young heir, who

stand between you and the kingdom you want, to be sick, take a good drink from the bottle."

The greedy king snatched the bottle, and, as soon as he reached home, he took a good drink, and he had the rheumatism and the colic so bad that he never again wished to make anybody sick.

"As for you," said Filamina to the beautiful damsel who had lost her lover, "my fairy messengers have not been able to find any person, such as you describe, who is not married and settled. So your lover must have married some one else. And, as you cannot get him, I think the best thing you can do is to marry this young man, who wanted to make horseshoes into gold. Of course, neither of you will get exactly what you came for, but it will be better than going away without anything."

The beautiful damsel and the young man stepped aside and talked the matter over, and they soon agreed to Filamina's plan, and went away quite happy.

"I am dreadfully sorry," said Filamina to the old woman who wanted to know how to make good root-beer, and who sat in the sedan-chair which had been sent for her, "but we have tried our very best to find out how to make good root-beer, and the stuff we brewed was awful. I have asked this learned witch about it, and she says she does not now possess the secret. I have also offered a reward to any one who can tell me how to do it, but no one seems to want to try for it."

At this moment, the penitent hippogriff came forward from a dark corner where he had been sitting, and said: "I know what you must use to make good root-beer."

"What is it?" asked Filamina.

"Roots," said the hippogriff.

"That's perfectly correct," said the witch. "If a person will use roots, instead of all sorts of drugs and strange decoctions, they will make root-beer that is really good."

A great joy crept over the face of the old woman, and again and again she thanked Filamina for this great secret.

The two giants raised her in her sedan-chair, and bore her away to her home, where she immediately set to work to brew root-beer from roots. Her beer soon became so popular that she was enabled to support her sons and daughters in luxury, and to give each of her grandchildren an excellent education.

When all the business was finished, and the penitent hippogriff had been given his reward, Filamina said to the high-born boy:

"Now it is all over, and everybody has had something done for him or for her."

"No," said the other, "I do not think so. Nothing has been done for you. You ought not to be left here alone with all these creatures. You may be used to them, but I think they're horrible. You gave me some advice which was very good, and now I am going to give you some, which perhaps you may like. I think you ought to allow this wizard and this witch, who seem like very honest people, to stay here and carry on this business. Then you could leave this place, and go to school, and learn all the things that girls know who don't live in old magical castles. After a while, when you are grown up, and I am grown up, we could be married, and we could both rule over my principality. What do you think of that plan?"

"I think it would be very nice," said Filamina, "and I really believe I will do it."

It was exactly what she did do. The next morning, her white horse was brought from the castle stables, and side by side, and amid the cheers and farewells of the giants, the dwarfs, the gnomes, the fairies, the afrits, the genii, the pigwidgeons, the witch, the wizard, the ghosts, the penitent hippogriff, and the faithful hobgoblin, Filamina and the high-born boy rode away to school.

THISTLE-DOWN.

BY HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

A FAIRY bit of thistle-down
Lodged in the middle of a town.
A few years sped; in each bare space
A thistle had found growing place.
A million stubborn, bristling things
From one small seed with filmy wings!

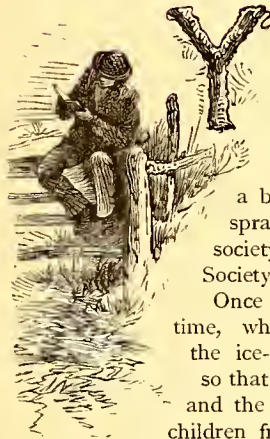
A maiden, idling with a friend,
Uttered a jest,—nor dreamed the end;
And when ill-rumors filled the air,
Wondered, all simply, who could bear
To give such pain? Nor dreamed her jest
Had been the text for all the rest.



PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

BY HARLAN H. BALLARD.



YOU must know that, across the ocean and over the Alps, the boys and girls of Switzerland have a bright idea. They have formed a society, and they have a badge. The badge is a spray of evergreen, and the society is a Natural History Society.

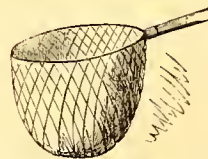
Once a year, in the spring time, when the sun has lifted the ice-curtain from the lakes, so that the fishes can look out, and the flowers can look in, the children from far and near come together for a meeting and a holiday. They are the boys and girls for a tramp. Their sturdy legs and long staves, their strong bodies and short dresses, their gay stockings and stout shoes prove that beyond a question.

The long, golden hair of the girls, tightly braided and firmly knotted with ribbons, keeps out of their eyes, and flashes brightly behind them as they go clambering over rocks, leaping across rivulets, scrambling along glaciers, and climbing steep hill-sides in their search for specimens. When the village school-master, who usually leads these expeditions, blows his horn, back come the children like echoes, with baskets, and pockets, and boxes, and

bags full of the treasures of the woods. Then they eat their dinner just as we would take a picnic, and, after that, spread out their trophies and decide who has found the most and who the rarest. They get the school-master to name their treasures if he can, and if he can't, they laugh in mischievous triumph, and perhaps enjoy that quite as well.

The meeting ended, the children go home and arrange their mosses, and ferns, and flowers, and pebbles, and beetles, and butterflies in cabinets, and say to their mammas some odd-sounding words which mean in English that they have had a perfectly splendid time. Well, it *is* pretty fine, is n't it? The fresh air, you know, and the extra holiday, the sunshine and the picnic, the beetles and the girls, perhaps some fish in the brook, and a teacher to keep you straight and tell you Latin names for everything you find. No wonder they enjoy it. Would n't you enjoy it yourself?

Now, the point is just here: when you come to think of it, we have all those things in this country, if we could only get them together in the right proportions. We 've holidays enough: there are Saturdays. We 've school-masters as plenty as school-houses. This is the same sun that shines on Switzerland, as anybody can tell you, and it does not have to cross the sea to find golden hair to



kindle, either; so why can't we have a similar Natural History Society over here in America?

The fact is, we have a little one already, up here in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. It is small, but it is growing. There are branches of it in several towns up and down the county—a few in New York State, and one or two as far away as Pennsylvania. And we like it so much, and get so much fun out of it, that we wish it to grow larger. In short, we would like to have all you boys and girls join us.



Many of you will not need to be told why we call our society "The Agassiz Association," for there are few among the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS who have not read, or been told, something about the life of that famous man, so universally beloved and honored, Professor Louis Agassiz,—how, in 1846, already a great naturalist, he left his native Switzerland, and making America his home, became Professor at Harvard College, and built up the greatest school of Natural History in the country. Though one of the most learned of writers, there are parts of his books that would interest young people, and make them understand the delight their elders felt, who for many years thronged to hear his lectures on his favorite science. Though he was born in Switzerland, and of French parentage, our country proudly claims him as her greatest naturalist, for he adopted America as his home, and much of his best work was accomplished here. So our society is well named. Even if Louis Agassiz had not been born in Switzerland, where children's scientific societies began, what name could carry with it greater inspiration, or awaken keener enthusiasm for the study of nature?



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

ART. 2. It shall be the object of this Association to collect, study, and preserve natural objects and facts.

ART. 3. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall perform the customary duties of such officers.

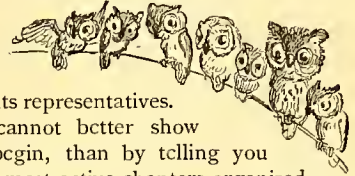
ART. 4. New Chapters may be added with the

consent of the Association, provided that no such Chapter shall consist of less than six members.

Chapters shall be named from the towns in which they exist, and if there be more than one Chapter in a town, they shall be further distinguished by the letters of the alphabet.*

ART. 5. Each Chapter may choose its own officers and make its own by-laws.

ART. 6. This Constitution may be amended in any particular, by a three-fourths vote of the Association or its representatives.



Perhaps I cannot better show you how to begin, than by telling you how one of our most active chapters organized.

The President of the Smyrna (New York) Chapter has the floor: "One night a few scholars remained after school, and proceeded to form a Chapter. After choosing a chairman and secretary, a committee was appointed to draft by-laws, and report at the next meeting. At the second meeting the report of this committee was adopted, permanent officers were elected, and the organization completed by signing the constitution and paying the initiation fee. One of our by-laws fixed this fee at ten cents, another stated the number of officers and the duration of office, and various others defined the duties of members, the order of exercises, and the times of meeting. After that, we met once in two weeks, went through a regular order of business, and adjourned in due form."

Now, if you look at Article 5 of the Constitution, you will see that each Chapter is to regulate all such matters as it pleases. For example, the fee of admission may be made higher, or lower, or omitted altogether. The more usual sum is twenty-five cents. Our Lenox Chapter meets every Friday, after school. We try to follow the first part of Article 2, by collecting as many specimens as we can find.

Each one, too, has a special subject to work up. One makes a collection of original drawings of snow crystals. Another prefers butterflies and moths. One bright-eyed maiden picks and presses flowers, and an herbarium is growing under her patient fingers.

We meet the requirements of the last part of



* As an illustration of the last clause of Article 4: If there should be four Chapters in Sheffield, they would be named "Agassiz Association—Sheffield A." "Sheffield B." "Sheffield C." "Sheffield D," etc.

Article 2 by keeping a record of whatever new or curious facts with regard to natural history we can find by our own observation, or learn from any reliable source. Then, too, we have special topics assigned us from time to time, which we have to study up. Not so easy, either, all of them. Suppose you try yourself a few of the more simple ones. Here they are:

1. How many legs have spiders and flies? 2. How many wings have flies and bees? 3. Is a beetle a bug; if not, what is the difference? 4. What is the difference between a bat and a bird? 5. Find the largest elm tree in town. 6. How can you tell the age of a tree? 7. Could animals live without plants, or plants without minerals? 8. How cold must it be before salt water will freeze? 9. How

hot must water be before it will boil? Try with a thermometer. 10. Do bats lay eggs? 11. Name five great naturalists, and give some account of each. 12. What is coal, and where is it found? 13. Tell the difference between a section of chestnut tree and a section of pine. 14. Differences between an oak and maple leaf. 15. Compare an elm leaf and a rose leaf. 16. What are the uses of leaves? 17. How do angleworms dig their holes? 18. How do snakes move? 19. Differences between butterflies and moths. 20. What do

grasshoppers eat? 21. How do crickets sing? 22. How can you tell poison-ivy? 23. What do lizards eat? 24. Differences between the teeth of dogs and cattle; why should they differ? 25. Describe the egg of a crow and of a woodpecker. 26. Why is snow white but ice clear? 27. Does air weigh anything? Prove by experiment. 28. When sap is taken from trees, is it running up or down? What makes it run? 29. Describe a feather. 30. Describe a hair; differences between a human hair and a horse hair. 31. Are sponges animal or vegetable? 32. Compare and contrast tomato and potato vines. 33. If ice is frozen water, why does

it float on the water? and what would happen if it sank to the bottom as it froze?

34. Uses of bark, including tan-bark, cork, poplar, etc. 35. How are icicles formed? 36. What makes the sky blue? 37. How many angles in a spider's web? 38. Can animals count? 39. What are drones in a hive? 40. What are veins and veinlets in a leaf? 41. How do the margins of leaves differ? Show specimens. 42. How many sides and angles have snow-flakes? Are they always the same in number? 43. How does a cat purr?

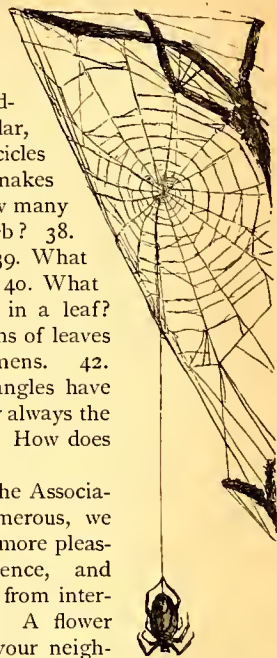
As the branches of the Association become more numerous, we shall derive more and more pleasure from correspondence, and more and more profit from interchange of specimens. A flower which is common in your neighborhood may be rare in this locality.

We have not time now to tell you more of our society; but, if you like the plan and wish to join us, you shall be told the rest. Why should there not be a ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association?* This may be composed of several Chapters, started in as many different neighborhoods, but all composed of readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Let some of you start it. Who will be first?

If you wish to form a Chapter, let half a dozen of you get together and choose a chairman and secretary. Then send a letter to the writer of this article at Lenox Academy, Lenox, Massachusetts, that your names may be enrolled among the members of the ST. NICHOLAS branch. If you

can't get six to work together, get as many as you can. Never mind if you are the only one. You can join the Association at any rate. If you will do this, and are sufficiently interested in the subject, we will then

tell you more in detail how to go to work; what to look for, and when and where to find it; how to make a cheap cabinet; how to press your flowers and ferns, pre-



* See Letter-Box of present number.

serve your insects, prepare your sections of wood so as to show the grain, and how to make and record your several observations.

We will also, when we can, assist you to determine the names of any specimens which may puzzle you, or will at least refer you to good authorities on the subject in question, so that you may study it up for yourselves as far as you wish.

You may not find many wonderful things,—or things that you will recognize as wonderful. But ST. NICHOLAS is a great traveler. If the boys and girls in all the different places, gladdened by his visits, were to tell each other about the com-



mon things in each one's own neighborhood, there would be wonder enough for *one* year, I am sure.

Yet you may find something altogether new. Did n't little Maggie Edward find a new fish for her father? What? Never heard of Thomas Edward—the dear old shoe-maker who used to make "uppers" all day, and then lie all night in a hole in a sand-bank, with his head and gun out, watching for "beasts"? In that case, you would do well to read the book called "The Scotch Naturalist," by Samuel Smiles.



THE OUTCAST.

BY A. M.

JOSTLE him out from the warmth and light—
Only a vagrant feeble and gray;
Let him reel on through the stormy night—
What though his home be miles away?

With a muttered curse on wind and rain
He crept along through the miry lane.

Lonely the pathway, and dark and cold,
Shelter he sought 'neath a ruined wall;
Over his senses a numbness stole,
Round him sleep threw her mystic pall.
Then an angel came with pitying tears
And lifted the veil of by-gone years:

Gayly he sports by a rippling brook;
Soft is the breath of the summer air,
Flowers adorn each mossy nook,
Sunshine and happiness everywhere.
He is *Willie* now, just four years old,
With his rose-bud lips and curls of gold.

Hark to the roll of the war-like drum!
See the brave soldiers go marching by!
Home from the battle young *Will* has come,
Courage and joy in his sparkling eye.

And his pulses thrill with hope and pride,
For he soon will greet his promised bride.

Now in the fireside's flickering glow
Calmly he 's taking his evening rest;
Fondly he kisses his infant's brow,
Sleeping secure on its mother's breast
(And the dreamer stirred and faintly smiled):
He is *William* now with wife and child.

* * * * *
The curtain dropped—the morning broke—
Faint was the flush in the eastern sky;
Moaning and wretched the sleeper woke,
Brushing a tear from his bloodshot eye.
To his squalid home beyond the hill,
With a saddened heart, crept poor old *Bill*.

GLEANING.

BY PERCIVAL DE LUCE.



"GLEANING IN THE WHEAT-FIELDS NEAR PARIS."

HERE is a pretty harvest scene, which would be readily understood by European boys and girls, but which may need a little explanation for young Americans. "Gleaning in the wheat-fields near Paris." So these are little French peasant children. But do you know what gleaning is?

I cannot tell you how beautiful the great yellow wheat-fields look in France, with the bright scarlet poppies and blue corn-flowers along their edges, and the tall grain waving and nodding in the wind. It seems too bad to cut it down, and lose the sight of so much beauty; but it must be done, and then the peasant women and children go into the fields to work with the men. They follow the reapers about, raking the wheat into piles, and tying it in bundles or sheaves; but there are always a good many stalks that fall out, and are left on the ground for the poor people to gather. That is what these little girls are doing,—"gleaning," they call it,—and sometimes there will be a good many children scattered about the field, each trying hard to see who

can get the largest bunch,—for they are very poor, and the more wheat they can gather, the larger the loaf of bread the baker will give them for it.

The harvest season does not last long, and after it is over, many of these peasant children go into the woods with their elders to pick up sticks and twigs for fagots,—that is, small bundles of brush-wood, that are used in France to light the fires with. Sometimes they have to go a long way to get a very few fagots, for the people are so poor, and fire-wood so scarce there, that every tiny twig is saved.

You may think gleaning is pleasant work, but how would you like it, if you had to go every day when it was clear, and sometimes in rainy weather, too, working all day long, and then, perhaps, get a whipping at night, because you did not bring home more wheat or fagots?

It is much easier and pleasanter, however, than some of the things that these poor children have to do; but I cannot tell about them now.

T O M.

BY MARY JEWETT TELFORD.

THE road up Silver Hill was long, steep, and rugged, and Tom decided to take a rest in the miner's cabin at the foot before starting up. Without a rap he tried to lift the latch; but this resisted him. Now, to fasten a latch was an unheard-of liberty for any miner to take with a passer-by, and Tom indignantly marched around to the window.

The scene within nearly took away his breath!

He afterward told his younger brother, confidentially, that "that room took all the shine off the fixings in Killen's grocery window!" The furniture and upholstery were all of home manufacture; but Tom had never seen a tasteful home, had never seen anything much better than the rough, dirty cabins his family camped in occasionally, when they left the old covered wagon long enough for the father to try his luck here and there, wherever the gold-fever led him to imagine the new hole in the ground a profitable mine.

This was so different. Easy-chairs, carpets, pictures, vases of wild flowers, stands covered with books, and a lady, with her hair dressed like a queen's, setting white dishes—not tin either—on a snow-white table-cloth! While he gazed, a witch of a girl popped out of a corner, and opening the door, said, "Mrs. Griswold says do you want to come in, sir?"

It was a dazed boy who stalked in, returned the lady's salutation with a grunt, ignored the invitation to take off his hat, and stared about the room.

"Myra, set a chair for the young man. Are you living about Silver Hill?"

"Yes."

"You have not been here long?"

"Squatted yisterday."

"Ah! Where?" said Mrs. Griswold, who had been among the hills long enough to understand the rough dialect of the miners

"Up to Cotton-tail mine."

"Then we shall have some young people in the neighborhood. I am glad of that. Myra is the only young friend I have in the mountains. She and I study together a while every morning. Have you ever been at school?"

"No."

"Should n't you like to go?"

"Wall—yas"—doubtfully. "Dad 'lows to send me when he makes his pile."

The boy's eyes were taking in all the details of the simple room.

"Will you tell me your name?" said the lady.

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"I 'm Tom—Tom Owens."

"Well, Tom, I am Mrs. Griswold, and glad to be acquainted with you."

Some folks might have said this so that Tom would fairly have hated them. Trust a boy reared as he had been to sift out every tone of insincerity. He did not question why she should be glad; he knew it was so, because she said so.

"Myra, you may gather up your books; Mr. Griswold will be down to dinner soon. We are miners, too, Tom. Do you mean to be a miner when you are grown?"

"Dad 'lows to make a President out o' me," he answered, soberly.

"A President needs to know a great many things," was Mrs. Griswold's quiet response.

Tom opened his eyes. He had a way of doing that which made one feel they were shut when he was uninterested. Myra had gone, and he had a feeling that it would n't be at all the thing to "hang 'round" while the family were at dinner; so he hurried out, followed by a pleasant "Good-day."

"I 'm a fool!" he said aloud to himself, as he sallied up the hill. "I always knowed I did n't know nothin'."

Some weeks later, Tom, with a clean face and radiant with happiness, sat by Mrs. Griswold, looking over a book of engravings. Mrs. Griswold had been giving him daily lessons for some time.

"You have never told me where your father came from," she was saying.

"Oh, mostly all over," laughed Tom. "When he was a boy, he lived in the big woods, in Maine."

"But he was n't brought up in Maine."

"No; they flitted to Pennsylvania, and Father run off and come to the 'Ho, and afterward to Alabama', and everywhere, I reckon. We come over the plains in a prairie schooner. It 's all the home we 've got," ended he, in a half-whisper.

"You 'll not live there always, Tom. How are lessons this week?"

"I 've squared up that little book, but it 's mighty slow business. These pictures are nice, ma'am, but I must light out and get the caows."

At last it had stopped snowing. "The oldest inhabitant"—but Silver Hill itself was hardly more than four years old—had never seen so many days of steady snow-fall.

"I can't find anything of the ca—the cows,

Father," Tom exclaimed, flourishing his empty milk "bucket" over Samantha's uncombed head. "I 'lowed—I mean I thought—they would have found their way back to the corral by this time."

Half an hour later, he was on his way to Cedar Scratch, stepping fearlessly over the deep drifts with his long Norwegian snow-shoes, in rabbit-fur cap and muffler, and gray wolf-skin leggins and mittens, sliding down Silver Hill faster than skates could carry him on the finest ice. Mrs. Griswold looked out of the window as his shrill whistle waked the echoes about the cottage, and he had the satisfaction of making her his best bow.

Cedar Scratch was only six miles off, the most sheltered spot about, and the cattle might have taken refuge there in the storm. A huddle of miners' cabins was built in the niches of the Scratch. One of the Cornishmen there had a wife, and a veritable baby, which, outside the Owens's household, was the only baby in the district.

Tom's face beamed as he bent forward to his uphill work. There was a perfect understanding between him and those snow-shoes, which, like sleigh-runners twelve feet long, carried him safely over pathless ravines, now drifted full. The way wound up a long gulch, where daylight came only in a belt from above, past the snow-laden evergreens that cling to its sides. A smaller gulch led into this, toward its head, and Tom stopped and gazed with delight at the bridge which spanned it,—a glorious rainbow, its golden foot set into either bank. The morning mist was just lifting, up the gulch.

"Mrs. Griswold ought to see that!" Tom exclaimed, as he started on. A long hill lay in the way, where he had to pick his footing among jagged rocks on end and stubs of burnt trees jutting through the snow.

Right on, he climbed. Some other boy might have held an indignation meeting against the cows for running off, and against his father for sending him all this lonely way after them. Being only Tom, he did n't grumble a word. Once, the toe of his snow-shoe became tangled in some hidden snags, and he was tossed into a drift; but he picked himself out, with a laugh, and panted on.

Then, suddenly, a low rumble broke on the still, clear air, quickly growing deeper, fuller, terrible in its depth and fullness. Was a thunder-peal tearing apart the sunny winter sky? Was it an earthquake? Tom was no coward, but his heart stood still as he reached the top of the hill and saw a dust of fine snow sailing in clouds away from the tented nook of Cedar Scratch.

A snow slide!* Layer had gathered on layer among the overhanging cliffs, until, at length, the whole mass, a mountain of snow, came down with

a crash, sounding far through the stillness. Tom stood transfixed, chilled with terror. Then the air became clear again. Everything seemed as before. Everything but that little home in the nook, where, ten minutes before, light streamed in on busy Mother and crowing baby Rudolph.

He must hasten to them! Alas! what could he do? His thoughts came fast. The men were probably at work in the mine above, and he turned to take the path that led to it.

What! No path?

He was certain it was just here, around this knob-like rock. Had they then all perished together? Help *must* come.

With new strength and courage, Tom started homeward. He had run snow-shoe races with all the young men of Silver Hill, and his fleetness and skill served well now on the down journey. Baby Rudolph's image floated before him, and he dashed a film away from his eyes as he thought, "What if it had been our Samantha?"

The men said, after it was all over, that Tom must have been in league with the Fates ever to have reached the bottom of that hill alive. Perhaps a better power than the Fates held his feet from falling. It was such a long, steady-steep slope, that there was no holding up after once starting, and all his energies were given to "steering" with the slender pole he carried. Rocks seemed to rise straight from the ground before him, which his long shoes must not touch. On he dashed, all eye, all nerve, all muscle. Some invisible power was hurling rock and tree past him. The world was one whirl. With a long breath of relief, the bottom of the hill was reached and the easy grade down the gulch begun. He was very calm now,—calmed by his own danger; and he saw all the beauties of the uphill trip, but through such different eyes. He wondered that he could ever have been the careless boy who heard the prelude of his song up the gulch before him.

"Tom Owens! Sakes alive! Is the boy crazy?"

Myra's gay-hooded face was in the path.

"Oh, Myra, run back home just as fast as you can, and tell your father and the men that the Cornish are all buried in a snow-slide. It was just now. I heard it; I 'most saw it; and there's no one to help them. Run; do!"

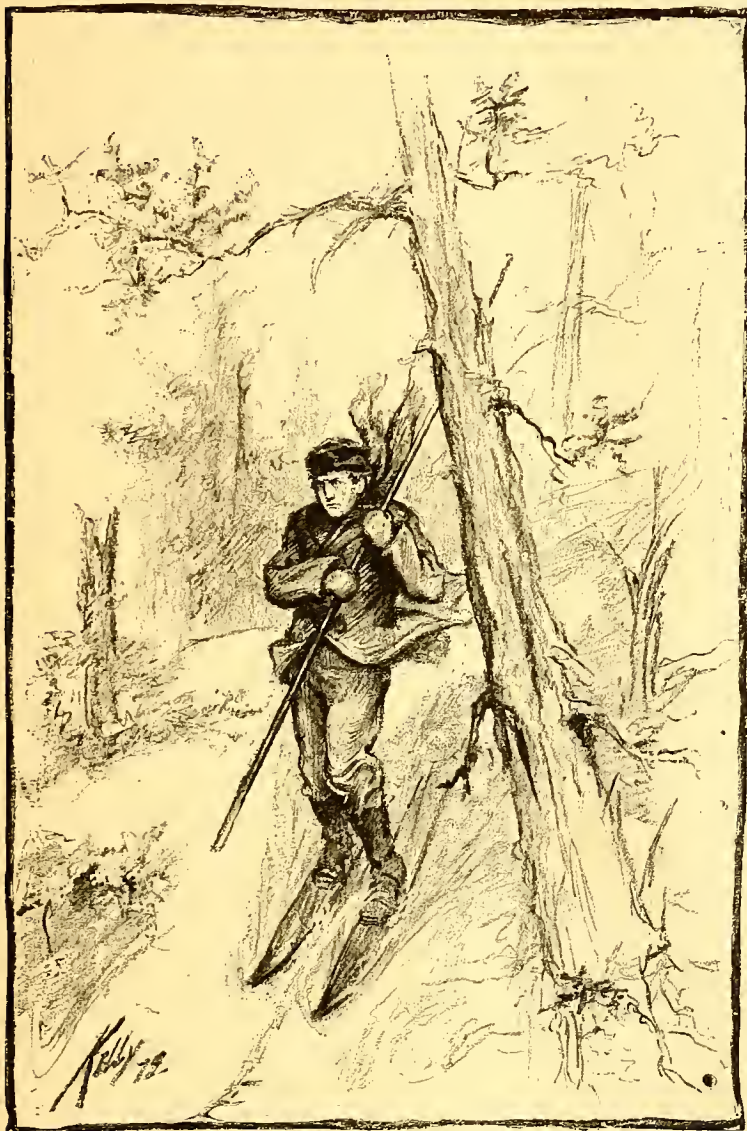
In a few minutes, a band of sturdy men on snow-shoes were organized, under the leadership of Mr. Griswold, and started on Tom's trail. Hands more willing never grasped a shovel, warmer hearts never beat. Hour after hour passed in steady work before they found the earth-roofs, crushed in and every crevice filled with the cruel snow. While all the others had gone upon a long hunt, one half-sick man and the woman and child had exchanged this

* This fatal avalanche occurred near Geneva Gulch, Colorado, in 1877.

life for the one to come, without one moment of suspense, one note of preparation.

"We'll bury them here," said Mr. Griswold,

anvil. Whatever his father had learned in his younger days, or had picked up since, was now furnished for his boy's advantage.



"THERE WAS NO HOLDING UP AFTER ONCE STARTING."

standing on a spot of cleared earth near the cabin-door; and tears coursed down grimy faces as he said over the broad mound a simple prayer.

The weeks rolled on, leaving Tom something by which to remember them. There was no loafing about the stove at Killen's, no listening to the somewhat doubtful stories of the group at Cole's

mortal would n't, in her place? She believes in Tom. You may not know that Mr. Owens's evenings are all spent at home now, 'helping Tom,' as he calls it. A year ago he was one of Killen's likeliest customers. Yes, little wife, you builded better than you knew when you waked up that stupid-looking boy."

And so, on one of Colorado's crisp summer

"It's wonderful how that boy does take to larnin'," he said to his wife; and for once she forgot to forebode evil, and agreed that she should n't be surprised to wake up some morning and find him a preacher, like her brother Bill, fifteen years before in "Injeanny." But Tom did n't expect anything wonderful. He studied because it seemed so good to study. It was as though those first thirteen years of his life had been passed in a dark cave. There had been bats and cobwebs, and a mole or two. Now he had come into the sunlight of a marvelous world. When Mrs. Griswold, in her frequent readings with him, took him among the netted sunbeams of Tennyson's bubbling, babbling "Brook," or seated him by the open fire of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" home, she began to realize something of the lad's capabilities. She said to her husband one day:

"I wish Tom could be left with us when the Owens make their next move. It is shameful for that boy's life to be frittered away."

"I think Tom's place is with his family," Mr. Griswold answered. "What would become of those younger children with a father growing more eccentric, perhaps dissipated, and a mother who would soon outcroak the frogs—as what

mornings, Tom came slowly up to the cabin, to bid Mrs. Griswold good-bye.

But within a few minutes they had arranged particulars for a correspondence, which Mrs. Griswold suggested, to Tom's delight.

"What should I ever have been without you, Mrs. Griswold?" he said, in his earnest way.

"An honest, straight-forward lad, who set his burdens off on no other shoulders," she answered.

"I should have known about as much as Father's near mule. I don't know anything now," he added, quickly, "but oh, how I want to!" A pair of great blue eyes saw untold visions beyond the rough hills on which they rested.

"I had a long talk with your father yesterday about your future. He thinks he will stop near a school, next time. He is both fond and proud of you, Tom, and it wont hurt you a bit to know it."

"I hope, ma'am, I'll deserve it. There they come. I must help past the forks of the road. Good-bye!" He took her hand reverently, then bounded out toward the approaching cavalcade.

Half a dozen bewildered cows led off, their calves frisking beside them. Tom's bare-headed brothers kept them as near the fenceless track as possible. Mr. Owens drove, walking beside the wagon, whose cover was partly thrown back, revealing household goods and Samantha loaded promiscuously. A crate of hens cackled at the end of the wagon, and Mrs. Owens brought up the rear in checked apron and green sun-bonnet. Nodding good-bye to the lady in the cottage-door, she remarked to the quiet man who managed the mules, "I'm mighty sorry for Mis' Griswold—she'll miss our Tom so. She thought a power of our Tom, Mis' Griswold did!"

KITTY'S SHOPPING.—A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.



WHEN Kitty was only four years old, she used to go shopping for her mother.

The grocery was at the corner, not far away, and Kitty's mother would stand in the door-way,

and watch her little girl until she reached the store. The grocery-man liked to have Kitty come, but he was a great tease. If Kitty asked for sugar, he would try to persuade her she wanted starch; and, if she wanted starch, he would insist it must be soap. But little Kitty would shake her head and stand by the "sugar, sugar, sugar, sugar, sugar," which she had been saying to herself ever since she left home, or to the "starch, starch, starch," until, finally, Mr. Jones would give her what she wanted. Then he would stand in his door-way and look after her; for he really liked the little girl.

One morning her mother said, "Now, Kitty, I want you to go to Mr. Jones's and tell him to give you a nice little spring chicken, dressed."

So Kitty tied on her new bonnet and started off, saying to herself, "Sp'ing chicky d'essed, sp'ing chicky d'essed."

"What does my little girl want this morning?" said Mr. Jones, as she came in.

"My mamma say she want sp'ing chicky d'essed."

"Oh, a spring chicken dressed. Well, now, Kitty, is n't this a fine one?"

Here Mr. Jones winked at some big people in the grocery. You have seen big people wink when talking to little children, just as Mr. Jones did, and have thought it very queer manners.

However, little Kitty did n't see Mr. Jones wink; and, when he took down a great turkey and showed her, she only said: "No, no; my mamma want a sp'ing chicky d'essed."

"Now, Kitty, don't you call this a spring chicken? What a fine fellow he is!"

"Oh, but he 's und'essed. My mamma want a sp'ing chicky d'essed."

Then Mr. Jones laughed, and all the other people laughed.

"All right, Kitty, I 'll dress him. See!"

Then Mr. Jones took brown paper, and pinned the turkey up so that only his legs and long neck stuck out.

"Now, have n't I dressed him nicely?"

Kitty looked for a moment, and then tried to lift it; but it was too heavy. Suddenly, a bright thought came into her head. She took up the



turkey's legs, and started again, pulling it after her on the pavement.

Kitty was delighted with her success, for only think, when she became tired of pulling, she sat down on the turkey and rested! And, in this way, she got him home; but poor turkey! he was almost worn-out!

"Mamma," cried Kitty, panting, as she gave the turkey a final pull through the door-way, "there 's your sp'ing chicky, but I lost his d'ess."

Funny Mamma! She sank down on a chair,—



Kitty looked at the turkey doubtfully; but, remembering that sometimes big people know best, she agreed that he was dressed very nicely. Mr. Jones then put the turkey in her arms, and brought her hands together around him, the tips of her fingers scarcely meeting, while the neck was clinched under her chin. It was all Kitty could do to carry it; but she was a plucky little girl, and started bravely up the street.

Of course, the first thing the brown paper did was to tear; then the turkey kept slipping down, down; and the tighter Kitty tried to hold it with her tired little arms, the more it slipped. Finally, it rolled to the pavement and shed all its brown paper.

yes, "sank" is the word,—put her hands up to her face, and shook until the tears rolled down her cheeks. Was she really crying, or laughing, or what? Kitty did n't know.



BUGABOO BILL, THE GIANT.

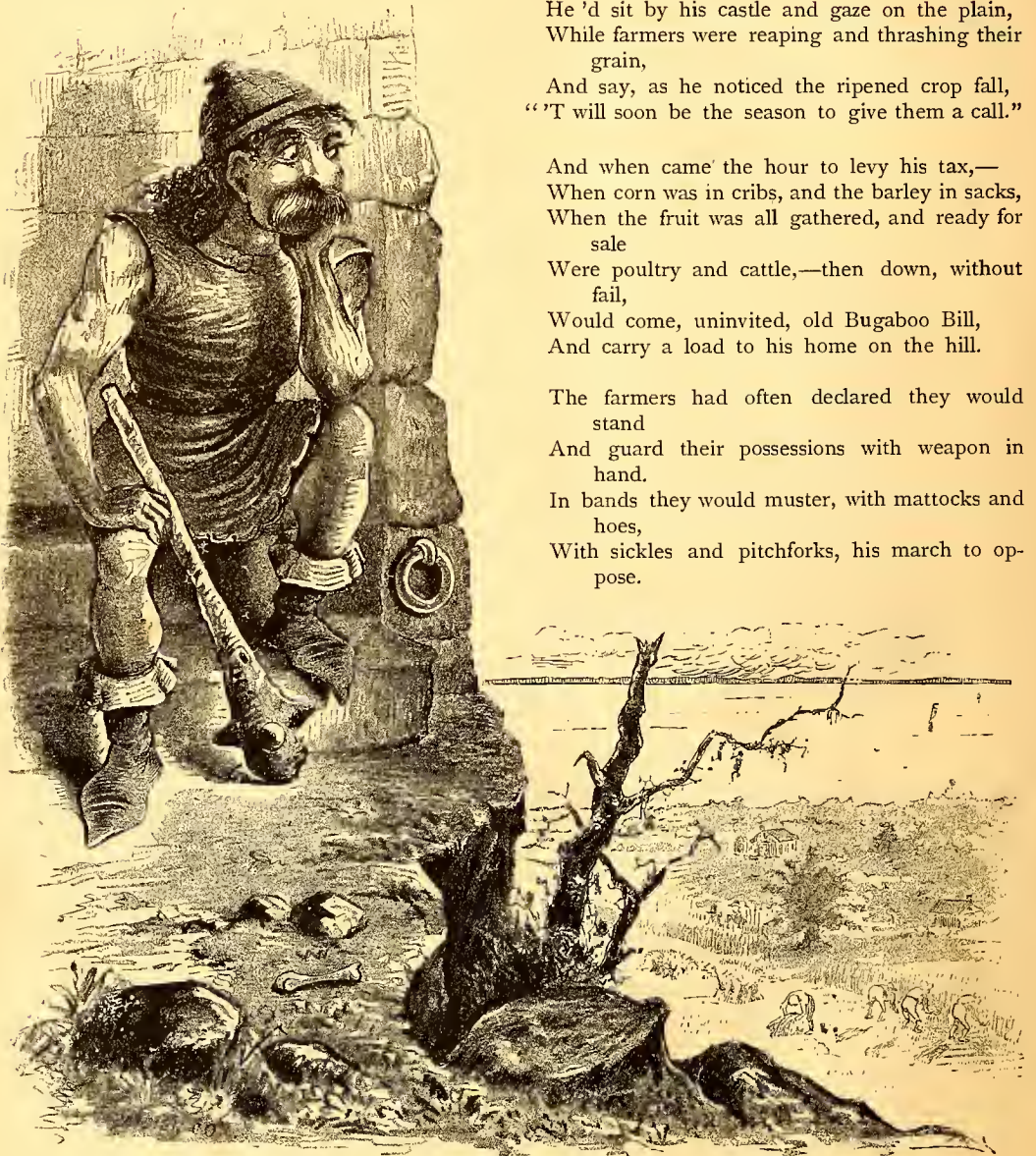
BY PALMER COX.

THERE was an old giant named Bugaboo Bill
Resided in England, on top of a hill.
A daring marauder, as strong as a moose,
Who lived on the best that the land could produce.

He 'd sit by his castle and gaze on the plain,
While farmers were reaping and thrashing their
grain,
And say, as he noticed the ripened crop fall,
"T will soon be the season to give them a call."

And when came the hour to levy his tax,—
When corn was in cribs, and the barley in sacks,
When the fruit was all gathered, and ready for
sale
Were poultry and cattle,—then down, without
fail,
Would come, uninvited, old Bugaboo Bill,
And carry a load to his home on the hill.

The farmers had often declared they would
stand
And guard their possessions with weapon in
hand.
In bands they would muster, with mattocks and
hoes,
With sickles and pitchforks, his march to op-
pose.





But when the great giant came down in his might,
 A club in his hand neither limber nor light,
 They 'd fling away weapons and scatter like deer,
 To hide behind walls, or in woods disappear,
 And leave him to carry off barley and rye,
 Or pick out the fattest old pig in the sty.

Thus things went on yearly, whate'er they might do,
 From bad to far worse, as still bolder he grew ;
 For none could be found who had courage or skill
 Sufficient to cope with the rogue on the hill.

At length one remarked, who had studied his race :
 "No giant so strong but he has a weak place—
 He 'll have *some* short-coming though ever so tall.
 You 've tried many plans, but have failed in them all—
 His club is too large and your courage too small.



“ Now try a new method—invite him to dine :
 Bring forth tempting dishes and flagons of wine,
 And let skilled musicians perform soothing airs
 To smooth down his temper and banish his cares ;
 And when he grows drowsy, as surely he will,
 We 'll easily manage this Bugaboo Bill.”

The plan was adopted ; when next he came down
 To take his supplies from the best in the town,
 They brought him fat bacon, roast turkey and quail,
 With flagons of sherry and beakers of ale ;
 Good beef in abundance, and fruit that was sweet ;
 In short, every dish that could tempt him to eat.

Well pleased was the giant to see them so kind,
 So frank and forbearing, to pardon inclined ;
 He helped himself freely to all that was nice—
 To poultry, to pastry, and puddings of rice,
 To wines that were potent to steal unaware
 From limbs that were large all the strength that was there,

While 'round him musicians were ranged in a ring,
Some turning a crank, and some scraping a string.

A poet read sonnets composed for the day,
A singer sang ballads, heroic and gay,
Until all the air was replete with a sound
That softened the feelings and enmity drowned.

The task was not easy: for half a day long
They treated the giant to music and song;
The piper played all the sweet airs that he knew,
The fiddler seemed saving his fiddle in two;
The organist worked as though turning a mill,
But still wide awake remained Bugaboo Bill.

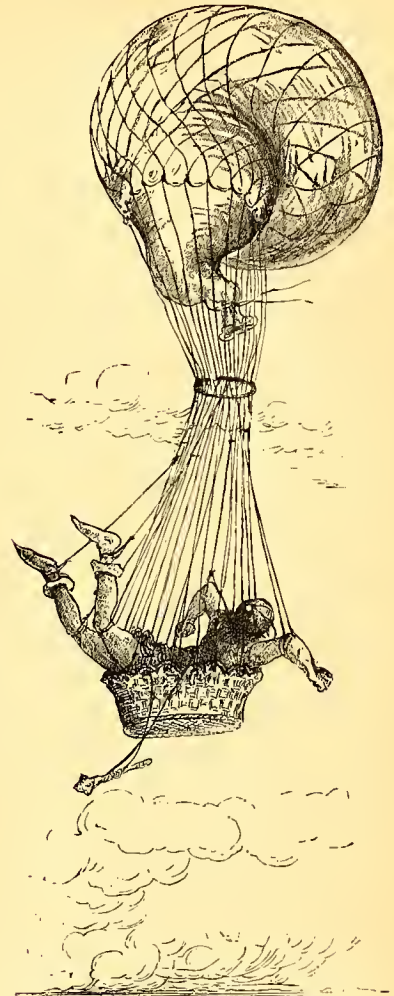
At last he grew drowsy, confused was his mind
With feasting and drinking and music combined.
And when he had sunk in a stupid repose,
A monster balloon was brought out by his foes.

Said one, as the ropes to the giant they tied:
"We gave him a feast, now we'll give him a ride;
For though 'by good rights the old robber should die,
His life we'll not injure, but off let him fly;

"The wind's blowing south by sou'-east, as you see,
So over the channel soon wafted he'll be;
He'll make a quick passage, and, if I guess right,
Will take his first lesson in French before night."

Then up he was hoisted by winds that were strong,
By gas that was buoyant, and ropes that were long;
And south by sou'-east, like a sea-bird he flew,
Across the broad channel, and passed from their view.

But whether he landed in France or in Spain,
In Turkey or Russia, or dropped in the main,
They never discovered, and little they cared
In what place he alighted, or just how he fared.
But though his old castle long stood on the hill,
They had no more visits from Bugaboo Bill.



MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY * * * *

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Mr. Robert Baird.
 Mrs. Juliet Baird.
 Fred Baird, aged fifteen years.
 Alexander (called Sandy) Baird, aged thirteen years.
 Isabelle Baird, aged seventeen years.
 Kitty Baird, aged twelve, cousin of Robert, and of his children.
 Special friend of Sandy.
 Donald Stuart, aged seventeen, friend of Fred.
 Elizabeth Patterson, aged fifty-one, the family friend.

THE BAND OF LOYAL BROTHERS.

The Chief.	Captain Kidd.
Don Quixote.	Lord Leicester.
Robin Hood.	Napoleon Bonaparte.
Robinson Crusoe.	Pocahontas.
	Rob Roy.

THE CAPTURED INVADERS.

A Quakeress.	Duke of Wellington.
Blue-beard.	Mary, Queen of Scots.
King Arthur.	Sir Walter Raleigh.

SCENE: First at Cedar Run, a pleasant village; then at Greystone, an old mansion on a large river.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING THE BAIRD FAMILY.

"ONCE upon a time," said Isabelle Baird, sitting by the window mending the ruffles of a white dress, "there was a man who became rich and famous —"

"That was pleasant," ejaculated her brother Sandy; "and how did he do it?"

Sandy was sitting in one of the low windows, opening on to the porch, and was busy with a fishing-line.

"He did nothing," replied Belle; "but he became, as I said, rich and famous."

"Had money left to him, I suppose?" Sandy said. "I don't know any easier way of getting rich; the being famous follows as a matter of course."

"He had n't any money left to him," Belle said; "he came to good fortune by a new way."

"And what was that?"

"This question," and Belle elevated her voice, "was often asked by his fellow-citizens, especially after he was made mayor, and moved into his new house. So one day in July, at seventeen minutes past five," looking at the clock, "a deputation waited upon his mother to ask how it happened. He had done nothing, and he was a mayor and rich; they also had done nothing, but they were not mayors, and they were poor."

"Excellently put," said Sandy; "and what did his mother say?"

"She said she did n't know."

"Then they waited for her to tell them all about it?"

"They did," replied Belle, nodding her head; "and she said that when he was a boy and mended his fishing-lines, he never left bits of twine on the dining-room carpet for his sister to pick up."

"Good child," said Sandy, without a blush. "Is that the road to riches?"

The third inmate of the room was Fred, who was older than Sandy but younger than Belle, and who apparently was absorbed in "Ivanhoe," but who said, in the same stilted tone in which Belle was speaking:

"His mother then explained that he was a remarkable baby, and they answered, so were they. Each one had heard his mother say so."

"Driven to confession at last," resumed Belle, "Mother Benedicto, for that was her name, revealed the secret. A fairy had blessed him in his infancy. She had taken from him the power of saying '*I wish*' and '*if*.' When he would have sighed '*I wish*,' he roared, '*I will*'; and when he meant '*If I could*,' he said, '*Certainly, at once*.' These brave expressions made every one think him a person of great determination, and after a time they believed he did everything he talked of doing. So he became a leader. He did n't like to lead, but he could n't help it. When he was asked, he said, '*Certainly, at once*,' and so had to keep his word. Leaders can become rich. That is the story."

"False pretenses," said Sandy. "Now, I am poor, but I am honest. You don't catch me saying one thing and meaning another."

"True for you, my son," said Fred; "you call spades, spades."

"I try to," said Sandy, trying to look modest; "but it is easy to see what Belle means. Papa says we must go to the sea-shore. I say, '*I wish*' we could do something different. I suppose Belle thinks I ought to say '*I will*' do something different."

"No, I don't," Belle replied; "there would be no use in your saying only that, but you wish and wish. Why don't you think of something different, and propose it? That's what I mean."

Sandy whistled. Then he jumped up and said to Fred, whose feet were across the door-way, "Let me by you, Fred."

"That depends on what you pay for me," said Fred.

Sandy looked at his brother, stepped over his legs, and remarked that he did n't think much of jokes that depended on bad spelling.

"Spelling?" said Fred. "I spelled nothing."

"If you did n't, how could you make *buy* out of *by*?"

"How could I tell which you meant?" Fred replied. "Your English, Alexander, needs attention."

"I am glad you mentioned that," said Sandy, "for it reminds me of something I meant to do," and he at once left the room.

"If any one were to buy you, Fred, ——" began Belle, but her father, who entered at that moment, exclaimed:

"Buy Fred! And why?"

"For the sake of my English," said Fred.

"You mistake," said his father; "it is in regard to the English of others that you are strong, but in your own, you are—shaky."

"If Fred's criticisms were like boomerangs and came back to him," said Belle, relentlessly, "he would n't say the weather was 'elegant' and the sea-shore 'nice.'"

"That is the very thing," Fred answered, hotly. "We don't notice these things at home, but when old Bagsby says, 'Don't mix your plural verbs and singular nouns, Baird,' and then remarks to that snob Cadwallader, 'A boy's home education is detected in his conversation,' I tell you one feels cheap."

"We must look to this, children," and Mr. Baird sat down. "It wont—will not, I mean—do to allow Fred to feel that his home influences are against his education."

"Education!" repeated Sandy, coming in, carrying a soap-box, a hammer, and some nails; "I am just going to attend to mine," and he took out of the closet his school-books, his slate, and a box of drawing materials, and packed them all neatly in the box. He then nailed the lid on, sharpened down a match, and, dipping that in ink, inscribed on the box this legend:

"SACRED TO THE
MEMORY
OF
MY SCHOOL DAYS.
ALEXANDER BAIRD.
REQUIESCAT IN PACE!"

"There, now!" he exclaimed, his head on one side, as he looked complacently at his work; "that is done! Now, until school opens, I am a wild

Indian!" and with a whoop he dashed on the lawn, followed in hot haste by his little dog Dan.

"I don't know anything that would be so perfectly charming as being a wild Indian! How I would like to get up in the morning and have no plans, and go to bed and never think of duties, and all that," and here Belle gently sighed, and looked at her ruffles.

"Life *is* hard on you," said her father, "what with croquet and white dresses ——"

"And back-hair," suggested Fred.

"Is it Belle's hair again?" asked Mrs. Baird, who had just come in.

"It is always my hair," replied Belle; "every day it is my hair. It is the bane of my existence!"

"It is not the blessing of mine," replied her mother. "One day it is curls, the next, plaits. Last week it hung down your back, and this week it is piled on top of your head."

"This week!" exclaimed Belle. "Mamma, the puffs you made yesterday were as rough as our old horse-hair sofa before I got home! Now, if I were a wild Indian, I would never wear puffs."

"The worst of it is," her father remarked, "that this struggle will last you all your life. You will never be free from the responsibility of your hair. If you lose it, you will have to buy more."

"I will go to the woods," cried Belle—"I will!"

"And I would go along," said Fred, putting his book down on the floor by his side. "I don't mind duties and back-hair, but I would like to camp out. Phil Henderson went to Maine last summer with his uncle, and they had splendid times. They shot deer and fished, and the Indians stole nothing but sugar. It was perfectly splendid!"

"A boy's home education ——" began Mr. Baird.

"Of course I did n't mean that it was splendid because the Indians stole so little, but—oh, you know what I mean!"

"I would n't mind the Indians," said Belle, "if we only could camp out. Why can't we, Papa?"

"I cannot afford it."

"Not afford it? Why, it is the cheapest thing in the world!" cried Fred. "All we would want would be a tent and frying-pan."

His father looked at him with serene gravity.

"Very well," he said; "suppose we count it up." Fred, with great alacrity, at once produced from his pocket his pencil and an old letter.

"In the first place, we need tents. How many?"

"Two," said Belle; "one big one for Papa and you boys, and one for Mamma and me. Will Patty go along?"

"No one but Patty can answer that question," her mother replied; "but for the sake of fish and venison cooking, I hope she will."

"Three tents, Fred," said Mr. Baird; "but I have n't the slightest idea how much they cost."

"Phil gave five dollars for his, but it is too little. Suppose I say ten dollars apiece?"

So Fred put down:

Tents.....\$30.00

"We will want rubber blankets and boots."

"For what?" asked Sandy, re-appearing.

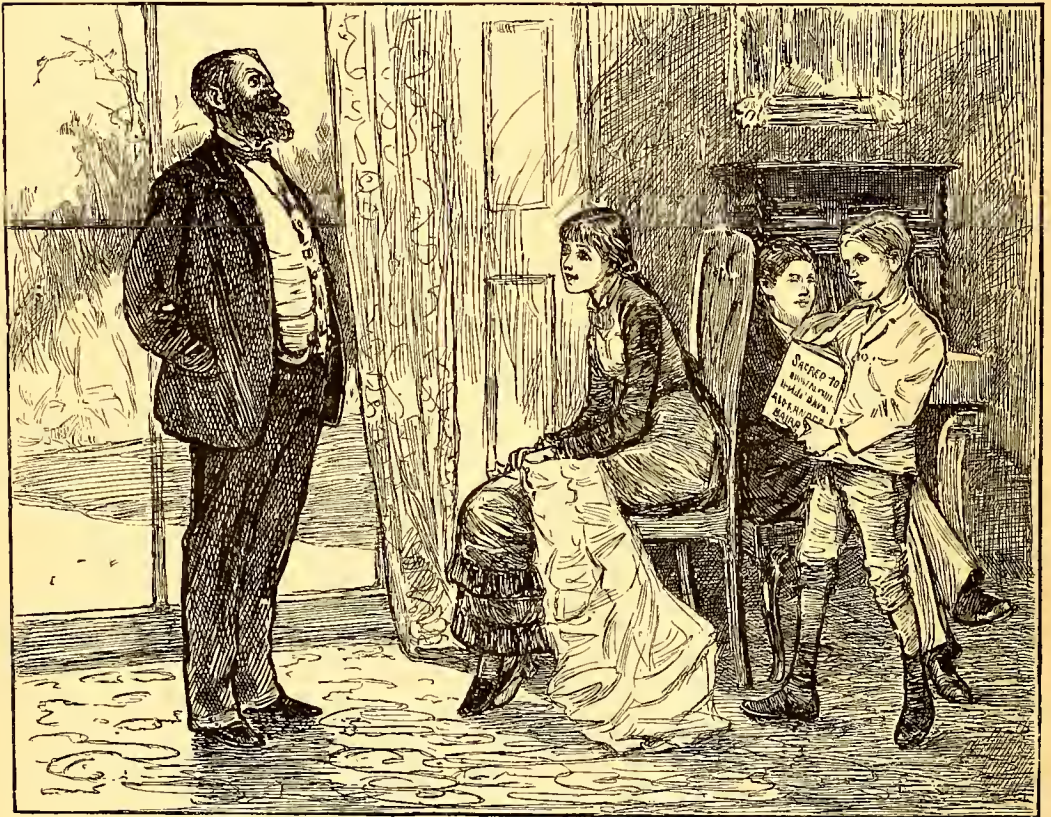
"Nonsense!" said Sandy. "Papa, what is it all about?"

"We are making an estimate so as to see if we can afford to camp out."

"Of course we can," said Sandy, decidedly. "We could camp out all summer for what a month at the sea-shore would cost."

"We wont need any new clothes," said Belle.

"And that will save ever so much. And there's



SANDY BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HIS SCHOOL-BOOKS.

"For our camp," Belle said, in the most matter-of-fact tones.

"Are we going to camp out?" cried Sandy, looking at his father. "When? Who is going?"

"Listen," said Belle, picking up Fred's book, dropping her work, and beginning, apparently, to read: "The Baird family, consisting of Robert Baird, his wife, Juliet, and his three children, Isabelle, Frederick, and Alexander, respectively aged seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen, accompanied by their faithful adherent, Elizabeth Patterson, called Patty for short, sailed one pleasant morning in the good ship 'I expect to,' under command of Captain Benedicto, for the port —"

the food! We wont buy meat, for we will shoot deer and catch fish," said Fred.

"Certainly," replied his father; "but we must have blankets, a stove, and cooking utensils, and I suppose you would submit to some canned goods in case of a scarcity of venison and trout."

"A very few," said Fred; "the women folks might like them."

"And the guides," said Sandy.

"One will be enough," said Mr. Baird. "How much shall we set down for him?"

"Two dollars a day," promptly replied Fred. "That's what Phil paid."

"Put down twenty-eight dollars for a guide. We can stay but two weeks, anyway."

So Fred added that item.

"The fare comes next."

"Where shall we go?" asked Sandy.

"To Maine," said Fred.

"Say fifteen for each. That wont include transportation from the station to the wood; and put down a contingency fund to cover traveling expenses, rubber blankets, stove, canned goods, and other items not calculated in."

Fred bit the end of his pencil, gazed on his estimate, and then very slowly said, "I think we had better—walk!"

Sandy looked over his shoulder. The calculation stood thus:

Tents.....	\$ 30.00
Sundries.....	125.00
Guide.....	28.00
Fares.....	90.00
	<hr/>
	\$273.00

"That 's a stunner!" said Sandy.

"Yes," said Fred. "And it seems more because it is the total for all the family. Generally each person bears his own expenses. Then it would n't be heavy."

"Unfortunately," replied his father, "it is not so divided. One person in this case bears the whole expense. I make this remark modestly, but with feeling."

"Shave it down, Fred," said Sandy, cheerfully; "bring it within limits."

"You had better go back to your original wild-Indian idea," said Mrs. Baird. "The more civilization you insist upon, the greater your expenses."

"True!" cried Fred. "Let 's strike off the canned things."

"And the guide," said Belle.

"We cannot go to the Maine woods without a guide," her father replied.

"Don't go to Maine," said Sandy. "There are lots of good places nearer."

"I don't know," said Fred, reflectively. "Phil has so much fun there. Let us count again. The tents we must keep. Even an Indian has his wigwam."

"Tents.....\$30.00"

"No, no," cried Belle, jumping up. "I have it! I have it!"

CHAPTER II.

BELLE SETTLES THE QUESTION.

"WHERE?" exclaimed the family, in chorus.

"Not the tent," answered Belle, "but the idea, the place, the house, the wigwam!

"We will go to Greystone!"

No one spoke. This was an inspiration.

"The very place!" said Sandy. "A house, a river, woods, solitude!"

"Gunning and fishing," added Belle.

"But it is not furnished," said Mrs. Baird, "and we will stay so short a time that it would not be worth while to move anything. And it must be a very dirty house."

"It is not a house, Mamma," explained Belle, growing warm as the idea took shape in her mind. "You must regard it as a wigwam. Then you will see how easy the furnishing will be."

"Greystone has one advantage," said Fred, who still clung to Maine and his pencil and paper,—“it only costs twenty-five cents to get there. That makes a great difference."

"And no guide need apply," added Sandy.

"No rubber blankets," said Belle.

"You will have neighbors," said Mrs. Baird; "still I do not believe they will trouble you, unless from curiosity."

"We can be lonely enough, if that is any object," said her husband.

"Yet I don't know," resumed Mrs. Baird, doubtfully; "we must have chairs and tables and beds."

"Not in a wigwam," persisted Belle; "we can have hay beds."

"Belle is right," her father said. "If we decide to camp out, and select Greystone as the place, we must not think at all of it as a house."

"Certainly," said Fred. "Now let me tell you. There are floors and a roof——"

"I am not so sure of that," said his father; "but we will suppose so for the sake of argument."

Fred resumed:

"We suppose, then, that we are going to a tent. We will need beds. Good. We can get hay of a farmer. We can also get milk of him."

"And eggs and butter," added Belle.

"We will need blankets, dishes, and a coffee-pot. We will take these along."

"Fred," cried Sandy, "I am proud of you!"

Mrs. Baird looked at her husband. He smiled, and Belle, all in a rapture, jumped up and hugged him around the neck. At that moment, Patty entered. She had the newly ironed collars in a flat glass dish, for, as she never used the right thing if any other was handy, she of course ignored the collar-basket.

"What is all this about?" she asked, standing still.

Belle stood up, resting her hands on her father's shoulders.

"Patty," she said, "we are going to camp out. Don't you want to go along?"

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Greystone," replied Sandy.

"To Greystone?" she repeated. "Your uncle wont let you!"

And then she went upstairs with the collars.

The family looked one at the other. The chances were that he would not.

He might be glad to hear of the scheme, for it pleased him to know of any wild scheme in which his nephew's family was interested. He always said they would go to ruin; and, although he was a clergyman, he still liked to be a true prophet. Perhaps he hoped they would some day take his advice and live like other people, but as yet he certainly thought they managed affairs loosely. His little daughter, Kitty, did not agree with him. She thought her cousin Robert's family charming, and all their ways delightful.

"He wont let Kitty go," said Sandy.

Belle mournfully shook her head.

"Don't give up so readily, my dear," said Mrs. Baird, in her usual cheery tones. "You have not asked him yet."

"Yes," said Belle, "there 's another trouble. Who will ask him?"

It was Sandy who flung himself into the breach. He was very careful to say he did not prefer to do so, but he was quite sure neither Belle nor Fred could have any influence over their uncle; it must not be done by either his father or mother, for fear they would be too readily rebuffed.

As no one else coveted the task, they yielded at once to Sandy's good reasons, but advising him not to tell Kitty about the plan, for fear she would precipitate matters; and so, the next morning, soon after breakfast, Sandy set off. Belle encouraged him by an old shoe, which hit him between the shoulders and made him jump; but he made no complaint, and went on his embassy, dressed in a clean linen suit, and wearing his best hat.

When he returned, some time after, slowly shutting the gate after him, and having a very dejected appearance, Belle at once declared that their uncle had consented, but her mother was not so sure.

"Where is Papa?" then asked Sandy, languidly dropping into an easy chair, his hat still on his head.

"Gone to the library," said Belle. "My goodness, don't be so absurd! You look as if you had been a mile, instead of across the two lawns to Uncle Peyton's."

"Where 's Fred?" said Sandy.

"Gone with Papa."

"Only you two at home? Well, it makes no difference. The bolt must fall!" and he pushed his hat back, and wiped his forehead with Fred's best silk handkerchief.

"You'll catch it if Fred sees that," said Belle. "What have you done to get so warm? And now, Sandy, you have on Fred's new shoes! You had better hurry them off, I assure you."

"The shoes ought to be blacked," observed Sandy, looking thoughtfully first at one foot, and then at the other. "Fred worked them up to an excellent brightness last night. I wonder if he would mind doing it again? I am afraid I could n't satisfy him."

"You had better try," replied Belle. "I don't know why Fred puts up with you. But did you get the house?"

Sandy felt in his pockets, and then answered, after also looking up his sleeves, that he had n't it about him.

"Don't be such a goose," said Belle. "Did Uncle Peyton say we could go?"

"I did n't ask him," said Sandy.

"That is just like one of you boys!" Belle exclaimed, in despair. "You say you will do a thing, everybody expects you to do it, and then you don't. I wish I had gone. I would n't come home without doing my errand."

"Did you see your uncle?" interposed their mother.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why did n't you ask him?"

"I did n't know I was expected to do that. I am only a boy, you know; and I thought Papa and you decided we could go. I only asked if we could have Greystone."

"I do think, Alexander Baird,——" began Belle, but at that moment, with yellow hair flying, hat in hand, with cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes full of mischief, in dashed a girl of about twelve years of age.

"You will tell me, Cousin Jule, wont you?" she exclaimed. "I know you will! Papa says there is no use in my knowing, and Sandy gave me the slip, and cut through the church-yard. You must have run all the way," turning to Sandy, "for I tore down the garden and jumped the fence. Mamma saw me, too, but she wont tell Papa. Mamma is n't mean. So wont you tell me, Cousin Jule? I know it must be fun, and you are going away to some place, and Papa says it is the most absurd thing he ever heard of, and he thinks Cousin Robert is crazy at last, and——"

"Did he say we could go, Kitty?" asked Belle, thinking that here was a short cut to knowledge.

"I don't know," said Kitty. "Where is it? Who is going? All of you? Can I go along? Do say yes, Cousin Jule, and all my dresses are clean."

"But your papa said there was no use in your knowing," impolitely remarked Sandy.

"Do say I may go, Cousin Jule," repeated Kitty.

"If your father is willing, we shall be glad to have you, Kitty."

"I'll ask him," and off darted Kitty, willing to take the pleasure of the expedition on faith, if only she could be allowed to go.

Then his mother turned to Sandy:

"What did your uncle say?" she asked.

"Now that, Mamma," he replied, "is a direct and proper question, and I will at once answer it. He said—well, in the first place, he was busy sorting papers, sermons, and such things, and so, of course, would have been glad not to have been interrupted, but of course I did n't know that, so I walked in, and after I sat down I said I had often thought of being a minister."

"Sandy, you did not!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes, I did," said Sandy, with gravity and innocence, "for I often have, especially on Sunday in church, but of course I have always decided against it. I could n't take the responsibility of a parish, and I am too serious for any profession. It would not do to increase my sense of——"

"Don't be so very simple, Sandy," interrupted Belle. "What *did* Uncle Peyton say?"

"He said he was glad I ever thought seriously of anything, and I told him I had come upon a very serious errand, and I hoped my youth would be no objection."

"Oh, Sandy!" groaned Belle; "I don't wonder he refused."

"He was interested, anyhow, and he sat down and put his glasses in their case, and told me to go on. He thought, I am sure, that Fred had been turned out of college."

At this, Belle contemptuously curled her lip.

"He always said he would be, ever since Papa consented that Fred should join the boat-club, so the very idea put him in a good humor. Then I asked him,—for you see, Mamma, I thought I had better be a little diplomatic,—whether they were going away this summer, and he said they were—to the Catskills. This brought me nicely to the subject of camping out, and I think I might have persuaded him to try it if he had not taken out

his spectacles again and turned to his papers. So then I at once dropped the general advantages of camping, and gently unfolded the Greystone scheme."

"And what *did* he say? I declare, Sandy, I would like to shake you," said Belle, impatiently.

"I wish I had not run from Kitty," responded Sandy. "I might just as well have allowed her to get here first. The weather is too hot for active exertion. What did he say? He said much, very much. At first he just looked at me, and began to tie up some note-books. Then he said it was absurd, reckless, unnecessary; we would all have the rheumatism, and my father was certainly not aware of the condition of Greystone, or of the trouble and expense it would be to put it in order."

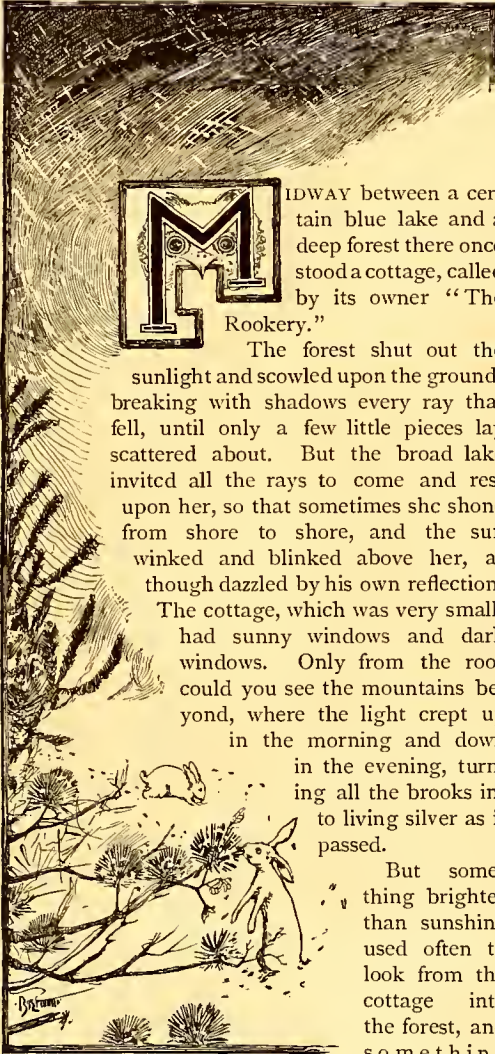
Then I explained that although it is a house, we meant to consider it as a tent, and we did n't want it put in order. Then he began to talk about you, Mamma, and how wrong it would be to move your furniture into such a dusty, forlorn place, so I told him that we did n't expect to have any furniture. Then he looked over my head and addressed that Norwegian pine, of which he is so proud, and he said a good deal about a family living comfortably in a house where they had grass, trees, and all they needed, and how this family wanted to go to a forlorn, dirty, damp old barracks for a holiday! Then he got up and began to put some of his papers in a desk, and I suppose he thought I would leave, but I sat still and counted the books he has labeled as 'Ecclesiastical History.' He has two hundred and fifteen, counting each of the volumes, and one hundred and forty-nine, counting only the works. After a while he said he would see Papa, and then I explained to him, as we agreed last evening, that it was our picnic, and Papa was to be a guest, and not be bothered with the arrangements. Then he turned around and looked over his spectacles at me,—you know how Kitty hates that,—and said we could do as we pleased. The house was there. When I suggested that we wanted to rent it, he asked me if I supposed he would indorse such a plan by taking money for the house. So we can go, Mamma, when we please."

(To be continued.)



THE CROW-CHILD.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.



MIDWAY between a certain blue lake and a deep forest there once stood a cottage, called by its owner "The Rookery."

The forest shut out the sunlight and scowled upon the ground, breaking with shadows every ray that fell, until only a few little pieces lay scattered about. But the broad lake invited all the rays to come and rest upon her, so that sometimes she shone from shore to shore, and the sun winked and blinked above her, as though dazzled by his own reflection.

The cottage, which was very small, had sunny windows and dark windows. Only from the roof could you see the mountains beyond, where the light crept up in the morning and down in the evening, turning all the brooks into living silver as it passed.

But something brighter than sunshine used often to look from the cottage into the forest, and something

even more gloomy than shadows often glowered from its windows upon the sunny lake. One was the face of little Ruky Lynn; and the other was his sister's, when she felt angry or ill-tempered.

They were orphans, Cora and Ruky, living alone in the cottage with an old uncle. Cora—or "Cor," as Ruky called her—was nearly sixteen years old, but her brother had seen the forest turn yellow only four times. She was, therefore, almost mother and sister in one. The little fellow was her companion

night and day. Together they ate and slept, and—when Cora was not at work in the cottage—together they rambled in the wood, or floated in their little skiff upon the lake.

Ruky had dark, bright eyes, and the glossy blackness of his hair made his cheeks look even rosier than they were. He had funny ways for a boy, Cora thought. The quick, bird-like jerks of his raven-black head, his stately baby gait, and his habit of pecking at his food, as she called it, often made his sister laugh. Young as he was, the little fellow had learned to mount to the top of a low-branching tree near the cottage, though he could not always get down alone. Sometimes when, perched in the thick foliage, he would scream, "Cor! Cor! Come, help me down!" his sister would answer, as she ran out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming."

Perhaps it was because he reminded her of a crow that Cora often called him her birdie. This was when she was good-natured and willing to let him see how much she loved him. But in her cloudy moments, as the uncle called them, Cora was another girl. Everything seemed ugly to her, or out of tune. Even Ruky was a trial; and, instead of giving him a kind word, she would scold and grumble until he would steal from the cottage door, and, jumping lightly from the door-step, seek the shelter of his tree. Once safely perched among its branches he knew she would finish her work, forget her ill-humor, and be quite ready, when he cried "Cor! Cor!" to come out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

No one could help loving Ruky, with his quick, affectionate ways; and it seemed that Ruky, in turn, could not help loving every person and thing around him. He loved his silent old uncle, the bright lake, the cool forest, and even his little china cup with red berries painted upon it. But more than all, Ruky loved his golden-haired sister, and the great dog, who would plunge into the lake at the mere pointing of his chubby little finger.

Nep and Ruky often talked together, and though one used barks and the other words, there was a perfect understanding between them. Woe to the straggler that dared to cross Nep's path, and woe to the bird or rabbit that ventured too near!—those great teeth snapped at their prey without even the warning of a growl. But Ruky could safely pull Nep's ears or his tail, or climb his great shaggy back, or even snatch away the untasted bone.

Still, as I said before, every one loved the child; so, of course, Nep was no exception.

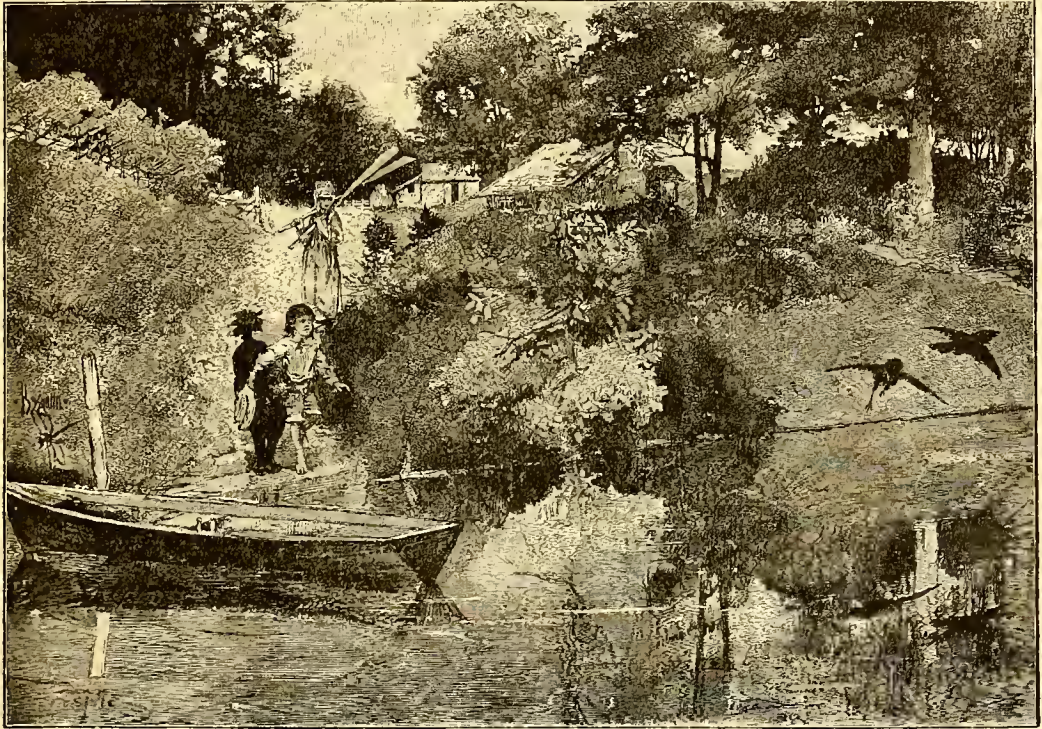
One day Ruky's "Cor! Cor!" had sounded oftener than usual. His rosy face had bent saucily to kiss Cora's upturned forehead, as she raised her arms to lift him from the tree; but the sparkle in his dark eyes had seemed to kindle so much mischief in him that his sister's patience became fairly exhausted.

"Has Cor nothing to do but to wait upon *you*," she cried, "and nothing to listen to but your noise and your racket? You shall go to bed early to-day, and then I shall have some peace."

This made him cry all the more, and Cora, feeling in her angry mood that he deserved severe punishment, threw away his supper and put him to bed. Then all that could be heard were Ruky's low sobs and the snappish clicks of Cora's needles, as she sat knitting, with her back to him.

He could not sleep, for his eyelids were scalded with tears, and his plaintive "Cor, Cor!" had reached his sister's ears in vain. She never once looked up from those gleaming knitting-needles, nor even gave him his good-night kiss.

It grew late. The uncle did not return. At last



CORA AND RUKY.

"No, no, Cor. Please let Ruky wait till the stars come. Ruky wants to see the stars."

"Hush! Ruky is bad. He shall have a whipping when Uncle comes back from town."

Nep growled.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Ruky, jerking his head saucily from side to side; "Nep says 'No!'"

Nep was shut out of the cottage for his pains, and poor Ruky was undressed, with many a hasty jerk and pull.

"You hurt, Cor!" he said, plaintively. "I'm going to take off my shoes my own self."

"No, you're not," cried Cor, almost shaking him; and when he cried she called him naughty, and said if he did not stop he should have no sup-

per. This made him cry all the more, and Cora, sulky and weary, locked the cottage door, blew out her candle, and lay down beside her brother.

The poor little fellow tried to win a forgiving word, but she was too ill-natured to grant it. In vain he whispered "Cor,—Cor!" He even touched her hand over and over again with his lips, hoping she would turn toward him, and, with a loving kiss, murmur as usual, "Good-night, little birdie."

Instead of this, she jerked her arm angrily away, saying:

"Oh, stop your pecking and go to sleep! I wish you were a crow in earnest, and then I should have some peace."

After this, Ruky was silent. His heart drooped

within him as he wondered what this "peace" was that his sister wished for so often, and why he must go away before it could come to her.

Soon, Cora, who had rejoiced in the sudden calm,

"Ruky! Ruky!" she screamed.

There was a slight stir in the low-growing tree.

"Ruky, darling, come back!"

"Caw, caw!" answered a harsh voice from the



"OH, RUKY! IS THIS YOU?"

heard a strange fluttering. In an instant she saw by the starlight a dark object wheel once or twice in the air above her, then dart suddenly through the open window.

Astonished that Ruky had not either shouted with delight at the strange visitor, or else clung to her neck in fear, she turned to see if he had fallen asleep.

No wonder that she started up, horror-stricken, —Ruky was not there!

His empty place was still warm—perhaps he had slid softly from the bed. With trembling haste she lighted the candle, and peered in every corner. The boy was not to be found!

Then those fearful words rang in her ears:

"*I wish you were a crow in earnest!*"

Cora rushed to the door, and, with straining gaze, looked out into the still night.

Something black seemed to spin out of it, and then, in great, sweeping circles, sailed upward, until finally it settled upon one of the loftiest trees in the forest.

"Caw, caw!" it screamed, fiercely.

The girl shuddered, but, with outstretched arms, cried out:

"O Ruky, if it is *you*, come back to poor Cor!"

"Caw, caw!" mocked hundreds of voices, as a shadow like a thunder-cloud rose in the air. It was an immense flock of crows. She could distinguish them plainly in the starlight, circling higher and higher, then lower and lower, until, screaming "Caw, caw!" they sailed far off into the night.

"Answer me, Ruky!" she cried.

Nep growled, the forest trees whispered softly together, and the lake, twinkling with stars, sang a

lullaby as it lifted its weary little waves upon the shore: there was no other sound.

It seemed that daylight never would come; but at last the trees turned slowly from black to green, and the lake put out its stars, one by one, and waited for the sunshine.

Cora, who had been wandering restlessly in every direction, now went weeping into the cottage. "Poor boy!" she sobbed; "he had no supper." Then she scattered bread-crumbs near the door-way, hoping that Ruky would come for them; but only a few timid little songsters hovered about, and, while Cora wept, picked up the food daintily, as though it burned their bills. When she reached forth her hand, though there were no crows among them, and called "Ruky!" they were frightened away in an instant.

Next she went to the steep-roofed barn, and, bringing out an apronful of grain, scattered it all around his favorite tree. Before long, to her great joy, a flock of crows came by. They spied the grain, and soon were busily picking it up, with their short, feathered bills. One even came near the mound where she sat. Unable to restrain herself longer, she fell upon her knees, with an imploring cry:

"Oh, Ruky! Is *this* you?"

Instantly the entire flock set up an angry "caw," and surrounding the crow who was hopping closer and closer to Cora, hurried him off, until they all looked like mere specks against the summer sky.

Every day, rain or shine, she scattered the grain, trembling with dread lest Nep should leap among the hungry crows, and perhaps kill her own birdie first. But Nep knew better; he never stirred when the noisy crowd settled around the cottage, excepting once, when one of them settled upon his back. Then he started up, wagging his tail, and barked with uproarious delight. The crow flew off with a frightened "caw," and did not venture near him again.

Poor Cora felt sure that this could be no other than Ruky. Oh, if she only could have caught him then! Perhaps with kisses and prayers she might have won him back to Ruky's shape; but now the chance was lost.

There were none to help her; for the nearest neighbor dwelt miles away, and her uncle had not yet returned.

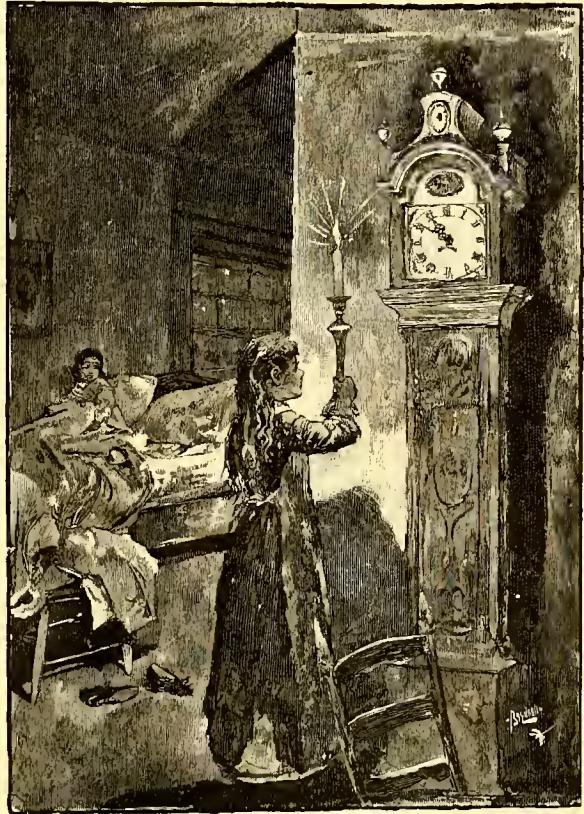
After a while she remembered the little cup, and filling it with grain, stood it upon a grassy mound. When the crows came, they fought and struggled

for its contents, with many an angry cry. One of them made no effort to seize the grain. He seemed contented to peck at the berries painted upon its sides, as he hopped joyfully around it again and again. Nep lay very quiet. Only the tip of his tail twitched with an eager, wistful motion. But Cora sprang joyfully toward the bird.

"It *is* Ruky!" she cried, striving to catch it.

Alas! the cup lay shattered beneath her hand, as, with a taunting "caw, caw," the crow joined its fellows and flew away.

Next, gunners came. They were looking for other game; but they hated the crows, Cora knew, and she trembled night and day. She could hear the sharp crack of fowling-pieces in the forest, and shuddered whenever Nep, pricking up his ears, darted with an angry howl in the direction of the sound. She knew, too, that her uncle had set traps for the crows, and it seemed to her that



"JUST TWO HOURS!"

the whole world was against the poor birds, plotting their destruction.

Time flew by. The leaves seemed to flash into

bright colors and fall off almost in a day. Frost and snow came. Still the uncle had not returned, or, if he had, she did not know it. Her brain was bewildered. She knew not whether she ate or slept. Only the terrible firing reached her ears, or that living black cloud came and went with its ceaseless "caw."

At last, during a terrible night of wind and storm, Cora felt that she must go forth and seek her poor bird.

"Perhaps he is freezing—dying!" she cried, springing frantically from the bed, and casting her long cloak over her night-dress.

In a moment, she was trudging barefooted through the snow. It was so deep she could hardly walk, and the sleet was driving into her face; still she kept on, though her numbed feet seemed scarcely to belong to her. All the way she was praying in her heart, and promising never, never to be passionate again, if she only could find her birdie—not Ruky, the boy, but whatever he might be—she was willing to accept her punishment. Soon a faint cry reached her ear. With eager haste, she peered into every fold of the drifted snow. A black object caught her eye. It was a poor storm-beaten crow, lying there benumbed and stiff.

For Ruky's sake, she folded it closely to her bosom, and plodded back to the cottage. The fire cast a rosy light on its glossy wing as she

entered, but the poor thing did not stir. Softly stroking and warming it, she wrapped the frozen bird in soft flannel and breathed into its open mouth. Soon, to her great relief, it revived, and even swallowed a few grains of wheat.

Cold and weary, she cast herself upon the bed, still folding the bird to her heart. "It may be Ruky! It is all I ask," she sobbed. "I dare not pray for more."

Suddenly she felt a peculiar stirring. The crow seemed to grow larger. Then, in the dim light, she felt its feathers pressing lightly against her cheek. Next, something soft and warm wound itself tenderly about her neck; and she heard a sweet voice saying:

"Don't cry, Cor,—I'll be good."

She started up. It was, indeed, her own darling! The starlight shone into the room. Lighting her candle, she looked at the clock. It was just two hours since she had uttered those cruel words. Sobbing, she asked:

"Have I been asleep, Ruky, dear?"

"I don't know, Cor. Do people cry when they're asleep?"

"Sometimes, Ruky," clasping him very close.

"Then you have been asleep. But, Cor, please don't let Uncle whip Ruky."

"No, no, my birdie—I mean, my brother. Good-night, darling!"

"Good-night."



TINSEL WITHOUT, BUT METAL WITHIN.

BY T. L. B.

I 'M only my lady's page—
And just for the night of the ball—
To prance on a parlor stage,
And run at her beck and call.

I 'm only my lady's page,
But mark me, my fellows, all,
You 'll be civiler men, I 'll engage,
When I pommel you—after the ball!

FINE, OR SUPERFINE?

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.



IN the company, that night, there were four boys and four girls, and they were Gay's most particular friends. He would have liked to invite three other young people, but eight made a convenient number—just enough for a quadrille, with Gay's lady-sister at the piano; the right number, too, for comfortable seating at the table, though a larger number were seatable by putting in the last leaf; but then the best table-cloth—the very best—the snow-drop damask, would not reach by three inches. Of course, this defect might be managed by piecing with a fine towel, and setting the teatray over the piecing. But it was better to have things come out even and comfortable.

After the party had enjoyed the tea, and had looked at the albums, autographic and photographic, at the stereoscopic pictures, and at Gay's collection of coins and of postage-stamps, and at his lady-sister's collection of sea-weeds, some inspired boy proposed games.

Everybody said: "Oh! Yes! Let's!" and each proposed a separate game.

"Simon says wig-wag" was selected.

The lady-sister volunteered her services as prompter.

There was great merriment. The frequent lapses among the players created a stream of forfeits. In fifteen minutes, every boy's pocket was emptied of knife, purse, pencil, rubber, and anything else available for a pawn, and not one of the girls had a handkerchief left, or a bracelet, or ring, or flower, or a removable ribbon. All such articles were piled on the sofa beside the tyrannical Simon, as penalties paid for inattention to his orders.

"Now, we'll redeem the pawns," said Simon, perceiving that the interest in wagging and thumbs-down was waning.

John Dabney was selected as master of ceremonies, the lady-sister acted as blind judge, and the redeeming of forfeits began.

"Heavy! Heavy! Heavy! What hangs over you?" John cried, with ponderous tone, as he held over the lady-sister's head a handkerchief of cobwebby lace, that swayed in the window-breeze as it in refutation of his tone and words.

"Fine, or superfine?" asked the judge, through the handkerchief over her face.

"Fine," answered John, with confidence.

"Oh, you must say it's superfine, if it's a girl's pawn," somebody said.

"Oh, yes! I understand now," said John. "It's superfine. What shall the owner do?"

"Act the dumb servant," ordered the judge.

"Go along, Sarah; it's yours," was the call.

"Sarah Ketchum can't act the dumb servant; she can't keep from talking long enough. And, besides, she can't act the servant, she's so used to making servants of other folks. Give her the talking mistress to act, and she'll do that as if she was born to it."

It was Hal who was flinging out all these jokes at Sarah Ketchum's expense. He and Sarah were always sparring.

"Sarah shows that she can be dumb and humble by not replying to your chaffing," Maggie said, as the elected actor took position and faced the audience.

"How do you wash dishes?" John asked of the dumb servant.

"By proxy," Hal volunteered.

Sarah reached a vase from the mantel.

"One of her dishes," commented the audience, "and the pansy lamp-mat is the dish-cloth."

The dumb actor dipped the mat into a card-receiver, and made believe to wash the vase, a volume of Whittier's poems, and a paper-weight.

When the washing was ended, Maggie threw out a criticism:

"She leaves her dish-cloth in the greasy water, and does n't empty the dish-pan."

"How do you dress a chicken?" the dumb servant was asked.

Sarah looked about, seeking materials for an object-lesson. She caught sight of a stuffed owl. Like a masterful eagle, she possessed herself of it. Then she darted out of the room, presently returning with a doll-trunk. From this, she produced pantalets for the owl's legs, a ruff for its neck, a hat for its head, and soon it stood in full dress and spectacles, looking so wise and so funny that the children laughed heartily.

"How do you take care of the baby?" John asked the dumb servant, interrupting the laughing comments on Master Owl's appearance as a "dressed chicken."

The dumb servant walked over to her traditional enemy Hal, who, fortunately, had a plump, round face, quite in keeping with the character of baby.

He occupied a rocking-chair. Sarah laid his head

against the chair-back, and began singing in pantomime, "Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber!" in the meantime rocking him so violently that the baby clutched the chair's arms in terror. Then, quite in character with the traditional nurse, she seized a large flower-vase and pretended to pour some drug into his mouth, in a way that made him gag and sneeze, and contort his face:

"No need to give him sleeping-drops," some one commented; "he 's one of the famous seven, already."

Hal, instead of sleeping on his soothing-syrup, sat up straight as a crock, stretched his eyes wide open, and showed unusual animation. Whereupon the dumb nurse administered such fresh rockings and shakings as must have revenged her for many an attack she had received from Hal.

The master of ceremonies rescued the baby from further infliction, by waving a wand, in other words, a lead-pencil, and pronouncing the spell of silence removed from Sarah.

"Fine, or superfine?" demanded the blind justice, when assured that something hung over her.

"Fine, only. What shall the owner do to redeem it?"

"Put one hand where the other can't touch it," the judge pronounced.

"Hal's! It's Hal's!" the young people cried, in joyful excitement.

Hal stood up, facing the company, the impersonation of smiles.

"Now, go ahead. Do it," said Alfred.

Hal launched out on the sea of experimenting, by placing the right hand on the right shoulder.

"Oh!" said Alfred. "Of course you can touch that hand with the left," and Hal immediately demonstrated that he could do this.

Then the right hand went between his shoulder-blades, but was presently met by the left. Then under the right knee was tried, but this, too, as well as the left, turned out to be accessible to both hands.

"Hal thinks that his right arm is longer than his left, and can outreach it," said Sarah Ketchum.

Maggie, who had been trying to solve the puzzle, now expressed the opinion that the thing could n't be done.

So said one and another.

"I'll tell you, Hal, how you might do it," said Alfred. "If you could get one hand in your mouth, then you 'd have it where the other could n't touch it."

But Hal, unheeding Alfred's fun, kept on twisting and screwing, finding out much more about his joints and the movements of muscles and the relations of parts than he had remarked in years before.

Suddenly, he cried out, "There! I've got it!"

His right hand was on the left elbow, and his left hand was straining to reach the right. Instantly everybody's right hand was put on the left elbow, testing Hal's solution.

"That 's it!" "He 's done it!" "Hurrah for Hal!"

Hal went to his seat, flushed with exercise and triumph, and the play proceeded.

"What shall the owner do?" John demanded, concerning another pawn.

"Measure on the wall the height of a stove-pipe hat from the floor. Failing to come within an inch of the height, the owner must leave the room, and come back with more arms than two."

"That 's easy enough," said the sentenced, who was no less a personage than Sarah Ketchum.

She made a mark on the wall, as her estimate of the hat's height. It was nearly nine inches from the floor.

"Oh, it is n't that high," said Alfred, laughing gayly.

Then the others said, "No!" "Yes!" "No, it is n't!" "Yes, it is!" etc.

"Bring the stove-pipe," said Sarah. "I'm sure I 'm within an inch of being right."

But when the hat was set on the floor, there were several exclamations of surprise.

Sarah had failed, and the conditional sentence was repeated.

"Leave the room, and return with more arms than two."

When she had gone, all fell to wondering how she would do this. Some thought she might come back carrying a statuette; some said it would be a doll, if she could find one; others were sure she would wheel in an arm-chair. But their surmises were speedily ended, as Sarah's re-entrance was greeted with laughter and cheers. Over one shoulder she carried a gun and a broom; in one hand was a revolver, while in her belt gleamed two carving-knives.

Alfred was the next one called out. He was required to place a yard of wrapping-cord upon the floor in such a manner that two persons standing on it would not be able to touch each other with their hands.

It was a sight to see those girls and boys manipulate that string. They laid it straight, they laid it zigzag, they curved it, they did it into a circle. Finally, they owned themselves beaten. Then Gay's lady-sister opened the door, laid the string across the sill, stationing Hal on one end of the cord and Sarah Ketchum on the other; she closed the door between them, turned the key in the lock, and said, loud enough for both to hear:

"Now, shake hands, good friends!"

Then everybody saw that it was "just as easy as anything."

The next penalty, Fred Groots was to pay. He was to put a question the answer to which would be always wrong. This was a great puzzler. All early gave it up, and called imperatively on the judge to explain. She replied:

"What does W R O N G spell?"

"How easy!" "What stupid we were!"

"Place that silver vase on the floor so that one cannot step over it," was the judge's next order.

It was Gay's pawn that this was to redeem.

"Well, there!" said Gay, setting the vase in the center of the room.

"But one can step over that," was claimed.

"No; one can't," Gay replied, with confidence.

"Why, what nonsense!" said the boys, gathering about the vase, and striding over it, back and forth.

"There!" "Can't we?" they demanded.

"Yes," Gay admitted, but added, with a superior air: "You can; but I know one who can't; one Muscovy duck, and also one mosquito."

Then the judge, not satisfied with Gay's solution, put the vase close up in a corner, and said:

"Now, let us see you step over it."

They saw then that they could n't.

The next requisition was upon Maggie. She was to put Gay through into the adjoining room, without opening the door, and without leaving the room.

"Why," said Gay, "she could n't put me in there if she had all the improved war projectiles, that is, if I did n't want to go."

"Oh! that's the way," said one of the girls, "she's to put you in there by moral suasion. You'll go through the front door and come around."

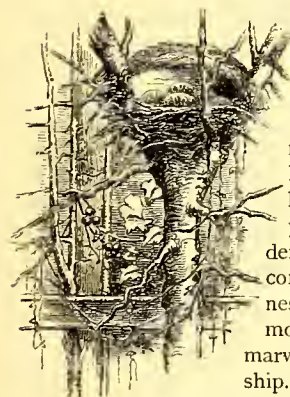
"That's not the way," said the judge. "I'll state the sentence in another form. Maggie is to put Gay through the key-hole."

"I know," said Maggie, bubbling with eagerness. "Give me a pencil. I'll write 'Gay' on a slip of paper, and put it through the key-hole."

The last sentenced was Clara. She was to push the baby-carriage, which was standing in the next room, through her bracelet.

How do you think she did it?

SOME CURIOUS NESTS.



YOU all have noticed, on some spring day, a bird picking up twigs or straws with which to build its nest, and if you ever have seen the tiny home when finished, you must have wondered at its beauty and completeness. For the nests of even our commonest birds are often marvels of skillful workmanship.

But it happens that, within the last year, ST. NICHOLAS has received accounts of some unusually interesting nests; real curiosities or accidents in nest-building, such as you would hardly find by searching whole acres of meadow and orchard. Some of these oddities are peculiar or remarkable in themselves, and others are merely common nests, but have been found in very queer places. You shall have the descriptions of them just as they came to us in the letters of cor-

respondents, with accurate pictures, which ST. NICHOLAS has had made from photographs of the real objects.

Here, to begin with, is an account by D. B., of a nest in a scarecrow; and on the next page is a picture of it, just as it appeared when discovered:

"In a grain-field near Hempstead, L. I., I found an old coat and a hat set up as a scarecrow, the sleeves being stretched out on a crosswise stick. However dreadful this may have seemed to the person who set it up, the little creatures it was meant to frighten away were not in the least scared by it; for in one of the side pockets of the coat, a pair of cedar-birds had built a cozy nest. When I saw the scarecrow, the little home was filled with unfledged birds, cheeping and crying, their crests raised, while the mother, perched on a small branch which stuck out above the scarecrow's hat, was gently twittering good-byes to her noisy brood, before going to forage for their breakfast."

Strange place that for a bird's-nest! And yet not so strange, nor dangerous, if the bird was small, and Mr. Scarecrow did his duty well by fright-

ening the hawks and other winged enemies away. Perhaps the little parents "buildd better than they knew"; but it may be they had found out in

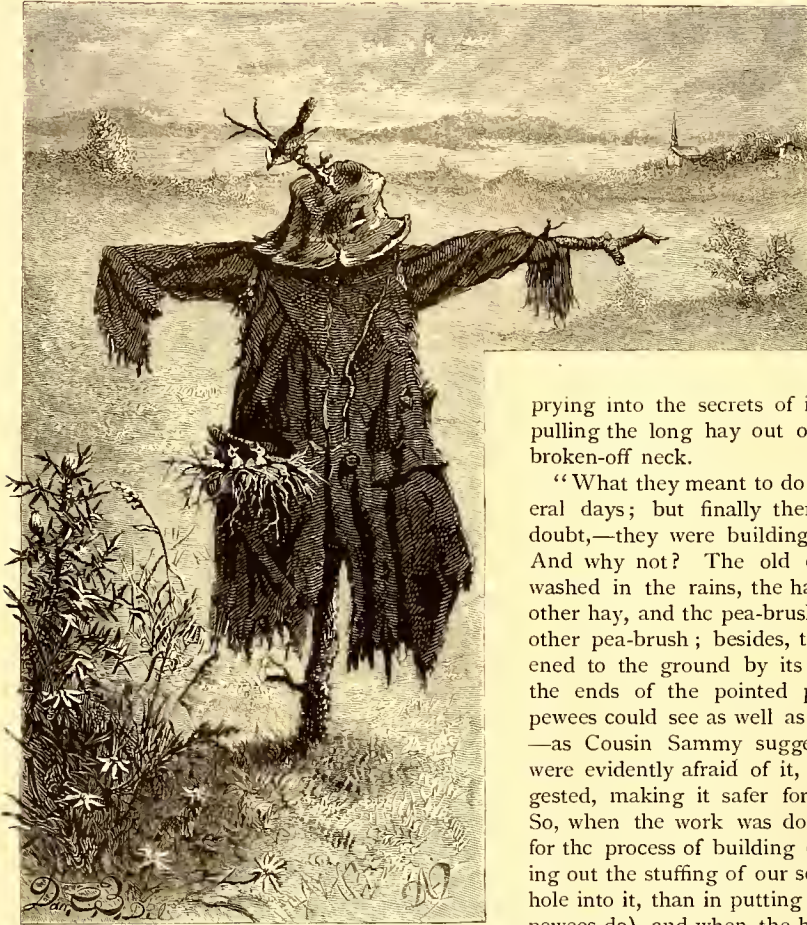
dressed up in most artistic fashion with a suit of John's old clothes,—trousers, vest, and coat, topped out with an old hat, which soon blew away,—

formed this awful scare. And funny enough it was to see a pair of little pewees making its acquaintance; looking up its legs of sticks, and looking down upon it from the apple-trees; picking at the rags streaming from its coat-tails, and then perching most audaciously upon its wide shoulders;

prying into the secrets of its heart of clover, and pulling the long hay out of the stump of its old broken-off neck.

"What they meant to do was hard to tell for several days; but finally there was no longer any doubt,—they were building a nest in its bosom! And why not? The old clothes had been well washed in the rains, the hay was as sweet as any other hay, and the pea-brush just the same as any other pea-brush; besides, the thing was well fastened to the ground by its feet, which were only the ends of the pointed pea-sticks. Those the pewees could see as well as we, or any other *wees*,—as Cousin Sammy suggested,—and the crows were evidently afraid of it, as somebody else suggested, making it safer for the wise little birds. So, when the work was done (or rather *undone*, for the process of building consisted more in pulling out the stuffing of our scarecrow and making a hole into it, than in putting sticks together as most pewees do), and when the hole was well lined with the soft little nothings which the pewees find, we hardly know where, and the little brown hen settled herself down into her hiding-place, and paterfamilias sat upon the headless pea-brush neck, and caroled forth his song of triumph to his mate and his note of defiance to all crows that might dare to scale his castle-walls, and the rags of the sleeves fluttered merrily in the breeze, we doubted whether that suit of clothes was ever happier than it was then; and John doubted, too.

"The nest was carefully observed from a distance, for no birds like to be scrutinized too closely; and, in due course of time, a family of little pewees were taking their first lessons in flying. Some of them tried to fly too soon, and then came one of the funniest incidents of all. Our little ones were quite distressed that the poor little birds



THE NEST IN THE SCARECROW.

some strange way that the ugly looking gentleman standing always in that one place in the field was no enemy, and would even protect them. At any rate, this does not seem to be the first instance of a bird's-nest in a scarecrow, for in the same letter D. B. sends this record of another:

"When telling about this strange discovery to some friends, one of them recalled a similar incident which he had once read about, and after searching some time, among old papers, we finally found the account in a number of *Our Young Folks*. Here it is:

"It was in the bosom of a stuffed effigy, which had been set up to scare away the crows from our corn. A bunch of pea-sticks and a little hay,

should be dispersed upon the ground, from which they were unable to rise, and so Charlie caught them all and tried to put them back into the nest, but he could not reach it; so, what must he do, but stow them all carefully away into one of the side-pockets of the old coat, into which he had first stuffed some hay, to keep the pocket open; and how delighted were he and his sisters to see the old birds come there and feed the young and care for them several days, until their wings were more fully grown, and they were able once more, and with better success, to take a start into the world!"

But now hear this wonderful little story, from S. G. T., of how a bird-pair seemed actually to read,—for how could they possibly have chosen better words for a motto for their little home than the two which were found upon it?

"In a certain country place, not very far from the city of New York, there was once an entertainment, and handbills were distributed freely in the neighborhood; so that a great many soon lay about on the ground, and were blown by the wind into all sorts of places.

One of the chief attractions on the pro-

HAD THEY READ IT?

gramme was a *tab-leau vivant* entitled 'Our Darlings,' and these two words were of course printed conspicuously on the handbill.

"Months after the date of the entertainment, a New York family came to pass the summer in that country place. One day, the little boy of the family came running into the house excited and delighted, and calling:

"'Mamma! Mamma! See what I have found!' and he held up the bird's-nest shown in the picture.

"Now, the little boy was a real lover of

birds, so his mother knew he would not have taken the nest from its place if it had not been deserted. And when she looked at it closely, she saw that the little builders had woven in among the twigs and straw a piece of one of the old handbills; and this piece actually bore the words, 'Our Darlings'! That was why the boy was excited about the nest, and, indeed, everybody thinks it so pretty and curious a thing, that it is kept with great care, and looked upon as a treasure."

The picture shows you the nest exactly as it was when found by the boy, with the sweet little dedication woven into its side. Surely those birdlings must have had a happy home!

And now you shall hear of the wonderful ingenuity which a bird showed in keeping its house from falling. What architect could have done better? Read this, from H. E. D., of Spice-land, Indiana:

"This curious little nest, I think, was built by an orchard oriole, but I cannot say certainly, as the owner had left it before I found it.

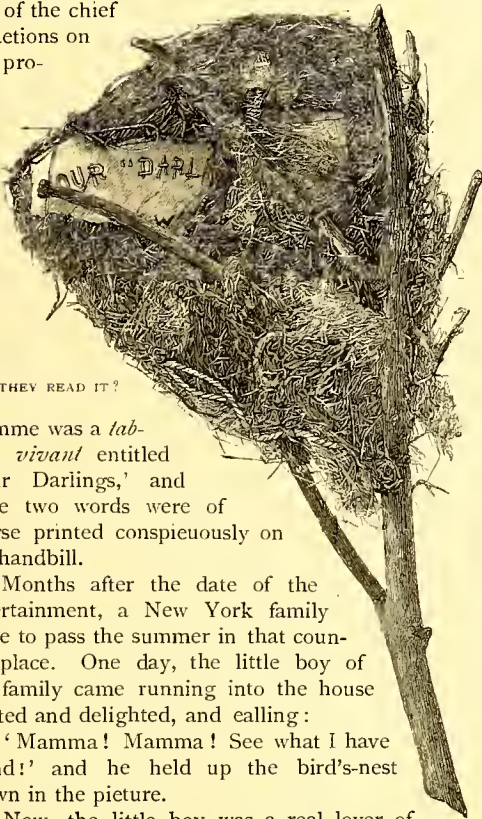
"It is made of the long bast fiber from various plants, white cotton lapping-twine, long horse-hairs and sewing-thread. The bast fibers form the larger part of the nest, the twine being interwoven with it in a way that strengthens the fabric. Around several twigs there are loops of twine, the ends having been carried down and woven into the walls of the nest.

"It was built in the top of a small swamp-maple that stood near a dwelling. The nest was placed between a small twig and the main stem; the loops of twine, before referred to, fastened it to some twigs higher up. Two sides of the nest were sewed to the branchlets, the fiber, twine and hair passing over the branch and through the edge of the nest, in stitches close together.

"But the strangest and most curious part in its construction is this: The twigs, to which it is sewed, diverge from each other and leave a space so broad that without additional support that side of the nest would have sagged. To meet this difficulty, the bird has taken a piece of No. 8 sewing-thread



THE NEST SUPPORTED BY
A THREAD.



and firmly woven one end of it into the body of the nest, while the other end she has carried to a projecting twig, some distance above, and there secured it by winding it five times around the stem and then tying it with a *perfect single knot!*

"The picture gives a good view of the side of the nest to which the thread-support is fastened, and the thread itself tied to the upper twig."

This incident of H. E. D.'s shows plainly enough



BIRD-EXTRAVAGANCE.

that birds know how to benefit themselves in nest-building by using articles manufactured by man, in place of the poor substitutes which the woods and fields afford them. And, as another proof of this, a letter and picture given in ST. NICHOLAS of last year, but which will be fresh to our new subscribers, are reprinted here :

"One day, not long ago, I washed a number of pieces of very fine lace, and left them spread out on the lawn. Presently, I went to look at them, so as to be sure they were all right, for they were valuable.

"One, two, three pieces were gone !

"Yet there were no fresh tracks on the lawn and paths, and, when I asked in the house, I was told that no one there had been near the lace, or seen anybody else near it, during the whole morning.

"This was puzzling, as well as disagreeable; and so I went to look again.

"Another piece vanished !

"Then I put a chair near the porch, and sat down and sewed, watching the lace carefully. But once I bent my eyes to my work for about half a minute, and when I looked up again,—

"Still another treasure was gone !

"This time I knew that no one but myself could have been near the lace. How, then, could it have disappeared? I put away my sewing, and for five minutes steadily gazed at the pieces left.

"Somebody in the house called out, and I glanced around. As I turned my eyes forward again, what should I see, sailing away in the air, a few yards from me, but a piece of the precious lace, trailing from the beak of a robin !

"I soon found that it was the same saucy fellow who had taken all the pieces, and that he had tried to make his little home beautiful with them.

"The lace was spoiled when we found it, for Robin had torn it when weaving it in with twigs; but the nest looked so pretty that I let my ruined treasures stay.—Yours truly, MARGARET H."

The picture shows just how Robin's nest looked, and it certainly was a beautiful home for him.

Last of all, here is an anecdote showing that birds not only know enough to help themselves by such material as thread, twine, lace, wool, etc., but that they are even so wise as to select goods of the proper color.

C. S. B., of Parkesburg, Pa., writes:

"Last summer, just when the trees were at the greenest, an oriole and his mate came to our yard and began to build their nest in a drooping bough of the old sycamore, where the foliage was very thick. Both birds went busily to work to find materials for a nest, and soon they began to examine whatever household articles were left within safe distance from the house. They would pull and pucker the linens and lace that were spread on the lawn, and at last, to stop their mischief, we concluded to furnish all the material they needed, ready for use. So we got together some thread and strings, and a variety of other scraps, rags of various colors, some red and gray yarn, etc., and spread them about here and there, wherever we thought they would be just in the way of the little builders. We had not long to wait, and they soon accepted a good portion of what we had laid out

for them. But after awhile we noticed that only the gray or dull-colored things were taken. The red was a puzzle; they evidently admired it, but decided, at last, that it would hardly do; for their acts plainly said 'It is pretty, *very* pretty, but then, it's so gay! We're afraid it would make too much show.'

"At last the nest was finished, and when lined and

complete, it was beautiful indeed, and worthy of all the care they had bestowed upon it. The skill of the tailor and weaver was shown in its sides, and the colors were chosen with great care. *But not one thread of crimson was found in it.* Cozy as it was, all its tints were dull and subdued, and an enemy would have had to look long to discover it among the thick foliage."



OUR LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

"OH, Mamma, Mamma, it's half-past eight!
Where are my rubbers? I shall be late;
And where is my pencil? I know just where
I laid it down, but it is not there;
Oh, here is my bag with my books all right—
I'm glad that my lessons were learned last night;
And now I'm off—here 's a kiss—good-bye,"—
And out of the door I see her fly.

I stand at the window and watch her go,
Swinging her school-bag to and fro;
And I think of a little girl I knew,
A long way back, when my years were few;
And the old red house beneath the hill,
Where she went to school, I see it still,
And I make for the child a little moan,
For her face, through the mist, is like my own.

The hours go by, it is half-past two,
And here comes Nell with her school-mate Sue;
They had their lessons, they both were "five,"
There are no happier girls alive.
They laugh and shout, and to and fro
Through every room in the house they go;
The music-teacher will come at four,
But they can play for an hour and more.

It is evening now, and, with look sedate,
Our little maid with her book and slate
Comes into the room. We chatter and read,
But she to be "perfect" must work indeed.
No need to be talking in days like these
Of the "early birds," and the "busy bees":
There is work enough, and (don't you tell!)
There's quite too much for girls like Nell.

THE GREAT SECRET.

BY RUTH HALL.

"I DON'T care! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live, Nell Bayley. So there!"

Now, when a little girl says she "don't care," in just that tone, and with just that face, it is pretty certain that she does care, and that very much indeed. Avis Sinclair was no exception to this rule. Her fair, round face was flushed with anger, her blue eyes sparkled unpleasantly, her forehead was wrinkled in tiny furrows, and alas! her rosy mouth was rapidly taking on that mocking pout which, Charles Dickens says, "children call making a face."

Nell Bayley swung her satchel of books up into the air, and caught it, lightly.

"Nonsense!" she said, with a toss of her nut-brown hair. "I know your 'never speaks,' Avy. To-morrow morning you'll've forgotten all about it, and come just as usual to me to see 'f I've got all my examples."

"Never! No, ma'am, not ever again will I speak to you! Not about examples nor anything. Going and having secrets away from me!"

And indignant Avis marched off up the street, feeling as lonely as if these dreadful threats had not been reiterated every few weeks, all that part of her short life during which she and Nellie had been friends.

Mrs. Sinclair, looking up from her sewing, as the child came into the parlor with downcast air and lagging step, smiled and said, gently:

"Well, dear, what has Nellie been doing now?"

"Don't laugh, Mamma! She *has* been mean. They've all been mean—all the girls. They're all horrid together, and I despise them!"

"Avis!" The little girl knelt down by her mother's side and laid her head in her lap.

"Mamma," she said, "may I tell you all about it? It's quite a long story, but I have been so miserable all day."

"Yes, tell the whole story, Avis. This is worse than an ordinary quarrel with Nellie, I am afraid."

"Oh, it's a great deal worse, and I have n't done anything at all now, really. You see," Avis continued, raising her head, "when I went into school, this morning, all the arithmetic class were in Miss Bell's recitation-room, where we always go, you know; and I went in, too, of course. There they all were by the window, giggling and whispering, and when they saw me—did n't they stop and all look confused, you know, and ashamed! And I heard some one say, 'Here she comes,

now!' Honest, Mamma! I think it was Letty Davis. And that shows they were talking about me; now, does n't it?"

"Well, was there anything else?"

"Oh, yes 'm. They smoothed it over then, and began to talk, and I did n't say anything, because they all say I do get mad so easy. But all day long, Nellie and Agnes Hoyt have been writing notes, and Nell would hide 'em under her books, just as if she was afraid I'd see 'em. When I wanted her to walk at recess, she could n't—she 'had to speak to Agnes.' And they went into the recitation-room together, and all the other girls kept whispering and laughing. Why, Mamma, it was dreadful!"

"Did n't you ask Nellie what it all meant?"

"Yes 'm, I did. Oh, of course! And she said, 'You'll find out all in good time, Avis.' Oh, so patronizing! And then——"

"And then you said she need not tell you, and that you never were going to speak to her again?"

"Why, yes." Avis hung her head for a moment. "But, now, was n't it mean, Mother?"

"Don't let us judge just yet, dear. There must be some reason for the girls' strange conduct, which you *will* 'know in good time.' Meanwhile, Avis, I would not pay attention to their secrets, but give them a few days to explain themselves."

It was much the wisest course to pursue, as Avis felt obliged to acknowledge; and, like a sensible girl, as she was in the main, she followed her mother's counsel so far as to be overwhelmingly polite and attentive to each and every "horrid" offender the next day.

She gave Nellie's hand an affectionate squeeze when she came in, and this her seat-mate returned in a matter-of-fact manner, the ceremony being part of the "making-up" after every disagreement.

The girls were on their guard, she thought, but she saw much consultation in the hall-ways, caught fragments of conversation during recess, and heard stray mutterings and whisperings during the buttoning of cloaks and tying of veils.

To be the only girl left out was a new and bitter experience. Avis had been leader in every plan ever since she was a little thing in pinafores. Nellie hitherto had been contented to follow. "But now I am not wanted," Avis said, bitterly, to herself, as she sat in her seat alone, and watched Nellie and Agnes Hoyt walking up and down, with heads close together and arms affectionately entwined.

Avis was always jealous of Agnes. The mean feeling she had been ashamed to confess, even to herself. But this preference of Nellie's had fanned it into a hot and angry flame.

"Agnes has enough," she thought, remembering the stately house opposite her mother's cottage, and the ponies behind which Agnes drove to school. "I'm sure, if I wore ear-rings and an overskirt, I should n't try to coax other people's friends away. No, indeed!"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" went the bell from the desk; and the girls hurried to their seats.

"Oh, dear! I don't half know my French," Agnes muttered, as she rummaged in her desk.

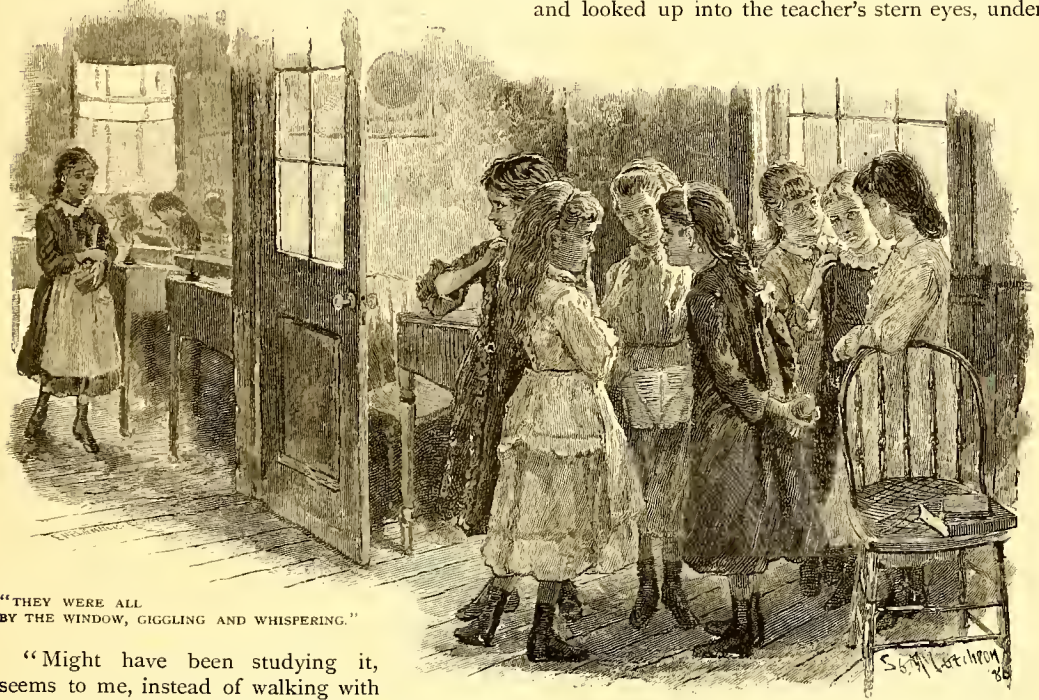
"Past indefinite of *avoir*, Miss Hoyt," he said, balancing his ruler.

"*J'eus, tu eus* ——" began Agnes; but the words were not fairly out of her mouth, when "Miss Sinclair!" came sharply from the teacher.

Avis saw the start of surprise and the reddening cheeks. She knew Agnes was being unfairly treated, but she recited the proper tense, with her head thrown back and eyes looking at nothing.

"Let her tell him she did n't hear distinctly," she thought. "It is n't my place to help her out. No, indeed!" But she felt very uncomfortable.

"You have dropped your handkerchief, Miss Sinclair," Professor Vernier said, as the girls filed slowly out of the room. Avis turned to take it, and looked up into the teacher's stern eyes, under



"THEY WERE ALL BY THE WINDOW, GIGGLING AND WHISPERING."

"Might have been studying it, seems to me, instead of walking with other people's friends," thought Avis, folding her exercise, meanwhile, with an expression of virtuous knowledge.

Avis had not quarreled with the girls; her manner was very lady-like and polite, but frosty,—oh, extremely cool! Even Nellie felt that.

I am sorry to write it, but now Avis really felt a little thrill of satisfaction at the thought of Agnes's half-learned lesson. You see, Agnes stood the best chance for the French prize, and Avis was but two marks below her. There was one disadvantage Agnes labored under, and it came near to lessening the distance between the two little girls to-day. She was quite deaf from a bad cold. This, Professor Vernier did not know.

the heavy brows. A sudden, a saving thought came to her of last Sunday night, by the hearth-glow, and Mamma reading something about "Bear ye one another's burdens."

She folded the handkerchief into tiny creases, and fumbled over the ink-stains in one corner, and folded in the little red spots, made when she had sharpened her finger instead of her pencil; and then she opened her lips and—shut them again.

"Well, Miss Sinclair?" began the Professor, in an inquiring tone.

"Oh, please!" begged Avis, with scarlet cheeks and trembling lips. "Oh, let me tell you something. Agnes has a cold, an awful cold, and she

can't hear very well. She knows all that review; she did n't understand your question."

"But why did not she tell me so?" was the natural inquiry. Avis looked more scared than ever.

"She was afraid," she whispered; "we—we all are—at least ——"

"Afraid of me? Oh, nonsense! That is only because I am strange to you, as yet. There, that will do. You are a brave girl, my dear."

And, with a soothing pat on the shoulder, the old man ushered Avis into the long school-room.

When Agnes gave in her marks at night, according to custom, the principal smiled and nodded.

"Your mistake has been explained, Miss Agnes," he said. "You must not let it pass again."

"Oh, Avis! Did *you* tell?" she asked, delightedly, having caught a glimpse of the interview. "Oh, I *am* so much obliged to you! Don't you want me to teach you how to make feather-braid?"

"Yes, ever so much," said Avis, pleased with herself, as was natural. "May I come over, right after tea, to-night?"

"Oh, not to-night, please," and Agnes blushed uncomfortably. "Would n't some other time ——"

"It's of no consequence," said Avis, with a lofty toss of the head. One does n't feel comfortable at having one's invitations slighted, particularly when one invites oneself.

"Oh, please, Avis ——"

Agnes tried to make a weak apology, but Avis only shrugged her shoulders and walked away, with a heavier heart than a little girl often carries.

"It's worse and worse, Mamma," she said, after having told her all about Agnes's misfortune and her own temptation. "I asked Nellie if she would come up and do her examples with me to-night, and she said 'No, indeed!' and looked at Letty Davis, and laughed. And to think I should just be told that I was n't wanted over at Mrs. Hoyt's!"

"Why, Avis," said Mrs. Sinclair, laughing, in spite of herself, at the scornful, haughty toss of the head. "I know some one who *does* want you," she added. "You are to go to Aunt Caroline's to tea."

This was nothing very new. Aunt Caroline was old, and alone, and often wanted her small niece to come and drink tea with her. Still, it was a little excitement, and Avis ran away, at five o'clock, with her mother's kiss upon her lips, and her mother's words, "Be home early," in her ears.

At seven o'clock, Avis danced up the front steps, feeling quite happy and contented after the quiet talk with Aunt Caroline, and the weak tea and unlimited toast. "How bright the house looks," she thought, as she threw open the door, and then she paused, amazed, on the threshold.

The parlor was full of girls and boys in holiday attire. The dining-room table was covered with baskets, and Mamma was going upstairs with her arms full of wraps.

"Here she comes, now!" said Letty Davis, as once before in this history, and Nell Bayley fell on Avis's neck, exclaiming: "Oh, you dear old Avis! And you never once suspected, and we've gone and given you a surprise-party!"

THE SAD STORY OF THE CHILLY FAMILY.

BY E. T. CORBETT.

MR. and Mrs. Theophilus Chilly
Went out one day
With their daughter May,
Their son John Thomas, their grandson Willy,
And their old black cook, whom they called
Aunt Dilly.

They went—all six of them—out together;
"We'll have to-morrow a change in the weather—
It's going to snow," said Mrs. Chilly.
"I told you so," grunted old Aunt Dilly.
"Then we'll go out this very day
And buy a new stove—that's what I say—
Keep the house warm in spite of the storm"—
Said excellent Mr. Theophilus Chilly.
"Come, wife; come, Dilly; come, grandson Willy;

Go call John Thomas, and hurry May,
I must hear what each one has to say.
This choosing and buying is terribly trying,—
We'll go together, and that's the best way."

So out they went, with this intent.
Plenty of time and money were spent,
Every one had something to say:
"Get a graceful shape," said pretty Miss May;
"Get a stove to roast apples," cried little Willy;
"And to bile the kittle," said old Aunt Dilly;
"It must be very large," added Father and Mother;
"With doors in front!" exclaimed May's brother.
So the stove was bought,
And, when home it was brought,
"It's a perfect beauty!" said each to the other.

Well, the fire was kindled, and how it blazed
 And roared and sparkled! They stood amazed.
 "I—feel—quite—*warm!*" gasped Mrs. Chilly,
 Looking 'round for a fan.
 "Why, I'm a-melting!" cried old Aunt Dilly.
 The others began
 To open the windows, and little Willy
 For ice-water ran.

But the fire grew fiercer—the stove was red.
 "Turn the damper," John Thomas said:
 "Stop the draught, or we'll all be dead!"
 But nobody heard a single word;
 For out of the windows each popped a head—
 Father and Mother, and grandson Willy,
 Pretty Miss May, and old Aunt Dilly;
 And since there was n't a window more
 For poor John Thomas, *he* sat on the floor!

Well, the room grew hotter and hotter. At last,
 When an hour had passed,
 Poor Mr. Chilly drew in his head,
 And thus to his suffering wife he said:
 "We must call the fire-engines—yes, my dear,
 To play on this terrible stove—that's clear.
 So shout, Aunt Dilly, and you, little Willy,
 Help me cry '*FIRE!*'" said poor Mr. Chilly.

But when from the windows they all leaned out,
 To summon the engines with scream and shout,

"There 's one of us missing!" exclaimed Mr.
 Chilly,—

"Not wife, not Willy, not May, nor Aunt Dilly,
 Why, who *can* it be? Ah, yes, I see!
 John Thomas is missing,—of course it's *he.*"
 And he called out again to the engines, "Play!
 Or my wife and children will melt away!"

So the engines played, as he bade them do,—
 There must have been a dozen or more,—
 On that dreadful stove their streams they threw;
 They soaked John Thomas on the floor,
 They played on Mr. and Mrs. Chilly,
 On pretty May and grandson Willy,—
 They sent a shower over old Aunt Dilly.

But "Play more!" and "Play faster!" the
 family cried,
 Though they gasped and choked and shivered
 beside.

"Oh, *do* put us out!"
 Mr. Chilly would shout,
 Whenever the engines ceased to spout.
 Not one of them dared to go to their beds,
 But out of the windows they kept their heads;
 And all through the night
 They would shriek in affright:
 "*Fire! FIRE! water! WATER!*" till broad day-
 light.



LACROSSE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



AN OLD INDIAN BALL-GAME.

THE Indian of North America is commonly supposed to be a grim and sober creature, who never laughs; a man who at all times conducts himself in a sedate and rather gloomy manner. He is very dignified, and never, never smiles. It is said that, when at home, he is always thinking of going on the war-path, or planning a grand and mighty hunt, or sitting by his wigwam thinking of nothing in particular, which is always a solemn proceeding in anybody.

Now, it is a curious fact that the Indian has been strangely misrepresented. It has been discovered that he really liked a little fun, and could enjoy a game as well as any one. The Chinese fly kites, and the wild Arabs of the desert tell stories. It is thought the ancient Egyptians played jack-stones, and we may be sure the Japanese enjoy many games, as you may learn by look-

ing at their picture-fans. All the civilized nations have games: the English like cricket, we have base-ball, and the people of Holland are supposed to have invented skates, for which they deserve the lasting gratitude of mankind. It is interesting to find that, after all, the Indians have been very badly treated by the historians, and that they, too, had an eye for fun, and even had a game of their own.

When the French first explored the great country to the north, along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, they found the Indians had a wild and exciting game that they played on the grassy intervals along the rivers, or on the ice in winter. Hundreds of Indians would sometimes play at a ball game, like that shown in the above picture. They used a ball of stuffed skin, and a curious bat, looking somewhat like a "hockey," having a

net of reindeer hide between the handle and the crook of the hockey. The French called the bat a *crosse*, and, naturally enough, the game was soon called "La Crosse." This is fortunate, for the Ojibways called it "Baggataway," and the Iroquois called it "Tekontshikwaheks," and there certainly would be little satisfaction in playing a game with either of these distressing names.

It always is interesting to know where things come from, and explorers, you know, must always look sharply into every new custom and sport they chance to encounter. So, when they first saw Lacrosse played, they of course asked the Indians where they learned the game. But the Indians looked as surprised as Indians can, and solemnly said they did not know. The rules of the game had been sacredly handed down from father to son, and all the tribes had played "Tekontshikwaheks," they said, ever since the world began. They had no printed "book of the rules with an historical preface," and consequently the origin of Lacrosse is lost in obscurity. Like "tag," and jack-stones, and "follow-my-leader," it had been played so very long that it had no history at all.

However, this melancholy circumstance makes no difference now. The interesting fact remains that this wild, exciting, and rather rough sport has been tamed and civilized by the Canadians, and Lacrosse is now a capital game for boys. It is now called the national game of the Dominion, and every year it is becoming more and more popular. It is played here in the United States quite often in the summer, and the bats can now be bought in any good toy-shop.

No boy can afford to be ignorant of any of the good games in the world, particularly if they call him out-of-doors, and teach him to be brave, strong, and active. Clearly, it is our duty to learn how Lacrosse is played, and to witness a good game.

Lacrosse is played on a level, grassy field, like a base-ball ground. The things used in the game are a rubber ball, about eight inches in circumference, four light poles or flag-staffs, each about six feet long, and a bat or "crosse" for each player. The field for a boys' game should be about one hundred and thirty yards long, and about forty yards wide. The four poles are in pairs, and should have flags at the top in colors; say, two in blue, and two in white. The two poles of a pair are set up in the ground about six feet apart, the white flags at one end of the field and the blue at the other, the two "colors"

being about one hundred and twenty yards apart. These form the goals, and the players should wear some kind of cap or uniform in the same colors as the goals, say, half the players in white caps or shirts, and half in blue. The poles and flags can be made at home, the bats cost about one dollar each, and any good rubber-sponge ball may be used.

The game is led by two captains selected from all the boys, and, to decide disputes, there may be also two umpires. Each captain, beginning with the eldest, takes turns in selecting his team from all the boys, each choosing twelve, making twenty-six in the game. The two captains do not play, and have no bats; their duty is to start the game, to look after their sides, to watch the ball, and tell their own players what to do. The umpires merely look on from the edge of the field, one near each goal. The senior captain places his men in this order: first one in front of the opposite goal, second one a short distance in advance of him, a third still farther in advance, and a fourth at the center of the field. At the home goal he also places one man, a few yards in advance of the flags. The remaining players are placed at the sides of the third and fourth boys. Then the other captain does the same thing, and the field is filled by the twenty-four players in pairs, except two on each side. Thus, the two



A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE.

sides are distributed over the entire field. The rules of the game say there must be no kicking nor pulling to get at the ball, nor must it be once touched by the hands. All the work is done

with the bat. The game is to start the ball from the center, and to throw it between the goals, the blues trying to get it past the white flags, and the whites trying to fling it between the blue flags. Each side tries its best to defend its own color, and to get the ball into the enemy's goal. A player may pick the ball up on his crosse, or catch it on the fly, or the rebound, and he may, if he can, run with it on the crosse and throw it into the goal.

Let us see them play. Every one is now ready. Two players, a blue and white, take position at the center, with one knee on the ground, their crosses resting on the grass before them, and the ball lying between the crosses. The other players stand ready and watchful in their places. The senior captain gives the word—"Ready"—"Play!" In an instant there is a lively scrimmage, and the ball goes skimming through the air. The captains call up their men. There is a grand rush for the ball. Down it comes on the bat of a white, but a blue knocks it off, and away it goes. White and blue struggle for it. It darts here and there, round and round, and, with a vigorous knock, a white sends it whizzing through the air toward the blue goal. It falls on the grass, and the players from every side run to catch it. A white reaches the ball first, pulls it toward him with his bat, and sets it rolling. Then, with a quick movement, he shifts the bat in front of it, and it gently rolls into

them in the picture. The fellow ahead holds the crosse steady before him, with the ball resting on it, and the others in a jolly rout are after him, blues and whites together. Two are down and out of the race. Never mind. Their turn will come soon. Now a fast race after the swift runner, who keeps his bat before him with the ball resting on it. A blue comes up from the side and tries to strike his bat and knock the ball away. A quick jump aside,—and the runner dodges the blow. Others gather in front to head him off. He turns this way and that like a deer. Down they go on the soft grass. Quick as lightning he turns around, darts the other way, and runs on in a wide circle, still aiming for the blue goal. Ah! they are after him again, blues and whites all together, and the captains yelling like mad. Hurrah! They gather around him, dodging and jumping from side to side, friend and foe together; the swift runner is nearly lost, but he turns around, and with a clever movement throws the ball straight ahead. The blue goal-keeper tries to stop it, but it flies between the flags. The game is won for the whites in just two minutes and four seconds.

Whew! This is lively work. Score one for the whites. Who ever saw such running, such jolly fun, before? If it's all like this, a boy may learn to run like a deer and leap like an antelope.

Once more the ball is placed in the center, and the game is started. Round and round, backward



"THE WHOLE FIELD IS AFTER HIM."

the netting. Away he darts on the full run for the blue goal. The captains shout, and the whole field run after him as fast as they can go. Those in front try to head him off. This is fun! Look at

and forward, now here, now there, skimming along the ground, first on one side, then on another, flying high overhead and bounding along the grass, the ball is hotly pursued by blues and whites,

pell-mell. The captains run and shout, driving on the players, or calling to the rescue as the ball comes dangerously near home. The players keep their places as nearly as they can, but all are watchful, and run for the ball when it comes near their

When the Indians played Baggetaway, they staked out a field thousands of yards long, and had a great many players on a side. The game was fierce and wild, and many were knocked down and sometimes badly hurt. This was a savage style of



“THE GOAL-KEEPER TRIES TO STOP IT.”

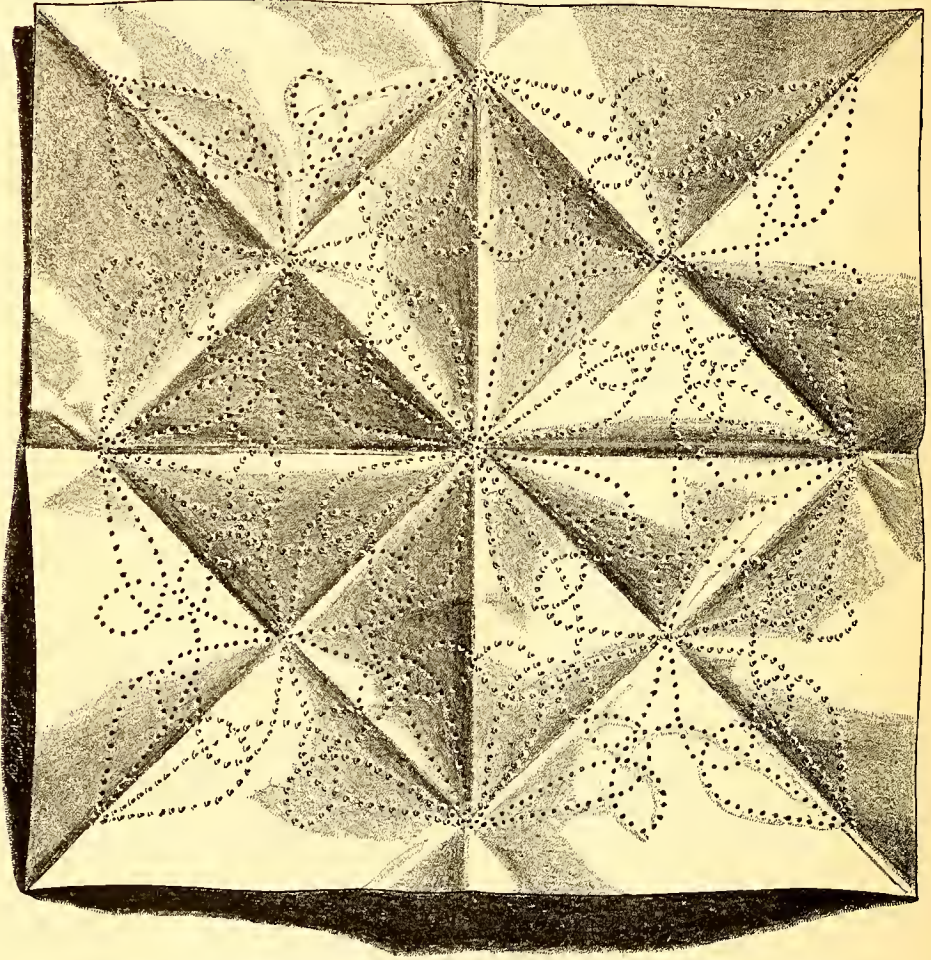
side—if they have it and cannot keep it, flinging it to a friend, or sending it flying to the other end of the field. There she goes! Hurrah! Run, whites; the blues are upon you! Ah! It’s down, and there is a wild scrimmage. Here they are! Pushing, wrestling, and having a good, manly struggle for the ball.

Down they go on the grass, tumbling over and over in the effort to reach the ball. Whiz! Here she goes! There she goes! Run, fellows, run! The blue boy with the long legs has it. Whack! Somebody knocked it away. It skims through the air. Another blue has it! Run, short-legs; you are a good one! Hello! Tall white fellow in the way. Bang! It goes high over his head, and, with a shout, the blues rush up to the goal. Fair game! The blues have it this time!

fun that we have no need to imitate. Lacrosse should be played by young gentlemen, and not by roughs. It should be played with dash and vigor, but without rudeness and unfairness. Games are to teach manliness and bravery, and to give strength to limbs and lungs and heart. Lacrosse is so simple, so easily learned, and is withal so lively, that every big boy should join some club or party and go afield, and learn what it is to run and jump and have a good time in the free and open air, on the smooth grass and under the glorious sky. Should you care to learn the rules of the game, ask at the bookstore for a book on Lacrosse, published by Rosc, Belford & Co., Toronto, Canada. This is said to be the best thing on the subject, and gives the rules of the game as played in the Canadian style.

SEWING-MACHINE DESIGNS.

BY JAMES G. BROWN.



CHAIN-STITCH PATTERN MADE BY METHOD SHOWN IN FIG. 2.

I HAVE been a sewing-machine agent for many years, and often I would fold a piece of cloth until it was doubled into eight or ten thicknesses, to show the strength of the machine. On one occasion, three or four years ago, wanting a piece of cloth to show another attachment, I ripped the piece I had been stitching, and, to my astonishment and the delight of those present, I found a most beautiful design made by the stitches. The pattern was taken by a lady present and a beautiful pin-cushion was made from it, by working the design with Turkey-red in what is called chain-

stitch. You girls will know what that is. I have since practiced making these designs whenever showing a machine, and wherever I go I am requested to make just one more pattern. And as some very pretty patterns have been made in this way, I will describe the process so that you can practice it yourselves—first cautioning you, however, not only to get your mother's consent, but to ask her to show you how to work, for a sewing-machine must be treated very carefully, you know, and by not using it in the proper manner, or by disobeying injunctions, you might injure one

so badly that it would cost a considerable sum to put it in good order again.

First, take a piece of thin, tough paper (such as

of the top fold, but not to run over it. Turn the paper about, and stitch back in another direction, as indicated in Fig. 1. Take out the paper and open

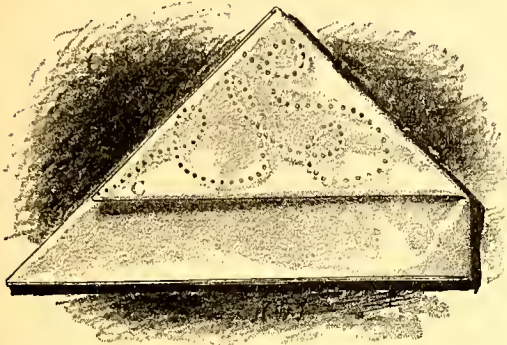


FIG. 1.

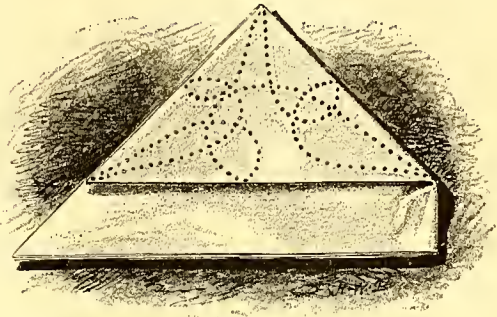


FIG. 2.

shoes are wrapped in) about a foot square, and fold the two opposite corners together, making a triangle; then fold again with the two long corners together.

it, and you will have something that will pay you for your trouble. Or, if you will commence at the center point and run around, forming each line into

Be sure that the folded edges are even each time you double it. Then fold again so that the four corners are together, making a neat little right-angled triangle. Now fold once more so that the center of the paper is about three-fourths of an inch from the corner. Now remove the thread and shuttle from the machine, take a rather small needle, and sew, or rather punch (commencing at the

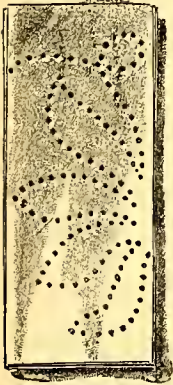


FIG. 4.

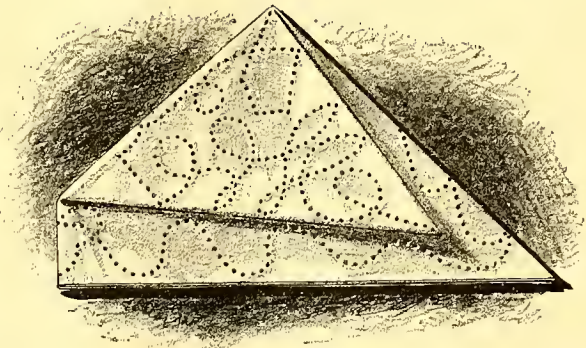


FIG. 3.

point marked C in Fig. 1), as crooked a line as you can sew, allowing the stitches to come to the edge

an irregular curve, as in Fig. 2, your pattern will be a thing of beauty when unfolded, like that shown at

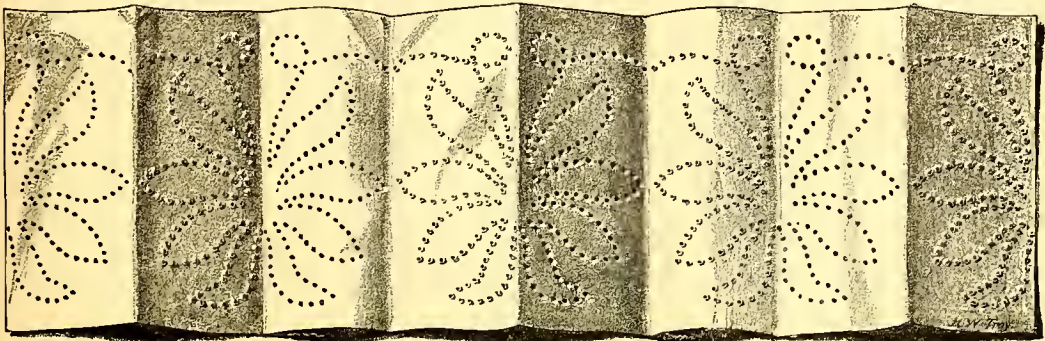


FIG. 5.—CONTINUOUS BRAID PATTERN.

the head of this article. Fig. 3 shows still another way of folding the paper and running the stitches, which also makes a pattern.

To make a braid pattern, take a strip of tough paper about two feet long and three or four inches wide, fold it in the center with the two ends together, then fold the ends back to the center; fold again and again, each time back to the center, until the paper is about one inch and a half wide, as shown in Fig. 4, or sixteen thicknesses, as in the

other form of pattern. Then run a line of holes across, as crooked as you can, beginning at one side near the end and running off the other side near the other end (Fig. 4). This will give you a continuous braid pattern (Fig. 5), which can be worked without cutting or crossing the braid. You can use this as a stencil, by placing it on the goods to be worked and powdering common bluing through the holes. The bluing will leave plain marks, showing how to arrange the braid.



HOW ROB COUNTED THE STARS.

OTHER lit-tle boys have count-ed the stars, but let me tell you how lit-tle Rob count-ed them. Rob was then just four years old.

It was a warm sum-mer night. Mam-ma had put Rob in-to bed, and aft-er kiss-ing him sev-er-al times, had left him a-lone to fall a-sleep. The stars came out, one by one, till the win-dow was full of the lit-tle bright twink-lers, and the tired lit-tle boy lay won-der-ing at their bright-ness, and count-ing them on his fin-gers and toes; but pret-ty soon ev-er-y lit-tle fin-ger and toe was "used up," and Rob had many stars left in the win-dow and no-where to put them. "If I only had a lit-tle sis-ter," he said, "I could use her fin-gers." And there he lay, with his arms stretched up-ward and a star on ev-er-y lit-tle fin-ger-tip. As soon as the thought came in-to his head, he popped out of the bed, and in an in-stant more was mak-ing a map of the lit-tle piece of sky which he saw, by put-ting a mark for ev-er-y star up-on his slate. But soon he grew dream-y, his pen-cil moved slow-er, and the stars grew dim-mer up-on his slate un-til they ceased to shine there, and lit-tle Rob was fast a-sleep.

The next morn-ing, Rob's mam-ma found the slate ly-ing by his side, cov-ered with queer lit-tle marks, but mam-ma did n't know what they were till Rob said they were stars, and she could count them.



A BED IN THE SNOW.

RO-SA and Hil-da were two lit-tle girls who lived on the edge of a great for-est. Their par-ents were very poor, and the two chil-dren some-times had to go out in-to the woods to pick up dry sticks for the kitch-en fire. In the sum-mer they liked to do this, for it was very pleas-ant to wan-der a-bout un-der the great trees, and o-ver the green

and soft moss which in some places near-ly cov-ered the ground. They found a great ma-ny things there be-sides dry sticks, and their moth-er used to think, some-times, that they staid too long a-mong the wild flow-ers and the moss, while she was wait-ing for wood.

But in win-ter, the chil-dren did not like the for-est. The trees were bare, the pret-ty moss was all cov-ered with snow, and the cold winds blew cold-er there, they thought, than any-where else. But the kitch-en fire need-ed wood more in the win-ter than in the sum-mer, for it was the on-ly fire in the house, and so Ro-sa and Hil-da ran in-to the for-est near-ly ev-er-y day, and brought back as ma-ny dry sticks and twigs as they could car-ry.

One day, Hil-da thought she would take her bas-ket with her, to gath-er some red ber-ries that she had seen the last time she was in the woods. There was a good deal of snow on the ground, and it was ver-y hard for the lit-tle girls to walk; while Max, their dog, who came with them, sank so deep in-to the snow, at ev-er-y step, that, at last, he grew tired, and lay down by a big tree. He thought he would wait there un-til the chil-dren should be go-ing home.

Hil-da said she would go and look for the ber-ries, and when she had found them, she would come back and help pick up sticks. So Ro-sa be-gan to gath-er up what dead wood she could find stick-ing out of the snow, and Hil-da walked as fast as she could to find her red ber-ries.

She thought she knew just where they were, but al-though she walked very far, she could not see them any-where. At last, she be-gan to feel ver-y cold and tired and sleep-y, and she thought she would like to lie right down on the ground and take a nap. She did not know that when peo-ple lie down on the snow to sleep they very often freeze to death.

Aft-er a while, she start-ed to go back to Ro-sa, but she did not walk ver-y far be-fore she tripped o-ver the branch-es of a fall-en tree, and when she felt her-self ly-ing on the snow, she thought she would just stay there and take a lit-tle bit of a nap. It would rest her so much. So she went fast a-sleep.

Be-fore long, Ro-sa be-gan to won-der where her sis-ter had gone, and then she went to look for her. At first, she could see Hil-da's foot-steps in the snow, but soon she came to a high, bare place, where the wind had blown the snow a-way, and there she could see no foot-steps. So she ran back and called "Max! Max!"

The lit-tle dog was still un-der the tree, but when he heard Ro-sa

calling him, he knew that something was the matter, and he ran to her as fast as he could go. When he saw that she was a-lone, he began to run a-bout, to look for Hil-da, for he always saw the two lit-tle girls very near each oth-er. He sniffed a-round, and then he turned to the right and be-gan to run. He knew she had gone that way. He could smell her shoes. Ro-sa ran aft-er him, and she soon saw Hil-da's foot-prints in the snow. She could not keep up with Max, but she could see which way he went.



Ver-y soon, she came to a fall-en tree, and push-ing a-side the branch-es, there she saw her poor lit-tle sis-ter, ly-ing on the snow, with Max lick-ing her face. Ro-sa thought she was dead, but rush-ing to her side, she took her in her arms and found that

she still breathed. Then Ro-sa raised Hil-da to her feet, and hugged and kissed her un-til she woke her up, while Max barked for joy. When Hil-da had o-pened her eyes, and could stand up by her-self, Ro-sa took her by the arm and hur-ried home, Max run-ning a-long in front.

As soon as their moth-er saw them com-ing, she ran to meet them, and when she heard how lit-tle Hil-da had been in dan-ger of freez-ing to death in the for-est, she said that her chil-dren should nev-er go there a-gain when there was a deep snow.

And you may be sure that aft-er that day, Ro-sa and Hil-da, and their fa-ther and moth-er, thought a great deal of that lit-tle dog Max.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHEN Jack wakes in the morning,
 In these sweet autumn days,
 He sees the sumac burning
 And the maples in a blaze,
 And he rubs his eyes, bewildered,
 All in the golden haze.
 Then: "No. They still are standing;
 They're not on fire at all!"—
 He softly says, when slowly
 He sees some crimson fall,
 And yellow flakes come floating
 Down from the oaks so tall.
 And then he knows the spirit
 Of the sunset must have planned
 The myriad bright surprises
 That deck the dying land,—
 And he wonders if the sumac
 And the maples understand.

THE GYPSY INSECT.

Now, here is a strange Chinese story; and you shall have it just as it came to me; it is about a little insect called a Sphex, which steals baby mosquitoes, spiders, and flies, from the mothers; just as, in the olden time, gypsies stole human children.

In China, the people have a legend that the mother-sphex never has any children altogether her very own, but steals the babies of other mother-insects. Then, boring holes in certain kinds of wood, she places the infant prisoners in them, and covers them up with the soft borings of the wood. She leaves a small opening through which she can watch the tiny baby, and then hovers over it, day after day, singing, "Little sphex! Little sphex! Little sphex!" until the little thing, always hearing itself called a sphex, grows to be one, and at last comes forth, a real, true sphex, and becomes the child of its foster-mother. On account of this legend, adopted children, in China, are called sphex-children.

However, the truth has been found out at last, and although it is not quite so pretty as the story, it is more motherly; here it is:

The real sphex-mother is a dark, bluish insect, of about the size of a common wasp. She lays a great many eggs; but only one in any one nest, which she bores in wood. She does, indeed, steal other insects; but they are to be the food of the tiny egg when it has become a little whitish worm, which feeds on the spiders, flies, and mosquitoes that its mother has stored for it. At length, the worm leaves off eating, and weaves for itself a silken wrapping, and, after days of sleep, awakes, to find itself a perfect sphex, with legs and wings, and comes forth to float in the bright sunshine.

One day, a certain traveler, then living in China, saw a sphex hovering over a hole in the wood of his book-case. Out of this hole he took a sphex-worm, and the remains of thirty-four spiders. Also, in the wood of a chair and table, in the same room, he found other sphex-babies. All of these he discovered by the sphex-mother flying about the holes and making that peculiar noise sounding like the words, "Little sphex! Little sphex!"

NEEDLES AND THREAD THAT GROW.

THE natives of Mexico and of some parts of South America have no trouble whatever about sewing-tools; their needles grow, ready threaded, and I'm told that anybody who wishes to use needles and thread just walks up to the plant and takes them.

The needle is a slender thorn that grows at the end of the leaf of the maguey tree, and the thread is a fiber which is attached to the thorn. It is easy to pluck the thorn and draw it out with its fiber, and the two perfectly answer the purpose of ordinary needles and thread, considering the kinds of cloth and costume used in the tropical countries where they are found.

MONKEY TORCH-BEARERS.

YOUR Jack has just heard of some monkeys who were educated, not to beg pennies nor to make bows, but to do something really useful. They lived in the Jimma country, which lies south of Abyssinia, and they held the torches at grand suppers, seated in rows on high benches around the banquet room. There they silently waited, holding up the lights, until the feasters had finished; and then the monkeys came in for a share of the good things. Sometimes, one of them would become impatient for his supper, and throw his flaming light among the guests, as if to make them hurry; but, as a rule, these monkey torch-bearers behaved well.

CRADLED IN A LEAF.

It is not an insect nor a bird that I mean, but a human baby, cradled in a single leaf. The leaf is a big one, to be sure, being five or six feet across, and having a rim three inches high all around its edge.

It is the leaf of the *Victoria Regia*, a gigantic water-lily found only in the warmest parts of South America. Each plant has a number of these huge pads, which rest upon the top of the water. A big bird can stand on one of them without sinking, and, sometimes, when a mother is gathering the seeds of the plant, which are used for food, she will lay her baby asleep on one of the leaves, where it is perfectly safe until she is ready to take it up.

What nice cool cradles these lily-pads must make, in that hot country!

CURRENTS GROWING IN A LOCUST-TREE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Mother says, your May picture of a tree growing high in the air upon an older tree reminds her that, when she was a child, she could see from her window a white-currant bush growing and bearing fruit far up in the branches of a locust tree. Some bird had dropped a seed there years before, and when the currants were ripe, the pretty winged things came and feasted on them, chattering away at a great rate, and no doubt feeling safe from stones up among the leaves.—Yours truly, KATE H.

FOUR-HANDED NUT-GATHERERS.

"GOOD LUCK to you!" said the rosy Little School-ma'am, one Friday, smiling at a group of boys and girls from the Red School-house, as they

were planning to go on a nutting frolic the next day. "Take care of yourselves, and don't hurt the trees, for the poor things cannot defend themselves, and have no four-handed friends to help them, like some other trees I know of."

Then the children crowded about her to hear more, and she told them of the graceful Brazilian trees from which come the querc, three-sided, hard-shelled nuts called Brazil-nuts. These grow packed many together, the sharp edge inward, almost like the parts of an orange, and each cluster is covered with a hard, woody shell, making a ball half as large as a man's head.

If monkeys happen to be in a Brazil-nut tree, and you throw something up to knock down the fruit, those four-handed little fellows will defend the tree in a very lively fashion, by pelting you with the hard, heavy globes, so that you will be glad to get out of the way. Knowing this habit of the monkeys, the Indians save themselves the trouble of climbing the trees when they wish to gather the fruit. In the nut-harvest time, they just provoke the monkeys to throw down the nuts, and, when the shower is over, all they have to do is to carry the prizes quietly to their boats and drift with them down the Orinoco river to market.

THE GLASS MOUNTAIN.

YOUR Jack has been informed that Yellowstone Lake and the land round about it have been set apart as a "National Park." This is as it should be, for the place, they say, is full of strange and beautiful sights—hot-water springs side by side with ice-cold streams; geysers, or spouting fountains of hot water, of mud, and of steam; grand water-falls, one of them more than three hundred feet high; gloomy chasms and cañons; dreadful rocks; roaring torrents; snow-covered mountains; and a wide and peaceful lake.

But one of the most striking of the wonders of this strange region is the glass mountain, a tall cliff of black and dark-crimson rock, in bands or layers. Through the points and jutting corners of the rock the sun shines, but the face of the cliff has only a gloss in the light, and does not gleam like ordinary glass. The rock is a sort of cousin of that from which the Indians used to chip their hatchets; and when you hold a thin piece up before the eye, the light passes through. It is called "banded obsidian," and, at one time, it lay molten inside the earth, but, ages ago, it was poured out, and cooled in its present form. In the picture, the Glass Mountain is at the right, jutting into the valley.

Spread out before the cliff lie the head-waters

of a river, which the beavers dammed up so as to form a lake, now known as "Beaver Lake."

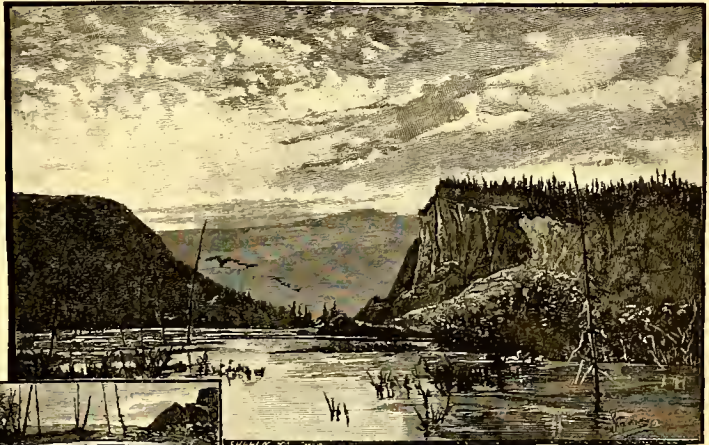
The small picture shows a geyser-basin from which the water no longer spouts. It seems to be nothing but a round hole full of warm water when you are close by, but from the top of a neighboring rock, it appears to be a fairy grotto, indescribably beautiful, with green and silvery lights, deep shadows, and brightly glistening sides.

NATURAL BEADS.

If you were natives of Central Africa, my dears, where beads are money, how glad you would be to learn that there are in the world great hills formed of beads, produced by natural causes!

One of these hills, not very far from Buenos Ayres, South America, is made of little round stones of various colors, each stone with a small round hole through it. Now, how did it get there?

There are natural beads in Africa, also, on the south-eastern coast, but they are less beautiful, being but dull red or white quartz crystals with smooth edges. They are about a third of an inch



THE GLASS MOUNTAIN AND BEAVER LAKE.



OLD GEYSER-BASIN.

across and an inch and a half long, and each has a bore or hole along its entire length, through which a coarse thread can be passed.

Would n't some of you be glad to take a stroll on these heaps of beads! But then, the colors and shapes are not nearly as pretty, nor as many, as those of the beads which you girls buy and string into necklets and other dainty ornaments.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

DEACON GREEN sends to you all, and especially to you New England youngsters, his hearty wishes that you may enjoy Thanksgiving Day. He says:

"Most of you will wish to wind up the merry holiday wisely, and one way would be to let the smaller ones form a line, just before you trot off to bed, and all sing some little Thanksgiving song.

"Of course, the plan will be kept a secret until the time to sing, both by yourselves and by any older persons who may help you."

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR BOUND VOLUMES.

THE addition of sixteen pages to each number of ST. NICHOLAS, which began with the volume just closed, and which is to be permanently kept up, makes a bound volume of twelve numbers too unwieldy to handle. Therefore, the yearly numbers of Vol. VII., and its successors, are to be bound in two parts, each complete in itself—as a book—but being only *half a volume*. Thus, two bound books are required for a complete volume. Vol. VII., in two parts, contains a great deal more matter than any volume of ST. NICHOLAS ever issued, and yet it can be handled in this divided shape much more readily, and with less injury to the binding, than could the bulkier volumes.

Remember this, boys and girls: If you miss the former thickness of each volume of ST. NICHOLAS, you have instead a really larger volume now, but one that is divided into two books, which two readers may enjoy separately at the same time.

C. W. F. AND OTHERS.—The story of "The Crow-Child," which you asked for, and which the Editor told many years ago, is reprinted in the present number.

We take pleasure in calling the especial attention of our readers to Mr. Ballard's interesting paper on the Agassiz Association, begun on page 28 of the present number. We cordially indorse the project of having a ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Association, and trust that it may grow and thrive under Mr. Ballard's good management and hearty sympathy. All letters on the subject should be sent directly to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass., and not to the office of ST. NICHOLAS. That gentleman will attend personally to all such correspondence, though he frequently may address the ST. NICHOLAS branch through the pages of this magazine. The names of all boys and girls who join the ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association before January 1st, shall, if possible, be printed in our Letter-Box.

The following extract from Mr. Ballard's letter explains itself: "Professor Alexander Agassiz* has read the inclosed MSS., and writes that he cordially assents that this very pleasant and useful plan for children be called the Agassiz Association, and that we have his 'hearty good wishes' for its success."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS how to make a panorama. Nothing is needed except a box, either pasteboard or wood, and for the rollers take an old broom-handle. Cut it to fit the width of the box; then take a tack or small nail and drive it through the under part of the box into the bottom part of the roller. Put a crank on the top of each roller; then join the pictures neatly together with flour-paste, being very careful to keep them in a straight row, so that they will roll around the rollers straight; cut an opening in the back of the box large enough to admit a candle. Now all is finished; take it into a dark room, with the candle lighted, turn the crank, and your panorama moves along. Without any expense, and with very little trouble, it affords the maker much amusement. Any boy or girl can make one.—Yours truly,
FRANK J. GUTZWILLER.

WILL Miss Ella S. Cummins please send her full address to the Editor? The article will appear in an early number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is an idea in aid of those who wish to give home-made Christmas presents. You must know that one summer we planted gourd-vines, just as you advised in the last August "Letter-Box," and early in the following November, we had a wonderful lot of oddly shaped, rattling things to work into pretty gifts.

One kind was like a flattened globe; these we made into work-baskets, card-receivers, and bowls to arrange flowers in. For the first of these, a round piece was cut out of the top, as a lid. The lining was of gold-colored silk, while the outside was painted black,

with a twining wreath of nasturtiums. One globe, painted dark green, held a small china bowl for cut flowers.

The "bottle-gourds" we painted black, with dull red figures, to imitate antique vases. There was a difficulty in matching pairs; but even genuine vases are not always mates.

The little egg-gourds, frequently used as nest-eggs, we cut in two, painted blue and white, mounted on feet of twisted wire, and used as jewel stands.

One of the "pears" we turned to an inkstand, the inside thoroughly sand-papered and painted. The upper part was cut off, and served as a lid, and a narrow ribbon, tied through two holes at the back, became a "hinge." Inside, we set a flat glass bottle, with a stopper.

There were many other shapes, but I need not tell what we did with them, for anybody, with a little ingenuity and a few oil-colors, may turn them to account in a thousand pretty and curious ways.—Yours truly,
E. A. E.

EMILY T.—The word "quandary" means "a state of doubt or perplexity," and it is said to be derived from the French phrase "Qu'en dirai-je?" which means, "What shall I say of it?"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two boys were sitting on their door-step, with their slates and pencils before them. One said to the other:

"Two from one leaves one, does n't it?"

"Yes," replied the other.

A gentleman passing heard them, and said:

"Boys, if you prove to me that two from one leaves one, I will give you each a sixpence."

So the boys took the gentleman into the house, where the cat was washing her two babies; each boy took a kitten away, and said: "Two from one leaves one."

So the gentleman gave them each a sixpence.—Your constant reader,
C. N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a way to make good baskets at home, and pretty and cheap, too, out of corn-husks,—thick outer husks for strong baskets, and for lighter and finer ones the white inner parts. These must be wrapped for an hour or so in a damp towel, and then cut into strips of equal width. Make an ordinary braid with six or more strips, which may be doubled, or even trebled, for greater strength. Thread a needle with heavy, waxed linen thread, and having dampened the braid, form it in an oval, five or six inches long and three wide, for the bottom of the basket, and sew the adjoining edges of the braid together, as in a straw hat, but don't overlap them. Go on coiling and stitching for the sides of the basket, widening the opening, until the basket is deep enough.

The handles are made of a heavy three-stranded braid, which is sewed all around the top of the basket, just inside, and looped up at the middle of each side.

For ornament, wind the handles with scarlet or blue braid, put a box-plaiting of it around the top, and work a bunch of flowers on one side in gay worsteds, with long stitches. The opposite side may have a letter or a name.—Yours truly,
EDITH.

POSTAGE-STAMP COLLECTOR.—It is not known for a certainty what is the number of different kinds of postage-stamps issued all over the world, but the London *Times* lately estimated it at six thousand. However, a certain English firm lately wrote to another London paper: "We are at this moment negotiating the purchase of a collection of nine thousand, all different; and, in 1877, we gave £800 for a collection of seventeen thousand varieties. This very day, a collection of twenty thousand, all different, has been offered to us."

E. M. B. SENDS this French story put into English:

Cardinal Dubois, a very hot-tempered man, was in the habit of eating a chicken-wing every evening. One day, when it was time to serve the chicken, a dog carried it away.

The servants put another chicken on the spit; but the Cardinal ordered dinner immediately. The unprincipled butler, foreseeing how angry his master would be if told what had happened, or if he had to wait beyond the usual hour, determined to play a part. Addressing the Cardinal, he said: "Monseigneur, you have dined."

"I have dined!" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"Certainly, monseigneur. It is true that you ate little; you ap-

* The son of Professor Louis Agassiz, and now a professor in Harvard University.

peared much taken up with your affairs. If you like, we can serve another chicken. It would not take long to prepare."

Dr. Chirac, a physician, who saw Dubois every evening, arrived at this moment; the servants detained him, and begged him to help their plan.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the Cardinal, when the doctor entered the room, "my servants wish to persuade me that I have dined. I have not the least remembrance of it, and besides, I am very hungry."

"So much the better," said the doctor. "The first piece has only sharpened your appetite; eat again, but not much. Then, turning to the servants, he said: "Wait upon your master."

The Cardinal considered Chirac's advice that he should have two dinners as an evident mark of his own improved health, and believed firmly that he had already made a repast. This put him in the best of humors.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POST OAK STREET SCHOOL asked in the August "Letter-Box" for the names of leafless plants, and of leafless South American Creepers. George Stimson Burdick, of Massachusetts, and Frank Boyd, New York, name as a leafless plant the *Raflesia Arnoldi*, described in the "Letter-Box" for May and September, 1879. Florence E. Keep, New Jersey, and John M. Howells, Massachusetts, mention the Flax Dodder, *Cuscuta Epilinum*, *Convolutaceae*, described by Gray. E. M. W. S., New York, names the Cactus, and adds that in South America there are two leafless creeping plants, the *Cereus Serpentinus* and the *Cereus Flagelliformis*. Rosa Cooper, Missouri, says: "I saw on the trees near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a leafless vine called there the 'love-vine.' It is of a reddish color and the light shines through it. If you break off a piece, and throw it upon a tree or bush, it will grow." And E. M. Van Cleve, Ohio, writes: "Here we have a plant with leafless, cream-colored stalk, four or five inches high, bearing yellow, bell-shaped blossoms. I do not know the name."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here in Memphis we have a beautiful park; but that is not strange for a fine city. In the park, though, we have—what do you think? "Sparrows," you will guess, of course. Well, we have birds, but we have what we think more of—squirrels! They are very tame, and it is fun to feed them, and watch them scamper up the tree-trunks and along the branches.

The boys do not try to catch and plague them, but act just the contrary way. Boys are apt to act contrary; at least, some boys are, aren't they?—to their sisters, I mean. But they have taken the frisky little chaps under their protection; and if a strange fellow should misbehave toward a squirrel, I am afraid the guardians might not treat him as gently as they treat their pets.

One of my girl-cousins writes from New York that she and her friends sometimes skate with their parlor skates on the asphaltum walks of Washington Square, which she calls "a pretty park"; but there are no squirrels there, she says.—Your loving reader,

RITA W.

S. P., TORONTO.—The following answer to your inquiry as to the origin of the "Union Jack" is given on the authority of the *Anti-quary*, an English journal:

Before the crowns of England and Scotland were united, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, the flag carried by English ships was white, with the red cross of St. George, and the Scottish flag was blue, with the cross of St. Andrew, the red lines of the first being at right angles to each other and to the edges of the flag, while those of the second were diagonal. Some trouble arose about the flags among the ship-captains of the two countries, soon after James I. became king; and so, to prevent this in future, and to teach his people that they now formed one nation, he ordained a new flag,—the "Union Jack,"—with the cross of St. George overlying that of St. Andrew on the blue ground of the flag of Scotland. All ships were to carry it at the mainmast-head, but the English ships were to display also the St. George's red cross at the stern, and the Scottish that of St. Andrew in the same place. On the 12th of April, 1606, the Union Jack was first hoisted at sea; but it was not until the parliamentary union of the two countries, in 1707, that it was adopted as the military flag of Great Britain. Both army and navy now use it as the national banner.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa once told me about a Chinese idol, and I thought perhaps you would like to hear, too.

Once, when Papa was in China, he wanted to buy an idol to keep as a curiosity. At first, the Chinese were unwilling to part with one;

but as he was going away, they ran after him, and told him they would sell one out of the temple to him, if he would give them a dollar for it. He bought it, and took it to his lodgings.

A few days later, some one was sick in the house, and the Chinese said it was because the idol was angry for being taken out of the temple, and they wanted to know if they might take it away and make a feast for it. Papa let them; and they offered to the idol a great many delicacies; and then they brought it back and said they thought he was satisfied. Three times some one was sick in the house, and each time they took the idol away and feasted it.

At last, one morning, when the family came down-stairs, they looked around for the idol, and it had disappeared. They never heard of it any more, but Papa thinks that the Chinese took it back to the temple.

My uncle once had a dog who was quite savage. One day he went out, leaving the dog behind him, in the room where all the clerks were sitting. As soon as the dog found that my uncle had gone out, he went and lay down near the door, and when any of the clerks attempted to get up, he would run and give him a bite. On my uncle's return, he found all the clerks just as he had left them.—Your most interested reader, A. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although there is no resemblance between the two, the behavior of the rhinoceros, as described in Mr. Ingersoll's October article on "Man-Eaters," reminds me of the similarly bad habit of the Texan cattle, which range wild over our south-western plains.

They are accustomed to see men on horseback, and rarely fail to submit to their driving, but a man on foot is at once made the object of attack. No matter how far away the herd of cattle may be, some of the bulls, which are always on the lookout, will espay a man, and rush at him with their heads down and tails up. There is only one way for him to avoid them and save his life, and that is to throw himself flat upon the ground and remain perfectly quiet. They will come tramping up to him, and perhaps leap over his prostrate body, bellow and prance about him, kicking up clouds of dust; will even come and smell his clothes, pouring their hot breath into his face; but so long as he remains quiet, they will not touch him. They suppose him dead, and though perhaps a little mystified by his sudden decease, are satisfied that he is disposed of, and soon go away.

This description is true, also, of the Australian wild cattle, and I suppose the same tactics would insure safety against the angry steer that gets "on the rampage" occasionally, when somebody is crossing a pasture. The next time any "Letter-Box" reader is in this predicament, let him try the Texas plan, and write to me the result.—Truly yours, "VAQUERO."

"FLYING-FISH."—Your namesakes, the Flying-Fish, so called, are said by some observers not to fly but to sail. However, the latest writers on the subject say that these fish flap their pectoral fins very fast, like wings, during the first third of their flight, but skim or sail for the remainder. They swim in shoals, and often numbers of them leave the water at the same time. They rise from the surface to a height of twelve or even eighteen feet, and their journey through the air is about two hundred yards in length. They fly sometimes, as it seems, from pure delight in flying, but they often are compelled to leave their native element to avoid being swallowed up. When the dolphin takes his great leaps out of the water after them, they let themselves drop suddenly, and rise in a different direction; but they frequently fall victims to the leaping giant.

The South Sea Islanders go out with torches at night, in their canoes, along the coral reefs, and catch these pretty fish in nets attached to poles. They abound in all the warm seas of the globe, and are sometimes seen in the temperate zones.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just read about an old British game, which may suit American boys in cold weather. It is called "Quintain."

Drive a stake into the ground so that five or six feet of it will stand out. Cut the top of the stake into a pivot with a wide shoulder. The pivot is to fit loosely into a round hole in the middle of a light beam of wood about six feet long. This beam swings around easily, the shoulder preventing it from slipping down and jamming. At one end of the beam, fix a small flat board, in an upright position; this is the quintain, and is the mark to be aimed at. At the other end of the beam, hang with a stout cord a good-sized bag, stuffed with corn-husks, shavings, or waste-paper.

The players carry long sticks, and these they use as lances, running their fastest, and aiming to hit the quintain with the lance-point, and to dart ahead in time to escape a blow from the bag, which swings around swiftly the moment the mark is struck.

It adds to the fun to ride at the quintain astride of a wooden horse drawn by one or more companions. No truly valiant knight,

whether afoot or on horseback, ever thinks of ducking to avoid the bag. Boys who have the use of real horses can set up a taller stake and use longer poles.

At first sight, this seems a rough game for girls, but it need not be roughly played; and some girls are just as successful in it as many boys are, with quite as much enjoyment of the fun.

A tournament might be managed by setting two stakes opposite each other, with the quintains nearly touching as they stretch over the lists, or runway. Of course, the knights must charge in contrary directions, and the less skillful one runs the risk of being struck by both bags.

The "Letter-Box" boys and girls of Old London may like to know that near the end of the sixteenth century a quintain stood in Cornhill, near Leadenhall. In those rough times, the quintain was shaped like a shield, and the bag was filled with sand.—Yours,
IVANHOE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please let me tell the "Letter-Box" readers about our summer saucers. One day, in the dry season, we filled three flower-pot saucers with water, and placed them in the shade of a lilac-bush near the dining-room window.

Presently a cat-bird came daintily along, stopped at one of the saucers, took a drink, jumped in, and had a glorious bath. No sooner had he gone than a couple of wrens followed his example, and next came a robin red-breast, who made a great fuss.

A tanager and three bluebirds were waiting respectfully for him to finish; but meantime, the cat-bird dried himself and came for another dip. Then there was a general squabble, and a tiny "chippy," taking advantage of the confusion, hopped up and splashed about merrily in the disputed bath. When he had gone, the three bluebirds took each a saucer, and bathed, and spluttered, and refreshed themselves, until Master Robin came up in a great bustle of importance, and they made way for him to take his second bath alone. This, the cat-bird could not stand, so he came and drove Master Robin away, only to be driven off in his turn a few moments after. And this see-saw went on for some time. When the rivals were satisfied, however, dozens of other birds came and enjoyed the water until roosting-time.

Since that first day, we have added a pudding-dish with a few pebbles in the bottom; and this the larger birds prefer. And we mean to keep our saucers at work as long as the birds stay with us, for it is very pleasant to watch the funny ways of the little feathered fellows, and they do seem to like their baths so much.—Yours truly,
FRANK GREENWOOD.

Frank's plan, we hope, will be widely followed, for it is an excellent one. Not only is it a real kindness to the birds, but it may afford, as in the instance he describes, an opportunity to see a remarkable assortment of various birds, all attracted by the luxury of a "free bath."

THE SAD STORY OF A LITTLE BOY THAT CRIED.

ONCE, a little boy, Jack, was, oh! ever so good,
Till he took a strange notion to cry all he could.

So he cried all the day, and he cried all the night,
He cried in the morning and in the twilight:

He cried till his voice was as hoarse as a crow,
And his mouth grew so large it looked like a great O.

It grew at the bottom, and grew at the top;
It grew till they thought that it never would stop.

Each day his great mouth grew taller and taller,
And his dear little self grew smaller and smaller.

At last, that same mouth grew so big that—alack!—
It was only a mouth with a border of Jack.

And so this was all that was left of poor Jack:
The great gaping mouth, like a wide-open sack! P. K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Late in the dusk of the evening before Thanksgiving Day, around and about our part of Massachusetts, you expect something to happen like this.

There comes a timid knock at the door. You open, and there stands a ragged little girl with a huge basket, and a shawl very thin for the chill November air. She asks, humbly: "Please, ma'am, give me something for Thanksgiving?" Then, even if your store of dainties is not ample, you can't but slip a bit of something extra nice into the big basket. And, as the little shiverer shuffles away, you wish her a pleasant time.

This begging on Thanksgiving Eve is a very old custom around here, and the professional beggars make it a good harvest, I have no doubt. But the village boys and girls look upon it as a chance for fun.

They dress up in ragged old clothes, and limp in twos and threes from house to house, pretending to be beggars. Of course, they

betray themselves pretty often, or are found out, but with a merry laugh, they run off and try their luck elsewhere. If they can coax some dear old lady, who would recognize them at once in broad daylight, to go and fetch them "something for Thanksgiving," the little rogues steal softly after her into the kitchen; and, when the surprise is over, they feast gayly then and there upon the simple gift intended. And, somehow, when they go, they leave behind them a heart almost as cheery as their own.

I send you a rhymed puzzle, based on this mock-begging custom. The answer will be plain enough to those who read my note, but perhaps they may like to puzzle their friends with it. The same twelve letters are omitted from every stanza.—Yours truly,
LILIAN PAYSON.

See through the dust a smart new * * * * ;
Passing a group of peddlers' * * * * ;
Driving the former, a gay young sprig
Strikes with his whip the rattling pans.
Grandma starts from her dozing and * * * * ing;
But puss by the stove still keeps on blinking.

Next, grandma tries, in the dusk, to * * * * ;
When lo! in the yard three make-believe * * * * }
Noiselessly past the window they fit.
Torn are their garments in tatters and rags.
Grandma's heart is tender and lo * * * * !
Poor beggars like these are surely moving!

Hark! 't is the knocker, "Clang! Clang! Bang!"
Grandma opens the door to see
Standing before her a sorry * * * * ,
All in a row, not *vis-à-vis* * * * * .
"Poor little beggars," says Grandma, winking.
"You must be cold and hungry, I'm * * * * ing.

"Come in, come in, from the frosty * * * * ."
"Please, ma'am, give us something to eat."
"Peggy," cries Grandma, "quick, bring a light,
And bring apple dumplings and mince pies sweet.
Ah! rogues! I see through your rags and masking,
Nell, Bessie, and May, cold * * * * !"

"How did you know us?" ask Bessie and May.
"How did you know us?" chimes in little Nell.
"How could I help it?" laughs Grandma Gray;
"But why did you beg, dear children, tell?
Surely you need not beg for a living."
"No, no! 't was in fun, for to-morrow's * * * * ."

Six little cousins write that this Autumn they have "something very hard to do." Their Uncle Ronald, they say, has promised them one dollar for each *perfect pair* of hickory nuts they find. "Every one of us," they add, "intends to find a pair—a perfect pair, in size, color and shape."

Uncle Ronald's dollars are very safe, we think.

THE following beautiful incident will interest all who love birds and little children:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was sitting reading alone in the orchard, one fine afternoon in August, when all this happened which I want to tell you.

Through half-closed eyes I saw, across the white, winding country-road, the gabled cottage home so dear to me.

Suddenly, a tiny form appeared on the porch. It was our golden-haired baby-boy, trying to get away unseen, for a ramble all by himself. He did not see me, so I determined to watch him, and be ready to help in case of need.

Straight down the path he trotted, and through the gate, without stopping to close it. Across the dusty road—and down upon all fours to creep beneath the orchard bars: up again, and on he came, and I was still unseen behind my tree.

He stopped a few steps off, gazing up with the face and eyes of a little cherub into the branches above me. But on a sudden, the angel vanished and he became a roguish human child. Swaying, all unconscious, upon the lower limb of my tree was a lovely bird, which Baby saw. He stooped, picked up a stone, and poised his little arm in act to throw.

At this instant, a burst of melody bubbled out. Baby's hand was still poised, but now it faltered—slowly fell, and dropped at his side—the pebble slipping down among the grass! The little face was again a cherub's.

Very quietly I asked: "Why did n't you throw it, darling?"
Without one look of guilt or start of surprise came Baby's answer:
"Tould n't! 't was sung so!"—Yours truly,
JEANIE B. ERNST.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



HOW MANY AND WHAT ANIMALS ARE CONCEALED IN THIS PICTURE?

DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Tarries. 2. A narrow piece. 3. A man's name. 4. Shaves. 5. A small cord. Downward: 1. In wry. 2. Like. 3. A possessive pronoun. 4. A jaunt. 5. A man's name. 6. To shave. 7. To fix firmly. 8. In like manner. 9. In bundles.
INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1 and 5 are in schools. 2. To tear. 3. A man's name. 4. Equal value. C. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials spell the name of a city of the United States, and the finals name the State of which the city is the capital.
 1. An island belonging to, and lying east of, Massachusetts. 2. The capital of South Australia. 3. A country of Northern Europe. 4. A city yet in existence, which was the early residence of Abraham and David and the patriarchs. 5. "The Queen of the Sea." 6. The capital of one of the United States. 7. A city of France. 8. A city of Switzerland. 9. One of the five great lakes. MARY L. PERRY.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

This puzzle is to be answered by one word, the first part of which may be found in the first quotation, and the second part in the next. The third quotation is merely a hint of the whole word.

- I. "You shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it."
Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. 6.
- II. "He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage."
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 7.
- III. "At a farm-house, a-feasting."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 3.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

This differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in Hiram, not in Ned," the second "in Nathan, not in Fred," and so on till the two words, of seven letters each, have been spelled.

- In Hiram, not in Ned; In nothing, not in less;
- In Nathan, not in Fred; In Cora, not in Bess;
- In funny, not in odd; In hydrant, not in hose.
- In feather, not in rod; A time of life each answer shows. C. D.

RHYMED ANAGRAMS.

THE same eleven letters are omitted from each stanza.

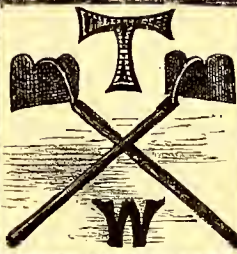
- 1. In winter the sparrow is hungry and ****;
 On crumbs in our gardens he *****
 Winter starves the poor birdies, and so we must aim
 To save and bring cheer to their lives.
- 2. And when in the spring they have chosen their *****,
 Each brooding o'er birdlings five,
 We'll hail the new-comers, and strew at our gates
 The food that will aid them to *****.
- 3. While the bees in the summer are storing their *****,
 The sparrows still chirrup and chatter:—
 Their crumbs we've forgotten while taking our drives,
 They're hungry, and that's what's the *****!
- 4. When in autumn we harvest the after*****,
 Our sparrows are apt to be *****,
 Till the bread has been strewn on the garden path;
 But then they are "gay and festive."
- 5. Which, now, of the seasons do sparrows love best?
 Shall I hint it to you with my rhyme?
 They love the gay summer, the winter detest,
 But rejoice in the rich ***** *.*.*. LILIAN PAVSON.

EASY PROVERB-REBUS.



CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in boot, but not in shoe;
 My second in old, but not in new.
 My third is in look, but not in see;
 My fourth is in insect, but not in bee.
 My fifth is in slippers, but not in feet;
 My sixth is in cold, but not in heat.
 My seventh in aim, but not in hit;
 My eighth is in oak, but not in pine.
 My ninth is in cat, but not in kite;
 My whole names one who is "bound to shine."



INVERTED PYRAMID.
 ACROSS: 1. Clipped close. 2. Concluded. 3. A disrespectful name for a parent. 4. In November. DOWNWARD: 1. In school. 2. A pronoun. 3. Termination. 4. A man's name. 5. A color. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In debt.

METAMORPHOSES.

SEVERAL bright puzzlers have discovered that some of the metamorphoses may be effected in fewer steps than the number given. Since any metamorphosis may be brought about in sev-

eral different ways, it is by no means certain that the maker of the puzzle has discovered the shortest. Who can lessen the number of moves here named as necessary to solve the following metamorphoses?

1. Change BLACK to WHITE in eight moves.
2. Change LEAD to GOLD in three moves.
3. Change HAPPY to SORRY in eight moves.
4. Change HILL to VALE in three moves.
5. Change BUSH to TREE in seven moves.
6. Change SUMMER to GARDEN in eleven moves.
7. Change SEED to CORN in six moves.

CONCEALED SQUARE-WORDS.

- I. Four-letter Base. He clapped his hands, and a very small boy, sitting in a corner of the room, handed rope to him.
- II. Five-letter Base. "Philip, has Ed shoveled the snow? He avoids me because I said, 'Don't leave your tool-case in every one's way! Your elders object.'"

HOURLY-GLASS PUZZLE.

CENTRALS: A fabled messenger. ACROSS: 1. A sea-maiden. 2. Severe of manner. 3. An ancient vessel. 4. A consonant. 5. Merriment. 6. The sacred book of an Eastern religion. 7. A species of reed, formerly much used by the Egyptians.

CHARADE.

I PRAY you, never be my first;
 I'm sure you wear my second;
 But if you are my whole,
 my girl,
 With scorn you may be reckoned.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. October.—CHARADE. Pirate.
 PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.
Old Testament, Book of Judges, Ch. xiv., Verse 14.
 TWO ANAGRAMS. 1. John Milton. 2. Mungo Park.
 MALTESE CROSS. Frail—Era—Exert—Gee—Con—Howls—Crag—Age—R.
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Autumn—apples. 1. Arabia. 2. UP. 3. ToP. 4. Unusual. 5. MorE. 6. NutS.
 CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Academy.
 SIMPLE SEXTUPLE CROSS. ACROSS: Caravan. DOWN: Capacity.
 HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. Hater—Ere—A—Rid—Soles.

SQUARE WORD. 1. Frost. 2. Rogue. 3. Ogden. 4. Suent. 5. Tents.
 DIAMOND IN A SQUARE. R O B E S
 O V A T E
 B A T H E
 E T H E R
 S E E R S
 EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE. 1. Locomotives. 2. Clove. 3. Stool. 4. Mit. 5. Moose. 6. Mole. 7. Lime. 8. Olive. 9. Colt. 10. Stove. 11. Elm. 12. Ice. 13. Time. 14. Tome. 15. Coil. 16. Comet. 17. Stile. 18. Tiles. 19. Vest. 20. Cot. 21. Visc. 22. Violet. 23. Viol. 24. Mice. 25. Scot.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in September number from "A Wasp, a Bee, and a Fly," Scotland, 5—Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Hanover, Prussia, 2.
 SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 20, from Thomas H. Gambling, 1—Amelia and F. Hull Watson, 1—Bessie Watson, 1—H. W. B., 1—Abie Ray Tyler, 3—Harry A. Howland, 1—J. L., 4—Katie R. Rogers, 2—C. F. and H. L. B., Jr., 4—Lizzie C. Fowler, 3—Ella Platt, 2—John R. Blake, 2—M. L. K., 5—"Georgia and Lee," 5—D. Lane, 1—A. E. B., 6—Violet, 1—Hattie M. Houghton, 3—Eleanor H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Josie M., 2—W. C. Hawley, 4—John M. Gitterman, 2—"Tom, Dick and Harry," 6—"Lou," 6—E. E. J., 3—Eleanor J. Nixon, 3—Robert Shaw Barlow, 1—Belle Baldwin, 2—Charles E. Barrow, 5—Grace Bigelow, 3—"Herbert," 10—Richard Stockton, 6—Bessie and her Cousin, 8—"U. D.," 4—Gertrude H., 2—"Kismet," 3—Marion S. Dumont, 1—Grace, Hallie and Theodore Richmond, 6—P. S. Clarkson, 9—Dandelion and Clover, 3—Violet, 3—O. C. Turner, 11—Floy Pauline Jones, 1—Little May, 2—Edgar B. Harger, 5—"Castor and Pollux," 10—"Pigtail," 4—"Sicily," 6—Estelle Weiler, 2—"Fern-leaf," 3—Hadley B. Knighton and Lucy C. Gooch, 4—Bessie R. Babbitt, 2—"X. Y. Z.," 7—Mabel Hervey and Marita Libby, 5—Conrad and Frank, 6—C. S., J. A. S., and M. F. S., 7—Will Ruter Springer, 6—Carol and her sisters, 2—Edward Vultee, 9—Philip S. Carlton, 6—"Durden," 3—Florence Leslie Kyte, 8—"Sid and I," 8. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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LITTLE NELLIE IN THE PRISON.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

The eyes of a child are sweeter than any hymn we have sung,
And wiser than any sermon is the lisp of a childish tongue !

HUGH FALCON learned this happy truth one day;
(’T was a fair noontide in the month of May)—
When, as the chaplain of the convicts’ jail,
He passed its glowering archway, sad and pale,
Bearing his tender daughter on his arm.
A five years’ darling she ! The dewy charm
Of Eden star-dawns glistened in her eyes ;
Her dimpled cheeks were rich with sunny dyes.

“ Papa ! ” the child that morn, while still abed,
Drawing him close toward her, shyly said ;
“ Papa ! oh, wont you let your Nellie go
To see those naughty men that plague you so,
Down in the ugly prison by the wood ?
Papa, I ’ll beg and pray them to be good.”
“ What, you, my child ? ” he said, with half a sigh.
“ Why not, papa ? I ’ll beg them so to *try*.”

The chaplain, with a father’s gentlest grace,
Kissed the small ruffled brow, the pleading face ;
“ Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings still,
Praise is perfected,” thought he ; thus, his will
Blended with hers, and through those gates of sin,
Black, even at noontide, sire and child passed in.

Fancy the foulness of a sulphurous lake,
Wherefrom a lily’s snow-white leaves should break,
Flushed by the shadow of an unseen rose !
So, at the iron gate’s loud clang and close,
Shone the drear twilight of that place defiled,
Touched by the flower-like sweetness of the child !

O'er many a dismal vault, and stony floor,
 The chaplain walked from ponderous door to door,
 Till now beneath a stair-way's dizzy flight
 He stood, and looked up the far-circling height ;
 But risen of late from fever's torture-bed,
 How could he trust his faltering limbs and head ?

Just then, he saw, next to the mildewed wall,
 A man in prisoner's raiment, gaunt and tall,
 Of sullen aspect, and wan, downcast face,
 Gloomed in the midnight of some deep disgrace ;
 He shrank as one who yearned to fade away,
 Like a vague shadow on the stone-work gray,
 Or die beyond it, like a viewless wind ;
 His seemed a spirit faithless, passionless, blind
 To all fair hopes which light the hearts of men,—
 A dull, dead soul, never to wake again !

The chaplain paused, half doubting what to do,
 When little Nellie raised her eyes of blue,
 And, no wise daunted by the downward stir
 Of shaggy brows that glowered askance at her,
 Said,—putting by her wealth of sunny hair,—
 “ Sir, will you kindly take me up the stair ?
 Papa is tired, and I 'm too small to climb.”
 Frankly her eyes in his gazed all the time,
 And something to her childhood's instinct known
 So worked within her, that her arms were thrown
 About his neck. She left her sire's embrace
 Near that sad convict-heart to take her place,
 Sparkling and trustful !—more she did not speak ;
 But her quick fingers patted his swart cheek
 Caressingly,—in time to some old tune
 Hummed by her nurse, in summer's drowsy noon !

Perforce he turned his wild, uncertain gaze
 Down on the child ! Then stole a tremulous haze
 Across his eyes, but rounded not to tears ;
 Wherethrough he saw faint glimmerings of lost years
 And perished loves ! A cabin by a rill
 Rose through the twilight on a happy hill ;
 And there were lithe child-figures at their play
 That flashed and faded in the dusky ray ;
 And near the porch a gracious wife who smiled,
 Pure as young Eve in Eden, unbeguiled !

Subdued, yet thrilled, 't was beautiful to see
 With what deep reverence, and how tenderly,
 He clasped the infant frame so slight and fair,
 And safely bore her up the darkening stair !
 The landing reached, in her arch, childish ease,
 Our Nelly clasped his neck and whispered :

“ Please,

Wont you be good, sir ? For I like you so,
 And you are such a big, strong man, you know ——”
 With pleading eyes, her sweet face sidewise set.
 Then suddenly his furrowed cheeks grew wet

With sacred tears—in whose divine eclipse
 Upon her nestling head he pressed his lips
 As softly as a dreamy west-wind's sigh,—
 What time a something, undefined but high,
 As 't were a new soul, struggled to the dawn
 Through his raised eyelids. Thence, the gloom withdrawn
 Of brooding vengeance and unholy pain,
 He felt no more the captive's galling chain;
 But only knew a little child had come
 To smite Despair, his taunting demon, dumb;
 A child whose marvelous innocence enticed
 All white thoughts back, that from the heart of Christ
 Fly dove-like earthward, past our clouded ken,
 Child-life to bless, or lives of child-like men!

— Thus he went his way,

An altered man from that thrice blessed day;
 His soul tuned ever to the soft refrain
 Of words once uttered in a sacred fane:
 “The little children, let them come to me;
 Of such as these my realm of heaven must be;”
 But most he loved of one dear child to tell,
 The child whose trust had saved him, tender Nell!

MYRTO'S FESTIVAL.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

MYRTO'S festival was not a strawberry-festival to be held in church parlors, for this was long, long ago, about five centuries before the birth of Christ, and in the beautiful but pagan city of Athens.

The magnificent temple of the Parthenon, the rebuilding of which had occupied fifteen years, was finished. It was on this account that the Panathenæa, the greatest celebration day of the Athenian people (a festival dearer to their hearts than the Fourth of July to American citizens), was to be solemnized with more than usual pomp. There was not a citizen, from the great governor Pericles down to the poorest child, but looked forward with high anticipation to the four days of the festival. Indeed, Athens, at this time, was, in some respects, like Philadelphia just before the Centennial.

Myrto was one of three adopted children, who had been brought together from widely distant homes. Cleis, eldest of the three, was almost sixteen; she was quite a foreigner, having come from the Isle of Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea. She was never merry; her eyes seemed always looking far away, perhaps across the sea to her Lesbian home, or else away to the hills where the immortals dwelt, for Cleis was the child of song, a descendant of the poetess

Sappho. Charmides, a sturdy Dorian boy, was from Sparta; he was fifteen, strong as a young Hercules, but agile as strong; brave, generous, and truthful. Myrto was fourteen; a sensitive, loving girl, from the pleasure-loving city of Corinth. They had been adopted by a wealthy and kind-hearted man named Ischomachus. Let us imagine ourselves in the inner court of his house; there are beds of flowers surrounding a small fountain, and the rest of the space is paved with a mosaic of white and dark marble. The walls are painted in fresco, and the court is open to the sky. Cleis, leaning on the basin of the fountain, is feeding the fishes, while Myrto bends over her embroidery-frame.

“Myrto! Myrto!” exclaimed Cleis, impatiently, “why do you work so busily in the time the Mother gives us for recreation?”

“Because,” replied Myrto, “I have a little scheme which I shall tell you about after the festival; perhaps you will help me in it.”

“Not if it is embroidery, or spinning; you know I detest work of that kind. But why does not Charmides return? The exercises at the gymnasium must have closed long since. Ah! here he is.”

Charmides bounded into the court, exclaiming:



THE PROCESSION—BEARING THE MANTLE FOR THE STATUE OF PALLAS.

“Where is Ischomachus, where is the Mother? I have been chosen to compete in the games! Oh, Cleis! I don't see why girls are not taught gymnastics here, as in Sparta. I knew several there who could leap farther than I. There was one game in which they represented a stag-hunt. The one who could leap the highest, and run the fastest, was the stag, and the rest gave chase, with their hair flying behind them.”

Cleis's lip curled scornfully. “I do not envy

name is Aristophanes. You would like him, Myrto, he is a very funny boy, he mimics everything. You should have heard him recite his song of the frogs. How we shouted! We promised to crown him poet some day.”

The days before the Panathenæa seemed, to the children, to hardly move. But at last the great festival came. There were exercises of wrestling, and races in the stadium. In one of these, Charmides won great distinction by leaping from a

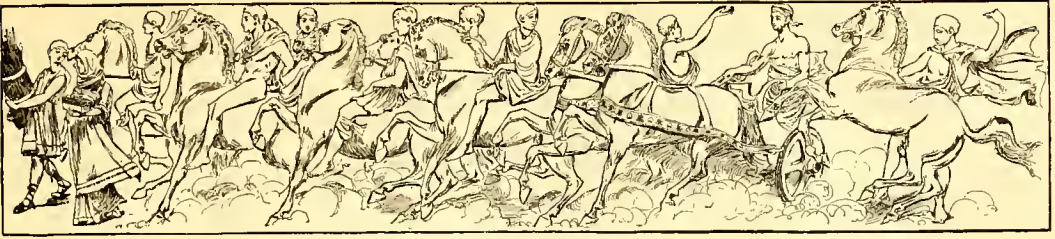


THE RACE OF THE SPARTAN GIRLS.

such rough play, but I should like to compete in poetry and literature. How glorious it would be to write like the young Euripides! Myrto, do you remember when they played his *Alcestis*?”

“Oh, yes,” spoke up Charmides; “that part where Hercules breaks into the house of mourning and makes such a jolly row, scolds every one for wearing a solemn face, and keeps calling for refreshments; and then, like the true old hero he is, fights a duel with Death, and brings *Alcestis* back to her husband. There is a boy at our gymnasium who can't bear what Euripides writes; his

chariot, running by the side of the horses for a long distance, and then remounting with a bound. Then there were the recitations of poems, the musical exercises, and dances at the Odeon, and finally, on the fourth day, the procession. All the citizens met in the Ceramicus, or potters' quarter, and marched out to Eleusis, a town to the north of Athens, and making the circuit of a very large temple in honor of Ceres, returned to Athens, halting at the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, where, later, St. Paul made a memorable address. Then the people mounted by an immense marble staircase to



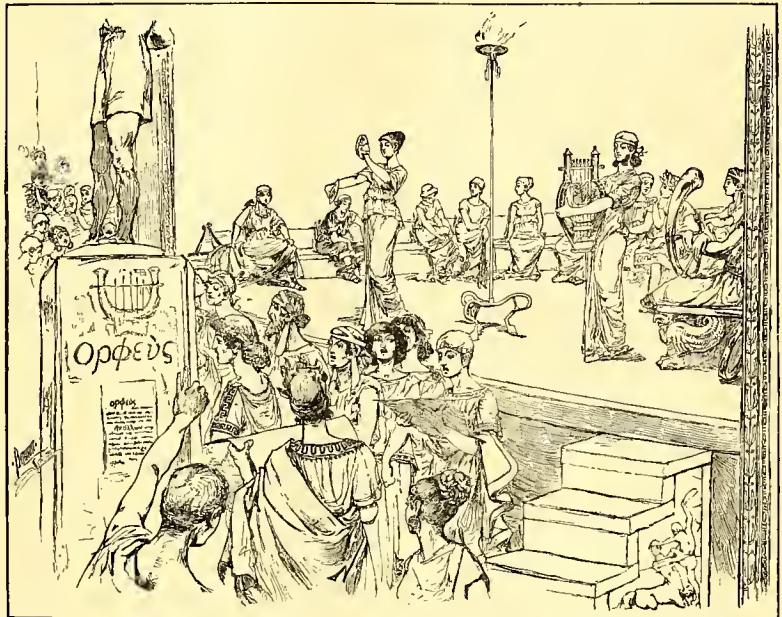
THE PROCESSION—THE ATHLETES.

the Acropolis, a high hill on which were crowded the principal temples of Athens, the chief of which was the Parthenon, which had just been completed in honor of Pallas. In this procession the old men led, bearing branches of trees; next followed the young girls of noble families, bearing a beautiful crocus-colored mantle, richly embroidered, for the statue of Pallas. Next came the deputations from allied cities, the "distinguished guests," as we should say nowadays. Then more people with offerings, and the athletes on horses or in chariots, which must have been left at the foot of the staircase, and then the great mass of the people. At last they reached the Parthenon, decorated with sculptures from the studio of Phidias. The frieze is now in the British Museum, brought there, from Greece, by Lord Elgin. And what do you imagine it represents? What but this very same joyous festival procession, just as I have explained it to you. The building must have been a marvel of beauty when first completed, and within was the exquisite ivory statue of the goddess at whose feet they, now laid their offerings.

