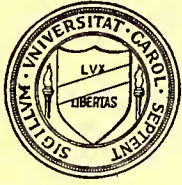


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AS GOOD AS A MOTHER.

(From a painting by J. Hayllar.)

ST. NICHOLAS:

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CONTENTS VOLUME IV.

	PAGE.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A Reminiscence of. (Illustrated by C. S Reinhart).....	<i>Albert Rhodes</i> 8
ANDRÉ, THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 233
ANNETTA PLUMMER'S DIARY.....	<i>Abby Morton Diaz</i> 558
APRIL SNOW. Poem.....	<i>Virginia F. Townsend</i> 381
AROUND THE WORLD ON A TELEGRAPH WIRE. Poem. (Illus. by L. Hopkins).....	<i>E. L. Bynner</i> 680
ARTIST-SOLDIER, The.....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 233
AUTUMN POETRY. (Illustrated).....	<i>Lucy Lacom</i> 796
BACKUS, My Friend Colonel. A Talk with Big Boys.....	<i>J. G. Holland</i> 483
BEAR, The Good-natured. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>Isabella Valancy Crawford</i> 135
BEEES THAT WENT TO THE SKY, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 13
BENITA. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mary E. Bradley</i> 22
BIRDS, Something about. (Illustrated).....	<i>Prof. W. K. Brooks</i> 394
BIRDS IN THE SPRING. (Illustrated).....	<i>Prof. W. K. Brooks</i> 555
BIRDS IMPROVE IN NEST-BUILDING, How. (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	<i>Prof. W. K. Brooks</i> 686
BLUE-COAT BOY, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	"Aunt Fanny"..... 662
BLUE-COAT GIRL, Extracts from the Journal of a. (Illus. by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>Laura W. Johnson</i> 327
BO-PEEP. Verses.....	<i>E. Norman Gunnison</i> 823
BORROWING A GRANDMOTHER. (Illus. by Frank Beard and Sol. Eytinge, Jr).....	<i>Helen Angell Goodwin</i> 38
BOSTON GIRL OF 1776, A Little.....	<i>Mrs. E. G. Carter</i> 11
BOUCHE DE MADemoiselle LOUISE, LA. French Story for Translation.....	<i>F. Dupin de Saint-André</i> 503
BOY'S LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Chaplain H. H. Clark</i> 616
BOYS OF MY BOYHOOD, The.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 99
BRAVE LITTLE FLORENCIA. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson).....	<i>Newton Perkins</i> 339
BUDGE'S STORY OF THE CENTENNIAL.....	Author of "Helen's Babies"..... 164
BUTTERCUP, A. Poem.....	<i>K. C.</i> 718
CANARIES, A Talk about. (Illustrated).....	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i> 247
CAR-HORSES AT HOME. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 91
CARLO AND THE MILK-PAN. Pictures drawn by.....	<i>F. Opper</i> 38
CASPAR DEANE AND THE CINNAMON. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....	<i>C. D. Clark</i> 382
CATHERN: A Sequel to the "Ash-Girl." (Illustrated).....	<i>Lucy G. Morse</i> 302
CATS, Turning into. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Frances Lee</i> 392
CAUGHT BY THE SNOW. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	<i>William H. Rideing</i> 792
CÉCILE ET LULU. French Story for Translation. (Illustrated).....	<i>A. A. Chapman</i> 369
CÉCILE AND LULU. Translation of French Story.....	<i>A. A. Chapman</i> 531
CENTENNIAL, Budge's Story of the.....	Author of "Helen's Babies"..... 164
CENTENNIAL PEN-WIPER, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mrs. M. H. Jaquith</i> 50
CENTRAL PARK, Young Folks' Fun in. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i> 705
CENTURY AGO, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 802
CHILD-BISHOPS OF SALISBURY, St. Nicholas' Day and the (Illus. by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Melville Egleston</i> 532
CHRISTMAS EVE, Léon Maturin's. (Illustrated).....	<i>C. F. Jackson</i> 123
CHRISTMAS SONG, A.....	<i>Hattie S. Russell</i> 90
CHRISTMAS-TIDE, Not Only in the Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 447
CIRCUS IN BRITTANY, An American (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>William M. F. Round</i> 727
CLEVER JOE. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Henry L. Williams</i> 236
CLOCK IN THE SKY AT NIGHT, A. (Illustrated by Author).....	<i>Richard A. Proctor</i> 120
CLUCK-A-LUCK'S STRANGE CHILDREN. (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	<i>E. Müller</i> 77

	PAGE.
COMPLAINT OF THE STOCKINGS, The. Poem.....	<i>Sidney Dayre</i> 118
CORAL-FISHER AND HIS WIFE, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate Brownlee Horton</i> 641
COWS WITH RED EARS, Four Hundred White.....	<i>Amanda B. Harris</i> 466
CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF EASTER. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes).....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 406
DAYLIGHT BURGLARY, Another. Picture drawn by.....	<i>F. Oppen</i> 214
DOLL, The True Story of a.....	<i>Rebecca Harding Davis</i> 138
DOVES, The Flock of. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 98
DOWAGER, The Discontented. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>E. L. B.</i> 480
DRUMMER FRITZ, AND HIS EXPLOITS. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 718
DRUMMING, How I Went a- (Illustrated by James C. Beard).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 739
DUMB ORATOR. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>C. P. Cranch</i> 627
EASTER, Curious Customs of. (Illustrated by G. F. Barnes).....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 409
EASTER MORNING. Tablet..... 364
EGYPTIAN, The Naughty Little. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 560
ESTHER, THE FLOWER-GIRL. (Illustrated).....	<i>Emily H. Leland</i> 280
FACES OF FISHES, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Herbert E. Copeland</i> 282
FAIRIES, A Dream About.....	<i>H. H.</i> 649
FAIR-MINDED MEN WHO WALKED TO DONAHAN, The. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 725
FAIRY STORY, Making a. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks).....	<i>Julius A. Truesdell</i> 428
FAR AWAY. Poem.....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 37
FESTINALENTE, A Talk with Boys.....	<i>Thomas Hughes</i> 245
FIRST TIME, The. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Saxe Holm</i> 473
FISHERS, The Three. Poem. (Illustrated by J. A. Mitchell).....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 554
FLOCK OF DOVES, The. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 98
FLORENCIA, Brave Little. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson).....	<i>Newton Perkins</i> 339
FLORIDA FISHERS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Mrs. Mary Treat</i> 490
FLOWERS IN WINTER. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. C.</i> 42
FLUFFY AND SNUFFY. Poem. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>Carrie W. Thompson</i> 456
FOURTH MONTH DUNCE. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>H. M. M.</i> 371
FOX AND THE TABLET, The. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>H. P.</i> 381
FOX, The Crafty. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 261
FRANK. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Frances E. Beale</i> 513
FRENCH STORY-TELLERS, Two. (Illustrated).....	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 780
FURROW, The Little Brown Seed in the. Poem.....	<i>Ida W. Benham</i> 612
GENERAL'S RIDE, Curious End of the. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 434
GEORGE THE THIRD. (Illustrated).....	<i>Noah Brooks</i> 623
"GOD KNOWS." Poem.....	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i> 403
GOING A-GYPSYING. (Illustrated).....	<i>John H. Peel</i> 620
GOING TO THE SEA-SHORE. Poem. (Illustrated Border).....	<i>E. F. N.</i> 587
GOLDEN FISH OF OWARI CASTLE, The. (Illustrated by a Japanese Artist).....	<i>William E. Griffiths</i> 324
GONE ASTRAY. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks).....	<i>George MacDonald</i> 713, 770
GOOD TIMES. Pictures drawn by.....	"Sphinx" 24
GOOD-WILL. Talk with Boys.....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 389
GRANNY'S STORY. Poem.....	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> 10
GRASS. Poem.....	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 483
GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BOOKS AND PICTURES. (Fac-simile illustrations } from the New England Primer, etc.).....	} <i>Horace E. Scudder</i> 192
GREEDY, The Kingdom of the. (Illustrated) Translated by.....	<i>Laura W. Johnson</i> 1, 112
GREEN HOUSE WITH GOLD NAILS, The. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	<i>Mrs. J. P. Ballard</i> 525
GREYHOUND'S WARNING, The.....	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 189
GUNPOWDER. (Illustrated).....	<i>J. A. Judson</i> 580
"HAPPY NEW YEAR!" Picture..... 191
HAPPY DAY. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 644
HANS GOTTENLIEB, THE FIDDLER. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 400
HARE AND HOUNDS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate Brownlee Horton</i> 789
HAROUN AL RASCHID. Poem.....	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 792
HEVL. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 589