Only one class of people in the whole city took no part in the ceremonies. The slaves had nothing to do with the Athenians' religion or the Athenians' pleasures. Little Myrto pitied them from her heart. Ischomachus owned a great many, who were employed upon his estate on Mount Hymettus. The family spent a part of the year at this country-seat, and Myrto determined that the children of the slaves should have their Panathenæa, too. These slaves

were not all negroes. A few of them had been brought from Egypt, but most were people of northern tribes, captured in battle; fair-skinned and blue-eyed, intelligent as the Greeks, of different nations, but all classed together as barbarians.

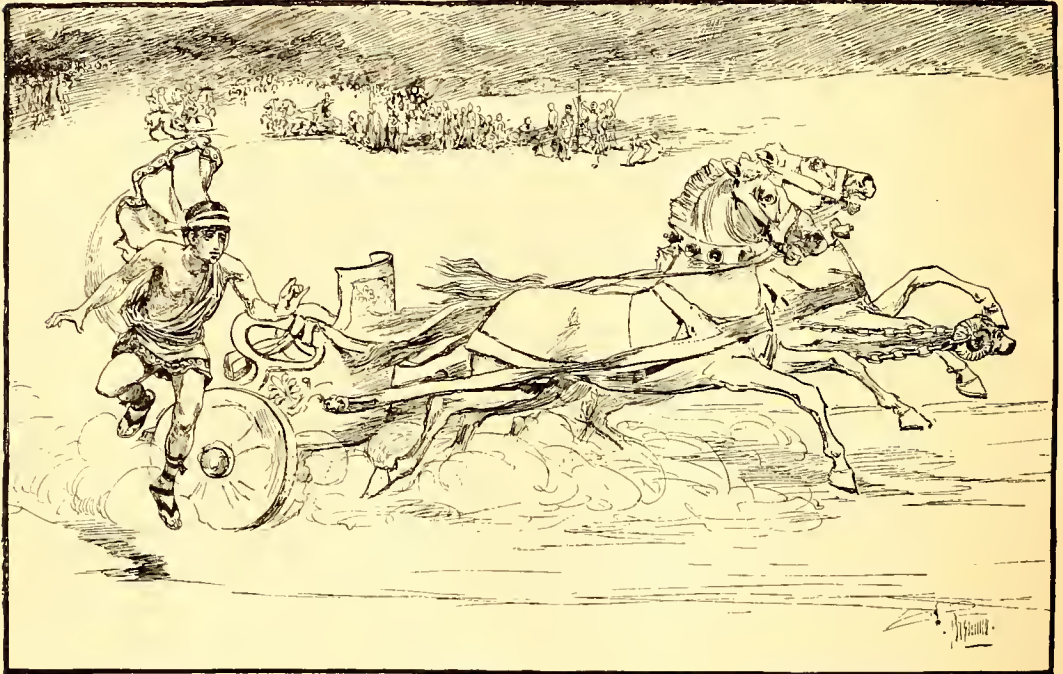
This was why Myrto had worked so steadily. She was fashioning a robe in imitation of the one which had been borne to the goddess. The wife of Ischomachus, pleased with the child's fancy, helped her; and she had one other friend—Philip the Pedagogue—who joined heartily in her plans to give the slave children one happy holiday. He had been seized when a young man by the piratical slave-dealers of Chios, and sold to Ischomachus, who had allowed him to study, and now intrusted to him the education of the children.



THE MUSICAL EXERCISES AT THE ODEON.

Philip was the soul of honor. There was one line from Menander which he was never tired of quoting: "Serve like a freeman—thou shalt be no slave!"

And yet Myrto, who had heard him speak of his mother, knew that he longed to return to her. She asked Ischomachus for what he would consent which Charmides had learned long before in Sparta, in which the combatants struck, warded off, retreated, rallied, and fell as though wounded. The



THE WONDERFUL LEAP OF CHARMIDES.

to ransom the pedagogue, and he had agreed to do so for two minas—about forty dollars of our money.

The day for her festival arrived. For hours after dawn, elegant chariots bringing guests from Athens, and the occupants of the neighboring villas, on horseback and on foot, poured in a continuous stream to the country house of Ischomachus. Myrto showed them to cushioned seats under a vine-canopied pavilion, on the ground in front of which sat the slaves. A grassy lawn stretched before them, and here the boys, trained by Charmides, performed various feats of jumping, running, and wrestling. Refreshments were passed to the guests, and the drama of the day, arranged by Cleis and Philip, was acted by the children of the slaves.

The play was a burlesque called "The Battle of Frogs and Mice." Charmides had obtained from a chorus-master in Athens a quantity of masks shaped like the heads of frogs and mice. These were worn by the children, the mice being further distinguished by gray tunics, and the frogs by mantles of green.

After a variety of amusing scenes, a mimic battle took place between the frogs and mice, an exercise

mice were victorious, and it was only through the re-enforcement of a platoon of cuirassiers—boys dressed to represent crabs—that the frogs were able to make an orderly retreat to their pond. After the acting of the drama, the procession was formed, Cleis and Charmides, crowned with laurel, leading the way, two little slaves following, bearing the lavender-colored robe, with its narrow border of gold, which Myrto had embroidered, and which was to be sold to the highest bidder. Next came the invited guests, as "foreign deputations," bearing their offerings—pieces of money, vases, scarfs, and caskets. After them came the long procession of slaves, no one so mean but he had his offering, too,—a little pot of honey, a basket of figs or pomegranates, a snared bird, a little cake. They marched to the door-way of the mansion, which was supported by two columns, one in the Doric and the other in the Ionic style, and on these Myrto had requested that the names of the two victors, Cleis and Charmides, should be carved. This was now done with great ceremony. The capitals were wreathed with laurel and myrtle, and libations poured upon the door-sill between them. Ischomachus said there should have been a third

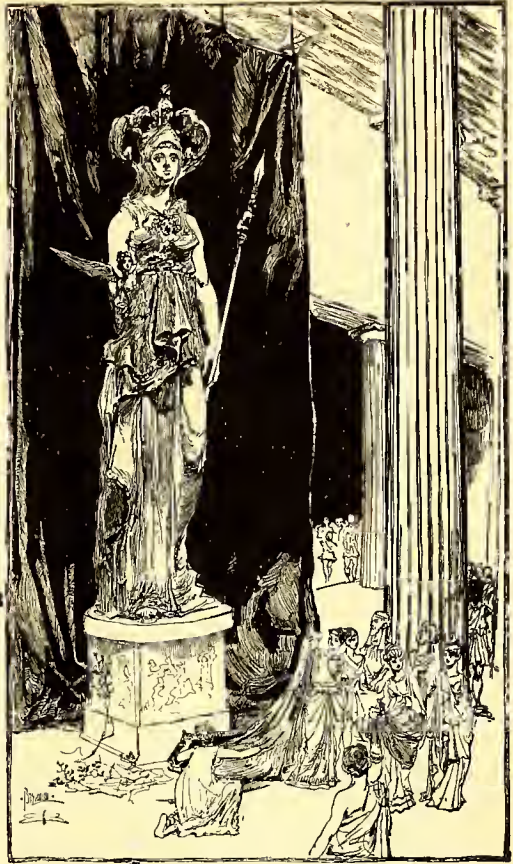
column, to have borne the name of Myrto; but there was none, and Myrto herself could not see that she deserved it, for she had neither won a race nor written a poem. Last of all, the embroidered robe was sold, and the value of the offerings computed. They were worth, Ischomachus thought, about three minas.

"Then, dear father," said Myrto, "will you take them and give Philip his liberty?"

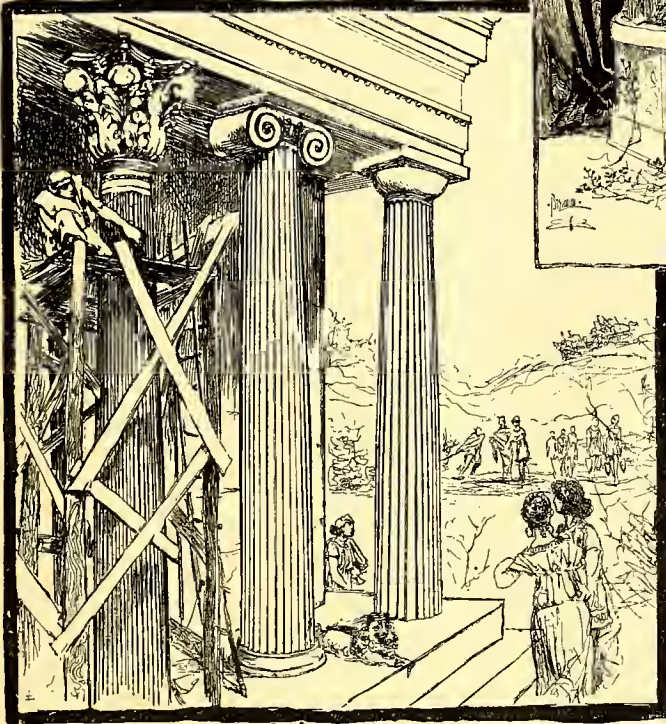
"Right willingly," replied Ischomachus, handing Philip the parchment which declared him a free man, and a bag of silver, which would more than defray his expenses to his native land.

The poor man was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy, and took leave of them with tears in his eyes.

The subsequent history of the children will not take long to tell. Cleis became a very talented and brilliant woman, though not a very happy one. Charmides, when the Peloponnesian war broke out, became a soldier, and fell fighting for his country. Myrto, several years after this, died while visiting



THE STATUE OF PALLAS.



• Myrto • Cleis • Charmides •

THE CORINTHIAN, IONIC, AND DORIC COLUMNS.

her native city, Corinth. We are told that a slave placed upon her grave a basket of flowers, with a tile upon the top to protect them from the sun. A

stalk of acanthus happened to be among them, which took root, and its graceful leaves shot from the open spaces of the basket-work, growing upward until their progress was stopped by the tile, when they curved as gracefully downward. A Greek architect, Calimachus, saw this, and from it invented the Corinthian capital, the third order of classical architecture.

Philip, returning to Athens to visit the family of his former master, heard this story, and begged to be allowed to erect a third column, to Myrto's memory, beside the two which had been wreathed upon her festival day.

The three capitals still remain, representing, even in their ruin, physical, mental, and moral beauty; a poem without words, the history of three lives, and the principles which they

expressed, told simply by a different combination of carven curves.

Something of this hidden lesson of human life, the many wise architects and lovers of antiquity, who have studied these different capitals, have guessed. A poet named Thomson, too, seems to have understood the meanings which these three beautiful styles of column convey, when he wrote:

"First unadorned,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
The Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriantly last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath."

But in spite of its having lain for ages like an open book before the eyes of architects, antiquarians, and poets, you children are the first to hear the story of Myrto's festival.

MEISTER FICK-FECK.

BY JULIA D. FAY.

YOU all have heard of the beautiful river Rhine, that has its birth in the mighty Alps, and comes from its snowy, rocky cradle a strong young river, hastening on like the heart of a boy impatient to seek his fortunes. It has a pleasant road, and foams and dashes along, now blue, now green, now silver, its waters singing on its way past olden city, nestling village, vine-covered height, castle-crowned rock, deep forest, golden valley, and crumbling ruin, on and ever on, until at its full growth it reaches the sea.

There are many strange stories told about it and the many mountains and villages that lie along its banks. There is one with the funny title of "Meister Fick-feck."

"Who was Meister Fick-feck?" you ask.

Well, he belonged to the race of dwarfs, and lived in among the Rhine Mountains. He was never seen by the villagers, and yet he was well known for miles around, and the people all came to him, or rather to the crevice of the rock where he lived, and called out to him, "Ho, ho, Meister Fick-feck!" and always he answered their call. He was a very obliging dwarf, and heard and relieved all the wants of the poor villagers who came to him with their troubles. The maidens begged him for some trinket or ribbon, the boys for a boat, a kite, or a gun, the men for help in their fields or the shop, the women for the weaving of linen or spinning of wool; and always, on the following day, they found their requests granted. On the mountain before the cave lay the gifts for the maidens; the boy found the boat on the river, the blacksmith the horses shod, the miller his meal ground, the farmer his field plowed, the housewives their spinning and weaving all done.

If a little one was baptized in the village, it was Meister Fick-feck who gave the christening robe. If the young girl grew tired of spinning, and dropped asleep over the spinnet, when she awak-

ened she found the work completed, and with a laugh, said, "Thanks to Fick-feck, my work is done!" He helped with the wine in the wine season, cleared the paths in the winter time, and made the children happy with wonderful dolls, fifes, trumpets, and comical toys. He gave wedding garments for the bridal pair, and even shrouds for the burial, when the aged people of the village died.

His work was never finished, for the peasants had always some new task for him to do, and stood early and late before his door in the mountain. They were grateful, these poor people, for all his goodness to them, and one day they talked among themselves as to how they could reward him. There was a great debate about it, and finally they agreed that it would be best to ask the dwarf what he would like to have; so, accordingly, they went up to the mountain and called out: "Ho, ho, Meister Fick-feck! We want to make you a present. What will you have?"

Then one offered wine of the choicest vintage, but the voice of the dwarf said, "I drink no wine."

Another proffered him a fat calf, another a lamb; but no, he ate neither veal nor lamb cutlets, but at last he modestly said that he would like a suit of clothes such as were worn by men.

Then the people gladly cried: "A suit thou shalt have, Meister Fick-feck," and left the mountain in great haste to give the order. They told the tailor he must fashion a right royal suit for the dwarf. They cared not for the expense. The coat must be made of bright blue velvet, the knee-breeches of scarlet satin, and the vest of yellow silk, embroidered with different colors. A chapeau with a waving plume completed this wonderful costume.

When it was finished, the entire village took a holiday, and formed a procession with flutes and pipes, festal wreaths and crowns, and trudged up



Alas! Their petitions for the first time remained unanswered, and they wondered among themselves at the meaning of this strange conduct on the part of the dwarf. Then they called him more loudly, "Meister Fick-feck! Why do you delay? We beg you for spades, for brooms and axes; we want you to help us in the field, and at the shop."

To their dismay, a gruff voice called out from the

THE VILLAGERS CARRYING THE COSTUME TO FICK-FECK.

the mountain, where they halted before the rocky door of the dwarf's dwelling, sang a song of thanks and honor, laid down the splendid costume, and went to their homes.

The next day, however, they came again, with even more favors to ask than formerly, feeling sure that they would be granted by Fick-feck, in his joy over the gorgeous attire they had given him.

rock: "Ei—ei; pack off, each one of you, and ask no more of me;" and while the peasants stared with open eyes and mouths, the voice came again: "Go each to your work. I am free from my bondage, and henceforth shall lead a gay life, as befits a courtier. My work is all finished. I am dressed like a gentleman, and henceforth will live at ease. The former 'Meister Fick-feck' bids you farewell."

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

IT is now about seven hundred and thirty years ago that a remarkable book suddenly appeared in England, which, under the rather commonplace name of "History of the Britons," professed to give an account of a number of ancient British kings living both before and after Christ, who had never been heard of in history before.

One of these kings was Arthur, whose adventures, under the advice of his prophet, Merlin, and with the help of his special company of knights, were set forth with much fullness. Its author, Geoffrey of Monmouth,—who, I think, would feel obliged if you would not pronounce his name Gee-of-frey, as does a young lady of my acquaintance, but plain Jeffrey,—claimed to have translated a Welsh book, which a friend had brought him, and which contained the histories of these kings. Whether Geoffrey's story of the Welsh book was true or not—a point on which the world divided in his own day, and has never yet come together—really makes little difference. Here, at any rate, the story of King Arthur got fairly into literature for the first time. Writers from every side took up the Arthurian story, retold it in prose and verse, changed it, added to it, and in various ways worked upon it, until finally five great romances, besides a host of smaller ones, grew up, which far outran Geoffrey's original, and which continued the delight of Europe for three hundred years. Not that they ceased then; but they began a fresh career, with the invention of printing.

About the time when King Richard III. cast the little princes, his nephews, into the Tower, and while the Wars of the Roses were still smoldering, it happened one day that some English gentlemen asked sturdy old William Caxton,—who had recently set up the first printing-press in England, at Westminster Abbey,—why, among the books he was sending forth, he had not printed the famous history of King Arthur? At other times the question was repeated; and upon looking about for a suitable work on this subject to print, it was found that some years before—about 1469 or 1470—an English knight named Sir Thomas Malory had collected the five great "Romances" just now mentioned, cut out part, added much, re-arranged the whole, and made it into one continuous story, or novel, all centering about the court of King Arthur, and ending with the mournful wars between him and Sir Launcelot on the one side, and Sir Mordred on the other, in which the great king

is finally killed, and the Round Table is broken up forever.

This book Caxton printed, finishing it, as he tells us, on the last day of July, 1485; and it is this book which now, nearly four hundred years afterward, has been reprinted in an edition for boys, from which the engravings accompanying this sketch are taken.

It is, therefore, with the pleasant sense of introducing an old English classic to young English readers that I comply with the request of the editor of ST. NICHOLAS for some account of Sir Thomas Malory's book, which may bring it before younger minds than those for whom the introduction to the work itself was written.

Before giving some sample stories out of Sir Thomas, it is well to have a clear understanding of the idea upon which it is plain that all his tales are strung, like necklace-beads on a golden wire. This idea is chivalry.

The first principle, we may say, of the old-time chivalry was the tender protection of weakness; and such we may fairly call the main motive which holds together all the people about King Arthur; the protection of the weak. That is the ideal business of the knight-errant. When the young cavalier rides forth on a bright morning, all armed, and singing, his jousts and fights with those whom he meets, even if their direct object is not the succor of some distress, are considered by him as mere training and exercise for helpful deeds; and if he tries, in the old phrase, "to win worship" ("worship" being a short way of saying *worth-ship*, that is, the esteem of worthiness), his worship is always at the service of helplessness.

You can now, perhaps, more clearly understand what is really beneath all this stir of battle and adventure in Sir Thomas's book. The general sweep of the story, as he has put it together, is this: Old King Uther Pendragon having died, there is trouble who shall be king in his place. During this trouble, one day, a stone appears with a sword sticking in it; and who can draw out that sword from the stone, he shall be king. Many try, and fail; until at last a boy named Arthur, who has been brought up by the prophet Merlin, and who is (though not so known) really the son of Uther, takes the sword by the hilt and draws it out with ease. He becomes King Arthur, and straightway gathers about him a company of strong and faithful knights, who form a brilliant court, around which all the adventures

of the time thereafter seem to turn. The story now for a while goes mainly upon Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the strongest knight of the world; and many wild adventures of his are related. The main figure then, for a little while, becomes one Sir Gareth, of Orkney, who was nicknamed Beaumains. He comes one day in disguise to Arthur's court, and begs to be allowed to serve in Arthur's kitchen for a year. Unheeding the scornful jokes of the by-standers, he passes his year in the kitchen; but he is always at hand when any deed of arms is going on about the palace. At the end of the year, a person in distress appears one day at Arthur's palace, and asks that some knight will undertake a desperate enterprise. Beaumains begs the honor; and, amid many jeers, for many days, always scorned and flouted, fights battle after battle, with knight after knight, conquers them, and binds them to appear at King Arthur's court on a certain time, as his prisoners, and finally wins such worship that all jeers are silenced, and he is triumphantly made Knight of the Round Table.

We are now introduced to a new hero, Sir Tristram de Lyonesse, who is beset with the toils of the ungrateful and treacherous King Mark of Cornwall, and by many wanderings and adventures comes to King Arthur's court, where he is made Knight of the Round Table, and is the strongest knight of all the world save Sir Launcelot. A great change here comes upon the story. It is noised that the Holy Cup called the "Saint Grail," in which the blood of the Savior was said to have been caught as it flowed, had been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, and is now in England, full of miraculous powers. At this, all the knights depart in search of it, and we have the wonderful adventures of the famous "Quest of the Saint Grail," during which Sir Galahad, the purest knight of the whole world, comes upon the scene, with the gentle and winning Sir Percival. Sir Galahad finds the Holy Grail, and dies soon afterward; the knights—those who are left alive—return to King Arthur's court, and he, who had spent his days in sorrowful foreboding ever since they departed, dreams again of renewing his old brilliant Round Table. But a shadow soon darkens the court, and presently overglooms all. Queen Guenever makes a great banquet to the returned knights, and all is merry until suddenly a knight tastes of an apple and falls down dead. The kinsmen of that knight accuse the queen of poisoning him; and she is condemned to be burnt, unless by a certain day a champion appear to prove her innocence by the gage of battle. The day comes, the stake and fire are made ready; but Sir Launcelot in disguise dashes into the lists and defeats her accuser. Nevertheless, treachery and discord are now at work; Sir Mordred is plotting; Sir Gawaine

conceives a violent hatred against Sir Launcelot; King Arthur allows Sir Gawaine to lead him; and presently we have the forces of King Arthur besieging Sir Launcelot in his castle of Joyous Gard; the talk over the walls here, between Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine; the magnificent control of Sir Launcelot, who ever tries to avoid the war; the patient goodliness with which he reasons away the taunts of Gawaine and the king; the care with which he instructs his knights and soldiers to do no harm to King Arthur, on pain of death; and the tender loyalty with which, one day, he himself rescues King Arthur, who has been hurt and thrown, sets the king on horseback, and conducts him into safety; all these are here told with such simple art and strength as must strike the soul of every reader, old and young. Finally, King Arthur, after twice levying war upon Sir Launcelot, is recalled by the treachery of Sir Mordred, whom he left in charge of the kingdom, but who has taken advantage of his absence to seize the realm into his own hands, and is even trying to compel Queen Guenever to be his wife. Many battles follow, until, in a great final struggle, Arthur is wounded to death, in the act of killing Mordred; and the scene closes with the pathetic and beautiful departure of Sir Launcelot from this world; who, with some old companions that remained, had become holy men after the death of their king, and served God until He took them to Him.

In the two engravings given herewith, the artist has very pleasantly endeavored to make us eye-witnesses of at least the critical moments in some of the adventures with which our "History of King Arthur" overflows; and I cannot do better than give you, in Sir Thomas's own words, as far as possible, an outline of the stories thus illustrated.

In looking, then, at the picture called "Sir Ector and Sir Turquine," please fancy that, on a certain morning, Sir Launcelot finds that he has rested and played long enough at court since the great Roman victories of King Arthur, and, turning his back upon the gay life there, sets forth, with his nephew Sir Lionel, through forest and plain, upon knight-errantry. The two straightway fall into adventures enough; but meantime Sir Ector, with whom we are here concerned, discovering that Sir Launcelot has left the court, through great love and anxiety hurries forth after him, to help him, if need be. "Then," says Sir Thomas, "when Sir Ector had ridden long in a great forest, he met with a man that was like a forester. 'Fair sir,' said Sir Ector, 'knowest thou in this country any adventures that be here nigh-hand?'"

"'Sir,' said the forester, 'this country know I well, and hereby within this mile is a strong manor and well dyked'" (that is, *mooted*), "'and by that

manor, on the left hand, there is a fair ford for horses to drink of, and over that ford there groweth a fair tree, and thereon hangeth many fair shields, which have been conquered from good knights;



SIR ECTOR AND SIR TURQUINE.

and at the hollow of the tree hangeth a bason of copper; strike upon that bason with the butt of thy spear thrice, and soon after thou shalt hear new tidings." Sir Ector thanks him, and, upon riding up to the tree, finds it all be-hung with shields, which some victorious knight has won from their owners and thus displayed. Upon looking more closely, Sir Ector is stricken with grief to see hang-

ing there the shield of his brother, Sir Lionel. He is inflamed to right this matter. "Then anon Sir Ector beat on the bason as he were wood" (that is, *crazy*), "and then he gave his horse drink at the ford; and there came a knight behind him and bade him come out of the water and make him ready; and Sir Ector turned him shortly, and in rest cast his spear, and smote the other knight a great buffet that his horse turned twice about. 'This was well done,' said the strong knight, 'and knightly thou hast stricken me'; and therewith he rushed his horse on Sir Ector, and caught him under his right arm, and bare him clean out of his saddle"—as you see in the engraving—"and rode with him away into his own hall, and threw him down in the midst of the floor. The name of this knight was Sir Turquine." It is not long, however, before Sir Launcelot, after passing through many toils and enchantments,—spread about him by four queens who had taken him sleeping,—fares hither, defeats the strong Sir Turquine in a terrible fight, and delivers Sir Ector, along with a great number of prisoned knights.

In another engraving, called "Sir Beaumains and the Black Knight," we have one of the numerous encounters in the long series which was undertaken for a damsel by our Sir Gareth of Orkney, already mentioned in the general sketch. He had been nicknamed "Beaumains" by Sir Kay, for the largeness of his hands; but with incredible meekness, long-suffering, strength, and valor, he made the name one of the most honorable at Arthur's court. After riding forth with the damsel upon her adventure; after overcoming several knights; after enduring the bitter tongue of the very damsel he is fighting for, who ever chides him as a base "kitching-knave," better among pots and pans than swords and armor: one day, Beaumains "rode with that lady till even-song time"—vespers—"and ever she chid him, and would not rest. And then they came to a black

lawn, and there was a black hawthorn, and thereon hung a black banner, and on the other side there hung a black shield, and by it stood a black spear, great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk, and a black stone fast by. There sat a knight all armed in black harness, and his name was 'The Knight of the Black Lawn.' The damsel advises Beaumains to flee. "'Gramercy,'" says Beaumains, and quietly holds his ground. The Black Knight asks if this is the damsel's champion. "'Nay, fair knight,'" said she, "'this is but a

nought; and whether it like thee or not, this lawn will I pass maugre'" (in spite of) "'thine head; and horse nor harness gettest thou none of me, but if thou win them with thy hands; and therefore let see what thou canst do.'" Then they departed with their horses, and came together as it had been the thunder; and the Black Knight's spear broke, and Beaumains thrust his through both his sides, and therewith his spear broke, and the truncheon left still in the side. But nevertheless, the Black Knight drew his sword and smote many eager



SIR BEAUMAINS AND THE BLACK KNIGHT.

kitchen-knave, that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms.'" Thereupon, after some talk with the damsel, the Black Knight concludes to be merciful to the kitchen-knave, and says: "'This much shall I grant you. I shall put him down upon one foot, and his horse and his harness'" (his "harness" is his *armor*); "'shall he leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm.'" But Beaumains, the kitchen-knave, is not so minded. "'Sir knight," he says, and one can easily enough fancy that his chin is a little in the air, and his neck-muscle straight, and his voice marvelous low and steady,—"'Sir knight, thou art full liberal of my horse and harness; I let thee know it cost thee

strokes—one of which strokes the Black Knight, with the truncheon sticking in his side, is just delivering upon Beaumains's shield, in the picture—"'and hurt Beaumains full sore.'" The battle, however is won, after great tribulation, by Beaumains; who then goes on to many adventures, still reasoning away the bitter scoldings of the damsel, until finally—as he had announced at starting—he "wins worship worshipfully," marries a fair bride won in the course of his adventures, and has all men to his friends.

And so runs the record of numberless like adventures, until those last days when the fair fellowship ends with the death of King Arthur.

A DEAR LITTLE GOOSE.

By M. M. D.



WHILE I 'm in the *ones*, I can frolic all the day ;
 I can laugh, I can jump, I can run about and play.
 But when I 'm in the *tens*, I must get up with the lark,
 And sew, and read, and practice, from early morn till dark.

When I 'm in the *twenties*, I 'll be like Sister Joe ;
 I 'll wear the sweetest dresses (and, may be, have a beau !)
 I 'll go to balls and parties, and wear my hair up high,
 And not a girl in all the town shall be as gay as I.

When I 'm in the *thirties*, I 'll be just like Mamma ;
 And, may be, I 'll be married to a splendid big papa.
 I 'll cook, and bake, and mend, and mind, and grow a little fat—
 But Mother is so sweet and nice, I 'll not object to that.

Oh, what comes after thirty? The *forties* ! Mercy, my !
 When I grow as old as forty, I think I 'll have to die.
 But like enough the world wont last until we see that day ;—
 It 's so very, very, very, *very*, VERY far away !

THE FLOATING PRINCE.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once an orphan prince, named Nassime, who had been carefully educated to take his place upon the throne of his native country. Everything that a king ought to know had been taught him, and he was considered, by the best judges, to be in every way qualified to wear a crown and to wield a scepter.

But when he became of age, and was just about to take his place upon the throne, a relative, of great power and influence in the country, concluded that he would be king himself, and so the young

prince was thrown out upon the world. The new king did not want him in his dominions, and it was therefore determined, by his teachers and guardians, that he would have to become a "floating prince." By this, they meant that he must travel about, from place to place, until he found some kingdom which needed a king, and which was willing to accept him to rule over it. If such a situation were vacant, he easily could obtain it.

He was therefore furnished with a new suit of clothes and a good sword ; a small crown and a

scepter were packed into his bag; and he was started out to seek his fortune, as best he could.

As the prince walked away from the walls of his native city, he felt quite down-hearted, although he was by nature gay and hopeful. He did not believe that he could find any country which would want him for a ruler.

"That is all nonsense," he said to himself. "There are always plenty of heirs or usurpers to take a throne when it is empty. If I want a kingdom, I must build up one for myself, and that is just what I will do. I will gather together my subjects as I go along. The first person I meet shall be my chief councilor of state, the second shall be head of the army, the third shall be admiral of the navy, the next shall be chief treasurer, and then I will collect subjects of various classes."

Cheered by this plan, he stepped gayly on, and just as he was entering a wood, through which his pathway led him, he heard some one singing.

Looking about him, he saw a little lady, about five inches high, sitting upon a twig of a flowering bush near by, and singing to herself. Nassime instantly perceived that she was a fairy, and said to himself: "Oho! I did not expect a meeting of this sort." But as he was a bold and frank young fellow, he stepped up to her and said: "Good-morning, lady fairy. How would you like to be chief councilor to a king?"

"It would be splendid!" said the lively little fairy, her eyes sparkling with delight. "But where is the king?"

"I am the king," said Nassime, "or, rather, I am to be, as soon as I get my kingdom together."

And then he told her his story and his plans. The fairy was charmed. The plan suited her exactly.

"You might get a larger councilor than I am," she said, "but I know a good deal about government. I have been governed ever so much, and I could not help learning how it is done. I'm glad enough to have a chance to help somebody govern other people. I'll be your chief councilor."

"All right," said the prince, who was much pleased with the merry little creature. "Now we'll go and hunt up the rest of the kingdom."

He took the little fairy in his hand and placed her in one of the folds of his silken girdle, where she could rest, as if in a tiny hammock, and then he asked her name.

"My name," she answered, "is Lorilla, chief councilor of the kingdom of—what are you going to call your kingdom?"

"Oh, I have n't thought of a name, yet."

"Let it be Nassimia, after yourself," said Lorilla.

"Very well," answered the prince, "we will call it Nassimia. That will save trouble and disputes, after the kingdom is established."

Nassime now stepped along quite briskly, talking to his little companion as he went, and explaining to her his various ideas regarding his future kingdom. Suddenly he stumbled over what he supposed was the trunk of a fallen tree, and then he was quickly raised into the air, astride of the supposed tree-trunk, which seemed to have a hinge in it.

"What now?" said a great voice, and the prince perceived that he was sitting on the knee of a giant, who had been lying on his back in the wood.

"Don't be afraid," said Lorilla, looking out of her little hammock. "He wont hurt you."

"Excuse me," said the prince, "I did not see you, or I should have been more careful. How would you like to be general of the army of the kingdom of Nassimia?"

"That sounds splendidly!" cried little Lorilla.

The giant looked bewildered. He could not understand, at all, what the prince was talking about. But when Nassime explained it all to him, he said he would like very well to be head general of the army, and he accepted the position.

Rising to his feet, the giant offered to carry the prince on his arm, so that they could get along faster, and in this way they traveled, all discussing, with much zest, the scheme of the new kingdom.

About noon, they began to be hungry, and so they sat down in a shady place, the giant having said that he had something to eat in a bag which he carried at his side. He opened this bag, and spread out half a dozen enormous loaves of bread, two joints of roast meat, a boiled ham, and about a bushel of roasted potatoes.

"Is that the food for your whole army?" asked Lorilla.

"Oh, no," answered the giant, who was a young fellow with a good appetite. "I brought this for myself, but there will be enough for you two. I don't believe I should have eaten it quite all, anyway."

"I should hope not," said the prince. "Why, that would last me several weeks."

"And me a thousand years," said Lorilla.

"You will talk differently, if you ever grow to be as big as I am," said the giant, smiling, as he took a bite from a loaf of bread.

When the meal was over, they all felt refreshed, and quite eager to meet the next comer, who was to be the admiral, or commander of the navy, of the new kingdom. For some time, they went on without seeing any one, but, at last, they perceived, in a field at some distance, a man on stilts. He was tending sheep, and wore the stilts so that he could the better see his flock, as it wandered about.

"There 's the admiral!" said the giant. "Let me put you down, and run over and catch him."

So saying, he set the prince on the ground, and

ran toward the shepherd, who, seeing him coming, at once took to flight. His stilts were so long that he made enormous steps, and he got over the ground very fast. The giant had long legs, and he ran swiftly, but he had a great deal of trouble to get near the man on stilts, who dodged in every direction, and rushed about like an enormous crane. The poor frightened sheep scattered themselves over the fields, and hid in the bushes.

At last, the giant made a vigorous dash, and swooping his long arm around, he caught the shepherd by one stilt, and waving him around his head, shouted in triumph.

The prince and Lorilla, who had been watching this chase with great interest, cheered in return.

"Now we have an admiral," said the fairy, as the giant approached, proudly bearing the shepherd aloft. "Don't you think it would be well for you to get out your crown and scepter? He ought to understand, at once, that you are the king."

So Nassime took his crown and scepter from his bag, and putting the first on his head, held the other in his hand. He looked quite kingly when the giant came up, and set the shepherd down on

"Admiral?" cried the poor frightened man. "I don't understand."

"Oh, it's all right," exclaimed the merry little



THE GENERAL RESOLVES TO SECURE AN ADMIRAL.

Lorilla, as she slipped out of the prince's sash, and ran up to the shepherd. "We're going to have a splendid kingdom, and we're just getting together the head officers. I'm chief councilor, that giant is the general of the army, and we want you to command the navy. There'll be a salary, after a while, and I know you'll like it."

When she went on to explain the whole matter to the shepherd, his fear left him, and he smiled.

"I shall be very glad to be your admiral," he then said, to the prince, whereupon the giant lifted him up on his feet, or rather on to the stilts, which were strapped to his feet and ankles, and the affair was settled. The party now went on, the giant and man on stilts side by side, the prince on the giant's arm, and Lorilla in Nassime's sash.



"THE GIANT LOOKED BEWILDERED."

his knees before him, with his stilts sticking out ever so far behind.

"I am glad to see you," said the prince, "and I herewith make you admiral of my royal navy."

great officer must we have?" asked she of Nassime.

"The chief officer of the treasury, or chancellor of the exchequer. I see him now."

It was true. Along a road in a valley below

them, a man was walking. Instantly all were excited. The giant and the man on stilts wished to run after the new-comer, but the prince forbade it, saying it would be better to approach him quietly.

The man, who halted when he saw them, proved to be a clam-digger, with his clam-rake over one shoulder, and a large basket in his hand. The prince did not waste many words with this person, who was a rather humble-minded man, but briefly explained the situation to him, and told him that he was now the chancellor of the exchequer, in charge of the treasury of the kingdom of Nassimia.

The man, remarking that he saw no objection to such a position, and that it might, in the end, be better than clam-digging, joined the prince's party, which again proceeded on its way.

That night, they all slept in a palm-grove, first making a supper of cocoa-nuts, which the giant and the admiral picked from the tops of the trees.

"Now, then," said Nassime, in the morning, "what we must have next, is an aristocracy. Out of this upper class, we can then fill the government offices."

"Very true," said the giant, "and we shall want an army. I do not feel altogether like a general, without some soldiers under me."

"And I must have a navy," said the admiral.

"And there must be common people," remarked the chancellor of the exchequer. "For we shall need some folks on whom I can levy taxes with which to carry on the government."

"You are all right," said Nassime, "and this is the way we will manage matters. All the people we meet to-day shall be the aristocrats of Nassimia; all we meet to-morrow shall form the army, and all we see the next day shall be taken to make up the navy. After that, we will collect common people, until we have enough."

"I can tell you now," said the admiral, "how to get a lot of aristocrats all together in a bunch. A mile ahead of where we now are, is a school-house, and it is full of boys, with a gray-headed master. Those fellows ought to make excellent aristocrats."

"They will do very well," said Nassime, "and we will go quietly forward and capture them all."

When they reached the school-house, Nassime, with his crown on his head and his scepter in his hand, took his position at the front door, the giant crouched down by the back door, the chancellor

stood by one window and the admiral tried to stand by the other, but his stilts were so long that he looked over the roof, instead of into the window.

"Is not that a well near you?" said the little councilor Lorilla, who was perched on a vine, for



THE GENERAL AND THE ADMIRAL LED THE PROCESSION.

safe-keeping. "Step into that, and you will, most likely, be just tall enough."

The admiral stepped into the well, which was close to the house, and found that he stood exactly high enough to command the window. When all were posted, Nassime opened his door, and stepping

a short distance into the room, declared his title and position, and called upon them all to consider themselves members of the aristocracy of his kingdom. The moment he said this, the astonished and frightened boys sprang to their feet and made

jolly time they would have. It would be like a long holiday, and although their master would go with them, to teach them what they would have to know in their new positions, it would not be a bit like going to school.

As soon as the boys heard that they would not have to go to school, they agreed to the plan on the spot. Some of them even went out to talk to the giant. As to the master, he said that if his school was to be taken into the new kingdom he would go, too, for he had promised the parents that he would take care of their boys.

So, when all was settled, the whole school, headed by the master, made ready to follow Nassime and his officers. The giant pulled the admiral out of the well, much to the delight of the boys, and all started off in high good humor.

The company went into camp on the edge of a wood, quite early in the evening, because Lorilla said that boys ought not to be up late. If it had not been for the luncheons which the boys had in their baskets, and which they cheerfully shared with their older companions, many of the party would have gone to sleep hungry that night. As for the giant, it is probable that he did go to sleep hungry, for it would have taken the contents of all the baskets to have entirely satisfied his appetite.

Early the next morning, he aroused the party.

"Here are a few bushels of cocoa-nuts," he cried, emptying a great bag on the ground. "I gathered them before any of you were awake. Eat them quickly, for we must be off. To-day is my army day, and I want to get as many soldiers as I can."

As every one was very willing to please the giant, an early start was made, and, before very long, the party reached the edge of a desert. They journeyed over the sand nearly all day, but not a living being did they see. Late in the afternoon, a black man, on an ostrich, was seen coming from behind a hillock of sand, and immediately, with a great shout, the whole party set out in chase.

It is probable that the man on the bird would have soon got away from his pursuers, had not the ostrich persisted in running around in a great circle, while, with whoops and shouts, the giant and the rest succeeded in heading off the ostrich, which tumbled over, throwing his rider on the sand. The bird then ran off as fast as he could go, while the negro was seized by every aristocrat who could get near enough to lay hold of him. The giant now came up, and lifted the man from the midst of his young captors. "You need not be frightened," said he. "You are to belong to my army. That is all. I will treat you well."

"And not kill me?" whimpered the black man.

"Certainly not," said the giant. "I need soldiers too much to want to kill the only one I've



THE GIANT AND HIS ARMY.

a rush for the back door, but when they threw it open, there squatted the giant, with a broad grin on his face, and his hands spread out before the door-way. They then turned and ran, some for one window and some for the other, but at one stood the treasurer, brandishing his clam-rake, and at the other the admiral, shaking his fists. There was no escape,—one or two, who tried to pass by Nassime, having been stopped by a tap on the head from his scepter,—and so the boys crowded together in the middle of the room, while some of the smaller ones began to cry. The master was too much startled and astonished to say a word.

Then came running into the room little Lorilla, and mounting to the top of the school-master's table, she addressed the school, telling them all about the new kingdom, and explaining what a

got. Fall into line, behind me, and we 'll march on and see if we cannot find you some comrades."

But by night-fall the giant's army still consisted of one black man. The party encamped in an oasis, where grew a number of date-palms, the fruit of which afforded a plentiful supper for everybody. The giant had not much appetite, and he looked solemn while gazing at his army, as it sat cross-legged on the ground, eating dates.

The next morning, the admiral earnestly petitioned that they should try to get out of the desert as soon as possible. "For," said he, "I have a dreadful time in this sand with my stilts, and I really need more men in my navy than the giant has in his army. Besides, the best kind of sailors can never be found in a dry desert, like this."

As no one could object to this reasoning, they set forth, turning to the east, and, before noon, they saw before them fields and vegetation, and shortly afterward they came to a broad river. Journeying down the bank of this for a mile or two, they perceived, lying at anchor in the stream, a good-sized vessel, with a tall mast, and a great sail hauled down on the deck.

"Hurrah!" shouted the admiral, the moment he set his eyes upon this prize, and away he went for it, as fast as his stilts would carry him. When he reached the water, he waded right in, and was soon standing looking over the vessel's side.

He did not get on board, but, after standing for some time talking to a person inside, he waded back to the shore, where his companions were anxiously waiting to hear what he had discovered.

"There are not many persons on board," he said, rather ruefully. "Only an old woman and a girl. One is the cook and the other washes bottles. There were a good many men on the ship, but the old woman says that they all went away yesterday, carrying with them a vast number of packages. She thinks they were a lot of thieves, and that they have gone off with their booty and have deserted the vessel. She and the girl were simply hired as servants, and knew nothing about the crew. It is n't exactly the kind of navy I wanted, but it will do, and we may see some men before night."

It was unanimously agreed that the government of Nassimia should take possession of this deserted vessel, and the giant soon managed to pull her to shore, anchor and all. Everybody excepting the giant went on board, Nassime and Lorilla going first, then the government officers, the aristocracy, and the army. The admiral stood on his stilts, with his head up in the rigging, and the ship was formally placed under his command. When all was ready, the giant ran the ship out into the stream, wading in up to his middle; and then he very carefully clambered on board. The vessel

rocked a good deal as he got in, but it could carry him so long as he kept quiet.

"As my navy is not large enough, just now, to work the ship," said the admiral to Nassime, "and; also, as it does n't know anything about such work, I shall have to have the help of the aristocracy, and also to ask the general to lend me his army."

"All right," said the giant, "you can have him."

A number of the larger boys, assisted by the negro, now went to work and hoisted the sail. Then the army was sent to the helm, the vessel was put before the wind, and the kingdom of Nassimia began to sail away.

There was a large quantity of provisions on board, enough to last many days, and everybody ate heartily. But not a person was seen that day on either bank of the river.

They anchored at night, and the next morning, setting sail again, they soon entered a broad sea or lake. They sailed on, with the wind behind them, and everybody enjoyed the trip. The admiral sat on the stern, with his stilts dangling behind in the water, as the ship sailed on, and was very happy.

"Now," said the chancellor of the exchequer, as the officers of the government were talking together on deck, "all we want is some common people, and then we can begin the kingdom in real earnest."

"We must have some houses and streets," said Nassime, "and a palace. All those will be necessary before we can settle down as a kingdom."

They sailed all night, and the next day they saw land before them. And, slowly moving near the shore, they perceived a long caravan.

"Hi!" shouted the chancellor of the exchequer, "there are the common people!"

Everybody was now very much excited, and everybody wanted to go ashore, but this Nassime would not permit. Capturing a caravan would be a very different thing from capturing a negro on an ostrich, and the matter must be undertaken with caution and prudence. So, ordering the ship brought near the shore, he made ready to land, accompanied only by the giant and Lorilla.

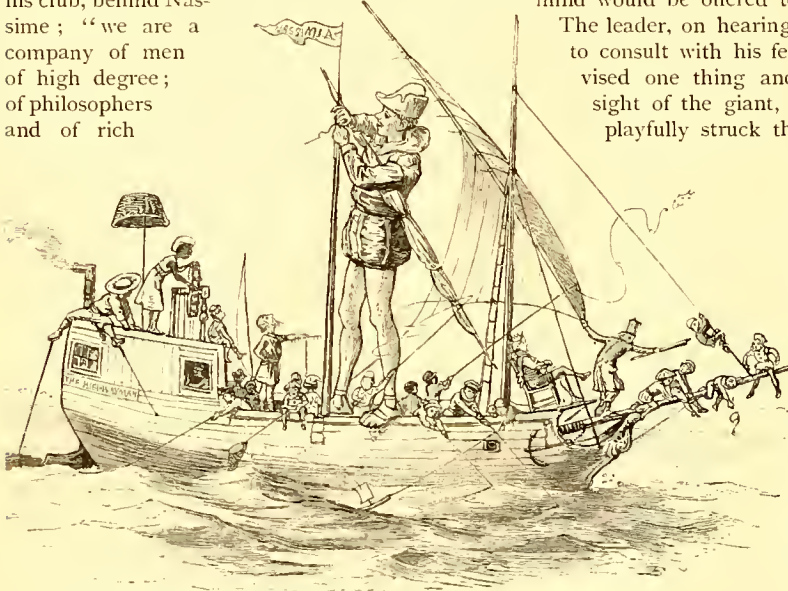
The giant had found a spare mast on the vessel, and he had trimmed and whittled it into a convenient club. This he took under one arm, and, with Nassime on the other, wearing his crown and carrying Lorilla in his sash, the giant waded ashore, and stopped a short distance in front of the approaching caravan.

Nassime, having been set on the ground, advanced to the leader of the caravan, and, drawing his sword, called upon him to halt. Instantly the procession stopped, and the leader, dismounting from his horse, approached Nassime, and bowed low before him, offering to pay tribute, if necessary.

"We will not speak of tribute," said Nassime,

"at least, not now. What I wish, is to know who you all are, and where you are going."

"That is easily answered," said the other, giving a glance upward at the giant, who stood leaning on his club, behind Nassime; "we are a company of men of high degree; of philosophers and of rich



THE KINGDOM OF NASSIMIA AFLOAT.

merchants, who have joined together to visit foreign lands, to enjoy ourselves and improve our minds. We have brought with us our families, our slaves, and our flocks and other possessions. We wish to offend no one, and if you object to our passing through your dominions —"

"I do not object," said Nassime, "I am very glad you came this way. These are not my dominions. I am king of Nassimia."

"And where is that, your majesty?"

"It is not anywhere in particular, just now," said Nassime, "but we shall soon fix upon a spot where its boundaries will be established. It is a new kingdom, and only needed a body of com—"

"Say populace," whispered Lorilla, from his sash, "the other might offend him."

"And only needed a populace," continued Nassime, "to make it complete. I am the king—of royal blood and education. I have ministers of state and finance; an admiral and a navy; a general of the army, whom you see here," pointing to the giant, "and an aristocracy, which is at present on board of that ship. I have been looking for a populace, and am very glad to have met you. You and your companions are now my people."

"What, your majesty?" cried the astonished leader of the caravan. "I do not comprehend."

Nassime then explained the plan and purpose of

his kingdom, and assured the other that he and his countrymen could nowhere be more happy than in the kingdom of Nassimia, where every opportunity of enjoyment and the improvement of the mind would be offered to the people.

The leader, on hearing this, begged permission to consult with his fellow-travelers. Some advised one thing and some another, but the sight of the giant, who every now and then playfully struck the earth with the end of his club in such a way as to make the ground tremble, hastened their decision.

"If we were poor men," said one of the philosophers, "and had no treasures with us, we might scatter in various directions, and many of us might escape. That giant could not kill us all. But we are too rich for that. We cannot run away from our great possessions. We must submit in peace."

So it was settled that they should submit to

the king of Nassimia and become his people, and the leader carried the decision to Nassime.

The chancellor of the exchequer now became very anxious to go on shore. He had cast off his clam-digger's clothes, and wore a magnificent suit which he had found in the ship, and which had belonged to the robber captain. He stood on the deck and made signs for the giant to come for him. So the giant was sent for him, and soon returned, bringing also the army, which the chancellor had borrowed of him for a time. This officer, as soon as he had landed, approached Nassime and said: "These, then, are the common people. I suppose I might as well go to work and collect taxes."

"You need not hurry about that," said Nassime.

"They will never believe in your government until you do it," urged the chancellor, and so Nassime allowed him to do as he wished, only telling him not to levy his taxes too heavily.

Then the chancellor, with the negro behind him, carrying his old clam-basket, over which a cloth had been thrown, went through the caravan and collected taxes enough in gold and silver to fill his basket. He also collected a horse for himself and one for Nassime. "Now," said he, "we have the foundation of a treasury, and the thing begins to look like a kingdom."

Everything being now satisfactorily arranged, the

company began to move on. The giant, with his army at his heels, and his club over his shoulder, marched first. Then rode Nassime with Lorilla, then the chancellor, with his basket of treasure before him on his horse, and after him the caravan. The ship sailed along a short distance from the shore.

In the evening, the land party encamped near the shore, and the vessel came to anchor, the giant shouting to the admiral Nassime's commands. The chancellor wished to make another collection of taxes, after supper, but this Nassime forbade.

Lorilla then had a long talk with Nassime, apart from the company, assuring him that what was needed next was the royal city.

"Yes, indeed," said Nassime, "and we are not likely to meet with that as we have met with everything else. We must build a city, I suppose."

"No," said Lorilla, gaily. "We can do much better. Do you see that heavy forest on the hills back of us? Well, in that forest is the great capital city of my people, the fairies. We are scattered in colonies all over the country, but there

morning, while the stars were still shining, she returned and awoke him, and while they were going to the camp she told him her news.

"Our queen," she said, "will have a city built for you, all complete, with everything that a city needs, but before she will have this done, she commands that some one in your party shall be changed into a fairy, to take my place! This must be a grown person who consents to the exchange, as I have agreed to be your chief councilor of state. And it must be some one whose mind has never been occupied with human affairs."

"I don't believe you will find any such person among us," said Nassime, ruefully.

But Lorilla clapped her hands and cried, merrily: "Ah, yes! The bottle-washer! I believe she is the very person."

Nassime was cheered by this idea, and as soon as they reached the shore, he asked the giant to carry him and Lorilla to the ship. Early as it was, they found the young girl sitting on the deck, quietly washing bottles. She had lost her parents when



THE LAND FORCE ON THE MARCH.

is our court and our queen. And it is the fairies who can help you to get a royal city. This very evening, I will go and see what can be done."

So, that evening, Nassime took Lorilla to the edge of the forest, and while she ran swiftly into its depths, he lay down and slept. Early the next

an infant, and had never had any one to care for. She had passed her life, since she was a very small child, in washing bottles, and as this employment does not require any mental labor, she had never concerned herself about anything.

"She will do," exclaimed Lorilla, when she had

found out all this. "I don't believe her mind was ever occupied at all. It is perfectly fresh for her to begin as a fairy."

When the girl was asked if she would be a fairy, she readily consented, for it made no difference to her what she was, and when the admiral was asked if he would give her up, he said: "Oh, yes! To be sure, it will reduce my navy to one person, but, even then, it will be as large as the army. You may take her, and welcome." The bottle-washer therefore was taken to the shore, and Nassime conducted her to the woods with Lorilla. There he left them, promising to return at sunset.

"You must be careful of one thing," said Lorilla to him, before he left, "and that is, not to let those aristocrats come on shore. If they once get among the populace, they will begin to lord it over them in a way that will raise a dreadful commotion."

Nassime promised to attend to this, and when he went back he sent orders to the admiral, on no account to allow any aristocrat to come on shore. This order caused great discontent on the vessel. The boys could not see why they alone should be shut up in the ship. They had expected to have lots of fun when the common people were found.

It was, therefore, with great difficulty that they were restrained from jumping overboard and swimming ashore in a body. The master had been made an ancient noble, but his authority was of little avail, and the poor admiral had his hands full. Indeed, he would have been in despair, had it not been for the gallant conduct of his navy. That brave woman seized a broom, and marching around the deck, kept watchful guard. Whenever she saw a boy attempting to climb over the side of the vessel, she brought down the broom with a whack upon him, and tumbled him back on the deck. In the afternoon, however, the giant came to the vessel with a double arm-load of rich fruit, cakes, pastry and confectionery, an offering from the common people, which so delighted the aristocrats that there was peace on board for the rest of the day.

At sunset, Nassime went to the woods and met Lorilla, who was waiting for him.

"It's all right!" she cried: "the bottle-washer is to be magically dwindled down to-night. And when everybody is asleep, the fairies will come here and will see how many people there are and what they are like, and they will build a city just to suit. It will be done to-morrow."

Nassime could scarcely believe all this, but there was nothing to be done but to wait and see. That night, everybody went to sleep quite early. And if the fairies came and measured them for a city, they did not know it.

In the morning, Nassime arose, and walked down toward the shore. As he did so, a lady came out

of a tent and approached him. He thought he knew her features, but he could not remember who she was. But when she spoke, he started back and cried out: "Lorilla!"

"Yes," said the lady, laughing, "it is Lorilla. The king of Nassimia ought to have a chief councilor of state who is somewhat longer than his finger, and last night, as the girl who took my place dwindled down to the size of a fairy, I grew larger and larger, until I became as large as she used to be. Do you like the change?"

Lorilla was beautiful. She was richly dressed, and her lovely face was as merry and gay as ever.

Nassime approached her and took her hand.

"The chief councilor of my kingdom shall be its queen," he said, and calling a priest from the populace, the two were married on the spot.

Great were the rejoicings on land and water, but there was no delay in getting ready to march to the royal city, the domes and spires of which Lorilla pointed out to them behind some lovely groves.

Nassime was about to signal for the ship to come to shore, but Lorilla checked him.

"I'm really sorry for those poor aristocrats, but it will never do to take them to the royal city. They are not needed, and they would make all sorts of trouble. There is nothing to be done but to let the admiral sail away with them, and keep on sailing until they are grown up. Then they will come back, fit to be members of the nobility. They will have their master with them, and you can put three or four philosophers on board, and they can be as well educated, traveling about in this way, as if they were going to school."

Nassime felt sorry for the aristocrats, but he saw that this was good advice, and he took it. A quantity of provisions and four philosophers were sent on board the ship, and the admiral was ordered to sail away until the boys grew up. As he liked nothing better than sailing, this suited the admiral exactly and after having a few sheep sent on board, with which to amuse himself during calms, he hoisted sail, and was soon far away.

The rest of the kingdom marched on, and in good time reached the royal city. There it stood, with its houses, streets, shops, and everything that a city should have. The royal palace glittered in the center, and upon a hill there stood a splendid castle for the giant!

Everybody hurried forward. The name of the owner was on every house, and every house was fully furnished, so in a few minutes the whole city was at home.

The king, leading his queen up the steps of his royal palace, paused at the door:

"All this," he said, "I owe to you. From the

very beginning, you have given me nothing but good advice."

"But that is not the best of it," she said, laughing. "You always took it."

The vessel carrying the aristocrats sailed away and away, with the admiral sitting on the stern, his stilts dangling in the water behind, as the ship moved on.

DESTINY.

BY MRS. Z. R. CRONYN.

"FOUR eggs, is it, or only three?"
Said a careful housewife, musingly;
"I will look again at my recipe."

"What's that on the hay out there I see?
An egg, as I am alive," said she;
"Somebody's left it there for me."

She whipped her batter, so smooth and thin,
And emptied it into the buttered tin:
Three eggs, not four, had she put therein.

She rolled toward her the precious thing,
And hid it under her downy wing,
To see what a future day would bring.

The fourth she laid on the cupboard shelf;
But out from a corner peeped an elf,
Who roguishly laughed to her little self—

At length came a knock—so faint and small
It scarce was heard—on the egg's white wall,
And a chick stepped into the world. That 's all.

A chubby girl of the age of three,
Who scrupled not, when the coast was free,
To take the egg for *her* property.

Ah, no! not all. Soon a hawk swooped down
And snatched the feathers from off its crown:
Then it was chased by a weasel brown.

Weary and sore, that very day,
A tramp was passing along that way,
And he said what tramps are wont to say.

Three times into treacherous tubs it fell,
And once dropped into an open well.
It wished it was back in its little shell.

The child was touched at his hungry plight,
So she drew from her apron the egg so white,
And said: "Cook this for your tea to-night."

Full oft did it choke till nearly dead;
A falling apricot bruised its head:
O the turbulent life that chicken led!

But lo! as he tossed on his bed of hay,
In vagabond-dreams of a better day,
The egg from his pocket rolled away.

But it grew, at last, to its full estate;
And now you may think some high-born fate,
For a thing so cared for, lay in wait.

Now a speckled hen, with yellow streaks,
Had sat on an empty nest for weeks.
Such are, at times, an old hen's freaks.

But listen. The end was a fricassee
For the Jones's Christmas jubilee.
And this is the thing that puzzles me:

And all that the farmer's wife could do
With tying and ducking and screaming "*shoo!*"
Had failed with Speckle; she sat it through.

Wherefore should Fortune take such heed
To ward off dangers,—only to feed
The Joneses with something they did n't need.

Here, now, she was on her well-worn nest,
When the coming of morning broke her rest.
"What's that!" said she, as she raised her crest.

I think, if I could have had my prayer,
The wife would have saved this run of care
By ending its history then and there.

LADY BERTHA.

BY AGNES THOMSON.

THE story of Lady Bertha is very, very old, but the curious part of it is, that though her name has been a household word in Germany for centuries, and though her memory is cherished still among the legend-loving people of the world, the Lady Bertha never *really* lived at all.

She was, in fact, a goddess of German mythology—and so gracious and gentle a goddess that even the sweet sunshine was thought to be subject to her command, and the rain came only when Frau Bertha willed. If the fields were prosperous, the people smiled and thanked Frau Bertha; and it was Frau Bertha, they thought, who sent all the little children to the earth to make the household happy. It was she who was supposed to hold the keys to the chambers of life and death, so you will hardly wonder, I think, that the ancients sought in every way to win her approbation.

She dwelt, they said, in no beautiful palace, but in hollow mountain caves, apart from men, where she fostered and cherished the souls of those little children who had died an early death. There, in her kingdom under the earth, she plowed the ground with her plow, the little souls working with her the while, it being their part to water the fields.

The most beautiful tradition connected with this heathen goddess is that known as the "Legend of the Pitcher of Tears." Full as this legend is of contradictory ideas, it shows the grief that mothers feel when their little ones die, and how the hope of one day meeting them again helps them to bear long and sorrowful years of loneliness.

Lady Bertha was once passing with her little train down a green and lovely meadow-land, across whose length ran a wall to mark some boundary line. One by one, the children bravely clambered over the wall, but the last little one, who bore in her arms a heavy pitcher, in vain tried to follow her sisters.

A woman who had lost her child by death a short time before, was standing near, and immediately recognized the darling for whom she had been weeping so many days and nights.

Rushing forward, she clasped the child to her breast. Then the little one said: "Ah! How warm is mother's arm! But I pray thee, weep not so bitterly, else my pitcher will become heavier than I can bear! See, dear mother, how all thy tears fall into my pitcher, and how they have already wet my

robe! But Lady Bertha, who kisses me and loves me tenderly, says that thou, too, shalt come to her one day, and that we shall then dwell together in the beautiful gardens under the mountain for ever and ever."

And so, the legend tells us, the mother wept no more, but let her darling go, while from that hour she was resigned and patient, her heavy heart finding comfort in the thought of that happy meeting, in the "beautiful gardens under the mountains," that was sure to come.

Later, Lady Bertha had also the oversight of all spinners. On the last day of the year, which was sacred to her, and which used to be called "Puchentag" in German before the Christians rechristened it "Sylvestentag," it is said if she found any flax on the distaff she spoiled it, and in order to win her entire approval, her festival-day had to be observed with meager fare—oatmeal porridge, or pottage and fish. Indeed, a most terrible punishment awaited all who ventured to eat anything else on that day. Lady Bertha, you see, could be very severe when she was displeased; the slightest sign of disrespect to herself was always promptly resented by this shadowy lady.

As time went on, paganism gave place to Christianity in the German fatherland, and Frau Bertha descended from her high estate of goddess, becoming little more than a terror and a bugbear to frighten children, who, by this time, were taught to think of her as a hideous being with a long iron nose and a remarkably long foot.

In France, too, the long foot played a prominent part, for the traditions of Lady Bertha are by no means confined to Germany alone. As the story goes, King Pepin fought in combat for the hand of a very beautiful maiden and accomplished spinner, Bertrada, the daughter of a Hungarian king. King Pepin having won the day and covered himself with honor, the prize was declared to be his, and the beautiful maiden, accompanied by a large suite, was sent by her father to be queen over France, while the fame of the fair lady's beauty traveled even faster than she herself. This was not strange, however, for excepting the drawback of one deformed foot, her beauty was wondrous indeed.

But it happened that a certain wicked lady of honor was not at all pleased with the choice King Pepin had made, and which had foiled her own

ambition ; so, quietly bribing some men, as wicked as herself, to carry off the Lady Bertrada and slay her in the woods, she put in the place of this royal maiden her own hideous and hateful daughter.

The fraud, you may be sure, was soon discovered,

moonlight. She was extremely beautiful, and one of her feet was remarkably long. Then the king gave a cry of joy, for he knew he had found the real Bertrada, alive, after all ; and, happy once more, he carried home to the castle his long-lost bride.



THE PITCHER OF TEARS.

and the false queen instantly put to death by command of the royal and wrathful bridegroom.

Late one evening, when the king was riding through the woods after a long day's hunt, he came to a mill on the banks of the river Main, in which he found a maiden diligently spinning in the pale

This Bertrada, or Bertha, was the mother of the great and famous Emperor Charlemagne, and it is due to a remembrance of this story about her that you will find on the walls of many French churches quaint pictures of ancient queens, perfect excepting one deformed foot.

MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY * * * *



CHAPTER III.

KITTY.

WHEN Kitty came over to her cousin's, directly after supper, she at once apologized for being so late, explaining that her mamma had made some calls in the village, and had taken her along.

"However," she added, "it does n't make any difference whether I am late or not, for I am going to miss all the fun. Papa says I can't go, and he 's awfully cross about it all. He told Mamma that she must n't mention your plan to any one, for perhaps Cousin Robert would change his mind, and then it need never be known. But you wont do so, will you? I know I would n't."

"We are not going to change our minds," said Fred. "When a Baird says he will, he will! As for the village knowing it, some do know it already. Donald Stuart does, for one, for he is going along."

"Donald Stuart!" ejaculated Kitty. "Donald Stuart! And I—I, a member of the family,—I stay at home! It is outrageous!"

"Never you mind," said Sandy. "You may go. Even if your father is a Baird, he may change his mind. I declare, if I thought it would do any good, I would go ask him this minute."

"I don't doubt that," his father replied; "where Kitty is concerned, I never knew your interest to fail. Do you really think, Kitty, that your father is determined not to let you go?"

"He is as hard as the rocks of Gibraltar," said Kitty, mournfully. "Even Mamma says she knows he wont change his mind. Here comes Donald Stuart. It 's too bad!"

Donald, tall and blue-eyed, came in by the gate. "I am going to have Joe Hillside's fishing-line," he said. "He offered to lend it to me."

"I shall just pretend I am going, anyhow," said

Kitty, "and I am going to borrow a gypsy kettle, or something. Of course, you will want me to help you get ready. And it will be more fun for me, if I pretend I am to be one of the happy party."

"I should n't like that," said Donald, who was very practical. "I should be more disappointed when left behind, if I had played that I was going."

"I sha'n't," said Kitty; "and I mean to have some of the fun. I really have half a mind to run off! I have never even seen Greystone since I was a baby. Is it true that it has bells all around the roof, Cousin Robert?"

"Not now. It used to have, and in stormy weather they jingled merrily."

"How absurd," said Donald, again. "Why were there bells around the roof? Is it a big house?"

"Big!" repeated Fred. "Why, it has nearly eighty rooms in it."

"That makes a good deal of roof around which to hang bells," said Donald.

"The bells were only around the center building," said Mr. Baird. "Two long wings have since been added. The house was built by a Dutchman, who had made a fortune in China, and had, I suppose, pleasant ideas about bells. The walls of his house are three feet thick, and the ceilings very high. But he brought something more curious than bells from China. Two wives."

"Was he allowed to keep them?" cried Belle.

"No; for one ran away. He built two little houses for them, but the youngest ran off with the gardener."

"What became of the Dutchman?" said Donald. "I hope he caught it, some way!"

"He died in prison for debt; did n't he, Papa?" Fred asked; "and they say the cellar was once used by pirates for storing goods?"

"We 'll look," said Donald, "some rainy day, when we can't go fishing."

"It is a forlorn old house," said Mrs. Baird; "you must not expect much romance."

"Is it like a castle?" said Kitty.

"Not a bit. It is long and narrow. The wings were added when it was used for a boys' school. I have no doubt it is dirty enough to be a castle."

"We 'll take a broom," said Kitty; "but now I must go and see Patty. She ought to decide upon what kitchen things she wants."

Kitty was as good as her word. From this moment she devoted herself to asking questions,

and deciding for every one. Patty declared she must lie awake at nights, or she never could think of so many things. She decided how many cuffs her cousin Robert would need, and that her cousin Juliet must take a feather-pillow. She picked out all the china they would want, and, sagely remarking that as most of it would be broken, it had better not be too good, made so forlorn an assortment that Patty was disgusted. She invaded the linen closet, but here Belle routed her. She told Fred not to take his gold pen, for fear it would be lost, and she directed Sandy to wear good, but not his best, boots. She came over whenever she had a chance, and, if she had but a moment to stay, she came all the same. It occurred to her that they might need a lantern, and so, one evening, after supper, she started on a two-mile walk to borrow one. Of course she got it, for no one refused Kitty anything; and then, as it grew darker, she stopped at a house, and begging some matches, lighted her lantern and went on her way, astonishing every one she met by the sight of so small a girl, with so large a light, alone on the road at this late hour.

She grumbled, she scolded, she laughed, and she complained; but, although she was quite sure her father would not relent, she never allowed any one to say she really was not going to Greystone.

She meant, she said, to have the fun of pretending she was.

CHAPTER IV.

IN CAMP.

It was not many days before all preparations were made, baskets and bags packed, and at last the party, including Patty, but not poor Kitty, stood on the wharf at Greystone, and watched the boat move off. In front of them was the broad and beautiful river, behind them a green and wooded country, while around them lay all sorts of curious, nondescript baskets, bags, and bundles.

"Come, come," said Mr. Baird, finally; "don't stand gazing at that boat, or I shall think you repent of having landed. Behold! It is a new world. Columbus has stepped upon the shore! Or, Robinson Crusoe has saved his family and his baggage from the wreck, and his man Friday will at once lead the way to the house."

"We look much more like western immigrants, Papa," said Belle.

"And there," added Fred, with a glance toward two men who were loading a wagon with milk-cans, "are your Indians, and they both have their mouths open."

"It is the contradictory effect of our good clothes and our shabby bundles," explained Sandy; "they evidently think these bundles contain our

wardrobes, and they don't understand why such a very nobby family should not have trunks."

"We might have had them," replied his mother; "we could have packed Patty's tea-kettle and the table-cloths in a trunk instead of the clothes-basket."

"It was n't right to offer the neighbors such a conundrum," said Mr. Baird; "if I had thought of it, I would have protested. There is Belle's dress! Half of it is silk; it ought all to have been chintz; she ought to be in character."

"Only a little is silk, Papa," said Belle; "and it is not clean, and it is old-fashioned; you ought to consider all that. But, to-morrow!—to-morrow I'll come out in brogans and calico!"

At this announcement, Sandy gave a little sniff, and then, to prove that one member of the party was prompt and practical, he lifted the heaviest of the bundles, and put it on his back. Mr. Baird and Fred took the clothes-basket, heavy with kitchen-ware, between them; Donald shouldered another great bag; Mrs. Baird gathered up the basket of forks and spoons, a tin-bucket of butter, and a shawl-strap well-filled; while Belle airily marched off with a basket of meat which, at home, would have been much too heavy to lift. Patty looked at the bundles remaining. Then she sat down on the stump of a tree.

"I'll stay here and watch them until you come back; so you boys had better hurry."

This was an order to move; it was obeyed, and the whole party marched off.

Patty looked after them. It was all rather crazy, she thought, but it was all right. She was in the habit of scolding about everything, and then cheerfully turning around and helping. She had come to see Mrs. Baird one afternoon about twenty years before, and, a storm coming up, she staid all night. She staid the next day to help with some quilting, and had not yet found time to go away. She had always meant to go to her sister's, out West, but it was preserving, or pickling, or the baby had the croup, or Fred was going to school, or Sandy's birthday cake was to be made, or something was to be done, and so Patty staid!

It was now a lovely evening, but it was growing hazy, and ominous clouds came up the west. The birds were chattering and flocking in the trees, the partridges were stealthily calling for that mysterious person, "Bob White"; the wild-turnip was in blossom, the cardinal-flower blazed down by the river, and the poke-berry bushes, by the fences, were slowly staining leaves and stalks with red purple.

Belle stopped to rest; she lifted her hat from her head, pushed back her hair, and looking around, said it was "just lovely," and the whole party agreed with her.

"Pull my hat over my eyes, Belle," said her father, "there is Mrs. Lambert on her porch, and your uncle Robert particularly mentioned her as one of the neighbors who would be shocked. She does n't know any of you, but I used to dance with her, when I was young and good-looking, and I have n't altered. Here, Fred, change hands, it will rest you."

"Are you not ashamed, Papa," cried Belle. "You want to get on the side farthest from her!"

"There!" said Mrs. Baird, suddenly interrupting, "we have forgotten the candles!"

"Never mind," said her husband, "we have Kitty's lantern."

At this, Sandy gently sighed; he had not yet forgiven his uncle for refusing to allow Kitty to come

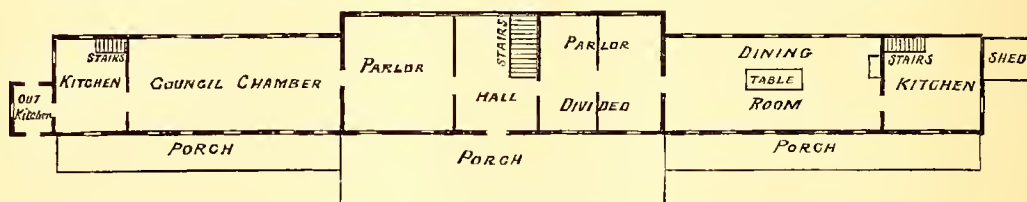
counterfeiters; they see we are not all right. Dis-close the worst!"

"In a week, they'll say we are lunatics," observed Patty. "Well, I do think the Reverend Baird was right. Such a place! And for a holiday!"

"It would n't be a bad place for a counterfeiter," Fred said to Donald, "but for smuggling—it would be splendid! It is like one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Here is the deserted castle; here the river. Of course there is a cove—there always is—all we should need would be something to smuggle."

"You'll need to do it soon," said Patty, "for the bread won't hold out two weeks, and I am sure there isn't a place for baking in this old rattle-trap."

"It would be best to turn pirate," said Sandy.



PLAN OF GREYSTONE.

with them, but at that moment, Belle, who was a little in advance, cried out: "There is Greystone!" and then, in a cooler tone, "when it rains, we shall have to sleep down-stairs, for I believe there is not a whole pane of glass upstairs!"

This announcement stirred the hearts of the whole party; they quickened their steps, and in a moment all had turned into a green and shady lane, and Greystone, with its great outspread wings, its ample porches, and numerous doors and windows, was in full view.

"I salute thee!" cried Fred. "But do, Papa, change hands again; the basket grows heavier and heavier."

"Look there!" cried Belle, turning her head and pointing down the lane, to the milk-wagon, which was bringing the rest of the luggage, and Patty.

"Our gate!" cried Sandy. "Behold, like Christian, I drop my burden, I run to open the wicket-gate—but Fred!" he called back, "it has no hinges; come, lift the other end."

When the bundles and baskets were placed on the great porch, the men stood and looked at them, and then at the owners resting on the steps.

"Going to live here?" asked one.

"For a time," cheerfully replied Mr. Baird.

"Furniture not come?"

"Not yet," said Fred.

"Oh, it'll be along," said the man. "Suppose you can stay at Saunders's till it comes?"

"Tell them," whispered Sandy, "that we are

"I always wanted to be one, and then we could easily get our supplies. All those tugs and sloops must have bread and salt meat on board. That's what we'll do, Patty,—when the larder is low, and the night it is dark, we will go out in our boat, board a merchant-man, and bring you home the spoil! You need not worry over the oven."

"The oven," said Mr. Baird, catching the last words, "is there one? But come, boys, there is plenty to be done; the house is to be explored, furnished, and the hay bought."

"First we'll choose our rooms," cried Sandy, "and then we'll know what color hay to get."

"This is the parlor," said Belle, entering the house, as usual, ahead, and looking into an open door at the left.

"It is too big, Belle," said her father, "there is too much bare floor, and our lantern would n't light it."

"Well, this is better, then," and Mrs. Baird opened a door on the right; "the rooms have been alike, but this one has had a partition run across it."

Adjoining the "little parlor," as it was at once called, was a long dining-room, with eight windows, and five doors, all open to the breezes. In the corner stood a great yellow closet, and for the rest, it was dusty, cheerful, and dirty.

"The floor," said Belle, lifting her skirts, "is not good to walk upon, and when the rainy season sets in, and the voyagers are obliged to dine in-doors, I am sure they cannot put a table-cloth on it."

"The rainy season is not so far off," said her father, who was standing at one of the back doors looking over at the garden, now a wilderness of tangled roses, grapes, syringas, and peach-trees, "and so, if you boys do not get the hay soon, we shall have our choice of wet beds or none."

"Then the first thing to do," said Fred, "is to carry upstairs the bags in which we mean to put the hay, and empty them."

"I don't know where you will put the things," said Patty, quickly unstrapping the broom from the umbrellas, "if upstairs is as dusty as downstairs. Just you come along, and I'll brush up a place in a jiffy!"

"After you have finished, Patty," cried Mrs. Baird after her, "throw the broom down, for Belle and I are going to furnish the dining-room, and we must first sweep."

"Sweep!" muttered Patty, "the old barn ought to be scrubbed from top to bottom, and before I am a day older, if my life is spared, I'll have these stairs washed down."

Upstairs, Donald, Fred, Belle and Sandy were soon busy selecting rooms. In the main building, on each side of the hall, was a large room, with two small dressing-rooms attached to each. The one with the greatest number of whole window-panes was appropriated for the father and mother, while the one opposite was chosen for Belle and Patty. The boys took their rooms in the wing nearest Patty's, as she settled the matter by saying if they did n't, she would sit up all night rather than be murdered in her bed!

They were not, however, as close as they would have been, had not Sandy proved to be very fastidious about the colors of the wall-paper, objecting to some because they were "loud," and to others because they did n't suit his complexion.

While these four young and merry people ran from room to room, laughing and calling, Patty, with an energy that overlooked the corners, had swept out Mrs. Baird's room, and spreading out a great patchwork quilt on the floor, emptied the bags and was ready, she announced, for the hay.

Patty's hints had one merit, they were not easily misunderstood, and so each boy took a bag, and they set off to look for hay. They had not far to go, for Farmer Saunders, who was only about a quarter of a mile distant, said at once, that if it was Robert Baird's fancy to sleep on hay, he could have as much as he wanted, and he then insisted on sending over milk, or anything they needed.

When the boys got back, the rooms were swept, and Belle had chalked on each door the name of the occupant of the room. The beds were soon made. The hay was spread down smoothly and compactly, the sheets and white quilts were put on,

pillow-cases filled with hay, and they looked comfortable enough.

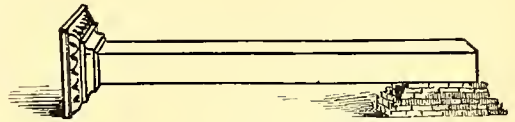
Fred and Donald refused for their rooms all Patty's offers of assistance. They had appropriated two small rooms, and in one they made a bed that covered the whole floor, and took four sheets to furnish! In the next room they hung their clothes, a pin-cushion and a little looking-glass. For a chair, they had an empty box. Then, deciding that the basin ought to be with the pitcher, they carried it down-stairs, and turned it upside down on the pump in the shed.

In the dining-room a revolution was being enacted. Belle had tied up her head in her father's handkerchief, and had swept the room. Then, with her mother's help, she investigated the great closet. It had two good doors, opening in the middle and fastening with a button. It had firm shelves; and Belle got a basin of water, a cloth, and mounting on a chair, prepared to scour it. Then she had a brilliant idea.

"Mamma," she cried, turning around, "this closet is not fastened to the wall. Let us turn it on its back upon the floor, and make a table of it. We can still use it for a closet, all the same, for we can put everything in, just as well; the shelves will make division walls," and so she jumped off the chair, and with much trouble and a heavy thud, they got the closet down and pushed it into the center of the room, and then Belle cleaned it out.

In it she put such of the stores as could not be placed in a dry well in the shed, and then with much haste she fastened down the doors, and spread the cloth, so that when the boys came back with the hay, there was a large, low table set for supper.

It was at once hailed as a surpassingly excellent invention, and worthy of the occasion. As a matter of course, many suggestions were made at once.



"SANDY'S BENCH."

The first question was how they should sit around it. Chairs were pronounced much too high, and as they had none, no one contradicted this assertion. Next, as the table was entirely too wide, it was proposed that instead of having the cloth placed to one side,—as Belle had arranged it,—it should be put in the middle, and that they should then sit on the edge of the table. This, Fred said, would be an excellent thing to do, as then the closet would combine the whole dining-room furni-

ture, and be sideboard, table, and chairs. Donald was in favor of having cushions of hay, and reclining on them like the Orientals, but ingenious Sandy settled the whole question. Out on the porch lay a square wooden pillar, a ruin, but still strong. It was about seven feet long, and had once supported the end of a little porch. This, Sandy brought in, and as one end was higher than the other, having the capital still upon it, after laying it down by the table, he made it level with bricks.

Then he gazed at it with satisfaction. The clothes-basket he turned up at one end of the table for his mother, an old soap-box was brushed off and placed for his father, while Patty, who at once declined sitting on that "rickety contrivance," Sandy's bench, said that a bucket upside down would do for her, and so, with a napkin for a tablecloth, she established herself on the opposite side.

The four young people laughed at her for her precautions, and filing carefully in, sat down upon the pillar. Mrs. Baird, at ease upon the clothes-basket, poured out the coffee, while Patty explained that before she could make a fire in the range she had to dig out a hole with the hatchet, so full was it of a solid mass of cinders.

"It is splendid coffee, at any rate," said Mr. Baird; "but there is no sugar in mine."

"Nor in mine," said Sandy.

"Nor mine," echoed Fred.

"No," replied Mrs. Baird, "for I have none. Belle has forgotten it. It is in the closet!"

"Every man take his own plate and cup, and clear the table," said Belle promptly; and following her example, they arose, they cleared the table, they opened the closet and took out the sugar, and then made a careful inventory of what was out, to see if anything that was in was needed; but in spite of all their care, no one thought of the salt until the table was set again, and the cold chicken was carved, and then they agreed it really was not needed.

It was a merry supper. They were all hungry, and all full of plans and good humor. It was, however, Sandy himself who reached over too far to get the butter, and thus disturbed the order of the bricks on which the pillar rested. The bricks trembled, they slid, they fell, and the four who depended on them were suddenly precipitated from their seat. Sandy went on to the table, Donald fell back with his heels in the air, Belle caught herself, Fred clutched Sandy, and the older people jumped up with exclamations.

But neither Donald nor Sandy spoke; they lifted the pillar up and carried it out, and then coming back, sat down cross-legged, like Turks or tailors, and Belle and Fred followed their example.

(To be continued.)



LITTLE TOMMY'S DREAM AFTER VISITING THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

A YELLOW PANSY.

BY NELLIE G. CONE.

To THE wall of the old green garden
 A butterfly quivering came;
 His wings on the moss of the margin
 Played like a yellow flame.

He looked at the gray geraniums,
 And the sleepy four-o'clocks;
 He looked at the low lanes bordered
 With the glossy-growing box.

He longed for the peace and the silence,
 And the shadows that nestled there,

For his wee, wild heart was weary
 Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden—
 I know not how it came—
 A single pansy is growing,
 Bright as a yellow flame.

But whenever a gay gust passes,
 It quivers as if with pain,
 For the butterfly-soul that is in it
 Longs for the winds again!

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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER I.

THE busiest time in a sailor's life is the day before the ship reaches her harbor. On the afternoon before our arrival in Acapulco, the crew of the steamer "Honduras" had to scrub the deck, clean awnings and carpets and wash the gunwales, besides piling up barrels and boxes and all kinds of hardware and heavy freight; and when at last the bell rung for supper, some of them lay down before the mast and left their dishes untouched,—they were too tired to eat. But just before sunset an old tar sauntered up to the railing of the passenger-deck to take a look at a corner behind the caboose, where I had stowed my own baggage. He beckoned one of his comrades, and before long the whole crew were on their legs, crowding around the railing, staring and whispering. Curiosity had got the better of their weariness.

"That man is carrying his own bed along," observed the carpenter; "that hammock there does n't belong to our ship. What has he got in that queer tin box, I wonder?"

"Just look at those funny baskets," said the cook; "they are made of copper wire, it seems. That boy of his has got a pole with a sort of a har-

poon: and they have fire-arms, no doubt; they must be seal-hunters, I think."

"That pole looks more like a grappling-hook," whispered the mate; "and did you notice that coil of rope he is sitting on? He has a cutlass, too. They must be smugglers, I guess."

I could not help overhearing their conversation, and their remarks amused me so much that I opened a case with two big Spanish army pistols, to see if they would take us for disguised pirates.

But I have no right to make fun of my readers, so I had better tell the truth at once. Those hook-poles, wire-baskets and things were part of a hunter's outfit, and we were on our way to the wilds of the American tropics, to catch pets for a French menagerie. About nine years ago, the city of Marseilles, in southern France, was overrun with fugitive soldiers and vagabonds, and one stormy night in midwinter the buildings of the zoölogical garden caught fire, and thousands of living and stuffed rare animals were destroyed; for the garden also contained a museum and a large menagerie-depot, where showmen and private persons could buy all the curiosities they wanted. The citizens clamored for a new Zoo, but the town was very poor just then, and being unable to get animals from Euro-

pean cities at reasonable prices, they decided to send out agents to the tropics, and open a menagerie-depot of their own. Two commissioners went to the East Indies, one to Africa, and I was sent to America. They had only one assistant to spare, and he was engaged by the East Indian party; so I took my nephew Tommy along, a boy of fourteen, who had been in the Pyrenees Mountains with his father, and could talk Spanish nearly as well as his native language.

Besides Tommy, I had a Mexican lad to take care of our pack-mule, and a half-Indian guide,—Daddy Simon, as his countrymen called him,—an old fellow, who had been all over Spanish America and knew every village in Southern Mexico. Menito, our little muleteer, was not much older than Tommy, and as mischievous as a monkey, but not a bad boy, and a sort of Jack-at-all-trades. He could wash and cook, mend shoes and harness-

away from home. Black Betsy, our mule, was a native of Lower California, heavy built and a powerful eater, but good-natured, like most overgrown creatures. Her-best friend in the world was a shaggy deer-hound that had been brought from the same country, and had slept in her straw since we left San Francisco. His Mexican name was Rugerio, but we always called him Rough.

Poor Tom had been sea-sick for a day or two, and was very glad when I told him that this was our last night on board. When the sun went down, the coast was veiled by a sea-fog, but toward midnight we could see the moonlit crest of the peak of Las Végas, and soon after the lights of a little sea-port town glittered on the horizon like rising stars. Sailors have other ways of sighting the coast at night,—they can often tell it by the white mist that hovers over the moist coast-swamps; and a Portuguese ship, having lost her bearings,



IN THE DEPTHS OF THE WONDERLAND.

gear, saddle a mule, and paddle a canoe through the heaviest surf. His father had been a sailor, he said; but he would never tell us where he had spent the last two years; I am afraid he had run

and approaching the coast of Cuba in a stormy night, was once saved by an Indian sailor, who recognized the smell of the mountain forests, where thousands of balsam-firs were in full bloom.

With the first glimmer of dawn we were on deck again, and when the sun rose it gilded a long range of coast-hills, capped with clouds which here and there revealed a glimpse of the inland Sierras, the wonderland of nature, with its snowy heights and evergreen valleys.

"Do you see that glittering streak yonder?" said the captain. "That glittering water-line in the gap of the coast-hills? That 's the valley of the Rio Balsas; if you are going to cross the Sierras, you will have to follow that river right up to the highlands."

When we approached the harbor, we heard the boom of a tumultuous sea, and we thought the breakers looked somewhat dangerous, till a little pilot-boat came dancing through the surf, so light and swift that we became ashamed of our apprehensions. The landing was rather rough; but storm, danger and sea-sickness were now all forgotten,—we had reached the harbor of Acapulco. My Tommy leaped ashore with a loud hurrah, and Black Betsy cantered up the steep bank as if the pack on her back were merely a feather. The poor creature little knew through what thickets and over what mountains she would have to carry that same pack before long.

There were several hotels near the landing, but at Daddy Simon's and Menito's earnest request, I permitted the old man to guide us to a grassy dell at the mouth of the river, where we pitched our tent under a clump of hackberry trees, for our Mexicans were anxious to show their great skill in cooking and camping.

As soon as we had put our tent in order, I left old Simon in charge of the camp, and took the two boys to the market-place, where pets of all kinds could be bought like pigs and cattle in our agricultural fairs. Nearly every huckster had a song-bird or a tame squirrel for sale, and in some of the larger booths we found parrots and monkeys at astonishingly low prices. They asked twenty cents for a squirrel-monkey, and sixty for a young ant-bear, and only two dollars for a fine talking parrot. Armadillos and tame snakes could be bought on the street for a few pennies.

We bought a monkey from a street peddler for half a dollar. The same man sold us a tame badger for sixty cents, and on the wharf we met a couple of fisher-boys who had a still stranger pet, a big tortoise that followed them like a dog, and permitted a little child to ride on its back. We bought it, too, for a French merchant showed us the house of an honest gardener, who had a large empty store-room, and who agreed to take care of our Acapulco animals, and feed them half a year for ten dollars. We understood how he could do it so cheap, when we found out that bananas are sold in

Acapulco like turnips, by the wagon-load, and that a netful of fish can be bought for a few coppers.

Our plan was to leave a lot of animals in every large place we passed through, and after we were



THE PEAKS OF LAS VEGAS.

done, a freight agent from Marseilles was to collect them and ship them to France.

I finished all my private business in Acapulco that same day, and early the next morning we passed through the town in full marching order, and took the overland road that leads across the mountains toward the virgin woods of Chiapas and Tabasco.

"Good luck! Good luck to you, friends!" cried the neighbors, when we passed through the city gate; they took us for a party of gold-hunters on the way to the mountain mines. We might certainly think ourselves lucky in having started so early, for an hour later, when the high-road was covered with cars and riders, the dust became almost suffocating; and when a Mexican stage-coach whirled by at full gallop, we hardly could see the head of the *adelantero* or outrider, with his broad hat and fluttering scarf: all the rest was one big cloud of blinding dust.

"Never mind," said our guide, "we soon shall reach the river-road, and leave the highway far to

the right, and up in the mountains there is hardly any dust at all."

The river-road proved to be a mere trail. Ten miles east of Acapulco, the river-valley became narrow, the trees and bushes looked much fresher, and the ravines were covered with flowering shrubs. We had reached our first hunting-grounds.

"Why, uncle, look here!" cried Tommy, "here are some of the same butterflies that are sold for half a dollar apiece in the Marseilles curiosity-shops,—oh, and look at that big blue one! Stop, Menito, let me get my butterfly-catcher. Please get the press, uncle; we can catch ten dollars' worth of curiosities right here!"

The "press" was a sort of paper box with leaves like a book, for preserving butterflies and small beetles. For big beetles we had a wide-necked bottle with ether. Rough, the deer-hound, soon joined in the chase, though he could find nothing to suit him; we were still in the Vega, in the Acapulco horse-pastures, where game is very scarce. At last, he made a dash into a bramble-bush, but sprang back as if he had seen a snake.

"Come here, quick!—all of you!" shouted Tommy; "have you ever seen such a lizard?—two feet long and as red as a lobster. Hurrah! Here we are!"

The lizard scampered across the meadow like a rabbit, with Tommy at its heels, but soon distanced its pursuer, and hid out of sight. Lizards seem to enjoy sunshine more than other creatures; at noon, when the sun stood directly overhead, even the butterflies retired into the shade, or fluttered near the ground, as if the heat had scorched their tender wings; but lizards of all sizes and all colors darted through the grass and basked on the sunny faces of the way-side rocks.

"I wonder if that river water is fit to drink," said Tommy.

"Better wait till we reach a spring," I replied; "Mr. Simon will show us a place where we can eat our dinner, by and by."

"I do not know about any good drinking-water in this neighborhood," said the Indian; "but I'll tell you what we can do: there's a deserted convent twelve miles from here, an old

building with two good halls and a fine garden, where we can eat our supper."

"Does anybody live there?" I asked.

"No, sir; only an *espectro* or two," said he.

"A *what*?"

"It used to be a convent, señor, and they say that there's an *espectro* there now,—a ghost that's watching the money the monks buried before they left. But he wont hurt us if we sleep there for one night only."

"Is there any good drinking-water there?"

"Yes, sir; a fine spring,—just the place for a camp; only—I'm afraid the boys will get tired before we reach there."

"Not I," said Tommy, stoutly; "Daddy is right; we ought to keep on till we reach a good place."

"Of course," laughed Menito; "let's go and see the ghost and have some fun. I shall ask him where he keeps that money."

"Captain, I fear that's a bad boy," said the old Indian; "we had better watch him, and stuff a handkerchief into his mouth if the ghost should come 'round; those *espectros* wont stand much."

As we kept steadily uphill, the river-valley became deeper and narrower, and at the next turn of the road we entered a forest of pistachio pines, where we lost sight of the coast. The ground became rocky, and there was nothing to

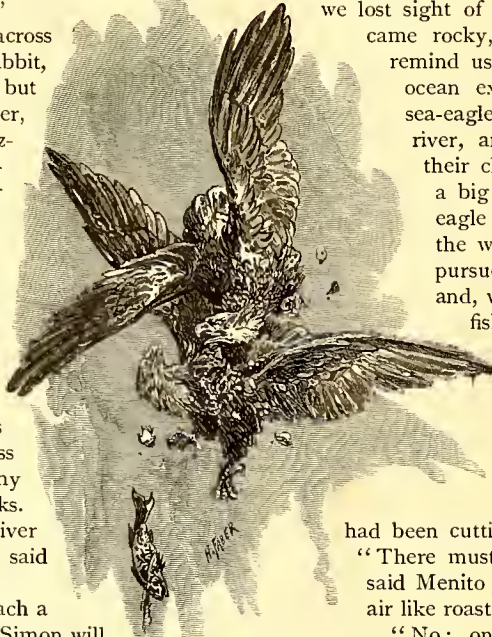
remind us of the neighborhood of the ocean excepting some white-winged sea-eagles, that flew up and down the river, and often rose with a fish in their claws. One of them dropped a big fish in mid-air, and another eagle snatched it before it touched the water; but the rightful owner pursued him with loud screams, and, while they were fighting, the

fish dropped again, and this time reached the water in time to escape. Here and there the pistachios were mixed with other trees, and a little farther up we came across a fallen fir-tree, that looked as if somebody had been cutting pitch-chips out of it.

"There must be a house very near here," said Menito; "there's a smell in the air like roasted acorns."

"No; only an Indian wigwam," said Daddy Simon; "look down there,—you can see their smoke going up. It's a family of Pinto Indians; they build no houses, but sleep in hammocks with some big tree for their roof."

"Let's go and see them," I said; "may be they have monkeys or birds for sale."



SEA-EAGLES
FIGHTING.

Before we reached the wigwam, a curly-headed little child ran up to us with outstretched hands.

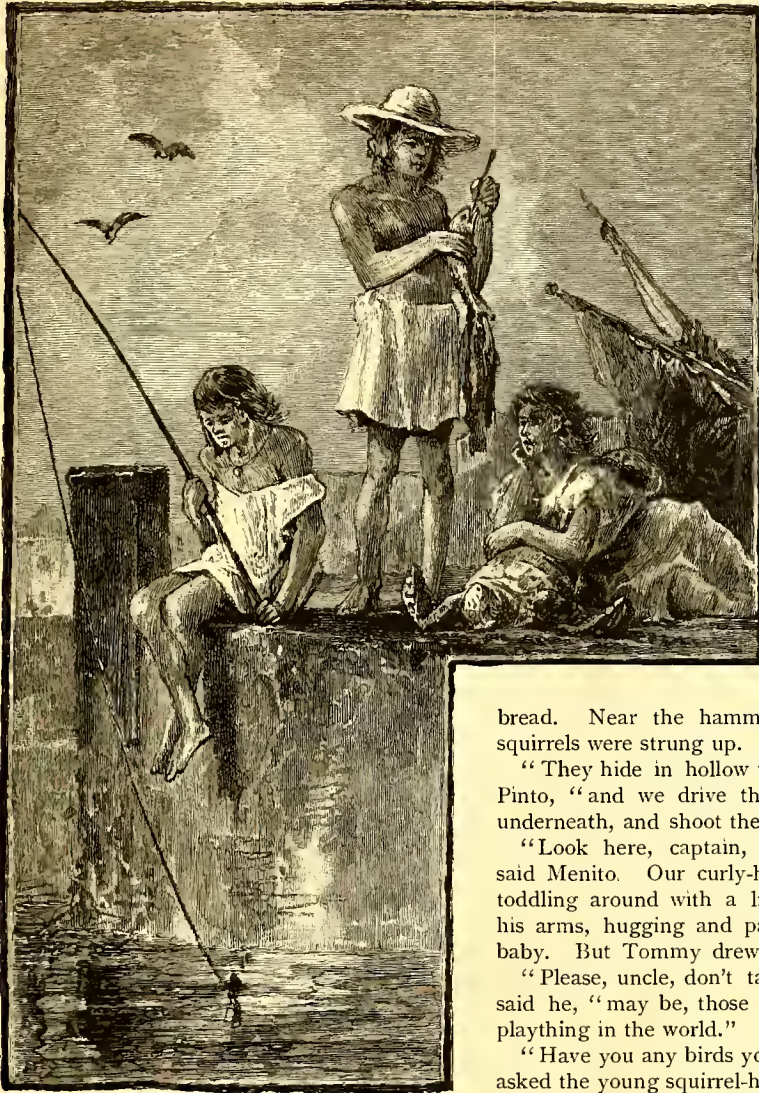
"Please gimme a copper," he cried; "I will be

boa," said I. "How did you manage to kill such a monster? Have you a gun?"

"No; we are very poor, señor," said the Pinto.

"I killed it with this," showing us a heavy bignonia-wood bow.

The family seemed to be very poor, indeed; all their household stuff might have been removed in a wheelbarrow. Their hammock was made of a sort of matting, like coarse coffee-bagging, and the entire cooking outfit consisted of an iron kettle and two forked sticks. The old squaw was roasting acorns for supper; there is an oak-tree growing in southern Mexico which our botanists call the *Quercus Ilex*, and whose acorns taste almost like hazel-nuts, and often are baked into a sort of sweetish



MEXICAN FISHER-BOYS.

a good Johnny; will you gimme a copper now?"

"Certainly," laughed Tommy; "here is one; where's your father?"

"Behind that tree," said the boy; "he's skinning a cully for supper."

The cully, or culebra, was a big fat snake, dangling from the projecting bough of a pine-tree. The Indian had almost finished skinning the snake, and I am afraid they were actually going to eat it.

"Why, that's an ugly-sized reptile,—a regular

bread. Near the hammock, some twenty gray squirrels were strung up. I asked about them.

"They hide in hollow trees," explained the old Pinto, "and we drive them out by lighting a fire underneath, and shoot them as fast as they come."

"Look here, captain, they have a monkey," said Menito. Our curly-headed young friend was toddling around with a little tamarin-monkey in his arms, hugging and patting it as if nursing a baby. But Tommy drew me aside.

"Please, uncle, don't take that monkey away," said he, "may be, those poor boys have no other plaything in the world."

"Have you any birds you would like to sell?" I asked the young squirrel-hunter.

"No, sir," said he; "nothing but a few chickens; but there is a humming-bird's nest in that bush over yonder."

He took us to a large catalpa-bush, at the brink of a river, and pointed to one of the top branches. I bent the bough down and found that the bird had fastened its nest to the lower side of a large leaf, so deftly and cunningly that one might have passed that bush a dozen times without noticing anything.

Before we left the wigwam, Tommy gave the little curly-head another copper.

"That's right," said the little fellow. "Now gimme your gun, too, please? What for? To shoot my monkey," said the little Indian.

"Why, you bad boy," laughed Tom; "did n't you promise us you would be a good Johnny?"

"I wont shoot him altogether," said Johnny. "I only want to shoot his head off, because he's making such faces at me."

The sun had already disappeared behind the south-western coast-hills when we sighted the ruins of the convent, on a steep bluff of limestone rocks. We had some difficulty in getting our mule up; but Daddy Simon was right; it was a splendid place for a camping-ground. In front of the building there was a broad terrace, and a little grass-plot, strewn with broken stones; the lawn was surrounded with a wildering thicket of briars and flowering shrubs, and the upper part of the inclosure seemed to have been an orchard, for near the garden wall the grass was covered with figs and *cecrinos*, as the Spaniards call a sort of wild lemon with a pleasant aromatic scent. Hawk-moths of all sizes swarmed about the shrubbery, and the air was filled with the perfume of honeysuckle and parnassia flowers. At the lower end of the garden there were two fine springs that formed a little rivulet at their junction, and farther down, a pond, where we had a good wash, and then, finding that we could dispense with a tent for this night, we all encamped on the terrace around our provision-box. We had neither tea nor coffee, but the cool spring-water, with *cecrinos* and a little sugar, made an excellent lemonade, and after our forced march we would not have exchanged our free and easy picnic for a banquet in the palace of Queen Victoria.

"There comes the moon," said I. "Do you think you could find a few more lemons, boys?"

"Yes, try," said the Indian. "I am going to fetch another bucketful of water."

After ten or fifteen minutes, Menito at last returned, with a whole hatful of *cecrinos*.

"I found the best place in the garden," said he. "The top of that wall is just covered with them. Why! Where is Daddy?"

"Listen!" said Tom. "He's down there, talking to somebody. Oh, here he comes!"

"Why, Mr. Simon, that's not fair," said Menito. "If you met that specter you ought to have told us, so we could get our share of the money."

"That tongue of yours will get us all into trouble yet," said Mr. Simon. "No, no; it's old Mrs. Yegua, the widow who lives on the little farm down in the hollow. She says her own spring is nearly dry. Come up, Mrs. Yegua!"

A strange figure appeared on the moonlit terrace—

a figure that would have looked rather specter-like, indeed, if one had met her unawares; our dog, at least, retreated with a frightened growl when she hobbled up the steps, with a bucket in one hand and a big stick in the other. She had only one garment, a sack-like gown without sleeves, but with a collar-flap that went over her head like a hood.

"How do you all do?" said she, shaking hands with us like an old acquaintance. "My spring turned brackish again," said she, "just like the year before last, you know. Mr. Simon here tells me that he saw my Josy in Acapulco."

She then sat down and told us a long story about her grandson José, who had enlisted in the Mexican army for a drummer, and would be a major by and by. "Well, I must go," said she, at last. "I'm glad I found you all in good health."

"Would n't you take supper with us before you go?" said I. "Here, try some of these cakes, Mrs. Yegua."

"No, thank you," said the old lady, putting her hand on Menito's shoulder; "but if you want to do me a favor, I would ask you to lend me this boy for ten minutes to-morrow morning."

"Certainly; but what can he do for you?"

"I'll tell you what it is," said she; "there's a troop of *monos* (ceboo monkeys) in that cauchowood behind my place, and they rob me nearly every day, and I can't stand it any longer. Yesterday morning they broke into my corn-crib, and this morning again; now, if I had a slim little chap, like this lad, to hide behind the door, we could catch every one of them."

"Will you give us the monkeys if we catch them?" asked Menito.

"Yes," said she, "you can take them; but, please, don't be too hard on them."

"Why not?"

"They are my only neighbors, you see," said Mrs. Yegua, "and I should not like to get them into trouble if I could help it."

"Why? What would you do with them?"

"I meant to lock them up and keep them on fair rations," said she. "If they run at large, they take about ten times more than they need; they somehow seem to have no principles at all."

"Very well, Mrs. Yegua," said I. "I'll send Menito over at any time you like."

"Yes, please send him early," said she; "we'll manage it between us two. I know I can fight them if I have them under lock and key."

The next morning we dispatched Menito at day-break, and, after helping Daddy to pack the mule, we all went down to the farm to witness Mrs. Yegua's fight with her monkey-neighbors.

WILL O' THE WISP.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



“WILL O' THE WISP, Will o' the wisp,
 Show me your lantern true!
 Over the meadow and over the hill,
 Gladly I'll follow you.

“Never I'll murmur, nor ask for rest,
 And ever I'll be your friend,
 If you'll only give me the pot of gold
 That lies at your journey's end.”

And after the light went the brave little boy,
 Trudging along so bold;
 And thinking of all the fine things he'd buy
 With the wonderful pot of gold:

“A house, and a horse, and a full-rigged ship,
 And a ton of peppermint drops,
 And all the marbles there are in the world,
 And all the new kinds of tops.”

Will o' the wisp, Will o' the wisp,
 Flew down at last in a swamp.
 He put out his lantern and vanished away
 In the evening chill and damp.

And the poor little boy went shivering home,
 Wet and tired and cold.
 He had come, alas! to his journey's end,
 But where was the pot of gold?

A CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

"H'M!" growled Uncle Jack. "What will you do to me if I wont tell you a story?"

"Hang you on the Christmas-tree!" shouted Joe. "Kiss you a thousand times!" cried Sue.

"Hold! Enough!" exclaimed the besieged uncle. "I'll come right down. Look here! You have n't heard about that wonderful machine, lately invented by somebody, which shows you things that are going on hundreds of miles away?"

"Tell us about it," chants the full battalion.

"Well, I don't know much about *that*; but I have an instrument of my own that will do wonderful things. By looking into it, you can not only see people that are far off, you can hear what they are saying and tell what they are thinking; and what is more, you can look back and see what has happened to them, and look ahead and see what is going to happen to them for hours and days to come."

"Oh, Uncle! Give us a look into it, wont you?"

"No; I can't do that. But, if you like, I'll take a look into it myself, and report what I see."

Presently, Uncle Jack returned from his room, where all sorts of curious machines were stored,—microscopes, electrical batteries, and what not,—bringing with him a curious-looking instrument. It was composed of two shining cylinders of brass, mounted like small telescopes, and placed at an angle, so that one end of one of them was quite near to one end of the other, and the other ends were wide apart. Between the adjacent ends was a prism of beautifully polished glass.

Uncle Jack placed this instrument on a stand in the bay window, and sat down before it.

"Now you must all retire and be seated," he said. "I do not believe that the machinery will work unless you keep perfectly still. You must n't interrupt me with any questions. When I am through, I will try to explain anything that you do not understand."

"All right; go ahead!" The battalion was soon at parade rest, and Uncle Jack proceeded.

The first thing that comes into the field of vision is a railway-station, about one hundred and fifty miles from this city. A boy is just entering the rear door of the last car of the afternoon express, and quietly depositing himself and his little Russia bag on the short seat at the end of the car. He has just taken from his pocket a letter addressed to

"Mark Howland." That is his name. His uncle Cyrus has invited Mark to spend Christmas with his cousins in New Liverpool, and he is now on his way to that metropolis.

There is nothing to fear on account of the strangeness of the place to which he is going, for his cousins Arthur and Clarence will meet him at the station; and there is no reason to doubt the heartiness of his welcome, for his uncle's family are not at all "stuck up," if they do live in a fine house; and his father and mother are not only willing, but glad to have him go; so the happy light of expectancy shines out of his eyes.

It has been a busy day with Mark. He was up at four in the morning to go over the paper-route with Horace Mills, who is to carry the morning papers for him during his three days' absence; then there were many little preparations to make about the house, for Mark did not wish to take his pleasuring at the expense of extra work for his father and mother, whose daily burdens are heavy enough; and therefore, as far as he can, he has anticipated the work of the three coming days. This filled the forenoon. After dinner, there were a few last errands for his mother, and then there was only time to pack his bag and don his Sunday suit, and hurry to the station for the four o'clock express.

The evening is cloudy and it is soon dark, and there is little to see from the windows of the car. Mark amuses himself for a while in watching the passengers; but they happen to be an unusually decorous company, and there is not much entertainment in that occupation. At length, he makes himself comfortable in his corner of the car, rests his head against the window-frame, and gives himself up to imagining the delights of the coming day. Presently the speed of the train slackens, and the brakeman cries: "Lunenburg; ten minutes for refreshments; change cars for the Aërial Line!"

While Mark is observing the departure of the passengers who get down at this station, and wondering what the "Aërial Line" may be, he is surprised to see his uncle Cyrus entering the front door of the car.

"Oh, here you are, Mark!" he exclaims, as he espies him. "Glad to see you, my boy. How you grow! But come, bring your bag. We have changed our plans since morning. I have had an invitation to spend Christmas with Sir Marmaduke Monahan, and I am to bring my boys along. You

are one of my boys for the time being, so here you go. Arthur and Clarence are waiting outside. I have telegraphed your father, and he knows all about it. Come on."

Mark picks up his bag and follows his uncle, half-dazed by the suddenness of this change of plans.

Arthur and Clarence greet him in high glee.

"Is n't this a gay old adventure?" cries Arthur. "You did n't expect anything like this; did you?"

"N-no," answers Mark, rather demurely. He is not yet sure that he is glad to be cheated out of his visit to New Liverpool. And then he asks:

"But who is Sir Marmaduke Monahan?"

"Don't you know?" cry both the boys. "Why, he 's the one they call The Man in the Moon. When he was down here the last time, he stopped over Sunday with us. Papa 's one of the aldermen, you know, and Sir Marmaduke was the guest of the city; so Papa saw him and asked him to our house. He 's just the jolliest little old chap. He told us ever so much about his home, and made us promise that we would visit him sometime. This morning we got a telegram from him, and started this afternoon on short notice."

Now it begins to come to Mark that he has read in the papers of the establishment of an aerial line to the moon, the result of one of Edison's wonderful inventions.

The night is dark and chilly; but at the farther end of the station a great electric light is blazing, and thither the four travelers make their way. A long flight of steps leads up to an elevated platform, alongside of which, resting upon trestle-work, stands the great aerial car. It looks a little like one of the Winans cigar-steamers; its length is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, and its shape is that of a cylinder, pointed at both ends. Just forward of the middle of the car are two enormous paddle-wheels, one on each side, not covered in like the paddles of a North River steam-boat, but in full view.

"How soon does it start?" Mark asks his uncle.

"In five minutes; there is the captain now."

A man in a bright red uniform is coming out of the station, with a lantern in his hand. Following him is a company of thirty or forty little people, whose singular appearance strikes Mark almost dumb with astonishment.

"What queer creatures are those?" he whispers.

"Those are the moon-folk," answers his uncle.

"You have never seen any of them, have you? They are getting to be so common in the streets of New Liverpool that we hardly notice them."

"But what are those things around their heads?"

"Those are the air-protectors. You know the atmosphere of the moon is very thin; some of the astronomers used to say that there was n't any, but there is; only it is so extremely rare that we were

not able to discover it. The lungs of the moon-folk are, of course, adapted to that thin atmosphere, and could not breathe in ours any more than we could breathe water. So when they come down to earth they wear these globes, which are hermetically sealed around their necks, and are very strong, to protect them from our air."

"Are these globes made of glass?" asks Mark.

"Yes, they are: the new kind of glass, that is annealed so that it is flexible and tough as iron."

As the curious little folk go trotting by on their way to the car, one of them recognizes Mr. Howland, and gives a queer little jerk of the head.

"That," says Clarence, "is Sir Marmaduke's steward. He was at our house with his master."

Now the little man halts and holds out to Mr. Howland a tiny telephone and transmitter. Mark notes that they communicate with a mouth-piece inside the globe which protects the moon-man's head.

"That 's the way they have to talk," said Arthur. "There is n't any air to speak of inside that glass, and so there can't be any sound. But he manages it with this little telephone. He hears with his teeth,—that 's the new way of hearing,—then he speaks into his transmitter, and we can hear him."

"What was he saying?" asks Arthur, as the little man hurries on.

"Only that Sir Marmaduke is expecting us, and that he will see us at the other end of the line," replies his father.

"All aboard!" shouts the captain. "Earth-folk forward; moon-folk abaft the wheel!"

Mark observes that two gang-planks run out to "The Meteor,"—for that is the name of the aerial car,—and that the little people are passing in over one of them, and the earth-born passengers over the other. They all are soon inside a handsome little saloon, elliptical in shape, furnished with stuffed lounges and easy-chairs, and a center-table with a few books and papers, lighted by small windows of thick plate-glass, and warmed by electric radiators. The sliding door is shut by the guard and firmly fastened, a few strokes of a musical bell are heard, a tremulous flutter passes through the frame of "The Meteor," and the great paddle-wheels begin to revolve. Mark observes that the separate paddles of each wheel are constructed so that, as each one begins the downward and backward stroke, it spreads out like a fan, and then shuts up as it begins to rise from its lowest position, so as to offer but little resistance to the air.

The huge ship rises slowly from its timber moorings; the paddle-wheels begin to revolve with great rapidity; the lights of the village below drop down and down like falling stars; for a moment, a thick mist outside hides everything from view—"The

Meteor" is passing through the clouds; in another moment, the stars above blaze out with wonderful brilliancy, the clouds are all lying beneath,—a silvery sea, lit by the rising moon,—and the lights of the under world have all disappeared.

"How high up are we now?" Clarence asks.

His father turns to a barometer on the wall, with a table of altitudes hanging beside it, and answers: "About six miles, I judge from this table. We are not yet fully under headway. But my ears begin to ring, and I guess we had better be getting on our respirators."

Following Mr. Howland, the boys all go over to the forward part of the saloon, where a gentlemanly steward is assisting the passengers to adjust these curious contrivances.

An elderly gentleman, who has just secured his outfit, is returning to his seat.

Mark notices that he wears over his nose a neatly fitting rubber cap, from the bottom of which a tube extends to the inside pocket of his coat.

"You see," explains his uncle, "we are getting up now where the atmosphere is very thin, and presently there will be next to none at all. These respirators are made for the supply of air to the earth-folk on their journey through space and during their stay at the moon. Edison's wonderful air-condenser is the invention that makes this possible. By this invention, twenty-five thousand cubic feet of air are condensed into a solid block, about three times as large as a good-sized pocket-book, that will keep without aëriying in any climate. There! He is slipping one of the bricks of condensed air into that pouch just now, and handing it to that gentleman. You see that it looks a good deal like a piece of Parian marble. The tube connects the pouch containing the condensed air with the respirator on the end of the nose, and the moisture of the breath produces a gentle and gradual aëriification, as they call it, or change of the brick into good air."

"How long will one of those chunks of condensed air last?" Mark asks.

"About twenty-four hours. They can last longer, but they are generally renewed every day."

"I should think, then," Mark answers, "that earth-folk, while they are in the moon, would feel like saying in their prayers, 'Give us this day our daily breath,' as well as 'our daily bread.'"

"Perhaps," rejoined his uncle, reverently, "they might fitly offer that prayer while they are on the earth, too, as well as anywhere else."

"How fast are we going now?" Arthur inquires.

"Possibly sixty miles an hour," says his father.

"Sixty miles an hour!" answers Mark. "Why, that's—let me see: six fours are twenty-four, six twos are twelve, and two are fourteen. That's only

fourteen hundred and forty miles a day, and we have two hundred and thirty thousand miles to travel."

"Whew!" cries Arthur. "It will take us more than a hundred days—almost two hundred—to get there, at this rate."

"You don't understand," Mr. Howland explains. "We can only go by means of these paddles through our atmosphere."

"And that," breaks in Arthur, "is only forty-five miles."

"It is more than that. The later conjectures of the best astronomers, that the atmosphere extends about two hundred miles from the surface of the earth, have been verified. But just as soon as we reach the outermost limits of this atmospheric envelope of the earth, we strike the great electric currents that flow between the earth and the moon. These currents, at this time of the day, flow toward the moon. They go with immense velocity,—probably twenty thousand miles an hour. This car is covered, as you saw, with soft iron, and, by the electric engines which drive the machinery, it is converted into an immense electro-magnet, on which these currents lay hold, sweeping the car right along with them. There is no air to resist the motion, you know, and you are not conscious of motion any more than you are when drifting with the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic."

"We shall get there, then," Mark figures, "in about twelve hours from the time we started."

"Yes; if nothing happens we shall land about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. And now, as there is very little that you can see, and as we shall have a fatiguing day to-morrow, and ought to start fresh, I propose that we all lie down upon these comfortable couches and try to get a night's rest."

The boys do not quite relish the suggestion, but they adopt it, nevertheless, and are soon sleeping soundly. An hour or two later, Mark awakens, and, lifting himself on his elbow, looks out of the forward windows. The moon is shining in, and such a moon! Talk about dinner-plates or cart-wheels! The great bright shield of this moon fills a vast circle of the heavens. It is twenty times bigger than any moon he ever saw. He takes a quarter-dollar from his pocket and holds it before his eye at a distance of about two inches, and the coin does not hide the planet; a bright silver rim is visible all around it. The dark spots on the moon's surface are now clearly seen to be deep valleys and gorges; the mountain ranges come out in clear relief. Mark is at first inclined to wake his cousins; but he concludes to wait an hour or two till the view shall be a little finer; and before he knows it, he is sound asleep again.

He is wakened by a general stir in the saloon. The captain is crying, "All ashore!" the passen-



"ALL ABOARD FOR THE MOON!"

gers are gathering their hand-luggage, and preparing to disembark. How in the world, or rather in the moon, this landing was ever effected, Mark does not understand. But there is no time now to ask ques-

A handsome young officer now appears on the platform, and touching his cap to the travelers, beckons them to follow him. They all descend the platform and go to



EVERY MAN MUST WEAR A RESPIRATOR.

tions, and he picks up his bag and follows his uncle and his cousins. The gang-plank leads out to an elevated platform, crowned with a neat little building, from the cupola of which a purple-and-white flag, shaped and colored somewhat like a pansy, is floating in the faint breeze. In a neat little park surrounding the station an orderly crowd of the moon-folk are waiting.

It is the brightest-colored company that Mark has ever seen. The park fairly glitters and dances with brilliant hues. The little carriages in which the gentry are sitting, instead of being painted dead black, are gay with crimson and purple and gold. The little ponies themselves have coats as bright as the plumage of the birds on the earth, and the costumes of the people are all as gay as color can make them.

"See!" exclaims Clarence; "what do they mean? They are all waving flags, and they seem to be shouting, but they do not make any noise."

"No noise that you can hear," replied Mr. Howland. "The atmosphere is so rare that it does not convey the sound to our ears. Perhaps when we draw nearer we shall hear a little of it."

"But what are they shouting for?" asks Arthur.

"They are greeting us," replies his father. "These are Sir Marmaduke's people—his constituents perhaps I ought to call them; and they have come at his summons to give us a welcome."

the small square in front of the park, where the carriages are waiting. Here Sir Marmaduke comes forward to greet them, lifting his chapeau, and extending his hand in a very cordial fashion.

He is a pleasant-faced little man, with gray hair; he is dressed in a purple uniform with white facings, and he carries at his side an elegant little sword. He puts his fingers to his ears and points with a smiling face toward the multitude in the park (who are waving their flags and their caps, and seem to be shouting still more uproariously), as if to say:

"They are making so much noise that it is of no use for me to try to talk."

The boys can hardly refrain from laughing at this dumb show; but a faint murmur comes to their ears, like the shouting of a multitude miles away, and they realize that it is not really pantomime, though it looks so very like it.

They are led by Sir Marmaduke to the chariot in waiting. The body of this conveyance is scarlet, the wheels are gilt, and the cushions are sky-blue; it is drawn by sixteen ponies, four abreast, each team of which is driven by a postilion. The chariot is about as large as an ordinary barouche, with seats for four; but it towers high above all the carriages of the moon-folk.

A faint popping comes to their ears, which seems to be a salute from a battery of electrical cannon in the upper corner of the park; in the midst of the salute, the procession moves off. A band, dressed in scarlet and gold, and playing on silver instruments, leads the way; the tones resemble the notes of a small music-box, smothered in a trunk. Sir Marmaduke's body-guard of two hundred cavalry comes next; then Sir Marmaduke himself in his carriage of state, drawn by eight ponies; then the travelers in their chariot; then the grandees of the moon in carriages, and then the rest of the military and citizens on foot.

It is about a mile from the station to the palace of Sir Marmaduke, and the travelers have a chance to observe the scenery. The surface is quite un-

even; the hills are high and steep, and the valleys narrow; the trees are small and somewhat different in form from those on the earth; the grass is fine and soft, and multitudes of the brightest pink and yellow flowers bloom in the meadows. The houses, from all of which the pansy flag is flying, are stone, and are nearly all of a single story, built, Arthur guesses, in view of earthquakes.

"Moonquakes, you mean," suggests Mark.

The very moderate laugh with which the other boys greet this small witticism seems to produce consternation among the moon-folk. Sir Marmaduke claps his hands to his ears, the cavalry ponies in front fall to jumping and prancing, and the whole procession is struck with a sudden tremor.

"Careful, boys!" whispers Mr. Howland. "You must remember that one of our ordinary tones sounds like thunder to these people, and the rush of air from our lungs, when we suddenly laugh or cry out, affects this thin atmosphere somewhat as an explosion of nitro-glycerine affects the atmosphere of the earth. A sudden outcry in a loud tone might do great damage."

And now the head of the column halts upon a wide avenue leading up to a fine

Marmaduke, and the travelers, and the grantees, to dismount and ascend the pavilion; the troops march past with flying banners and music faintly heard, and the guests are escorted to their rooms in the palace, and are told to amuse themselves in any way that pleases them until dinner shall be ready.

"I have read," says Arthur, "that there is no moisture on the surface of the moon; but this vegetation proves that there is. Besides, right there, is a beautiful fountain playing on the lawn before the palace, and yonder is a river."

"It is true," his father answers, "that there are but few signs of moisture on the side of the moon that is nearest the earth; but we sailed around last night to the other side,—the side that we never see from the earth; and here the surface is much lower, and there is moisture enough to promote vegetation. It is only this side of the moon that is inhabited."

It is not long before a herald comes to summon our travelers to dinner. They pass through a long corridor into the spacious hall of the palace, where the feast is spread. Sir Marmaduke meets them at the door of the hall, and escorts them to a dais at the side of



THE GRAND CAVALCADE IN THE METROPOLIS OF THE MOON.

palace; the cavalry is drawn up in ranks on either side of the avenue; the carriages pass between, halting at the steps only long enough to allow Sir

the room, upon which stands the table prepared for them. From this elevated position the whole of the banqueting hall is visible; and the gay

costumes of the guests, with the splendor of the table-service and the abundance of the flowers, make it a brilliant spectacle.

Sir Marmaduke places Mr. Howland on his right, and his prime minister on his left; the three boys occupy the seats next to Mr. Howland.

The master of the feast holds in his hand a speaking-trumpet, with which he can converse with his guest upon the right; for it is only by the aid of this that he can make himself heard. The

wires are not working very well; but, with strict attention, they catch the words of his speech:

"My lords and gentlemen: We are honored in having with us to-day one of the most distinguished inhabitants of the earth. Allow me to present him, and the young gentlemen who are with him, and to bid him and them, in the name of you all, a hearty welcome to the moon."

Here the whole company rise and give three tremendous cheers, which sound to the boys about



SIR MARMADUKE MAKES A SPEECH.

waiters who come to serve the earth-folks also have speaking-trumpets slung around their necks; but they find little use for them, for the feast proceeds with great formality and in excellent order.

One course after another is served. Mark has never seen in his dreams anything so tempting as this bountiful feast.

Presently the cloth is removed, and the Man in the Moon rises to propose the health of the earth-folk. To each of the guests a monstrous ear-trumpet is handed, with a megaphone attached, and the boys, at a sign from Mr. Howland, draw back from the table, bring their chairs a little nearer to Sir Marmaduke, and listen to what he is saying. His thin voice comes to them as from afar, a little like the sound of the telephone when the

as loud as the buzz of half a dozen house-flies on a window-pane.

"There could be no better day than this," Sir Marmaduke goes on, "for the promotion of peace and good-will between the inhabitants of this planet and those of Mother Earth." ("Hear! Hear!" from the multitude below.) "It has been one of my dearest ambitions to secure more perfect communication and more friendly relations between the moon and the earth." ("Hear! Hear!" and cheers.) "I need not refer to the erroneous opinions which so long were held by our people, concerning the earth and her inhabitants. You know that, until a recent period, it was believed by most of our scientific men that the people living on the earth were quadrupeds,—that each was provided with four

legs, two horns, and a tail." (Sensation.) "The origin of this opinion is known to you all. Many centuries ago, a creature from the earth passed swiftly through our sky one day about noon, and was seen to return in the direction of the earth. It was supposed to be one of the earth's inhabitants. It is now known that it was one of their domestic animals. The event is recorded in the annals of the earth, and is one of the facts taught to the children of that planet at a very tender age. It is referred to in one of their treatises of useful science in the following manner:

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."

"It was a cow, then, my lords and gentlemen, and not one of the earth-folk, that appeared that day so suddenly in our sky. Our scientists were too hasty in their inferences. They should not have based a theory so broad upon a single fact. And inasmuch as there have been those among us who were slow to relinquish the old theory, and loath to believe that the people of the earth are bipeds like ourselves, I am greatly pleased to give you today an ocular demonstration of the new theory."

Sir Marmaduke sits down amid great cheering.

Mr. Howland has risen, and is watching for the applause to subside before beginning his response. The boys have kept as sober faces as possible, but the speech of the Man in the Moon has pretty nearly upset their gravity. Mark is biting his lips to keep back the merriment, when he suddenly turns around and perceives the fat old prime minister, who has eaten too much Christmas dinner, asleep in his chair through all this enthusiasm, and nodding desperately in the direction of a hot pudding that has been left by the waiters before him on the table. Every nod brings his face a little nearer to the smoking heap, and finally down goes his nose plump into the pudding.

It is a little more than the boy can endure. How much of it is laugh, and how much cough, and how much scream, nobody can tell; but there is a tremendous explosion from the mouth and nose of Mark—an explosion that smashes crockery and upsets vases, and sends Sir Marmaduke spinning out of his chair, and scatters the guests as if a thunderbolt had struck the palace. In a few moments the hall is deserted by all but the master of the feast and a few of his attendants, with the guests from the earth, who are looking on in dismay at the havoc which has been made by Mark's unlucky outburst.

The good Sir Marmaduke quickly comes forward to re-assure them.

"Really," he says, "you must not be distressed about this. No serious harm has been done. The

boy was not to blame. I, too, caught a glimpse of the old gentleman, making the last desperate nod, and I could n't help bursting with laughter."

"But the people," says Mr. Howland. "I am very sorry that we should have had the misfortune to frighten them so badly."

"You need have no anxiety on that score," replies Sir Marmaduke. "They did not connect the noise they heard with you in any way. They all thought it was a moonquake, and they have hurried home to see whether their houses have sustained any injury."

While they have been talking, they have been passing through the hall toward the pavilion. The chariot of the guests has just appeared in front of the palace.

"Can it be possible?" exclaims Mr. Howland. "Our time of departure has come. Good-bye, Sir Marmaduke. You have done us much honor, and given us great pleasure."

"Good-bye," returns the gentle host. "I shall see you here again, I am sure. And I want the boys to come without fail. The next time, we will take a little trip to the mountains, and see some of the craters of the extinct volcanoes, and camp out a few days where the game and the fish are plenty. Good-bye. *Bon voyage!*"

The parting guests, thus heartily speeded, mount their carriage, are whirled to the station, enter again the saloon of "The Meteor," are lifted upon the great electric tide then just ebbing, and will soon, no doubt, be safely landed at the Lunenburg terminus of the Great Aërial Line.

When Uncle Jack's narration closes there is silence in the library for half a minute.

"Uncle Jack!" finally ejaculates Sue, with a good deal of emphasis on "Jack," and with a falling inflection.

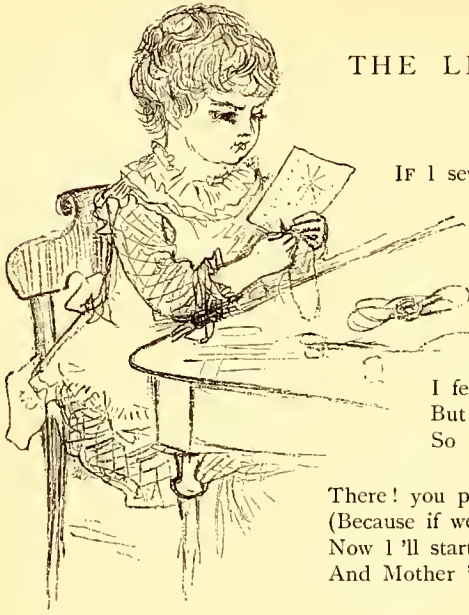
"Let us look into that machine," pleads Joe.

"Oh, *that* machine," says Uncle Jack, in a very cool way, "is my spectroscope. I did not see in *that* the things I have been telling you."

"What did you see them in?" urges Joe.

"Humbug!" shouts the knowing Fred. "He made it all up out of his own head. There! He's got the blank-book in his hand, now, that he writes his stories in. I'll bet he's read every word of it out of that book while he has been sitting there with his back to us, pretending to look into that old spectroscope."

"Alas! my gentle babes," complains the solemn uncle, slipping the blank-book into his desk. "I grieve that you should have so little confidence in me. But you must remember that in these days of Edison and Jules Verne, nothing is incredible."



THE LITTLE KINDERGARTEN GIRL.

BY BESSIE HILL.

IF I sew, sew, sew, and pull, pull, pull,
The pattern will come, and the card be full;
So it's criss, criss, criss, and it's cross, cross, cross;
If we have some pleasant work to do we're never
at a loss.

Oh, dear! I pulled too roughly,—I've broken
through my card.

I feel like throwing all away, and crying real hard.
But no, no, no,—for we never should despair,
So I'll rip, rip, rip, and I'll tear, tear, tear.

There! you pretty purple worsted, I've saved you, every stitch.
(Because if we are wasteful we never can get rich).
Now I'll start another tablet, and I'll make it perfect yet,
And Mother'll say: "Oh, thank you, my precious little pet!"

THE GAMES AND TOYS OF COREAN CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

LOOK on the map of Asia, and see the peninsula of Corea hanging out from the main-land like our Florida. It lies just between China and Japan, and is of the same size as Minnesota or Great Britain. Perhaps as many as ten million people live in Corea, so that there must be at least two million children there. They all dress in white. Their clothes are made of cotton or of bleached sea-grass. One of the greatest labors of a Corean housekeeper is the whitening of her husband's and children's clothes for a gala day. To see a gang of Corean farmers laboring in the rice-fields, reminds one of a flock of big white birds, like the snowy heron of Japan.

Corea is a forbidden land. Until three years ago, no foreigner was allowed to set foot on her shores. Corea was like a house full of people, but shut up, with gates barred, and "No Admittance" nailed up everywhere. When sailors were shipwrecked on the shores, the Coreans fed and housed them, but always sent them out of the country as quickly as possible. Englishmen, Russians, and Americans sometimes came to Corea and said: "Be sociable and open your doors. We want to trade with you. We have nice machines and cloth and

corn and clocks and guns, which we want you to buy; and you have gold and tiger-skins and cattle and silk to sell to us. Please open your doors."

"We won't!" said the King of Corea and all his court. "We're a little kingdom in the corner of the earth. Our country is four thousand years old; it has done without your clocks and coal-oil so far. We don't want to trade. Good-bye. Please go away."

So they all went away, and said Corea was like a hermit-crab in a shell, showing nothing but its claws. And so the great world knows no more of Corea than if it were a patch of moon-land. But in 1876 the Japanese sent a great fleet of war-ships to Corea, and General Kuroda acted as Commodore Perry did in Japan in 1853. He had rifled cannon and plenty of powder at hand, but he did not fire a shot. He gained a "brain-victory" over the Coreans, and they made a treaty with the Japanese; and the merchants of Japan now travel and trade in the country. One of these merchants, who perhaps had children of his own, and wished to make them a New Year's present on his return home, collected a number of the toys of Corean children. Of these, the artist Ozawa made a sketch

and sent it to the writer. Now, some of the games of Japanese children are borrowed from the Koreans; and so, from seeing them, we know something about play and toys in Corea.

First, there is the jumping-jack, or "sliding Kim," we ought to call it, for Kim is a Corcan name. A little Corcan boy (a wooden one, of course) holds a trumpet in his right hand. When the string is pulled down, he puts out his tongue; when it slides up, in goes the tongue, and the trumpet flies to his lips. The hat and feather, and dress with fringed sleeves, are exactly like those of live, rollicking children in the Corcan homes. Below, in the copy of Ozawa's sketch, you will see the trumpet on which real Corcan boys blow, and all the toys here mentioned.

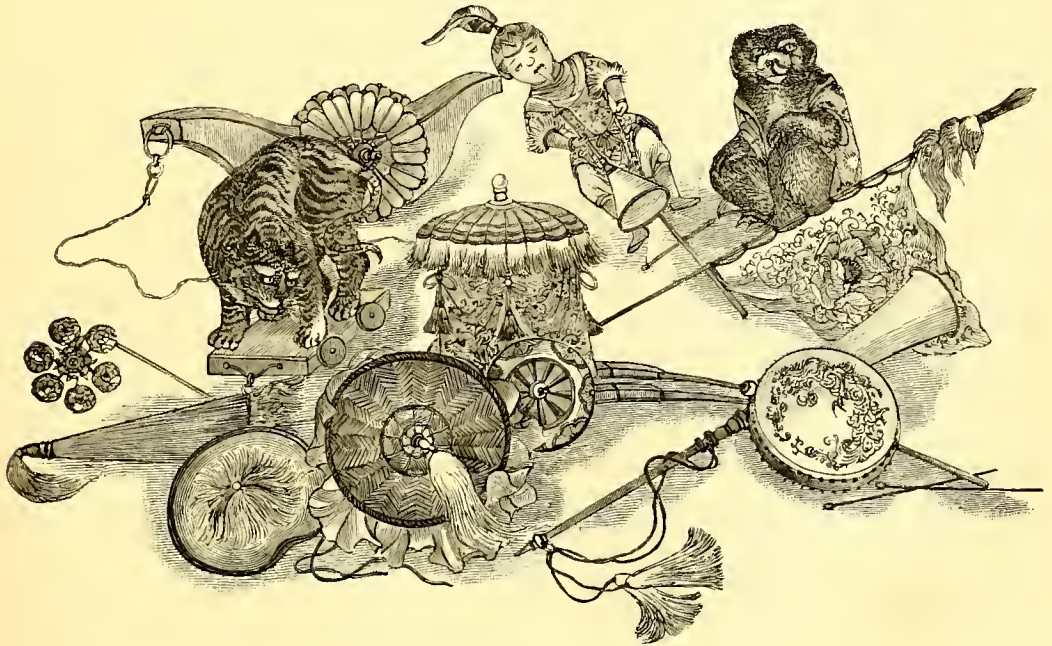
The Corcan *Adne*, or boy, is very fond of playing with little dogs. He puts a coat on Master Puppy, teaching him to sit with his fore-paws on his knees. When the dog grows up, he may be trained to hunt the tiger. Tigers are very large and numerous in Corca. If you were to step into the parlor of a fine Corcan house, you would see a tiger-skin spread out as a rug. On this the little boy plays, rollicking with his companions, or beats the drum, on which a dragon is painted.

For a rattle, the Corcan baby plays with the dried skin of a round-bodied fish filled with beans. When the Corcan boys wish to "play soldiers," or imitate the king's procession, they can beat the

drum, blow the trumpet, and march with their spear-headed flags. These are made of silk, embroidered with flowers and tipped with white horse-hair. In the middle will be the royal chariot, with a top like a fringed umbrella, silken hangings, and brass-bound wheels. In this the king rides. The big hats are as large as parasols, and have plumes of red horse-hair. One has a flap around the edge to keep off the sun. The state umbrella, which is only held over men of high rank, is also tasseled with horse-hair dyed red. The Coreans are very fond of ornament, and all their flags, banners, and fine articles of use are decorated with horse-hair, pheasant and peacock feathers, or tigers' tails.

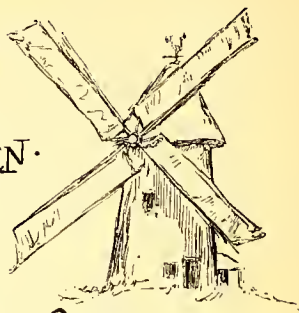
On the left are seven pin-wheels set in one frame. With this, the Corcan boy runs against the wind. The "boat-cart" is shaped like a Corcan river-skiff, and has wheels, carved to represent arrows.

When the little Corcan grows to be a man, he practices archery or horsemanship, becomes a student, hunts the tiger, or settles down to business. There are plenty of fishermen, but hardly any sailors, in the country, for the Coreans never travel abroad. We hope that Corea and the United States will yet have a treaty, and then we shall become better acquainted with these stay-at-home people. Only one Corcan has ever visited this country. He was dressed like a Japanese, and attended the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876.



• THE MILLER OF DEE •

BY EVA L. OGDEN.



The moon was afloat
 Like a golden boat
 On the sea-blue depths of the sky,
 When the Miller of Dee
 With his children
 On his fat red horse rode by.



“Whither away? O Miller of Dee?
 Whither away so late?”

Asked the Toll-man old,

with cough and sneeze,

As he passed the big toll-gate.

But the Miller answered him never
 Never a word spake he. a word.

He paid his toll and spurred his horse,

And rode on with his children III.



"He's afraid to tell!"



Quoth the old Toll-man;
 "He's ashamed to tell" Quoth he.
 But I'll follow you up and find out where
 You are going, O Miller of Dee!"

The moon was afloat
 Like a golden boat
 Nearing the shore of the sky,
 When, with cough and wheeze,
 And hands on his knees,
 The old Toll-man
 Passed by.

"

Whither away?
 O Toll-man old?
 Whither away
 so fast?"
 Cried the
 Mill-maid who
 stood at the farmyard
 When the Toll-man old
 crept past.




The Toll-man answered her
 Never a word;
 Never a word spake he.
 Scant breath had he at the best to chase
 After the Miller of Dee.



"We won't tell where!"
 Said the Milk-maid fair
 "But I'll find out!" cried she.
 And away from the farm
 With her pail on her arm
 She followed the
 Miller of Dee.





The Parson stood in his cap & gown
Under the old oak-tree:
"And whither away with your pail of milk
My pretty Milk-maid?" said he.
But she hurried on with her brimming pail
And never a word spake she.


"He won't tell where!" the Parson
cried.
"It's my duty to know," said he.
And he followed the Maid who followed the Man
Who followed the Miller of Dee.

After the Parson, came his wife;
The Sexton, he came next.

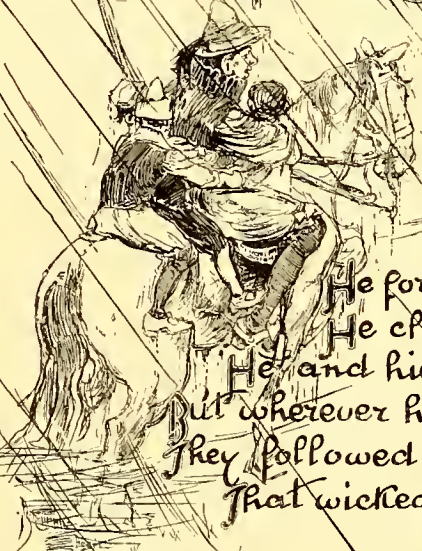


After the sexton, the Constable
Troubled & sore perplext. came,


After the Constable, two Ragged Boys,
To see what the fun would be.
And a Little Black Dog with only one eye
Was the last of the IX who with groan & sigh
Followed the Miller of Dee.




Night had anchored the moon
 Not a moment too soon
 Under the lee of the sky,
 For the wind it blew
 And the rain fell, too,
 And the River of Dee was high



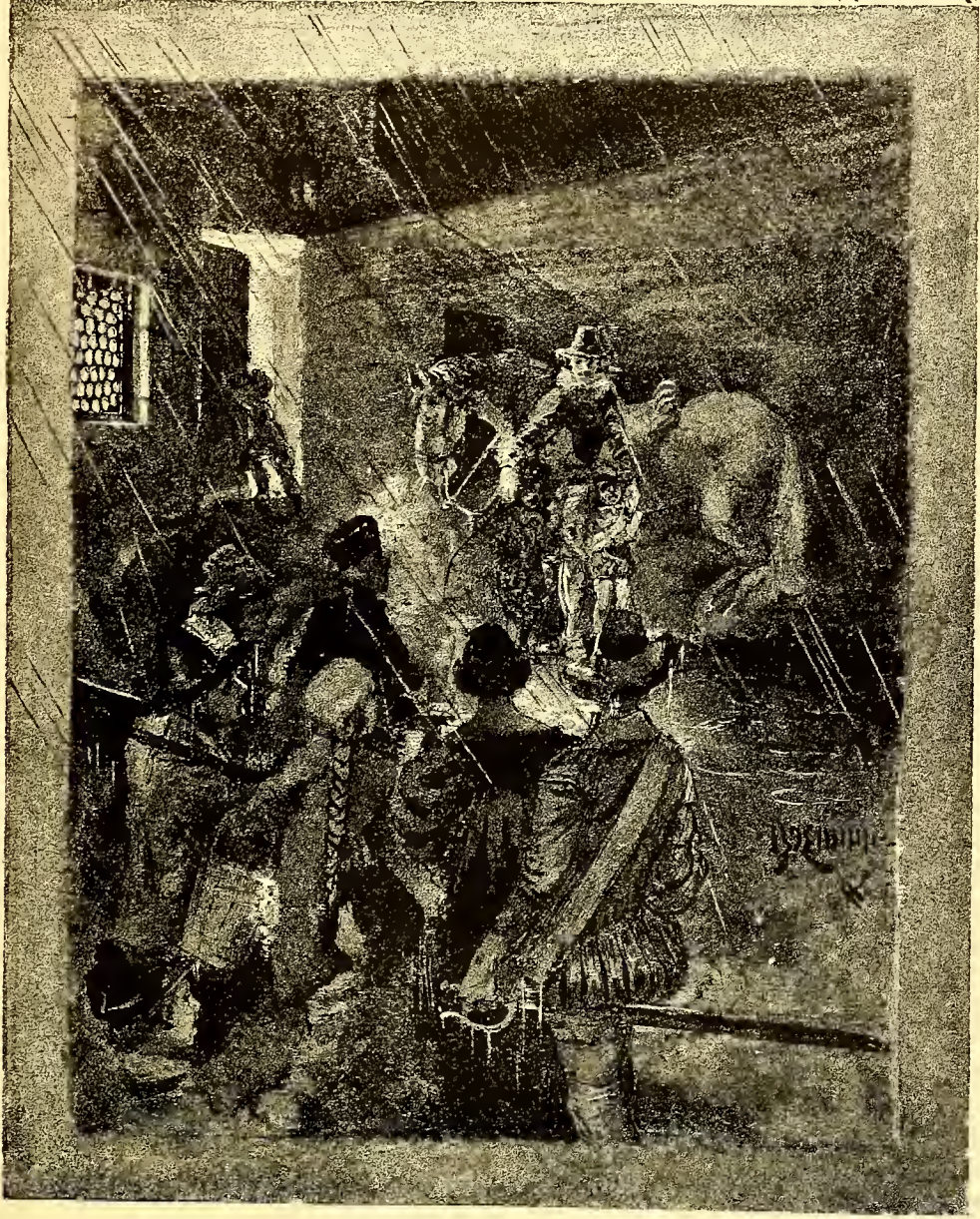
He forded the River,
 He climbed the Hill,
 He and his Children III.
 But wherever he went
 They followed him still,
 That wicked Miller of Dee!



Just as the clock struck the hour of XII
 The Miller reached home again
 And when he dismounted & turned, behold!
 Those, who had followed him over the wold,
 Came up in the pouring Rain.



Plashed & spattered from head to foot,
Muddy & wet & draggled,
Over the Hill & up to the Mill,
That wretched company straggled.



They all stopped short;
& then out spake
The Parson; & thus spake he:
"What do you mean
by your conduct tonight,
You wretched Miller of Dee?"



"I went for a ride —
 — a nice cool ride —
 I & my Children III; III
 for I took them along
 as I always do;"

Answered the Miller of Dee.

"But you, my friends;
 I would like to know
 why you followed me all the way?"

They looked at each other:
 "We were out for a walk
 A nice cool walk!" said they.



WILL CROCKER AND THE BUFFALOES.

(A True Story.)

BY F. MARSHALL WHITE.



"YOU CAN'T HUNT BUFFALO ON THAT HORSE!" SAID HIS FATHER."

WILL CROCKER, whose adventure among a drove of buffaloes I am about to relate, was a young herdsman of the Lone Star State, and was, I regret to say, as wild and uneducated a boy as could be found in that far from classical region.

But, though Will was uneducated, he was clever-witted. He was not the kind of boy who, as the French say, "would tie a hungry dog to a tree with a string of sausages"; and, if he was ignorant of mathematics and geography, he was well informed on all matters relating to his father's calling. He could manage a horse as well as the best man on the ranch, and was a fair rifle-shot and a good drover.

But Will had one great defect. He was extremely obstinate, and his father had not enough force of character to check the fault. So, at seventeen years of age, Will was of such a self-willed disposition that to advise him in one direction was almost sure to make him take the opposite course.

On one occasion, this obstinacy brought Will into trouble which nearly proved fatal.

The drovers had got back from San Antonio,

whither they had driven their herds, and were going on a grand buffalo hunt. There were six of them—"Old man Crocker," as Will's father was called, to distinguish him from his son, a Frenchman named Henry Leclerc, a Dutchman, nicknamed "Dutch," two Mexican *vaqueros*, and last, but by no means least, our friend Will.

It is impossible to hunt buffaloes on a horse unused to the business. But the following morning, as the hunters were about to start, Will appeared among them, mounted on a powerful black horse called Bonanza, which reared and plunged in a manner that would have unseated a less practiced horseman.

"Hello!" said Crocker. "What 're you doin' on that horse?"

"Going buffalo-hunting, of course," replied his son, as the animal he bestrode stood up on its hind legs, threatening to fall over backward, and vigorously gesticulated with his fore feet.

"You can't hunt buffalo on that horse!" said his father. "Go back and get another; and be quick. We 're going to start right away."

"Start as soon as you please," replied Young Obstinaey. "But I'll be the first man past —"

His remarks were cut short by Bonanza suddenly reversing himself and standing on his front feet, causing his enterprising rider to slide forward upon his neck. Dutch, seeing this, spoke up:

"You can't go to a buffalo up mit dat horse!"

"You fellows attend to your own affairs," remarked Will, disrespectfully, "and I'll attend to the horse. He's the fastest beast here, and I'm just about smart enough to put him alongside a buffalo, whether he wants to go or not."

"It makes me noding odds if you go hunt on a steam-engine," observed Dutch.

"Remember what we're telling you," said Crocker, "when we strike buffalo and that critter runs away."

"The horse does n't live that can run away with me," replied Will, confidently, and the little cavalcade cantered off briskly toward the buffalo-pastures of the south-west.

It was a beautiful morning, peculiar to the Texan climate. The rising sun gilded the flower-decked plain, and from the tall grasses rose flocks of gay-feathered birds; while the balmy air of early fall

shouted and sang, as their powerful horses, with equal animation, bore them swiftly onward.

The second afternoon out, a buffalo-herd was discovered feeding far to the south, resembling a flock of black sheep in the distance.

A halt was at once called, and preparation made for a descent upon the game in the morning. The horses were tethered by long raw-hides, and the men proceeded to put their guns and ammunition in order. The next morning dawned fresh and clear. The buffaloes were still in sight, though farther away; and, as the wind blew from the hunters toward the herd, a long detour was made, in order to approach them from the opposite side.

At length, the hunters dashed among them and commenced the work of destruction. Will's horse, the unreliable Bonanza, behaved well while among his companions; but no sooner did they scatter than he became unmanageable, and his rider heartily wished he had taken his father's advice in relation to the animal, as he found he was going to be left out of the sport.

There were no breech-loading guns in the party, and it would astonish a crack sportsman—with his repeating Winchester and ready-loaded shells in a



"HE LEAPED TO THE NEAREST BUFFALO."

blew, fresh and invigorating, into the faces of the horsemen. With spirits raised by that sense of exhilaration which comes of rapid motion, the riders

convenient belt—to see a horseman charge a muzzle-loader from the saddle.

The report of the hunters' rifles gradually dif-

fused uncasiness among the buffaloes, which numbered two thousand or more, and they began to move, followed by the relentless horsemen.

In their course they again approached the horse of our disappointed friend. Will tried desperately to get close enough for a shot. He succeeded, but a scared bull, with shaggy front and furious, twinkling eyes, charged toward Bonanza, and that animal turned and fled ignominiously.

The now terrified buffaloes closed in upon the panic-stricken horse, and soon Will was surrounded by the shaggy herd. He tugged vainly at the bit; and the loud laughter of his companions, who remembered his boast on starting out, grew fainter as he was borne swiftly away.

He was not at all alarmed till he looked back and saw that he was fast leaving the men out of sight. Then flashed upon him the thought of how powerless he was in the midst of the unwieldy herd. He was completely surrounded, and the frightened buffaloes were running at their swiftest speed, which they would probably continue for hours.

He thought of stopping his horse by taking off his coat and putting it over the animal's eyes. But then, should the horse stop, he would be knocked down by the buffaloes, and both of them be pounded to death beneath the feet of the herd.

So powerful are these clumsy beasts that in a large herd they are almost invincible. They leave a track behind them which much resembles a plowed field. Should one of the number lose its footing, it is almost sure to be killed by its companions, as those in the rear, crowding upon the forward ranks, make a pause impossible.

Crocker observed his son's peril first. He was heard to cry out suddenly, and then, applying his spurs, he galloped in the rear of the fast-retreating herd. Leclerc and Dutch followed hard upon his heels, but the colder-blooded Mexicans remained to skin the buffaloes the little party had slain.

Meanwhile, Will had given himself up for lost. But he looked his peril in the face, with a courage begotten of a life among dangers.

Suddenly, a desperate thought occurred to him. He had heard drovers and trappers tell of Indian hunters whose mode of killing buffaloes was by

running on their backs, jumping from one to another, and spearing them as they ran. Why could not he escape that way? The animals were close together and, though a misstep would be fatal, to remain in his present position was certain death.

A dense cloud of black dust hung over the herd, through which naught was visible but the tossing sea of beasts near him. He, therefore, had no idea how many of the animals intervened between himself and safety. His chances of escape seemed not one in ten, but the stumbling of his horse decided him to make the attempt.

More thoughtful than most boys would have been in the face of a danger like his, he unbuckled his horse's bridle and tied it around his gun (which he carried strapped to his back), and then, getting off his saddle on to the horse's withers, he loosed the girth and let it fall to the ground, intending, should he succeed in making his escape, to go back and pick it up. He now rose to his feet on the horse's back, holding to the animal's mane, and in an instant leaped to the nearest buffalo, holding his gun, like a balancing-pole, in both hands.

The animal plunged, but he jumped to the next and the next, like Eliza crossing the Ohio on the ice, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He had accomplished half the distance, when one of the buffaloes, seeing him coming, jumped to one side. The boy fell between, but dropped his gun in time to grasp the animal by its long hair, and with difficulty he climbed upon the terrified and plunging creature, and jumped desperately on till he reached the outside of the herd, when he fell to the ground and rolled over and over, with his head swimming and a heart leaping for joy.

He was yet in danger from the stragglers on the edge of the herd, but the cloud of dust and the animals it obscured passed by, and faded into a smoke-like billow, leaving him uninjured.

Ten minutes after, Crocker and his two followers galloped up and, to their great joy, found the boy unhurt beyond a few bruises.

Will rode home behind his father's saddle, but whether or not the adventure had any effect for good on his stubborn nature, the chronicle saith not. Let us hope it had.

NURSE'S SONG.

WHENEVER a little child is born,
All night a soft wind rocks the corn;
One more buttercup wakes to the morn,
Somewhere.

One more rosebud shy will unfold,
One more grass-blade push thro' the mold,
One more bird-song the air will hold,
Somewhere.



THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION: BY THE EDITOR.

LITERATURE is a very big thing, young friends; and a box, you know, especially a treasure-box, suggests something rather small. But we hope to make this particular box so precious to you for its contents' sake, that it will remind you of the fairy caskets which, at command, filled themselves with magical wealth, or the vessels that sent forth giants and genii, lifted by their own beautiful clouds of golden mist. After all, that is just what a literary treasure-box ought to be; and we hope that very often, when you raise the lid of this one, wonderful things may float out of it toward you,—float out and expand into lifting mists of fancy, or turn to glittering jewels of thought, or settle into beautiful drifts of—

Dear, dear! This will never do. It is true, but after all, our box is supposed to be a very solid little affair, and not in the least up to fairy tricks. Therefore, the best way is to tell just what we propose to put into it, and why we have it at all.

To begin with: Our plan is to put into the Treasure-Box, from month to month,—though not necessarily every month,—standard poems, short stories and sketches, each fine in its way, and selected for you, with their publishers' consent, from works already printed, though not always within easy reach of boys and girls. Occasionally, we may print a long story or poem entire, but we shall reserve the privilege of omitting a verse or a paragraph whenever the interests of our young readers will be best served by our doing so. To add to the interest, many new pictures and sometimes portraits of the authors shall be given. We shall not shut out a good thing because it is familiarly known; for, if this is to be their treasure-box in earnest, whatever the boys and girls are most sure to love should have a permanent place in it. As a rule, we shall say very little about the several authors, trusting, rather, that the selections given will incite you to find out for yourselves more about them and their works.

Many may wonder why we are tempted to make room for this treasure-box in a magazine already crowded; and yet it would be hard for us to give a good reason why room should not be made for it. Our strongest motive is the feeling that it will be a good thing for you to have certain fugitive and beautiful writings safely stored within your own magazine,—writings to which you may confidently turn for specimens of standard English, and from which you can, when you wish, select pieces for recitation. But, beyond all this, we want to make you better acquainted with us grown folk. Children and their elders, in spite of near relationships and happy

home-ties, are too apt to be ignorant in regard to each other. Though familiar enough in some ways, they are, in others, too far apart. The children need to know how their elders really *feel*, just as the grown folk need to understand better the secret workings of the eager, longing, wondering spirits that animate their troublesome and dearly loved boys and girls.

Gifted men and women are the spokespeople of all the rest. They write, they paint, they act, or they live the best and truest things that are in us all, but which they alone can express fitly. A good writer represents not merely his own soul, but the souls of his race. In truth, what we call our enjoyment and appreciation of a writer or poet is simply a succession of grateful surprises, when he shows us what our souls know, or nearly know, already. A human soul, however generous or poetic it may be, must *recognize* a thought before it welcomes it; and this is one great reason why we all require education: so that we may recognize the things, deeds, and thoughts that are to delight and elevate us, and lead us in brotherhood to the Highest. Any little boy or girl may be one with the world in this upward march. Every time a fine, true thought or feeling—never mind how simple it is, or whether it is mirthful or pathetic, or comforting or inspiring—enters *any* soul, it is sure to add to this beautiful power of recognition that forms the chief joy of life. And so, why not have literary treasure-boxes ready for fine thoughts, true feelings, bright humor, and happy fancies?

Then, again, we do not feel that well-packed school-readers, "compilations," and encyclopedias—all important as these are in their way—can do for you just what this box can do. The school-reader has its drawbacks, because to read a fine thing while cozily seated on the window-seat, or by the fire-place, or swinging in a hammock, or lying under a tree, is quite different from reading it aloud, just so many lines in your turn, while standing with other readers in a row, under a vivid sense of pronunciation, intonation, and the vigilant, long-suffering attention of your teacher. Encyclopedias and collections are sometimes dangerous to young folks, because they give an idea that a certain amount of good literature must be acquired, and that here is the cream of it, skimmed and ready, and the sooner you begin swallowing it the better, especially if you are not in the least hungry for it—most especially, then, for it shows how much your mental system needs it. We once heard an honest girl say, after looking through an encyclopedia of literature: "Mercy, aunty! It's not all here! These are only

'specimens,' after all! Every one of these horrid authors has written books and books. It's too mean for anything!"

Poor girl! She was not hungry, you see, and the prospect of such a never-ending repast dismayed her. Now, to change the figure, literature is not a bugbear nor a task-master. It is a mine of delight and satisfaction. But just as you hold its gems to the light, just so

much will they sparkle and glow for you. So this treasure-box has no claim on you at all. It is yours if you care for it, and not yours if you do not. It does not presume to be as complete as an encyclopedia, nor as well regulated as a school-reader, and its continued existence must depend upon the approval of our boys and girls.

This time, the Treasure-box holds for you a story and a poem, each telling of human life and human nature.

MANY of you already know of Nathaniel Hawthorne* through his delightful Wonder Tales and shorter stories. He is America's great romancer, and a prince among the highest in literary style and purity of English. Each race loves its own language, and gives a high place of honor to the writer who uses it best, showing its strength and its beauty most skillfully, and bringing out its powers of expressing every thought and shade of meaning. You will like "David Swan," we think, and feel how simply and beautifully the story is told.

DAVID SWAN: A FANTASY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WE have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous

superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening discourse as an awful instance of dead-drunkenness by the road-side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome horses, bowled easily along and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the mapletrees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps," whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the way-side and the maple shade were as a

* Born 1804—died 1864.

secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappoint-

ment did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor did his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken to splendor a young man who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth—if silk it were—was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple-trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring!

ment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we awaken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's

Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead,—buzz, buzz, buzz,—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes

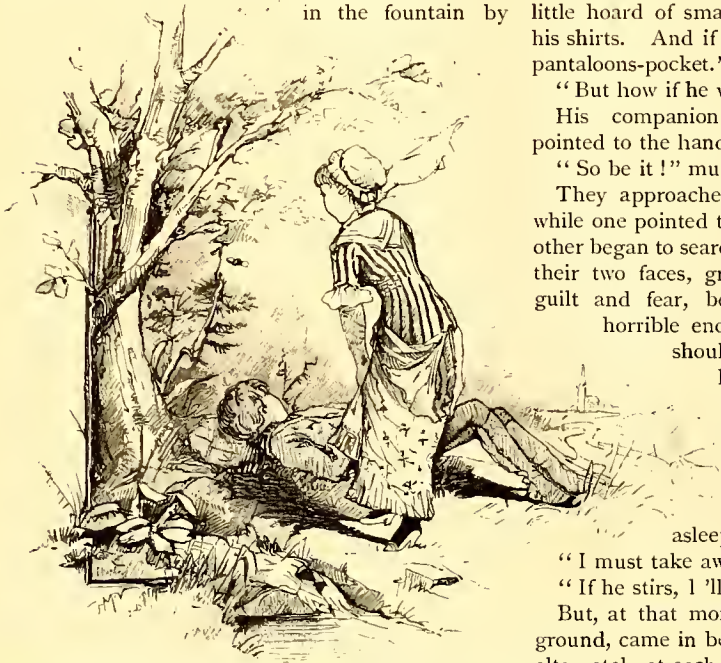


deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome," thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love,—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart,—

and now her image
was faintly blushing
in the fountain by



his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such

a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a way-side acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow: "Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons-pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head; their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking

horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay,

had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David

Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

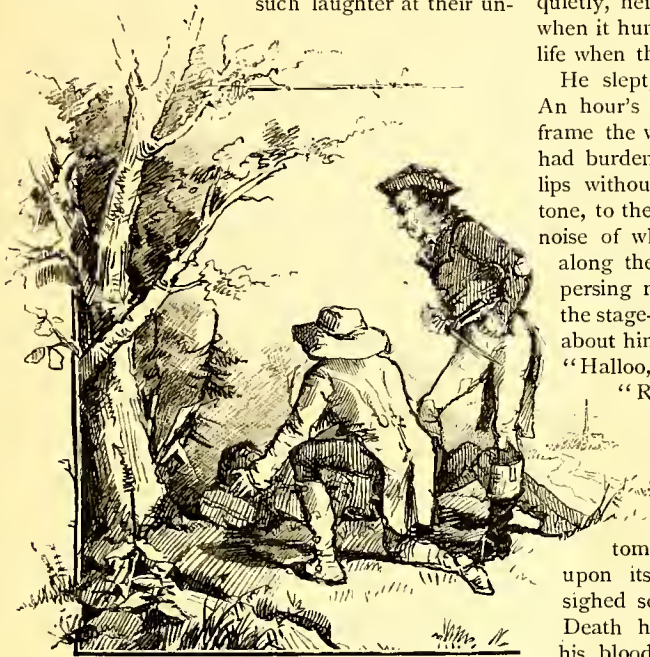
But, at that moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple-trees and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain, "we can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket-pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge.

It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their un-



accomplished wickedness that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imag-

ined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips without a sound; now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber; and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top," answered the driver.

Up mounted David and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood; all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen.

"KING CANUTE," by the great English author, William Makepeace Thackeray,*—"dear old Thackeray" we grown folks often call him,—points to the absurdity and wickedness of flattery, and the greater kingliness that comes to an earthly king when he owns his mortal dependence on the Ruler of all things. Like everything else that came from Thackeray's pen, it shows a faith in honesty and a scorn of all that is fawning or untrue. Human "parasites," as you will see, were not favorites with him.

Thackeray is one of the world's spokesmen still, though he died years ago.

KING CANUTE.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop, walked the King with steps sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks and gold-sticks great,
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
 If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

* Born 1811—died 1863.

But that day a something vexed him; that was clear to old and young;
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleemen sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master!" cried the Keeper of the Seal,
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served for dinner, or the veal?"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "Keeper, 't is not that I feel.

"'T is the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried: "The King's arm-chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mold!

"Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."
"Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

"Look, the land is crowned with minsters which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so!" exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do 't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methusela
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and may n't the king as well as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper,—"fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to *us*?
Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*;
Keeper, you are irreligious for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness think it meet.

* Meaning: Common to all.



“‘BACK!’ HE SAID, ‘THOU FOAMING BRINE!’”

“Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will.”

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?” Canute cried;
“Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide!”

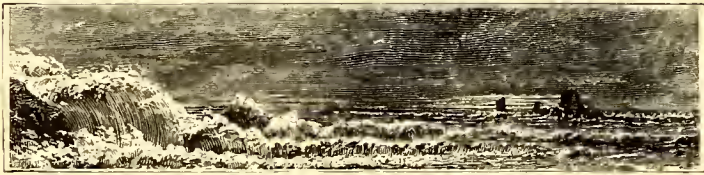
“ Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign ? ”
 Said the Bishop, bowing lowly: “ Land and sea, my lord, are thine.”
 Canute turned toward the ocean: “ Back ! ” he said, “ thou foaming brine.

“ From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat ;
 Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master’s seat ;
 Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet ! ”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
 And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore ;
 Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
 But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey ;
 And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

King Canute is dead and gone. Parasites exist always.



NOT SO STUPID AS HE SEEMED.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

THERE was once a French ship, anchored, for a time, at a small port in Italy. While the unloading and loading of the vessel were going on, the sailors would often ramble about on shore, to see the sights of the strange town.

One day, a party of these sailors found themselves in the court-yard of an inn, where a traveling showman had lodged a number of wild animals, with which he intended to open an exhibition in the town, the next day.

Almost all these animals were in cages, but one of them, a large black bear, was quietly sleeping on the ground, being merely fastened by a rope from his collar to a stake. He was a performing bear, and one of the principal attractions of the show.

Among the sailors who had wandered into the court-yard, and now stood looking at the strange creatures around them, was a man named Caspar, who was a very vain fellow in many ways, but particularly vain of his knowledge. He wished all his comrades to understand that there were very few things which he could not tell them all about. He did not hesitate to say, indeed, that there were

matters which he could explain a good deal better than the captain could, or any of the officers.

When Caspar came into the yard of the inn, he saw immediately that here was an excellent opportunity for him to display his knowledge. So he walked about the yard, explaining to his comrades, and to the people who had been drawn together by the chance of seeing a show for nothing, the habits and peculiarities of the different animals.

The showman, who was a good-natured person, was much amused at Caspar’s performance.

“ I should like to have such a fellow to help me when I am giving a show,” he said, to one of the inn-people ; “ but he would have to know a little more concerning the beasts before I should let him talk. About half he says is wrong.”

By this time, Caspar had described nearly all the animals, and had reached the big, sleeping bear.

“ It’s a curious thing,” said Caspar, to the little crowd around him, “ to see the differences in animals. The bigger they are, the stupider they are. The little ones are the smart and lively fellows. They know how to take care of them-

selves. A man can't make one of them work for him, like a great dumb ox. They are too bright and sharp for that, and if a man wants to keep one of them he has got to shut him up in a cage. Take an elephant, for instance. What a great, lumbering creature an elephant is! And yet a man can make one of these overgrown monsters carry him and his whole family on his back, and do any kind of work he chooses to teach him. But take a panther or a leopard, who will not weigh as much as one of the elephant's legs, and see how easy it will be to make him work! It can't be done. He'd fly at the throat of any man who should try to teach him to work."

"Then you think, Caspar," said one of his companions, "that it's only stupid creatures that work?"

"Yes, that's what I think," said Caspar. "To be sure, I work, myself; but I am getting wiser and wiser every day, and so, after a while, I may be able to stop working and live as I ought to live."

"In a cage?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Do not interrupt me," said Caspar. "I was going on to speak of this bear, the biggest and strongest animal in the whole show, and yet he is the only one who has been stupid enough to allow himself to be taught to play tricks, and dance, and stand on his head,—things which are just the same as work to him. All the other animals have to be shut up behind iron bars and wires; but he, the largest of them all, allows himself to be led about by a rope, and does just what he is told to do. The great lump! Look how fat and stupid he is!" And Caspar, to show his contempt, gave the bear a punch in the ribs with a stick he held in his hand.

Instantly, the bear raised his head, and, seeing who had disturbed him, gave a roar and sprang upon Caspar. The frightened people ran in every direction, while the showman hurried to Caspar's assistance.

But he was too late. The bear had jumped so suddenly and violently that he pulled up the stake, and he now seized Caspar by the waist-band of his breeches, as he turned to run, and shook him as a dog would shake a rat. In vain the frightened

sailor struggled and cried. In vain the showman pulled at his bear; in vain Caspar's comrades shouted and yelled. The bear shook and growled and scratched until his rage had cooled down a little, and then he began to pay attention to the blows and commands of his master, and let poor Caspar go.

When the unfortunate lecturer on the habits of

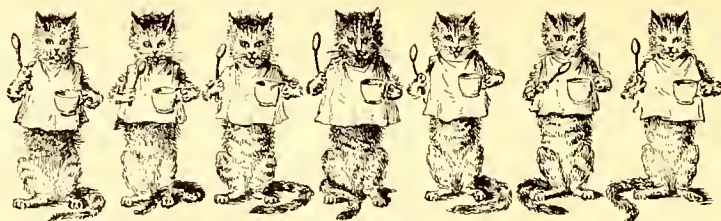


THE TRAINED BEAR TEACHES CASPAR A LESSON.

animals arose from the ground, dirty, torn, and scared almost out of his wits, the showman said to him: "A bear may be a very stupid beast, but the man who punches him when he is asleep is a great deal stupider."

At this all the people laughed, and Caspar walked off to his ship without a word.

And he never again delivered a lecture upon animals.



SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

BY JOEL STACY.

SEVEN little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
 Cried: "Mother, let us go. Oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
 We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—
 Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;
 We'll always say 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
 "Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.

The seven little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,
 Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;
 They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite;—
 With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
 But, alas for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk!
 The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk
 They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think?
 They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
 Yes, every naughty little kit set up a *meow* for more,
 Then knocked the tea-cup over, and scampered through the door.

DANCING.

BY JOEL STACY.

MASTER FITZ-EUSTACE DE PERCIVAL JONES
 Went dancing with Polly McLever;
 And he asked her that night, in the sweetest of tones,
 To dance with him only,—forever.

"Indeed I will, Eustace de Percival Jones,"
 Said dear little Polly McLever.
 So he whispered her softly: "Delay is for drones—
 Let's take the step now, love, or never."

To-day they are gray, and their weary old bones
 Feel keenly each turn of the weather;
 But dancing at heart still are Polly and Jones,
 As they tread their last measure together.



THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

Grandmother May's Story.

BY ADA CUMMINGS.

LET us see,—October, November, and Rachel came down with the fever soon after corn-husking,—it must have been about Christmas-time when the Governor gave his grand ball, and my aunt Dorothy danced till midnight. I never think of it now without recalling all that happened at the same time,—a long, long time ago, my dears, when Rachel and I were small, and played and took comfort the day long.

It had been a long, cold fall, with snow coming early and lying along from week to week, and then Rachel was taken with the fever, and we kept her in a darkened room, and I stayed at home to help

Mother. Dreary enough it was, and you may be sure we were pleased when Rachel grew so well as to sit of an afternoon by the window in an easy-chair, and watch the teams glide past the gate through the snow, and the stage-coach lumber by the door and over the hill into the town.

And how pleased we were when one day the stage, instead of rumbling on as was its wont, stopped at our gate, and my aunt Dorothy came running up the path into the house! How she kissed Mother and Rachel and me, and what a cheerful, pleasant time we had all together. She was my father's sister,—your great great-aunt, my dears.

When Aunt Dorothy had been there about a week, an invitation came for her and for Mother to a grand party, to be given by the Governor's lady.

Mother said at once that she must stay at home, because of Rachel's being still so weak, but that my aunt must on no account miss such a treat. The Governor's son was to be there, and there were to be music and dancing, and a grand supper.

At first, Aunt Dorothy said it was n't to be thought of, for she could never get up a suitable dress, being out in the country with no dress-maker nor milliner; but Mother persuaded her that they could manage to make things presentable, with a little help from the town. So it was settled that my aunt should go to the ball.

Then the dress-making began. Mother had a brocade which had never been made up on account of her going into mourning for Father; this was very suitable for Aunt Dorothy's complexion, and they decided to use it for the dress part, with satin (for the train) from the town.

I used to have a bit of the brocade left,—I wish I had it here to show you,—a lilac ground, with clusters of blush roses. Aunt Dorothy had light hair and dark eyes, and such a soft, bright color,—you can fancy that a pattern like that would just suit her.

After they had decided on lilac for the train, and had sent to town for it, it occurred to my aunt to wonder where she could find any one to put up her hair properly. They wore it then in a mass, shaped something like a tower on the top of the head, and with great puffs, like wings, coming out from either side.

Mother thought we could manage to have it arranged at home, but Aunt Dorothy insisted on sending to the city and engaging a hair-dresser to come and put it up on the day on which the party was to be. She said there was everything in having the hair quite right, and that if he should fail to come, she should be obliged to stay at home.

Then there was only a week between the invitation and the party, but it seemed like four. There was so much cutting out and trying on and altering, and altogether such a deal of fuss and worry. My aunt had sent for lilac satin, and then she wished it had been pink, and after that she was afraid that neither would come; though it did come in good season, and a lovely shade at that. While they were planning and making things ready, it was a great treat to Rachel and me to see the work-women busy over the pretty garments, and to fancy how Aunt Dorothy would look and feel in the gay company.

At last the dress was ready and laid out on the spare bed, and everything was done but to find some one for an escort for my aunt, when, one night, while the wind was blowing drifts of snow up and down the road and around the corners of the house, who should walk in suddenly but Uncle George!

We were all surprised to see him,—except Mother, she took it very quietly,—and glad enough, you may believe. He was tall and handsome, and a great favorite with us children; and he always



brought us something nice. Mother said it was fortunate that he had come just then, because of Aunt Dorothy's needing some one for an escort to the party,—and my aunt seemed pleased enough to have it arranged in that way (as well she might be, we children thought, Uncle George being so soldierly and handsome). He was no relation to my Aunt Dorothy, but was Mother's brother.

Now, Rachel and I knew well that Uncle George never came all that distance without bringing us children some pretty gift. So we were on the lookout; and when supper was over, sure enough he came up to us and said:

"Girls, I came away in such a hurry that I did n't have a chance to hunt you up anything very nice; but I did the best I could. Here 's something that will be rather cunning by and by."

And with that he laid in Rachel's lap a little wicker-box, and when she had opened it, there lay two of the cunningest white mice, just old enough to have their eyes open!

How delighted we were! Mother brought us two pieces of white cotton, and gently took out the tiny creatures and placed them on them. We had never seen anything like them, which made them doubly dear; the dainty pink ears, white noses, and funny tails seemed to us the most marvelous of curiosities. I danced up and down for joy, and Rachel! it did Mother's heart good to see how happy Rachel looked as she lay back in her chair and held the tiny baby-mouse against her cheek. When bed-time came, she was so excited and so afraid that something would get her treasure away from her in the night, that Mother had to promise her that she might keep it on a stand by her own pillow, so as to be near for protection in case of danger. We had never had a cat or a dog about the house; but the fever had left her weak and like a little child.

The next morning there was plenty to do to finish the preparations for the ball in the evening. I ran on errands for Mother and Aunt Dorothy; and Uncle George went up to the town and brought flowers, and there was a great deal going on. Soon after dinner, Rachel seemed so tired that Mother put her to bed, to get sleep if she could.

We had tied two bits of ribbon—mine blue, Rachel's pink—about the necks of our white mice, and had named them, respectively, "Fairy" and "Snowdrop." After Rachel went to bed, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea if I could discover any other mark of difference in them, so that they could be told apart; and while I sat holding them in my lap, the hair-dresser came.

Of course I was all anxiety to see what was going on, so I hastily gathered my apron together and stood by him while he brushed out my aunt's hair

and rolled it over his fingers, and then brought it down again in long, shining curls and puffs. There was a chair close by me, where his box of implements lay,—rolls of cotton and horse-hair,—which he would just press together a little and slip dexterously under the puffs of hair. I watched him breathlessly, forgetful of all else, till he had finished all but the last; then Mother called to me to do some little errand for her, and when I came back the man was gone, and my aunt was sitting as stiff as an old portrait, for fear of disarranging something.

"Alice," Rachel's gentle voice called from the bed-room, "will you please bring Snowdrop in here and let him lie on the bed?"

"Oh, yes," I said, drawing a long breath and peeping into my apron to see that the contents were all safe.

I could not believe my eyes for a moment. I shook the folds of the apron, at first gently, then more energetically, but to no purpose,—the mouse with the blue bit of ribbon was there safe enough, but nothing was to be seen of the other, even after I had emptied my lap and taken off my apron.

When I had fairly reached this conclusion, I laid my head in a chair and burst into tears; and after Mother and Aunt Dorothy had asked me what was the matter, it was a long time before I could control myself sufficiently to sob out that I had lost Rachel's mouse, and that I never could be happy again.

Of course they tried to console me, and said we should be sure to find it in a few minutes; but after we had all looked thoroughly in the sitting-room and the kitchen, and under chairs and on tables, and in all conceivable and inconceivable places, and there was yet no trace of the lost pet, there was nothing left to do but to confess that it was doubtful whether we ever saw it again.

This gave occasion for a fresh burst of tears from me. Mother went in and told Rachel all about it, and Rachel tried to be very brave and not mind, but between my crying and her trying not to, and being so weak, she was soon so excited that Mother was frightened and sent us all out of the room.

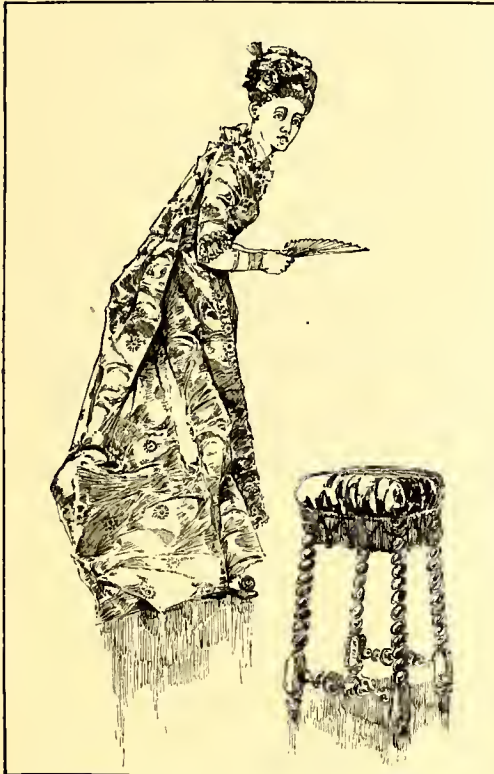
I stayed outside the door, and sent in word once by Mother that I wanted Rachel to have Fairy to love and keep as she had Snowdrop. And during the afternoon Uncle George came along, and said that he would get us another before the week was out. But Rachel had fallen into an uneasy sleep, and Mother could n't administer these small drops of comfort; and things were in this sad condition when it came evening, and my Aunt Dorothy and Uncle George started for the ball. I remember standing at the window and seeing them drive away in the sleigh, and wondering if there ever could be another afternoon so sad as that had been,

—and I really think, my dears, that I never had one sadder, for the strength to bear always came with the trouble afterward, and then I was only a child and took things to heart more.

Now I must tell you about my Aunt Dorothy, as near as I can, in the way she used to tell it. Rachel and I used to make her go over the story again and again, till we had it almost by heart.

Well, it seems that my aunt and Uncle George rode along in the sleigh, up the hill and into the town, by the road that the stage took every day; and after a while they came to the Governor's house.

There were colored lamps before the door, and servants in blue and scarlet; and, when the guests were inside, there was a great hall with broad



stairs, and other servants in blue and scarlet to show them their way.

My Aunt Dorothy said she wished she could show us how grand everything was, with scarlet hangings up and down the room, and marble statues, and paintings that some one had brought over from France long before.

But as soon as they had been presented to the Governor and his lady, my Aunt Dorothy said she

began to feel quite at home—the more especially as the Governor gave her his hand and called her “my dear,” and then spoke to his son, who gave her his hand and asked her to dance.

So they went through minuets in a stately manner, and it seemed to my Aunt Dorothy quite like a dream that she should be dancing minuets with the Governor's son, among the scarlet hangings and statues and the grand people; for my aunt was quiet, and liked rather to stay at home with her own friends.

They had been dancing a long time, my aunt said, when she began to notice how uncomfortable her head was. One place seemed to be on the point of coming down, and kept up enough of a movement on her head to keep her in continual fear; and there were hair-pins, or something of the kind, that stuck into her head every few moments in such a way as to cause her considerable pain. However, she had made up her mind to be fashionable, and thought she ought not to complain.

Then they went out to supper, and there was every variety of cake and fruit, and dishes of foreign make and with foreign names; and there were servants behind every chair to wait on the guests. It was just after they had begun to eat slowly, that a strange fancy forced itself upon my aunt's mind—that there was a funny little squeaking kind of a noise proceeding from her own head!

The idea first struck her in a lull of the conversation, when everything was unusually quiet. She was talking with a city lady who sat on her right, and she imagined that the conversation ran like this: “Do you find the country pleasant?”

This was a question by the lady.

“Yes. I have only been here two weeks.”

This from my Aunt Dorothy's mouth, and a faint accompaniment of “Quee,—quee” from my Aunt Dorothy's head.

“Dull, though, is n't it, this cold weather?”

“Well, I have been so busy—quee, quee, quee—ee—that I can hardly tell.”

Then the talking grew louder around them, to my aunt's great relief, and the fancy died away for a time.

“Of course it is imagination,” my aunt thought, “but if I did n't *know* better, I could swear that I heard a noise every few minutes.”

Well, they got through supper after a time, and then it was eleven o'clock, and nearly time to go home. (They never staid beyond twelve in those days, my dears, which was much better than to be up till morning.)

But before they left the house, there was to be a short speech by the Governor, and Uncle George took my aunt and led her to a seat, and sat down beside her.

Now, whether there was anything objectionable in the Governor's speech, or anything to be offended at, I don't know; but certain it is that no sooner had the room become quiet and the Governor opened his mouth, than there proceeded from the direction of my aunt's chair a succession of faint but decided squeals. Then my aunt said she knew that she must be bewitched, and that, if she *was* bewitched, she had better be at home. Moreover,

sank into a chair, "will you take down my hair, or shall I become a maniac?"

Mother went to work in a dazed way, feebly pulling at a hair-pin here or there, when, of a sudden, some string or something else gave way, and down tumbled wads of cotton, rolls of horse-hair, and —one little, trembling, frightened white mouse!

Mother and Aunt Dorothy burst out laughing, and I stood petrified with surprise, till there



THE MINUET.

she fancied she saw several looking at her askance, and imagined that they were deliberating whether to duck her in the horse-pond or hang her without mercy for a witch; so she grasped Uncle George's arm and said:

"Oh, please, Mr. George, if you have no objections, I think I must go home." And so they got out as quietly as they could, and rode home like the wind.

And that was how it happened that, as Mother was sitting up to keep things all warm and pleasant for Aunt Dorothy's return, and I sat nodding in a chair beside her for company, the sleigh dashed up to the door and my aunt herself hurried in, waking me and bringing Mother to her feet in a hurry.

"Oh, Jane," said Aunt Dorothy, faintly, as she

appeared suddenly in the bedroom door-way a white-robed figure, and Rachel's voice exclaimed in rapture:

"My own darling mouse!"

"Mercy!" cried Mother, and caught Rachel and the long-lost treasure, and put them both into their respective resting-places.

We never knew how it happened, unless I dropped the mouse into the chair where the hair-dresser's utensils were, and so Snowdrop was tucked away instead of a piece of cotton; but one thing was surc, that, ever afterward, that mouse was to us the most marvelous of animals; and Rachel was even heard to say that she loved him better (if possible) for the trouble and anxiety he made her when he went, without leave, to the Governor's ball.

AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD GNU.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

AN aristocratic old Gnu
Found out he 'd a hole in his shoe.
It made him turn pale,
For there is not for sale,
In the whole world, a shoe for a Gnu !

"It will let the whole river come in,
And besides, I might tread on a pin,"
Said the Gnu, with a groan,
"Or a horrid sharp stone,
And injure my delicate skin.

"I can't walk about on this hole,
I 'm afraid I must call on the Sole,
But I hope he 'll perceive
That, without express leave,
He is not free to talk of the hole !"

The Sole re-assured the poor Gnu ;
Of course he could mend him his shoe,
It would scarce take a minute
To put a patch in it—
"To put in a WHAT?" said the Gnu.

"A patch," said the Sole. "Oh, no, no !"
Said the Gnu, "it would certainly show.
You must think of a plan—
And you certainly can—
That is better than *that*, sir. No, no !

"I 'm in the first circles—in fact,
The notice a patch would attract
In *my* shoe, Mr. Sole,
Would be worse than a hole—
My character might be attacked !"

The Sole smiled a pitying smile.
"I really don't know of a style
To cover a hole,
Without one," said the Sole.
"Then," the Gnu said, "it is n't worth while

"To detain you—but should you find out—
As you will, I have scarcely a doubt—
An invisible way,
Send me word, don't delay,
And meanwhile, I 'll say I have gout."

The Sole sent next morning. "No doubt,"
Said his note, "if you 'll turn inside out,
I can sew it together
With small strips of leather,
And it never will show—you 're so stout !"

"As if I *could* turn inside out !"
Said the Gnu. "What 's the fellow about ?
I *might* do it—but then—
Could I get back again ?"
And he still is disabled with gout.

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

A MORNING CANTER.

NOTHING is more entertaining than a morning canter in midsummer, while the dew is sparkling on the grass, and the robins are singing their joyful songs, and the east is reddening with the sunrise, and the world is waking up to enjoy these beautiful things a little, before the labors of the day begin.

If you live in the town, it is especially good for you to have a horseback ride now and then, and you should ride into the country in the early morning. And just here is one of the many advantages of being a boy. When ladies and gentlemen ride

horseback, it is considered necessary to have as many horses as riders; but an indefinite number of boys may enjoy a ride on one horse, all at the same time; and often the twenty riders who walk get a great deal more fun out of it than the one rider who rides. I think the best number of riders is three—one to be on the horse, and one to walk along on each side and keep off the crowd. For there is something so noble in the sight of a boy on a horse—especially when he is on for the first time—that, before he has galloped many miles, he is pretty certain to become the center of an admiring throng, all eyes being turned upon the boy, and all legs keeping pace with the horse.

It falls to the lot of few boys to take such a ride

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more than once in a life-time. Some, poor fellows! never experience it at all. But whatever could happen to any boy, in the way of adventure, was pretty sure to happen to Phaeton Rogers, who was one of those lucky fellows that are always in the middle of everything, and generally play the principal part. And yet it was not so much luck or accident as his own genius: for he had hardly come into the world when he began to try experiments with it, to see if he could n't set some of the wheels of the universe turning in new directions. The name his parents gave him was Fayette; but the boys turned it into Phaeton, for a reason which will be explained in the course of the story.

It was my good fortune to live next door to the Rogers family, to know all of Phaeton's adventures, and have a part in some of them. One of the earliest was a morning canter in the country.

Phaeton was a little older than I; his brother Ned was just my age.

One day, their Uncle Jacob came to visit at their house, riding all the way from Illinois on his own horse. This horse, when he set out, was a dark bay, fourteen hands high, with one white foot, and a star on his forehead. At the first town where he staid overnight, it became an iron-gray, with a bob tail and a cast in its eye. At the next halt, the iron-gray changed into a chestnut, with two white feet and a bushy tail. A day or two afterward, he stopped at a camp-meeting, and when he left it the horse was a large roan, with just a hint of a spring-halt in its gait. Then he came to a place where a county fair was being held, and here the roan became piebald. How many more changes that horse went through, I do not know; but, when it got to us, it was about eleven hands high (convenient size for boys), nearly white, with a few black spots,—so it could be seen for a long distance,—with nice thick legs, and long hair on them to keep them warm. All this Ned vouched for.

Now, Mr. Rogers had no barn, and his brother Jacob, who arrived in the evening, had to tie his horse in the wood-shed for the night.

Just before bed-time, Ned came over to tell me that Phaeton was to take the horse to pasture in the morning, that he was going with him, and they would like my company also, adding:

"Uncle Jacob says a brisk morning canter will do us good, and give us an appetite for breakfast."

"Yes," said I; "of course it will; and, besides that, we can view the scenery as we ride by."

"We can, unless we ride too fast," said Ned.

"Does your uncle's horse go very fast?" said I, with some little apprehension, for I had never been on a horse.

"I don't exactly know," said Ned. "Probably not."

"Has Phaeton ever been on a horse?" said I.

"No," said Ned; "but he is reading a book about it, that tells you just what to do."

"And how far is the pasture?"

"Four miles,—Kidd's pasture,—straight down Jay street, past the stone brewery. Kidd lives in a yellow house on the right side of the road; and when we get there we 're to look out for the dog."

"It must be pretty savage, or they would n't tell us to look out for it. Are you going to take a pistol?"

"No; Fay says if the dog comes out, he 'll ride right over him. You can't aim a pistol very steadily when you are riding full gallop on horseback."

"I suppose not," said I. "I never tried it. But after we 've left the horse in the pasture, how are we to get back past the dog?"

"If Fay once rides over that dog, on that horse," said Ned, in a tone of solemn confidence, "there wont be much bite left in him when we come back."

So we said good-night and went to bed, to dream of morning canters through lovely scenery, dotted with stone breweries, and of riding triumphantly into pasture over the bodies of ferocious dogs.

A more beautiful morning never dawned, and we boys were up not much later than the sun.

The first thing to do was to untie the horse; and as he had managed to get his leg over the halter-ropes, this was no easy task. Before we had accomplished it, Ned suggested that it would be better not to untie him till after we had put on the saddle; which suggestion Phaeton adopted. The saddle was pretty heavy, but we found no great difficulty in landing it on the animal's back. The trouble was to dispose of a long strap with a loop at the end, which evidently was intended to go around the horse's tail, to keep the saddle from sliding forward upon his neck. None of us liked to try the experiment of standing behind the animal to adjust that loop.

"He looks to me like a very kicky horse," said Ned; "and I would n't like to see any of us laid up before the Fourth of July."

Phaeton thought of a good plan. Accordingly, with great labor, Ned and I assisted him to get astride the animal, with his face toward the tail, and he cautiously worked his way along the back of the now suspicious beast. But the problem was not yet solved: if he should go far enough to lift the tail and pass the strap around it, he would slide off and be kicked. Ned came to the rescue with another idea. He got a stout string, and, standing beside the animal till it happened to switch its tail around that side, caught it, and tied the string tightly to the end. Then getting to a safe distance, he proposed to pull the string and lift the tail for his brother to pass the crupper under.

But as soon as he began to pull, the horse began to kick; and not only to kick, but to rear, bumping Phaeton's head against the roof of the low shed, so that he was obliged to lie flat and hang on tight. While this was going on, their uncle Jacob appeared, and asked what they were doing.

"Putting on the saddle, sir," said I.

"Yes, it looks like it," said he. "But I did n't intend to have you take the saddle."

"Why not, uncle?" said Phaeton.

"Because it is too heavy for you to bring back."

"Oh, but we can leave it there," said Phaeton.

"Hang it up in Kidd's barn."

"No; that wont do," said his uncle. "Can't tell who might use it or abuse it. I'll strap on a blanket, and you can ride just as well on that."

"But none of us have been used to riding that way," said Ned.

Without replying, his uncle folded a blanket, laid it on the horse's back, and fastened it with a surcingle. He then bridled and led out the animal.

"Who rides first?" said he.

I was a little disappointed at this, for I had supposed that we should all ride at once. Still, I was comforted that he had not merely said, "Who rides?"—but "Who rides first?"—implying that we all were to ride in turn. Phaeton stepped forward, and his uncle lifted him upon the horse, and put the bridle-reins into his hand.

"I think you wont need any whip," said he, as he turned and went into the house.

The horse walked slowly down till he came to a full stop, with his breast against the front gate.

"Open the gate, Ned," said Phaeton.

"I can't do it, unless you back him," answered Ned. This was true, for the gate opened inward.

"Back, Dobbin!" said Phaeton, in a stern voice of authority, giving a vigorous jerk upon the reins.

But Dobbin did n't back an inch.

"Why don't you back him?" said Ned, as if it were the easiest thing in the world.

"Why don't you open that gate?" said Phaeton.

By this time, three or four boys had gathered on the sidewalk, and were staring at our performance.

"Shall I hit him?" said Ned, breaking a switch.

"No," said Phaeton, more excited than before; "Don't touch him! Back, Dobbin! Back!"

But Dobbin seemed to be one of those heroic characters who take no step backward.

"I know how to manage it," said Ned, as he ran to the wood-pile and selected a small round stick. Thrusting the end of this under the gate, he pried it up until he had lifted it from its hinges, when it fell over outward, coming down with a tremendous slam-bang upon the sidewalk. A great shiver ran through Dobbin, beginning at the tips of his ears, and ending at his shaggy fetlocks. Then, with a

quick snort, he made a wild bound over the prostrate gate, and landed in the middle of the road.

I don't know how Phaeton managed to keep his seat, but he did; and though the boys on the sidewalk set up a shout, Dobbin stood perfectly still in the road, waiting for the next earthquake, or falling gate, or something, to give him another start.

"Come on, boys! Never mind the gate!" said Phaeton.

When he said "boys," he only meant Ned and me. But the boys on the sidewalk promptly accepted the invitation, and came on, too.

"You walk on the nigh side," said Phaeton to me, "and let Ned take the off side."

I was rather puzzled as to his exact meaning; and yet I was proud to think that the boy who represented what might now be considered our party on horseback, as distinguished from the strangers on foot crowding alongside, was able to use a few technical terms. Not wishing to display my ignorance, I loitered a little, to leave the choice of sides to Ned, confident that he would know which was nigh and which was off. He promptly placed himself on the left side, near enough to seize his brother by the left leg, if need be, and either hold him on or pull him off. I, of course, took a similar position on the right side.

"He told you to take the nigh side," shouted one of the boys to me.

"He's all right," said Phaeton; "and I'd advise you to hurry home before your breakfast gets cold. We'll run this horse without any more help."

"Run him, will you?" answered the boy, derisively. "That's what I'm waiting to see. He'll run so fast the grass'll grow under his feet."

"If there was a hot breakfast an inch ahead of your nose," said another of the boys, addressing Phaeton, "it'd be stone cold before you got to it."

Notwithstanding these sarcastic remarks, our horse was now perceptibly moving. He had begun to walk along in the middle of the road, and—what at the time seemed to me very fortunate—he was going in the direction of the pasture.

"Can't you make him go faster, Fay?" said Ned.

"Not in this condition," said Phaeton. "You can't expect a horse without a saddle on him to make very good time."

"What difference does that make?" said I.

"You read the book, and you'll see," said Phaeton, in that tone of superior information which is common to people who have but just learned what they are talking about, and not learned it very well. "All the directions in the book are for horses with saddles on them. There is n't one place where it tells about a horse with just a blanket strapped over his back. If Uncle Jacob had let me take the saddle, and if I had a good pair of wheel-spurs, and

a riding-whip, and a gag-bit in his mouth, you would n't see me here. By this time I should be just a little cloud of dust, away up there beyond the brewery. This animal shows marks of speed, and I'll bet you, if he was properly handled, he 'd trot way down in the thirties."

So much good horse-talk, right out of a standard book, rather awed me. But I ventured to suggest that I could cut him a switch from the hedge, which Dobbin could certainly be made to feel, though it might not be so elegant as a riding-whip.

"Never mind it," said he. "It's no use; you can't expect much of any horse without saddle or spurs. And besides, what would become of you and Ned? You could n't keep up."

I suggested that he might go on a mile or two and then return to meet us, and so have all the more ride. But he answered: "I'm afraid Uncle Jacob would n't like that. He expects us to go right to the pasture, without delay. You just wait till I get a good saddle, with Mexican stirrups, and wheel-spurs."

By this time, the boys who had been following us had dropped off. But at the next corner three or four others espied us, and gathered around.

"Why don't you make him go?" said one who had a switch in his hand, with which at the same time he gave Dobbin a smart blow on the flank.

A sort of shiver of surprise ran through Dobbin. Then he planted his fore feet firmly and evenly on the ground, as if he had been told to toe a mark, and threw out his hind ones, so that for an instant they formed a continuous straight line with his body. The boy who had struck him, standing almost behind him, narrowly escaped being sent home to breakfast with no appetite at all.

"Lick those fellows!" said Phaeton to Ned and me, as he leaned over Dobbin's neck and seized his mane with a desperate grip.

"There are too many of them," said Ned.

"Well, lick the curly-headed one, any way," said Phaeton, "if he does n't know better than to hit a horse with a switch."

Ned started for him, and the boy, diving through an open gate and dodging around a small barn, was last seen going over two or three back fences, with Ned all the while just one fence behind him.

When they were out of sight, the remaining boys turned their attention again to Dobbin, and one of them threw a pebble, which hit him on the nose and made him perform very much as before, excepting that this time he planted his hind feet and threw his fore feet into the air.

"Go for that fellow!" said Phaeton to me.

He struck off in a direction opposite to that taken by the curly-headed boy, and I followed him. It was a pretty rough chase that he led me; but he

seemed to know every step of the way, and when he ran into the culvert by which the Deep Hollow stream passed under the canal, I gave it up, and made my way back. Calculating that Phaeton must have passed on some distance by this time, I took a diagonal path across a field, and struck into the road near the stone brewery. Phaeton had not yet come up, and I sat down in the shade of the building. Presently, Dobbin came up the road at a jog trot, with Phaeton wobbling around on his back, like a ball in a fountain. The cause of his speed was the clatter of an empty barrel-rack being driven along behind him.

On arriving at the brewery, he turned and, in spite of Phaeton's frantic "Whoas!" and rein-jerking, went right through a low-arched door, scraping off his rider as he passed in.

"So much for not having a gag-bit," said Phaeton, as he picked himself up. "I remember, Uncle Jacob said the horse had worked fifteen or sixteen years in a brewery. That was a long time ago, but it seems he has n't forgotten it yet. And now I don't suppose we can ever get him out of there without a gag-bit."

He had hardly said this, however, when one of the brewery men came leading out Dobbin. Then the inquiry was for Ned, who had not been seen since he went over the third fence after the curly-headed boy who did n't know any better than to hit a horse with a switch. Phaeton decided that we must wait for him. In about fifteen minutes, one of the great brewery wagons came up the road, and as it turned in at the gate, Ned dropped from the hind axle, where he had been catching a ride.

After we had exchanged the stories of our adventures, Ned said it was now his turn to ride.

"I wish you could, Ned," said Phaeton; "but I don't dare trust you on his back. He's too fiery and untamable. It's all I can do to hold him."

Ned grumbled somewhat; but with the help of the brewery man, Phaeton remounted, and we set off again for Kidd's pasture. Ned and I walked close beside the horse, each with the fingers of one hand between his body and the surcingle, that we might either hold him or be taken along with him if he should again prove fiery and untamable.

When we got to the canal bridge, we found that a single plank was missing from the road-way. Nothing could induce Dobbin to step across that open space. All sorts of coaxing and argument were used, and even a few gentle digs from Phaeton's heels, but it was of no avail. At last he began to back, and Ned and I let go of the surcingle. Around he wheeled, and down the steep bank he went, like the picture of Putnam at Horseneck, landed on the tow-path, and immediately plunged into the water. A crowd of boys who were swim-

ming under the bridge set up a shout, as he swam across with Phaeton on his back.

Ned and I crossed by the bridge.

"I only hope Uncle Jacob wont blame me if the horse takes cold," said Phaeton, as he came up.

"Can't we prevent it?" said Ned.

"What can you do?" said Phaeton.

"I think we ought to rub him off perfectly dry, at once," said Ned. "That 's the way Mr. Gifford's groom does."

"I guess that 's so," said Phaeton. "You two go to that hay-stack over there, and get some good wisps to rub him down."

Ned and I each brought a large armful of hay.

"Now, see here, Fay," said Ned, "you 've got to get off from that horse and help rub him. We 're not going to do it all."

"But how can I get on again?" said Phaeton.

"I don't care how," said Ned. "You 've had all the ride, and you must expect to do some of the work. If you don't, I 'll let him die of quick consumption before I 'll rub him."

This vigorous declaration of independence had a good effect. Phaeton slid down, and tied Dobbin to the fence, and we all set to work and used up the entire supply of hay in rubbing him dry.

After several unsuccessful attempts to mount him by bringing him close to the fence, Phaeton determined to lead him the rest of the way.

"Anyhow, I suppose he ought not to have too violent exercise after such a soaking as that," said he. "We 'll let him rest a little."

As we were now beyond the limits of the town, the only spectators were individual boys and girls, who were generally swinging on farm-yard gates. Most of these, however, took interest enough to inquire why we did n't ride. We paid no attention to their suggestions, but walked quietly along,—Phaeton at the halter, and Ned and I at the sides,—as if guarding the sacred bull of Burmah.

About a mile of this brought us to Mr. Kidd's.

"What about riding over the dog?" said Ned.

"We can't very well ride over him to-day, when we 've neither saddle nor spurs," said Phaeton; "but you two might get some good stones, and be ready for him."

Accordingly, we two selected some good stones. Ned crowded one into each of his four pockets, and carried one in each hand. I contented myself with two in my hands.

"There 's no need of getting so many," said Phaeton. "For if you don't hit him the first time, he 'll be on you before you can throw another."

This was not very comforting; but we kept on, and Ned said it would n't do any harm to have plenty of ammunition. When we reached the

house, there was no dog in sight, excepting a small shaggy one asleep on the front steps.

"You hold Dobbin," said Phaeton to me, "while I go in and make arrangements."

I think I held Dobbin about half a minute, at the end of which time he espied an open gate at the head of a long lane leading to the pasture, jerked the halter from my hand, and trotted off at surprising speed. When Phaeton came out of the house, of course I told him what had happened.

"But it 's just as well," said I, "for he has gone right down to the pasture."

"No, it is n't just as well," said he; "we must get off the halter and blanket."

"But what about the dog?" said Ned.

"Oh, that one on the steps wont hurt anybody. The savage one is down in the wood-lot."

At this moment a woman appeared at the side door of the farm-house, looked out at us, and understood the whole situation in a moment.

"I suppose you had n't watered your horse," said she, "and he 's gone for the creek."

Phaeton led the way to the pasture, and we followed. I should n't like to tell you how very long we chased Dobbin around that lot, trying to corner him. We tried swift running, and we tried slow approaches. I suggested salt. Ned pretended to fill his hat with oats, and walked up with coaxing words. But Dobbin knew the difference between a straw hat and a peck measure.

"I wish I could remember what the book says about catching your horse," said Phaeton.

"I wish you could," said I. "Why did n't you bring the book?"

"I will next time," said he, as he started off in another desperate attempt to corner the horse between the creek and the fence.

Nobody can tell how long this might have kept up, had not an immense black dog appeared, jumping over the fence from the wood-lot.

Phaeton drew back and looked about for a stone. Ned began tugging at one of those in his pockets, but could n't get it out. Instead of coming at us, the dog made straight for Dobbin, soon reached him, seized the halter in his teeth, and brought him to a full stop, where he held him till we came up. It only took a minute or two to remove the blanket and halter, and turn Dobbin loose, while a few pats on the head and words of praise made a fast friend of the dog.

With these trappings over our arms, we turned our steps homeward. As we drew near the place where we had given Dobbin the rubbing down to keep him from taking cold, we saw a man looking over the fence at the wet wisps of hay in the road.

"I wonder if that man will expect us to pay for the hay," said Phaeton.

"It would be just like him," said Ned. "These farmers are an awful stingy set."

"I have n't got any money with me," said Phaeton; "but I know a short cut home."

Ned and I agreed that any shortening of the homeward journey would be desirable just now,—especially as we were very hungry.

He led the way, which required him to go back to the first cross-road, and we followed. It seemed to me that the short cut home was about twice as long as the road by which we had come, but as I also was oppressed with a sense of having no money with me, I sympathized with Phaeton, and made no objection. When I found that the short cut led through the Deep Hollow culvert, I confess to some vague fears that the boy I had chased into the culvert might dam up the water while we were in there, or play some other unpleasant trick on us, and I was glad when we were well through it with only wet feet and shoulders spattered by the drippings from the arch.

We got home at last, and Phaeton told his uncle that Dobbin was safe in the pasture, at the same time giving him to understand that we were—as we always say at the end of a composition—much pleased with our morning canter. But the boys could n't help talking about it, and gradually the family learned every incident of the story. When Mr. Rogers heard about the hay, he sent Phaeton with some money to pay for it, but the stingy farmer said it was no matter, and would n't take any pay. But he asked Phaeton where we were going, and told him he had a pasture that was just as good as Kidd's, and nearer the town.

CHAPTER II.

RAPID TRANSIT.

IF Phaeton Rogers was not an immediate success as a rider of horses, he certainly did what seemed some wonderful things in the way of inventing conveyances for himself and other people to ride.

One day, not long after our adventures with Dobbin, Ned and I found him sitting under the great plane-tree in the front yard, working with a knife at some small pieces of wood, which he put together, making a frame like this:



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

"An invention," said Phaeton, without looking up from his work.

"What sort of invention? A new invention?"

"It would have to be new or it would n't be an invention at all."

"But what is it for?"

"For the benefit of mankind, like all great inventions."

"It seems to me that some of the best have been for the benefit of boykind," said Ned. "But what is the use of trying to be too smart? Let us know what it is. We're not likely to steal it, as Lem Woodruff thinks the patent-lawyer stole his idea for a double-acting wash-board."

Phaeton was silent, and worked away. Ned and I walked out at the gate and turned into the street, intending to go swimming. We had not gone far when Phaeton called "Ned!" and we turned back.

"Ned," said he, "don't you want to lend me the ten dollars that Aunt Mercy gave you last week?"

Their Aunt Mercy was an unmarried lady with considerable property, who was particularly good to Ned. When Phaeton was a baby she wanted to name him after the man who was to have been her husband, but who was drowned at sea.

Mrs. Rogers would not consent, but insisted upon naming the boy Fayette, and Aunt Mercy had never liked him, and would never give him anything, or believe that he could do anything good or creditable. She was a little deaf, and if it was told her that Phaeton had taken a prize at school, she pretended not to hear; but whenever Ned got one she had no trouble at all in hearing about it, and she always gave him at least a dollar or two on such occasions. For when Ned was born, she was allowed to do what she had wanted to do with Fayette, and named him Edmund Burton, after her long-lost lover. Later, she impressed it upon him that he was never to write his name E. B. Rogers, nor Edmund B. Rogers, but always Edmund Burton Rogers, if he wanted to please her, and be remembered in her will. She never called him anything but Edmund Burton. Whereas, she pretended not to remember Fayette's name at all, and would twist it in all sorts of ways, calling him Layit and Brayit, and Fater and Faylen, and once she called him Frenchman-what's-his-name, which was as near as she ever came to getting it right.

"Why should I lend you my ten dollars?" said Ned. "For the information you kindly gave us about your invention?"

"Oh, as to that," said Phaeton, "I've no objection to telling you all about it now that I have thought it all out. I did not care to tell you before, because I was studying on it."

"All right; go ahead," said Ned, as we seated ourselves on the grass, and Phaeton began.

"It is called the under-ground railway. You see, there are some places—like the city of New York, for instance—where the buildings are so close

together, and land is worth so much, that they can't build railroads enough to carry all the people back and forth. And so they have been trying, in all sorts of ways, to get up something that will do it—something different from a common railroad."

"Balloons would be the thing," said Ned.

"No; balloons wont do," said Phaeton. "You can't make them 'light where you want them to. I've thought of a good many ways, but there was some fault in all of them but this last one."

"Tell us about the others first," said Ned.

"I'll show you *one* of them," said Phaeton, and he drew from his pocket a small sheet of paper, which he unfolded, and exhibited to us this picture :



"This," said he, "represents the city of New York. *A* is some place far up-town where people live; *B* is the Battery, which is down-town, where they do the business. I suppose you both know what a mortar is?"

"A cannon as big around as it is long," said Ned.

"And shoots bomb-shells," said I.

"That 's it," said Phaeton. "Now here, you see, is a big mortar up-town; only, instead of shooting a bomb-shell, it shoots a car. This car has no wheels, and has a big knob of India-rubber on the end for a buffer. When you get it full of people, you lock it up tight and touch off the mortar. This dotted mark represents what is called the line of flight. You see, it comes down into another sort of mortar, which has a big coiled spring inside, to stop it easy and prevent it from smashing. Then the depot-master puts up a big step-ladder and lets the people out."

Ned said he should like to be the one to touch off the mortar.

"And why was n't that a good plan?" said I.

"There are some serious objections to it," said Phaeton, in a knowing way. "For instance, you can't aim such a thing very true when the wind is blowing hard, and people might not like to ride in it on a windy day. Besides, some people have a very strong prejudice, you know, against any sort of fire-arms."

"There would n't be much chance for a boy to catch a ride on it," said Ned, as if that were the

most serious objection of all. "But tell us about the real invention."

"The real invention," said Phaeton, "is this," and he took up the little frame we had seen him making. Taking an India-rubber string from his pocket, he stretched it from one of the little posts to the other and fastened it.

"Now," said he, "suppose there was a fly that lived up at this end, and had his office down at that end. He gets his breakfast, and takes his seat right here," and he laid his finger on the string, near one of the posts. "I call out, 'All aboard!' and then ——"

Here Phaeton, who had his knife in his hand, cut the string in two behind the imaginary fly.

"Where is the fly now?" said he. "At his office doing business ——"

"I don't understand," said Ned.

"I've only half explained it," said Phaeton.

"Now, you see, it's easy enough to make a tunnel under-ground and run cars through. But a tunnel always gets full of smoke when a train goes through, which is very disagreeable, and if you ran a train every fifteen minutes, all the passengers would choke. So, you see, there must be something instead of an engine and a train of cars. I propose to dig a good tunnel wherever the road wants to go, and make it as long as you please. Right through the center I pass an India-rubber cable as large as a man's leg, and stretch it tight, and fasten it to great posts at each end. All the men and boys who want to go sit on at one end as if on horseback. When everything is ready, the train-despatcher takes a sharp axe, and with one blow clips the cable in two behind them, and zip they go to the other end before you can say Jack Robinson."

Ned said he'd like to be train-despatcher.

"They'd all have to hang on like time," said I.

"Of course they would," said Phaeton; "but there are little straps for them to take hold by."

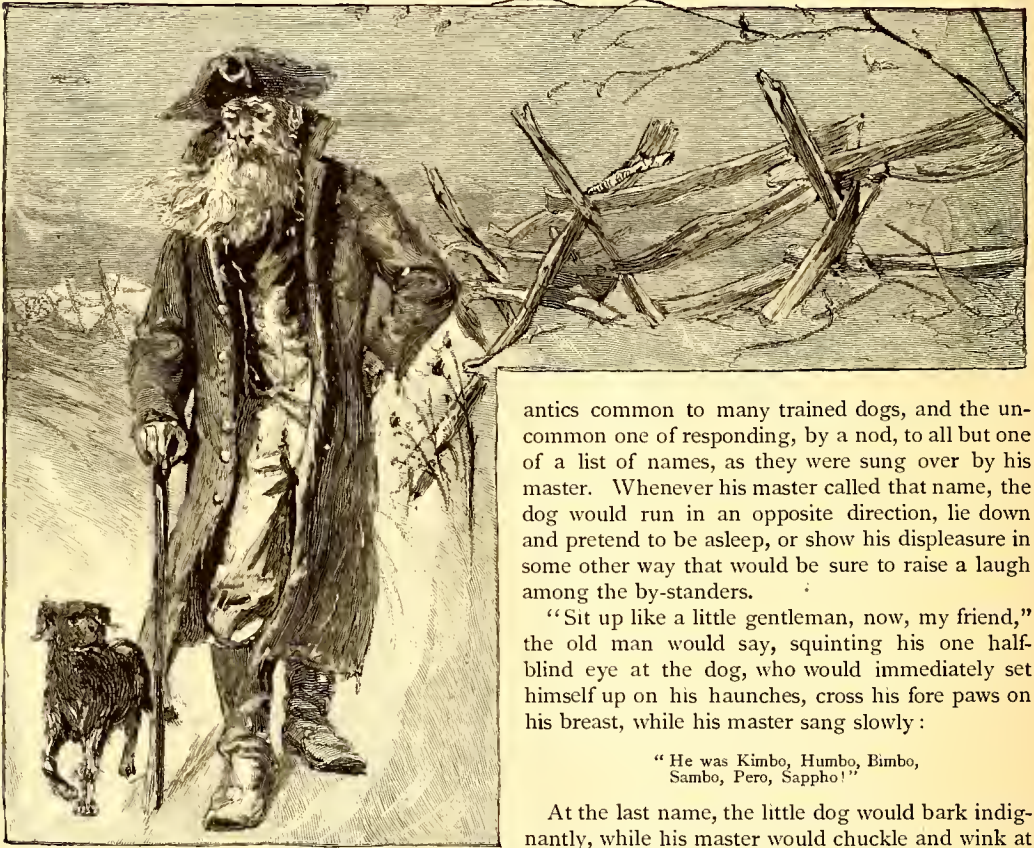
"And would there be a tub at the other end," said Ned, "to catch the passengers that were broken to pieces against the end wall?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Phaeton. "Don't you suppose I have provided for that?"

(To be continued.)

THE PEDESTRIANS.*

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.



WHEN I was a little girl, my grandmother used to delight us children, on winter evenings, by telling us the story of a queer old man, whom her father, who was a lawyer, used to meet, during court terms, in the different towns in southern Massachusetts. This old man was almost blind, and led by a string a remarkably intelligent little coal-black dog.

This man was a curious character. He was well educated, and delighted to talk with the lawyers and judges about distinguished people he had met in London, and of various historical personages.

He was fond of big words, and called himself and his dog "The Pedestrians," and always stoutly maintained that he amply paid his way by exhibiting his "intelligent four-footed friend and companion," as he designated the pretty animal.

This dog would perform a variety of tricks and

antics common to many trained dogs, and the uncommon one of responding, by a nod, to all but one of a list of names, as they were sung over by his master. Whenever his master called that name, the dog would run in an opposite direction, lie down and pretend to be asleep, or show his displeasure in some other way that would be sure to raise a laugh among the by-standers.

"Sit up like a little gentleman, now, my friend," the old man would say, squinting his one half-blind eye at the dog, who would immediately set himself up on his haunches, cross his fore paws on his breast, while his master sang slowly :

"He was Kimbo, Humbo, Bimbo,
Sambo, Pero, Sappho!"

At the last name, the little dog would bark indignantly, while his master would chuckle and wink at his audience, saying: "That 's a girl's name, you know; you see he does n't like it," and continue :

"He was Cato, Crapo, Christmas,
Sancho, and High Robert.

That was all he was, excepting Peter Waggie,
Darkis, Garret, and Father Howell, and that was all he
was y."

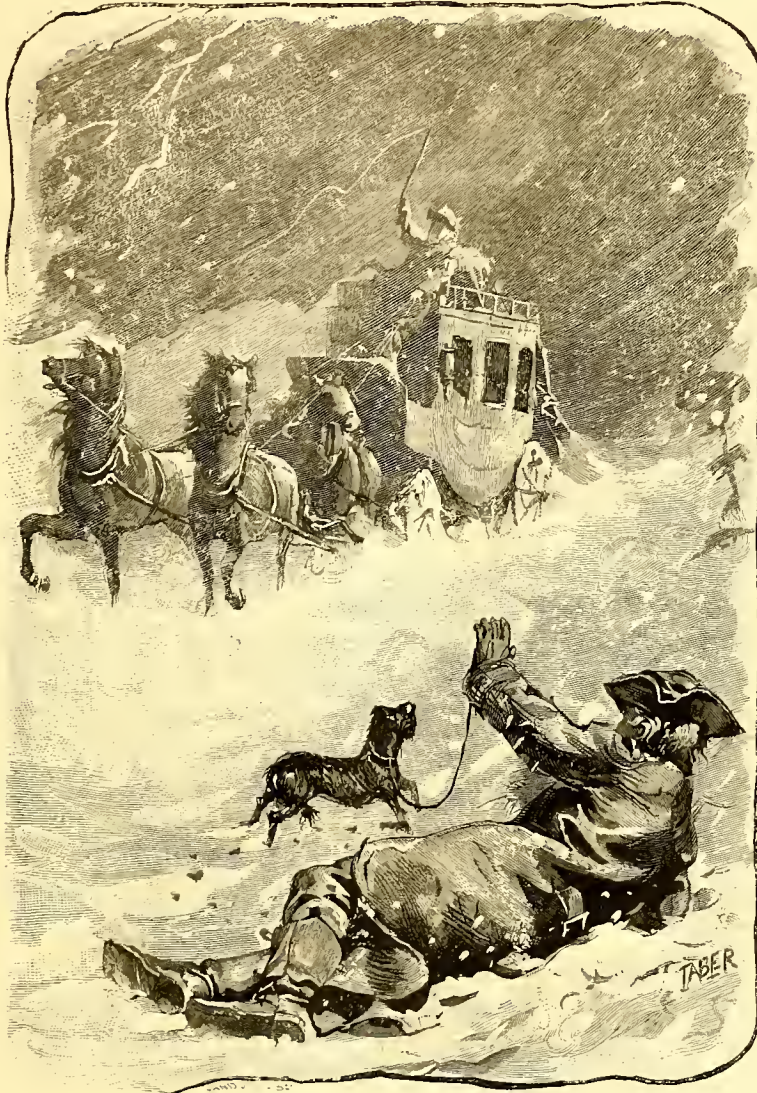
At this, the dog would put down his fore feet, whining and wagging his tail delightedly, and catching his master's hat, would carry it around to the spectators, soliciting pennies. The old "Pedestrian" picked up money enough in this way, people said, to keep himself and his four-footed friend in good living; but as he was seldom obliged to purchase a meal, and strictly temperate, folks often wondered what he did with his pennies.

"What became of the poor old man and his little dog at last?" we often asked. But grandmother did not know.

* A true story.

Last summer I visited a lonely old lady in eastern Connecticut, who delighted in interesting reminiscences of "old times." One day she came smiling into my room with an old, well-worn book in manuscript in her hand, and said to me:

in it are many curious descriptions of different people who were guests of the house. Here is one which always struck me as being very pathetic," and she read me the following, which I have since copied from the book. It is dated January 6th, 18—.



A HARD TIME FOR THE PEDESTRIANS.

"When my grandfather and grandmother were first married, they kept a 'stage tavern' not far from here, near the Massachusetts line. This book is a journal my grandmother kept at the time, and

VOL. VIII.—11.

"A terrible snow-storm yesterday. The Hartford stage was belated for hours, and the coach brought in among its passengers a poor, nearly blind beggar, with a funny little black dog fastened

to his arm by a string, both of whom the compassionate driver picked up in a freezing condition, from a huge snow-drift a few miles back.

"They both were nearly dead. We undressed the man, rubbed them both, with snow at first, and put them to bed—both together—for they had just vitality and sense enough left to protest against being separated. The warm drinks and nourishing broths we administered revived the strange pair in a measure, however, and the man began to talk and to sing in a weak, trembling voice, which showed that he was partially delirious.

"He had intended to go to Providence, he said, but had got upon the wrong road in the blinding snow, and wandered off, he knew not whither. 'But I have found friends,' he said, clasping his hands; 'I have always found friends. God always takes care of his own.'

"He said that he was born in Scotland, and educated at Cambridge, England, and came to America to teach; but his eyes gave out, and he had lived since that time by exhibiting his little 'four-footed friend.' A wonderful scholar the poor man was, indeed, with a wonderful lot of names and phrases and quotations on his tongue's end, that would do honor to any gentleman. This morning he began to sing, in a plaintive monotone:

"He was Kimber, Hubner, Bibloo,
Saxo, Perouse, Sappho,"—

when the little dog gave a feeble bark, and his master gave a languid smile.

"'He always protests against answering to a female's name,' said the poor man. 'He understands all about it,—a great scholar my four-footed

little friend is. I have taught him when we have been walking together. We are "The Pedestrians,"' and he sang feebly once more—

"He was Cato, Crapen, Christie,
Sancho, and High Robert.
That was all he was except
Peter Wading, Davies, Garrick,
And Foster Powell,
And that was all he was-y.'

"As he finished, the little dog made a vain effort to raise himself on his legs, turned his intelligent eyes upon his master's pale face, gave a feeble wag of the tail, and died.

"My husband threw a shawl over the poor animal, and lifted him carefully from the bed without attracting the attention of his master, who talked away about his own life and that of his little four-footed friend.

"All day long, while the unfortunate old man's fluttering breath remained in his body, he told us his story, over and over. Toward the last, he looked up at me and said: 'How joyous I feel! Only death could bring such joy to the old "Pedestrian." Remember, madam, there are pennies enough under—the white rock, near the—the—great oak, to pay for our burial. Come—Kimber—Humber! we must be—be—moving,' and throwing up his arms, his soul passed from his poor, tired body, and was indeed moving on. We buried him and his little dog in the same grave, on a pleasant, sunny, eastern hill-side, not far from the tavern."

Here the record closed; but I felt sure my childish question was answered, and that I knew at last what finally became of the old blind man and his little dog that bore so many funny names.

THE LAND OF NOD.

(An opéretta for young folks, portraying the visit of six little sleepy-heads to the King of the Land of Nod, and the wonders they saw at his Court.)

BY E. S. BROOKS.

CHARACTERS.

The King of the Land of Nod.	The Dream Sprites.	
The Sand Man,	The Dream Goblin.	
Jack o' Dreams, } Cabinet Ministers.	The Six Little Sleepy-heads.	
The Royal Pages,	His Majesty's Standard-bearer.	
The Dreams. {	The Dream Prince.	The Goblin Can-and-Must.
	My Lady Fortune.	The Queen of the Dollies.
	Old Mother Goose.	The Dream Princess.

COSTUMES AND MOUNTING.

The stage mounting and the costumes must depend entirely upon the taste and facilities of the managers. The more care bestowed upon the preparation of the costumes and the dressing of the stage,

the more effective will be the presentation. If no curtain is used, the scene should be set to represent a throne-room, with a tastefully draped throne at the center-rear of stage. The only other properties really necessary are a wheelbarrow; a hand-wagon; six couches, either small mattresses or inclined frames (of this style),



over which bright-colored afghans may be thrown. Soap-boxes, cut to this shape and with sacking tacked across, would do

for these couches. Strings of artificial flowers for Dream Sprites—say, thirty to forty inches long, and a banner of crimson and gold (or equally striking combination), bearing conspicuously a big poppy, and the words, "To bed! To bed!" says Sleepy-head."

The costumes, as far as possible, should be based on the following:

The King. Velvet (or imitation) tunic of cardinal color, trimmed with black and gold; trunks or knee-breeches; long cardinal stockings; shoes and gold buckles. Long velvet (imitation) robe and train-cloak, of royal purple, trimmed with ermine; gold crown, encircled with poppy wreath; long white beard; scepter and crown-jewels.

The Sand Man. Common working-suit of a house-painter (overalls, shirt-sleeves, etc.), painter's white or striped apron, and a sand-sprinkler or flour-dredger.

Jack o' Dreams. Regular costume of a court-jester, parti-colored, with cap and bells, jester's rattle and bells.

The Dream Sprites. (Not less than six, and more, if possible—all little girls.) Pretty white dresses, gauze wings, chains of artificial flowers as above.

Dream Goblin. Red goblin suit, tight-fitting suit with wings, red skull-cap with short horns.

The Six Little Sleepy-heads. Three little boys and three little girls (the younger the better), with long white night-gowns over their clothes, the girls with night-caps.

The Dream Prince. Fancy court suit.

My Lady Fortune. Classic Grecian female costume; gold fillet in hair. Wheel, about twelve inches in diameter, from an old velocipede, made to revolve, spokes and spaces between them covered with card-board and papered in different colors.

Old Mother Goose. Short red petticoat, red stockings, slippers and silver buckles, brown or fancy over-skirt and waist, high bell-crown hat, red or purple cape, large spectacles, and broom.

The Goblin Can-and-Must. Dull brown tight-fitting suit, brown skull-cap and short horns, heavy chains on hands.

Queen of the Dollies. Any pretty fancy costume, gold crown, wand; she should have two or three prettily dressed dolls.

The Dream Princess. Fancy court dress.

The Royal Pages. Two or four small boys in fancy court suits.

The Standard-bearer. Fancifully designed semi-military suit.

The costumes may, most of them, be made of silesia, which has the effect of silk. The following ages are suggested for children taking part in the representation: KING—Stout, well-voiced boy of about sixteen; JACK O' DREAMS, SAND MAN—Boys of twelve or fourteen; GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST—Boy of thirteen; THE DREAM PRINCE—Boy of eleven or twelve; DREAM GOBLIN—Boy of twelve or thirteen; PAGES—Boys of six; STANDARD-BEARER—Boy of eight or ten; DREAM SPRITES—Girls of ten or twelve; DREAM PRINCESS, MY LADY FORTUNE, MOTHER GOOSE—Girls of ten or twelve; QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES—Girl of eight; LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS—Children of four to six.

(Appropriate music should be played between parts, or whenever a pause occurs in which music would add to the effect. Any part, for which a good singer cannot be had, may be spoken instead of sung. Should all the parts be spoken, instrumental music only would be required, and this could be performed behind the scenes.)

THE OPERETTA.

[Enter in procession the King, preceded by Standard-bearer, and followed by the Pages. Music—"Fatinitza March," or any other preferred. King stands on the platform on which the throne is raised, and faces the audience. The Standard-bearer steps back to one side, and the Pages stand on either side at the foot of the throne.]

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

A la Militaire (all salute the King).

Musical score for "A la Militaire" (all salute the King). The score is in 6/8 time, marked with a sharp sign (#). It consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part features a rhythmic melody with triplets and sixteenth notes. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics: "I am the drowsy god—Yes, I am the drow-sy ride to the Land of Nod, The dear, dreamy Land of is n't that aw-fully odd? Yes, cu-ri-ous, funny and".

KING.

1. I'm the jol-ly old King of the Realm of Dreams, The
2. My crown is a garland of pop-pies bright, That
3. Come hith-er, my hench-men bold and true, Proud

Musical score for King's second line, continuing the melody from the first line.

Espressivo.

sweet, sleep-y Land of Nod; I...
grow in the Land of Nod; And I
Knights of the Land of Nod;* For wher-

Musical score for King's fourth line, continuing the melody.

fol-low the sun-king's van-ish-ing beams, And
drive 'round the world the black Horses of Night, Or
ev-er I go, and what-ev-er I do, My

Musical score for King's sixth line, continuing the melody.

fly when his morn-ing glo-ry streams, For
sometimes a night-mare the dreamers to fright, As I
roy-al old head must be guid-ed by you; Now,

Musical score for King's eighth line, continuing the melody.

I am the drowsy god—Yes, I am the drow-sy
ride to the Land of Nod, The dear, dreamy Land of
is n't that aw-fully odd? Yes, cu-ri-ous, funny and

Musical score for King's tenth line, continuing the melody.

* [Enter—right and left—the Sand Man and Jack o' Dreams, who make, each, a low obeisance to His Majesty.]

god! But I'm King of the Night in my
Nod; And I wel-come the children, all...
odd? For what-ev-er I do, I de-

Castle of Dreams; The King of the Land of Nod!
sleepy and white, As they come to the Land of Nod.
pend upon you, Tho' I'm King of the Land of Nod.

(Use last four measures of Introduction as an Interlude.)

SAND MAN [*bowing to the King*].

I—I am the Sand Man bold!
And I'm busy as busy can be,
For I work when it's hot,
And I work when it's cold,
As I scatter my sand so free.
Close to the eyes of the children dear
I creep—and I creep; I peer—and I peer;
I peer as with barrow I plod.
Then I scatter, I scatter the sand so free,
Till the children are s-l-e-e-p-y as s-l-e-e-p-y can be.
And off we trot—the children with me—
To the King of the Land of Nod.

I—I am the Sand Man bold!
I come when the night-shades fall;
Then up to the children my barrow I roll,
And the sand fills the eyes of 'em all.
[Repeat last seven lines of first stanza.]

KING.

Scatter and plod, Sand Man odd,
You're a trusty old knight of our Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS [*bowing low to the King*].

I'm the sprightly young, lightly young, Jack o' Dreams,
And I caper the live-long night,
While my jingling bells, with their tingling swells,
Are the dear, sleepy children's delight.
For I jingle them here, into each pearly ear,
And I jingle them there again;
And the dreams come and go, and the dreams fall and
flow,
As I jingle my bells again.
And I dart, and I whirl, o'er their brains toss and twirl,
As I scatter the fancies odd;
I'm the child of the night, I'm the jolly young sprite
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

KING.

Well spoken, my henchmen, bold and true,
Proud knights of the Land of Nod;
But tell to me, Sand Man, what do you
Bring now to the Land of Nod?
Just sample the stock of your latest flock,
For the King of the Land of Nod.

SAND MAN.

O, sire! I bring to the Realm of Dreams
The *sleepiest* set of boys
That ever the sun-king's vanishing beams
Cut off from their daylight joys.
The *sleepiest*, *drowsiest*, *laziest* set
In all my travels I've met with yet;
And I've picked out three as a sample, you see,—
A sample most funny and odd,—
To show you the stock that comprises the flock
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

KING.

Ho! Fix the couches, Jack o' Dreams,
And you, O Sand Man odd,
Roll in the boys—without their noise—
For the King of the Land of Nod.

[Low music.* Jack o' Dreams arranges and smoothes down the couches, and the Sand Man returns, bringing in his wheelbarrow three little boys in their night-gowns, fast asleep. He and Jack o' Dreams lift them out gently and place them on their couches.]

KING [*who has risen to receive his guests—joyfully*].

Now nid, nid, nod, my bonny boys.
O Sand Man, it is plain
The stock you bring before your king
Your fealty proves again.
Sleep right, sleep tight, with fancies bright,
On Dream-land's pleasant sod;
The night's begun, we'll have some fun,
Says the King of the Land of Nod.
And what, O Jack o' Dreams, do you
Bring here to the Land of Nod?
Come! let us know what you have to show
To the King of the Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS.

Great King! I bring the sweetest things
That ever you looked upon;
With bangs and curls, and frills and furls—
The *rosiest*, *posiest* little girls
That ever romped or run;
The *tightest*, *brightest*, *sauciest* lot
That ever in dreams I plagued,
I could n't pick better for you—no, not
If you begged, and begged, and begged.
And of these, there are three that I wish you to see—
Three sleepers so charming and odd;
If Your Majesty please, shall I bring in these
For the King of the Land of Nod?

KING.

Ay! bring them in, young Jack o' Dreams,
And you, old Sand Man odd,

*Gottschalk's "Cradle Song" (simplified ed.); Heller's "Slumber Song"; "Swing Song," by Fontaine; "Good Night," by Loeschhorn; Lange's "Blumfied"; "Nursery Tale," by Fradel, or other selection. Or, a lady may sing "Birds in the Night," by Sullivan.

Fix the couches all for the ladies who call
On the King of the Land of Nod.

[Low music,† while Jack 'o' Dreams draws in a little wagon in which are three very little girls, in their night-gowns, fast asleep. He and the Sand Man lift them carefully out and lay them on the couches.]

KING [*in rapture, bending over each little girl in succession*].

Oh, my pink! Oh, my pet!
You're the prettiest yet!
Brave Jack o' Dreams so true,
'Tis very plain that never again
A fairer lot we'll view.

Sleep soft, sleep well, O girlies fair,
On Dream-land's pleasant sod,

While the Dream Sprites start in each young heart
For the King of the Land of Nod.

[Stands by the throne and waves his scepter.]

KING.

Cling, cling, by my scepter's swing,
By the wag of my beard so odd;
Dream Sprites small, I summon you all
To the King of the Land of Nod!

[*Enter the DREAM SPRITES, each with a chain of flowers. They glide in and out among the little sleepers, and repeat, in concert:*]

We weave, we weave our fairy chain
'Round each young heart, in each young brain,
Our dream-spell chain so sweet.
Bright Dream Sprites we, so gay and free;
We come with tripping feet, with merrily
tripping feet,

To dance on Dream-land's sod.

While we weave, we weave our fairy chain
'Round each young heart, in each young brain,
That beats and throbs in the sleepy train
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

[*Here the DREAM GOBLIN enters on tiptoe, with finger raised, and says:*]

But if some children eat too much,
Or on their backs recline;
I jump and bump on all of such,
Until they groan and whine.

'Tis not my fault, you'll all agree,—

I'm naught but a goblin, as you see,
And I dance on Dream-land's sod.

But if children *will* stuff, why—that's enough;
I know what to do, for "I'm up to snuff"

For the King of the Land of Nod.

KING.

Now weave your chains, ye Dream Sprites fair,
And call the Dreams from the misty air,—
Stand back, O Goblin odd!

Old Sand Man, scatter your sand apace,
O'er each drooping eye, on each little face;
And Jack o' Dreams, jingle your merry bells,
Till the tinkling tangle falls and swells,

While trooping from Dream-land's pleasant lanes
Come the Dreams through the ring of rosy chains;
Come the Dreams so rare through the misty air,
To the King of the Land of Nod.

Dream Sprites's weaving song:

Music composed by ANTHONY REIFF.*

Andanti.
dolce. ♩.

Come, come, come, Dreams of the mist - y

air; Come, come, come,

1st time.
Come to these chit - dren fair.

† See foot-note on page 164.

* Copyright, 1880, by Anthony Reiff.

2d time. Fine. pp

Come to these children fair. Soft and low,

Soft and low, Sing to each list'ning ear,

Sing to each list'ning ear; Fall and flow,

Fall and flow,.....

Dreams of the air, ap-pear! Here ap-pear,

Da Capo dal Segno al Fine.

Here appear, Dreams of the air, appear!

KING. Here, here, children dear!
 Now, by my scepter's swing,
 I hold you all in my mystic thrall,
 Fast bound in my fairy ring;
 Eyes bright, closed tight, rest ye on Dream-land's sod.
 As your slumbers you keep, speak the language of sleep
 To the King of the Land of Nod.

THE SIX LITTLE SLEEPY-HEADS
 [Sit up in bed, facing the audience, and nodding their heads sleepily, say, all together]:

We are Six Little Sleepy-heads just from the earth,
 To visit the Land of Nod.
 Our lessons are over, and so is our fun;
 And after our romp, and after our run,
 Right up to our beds we plod;
 And when Mamma is kissed, and prayers are said,
 Why—we drowsily, dreamily tumble in bed,
 And are off to the Land of Nod.

[Fall sleepily on their couches again.]

KING. Now raise the call, my subjects all,
 As ye gather on Dream-land's sod.
 Bid the Dreams appear, to the children here,
 And the King of the Land of Nod.

Incantation chorus; all sing:

Scherzoso. Music composed by ANTHONY REIFF.*
mp Allegretto non troppo.

Merri-ly, merri-ly here we sing, Cheeri-ly, cheeri-ly

let it ring, Ring, ring thro' the mist-y air;

Sprightly, O! lightly, O! Come at our call; Hith-er come,

Dream-land's sod, Quickly, oh, quickly we bid you come.

hith-er come, Hither come, one and all! Hith-er come,

Drowsi - ly, drow-si - ly, Crooning with buzz and hum,

hith-er come, Come to these children fair.

To the King of the Land of Nod, The King of the Land of

SECOND CHORUS.

Gliding, sliding, full of joy,

REFRAIN.

Nod Good night! Good night!

Hast-en, hast-en, girl and boy. A-sleep, a-sleep on

Says the King of the Land of Nod, Buzz-buzz,

Buzz-buzz, Says the King of the Land of Nod.

[As the buzz-buzz chorus is repeated, with nodding motion and music accompaniment, the Six Dreams silently enter and stand behind the little sleepers.]

THE DREAM PRINCE [*steps in front of first little girl*].

I'm the gallant Prince of the Fairy Isles
That float in the mists of story,
I'm the glittering Prince of the Realm of Smiles,
And I tread the paths of glory.
I call the bright flush to each eager cheek,
As my deeds are read with rapture,
And the dangers I face and the words I speak
Are certain all hearts to capture.
O! I've danced in the brains of countless girls,
As they've read with joy the story
Of my wondrous treasures of gold and pearls,
And my marvelous deeds of glory.
I'm the Prince who glitters on many a page
Of many a fairy story,
Ever young and brave, as from age to age
I reign in perennial glory;
And I come to-night at the call of my King,
To dance through *your* sleep, dream-laden,
And many a happy thought to bring
To my rare little, fair little maiden.

[Shakes his sword aloft.]

Here's my strong right arm, that shall shield from harm
This Queen of my Realm of Story;
I'm your Prince so true, and I come to you,
Filling your dreams with glory.

[Steps behind her again.]

KING.

Right gallantly spoken, my brave young Prince;
No knight of my realm has trod
More loyal than you for the pleasures true
Of the King of the Land of Nod.

MY LADY FORTUNE [*to first little boy*].

With My Lady Fortune's wheel,
Turning ever, woe or weal,
Into every life I steal,
As to you, my boy.
Listen, while I tell to you
All I'm able now to do,
If my aid you rightly sue,
For your future joy.
With my wheel, I'll turn and turn
All the joys for which you yearn—
High and leaping thoughts that burn
In your heart so bright.
Wealth and health, and honor, too,
All that's noble, brave, and true,
With my wheel I turn for you
In your dreams to-night.
But, my boy, remember this—
Guard your heart, lest Fortune's kiss
Turn your noble aims amiss
To the ditch of pride;
Wealth and health may sometimes pall;
Pride e'er goes before a fall;
With good luck be wise withal;
Never worth deride.
Fortune comes from patient heart,

Pleasures, too, from kindness start,
Luck from pluck should never part;
So, my boy, be strong!
Ever to yourself be true;
Help the needy ones who sue;
Upright be and manly, too,
Victor over wrong.

KING.

Hurrah for My Lady Fortune's Wheel!
May it turn full many a rod,
Never for woe, but ever for weal,
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE [*to second little girl*].

Over the hills and far away,
Sailing aloft on my broomstick gay,
Out from the Land of the Long Ago,
Out from the Realm of the Want to Know,
Scattering song-seeds high and low,
Travel I fast to the children.

Into your dreams I bring to-night
Snatches of song and of story bright,
Glimpses of what you know—oh, so well—
From the man who cries, "Young lambs to sell,"
To the poor drowned kitty and ding-dong-bell,
And dear old Mother Hubbard.

Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three,
The Wise Men sailing their bowl to sea,
Humpty Dumpty, the Mouse in the Clock,
Taffy the Welshman, who got such a knock,
Little Bo-Peep and her tailless flock,
And the House-that-Jack-Built jumble.

Soon from your life I fade away;
Treasure, my dear, to your latest day
The songs I've sung and the truths I've taught,
The mirth and laughter that oft I've brought,
The sense my nonsense has ever wrought,
And the blessing of Mother Goose.

KING. Dear Mrs. Goose, I'm proud to see
You here on Dream-land's sod;
And ever to you my castle is free,
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

THE GOBLIN CAN-AND-MUST [*to second little boy*].

Clank! clank! in my dungeon dank,
I live far down among chains and dust;
And I say to each girl, and I say to each boy,
I'm the grim old Goblin Can-and-Must.
When they go to bed ugly, and cross, and bad,
Leaving Mother and Father so sorry and sad,
Then I come—and I stand—and I say:

[Shaking his finger.]

Little boy, little boy, you are wrong, you are wrong
(And this is the burden of my song)
What your parents say "Do," should be easy for you,
And you *can and must* obey.

Yes, you *can and must* do right, do right;
And however you squirm and twist,

I shall come, and shall stand in your dreams at night;
 And they 'll never be happy, and never be bright,
 Until love your heart has kissed,
 And you're ready to say, on the very next day,
 My parents I *can and must* obey.
 Then away from your dreams to his chains and dust
 Will vanish the Goblin *Can-and-Must!*

KING.

You're out of place, Mr. Can-and-Must! Go
 From pleasant Dream-land's sod!
 There's not a boy—

[Here Can-and-Must shakes his head, and points to second little boy
 in proof of his statement.]

What? No?? Why! Sho!!
 Says the King of the Land of Nod.

QUEEN OF THE DOLLIES [*to third little girl*].

Little one; pretty one;
 Sleeping so sound,
 Resting so calmly on Sleepy-land's ground,
 Open your heart to a dream of delight,
 Open your dream-lids for me, dear, to-night;
 Open your dream-eyes to see what I bring,
 Open your dream-ears to hear what I sing;
 List to me, turn to me, here as I stand,
 The Queen of the Dollies
 From bright Dolly-land.

Small dreamer; wee dreamer;
 Into your heart
 Now, with my fancies and visions, I dart;
 Visions of dollies all satin and puff,
 Visions of dollies in azure and buff,
 Cloth of gold, silver thread, velvets so rare,
 Gossamer laces,—fair faces, real hair,—
 Bonnets, and bracelets, and jewels so grand,—
 Oh, sweet are the dollies
 Of bright Dolly-land.

Precious one; little one;
 Come, will you go
 Off with the Queen to the wonders she 'll show?
 Make your own heart, then, a land of delight,
 Fair with life's sunshine, with love's glances bright.
 Then shall we float, dear, in dreams soft and sweet,
 Off to the joy-gates and down the fair street—
 Into the palace and there, hand-in-hand,
 Reign both—Queens of Dollies
 In bright Dolly-land.

KING.

And I will go, too, fair Queen, with you,
 To Dolly-land's beautiful sod.
 Yes, Your Majesty bright, we will go to-night,
 Says the King of the Land of Nod.

THE DREAM PRINCESS [*to third little boy*].

Daisies and buttercups lowly bend—
 Bend for me as I pass;

For the Queen of the Dreams to this boy doth send
 His own little, sweet little lass.
 O roses bright, and violets, too,
 Rejoice as so swiftly I pass;
 I shall dance and flutter his day-dreams through—
 I'm his own little, sweet little lass.

O Powers above! In your infinite love,
 Make him gentle, and brave, and strong;
 Make him fearless and true, and manly, too,
 As Ye hasten his years along.

O Prince of the Isles of Beautiful Smiles,
 Send us pleasure and happiness rare;
 Send us favoring tides as our ship gayly glides
 Down Life's flowing river so fair.

KING.

Well, well, my brave boy, there 'll be nothing but joy
 In your pathway—so soon to be trod.
 May this sweet little lass make it all come to pass,
 Says the King of the Land of Nod.

JACK O' DREAMS [*rushing in—right*].

Great King! the Sun is on the run,
 The lamps of day to light.
 'T is time to go,—Oho! oho!
 With the vanishing shades of night.
 Dismiss your court, break off your sport,
 'T is time that your way you trod
 Around Cape Horn, ere day is born,
 To the opposite Land of Nod.

SAND MAN [*rushing in—left*].

Too true, too true! Great King, for you
 The horses of night I've hitched
 To your chariot grand, and a fresh load of sand
 Into my barrow I've pitched.
 So, let us be off! Be off! be off!
 To China's celestial sod;
 To hold the court, and renew the sport,
 Of the King of the Land of Nod.

[Spirited music—"Racquet Galop," Simmons; "Full of Joy
 Galop," Fabrbach; "Boccaccio March"; or other selection.]

KING [*rising*].

Gather and plod, gather and plod;
 Up and away from the Land of Nod.

SAND MAN AND JACK O' DREAMS [*together*].

Goblins, sprites, and dreamy ring,
 Gather, gather, 'round your King,
 Here on Dream-land's sod.
 'Round the world we now must go,
 Ere the Sun his face doth show
 In this Land of Nod.

[All the characters form in circle around the children and, all except-
 ing the King, sing or repeat together.]

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

KING [*from his throne, using music of first song*].

I'm the jolly old King of the Realm of Dreams,
The sweet, sleepy Land of Nod.
But I fly from the Sun-king's morning beams,
To the Kingdom of Night and the Castle of Dreams
Far away in the Land of Nod,
In the Chinaman's Land of Nod;
For I'm no good at all when the sunlight streams—
I am King of the Land of Nod!

[Descends from the throne.]

Gather 'round me, henchmen bold and true,
Proud knights of the Land of Nod,
Bear your monarch away 'round the world with you.

[To the children.]

God-speed ye, dear children! Whatever you do,
Come again to the Land of Nod.
Wake, boys! and wake, girls! here 's the day shining
through,
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

[All pass off in procession, Standard-bearer leading, followed by the King and his Pages, Sand Man, Jack o' Dreams, Dream Sprites, Dreams, and Goblins. As they move off, they sing in chorus the following:]

Good-bye song; use the music of the "Incantation Chorus"; see pages 166 and 167.

TO THE CHILDREN—*Softly.*

Chil- dren dear, Sleeping here. Fare you, fare you
Pleasures bright Round you light, Happy chil- dren

TO THE KING. *f*

well! Might-y King, Break the ring
all. Might-y King, Break the ring

TO THE CHILDREN.

Of this magic spell, Nid no more, Nod no more,
Of sleep's mystic thrall.

All raise arms. ff

Here on Dream-land's sod. Wake! wake! the

Tra-la-la; la-la-la; soft and slow,
Singing merrily, now we go,
Off through the misty air.
Waken, O little ones!—here is the dawn;
Wake, with the flush of the rosy morn
Tinging each cheek so fair.

Soft we go, slow we go, now farewell;
Dreamers, awake, we break the spell,
Haste ye from Dream-land's sod;
Good night! Good morning! say King and court,
Rouse ye, O children! waken to sport—
Farewell to the Land of Nod.

Good-bye! Good-bye!
Says the King of the Land of Nod;
Good-bye! Good-bye!
Says the King of the Land of Nod.

[When the last strains of the good-bye song die away, and all is quiet, the Six Little Sleepy-heads begin to stir and stretch. Low music,—“Nursery Tale,” by Fradel; or “Blumlied,” by Lange,—during which the Six Little Sleepy-heads sit up on the edge of their couches, rub their eyes, finally become wide awake, and then cry out all together:]

Oh!—oh! What a beautiful dream! What a—why!
See all the people! Why, where are we? Oh!
Mamma! Mamma!

[All run off hastily.]

[CURTAIN.]

spell we break Of the King of the Land of Nod.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE summer sun has gone, my young folk, and the autumn has blazed itself out. Now it 's the snow's turn. See how it comes in a merry white dance to the warm and happy, and in cold nipping blasts to the poor and sorrowful! It 's a good thing that glowing hearts can warm the earth and drive away shadows (the Deacon says he has seen them do it, for that matter, with a helping word, or an old shawl, or a pair of shoes, or a gift of something in the way of food or fuel). Soon the air will be alive with the ringing of Christmas bells. My, what a world it is! Most of the birds and all the flowers, hereabout, have said "good-bye" or gone into the houses; as for the trees, there are the brave old evergreens—and — Eh?

Bless my stars! What will the dear Little School-ma'am tell me next! She says we've a lovely and curious winter-tree that lasts only a few hours. It bears a great many sorts of "fruit," and does n't stand in the open air, as ordinary trees do, but it is housed securely from the cold.

This tree looks dismal, she says, as long as any inquisitive boys and girls happen to be in sight; but when they are safely out of the way, it cheers up wonderfully, and begins to bear fruit at once. As soon as the fruit is ripe and ready, the tree is shut up in the dark, and no one goes near it.

By and by, when the children are gathered in the next room, where the lights burn dim and only whispers are heard, the doors between are thrown open, and there stands the tree, no longer dismal, but with a bright bud of flame on every bough, and its arms loaded down with—well, my expectant ones, you will know very soon, Jack hopes. Meantime, we 'll talk about

MISTLETOE AND HOLLY.

A CHEERY-HEARTED Englishman sends Jack this letter, from Connecticut, which I am sure is in-

tended for some of you young folk; just read it over, my holiday-ites, and see if it is not:

"On Christmas-eve, when the curtains are drawn close, and the lamps are lit, and the happy home-folk are gathered before a blazing fire in the open grate, and are telling stories or thinking kindly of absent dear ones, it is pleasant to glance at the pretty greens in festoons along the walls, twined over the chandeliers and wreathed about hanging portraits and pictures, with red holly-berries peeping out cheerfully here and there, and a bunch of graceful mistletoe-sprays and white berries spread out over the door. This I remember seeing in England, where most of the homes as well as the churches are decorated at Christmas-time. But in America the custom is not so general; yet it is very pretty, and, once tried by any who have been strangers to it, it surely will be continued.

"Evergreens are very plentiful in America. Holly grows here abundantly, and, although it is not so beautiful as its English cousin, and its berries are not so bright, still its glossy leaves are very handsome, and the little red balls nestle cheerily among them.

"ST. NICHOLAS told us in December, 1878, about the mistletoe, its history, and the customs connected with it, and how it is gathered in Normandy and sent to England, whence some of it comes to English people here. But there is no need to send across the water for mistletoe, I 'm sure; for it grows here, from New Jersey and Illinois to as far south as Mexico, and is as lovely as the European kind, although some shades lighter. Your Texas youngsters, dear Jack, can easily find all the mistletoe they can possibly want, chiefly on the mesquite bushes."

GLOVES.

WHAT queer fashions there were in the olden times! Why, Deacon Green lately remarked in my hearing that, in the days of "Good Queen Bess," fashionable folk in England wore gloves that were scented and had air-holes in the palms!

Just as if the hands needed to breathe!

"And, before that time," said he, "in the reign of Richard of the Lion's Heart, gloves were ornamented with jewels at the hand and embroidery at the top. And, still earlier, five pairs of gloves were paid yearly to King Ethelred II., as a large part of a tribute for protecting German traders in England. Gloves were worth a good deal then, you may be sure. But they were worn even before that, for the Greek Xenophon wrote down, as a solemn piece of history, that 'Cyrus, King of Persia, once went without his gloves.'"

I suppose the king was obliged to wear them nearly all the time, poor fellow!

"And this very Christmas," added the Deacon, gently, "there will be many children poor and small, besides old, old people, who will have no gloves, nor even mitts, to keep their hands warm, unless some industrious, tender-hearted girl-knitters attend to the matter."

THE "SNOW-SNAKE" GAME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In snow-time the Indians near my home have a queer sport or practice, which your boys and girls may like to imitate. These Indians take a stick, eight or nine feet long and a little more than an inch thick, and shave it down to half an inch, excepting at one end, where they leave a kind of pointed knob. On this thick part they put strips of lead, to make the end heavy.

When complete, as I have tried to describe it, the snake is held by its thin end and thrown along the slippery tracks made by sleighs in the road, or over a clear space of crisp snow-crust, or on the ice of some lake or river. It slips away and away until it is almost out of sight, and you think it never will stop; and as it slides over uneven surfaces, its up-and-down, wave-like motion gives it the appearance of a snake gliding swiftly along over the snow; hence its name.

The Indians try who can make their pet "snakes" slide farthest, some one going with the umpire to send the queer things skimming back to the players. Messages slipped into covered grooves can be sent in snow-snakes across long stretches of ice too thin to bear a boy's weight, or hurled along a road from house to house, and so save time and labor, besides making fun of the kind that warms you.

Yours truly,

A. C. H.



ONCE there were two sun-flow-ers who lived in a gar-den. One of them knew the lit-tle girl who lived next door; but the oth-er did not care for any-thing but the sun. The friend-ly sun-flow-er oft-en leaned o-ver the fence and bowed to the lit-tle girl. It was so tall, that she could not reach it, e-ven if she stood on her tip-toes; but it some-times would put one of its broad leaves o-ver the fence like a hand, and the lit-tle girl would shake it, and say, with a laugh:

“Good morn-ing, dear old Bright-face!”

One day she said:

“Would you like to know my dol-ly?”

The sun-flow-er nod-ded; so the lit-tle girl reached up as high as she could, and held up her dol-ly to be kissed. And they were all three ver-y hap-py.

Then the big-gest sun-flow-er nudged the oth-er, and said:

“How fool-ish you are! Why do you not al-ways look at the sun, as I do?”

Poor thing! It did not know how bright a lit-tle girl's face can be.

KITTY AND DODO.

BY W. S. H.

OH! Kitty and Sir Dodo
Went out to take a ride;
And Dodo sat upon the seat,
With Kitty by his side.
Now Kitty had a bonnet on,
All trimmed with ostrich feathers;
And Dodo had pink ribbons hung
Upon the bridle leathers.

And Kitty wore a blue silk dress
With ninety-seven bows;
And Dodo's coat had buttons fine
Sewed on in double rows.
And Kitty had a parasol
Of yellow, white, and red;
And Dodo wore a jaunty cap
Upon his curly head.

Says Dodo to Miss Kitty :
 "Where shall we drive to-day?"
 "Just where you please," says Kitty ;
 "I'm sure you know the way."
 Now Dodo had a famous whip,
 That glistened in the sun,
 And when he cracked the silken lash
 It made the horses run.
 "Oh, my !" said timid Kitty,
 "I fear they 'll run away."
 "Don't be afraid," said Dodo,
 "I can hold them any day."
 Sweet flowers were blooming all
 around,
 The birds sang soft and low,
 While, in the west, the setting sun
 Set all the sky aglow.
 Says Dodo to Miss Kitty :
 "You are my pet and pride.
 I love to go a-driving,
 With Kitty by my side."
 And then says happy Dodo :

"I know a lovely street
 Where we can get some good ice-
 cream
 And strawberries to eat."
 "How charming !" says Miss Kitty ;
 "I'm sure I'm fond of cream,
 But of eating ice and strawberries,
 I never yet did dream."
 With that he smoothed the lap-robe
 up,—
 'T was made of leopard's skin,—
 And put his arm around the seat
 And tucked Miss Kitty in,
 And said, "I hope, Miss Kitty,
 Your pretty feet are warm?"
 "Oh, thank you !" said Miss Kitty ;
 "I think they 'll take no harm."
 Thus Dodo and Miss Kitty
 Enjoyed their pleasant ride,
 Likewise the cream and straw-
 berries ;
 And came home side by side.



THE LETTER-BOX.

The beautiful engraving which forms the frontispiece of the present number, is a copy of a painting made more than three hundred years ago by the great painter, Leonardo da Vinci. An interesting account of his life will be given to our readers in the course of the series of articles to be begun next month, entitled "Stories of Art and Artists." It is enough to say here, therefore, that he was one of the greatest men of all time, being not only a great painter, but also a distinguished sculptor, architect, engineer, and man of science.

The picture from which our frontispiece was made, representing the Madonna receiving a lily from the hand of the infant Jesus, is one of Da Vinci's best, and was painted in his later years.

The supply of good things prepared for this Christmas number was so great that, in order to make room, it was decided to print no illustrations to either of the serial stories in this special issue, beyond the little diagrams given. All subsequent installments, however, throughout the volume, will be carefully illustrated.

Here are a few curious "moral stories," which some ambitious boys would do well to take to heart:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About the last place you would look for a good moral story would be in the advertising columns of a morning paper, but the other day I found a number there. All were short, only one chapter of two or three lines, but they told what kind of heroes the real world wanted, and that is my idea of a moral story.

For instance, one merchant wanted an "Intelligent boy." How very unromantic that merchant was! Not a suggestion about the necessity of the hero owning a revolver, being called "chief," or having seen an Indian. Such qualifications might weigh in a "dime novel" series, but there is no demand for them in the advertising columns. Ready wits and bright eyes are wanted. Next I read a most interesting story, with an excellent moral. "Wanted—Boy from 15 to 17. Apply in own handwriting." The hero of this story was a boy who wrote a good hand and spelled correctly.

"Boy wanted who can set type and make ready on Gordon press." This means that "knacks" and knowledge are worth dollars and cents. The hero of this story had learned to do something useful.

"Wanted,—a smart boy; must write a good hand, and come well recommended." Did you ever know a great moral story to turn out better than that? Natural ability, knowledge, and character, all recognized, sought for, and rewarded!

Such are the young heroes of real life, as faithfully pictured by the demands of the hour.

J. W. S.

The tale of "Golden-hair," in the November number, was credited, by oversight, to Mrs. C. D. Robinson; but that lady only forwarded the manuscript for the author, Hon. Jeremiah Curtin. For some years, he was member of the American Embassy in Russia, and while there he took down this and other curious folk-stories from the lips of Russian peasants.

We feel sure that all our readers will appreciate the beautiful setting Mr. Brennan has given to the ballad of "The Miller of Dee." As the poem is a good one for recitation, however, we here reprint it, in a form convenient for reading aloud, or learning by heart.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

BY EVA L. OGDEN.

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
On the sea-blue depths of the sky,
When the Miller of Dee
With his Children three,
On his fat red horse rode by.

"Whither away, O Miller of Dee?
Whither away so late?"
Asked the Toll-man old, with cough and sneeze
As he passed the big toll-gate.

But the Miller answered him never a word,
Never a word spake he.
He paid his toll and he spurred his horse,
And rode on with his Children three.

"He's afraid to tell!" quoth the old Toll-man.
"He's ashamed to tell!" quoth he.
"But I'll follow you up and find out where
You are going, O Miller of Dee!"

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
Nearing the shore of the sky,
When, with cough and wheeze,
And hands on his knees,
The old Toll-man passed by.

"Whither away, O Toll-man old?
Whither away so fast?"
Cried the Milk-maid who stood at the farm-yard bars
When the Toll-man old crept past.

The Toll-man answered her never a word;
Never a word spake he.
Scant breath had he at the best to chase
After the Miller of Dee.

"He wont tell where!"
Said the Milk-maid fair,
"But I'll find out!" cried she,
And away from the farm,
With her pail on her arm,
She followed the Miller of Dee.

The Parson stood in his cap and gown,
Under the old oak-tree.
"And whither away with your pail of milk,
My pretty Milk-maid?" said he;
But she hurried on with her brimming pail,
And never a word spake she

"She wont tell where!" the Parson cried.
"It's my duty to know," said he.
And he followed the Maid who followed the Man
Who followed the Miller of Dee.

After the Parson, came his Wife,
The Sexton he came next.
After the Sexton the Constable came,
Troubled and sore perplex.

After the Constable, two Ragged Boys,
To see what the fun would be;
And a little Black Dog, with only one eye,
Was the last of the Nine who, with groan and sigh,
Followed the Miller of Dee.

Night had anchored the moon
Not a moment too soon
Under the lee of the sky;
For the wind it blew,
And the rain fell, too,
And the River of Dee ran high.

He forded the river, he climbed the hill,
He and his Children three;
But wherever he went they followed him still,
That wicked Miller of Dee!

Just as the clock struck the hour of twelve,
The Miller reached home again;
And when he dismounted and turned, behold!
Those who had followed him over the world
Came up in the pouring rain.

Splashed and spattered from head to foot,
Muddy and wet and draggled,
Over the hill and up to the mill,
That wretched company straggled.

They all stopped short; and then out spake
The Parson; and thus spake he:
"What do you mean by your conduct to-night,
You wretched Miller of Dee?"

"I went for a ride, a nice cool ride,
I and my Children three;
For I took them along as I always do,"
Answered the Miller of Dee.

"But you, my Friends, I would like to know
Why you followed me all the way?"
They looked at each other—"We were out for a walk,
A nice cool walk!" said They.

"MEISTER FICK-FECK," the curious story printed in this number, has never appeared before in English. The author writes: "It is not a translation, but one of the lesser-known legends of the Rhine country, often told to little children, and I heard it from my German neighbors during a two-years' stay among them."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a true little story, which your other readers may like to hear:

Little fatherless Willie lived with his young mother far from their "fatherland," among strangers; yet of these the merry little fellow soon made friends. One day a new toy was given him by one of these friends,—a tin man upon horseback, gayly painted. Willie was charmed with this plaything; he hugged it in his arms, horse and all, by way of rest from the exercise of riding. By and by he sat down on the floor, holding his treasure before him with both hands; and looking earnestly at it, he said, fondly:

"He has his fader's eyes! He has his fader's eyes!" Willie had heard these words often from his mother's lips, with a loving gaze at himself; so he petted his tin darling the same way. E.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our cousin Alice has framed the photographs of the whole family in a curious and very pretty way. She

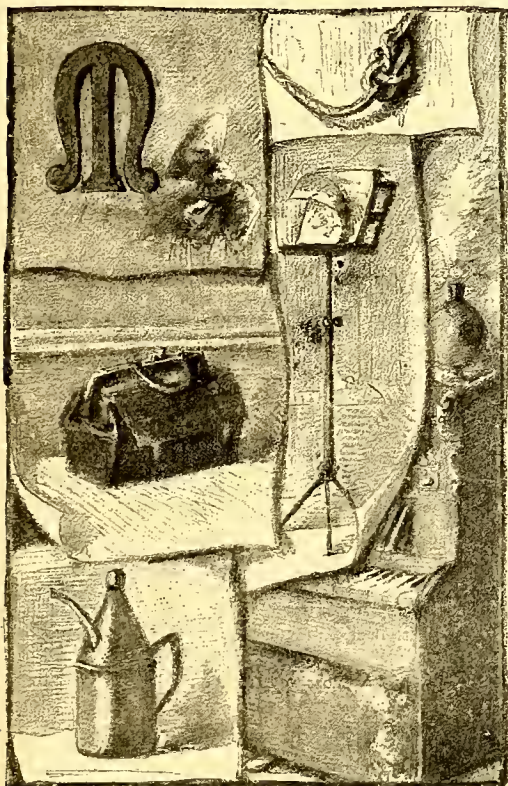
cut out frames of the proper sizes from sheets of perforated cardboard of different colors, and pasted these frames in layers one above another, the wider ones underneath. In most cases the frames have one general outline, but in one or two the form is varied a little, so as to bring out better the color of some one layer. A few of the frames she has touched up here and there with bright oil-colors; and others she has worked over, in vine patterns, with brilliant worsteds.

In a short letter we cannot tell you exactly how Cousin Alice makes these pretty frames. But these rough hints may help some girl who is in a quandary as to what useful thing she should make for a Christmas or New Year gift.—Truly yours, BESS AND ANN.

OUTDOOR GAMES AND SPORTS.—(M. O. CUNNINGHAM AND MANY OTHERS:) Here is a list of some numbers of ST. NICHOLAS in which are descriptions of good and lively open-air games and sports for boys and girls: "Japanese Games"; January, 1874—"Hare and Hounds"; October, 1877—"Snow-ball Warfare"; January, 1880—"Snow-sports"; February, 1880—"Kite-time," telling how to make and manage all kinds of kites; March, 1880—"Kite-cutting," a Mexican and Cuban game; April, 1880—"Small-boats: How to Rig and Sail them"; September, 1880—"Lacrosse"; November, 1880—"Quintain"; "Letter-box," November, 1880.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PROVERB REBUS.



The proverb should be borne in mind when filling Christmas bags.

CONCEALED BIRDS.

1. "IS THERE a glen on your estate, Reginald?" 2. He travels both day and night; in gale and in sunshine. 3. "If the baby is asleep,

lay her on the bed." 4. James wanted to go fishing last Friday. 5. "How can you call Ralph awkward?" 6. With encouragement, she would be an excellent pianist. 7. Henry IV. of France was a popular king. 8. The house was flaming on all sides. 9. "Your fine fowls have all gone to roost, Richard." 10. "Oh, Fernando, do not frighten my birds!" 11. Place the red over the gray, to form a pleasing contrast. 12. "Fill the pipe with bark of willow." 13. "Faint the hollow murmur rings, o'er meadow, lake, and stream." 14. "'Tis the break of day and we must away." L. T. S.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in call, but not in hear;
My second in doe, but not in deer;
My third is in fowl, but not in bird;
My fourth is in sheep, but not in herd;
My fifth is in earl, but not in king;
My sixth is in whirl, but not in swing.
And my whole—your surely ought to know it—
Is the name of a famous English poet.

MAUD.

A DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

For older Puzzlers.

ALL the characters referred to are to be found in Charles Dickens's novels.

PRIMALS: A retired army officer who boasts of being "Tough, sir!"
FINALS: A school-boy, addicted to drawing skeletons.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of a woman who apparently spends all her time washing greens. 2. A name sometimes used in derision of Mrs. Cruncher by her husband. 3. The Christian name of a shy young girl, whom Mr. Lammle tries to induce "Fascination Fledgeby" to marry. 4. The surname of a friend of Mr. Guppy's, who, contrary to the proverb, does not "grow apace." 5. The surname of an eccentric old lady with a great dislike for donkeys. 6. The nickname given to the father of Herbert Pocket's wife. 7. The surname of a genial old fellow, who, having lost his right hand, used a hook in its place. 8. The name of an interesting family who lodged in the house with Newman Noggs.

W.

NUMERICAL OMISSIONS.

MY whole is composed of eleven letters and is a garden cress. Omit 1-2-3-4-5-6 and leave herbage. Omit 7-8-9-10-11 and leave a spice.

W. H.

THREE EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. ALWAYS in doubt. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A city of northern Italy. 4. Large. 5. In tone.

II. 1. In panther. 2. An intelligent animal. 3. A kind of quadruped, noted for its keen sense of smell. 4. An animal that is seldom called "old," no matter how great its age may be. 5. In badger.

III. 1. In lawsuits. 2. A useful animal. 3. A name borne by many kings of France. 4. Sense. 5. In stall.

P+X.

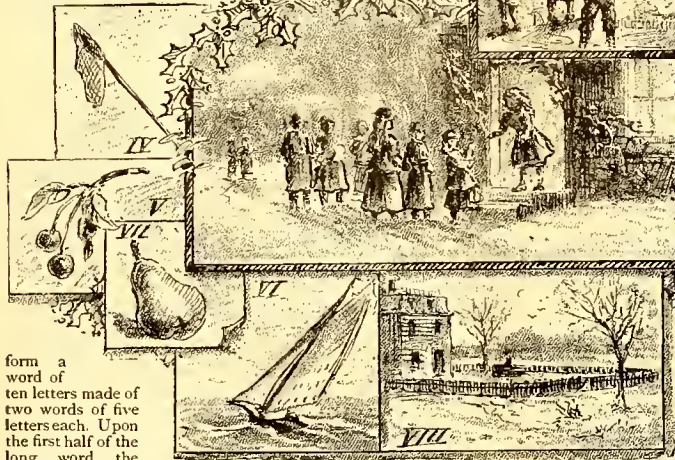
PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer consists of eight words, and is suggested by the two larger pictures in the accompanying illustration. It is a salutation much heard during the present season. The key-words are not defined in the usual way, but are represented by pictures, each of which refers by a Roman numeral to its own set of Arabic numerals given in the statement of the puzzle. Thus: "III. 28-14-13" indicates that the twenty-eighth, fourteenth, and thirteenth letters of the answer, Y-A-M, spell a word which describes the picture bearing the Roman numeral III.

- I. 11-27-1-17. II. 2-16-22. III. 28-14-13. IV. 25-3-12. V. 7-20-56-5-9-10-29-15. VI. 24-30-7-8-12. VII. 23-3-19-4. VIII. 6-21-31-18.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

THE central letters of this puzzle reading across,



form a word of ten letters made of two words of five letters each. Upon the first half of the long word, the Left-hand Diamond is based; and upon the other half is based the Right-hand Diamond.

CENTRALS ACROSS: A protection to a harbor. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND, (across). 1. In doubt. 2. Metal. 3. An interruption. 4. To

corrode. 5. In knight. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND, (across). 1. In write. 2. A fixed regulation. 3. The luster of a diamond. 4. Moist. 5. In roads.

THREE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

I. THE barrel of 1-2-3 which my son 4-5-6-7 placed 8-9 the barn, has been wrapped in the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 which he is going to use for covering the hatches of his boat.

II. The 1-2-3-4 asked her daughter 5-6-7-8, who was moping in the 9-10-11-12, twilight, to read from the history of England the part referring to the decapitation of 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8 9-10-11-12.

III. The rude boy, on nearing the hive, took a piece of 1-2-3-4, dripping with honey, and flung it 5-6 the bees, who then flew at him and stung him so badly, that he was hardly 7-8-9-10 to reach home. His right to attack them, the bees evidently considered a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 one.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE PRIMALS and finals spell a name which is dear to all children. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to schools. 2. Happening by chance. 3. One of the United States. 4. A living picture. 5. Nameless.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

HIDDEN ANIMALS. 1. Elephant. 2. Camel. 3. Horse. 4. Kangaroo. 5. Giraffe. 6. Ape.

DIAMOND IN A RHOMBOID. W A I T S
S T R I P
S I L A S
P A R E S
S E T O N

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Nashville—Tennessee. Cross-words: 1. Nantucket I. 2. Adelaide E. 3. Sweden. 4. Hebron N. 5. Venice E. 6. Indianapolis. 7. Lyon S. 8. Lucerne E. 9. Erie E.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Infancy—Manhood. EASY PROVERB-REBUS. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear. — RHYMED ANAGRAMS. Harvest time.

INVERTED PYRAMID. ACROSS: 1. Sheared. 2. Ended. 3. Dad. 4. M. — QUOTATION PUZZLE. Thanksgiving.

CONCEALED SQUARE-WORDS. I. 1. Sand. 2. Aver. 3. Nero. 4. Drop. II. 1. Phase. 2. Hovel. 3. Avoid. 4. Scine. 5. Elder. HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. 1. Mermaid. 2. St. Ern. 3. URn. 4. C. 5. Fun. 6. KoRan. 7. PapYrus.

CHARADE. Blue-stocking. METAMORPHOSES. I. Black. 1. Clack. 2. Crack. 3. Track. 4. Trick. 5. Trice. 6. Trite. 7. Write. 8. White. II. Lead. 1. Load. 2. Goad. 3. Gold. III. Happy. 1. Harpy. 2. Harps. 3. Warps. 4. Wards. 5. Words. 6. Wordy. 7. Worry. 8. Sorry. IV. Hill. 1. Hall. 2. Hale. 3. Vale. V. Bush. 1. Bust. 2. Best. 3. Beet. 4. Feet. 5. Fret. 6. Free. 7. Tree. VI. Summer. 1. Bummer. 2. Bumper. 3. Bumped. 4. Dumped. 5. Damped. 6. Dampier. 7. Hamper. 8. Harper. 9. Harder. 10. Harden. 11. Garden. VII. Seed. 1. Seen. 2. Sewn. 3. Sown. 4. Soon. 5. Coon. 6. Corn. — CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Boot-black.

THE names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

SOLUTIONS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from Beatrice C. B. Sturgis, Hanover, 4—Barclay A. Scovil, 2. — The numerals denote number of puzzles solved.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from "Dycie," 11—Robert E. Salter, Jr., 6—F. W. Blodgett, 2—Henry and Charles, 12—Shack, 1—Grace E. Hopkins, 12—T. A. B. and Belle Baldwin, 4—Alice H. Paddock, 3—"Georgia and Lee," 10—Henrietta Howard, 2—James Tredell, 1—"Bluebells," 6—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Alice F. Brooks, 10—M. A. B., 11—O. C. Turner, 12—Lizzie C. Fowler, 8—"Suzette," 4—M. W. Carson, 1—John Pyne, 12—R. T. L., 9—Joseph A. Kellogg, 12—"Stowe Family," 11—"Saffer," 8—Bessie Taylor, 7—G. A. Lyon, Jr., 4—P. S. Clarkson, 12—"X. Y. Z.," 6—Tulphochen, 12—Katy Fleming, 9—"The Blanke Family," 12—Maria C., 10—Ella L. Bryan, 4—F. H. Roper, 12—Evelyn F. Shattuck, 12—Alice Maud Kyte, 12—Carrie F. Doane, 3—Sadie A. Beers and Mary J. Hull, 9—"Margaretta," 2—Bella Wehl, 2—G. H. and T. Richmond, 11—G. L. C., 12—Eddie B. Coburn, 5—Philip Sidney Carlton, 6—"Carol and her sisters," 9—"Trailing Arbutus," 3—William F. Mandeville, 4—Mamie and Mac Gordon, 4—Thomas Mullaney, 2—Ellie and Corrie, 7—Edward Vultee, 10—Richard Stockton, 7—"Sid and I," 9.



*"We thought we almost saw them
Looking at us through the light,
Disappearing in the light." . . . Page 203.*

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 3.

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THE WRONG PROMISE.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"WELL! At last Christmas has really come!"

"Oh, Kitty! Have you seen Santa Claus?" asked six-year-old Nell, thinking, from her sister's tone, that she certainly had let the children's saint in at the front door.

"Not exactly; but he has sent something—a big——"

"A tree! A tree!" screamed both Nell and George.

"Yes, a tree; and now all that's left is for mother to dress it, and I'm to help her."

As Katy pronounced these last words, she seemed to grow taller before the children. They stared with wonder, and she bore her honors anything but meekly, looking provokingly self-satisfied, and with an "I'm-so-much-bigger-than-you" air that George, who was nearly nine, "only wished she were a boy, so's he could thrash her."

"Yes, I'm to help! That is, if you look after Jenny and the baby" (George at once resolved that Baby should have a trying time); "and if you both will be very good and keep the little ones amused, I'll——"

Kate paused.

"What'll you do?" asked Nell, eagerly, while George mentally held the baby balanced between a state of rapture and one of anguish. Kate looked cautiously around.

"I'll let you two see the tree to-night!"

To tell the truth, this was a very sudden resolution of Kate's. She could not think in an instant what to promise. Her pocket-money had all gone for card-board, worsteds, and the etceteras of Christmas work. Apples, her great resource, had failed of

late, and in her eager desire for a free time she made a promise which she knew was wrong. But, if wrong, it was very successful. Nell's face may have looked doubtful, but George, the great enemy of peace, was evidently gained over. Baby was sure to be whistled to and "jounced," instead of teased and tormented.

It was the custom in the Reade family to have the Christmas tree on Christmas morning, because then the little ones were bright and able to enjoy it fully. Besides, as Mrs. Reade argued, they then had the day before them for enjoying the presents, instead of having to go to bed in a state of excitement and impatience for the morning.

"Tate, Mamma's doin' to bring'er baby down wight away!" said Jenny, marching in with her apron full of kittens. It was clear that the household was upset, or Jenny's kittens would not have been allowed in the sitting-room. The tree was to be in the nursery, and so, for that day, all the children were to stay down-stairs.

"Here, Kate," said Mrs. Reade, coming in with Baby in her arms, "here's the darling; get them all happy and contented, and then you may come upstairs."

It was wonderful what a sudden turn for Kindergarten pleasures, of the very simplest kind, George developed. He rolled balls about the room, and was so attractive that even Jenny forgot her pets and joined in the game. Kate slipped off, delighted with her success.

"That was a lucky thought," she said to herself, complacently, and then soon forgot promise, Baby, and all, in the delight of hanging cornucopias,

climbing the step-ladder, and balancing the Christ-child on the very top of the tree.

As for the mother,—like all mothers,—she loved her children, if possible, a little more than ever, as she hung the presents which had been obtained through much self-denial and patience on her part. It was very delightful to sit down and look on, instead of doing all the work herself; and as Kate's eyes danced with pleasure while she hung up George's sled and Nell's new muff, never seeming to notice the utter lack of anything for herself, the mother felt as if this eldest daughter was the jewel of all.

"I have n't heard a quarrelsome word nor a scream," she said, after an hour or two of busy work. "Just step to the door, Katy, girl, and make sure all is right."

As Kate opened the door, a peal of merry laughter sounded from the room below.

"That 's answer enough, is n't it, Mother?"

"You must have bewitched them, Kate," said Mrs. Reade,—“given them some of your own good temper, my dear little daughter.”

Kate was tying on the oranges, and we all know how bothersome that part of the dressing must be; perhaps that was why her face flushed and she did not give her mother the grateful look which usually repaid Mrs. Reade for words of praise. But the mother did not miss the look; her thoughts had gone on to the other children, to the boy whose teasing ways gave her so much trouble, and Kate seemed so grown up and womanly that Mrs. Reade spoke out her thoughts, as if to an older friend.

"George is a trying boy; he vexes you often, I know, Kate, and his father, too. Still, we must have patience; almost all boys tease their sisters, and if only he is truthful and upright, doing no sly, deceitful things, I don't mind the teasing; he will learn a truer manliness by and by. The boy is kind-hearted, after all; but, Katy, I am so afraid lest George should learn to be—to be—not exactly upright and truthful!"

Mrs. Reade's tone was so anxious that Katy forgot her oranges for a moment, and, flinging herself at her mother's feet for a rest (perhaps, too, to take in the general effect of the tree from a little distance), said, rather absently: "Oh, George is truthful enough; he despises lying."

"Yes; but have you noticed the difference between Nell and George? You remember about the citron-cake, don't you?"

"Yes, Mother, but George owned that he had taken it."

"Yes; but Nell was so hurt that any one could think she would be so mean as to take a thing slyly. 'If I took it at all, I'd take it when you were looking, Mother,' she said, and I believe the child spoke

truly,—she *might* disobey, but she never would tell a falsehood about it. She is the soul of honor."

What is the matter? Somehow the tree is not half so beautiful in Kate's eyes as it was. She tries to get up her interest again, and laughs and jokes, hailing Aunt May's entrance with delight, for she feels that she cannot bear any more of this confidential talk. Nell the soul of honor!

The startled, doubtful look in the child's face is explained. Kate is sure, now, that Nell will take no peep at the Christmas tree, and she is quite as sure that she herself will be mean and deceitful if she keeps her promise to George. Something must be done. A happy thought strikes her.

"Mother," she says, "the tree is all finished so early—wont you have it to-night, instead of to-morrow morning? The Tracys, and Campbells, and Manns all have theirs to-night."

"To-night! The tree to-night? Why, Kate, child, have you forgotten your Christmas-eve party, at Mary Mann's, which you have talked of for a month past? Besides, your father is kept so late at the store to-night, you know, that we could n't keep the children up."

No, it was impossible; and Kate, to forget her anxiety and quiet her conscience, went down to the children. The moment she opened the door, George sprang up, saying, in a cautious undertone:

"Are you through? When are we to see?"

With her mother's words in her mind, the boy's tone was painful to Kate.

"We're all through," she said, with a poor attempt at dignity; "but, George" (with sudden desperation, as she noted his eager expression), "can't I buy off from my promise?"

The boy scowled angrily. "I should think not! Here I've been playing nurse for two hours and more, besides keeping Jenny quiet! No; you promised, and I must get a look, unless—" said George, always ready to seize an advantage, and feeling sure he was suggesting something impossible—"you'd give me your skates instead."

To his surprise, Kate did not laugh at the idea—she neither accepted nor refused his offer. Baby, tired from his busy play, was dropping asleep, and in five minutes George had gone out to the street, Jenny had wandered into the kitchen, and only Nell and Kate were left in the room.

"You don't care to look, do you?" said Kate, feeling fairly ashamed to ask the sturdy little woman such a question.

"I was n't going to," was the short reply.

"What does she think of me?" thought Kate; and anxious to raise herself in Nell's eyes, she tried to explain matters.

"I really did n't think, Nell, how mean it was,

and now I don't want to show George—it's bad for him—but I can't help it! Unless——"

Kate paused—the alternative was too dreadful. Kate's one ambition for the last year had been a pair of club-skates; though, as she often said, how she ever came to hope for them was strange, as she knew very well that her parents, with their limited means, could never spare the money for such extravagance. But, most unexpectedly, it happened that Kate's godmother, whom she never saw and

All this has taken time to tell, but Nell, as her sister paused, said quietly, and as if it were a very easy matter:

"He said he'd take the skates instead."

Kate fairly writhed. So Nell had heard?

"I know; but, Nell,—my skates!"

It was a tone that a mother might have used in speaking of parting from her child, and the distress was so deep that even Nell, who was not so warm-hearted or impulsive as Kate, felt sorry for her sister.

"I wish I could get you another pair. Oh, I'll tell you! I'll ask Santa Claus!"

Now it happened that so far Nell's little wants had all been within the compass of her parents' means, so, having received what she had asked for, she had most implicit faith in Santa Claus. Kate envied the little girl's faith—it would have made her sacrifice so much easier.

"Daughter," called her mother at this moment, "put on your things and take this note to the store, and wait for an answer."

Here was a respite. Delighted at the prospect of a walk down Broadway, the girl hurried off. She grew so interested in the Christmas show-windows, besides meeting two or three of her school friends whose chat diverted her mind, that by the time she reached the store



GEORGE ENTERTAINS THE BABY.

who had never given her even a christening present, had suddenly awakened to a sense of what (in most cases) is expected of godmothers, and on Kate's birthday, which came in October, had sent five dollars to be spent on "something that would give the child pleasure." Kate overlooked the term "child" in her delight at owning the wherewithal for the coveted skates. They had been bought at once, and only twice since had the ice been strong enough for Kate to use them; but again and again had she put them on. George, too, had been allowed to prove that they fitted him quite as well as they fitted Kate. And now, either she must cheat and lead George astray, or give up those precious skates! She could not do it!

she had quite forgotten George and her promise, and felt quite cheerful and bright again. She stepped up to her father, who, instead of looking bright and cheerful, was standing talking hurriedly to some gentlemen, and appeared to have just heard bad news.

"Ah, Katy! Dear, dear!" he said, in an excited tone. "I shall have to tell your mother, child! Sam Barker has just been discovered cheating—he has robbed his employers, little by little. I hardly could feel worse if it were one of you. Oh, Katy, my girl," and her father's voice was strangely solemn and impressive, "never cheat nor deceive, at any cost—at any cost."

The news, his words and looks, brought her

trouble all back to Kate, but she saw it in a clearer light.

"George will see what I think of cheating, and perhaps he will learn a lesson as well as myself. I was a fool to make such a promise, but I'll give up my skates."

Back she went, and at the corner of the street George met her.

"Hurry up," he said. "There's a good chance now,—Mother's putting Jenny to bed, and we can slip up easily. Nell is n't going to look."

"Did she tell you why?"

The boy hung his head.

"She says it's mean. But you proposed it, so it can't be so very bad."

"It *is* mean, George, and bad; and oh, George, I'll give you my skates, only never, never deceive and rob your employers!"

Poor Kate's overtaxed nerves gave way, and she almost sobbed in the street, while George, blank with astonishment, stood staring at her. When he heard what Sam Barker, whom he had known so well, had done, it may be he appreciated his sister's feelings, in part, but he could not resist keeping Kate to her bargain, and so hurried her home to give him the skates.

On entering the house, Kate ran upstairs, full of indignation at George's intense selfishness, and yet happier than she had been all day.

"Here they are," she said, throwing upon the sitting-room table the pretty blue flannel bag which she had taken so much trouble to make.

George was ashamed to take them, but as she ran out of the room instantly, he lifted the bag from the table, and then hurried to his room to gloat over his treasures, and prepare the heels of his shoes. But as he polished his "beauties" he suddenly stopped and listened. Nell had been sent up to bed, and through the open door of the next room to his, George heard this strange little prayer:

"Please, Santa Claus, bring Sister Kate a pair of club-skates. She feels awfully, Santa Claus, but she wants George to be a truly true boy. So give her the skates. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

The boy held the skates, and thought. He was not inclined to smile at the idea of praying to Santa Claus, for he suddenly realized that it is from God that every good gift—small as well as great—comes. "And He is sending me presents—nice things, I'll be bound! How mean I must look to Him!"

The skates were shoved into the bag, wrapped in brown paper, and then, with a feeling somewhat

like reverence, George wrote, in his best hand, "Katy, from Santa Claus."

* * * * *

The morning dawned clear and cold; no chance for sleds, but skates would be at a premium. The Reade family were all up betimes, you may be sure, and though the parents felt the shock of their young friend Barker's sin and disgrace, they let no sign of it mar the jollity of the Christmas proceedings. The children chattered at the breakfast table in joyful anticipation of coming delights.

"There's a present on the tree that nobody knows of but me," said Nell.

Mother smiled at the notion, while George thought of a hidden bundle, with its string all ready to be tied to the tree, and felt wonderfully happy and important.

Kate was too sympathetic and fond of the little ones to allow her own trouble to shadow her face, but it must be owned that one corner of her heart felt sore and empty. At last, all were gathered in the upper hall, and arranged before the two doors of the nursery so that, when they were flung open, all should "see first."

"Oh, how beautiful! How beautiful!"

Then in they rushed, and for at least five minutes the children danced and capered about the dazzling tree. Mrs. Reade saw George fasten something on, but thinking it was a present for his father or herself, said nothing.

Then came the stripping of the tree. What shouts of delight, as the little ones received just what they had asked of Santa Claus! But Nell, though delighted with her muff, and the new outfit which Kate had made for her doll, kept looking among the branches for some particular thing. At last, George managed to bring her around to where his parcel hung, and something in its shape made her say: "Oh, Katy! Here it is!"

Father and Mother drew near as Kate opened the parcel bearing her name.

"A good joke!" laughed Papa. "Her own beloved skates re-presented!"

The look on Kate's face George never forgot, nor her hearty thanks when they had a quiet minute together.

"They're yours and mine, now, George," she said; and so they proved, the two skating in turn all winter, and loving each other more than ever from having seen a better side of each other's character. They each had learned a life-long lesson from that wrong promise.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

NEVER a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

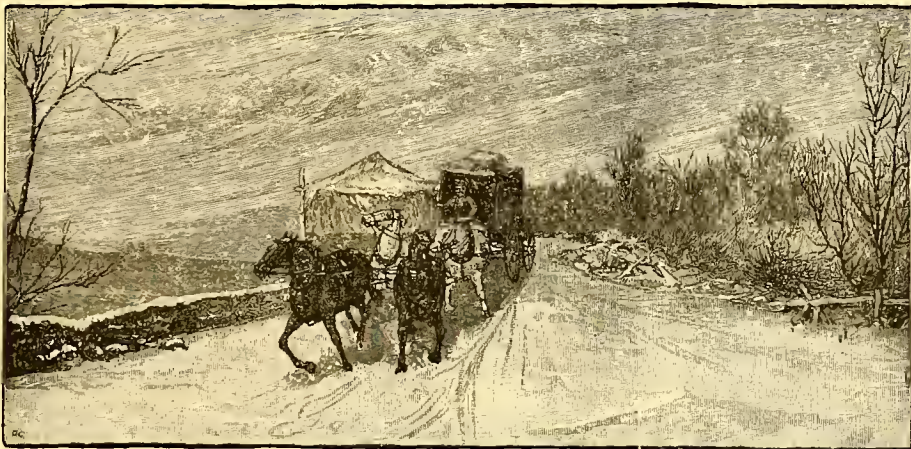
And little Mabel out in the hall
"Jim-my! Jim-my!" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Did n't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s."

But if Papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim!"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems,"
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name that he liked the best;
"Darling!"—he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.



GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE CHILDREN'S FAN BRIGADE.

BY ELLA S. CUMMINS.

WHAT shall we have for our entertainment? was the question that puzzled the committee; the operetta of *Red Riding-hood* already was decided upon for a part of the programme; but that was not enough. Something was needed to finish up the evening nicely with a good round turn; something novel and interesting. And when it was suggested that a "children's fan brigade" might answer the description, the idea was seized upon and approved.

Now, you must know that in San Francisco the ladies' fan drill (founded on a paper written by Addison in the year 1711) is considered quite a feature in an entertainment; but a children's brigade is decidedly a novelty.

"Very well," said the chairman. "We shall have the children's fan drill, and leave it all to you, Miss Lacy."

This all sounded very pleasant and easy, but Miss Lacy had her hands full for the next four weeks.

After selecting eight little girls, and arranging matters so that somebody always would be ready to play on the piano for the rehearsals, we decided upon our music. The *Gavotte Circus Renz* and *Tripping through the Meadows* (accentuated on first and third beats) were found to be appropriate; the latter, which is very simple, was chosen for the drill, while the first part of the former, on account of its quaint rhythm, was used for the bows.

Now I tell the story, so that others who wish to have a children's fan brigade can take hints therefrom.

First came the bows. The children stood, with their sides to the audience, in two rows, thus:

* * * † † * * *

The tallest pair occupied the two middle places † †, and the other three pairs of children arranged behind them (as shown by the asterisks) were ready to step forward, a pair at a time, and take the place of each preceding couple that should leave the line. When all were in position, as described, one bar of music was played as a preliminary, each child counting four with the music; then the leaders at † † advanced from their companions and toward each other four steps (counting four); then bowed slowly to each other (counting four)—see *picture on page 184*—then turning to their right and left respectively (toward the audience), stepped four steps; then facing and bowing again (counting four), each turned off, one to the right, the other to the left, circling back to place at the rear of their respective rows. Meantime, the second couple had followed, on the fourth bar of music, making their

first bow in unison with the second bow of the first couple; the third and fourth couple following the same course, in turn, with perfect precision.

This figure can be fairly understood only by practical experiment and with careful counting. When it is accomplished correctly, two couples will bow together till all are in line; they repeat the entire figure, the middle pair bowing whenever they come together, the last time facing the audience.

The beginning is very stately and elegant if performed slowly and in perfect time; and if the bows are of the old-fashioned minuet-curtsey kind. Miss Lacy frequently took her children by the shoulders and pressed them down, telling them to bow at the same time, the object being to have them droop toward the floor very low, rather than to curve their bodies.

The fans should be of paper (five-cent Chinese fans will do to practice with, as many are broken in the drill), the object being to make a considerable crackling noise.

All now stand in line with fans on shoulders; then count four; then down with fans to the side, (hanging downward); all this with the right hand, of course. Now for the drill; this is difficult to explain, even when written carefully and illustrated; but to simplify, it may be said to have a rest after each movement in the following list (excepting those joined by a brace). In the "*rest*," the fan is held downward at the side and closed with a sharp snap; for the fan must be constantly fluttered, excepting when otherwise employed, as herein detailed. The movements may be performed in succession, with the drill-prompter concealed from the audience, and giving the word of command in a whisper. Or the drill-prompter may call out each command after the manner of a military captain: "Hold, fans!" "Unfurl, fans!" etc., etc.

1. HOLD FANS. Counting four. Fan spread in front, held with both hands.
2. UNFURL. Counting four. Each fan held against left shoulder by left hand, while right hand pulls it open outward at *one*, shut at *two*, open at *three*, shut at *four*.
3. GENTLE FLUTTER. Counting four. Waving fan in the ordinary way, but with two flutters to a count—making eight little flutters.
4. MAJESTIC WAVE. Counting eight. In two waves, fan thrown out to right, head held up looking toward it, fan in large curve, counting 1, 2, as it is thrown out, 3, 4, as it tips over just in front of eyes.
5. SCORNFUL. Counting eight. Head turned to the



PLAYFUL.

left, fan in large curve past the face, counting as in preceding movement, two waves.

6. **PLAYFUL.** Counting eight. One step forward, body slightly bent, fan held open, spread on a line with the eyes and fluttered.
7. **BASHFUL.** Counting eight. Head turned away to the left, eyes looking downward, fan hiding face with light flutter.
8. **ANGRY.** Counting eight. One step forward with a light stamp of the foot, fan struck angrily on breast.
9. **INVITING.** Counting eight. Body leaned forward to right, fan with scoop-like movement in four large waves toward face.
10. **REPELLENT.** Counting eight. Head quickly turned away, same position of body, waves away from the face.
11. **GOSSIP.** Counting eight. Fan held over head, spread, slightly inclined, line to break up in groups of two each, as if whispering.
12. **PRESENT ARMS.** Counting four. Return in line, shut fans in front instead of "rest" at the side, then *present!* Fans aimed straight outward at audience, each outside stick of fan held by one hand separately.
13. **CRACK FANS.** Counting four. Left hand let go, right gives a brisk crack, opening fan at *four*.
14. **SHOULDER FANS.** Counting four. Leaned on shoulder, shut.
15. **CARRY FANS.** Counting eight. Struck on palm of left hand eight times.
16. **GROUND FANS.** Counting two. Up at *one*, struck on ground at *two*, held on shoulder at *three*, by the side at *four*.

17. **RETREAT FANS.** Counting four. Step back four steps.
18. **TRIUMPH FANS.** Counting four. One step forward, fan held straight up over the head, closed.
19. **SPREAD FANS.** Counting four. At *four*, fan thrown open.
20. **SURRENDER FANS.** Counting four. Fan let fall on the floor.
21. **RECOVER FANS.** Counting four. Picked up and shut.
22. **MILITARY SALUTE.** Counting four. At *one*, straight out to the right, fan held up parallel with body, *two* at cheek, *three* out, *four* down, the rest counting four before the next movement, as in the others.
23. **DISCHARGE FANS.** Counting four. At *three*, held in front of shoulder by one stick, at *four*, thrown open outward with brisk crack.
24. **FAN SALUTE.** Counting four. At *four*, held to the lips and outward with inclination of the head.

"Oh dear," said Miss Lacy, "where is your time, Maud?" and she beat with her own fan on her palm to accentuate the time. It was surprising to see the interest the children all took in their drill, and how pleased Mabel and Maggie were when they were told that they were "more accurate" than the others, and how the others went to work to prove that they could be accurate, too. And what sudden improvement there was between two



MAJESTIC WAVE.

rehearsals, how the laggards gained on the steady ones, and improved in their idea of time; and how the fans were torn, and, finally, how the little girls begged to be allowed to "to do it just once

more," when it seemed they must be completely tired out!

And then their dresses! O dear, such pretty costumes, all in the style of Queen Anne! You would not have recognized those little school-girls of nine to twelve years—all small children—in those gayly dressed, stately little dames with pointed waists, court trains fifty inches long, silk petticoats, white wigs, and tower caps. They were what some little girls call "too sweet for anything."

Now, of course, to get up a fan drill, the mammas must not be discouraged at the outset by the thought of silk dresses and such things, so I will reveal some secrets on the subject.

Maggie and Florence had pointed waists and court trains of silesia covered with cretonne flowers; the first was of buff, with wine-colored flowers, the second of blue, with tea and pink roses. You have no idea how pretty they looked with all the lace fixings at the neck and sleeves, and laced in front, with some old-fashioned silk skirt of their mamma's tucked up underneath for petticoats,—one of apple-green, the other striped. Lillie and Maud each had a pink waist and train, with cretonne flowers and a blue petticoat. Mabel and Lizzie had cretonne upper parts made very prettily, the former a petticoat of pink-pressed satin, such as is used for fancy work, and the latter a puffed blue front of silesia. Teenie and Alice had also

silk flowers, a relic of ancient splendor, improvised into a petticoat front.

Alice's suit was of blue and white sprigged cretonne, a very pretty blue front of silesia braided with gold braid, criss-cross, up and down, with old-fashioned porcelain picture on her bodice-waist.

Then Miss Lacy and her friends spent a couple of days making the caps and wigs. About four yards of white tarletan and eight yards of ribbon-wire made the caps, and a pound of pure white curled hair, bought in the rope (a wise plan of which few people avail themselves in amateur theatricals), made the wigs.

The caps are about twice the height of the face, as seen in the pictures, with box-plaited ruching around the edge concealing the wire, the tarletan for the caps taken double, and streamers of the same hanging down the back.

The caps can be made much prettier with silk lining, to match the costume, lace trimming and rosettes; but it is much more easy to make them in the simpler style, and the result is more appropriate to the childish faces.

The curled hair, untwisted carefully and kept in a long strand, is shaped to the head, sewed with a needle and thread to hold it together, and after the inside hair is rolled up in a little knot, is fastened by hair-pins, and tied around with a ribbon of black velvet to conceal the line where the real hair joins



POSITION FOR BOWS. (SEE PAGE 182.)

cretonne, the former in red ground, full of flowers and humming-birds; trimmed with silver fringe, with a fancy blue satin apron embroidered in white

the forehead, having a little frizz of white hair below. I must not forget to mention the wee black court-plaster patches, which must be cut before-

hand, ready to be put on at the last moment, three or four on each little face.

When the eventful evening came, there was con-

Anne, and gain an idea of how she dressed; and if they follow it up, they can know she lived about two centuries ago, that Addison, the author, lived in her



"FANS SPREAD."

siderable excitement among the little girls, for they each dressed at home, wearing ulsters over their dresses, and their school hats, till half through the entertainment, when they met in the dressing-room, having their caps and wigs and trains arranged (which last they had practiced in several times). And then, as the piano struck up the stately march, the eight grand little ladies walked up the aisle, the four half-couples stopping as they reached the stage till the other four passed them and turned around facing; then they took position, stepped toward each other, bowed low, slowly using a whole bar of music for this, the little tower-caps nearly touching, then four steps to the front of the stage, another stately bow, and around, each following in place, bowing and marching. Then the drill passed off in perfect time, with only one little bit of a mistake, unnoticed save by Miss Lacy's observant eyes, clear through to the end, and the salute was gracefully given, when the curtain fell amidst a full round of applause, which increased so that they were compelled to raise it again, when the little white-haired dames, covering their confusion, stepped back to place, and repeated the drill in perfect time without an error.

Some sober-minded persons may ask of this Fan Brigade "What does it signify?" I think it could be put in the category with all beautiful things that arouse our sense of the picturesque and artistic. In the first place, it is a drill requiring brightness, quickness, and very good time-keeping; in the second, the little girls learn there was a good Queen

time, and in 1711 wrote about the fan in his periodical, the *Spectator*. In the third place, it is a charming home amusement or it forms a pretty addition to an entertainment, capping the climax, one may say. And, finally, the childhood days of the little girls who perform will be bright-



"INVITING."

ened by the sparkling memories they will carry to mature old age, of the time when they wore white hair and yet were young.

OUT OF STYLE.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



If you'll pardon the slang,—
And it gives me a pang
To hear that you mean to work cross-stitch.

“My customers all follow Fashion,
Why”—here she flew into a passion—

“My position is gone,
Yes, for good, with the *ton*,
If they hear you've worked cross-stitch my
crash on!”

Do you fancy this settled the Ostrich?
No! She'd made up her mind to work cross-
stitch;

So she picked up her zephyr,
And said, “Madame Heifer,
I may be an old-fashioned Ostrich,

“And I may not know how to work banners,
But I *have* been instructed in manners;
I will wish you good-day,
But first let me say—
(You might work it on some of your banners)—

“There is something still older than cross-stitch”—
And you just should have seen the fine frost which
She put in her manner—

“'T is worthy a banner:
It is courtesy, ma'am,” said the Ostrich.

AN old and respectable Ostrich
Was seized with a wish to work cross-stitch—

“I could cover my eggs
And ridiculous legs
With rugs and with mats,” said the Ostrich.

So she went to a friendly red Heifer,
And purchased some needles and zephyr,

Some canvas and crash,
And some burlap, for cash,
“For I don't sell on trust,” said Miss Heifer.

But when, casually, the old Ostrich
Remarked that she meant to work cross-stitch,
Miss Red-Heifer's smile
Made her feel that her style
Was obsolete,—e'en for an Ostrich.

Said Miss Heifer, “My *dear* Mrs. Ostrich,
Art-embroidery now is the “boss” stitch,—

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. FIRST PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

PAINTING was practiced in Egypt 3000 years before the birth of Christ. But Egypt lost her place among the great powers of the world, and her art declined and died.

When, therefore, in these days, we speak of the origin of painting or of sculpture, we mean that of classic art,—or European art, which is traced back to the Greeks,—and there are many interesting stories told of the ancient artists.

ZEUXIS.

THIS celebrated painter was a native of Heracleia, and flourished in the last part of the fifth century before Christ. He traveled much in Greece, and probably visited Sicily.

He belonged to the Ephesian school of painting, which was characterized by its perfect imitation of the objects represented, and its reproduction of personal beauty in its subjects.

The most celebrated work by Zeuxis was a picture of Helen, painted for the temple of Juno at Croton. In order to make this a representation of the highest excellence of personal beauty in woman, five of the most lovely virgins were chosen as models for the picture, so that the painter might select the most beautiful features of face and form among the five, and thus in his one figure give a high average of feminine personal beauty. This picture was much praised by Cicero and other ancient writers, and Zeuxis himself declared not only that it was his masterpiece, but that it could not be surpassed by any other artist.

The painter received a large sum for this work, and, before it was dedicated in the temple, he placed it on exhibition, and from the admission fees made a great gain. Zeuxis was vain, not only of his talent, but of his wealth, of which he made much display; at times he wore a rich robe, on which his own name was embroidered in letters of gold.

This artist was a rival of another great painter, Parrhasius, and on one occasion these two men engaged in a trial of skill, in order to determine which one could most perfectly imitate inanimate objects. Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes so perfectly that when it was publicly exposed the birds tried to peck them; the painter was more than satisfied with this testimony to his power, and confidently demanded of Parrhasius that he should draw aside the curtain which concealed his picture. It proved that the vain artist had been himself

deceived, since the curtain was a painted one, and not a piece of stuff, as it had appeared to be. Zeuxis admitted his defeat, and generously pointed out that he had only deceived birds, while Parrhasius had deceived an artist.

Another time, Zeuxis painted a boy carrying grapes, and when the birds flew at them, the painter was very angry, saying, "I have painted the grapes better than the boy; for had I made him perfectly like life, the birds would have been frightened away."

Zeuxis also excelled in dramatic subjects, and executed many remarkable works. When Agatharcus, a scene-painter, boasted of his celerity in his work, Zeuxis replied: "I confess that I take a long time to paint; for I paint works to last a long time."

PAUSIAS.

THIS painter was born about 360 B. C., and lived at Sicyon. He is famous as being the first artist who used encaustic painting for the decoration of the ceilings and walls of houses. (Encaustic painting is any kind of painting in which heat is used to fix the colors;—thus, china-ware, tiles, *faience*, and many sorts of pottery are illustrations of encaustic painting.) Before his time this painting had only been employed for representing the stars on the ceilings of temples; but the special kind used by Pausias was done in heated or burnt wax, and was employed for just such interior decoration as that which we now distinguish by the general name of fresco painting.

The most celebrated works of Pausias represented the "Sacrifice of an Ox," a "Cupid with a Lyre," and "Methe, or Drunkenness," drinking out of a glass goblet through which her face was seen; this was a remarkable effect.

Pausias loved Glycera, a lovely young garland-twiner, and he so studied her and her flowers that he became very skillful in representing them on canvas, and won great fame as a flower-painter. A portrait which he made of Glycera was mentioned and praised by several ancient writers.

Lucius Lucullus bought at Athens a copy of this picture, for which he paid the large sum of two talents, or twenty-three hundred and sixty dollars.

APELLES.

APELLES was the most distinguished of all the Greek painters. He lived from about 352 to 308

before Christ. This artist spent the main portion of his life at the court of Alexander the Great, and executed his greatest works for that monarch.



BUST OF JUPITER, FOUND AT OTRICOLI; NOW IN THE VATICAN PALACE, ROME. (SEE PAGE 192.)

His picture of the Venus Anadyomene (which means, Venus rising out of the sea) was his most famous work. In it the goddess was wringing her hair, and the silvery drops fell around her in such a way as to throw a transparent veil before her form. This picture was painted originally for the temple of Æsculapius, at Cos, which city has been called the birthplace of Apelles; Augustus carried this great work to Rome, and placed it in the temple which he dedicated to Julius Cæsar. After a time it fell into complete decay, and during the reign of Nero a copy was made of it by Dorotheus.

Apelles painted many allegorical pictures, such as representations of "Slander," "Thunder," "Lightning," and "Victory"; but it is probable that after the celebrated "Venus," some of his portraits of Alexander were his best works. Of one of these pictures the King said: "There are two Alexanders; one is the son of Philip, who is unconquerable; the second, the picture by Apelles, which is inimitable."

In spite of the great perfection to which Apelles carried his art, he never relinquished his studies, and was careful to use his pencil every day. From him came the maxim, "*Nulla dies sine linea*"; "No day without a line,"—or, "No day without something accomplished."

Apelles also made improvements in the mechani-

cal part of his art. From what is now positively known, his principal discovery was the use of varnish, or what is now called glazing or toning; but other discoveries are attributed to him.

That the character of Apelles was noble and attractive is shown by the fact that, although Ptolemy had formed an opinion of the artist which was not in his favor, yet when Apelles was driven by a storm to Alexandria, and the sovereign was brought into contact with the artist, their relations became those of true friendship; and though the enemies of Apelles endeavored to ruin him with Ptolemy, their schemes were fruitless.

Apelles treated other artists with great generosity, and was the means of bringing the works of Protogenes, of Rhodes, into the favor they merited. He did this by going to Rhodes, and buying pictures of Protogenes, for which he paid high prices, declaring that they were worthy to be sold as his own work. Apelles said that he himself was excelled by Amphion in grouping, and by Asclepiodorus in perspective, but that he claimed grace as his own peculiar gift, in which he excelled all others. He also blamed Protogenes for finishing his works too much, and asserted that he himself knew "where to take his hand from his work."

One of the peculiarities of Apelles was, that when he had finished a picture he exhibited it in a public place, and concealed himself where he could hear what was said of it. On one occasion a cobbler criticised the shoes of a figure; the next day the correction he had suggested was made. Then the cobbler proceeded to find fault with the legs, when Apelles rushed out in a tury, and commanded the cobbler to speak only of such things as he knew about. From this circumstance came the proverb: "*Ne supra crepidam sutor*," which means, "Let not the shoe-maker go beyond his last"; but is more generally given, "Let every man stick to his trade."

PROTOGENES.

THIS Rhodian artist became very famous, for, after the praise of Apelles, others were roused to the appreciation of the great artist who had been content to do his best, and was too modest to assert himself. His most celebrated work was the picture of Ialysus, a mythical hero, grandson of the god Apollo, and a special patron and guardian of the island of Rhodes. The artist represented him either as hunting or as returning from the chase. Some of the ancient writers relate that Protogenes spent seven, or even eleven, years on this picture. Pliny says that the artist became discouraged in his attempt to paint, to his liking, the foam at the mouth of a tired hound; finally, in his impatience, he threw a sponge, with which he had repeatedly

washed off his colors, at the offending spot, and the very effect he wished was thus produced.

This great work was doubtless dedicated in the temple of Ialysus, at Rhodes; and when Demetrius Poliorcetes besieged that city, he was careful to spare this temple for the sake of the picture of Protogenes. Demetrius also showed marked personal attentions to the painter, who lived in a cottage outside the walls of the city, and quietly continued his work in the midst of the siege. When Demetrius demanded of him how he dared to remain in so exposed a position, Protogenes answered: "I know that you are at war with the Rhodians, but not with the arts." Upon this reply, Demetrius stationed a guard about the cottage, and the painter worked quietly on, amidst the din of war which raged all about him.

The Ialysus was carried to Rome in later times, and placed in the temple of Peace.

Another remarkable picture by Protogenes was the representation of a satyr leaning against a column. The painter bestowed great pains upon the figure of the satyr, and considered it the best

it as if it were alive. This amused and delighted the populace, but it was so disagreeable to Pro-



THE QUOIT-THROWER. A COPY OF THE ORIGINAL BY MYRON.
(SEE PAGE 192.)

togenes that he painted over the bird, in order that men might see the satyr.

AËTION.

THIS artist is sometimes said to have lived in the time of Alexander; but Lucian, who gave an account of him, distinctly declares that he lived in the time of Hadrian and the Antonines.

He painted a wonderful picture of the "Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana," with Erotes or Cupids busy about them, and with the armor of the king. When this work was exhibited at the Olympic games, one of the judges—Proxenidas—exclaimed: "I reserve crowns for the heads of the athletæ, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Aëtion, as a recompense for his inimitable painting." Later, this picture was carried to Rome, and it has been said that Raphael sketched one of his finest compositions from it. The chief excellence of this painter was in his mode of mixing and laying on of colors.

THE FIRST BASS-RELIEF.

ABOUT twenty-five hundred years ago, there lived at Sicyon, in Greece, a modeler in clay, whose



HEAD OF JUNO. POSSIBLY BY ALCAMENES. IN THE LUDOVISI PALACE, ROME. (SEE PAGE 192.)

part of the work; but on the column he painted a partridge, which was so true to nature that much attention was given to it,—even the bird-sellers brought tame partridges to the picture, and when the living birds saw the painted one they chirped to

name was Dibutades. He had a daughter who is called by two names, Kora and Callirhoe. This young girl could not assist her father much, but she went each day to the flower-market, and

dear to her. It was an inspiration on the part of the girl, and so correct was the likeness that when Dibutades saw it he instantly knew whom it represented. Then he wished to do his part, for he



THE FIRST BASS-RELIEF.

brought home flowers which she put in vases in the little shop, to make it pleasant for the modeler, and attractive to his customers. Kora was very beautiful, and as she went out, with her veil about her, the young Greeks of Sicyon caught glimpses of her face which made them wish to see her again, and thus many of them visited the artist Dibutades.

One of these young men at length asked the modeler to receive him as an apprentice; his request was granted, and by this means the young Greek made one of the family of the artist. The three lived a life of simple happiness; the young man could play upon the reed, and had much knowledge which fitted him to be the teacher of the lovely Kora. After a time, for some reason that we know not, it was best for him to go away, and he then asked Kora to promise that she would be his wife. Vows of betrothal were exchanged, and they were very sad at the thought of parting.

The last evening, as they sat together, Kora suddenly seized a coal from the brazier, and traced upon the wall the outline of the face which was so

loved the young man also; so he brought his clay, and from the outline which Kora had made he filled in a portrait in bass-relief, the first that was ever made. Thus the love of Kora had originated a great art.

After this time, Dibutades perfected himself in the making of medallions and busts, and decorated many beautiful Grecian buildings with his work. He also founded a school for modeling at Sicyon, and became so famous that several Greek cities claimed the honor of having been his birthplace.

The first bass-relief, made from Kora's outline, was preserved in the Nymphæum at Corinth about two centuries, after which it was destroyed by fire. Kora's lover became her husband, and a famous artist at Corinth.

PHIDIAS.

ALTHOUGH the Egyptians were great sculptors, as some of their remaining works show, and though the Lions of Nineveh attest the skill of the Assyrians, yet the sculpture of the Greeks is that which

is most admired by all the world. Of all Greek sculptors Phidias is the most famous. He was the son of Charmides, and was born at Athens about 500 B. C., and became very prominent in the time when Pericles was sole ruler at Athens. Phidias was made overseer of all the public works, which then was a very important office, because all the temples and buildings which had been destroyed by the Persians were restored. Many of these great works were done by other celebrated architects and sculptors under the direction of Phidias, but he made himself the very remarkable statue of Athena or Minerva, which was placed in the larger chamber of the temple of that goddess, called the Parthenon.

It was of the kind of work which is called *chryselephantine*, said to have been invented by Phidias. The foundation of the statue was of wood, which was covered with ivory and gold; the ivory was used for the flesh parts of the statue, and the gold for the draperies and ornaments.

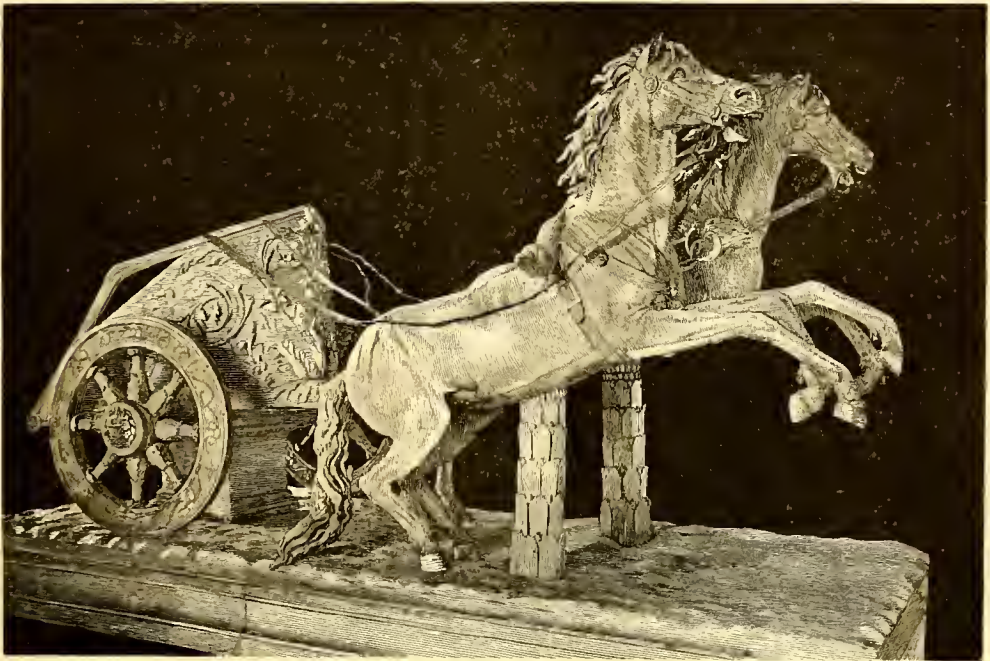
Athena, or Minerva, was the goddess of wisdom

serpents, and had a golden head of Medusa in the center; the lower end of the spear rested on a dragon; the shield was embossed on both sides with representations of Athenian legends, and even the base upon which the statue stood was wrought in relief with many gods and goddesses and other figures upon it.

Phidias wished to put his name on his work, but not being allowed to do so, he accomplished his purpose by making his own portrait in one of the figures upon the shield.

Many other works by Phidias were in and upon the Parthenon, and some of these are now in the British Museum in London, and are known as the Elgin marbles, from the fact that they were carried to England by the Earl of Elgin.

After the completion of the Minerva, Phidias went to Elis, where he made the wonderful statue of the Olympian Jupiter, for the great temple of that god in the Altis, or sacred grove, at Olympia. This represented the god as seated on a throne, holding in his right hand a statue of victory, and



THE MOST ANCIENT FORM OF GREEK CHARIOT. (FROM AN ANTIQUE SCULPTURE.)

and of war, and this statue represented her as victorious. It was nearly forty feet high, including the base; the different parts were very much ornamented; the crest of the helmet was formed like a sphinx, and had griffins on each side; the coat of mail, or upper garment, was fringed with golden

supporting a scepter, surmounted with an eagle, with his left hand. A curtain concealed this statue, except on great festival days, when it was exposed to full view. The decorations and ornaments upon every part of the figure, and upon the throne, were wonderful in their design and execution; there were

hundreds of figures of gods, youths, dancing-girls, and animals, and flowers in great numbers.

When the statue was completed, the sculptor prayed to Jupiter for a sign in approbation of his work, and it is said that the pavement close by was struck by lightning. As an honor to Phidias, his descendants were given the office of caring for this statue and cleaning it. A building outside of the Altis, where he had worked, was also preserved, and called the work-shop of Phidias. His name was inscribed at the feet of this statue.

Jupiter was the highest of all the gods of mythology, and Phidias represented him according to a description which Homer had written, and which, as translated by Alexander Pope, reads :

"He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god ;
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook."

The head given on page 188 is from a feeble copy of the original, executed in the Roman period, but it gives an idea of the original.

Among the pupils of Phidias was Alcamenes, a distinguished sculptor. It is said that he contended with Phidias in making a statue of Minerva, to be placed on a very high column at Athens. When the two works were completed and exhibited, that of the pupil received the first praise, because it was highly finished, while that of the master seemed coarse and rough. But Phidias demanded that they should be raised to the intended height, when it was found that the statue of Alcamenes lost its effect, and that of Phidias proved all that could be desired.

Alcamenes, like Phidias, was a sculptor of the gods, and it is thought that a statue of Juno, which was found in a temple between Athens and Phaleros, was his work; the head of Juno given on page 189 is probably a part of the statue found in this temple.

When Phidias returned from Elis to Athens, he found that his friend and master, Pericles, had fallen into bad repute through the jealousy of his enemies. This jealousy was extended to Phidias, and he was accused of having stolen a part of the gold which had been furnished him for making the statue of Minerva. As the plates of gold were so arranged that they could be removed from the statue, they were weighed, and Phidias was cleared from all suspicion of dishonesty. His accusers next brought a charge of impiety, because he had introduced his own portrait on the shield; upon this charge he was thrown into prison, where he died,

some writers say from disease, while others declare that he was poisoned. His death occurred about 432 B. C.

It is not possible to say positively that any work executed by the hand of Phidias exists; but the marbles known as the "Elgin marbles," in the British Museum, are certainly works executed under his eye, if not by his hand, and some authorities do not hesitate to consider them his work. These marbles consist of single figures and groups which formed portions of the outside decorations of the Parthenon, of which temple Phidias was the chief architect, and all its ornaments were subject to his approval. They derive their present name from the fact that the Earl of Elgin brought them from Athens to England. These sculptures may be considered as equal, or indeed superior, to any now existing, and they belong to the time when sculpture had reached its very highest point.

MYRON.

THIS sculptor was born at Eleutheræ, about 430 B. C., but is spoken of as an Athenian because his native city belonged to the Athenian franchise or district, and because his most celebrated work—the statue of a cow—stood in the midst of the largest open space in Athens, and his fame was thus connected with that city. This cow was represented as lowing, and was elevated upon a marble base; it is praised by many writers, and no less than thirty-six epigrams were written upon it, and these have all been collected by Sontag and are in the "Unterhaltungen für Freunde der alten Literatur," or "Entertainments for the Friends of Ancient Literature." In later times the cow was removed to Rome, and placed in the Temple of Peace.

The second most famous work of Myron was the "Discobolus," or the disk or quoit thrower. The original statue exists no longer, but there are several copies of it. That from which the picture on page 189 was made was found on the Esquiline Hill at Rome in A. D. 1782, and was placed in the Villa Massini.

This statue shows forth the sculptor's most striking characteristic, which was to represent figures in excited action, at the very moment of some great effort of strength or skill. This is a very difficult thing to do, since no model could constantly repeat such acts; and, if that were possible, there is but a flash of time in which the artist can see what he is trying to reproduce, and yet this figure is so life-like that it seems, when one looks at it, as if it would be safer to stand so that the quoit shall not hit him as it flies.

Besides the Discobolus, there are several other works attributed to Myron; they are: a copy in marble of his statue of Marsyas, in the Lateran at Rome; a torso, restored as a son of Niobe, in the gallery at Florence; the torso of an Endymion, in same gallery; a figure restored and called Diomed; and a bronze in the gallery at Munich.

HANDEL.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



And, in melting, minor measures,
 Into silence died.
 Say, what skillful, rapt musician,
 In the lonely room apart,
 Thus made glad the somber midnight
 With his wondrous art?

From the moon, now bright, now hidden
 In the clouds that crossed her way,
 Through the misty garret-window
 Shot a slender ray,—
 Glanced upon an ancient spinet,
 O'er whose keys, with dust defiled,



BARE and cold the garret chamber,
 Gloomy with its shadows dim;
 Hung with dusty, drooping cobwebs,
 Drapery weird and grim.
 Rattled loud the loosened casement.
 Bleak the night-wind rose and fell;
 In the pauses of its wailing
 Told the midnight bell.

Suddenly, from out the shadows
 Of the old, deserted room,
 Came a strain of faintest music
 Through the ghostly gloom.
 Fiercer howled the wind, and stronger
 Swelled the strain, exultingly,
 Till there rolled among the rafters
 Waves of melody.

While the night grew still to listen,
 Soft and slow the music sighed,

Ran the eager, dainty fingers
 Of a little child!

Boy, in after years the master
 Of all mighty harmonies,
 With a more than childish rapture
 In thy lifted eyes,—
 Surely, in the garret chamber,
 Dim with shadowy mystery,
 While the world slept in the midnight,
 Angels talked with thee!

HOW THE ARISTOCRATS SAILED AWAY.

(A Sequel to "The Floating Prince," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1880.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

FOR many and many a day, the ship of the admiral of the kingdom of Nassimia, containing the admiral himself, the company of school-boys who had been made aristocrats, the old school-master, the four philosophers, and the old woman, who was cook and navy, all in one, sailed and sailed away.

The admiral sat on the stern, his long stilts dangling in the water behind, as the ship sailed on. He was happy, for this was just what he liked; and the four philosophers and the old master and the navy were happy; but the aristocrats gradually became very discontented. They did not want to sail so much; they wanted to go somewhere, and see something. The ship had stopped several times at towns on the coast, and the boys had gone on shore, but, in every case, the leading people of the town had come to the admiral, bearing rich presents, and begging him to sail away in the night. So it happened that the lively young aristocrats had been on land very little, since they started on their travels.

Finding, at last, that the admiral had no intention of landing again, the aristocrats determined to rebel, and, under the leadership of the Tail-boy, who was the poorest scholar among them, but first in all mischief, they formed a plan to take possession of the ship.

Accordingly, one fine afternoon, as the admiral, the master, and the four philosophers were sitting on the deck of the vessel, enjoying the breeze, six aristocrats, each carrying a bag, slipped quietly up behind them, and, in an instant, a bag was clapped over the head of each man. It was in vain to kick and struggle. The other aristocrats rushed up, the bags were tied securely around the necks of the victims, their hands and feet were bound, and they were seated in a row at the stern of the ship, the admiral's stilts lying along the deck. The Tail-boy then took a pair of scissors and cut a hole in each bag, opposite the mouth of its wearer, so that he could breathe. The six unfortunate men were now informed that if they behaved well they should be treated well, and that, on the next day, a hole should be cut in each of their bags, so that they could see with one eye; on the next day, a hole for one ear; on the next, a hole for the nose; and if they still behaved well, holes should be cut on the two succeeding days for the other ears and

eyes. The smartest boy of the school had said, when this arrangement was proposed, that by the time they got this far, they might as well take off the bags, but the rest of the aristocrats did not think so; a prisoner whose head was even partly bagged was more secure than one not bagged at all.

The admiral and his companions could think of nothing to do but to agree to these terms, and so they agreed, hoping that, by some happy chance, they would soon be released. It was suggested by a few aristocrats that it would be well to bring up the navy and bag her head also, but the majority decided that she was needed to do the cooking, and so she was shut down below, and ordered to cook away as hard as she could.

The prisoners were plentifully fed, at meal-times, by their captors, who put the food through the mouth-holes of their bags. At first, the aristocrats found this to be such fun that the poor men could scarcely prevent themselves from being overfed. At night, cushions were brought for them to lie upon, and a rope was fastened to the ends of the admiral's stilts, which were hoisted up into the rigging, so as to be out of the way.

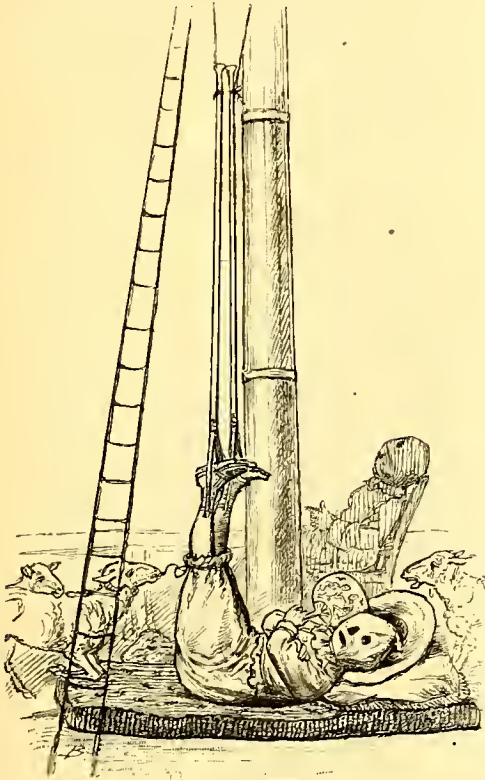
The aristocrats now did just as they pleased. They steered in the direction in which they supposed the coast should lie, and, as they were sailing on, they gave themselves up to all manner of amusements. Among other things, they found a number of pots of paints stowed away in the vessel's hold, and with these they set to work to decorate the vessel.

They painted the masts crimson, the sails in stripes of pink and blue, the deck light green, spotted with yellow stars, and nearly everything on board shone in some lively color. The admiral's sheep were adorned with bands of green, yellow, and crimson, and his stilts were painted bright blue, with a corkscrew red line running around them. Indeed, the smell of paint soon became so strong, that three of the philosophers requested that the nose-holes in their bags should be sewed up.

There is no knowing what other strange things these aristocrats would have done, had they not, on the fourth day of their rule on the vessel, perceived they were in sight of land, and of what seemed to be a large city on the coast. Instantly, the vessel was steered straight for the city, which they soon

reached. The ship was made fast, and every aristocrat went on shore. The cook was locked below, and the admiral and his companions were told to sit still and be good until the boys should return.

Each of the prisoners now had holes in his bag for his mouth, his nose, one eye, and an ear, but as the eye-holes were all on the side toward the water, the poor men could not see much that was going on. They twisted themselves around, however, as well as they could, and so got an occasional glimpse of the shore.



THE ADMIRAL AT NIGHT.

The aristocrats swarmed up into the city, but although it was nearly midday, not a living soul did they meet. The buildings were large and handsome, and the streets were wide and well laid out; there were temples and palaces and splendid edifices of various kinds, but every door and shutter and gate of every house was closely shut, and not a person could be seen, nor a sound heard.

The silence and loneliness of the place quieted the spirits of the aristocrats, and they now walked slowly and kept together.

"What does it all mean?" said one. "Is the place bewitched, or has everybody gone out of

town and taken along the dogs, and the birds, and the flies, and every living thing?"

"We might go back after one of the philosophers," said another. "He could tell us all about it."

"I don't believe he 'd know any more than we do," said the Tail-boy, who had now forced his way to the front. "Let us go ahead, and find out for ourselves."

So they walked on until they came to a splendid edifice, which looked like a palace, and, much to their surprise, the great doors stood wide open. After a little hesitation, they went up the steps and peeped in. Seeing no one, they cautiously entered. Everything was grand and gorgeous within, and they gradually penetrated to a large hall, at one end of which they saw a wide stair-way, carpeted with the richest tapestry.

Reaching this, they concluded to go up and see what they could find upstairs. But as no one wished to be the first in such a bold proceeding, they went in a solid body. The stair-way was very wide, so that twelve boys could go up, abreast, and they thus filled three of the stairs, with several little boys on the next stair below.

On they went, up, up, and up, keeping step together. There was a landing above them, but it seemed to be farther up than they had supposed. Some of the little aristocrats complained of being tired; but as they did not wish to be left behind, they kept on.

"Look here," said one of the front row; "do you see that window up there? Well, we 're not any nearer to it now than we were when we started."

"That 's true," said another, and then the Smart-boy spoke up:

"I 'll tell you what it is. We 're not going up at all. These stairs are turning around and around, as we step on them. It 's a kind of a tread-mill!"

"Let 's stop!" cried some of the boys; but others exclaimed, "Oh, no! Don't do that, or we shall be ground up!"

"Oh, please don't stop!" cried the little fellows below, forgetting their tired legs, "or we shall be ground up first."

So on they kept, stepping up and up, but never advancing, while some of them tried to devise some plan by which they all could turn around and jump off at the same instant. But this would be difficult and dangerous, and those little fellows would certainly be crushed by the others if they were not ground up by the stairs.

Around and around went the stairs, each step disappearing under the floor beneath, and appearing again above them; while the boys stepped up and up, wondering if the thing would ever stop.

They were silent now, and they could hear a steady click, click, click, as the great stair-way went slowly around.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" suddenly exclaimed the Smart-boy. "We're winding it up!"

"Winding up what?" cried several of the others.

"Everything!" said the Smart-boy; "we're winding up the city!"

This was true. Directly, sounds were heard outside; a dog barked; some cocks crew, and windows and doors were heard to open. The boys trembled, and forgot their weariness, as they stepped up and up. Some voices were heard below, and then, with a sudden jar, the stairs stopped.

"She's wound!" said the Smart-boy, under his breath, and every aristocrat turned around and hurried off the stairs.

What a change had taken place in everything! From without, came the noise and bustle of a great city, and, within, doors were opening, curtains were being pulled aside, and people were running here, there, and everywhere. The boys huddled together in a corner of the hall. Nobody seemed to notice them.

Suddenly, a great gilded door, directly opposite to them, was thrown wide open, and a king and queen came forth. The king glanced around, eagerly.

"Hello!" he cried, as his eyes fell upon the cluster of frightened aristocrats. "I believe it is those boys! Look here," said he, advancing, "did you boys wind us up?"

"Yes, sir," said the Head-boy, "I think we did. But we did n't mean to. If you'd let us off this time, we'd never——"

"Let you off!" cried the king. "Not until we've made you the happiest boys on earth! Do you suppose we're angry? Never such a mistake! What do you think of that?" he said, turning to the queen.

This royal lady, who was very fat, made no answer, but smiled, good-humoredly.

"You're our greatest benefactors," continued the king. "I don't know what we can do for you. You did n't imagine, perhaps, that you were winding us up. Few people, besides ourselves, know how things are with us. This city goes all right for ten years, and then it runs down, and has to be wound up. When we feel we have nearly run down, we go into our houses and apartments, and shut up everything tight and strong. Only this hall is left open, so that somebody can come in, and wind us up. It takes a good many people to do it, and I'm glad there were so many of you. Once we were wound up by a lot of bears, who wandered in and tried to go upstairs. But they

did n't half do it, and we only ran four years. The city has been still—like a clock with its works stopped—for as long as a hundred years at once. I don't know how long it was this time. I'm going to have it calculated. How did you happen to get here?"

The boys then told how they had come in a ship, with the admiral, their master, and four philosophers.

"And the ship is here!" cried the king. "Run!" he shouted to his attendants, "and bring hither those worthy men, that they may share in the honor and rewards of their pupils."

While the attendants were gone, the aristocrats waited in the hall, and the king went away to attend to other matters. The queen sat down on a sofa near by:

"It tires me dreadfully to smile," she said, as she wiped her brow; "but I have to take some exercise."

"I hope they wont bring 'em here, bags and all," whispered the Tail-boy. "It would look funny, but I should n't like it."

In a short time the king came back in a hurry. "How's this?" he cried. "My messengers tell me that there's no ship at our piers excepting our own vessels. Have you deceived me?"

The aristocrats gazed at each other in dismay. Had their ship sailed away and left them? If so, they had only been served aright. They looked so downcast and guilty that the king knew something was wrong.

"What have you done?" said he.

The Head-boy saw that there was no help for it, and he told all.

The king looked sad, but the queen smiled two or three times.

"And you put their heads in bags?" said the king.

"Yes, sir," replied the Head-boy.

"Well, well!" said the king; "I am sorry. After all you have done for us, too. I will send out a swift cruiser after that ship, which will be easy to find if it is painted as you say, and, until it is brought back to the city, I must keep you in custody. Look you," said he to his attendants; "take these young people to a luxurious apartment, and see that they are well fed and cared for, and also be very careful that none of them escape."

Thereupon, the aristocrats were taken away to an inner chamber of the palace.

When the admiral and his companions had been left on board the vessel, they felt very uneasy, for they did not know what might happen to them next. In a short time, however, when the voices of the aristocrats had died away as they proceeded into the city, the admiral perceived the point of a

gimlet coming up through the deck, close to him. Then the gimlet was withdrawn, and these words came up through the hole :

"Have no fear. Your navy will stand by you!"

"It will be all right," said the admiral to the others. "I can depend upon her."

And now was heard a noise of banging and chopping, and soon the cook cut her way from her imprisonment below, and made her appearance on deck. She went to work vigorously, and, taking the bags from the prisoners' heads, unbound them, and set them at liberty. Then she gave them a piece of advice.

"The thing for us to do," said she, "is to get

It was not easy to set sail, for the cook and the philosophers were not very good at that sort of work; but they got the sail up at last, and cast loose from shore, first landing the old master, who positively refused to desert his scholars. The admiral took the helm, and, the wind being fair, the ship sailed away.

The swift cruiser, which was sent in the direction taken by the admiral's vessel, passed her in the night, and as she was a very fast cruiser, and it was therefore impossible for the admiral's ship to catch up with her, the two vessels never met.

"Now, then," said the admiral the next day, as he sat with the helm in his hand, "we are free



THE KING'S CONSTERNATION. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

away from here as fast as we can. If those young rascals come back, there 's no knowin' what they 'll do."

"Do you mean," said the master, "that we should sail away and desert my scholars? Who can tell what might happen to them, left here by themselves?"

"We should not consider what might happen to them if they were left," said one of the philosophers, "but what might happen to us if they were not left. We must away."

"Certainly!" cried the admiral. "While I have the soul of the commander of the navy of Nassimia left within me, I will not stay here to have my head put in a bag! Never! Set sail!"

again to sail where we please. But I do not like to sail without an object. What shall be our object?"

The philosophers immediately declared that nothing could be more proper than that they should take a voyage to make some great scientific discovery.

"All right," said the admiral. "That suits me. What discovery shall we make?"

The philosophers were not prepared to answer this question at that moment, but they said they would try to think of some good discovery to make.

So the philosophers sat in a row behind the admiral, and thought and thought; and the admiral sat at the helm, with his blue-and-red stilts dangling in the water behind; and the cook pre-

pared the meals, swept the deck, dusted the sail, and put things in order.

After several hours, the admiral turned around to ask the philosophers if they had thought of any discovery yet, when, to his amazement, he saw that each one of them had put his bag upon his head.

"What did you do that for?" cried the admiral, and each of the philosophers gave a little jump; and then they explained that it was much easier to think

wind properly, she would move the admiral toward one side or the other, and thus change the course of the vessel.

"If I knew," said the admiral one day, "the exact age of the youngest of those aristocrats, I should know just how long we should have to sail, before they would all be grown up; when it would be time for us to go back after them, and take them to Nassimia."

The cook remembered that the smallest boy had told her he was ten years old.

"Then," said the admiral, "we must sail for eleven years."

And they sailed for eleven years; the philosophers, with their heads in their bags, trying their best to think of some good thing to discover.

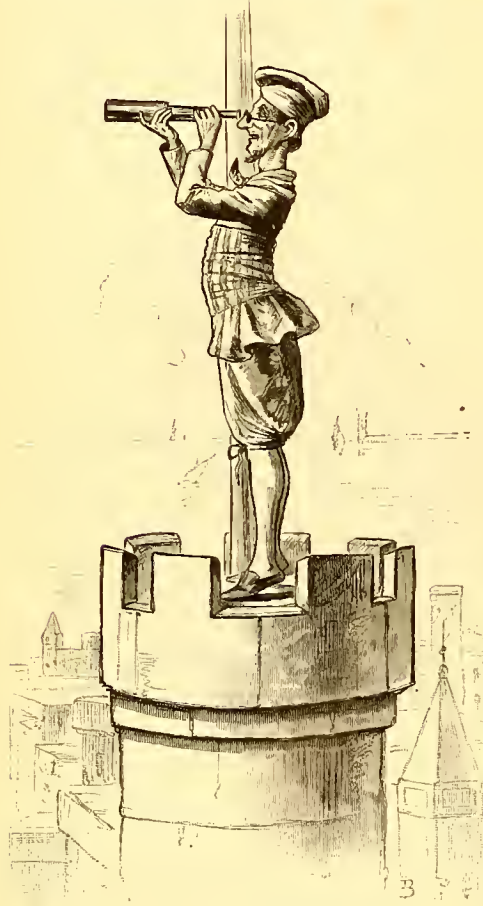
The day after the aristocrats had been shut up in their luxurious apartment, the queen sent a messenger to them, to tell them that she thought the idea of putting people's heads in bags was one of the most amusing things she ever heard of, and that she would be much obliged if they would send her the pattern of the proper kind of bag, so that she could have some made for her slaves.

The messenger brought scissors, and papers, and pins, and the boys cut a pattern of a very comfortable bag, with holes for the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, which they sent with their respects to the queen. This royal lady had two bags made, which she put upon two of her servants, and their appearance amused her so much that she smiled a great deal, and yet scarcely felt tired at all.

But, in the course of a day or two, the king happened to see these bag-headed slaves sitting in an ante-chamber. He was struck with consternation, and instantly called a council of his chief ministers.

"We are threatened with a terrible danger," he said to them, when all the doors were shut. "We have among us a body of Bagists! Little did we think, in our gratitude, that we were wound up merely that we might go through life with our heads bagged! Better far that we should stay stopped forever! How can we know but that the ship which brought them here may soon return, with a cargo of bag-stuffs, needles, thread, and thimbles, and that every head in our city may be bagged in a few days? Already, signs of this approaching evil have shown themselves. Notwithstanding the fact that these dangerous characters have been closely confined, no less than two of the inmates of my palace have already had their heads bagged!"

At these words, a thrill of horror pervaded the ministers, and they discussed the matter for a long time. It was finally decided that a lookout should be constantly kept on the top of a high tower, to give notice of the approach of the ship, should she



THE WATCH ON THE HIGH TOWER.

with one's head in a bag. The outer world was thus shut out, and trains of thought were not so likely to be broken up.

So, for day after day, the philosophers, with their heads in their bags, sat, and thought, and thought; and the admiral sat and steered, and the navy cooked and dusted and kept things clean. Sometimes, when she thought the sail did not catch the

return; additional guards were posted at the door of the aristocrats' apartment, and it was ordered that the city be searched every day, to see if any new cases of bagism could be discovered.

The aristocrats now began to be very discontented. Although they had everything they could possibly want to eat and drink, and were even furnished with toys and other sources of amusement, they did not like to be shut up.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the Tail-boy. "I can't stand this any longer. Let's get away."

"But where shall we get away to?" asked several of the others.

"We'll see about that when we're outside," was the answer. "Anything's better than being shut up here."

After some talk, everybody agreed that they ought to try to escape, and they set about to devise some plan for doing so. The windows were not very high from the ground, but they were too high for a jump, and not a thing could be found in the room which was strong enough to make a rope. Every piece of silk or muslin in the curtains or bed-clothes was fine, and delicate, and flimsy. At last, the Smart-boy hit upon a plan. The apartment was a very long one, and was floored with narrow boards, of costly wood, which ran from one end to the other of it. He proposed that they should take up one of these boards, and, putting it out of the window, should rest one end on the ground, and the other on the window-sill. Then they could slide down.

Instantly, every aristocrat set to work, with knife, or piece of tin, or small coin, to take out the silver screws which held down one of the boards.

"It is very narrow," said the Head-boy. "I am afraid we shall slip off."

"Oh, there is no danger of that," replied the Smart-boy. "If we only go fast enough, we cannot slip off. We will grease the board, and then we shall go fast enough."

So the board was taken up, and, after having been well greased with oil from the lamps, was put out of the window.

Then the boys, one at a time, got on the board and slid, with the speed of lightning, to the ground. Most of them came down with such rapidity and force that they shot over the smooth grass to a considerable distance. As soon as they were all down, the Smart-boy took the end of the board and moved it to one side, so that it rested on the edge of a deep tank.

"Now, then," said he, "if any of the guards slide down after us, they will go into the tank."

It was now nearly dark, and the boys set about finding some place where they could spend the night. They soon came to a large building, the

doors of which were shut, but, as they were not locked, they had no trouble in entering. This building was a public library, which was closed very early every afternoon, and opened very late every morning. Here the aristocrats found very comfortable quarters, and having lighted a candle which one of them had in his pockets, they held a meeting, to determine what they should do next.

"Of course the ship will come back, some day," said the Smart-boy, "for that admiral would be afraid to go home without us. The giant would smash him and his old ship if he did that. So we shall have to wait here until the ship comes."

"But how are we going to live?" asked several of his companions.

"We can sleep here," he answered. "It's a nice, big place, and nobody will ever disturb us, for a notice on the door says it's closed two hours before sunset. And as to victuals, we shall have to work at something."

This was thought good reasoning, and they now began to consider what they should work at. It was agreed that it would be wise for them all to select the same trade, because then they could stand by each other in case of any business disputes, and their trade was to be chosen in this way: Every boy was to write on a piece of paper the business he liked best, and whatever trade or profession was written on the most papers, was to be adopted by the whole company.

When the papers were read by the Head-boy, it was found that nearly every one had selected a different calling; but three of the smaller boys happened to want to be letter-carriers, and so, as there was no business which had so many votes as this, it was determined that they should all be letter-carriers.

The three little boys shouted for joy at this.

"But where shall we get letters to carry?" asked some of the older fellows.

"Oh, we'll see about that in the morning," said the Smart-boy. "There'll be plenty of time before the library opens."

They slept that night on piles of parchments, and in the morning the building was searched to see if any letters could be found for them to carry. In the cellar they discovered a great many huge boxes, filled with manuscripts which had been collecting ever since the city was first wound up and started. These, they concluded, would do just as well as letters, and each boy filled his satchel with them, and started off to deliver them.

Each carrier was assigned by the Head-boy to a different street, and all went to work with a will. The people were glad to get the manuscripts, for many of them were very instructive and interesting,

and they gave the boys a small piece of money for each one. This went on, day after day, and every morning each person in the whole city got a letter.

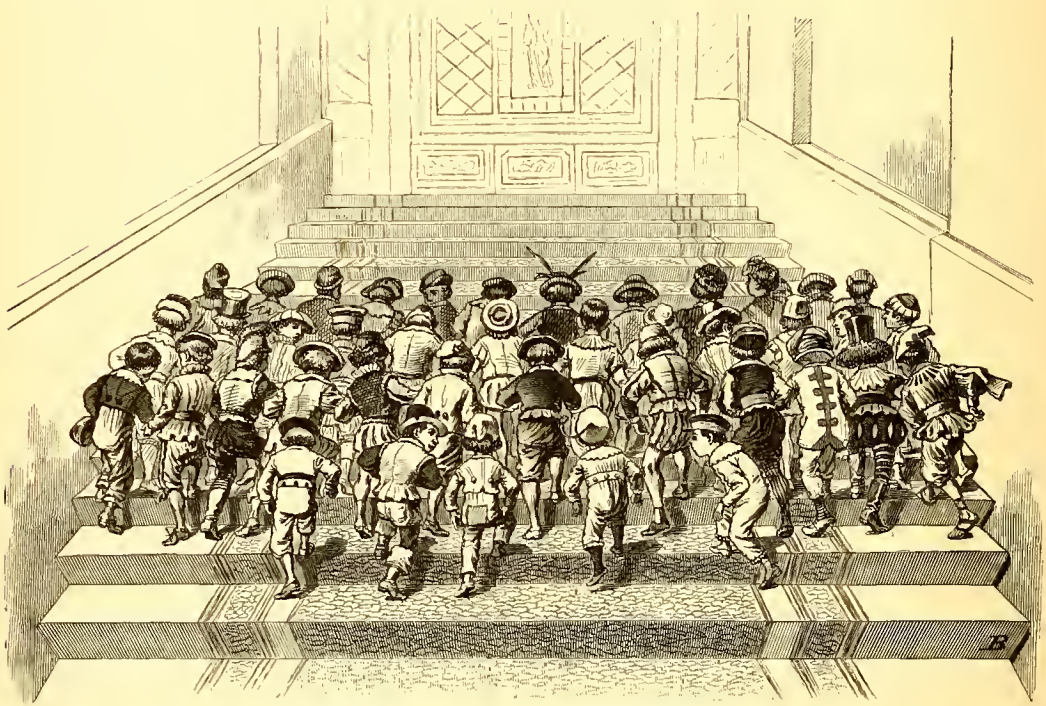
When the king was informed of the escape of his prisoners, he hurried, in great trouble, to see how they had got away. But when he saw the board which they had left resting on the edge of the tank, he was delighted.

"Those wretched Bagists," he exclaimed, "in trying to escape, have all slid into the tank. Let it be walled over, and that will be the end of it. We are fortunate to get rid of them so easily."

reading the old manuscripts, and sorting them out for the carriers. Nobody ever came into the cellar to disturb him.

The people of the city were very much benefited by the instructive papers which were brought to them every day, and many of them became quite learned. The aristocrats also learned a great deal by reading the papers to those persons who could not read themselves, and, every evening, the master gave them lessons in the library. So they gradually became more and more educated.

They often looked up to the high tower, be-



THE ARISTOCRATS WINDING UP THE CITY. [SEE PAGE 195.]

But the watch on the high tower was still kept up, for no one knew when the ship might come back with more Bagists.

One day, as the Head-boy was delivering his letters, he met an old man, whom he instantly recognized as his master. At first, he felt like running away; but when the master told him that he was alone, and forgave everything, they embraced in tears. The old man had not been able to find his boys in the town, and had wandered into the surrounding country. In this way, he had never had a letter.

The Head-boy took him to the library that night, and he afterward spent most of his time

cause they had heard that a flag was to be hoisted there whenever a ship with a pink-and-blue sail was seen approaching the city.

Ten years passed, and they saw no flag, but one day they saw, posted up all over the city, a notice from the king, stating that, on the next day, the city would run down, and ordering all the people to retire into their houses, and to shut up their doors and windows. This struck the aristocrats with dismay, for how were they to get a living if they could not deliver their letters?

So they all boldly marched to the palace, and, asking for the king, proposed to him that they should be allowed to wind up his city.

The king gazed upon them in amazement.

"What!" he cried. "Do you let-

stair-way, twice as fast as it had ever gone before. Click! click! click! went the machinery, and before anybody could really imagine that the thing was true, the stair-way stopped with a bump, and the city was wound up for another ten years!

It would be useless to try to describe the joy and gratitude of the king and the people. The aristocrats were loaded with honors and presents; they and their old master were sumptuously lodged in the palace, and, in their honor, the public library was ordered to be

carriers

venture to come to me with such a bold request?

Do you think for a moment that you know anything about what you propose doing?"

"We can do it a great deal easier than we did it before," said one of the younger aristocrats, "for some of us were very small then, and did n't weigh much."

"Did it before?" exclaimed the bewildered king, staring at the sturdy group before him.

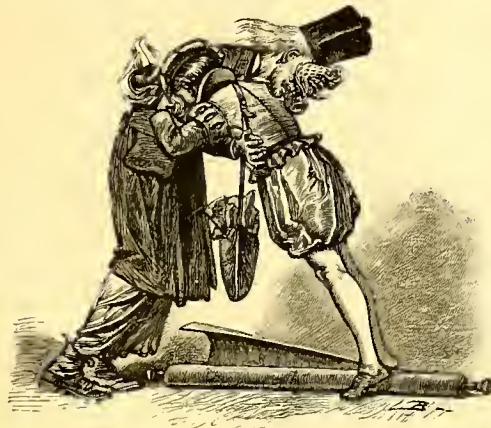
The Head-boy, who was by this time entirely grown up, now came forward, and, acknowledging that he and his companions were the boys who had been shut up in the luxurious apartment, told their whole story since their escape.

"And you have lived among us all this time, and have not tried to bag our heads?" said the king.

"Not a bit of it," replied the other.

"I am very glad, indeed, to hear this," said the king, "and now, if you please, I would like you to try if you really can wind us up, for I feel that I am running down very fast."

At this, the whole body of aristocrats ran to the



THE SCHOOL-MASTER AND HEAD-BOY EMBRACE.

great stair-way, and began quickly to mount the steps. Around and around went the revolving



THE PRISONERS ESCAPE.

kept open every evening, in order that the people who were busy in the day-time might go there and read the papers, which were no longer carried to them.

At the end of a year, a flag was raised on the top of the high tower, and the admiral's ship came in. The philosophers took off their bags, which were now very old and thin, and the aristocrats, with their master, were warmly welcomed on board. Being all grown up, they were no longer feared. In a few days, the ship sailed for Nassimia, and, as the aristocrats were taking leave of the sorrowing citizens, the Smart-boy stepped up to the king, and said:

"I 'll tell you what I should do, if I were you. About a week before the time you expect to run down again, I 'd make a lot of men go to work and wind up the city. You can do it yourselves, just as well as to wait for other people to do it for you."

"That 's exactly what I 'll do!" cried the king. "I never thought of it before!"

He did it, and, so far as is known, the city is running yet.

When the aristocrats reached the city of Nassimia, everybody was glad to see them, for they had become a fine, well-behaved, and well-educated body of nobility, and the admiral, standing high upon his stilts, looked down upon them with honest pride, as he presented them to the king and queen.

Lorilla shook each one of them by the hand. They did not recognize the little fairy in this

handsome woman, but when she explained how the change had taken place, they were delighted.

"To think of it!" cried one of the younger aristocrats. "We never missed that bottle-washer!"

"No," said Lorilla; "nobody ever missed her. That is one reason why she was such a good one to be made a fairy. And now you must tell us your whole story."

And so the king and the queen, the giant and his army, the chancellor of the exchequer, and as

many of the populace as could get near enough, crowded around to hear the story of the adventures of the aristocrats, which the Head-boy told very well.

"I should like very much to go to that curious city," said Lorilla, "especially at a time when it had run down, and everything had stopped."

"Oh, I don't believe it will ever stop any more," cried the Tail-boy. "We told them how to keep themselves a-going all the time."



THE FIRST TOOTH.

FIRE-LIGHT PHANTOMS.

(See Frontispiece.)

BY W. T. PETERS.

“MASTER CLINTON, Master Clinton and my golden-haired Adele,
 Say what see you in the dancing flames to make you half so wise?
 Sure the New Year bells a-ringing
 Have such happiness been bringing
 That the Christmas stars, still shining, seem reflected in your eyes,
 In your glad and joyful eyes!”

Master Clinton answered quickly, glancing sideways toward Adele:
 “We ’ve been telling dreadful stories about ghosts who dress in white;
 Till at last a creepy feeling
 Over both of us came stealing,
 For we thought we almost saw them looking at us through the light,
 Disappearing in the light.”

Then I said: “O Master Clinton and my golden-haired Adele,
 Every heart may have its phantoms, have its ghosts and lovely elves;
 But the ones who bring a blessing,
 And the ones most worth possessing,
 Only come and live with people who are lovely like themselves,
 Good and lovely like themselves.”

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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER II.

“MENITO is in there,” said Mrs. Yegua, as we entered her grounds, next morning, and she pointed to a little log-house at the further end of the corn-field; “he ’s hid behind the door, and is going to shut it as soon as they come. Yes, here they are,” said she, after a while; “do you hear them chatter? Now I have to go out and let them see me; they wont go near the corn-crib till they are sure that I am at the other end of the garden.”

She hobbled out toward a thicket of mangroves, where the troop of monkeys seemed to be holding a council of war. They would mount a stump at the edge of the grove, take a peep at the corn-crib and jump down again, and chatter to one another in an excited way; or congregate around a short-tailed youngster that was sitting at the foot of the stump, uttering a plaintive squeal every now and then, as if he were impatient at the delay.

“They have seen me now,” said Mrs. Yegua, when she returned across the open field; “that ’s what they have been waiting for all morning, may be; I did n’t notice them till I heard them chatter, my eyes are so weak, you know.”

The monkeys seemed to know it, too; a crowd of mischievous boys could not have treated a short-sighted policeman with more disrespect. They followed her half-way up to the cottage, flourishing their tails and making faces at her until their leader, a big fat ceboo with a bushy tail, wheeled and made straight for the corn-crib, as much as to say: “Come on, boys; she ’s gone.”

There were seven of them; and six, including the bobtail baby, entered the crib at once, but the fat leader squatted down on the threshold, just in front of the door, where he could survey the field as well as the interior of the crib. Five minutes passed, and the gratified grunts of the marauders showed that they were enjoying their breakfast.

"Why in the name of sense does n't Menito shut that door?" asked Tommy; "he's missing his best chance if he is waiting for that fat fellow to go in!"

The leader seemed in no hurry to leave his post, and looked almost as if he were going to fall asleep. He was leaning against the door in a half-reclining attitude, and began to stroke himself complacently, perhaps feeling proud of having led so successful



MRS. YEGUA TAKES LEAVE OF HER ENEMIES.

a raid, when he suddenly received a kick that sent him spinning to the middle of the road, and, a second after, the door was shut with a loud bang.

The leader bolted into the next thicket with a whoop of horror; the grunts of the lunch-party had suddenly turned into a hubbub of confused screams, and, even before we reached the crib, we could distinguish the piercing squeals of the little bobtail.

"Don't open the door!" cried Menito, when he heard us coming; "they are trying to break out.

Quick! Get me a forked stick, somebody; I have to catch them before I can put them into the bag."

While Tommy ran to the stable to get a pitchfork or something, I peeped through a knot-hole, and saw four middle-sized monos huddled together in a corner, screaming, and crouching behind a big female that tried to force her head through a crack in the floor. The little bobtail was racing around the crib with squeals of despair, but in the midst of his agony he suddenly grabbed an ear of corn and began to eat with furious dispatch, as if he were resolved to have one more square meal before his death. As soon as we handed the forked stick through the door, the general gallopade recommenced; but Menito was too much for them. One after the other he pinned them

to the ground, and five minutes later the five senior monos performed their antics in a tied-up bag, while the bobtail youngster was crouching in a corner with a long string around his neck. Still, the little sinner had not renounced all hopes, for, when we entered the crib, he jumped upon the widow's arm and pressed his face to her shoulder with a deprecatory chatter, as if he were pleading the most reasonable excuses.

"Where are you going to take them?" asked Mrs. Yegua, when we had caged the monos in our wire baskets.

"To France," said Menito. "This gentleman is going to turn them over to the French authorities."

"To France," mused the old lady—"yes, I remember; that's where Maximilian used to send our prisoners. Well, good-bye, then," said she, shaking hands with the little bobtail, that had taken a back-seat on Betsy's croup; "good-bye, my poor lads; I am sorry it has come to this, but it is

not my fault. I have warned you often enough."

The monkeys themselves did not seem to mind it very much. They examined every cranny of their wire prison, but soon found out that they were in for it, and began to make themselves at home. The foremost cage had not been strapped on very tight, and, whenever it swung forward, one of the prisoners reached out and pulled the mule's ears; and it took us a long while to identify the rogue, for, when we turned around, they all sat quietly together in a

corner, looking as innocent as possible. Our dog had stolen away for a still-hunt in the pine-woods, and when he returned, it set the monkeys all agog, and the little bobtail began to squeal. The others answered him with a low chatter, and, finding that talking was permitted, they soon jabbered away at a lively rate, especially if they perceived anything unusual at the road-side.

But, in the afternoon, when we reached the brink of a wooded plateau, they all turned their heads in the same direction, and the cackling suddenly stopped. What could that be? From a valley on our left came the echo of a curious sound, as if, far away, a hundred dogs were barking together, or joining now and then in a long-drawn howl. Menito stopped the mule and faced about.

"Listen!" said he; "do you hear those dogs?"

"Dogs could not yell like that," replied Tommy; "it must be a panther."

"No, sir; the boy is right," said the guide. "That 's a pack of *perrones* [wild dogs] hunting a deer or a buffalo. They are heading this way, it seems."

The din came nearer and nearer, and, at the next turn of the road, our dog dashed ahead as if he had caught a glimpse of the game. At the same time, we saw two horsemen galloping across the road in the same direction. They had been herding mules on the grassy plateau ahead of us, and had put spurs to their horses when the noise reached the lower end of the valley.

"Let 's hurry up!" cried Menito. "Let us find out what 's the matter and have some fun, may be."

"All right," said the guide; "but we have to stop at that mulberry-wood down there. It 's time for dinner, and there 's a spring in that bottom—the only good one I know in this neighborhood."

Before we left the road, we stopped and listened intently, but the barking sounded more like a bay now; the *perrones* must have surrounded their game, or the horsemen had turned them back; anyhow, the chase did not seem to come any nearer, so we wended our way to the spring.

"Oh, dear! That 's a *cornexo*-roost," said Menito, when we approached the grove. "We sha'n't get much rest there, I 'll warrant you."

"Why? What 's the matter?"

"You 'll soon find out. Look at those birds."

Cornexo is the Spanish word for a rook or jackdaw, but in southern Mexico that name is applied to a kind of bush-shrike, about the size and color of a jay-bird, only that the blue of the wings is much darker. A host of these birds had taken possession of one of the mulberry trees, and began to congregate in the tree-tops when they saw us approaching.

"Now look out for a fuss," whispered Menito.

"You just leave them alone, and they wont bother you," said the Indian. "Here we are; look sharp now, boy, and help me get those baskets down."

There was a fine spring at the lower end of the grove, and Black Betsy drank and drank till we had to loosen her girth; but it puzzled us how to water the monkeys without giving them a chance to break out. At last, Menito solved the problem by simply placing the lower end of the wire baskets in the creek, so that the captives could help themselves without leaving their prison. While the Indian got our dinner ready, I set the boys to forage for grapes and ripe mulberries.

"Now I know what 's the trouble with those birds," said Tommy; "they 've a nest in that second tree there; look up here—you can see it quite plainly."

"For goodness' sake, leave it alone," said Menito. "You 'll start the whole flock after you in a minute."

"Well, what of that?" asked Tommy. "You are not afraid of birds, are you? Just look at him: that 's the boy who told us he was born in the Sierra de Jalisco, where people don't know what fear is!"

"Nor do I," said Menito; "but I know what a *cornexo* is, and you don't, it seems."

"Then I 'm going to find it out right now," said Tommy, and began to climb the tree.

When he got near the tree-top, the old nest-bird flew up with a loud scream, and her cries soon brought up a flock of cousins and aunts from every tree, and before he reached the nest, the noise became actually deafening.

"There are five young ones in here, nearly full-grown," Tommy shouted down. "Shall I get them, Uncle?"

"All right," I called out. "If they have their eyes open, we 'll take them along for specimens. Bring them down."

But that was easier said than done. Tommy took out his handkerchief; but the moment he put his hand upon the nest, the *cornexos* fell upon him like a swarm of angry hornets, fluttered around his face, dashed at his head from behind, clung to his clothes, and pecked away at his legs, in spite of his vigorous kicks.

Menito laughed till I thought he would choke. "You 'd better ask their pardon, and come down," he called out.

Tommy made no reply, but wrapped up the birds well, put the bundle in his bosom, and began to climb down slowly with his knees and his right hand, using his left to shield his face. When he got back to the lower branches, the *cornexos* saw us and left him one by one—all but the old hen-

bird, whose boldness seemed to increase, for she pecked away at his ears, and at last dashed into his face, left and right, as if she wished to get at his eyes. Tommy then stopped a moment, and, when she came the next time, received her with a slap that sent her spinning through the air; but that only made matters worse, for her chattering now turned into piercing screams, and the whole swarm joined in the chorus, till we could not help thinking that we had paid too dear for our specimens. Still, they were pretty fellows, with large yellow beaks, and we made them a good comfortable home in one of the smaller cages.

By and by, the Indian resaddled the mule, and we were helping him to pack the dishes, when we heard the little bobtail monkey squeal away with all its might. Running toward the spring, we caught sight of a long-legged, wolf-like animal that slunk off through the high grass, and, seeing us approach, gathered itself up and darted into the prairie at the top of its speed.

"A perron, I declare!" said the guide. "He was going to drink at this spring, right under our noses. I guess he belonged to that hunting party. Yes, look over yonder," he added. "Here they come—the horsemen, I mean. They were chasing a buffalo, and they have got him, sure enough."

From the lower part of the valley, where we had left the road, the two herders approached at a lively trot, with a big, sluggish animal—a buffalo bull, that stumbled along as if he were tired or wounded, but every now and then broke into a plunging gallop. They had caught him with a lariat, a long strap of tough rawhide; and, while the first horseman dragged him along, his comrade brought up the rear and plied his whip whenever the bull became restive. If he plunged ahead, they let him have his way, for he never could outrun the little horse, that just kept ahead enough to keep its rider out of harm's way. Between the two men and their nimble horses the big brute was perfectly helpless. Tommy snatched up his hat, and was on the point of starting, but, seeing that the hunters headed for the spring, we all waited in the shade of the grove. At sight of our party, the bull stopped instantly and stared wildly at us, but a crack of the heavy whip set him going again, and the whole cavalcade came thundering down into the grove.

"*Caza barata!*" [Cheap venison], laughed the man with the lariat, when he stopped his captive in the creek. "We caught him without firing a shot. The perrones had tired him out before we took a hand in the game."

"I should say so," I replied. "Look at the poor fellow's legs; the wild dogs must have caught up with him, it seems."

From the knees down to the fetlocks, the buffalo's legs looked as if he had been dancing in a thicket of prickly-pears, and even on his dewlap the perrones had left the marks of their sharp teeth. It was clear that the poor beast had had a close race for his life.

"Yes, it's a shame," said the hunter. "But we'll take care of him when we get him home; the *hacienda* [farm-house] is not more than two miles from here."

"Look here, *amigo*," said I; "I should like to buy a young buffalo-calf; do you think you could catch me one, and bring it to Benyamo before the end of this week?"

"I don't know," said the herder. "It's a little late in the season for young calves; but if you are going to Benyamo, you might as well stop at the *hacienda* to-night, and the *ranchero* can tell you, if anybody in the country can. He's a great hand at hunting. All this land here belongs to his *cercada*. You had better come along."

"He's right," said the guide. "I know the place—the *Hacienda del Rio*; it's not much out of our road, anyhow."

"What does he mean by a '*cercada*'?" asked Tommy, when we proceeded on our journey.

"A hunting-preserve," I answered. "The *ranchero* has taken out a license which makes it a trespass for other people to hunt on his land."

The proprietor of the *ranchito* received us with cordial hospitality, and seemed quite sorry to disappoint us when he learned the purpose of our visit.

"It's too bad," he said. "My herders caught dozens of wild calves last spring, but I did not keep them; there is not much demand for such things here. I sent two of them to my next neighbor in the *Casa Morena*, and he gave them to his old grizzly."

"A grizzly bear! Do you know how much he would charge for such a bear?"

"Not much, I reckon; he had two of them, and killed the bigger one because he ate so much. The one he has now is only half-grown. But, may be, a full-grown panther would suit you as well?"

"Yes, if it is n't crippled, nor sick."

"Then I think we can accommodate you, after all," said the *ranchero*. "My neighbor caught a splendid panther a few days ago, and meant to have a dog-test next week."

"What's that?"

"Oh, a dog-test is the best way of finding out if a shepherd-dog is a good fighter. If he will tackle a panther, he is n't afraid of anything."

"How far is the *Casa Morena* from here?" I asked.

"About seven miles," said the *ranchero*. "You

can get there to-morrow before noon, without difficulty, and reach Benyamo by a trail across the mountains."

After supper, we spread our blankets on the veranda, and the farm-hands crowded around us to examine our nets and wire baskets.

"What in the world are you going to do with all those wild animals?" asked one of the herders, staring at our load.

"Oh, they are going to have a grand *matanza* [a beast-fight] in France," said Menito, "and we came here to buy the most desperate brutes we can get."

"Why! Have n't they any bulls in that country?" asked the herder.

"Yes; but bull-fights are against the law in France," said Tommy.

"Oh, that explains it," said the Mexican. "Of course, then, you have to make shift with something else. It's a pity we have n't got any traps ready; we could catch lots of perrones for you to-night—just hear them!"

A moaning, melancholy howl sounded across the hills; the wild dogs seemed to have taken their disappointment much to heart.

"No wonder," laughed Tommy, "if they have to go to bed supperless after their hard chase—the poor wretches!"

"Why, it serves them just right," said Daddy Simon. "If the proprietor of this place has taken out a license, they had no business to hunt on his preserve."

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE we reached the *hacienda*, the report seemed to have spread that we were going to collect all the wild brutes we could lay our hands on, for on the outskirts of the village we met a man, who inquired very politely if we did not wish to buy his old boar,—“an outrageous hog and a powerful fighter,” as he assured us. We declined the proposal, with thanks, but we had hardly got rid of him when another fellow offered us “a regular fighting-mule.”

“A truly desperate animal,” he said; “you never saw such a kicker.”

“We cannot buy a fighting-mule on trust, you know. We'd have to write to France about it,” said Menito; but Tommy laughed so much at the idea of the fighting-mule that the fellow suspected a joke and left us alone.

There is a kind of tree in Mexico called charca-wood, and which looks very much like black-walnut; but if you try to break a charca-stick, it splinters like bamboo, and if an animal should attempt to gnaw it, it would tear its gums

all to pieces. The panther had been confined in a large box of such charca-sticks, and the box was now standing on the threshing-floor of the barn. It was too big to be carried over the mountains, but they had a smaller cage of the same kind of wood, and, in order to get the cunning panther into this cage, the overseer had devised quite an ingenious plan.

In one corner of the barn they had removed a board, and placed the cage outside, with its open door just fitting the hole in the board-wall. It was a sort of sliding-door that could be raised and lowered with a string. Now, if the panther should try to escape through the hole in the wall, she would run right into the cage; and if we pulled the string, down would come the sliding-door, and we should have her just where we wanted her.

The panther was a female, as lithe and active as a weasel, and beautifully marked. She was not quite full-grown, but evidently a dangerous brute, and before they opened the box, the Señor (the owner of the *hacienda*) asked us to step behind a board partition, where they stored their grain. The box had been turned over sideways, so that the door was now on top, and one of the grooms went boldly up to it and removed the staple. He opened the door just a little bit, waited a second and then closed it again; opened it once more and waited about two seconds before he shut it; the next time three seconds, and so on.

The panther watched every action he made, with glittering eyes, and crouched down for a spring, but the continual motion of the door somehow confused her, and when the groom finally threw the door wide open and walked away, she remained quietly at the bottom of the cage, still watching the opening. By and by, she raised her head, eyed the aperture closely and carefully, and suddenly bounced out with a spring that landed her nearly in the middle of the threshing-floor. There she stood for a moment with glaring eyes, and then bounded away and galloped along the walls, hunting for a loophole or a hiding-place. She came close to the hole in the corner, but unfortunately stumbled over the loose board, took fright and bounded away to the opposite end of the barn, where she espied a little cranny between the floor and the boards of a side-door. In the next moment she was tearing away at the boards with claws and teeth.

“Bad luck—there she goes!” cried the overseer. “Quick! Somebody run down to the village and fetch the herder Tomas, the man who caught the bear with a lariat last year!”

“There is n't time. She will get through there in ten minutes!” shouted the Señor. “Get the dogs—every one of them!”

The groom ran out, and quickly returned with a pack of big shepherd-dogs, while one of the stable-boys came in with a powerful brindled deer-hound.

"Fetch them this way!" cried the Señor. "Now they see her. *Alza!* Forward, boys! Grab her!"

"They will tear her to pieces," I remarked.

"No danger," laughed the Señor. "She 'll take care of herself."

He was right. It was wonderful how easily the little brute held her own against five big hounds, two of them considerably heavier than herself. They dashed at her with a rush; but, in the nick of time, she flung herself on her back, and up went her four claws, the points bristling like sixteen daggers. The dogs started back as a man would from the muzzle of a loaded shot-gun, and the panther at once recommenced her work at the boards.

"Here, Joe, slip the deer-hound!" cried the Señor.

The hound leaped upon her with a fierce growl, but was hurled back by a blow that made his hair fly and tore a heavy leather collar off his neck.

"Have you ever seen such a lucky dog?" laughed the overseer. "If it had not been for that collar, she would have torn his throat from ear to ear."

The shepherd-dogs charged her again and again, but not one of them dared come within reach of those terrible paws, and in the intervals of the fight she tore away at the planks and boards.

"That wont do," said the Señor. "Get a pailful of hot water."

"I am sorry to say that wont do, either," I remarked. "I have no use for her if you spoil her fur. Can't we scare her out of that corner somehow or other?"

"I guess we can," said one of the herders, "and in less than two minutes. Have you any black pepper in the house, Señor?"

"Plenty of it. Why?"

"Well, then, let Joe get a red-hot pan and a handful of pepper. That will fetch her; it will start a balky horse that would not care for the heaviest cart-whip in Mexico."

"Now hand me that pan," said the herder, when Joe returned. "Let the panther alone for a minute; I 'm going to work this business from the outside, or you would all sneeze yourselves to death."

I thought so, too, for the mere scent of the pepper-smoke made my eyes smart as if I had washed them with lye, and the boys began to cough and rub their noses. The herder went out and placed the pan close to the cranny of the side door, fanned it with his shawl, and soon the smoke came through the boards in little curling white clouds.

I once heard five tomcats waul on the same roof, but the concert could not compare with the music of the she-panther when that smoke reached her nostrils. She pressed her nose against the floor, rubbed her eyes with her paws, and squealed in a way that made the boys laugh till they screamed; but still she held her ground, like a stubborn child that will rather stand any misery than yield its point.

"Have you any gunpowder handy, Señor?" asked the overseer.

"Here, take my powder-flask," I said, guessing what he would be about.

He went out, and, a second after, a big gray cloud puffed up through the cracks, and the panther bolted like a shot. The idea of facing that amount of smoke had suddenly overcome her powers of endurance. She darted to the opposite end of the barn, saw the loophole, and at once squeezed herself through and into the cage. A pull at the string, and we heard the sliding-door drop. We had her safe.

"Such a vixen!" laughed the Señor. "I warrant she had seen that hole long ago, but was bound to give us all the trouble she possibly could. Now, don't you think she is worth eight dollars?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, make it ten, and I 'll let you have the little grizzly, too. I 've not much use for him, anyhow."

"All right," said I; "I 'll take him."

"Well, but hold on," said the overseer. "This gentleman has n't anything to put him in, and we have only this one cage."

"Can you wait till to-morrow?" said the Señor.

"Not very well," I replied. "We have to get to Benyamo by Saturday night."

"Well, then, I 'm afraid we shall have to muzzle him and cut his claws. Our village teamster will start for Benyamo this evening, and we can put the grizzly in the back part of the wagon. He 's too contrary to go afoot."

"But how can you muzzle him?" I asked.

"Oh, we 'll manage that," said the overseer. "Come on."

The grizzly looked, indeed, as if he could not be trusted in his present condition. He was chained up near a little garden-fountain; and, when he saw us coming, he retreated toward a sort of dog-house, growling and showing a row of formidable teeth. The overseer went up to the dog-house from behind, dragged it back till the bear could not reach it with his short chain, and then called the groom.

"Now come on, Joe; turn the squirt on him."

The groom quietly unscrewed the pipe and turned the nozzle on the grizzly. In spite of his

chain, the bear leaped to and fro with surprising agility; but the jet followed him wherever he went, and drenched him till he weltered and groveled in a puddle of wet sand.

"Stop," said the overseer; "let us see if that will do." He fetched a long pole and held it close to the bear's head. "Look here, Jack, will you behave now?" he asked.

The bear eyed him, grabbed the end of the pole, and crushed it between his jaws like a turnip.

He took up the pole and poked him repeatedly; but the bear lay still, gurgling and snoring as in a dream. He was thoroughly stupefied, and before he could recover his senses, the men muzzled him and cut every one of his long claws. When he awoke, he found himself, gagged and tied in a nice straw-padded cart, on the road to Benyamo. The bear, the panther-cage and the monkeys were in the cart, and Black Betsy carried only our provisions and a few of the empty, wire baskets.



BREAKING A GRIZZLY.

"Look here, señor, have n't you a shawl or an old blanket to spare?" asked the teamster.

"Yes, I can give you a blanket," I said. "Why?"

"He wont give in yet. Go on, Joe," said the overseer.

The deluge recommenced, and the bear struck out left and right with a violence that spattered the water all over the gravel-plot. Twice he rose on his hind legs, and shook his dripping paws as if he longed to grapple with a less evasive foe; but by and by his legs gave way, he put his paws farther and farther apart, and finally rolled over and clutched at the empty air, as though he were going to choke.

"Hold on," I said, "or perhaps you 'll kill him outright."

"Stop, Joe," said the overseer. "But I don't trust him yet; he's up to all kinds of tricks."

"Just look at these monkeys," said he. "They are half dead with fear at being so near that old grizzly. We'd better cover up their cage, so that they wont see him."

I put all the wire baskets together and covered them completely with a large picce of tent-cloth. The monkeys then stopped their jabbering; but before long their curiosity got the better of their fear. They soon found out that they could lift one corner of the curtain, and, one after the other, they stole up to take a sly look at the bear. After every peep, they would put their heads together and confer in a kind of solemn whisper.

We made only seven miles that afternoon, for, toward evening, the road became so steep that it

seemed dangerous to go any farther after night-fall. But when the sun rose the next morning, the view of the sierra was so glorious that we were glad we had not passed such scenery in the dark. The crests of the sunlit Cordilleras looked like gilded cloud-castles, and in a rocky mountain-range on our left, every creek and every water-fall glittered like a streak of silver. Our panther had been caught in this neighborhood, and I knew that these mountains were infested with other beasts of prey; but we had a swarm of dogs along. Old Rough had rejoined us at the *rancho*, the owner of

the *hacienda* had lent us the deer-hound and two of the large shepherd-dogs, in case the bear should get loose, and our teamster had three big curs of his own. Before long, they started a peccary, one of those quick-footed wild hogs of the Mexican hill-forests, and the whole pack was off in hot pursuit.

"I think there's a troop of horsemen coming," said Tommy. "I hear trotting behind us."

The teamster stopped his cart and looked back.

"Where are the dogs?" he whispered, glancing about anxiously. "They are always gone if you want them. Get your guns ready, gentlemen!"

(To be continued.)

THE THING-A-MA-JIG.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"But especially Thing-a-ma-jig."—*Lewis Carroll.*

"No, I DON'T think we exactly *spoil* him," said his mother, thoughtfully, and with a great air of impartiality.

"No, I don't think we *exactly* spoil him," said his father, like a judge giving sentence.

"Spoil him! You *could n't* spoil him! B'ess its 'ittle heart, it's whole heaps too sweet to be spoiled!" said his three young aunts, and in their struggle for possession of the inestimable treasure, they came near disproving their own words. Aunt Martha snorted. It certainly was not polite in her to snort, and perhaps it is not even polite in me to mention it, but truth is mighty and will prevail.

"Now, Aunt Martha, that is n't fair," said his mother, in an injured tone, and exactly as if the old lady had spoken. "We *could n't* be more judicious with him than we are. I try his bath every morning with the thermometer, myself, and he never eats a thing that I have n't tasted first, and he has never eaten a bit of candy but Ridley's broken, and that only at his dessert, and —"

"And you did n't walk the floor with him half the night, last week, because he had a few mosquito bites and a little prickly heat; and you shook him well for pouring cologne on the fire and nearly blowing himself up; and you sent him to bed without his supper the night he set fire to the curtains; and you did n't let him have your diamond ring to play with, and lose, because he cried for it, and —"

"Oh, come now, Aunty," said his father, interrupting the old lady as she had interrupted her niece, "you seem to forget how little he is. I don't wonder, for certainly his intellect is remark-

able for a child of his age; but he is only three years old, you know, and we can't begin to reason with him yet, poor little chap."

"If his intellect 's so far in advance of his age, I don't see why not," said Aunt Martha, dryly, but nobody seemed to hear her, and she continued: "When mine were that size, I did n't reason with 'em,—I spanked 'em!"

"Yes, and see —" began one of the young aunts, excitedly, and then stopped short, blushing.

Aunt Martha rose abruptly, and left the room. It was only too well known in the family that her boys had grown up "wild," and her girls treacherous and deceitful.

"You ought n't to have said that, Katie," said the married sister, reproachfully.

"I don't care!" and Katie shrugged her shoulders willfully. "She 's all the time picking at you and Hal, and I 'm tired of it; and as for this little angel's being spoiled—did it want its aunty's earrings, b'essed 'ittle pet? There—oh, *do* look, girls,—he 's trying to put them in his dear little ears! Did you ever see anything so 'cute!"

Now the young aunts were, as they would have endearingly expressed it, "his own-y don-y aunts," while Aunt Martha was only his great-aunt.

It was very warm that night at bed-time, and doors and windows were left wide open.

The heat prevented Aunt Martha from sleeping until quite late, and she had just dropped off comfortably when she was roused by a wail of such deep despair that she sprang out of bed almost before she knew it, and then stopped to listen for some clue to the direction whence the sound had

come. She had not long to wait; another wail, more prolonged than the first, came unmistakably from the room on the opposite side of the passage, where the son and heir, watched over by his tender parents, slept secure. Aunt Martha stepped into bed again. But first she made a motion to close the door, and then drew back, with a quick bob of her head, leaving the door wide open.

Heart-rending sobs followed the wail, and then a little voice said, brokenly:

"I want my thing-a-ma-jig! I want my thing-a-ma-jig! And it is n't here—it's all gone!"

The mother made some tender suggestion which Aunt Martha could not catch, and once more that wail broke the silence of the night.

"No! No!" shrieked their darling. "I wont have it; take it away! I wont have anything but my thing-a-ma-jig!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to get it, dear," said the treasure's mother, a little reluctantly.

"He'll make himself ill if he cries so."

("It's of no consequence whether he rouses the house or not," said Aunt Martha to herself, with such fine scorn, that it was a dreadful pity it was wasted on an imaginary audience.)

"Do you know where it is?"—Aunt Martha heard the scraping of a match. "He left it in the library; it's my fault, dearie,"—penitently,—“for I meant to bring it up, and forgot it. There, there,—don't cry any more, darling; Papa's gone for his thing-a-ma-jig, and he'll have it in a minute.”

The sobs ceased as the fond father was heard returning; but, presently, they broke forth afresh, and among them, Aunt Martha distinguished the words: "Papa did n't bring my button, and it wont play without my button, and I'spect my button's lo-o-o-st!"

"Here are the scissors, Harry. Cut him off a button from your coat; I'll sew on another in the morning. I can't bear to hear him sob so, and he's only half awake, you know. Poor little chap! He can't be well. There, old fellow, there's a famous button for you. Now put your thing-a-ma-jig to sleep."

Silence reigned after this, broken just once by a low, sleepy little laugh, which somehow sounded like the bird-notes one hears in the stillness of the short summer nights.

Sheepishness, and a determination to brave it out, contended for the mastery on the faces of the parents, as they met Aunt Martha at breakfast.

"I'm afraid he disturbed you a little last night," said his mother, deprecatingly.

"He did—a good deal," answered Aunt Martha, grimly. "What ailed him?"

The parents looked at each other foolishly.

"I don't think he was quite ——" began his mother, meekly.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Martha, with withering scorn. "He's as well as I am, and better. What is it he calls his 'thing-a-ma-jig,' anyhow?"

"It's an egg-beater," said his mother, after an interval of embarrassed silence, in which she vainly *looked* her husband to come to the rescue.

"An egg-beater!" and Aunt Martha stopped, apparently struck dumb with astonishment.

"Yes; it's a patent thing I bought when we first went to housekeeping; but it would n't work, somehow, and one day I was holding Baby in the kitchen, while I talked to the cook about

breakfast, and she put a button in it,—*she* loves children *dearly*,—and rattled it

around to amuse him, and he laughed and crowed so sweetly, that I took it upstairs to let his father see him with it;

and, ever since, he takes it to bed with him every night, and the last thing he does,

when he is n't too sleepy, is to 'put it to sleep,' as he calls it, by spinning the button about in it. I don't see how we came to let

him go to bed without it last night. He was so tired, that he went to sleep before he missed it; but I'll try not to let it happen again. Was n't it clever of him? He heard his father call something a thing-a-ma-jig one day, and he's

called it that ever since."

And the parents beamed fondly on their darling, who appeared at this juncture, fresh and smiling, with a "sweet, clean kiss" for every one who would take it. Aunt Martha's stern face

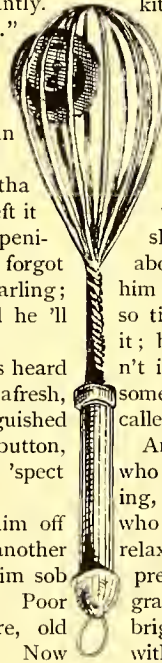
relaxed for a moment, as the baby-lips were pressed to hers, and the clear little voice said gravely, "I hope you slept tight and waked

bright, Aunt Martha!" But it froze over again, with startling suddenness, as she turned to the misguided parents.

"How many times do you suppose you've got up to give him that thi—that egg-beater, since he took this notion?" she inquired, sternly.

"Oh, not more than a dozen nor less than twelve," said her nephew, lightly.

"But he's not a bit spoiled!" said Aunt Martha, sharply. "Oh, no! Not at all! Humph!"





"THE KING OF FRANCE AND FOUR THOUSAND MEN
DREW THEIR SWORDS, AND PUT THEM UP AGAIN."—*Old Rhyme.*

EVERY BOY HIS OWN ICE-BOAT.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.

VERY few skaters have not, now and then, to a moderate extent, made ice-boats of themselves by standing up straight, with their backs to the wind, and allowing themselves to be blown along before it. Coats, held wide open, umbrellas, shawls, and the like, have been used to gain greater speed; but, after all was done, there remained the long pull back against the wind—no laughing matter, with the thermometer in the twenties, or lower, and a howling north-wester sending the loose snow in stinging sheets along the ice. There was so much fun, however, in running down before the gale, that boys have always made light of working to windward. Why in the world it did not sooner occur to some ingenious lad that he could turn himself into an efficient ice-boat, is one of those things that cannot be explained; but certain it is that, until last winter, the world at large did not know that Canadians were in the habit of rigging themselves with spars and canvas, sailing "close-hauled," "running free," having themselves "taken aback," "missing stays," being struck by squalls,

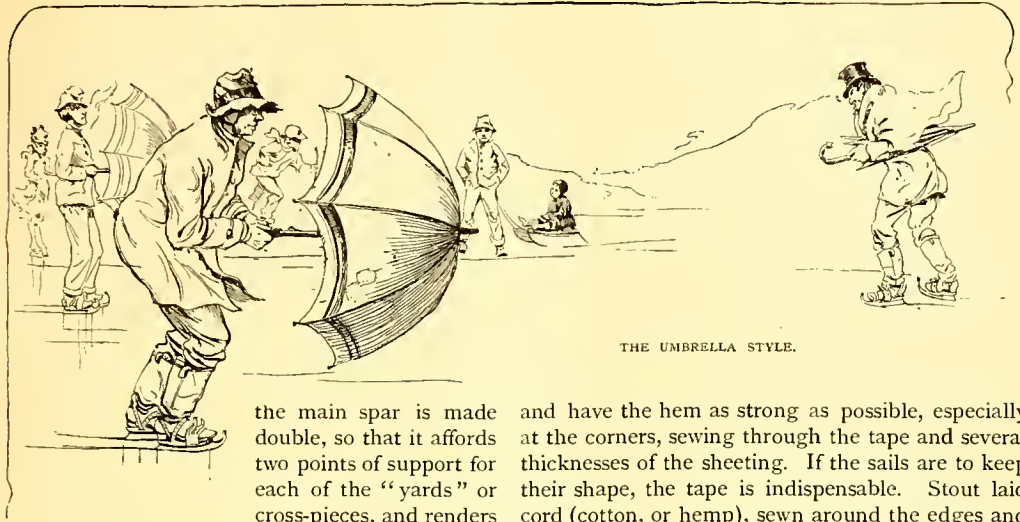
and, in short, going through no end of fascinating maneuvers, with the aid of the wind, and without danger of a ducking in case of an upset.

The name of the inventor of skate-sailing has not been announced, but his plan was the simple one of stretching an oblong sail on a light frame, and holding it by means of a spar reaching from end to end. With this, it is possible to do everything that an ice-boat can be expected to do. But the crew works at a disadvantage: the steersman can see only one-half as much as he ought to see, and of course stands in constant danger of collision. To lift or lower the sail, so as to see if the way is clear, is a somewhat awkward operation.

Another difficulty with this form of sail is, that its spars must be somewhat heavy, in order to bear the strain of sufficient bracing, as there is a tendency on the part of the sail to twist and make a complete wreck of itself and crew. The latest improvement does away effectually with both these imperfections, and seems to provide a nearly perfect device for skate-sailing.

In the first place, the sail is divided into fore-sail and main-sail, so that the crew has his whole course in plain sight between the two. Secondly,

smoothly on the floor, and mark out the sails, making ample allowance for heavy hems. Stitch stout tape all around where the edges are to be,



THE UMBRELLA STYLE.

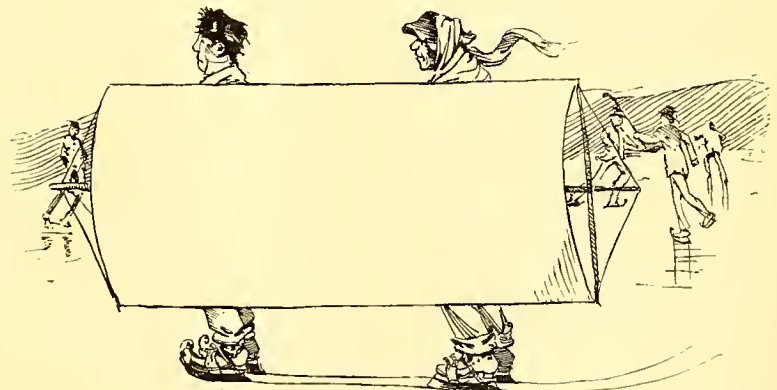
the main spar is made double, so that it affords two points of support for each of the "yards" or cross-pieces, and renders the whole affair so strong

and have the hem as strong as possible, especially at the corners, sewing through the tape and several thicknesses of the sheeting. If the sails are to keep their shape, the tape is indispensable. Stout laid cord (cotton, or hemp), sewn around the edges and forming small loops at the clews, makes a desirable finish, but is not absolutely necessary. Instead, small brass or galvanized rings may be sewn to the clews. These rings must be large enough to catch easily on the pins or knobs in the spar-ends.

that comparatively light spars may be used. In the diagram given on the next page, A G is the main spar, from eight to twelve feet long, according to the size and strength of the crew. It is made of bamboo, or some light native wood like spruce or pine. The pieces should not be less than an inch and a half in diameter in the middle. They may be tapered toward the ends, but one side of each should be left flat.

The sails may range in size from three to five feet square, according to the size, strength, and weight of the skater. It is not difficult to arrange them for reefing, but they are so easily adjustable

Each piece, in short, is shaped like an archer's bow, much lengthened. The flat sides are laid together, and the ends at A and G are lashed firmly with strong twine. In or near each end, at A and G, is set a button to hold the clew—corner, that is—of the sail.



THE OLD STYLE OF SKATE-SAILING.

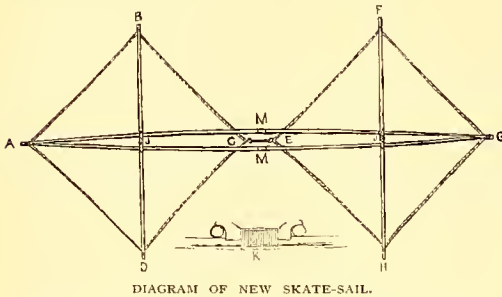
The most perfect spar yet devised is made of four pieces of bamboo, with brass fishing-rod ferrules at the butts, fitting into one another at M. Brass tips hold the smaller ends of the bamboos together at A and G. The butts join at the middle of the spar, which can thus be taken in pieces and easily carried.

to the wind without reefing, that this is hardly necessary.

The sails are made from the heaviest cotton sheeting—unbleached is best. Tack the material

The cross-yards are quite light. Bamboo, five-eighths of an inch thick at the smaller end, is probably heavy enough for the largest practicable

sail. They must be made three or four inches longer than the diagonal of the sail. Near the ends of the yards are buttons similar to those on



the spar. To the middle of each yard is firmly lashed a cleat, some three to five inches long (K, in the above diagram)—whose ends are shaped so as to receive and hold the two pieces of the main spar, when they are sprung apart.

Two opposite clews of the sail are now hooked over the buttons at the ends of the yard, the main spar is sprung apart until the cleat can be inserted and held at right angles between its pieces, as at J. The yard is pushed along until the clew of the sail can be hooked over the button at the spar-end. The other sail is then put in position similarly at the other end of the spar, and the two remaining clews, at C and E, are strained together with a strap or cord as tightly as the material will permit. The whole affair is exceedingly light, strong, and elastic, and will stand any reasonable amount of strain.

Such is the rig. Now, the question is, how to manage it. This is a far less complicated matter than in the case of a sail-boat, although the principle is the same. If you are caught by a squall, all you have to do is to let go of everything, and your sails will fall flat on the ice and await your pleasure.

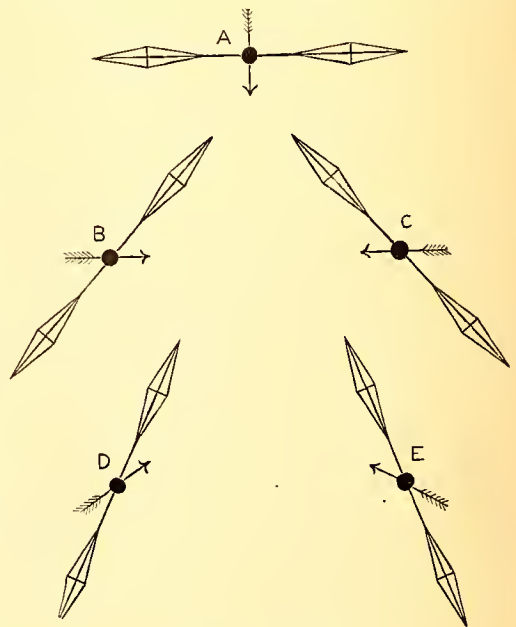
In running before the wind, all you have to do is to hold the spar across the course of the wind, steer with your feet, and go as fast as the wind does. You can vary your course at will considerably to the right or left without altering the position of the sail.

When your course is nearly at right angles to that of the wind, or against it, you will naturally take the spar under one or the other arm, and point the fore-sail more or less in the direction from which the wind comes.

Let us call this second diagram a pond, with the wind blowing from top to bottom. In this diagram, the black spots represent the skater, the arrows the direction in which he sails under different conditions, and the long line, etc., the spar and sails.

In his first course down the middle of the pond, he grasps the spar by the middle, or holds it under his arms behind him. Squaring away with his back to the wind, as at A, he sails before it to the lower end of the pond, moving his feet only for the purpose of steering. In order to make the wind take him back to his starting-point, he turns his sails at an acute angle to the course of the wind, as at B, C, D, and E, instead of across it, as at A. If pointed nearly as at B or C, it will carry him directly across the pond. If as at D and E, it will carry him more or less up the pond, as indicated by the arrows. When he reaches the shore on one tack,—say that represented by E,—he “goes about,” that is, changes the direction of his sails so that they point as at D. The wind will now carry him on a slant to the opposite shore, which he will reach at a point still nearer the head of the pond. Thus, by zig-zagging from one side to the other, now on one tack and now on the other, he may work his way to windward.

Experiment alone can show each individual how best to trim his sails, whether to carry his spar under his windward or leeward arm, or before or behind him. Tastes differ in all these particulars. So, in going about,—changing, that is, from one tack to the other,—each must adopt the method which he personally finds most convenient. One,



perhaps, will pass the spar over his head; another will let the fore-sail fall off to leeward, and bring up the main-sail on the other side, so that it will in turn become the fore-sail. In all these particulars,

each must be a law unto himself; but in regard to avoiding collisions, it is plainly necessary to have a general understanding, and the rules of the Hudson River Ice-Boat Club, adapted to skate-sailing, are perhaps the best.

RULES FOR SKATE-SAILING.

I. Skate-sailers on the port tack must give way to those on the starboard tack.

II. When skate-sailers are moving side by side, or nearly so, on the same tack, those to windward must give way to those to leeward when requested to do so, if there is an obstacle in the course of the leewardmost. But the leeward skate-sailer must

rules in the course of a race shall forfeit all claim to the victory.

VII. A touch, whether of person or of rig, constitutes a collision, either with another skate-sailer, or with a mark or buoy, and he who is responsible for it, under the rules, forfeits all claim to the victory.

VIII. No means of locomotion, other than that afforded by the wind, is permissible during a race.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with sea-terms, it should be stated that "running free" means sailing before, or nearly before, the wind. "Close-hauled," or "on the wind," means



A FLEET UNDER SAIL.

go about or change his course at the same time as the windward skate-sailer, or as soon as he can without coming into collision. The new direction must be kept, at least until the obstacle has been cleared.

III. When skate-sailers are moving side by side, as in Rule II., and approaching a windward obstacle, the leewardmost must give way when requested to do so. But the windwardmost must change his course at the same time as the leewardmost, or as soon as he can do so without coming into collision, and the new direction must be kept, at least until the obstacle has been cleared.

IV. When skate-sailers are running free, it rests with the rearmost ones to avoid collision.

V. Skate-sailers running free must always give way to those on either tack.

VI. Skate-sailers who violate any of the foregoing

sailing sharply across its course. When the skater's right side is presented to the wind, he is on the starboard tack; when his left side is presented to the wind, he is on the port tack.

The possibility of using the sail on an ordinary coasting-sled will naturally occur to every skater. This can be accomplished with the aid of a few additional fixtures. A regular ice-boat has three runners, two in front and one in the rear. The latter is pivoted, so that it can be turned from side to side like the rudder of a boat, and used in like manner for steering. The first thing to be done with a sled is to provide it with sharp shoes, which will not slip over the ice sidewise. A pair of skates, or skate-blades, fastened one to each runner near the bend, are as good as anything. The fitting of the after-runner is a more complicated affair, if fastened to the sled, and it is not worth while to

give directions for it here. The simplest way is to let the after part of the sled rest on its own proper runners, and depend on the feet for steering, or use a stout stick shod with iron. A blade-shaped iron is best, as it presents an edge to the ice.

It is possible to kneel on the sled and hold the sail under the arm, but a mast about three feet high, stepped at the side of the sled, is better. If but one mast is carried, it must be arranged so that it can be readily shifted from one side to the other. The head of the mast is crotched to receive the upper spar; or a hook, large enough to hold it, is inserted an inch or two below the mast-head. The lower spar rests against the mast, and is held there by the crew with one of his hands. A crew of two, on a long sled of the so-called "pig-sticker" variety, can do very pretty work, one tending the sail and the other steering; but a crew of one will think that he needs at least two extra pairs of hands, until he gets the knack of the thing.

It is suggested that more sail can be carried by a single skater, if his yard-arms are shod with light metal disks, so that they can be allowed to rest on the ice and act as runners. So far as known, this

has not been actually tried. It looks promising, but will necessitate rather heavier yards.

This new winter sport opens for all skaters a fresh field of enjoyment. Races or, if you please, "regattas" can be indulged in to any extent, and individual skill in the management of one's self under canvas will afford exhilarating exercise for brain and body, without in the least increasing the danger. Girls as well as boys, ladies as well as gentlemen, can take part in this pastime, and, indeed, one of the best ways of managing a sail is to have a double crew, one holding the spar "for'ard" and the other "aft."

Of course, if the girls have anything to do with sails, they will very soon begin to decorate them, and use colored material. A set of sails made of silk would be amazingly pretty in combination with a tasteful skating costume, skimming across the gleaming surface of a frozen lake, and the effect would be heightened by little, colored streamers flying from the yard-arm. We shall expect, by another season, to hear of the organization of skate-sailing clubs, and the adoption of various constitutions and by-laws for their regulation.



A GENTLE CRAFT.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY BESSIE HILL.