H. H., A Parable by.....	<i>H. H.</i>	34
HIPPETY HOP, The Sad Story of. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Samuel C. Wilson</i>	489
HIPPOPOTAMUS, The Revenge of the Little. (Illustrated).....	<i>Park Benjamin</i>	816
HIS OWN MASTER. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> , 81, 171, 268, 332, 409, 442, 542, 593, 666, 746, 807	
"HOLLENBERRY" CUP, The. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	<i>Mrs. J. P. Ballard</i>	457
HORSE HOTEL, The. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i>	91
HOUSE OF SANTA CLAUS, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Edward Eggleston</i>	131
ICE, On the. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Irwin Russell</i>	315
ILLUMINATED TEXTS. (Illustrated Title).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	379
INDIAN GIRL AND HER MESSENGER-BIRD, The. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>George W. Ranck</i>	244
ITALIAN BABIES. (Illustrated).....	<i>E. D. Southwick</i>	806
IVANHOE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i>	448
JACK FROST, A Visit from. Picture drawn by.....	<i>M. Woolf</i>	318
JIM AND THE WATER-MELON. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Frank Beard</i>	280
JINGLES.....	188, 438, 527, 651, 745, 773	
JOHN'S FIRST PARTY.....	<i>Charles Dudley Warner</i>	673
JUPITER, The Giant Planet. (Illustrated by Author).....	<i>Richard A. Proctor</i>	628
KAREN AND HER BABY, Little. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. C. W.</i>	297
KATINKA. (Illustrated).....	<i>Kate Brownlee Horton</i>	157
KATY DELAY, Poor. Poem.....	<i>Maria W. Jones</i>	351
KINGDOM OF THE GREEDY, The. (Illustrated.) Translated by.....	<i>Laura W. Johnson</i>	1, 112
KING LONESOME. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	178
KING TRISANKU. Poem.....	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	649
LABRADOR, A Summer Ride in. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Mrs. C. E. Groser</i>	689
LEAD-PENCILS, All About.....	<i>James W. Preston</i>	14
LEAP-YEAR. Picture drawn by.....	"Sphinx".....	14
LECTURE-BUREAU, Trotty's.....	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	454
LETTER TO A YOUNG NATURALIST, A.....	<i>William Howitt</i>	154
LETTER TO LETTER WRITERS, A.....	<i>Susan A. Brown</i>	310
LETTER, Our. (Illustration: Fac-Simile of a Letter from Charles Dickens).....	<i>M. F. Armstrong</i>	438
LETTERS AT SCHOOL, The. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>M. M. D.</i>	108
LIGHT-HOUSE, Nellie in the. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Archer Weiss</i>	577
LINCOLN, A Reminiscence of Abraham. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>Albert Rhodes</i>	8
LISTENING. Poem. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	<i>Mary N. Prescott</i>	19
LITTLE BOSTON GIRL OF 1776, A.....	<i>Mrs. E. G. Carter</i>	11
LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW, The. Poem.....	<i>Ida W. Benham</i>	612
LITTLE GIRL WHO GREW SMALLER, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Emily H. Leland</i>	773
LITTLE KAREN AND HER BABY. (Illustrated).....	<i>S. C. W.</i>	297
LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Miss Florence Scannell</i>	466
LITTLE TRAVELERS. (Illustrated by "Sphinx.").....	<i>Harriet M. Miller</i>	181
LONESOME, King. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	178
"LOOK! LOOK!" Picture drawn by.....	<i>J. W. Champney</i>	485
LOUISE, La Bouche de Mademoiselle. French Story for Translation.....	<i>F. Dupin de Saint-André</i>	503
LUCK AND LABOR. Poem.....	<i>Mrs. Caroline A. Soule</i>	301
MABEL AND I. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen</i>	206
MAKING MAPLE SUGAR. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes).....	<i>Ruth Kenyon</i>	300
MAN-OF-WAR, A Boy's Life on a. (Illustrated).....	<i>Chaplain H. H. Clark</i>	616
MARCH. Poem.....	<i>M. M. H. Conway</i>	341
MARJORIE. Poem.....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	491
MICE AND THEIR WAYS, Wild. (Illustrated by R. Riordan).....	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i>	534, 600
MINSTRELS, The Old-Time. (Illustrated).....	<i>E. B. M.</i>	214
MINUET, The. Poem.....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i>	153
MISS LOUISE'S MOUTH. Translation of French Story on page 503.....	<i>A. R. T.</i>	636
MODERN AND MEDIEVAL BALLAD OF MARY JANE. (Illus. by L. Hopkins).....	<i>Henry Baldwin</i>	202
MOSS-PICTURES. A New Style of Fancy Work.....	<i>J. M. B.</i>	828
MOTHER. Poem. (Illustrated by Frontispiece).....	<i>M. M. D.</i>	769

	PAGE.
MOTHER IN THE DESERT, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 522
MOTHER GOOSE OPERETTA.....	<i>G. B. Bartlett</i> 226
MR. TOMPKINS LAUGH, What Made.....	<i>Abby Morton Diaz</i> 617
MR. TOMPKINS' SMALL STORY.....	<i>Abby Morton Diaz</i> 645
MY FRIEND COLONEL BACKUS. A Talk with Big Boys.....	<i>J. G. Holland</i> 483
NATURALIST, A Letter to a Young.....	<i>William Howitt</i> 154
NAUGHTY LITTLE EGYPTIAN, The. Verses. (Illustrated).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i> 560
NELLIE IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Archer Weiss</i> 577
NEW-YEAR'S DAY, Marie's. (Illustrated).....	<i>G. W. B.</i> 218
NO POCKET. (Illustrated).....	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i> 75
"NOT ONLY IN THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE." Verse. (Illustrated).....	<i>Bessie Hill</i> 447
NOW IT 'S YOUR TURN. Picture..... 788
"OH, THE DUTCH COMPANIE IS THE BEST COMPANIE!" Picture drawn by "Sphinx"..... 823
OPENING THE LILY. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Walter Satterlee</i> 648
OPEN SECRET, An. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 437
ORIENTAL SPORTS THAT I SAW, Some. (Illustrated by a Siamese Artist).....	<i>Fanny Roper Feudge</i> 127
OUR MASTER. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Addie Ledyard</i> 745
OWARI CASTLE, The Golden Fish of. (Illustrated by a Japanese Artist).....	<i>William E. Griffis</i> 324
OWL THAT STARED, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>Rose Harvorthorne Lathrop</i> ... 16
PANCHY. (Illustrated by F. P. Lathrop).....	<i>Mrs. F. M. Lathrop</i> 737
PARABLE, A.....	<i>H. H.</i> 34
PARTNERS. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> ... 45
PARTY, John's First.....	<i>Charles Dudley Warner</i> 673
PARTY, The First. Poem.....	<i>Josephine Pollard</i> 254
PATTIKIN'S HOUSE. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis, Mary A. Hallock, J. E. Kelly, and Thomas Moran).....	} <i>Joy Allison, 255, 347, 373,</i> 492, 517
PETERKINS AT THE CENTENNIAL. The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 275
PETERKIN'S TEA PARTY, Mrs.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 539
PETERKINS CELEBRATE-THE FOURTH OF JULY, The. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	} <i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 604
PETERKINS' CHRISTMAS-TREE, The.....	<i>Lucretia P. Hale</i> 139
PETER'S RABBIT-HUNT. (Illustrated).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 752
"PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME." Picture..... 805
POEMS AND CAROLS OF WINTER. (Illustrated).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 65
"POLLY'S CHRISTMAS SOCIETY," Doings of the. (Illustrated).....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 109
POOR KATY DELAY. Poem.....	<i>Maria W. Jones</i> 351
POPPETS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Amalie La Forge</i> 184
PROVERB, The Story of a. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Sidney Lamer</i> 468
Q AND U. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>J. P. Ballard</i> 498
QUEEN AND NOT A QUEEN, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 16
RABBIT-HUNT, PETER'S. (Illustrated).....	<i>Paul Fort</i> 752
RAIN, HAIL, SNOW. Verse.....	<i>L. T. C.</i> 279
READY FOR A SECOND COURSE. Picture drawn by.....	<i>J. W. Champney</i> 660
RED RIDING-HOOD. Poem.....	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> ... 425
RIDDLE, A. Verse.....	<i>J. S.</i> 141
RIDE, The Curious End of the General's. (Illustrated).....	<i>John Lewees</i> 434
ROBBIE TALKS.....	<i>Olive Thorne</i> 726
ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG. Poem. (Illustrated by W. H. Gibson).....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 661
ROSES. Poem.....	<i>Edgar Favocett</i> 539
SAM CLEMSON, THE SECOND.....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i> 361
SANDHOPPER JIG, The. Poem. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Margaret Eytinge</i> 235
SANTA CLAUS, The House of. (Illustrated).....	<i>Edward Eggleston</i> 131
SCHOOL-LUNCHEONS.....	<i>The "Little Schoolma'am,"</i> 755
SEA-FOAM. Poem. (Illustrated by the Author).....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i> 33
SEA-SHORE, Going to the. Poem. (Illustrated Border).....	<i>E. F. N.</i> 587
SECRET DOOR, The. (Illustrated by Mary A. Hallock).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i> 103
SEVEN AGES, The. Poem. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins).....	<i>M. B. Whiting</i> 312

PAGE.

"SEVENTY-SEVEN." Verses.....	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i>	183
SLEEPING COURIER, The. (Illustrated)	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i>	426
SLIDE, A Jolly. Picture.....		274
SONGS OF SPRING. (Illus by Sol. Eytinge, Walter Satterlee and Fidelia Bridges).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	365, 459
SPRAY. (Illustrated by J. F. Runge, from painting by J. H. Beard)	<i>J. Reed Sever</i>	552
SPRING-BOARD, The. Picture drawn by.....	<i>F. Oppen</i>	138
SPRING WORK. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Mary A. Lathbury</i>	346
STARS AND DAISIES. Verses	<i>Louis Munson</i>	247
STARS IN JANUARY		166
STARS IN FEBRUARY.....		263
STARS IN MARCH.....	Illustrated by the Au- thor, with maps of the Northern and South- ern skies for each month, and with dia- grams of the constel- lations. } <i>Richard A. Proctor.</i> {	342
STARS IN APRIL.....		385
STARS IN MAY.....		498
STARS IN JUNE.....		562
STARS IN JULY.....		613
STARS IN AUGUST.....		676
STARS IN SEPTEMBER.....		730
STARS IN OCTOBER, NOVEMBER and DECEMBER.....		818
ST. NICHOLAS' DAY, AND THE CHILD-BISHOPS OF SALISBURY. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Melville Eggleston</i>	532
STOCKINGS, The Complaint of the. Poem.....	<i>Sidney Dayre</i>	118
STORY OF A PROVERB, The. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Sidney Lanier</i>	468
SUMMER RIDE IN LABRADOR, A. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge).....	<i>Mrs. C. E. Groser</i>	689
SUNDAY BABY, The. Poem.....	<i>Alice Williams</i>	44
"SUN SMILED, And the".....	<i>Margaret Eytinge</i>	588
SWIMMING, A Talk About. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Sanford B. Hunt</i>	607
"SWOOPING EAGLE'S" FIRST EXPLOIT, The. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge)	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i>	682
TABLEAUX-VIVANTS, New Parlor.....	<i>G. B. Bartlett</i>	508
"TELL ME, DAISY." Verses. (Illustrated by "Sphinx").....	<i>Bessie Hill</i>	516
"THERE 'S A SHIP ON THE SEA." Verse. (Illustrated by Thomas Moran).....	<i>Joel Stacy</i>	773
THISTLE-PUFFS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Ina Carol</i>	735
TINSIE'S CONCLUSION. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard).....	<i>George Klinge</i>	48
"TOLERBUL" BAD BOY, Story of a. (Illustrated).....	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i>	25
TOMMY'S COUSINS. (Illustrated by F. S. Church).....	<i>E. Müller</i>	528
TRAGEDY. Poem.....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	275
TRISANKU, King. Poem.....	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	649
TROTZY'S LECTURE BUREAU.....	<i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i>	454
TURNING INTO CATS. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....	<i>Frances Lee</i>	392
TURTLE TAUGHT A LESSON, How a. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins and "Sphinx")	<i>E. S. Thayer</i>	646
TWILIGHT DANCE, A. Picture.....		679
TWO DOROTHYS, The. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart).....	<i>C. F. Jackson</i>	197
TWO FRENCH STORY-TELLERS. (Illustrated).....	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i>	780
TWO WISHES, The. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	319
VALENTINE, A. Poem. (Illustrated).....	<i>A. E. C.</i>	267
VALENTINE, The. Picture drawn by.....	"Sphinx".....	243
VILLAGE OF WILD BEASTS, A. (Illustrated).....	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i>	651
WARNING, The Greyhound's.....	<i>Iszekiah Butterworth</i>	189
WHAT MADE MR. TOMPKINS LAUGH.....	<i>Abby Morton Diaz</i>	617
WHICH HAD IT? (Illustrated by J. W. Champney)	<i>Sarah Winter Kellogg</i>	783
WHITTINGTON LISTENING TO THE BOW BELLS OF LONDON. Picture drawn by.....	<i>Miss E. M. S. Scannell</i>	588
WHY NELLIE WAS NOT POPULAR. (Illustrated)	<i>Constance Marion</i>	404
WILD MICE AND THEIR WAYS. (Illustrated by R. Riordan)	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i>	534, 600
WINTER, Poems and Carols of. (Illustrated).....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	65
WISHES, The two. (Illustrated).....	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	319
WORTHY POOR, The. Verses. (Illustrated by James C. Beard)	<i>M. M. D</i>	502
YOUNG FOLKS' FUN IN CENTRAL PARK. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....	<i>Charles Barnard</i>	705

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Introduction—A Balloon Inventor—Floating Gardens—Costly Clothes—Eating Nails—The Pet of the Regiment (illustrated)—Snakes with Spectacles—Tip-Top Shoes, 52; Merry Christmas—A Big Plum-Pudding—The Christmas Putz at Bethlehem—East or West?—One Good Turn Deserves Another—A Little Hollander's Bird-Cage (illustrated)—The Safety Lamp, 142; A New Year Wish—Strange Scent-Bags—Feed the Birds—Five "Thats"—An Esquimaux House or Hut—Skipping-Ropes in Glasgow (illustrated)—What Made Them So?—A Fern that Looks Like a Lamb—Bismarck's Dog—The Biggest Flower—A Doll for a Sign, 220; Were-Wolves—A Friend to the Birds—Supposing a Case—The Bee that Saved a Kingdom—New-York Street Lamps in 1697 and 1876 (illustrated)—A True Mule Story—Comfort for Short Folks, 288; Crystallized Horses—A Fresh-Water Whale—School Luncheons—A Real Baby-House (illustrated)—A Seed in the Wool—Cinderella's Slipper—The Oldest Organ in the Country, 354; Short Days and the Birds—A Paper-making Spider—An Ape's Death—A Good "Blowing-Up"—How to Make Butter—"The Churn" (illustration)—Royal, but never a King—A New Way of Comforting—Jack-Stones—An Old Flame, 418; Robins in the Tree-top—How a Letter Won a Crown—Oil on the Troubled Waters—The Longest Days—A House-Building Fish—The Fish that Went Ashore (illustrated)—Route du Roi, 506; June Gladness—The Deacon's Conundrum—Astragaloi—Bad News for the Children—A Stocking Revival—A Circular Boat (illustrated)—School-Luncheons, 570; Fourth of July and the Birds—An Underground Forest—July Events—The Cost of Wet Feet—Four-Leaved Clovers—Fire-Crackers—Sparrows and Horses (illustrated)—All the Alphabet—Can a Dog Think?—Blacksmiths in Africa, 634; Ice—Pressing Flowers—Discontent—Robin Hood Clubs—A Boy with His Eyes Open—The Fiery Tears of St. Lawrence—Which are the Swimmers?—Seventeen-Year Locusts (illustrated), 698; The Little Schoolma'am and School Luncheons—Flower Dollies—Is the Calla a Lily?—Electric Candles—Grass Shoes—"Not in" to Trouble—One of Jack's Pets (illustrated), 762; About Moss Pictures—How Not to Do It—Turkey and Roses—Dosing an Elephant—Home-Made Targets—Deacon Green's Sermon on Amiability (illustration)—A Needle-Throwing Weapon, 826.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS. (Illustrated.)