"A HAPPY New Year to you, my lady!
To give you this greeting I came."
"Oh, thank you, indeed," said the sweet little
lady,
"And, truly, I wish you the same."
"I wish you many returns, my lady,
A long chain of years, I may say,
Linked into garlands of joy, my lady,
And now I must bid you good-day."
"Yes, many returns," said the bright little lady,
"In sooth, I would wish for them, too;
A long, long chain," said the dear little lady,
"Of beautiful visits from you!"



PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT MERCY.

THE fact was, Phaeton had spent more study on the question of landing his passengers safely than on any other part of his invention. It was not the first instance—since the days of the hand-mill that made the sea salt—in which it had been found easy to set a thing going, but difficult to stop it.

"There are several ways," said he, continuing his explanation to Ned and me, "to let the passengers off safely. I have n't decided yet what I'll adopt. One way is, to have a sort of brake to squeeze down on the cable and make it stop gradually. I don't exactly like that, because it would wear out the cable, and these cables are going to cost a great deal of money. Another way is, to throw the passengers against a big, soft mattress, like pins in a bowling-alley. But even that would hurt a little, I guess, no matter how soft you made the mattress. The best way is, to drop them in a tank of water."

"What! and get all wet?" said Ned.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Phaeton. "Each one would wear an India rubber water-proof garment (a sort of over-dress), covering him all over and fas-

tened up tight. Of course, these dresses would be provided by the company."

"But would n't it use up a cable every time you cut it?" said Ned.

"Not at all; it could be stretched again by hitching a team of horses to the end and drawing it back, and then we should solder it together with melted India rubber. Probably a dozen teams would be at work at night stretching cables for use next day. You see, we should have as many cables as the business of the road would require."

I have never known whether Phaeton was sincere in all this, or whether he was simply fooling Ned and me. I have since suspected that he had a purpose which did not appear at the time. At any rate, we took it all in and believed it all, and looked upon him as one of the world's great inventors.

"And what do you want the ten dollars for?" said Ned.

"Well, you know, nothing can be done without more or less money," said Phaeton. "The first thing is, to get up a model to send to the Patent-Office, and get a patent on it."

"What's a model?" said Ned.

"A model," said Phaeton, "is a little one, with tunnel and all complete, to show how it works."

"A tunnel," said Ned, "is a hole in the ground.

You can't send a hole in the ground to the Patent-Office, no matter how small you make it."

"Oh, pshaw! Don't you understand? There would be a little wooden tube or shell, painted red, to represent the brick-work that the real tunnel would be arched in with."

"Well, what then?"

"I suppose it would cost about ten dollars to get up a model. If it's going to the Patent-Office it does n't want to be botched up with a pocket-knife."

"Of course not," said Ned. "But the model will be only a beginning. It will take a great deal more money than that to build the real thing."

"Now you talk business," said Phaeton. "And I'm ready, to talk with you. I've thought it all out. I got an idea from the way in which Father says Mr. Drake manages to build so many houses. There are two ways to get this thing into operation. One is, to try it first in this town. You know we boys could dig the tunnel ourselves, and it would n't cost anything. Then we could give a mortgage on the tunnel, and so raise money to buy the cable, and there you are."

"That's all very fine," said Ned; "but they foreclose mortgages. And if there was a mortgage on our tunnel, and they foreclosed it while we were in there, what would become of us? How should we ever get out?"

Phaeton laughed. "I'll tell you how we'll fix it," said he. "We'll have a secret shaft leading out of the tunnel, and not let the man we give the mortgage to, know anything about it."

Ned did n't exactly know whether he was being quizzed or not.

"What's the other way of getting the thing into operation?" said he.

"The other way," said Phaeton, "is to go to New York and see Uncle Silas, and have him get up a company to start it there."

"I think I like that way best," said Ned. "But, to tell you the truth, I had made arrangements to do something else with that ten dollars."

Phaeton looked disappointed.

"Then why did n't you say so in the first place?" said he, as he put his things into his pocket and turned to walk away.

"Don't get mad, Fay," said Ned. "Perhaps we can get another ten."

"Where can we get it?"

"Of Aunt Mercy."

"You might, but I can't."

"Well, I'll try to get it for you, if you'll let me take your machine."

"Well," said Phaeton. "When will you go?"

"I might as well go this evening as any time," said Ned.

So it was agreed that he should visit his Aunt

Mercy that evening, and see if she would advance the money for a model. I was to go with him, but Phaeton was to be kept entirely in the background.

"Do you suppose Fay can really make anything out of this machine?" said Ned to me, as we were on the way to his Aunt Mercy's.

"I should think he might," said I. "For he is certainly a genius, and he seems to have great faith in it."

"At any rate, we might as well get fifteen dollars while we are about it," said Ned.

"I suppose we might," said I.

"Good-evening, Aunty."

"Good-evening, Edmund Burton."

Aunt Mercy was sipping a cup of tea, and reading the evening paper.

"What's the news, Aunty?"

"Another railroad accident, of course."

"Nobody hurt, I hope?"

"Yes; a great many. I wonder that anybody's foolhardy enough to ride on railroads."

"How did it happen?" said Ned, beginning to think it was a poor time to get money for a railroad invention.

"Train ran off the track," said Aunt Mercy, "and ran right down an embankment. Seems to me they always do. I don't see why they have so many embankments."

"They ought not to," said Ned. "If they only knew it, there's a way to make a railroad without any track, or any wheels to run off the track, or any embankment to run down if they did run off."

"You don't say so, Edmund Burton! What sort of a railroad would that be?"

"I happen to have the plan of one with me," said Ned.

"Edmund Burton! What do you mean?"

"I mean this," said Ned, pulling from his pocket the little frame with a rubber string stretched on it. "It's a new invention; has n't been patented yet."

"Edmund Burton!" was all his aunt could say.

"I'll explain it to you, Aunty," said Ned, as he picked up the newspaper which she had dropped, and rolled it into a tube.

"This," said he, "represents a tunnel, a big round hole, you know, as big as this room, bored along in the ground. It goes right through rocks and everything, and is perfectly straight. No dangerous curves. And this"—showing the frame and then passing it into the paper tube—"represents an India rubber cable as large as a stove-pipe, and is stretched out as far as possible, and fastened tight to posts at the ends."

"Edmund Burton!"

"Now, Aunty, we'll call this end Albany, and this end Buffalo."

"Edmund Burton!"

"All the men and boys in Albany that want to go to Buffalo could come down to the depot, and get on the cable right there, sitting just as if they were on horseback, and there will be nice little straps for them to hold on by."

"Edmund Burton!"

"When everybody's ready, the train-dispatcher just picks up a sharp ax, and with one blow cuts the cable in two, right here, and zip! the passengers find themselves in Buffalo. No boiler to

"Edmund Burton!"

"And the great advantage of it is, that the car is perfectly round, and so whichever way it might happen to turn, it would always be right side up, for every side is the right side!"

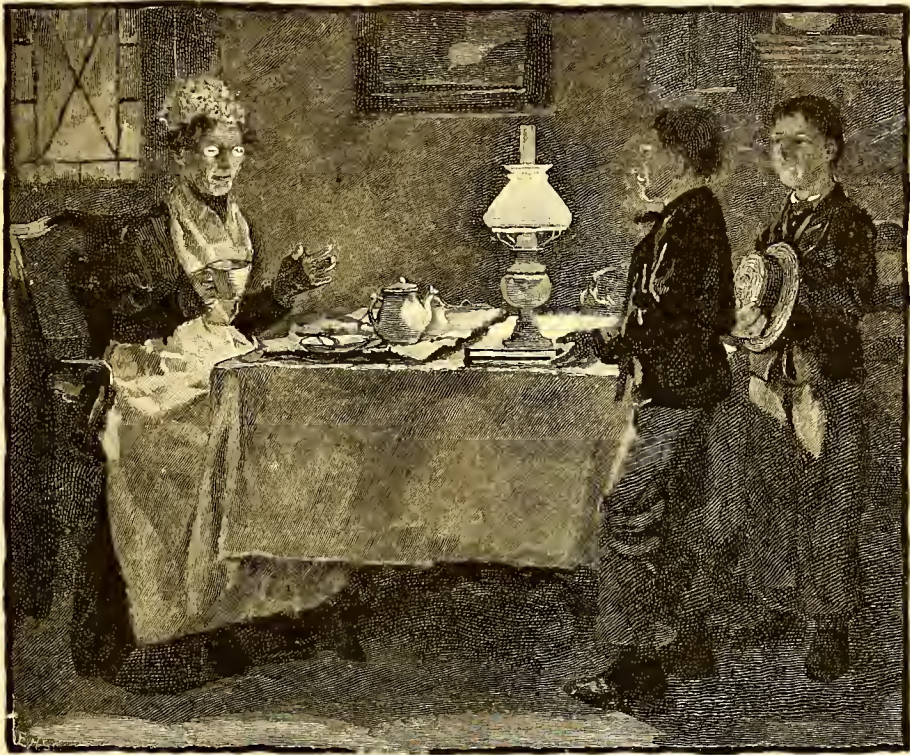
"Edmund Burton, you *are* a genius!"

"But you must n't tell anybody about it, Aunty, for it has n't been patented yet."

"Why don't you patent it, Edmund Burton?"

"We think of doing so, Aunty, but it will cost more money than we have just now. The first thing is, to get up a model."

"What's that, Edmund Burton?"



"EDMUND BURTON, YOU ARE A GENIUS!"

burst, no track to get off from, no embankment to plunge down, no wheels to get out of order."

"Edmund Burton, you *are* a genius! But ladies can't ride that way."

"Of course not, Aunty. We have a car for the ladies. This"—and he picked up from the table a spool of thread and a lead pencil, and passed the pencil through the hole in the spool—"represents it. The pencil represents the cable, and the spool represents the car, which is fastened tight on the cable. When the ladies are all in, it is locked up, and then the cable is cut behind it."

"A little one, with tunnel and everything complete, to show how it works. That has to go to the Patent-Office and be put in a glass case."

"And how much will it cost to make a muddle, Edmund Burton?"

"Fay says he thinks one *could* be made for ten dollars; but I suppose more money would build a better one."

"Your brother knows nothing about it, Edmund Burton. *He* would get up a miserable cheap muddle, and disgrace the family. Don't let him have anything to do with it. Jane!"—calling to

the servant—"bring me my pocket-book from the right-hand corner of my top bureau drawer."

Jane brought it.

"How much will it take for a good muddle, Edmund Burton?" said his Aunt Mercy, as she opened her pocket-book.

"I should think fifteen dollars ought to be a great plenty," said Ned, and she handed him a crisp new ten-dollar bill and a five.

"Thank you, Aunty."

"You're welcome, child. Always come to me when you want money to make a muddle. But mind what I tell you, Edmund Burton. Don't let that numskull brother of yours have anything to do with it, and be sure you get up a handsome muddle that will do credit to the family."

"Yes, Aunty. Good-night!"

"Good-night! But come and kiss me before you go, Edmund Burton."

"Don't you think," said Ned, as we were walking home, "before Fay goes any further with this invention, and spends money on it, he'd better talk with somebody who knows more about such things than we do."

I did n't quite know whether Ned said this because he was really anxious about the fate of the invention, or because he did not like to part with the money, now that he actually had it. Some people are always ready to say that they would lend money to a friend, if they had it; but, when they feel it in their hands, they are not in such a hurry to let it go out. However, I thought this was a good idea, whatever might be Ned's reason for suggesting it; so I said, "Certainly, he ought! Who do you think would be the best person for him to talk with?"

"I don't know anybody better than Jack-in-the-Box," said Ned. "Of course he knows all about railroads."

"Of course he does," said I, "and he'll be glad to help us. Jack-in-the-Box is the very one!"

CHAPTER IV.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

THE box was a red box, about five feet square and eight feet high, with a pointed top. Jack was about five feet nine inches high, with a brown beard and mustache and dark hazel eyes, and might have been twenty-eight years old, perhaps older. When he was in the box, he wore a dark-blue blouse and dark trousers and a small cloth cap. The only time I ever saw him away from the box was on Sundays, when he always came to the Presbyterian Church, and sat in pew No. 79. One of the great

pillars that supported the gallery was planted in this pew, and spoiled nearly the whole of it; but there was a comfortable seat for one at the outer end, and Jack had that seat. The box had two small square windows on opposite sides. On another side was a door, with "248" over it. The fourth side was covered in summer with morning-glory vines, planted by Jack, and trained to run up on strings. A stove-pipe, about as large as your arm, stuck out at the top. When Jack looked through one of his windows, he looked up the railroad; when he looked through the other, he looked down the railroad; when he stepped out of his door, he stood beside the track, and on those occasions he generally had in his hand either a red flag or a red lantern.

Close beside the box rose a tall, heavy pole, with a cross-piece on the top, and short iron rods stuck through it at intervals all the way up. A rope passed over pulleys in the ends of the cross-piece, and Jack used to hoist sometimes three white balls, sometimes two red balls, at night tying on white or red lanterns below the balls.

To us boys, Jack was a delightful character, in an enviable situation, but to older people, he was a mystery. I remember, one day I was walking with father, when Mr. Briggs joined us, and as we came in sight of the box, Jack was rolling up his flag, a train having just gone by.

"What do you make of that young man?" said Mr. Briggs.

"I don't know what to make of him," said Father. "He is evidently not the sort of man they generally have in these positions. You can tell by his speech and manner, and his whole appearance, that he is an educated man and a gentleman."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Briggs. "If you peep in at the window, you will see a shelf full of books. He seems to have taken this way to make a hermit of himself—not a bad way, either, in these modern times, when there are no uninhabited wilds to retire to, and when a little money income is absolutely necessary to existence."

"I should like to know his history," said Father.

"Either he has committed some crime—forgery, perhaps—and escaped," said Mr. Briggs, "or he has quarreled with his family, or in some way been disappointed."

"I don't think it's for any crime," said Father; "his appearance forbids that."

"Still, you can't always tell," said Mr. Briggs. "I tried to make his acquaintance once, but did n't succeed. I am told he repels all advances. Even the Presbyterian minister, whose church he attends, can't get at him."

"I understand he likes the boys, and makes their acquaintance," said Father.

We had now arrived at our gate, and Mr. Briggs said good-evening and passed on.

It was true that Jack-in-the-Box was partial to boys; in fact, nobody else could make his acquaintance. He liked to have us come and talk with him, but never wanted more than two or three to come at a time. Perhaps this was on account of the size of the box. We used to consult him on all sorts of occasions, and got a great many shrewd hints and useful bits of information from him.

The inside of the box was a romance to me. I never saw so many things in so small a space. In one corner was a stove about as large as a coffee-pot, and beside it a sheet-iron coal-box, not much larger. In another corner stood the red flag, when it was furled, and a hatchet. Behind the door, hung flat on the wall, was a large coil of rope. Overhead, on one side, was a shelf, nearly filled with tools and trinkets. On the opposite side—lower, but still over the window—was another shelf, filled with books. I took a special interest in this shelf, and studied the backs of the books so often, that I think I can give you the title of every one, in their order. They were, beginning at the left hand, a Bible, "Essays of Elia," "Henry Esmond," "Life of Columbus," "Twice-told Tales," "Anatomy of Melancholy," "Modern Painters," "The Shadows of the Clouds," "The Middle Ages," "Undine and Sintram," "Tales of the Great St. Bernard," "Sordello," "Divina Commedia," "Sophoclis Tragediæ," "Demosthenis Orationes," "Platonis Dialogi," "Q. Horatii Flacci Opera," "Robinson Crusoe," "Byron's Poems," and "Shakspeare." I was so curious about them, that I copied off all the hard ones on a card, and, when I went home, tried to find out what they were.

Under the book-shelf, at one side of the window, fastened to the wall, was a little alarm-clock. Jack knew exactly what time every train would come along. As soon as one had passed, and he had rolled up his flag, he used to set the alarm so that it would go off two minutes before the next train was due. Then he could sit down with his book, and be sure of not forgetting his duty. On the other side of the window was a photograph of a very beautiful young lady.

Jack generally sat in a sort of easy-chair with one arm to it, on which a board was fastened in such a way as to make a little writing-desk. The space under the seat of the chair was boxed, with a little door at one side, and in there he kept his stationery.

Hardly a day passed that Jack did not have boy visitors. There were only two things about him that seemed singular to me. We could never find out his real name. He told us to call him simply Jack; whereupon Isaac Holman said the full name

must be Jack-in-the-Box, and after that we always called him by the full name. The other queer thing was, that he was never known to read a newspaper. The boys sometimes brought one to him, but he always said he did n't care about it, and would not open it. Father and Mr. Briggs appeared to think it very strange that he should live in that box and attend to the flag and signals. To me it seemed the most delightful life imaginable, and Jack-in-the-Box was one of my heroes. I often thought that, if I could choose my own station in life, my choice would be a flag-station on the railroad.

Phaeton adopted Ned's suggestion as to consulting Jack-in-the-Box about his invention, and we three went together to see him.

When we got there, the door of the box stood wide open; everything seemed to be in its place, but Jack had disappeared.

"Probably gone up the road, to flag an extra train," said Phaeton. "No, he has n't, for there 's his flag in its place in the corner."

"He can't have been murdered," said Ned, "or they would have robbed the box. Must be suicide. Perhaps we 'd better take charge of his things."

"I should n't be in a hurry about that," said Phaeton.

"Or he may have been run over by a train that he did n't see," said Ned, getting excited, and examining the rails in search of evidence. "If he were trying to remember all that funny-looking Greek stuff in some of those books, I should n't think he would notice a train, or anything else. And we 'll all have to sit on the coroner's jury. Poor Jack! I don't believe we can say the train was to blame, or make it pay damages. I think I should like to sit near the feet; for he had handsome feet, and only wore number six boots. He was a real good fellow, too. But that 'll take us out of school one day, anyway."

"So you think there is no great loss without some small gain," said Phaeton.

"I did n't say so!" said Ned, a little offended at this plain interpretation of his last sentence. "I feel as badly as anybody about Jack's death. But, at any rate, they 'll have to do something with his property. I suppose, if he had no relations,—and I never heard of any,—they 'll give it to his best friends. I think I should like the alarm-clock, and the chair, and perhaps a few of the tools. What will you take?" turning to me.

"I think I should like to take his place, if anything," said I.

Ned took a look at the box.

"I tell you what it is," said he, "the prettiest design for a monument over Jack's grave would be a box just like that,—all cut in marble, of course,—

with Jack's name and age on the door, and beside it a signal-pole struck by lightning and broken off in the middle, or something of that sort."

A slight noise, or else the allusion to the signal-pole, caused us to look up. There was Jack coming down, with an oil-can in his hand! He had been at the top oiling the pulleys, and probably had heard every word we had said, for there was a quiet smile all over his face.

"Good-morning, Jack!" said Phaeton, who seldom lost his presence of mind.

"Good-morning, boys! I'm glad to see you," said Jack.

As soon as Ned and I could recover from our abashment, we also said good-morning.

"Is there anything I can do for you, to-day?" said Jack, as he set away the oil-can, observing that Phaeton had the little frame and a small drawing in his hand.

"Yes, sir," said Phaeton. "I want to get your advice about a little invention that I've been making."

"It's a new kind of railroad," said Ned; "and we thought you'd be the one to know all about railroads. Beats these common railroads all to nothing. Why, three months after ours is introduced, and the public understand it, they'll have to take up this track and sell it for old iron."

Ned had thoroughly identified himself with the invention, and thought it was as much his as Phaeton's.

"But, then," he added, thoughtfully, "that would spoil your business, Jack. And we should be sorry to do that."

Jack smiled, and said it did n't matter; he would n't let his private interests obstruct the march of improvement.

Phaeton explained the invention to Jack, illustrating it with a rubber string stretched on the frame, just as he had explained it to us.

"I see," said Jack. "Quite a novel idea."

"We have n't yet made up our minds," said Ned, "what sort of depot we'll have. But it'll be either a big tank full of water, or an awful soft mattress."

"How is that?" said Jack.

"Why, you see," said Ned, "this railroad of ours is going to go like lightning. There's no trouble about its going."

"None whatever," said Jack.

"But it's going to stop rather sudden."

"How so?" said Jack.

"I mean the trains," said Ned. "That is, the cables. They're going to fetch up with a bang at the other end. At least, they would, if we had n't thought of a way to prevent it. Because it would n't do to break the heads of all the passengers every time."

"No," said Jack. "That would be too much." "Too much," said Ned. "And so, you see, the depot must be some sort of contrivance to let 'em off easy."

"Of course," said Jack.

"And the first thing anybody thinks of is a bowling-alley, and the pins flying every which way."

"Quite naturally," said Jack.

"And that makes you think of a soft mattress to stop them. But Fay thinks it would be better, on some accounts, to drop them into a big tank of water."

"I suppose in winter you would have the water warmed?" said Jack.

"Of course we should; though we had n't thought of it before," said Ned.

"And that would give the passengers a ride and a bath, all for the price of one ticket," said Jack.

"Certainly; and you see that would be favorable to the poor," said Ned, willing to indulge in a joke.

"Exactly; a great boon to mankind," said Jack.

"And I think it would not only make them cleaner, but more religious."

"How so?" said Ned.

"Well, I think every passenger would feel like saying his prayers, as the train, or cable, drew near the getting-off station."

Phaeton and I burst out laughing.

"I'm afraid you're making fun of our invention," said Ned.

"Not I," said Jack. "I like to encourage the inventive faculty in boys."

"Well, then, tell us honestly," said Ned,— "where would you introduce it first? Would you go to New York, and build it under Broadway at once? Or would you go slow, and try it first in this town, on a rather small scale?"

"I think I'd go slow," said Jack.

"And where would be the best place to build it?"

"You'll have to survey the town," said Jack, "and find where there is the most travel."

"We thought we'd dig the tunnel ourselves," said Ned, in an off-hand way, "and then give a mortgage on the tunnel, and raise the money to buy the cable."

"I see you have the true business idea," said Jack. "In that case, I think you'd better dig it wherever you find the softest dirt."

"That's worth thinking about," said Ned.

"And now, Jack, I'll tell you what't is. We don't want to throw you out of employment; and when our road's running, and this one stops, you shall have a good situation on ours. There won't be any signal stations, but you may be the train-dispatcher—the one that chops off the cable."

"Thank you," said Jack. "I'll consider it."

"It will probably be good pay," said Ned, "and it's certain to be lots of fun."

"Oh, there can be no doubt about that," said Jack, dryly.

"Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!"

"Jack-in-the-Box takes a deep interest in our invention," said Ned, in a low, confidential tone, as we walked away. "I can see that he thinks it's going to be a great success."

Phaeton burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing about?" said Ned.

"I am laughing to think how Jack-in-the-Box fooled you to the top of your bent."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the thing won't do at all; and he saw it would n't, as soon as he looked at it; but he thought he would n't say so. He just liked to hear you talk."

"Do you think so?" said Ned to me.

"I'm afraid it's true," said I.

"Well," said Ned, growing a little red in the face, "I don't care. It's no invention of mine, any way. It was all your idea, Fay."

"Oh, was it?" said Phaeton. "When I heard you talk to Jack-in-the-Box about it, I began to think it was all yours."

"If I was going to make an invention," said Ned, "I'd make one that would work—something practical."

"All right," said Phaeton; "you're at liberty to do so if you wish. I should be glad if you would."

"Well, I will," said Ned. "I'll make one to beat yours all hollow."

Three or four days afterward, Ned came to me with a look on his face that showed he had something important in his mind.

"Can you go?" said he, almost in a whisper.

"That depends on where you're going," said I.

"To see Jack-in-the-Box," said he.

"Yes, I always like to go to the Box," said I.

"But I've got to split these kindlings first."

"Oh, never mind your kindlings! You can split those any time. I've got a sure thing now; and if Jack says it's all right, I'll let you go partnership."

Of course, this was more important than any paltry consideration of lighting the fires next morning; so I threw down the hatchet, and we started.

"I think we'd better go by the postern," said I.

Postern was a word we had found frequently used in "The Haunted Castle; or, The Spook and the Spider," and we had looked out its meaning in the dictionary. Whenever we thought it desirable to get away from the house without being seen,—as,

for instance, when we were leaving kindlings unsplit,—we climbed over the back fence, and called it "going by the postern."

"All right," said Ned, for in these things he was a wise boy, and a word to him was sufficient.

"What is it?" said I, as soon as we were fairly out of sight of the house. "Tell me all about it."

"Wait till we get to Jack's," said he.

"Has your Aunt Mercy given you money to make a muddle of it?" said I.

"That troubles me a little—that fifteen dollars," said Ned. "You see, we got it honestly; we thought Fay's invention was going to be a great thing, and we must have money to start. But now, if Aunt Mercy knew it was a failure, it would look to her as if we had swindled her."

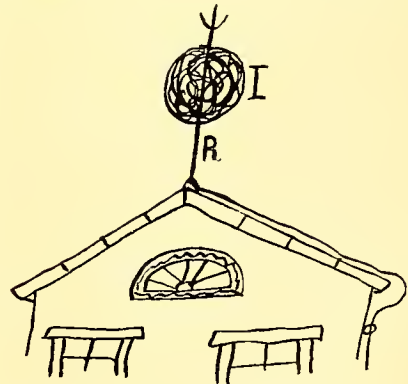
"Not if you gave her back the money," said I.

"But I don't exactly like to do that," said Ned. "It's always a good thing to have a little money. And, besides, she'd lose faith in me, and think I could n't invent anything. And next time, when we had really made a good thing, she'd think it was only another failure, and would n't furnish the money. That's one reason why I made this invention that I have in my pocket now. We can use the money on this, and tell Aunt Mercy we changed off from the Underground Railroad to a better thing."

"How do you do to-day, Jack?"

"Pretty well, thank you! How are you. Come in, boys; I'm glad to see you."

"Would you look at another invention for us?"



NED'S INVENTION.

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure."

"I hope it will turn out to be better than the other—that is, more practical," said Ned. "But you see, Jack, that was our first invention, and I suppose we can only improve by practice."

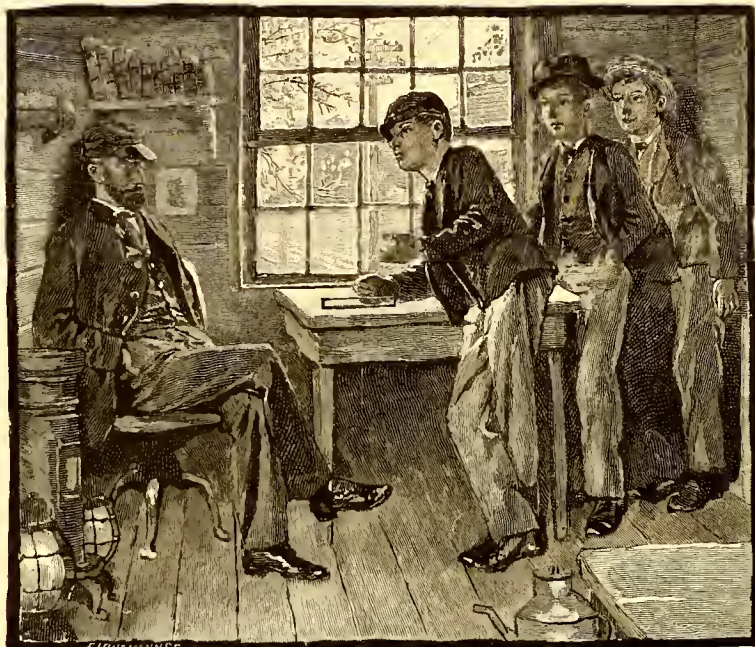
"That is about the only way," said Jack. "What is your second invention?"

Ned drew a bit of paper from his pocket.

"The other day," said he, "I heard Father reading a piece in the newspaper about a church that was struck by lightning, although it had a lightning-rod. The reason was that the rod was broken apart at one place, and nobody had noticed it, or if

"Exactly so," said Ned. "And there you have it—action and re-action. That's the principle."

I don't think Ned borrowed his style of explanation so much from the school-master as from a young man who appeared in the streets one day, selling a sort of stuff to clean the teeth, calling a crowd



THE BOYS CONSULT JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

they had, they did n't take the trouble to fix it. People are awful careless about those things. And so they lost their church. Father says there are a good many things that spoil lightning-rods. He says, if there's rust in the joints they won't work."

"That's true," said Jack.

"Well, then, all this set me to thinking whether I could n't invent a lightning-rod that would be a sure thing. And here you have it," said Ned, as he unfolded his paper, with a confident air.

Jack looked at it. "I don't understand it," said he; "you'll have to explain."

"Of course you don't," said Ned. "I shall explain."

Jack said he was all attention.

"What does fire do to ice?" said Ned, taking on the tone of a school-master.

"Melts it," said Jack.

"Right," said Ned. "And when ice is melted, it becomes what?"

"Water," said Jack.

"Right again!" said Ned. "And water does what to fire?"

"Puts it out," said Jack.

around him, and trying it on the teeth of one or two boys.

"That's all true," said Jack; "but how do you apply it to lightning-rods?"

"Here is a picture," said Ned, "of a house with a rod on it. The family think it's all right, and don't feel afraid when it thunders. But that rod may be broken somewhere, or may be rusted in the joints, and they not know it. What then? We simply fasten a large ball of ice—marked I in the illustration—to the rod at R—freeze it on tight. You see it is n't likely there will be any break, or any rusty joint, between the point of the rod and the ball."

"Not likely," said Jack.

"But there may be one lower down."

"There may be," said Jack; "though there could n't be one higher down."

Ned was too intent on his invention to notice this criticism on his expression.

"We'll say a thunder-storm comes up," said he. "The lightning strikes this rod. What then? In an instant, in the flash of an eye, the lightning melts that ball of ice—it becomes water—in another

instant that water puts out the lightning—and the family are safe!”

“It would be if there were enough ice,” said Jack.

“Oh, well,” said Ned, “if there should happen to be a little lightning left over that was n’t put out, why, you see, as lightning-rods are *generally* in good order, it would probably be carried off in the usual manner, without doing any harm.”

Jack sat with the paper in his hand, and looked at it in silence, as if he were spell-bound.

“What do you think of it?” said Ned.

“I think it’s a work of genius,” said Jack.

“I’m glad you think so,” said Ned.

“And yet,” said Jack, “some things that exhibit great genius don’t work well in practice.”

“Certainly!” said Ned. “That was the way with Fay’s Underground Railroad.”

Jack smiled, and nodded.

“And now,” continued Ned, “how would you go to work to introduce it? You would n’t like to take it and introduce it to the public yourself, would you?—on shares, you know,—you take half of the profits, and we half.”

Jack said his business engagements would n’t permit him to go into it at present.

“Then we must manage it ourselves. Where would you advise us to put it first?”

“On a tall hickory-tree in Burke’s woods,” said Jack.

“Why so?” said Ned.

“Because the great trouble’s going to be with the lightning that’s left over. You don’t know what that may do.”

“I’m afraid the invention does n’t look practical to you,” said Ned, after a slight pause.

(*To be continued.*)

N E D A W I .

(*An Indian Story from Real Life.*)

BY “BRIGHT EYES.”

“NEDAWI!” called her mother, “take your little brother while I go with your sister for some wood.” Nedawi ran into the tent, bringing back her little red blanket, but the brown-faced, roly-poly baby, who had been having a comfortable nap in spite of being all the while tied straight to his board, woke with a merry crow just as the mother was about to attach him, board and all, to Nedawi’s neck. So he was taken from the board instead, and, after he had kicked in happy freedom for a moment, Nedawi stood in front of her mother, who placed

Before Jack could answer, Isaac Holman appeared at the door of the Box, with a Latin grammar under his arm. At that time of day, there was an interval of an hour and a half when no train passed, and Isaac had arranged to come and take of Jack a daily lesson in Latin.

“I see it’s time for your school to begin; we’ll finish talking about this some other day,” said Ned, as he hastily thrust the paper into his pocket. For he did n’t want Isaac (nor anybody else, I guess) to know about it.

“Don’t hurry yourself; I can wait a while,” said Isaac.

“To-morrow will do as well for us,” said Ned.

“*Totus dexter!*—all right!” said Isaac, as we left the box, and made room for him to enter.

Isaac had been studying the language only a fortnight, but was fond of using Latin expressions in talking to the boys. Yet he was very considerate about it, and always gave an immediate translation, as in the remarkable instance just quoted.

As Ned and I walked away, I was the first to speak. “Ned, I have an idea! That ball of ice would only stay on in winter.”

“I suppose so,” said Ned, a little gloomily.

“And nearly all the thunder-storms are in summer,” said I.

“I’m afraid they are,” said Ned. “And this invention is n’t worth a cent. It’s not any better than Fay’s.” And he tore up the paper, and threw the pieces into the gutter.

“Then what will you do with the fifteen dollars?” said I, after another pause.

“I’ll have to see Aunt Mercy about it,” said he.

“But here comes Jimmy the Rhymer. I wonder if he has anything new to-day.”

Habazhu on the little girl’s back, and drew the blanket over him, leaving his arms free. She next put into his hand a little hollow gourd, filled with seeds, which served as a rattle; Nedawi held both ends of the blanket tightly in front of her, and was then ready to walk around with the little man.

Where should she go? Yonder was a group of young girls playing a game of *konci*, or dice. The dice were five plum-seeds, scorched black, and had little stars and quarter-moons instead of numbers. She went over and stood by the group, gently rock-

ing herself from side to side, pretty much as white children do when reciting the multiplication table. The girls would toss up the wooden bowl, letting it drop with a gentle thud on the pillow beneath, the falling dice making a pleasant clatter which the baby liked to hear. The stakes were a little heap of beads, rings, and bracelets. The laughter and exclamations of the girls, as some successful toss brought down the dice three stars and two quarter-

wanted to stay and see who would win. She went to her mother's tent, but found it deserted. Her father and brothers had gone to the chase. A herd of buffalo had been seen that morning, and all the men in the tribe had gone, and would not be back till night. Her mother, her sister, and the women of the household had gone to the river for wood and water. The tent looked enticingly cool, with the sides turned up to let the breeze sweep



THE BABY WAKES UP.

moons (the highest throw), made Nedawi wish that she, too, were a young girl, and could win and wear all those pretty things. How gay she would look! Just then, the little glittering heap caught baby's eye. He tried to wriggle out of the blanket to get to it, but Nedawi held tight. Then he set up a yell. Nedawi walked away very reluctantly, because she

through, and the straw mats and soft robes seemed to invite her to lie down on them and dream the afternoon away, as she was too apt to do. She did not yield to the temptation, however, for she knew Mother would not like it, but walked over to her cousin Metai's tent. She found her cousin "keeping house" with a number of little girls, and stood

to watch them while they put up little tents, just large enough to hold one or two girls.

"Nedawi, come and play," said Metai. "You can make the fire and cook. I'll ask Mother for something to cook."

"But what shall I do with Habazhù?" said Nedawi.

"I'll tell you. Put him in my tent, and make believe he's our little old grandfather."

Forthwith he was transferred from Nedawi's back to the little tent. But Habazhu had a decided objection to staying in the dark little place, where he could not see anything, and crept out of the door on his hands and knees. Nedawi collected a little heap of sticks, all ready for the fire, and went off to get a fire-brand to light it with. While she was gone, Habazhu crawled up to a bowl of water which stood by the intended fire-place, and began dabbling in it with his chubby little hands, splashing the water all over the sticks prepared for the fire. Then he thought he would like a drink. He tried to lift the bowl in both hands, but only succeeded in spilling the water over himself and the fire-place.

When Nedawi returned, she stood aghast; then, throwing down the brand, she took her little brother by the shoulders and, I am sorry to say, shook him violently, jerked him up, and dumped him down by the door of the little tent from which he had crawled. "You bad little boy!" she said. "It's too bad that I have to take care of you when I want to play."

You see, she was no more perfect than any little white girl who gets into a temper now and then. The baby's lip quivered, and he began to cry. Metai said to Nedawi: "I think it's real mean for you to shake him, when he does n't know any better."

Metai picked up Baby and tried to comfort him. She kissed him over and over, and talked to him in baby language. Nedawi's conscience, if the little savage could be said to have any, was troubling her. She loved her baby brother dearly, even though she did get out of patience with him now and then.

"I'll put a clean little shirt on him and pack him again," said she, suddenly. Then she took off his little wet shirt, wrung it out, and spread it on the tall grass to dry in the sun. Then she went home, and, going to a pretty painted skin in which her mother kept his clothes, she selected the red shirt, which she thought was the prettiest. She was in such a hurry, however, that she forgot to close and tie up the skin again, and she carelessly left his clean shirts lying around as she had laid them out. When Baby was on her back again, she walked around with him, giving directions and overseeing

the other girls at their play, determined to do that rather than nothing.

The other children were good-natured, and took her ordering as gracefully as they could. Metai made the fire in a new place, and then went to ask her mother to give her something to cook. Her mother gave her a piece of dried buffalo meat, as hard as a chip and as brittle as glass. Metai broke it up into small pieces, and put the pieces into a little tin pail of water, which she hung over the fire. "Now," she said, "when the meat is cooked and the soup is made, I will call you all to a feast, and Habazhu shall be the chief."

They all laughed. But alas for human calculations! During the last few minutes, a shy little girl, with soft, wistful black eyes, had been watching them from a little distance. She had on a faded, shabby blanket and a ragged dress.

"Metai," said Nedawi, "let's ask that girl to play with us; she looks so lonesome."

"Well," said Metai, doubtfully, "I don't care; but my mother said she did n't want me to play with ragged little girls."

"My father says we must be kind to poor little girls, and help them all we can; so I'm going to play with her if *you* don't," said Nedawi, loftily.

Although Metai was the hostess, Nedawi was the leading spirit, and had her own way, as usual. She walked up to the little creature and said, "Come and play with us, if you want to." The little girl's eyes brightened, and she laughed. Then she suddenly drew from under her blanket a pretty bark basket, filled with the most delicious red and yellow plums. "My brother picked them in the woods, and I give them to you," was all she said. Nedawi managed to free one hand, and took the offering with an exclamation of delight, which drew the other girls quickly around. Instead of saying "Oh! Oh!" as you would have said, they cried "Hin! Hin!" which expressed their feeling quite as well, perhaps.

"Let us have them for our feast," said Metai, taking them.

Little Indian children are taught to share everything with one another, so it did not seem strange to Nedawi to have her gift looked on as common property. But, while the attention of the little group had been concentrated on the matter in hand, a party of mischievous boys, passing by, caught sight of the little tents and the tin pail hanging over the fire. Simultaneously, they set up a war-whoop and, dashing into the deserted camp, they sent the tent-poles scattering right and left, and snatching up whatever they could lay hands on, including the tin pail and its contents, they retreated. The little girls, startled by the sudden raid on their property, looked up. Rage possessed their little

souls. Giving shrieks of anger, they started in pursuit. What did Nedawi do? She forgot plums, baby, and everything. The ends of the blanket slipped from her grasp, and she darted forward like an arrow after her companions.

Finding the chase hopeless, the little girls came to a stand-still, and some of them began to cry. The boys had stopped, too; and seeing the tears flow, being good-hearted boys in spite of their mischief, they surrendered at discretion. They threw back the articles they had taken, not daring to come near. They did not consider it manly for big boys like themselves to strike or hurt little girls, even though they delighted in teasing them, and they knew from experience that they would be at the mercy of the offended party if they went near enough to be touched. The boy who had the dinner brought the little pail which had contained it as near as he dared, and setting it down ran away.

"You have spilt all our soup. There 's hardly any of it left. You bad boys!" said one of the girls.

They crowded around with lamentations over their lost dinner. The boys began to feel remorseful.

"Let 's go into the woods and get them some plums to make up for it."

"Say, girls, hand us your pail, and we 'll fill it up with plums for you."

So the affair was settled.

But, meanwhile, what became of the baby left so unceremoniously in the tall grass? First he opened his black eyes wide at this style of treatment. He was not used to it. Before he had time, however, to make up his mind whether to laugh or cry, his mother came to the rescue. She had just come home and thrown the wood off her back, when she caught sight of Nedawi dropping him. She ran to pick him up, and finding him unhurt, kissed him over and over. Some of the neighbors had run up to see what was the matter. She said to them:

"I never did see such a thoughtless, heedless child as my Nedawi. She really has 'no ears.' I don't know what in the world will ever become of her. When something new interests her, she forgets everything else. It was just like her to act in this way."

Then they all laughed, and one of them said:

"Never mind—she will grow wiser as she grows older," after which consoling remark they went away to their own tents.

It was of no use to call Nedawi back. She was too far off.

Habazhu was given over to the care of the nurse, who had just returned from her visit. An hour or two after, Nedawi came home.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as she saw her

mother frying bread for supper, "I am so hungry. Can I have some of that bread?"

"Where is your little brother?" was the unexpected reply.

Nedawi started. Where *had* she left him? She tried to think.

"Why, Mother, the last I remember I was packing him, and—and oh, Mother! you *know* where he is. Please tell me."

"When you find him and bring him back to me, perhaps I shall forgive you," was the cold reply.

This was dreadful. Her mother had never treated her in that way before. She burst into tears, and started out to find Habazhu, crying all the way. She knew that her mother knew where baby was, or she would not have taken it so coolly; and she knew also that her mother expected her to bring him home. As she went stumbling along through the grass, she felt herself seized and held in somebody's strong arms, and a great, round, hearty voice said:

"What 's the matter with my little niece? Have all her friends deserted her that she is wailing like this? Or has her little dog died? I thought Nedawi was a brave little woman."

It was her uncle Two Crows. She managed to tell him, through her sobs, the whole story. She knew, if she told him herself, he would not laugh at her about it, for he would sympathize in her troubles, though he was a great tease. When she ceased, he said to her: "Well, your mother wants you to be more careful next time, I suppose; and, by the way, I think I saw a little boy who looked very much like Habazhu, in my tent."

Sure enough, she found him there with his nurse. When she got home with them, she found her mother,—her own dear self,—and, after giving her a big hug, she sat quietly down by the fire, resolved to be very good in the future. She did not sit long, however, for soon a neighing of horses, and the running of girls and children through the camp to meet the hunters, proclaimed their return. All was bustle and gladness throughout the camp. There had been a successful chase, and the led horses were laden with buffalo meat. These horses were led by the young girls to the tents to be unpacked, while the boys took the hunting-horses to water and tether in the grass. Fathers, as they dismounted, took their little children in their arms, tired as they were. Nedawi was as happy as any in the camp, for her seventeen-year-old brother, White Hawk, had killed his first buffalo, and had declared that the skin should become Nedawi's robe, as soon as it was tanned and painted.

What a pleasant evening that was to Nedawi, when the whole family sat around a great fire, roasting the huge buffalo ribs, and she played with

her little brother Habazhu, stopping now and then to listen to the adventures of the day, which her father and brothers were relating! The scene was truly a delightful one, the camp-fires lighting up the pleasant family groups here and there, as the flames rose and fell. The bit of prairie where the tribe had camped had a clear little stream running through it, with shadowy hills around, while over all hung the clear, star-lit sky. It seemed as if nature were trying to protect the poor waifs of humanity clustered in that spot. Nedawi felt the beauty of the scene, and was just thinking of nestling down by her father to enjoy it dreamily, when her brothers called for a dance. The little drum was brought forth, and Nedawi danced to its accompaniment and her brothers' singing. She danced gravely, as became a little maiden whose duty it was to entertain the family circle. While she was dancing, a little boy, about her own age, was seen hovering near. He would appear, and, when spoken to, would disappear in the tall, thick grass.

It was Mischief, a playmate of Nedawi's. Everybody called him "Mischief," because mischief appeared in every action of his. It shone from his eyes and played all over his face.

"You little plague," said White Hawk; "what do you want?"

For answer, the "little plague" turned a somersault just out of White Hawk's reach. When the singing was resumed, Mischief crept quietly up behind White Hawk, and, keeping just within the shadow, mimicked Nedawi's grave dancing, and he looked so funny that Nedawi suddenly laughed, which was precisely Mischief's object. But before he could get out of reach, as he intended, Thunder, Nedawi's other brother, who had been having an eye on him, clutched tight hold of him, and Mischief was landed in front of the fire-place, in full view of the whole family. "Now," said Thunder, "you are my prisoner. You stay there and dance with Nedawi." Mischief knew there was no escape, so he submitted with a good grace. He went through all sorts of antics, shaking his fists in the air, twirling suddenly around and putting his head close to the ground, keeping time with the accompaniment through it all.

Nedawi danced staidly on, now and then frowning at him; but she knew of old that he was irrepressible. When Nedawi sat down, he threw into her lap a little dark something and was off like a shot, yelling at the top of his voice, either in triumph at his recent achievements or as a practice for future war-whoops.

"Nedawi, what is it?" said her mother.

Nedawi took it to the fire, when the something proved to be a poor little bird.

"I thought he had something in his hand when he was shaking his fist in the air," said Nedawi's sister, Nazainza, laughing.

"Poor little thing!" said Nedawi; "it is almost dead."

She put its bill into the water, and tenderly tried to make it drink. The water seemed to revive it somewhat.

"I'll wrap it up in something warm," said Nedawi, "and may be it will sing in the morning."

"Let me see it," said Nedawi's father.

Nedawi carried it to him.

"Don't you feel sorry for it, daughter?"

"Yes, Father," she answered.

"Then take it to the tall grass, yonder, and put it down where no one will step on it, and, as you put it down, say: 'God, I give you back your little bird. As I pity it, pity me.'"

"And will God take care of it?" said Nedawi, reverently, and opening her black eyes wide at the thought.

"Yes," said her father.

"Well, I will do as you say," said Nedawi, and she walked slowly out of the tent.

Then she took it over to the tall, thick grass, and making a nice, cozy little nest for it, left it there, saying just what her father had told her to say. When she came back, she said:

"Father, I said it."

"That was right, little daughter," and Nedawi was happy at her father's commendation.

Nedawi always slept with her grandmother and sister, exactly in the middle of the circle formed by the wigwam, with her feet to the fire-place. That place in the tent was always her grandmother's place, just as the right-hand side of the tent was her father's and mother's, and the left-hand her brothers'. There never was any confusion. The tribe was divided into bands, and every band was composed of several families. Each band had its chief, and the whole tribe was ruled by the head-chief, who was Nedawi's father. He had his own particular band besides. Every tent had its own place in the band, and every band had its own particular place in the great circle forming the camp. Each chief was a representative, in council, of the men composing his band, while over all was the head-chief. The executive power was vested in the "soldiers' lodge," and when decisions were arrived at in council, it was the duty of its soldiers to execute all its orders, and punish all violations of the tribal laws. The office of "town-crier" was held by several old men, whose duty it was "to cry out" through the camp the announcements of councils, invitations to feasts, and to give notice of anything in which the whole tribe were called on to take part.

Well, before Nedawi went to sleep this evening, she hugged her grandmother, and said to her :

“ Please tell me a story.”

Her grandmother said :

“ I cannot, because it is summer. In the winter I will tell you stories.”

“ Why not in summer ?” said Nedawi.

“ Because, when people tell stories and legends in summer, the snakes come around to listen. You don't want any snakes to come near us to-night, do you ?”

“ But,” said Nedawi, “ I have not seen any snakes for the longest times, and if you tell it right softly they wont hear you.”

“ Nedawi,” said her mother, “ don't bother your grandmother. She is tired and wants to sleep.”

Thereupon Grandmother's heart felt sorry for her pet, and she said to Nedawi :

“ Well, if you will keep still and go right to sleep when I am through, I will tell you how the turkeys came to have red eyelids.

“ Once upon a time, there was an old woman living all alone with her grandson, Rabbit. He was noted for his cunning and for his tricks, which he played on every one. One day, the old woman said to him, ‘ Grandson, I am hungry for some meat.’ Then the boy took his bow and arrows, and in the evening he came home with a deer on his shoulders, which he threw at her feet, and said, ‘ Will that satisfy you ?’ She said, ‘ Yes, grandson.’ They lived on that meat several days, and, when it was gone, she said to him again, ‘ Grandson, I am hungry for some meat.’ This time he went without his bow and arrows, but he took a bag with him. When he got into the woods, he called all the turkeys together. They gathered around him, and he said to them : ‘ I am going to sing to you, while you shut your eyes and dance. If one of you opens his eyes while I am singing, his eyelids shall turn red.’ Then they all stood in a row, shut their eyes, as he had told them, and

began to dance, and this is the song he sang to them while they danced :

“ Ha ! wadamba thike
Inshta zhida, inshta zhida,
Imba theonda,
Imba theonda.”

[The literal translation is :

“ Ho ! he who peeps
Red eyes, red eyes,
Flap your wings,
Flap your wings.”]

“ Now, while they were dancing away, with their eyes shut, the boy took them, one by one, and put them into his bag. But the last one in the row began to think it very strange that his companions made no noise, so he gave one peep, screamed in his fright, ‘ They are making 'way with us !’ and flew away. The boy took his bag of turkeys home to his grandmother, but ever after that the turkeys had red eyelids.”

Nedawi gave a sigh of satisfaction when the story was finished, and would have asked for more, but just then her brothers came in from a dance which they had been attending in some neighbor's tent. She knew her lullaby time had come. Her brothers always sang before they slept either love or dancing songs, beating time on their breasts, the regular beats making a sort of accompaniment for the singing. Nedawi loved best of all to hear her father's war-songs, for he had a musical voice, and few were the evenings when she had gone to sleep without hearing a lullaby from her father or brothers. Among the Indians, it is the fathers who sing, instead of the mothers. Women sing only on state occasions, when the tribe have a great dance, or at something of the sort. Mothers “ croon ” their babies to sleep, instead of singing.

Gradually the singing ceased, and the brothers slept as well as Nedawi, and quiet reigned over the whole camp.



BRIER-ROSE.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

I.



SAID Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:
 "What *will* become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows.
 You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom;
 You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,
 The good-wife as she bustled with pot and tray and sieve;
 But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked her dainty head:
 "Why, I shall marry, Mother dear," full merrily she said.

"You marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is not found
 To marry such a worthless wench, these seven leagues around."
 But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she trilled a merry lay:
 "Perhaps he 'll come, my Mother dear, from eight leagues away."

The good-wife with a "humph" and a sigh forsook the battle,
 And flung her pots and pails about with much vindictive rattle:

“O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful days, and wild,
That thou hast punished me in age with such a wayward child?”

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear,
And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear.
And she, as e'er relenting, sighed: “Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!”

The sun was high and summer sounds were teeming in the air;
The clank of scythes, the cricket's whir, and swelling wood-notes rare,
From field and copse and meadow; and through the open door
Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among the branches green.
She heard the river brawling where the tide was swift and strong,
She heard the summer singing its strange, alluring song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed into the sky;
Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she scarce herself knew why,
And to a merry tune she hummed, “Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!”

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could hide;
For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flower's sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose went by,
“You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make a pie.”
But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her curly head:
“But I can sing a pretty song,” full merrily she said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw the maid at play:
“Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do to-day?”
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the color flew:
“However much you coax me, I'll *never* dance with you.”

II.

THUS flew the years light-wingèd over Brier-Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet remained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: “The Lord Almighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose!”

And while they wondered came the Spring a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills,
With their tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air,
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly plashing croon,
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled,

Now shooting through the rapids and, with a reeling swing,
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline
The waters plunged, and wreathed in foam the dark boughs of the pine,
The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each straggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

III.

AND yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices in the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring light,
And wandering gusts of dampness, and 'round us far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat in the sky.



The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of gold and red,
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the narrows sped.
And terror smote us: for we heard the mighty tree-tops sway,
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of spray.

“Now, lads,” the sheriff shouted, “you are strong, like Norway’s rock:
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the lumber-lock!
For if another hour go by, the angry waters’ spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years of toil.”

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbor would
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant Norsemen should.
But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the firm rock quake.

“Two hundred crowns!” the sheriff cried, and breathless stood the crowd.
 “Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!” in anxious tones and loud.
 But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred,
 And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with fainting hearts we stood,
 We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood.
 We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,
 And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people 'round about.
 “Fling her into the river!” we heard the matrons shout;
 “Chase her away, the silly thing; for God himself scarce knows
 Why ever he created that worthless Brier-Rose.”

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a little pensive smile
 Across her fair face flitted that might a stone beguile;
 And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock:
 “Hand me a boat-hook, lads,” she said; “I think I'll break the lock.”

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and old:
 “Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever bold.”
 And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands was flung,
 When, lo! into the river's midst with daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding spray;
 From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at play.
 And now and then faint gleams we caught of color through the mist:
 A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill,
 A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still.
 For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange and creaking sound,
 And then a crash of thunder which shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky steep.
 We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;
 We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly bore
 And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst nor weave nor spin;
 Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy mocking kin;
 For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy death to save
 A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

And yet the adage lives, in the valley of thy birth,
 When wayward children spend their days in heedless play and mirth,
 Oft mothers say, half smiling, half sighing, “Heaven knows
 Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-Rose!”

A SNOW BATTLE.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

IN the January number of ST. NICHOLAS last winter, I told you how to build snow-forts, and how to make shields and ammunition-sleds. I also suggested rules to govern snow-ball warfare. To give some faint idea of the excitement and interest of the sport, I will attempt to describe from memory a snow-battle in which I took part when a boy.

It was a year when the Indian-summer had been prolonged into the winter. Christmas had come

when the bell tapped for recess, the first boy out gave a shout which passed from mouth to mouth, until it became a universal cheer as we reached the play-ground, for, floating airily down from a dull, gray sky came myriads of white snow-flakes!

Winter had come! Jack Frost was no longer a humbug! Before the bell again recalled us to our study, the ground was whitened with snow, and the school divided into two opposing armies. That night was a busy one. All hands set to work manufacturing ammunition-sleds and shields for the coming battle. It was my fortune to be chosen as one of the garrison of the fort. There was not a boy late next morning,—in fact, when the teachers arrived to open the school, they found all the scholars upon the play-grounds, rolling huge snow-balls. All night the snow had continued to fall, and it was now quite deep. When we went out at noon, a beautifully modeled fort of snowy whiteness stood ready for us, and from a mound in the center floated the battle-flag.

Our company took their places inside the fortifications. We could see the enemy gathered around their captain at their camp, some two hundred yards distant, their ammunition-sleds loaded with snow-balls. The lieutenant bore their battle-flag.

Our teachers showed their interest by standing shivering with wet feet in the deep snow to watch the battle. At a blast from a tin horn, on rushed the foe! They separated, and came in two divisions, approaching us from the left and right.

"Now, boys!" cried our captain. "Don't throw a ball until they are within range."

Then, calling the pluckiest amongst us, a flax-haired country-boy, to his side, he whispered a word or two and pointed to the flag in the enemy's camp. The boy, who had been nicknamed "Daddy," on account of his old-looking face, slipped quietly over the rear wall of the fort, dodged behind a snow-drift, and then behind a fence, and was lost to sight. Forward marched the enemy, their battle-flag borne in advance of the party to the right. Their captain was at the head of the division to the left.

Having engaged our attention on the two flanks, where we stood ready to receive them, as they neared us, by a quick and well executed maneuver, rushing obliquely toward each other, the two divisions unexpectedly joined, and advanced, shield to shield, with the ammunition-sleds in the rear. It was in vain we pelted them with snow-balls;



"DADDY" HAS THE FLAG!

and gone and a new year begun, but no snow had fallen on the river bank or neighboring hills.

Such was the condition of things one January morning, in a Kentucky town, upon the banks of the Ohio River, where I and some sixty other boys were gathered in a little, frame school-house.

We had about made up our minds that old Jack Frost was a humbug, and winter a myth; but

on they came, encouraged by a cheer from the teachers and some spectators who by this time had gathered near the school-house.

Three times had our noble captain been tumbled from his perch upon the mound in the center of the fort, when another burst of applause from the spectators announced some new development, and, as we looked, we could see "Daddy" with the colors of the enemy's camp in his arms, his tow hair flying in the wind, as he ran for dear life.

In an instant, the line of the enemy was all in confusion; some ran to head off "Daddy," while others in their excitement stood and shouted. It was our turn now, and we pelted their broken ranks with snow until they looked like animated snowmen. Another shout, and we looked around to find our captain down and the hands of one of the besieging party almost upon our flag. It was the work of a second to pitch the intruder upon his back outside the fort. Then came the tug of war. A rush was made to capture our standard, several of our boys were pulled out of the fort and taken

prisoners, and the capture of the fort seemed inevitable. Again and again a number of the enemy, among whom was their color-bearer, gained the top of our breastworks, and again and again were they tumbled off, amid a shower of snow-balls that forced them to retire to gain breath and clear their eyes from the snow. Once, their lieutenant, with the red-bordered battle-flag, had actually succeeded in reaching the mound upon which stood our colors, when a combined attack that nearly resulted in his being made prisoner, drove him from the fort to gather strength for another rush. "Daddy" was now a prisoner, and the recaptured flag again floated over the enemy's camp, when the school-bell called us, fresh and glowing with exercise and healthful excitement, to our lessons. The battle was left undecided, and our fort was soon captured by a force stronger than any our companions were able to bring against it, for a warm south wind sprang up from the lowlands down the river, our fortification quickly yielded to its insidious attack, and the snow-campaign was over.



A DEAR LITTLE GIRL OF NANTUCKET.



A DEAR little girl of Nantucket,
Was sure she could sail in a bucket;
The wind was quite strong,
And she sailed right along,
Did this dear little girl of Nantucket.



NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"WISH you a happy New Year, boys!"

"Happy New Year!" responded three clear trebles, and the loudest of them added:

"Going to make calls to-day, Uncle Fred?"

"Of course I am, Johnny," responded the rosy, frosty-whiskered, middle-aged gentleman they were talking to, as he opened the door of his carriage.

"What are you and your friends going to do?"

"We 're going to make calls, too," sang out one of Johnny's comrades,—"he and I and Tracy Plumb."

"What, is Tom Fitch going with you? Where are you going to call?"

"Everywhere," sturdily replied Tom Fitch, with a hitch at his neck-tie. "All around the block."

"You are, are you! Have you any cards, for places where they 're not at home?"

"Yes, sir, we 've cards for everybody."

"Indeed! Let me see them."

Uncle Fred's good-humored face was all a broad grin as he held out his hand, for the two smaller boys could not have been much more than eight years old, and Johnny Cook himself, their head man, was barely ten.

"I wrote my own cards," said Johnny, with proud self-satisfaction, as he dragged a handful of bits of white pasteboard from his coat-pocket.

"Tip-top!" exclaimed Uncle Fred; "only you should always spell your name in one way. J-o-n-n-i is n't nearly as good as J-h-o-n-y, and that one 's J-o-n-e. But they 'll all do."

"Mine are better than his," said Tom. "Mother gave me some of her old ones; and so did sister Belle; and Tracy Plumb has some of his own father's. Show 'em to him, Tracy."

"That is grand!" said Uncle Fred. "Now you must always send your cards in ahead of you, so they 'll know who 's coming."

He was getting very red in the face just then, and the boys did not hear him mutter, as he hurriedly stepped into his carriage and drove off:

"Must n't let them see me laugh. Might scare 'em out of it and spoil the fun. But should n't I like to be somewhere when those three come in?"

There were no signs of laughter on the faces of Johnny Cook, Tracy Plumb, and Tom Fitch. It was decidedly a serious business for them, and they marched steadily away up the street.

"Where 'll we call first?" said Tom.

"Let Johnny tell. He knows," said Tracy.

"There 's a basket on Mr. Jones's door-bell, boys. We 'll go there first. That 's to put our cards in."

Up the steps they went, and the bell was duly rung, but it had to be pulled again before any one came to the door.

"Well, thin, what is it? What do yiz want?"

"Why, Biddy," exclaimed Tom, "we 're calling! Did n't you know it was New Year's day?"

"It 's callin' ye are? An' did n't ye see the basket? Mrs. Jones is n't at home the day."

"Oh!" said Johnny; "she 's out making her own calls. Give Biddy your cards, boys."

"Howld on, thin, ivery wan of yiz, till I show her thim cards."

"I thought you said she was n't at home?"

"'Dade an' she is n't; but I 'd rather lose me place than not have her luk at thim. Shtand where yiz are till I come."

The Jones family were too near neighbors for Biddy not to know those three very young gentlemen; and in a moment more, a nice-looking lady upstairs was saying to herself:

"J-o-n-n-y, Johnny, C-o-o-o-k-e, Cook, and Miss Arabella Fitch, and Mr. Marmaduke Plumb——"

"It 's the three b'yes, mum!" exclaimed Biddy, with her plump sides shaking with fun. "Sure, an' it 's calls they 're makin'."

"Bring them in, Biddy. Call up the children, and bring a plate of cake. Quick as ever you can. I 'll come right down to the parlor."

She was there, sure enough, just in time to hear Tracy say: "There, Tom, I told you Johnny Cook knew. And Mrs. Jones would n't let Biddy tell stories about her."

"Wish' you a happy New Year, young gentlemen. Have a chair, Mr. Cook. Please be seated, Mr. Plumb and Mr. Fitch. Our young people will be here in a moment."

"We 're not calling on the children to-day," said Johnny, "but you might let them come in."

And in they came, a round half dozen of little Joneses, and Biddy after with a big plate of cake.

"Tom," whispered Tracy, "Johnny said we must n't eat too much in any one place."

"I 'll put the rest of mine in my pocket."

And so he did; but it was a good while before Mrs. Jones got through asking them about their plans for the day, and after that it was hard work to keep Ben Jones from going with them. In fact, the moment they were out of doors again, Ben sat down in a corner and began to howl over it, so that he had to stay in the corner till dinner-time.

"Where 'll we go now, Johnny?"

"Judge Curtin's is the biggest house on the block, boys, and he has n't any children."

"That 's the place. They 'll have ice-cream there, see if they don't."

But the moment the bell of Judge Curtin's door was pulled, the door swung open wide, and there stood his big waiter, in a swallow-tailed coat and white cravat, looking down in wonder on his diminutive guests. It was in vain for Johnny Cook to look big and hold his head up as he handed out the cards, and Tom and Tracy edged a little behind him.

"Vot is dis? You poys vant sometings?"

"New Year's calls," explained Johnny. "Are the ladies at home?"

"So? Very goot. Valk right in. I dake in dose card, too. De madame vill be proud to see you. Valk in."

"Johnny knows," muttered Tom to Tracy. "They 'll have cream here."

"May be some candy, too."

But the big waiter was bowing them into the parlor now, where Mrs. Curtin and her grown-up daughters were entertaining quite an array of their gentlemen friends, and Johnny whispered back:

"Hush, boys! There 's a table, and it 's full."

A very large and stately lady was Mrs. Curtin, and it seemed to the three new-comers that everybody in that room was at least a size or two larger than common; but Johnny Cook led them on bravely, and all the ladies bowed very low when they said: "Wish you a happy New Year."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Cook," said Mrs. Curtin, as she held out her hand to him; "but which of you is Mr. Marmaduke Plumb?"

"That 's my papa, ma'am, and I 'm Tracy."

"Oh, you are making his calls for him?"

"No, ma'am; he 's out, too, but I use some of his cards."

"Exactly. I see. And this is Miss Arabella Fitch?"

"Please, ma'am, if you 'll give me back Belle's card, I 'll give you one of Mother's," said Tom, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, this is just as good. But I must introduce you to the company, while Pierre is getting you some refreshments. Plenty of cream, Pierre, and some confectionery."

"That 's it," whispered Tom to Tracy, and the latter answered: "Hush, Tom! Johnny knows."

It was remarkable how very polite were all those tall ladies and gentlemen. One great, thin, yellow-whiskered man, in particular, kept them so long with his questions, that Tom at last felt compelled to remark: "Don't talk to him any more, Johnny; the ice-cream 'll be all melted."

"So it will," said Mrs. Curtin. "Do let them off, Mr. Grant. Were you never a boy?—I mean, a very young gentleman?"

"Never," said Mr. Grant. "I was always old enough to want to eat my cream before it melted. Come, boys, I'll see you through. I like to associate with fellows of my own age. Come on."

He was very grave and dignified about it, but between him and Pierre and Mrs. Curtin, Johnny Cook was compelled to say to his friends:

"We must stop eating, boys, or we can't be polite in the next house."

But he made no objection to Mr. Grant putting confectionery in their pockets, and then the whole company bowed, as Pierre showed them the way to the front door. They wondered what he meant, as he smiled in their faces and said:

The door was opened by a gentleman with a coffee-colored face and curly hair, and who could not have been more than twice as old as Tom.

"Is dey anybody took sick at your house?"

"Sick? No," said Johnny. "It's New Year's calls. Take our cards to Mrs. Micklin."

"She knows my mother," Tom had said to Johnny, "and I'll send in her card instead of Belle's."

Mrs. Micklin was a little, black-eyed woman, with a nose that was almost too sharply pointed, and when the coffee-colored youth handed her those three cards, her first remark was:

"Julius! Julius Cæsar! How often have I for-



THE CALL AT MRS. CURTIN'S.

"*Bon jour, mes enfants.*"

"What's a bunjer?" asked Tom.

"Johnny knows," began Tracy; but their leader was thinking of something else just then.

"Can you eat any more, boys? I can, if we walk a little."

They said they thought they could.

"Then we'll go to Dr. Micklin's. He tended our baby when it had the measles."

"Do doctors have any New Year's day?"

"Don't you s'pose Johnny knows, Tom?" said Tracy Plumb. "Of course they do."

The doctor lived in a big brick house on a corner, nearly two blocks beyond Judge Curtin's; but the boys were only half sure they were hungry when they rang the bell.

bidden you to laugh in that way when you come into my presence? Mrs. Fitch? On New Year's day? Why, what can have happened! And Mr. Marmaduke Plumb with her? It must be something serious. And Johnny Cook? How I wish the doctor were here. Show them right in, Julius, and stop that giggling."

She had bounced from her chair and was smoothing the folds of her silk dress, nervously, as Julius Cæsar chuckled his way back to the front door, and just at that moment a whole sleigh-load of other callers came hurrying up the steps.

"Wish you happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year, Johnny," said Mrs. Micklin.

But, Tracy, where 's your father? Tom, why does not your mother come in? I told Julius ——"

"Why, Mrs. Micklin," said Tom, "it 's only the cards. We passed 'em at Mrs. Jones's and at Judge Curtin's. Only I sent in Belle's there instead of Mother's."

"Why, you mischievous boys! And here you 've frightened me so! I thought something dreadful had happened ——"

But at that moment the other visitors came pouring in, and Mrs. Micklin had to say "happy New Year" to them, and shake hands and smile and talk, and the three boys were almost pushed out of the way, while Julius Cæsar stood at the parlor door, and seemed to be trying to laugh without making any noise.

"Julius," whispered Tom, as he edged near him, "where 's the ice-cream?"

But Tom's whisper was loud enough to be heard by everybody in the room, for it seemed to slip into a quiet little place in the conversation, and so did Julius Cæsar's reply: "Dah aint none."

Mrs. Micklin blushed, and one of her gentlemen guests suddenly remarked:

"My dear Mrs. Micklin, I 'm delighted to see that you have joined the reform movement. You wont ask your friends to stuff themselves."

And she said something in reply, and the others said something; but Tom Fitch put his lips to Johnny's ear, and said, pretty loudly: "Let 's go. There 's nothing in this house but med'cine."

"Bow to Mrs. Micklin before you go," said Johnny; but everybody in the parlor, excepting the doctor's wife, was laughing about something or other when Julius Cæsar opened the front door for those three boys to go out.

"Where 'll we go now, boys?" said Johnny, when they reached the sidewalk.

"There is n't any other place so good as Mrs. Curtin's," remarked Tom.

"Can't go twice to the same house," said Tracy.

"Can we, Johnny?"

"No, I s'pose not. But we 've plenty of cards. Let 's try that white house over yonder."

"Who lives there?"

"I don't know. But we can find out when we get in."

It was a very nice house, and there were three young ladies in it, and one of them was at that very moment standing by one of the front windows, all hidden among the heavy curtains, and another was saying: "It 's just too bad, girls. Here it is two o'clock, and we 've only had five callers, and one of them was the minister."

"And nobody has eaten anything."

"Hush, girls; what can those three boys be

coming here for? I 've seen one of them before. They 're making calls!"

"Tell John to show them right in."

And John did, although Tom Fitch insisted that the cards must go in ahead of them.

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

Three on each side, and then the girls talked right on, so fast their callers had no chance to correct the names.

"Johnny, you 'll have some cake?"

"Marmaduke, I must give you some ice-cream."

"Now, Arabella, some chicken-salad."

"My name 's Tom."

"Your card says your name 's Arabella."

"Here 's my other card."

"No, my dear, you 're not a married lady. And you must have a cup of coffee."

Very hospitable indeed were the three young ladies, and by the time they had helped their young callers to several times as much as any three boys could eat, Jenny was able to remark: "Now, girls, the table begins to look as if somebody 'd been here."

"But I think we 'd better go now," said Johnny Cook. "I can't eat any more."

"Oh, very well, my dear; and Arabella too, and Marmaduke."

"That 's my father's name, and mine 's Tracy Plumb."

"Just as good, Tracy. Wont you eat some more cream?"

"No, ma'am. Johnny says we 'd better go."

The girls were in high glee over their young gentlemen callers; but when the latter reached the sidewalk, Johnny Cook remarked: "I guess we wont make any more calls. I 'm going home."

"So am I," said Tom. "But I 've four more cards."

"I 've more 'n that," said Tracy; "but I don't want to go anywhere else. I could n't be polite."

Not one of them could have been polite enough to eat another mouthful, and that or something else made them a very sober-looking lot of New Year's day callers, as they walked on down the street.

Tom and Tracy were not heard from again that day; but Johnny Cook wondered, when Uncle Fred came home that night, why he was compelled to give so careful an account of everything.

"You were very polite, everywhere?"

"Yes, Uncle Fred; and at the last place Tom Fitch forgot to bow when he came out, and I made him go 'way back into the parlor and do it."

"That was right. If there was any other place where he forgot it, he ought to go back there next New Year's day and bow."

But Johnny only said: "I don't think I want to eat any supper, to-night, Uncle Fred."

MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

By * * *

CHAPTER V.

"MARIA MONTAGUE."

It rained gently nearly all night, but the morning came fresh and bright. The grass glistened in the sunshine, showers of soft, sunny rain were shaken from the trees, and the river breeze, Belle declared, beckoned them all out.

"I should have liked, however," she said, "to stay in the house this morning, and make things

wooden settee; I'll scrub it up, and it will make you a parlor-sofa."

"Oh, yes," said Belle; "but do look at Papa! Is n't he in splendid array?"

Mr. Baird, who had just entered, turned slowly around on his heels.

"I flatter myself," he said, "that I look the character I represent. Is that a lucid sentence, Fred?" and he gazed complacently upon his blue pantaloons, his blue flannel shirt, his rubber boots, and sailor neck-tie.



ON THE PORCH AT GREYSTONE.

comfortable. I am sure that everything could not have been moved out of a house as big as this one, and we might find a chair or two."

"I am afraid, Belle," said her mother, "that you are forgetting this is a wigwam, and not a house."

"Out in the shed," said Patty, "there is an old

"If I had guessed this," said Belle, sadly, "I should have had a flannel dress! I did not like to speak of it. I hoped Mamma would understand it, but she did n't. You are"—and then she arose and walked around him—"Papa, you are—nobby!"

When Sandy and Donald came in to breakfast,

they brought news. A boat, quite large enough, new and well built, by name "The Jolly Fisherman," could be hired for the two weeks, and the fishing, it was said, was capital.

So then Mrs. Baird decided she would stay indoors and help to settle the wigwam, and the others started out to see the boat, and they ended by rowing out in it, and coming home quite late to dinner.

"Mrs. Lambert was here," said Patty, bringing in the potatoes smoking hot, "and she made you an offer."

"An offer of her house!" said Mrs. Baird. "She is going to Kentucky next week, and she wants us to go over to her place and stay. We can use her ice and coal, her beds and parlor."

"She is very good," said Sandy, with great decision; "but we won't go. We do not intend to spoil our fun in that way!"

"She pities us. She is sure, although she did not say so, that only misfortune could have made us take our bags on our backs, and forlornly come to this place."

"She did not recognize us yesterday?" said Mr. Baird.

"No, indeed. She saw we were not tramps; but what we were she could not guess. She sent over early this morning to Farmer Saunders's to ask about us."

Belle had started to go upstairs, but stopped to hear what her mother said. Now, as she opened the parlor door, she gave an exclamation, and stood still.

The others rushed to see, and behold! there were a rocking-chair, a half-dozen camp-stools, a table, a cover, and a lamp. On the floor was a rug, and on the window-sill a pile of books!

"I love her very shadow!" cried Fred. "Did she send all these?"

"She did. And Patty has her share in the way of some pots and pans, a great china meat-dish, and a nutmeg-grater. She would have sent everything in her house, if I had consented."

The boys sat on the camp-stools, and Belle in the rocking-chair; they looked at one another.

"There is just one seat too many," said Donald. "Pretty good count, that."

"That's Kitty's," said Sandy. "We can call it hers."

At that moment Patty looked in. "Don't you know that dinner is on the table?" she said. Then they all took their places meekly, and dined.

The picnic was formally opened the next day by a fishing party, and every one, excepting Patty, went. They brought home a goodly string of perch and sunfish; but the day's delight cannot be described.

The sunshine, soft and mellow, the green, pellucid water crowned with white-caps, the rock of the waves, the wash against the shore, the sky, the wind, the dreams, the sense of freedom and of power, all these cannot be told; but they were felt. What they talked of around the table, still seated in Turkish fashion, were Donald's good luck, Sandy's laziness, and the eels that Belle caught.

Fred had given his mind to his work, and he noted the places where the best sport was had. He knew just where a family of perch, with silvery scales, had come to see why so many lovely worms should descend into the water, and he knew to how many of them this curiosity had been fatal. He knew where the lines were tangled up by eels, and where the sunfish bit; and where the cat-fish were not. He also had known how heavy the luncheon basket was when he carried it to the boat, and how preposterously light it seemed when, at three o'clock, he found that all that was left in it was some butter, and a cup half full of apple-sauce!

Upon one point all were agreed, and all were eloquent—it had been a splendid day; there never was a better one.

After supper was over, the young people sat on the porch. In the little parlor Mr. Baird read to his wife, and Patty dozed on her settee. It was warm, but a pleasant breeze blew up from the river; a few stars shone in the sky; on the river, lying misty and dim, passed now and then a boat bearing a light.

"I wonder," said Donald, "that the boat ever stops here, there are so few passengers. The day we came there was no one else for the landing."

"There were a little girl and her father to-day," said Belle. "I watched them from our boat."

"How do you know it was her father?" asked Fred.

"I only suppose it was. I don't *know* anything about it."

"Then you ought not to speak so positively. Half the misunderstandings in the world come from —"

"Dear me, Fred," said Belle, wearily, "could n't we postpone that until we reach home!"

"Hark!" interrupted Sandy, "some one is singing on the river! I wish it were moonlight—I should like to go down."

"And sail?" said Belle. "That would be lovely."

"Oh, I should n't sail," Sandy said. "I should bob for eels. Still, if I wanted to sail, I should as lief go on a night like this. I like these dim nights. They seem to shut us in, away from the rest of the world."

"Well, I wish it were moonlight," said Donald, "for then I could see what that is by the fence. I

have been watching it for some time, and I cannot tell whether it is a dog or a boy."

"It is Mrs. Lambert's cow," said Fred; "it came up last night."

"There was a cow or a horse on the lawn last night," Belle added. "Patty woke me up and frightened me half out of my life. She insisted it was a man, but I knew better."

"It was a horse," said Sandy. "I saw its tracks this morning. I am going to see what that is."

He walked over the grass, then he stopped a moment, and then, going quickly to the spot where the something stood, spoke in a low, excited tone.

"What is it?" called Donald.

"Nothing much," replied Sandy; "but I'll show you!"

There was an instant more of talk, some resistance, and then Sandy re-appeared, bringing up a girl in a short-waisted dress and a large sun-bonnet. Sandy stood her at the foot of the porch steps, just where the light from the lamp fell on her.

"It is the girl who came on the boat, to-day," said Belle. "I remember her bonnet. It is like one of Patty's."

"It is Patty's," said the girl, taking it off. "I took it out of your hall-closet."

"Kitty Baird!" cried Belle, jumping up. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"From home," said Kitty, composedly, sitting down on the lowest step. "Don't speak so loud. I don't want Cousin Robert to see me."

"You have run away!" exclaimed Belle.

"What if I have?" said Kitty. "That is no reason why you should spoil everything. Now, Isabella Baird, if you speak above your breath, I'll just go away this minute."

"Is n't she the greatest goose alive?" asked Sandy. "I do believe there is nothing too silly for her to do."

"How did you get here?" asked Fred.

"In the boat," replied Kitty. "Oh, I've been all around! I saw you all eating supper. My goodness, but you did look funny! All of you on the floor, and baskets, and what is that concern you have for a table? You must be having lots of fun. I was awfully hungry."

"Why did n't you come in?" said Donald. "I could n't see my own relations eating and not ask them to go shares,—that is, if I were hungry."

"I did n't want to," said Kitty. "Mrs. Lambert asked me to stay there, but I would n't. I say, Belle, have n't you some cake or something?"

"Mrs. Lambert!" exclaimed Belle. "What *will* your father say? Why, you look like a —"

"Guy," said Sandy.

"I did n't tell her who I was," said Kitty. "You must think I am silly! But I am very hungry."

"Come along," Sandy said. "Belle is overcome. I will get you something to eat."

"Wont Patty see me? The secret will be out if she does. She never could keep a secret."

"She's all right," said Sandy. "Look in the window, Fred, and see if she is asleep."

"Sound!" replied Fred, getting up a little. "Papa is reading poetry aloud; and that always settles Patty."

Sandy started off, Kitty meekly following, and so went on to the dining-room porch.

"You stay there," said Sandy. "There is n't much to stumble over, but you would be sure to find it. You will have to put up with poor commons, Kitty, for the meat and butter are in the well."

"I don't care," whispered Kitty. "A piece of bread will do. Anything—I don't care."

"There is some ham. I saw it to-night; but you don't like it?"

"Not at home; but just now I adore it."

"Well, but can't you come hold up this lid. Gracious! There goes my hand right into something! Cold tomatoes! Now, look out. There, that's all right! Here's the ham, but there is n't much cut. Here are some rolls. They are good—I can testify to that."

"I have a knife," said Kitty, "but don't haggle the ham."

"Hark!" whispered Sandy. "There is Papa moving."

Out flew Sandy's fingers! Bang went the lid, and away went Kitty.

"It's a lucky thing my fingers did n't get mashed," ejaculated Sandy. "I should never have forgiven her! And Papa was n't coming here!"

Kitty was nowhere to be seen when he rejoined the others, but after a time she came cautiously back.

"That was outrageously mean in you, Sandy," she said, "to drop the lid in that way. I lost nearly all my ham, and it was n't Cousin Robert, after all. I have been around to the back window, and he is reading again."

"Now look here, Kitty," said Belle, before Sandy had a chance to answer, "if you think we are going to keep your secret, you are much mistaken. You can run away from your own father, if you choose, but we don't treat our father so. I don't see, either, how you can keep it from him; he is bound to see you."

Sandy had that fine sense of fair play which always animates a boy when his sister scolds another girl, and he said, hotly enough, that he thought it was Kitty's own affair, and she ought to manage it her own way.

"You have to tell on her, or hide her," said

Donald, who was not Belle's brother. "I don't see how we can keep out of it."

"I can tell on myself," said Kitty. "I don't expect to keep it from Cousin Robert. I am going to stay and have a good time. But first I want to get my valise. It is over by the fence; and, Belle, where is your room?"

"Boys," called Mr. Baird, coming to the window, "we are going to bed. I will lock the front door, and you can come in some other way."

"How will you get in?" whispered Kitty. "Can I do it? Do you climb in?"

"We could," replied Sandy, "but we don't. This is one of our ceremonies. There is a splendid brass lock on the front door, so we always lock it. The other doors are open. There are about nineteen of them. Of course, the windows are open."

"Kitty, if you want to see Papa, you'd better hurry," said Belle.

"Oh, I'll wait until the morning," Kitty carelessly replied. "That will be plenty of time."

"No, you wont wait," exclaimed Sandy, who believed in his own authority, if not in Belle's. "Papa, here is some one who wants to see you."

When Mrs. Baird, a few minutes after, came out on the porch to see what kept her husband there, she was, reasonably enough, surprised.

On a chair by the door sat Mr. Baird, holding his lighted candle in his hand. The others stood around, and in the center of the group was a girl, in a queer, old-fashioned frock, and with a sun-bonnet in her hands.

"It is — Kitty," said Fred, with a laugh, seeing his mother's perplexity.

"Kitty!" exclaimed she—"Kitty, at this time of night—in that dress! What will your mother say?"

"She wont be worried, Cousin Jule. I left a note for her."

"How did she come here, Robert?", said Mrs. Baird.

"It is all right, Cousin Jule," said Kitty. "Mamma wont be worried. I did n't just say I was coming here, but she will understand. I said —"

"Well?" said her cousin Robert.

"I said," and Kitty looked at the floor, while her lips trembled with a smile, "'Dear Mamma: I flee as a bird to the mountain. . Don't be anxious about me. I shall be all right. Your daughter, Kitty Kite.' You see, that will make it all right."

"I don't see it," replied Mr. Baird.

"And I came in the boat this afternoon," pursued Kitty, anxious to tell her story herself, "and I saw you all out fishing, but I did n't know you. I staid a good while at Mrs. Lambert's. May be you know her? She knows you, anyhow, and she called me in, and she said she was afraid you would

all get the chills, and she did n't see what you meant."

"She must have wondered what your mother meant by dressing you in that style."

"And she has cut off her hair," said Sandy.

Kitty put up her hand, took out a hair-pin, and let down a long plait of hair.

"I should n't do anything so silly," she said, "and Mamma would n't forgive *that!* Is n't this dress funny, Cousin Jule? It is one of Mamma's Dorcas frocks. Old Mrs. Witherspoon made it. It would n't have been any fun to come dressed just like common folks."

"Well, you did n't," said Sandy. "You are a perfect guy."

"That is the second time you have told me so," said Kitty, "and it is n't very polite. Of course it would n't do for the Rev. Mr. Baird's daughter to dress in this way, but I played"—turning to Fred—"that my name was Maria Montague, and that my father had gone to sea, and I had to help my mother support eight younger children. It is a very nice dress for Maria Montague!"

"Did you tell Mrs. Lambert that yarn?" asked Sandy.

"I don't understand how you got away unseen, in that dress," said Mrs. Baird. "Did no one in the village see you?"

"Oh, I had on my own clothes when I left home! I put these in the bag without Mamma's knowing it. I changed them on the boat in one of the little cabins. You ought to have seen the chambermaid stare! She thought I had come up out of the river, I think. She would n't believe she had sold me a ticket, until I showed it to her. She said she did n't remember me. As for Mr. Slade —"

Here Kitty stopped.

"Mr. Slade!" said her cousin Robert. "Was he on board?"

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, cheerfully. "Papa put me in his care."

"Put you in his care!" repeated Mr. Baird. "Why, did your father know you were coming?"

"Of course he did! He took me to the boat. You see, it almost broke my heart not to come with you, and that almost broke Mamma's, and so Papa could n't stand it, and he said I could come, and if I should behave myself, and you should want me, I could stay."

Sandy turned to go into the house. "I should n't have believed it, Kitty," he said, in wrath. "To think that you should tell us you ran away!"

"I did n't tell you," stoutly replied Kitty,—“not once! You all took it for granted. *You* all said so, and I did n't contradict it. If you had n't been in such a hurry, Sandy Baird, to make me see

Cousin Robert, I should have put on my own dress and explained it all to him. I did n't mean him to see me in this horrid old thing! But you all tease me all the time, and you tell everybody about the time I intended to run away when I was a very little girl, and now I only meant to surprise you. I should have staid just as long as I could if you had n't known me; but you all began to say I had run away, the very moment you found out who I was, and you have n't been fair,—and, Cousin Jule, can't I go to bed? Oh, there 's my bag!" and off she ran down the steps and to the fence.

The little group on the porch looked at one another and laughed. Kitty came back tugging her bag, which Donald took from her, and then they locked the front door and went up to bed.

In the hall, Mrs. Baird stopped a moment.

"Kitty," she said, "did you really write that note to your mother?"

"Of course I did, Cousin Jule; but it had n't anything to do with running away. It was just for a sort of comfort for her."

CHAPTER VI.

CRANES AND CARDINAL-BIRDS.

THE next day, Mrs. Lambert invited Mr. and Mrs. Baird to dinner. Dining out was not included in the plans the family had made for life in a wigwam, but it was not possible to decline, and so the younger ones were left to amuse themselves.

Sandy proposed shooting a crane. He had watched these birds on the river banks with interest. They were slow and stupid, he said, and it would be easy enough to shoot one as it lazily rose and flopped itself into the air; so he invited the girls and boys to join the chase, and early in the morning they set off in the boat, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Baird and Patty at Greystone.

It was ten o'clock before they saw their bird, and they spent until nearly three o'clock chasing him.

And they never got even a fair shot at him!

He took a little nap on one shore, and then flew across the river, and took another. He watched for his dinner, but caught nothing; he made a trip up the creek, and once flew into the marsh. Everywhere he went, the persevering hunters followed. But it was all in vain, for he never came near, nor would he allow them to make any approaches. None of them knew very much about the proper way to shoot a crane, but they all agreed that they had learned most of his ways of avoiding being shot. At last he flew up the river, and, with his legs stretched out bravely behind, disappeared.

It was then decided that the crane-hunt was over.

Sandy then proposed that they should go after reed-birds, but Donald objected, because the law did not allow them to be shot so early in the season.

"But Sandy did not propose to shoot them," said Kitty. "He said we could go after them—as we did after the crane."

This argument was so convincing that Donald at once turned the boat, and rowed to the creek where, the day before, they had seen many flocks of the birds. Here they landed, and walked over the meadows to some marshes.

It was a clear, charming day, and they were all in the best of spirits. They had had a good luncheon, and they discussed how they should have their birds cooked, Donald and Fred being in favor of a pie, while the others declared for broiling and serving on toast.

"But, look here, Sandy Baird," said Belle, suddenly stopping, "do carry your gun differently, or let me walk ahead of you."

"I think I should rather be ahead," cried Kitty. "Goodness knows what he will do!" and off she ran.

"My senses!" said Donald, standing still. "I do believe she is going directly into the swamp! She will frighten every bird away."

"She will stick in the mud," said Belle, rushing after her. "Kitty, come back this minute!"

"By George!" ejaculated Fred, catching Belle by the shoulder. "What *are* girls made for? Between you we shall not get a bird!"

"Don't you shoot, Sandy! Don't you shoot!" cried Belle, jumping up and down. "You 'll hit her in the back! Don't you dare to shoot!"

"Here they are!" cried Kitty, cheerily, waving her hat and dashing on, as, with a whirl, up rose a flock of birds on speedy wing. "Here they are! Come on! Quick, Sandy, quick!"

The boys stood still. They looked at each other and then they laughed; but Kitty turned upon them with indignation.

"Why did n't you come on?" she cried. "If you had been quick enough, you could have shot a thousand!"

"I don't believe our spoil will be very great," said Donald, when Kitty, still scolding, came back. "I move that we do now sit down and sing a hymn."

"Well, I am not going home empty-handed," said Sandy. "I shall take something, if it is only a robin."

"So I should," said Kitty, in a pleased tone. "I should n't give up. You might have had those birds if you had shot at once; but I should get something. I wish there were bears here."

"I could easily have shot you," said Sandy, "if I had tried for the birds."

"Oh, I should have lain down," said Kitty, "and

you could have shot over my head. But, come; if the others don't want to go along, suppose they sit under that tree, while we go ahead and hunt for something."

"I'd rather have *you* sit under the tree, if I may choose, and have the others come along," said Sandy.

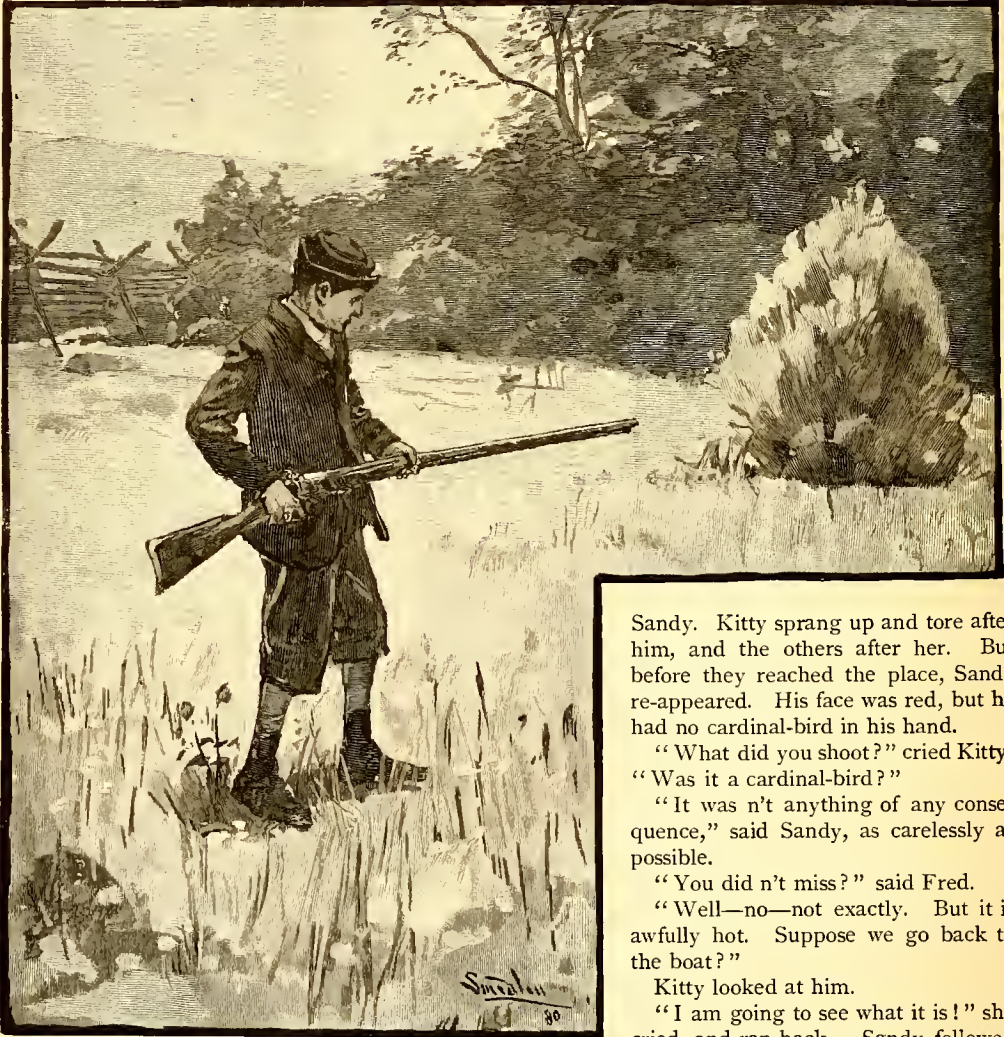
"Just as you please," said Kitty, and she at once

"Don't spoil all the sport," he said, crossly, and Kitty at once sat down again.

Skirting the edge of the wood was a thicket of bushes, and to this Sandy made his cautious way.

"It is a cardinal-bird," whispered Fred. "I can see its red crest. There—low in the bushes. Hish!"

Bang!—bang!—went the gun, and on rushed



SANDY, THE HUNTER.

sat down on the grass. "It is rather sunny here, but it will suit you all the same, I suppose."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sandy, and he started off on a quick, quiet run. Kitty sprang to her feet, and would have gone pell-mell after him, but Fred jumped forward hastily and caught her.

Sandy. Kitty sprang up and tore after him, and the others after her. But before they reached the place, Sandy re-appeared. His face was red, but he had no cardinal-bird in his hand.

"What did you shoot?" cried Kitty.

"Was it a cardinal-bird?"

"It was n't anything of any consequence," said Sandy, as carelessly as possible.

"You did n't miss?" said Fred.

"Well—no—not exactly. But it is awfully hot. Suppose we go back to the boat?"

Kitty looked at him.

"I am going to see what it is!" she cried, and ran back. Sandy followed her. She was the quicker; reaching

the spot where Sandy's victim had fallen, she gave a shout, and, a moment after, she came rushing out of the bushes, laughing as she ran.

In her hands she dragged a tame turkey, and it had a red head, and it was dead.

"It was a good shot, anyhow," said Sandy, try-

ing to look as if he did n't care. "But I say, boys, what are we going to do with it?"

"Take it home to Patty," said Fred.

"Advertise for the owner," Donald suggested.

"Bury it," said Belle.

"Tie it around the hunter's neck," said Kitty.

"I should n't like the owner to know of this, and yet I should like to pay him," said Sandy.

"Advertise," repeated Donald.

Sandy reflectively shook his head. "Let us go home," he said.

"But how about the game?" said Kitty, holding the turkey toward him.

"It can go home, too," said Sandy, taking it from her and throwing it into a bush. "Now, if we hear anything about it, I'll pay for it; if we don't, the waters of oblivion may cover it. At any rate, let us go home right off. I feel nervous."

As they hastened down to the boat, they met a boy, small, sandy-haired, and freckled, going for cows. "Been gunning?" he asked.

"Not much," said Sandy.

"I thought I heard a gun. Did you shoot anything?"

"Don't you think you are a little inquisitive?" said Sandy, who felt it was a tender subject.

"I had not thought about it," said the boy, walking on. Then he stopped, and, looking back, said: "Perhaps you would like to go fishing?"

"That would n't be a bad idea," said Fred.

"What do you want to fish for?" asked the boy.

"For fish," replied Sandy.

"Oh," said the boy, "I thought it might be for kangaroos!" and he started off again.

"I don't think that was very polite," said Fred; and he called after the boy, "Do you know a good place?"

"If you go up to those three oaks, draw a bee-line from there to that frame house, you'll catch perch, or my name is not Jack Robinson," said he.

"All right," said Fred. "Much obliged."

"Not at all," said the boy, laughing. "When folks are polite to me, I am polite to them."

The boy's directions were easily followed, and they soon rowed up the creek to the three oaks, discussed where the bee-line would run, settled the question, anchored, and began to fish. It was a charming afternoon. The sky was slightly clouded, the trees bent over the creek, the birds were chattering, and afar off some one was playing a flute. For a long time, the little party fished in silence. Every little while, one of the lines would be gently jerked, and the owner's heart would give a little jump; but when the hooks were drawn up, there were no fish on them, and no appearance even of the bait having been nibbled.

Then Sandy began to sing softly.

"Don't do that," said Fred.

"I shall not frighten the fishes," said Sandy.

"They are all from home, or else are asleep. I move that we go where there is no bee-line."

"I move that we go home," said Belle. "I am very hungry, and it must be five o'clock."

"It is," said Fred. "Supper must be nearly ready, for Patty promised to hurry up to-night. That boy is a fraud," he added, pulling up his line.

"I'd just like to see that boy!" exclaimed Sandy; and it was not long before he had his wish, for they had not rowed far before they overtook him, walking on the bank driving his cows.

Sandy rested on his oars.

"What's your name?" he shouted.

"Sam Perry," said the boy. "Hope you had luck! Next time you might better answer a civil question civilly." Then he added: "You can pay me back whenever you choose."

"Oh, I shall," said Sandy. "You need n't be afraid of that."

"The tide is running up very fast," said Donald, as they rowed down the stream.

"Yes," said Fred; but ——— and at that moment the oar snapped close to the blade!

They looked at each other in consternation. Now what was to be done?

"Can't you mend it?" said Sandy.

"Not very easily," replied Fred. "But lend me your fan, Belle."

Belle handed him the gigantic Spanish fan she wore at her side, but asked what he was going to do with it.

"Ruin it," was his brief reply. "And I wish it were longer and stronger." He then borrowed all the handkerchiefs, put the two pieces of oar together, laid the fan across the break, tied it top and bottom with two handkerchiefs, then taking some stout string which Kitty had in her pocket, he wrapped it around and around until the oar was comparatively firm and fit for use.

"I could n't have done that," said Sandy, admiringly; "but I knew you could invent something."

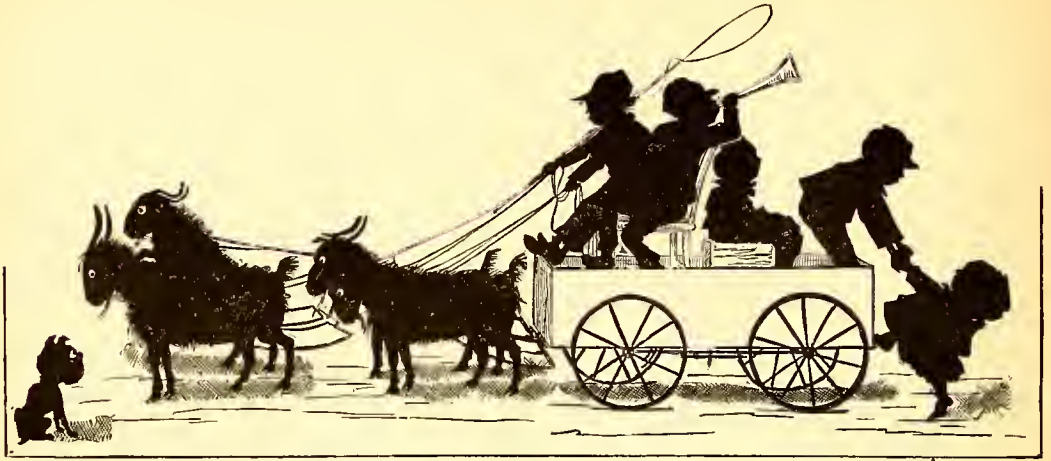
"I don't know how long it will stand this tide," answered Fred. "When we get back to the land of shops I'll buy you another fan, Belle."

"Very well," said she; "but let it be different. I was tired of that."

The oar did very well for a time, but it was evident from the way the bandages loosened that it would not stand much work. Fred took it in for the third time to tighten, and then said, looking at the darkening sky:

"We can never get home with this thing! It wont stand the river."

THE FAST GOAT LINE.



BUCK, Bounce, Bill, and Bob were four goats. Tom, Sam, and Jack were three boys. Sue and Ann Jane were two girls. Zip was a small dog, with a big head. Tom had a cart with four wheels; and he thought that if he made the four goats draw the cart, he could have a stage line from his house to the big tree at the end of the street. He said he would charge the boys and girls one cent for a ride. That would make him rich, if all the boys and girls in town took a ride.

When Tom had put the four goats to his stage, he took the reins in his hand, and got up on the front seat, which was a chair. Sam took his seat on one side of Tom, and blew his horn to let the boys and girls know they soon would start. When Sue came, she had to sit on a box, for there was no chair for her. Jack stood up in the back part of the cart and took hold of the hands of Ann Jane to help her in, for she was quite a small girl. Zip sat on the ground, near the goats. He did not know what all this meant, but he thought he would wait and see.

When there were no more boys and girls to come, Sam blew his horn again, and Tom sang out: "All on board the fast goat line for the big tree!" Then he cracked his whip, and said: "Get up!"

The goats knew how to pull a cart, and they set off on a trot. This was fine, for all the boys and girls. But Zip, the dog, thought the goats went too slow. "I can make them go fast," he thought, "if I bark at them, and give them each a right good bite."

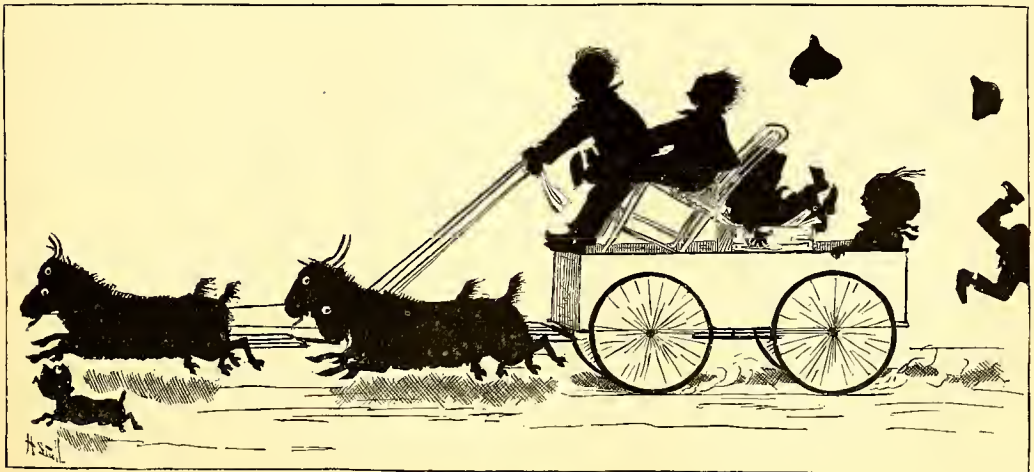
So he ran close up to Buck and gave a great bark. Buck did not like Zip. So when Zip ran up and barked close by his ear, Buck set off on a run, and Bob, Bounce, and Bill ran, too.

They ran so fast that Tom could not hold them in, and they gave such great jerks that the chair, with Sam in it, fell back on Sue, and made her break through the lid of her box, so that she went right down in it. As for Jack, he fell out of the cart at the first jump of the goats, and came down, head first, in the road. Ann Jane sat flat down at the back end of the stage, and held on with all her might. Tom's hat, and Sam's hat, blew off, and the wind made Ann Jane's hair fly. Tom drew in the reins as tight as he could, and said: "Whoa! Whoa!" But the goats would not stop, nor go slow. They ran on till the wheels went round so fast you could not see the spokes. Tom lost his whip, but he did not care for that. He did not want to whip the goats now.

At last, Buck and Bounce broke loose, and then Bill and Bob ran on; but they could not pull the stage fast, so they made a short turn, and broke off the pole of the stage close up to the wheels. But Tom let go of the reins, and so they did not pull him out.

Tom and Sam then got out of the stage, and Sam took hold of Sue's hand to lift her out of the box, while Tom went to see if Jack was hurt. But Jack got up and said he was all right. Then Sue sat down by Ann Jane on the floor of the stage, while the three boys took hold of it to pull it back home. They could not pull it as fast as the four goats could, and so, as they went on to Tom's house, the boys and girls of the town, who had not had a ride in it, said it was not a fast goat line, but a slow boy line.

As for Zip, when Tom came to the place where his whip lay in the road, he took it up, and he gave that bad dog two or three good cracks, to let him know he must not bark at the goats of the fast stage line.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

“It’s coming, boys,
It’s almost here;
It’s coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving,
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year,
Oh! hold it dear;
For God, who sendeth,
He only lendeth.”

THE GINGERBREAD-TREE.

SOME of your English cousins, my dears all, are used to hearing, at this season of feasts and fun, a very old song that says:

“There’s naught so good in trees
As plum-pudding trees,
Cut and come again!”

Upon these trees, the song goes on to say, the plum-puddings hang like fruit, ready-cooked and waiting to be eaten; and every time you cut a slice, the hole you made fills up again, as good as new. And moreover, the trees grow in a land as curious as themselves, where roast turkeys and all sorts of savory and pleasant viands fly about, crying out: “Come eat me! Come eat me!” to any boys and girls who may be shipwrecked on the coast.

The Gingerbread-tree, however, is not a song tree, but a real, ordinary vegetable, known as the Doom Palm. It grows in Egypt, Arabia, and Abyssinia, and is remarkable because, although a palm, it branches near its top. The fruit is as

large as an orange, and hangs in clusters of about a hundred, the rind being of a shiny yellowish-brown outside, mealy and brown inside, nearly an inch thick, and tasting very like gingerbread; it is dry in the mouth, but the Arabs seem to enjoy it.

A LONG BREATH.

A MAN once took in a deep breath and held it while he ran the width of four city blocks. But, dear me, that’s a mere trifle! There is an engine that runs twenty miles with but one breath. It takes in a supply of compressed air, and, by its aid, drags a train ten miles and back along a track, before its breath gives out.

THE TREE OF THE TEN THOUSAND IMAGES.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I was surprised by what you told us in November about “Needles and Thread that Grow.” But now it is your turn to be astonished, when I tell you of a tree, the bark and leaves of which are marked by nature with alphabetic symbols, or “images,” in the language of Thibet!

It is called “The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images.” I send you a rough drawing of one of the leaves, and also this account of all that I have learned about the history of the tree itself.

Far away, in the dreary land of Ambo, a part of Thibet, is a green valley, where, in a Tartar tent,—say the Lamas, or priests,—was born a wonderful boy named Tsong-Kaba. From his birth, he had a long white beard and flowing hair, and could speak perfectly his native tongue. His manners were majestic, and his words were few but full of wisdom.

When Tsong-Kaba was three years old, he resolved to cut off his hair and live a solitary life in the service of his god, Buddha. So, his mother shaved his head, and threw his long, flowing locks upon the ground outside the tent-door. From this hair sprang the wonderful tree.

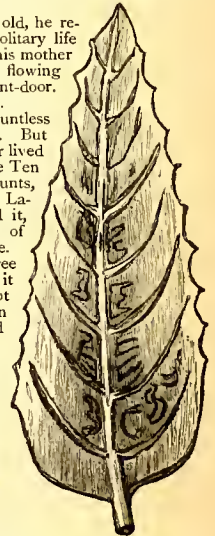
Tsong-Kaba lived many years, did countless good and holy deeds, and at last died. But the tree which had grown from his hair lived on, and was called “The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images”; and, at last accounts, it still was alive and held sacred. The Lamas built high walls of brick around it, and Khang-Hi, one of the emperors of China, sheltered it beneath a silver dome.

Two French missionaries saw this tree some years ago, and they say that it seemed then to be very old. It was not more than eight feet high; but three men with outstretched arms scarcely could reach around its trunk. The branches were very bushy, and spread out like a plume of feathers. The leaves were always green, and the wood, which was of a reddish tint, had an odor like that of cinnamon. The bark of the tree was marked with many well-formed symbols in the Thibetan language, and alphabetic characters appeared also, in a green color, on every leaf, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf itself.

Now, Mr. Jack, all this seems marvelous, and some of it is more than we can believe; but the missionaries actually saw the tree, and were convinced that the marks upon it were of natural growth.

Truly yours,

AGNES THOMSON.



A STORY TO BE WRITTEN.

I PRESENT to you this month, with the pretty School-ma’am’s compliments, twenty little pictures, drawn by brother Hopkins, which almost tell their own story. But remembering what a good time you had over “The Young Hunter,” the dear little lady wants you to write down the story of this small girl and her pussy. She says: “Tell the boys and girls, dear Jack, to state their ages; to write only on one side of the paper; and *not to send more than eight hundred words*, at the very most. Then the

story received before January 20th, that best explains the pictures, and also is told best, shall be printed in the March ST. NICHOLAS." There 's fun for you! Get out your slates now, and try!



THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR readers, we think, will be specially interested in the simple story of "Nedawi," in the present number, not only because it is a sketch from real Indian life, written by an Indian, but because the writer, "Bright Eyes," is a proof in herself of the capacity of the Indian for education and the best enlightenment.

"Bright Eyes," named by her white friends *Susette La Flesche*, is a noble-hearted young lady, devoted to the cause of her people, and eager in the hope that our government will yet deal as fairly with the Indian as with the white man. The following extracts from her friendly letter to the editor will help you to know her, and to understand why "Nedawi" is truly an Indian story, although it tells only of peace and home-life:

"I have never attempted writing a story, and fear it is an impossible thing for me, but I can, at least, try. * * * It seems so hard to make white people believe that we Indians are human beings of like passions and affections with themselves; that it is as hard for us to be good as it is for them,—harder, for we are ignorant,—and we feel as badly when we fail as they do. That is the reason I have written my story in the way I have. * * * If I were only at home I could write many things that would be interesting to white people, as grandmother remembers when they saw the first white men, and when there were no houses at all. None of our family speak English, excepting my sisters and myself, and it is delightful to hear father, mother, and grandmother tell their thrilling adventures, and speak of the many changes that have come since grandmother was a young girl. * * *"

It would be so much better for my people if the white people had a more thorough knowledge of them, because we have felt deeply the results of their ignorance of us.—Yours truly,

SUSETTE LA FLESCHÉ.
(Bright Eyes.)

We are always glad to hear of the successful performance of any home or school exercises printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*, and we should like especially to hear from those of our readers who may have performed the little operetta of "The Land of Nod," printed in our December number.

X. Y. Z.—When the present Republic in France was first established, the titles of nobility then existing were not interfered with, and they still remain as they were in the days of Napoleon III.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS AFTER WALTER CRANE AND KATE GREENAWAY.—Ellen and Charley G. ask for "something new in the way of tableaux." *ST. NICHOLAS* has given and will continue to give, occasionally, subjects of this kind; but at present we shall suggest to Ellen, Charley, and others, that very pretty tableaux can be made from Walter Crane's books and from Kate Greenaway's "Under the window."

A correspondent sends the following directions for making tableaux vivants after Walter Crane's "Baby's Opera" and "Baby's Bouquet":

The costumes can be easily made from cheap cambric, and the scenery is not difficult. While the music for each picture is being sung behind the scenes, the children should be acting it out.

The following has been found to be a good and effective selection: "Hey, diddle, diddle"; "Baa, baa, Black Sheep"; "King Arthur"; "Where are you going, my Pretty Maid"; "My Lady's Garden"; "Three Blind Mice"; "A Little Cock-Sparrow"; "The Four Presents"; "Little Bo-Peep"; and "Old King Cole."

When given in a hall where there is scenery, the landscape, which generally forms part of the stock scenery, makes a background for the outdoor pictures. For others, like "King Arthur," "King Cole," and "The Four Presents," a background can be made with screens.

"Hey, diddle, diddle" and "My Lady's Garden" require special scenery, which can be prepared at slight expense. For "Hey, diddle, diddle," make a curtain of brown cambric as near the color of the cover to the "Baby's Opera" as possible. Cut the cow, moon, birds, trees, etc., on a large scale, out of white paper, paste them on the cambric, and fill in the proper shading with charcoal. The dish is made of a large piece of pasteboard tied to the waist and neck of a small boy, who should be dressed in full red trousers and a flowered jacket. The spoon is shaped from a half-inch board, covered with paper, and proportioned to the size of the boy who carries it. Being in one piece, it is easily carried when the dish runs away with it (keeping his face to the audience).

If this and "My Lady's Garden" are to be given on the same occasion, the brown curtain can be hung on a wire, close to the front of the stage, and the garden scene placed directly behind. The performers of the dog and cat wear masks; the tails are made of stuffed cambric, and stockings outside of the trousers represent paws.

For "My Lady's Garden" a light frame must be made, of the width of the stage and proportioned to the height of the tallest flower. Cover it with green cambric, bordered on the top with a strip of blue, which, with the aid of a few streaks of charcoal, represents the boards of the fence. A narrow piece of cambric, reaching to just below the top of the fence, should be suspended about two feet back of the screen, to represent the sky. Cut the leaves and stems of the flowers from green tissue paper; the lilies and shells from stiffer paper (white lilies are more effective in the evening than the blue ones of the picture in the book). Paste these on the screen, and shade them with colored crayons. At the top of each stalk, cut a hole just large enough to admit the head of the child who personates the flower. The children stand behind the screen and put their heads through these holes; their hats and ruffs are put on, in front of the scene, after their heads are through. A pretty effect is produced by making each child represent a distinct flower. Thus, beginning on the left,—a sunflower (red hat); daisy (lilac hat); pink rose; forget-me-not; red rose. Any of these can be made by fastening paper on the turned-up brim of an old hat, which has been partly ripped from the crown; each is tied under the chin. This forms one of the prettiest tableaux imaginable.

If no real black sheep nor goat is to be had, for "Baa, baa, Black Sheep," the animal can be manufactured from a box covered with two Astrachan cloaks, and "headed" with a sheep's mask.

The "Three Blind Mice" can be made from gray cotton flannel, and should be very large, while the "Butcher's Wife" should be very small.

A spinning-wheel adds to the effect in "King Arthur."

In the "Little Cock-Sparrow," the bird should be only slightly fastened to the tree, and pulled off by a string, behind the scenes, when the boy shoots.

In the "Four Presents," the geese, crescents, and cherry-blossoms must be sewn upon the plain cloth foundation. The figures on the clothes in "King Arthur" and "King Cole" must be sewn in the same way.

Other pretty pictures for tableaux are "Little Bo-Peep," "Old Man in Leather," "Little Man and Maid," "Sur le Pout d'Avignon," and "The Three Ships"; but the last three would be more difficult, on account of the scenery absolutely necessary to make them complete. B. F. H.

MARTIN D.—You will find plain diagrams and full instructions "How to make an Ice-boat" in *ST. NICHOLAS* for January, 1878. But perhaps you will prefer to follow the directions given by Mr. Norton in his article entitled "Every Boy his own Ice-boat," which is printed in the present number.

THESE New-Year verses were sent by L. E. L., a girl aged thirteen.

Chime on! chime on! ye merry bells,
With mellow tone, so gladly rung;
For when afar your music swells,
'T is loved alike by old and young.

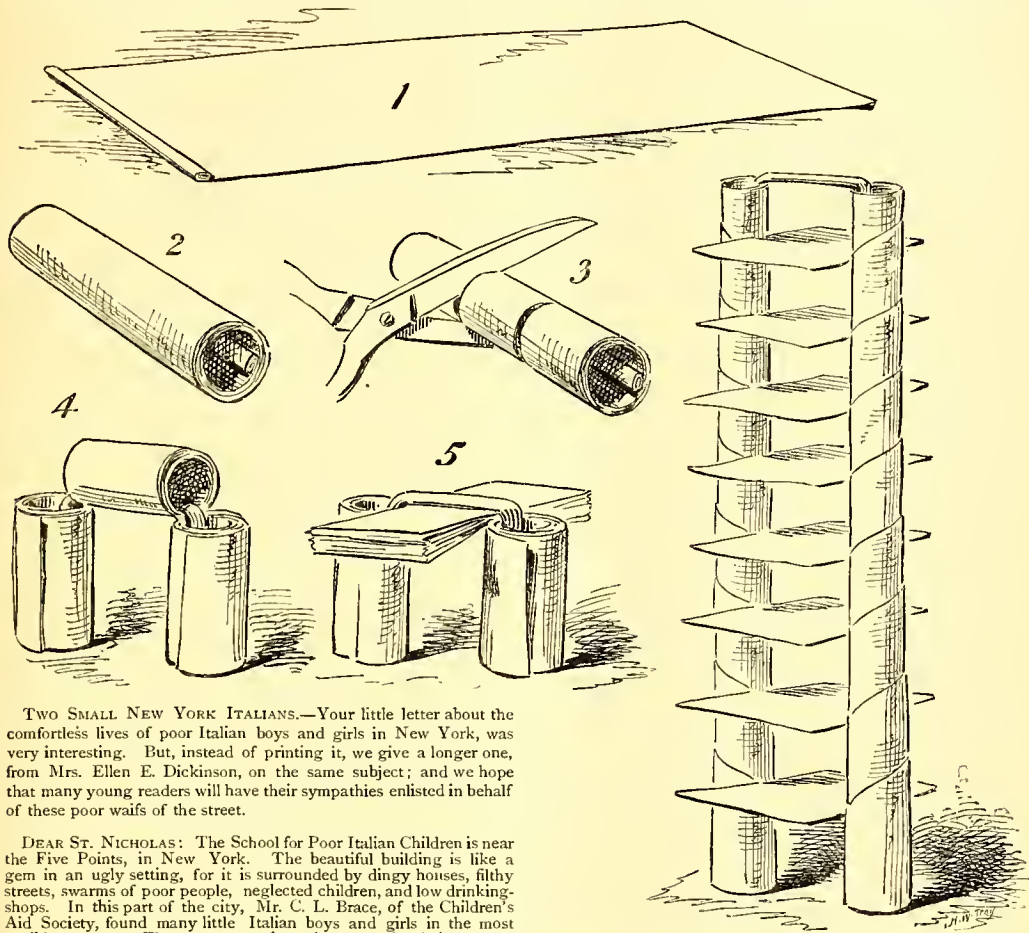
Chime on! chime on! To strife and care,
Send sudden messages of cheer;
Let all your music rend the air,
And welcome in the glad New Year.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I thought I'd write to you and tell you some snow fun we have here. It is making snow-dishes. Here are the directions: Take a block of snow of any size you please, and make it the shape you want with a knife. Then smooth it on the top and bottom. Then hollow it out smoothly, set it out over night and let it freeze. Then you have a dish fit to be set on the table in the best of snow-houses.—Yours truly, WILLIE CLIVE.

Snow sports even more interesting than that mentioned in your letter, Willie,—snow battles, the proper weapons, implements, and management of snow warfare, how to build snow-houses, and how to make snow-statues,—were described and fully illustrated in *ST. NICHOLAS* for January and February, 1880; and in the present number is a short account of a spirited snow-fight in which Mr. Beard, the historian of it, shared.

H. W. T. SENDS this description, with pictures, telling how to make a paper Jacob's ladder in one roll and three cuts; any boy or girl old enough to handle scissors can easily learn how it is done:

Take a piece of writing-paper, about three inches wide, and nine inches long; fold one end three or four times, as small, tight, and flat as possible (Fig. 1). Then roll up the piece loosely (Fig. 2). Make two cuts straight across and almost through the roll, allowing the scissors to be stopped by the folded part (Fig. 3). Bend down the end pieces (Fig. 4). Cut through the middle piece lengthwise (Fig. 5). Take hold of the folded part, and pull it up, when you will have a telescopic Jacob's ladder (Fig. 6). An imposing effect may be made by using a large piece of wrapping-paper or newspaper.



TWO SMALL NEW YORK ITALIANS.—Your little letter about the comfortless lives of poor Italian boys and girls in New York, was very interesting. But, instead of printing it, we give a longer one, from Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson, on the same subject; and we hope that many young readers will have their sympathies enlisted in behalf of these poor waifs of the street.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The School for Poor Italian Children is near the Five Points, in New York. The beautiful building is like a gem in an ugly setting, for it is surrounded by dingy houses, filthy streets, swarms of poor people, neglected children, and low drinking-shops. In this part of the city, Mr. C. L. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, found many little Italian boys and girls in the most terrible poverty. They were sent into the streets by their parents, or by *padroni* (masters), to make money for them by organ-grinding, playing on the harp or violin, gathering or picking rags, or blacking boots. They were told that they must bring back a certain sum of money every night, or they would be severely punished. They had no chance to learn our language, excepting as they picked it up in the street. Their condition was indeed pitiable, especially that of those under *padroni*, who beat and starved them. These *padroni* made a business of hiring boys and girls from their parents in Italy, to be sent to New York, and to work for them a certain time,—the *padroni* paying all expenses, and promising to return the children to their native land, with a fixed amount of profit.

When Mr. Brace had learned the necessities of these unfortunate children, he determined, with the assistance of Mr. Cheryua, an Italian gentleman, to open a school for them, where they might not only properly learn our language, but be taught some employment by which they could decently earn a living. Through the efforts begun by these two gentlemen, the slavery of the little Italians has been abolished, and the trade of the *padroni* is no longer allowed by the Italian government.

The first floor of the school-building is divided into school-rooms,

and a reading-room; the second story into a printing-room, and school-rooms, while the third story has a large lecture-room, a music-gallery, and sewing-rooms. In the basement are two large wash and bath rooms, one for boys, and one for girls. All the apartments are large, clean, airy, bright, and cheerful. The corridors and stairways are very wide.

It is a rule that the pupils must be as clean and neat as possible, and many go to the basement to wash and comb their hair, before entering the school-rooms; and, once during the week, each pupil can take a bath. Clothing is given, through the Aid Society, when it is really needed.

Three hundred boys and girls, of all ages, are gathered in the building in the afternoon or evening schools. In the infant school,

on the first floor, there are about one hundred children daily, mere babies. The reading-room is well furnished with newspapers, in both English and Italian, and has a fair collection of books. In the printing-room there are eight or ten boys learning the art of printing, serving an apprenticeship of two years. They have presses and type, and all the apparatus of learning this trade, under a competent master. Their work is so well done, that several business companies employ them to do printing. The young printers are paid for their work, and in the evening they go to the school. In the two school-rooms on the second floor are the most advanced classes; the boys are on one side of the room, and the girls on the other. Each pupil has a separate desk, and the room is well furnished in other respects.

I once heard these Italian children sing a beautiful hymn in their native language, a chorus from the opera of "Lombardi," and some songs, one in English. They seemed to enjoy the singing, and I am sure I did.

The large lecture-room, in the third story, is used for exhibitions. Mr. Remenyi, the great violinist, once played here for the children. Their delight was almost frantic when he gave them the "Carnival of Venice," in which he imitated the cackling of geese and braying of

donkeys, and all sorts of queer sounds. The gallery is used by the band, which is made up of pupils who show musical ability.

In the sewing-room, there are a dozen sewing-machines. Here the girls, who are not at work in shops during the day, come to be taught to sew, both by hand and by machine. They are allowed to make garments for themselves—the materials being given—or to make shirts and undergarments for manufacturers, who pay them. On Saturdays, the girls are taught to do fancy work.

When one remembers that were it not for Mr. Brace, Mr. Cheryua, and some other noble men, besides many women, these little Italians would be "street Arabs," wretched, and even wicked, one cannot but rejoice in all these efforts to teach them to be better, and to earn their own living in honest ways. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WE ARE SURE all our young readers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Roberts Brothers have just issued a new holiday edition of "Little Women." The book is beautifully bound and printed, and contains more than two hundred excellent illustrations.

Another welcome announcement is that the series of "Peterkin Papers," which have appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS*, have been collected into book form and published by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. Nobody who has read *ST. NICHOLAS* regularly need be told that this volume by Miss Hale will bring much fun and amusement to any household into which it enters.

From Messrs. Roberts Brothers: "Verses." By Susan Coolidge.—"A Guernsey Lily." By Susan Coolidge. 130 illustrations.—"New Bed-time Stories." By Louise Chandler Moulton. Three full-page illustrations.—"We and the World." By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Eight full-page illustrations.

From Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company: "Queer Pets at Marcy's." By Olive Thorne Miller. Many illustrations.

From the Author's Publishing Company: "Harry Ascott Abroad." By Matthew White, Jun.—"A Visit to El-Fay-Gno-Land." By Mrs. M. M. Sanford. Seven full-page illustrations.—"Kin-folk." By Janet Miller. Illustrated.

From the American Tract Society: "Into the Light." Two full-page illustrations.—"Out of the Way." By Annette Lucille Noble. Four full-page illustrations.—"The Foot on the Sill." By Mrs. H. B. McKeever. Three full-page illustrations.—"The Blue-badger Boys." Three full-page illustrations.—"A Young Man's Safeguard." By Wm. Guest, F. G. S.—"Leo Bertram." From the German of Franz Hoffman. By H. T. Disoway. Four full-page illustrations.—"Frolic at the Sea-side." By Mrs. M. F. Butts. Three full-page illustrations.—"From Hong Kong to the Himalayas." By E. Warren Clark. 32 full-page illustrations.—Several sets of very beautiful text-cards printed in colors.

From James Miller: "All Around the Rocking-chair." By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods. Illustrated.

BERTHA L. WATMOUGH writes about some queer home-pets—horned toads—which are the special favorites of her uncle and grand-mamma; and she asks how to feed these pets. Bertha will find an answer to this question in the "Story of Lizbeth and the 'Baby,'" printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* for May, 1880.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: We all read with great interest your article in February, 1880, about "Hearing without ears" by means of an audiphone. But the audiphone you then described is costly, and not easily to be had. Here is a very simple way to make a good one:

You take a piece of smooth, stiff, brown paper, about fifteen inches long and eleven inches wide, and hold both ends together between the teeth, in such a way that the middle part bulges out round.

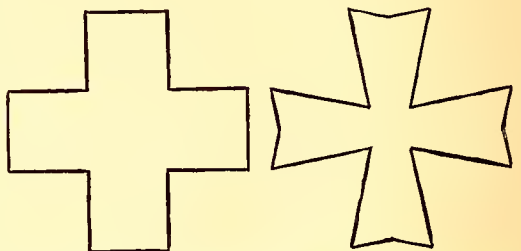
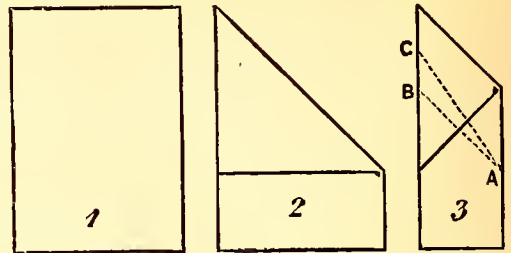
ROBERT.

THE illustration of the little story of the "Three Friends," in the *Very Little Folk's* department of the December number, was drawn by Miss Jessie McDermott, not by Mr. Taber.

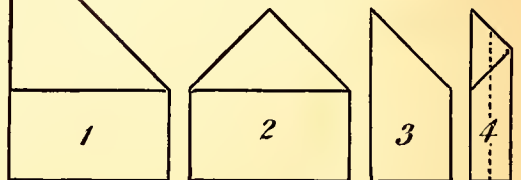
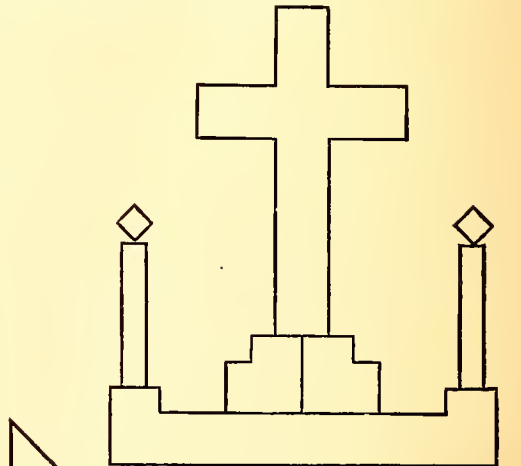
A CORRESPONDENT sends the following descriptions of how to cut paper crosses at one snip. These may not be quite new, but they will perhaps interest a good many readers of the "Letter-Box":

First Way.—Fold a half-sheet of paper in four—once lengthwise and once across. You will then have a shape like Fig. 1. The top line represents the double fold, and the left-hand line the two single folds. Now, double over the upper right-hand corner, and you will have the shape Fig. 2. Then fold the paper in the middle, the long

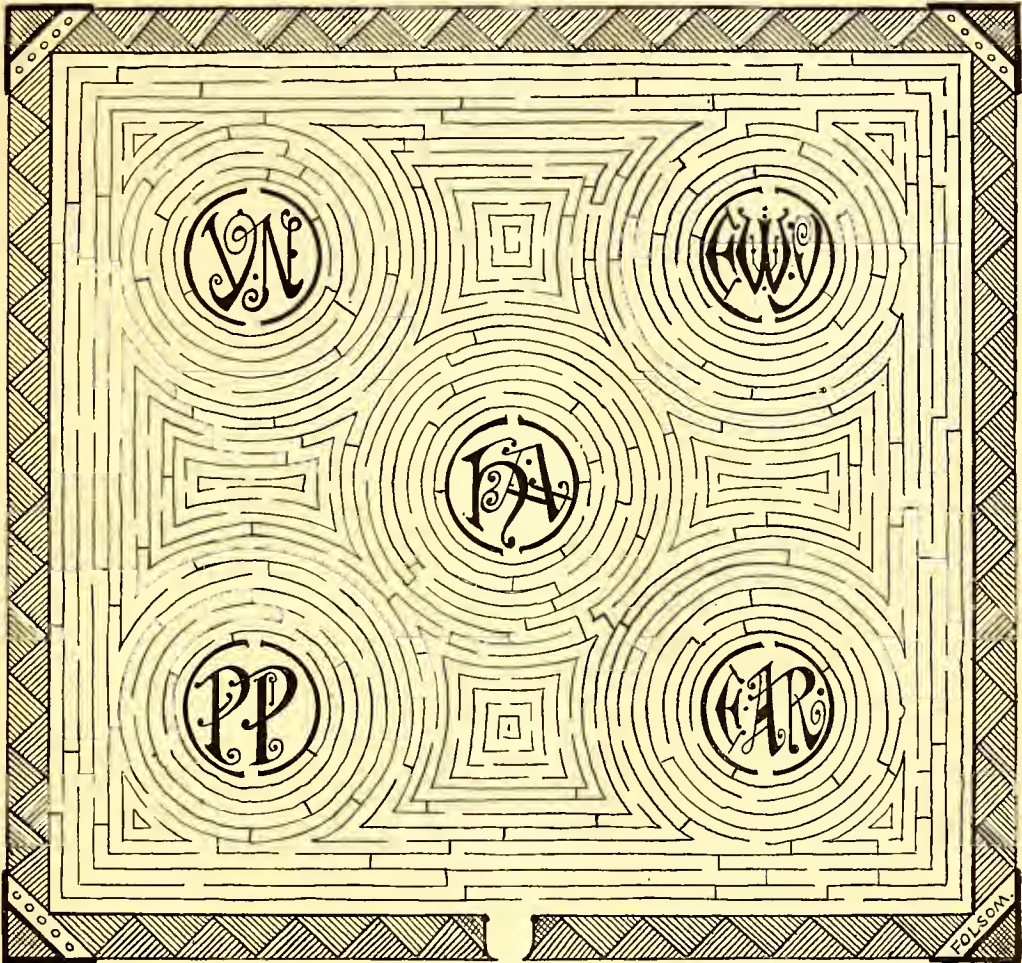
way. This will give you the shape Fig. 3. Cut right along the dotted line A B, and you will have two pieces of paper, one of which is a Grecian cross. If you cut along the line A C, you will have a Maltese cross.



Second Way.—Take half a sheet of paper. Fold the right corner over as in Figure 1 (second diagram). Then fold over the left corner till the paper looks as in Figure 2. Fold it down the middle lengthwise, Figure 3. Fold it again down the middle lengthwise, Figure 4. Then with your scissors cut right through the middle, the long way, following the dotted line in Figure 4, and you will find several bits of paper, among them a cross. You can, if you please, use all these bits of paper, and form a cross, steps to the cross, a platform, candles, and candle-flames.



THE RIDDLE-BOX.



NEW YEAR MAZE.

TRACE a way into this maze, without crossing a line, and so as to enter the five circles, one after another, in the order of their inclosed letters, as the letters stand in a greeting appropriate to the season.

CHARADE.

My first is unpleasant to wear or to view;
 My second in April comes first;
 My third helps to furnish our table with sweets,
 Though of enemies one of the worst:
 My whole is an insect; 't was worshiped of old,
 And is found in the tombs of Egyptians, I'm told.

M. C. D.

GENERAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell a kindly phrase.
 1. Syncopate continued pains and leave units on cards or dice. 2. Syncopate a step for ascending and leave a commotion. 3. Syncopate very swift and leave a sudden invasion. 4. Syncopate desires and leave instruments used by farmers. 5. Syncopate the surname of the author of "Home, Sweet Home" and leave a sheet of glass. 6. Syncopate a weapon of war and leave to fasten with a string. 7. Syncopate the "staff of life" and leave a kind of nail. 8. Syncopate pledges and leave shallow dishes. 9. Syncopate the surname of an

able American general, sometimes called "Mad Anthony," and leave to decrease. 10. Syncopate a pointed weapon and leave part of a ship. 11. Syncopate the sea-shore and leave the price paid. 12. Syncopate restrains and leave young animals of a certain kind.

F. S. F.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

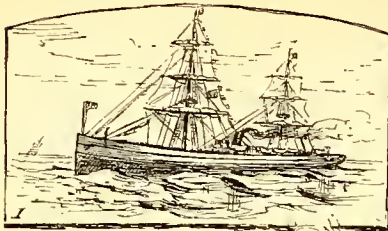
My first is in jug, but not in bottle;
 My second in valve, but not in throttle.
 My third is in pine, but not in oak;
 My fourth is in fun, but not in joke;
 My fifth in naughty, and not in good;
 My sixth in breakfast, but not in food;
 My seventh in trays, but not in dishes.
 My whole is a time to exchange good wishes.

H. G.

DIAMOND.

1. In capacity. 2. A covering for the head. 3. The weight of four grains. 4. A model of perfection. 5. A worshiper of false gods. 6. 2240 pounds, avoirdupois. 7. In January. DVCIE.

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE.



FIND a word of seven letters describing picture No. 1. Omit one letter and, by transposing the remaining letters, spell a word describing picture No. 2; and so on, until there is but a single letter remaining. W. H.

won wider fame. 3. His **** was universally honored. 4. His conversation was not like the chatter of a *****. 5. The ***** of wine never tempted him. 6. He was an inventor of much *****. 7. His ** was roused by dishonest practices. 8. He ***** was intoxicated. 9. In argument he sent off an opponent with "a ***** in his ear." 10. He used no ***** nor brandy. 11. He was not afraid to stand ***** for the right. 12. He ***** scorned those who were unfortunate. 13. He was as firm as a Turkish ***** when he took his stand. 14. He was noted for ***** sentences. 15. His mind grasped and held an ***** until possessed of its full value. 16. His death was mourned by a *****. B.

RIDDLE.

I AM formed of nine letters, and am called a prince. In order to acquaint myself personally with my subjects, and with their real needs, I often take long journeys about my country, accompanied only by my body-guard, which I have named "the faithful 3-4-5." Whenever I am weary, they make use of my 1-2-3, and prepare for me my 8-9-7, which I drink in my 3-4-5-6. What am I? M. C. D.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA, FOR WEE PUZZLERS.

My whole has eight letters, and names a big animal. My 1-2-2 is a measure of length. In my 2-3-7-8 comes the day for hot cross-buns. My 4-3-8 is to fondle. My 5-6-8 is for the head. BESSIE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

COMPLETE the following sentences with words, each of which is to contain as many letters as there are stars printed in its place. These words, in the order given, form the double acrostic.

The initials spell the name of a famous American philosopher; the finals, what he was called in London on account of his temperance principles. Each of the sentences, when complete, describes one of his characteristics.

- 1. In argument he was hard to ****.
- 2. Few on ***** have

ANAGRAMS: FAMOUS POEMS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

In the following anagrams, the letters of the titles of the poems are not mingled with the letters which form the authors' names; thus, Ether Van, by Dean Rolla Peag, is an anagram on "The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe.

- 1. Her India Dress, by Athan Coburn Ashmead.
- 2. The Egg of Heibrignt Cathedral, by Fenton S. Darnley.
- 3. How the Elf Hated Forest, by Wilbur Allyn Mc Altine.
- 4. Music of Merry Poet, by Celia C. Ray.
- 5. Stoket Children at School, by Rowland Worthney Howell, F. G. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

PROVERB REBUS. An empty bag cannot stand upright. CONCEALED BIRDS. 1. Eagle. 2. Nightingale. 3. Heron. 4. Swan. 5. Hawk. 6. Hen. 7. Lark. 8. Flamingo. 9. Ostrich. 10. Dodo. 11. Dove. 12. Pewit. 13. Owl. 14. Emu. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Cowper. DICKENS DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Bagstock (Dombey and Son). Finals: Traddles (David Copperfield). Cross-words: 1. BagneT (Bleak House). 2. AggerawayteR (Tale of Two Cities). 3. GeorgianA (Mutual Friend). 4. Small-weeD (Bleak House). 5. Trotwood (David Copperfield). 6. Old BilL (Great Expectations). 7. CuttLE (Dombey and Son). 8. KenwigS (Nicholas Nickleby). NUMERICAL OMISSIONS. Pepper-grass.

THREE EASY DIAMONDS. I. T. 2. HUub. 3. TuRin. 4. Big. 5. N.—II. I. H. 2. DOg. 3. HoUnd. 4. GNU. 5. D.—III. I. L. 2. COw. 3. LoUis. 4. Wit. 5. S. PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. CONNECTED DIAMONDS. Centrals across: Break-water. Left-hand Diamond: 1. B. 2. ORE. 3. BrEak. 4. EAT. 5. K. Right-hand Diamond. 1. W. 2. LAW. 3. WaTeR. 4. WEt. 5. R. THREE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS. I. Tarpaulin. II. Lady Jane Grey. III. Combatale. EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Santa. Finals: Claus. Cross-words: 1. Scholastic. 2. AccidentaL. 3. Nebraska. 4. TableU. 5. AnonymouS.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

"Cynthia and Donny" send from Hanover, Germany, the answers to six puzzles in the October number.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 20, from "Pork U. Pine," 12—Suzette, 6—Anna and Alice, 6—John M. Gitteman, 2—Gertrude C. Eager, 8—Archie and Charlotte Warden, 13—Lizzie Monroe, 2—"North Star," 5—Walter K. Smith, 1—Frankie Hassaurek, 1—Minnie Hassaurek, 1—Daisy Vail, 2—"Midget and Blunderbuss," 4—John A. Chafel, 1—Mary L. Shipman, 2—Kip and Phil, 2—T. M., 1—Ollie O. Partridge, 1—"Betsy and I," 12—Florence R. Radcliffe, 2—Lizzie C. Fowler, 10—"Tom, Dick, and Harry," 13—Edward L. Dufourcq, 2—Florence P. Jones, 1—Sherburne G. Hopkins, 2—T. Putnam and M. Abbot, 1—Arthur Boyd, 1—Henry M. Norris and Alan D. Wilson, 1—"K," 1—Grace and her Cousins, 13—G. L. C., 13—Allie, Clem, Florence, and John, 1—"Shady Rady and Rulphy Tulipy," 7—S. Lagourt, 2—Mary P. Bice, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 13—Lillie, 10—Belle Chandler, 3—"Greene Home," 10—Charlie and Josie Treat, 12—Bessie Taylor, 9—Willie C. Mains, 1—"Cal. I. Forny," 7—"Jack and Jill," 13—C. C. Tyler, 4—Sadie and Eddie Wuffield, 8—Edith McKeever, 5—Harry V. Witbeck, 9—Evans Preston, 3—Florence Wilcox, 9—Cora Fitz-Hugh, 4—E. C. Lindsay, 6—T. A. R., 1—W. L. K., 1—Minnie B. Leigh, 4—Clara and Annie, 1—Grace E. McIlvaine, 9—"Bonnie Brown Bessie," 13—Heath Sutherland, 12—M. J. H. and S. A. B., 9—Jessie M. Miles, 3—"Morning Glory," 2—Emma W. Fisher, 1—Nettie Dwier, 10—Ellie Carter, 4—"Mab," 12—Matie Milliken, 2—Robbie Ludington, 6—"Nameless," 7—A. M. Poole, 10—"Topsy," 4—Cleveland A. Chandler, 1—"Woodpecker," 7—Belle and Bertie Baldwin, 3—Bessie C. Barney, 13—Will Ruter Springer, 7—Tinie and Nellie, 3—"Buttercup and Daisy," 10—"Prince Jamie," 1—"Rubie and Grace," 8—Bessie and her Cousins, 13—Lucia F. Henderson, 1—Maggie Kelsey, 2—R. T. L., 11—Bessie Comstock, 1—"Georgia and Lee," 10—"Doctor," 5—"Jill," 9—Carrie C. B. T., 5—Ella L. Bryan, 4—Nellie C. Graham, 5—T. K. M. and C. H. S., 1—Virginia Chinn and Willie B. Deas, 11—Bessie McClure, 6—Harry K. Caner and Willie C. Wiedersheim, 7—Annie and Willie Plumb, 10—Mars O. Slocum, 11—E. A. Mather and Sister, 7—Oscar Townsend, Jr., 1—"Oedipus," 12—Roswell B. Lamson, 11—"Helen's Babies," 8—Mary G. Smith, 3—G. O. West, 9—Susie, Willie, and Payson Smith, 7—Elisha Cook, 5—O. C. Turner, 13—Frank J. Gutzwiller, 2—"Sairy Gamp," 7—Henry F. Archer, 1—Alice Maud Kyte, 11—Mary Beadle, 9—Elic and Corrie, 9—Clarence H. Reeves, 1—Frank Osborne, 1—Marie P. C., 6—C. R. McMillan, 2—"The Stowe Family," 12—Charlie W. Power, 8—"Trailing Arbutus," 1—Robert A. Gally, 6—Nannie Mac and Em G., 8—Florence Leslie Kyte, 13—Mary L. Barclay, 5—Carol and her sisters, 11—Geo. T. Macauley, 7—Bella Wehl, 4—Edward Vultee, 12—Kitty Fulkerson, 3—Lida S. Penfield, 1.



"NOW YOU CAN UNLOCK THE GATE!"

(Page 268.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

NO. 4.

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IN THE TOWER.—A. D. 1554.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

By the river deep and black,
Where the countless masts arise,
London's Tower lifts its strength
To the English skies.

Centuries ago it stood
Grim as now, and seemed to frown
On the river's rolling flood,
And on London town.

There, one day, knowing not
If for life or if for death,
Led a prisoner through its gate,
Came Elizabeth.

Not as yet the haughty queen,
But a princess, young and fair,
With no crown upon her head,
Save of golden hair.

Trembling, passed she through the door,
Door of dread and door of doubt,
Where so many had gone in,
Never to come out.

Foes behind, and spies beside,
Questioned, menaced, and betrayed;
None to counsel, none to help,
Went the royal maid.

Through the heavy-hearted land,
Good men prayed with bated breath:
"Save her, Lord, for Thou canst save—
Save Elizabeth!"

VOL. VIII.—17.

Musing in her dreary cell,
Pacing, all alone, for hours
In a little garden, set
'Twixt the frowning towers,—

Slowly crept the lagging weeks,
Sadly dragged the lingering day;
Not a prisoner might dare
Even to glance her way.

Not a foot might cross her path,
Nor a signal meet her eye;
Thus the edict of the Lords,
Met in council high.

In the Tower lived children four,
Baby-children, full of glee,
And they nothing knew nor cared
What the law might be.

A new playfellow they spied,
That was all they cared or knew,
And, like flies to honey-pot,
Straight to her they flew.

It was vain to tell them nay;
It was vain to shut the door;
Under, over, any way,
Went the children four.

In like leaping lines of light,
Went they, danced they, full of fun,
Flowers in their tiny hands,
Flowers themselves, each one.

Soft and sweet the princess smiled,
 But, by some instinctive art,
 Well they knew, the little ones,
 She was sad at heart.

Much they longed to ease her pain,
 And they found a little key,
 Picked it up, and brought, and said,
 "Mistress, you are free.

"Now you can unlock the gate,
 And can go abroad at will,
 Only please come back sometimes
 To us children still."

When the mighty Council-Lords
 Heard the artless tale one day,
 Of the children and their words,
 Angry men were they.

"These are little spies," they swore,
 "Letter-carriers,—dangerous!
 We must look into this thing.
 Bring them unto us."

So before the Council-Lords
 Were the little children led,
 And of all their acts and words
 They were questionèd.

But the babies nothing told;
 There was nothing they could tell,
 Save "The Lady is so kind,
 And we love her well."

Then the great Lords chid the babes
 (While the parents held their breath),
 And forbade them to go near
 "Dame Elizabeth."

Threatening heavy punishments
 Should they dare to disobey,
 Or to pass the sentries set
 In the garden way.

Sorely grieved the little ones
 For their playmate fair and good;
 Oft they strove to reach the gate,
 But they never could.

For the soldiers, tall and strong,
 Stood to left and stood to right,
 And the mothers kept strict watch
 On them day and night.

Only once, a tiny boy,
 Slipping past the guardians all,
 Sought and found a little hole
 In the outer wall.

Put his rosy lips thereto,
 Whispering, "Mistress, are you there?
 I can bring you no more flowers,
 For I do not dare.

"It was naughty that we came,
 So the great, grand Lordships said"—
 Then he heard the sentry's step,
 And he turned and fled.

Did the Princess hear the boy?
 Or, astonished, long to know
 What could ail her little friends
 That they shunned her so?

Did she ever seek them out
 In the happier after-day,
 When she reigned great England's Queen?
 —History does not say.

But the tender, childish tale,
 Like a fragrance from dead flower,
 Lingers yet and maketh sweet
 London's great old Tower.

Still it stands as then it stood,
 Sullen, strong, and seems to frown
 On the river's rolling flood,
 And on London town.

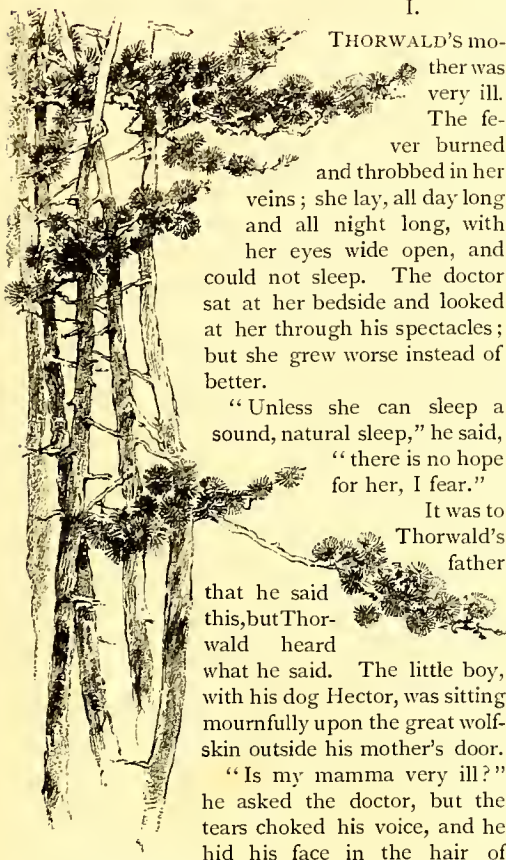
And a traveler from far lands,
 Little known or thought of then
 By the haughty Virgin Queen
 And her merry men,

Standing 'neath its time-worn door,
 Where the busy river runs,
 Smiles to-day, remembering
 Those dear little ones.

THORWALD AND THE STAR-CHILDREN.

A STORY OF NORWAY.—BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I.



THORWALD'S mother was very ill. The fever burned and throbbed in her veins; she lay, all day long and all night long, with her eyes wide open, and could not sleep. The doctor sat at her bedside and looked at her through his spectacles; but she grew worse instead of better.

"Unless she can sleep a sound, natural sleep," he said, "there is no hope for her, I fear."

It was to Thorwald's father that he said this, but Thorwald heard what he said. The little boy, with his dog Hector, was sitting mournfully upon the great wolf-skin outside his mother's door. "Is my mamma very ill?" he asked the doctor, but the tears choked his voice, and he hid his face in the hair of

Hector's shaggy neck.

"Yes, child," answered the doctor; "very ill."

"And will God take my mamma away from me?" he faltered, extricating himself from Hector's embrace, and trying hard to steady his voice and look brave.

"I am afraid He will, my child," said the doctor, gravely.

"But could I not do something for her, doctor?"

The long-suppressed tears now broke forth, and trickled down over the boy's checks.

"*You*, a child, what can you do?" said the doctor, kindly, and shook his head.

Just then, there was a great noise in the air. The chimes in the steeple of the village church pealed forth a joyous Christmas carol, and the sound soared, rushing as with invisible wing-beats

through the clear, frosty air. For it was Christmas eve, and the bells were, according to Norse custom, "ringing-in the festival." Thorwald stood long listening, with folded hands, until the bells seemed to take up the doctor's last words, and chime: "What can you do, what can you do, what can you do?" Surely, there could be no doubt that that was what the bells were saying. The clear little silvery bells that rang out the high notes were every moment growing more impatient, and now the great heavy bell joined them, too, and tolled out slowly, in a deep bass voice, "Thor—wald!" and then all the little ones chimed in with the chorus, as rapidly as their stiff iron tongues could wag: "What can you do, what can you do, what can you do? Thor—wald, what can you do, what can you do, what can you do?"

"A child—ah, what can a child do?" thought Thorwald. "Christ was himself a child once, and He saved the whole world. And on a night like this, when all the world is glad because it is His birthday, He perhaps will remember how a little boy feels who loves his mamma, and cannot bear to lose her. If I only knew where he is now, I would go to Him, even if it were ever so far, and tell him how much we all love mamma, and I would promise Him to be the best boy in all the world, if He would allow her to stay with us."

Now the church-bells suddenly stopped, though the air still kept quivering for some minutes with faint reverberations of sound. It was very quiet in the large, old-fashioned house. The servants stole about on tiptoe, and spoke to each other in hurried whispers when they met in the halls. A dim lamp, with a bluish globe, hung under the ceiling and sent a faint, moon-like light over the broad oaken staircase, upon the first landing of which a large Dutch clock stood, in a sort of niche, and ticked and ticked patiently in the twilight. It was only five o'clock in the afternoon, and yet the moon had been up for more than an hour, and the stars were twinkling in the sky, and the aurora borealis swept with broad sheets of light through the air, like a huge fan, the handle of which was hidden beneath the North Pole; you almost imagined you heard it whizzing past your ears as it flashed upward to the zenith and flared along the horizon. For at that season of the year the sun sets at about two o'clock in the northern part of Norway, and the day is then but four hours long, while the night is twenty. To Thorwald that was a perfectly proper and natural

arrangement; for he had always known it so in winter, and he would have found it very singular if the sun had neglected to hide behind the mountains at about two o'clock on Christmas eve.

But poor Thorwald heeded little the wonders of the sky that day. He heard the clock going, "Tick—tack, tick—tack," and he knew that the precious moments were flying, and he had not yet decided what he could do which might please God so well that He would consent to let the dear Mamma remain upon earth. He thought of making a vow to be very good all his life long; but it occurred to him that before he would have had time to prove the sincerity of his promise, God might already

struck him before he seized his cap and overcoat (for it was a bitter cold night), and ran to the stable to fetch his skees.* Then down he slid over the steep hill-side. The wind whistled in his ears, and the loose snow whirled about him and settled in his hair, and all over his trousers and his coat. When he reached Wise Marthie's cottage, down on the knoll, he looked like a wandering snow image. He paused for a moment at the door; then took heart and gave three bold raps with his skee-staff. He heard some one groping about within, and at length a square hole in the door was opened, and the head of the revengeful fairy godmother was thrust out through the opening.



THORWALD BY HIS MOTHER'S DOOR.

have taken his mamma away. He must find some shorter and surer method. Down on the knoll, near the river, he knew there lived a woman whom all the peasants held in great repute, and who was known in the parish as "Wise Marthie." He had always been half afraid of her, because she was very old and wrinkled, and looked so much like the fairy godmother, in his story-book, who was not invited to the christening feast, and who revenged herself by stinging the princess with a spindle, so that she had to go to sleep for a hundred years. But if she were so wise, as all the people said, perhaps she might tell him what he should do to save the life of his mamma. Hardly had this thought

"Who is there?" asked Wise Marthie, harshly (for, of course, it was none other than she). Then, as she saw the small boy, covered all over with snow, she added, in a friendlier voice: "Ah! Gentlefolk out walking in this rough weather?"

"Oh, Marthie!" cried Thorwald, anxiously, "my mamma is very ill —"

He wished to say more, but Marthie here opened the lower panel of the door, while the upper one remained closed, and invited him to enter.

"Bend your head," she said, "or you will knock against the door. I am a poor woman, and can't afford to waste precious heat by opening both panels."

* Skees (Norwegian *skier*) are a peculiar kind of snow-shoes, generally from five to nine feet long, but only a few inches broad. They are made of tough pine wood, and are smoothly polished on the under side, so as to make them glide the more easily over the surface of the snow. In the middle there are bands to put the feet into, and the front end of each skee is pointed and strongly bent upward. This enables the runner to slide easily over logs, hillocks, and other obstacles, instead of thrusting against them. The skee only goes in straight lines; still the runner can, even when moving with great speed, change his course at pleasure by means of a long pole which he carries for this purpose, and uses as a sort of rudder. Skees are especially convenient for sliding downhill, but are also, for walking in deep snow, much superior to the common American snow-shoes.

Thorwald shook the snow from his coat, set his knees against the wall outside, and entered the cottage.

"Take a seat here at the fire," said the old woman, pointing to a wooden block which stood close to the hearth. "You must be very cold, and you can warm your hands while you tell me your errand."

"Thank you, Marthie," answered the boy, "but I have no time to sit down. I only wanted to ask you something, and if you can tell me that, I shall—I shall—love you as long as I live."

Old Marthie smiled, and Thorwald thought for a moment that she looked almost handsome. And then she took his hand in hers and drew him gently to her side.

"You are not a witch, are you, Marthie?" he said, a little tremblingly. For Marthie's association with the wicked fairy godmother was yet very suggestive. Then, again, her cottage seemed to be a very queer place; and it did not look like any other cottage that he had ever seen before. Up under the ceiling, which was black and sooty, hung bunches of dried herbs, and on shelves along the wall stood flower-pots, some of which had blooming flowers in them. The floor was freshly scrubbed, and strewn with juniper-needles, and the whole room smelt very clean. In a corner, between the stone hearth and the wall, a bed, made of plain deal boards, was to be seen; a shaggy Maltese cat, with sleepy, yellow eyes, was for the present occupying it, and he raised his head and gazed knowingly at the visitor, as if to say: "I know what you have come for."

Old Marthie chuckled when Thorwald asked if she was a witch; and somehow her chuckle had a pleasant and good-natured sound, the boy thought, as he eyed her wistfully.

"Now I am sure you are not a witch," cried he, "for witches never laugh like that. I know, now, that you are a good woman, and that you will want to help me, if you can. I told you my mamma was very ill" (the tears here again broke through his voice)—"so very ill that the doctor says, God will take her away from us. I sat at her door all yesterday and cried, and when Papa took me in to her, she did not know me. Then I cried more. I asked Papa why God makes people so ill, and he said it was something I did n't understand, but I should understand some day. But, Marthie, I have n't time to wait, for by that time Mamma may be gone, and I shall never know where to find her; I must know now. And you, who are so very wise, you will tell me what I can do to save my mamma. Could n't I do something for God, Marthie,—something that He would like? And then, perhaps, He would allow Mamma to stay with us always."

The tears now came hot and fast, but the boy still stood erect, and gazed with anxious questioning into the old woman's face.

"You are a brave little lad," she said, stroking his soft, curly hair with her stiff, crooked fingers, "and happy is the mother of such a boy. And old Marthie knows a thing or two, she also, and you shall not have come to her in vain. Once, child, more than eighteen hundred years ago, just on this very night, a strange thing happened in this world, and I dare say you have heard of it. Christ, the White, was born of Mary in the land of the Jews. The angels came down from heaven, as we read in the Good Book, and they sang strange and wonderful songs of praise. And they scattered flowers, too—flowers which only blossomed until then in heaven, in the sight of God. And one of these flowers,—sweet and pure, like the tone of an angel's voice expressed in color,—one of these wondrous flowers, I say, struck root in the soil, and has multiplied, and remains in the world until this day. It blossoms only on Christmas eve—on the eve when Christ was born. Even in the midst of the snow, and when it is so cold that the wolf shivers in his den, this frail, pure flower peeps up for a few brief moments above the shining white surface, and then is not seen again. It is of a white or faintly bluish color; and he who touches it and inhales its heavenly odor is immediately healed of every earthly disease. But there is one singular thing about it—no one can see it unless he be pure and innocent and good; to all others the heavenly flower is invisible."

"Oh, then I shall never find it, Marthie!" cried Thorwald, in great suspense. "For I have often been very naughty."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Marthie, and shook her head.

"And do you think it is of no use for me, then, to try to find the flower?" exclaimed the boy, wildly. "Oh, Marthie, help me! Help me!"

"Well, I think I should try," said Marthie, calmly. "I don't believe you can have been such a dreadfully naughty boy; and you probably were very sorry whenever you happened to do something wrong."

"Yes, yes, always, and I always begged Papa's and Mamma's pardon."

"Then, listen to me! I will show you the star of Bethlehem in the sky—the same one that led the shepherds and the kings of the East to the manger where Christ lay. Follow that straight on, through the forest, across the frozen river, wherever it may lead you, until you find the heavenly flower. And when you have found it, hasten home to your mother, and put it up to her lips so that she may inhale its breath; then she will be healed, and will

bless her little boy, who shunned no sacrifice for her sake."

"But I did n't tell you, Marthie, that I made Thore Hering-Luck tattoo a ship on my right arm, although Papa had told me that I must n't do it. Do you still think I shall find the heavenly flower?"

"I should n't wonder if you did, child," responded Marthie, with a re-assuring nod of her head. "It is high time for you to start, now, and you must n't loiter by the way."

"No, no; you need not tell me that!" cried the boy, seizing his cap eagerly, and slipping out through the lower panel of the door. He jumped into the bands of his skees, and cast his glance up to the vast nocturnal sky, which glittered with myriads of twinkling stars. Which of all these was the star of Bethlehem? He was just about to rush back into the cottage, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and saw Wise Marthie's kindly but withered face close to his.

"Look toward the east, child," she said, almost solemnly.

"I don't know where the east is, Marthie," said Thorwald, dolefully. "I always get mixed up about the points of the compass. If they would only fix four big poles, one in each corner of the earth, that everybody could see, then I should always know where to turn."

"There is the east," said Marthie, pointing with a long, crooked finger toward the distant mountaintops, which, with their hoods of ice, flashed and glistened in the moonlight. "Do you see that bright, silvery star which is just rising between those two snowy peaks?"

"Yes, yes, Marthie. I see it! I see it!"

"That is the star of Bethlehem. You will know it by its white, radiant light. Follow that, and its rays will lead you to the flower which can conquer Death, as it led the shepherds and the kings of old to Him, over whom Death had no power."

"Thank you, Marthie. Thank you!"

The second "thank you" hardly reached the ears of the old woman, for the boy had shot like an arrow down over the steep bank, and was now half-way out upon the ice. The snow surged and danced in eddies behind him, and the cold stung his face like sharp, tiny needles. But he hardly minded it, for he saw the star of Bethlehem beaming large and radiant upon the blue horizon, and he thought of his dear mother, whom he was to rescue from the hands of Death. But the flower,—the flower,—where was that? He searched carefully all about him in the snow, but he saw no trace of it. "I wonder," he thought, "if it can blossom in the snow? I should rather think that Christ allows the angels to fling down a few of them every year on his birthday, to help those that are sick

and suffering; they say He is very kind and good, and I should n't wonder if He sees me now, and will tell the angels to throw down the precious flower right in my path."

II.

THE world was cold and white round about him. The tall pines stood wrapped in cloaks of snow, which looked like great white ulsters, and they were buttoned straight up to the chin—only a green finger-tip and a few tufts of dark-green hair showed faintly, at the end of the sleeves and above the collar. The alders and the birches, who had no such comfortable coats to keep out the cold, stood naked in the keen light of the stars and the aurora, and they shivered to the very marrow. To Thorwald it seemed as if they were stretching their bare, lean hands against the heavens, praying for warmer weather. A family of cedar-birds, who had lovely red caps on their heads and gray uniforms of the most fashionable tint, had snuggled close together on a sheltered pine-branch, and they were carrying on a subdued twittering conversation just as Thorwald passed the river-bank, pushing himself rapidly over the snow by means of his skee-staff. But it was strictly a family matter they were discussing, which it would be indiscreet in me to divulge. They did, however, shake down a handful of loose snow on Thorwald's head, just to let him know that he was very impolite to take so little notice of them. They did not know, of course, that his mother was ill; otherwise, I am sure, they would have forgiven him.

Hush! What was that? Thorwald thought he heard distant voices behind him in the snow. He looked all about him, but saw nothing. Then, following the guidance of the star, he still pressed onward. He quitted the river-bed and traversed a wide, sloping meadow; he had to take a zigzag course, like a ship that is tacking, because the slope was too steep to ascend in a straight line. He was beginning to feel tired. The muscles in his legs ached, and he often shifted the staff from hand to hand, in order to rest the one or the other of his arms. He gazed now fixedly upon the snow, taking only an occasional glance at the sky, to see that he was going in the right direction; the strange hum of voices in the air yet haunted his ears, and he sometimes imagined he heard words moving to a wonderful melody. Was it the angels that were singing, inspiring him with courage for his quest? He dared hardly believe it, and yet his heart beat joyously at the thought. Ah! what is that which glitters so strangely in the snow? A starry gleam, a twinkling, like a spark gathering its light into a little glittering point, just as it is about to be

quenched. Thorwald leaps from his skees and plunges his hand into the snow. The frozen crust cuts his wrist cruelly; and he feels that he is bleeding. With a wrench he pulls his hand up; his heart throbs in his throat; he gazes with wild expectation, but sees—nothing. His wrist is bleeding, and his hand is full of blood. Poor Thorwald could hardly trust his eyes. He certainly had seen something glittering on the snow. He felt a great lump in his throat, and it would have been a great relief to him, at that moment, to sit down and give vent to the tears that were crowding to his eyelids. But just then a clear, sweet strain of music broke through the air, and Thorwald heard distinctly these words, sung by voices of children:

“Lead, O star of Bethlehem,
Me through death and danger,
Unto Christ, who on this night
Lay cradled in a manger.”

Thorwald gathered all his strength and again leaped into his skees; he was now on the border of a dense pine forest, and as he looked into it, he could not help shuddering. It was so dark under the thick, snow-burdened branches, and the moon only broke through here and there, and scattered patches of light over the tree-tops and on the white carpet of the snow. Yet, perhaps it was within this very wood that the heavenly blossom had fallen. He must not lose heart now, when he was perhaps so near his goal. Thrusting his staff vigorously into the snow-crust, he pushed himself forward and glided in between the tall, silent trunks; at the same moment the air again quivered lightly, as with the breath of invisible beings, and he heard words, which, as far as he could afterward recollect them, sounded as follows:

“Make my soul as white and pure
As the heavenly blossom,—
As the flower of grace and truth
That blooms upon Thy bosom.”

Thorwald hardly felt the touch of the snow beneath his feet; he seemed rather to be soaring through the air, and the trunks of the huge dark trees marched in close columns, like an army in rapid retreat, before his enraptured vision. Christ did see him! Christ would send him the heavenly flower! All over the snow sparkling stars were scattered, and they gleamed and twinkled and beckoned to him, but whenever he stretched out his hand for them they suddenly vanished. The trees began to assume strange, wild shapes, and to resemble old men and women, with long beards and large hooked noses. They nodded knowingly to one another, and raised up their gnarled toes from the ground in which they were rooted, and tried to trip up the little boy who had dared to interrupt their solemn conversation. One old fir shook the

snow from her shoulders, and stretched out a long, strangely twisted arm, and was on the point of seizing Thorwald by the hair, when fortunately he saw the coming danger, and darted away down the hill-side at quickened speed. A long, bright streak of light suddenly illuminated the eastern sky. Something fell through the air, and left a golden trail of fire behind it; surely it was the heavenly flower that was thrown down by an angel in response to his prayer! Forward, and ever forward,—over roots and stumps and stones,—stumbling, rising again, sinking from weariness and exhaustion, kneeling to pray on the frozen snow, crawling painfully back and tottering into the skee-bands; but only forward, ever forward! The earth rolls with a surging motion under his feet, the old trees join their rugged hands and dance, in wild, senile glee, around him, lifting their twisted limbs, and sometimes, with their talons, trying to sweep the stars from the sky. Thorwald struggled with all his force to break through the ring they had made around him. He saw plainly the flower, beaming with a pale radiance upon the snow, and he strove with all his might to reach it, but something held him back, and though he was once or twice within an inch of it, he could never quite grasp it with his fingers. Then, all of a sudden, the strange song again vibrated through the air, and he saw a huge star glittering among the underbrush; a flock of children clad in white robes were dancing about it, and they were singing Christmas carols in praise of the new-born Savior. As they approached nearer and nearer, the hope revived in Thorwald's heart. Ah, there the flower of healing was, lying close at his feet. He made a desperate leap and clutched it in his grasp—then saw and felt no more.

III.

THE white children were children of earth, not, as Thorwald had imagined, angels from heaven. It is a custom in Norway for the children of the poor to go about on Christmas eve, from house to house, carrying a large canvas star, with one or more lanterns within it, and sing Christmas carols. They are always dressed in white robes, and people call them star-children. Whenever they station themselves in the snow before the front door, and lift up their tiny, shrill voices, old and young crowd to the windows, and the little boys and girls who are born to comfort and plenty, and never have known want, throw pennies to them, and wish them a merry Christmas. When they have finished singing, they are invited in to share in the mirth of the children of the house, and are made to sit down with them to the Christmas table, and perhaps to dance with them around the Christmas tree.

It was a company of these star-children who now found Thorwald lying senseless in the forest, and whose sweet voices he had heard in the distance.

The oldest of them, a boy of twelve, hung up his star on the branch of a fir-tree, and stooped down over the pale little face, which, from the force of the fall, was half buried in the snow. He lifted Thorwald's head and gazed anxiously into his features, while the others stood in a ring about him, staring with wide-open eyes and frightened faces.

"This is Thorwald, the judge's son," he said. "Come, boys, we must carry him home. He must have been taken ill while he was running on skees. But let us first make a litter of branches to carry him on."

The boys all fell to work with a will, cutting flexible twigs with their pocket-knives, and the little girls sat down on the snow and twined them firmly together, for they were used to work, and, indeed, some of them made their living by weaving baskets. In a few minutes the litter was ready, and Thorwald, who was still unconscious, was laid upon it. Then six boys took hold, one at each corner and two in the middle, and as the crust of the snow was very thick, and strong enough to bear them, it was only once or twice that any of them broke

It was a pretty sight to see them as they went marching across the river, one small boy of six walking at the head of the procession, carrying the great star,



THORWALD FALLS SENSELESS IN THE FOREST.

through. When they reached the river, however, they were very tired, and were obliged for a while to halt. Some one proposed that they should sing as they walked, as that would make the time pass more quickly, and make their burden seem lighter, and immediately some one began a beautiful Christmas carol, and all the others joined in with one accord.

then the six larger boys carrying the litter, and at last twelve little white-robed girls, tripping two abreast over the shining surface of the ice. But, in spite of their singing, they were very tired by the time they had gained the highway on the other side of the river. They did not like to confess it; but when they saw the light from Wise Marthie's windows,

the oldest boy proposed that they should stop there for a few minutes to rest, and the other five said, in a careless sort of way, that they had no objection. Only the girls were a wee bit frightened, because they had heard that Wise Marthie was a witch. The boys, however, laughed at that, and the little fellow with the star ran forward and knocked at the door with Thorwald's skee-staff.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" cried Marthie, as she opened the peeping-hole in her door, and saw the insensible form which the boys bore between them; then flinging open both portions of the door, she rushed out, snatched Thorwald up in her arms, and carried him into the cottage.

"Come in, children," she said, "come in and warm yourselves for a moment. Then hurry up to the judge's, and tell the folk there that the little lad is here at my cottage. You will not go away empty-handed; for the judge is a man who pays for more than he gets. And this boy, you know, is the apple of his eye. Lord! Lord! I sent his dog, Hector, after him, and I knew the beast would let me know if the boy came to harm; but, likely as not, the wind was the wrong way, and the poor beast could not trace the skee-track on the frozen snow. Mercy! mercy! and he is in a dead swoon."

IV.

WHEN Thorwald waked up, he lay in his bed, in his own room, and in his hand he held a pale-blue flower. He saw the doctor standing at his bedside.

"Mamma—my mamma," he whispered.

"Yes, it is time that we should go to your mamma," said the doctor, and his voice shook.

And he took the boy by the hand and led him to his mother's bed-chamber. Thorwald began to tremble—a terrible dread had come over him; but he clutched the flower convulsively, and prayed that he might not come too late. A dim, shaded lamp burned in a corner of the room, his father was sitting on a chair, resting his head in his palms, and weeping. To his astonishment, he saw an old woman stooping over the pillow where his mother's head lay; it was Wise Marthie. Unable to contain himself any longer, he rushed, breathless with excitement, up to the bedside.

"Mamma! Mamma!" he cried, flourishing his prize in the air. "I am going to make you well. Look here!"

He thrust the flower eagerly into her face, gazing all the while exultantly into her beloved features.

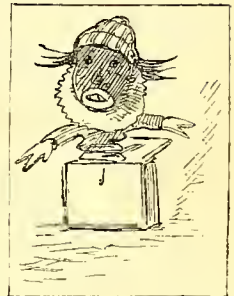
"My sweet, my darling child," whispered she, while her eyes kindled with a heavenly joy. "How can a mother die who has such a noble son?"

And she clasped her little boy in her arms, and drew him close to her bosom. Thus they lay long, weeping for joy,—mother and son. An hour later the doctor stole on tiptoe toward the bed, and found them both there sleeping.

When the morrow's sun peeped in through the white curtains, the mother awoke from her long, health-giving slumber; but Thorwald lay yet peacefully sleeping at her side. And as the mother's glance fell upon the flower, now limp and withered, yet clutched tightly in the little grimy, scratched, and frost-bitten fist, the tears—happy tears—again blinded her eyes. She stretched out her hand, took the withered flower, pressed it to her lips, and then hid it next to her heart. And there she wears it until this day.

POOR JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

FRIGHTEN the children, do I? Pop with too sudden a jump?
Well, how do you think *I* felt, all shut in there in a lump?
And did n't *I* get a shock when the lid came down on my head?
And if *you* were squeezed up and locked in, would n't *you* get ugly
and red?
If you think I'm so dreadful, my friend, suppose you just try it
yourself;
Let some one shut *you* in a box, and set you away on a shelf,—
And then, when the lid is unhooked, if *you* don't leap out with a
whack,
And look like a fright when you spring, I'll give in, or my name is n't Jack.



WINTER AND SUMMER.

BY H. O. KNOWLTON.

OH, I wish the winter would go,
 And I wish the summer would come.
 Then the big brown farmer will hoe,
 The little brown bee will hum.
 Ho, hum!

Then the robin his fife will trill,
 And the woodpecker beat his drum,
 And out of their tents in the hill
 The little green troops will come.
 Ho, hum!

Now the blossoms are sick in bed,
 And the dear little birds are dumb,
 The brook has a cold in her head,
 Oh, summer takes long to come.
 Ho, hum!

When in bonny blue fields of sky
 And in bonny green fields below,
 The cloud-flocks fly and the lamb-flocks lie,
 Then summer will come, I know.
 Ho, ho!

Then around and over the trees,
 With a flutter and flirt will go
 A rollicking, frolicking breeze,
 And away with a whisk, ho, ho.
 Ho, ho!

Oh, the blossoms take long to come,
 And the icicles long to go;
 But the summer will come, and the bees will hum,
 And the bright little brook will flow,
 I know. Ho, ho!

THE GIANT SQUID.

BY RICHARD RATHBUN.

ON a far-away part of our Atlantic coast lies a large and nearly desolate island, called Newfoundland. It was one of the first of the western lands discovered by the daring Norsemen, long years before Columbus visited America, and it is the first land approached by many of the ocean steamers coming from Europe.

Of its interior we know very little; but its shores are formed principally of rocks, heaped into high and rugged cliffs in places, and sending out into the sea many irregular prolongations, inclosing great bays or fiords, filled with clear, cold water. In the winter it is very bleak, and covered with snow, and in the summer it is much less warm than it is with us. In the spring-time, huge icebergs come down from the north and are stranded upon its shores, and, during a large part of the year, thick fogs settle over all the ocean about, and shut out sun and land from view.

A dreary picture this seems to us; and the sailor dreads to go that way at times, for he knows that his good old ship, however strongly built, may dash to pieces on some hidden rock when he least expects it. With a region like this, distant, thinly inhabited, and wild in the extreme,

we associate marvelous things in the animal creation. Nor should we in this particular instance find ourselves in the wrong, could we only sit and plainly watch the busy world of wonders contained in the limpid waters which surround that coast. There are surely many strange creatures living there, the like of which we never dreamed of; but as they generally swim beneath the surface, they seldom are encountered. Once in a while, however, they do appear, and generally it is the poor fishermen who suffer most from their attacks. Here is a true story about one of them:

It was on a bright October morning, not very many years ago, that two weather-beaten fishermen left their rude huts, built on the grassy slope back of the beach, entered their little fishing-boat, and sped away to tend their nets and lines. The sun had just appeared above the distant horizon, and the fierce wind that had been blowing for over a week past was stilled into a perfect calm. The surface of the water lay nearly as smooth as glass, relieved only by the long, incessant swell that rolled in from the open sea beyond. Without a breeze the single sail could only hang idly about the short mast, and the men were obliged to put out their oars and

row. They pulled along in silence for some time, quite unmindful of the beautiful things surrounding them on all sides, for they had but a single object in view, and were only thinking of the number of fish they might catch, and the money it would bring them. Thus many minutes passed, and the boat had gone perhaps a mile, when suddenly one of the fishermen espied a queer-looking rounded body floating on the water right ahead.

us go and see, for we may have found a prize that will pay us more than all our fishing for many a month to come."

So away they went, one working at the oars, the other standing in the bow, with gaff in hand. In a moment more they were close beside it, when, to their intense surprise, they saw that it was neither a wreck nor a bale of goods, nor aught they had ever seen or heard of before. It was a



THE FISHERMEN BATTLE WITH THE GIANT SQUID.

"What can that be?" he cried out, jumping to his feet and pointing toward the spot.

"Perhaps a wreck," replied his companion, who also had turned around, and was gazing intently toward the unlooked-for object—"a ship capsized in the last heavy storm, and now riding with her keel uppermost; or may be it is a bale of goods, washed in from the big steamer that went ashore on the outer rocks three days ago. At any rate, let

huge, soft, pinkish body, two or three times as long as their boat, and it evidently belonged to some sort of animal; but it lay so quiet and motionless on the surface that they were sure it must be dead, and were, therefore, not afraid to touch it. Much better would it have been for them had they refrained from the rash act which followed.

But no. Down came the light gaff with a rapid sweep, its sharp hook piercing deeply into the

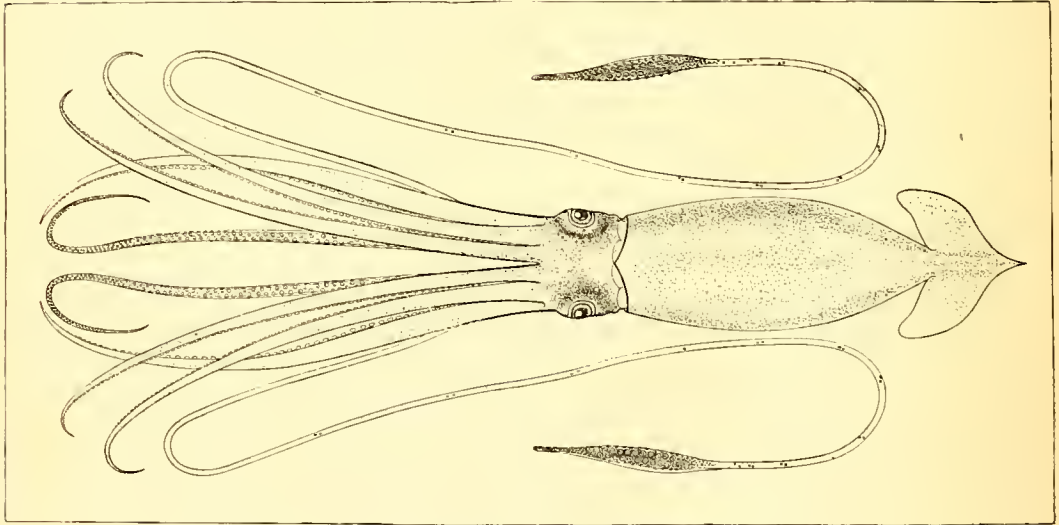
pulpy mass. The deed was done; it was too late now for repentance or retreat. They had rudely challenged to battle one of the largest and most ferocious of all living beasts; and he was far from dead. He had only been snoozing for a few moments, under the soothing influence, perhaps, of the morning sunlight, and now, smarting from the cruel wound he had received, he prepared to fight.

He backed off from the boat a few feet, opened two black, piercing eyes, large as saucers, and glared fiercely at his tormentors, as though to say: "Now you are in my power; you cannot escape me. I have had no breakfast yet."

A quick dart, a sudden splash, and he was upon them. His huge, sharp beak struck the boat vio-

fortunately, this was not to be. The sight of the slender, creeping arms had broken the spell, and aroused one of the men to a full sense of their danger. A little hatchet lay at his feet. In a moment it was raised high in the air and came down with two well-directed blows upon the serpent arms, where they crossed the gunwale. They were severed, and the giant fish, feeling the intense pain, which he so little expected, became fiercely enraged, lashed the water about him into foam, squirted out a black, inky fluid, and darted off. Very soon he was out of sight, and he never returned.

The half-dead men, overjoyed at their release, did no fishing that day, but went back to shore as



A DIAGRAM OF THE GIANT SQUID.

lently, and ground savagely against its side, but it safely resisted the attack.

And what were the men doing all this time? Nothing. They were paralyzed with terror; they seemed more dead than alive, and could neither move nor talk. The end seemed very plain and very near to them.

The monster giant, finding he could do no harm with his beak alone, suddenly threw out a long, slimy, snake-like arm, which the men had not seen before, and cast it with a squirming movement completely across the boat. Another followed, and perhaps others sped out on the under side. Thus the boat was being rapidly insnared in a living net, far more deadly and more secure than any the fishermen had ever used. Soon it would be drawn beneath the surface, and the two helpless mortals it contained would come within easy reach of the monster's jaws, and then good-bye to them. But,

quickly as they could. They had a very big story to tell, and no one could disbelieve them, for there in the bottom of the boat lay the two arms. When these were stretched out on the beach, one was found to measure thirty-five feet, or six times the length of a man, and the other less than ten feet. They were both covered, in places, with large round sucking-disks, which stuck to everything they touched, and horrible must be the sensation of any living object clutched by them.

Since the above adventure, other specimens of this curious sort of animal have been seen in the same region, and captured whole; and naturalists have studied them and determined what they are. Have any of our readers ever seen a squid—the common little squid that lives along our coast and feeds on young fish, and, in turn, is captured by the fishermen, and used as bait for catching larger fish? All young folk who have seen these little creatures

will at once recognize the monster of Newfoundland as only a giant squid, in the same way that a big cod-fish is a giant by the side of the little minnows that play about the shores. The common squid seldom grows to be half as long as a man's arm; but the giant fellows are sometimes fifty times longer than their little cousins.

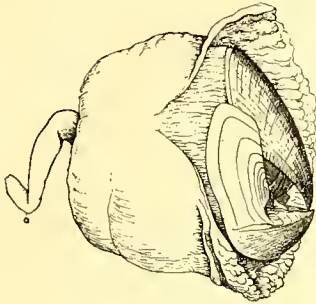
The squid's body is long and slender and round, and biggest near the front. It is partly hollow, like a thick skin, and comes to a point behind, where it has two broad fins. In front it is open, and lets the water enter into an inner cavity, where the gills are, and where the blood is purified. The head is smaller around than the body, and sticks out of the front end of it very loosely indeed. It has an immense eye on each side, and a mouth in front, with a pair of jaws shaped like a parrot's beak, which it uses to tear its prey to pieces.

But the head has other and more formidable weapons. Ten enormous fleshy arms, of which two are very much longer than the rest, reach out from around the mouth, and serve to capture any fish that may come near them. The eight smaller arms are covered all along the inner sides with small sucking-disks, which, at the will of the animal, can stick to anything on which they are placed, and stick so tightly, too, that they often break off or tear out the skin before they will release their hold. The long arms spread out near

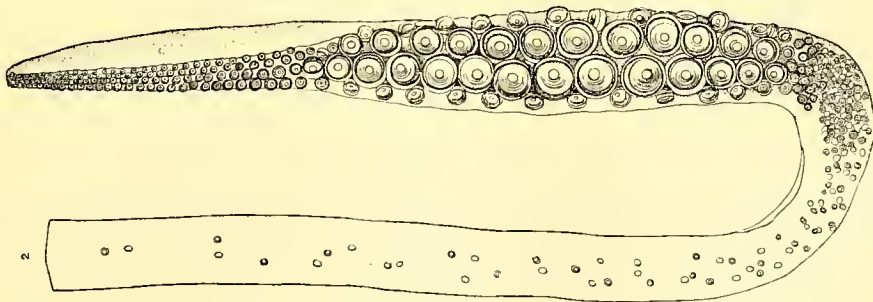
of his mouth, but just so that his two great arms can touch him. In an instant they are thrown about him, and the suckers made fast to the skin. The fish jerks and twists about, and does everything he can to get away; but in a moment he is drawn up close to the eight small arms, which also seize upon him and wind about him, and all the many suckers holding on make escape impossible. Now the squid is certain of his victim, but he always chooses to end his misery at once. So he thrusts out his sharp beak and nips him in the back, in such a manner as to cut his spinal cord in two. This finishes him, and the hungry squid begins to eat.

The squid swims very swiftly—in fact, we can almost say he darts like an arrow; and this is the way he does it: We already have explained that his body is partly hollow, and opens toward the front. When he breathes, he swells tremendously, and a great deal of water rushes in to fill the space. Now, when he contracts his body again, the water is forced out; but it cannot go out the same way it entered, for a large valve closes the opening. It all has to pass through a little pipe, called the siphon, lying underneath the head, and through such a small outlet it will, of course, come with great force, pushing the body backward like a flash. By constantly pumping water in this manner, he can travel long distances, and go at almost lightning speed. He generally travels backward, but can go forward, too, and his fins act as a rudder. He loves to chase and catch fish, and this is his principal occupation.

Inside the body there is always a little bag, filled with an inky mixture, which he can squirt out into the water, so as to discolor it for many feet around, and thus obscure his whereabouts, when he is pursued by an enemy. The squid, also, has a backbone, extending along the back, underneath



THE SQUID'S BEAK.



THE LONG ARM OF THE SQUID.

the ends like an oar, and have suckers only at these broad places.

Now, try to imagine how the squid hunts. He sees a little fish darting by him, far beyond the reach

of his mouth; but it is very different from our backbone, as it is thin and nearly transparent, and is made in a single piece. The cuttle-fish bone on which the canary-birds sharpen their bills is the backbone of a

kind of squid that does not live on our coast; and there are still other kinds, with only eight arms, and with no bone nor fins at all.

You would scarcely believe that the squid is a near relative of the soft and harmless oysters and clams; but so he is, and he ranks as the very highest of his tribe, as he is the most active and the most intelligent.

Squids like the night much better than the day. At least, they come to the surface most frequently in the night time, and then it is that the fishermen go out to capture them in different ways. Sometimes they use a net, at others a bunch of hooks, stuck into a cork and smeared over with tallow, which the squid eagerly seizes, only to become firmly caught, and then hauled on board. A bright moon attracts them, and they are said to gaze upon it with astonishment. As the moon moves, they also move slowly backward, and frequently find themselves stranded high upon a beach, which they have failed to notice. The fishermen often go out in a boat with a big torch, and imitate the moon so successfully as to drive whole schools of them ashore.

This is the common little squid we have been describing so minutely, but our description answers just as well for the giant ones, which only differ in the matter of size. Their habits are probably also the same, and the reason we know so little about them is that they seldom appear in the day-time, unless they have been hurt or disabled in some way. The largest specimens ever measured were nearly sixty feet long, and must have weighed two or three thousand pounds. They are the largest animals living, excepting the whales and some kinds of sharks, and fearful stories are told of strong men being dragged down by them to certain death.

That their power must be tremendous, the fol-

lowing incident will show: A little vessel once lay at anchor in a northern harbor, and the sailors were busy about her, cleaning the deck and fixing the rigging. Suddenly she began to sink, although she had not sprung a leak. Down, down she went, until the poor affrighted sailors, thinking their last day had come, took to their row-boats and started for the shore. Still the little craft kept going down, until the water was just about to close over her, when instantly she rose up again to her former position. A moment afterward a monster squid sprang from underneath her, and darted off out of sight. He had evidently been trying his strength, by fastening his suckers on the bottom of the vessel, and trying to drag her down beneath the waves; but whether in earnest or in play, we shall never know.

The giant squids almost always appear suddenly, without any warning, and go as quickly; but they have been caught entire at times, and one fine fellow was captured not very long ago, and taken to the New York Aquarium, where he probably may be seen to-day. Whales often eat the big squids, and occasionally we find parts of them in the whales' stomachs.

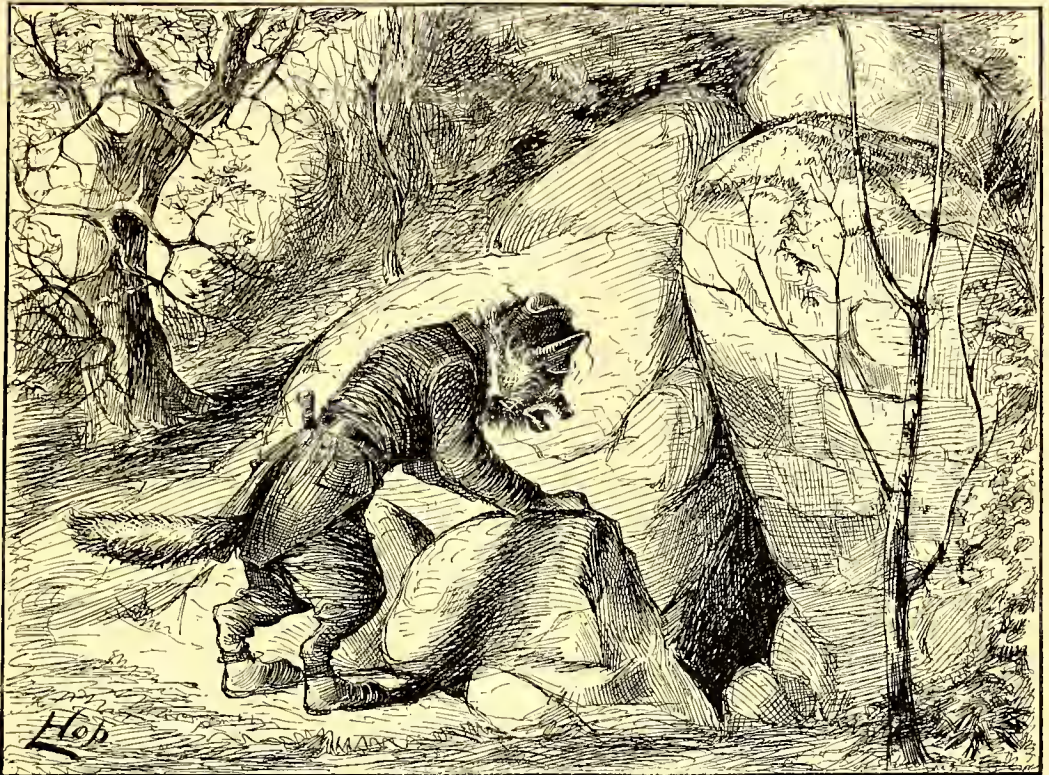
In the olden times, squids gave rise to a fabled monster called the "kraken," but at present we cannot believe that the kraken is real. When floating on the sea, this creature was said to appear like an island, several miles around, and his arms stuck up like the masts of a big ship. The people were very much afraid of him, and declared that he could easily master the very biggest man-of-war, and pull it down to the bottom.

But our little readers who may sail the sea need have no fear of meeting giant squids, for these creatures, after all, are generally very shy of everything that is above the waves, and they very, very seldom appear to man.



COUSIN CHARLEY'S STORY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



"HE THOUGHT HE 'D LOOK INSIDE." [SEE PAGE 274.]

HALF-PAST FIVE, or even a quarter to six o'clock, seems very early on a dark, winter morning; and so Robbie's mother found it when he woke at that hour and sat up in bed, calling: "Make it light!" Robbie went to bed at six o'clock, and no wonder he felt so bright and rested before dawn; but Mamma, who went to bed at ten, was quite willing to wait until the sun rose to make it light.

"Why don't you keep him up an hour later, Helen?" Aunt Jeanie said. "Perhaps he would sleep later in the morning."

But Grandmamma said:

"Let him go to sleep at six as long as he will; he will sit up late enough and lie abed late enough by and by. I always let my children sleep when they wanted to, and slept myself when I could."

Aunt Jeanie's little boy went to bed at eight o'clock, but he was five years older than Robbie. Walter was eight years old, and Robbie looked up

to him in all things quite as if he were a man. One evening Cousin Charley was telling Walter a long story. It was a story Walter had heard many times, but he was not at all tired of it. He never thought to ask Cousin Charley if he were tired of telling it. They sat together on the sofa in the dimmest corner of the room; Cousin Charley told the story in a low voice, for Grandmamma was reading, and Aunt Helen and Walter's mamma were talking over the pictures of boys' suits in a book of patterns.

"Don't you think this is pretty, Jeanie,—this one with a sailor collar and plaits in the back?" Aunt Helen was saying. "But do you think Robbie looks well in those large collars—his shoulders are so high?"

While the two mammas bent their heads over the book, Cousin Charley's voice could be heard, although he spoke so low: "The rain came down,

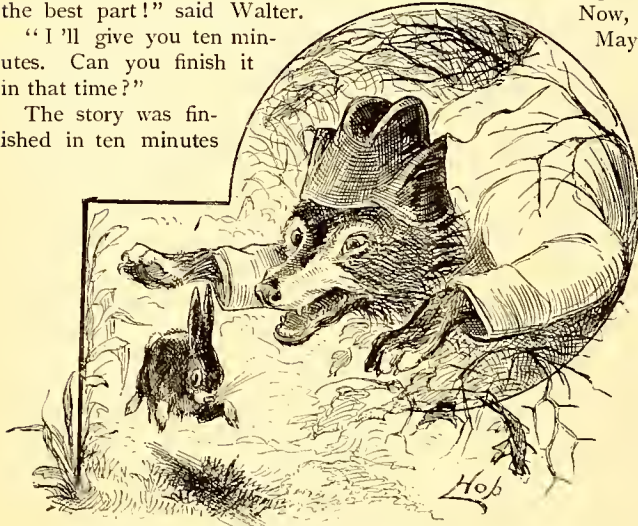
trickling down the trunk of the hollow tree, and wet his bed. So Mister Wolf thought he would look around for better quarters."

"Charley, don't make yourself too fascinating," said Aunt Jeanie; "it is nearly eight o'clock."

"Oh, Mamma! he's just in the best part!" said Walter.

"I'll give you ten minutes. Can you finish it in that time?"

The story was finished in ten minutes



"THE RABBIT JUMPED PAST HIM." [SEE PAGE 275.]

more, but Charley talked fast toward the end of the time.

The next morning, at five o'clock, all was quiet in Aunt Helen's room. The lamp was unlit, the fire unkindled, and a pale glimmer of moonlight shone through the curtain, for the moon had risen late and was making the most of her time. Tick! tick! sounded from the hall below, where the old clock talked to itself all night long and never slept.

Quarter past five, half past, and Robbie still asleep. Tick! tick! tick!—ten minutes' more rest for Mamma. Now there is a stirring and heaving of the counterpane; an arm, short and fat, clothed in white flannel, is thrown out. Robbie turns over on his back and breathes more quickly. Robbie is waking. Presently, up rises the tumbled white head: "Mamma! Mamma! Make it light!"

Mamma rouses herself, thinking she cannot have been asleep more than an hour.

"Robbie, do go to sleep again. It is n't morning yet. Can't Robbie sleep a little longer?"

Robbie throws off the coverlet and sits up in bed.

"Robbie don't want to sleep. Robbie did sleep! Make it light!"

"Come, lie in Mamma's arms a little while. See how dark it is! That is the moon shining."

Mamma takes Robbie close in her arms, feels his hands to know if they are warm, and slipping one hand under his night-gown, softly rubs his

back and smooth, fat legs, hoping to soothe him into quiet. "Listen to the clock ticking—tick! tick! tick! Everybody in the house is asleep! Grand-mamma is asleep, and Aunt Jeanie's asleep, and Walter's asleep, and Katy's asleep, and pussy's asleep, down in the dining-room, by the fire.

Now, Robbie shut his eyes and sleep, too. May be a little dream will come!"

Mamma is almost asleep herself by this time, and stops rubbing. "Want to see pussy!" Robbie says, lifting his head. "Mamma, get pussy!"

"Mamma could n't get pussy now. Poor pussy! She wants to sleep. Robbie shall see pussy after breakfast."

"Where is breakfast? Robbie want breakfast!"

"There is no breakfast yet. Katy is fast asleep,—the kitchen is all dark, and the dining-room is all dark, and the dishes are shut up in the closet, and the bread and butter are in the pantry, and—Robbie shut his eyes and try to sleep. When he wakes up again, may be it will be light."

"Robbie is 'wake! Make it light now!" Robbie places both hands on Mamma's chest and raises himself in bed; he crawls up a little higher and buries one hand in the pillow; a braid of Mamma's hair is under the hand.

"Oh, Rob! Don't pull Mamma's hair! Do lie down!"

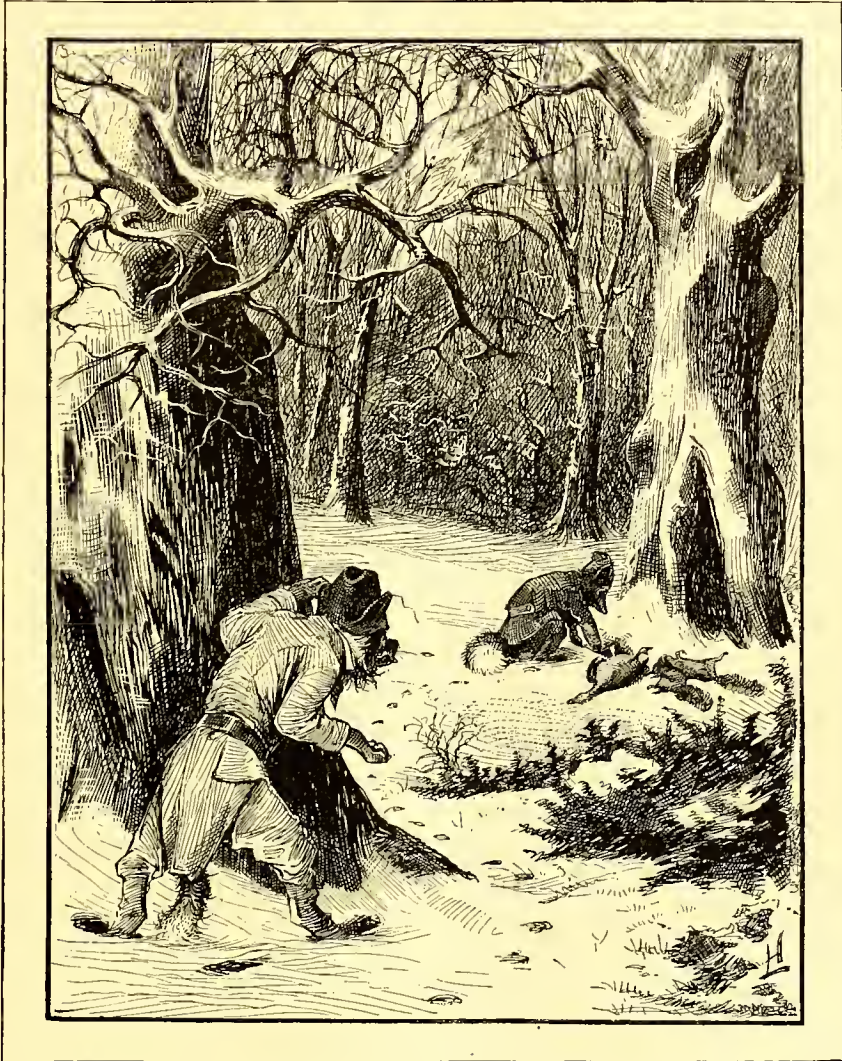
"Make it light!" Robbie says, and mamma hears him drumming on the head-board with his fat feet. Mamma looks at the watch and finds that he has only wakened at his usual hour, so she puts on her slippers and wrapper, lights the lamp, places the screen before it, and touches a match to the kindlings, already laid in the fire-place. Robbie is so interested watching all these preparations for his comfort that he lies quite still. The fire roars and crackles, and a bright, dancing light chases the shadows across the ceiling. Mamma is just lying down again, when Robbie calls:

"Animals! animals! Want my animals!" Mamma puts on her slippers again, and gets the Noah's ark, with the animals rattling around inside, most of them without legs, and several of the species entirely extinct. "And the boat!" Robbie commands, from his high seat on the pillows. The boat is really the snuffer-tray, an old-fashioned silver-plated one, which had stood on the high mantel, holding the snuffers, ever since Mamma could remember. The snuffers had not been used for almost as long a time, and were very stiff in

the hinges; but the tray was still in active service, playing various parts in the children's drama. At present it was used as a boat, in which the animals from the ark were ferried over the rolling sea of bed-covers. Robbie had no faith in the sea-worthy qualities of the ark. It stood on the bolsters,

and the piggy with one leg, left! He'p Robbie fin' his ammals, Mamma!"