A True Story—Jingles—The Wonderful Puppies—Children of the Week, 56; The Robin's Visit—What My Little Brother Thinks, 144; The Frogs' Picnic—Broken Toys, 222; The Adopted Chicken—Two Kittens—The Naughty Doll, 284; Little Tradja of Norway—The Sick Frog, 352; The Lion, 416; The Life of a Little Green Frog, 504; Tony's Letter, 568; Jamie's Rabbits, 632; Little Peery, 696; One, Two, Three (illustrated by Mary Wyman Wallace)—Good Friends, 760; What the Parrot Taught the Little Girl (illustrated by James C. Beard), 824.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

Letter from Winkie West—My Squirrel—Nothing to Do—The Youth and the North Wind, 59; A Queer Way of Writing (illustrated)—On the Closing of the Centennial—Tottie's Calendar (illustrated), 227; Pansy's Lovers—Some California Scenes—"The Youthful Rubens Drawing Flies" (picture), 356; How to Make a Bird-House (illustrated), 420; The Deserted House—A Fairy Story—"The Peterkins at the Centennial" (picture), 572; Pompeii—Barred In—The Woodpecker, 764.

FRONTISPIECES.

The King Orders a Tart as big as the Capitol, 1; The Heart of Winter, 65; The Minuet, 153; André, the Artist-Soldier, 233; Little Karen's Friends, 297; Aunt Carrie Winds the Clock, 361; As Good as a Mother, 425; A June Morning, 513; Nellie in the Light-House, 577; The Coral-Fisher's Wife, 641; "Hurrah for the Coach!" 705; "Wait till we get there, Darling!" 769.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER'S PAGE.

Wine or Cider Jelly, Jam..... *Marion Harland*..... 55

LETTER-BOX 60, 149, 228, 292, 357, 421, 508, 572, 636, 700, 765, 828

RIDDLE-BOX..... 62, 150, 230, 294, 359, 423, 510, 575, 639, 703, 767, 831

OUR MUSIC PAGE.

"Dickon has a boat," 54; Christmas Carol, 148; Harum Scarum, 290.



THE KING ORDERS A TART AS BIG AS THE CAPITOL.

(See "The Kingdom of the Greedy.")

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

NO. 1.

THE KINGDOM OF THE GREEDY.

(BY P. J. STAHL.)

TRANSLATED BY LAURA W. JOHNSON.

PART I.

THE country of the Greedy, well known in history, was ruled by a king who had much trouble. His subjects were well-behaved, but they had one sad fault—they were too fond of pies and tarts. It was as disagreeable to them to swallow a spoonful of soup as if it were so much sea-water, and it would take a policeman to make them open their mouths for a bit of meat, either boiled or roasted. This deplorable taste made the fortunes of the pastry-cooks, but also of the apothecaries. Families ruined themselves in pills and powders; camomile, rhubarb, and peppermint trebled in price, as well as other disagreeable remedies, such as castor —, which I will not name.

The King of the Greedy sought long for the means of correcting this fatal passion for sweets, but even the faculty were puzzled.

"Your Majesty," said the great Court doctor, Olibriers, at his last audience, "your people look like putty! They are incurable; their senseless love for good eating will bring them all to the grave."

This view of things did not suit the King. He was wise, and saw very plainly that a monarch without subjects would be but a sorry king.

Happily, after this utter failure of the doctors, there came into the mind of His Majesty a first-class idea. He telegraphed for Mother Mitchel, the most celebrated of all pastry-cooks. Mother Mitchel soon arrived, with her black cat Fanfréluche who accompanied her everywhere. He was an incomparable cat. He had not his equal as an adviser and a taster of tarts.

Mother Mitchel having respectfully inquired what she and her cat could do for His Majesty, the King demanded of the astonished pastry-cook a tart as big as the Capitol—bigger even, if possible, but no smaller! When the King uttered this astounding order, deep emotion was shown by the chamberlains, the pages and lackeys. Nothing but the respect due to his presence prevented them from crying "Long live your Majesty!" in his very ears. But the King had seen enough of the enthusiasm of the populace, and did not allow such sounds in the recesses of his palace.

The King gave Mother Mitchel one month to carry out his gigantic project. "It is enough," she proudly replied, brandishing her crutch. Then, taking leave of the King, she and her cat set out for their home.

On the way, Mother Mitchel arranged in her head the plan of the monument which was to immortalize her, and considered the means of executing it. As to its form and size, it was to be as exact a copy of the Capitol as possible, since the King had willed it; but its outside crust should have a beauty all its own. The dome must be adorned with sugar-plums of all colors, and surmounted by a splendid crown of macaroons, spun sugar chocolate, and candied fruits. It was no small affair.

Mother Mitchel did not like to lose her time. Her plan of battle once formed, she recruited on her way all the little pastry-cooks of the country, as well as all the tiny six-year-olds who had a sincere love for the noble callings of scullion and apprentice. There were plenty of these, as you

may suppose, in the country of the Greedy; Mother Mitchel had her pick of them.

Mother Mitchel, with the help of her crutch, and of Fanfreluche, who miaowed loud enough to be heard twenty miles off, called upon all the millers of the land, and commanded them to bring together at a certain time as many sacks of fine flour as they could grind in a week. There were only wind-mills in that country; you may easily believe how they all began to go. B-r-r-r-r! what a noise they made! The clatter was so great that all the birds flew away to other climes, and even the clouds fled from the sky.

At the call of Mother Mitchel, all the farmers' wives were set to work; they rushed to the hen-coops to collect the seven thousand fresh eggs that Mother Mitchel wanted for her great edifice. Deep was the emotion of the fowls. The hens were inconsolable, and the unhappy creatures mourned upon the palings for the loss of all their hopes.

The milkmaids were busy from morning till night in milking the cows. Mother Mitchel must have twenty thousand pails of milk. All the little calves were put on half-rations. This great work was nothing to them, and they complained pitifully to their mothers. Many of the cows protested with energy against this unreasonable tax, which made their young families so uncomfortable. There were pails upset, and even some milkmaids went head over heels. But these little accidents did not chill the enthusiasm of the laborers.

And now Mother Mitchel called for a thousand pounds of the best butter. All the churns for twenty miles around began to work in the most lively manner. Their dashers dashed without ceasing, keeping perfect time. The butter was tasted, rolled into pats, wrapped up, and put into baskets. Such energy had never been known before.

Mother Mitchel passed for a sorceress. It was all because of her cat Fanfreluche, with whom she had mysterious doings and pantomimes, and with whom she talked in her inspired moments, as if he were a real person. Certainly, since the famous "Puss in Boots," there had never been an animal so extraordinary; and credulous folks suspected him of being a magician. Some curious people had the courage to ask Fanfreluche if this were true; but he had replied by bristling, and showing his teeth and claws so fiercely, that the conversation had ended there. Sorceress or not, Mother Mitchel was always obeyed. No one else was ever served so punctually.

On the appointed day, all the millers arrived with their asses trotting in single file, each laden with a great sack of flour. Mother Mitchel, after having examined the quality of the flour, had every sack accurately weighed. This was head work and hard

work, and took time; but Mother Mitchel was untiring, and her cat also, for while the operation lasted he sat on the roof, watching. It is only just to say that the millers of the Greedy Kingdom brought flour, not only faultless, but of full weight. They knew that Mother Mitchel was not joking when she said that others must be as exact with her as she was with them. Perhaps also they were a little afraid of the cat, whose great green eyes were always shining upon them like two round lamps, and never lost sight of them for one moment.