Mamma was just falling into a doze, unconscious of the heavy sea and the shipwreck so near, but now she roused herself and began a search for the lost animals. The spotted deer had been recovered,



"AHA!" SAID THE WOLF TO HIMSELF. 'I KNOW YOU NOW, MISTER FOX!" [SEE PAGE 275.]

against the head-board, and represented the city of New York. It was a stormy passage to New York. The snuffer-tray reeled and rocked, and Japhet, the captain, was lost overboard while trying to rescue the camel and the spotted deer. Robbie met with so many losses that at last he cried out, in his trouble: "Mamma, only one e'fant,

and two cats, when there came a rush of footsteps along the hall, and a knock at the door.

"Aunt Helen! May I come in?"

"Walter! Walter!" cried Robbie, bouncing about in the bed. "Oh, Walter!"

Walter was admitted, and joyfully embraced by Robbie, who was now quite willing that Mamma

should do whatever she liked. The room was cozily warm, and Mamma took off the flannel sack she had put on over Robbie's night-gown. She put a saucepan of water over the coals to heat, and sat in her low chair, before the fire, watching it.

"Can't you play some quiet play, Walter?" she asked. "The bed gets into such a state when you prance about like that. Can't you tell Robbie a story?"

"Oh! I know a story—a good one—Cousin Charley's story. Want to hear a story about a wolf and a fox, Robbie?"

Robbie was ready for anything Walter might propose.

"See! We can play it was right here," said Walter. "Play this is the wood where the wolf lived. He lived in a hollow tree; it was n't a very good place to live, because, when it rained, the rain ran down the trunk of the tree and fell on the bed. Play this was the wolf, Robbie." Walter had selected a yellow-and-white cat from the animals of the ark; and it resembled a wolf from having once had four legs and a tail. The resemblance was now very slight indeed; but Walter encouraged Robbie's faith by explaining to him that it was a "funny kind of wolf. We don't have that kind now."

"Nice wolf," said Robbie. "Where's the tree wolf lives in?"

"Aunt Helen, can't you find something we can play is the tree?"

"Will this do, Walter?" Aunt Helen handed him one of the tall, plated candle-sticks that stood on the mantel. "It is light-colored and smooth; you can play it's a beech-tree."

"Oh, yes! But where's the hollow in the tree? Never mind!—we'll play it's on the other side; and the wolf did n't live there long, anyhow. He's just going away now, Robbie, because he had such a bad night with the rain. Here he goes walking through the wood, and through the wood, and through the wood, and over the hill, and by and by he comes to a cave. A great big rock—two rocks, that lean up against each other,—and inside there was a big, dark hole, 'way in ever so far! Oh, Aunt Helen! Please, will you give me the 'froggy' book."

Aunt Helen handed the "froggy" book, and Walter opened it in the middle, and stood it up against the head-board.

"Well, he came to this cave, and he thought he'd look inside. So he went in, and it was a splendid place in there to live. It was pretty dark, but wolves don't mind the dark. It was dry and warm, and he scraped together a lot of leaves and made a bed, and so he slept there that night. See, Robbie, there's

the old wolf fast asleep in the cave! Hear him breathe!"

Robbie almost stops his own breathing as he peers into the cave, and listens to Walter's heavy snorts and sighs. The story is becoming exciting.

"And now it's morning, and he gets up and he feels lonesome. It's such a big place to live in alone. So he says to himself: 'I think I'll try to find some one to come and live with me.' He had nothing to eat but part of a chicken, so it did n't take him long to eat breakfast. Then he went out of the cave and he walked around, and walked around, and walked around, till he came to the hollow tree where he used to live, and there he found a fox, sitting in front of the tree. This is the fox, Robbie; it's a real fox, not a play fox; see what a sharp nose it has, and a bushy tail."

The fox was one of the few animals which had escaped mutilation or total destruction in the ark, and the perils of shipwreck afterward.

"'Well, old fellow,' said the wolf, 'where are you living, nowadays?' 'Oh, I'm not living anywhere in particular. I slept here last night, but I sha'n't try it again.' 'Pretty mean place to sleep,' said the wolf—'I've tried it myself. I've found a first-rate place now; plenty of room for two. Come and see it, and if you like it you can live there with me.' The wolf had heard a great deal about the fox's cleverness. He knew he was n't very clever himself, so he thought it would be a good thing to have the fox for a partner."

"What's 'partner'?" Robbie interrupted.

"Oh, never mind, Robbie! Cousin Charley said partner. It's Cousin Charley's story. Robbie will know what partner is when he gets to be a big boy. See, here they go, the wolf and the fox, through the wood, and over the hill, and now they go into the cave together. The fox says it is just splendid, just the very thing he had been looking for. 'All right,' said the wolf; 'make yourself at home.' So the fox scraped together some leaves and made a bed for himself. 'Look here,' said the wolf; 'my cupboard's empty!' Cousin Charley said there was a kind of shelf in the rocks, like a closet, where the wolf kept his food when he had any. Well, he had n't any that day, so he told the fox he would have to go hunting, and the fox said he'd go along, and they would divide between them what they caught. The wolf thought to himself, 'Now I shall live like a lord, for the fox must be a great hunter.' 'Now,' said the fox, 'you go along this side of the hill, and I'll go along the other side, so we wont miss anything, and we'll meet at the cave. I'll wait dinner for you if I get home first, and you wait for me.' So the wolf said he was satisfied with that plan, and he went along the hill,—here he goes,—and the fox goes on the other

side. Now, the wolf had good luck. He had n't gone far when he heard a rustling in the bushes, and he kept very quiet, and what does Robbie think he saw?"

"What he saw?" asked Robbie, too impatient to guess.

"He saw a 'itty, bitty rabbit, with long ears and a pink nose."

"Oh, a wabbit! A wabbit!" cried Robbie.

"And the wolf waited quiet in the bushes till the rabbit jumped past him; then he pounced on him and bit him behind the ears."

"Oh, no! No, he did n't!" cried Robbie, much excited. "He did n't bite wabbit!"

"Why, yes, Robbie—that's what Cousin Charley

thing. 'You've been long enough,' said the wolf; 'you must have had bad luck.' 'Luck!' said the fox; 'I had no luck at all. But I suppose you have enough for us both.' 'I have n't any more than I want for myself,' said the wolf. 'But I said I'd divide, and so I will.' And the wolf divided, but they had to get up very early next morning and go hunting again. The wolf was home first that day. It was a good day for hunting, and it seemed to him very strange the fox should come home again with nothing at all. But he did. He had had bad luck again, and so the wolf divided. But he began to wish he had n't asked the fox to live with him. The next day and the next day it was just the same. The wolf had to hunt for both, and he got very tired of it. He thought about

it a good deal, and the more he thought, the more it seemed to him very queer the fox had such bad luck. One day, when he was home early, he thought he would go in search of the fox, and see what he was about. There was snow on the ground, and he could follow the fox's tracks. He followed along till he came in sight of the hollow tree, and there he saw the fox. He had had good luck that day, sure enough! For, on the ground beside him, there were a fat goose and two squirrels. The wolf watched him; he was scratching and digging in the snow; by and by he had dug a big hole, and he put the goose and the squirrels in and covered



"THE FOX DUG UP THE OLD GOOSE AND CARRIED IT AWAY."

said. He had to, because he had n't anything to eat. I don't believe it hurt the rabbit—only just a minute."

"Play it was n't a wabbit," said Robbie. "Play it was a big—big——"

"Wild-cat," said Walter.

"Yes, yes! A big wild-cat!"

"Well, never mind what it was; but the wolf got something for his dinner. He had enough for himself, and then he went back to the cave, and waited and waited. Here he is," said Walter, propping the wolf against the side of the cave. "He's so hungry he can't stand up. And now back comes the fox, over the hill here, and he has n't a single

ered them up, and wherever there were spots of blood on the snow, he licked them up. 'Aha!' said the wolf to himself. 'I know you now, Mister Fox! Fine good feeding you've had between my house and your cupboard! The sooner we part the better.' But the wolf did n't say a word to the fox, because he did n't want to quarrel with him. He was afraid of such a clever partner; but he made up his mind he would n't feed him any longer. He went home to the cave and ate all he wanted for his own dinner, and what was left he hid away. When the fox came, he found the cave empty. No wolf, no dinner. Nothing but the beds of leaves. The fox waited a long

while, and when the wolf did n't come, he went back to the hollow tree and dug up one of the squirrels for his supper. But he went back to the wolf's house to sleep. The next morning, the wolf lay asleep in the bed, beside him. The fox spoke to him and shook him; then the wolf turned over, and said he was sick and could n't hunt that day. So the fox went away by himself. It was a bad day for hunting—very windy; and the snow blew so, he could n't see far before his face. He lay in the bushes and watched, but he could n't find a thing to eat: so he had to go back to his own hole under the hollow tree. He was scraping the snow away from the hole, when a wind blew through the bare trees—a great wind that came from a long way off. The fox heard it coming, and heard the trees creak and rattle their dry boughs. It came on, whoo-oo-oo! till it struck the hollow tree; over it went, and the fox was underneath. He lay there all night; he was n't dead, but he could n't stir; the tree held him down, and one of his legs was broken. He lay there all the next day; and his leg hurt him so, he could not help crying, and he was awfully hungry. When it was evening again, and the moon shone on the snow, he saw a shadow coming, slow—slow—across the white moonlight. It was old Master Wolf, who had come to look for his partner. He was walking softly, for he thought the fox might be at some of his tricks; but the fox was quiet enough now. 'Well,' said the wolf, 'here you are!' 'Yes, here I am,' the fox said. 'I hope you have n't waited dinner for me.' The wolf saw the blood on the snow. He knew it was the fox's blood, and that he was hurt. 'It serves him right,' he said to himself. The fox turned his eyes up at him, for he was fastened down, and could n't move his head. 'You need n't come back to the cave,' said the wolf; 'there is n't room for two. Good-night;' and then he went back over the hill. But he walked very slowly. He kept walking slower and slower, and, by and by, he

stopped and listened. The fox had tried not to make a single moan while the wolf was there, but now his pain made him cry out, and the wolf heard him, for the woods were still. 'After all,' he said, 'he's my partner. I chose him myself.' He thought about it a little while longer, and then he went back to the tree. 'See here, now,' he said to the fox, 'I don't owe you anything, but I don't mind doing you a good turn if you wont expect anything more from me.' 'I don't expect anything,' the fox said. 'I never have. I have n't asked you to help me, have I?' 'No, you have n't, but I will.' He worked away at the tree, digging and gnawing, until he got the fox loose, and he crawled out and limped away over the snow. 'Better take along what you've got in your hole!' the wolf called after him. 'Thank you! I'll leave that for you,' said the fox. 'I owe you more than that.' The wolf did n't take it, though he was hungry. Somehow it seemed to him it would n't taste good. But the fox came back that night, and dug up the old goose and carried it away. The wolf never saw him again."

Now there was silence in the room, and Mamma, listening for Robbie's voice and not hearing it, rose and went softly to the bed. Robbie was fast asleep, and Walter lay on his back, making funny shadows on the wall with the wolf and the fox.

"Was n't that a nice story, Aunt Helen?"

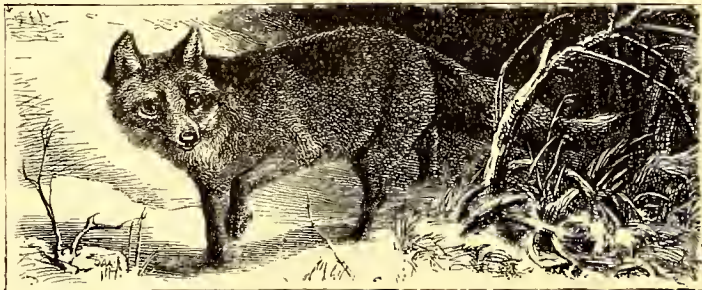
"Yes; but do you think Robbie understood it, Walter?"

"But he liked it," Walter said. "He likes things he can't quite understand."

When Robbie awoke, Walter was standing by him, all dressed, and the sun was shining into the room.

"Where is the wolf and the fox?" he said, sitting up in bed.

There lay the old Noah's ark and the "froggy" book, but the wood and the cave and the hollow tree were gone.



TWO VISIONS OF FAIRY-LAND.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.



NE, with her blue, faint eyes, could dream too much ;
One, rosily sun-stained, wanted things to touch.

She met him on the stair with half a blush :
“How late you sleep!” he said. She whispered, “Hush !

“I read that painted book last night, and so
I dreamed about Prince Charming ——” “Did you, though?”

“Why, I was wide awake in time to see
All Fairy-land ! I wish you ’d been with me.”

“What was it like?” “Oh, it was green and still,
With rocks and wild red roses and a hill,

“And some shy birds that sung far up the air,—
And such a river, all in mist, was there !”

“Where was it?” “Why, the moon went down on one
Side, and upon the other rose the sun !”

“How does one get there?” “Oh, the path lies through
The dawn, you little sleeper, and the dew.”

MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY * * *

CHAPTER VII.

KITTY MAKES A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

THE rowers on board “The Jolly Fisherman” toiled manfully in face of the approaching storm ; but the patched oar was becoming more and more shaky, the tide was strong against them, and the shore appeared no nearer.

“If we could get over to that stone house,” said Donald, “we might borrow a pair of oars.”

“That would n’t do,” answered Fred. “It would detain us, and we are too late now.”

“We might go across the creek,” said Belle, “and then land and walk to Greystone.”

“So we might,” said Kitty, ruefully, “if we were once across; but that is not possible.”

“It is not impossible,” said Sandy, tossing up his hat. “Nothing is impossible to an American. If that is not true, there is no use in being one.”

“You are right, Alexander; but *how* is it to be done?” asked Donald.

“This way,” answered Fred. “We’ll turn, go up the creek with the tide, and then, even with our broken oar, we can reach the bank.”

It was not easy, still the young Americans did it; but when they came near the banks, they found they were in shallow water, where the spatter-docks grew thick and strong, and in front of them rose a high stone wall. They could not row over the docks; but with the unbroken oar Donald poled the boat along, and when at last it ran aground on the mud, some feet from the wall, Sandy took off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his pantaloons, jumped into the water, and with many a cry of “gee” and “haw,” brought the boat up close to the wall. Then Donald gave him a hoist, he found projections on the wall on which his feet could rest, and up he went. The next was Donald, the tallest of the party, and then, between him and Fred, the

two girls were pushed and pulled, until they also were up. The basket and shawl, the gun, Sandy's shoes and stockings, were then handed up, the boat was tied securely, and they were happily landed.

In the first moment of this triumph, Belle distinguished herself. It was fast growing dark, it was beginning to rain, and they were a mile from Grey-stone. Their path for half of this distance lay on top of the wall, and this, the boys said, was so full of musk-rat holes that they would have to walk with great care, or an ankle might be sprained. At one side of the wall was the creek, at the other a dry ditch, well floored with stones. Belle sat down.

She then said she was going to stay there.

"All right," said Fred. "We'll blow a horn when breakfast is ready, and you can come over."

"What do you mean to do?" asked Donald, in perplexity.

"I don't know," she replied; "but I can't go over that walk. I shall be sure to fall one side or the other, or I shall go into a hole. I should a great deal rather stay here."

"But you can't stay!" cried Kitty. "You know you can't! And if you do, I shall have to stay with you, and you know I don't want to do that."

"You need not," said Belle. "The tide will soon be high, and then a boat can come up and take me off."

"I suppose you will light a beacon," Sandy said; then added, more gently, grasping her hand: "I can take you safely along; take hold of my coat and follow me. We must go at once, or Papa will be dragging the river for us."

Belle stood up, but she looked at him still in some terror.

"You must!" said Sandy, firmly. "Think how troubled Mamma must be."

Belle paused; then, with a little gasp, she took a firm clutch of his arm, and so he headed the small procession, carefully feeling the way with the gun, calling out all the holes, concealed even in the daylight by grass, but now in the darkness entirely invisible, and all his followers "larboarded" and "starboarded" as he directed.

It was not long before they were off the wall, and then they hastened, almost running, over the fields, Sandy singing, in a clear, high voice, as soon as they were near the house:

"Oh, say can you see, by the absence of stars,
How bravely we climbed, and how carefully crept,
Where the musk-rats made holes,
And the ——"

"Is that you, Sandy Baird?" cried a voice in the darkness.

"It is, your honor!" cried he,— "me and me family. An' is it you, Patty?"

"I am so glad that you have come!" said Patty,

who now saw them. "Is there anything the matter? Any one hurt? Your mother is almost wild, and your father and she have been down to the wharf a dozen and more times. As for your supper, that is just spoiled. It has been ready two hours."

"Don't say that, Patty," said Fred; "no supper could be spoiled for us! Here we are, Mamma!" he cried, as a figure ran down the steps of the porch; "safe and sound, hungry as bears, and with ever so much to tell you."

When Sandy came down-stairs, ten minutes later,—for all tales of adventure were forbidden, by Patty's request, until the party come to the table,—he went through the kitchen to the pump, and stopped in surprise.

"Why, Patty!" he exclaimed; "what a lovely, charming, delicious smell! What *are* you cooking?"

"Birds," said Patty, briefly.

"Birds!" he repeated. "Boys!" he called out to the others, who were trooping down, "Patty has birds—a stew of birds! Just come and smell them."

"Smell them!" said Fred. "Easily content should I be if I should stop at smelling them! Oh, Patty, do hurry!"

"Did Papa shoot them?" asked Sandy.

"No, he did n't;" and Patty pushed everybody aside and took the coffee-pot off the stove.

"They were left by some boys, with a whole pack of nonsense written on a piece of paper. There it is," and she pointed to part of an old show-bill, pinned against the wall.

Fred took it down, and on the back was written:

"For two days a truce is proclaimed. After that, rash invaders, beware!
THE CHIEF."

"What in the world does that mean?" exclaimed Sandy.

"Birds!" cried Kitty, running in. "Oh, they are the very birds we meant to shoot and did n't! Did Sandy tell you of our luck, Patty? It was just as bad as it could be. First, there was the crane—and then—oh, Sandy, do you mean to tell? About the cardinal-bird, you know."

"You are not going to tell anything just now," snapped Patty. "Be off to the table, every one of you, and I'll bring in the dinner."

Poor Kitty's bad luck was not yet over, for the next morning, when she awoke, her face was sore and swollen by sunburn. Her eyes were red and weak, and she was a most forlorn object.

The boys laughed at her, Belle pitied her, and Patty at once said she must stay at home, and have her face bathed with sour milk.

"Oh, I can't do that!" she cried. "We are

going to Brighton to-day, and you know you want sugar and flour. I can't stay at home!"

"I think we really must change our plans," said Mr. Baird; "for you certainly can not go on the water with that swollen face. We shall go to Brighton to-morrow."

"We have no flour," said Patty, "and all the bread in the house, excepting a piece of a loaf, is on the table."

Kitty looked up. She was never selfish, and she at once said they must go, and she would stay at home. She tried to smile as she said this, but between her swollen face and a desire to cry, she made a poor success.

The bread, it was clear, must be had. The boys proposed to go alone. Belle offered to stay with Kitty, and Mrs. Baird said Belle must go, and she would stay; but Kitty was firm. She was n't going to spoil fun, she declared, and she would stay at home alone. Patty approved of this, and between them they carried the day. The party went to Brighton, while Kitty staid to devote herself to a book, and to a great bowl of sour milk and a soft handkerchief, and Patty went off to hunt up enough flour to make a little cake for her.

It was a long morning. Kitty read, and then she dozed; she walked out into the old garden, where the grape-vines trailed on the grass, where the roses and the syringas were knit together by masses of woodbine, and where the paths could be traced only by their short grass. She gathered roses and filled glasses for the parlor-table; she talked to Patty, pared potatoes, and then lay down on her cousin Juliet's bed and went to sleep.

When she awoke, it was growing late in the afternoon. The boat from the city was just going up toward Brighton, and the shadows on the lawn were lengthening.

She ran down to the pump and washed her face. The soreness was almost gone from it, and when she ran back to arrange her hair by Belle's little glass, she thought she looked a little like herself again. She had just finished plaiting her hair when she heard, she thought, voices down-stairs, and she ran gleefully down; but the rooms were empty, and Patty had seen no one, so Kitty returned to her toilet. Again she heard a voice. She looked through the window. No one was there. She went into the hall, and then she heard a slight noise. It was faint, but she was sure it was the regular beat of a footstep. It was very easy to understand this, and with a little chuckle of delight, she slipped off her shoes and stole softly upstairs. If the boys had come home, and thought to get in without her knowing it, how mistaken they would be! They knew she would watch below, and they therefore meant to steal upon her from above! But

she knew them too well for that; and all in a quiver of delight, she crept on silently. There was no one on the third floor, but she heard the step more plainly, and so she went on to the fourth.

She prepared for a sudden spring, and she sprang—upon a boy!

But it was not Sandy, nor Fred, nor Donald. It was a strange boy, and he had a gun in his hand! This gun he leveled at her, and he cried:

"Halt! My goodness, but you frightened me! I thought you people were all gone."

Kitty jumped when she saw the gun, but in a moment she cried out:

"Now, Harry Brisco, put that down! Put it down this moment, or I'll tell Cousin Robert."

"Will you stand where you are?" replied the boy.

"I won't do anything," said Kitty, "until you put that gun down."

"You will have to do something; you must stand still or run away," and the boy returned the gun to his shoulder, and then, "grounding arms," leaned upon it.

"It will go off in your ear," said Kitty.

"No, it won't," the boy replied: "I am not afraid."

"I don't believe it is loaded," said Kitty.

"Never you mind," he replied. "Where are the other folks?"

"They have n't come back."

"Did n't you go along?"

"No," said Kitty.

"Why?" asked he.

"I chose to stay. But 'what are you doing here? Where did you come from? Don't you remember me?"

"Of course I do," replied the boy, "but I did n't expect to see you just now. I knew you were here."

"Tell me what you are doing here."

"I saw you out in the boat the other day," pursued the boy, "and I knew you right away. You 'caught a crab' just as you used to up in the Catskills, and you jumped up and looked all around to see if any one saw you. I never saw a girl, who could row as well as you do, lose her balance so completely."

"Don't you tell Sandy Baird!" exclaimed Kitty; "he will never stop teasing. Were you one of the boys in that boat with a striped sail? But what *are* you doing here? Does Patty know you are in the house? I had a lovely time that morning. I went out alone before breakfast. Did any one tell you about it?"

"I never saw a girl who could ask as many questions as you can," he replied, "and if Patty is that old woman, she does n't know I am here, and

I should be much obliged if you would n't tell her. When do you expect the others?"

"I don't know. I thought when I heard you that they had all come. Don't you want to come down-stairs?"

"Talking on guard!" cried a voice from a room in front of which they were standing.

Kitty gave a great jump, while Harry shouldered his gun and resumed his march, beginning to whistle.

"I do think, Harry Briscoe," said Kitty, in an indignant voice, "that you are too silly for anything. I don't believe your father knows you are here."

To this, Harry replied by a shrug that was expressive, even if not graceful.

"And I am going into that room to see what you have in there."

He pointed his gun at her.

"Now, see here," said Kitty, "you will have to stop that. I am not going to have guns pointed at me, and, perhaps, come to be a dreadful accident in the newspapers. I do believe you have shot somebody, and you have shut them up in that room."

At this moment the voice was again heard, and it said: "Is that a girl? Ask her what time it is."

"I don't know," said Kitty, at once, "but the stage has gone down to the boat-landing. It must be after three. Who *is* that in there?"

"Look here, Harry," said the voice, and the door opened a very little. "I want to speak to you. It is something important."

Harry went into the room, then put his head out and bade Kitty stay there, and then disappeared again, a violent whispering following. In a moment he came out, and saying, "It's a real good idea," he turned to Kitty and asked:

"Would you like to turn State's evidence?"

"Turn State's evidence?" repeated Kitty. "I don't know what you mean."

"You ought to know," said the boy, "for you are likely to be arrested, and anyhow I don't mean to let you go before the Chief comes."

"You don't mean to let me go!" cried she. "I'll go this very minute."

"No, you won't," said Harry, stepping in front of her. "You will have to obey the laws, or be punished. You and your family are invaders, and now you come to play the spy; I am not sure but you'll have to be shot. I suppose you are a perfect Major André."

"Oh, if it is fun you mean," exclaimed Kitty, her eyes dancing with delight, "I'll be State's evidence or anything. But you ought to remember that this house belongs to my father."

"The Baron Baird?" said the boy.

"The Baron Baird," repeated Kitty, who could have screamed with pleasure, but who looked preternaturally grave.

"It is his no longer," said the boy, making his gun ring on the floor.

"It has n't any lock!" cried Kitty; "that gun has n't. No one need be afraid of it!"

"Never you mind about that," said he; "the castle has been besieged, and you, the Baron's daughter, are my prisoner. Go into that room!"

"I certainly will not," she replied, with unusual caution, "unless I know what is in there."

"Come forward, prisoner;" and the guard opened the door, a boy smaller than Kitty, and with a sunburnt, pleasant face, making his appearance.

"You are not afraid of him?" said the guard. "That's all. Now go in."

"I've seen him before. His name is either Jack Robinson or Sam Perry," said Kitty, obeying orders.

"Oh, you recognize him, do you?" said the guard. "I'll make a note of that. I don't know that it will amount to much, but it may prove his guilt, or that you are a spy," and then he closed the door; and as he did not at once resume his march, Kitty fancied he was making his note.

If Kitty had not been perfectly familiar with the room in which she was placed, she might have been frightened, for, with the exception of what light came in around the cracks in the door, it was perfectly dark. There was no window in it, but it was large and high. The Baird children had often wondered for what it was built. Belle said that the old china-merchant used it as a dungeon for his wives; Sandy, however, insisted that he did not, but, instead, that he cured the hams there.

It was now, however, a dungeon, as Kitty instantly thought, and the two prisoners stood side by side.

"I want you to stay there until I come back," called the guard through the door. "I should lock you in, but there is no key."

"We'll stay," said Kitty, cheerfully. "Make a rattle as if you had a great bunch of keys."

The guard felt in his pockets, but he had nothing to rattle; so he rolled out:

"R-r-r-r-r," and walked off.

"Have n't you a chair to sit on?" said Kitty.

"Not even a heap of straw," replied her companion.

"I am tired of standing," said Kitty. "Dear knows how long he will be gone."

"I should n't sit down on the floor,—not if I were afraid of spiders; there are hundreds, millions of them here."

"My goodness!" cried Kitty. "You horrid thing! Why did n't you tell me so before?" and

she dashed out of the room, calling loudly for Harry Briscom.

Harry had not gone out of sight along the long entry, and he came back in a great hurry.

"I won't stay in there!" exclaimed Kitty. "That boy says the room is full of spiders."

"They won't hurt you," replied Harry, impatiently; "you ought to have staid there. There always are spiders in prisons."

"I can't," said Kitty; "no, not if they were lions."

"You'll have to be on your parole, then," said Harry; "and come when you are summoned."

"Oh, I'll do that," said Kitty, quickly. "When will the summons come?"

"Pretty soon," said Harry. "Before your folks come home."

The door opened, and out came the other boy.

"See here," he said, "if the girl's on parole, I think I ought to be."

"I don't know," replied his guard, doubtfully.

He tied the hands of the prisoner with a piece of twine he took from his pocket, and marched off with him, leaving Kitty in high delight looking after them.

"I do wish he had told me how he got here," she said to herself, as she ran down-stairs. "I thought they were Catskill people. And oh, I *do* hope Sandy and all of them are having a lovely time, and will stay ever and ever so late!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER IS PROPOSED AS AN HONORARY MEMBER.

"DON'T be worried about me, Patty," cried Kitty, running into the kitchen. "After a while I am going out, I don't exactly know where, but I shall not be long."

"Do you want a piece of your cake?" was Patty's reply.



THE GUARD BLINDFOLDS KITTY. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"The Chief sentenced you; that makes a difference."

"Where is the Chief?" asked Kitty.

"Ha, ha!" replied the guard, in a deep voice.

"I don't care," said Kitty. "But you have to tell about me, and you can't leave your prisoner, so take him along."

"That's a good idea," said the guard; and he

To this, Kitty at once said yes, and taking her piece of cake, she went out to the front porch and sat upon the top step. She did this for two reasons. In the first place, she had not made any appointment with her guard about meeting him; but, she thought, here she would certainly be in sight; and besides, she wanted to watch for the boating party. At last, her piece of cake being all eaten up, she

became so nervous, between the long delay of the guard, and the fear that her cousin might come and she be prevented from unraveling this delightful mystery of chiefs, and State's evidence, and prisoners, that she had to get up and dance a little on the porch. She would have rushed off to hunt up the guard, but she feared to miss him.

But when the shadows were much too low and long upon the grass, she heard a low whistle, and she saw Harry Briscom standing near the end of the empty wing of the house.

She ran to him at once.

"Have they come?" he said.

"No," she answered, hurriedly. "Not yet. Where am I to go?"

"You must go around to the back of the house. By the garden-gate. There you will meet a messenger. Where is the old woman? In the kitchen?"

Kitty nodded.

"I hope she will stay there. And you must say, 'Is it well?' and he will say, 'It is well.'"

"Who?" said Kitty.

"The messenger, of course. But you will have to be blindfolded."

"Indeed I won't," promptly replied Kitty. "I won't go anywhere if I can't see."

"Nobody will hurt you. Just you have confidence. Now, don't you turn on me. I said you were the pluckiest girl I knew."

This went to Kitty's heart. Rather than forfeit such a reputation as this, she would have been carried. So she said she would go.

"Just wait one minute," said Harry. "Count five hundred, and then you come."

When the proper number was counted out, and Kitty reached the garden-gate, she saw no one, but in a moment a figure in an old water-proof cloak, wearing a large hat, and with a white muslin mask on its face, appeared from behind some lilac-bushes.

Kitty glanced at the figure. She could see the brown curly hair, and a shoe not properly tied, and she recognized both; but she made no sign. She simply thought that Harry had been quick, for she had hurried as fast as was fair in her count.

"Is it well?" asked Kitty.

"It is well," replied the figure, in a deep, husky voice, and then it produced a handkerchief, with which the prisoner's eyes were to be blindfolded.

"Would you mind using mine?" asked Kitty.

"No," said the deep voice; and when Kitty took it out of her pocket, it added, "It is too little."

Then Kitty took the ribbon off her hair, tied it to one end of the handkerchief, and gave it to the figure. It was now quite long enough, and so Kitty's eyes were tied up.

The guard then turned her around three times, and taking her hand, led her, as Kitty could easily tell, over the grass and but a short distance.

He then knocked at a door, and a voice said:

"Are ye true?"

"And loyal!" replied the guide. "Give the countersign."

"All is well, and the Duke is dead."

At this mysterious announcement, the door was at once opened. Kitty's other hand was taken, and she was led into a close, hot room. The handkerchief was then taken off her eyes, and she looked in amazement around her. She knew at once that she was in one of the class-rooms in the extreme end of the southern wing of Greystone. The shutters were closed; a fire burned on the hearth, making the room uncomfortably warm; in front of it sat a boy of fifteen, wearing a red cap and cloak, and behind him, at either side of the mantel-piece, stood a small boy, one holding a pitch-pine torch, and the other a Roman candle, which he promptly let off as soon as the handkerchief was removed from Kitty's eyes. There were but three balls in it, but they made Kitty dodge, and she did n't like it, and said so. The boy with the candle had bare legs and arms, and wore a bunch of feathers in his cap, which was turned hind-part before. He also had a piece of plaid around his shoulders, and was sufficiently suggestive of fancy balls to make Kitty sure he was a Highlander. The others puzzled her. One wore a dress of shining lead-colored muslin, made like a butcher's shirt, and had a tin basin tied down on his head. Another was dressed in green, and had a bow and arrows; another had a fur cap, and some sort of a blanket over his shoulders; and another, in a sailor's suit, had such a projection in one cheek that Kitty was sure he had an egg, or a "tom-troller," in his mouth. All these figures wore masks similar to that worn by the guide, which were made out of white muslin, with two holes cut for the eyes. Over at one side stood the little boy who had been Kitty's fellow-prisoner, and his hands were still tied.

"This is the prisoner," said the guide, pointing to Kitty, and addressing the boy who was sitting, and who wore the red cap. This figure, being the only one provided with a seat, was at once recognized by the prisoner as the Chief.

"Advance, O Champion, and read the charge!" said this personage.

At this, the guide disappeared into the out-shed, and in a moment came back attired in a blue cloak, gracefully draped over one shoulder, and a hat with a white feather. In his hand he carried a sheet of foolscap paper, and advancing to the middle of the floor, he began to read:

"Catherine Baird, the prisoner, was born thirteen years ago ——"

"Twelve," calmly interrupted Kitty. "I shall not be thirteen until next December. And I hope you spell my name with a K, for I hate Katharine with a C."

The Champion at once borrowed a pencil and made the corrections.

"Twelve years ago," he resumed, reading with

"Oh, you all have names! What is that one with a tin basin on his head?"

"Your Majesty," said the person of whom she spoke, "is this proper language?"

"Truly, my worthy Don Quixote," said the Chief, skillfully answering the two questions at once, "it is not! Shall she be sworn?"

"Oh, he's Don Quixote," said Kitty. "I never read much of that book. It was n't interesting."



THE BROTHERHOOD UNMASKS.

great emphasis. "Her father is a minister, and she lives in a village called ——"

"Goodness!" said Kitty; "do you consider all that interesting? I suppose Sandy Baird wrote it."

"Sandy Baird did *not* write it," said the Chief; "he is not here. You know very little of Brotherhoods if you don't know that they always read the histories of prisoners."

"Is this a Brotherhood?" said Kitty, eagerly. "Is that why you are all dressed up? I wish Harry Briseom had told me, and I'd have dressed, too; but I am not a prisoner. I am State's evidence,—whatever that is!"

"Harry Briseom is not known here," said the Chief. "Perhaps you mean Lord Leicester."

The Champion, or Lord Leicester, then cleared his throat.

"Please wait until I am gone before you read that," said Kitty. "I have ever so many questions to ask, and I am afraid Cousin Robert will come home."

There was a little discussion upon this point, the Champion—who probably was the author of the biography—being very much in favor of having it read; but it was decided, as the hour was late, to omit it.

At that moment, there was a knock at the outdoor, and the countersign being again given, an Indian girl entered, followed by the boy in green, who had slipped out unseen by Kitty.

"Approach and give your report," said the Chief, in a tone of solemn dignity. "Is it safe upon the rampart and the river?"

"It is safe upon the rampart, and on the river all is silent."

"And our good Robin Hood," said His Majesty, "let us hear from you. Have you played the scout upon the invader?"

"He has not returned," replied Robin, "and the old woman is alone."

"I war not upon women nor children," said the Chief.

Kitty at once concluded that all this meant that her cousin Robert had not come back, and Patty was in the kitchen; but, for a wonder, she did n't speak. She was thinking.

"Has she been sworn?" said the Chief, abruptly turning to Kitty.

"I don't want to be sworn," she replied. "I'll tell all I know without it."

"But you must swear," said the Chief; and he arose and unsheathed a small sword he wore at his side, and gracefully presented the blade to Kitty. "Kiss this, O maiden, and say thy words are truth."

Kitty was quite equal to this emergency, and she sank upon one knee, and kissing the sword, said her words were words of truth. Then she looked around for approbation; but, if this existed, she could not know, because of the masks. Then she arose.

"Now," said His Majesty, sitting down again, "we shall proceed."

"Would you mind taking off your masks?" said Kitty. "It is n't pleasant to talk to people when you can't see their faces."

"Is that the price of your revelation?" asked the Chief.

"It is," replied Kitty, promptly, and with great firmness.

"Unmask!" commanded the Chief, taking off his own bit of muslin with a relieved air. "It is awfully hot."

"I think," said Kitty, who was nothing if not suggestive, "that that back door might better be open."

"Then we might be surprised," replied the Chief, looking anxiously toward the door.

"Place a sentry," suggested the Sailor, after taking a hickory-nut out of his mouth.

"I shall. I appoint Captain Kidd as sentry," and the Sailor at once took up his station by the back door, after having opened it, much to every one's relief.

"In the first place, now," said the Chief, impressively, "how long do you—the invaders—desire to remain within these walls?"

"For six moons," said Kitty, who was looking around at the group and wondering who the Indian girl was, and who was also relieved not to see Sandy in the party—"that is to say, until next week."

"And then you go home?"

"We do."

"What does the Baron Baird mean to do with the property?"

"Is this State's evidence?" asked Kitty.

"It is," answered the Chief.

"Well, it is stupid," frankly replied Kitty. "Don't you ever play anything? Don't those other boys ever say anything?"

The Chief made no reply, but sat in silence for a moment, then he said:

"Soldiers, take the prisoner to the guard-house," and the Champion and Don Quixote at once advanced and conducted Kitty away, though, much to her relief, not up to the dark room, but to the out-kitchen. In a moment, the Highlander, without his torch, which had become much too smoky for comfort, came out to relieve guard, and the Champion and Don Quixote went back to what Kitty supposed was a council.

She sat down on the step, between the rooms, but was careful not to listen, and in about ten minutes, or, as she measured time, a half-hour, the Champion came back, and escorted her into the room again.

The Brotherhood was now arranged in a circle, sitting on the floor, and they gave Kitty a place in the middle. She could not help thinking of their own dining-room arrangements as she sat down, but she made no remark.

"We have sent for you," said the Chief, with a very impressive air, "to say that we have been considering whether or not we should make you an honorary member."

(To be continued.)

MY LITTLE VALENTINE.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

A LITTLE curly-headed rogue,
With eyes that dance and shine,
And voice as soft as any bird's,—
Such is my Valentine.

He coos, and woos, and murmurs sweet:
“I love 'oo, Mamma mine.”
What maiden fair in all the world,
Has such a Valentine?

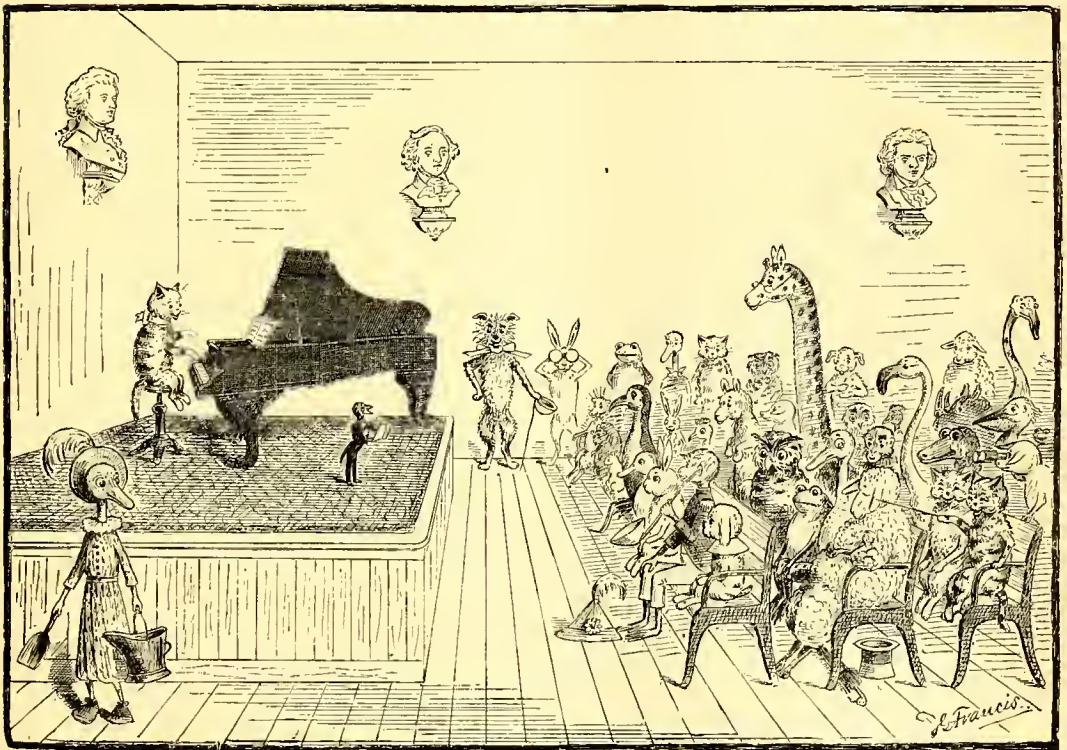
No matter who may come or go,
His heart is always mine;
No cause have I for jealousy—
My little Valentine!

He tells his love a thousand times
Each day by sweetest sign;
And oh, I love him back again—
My little Valentine!

THE GOOSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A Fable.)

BY J. H. T.



THE goose wished to give a concert, and invited the nightingale to assist her.

“But,” timidly said the nightingale, “I understand you do not approve my style.”

“Not altogether,” replied the goose. “But the

audience is not highly cultivated, and it has been hinted to me that they would enjoy the entertainment more if you should sing the solos, while I tend the door, and keep up the fires.”

So the nightingale sang.

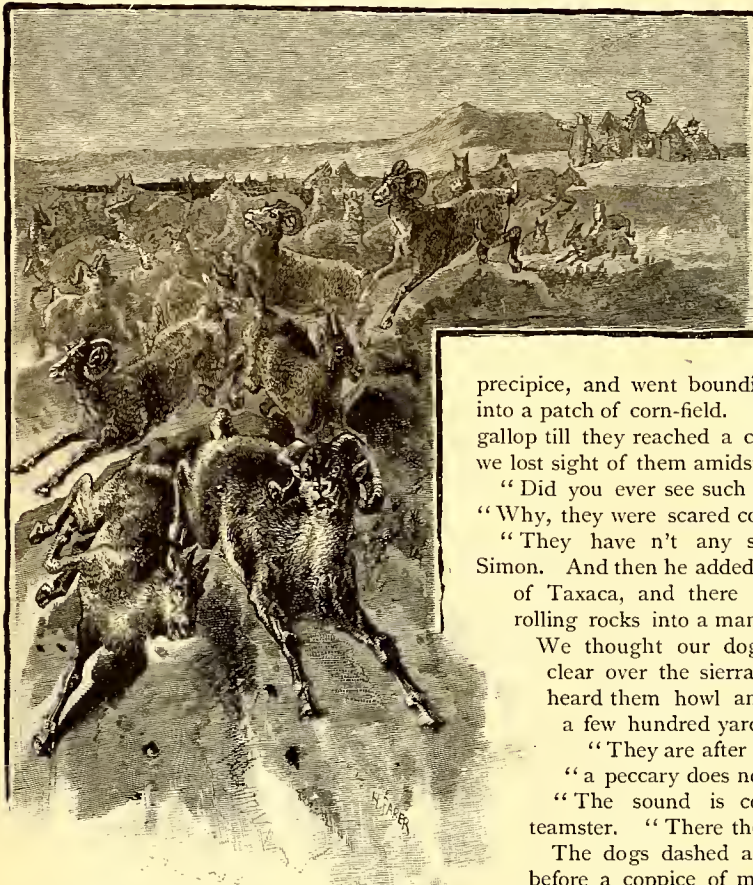
IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE AMERICAN TROPICS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER IV.

THE tumultuous sound of galloping increased behind us; so the teamster brought our cavalcade to a halt, and the fire-arms were made ready

"Is it robbers?" cried Tommy.



THE HERD OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

"No, no," laughed the teamster. "Cimarones—mountain sheep; look back—see their horns!"

A troop of bighorn sheep (*Ovis montana*) came trotting up the road, wheeled around the corner, stopped, and eyed us with surprise. The leading

ram snorted and stamped his fore feet, but the rear sheep pressed the frightened leader forward.

"Oh, don't shoot, Uncle,—please," whispered Tommy. "Let us see how near they will come."

The foremost ram came within forty yards, when he got the scent of our wild beasts,—of the she panther, probably,—turned short about, and started off in full gallop. The sheep stared, but when the second ram leaped back with a snort of horror, they took it for granted that something or other must be frightfully wrong, and the whole troop plunged down hill with a rush that sent the stones flying in every direction. One good-sized boulder rolled over a

precipice, and went bounding into the valley below and into a patch of corn-field. The sheep kept on at a mad gallop till they reached a creek-bed, far below, where we lost sight of them amidst the cliffs.

"Did you ever see such running!" laughed Tommy. "Why, they were scared completely out of their wits!"

"They have n't any sense at all," said Daddy Simon. And then he added: "We are here in the State of Taxaca, and there is a very strict law against rolling rocks into a man's corn-field."

We thought our dogs had followed the peccary clear over the sierra, but, an hour afterward, we heard them howl and bark in a wooded ravine a few hundred yards ahead of us.

"They are after something else now," I said;

"a peccary does not turn upon its own tracks."

"The sound is coming this way," said the teamster. "There they are, now!"

The dogs dashed across the road, but stopped before a coppice of mesquite-trees at the edge of the declivity. There they stood close together, howling and yelping in chorus, when suddenly the brindled deer-hound whisked up the road with his nose close to the ground, making straight for the mesquite coppice. We saw him dive into the thicket, but in the next moment he rushed back, howling and bleeding, and ran up to us, with his tail between his legs, a pitiful sight!

"Heigho! that 's a *leon*" [a puma], said the teamster. "Look at this hound! Why! he ought to think himself the luckiest dog in Mexico! If he 'd had that scratch a little lower, it would have cost him his eyes."

"Do you call that lucky?" said Tommy. "Look here; the poor fellow is nearly scalped; there must be a powerful brute in that bush!"

"A *leon*, I think," said the teamster. "Yes, I was right; here he comes!"

A magnificent puma stepped slowly from the coppice and advanced to the edge of the cliffs. There he crouched down and switched his tail left and right.

"Oho! That fellow means mischief," said the teamster, and took an old shot-gun from the cart. "He's going to turn upon the dogs again!"

The puma raised his head and advanced toward the dogs with cautious steps, switching his tail, just like a cat stealing upon a mouse. It would have been curious to see the end of his maneuver; but before I could interfere, the teamster leveled his gun and blazed away.

The puma reared up with an angry growl, then turned and whisked along the brink of the declivity, with the pack in full pursuit. He led them right toward the steepest part of the abyss, but just before he reached the edge he turned short, and with a magnificent side-leap, reached a crevice in the wall of the precipice, where he disappeared below an overhanging ledge.

The dogs rushed ahead, and their leader, one of the big curs, dashed over the brink and fell headlong into the dark chasm below. The next dog saw the trap in time to save himself by a sudden back-leap.

"Was n't I right?" said the teamster. "Is n't this deer-hound the luckiest dog, after all? If he had not had that scratch, he assuredly would have led the pack and broken his neck, instead of my poor cur."

We looked down into the gorge, but the abyss was too deep; the poor dog had disappeared forever.

"My! Just look away over yonder in that grass valley," cried Tommy. "There goes that same troop of highorn sheep; and, I declare, they have not done galloping yet!"

"This road of ours is rather a roundabout way," I observed. "We have not made much headway in the last half-hour."

"Yes; but it's the only wagon-road through these mountains," said the teamster. "I'll tell you what we can do, though: if your guide will drive my car for an hour or two, I will show you a short cut across the sierras. It's a steep bridle-path; but we shall pass by a place they call the 'Altar,'

where you can see the *hornitos* [little volcanoes] of Tarifa. We shall strike this road again on the other side of the ridge."

"That 's a good plan," I said. "Come on, Tommy."

"I shall take my old saddle-horse along," said the teamster. "She would break away or get restive if I should try to leave her behind."

Menito had fallen asleep in the cart. He had been hard at work carrying water the night before, so we did not wake him.

A few hundred yards above the wagon-road, we reached the cliffs of the upper sierra, and here the bridle-path became desperately rugged, but the teamster's old mare followed us closely over the rocks, like a dog. Where the ascent was too steep for her hoofs, she had a curious knack of laying hold of any bush or shrub with her teeth, and helping herself up in that way. She was a true mountain horse.

"This is the Plateau of Tarifa," said our new guide, when we had reached a rocky table-land near the summit of the sierra. That white knob on the right there is the highest point on this ridge, and no one has ever been on top of it, as far as I know."

The "white knob," as the Mexican called it, was a snow-clad peak of the central Cordilleras. Tier above tier of precipices rose straight up from the cañon, culminating in a tremendous tower of mingled rock and ice, and of such steepness that any plan of climbing it without poles and ice-shoes seemed too hopeless to be so much as attempted.

"Come this way, now," said the guide. "Do you see that steam rising from the valley ahead there? That 's the smoke of the *hornitos*."

After a hard scramble over bowlders and fallen trees, we came to a pulpit-like promontory on the southern slope, overhanging the valley of the Rio Negro, with the famous *hornitos*, or volcanic hillocks, of Tarifa.

"This is what we call the 'Altar,'" said the Mexican. "Now look down there, if you can. When I was a boy, we used to come here and try to keep our eyes on the *hornitos* without blinking; it's a courage-test, they say. Hunters generally blink at them with the left eye as they do in firing off a gun."

It was, indeed, a test which few human eyes could stand without wincing. There were about ten small volcanoes at the bottom of the precipice, and every now and then one or the other shot up a charge of fire and pumice-stones, that looked as if they would fly directly into your face. Experience had shown that the stones themselves never reached up to the cliffs of the "Altar," but the clouds of smoke and cinders rose much higher, and one larger burst gave us an idea of what it means to look into

the mouth of an exploding cannon. Immediately after, another *hornito* went off with a loud report, and we felt the rocks shake under our feet when the charge of flying stones scattered among the crags.

average, and the bottom was covered with heavy, gritty sand, as if the water had run through basalt-caves.

"They call this the 'Orphan-creek,'" said the



"THE ALTAR" ABOVE THE HORNITOS.

"Why! that's a regular mountain battery," laughed Tommy.

"How near did the stones come that time?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Tom. "I might better tell the truth: I shut both my eyes."

We had to clamber down on our hands and knees before we could reach the road, where we had to wait about twenty minutes before we heard the rumbling of our cart. They had made the steep ascent without accident, but Daddy Simon informed me that the dogs had started another puma and chased it into the cliffs of the river valley.

"Do you know what makes *leons* and panthers so plentiful here?" said the teamster. "It's the caverns; this valley is full of caves and crevices, where they find shelter for themselves and their young ones. There are caves here that reach far in toward the center of the mountain."

We entered one of these caverns, not far from the road-side, and found it as dark and chilly as a rock-cellar in winter-time. We sent Menito back for our field-lantern, and, until his return, sounded the depth of a creek that issued from a vault in the recesses of the cave. It was four feet deep on the

teamster. "Many years ago, a Mexican miner went in here to hunt for gold-quartz, and must have met with some accident, for he was never seen again. They say his boy came here every day for weeks and called his father's name, but only the cave-echo answered him."

When Menito returned with the lantern, we advanced about a quarter of a mile into the interior of the cavern, till we came to an abysmal gorge,—the *Caverna del Diablo*, or Devil's-pit, as our guide called it. It seemed to be very deep, for a boulder

dropped over the brink reverberated in its descent for several seconds, till the last rumblings died away in the abyss below. Clouds of bats rose from the chasm, and flopped about the cave with piercing shrieks, when they saw the glare of our lantern. There was a side-vault which led along the brink of the gorge, but we found the ground covered with wriggling cave-lizards and serpents, and our bare-footed Indians beat a hasty retreat.

"There is a puma that has haunted this cave for years," said the teamster, "but no hunter has ever discovered its hiding-place. It must have its den away back in one of the side-caverns."

We camped in the valley of the Rio Negro that night, and had a better supper than we expected, for the river abounds with trout, and the ravines were full of wild pine-apples. In one of the ravines the boys found a fine spring, and we sent Menito down with our drinking-cup; but we had to wait a quarter of an hour, and it was nearly dark when he returned with the pail in one hand and a large bundle in the other. He had taken off his jacket, and we thought he had wrapped up a few more pine-apples.

"Look here, captain, what's a puma worth in this sierra?" he asked the teamster.

"About three dollars," said the Mexican.

"Well, señor, you owe me twelve dollars, then," said Menito, and laid the bundle at my feet. "Here are four of them."

"Four of what?"

"Pumas, señor," said Menito, and took four small, grayish cubs from the bundle. They were about as large as pug-dogs, but all blind yet, and wriggling about like caterpillars.

"I heard them mewling under a ledge in that same ravine," said Menito, "but it took me ten minutes before I could find them. Are n't they worth ten dollars?"

"Ten dollars!" cried Daddy Simon. "What manner of a boy are you, anyhow? Trying to cheat this gentleman, are you? In the first place, they are very young pumas; and in the second place, they are no pumas at all. They're young ocelots, worth about twenty-five cents apiece."

"Ocelots!" faltered Menito. "Why, they are just the color of a puma; an ocelot is speckled like a panther, is n't it?"

"Well, don't you know that young panthers are as gray as rats? Just ask the teamster, if you don't."

"Yes, you are right," said the teamster; "those kittens are young ocelots. They'll get speckled after a year or so."

"Of course they do," said Daddy Simon. "It's their wickedness, if you want to know the reason. Every time they kill or steal something, they get

marked with a black spot on their heads or legs, according as they bite or scratch something."

"If that is so, they must commit the most desperate cruelties with their tails," laughed Menito. "Just look at that panther! How's that, Daddy?"

"Never mind," said the Indian, evasively. "Hurry up now, and help me unstrap those blankets. The nights are too short to answer all your questions," he added, in an under-tone.

We broke camp before sunrise the next morning, and when we came to the next turn of the road,

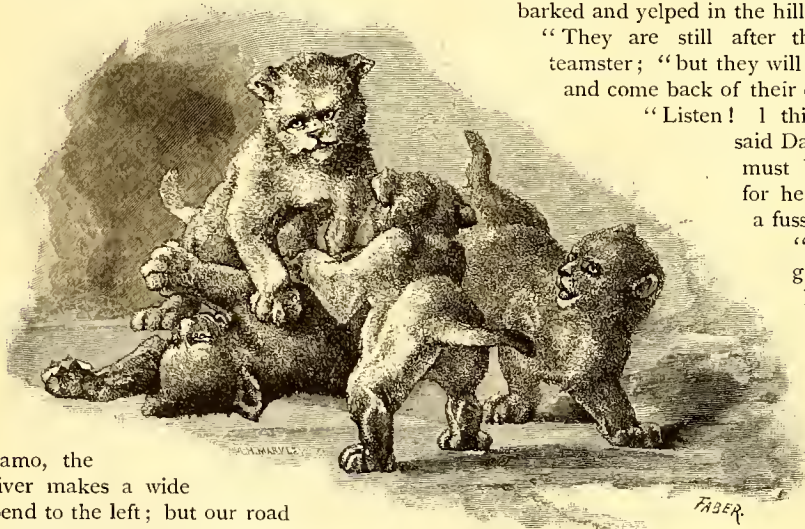


THE CAÑON OF THE RIO NEGRO.

we saw a broad valley at our feet, and in the distance the town of Benyamo, with its gardens and vineyards. But before we left the mountains, we made a detour to the right, to take a look at a strange rock-temple that used to be a place of worship before the Spaniards introduced the Christian religion into Mexico. This temple is a large cave,

which the ancient Indians fashioned into a sort of under-ground church. The entrance was arched and chiseled, like a portal, and the lower walls were covered with mysterious designs, some of them as fanciful as the emblems on a Chinese tea-chest. The interior of the temple was a mass of ruins; the Spaniards had smashed every idol they could lay their hands on, but a Mexican gardener, who lived near the entrance of the cave, showed us some queer statues he had picked from the *dibris*. One of them had a nose like an ant-bear; and a fat little image, with its arms akimbo, had a hole through its head that went from ear to ear like a tunnel. The gardener told us about a strange idol that was worshiped with divine honors by the pagan aborigines. It was made of a kind of grayish-white stone, that looked like quartz in day-time, but became luminous after dark, and was supposed to be a supernatural image of the moon. When the Spaniards began to demolish the temple, this statue was removed by the superstitious Indians, and it is perhaps still worshiped in some secret cave of the sierra.

Between the rock-temple and the town of Ben-



YOUNG OCELOTS.

yamo, the river makes a wide bend to the left; but our road went straight ahead, and led us through a wild hill-country, full of ravines and thorny thickets. Farther back, the hills expanded into grassy slopes, and on one of these pastures we saw a queer little windmill whirling in the breeze. It was not more than three feet high, and some of its sails were colored with a bright purple red. If the wind turned the sails, it looked as if somebody was waving first a white and then a red handkerchief.

"What in the name of sense can that be?" I asked, pointing to the whirling vanes.

"It's an antelope-trap," laughed the teamster. "There's a pitfall near there."

The whirl-mill seemed to be a sort of bait, for antelopes are very inquisitive, and want to examine everything that excites their curiosity. Besides, it was very useful in warning strangers and children, who otherwise would be in danger of falling into the pit.

Our dogs kept up an incessant chase after the big rabbits that frequent these hill-slopes, but generally lost them in the hedges of cactus or prickly-pears that skirted every ravine with a belt of impenetrable thickets. Some prickly-pears grow to a surprising height, and we saw one that was high enough for a good-sized pine-tree, though it had only a few dozens of those big, fleshy leaves that distinguish a cactus from all other plants. In the desert, the thirsty horses and cattle often eat these leaves; but, in a well-watered country, a cactus is rather a nuisance, for its prickles are worse than buck-thorns, and its beautiful red fruit tastes like an over-ripe gooseberry. Before we entered the vineyards in the vicinity of Benyamo, we stopped to whistle our dogs together. But only two of the shepherd-dogs made their appearance; the rest still barked and yelped in the hill-thickets.

"They are still after the rabbits," said the teamster; "but they will soon get tired of that, and come back of their own accord."

"Listen! I think I hear our dog," said Daddy Simon. "There must be something at bay, for he would not make such a fuss about a rabbit."

"Is there any large game in this neighborhood?" I asked an old man, who came up the road with a load of dry sticks on his back.

"Not much," said he. "Your dogs have treed a brown bear in the bottom over yonder, but bear-meat is n't of

much account around here at this time of year, excepting to dogs, may be."

"A bear, you say? How far from here did you see him?"

"He's on a wax-tree in that broad gully back there," said the man.

"I thought so; why, that would be worth while looking after," said Daddy Simon.

"Yes, come on, boys," said I; "but the team-

ster can drive slowly ahead; we'll overtake him this side of the village."

We found the tree by following the sound of the dogs, and, sure enough, there was a bear in the top branches, and four of the dogs were baying him with long howls. It was a *moreno*, as the Mexicans call a kind of light-brown bear, about half as large as a grizzly. But how could we get him down without killing him?

"Just leave that to me," said Daddy Simon. "You stay where you are, Menito, and watch the dogs. I'm going to get something that will fetch him. It's only half a mile to town."

"All right," said I. "Stay here, Menito, till we get back. I owe you five dollars for the ocelots, and will give you something extra if we catch this bear. Don't let him get away."

"Indeed, he won't!" laughed Menito. "You'll find him here if you come back before night." While we walked toward the village, Daddy Simon collected about a peck of cactus-pears and put them carefully in his big leather hat.

"I guess we can trust that boy," I observed. "We might as well find a place for our menagerie before we go back."

Upon inquiry, we were directed to a man who had charge of one of those empty convents that are found in almost every Mexican town,—a building with a fine garden and hundreds of empty rooms. We soon agreed on the rent-price, and one by one our boarders were transferred to more commodious quarters in a side-wing of the building, where most of the windows were secured with iron bars. The housekeeper was an honest-looking but rough sort of fellow, and jerked out some of the monkeys by their long tails, because they did not leave their wire house quickly enough to suit him. When he grabbed the bob-tail youngster by the leg, the little rogue bit his hand, and clung to the cage with all its might. The man ran off then, to get a poker or something, but, before he returned, Bobby bolted out, of his own accord, leaped upon Tommy's shoulder, and chattered away in great excitement.

"Uncle, will you do me a favor?" asked Tommy, taking the little fellow into his arms.

"All right. But what is it?" said I.

"Let me keep this little fellow for a pet," said Tommy. "He is so small that he won't bother us at all, and I will take good care of him."

"Very well," I answered; "put him back into his basket and bring him along."

Bobby seemed to understand every word we said, for he stuck out his tongue and jabbered defiantly when we passed the housekeeper on the staircase.

On the market-square of the village, Daddy Simon met us with a big bottle.

"I'm ready for the bear now," said he, "and if it suits you, we might as well fetch him home here."

The distance was not much more than half a mile, so we all went back to the ravine and found everything in its right place,—the dogs where we had left them, and the bear perched, disconsolate, on one of the upper branches.

"He has walked around and around that tree-top," said Menito, "but has n't once tried to come down."

"He will try it now," said Daddy. "Just hold this bottle a minute."

He had put the prickly-pears into a little tin pail, and now proceeded to soak them with the contents of the bottle—a sort of strong-smelling spirit, made of distilled peaches. He then put the pail at the foot of the tree.

"Oh, I see," said Menito, "you are going to make him drunk! But will he like that mess?"

"Of course he will," said the Indian. "Now catch the dogs; they won't leave this tree if they can help it."

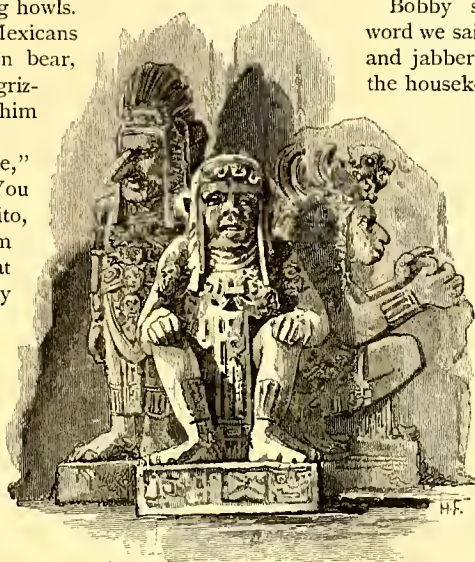
With his long leash-ropes, he tied the four dogs together and dragged them off. "Come on now," said he, "we must give the bear a chance for his dinner."

He marched us off to a distance of about two hundred yards into a coppice of mulberry trees, where we could watch the bear unobserved.

The *moreno* noticed our departure, with manifest surprise, and peeped through the leaves, as if he suspected a concealed enemy at the foot of the tree. Seeing nobody, he descended from branch to branch, and finally grabbed the trunk of the tree and slid boldly down.

"Now he's going to have his dinner," whispered Daddy Simon.

The bear stopped, noticed the tin pail, and fixed



QUEER STATUES FROM THE OLD MEXICAN TEMPLE.

his eye on the pasty contents with a strange expression of mingled surprise and curiosity, as if he could not take it all in. He turned the pail around, and then, quietly seating himself, proceeded to scrape the pears out one by one, and gravely smelled them as they dropped on the ground. But their flavor did not seem to suit him at all. He cast a puzzled glance at the tree, but the wax berries looked very different from the strange mess at his feet. What could it be? After sniffing the breeze attentively, the bear fixed his eye on our coppice and cocked his head, as much as to say, "Aha! that accounts for it!" He then cleaned his paws by rubbing them against the tree, cast a satirical

look at the scattered pears, and trotted off rapidly, giving a guttural grunt, as if he were chuckling to himself.

"Confound the unreasonable beast! He has not even touched his dinner," said Daddy Simon, when we returned to fetch our pail.

"He was a great deal too smart to eat such stuff," observed Menito.

"Stuff! What are you talking about?" cried the Indian, feeling cross and disappointed. "Do you know what I paid for that bottle? It's the very best brandy in town. Stuff, indeed!" he muttered to himself. "That just shows what boys and bears know about such things!"

(To be continued.)

JOHNNY'S ANSWER.

BY NORA PERRY.

JOHNNY, standing four feet two,
In his suit of navy blue,
Aged ten years to a day,
Full of business and play,

Patronizingly looks down
On the little downy crown,
And the little upturned face,
Of the cooing baby, Grace.

"What's a baby good for, now?"
Johnny questions, with a brow
Puckered up into a frown,
As he stands thus looking down.

"I can do a heap, you know,—
Fly a kite and shovel snow;
Spaded up the garden bed
Just this spring, as well as Ned;

"Mother said so; but that's not
Half, nor quarter—there's a lot,
Oh, a lot more I can do;
Base-ball, hockey, cricket, too.

"But this little baby now,
What's she good for, anyhow,
'Cept to spoil a fellow's play,
And to get in folks' way?

"Makes a lot of trouble, too;
Such a heap of things to do!
I don't see why folks can't be
Born grown up as big as me!"

Just here, baby gurgled out
Such a jolly little shout!
Then began to babble fast,
"Ma, ma, ma, ma," and at last,

Yes, as sure now as the world,
Soft the baby lips uncurled,
And commenced to stammer out,
"Don-ny, Don-ny!" Such a shout

As our Johnny gave at this—!
Then a great big smacking kiss
Fell on baby's cheeks of pink.—
"Mother, mother, only think!"

Mother heard him loud exclaim,
"Somehow, baby's learned my name!"
Mother, laughingly, looked on
For awhile, as Master John

Kissed the baby in delight
While he held her close and tight.
Then she mischievously said,
Glancing at the downy head,—

"'But this little baby now,
What's she good for, anyhow?'"
Johnny turned as red as fire,
Then tossed baby up the higher.

While the baby laughed and crowed,
Johnny, though his blushes glowed,
Answered, bold as brass, just this:
"Why, she's good to love and kiss!"

HOW JUBE WAKED THE ELEPHANT.

(A Story of a dreadfully naughty little Black Boy.)

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.

JUBE'S life, ever since he could remember, had been spent in "Ole Isrul's" cabin, underneath a spur of the Alleghanies,—and a very happy-go-lucky life it was.

After "freedom come," Israel and Hannah, Jube's nearest of kin, had drifted from the cotton-fields of the Mississippi back to "Ole Virginny," and to their old life of tobacco-raising on the Alleghany slopes. They had brought Jube with them, the motherless boy having from babyhood, as Hannah expressed it, "been fotch up by her hand in the way he or' ter go." If ever "fotch

display of show-papers glaring everywhere. Such riders, such vaulters, such gymnasts, surely had never been known before, even to Jube's vivid imagination. Such animals, too! the sacred bull, the ibex, the llama, the rhinoceros, fiercer than the lion, and the royal Bengal tiger, fiercer than the fiercest of all besides.

"Ki, yi, Juba!" saluted Aunt Hannah, as the boy rushed into her cabin that morning, his white eyeballs rolling, and his red lips parted in grins of delight. "Isrul, what you s'pose is up wid this nigger, now?"

"Humph!" grunted the cabin's patriarch, puffing, in the breaks of his sentences, volumes of smoke from his short corn-cob pipe. "I 'specs dat boy, Hannah"—puff—"have jes' done"—puff, puff, puff—"gone crazy ober"—puff—"Foreper's surcuss."

"What dat you say? Foreper's surcuss? Juba, whar dat money you fetch me fur de garden-sass an' dem eggs? Ef you jes' done bruk one ob dem dozen eggs wid yer capers, I'll Foreper's surcuss you, see ef I don't."

Jube dodged a blow from the hand that had "fotch him up," and proceeded without delay to give up every farthing of his evening's sales.

Aunt Hannah deigned to give a grunt of satisfaction as the last penny was counted into her hand. Then Jube sidled into the corner of the hearth where "Ole Isrul" sat enjoying his pipe. He stood for a moment digging his toes into the cracks of the hearth.

"Daddy!" he drawled, by and by. "Daddy!"

No answer. "Ole Isrul" never so much as winked an eyelash, but sat smoking his pipe as unresponsive as a Camanche Indian.

"Daddy, say! May n't I go to Foreper's 'nagerie? My! it's a show what is a show. There's beasts an' beasts—but it's the elerphunt what beats all holler! Whew! Daddy, dat elerphunt's a whale, I tell yer!"

"Juba," said Aunt Hannah, severely, "what you sayin'—eh? De elerphunt am not a whale. How kin it be? It's agin natur'."

Jube subsided.

"Daddy," he whispered, after a few more desperate digs into the seams of the hearth, and under cover of the clatter of Hannah's supper dishes,—“Daddy, may n't I go?”

"Whar to—whar to, Jube?"



"JUBE DODGED THE BLOW."

up" in the way he should go, the boy, at twelve years of age, had widely departed therefrom, for no more mischievous spirit than naughty little Jube infested the turnpike leading from the cabin to the village beyond.

The day came, however, when Jube was made to pay off at least a part of the score being continually added up against him. Yet the boy himself did not imagine that such a day of reckoning had arrived on that sunshiny morning, when he arose early to deck himself for a holiday, which was to be given entirely to the enjoyment of Forepaugh's Great Circus and Menagerie. Twice before, during that week, he had made a pilgrimage to the village, and had spent hours, each time, inspecting the wonderful

"To Forper's 'nagerie. You is gvine fur ter le' me go? Aint yer, Daddy?"

"Sartain, boy; sartain—ef yer kin find a silver mine 'twixt now an' show-day."

Jube looked disheartened for a moment. Then his face brightened. He was not lacking in expedients, and it was a great matter to have "Daddy's" consent. He began to do a double shuffle, but brought up in short order as he caught Aunt Hannah's eyes turned upon him.

"You, Jube! You jis' shuffle out 'er dis, an' hang dat last load ob tobaccy-cuttin's on de scaffold, down by de tree."

Jube obeyed with alacrity, as he felt it would not do to provoke "Mammy's" ire at that critical stage of his plottings. Having tossed up the pile of tobacco waiting for him, he quickly mounted upon the shed, in order to hang up the cuttings for drying. The scaffold was a swinging one, supported on its lower side by forked stakes driven into the ground, while on the back, or higher side, the horizontal poles supporting the stems were, after the shiftless manner of Jube's race, suspended by grape-vine twists to the low, spreading boughs of an oak tree. The tree itself should have been in the prime of strength and beauty, but, like a parasite, the clinging scaffold had, through years of gnawing, eaten into it, until now many of its lower branches were quite dead. Jube, however, briskly hanging the tobacco, while marvelously preserving his balance on the swaying poles, was not concerning himself with the fate of this tree. His brain, active as it was, had enough to do to work out the problem "Daddy" had set for it to solve. How was he to find that silver mine? Just two days more and Forepaugh's menagerie would make its grand entry into the village. Now, Jube was an expert at treeing coons, and had ceased to boast of the ground-hog and rabbit burrows which he had found—but a silver mine! That was different. He did n't believe "Daddy" himself had ever found one of them, though with a witch-hazel he had found more than one under-ground spring. But a silver mine! "Jeemes's River!" said Jube to himself; "how I wish a witch-hazel would point to one of them!"

But suddenly Jube narrowed his range of fancy to a more promising field.

If he could find a silver *dollar*, would n't "Daddy" think that the next thing to a silver mine? He had heard tell it took acres to make a silver mine—but a silver dollar a smart boy like him might find in a sheep's track, or thereabouts. A cunning look twinkled in the corners of the boy's eyes. He gave the tobacco a final shove with his toes, then leaped down and went whistling back to report to Aunt Hannah, and have his share of the mush and

milk, for which his afternoon's work had given him a hearty relish.

Next morning, two of Aunt Hannah's biggest melons were missing from the patch, and a brace of her fattest capons from the roost; but suspicion was diverted from the real culprit by the tracks of huge shoes freely displayed throughout the patch.

"'Pears to me, Isrul," said the woe-begone Hannah, "dat thief mus' have wore shoes made upon his own las'—I nebber saw sich a foot on any ob my acquaintance."

"Dat 's so, Hanner; dat 's gospel truf. Der aint no sich build of foot sca'cely sence de days ob Goli-er."

Yet, as Hannah turned off in perplexed thought, the old sinner slyly thrust forward his own huge shoes, giving a significant poke with the bowl of his pipe at the sand and clay filling the coarse seams.

"Ki," he inwardly chuckled, "dat boy Jube better not let de ole 'ooman know how close under her nose he done 'skiver his silver mine. She 'll have her shere of intrus' off o' him, shore as yer born."

But Jube was as sly as he was naughty. Aunt Hannah was unsuspecting.

"Juba," said she, tenderly, "ef I had the money, you should go ter Foreper's 'nagerie to-morrow."

Jube was prompt to seize his golden opportunity.

"Ef I arned the money, Mammy, mought I go?"

"Ye-es," drawled "Mammy," cooling a little; "ef Isrul s'poses he kin spar' yer from the 'baccy gathering, yer mought."

"Ef yer fines the silver mine, Jube, ef yer fines the silver mine, yer kin go," said Israel, pressing in the feathery ashes of his pipe with the horny tip of his finger.

This time, Jube executed a double shuffle in good earnest, and returned to the tobacco-field much relieved. That afternoon, when he went to the pasture for the cow, he turned old Brindle's nose homeward, and hurried off to the village to do a little trading on his own account. For this, Hannah had a well-seasoned hickory laid up for him when he came back, but Jube knew her weak point, and when he had hauled forth a whole quarter of a pound of good tea, "which," he said, "a feller at a store had gin him for runnin' of a arrant," she was so touched by his thought of her, that the rod was quietly slipped out of sight, and Jube felt quite enough in favor to exhibit the tiny square of card-board which he had brought back as the result of his stolen expedition. Hannah's curiosity was at once aroused by the mysterious signs thereon.

"What 's dis, Juba?"

"Why, lor', Mammy! Dat 's a ticket of 'mission to Foreper's surcuss."

"Dat is? Sho, now! An' what 's dis writin', Jube? You is a scholar. What do de writin' say?"

"It says to le' me into Foreper's 'nagerie an' big show," said Jube, who, having enjoyed three

to the village before the sun had lifted his head above the eastern hills.

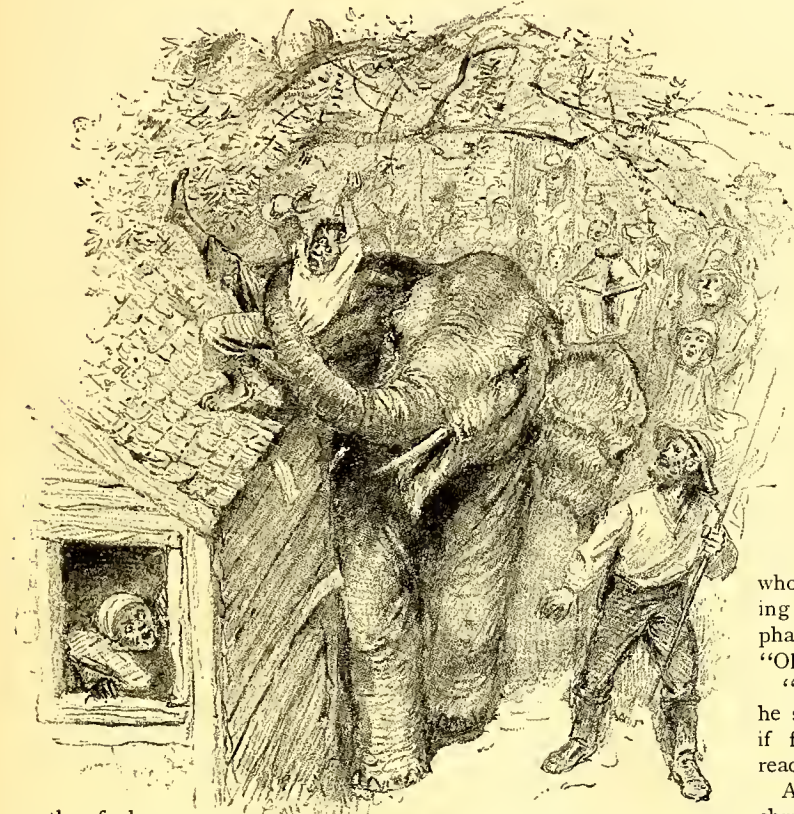
Such a day of rare fun and jollity as that was for Jube! His dusky skin fairly glowed and glistened with the fullness of his delight. In all the twelve years of his life he had never been to a circus, so, even before he had reached the climax of wonders under the canvas of this one, he had decided, like the Queen of Sheba, that he had not been told the half of the glories he was to see.

The *grande entrée* was of itself a stupendous revelation to him. Was there on the earth such another glittering line of men, women, horses, and band-wagons? There, too, were cages of wild beasts, poking out here a great foot and there a ferocious head, or the whole terrible animal pacing restlessly. But the elephant was, as Jube had told "Ole Isrul," the wonder of all.

"My! Aint he a whale!" he said, under his breath, as if fearful his words might reach Aunt Hannah.

And just here we may chronicle that Jube had an adventure with this gigantic brute before the day was

done. Not content with following in the wake of his Indian majesty through the whole morning, the boy, in the afternoon, formed part of an admiring retinue accompanying him to and from his bath in the mill-pond, which was the only bath-tub large enough for his high mightiness. As this procession returned through the village, Jube, anxious to secure a more elevated point of observation, rushed ahead of the throng to perch himself upon a projecting ledge of a corner storehouse, from which he might view the breadth and length of the elephant's mighty back; but, in his haste, Jube had not taken note of the fact that he was just at the point where two streets converged—that, but a moment later, the elephant must round the sharp angle, with barely room to crowd himself between the ledge and the iron lamp-post beyond.



"THE BEAST LIFTED HIM QUICKLY DOWN FROM HIS PERCH."

months of educational advantages at a free school, felt tent to render a free translation of the hieroglyphics which so puzzled his illiterate relative.

"Well, land o' Canaan!" ejaculated Aunt Hannah. "But whar did yer git it, Juba?"

Jube was ready for the question, and he assured her that "one of Foreper's surcuss-men had gin it to him fur carryin' of his nags to water."

Hannah did not look convinced, but she had learned discretion in "argufyin'" with Jube, so contented herself with a word of "warnin'," by saying: "Remembah, you Jube, ef you 's a foolin' me, de truf will out some day!"

Jube, however, was content to risk any calamity, if it should only come after he had enjoyed one day with Forepaugh's circus. And he had his day, for next morning, as we have said, he was up and dressed betimes, and, indeed, was well on his way

He was only made conscious of his predicament when the beast was close upon him. On came the mountain of flesh to crush him to powder! Jube sickened with horror, and turned ashy with fright. He could feel the heated steam arising from the creature's moist sides—those monstrous flanks which would sweep him from where he clung, like a fly from a wall. The great ears flapped at and fanned him—the small, twinkling eyes were turned upon him. A shout or cry of warning and horror went up from the crowd. It was answered by a careless grunt from the elephant, and in an instant his proboscis was thrown into the air. Jube gave himself up for lost. He found himself enfolded as by the coils of a serpent, and immediately there followed a sensation as of flying. Another shout ascended from the crowd, but this time it was a shout of derisive laughter at poor Jube's expense, for the beast had lifted him quickly down from his perch, and dropped him, not too gently, into the middle of the dusty street. His majesty and retinue swept on, leaving poor Jube to whimper, and rub his shins, as he crept into an alley-way close by. He was not much hurt, he found, after an examination of his joints and bones, but he did have a regular ague-chill from the fright, and so felt revengeful enough as he crouched in the shelter of a garden wall to recover his strength and spirits.

"The ole tough-hided, ole stump-footed ole critter! I'll be even wi' 'im yit; ef I don't, I wish er may die," he muttered, nursing his wrath.

Nevertheless, he was quite ready to enjoy the night-exhibition under the canvas, and when the performance was over, he took his last look at the actors, horses, wild beasts, and elephant, regretting heartily that such days could not last forever.

"Only," he thought, sidling past the modern mammoth reposing in state upon his bed of straw, "I should like to git a twist at one o' them tails of his'n—like I twists ole Brindle's, sometimes, when he wont git outen the paster quick. I wonder, now, ef I'd jist stick a pin into dat foremos' one, an' run fer it, ef he'd think 't would pay 'im to chase me."

Fortunately, however, discretion, or cowardice, decided Jube not to encounter the risk, so he started home in safety from the village with a party of men and boys going in his direction. Reaching the cabin about midnight, he crept up the outside ladder to his bed in the loft, and was soon rivaling Hannah and Israel in their duet of snores below.

From the overeating or over-excitement of the day, his sleep was not of long duration. He was aroused, an hour or two before dawn, by the sound of wheels passing along the turnpike. In an instant he was wide awake and on the alert.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, in a quiver of excitement. "Ef 't aint Foreper's surcuss and

'nagerie on its travels! Wish-er-may-die, if I don't get one more blink at the elerphunt."

In a trice he had slipped from his bed, and was at the hole in the gable-end which did service for him as door and window. The moonlight was flooding the pike, and, as far as he could see along it, there was passing a ghostly procession of men, horses, vehicles, etc. It was Forepaugh's circus on its move to the neighboring town. Without more ado, Jube, in his airy costume, slipped down the rickety ladder to the ground. He found, near the tumble-down gate, an excellent covert and outlook. Crouching in the clump of Aunt Hannah's privet and lilac bushes, he watched with the utmost zest until every wagon of the lumbering train had rolled past, and disappeared, in shadowy outline, far up the road.

Then his heart sank, heavy as lead. He had not seen the elephant. It must have gone by, ahead of the train. He waited five minutes longer, to see if there were anything more to come. Excepting that a whip-poor-will, dreaming in the big oak-tree upholding Israel's drying tobacco-crop, now and then sounded its plaintive cry, not a sound disturbed the moon-flooded stillness of his watch. Heaving a profound sigh of disappointment, he took one more look up and down the turnpike, and was in the act of turning about to go back into the cabin, when an object some distance down the road caught his attention. He crouched again and waited. Whatever the object was, it drew slowly nearer, momentarily increasing in proportions, until it loomed up, a ponderous mass, clearly defined within the range of his enchanted vision.

It was Forepaugh's elephant, moving drowsily along. His keeper, riding alongside, seemed half asleep, too, as also did the pony he rode. It was evidently a somnambulistic trio, jogging leisurely along in the wake of Forepaugh's show. But Jube was wide awake, and there was a spirit of mischief awake within him, besides.

"I sed I'd be even wi' the tough-hided, stump-footed ole thing," he chuckled, squaring himself for action. "He skeered me to-day, but I'll gin him sich a skeer, now, as never was."

On came the somnolent three. Directly, they were abreast of the gate behind which crouched the waiting Jube. Suddenly this gate was flung wide on its hinges, and the boy leaped into the road with a screech and a yell, flinging his arms about, and flapping his very scanty drapery almost in the face of the beast. You may believe his Indian majesty napped no longer! In an instant his proboscis was waved frantically in the air, sounding his trump of alarm, the prolonged, screaming whistle fairly deafening its hearers.

Poor Jube had by no means calculated upon this

dire result of his attempt at revenge. His eye-balls rolled, wild and big with terror, as he watched for a second the cloud of dust veiling the wrestling

judgment could mean those yells and shouts and bellowings, turning the calm, moon-lit night into pandemonium? Clinging together, and quaking, they managed to reach the door, and to open a crack wide enough to peep through.

"Laws, Isrul!" cried Hannah, falling upon her knees again, all in a tremble.

"Isrul, it am the judg-



"THE RESULT OF JUBE'S ATTEMPT AT REVENGE."

of the fettered beast and his angry guardian. But the struggle was a brief one, as might have been expected from the odds in favor of the elephant. Freed from his keeper, he rushed in pursuit of Jube, pressing him so hotly that he had no time to mount his ladder to the cabin loft. At almost every step, too, the infuriated beast sounded his trump. A roaring blast he gave, as, in his mad haste, he struck against a corner of the cabin, jostling Hannah and Israel from their deep sleep. Terrified out of their wits, the old couple tumbled out upon the floor, and fell upon their knees, thinking it was the horn of Gabriel summoning them from death to judgment. What but destruction and

ment-day, as I is a sinner! An' there goes de debbil now arter Jube! Did n't I alluz say he 'd git dat boy, shore? He would n't say his pra'rs, ner so much ez min' me, what fotch him up by han'. Come in, Isrul, an' latch the do', fer he 'll be arter you nex'. Oh, laws, ef he 'll only be satsified wi' you and Juba, Isrul! You is wick-

eder 'an me—wickedder sinners, you know yer is, ole man,—you know yer is."

Her "ole man" attempted no self-defense. With a dexterity quite unusual with him, he had managed to latch and chain the door, but now he was leaning up against the lintel, speechless and knock-kneed with terror.

All at once there was a quick, heavy rap upon the door.

Hannah howled, and sunk lower on her knees. "It's de debbil!" she whispered, in a sepulchral tone. "He's done come fer yer, Isrul! Speak up, ole man—speak perlite, sorter, an' may be he 'll be easy on yer. Answer him, Isrul."

"Who-o—who dar?" chattered Israel, with a dismal whine.

"Open the door!" shouted an angry voice without. "I thought everybody was dead inside there. It's nobody but me—the keeper of Forepaugh's elephant, that's broke loose and will tramp down all your things here, to say nothing of your rascally boy, who ought to be well whipped. The beast will kill him if I can't get a pitchfork, or something. Have n't you a pitchfork somewhere? Hurry—your boy 's in a lot of danger! Stir about—will you? Let's have a pitchfork!"

"Ki, yi, Hannah!" exulted Israel, beginning to straighten his bent knees. "Yer debbil's nothin' but Foreper's elerphunt, arter all. Hi—jes' yer run an' fetch the pitchfork fer de gemman."

"Yer go an' git it yerself, Isrul; I is engaged," was his wife's prompt response.

"Hurry up there!" shouted the voice outside. "Fetch me the fork, or the beast will kill your boy, for certain."

"I say," answered "Ole Isrul," with his mouth at the latch-hole—"I say, massa, I'se clean crippled, an' bed-rid with the rheumatiz, an' the ole 'ooman here, she 's skeered clar inter spasims. You 'll find the fork in the shed, so jes' help yerself, as we's onable ter, massa."

With loud mutterings of anger, the keeper departed in search of the pitchfork. While he was gone, the elephant had regularly treed Jube. Too closely pressed to secure the shelter of his room in the cabin loft, Jube instinctively had made for the only other accessible place of refuge. Into the big oak-tree he had scrambled, by the aid of the drying-scaffold suspended from its boughs. Nor, thoroughly scared as he was, did he stop in the lower branches. Not knowing what might be the stretching capacity of that awful proboscis which had once enfolded him, he clambered, hand over hand, until at a considerable elevation he reached the second forking of the tree. Perched therein, he took time to draw his breath, and look down at his enemy. Evidently this enemy was determined not to consider himself baffled. He was charging Jube's stronghold with the intrepidity of Napoleon's "Old Guard" and the concentrated strength of a battering-ram. But the oak, although its day of kingly glory was past, was stronger than Forepaugh's elephant. Its bare limbs trembled under the shock, yet the mighty roots held firm.

The blow, however, dislodged the drying-scaffold, so that, broken from its fatal clinging, it fell with a great crash to the ground. In default of other prey, the elephant at once charged upon this framework of poles, with its burden of half-dried tobacco-cuttings. He stamped and tore at and pulled to pieces the structure, tossing the cuttings until his eyes and mouth and proboscis were well filled with the dust of the dried tobacco. Frenzied by the fumes and the taste of the weed he hated with a deadly hatred, as well as maddened by the agony of its smarting and burning, the animal's rage seemed to know no bounds. Overjoyed at his reprieve from destruction, Jube began a faint, hysterical laugh as the infuriated beast plunged and charged, snorting and sneezing, about the tree. At last the elephant sounded his trump again frantically, setting off at the top of his speed for the river flowing at the base of the hill.

So, for a time, the coast was left clear, but Jube was too thoroughly scared to think of deserting his present place of security; and, in a little while, his majesty, relieved of the tobacco, again advanced to the attack. This time he was better armed, having filled his trunk at the river with a copious supply of water. Taking fair aim at poor Jube, he let him have the benefit of the whole stream, blowing it into his face with a directness and force for which the boy was utterly unprepared. Of course his balance was destroyed, and, tumbled from his perch, he doubtless would have fallen headlong to the ground, but that he had the good fortune to land in the fork below, where he was just beyond the reach of the dreaded proboscis. Encouraged by this success, the beast charged again, but the ground was now well strewn with the tobacco, and, as he rushed forward, he was again blinded and strangled by the pungent powder. Once more he made a frenzied rush for the river. This time, however, his hind legs became entangled among the grape-vines, linking the poles together, so that, after some vigorous but vain kicking and shaking, he was compelled to proceed on his way, dragging the scaffold, and much of the tobacco, with him.

At this juncture, the keeper, armed with Israel's long fork, appeared on the stage of action. Taking advantage of the elephant's blinded condition, he attacked him vehemently, goading him right and left. Yet the beast, infuriated, would not cry for mercy. But finally, in one of his blinded plunges, he rushed upon Hannah's empty root-pit, and, the slight covering giving way under the enormous weight, his majesty was pitched headlong in shame and terror to the bottom of the pit. Then his proud spirit was conquered by a vigorous assault, and he trumpeted for mercy.

It was not until he was thus subdued that Jube,

notified by Aunt Hannah, deemed it safe to descend once more to the ground; even then he did not think it necessary to show himself to the twinkling eye of his late adversary. Nor, perhaps, did he feel safe at all until, with the assistance of returned showmen and some of the neighbors, the elephant had been helped from the pit, and had quietly continued its journey toward the neighboring town.

"Now you, Juba, jes' you mark my words," was Israel's closing piece of advice when the tumult had finally subsided and Jube, clothed, and in his right mind, was sitting on the stool of repentance in the

cabin, "ef I ever does hear of you a findin' ob a silver mine *anywheres* when Foreper's surcuss am around, shore 's I is a livin' man, I 'll war out on yer back some ob dat extry shoe-leather what made tracks through the ole 'ooman's watermillium patch. You hear dat, Juba? Now, you jes' clar outer dis, an' gether up ebry spear ob dat tobaccy what you an' Foreper's elerphunt hab done scattered from Dan to Beershebeh. An' min' what I say, dat dis aint Hanner what 's foolin' long with yer, now."

And since that time Jube has never pined for the circus on his holidays.



THERE was a small maid of St. Paul,
 Who could not be happy at all:
 While the cat stole her dinner,
 Her dog, little sinner!
 Was quietly tearing her ball.

THE PETERKINS TALK OF GOING TO EGYPT.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

LONG ago, Mrs. Peterkin had been afraid of the Mohammedans, and would have dreaded to travel among them. But since the little boys had taken lessons of the Turk, and she had become familiar with his costume, and method of sitting, she had felt less fear of them as a nation.

To be sure, the Turk had given but few lessons, as, soon after making his engagement, he had been obliged to go to New York, to join a tobacconist's firm. Mr. Peterkin had not regretted his payment for instruction in advance, for the Turk had been very urbane in his manners, and had always assented to whatever the little boys or any of the family had said to him.

Mrs. Peterkin had expressed a desire to see the famous Cleopatra's Needle which had been brought from Egypt. She had heard it was something gigantic for a needle, and it would be worth a journey to New York. She wondered at their bringing it such a distance, and would have supposed that some of Cleopatra's family would have objected to it, if they were living now.

Agamemnon said that was the truth; there was no one left to object; they were all mummies under-ground, with such heavy pyramids over them that they would not easily rise to object.

Mr. Peterkin feared that all the pyramids would be brought away in time. Agamemnon said there were a great many remaining in Egypt. Still he thought it would be well to visit Egypt soon, before they were all brought away, and nothing but the sand left. Mrs. Peterkin said she would be almost as willing to travel to Egypt as to New York, and it would seem more worth while to go so far to see a great many, than to go to New York only for one needle.

"That would certainly be a needless expense," suggested Solomon John.

Elizabeth Eliza was anxious to see the Sphinx. Perhaps it would answer some of the family questions that troubled them day after day.

Agamemnon felt it would be a great thing for the education of the little boys. If they could have begun with the Egyptian hieroglyphics before they had learned their alphabet, they would have begun at the right end. Perhaps it was not too late now to take them to Egypt, and let them begin upon its old learning. The little boys declared it was none too late. They could not say the alphabet backward now, and could never remember whether "u" came before "v," and the voyage

would be a long one, and, before they reached Egypt, very likely they would have forgotten all.

It was about this voyage that Mrs. Peterkin had much doubt. What she was afraid of was getting in and out of the ships and boats. She was afraid of tumbling into the water between, when she left the wharf. Elizabeth Eliza agreed with her mother in this, and began to calculate how many times they would have to change between Boston and Egypt.

There was the ferry-boat across to East Boston would make two changes; one more to get on board the steamer; then Liverpool—no, to land at Queenstown would make two more; four, five changes, Liverpool six. Solomon John brought the map, and they counted up. Dover, seven, Calais eight, Marseilles nine, Malta, if they landed, ten, eleven, and Alexandria, twelve changes.

Mrs. Peterkin shuddered at the possibilities, not merely for herself, but for the family. She could fall in but once, but by the time they should reach Egypt, how many would be left out of a family of eight? Agamemnon began to count up the contingencies. Eight times twelve would make ninety-six chances. $8 \times 12 = 96$. Mrs. Peterkin felt as if all might be swept off before the end could be reached.

Solomon John said it was not usual to allow more than one chance in a hundred. People always said "one in a hundred," as though that were the usual thing expected; it was not at all likely that the whole family would be swept off.

Mrs. Peterkin was sure they would not want to lose one; they could hardly pick out which they could spare, she felt certain. Agamemnon declared there was no necessity for such risks. They might go directly by some vessel from Boston to Egypt.

Solomon John thought they might give up Egypt and content themselves with Rome. "All roads lead to Rome," so it would not be difficult to find their way.

But Mrs. Peterkin was afraid to go. She had heard you must do as the Romans did if you went to Rome, and there were some things she certainly should not like to do that they did. There was that Brute who killed Cæsar! And she should not object to the long voyage. It would give them time to think it all over.

Mr. Peterkin thought they ought to have more practice in traveling, to accustom themselves to emergencies. It would be fatal to start on so long a voyage and to find they were not prepared.

Why not make their proposed excursion to the cousins at Gooseberry Beach, which they had been planning all summer? There they could practice getting in and out of a boat, and accustom themselves to the air of the sea. To be sure, the cousins were just moving up from the sea-shore, but they could take down a basket of luncheon, in order to give no trouble, and they need not go into the house.

Elizabeth Eliza had learned by heart early in the summer the list of trains, as she was sure they would lose the slip their cousins had sent them, and you never could find the paper that had the trains in, when you wanted it. They must take the 7 A. M. train into Boston, in time to go across to the station for the Gooseberry train at 7.45, and they would have to return from Gooseberry Beach by a 3.30 train. The cousins would order the "barge" to meet them on their arrival, and to come for them at 3 P. M., in time for the return train, if they were informed the day before. Elizabeth Eliza wrote them a postal card, giving them the information that they would take the early train. The "barge" was the name of the omnibus that took passengers to and from the Gooseberry station. Mrs. Peterkin felt that its very name was propitious to this Egyptian undertaking.

The day proved a fine one. On reaching Boston, Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza were put into a carriage with the luncheon-basket, to drive directly to the station. Elizabeth Eliza was able to check the basket at the baggage-station, and to buy their "go-and-return" tickets before the arrival of the rest of the party, which appeared, however, some minutes before a quarter of eight. Mrs. Peterkin counted the little boys. All were there. This promised well for Egypt. But their joy was of short duration. On presenting their tickets at the gate of entrance, they were stopped. The Gooseberry train had gone at 7.35! The Mattapan train was now awaiting its passengers. Impossible! Elizabeth Eliza had repeated 7.45 every morning through the summer. It must be the Gooseberry train. But the conductor would not yield. If they wished to go to Mattapan they could go; if to Gooseberry, they must wait till the 5 P. M. train.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. Their return train was 3.30,—how could 5 P. M. help them?

Mr. Peterkin, with instant decision, proposed they should try something else. Why should not they take their luncheon-basket across some ferry? This would give them practice. The family hastily agreed to this. What could be better? They went to the baggage-office, but found their basket had gone in the 7.35 train! They had arrived in time, and could have gone, too. "If we had only been checked!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. The baggage-master, showing a tender interest, sug-

gested that there was a train for Plymouth at 8, which would take them within twelve miles of Gooseberry Beach, and they might find "a team" there to take them across. Solomon John and the little boys were delighted with the suggestion.

"We could see Plymouth Rock," said Agamemnon.

But hasty action would be necessary. Mr. Peterkin quickly procured tickets for Plymouth, and no official objected to their taking the 8 A. M. train. They were all safely in the train. This had been a test expedition; and each of the party had taken something, to see what would be the proportion of things lost to those remembered. Mr. Peterkin had two umbrellas, Agamemnon an atlas and spy-glass, and the little boys were taking down two cats in a basket. All were safe.

"I am glad we have decided upon Plymouth," said Mr. Peterkin. "Before seeing the pyramids of Egypt we certainly ought to know something of Plymouth Rock. I should certainly be quite ashamed, when looking at their great obelisks, to confess that I had never seen our own Rock."

The conductor was attracted by this interesting party. When Mr. Peterkin told him of their mistake of the morning, and that they were bound for Gooseberry Beach, he advised them to stop at Kingston, a station nearer the beach. They would have but four miles to drive, and a reduction could be effected on their tickets. The family demurred. Were they ready now to give up Plymouth? They would lose time in going there. Solomon John, too, suggested it would be better, chronologically, to visit Plymouth on their return from Egypt, after they had seen the earliest things.

This decided them to stop at Kingston.

But they found here no omnibus nor carriage to take them to Gooseberry. The station-master was eager to assist them, and went far and near in search of some sort of wagon. Hour after hour passed away, the little boys had shared their last peanut, and gloom was gathering over the family, when Solomon John came into the station to say there was a photographer's cart on the other side of the road. Would not this be a good chance to have their photographs taken for their friends before leaving for Egypt? The idea re-animated the whole party, and they made their way to the cart, and into it, as the door was open. There was, however, no photographer there.

Agamemnon tried to remember what he had read of photography. As all the materials were there, he might take the family's picture. There would indeed be a difficulty in introducing his own. Solomon John suggested they might arrange the family group, leaving a place for him. Then, when all was ready, he could put the curtain over

the box, take his place hastily, then pull away the curtain by means of a string. And Solomon John began to look around for a string, while the little boys felt in their pockets.

Agamemnon did not exactly see how they could get the curtain back. Mr. Peterkin thought this of little importance. They would all be glad to sit some time after traveling so long. And the longer they sat the better for the picture, and, perhaps, somebody would come along in time to put back the curtain. They began to arrange the group. Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were placed in the middle, sitting down. Elizabeth Eliza stood behind them, and the little boys knelt in front with the basket of cats. Solomon John and Agamemnon were also to stand behind, Agamemnon leaning over his father's shoulder. Solomon John was still looking around for a string when the photographer himself appeared. He was much surprised to find a group all ready for him. He had gone off that morning for a short holiday, but was not unwilling to take the family, especially when he heard they were soon going to Egypt. He approved of the grouping made by the family, but suggested that their eyes should not all be fixed upon the same spot. Before the pictures were finished, the station-master came to announce that two carriages were found to take the party to Gooseberry Beach.

"There is no hurry," said Mr. Peterkin. "Let the pictures be finished; they have made us wait, we can keep them waiting as long as we please."

The results, indeed, were very satisfactory. The photographer pronounced it a remarkably fine group. Elizabeth Eliza's eyes were lifted to the heavens, perhaps, a little too high. It gave her a rapt expression not customary with her; but Mr. Peterkin thought she might look in that way in the presence of the Sphinx. It was necessary to have a number of copies, to satisfy all the friends left behind when they should go to Egypt. And it certainly would not be worth while to come again so great a distance for more.

It was, therefore, a late hour when they left Kingston. It took some time to arrange the party in two carriages. Mr. Peterkin ought to be in one, Mrs. Peterkin in the other; but it was difficult to divide the little boys, as all wished to take charge of the cats. The drive, too, proved longer than was expected—six miles instead of four.

When they reached their cousin's door, the "barge" was already standing there.

"It has brought our luncheon-basket!" exclaimed Solomon John.

"I am glad of it," said Agamemnon, "for I feel hungry enough for it."

He pulled out his watch. It was 3 o'clock!

This was indeed the "barge," but it had come

for their return. The Gooseberry cousins, much bewildered that the family did not arrive at the time expected, had forgotten to send to countermand it. And the "barge" driver, supposing the family had arrived by the other station, had taken occasion to bring up the lunch-basket, as it was addressed to the Gooseberry cousins. The cousins flocked out to meet them. "What had happened? What had delayed them? They were glad to see them at last."

Mrs. Peterkin, when she understood the state of the case, insisted upon getting directly into the "barge," to return, although the driver said there would be a few moments to spare. Some of the cousins busied themselves in opening the luncheon-basket, and a part led the little boys and Agamemnon and Solomon John down upon the beach in front of the house; there would be a few moments for a glance at the sea. Indeed, the little boys ventured in their India rubber boots to wade in a little way, as the tide was low. And Agamemnon and Solomon John walked to look at a boat that was drawn up on the beach, and got into it and out of it for practice, when they were all summoned back to the house.

It was indeed time to go. The Gooseberry cousins had got out the luncheon, and had tried to persuade the family to spend the night. Mrs. Peterkin declared this would be impossible. They never had done such a thing. So they went off, eating their luncheon as they went, the little boys each with a sandwich in one hand and a piece of cake in the other.

Mrs. Peterkin was sure they should miss the train, or lose some of the party. No, it was a great success, for all, and more than all, were found in the train: slung over the arm of one of the little boys was found the basket containing the cats. They were to have left the cats, but in their haste had brought them away again.

This discovery was made in a search for the tickets which Elizabeth Eliza had bought, early in the morning, to go and return; they were needed now for return. She was sure she had given them to her father. Mrs. Peterkin supposed that Mr. Peterkin must have changed them for the Kingston tickets. The little boys felt in their pockets, Agamemnon and Solomon John in theirs. In the excitement, Mrs. Peterkin insisted upon giving up her copy of their new photograph, and could not be satisfied till the conductor had punched it. At last, the tickets were found in the outer lappet of Elizabeth Eliza's hand-bag. She had looked for them in the inner part.

It was after this that Mr. Peterkin ventured to pronounce the whole expedition a success. To be sure, they had not passed the day at the beach, and had scarcely seen their cousins; but their object

had been to practice traveling, and surely they had been traveling all day. Elizabeth Eliza had seen the sea, or thought she had. She was not sure—she had been so busy explaining to the cousins and showing the photographs. Agamemnon was sorry she had not walked with them to the beach, and tried getting in and out of the boat. Elizabeth Eliza regretted this. Of course it was not the same as getting into a boat on the sea, where it would be wobbling more, but the step must have been higher from the sand. Solomon John said there was some difficulty. He had jumped in, but was obliged to take hold of the side in getting out.

The little boys were much encouraged by their wade into the tide. They had been a little frightened at first when the splash came, but the tide had been low. On the whole, Mr. Peterkin continued, things had gone well. Even the bringing back of the cats might be considered a good omen. Cats were worshiped in Egypt, and they ought not to have tried to part with them. He was glad they had brought the cats. They gave the little boys an interest in feeding them while they were waiting at the Kingston station.

Their adventures were not quite over, as the station was crowded when they reached Boston. A military company had arrived from the South, and was received by a procession. A number of distinguished guests also were expected, and the Peterkins found it difficult to procure a carriage. They had determined to take a carriage, so that they might be sure to reach their own evening train in season.

At last Mr. Peterkin discovered one that was empty, standing at the end of a long line. There would be room for Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza, himself, and the little boys, and Agamemnon and Solomon John agreed to walk behind in order to keep the carriage in sight. But they were much disturbed when they found they were going at so slow a pace. Mr. Peterkin called to the coachman in vain. He soon found that they had fallen into the line of the procession, and the coachman was driving slowly on behind the other carriages. In vain Mr. Peterkin tried to attract the driver's attention. He put his head out of one window after another, but only to receive the cheers of the populace ranged along the sidewalk. He opened the window behind the coachman and pulled his coat. But the cheering was so loud that he could not make himself heard. He tried to motion to the coachman to turn down one of the side streets, but in answer the driver pointed out with his whip the crowds of people. Mr. Peterkin, indeed, saw it would be impossible to make their way through the throng that filled every side street which they crossed. Mrs. Peter-

kin looked out of the back window for Agamemnon and Solomon John. They were walking side by side, behind the carriage, taking off their hats, and bowing to the people cheering on either side.

"They are at the head of a long row of men, walking two by two," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"They are part of the procession," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"We are part of the procession," Mr. Peterkin answered.

"I rather like it," said Mrs. Peterkin, with a calm smile, as she looked out of the window and bowed in answer to a cheer.

"Where do you suppose we shall go?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"I have often wondered what became of a procession," said Mr. Peterkin. "They are always going somewhere, but I never could tell where they went to."

"We shall find out!" exclaimed the little boys, who were filled with delight, looking now out of one window, now out of the other.

"Perhaps we shall go to the armory," said one.

This alarmed Mrs. Peterkin. Sounds of martial music were now heard, and the noise of the crowd grew louder. "I think you ought to ask where we are going," she said to Mr. Peterkin.

"It is not for us to decide," he answered, calmly. "They have taken us into the procession. I suppose they will show us the principal streets, and will then leave us at our station."

This, indeed, seemed to be the plan. For two hours more the Peterkins, in their carriage, and Agamemnon and Solomon John, afoot, followed on. Mrs. Peterkin looked out upon rows and rows of cheering people. The little boys waved their caps.

"It begins to be a little monotonous," said Mrs. Peterkin, at last.

"I am afraid we have missed all the trains," said Elizabeth Eliza, gloomily. But Mr. Peterkin's faith held to the last, and was rewarded. The carriage reached the square in which stood the railroad station. Mr. Peterkin again seized the lapels of the coachman's coat and pointed to the station, and he was able to turn his horses in that direction. As they left the crowd, they received a parting cheer. It was with difficulty that Agamemnon and Solomon John broke from the ranks.

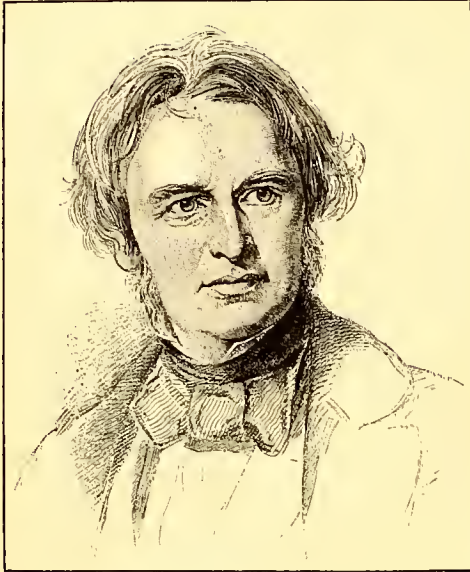
"That was a magnificent reception!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, wiping his brow, after paying the coachman twice his fee. But Elizabeth Eliza said:

"But we have lost all the trains, I am sure."

They had lost all but one. It was the last.

"And we have lost the cats!" the little boys suddenly exclaimed. But Mrs. Peterkin would not allow them to turn back in search of them.

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.



IN the December number of this magazine, good readers, "The St. Nicholas Treasure-Box" was opened, and there you found a story by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a poem by William Makepeace Thackeray. The first enabled you to hear "the airy footsteps of strange things that almost happened,"—and the second told you of a

king who made a great discovery—for a king—and helped you to hate more than ever the vice of flattery.

This time, what do we find? A ballad, famous for the past forty years, yet as fresh to-day as is the heart of the world-renowned American poet who wrote it. The portrait of Mr. Longfellow on this page was made more than a quarter of a century ago, but only yesterday he copied with his own hand, for the "Treasure-Box," the few lines from the poem which our artist has illustrated. The poet's preface to this ballad stated that it first came into his mind while he was riding on the sea-shore at Newport, Rhode Island. "A year or two before," it goes on to say, "a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor, and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors."

This old tower still is standing at Newport, a picturesque ruin, as you see it in the engraving on page 307. It is now understood to have been built eight hundred years ago by Norsemen, or Vikings, the most adventurous sailors of their time, who had even then landed on these shores, as has been already told to you in the third volume of ST. NICHOLAS.

What more likely, then, to a poet's fancy than that this skeleton in rusty armor had been one of the very Norsemen who, in the first days of the Old Tower, had "joined the corsair's crew" and flown there, over the dark sea, "with the marauders"? And what more likely, too, than that one of those rugged Vikings should have had just such a wild history as the ballad recounts?

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.—BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!

Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Track I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,
 Joining a corsair’s crew,
 O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
 Wild was the life we led;
 Many the souls that sped,
 Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

And as the white stars shine
 On the dark Norway pine,
 On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
 Yielding, yet half afraid,
 And in the forest’s shade
 Our vows were plighted.



*I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger. falcon;*

“ Many a wassail-bout
 Wore the long Winter out;
 Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
 As we the Berserk’s tale
 Measured in cups of ale,
 Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o’erflowing.

Under its loosened vest
 Fluttered her little breast,
 Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

“ Once, as I told in glee
 Tales of the stormy sea,
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning, yet tender.

“ Bright in her father’s hall
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,
 Loud sang the minstrel all,
 Chanting his glory;
 When of old Hildebrand
 I asked his daughter’s hand,
 Mute did the minstrel stand
 To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.
“ Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;



*Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.*

“ She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—

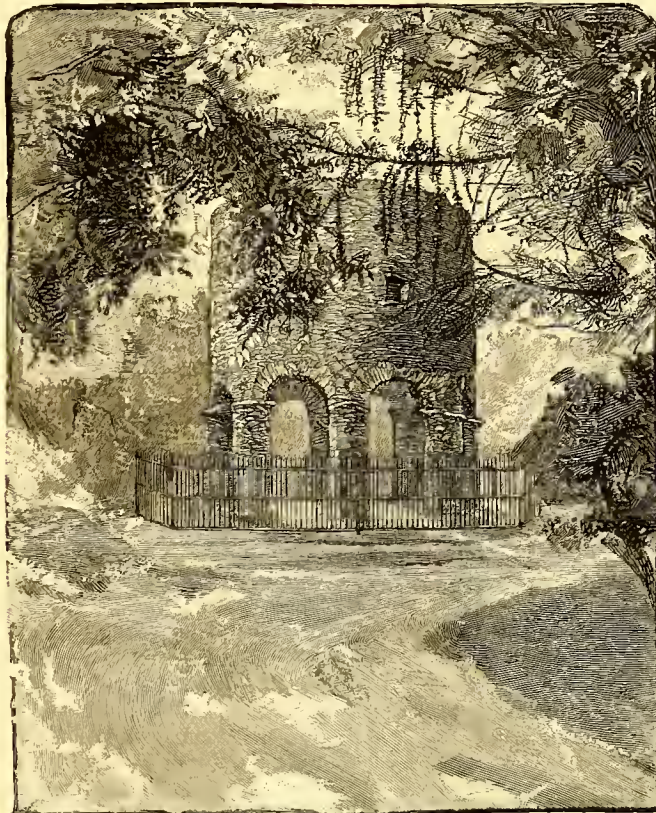
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.
“ And as, to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman’s hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

- “ As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.
- “ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.
- “ There we lived many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother ;

Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another !

- “ Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful !

- “ Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended ;
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
Skool! to the Northland ! *Skool!*” *
 —Thus the tale ended.



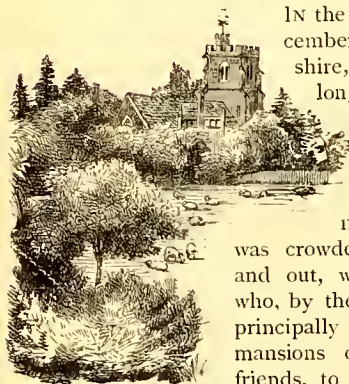
THE OLD TOWER AT NEWPORT.

* In Scandinavia, "*Skool!*" is the customary salutation when drinking a health.

A LITTLE more than twenty years before our American poet thus put life into the old ruin at Newport, our first great American prose-writer went over the sea to enjoy the living sights and sounds of old England. In his "Sketch-Book," published there in 1818, Irving not only made forever romantic the shores of his native Hudson—for when can "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" be forgotten?—but he also made England itself more interesting to Englishmen and to the world. He told of familiar things, but always his keen insight, tender, playful fancy, and exquisite literary skill gave a new value to the scene described. His histories and more profound works of biography and travel will interest you in time; we shall content ourselves for the present with putting into "The Treasure-Box" an extract from "The Sketch-Book."

To boys and girls, last month and next month both are a long way off; but to men and women, who begin to feel that the close of their life must now be nearer than its beginning, by-gone years are yesterdays, and the only future that seems far off is eternity. And so, in reading this vivid account of an English holiday-drive, you young folks may say, "Ah! Christmas went long ago. Why did not the editor put this in an earlier number of ST. NICHOLAS?" and the old folks may think, "Dear, dear! How timely this is! How pleasant to read it almost while the Christmas bells are ringing!" But one and all soon will forget, in the enjoyment of glowing words, that time has fled, or that time is coming. The Present is not always in to-day's almanac. In a moment, you will be with Washington Irving in Yorkshire, on a glorious December morning, in or about the year 1818.

THE STAGE-COACH.—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.*



IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine, rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of

more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

* * * * *

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As

* Born in New York, 1783; died 1859.

the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops around the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty specter, in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright-red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations: "Now, capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton,—must all die,—for, in twelve days, a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now, plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire." . . .

* * * * *

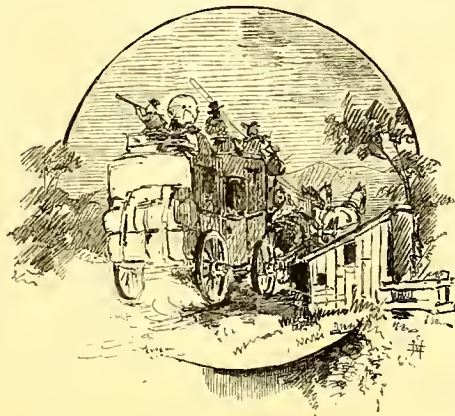
I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation

by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little, old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

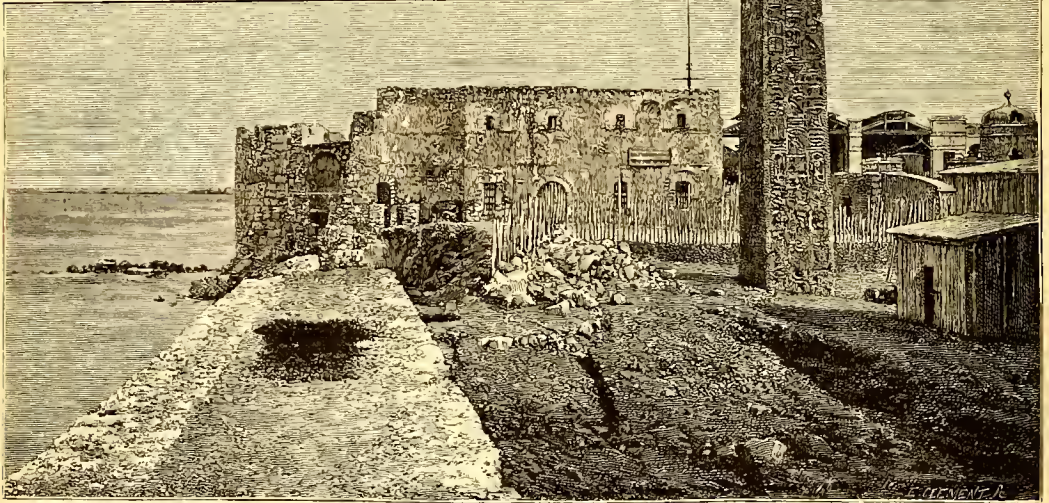
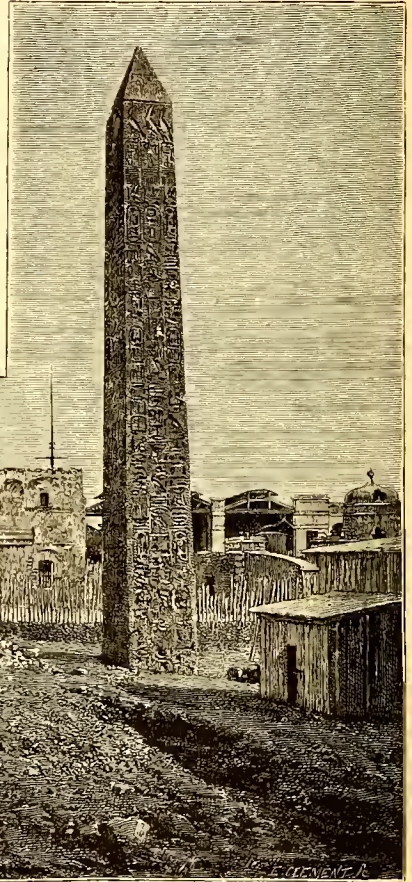
Off they set at last: one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had known neither care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and, on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach-window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.



THE TRUE STORY OF THE OBELISK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

LONG, long ages ago, some men were at work in a stone-quarry on the banks of a great river. They found there a stone that looked much like the red granite now quarried on the coast of Massachusetts Bay, and known from its pale red color as "rosy granite." There was a city called Syene near this quarry, and so it happened that the blush-colored stone became known as Syenite. There is nothing particularly interesting about a stone-quarry; merely a big hole in the side of a hill, some steam-drills, a derrick or two, and a few workmen cutting out blocks of building-stone. The old quarries at Syene, where these men worked forty centuries ago, did not differ much from those we see to-day, yet travelers from all parts of the world visit them and



THE OBELISK AS IT STOOD AT ALEXANDRIA.

look in wonder at the work of those wonderful old quarry-men. The high, rocky mountains still stand bare and hot in the tropical sun; the very marks of their tools are there; but of the men and their way of working all trace and record are lost, and we can only guess at the manner of workmen they may have been.

If we want a large stone for a column of some public building, or for a monument, we go to the quarry with steam-drills and powder, derricks and steam-engines, and, if we cut out a solid block twenty or thirty feet long, we think we are doing something quite wonderful, and make a parade in the newspapers of our skill as stone-masons. When we stand beside the rosy mountains at Syene, we

feel pretty small. Here were stone-workers who cut and moved away blocks of stone of enormous size and immense weight,—vast columns, pillars, door-caps, and monuments,—some fifty, some sixty, and some more than a hundred feet long and ten feet square. Such a block we now call a monolith, which means "one stone," or a single stone. If we travel down the great river toward the sea, we find these great monoliths set up as parts of temples, palaces, tombs, and monuments. Not a few here and there, but by hundreds, scattered all over the land in profusion. All are now in ruins, some still standing, many more fallen down and broken in pieces, countless more lost in the sand, and yet, though only a small number remains, so vast and

wonderful are they, that even the ruins of the buildings of which they are parts are loftier, and cover more ground, than any other buildings. When we see these old quarries and these ruins, we feel sure that the old stone-masons at Syene must have been the master workmen of the world.

Among these ruins we find here and there a strange monument, a monolith, square at the bottom and gently tapering to the top, where it ends in a sharp point. Some such monoliths still stand, some are fallen; and many more are lost and buried out of sight in the sand. The sides of these monuments were beautifully polished and covered with writing of a strange kind—half letters, half pictures—which we now call hieroglyphic writing or hieroglyphs. Now you guess where these ruins stand. Syene was in Egypt; these wonderful old stone-masons were the ancient Egyptians.

The strange part of this is that, though we have learned to read the hieroglyphs, and found many pictures on the walls of the ruined temples, we know little or nothing of the methods the old workers used in quarrying and moving these monoliths, although we can see the quarries at Syene. Even unfinished stones have been found, and in one place is a big monolith lying broken in two in the bottom of a quarry. The entrance to the pit is narrow, and there is no room to turn the stone around, so it is clear that it must have been lifted straight up the side of the pit. Perhaps it broke in moving, and so was left there to puzzle us. It is certain that they did move and lift such great stones, and transport them hundreds of miles, and even raise them to the tops of lofty columns, and place them true and square in the buildings where they now rest.

How did these old fellows work? What tools did they use? How did they manage to carry these stones down the rivers? There is a picture on one of their ruined temples, representing hundreds of slaves harnessed to ropes and dragging a great monolithic statue, twenty-four feet high, on a sled. There is a man standing on the statue clapping his hands, as if to keep time while the men pull on the ropes. Another is pouring something from a vase on the ground in front of the sled. From this we may infer that the road was paved with planks covered with grease, and thus the sled slipped along over the greasy boards. We learn from other pictures that the old Egyptians were highly civilized, but we can only guess, for we have no way of telling, how they cut and moved these stones and built temples and pyramids.

To-day the stone-mason splits stones by blasting them with powder, or he makes a row of holes in a line, and fills them with steel wedges, on which he pounds till the stone breaks. Another way is to fill the holes with dry wooden pegs tightly wedged

in, and then to pour water over them, when they swell and split the rock.

Still another way is to make a row of holes in the stone, build a little fire in each, and then to put out all the fires by pouring cold water on them at the same instant, when the sudden cooling of the rock causes it to split. To lift the stone, the modern quarry-man uses levers, and ropes, and pulleys, and derricks. To move great weights, he uses a curious tool, called a hydraulic-jack, and in place of men and horses he uses a steam-engine.

Had the old Egyptian such tools, and did he work in this way? We cannot tell. He probably had simple levers and pulleys, and knew how to use a roller, and, perhaps, he had other and more wonderful tools, of which we know nothing. It is not likely he had steam-engines, and all his work must have been done with men and horses. All is lost and forgotten centuries ago, and now we can only wonder at his skill and power.

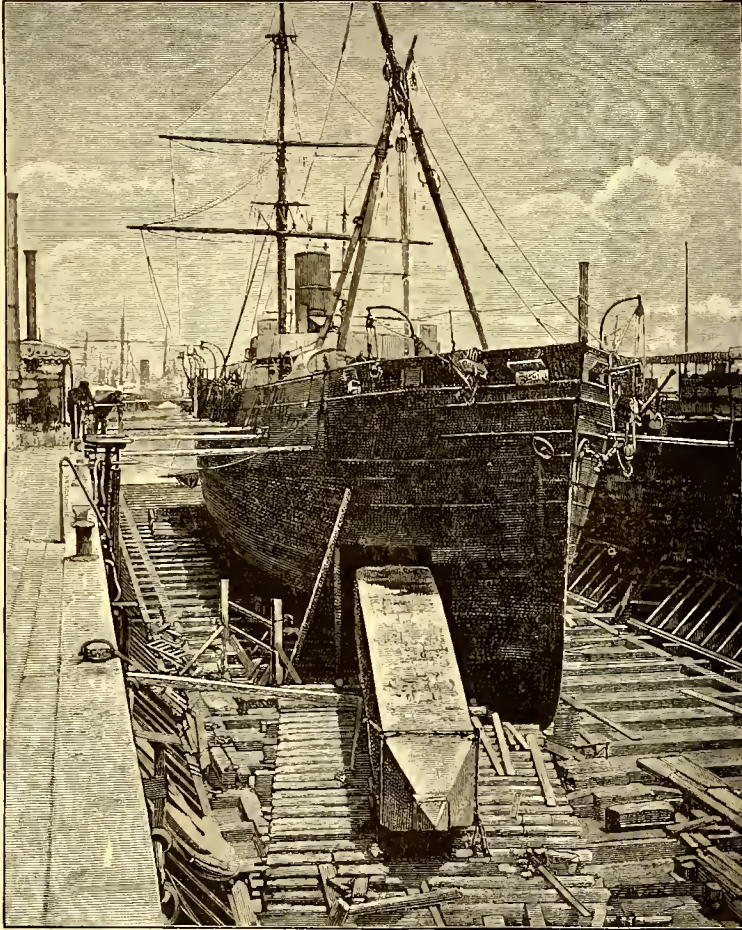
His greatest works are these upright monoliths, now called obelisks. He cut them out of the hills at Syene, dragged them to the river, and put them on rafts to float down on the floods. He hauled them to the pedestals where they were to stand, and then, resting the base of each in a groove in the pedestal, pulled them up with ropes by main force till they stood erect. He used timbers and ropes in profusion, and thousands of slaves, and set up his splendid obelisks for our admiration and astonishment.

Centuries after these old workmen had erected their obelisks, their country was invaded by the Romans, who saw these beautiful monoliths, and took many of them down, and carried them away to other places, where some of them still stand. Here is a race of men trying to handle a big stone. We cannot now learn much of them, for there is no record of their work. They had curious ideas about history then. The doings of rulers whose only object in life seems to have been to make selfish wars, were recorded, while the splendid deeds of great workmen were forgotten. We only know that several obelisks now standing at Rome were by some means taken down and put on the deck of a huge ship, manned by three hundred oarsmen, and painfully rowed across the sea to the Tiber. They were pushed ashore, on to a low truck, and then dragged and pulled through the streets on rollers. They were supposed to have been set upright by pulling on ropes passed over the tops of tall wooden masts. These workmen had no better tools than the Egyptians, but they could build a larger boat to carry the stone, and actually conveyed it across the sea.

Long afterward, this obelisk, together with some others that had been brought to Rome, was thrown

down and buried in the ruins of the city, and in 1588 the Pope Sixtus V. had it dug up, and once more set upon its pedestal. These workmen still used horses and men to pull the great stone up into place, by passing ropes over the tops of tall wooden towers. They were more scientific workmen, and did their work so well, that the obelisk can be used as a sundial to this day. They knew more about the use

of the big stones. It so happened that the Romans, under Augustus Cæsar, had taken down two of the stones in Upper Egypt, and had removed them to Alexandria, and set them up before one of their temples. The weather and the blowing sands of the desert had eaten away the bases of the obelisks, so that they would not stand up on their new pedestals, and the Romans put four bronze castings



PUTTING THE OBELISK IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER. [SEE PAGE 317.]

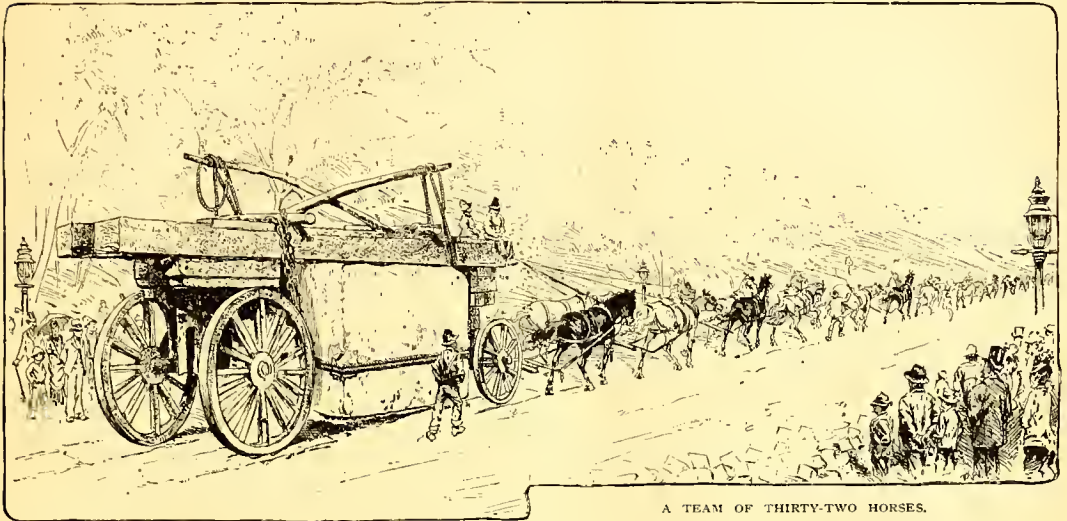
of ropes and pulleys, and it is recorded that they did the work with only forty horses, six hundred men, and forty-six cranes. The Romans found hard work to fasten their ropes to the obelisk, and had to drill holes in the top of the stone, through which the ropes were passed. The old Egyptians did much better. They left knobs or blocks on the side of the monument, and tied the ropes to these, and when the work was finished, cut off the blocks smoothly.

Then for a long time no one thought of moving

under the corners. These castings were in the shape of sea-crabs, and on one of the claws they put the date of the moving and the name of the engineer. Afterward, the unequal expansion of these bronze crabs in the hot sunshine caused them to give way, and one stone fell down. Alexandria was laid in ruins by war, and still the old stones remained, too big to be moved by anybody. It is just possible, however, that the soldiers found the crabs and stole parts of the metal, and

that this caused the stone to fall. At any rate, there they remained, one fallen in the sand and the other standing, for hundreds of years.

two solid masonry piers, one on each side of it. One of these was straight and square, and covered with timbers, the other had a slope or inclined face

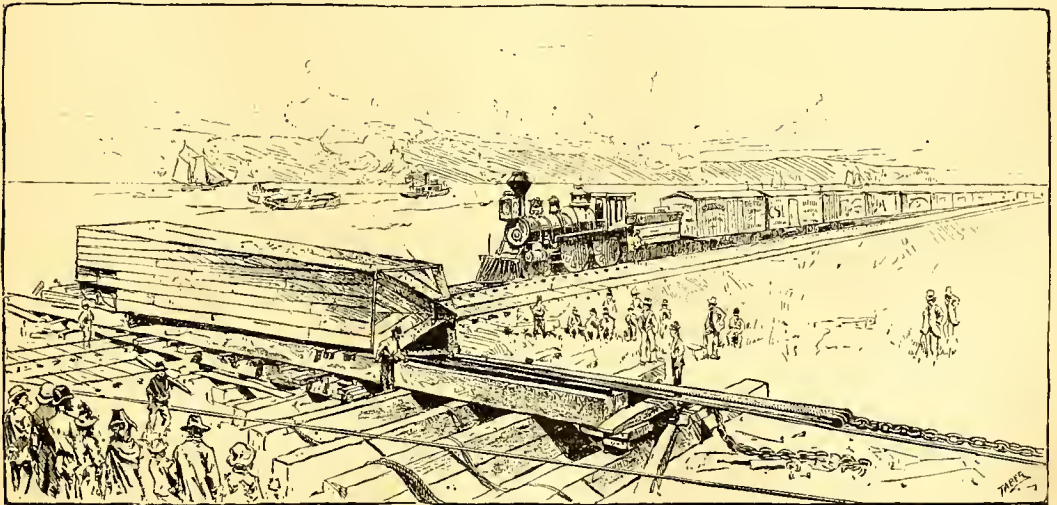


TRUCKING THE PEDESTAL OF THE OBELISK.

A TEAM OF THIRTY-TWO HORSES.

In the early part of this century came other workmen, from France. They first thought of taking one of the two obelisks at Alexandria, but finding a taller and better pair at Luxor, they decided to take one of these to Paris, that the people

reaching to the base of the great stone. They then erected eight enormous spars, pivoted at the bottom, and all fastened to the top of the monolith by heavy ropes. Then, from the top of the spars to the ground, were hung other ropes and chains, and



THE OBELISK CROSSING THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

in that great city might see and admire the skill of the old Egyptian stone-masons.

Let us see how they did the work. After clearing away the deep sand about the obelisk, they built

then to powerful capstans. These spars leaned away from the stone slightly, or about at an angle of seventy-five degrees. Then, at some distance away on the other side, were placed a number of

capstans, firmly anchored in the sands, and from these, ropes were taken to the top of the obelisk. It was now firmly held between the two sets of ropes, and, to lower it, hundreds of men took hold of the bars of the capstans—a part of them to pull the stone over, and the others to hold it back. As it slowly tipped and bowed itself toward the ground, the great spars lifted till they stood upright, then leaned over above the stone. The base of the monolith easily rolled up the sloping pier, and the center struck the edge of the upright pier, and there tilted as on a pivot. Rollers were laid on top of the piers, and in twenty-five minutes from the time it started it lay flat on the ground, and began to roll along toward the river. It was a magnificent piece of work, and showed great ingenuity on the part of the French engineers. With infinite labor the stone was carried on rollers down to the banks of the Nile. Here a ship, made for the purpose in France, was hauled close up to the shore. The entire stem of the ship was then taken out and lifted by ropes upon tall spars, so that the stone could roll under it into the ship. Five enormous pulleys were put in the stern, and fastened to chains passed through the stern-ports to anchors in the river; ropes were passed through the pulleys to others at the bows and then led to capstans beyond, and, with fifty men on each, the big stone was pulled slowly into the boat. The stem was lowered into place and made fast, and by the aid of pontoons the boat was launched. It was then towed down the Nile, through the Straits of Gibraltar, over the stormy Bay of Biscay, and up the Seine to Paris. It was a work of enormous labor; sickness and the terrible heat delayed the men sadly, but at last the boat was hauled up high and dry at the foot of one of the inclined roads that lead up from the river to the streets at Paris.

The bow of the boat was knocked out, and a railway of heavy timbers laid up the incline to the Place de la Concorde. Again the huge pulleys and massive ropes were brought into use. The great capstans were set up, and hundreds of men set to work to turn the bars and drag the stone on rollers slowly along the street. Once they had to turn it around, and they built an enormous turntable, such as would be used for a giant locomotive, and with infinite labor pulled it about, and placed it with the base toward the center of the square. Then an inclined plane of stone-work was built from the edge of the road to the top of the pedestal, and along this slanting path the great block was pulled up by hundreds of men, toiling at the capstans, while a trumpeter marked the time with a bugle. Again the great spars were erected on pivots. The top of the obelisk was fastened to these, as they hung at an angle of about twenty

degrees above it. Great ropes, passed through the big pulleys, were fastened to the capstans, and, in the presence of a vast multitude of people, the obelisk was pulled slowly upward till it stood upright. The people cheered and cheered, again and again, and the king rewarded all the people who had so manfully toiled to bring the great monument to Paris.

These workmen set out for the Nile with their ship in 1831, but it was not until the 25th of October, 1836, that the stone stood upright in the Place de la Concorde. It was a great work well done, but it took five years to do it; it required the services of one thousand men, and cost four hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

The next men were Englishmen. One of the twin stones at Alexandria was given to England. It had fallen down, and all they had to do was to clear away the sand, box it up in a round iron shell, roll it into the water, and tow it to London. These men used modern tools and steam-power, and handled the big stone in an entirely new way. Their work shows how different from the old are modern ways of doing great engineering feats. All the parts of the shell had been made in England, and sent out to Egypt. The stone was lifted upon timbers by hydraulic-jacks, and the shell was built under it and about it, so that, when it was finished, it was fastened securely inside the shell. [A hydraulic-jack is a powerful tool for lifting great weights; you should look in some mechanical dictionary to see how it is made and used.] This singular shell was round and smooth outside, and with a sharp bow and stern like a boat. Rings of heavy timbers were put on the outside, and by laying two tracks of timber to the shore, it was easy to roll the shell, cargo and all, over and over into the sea. Tug-boats pulled with wire-ropes in front, and jacks were placed behind, and, by dint of hard work, the thing slowly rolled into the water.

The iron boat was finally launched on the 28th of August, 1877, but not without an accident, for, in rolling over, it struck a hidden stone under water and sprang a leak. The water rushed in, and the poor old stone must have been chilled. Perhaps it felt sad at leaving its old home after so many rough journeyings and mishaps. However, the hole was mended, the water pumped out, and on the 8th of September the boat went into the dry-dock. A deck and cabin were put on, a rudder was shipped, and then it was floated again and named the "Cleopatra." It is rather odd that they gave it this name, for Cleopatra died several years before the Romans finished setting up the two stones at Alexandria, and it is not likely she had anything to do with either of the obelisks, called Cleopatra's "needles." The steam-ship "Olga" took the queer boat in tow and started for

London, but on the 15th of November it met a storm, and, to save the steam-ship, the "Cleopatra" was cast adrift. It seemed ready to sink, and in the storm the poor old stone was left to toss, helpless and deserted, on the sea. Three days after, another steam-ship found it and took it into port, and at last it came to anchor in the Thames on the 20th of January, 1878.

It was there I saw it, floating at anchor in the muddy river, just above Westminster Bridge. On one side were the dark and richly carved walls of Westminster Palace, with the Victoria tower rising high in the smoky air, and the gilded spire of the great clock-tower looking down on its rusty deck. On the other side stood the walls of the splendid hospital of St. Thomas, and not far away are the green old towers of Lambeth Palace.

Several weeks later I saw it aground lower down the river, with its rusty box-sides torn open. There it lay, the old red stone in its iron shell.

Hydraulic-jacks were used to lift the stone on to the bank, and then two great derricks of timber were erected on each side. A heavy iron box was placed about the center and securely fastened to the stone. Then, by means of timbers resting on the derricks, the stone was "jacked" up, a step at a time, till it lay at the top of the derricks. Strong steel points had been fastened to the iron box, and, when these rested on the tops of the derricks, the timbers were taken away. The stone was now supported by the center on pivots, and it took only a few moments to tip it over till it stood upright on its pedestal.

The Englishman's work was remarkably well done. He did what none before had tried—he stood the obelisk upright by supporting it in the center and tilting it over. The Egyptian and Roman and Frenchman had set the stone up by resting the base on the pedestal, and then pulling it up by main force, plainly the hardest and longest way. They took months and years to do the work, and employed hundreds and thousands of men and horses. The Englishman used only twenty-five men, and had he not lost the boat in a storm, would have moved the stone in a few months. On the other hand, he did not move the stone on land at all. He found it on the edge of the sea, where the Romans left it, and he set it up close to the water on the Thames. He certainly had the most simple and easy piece of work of all, and he did it quickly and cheaply.

Lastly came the American. He had received the obelisk that still stood at Alexandria, and it was his duty to take it down, put it on board a ship, take it across the Atlantic, and set it up in Central Park, in New York. His job was more difficult than the others, for he had a longer voyage to make, and

he was obliged to cross a greater distance on land than either the Egyptian, Roman, Frenchman, or Englishman. The way he did it was more original, more scientific, and far more interesting than any of their great works. He had greater difficulties to contend with than they, and he got over them in the most singular manner, and by methods never before used in moving such monoliths. He called the moon to help him lift the stone, he constructed a locomotive to drag it up hill and down through lanes and streets, and he hung it in mid air upon a single pair of trunnions, and even took it over a lofty bridge, right over the heads of horses and carriages in the street below. Lastly, he moved it a greater distance, and with less labor, and in less time than any workman who had gone before.

On page 310 is a picture of the great stone, as it stood when the American arrived with his tools, on the 30th of October, 1879. On the left is the seawall, at the back is the old fort, and to the right is the railway station. The stone stood with its base buried deep in the sand, in a common yard used to store building-stone.

The first step was to dig down nine feet, and clear away the sand that covered the pedestal. There were found the remains of the four bronze crabs on which the obelisk stood. The crabs rested on a huge block of syenite, that stood on three stone steps, resting in turn on solid masonry. The sand cleared away, stone piers were built at each side of the monument, and on these were erected great shears or derricks of steel, made in New Jersey, and brought out here for this purpose. At the top of each was a bearing, just like the bearings for the trunnions of a cannon. The stone was carefully cased in wood, and then on each side of the center was placed a steel plate, having on the edge lugs or projections that clasped the stone. These plates were joined together by heavy steel rods, six on each side, and strained up tight by means of screws and nuts. Then heavy steel bars were run under the stone between the crabs, and from these to the steel plates were led steel rods, carefully tightened up by screws. On the two plates were trunnions or round knobs, such as you may see on great guns. These were near the center of gravity of the stone, and rested on the bearings at the tops of the derricks. Now, you will observe that, if the crabs are knocked from under the stone, it will hang suspended on the trunnions, the center supported by the plates that tightly clasp it, and the lower half held up by the steel rods at the sides. You will see that this is a little like the plan by which the Englishman mounted his obelisk. Really, it is very different. The English engineers who were in Alexandria at the time, said that the

American's method would fail—that on turning on its trunnions the stone would break in two. But the stone was turned, and yet it did not break. For this reason: The plate in the center bore the larger part of the weight, leaving only the extreme ends unsupported. The stone would now tip over and hang suspended in the air, supported only in the middle. The steel rods reaching to the base would not help in the least after the stone began to turn over, and, no doubt, it would have broken in two in the middle had not the American done



THE STRAIN OF TENSION UNDERNEATH.

one thing more. To understand this matter, let us look at these diagrams. If an obelisk is supported only at the ends, and is not able to carry its own weight, it may break in two in the middle. You can test this with a common lath set on edge on two bricks, and by suspending one or more bricks at the middle till it snaps in two.

The first diagram shows such a broken obelisk. You see it is pulled apart at the bottom and pinched together on top. It broke under two strains: one was a pull at the bottom, and the other was a squeeze at the top. These we call the strain of tension and the strain of compression. You can understand that, if the bottom of the obelisk that was pulled apart in falling had been tied together, say with a piece of strong string, the obelisk would not have broken. This tying together of the lower edge of a beam is very common wherever long beams are to be supported. To understand this more clearly,



THE STRAIN OF TENSION ABOVE.

look at the iron-work between the columns on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad. At the top is a heavy iron beam to withstand the squeezing or strain of compression; at the bottom are round rods to take the pulling or strain of tension.

This system of tying the lower edge of a beam together to prevent it from pulling apart is called trussing. But, in the case of the obelisk, the support was to be in the middle, and the ends were to be free. The squeezing and pulling are still there, but they have changed places.

The second diagram shows how such an obelisk would break, pulling apart at the top, and pinching

at the bottom. The American knew this might happen the moment he turned the stone over on its trunnions, and he put on a strong truss to tie the upper edge together, the lower edge in such a stone easily taking care of itself.

In the picture on page 317, we see the big stone just as it appeared on the 5th of December, 1879, the day it turned over and lay in a horizontal position, the top resting on a tower of wooden beams, the center supported by the trunnions resting on the derricks, and the lower half held up in the air. On top of the stone you see upright rods, with ropes passed over the top and fastened to the two ends of the stone. This is the truss that took the pulling strain, and held the stone together, thus preventing it from breaking in two. This was made of a pair of iron rods, fastened together, and resting on the stone. Steel ropes of great strength were fastened to rings at the ends of the obelisk and carried over the upright. Now, the tendency to pull apart is taken up by the ropes and given to the rods, but they rest securely on the stone itself, and would carry the whole weight of the ends easily. This curious and interesting work certainly reflects great credit on our engineer. The Frenchman and the Englishman knew how to use such means, but it was the American who turned them to account.

Having swung the obelisk over, it was comparatively easy to build up a second tower of wood, and then to gently lower the stone to the ground by taking out a beam at a time, aided by the hydraulic-jacks. First put the jack under the stone and lift it a trifle, then take off a beam from each tower and let the jack shut up like a telescope, till the stone rest on the next beam, and so on. This is called "jacking it down."

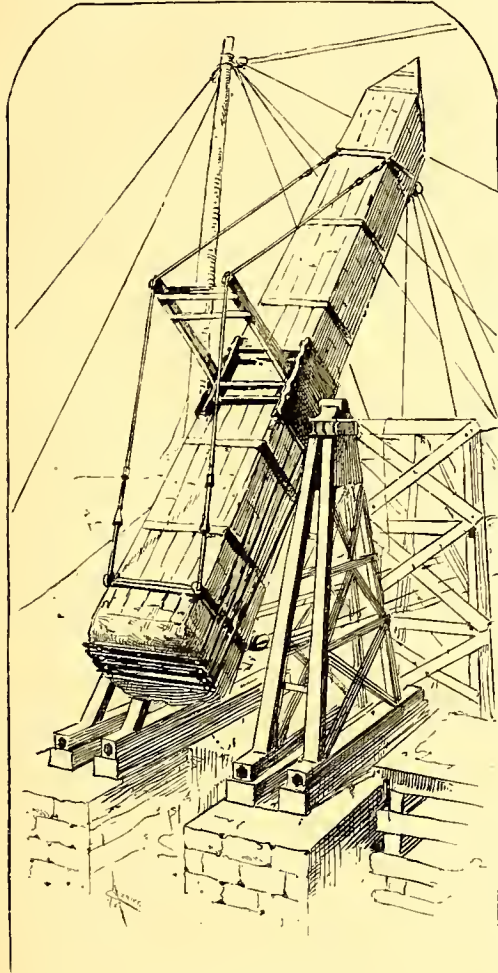
In the pit were the ribs and sides of a large, barge-like boat. This boat, or pontoon, was built there, and when the stone came down, it rested in the bottom of the boat. The derricks were taken away, the masonry was removed, and the sea-wall knocked down. The boat was finished, and, in April, 1880, with the big stone on board, it was launched into the sea. The big hole in the ground was filled up and the sea-wall repaired, and the stone was towed around to the other side of the city to the dry-dock.

The pontoon was floated into the dock as it lay sunk in the water, and a large iron steam-ship was brought in, close up to the pontoon. The steam-pumps were set to work to pump the water out of the dock, and like a great raft it rose under both ship and pontoon, and lifted them high and dry in the air. The plates of the steamer were taken off and the ribs cut away, making a great hole at the side of the bow.

On page 312 is a view of the old stone as it lay in

the dock. The pontoon had been pulled to pieces, and now it was only necessary to push the stone into the steamer, precisely as timbers are put into the bows of our schooners, as you may see at any lumber-yard along the East or North River. This job was really the hardest of all, for the stone touched the opposite side of the ship before it was half-way in, and twice it had to be moved sidewise before the tip end was fairly inside. At last it was on board, and snugly stowed away in the hold. The plates and ribs were repaired, and on the 12th of

steam-ship forged ahead, and the old, old stone, asleep in the hold, left its home forever. Three hundred slaves, whipped up to their work by cruel masters, toiled at their oars for weeks to take the Roman stone away. The Frenchman carried his off in a big boat, towed by a sailing ship. The Englishman carried his away in a melancholy box, that looked sadly like its coffin. Our big stone sailed 5382 miles over the seas in a steam-ship that dropped anchor, on the 20th of July, in the placid waters of the Hudson, under the shadow of the Palisades.



THE OBELISK SUSPENDED.

June the great dock sank in the water, and the ship with its precious cargo floated off. All the tools and the stones of the pedestal had been put on board. The steam was up, the flag flying, and all was finished. The bell rang to "go ahead," the screw churned up the sea, the great

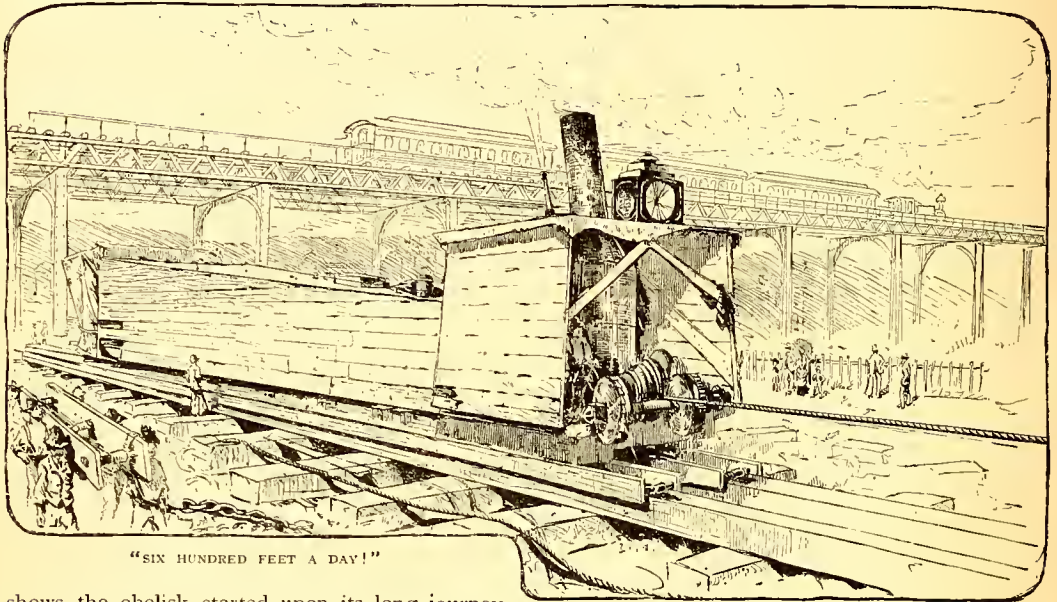
The pedestal and foundation-stones were landed and sent to Central Park, and the steam-ship was taken to Staten Island and hauled out of the water on the marine railway. Again the bows were opened and the stone rolled upon the land. Now came one of the most curious features of the work. The stone must be put on a boat and taken to the city, and the engineer called on the moon to help him. Three rows of piles were driven in the water, thus making a wharf. On these were laid heavy timbers, resting on the tops of each row. Upon this staging over the water the stone was placed, directly over the middle row of piles, and supported by the timbers. Two long and narrow pontoons, such as are used to raise sunken ships, were then towed up to the wharf at low tide. Such pontoons are hollow, and when filled with water just float on the surface. When the water is pumped out, and they contain only air, they float quite high out of the water. In this case, they were empty and floated high. Now, see how the moon picked up the stone and started it on another voyage. It was low tide when the pontoons were placed under the wharf. The moon, that contro's the tide, lifted the waters of the sea, and the two pontoons rose and gently lifted the stone, timbers and all, and it hung suspended between them.

This was about an hour before high tide at Staten Island, and two tug-boats came up and towed the obelisk from there to the city. Now the tide at Ninety-sixth street, on the North River, is about an hour late, so that, by the time the tugs arrived at the wharf, it was still flood-tide. Here the pontoons were pushed between three rows of piles till the stone rested over the center line of piles. Again the moon might have been used, and, by waiting for the tide to fall, the stone could be gently laid on the wharf; but this would involve delay, and as it was in the night, it was thought best to sink the pontoons. The gates were opened, the water rushed in, and they slowly sank. The timbers rested on the piles, and in a few moments the enormous block of syenite was quietly lying on the pier. The idea of using the tide to load heavy weights on board a boat is not new, yet this

is the first time it was ever used exactly in this manner, and to lift such an immense weight in a single stone.

In the lower half of page 313 is a picture which

edge) in the middle. These were fastened in the boxes in such a way they could not fall out, and were yet free to turn around. The stone was then placed on a heavy timber carriage somewhat longer



"SIX HUNDRED FEET A DAY!"

"JUST PAST THE ELEVATED RAILROAD."

shows the obelisk started upon its long journey to Central Park. Here is the broad Hudson, with the wooded Palisades in the distance. A railroad train is waiting for the stone to pass, and has come close up to the huge thing snugly sleeping in its wooden box. The pedestal was carried to its place on a huge wagon drawn by thirty-two horses. The obelisk itself was pulled along on iron shot, rolling in channel-bars. These are long iron beams, having two edges turned up on one side, making a channel in the middle, and giving them the name of channel-bars. One is laid on heavy timbers, and forms the rail. The other is laid upside down over it, and between them is placed a great number of small cannon-balls. The stone, resting on timbers, is placed over the upper bar, and may then be pulled along without much difficulty, a thirty-horse-power engine easily dragging it along by means of ropes and pulleys. This method of moving the stone on balls rolling in channel-bars is simple, but not suitable for long distances; and as soon as the obelisk had crossed the railroad, quite another plan was tried.

A double line of heavy timbers was laid in the street, and on each of these was spiked two flat bars of iron, leaving a narrow space between them. This made the railroad on which the stone was to travel. Strong wooden boxes, open at the top and bottom, were then made, and in each was placed a number of iron rollers, having a flange (or raised

than the obelisk, and iron bars, of the same pattern as those on the rails, were placed on the under side of the carriage. A number of the boxes were put on the track, and the carriage rested in these boxes on the rollers. A thirty-horse-power engine and boiler was mounted in front of the obelisk, strong tackle was run out in front and fastened to a stout stake stuck up in the street. Now, when the engine pulls on the rope, it drags itself, the car, boxes, obelisk, and all, along the railroad. As the boxes come out at the end, the men carry them forward and put them on the rails in front. In like manner, the rails are taken up behind and laid down in front of this strange locomotive as it travels through the streets. This kind of railway is known as a marine railway, and is used in dragging ships out of the water; but this was the first time it was ever used to move a great weight through the streets of a city.

The picture on this page shows this railway, the engine in front, protected from the weather by a house. The obelisk went up the hill at Ninety-sixth street to the Boulevard, then down to Eighty-third street, then through this street to the Park at Eighth avenue, passing under the Elevated Railroad on its way. To cross the Park it followed the winding sunken road to Fifth Avenue, and then went down to the narrow gate behind the Museum.

Then came its last great climb—up a steep wooden bridge to the very top of the steel derricks, once more erected on a hill in the Park. Again all the machinery is brought into use, the wire truss is put on, and it is tipped over till it stands upright, once more, on its bronze crabs and mighty pedestal.

This work of moving the monolith through the streets was the most interesting of all. On level ground it traveled about as fast as a boy can walk, and often made six hundred feet in a day. The engine pulled easily and without jarring or straining, and, when not at work dragging itself and its load, helped the men to move the timbers in relaying the rails as fast as it went over them. The Frenchman was a year in moving his block four hundred feet and turning it around once. The American took it nine thousand eight hundred feet and went around four sharp corners, besides eleven turns of from twelve to forty-seven degrees. The way this was done was most curious. When the stone came to a corner of the street it was run upon a curved railway, built in a half-circle. A ring of channel-bars and cannon-balls was placed on the ground, with a large hydraulic-jack in the center. Beyond it were two more curved rails, describing a quarter-circle. When the locomotive ran out on these tracks, the hydraulic-jack came under the lower end of the stone, and the engine rested on the outer quarter-circle. A rope was put out to a stake on the side

of the road, and with a gentle pull the whole affair swung around the corner with the greatest ease. The hydraulic-jack here assisted to lift the end and take off the weight, and thus make a pivot on which the stone might swing around.

By the time you read this, the work will be finished, and the great monolith will stand once more on its bronze crabs on its ancient pedestal. The full length of the obelisk is sixty-nine feet and two inches. This includes the point, or as it is called, the pyramidion, which is seven feet eight and one-half inches high. At the base, just above the broken portion, the stone is ninety-two and three-quarter inches thick, and at the top, at the edge of the pyramidion, it is sixty-three inches thick. The pedestal on which it will stand is eighty-three and three-quarter inches high, and its weight is ninety-eight thousand pounds, the obelisk itself weighing four hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred pounds. When finally set up, the entire monument, including the steps and pedestal, will be just eighty-one feet high. It must be the happiest stone of all, for it stands under a clear, blue sky, much like its old Egyptian sky, and it rests in peace among green fields and pleasant gardens. A stream of carriages passes close beside it under the trees, and happy children look up at its strange picture-letters, and wonder what it thinks of its final home in a land of which its old Egyptian master never so much as dreamed.



THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

WHICH?

BY RACHEL POMEROY.



TIPTOE before the mirror
 Ruth, Nell, and May;
 Mamma, by the window, sewing,
 Hears what they say.

Three in a row make a ladder,
 Two; five; eight;—
 Beautiful May is the youngest,
 Wee curly-pate!

Three pairs of eyes scan the mirror,
 Wide with amaze;
 Three round, wondering faces
 Back at them gaze.

“Which do you think is the prettiest?”
 Asks Nell of Ruth,—

Serious elder sister,
 Candid as truth.

“Oh, Baby May,” answers Ruthie;
 Nell nods assent;
 May nods, too, though she barely
 Knows what is meant.

“Which is the next?” questions Nelly,
 “You, Ruth, or I?”
 Ruth takes a critical survey,
 Then artlessly

Answers: “I think that *I* am,
 Nelly, don’t you?”

“Yes,” says Nelly (God bless her!),
 “Yes, I do, too!”

PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER V.

JIMMY THE RHYMER.

JAMES REDMOND, the boys used to say, was small for his size and old for his age. He was not exactly hump-backed, but his shoulders came so nearly up to the level of his ears that he seemed so; and he was not exactly an invalid, though we never counted on him in any of the games or enterprises that required strength or fleetness. I have no idea what his age was. He must have been some years older than I, and yet all the boys in my set treated him tenderly and patronizingly, as if he were a little fellow who needed their encouragement and protection.

Jimmy used to make little ballads, generally taking for his subject some incident that had occurred among the boys of the neighborhood, and often sticking to the facts of the case—at the expense of rhyme and rhythm—with a literalness that made him valuable as a historian, whatever he was as a poet. He was called “Jimmy the Rhymer,” and the polite thing to do, on meeting him, was to ask him if he had anything new to-day—meaning any new poem. If he had, he was always willing to read it, sometimes accompanying it with remarks in prose that were quite as entertaining as the ballad itself.

“Hello, Jimmy!”

“Hello, boys!”

“Got anything new to-day?”

“Not much.”

“That means that you have something.”

“Well, yes; a little one. I don’t think much of it.”

This did not satisfy us. Jimmy, like many greater artists, was a poor judge of his own productions. Some of his ballads of which he had been proudest were so long and dull that we had almost told him they were failures; but it would have required a very hard-hearted boy to say anything unpleasant to Jimmy. Others, which he thought little of, the boys would call for again and again.

“Let us hear it, please,” said Ned.

“I’m afraid I’ve left it at home,” said Jimmy, feeling in his pockets. “Oh, no; here it is.”

So we sat down on the horse-block in front of the Quaker meeting-house, and while Ned whittled the edge of the block,—which had not been rounded off quite enough, by previous jack-knives, to suit his fancy,—Jimmy read his newest ballad.

“It is called ‘The Unlucky Fishermen,’” said he; “and you probably will recognize some of the characters.

“Joe Chase and Isaac Holman,
They would a-fishing go;
They rose at sunrise Friday morn,
And called their dog Fido.”

“What!” said Ned, interrupting, “the little yellow cur that Joe bought of Clam Jimmy for a sixpence?”

“Yes, that ’s the one.”

“But his name is n’t Fido—it ’s Prince. Have n’t you ever noticed that the smaller and snarlier and more worthless a dog is, the surer it is to be called Prince?”

“Perhaps that ’s the way with princes,” said Jimmy, who had more than once uttered the most extreme democratic sentiments, expressing contempt for all royalty, merely because it was royalty. “But I don’t know,—I never saw one. At any rate, I did n’t know the dog’s name, and I had to call him something. I think you’ll find that everything else is correctly stated.”

I ventured to suggest that it did n’t make much difference whether the dog’s name were right or not, in a poem.

“Oh, yes, it does,” said Jimmy. “I always try to have my poems true to life; and I shall change that, and make it Prince—that is, after I have inquired of Joe, and found out that the dog’s name really is Prince. I am glad you spoke about it.”

Then he continued the reading.

“In two small willow baskets—
One white, the other brown—
Their mothers put the dinners up
Which they were to put down.

“They’d dug their bait the night before,—
The worms were live and thick;
Their bamboo poles were long and strong,
Their hooks were Limerick.”

“My brother Fay says there is n’t a Limerick hook in this whole town,” said Ned.

“You can buy plenty of them at Karl’s—two for a cent,” said Jimmy.

“Oh, no, you can’t,” said Ned. “Fay says you can’t get a Limerick hook this side of New York.”

“What is a Limerick hook?” said I, for I was not much of a fisherman.

“Why, don’t you know?” said Jimmy. “A hook that ’s made like a little file on the end where you tie the line, instead of a flat knob.”

"A real Limerick hook is one that 's made in Limerick," said Ned. "Those you get in this town are made in Connecticut, and are only imitations."

I began to suspect that Ned had been nettled at the failure of his lightning-rod invention, and was venting his spite on poor Jimmy's literary invention.

"I can't see," said I, "that it makes any difference with the poem, whether they were real Limerick hooks, or only imitation. The poetry is just as good."

"Oh, no, it is n't," said Jimmy; "and I 'm glad to have my attention called to it. I 'll inquire about that, and if I find they were not true Limericks, I 'll change that line." Then the reading proceeded.

"Now let us make it doubly sure
That, nothing 's left," said Joe.
And '*Totus dexter!*' Ike replied—
Which means 'All right!' you know.

"These jolly boys set off at once
When everything was found;
Their fathers said, 'We wish good luck!
Their mothers, 'Don't get drowned!'"

"Holman's father has n't been at home for four months," said Ned. "He 's gone to Missouri to see about an iron mine."

"I admit," said Jimmy, "that there I drew a little on my imagination. I did n't know what they said, and so I put in what I thought they would be likely to say. But if Holman's father was n't at home, of course he could n't have said anything at all. However, I think you 'll find that the rest of the poem is entirely true to nature.

"When they unto the river came,
Where they should cast the lead,
The dew still glistened under foot,
The robin sang o'erhead."

"I doubt if any robin sings so late in the season as this," said Ned.

"Still," said Jimmy, "if one did sing, it would certainly be overhead, and not on the ground. No robin ever sings when he 's on the ground. You admit that?"

"Oh, certainly," said Ned.

"Then I think that line may stand as it is," said Jimmy.

"All down the road and through the woods
They had a lovely walk;
The dog did frisk, and chase the birds,
And they did laugh and talk."

"He 's been anything but a frisky dog when I 've seen him," said Ned.

"Perhaps so," said Jimmy; "but there are exceptions to all rules.

"But here their luck all left them—
The case seemed very sad:
For everything was good before—
Now everything was bad.

"Their sinkers were not large enough,
The current was so strong,
And so they tied on pebble-stones,
To help the thing along.

"And bitterly they did regret
They bought their lines at Karl's;
For every time they hauled them out,
They found them full of snarls."

"Of course they did," said Ned. "There 's not a thing in Karl's store that 's not a cheat—all imitation."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Jimmy. "I thought you would see that the rest of the poem was true to nature.

"When little fish got on the hooks,
They soon flopped off again;
When big ones bit, they gave a jerk,
And snapped the line in twain.

"Isaac told me," said Jimmy, interrupting himself, "that that thing happened every time with him, and every time but once with Joe."

"He probably said that as an excuse for coming home with no fish," said Ned.

"Oh, no,—Ike would n't lie about it," said Jimmy. "He 's one of the most truthful boys I ever knew."

"Everybody lies about fishing," said Ned. "It 's considered the proper thing to do. That 's what they mean by a fish-story."

"But I saw the lines myself," said Jimmy. And then he hurried on with the reading.

"The dog lay by the dinners,
And was told to guard them well—
To let no stranger, man or beast,
Come near, touch, taste, or smell.

"But Fido—of course I mean Prince—fell asleep, and kicked
The baskets in a dream;
The contents tumbled o'er the bank,
And floated down the stream.

"And once a bass robbed Isaac's hook,
Just as he tried to haul;
Which made him nervous, and in haste
He let the bait-box fall."

"How could he know what kind of fish it was that robbed his hook?" said I.

"I did n't think to ask," said Jimmy. "But at any rate, he said it was a bass, and Isaac is generally pretty correct.

"It fell between two rugged rocks,
Where out of reach it lay;
And when with sticks they fished it up,
The worms had crawled away.

"Now, when the golden setting sun
Was shining down the glen,
They sadly turned their steps toward home,
These luckless fishermen.

"And when they came upon the road,
All tired in foot and side,
They said, 'Let 's hide our poles away,
And try to catch a ride.'

"They caught upon an omnibus—
They did not stir nor talk;
But some one cried out, 'Whip behind!'
And so they had to walk."

"That must have been a Dublin boy," said Ned.
"Nobody on our side of the river is mean enough
to holler 'whip behind!'"

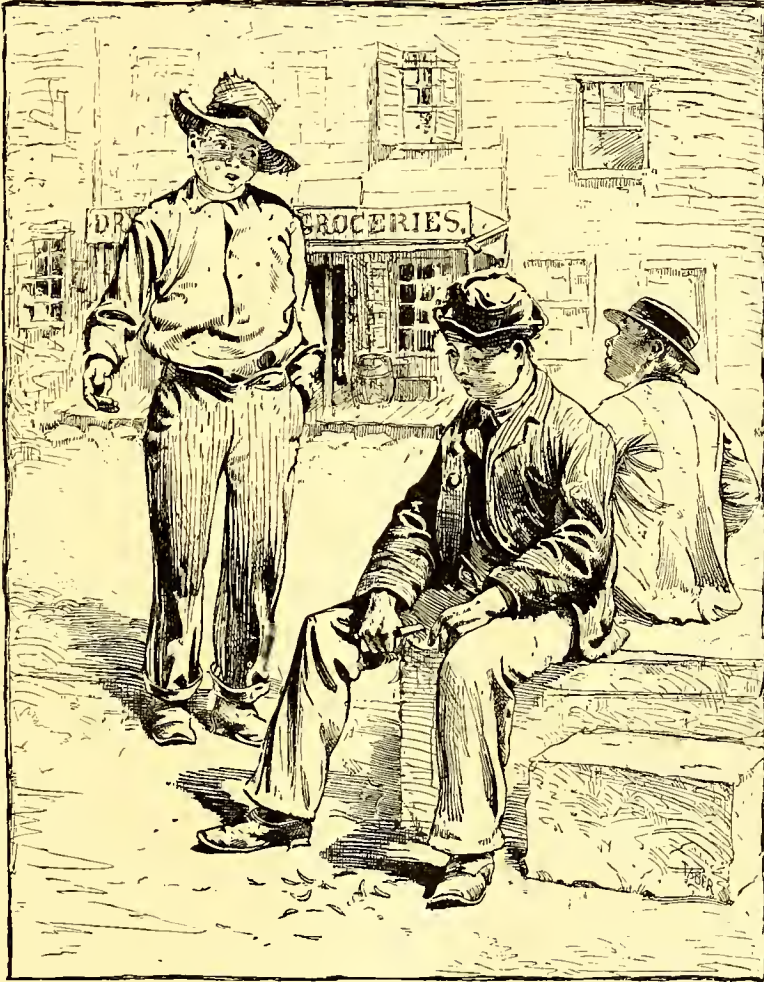
"I think it was a Dublin boy," said Jimmy. "If

"That 's a good poem," said I, as we rose from
the horse-block. "I like that."

"Yes," said Ned; "it ought to be printed."

"I 'm glad to hear you say so," said Jimmy.
"But I think I can improve it in a few spots, if I
can get at the facts. At any rate, I shall try."

Jimmy continued his walk up the street, while
we sauntered toward home.



JIMMY RECITES HIS POEM OF "THE UNLUCKY FISHERMEN."

I can find out for certain, I shall state it so in the
poem.

"They came up slowly from the gate,
And Fido—that is to say, Prince—walked behind;
Their parents sat about the door,
Or on the grass reclined.

"Their fathers said—at least, Joe's father did—'It grieves us much
That you no luck have found.'
Their mothers said, 'Our precious boys,
We're glad you are not drowned.'"

"I think you were too severe in your criticisms
on the poem," said I. "I 'm afraid Jimmy felt
hurt."

"Do you think so?" said Ned. "Well, now, I
did n't mean to be. I would n't hurt that boy's
feelings for the world. I suppose I must have been
a little cross on account of my lightning-rod. But
I ought n't to have played it off on Jimmy, that 's
a fact." And Ned looked really sorry.

"I think he has great genius," said I, "and it ought to be encouraged."

"Yes, it ought," said Ned. "I've often thought so, myself, and wished I could do something for him. Perhaps I can, now that I have capital. Father says nothing can be done without capital."

"Jimmy's folks are very poor," said I.

"That's so," said Ned. "I don't suppose his father ever had fifteen dollars at one time in his life. Do you think of any good way in which I could help him with a little capital?"

"I don't know of any way, unless it is to print his poems. I should think if his poems could once be published, he might make a great deal of money out of them, and be able to support himself, and perhaps help his mother a little."

"That's so," said Ned. "I'll publish his poems for him. Come over after supper, and we'll talk it up."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PRICE OF POETRY.

WHEN I went over in the evening, I found that Ned had been to Jimmy's house and obtained thirteen of his poems in manuscript, and was now carefully looking them over, correcting what he considered errors.

"I tell you what 't is," said he, "Jimmy's an awful good poet, but he needs somebody to look out for his facts."

"Do you find many mistakes?" said I.

"Yes; quite a few. Here, for instance, he calls it a mile from the Four Corners to Lyell street. I went with the surveyors when they measured it last summer, and it was just seven eighths of a mile and three rods over."

"But you could n't very well say 'seven eighths of a mile and three rods over' in poetry," said I.

"Perhaps not," said Ned; "and yet it wont do to have that line stand as it is. It'll be severely criticised by everybody who knows the exact distance."

I felt that Ned was wrong, but I could not tell how or why. In later years I have learned that older people than he confidently criticise what they don't understand, and put their own mechanical patches upon the artistic work of others.

"Perhaps we'd better see what Fay thinks about it," said I. "He probably knows more about poetry than we do."

"He's in the library, getting Father to help him on a hard sum," said Ned. "He'll be here in a minute."

When Phaeton returned, we pointed out the difficulty to him.

"That's all right," said he. "That's poetic license."

"What is poetic license?" said I.

"Poetic license," said Phaeton, "is a way that poets have of making things fit when they don't quite fit."

"Like what?" said Ned.

"Like this," said Phaeton; "this is as good an example as any. You see, he could n't say 'seven eighths of a mile and three rods over,' because that would be too long."

"That would be the exact distance," said Ned.

"I mean it would make this line too long," said Phaeton; "and, besides, it has to rhyme with that other line, which ends with the word *style*."

"And if that other line ended with *cheek*, would he have called it a *league* from the Four Corners to Lyell street?" said Ned.

"I suppose so," said Phaeton, "though it would n't be a very good rhyme."

"And is that considered all right?"

"I believe it is."

"Then you can't depend upon a single statement in any poem," said Ned.

"Oh, yes, you can," said Phaeton—"a great many."

"Mention one," said Ned.

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,"

said Phaeton.

"That's true," said Ned; "but it's only because the words happened to come so. At any rate, you've greatly lessened my respect for poetry, and I don't know whether or not I'd better publish them, after all."

"These poems?—were you going to publish them?" said Phaeton.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"To make a little money for Jimmy. You know his folks are very poor," said Ned.

"The papers wont pay you anything for them," said Phaeton. "Alec Barnes's sister had a poem two columns long in the *Vindicator* last week, and Alec told me she did n't get a cent for it."

"But we're going to make a book of them," said Ned. "You can make money on a book, can't you?"

"I believe you can," said Phaeton. "Wait a minute."

He went to the library, and came back with three volumes of a cyclopedia, out of which, after looking through several articles, he read, at intervals, these bits of information:

"Moore received three thousand guineas for 'Lalla Rookh.'"

"How much is that?" said Ned.

"Over fifteen thousand dollars," said Phaeton.

"Whew!" said Ned.

"Scott made a profit of ten thousand dollars on 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

"Good gracious!" said Ned.

"Byron received more than seventy-five thousand dollars for his poems."

"Great Cæsar!" said Ned.

"Tupper has made thirty thousand dollars on his 'Proverbial Philosophy.'"

"That's enough!" said Ned. "That's plenty! I begin to have great respect for poetry, in spite of the license. And I suppose, if the poets make all that money, the publishers make a little something, too."

"They probably know how to look out for themselves," said Phaeton. "But who is going to publish this book for you?"

"I'm going to publish it myself. You know we have n't used up the capital I got from Aunt Mersey," said Ned.

"But you're not a publisher."

"Nobody is a publisher until after he has published something," said Ned.

"But that won't be capital enough to print a book," said Phaeton. "Printing costs like fury."

"Then I shall have to get more from Aunt Mersey."

"Yes, I suppose you can—she'd give you anything; but the truth is, Ned, I—I had a little plan of my own about that."

"About what?"

"About the fifteen dollars—or a part of it. I don't think I should need all of it."

"What is it? Another foolish invention?"

"Yes, it is a sort of invention; but it is sure to go—sure to go."

"Let's hear all about it," said Ned.

"Will you lend me the money to try it?"

"How much will it take?"

"Six or eight dollars, I should think."

"Yes; I'll lend you six dollars on it. Or, if it is really a good thing, I'll put in the six dollars as my share, and go partnership."

"Well, then, it's a substitute for a balloon," said Phaeton. "Much cheaper, and safer, and better in every way."

"How does it work?" said Ned.

"It makes a horizontal ascension. I could tell you all about it; but I should rather wait a week, and show you."

"All right!" said Ned. "You can have the money, and we'll wait."

"Thank you!" said Phaeton. "But now tell me how you are going to publish Jimmy's poems."

"Why, just publish them, of course," said Ned.

"And what do you understand by that?" asked Phaeton, amused by Ned's earnestness.

"Take this copy to the printer, and tell him to print the books. When it's done, load them into big wagons, and drive around to the four book-stores and leave them. After a few days, call around and get the money, and divide with Jimmy. We should n't ask them to pay for them till they had had a chance to look them over, and see how they liked them."

"I don't believe that would work," said Phaeton.

"Why not?" said Ned.

"The book-sellers might not take them."

"Not take them!" said Ned. "They'd be only too glad to. Of course they would make a profit on them. I suppose the price would be—well, about half a dollar; and we should let them have them for—well, say for forty-seven cents apiece. May be if they took a large number, and paid cash down, they might have them for forty-five."

Phaeton laughed.

"They don't do business for any such small profits as that," said he.

"I've heard Father tell of a man," said Ned, "who made his fortune when wheat rose three cents on a bushel. And who would n't rather have a volume of Jimmy's poems than a bushel of wheat? If nobody happened to buy the wheat for a year or two, it would spoil; but that volume of poems could stand on the shelf in the book-store for twenty years, and be just as good at the end of that time as the day it was put there."

"All that sounds very well," said Phaeton; "but you'd better talk with some one who knows about it, before you rush into the enterprise."

"I'll go and see Jaek-in-the-Box, of course," said Ned. "He must know all about books. I never yet asked him anything that he did n't know all about."

Ned hardly could wait for the night to pass away, and when the next day came, off we posted once more to see Jack-in-the-Box. When we got there, Ned plunged at once into the business, before we had fairly said good-morning.

"Jack," said he, "did you ever publish a book?"

Jack blushed, and asked why he wanted to know.

"Because I am thinking of publishing one," said Ned.

"Indeed?" said Jack. "I did n't know you had written one."

"I have n't," said Ned. "Jimmy the Rhymer wrote it. But I am planning to publish it."

"I see," said Jack. "I did n't understand you before."

"I thought you would understand all about it," said Ned.

"Your expression might have meant either of

two things," said Jack. "When a publisher prints a book and sells it, he of course is said to publish it; and when a person writes a book, and gets a publisher to publish it for him, he also is said to have published a book."

"I see," said Ned. "And did you ever publish one?"

"I never was a publisher," said Jack.

"Still, you may know a good deal about it. You know so much."

"I know a little about it," said Jack, "and shall be glad to give you all the advice I can. Is this the manuscript?"

Ned said it was, and handed him a roll which he had brought in his hand.

"Ah, poetry, I see," said Jack, turning over the leaves.

"Yes, first-rate poetry," said Ned. "A few licenses here and there; but that can't be helped, you know."

"Of course not," said Jack.

"We want to make as much money as we can," said Ned, "for Jimmy's folks are very poor, you know, and he needs it, and poetry 's the stuff to make money."

"Is it?" said Jack. "I 'm glad to hear it."

"There was Sir Walter Scott," said Ned, "made thirty thousand dollars, clean cash, on a poem called 'The Lady and the Lake'—probably not half as good as these of Jimmy's. And Mr. Byron was paid seventy-five thousand dollars for his poem called 'The Lally Rook,' whatever that is. And there was Lord Moore got three thousand guineas—that 's fifteen thousand dollars, you know—for some sort of philosophy all turned into rhyme. I don't see how a philosophy could be in rhyme, though, for you know everything in philosophy has to be exact, and in poetry you have to take licenses. Suppose you came to the five mechanical powers, and the line before ended with *sticks*, what could you do? You'd have to say there were *six* of them."

Jack laughed heartily.

"Yes, it would be ridiculous," continued Ned. "But that 's Lord Moore's lookout. In these poems of Jimmy's, there is n't any trouble of that sort. They don't need to be exact. Suppose, for instance, one of them says it 's a mile from the Four Corners to Lyell street. What odds? Very few people know that it 's just seven eighths of a mile and three rods over. I might not have known it myself, if I had n't happened to be with the surveyors when they measured it."

Jack laughed again, and kept on turning over the leaves.

"Where is the title-page?" said he.

"What is that?" said Ned.

"The one with the name on it—the first page in the book," said Jack.

"Oh!" said Ned, "we never thought about that. Wont the printer make it himself?"

"Not unless you write it first."

"Then we 've got to name the book before we go any further," said Ned.

"That 's it, exactly," said Jack.

"Could n't you name it for us?"

"I might suggest some names," said Jack, "and let you choose; but, it seems to me, the person who wrote it ought to name it."

"Oh, never mind Jimmy," said Ned. "He 'll be satisfied with anything I do."

"It might be called simply 'Poems. By Jimmy the Rhymer,'" said Jack.

"His name is James Redmond," said Ned.

"I 'll write down a few titles," said Jack, as he reached into the box under his chair and took out a sheet of paper and a pencil; and in five minutes he showed us the list:

"Rhymes and Roundelays. By James Redmond."

"A Picnic on Parnassus. By James Redmond."

"The Unlucky Fishermen, and other Poems. By James Redmond."

"Jimmy's Jingles."

"Songs of a School-boy."

"Minutes with the Muses. By James Redmond."

It did not take Ned very long to choose the third of these titles, which he thought "sounded the most sensible."

"Very well," said Jack, as he wrote a neat title-page and added it to the manuscript. "And how are you going to publish it?"

"I thought I 'd get you to tell me how," said Ned, who by this time had begun to suspect that he knew very little about it.

"The regular way," said Jack, "would be to send it to a firm in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia."

"And then what?"

"They would have a critic read it, and tell them whether or not it was suitable."

"He 'd be sure to say it was; but then what?"

"Then they would have it printed and bound, and advertise it in the papers, and sell it, and send it to other stores to be sold."

"But where would our profits come from?"

"Oh, they would pay you ten per cent. on all they sold."

"And how many do you think they would sell?"

"Nobody can tell," said Jack. "Different books sell differently—all the way from none at all up to a great many."

Ned borrowed Jack's pencil, and figured for two or three minutes.

"Then," said he, "if they should sell a hundred of our book, we should only get five dollars—and that would be two and a half for Jimmy, and two and a half for me."

"That's about it," said Jack.

"Then that wont do," said Ned. "Jimmy's folks are very poor, and he needs more than that. Is n't there some way to make more money out of it?"

"Not unless you pay for the printing and binding yourself," said Jack.

"And how much would that cost?"

Jack looked it over and said he guessed about two hundred dollars, for an edition of five hundred.

"We can't do it," said Ned, with a sigh. "Aunt Mercy would n't give me so much money at a time."

"There is one other way," said Jack.

"What is it?"

"To get up a little printing-office of your own, and print it yourselves."

"That sounds like business; I guess you've hit it," said Ned, brightening up. "How much money would it take for that?"

"I should think twenty-five or thirty dollars would get up a good one."

"Then we can do it," said Ned. "Aunt Mercy will let me have that, right away."

"Do you know anything about printing?" said Jack.

"Not much; but my brother Fay knows all about it. He worked in a printing-office one vacation, to earn money to buy him a velocipede."

"Indeed! What did your brother do in the printing-office?" said Jack.

"They called him second devil," said Ned; "but he was really a roller-boy."

"They're the same thing," said Jack. "There's no harm in a printer's devil; he's only called so because he sometimes gets pretty well blacked up

with the ink. Some of the brightest boys I ever knew have been printers' devils."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Ned, who had seemed a little ashamed to tell what Fay did in the office, but now began to think it might be rather honorable. "In fact, he was first devil one week, when the regular first devil was gone to his grandfather's funeral in Troy."

"Then he knows something about the business," said Jack; "and perhaps I can help you a little. I understand the trade pretty well."

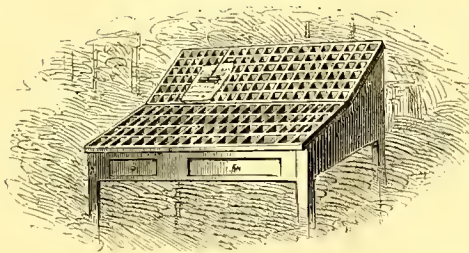
"Of course you do," said Ned. "You understand everything. And after we've finished Jimmy's book, we can print all sorts of other things—do a general business, in fact. I'll see what Fay says, and if he'll go in, we'll start it at once."

While Ned was uttering the last sentence, Jack's alarm-clock went off, and Jack took his flag and went out to flag the Pacific express, while we walked away. We must have been very much absorbed in the new project, for we never even turned to look at the train; and a train of cars in swift motion is a sight that few people can help stopping to look at, however busy they may be.

Readers who have followed this story thus far will perhaps inquire where the scene of it is laid. I think it is a pertinent question, yet there is a sort of unwritten law among story-writers against answering it, excepting in some vague, indefinite way; and I have transgressed so many written laws that I should like at least to keep the unwritten ones. But if you are good at playing "buried cities," I will give you a chance to find out the name of that inland city where Phaeton and his companions dwelt. I discovered it buried, quite unintentionally, in a couplet of one of Jimmy the Rhymer's poems. Here is the couplet:

"Though his head to the north wind so often is bared,
At the sound of the siroc he's terribly scared."

(To be continued.)



THE TAME CROW.

ONCE up-on a time there lived a crow. He had been tak-en from a nest when young, and had been brought up on a farm, so that he was quite tame. Now this crow was ver-y fond of eggs, and he would some-times vis-it the hens' nests and steal their eggs, and fly a-way with them to the mead-ow be-hind the barn, where he would break the eggs and eat them. He found that a nice way to break an egg was to take one in his claws and fly up in the air and let it fall on the ground. He would then fly down and dine on the nice white and yel-low egg, as it ran out of the bro-ken shell. Some-times the egg would fall on the grass, or on the soft earth, and would not break. Then he would pick it up a-gain and fly high-er in the air, and let it fall from a great-er height. If it did not break then, he would take it up a-gain and fly e-ven high-er, and the third time it would break, and down he would drop to feast upon the bro-ken egg.

One day, Mis-ter Crow found a nice, shin-y white egg in a nest, and picked it up and flew a-way to feast up-on it.

"My!" said Mis-ter Crow, as he flew a-long. "This is a ver-y heav-y egg. Per-haps it has a doub-le yolk. Here is a nice hard place. I'll let it fall on the gar-den walk, where it will be sure to break the first time."

He let it fall, but it did not break.

"That is strange!" said Mis-ter Crow. "I must try a-gain."

So he did. He flew up high-er in the air, and let the egg fall right on some stones. It did not break this time.

"The third time nev-er fails," said Mis-ter Crow. "I'll try once more."

A-gain he flew up with the egg and let it fall. It did not break e-ven this time, but just bounced like a rub-ber ball on the stones.

"Now, this is strange," said Mis-ter Crow. "It is the hard-est egg I ev-er saw. Per-haps it has been boiled for four min-utes."

He flew down and looked at the egg. It did not look like a hard-boiled egg, and he took it up a-gain, and flew as high as the wood-en roost-er on top of the barn.

"This time it must break," said Mis-ter Crow. And it only bounced high-er than be-fore, and was as whole as ev-er.

"I nev-er saw such an egg," said Mis-ter Crow. "I am a-fraid it is not



good. I am ver-y hun-gry, and this is tire-some work. I 'll sit on the top of the barn and rest."

Just then the dai-ry-maid came a-long, and see-ing the egg on the path, she picked it up and said: "Gra-cious me! Here is one of those Chi-na nest-eggs out in the gar-den."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

My snow-birds have found out a secret. They tell me that something came last year, and it's coming again—soon—this very month, about the 14th—not to me, your Jack, but to the Lady Earth. It's something like this:

FEBRUARY'S VALENTINE.

ON this sheet of blue sky,
 Floating fair overhead,
 With the sun at the edge
 In a border of red,
 Canst read the true message
 I've written thee here?
 In dawn-light and cloud-light
 The writing is clear:
 "Sweet Earth! Thou art happy
 And patient and wise,
 Well knowing there cometh
 A balmy surprise,
 When brooks shall be singing
 And days shall be long,
 And fields shall be waving
 In verdure and song.
 And so by old Winter
 I send thee this line,
 And I'm thine—
 "FEBRUARY, thy true Valentine."

A BIRD THAT "SELLS" UNWARY TRAVELERS.

It is that chatter-box the Honey-guide, whom my young hearers in Africa know pretty well.

He is very fond of honey, and is glad to have help in getting it; and he is also very much afraid of the honey-makers. Those brave fellows have stung many a Honey-guide to death in the very nest he came to rob, and then have shut up his body, where it lay, in an air-tight tomb of wax.

When a Honey-guide sees a man coming along in the woods, he perches on a branch and calls and twitters until he has attracted attention; then he starts toward some bee-nest of which he knows, flying in a wavy line, stopping now and then, often looking back to see if the traveler is following, and chattering all the while. Arrived at the store of honey, the man smokes out the bees and helps himself to their treasure, while the bird, perched near, waits for his reward in a share of the spoil.

When one nest has been robbed, the guide will perhaps lead to others. But now and then the faithless bird will "sell" the unwary traveler badly; and, instead of leading him to a store of dainty sweets, will suddenly leave him at the brink of a lion's den or in front of a crocodile's wide-open jaws.

At least, this is what some little birds told me.

AN AFTER CHRISTMAS LETTER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We had delightful times in our house at Christmas. A large triangle was hung from the gas-fixture in the middle of the parlor, and dressed and festooned with evergreens, chains, little flags, candles, cornucopias, and so on. Some pretty plants were stood in pots underneath. It looked very pretty when lighted up.

After this, a clothes-horse was stood across the opening of the folding-doors, and covered with a shawl. On the floor in one room we scattered various toys, and on a step-ladder in the other room the very little folk sat and fished, dropping their lines beyond the clothes-horse. We older ones were hidden by the shawl, and now and then we hooked a toy to one of the lines. The lucky fishers were so happy!

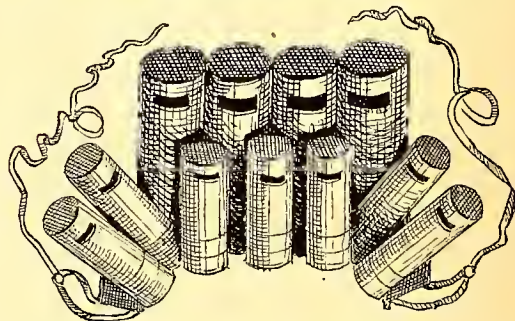
On another day, we had a Christmas-tree for the dolls, and that was fine fun; but I have told you enough already, so good-bye, now.—Yours truly,
 .K. E.

WHISTLES ON PIGEONS.

ONE of your Jack's friends, in Peking, China, says: Walking near this city, one day, I heard a harsh, long-drawn whistling in the air. Looking up, I saw only a flock of pigeons overhead. "What," said I to myself; "do Chinese pigeons whistle!"

There was a Chinaman passing, so I asked him about it. He took from his dress a set of small bamboos, joined with fine wires,—as in the sketch which I send,—and handed it to me. It weighed only a few pennyweights.

"That is what makes the whistling," said he. "We tie these on the backs of carrier-pigeons, near their tails, looping the strings around the roots



of the wings. When the pigeon is flying, the wind rushes into the bamboos, and makes them whistle. This scares away the hawks, so that the pigeon

can bring its message safely. Sometimes, there is only one bamboo; but if there are more, they are assorted so as to make a harsh sound when blown all at one time."

Now, my young American pigeon-keepers, who of you will see if pigeon-whistles can scare hawks away from your own beautiful messenger pets?

HOW MANY?

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you ask the children a question for me? Perhaps you will say it is "too easy." But I would caution them to investigate before they all answer together. I know a family of sixteen persons, old and young, not one of whom could answer it.

How many toes has a cat?

K. L.

JOHNNY-CAKE PLANT.

E. C. G. SENDS a letter with more information about the lovely *Victoria Regia*, of which your Jack told you, in November, that its leaves sometimes are used for cradles. She says: "The fruit of the *Victoria Regia* grows as big as a girl's head, and has a prickly outside; but inside it is full of small seeds that look like maize, for which reason the fruit is called water-maize. These seeds are ground to meal, and cooked much as New England folk cook Indian-corn meal. My little brother, when we were in the Amazon country, years ago, on first tasting water-maize bread, at once called it 'Johnny-cake,' which it much resembles; and now, in our family, the *Victoria Regia* is best known as the 'Johnny-cake Plant.'"

STEAM-POWER AND WATER-POWER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: What you told us in a late number about the power of steam, makes me want to tell you what I have learned about the power of the water that plunges unused over the precipice at Niagara. Not quite unused, though, I believe; for the rushing water above the Falls is now made to drive machinery and produce the electric lights which illuminate the wonderful cascade at night. Here are the facts as they were told to me:

The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls has been estimated at one hundred millions of tons each hour. The force represented by the principal fall alone, amounts to sixteen million eight hundred thousand horse-power. If that amount of force were to be produced by steam, it would require two hundred and sixty-six million tons of coal every year. Or, in other words, all the coal mined in the whole world scarcely would be sufficient to produce the amount of power that "runs to waste" every year in the principal fall at Niagara.—Yours truly,
L. H. F.

A FABLE FROM DEACON GREEN.

ON with your thinking caps, all of you! And study out the meaning of this picture and fable which Deacon Green sends to you. It may be that some of you pretty nearly grown-up listeners

can find in them a cheering message for yourselves. He says,—while a kindly light twinkles far back under the roof of his eye:

"Here is a little something that may help those of your friends who try to do too much all at once, or who are never satisfied, even when they have done their very best."

A certain philosopher offered sacrifice every day in Jupiter's temple, and made always the same prayer. At last, the god became weary of hearing over and over again the one request, and said:

"What would you have?"

"I crave to become a contented man," was the philosopher's reply. "Never yet have I enjoyed one really peaceful day, for I never have been entirely contented. Even now, aged as I am, there always is something that I long for."

"Consider well what you ask," said the god,



JUPITER AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

sternly; "there is but one way in which you can secure the boon you seek."

"And what is that?" asked the philosopher, eagerly.

"I must strike you dead; for in death only can man be free from discontent."

"Upon mature consideration," replied the philosopher, without hesitating a moment, "I think that I should be better contented to remain discontented." And, putting on his hat, he hastily withdrew from the temple.

THE LETTER-BOX.



THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD'S first report concerning the ST. NICHOLAS branch of the Agassiz Association (started by him in our November number) shows that a great many boys and girls are heartily interested in the project. We print the report in full, with much pleasure, and commend it to all our readers, only reminding them that letters relating to the Association must be addressed, not to us, but always to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Massachusetts.

The plan proposed in the November ST. NICHOLAS of organizing a Natural History Society is meeting with unexpected favor. More than two hundred boys and girls have sent their names to be enrolled as members of the "ST. NICHOLAS Branch"; and "chapters," containing each from four to twenty members, have been started in many cities and towns. Still every mail brings letters full of eager questioning. Our Lenox Chapter has been obliged to resolve itself into a committee of the whole for the purpose of answering these interesting letters, and specimens of insects and minerals have begun to take long journeys in Uncle Sam's mail-bags. The questions which have puzzled most of our correspondents are these:

- I. How can I start a chapter?
- II. How can I join the Association if I can not get enough others to form a chapter with me?
- III. What are the "by-laws" of the Lenox Chapter?
- IV. Can any one be admitted to a chapter if he is not a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS?
- V. What can I do in a great city?
- VI. What can I do in the winter?
- VII. How can I make a cabinet?
- VIII.—XI. Questions relative to the collection and preparation of specimens.

To these questions, answers have been sent equivalent to the following:

I. We have decided to let *four*, or more, members constitute a chapter. Therefore, to start one, get at least three besides yourself. Choose a president, secretary and treasurer, and curator. The curator will care for the cabinet, arrange specimens, etc.

Then appoint a committee to draft your by-laws. These are minor rules by which your meetings are to be guided; and embrace such points as what officers you will have, how long they shall hold office, what initiation fee you will require, what fines you will impose for absence, what duties shall devolve upon your officers and members, and what order of exercises you will follow in your meetings. Next, each member, in consultation with the president, should choose what subject he will work on. One may prefer to make a collection of flowers, another of insects; and a third to collect, *generally*, whatever he can find. You are now ready for work. Get your cabinet ready, collect your specimens; write a brief account of each to be

presented with it, telling where found, when, by whom, describing it, and giving any facts of interest you have been able to learn about it. These written accounts we call "reports." That's how to start a "chapter."

II. If you cannot form a chapter where you are, you can join our home chapter at Lenox, on the same conditions as our boys and girls here can. These conditions are indicated in our by-laws, and this brings me to question.

III. The more important of the by-laws in force in our chapter are:

1. "The name of this society shall be," etc. See ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1880, page 20.
2. The initiation fee shall be the sum of twenty-five cents.
3. Each member shall work in such branches of natural history as he and the president of this chapter may agree on.
4. The order of exercises at each meeting shall be: *a.* Roll call; *b.* Minutes of last meeting; *c.* Treasurer's report; *d.* Reports of members on specimens found and presented; *e.* Report of corresponding secretary; *f.* Miscellaneous business; *g.* Adjournment.

IV. With regard to the fourth question, it is not necessary that every member of a chapter be a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS. Get as many persons interested in the society as you can.