All the farmers' wives arrived in turn, with baskets of eggs upon their heads. They did not load their donkeys with them, for fear that in jogging along they would become omelettes on the way. Mother Mitchel received them with her usual gravity. She had the patience to look through every egg to see if it were fresh.

She did not wish to run the risk of having young chickens in a tart that was destined for those who could not bear the taste of any meat, however tender and delicate. The number of eggs was complete, and again Mother Mitchel and her cat had nothing to complain of. This Greedy nation, though carried away by love of good eating, was strictly honest. It must be said, that where nations are patriotic, desire for the common good makes them unselfish. Mother Mitchel's tart was to be the glory of the country, and each one was proud to contribute to such a great work.

And now the milkmaids, with their pots and pails of milk, and the butter-makers with their baskets filled with the rich yellow pats of butter, filed in long procession to the right and left of the cabin of Mother Mitchel. There was no need for her to examine so carefully the butter and the milk. She had such a delicate nose, that if there had been a single pat of ancient butter or a pail of sour milk, she would have pounced upon it instantly. But all was perfectly fresh. In that golden age they did not understand the art, now so well known, of making milk out of flour and water. Real milk was necessary to make cheese-cakes and ice-cream and other delicious confections much adored in the Greedy Kingdom. If any one had made such a despicable discovery, he would have been chased from the country as a public nuisance.

Then came the grocers, with their aprons of coffee bags, and with the jolly, mischievous faces the rogues always have. Each one clasped to his heart a sugar-loaf nearly as large as himself, whose summit, without its paper cap, looked like new-fallen snow upon a pyramid. Mother Mitchel, with her crutch for a baton, saw them all placed in her store-rooms upon shelves put up for the purpose. She had to be very strict, for some of the little

fellows could hardly part from their merchandise, and many were indiscreet with their tongues behind their great mountains of sugar. If they had been let alone, they would never have stopped till the sugar was all gone. But they had not thought of the implacable eye of old Fanfreluche, who, posted upon a water-spout, took note of all their misdeeds.

corners, took pains to find this out. Between ourselves, Mother Mitchel made believe not to see them, and took the precaution of holding Fanfreluche in her arms so that he could not spring upon them. The fruits were all put into bins, each kind by itself. And now the preparations were finished. There was no time to lose before setting to work.

The spot which Mother Mitchel had chosen for her great edifice, was a pretty hill on which a plateau formed a splendid site. This hill commanded the capital city, built upon the slope of another hill close by. After having beaten down the earth till it was as smooth as a floor, they spread over it loads of bread-crumbs, brought from the baker's, and leveled it with rake and spade, as we do gravel in our garden walks. Little birds, as greedy as themselves, came in flocks to the feast, but they might eat as they liked, it would never be missed, so thick was the carpet. It was a great chance for the bold little things.

All the ingredients for the tart were now ready. Upon order of Mother Mitchel they began to peel the apples and pears and to take out the pips. The weather was so pleasant that the girls sat out-of-doors, upon the ground, in long rows. The sun looked down upon them with a merry face. Each of the little workers had a big earthen pan, and peeled incessantly the apples which the boys brought them. When the pans were full, they were carried away and others were brought. They had also to carry away the peels, or the girls would have been buried in them. Never was there such a peeling before.



BRINGING THE MILK AND THE BUTTER.

From another quarter came a whole army of country people, rolling wheelbarrows and carrying huge baskets, all filled with cherries, plums, peaches, apples, and pears. All these fruits were so fresh, in such perfect condition, with their fair shining skins, that they looked like wax or painted marble, but their delicious perfume proved that they were real. Some little people, hidden in the

Not far away, the children were stoning the plums, cherries and peaches. This work being the easiest, was given to the youngest and most inexperienced hands, which were all first carefully washed, for Mother Mitchel, though not very particular about her own toilet, was very neat in her cooking. The school-house, long unused (for in the country of the Greedy they had forgotten every-

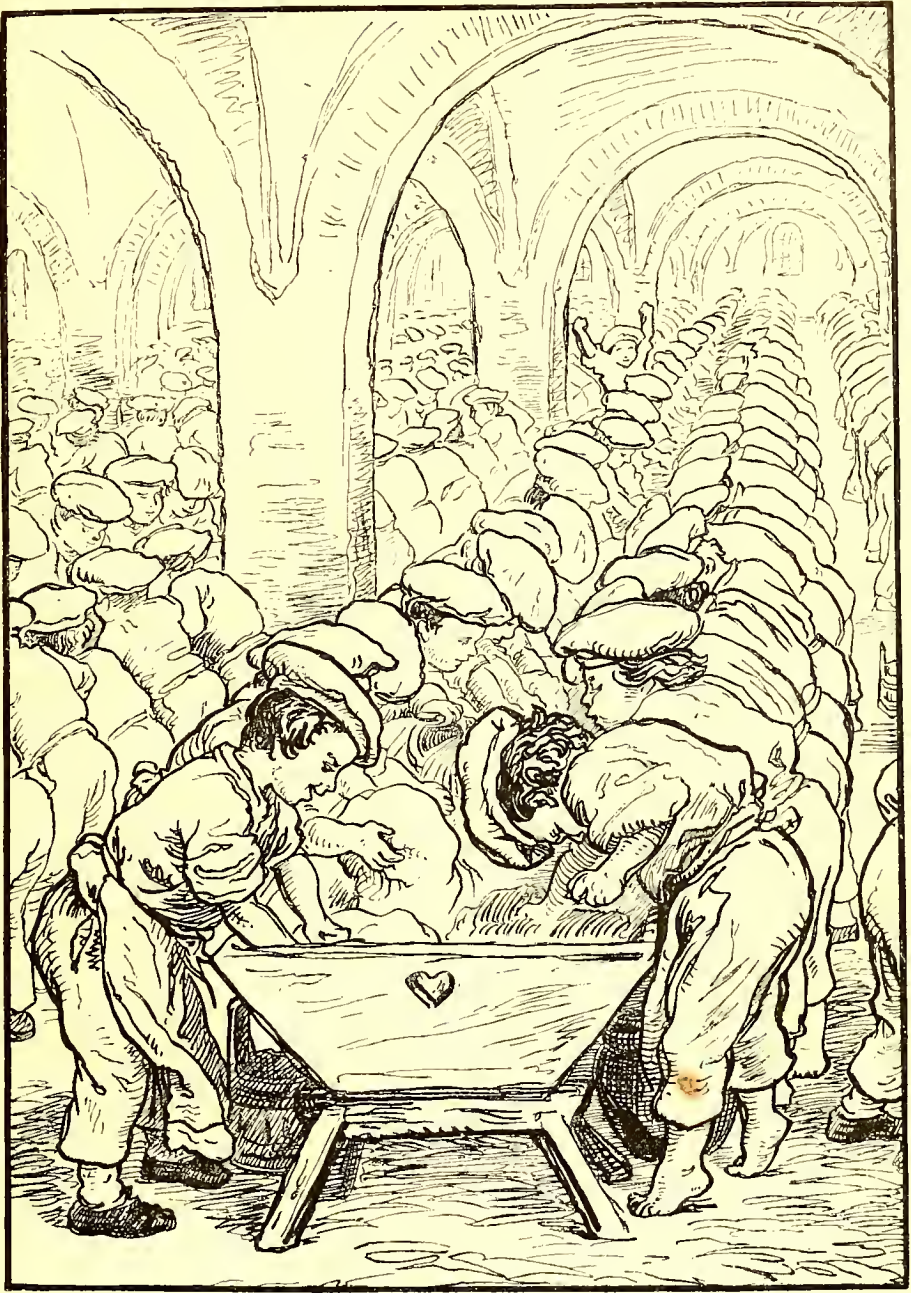


BREAKING AND GRATING THE SUGAR.

thing), was arranged for this second class of workers, and the cat was their inspector. He walked round and round, growling if he saw the fruit popping into any of the little mouths. If they had dared, how they would have pelted him with

plum-stones! But no one risked it. Fanfreluche was not to be trifled with.