V. One of the things which those who live in cities can do, is to make drawings of snow-crystals to exchange for specimens more easily found in the country. Catch the crystals, as they fall, on a dark cloth. Look at them through a magnifying glass, if you have one, and draw as well as you can from memory.

The drawings should be made of a uniform diameter of half an inch. Six drawings may be made nicely on a card as large as a postal card. For convenience in exchanging, we all may make them of the same size and arrange them in the same way, as follows:



To have these crystal pictures valuable, we must notice the conditions which prevailed as the snow fell. Look at the thermometer and barometer, and note the strength of the wind, as well as the date. An attention to these details will enable us to decide whether or not snow-crystals vary in shape with heat and cold and density of air, etc.

Another thing you of the city can do is to suspend seeds over water in bottles, and study the growth of different plants as the tiny leaves unroll. Make neat cases also for insects, or minerals, and exchange these for specimens. Collect specimens of veneers from cabinet and piano shops, and prepare them for exchange. Nearly all the grains, and nuts, and spices, and fabrics, and seeds and barks, and woods and metals can be found in city shops, and for these you can readily get anything you may wish from the country. Again, many of you have books or pictures on subjects of natural history which are old to you, but which some member of the Association would be very thankful to get. These, also, can be exchanged.

VI. As these things can be done in winter, I have partially answered the sixth question; and need but mention, birds'-nests abandoned in leafless trees, cocoons suspended from bushes and tucked away under fence-rails, beetles burrowing in old stumps, sections of wood and bark, cones and buds,—to show that there is plenty of outdoor work even in winter; while, inside, cabinets are to be built, specimens labeled and arranged, minerals identified, philosophical experiments to be performed, books to be read, and letters to be written. But I am exceeding the limits kindly allowed for our department, and must postpone the limits till another number answers to the remaining questions. Meanwhile, organize your chapters; or send us your names individually, if you prefer. If you have any specimens which you wish to exchange, send them along, and we will send you in return the best we can, and agree to "trade back" if you are not satisfied. If we have not what you wish, we will give you the address of one who has. Initiation fees may be sent in postage-stamps; and, speaking of stamps (would you believe it?), more than three-quarters of all who have written have forgotten to inclose a stamped envelope, addressed to themselves, for a reply! So, now, away and to work!

We will send a copy of *The Scotch Naturalist* to the boy or girl who shall send us the best collection of snow-flake drawings before March 1, 1881.

Drawings sent in competition for this prize must be made on cards of postal size, as before explained, and they will be preserved in our Home Cabinet. Each card must have the name and age of the artist plainly written on the back.

We give, from Mr. Ballard's letter, a list of those ST. NICHOLAS Branches of the Agassiz Association which had been formed up to

the date of his communication. Undoubtedly a number more have been started since. Mr. Ballard has received, also, the names of seventy members who are not yet connected with any chapter.

<i>No. of Members. Address.</i>	
Lenox, Mass.	35. H. H. Ballard.
Potsdam, N. Y.	6. Miss Annie Usher.
Peekskill, N. Y.	11. C. S. Lewis.
Nichols, N. Y.	7. G. M. Cady.
Sparta, Ga.	4. E. B. Baxter, Granite Farm.
East Orange, N. J.	8. Farnham Yardley.
Baltimore, Md.	6. J. S. Hughes.
Philadelphia, Pa.	7. L. B. White, 4410 Osage ave.
Washington, D. C.	6. Rose Purman, 1318 V st.
Aurora, Ill.	6. Lilian L. Trask.
Berwyn, Chester Co., Pa.	6. J. F. Glosser.
Forreston, Ogle Co., Ill.	4. Pare Winston.
Trenton, N. J.	5. Anne H. Green, 234 W. State st.
Detroit, Mich.	11. E. G. Root, 665 Cass ave.
Ottumwa, Iowa	6. W. Lighton.
Lebanon, Pa.	4. C. E. Hare.
Northampton, Mass.	6. F. Maynard.
Kenosha, Wis.	6. Norman L. Baker.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	7. Lucy Tupper, 171 Clinton st.
Fairfield, Iowa	6. Walter S. Slagle.
Nashua, N. H.	4. F. W. Greeley, Box 757.
Grahamville, Marion Co., Fla.	4. E. P. Lisk.
Stroud, Gloucestershire, Eng.	6. G. C. Ruegg.
Boston, Mass.	6. Frank A. North, 52 Woodbine st.
Freeport, Ill.	5. Anne Jenkins.
Detroit City, Minnesota	5. C. C. Dix.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	6. Mrs. R. H. Mellon, 19th Ward.
Portland, Oregon	8. Alice M. Chance, 415 Second st.

In connection with this month's installment of the ST. NICHOLAS Treasure-Box of English Literature, the editor's thanks are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for kindly permitting the use of Mr. Longfellow's poem of "The Skeleton in Armor," and to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons for their consent to the reprinting of the extract from Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book."

THE two pictures of "Trucking the Pedestal" and "The Obelisk crossing the Hudson River Railroad,"—on page 313 of the present number,—are copied, by permission, from artotype views published by Messrs. Harroun & Bierstadt, No. 58 Reade street, New York City. These gentlemen have issued a series of beautiful views illustrating the history of the obelisk, from the time of its arrival in New York Bay until its setting up in Central Park. The views, although they resemble photographs, are not really photographs, being printed by a peculiar process.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was suggested a few months ago, by some good-natured body, that those of your readers who knew any simple games for home amusement in the long winter evenings should impart them through the "Letter-Box," for the benefit of their "mutual friends." There is one which my little people enjoy very much.

We take the alphabet in regular order and construct sentences in which the name of a place, a verb expressing action, and a final noun or adjective must all begin with the same letter. For instance, the first one says: "I went to Atlanta and Ate Apples." The second: "I went to Boston and Baked Beans." The third: "I went to Cleveland and Caught Crabs." The fourth: "I went to Dayton and Danced Delightfully." And so on.

To construct a grammatical sentence quickly requires rapid thinking, and will be found both instructive and amusing.—Sincerely yours,
ALICE M. MIDDLETON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how to make my tapestry-work come straight when it is done? The canvas seems right before I begin, but all askew when the work is completed. The Germans have some way to remedy this. Do you know what it is?
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Canvas-work can be kept straight only by doing it in a frame. The over-stitch being uniform, from left to right, or from right to left, the open-meshed foundation is necessarily dragged awry, unless so held that the needle goes through perpendicularly, instead of horizontally and obliquely. Usually, tapestry-work done without a frame cannot be made perfectly straight. But if it be well dampened on the wrong side, carefully stretched, and very closely pinned to a nailed carpet, where it should remain for some days, it will be much improved. Or a border of stout muslin or linen may be sewed around

the dampened canvas, which should be tightly stretched in a quilting frame, or tacked to an old table-top, or door, if you have any which would not resent such treatment.

HERE is some information about the green rose.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August (1880) "Letter-Box," several green flowers are mentioned, but nothing is said about a green rose. Mamma has a rose-bush that bears nothing but green flowers, and I have put one in a little box to send to you.—Yours truly,
HOWARD GOODWIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My wife has seen a veritable green rose. It was bought, one in a lot, as a dark red, but on flowering proved to be green. When she saw it, it had four pale-green blooms, perfectly double, and of good size.—Yours truly,
F. W. W.

There is such a thing as a green rose, and it may be explained in this manner. Theoretically, botanists regard a flower as a branch developed in a peculiar way for a certain purpose. Among other departures from the usual form of the branch, its joints—spaces between the leaves—are so shortened, as to bring the leaves close together, and the leaves themselves are different in shape and texture from the ordinary leaves of the plant—are often finely colored and known as petals. In the green rose, instead of the delicate and beautiful tinted petals, or "rose-leaves," Nature puts in their place a crowded cluster of green leaves. The green rose is not at all handsome, and is not like a rose as we usually know it—only with green petals. There are no proper petals, but in their place a confused mass of very irregular and badly shaped green leaves.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the ordinary books upon Geography, the highest mountain in the world is said to be Mount Everest, one of the Himalayas. But I have seen it stated lately that, on a voyage to New Guinea, a certain Captain Lawson made the discovery that Mount Hercules, in that island, has a height of 32,686 feet; thus being more than 3,000 feet higher than Mount Everest.—Truly yours,
G. A. J.

OF the books lately received at the ST. NICHOLAS office, the editors take pleasure in calling especial attention to the following:

ALL AROUND A PALETTE. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by J. Wells Champney ("Champ"). Lockwood, Brooks & Co.: Boston.

A JOLLY FELLOWSHIP. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by J. E. Kelly. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

MORE BED-TIME STORIES. By Louise Chandler Moulton. With illustrations. Roberts Bros.: Boston.

A GUERNSEY LILY; OR, HOW THE FEUD WAS HEALED. A story for girls and boys. By Susan Coolidge. Illustrated. Roberts Bros.: Boston.

THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR. A Companion Volume to "The Boy's Froissart." By Sidney Lanier. With illustrations by Alfred Kappes. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

MR. BODLEY ABROAD. By Horace E. Scudder. With illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.

THE FAIRPORT NINE. By Noah Brooks. With illustrations by A. C. Redwood. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

FIVE MICE IN A MOUSE-TRAP. By Laura E. Richards. With illustrations. Estes & Lauriat: Boston.

JACK AND JILL. By Louisa M. Alcott. With illustrations by Frederick Dielman. Roberts Bros.: Boston.

ALL AROUND A ROCKING-CHAIR. By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods. Illustrated. James Miller: New York.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN CLASSIC LANDS. An Account of the Vacation Tour of the Zigzag Club in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, and Greece; with its Adventures on Sea and Land., By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Estes & Lauriat: Boston.

QUEER PETS AT MARCY'S. By Olive Thorne Miller. With illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York.

HERE is an interesting letter from the other side of the world:

Sharp-Peak Sanitarium, Foochow, China.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa is a missionary of the American Board, at the large city of Foochow, but during the hot months of July and August we come down to this place for the sea air and bathing. Sharp-Peak is an island at the mouth of the river Min, where there are three sanitariums belonging to three different missions. We children enjoy very much being here. We have a fine beach, and almost every evening we go down to the sea and

bathe. We can all swim, excepting my little sister Gracie, who is only seven years old. She floats on a triangular bamboo frame. We have fine times in the water. When not swimming, we sometimes lie on our backs and float. I have two brothers in America, and two sisters here. I have not seen my oldest brother for more than eight years.

At our home, in Foochow, we have pretty pet doves and a little white mouse. The mouse is very tame. We can hold it in our hands, and let it run up our sleeves.

We have no carriages, no horse-cars, nor rail-cars, here in China. The streets are very narrow, and roughly paved with large, flat stones. When we go out, we ride in sedan-chairs, carried by two or three men called coolies. We have taken St. NICHOLAS ever since it was published, and have the volumes bound. We like to read the stories over and over.

My elder sister Mary is twelve years old and I am nine; but we have never been to school. There are no schools here for foreign children, and Mamma has always taught us at home. When we are older, we shall have to go to America to be educated, as our brothers have done.—Your little friend,
G. L. W.

PERHAPS those "Letter-Box" readers who also are students of the French language will find a useful hint in this letter from an industrious Chicago girl:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I will tell you how I came by my small knowledge of French. I have never taken one lesson, and I know very little about the verbs or pronouncing correctly. I can only translate a little.

A year ago, Mamma (who knows a little about French) began with me to read the New Testament in French, translating it into English and having the English Bible near by for a dictionary. We read from ten to fifteen verses a day, and it is astonishing how much I have learned by it.—Your constant reader,
MARY M. MADISON.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a new canary, and I want to know what to give him to eat, and how to tame him to eat from my hand. Give my love to "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" and the "Little School-ma'am."—From your constant reader,
E. S. F.

In St. NICHOLAS for February, 1877, is an illustrated article which tells you how to feed and take care of a canary. To teach him to eat from your hand, you must be very kind and patient with him. Every day, before giving him fresh food, put a few seeds in your hand and offer them to him gently and quietly. At first he may not peck at them, but, after trying him once a day for some time, he will become used to you and feel that he can trust you; and, at last, he will eat from your hand without fear.

"OPERAETTA."—Music has been written by Mr. W. F. Sherwin for the songs, "Now, nid, nid, nid, my bonny boys," "With my Lady Fortune's wheel," and "Cling, cling," of the operetta, the "Land of Nod," given in the Christmas number. Printed copies of the musical score may be had without charge from Messrs. Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York city.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls and live in Boston, and we thought that perhaps some of the readers of the "Letter-Box" would like to know how to make this kind of candy: Take a large sheet of paper and turn up the edges, pinning the corners together; then spread over the bottom of it some powdered sugar, and pour enough water over it to wet it all thoroughly; then put it on the stove, and keep turning it around so as not to let it get cooked more in one place than in another; but do not stir it at all, for that would burn it. Keep trying some of it in water, and when it becomes hard on first putting it in, put about a tea-spoonful of vanilla or lemon flavoring in it. Then take it off the stove and put it in a pan of cold water. When it becomes cool, take it out, and the paper will peel right off.—Your interested readers,
O. AND H.

The following funny little letter is from a five-year-old little girl who lives in Washington, and who, it seems, called at the White House:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last week, on Saturday, I went to see Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Hayes was very well indeed. She seemed very glad to see all of her callers. There were a great many,—about twenty-one or twenty-three,—a great crowd! She shook hands with all her callers. She shook hands with me, and gave me a pretty rose out of her bouquet for my dollie. I took one of my children with me.

Mrs. Hayes's face was becoming to her, because she had her hair down over her ears. I can't remember her dress. Nurse wanted to know about it, because she wanted to make one like it. I don't see how she can do it, though.

She looked very happy all over her face. When she saw me coming, she said: "Oh, I see a dear little bright-eyed girl coming!"

And she hurried to finish up the others, so she could give me the rose. She lives at the White House. Her parlor is very pretty, indeed. All lights up high, and shineleers down below the lights.

I went and looked out of the window, but I could n't see anything but carriages, they were so high up.
ALLIS M. SHERMAN.

THE outline pictures representing the form and structure of the squid, printed with Mr. Rathbun's story in the present number, were prepared originally for a scientific memoir, and are the property of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences. Our readers owe to the courtesy of Professor A. E. Verrill, of that Academy, the opportunity to study these pictures in St. NICHOLAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know the authors of "Hail Columbia," "Red, White, and Blue," and "My Country, 't is of Thee." Will you please answer these questions, and oblige a boy of fourteen years, who enjoys St. NICHOLAS.

WM. T. FROHEIN.

"Hail Columbia."—This song was written in 1798, by Judge Hopkinson, LL. D., at 132 Spruce street, Philadelphia, to the well-known tune of the "President's March," which was either composed by Roth or Roat (? Philip), at 25 Crown street, Philadelphia, between 1791-1799, or by Phyla, of Philadelphia, whose eldest son assisted in its performance at Trenton, when Washington was inaugurated. The descendants of Hopkinson hold Washington's letter of acknowledgment.

A young man, whose benefit was to take place at the Philadelphia Theater, being greatly discouraged by his prospects, called on Hopkinson for a patriotic song one Saturday afternoon, to increase his chances of success. By Sunday afternoon it was ready; on Monday morning it was advertised to be sung that evening. Its success was then so great that it was repeated more than once every night, and the audience joined in the chorus. War with France was then considered inevitable. The song was sung by crowds in the streets at night, both parties and members of Congress taking part, as the words suited either.

"The Red, White, and Blue."—This song was written and composed by Thos. A'Becket, Sr., and published by T. Osborn, Third street, above Walnut, in Philadelphia (but, on his failure, the plates went to Benteen, of Baltimore), under the title of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." It was written for David T. Shaw, of Philadelphia, to sing at a Philadelphia concert. He published it as his own work, and it was so copyrighted in 1843 by George Willy, of Philadelphia.

As "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean," it was sung nightly in London, and published, without any author's name, by T. Williams, Cheapside. The name Nelson, in last verse, was substituted for Washington, and in 1847 it was claimed as an English composition. The author, T. A'Becket, was, however, English by birth, and this accounts for the order "red, white, and blue" being adopted. To be distinctively American, the order should be blue, red, and white. This song was extremely popular in England during the Crimean war, and in America during the late civil war.

"My Country 't is of Thee," as "God Save the King" was first sung by Henry Carey, at a public dinner, to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon (Nov. 20, 1739). The words and music first appeared in "Harmonia Anglia," 1742 or 1743. It became popular as a loyal song during the Scottish rebellion in 1745. The Pretender was proclaimed at Edinburgh Sept. 16, and the song was sung at Drury Lane Sept. 28, harmonized by Dr. Arne. Dr. Burney wrote the harmonies for Covent Garden Theater.

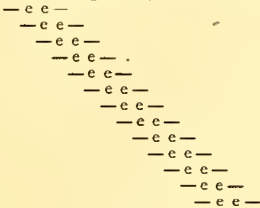
This song soon crossed the channel, and was used as a Danish national air, at Berlin as a Volkslied, and is now the Prussian and German national anthem. The words are said to be culled from many sources, and the music also. The melody, which was once claimed for Carey and Lully, is similar, in technical points, to the Scotch carol, "Remember, O Thou Man!" and the song "Franklin is Flew Away." Dr. John Bull also wrote a similar theme in his MS. sketches, page 98, in 1619.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your November number I read an article, in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," stating that the Victoria Regia was only to be found in the warmest parts of South America. I have myself seen it growing in great abundance in the island of Java, where I spent three months and a half, not long ago. I saw there, also, a great many curious trees. Among them were the Banyan and the Fan-palm, which is about thirty or forty feet high. It is perfectly flat, the leaves spreading out on either side, giving it the appearance of a giant fan.—Yours sincerely,
L. L. S.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

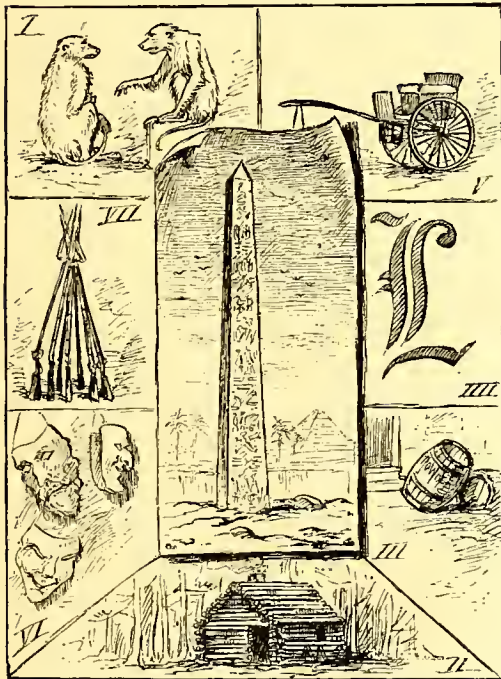
INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID.

REPLACE the dashes with consonants, using only eight of the twenty-one, and make a rhomboid consisting of twenty-seven words (none repeated),—thirteen reading across, and fourteen downward.



M. C. D.

ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.



THIS differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the pictures are numbered, and the central letters, reading downward, are represented by the central picture.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-three letters, and am a line from Thomson's "Seasons."

My 7-4-31-20-29 is a large river in Scotland. My 25-12-2-28-9 is a name given to Afghan rulers. My 22-23-32-29 is that part which keeps both a man and a pin from going too far. My 14-15-8-6-21-11-33 is the name of a Grecian herald whose voice was as loud as those of fifty men combined. My 30-18-19-3 is the name given to the Christmas log which was placed on the hearth with much ceremony, in former times. My 17-16-10-5-18-14 is the name of a famous Roman actor. My 1-27-19-24-13-26 is a precious metal. H. G.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

THESE puzzles are to be solved by taking the letters of the first word described and re-arranging them so as to form the other words described. For example: Transpose the name given to an inhabi-

tant of a certain ancient city and form the name of a noted American artist; again, and form land belonging to a nobleman; again, and form the name of a celebrated opera. Answer: Roman; Moran; Manor; Norma.

- 1. Transpose a hard mineral and form a pacer; again, and form one who censures; again, and form to rove.
2. Transpose enmity and form scarcity; again, and form a small twist of flax.
3. Transpose poetry and form to cut through; again, and form to do duty; again, and form turns.
4. Transpose old and form a kind of stone; again, and form to pilfer; again, and form stories; again, and form certain web-footed fowls; again, and form smallest.

M. C. D. AND G. F. C.

CHARADE.

My first wakened early this morning,
Expecting some rare good fun,
For my second from far in the north land,
To make him a visit had come.

"Then dress yourself warmly," said Mother,
"If down to the pond you would go,
Or my whole will snap at your fingers."
"Yes, yes," said my first; "that, I know."

LILIAN PAYSON.

TWO WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. THE bend of the arm. 2. A cone-bearing tree. 3. A support or prop. 4. To happen. 5. At what place.
II. 1. Pertaining to a kind of poplar. 2. A drudge. 3. Plates of glass. 4. Incident. 5. Homes of certain animals.

N. T. M.

ZIGZAGS.

Table with 10 rows of asterisks representing zigzag patterns. Row 1: I * * *. Row 2: * 2 * *. Row 3: * * 3 *. Row 4: * * * 4 *. Row 5: * * * 5 *. Row 6: * * * 6 *. Row 7: * * * 7 *. Row 8: * * * 8 *. Row 9: * * * 9 *. Row 10: * * * 10.

READING ACROSS: 1. Empty. 2. Made due return. 3. Recounted. 4. A story. 5. A girdle. 6. To obstruct. 7. A species of goat. 8. Soon. 9. A son of Noah. 10. A raised platform.
Zigzags, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, fanciful letters. G. F.

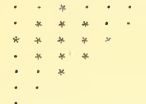
EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My name is composed of sixteen letters, and America does not contain my counterpart.

My 10-7-12-16-2 is used for edged tools. My 1-15-4-10-13-7 is a small apartment. My 5-8-6-11-1-3 is to spring or bound. My 2-9-14 is what every President of the United States once was.

E. J. N.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE.



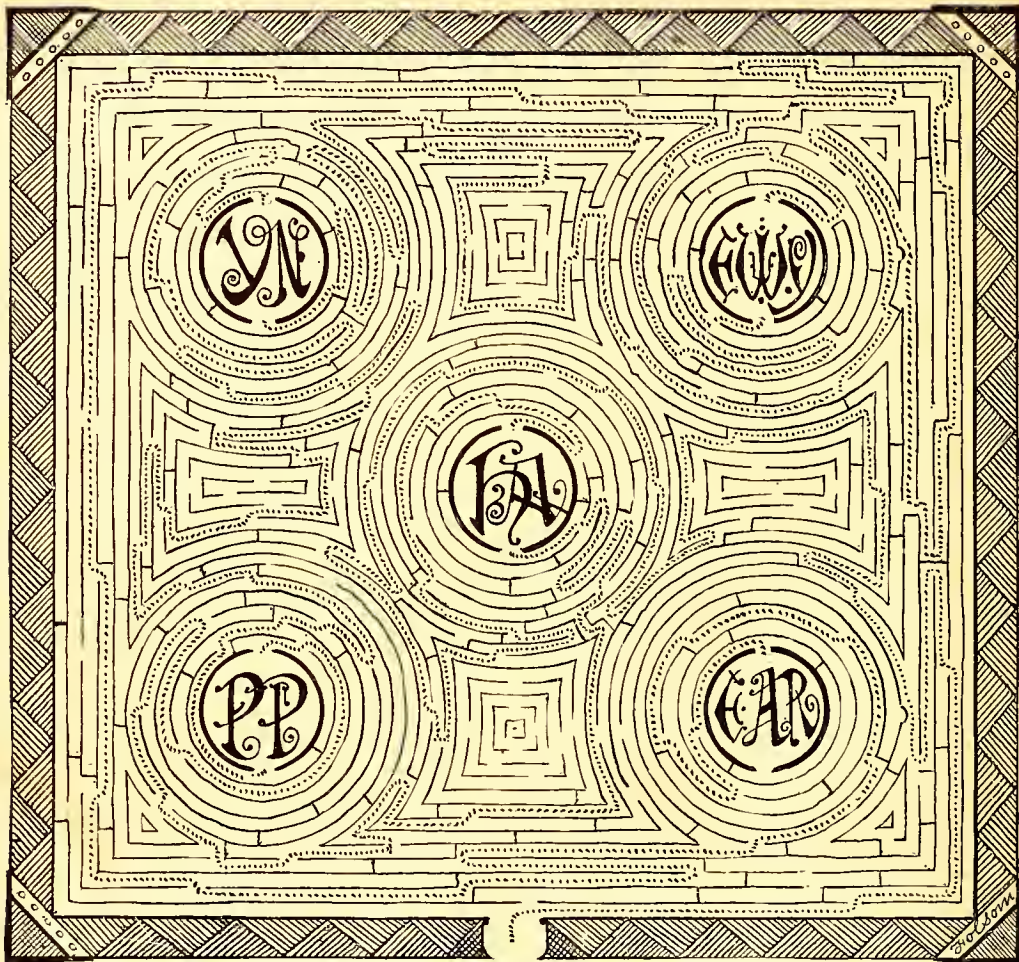
HALF-SQUARE. 1. Fortified houses. 2. Declared openly. 3. Firm. 4. To taunt. 5. Conducted. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In prisons.

INCLUDED DIAMOND. 1. In Artaxerxes. 2. A pledge. 3. Firm. 4. Sense. 5. A Roman numeral. F. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals spell the name of a former President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name given to the Angel of Death by the Mohammedans. 2. The surname of a musical composer who was born at Catania, in Sicily, in the year 1802. 3. A dried grape. 4. Pertaining to Asia. 5. A great river of China. 6. That which comes yearly. 7. The Syrian god of riches. HARRY WITBECK.



THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS HOW TO SOLVE THE NEW YEAR MAZE—ANSWER: HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

CHARADE.—Scarabee.—EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—January.
CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.—Happy New Year.
1. AcHes. 2. StAir. 3. RaPid. 4. HoPes. 5. PaYne. 6. LaNce.
7. BrEad. 8. PaWns. 9. WaYne. 10. SpEar. 11. CoAsT. 11.
CuRbs.—NEW YEAR MAZE.—See diagram above.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Sheridan's Ride, by Thomas Buchanan Read.
2. The Charge of the Light Brigade, by Alfred Tennyson. 3. The
Death of the Flowers, by William Cullen Bryant. 4. Pictures of
Memory, by Alice Cary. 5. The Old Clock on the Stairs, by

SOLUTIONS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the January number, from Isabel Bingay,
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, 6—Cynthia and Donny, Hanover, Germany, 7—Kittie Hanaford, 2.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 20, from "Suzette," 5—Bessie and her Cousin, 9—
Henry and Haedus, 10—Eddie A. Shipman, 1—Cortlandt Field Bishop, 1—Helen Drennan, 3—Ed. Browaski, 1—H. C. Tombler, 3—
O. C. Turner, 9—Albert and Sheldon Emery, 7—Ella M. Faulkner, 3—Robert B. Salter, Jr., 8—Lizzie C. Fowler, 8—Olin W. Harwood, 1—
Hattie Rockwell, 9—J. Buchanan Johnston, all—Anna and Alice, 7—Pansy, 1—F. W. Blodgett, 3—Kenneth B. Emerson, 4—"Betsey
and I," all—Louis M. Fanning, 9—Dyvic Warden, 8—Mamie Goddard, 3—Hermann D. Murphy, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 7—Philip
De Normandie, 3—Belle and Bertie Baldwin, 9—Grace E. Hopkins, all—E. Stickney, 3—Sunflower and Daisy, all—Juliet S. Ryall, 1—
Herbert Osborn, all—Wm. Jas. Battle, 5—Harriet B. Bandeau, 3—"Cal. I. Forny," 6—Willie Abbott, 5—Ellwood C. Lindsay, 9—
Lettie and Edith Sands, 4—Bertie Bassett, 8—Geo. A. B., 2—W. M. H., 2—Charles H. Bigelow, 3—"Georgia and Lee," 7—The Dawley
Boys, 6—"We Three," 7—Dora Landman, 4—Margaret S. McIlvaine, 8—Bessie Taylor, 4—"X. Y. Z." and "Nameless," 7—Henry
B. Montague, 2—Frank Hill Moore, 1—Gertrude C. Eager, 8—Susie Goff, 5—Will J. Parkes, 1—Lecie Riggs, 1—Maud Wotring, 2—
R. L. Milhau, 9—Floy, 6—E. C. Carshaw, 8—Laura Moores, 1—"Dandelion and Clover," 5—Clara Willenbacher, 7—F. H. Roper, 8—
John M. Gitteman, 3—Bessie L. Barnes, 3—Philip Sidney Carlton, 8—Marguerite, 9—Wm. T. Frohwein, 3—Richard O. Chester, 4—Wm.
F. Woodard, 4—"The Stowe Family," 9—Constance M. Gerry, 1—"Firefly," 8—May Bendle, 6—Frank Heath, 9—R. T. Losee, 9—
Lizzie D. Fyfer, 1—Abie Ray Taylor, 5—"Buttercup," 1—G. A. Lyon, Jr., 6—Maggie and Louisa Kelsay, 1—S. Blair Fisher, 1—
"Trailing Arbutus," 3—G. M. Fisher, 4—"Helen's Babies," 9—Ella Louisa Bryan, 7—Three Larrabees, 4—Tom and Dick, 6—E. Vul-
tee, all—A. M. Kyte, 8—T. B. Dixcy, all—"So So," 8—R. A. Gally, 8—W. T. Mandeville, 4—F. L. Kyte, all—J. P. Cook, 9—
B. Manier, 7—"Sid and I," 8. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Initials,
Benjamin Franklin. Finals, The Water American. Cross-words: 1.
BeaT. 2. Earth. 3. NameE. 4. JackdaW. 5. AromA. 6. MeriT.
7. IrE. 8. NeverR. 9. FleA. 10. RuM. 11. AlonE. 12. NeverR.
13. KadL. 14. LaconIC. 15. IdeA. 16. NatioN.

DIAMOND.—1. P. 2. CAP. 3. CaRat. 4. PaRagon. 5. PaGan.
6. TON. 7. N.—WORD-DWINDLE.—1. Steamer. 2. Master. 3.
Steam. 4. Team. 5. Mat. 6. Ma. 7. M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Elephant.—RIDDLE.—Potentate.





— LADY JANE GREY. —

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1881.

No. 5.

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LADY JANE GREY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

I HAVE been asked to tell you American children the story of one of the youngest and most beautiful of all the notable personages in English history—a girl who was at once a martyr, or saint, and a most noble gentlewoman, and who wore for a few unhappy days, unwillingly, the crown of a queen.

History has to deal with a great many terrible events, and a great many hateful people, and has to record bloodshed and misery and crime so often, that when there comes one lovely and gentle figure into it, our hearts are all the more touched, and tears gather in our eyes at the very name which suggests one chapter pure of all evil. This is the effect that is produced upon all elder readers by the name of Lady Jane Grey; and most of you, no doubt, have heard of the sweet young English girl who, without any ambition of her own, was taken out of her simple country life, and from her books which she loved, to be put upon a throne she had only a distant right to; and then she had to die, not quite eighteen, for a fault not hers.

There scarcely could be, I think, a more pitiful story; and yet it is more than pitiful, for Lady Jane had the soul of a true princess among women, and died royally, without a murmur, resisting all temptations to falsehood. Such trials and troubles do not come our way; indeed, they do not come in the way of our kings and queens nowadays; but that does not make them less interesting when we meet them in the words of that far-distant past, which it is so difficult to believe was once to-day and to-morrow, just as our days are.

Lord Dorset's daughter, Jane Grey, though her mother was of royal blood, had no more thought of what was going to happen to her than any of you boys and girls have of the troubles which you will

meet in your future life. She was born in a high station, indeed, but not in one that seemed to expose her to special danger. Not like the king's daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth, who both had a melancholy and agitated youth. But little Jane Grey's troubles were no more than those which any little maiden might have in the humblest life. Her father and mother were not so kind and indulgent as most of your fathers and mothers are. Perhaps they loved her just as much; but they were hard upon her, and exacted obedience sternly. Whether she liked it or not, whether she could do it or not, she was always forced to obey. On the other hand, there was something to be said for these severe parents; they had no sons. And this girl was their eldest child, and, no doubt, they thought it their duty to harden her, and accustom her to endure trouble and overcome difficulty, as one who had royal blood in her veins, and of whom nobody could be sure what she might be called upon to do.

I must tell you, however, what was the strange state of affairs in England at this period, respecting the royal family. Nobody then had begun to think that a country could do without a king—that is, nobody in England. You know that we have never learned that lesson yet, and still want our Queen as much as we want our fathers and mothers, which is quite different from the ideas you are brought up in. And at this particular moment there was the greatest difficulty in knowing who was the right heir to the crown. The king then reigning was a delicate boy, Edward VI., who fell into a consumption and died in his seventeenth year, and his natural successors were his two sisters, both older than himself: Mary, who was the

daughter of Henry VIII. by his first wife, Katharine of Arragon, and Elizabeth, whose mother was Anne Boleyn, Henry's second wife. Both these princesses had been put out of the succession by act of Parliament, and declared illegitimate, although they were afterward restored, by their father's will, and a second act of Parliament. After Mary and Elizabeth, came the children of Henry VIII.'s sisters—Margaret, who had married the King of Scotland, and Mary, who, after having been nominally the wife of the old King of France, had married Charles Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk. The elder of these ladies had one grandchild, Mary Stuart, afterward so well known as Mary, Queen of Scots; and the younger, also a daughter, who was the Marchioness of Dorset, and mother of Lady Jane Grey. You must try to master this account, although it is a little complicated. After poor young King Edward's death, there were only women who had any right to the throne. First, Mary; then Elizabeth; then little Mary of Scotland; then Frances Brandon, Lady Dorset, represented by her daughter, Jane Grey. Thus, there were two direct princesses, the sisters, and two farther off, the little cousins, the child-queen Mary of Scotland, and Lady Dorset's little daughter, of whom Mary had been sent to France, and was married to the young King Francis II.; and Jane grew up sweetly in her father's house, like a little English lady, and nothing more.

You must understand, however (but I cannot go into the whole story), that of these four, two—the two Marys—represented the Church of Rome; and two—Elizabeth and Jane—represented the party of the Reformation. Mary of England and Mary of Scotland were both brought up Catholics, and both taught to consider that the restoration of England to the old church would be the greatest and noblest work in the world, while young King Edward and his little cousin, Jane Grey, were fervent Protestants, thinking nothing in the world so important as the diffusion of the Bible, and the deliverance of England from Rome. Elizabeth was neither a devout Catholic nor a fervent Protestant. She was for England and her own right, and considered anything else secondary to these two things.

I need not tell you about King Edward's reign. He was said to have been a very wonderful boy,—so bright, so good, so clever, so wise, that the historians of his own time cannot say enough in his praise. But these great applauses do not always last, and some people tell you now that Edward was a little bigot, and if he had lived might have been as bloody on the Protestant side as his sister Mary was on the Catholic. Yet, you will easily understand that a poor boy who died at sixteen, and who had learned Latin and Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish, logic and philosophy, besides

the more ornamental acquirement of music; who "knew all the harbors and ports in his kingdom, as also in Scotland and France, with the depth of water and way of coming into them," and who played on the lute, and kept a journal in Greek characters, could not have had much time to govern England. The statesmen who were about him in the end of his life were, however, very strong Protestants, and the chief among them, the Duke of Northumberland, carried matters with so high a hand in this way, that the idea of the Princess Mary succeeding was very alarming to him when the young king grew ill. He was a man of great ambition, who desired nothing less than the chief influence in the kingdom, and in order to gain that high place, he had done many things for which vengeance was sure to overtake him.

He, therefore, cast his eyes about him to see what it was best to do. We may believe that, perhaps, in his heart Northumberland sincerely desired the safety of the Protestant Church, as well as his own safety and supremacy, which were, however, so very much in jeopardy as to make anything else secondary. Perhaps, also, it was the fact that his young son, Guildford Dudley, had fixed his affections upon Lord Dorset's daughter, which turned his thoughts that way. At all events, this bold and desperate man suddenly perceived, or thought he perceived, a way of raising and advancing himself, if it could be accomplished,—a way which would, at the same time, save the nation, secure the progress of the Reformation, promote religion, and bring about everything that was good, at the cost of but one thing that was evil (even good men have sometimes fallen under such a temptation). Henry VIII. had named the Greys next after his own daughters in his will; why should not poor young, dying Edward, for the good of England and the Protestant faith, put them first, and thus shut out Rome and preserve Northumberland? The dying boy and the innocent girl, and even his own son—who must rise or fall with his scheme—were nothing to the Duke in comparison. And thus this tragedy began.

It has taken me a long time to tell you this, which I am sure a great many of you already have read in your histories. While the plot was being formed, Jane Grey was growing up the sweetest of Puritan maidens, in all the freshness of English country life. The word Puritan was not in use so early, but in all we hear of her there is a gentle seriousness which suits the name. Though she had not any of the passionate force which belonged to the Tudors, she had their love of letters, and was as accomplished as her cousin, King Edward. Her parents were somewhat harsh to her, but her tutor was kind, and this gave her favorite studies a charm

the more. Roger Ascham, who was a scholar of the time, and has written an account of this visit in one of his books, went one day to her father's house in Leicestershire when all the gay party were hunting, and the great house empty. But he found Lady Jane seated in one of those windowed recesses which distinguish the architecture of the time, reading that dialogue of Plato which tells about the wonderful death of the philosopher Socrates. Do you think some angel had put it into the girl's young head that by and by she, too, was to die unjustly, under false accusations, like Socrates? Mr. Ascham wondered at her sitting there, with the pale spring sky shining in upon her, and the distant sounds of the horns and the hounds and horses' hoofs coming from the great park, where all the rest were enjoying themselves. "I have more pleasure in my book than they have in their hunting," she said. It is the only distinct glimpse of her that we get until she emerges out of this tranquillity of her youth into the blaze of light which surrounds a throne.

King Edward was very ill and suffering when his young cousin became old enough to marry. Lord Guildford Dudley was but a few years older than his bride, and does not appear to have been involved in his father's plot. They married, he as innocent as she was, so far as appears, and were very happy; and thus took the first step toward their death. When the king died, what was the wonder of Lady Jane to see her father and mother come with the great Northumberland into the room where she was sitting with her husband! They told her that Edward was dead. Poor cousin! No doubt the happy young creature was filled with awe as well as grief, to hear that out of all his grandeur and state, another young creature whom she knew so well had been taken away. But while the tears were dropping from her eyes, and her gentle soul was full of sorrow for Edward, suddenly, like a thunder peal out of a clear sky, came the strange intimation that she was to succeed him.

Imagine the consternation, the trouble of the girl, when her father and mother knelt and offered her their homage as Queen of England, and her stern father-in-law, the great statesman who controlled everything, kissed her trembling hand! She would not hear of it. She protested, like a generous creature as she was, that Mary or Elizabeth was the just heir, and not she. She turned to her husband, calling upon him to support her. But it is very few people who have the courage to refuse a great elevation, scarcely any who will put aside a crown when it is offered to them. Cæsar did it, you will read, both in history and Shakspeare, but no one believed that he meant it. And your own Washington refused what, if not a crown, was at

least the supreme rank; for which you are all proud of him, and we, too; as you also may be proud of this English girl, standing far away in old London, weeping and protesting, amid all the older people, who were dazzled by the splendid prize that was offered to her. She was not dazzled; the wrong of it and the grief of it went to her heart. She turned to her husband, hoping that he would stand by her. But he did not; he was dazzled like the rest; perhaps, loving her as he did, he thought there was no one else in the world as worthy. But at least he added his own entreaties to those of the three others, all persons whom Jane was bound to obey. What could the girl do among them? She yielded; her own judgment, her own better instinct, were sacrificed sadly to their ambition,—her father and mother, against whom she never had rebelled; her husband, whom she loved; and his father, whom all England recognized as the most powerful noble in the kingdom,—how could Jane, seventeen years old, stand against them? They took her away to the Tower, which was then a royal palace as well as a prison, and proclaimed her queen.

Queen Jane! You will not even find her name in the roll of English monarchs. She was an innocent usurper, an unwilling offender against right and justice. And this poor, mock reign of hers, in which she never herself believed, lasted only nine days. Perhaps if England had known what Mary Tudor was, the country would not have been so determined to give her its allegiance; but few know which is the good and which is the evil till time has made it clear; and Jane had never a chance, never a hope. You hear people talk of a nine days' wonder; but hers was a nine days' reign. At the end of that time, even Northumberland, trying to save his head, himself proclaimed Queen Mary, and the melancholy little farce was over.

When they took the kingdom out of her hands again, the girl, as you may imagine, was not sorry. She had nothing to do with their schemes and conspiracies. She got her breath again when "the burden of that honor unto which she was not born" had been taken from her. But they did not let her go home. They kept her and her husband in that melancholy Tower of London, which has held so many prisoners. Most likely Mary and her advisers would have been glad, if they had dared, to let the young pair go free. They were not unkindly treated in the Tower, and though Northumberland lost his life, Jane's father, who had been made Duke of Suffolk, was spared.

But when six months had passed, there came a wild and desperate rising against Mary, which changed the aspect of affairs. It was put down, indeed, without much difficulty; but it was thought necessary to the Queen's safety that her innocent

rival, her little cousin, the girl who, blameless as she was, might be made the occasion of other risings, should be made an end of, too.

When Roger Ascham saw Lady Jane reading Plato, it was the Phædo, as I have told you, the story of the death of Socrates, which held her fast while all the household was abroad in the morning sunshine. It is a beautiful story. Some of you boys will know it, and I wish the girls could read it, too. It tells how the wise old philosopher, guilty of nothing but of teasing his countrymen in the truth which they could not understand, and questions they could not answer, was on false pretenses condemned to death as an enemy of the state. Now, it was the young reader's turn to die on the same ground. And Lady Jane, though she was so innocent, was no doubt an enemy to the state. She did not complain any more than Socrates did. He was old and the wisest of men, and she was little more than a child. But she went out to the scaffold on Tower Hill with as great a courage. She wept and struggled when they made her a queen; but neither struggled nor wept when they led her out to die. The night before, she wrote a letter to her

sister, full of sweet and pious counsels; not a word in it of complaint; not an allusion to her undeserved fate. She saw her husband led to his execution, and waved her hand to him from her window, in token of their near reunion; then went out with a noble exultation in his courage and steadfast patience, and laid her own young head on the block.

I have not told you half what this young martyr had to go through. Mary tortured all her latter days, by sending priests to persuade her to the faith of Rome. But I think her story is too pathetic, too tender and touching, to bring religious controversy into it.

The most prejudiced critic has never tried to sully this pure and perfect picture. She died for the faults of others; but she lives forever in the pure light of innocence and simple heroism. The history of England, or of the whole world as far as I know, holds no parallel to this girlish figure, so true in the sense of justice, so brave to endure, obedient and humble even against her judgment, and bearing the penalty of that obedience with a valor so steadfast and a submission so sweet.

CHICKADEE.

BY HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

ALL the earth is wrapped in snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,
Through the valley down below
Whirls the blast.

All the mountain brooks are still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny, murmuring rill
Is frozen fast.

Come with me
To the tree
Where the apples used to hang!
Follow me
To the tree
Where the birds of summer sang!
There's a happy fellow there,
For the cold he does not care,
And he always calls to me,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red nor blue nor yellow,
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;
And his cheery little voice
Makes my happy heart rejoice,
While he calls the live-long day—
Calls to me—
"Chickadee!"

From the leafless apple-tree,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"
Then he hops from bough to twig,
Tapping on each tiny sprig,
Calling happily to me,
"Chickadee!"

He's a merry little fellow,
Neither red nor blue nor yellow,
He's the cheery bird of winter,
"Chickadee!"



MARY JANE: "EDDY WHITE, IF YOU DARE TO JUMP OFF, I 'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, THE LONGEST DAY THAT I LIVE! NEVER!"

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A POLAR BEAR.

BY MRS. CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

THE sun was just dipping behind the northern waves, tinging the waters from horizon to shore with a shimmering brightness. The sky, softly brilliant, was dotted with clouds of crimson and gold and purple, fading out to gray and snowy white, as they were borne far to the south. Ice-floes drifted in the distance, seeming like vast sheets of polished silver. A solitary berg came floating from the north-east, its topmost crystal peak glittering and flashing like a huge amethyst, and shading toward its base to pearly whiteness, dashed with tongues of flame. High up in air a wild swan's note sounded loud and shrill, the kittiwakes joined in with their mournful "Whree-e-ah! Whree-e-ah!" as they dipped and plunged in the bright waves, while innumerable flocks of dovekies hovered near, giving utterance to their plaintive cries.

Jon and Eirik Hjalmund watched the falling sun, the glowing berg, and crimson clouds, with all the admiration of young Icelanders, who are proverbial

for considering their land of glaciers, deeply seamed lava-beds, geysers, and vapor-spouts, the most beautiful the sun smiles upon; then, as the gorgeous beauty gradually faded out, they left their perch on the high fragments of lava overlooking the sea, and gathering their sheep together, drove them to their cot or yard.

Making them safe for the night—if so we may call the short twilight between sun and sun of the northern midsummer—the boys went to their own little stone and turf hut which served them for lodgings, and creeping among bags of eider-down, fell asleep.

This little islet, to which *bouder* (farmer) Hjalmund boated over his sheep every summer for the good herbage which grew upon its top, was at the entrance to the Eyja Fjord, on the northern coast of Iceland. Its shores were bounded by precipitous lava-cliffs, making the islet nearly or quite inaccessible, excepting by a steep and rocky path leading up from a narrow strand on the side next the

main-land. Up this path the boys first climbed with their pike-staff, then pulled up the sheep after them. When once on the top, there was no fear of their straying, and during the short summer, Jon and Eirik lived on this islet, and guarded the flock from the attacks of the white-tailed sea-eagles, whose bold raids among the lambs alarmingly lessened their number. And, too, if a sheep or its young, venturing too far over the cliffs, fell from the rocks into the sea, expert at climbing and rowing, the lads went immediately to the rescue. But, to avoid such falls, the sheep were not allowed to roam about the islet at night.

The *byrv* (farm-house) of the bonder was on the main-land, and attached to it was a small hill-side "run," on which he pastured his flock of cows and some sturdy, rugged little horses. Immediately adjoining the byre was the *tún*, or paddock, about eight acres in extent, inclosed by a turf wall, from which the winter forage for the sheep and cows was cut. The tough little ponies—luckless brutes—were obliged to shirk for themselves through that rigorous season, coming home in the spring almost skeletons, and seeming as if a good strong gale from the *jökul* (mountain), getting into their voluminous, matted manes, and big, woolly tails, might lift them bodily into the air and spirit them away. To their voracious appetites, even the refuse fish-skins and offal thrown from the byre made a welcome meal.

In addition to whatever hay could be gathered from the *tún*, Jon and Eirik gleaned all that could be spared of the herbage from the islet, and tying it in bundles with thongs, rowed it across to the byre.

Bonder Hjalmund himself had at this time gone to bring home his "stock-fish" from the Guld-bringe Syssel (gold-bringing country) on the western shores of Iceland, a district where, instead of the yellow metal which its name would seem to indicate, the precious golden cod harvest is gathered in by hundreds of islanders, who come flocking from far and near for a share in this rich product of the seas.

This season of cod-fishing begins the first of February, when the fish come to spawn in the shoal waters, from which they retreat into the deep sea by the middle of April.

Thus, in midwinter, when the pale sun scarcely shows himself above the horizon, and the fierce storms howl over the dreary waste of rock and *jökul*, these hardy fishermen make their way from the most remote districts of the island—more than two hundred miles—to the fishing-stations. Here they are hired by the proprietors of Dutch or Belgian sloops, or fishing-boats, and in payment for his services, each receives a share of the fish he

takes, with a daily allowance of "skier" (Iceland cheese), and also forty pounds of flour thrown in.

Their launch to sea at early dawn, and only return to their damp and comfortless turf huts at night, after battling with inclement weather and rough seas for many hours.

Their fish are then split and hung upon lines, and exposed to the cold winds,—and the warm sun as the spring advances,—which process of curing renders them so hard that they are said to keep good for years. Thus preserved, the cod is called stock-fish.

By the middle of May the season is over, and nothing remains to be done but the final drying and hardening of the fish, which, as the inhabitants of Iceland entertain the greatest confidence in one another's honesty, is left to the care of the fishermen residing at the stations, and the stranger Icelanders, one and all, return to their homes.

At the end of June, the little, starved ponies have recovered somewhat from their emaciation of the previous winter, and are able to travel. Then, again, the true fisherman, or the bonder, who engages in this occupation only during its season, hastens with his horses to fetch home his "stock-fish" from the stations, for the consumption of his family, or else he carries them to the nearest port to exchange for coffee, sugar, or other luxuries.

Bonder Hjalmund's absence rendered it necessary that Jon and Eirik should care not only for the islet, but also for the byre at the main-land, distant about two miles, and every morning they alternately rowed across, to milk the cows and cultivate the little patch of turnips and parsley in the *tún*.

Though scarcely four o'clock, the sun had long since risen over the *jökul* to the north-east before the boys emerged from the hut. The morning was cool and damp, and fog-banks hung low about the islet and headland in the Eyja Fjord.

After turning the sheep forth to graze, excepting three or four grandmothers of the flock, whose ragged fleeces betokened overripeness, Jon and Eirik returned to the hut and ate their breakfast of cakes and "skier," washed down by a stout draught of whey; then prepared to strip off the fleecy coats of the old ewes.

Taking them to a grassy knoll in front of the hut, the sheep were cast upon their backs by the combined efforts of the two boys, where they were held while the seemingly cruel operation of denuding the poor animals was being performed.

And a very primitive process it is; for, instead of clipping off the woolly covering, the Icelander, disdainful of all improvements, or rather, perhaps, ignorant of more modern methods, clutches his helpless victim, and, in a series of pulls, tears the woolly coat, piecemeal, from its struggling body.

But it is said to be not necessarily a painful operation, for at certain periods of the year the young fleece pushes off the old covering, and eventually the creature would slough its outer woolly coat, as a snake or a toad casts its skin, only it would come off a little at a time.

Indeed, it must be confessed that our own method of shearing is far from being a humane one, for the poor sheep frequently is made to bleed by the sharp shears in the hands of some covetous owner, who is unwilling that an ounce of wool should be wasted.

The ewes were at last "picked" and set at liberty, and the fleeces carefully rolled together and tied. Then, with the bundles of hay which already had been cut and dried, together with the wool, Jon and Eirik proceeded leisurely toward the east side of the island, where the boat lay on the narrow strand.

As they went across the island, Jon, hay-laden and completely enveloped, and Eirik hidden under a mass of dirty-white wool, with nothing visible but a pair of sheep-skin moccasins, Jon looked rather like a huge, animated hay-cock crawling off behind its future devourer.

Hidden beneath their burdens, they were, as yet, unconscious of the approach of a guest whom all bonders of northern Iceland dread—the polar bear, which, floating from Spitzbergen or Jan Mayen upon berg or floe, makes a terrible onslaught upon their flocks and herds before his voracious appetite is sated, or he can be discovered and killed.

As the lads threw off their loads at the crest of the path leading down to the boat, a deep roar caused them to turn quickly. Not two furlongs off from the northern shore of the island, and bearing down toward it, a small berg, with its hungry occupant, was just emerging from a fog-bank.

For a moment the brothers stood speechless with terror. Then, "The bjorn [white bear], brother!" cried Jon, almost breathless. "Fleu! Fleu!" (Fly! fly!)

The berg drifted on, and it was evident to the boys, even before they reached the hut, that it would strand against the islet. They might save themselves by flitting across to the byre, but these flaxen-haired Norse lads had the blood of brave heroes in their veins, and they prepared to do battle with the bear, and protect their father's flock as best they might, for well they knew that the bjorn would spare neither themselves nor the helpless sheep.

Hastily collecting stones, turf, and lava shims, they piled them near the edge of the cliff where, by its setting in, the berg seemed likely to touch, and then, getting the pike-staff and scythe (very short-

bladed and not unlike the bush-hook used in New England), the courageous lads, with their few and rude weapons, stood waiting to receive the ice-giant.

His acute nostrils already had scented the flock; so, with muzzle distended and sniffing the air, he paced impatiently back and forth on the edge of the berg, and, as if impatient of its slow progress, he would now and then make feints of taking to the water and putting off to the islet, anxious to break his long fast.

The sheep were seemingly aware of coming danger, and, calling their lambs, hied them all to the cot, and huddled together in its farthest corner.

The bear had now come within a few yards of the islet, the long, yellow-white hair of his shaggy coat undulating in the breeze. His hoarse growl sounded louder and more savage each moment.

"Busk thyself quickly, brother! Bjorn is upon us!" shouted Eirik, grasping his scythe, as the berg ran upon a shelf-like projection and hung swaying to and fro in the tide.

Fortunately, upon that side of the islet the cliffs were not only very steep, but were higher by at least three fathoms than the berg itself, which sloped sharply away seaward; but, enraged by long-endured hunger, the bear reared himself upon the berg and began clambering ponderously up the jagged rocks.

Jon and Eirik watched his slow progress with anxious hearts. As the huge creature came within a yard of the top, they leaped to the brink, and, tumbling a pile of great stones and turf down upon his head, followed it by a frantic assault with the pike-staff and scythe.

Under the suddenness and violence of the stone-shower the bear slipped back to the berg, and stood there for a moment, chafing and roaring; then, more savage than before, he made up the cliff again.

The bear succeeded in getting one great paw up over the cliff, and striking its nails deep into the crevices and turf, clung there tenaciously, with glaring eyes and ears laid close—a pitiless monster, before which the brave boys for a moment recoiled in terror. Then, rallying, Jon shouted courageously to Eirik, and they again assailed him, Eirik engaging the attention of the bear by plunging at his head, while Jon got a great stone and threw it down with all his strength directly upon the big, shaggy paw lying over the edge of the cliff.

With great, gruff howls of pain, bjorn drew it hastily off, and began backing carefully down the cliff; but his courage returning as the pain abated, he once more began to scale the jagged rocks.

"Gae, Eirik! Gae! [Go! go!] Fetch the hay from the skiff!" cried Jon.

“Nai, nai [no, no], brother! Gae thyself. I am the stronger. I will stand in thy shoon here!” And with his blue eyes flashing, and his yellow hair flying in the breeze, Eirik stood on the cliffs and hurled great stones and turfs down into the very face of bjorn, who, though somewhat exhausted, climbed steadily up, unmindful now of these slight

moment, and then the cruel white face was above the cliff, and with a quick stroke the pike-staff was whirled rods away, and the long claws were struck into Eirik's coarse vadmál trousers.

“Oh, speed thee! Speed thee, Jon!” shrieked Eirik, in great terror, wrenching himself free, as the sharp nails tore through the stout woolen cloth.



THE BOYS RESORT TO A DESPERATE PLAN.

missiles, his teeth showing angrily, and his eyes fixed grimly on the little Norse boy, who was so bravely defying his great, fierce strength.

Again a huge paw, bleeding slowly from previous wounds, was thrust up over the cliff, and again a series of quick, energetic stabs from Eirik's pike-staff forced him to let go his hold. But only for a

“Here I am, brother! Hold out! Hold out!” cried Jon, staggering up under the load of hay-bundles; and casting them on the ground, he drew a match from a little leathern pouch worn about his neck, struck it on a lava shim, and applied it to one of the bundles. In a second it was ablaze, and, smoking, hissing, and flaming, it was tumbled into

the big bosom of the bear, now well over the edge of the cliff.

This was too much. His long hair caught the flames, and they sped over his yellow-white coat like a flash; and, retreating too hurriedly, the great brute went tumbling and roaring down the cliff, bumping and bounding from ledge to ledge, the burning bundles falling after and upon him.

There was now no berg to intercept his speedy exit for it had again drifted out to sea, and was

some distance away. It was fortunate, too, for the bear, as a sudden plunge into the sea *put him out*.

Emerging above the waves, he struck out for the berg, while Jon and Eirik watched his departure with deeply thankful hearts.

But, wedged into a crevice of the cliff, a long, sharp claw was left to them, either wrenched from the brute's paw by his hasty departure, or crushed off by the big stones hurled upon it—an ugly souvenir of the siege of bjorn.

MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY * * *

CHAPTER IX.

IN COUNCIL.

"AN honorary member!" repeated Kitty, elated by the title. "But you will have to tell me something about it all."

"In the first place," said the Chief, "you see, we have never had girls; we never meant to have; and if Lord Leicester had not said you would be here only a little while, I don't know that we should have agreed. But sometimes we need girls, and we must have a friend in the camp of the invader."

"Meaning our family?" said Kitty.

"Yes. And so the Brotherhood has decided to knight you."

"Do you mean, to strike me with a sword, and say, 'Rise, Sir Knight!' and all that, and do I have to watch over my arms?"

"What do you mean?" asked Don Quixote. "We strike you with a sword, but I don't know what you mean by 'watching your arms.'"

"Why, don't you remember," said Kitty, delighted to show her superior knowledge, and to prove to the Brotherhood how great an advantage to them it would be to have her as a member,—"don't you remember that young knights always sat up all night and watched their armor, the first night they had it? I think you ought to do that."

"I think it would be a capital plan," said Rob Roy, the Highlander, who was an old member, and in favor of new rules for new comers; "especially as sbe is to be only an honorary member."

"Is n't that a real member?" asked Kitty. "If you mean to begin that ceremony with me, I ought to be a member like the rest of you."

"Why, don't you see," said the boy with the skin cap, who was Robinson Crusoe, "that it is a compliment? Any girl ought to be proud of being an honorary member."

"I'd like it very much," said Kitty, feeling she never would like Robinson Crusoe, "if all the rest of you were honorary members, but I don't want to be anything different."

"You wont be," replied the Chief, "except that you can't vote, and that is of no consequence, for I don't often allow any of the Brotherhood to vote."

"But I want to vote," said Kitty. "Suppose you all want to do something, and I don't, why, I shall have to go along, and I can't even say anything about it."

"Oh, you can *say* whatever you choose," said Robinson Crusoe.

"I should not go," asserted Kitty.

"If the Chief said so, you would," replied Lord Leicester. "There is n't anything we insist upon like obedience. That was the trouble with the prisoner—he did n't obey orders."

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, looking around for him, and finding him close at her side, wearing a cocked hat and a pair of epaulets. "What did you do with him?"

"Pardoned him," said the Chief. "But will you be an honorary member?"

"I don't know," replied Kitty. "I don't know what it all means."

"We are a Band of Loyal Brothers," answered the Chief, in a very official manner, "and we help the poor, and defend the innocent."

"That's nice," said Kitty; "and do you all have names?"

"We all have characters," corrected the Chief.

"I am sure I don't know what character I ought to have," Kitty said.

"You can make up your mind about that after you are accepted," said the Chief. "We had Maid Marian, and that," pointing to the Indian girl, "is Pocahontas."

"She can have my part, if she wants it," said this personage. "I don't like being a woman."

"I don't want it," said Kitty. "I never thought much of Pocahontas. I don't know who I'd like to be. There's Queen Elizabeth, and Cleopatra; but I should n't like them. I think I'll be Sir Walter Raleigh."

"No, you can't," said Robinson Crusoe; "you've got to be a girl."

"Not unless I say so," replied the Chief, "and I don't see why she would n't make a good Sir Walter Raleigh. Of course he wore a cloak, and that would cover her dress, and her hair would do first-rate if she would unplait it."

"Oh, I am willing to do that!" said Kitty, at once beginning to act upon the suggestion; and then, shaking her hair loose, said, "Will that do?"

The little boy with a cocked hat, who was, she found, Napoleon Bonaparte, softly touched her hair, and said, in a whisper:

"It is longer than my sister's, and it is very pretty."

Kitty turned to him and smiled. "Perhaps," she said, addressing the Chief again, "Cousin Robert could tell me of a better character."

"You must n't ask him!" exclaimed the Chief.

"Oh, I shall have to," replied Kitty. "I have made up my mind not to do anything while I am here without his knowledge."

The Brotherhood wore an air of individual and general consternation.

"You must *not* tell," said the Chief, in a peremptory manner. "It would be the meanest thing in the world!"

"Then I can't belong," said Kitty, getting up. "Of course I should n't say anything to Sandy or Fred, but Cousin Robert is different."

"Did n't I say so!" said Robinson Crusoe, looking ready to hug himself. "I told you that girls would spoil the fun."

"Is it really a secret society?" said Kitty, addressing the Chief, after giving one withering look at Robinson Crusoe.

"Of course it is," the Chief answered. "No one knows of it. Not one of our relatives."

"I don't think that is right," said Kitty. "Your fathers might not come to the meetings, but they ought to know. I am sure Cousin Robert would say so."

"Now, see here, Miss Kitty Baird," said Lord Leicester, a little hotly, "it is n't nice in you to

talk in that way. We are not rascals, and our fathers would n't care anything about knowing."

"If I were to belong, I should have to tell Cousin Robert," stoutly maintained Kitty.

"Then you'd better not belong," replied the Chief. "For it is a rule not to tell any one who is not a member."

"Perhaps she will tell, anyhow," said Robinson Crusoe. "Girls can't keep secrets. I said from the first, she ought not to be let in."

The blood rushed to Kitty's face. Now she knew for certain that she did n't like Robinson Crusoe, and she was about to make an angry reply, when the sentry rushed in, hastily shutting the door, and crying, in a suppressed voice:

"To arms! They come! The Greek! The Greek!"

In a moment the candles were put out and thrust into pockets, Rob Roy picked up the sheep-skin; there was a swift and silent rush up the back stairs, and the honorary member was left in a darkened room, with a forgotten muslin-mask at her feet, to consider the situation.

CHAPTER X.

KITTY'S KNIGHTS.

"SPEAK it out, Kitty," said Sandy, at breakfast the next morning. "Ever since we came home yesterday, you have been brimful of something. Speak it out."

"Nonsense," said Kitty, getting very red for a moment; "I should like to know what I could have to tell."

"She wants to ask Papa something. Every two minutes she looks at him as if she were just going to do it."

"You are all crazy," Kitty replied, hastily drinking her cup of milk. "If I want to ask Cousin Robert anything, I shall do it."

"I am not afraid of that," said Sandy. "But I want to hear it."

"I have the greatest mind in the world not to do something for you," said Kitty. "Something that ought to be done, Sandy Baird."

"Ought I to do it?" asked Sandy.

"Yes."

"Is it hard?"

"No, not very."

"Is it pleasant?"

Kitty laughed.

"I am afraid you would n't think it very pleasant," said she.

"Then you do it. Certainly, you'd best do it."

"You say yes, do you?" asked Kitty.

"With all my heart."

"Very well," said Kitty, and she ran out of the room.

"She has a secret," said Belle. "She jumped about last night as if she were crazy, and said all sorts of foolish things about my joining some society which she meant to get up."

Kitty went into the little parlor, took a sheet of note-paper out of her cousin Robert's portfolio, and wrote this epistle:

"A hunter searching for game, made a mistake. He shot, not a cardinal ostrich but a Turkey Roc, the hunter is honest although he is not a knight and he ought to pay the owner, and I want to know who is the owner.
SIR WALTER —."

"I don't know how to spell 'Raleigh,' but that will do," she said to herself. "Now, Sandy will have to pay for that turkey, or, rather, I shall pay for him, if I have money enough, and I shall tell him when we are far away. The next thing is to send the letter. It sounds like one of Æsop's fables."

She soon had a chance to send it, for she saw two of the Band of Loyal Brothers walking arm in arm close to the river, and ran down.

"We just wanted you," said Robin Hood.

"Here 's a note," said Kitty. "I can't wait one minute. When you have the answer ready, whistle three times, and put it under the first blackberry bush over there. Here is a piece of paper, and here 's a pencil," and off she went back to the house.

It was not long before she heard the signal, but when she reached the bush the boys were gone. The note was there, however, and Kitty sat down behind a tree while she read it. It ran thus:

*The turkey belonged to
Jacob Burgin a boy found it
in a bush and put it on
jacobs hen coop and jacob
eat it and he was awful
mad so you need not pay
for it wick boy shot it
the right way to spell
ostrich is not the way you
do it has not 2Ts in it it
is spelt this way*

OSTRICH

*we do not wonder you run
away there is trouble in*

*the camp it is about girls
& should not be a*

TRAITOR

RH β

NB ϕ

"I'd like to know who is a traitor!" cried Kitty, jumping up and looking around. "If I just had that Napoleon Bonaparte here,—for I know he wrote the letter!"

Then she whistled, and the boys at once appeared from a bush close by.

"Here, take your note," said Kitty. "I don't like such things. If you mean that I am a traitor, you are very much mistaken, and you don't know how to spell 'which,' and I am going to tell Cousin Robert this very day."

"Who has told, then?" exclaimed Robin Hood. "Somebody has; and I believe you are guilty, or you would n't have run away just now. All the girls over at Riverbank know it."

"I did n't tell any one!" cried Kitty; "of course I did n't. I know who did."

"Who?" asked Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Robinson Crusoe," said Kitty, wildly deciding on the Loyal Brother most objectionable to her.

"No, he did n't," said Napoleon. "He hates girls, and they are teasing him like everything. They call him General Washington. You see they don't fully understand it. But the Chief will give it to somebody! And all the girls over there call themselves all sorts of names,—Lady this, and Countess that. I never saw anything so simple! But I tell you, there is a row about it! If you should be taken prisoner now, I should be sorry for you."

"You ought to be ashamed to say such things," cried Kitty. "I wish I never, never had gone with Harry Briscom! I wish I had told Cousin Robert right away."

"Well, if you did n't do it," said Napoleon Bonaparte, who evidently did not mean to get excited on the subject, "you'd better tell the Chief so. He says the only thing he is sorry for is that you are not a member, for he would like to make an example of you."

"Make an example of me!" exclaimed Kitty. "Oh, I wish he would! Where is he? I just want to tell him this minute what I think of his charging me with such a thing!"

"It is fair enough for him to think so," said Robin Hood. "You know perfectly well you

said you would tell your cousin, and somebody told those girls."

"But I don't know them," said Kitty.

At this, the two Loyal Brothers looked at each other.

"That 's so," said Robin Hood.

"Now, look here," said Napoleon Bonaparte. "You see, we two are friends of yours. If we had n't been, we should n't have come over to give you warning, and we should n't have told you about

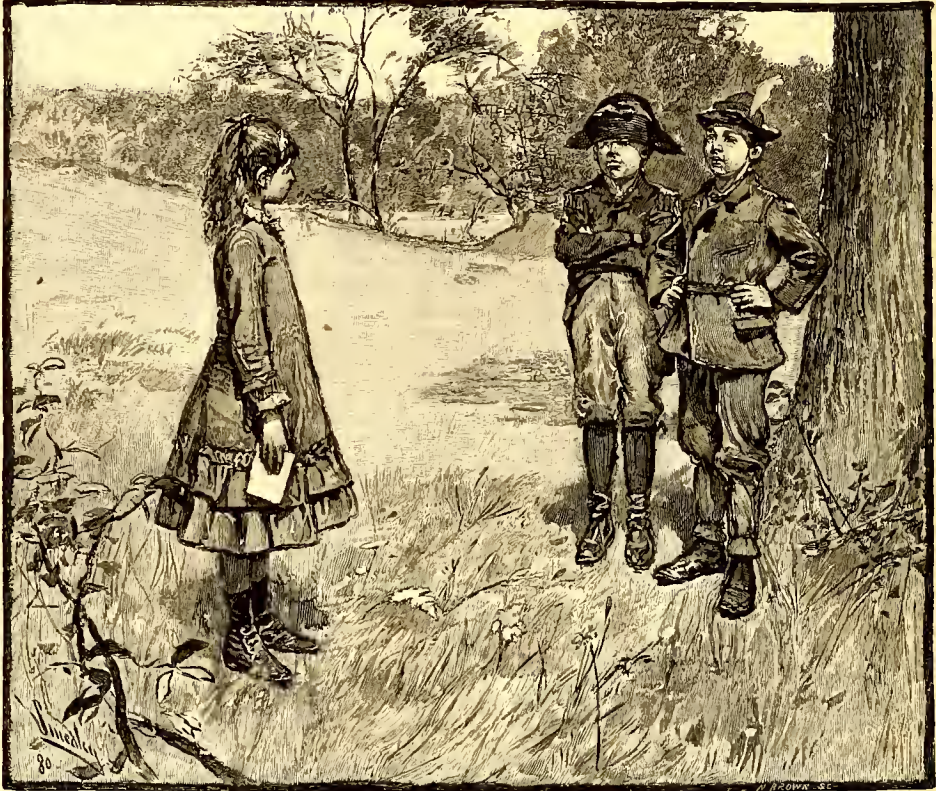
In a moment or two, the two boys returned, and Napoleon Bonaparte said:

"Now, see here, we believe you, and we are going, as knights, to see you set right. Now, you are sure you did not tell?" he added.

"I did not tell a soul!" said Kitty, solemnly.

"Then some one did," said he, "and we shall find out who it was."

"Oh, I wish you would!" cried Kitty; "and please do it before we go away. But I must go now,



"IF YOU MEAN THAT I'M A TRAITOR," SAID KITTY, "YOU'RE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN."

the turkey one of your boys shot. Now I want to know, did you tell *anybody*?"

"Not a soul," said Kitty. "I have not had a chance to tell Cousin Robert, and I should n't tell any one else first, but I did want to tell Sandy and Belle, and, of course, Fred and Donald, and they would like to join, but I did n't."

Napoleon Bonaparte hardly waited to hear this through, but beckoned Robin Hood away and they retired among the bushes to confer, and Kitty, being at liberty to pay attention to other matters, heard a shouting and clapping of hands up at the house that convinced her that Sandy was looking for her.

for Sandy is calling as if he were crazy; and mind, I don't promise not to tell Cousin Robert, and I wish you would have a council right away, so that I might come to it and say I did n't tell."

"Oh, you need not come," said Robin Hood, "for we shall clear you. It is party of our duty," speaking very slowly, "to aid the poor and defend the innocent, and you are innocent, you know."

"Of course I am," said Kitty; "anybody ought to know that. But I must go."

She ran but a little way when she had a sudden thought. She pulled the blue ribbon off her hair, and, turning, flew back.

"Oh, Robin, Robin Hood!" she cried. "Have you a knife?"

Robin had one, and Kitty cut the ribbon in half.

"If you are to be my knights," she said, "you ought to wear my colors. All knights wear their ladies' colors."

"And I say," said Robin, "we ought to have a tournament!"

Kitty clasped her hands, and looked at him in delight.

"And have horses, and lances, and I should have my hair all down, and look distressed, and after the battle was over I should crown you!"

"I don't know about the horses," said Robin, "and may be we 'd better not fight."

"But you would have to," said Kitty. "The knights who wear colors always do, and you could choose some of the little fellows to fight with. It would be easy to beat them. But oh dear, there 's Sandy calling again!"

"If the boys are half as jolly as she is," said Robin Hood, "I 'd like to have them all in. Did you ever hear a girl talk as fast?"

"She 's pretty enough," said Napoleon Bonaparte, "but I 'm not sure about girls. You see, she will tell somebody yet."

"Where on earth have you been?" exclaimed Sandy. "It would have served you just right if we had gone off without you. They have all gone; so hurry up. We are going to have a regatta."

"That 's lovely!" cried Kitty. "May I row? But look here, Sandy; you can't have a regatta with only one boat!"

"Of course you can't," said Sandy, scornfully. "We have two. We are not going to use the 'Jolly Fisherman' at all. Farmer Saunders has just offered Fred his two little boats. They are beauties. Just alike. His girls used to row in them. The 'Helen' and 'Marian.' We have been to look at them. It was then we thought of the regatta. Where were you? You might have gone along."

"Oh, Sandy," said Kitty, "if I could only tell you! It is perfectly splendid! It is all about Castles, and Knights, and the Chief, and Tournaments!"

"Is it a book?" said Sandy.

"Mercy, no!" said Kitty, walking past Sandy, who did not seem as much in a hurry as his words implied, and who, in fact, knowing that Donald and Fred were baling the boats out, did not feel anxious to join them too soon. "It is better than any book. Oh, I *do* wish I could tell you, Sandy. Now, see here—*don't you think you could find out?*"

"Of course I could, if you would tell me how."

"I can't do that," said Kitty, much perplexed. "But could n't you watch, and, if you see anything surprising, find out?"

"You might as well tell," said Sandy. "You know I told you that you had a secret. You are bound to tell, so out with it."

"Indeed, I wont tell!" cried Kitty. "And I can keep a secret. And I know whose turkey that was."

"Is that your secret?" said Sandy. "I knew it was n't much. Well, you can keep that one. I don't want to know that."

"Is that about Knights and Castles?" replied Kitty, laughing. "Oh, you can guess and guess, but I sha'n't tell you!"

"I don't want to know," replied Sandy, trying to look very indifferent. "It is n't much—I know that."

Kitty nodded her head, like one of the Chinese mandarins wound up by clock-work, and Sandy would have promptly shaken her, but she eluded him, and ran away so fleetly that he could not catch her.

Sandy was not lazy, and was always ready to do his own share of work, but he was very well pleased to find that the boats were baled out, and the party was almost ready to start. Belle was at the house helping Patty with the luncheon, and Fred, who was to bring it down, proposed that the others should take the "Jolly Fisherman," and the "Marian," and go up the creek, where the regatta was to be held, and he would bring Belle and the luncheon in the "Helen."

So this was agreed to, and the others left.

When Belle and Fred came down to the river-bank with their baskets, the boats were out of sight, and they got into the "Helen" and rowed down the river. They had just turned into the creek and had gone, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, when a man sitting on a log near the water's edge called to them:

"Are you looking for your folks?"

"Yes," answered Fred.

"They 've gone up there," the man said, pointing inland toward the woods. "They told me to look out for you."

"In there!" repeated Fred, rowing up closer. "What in the world did they do that for?"

"Don't know," said the man. "They told me to look out for you, and tell you. I 've done it, and I don't know any more."

Fred stepped ashore, helped Belle, took out the baskets, tied the boat, and then they walked up the little path over the fields toward the woods.

"Do you think they have given up the regatta?" said Belle.

"Dear knows!" Fred replied. "They were just

in the humor to change their minds. Hark! Don't you hear them?" He halloed, and was cheerily answered.

In a moment they were in the woods, and saw, first, a bright bonfire, and, secondly, a group of boys gathered around it. The boys looked up in surprise, and Fred and Belle looked back in equal wonder.

"Have you seen another party — Why, Will Lewis!" exclaimed Fred, as a tall, dark-eyed boy came forward.

"Is it you, Fred?" said the boy. "I did n't

smiling mischievously. "But I wonder if Mr. Lewis does not mean that he left birds as his card?"

"It was some of the other boys," said Will, "and I believe they left some ridiculous message. It was your other sister I meant."

"You mean," said Belle, quickly, "our cousin, Kitty Baird. I am Fred's only sister."

"Is it your cousin?" said Will. "Well, she is a handful! I suppose she told you all about the Brotherhood, and all that. Of course, it does n't make any difference now, as it is all broken up."

"Oh, that is Kitty's secret!" cried Belle. "Do



BELLE AND FRED MAKE READY TO JOIN THE REGATTA.

know until yesterday that it was your family at Greystone. I meant to have called on you this evening, although," and here his cheeks grew brighter, "I suppose you have heard of some of our calls already?"

"No," said Fred. "Have you been there?"

"Did n't your sister tell you?"

Fred looked at Belle. "No, not a word! This is my sister, and, Belle, you have often heard of Will Lewis, my school-mate at Bagsby's."

"Often," said Belle, holding out her hand and

tell us! You don't know how provoking she has been. Of course, we knew she had found out something the day we left her at home, but she would never tell what it was. Do tell us! It will be such fun to pay her back!"

"Did she really never tell any one?" said Will.

"She said she meant to tell her cousin Robert."

"That is Papa," said Belle. "She never told us. Did she, Fred?"

"Not a word," said Fred.

"It was n't much," Will said. "We had a

society, and Harry Briscoe brought her to the meeting that day. It was n't much."

"You have n't seen our family to-day?" asked Fred. "A man down by the creek told us they had come up here, but as we intended to have a regatta, I don't know what they meant."

"It was a mistake," said a rosy-cheeked little fellow who had joined them. "I guess the man meant Captain Kidd and Robin Hood. You know, we left word for them."

The tall boy colored furiously. "Why do you call them by such ridiculous names?" he said. "Don't you know that 's all done with?"

"It must have been a mistake," said Fred, kindly; "and we ought to have followed the boats. We 'd better go, Belle—they must be waiting for us."

"Are you going to have a regatta? You said

so," asserted the little fellow. "I wish we could have one. Would n't you let us join yours, if the Chief would consent?"

"Who is the Chief?" asked Fred.

"There he is," answered the boy, pointing to Will, "and I am Napoleon Bonaparte. I s'pose I can tell now, as it is all broken up. Kitty was going to be Sir Walter, and have her hair down. Robin Hood and I told her about the turkey."

Having imparted all this information in a breath, Napoleon paused.

"I am sure your society must have had lots of fun in it," said Belle, laughing. "I wish you would have it again and let us be members. But, oh, sha'n't I tease Kitty!"

"We can't have it again," said the Chief. "But if you would consent, we should like to see your regatta."

(To be continued.)



"SHALL IT BE PEACE, OR WAR?"

A DISPATCH TO FAIRY-LAND.

BY HELEN K. SPOFFORD.



CONNECT me with Fairy-land please, pretty Vine,
With the Fairy Queen's palace of pearl,
And ask if her Highness will hear through your line
A discouraged and sad little girl.

O Queen, I'm so grieved 'cause my dolly wont play,
And so tired of pretending it all!
I must walk for her, talk for her, *be* her all day,
While she sits still and stares at the wall.

Her house is so pretty, with six little rooms,
And it has *truly* windows and doors,
And stairs to go up, and nice carpets, and
brooms—

For I do the sweeping, of course.

There 's a tea-set, and furniture fit for a
queen,

And a trunk full of dresses besides;
And a dear little carriage as ever was seen,
And I am her horse when she rides.

But never a smile nor a thank have I had,
Nor a nod of her hard, shiny head;
And is it a wonder I'm weary and sad?
For I can't love a dolly so dead.

I thought I would ask you if, in your
bright train,

You had n't one fairy to spare,
A naughty one, even,—I should n't
complain,

But would love it with tenderest care—

Or a poor little one who had lost its
bright wings,—

I should cherish it not a bit less,—
And, besides, they'd get crushed with
the sofas and things,
And be *so* inconvenient to dress.

O Queen of the Fairies, so happy
I'll be

If you'll only just send one to
try;

I'll be back again soon 'after
dinner to see

If you've left one here
for me. Good-bye!

M.D.

MARY JANE DESCRIBES HERSELF.

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.

I AM going to write my autobiography.

An autobiography is a story that the heroine writes herself. From those I have read, I should say that the heroines of autobiographies are even superior to other heroines. This is my autobiography. I've written two before, and I dare say you have read them. One I called "Kitty's Mother," and the other was about "Tildy Joy," who kept the school at Tuckertown (and me); but I hope you have n't read them, for I have not done myself justice in either. It did n't sound near so nice as I expected, so I am just going to write another, and describe myself as a Sunday-school scholar; and you will see that I am a girl of some character, after all.

Folks say that Dot is the beauty of our family. To be sure, Lucy is her twin, and looks like her, but the scarlet fever, and the measles, and the mumps, and the whooping-cough have stolen her red cheeks, and left her as thin as a wafer. Anyhow, she has the best disposition of any of us, and I suppose that counts for something. As for Baby, he has the worst disposition, and the strongest lungs, and is the greatest nuisance every way. "But Mary Jane," my mother says, "is the smartest child I ever had."

I am Mary Jane.

Perhaps you think it is vain of me to tell this at all. But I am writing my autobiography, and must tell the truth, or it wont be authentic. My father says: "If it is not authentic, a work of this sort has little value." So, you see, I'm obliged to say that I am smart.

As I must be authentic, I shall begin by saying that, although I am so smart, I am not at all handsome. When they had the tableaux at our church, they never asked me to be in them, though Dot was stuck up in 'most every one. The idea of going to a show and having to look at Dot, whom I see every blessed day at home for nothing! Besides, when we have our pictures taken in a group, they always turn me sort of side-face. I s'pose they don't think I can see through that. Well, "beauty is only skin-deep," as Mamie Whyte said in her composition; so I don't care.

At our Sunday-school, there were to be two prizes given at the end of the year. The first prize was to be a Bible, and the second a prayer-book; and the two scholars who should learn the greatest number of verses in the Bible would get them. I

never thought of such a thing as getting a prize. I had a Bible and a prayer-book, and I did n't want another, anyhow. Ours was the most stylish class in school. We were the most stylish girls and had the most stylish teacher. We had the minister's daughter for our teacher. Well, she said one day:

"It's too bad that none of you girls will try for the prize. I really should like to have one of you get it."

Milly Briggs said that some one in the minister's daughter's class *ought* to get it, but none of us wanted to try. There was Mabel Pratt, but she was going to New York for a visit, so she would n't have time; and Jenny Gurney was so slow to learn, and Mamie Whyte and I did n't want the trouble.

Miss Parks had about the meanest class in the Sunday-school. All the poorest and dowdiest girls were in it; and Miss Parks herself wore a waterproof, and was so queer-looking. Jo Holland was in it, for one; and I always hated her. No, I don't hate her, of course, for that would be wicked. I mean I hate the evil that's in her, and that's a great deal.

One day, coming out of school, Jo whispered to me: "How many verses have you learned?"

"Not more than twenty," said I.

"Pooh!" said Julia Brown, one of Miss Parks's girls; "no one in that class will ever get it."

"I do believe," declared Mamie Whyte to me, "that Jo Holland thinks *she* is going to get the prize."

"Well, she just sha'n't, then," said I. "I can learn as many verses as she can, if I have a mind to; and I declare I will, just to spite her."

I made up my mind not to let Jo know that I was trying for the prize, thinking she would learn more verses for fear of being beaten; and then, too, it would be such fun to surprise her at the very last moment. I did n't even tell them at home, for fear they would let out the secret. I selected all the short verses, and left out the big ones between; and that next Sunday, when Miss Newell, our teacher, asked me how many verses I had learned, I said, "Fifty."

"Dear me! I can't hear you say so many today," said she, looking pleased.

Well, I did n't have time to say more than five or six, but she gave me credit for fifty, and so, with my other twenty, I had seventy in all.

It was nearly Christmas time, and I was so busy

getting my presents ready, that I did not have much time to study.

For Mother, I was making a lovely pin-cushion.

I began it for Aunt Jane, but that was two years ago, and I knew she had forgotten all about it. I told Mamie Whyte that I was going to give



MISS PARKS'S CLASS.

it to her, and she said it was lovely, and thanked me for it; but that was before I dropped it in the coal-hod, and I did n't believe she would want it after that. With Mother it's different, because she says she values anything her children have taken pains to make for her.

I meant to get something real handsome for Father, but I had only fifty cents to buy it with. Dot and I used to go shopping every day after school, and that was fun. We always went into the handsomest stores. I went into an elegant one once, and I told Dot that I knew we could find

something to suit us; but everything was so dear. The shop-keeper, although he looked like Deacon Tucker down in Tuckertown, was very polite, and we looked and looked and looked; by and by I found the loveliest little stand for cigars, and I knew Father would like it. It did n't look very expensive either, but the gentleman said it was five dollars and fifty cents.

Dot asked him to send us a postal card if he had anything before Christmas in his store for fifty cents. And then we went home. On the way we spent the fifty cents for pickled limes, and treated all the girls, so I could n't give Father any present, after all.

I was going to make Dot's doll a dress. Mother said that she would cut it out and I could make it. After a while, I told her that I would rather she should make it, and let me cut it out; but it was already cut out by that time, and

finally I got Mother to make it for me, too.

When it came to Lucy's present, I was tired of sewing, and Mother suggested that I should give Lucy my calla; but it had two buds on it, and I concluded to wait until summer, and give it to her on her birthday.

So, you see, I had lots to do; but I squeezed out time to learn a great many verses. One day, when Father came home, I heard him say:

"Mother, where is Mary Jane?"

And Dot answered:

"She is up in her room, reading the Bible."

It sounded beautifully.

That next Sunday I had fifty verses more; and the next, forty; and then fifty again, and so on.

Well, by and by, Jo Holland found out how many verses I had learned, and gave up trying for the first prize, and bent all her energies on the second prize. I was real mad with whoever told. I went right to Mamie Whyte and told her, and said: "Now, you must get that second prize."

"I can't; it's so late now," replied she.

But I told her how easy it was, if she only picked out the short verses, and so many that Miss Newell could n't hear them.

Mamie did n't like Jo any better than I.

"I will try," said she; "but it's lucky we are not in Miss Parks's class."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, 'cause she makes 'em recite every single verse. I know, 'cause I used to be in it. You could n't have beaten Jo Holland if you had been in her class, could you, Mary Jane?"

Sometimes Mamie Whyte can say as disagreeable things as anybody I know; but I never take any notice of her mean speeches, and that's the way we get on.

At last, Christmas came.

I did n't like my presents very well. One was a book—a history. I have n't read it yet. Mother gave me a new dress; but I should have had to have it any way, and I don't like clothes for presents. The worst was a horrid work-basket, with lots of needles and thread in it. Aunt Jane sent me that, and I was real glad I had n't given her anything. She said in her letter that perhaps I should like to sew better if I had a nice little work-basket of my own. I wanted a locket.

Dot and Lucy had lovely things; but Mother says I am getting too old for toys. In the toe of my stocking I found a five-dollar gold piece; but I was n't allowed to spend it, so I did n't care for it. I consoled myself by thinking what fun it would be to see Jo Holland's rage when Mamie and I got the prizes.

We were going to have our festival in the church, right after the evening service, and, of

emblem was lovely—a silver salver, with a stick all wound around with ribbons standing in the center of it, and heaped around with oranges. It was the most beautiful thing! The motto for Miss Parks's class was "No cross, no crown," and the emblem was n't half so pretty as ours—nothing but an old evergreen cross.

The church was as full as it could be. Mother could n't come, for she had to stay at home with Lucy, who had been more delicate than ever since she had had the scarlet fever. But all the other mothers were there, and lots of people besides. When each class was mentioned, the scholars in it all stood up, and the one that held the emblem carried it to the altar. The minister held it up so that the people could see it, and explained the motto; and then it was taken back again. Mabel Pratt carried our emblem. I suppose she was chosen because she has blonde hair and wears such handsome clothes; but she is a clumsy thing, and tipped it up so that some of the oranges rolled out on the floor, just opposite Miss Parks's class, too.

After all the emblems had been carried up, the prizes were given out.

"The first prize," said Mr. Newell (that's our minister), "is awarded to Miss Mary Jane Hunt, who has learned thirteen hundred and fifty-two verses in the Bible during the past year."

At the words "thirteen hundred and fifty-two verses," everybody turned and looked at me; and, as I stood up, a chorus of "O-o-o-o-h's" went 'way around the church. I should have liked to stand there all day, but Miss Newell pulled me down.

After I had received my prize and taken my seat, the second one was given to Miss Mamie Whyte, for nine hundred and thirty verses. Everybody stared again, and the "Oh's" went around; but not near so many as for mine. I tried to look at Jo, but she was sitting in front of us, and I could n't get a glimpse of her face. I think it was real hard to miss seeing her, after I had worked so.

Well, after Mamie came back from getting her prize, I supposed it was all over, but what was my surprise when Mr. Newell popped up again to say that they had originally intended giving but two prizes, but a third was now to be awarded, as a mark of approbation, "to Miss Josephine Holland, who had learned five verses regularly every week, without a single exception, during the entire year."

And up pranced Jo, as proud as a peacock!

Just then, Mamie grabbed my arm and whispered that somebody said that we were all to be called up to repeat our verses.

Mercy! How frightened I was! My heart came right up into my mouth. It did! And my knees shook so that I could n't have walked up to that



"SHE'S UP IN HER ROOM, READING THE BIBLE."

course, all the people would be there. Each class had a motto and an emblem. Our motto was "By their fruits ye shall know them," and the

altar again, to save my life. Of course, it would frighten anybody to have to recite thirteen hundred and fifty-two verses before a whole church full of people; but it turned out to be only a silly joke of Mamie's, by which she meant to scare me.

in my mouth, and I just hated to think of it. Every now and then, my father would say that he was going to hear me repeat those verses; and, whenever he looked at me, I thought my time had come. Everybody that I saw had something to



THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER'S CLASS.

After the congregation had been dismissed, I saw the third prize; and what do you think it was? A real lovely locket!

Any way, I heard lots of people say that it was a queer prize to give at a Sunday-school, and I'm sure I should n't want to wear jewelry for having learned verses in the Bible. Beside, Mother said that if I would break myself of my habit of procrastinating, she would give me a locket; so it came out right, after all.

It came out right, but, in spite of the glory of getting the prize, somehow it had left a bad taste

say about the festival, and how smart I had been; and the children called me "Miss Thirteen-hundred-and-fifty-two."

But, whenever the subject was mentioned at home, Mother looked at me in—well, such a suspicious sort of way, that I wished a hundred times it had never come into my head to try for that prize at all. I gave my Bible to Dot.

On the fly-leaf was written, "Miss Mary Jane Hunt, from her affectionate pastor. Sunday-school festival," and the date; and Dot has written underneath: "She gave it to me."

GUARDING THE TREASURES; OR, THE SHAH'S CHOICE.

BY EMILY HINKLEY.

THE Grand Vizier was dying; and, as he had been such a faithful servant, the Shah promised that his last request, whatever it might be, should be granted.

"Let it be given me to know, O Commander of Slaves and Ruler of Thrones," said the dying man, "that one of my sons shall guard the treasures of the empire. Faithfully have I studied the interests of my country, never letting personal feeling prevail over judgment. Let me feel that my name shall descend in the position thou intrustest to one of my sons."

"It shall be as thou desirest, Rejerah, the Adviser," replied the potentate. "We will try thy sons; to the best fitted shall be given charge over our treasures. Justice shall be done thy memory!"

Loud were the lamentations of the nation, and great was the distress of the old Vizier's family, when at last he died. But the people soon became reconciled to the new Vizier; while the three sons of Rejerah were soon looking forward to the chance of "Holder of the Golden Key," as the title went. And shortly the eldest, Ramedab, known throughout Persia as the "Ready-Handed," was called to the palace.

He prostrated himself to the ground when brought before the Shah, who thus addressed him:

"This charge is given thee, Ramedab, son of Rejerah, in honor of thy father, a servant of servants—wise for his commander, discreet for himself, and wily toward his enemies. In token of our appreciation of these traits, we now lend thee, for a time, the Golden Key to the treasures. Remember, they are Persia's. It is a great commission,—thy duty is to *guard* them. Let not bribery, personal feeling, nor love of renown cause thee to forget thy charge. May the spirit of thy father be with thee, to lead thee to act as becomes his son."

Ramedab was then conducted to a large stone building used as a treasury by the Shah; here the gold and jewels of the kingdom were kept. It was guarded day and night by trusted sentinels, whose head officer ranked among the nobles of the land. The great house was rather isolated, on the top of a hill, but the guardian was given a silver whistle, which he blew if he saw danger; but was forbidden to use unless in extremity, when a band of soldiers, with shields and spears, would come at once to his relief. The Ready-Handed entered upon his watch in high spirits; of course his sovereign would decide on him: he was the strongest,

bravest, and oldest of his name. He would soon be among the grandees of Persia. He was too good a soldier to sleep on his post, so one o'clock found him awake and alert. A noise, a step,—his hand was on his javelin.

"Peace be with thee, and reward!" exclaimed a voice out of the darkness, and the son of the Shah, Hafiz, appeared before the astonished sentinel.

"Often have I seen thee in games of skill and strength, Ramedab," he continued, seeing the Ready-Handed was too surprised to speak. "But little did I think such honor was in store for thee. Changes are sudden and great."

"Why seekest thou me, 'most noble of the nobles'?" inquired the soldier.

"My father is stricken with illness."

"What, the Shah?"

"Even so. He may cease to live at any moment. What then will become of thy promised honors?"

Here a pause ensued, as if Hafiz wished to let his words produce an effect.

"Better look forward and plant thy foot on the next step, Ramedab. The ready are the lucky. A chance is now thine. I am in debt, as, perhaps, thou hast heard. Let me but obtain some gold, and thy future greatness is secured."

"Betray my trust?" demanded the other.

"I ask thee not to betray. Drop the key, go to the end of the walk: I will only secure a bag of gold, which will never be missed; or if it should be, who will know it disappeared during thy watch? Does not thy brother succeed thee here to-morrow? It would be easy for me to promote thee by degrees, and this I swear: Thou shall be made Grand Vizier when I succeed my father. Thy father would rejoice if, instead of Holder of the Key, thou shouldst rank as himself—second only to the Shah."

"My father!" shouted the young man. "Enough! My father would curse me for bartering my honor. A thousand times NO! Let the Commander of Slaves live or die, I betray not my trust."

In vain the heir to the throne of Persia tried to recall the hesitating mood of a few minutes before: the name of his father had brought Ramedab to himself. The tempter left, and Ramedab passed the rest of the night in quiet. Contrary to his expectation, he received orders from the monarch to resume his watch the following night, which set in clear and serene; the heavens were illumined with myriads of stars, which shone down brightly on

Ramedab, who saw ere long a warrior approach, bearing a shield that gleamed in the starlight. Could it be Hafiz, come to fight for the treasures? A well-known voice—for what is so soon recognized as an enemy?—called out:

"Ah! Ramedab, I have come to seek thee. Thou thoughtest to escape me; but I have followed to fight thee here."

"Escape thee!" answered the indignant one. "When was the Ready-Handed ever known to avoid a fray? Thou little knowest to whom thou speakest, Mufta, the Brag. It shall never be told that Ramedab denied his spear to any man. But swear, that if I fall, thou wilt not touch the treasures, but blow on the whistle, and then flee."

"What care I for the treasures? It is thou I seek, destroyer of my fame! The jewels are safe from me. Should the Ready-Handed fail, the guard shall be called. Thou hast now no further excuse. Come on; I defy thee!"

They were well matched. Mufta called himself "the Invincible." Ramedab had disputed his title, which caused the enmity between them. Our hero fought bravely, but whether less skillful than his adversary, or pricked by conscience for allowing himself to be drawn into the fray, he lost the combat, and was left bleeding on the ground. Mufta blew the whistle, then departed. The Shah and an attendant appeared.

"It is a plot, then," Ramedab thought, as he beheld no less personages than his sovereign and the Vizier. But immediately all was a blank—he became unconscious.

"Let him be cared for and healed, if possible; it is a bad thrust. He could withstand bribery, but not a personal slight, for the sake of his trust. See that his brother be brought to me to-morrow."

So saying, the Commander of Slaves and Ruler of Thrones retired to the palace.

Amulfeda, while preparing to obey this summons, thoughtfully remarked to Freraddin, the youngest: "It is likely that Ramedab is accepted, as he is a noted soldier; but should his impetuosity displease the Shah, I shall, of course, be next choice, for my father's gracious manner has descended upon me. Thou hast his discretion, but it is all thou hast. Such a puny, slight person as thou art would ill become an exalted position. Besides, I love my country. Though not the warrior Ramedab, I hope to do some great work, to be celebrated through the length and breadth of the land."

The Shah repeated in the same words the charge he had given to the Ready-Handed, the key was presented, and the second son found himself by midnight alone under the stars. Hafiz found Amulfeda deaf to all appeals. Mufta also appeared; but Amulfeda replied to his taunts: "I care not

who calls me coward, so I hold the privilege of guarding the treasures."

He had passed two nights without wavering in his trust. On the third came the Grand Vizier.

"Knowest thou, Amulfeda," said he, "that thou hast been played a trick? The Shah hath given thee empty coffers. Thinkest thou he would trust an untried boy with the jewels of Persia, or that he would bestow upon a beardless youth the office of the Golden Key?"

"How darest thou malign the Ruler of Thrones, who was never known to break his word?"

"Sayest thou so? I could tell thee otherwise; but, with all thy devotion to him, thou fearest to draw thy sabre in his defense, though I do say the Shah hath no intention of keeping his word."

"Draw and defend thyself for thy lie! I trust implicitly in the monarch of Persia." So saying, Amulfeda drew his weapon and prepared to attack the Vizier. After a short conflict, the Vizier made himself master of the key,—which Amulfeda had dropped in the struggle,—and withdrew.

On the following morning, Freraddin was informed he was to take his turn. "Why should I mount guard when the Shah has ere this decided on one of my brothers?" thought he. "I only plod along, doing what lies before me. But did not my dying father say, 'Do what comes to hand; do it well; let nothing take thy thoughts from it, and success will follow'? I trust it may prove true."

The Shah looked surprised when Freraddin prostrated himself before him.

"Thy brothers have inherited the most of thy father, we perceive. What has been left for thee?"

"His discretion and power of endurance, O Ruler of Thrones!"

"It may be so. The most useful blade owns not the finest scabbard. Receive this key! I say to thee, as to thy brothers: Let not love of gold, of self, nor of others, cause thee to forget thy duty."

Freraddin was in turn subjected to the temptations his brothers had undergone, only added was the promise from the Shah's favorite daughter, "that if he would let her enter to obtain her amulet, which was kept among the royal jewels, she would use her influence for his promotion, and, in time, persuade her father to agree to their marriage; for the amulet was especially precious to her, and she desired to wear it at the evening feast."

But Freraddin refused; her entreaties were hard to withstand, yet the memory of his father's words decided him, and the princess departed in tears.

Next morning, the three brothers were brought before the throne—Ramedab on a litter, Amulfeda with bandaged arm, and Freraddin holding the key.

"It is known to all," began the Shah, "the promise given to your father, and how it has been

kept. Each was tried. I commanded you not to let anything come between you and your duty. I showed not the treasures, for belief in them was part of your faith in me. You all refused the worldly bribes offered." Here Ramedab changed color. "It is needless to say," continued the Shah, "that the trials were permitted by me. I allowed Hafiz, who needed money, to endeavor to influence you. I did not make Mufta Ramedab's enemy, but agreed to his challenging him while on guard. The Grand Vizier requested the opportunity to test your zeal: should the family of Rejerah fail, his nephew might win. For I could not do Persia the injustice to bestow the Golden Key on one untried

by temptations. Ramedab, this was not the time for thee to think of thine own name; but as thou hast proved thyself brave, though a faulty sentinel, thou shalt receive a place in the cohorts of Persia. Amulfeda, thinkest thou not we had plenty to defend our name? That was not thy mission; let not visions of greatness make thee forget life's duties. Thou shalt be among the chroniclers of Persia. But thou, Freraddin, whom neither gold, nor taunts, nor woman's tears could move from the task appointed, thou keepest the key, for thou alone of the three hast learned self-control."

Loud praises greeted these words. And Frerad-din always enjoyed the confidence of his monarch.

ODD MODES OF FISHING.

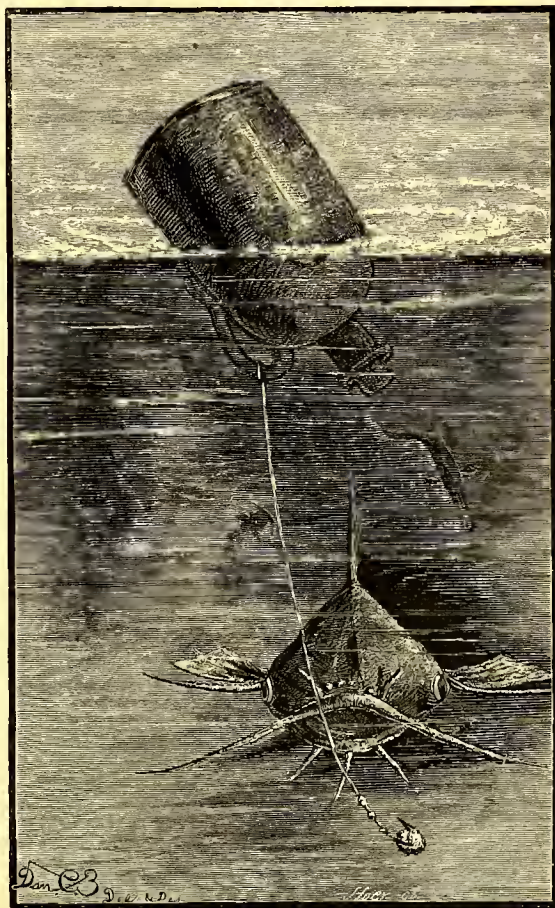
BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

"JUGGING for cats" is a most peculiar and original manner of fishing, common among the colored people of the Southern States. It combines exercise, excitement, and fun, in a much greater degree than the usual method of angling with the rod and reel.

The tackle necessary in this sport is very simple: it consists of five or six empty jugs tightly corked with corn-cobs, and a stout line five feet in length, with a sinker and large hook at the end. One of these lines dangles from the handle of each jug. Baits of many kinds are used, but a bit of cheese, tied in a piece of mosquito-netting to prevent its washing away, appears to be considered the most tempting morsel.

When all the hooks are baited, and the fisherman has inspected his lines and found everything ready, he puts the jugs into a boat and rows out upon the river, dropping the earthenware floats about ten feet apart in a line across the middle of the stream.

The jugs will, of course, be carried down with the current, and will have to be followed and watched. When one of them begins to behave in a strange manner, turning upside down, bobbing about, darting up stream and down, the fisherman knows that a large fish is hooked, and an exciting chase ensues. It sometimes requires hard rowing to catch the jug, for often when the fisherman feels sure of his prize and stretches forth his hand to grasp the runaway, it darts off anew, frequently disappearing from view beneath

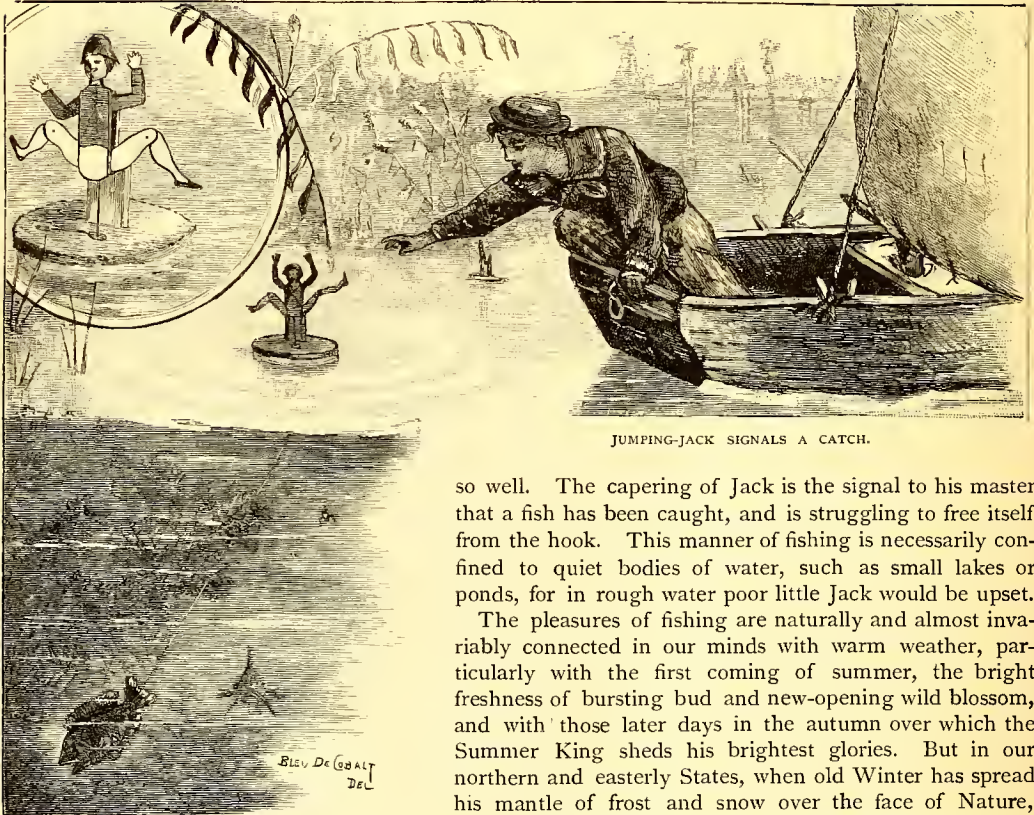


the water, and coming to the surface again yards and yards away from where it had left the disappointed sportsman.

One would think that the pursuit of just one jug, which a fish is piloting around, might prove exciting enough. But imagine the sport of seeing four or five of them start off on their antics at about the same moment. It is at such a time that the skill of the fisherman is tested, for a novice, in his hurry, is apt to lose his head, thereby losing his fish also. Instead of hauling in his line carefully and steadily, he generally pulls it up in such a hasty manner that the fish is able, by a vigorous flop, to tear itself away from the hook. To be a successful "jugger," one must be as careful and deliberate in taking out his fish as though he had

similar to juggling, is by means of a jumping-jack, or small, jointed man, whose limbs are moved by jerking a string attached to them. This little figure is fastened to a stick, which is secured in an upright position on a float, made of a piece of board. Through a hole in the float is passed the string attached to the figure, and tied securely to this are the hook and line. After the hook is baited, the float is placed on the surface of the water, and the little man, standing upright, is left to wait in patience.

Presently a fish, attracted by the bait, comes nearer the surface, seizes the hook quickly, and darts downward, pulling the string, and making the little figure throw up its arms and legs, as though dancing for joy at having performed its task



JUMPING-JACK SIGNALS A CATCH.

so well. The capering of Jack is the signal to his master that a fish has been caught, and is struggling to free itself from the hook. This manner of fishing is necessarily confined to quiet bodies of water, such as small lakes or ponds, for in rough water poor little Jack would be upset.

The pleasures of fishing are naturally and almost invariably connected in our minds with warm weather, particularly with the first coming of summer, the bright freshness of bursting bud and new-opening wild blossom, and with those later days in the autumn over which the Summer King sheds his brightest glories. But in our northern and easterly States, when old Winter has spread his mantle of frost and snow over the face of Nature,

and hermetically sealed all the lakes and ponds under covers of ice, as an agreeable addition to the fun of skating, hardy, red-cheeked boys cut round holes in the thick ice, and through them rig their lines for pickereel-fishing. A very simple but ingenious contrivance enables a single fisherman to attend to quite a number of lines, if the holes be made within sight from one another, the fish itself

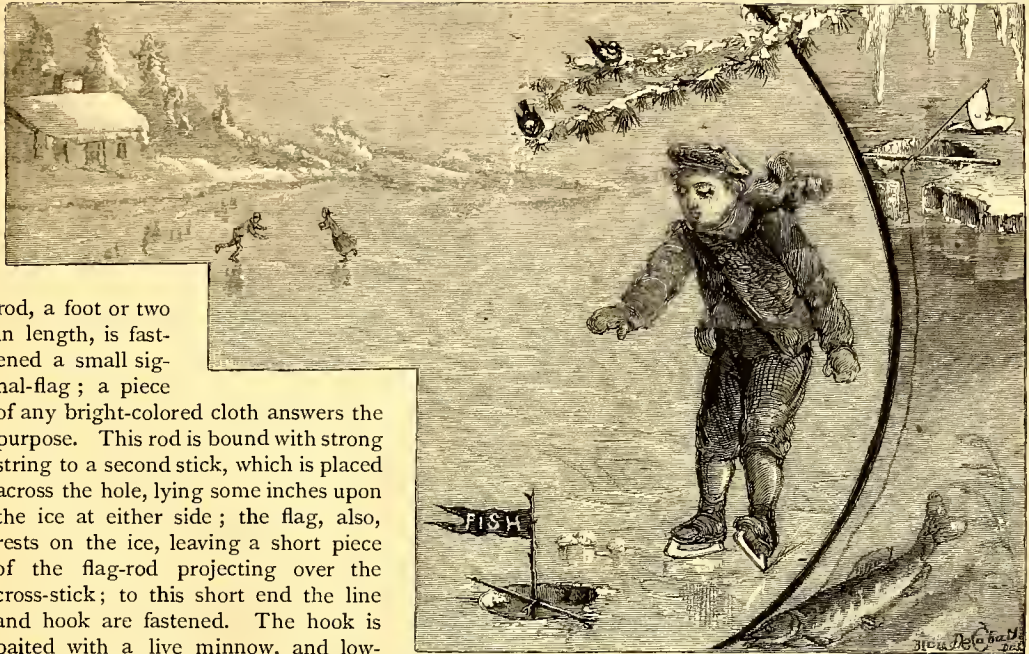
only that one jug to attend to, no matter how many others may be claiming his attention by their frantic signals. The illustration shows a jug turned bottom upward, the line having just been pulled by a fish taking a nibble at the bait, without having quite made up its mind to swallow it.

Another method of catching fish, in principle

giving the signal for the particular line that requires attention.

The construction of this automatic fishing-tackle is so simple that the accompanying illustration shows how it is arranged. At the end of a light

then in readiness for the capture of a pickerel. When the fish is hooked, his struggles keep the flag flying. The illustration shows a fish in the act of biting, and also a boy just about to pull up a line from a hole where the signal is waving.



rod, a foot or two in length, is fastened a small signal-flag; a piece of any bright-colored cloth answers the purpose. This rod is bound with strong string to a second stick, which is placed across the hole, lying some inches upon the ice at either side; the flag, also, rests on the ice, leaving a short piece of the flag-rod projecting over the cross-stick; to this short end the line and hook are fastened. The hook is baited with a live minnow, and lowered through the hole. The tackle is

"HEIGHO, THE FLAG IS STILL FLYING! HE MUST BE A BIG FELLOW!"

RABBITS AND BANK PAPER.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

MOLLIE FRENCH walked slowly into her father's library from the post-office one afternoon, with a puzzled face. She handed him some letters and then stood still, studying a big envelope, on which the card of a wholesale leather warehouse was printed, up in the left-hand corner, and across which her own name was strung in the most business-like writing ever seen,—not Mollie, but "Miss Mary French."

"This is the funniest thing yet for a holiday present!" she exclaimed. "Whom can it be from, Papa?"

"Perhaps if you should open it, you would find out."

Mollie hastened to do so, as though she had

never thought of *that* experiment, and found a big sheet with more printing about leather at the top, and read:

"BOSTON, June 1, 1860.

"MY DEAR NIECE: Remembering that this is your birthday, and remembering also your fondness for pets, I inclose my check for \$10, begging you to provide yourself with a rabbit-house, and a family of rabbits to live in it.

"Hoping that your birthdays may be many, and as sweet and sunny as they ought to be for a young lady born in the month of roses, I remain your affectionate uncle,

WM. HARBURY.

"P. S.—If this am't is not suffic't, draw on me at sight through the Farmers' National Bank for \$10 more.—Yours,

W. H."

"Well, that 's very nice of Uncle William, I'm sure, and I'd like to thank him ever so much; but I—I guess he forgot to put the money in! And

what *does* he mean by that postscript? What are you laughing at, Papa?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Did n't I hear a girl saying, a day or two ago, that she would like to be a 'business woman,' and 'deal in railway stocks,' like her father?"

"Very likely; you hear lots of things, Papa," said Mollie, very demurely; then added, with more energy: "And I *should*, too. It must be grand!"

"But it requires much training if you are to succeed, and here 's a good beginning. I suspect your uncle had an object in writing in so commercial a manner. What is that folded paper in your hand?"

"This? Oh, I forgot to look at it. I suppose it 's the 'check' he speaks of, whatever *that* is."

"Read it to me," said her father.

It was a slip of stiff paper, about eight inches long by two inches wide. It was partly printed in ornamental type, and partly written where spaces had been left blank for the words. What Mollie read was this:

HARBURY, JONES & Co. BOSTON.	\$10.00.	Boston, June 1, 1860.
	FARMERS' NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON.	
	Pay to the order of.....Mary French.....	
Ten.....Dollars $\frac{00}{100}$	
	No. 712.	WM. HARBURY.

"But I can't go to Boston to get the money from that bank!" cried Mollie, when she had finished reading.

"No," said her father. "But perhaps you might find somebody who would be willing to give you the money here, and so save you the trouble."

"'Fraid nobody 'd bother to save *me* trouble!" sighed Mollie, with an attempt to be melancholy that brought out a laugh.

"But it might be for somebody's interest to do so. Supposing you were going to Boston to purchase a lot of goods, would n't you rather have your money already there safely, than to run the risk of losing it by carrying it around with you all the time? Now, if a person gives you ten dollars for that check, it 's just the same as though he himself had placed ten dollars in the bank in Boston, and he runs no risk of losing it."

"What if he should lose this?"

"That might cause some inconvenience; but they would give him another check, called a 'dupli-

cate,' and the money would lie safe in the vaults of the bank all the while. Do you know any one who is going to Boston to-day?"

"No, sir, and I don't want to wait a long time until I find somebody."

"If I should tell you, there is a gentleman in the village here who makes a business of giving money for such slips of 'commercial paper,' whom should you guess him to be?"

"Mr. Forbes, the banker, I suppose."

"Right. Now, I am busy and can't talk any more; but, if you wish, you may go down to the bank now, and ask Mr. Forbes if he will cash that check for you. Good-bye."

Mollie would have liked to have her way pointed out a little more explicitly, and she hesitated a moment, but her father did not look up again, and so she started down the street.

The little Canonset Bank of the village was on the most public street, and Mollie passed it once or twice before she finally mustered up courage enough to go in. There was a long desk or counter in the room, and the top of it was protected everywhere by a handsome wire-fence, excepting a little space like a window, above which hung the sign, "Cashier," in gilt letters. Behind the fence were some clerks, writing in immense account-books, piles of packages of bank-bills, and gleaming trays of gold and silver coins.

"Is Mr. Forbes in?" Mollie asked of a tall, kindly gentleman at the little window.

"No, he is out of town to-day. Can I do anything for you?"

"Well," Mollie ventured to say, rather timidly, "I wanted to ask him if he would give me the money for this," and she held out her check.

The gentleman glanced at it and then turned it over.

"Are you Mary French?" he asked, a trifle sternly, the girl thought.

"Yes, sir."

"But we don't know you. You must get somebody to identify you. Do you know any one here?"

"Why, of course; I know 'most everybody."

"Well," said he, and handed back the check, "we can't pay it until we know that you are the Mary French whose name is written there."

At first, Mollie was a little angry. It was the first time that anybody had doubted that she was herself.

"I just think he knows me himself, and only wants to plague me."

Perhaps he did, but he did not show it. Just then she saw the superintendent of her Sunday-school, and ran across the street, with an exclamation that stopped and astonished him.

"Oh, Mr. Thomas, *you* know I'm Mary French, don't you?"

"Know that—what? Why, of course."

"Well, wont you please go with me to that horrid bank, and tell them so? I want to get some money with a check."

"Certainly I will. But, Mollie, if you want to talk like a business man about this, you must say, 'I want to *cash* a check.'"

"Thank you," Mollie answered, rather meekly.

"Mr. Cashier," said Mr. Thomas, "this is my friend, Miss Mary French. You will find her a very pleasant person to do business with. Good-morning."

Then Mollie handed in her check again, sure she was all right now; but the cashier glanced at the back of it, and then returned it to her, saying quietly: "Indorse it, please."

"What do you mean?" asked Mollie, a little scared at this new complication.

"Write your full name across the back of it. Unless you do that, we could n't get the money from the bank in Boston where Mr. Harbury has deposited it. By writing your name, you at once show that we have paid you the money, and that you have transferred to this bank the right to collect the same amount from the fund Mr. Harbury has placed in Boston."

"But you have n't given me the money yet," objected Mollie.

"No," said the cashier, smiling, "and you must n't give me the indorsed check until I do. Here it is. Would you like five dollars or so in small change?"

"If you please," said Mollie, as she wrote her name at a little desk near by, carefully blotting the ink, and passing the paper across the counter. Then she picked up her precious crisp bills and shining silver, and had started almost to run out of the door, when the cashier again stopped her.

"It is always best to count your money before leaving. There might be some mistake."

Mollie counted, and it did not come out right! She tried it again, with no better success.

"I think, sir," she said then, "there are only nine dollars and ninety-eight cents here, when I thought I should get ten dollars."

"Yes, but I had to stamp the check. The stamp is required by the government as a tax, and costs two cents. See?"

I am afraid his customer did not "see" at all, but she thought she would rather lose two cents, if it were not all right, than show any further ignorance of banking customs, and so she tripped homeward.

Her father's first question was whether she had got her money or not.

"I cashed the check, if that is what you mean," Mollie replied, with dignity.

"Oh—ah—yes—I beg your pardon—that is what I intended to say. Now, tell me all your adventures."

She began, and they had a good laugh over them. When she told about the stamp, Papa looked grave.

"I think Uncle William did *that* for a purpose, too. He would tell you, as I do, that when you grow up and send away checks of your own, you should stamp them. It is a petty fraud to let your creditor pay the two cents that it is your duty to provide for. Now, about the rabbit-house?"

They put their heads together, but before full decision was reached, Mr. French was called away. When leaving, he remarked:

"If I were you, Mollie, I should write Uncle William as short and business-like but pleasant a letter in acknowledgment as he sent to you. Tell him," and Mr. French used a lot of phrases that Mollie strove to remember, with this result:

"CANONSET, June 2, 1860.

"MY DEAR UNCLE: It is with pleasure I acknowledge the receipt this morning of your letter of yesterday, inclosing check on the Farmers' Bank of Boston for \$10. Please accept my thanks for remembering not only that it was my birthday, but that I love pets. In case the expenses you propose should exceed \$10, I shall gladly avail myself of your further generosity, and make the sight-draft you suggest. Believe me, your affectionate niece, MARY FRENCH."

"Whew!" whistled Uncle Billy, in his counting-room in Pearl street the next day. "I rather guess I wont try to puzzle *that* girl any more with business forms. Could n't have written a better letter myself. I must have her as a partner!"

The rabbit-houses were at once begun, but before they were finished, about a week after this, Mr. French and his daughter were again together in the library. She had explained to him that her ten dollars would be all gone before her pets were housed, or, rather, before she could buy any rabbits at all, for the house was to be got ready first. Consequently, she would have to call for the other ten dollars, and she wanted to know what a draft was, and how to do it. This was not so easily learned by herself as the management of the check had been, and so he very willingly told her all about the matter at first.

"A check," he said, "is simply an order from a person who has deposited money with a banker to pay out that money, or a part of it, to a particular person. A draft is a different thing, for that is a demand from one person upon another person—sometimes, but not always, from one bank to another—to pay a certain amount of money at a certain time. The person who writes and signs the draft is called the 'maker,' and the person to whom he addresses the draft is the 'payer.' Now take a pen and I will dictate the proper form, since

I happen to have none of the printed blanks which are generally used for this purpose."

In a few moments she had done, and read :

"\$10.00.

"CANONSET, June 10, 1860.

"At sight, pay to the order of the Farmers' National Bank, Ten Dollars, value received, and charge the same to account of

"MARY FRENCH.

"To WILLIAM HARBURY, Boston, Mass."

"Very well," said Mr. French. "Now, if you send that to the bank in Boston which the draft names, they will get the money at once, and return it to you, if your uncle cares to pay it. Or perhaps our village bank might 'discount' it, as they say; that is, buy it from you for a little less than the face —"

"What 's that?" asked Mollie.

"The 'face,' or 'face value,' is the sum the draft calls for,—in this case, ten dollars. But you do not need to pay for this accommodation; so simply send it to the Boston bank, inclosed with a little note to the cashier, asking him to be kind enough to collect it, and remit you the amount."

Mollie did so, and in a couple of days got an answer in a big engraved envelope, containing a brief letter that she could hardly read for the flourishes, and inclosing her own draft.

"What 's the matter now, Papa?" she cried, in dismay. "My draft has come back."

"Is it protested?" asked Mr. French, making his face very long, but not quite hiding a twinkle of fun in his eyes. "If that 's the case, Uncle William has changed his mind about your rabbits, and wont give the money. Moreover, you will have

to pay the banker two dollars or so for 'protest fees,' and other trouble. What does your letter say? Perhaps that will explain matters."

"Oh, it says something about 'New York funds,' and an 'accommodation' to me, and so on. I can't make the horrid writing out."

"Well, look again at your draft. What 's that written across the face of it in red ink?"

"It looks like 'Accepted.'"

"That 's the word. You are all right. The bank sent the draft by a messenger to Uncle William's office, to see if it was proper for them to pay it to you out of his money in their hands. When he wrote 'Accepted' and his name across the face, that gave his consent. A draft is of no more worth than a dunning letter, until it has been accepted or honored, as it is sometimes called. Now, what is that I see on the back of the paper?"

"Why," answered Mollie, reading slowly, "it says, 'Payable at the First National Bank of New York, Marcus Miserly, Cashier.'"

"Ah, that 's all right again. Take that down to our bank, indorse it as you would a check, and Mr. Forbes will pay you the money, charging you nothing, as he would if it were a draft upon Worcester or Portland, or some city where he had only a little business; but drafts on New York are as good as gold, and cost nothing for collection."

"Well, I never!" said Mollie, filled with surprise at all these intricacies of business. However, she not only got her rabbits, but, a few years later, when her father died, she took up the reins of his business, and brought it to the end she desired.



"GRIEF CAN NOT DRIVE HIM AWAY!"

A BAD BEGINNING, BUT A GOOD ENDING.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



MARCH came in like a lion,
 With a terrible growl and a roar,
 And the naked trees trembled and
 shivered,
 And the sea-waves fled fast to the shore ;
 And old Winter came back for a mo-
 ment
 To start the north wind on a blow ;
 And the breath of the lion froze white
 on the air,
 And his mane was all covered with
 snow.

Weeks passed, and the snow-flakes had
 melted,
 And the wind grown too weary to shout,
 But March was still grumbling, when
 lo ! a wee flow'r
 From a tiny green mantle peeped out.

“ Oh, what is the use ? ” said she, gently,
 “ Of being so dreadfully cross ?
 I have three little sisters so frightened at you
 They are hiding away in the moss.

“ And the buds of the trees are still ling'ring
 In the boughs, for they fear to burst forth,
 And only two birds, of the host that went South
 Last autumn, have dared to come North.
 Do smile once or twice ere you leave us,
 And the hearts of the timid ones cheer,

For believe me, dear March, it is better
 by far
 To be thought of with love than with
 fear.”

As she paused, March was shaking with
 laughter.

“ Why, you elf-bloom, you pale little
 thing,
 Where got you the courage a lecture
 to give
 To the rollicking son of the Spring ?
 But you 're right, pretty one, and to
 show you
 There are other months worse than I
 am,
 Here 's a smile of the very best sun-
 shine, my dear,”
 And he turned and went out like a
 lamb.



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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER V.

"There is a land where Summer never dies,
A land forever green, 'neath cloudless skies,
A Paradise of birds and butterflies."

THE longest mountain-range on earth is the chain of the Cordilleras, or Andes, as they are called in South America, which stretches all the way from Cape Horn to Alaska—for the Rocky Mountains of the United States are only a continuation of the sierras of western Mexico. Three days after our departure from the *hacienda*, we crossed the main chain of this mountain-range, near a point the Mexicans call the "Wild Rose Pass," a defile where the head-waters of the Rio Verde have washed out a deep gap. It was in the month of December; the flowers of the wild rose-bushes were faded, and all around us rose tower-like masses of rock and ice, the glaciers of the central sierra. The roads were extremely rough, but Daddy Simon would never let us camp in the evening till we had made at least twenty-five miles.

"It's only a short time to Christmas," said he, "and I want you to pass the holidays in a more pleasant country than this."

We saw what he meant when we reached the eastern slope, on the morning of the fifth day. The precipices of the sierra descended in a series of sunny terraces, where the rocks were covered with ivy instead of snow, and the valleys below were clothed with endless woods, stretching away in the distance like an ocean of blue-green waves.

"That's the Valley of Tabasco," said our guide; "and near the little lake, at the end of that wooded ridge down there, is the farm of Colonel Garcia, the gentleman we met in Benyamo last week. We must keep our word and get there before Christmas eve."

We camped that evening in a cedar grove that supplied us with fuel, for the night was still too cold to sleep without a fire; but the next morning we got back to the tropical virgin-woods, where the shrubs swarmed with beetles and butterflies, and the paroquets screamed in the tree-tops. We found some wild pine-apples, and toward noon we passed an Indian garden, full of ripe bananas, oranges, and a plum-like fruit they call *chirimoyas*, and finer grapes than we see in our best northern vineyards in summer-time.

In the hills of southern Mexico there are herds of half-wild cows, and some of them are quite wild; that is, they take to the upper sierra, and flee like deer at the sight of a human being. But in winter-time, when the hill-tops are covered with snow, hunger often drives them back to the foothills, and the herders then get a chance to recapture them. They can be known by their savage appearance, and, as they are never stabled nor cleaned, their hide is generally full of burs. On the brink of a little mountain-creek, where we watered our mule, one of these wild cows passed us in headlong flight, and soon after a boy on a black colt came down the road at a tearing gallop. The colt was neither saddled nor bridled, but the boy clung to him like a monkey, and yelled so incessantly that he frightened the cow almost out of its wits. When the wild chase approached a fenced pasture the cow turned off to the left, but the boy made his horse leap the fence, knocking down a couple of rails, and then galloped away on the level lawn, while the cow had to break through the brushwood. A minute after, an old man came running up from the lower end of the pasture, swinging his hat and shouting at the top of his voice; but he was too late; the boy had leaped the fence a second time and disappeared in a thicket of willow-trees.

The man then replaced the rails, and could not help smiling when he saw us, though he had looked rather angry at first.

"That's Don Garcia's steward," whispered the guide. "He knows me; I'm going to ask him if the colonel is at home."

"How are you, señor?" he hailed the man. "How are all the folk at the *rancho*?"

The man clambered over the fence and shook hands with our guide.

"The colonel told me you were coming," said he. "He will be very glad to see you. He's out hunting in the sierra, but he will be back before night. We are going to have a great festival in the village to-morrow."

"Was that the colonel's son?" I asked—"that boy on the black colt, I mean."

"That boy? That's Little Mischief," said the steward.

"Little *what*?"

"Little Mischief," repeated the steward. "He

has no other name. The colonel is a Cuban refugee, you know, and this boy followed him over to Mexico. His father was a horse-breaker in the Spanish army, and I think that 's the reason he wants to be on horseback all the time. Our colonel likes him on account of his funniness; but I wish he would buy him a pony of his own, so he won't ride our colts to death. We call him *Dannito* [Little Damage], because he is so full of mischief and monkey-tricks."

The colonel's farm was situated at the lower end of the Indian village of Palo Pinto, and his house was the only decent building in the place; but the surroundings were beautiful; high blue mountains all about, the hill-sides covered with chestnut-groves, and down in the valley a lake with fine pasture-grounds. On one of these pastures the people of the village were mowing the grass for a race-course; they were going to have a foot-race and all kinds of games the next day, for Christmas is a great festival in Mexico, and the merriest holiday in all their year.

Just before sunset, the colonel came riding slowly up the road—his horse was so overloaded with game and fish. He had six wild turkeys, an antelope, and a big string of salmon-trout, and right behind his saddle a bundle of something I mistook for a pile of squirrels or rabbits. But when he halted at the garden-gate, the bundle jumped down and proved to be our cow-hunter, Little Mischief, who had been curled up behind the saddle-croup like a cat.

"I told you I would overtake that cow," he called out when he saw the steward. "I headed her off twice, but it's all of no use; we shall have to lariat her. There's something about catching cows in my father's book—what did you do with it?"

"I believe it's on my mantel-shelf," said the steward. "Never mind, now; I will——" but the boy was already gone.

The steward's house was at the other end of the garden; but while we were shaking hands with the colonel, Little Mischief came running back with a tattered memorandum-book.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "You must read me that piece now, and get me a good lariat. I know where that cow went to. I wish they would settle that match on horseback," he burst out when he saw the mowers. "I would show them what a race is! Hold on! There's a piece of rawhide rope behind the manger; that will do for a lariat," cried he, and ran away in the direction of the stalls.

"How old is that little fellow?" I asked.

"He's not quite eight years," said the colonel. "But he makes more fuss than all the young Indians in this village. If he keeps on that way, we'll have to call him Big Mischief before long."

We staid at the *ranch*o the next morning, on account of Christmas, and because Black Betsy needed a day's rest; but the Mexicans keep their church-festivals in a peculiar way of their own, and we never saw a noisier holiday. They had kettle-drum processions, music and round-dances, arrow-shooting and whirl-swings, and a game for children, called "box-luck." A box with a round hole in the top was placed on the green, and every one who wanted to try his luck had first to put something into the box,—a pine-apple, a banana, a piece of cake, or a handful of nuts,—and finally the box-keeper put a dozen of oranges in, one of them marked with a star. The youngsters were then blindfolded, and one by one had to stick their fists through the hole and make a quick grab; he who grabbed the marked orange won the whole lot. The races came off in the afternoon; first a foot-race for men, and then a wrestle-run for boys, or a rough-and-tumble race, as we should call it. The runners started off pair-wise, and tried to stop or trip each other, and if one got a little start, the other was almost sure to overtake him and pull him back before he got too far away. They had some first-rate runners in Palo Pinto, but the race was finally won by a boy from the neighboring village of Carmen, who had a trick of making two or three standing-jumps in quick succession. He pulled and rolled around in the usual way, till they were about twenty yards from the goal, when he suddenly broke away with one of his flying jumps, and, before his adversary could grab him, a second, third, and fourth leap landed him safe beyond the goal.

Three English miles from Palo Pinto there was a large *estancia* or stock-farm, and in the evening two herders drove up, with a car full of meat, as a Christmas present for the villagers. "*Carne rosario! Carne rosario!*" [rosary-meat] they cried, and flung out their presents left and right. Their rosaries were pieces of dried beef, about as large as a man's hand, strung together in a wreath, like the little bologna-sausages in our butcher-shops. The colonel's house was the last one in the village, and when they passed the garden-gate they had just three rosaries left, and flung them over the fence, while they wished us a merry Christmas.

"Here's a present for the pretty lady!" they shouted. "And here's one for your prettiest girl, and one for your prettiest cat. Now, pitch in, but don't scratch each other," they called out when they drove away.

The colonel's girls ran out laughing, and chased each other all over the garden, each one claiming the prize of beauty, till they got tired and agreed to divide it.

"But, here, what shall we do with this string?" asked the colonel. "We have n't a cat!"

"Give it to Robby," cried the girls; "he never had a Christmas present yet."

The colonel whistled through his fingers, and before long a big vulture, a sort of turkey-buzzard, flew up from a chestnut-tree in the garden and alighted on the gravel-plot before our feet. He snatched the meat and tried to take wing, but the bundle was too heavy, and he had to drop it. Coming down again, he seized the rosary by the string and dragged it slowly toward the next tree, but he had not pulled it very far when a big

the same the third and fourth time, till one-third of the meat had been eaten by the pig. But by making the string shorter, he also made it lighter, and now Robby's chance had come. The next time they took hold, he seized the string a little nearer the middle, and the moment the hog got his piece off, Robby spread his wings, and, with three vigorous flops, raised himself about thirty feet, and flew away with the string of meat dangling from between his claws.

The pig was still chewing the last piece, but



A MEXICAN BIRD-FANCIER.

pig trotted around the corner and grabbed the rosary by the other end.

"Oh! look at that greedy thing! Drive him away, somebody!" cried the girls.

"No, no—leave them alone," said the colonel; "let us see how they will settle their dispute."

The pig hauled one way and the vulture the other, till the rosary broke, and instead of pulling a wreath, they now had to tug at either end of a long string. But that gave the hog an unfair advantage, for while Robby could do nothing but pull, Piggy soon chewed a piece off, swallowed it, and grabbed the next chunk. They pulled again, and again the string gave way on the pig's side;

when he got it down he looked up, and a more astonished hog was never seen in America. Where was the vulture and what had become of the rosary? He looked left and right and all around with an expression of indescribable bewilderment, and then suddenly rushed down the road and around the corner. It seemed to strike him that there was no time to lose, if the vulture had run off in that direction.

The villagers had all left to carry their rosaries home, but before sunset they returned with drums and cow-horns, and the merriment now became so obstreperous that we prepared to eat our supper in a little chestnut-grove at the upper end of the

lake. The colonel's children had made that place their favorite play-ground, and while our boys were climbing the trees to catch the humming-bird moths that buzzed around the chestnut-flowers, the girls amused themselves with a pole-swing, big enough to seat two or three at once.

The people at the *rancho* had no menageric animals for sale, but one of the villagers told us about a Mexican bird-fancier in the Sierra Honda, about ten English miles from Palo Pinto, where we could buy tame monkeys and parrots of all kinds. The next morning we saddled our mule at sunrise, and started right after breakfast, with the villager for a guide and Little Mischief for an outrider. He was going to protect us against the sierra bears, said the little monkey, and to catch all the wild cows that might cross his path. The groom had read him that piece in his father's book, and provided him with two stout lariats, so he was now prepared to deal with the wildest cow in the country, he assured us. Our road led along a well-wooded mountain-side, and when the sun began to dry the dew on the shrubs, the air fairly swarmed with winged insects. Glittering dragon-flies shot to and fro, large black wasps buzzed around the trees; and among the butterflies that hovered about the way-side flowers, we saw some specimens that set Tommy almost wild with excitement. He caught some large black ones with white and yellow dots, and a little moth-like sphinx, as red as fire, and one splendid purple swallow-tail, with a sheen like sky-blue satin. He had to climb a tree to catch that beauty, and when he came down again, an old man hobbled across the road and examined his butterfly-net.

"When I lived in Medellion I used to catch those things myself, and sell them in Vera Cruz; but I never saw a contrivance like that in my life. Why, that 's wonderful handy!"

"How did you manage to catch them?" asked Tommy.

"I used to take them with my hat," said the old man; "and sometimes I trapped them."

"Trapped them? How?"

"There is a thorny tree growing in this country," said he,—“a sort of buckthorn, with strong-smelling white flowers. They don't smell very nice, but butterflies seem to like them so much that they almost fly into your hands if you carry a bunch of that stuff. But this net beats all that! Don't you people come from across the sea?"

"Yes, from Europe," said Tommy.

"How wonderfully clever they must be in that country! Just let me look at that net once more. Why, I never saw the like in my life!"

The butterfly-catcher was made of a common wire hoop, with a bag-net of white gauze, similar to the material used for mosquito-bars—a stuff that

can be bought at a New York dry-goods store for ten cents a yard.

"Is n't that marvelous!" cried the old Mexican. "Threads as fine as gossamer, and as evenly worked as cells in a honey-comb. It seems almost impossible for a natural human being to do it. Excuse me, gentlemen—can you tell me who made this?"

"It was made by an old lady," said Menito. "She 's the only onc in the world that can do it."

"I thought so. Is n't she kind of red-eyed?"

"Yes, a little," said Menito. "That sort of work will spoil one's eyesight."

"Pshaw! That 's only a pretext of hers!" cried the old man. "You ought to catch her at once. I felt surc there was witchcraft about it. That explains it, of course. I knew there was something supernatural about it," he muttered to himself when he hobbled away; "it would take a fellow about twenty years to make a thing like that."

Little Mischief, during this talk, had ranged the pastures along the hill-side in search of cows; but when we continued our road, he came down a mountain-valley at full gallop, and drew rein when he caught sight of us.

"What sort of country is this, anyhow!" he exclaimed. "I saw a crocodile on that mountain-meadow back there; and when I tried to catch it, it went up a tree like a shot."

"Up a tree!" we all cried. "That 's not possible. You must be mistaken!"

"Not a bit. It 's only a little way up the pasture. Come along; I will show it to you."

He took us to a tall mimosa-tree on the hill-side, and pointed to the upper branches.

"Yes, there it is," said he. "Do you see it now?"

"Why, that 's an iguana!" laughed Tommy. "It 's all right, though. Let 's catch her, all the same."

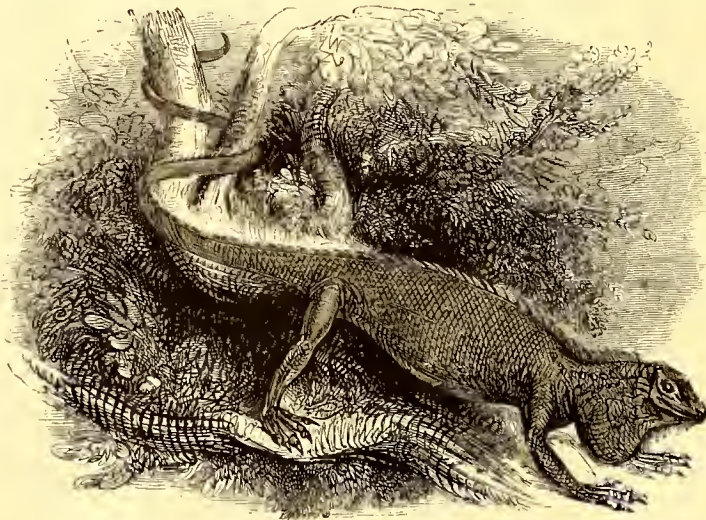
The thing in the tree-top looked like a young alligator, or a very large lizard, with a whip-like tail, about three or four feet long. It had long claws like a parrot, and clutched the branches with all its might when we tried to shake it down; but when Menito began to pelt it with pebbles, it leaped from bough to bough, and finally jumped off and scampered away across the pasture, with Rough in full pursuit. He overtook it before he reached the next tree, and chased it into a bush, where Tommy caught it with our squirrel-net. In catching it he broke off a piece of its long tail, but it was otherwise uninjured, and a very pretty-looking moss-green creature, so we put it in one of the wire baskets.

On the ridge of the mountain-range we stopped at the edge of a steep cliff, and when we looked

about for a place to sit down and rest awhile, a thing like a black fox jumped up among the rocks, and clambered up a big fir-tree as nimbly as a cat.

"Hello! That's a cedar-squirrel," said the guide,—"the biggest I have seen for a good while. There

into a trap; she could not possibly retreat without running right into Menito's clutches, nor jump off without falling into an abyss about six hundred feet straight down. But, instead of growing uneasy, she trimmed her fur with great complacency till Men-



"THE THING IN THE TREE-TOP LOOKED LIKE A VERY LARGE LIZARD."

she goes! Will one of you gentlemen lend me your gun for a minute?"

"No; but hold on!" cried Tommy. "It would be a pity. I wonder if we could not catch her alive?"

"I will do it for fifty cents," said Menito. "She can't get away from that tree."

The fir-tree stood close to the brink of a precipice, and was almost bare, with the exception of a few brushy twigs among the top branches.

"Do you think you could get up there?" I asked.

"Of course he can," said Little Mischief. "I will do it myself for fifty cents, if he wont."

"Why, you have as much sense as a human being; but you are too late, Master Slyboots," said Menito, and began to ascend the tree.

The squirrel clambered up higher and higher when she saw him come, and we thought she would go up to the very top. But when she got about half-way up, she jumped on to a stout side-branch that overhung the precipice, ran out to the farthest end, and then faced boldly about, as if she defied anybody to follow her to that stronghold.

"Look out what you are doing!" I sang out, when I saw that Menito was going to climb the same branch.

"It's all right, sir," he called down. "I have her just where I want her."

It looked really as if the squirrel had blundered

into approaching within about five feet, when she gathered herself up and jumped down without the least hesitation. With a very long-handled net we might have caught her as she came through the air; but, as it was, she fell into the abyss, and with every second her paws and tail spread out farther, till she looked as broad as a big bat, and, running to the edge of the cliff, we saw her alight on a rock at the foot of the precipice, and scamper away as if nothing had happened.

"Well, I declare, if she did n't land on her hind legs," said Tommy. "I should never have believed that if I had not seen it with my own eyes!"

"It is practice,—that 's all," observed Daddy Simon. "She has tried that before; there 's nothing wonderful about it."

"Oh, señor, will you do me a favor?" asked Little Mischief.

"Why, certainly, my boy; what is it?"

"Well, then, please make that big Indian jump down," said he, "and let us see if he will land on his hind legs, too."

"Hello! where did you leave your squirrel?" asked Tommy, when our bold climber came down empty-handed.

"I don't care," said Menito,—"the climb was worth fifty cents. I have seen something else: there 's a nest with young harpy-eagles in the cliffs down there; we can reach them quite easily. Come this way—you can see the nest from here."

"Harpy-eagles?" I asked. "Are you sure? That looks more like a pile of crows'-nests."

"No, he's right!" cried Tommy. "Look at that big bird there,—look out!"

A large eagle shot up from the cliffs, rose high in the air, and then swooped down and circled over our heads with fierce screams. Before we recovered from our surprise he rose up again, as if he wanted to survey us once more before venturing the attack; but when he came down again we had got our guns ready, two shots went off together, and the eagle tumbled down and flapped among the rocks. When Rough made a dash at him he struggled to his feet, but toppled over again, flapped his wings in a sort of convulsion, and then lay still,—dead, as we thought.

"Drive that dog away," I called out. "I want to stuff that bird, and send it to Vera Cruz."

Menito ran down, and reached the place just in time, for the dog had already begun to tear the eagle. Turning around to look at the nest, I noticed Dannito's mare grazing alone at the brink of the precipice.

"Why, where's Little Mischief?" I asked.

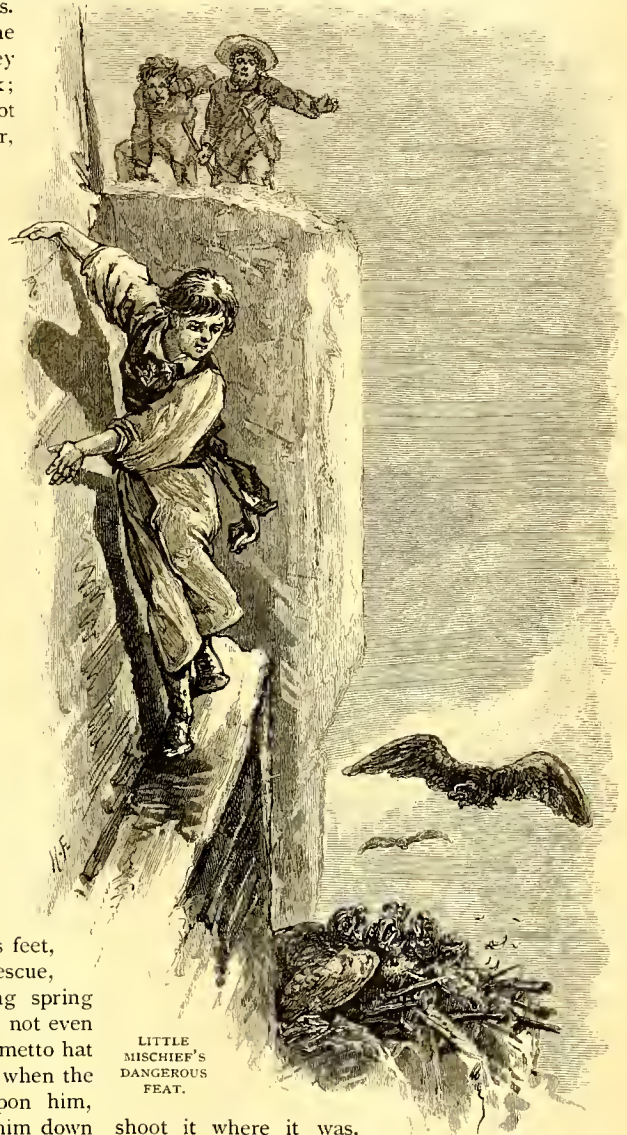
"Here he comes," said the guide. "He has been down and taken the young eagles."

"Yes, two of them," said Dannito, clambering up through the steep rocks, "nearly full grown. Don't you think they are worth fifty cents?"

"Yes, about a dollar," said I; "but you must give half of it to the other boy for seeing the nest first. Come up here, Menito, and bring the eagle along."

Menito grabbed the eagle by the neck, but had hardly raised it from the ground when the bird revived, struggled to its feet, and, before any of us could come to the rescue, it opened its wings and made a flapping spring at Menito's head. The poor fellow had not even a stick to defend himself, but used his palmetto hat as a shield, and retreated step for step, when the bird suddenly flew up and pounced upon him, with a swoop that would have knocked him down if he had not thrown himself on his knee. In clutching at the boy's face, the eagle struck its claws through the palmetto hat; but seeing us come, it rose high up in the air, and flew away, with the hat still sticking to its claws. But it did not fly very far; its wounds began to tell, and, after flapping heavily along the cliffs, it

alighted on a rock about a hundred yards farther down, and, lifting its right foot close to its face, gravely examined it, looking at the hat from the corner of its eyes, as if it could not make out what the strange appendage could be. I was going to



LITTLE MISCHIEF'S DANGEROUS FEAT.

shoot it where it was, but, before I could cock my gun, Little Mischief threw a stone at it, and the bird fluttered down to the next lower ledge and hopped behind a cliff, where we lost sight of it. The precipice at that point was as steep as a wall, and we had to give up our eagle for lost.

"Menito is out of luck to-day," said Tommy.

"Yes," laughed Menito, "that fellow had to rob me when he saw he could not fight me—the coward!"

"No, it's foolishness more than cowardice," observed old Daddy. "I don't think the foolish bird could tell a palmetto from a common straw hat."

Our road now turned into a mountain-valley, where fine meadows alternated with live-oak groves, and we were riding slowly along, when Little Mischief clutched my arm and pointed to an open lawn between the hill-side groves.

"A wild cow!" he whispered. "I knew we should find one sooner or later. Now watch me head her off."

Before I could say a word he threw himself forward, and galloped toward the hill at a

strength failed him: the cow made a spring forward, and not only tore the lariat from his hands, but would have jerked him out of his saddle if he had not clutched the mare's neck in the nick of time. He recovered his seat, and, urging his horse with slaps and shouts, uncoiled the second lariat. By this time, however, the cow had found out what sort of a manikin she had to deal with.

So, after a mo-

ment's hesitation, she wheel-



"THE COW SUDDENLY RUSHED AT THE HORSE WITH A FURY THAT SENT HIM FLYING."

break-neck speed. The cow grazed in peace till he was almost upon her, when she suddenly heard his whoops, and, not having seen us yet, came rushing down the hill-side toward our valley, with Dannito close at her heels. He was really a splendid rider, and knew something about handling a lariat, too, for at the second throw he got the noose over the cow's horns, and, wheeling his horse suddenly outward, tried to draw the rope tight. But here his

ed around, and suddenly rushed at the horse with a fury that sent it flying through the bushes like a deer, while the little rider, taken completely by surprise,

threw himself once more upon the mare's neck, dropped his switch, lariat, and all, and seemed very glad when the cow finally turned and resumed her original course.

"Hallo, where 's your lariat?" laughed the guide, when the would-be cow-catcher rejoined us, rather crest-fallen.

"Why, it 's all the cow's fault," said Little Mischief. "She took an unfair advantage: it 's quite against the rules for a cow to chase a hunter. There 's not a word about that in my father's book."

"Here 's one of your lariats, Baby," said Daddy Simon; "the cow dropped it near the creek, down there. You ought to have tied it to your saddle-

knob, and then she could not have jerked it out of your hands. You would make a fine *vagüero!*"

"Why, I never thought of that," said Little Mischief. "Give it here—you are just right there," and before we knew what he would be about, he had snatched the rope and tied it to hisommel. "I shall have her sure, this time," he shouted, and galloped away like the wind.

The bird-fancier's house was full of parrots and four-legged pets, but most of them of a kind that could be got very cheap in any Mexican sea-port town, so we contented ourselves with buying three pretty young capuchin monkeys, and a purple macaw that could talk like a Spanish barber. The fowler had a trained falcon that would catch rabbits and wild ducks, but he asked a very high price for it.

"He has a tame wolf down in the garden," whispered Tommy. "Please ask him how he wants to sell it."

"I have two of them," said the fowler, "and I wont charge you anything for the little one, if it's of any use to you. But my wife wont like to part with the big one: he is our churn wolf."

"Your *what?*"

"He's churning our butter," said the Mexican. "Step this way, please; you can see him at work right now."

In the shade of the porch stood a large butter-vat, with a churn-wheel that could be turned by stepping upon the spokes, and a big black wolf was performing that operation with an energy that made him puff and grunt, though that might be on account of his liberal diet, for he was as sleek as a pig. His companion was hardly half-grown, and looked very much like a Scotch shepherd-dog, when he rubbed his head against his master's knee.

We were all seated at supper, upon the *texado*,—a sort of balcony or platform on the roof of the cottage,—when Little Mischief trotted through the gate and halted his mare to the next tree.

"This jade of mine is n't worth a bundle of corn-straw," said he, when he met the guide in the court-yard. "She ran away like a rabbit, at sight of the cow. I'll just saddle the black colt to-morrow; I can make him go wherever I want to."

Soon after, we heard him rush upstairs. "Get your guns—quick! quick!" he shouted, when he burst through the balcony door. "Down in the garden there's a big, fat wolf trying to get into the house. He has his feet upon the staircase, but it turns and turns and turns."

The fowler's daughters burst out laughing.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the boy.

"That's no staircase, you big baby," laughed Menito; "it's a—a trap for catching wolves. They try to get up, and it turns and turns till they are

tired to death, and you can catch them with your hands."

"Do tell!" cried the big baby. "Too bad! That spoils all our fun."

"How's that?"

"Why," said Little Mischief, "I thought he would come upstairs and eat some of these girls."

When we left the next morning, we tied the young wolf to a halter strap, and he soon followed us like a dog. The young monkeys we put in the same cage with Master Bobtail, and when they saw him they hugged him at once with the liveliest demonstrations of joy and confidence; but the little rogue pushed them away, and clambered, grinning, into the top of the cage. They seemed to have mistaken him for a parent or some responsible relative, for, when he shook them off, they fairly screamed with indignation, and then retreated into the farthest corner, pouting as if they were the worst-used babies in Mexico.

"How do they catch those little things?" asked Tommy.

"By trapping the old ones," said the guide. "That's the only way. They can climb almost as soon as they are born; but if you catch an old she-monkey with very young kittens, the young ones will cling to your arms or legs if you carry their mother away."

"And how does he catch all those parrots? Hunts up the nests, I suppose?"

"Yes, and in different other ways," said the guide. "Most bird-fanciers have a decoy-bird or a decoy-snake."

"A snake? You don't mean that they train a snake to charm birds!" I asked.

"No, no," laughed the guide. "The birds come of their own accord if they see a decoy, and you can take them with a net, or with bird-lime. My brother used to be a fowler, and once told me a trade-secret, but he is dead now, so I might as well tell you. You see, the matter is this: birds know that owls and snakes are their enemies, and if they see them exposed in day-time, they gather around from curiosity, and perhaps in hopes to be revenged upon them. So all you have to do is to put a tame snake in a wire cage, or hang her up in a bush where the birds can see her, and it would n't be long before they would flock to the spot. If crows and blackbirds flutter around a snake, people are apt to think that they must be bewitched, or 'charmed,' as they call it; but the truth is that the snake is often more in danger than the birds, and would like to charm them *away*, if she could."

When we returned to Palo Pinto, the colonel urged us to stay for another day or two, but our time was so limited that we had to decline his offer.

While we took leave of the kind people, Little

Mischief ran into the house, but just when we were going to start, he bounced out again, and cried:

"Oh, don't go away! Don't leave us, please."

"It can't be helped," said Menito. "Why, you are a good-natured little fellow, after all!"

"Yes, my good boy, I wish we could take you along," said Tommy; "but never mind—perhaps we may come back some of these days."

"Oh, I don't want you to come back," said the good boy, "but you might as well stay till two o'clock."

"What for, Dannito? What do you want us to do?"

"I want you to wait till noon, anyhow," said Little Mischief. "Cook says if you all go away there won't be any pudding for dinner!"

(*To be continued.*)

SARDINES AND SARDINIÈRES.

BY CAROLINE EUSTIS.

I OFTEN sit on the veranda of my pleasant tropical house, which overlooks the sea at Key West, watching the fishermen come down on the beach, and throw in their nets to catch the sardines that abound all along these shores. The water is very clear, and the little fish can be distinctly seen as they glide above the shining sand.

The nets are of circular form, made of fine cord, and have oblong leaden weights along the outer edge, like a string of heavy beads. The fishermen here are chiefly Spaniards, and seem to understand the art of throwing the net. They slip off their shoes and stockings, roll up their trousers just as far as they can, then, gathering the net firmly in one hand, they place the cord between their teeth, and walk out slowly into the water. When they see a favorable opportunity, with a very peculiar and graceful swing they cast the net into the water with a splash, and quickly draw it in crowded with small, quivering, silvery creatures, which are carefully picked out from among the entangling twine, and thrown into a basket to gasp their little lives away. The net is now ready for another toss. Often a boy is sent out with an oar, to make a splashing in the water and to startle the fish, so that in attempting to swim away they may be the more easily entangled.

Sometimes I go down on the beach to watch the operations, and the men point at their gleaming treasures with great delight, exclaiming: "Sardina! Sardina!"

They often go out some distance in boats, when the water is still, and usually they are very successful in securing large hauls.

The sardines caught around Key West are very small and delicate, but around Sand Key and many others of the Florida keys they are of large size and very fine flavor. They do not pack the sardines in

oil here, but fry them just as soon as possible after taking them from the water, which makes them very delicious eating.

Becoming intimately acquainted with these pretty denizens of our own waters, I felt a natural desire to inquire, generally, into sardines, since they have become, nowadays, so common an article of food in all parts of the world.

Sardines occur in great abundance in the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and around the shores of Sardinia, whence they derive their name. When the warm weather comes on, they leave these pleasant waters, and are found in immense numbers along the coast of Brittany, between Brest and Belle Isle, where very extensive sardine-fisheries are carried on.

When the sea is calm and the day fair, often a thousand small fishing-boats start forth together, so that the bay is covered far and wide with them. Frequently, bad weather drives the fish into the bay, and the boats then do not have to go out a great distance. They are caught by the gills in nets, which are made of fine cord, in small meshes, and which are floated by having many pieces of cork attached to the upper edge. After the fishermen get out to where the water is deep, they lower their sails and mast, and cast overboard their nets, while the boat is worked along gently by two large oars, keeping her head to the wind. They then begin to throw out bait, usually the hardened roe of some fish, to attract the sardines, which approach the net in shoals and linger about it. Once in a while one of the fishermen in the boat will throw a heavy stone into the midst of a shoal, frightening them so that, as they attempt to dart away, they immediately become entangled in the meshes of the net, and die almost as soon as they touch it. When the corks disappear beneath the

water, it shows that the nets are full, whereupon they are dragged into the boat, and their contents are emptied into the hold of the vessel, while another net is thrown in. The holds of these boats often contain forty or fifty thousand sardines, since a single haul of the net will sometimes yield from fifteen to twenty thousand, although more often not more than four or five thousand.

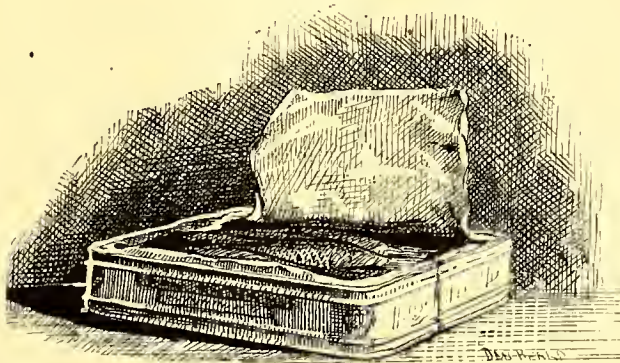
The sardine is a very delicate fish, and, to be eaten fresh, must be cooked as soon as it is taken out of the water. It cannot be kept for that purpose, therefore, but there are merchants and speculators in this business as in all others, and the fishermen can hardly touch the shore before the dealers are on hand to purchase, often buying up the entire cargo. The sardines are then immediately taken from the holds of the vessels and counted, then placed in a strong iron basket and dipped in the salt water until the fish are thoroughly cleaned. They are next removed to a large establishment called a "friture," where women and girls are principally employed to do the work, under the name of "sardinières." These *sardinières* have various officers, the most important of all being the "commise," who superintends the work, sees that everybody is busy, and keeps account of what is done, but is not required to touch the fish herself.

The sardines, washed and counted, having been given into the hands of the *sardinières*, one set of these people first removes the head and the entrails. The fish then are passed on to others, who put them carefully in salt, and allow them to remain there a short time. Next, they are taken from the salt and placed on gridirons, which are arranged on shelves exposed to the air, where they undergo a drying process. When they are considered sufficiently dried, each gridiron-full is taken from the shelf and

plunged into boiling oil. The best Italian olive-oil must be used, and the fishes are allowed to remain in it about five minutes, after which they are given a chance to cool. It only remains now to arrange them in the tin boxes ready to hold them, fill the boxes with oil, and solder on the air-tight covers. Thus inclosed, sardines will keep in a perfect state for many years. The women then polish the boxes, which then are all labeled with brass tickets, and are ready to be sent all over the world. The smallest boxes hold about twenty sardines, and the largest ones about a hundred. Sometimes, when the boxes are first soldered up, they are plunged in boiling water, since the fish are thought to keep longer by this process, but it is thought that this treatment takes something away from the savory flavor so highly esteemed.

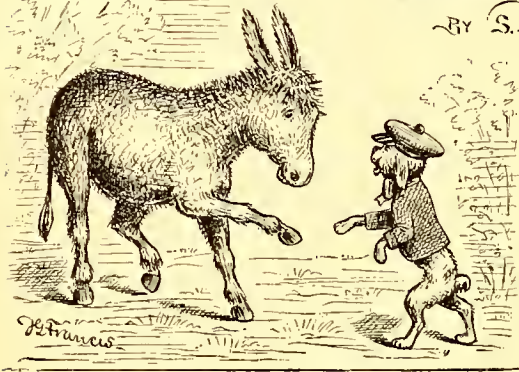
The manufacture of the oblong, square-cornered tin boxes for sardines is quite a business by itself. They are all made in the "friture," where the fish are prepared for the market. Workers in tin are engaged by the year, and it is stated that from ten to fifteen millions of these boxes of different sizes are made in France every twelve months.

Thus we have watched the "life and progress" of the sardine in its pleasant home beneath the blue sea wave; in its entanglement in the net of the fisherman; in its unpleasant quarters in the hold of the vessel; next counted and washed, beheaded and cleaned, salted, dried, and dipped in boiling oil; then packed away carefully one by one in neat boxes; and by and by we shall see them upon our luncheon-tables, requiring a regular sardine-knife to open the firmly soldered lid of the box before we can help ourselves to his silvery little form, without a sigh of regret that, for our sakes, he was snatched from the sunny waters of the Mediterranean, or his summer home on the bold shores of Brittany.



The Donkey and his Company.

By S. C. Stone.



A DONKEY, going to Bremen, once,
O'ertook, upon his way,
A friendly little yellow Dog,
Who barked him a "Good-day!"

"Good-day!" replied the Donkey, then,
"Good friend, where are you bound?"
"To Bremen," barked the little Dog,
"To see my friend, the Hound."

So, on they journeyed, side by side,
Or loitered by the way,
Until they met a Pussy Cat,
Who mew'd a sweet "Good-day!"

"Good-day, Dame Puss," they both replied:
"Pray, where may you be bound?"
"To Bremen," mew'd the little Cat,
"To sing and look around."



Thereat, they begged her company
To cheer the lonesome way;
And, soon, all met Sir Chanticleer,
Who crow'd a shrill "Good-day!"

"Good-day! good-day!" the three replied;
"Pray where, Sir, are you bound?"
"To Bremen," crow'd the little Cock,
"To see some fishes drowned!"

"I'll gladly bear you company;
For, though I've not much goods,
I've heard a band of robbers live
Somewhere within these woods!"



They closer drew together, then,
And all began to hark,
But nothing heard; till, presently,
The night fell, still and dark!

Then, what to do they did not know,
So dim the wood had grown;
Till, all at once, a space ahead,
A glimmering light outshone!



So, one and all fresh counsel took,
And went, at once, to see
What, shining through the gloom and dusk,
That brilliant beam might be!

They found a house, all hushed and dark,
Save for one window high,
Whence strayed the beam of golden light
That they were guided by!

The Donkey, as the tallest, tried
To stand and peep within;
But nay! The window proved too high,
And great was his chagrin!

Then, mounting on the Donkey's back,
The Dog essayed to see!
But still the window was too high,
And quite dismayed was he!

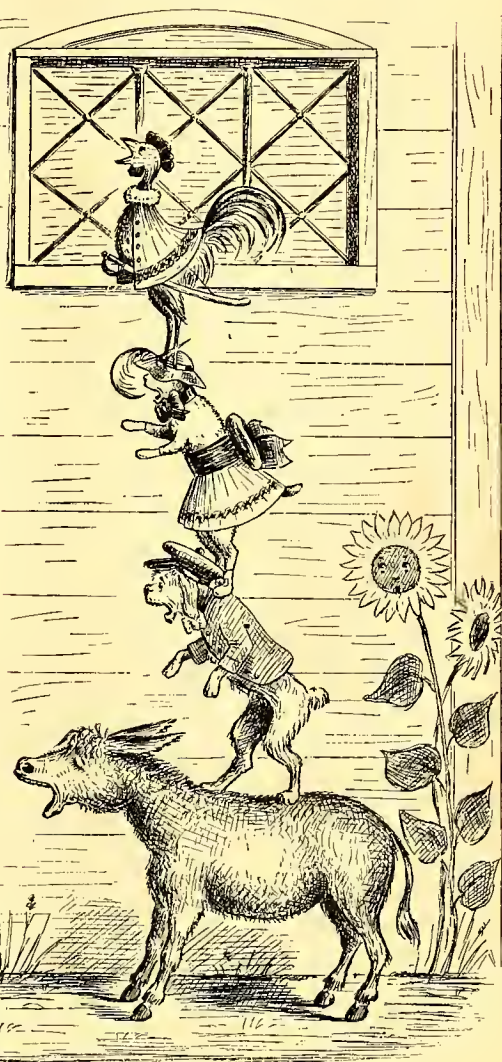
The Pussy Cat next volunteered
Upon the Dog to stand!
Yet, even she, upon his back,
The distance had not spanned!

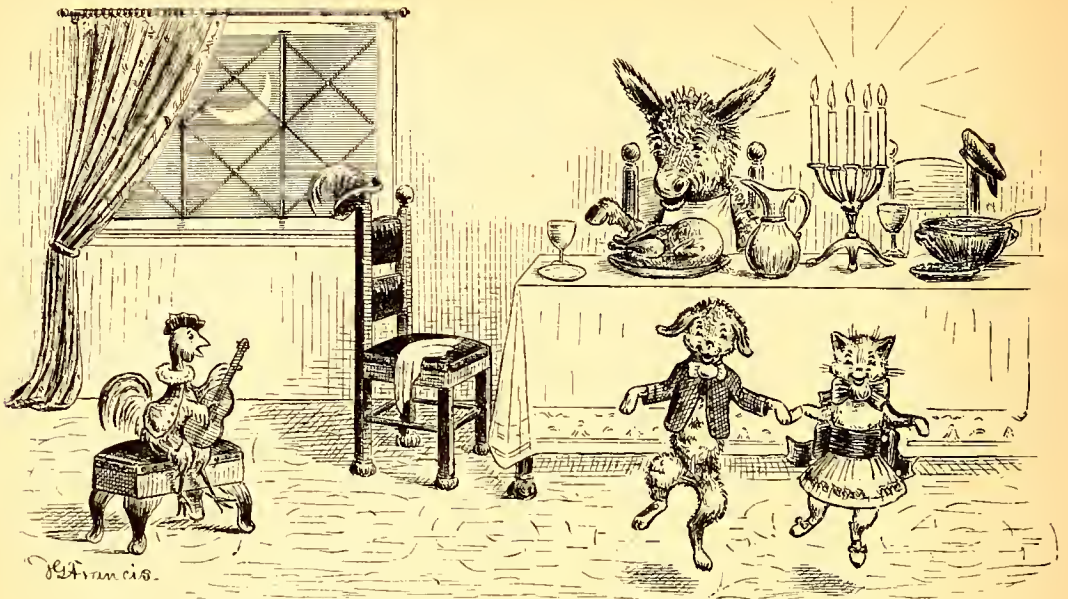
Sir Chanticleer then flapped his wings
And lit on Pussy's head!
And, standing thus, he saw within
"The Robber-band!" he said.

Reported, too, a table, spread
And garnished with a feast!
And, sitting there, around their wine,
Full forty thieves, at least!

Then quickly hunger tempted them
To plot to get within;
And so they planned to scare the thieves
By an unearthly din!

The Donkey brayed! the Dog did bark!
The Kitty cried and mewed!
Sir Chanticleer crowed loud and long,
As there they peeped and stood;





Oh, what alarm the thieves were in!
 They scattered to a man,
 As soon as, at a signal given,
 The concert first began!

They hither ran, they thither ran,
 As never men before!
 Whilst Donkey and his company
 Walked in and shut the door!

And so they feasted well and slept
 Until the following day;
 When, being all thereby refreshed,
 They went upon their way.

To Bremen, strolling slowly on,
 At last the travelers came;
 And there, by giving concerts, all
 Attained to lasting fame!



PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER VII.

PHAETON'S CHARIOT.

NED and I pushed on the project for a printing-office with great energy. We made the acquaintance of a man named Alvord, who kept a job-office, —where they never seemed to be in a hurry, as they always were in the newspaper offices,—and was never unwilling to answer questions or sell us old type. It was great fun to explore the mysteries of his establishment. I think he liked boys as much as Jack-in-the-Box did, and I'm sure it was a pleasure to us, in laying out Ned's capital, to pay so much of it to so pleasant a man.

But energy without skill is like zeal without knowledge; in fact, it is about the same thing, and we could n't really make much progress till Phaeton should take hold; and he would have nothing to do with it till he had finished his apparatus for "a horizontal balloon-ascension," which he was at work upon every minute that he could spare from sleep and meals.

With the help of the carriage-maker and the blacksmith, and Ned's capital—which he drew upon much more freely than had been bargained for—he constructed a low, broad, skeleton-like carriage, the body of which was hung below the axles of the wheels, instead of above them, and almost touched the ground. This was to prevent it from tipping over easily. The front axle turned on a swivel, and was controlled with two stout handles, by means of which the carriage could be steered. On the front of the box were three iron hooks. At the back there was a single hook. The wheels were pretty large, but the whole was made as light as possible.

When it was finished, Phaeton brought it home and put it away carefully in the wood-shed.

"I am afraid," said he, "that somebody will steal this car, or come in and damage it, unless we put a lock on this wood-shed door."

"Who would want to steal it, or damage it?" said Ned.

"The Dublin boys," said Phaeton, half under his breath. "Two of them were seen prowling around here the other day."

One section of the town, which was divided from ours by the deep gorge of the river, was popularly known as Dublin, and the boys who lived there, though probably very much like other boys, were always considered by us as our natural enemies—

plotters against the peace of boy society, capable of the most treacherous designs and the darkest deeds ever perpetrated in the juvenile world. Every piece of mischief not obviously to be accounted for in any other way, was laid to the Dublin boys as a matter of course.

"But we have n't a padlock," said Ned, "except that old brass one, and the key of that is lost, and we could n't turn it when we had it."

"I suppose we shall have to buy a new one," said Phaeton.

"All right—buy one," said Ned.

"I have n't any money," said Phaeton.

"Nor I," said Ned,—“spent the last cent for a beautiful little font of Tuscan type; weighed just five pounds, fifteen cents a pound—nothing the matter with it, only the Es are gone.”

"The Es are gone?" said Phaeton. "Do you mean to say you have been buying a font of type with no Es in it?"

"Yes; why? What's the harm in that?" said Ned. "You don't expect everything to be perfect when you buy things second-hand."

"Of course not," said Phaeton; "but what can you do without Es? If the Qs or the Xs were gone, it would n't so much matter; but there's hardly a word that has n't at least one E in it. Just count the Es on a page of any book. And you've been fooling away your money on a font of type with no Es! Mr. Alvord ought to be ashamed of himself to cheat a boy like that."

"You need n't be scolding me for fooling away the money," said Ned. "What have you been doing, I should like to know? Fooling away the money on that old torrid-zontal balloon thing, which will probably make a shipwreck of you the first time you try it. And, besides, I did n't buy the type of Mr. Alvord."

"Where did you get them?"

"Bought them of a boy that I met on the stairs when I was coming down from Alvord's."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know. He lives on one of those cross-streets down by the aqueduct. I went to his house with him to get the type. He said he used to have a little office, but his father would n't let him keep it any more, just because his baby sister ate some of the ink."

"It's too bad," said Phaeton; "what do you suppose could have become of the Es?"

"I don't know," said Ned, a little morosely. "unless the baby sister ate them, too."

“But,” said Phaeton, suddenly, “how are we going to get a lock for this door?”

“I don’t see that we can get one at all,” said Ned.

I suggested that the door of the wood-shed might be nailed up, to keep out the Dublin boys, till we had a chance to get a padlock.

“That ’s a first-rate idea,” said Phaeton, and he at once brought out the hammer and nail-box, and began to nail up the door. It was a heavy, paneled door, which had evidently come from some old mansion that was torn down.

“It ’s as well to make it strong while we ’re about it,” said he; “for if those fellows should come, they ’d pry it open if they could,” and he put in a few more nails.

“Father showed me how to drive nails so as to make them hold,” said I. “Let me show you;” and taking the hammer from his hand, I drove eight or ten more nails into the door, driving them in pairs, each pair slanting in opposite directions.

“That ’s a thing worth knowing,” said Ned. “Let me practice on it a little.”

He took the hammer, and drove one or two pairs in the manner I had shown him, and was so pleased with his success, that he kept on till he had used up all the nails in the box.

“No Dublin boy is going to get that car this night,” said he, as he gave a final blow to the last nail.

“No,” said Fay; “I think it ’s pretty safe.”

As it began to rain, I was obliged to hurry home. That night, as I afterward learned, there was sorrow in the ’breast of the youngest member of the Rogers family. Little May Rogers, who never went to sleep without her favorite cat, Jemima, curled up on the foot of her little bed, could n’t go to sleep because Jemima was nowhere to be found in the house, and had not come when every outside door in turn was opened, and she was called from the vasty darkness. Even when Mrs. Rogers stood in the kitchen door and rasped the carving-knife on the steel, Jemima failed to come bounding in. That was considered decisive as to her fate. The cat would be sure to come at that sound, if she were able to come at all.

But a much more serious commotion shook the family next morning. When Mr. Rogers went down to his breakfast, it was not ready; in fact, the kitchen fire was not made.

“How is this, Biddy?” said he to the cook.

“Sure, I could n’t help it, sir; I could get no kindlings.”

“Why so, Biddy?”

“Because, sir, the wood-shed door’s bewitched. I could n’t get it open. And everything outside is

soakin’ wet wid the rain, and so of course I could n’t kindle the fire.”

Mr. Rogers walked out to the wood-shed door, and attempted to open it with an impatient and vigorous jerk, but the handle came off in his hand. Then he tried to get hold of it by the edge, but there was n’t a crack where he could insert his fingers. Then he took hold of it at the bottom, where there was considerable space, but it would not budge a hair. He was getting a little excited, for he had an engagement to leave town by the early train. He went into the house for some sort of tool, and brought out the poker. Cutting a little hole with his pocket-knife at the edge of the door, he inserted the poker, and pried; but the poker bent double, and the door did not stir. Then he went in again, and brought out the stove-wrench. Cutting the hole a little larger, he pried at the door with the wrench; but the wrench was of cast-iron, and snapped in two. “Biddy,” said he, “I see a light at Robbins’s,”—it was very early in the morning,—“go over and borrow an ax.”

Biddy soon returned with an ax, and Mr. Rogers tried to pry the door open with that, but only succeeded in breaking splinters from the edge.

“Biddy,” said he, “bring a light, and let ’s see what ails it.”

Biddy brought out a candle, but trembled so at the idea of letting out the witches, that she dropped it at Mr. Rogers’s feet, and it struck on its lighted end and went out. Biddy made rapid apologies, and ran in for another candle. But Mr. Rogers would wait no longer. He raised the ax in fury, and began to slaughter the door, like a mediæval soldier before the gate of a besieged castle.

Slice after slice was torn off and flew inward, striking the opposite side of the shed; but the door as a whole would not fall. When a considerable hole had been made, a frightened cat, its eyes gleaming wildly, and its tail as large as a feather-duster, leaped out from the inner darkness, passing over Mr. Rogers’s head, and knocking his hat off. It landed somewhere in the yard, and immediately made for the woods. Biddy, who arrived on the ground with the second candle just in time to witness this performance, dropped the light again, and fled screaming into the house.

This aroused two neighbors, who threw up their windows, thrust their heads out, and, hearing the powerful blows of the ax, thought a maniac was abroad, and hallooed for the police.

The watchman on that beat, ever on the alert, waited only eight or nine minutes, till he could call four others to his aid, when all five of them started for the scene of the trouble. Separating after they had entered Mr. Rogers’s gate, they made a little circuit through the yard, and

cautiously approached him, two on each side, and one behind. As the one behind laid his hand on his shoulder, Mr. Rogers dropped the ax, whirled around, and "hailed off," as the boys say, but caught the gleam of the silver star on the policeman's breast, and lowered his fist.

"What do you want?" said he.

"If it's you, we don't want anything," said the policeman, who, of course, knew Mr. Rogers very well. "But we thought we wanted a crazy man."

with many nails, still clung tightly to the jambs, all the central portion having been cut away in ragged slices.

"This door has been nailed up with a great many nails," said he.

"I can't imagine who would do that," said Mr. Rogers; "this is n't the first day of April."

Neither could the policemen. In fact, I have observed that policemen have very little imagination. In this instance, five of them, all imagining



"ONE OF THE POLICEMEN PRODUCED A BULL'S-EYE LANTERN."

"Then you might as well take me," said Mr. Rogers, "for I am pretty nearly crazy. The mischief has got into this door, so that it could n't be opened, and the cook had no kindlings and I no breakfast; and I shall lose the early train, and if I don't reach Albany to-day, I can't tell how many dollars it will cost me, but a good many."

Mr. Rogers drew out his handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

One of the policemen produced a bull's-eye lantern, and examined the ruined door, passing it up and down the edge, where the outer frame, studded

at once, could not imagine who nailed up that door. The nearest they could come to it was, that it was probably done with a heavy, blunt instrument, in the hands of some person or persons unknown.

When, later in the day, we boys stood contemplating what Ned called "the shipwreck of the door,"—older people than he call all sorts of wrecks shipwrecks,—he remarked that he did n't know what his father would say, if he should find out who did it.

Mr. Rogers had taken the next train for Albany.

"He will find out," said Phaeton; "for I shall tell him as soon as he gets home."

The day that his father returned, Phaeton told, at the tea-table, the whole story of how the door was bewitched. A week had then passed, and—such are the soothing influences of time—Mr. Rogers laughed heartily at the whole affair, and at his own excitement most of all.

“I had no idca,” said Ned, solemnly, “that so much trouble could be caused by a few nails.”

His mother thought “few” was good.

The next day I heard little May Rogers telling another child about it. This was her story:

“You see, brother Fay and brother Neddie, they drove a nail in the wood-shed door; and Biddy, she lended Mr. Robbins’s ax; and then Papa, he got besited; and so we have n’t any wood-shed door any more.”

Meanwhile, the preparations for the horizontal balloon-ascension had gone on. But, as Ned had remarked, nothing could be done without capital, and he was obliged to make another business call upon his Aunt Mercy.

“What’s new down at your house?” said she.

“Nothing particular,” said Ned.

“I hear that that idiotic brother of yours has been cutting up a pretty caper,” said Aunt Mercy, after a pause.

“What was it?” said Ned.

“Why, don’t you know?”

“I don’t know what you have been told, and I can’t think of anything very bad that Fay has done.”

“Gracious me!” said Aunt Mercy, looking up surprised. “Don’t you call it bad to go around slyly in the night and nail up every door and window in the house?”

“Yes, that would be pretty bad, Aunty. But Fay has n’t done so.”

“You admit that it was bad, then?”

“Why, certainly,—but it is n’t true. Only one door was nailed up—the wood-shed door.”

“I do believe you’re standing up for him. But I tell you, a boy that would nail up one door would nail up a hundred.”

“He might if he had nails enough,” said Ned, in a low voice.

“That’s just it,” said Aunt Mercy. “That fellow would nail up just as many doors as he could get nails for. I’ve no doubt it was only the givin’ out of the nails that prevented him from going through every house in the neighborhood. Mark my words, he’ll come to some bad end. Don’t you have anything to do with him, Edmund Burton.”

Ned said he thought it would be rather hard not to have anything to do with his own brother.

“Yes, I suppose so,” said Aunt Mercy. “But do the best you can.”

“Yes, Aunty, I’ll do my best.”

“Now tell me,” said she, “about your muddle. Have you made a muddle yet?”

I thought Ned might have answered conscientiously that he had made a muddle. But he said:

“No, Aunty, we’ve put that off for a while. We think it will be best to do some other things first.”

“What are the other things?”

“One of them is a printing-office. We think of setting up a little printing-office to print little books and papers and cards and things, if we can get together enough money for it. It takes rather more capital than we have at present.”

I suppose Aunt Mercy thought I was the other one besides himself included in Ned’s “we.”

“I should have supposed,” said she, “that it was best to finish one muddle before going into another. But you know best, Edmund Burton. I have great confidence in your judgment.” And she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, and seemed to be dreaming for some minutes. I doubt if she more than half knew which Edmund Burton she was talking to—the one who had long since gone down beneath the waters of a distant sea, or the young scapegrace who, without intending to represent anything falsely, had got so much money from her on false representations.

“I don’t know how it is,” said he to me one day. “I never intend to cheat Aunt Mercy; and yet, whenever I go to see her, things seem to fix themselves somehow so that she misunderstands. I guess it’s her imagination.”

“How much money do you need for your new muddle?” said she, when she came out of her reverie.

“Jack-in-the-Box says he thinks twenty-five or thirty dollars would fit up a good one,” said Ned.

“Who is Jack-in-the-Box?”

“A gentleman connected with the railroad.”

“Queer name for a railroad director,” said Aunt Mercy. “But I suppose you’ve blundered on it. French, very likely. Might be Jacquin Thibaux. (I studied French two terms at Madam Farron’s.) Some of those old Huguenot names have got into strange shapes. But it does n’t matter. I dare say Monsieur Thibaux is right about it. I have n’t any money with me to-night, but I’ll send it over to you to-morrow. Don’t let that ignorant brother of yours meddle with your printing-office; he’ll misspell every word, and disgrace the family.”

“I’ll try to keep him straight,” said Ned.

“Good-night, Aunty.”

“Good-night, Edmund Burton, my dear boy.”

“I thought part of this capital,” said I to Ned,

as we walked away, "was for the horizontal balloon."

"So it is," said he; "but I could n't explain that to Aunt Mercy, because Fay has never explained it to me. I have no idea how he 's going to make that thing go."

When Phaeton was furnished with a little more money, we soon saw how the thing was to go. He built three enormous kites, six feet high. They were not bow-kites—the traditional kite always represented in pictures, but seldom used in our country. They were the far more powerful six-cornered kite, familiar to the boys of the Middle States. He certainly built them with great skill, and Ned and I had the pleasure of helping him—if holding the paste-cup and hunting for material to make the tails was helping.

As each was finished, Phaeton carefully stood it up in the wood-shed to dry, where there was no more danger of Dublin boys; for Mr. Rogers had sent a carpenter to put on a new door and furnish it with a lock. Nevertheless, Phaeton took the first kite to his room for the night, and put it against the wall behind the bed. But Ned, who tossed a great deal, managed to kick a hole through it in his sleep. After that, they were left in the wood-shed over night, where a similar misfortune befell the second. Biddy, breaking kindlings in an unscientific way with the hatchet, sent a piece of wood flying through the kite, tearing a large hole on what a sailor would call the starboard quarter.

When Phaeton complained of her carelessness, she seemed to think she had improved the kite, saying: "The two kites were not comrades before—they are now."

When an enterprising boy attempts to carry out some little project of his own, it is astonishing to see how even the best-natured household will seem to conspire against him. If he happens to leave a few of his things on the dining-room floor, they are carelessly stepped upon by his own mother, or swept out-of-doors by an ignorant servant. I have seen a boy trying to make a galvanic battery, and his sister looking on and fervently hoping it would fail, so that she could have the glass cups to put into her play-house.

However, Phaeton had about as little of this sort of thing to endure as any boy ever had. When the kites were finished and dry, and the holes patched up, and the tails hung, Phaeton said he was ready to harness up his team as soon as the wind was right.

"Which way do you want it?" said I.

"It must be a steady breeze, straight down the turnpike," said he.

One reason why Phaeton chose this road was,

that here he would encounter no telegraph wires. At the railway crossing, two men, riding on loads of hay, had come in contact with the wires and been seriously hurt. Another repetition of the accident might have been prevented by raising the wires on higher poles, but the company had chosen rather to run them down the pole on one side, under the street, and up the next pole.

"But I don't see how these kites are going to work," said Ned, "if you fly them side by side, and hitch the strings to those three hooks."

"Why not?"

"Because they 'll interfere with one another, and get all tangled up."

"You might think so," said Phaeton, "if you had n't made a study of kite-flying, as I have. If you look at a dozen boys flying their kites at once on the common, you will see that, no matter how near together two or three boys stand, their kites will not go in exactly the same direction. Either the strings will slant away from each other a little, or else they will cross."

"How do you account for that?" said Ned.

"I suppose it 's because you never can make two kites exactly alike; or, if they are exactly alike, they are not hung precisely the same; and so the wind bears a little more on the left side of one, and a little more on the right side of the other."

"I guess that 's so," said Ned. "And yet it seems to me it would be better to fly them tandem."

"How would you get them up?" said I.

"First get up one," said Ned. "And when it was well up, fasten the end of the string to the back of the next kite, and let that up, and do the same with the third. Then you 'd have a straight pull by the whole team in line."

"And the pull of all three kites would come on the last string, and break it," said Phaeton.

"I did n't think of that," said Ned. "I see your way is the best, after all. But hurry up and have it over with, for we want you to help with the printing-office; we can't get along without you."

"It never will be 'over with,'" said Phaeton. "I shall ride out every fine day, when the wind is in the right direction."

"Why, is that all it 's for," said Ned,—“merely your own amusement?"

"Not at all," said Phaeton. "It is a great invention, to be introduced all over the country. Better than a locomotive, because it will run on a common road. Better than horses, because it does n't eat anything. But then, I'm going to enjoy it myself as much as I can. However, we 'll find time for the printing."

CHAPTER VIII.

A HORIZONTAL BALLOON-ASCENSION.

PHAETON had to wait three days for a fair wind, and in that time the secret—for we had tried to keep it quiet—leaked out among the boys.

It was Saturday, and everything seemed favorable. As Ned and I wanted to go up-town in the forenoon, and Phaeton could not start the thing alone, he appointed two o'clock in the afternoon as the hour for the experiment.

On our way up-town we met Isaac Holman.

"I'm going down to see your brother's new flying machine, or whatever it is," said he.

"It wont start till two o'clock," said Ned.

"*Totus dexter!*—all right! I'll be around at that hour," said Holman.

Phaeton gave his apparatus a final inspection, newly greased the wheels, tested every string about the kites, and made sure that all was in perfect order.

Exactly at two o'clock, he took a strong stake and a heavy mallet, walked out into the street, and, amid a babel of questions from about twenty boys, who had gradually gathered there, drove the stake exactly in the middle of the road, leaving it a foot and a half out of ground. He answered none of the questions, and, in fact, did not open his lips, excepting to return the greeting of Holman, who sat on the bowlder by the horse-gate, and was the only one that asked nothing.

I saw Monkey Roe hanging on the outskirts of the crowd. His name was James Montalembert Roe; but he was never called anything but Monkey Roe, and he seemed to like it just as well. The moment I saw him, I began to fear mischief. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow, but was always plotting some new sort of fun, and was as full of invention, though in a very different way, as Phaeton himself.

When Phaeton had returned and put away his mallet, we all took hold of the car and ran it out to the street, where Phaeton fastened a short rope to the hook at the back, and tied the other end firmly to the stake.

Then I stood by the car, as a sort of guard, while he and Ned brought out the kites, one at a time, and got them up. When each had risen to the full height of the string, which was pretty long,—and they were the best-behaved kites I ever saw,—Phaeton tied the string to one of the hooks on the front of the car. When all three were harnessed up, they lifted the fore-wheels from the ground.

This work used up considerable time, and while it was going on, the crowd about us was increasing by the addition of Dublin boys, who kept coming, singly or in twos and threes, and were distinguishable by the fact that they were all barefooted, without

jackets, and had their trousers supported by one suspender buckled around the waist like a belt.

It seemed evident that somebody had told them about the horizontal balloon-ascension, for they did not come as if by accident, but as if by appointment, and made straight for the car, which they inspected with a great deal of curiosity.

Phaeton brought out four shot-bags filled with sand, and placed them in the front of the car.

Then he brought out a rope five or six yards long, with a small balloon-anchor fastened to it. A balloon-anchor is made of three iron hooks placed back to back, so that the points project in three different directions, and the three backs or shanks are welded together into one stem, which ends in a ring, through which the rope is tied.

Phaeton tied the end of the anchor-rope to the hook on the back end of his car, coiled it up in one corner of the box, and laid the anchor on the coil. His calculation was, that when he threw it out on the road it would catch a little here and there in the ground, as the hooks dragged over the surface, making the car go more slowly, till after a while it would take a firm hold of something and bring him to a full stop.

Phaeton also brought out a small American flag, on a light staff, and stuck it up in a place made for it, on one of the back corners of the car.

The kites were now tugging away at the car, with a steady and strong pull. The arrangement was, that when Phaeton was seated (on a light board laid across the top of the car) with the steering handles in his grasp, and all was ready, he would give the word, and I was to draw a sharp knife across the rope that held the car to the stake.

All now was ready. Ned, who had gone down the road a short distance, to see if any teams were coming, signaled that the coast was clear, and Phaeton stepped into the car.

"I say," said one of the Dublin boys; "why don't you put up the stake before we start?"

"The stake is all right," said Phaeton, just glancing over his shoulder at it.

"Who's holding it?" said the Dublin boy.

"Don't you see, the ground is holding it?" said Phaeton, arranging the sand-bags.

"Oh, don't try to get out of it in that way," said the Dublin boy.

"I don't understand you," said Phaeton. "What do you mean?"

"Did n't you say," said the Dublin boy, "that you'd give a dollar to any boy that could beat your machine in a mile run?"

"No," said Phaeton. "I have never said anything of the sort—nor thought of it. Who told you so?"

"Lukey Finnerty."

"And who told Lukey Finnerty?"

"Berny Rourke."

"And who told Berny Rourke?"

"Teddy Dwyer."

"And who told Teddy Dwyer?"

"Owney Geoghegan" (pronounced *Gewgan*).

"And who told Owney Geoghegan?"

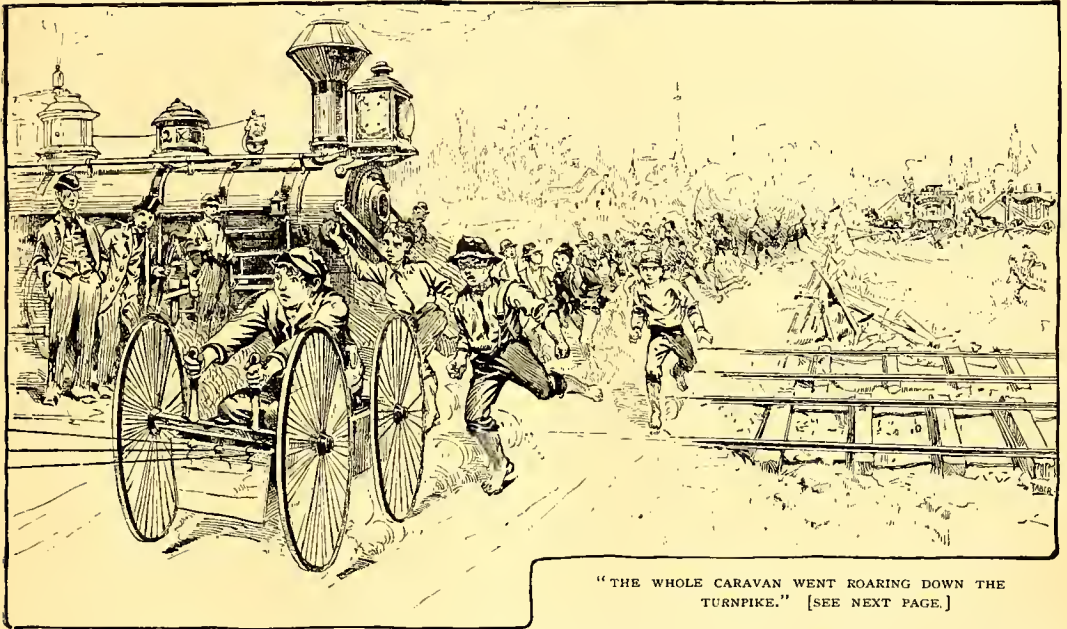
"Patsy Rafferty."

"And who told Patsy Rafferty?"

"Oh, never mind who told me," broke in another Dublin boy, who, it seems, was Patsy Raf-

Phaeton somewhat reluctantly said he would,— "although," he added, in an under-tone, "if you can beat it, I don't see why you should want to ride in it."

Casting one more glance about, to see that all was ready, Phaeton told me to cut the rope and let him start. Partly because he spoke in a low tone, wishing to make as little excitement as possible, and partly because I was watching what I considered certain suspicious movements on the part



"THE WHOLE CARAVAN WENT ROARING DOWN THE TURNPIKE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ferty. "The question is, are you going to put up the money?"

"I never offered to put up any," said Phaeton.

"And I have n't any with me, just now, to put up."

"Then somebody has played us a trick," said Patsy.

"I'm sorry for that," said Phaeton.

"Ah, well, we don't mind—we'll run all the same," said Patsy.

"But I don't care to have you run," said Phaeton.

"In fact, I'd rather you would n't."

"Well, we're all ready for it," said Patsy, giving his trousers a hitch, and tightening the suspender a little by giving another twist to the nail that fastened it in lieu of a buckle. "And I suppose the road 's as free to us as 't is to you?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Phaeton.

"If you have n't any money," spoke up another Dublin boy, "you might say you'll give a ride in your car to the fellow that beats it—just to lend a little interest to the race, you know."

of Monkey Roe, I did not hear nor heed what Phaeton said. There was a pause.

"*Littera lapsa!*—let her slide!" roared out Holman, who saw that I had not understood.

With a quick, nervous stroke, I drew the knife across the rope.

The machine started—at first with a little jerk, then with a slow, rolling motion, gradually increasing in speed, until at the end of six or eight rods it was under rapid headway.

The Dublin boys at first stood still, looking on in gaping admiration at the wonder, till they suddenly remembered that they were there to race it, when they started off after it.

Our boys naturally followed them, as, of course, we could n't see any more of the fun unless we should keep up with it.

It was a pretty even race, and all was going on smoothly, when down the first cross-street came a crowd of women, apparently very much excited, many of them with sticks in their hands. The sight of our moving crowd seemed to frenzy them,

and they increased their speed, but only arrived at the corner in time to fall in behind us.

At the same time, down the cross-road from the other direction came a drove of cattle, pelted, pounded, and hooted at by two men and three boys; and close behind them was Dan Rice's Circus, which had been exhibiting for two days on the Falls Field, and was now hurrying on to the next town. Whether it was because of the red skirts worn by many of the women in front of them, or the rumbling of the circus so close behind them, I did not know, but those cattle did behave in the most frantic manner.

And so the whole caravan went roaring down the turnpike—Phaeton in his flying car at the head, then the Dublin boys, then our boys, then the mothers of the Dublin boys, then the drove of cattle, and then the circus, with all its wagons and paraphernalia,—the striped zebra bringing up the rear.

It soon became evident that the mothers of the Dublin boys were proceeding on erroneous information—however they got it—and supposed that the contest between us and their sons was not a friendly one. For, whenever one of our boys lagged behind in the race, and came within reach of their sticks, he was pretty sure to get a sounding whack across the shoulders. I dare say the Dublin boys would have received the same treatment if they had not been ahead of us in the race, which they always were, either because they were better runners, or better prepared.

Foremost of all was Patsy Rafferty, who, by doing his prettiest, had closed up the distance that had been between himself and the car at the start, and was now abreast of it.

Phaeton became excited, and, determined not to be beaten, lightened his car by hurriedly throwing out one of the bags of sand. Unfortunately, it struck the ground right in front of Patsy, and the next instant he stubbed his toes on it and went sprawling into the gutter.

When the Dublin women saw this, they probably took it as full confirmation of the evil designs which somebody had told them we had on their sons, and some of our boys immediately paid the penalty by receiving a few extra whacks.

As for Patsy, he soon picked himself up and renewed the race, all the more determined to win it because he thought Phaeton had tripped him purposely—which I am happy to say was not true.

As we neared the railway crossing, Jack-in-the-Box was half-way up the signal-pole. Hearing the outcry, he looked down upon us, took in the situation at a glance, then descended the pole two steps at a time, seized his red flag, and ran up the track at lightning speed. He had calculated that the

Pacific Express would arrive at the crossing just in time to dash through some part of our procession, and as he saw it would be useless to try to stop us, with everything crowding on behind us, he went to flag the train and stop that. This he just succeeded in doing, and when my section of the procession passed that given point,—you know it is the inveterate habit of processions to pass given points,—there stood the great locomotive stock still by Jack's box, with its train behind it, and seemed to look down upon us like an astonished and interested spectator.

We swept on across the track, and as there was a straight, smooth piece of road before us, all went well till we neared the canal. There a stupid fellow, as we afterward learned, leading home a cow he had just bought, had tied her to the corner-post of the bridge by which the turnpike crossed the canal, and gone into a neighboring grocery. The cow had placed herself directly across the narrow road-way of the bridge, and there she stood contentedly chewing her cud, entirely ignorant of the fact that an important race was in progress, and that she was obstructing the track.

Phaeton saw her with horror; for if he kept on, the car would run into her—the foot-path over the bridge was too narrow for it. He threw out his anchor, which ricocheted, as an artilleryman would say. That is, it would catch the ground for an instant, and then fly into the air, descend in a curve, catch once more, and fly up again. At last it caught on a horse-block, stuck fast, and brought the car to a stop.

But before Phaeton could climb out, Patsy Rafferty had come up, and, whipping out his jack-knife, cut the anchor-rope in two. In an instant the machine was off again.

Phaeton's situation was desperate. There stood the stupid cow like an animated toll-gate closing the bridge, and he rushing on to destruction at the rate of a good many miles an hour, with no way to stop the machine, and a certainty of broken bones if he should jump out.

In his agony, he half rose in the car and gave a terrific yell. The cow started, saw him, and then clumsily but quickly swung herself around against the truss of the bridge that divided the carriage-way from the foot-path. But the carriage-way had been newly planked, and the planks were not yet nailed down. As the cow stepped on the ends, four or five of these planks were instantly tilted up like a trap-door, while the cow sank down till she was wedged between the truss and the first sleeper, or lengthwise beam (the space not being quite large enough to let her drop through); the planks of course being held in an almost perpendicular position between her body and the sleeper.

Into the abyss that thus suddenly yawned before him, Phaeton and his chariot plunged.

After him went Patsy Rafferty, who, on seeing the danger, had laid hold of the car and tried to stop it, but failed. Whether he jumped through, or let himself down more cautiously by hanging from the floor of the bridge and dropping, I did not see; but at all events, when the rest of us reached the tow-path by running down the embankment, the waters had closed over both boys and the car.

At this moment another accident complicated the

jerked the horses over the parapet into the water, where they floundered within a yard of the wrecked machine.

The Dublin women gathered on the tow-path, and immediately set up an unearthly wail, such as I have never heard before nor since. I think some of them must have "cried the keen," as it is called in Ireland.

Patsy soon emerged from beneath the wreck, hauling Phaeton out by the hair, and as half a dozen of the boys, from both parties, were now in the water, they had plenty of help. The bow-hand



"THE CLOWN COUNTED THE MONEY."

trouble and increased the excitement. This was a tow-path bridge—one which the boat-horses have to pass over, because at that point the tow-path changes from one side of the canal to the other. The "Red Bird" packet horses, coming up at a round trot, when they reached the crown of the bridge and saw the rushing, roaring caravan coming at them, and heard Phaeton's yell, stopped, and stood shivering with fear. But the packet was all the while going ahead by its own momentum, and when it had gone the length of the tow-line, it

of the "Red Bird" cut the tow-line with a hatchet, —if he had been attending to his business, he would have done it soon enough to prevent the accident,—and the horses then swam ashore.

Meantime, the circus had stopped, and many of the men came to the scene of the disaster, while most of the packet passengers stepped ashore and also joined the crowd.

The steersman brought a pike-pole, with which they fished out Phaeton's car.

Every one of the kite-strings was broken, and

the kites had gone down the sky, with that wobbling motion peculiar to what the boys call a "kite-broke-away," to find lodgment in some distant forest or meadow.

Great was the wonderment expressed, and many were the questions asked, as the packet passengers and the circus people crowded around the ruined car and the dripping boys. Two of the Dublin women were wringing out Phaeton's jacket, and talking rather fast with the other mothers.

A benevolent-looking old gentleman, who wore a white vest and a large fob-chain, said, "Something ought to be done for that boy,"—pointing to Patsy.

The Clown of the circus said "Certainly!" and taking off his hat, passed it first to the benevolent-looking old gentleman, who seemed a little surprised, but soon recovered, and hastily dropped in ten cents.

Then the Clown passed it all around, and nearly everybody, excepting the boys, of course, put in a little something. The Patagonian Woman of the circus, who had very red cheeks and very round eyes, and wore a large diamond ring on nearly every finger, gave the most of anybody,—half a dollar,—which she borrowed of the Strong Man, who used to lift the big iron balls on the back of his neck.

The Clown counted the money, and said there were three dollars and eighty-four cents, and a crossed shilling, and a bogus quarter, and two brass buttons, and a pewter temperance medal.

"Well," said he, in a solemn tone, looking down at the collection, and then around at the people, "I should say this crowd was about an average specimen of humanity."

I did n't see the Clown himself put in anything at all.

"Here, sonny," said he to Patsy, "we'll tie it up in your handkerchief for you."

Patsy said he had n't any handkerchief with him, just then; whereupon the Patagonian Woman gave him hers—excellent people, those Patagonians!—and the Clown tied it up with two hard knots, and Patsy tucked it into his trousers-pocket, which it caused to bulge out as if he had just passed through 'Squire Higgins's orchard.

The boss of the circus offered to give Patsy a place, and take him right along, at fifteen dollars a month and his board. Patsy was crazy to go; but his mother said she could n't spare him.

Some of the circus men got a pole and tackle from one of their wagons, and lifted the cow out of her uncomfortable position, after which they replaced the planks.

"All aboard!" shouted the captain of the "Red Bird," for the tow-line had been mended and the horses rubbed down, and all the passengers started on a run for the boat, excepting the benevolent-looking old gentleman, who walked very leisurely, seeming to know it would wait for him.

"All aboard!" shouted the boss of the circus, and his people climbed upon the wagons, whipped up the horses, and rumbled over the bridge at a rapid gait.

The Dublin women each laid hold of one or more of their boys, and marched them home; Lukey Finnerty's mother arguing, as they went along, that her boy had done as much as Patsy Rafferty, and got as wet, and therefore ought to have a share of the money.

"Oh, there's no doubt," said Mrs. Rafferty, in a gently sarcastic tone, "but your boy has taken in a great deal of cold water. He shall have the temperance medal."

The other women promptly took up the question, some on Mrs. Finnerty's side and some on Mrs. Rafferty's, and so, all talking at once, they passed out of sight.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG MARCH WIND.

BY M. F. BUTTS.

A JOLLY fellow is young March Wind,
With all his bluster and noise;
Though he has no thought for the old and poor,
He's a thorough friend of the boys.
He joins their play with right good will—
Aha, do you see him go,
With a hi, hi, hi! far up in the sky,
While the boys stand tugging below?

Oh, a noisy fellow is young March Wind,
And almost any day
You may see him up in the highest trees,
Blowing his trumpet for play.
Oho! oho! now high, now low,
He blows with all his might:
Oh, dear Mr. Wind, would you be so kind
As to go to sleep at night?



CONSISTENCY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE once was a stately Giraffe,
Whose motto was "Nothing by half!"
His old friend, the Tapir,
Said, "Cut me a caper,—
It's a year since I've had a good laugh!"

So, to please him, the gracious Giraffe
Jumped over a cow and her calf;
But when the old Tapir
Told folks of this caper,
They said: "That's just some of your chaff.

"He's a dignified chap, that Giraffe,
And we know he does nothing by half;
We can understand how
He might jump o'er a cow,
But he'd *never* jump over a calf!"

THE STORY OF A PEG.

BY PAUL FORT.

IN a small town, not far from the river Rhine, there was a large dam, built, in great part, of heavy timbers, which shut in the waters of a stream that ran into the river a few miles below. Quite a large body of water was thus held back by the dam, while below it the stream was narrow and shallow. In the dam was a sluice-gate, which could be raised by a lever, and by which the water could be let off, whenever it was necessary. It was not a very tight gate, and a good deal of water ran through its cracks; but that did not matter, for there was plenty of water left for the uses of the towns-people.

On the top of this dam, which was wide enough to serve as a bridge, four children were amusing themselves, one summer day. Oscar, the largest boy, had put on a bathing-dress, which was nothing more than a pair of short trousers, and had climbed down to the stream, to see if he could take a swim. But he had found that the swimming did not amount to much, for there was only one place—a moderately deep pool just under the sluice-gate—

where he could have any chance of striking out with his arms and legs. So he soon climbed up again to the top of the dam. He would have been glad to bathe in the great pond above the dam, but that was not allowed.

Little Lotta, the only girl in the party, had been watching Oscar, and had lost her cap, which had tumbled off into some bushes below, at the side of the stream. She had called to Oscar to get it for her, but he was already half-way up the face of the dam, and he did not want to go back. He was not related to Lotta, and she had two brothers there. If she wanted her cap, one of them could go down and get it. He did not consider that it was not a pleasant thing for a boy, with his ordinary clothes on, to scramble down the wet face of the dam.

Lotta began to cry, and her younger brother, Peter, said he would roll up his trousers and go down for her cap. This, however, made Carl, her other brother, laugh. He said he would try to get the cap with a stick, and if he could not reach it,

he would go down himself. He was nearly as big as Oscar, and could climb just as well.

So he got a long stick, and taking this in one hand, he got over the edge of the dam, holding with his other hand to a peg which was driven into a beam that ran along the top. Then he braced his feet against the dam, and grasping the peg very tightly, he reached down toward the cap with his stick. It was a white muslin cap, and hung lightly on the edge of the bush. If he could but hook his stick into any part of it, it would be easy to bring it up.

He had just worked his stick under the front of it, when crack! went the peg, and down went Carl!

Oscar, just before this, had reached the top of the dam, and had run into the house near by to dress. Little Lotta and Peter were so astounded when they saw Carl go down, and heard the great splash beneath, that they just stood, for a moment, with their mouths open. Then they began to cry, and ran off to find somebody to help.

Oscar soon came running out of the house, and some men, who happened to be working near by, were attracted by the children's cries, and went to them.

When they heard the story, they all hurried to the dam and looked over, but there was nothing to be seen of Carl. Then the men, with Oscar, ran to the end of the dam and hurried down to the edge of the stream. One of them waded in, and felt, with his bare feet, all over the bottom of the pool. He thought Carl might have been stunned by the fall, and was lying there. But he did not find him. Perhaps he had been carried down the stream, one of them suggested; but this was not likely, as the water was so shallow below the pool. Still, the men, with Oscar and the two children, went down the stream for some distance, examining it closely. But there was no sign of Carl.

Then the men came to the conclusion that the boy had not fallen off the dam at all, or else that he had jumped out of the water, and gone home in a hurry. He certainly was not drowned, for, if that had been the case, they could have found him. So they grumbled a little, and went back to their work, while Lotta and Peter ran home to see if their brother was there.

When the peg broke, Carl instinctively gave a great push with his feet, and this caused him to turn completely over, so that he went into the pool feet foremost.

The distance which he fell was not great, and the water broke his fall; but it was a very much astonished and startled boy who, for a moment, floundered and splashed in that pool. When he could really see where he was, he half-swam, half-

waded to the shore, and ran up the bank as fast as he could go.

As soon as he had recovered a little from the confusion into which this sudden accident had thrown his mind, he began to wonder if his body was all right. So he kicked out his legs, and he threw out his arms, and soon found that nothing was the matter with any part of him. But he noticed that he held in his hand the peg to which he had clung when he was reaching for his sister's cap. It seemed strange that he should still tightly grasp this little stick; but people often do such things when excited.

Carl looked at the peg with a good deal of interest.

"It 's an inch and a half thick!" he exclaimed, "and made of hard wood. It ought not to have broken so easily. Oho, I see! Here is a knot, right where it broke, and there must have been an old crack there, for only half of the break looks fresh."

At this discovery, Carl grew very angry.

"A pretty man," he cried, "to put in such a peg, for people to hold to! I am going to speak to him about it this minute. It was Franz Holman who built the dam, and, of course, he put the peg in. I might have killed myself, and I shall just tell him what I think about it."

So, without considering his wet clothes, nor his little sister and brother, whom he had so suddenly left on the bridge, he ran off to the shop of Franz Holman, on the outskirts of the town.

He found the carpenter outside of his shop, hewing some logs.

"Hello!" cried Carl, running up. "Did n't you build the dam, down yonder?"

The man stopped his work, and looked with amazement at this earnest and flushed young fellow, without a hat, and with the water still dripping from his hair and his clothes.

"Yes," he said. "I built it—the timber part, I mean. What is the matter with it? You don't mean to say that it has broken?"

"No, it has n't," replied Carl. "But this peg has broken, and it came near killing me. If you built the dam, of course you put the peg in, and I think it 's a shame to use pegs with knots and cracks in them, for people to hold on to."

"People need n't hold on to them, if they don't want to," replied the carpenter. "Let me see that peg."

"You can look at it in my hands," said Carl. "I don't intend to give it to you. Look at that old crack under the knot! And people do have to hold on to it, or else tie something to it. What else was it put there for?"

"Pshaw!" said Franz. "You are making a

great bother about a little thing. Any peg might break with a great, heavy boy, like you, hanging to it."

"Not if it was as thick as this and had no knots in it," said Carl, walking away, quite as angry as he came, for he saw that the carpenter cared noth-

to see what was the matter, and these all followed the poor mother; so that when they reached the bank of the pool, there was quite a little crowd collected. A new search was immediately begun, but it was soon very evident that Carl was not in the stream. There was a great deal of confusion, and



CARL REACHES FOR THE CAP.

ing at all for his mishap, nor for his own reputation in the matter of pegs.

When Lotta and Peter reached home they found no Carl, and when they told their mother what had happened, she was greatly frightened. Without waiting to put anything on her head, and followed by several neighbors who had been attracted by her cries, she ran to the dam. On the way, quite a number of people ran out of their houses and shops

advice, of every imaginable kind, was given by the by-standers to the men who were making the search. Some even thought that the pond, above the dam, ought to be dragged, as if the boy could possibly have been in that.

While all this was going on, and Lotta and Peter were crying, and some of the older men and women were trying to comfort the poor, distressed mother, who was certain that she had lost her boy, Carl

came walking down among them, with the broken peg still in his hand. He had been home, and finding no one there, had come to look for the family, supposing that Peter and Lotta, at least, might be playing by the dam. When he saw the crowd, he was almost as much astonished as the crowd was to see him. He was still hatless, and wore his wet clothes, although the air and the sun had dried them a good deal.

The moment his mother saw him, she rushed to him and caught him in her arms, while little Lotta and Peter clung to his legs. The people gathered around him and, as soon as he could get a chance to speak, they eagerly asked him where he had been, and how everything had happened. Carl told them about the broken peg, and how it had had a knot in it, and how he had been up to see Franz Holman about it, who did n't care a snap of his finger whether people tumbled off dams and broke their necks or not. Then he passed around the peg, so that everybody could see that he was right in what he said about it, and that it was not his own fault that he fell from the top of the dam.

Some of the good people laughed as they looked at the peg, while others said that Franz Holman ought to know better than to use a piece of wood like that for such a purpose; but the most of them seemed to think the broken peg was a matter of very little consequence. They were glad the boy was safe, and there was an end of the matter.

But it happened that two or three of the principal men of the town had been attracted to the stream by the crowd, and an idea struck the mind of one of these.

"If Franz Holman was so careless as to use wood like this, in a peg which should have been a very strong one, he may have been equally careless in building the dam itself. And, now that I come to look, it seems to me that the water is running through a great many cracks and crevices."

Several persons now examined the face of the dam, and they thought that it did, indeed, look very leaky. It was not strange that this had not been noticed before, for it was very seldom that any one, excepting boys, came down to the bed of the stream, under the dam. After a little consultation among the older townsmen, it was thought that the dam might be weak, and that it ought to be carefully examined. Accordingly, the very next day, several carpenters—and Franz Holman was not among them—were set to work to make a careful examination of the condition of the timbers, and they soon found that many of them were very rotten, and that Holman, in trying to make as much profit as he could out of his work, had put in timbers which had been taken from an old bridge that had

been torn down, and which were, probably, unfit for use when they were put into the wood-work of the dam. Now, they were certainly unfit to stand the strain put upon them by the great body of water in the dam.

This discovery excited a great deal of indignation against Holman, for if the dam had given way, the whole body of water in the pond instantly would have poured down into the valley of the stream, where, a short distance below, there were a number of small cottages, inhabited by poor families. Had the accident occurred in the night, these houses might have been swept away, with all their occupants.

The sluice-gate was opened and the water allowed to flow gradually out of the pond. When the water was low enough, the old dam was to be taken down and a new and strong one built. Some of the officials of the town went to see Franz Holman, to call him to an account for his dishonest workmanship, but they did not see him. He did not want to talk to any one about the dam, and had gone away in the night, taking all his tools with him in his wagon, and leaving, unfinished, the work on which he was engaged.

As they walked home from their unsuccessful visit, the good townsmen began to talk of young Carl, whose strange accident had probably prevented a sad disaster to the town. One of them proposed making him a present, and when it was objected that the boy ought not to be rewarded simply for getting a tumble from the top of a dam, this man asserted that if it had not been for Carl's sturdy earnestness in charging Holman with his bad work, and in afterward bringing the attention of the towns-people to it, no one would have thought of examining the dam.

This view of the case was thought a fair one, and when the matter had been considered for a day or two, it was determined that the town should send Carl to school. He was known to be a good, smart boy, but his mother, who had lost her husband, could not afford to give her eldest son the education he ought to have.

When Carl was told that he was to have a new suit of clothes, and was to be sent to school to Baroles,—a town about five miles away, from which he could walk home on Sundays and holidays,—he was delighted. To go to school to Baroles was a thing he had longed for, during more than a year. And his mother was just as glad as he was, and very proud of him besides.

"What I want," said Oscar,—the big boy who had been on the dam with Carl and the others,— "is to find a rotten peg."

But he never found one.

THE MAGIC DANCE.

BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN.

IT is probable, dear readers of ST. NICHOLAS, that some of you have had an opportunity of seeing experiments in what is known as frictional electricity, performed by means of costly apparatus and powerful batteries. But by observing the following directions, you can now enjoy a similar exhibition, produced in a very few minutes by the simplest materials.

We shall require two bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, or any other books of similar bulk, so placed as to support a pane of glass, say twelve by ten inches in size, held between their pages, as shown in this picture—the glass being about one inch and one-quarter from the top of the table on which the experiment is to be tried. This done, you may exercise your skill with a pair of scissors, and cut out of *tissue* paper the figures that are to dance. They must not exceed one inch and one-eighth in length, and they may represent absurd little ladies and gentlemen, or any animal you happen to think of.

You will find admirable little figures of children in Miss Greenaway's charming book, "Under the Window,"—if you are so fortunate as to possess it. These can be traced on the tissue paper, and colored if desired, or you can cut small figures



out of the pictures in illustrated newspapers, the more comical the better.

Now place the dancers upon the table underneath the glass (see illustration), and with a silk, cotton, or linen handkerchief, apply friction to the top of the pane, by rubbing briskly in a circular manner; the figures soon will start into activity, execute jigs between table and glass, join hands, stand on their heads,—in short, it would be difficult to describe all their antics. Touch the glass with your finger, and they will fall, as if dead, upon the table.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITTLE PRIMA DONNA.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

A NUMBER of years ago, certain placards and programmes, posted and distributed upon the walls and streets of a small Southern city, heralded the coming of a wonderful entertainment.

Among the artists announced upon the glaring

red, yellow, and blue bills there were two old and renowned names—Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, and Maurice Strakosch, the brilliant pianist; but the largest and leading letters spelled out the name of the youngest and tiniest member of the concert

troupe: "MADEMOISELLE ADELINA PATTI; AGED ELEVEN YEARS. THE WONDERFUL CHILD PRIMA DONNA!"

Tickets for the grand concert sold very rapidly, and there was every promise that a crowded house

sister-in-law, whom he had left already fretting and petulant.

He consequently at once made gentle advances toward acquaintanceship, by telling the two maidens about the lonely little girl over at the hotel,



ADELINA PATTI AND OLE BULL WELCOME THEIR YOUNG VISITORS.

would welcome to the town the young singer and her veteran companions.

The day was dreary and dismal; a sullen spring rain set in during the morning, and gave evidences of lasting many hours.

Upon the arrival of the troupe at the hotel, the business manager, together with Mr. Strakosch, came over to the music-store in the place to see about the sale of seats and tickets, and, while there, the pleasant musician discovered, playing behind the counter with their dollies, two little blonde-haired lassies.

He felt at once that here would he find a relief from the dreariness of a whole day in-doors, for his

who was counting rain-drops on the window-panes, and begging them to come and see the "Little Adelina." The children's interest was at once awakened. They obtained permission from their parents to visit the little singer, put on clean aprons, and soon, with their dollies in their arms, they skipped along in the rain beside "the greatest living pianist" of that day.

When they reached the hotel and the room where the strange little girl was to be presented, a curious tableau met the eyes of the lassies, and the first sound which they recollect ever hearing from that voice which has since sung "pearls and diamonds," was a merry, tinkling, mocking laugh.

The room was a great, dull, dark place, scantily furnished, and bare of comfort; in the middle of the floor there stood a tall gentleman with long, thick, gray hair, his eyes tightly bandaged, his arms outstretched in vain endeavors to catch the tantalizing sprite whose mocking voice had, for several minutes, led him an illusive dance all about the room.

There was a sudden pause as the door opened; the gentleman pushed up his bandage, and the little girl opened very wide a pair of brilliant dark eyes. Mr. Strakosch came quickly forward, leading the now timid little strangers, and said kindly to the famous little singer:

"I have brought you a couple of playmates, Adelina; you will release Ole Bull, now, from his chase of you, and after you have entertained the little girls, you are to go home with them to dine, and play until tea-time."

The little girl came toward the shrinking lassies, smiled in their faces brightly, and then kissed each on both cheeks, in a funny foreign manner.

By this time, too, the tall old gentleman had untied his bandage, and was also beaming down upon the little strangers with a gentle, kindly smile, kissing them as well, and saying, in a soft, low voice: "It is well

leave you now to make friends and play together." And he at once walked to the door.

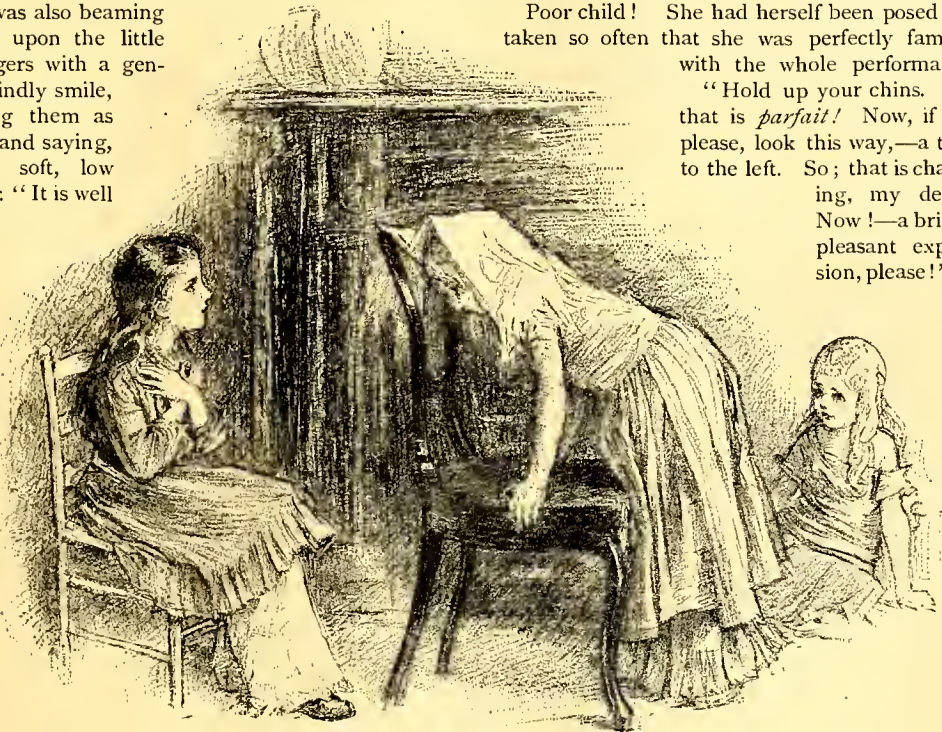
But her imperial highness was not of the same mind. On the contrary, she insisted stoutly that the "more made the merrier," and again the mild blue eyes of the Norwegian were blinded, and down upon his knees knelt the famous artist, to "pick up pins and needles."

At the first symptoms of weariness on the part of the children, however, the kind old gentleman quickly went his way, and the little girls, left alone now, looked gravely at one another, from top to toe, with the curious, animal-like gaze with which newly acquainted children regard each other. Then the lassies offered the new friend their dollies, which had lain upon the table during the game; but such playthings were not in her line. She looked scornfully upon their waxen loveliness, and snubbed the idea of "making believe mammas."

"No," she cried, tossing back her long, blue-black braids. "No, I am going to take your pictures. Come, sit down and allow me to arrange you properly."

Poor child! She had herself been posed and taken so often that she was perfectly familiar with the whole performance.

"Hold up your chins. Ah, that is *parfait!* Now, if you please, look this way,—a trifle to the left. So; that is charming, my dears! Now!—a bright, pleasant expression, please!" So



"NOW! A BRIGHT, PLEASANT EXPRESSION, PLEASE!"

for the little Adelina to have some little ones with whom to play—she tires quickly of us older children. I am too big and tall for her, and I will

she went on, as she arranged to her satisfaction her wonder-eyed and very willing little companions. Then, taking a chair, she threw a towel over her

little shiny black head, looked at the children through the bars of its low back, and then for the space of a few seconds was invisible. Presently she re-appeared, looking very grave and mysterious, turned her back, and then, with an imaginary negative in her little hand, came toward her sitters, asking their opinion of the pictures. Over and over again was this play performed, to an admiring and

pepper in it—Papa would be terribly angry," she said, when helped at table, and then she told how beautifully they cooked macaroni at home, and wished ever so devoutly that she could have some "that very minute," and the lassies felt very



PLAYING AT OPERA—LUCIA AND EDGARDO.

delighted audience of two, though the actors were sometimes reversed, and the strange little girl herself assumed the part of sitter, and threw into convulsions of laughter her amused little photographers, by her sudden changes of face and position.

At noon, Ole Bull and "Maurice," as the little Adelina familiarly called Mr. Strakosch, returned to the room, and with them came a dark-browed, foreign-speaking gentleman, of whom the child appeared to stand in awe, calling him "Papa," with a more respectful tone than that in which she addressed the other two gentlemen. This dark gentleman assisted her in putting on the little hat and sack in which she was to cross the street and accompany her visitors home to dine, tying a handkerchief around her throat, and, in a sharp, severe tone, giving her a command which the lassies supposed meant that she must "be a good girl."

They afterward discovered that his words were really a strict injunction as to what she was *not* to eat at the strange table.

"No, thanks; I *dare* not taste it if there is any

badly indeed because a large dish of her favorite food could not be procured at once for their charming little guest.

After dinner, a few delightful hours were passed in the play-room; and such plays were surely never enacted before nor since. Dishes and dolls were swept aside with scarcely a look; but spying a little tin sword and belt in one corner of the room, the little "born actress" exclaimed:

"Come, we will play opera. I will be Lucia, you shall be Edgardo. See, with this sword and belt you will look like a man; and you must love me passionately and be killed; and I shall go mad and rave over your dead body."

Then the two curious little lassies were instructed in the art of killing and dying, with stage directions for *entrées* and exits, while the little Adelina unbound the glossy, long braids of her blue-black hair, and went "mad and raved" over her lover with the tin sword and belt, who lay dying before her.

Many years after, when the famous young prima donna, then but a mere girl, made her *début* at the

Philadelphia Academy of Music, the opera was "Lucia de Lammermoor," but the Edgardo of the play-room sat among the audience,—*not* in a tin sword and belt,—and wondered if there came a recollection to the diva of her childhood's performance in the old play-room.

But to go back to my story. That afternoon was all too short, notwithstanding a full *répertoire* of operas was gone through, with brilliant effect, and when the summons came for the little Adelina to return to the hotel to prepare for the concert, she was unwilling to obey, protesting forcibly in her pretty, half-broken English, and emphasizing her dislike with shrugs and stamps, and naughty-sounding French and Italian words, which made the lassies open their blue eyes, quite shocked at their diva's temper. "Maurice," who was very good-natured, listened laughingly to the tirade, and then compromised by allowing his mistress to take back with her to the hotel her beloved little friends, to see her dressed for the concert.

Oh, the wonder of it! To see the little pink silk robe, with its graduated bands of black velvet and lace, spread out upon the bed, not by a mother's careful touch, but by a father's hand; the tiny boots laced up neatly, and the tumbled locks braided, looped around the little ears, adorned with velvet rosettes, and diamonds hung therein; then a pair of kid gloves coaxed on the dark, lithe hands, and by degrees, before their eyes, the lassies beheld their little, frowzy, careless romp of the play-room transformed into a wonderful young lady in silk and jewels—a prima donna.

"Now, be sure to sit in the very *frontest* seats, so I can see you the whole time, and wait for me after the concert is over, so I can kiss you good-night; wont you?" she coaxed, as the lassies were hurried away to be dressed for the evening.

Was it "Addie," they wondered, when there was handed out upon the stage, to a round of rapturous applause, a little, self-possessed, low-courtesying damsel, who scanned the house with indolent, haughty eyes, until they fell upon the "frontest" seats, and then—ought it to be told of her?—actually winked her recognition, as the bright eyes discovered her playmates of the day, looking up in adoration at the marvelous creature before them.

Then, a pause, a prelude, and—was it a lark or a nightingale? "O Luce de Quest Anima," "Carnival de Venice," "Casta Diva," gushed out of the little brown throat, and the house rocked with merited applause. It was exquisite, wonderful—that voice—as all the world knows now.

The concert over, a low, sweeping bow, a bright smile, and a quick little nod toward the front row of seats, and presently a whirl of rose-colored silk

came rushing down the aisle, and half of the crowd, remaining behind, beheld a pathetic little tableau.

"We are going away to-night, now, and I never knew it!" cried the child, throwing her arms around her two little friends. "And Maurice says



THE LITTLE PRIMA DONNA AT THE CONCERT.

I must say good-bye, and I shall never see you again. Promise me you will never forget me!" and with a passion of embraces and tears, she repeated over and over: "Promise me you will never, *never* forget me!"

"Never! Never!" came back the sobbing replies. Then a long clinging of dark arms to two white little necks, a hurried snatching away of the tear-stained, tragic little creature, and the carriage whirled away—far away upon the "flood of years"—the much-beloved and never-forgotten little child prima donna.

THE FOX AND THE SQUIRREL.

BY BENJAMIN LANDER.



TWO squirrels on an oak-tree sat,
Engaging in a social chat,
When one,—the younger of the twain,—
Of his accomplishments quite vain,
Began to boast of what he'd done,
How all his mates he could outrun;
And, if but half he said was true,
He could outjump a kangaroo.

Now, as it chanced, the jagged rocks
Beneath the tree concealed a fox,
Who, overhearing what was said
Among the oak-leaves overhead,
Bethought him of a sly design,
Whereby he might on squirrel dine;
So up he sat and clapped his paws,
Loud shouting, with a mock applause:

“Bravo! Bravo! my agile friend;
Your wondrous skill I must commend.
But, really, I should like to see
You jump from out this tall oak-tree
To yonder ash, ten feet away.”
(‘T was twenty, I am bound to say.)
“The feat will please my children well,
When I their bed-time story tell.”

“Nay,” said the elder to young Frisky,
“Don’t undertake a jump so risky.”
To which the younger one replied,
Puffed up with flattery and pride:
“Though *you* may lack ability
I’ll show you *my* agility.”
Then wildly leaped with aim so blind
That—Mr. Fox on squirrel dined.

And when the stars winked overhead
That children should be put to bed,
Old Reynard to his young ones said:
These precepts I would have you heed:
Let others praise your own good deed;
Let not the flatterer mislead;
Despise not what your elders say;
Nor let blind pride your judgment sway.”

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS. SECOND PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

CALLIMACHUS.

THERE are many of the ancient artists of whom very little is known, but that little is so interesting that it is well worth the telling. Such a one is Callimachus, who is said to have invented the Corinthian capital, which is so beautiful in architecture. The time when Callimachus lived cannot be given more nearly than by saying that it must have been between 550 and 396 B. C. The story runs that a young girl died at Corinth, and her nurse, following the usual custom, placed on her grave a basket which contained the food that the girl had liked best. It happened that the basket was placed upon an acanthus, and the leaves of the plant grew up around the basket, and were so graceful, thus holding it in their midst, that Callimachus, who saw it, used it as a design for the capitals of pillars, and the name of Corinthian was given to it.

It is also said, by some ancient writers, that Callimachus invented a lamp which would burn a year without going out, and that such a one, made of gold by him, was used in the temple of Minerva at Athens.

ALCAMENES.

THIS favorite pupil of the great Phidias has been mentioned already in the account of that master. The most celebrated work by Alcamenes was a statue of Venus. Most of his figures represented the gods, among them being one of Hephæstus or Vulcan, in which the lameness of that god was managed so skillfully that no deformity appeared.

Concerning the "Venus Aphrodite," as the famous statue is called, it is related that Agoracritus, also a pupil of Phidias, and a celebrated artist, contended with Alcamenes in making a figure of that goddess, and when the Athenians gave the preference to that of Alcamenes, Agoracritus, through indignation and disappointment, changed his figure, which represented the goddess of Love, into a Nemesis, or the goddess who sent suffering to those that were blessed with too many gifts. He then sold the statue to the people of Rhamnus, who had a temple dedicated to Nemesis, and made a condition that it never should be set up in Athens.

There is a difference of opinion as to the merits of Alcamenes and of Agoracritus; some writers

say, Phidias so loved the last that he even put the name of Agoracritus upon some of his own works; but the ancient writers generally consider Alcamenes as second only to Phidias, and the most famous of all that master's pupils.

PRAXITELES.

THIS sculptor stood at the head of a school of Grecian art, which differed from that of Phidias by representing youth and beauty, and more generally pleasing subjects, while the older artists represented grandeur and solemn dignity. Praxiteles was born at Athens about 392 B. C. He is supposed to be the son of Cephisdotus, who is also thought to be the son of Alcamenes—thus making Praxiteles the grandson of the latter. He chose for his subjects the soft and delicate forms of Venus, Cupid, the young Bacchus, youthful satyrs, and so on. His most famous work was the "Cnidian Venus." The story is that Praxiteles made two statues of the beautiful goddess, one being nude and the other draped; the people of Cos chose the latter, and the Cnidians bought the nude figure. They erected for it an open temple, so that the goddess could be seen from all sides. Many people went to Cnidos for the sole purpose of seeing this statue, and felt that they were repaid for their trouble; while the Cnidians themselves so valued it that, when their oppressor, King Nicomedes of Bithynia, offered to release them from a debt of one hundred talents (about \$100,000), if they would give the Venus to him, they refused, and declared that it was the chief glory of their state.

It is also related that Praxiteles had promised to give his friend Phryne whatever statue she should choose from his work-shop. She wished to select the one which the artist himself considered the best, and in order to ascertain which was his favorite, she sent a servant to tell him that his work-shop was on fire. He exclaimed, "All is lost if my Satyr and Cupid are not saved!" Then Phryne told him of her deceit, and chose the Cupid as her gift.

There is a Cupid in the Vatican Museum at Rome which is said to be a copy of that chosen by Phryne, but no one knows exactly whether this is true or not; it is, however, very graceful and beautiful, and the face has a sweet, dreamy expression.

VENUS DEI MEDICI.

THERE are many works of art of so much importance that, although little is known of them, yet all the world is interested to see them, and to know all that it is possible to learn about them. The Venus dei Medici is one of these, and I place it here immediately after the account of Praxiteles because many art critics believe that it is a copy of the famous Cnidian Venus. The statue was made by Cleomenes, who lived, as nearly as can be told, between 363 and 146 B. C. He was an Athenian. There have been many copies of this statue found in different places, which proves that it was held in great esteem in ancient times. The one by Cleomenes is now the glory of the tribune of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence; it was dug up in the seventeenth century at Rome. There is a question as to the exact spot where it was found, but the Portico of Octavia is generally believed to have been the place; Cosmo III. removed it to Florence in 1680, and it is called the Venus dei Medici on account of its having rested in the Medici Palace, at Rome, from the time when it was found until it was taken to Florence.

As Venus was the goddess of Love and of Beauty, it was natural that many sculptors should make representations of her, and there are several very famous ones still existing in different museums. One in the gallery of the Louvre is called the "Venus of Milo," or Melos, from the place where it was found. It is very beautiful, and many people prefer it before all others, and some critics believe it to be a copy of a work by Alcamenes. You will see a picture of it on page 402. Another Venus, in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, is called the "Venus of the Capitol," and is much praised. It was found among some ruins on the Quirinal Hill. The "Venus Callipiga," which was found in the "golden house of Nero," and is now in the museum at Naples, is the last one I shall name, although there are others worthy of admiration.

THE NIOBE GROUP.

THIS is the grandest and largest group of Greek statuary of which we have any knowledge or possess any copy. We do not know by whom it was made, but its fame rests between Praxiteles and Scopas: no one can decide between these two sculptors. Scopas was born on the island of Paros, which was under the rule of Athens, about 420 B. C. He was a very great artist, and many accounts of his works have come down to us, but of the Niobe group, we know nothing positively until the time of Sosius, who was appointed gov-

ernor of Syria and Cilicia, by Mark Antony, in the year 38 B. C. This Sosius built a temple in his own honor at Rome, and called it the temple of Apollo Sosianus; he brought many beautiful works of art from the East to adorn this temple, and



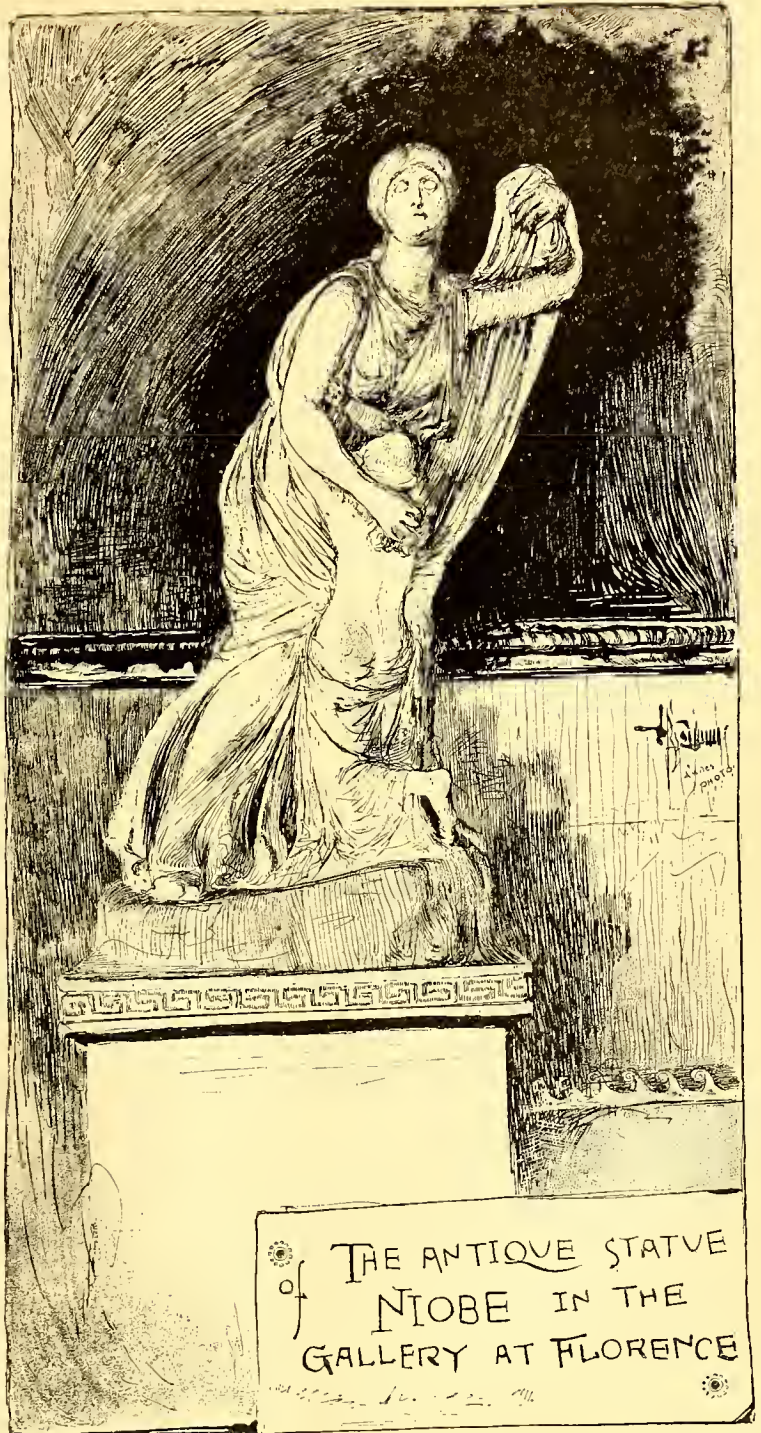
among them the Niobe group. It remained in its place at Rome about a century, and what became of it is unknown. In the year A. D. 1583, there was found, near the church of St. John Lateran, in Rome, a copy of this group; it was purchased by the Grand Duke of Tuscany and placed in the Villa Medici; in 1775 it was taken to Florence and placed in the Uffizi, in an apartment prepared especially for it; all the figures were restored, and each one was set up on a separate pedestal; this work was not completed until 1794.

There are but thirteen figures. Some must be missing, as sixteen are required to illustrate its sad story, which is as follows: Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, and was born on Mount Siplyos. As a child, Niobe was a playmate of the great goddess Leto, or Latona, and later she married Amphion, while Leto was the wife of the great god Jupiter.

Niobe had a very happy life, and was the mother of seven sons and seven daughters. This prosperity made her forget that she was only a mortal, and she became proud and insolent, even to the gods themselves.

Leto had but two children—Apollo, the god of the silver bow, and Artemis, or Diana, who was the archer-queen of Heaven. Amphion was the king and Niobe the queen of Thebes; so when the worship of Leto was established in that city, Niobe, who remembered the goddess as her playmate, was very angry that such honor should be paid her, and she drove to the temple in her chariot and commanded the Theban women to refuse this worship. She also held herself up before them as superior to Leto, and said that the goddess had only two children, while she, their queen, had fourteen lovely sons and daughters, any one of whom was worthy of honor. The goddess Leto was so enraged by this, that she begged of Apollo and Artemis to take revenge on Niobe. Then they descended, and in one day all the children of Niobe were slain,—the sons by Apollo and the daughters by Artemis.

Niobe, thus left alone, could only weep, until at last Jupiter took pity on her, and turned her into stone, and whirled her away from Thebes to Mt. Sipylus, the scene of her childhood. This myth seems meant to show that pride and insolence will meet with punishment. The picture on page 400, drawn specially for you by the ST. NICHOLAS artist, shows Niobe still defiant, although her sons are lying slain about her feet. The statue copied on this page represents the



dreadful moment when Niobe sees the last of her children falling around her, and is trying to protect her youngest from the arrows of the sure-aiming gods.

Several different statues which exist in other cities and galleries have been thought to be the figures missing from the group in Florence; however, nothing has been fixed upon concerning them, and there is enough there to make it the most important group of ancient statues now remaining.

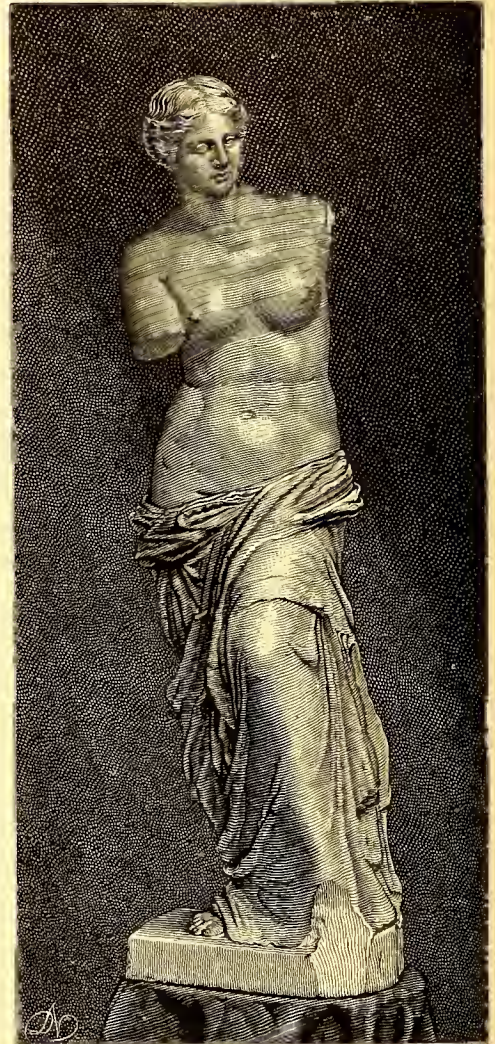
THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS.

THE ancient historians tell us of the "Seven Wonders of the World," and name them as the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging-Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter by Phidias, the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos, or Light-house of Alexandria. Of these seven wonders of ancient times, one, the statue of Jupiter, was the product of sculpture alone, while all the others were the result of a combination of architecture as a fine art, and architecture as a useful art, with the arts of ornament, and what may be termed scientific art; thus they all come within the scope of stories of art and artists. The works of Phidias have already been spoken of; we will now speak of the tomb of Mausolus. He was the King of Caria, of which country Halicarnassus was the chief city, and the place where the tomb was built. He died about 353 B. C., and his wife, Artemisia, who had no children, was overcome with grief at his death. The body was burned, according to custom. Artemisia gradually faded away from the effects of her sorrow; and she lived only two years longer than Mausolus.

Meantime, she had commenced the erection of the Mausoleum, and although she died before its completion, the artists continued faithfully to execute her commands, and to vie with each other in the excellence of their work, for the sake of their own fame.

There were five artists engaged in the ornamentation of the Mausoleum. Bryaxis, who executed the reliefs upon the north face; Timotheus those of the south; Leochares the west, and Scopas the east, while Pythis was allotted the quadriga, or four-horse chariot, which crowned the whole. The tomb was erected upon a spot that rose above the city, and overlooked the entrance to the harbor. Writers of the twelfth century praised its beauty, but in A. D. 1402, when the Knights of St. John took possession of the place, the monument no longer remained, and a castle was built upon its site. The tomb had been buried, probably by an

earthquake. The name of Budrum was then given to the place. In A. D. 1522, some pieces of sculpture were found there, but it was not until much later that Mr. Newton, an Englishman, discovered to what great monument these remains had belonged. A large collection of statues, reliefs, parts of animals, and other objects was brought to London and



THE VENUS OF MILO. (SEE PAGE 400.)

placed in the British Museum, and called the Halicarnassus sculptures.

The whole height of the Mausoleum was one hundred and forty feet,—the north and south sides were sixty-three feet long, and the others a little less,—the burial vault was at the base, and the whole structure was a mass of magnificent design

and execution. It is said that the figure of Mausolus was in the quadriga, above all, and so placed that it could be seen from a great distance by land or sea. It was a work worthy to be called a wonder in its day, and from it we still take our word "mausoleum," which we apply to all burial-places worthy of so distinguished a name.

THE COLOSSUS AT RHODES.

THE art of the island of Rhodes was second only to that of Athens. This island is but forty-five miles long and twenty miles wide at its broadest part, and yet its works of art were so numerous as to make their number seem like a fable. At the city of Rhodes alone there were three thousand statues, and many paintings and other beautiful things. It was here that Chares, of Lindos, another city of the island, erected his famous Colossus, or statue of the sun. One hundred statues of the sun ornamented the city of Rhodes, and Pliny says that any one of them was beautiful enough to have been famous; but this one by Chares was so remarkable as to eclipse all the others.

It occupied twelve years, from 292 to 280 B. C., to erect it, and it cost three hundred talents, or about \$300,000 of our money. It stood quite near the entrance to the harbor of the city, but we have no reason to believe the oft-repeated story that it was placed with its legs extended over the mouth of the port, so that ships sailed between them. Yet its magnitude is almost beyond imagining, for a man of ordinary size could not reach around one of its thumbs with his arms, and its fingers were larger than most statues, while its whole height was one hundred and five feet.

The men of Rhodes obtained the money for the Colossus by selling the engines of war which had been abandoned to them by Demetrius Poliorcetes, when he laid siege to their city, in vain, in 303 B. C.

In the year 224 B. C., fifty-six years after its completion, an earthquake overthrew the Colossus, and the Rhodians were forbidden, by an oracle, to restore it. Its fragments remained scattered upon the ground 923 years, until A. D. 672, when they were sold to a Jew of Emesa, by the command of the caliph, Othman IV. It is said that 900 camels were required to carry them off, and they were estimated to weigh 700,000 pounds.

There are coins of Rhodes bearing a face which is supposed with good reason to be that of this Colossus.

When we consider what carefulness was necessary to cast this enormous figure in bronze,—in separate pieces,—to adjust them to each other, and in any sense satisfy the standard of art that

existed in Rhodes when it was made, we are quite ready to allow that Chares of Lindos was a worthy pupil of his great master, Lysippus, and that his Colossus merited a place among the seven wonders.

There were colossal statues in Egypt, the remains of which may still be seen, which were much older than the Colossus of Rhodes, and more remarkable, on account of their having been made of single stones and moved from the places where they were quarried to those upon which they were erected.

The largest one is that near the Memnonium, at Western Thebes. It was sixty feet high, twenty-two feet across the shoulders, and one toe is three feet long. This statue is estimated to have weighed 887 tons, and was moved 138 miles.

The two famous colossi—of which one was called "The Singing Memnon," and was believed to hail the rising sun with musical sounds—are on the plain of Quorneh. These were each made from one block, and were forty-seven feet high, each foot being ten and two-thirds feet long. They are in a sitting posture. These last statues were erected about 1330 B. C., and the one at Western Thebes about 270 years earlier.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

WITH a short account of this wonderful temple I shall leave the "Seven Wonders"; for the Great Pyramid, the gardens of Semiramis, and the Pharos of Alexandria do not come so strictly within our subject as do those of which we have spoken. A temple existed at Ephesus before the building of that which we describe. It had also been dedicated to Diana or Artemis, who was the same goddess who had aided her brother to slay the children of Niobe. The first temple was burned, and some writers say that the fire occurred on the night in which Alexander the Great was born, which was in the autumn of the year 356 B. C.

The second temple was 425 feet long by 220 feet wide, and was ornamented with 127 columns, each of which was the gift of a king, according to the account of Pliny. These columns were very large, and made of beautiful marbles, jasper, and other fine stones. Some of them were carved in elegant designs, one being the work of Scopas, who is believed to have made the Niobe group. It required 220 years to complete this temple, and the necessary money was so difficult for the people to obtain, that even the ornaments of the women were given to be melted down in order to add to the fund; and yet, when Alexander offered to pay for the temple if his name should be inscribed upon it, they refused his aid.

When it was completed, many works by the best

artists were placed therein. The Ephesian artists were proud to do all they could for its adornment, without other reward than the honor of seeing their works in so grand and sacred a place, while the works of other artists were bought in great numbers.

The great altar was filled with the sculptures of Praxiteles; a painting by Apelles, called the "Alexander Ceraunophorus," was there, and was a celebrated picture; and it is probable that many other artists of whom we have heard were employed in its decoration.

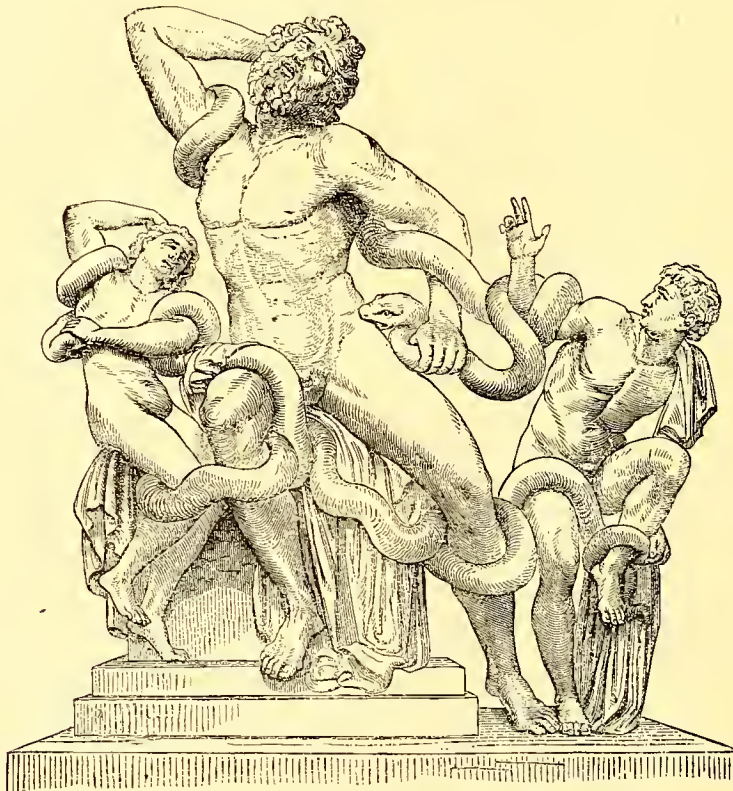
This great temple was plundered by the Emperor Nero; the Goths carried the work of its destruction still farther in 260 A. D.; and, finally, under the Emperor Theodosius, A. D. 381, when all pagan

dest place, and has the least to repay one who goes there, of all the ruined cities which I have seen.

THE LAOCOÖN GROUP.

THIS famous piece of statuary, now in the Vatican Museum, at Rome, is not very old in comparison with many of the works we have described, its probable date being the time of the Emperor Titus, who lived from A. D. 40 to 81. He was a liberal patron of art, and it is believed that Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, sculptors of Rhodes, executed this work at the command of Titus, in whose palace it was placed.

In 1506 it was found in the excavation of the



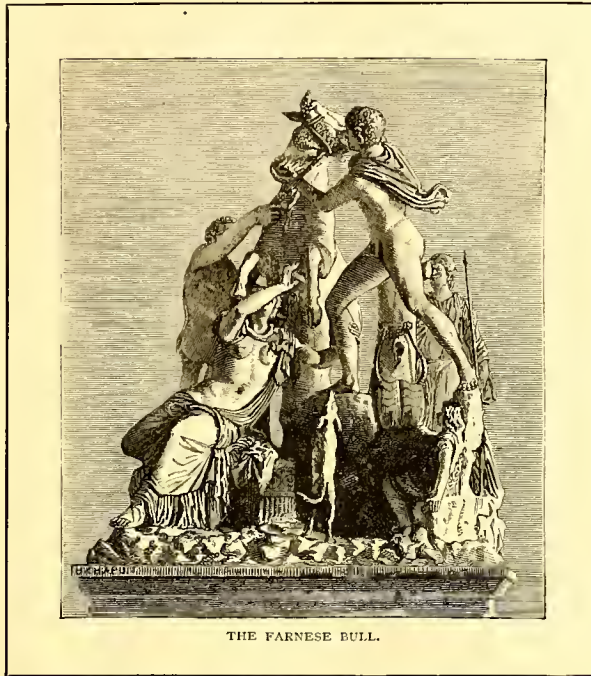
THE LAOCOÖN GROUP.

worship was suppressed, this temple was destroyed, and now almost nothing remains at Ephesus to remind one of its past grandeur. It is probable that the materials which composed the temple, and other noble buildings there, have been carried to Constantinople and other cities, and much may still be hidden beneath the soil; but it is the sad-

baths of Titus, and was placed in the Vatican by Pope Julius II. An arm, which was wanting, was restored by an Italian sculptor named Baccio Bandinelli. Napoleon Bonaparte carried it to Paris, but in 1815 the group was returned to Rome, together with other art treasures which he had borne away.

This work illustrates the story of Laocoön, who was a priest of Troy. When the Greeks left the wooden horse outside that city, and pretended to sail away, Laocoön warned the Trojans of the dan-

work of two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus of Rhodes, and was carried from Rhodes to Rome by Asinius Pollio, and placed in the baths of Caracalla. After being covered up in the ruins of these baths



THE FARNESE BULL.

ger of drawing it within the walls, and as he spoke he thrust a lance into the side of the horse. But Sinon, who had been left behind by the Greeks, contrived to persuade the Trojans that the horse would be a blessing to them, and it was drawn into the city, and feasts and sacrifices were ordered to do honor to the occasion. Laocoön was preparing a sacrifice to Neptune, when two huge serpents were seen coming from Tenedos. All the people fled; only the priest and his two sons remained by the altar, and to them the fearful creatures went, and soon killed all three by their horrible entwining. When Laocoön and his sons were really dead, the serpents went to the Acropolis and disappeared behind the shield of Tritonis. This story has been told by several poets, and in Virgil's *Æneid* is read by many boys and girls.

The famous group of the Vatican shows the moment when the serpents are entwined about all three figures, and represents the most intense suffering of mind and body.

THE FARNESE BULL.

THIS is another celebrated group, believed to belong to the first century of our era. It was the

work of two brothers, Apollonius and Tauriscus of Rhodes, and is now in the Museum of Naples.

This group tells a part of the story of Dirce, who had incurred the displeasure of Antiope, the mother of Amphion, the king of Thebes and the husband of Niobe.

Then Amphion and his twin brother, Zethus, in order to satisfy the wrath of their mother, bound Dirce to the horns of a wild bull, who dragged her to death. It is said that Dionysos changed her body into a well on Mt. Cithæron. A small river near Thebes was also called by her name.

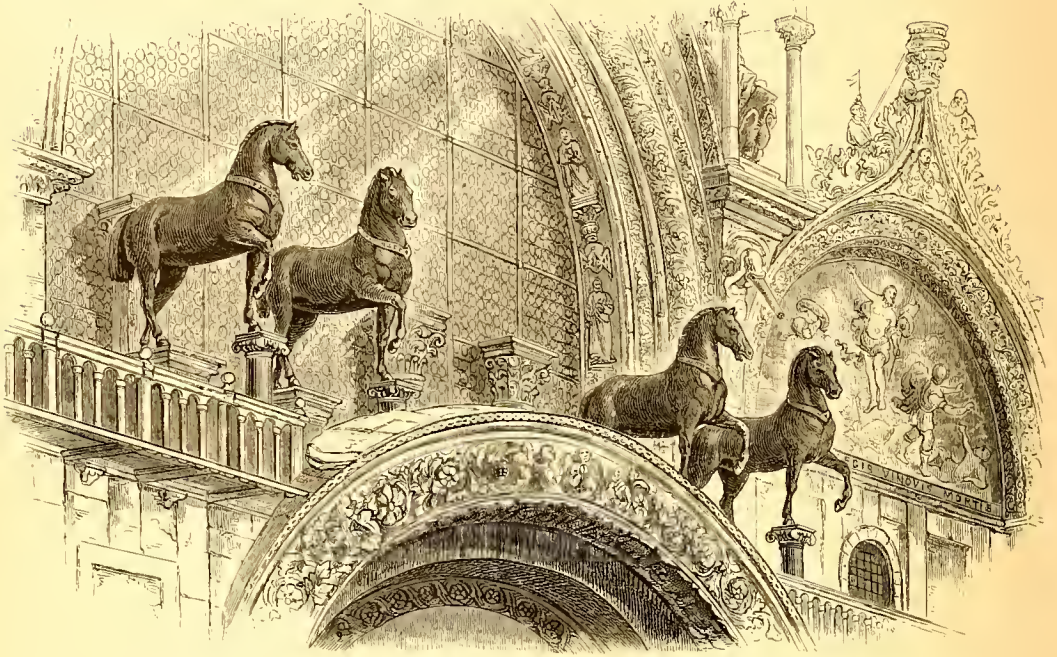
The moment represented in the sculpture is that when Dirce is struggling to free herself from Amphion and Zethus, who are fastening the cords to the horns of the savage animal.

THE BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE.

HIGH up above the central portal of the cathedral of St. Mark, in Venice, there are two bronze horses at each side of the arch. They are large, and weigh 1932 pounds each. It is wonderful to think of how they have been carried over the world, now raised to great heights, and again lowered and carried great distances. When we consider the diffi-

culties of thus moving them by land and sea, we understand how valuable they must have been considered. The positive truth concerning their origin is not known. Some critics believe them to be of the Greek school of Lysippus; but the general belief is that the Emperor Augustus carried

said to be the united work of the two great sculptors, Phidias and Praxiteles. They are colossal in size and spirited in execution. The Monte Cavallo is so named on account of these statues, which were excavated in the baths of Constantine. It is a portion of the Quirinal Hill, and is beside the Quirinal



THE BRONZE HORSES OF VENICE (SHOWING THE TOP OF THE ARCH ABOVE THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK).

them from Alexandria to Rome after his victory over Mark Antony, about 30 B. C.

Augustus placed them on a triumphal arch, and the emperors Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Constantine, each in turn, removed them to arches of their own. At length, Constantine carried them to Constantinople, his new capital, and placed them in the Hippodrome; from there they were brought to Venice by the Crusaders in 1205. In 1797 Napoleon Bonaparte carried them to Paris, and in 1815 they were returned to Venice, where they now stand,—

“Their gilded collars glittering in the sun.”

The picture on this page is reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877, in which number a fuller account of these famous horses may be found.

THE DIOSCURI ON MONTE CAVALLO, AT ROME.

THESE two figures on horses are believed to represent the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux, and are

Palace, which is now the Roman residence of the King of Italy.

Castor and Pollux were famous for their brotherly love, and their legend relates that, as a reward for their affection, Jupiter placed them together among the stars, after their death, where they are called *Gemini*, the Twins. They were worshiped in Greece, and at Rome there was a temple erected to them, opposite the temple of Vesta, in the Forum, and on the 15th of July the *equites* (or soldiers on horses) went there in solemn procession to perform their rites in honor of the Dioscuri.

ANCIENT SCULPTURES NOW EXISTING.

Copy of the head of Asclepius after Alcamenes; in the British Museum.

Copies after those of Praxiteles.

Venus, as seen on the Cnidian coins.

Venus; the finest copy in marble is in the Glyptothek, Munich.

Cupid, National Museum at Naples.

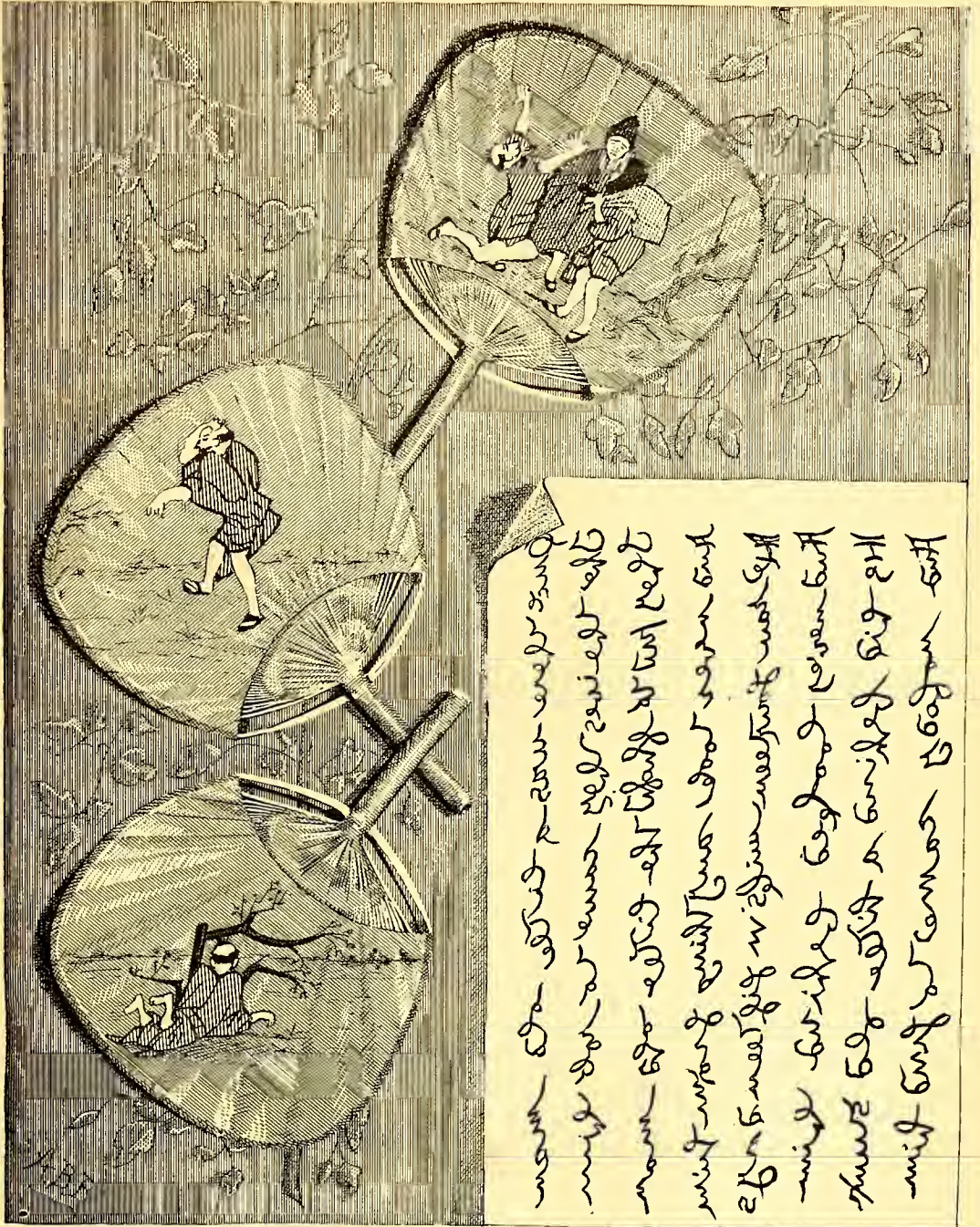
Cupid, Vatican Museum, Rome.

Satyr, Capitol, Rome.

Apollo with the Lizard, Louvre, Paris.

The Dioscuri on Monte Cavallo, Rome, said to be the joint work of Phidias and Praxiteles.

The Niobe Group, Uffizi, Florence; copy after Scopas.



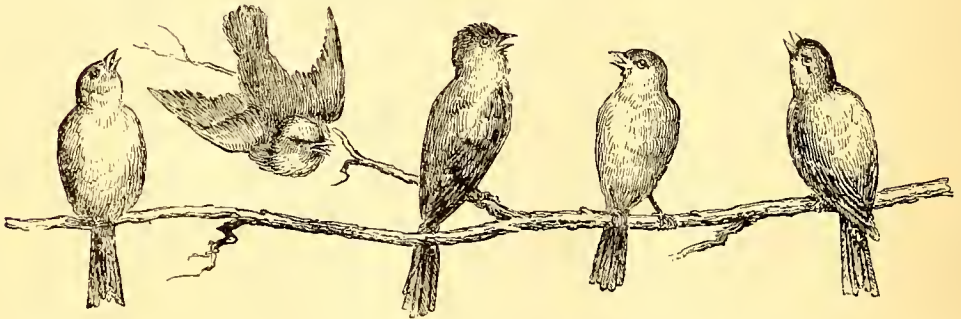
His mother came to find him
 He did bring a letter to his
 His mother looked at him
 His son's mother in his arms
 His mother took and found
 She was in his arms
 She then came to her
 One then was a letter to his

HERE is a little story which is told on this page in two languages,—in pictorial language on the fans, and in Anglo-Chinese on the tablet. Our young friends who can decipher bad penmanship may read it in English by holding the page in a certain way before a looking-glass.

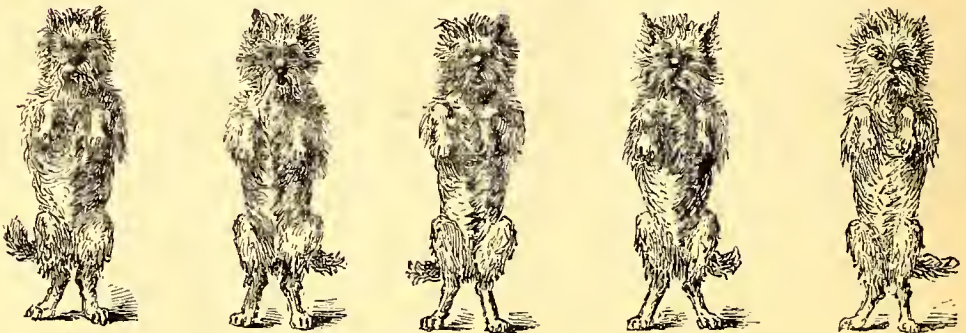
FIVE FIVES.



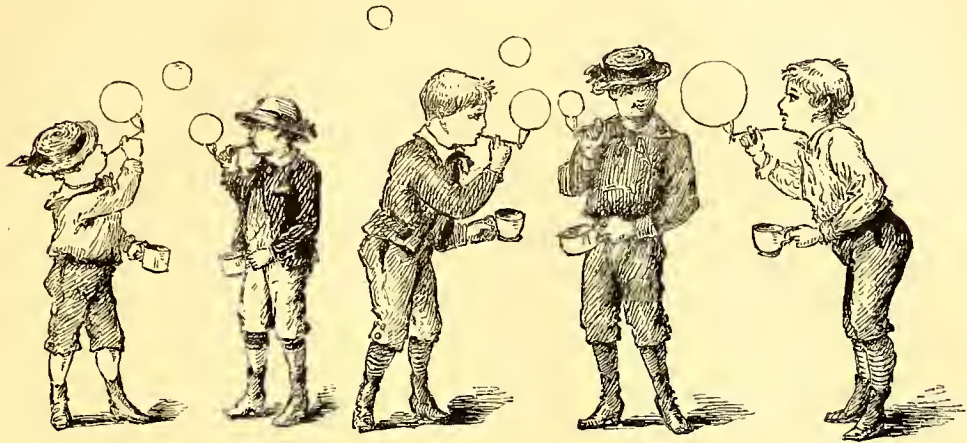
FIVE little pussy-cats, sitting in a row ;
 Blue ribbon round each neck, fastened in a bow.
 "Hey, kittens! ho, kittens! are your faces clean?
 Don't you know you 're sitting here, so as to be seen?"



FIVE pretty little birds, singing all together ;
 Flitting round so joyfully in the pleasant weather.
 "Little birds, little birds, why not fret and cry?"
 "Oh, because we 're good and glad: that 's the reason why."



FIVE little fluffy dogs, standing on their toes ;
 Each with a sugar-plum balanced on his nose.
 Five eager listening doggies, still as any mice.
 "Pop!" you cry; and all the candy's vanished in a trice.



FIVE little boys with pipes. What are they doing here?
 Smoking? Not a bit of it! What a strange idea!
 Pray, put on your spectacles, then you wont see double;
 Every boy is blowing out a famous big soap-bubble.



FIVE rosy little girls with dollies sweet and small.
 Oh! *don't* you think the little girls are prettiest of all?
 Little loving, laughing things! Just take another look,
 Then smile, and kiss your hand at them, before you close the book.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MARCH!

No, no! my youngsters; don't go away! I'm giving an idea, not an order.

And yet, why *should* you stand still? Nothing young does or can do that, in the stirring month at hand.

Besides, there is no harm in giving an order that is sure to be obeyed; so

Attention, company!

Forward!—March!!

THE PURPLE FINCH.

KEEP a bright lookout just now for the purple finch, my gentle bird-lovers. That shy but merry fellow generally shows—in our north-eastern States—toward the beginning of March. His royally hearty spirit is regally clad, too, as all must say who see him flaunt his rich coat—which is more crimson than purple, by the way—and hear him carol gayly on the wing.

You may see him, in company with his humble mate, looking for a home-place in some tall tree. And when the eggs are lying in the nest, I know that you will be most likely to find the faithful fellow watching over his little wife as she cuddles down cozily over them, while he sings to her a sweet and cheering song,—like the loyal friend and tender helpmate that he is.

ABOUT ROOT-TIPS.

SOMEBODY signing himself or herself "Member of the Agassiz Association, ST. NICHOLAS branch," sends you this scrap about the wonderful sensitiveness of the tips of those little roots which first strike out from buried seeds. "It is in a new book just out," says this person; so some of you may have come across the paragraph already. But, after reading it now, my tender-hearts, you will come

nearer to knowing some of an ordinary Jack-in-the-Pulpit's feelings, and at all events you will think more highly of that humble life which is forever moving, feeling, growing in the ground.

"If the tip of a seedling's root be lightly pressed or burnt or cut, it transmits an influence to the part next above, causing it to bend away from the affected side; and, what is still more surprising, the tip can tell the difference between a slightly harder and a softer object by which it may be pressed at the same time on opposite sides. If, however, the tip is pressed by a similar object a little above its point, the pressed part does not transmit any influence to the more distant parts, but it bends itself at once toward the object. If the tip perceives the air to be moister on one side than on the other, it then also transmits an influence to the part next above, which bends toward the source of moisture. When the tip is excited by light * * * the adjoining part bends away from the light; but, when excited by gravitation, the same part bends toward the center of the earth."

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

OF course you all know, my dears, what a useful invention is the mariner's compass, by which ships can be steered on a certain course, even in the darkest night, and through the thickest fog. It is a very simple-looking affair, I understand,—a brass box, a needle pivoted on its center, and rubbed with a loadstone or natural magnet, and a card marked with the directions in which the wind blows.

Before this invention the only safe way in which shipmen could navigate their vessels was by keeping within sight of land, or by watching the stars. So, on very dark nights, they were obliged to make guesses—too often fatal ones—as to their whereabouts. A captain might think that he had plenty of sea-room, when, in a few minutes, his poor ship might be wrecked upon some rocky coast.

"The compass, with needle pointing northward, was invented by an Italian about six hundred years ago," say some of the books. But I am told the people of China insist that they invented and used a compass there three thousand years ago. This Chinese compass was in the form of a man, with one movable, magnetic arm, made to point southward, no matter to what quarter the face might be turned. By its aid, the caravans or traveling bands of traders and pilgrims, with their loaded camels, their horses, and their guards or fighting-men, were enabled to journey across the vast, trackless, grassy plains of Tartary, without losing their way; and, with the help of the same trusty, little one-armed pilot, sailors could find a sure course over the wide waters of the Indian Ocean.

HOW SIR ROOSTER STOLE THE CHICKS.

PERHAPS he meant only to borrow them for a time, and so to punish Mother Brownie for being "off duty." But this is what a little girl, named Lizzie, tells me in her letter:

"Poor worried Brownie had gone off to look for one little 'peeper' that she missed, when up marched Sir Rooster, and led the other chicks away. He very soon found his hands full, so to speak, and learned that it was not easy to manage eleven small children, all crying at once; for their timid little hearts were throbbing fearfully at his fierce looks. He strutted and crowed and scratched, and told the children pompously to do as he was doing. But the poor little things only became more frightened, and at last they scattered wildly over the railroad tracks, just as a train was coming. At that moment, up scuttled Mother Brownie from around the corner of the long shed, every feather standing anxiously on end. And oh, but did n't she scold Sir Rooster, and give him a piece of her mind! (It seemed to me that she said he was a 'meddlesome old stupid.') This done, she

gave three comfortable clucks, and the whole trembling brood ran headlong under her wings, while my lord Rooster stalked away, trying to look as if it were far beneath his dignity to be concerned about a parcel of harum-scarum chicks.

LIZZIE H."

FACTS FROM THE FAIRY LAND OF SCIENCE.

NOW, those of you who know the Multiplication Table, and Fractions, and such matters, just step to the front. Can you think a hundred? Can you imagine a thousand? Can you conceive how many a million baked potatoes would be?

Then listen to what a wise man says about you: "The surface of your bodies, as seen through the microscope, is covered with little scales. A single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales; and yet, every scale covers five hundred pores, or tiny holes, through which the moisture of the body forces its way."

Now, multiply 500 by 150 and you have 75,000, the number of pores in every space of your skin as large as a grain of sand. Look at your plump fists and think of these facts, my dears! But, listen further yet!

Another learned man tells of an insect which is so small that it would take twenty-seven millions like it to make a speck as large as a mite!

And each leaf, that you see swinging in the breeze, has whole colonies of insects grazing upon it, like cows on a meadow. And every drop of stagnant water contains myriads of beings, floating in it with as much liberty as whales enjoy in the ocean. The single drop of water is a vast sea to them.

MORE YET.

DEACON GREEN, with all his lively ways, is packed so full of facts that, I notice, he always has to hand out two or three to make room for any new one the dear Little Schoolma'am may give him. Here, for instance, are a few that he lately let fall near my pulpit:

A rifle-ball, shot into the water at right angles, will bounce up and become as flat as a wafer.

A bullet may be shot through a pane of glass, from close to it, without breaking or even shaking the glass; but there will be a clean round hole made by the bullet in passing through.

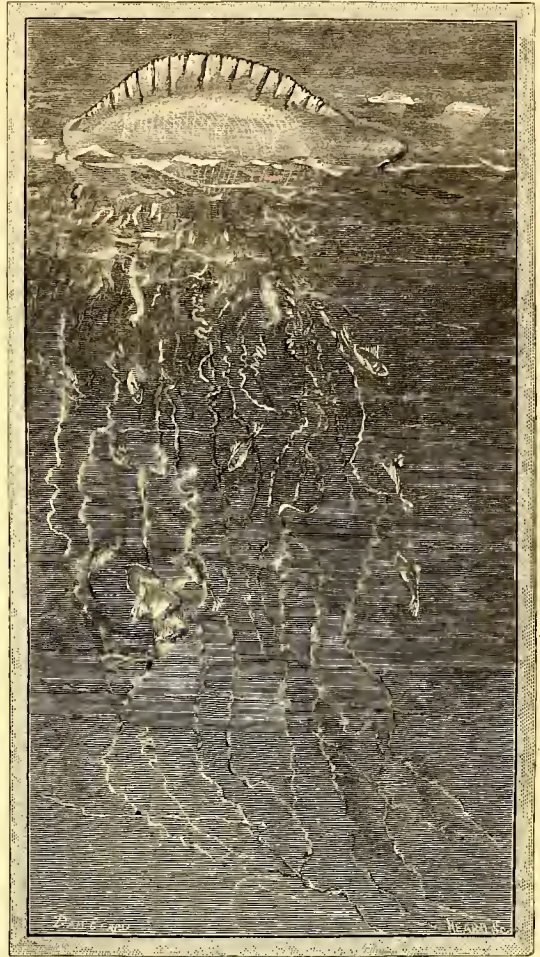
Cork sunk two hundred feet in the sea will not rise, for the water above it will keep it down.

And, if ever any of you should feel weary of listening to a weak-voiced speaker in a stuffy hall, just reflect that, in the Arctic regions, on a very cold day, every word of a speech can be heard at the safe distance of two miles.

A JELLY "MAN-OF-WAR."

THIS month's picture, my dears, shows you a jelly "man-of-war." It is the Portuguese man-of-war, a creature often seen floating near the southern shores of the United States. Its upper part is a transparent bluish bubble, and when the wind catches its delicate pink crest, the dainty boat glides smoothly along, rocking and swaying on the gently heaving sea. So, you see, its outward appearance is lovely and peaceful; but, under the water, it is at war.

Dangling from the bubble's lower surface are many blue feelers, or tentacles; some of these are short and thick, but the others—with which the creature wriggles itself along—are of great length, and twist and swirl about rapidly and gracefully, bearing myriads of very fine hairs that prick like those of the nettle. Perhaps a hungry or careless little sardine, seeing the squirming blue things,



THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

grabs one of them, hoping for a pleasant meal; but the tempting, worm-like feelers wind their folds around him, and he dies, poor fellow,—but he dies at once.

While he is being lifted toward the short thick arms, five or six very small blue fish dart out from among them, and presently join in the feast. These seem to belong to the man-of-war,—as the small boats belong to some huge fighting-ship,—and they flit about unharmed, and quite at home among the deadly tentacles.

ROMANCE WITHOUT WORDS.

FOR LITTLE HANDS.

BY WM. K. BASSFORD.

Andantino.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f legato.* and features a series of chords and melodic lines.

The second system continues the piece. It includes dynamic markings of *poco accelerando.* and *piu f*. The notation shows a progression of chords and melodic fragments across the two staves.

The third system features a dynamic marking of *a tempo.* and *con espressione.* The music continues with a mix of chords and melodic lines, ending with a dynamic marking of *mf*.

The fourth system includes dynamic markings of *pp*, *poco rall.*, and *mf a tempo.* The notation shows a gradual change in tempo and dynamics across the two staves.

The fifth and final system on the page includes dynamic markings of *f*, *dim.....*, *ten.*, and *p*. The music concludes with a series of chords and melodic lines.

misterioso.

p *mf* *rall.* *a tempo.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

ten.

p rall. *pp* *smorzando.* *ppp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE Little Schoolma'am says, so many stories about the "Kitten" pictures, on page 251 of our January number, have been sent in, that the committee has been unable to finish the report in time for this number. In order that full justice may be done to all the contributions, in selecting the best one for publication, the report is withheld until next month.

THOSE of our young readers who are interested in "The Recollections of a Little Prima Donna," on page 393 of the present number, will be glad to read this note from the author:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "The Recollections of a Little Prima Donna," which I send to you, are strictly true. The town mentioned is Wilmington, Delaware; the year is 1854; and the little blonde-haired lassies were my sister and myself.

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

IN answer to our request in the January "Letter-Box" concerning "The Land of Nod," many welcome letters have come to us, telling of the successful performance of the little operetta. The following letter in regard to it will, we think, interest our young readers:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been informed by a friend that, in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS, the question was asked by some one if any person had ever tried the little operetta entitled "The Land of Nod," given in your Christmas number. I am proud and happy to inform you that I went successfully through it on Christmas-eve, having drilled some thirty-two little performers, between the ages of seven and fifteen, for the occasion.

The operetta was given before a crowded house (for this little town a great turn-out)—I should judge six hundred. But everything went off splendidly, and it was pronounced a grand thing, and a perfect success. I did everything myself—the arrangement of stage, costumes, etc., etc.—a good deal of hard work, I found, for one person; but as everything went off so well, I felt paid for my hard work.

Should any one wish for help or information on this subject, I should gladly and willingly try to aid them.

Any one wishing information, please address

MRS. A. B. FLAGG,
Bernardston, Franklin Co., Mass.

"TWO SISTERS."—In the back volumes of ST. NICHOLAS you will find pretty and simple songs which "Two Little Sisters" can sing. Also songs and simple piano-forte music are to be given in future

volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. A remarkably good collection of just such music as you ask for is "A Book of Rhymes and Tunes," recently published by Ditson & Co., of Boston. The compilers (Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Louisa T. Cragin) have spent years in the preparation of this delightful treasury of home-songs, and the result is admirable.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so tired of seeing Xerxes always mentioned when a name beginning with X is wanted that I should like to remind the people of this century of several other fellows whose names begin or began with X. These are Xenophon, Xavier, Xenocrates, Xantippus, Xantippe (but she was a lady), Xenophanes, Ximenes. They can be read about in any biographical dictionary. Z, too, is supposed to be a very rare beginning for famous names; but while we are reading up the Xs, we can also turn to the end of the same biographical dictionary, and learn of Zamacois, Zeno (two of this name), Zeuxis, Ziem, Zinzendorf, Ziska, Zolius, Zoroaster, and Zwingli, who winds up the list with a snap.—Yours very respectfully,
GEORGE C. D.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.—By reference to the story, "Fine or Superfine," Trailing Arbutus will see it is not claimed that Clara "got" the baby-carriage through her bracelet, but that the "pushing" was done through the bracelet. She probably held the bracelet with the left hand close to the end of the carriage's handle; then passed some fingers of the right hand through the bracelet and pushed the carriage along.

A STRANGE CLOCK.

BOYS and girls in this country have read of the great clock in Strasburg Cathedral, and many have even seen it in the dim corner of that old building. The priest or sexton in the church draws a big curtain aside, and shows a large upright clock. At noon, small figures appear in the upper part of the clock, and, representing the twelve Apostles, pass in procession from one side to the other, and then disappear. For a long time, the Strasburg clock has been famous as the most wonderful piece of machinery for showing the time of the day, hour, month, and year; but now, it seems, there is in this country a still more wonderful clock, that marks the seconds and minutes, quarter-hours, hours, and days of the month and year.

It resembles one of the old-fashioned wooden clocks once common in New England, excepting that it is very much larger than any

hall clock you ever saw, being eighteen feet high. It is eight feet wide, and as handsomely carved and polished as a grand piano. There are thirteen dials to show the time of day in thirteen different cities in the world, the largest dial showing, for instance, New York time, and the other dials representing the time of day at San Francisco, or Paris, or St. Petersburg, or other places. And the curious part of it is that these clocks all move exactly together, and are not thirteen separate clocks, but one clock showing thirteen different times at once. So when we call at noon to see the clock, we can tell what time in the evening it is in London, and what time in the morning it is in San Francisco. In the center, between the dials, is a larger dial, with one hand pointing to the days of the month, while above are two dials giving the month and the day of the week. In the center is a golden ball representing the sun, and around it are the planets, the earth and the moon each turning around the sun, and in its own path and time; for instance, Mercury moves around the sun every eighty-eight days, Venus in two hundred and twenty-four days, the Earth in a year, and Uranus in thirty thousand six hundred and eighty-eight days. These all move at the same time and with the clocks, and show at any moment just how the planets stand in the heavens. There are four figures in little niches around the clock,—a boy, a young man, a man of middle age, and an old man,—and at the end of each quarter-hour they in turn strike on little bells, and at the end of the hour old Father Time strikes the hour on a larger bell. The most wonderful performance comes now. At the top of the clock sits Washington in a chair, and at each side is a servant standing at a door. As Father Time's bell strikes, a music-box begins to play, and the door at the right opens, and out walk all the Presidents in procession; they turn and bow to Washington, who rises, and then they pass on, and the servant closes the door behind them. Washington then quietly sits down, and remains sitting in dignified silence till his visitors again appear at the end of the hour, when he again rises to receive them. Wonderful as the Strasburg clock may be, the American clock does many more things, and is far more curious, and much more interesting, as a piece of complicated time-keeping machinery. In the "Letter-Box" for February and April, 1880, are accounts of two other curious clocks.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was looking over my spelling-book, I saw at the top of a column "Words Relating to Land," and down the column I saw the word "Llanos." What does "Llanos" mean?
J. M. HATCHER.

The Llanos are vast plains in South America, between the Caribbean Sea and the plains of the Amazon; they have no trees, and are not tilled, but grasses and bushes grow in some parts.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tell the boys they can make paper barometers, by dipping sheets of clean white paper into a solution of cobalt. The color will change just a little while before the weather changes. The French barometer-flow-ers are made on this principle.—I truly yours,
B. G. M.

HERE, now, is an agreeable idea, from M. V. W., and perhaps some of the girls would like to work it out.

"Take some black or brown broadcloth, double it, and cut out two pieces in the shape of a palette. The greatest length should not exceed four inches, and the greatest width should not be more than three inches. Button-hole stitch them around the edge with embroidery silk of the same color as the broadcloth, but not too closely, lest the cloth become stretched at the edge, and so spoil the shape of the palette. To make a very nice one, trace a faint outline of the palette on the cloth with a colored pencil, and button-hole stitch it very closely before cutting out. Having finished the edges of the two palettes, get some coarse embroidery silk of various colors. A piece three inches long should be untwisted until it looks like a small ball of fluffy ravelings. Make six or seven bunches of this kind in different colors, in the selection of which there is a good chance to study harmonious combinations. Sew them to that part of the palette where the colors are usually placed by artists.

"Nothing is better to wipe a pen on than kid. Cut from the palms of some old kid gloves several pieces shaped like the broadcloth palettes, but a trifle smaller. Place these kid palettes in the middle of the plain broadcloth one, lay the ornamented one on top, and baste all together. Next cut the hole which, in a painter's palette, is intended for the thumb. Button-hole stitch it closely with embroidery silk of the color of the broadcloth, taking the stitches through all the pieces of broadcloth and kid. Remove the basting and pass a piece of narrow ribbon through the hole, tying it around the narrowest part of the palette and making a neat bow on the upper side.

"To make one of these pen-wipers look more like a real palette, go

to a store where artists' materials are sold and buy two delicate brushes with slender wooden (not quill) handles, and cut these to the length of the pen-wiper. Stitch these on under the bow, and you have a pen-wiper which cannot fail to brighten any writing-table; and perhaps you will think as I do that the more you love the person to whom the pen-wiper is to be given, the more neatly and tastefully it should be made."

MORAL SUASION.

"COME, boys," says Marm Dinah, "I can't hab you here,
You're too peart and too noisy by half,
Now, hurry up, quick, don't be lazy no more,
But clar out de snow from de paf.
My washin's 'most done, and how do you clo'spose
I can wade fru dat snow to hang out de clo's?"

"Oh, Mammy, I can't; I aint well," cries Bob Lee,—
"I've the dreffulest pain in my bones,"
While Tom doubles up with a stitch in his side,
And the kitchen resounds with their groans.
"Stop dat nonsense!" says Dinah, "hush up, I say!
You no account chillun grow worse ebby day."

Uncle Cæsar looks down at the cunning young scamps;

He chuckles and laughs at the sport.
"No need o' hard work, honies—jes' go an' play;
Now, s'posin' you build up a fort.
With a shout and a bound the boys rush around,
As they roll up the balls on the snow-covered ground.

They pile up the blocks and they lay them in place;

White and square soon the snow-foam is seen.
Says Dinah to Cæsar, "That trick works fus' rate;
Now dem pafs is jus' lubly an' clean."
Says Cæsar to Dinah, "Oh course, chile, ob course,
For pussasion is often much better dan force." A. G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope you will introduce a brave little dog to the "Letter-Box" circle. For want of knowing his real name, I call him "Shush Biezzeh" (little bear), a common Indian name for a dog. This little fellow saved the lives of a detachment of United States soldiers.

Several years ago, when the large and powerful Indian tribe of Navajoes were at war with our government, a military post was established at Fort Defiance, Arizona Territory. One day a detachment was sent out scouting, and when only a few miles from the post, was suddenly hemmed in by Indians. The soldiers fought all day long, but when night came the situation was critical. The men were exhausted, and it was almost certain death for any one to try to reach Fort Defiance. "Shush Biezzeh" had followed his master, one of the soldiers, with whom he was a great pet. He suggested a happy thought. A note was written to the officer in command at Fort Defiance, and placed in a canteen, which was tied around the dog's neck. In the darkness he started off for the post unperceived by the enemy. He reached his destination safely, delivered the message, and re-enforcements brought the reply.

History is silent as to whether or not he received a medal, but he is still remembered in the vicinity of Fort Defiance.—Yours truly,
R. ELEANOR GRIFFIN.

The following verses were written by a lady eighty-three years old:

RIDING DOWNHILL.

When I was a youngster, and Christmas had come,
And I for the holidays staying at home,
Of skating and sliding I then had my fill,
But most splendid of all was "riding downhill."
Three boards and two runners were all I desired,
An old rope to haul it aside if required,
Then off like an arrow! a shout and a yell,
The measureless height of my glory to tell.
I decided it then, I think it so still,
There's nothing so splendid as "riding downhill."
But now my gay cutter comes 'round to the door,
And I hand in my wife and one or two more;
They all look so happy, and prattle and smile,
My labors and cares are all banished a while.
'Tis easy to see in each dear little face
The wondrous excitement the sleigh-bells can place.
So, merrily jingling, we dash on our way;
Our horse shakes his head as if glad of the day.
We all are as joyous and blithe as can be,
And yet there seems something a-wanting to me
I said it at first, and I half think it still,—
There's nothing so splendid as riding downhill.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



DESCRIBE the first picture of the accompanying illustration in three words, and with all the letters of these spell one word, meaning moderate. With the letters in the second picture, make an old-fashioned word, meaning a heavy load. Describe the third picture in three words, and with all the letters of these spell one word, meaning freed from complications.

HALF-SQUARE.

READING ACROSS: 1. Recalled. 2. Stricken out. 3. An ill-tempered woman. 4. Short poems. 5. To know. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. A Roman numeral. G. F.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma, by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "in Paris, not in Rome," the second "in tavern, not in home," and so on, till the two words, of twelve letters each, have been spelled.

- In Paris, not in Rome;
- In tavern, not in home;
- In heated, not in cold;
- In saucy, not in bold;
- In frighten, not in scare;
- In ruddy, not in fair;
- In lumber, not in block;
- In fasten, not in lock;
- In titter, not in sneer;
- In ibis, not in deer;
- In aloof, not in birch;
- In looking, not in search.

- 1. Relating to the President;
- 2. An installation here is event;
Connected, a looked-for event. F. S. F.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters, and am a quotation from Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar."
 My 13-20-9-11 is a shelter. My 5-17-18-12 is scarce. My 1-6-4-16 is to shine. My 3-10-7-8 is a preposition. My 15-14-2 is an enemy. My 19 is one hundred. ANDREW.

THREE NUMERICAL DIAMONDS.

1
 1 2 3
 1 2 3 4 5
 3 4 5
 5

- I. 1. In March. 2. A covered carriage. 3. A piontêr's dwelling. 4. A large wooden box. 5. In cackination.
- II. 1. In March. 2. What Marcus Brutus was. 3. Land belonging to a nobleman. 4. A negative connective. 5. In March.
- III. 1. In March. 2. A vehicle. 3. A measure of weight. 4. A rodent. 5. In frost. D. W.

A MARTIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS, a famous battle which took place 490 B. C. Finals, a famous battle which occurred 1815 A. D.
 Cross-words: 1. The destination of an army, whose march is chronicled in verse by the poet Shelley. 2. A famous king of the Huns, who laid waste the Roman Empire about 434 A. D. 3. A dashing cavalry

general on the side of Charles I. in the Parliamentary war. 4 The name of a favorite pupil of Plato's, who was also the tutor of Alexander the Great. 5. The cape near which Nelson won his last and greatest naval victory. 6. The name of a great Carthaginian general. 7. The name of a Roman Emperor who died by his own hand after reigning three months. 8. The name of a Roman Emperor who died by his own hand after reigning fourteen years. H. G.

CHARADE.

My first I see before me now,
 My second, too, is here;
 Yet search through earth and sea, my whole
 Nowhere you'll find, I fear. W.

LETTER PUZZLE.

1
 6
 2 7 5 9 4
 8
 3

My 1-6-5-8-3 are used in music, commerce, and society. My 2-7-5-9-4 is a slender twig. My 1-2-3-4 is on all maps. My 1-4-2-3 is in the daily papers. My 1-4-2-3-5 is what a little boy likes to find. My 1-4-5-3 are used by fishermen. My 1-4-2-5 is a small lizard. My 2-4-3-5 is usually represented by its first letter. My 2-4-5-3 is what the rain does. My 2-4-1-5 is a word meaning "has gone." My 3-5-4-2 is what a cook may do, but not be in. My 3-4-1-5 is dispatched. My 3-4-5 is to fix firmly. My 3-4-2 is to join with stitches. My 5-4-1-3 are numbers. E. H. K.

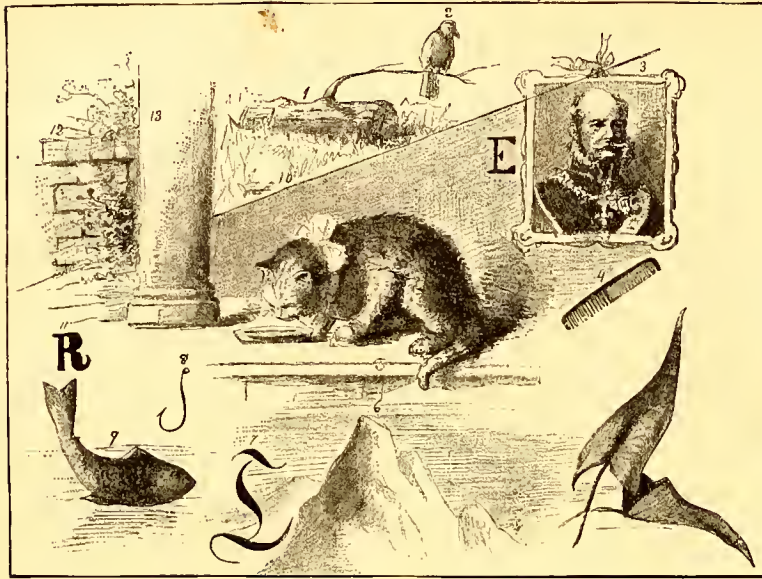
PUZZLE BIRDS.

EACH of the following stanzas is to be completed by adding, at the end of the fourth line, the name of the bird described in the preceding three lines. The stars show the number of letters in the name, which must rhyme with the second line.

- 1. What bird is fabled to bring pleasant weather,
 And every sailor-boy is his well-wisher?
 His coat is gay with many a bright-hued feather.
 This bird is called *****.
- 2. What bird is ever prophesying rain,
 Though often his prognostics seem to fail?
 "More wet!" he cries; "More wet, more wet!" again.
 Do you not know the *****?
- 3. What bird is he whose humming charms the ear,
 And yet whose voice perhaps is seldom heard?
 His plumage gleams like gems with brilliance clear.
 This is the *****-*****.
- 4. What bird so tame about our door-yards hopping,
 Builds nests in boxes, trees, or grass and yarrow?
 In city squares beguiles the ladies shopping?
 Sure, this must be the *****.
- 5. In Noah's day this bird was very tame;
 And it is one that all the children love.
 Its gentle innocence bespeaks its name.
 You surely know the *****.

LILIAN PAYSON.

PICTORIAL PREFIX-PUZZLE.



PREFIX to the name of each of thirteen objects in the accompanying picture word also represented by an object, and thus form thirteen words, which may be described as follows: 1. A list. 2. A feathered creature. 3. A questioner. 4. A dismal place. 5. The condition of a young student of doctrine. 6. A wild quadruped. 7. Kine. 8. It pricks. 9. A dweller in water. 10. A Roman traitor. 11. An ailment. 12. A wail. 13. A crawling creature.

H. H. B.

HOOR-GLASS.

CENTRALS: Pursuing. ACROSS: 1. Ornamental entrance-ways. 2. What lye is made with. 3. A stick. 4. A consonant. 5. Part of a horse's harness. 6. The frame-work of the higher order of animals. 7. Unruly members.

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA FOR WEE PUZZLERS.

My whole is composed of nine letters, and is a name connected with the early history of the United States.

My 1-2-9-3 is a girl's name.

My 4-8-7 is not many.

My 5-6-7 is not high.

FRANK AND BELLE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

INCOMPLETE RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. Feel. 2. Meed. 3. Leek. 4. Teem. 5. Deer. 6. Leer. 7. Reef. 8. Deem. 9. Keep. 10. Deep. 11. Teek. 12. Reem. 13. Peck. Reading Downward: 1. F. 2. Em. 3. Eel. 4. Lect. 5. Deed. 6. Keel. 7. Meer. 8. Reed. 9. Reek. 10. Feed. 11. Meet. 12. Peer. 13. Peep. 14. Kee. 15. Me. 16. K.

ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE. 1. Baboons. 2. CaBin. 3. KEg. 4. L. 5. Gg. 6. MaSks. 7. MusKets.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year.—THOMSON'S *Hinter*. First line. TRANSPOSITIONS. I. 1. Marble. 2. Amblcr. 3. Blamer. 4. Ramble. II. 1. Hatred. 2. Dearth. 3. Thread. III. 1. Verse. 2. Sever. 3. Serve. 4. Veers. IV. 1. Stale. 2. Slate. 3. Steal. 4. Tales. 5. Teals. 6. Least.

TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Elbow. 2. Larch. 3. Brace. 4. Occur. 5. Where. II. 1. Aspen. 2. Slave. 3. Panes. 4. Event. 5. Nests.

CHARADE. Jack Frost.

ZIG-ZAGS. Reading across: 1. Void. 2. PAid. 3. ToLd. 4. TalE. 5. ZoNe. 6. STop. 7. Ibex. 8. ANon. 9. ShEm. 10. DaiS. Zig-zags: Valentines.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Cleopatra's Needle.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE. Halfsquare. 1. Castles. 2. Avowed. 3. Solid. 4. Twit. 5. Led. 6. Ed. 7. S. Included Diamond. 1. S. 2. Vow. 3. Solid. 4. Wit. 5. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Abraham. Finals, Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Azracl. 2. Bellinl. 3. RaisiN. 4. Asiatic. 5. Hoang-HO. 6. AnnualL. 7. MammoN.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

SOLUTIONS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES were received too late for acknowledgment in the February number, from "A Hive of Bees," Wimbledon, England, 9—Beatrice C. B. and Danford N. B. Sturgis, 9.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from George A. Ballantine, 1—Mila, Daisy, and Stine, 5—Dyvic Warden, 7—John M. Taylor, 2—Wilbur Lamphier, 5—"Yer," etc., 7—A. E. W., all—Pun and her sister, 9—Loring B. Frankel, 1—Henry and Charles, 0—Kitty C. Atwater, 9—Florence E. Pratt, 9—Walter K. Smith, 1—E. F. G., and F. G. B., 9—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Effie K. Talboys, 1—Darragh de Lancy, 1—"The Puzzlers," 4—Virginie Callayne, 7—Josie B. Lee, 1—Ella M. Faulkner, 5—Edith T. Stickney, 3—Fred Meisel, 2—Oscar Townsend, Jr., 1—Alice D., 2—Geo. H. Brown, 1—Constance G., 2—Mary K. Jones, 7—M. F. J., 7—Frank R. Heath, all—Bessie Taylor, 3—Annie T. Reese, 2—"Clove Pink and Violet," 1—"The Blanke Family," 9—Elisha Cook, 2—George Outton, Jr., 2—The Dawley Boys, 7—Nellie C. Graham, 4—Jessie M. Bugbee, 5—Willie Bond, 1—Robert B. Salter, Jr., 8—"Top-boots," 9—Mors O. Slocum, 7—Charlie and Josie Treat, 9—Harry and W. Whitman, 5—Daisy, 1—Allie, Clem, Florence, and John, 3—R. T. Losec, 8—Belle and Bertie Baldwin, 5—Richard O. Chester, 5—"Massa C. S.," 3—Ruthie W. Hobson, 3—Grace M. Fisher, 4—Annie and Maria, McIlvaine, 7—Charlotte McIlvaine, 6—Luzia Hitz, 1—Elsie Hitz, 3—Harriet Langdon Pruyin, 3—"Clove Pink" and "L. E. Phant," 3—Tillie Baile, 4—Georgia Jones, 1—Bryant Willard, 7—Powell Evans, 2—Anna C. Parsons, 1—Willie F. Woolard, 4—"Queen Bess," 9—May Beadle, 8—John S. Hunt, 8—Unsigned, from Philadelphia, 2—F. K. F., 2—Teryon and Caroline Weiting, 5—George and Frank, 9—B. S. Hosmer, 5—Lulu G. Crabbe, 6—"Bluebell," 2—"Georgia and Lee," 7—"Willie and Ned," 5—James Shriver, 5—Willie S. Conant, 9—Mary G. Packer, 4—Sarah L. Payson, 7—E. E. P. and Evans Preston, 6—Mary R. Keys, 4—Effie E. Hadwen, 1—"The Miller of Dec," 9—Susy Goff, 7—"Eyebright and Bessie," 7—Fitz-Hugh Burns, 2—Clarence H. Young, 5—A. P. Redington, 1—John McK. Burns, 1—Katie T. Carrigan, 1—P. S. Clarkson, 7—Pansy and Myrtle, 4—W. G. and L. W. McKinney, 6—"Dolly," 8—W. C. McLeod, 5—Lizzie C. Fowler, 6—Louie B. and Bessie L. Barnes, 8—Charlie W. Power, 7—"P. and I.," 8—Robert A. Gally, 7—Florence Leslie Kyte, 8—Alice Maud Kyte, 5—"Solomon" and "Nancy," 8—Bessie Comstock, 2—Charlotte Gilpin, 1—Florence Pauline Jones, 1—Lecie Riggs, 4—"Pansy," 7—Nettie, Lizzie, and Elsie, 4—Russell Rodgers, 2—A Subscriber for Several Children, 2—May Flower, 2—Henry F. Archer, 4—Maggie Kelsay, 2.

The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



THE LESSON ON THE SAMPLER.

[See page 493.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

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LOST IN THE FOG.

BY M. C. S.

THREE miles to the eastward of the pretty sea-shore town of Newport, on a high bank sloping toward the beach, stood a large old farm-house, which could be seen for miles around.

When the south-east wind blew, and great waves dashed on the rocks, the old house trembled, for it stood bare and unprotected; but its good timbers had stoutly withstood many a storm which had driven great ships to seek shelter under the high cliffs rising to the north-east of it. If you had visited Newport at the time of which I am writing, and, by chance, had driven along the beaches to the quiet country, you might have seen the house of which I have told you, and perhaps, in passing the gate, you would have noticed three brown faces peeping out at you—the faces of three little girls,—Louisa, Helena, and Mary,—who lived in the solitary house all through the bright summer and through the stormy winter. They had no playmates besides one another, but they were always happy, always busy, and I shall tell you something about what they did.

First, they slept in a pretty nursery, papered with bright pictures, and with windows which looked to the eastward, far away over the broad ocean, and in the early morning, when the sun came up out of the sea, it shone directly across their beds.

Then the six brown eyes unclosed, and the little girls made their plans for the day. They must water their flowers, and the seeds they had lately planted; they must feed their cat and dog; and, when Mamma should be ready, they must take her up through the fields, to look at the last bird's-nest they had discovered. In the afternoon they must go to the beach, and look for shells, and see if the waves had tossed up anything new, for they had

learned a great deal about the creatures that live in the water as well as about those that live upon the land.

They turned up the stones under which the black ants had made their nests, and were half-sorry when they saw the frightened mothers hurrying to catch up the baby-ants, to hide them in safer places. They watched the skillful spiders weave their webs, and knew where the crickets hid in winter, and the first spring-flower that peeped above the ground they found and carried home as a treasure.

They once had a funny adventure, of which I am going to tell you; but first I must describe something which is quite peculiar to the island on which Newport stands.

Often, on bright days, when not a cloud is to be seen overhead, you suddenly hear, in the distance, a low, moaning sound.

“What is that?” you exclaim.

“It is the fog-horn on a distant light-house,” an islander will explain to you. “Look! off there is a fog-bank, and it is rolling toward us;” and south-eastward, on the horizon, you see a low, dark cloud. Presently a slight chill creeps over you, and the air feels moist. A moment more, and the ships near shore can not be seen, and finally the walls and buildings are lost to view; you are enveloped in a thick cloud, and, bewildered, look about for the path by which you came.

Well, it was on a bright afternoon that Louisa (the eldest of the children) proposed to her sisters to go in search of wild strawberries. Mamma consented, and off they started, each with a basket on her arm.

They climbed one wall after another, feeling quite safe and happy.

The berries were abundant, and when they had filled their baskets they made a nest in the long grass, and had a grand feast. The little sparrows hopped about them, and the swallows played above their heads, and they laughed, and talked, and rolled in the sweet clover, and thought of nothing beyond the happy moment.

But while they frolicked in their nest, a great change had come over everything outside. The distant islands had disappeared, the white sails which, a moment before, had glanced in the sunshine, were gone, and just as Mary, the youngest little girl, declared she was tired and wanted to go home, their house itself was lost in the great cloud which had closed around them.

"Never mind," said Louisa, confidently, as she gathered up the baskets and took Mary's hand, "I know the way;" but as she looked about for the stile over which they had climbed, and could not find it, her face became very sober.

In a few moments, however, they found a wall, but beyond there was nothing to be seen besides the green grass.

"Keep straight on," said Louisa, as the children hurried after her, quite sure that all was right; but, a few moments after, they all stood still, for before them, across what they supposed to be their path homeward, ran a brook, dashing merrily over the stones.

"Where are we?" said Helena, and little Mary began to cry. "I'm tired, Louisa; I want to sit down."

Louisa's heart beat very fast, and the tears would find their way to her eyes, but she forced them back as she remembered what her mamma had often said to her about taking care of her younger sisters, and said, quite cheerfully:

"We have lost our way, but don't be afraid, Helena, for you know in a little while the fog will blow over. I think the best thing we can do is to sit down quietly and wait, for if we keep on, we may go farther from home. See, here is a big haystack; we will make a hole in the side of it, and all go in and wait till the sun shines again."

"Yes," said Helena, "and we will make a bed with the hay for Mamie, and if she wants to, she can go to sleep."

So Helena and Mamie grew quite merry again, as they fashioned their house, but Louisa sat at some distance from them, watching and listening intently for the least sight or sound which might serve as a guide to her, for she knew that it must be near the setting of the sun, and that in a little while they would be surrounded, not only with clouds but with darkness.

She heard in the distance the lowing of cattle as they were driven homeward for the evening milk-

ing, and she just caught the faint sound of a bell in Newport. She thought of her comfortable bed at home, and of her supper waiting, and of her poor, anxious mamma; and, at last, the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"This will not do," she said to herself, and she went and sat closer to Helena.

Mamie had fallen asleep and Helena, tired of play, was lying down beside her. "Why, Louisa," she exclaimed, "you've been crying! Oh, dear! oh, dear! It is growing dark, and we shall have to stay here all night."

"Hark," said Louisa—"I hear footsteps;" and they clung closely together as the sound came nearer and nearer.

"Perhaps it is the man who owns the hay," whispered Helena, remembering how she had scattered it about.

"Or Mamma come to find us," said Louisa, and she called loudly, "Mamma! Mamma!" But there was no voice in reply; only, the footsteps were coming nearer.

Presently they heard something pulling the hay, then a breathing close by them, and in another moment a pair of big, round eyes stared wonderingly into their hiding-place.

"It is old Kate, our cow!" said Louisa, jumping up with such a shout that Kate started off at a gallop, and then stood still, and took another look at the children.

"Come, come; we will follow her, Helena, for she is sure to go home to be milked."

"But what shall we do with Mamie?" said Helena. "We must try to wake her."

Mamie, however, had settled herself for her night's sleep, and though, when the children called her, she half opened her eyes, they instantly closed again, and her chubby face settled back, quite contentedly, on its rough pillow.

There was nothing to do but to carry her, so Louisa, summoning all her strength, lifted the heavy child, and, with Helena's help, managed to follow the footsteps of the cow, who went leisurely on her way, stopping every few moments to nibble the bunches of white clover. She followed the brook for a little way, and then suddenly turned off from it, and led the children along a narrow foot-path through the long grass. They came to an opening in the wall and passed through it.

Now they could hear the boom of the waves upon the beach, and their faces brightened, for they knew by this that the cow must be leading them in the right way. Whenever she stopped to eat, they laid their heavy burden on the grass and rested; they became at last very hungry and tired, for the sun had long ago gone down behind the hill, and it was near their bed-time.

“If we only had a pail, we could milk the cow,” said Helena, thinking of her supper.

It was almost dark, and they had begun to think that Kate, after all, did not mean to go home, when she suddenly brought them into the broad road which led directly past their father's house, and there before them stood the house itself, looking, Louisa said, like a fairy palace, with a light in every window. They shouted for joy, and Mamie awakened, and let them stand her on her feet.

But when they had eaten their supper, and no one had returned, they found they were too sleepy and tired for any play, so they decided to undress and hide under the bed-clothes; and an hour after, when their mamma came home, anxious and distressed, behold! on their pillow she found three little brown heads, all safe and fast asleep.

In the morning everybody gathered about the children to hear their story, and old Kate was



“THE COW LED THE CHILDREN ALONG THROUGH THE GRASS.”

“Run, Mamie dear!” they cried. “Mamma does not know where we are,” and seizing her by the hands, they hurried on, driving the cow before them.

When they reached the house, it appeared quite forsaken. The front door stood wide open, the supper was lying untouched on the table—the parlor, the bedrooms, even the kitchen, were all empty. Everybody, even to the cook, had gone out to search in the fog for the lost children.

They laughed with delight at the surprise they would give Mamma when she should come home.

“We will hide in the closet,” said Helena, “and suddenly pop out, when they all come back.”

petted and caressed as she had never been before.

“But tell me,” said their papa, “which way you went, and what you saw on your way home.”

And when the children told him about the brook, he explained to them that, instead of coming southward as they should have done, they had gone westward. And he gave Louisa a pretty little instrument called a compass, and explained to her how the needle inside pointed always to the north, so that another time, when going for a walk, she could tie this around her neck, and it would tell her which way to go. And Louisa thought that would be a much better guide than a cow who wanted to stop and eat clover every few moments.

THE SMALLEST BIRD IN THE WORLD.

BY ALICE MAY.

In a favorite niche in my room, adorned with my choicest specimens of ferns and plummy grasses, hangs, suspended from two slight twigs of bamboo, a tiny, daintily fashioned bird's-nest.

Around this small nest cluster many and grateful memories of the fairy-like owner, a vervain humming-bird, smallest of all known birds, and the most charming and best loved pet I ever possessed.

Many a weary hour, during the almost intolerable heat of midday in Jamaica, has been charmed away by the joyous, exuberant life and wild, merry ways of my little feathered pet.

The day I obtained possession of this bit of bird-kind, I well remember as being warmer and more unbearable than usual. I had been all the morning lying in my hammock, with jealousies tightly drawn to exclude the blinding rays of the sun outside, vainly trying to find relief in a vigorous fanning by my colored maid, Justina, and in cooling drinks of iced lime-juice, when my attention was drawn to the sound of a dispute on the piazza outside, and some languid curiosity was excited by the oft-repeated words:

"Me hab litty bird for white missy," in an unmistakable negro voice, but one unknown to me.

Although, during the midday in Jamaica, neither business nor pleasure was often allowed to interfere with the important task of keeping cool, I had enough energy left to demand that the owner of the voice be admitted.

In shuffled a genuine "blackie boy," ducking his head at every step, showing the whitest of teeth, and carrying something carefully covered in a tattered rag that I supposed was intended for a hat.

"Litty bird fly berry fast; missy hab to peek at he," began the owner of this head-covering, as he drew near to my hammock.

Now, that hat was certainly an objectionable article to "peek" into, but "peek" I did, and was

rewarded by seeing what seemed to be the remains of a dirty gauze net.

I drew back and eyed the boy with stern indignation, but the confident, upraised face, with its grin of expectancy, induced me to venture one more "peek." And this time I was more successful, for, wrapped in the folds of gauze, I espied so tiny a ball of ruffled feathers that I could not believe it was an entire bird. But upon carefully extricating this small mass of green and black plumage, I discovered it to be the tiniest bird I ever saw in my life, but now limp and lifeless.

"Why, my boy!" exclaimed I, "this poor bird is dead. What can I do with it?"

The boy's face fell, and the grin faded.

"Hi, missy; me tink you buy that litty bird. Him alibe when dis nigga put him in dat hat."

During this conversation I had been holding the small bird in my warm palm, and now, much to my surprise, I felt a slight quiver in the little frame.

I held the tiny creature to my lips and gently breathed upon it, and soon a feeble fluttering of the wings, and a faint "crec, cree," assured me that the wee thing still had a little life in it.

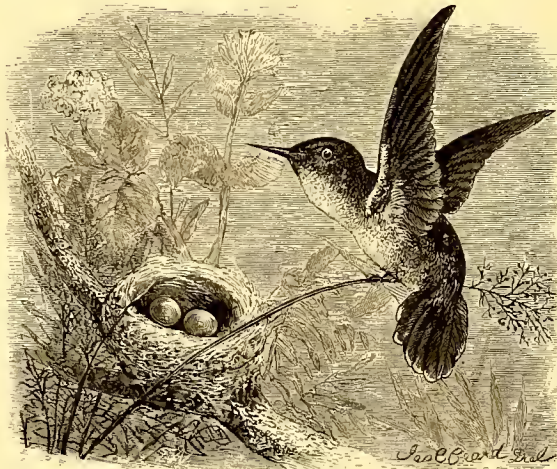
"Warra!" cried my black boy, "him alibe now, for sho. White missy put the bref in him."

I hurriedly dispatched Justina for sweetened water, for my birdie was rapidly regaining strength, and I was anxious to re-assure the timid, fluttering heart.

The sweetened water forthcoming, I put a few drops between my lips and carefully pressed the little beak against them, and after a slight struggle I felt it sip, feebly at

first, then eagerly, at the sweet drops. Soon after, my prisoner was struggling to escape.

From that moment my heart was won, and it was with real joy that I saw my bird dart suddenly from my hand, and, alighting on the edge of a

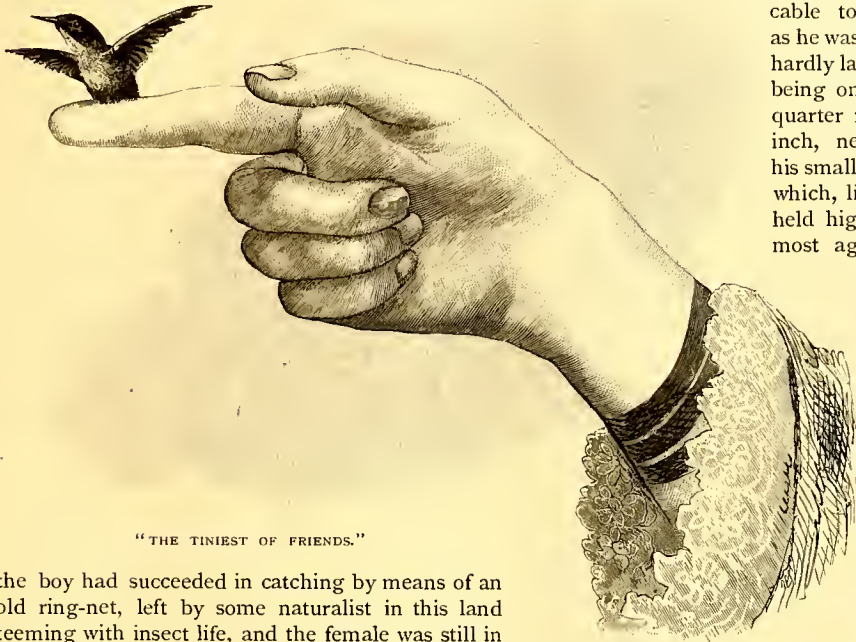


VERVAIN HUMMING-BIRD AND NEST.—ACTUAL SIZE.

picture-frame, commence a vigorous preening of his disordered plumage.

"Will missy hab oder littie birdie on de nest?" inquired the boy.

I then learned that this bird was the male, which



"THE TINIEST OF FRIENDS."

the boy had succeeded in catching by means of an old ring-net, left by some naturalist in this land teeming with insect life, and the female was still in the nest, on an old plantation bearing the queer name of "Bozzetty Hall," situated near the remarkable river of "One-stick-over-the-one-eye." The boy's own settlement of shanties was called "Harmony Pens," while he himself rejoiced in the appropriate name of "Snow-ball."

I gladly consented to take the other bird and nest, if he could obtain them, and giving the desired "mac,"* with an added "Joe,"† sent him on his way rejoicing.

My whole mind was now given to the taming of my pet, which I knew was a vervain humming-bird, a native of Jamaica, and the smallest of even his tiny race. The name "vervain" probably originated from these birds being so often found hovering over the blue blossoms of the West Indian vervain, a plant common in all the fields and pastures of Jamaica.

The rather commonplace English name of humming-bird is quite misapplied in the case of the vervain, as the name comes from the humming sound made by the wings in the rapid flight. But with the vervain, this sound, from its diminutive size, and wonderful velocity, is more like the sharp whir-r-r of insect wings. Indeed, from a distance, darting from flower to flower, the tiny creature

looks very like a humble-bee. Some of the natives of Jamaica apply extremely fanciful names to these aerial gems, our humming-birds, such as "Tresses of the day-star," "Rays of the sun," "Murmuring birds." The French name, "*Oiseau-mouche*"

(bird-fly), is quite applicable to my fairy bird, as he was literally fly-sized, hardly larger than a locust, being only an inch and a quarter from his quarter-inch, needle-like beak to his small ten-feathered tail, which, like the beak, was held high in the air in the most aggressive way you can imagine.

His head was the size of a pea, and the bright, bead-like eyes were capable of seeing objects almost invisible to us, for I could see him snap his little bill and swallow as with real zest some flying insect not visible to my unaided eyes.

His legs, hardly longer than a good-sized mosquito's, were wonderfully strong, the funny little claws clinging so closely to a string or twig that one feared to use the force necessary to disengage them. This humming-bird is not as brilliantly colored as some others, but his plumage shines with a metallic luster that, in the sunlight, is dazzling, particularly after preening every feather, as he is very fond of doing, being an extremely vain little fellow.

But I must tell you how I succeeded in making this strange wild creature contented and happy with his new mistress and prison-house.

My first thought was of a cage, for soon the jealousies must be raised to admit the cool evening breeze, and my windows, with most others in this tropical climate, were without glass, depending upon drawn jealousies, a kind of lattice blind, with the piazza extending entirely around the house, and also protected by jealousies, for keeping out the wind and rain when these were too boisterous.

I well knew that, at the first opportunity, those rapidly moving wings would bear their little owner out into the free air he loved so well. A cage must be made at once, and my ingenuity was taxed to

* "Macaroni," a Creole shilling.

† Sixpence.

provide one dainty enough for so exquisite an occupant.

One of the colored boys about the place, an ingenious fellow, succeeded in wiring together a small frame of bamboo twigs. Bureau drawers were ransacked for a covering, and finally a strong but transparent piece of white gauze was discovered; this was stretched tightly across the frame, leaving one side to be raised or lowered at pleasure. Furniture was then supplied, in the shape of a silver wire and twig of lantana, for sleeping and perching purposes. I then begged a toy cup from my hostess' little daughter, which I filled with the juice of the sugar-cane, setting a small quill in it, for the convenience of my guest's taper beak. I was gazing with extreme complacency upon this contrivance, when Justina innocently remarked that "litty bird tink dat berry quar flower." I looked at Justina with consternation. Certainly that china cup with the quill inserted did not look like any flower I had ever seen.

However, I placed it in the cage upon my table, in hopes that the 'cute little fellow would in some way get an inkling of its intended use.

All this time, during the confusion attending the erection of his dwelling, Minim, as I had decided to call this smallest of small birds, was darting about, making himself quite at home, and often visiting a bouquet on my table, composed of sprays of lovely orange-blossoms, and fragrant bunches of the moringa. As he became bolder, he flashed hither and thither with such startling rapidity that I fairly held my breath. Flying directly from one object to another was quite too tame for this small sprite. Various maneuvers were necessary to enable him to reach the honey-cups of moringa. After rapidly circling for some minutes around the table, he would suddenly become stationary over the flowers, suspended on wings vibrating with such extraordinary rapidity that he seemed to be enveloped in mist; then, perhaps, he would make another swift journey about the room before sipping the nectar contained in the fragrant blossoms.

But I began to hear gay voices outside; it was time for the usual afternoon drive, and oh dear! my linen dress hung in limp folds, and the room was so unbearably close that I could hardly breathe, but I dared not raise the jealousies, for by this time my heart was fixed upon keeping my bird. In vain I used every means to entice the cunning little fellow into the bird-house, sent all the flowers from the room, but a few blossoms which I scattered in the cage. I even cut off the base of one of the flowers, and fitted the remainder over the cup of sweets, which it entirely concealed. Minim refused to be enticed by that fraud, and I resigned myself with a sigh to a state of *d'shabilli* for the rest

of the evening, for, with neither air nor light, I had not the requisite energy for making a toilet. Minim soon decided to retire for the night, and perched upon his favorite picture-frame. Through the gathering darkness I could just see the queer little mite, his bead-like eyes closed, and his head not under his wing, but held a little toward one side, over his shoulder.

I sent Justina to request that my evening meal be served in my room, and also ventured to ask for a dim light, by which I might safely convey my food to my mouth. As the light entered the room, Minim started in terror, fluttered blindly from his perch, and in his endeavors to escape, beat his little body so violently against the wall that he fell to the floor. I ran and picked him up, fearing he was dead, but found that he clung tightly to my hand. I quickly put out the unfortunate light, groped my way to the cage, and succeeded in getting the little claws on to the silver wire, where they clung in desperation. I carefully drew my hand from the cage, lowered the gauze curtain, and listened intently, but there was no sound. So I resigned myself to darkness, and quietly retired to my couch, hoping for better luck on the morrow.

With the first break of dawn I was aroused from my slumber by a sound near me, and, listening, I distinguished a faint song, a plaintive bird-song, feeble but wonderfully sweet. I held my breath with astonishment and delight.

The singer could not be my new pet. Who ever heard a humming-bird make more than a sharp chirp!

The song continuing, I crept softly to the cage, and saw Minim perched upon the twig of lantana, his head raised in bird ecstasy, while pouring forth from the small throat came a continuous sound of faint but exquisite melody.

I had never before obtained so good a view of this wonderful little creature, and I now gazed long with admiration. The swelling breast was covered with fine white feathers, each feather tipped with bright green; the quivering wings were a deep, velvety black, and as a ray of the rising sun struck across the lustrous metallic green of his back and sides, I thought him the loveliest thing I had ever beheld.

The elfin sound continued for ten minutes or more, then ceased, and the bird resumed his brisk, alert air, and incessant watch for small stray flies. I began to think the song had been all a dream, but every morning after that, Minim woke me with the sweet song that, of all humming-birds, is only allowed to the vervain.

Minim soon began to hover about the faded flowers in his cage, evidently with dissatisfaction. I eagerly watched the drooping blossom covering

my cup of sweets. Minim, after trying one and another of the flowers, thrust his sharp beak into the flowery cheat, and there the little fellow remained, and I saw with gladness the tiny pumping apparatus within the beak moving at a great rate. What a greedy elf he was! Even after I removed the flower from the cup, he hovered over it every moment, drinking deeply of the sweet juice. I think he considered the whole affair a good invention.

I could fill a volume with the pranks with which this charming little bird amused me, during my stay in Jamaica. He grew more joyous and full of life every day, showing no signs of fear, and when allowed his freedom in the room, in search of the necessary insect-food, voluntarily returned to his cage and much loved sirup-cup.

I easily taught him to sip from my lips, and often have I been roused from my midday siesta by sharp, angry cries, and an eager little beak pecking at my lips, in search of the sweet drops often found there.

His curiosity was funny to see. All my garments had to undergo a thorough investigation, and my hair was made to stand on end, with his frantic endeavors to obtain my hair-ribbons. The many-colored bows adorning Justina's woolly head seemed to excite his indignation, and I have laughed till the tears came, to see the poor girl trying in vain to escape the attacks of her little persecutor; and when the sharp claws became entangled in her woolly mass of hair, her indignation would vent itself in a shower of abuse only possible to a genuine Jamaica negro tongue.

Not only did my wee birdie possess an amusing amount of vanity and bird-like self-conceit, but within the diminutive frame was a spirit capable of the most valorous deeds. Indeed, the little fellow was really pugnacious, and often reminded me of a small bantam-cock.

The Mexicans believed that the souls of departed warriors inhabited the bodies of humming-birds. Surely, if this myth were true, the spirit of some great chieftain lived again in the frail body of my pet.

One morning a mango humming-bird came flashing through the open window. I quickly lowered the jalousies, and opened Minim's cage, hoping to obtain possession of my lovely guest.

Minim, of course, darted from the cage; he eyed the magnificent stranger for some time with apparent serenity, but suddenly, without warning, darted toward him with a perfect shriek of rage, and for a moment all I could see was a confused, rapidly

revolving mass of feathers. First the mango, then Minim, would be uppermost in this terrific combat. I was bitterly repenting my rash act, for the mango was much the larger bird, and I feared would kill my pet, when I saw the stranger bird fall to the ground. I hurried to him and found that he was nearly dead, while Minim began quietly pluming himself, with an air of calm superiority. I never tried that experiment again, although I am sure my little pugilist was capable of whipping "a fellow twice his size."

Little black Snow-ball one day brought me the female bird and nest. Minim made charming husbandly advances to his little wife, but madame, refusing to be comforted, drooped her small head and died. Her volatile husband refused to perform a parent's duties, and to this day I have two pearly white eggs, lying in a nest no larger than an English walnut divided transversely. It is a wonderful, compact little cup, made of the white soft down in the ripened pods of the cotton-tree, the silky fibers tightly held together with some sticky substance, probably the saliva of the bird. Minute spiders'-webs are closely interwoven around the outside of the nest, and here and there are stuck bright bits of green and gray lichens, making altogether a wonderfully pretty little bird-house.

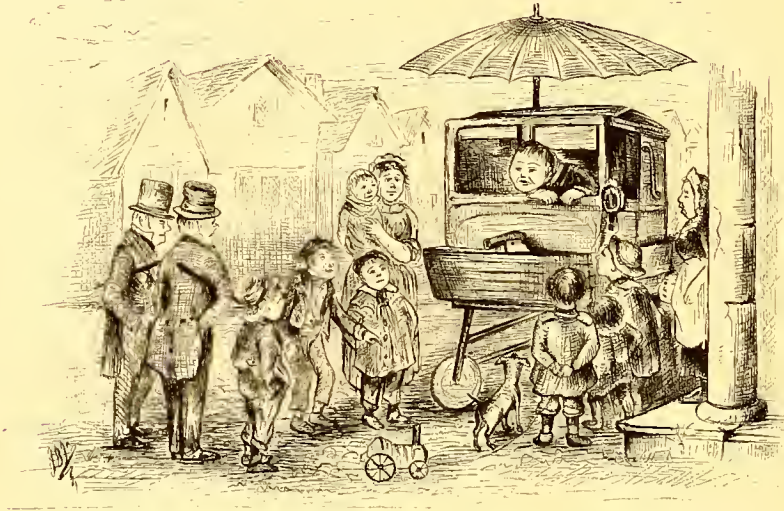
As the time drew near when I must leave the island, I was troubled about the fate of my pet. I feared for the frail life during the long, rough voyage, and I had no friend in Jamaica with whom I could trust the little creature; so I finally decided that the greatest kindness I could render my tiny friend would be to give him his liberty. The last morning dawned; Minim, as usual, gave me vigorous help in arranging my hair, became entangled in my hat ribbons, and pecked at my crimps. For the last time I held the dear fellow to my face, and felt the eager bill searching for sweet sirup between my lips, then, with a heavy heart, I went to the window, raised the jalousies, gave my pet one little farewell squeeze, and opened wide my hands.

With one wild, joyous dash of fluttering wings and a sharp "screech" of delight, my ungrateful little humming-bird sprang forth to meet the fresh morning air, and the last I saw of Minim was a small flashing bit of green and black feathers rapidly dashing away from my sorrowful gaze, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, until it was lost in a wilderness of waving palms and brilliant, luxuriant, tropical foliage.

My beautiful Minim had returned to the wild, sunny freedom from which he had been taken.

MASTER MOONO.

BY S. CONANT FOSTER.

(With illustrations by "a born artist.")

GET on my knee, my little dear,
 And listen to a story queer;
 'T is all about the strange career
 Of Master Moono, chevalier,
 Who built a funny car, ha! ha!
 To ride from Dan to Beersheba.

It made the people laugh and stare,
 The car was such an odd affair;
 'T was half a coach and half a chair,
 Would go on water, earth, or air,
 Was lined with costly camel's-hair,
 And had a cannon filled with care—
 "I might," he said, "as well prepare
 For peace, or war, he! he! ha! ha!
 In leaving Dan for Beersheba."

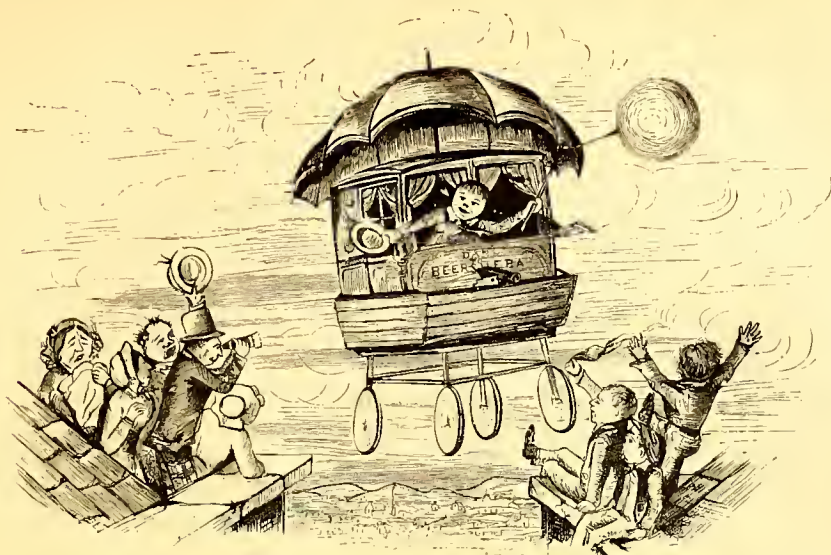
He took his mother's jewel-box;
 It had no strappings, hasps, or locks,
 But still he thought 't would stand the knocks;
 He put inside a pair of socks,
 His father's worsted farming smocks,
 His little baby brother's blocks,
 And all his sister's Sunday frocks;
 For ballast thirty granite rocks,
 Besides a dozen ticking clocks
 To tell the time it took, ha! ha!
 To run from Dan to Beersheba.

The neighbors said: "The boy is daft!"
 But Master Moono only laughed,
 And packed with food his funny craft;
 Provisions took, ho! ho! ha! ha!
 To last from Dan to Beersheba.

His mother wept and turned pale;
 His sister said, "The thing will fail."
 But all their tears did not avail;
 He jumped in and hoisted sail,
 Up sprang a sprightly southern gale;
 He cried: "Good-bye, my Pa and Ma,
 I'm off from Dan to Beersheba!"

He traveled near, he traveled far;
 In Tyrol he did tra-la-la,
 He heard a German saying "yah,"
 He twanged a Spanish maid's guitar,
 And bowed before the Russian czar.
 "Now, then," he cried, "To see a star,
 And then, through Borrioboolaga,
 I'll hie me on to Beersheba."

The rocks of granite out he threw,
 And up aloft he quickly flew;
 Then, fast receding from his view,
 The houses small and smaller grew.
 He shivered, coughed, and sneezed "A-chew!"

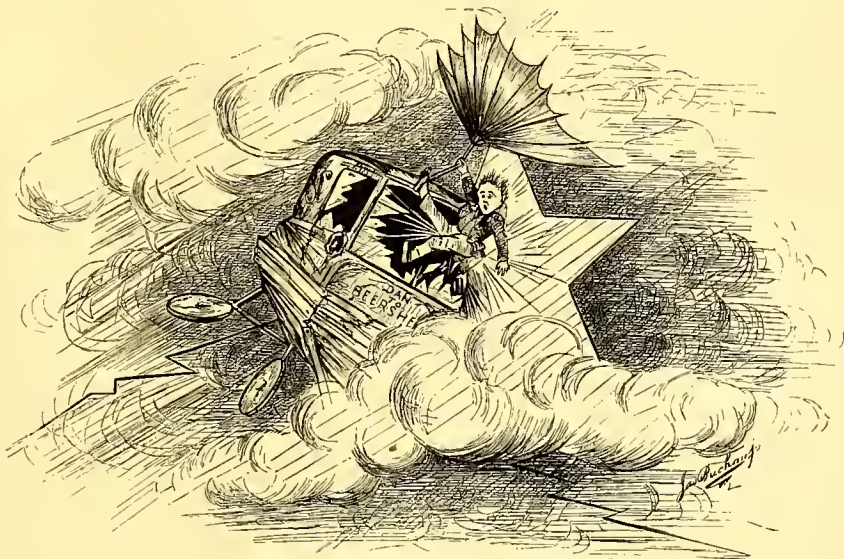


His ears were red, his nose was blue.
 "Oh, dear!" he cried, "What shall I do?"
 For he was frightened through and through,
 And never thought to laugh "Ha! ha!"
 But wished himself in Beersheba.

Because of clouds of rain and snow
 He could not see the way to go;
 He struck a star a sudden blow,
 And, in a thousand bits or so,

The car went tumbling down below.
 Some pieces fell in Africa,
 And some in Dan and Beersheba.

But Master Moono in the sky
 Was doomed for aye to live and die;
 Sometimes he hides his face to cry,
 Sometimes he only shows an eye,
 Sometimes, with many a star, ha! ha!
 He shines on Dan and Beersheba.



MYSTERY IN A MANSION.

(A Story of an S. S.)

BY * * *

CHAPTER XI.

THE REGATTA.



HE Chief when he first spoke of his desire to witness the boat-race, said, "Your regatta"; then he turned and

walked with Fred and Belle over the fields to the creek, carrying Belle's light basket, and before they had reached the boat he said, "Our regatta," for by this time they had

arranged for one in which four single-oared and two double-oared crews were to be entered as contestants.

"Now," said Fred, "if you will only come at once and speak to Papa, we can begin by twelve o'clock."

"You think he will consent?"

"After I have spoken to him, I am sure he will," said Fred, with a dignity Belle much admired.

"Of course," said the Chief. "The whole Brotherhood—that is, I mean,—all the boys wont enter. There are four of you?"

"Five, counting Kitty," said Fred.

"Does she row?" asked the Chief.

"Capitally," said Fred. "And she is specially good on a spurt. She holds out very well, too, and she will be sure to insist on entering, so we might as well count her in."

"Do you row?" said the Chief, turning to Belle.

"A little," said Belle. "But not enough to enter in a race. Mamma and I were going to give the prizes."

"That 's a good idea," said he. "Now I 'll go back and tell the boys, and we shall row up."

"It will be all right, Will!" cried Fred, as he turned his boat up the creek again.

The Chief nodded, and hurried back to give his orders to the Loyal Brothers.

When Fred and Belle at length drew near the party up the creek, they found them all on shore and busy making a fire. Sandy and his mother had caught some fish, and a fry and a coffee-boil were decided upon. That this was, in some degree, premeditated, was proved by the fact that

Sandy had brought a coffee-pot and a frying-pan in his boat.

"Papa," said Fred, hurrying up to where his father lay on the grass, watching Sandy and Kitty gather up dried sticks, "you look as if you would be glad to have some of the trouble of the regatta taken off your hands. I met," here he raised his voice a little, and spoke very distinctly,— "I met the Chief——"

"The who?" said his father.

"The Chief and Napoleon Bonaparte, and some of the others."

"That was nice," said Kitty, trying not to look surprised. "But you need not be so mysterious. Cousin Robert knows all about it."

"He does!" exclaimed Fred; "and I told the Chief that tortures could n't draw it from you."

"I kept my word!" said Kitty, a little hotly. "I said I should tell Cousin Robert. That made all the trouble."

"They said girls could n't keep a secret," said Fred, still teasing.

"Keep what?" asked Sandy. "If it is Kitty's secret, she would n't tell me."

"I told no one but Cousin Robert," said Kitty, putting her sticks into the fire. "But Fred is telling every one!"

"She has the best of you, Fred," said his father.

"It is n't a secret," said Fred. "The whole thing is broken up."

"Who said it was n't a secret?" cried Kitty.

"The Chief," replied Fred.

"That is lovely!" and Kitty, between the fire and delight, grew very red. "Now, Sandy, I 'll tell you all about it. You see, I met Harry Briscom in the hall upstairs, and he had Napoleon Bonaparte shut up in the dark room, and he asked me if I would be State's evidence, and I——"

"Goodness!" exclaimed Sandy, "don't tell me all, tell me part."

"But don't you see?" said Kitty.

"Begin at the beginning," said Fred. "But first I want to tell you that I asked Will Lewis—he is the Chief (you know he was at Bagsby's last term, Sandy)—to take a share in our regatta. He wanted to, and they have some boats. They seem to be nice boys, Papa."

"They are very amusing," said his father. "Will they come in costume?"

"What on earth is it all about?" exclaimed Sandy. "What is it, Belle?"

"I don't know," said Belle. "It is some sort of society, and they all have names."

"Don't you really know?" cried Kitty. "Did n't the Chief tell you?"

"Not much," confessed Fred, his curiosity conquering him.

"Did he really say it was n't a secret?"

"He said it made no difference, for it was all broken up."

"Very well," said Kitty, greatly rejoiced. "Just call Cousin Jule, and Donald, and sit down on the grass, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Begin at the beginning," said Sandy.

"And hurry up, for they'll be here soon," said Fred.

So they all sat down on the grass, and with much animation, and many interruptions, Kitty told the story of the Brotherhood, and Sandy declared it must be fun, and he would be the Chief if Will Lewis resigned. Donald said it was ridiculous, and Belle privately resolved to ask Will Lewis to have it all again, when she would be Mary, Queen of Scots.

"I rather like to be the Invader," said Mr. Baird. "For I ——"

"Oh, I tell you!" cried Kitty, jumping up in great excitement. "Let us tie Cousin Robert's hands behind him, and muss up his hair, and that old coat could be torn a little, and let us present him to the Chief as a captured Invader."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Baird, "that is a charming proposition! Then, suppose they carry on the joke, and duck me in the creek?"

"Oh, we should n't let them do that!" cried Kitty. "We should rescue you. We should n't let them touch you. It would be perfectly lovely!"

"Thank you, Kitty," said her cousin. "But if I play the frog and the boys, I won't be the frog."

"Here they come!" shouted Sandy, jumping up.

The Chief had been mistaken in one respect. All the tribe did come. As soon as the regatta was mentioned, each one of the boys said he would go, and not one of them volunteered to stay behind. So now they had six boats in all.

The "Helen," the "Marian," the "Fly-catcher," and the "Neptune" were all small boats, to be rowed by one pair of oars, while the "Jolly Fisherman" and "King Charles" were for four oars.

The Brotherhood fastened their boats and came up to the fire. They were a pleasant, good-humored looking little company, and Mr. Baird was quite sincere when he said he was glad to see them.

The first announcement was made by Napoleon

Bonaparte, who said they had brought flags. As the Bairds had none, they had to confiscate ribbons and handkerchiefs, and make three. After this was done, they arranged the terms of the race.

The four small boats were to be entered together, and were to be manned by Fred, Will Lewis, Donald, and Don Quixote, as oarsmen nearest in size, and, possibly, in skill. Then the "Jolly Fisherman" and "King Charles," with Sandy, Harry Briscoe, Robinson Crusoe, and Rob Roy; Robin Hood, Kitty, Captain Kidd, and Napoleon Bonaparte made up two other crews for a second race, and then Mr. Baird and Kitty were to row in the "Marian" against two in each of the other small boats.

They were to start at a great willow tree, and to come back to it. Belle was to be the starter, and with Mrs. Baird, judge and umpire.

The prizes were, first: a new deep-sea line, owned by Donald; then a gold watch-key, broken, but still a key, and still gold; and, finally, sixteen lead-pencils of different sizes, contributed by the whole party. The small boat winning the most races was to be the flag-ship of the squadron, and the best single-oarsman was to have a rosette, made out of Mrs. Baird's blue neck-ribbon.

After the race was over, a few more fish were to be caught, and then they were to have luncheon.

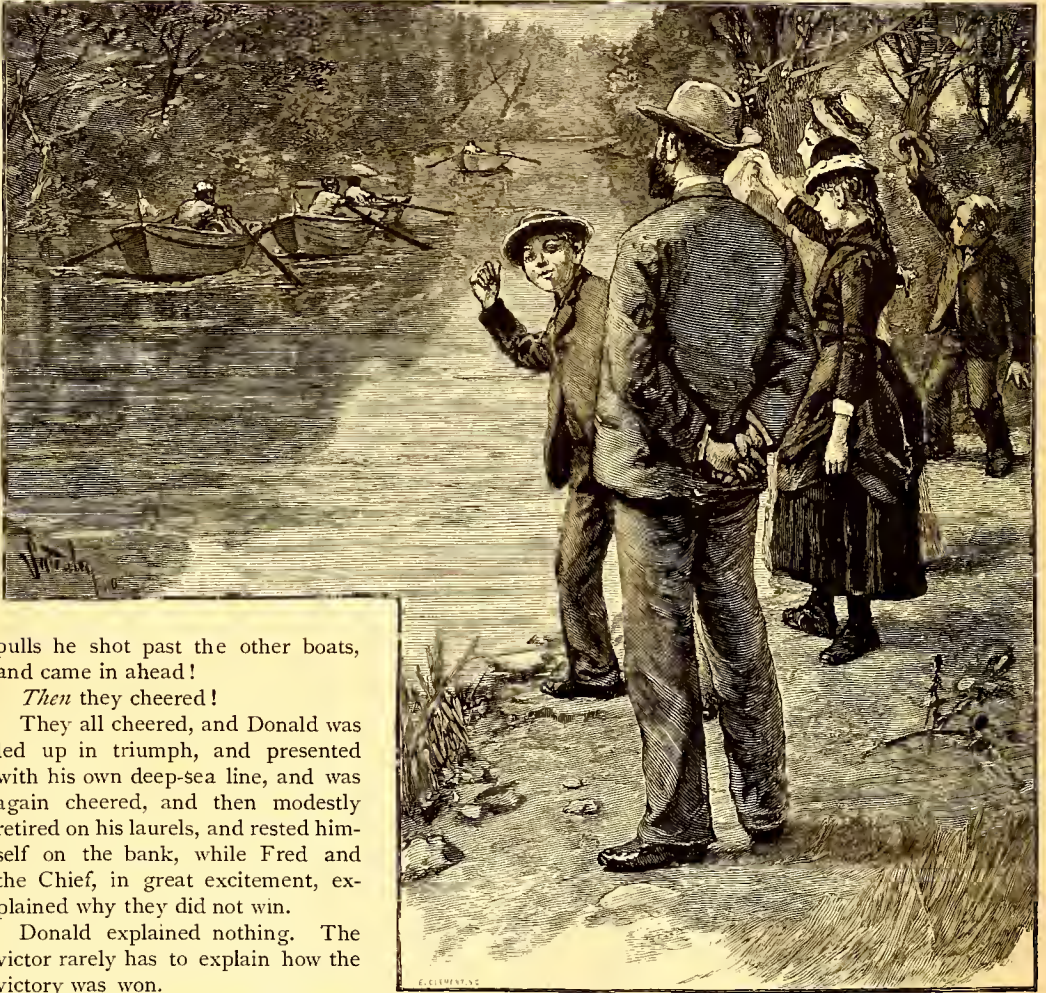
These arrangements were all concluded, Kitty announced that she rowed as Sir Walter Raleigh, and they hurried down to the bank of the river, and the boats were manned.

The day was fine, the water smooth, and, amid much applause, the four boats started off. Fred took the lead at once. He pulled with quick, nervous strokes, and was, in a moment, a boat's length ahead of the others. The Chief saw this, he gave a few strong pulls, and was alongside. Don Quixote made such uneven strokes that it was evident he was wasting strength, but Donald, hardly turning his head, rowed on steadily and evenly. He lost nothing. The Chief and Fred put out all their strength against each other. It was evident that they felt the race lay between them, and that the others counted for little.

They were now going with the tide, and pulled well. Donald was not excited, but when they turned and came back against the tide, it was plainly to be seen that he had reserved his strength to some purpose. Fred and the Chief were still ahead, and still kept close. As they drew near the willow tree, cries of applause, of encouragement, sounded from the shore; each one had his friends, and each boat was cheered lustily. Fred pulled like a little giant, he looked red and hot; the Chief now led, and the Brotherhood cheered him. They were almost at the tree!

Don Quixote was hopelessly behind, Donald close to Fred. Again the Brotherhood hurrahed. The Chief rowed with zeal, and Fred came up alongside of him. Then Donald bent to his work; he was not hot nor tired; he had measured his strength and had not spent it, and with a few strong

most girls she worked up under excitement, and "King Charles" at once took the lead, and kept it, and came in all excitement, glory, and applause, far ahead of the "Jolly Fisherman," and so Kitty, as the representative of the crew, became the delighted receiver of the golden watch-key.



pulls he shot past the other boats, and came in ahead!

Then they cheered!

They all cheered, and Donald was led up in triumph, and presented with his own deep-sea line, and was again cheered, and then modestly retired on his laurels, and rested himself on the bank, while Fred and the Chief, in great excitement, explained why they did not win.

Donald explained nothing. The victor rarely has to explain how the victory was won.

Then Belle again took her place under the willow. The "Jolly Fisherman" and "King Charles" were manned by eager and excited crews, and they started off.

Mr. Baird did not like the arrangement of these crews. Kitty and the smaller boys were in the same boat, and he thought the division unwise. But, as it happened, the very best oarsman of the whole Brotherhood was stout little Captain Kidd, and he and Kitty rowed together, stroke for stroke, like machines. Kitty always rowed well, and like

Then they changed the programme, and had luncheon.

They did not wait to catch more fish, but put all their stores together, and ate everything, and felt fresher.

It was also judged best for Mr. Baird and Kitty not to row together, as Kitty had proved herself such a champion, so Mr. Baird took Robin Hood, and Kitty rowed with Robinson Crusoe. The

"DON QUIXOTE WAS HOPELESSLY BEHIND."

beginning of this race was not satisfactory. The "Neptune" sprang a leak, and the other boats were stopped to find a piece of tallow that was always carried by some one of the Brotherhood in case of such a disaster. No one had it, and then it was found in the possession of Don Quixote, who stood under the willow with Belle. The "Helen" went after it, and the leak was stopped, and the race began again.

It was won by Donald and Robin Hood, in the "Marian," so each received eight lead-pencils; Donald bore off the rosette, and the "Marian," winner in two races, mounted all the flags, and Mrs. Baird was rowed home in it by Donald, the champion.

CHAPTER XII.

POMP AND CEREMONY.

AS MIGHT have been expected, it was not long before the Band of Loyal Brothers was reorganized, and increased with new members.

After the regatta, the Brotherhood was always happening in at Greystone. Sometimes Captain Kidd appeared at Patty's kitchen door, with a string of fish, or Don Quixote and some of the others brought birds. One afternoon, the Chief came with a lawn scythe and a set of croquet, and soon made a fine level for the game on the lawn.

The Bairds all liked the boys, and there was no doubt of their liking the Bairds. They took the girls out rowing one lovely starlight night, and Belle and the Chief sang song after song together, to every one's delight, and then Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been a chorister one winter, sang hymns in a sweet, girlish voice, and Kitty was so pleased she wanted to kiss the little chap. They played checkers and guessed puzzles in the evening, by the light of Mrs. Lambert's lamp, and one rainy day they had charades in the great parlor.

It was, therefore, very proper, and very inevitable, that the tribe should again come to life.

"I don't see how you ever came to think of such a thing," said Donald, one evening, as the Chief and Lord Leicester sat on the porch steps.

"We did n't think of it all at once," said the Chief, "it came little by little. It began with my sister. My older brothers had a secret society, so Emily and I thought we'd have one. The 'B. O. B.' (Bower of Beauty), we called it!—and one day my uncle said that somebody, I don't know who, said that if we wanted to know how people felt when they said cross, or pleasant, or stupid things, we should try to look like them, and we, too, should feel cross or pleasant."

"I don't believe that," said Fred, "and yet, perhaps, if I should go about with my eyebrows

raised, and my forehead puckered, I might get to feel as anxious as Uncle Pcyton looks."

"Don't be personal," said Mrs. Baird, glancing at Kitty, but Kitty was not thinking of her father, nor of his eyebrows, but exclaimed:

"And so you tried looking like Napoleon Bonaparte, and all that? I don't believe one of you could feel like him, nor Captain Kidd, neither."

"That was n't all my uncle said," continued the Chief; "he went on talking about great people, and he said no one ever became great without having in himself some reason for it—some sort of power, you know."

"I don't know about that," said Sandy; "sometimes people are lucky. There was your Benidicto, you know, Belle!"

"But there must be something in the people, you see," said Donald. "No luck in the world could make a man stand up if he had no bones, and 'power,' as Will calls it, must take the place of bones in character."

"Very well stated," said Mr. Baird; "but—go on, Will."

"So my uncle said that when he was a boy, he was an awful coward. He would n't even go anywhere in the dark through the house, and his mother, to make him braver, used to call him her little Washington, and he was ashamed to be a coward then. And so he said it was n't a bad plan for children to cure themselves of their faults by playing they were some one else, and choosing some character that was just what they ought to be. Our Emily was all the time finding fault, and telling tales, so he said she had better be Don Quixote, who thought everybody good and beautiful, and who tried to help people out of trouble instead of blaming them. I was lazy and I was all the time thinking I could n't do this or that, and wanting people to help me, so he told me to play that I was Robinson Crusoe, for he had to depend on himself, and believe he could do things, and think about the best way of doing them. That was a long time ago."

"Did you do it?" asked Kitty.

"Certainly. It was lots of fun. The 'B. O. B.' was an old tool-house, and we played it was Robinson Crusoe's cave, and Don Quixote came there in a ship."

"What good did it do you?" asked Fred.

"A good deal," said Will. "I could n't have been Chief of the Brotherhood if I had n't been used to planning, as Robinson Crusoe. These boys need a great deal of thinking done for them!"

"Then, how came the Brotherhood?" said Mrs. Baird.

"Oh, that was easy enough! We all came up here to spend the summer, and a good many of us

used to go to the same school,—before I went to Bagsby's, Fred,—and we thought we'd have a tribe, and so it came to be the Band of Loyal Brothers, and I thought of this old play of ours. We have had a real good time."

"I don't doubt that," said Mr. Baird. "I should n't mind being a Loyal Brother myself. I don't know what character I had better choose. I might be so many things I am not."

"You have your character," cried Kitty; "you never could be anything but the Baron Baird, the Invader."

"That is hard on me," her cousin said, "for if I have ever tried to do one thing, it has been not to interfere with other people, and to mind my own affairs."

"We were not particular about that part of it," said the Lord Leicester. "The Chief did propose it, but we could n't agree about our faults. Nobody would own up, you see. Now, there is Robinson Crusoe. Of course he has very rough manners, anybody could see that, and when I proposed that he should be Lord Chesterfield, and so get better ones, he got up and wanted to knock me over. None of us could see our faults just as the others did, so we just chose the character we liked best. I always thought Lord Leicester was a fine fellow, and not well used, so I took him."

"Then," said Donald, "I tell you who I'd like to be—Marco Bozzaris, rushing in with my Greeks on the Turks."

"You would n't like to be killed?" said Belle.

"No; I'd have that altered. I should win the victory and free my country, and be crowned king."

And so, one afternoon that week, three boats mysteriously glided up to the bank just beyond Greystone Wharf, and in silence and with cautious steps, the Chief, Don Quixote, Robin Hood, Captain Kidd, Robinson Crusoe, Napoleon Bonaparte, Rob Roy, and Pocahontas (who had been away for several days) took their way to Greystone Castle.

The Council Chamber was lighted only by the fire burning in the open fire-place, and by a candle in a bottle. The pitch-pine torches, as yet unlighted, were leaning against the wall; other candles, also in bottles, were on the mantel-piece, and the rug, upon which the Gypsy Chief sat, was in its place in front of the fire. Green branches were strewn upon the floor, and in one corner was a seat covered with an old red table-cover, and long enough for three to sit upon without much crowding, and Lord Leicester was in waiting.

In silence the Brotherhood passed into the out-kitchen, and when they came back, each brother was in costume, and each wore his mask. Then all the candles and the pitch-pine torches were lighted, and Rob Roy and Robin Hood, holding the torches,

took their places beside the Chief, who sat upon his rug, wearing his red cloak and cap.

Lord Leicester and Don Quixote then left the room, and in a moment voices and steps were heard in the hall. Next, all was silent, and then the door opened, and there entered:

The Captured Invader, with his hands tied in front.

A Quakeress (Mrs. Baird).

Sir Walter Raleigh (Kitty).

Bluebeard (Sandy).

Mary, Queen of Scots (Belle).

The Duke of Wellington (Donald).

King Arthur (Fred).

These were separately announced by Lord Leicester, and received by the Chief, standing. They, also, were masked.

"The Invader," said the Chief, promptly proceeding to business, "is put under guard." And at a signal, made by the Chief, who touched his forehead, Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe at once stepped to the Invader's side, and laid their hands on his shoulders. He trembled. He trembled so violently that his knees shook, and Sir Walter Raleigh laughed, but immediately checked herself.

"The ladies," said the Chief, "I welcome," and then he gave another sign, by laying two fingers of one hand in the palm of the other, and Captain Kidd and Napoleon Bonaparte conducted the Quakeress and the Queen of Scots to the covered seat.

"Sir Walter Raleigh," began the Chief.

"Oh, I'll stay with the other boys—the other knights, I mean," said Kitty.

"Sir Walter Raleigh," resumed the Chief, "I welcome *you!*"

He had not intended to say this, but it was well thought of, and well received.

Then King Arthur advanced, and dropping upon one knee, he asked for admission to the Band of Loyal Brothers; he asked it for himself, and for his company of pilgrims.

"Are ye true and tried?" said the Chief.

"True," replied King Arthur, "but not yet tried."

The Chief hesitated a moment, then he said:

"My sword!"

And Lord Leicester handed him his sword. It was long and bright, and the Chief held it up in the air.

"Swear!" he cried.

"I swear!" repeated King Arthur, adding, in a low, quick voice, "don't you let that come down on my head."

"Swear you will be secret concerning all that concerns the Band of Loyal Brothers."

"I swear!" said King Arthur.

"Swear that you will obey the Chief, and not ask reasons of him."

"I swear!" repeated King Arthur.

"Swear that you will aid the poor, and defend the innocent."

"I swear!" said he, and Sir Walter Raleigh turned and looked at Robin Hood and Napoleon Bonaparte, as if she had just been reminded of something.

"Rise, Sir Knight!" cried the Chief, giving the candidate a whack on the shoulder with his sword, and quickly adding, "I hope I did n't hurt you, Fred?"

King Arthur rubbed his shoulder, but said nothing.

Then the Duke of Wellington, arrayed in a three-cornered hat, and a water-proof cloak, advanced, knelt, and was sworn in. Bluebeard followed, and then Sir Walter Raleigh came forward.

By this time the ceremony of admitting the new members had become a little monotonous, but when the Chief said: "Swear never again to reveal the secrets of this prison-house," Sir Walter Raleigh created some sensation by promptly asking:

"Do you mean I ever did tell?"

"I do," replied the Chief.

"Well, I did n't," said Sir Walter, getting up off her knees, "and it is very mean in you to say so. Did I?" she said, turning to Robin Hood.

"No, you did n't," he answered. "At least, I don't believe you did."

"And you and Napoleon Bonaparte promised to be my champions?"

The champions nodded their heads.

"I don't know about that," said Bluebeard, mischievously. "Of course, when she was a girl, she could have champions, but now she's Sir Walter, she ought, of course, to fight for herself."

"Very well," said Sir Walter. "I don't want any champions. I dare anybody who says I told anything, excepting to Cousin Robert, to fight."

"To single combat," corrected King Arthur.

"To single combat," added Sir Walter.

The Brotherhood looked upon this with interest. The band had never had a combat, and now to have the glove thrown down, as a knight would have said, by a girl, was novel and exciting.

"But nobody can fight her," said Robinson Crusoe.

"Why not?" said Sir Walter, with spirit, and taking off her mask. "I don't mean to fight like you boys, with fists, but with lances, as the knights used to do."

"And on horseback," suggested the Captured Invader.

"I forbid fighting," said the Quakeress, getting

up. "Friends, ye must not engage in deeds of strife."

"But her—his—I mean, Sir Walter's honor?" said the Captured Invader.

"Let her be tried by her brethren," said the Quakeress, sitting down.

The Brotherhood immediately unmasked, and each put his mask in his pocket, with an air of not having meant to do it.

"She can't be tried," said the Duke of Wellington, who knew something of law and order, "until she is a member, and she has n't been made one yet."

"Kneel!" cried the Chief, and Sir Walter knelt, and was gently touched by the sword, and told to arise.

"Now," said she, "to-night I shall watch my armor."

"Come, Belle," said Bluebeard, and Mary, Queen of Scots, came forward.

"I don't know what to do," said the Chief, "girls were never knighted."

"Give her the right hand of fellowship," suggested Lord Leicester.

"No, I thank you," the Queen promptly replied. "If I am going to be a member, I'll be made one just as you are."

"Crown her," said Donald, and the Chief looked his gratitude, and taking off the high fabric of roses and green leaves with which the royal head was adorned, he put it back again, and said:

"Thou art crowned Queen," and Belle arose, saying regretfully:

"I ought to have been knighted," but as the Chief then asked her to sit upon the royal rug at his side, she was reconciled. Still, as honors always bring their own penalties, Belle found that her position was a hot one, but she, like a certain king of Spain, said nothing, but sat still, and bore the fire.

Then the Quakeress, fair and gentle in her gray dress, and white cap, and kerchief, was allowed to say "yea" and "nay" to her vows, but she was not knighted, of course.

After this was all done, and all the candidates were admitted to membership, it was proposed that it was now time to try the Captured Invader. The tribe then sat down in a circle, and the prisoner was placed in the middle, but as he was too tall for comfort in looking at him, he was requested to sit down, and did so.

He was then asked his name, and how he came there. He said he was the Baron Baird, and had but returned to the home of his ancestors.

This, no one denied, but the Chief told him that the castle was captured, and in the hands of the foe, and he was immediately sent out of the room, under the charge of his guards, and the Brother-

hood went through the formality of a vote upon his sentence.

Some voted for banishment, some for imprisonment for life, some declared he ought to be released, and one, Pocahontas, proposed that he should be pardoned, and his castle be returned to him. Then the Chief said he would take no vote, and he sent for the prisoner.

"We have agreed," and he looked around the tribe, and tried to keep from smiling, "to banish you for twelve months, and then to exact your return to Greystone with your family, to report, and—in—the—interval—l—lay—you—under tribute!"

At this unexpected sentence, the tribe looked surprised, but the Chief ordered the Invader's hands to be unbound, and a detail of Bluebeard and Captain Kidd was made to go for the tribute, and they were asked to leave the door open.

"While they are gone," said Don Quixote, "we might arrange for the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh."

"No, you need n't," said Pocahontas; "I told it! You see, I thought that if other girls belonged my sister might, and I was tired of being a squaw; I wanted to be Nero, or Shakspeare, and as Kitty Baird would n't be Pocahontas, I asked our Nelly to be, and I did n't think to tell her not to tell the other girls. If I had been here and known all the fuss, I'd have told you long ago!"

The Brotherhood arose. They each spoke, and at the same moment, and there is no knowing how fearful might have been the consequences of this confession, had not Sandy, or rather Bluebeard, and Captain Kidd entered, with the tribute, in a large clothes-basket.

The Queen of Scots, who began to feel afraid she would share the fate of the Spanish king, and be roasted alive, proposed that they should go to some quiet, retired spot in the garden, and there unpack the tribute, and there was at once a joyful cry of assent, and a quick rush into the fresh air.

The tribute was worthy of the Baron, for the basket contained a pie made of birds, shot by Lord Leicester, and cooked by Patty; bread and butter, peaches, a dish of hot fish, caught by Captain Kidd, and also cooked by Patty; gingerbread, milk, and finally, a peck of California pea-nuts, over which the Brotherhood sat until dark, and discussed the past, the present, and the future.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT IN THE MELON-FIELD, AND THE LAST ADVENTURE.

KITTY was decided in her determination to watch her armor, and as she had no sword of her

own, she borrowed the one belonging to the Chief, and this, with the shawl she had draped as a cloak, and her hat and plume, made up the armor, which she placed in the room opening into her own. Here she said she should watch one hour.

"In the night?" asked Sandy.

"In the night," responded Kitty; and she went to bed at once, so as to have a little nap first, and as she had hurt her foot, Patty followed with a soft, warm bread-and-milk poultice to bind on it. Kitty did not want the poultice, but Patty assured her that it would remove all the soreness, and so she yielded, and the foot was neatly bound up, and Kitty, half dressed, lay down to take her nap.

When Belle came up to bed, she laughed. Kitty was sound asleep, and there was no sign of her waking!

But she did awaken. It was not her anxiety to watch her armor that aroused her, but the poultice. It had grown cold and hard, and was uncomfortable. So Kitty sat up, took it off, rolled it up into a ball, and threw it across the room. Then she thought of her armor. The idea of getting up was not pleasant. "Donald was right," she thought; "it is all nonsense, and it is dark, and my foot is sore, and I am so sleepy, and—— yet, when they ask me to-morrow——" and she paused. Then she determined to get up, but first to rest a moment. So she lay down again, but at that moment she heard a little noise, and she sprang up.

Some one laughed!

It was suppressed, but it was a laugh. Then she heard a noise as though some one had knocked over a boot, and she at once jumped up and ran to the door and listened.

Some one in the boys' room was up!

She ran into the hall. The moon was shining; there was no light in the house, but she could hear the boys softly moving about. In a moment she heard them coming out, so she hid in the corner, and all three passed without seeing her. Then she was about to run back into her own room, when her cousin Robert's door opened, and he came out, paused, and then followed the boys.

It did not take many seconds for Kitty to dress after this, and without disturbing Belle, she soon stole out of the room, with a pair of overshoes on her feet. She had no pain, she forgot all about her wounded foot and Patty's injunctions to be careful, as she flew down stairs and out at the back door, which was open.

No one was to be seen.

She ran lightly toward the "Council Chamber," but here all was silent. Then she turned and ran north, and when she reached the end of the garden fence, she saw Mr. Baird cross the lane. The boys were not in sight. Mr. Baird was now in the

shadow of the bushes, and, in as deep shelter, Kitty went after him. Her overshoes came off, she picked them up, and pursued her way in great happiness and in her stocking-feet. Her cousin followed Farmer Saunders's fence, and when he came to the great gate, he disappeared. Kitty stood still, aghast.

It was not possible that her cousin and the boys were going to rob Farmer Saunders's water-melon field! But she resolved to see all that was to be

greatest distress, for, although Kitty loved mischief, she also loved honor, and she saw no fun in this robbing at night.

There was a slight movement in the bushes near her, and by peeping through the branches she saw her cousin, Mr. Baird. He was not five feet from her. She drew back. Then she thought she would whisper to him to be merciful. Then she felt as though she must scream and alarm the boys, and then, suddenly, out of the silence, came a voice,



"THE INVADER IS PUT UNDER GUARD." [SEE PAGE 430.]

seen, so she crept under the fence, and was soon in the field, in a thicket of elderberry-bushes.

Here she saw an exciting spectacle.

The water-melon field was being robbed!

There was quite a pile of the fruit in one corner, and near it lay what she could see in the bright moonlight was evidently a number of bags.

Could it be! Were the Loyal Brothers thieves, and had her cousins come out to help them!

Oh, if she only had heard them before her cousin Robert! If they only had told her! What could she do? She crouched down under a black-berry-bush, she wrung her hands, she was in the

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singing in a clear, sweet tone, but with piercing accents:

"And so the Judgment surely comes, Beware! Beware!
The one who sins, the one who runs, Beware! Beware!"

The thieves stopped as if they had been shot. The voice went on:

"The one who steals his neighbor's goods, Beware! Beware!"

It arose high and shrill, and in a second the thieves turned—they flew. They stopped for neither fruit nor bag, but, fear lending them wings, they went like deer before the hunter.

Then out of the bushes came Fred, Donald, and Sandy, and they stood still and laughed, but when from his concealment, with his hat over his eyes, came Mr. Baird, they, too, turned and were about to run, when he spoke: "I should n't do that," he said; "a stranger might think you guilty."

"Did you see them?" said Sandy. "It just popped into my head to give them a good fright. My goodness, did n't they run!"

"How came you to know they were here?" asked his father.

"I heard them," said Sandy. "I awakened, and I thought I would see if Kitty were watching her armor, and as I went back to bed, I heard a whistle, so I looked through the window and there were two strange men! One said, 'They've forgotten the bags,' and then three more men came along, and so I called the boys, and we followed them. But how did you come here?"

"I heard you, and I thought you were all bound to watch armor, so I thought I'd see how you did it. When you came out-of-doors, I followed. I was really curious then. Was Kitty up?"

"No, indeed! She went waken. But was n't it funny? As soon as I called Fred, he said they were coming here. I don't see how he guessed it."

"That was easy enough," said Fred, with an air of superiority. "Do you think they'll come back?"

"No," said their father, "but we had better stay about a little while."

But Kitty did not stay. She crept stealthily by bush and fence, and, unseen, gained the house, and when Mr. Baird and Fred came back, they were cheerfully saluted by Sir Walter Raleigh, who came out of the moonlit room arrayed in cloak and hat, and carrying her sword.

Then she went to bed, and she did not know until she went down to breakfast that Sandy had found her overshoes in the field, where, in her ex-

citement, she had left them. As they had a red "K. B." on the inside, there was no difficulty in deciding who was the owner.

Then the whole story was told, and everybody was amused excepting Belle, who found it difficult to forgive Kitty for not calling her.

This was the last of the Greystone adventures, for the next day the Bairds left for home.

The Loyal Brothers were disconsolate. It was true that they also were going in a week or two, but they wanted to keep the whole party together. Of course, all the Invader's family, excepting, perhaps, Patty, would have gladly staid, but business called Mr. Baird back, and he would not leave the children.

That evening the Brotherhood had a farewell meeting, and it was determined to return the next year, to keep the tribe in existence, to retain the present Chief in office, and to accept the Invader's invitation to dine with him in a body, at his home, the Saturday after Thanksgiving. And so, when the steam-boat stopped the next day, and took the browned and merry party, with their bags and bundles, on board, the Brotherhood stood on the wharf, and cheered and waved handkerchiefs, and on the boat hats were taken off, handkerchiefs were waved, and everybody cheered and bowed, and Rob Roy, to the surprise of every one, fired off a Roman candle. The passengers did not know the meaning of this, but they waved and hurraed all the same, and away went the boat!

A week after, Mr. Baird received a note from the Chief. It was short and to the point:

"Did you know," it said, "that, through some strange oversight, you were never made a member of the Loyal Brothers? Should you like to be? If so, when? What title do you prefer?"

To this, Mr. Baird answered: "I had not thought of it, but I am amazed that I did not. I should. Next summer. The Captured Invader."

THE END.

MY BAROMETER.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

I HAVE a birthday present that stands upon my desk;
'T is a tiny, painted house,
Big enough to hold a mouse,
And in it live two people of manners most grotesque.

The house has bits of windows, a door to left and right,
And a little yard before,
On a level with the floor;
And when one door is open, the other is shut tight.



Two funny little people go in and out the doors;
 Before a body knows,
 One comes out, the other goes;
 And one is dressed in rubber and one is dressed in
 gauze.

When the little door springs open, upon the farther
 side,
 Then a little man appears
 With a cap drawn to his ears,
 And a small and stiff umbrella, forever opened wide,

With shiny boots of rubber, and a rubber coat of gray.
 And he stands outside his door
 For a week, sometimes, or more;
 Or, perhaps, within an hour, he comes and goes away.

And no sooner has he vanished from his accustomed
 place
 Than the other door springs wide,
 And, upon the other side,
 Comes out a little woman, all furbelows and lace—

The queerest little woman that you could chance to
 see;
 With a fan and parasol,
 And a wonderful lace shawl,
 And plumes and flowers and flounces, and other
 finery.

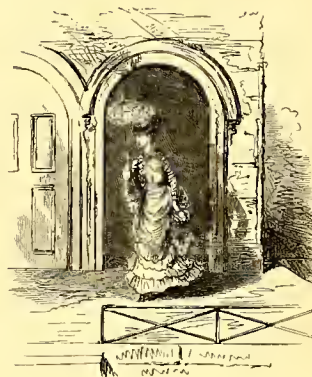
Sometimes she makes a longer, sometimes a shorter stay,
 But the little man must know
 And watch for her to go,
 For he comes, with his umbrella, as soon as she's away.

Now, this pair of Lilliputians have better wit than mine;
 For they both know very well
 ('T is a wonder how they tell!)
 Just when the storms are coming, and when the sun will shine.

When the little man's door opens, the skies are overcast.
 Stormy all the days remain
 Till the man goes in again,
 And I see the little woman, and storms are overpast.

So I, who watch them, know full well if skies will shine, or lower,
 For the little man will go
 Ere a ray of sun can show;
 And the little woman never was caught in any shower.

Both the weather-wise small people, however odd they be,
 Have grown good friends of mine;
 And, if days be dull or fine,
 Still the man, or else the woman, will keep me company.



FOXY CONFUCIUS.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT.

THIS is the story of a little yellow dog. His look was intelligence itself. I give his portrait. But he was not all yellow,—or he might have been a mean dog. And he was not mean.

His nose, meant to sniff around in the dirt, was black, as was fitting, and Nature had completed the harmonious coloring of his exterior by dipping the extreme end of his bushy tail in her ink-pot.

Foxy selected me to be his master. He liked me

of hurting it. In and out between my feet the creature went, until I reached a gas-light, where the cause of the trouble was fully revealed.

It was Foxy Confucius!

As I stopped, he got from under me, looked me full in the eye, as he stood directly in front of me, cocked up one ear, and wagged his tail.

I looked at him again. He cocked up his other ear. "It's all right, is n't it?" he seemed to say.

I struck at him with my cane. He did not budge, but merely put down his tail a little way, and looked at me from the corner of his eye.

"Oh, it's all right, of course," said I, then. "Come along, if you wish."

We went along the street once more. I stretched out my hand to him. Oh, how he did jump, almost twice his own length from the ground! We reached home. I had a night-key. "Foxy," or "Tramp," as I then called him, was soon installed in the bachelor apartment of the humble writer of this account of him.

I undressed and went to bed. Foxy did the same. No, not exactly that; he merely went to bed, curled himself up in a corner, giving me a parting wink as he turned over.

As I was obliged to introduce him next morning to my landlady, I thought up for him the name which heads this story, because he had shown signs of being a philosopher, and because he looked like a fox. "Tramp" did not sound well.

I regret to say that Foxy's reception was not calculated to warm his heart toward the landlady, and other ladies present in the breakfast-room.

"What a mean little mongrel cur," was the sole expression of admiration I could hear.

Foxy looked sad. His ears, his head, and his tail drooped. I felt that he could not enjoy the society into which I had introduced him. I got him upstairs, and gave him breakfast in my room,—two fine mutton chops on a clean newspaper.

Foxy soon finished his breakfast, and then regarded me with a questioning air, as much as to say, "What next?"

"Well, Foxy, I think we'll take a stroll in Washington Square. You may there see some other dogs, friends of yours, perhaps."

We went out. Foxy at first seemed very fearful I should run away from him, and kept his nose close to my heels all the time.

He gained courage, however, after some fifteen minutes, and commenced jumping up at my hat,



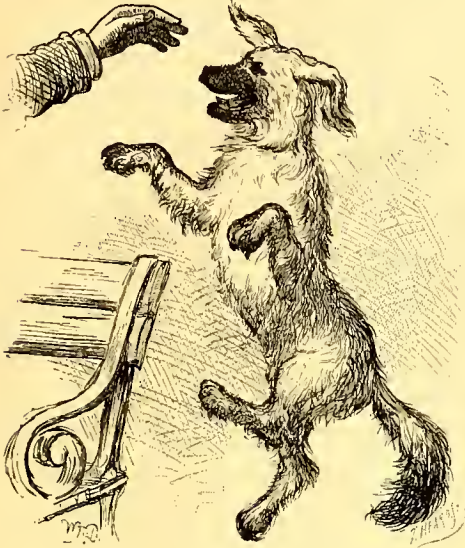
"HIS PORTRAIT."

first, and made me like him after. There was never such another dog as Foxy in existence.

But why such a long name to such a short little dog? you will ask. Confucius, you know, was a great Chinese philosopher. Confucius, you notice, is Foxy's family name. He belongs to the somewhat small family of philosophers. Foxy is his Christian name, and denotes his general sharp, knowing aspect. He really, for a dog, looks very much like a fox, as you can see by again referring to his portrait.

It was late, about 11 o'clock in the evening of a warm day in September, that, passing down a street I rarely visited, I was suddenly interrupted in my onward progress by something that would get between my feet. I could scarcely see it, for the night was dark. Something quite soft. It did not itself seem to be afraid of being hurt. I was afraid

which he almost reached with his little black muzzle, and I stand six feet high. There was life in the little fellow, as well as intelligence. I did not suppose a dog of his size and build could jump as



TAKING EXERCISE IN THE PARK.

he did. My walk lasted half an hour. He was scarcely two feet from me the whole time.

I went home again, and sat down to my work. Foxy went to sleep. Lunch-time came, and a slice of bread for Foxy. Then more work for me, more sleep for him. In the evening, after having given my dog his dinner (a very substantial one, too, for he had a whole plateful of chicken bones, and a large piece of meat), I bethought me of some lady friends I had promised to visit, and locking Foxy up, proceeded down-stairs. I had hardly reached the front door, when the most piteous canine shrieks rent the air. I turned back. A most vigorous scratching was going on at my room door, and just outside it, moreover, were gathered three elderly ladies, my neighbors, and all the children of the house.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "for this disturbance. I thought he 'd be quiet; he 's had his dinner."

"I must either take Foxy with me or kill him, I see," I muttered to myself.

"Come along, you rascal!" I said, opening the door.

With a sheepish air, after a short bark of joy, Foxy slunk down the stairs after me.

Well, he followed me from Washington Square down to South Ferry, jumped on the boat after me, and footed it, as I did, nearly to Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, where I made my call.

I apologized to my friends for the homely appearance my dog presented, and told them that it had been my intention to have his coat dyed, but I had not yet had the time.

The ladies expressed themselves glad to welcome any friend I might introduce.

Foxy, hearing them say this, gave me a look of silent gratitude, and then he curled himself up under my chair.

Another lady soon after appeared upon the scene, and desired an introduction to Foxy. I forthwith dragged him from his resting-place and introduced him to her. Whereupon, he made the most respectful salutation to her that I ever saw a dog perform. The third picture shows him in the act of paying his respects to beauty.

Foxy at length felt so much at home that he did not want to leave the house when I did. I was forced, indeed, to carry him out.

Again we footed it, all the way back home. I had thoughts of taking a car, but feared Foxy might get lost. I had now become very much attached to him.

We went to bed as usual that night, and next morning, not wishing my pet to be too great a burden to my landlady, and having risen earlier than usual, I took Foxy to a restaurant on Sixth Avenue, where we both had breakfast.

Coming home again, he manifested every token of the most extravagant affection, running between



"PAYING HIS RESPECTS TO BEAUTY."

my feet, constantly snuffing my heels, jumping up at my hat again and again. This continued until we had passed about four blocks. Then, suddenly, with a short, sharp bark and a parting jump, he

left me, running away rapidly around a corner of the street.

I have never seen Foxy since.

This is a perfectly true story, and I often sit wondering about that little dog. Why did he pick me out alone from all New York's inhabitants? Why did he love me so much? Why, when he found I would take care of him and treat him with respect, did he leave me?

I think I can answer the last question; he loved entire freedom better than he loved me. He liked to go sniffing around everywhere, examining every-

thing that came in his way. I had given him some hints that he must conduct himself in a gentlemanly manner when with me. I scolded him once or twice for stopping to investigate the contents of a garbage-box—just after the tremendous dinner he had obtained from me.

Foxy was used to taking care of himself, and was willing to do it always. He paid me a great compliment. I feel profound emotion when I think of it.

I wish, however, that I had him back. I have shown you his portrait. If you ever see him on his travels, will you please catch him for me?

THE COCHINEAL.

BY L. M. PETERSELLA.

THE little round spots which look like seeds, in the picture on this page, really represent small insects; and it is by means of this little insect, called the cochineal, that the scarlet color of Fannie's dress, Willie's stockings, and Mamma's necktie has been obtained.

You may know that the deep blue of your dress and cloak was made with indigo, which comes from a plant; but next to indigo, the most important of all dyeing materials is the cochineal insect.

On the map you will find Oaxaca, pronounced O-ä-chá-ca, in the southern part of Mexico, on the Pacific coast. This is where most of the cochineal is cultivated. It comes to us in a reddish, shriveled, seed-like grain, covered with what looks like a white powder, but when we put it under the microscope we find this to be wool.

The Spaniards found the cochineal employed as a dye by the natives when they invaded Mexico, in 1519, about three hundred and sixty years ago, and for two hundred years the Europeans believed it to be a seed. Then they dissected it, and proved it to be an insect. If you soak it in water for some time, and put it under the microscope, you will see the feet, although its legs are very short.

It is the female insect only that is used as a dye. The male and female are so unlike that you would never suppose them to be of the same kind. The male has two large silvery wings, long antennæ, or feelers, that grow from the front of the head, quite long legs, and two long bristles from the lower end of the body.* The female has a thick, plump body, short antennæ, short bristles, no wings, and legs so short that it cannot move far from where it is placed, and its hooked claws are only used

for holding on to the plant when it eats. The mother lives but a short time, and as the body dries up and becomes a horny case, the larvæ, which are born after the parent dies, are cradled in this empty dead shell of the mother.



THE COCHINEAL ON THE CACTUS.

The cochineal feeds upon a kind of Indian fig, or cactus, called "nopal"; the plants are set in rows and kept cut down to about four feet high. The plantations are called "nopalerias," or cactus gardens, and sometimes one garden has fifty or

sixty thousand nopals. The most prickly plants are selected as best, since these protect the cochineal from other insects that would do it harm. The natives plant on hill-slopes, or in ravines, six or ten miles from their villages. In the third year, the plants are in a condition to receive the insects.

Nopaleries are stocked yearly, by purchasing, in April or May, branches of a plant, laden with small cochineal insects, recently hatched. These branches (which may be bought in the market of Oaxaca for about sixty cents a hundred) are kept twenty days in their huts and then exposed to the air under a shed, where they continue to live for several months, as the live-forever, house-leek, and other juicy plants will live after they are broken from the parent stem.

In August or September, the mother insects are placed in nests made of a species of tillandsia, or black moss, called paxtle, and are distributed upon the nopals. In four months the first gathering is made, and the insects having increased twelve times, the yield is twelve times more than the number first set in the nests. In the colder parts of Mexico the "planting" (as the placing of the insects upon the nopal is called) takes place in October or December, and then it is necessary to cover the nopals with mats. About Oaxaca the cochineal insects are fed in the plains from October to April, at which time the rainy season or winter begins. Then they are carried away to nopaleries in the mountains, where the weather is more favorable.

Great care is necessary in the gathering of the cochineal from the nopals. This is performed by the Indian women, who brush off the insects one by one, with a squirrel's or stag's tail, upon cloths spread beneath the bushes. A gatherer often sits for hours together beside one plant.

Notwithstanding that it takes more than seventy

thousand of these minute insects to weigh a pound, it is said that eight hundred thousand pounds have been sent from Mexico to Europe in a single year, besides what went to the United States.

The insects are killed by throwing them into boiling water, by exposing them in heaps to the sun, by placing them in ovens, and by laying them upon heated plates of iron; this last is called torri-fying, and burns off the whitish powder which the other methods of killing preserve. These different methods make two kinds of cochineal in market, that having the white powder or wool, called silver cochineal, and that having the wool scorched off, called black cochineal.

It is from the black cochineal that the beautiful paint called "carmine" is made. The dried insect is steeped in water, and to the liquor thus obtained are added various chemicals. This mixture is allowed to settle, when the water is poured off. The remainder, when dried, is carmine, and the liquor is called "liquid rouge." By changing the chemical mixture in a certain way, the deposit becomes darker, and is known to the color-makers as "lake."

The best carmine can be made only in fine weather; if it be too hot, the liquid spoils. Both sun and fire change the color and spoil it; flies also injure it, and if it has not been thoroughly dried it becomes moldy.

Rouge for the face is made by mixing a little carmine with French chalk. The pink saucers of the shops are made up with carmine, gum, and ammonia. Carmine is used in water-colors for painting the pale roses and pinks, while lake is used for the darker red flowers. Cochineal is sometimes used for coloring pickled cabbage; while a coloring for jellies, creams, etc., is prepared by adding cream of tartar to the liquor of cochineal.



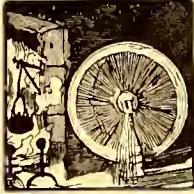
THE CACTUS PLANT.

CROSS PATCH.

BY M. E. WILKINS.



"Cross Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call the neighbors in."



Fast flew around the humming wheel;
The steaming kettle hung
Above the old wife's snapping fire,
And merrily it sung.



The sour old wife, she spun her flax,
All puckered in a frown;
There came a rattling at the latch,
Two goodies from the town:



"Pray let us in, O neighbor dear!"
All swiftly scuttled she,
And snatched the kettle from the hob
And poured a cup of tea.



She gulped it down: "And now come in,
If so ye do desire,"
The cross old wife sat down again,
And spun beside her fire.

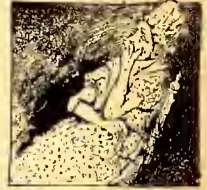


"Now, fie upon you, cross old wife,
To treat your neighbors so!
Our poor old bones are stiff with cold,
The tea had made them glow.



"But keep your tea, you cross old wife,
And soon the day shall come,
You can not make your kettle sing,
Nor get your wheel to hum."

"I care not for your idle threats,
Go, get ye to the town!
I 'd brew more tea and spin more flax,
Before the sun goes down."



The frost, the diamond window-panes
Had trimmed with frozen leaves;
The shining icicles hung low
Beneath the cottage eaves.



The north wind howled around the house,
The kettle sang so gay;
The old wife, at her humming wheel,
Spun out the close of day.



There came a rattling at the latch,
The old wife 'gan to frown:
"Beshrew them! have they come again,
The goodies from the town?"



She breathed upon the window-pane,
And out she peered, to see:
"And, surely, if they 're come again,
I'll go and drink the tea."



The northern blast yelled 'round the house;
Two boys, with bleeding feet,
Stood, trembling, in the stinging snow,
And plead with voices sweet:



"Pray, let us in, O mother dear!
We 're dying wi' the cold;
Please let us in, O mother dear!"
The old wife 'gan to scold:





"My fire was not for beggars built.
Go, leave my door, I say!"
They meekly dropped their pretty heads,
And sadly turned away.



"Now, what is this?" the old wife said,
"For, everywhere they go,
Spring up, around their bleeding feet,
Red roses through the snow.



"And all the snow before my door
Is crimson, where they stood;
And there has sprung a little rose
From every drop of blood!



"And what is this?" the old wife cried;
"For, everywhere they pass,
Gold crocus-buds pierce thro' the snow,
And spears of summer grass.



"Ah, woe is me! Now they are gone,
I fear I've worked me ill;
I fear these were two angel-folk,
From off the Holy Hill."

She turned herself, the fire burned bright,
The kettle o'er it hung,
"Ah, woe is me!" the old wife cried,
For it no longer sung.



She heaped dry branches on the fire,
The flames began to roar,
"Now I'm undone!" the old wife cried,
"The kettle sings no more."



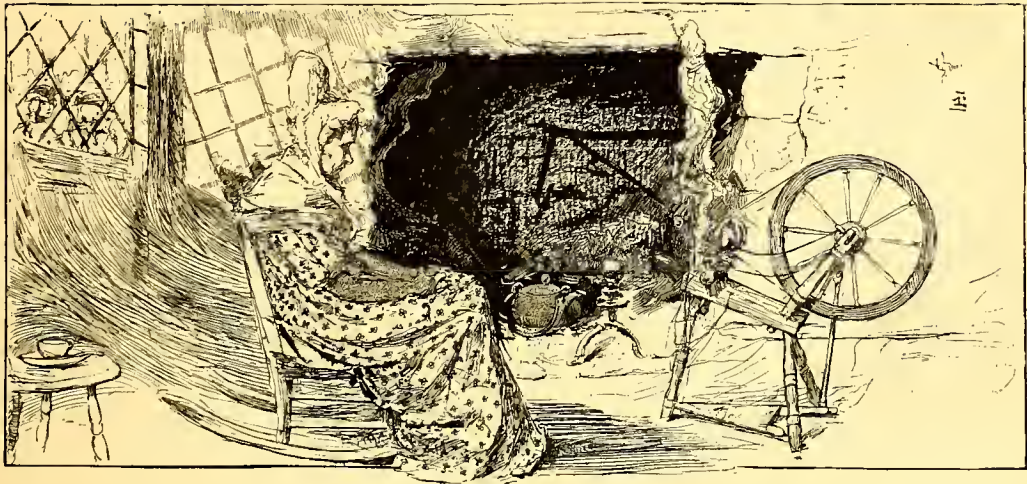
She turned her to her spinning-wheel,
And tried her flax to spin,
But every time she touched the threads,
She snarled them out and in.



In vain she tried to twirl the wheel;
Quoth she, "My day has come;
My kettle will no longer sing,
My wheel no longer hum."



Hard, in the frosty morning, stared
The neighbors passing by,
For, from the old wife's chimney, curled
No smoke against the sky.



KARL'S APRIL FIRST.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.



HE two aunties called him "Little Karl." That was one of his troubles, for his name was Charles Christopher Dimmoek, Jr., and did n't everybody in the country know that Charles Christopher Dimmoek, Sr., was the famous Greek professor of the University of X—?

The college lads called him "Pericles." That was another trouble. He had hoped they would not, when his long, fair curls were clipped short, and his kilts exchanged for trousers; but it had made no difference. "Halloo, Pericles," they shouted, just the same, and then they would add, "Don't you want to buy a dog?"

His father, very wise in everything else, would never consent to his having a dog. This was another of Karl's troubles; but how the college boys got hold of it he could not tell. It was a comfort to hope that some day his troubles would all be over, and he be another Doctor Dimmoek in a famous college, wearing gold speetacles, and hearing Greek recitations; lecturing on Grecian art and philosophy, and settling everything by a wise shake of the head and saying:

"Yes, yes; certainly, yes," or,

"No, no; certainly not."

Until that epoch, he would have trouble. One of the very first things he would have when he should reach that happy future would be a dog, and that dog should be treated "like folks," like one of the family. He would ask for no better companion than his good dog.

March 31st, only the other day, found Karl slightly east down under another anxiety.

The morrow was All Fools' Day. The boys would be full of pranks. Think hard as ever he could—and the wise little face grew very serious—he could not devise a new trick,—something surprising in the way of fun. He scorned the old worn-out fooleries—cotton-batting paneakes, stuffed eggs, bricks under hats, false messages, and cheap surprises. If he could only get up something original, it would not matter who might be the subject of his jest. Why, a boy had called him "Dominie

Dump" the other day! That was worse than Pericles.

Karl had come home from school and gone to his usual retreat for study, the deep bay-window of his father's library. It was his favorite nook; the heavy curtains shutting him out from the rest of the world. His books were there, and his writing-desk. He had often seen his father turn to the big encyclopedias when wanting to know something very much, so he had carried one of those weighty volumes to the bay-window, and a concordance and dictionary besides. But they failed to help him concerning April Fools' Day, and he was reading "Oliver Twist," forgetful of times and seasons, when the doctor came in, his arms full of books and papers.

"Glad to find ourselves all alone," he possibly said to the owl over the door, when, having put on his dressing-gown and slippers, he drew his big chair before the blazing grate, and began cutting the leaves of the new book he was longing to enjoy—"Logical Variations in New Analytics," or something of the kind. He had, perhaps, read two pages, when a sharp ring at the door-bell made him wish that he lived on Piteairn Island,—at least he grumbled such a wish, and then smiled when Professor Greenaway, cheery and hurried as usual, bustled into the room, and began talking rapidly about microscopes and specimens, and some late discoveries; nothing which Karl might not hear.

Professor Greenaway was a hero of Karl's—his favorite of all the professors. He had a beautiful brown spaniel, and a Newfoundland, and a brace of setters, and so he understood one of Karl's troubles as no one else did or could. As long as the talk was about "Zygnema," or "Ephialtes," and such trifles, Karl thought he might remain concealed behind his curtains.

He was soon lost in his story again.

"Planning something for to-morrow, are they?" he heard his father say, at last. "Well, we must see nothing that we can avoid seeing."

The professor assented, and they fell into a low, cozy chat,—story-telling of their boyhood. "Oliver Twist" and "Chris. Dimmoek" were getting strangely confused with Karl. The doctor was telling in his slow, dreamy way—the professor's laugh often interrupting him—of a First of April when he was a boy.

"You see,"—and Karl was listening,—"my father was an old-school gentleman, one of an order now

almost extinct; a stern, dignified parson, who never jested, seldom smiled, and looked upon all merry-making as sinful. How I ever dared to play a prank upon him amazes me still. I am sure my boy would not venture such a thing with me, and I, you know, am not very severe with Karl."

"Save in the dog matter, Doctor; you don't yield there, as I perceive."

"No, no; certainly not."

"Perhaps you don't know your boy yet. I doubt if your father knew you before you amazed him."

"I had a bad shilling, you see," resumed the doctor, "and I meant it should bring me great sport on All Fools' Day. My big brother dared me to give it to my father for safe keeping, and then to ask him for it at night, get a good one, of course, and quietly enjoy the trick. He not only dared me, but bet two shillings I should not succeed. As my father was going out that April Fools' Day morning to visit his poor,—there was great suffering among the fishermen's families,—I sidled up to him with a sheepish air, and asked him to please keep my shilling for me until night. He slipped it into his purse with due gravity, and walked away, leaving me to ask some hard questions of Chris. Dimmock. Before noon I tried to keep up my courage on peppermint drops, bought on credit, for all my brother declared I should be the fool of the day in the end, and he should laugh at my cost. I went home at night to draw the good shilling, but found my father in an excited state of mind, his study quite a court-room, in fact. You see, counterfeit money had been circulating in the village, and the authorities were trying to trace it. Suspicion had rested upon a well-known personage called Billy the Smuggler. He had passed a bad shilling at last, and had been arrested. His story was that the parson gave the same to his sick wife that morning. This the parson denied stoutly, and things looked very bad for Billy when I came in.

"It was my shilling, Father,' I at last found courage to say. 'Don't you remember I gave you one to keep for me this morning?'

"I might have got off, even then, had not Smuggling Billy, overjoyed at his own release, forgotten himself so far as to say, 'April Fool on the parson, I vow!' The end of that was a flogging for me, and my going to bed without my supper. My brother consoled me by whispering that I had won the bet, and Smuggling Billy sent me a little ship not long after. But I always thought that story had a bad ending. It did not come out right for the hero, you see. I never saw any fun in it until years after; but it was worth something to hear Smuggling Billy tell it, showing how my teeth chattered, and my knees shook, when he called out: 'April Fool on the parson, I vow!'"

"Did you ever tell Karl that story?" asked the professor.

"No, no; certainly not," and the doctor laughed and rubbed his hands. "Karl is a different kind of boy, you see."

Little Karl went up to his room presently, and brought out his collection of advertising cards. He knew what he was after. There it was, the neuralgia medal. Did n't it look just like a silver quarter? Ah! Could he but get that into his father's pocket, that would be a celebration of April First worth having. "Karl is a different kind of boy, you see."

He talked little that evening, as he sat by his father before the library fire, and read less, but he thought a great deal. How simple it seemed to pass a medal from his pocket to his father's! But, under the circumstances, it was, in fact, more difficult than sending a car-load of specie from Washington to San Francisco. A fairy could have done it beautifully; he dreamed out that plan, and saw her throw her ladders against pantaloons and waistcoat, and, with the aid of a host of elfins, finally drop the coin into the black cavern. But that would be the fairy's jest—not his. He thought of magicians and pickpockets, and how handy the Artful Dodger would be in such a dilemma.

The doctor was not unmindful of his little boy's meditation. "Karl is a very intellectual child," thought he, glancing at him over his spectacles,—reminded of Watts and the tea-kettle, of course. "Who knows what is growing in that boy's brain?"

Kitty, the housemaid, planned the success at last.