In those days, powdered sugar had not been invented, and to grate it all was no small affair. It was the work that the grocers used to dislike most;



KNEADING THE BREAD.

both lungs and arms were soon tired. But Mother Mitchel was there to sustain them with her unequalled energy. She chose the laborers from the most robust of the boys. With mallet and knife she broke the cones into round pieces, and they

grated them till they were too small to hold. The bits were put into baskets to be pounded. One would never have expected to find all the thousand pounds of sugar again. But a new miracle was wrought by Mother Mitchel. It was all there!

It was then the turn of the ambitious scullions to enter the lists, and break the seven thousand eggs for Mother Mitchel. It was not hard to break them—any fool could do that; but to separate adroitly the yolks and the whites demands some talent, and, above all, great care. We dare not say that there were no accidents here, no eggs too well scrambled, no baskets upset. But the experience of Mother Mitchel had counted upon such things, and it may truly be said that there never were so many eggs broken at once, or ever could be again. To make an omelette of them would have taken a saucepan as large as a skating pond, and the fattest cook that ever lived could not hold the handle of such a saucepan.

But this was not all. Now that the yolks and whites were once divided, they must each be beaten separately in wooden bowls, to give them the necessary lightness. The egg-beaters were marshaled into two brigades, the yellow and the white. Every one preferred the white, for it was much more amusing to make those snowy masses that rose up so high, than to beat the yolks, which knew no better than to mix together like so much sauce. Mother Mitchel, with her usual wisdom, had avoided this difficulty by casting lots. Thus, those who were not on the white side had no reason to complain of oppression. And truly, when all was done, the whites and the yellows were equally tired. All had cramps in their hands.

Now began the real labor of Mother Mitchel. Till now, she had been the commander-in-chief—the head only; now, she put her own finger in the pie. First, she had to make sweetmeats and jam, out of all the immense quantity of fruit she had stored. For this, as she could only do one kind at a time, she had ten kettles, each as big as a dinner-table. During forty-eight hours the cooking went on; a dozen scullions blew the fire and put on the fuel. Mother Mitchel,

with a spoon that four modern cooks could hardly lift, never ceased stirring and trying the boiling fruit. Three expert tasters, chosen from the most dainty, had orders to report progress every half hour.

It is unnecessary to state that all the sweetmeats were perfectly successful, or that they were of



MOTHER MITCHEL TASTES THE SWEETMEATS.

exquisite consistency, color, and perfume. With Mother Mitchel there was no such word as *fail*. When each kind of sweetmeat was finished, she skimmed it, and put it away to cool in enormous bowls before potting. She did not use for this the usual little glass or earthen jars, but great stone ones, like those in the "Forty Thieves." Not only did these take less time to fill, but they were safe

from the children. The scum and the scrapings were something, to be sure. But there was little Toto, who thought this was not enough. He would have jumped into one of the bowls, if they had not held him.

Mother Mitchel, who thought of everything, had ordered two hundred great kneading-troughs, wishing that all the utensils of this great work should be perfectly new. These two hundred troughs, like her other materials, were all delivered punctually and in good order. The pastry-cooks rolled up their sleeves, and began to knead the dough, with cries of "Hi! hi!" that could be heard for miles. It was odd to see this army of bakers in serried ranks, all making the same gestures at once, like well-disciplined soldiers, stooping and rising together in time, so that a foreign ambassador wrote to his court, that he wished his people could load and fire as well as these could knead. Such praise, a people never forgets.

When each troughful of paste was approved, it was molded with care into the form of bricks, and with the aid of the engineer-in-chief, a young genius who had gained the first prize in the school of architecture, the majestic edifice was begun. Mother Mitchel herself drew the plan; in following her directions, the young engineer showed himself modest beyond all praise. He had the good sense to understand that the architecture of tarts and pies had rules of its own, and that therefore the experience of Mother Mitchel was worth all the scientific theories in the world.

The inside of the monument was divided into as many compartments as there were kinds of fruits. The walls were no less than four feet thick. When they were finished, twenty-four ladders were set up, and twenty-four experienced cooks ascended them. These first-class artists were each of them armed with an enormous cooking-spoon. Behind them,

on the lower rounds of the ladders, followed the kitchen-boys, carrying on their heads pots and pans, filled to the brim with jam and sweetmeats, each sort ready to be poured into its destined compartment. This colossal labor was accomplished in one day, and with wonderful exactness.

When the sweetmeats were used to the last drop, when the great spoons had done all their work, the twenty-four cooks descended to earth again. The intrepid Mother Mitchel, who had never quitted the spot, now ascended, followed by the noble Fanfre-luche, and dipped her finger into each of the compartments, to assure herself that everything was right. This part of her duty was not disagreeable, and many of the scullions would have liked to perform it. But they might have lingered too long over the enchanting task. As for Mother Mitchel, she had been too well used to sweets to be excited now. She only wished to do her duty and to insure success.

All went on well. Mother Mitchel had given her approbation. Nothing was needed now, but to crown the sublime and delicious edifice, by placing upon it the crust, that is, the roof or dome. This delicate operation was confided to the engineer-in-chief, who now showed his superior genius. The dome, made beforehand of a single piece, was raised in the air by means of twelve balloons, whose force of ascension had been carefully calculated. First it was directed, by ropes, exactly over the top of the Tart; then at the word of command it gently descended upon the right spot. It was not a quarter of an inch out of place. This was a great triumph for Mother Mitchel and her able assistant.

But all was not over. How should this colossal Tart be cooked? That was the question that agitated all the people of the Greedy country, who came in crowds—lords and commons—to gaze at the wonderful spectacle.

(To be continued.)

A REMINISCENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

THERE was an interesting though unimportant scene in the life of Abraham Lincoln, of which I was an eye-witness. It was on the occasion of the visit of about twenty Indian chiefs to the Executive Mansion, delegated by their respective tribes to treat personally with the Great Father in the adjustment of their affairs. They were habited in their attire of feathers and paint, and each one was impressed with the greatness of the occasion, the most eventful, probably, of their lives. Their interpreter placed them in the form of a crescent in the spacious East room, on the floor, as they would have been ill at ease on chairs. Thus they sat on the carpet in decorous silence and waited the arrival of the Chief Magistrate.

A number of people had been invited to be present at the interview, among whom were officers civil and military and foreign diplomats, accompanied by their wives in fashionable toilet. Several of the latter, whose feet had not long left the asphalt of the Boulevards of Paris, looked on the copper-colored men—two or three using eye-glasses—with peculiar interest; the objects of it, however, sat under the close observation with calm dignity, as calm as if they had been in the habit of sitting amidst the gaudy splendors of an East room, and of being looked upon, every day, by distinguished men and handsome women; the absence of any manifestation of surprise being a characteristic of Indian nature.

At length Abraham Lincoln came into the room and stood before the dusky crescent, while a group of well-known men gathered behind him, to hear what was about to take place, space being made by ushers about the chiefs, the President and the immediate group behind him. The interpreter occupied a place near Lincoln, to turn the aboriginal language into English as it fell from the lip. The ceremony began by a personal presentation of each chief to the Great Father, each one going up to the powerful white chief and shaking hands—not extending the hand after the Caucasian manner, but holding it high and dropping it softly down into the Presidential palm. The names were furnished as they came forward by the interpreter—White Bear, Big Wolf, Red Fox, and so on.

The face of Lincoln was plainly seen by most of the people present, for it was higher than that of any other. When he came into the room, it was, as usual, pale, and tinged with the sadness which was its principal characteristic in repose. He folded his

hands before him, and stood rather awkwardly as he waited for the interview to begin. After making his compliments and shaking hands, each Indian returned to his seat on the carpet in the crescent of his brethren. When all had performed the ceremony, each one in turn made his speech to the President, standing up for the purpose, and sitting down when done, in parliamentary fashion, probably through instructions from the interpreter. The first one who essayed to talk grew nervous, and in a hurried way asked for a chair in the spirit of a wrecked mariner who seeks for a plank. When it was furnished him, he took his seat and resumed the entangled thread of his discourse. As this trifling incident took place, a smile passed over the faces of the spectators, and was reflected in that of Lincoln. This smile, indeed, deepened into an audible laugh in the rear; but when the ear of the President caught it, his face immediately straightened into seriousness and sympathy with the disconcerted Indian. He did not at once begin, and the interpreter said:

“Mr. President, White Bear asks for time to collect his thoughts.”

The President bowed, and another smile went round at the plight of the perturbed Indian, but did not appear in the face of Lincoln.

Soon, White Bear rose to his feet, went at it again, and after a fashion got through with what he wanted to say, at which there was a murmur of applause.

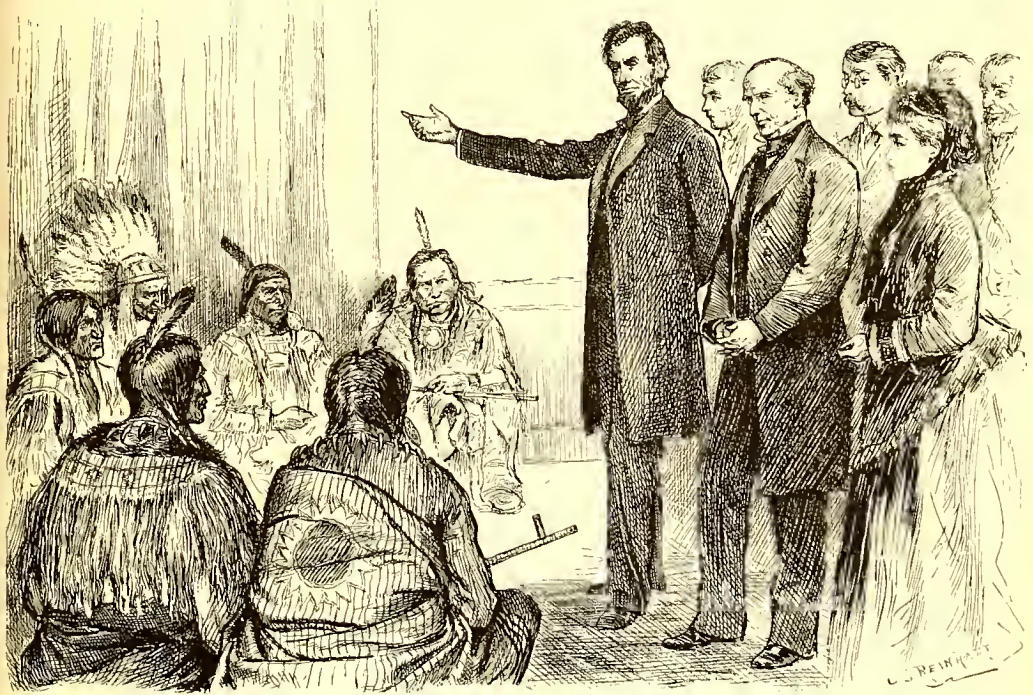
The burden of their speeches was the same. They had all come such a long distance, and so quickly, that they felt as if they were birds. To see the Great Father had been the wish of their lives. They were poor, and required help. They had always respected their treaties, and were the friends of the white man. They wanted to be prosperous and rich like their white brother. Big Wolf, particularly, enlarged on this theme. He said that he would like to have horses and carriages, sausages such as he ate in the hotel in Washington, and a fine wigwam—“like this,” added he, as he designated the highly ornamented apartment in which he stood. At this, the President could not restrain the desire to share in the general smile.

Red Fox was the attorney and orator of the delegation. He dwelt on the gratification he experienced at seeing the Great Father. It was the proudest and most important event of his existence. Had he been familiar with the Neapolitan proverb,

“See Naples and then die,” he would doubtless have paraphrased it to suit the occasion. There was, however, a cloud in the otherwise clear sky of his enjoyment. He had an apprehension that when he returned to his people in the Far West, they might not believe that he had seen the Great Father and talked to him face to face as it was his great privilege to do then and there. Hence he would like to return to his people laden down with presents,—“shining all over like a looking-glass,”—to prove to them the friendly relations which existed between himself and the Great Father.

as the interpreter turned his words into the tongue of the red men. Their curiosity was fully aroused. Even the spectators looked inquiringly at Lincoln, to know how he was going to provide horses and carriages for those who thus bluntly asked for them.

“You all have land,” said Lincoln. “We will furnish you with agricultural implements, with which you will turn up the soil, by hand if you have not the means to buy an ox, but I think with the aid which you receive from the Government, you might at least purchase one ox to do the plowing for several. You will plant corn, wheat,



MR. LINCOLN TELLS THE INDIANS HOW TO GET HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

There was no resisting this, and there was some good-humored laughing, but the faces of all the Indians remained serious and reserved.

“Mr. President,” said the interpreter, “the chiefs would be glad to hear you talk.”

To which Lincoln intimated that he would endeavor to do so.

“My red brethren,” said Lincoln, “are anxious to be prosperous and have horses and carriages like the pale faces. I propose to tell them how they may get them.”

At this the dusky men were all attention, and manifested their satisfaction by the usual Indian guttural sounds.

“The plan is a simple one,” said the President,

and potatoes, and with the money for which you will sell these you will be able each to buy an ox for himself at the end of the first year. At the end of the second year, you will each be able to buy perhaps two oxen and some sheep and pigs. At the end of the third, you will probably be in a condition to buy a horse, and in the course of a few years you will thus be the possessor of horses and carriages like ourselves.”

This plan for becoming proprietor of horses and carriages was not relished, for it meant work, and the faces of the Indians bore a disappointed expression as the President unfolded it.

“I do not know any other way to get these things,” added Lincoln. “It is the plan we have

pursued—at least those of us who have them. You cannot pick them off the trees, and they do not fall from the clouds.”

Had it not been for the respect which they owed to the speaker as the Great Father, it was plain that they would have exclaimed against his words with the untutored energy of their Indian nature. As he was well acquainted with that nature, having served as captain in the Tippecanoe war and spent his early life on the frontier, a suspicion entered my mind that he was blending with the advice a little chaffing. To change the subject and restore them to good humor, he requested one of the attendants to roll up a large globe of the world which stood in a corner on a three-legged support on wheels. The President placed his hand on the globe and turned it round, saying:

“We pale faces believe that the world is round, like this.”

At this point Lincoln caught the inquiring eyes of the Indians fastened like a note of interrogation on the legs of the globe.

“Without the legs,” continued Lincoln, in answer to the mute interrogation, with a twinkle in his eye. “We pale faces can get into a big canoe, shoved by steam,—here, for instance, at

Washington, or Baltimore near by,—go round the world, and come back to the place from which we started.”

With due respect to the Great Father, they evidently thought, to give it a mild term, that he was given to exaggeration. He started off again, to tell about the North Pole, the torrid zone, the length and breadth of the United States, and how long it would take a man to walk from one end of it to the other, in which he got somewhat entangled; then seeing a well-known man of science on his right, Lincoln placed his hand on his shoulder, gently urged him forward to a position in front of the Indians, to whom he said:

“But here is one of our learned men, who will tell you all about it.”

Saying this, Lincoln bowed and withdrew, and the *savant*, taken by surprise, endeavored to extricate himself from the difficulty as best he could, by continuing the theme where the President left off.

One somber event followed the Indian reception. Big Wolf, who had expressed the desire to have sausages like white men, satisfied his appetite in the hotel on this food without stint, and it was this product of our civilization which was his bane. In a word, sausage killed him.

GRANNY'S STORY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

YES, lads, I'm a poor old body;
My wits are not over clear;
I can't remember the day o' the week,
And scarcely the time o' year.
But one thing is down in my mem'ry
So deep, it is sure to stay;
It was long ago, but it all comes back
As if it had happened to-day.

Here, stand by the window, laddies.
Do you see, away to the right,
A long black line on the water,
Topped with a crest of white?
That is the reef Defiance,
Where the good ship Gaspereau
Beat out her life in the breakers,
Just fifty-six years ago.

I mind 't was a raw Thanksgiving,
The sleet drove sharp as knives,
And most of us here at the harbor
Were sailors' sweethearts and wives.
But I had my goodman beside me,
And everything tidy and bright,
When, all of a sudden, a signal
Shot up through the murky night,

And a single gun in the darkness
Boomed over and over again,
As if it bore in its awful tone
The shrieks of women and men.
And down to the rocks we crowded,
Facing the icy rain,
Praying the Lord to be their aid,
Since human help was vain.