There was always what she called "a flurry-blurry" in the doctor's hall every week-day morning, caused by his getting off to college in season, and Karl's starting for school. That morning, April 1st, the confusion was increased by the doctor's inability to find his umbrella at the last moment, when the car was coming. Other things were suffered to make the probability of his getting to college prayers rather uncertain. He was hurrying down the steps, Karl behind him, when Kitty called after them:

"Master Karl! Master Karl! See what you have dropped," and she tossed the medal after him.

"In luck, for once!" returned Karl. "Please, Papa,"—impatiently, for the car was stopping for them,—"keep it for me," and he fairly thrust it into the doctor's hand.

Professor Greenaway was in the car, and so were several students. In many cities, you know, the horse-cars have no conductors. The passengers drop their fares into a money-box, or make change with the driver. The doctor, lacking a dime,

passed up his medal for change, then opened his book, and was lost to all around him.

"Heard the news this morning?" asks Professor Greenaway, close to the doctor's ear.

"No; anything important?"

"April First. Don't forget the students and Billy the Smuggler."

"No, no; certainly not;" without lifting his eyes from his book.

But why had the driver stopped the car? Jerking open the door, he stood looking at the passengers with an angry scowl.

"Who give this yere?" holding up the medal. Karl's face was a picture, but nobody saw it. "It's the last fare in," and he looked hard at the doctor—the only one in the car who did not hear. The college boys were in high glee.

"He means you, Doctor," said Professor Greenaway. "It's the bad shilling. Can you explain?"

A bewildered smile crept over the doctor's face.

"I did n't think that of you, Greenaway," and really the doctor looked severe.

"Here, pass up this for me," handing him a quarter.

"You misunderstand, if you think —" began the professor; but the driver had the floor.

"Yer can't pass yer quack medals onto me, if 't is April Fools' Day. Who's got it this time, I'd like to know?" with a wink at the students.

The doctor muttered something to Professor Greenaway, who had turned his attention to Karl. The boy was wonderfully absorbed in looking out of the window.

"There, Karl, my boy," said the doctor, dropping the medal into his satchel, "I'll give that to you. How it got into my pocket, I don't see," with a suspicious glance at Professor Greenaway.

"Please don't forget, Papa, what I gave you when I got into the car," said Karl, getting up and pulling the check-strap.

His eyes twinkled, and a musical laugh rippled in. "I want to buy a dog, you know, and I've heard of one for a quarter."

Before the doctor realized the situation, the boy was gone. But Professor Greenaway made him understand how things stood.

"This 'Karl is a different kind of boy, you see,'" said he.

"Now, my dear Doctor," said the professor, as they crossed the campus together, "you must let me see that this story has a happy ending—that the hero gets his deserts."

"Yes, yes; certainly, yes."

"I shall send him a dog, to-night—a puppy. Let us name him Billy, in commemoration of to-day—and of that other First of April."

"Just fifty-five years ago to-day. Yes, send up

the dog. I shall make his reception all it ought to be."

That night, when the doctor and Karl—as alike as two peas—one fully ripe for seed, the other green in the pod—sat reading before the study fire, Katie brought in a covered basket.

"Here is something for Master Karl."

He looked contemptuously at the basket.

"They can't fool me. Take it back."

"Professor Greenaway sent it, with his card."

Two or three sharp, yelping barks from the basket, and Karl was beside himself with joy. A puppy—the prettiest, softest, sleekest, whitest, little puppy you ever saw—only one spot of black, and that over its left eye! It bore a card on which was printed: "*Canis familiaris*. Found from Maine to Florida, where there is anything to eat. This specimen is quite harmless. April 1st, 1881."

"And we'll call him Billy," said the good doctor, gazing upon the new pet with unfeigned admiration. "What a droll little fellow he is!"

"And you wont let my aunties send him away?" pleadingly. "No matter what they may say about him?"

"No, no; certainly not. Billy shall stay, come what may."

* * * * *

"Why, do you know, Christopher," asked Aunt Helen, throwing up her hands like a tragedy-queen, "that Professor Greenaway has sent you a little bull-dog, or what Jerry calls a 'regular game bull-pup'?"

"No, I don't know that," returned the doctor, placidly, cutting the leaves of his *Nineteenth Century* rather nervously, nevertheless.

"Well, he has; and Karl talks of having its ears and tail cut, sporting style. You surely will not allow that, with all your concessions?"

The doctor said no, *decidedly* not, and when Karl came back from the stable, where he had settled with Jerry the coachman to have Billy improved at once, he was grieved and disappointed, for his father stood firm. Billy's ears and tail should be all that the Bergh society would have them to be.

"Bill Sykes is a pretty name for Doctor Dimmock's dog, I'm sure!" exclaimed Aunt Helen. "And that is what the college boys will name him, of course. I think Professor Greenaway —"

"We wont forget Professor Greenaway," broke in the doctor, with a low, triumphant laugh. "He shall hear from us next year."

But Karl was looking dolefully at Billy's silky ears. It was the old story, you see. He had lost an old trouble to make room for a new one; and that is the way the world goes, if we are foolish enough to let it, from one April to another.

WHO TOLD MOTHER?

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

WEE Nellie, silent, stood upon a chair,
Before the glass, and clipped her shining hair,
Making of each bright curl a shower of gold.
(Do you suppose some little birdie told?)

And then, with eyes of deepest, darkest blue,
That glistened soft, like violets wet with dew,
The naughty little girl quick tribute paid
To the sad havoc which her hands had made.

Saying, while fast the pearly tear-drops fell,
"I know my mother 'll cry,—I must n't tell."
And, swiftly gath'ring up each severed tress,
She threw it, with a sorrowful caress,
Behind the door. "Now, door, please stay
just so,
And hide them all,—so Mother 'll never know."

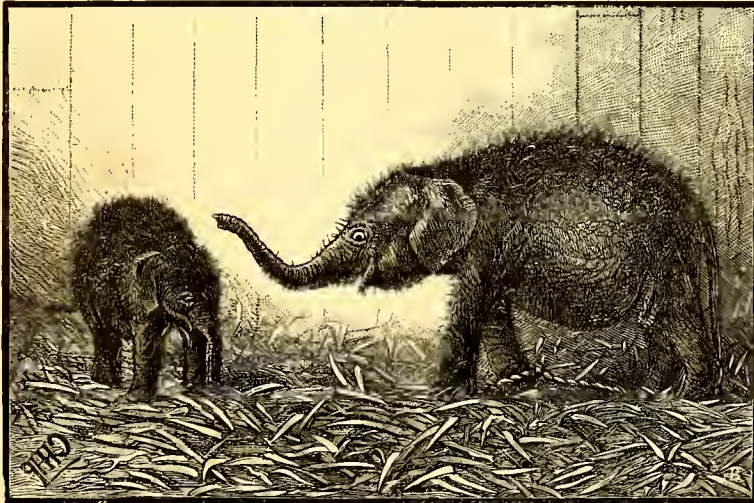
But soon she heard a footstep on the stair,
Then a sweet voice,—“My Nellie, are you
there?

Why is my little chatterbox so still?
Some mischief, I'm afraid. What! Is she ill?
What is it? Is my baby tired of play?
Come! Let us chase those vexing tears away.
Where is the pain, my darling? Tell me
where.

*Your head! Why, Nellie, child! Where is
your hair?"*

The sobbing child her poor head buried low
In Mother's pitying lap,—and so,—and so,—
It must have been the creaking door that told
Where Nellie hid her shining curls of gold.

THE LITTLE WOOLLY ELEPHANTS.



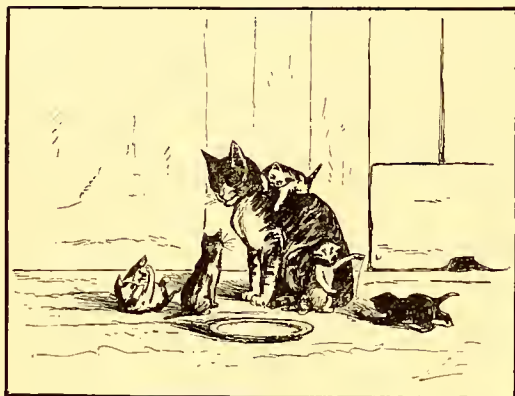
THESE queer little elephants, which were found among the mountains of the Malay peninsula, are the first ever exhibited, either in this country or in Europe. They were captured by a rajah on one of his hunts, and were brought to this country in the vessel "Oxfordshire" by Captain C. P. Jones.

They are aged respectively six and a half and four and a half years. Prince, the elder, is thirty-six inches in height, and Sydney, the younger,

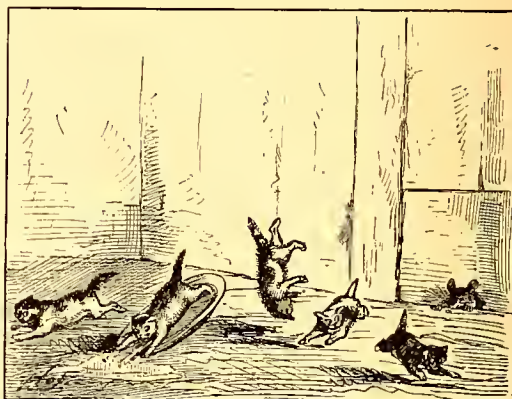
thirty inches, which is six inches smaller than the baby elephant born in Philadelphia last spring. They are called woolly elephants, because they are covered with very coarse hair, which has a tendency to curl. This heavy growth of hair is accounted for by the fact that they live far up in the mountains, in a cold climate. They are affectionate little creatures, and are quite willing to make friends with the people who visit them.

DISGRACED.

BY S. B. RICORD.



A HIGHLY respectable cat
 In the midst of her family sat,
 And she said to them all:
 "Even while you are small,
 Don't ever be scared by a rat!"—



BUT THEY WERE!

THE COOPER AND THE WOLVES.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

TOLLEF KOLSTAD was a cooper, and a very skillful cooper he was said to be. He had a little son named Thor, who was as fond of his father as his father was of him. Whatever Tollef did or said, Thor was sure to imitate; if Tollef was angry and flung a piece of wood at the dog who used to come into the shop and bother him, Thor, thinking it was a manly thing to do, flung another piece at poor Hector, who ran out whimpering through the door.

Thor, of course, was not very old before he had a corner in his father's shop, where, with a small set of tools which had been especially made for him, he used to make little pails and buckets and barrels, which he sold for five or ten cents apiece, to the boys of the neighborhood. All the money earned in this way he put into a bank of tin, made like a drum, of which his mother kept the key. When he grew up, he thought, he would be a rich man.

The last weeks before Christmas are, in Norway, always the briskest season in all trades; then the farmer wants his horses shod, so that he may take his wife and children to church in his fine, swan-

shaped sleigh; he wants bread and cakes made to last through the holidays, so that his servants may be able to amuse themselves and his guests may be well entertained when they call; and, above all, he wants large tubs and barrels, stoutly made of beech staves, for his beer and mead, with which he pledges every stranger who, during the festival, happens to pass his door. You may imagine, then, that at Christmas time coopers are much in demand, and that it is not to be wondered at if sometimes they are behindhand with their orders. This was unfortunately the case with Tollef Kolstad at the time when the strange thing happened which I am about to tell you. He had been at work since the early dawn, upon a huge tub or barrel, which had been ordered by Grim Berglund, the richest peasant in the parish. Grim was to give a large party on the following day (which was Christmas eve), and he had made Tollef promise to bring the barrel that same night, so that he might pour the beer into it, and have all in readiness for the holidays, when it would be wrong to do any work. It was about ten o'clock at night when Tollef made

the last stroke with his hatchet on the large hollow thing, upon which every blow resounded as on a drum. He went to a neighbor and hired from him his horse and flat sleigh, and was about to start on his errand, when he heard a tiny voice calling behind him:

"Father, do take me along, too!"

"I can't, my boy. There may be wolves on the lake, to-night, and they might like to eat up little boys who stay out of bed so late."

"But I am not afraid of them, Father. I have my whip and my hatchet, and I'll whip them and cut them."

Thor here made some threatening flourishes with his weapons in the air, indicating how he would give it to the wolves in case they should venture to approach him.

"Well, come along, you little rascal," said his father, laughing, and feeling rather proud of his boy's dauntless spirit. "You and I are not to be trifled with when we are angered, are we, Thor?"

"No, indeed, Father," said Thor, and clenched his little mittened fist.

Tollef then lifted him up, wrapped him warmly in his sheep-skin jacket, and put him between his knees, while he himself seized the reins and urged the horse on.

It was a glorious winter night. The snow sparkled and shone as if sprinkled with starry diamonds, the aurora borealis flashed in pale, shifting colors along the horizon, and the moon sailed calmly through a vast, dark-blue sea of air. Little Thor shouted with delight as he saw the broad expanse of glittering ice, which they were about to cross, stretching out before them like a polished shield of steel.

"Oh, Father, I wish we had taken our skates along, and pulled your barrel across on a sled," cried the boy, ecstatically.

"That I might have done, if I had had a sled large enough for the barrel," replied the father. "But then we should have been obliged to pull it up the hills on the other side."

The sleigh now struck the ice and shot forward, swinging from side to side, as the horse pulled a little unevenly. Whew! how the cold air cut in their faces. How it whizzed and howled in the tree-tops! Hark! What was that? Tollef instinctively pressed his boy more closely to him. Hush!—his heart stood still, while that of the boy, who merely felt the reflex shock of his father's agitation, hammered away the more rapidly. A terrible, long-drawn howl, as from a chorus of wild, far-away voices, came floating away over the crowns of the pine-trees.

"What was that, Father?" asked Thor, a little tremulously.

"It was wolves, my child," said Tollef, calmly.

"Are you afraid, Father?" asked the boy again.

"No, child, I am not afraid of one wolf, nor of ten wolves; but if they are in a flock of twenty or thirty, they are dangerous. And if they scent our track, as probably they will, they will be on us in five minutes."

"How will they scent our track, Father?"

"They smell us in the wind; and the wind is from us and to them, and then they howl to notify their comrades, so that they may attack us in sufficient force."

"Why don't we return home, then?" inquired the boy, still with a tolerably steady voice, but with sinking courage.

"They are behind us. Our only chance is to reach the shore before they overtake us."

The horse, sniffing the presence of wild beasts, snorted wildly as it ran, but, electrified, as it were, with the sense of danger, strained every nerve in its efforts to reach the farther shore. The howls now came nearer and nearer, and they rose with a frightful distinctness in the clear, wintry air, and resounded again from the border of the forest.

"Why don't you throw away the barrel, Father?" said Thor, who, for his father's sake, strove hard to keep brave. "Then the sleigh will run so much the faster."

"If we are overtaken, our safety is in the barrel. Fortunately, it is large enough for two, and it has no ears and will fit close to the ice."

Tollef was still calm; but, with his one disengaged arm, hugged his little son convulsively.

"Now, keep brave, my boy," he whispered in his ear. "They will soon be upon us. Give me your whip."

It just occurred to Tollef that he had heard that wolves were very suspicious, and that men had often escaped them by dragging some small object on the ground behind them. He, therefore, broke a chip from one of the hoops of the barrel, and tied it to the lash of the whip; just then he heard a short, hungry bark behind him, and, turning his head, saw a pack of wolves, numbering more than a dozen, the foremost of which was within a few yards of the sleigh. He saw the red, frothy tongue hanging out of its mouth, and he smelt that penetrating, wild smell with which every one is familiar who has met a wild beast in its native haunts. While encouraging the reeking, foam-flecked horse, Tollef, who had only half faith in the experiment with the whip, watched anxiously the leader of the wolves, and observed to his astonishment that it seemed to be getting no nearer. One moment it seemed to be gaining upon them, but invariably, as soon as it reached the little chip which was dragging along the ice, this suddenly

arrested its attention and immediately its speed slackened. The cooper's hope began to revive, and he thought that perhaps there was yet a possibility that they might see the morrow's sun. But his courage again began to ebb when he discovered in the distance a second pack of wolves, larger than the first, and which, with terrific speed, came running, leaping, and whirling toward them from another direction. And while this terrible discovery was breaking through his almost callous sense,

his speed in a race for life. Some of the wolves were apparently pursuing him, while the greater number remained to investigate the contents of the barrel. The howling and barking of these furious creatures without was now incessant. Within the barrel was pitch darkness.

"Now, keep steady!" said Tollef, feeling a sudden shock, as if a wolf had leaped against their improvised house with a view to upsetting it. He felt himself and the boy gliding a foot or two over



"THE WOLVES IMMEDIATELY STARTED IN PURSUIT."

he forgot, for an instant, the whip, the lash of which swung under the runners of the sleigh and snapped. The horse, too, was showing signs of exhaustion, and Tollef, seeing that only one chance was left, rose up with his boy in his arms, and upsetting the barrel on a great ledge of ice, concealed himself and the child under it. Hardly had he had time to brace himself against its sides, pressing his feet against one side and his back against the other, when he heard the horse giving a wild scream, while the short, whining bark of the wolves told him that the poor beast was selling its life dearly. Then there was a desperate scratching and scraping of horseshoes, and all of a sudden the sound of galloping hoof-beats on the ice, growing fainter and fainter. The horse had evidently succeeded in breaking away from the sleigh, and was testing

the smooth ice, but there was no further result from the attack. A minute passed; again there came a shock, and a stronger one than the first. A long, terrible howl followed this second failure. The little boy, clutching his small cooper's hatchet in one hand, sat pale but determined in the dark, while with the other he clung to his father's arm.

"Oh, Father!" he cried, in terror, "I feel something on my back."

The father quickly struck a light, for he fortunately had a supply of matches in his pocket, and saw a wolf's paw wedged in between the ice and the rim of the barrel; and in the same instant he tore the hatchet from his son's hand and buried its edge in the ice. Then he handed the amputated paw to Thor, and said:

"Put that into your wallet, and the sheriff will

pay you a reward for it.* For a wolf without paws could n't do much harm."

While he was yet speaking, a third assault upon the barrel lifted one side of it from the ice, and almost upset it. Instead of pushing against the part nearest the ice, a wolf more cunning than the rest had leaped against the upturned bottom.

You can imagine what a terrible night father and son spent together in this constant struggle with the voracious beasts, that never grew weary of attacking their hiding-place. The father was less warmly clad than the son, and, moreover, was obliged to sit on the ice, while Thor could stand erect without knocking against the bottom of the barrel; and if it had not been for the excitement of the situation, which made Tollef's blood course with unwonted rapidity, it is more than probable that the intense cold would have made him drowsy, and thus lessened his power of resistance. The warmth of his body had made a slight cavity where he was sitting, and whenever he remained a moment still, his trousers froze fast to the ice. It was only the presence of his boy that inspired him with fresh courage whenever hope seemed about to desert him.

About an hour after the flight of the horse, when five or six wolves' paws had been cut off in the same manner as the first, there was a lull in the attack, but a sudden increase of the howling, whining, yelping, and barking noise without. Tollef concluded that the wolves, maddened by the smell of blood, were attacking their wounded fellows; and as their howls seemed to come from a short distance, he cautiously lifted one side of the barrel and peered forth; but in the same instant a snarling bark rang right in his ear, and two paws were thrust into the opening. Then came a howl of pain, and another paw was put into Thor's wallet.

But hark! What is that? It sounds like a song, or more like a hymn. The strain comes nearer and nearer, resounding from mountain to mountain, floating peacefully through the pure and still air:

"Who knows how near I am mine ending;
So quickly time doth pass away."

Tollef, in whose breast hope again was reviving, put his ear to the ice, and heard distinctly the tread of a horse and of many human feet. He listened for a minute or more, but could not discover whether the sound was coming any nearer. It occurred to him that in all probability the people, being unarmed, would have no desire to cope with a large pack of wolves, especially as to them there could be no object in it. If they saw the barrel, how could they know that there was anybody under it? He comprehended instantly that his only chance of life was in joining those people,

before they were too far away. And, quickly resolved, he lifted the boy on his left arm, and grasped the hatchet in his disengaged hand. Then, with a violent thrust, he flung the barrel from over him, and ran in the direction of the sound. The wolves, as he had inferred, were lacerating their bleeding comrades; but the moment they saw him, a pack of about a dozen immediately started in pursuit. They leaped up against him on all sides, while he struck furiously about him with his small weapon. Fortunately, he had sharp steel pegs on his boots, and kept his footing well; otherwise the combat would have been a short one. His voice, too, was powerful, and his shouts rose high above the howling of the beasts. He soon perceived that he had been observed, and he saw in the bright moonlight six or eight men running toward him. Just then, as perhaps in his joy his vigilance was for a fraction of a second relaxed, he felt a pull in the fleshy part of his right arm. He was not conscious of any sharp pain, and was astonished to see the blood flowing from an ugly wound. But he only held his boy the more tightly, while he fought and ran with the strength of despair.

Now, the men were near. He could hear their voices. But his brain was dizzy, and he saw but dimly.

"Hello, friend; don't crack my skull for my pains!" some one was shouting close to his ear, and he let his hatchet fall, and fell himself, too, prostrate on the ice.

The wolves, at the sight of the men, had retired to a safe distance, from which they watched the proceedings, as if uncertain whether to return.

As soon as Tollef had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion and his loss of blood, he and his boy were placed upon a sleigh, and his wound was carefully bandaged. He now learned that his rescuers were on their way to a funeral, which was to take place on the next day, but, on account of the distance to the church, they had been obliged to start during the night. Hence their solemn mood, and their singing of funeral hymns.

After an hour's ride they reached the cooper's cottage, and were invited to rest and to share such hospitality as the house could offer. But when they were gone, Tollef clasped his sleeping boy in his arms and said to his wife: "If it had not been for him, you would have had no husband to-day. It was his little whip and toy hatchet that saved our lives."

Eleven wolves'-paws were found in Thor's wallet, and, on Christmas eve, he went to the sheriff with them and received a reward which nearly burst his old savings-bank, and compelled his mother to buy a new one.

* The sheriffs in Norway are by law required to pay, in behalf of the State, certain premiums for the killing of bears, wolves, foxes, and eagles.



EASTER CARD.—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

CROOKED SPECTACLES.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

AN elf lived in a buttercup,
 And, waking after dawn,
 He donned his golden spectacles,
 And stepped out on the lawn.
 "Dear me," said he,
 "I scarce can see,
 The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumble-bee
 Within the clover gay,
 Who buzzed "Good-morning!" in his ear,—
 "It is a pleasant day."
 "Don't speak to me,
 Sir Bumble-bee,
 Until you trim your wings!" cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
 And thus accosted him:
 "Why don't you wear your green coat straight,
 And look in better trim?
 It frets me quite,
 In such a plight,
 To have you field-folk in my sight."

He saw an airy dragon-fly
 Float o'er the meadow-rail:
 "Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly!" he cried;
 "So upside down you sail,
 The sight will make
 My poor head ache;
 Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl, upon the tree,
 Blinked his great, staring eye:
 "To folk in crooked spectacles
 The whole world looks awry.
 To-whit! to-whoee!
 To-whooh!" said he,
 "Many such folk I've lived to see."

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

MARY STUART, the granddaughter of Margaret Tudor, Henry VIII.'s sister, has played a far greater part in history than her innocent cousin, Jane Grey, whose story I have already told you.*

However small your knowledge of English history may be, there is not, perhaps, one of you boys and girls of America who has not heard at least the name of Mary, Queen of Scots, though it is now nearly three hundred years since she died. She was the only child of James V., of Scotland, and his wife, Mary of Guise.

English history after this period deals much with the Stuarts. They had reigned in Scotland for many generations; a race full of chivalrous qualities, noble, and gentle, and graceful, but always more or less unfortunate. Some of the Jameses had struggled with all their might among their rude and fierce and powerful nobility, for the good of the people, of whom the king was the natural defender. Perhaps this will be to you a new view of a king's duties, but in those days it was a true one. Then, the king and the people were the two who stood by each other, while the great lords and barons were the opponents of both; fighting hard to get more and more power into their own hands, to cut off the privileges of the people and the power of the king.

The Stuarts were kind and gracious, and people loved them always, even when they did badly, both for themselves and the kingdom; for you know there are people whom we cannot help loving, even when we disapprove of them. The Stuarts were of this class; down to the very last of them—Prince Charlie, as we call him in Scotland, the Pretender, as you see him named in your history-books—they have all drawn with them, often to destruction, numbers of people who did not like many of their acts nor approve of their policy, but who loved them. Mary's grandfather, James IV., was called, Sir Walter Scott tells us in the "Lady of the Lake,"—of which this romantic, gallant knight and monarch is the hero,—"the Commons' king"; that is, the king of the common people, their champion, and their friend and favorite. It was he who married Margaret Tudor, who brought the hot, rough, imperious strain of the Tudor blood into the gentler, sweeter nature of the Stuarts; and his son, James V., married Mary of Guise, and brought the dispositions of another race, the wily, and ambitious, and quick-witted house of Lorraine, to be an inheritance of trouble to her

daughter. Little Mary Stuart, you see, had a most dangerous union of races against her before ever she was born.

And nothing could be sadder than the circumstances in which she was born. Her father died a few days after her birth, disappointed and discouraged and heart-broken. It is said that when he heard of his little daughter's birth, he cried, as he lay dying, that the crown of Scotland had "come with a lass, and would gang with a lass."

No wonder that he trembled for his child. There was not in Europe a fiercer race of nobles than those who were now left without any one to hold them in check, tearing our poor country of Scotland in pieces among them. And though there was then rising up a force which was strong enough eventually to make head against the nobles,—the force of religion and of the people, whom the new movement of the Reformation roused everywhere,—yet that force was never to be friendly to the young princess, who was brought up a Roman Catholic.

Mary was born in Linlithgow, on the 7th of December, 1542, and in September of the next year she was crowned, the poor baby, about nine months old. Imagine what a curious scene it must have been. The father had made no arrangements for her, and appointed no guardians, for he was a young man when he died, and, no doubt, expected to live long and bring up his child in his own way, and her mother was a young foreign princess, a stranger in that rough, rude country, and not popular among the people. The child was crowned, not for her own sake, as you may suppose, but in order that contending statesmen might exercise power in her name. She was born in a stately old palace, which even to-day stands up with all its strong walls and towers still perfect, though the roof has been suffered to fall into decay, and nobody now lives in the empty rooms, which were beautiful rooms in their day, and still might be fine, and fit for a queen to live in, were they put in order. But though the old palace is now the center of a rich and peaceful country, green and blooming like any garden, there were wild doings then, even in the Lothians, and by and by the child-queen was carried to Stirling Castle, to be kept in greater security. Then, as the fighting and struggles continued, she was taken to a convent of Augustinian nuns on the secluded and beautiful little island of Inchmahome. I wish that I could show you that lovely little place, or at least a

* ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1881.

picture of it. The island lies in the midst of the lake of Monteith, not far from Stirling and the Highlands, but amid the softest scenery—a little green island still covered with fruit-trees, which have run wild, and bits of ruined buildings; a corner of the convent there, a bit of chapel here, with gray arches open to the blue sky; and all the place clothed with old green turf, like velvet, as if nature had made it smooth for the feet of the little princess and the little maids-of-honor, five or six years old the biggest of them; with stately ladies of the court to take care of them, and the sweet-faced nuns in their white gowns looking on. There is a little corner still fenced round with box-wood, which is called Queen Mary's garden. Many of you may have the same box-edging in your little gardens—at least, it is very common in England; and, in her little corner, Mary may have digged around the roots and smiled to see the northern flowers come up and blossom.

Poor little queen, but five years old, with all her little Marias about her! Perhaps she never was as happy or as peaceful after. *Inchmahome* is a Gaelic word, which means the "home of peace."

After this she was sent to France, to be out of harm's way, and also because she was betrothed to the Dauphin, which, you know, was the title borne by the heir to the French throne, just as the heir of England is called the Prince of Wales.

The French court was then about the most splendid place in the world,—more gay, more grand, more stately and beautiful than any other. Mary received what we should call the very best education there. When her young cousin, Jane Grey, was being tortured in the Tower, and dying serenely, as I have tried to describe to you, Mary was growing up in France, learning everything that girls were permitted to learn; and that was saying a great deal, for Lady Jane, you remember, read Greek for her own amusement, and took great pleasure in it. We think we are much cleverer now than people were in those old times, but, after all, they were not so far behind us as we suppose.

We do not hear that Mary learned Greek, but she knew Latin, and the chief European languages, and was fond of books and music and the arts.

You have all heard how very beautiful she was—one of the famous beauties of the world. But I think, from her pictures, that it was not mere beauty that Mary had. According to all the portraits, there was a great family resemblance between her and her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, whom nobody ever supposed to be beautiful. What Mary had, besides her beautiful eyes, and her luxuriant hair, and the features which have been so often praised, was such a charm of sweet manners and looks, and grave and lovely ways, as made her beautiful and

charming to everybody who came near her. This is something which gives beauty often to those who have none, and it is a thing which lasts forever. Beauty does not last. It is only skin-deep, all your nurses and grandmothers will tell you; but where this charm is it does continue, and those who possess it may be said never to grow old. I think it was this that made Mary Stuart so beautiful that nobody could resist her. When she was older, and had many troubles, she became satirical and bitter, and often said sharp things which offended many; but she had the most cheerful, buoyant spirit, and grace of manner, and she believed in those who loved her, and trusted them in such a way as bound every generous person doubly to her. Her cousin, Elizabeth, trusted nobody. I think that made more difference in their looks than either features or complexion, and is one good reason why we are inclined to believe that Elizabeth was ugly and cruel, and Mary one of the most beautiful persons that ever was seen.

She was married to the Dauphin in 1558, when she was sixteen, and in little more than a year after, her husband, Francis II., succeeded his father on the throne, and the young Scots queen became also Queen of France. In the same year in which Mary was married, Mary Tudor, her cousin, the Queen of England, so often called "Bloody Mary," died, and in the opinion of all good Catholics Mary Stuart was her lawful heir, for Elizabeth, who actually succeeded to the throne of England, was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, whom Henry VIII. had married when his first wife was still alive.

There can be no doubt that Mary Stuart really believed herself to be the rightful heir. Her favorite device, when she was at the head of the gay and splendid court of France, was the two crowns of France and Scotland, with the motto of "*Aliisque moratur*," which may be translated, "Waiting for another." It must have been a wonderful thought for a girl to have two kingdoms in possession, and a third so great and powerful as England coming to her. Let us hope she had some thoughts, in those days, of serving and helping her people, as her Stuart forefathers had tried to do; but that was not much the fashion in France.

But, what she certainly did was to live a most brilliant and splendid life, full of gayety and merry-making, and surrounded by everything that was beautiful and delightful. In her time, people knew nothing about a great many convenient and pleasant things which we enjoy now; but, on the other hand, the things about them, their furniture and hangings and ornaments, were more beautiful than any we have; and their houses, if not nearly so comfortable, were more stately and grand and picturesque. And with a king and queen who were

so young, you may suppose what constant amusements went on in the old Louvre, what hunting-parties among the great woods at Fontainebleau.

But this merry, splendid life did not last long. In less than three years after their marriage, young King Francis died, and Mary's sorrows began. We hear but little of this young king in history. He died so young that he had not time to show what was in him; and it does not seem there ever was the promise of much in him, or in any of his family. They were not a good family, nor were they even clever. It was one of the great misfortunes of Mary Stuart that she was never in her life connected with any man who was her own equal. And the rest of her life was so full of excitement and terrible events that little is ever said of this splendid beginning.

But when her young husband died, and another king ascended the throne, and all the courtiers who had worshiped and served her began to serve and worship their new monarch, Mary turned her eyes over the sea to her own northern kingdom, the only place she had now a right to, and which was her natural home. It was not with any longing or love for that wild and distant country, which she had left in her sixth year, and of which she had, no doubt, heard many a discouraging story; for Scotland, in the meantime, had become Protestant, the worst of all sins in the eyes of Catholics.

It had always been laughed at for its poverty and sternness, in rich and witty France, as it was for long after in England, too. Poor and proud and fierce, with none of the luxuries that abounded in Paris, with a disorderly crowd of nobles, and a mass of psalm-singing Reformers, and no pleasure nor amusement, no brightness nor gayety, but cold and storm, bare feudal castles instead of stately palaces, and poverty instead of wealth. Such was the picture that was, no doubt, drawn to her of her native kingdom. When she set sail, it is said that she remained on deck as long as the shore of France was to be seen, weeping and saying nothing but farewell. "*Adieu, charmant pays de France!*" ["Farewell, delightful land of France!"] the young queen cried. She was not then nineteen, a widow, her mother just dead, her relations all left behind, and nobody to welcome her to the cold and frowning shores to which she was bound.

Poor Mary! who could help being sorry for her? though she was one of the greatest ladies in the world, and one of the most beautiful women. Poor Mary! so lovely and so delicate, and used to flattery and praise and worship; but coming among a rough, cold people, who did not know her, who did not know how to flatter—a people who disapproved of her as a Catholic, and were suspicious of her as French, and had no familiar knowledge of her to soften their hearts.

Notwithstanding so many things against her, Mary conquered her people. She went among them with her sweet looks and her natural grace, and the smile which melted even hearts of stone; and though they continued to disapprove of some of her ways, the Scots learned to love her, as she had the gift of making people do.

The world knew nothing then of what we call toleration nowadays. That is one of the good things of which, three hundred years ago, people had no idea. A Roman Catholic thought then that it was his duty, if he had it in his power, to make everybody go to mass, and to burn those who would not; and the Protestant believed that it was his duty to prevent people from going to mass, to compel them to go and hear a sermon instead, or, if they would not, to banish them and put them in prison. Some people think the Roman Catholics were the worse in this respect, but I am afraid they were all very much the same, and every man was resolved to force his neighbors to believe as he did. Now you know nobody can be forced to believe. They can be made to tell lies, sometimes, and pretend they do; but you cannot convince people that your way is the right one by behaving cruelly to them. When Mary had mass said in her chapel, which was the only divine worship she understood, there was an uproar and almost a riot, and the people would have refused to their queen the right to worship God in the way she had been taught.

Amid all the bitter conflict that followed, Mary, hearing much of John Knox, who was the chief of the Reformers, sent for him. Perhaps you have heard of John Knox, too. He was the man of whom it was said, when he died, that he had never feared the face of man. In the early vehemence of his youth, he had been one of those whom the corruptions of the Church of Rome had disgusted. When he was asked to kiss the image of a saint, he had flung it from him indignantly, exclaiming that it was no more than "a painted board," and could help no one. He had suffered everything for the new faith—had been a galley-slave one while; an exile, a wanderer on the face of the earth; but always so brave, so true, and so earnest, that he was the counselor of statesmen, notwithstanding his humble rank, and at that moment was as a prince in Scotland, so great were his influence and power. He was a man who had faults, as every one has, and was sometimes too bold, and too stern, and, like others of his time, wanted everybody to think as he did, whether they would or not. But he loved his country with all his heart, and he it was, at that time, who did what the old kings had done, and stood up for the people against the nobles, who were as greedy and fierce then as before, and would have swallowed up

all the goods and the lands they had taken from the old church, had not John Knox stood fast, and secured for the people a share of the inheritance which was their own, establishing schools with it in every parish in Scotland. So that it is to him that Scotland owes the education which has made her a rich little country, prosperous and peaceful, instead of the poverty-stricken, hungry land she once was.

Young Queen Mary was so bold that she sent for this old, and wise, and stern man, thinking that her smiles could subdue him, or her arguments, though she was so young and inexperienced, convince him. She was very clever and keen in argument, and pushed him very close sometimes. But she did not convince him, as you may suppose; and he spoke to her so seriously, so sternly some people think, that he made the beautiful young queen weep. But Mary was as firm in her way of thinking as Knox in his, and neither of them did much good, nor much harm, to the other.

For, as I have told you, in spite of everything, though she was a Papist, which they hated, and had foreign ways which they did not love, this beautiful, brave, smiling young queen won the heart of her people. For four or five years, Scotland, fighting fiercely all the time within herself, and torn in pieces by perpetual conflicts, was yet unanimous in a tender admiration for her queen.

In Holyrood and other royal castles and palaces, scattered over the country, Mary lived a life more free, more simple, but not less gay, than that which she lived in France. She did not disturb the government already established in the country, and which had ruled it in her name before her return to Scotland; and she made no attempt to place Roman Catholics in the offices of state. Perhaps she was too young to enter yet into the policy of her uncles in France, or to be so anxious, as she afterward was, to restore the power of Rome. So Mary enjoyed herself in these sweet years of her young reign, when most things went well with her, and when nothing but the small offense of a stern sermon, or the objections of the people to her service in her chapel, disturbed her happy career.

If she was not as splendidly lodged, nor as carefully served as in France, she was more free and really supreme. She was mistress of her own life, and of the heart and favor of her people—not able as yet to turn them from their way, yet free to take her own way; and so gaining their liking and their favor, that there almost began to dawn a hope that by and by, out of love for her, they might think better of their heresy, and go back to the old faith with their queen. Perhaps her wise and crafty uncles in France had advised her that the best thing she could do was, first of all, to make Scotland love her. But Mary was not one to follow a

policy of this kind if it did not please her. It did please her, however, to make everything bright around her,—to gather about her a troop of pretty ladies—the queen's Maries,—

“ There was Mary Seton, and Mary Beatoun,
And Mary Carmichael, and me,”

as one of them sings in a ballad—and all the gay young spirits of the country; and making the gray northern streets gay with her cavalcade, as she went a-hunting out into the woods; or scoured the country from one palace to another; or lighted up the graceful gallery at Holyrood, and its small but princely rooms, with music and pleasure. It was not so grand as the Louvre, but far more free, and there were no tiresome etiquettes to be observed, as in France; no queen mother to be kept in good humor, nor sulky princes to be conciliated, but everything her own way, and she herself supreme lady and mistress of all. If this could but have lasted! But it was not possible that it could last.

Amid all these gayeties, however, Mary did not forget that she was a queen, and she took her own way in politics as well as in her life. She would not give over her dancing and music and merry evenings, as John Knox required; nor would she quarrel with Queen Elizabeth, as her uncles in France urged her to do.

And in the matter of her marriage, Mary again acted for herself. A queen can not wait to be asked in marriage, like a lady of lower rank. Her subjects think it so important to them, that it has to be arranged for her, and the best man carefully chosen, and all kinds of things taken into consideration; not so much whether they love each other, but whether he is powerful enough, and great enough, or so clever and gracious, so wise and princely, that he is fit to be the husband of a queen. A great many princes were proposed to her on all sides. Those of you who have read the history of England will remember that Queen Elizabeth, from the beginning of her reign, had always declared that she would not marry. But for Mary, it was indispensable that she should marry. The prince whom she thought most suitable for her was that unfortunate, gloomy Don Carlos, who was the son of Philip II. of Spain, and who died mysteriously, in madness and misery, some time later. But there were obstacles which could not be surmounted in the way of this marriage. And a great many other princes were offered to her, and ambassadors hurried here and there, and there were scores of important state consultations and court gossips on the subject; all the great people in England, and in the Court of France, and of Spain, and a great many less important ones, laying their crowned and coroneted heads together,

and plotting or wondering whom the Queen of Scots was to marry.

At last, however, there was suggested to her, in secret, the very worst match of all. There was a certain young Lord Darnley, the son of the Earl of Lennox, a Scottish nobleman who had been banished to England, who was nearly related to both the royal families. He was a Stuart by his father's side, and his grandmother was Margaret Tudor, who was also the grandmother of Mary, and the aunt of Elizabeth, so that he was cousin to both these queens. Besides this, he was very handsome, with engaging manners, to all appearance a gallant young prince, pleasing everybody. He was neither great enough, nor wise enough, nor even old enough to be the husband of the Queen of Scots, and all the best authorities were opposed to him.

But Queen Mary saw him, and took a sudden fancy to the handsome and pleasant youth. There were difficulties in the way with all the others who would have been more suitable, and this young man was close at hand, and the very opposition of Queen Elizabeth, and of her own serious advisers, made Mary more determined to have her own way.

They were married, therefore, on the 29th of July, 1565, in the chapel of Holyrood, now roofless and ruined. Whether Mary had some foreboding in her mind as to the evil days that were dawning upon her, or if it was in accordance with some fancy or fashion, we cannot now tell; but she was married in her widow's weeds, in a heavy dress of black velvet and long white veil. But her black dress was the only melancholy thing about the wedding. They were very gay and very happy for a little while, though so many people disapproved of them, and Elizabeth quarreled with them.

Little cared the pair, for the moment, who quarreled and who disapproved. The wise Earl of Murray, Mary's half-brother, and the wily queen, her cousin, and all the nobles of the Reformation party, and all the best people, both in Scotland and England, were among those who opposed the marriage. But the queen pleased herself, as people say. Once more she had her way, and paid bitterly for it afterward, as self-willed people so often do.

For this young Darnley, whom she so loved and honored, to whom she had given the name of king, as he was a Stuart and of royal blood like herself, and for whom she had displeased so many of her friends, was as self-willed, and not nearly as wise, as Mary herself. He was younger by three years than she; he was merely a handsome boy, while she was a woman, full of intellect, intelligence, and high spirit. She had very much more character

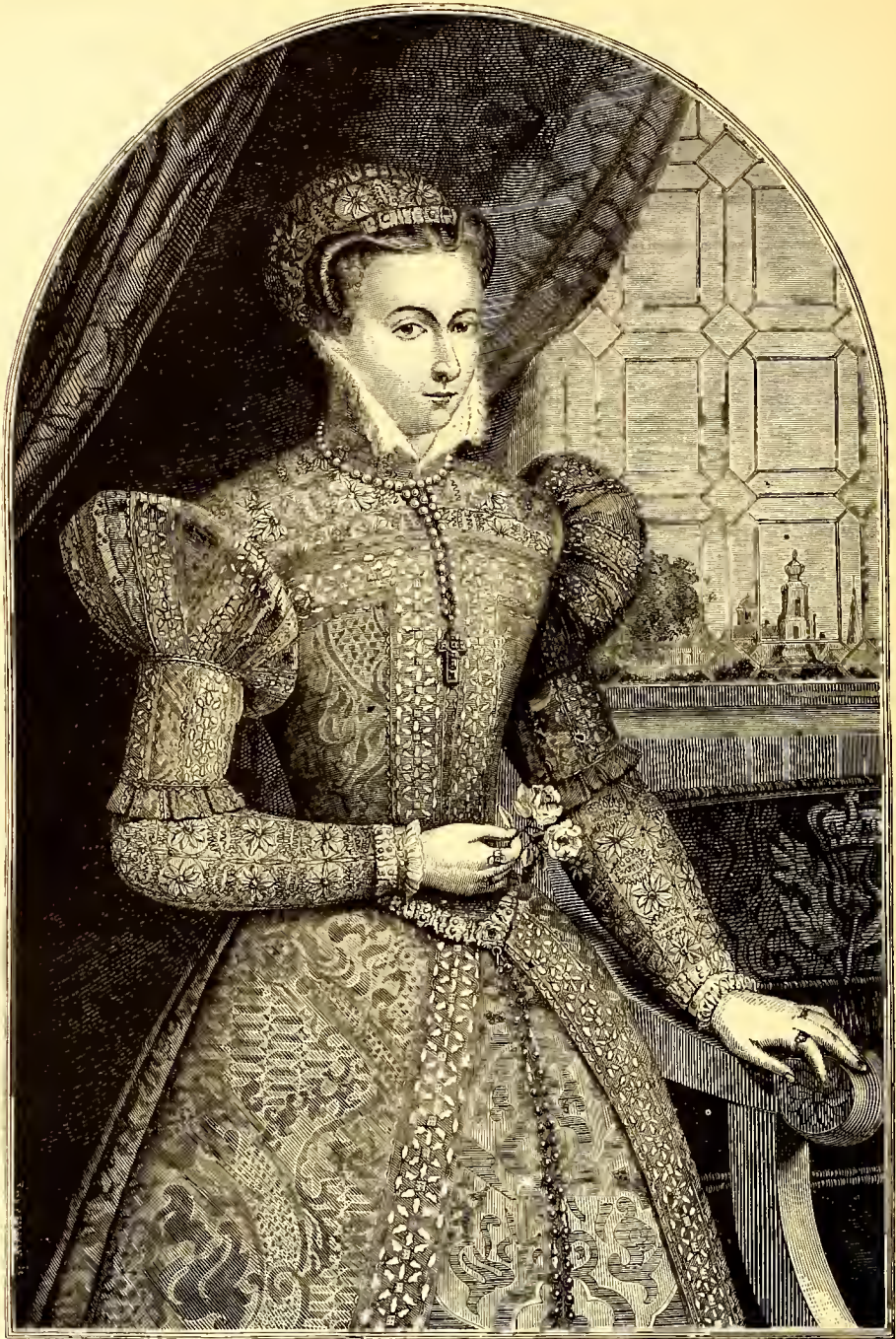
than he had; and she had been brought up to understand state affairs and do state business, but he had not. He did not even respect the high position of the lady who had done so much for him; but was ill-tempered and rude to her, as men in all ranks often are to their wives; neglected her at one time, and at another teased her with demands for more power and authority, and showed himself to be quite unworthy of the position in which her love had placed him. No doubt he thought, because she had done so much for him, that he deserved it all, and more. Now, Mary was not herself of a patient temper, and she was sensitive to her husband's neglect, and disgusted by his selfishness and ungenerous behavior. She herself had many faults, but she was not capable of meanness, and his conduct humbled both her and himself in the eyes of the nation.

In six months they were as far apart as if they had been strangers. The queen had much on her hands at this time. Some of her great nobles, and especially her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, had rebelled against her after her marriage, and she herself had ridden at the head of her army and had subdued the rebels. The excitement of this had delighted Mary. She had declared she would like to be a man, to spend her days in the saddle, and to lie all night in the fields, and throughout the struggle she showed herself full of courage and energy, and quick to do whatever she had in hand.

But success turned her head. She began to feel that she had the world at her feet, and that no one could stand against her; and began to dream of restoring the Catholic faith, and even of marching to London and overthrowing Elizabeth, and taking possession of the English crown, her rightful inheritance, as she believed.

In these schemes she was helped and pushed on by her Italian secretary, who had been recommended to her by her relations in France, and who knew all the plans of the Catholic party. This Italian, David Rizzio, was, at the same time, a man of great accomplishments, a fine musician, and had a very cultivated mind; and he was a great resource to Mary among her rude and untaught nobles, and very naturally became one of her favorite companions.

But the people about the court, and the nobles, who could not understand how she should prefer a poor secretary to themselves, hated David; some of them out of mere jealousy, some because they knew or suspected that David had great schemes in his mind, and was a dangerous plotter against the reformed faith. Darnley was the chief of those who were jealous of Rizzio. Though it was by his own folly that he had made himself disagreeable



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

to his wife, yet, in his vanity and weakness, he could not bear that she should find pleasure in the society of any one else, and he began to conspire with some of the discontented lords, and those who thought that David was a public enemy.

I am afraid, indeed, that this accomplished

Italian *was* an enemy to the state, and was planning great harm to Scotland; but this did not justify the wicked and cruel act by which he met his death. One evening Queen Mary was in her cabinet, or closet, as it was called,—a room so small that you would not think so many people could possibly get into it,—at supper, fearing no evil. She had her half-sister with her, the Countess of Argyle; a half-brother, and several others of her household, and among them Rizzio. When the supper was half over, Darnley, the king, as he was called, came in by a private passage, which led from his room to Mary's. Then, a few minutes after, came Lord Ruthven, the chief of the conspirators, and a number of others, armed and angry.

Imagine these fierce men rushing in by the private door, which was for Darnley alone, and filling the little room behind the terrified people at the table, who had been talking gayly over their supper, with thoughts as far as possible from murder and cruelty.

Mary, who feared no man, at once asked Ruthven what was his business there and who had let him in, and ordered him to leave her presence. But you may be sure they had not gone so far to be stopped by anything that could be said to them; and Mary, betrayed by her own husband, had no guards to defend her. Ruthven made her a haughty answer, and said he had come to drag Rizzio from her presence.

"Madame, save my life!" cried David, clinging to her dress.

She tried to save him against the weapons thrust at him, some over her own shoulder, and in the scuffle the table was upset, and the queen herself thrown down, with the wretched, panic-stricken stranger clinging to her in the middle of all that havoc, while the daggers were almost at her own throat.

Then the murderers forced the clinging hands of their victim loose from the clothing of the queen, and dragged him roughly out of her presence, Darnley himself holding her that she might do nothing further in behalf of the poor Italian, who was killed at the door of the adjoining room, in her hearing, if not in her sight. Then his body, mangled with many wounds, was thrown out of the window into the court-yard below.

Ruthven came back when this deed was done, into the little room where the remains of the supper, which had been so dreadfully interrupted, were

still scattered; and there he found poor Mary, in a passion of rage, and sorrow, and despair, telling her treacherous husband that she would be his wife no longer; that he was a traitor and the son of a traitor.

"This will be dear blood to some of you," she protested, in her passion.

But the conspirators had possession of the palace, and Mary was a prisoner in their hands.

This was the turning point in her life. Up to this time she had been a brave and high-spirited and generous princess, meeting her enemies boldly, speaking her mind fully; with plenty of faults, indeed, but none that need have taken from her the love of her people. And that love had followed her wherever she had gone. She had been disappointed in her husband, but in everything else the beautiful and brave creature had been successful and triumphant.

Now, however, almost in a moment, all this was changed.

Imagine, after such a horrible scene of treachery and murder, this young queen, to whom everything had been subject, shut into her room alone, spending the night without even one of her women near her, without a friend to bear her company, in the room through which poor Rizzio had been dragged, at the door of which he had been stabbed and stabbed again, and where his blood stained the floor.

If ever in your travels you go to Scotland and visit that old palace of Holyrood, which has seen so many strange scenes, the people will show you a dark spot, which is said to be Rizzio's blood. I will not vouch for it that this is true, but the stains were there, undoubtedly, when Mary, wild with terror, and misery, and anger, spent that dreadful night alone. She was in delicate health at the time, and the wonder was that the shock and horror did not kill her, too.

This outrage was the beginning of all the darker side of her life. Next morning, Mary began another existence. She was in the hands of her deadly enemies. The only way in which she could get free was by flattering and deceiving them. It would have been better for her had she died that morning. History, then, would have had nothing but honor and pity for her. But Mary did not die. She lived to cheat and deceive, to become a conspirator, too; to swear one thing and do another; to revenge herself, and in her turn to be the subject of a terrible revenge.

(To be concluded.)

A LESSON FOR MAMMA.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

“DEAR Mamma, if you just could be
A tiny little girl like me,
And I your mamma, you would see
How nice I'd be to you.
I'd always let you have your way;
I'd never frown at you, and say.
'You are behaving ill to-day;
Such conduct will not do.'

“I'd always give you jelly-cake
For breakfast, and I'd never shake
My head, and say: 'You must not take
So very large a slice.'
I'd never say: 'My dear, I trust
You will not make me say you *must*
Eat up your oat-meal'; or 'The crust
You'll find is very nice.'

“I'd buy you candy every day;
I'd go down-town with you, and say:
'What would my darling like? You may
Have anything you see.'
I'd never say: 'My pet, you know
'T is bad for health and teeth, and so
I cannot let you have it. No;
It would be wrong in me.'

“And every day I'd let you wear
Your nicest dress, and never care
If it should get a great big tear;
I'd only say to you:
'My precious treasure, never mind,
For little clothes *will* tear, I find.'
Now, Mamma, would n't that be kind?
That's just what *I* should do.

“I'd never say: 'Well, just *a few!*'
I'd let you stop your lessons, too;
I'd say: 'They are too hard for you,
Poor child, to understand.'
I'd put the books and slates away;
You should n't do a thing but play,
And have a party every day.
Ah-h-h, would n't that be grand!

“But, Mamma dear, you cannot grow
Into a little girl, you know,
And I can't be your mamma; so
The only thing to do,
Is just for you to try and see
How very, *very* nice 't would be
For *you* to do all this for *me*.
Now, Mamma, *could n't* you?"

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

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE little cow-hunter would have been in his glory, if he had accompanied us to Yucatan; for there he would have found numberless cows to chase, and plenty of galloping room besides. On the Rio Bexar, that forms the frontier of the State of Tabasco, we saw large herds of black cattle, roaming at large over the open prairies, and on the opposite shore, in western Yucatan, they seemed to be mostly ownerless, for we saw neither herders nor farmers—nothing but Indian deer-hunters—till

we reached San Elizario, a village containing only a few white settlers, and a government stage-coach office.

Here we left our menagerie-pets in charge of the postmaster, who had more stable-room than he wanted, and, hearing that southern Yucatan abounded with monkeys and all kinds of game, we set off in the direction of a place where they had told us that the Rio Belize could be crossed on a rope bridge.

Judging from the name, we expected to find something like a suspension-bridge, but it proved

to be a sort of a ferry, a drag-over contrivance of the rudest and strangest kind. At the narrowest point of the river-bed they had stretched two cables of liana-ropes from shore to shore, about sixty feet above the water-surface, and some of the countrymen managed to get across by stepping on the lower cable and holding on to the upper one; but for travelers that were not used to this sort of rope-walking, they had large wicker baskets with hoops, sliding along the cable in such a way that they could be pulled over by means of a drag-ropce. The river was very broad, with a current like a mill-race, and it puzzled us how we should get Black Betsy across, but the bridge-keeper assured us that there was n't any danger, if we would just ease her load a little, and fasten a long tow to her saddle-band. The tow was long enough to reach from the water up to the wicker basket, and while the mule swam the river, the people in the basket pulled at the rope just enough to steady her, so that the current should not carry her away.

While they guided her over we waited on the cliffs of the opposite shore, and Tommy concluded to try his long drop-line. He had to use beetles instead of minnows, and, considering the poor bait, his luck was better than we expected; in less than

call a sort of eel-snake in Mexico. Up he came; but just when the line got taut, a smooth black head popped up from the water, gobbled the *gusano* with a sudden snap, and disappeared—fish, hook and all.

"An otter! A fish-otter!" exclaimed one of the natives who had watched our proceedings. "A wonder he did n't rob you before; we can hardly get a fish on account of those black thieves. Just look at them; there comes a whole shoal!"

We looked down, and, sure enough, the water at the other side of the cliffs was almost black with swimming heads. The otters sported around like porpoises, and now and then slipped into a rock-crevice at the water's edge.

"They must have their nests in that cliff," said Tommy. "I wonder if we could n't catch some of the young ones?"

"Hardly; their burrows are very deep," said the Indian.

"Yes, and we could n't raise them, anyhow," I added. "It's hard to get fresh fish every day, and they would n't eat anything else. Get up, boys—here comes the ferryman."

Two other travelers had crossed the ferry with the last basket: a young Spaniard on his way to the gold-mines of San Cristoval, and a heavily armed half-breed with a big wolf-dog. The dog carried two good-sized leather bags, and was saddled and bridled like a horse, following in the tracks of his master, who held the end of the bridle in his fist. Whenever we passed a bush or a tree-stump, the dog pressed close to his master's heels, to keep the bridle from

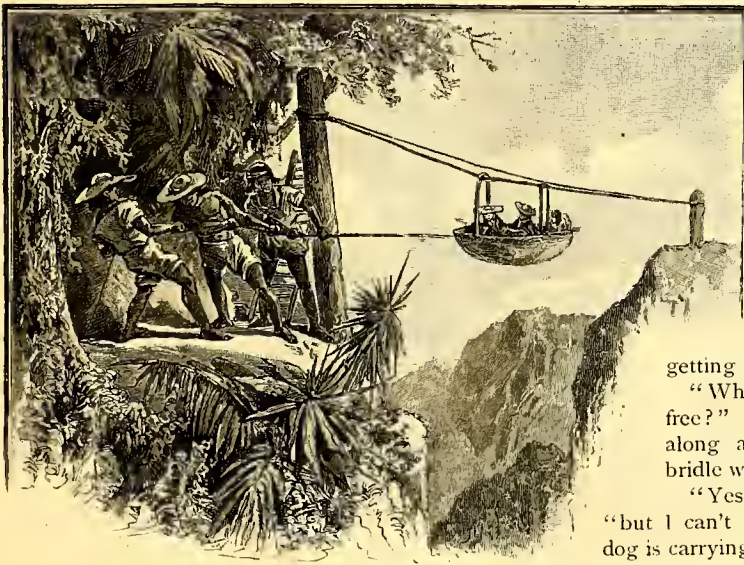
getting entangled in the twigs.

"Why don't you let that dog go free?" I asked. "He could get along a great deal better if that bridle were off altogether."

"Yes, I know," said the half-breed, "but I can't go against my orders: that dog is carrying the government mail, and if I should lose him they would stop my year's wages."

"Are you going to Vera Paz?" asked Daddy Simon, who was not very well acquainted with the Yucatan country-roads.

"No; but I will show you the way as far as Cabellas," said the mail-carrier; "from there Don José (the Spaniard) and I shall take the



THE CURIOUS ROPE-BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIO BELIZE.

ten minutes he caught four pickerel, and a black, frog-headed fish of a kind we had never seen before. The next time he threw in his line, he had a bite almost as soon as he touched the water, and, as he jerked it in, we could see by the squirming and splashing that it must be a large *gusano*, as they

mountain-road to the mines, but you have to follow the river to the mouth of the Rio Gordo."

"I wish I could go along with you," said Don José; "I like to travel in a wilderness like this. Just look at those splendid mango-trees in the valley down there! By the by—would n't that be a good place to cook our dinner?"

We assented, and, while Menito dressed our pickerel, the young Spaniard and Tommy collected a lot of wild fruits, mangos, chirimoyas, and fine yellow grapes. The mail-carrier had bought some eggs at the ferry-house, and a first-rate dinner was almost ready when the boys returned from their foraging.

"Hello, there are pebbles in this ravine," said the young Spaniard. "Wait a moment; I saw a queer sort of fruit in that bush over yonder, but I could not reach it with my stick: let me see if I can't hit it. I think it must be a calabash-tree."

We were so busy with our preparations for dinner that we paid no particular attention to him; but I noticed a bottle-shaped gray thing in the top of the calabash-tree, as he called it. I had just stepped aside to get our vinegar-flask from the saddle-pouch, when I heard a general uproar at

"What in the name of common sense is the matter?" asked the half-breed, who was just coming up from the creek with a pail of water—but in the next moment he dashed the pail down, snatched it up again, and ran like the rest. "Hornets! hornets! Away with that mule of yours!" he yelled, when I called on him to stop. I had hardly time to untie the halter and rush the mule off into the bush, when the air seemed to hum all around me, and two fierce stings on my neck convinced me that my companions had good reason to run. Now I remembered that wretched calabash-tree. Yes, that explained it; the young Spaniard had mistaken a hornets'-nest for some kind of wild fruit, and, hitting it with a stone, had brought down on our heads the wrath of a swarm of winged demons. At first I was so angry that I could not trust myself to speak a word when I overtook the fugitives, but the uproarious mirth of the boys put me in good humor again.

"So that's what they call calabashes in Spain!" shouted Menito, scarcely able to contain his merriment. "You would n't want any Spanish pepper if you could get a dose of that stuff every day!"

"Well, I declare," laughed Tommy, "I did n't know old Daddy could run like all that!"

"Those rascals are smart, though!" cried the half-breed, panting. "Did n't they find us quickly!"

"Smart? Why, they have no common sense at all," growled old Daddy. "About six of them went up my trousers, and one stung me right on the nose—as if it had been my fault, found the foolish creatures!"

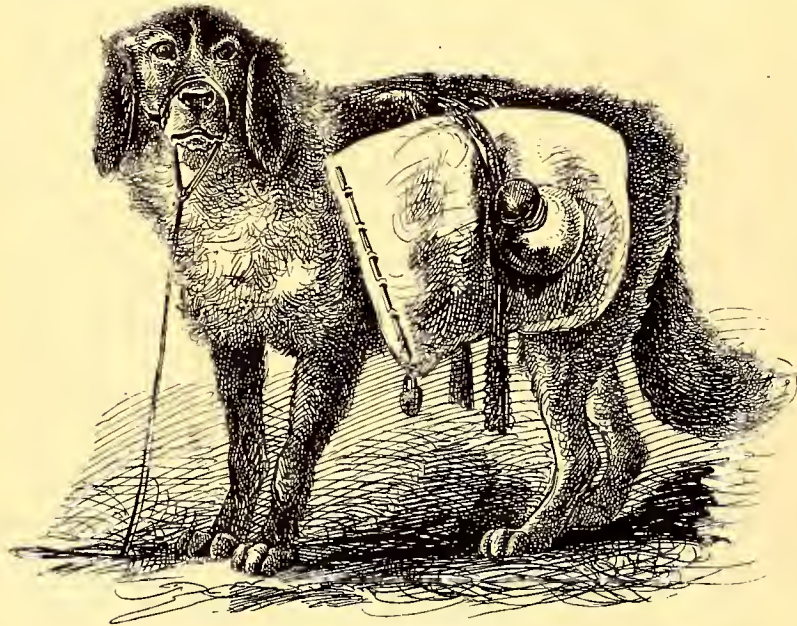
The poor young Spaniard said nothing at all; but I dare say he recollects the day of the month.

"Poor Menito has lost his red handkerchief, I see," observed

Tommy, after attending to his wounds.

"Oh, I can stand it," laughed Menito. "All I am sorry for is that mess of pickerel; we had n't much of a breakfast, either."

"Never mind," said the half-breed; "do you see that smoke going up, ahead there? That's a



THE CARRIER OF THE GOVERNMENT MAIL.

the camp: Daddy Simon snatching up the mess-bag and galloping away like a race-horse, with Tommy and Rough at his heels; Menito upsetting our dinner and running off with the empty kettle, and the young Spaniard throwing about his arms and bellowing like a madman.

village of Pasco Indians; they can sell us something to eat, I guess. I should n't wonder if they are cooking their own dinner right now. Besides, I have a lot of dry cakes in my pouch."

The smoke rose from the center of a little clearing in the midst of the forest, but we did not see any trace of a village, till the half-breed called attention to a grove of caucho-trees behind the clearing. Wherever two or three trees stood close together, the Indians had joined them by a net-work of bush ropes, forming the floor of their huts about six feet above the ground, while the boughs of the trees, interwoven with bast and bulrushes, served as a sort of roof.

"Have n't they any axes?" said Tommy. "What 's the reason they cannot build their huts on the ground?"

"It 's on account of the inundations," said the half-breed. "In the rainy season the Rio Belize rises ten or fifteen feet, and overflows this country in every direction."

A dozen copper-brown Indians were cooking their dinner in the middle of the clearing, and when we approached their camp-fire the half-breed explained our mishap and inquired the price of a modest meal. There was n't much in sight; but one of the half-naked hunters rose, with the dignity of a Grand Duke, and invited us to a seat on the woodpile. Their squaws were out nutting, he said, and they could not offer us any bread to-day; but we were quite welcome to all there was, and they scorned the idea of accepting money from a stranger-guest.

"We have fried squirrels," said he, "nearly done; and, furthermore, we have eels,—fine eels, exquisite and fat."

We told him that we should never be able to forgive ourselves if we should deprive him of his eels, but that we should ask him to favor us with a squirrel apiece.

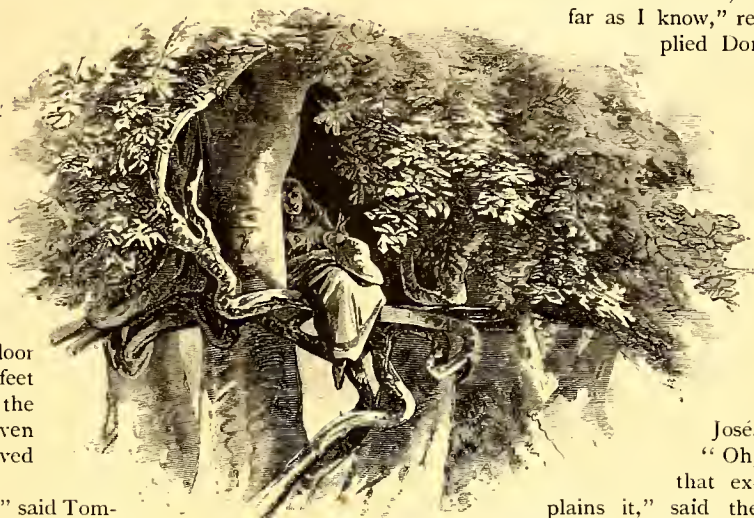
The squirrels were skewered on long sticks and roasting over a low wood-fire, and every now and then one of the Indians greased them with a spoonful of lard-oil, to keep them from frizzling away altogether. When we had finished our repast, the young Spaniard asked them for a few drops of that oil, to rub his swollen face.

"*Ovispas?*" (wasps or hornets) asked the Pasco.

"Yes, sir—ten or twelve of them."

"Why, what sort of snake-doctors are there in your part of the country?" asked the Indian.

"None at all, as far as I know," replied Don



A HOME IN A TREE.

Pascos have good snake-doctors, however."

"What are they good for?" I inquired.

"They rub you with guaraca oil," said the Indian, "that will keep flies and wasps away; and if you pay them a big price, they rub you till you get snake-proof, too."

"Can't you buy a bottle of that stuff and put it on yourself?" I asked.

"Yes, on your hands," said the Pasco, "but only the doctor knows how to oil your face; otherwise the ointment would kill you. It is a strong poison, and would make you sneeze till you die. Our medicine-man has a remedy for ghosts, too," he added, and told us a long story about the strange apparitions that used to haunt the wigwam till they were laid by the potent spells of the snake-doctor; but we did not regret the delay, for the Indians sold us a tame spider-monkey—a lank and funny fellow, with arms as long as a full-grown man's.

"What kind of oil does he mean?" I asked the half-breed, when we continued on our way.

"I do not know what it is made of," said he, "but it is certainly a strong poison."

"But will it injure you by merely rubbing it on your skin?"

"I knew a fellow who nearly died from the mere smell," said the half-breed. "One of my neighbors in Tabasco was chopping wood near his garden, and in his absence a large *vivoron* [a sort of moccasin snake] crawled into the cottage and came near biting his youngest son, a lad of ten years, but

José.

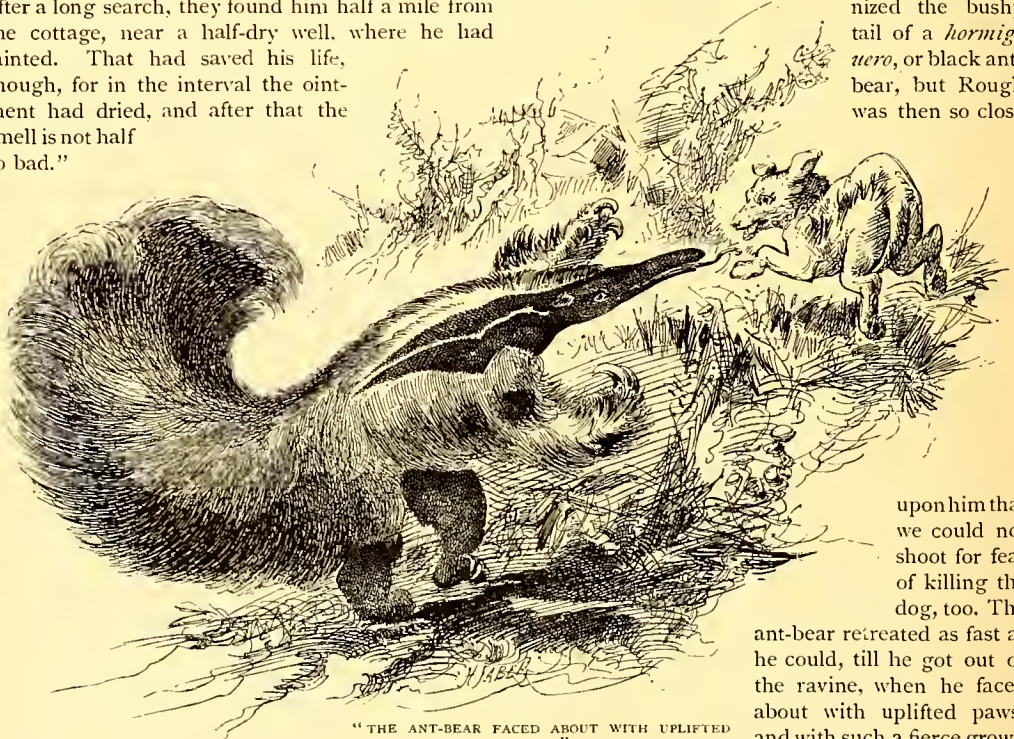
"Oh, that explains it," said the Indian. "Poor man, no wonder! We

wonderfully plucky for a boy of that age. The little fellow saw the snake when it was just going to strike, and, with a sudden grab, caught it around the neck with both hands and called loudly for help; but before his brother came to the rescue the snake had wound itself around his arm, and squirmed in a way that he had to fling himself on the floor to hold it down. 'Get the hatchet!' he called to his brother. 'Strike away! Never mind my fingers—chop them off, as long as you cut the *vivoron's* head off, too!' But his brother ran into a back-room where their father kept a bottle of guaraca-oil, and, finding the stopper too tight, he smashed the whole bottle, and poured the contents on his brother's hands. The snake wriggled like an eel and then lay still, as limp as a rag, but in the same moment the two boys were seized with a violent fit of sneezing. The elder ran outside, and had hardly reached the open air, when he heard his brother call out again: 'Water! air! help! I'm choking!' There was no water near the house, and the boy hurried off to fetch his father, but when they returned the younger boy had disappeared, and, after a long search, they found him half a mile from the cottage, near a half-dry well, where he had fainted. That had saved his life, though, for in the interval the ointment had dried, and after that the smell is not half so bad."

off to the left where the road forks again; the left-hand trail leads to an abandoned wood-chopper's cabin. You had better not leave the road at all," he added; "the *espinal* [thorn-jungle] in the bottom there is a terrible wilderness."

So it was; even in Tabasco we had never seen such an intricate maze of jungle and bush ropes. The great *lianas*, or creeping vines, joined tree to tree, trailing along the ground like snakes, and hanging in festoons from the boughs, like the cordage of a full-rigged ship, while smaller vines, some of them as prickly as buckthorn twigs, spread their twisted coils through the underbrush and made the forest almost impenetrable. In such thickets, wild beasts were safe from the hunter's pursuit. Squirrels and rabbits crossed our path, but our dog tried in vain to follow them through the thorns, and we thought he had become thoroughly tired of such a hunting-ground, when he suddenly rushed ahead like a shot, and almost tumbled upon a brute about the size of a large hog, engaged in scraping up the leaves in a little ravine, some twenty paces from the road-side. The creature turned, and we

recognized the bushy tail of a *horniguero*, or black ant-bear, but Rough was then so close



"THE ANT-BEAR FACED ABOUT WITH UPLIFTED PAWS."

"I must leave you here," said the half-breed, when we reached the next cross-road, "but you cannot miss your way now: you will reach Cabellas all right if you just keep straight south. Don't turn

upon him that we could not shoot for fear of killing the dog, too. The ant-bear retreated as fast as he could, till he got out of the ravine, when he faced about with uplifted paws, and with such a fierce growl, that Rough drew back in

affright. In the next moment the *horniguero* had vanished in the thicket, though Tommy ran up and down, trying to discover his whereabouts. He could hardly see ten paces ahead into the jungle.



A NOVEL WAY TO CLIMB A TREE. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"Come on, come on," Daddy Simon urged us. "Do you see those clouds? I am afraid we shall get wet before night."

It was hardly three o'clock, but the sky had turned strangely dark, and now and then a flash of lightning darted across the murky air. We pressed forward in silent haste, till Tommy clutched my arm and looked intently in the direction of the *espinal*. "I thought I heard a bell down there," said he. "Yes, there it goes again! Listen! What can that be?"

We all heard it plainly this time: a singular bell-like sound, coming clear and ringing from the heart of the wilderness.

"Yes, we are in for it now," said Daddy Simon. "There will be a storm or a heavy rain. That's the *campanero*, the bell-bird; when he tolls his *campana* [bell] you may look out for trouble. It is a sure sign."

Three or four wood-bats passed over our heads with a whistling screech, also a *caprimulga* or goat-sucker—a kind of bird that is rarely seen before sundown; and when we approached a coppice of cork-oaks, a big wild-cat leaped into the middle of the road and glared at us in wide-eyed surprise. She, too, seemed to

have mistaken the darkness for the evening twilight, and looked at us as if she wondered what we were doing so late in the woods; but at the first movement of our dog she turned and flung herself into the thicket with a savage leap.

"Come ahead," said Old Daddy; "we can't run after every bird and beast in a wilderness like this."

"Hold on there—just wait a moment," cried Menito, squeezing himself through the underbrush at the foot of the tree. "I thought so," said he. "There's a hole in this tree with a cat's nest; I can hear the young ones whining like puppies. Please give me a lift, somebody."

Tommy managed to help him up, and, after pulling out a lot of moss and rubbish, Menito produced four fat little kittens, that looked as surprised as their mother to find themselves in the presence of strangers.

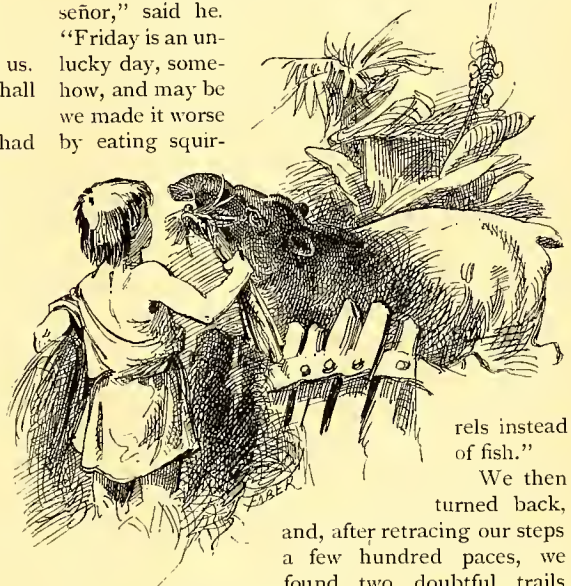
"Now, let it rain," laughed Menito. "We have made a good job of it for one day."

Not a drop had fallen yet, but the darkness became really alarming, and the wind swayed the tree-tops with an ominous moan.

"Bad luck," said Daddy Simon. "We have missed our way. Here's that wood-chopper's shanty the mail-carrier was telling us about. Come this way."

"How did we get off the right road?" I asked.

"I don't know, señor," said he. "Friday is an unlucky day, somehow, and may be we made it worse by eating squir-



THE HUNTER'S TAPIR. [SEE PAGE 465.]

rels instead of fish."

We then turned back, and, after retracing our steps a few hundred paces, we found two doubtful trails leading in the direction of the Rio Belize, but looking very much like the paths which deer and cows follow on the way to their drinking-places.

"Which one goes nearest south, now?" asked

Daddy Simon. "Vera Paz is south by south-east, so far as I know."

Before we could decide that point, a sudden gust of wind cooled the air some fifteen or twenty degrees, and our monkeys began to squeal as if they wanted to call our attention to the lowering storm.

"It's coming!" cried Menito. "What shall we do? Please, let's hurry back to that old cabin; better an empty house than no house at all."

It seemed really the best plan; so, by setting our mule a-trotting, we managed to reach the log-cabin in less than ten minutes, and, while I helped Old Daddy to unstrap the baskets and things, the boys ran out to hunt up a little fuel. But they had hardly brought in two armfuls or so when the storm broke loose, with a roar that frightened our monkeys almost out of their wits. They hugged one another and screamed until they made us laugh, in spite of our own consternation, for the matter was almost past a jest; the great forest-trees bent and swayed like reeds, and only the clumsy massiveness of the timbers saved the roof of our hut from being blown away with the branches that flew through the air like a flock of birds. As soon as the fury of the storm abated, the rain came down in torrents, and, almost with the first fall, the whole forest broke forth in a babel of confused voices: screeching parrots, screaming cats, and loud-grunting peccaries, and through all the din we heard the shrill piping of a troop of *monos espectros*, or "ghost-monkeys," as the Mexicans call a kind of nocturnal mammals allied to the African lemurs. Little rat-like things jumped and chirped among the rafters of the roof, but it was so dark that we could not make out what they were, till Menito knocked one of them down with the butt of his mule-whip. It fluttered out into the rain like a bat, and we saw that it must be a family of flying-squirrels, who had made themselves at home in the abandoned cabin, and perhaps felt highly indignant at our unceremonious intrusion.

Our dog Rough had posted himself at the threshold, and seemed to have noticed something outside that did not suit him, for he retreated with a low growl, and with every hair on his back standing on end. On looking around, we saw two big yellow eyes glaring at us through the rain that had turned the twilight into pitch-dark night. Menito advanced toward the door with his whip, but Daddy pulled him back with a jerk that sent him stumbling into the corner.

"You must be entirely crazy," said he. "Do you want to get yourself killed? That must be a panther or a jaguar, and a pretty big one, too. Don't you know that such brutes can't keep the run of the calendar? They would eat you on Friday as quickly as on any other day!"

The next morning the ground was as wet as a swamp, but Black Betsy had a very easy load, and we found that our tame spider-monkey could walk as well as ride. He preferred to squat on the mule's croup like a Turk on his divan, but whenever he saw the boys running after a squirrel or a butterfly, he would slip down and follow them as if his curiosity had got the better of his laziness.

"There are some Indians under those trees," said Daddy Simon, when we passed a copse of tanka-oaks. "I'm going to ask them about the best road to Vera Paz."

Tankas, or Spanish nuts, look almost exactly like acorns, but they taste sweet and pleasant like filberts, and still more like those egg-shaped little wanuts they call "pecans" in Texas. The trees were rather high and had their larger branches all near the top, but the Indians had devised quite an ingenious mode of climbing them. They had long ropes of bombax cotton, about as thick as a finger, but strong enough to bear the weight of a heavy man. To one end of these ropes they had fastened *bolas*, or round pebbles about the size of a pigeon-egg, and on the other a cudgel of very tough wood. Now, if they wanted to climb a tree, they whirled the bolas around their heads and flung them over the lowest branch in a way that made them twirl all around it, and by giving a quick jerk, they could draw the rope as tight as a knot. By grabbing the rope with his hands, and bracing his toes against the tree, a barefoot boy could climb the biggest oak almost as quick as with a ladder, and, if the tree was very high, his comrades could help him by standing on the cudgel, thus drawing the rope taut and straight.

But though the Indians understood the art of climbing Spanish-nut trees, they did not know much about the Spanish language, and we tried in vain to interpret our questions by gestures, till one old fellow tapped me on the shoulder, and pointing in the direction of a narrow trail, lifted his finger, as if he wanted me to listen to something. I asked my companions to keep quiet for a moment, and soon heard the echo of distant ax-strokes.

"*Blanco, blanco*—a white man, that," said the Indian, and, again pointing toward the trail, he waved his hand, as much as to say: "Go on; you will find a white man there."

After following the trail for a mile or so, we heard the ax-strokes close at hand, and at last saw a stout, bareheaded man, in a hunting-shirt, engaged in splitting fence-rails in the genuine North-American fashion. He did not look much like a Spaniard, and when we hailed him, his answer confirmed my conjecture.

"Hello, strangers!" he called out, in English,

and, throwing down his ax, came up and greeted us in the off-hand way of a British sailor or soldier.

"If you are going to Vera Paz, you are nearly on the right road," said he, when we had introduced ourselves, "but I will take you as far as Lagunas, where you strike the State highway."

"You are an Englishman?" I asked.

"I am a Scotchman, and belonged to an English vessel that got wrecked on the Yucatan coast. I tried to make my way to Vera Cruz, but this country here suited me, and I concluded to stay." He told us that he had lived here more than seven years, nearly alone, supporting himself on wild fruits and game.

"You must have had some wild adventures," said I, seeing his face was badly scarred on one side.

"Yes, I got that in a rough-and-tumble fight with a panther," said he. "The Pasco Indians had offered a large reward for the head of a panther that had killed six men and children of one wigwam. So I laid traps of all kinds, and at last caught the man-eater in a heavy steel trap. He had caught himself in such a manner that he could

not possibly escape, but I never saw a wild brute make such a desperate resistance. I had to throw a lariat over his head and wind it all around him before I could drag him off, and I had hardly hauled him half a mile when he got one of his paws free and made a spring at my head. At last I managed to chain him and deliver him to the Pasco Indians. They would never tell me what they did with him. It's pretty hard to make a few dollars here now," he added, "but when the gold mines were first discovered the whole country was full of money; one day I won twenty dollars on a single bet."

"How was that?" we asked.

"I have a tame tapir," said the hunter, "and one evening I took him to a farm-house where the miners used to congregate, and made them a bet that my tapir could eat more corn than three full-grown hogs. They put three hungry swine in a pen, and the tapir in another, and then threw a sackful of corn into each pen, but the hogs had eaten only two-thirds of their share when my tapir had swallowed his whole ration, cobs and all."

(To be continued.)



"TO ANSWER I 'M INCLINED."

WHY.

ONCE I was a little maid
With eager heart and mind;
And through the wondrous hours, I sought
Something I could not find.

No single thing; 't was that, to-day,
To-morrow, it was this;
And wistfully I heard folks say:
"A funny little miss!

"She queries so! She wonders so!"
They said—"The pretty thing!"
But what I sought, or wished to know,
They quite forgot to bring.

And now that I am older grown,
And do as I've a mind,
When little lips ask, "Why?"—I'll own
To answer I'm inclined.

Their "How?" and "What?" and "Why?"
you see,
Mean that they, too, would reach
And find a something that they need
In some one's friendly speech.

THE PETERKINS' EXCURSION FOR MAPLE SUGAR.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



It was, to be sure, a change of plan to determine to go to Grandfather's for a maple-sugaring instead of going to Egypt! But it seemed best. Egypt was not given up—only postponed. "It has lasted so many centuries," sighed Mr. Peterkin, "that I suppose it will not crumble much in one summer more."

The Peterkins had determined to start for Egypt in June, and Elizabeth Eliza had engaged her dress-maker for January; but after all their plans were made, they were told that June was the worst month of all to go to Egypt in; that they would arrive in midsummer, and find the climate altogether too hot; that people who were not used to it died of it. Nobody thought of going to Egypt in summer; on the contrary, everybody came away. And what was worse,

Agamemnon learned that not only the summers were unbearably hot, but there really was no Egypt in summer—nothing to speak of—nothing but water, for there was a great inundation of the river Nile every summer, which completely covered the country, and it would be difficult to get about, except in boats.

Mr. Peterkin remembered he had heard something of the sort, but he did not suppose it had been kept up with the modern improvements.

Mrs. Peterkin felt that the thing must be very much exaggerated. She could not believe the whole country would be covered, or that everybody would leave; as summer was surely the usual time for travel, there must be strangers there, even if the natives left. She would not be sorry if there were fewer of the savages. As for the boats, she supposed after their long voyage they would all be used to going about in boats, and she had thought seriously of practicing, by getting in and out of the rocking-chair from the sofa.

The family, however, wrote to the lady from Philadelphia who had traveled in Egypt, and whose husband knew everything about Egypt that could be known—that is, everything that had already been dug up, though he could only guess at what might be brought to light next.

The result was a very earnest recommendation not to leave for Egypt till the autumn. Travelers did not usually reach there before December, though October might be pleasant on account of the fresh dates.

So the Egypt plan was reluctantly postponed, and, to make amends for the disappointment to the little boys, an excursion for maple sirup was proposed instead.

Mr. Peterkin considered it almost a necessity. They ought to acquaint themselves with the manufactures of their own new country, before studying those of the oldest in the world. He had been inquiring into the products of Egypt at the present time, and had found sugar to be one of their staples. They ought, then, to understand the American methods, and compare them with those of Egypt. It would be a pretty attention, indeed, to carry some of the maple sugar to the principal dignitaries of Egypt.

But the difficulties in arranging an excursion proved almost as great as for going to Egypt. Sugar-making could not come off until it was warm enough for the sun to set the sap stirring. On the other hand, it must be cold enough for snow, as you could only reach the woods on snow-sleds. Now, if there were sun enough for the sap to rise, it would melt the snow, and if it were cold enough for sledding, it must be too cold for the sirup. There seemed an impossibility about the whole thing. The little boys, however, said there always had been maple sugar every spring; they had eaten it; why should n't there be this spring?

Elizabeth Eliza insisted gloomily that this was probably old sugar they had eaten—you never could tell in the shops.

Mrs. Peterkin thought there must be fresh sugar occasionally, as the old would have been eaten up. She felt the same about chickens. She never could understand why there were only the old, tough ones in the market, when there were certainly fresh young broods to be seen around the farm-houses every year. She supposed the market-men had begun with the old, tough fowls, and so they had to go on so. She wished they had begun the other

way, and she had done her best to have the family eat up the old fowls, hoping they might, some day, get down to the young ones.

As to the uncertainty about the weather, she suggested they should go to Grandfather's the day before. But how can you go the day before, when you don't yet know the day?

All were much delighted, therefore, when Hiram appeared with the wood-sled, one evening, to take them, as early as possible the next day, to their grandfather's. He reported that the sap had started, the kettles had been on some time, there had been a light snow for sleighing, and to-morrow promised to be a fine day. It was decided that he should take the little boys and Elizabeth Eliza early, in the wood-sled; the others would follow later, in the carry-all.

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be safer to have some of the party go on wheels, in case of a general thaw the next day.

A brilliant sun awoke them in the morning. The wood-sled was filled with hay, to make it warm and comfortable, and an arm-chair was tied in for Elizabeth Eliza. But she was obliged to go first to visit the secretary of the Circumambient Society, to explain that she should not be present at their evening meeting. One of the rules of this society was to take always a winding road when going upon society business, as the word "circumambient" means "compassing about." It was one of its laws to copy nature as far as possible, and a straight line is never seen in nature. Therefore, she could not send a direct note to say she should not be present; she could only hint it in general conversation with the secretary, and she was obliged to take a roundabout way to reach the secretary's house, where the little boys called for her in her wood-sled.

What was her surprise to find eight little boys instead of three! In passing the school-house they had picked up five of their friends, who had reached the school door a full hour before the time. Elizabeth Eliza thought they ought to inquire if their parents would be willing they should go, as they all expected to spend the night at Grandfather's. Hiram thought it would require too much time to stop for the consent of ten parents; if the sun kept on at this rate, the snow would be gone before they should reach the woods. But the little boys said most of the little boys lived in a row, and Elizabeth Eliza felt she ought not to take the boys away for all night without their parents' knowledge. The consent of two mothers and two fathers was gained, and Mr. Dobson was met in the street, who said he would tell the other mother. But at each place they were obliged to stop for additional tippets, and great-coats, and India-rubber boots for the little

boys. At the Harrimans', too, the Harriman girls insisted on dressing up the wood-sled with ever-greens, and made one of the boys bring their last Christmas-tree, that was leaning up against the barn, to set it up in the back of the sled, over Elizabeth Eliza. All this made considerable delay, and when they reached the high road again the snow was indeed fast melting. Elizabeth Eliza was inclined to turn back, but Hiram said they would find the sleighing better farther up among the hills. The arm-chair joggled about a good deal, and the Christmas-tree creaked behind her, and Hiram was obliged to stop occasionally and tie in the chair and the tree more firmly.

But the warm sun was very pleasant, the eight little boys were very lively, and the sleigh-bells jingled gayly as they went on.

It was so late when they reached the wood-road that Hiram decided they had better not go up the hill to their grandfather's, but turn off into the woods.

"Your grandfather will be there by this time," he declared.

Elizabeth Eliza was afraid the carry-all would miss them, and thought they had better wait. Hiram did not like to wait longer, and proposed that one or two of the little boys should stop to show the way. But it was so difficult to decide which little boys should stay that he gave it up. Even to draw lots would take time. So he explained that there was a lunch hidden somewhere in the straw, and the little boys thought it an admirable time to look it up, and it was decided to stop in the sun at the corner of the road. Elizabeth Eliza felt a little jounced in the arm-chair, and was glad of a rest; and the little boys soon discovered an ample lunch. Just what might have been expected from Grandfather's — apple-pie and doughnuts, and plenty of them! "Lucky we brought so many little boys!" they exclaimed.

Hiram, however, began to grow impatient. "There'll be no snow left," he exclaimed, "and no afternoon for the sirup!"

But far in the distance the Peterkin carry-all was seen slowly approaching through the snow, Solomon John waving a red handkerchief. The little boys waved back, and Hiram ventured to enter upon the wood-road, but at a slow pace, as Elizabeth Eliza still feared that, by some accident, the family might miss them.

It was with difficulty that the carry-all followed in the deep but soft snow, in among the trunks of the trees and over piles of leaves hidden in the snow. They reached, at last, the edge of a meadow, and on the high bank above it stood a row of maples, a little shanty by the side, a slow smoke proceeding from its chimney. The little

boys screamed with delight; but there was no reply. Nobody there!

"The folks all gone!" exclaimed Hiram; "then we must be late." And he proceeded to pull out a large silver watch from a side pocket. It was so large that he seldom was at the pains to pull it out, as it took time; but when he had succeeded at last, and looked at it, he started.

"Late, indeed! It is four o'clock, and we were to have been here by eleven; they have given you up."

The little boys wanted to force in the door, but Hiram said it was no use—they wouldn't understand what to do, and he should have to see to the horses; and it was too late, and it was likely they had carried off all the sirup. But he thought a minute, as they all stood in silence and gloom, and then he guessed they might find some sugar at Deacon Spear's, close by, on the back road, and that would be better than nothing. Mrs. Peterkin was pretty cold, and glad not to wait in the darkening wood; so the eight little boys walked through the wood-path, Hiram leading the way; and slowly the carry-all followed.

They reached Deacon Spear's at length; but only Mrs. Spear was at home. She was very deaf, but could explain that the family had taken all their sirup to the annual festival.

"We might go to the festival," exclaimed the little boys.

"It would be very well," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to eat our fresh sirup there."

But Mrs. Spear could not tell where the festival was to be, as she had not heard; perhaps they might know at Squire Ramsay's. Squire Ramsay's was on their way to Grandfather's, so they stopped there; but they learned that the "Squire's folks had all gone with their sirup to the festival"; but the man who was chopping wood did not know where the festival was to be.

"They'll know at your grandfather's," said Mrs. Peterkin, from the carry-all.

"Yes, go on to your grandfather's," advised Mr. Peterkin, "for I think I felt a drop of rain;" so they made the best of their way to Grandfather's.

At the moment they reached the door of the house, a party of young people whom Elizabeth Eliza knew came by in sleighs. She had met them all when visiting at her grandfather's.

"Come along with us," they shouted; "we are all going down to the sugar festival."

"That is what we have come for," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Where is it?" asked Solomon John.

"It is down your way," was the reply.

"It is in your own New Hall," said another. "We have sent down all our sirup. The Spears,

and Ramsays, and Doolittles have gone on with theirs. No time to stop; there's good sleighing on the old road."

There was a little consultation with the grandfather. Hiram said that he could take them back with the wood-sled, when he heard there was sleighing on the old road, and it was decided that the whole party should go in the wood-sled, with the exception of Mr. Peterkin, who would follow on with the carry-all. Mrs. Peterkin would take the arm-chair, and cushions were put in for Elizabeth Eliza, and more apple-pie for all. No more drops of rain appeared, though the clouds were thickening over the setting sun.

"All the way back again," sighed Mrs. Peterkin, "when we might have staid at home all day, and gone quietly out to the New Hall!" But the little boys thought the sledding all day was great fun,—and the apple-pie! "And we did see the kettle, through the cracks of the shanty!"

"It is odd the festival should be held at the New Hall," said Elizabeth Eliza; "for the secretary did say something about the society meeting there to-night, being so far from the center of the town."

This hall was so called because it was once a new hall, built to be used for lectures, assemblies, and entertainments of this sort, for the convenience of the inhabitants who had collected about some flourishing factories.

"You can go to your own Circumambient Society, then!" exclaimed Solomon John.

"And in a truly circumambient manner," said Agamemnon; and he explained to the little boys that they could now understand the full meaning of the word. For surely Elizabeth Eliza had taken the most circumambient way of reaching the place, by coming away from it.

"We little thought, when we passed it early this morning," said Elizabeth Eliza, "that we should come back to it for our maple sugar."

"It is odd the secretary did not tell you they were going to join the sugar festival," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"It is one of the rules of the society," said Elizabeth Eliza, "that the secretary never tells anything directly. She only hinted at the plan of the New Hall."

"I don't see how you can find enough to talk about," said Solomon John.

"We can tell of things that never have happened," said Elizabeth Eliza, "or that are not likely to happen, and wonder what would have happened if they had happened."

They arrived at the festival at last, but very late, and glad to find a place that was warm. There was a stove at each end of the hall, and an encouraging sound and smell from the simmering

sirup. There were long tables down the hall, on which were placed, in a row, first a bowl of snow, then a pile of saucers and spoons, then a plate of pickles, intended to whet the appetite for more sirup; another of bread, then another bowl of snow, and so on. Hot sirup was to be poured on the snow, and eaten as candy.

The Peterkin family were received at this late hour with a wild enthusiasm. Elizabeth Eliza was an especial heroine, and was made directly the president of the evening. Everybody said that she had best earned the distinction. For had she not come to the meeting by the longest way possible, by going away from it? The secretary declared that the principles of the society had been completely carried out. She had always believed that, if left to itself, information would spread itself in a natural instead of a forced way.

"Now, in this case, if I had written twenty-nine notifications to this meeting, I should have wasted just so much of my time. But the information has disseminated naturally. Ann Maria said what a good plan it would be to have the Circumambients go to the sugaring at the New Hall. Everybody

said it would be a good plan. Elizabeth Eliza came and spoke of the sugaring, and I spoke of the New Hall."

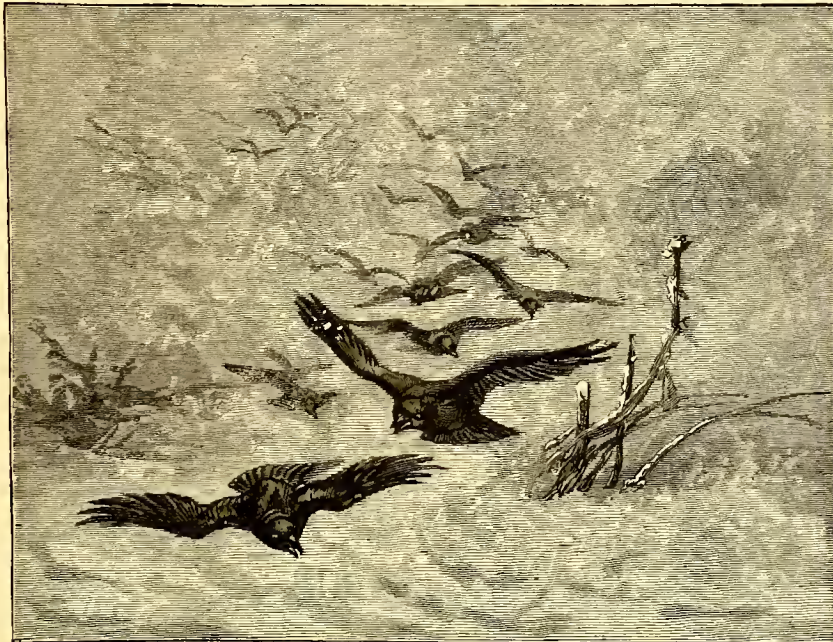
"But if you had told Elizabeth Eliza that all the maple sirup was to be brought here ——" began Mrs. Peterkin.

"We should have lost our excursion for maple sirup," said Mr. Peterkin.

Later, as they reached home in the carry-all (Hiram having gone back with the wood-sled), Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, after leaving little boys at their homes all along the route, found none of their own to get out at their own door. They must have joined Elizabeth Eliza, Agamemnon, and Solomon John, in taking a circuitous route home with the rest of the Circumambients.

"The little boys will not be at home till midnight," said Mrs. Peterkin, anxiously. "I do think this is carrying the thing too far—after such a day!"

"Elizabeth Eliza will feel that she has acted up to the principles of the society," said Mr. Peterkin, "and we have done our best; for, as the little boys said, 'we did see the kettle.'"



A RACE IN MID-AIR.

POEMS BY A LITTLE GIRL.

BY LIBBIE HAWES (AGED TEN YEARS).

SONG OF THE ROBIN.

“Don't you think so? Don't you think so?”
 Sang the robin in the tree—
 “Pretty maiden—don't you think so?
 Say—why don't you answer me?
 I am waiting,—yes, I'm waiting,
 Very patiently.
 Tell me, darling, please do tell me.
 Don't you want to? Well, I see,
 You are sleeping, and don't hear me,
 And I'll say good-bye to thee.”
 And he flew off from the tree,
 Singing gayly, “Don't you think so? Don't you
 think so?
 Darling, please to answer me.”

Suddenly the baby awakened,
 Cooing softly with delight,
 And the robin thought he heard her
 Say, as from her sight
 Through the air he flew,
 “Oh, yes! Robin—yes—I do!”

THE DIFFERENCE.

The boy :

HE goes a-fishing in the brook,
 And deems it great to catch a minnow ;
 Hides carefully his small barbed hook,
 And then runs home to get his dinner.

The man :

BUT man goes on a larger scale :
 He takes no little paltry pail,
 But glories in a jolly gale.
 And, when the day is o'er,
 He rows home to the shore,
 And spreads his overflowing nets,
 And is very thankful for all he gets.

THE DEATH OF A DAISY.

'T WAS a solitary daisy
 In a field of wheat and corn ;
 Sad and sadder grew this daisy,
 Till, one lovely summer morn,
 She sent two fairy messengers
 To old Professor Thorn,
 Who lived in the end of the garden,
 In a withered stalk of corn.

But they were truant messengers,
 And played the livelong day—
 Playing with two young butterflies,
 In a little pile of hay.

For a long time daisy waited,
 Watched and waited all in vain,
 Till a passing leaflet told her
 They would never come again.

Then she folded up her petals,—
 Her petals all so white,—
 And she died that very evening,
 In the lovely sunset light.

OUR TOMMY'S NOISE.

OUR Tommy straddles his rocking-horse,
 And each day goes off to the fight ;
 He shoulders his sword, which is made of a board,
 And “goes it” with all his might.
 Most bullets, you know, are made of lead,
 But his are made of gingerbread ;
 You should hear him shout as he rides along,
 While his stirrup-bell goes “ding-ding-dong.”
 Most musketry makes a mighty noise,
 Which could not be made by a 1,000 boys ;
 But somehow Tom makes a bigger noise
 Than ever was made by 1,000,000 boys.



PHAETON ROGERS.*

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ART DESERVATIVE.



WHEN Phaeton's kites went wobbling down the sky, Owny Geoghegan, and three or four others of the Dublin boys who had escaped their mothers, started off on a chase for them. Phaeton, Ned, Holman, and I took the car up the bank, and when we arrived at the top we saw Monkey Roe walking away pretty rapidly.

"*Gravitas pro vehiculum!*—wait for the wagon!" shouted Holman to him.

Roe seemed a little uncertain whether to stop, but finally leaned against the fence and waited for us.

I observed that the drove of cattle had gone down to a shallow place in the canal on the other side of the bridge, and were most of them standing in the water, either drinking or contemplating. Their drivers were throwing stones at them, and saying uncomplimentary things, but they took it philosophically—which means they did n't mind it much. When you are stolidly indifferent to anything that ought to move you, your friends will say you take it philosophically.

"Was n't it an odd thing, Roe," said Holman, "that all those Dublin boys should have got the idea that a prize was offered for anybody who could beat this machine?"

"Yes, it was very odd," said Roe. "Fay, what sort of wood is this?"

"Chestnut."

"But I say, Roe," continued Holman, "who in the world could have told them so?"

"Probably somebody who was fond of a practical joke," said Roe. "Who did the blacksmith work, Fay?"

"Fanning."

"And I suppose," persisted Holman, still talking to Roe, "that it must have been the same practical joker who sent their mothers after them."

"Very likely," said Roe, in a tone of indifference. "Are you going to get the kites and harness her up again, Fay?"

"Have n't made up my mind."

It was evident that Monkey Roe did n't want to talk about the mystery of the Dublin boys, and Holman—probably satisfied by this time that his

suspicions were correct—himself changed the subject.

"When I saw this thing tearing down the turn-pike," said he, "with all that rabble at its heels, and go to smash in the canal, I was reminded of the story of Phaeton, which I had for my Latin lesson last week."

Of course, we asked him to tell the story.

"Phaeton," said Holman, "was a young scapegrace who was fond of fast horses, and thought there was nothing on four legs or any number of wheels that he could n't drive. His father was the Sun-god, Helios—which is probably a corruption of 'Held a hoss' (I must ask Jack-in-the-Box about it)—and his mother's maiden name was Clymene—which you can easily see is only changed a little from 'climb-iny.' This shows how Phaeton came by his passion for climbing in the chariot and holding the hosses.

"One day, one of the boys, named Epaphus, tried to pick a quarrel with him by saying that he was not really a son of Helios, but was only adopted out of the poor-house. Phaeton felt pretty badly about it, for he did n't know but it might be true. So he went home as fast as he could, and asked Helios, right out plump, whether he was his own son, or only adopted out of the poor-house. 'Certainly,' said the old gentleman, 'you are my own son, and always have been, ever since you were born.'

"This satisfied Phaeton, but he was afraid it might not satisfy the boys who had heard Epaphus's remark. So he begged to be allowed to drive the chariot of the Sun one day, just to show people that he was his father's own boy. Helios shook his head. That was a very particular job; the chariot had to go out on time and come in on time, every day, and there could n't be any fooling about it. But the youngster hung on and teased so, that at last his father told him he might drive just one day, if he would never ask again."

"Did he have a gag-bit?" said Ned, remembering his brother's remarks on the occasion of our brisk morning canter.

"Probably not," said Holman, "for gag-bits were not then invented. The next morning old Helios gave the boy all the instructions he could about the character of the horses and the bad places in the road, and started him off.

"He had n't gone very far when the team ran away with him, and went banging along at a terri-

ble rate, knocking fixed stars out of their places, overturning and scattering an immense pile of new ones that had been corded up at the side of the road to dry (that's what makes the Milky Way), and at last setting the world on fire.

"Jupiter saw that something must be done, pretty quick, too, so he threw a sand-bag, or a thunder-bolt, or something of that sort, at him, and knocked over the chariot, and the next minute it went plump into the river Eridanus—which I've no doubt is the Latin for Eric Canal. You can easily see how it would come: Eric canal—Eric ditch—Eric drain—Eric drainus—Eridanus. That's the way Professor Woodruff explains words to the advanced class. He can tell you where any word came from in two minutes.

"Phaeton was n't so lucky as you, Fay, for there was no Patsy Rafferty to pull him out, and he was drowned, while his poor sisters stood on the tow-path and cried till they turned into poplar-trees."

We were deeply interested in this remarkable story from Grecian mythology, told in good plain American, and from our report Holman was often called upon to repeat it. It was this that gave Fayette Rogers the name of Phaeton.

The fate of the horizontal balloon for a time dampened Phaeton's ardor for invention, and he was willing at last to unite with Ned and me in an enterprise which promised to be more business-like than brilliant—the printing-office scheme.

Meanwhile, we had been doing what we could ourselves. The first necessity was a press. Ned, whom we considered a pretty good draughtsman, drew a plan for one, and he and I made it. There was nothing wrong about the plan; it was strong and simple—two great virtues in any machine. But we constructed the whole thing of soft pine, the only wood that we could command, or that our tools would have cut. Consequently, when we put on the pressure to print our first sheet—feeling as proud as if we were Faust, Gutenberg, Schœffer, the Elzevirs, Ben Franklin, and the whole Manutius family, rolled into one—not only did the face of the types go into the paper, but the bottoms of them went right into the bed of the press.

"It acts more like a pile-driver than a printing-press," said Ned, ruefully.

"It'll never do," said I. "We can't get along without Fay. When he makes a press, it will print."

"When Fay makes a press," said Ned, "he'll probably hire somebody else to make it. But I guess that's the sensible way. I suppose the boys would laugh at this thing, even if it worked well; it looks so dreadfully cheese-pressy."

"It does look a little that way," said I. "But

Fay will get up something handsome, and I've no doubt we can find some good use for this—perhaps keep it in the corner for the boys to fool with when they call. They'll be certain to meddle with something, and this may keep their hands away from the good one."

"I don't intend to run the office on any such principles," said Ned. "The boy that meddles with anything will be invited to leave."

"Then you'll make them all angry, and there won't be any good-will to it," said I. "I've heard Father say the good-will of the *Vindicator* office was worth more than all the types and presses. He says the *Vindicator* lives on its good-will."

"That may be all very nice for the *Vindicator*," said Ned; "but this office will have to live on hard work."

"But we must be polite to the boys that patronize the establishment," said I.

"Oh yes; be polite to them, of course," said Ned. "But tell them they've got to keep out of our way when the press is running."

Whether the press ever would have run, or even crawled, without Phaeton to manage it, is doubtful. But he now joined in the enterprise, and very soon organized the concern. As Ned had predicted, he hired a man, who was a carriage-maker by trade, but had a genius for odd jobs, to make us a press. In those days, the small iron presses which are now manufactured in great numbers, and sold to boys throughout the country, had not been heard of. Ours was a pretty good one, made partly of wood and partly of iron, with a powerful knee-joint, which gave a good impression. The money to pay for it came from Aunt Mercy *via* Ned.

There was a small, unused building in our yard, about fifteen feet square, sometimes called "the wash-house," and sometimes "the summer-kitchen," now abandoned and almost empty. Phaeton, looking about for a place for the proposed printing-office, fixed upon this as the very thing that was wanted. He said it could not have been better if it had been built on purpose.

After some negotiation with my parents, their consent was obtained, and Phaeton and Ned took me into partnership, I furnishing the building, and they furnishing the press and types. We agreed that the name of the firm should be Rogers & Co. On the gable of the office we erected a short flag-staff, cut to the form of a printer's "shooting-stick," and whenever the boys saw the Stars and Stripes floating from it, they knew the office was open for business.

"This font of Tuscan," said Ned to Phaeton, as we were putting the office in order, "is not going to be so useless as you suppose, even if the Es are all gone."

"How so?" said Phaeton.

"Because I asked a printer about it, and he says when you find a box empty you simply use some other letter in place of the one that is missing—generally X. And here are plenty of Xs."

Phaeton only smiled, and went on distributing type into his case of pica.

"I say, Fay," said Ned, again, after a while, "don't you think it would be proper to do a little something for Patsy Rafferty, just to show your gratitude for his services in pulling you out of the canal?"

"I've thought about it," said Phaeton.

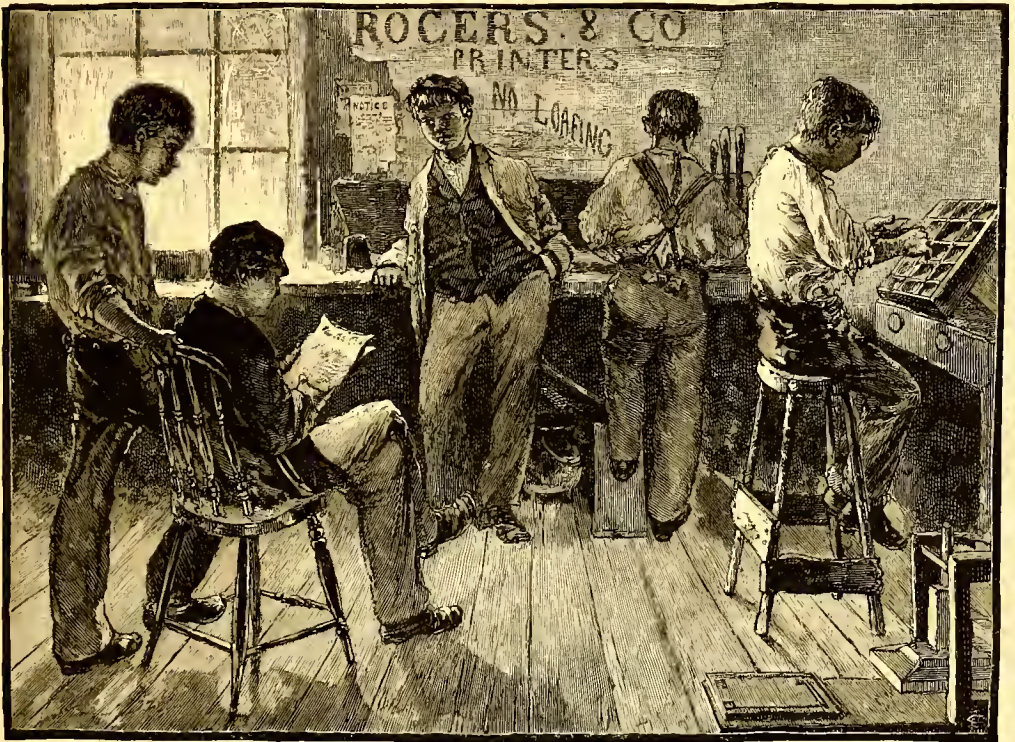
Phaeton. "But I've invited him to come over here this afternoon, and perhaps we can find out what he would like."

Patsy came in the afternoon, and was made acquainted with some of the mysteries of printing. After a while, Ned showed him what he intended to print on a dozen cards for him.

"It's very nice," said Patsy; "but that's not my name."

"Not your name?" said Ned.

"No," said Patsy. "My father's name is Mr. Patsy Rafferty, Esquire; but I'm only Patsy Rafferty, without any handle or tail to it."



AT WORK IN THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

"We might print him a dozen cards with his name on," said Ned, "and not charge him a cent. Get them up real stylish—red ink, perhaps; or Patsy in black and Rafferty in red; something that'll please him." And Ned immediately set up the name in Tuscan, to see how it would look. It looked like this:

MR. PATSY RAFFXRTY, XSQ.

"How do you think he'd like that, done in two colors?" said Ned.

"I don't believe he'd care much about it," said

Ned, "it's easy enough to take off the handle and tail," and he took them off.

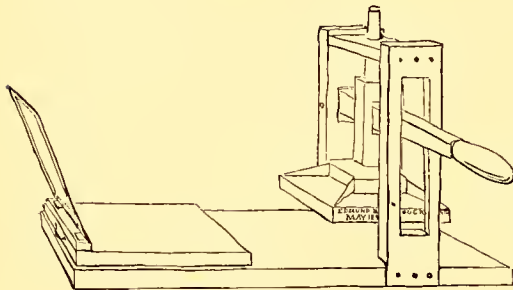
Patsy took another look at it.

"That's not exactly the way I spell my name," said he. "There ought to be an E there, instead of an X."

"Of course there ought," said Ned, "but you see we have n't any Es in that style of type, and it's an old-established rule in all printing-offices that when there's a letter you have n't got, you simply put an X in place of it. Everybody understands it."

"I did n't understand it," said Patsy, "and I think my name looks better when it's spelled the way I was christened."

"All right!" said Ned. "We'll make it as you



NED'S PLAN FOR A PRESS.

want it; but it'll have to be set in some other kind of type, and that Tuscan is the prettiest thing in the office."

Patsy still preferred correctness to beauty, and had his way.

"And now what color will you have?" said Ned. "We can print it in black, or red, or blue, or partly one color and partly another—almost any color, in fact."

Patsy, true to the tradition of his ancestors, chose green.

"I'm awful sorry," said Ned, "but we have n't any green ink. It's about the only color we have n't got."

"You can make it by mixing blue and yellow together," said Patsy.

"True," said Ned; "but the fact is, we have n't any yellow. Green and yellow are about the only colors we have n't got."

After studying the problem a few minutes, Patsy chose to have his visiting-cards printed in alternate red and blue letters, and we set about it at once, Ned arranging the types, while I took the part of devil and managed the ink. As they were to be in two colors, of course each card had to go through the press twice; and they were not very accurately "registered," as a printer would say—that is, the red letters, instead of coming exactly on even spaces between the blue, would sometimes be too far one way, sometimes too far the other, sometimes even lapping over the blue letters. But out of fifty or sixty that we printed, Patsy selected thirteen that he thought would do—"a dozen, and one for luck"—and without waiting for them to dry, packed them together and put them into his pocket, expressing his own admiration and anticipating his mother's. He even intimated that when she saw those she would probably order some for herself, for she very often went out calling.

Patsy asked about Phaeton's chariot, and whether it was hurt much when it went into the canal.

"Hardly damaged at all," said Phaeton.

Patsy hinted that he would like to see it, and he and Phaeton went over to Rogers's. When Phaeton returned, an hour later, he was alone.

"Where's Patsy?" said Ned.

"Gone home with the chariot," said Phaeton.

"Gone home with the chariot?" said Ned, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Phaeton, "I have given it to him. I saw by the way he looked at it and talked about it that it would be a great prize to him, and I did n't intend to use it any more myself, so I made him a present of it."

"But you had no right to," said Ned. "That chariot was built with my money."

"Not exactly," said Phaeton. "It was built with money that I borrowed of you. I still owe you the money, but the car was mine."

"Well, at any rate," said Ned, who saw this point clearly enough, "you might have sold the iron on it for enough to buy another font of type."

"Yes, I might," said Phaeton. "But I preferred giving it to Patsy. He's a good deal of a boy, and I hope Father won't forget that he said he should do something for him."

"But what use will the car be to him?" said Ned.

"He says it'll be a glorious thing to slide downhill in summer," said Phaeton.

A few days afterward, Patsy came again to see Phaeton, and wanted to know if he could not invent some means by which the car could be prevented from going downhill too fast. He said that when Berny Rourke and Luky Finnerty and he took their first ride in it, down one of the long, grassy slopes that bordered the Deep Hollow, it went swifter and swifter, until it reached the edge of the brook, where it struck a lump of sod and threw them all into the water.

"Water is an excellent thing," said Ned, "for a sudden stoppage of a swift ride. They always use it in horizontal balloon-ascensions, and on the Underground Railroad they're going to build all the depots of it."

Phaeton, who appeared to be thinking deeply, only smiled, and said nothing. At last he exclaimed:

"I have it, Patsy! Come with me."

They went off together, and Phaeton hunted up an old boot, the leg of which he drove full of shingle-nails, driving them from the inside outward. Then he filled it with stones and sand, and sewed the top together. Then he found a piece of rope, and tied one end to the straps.

"There, Patsy," said he, "tie the other end of

the rope to one of the hooks on the car, and take the boot in with you. When you are going fast enough, throw it out for a drag. I don't believe a streak of lightning could make very good headway, if it had to pull that thing along on the ground after it."

Patsy, Berny, and Lukey tried it, but were thrown into the brook as before. Phaeton said the true remedy was, more old boots; and they added one after another, till they had a cluster of seven, which acted as an effectual drag, and completely tamed the spirit of the machine, after which it soon became the most popular institution in Dublin. Patsy said seven was one of the lucky numbers.

To return to the printing business. When I was about to sit down at the tea-table that evening, Mother exclaimed:

"What in the world ails your hands?"

I looked at them. Some of my fingers were more red than blue, some more blue than red, and some about equally red and blue. I said I guessed Patsy Rafferty's visiting-cards were what ailed my hands.

"Well, I wish you 'd wash your hands of Patsy Rafferty's visiting-cards," said she.

"Can't do it with any such slimsy water as we have here," said I.

"And where do they have any that is less slimsy?" said Mother.

"At printing-offices," said I. "They put a little lye in it. We have n't any at our office, but that's the next thing we're going to buy. Don't worry; it wont rub off on the bread and butter, and we shall have a can of lye next week."

"The next thing to be done," said Ned, when we had the office fairly in running order, "is, to get up a first-rate business card of our own, have it large enough, print it in colors, and make a stunning thing of it."

"That reminds me," said Phaeton, "that I was talking with Jack-in-the-Box about our office the other day, and I told him we ought to have a pretty poetical motto to put up over the door. He suggested two or three, and wrote them down. Perhaps one of them would look well on the card."

"What are they?" said Ned.

After some searching, Phaeton found a crumpled paper in one of his pockets, and, smoothing it out, showed the following, hastily scratched in pencil:

Faith, he'll prent it.—*Burns*.
I have misused the king's press.—*Shakspeare*.
So careful of the type she seems.—*Tennyson*.

"I don't like one of them," said Ned.

"Why not?" said Phaeton.

"Well, that first one is spelled wrong. We *print* here, we don't *prent*."

"But it means the same thing," said Phaeton; "that 's the Scotch of it. Burns was Scotch."

"Was he?" said Ned. "Well, I never heard of him before, and we don't want any of his Scotch spelling. That second motto is all wrong; the press belongs to us, not to any king, and we're not going to misuse it. The third one would do pretty well, but it says 'she,' and we're not girls."

"Perhaps you can think of a better one," said Phaeton.

"Yes, I can," said Ned; "I heard Uncle Hiram say that printing was called the art deservative of all arts. That would be just the motto."

"What does it mean?" said I.

"It means," said Ned, "that printers deserve more than any other artists."

"Did n't he say *preservative*?" said Phaeton.

"Oh, no," said Ned; "that would n't mean anything. Printing has nothing to do with preserving—unless we should print the labels for Mother's fruit-cans next fall. He said 'deservative,' I heard him distinctly, and we'll put it on the card."

"Very well," said Phaeton; "you write the card and set it up, according to your own taste, and we'll see how we like it."


The next day, Phaeton and I went fishing. While we were gone Ned set up the card, and on our return we found, to our consternation, that he had not only set it up, but printed scores of them, and given away a good many to the boys. It was in three colors—black, blue, and red—and ran as follows:

"The Art Deservitive of al Arts."

ROGERS & CO.

GOB PRINTERS,

At the Sine of the Shootinß Stick.

cards		books
posters		doggers
leter heads		handbils

programes, &c.

The undesigned are prepared to exicute all kinsps of Gob Printing on short notice, and in the most artistic maner.

Call and sxx our xtablissementt !

Visitors are wellcome, and will be showed through the works by a poalite attendant.

N. B. The Pen is mißhtyer than the Sward.

"Good gracious, Ned!" said Phaeton, "why do you print this thing before we had seen it?"

"Because I felt sure you 'd like it," said Ned, "and I wanted to surprise you."

"You 've succeeded amazingly in that," said Phaeton.

"I hope there 's nothing wrong about it," said Ned. "I took a great deal of pains with it. Oh, yes; now I see, there 's one letter upside down. But what of that? Very few people will notice it, and they will know it 's an accident."

"One?" said Phaeton. "There are half a dozen standing on their heads. And that 's not the worst. Just look at the spelling!"

"I don't see anything wrong about that," said Ned. "You must remember that what 's wrong by Webster may be right by Worcester."

"What do you call that?" said Phaeton, pointing at the first word in the third line.

"Job, of course," said Ned. "Some people spell it with a J, but that can't be right. J-o-b spells Job, the name of that king of Israel who had so many boils on him at once."

"He was n't king of Israel," said Phaeton.

"Well, king of Judah, then," said Ned. "I always get those two mixed. What 's the use of being too particular? Those old kings are all as dead now as Julia Cæsar. And everybody knows how dead she is."

"Well, then, what 's this?" said Phaeton, pointing to the second word on the right-hand side of the press.

"Don't you know what dodgers are?" said Ned. "Little bills with 'Bankrupt Sale!' or 'Great Excitement!' or something of that sort across the top, to throw around in the yards, or hand to the people coming out of church."

"Oh, yes; dodgers," said Phaeton. "But I never saw it spelled so before. Have you given out many of these cards?"

"I gave one to Holman," said Ned, "and one to Monkey Roe, and one to Jack-in-the-Box."

"What did Jack-in-the-Box say to it?" said Phaeton.

"Oh, he admired it amazingly," said Ned. "He said it was the most entertaining business-card he had ever seen. But he thought, perhaps, it would be well for us to have a proof-reader. I asked him what that was, and he said it was a round-shouldered man, with a green shade over his eyes, who knew everything. He sits in the corner of your office, and when you print anything he reads the first one and marks the mistakes on it, so you can correct them before you print any more. We might get Jimmy the Rhymer; he 's awful round-shouldered, but he does n't know everything. The only man in this town who knows everything

is Jack-in-the-Box himself, and I suppose we could n't get him."

"I suppose not," said Phaeton, "though I know he 'd look over a proof for us, any time we took one to him. But now tell me whether you 've given out any more of these cards."

"Well, yes, a few," said Ned. "Patsy Rafferty was over here; he rolled for me, or I could n't have got them done so soon; and when he went home, he took fifty to leave at the doors of the houses on his way. I thought if we were going to do business, it was time to be letting people know about it."

"Just so," said Phaeton. "And is that all?"

"Not quite. Uncle Jacob was going to ride out to Parma, and I gave him about forty, and asked him to hand them to people he met on the way."

"Y-e-s," said Phaeton, with a deep sigh; "and is *that* all?"

"I put a dozen or two on that little shelf by the post-office window," said Ned, "so that anybody who came for his letters could take one. And now that 's all; and I hope you wont worry over one or two little mistakes. Everybody makes some mistakes. There is no use in pretending to be perfect. But if you two fellows had been here in the office, instead of going off to enjoy yourselves fishing and leaving me to do all the work, you might have had the old card just as you wanted it. Of course you 'd have spelled it right, but there might have been bad taste about it that would look worse than my spelling. And now I 'm going home to supper."

"The worst thing about Ned," said Phaeton, after he had gone, "is, that there 's too much go-ahead in him. Very few people are troubled in that way."

"But what are we going to do about that dreadful card?" said I. "When the people see that, they may be afraid to give us any jobs, for fear we 'll misspell everything."

"I don't know what we can do about it," said Phaeton, "unless we get out a good one, and say on it that no others are genuine. I must think about it over night."

CHAPTER X.

TORMENTS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

IN spite of Ned's declaration that he would tolerate no loungers, the office soon became a favorite gathering-place for the boys of the neighborhood; which fact contributed nothing to the speed or accuracy of the work. They made us a great deal of trouble at first, for few of them knew better than to take a type out of one box, examine it curiously, and throw it into another; or lift a

page of type that had just been set up, "to see how heavy it was," and let it drop into a mass of pi. They got over this after a while, but they never did quite get over the habit of discussing all sorts of questions in a loud voice; and sometimes, when we happened to be setting type, and were interested in what they were talking about, fragments of the conversation would mingle in our minds with the copy before us, and the curious effect would horrify us in the proof.

For instance, Monkey Roe's mother had employed us to print her a few copies of Mrs. Opie's poem, "The Orphan Boy," which she had known since she was a child, and very greatly admired, but of which she had never had any but a manuscript copy. While I was setting it up, three boys were carrying on an animated discussion of the city fire department, and when I took a proof of my work, I found it read like this:

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,

And hear the Brick Church bell strike the 4th District. Ah! sure my looks must pity no by crackie Orph Bo Cataract Eight can't begin to throw the stream that Red Rover Three can—Tis want that makes Reliance Five wash my cheek so pale at annual inspection.

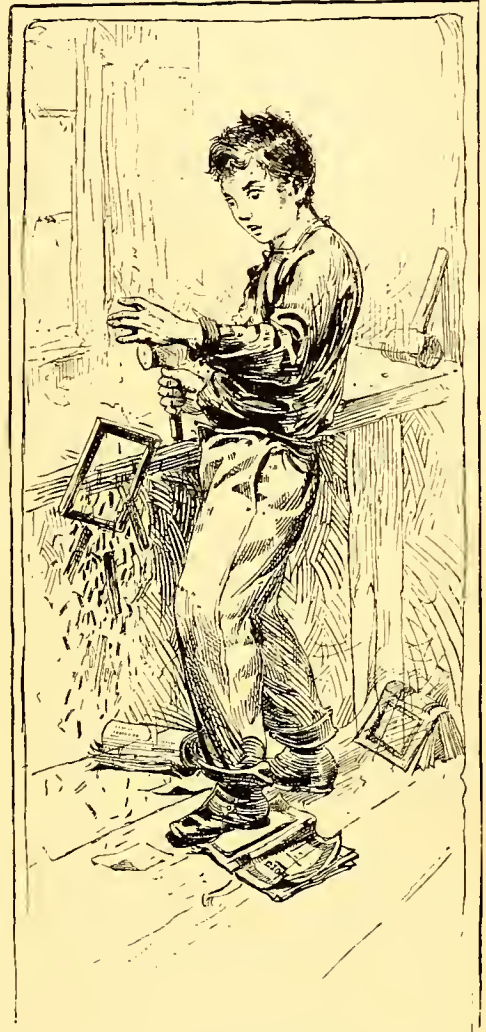
Yet I was once a mother's pride, Three's men cut her hose at the Orchard street fire before Big Six's air chamber busted my brave father's hope and joy.

But in the Nile's proud fight he sucked Archer's well dry in three minutes and a half, and I am now Assistant Foreman of Torrent Two with a patent brake on the Orphan Boy.

I am afraid if Monkey's mother had seen that, she would hardly have recognized it as the first stanza of her favorite poem. Instead of feeling sorry for spoiling my work, the boys seemed to think it was a good joke, and nearly laughed their heads off over it. They insisted on my printing a few copies of it, just as it was, for them to keep. Next time I saw Jack-in-the-Box, he showed me one of them pasted into a little old scrap-book that he kept under his chair. On the opposite page was one of our business cards, as printed by Ned. Jack very kindly explained to me some of the mysteries of proof-reading.

"The next thing to be done," said Ned, when the office was fairly in running order, "is, to get out Jimmy the Rhymer's poems. That's what we got up the establishment for, and it'll be more profitable than all these little puttering jobs put together. And, besides, Jimmy's awful poor, and needs the money. I've been around to the book-stores and told them about it. Hamilton promises

to take ten copies, and Hoyt twenty-five. When they see how good the poems are, they'll be sure to double their orders; and when the other stores



THE MEDDLESOME POET.

see the book going off like hot cakes, they'll rush in and want to buy some, but they'll have to wait their turn. First come, first served."

There were enough of Jimmy's poems to make a little book of about sixty pages, and we all went to work with a will to set the type. It would have been a pretty long job for us, as it was, but Jimmy made it a great deal longer, and nearly drove us crazy, by insisting on making changes in them after they were set up. He could not understand how much extra work this made for us, and was as particular and persistent as if his whole reputation

as an author had hung on each disputed comma. Sometimes, when we had four pages all ready to print, he would bring in a new stanza, to be inserted in the first page of the form, which, of course, made it necessary to change the arrangement of the stanzas on all the other pages. At last Ned got out of patience.

"You try it yourself once," said he to Jimmy, "and you 'll find out whether it 's easy to make all these little changes, as you call them."

Jimmy secretly made up his mind that he would try it himself. He went to the office one day when we were not there, found four pages "locked up" ready for printing, and went to work to make a few corrections. As he did not know how to unlock the form, he stood it up on edge, got a ten-penny nail and a mallet, and tried to knock out an obnoxious semicolon.

The result was a sudden bursting of the form, which rattled down into ruin at his feet, and frightened the meddlesome poet out of his wits.

In his bewilderment, Jimmy scooped up a double handful of the pi, and was in the act of pouring it pell-mell into one of the cases, when Phaeton, Ned, and I arrived at the door of the office.

Ned, who saw him first, and instantly comprehended the situation, gave a terrific yell, which caused Jimmy to drop the handful of type, some of which went into the case, and the rest spattered over the floor.

"Are you trying to ruin the office?" said Ned. "Don't you know better than to pi a form, and then throw the pi into the cases? After all the trouble we 've had with your old poems, you ought to have more gratitude than that."

Jimmy was pale with terror, and utterly dumb.

"Hold on, Ned," said Phaeton, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder. "You ought to have sense enough to know that it must have been an accident of some sort. Of course Jimmy would n't do it purposely."

"Pieing the form may have been an accident," said Ned; "but when he scoops up a double handful of the pi and goes to pouring it into the case, that can't be an accident. And it was my case, too, and I was the one that did everything for him, and was going to bring him out as a poet in the world's history. If he had behaved himself, I 'd have set him up in business in a little while, so he could have made as much money as Sir Walter Tupper, or any of those other fellows that you read to us about. And now, just look at that case of mine, with probably every letter of the alphabet in every box of it.

"But I tell you it must have been a mere accident," said Phaeton. "Was n't it, Jimmy?"

"Suppose it was an accident," said Ned; "the

question is, *whose* accident was it? If it had been my accident, I should expect to pay for it."

Phaeton took hold of his brother's arm with a quiet but powerful grasp, and led him to the door.

"You 're needlessly excited, Ned," said he. "Go outside till you get cooled off." And he put him out and shut the door.

Then he asked Jimmy how it happened, and Jimmy told us about it.

"I 'm sorry you poured any of it into the cases," said Phaeton. "For, you see, the cases have a different letter in every box, and if you take a handful of type like that and pour it in at random, it makes considerable trouble."

"Oh, yes; I knew all that before," said Jimmy; "but when the form burst, and I saw the type all in a mess on the floor, I was so frightened I lost my head, and did n't know what I was about. I wish I could pay for it," he added, as he left the office.

"Don't let it trouble you too much," said Phaeton.

For a long time Jimmy did not come near us again, and as he had carried off the copy of his remaining poems, that enterprise came to an end, for the time being, at least.

There was no lack of other jobs, but we sometimes had a little trouble in collecting the bills. Small boys would keep coming to order visiting-cards by the hundred, with their name on them in ornamental letters,—boys who never used any visiting-card but a long, low whistle, and never had a cent of money except on Fourth of July. When Phaeton or I was there, they were given to understand that a pressure of other work compelled us to decline theirs with regret; but, if they found Ned alone, they generally persuaded him that they had good prospects of getting money from some source or other, and so went away with the cards in their pockets.

There was no lack of advice, either. The boys who lounged in the office were always proposing new schemes. The favorite one seemed to be the publication of a small paper, which some of them promised to write for, others to get advertisements for, and others to distribute. After the book of poems had come to an untimely end, Ned was fierce for going into the paper scheme; but Phaeton figured it up, declared we should have to do an immense amount of work for about a cent an hour, and put an effectual veto on the plan.

Charlie Garrison, who, while the other boys only lounged and gossiped, had "learned the case," and quietly picked up a good deal of knowledge of the trade, intimated one day that he would like to be taken into the partnership.

"Yes," said Ned; "there 's work enough here

for another man; but you 'd have to put in some capital, you know." Saying this, Ned looked rather closely at Charlie, who never was known to have pocket-money excepting at Christmas and Fourth of July, and, perhaps, on circus days.

"Put in capitals wherever they belong, of course," said Charlie; "begin proper names and every line of poetry."

"I mean money," said Ned. "Money 's called capital, you know, when it 's put into business. We put capital into this office, and you 'd have to, if we took you into partnership."

"Oh, that 's it," said Charlie, musingly. "Well, I suppose I could; we live on the Bowl System at our house; but I should hardly like to take it."

"The Bowl System? What in the world is that?" said Ned, inclined to laugh. "Soup, or bread-and-milk, for every meal?"

"No; not that at all," said Charlie. "You see, on the highest shelf in our pantry there 's a two-quart bowl, with a blue-and-gold rim around it. Whenever any of the family gets any money, he puts it into that bowl; and whenever any of us want any money, we take it out of that bowl. I 've seen the bowl full of money, and I 've seen it when it had only five cents in it. The fullest I ever saw

it was just before sister Edith was married. For a long time they all kept putting in as much as they could, and hardly took out anything at all, till the bowl got so full that the money slid off from the top. Then they took it all out, and went and bought her wedding things. And oh, you ought to have seen them! Stacks and stacks of clothes that I don't even know the names of."

"Then I suppose you could help yourself to all the capital you want, out of the bowl," said Ned, mentally comparing the Bowl System with his own source of capital in Aunt Mercy.

"Yes, I could," said Charlie; "but I should n't like to; and I never yet took out any, for I am the only one of the family that never puts anything into it. Perhaps other people don't know it by that name, but brother George calls it living on the Bowl System."

"Why don't you put the money into the bank?" said Phaeton.

"Father had a lot of money in a bank once," said Charlie; "but it broke, and he said he 'd never put in any more."

"I wish we lived on the Bowl System at our house," said Monkey Roe. "It would n't be many days before I 'd have a velocipede and a double-barreled pistol."

(To be continued.)



THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE WHERE GRANDMOTHER LEARNED TO READ.

THE ST. NICHOLAS TREASURE-BOX OF LITERATURE.

WHEN this Treasure-Box was first opened, dear readers, it was stated that we should say little about the various authors, but leave you to find out the facts concerning them for yourselves. And, this month, we give you a scene from a great writer, of whom very many of you, we are sure, will not need to be told,—for what reading boy or girl does not know something about the author of “Ivanhoe,” and “Kenilworth,” and “Rob Roy,” and “The Tales of a Grandfather,” and all the rest of that delightful list? For more than fifty years, countless readers, old and young, have bent long and lovingly over those enchanted pages, that glow with vivid pomp and pageantry, and resound with the clash of sword and shield. The time which they describe is an era full of fascination for us all—the age of chivalry, the time of romance, with its tilts and tournaments, its plumed and mail-clad knights on prancing steeds, with spear and battle-ax gleaming in the sun, and its fair ladies looking on from rich pavilions crowned with floating pennants. It was a time of prowess and adventure, that stirs the blood as we read about it.

And nowhere else is this time pictured so truly and vividly as in the works of this great author. When these books were first printed, the writer's name was withheld. But such a secret, you may be sure, could not be kept for long. No wonder the readers of that day were bent on knowing who this mighty magician was. And no wonder, either, that if the question should be asked to-day, any English-speaking boy or girl could answer promptly enough. For all the world knows now that this best portrayer of the men and manners of the age of chivalry was Sir Walter Scott.

But it is not alone the prince and the knight-errant,

the countess and the court-lady, who figure in his pages. These were, indeed, the foremost people of that time, and the greatest good or the worst misfortune usually befell them because their station was loftiest. But there were also men of all degrees, who served these titled folk as counselors, attendants, lackeys, and soldiers;—there were hermits who had wearied of the often false and shameful life of the court and had fled to the solitude of rocks and caves; there were peasants who lived their own quiet, patient life in the fields; and there were yeomen of stout heart and keen eyes, and wild, merry, woodland ways, whom no flattery could persuade and no threats subdue. We think Sir Walter has made these jovial foresters, who met and sang beneath the green-wood tree, quite as interesting as the knights who broke their lances against each other in the noise and dust of the tournament—and so it is about one of these sturdy yeomen that we ask you to read here. You will like the bold archer “Locksley,” as he calls himself (though many of you know that he bears in secret a more famous name, which neither we nor you must “tell”). And so clearly has Sir Walter pictured him that we can almost hear the twang of his bowstring and the whir of his unerring arrow.

The account is taken from “Ivanhoe,” and the scene is near the lists at Ashby, where the great tournament has just been fought. Prince John, being suddenly summoned home, decrees a contest in archery, to take place immediately, and offers a prize to the victor. “Locksley's” independent air has already incurred the displeasure of the prince, so that he has other odds to fight against than the skill of the opposing archers.

But now to the story:

THE ARCHERY CONTEST—FROM “IVANHOE”—BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer, a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric, richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upward of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill

of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles around him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished lists of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

“Fellow,” said Prince John, “I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder.”

“Under favor, sir,” replied the yeoman, “I have another reason for refraining to shoot besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace.”

“And what is thy other reason?” said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could

* Born at Edinburgh, 1771.

Died at Abbotsford, 1832.

not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not

out of the lists with bow-strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may

indeed easily strip and scourge me, but can not compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refuset me fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bow-string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from my presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John.—"His heart is sinking. I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment, in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The con-

tending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to oversee the sports of the yeomanry.



"I WILL NOTCH HIS SHAFT FOR HIM, HOWEVER."

how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question:

"What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou locest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeoman-like and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin,* who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that, when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. Hubert, if thou dost beat this braggart, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an' thou suffer that runaway knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An' your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his

generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee."

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! in the clout! † A Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other. "Such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the north country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said. "If you please, I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's Round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an' it were the stout King Richard himself."

* A nobleman of the Court. † Clout,—the center of the target.

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or, rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat-straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah, Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley. "No man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude

awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

LIFE is not all conflict and excitement, young friends;—indeed, to many of us it seems often commonplace and dull. And perhaps many a boy and girl, after reading a great romance, feels like sighing, disconsolately, "If I only had a chance to do *such* things!" But to the eyes that are able to see it, the simplest action of every day has its meaning and influence, and so it is good for us, in our reading, to turn from a marvelous exploit like Locksley's to such a poem as "The Planting of the Apple-tree," and learn how equally marvelous, in reality, is the mere placing of a little sprig in the ground. Many a deed that seems trivial may be followed by great

results; and no one can teach us this lesson better, or in sweeter words, than the great American poet, Bryant, whose songs, written out of a calm, thoughtful life, have wrought vast and far-reaching good in the world. You will admire more and more, as you grow older, the noble poems of this great and good man. In ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1878, we told you something of his life, and mentioned the poems that you would most like to read now. "The Planting of the Apple-tree" is one of them, with its beautiful revelation of how the planting is to affect many lives and seasons, and remain forgotten for years and years.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE—BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*



COME, let us plant the apple-tree,
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly;
As 'round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet,
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing, and hide her nest;

* Born, at Cummington, Massachusetts, 1794. Died, in New York, 1878.



We plant upon the sunny lea
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,
 When, from the orchard-row, he pours
 Its fragrance through our open doors;
 A world of blossoms for the bee,
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
 We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
 And redden in the August noon,
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,
 That fan the blue September sky;

While children come, with cries of glee,
 And seek them where the fragrant grass
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
 The winter stars are glittering bright,
 And winds go howling through the night,
 Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth,
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,
 And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree,
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
 Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew;



And sojourners beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long, long hours of summer play,
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
 The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,

Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this little apple-tree?

“Who planted this old apple-tree?”

The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:

“A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 ’T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
 On planting the apple-tree.”



MUMBO JUMBO.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

IN no part of our globe are there so many curious customs, unknown or not understood by civilized and enlightened people, as in Africa. There, for instance, is a great river which comes down to regions inhabited for thousands of years by the ancient Egyptians, who built the most wonderful temples and pyramids, and carved in stone great statues, which have been the admiration of ages, and yet it is only within a few years that the source of this celebrated river, Nile, has been known to Americans and Europeans. Great lakes, which were not known to exist, have lately been discovered by African explorers, and tribes of people, not only unlike other human beings in their minds, but even in their bodies, have been met with. One of our countrymen, Henry Stanley, made a journey across the center of the African continent, and, in so doing, traversed vast regions never seen before by white men, and, although he saw and described so much, there are no doubt a great many strange things yet to be discovered in Africa, which country the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls might well call "The Riddle-box of the World."

Among the most difficult puzzles in this great riddle-box are the customs of some of the African tribes. Of course, all savage and heathen people do very strange things in connection with their religion and their laws, yet, however odd and ridiculous some of these may seem to us, the peo-

ple themselves believe them right and proper, because they are so taught by their priests and rulers.

But some African tribes have fantastic and absurd customs in which it would seem that they



MUMBO JUMBO SETTING OUT UPON HIS SEARCH.

could not have any faith whatever; still, they really attach a great deal of importance to them.

Among these are the trials by Mumbo Jumbo, a character met with in many villages on the west coast of Africa. Mumbo Jumbo is nothing at all but a man on short stilts, with a sort of cloak wrapped about him, and a great false head fastened above his own head. All this, of course, makes

him look very tall, and a pair of wooden arms, which stick out below his big head, help to give him the appearance of a man about twice as big as anybody else.

Dressed up in this strange way, he stumps about through the village, and the people believe that he has the power to point out any person who has committed a crime; or, in case of family quarrels or disputes, he can show which party is in fault. Accordingly, when there is an occasion for the exercise of his wonderful power, Mumbo Jumbo, followed by a crowd of his fellow-savages, beating drums, blowing horns, shouting and dancing, sets out on his business of discovering the person who has broken the laws of the tribe.

It may be that a theft has been committed, and that the thief has managed his affairs so secretly and cunningly that the people of the village cannot find out who he is. So Mumbo Jumbo, with a great deal of twisting and stumping about, goes from house to house, and pretends to examine the faces of the people he finds within. When he has finished this examination, he looks at every man, woman, or child whom he may meet, and even goes among the crowd accompanying him, making believe to glare down, with his painted eyes, into the faces of the howling and dancing negroes, to see if he can discover the guilty person.

Of course it would never do for Mumbo Jumbo to give up the search without pointing out some one as the thief, and so, after he has led the crowd about, as long as he pleases, he settles upon some

unfortunate person, who is as likely as any one else to have stolen the missing property, and declares him to be the thief. This man is then seized, tied to a post, and whipped, and everybody believes him to be justly punished, when, in reality, Mumbo Jumbo himself may have been the thief.

In disputes between families or individuals, Mumbo Jumbo lays down the law in the same way. He goes with his stilts, and his mask, and his noisy crowd of followers, to the place where the disputing parties are assembled, and declares which side is right.

Now the most curious thing about all this is the fact that these negroes know, all the time, that Mumbo Jumbo is nothing but a man on stilts, with a big false head and a long cloak. There does not seem to be any attempt to conceal this fact, for, when Mumbo Jumbo is not needed, his cloak, head, arms, and stilts are hung up on a convenient tree in the village. It is likely, also, that these foolish negroes know just what man among them is performing the part of Mumbo Jumbo, when that important person is stalking about. And yet they believe in the decisions of the false head, which could make decisions just as well when it is hanging on the tree as when borne about by one of their fellow-negroes.

Now does not all this seem very much like a riddle, and a pretty hard one, too? Why should these people believe in a thing which they know is all nonsense? But it is not easy to give answers to all the puzzles in the great African riddle-box.

HOW THE ROCKING-HORSE ATE THE CAKE.

It was a big room, and it had a bright, pret-ty car-pet on its floor. The sun came in through two win-dows, and staid all day.

Be-hind two dark red cur-tains, at one end of the room, was the chil-dren's play-house. The chil-dren were Char-ley and Gra-cey; Gra-cey was five years old, and Char-ley was al-most three; and such good times as they did have be-hind those red cur-tains!

They had a ta-ble there, and some chairs, and a cup-board full of dish-es, and a whole fam-i-ly of dolls; but nic-est of all was the rock-ing-horse,—San-ta Claus had brought this at Christ-mas. He was black and white, and had a long white mane and tail; his mouth was o-pen, and was paint-ed red in-side; al-to-geth-er, he was the ver-y nic-est horse that ev-er had been seen, the chil-dren thought.

One aft-er-noon they were hav-ing a lunch-eon in their play-house; they had some lit-tle slic-es of bis-cuit and but-ter, a piece of cake, and a ti-ny pitch-er of milk. Mam-ma told them to drink the milk first, so they would not spill it; she said she did not care for the crumbs. So they poured the milk in-to two lit-tle cups, and drank it all, and then Gra-cey put the



dolls up to the ta-ble, and they sat down to eat the rest, when Char-ley looked up and said: "Hor-sey wants some din-ner, too."

"So he does," said Gra-cey. "His mouth is o-pen for some now."

So they dragged him to the ta-ble, and stuffed some cake in-to his mouth. It would not hold ver-y much, aft-er all, but they made some

of it stay in; and they told him a great man-y times to eat it, and then he could have some more; but he did not seem to know how, and so they ate their lunch-eon with-out wait-ing for him.

The next morn-ing, Gra-cey ran into the play-house to see if the horse had eat-en his cake. Sure e-nough, it was all gone. Char-ley looked in-to hor-sey's mouth, and then trot-ted aft-er Gra-cey, to tell Mam-ma the won-der-ful sto-ry. "It must have fall-en out," said Mam-ma.

"No, it did n't, Mam-ma; we put it in tight, and 'sides, we spilled lots of crumbs, and they are all gone, too."

And Mam-ma went to see. The crumbs were all gone.

"He must have got right down off the rock-ers, and eat-en the crumbs all up," said Gra-cey. But Mam-ma on-ly smiled.

Ev-er-y-bod-y who came in-to the house that day heard the strange sto-ry; and the last thing Gra-cey did that night was to put a nice piece of sponge-cake in-to the red, o-pen mouth.

Mam-ma was ver-y bus-y, that night, and they went up-stairs one by one un-til she was all a-lone. She wait-ed un-til the house grew ver-y still, and then she turned out the gas, drew a chair close to the red cur-tains, pulled one of them a-side a lit-tle, and wait-ed. The room was not quite dark, for the fire burned bright-ly, and by its light Mam-ma saw the horse stand-ing ver-y still, with the cake in his mouth. Mam-ma kept ver-y still, too; and by and by she saw some-thing that looked like a ver-y lit-tle bit of gray fur, move swift-ly a-cross the car-pet. It ran up the horse's leg, out on the lines, held on with four cun-ning lit-tle paws, and be-gan to eat cake ver-y fast. Soon an-oth-er came, and then an-oth-er, till there were four; four ba-by mice, the ver-y ti-ni-est Mam-ma had ev-er seen. And how they did nib-ble! By and by a larg-er one came, and they played, and ran all o-ver that horse, swung on his tail, and hid in his mane, and he nev-er stirred. Mam-ma watched them a-while, and then she went up-stairs.

The next morn-ing at break-fast she told the chil-dren all a-bout it. Gra-cey was de-light-ed, and begged to stay up that night and see.

But Char-ley lis-tened ver-y so-ber-ly, and when they all had done talk-ing a-bout it, he said, in a ver-y sor-row-ful lit-tle voice:

"Poor hor-sey did n't det no tate; not a bit; 'at 's *too* bad."





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

'THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!'

So says Brother Browning, and Jack's sentiments are the same.

Brother Browning, as many of you may know, is an English poet, and so, when he speaks of "the thorn," my birds tell me he must allude to the hawthorn or May-tree, which in spring-time almost covers itself with blossoms of white, pink, and pink-and-white.

Now, for our budget. First, a letter about

A WISE CANARY.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: As you are so much interested in the birds, I thought you would like to know about our canary, whom we think unusually smart. His name is "Ruby" and he is very tame, and will feed from the hand and from the mouth, and will play. But the strangest thing is, that he knows the days of the week, and is very particular that we shall get to school in time; for, on school days, he begins to call when it is time to go to school, and keeps calling until we start, and when we go he stops his calling and begins to sing and eat his seed from his cup, and appears to think his duty is performed. But on Saturday and Sunday he does not call in this way; and it is very plain that he knows so much of the days of the week, and keeps account of them. He does not make any mistakes.

Yours truly,

HARRY EICHBAUM.

NOT A VERY HARD CASE.

THE Little School-ma'am learned something while she was away on her summer vacation; she says she learned how to give medicine to a cat.

The lady with whom she boarded in the mountains had a favorite tabby, which would follow her about the farm or over the hills for miles, like a dog, and, when tired, would ask to be allowed to climb up

and ride on her shoulder. Once, this puss ate poisoned meat and was in danger of dying; but the maid put her into a long woolen stocking, poured a dose of oil down her throat, and by this means saved her life.

The Little School-ma'am's cat is a very healthy one, but she thinks it is just as well to know how to give her medicine in case illness should occur; and Jack agrees with her.

THOSE CAT STORIES AND DEACON GREEN.

AND talking of the Little School-ma'am's cat reminds me that I've a letter for you from Deacon Green. Here it is:

DEAR JACK: I dropped in upon the Little School-ma'am, yes, today, and, bless your heart, if she was n't almost hidden by a mass of note and foolscap paper, spread out around her in every conceivable shape.

"Stories—Lost Kitten Stories!" she exclaimed, in her cheeriest style, and blockaded as she was by them, she was as happy a little school-ma'am as ever was seen. And then she went on to tell me how they had been coming in so fast that she could hardly count them, and how the committee had been obliged to postpone their report a month, and how they wanted to —

But stop! That's her affair, and not what I started out to say, and I may be in danger of revealing state secrets. But here's the point I wanted to tell you. The little woman and her aids, I could see, were mightily perplexed to decide upon the best one of all that huge pile of stories, and I was n't at all surprised, when, looking up suddenly, she said: "Ah, Deacon, if we could only take the best fifty of these and combine them—bringing the best points of all into one—we should have a story such as no single author in the world could write!"

Well, dear Jack, I told her I did n't doubt it. And it is just the same the world over—with men and women as well as boys and girls. The greatest achievements of human labor have always been the work of thousands, who toiled together for the one purpose. But it was never meant that we should all see alike, and the work of every one of us, if done faithfully and with the whole heart, will reach truth and usefulness in some special way of its own, and so have its peculiar value. Perhaps there is some one thing for each person in the world, that he or she can do better than anybody else. Only let him or her find it, and "stick to" it, as the saying is.

Last fall, little Neddy Popkin came to me, saying he wanted to make some money to help his mother and her big family of girls, and he wished me to tell him what to do.

"What do you do best?" said I. He hesitated a moment, and then said, "Well, they say at home that I can beat anybody they ever saw at corn-popping." "Then," said I, "pop, pop, pop, and if it's well popped you can sell it. That's your best way to make money. It's likely you're cut out for popping corn. Your name sounds like it."

I could see that he was puzzled by this advice for a minute. But Neddy Popkin is a common-sense lad, steady, and sturdy. "I'll do it!" said he, and left. On the way home he laid in a supply of poppers and corn, and went at it in earnest. And last week he told me that he was getting on splendidly, and laying up a nice little store of cash. All the confectioners' stalls in town, but one, now refuse to buy any pop-corn excepting Neddy Popkin's.

Now, dear Jack, there's an honest success ahead of that boy; and that it's better for a lad to be the one best corn-popper in Workville than a fourth-rate lawyer's or banker's clerk in Showburgh, is the humble opinion of yours truly,

SILAS GREEN.

I commend the letter to you, dears. Only be sure that the one thing that you can do best is something useful,—as Neddy's was. A boy climbed a liberty-pole in my meadow one day, and everybody applauded. But the feat was soon forgotten, and it turned out that the boy had learned it by long practice in neighbors' orchards.

A SUB-AMERICAN CANAL.

SARAH W. sends word that a while ago there was some talk, in her hearing, about canals and railways across the strip of land which joins North

and South America. And one of the wise folk said: "It is not impossible that some cave-explorer may find a great under-ground river running across the continent of North America; a kind of ready-made canal, that would render traveling cheap between New York and California."

Think of going from Boston to San Francisco, under-ground! Never a sight of sun, moon, nor stars from first to last! Your Jack does n't like the notion, my dears. But the canal would be dim-lit, cool, and moist, even through the glare, and heat, and dust of summer, I suppose; and it might suit any of you that should happen to have a dismal mind. So let him save up his pennies, in order to be ready for the first trip of the first canal-boat of the future Grand American Sub-Continental Transportation Company!

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

M. E. B. FORWARDS this bit of news:

"A short time ago, Willy found in the yard a little bird which seemed to have been hurt. It was some little time before it could be caught, for, though it could not fly, it fluttered and hopped about so as to keep just out of Willy's reach. But at last he had it, and putting it tenderly in one hand, and covering it with the other, brought it to me.

"I looked at it and said: 'Willy, I don't believe the bird is really hurt. Still, there is some serious difficulty. I must see what it is.'

"A very long feather belonging to the left wing had in some way been passed across the back, and drawn tightly in under the right wing. After a little I succeeded in setting the wing free, but the feather still held fast to the right leg, around the thigh of which the slender end of it was wrapped twice, close to the body.

"Birdie's bright little eyes watched the whole operation closely; but he kept perfectly quiet, and did not struggle nor resist in any way. He seemed to know that we were trying to help him. As soon as he was unbound, we expected that he would dart away, but he lay still upon my hand, and I was beginning to think he must be injured,

after all, when suddenly he gave his right leg a little shake, and before you could wink twice he was above our heads in the branches of a tree.

"Then you should have heard his song of thanksgiving, and seen the look of delight on Willy's face!

"'Mamma,' said he, 'how do you suppose the feather got wrapped around the wing and leg, like that?'

"I could not answer his question then, nor can I now. Can anybody else answer it?"

CURIOS OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Now, my wide-eyed youngsters,—not my feathered friends, the owls, but you, boys and girls, of course,—carry out the following instructions sent by Mrs. Kellogg, and you will see holes through your hands and fail to see bits of paper placed not two feet in front of your noses.

Roll a sheet of foolscap paper into a tube an inch in diameter. Then, with both eyes open, put the tube to the right eye, and look steadily through it at any object. Now, place your open left hand, the palm being toward you, by the side of the tube, near its lower end. You will see a hole through the palm of your hand.

Pin two small pieces of paper against the wall, about eight inches apart. Fix both eyes steadily on one paper, say the right-hand one, then, holding your face about two feet from it, you close the left eye. Advance your face, and the left-hand paper suddenly will disappear from sight.

AND now, my youngsters, "make way for"—not "liberty," as I usually hear you put it,—but something of quite as much importance for the moment to many of you. You'll find it just below.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S REPORT ON "A STORY TO BE WRITTEN."

YOUR stories, young friends, for the pictures by Mr. Hopkins on page 251 of the January number, came pouring in by dozens and scores each day, and from every direction. Maine and California, and most of the intermediate States; Canada and Cuba, and even England, France, and Germany—all were represented. Some of the letters from young correspondents far away across the great ocean necessarily arrived after the day appointed as the limit, but in every such case the writer begged not to be left out of the competition. And when finally the postman's face wore a smile of relief as the last one was delivered, it seemed to the committee, assembled in front of the accumulated mass of stories, as if they were scarcely less in number than all the cats that ever lived in America—even counting nine lives to each solitary puss!

But the mere reading of these stories was smooth sailing. When it came to deciding upon the very best one of these hundreds upon hundreds of interesting biographies—then came the gale! So many of them were almost on a level as to excellence, and each of these had so many peculiar points in its favor, that for a while your committee was in sad plight. However, after much patient reading and re-reading, sorting and comparing, all agreed upon the story given below, and written by Frances H. Catlin, as best fulfilling the conditions in the way of a prose story. But it was also voted unani-

mously to make room at the same time for the clever rhymed version by Florence E. Pratt, which you will therefore find accompanying the other.

PUSSY'S ADVENTURES.

NELLIE LESTER loved her little kitten dearly. It was gray, and had a blue ribbon around its neck, and its name was Muffie.

One morning Nellie brought a pitcher of milk and poured Muffie a saucerful, and while Nellie went to put the pitcher away, Muffie finished her milk and looked around for something to do. She saw an open door, and said to herself: "What a pleasant day! I think I will take a walk."

She hopped down the back steps and ran along the alley until she saw a large dog, and alas! the dog saw her. She lay low on the ground beside an ash-barrel, hoping that the dog would pass by. But he kept his eyes upon her hiding-place, and was running straight toward her when she scrambled up the side of the barrel and down among some dirty straw and paper. The dog tore round and round the barrel, leaping upon one side and then on the other, trying to get at kitty. But he could not even see her, and after a while he went home to dinner. The frightened kitty lay still a long time, and feared to leave her safe place.

When Nellie came back and saw the empty saucer and no kitty, she was surprised, and went to look for her.

She was not on her mat under the stove, and Nellie could not find

her anywhere. She wandered from room to room, calling "Muffie! Muffie! where are you? Come, Muffie, come to Nellie." But no Muffie came, and then Nellie sat down and cried.

By and by Pedro, the old rag-picker, came to the barrel where Muffie was hiding. When he saw her he cried out, "Halloo! what have we here? A cat, to be sure! Oho, you'll weigh more than rags. Step in here, Mr. Cat." So saying, he hustled Muffie into the bag and put the bag on his back, and went soon afterward to Mr. Kelly's, the rag-merchant. Mr. Kelly weighed the bag of rags and paid Pedro his money, and Pedro went away. When Mr. Kelly emptied the bag, what should jump out but a little gray kitten! He was very angry at first, to find that he had been imposed upon, but while he was thinking about it, and growing more and more vexed every minute, up walked Muffie with such a cunning air that he forgot his anger and began to watch her play. After two or three days he became very fond of her.

All this time Nellie could not be comforted, though her papa said that she should have two or three kittens if she wanted them. But she did not want any but Muffie. At last her papa proposed a plan that delighted Nellie. It was to advertise Muffie. So it was done. A boy was hired to post the bills and scatter them through the streets. An old woman, on her way to Mr. Kelly's with rags, picked up one of the hand-bills, and stowing it among her pickings, went on to the rag-merchant's. Mr. Kelly, remembering how he had been cheated, made her empty her own bag. The great advertising bill was the first thing to drop out. As it came fluttering down, Muffie popped from behind a chair, ready to play with anything that came in her way. She stopped suddenly on seeing her own name in print, and was busily reading an account of herself, when Mr. Kelly picked up the paper and sat down to look it over. Pussy, not thinking how impolite it was, climbed up his back, and looking over Mr. Kelly's shoulder, read it with him. At once Mr. Kelly thought his little cat must be the lost one. So, taking his hat, and with the advertisement in one hand and Muffie in the other, he started for Mr. Lester's. When he rang the bell, Nellie opened the door, and, on seeing Muffie, uttered an exclamation of delight. Mr. Kelly made a profound bow, and let Muffie jump into Nellie's arms. She did not forget to thank him, and her papa offered him a reward, but he would not take it. Nellie ran to tell her mamma, kissing kitty all the way, and calling her "a naughty, naughty kitty."

FRANCES H. CATLIN (12 years).

THE TALE OF A KITTEN.

MINNIE and Kitty had frolicked all day,
Until they were both of them wearied of play,
When dear little kitty, whose fur was like silk,
Mewed loudly to Minnie to get her some milk.
And soon she was purring, with greatest delight,
Over a saucer of milk, warm and white.
But Mamma called Minnie, a dress to try on;
"Now, stay right here, kitty, I'll not long be gone."
But kitty meant mischief, so over the floor
She artfully sidled, right straight to the door.
Down from the front stoop she daintily stepped;
Over the sidewalk she carefully crept;

Round the ash-barrel triumphantly walked,
When along, looking virtuous, old Carlo stalked.
"Oh, where is a refuge for poor kitty cat?
Ah, there is the barrel. I think I'll try that."
So pussy jumped up in a terrible fright,
While Carlo came prancing along with delight.
"Ha, ha! Mr. Carlo, you cannot catch me,
For I am too spry for you doggies, you see!"
But alas for poor kitty, her pride had a fall,
And into the barrel she rolled like a ball!

Soon Minnie came back, but no kitty she spied.
"Oh, where is my kitty?" she tearfully cried.
"Is she under the stove?" asked the child in despair;
She looked; but, poor Minnie! no kitty was there.
Poor baby! she sadly sat down in despair,
And her sobs and her wallings of grief rent the air.

A ragman, whose conscience was soundly asleep,
Came wandering along to that fatal ash-heap;
While searching for rags, our small kitten he spied;
"Now my bag'll weigh heavy!" he joyfully cried.
He dropped in poor kitty, and hurried away,
Where a sign waved—"For paper and rags cash we pay."
A round price he got for his wicked deceit.
"Cash" opened the bundle,—what vision did greet
The eyes of this worthy old gentleman, pray?
Why, kit, mewling loudly, jumped down and away!
With brow knit with perplexity,—yes! and despair,
The old gentleman watched kitty frolicking there;
And little he knew that, just out of his door,
A notice had hung for ten minutes or more,
Around which a crowd had collected, to see
What was lost; who had lost; what reward there would be;
While a boy was distributing papers that said
"Lost kitten!" which many a passer-by read,
And then threw away, as most passers-by do.
But, as every one knows, that old maxim is true
Which calmly observes, "Naught is e'er thrown away!"
It was proven afresh, that remarkable day;
An old woman the notice picked up, and then put
It within her big bag, which was covered with soot.
To old "Cash's," she went, with all possible speed.
When she emptied her bag, kitty swiftly did read,
With many a grimace and smile of delight;
For she thought, "Now, my mistress has found out my flight."
While old "Cash" read the notice, she undisturbed sat
On his shoulder, and looked a demure, full-grown cat.
He swift took his hat from the nail by the door,
While kitty tried hard to claw down to the floor;
But 't was all of no use, and they set off once more,
And at last they arrived before Minnie's house-door.
So now we will leave them in happy communion,
And trust naught will happen to sever their union.

FLORENCE E. PRATT (12 years).

It was to be expected that, when all were writing upon the same subject, there would be a great many stories of nearly equal merit; and, although this made the committee's work much more difficult than usual, it also gives us the pleasure of printing a remarkably long roll of honor. And there is this to be said to any boy or girl on the roll who may feel that his or her story was as good as those

printed here: there were a very great many stories which contained *single points* and *passages* of great merit and cleverness; but no one of these stories was quite so satisfactory as those we have given, when considered in regard to clearness of statement, good penmanship, careful and accurate introduction of the pictures, and simple merit as a story throughout.

ROLL OF HONOR.

WALTER B. SMITH—Alice M. N.—Lottie S. Averill—Charlie P. Peirce—Altia R. Austin—Libbie S. Hawes—Alice B. Forry—Lizzie S. Frazer—C. P.—Curt Rummil—Kitty Williamson—Ben. L. Darrow—Josie F. Allen—Hannah—Clara L. Shaffer—Annie H. Mills—Nellie A. Peabody—Ellie H. Glover—Helen B. Pendleton—Ollie Partridge—J. B. Field—William W. Shaw—George Cooper—Maude M. Nickerson—Louise Mather Knight—Helen E. Greene—Alfie G. Hill—Frank Heath—Lulu Burton—Louie Brine—Alice Hyde—Elizabeth W. Windsor—Sadie Hawley—Constance Gerry—Gertrude Krusi—Jessie S. Rand—Dessie Robertson—Willie F. Dix—Clara D. Henkle—Gertrude R. Wheeler—Florence G. Lane—Mabelle Whitney Trowbridge—Edith Whiting Oakland—Katie M. Hackett—L. R. Fisher—Katharine Bartlett—Eliza P. Cochran—Philip Schuyler De Luz—Foster H. Roper—Rosalie L. Bradford—E. M. Rheam—Florence Peele—Ted Hillman—Evangeline T. Walker—Julie Wickham—Mary Raoul—Maude E. Plummer—Mamie L. Carleton—Arthur F. Jackson—H. J.—Josie Alden—Fred A. Henry—Lollie F. Wheeler—Susan Hastings Ward—Birdie Bent—"Sunshine"—Edward B. Lowell—Wallace R. Platt—Willie F. P.—C. W. Bispham—F. A. Walker—Georgie A. Capen—Angelica Church—Alice G. Lansing—F. Maynard Lansing—Howard Manning—Teny H. Putnam—Frank S. Willock—Rosalie Flagg—Grace Boutelle—Ritie Cobb—Josie B. Lee—Mary M. Malleson—Eleanor B. Farley—Daisy Bishop—Edith Helen Smith—Fred A. Bigelow—Annie A. Williamson—Geo. H. Brown—Maggie Evans—F. B. Matthews—Lizzie Hooton—Ada Van Beil—Charlie Tracio—Eddie G. Banta—Gussie Chamberlain—Sadie Lou Stevenson—Hattie C. McLeary—George E. Gillespie—George Davidson—Anna B. Blakiston—H. Bosworth Van Gieson—Ernie W. Clarke—Gilbert P. Coleman—Helen Mildred Slade—Leo Haas—Wash Lowry—Mary A. Snelbaker—Nettie Brolaski—Charlie D. Rice—Eddie Miller—Maggie Wineland—Emily A. Howland—Jennie E. Work—Fannie Carr—Katie Packard—Laura W. Jackson—Edith R. Jones—Minnie L. Benton—Rosalie N. McIlhenny—Emma F. Jones—Willie E. Evans—Brooke Payne—Loulou Shand—W. Chauncey Hawley—Susie A. Matteson—Noble Sayre—Bessie Gallagher—Hattie M. Trembly—Hallie Barnes—Shelton Sanford Cheny—Mamma's Pets—Gracie Delnan—Sallie E. Coates—Nellie G. Porter—Chas. H. Vanderbilt—Mamie W. Folsom—Sallie Shellenberger—Josie Barnes—Louise Barnes—Charlie L. Bartholomew—Elsie G. Jackson—Francis Greene—Albert F. Pasquay—Geo. L. Brodhead—Mabel H. Knight—Oriola M. Cheves—Mary L. Ranlet—Harold Stebbins—Henry S. Cox—Hattie Galt Turner—Nellie G. Grow—Lottie Woglom—Chas. S. Hayden—Sarah F. De Luz—Rachie Ely—Sadie Medary—Alice Oakley Birnie—Carrie C. Jenks—Helen G. Slingluff—Ethel Dane Roberts—Lizzie B. Harrison—Nellie Blakeslee—Walkem—Clove Pink—Fred E. Lunt—Eugenie M. Foss—N. T. Moss—A. Louise Weightman—Estelle Foreman—Nettie Schoch—A. E. Hoyt—Mattie

Moderwell—Fred Eastman—Lucile Bristor—Carrie Lucy Colvin—Jennie May Colvin—K. L. M.—Alma Roth—Lulu Pearl Colcord—Alice Leffingwell—Minnie B. Lower—Rose Cracroft Bond—Willie F. Woolard—Bessie Miller—Nellie McIntosh—Hannah E. Lloyd—Alice Belin—Janet R. Sheldon—Sarah T. Dalsheimer—Jessie Hoyt—Edna L. Brown—Ine Brown—Margaret Watts—Clinton Mather—Harry C. Walker—Edna Fitch—Carrie E. Buck—Harry C. Oberholser—Maysie Bradley—W. B. Corbett—Estella V. Sutton—Katie B. Stanwood—Bernard C. Weld—Lillian E. Rogers—Grace Austin Smith—Alice Otis—Mary Alice True—Hattie Stevens—Mamie Chapman—Elmer Oliver—Frank Herron—Constance Thorn Jones—Alice Stille—Rose V. Crane—Clara M. Howell—Grace Giberson—Mabel R. Lawrence—Gertrude Perkins—Beth Stocking—Elizabeth Slater—Alice G. Lucas—Sheldon W. Snively—Julia Brass—Willie Borland—Molly C. Wrenshall—A. Nickerson—Anna F. D. Hopkins—Ella Simonton—Ella Auburtin—Elsie B. Crane—Sallie M. Donaldson—Earle W. Drew—James Vinton Stillings—Mabel Holkins Chase—Josie L. Hewlett—Lulu G. Crabbe—Edward Wager Smith—Annie Curtis Smith—Florence Compton—Nellie W. Smith—Harold Gregory—Helen F. Stone—Gertrude Medlicott—Willie Shriner—Sarah D. Morrison—Walter R. Gilbert—M. C.—Maude Buckner—Violet—Lillian Appar—Nannie Hunter—Carly S. Pratt—M. Jennie Harding—Clara B. Grove—Alice F. Bushnell—Miriam Oliver—Alice C. Parry—Cora A. Law—Lizzie C. Carnahan—Mae Gordon—Elsie Tubby—Fletcher Clay—Katie Come—Thomas H. Mason—Pink—Norval Wilson Gallaher—Van Lear Perry—Win. B. Hopkins—H. Talbott—Clarence Lower—Nannie M. Bowler—Cecilia Tucker—Helen E. Spicer—Willie Bromfield—Phel. C. Tucker, Jr.—Harry Gaudern—Eva Houck—Stewart M. Taylor—Walter U.—Bertha Whitney—Robert S.—Anna L. Tucker—Maude Ainsworth—Lalla E. Croft—Mary Lee Fulgham—Georgia C. Washburn—Miss T. M. Drake—Florence Villy—Kathie Darling Partridge—Pansy Smith—Florence Drummond—Jesse R. Ayer—Ella P. Crandall—Lucy Manley—Ella M. Parker—Mary R. Keys—Luc Bradley—Nellie A. Remick—Erie Morgan—Bertha Goodison—Frank Coenen—Etta Ivan Anthony—Wallace Morgan—Clara A. Walton—Lida Papin—W. Nichols—Edith M. Hale—Lizzie B. Cutting—Cornelia Wait—Kittie E. Horton—Sheldon Potter Ritter—George W. Morris—Louise Norton—Mary Barber—Lottie S. Edgley—Helen Ballantine—Gertrude Fowler—Clara Wimbler—Nellie E. Hicks—Allen Owen Gooch—Mamie W. Packard—Mary Ellen Dodge—W. Klemroth—Katie Milner—Sallie H. Nourse—Blanche A. Sewall—Lily Burbank—Arabella Ward—Elias G. Brown, Jr.—Nellie Kearns—Ella W. Bray—Blanche Humphrey—Carrie Louise Frost—Lulu M. Hutchins—A. L. E.—Alice R. Peck—Frances Room—Alice Chace—Minnie Bache Truman—Frank Read, Jr.—Grace Caldwell—Elon Dunlap, Jr.—Daisy O'Brien—Clara Louise Kellogg—Rosemary Baum—Zulu Frye—Annie L. V. Myers—E. Dana Pierce—Ambrose C. Dearborn—Mary Burns—Echel Sophia Mason—Annie W. Ingles—Irene C. W.—Anna Worrall—Gracie Hewlett—Alice M. Firestone—Maude Stratweaver—Sumner S. Bowman—Sallie C. Reeves—Daisy Kibbe—Willie C. MacCurdy—Alice M. Jordan—Sheldon H. Stimson—Amy Slade—Mamie—Mary Nixon—F. Marquand Monroe—Katharine R. Fisher—Hattie R. Rickert—Sadie Vickers—Carrie C. Vreeland—Clara Rosenbaum—Adele Innes—Carl T. Robertson—Alice Cooper—Rose Stansbury—Sadie Hull—Frank L. Long—Charles M. Smythe—L. Angenette Cottrell—Kenneth McKenzie—Minnie Mason—Freddie E. Cannon—Martha P. and Mary R. Jewett—Myra Crane—Adele W. Crane—Fannie Ford Noble—Alva J. Guffey—Elizabeth Alling—Arthur G. Krom—John K. Crouse—Boydie B. Andrews—Hettie Seibert—Mamie Mensch—George R. Linn—Lillie Braeutigam—Burnett Norton—Julia Sander—W. C. McLeod—Lena Weed—Bessie W. Schermerhorn—M. Fredrika Smith—Harry A. Ramsdell—Laura Churchill—John Kirby—Florence A. Sidham—S. Florence Mallard—L. F. W.—Emily Hood—Neddie Clark—Jeanie Minot Rowell—May Blanton—Helen Hawthorne—Lillian Corbett Barnes—H. Longford Boynton—Lewis B. Melvain—Queenie Bell Pease—Stella M. Butterfield—Walter B. Smith—Mamie W. Cannon—A. I. G.—Ellen Ruth Rockwood—Lelia V. Montague—Bessie Carson—Mary Siegmund—James O. Barnett—Wesley B. Moseley—Alice H. Payne—Marian Clark—Willie W. Bennett, Jr.—Edward M. Traber—Maggie C. Doolittle—Angelo Hall—Alma Bruno—Harry Alton Albright—Nona Miles—Florence L. Matthews—Carrie Pierce—Edith Stratton—Arthur Hubbard—Fred. Eugene Robinson—Alice M. Rambo—Lulu Sakmeister—E. L. Patterson—Annie Weir—Stella D. Harrington—Elsie E. Lockwood—Sallie H. M.—M. B.—Bessie Lattimore—Mabel Goodlander—Grace Eldridge Mix—Nellie M. Foster—Edmond Dubois—Florence B. Day—Maggie Schritz—Annie Baker—Alice Hall—Luella Dolfield—Mamie Rodgers—Addie Burne—Winnie H. Ripley—Julia A. Norton—Ruth Norton—Tillie Baile—Annie Hathaway—Annie E. Tynan—Edith Ross—Mary C. Burnap—Lucy S. Conant—Gracie L. Thayer—Laura L. Wallen—Graham T. Putnam—J. R. D.—Freddy Righter—Blanche Weldin—Everett Crosby—Harry Long—Emily T. Long—Louise S. Earle—Orrilla J. Bush—Alice J. Boardman—Blanche Pierce—John E. T. Nicks—Mamie Moore—Mary E. M. Laulin—Anna Campbell—Beth Hotchkiss—Laura A. Sheldon—Gertie H. Irwin—Julia S. Shelley—Harry P. Fessenden—Mamie Faulkner—Nell S. Force—Nellie L. Styne—Kate Logan—Eveline V. W. Sammis—Charlie D. Chandler—Gertie Busby—Frank S. Thornton—Bertha E. Thompson—Carrie Van Tassel—Birdie Curtis—Queenie Chapman—Bruce V. Hill—Ellis Hunter—Nellie Thalheimer—Florence Pauline Jones—Florence Burke—Gertrude Ackerman—Bessie Van Alstyne—Willie N. Tice—Nellie Mason—Robert W. Hemenway—Matie Pierce—Bessie Connor—Emma Foster—Grace E. Rich—Angela Reilly—Eugene Reilly—Maud Wheeler—Benedict Crowell—Mae Wellington—Helen Minnie Ditts—Lucy Wood—Mattie Harris—Bessie McJ. Tyng—Marian C. Poole—Leon Stevenson—Nellie Taylor—Alice L. Clark—Charles W. Ford—Jessie Chapman—Mary Clark—Eliza Annie Curry—Louie Walsh—Josie A. Graham—C. Silliman—Nannie Drury.

In many respects the stories differed widely from one another, and if there were space for it, I should be glad to show you some of these differences, which greatly interested us. And I wish, too, with all my heart, that we could print some of the bright and clever sentences that were found in the various manuscripts, and that made

the committee's task a delightful one. But I must content myself with complimenting you, each and all, upon the excellence of your stories, and thanking you for the enthusiasm with which you responded to the invitation of your grateful and happy

"LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM."

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE "Lesson on the Sampler" was a very important and common one when your great-grandmothers were girls, and would be witnessed with interest by any of our girl-readers who are trying to learn the decorative embroideries of to-day, with their beautiful patterns of "cat-tail," or daisy, on a ground of yellow or red satin. The sampler-work of our grandmothers was more simple, but, perhaps, quite as useful, for in those days the household linen was usually marked with a stitched or embroidered letter or design, and it was a part of each little girl's education to learn how to mark her own clothes. And this was what was taught her on the sampler—which was merely a piece of coarse, soft linen or canvas, the size of a handkerchief, in which the little pupil easily learned to work letters in silk with her needle, forming the letters and keeping them balanced by counting and following the coarse threads of the fabric. The whole of the alphabet, in Script or Old English and both large and small letters, was usually the first thing to be worked—so the sampler was really a kind of primer of embroidery, and it was not uncommon for it to be home-made throughout. With a beginner, the coarser the thread the better, and so the flax grown on the farm

was spun on the spinning-wheel, woven into a neat mat, and hemmed and made ready for use without the touch of any but household hands.

But it was more than a primer, too. The clothes, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc., were marked with letters or designs learned upon it, but of course, after mastering the method, there were all degrees to this accomplishment, and whatever feat of needle-work was to be attempted, the sampler often remained the practice-ground. So you would find, upon some samplers, very intricate designs, requiring a high degree of skill in embroidery. Often the figure of some animal was worked in the center of a sampler; and sometimes the whole of the Lord's prayer was copied in quaint lettering. And there were elaborate borders and corner-designs, and rosettes of flowers, without number.

And then, too, if you were to ask Grandma, she might whisper to you confidentially that there were other reasons why this accomplishment was expected of all girls. It was the custom then for every girl to mark her own wedding-clothes; and, moreover, there were many little love-tokens and souvenirs flying about from door to door in those times, which showed plainly enough by their pretty em-

broidered markings that the fair senders had been well trained in sampler-work. And so, for the maiden of that day, the queer lettering that seems to us so rude and old-fashioned may have had a great deal of romance. And, remembering this, the little picture out of the past that glows in the center of our frontispiece this month becomes really poetic. Nobody knows what tender thoughts and fancies may be passing in the mind of the sweet-faced elder sister, who sets the sample for the little girl at her knee, demurely helping herself to the stitch by lacing her fingers; and nobody can tell what great events in the little learner's future may yet be associated in some measure with this cozy lesson on the sampler.

The border of the picture shows you the style and shape of one of the simplest of these little household mementos. It is copied (in smaller size) from an actual sampler made by a certain little Julia May, in 1740.

ON account of the large amount of space required for the Little School-ma'am's Report concerning the stories written for Mr. Hopkins's pictures, we are obliged to put off until next month a second letter from Mr. Ballard concerning the Agassiz Association.

WE are very much interested in the trick described in the following letter, and we shall be glad to hear from others who have seen it and from any one who may know how it is performed:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pretty sleight-of-hand trick which I saw a Japanese juggler perform not long ago. All he had was a goblet of clear water, a common gilt-edged plate, and a long-handled camel's-hair paint-brush. He asked us by signs what flower we should like to see, and some one said, "A pansy." Then he dipped the paint-brush into the goblet of water, made a few motions over the plate, not touching it, and then held up the plate. On the bottom of it was a perfect pansy! He poured some water over it, and so erased the painting. Then he went through the same motion with the paint-brush again, and there was a bunch of blue violets. He performed the trick again and again, each time some new flower appearing on the plate. It was lovely, and I watched him until I was almost tired out with looking.—Yours truly,
"FAITH."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to the "Letter-Box" and tell some of the readers about some private theatricals we boys got up not long since. The first we had was "The Jolly Old Abbot of Canterbury." We got this from ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. III., p. 132. I happened to be the nobleman. The next we had was "The Magician's Lesson." We got this from ST. NICHOLAS, Vol. VI., p. 60, in which the magician teaches a little boy a lesson by dipping him into an ink-stand. Of course, not a real ink-stand, but something to look like an ink-stand, large enough for a boy to get in. The last was "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; this also was taken from ST. NICHOLAS. This was the first time we had ever seen it dramatized, and we took hold of the opportunity readily. We had a sheet stretched across the stage for water. I was the boatman.—Yours,
HENRY ROCHESTER (11 years).

THE many boys who have written to us for a piece for recitation will find the following ballad admirable for that purpose. And it will interest all who read it, young or old. It is reprinted here, with the author's consent, from his recently published collection of poems, entitled "Ballads and Other Verses." The same bright little volume contains also the capital humorous poem of "The Turtle and Flamingo," which was published several years ago in ST. NICHOLAS.

BALLAD OF THE WICKED NEPHEW.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

It was a wicked Nephew bold
Who uprose in the night,
And ground upon a huge grindstone
His penknife, sharp and bright.

And, while the sparks were flying wild
The cellar-floor upon,
Quoth he unto himself, "I will
Dispatch my Uncle John!"

"His property is large, and if
He dies, and leaves a Will,
His loving Nephew (that 's myself)
Wont get a dollar-bill."

"I'll hie unto my uncle's bed,
His chamber well I know,
And there I'll find his pocket-book,
Safe under his pillow."

"With this bright steel I'll slay him first,
Because that is the way
They do such things, I understand,
In Boucicault's new Play."

By this the anxious moon retired
(For all the stars were in),—
"T is very dark," the Nephew cried,
"But I can find my kin!"

"Come forth, my trusty weapon now!"
(Or words to that effect)
He shouted to his little blade,
Whose power he did suspect.

Then out he starts. His Uncle's door
Is thirteen doors from his:
He gains the latch, which upward flies,
And straight inside he is!

One pause upon the entry stair,
And one upon the mat,—
How still the house at such an hour!
How mewless lies the cat!

"O Nephew! Nephew! be not rash;
Turn back, and then 'turn in':
Your Uncle still is sound asleep,
And you devoid of sin!"

"The gallows-tree was never built
For handsome lads like you,—
Get thee to bed (as kind Macbeth
Wished *his* young man to do)."

He will not be advised,—he stands
Beside the sleeping form,—
The hail begins to beat outside
A tattoo for the storm.

"T is not too late,—repent, repent!
And all may yet be well!"
"Repent yourself!" the Nephew sneers,—
And at it goes pell-mell!

To right and left he carves his way,—
At least thus it did seem;
And, after he had done the deed,—
Woke up from his bad dream,

And swift to Uncle John he ran,
When daylight climbed the hill,
And told him all,—and Uncle John
Put Nephew in his Will.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how my brother Will and I went fishing down by the mill last All Fools' Day, and what we caught. We had n't much bait, so we set our lines out in the swift water below the mill, and went after more bait. Lute and Joe Brown were playing on the bank, and as we went away we saw them make for our lines. They pulled one up, but there was nothing on it. So Will and I called out, "April fool!" and went and got the bait. As we were coming back, Lute and Joe put their heads out of a window in the mill. Will went to pull up his line, and there was something frisky on it. So he called out "Hi!" and I went to help him pull in. The catch was very spry; he darted first to one side and then to the other. So I said to Will, "You play him well; give him more line. I'll go fetch the gaff." I brought the gaff, and we pulled in. *It was a big round piece of slate, with a hole in it!* Just then Joe called from the window, "Halloo! what have you caught?" We did not say anything, because it was the First of April. But we stopped fishing for that day.

Will says not to write to you about it. But he is always a little shy. I only want to warn your other boys not to be taken in as we were.—I am, ever yours truly,
THOMAS A. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell your boys and girls that mechanical toys invented and made in America are now to be found in the immense stores (Louvre, Bon-Marché, etc.) of Paris, having taken the places once filled by playthings of German make. I suppose that your patriotic young American readers will be glad to hear this, but to counterbalance their enthusiasm please tell them this, too: Paris sends thousands and thousands of dressed dolls yearly to the United States. A very great many work-people do nothing but dress these dolls, according to the latest styles. But the bodies of the dolls, which are large and have ball joints, are made only in Germany; they are sent to Paris to have their hands, feet, and costumes added. The dolls have special hair-dressers, too, as well as special milliners; and besides all this there are hundreds of busy men and women who spend all their working time in making the furniture for doll-houses. Just think what a host of people must stir and strive in order that American girls may be able to play with dolls of just the proper kind!—Yours truly,
N. T.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

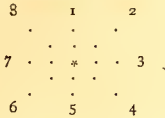
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-six letters, and am a quotation from one of Shakspeare's sonnets.

My 6-12-55-15-57 is haughtiness. My 7-31-13-42-27 is pertaining to Ireland. My 54-41-43-11-61 is joyful. My 60-46-66-22-9 is inflexible. My 29-53-57-58-17 is an apparatus for heating. My 18-47-32-16-2-52-1 is that part of a saddle which holds the foot. My 63-50-33-65 is a short religious poem. My 5-35-23-21-59-26-64-48-50 is a common yellow blossom. My 8-25-44-37-4 was the youngest and wisest of the four sons of Job. My 19-40-39-38-51-45 is often caused by intense cold. My 49-10-28-62-34 is loyalty. My 36-24-30-53-14-20 is to tell tales.

H. G.

RIMLESS WHEEL.



REPLACE the star with a consonant, which must be the last letter of each of the words described. The letters forming the rim, if read in the order shown by the numerals, will spell the name of a day of fun for girls and boys.

WORDS forming the spokes: 1. The end of a prayer. 2. To lend. 3. To incline. 4. The young of a horned animal. 5. An augury. 6. A furnace. 7. The king of beasts. 8. In a short time. C. D.

QUINCUNX.



ACROSS: 1. To entreat. 2. A gnawing animal. 3. Part of a wheel. 4. A short poem. 5. A person who foresees future events.

DIAGONALS, from left to right, downward, beginning at the lower left-hand letter: 1. A consonant. 2. A part of the foot. 3. Self-esteem. 4. More scarce. 5. Consumed. 6. A letter. CAL. I. FORNY.

PL.

RVIED het Inia griath, ybso, Thi ti no het deha; Keirts tihw lal uyro gmith, byso, Rec hte item sha lfde. Seslnos oyu' ev ot aelnr, sbyo, Dusty tiwh a lilw; Ehty owh acsrh het opt, soyb, Risft umts milcb hte lhil. LIZZIE D. F.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

ADDITION.

EXAMPLE: Add a number to a small night-flying animal, and make the movable bar of a loom. ANSWER, Bat-ten.

I. Add a sudden motion to a color, and make a bird. II. Add together a boy's nickname, an article, and a bird, and make an Indian weapon. III. Add together an animal, an article, and a crest, and make a place of burial. IV. Add together a covering and dimension, and make to overturn.

SUBTRACTION.

EXAMPLE: Subtract to act from concerned in action, and leave a fish. ANSWER: Coöperated—Operate—Cod.

I. Subtract a defect from a delinquent and leave a swift animal. II. Subtract a verb from a small box for tea, and leave a moderate gallop. III. Subtract an instrument for smoothing from uncleanness, and leave to deprive of reason. IV. Subtract a small inclosure from a worker in wood, and leave a teamster.

MULTIPLICATION.

EXAMPLE: Multiply the Christian name of a Scotchman by two, and make a Hindoo drum. ANSWER, Tam-tam.

I. Multiply a resinous substance by two, and make an irritable person. II. Multiply a Chinese name by two, and make a kind of

pickles. III. Multiply a cape of Tunis by two, and make a sugar-plum. IV. Multiply therefore by two, and make passable.

DIVISION.

EXAMPLE: Divide a tropical tree by two, and obtain a clawed foot. ANSWER, Pawpaw—Paw.

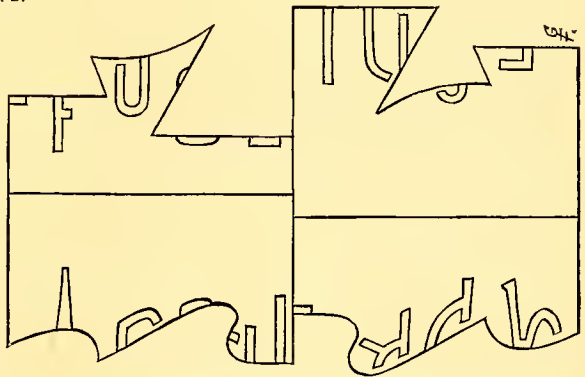
I. Divide an extinct bird by two, and obtain to perform. II. Divide a town in New York State by two, and obtain to utter music-ally. III. Divide a nocturnal, monkey-like animal by two, and obtain always. IV. Divide a Brazilian bird which is similar to the swallow by two, and obtain a French term for a witty saying. M. C. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in spy, but not in look; My second in scullion, not in cook; My third is in turn, but not in crook; My fourth is in stream, but not in brook; My fifth is in snatched, but not in took; My sixth is in rod, but not in hook; My seventh in bullfinch, not in rook; My eighth is in chink, but not in nook; My whole once wrote a famous book.

M. V. W.

OUTLINE PUZZLE.



PLACE a piece of thin paper carefully over the above design, and with a hard sharp pencil, trace every line; then cut through the three straight middle lines, and fit together the four pieces thus obtained. G. F.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell a jocular greeting.

1. Syncopate small perforated balls of glass, and leave resting-places. 2. Syncopate a resinous substance from which varnish is made, and leave a combustible mineral. 3. Syncopate foremost, and leave a hand closed tightly. 4. Syncopate a Scottish name for child, and leave a place for stabling cattle. 5. Syncopate thin pieces of baked clay, and leave fastenings. 6. Syncopate to postpone, and leave an animal. 7. Syncopate the surname of Ireland's national poet, and leave additional. 8. Syncopate to languish, and leave to let fall. 9. Syncopate a shrub used for Christmas decorations, and leave sacred. BERTIE.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

—A—A—A —A—A—

Put letters in the places of the dashes, and form two words naming a great engineering enterprise. D. W.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS: A festival. FINALS: A day of the week. Connected, a Christian festival. The words described are of equal length.

1. The lower edges of a sloping roof. 2. A farewell. 3. To treat with contempt. 4. Wanting in courage. 5. Additional. 6. To re-assemble. GILBERT FORRESTER.

EASTER CARD.



WHAT mystical message is the bird bringing ?

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My whole, consisting of nine letters, is a small country of Asia.
 My 1-2 is a name for a near relative. My 1-2-3 is a slang term for an accomplice. My 1-2-3-4 is dim. My 1-2-3-4-5 is pickets. My 2-3 is a nickname. My 2-3-4 is a festival in English country places. My 2-3-4-5 is liquors. My 3-4 is a French word. My 3-4-5 is a Latin word. My 3-4-5-6 is a conjunction. My 4-5-6 is a French verb. My 5-6 is a common abbreviation. My 6-7-8 is a metal. My 6-7-8-9 is a prong. My 7-8 is a preposition. My 8-9 is a French word.
 M. C. D.

CHARADE.

My first were monks of high degree;
 Of my second's depth take heed;
 My whole was the home of one who wrote
 Of many a knightly deed.
 M. C. D.

DIAMOND.

1. A ROMAN numeral. 2. A meadow. 3. Inclines. 4. The name of a young Greek who was drowned while swimming across the Hellespont. 5. The surname of a British officer in the Revolutionary war, who was hung as a spy. 6. The province of an archbishop. 7. A consonant.
 L. M. F.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

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ACROSS: 1. A sleeping vision. 2. The wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. 3. To pronounce. 4. The Christian name of a renowned czar of Russia. 5. A wanderer.

DIAGONALS: Left to right, downward, to hinder. Right to left, downward, an instrument for measuring.
 G. F.

FOUR EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A MEASURE of time. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. To coax. 4. To stagger. II. 1. A substance used for cleansing. 2. One time. 3. The highest point. 4. The cry of a young chicken. III. 1. Above. 2. A climbing plant. 3. Terminations. 4. Repose. IV. 1. A small insect. 2. A number. 3. A girl's name, meaning "grace." 4. A span of horses.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE. 1. Bears on ale: reasonable. 2. B. Hunter; burthen. 3. Nut and leg: untangled.
 HALF-SQUARE. 1. Revoked. 2. Elided. 3. Vixen. 4. Odes. 5. Ken. 6. Ed. 7. D.
 DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Presidential inauguration.
 NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Beware the Ides of March!
 THREE NUMERICAL DIAMONDS. I. 1. C. 2. CAB. 3. CaBin. 4. BIn. 5. N. II. 1. M. 2. MAn. 3. MaNor. 4. NOr. 5. R. III. 1. C. 2. CAR. 3. CaRat. 4. RAT. 5. T.
 MARTIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals: Marathon. Finals: Waterloo. Cross-words: 1. Moscov. 2. Attila. 3. RuperT. 4. AristodE. 5. TrafalGAR. 6. Hannibal. 7. Otho. 8. NerO.

LETTER PUZZLE. 1. N. 2. W. 3. S. 4. E. 5. T. 6. O. 7. I. 8. E. 9. H.
 CHARADE. Nowhere.
 PUZZLE BIRDS. 1. Kingfisher. 2. Quail. 3. Humming-bird. 4. Sparrow. 5. Dove.
 PICTORIAL PREFIX-PUZZLE. 1. Catalogue. 2. Cat-bird. 3. Cathechiser. 4. Catacomb. 5. Catechumenate. 6. Catamount. 7. Cattle. 8. Cat-hook. 9. Cat-fish. 10. Cataline. 11. Catarrh. 12. Caterwaul. 13. Caterpillar.
 HOUR-GLASS. CentraLs: Chasing.—Across: 1. Porches. C. 2. AsHes. 3. BAR. 4. S. 5. Blt. 6. BoNes. 7. TonGues.
 NUMERICAL ENIGMA FOR WEE PUZZLERS. Mayflower.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. SOLUTIONS to January puzzles were received, too late for acknowledgment in the March number, from Beatrice and Danforth, Montpelier, France, 7.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 20, from Eddie A. Shipman, 2—Frank Heath, 8—Helen M. Drennan, 1—Walter K. Smith, 1—Clara MacKinney, 5—Mamie H. Wilson, 1—"Jessie," 6—Edward Browazki, 1—Herbert B. Brush, 1—J. Milton Gitterman, 2—Bessie and her cousin, 9—Lizzie H. de St. Vrain, all—Henry and Haedus, all—Polly and Molly, 2—Daisy Huntington, 1—Lizzie Fowler, 8—Mary Stevenson and Rose Hiller, 1—"Faerie Queene," 3—Charlie F. Potter, 9—"Jack Knife," 1—James Iredell, 4—Mary D. and Sallie D. Rogers, 6—Archie and Hugh Burns, 6—Frank P. Nugent, 2—Ethel Gillis, 1—Reila, 1—S. C. Thompson, 1—The Stowe Family, all—Lizzie D. Fyfer, 1—Frances C. Mixer, 9—R. O. Chester, 2—Chas. H. Young, 4—"Glen City," all—L. M. Rheene, Jr., 2—R. Landale, 5—Fannie E. Kachline, 7—Darragh de Lancey, 2—Mary Carlton, 2—C. M. D., 8—Fred. C. McDonald, all—Dyvic and Archie Warden, 9—"Subscriber," 3—Bessie Taylor, 6—H. and F. Kerr, 4—"Al Phabet," 6—James Shriver, 4—Constance G., 5—J. H. Spencer, 7—Frankie Daniell, 4—Augusta M. Davies, 3—H. S. Ayer, 4—Alice M. Hine, 3—Graham H. Powell, 1—Bessie C. Barney, 6—"Ulysses," 3—A. C. P., 1—Bessie S. Hosmer, 7—"Belle and Bertie," 7—W. T. Floyd, 7—"Georgia and Lee," 9—M. W. P., 2—Estelle Weiler, 2—Maggie Claywell, 9—Mary L. Riker, 2—May W. Evans, all—Geo. H. Brown, 4—"Donizetti," all—Ellen Louisa Bryan, 4—W. E. Pennington, 4—Three young Woodwards, 6—Powell Evans, 1—Fannie Knobloch, 4—Pansy and Myrtle, all—Sarah L. Payson, all—Tom, Dick, and Harry, 8—Chas. F. and Lewis A. Lipman, 5—E. Hitz, 4—"Witch and Wizard," 8—Allie, Clem, Florence, and John, 3—Bernard C. Weld, 9—Bertie Manier, 7—J. S. H., 9—"Alice and Bertie," 4—"Queen Bess," 7—Sallie Chase, 3—Anna G. Baker, 5—Charlie W. Power, 9—Alice B. Abbot, 7—Ruth Camp, 2—Perry, 2—"The McKeever's," 6—M. H. R., all—A friend of M. H. R., 1—Robert A. Gally, all—Allie and Linnie, 9—Clara Willenbicher, 6—C. S. and M. F. S., 6—Susie Goff, 7—Willie F. Woolard, 2—X. Y. Z., 6—"Chuck," all—Lide W. and Will G. McKinney, 8—Isabella C. Tomes, 4—S. Phelps, 2—Kittie Hanaford, 2—C. H. M. B., 6—"Dandelion and Clover," 4—Richard H. Weld, Jr., 9—"Helen's Babies," 6—A. N. G., 6—J. A. Scott, 4—Kenneth B. Emerson, 4—"Frenchy," 5—Ellwood Lindsay, 5—Alice Maud Kyte, 7—Hattie E. Rockwell, all—Em and Mae Gordon, 2—Lulu G. Crabbe, 3—John Balch Blood, 1—Augustus and Angelina, 4—"Carol and her Sisters," 9—Lulu M. Brown, 7—Bessie Tyng and Sue Homans, 8—Ollie McGregor, 2—Florence Leslie Kyte, all—Edward Vultee, all—Ed. L. Carshaw, 2.

The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