Then my goodman stooped and kissed me,
 And said, "It is but to die:
 Who goes with me to the rescue?"
 And six noble lads cried "I!"
 And crouching there in the tempest,
 Hiding our faces away,
 We heard them row into the blackness,
 And what could we do but pray?

So long, when at last we heard them
 Cheering faint, off the shore,
 I thought I had died and gone to heaven,
 And all my trouble was o'er.
 And the white-faced women and children
 Seemed like ghosts in my sight,
 As the boats, weighed down to the water,
 Came tossing into the light.

Eh, that was a heartsome Thanksgiving,
 With sobbing and laughter and prayers:
 Our lads with their brown, dripping faces,
 And not a face missing from theirs.
 For you never can know how much dearer
 The one you love dearest can be,
 Till you've had him come back to you safely
 From out of the jaws of the sea.

And little we cared that the breakers
 Were tearing the ship in their hold.
 There are things, if you weigh them fairly,
 Will balance a mint of gold.
 And even the bearded captain
 Said, "Now let the good ship go,
 Since never a soul that sailed with me
 Goes down in the Gaspereau."

A LITTLE BOSTON GIRL OF 1776.

BY MRS. E. G. CARTER.

If you had been in Boston one hundred years ago, you might have seen, one pleasant April morning, a clumsy, yellow-bodied, four-wheeled chaise lumbering and clattering over the cobble-stone pavements of Orange Street. On the front seat sat a small black driver, grinning, squirming and ejaculating in a marvelous manner. On the back seat was a prim lady, with a pursed-up mouth and very elevated eyebrows. So expressive of indignation was her face, that the gray hair drawn sharply up over the cushion topping her forehead, seemed about to lift itself up and float off on the sweet spring air.

Beside the displeased-looking lady was a restless little sprite in scarlet cloak and hood, whose small head wagged from side to side in wondering scrutiny of the streets and houses which her little bright eyes had not looked on for nearly a year.

After the battle of Lexington, Boston was in a state of siege, and a great many of the inhabitants on the patriot side early availed themselves of the permission to leave the town with their effects. The British occupied the beleaguered town for eleven months, and when they could hold it no longer, hurriedly departed on the morning of the 17th of March. The exiled families were now returning to their deserted homes and hearths.

The yellow post-chaise had picked its way cautiously into Boston over the Neck, Sam looking out sharply for the iron crow's-feet, with which the British had strewn the road. This peril passed, Sam was ordered to make a detour before he drew up at the door in Marlborough Street, that the ladies might have a glimpse of their beloved Common.

"Hi! yi! zi!" grunted Sam, as his rolling eyes surveyed the devastation made by the troops. "Fences down, big trees down, yarth all cut up and cris-crossed like mince-meat! I'd like to get hold o' dose Britishoors!"

In default of a "Britishoor," Sam swelled himself up and laid the whip on to the luckless horse, so that the poor beast started off at a break-neck pace through Paddock's Mall and down a cross-way into Marlborough Street. He stopped short at last before a gambrel-roofed house that stood at the end of a little court-yard, fancifully paved with beach stones, and lined on either side by a row of poplars.

Little Abigail quickly scrambled out of the chaise after her mother, nearly smothering with hugs and kisses the portly black woman in a plaid turban, who stood on the broad door-step to greet them.

"Welcome home, missuses! Praise be to Providence, our walls, and roof, and chimleys is a

stannin' pooty much as we'se lef' 'em. But every other thing 'bout de house looks 'z if de caterpillar and de locus' and all de res' of de plagues of Egypt had lit on 'em, and crawled over 'em toof and nail. But, howsomever, small marcies is matter of thanksgiving in dese times of war and tribulation."

We will leave Mrs. Ward and black Phillis to make the tour of the ill-used house, which during their absence had been occupied by British officers, while little Abigail darts off to look for her London doll, Gloriana, hidden for many months in a small secret closet in the wall.

Abigail's stout high-heeled shoes clattered up over the oaken stairs from landing to landing, and the little girl made heedless haste from room to room, skurrying at last into a queer three-corned chamber, where she scrambled up into a tall chair and felt, with nervous eagerness, along the dingy paneled wall. She touched the spring she sought, and a small door flew open, revealing a deep, low, triangular closet, in the midst of which sat majestically the London doll, Gloriana, presiding over a few moldy fragments of tarts and cakes.

"Oh, my Gloriana!" cried little Abigail, in a frenzy of delight. "There you are just exactly as lovely, and live, and precious as I left you last spring."

Abigail seized the precious Gloriana and hugged her to her heart, whereupon a fine sprinkling of shreds of golden hair, and bits of silken over-dress and petticoat, powdered little Abigail's scarlet cloak. Alas, the little mice had not only been busy with Gloriana's tarts and cakes, but had unblushingly nibbled the doll's wig and garments.

"Never mind your clothes, Glory dear, I can make you new ones," chirped Abigail, cheerfully, shaking the shreds from her cloak. "If the mice had gnawed your lovely nose, *that* would have been a great mischief; but you are beautifuller than ever. Oh, how I used to cry, some nights, out in Milton, when I heard the cannon boom-booming! I was so afraid a ball might go right through your precious, precious head. How scared and mis'ble I was, too, when I locked you up here in such a hurry. Don't you remember how old Phillis stuck her head in the room and says, 'Toss that poppet into the panel closet, and put your clothes into the brass-bound trunk? We're off for Milton in an hour, on the *last* pass to be had for love or money.' Can't you hear her queer black pronouncements this very minute, Gloriana, telling me 'not to waste one vallerble second, if I did n't want the British bayonets poking into my back?' Ha! ha! Come, let's go down-stairs and look at things."

Down the crooked, winding back-stairs hurried Abigail and the liberated Gloriana.

A bright fire of strange-shaped sticks blazed on

the kitchen hearth, where stout oaken logs were wont to be piled.

"How queer!" piped Abigail, surveying the fire.

"Queer, missis? Sartin. Mos' like 't is th' blessed Wes' Church steeple itself," sighed Phillis blowing dolefully with the bellows. "I heard tell they cut it down for fire-wood. Poor folks' houses too, chopped down by the dozen to keep th' wretched Tory pots a-b'illin'. Dat 'ar warmin'-pan look a' dat!" Phillis threw down the bellows and seized the tongs, heaping coals on the bake-kettle cover as if it were a red-coat's head. "All jags and smooches! It's my 'pinion the Britishers fit with it 'stead of bayonets. So as dat 'ar used to shine. Look at dat dresser, too. Plates and mugs mus' a' been jes' flung round' in high scrimmage from mornin' till night. Never a one set 'spect'ly up on end since I lef' dis yer kitchen, I know. If you'd a' seen the time I had scouring-up here and settlin' things, you'd said I'd shore been down with de small-pox, or some killin' ail, long afore dis."

"Mamma!" piped Abigail from the dining-room, about which she was now fluttering with Gloriana. "Just see how the dining-table looks—and the curtains! Oh, mamma!"

"Dey cut up raw meat on dat 'hogany table; yes, missis, so Governor Hancock's man Tom told me," burst in Sam, gazing on the table with eyes of horror,—the table which, with the assistance of many cuffs and fillips from Phillis, he had been used to keep as bright and spotless as a mirror. "An' de cuttings! *He* says they blowed out in de rain and de sun from mornin' till night. Oh, my!"

Sam, gaping and gazing at the battered household goods, his hands in his pockets and his woolly head thrown back, looked a very statue of dismay.

Now came in, quite breathless, Benjamin, Abigail's brother; his cocked hat under his arm, and his long-skirted coat unbuttoned.

"I've been everywhere, Abigail! Up Sentry Hill, down to the Mill Pond, all through King Street, and back again to the Jail; on to the Common and into the 'Old South.' You ought to see the Old South! Pews all torn out, and ——"

"Pews torn out!" gasped Abigail, all a-tremble at the thought of sacrilegious hands having been laid on the church.

"Torn out, and a riding-school fixed up at one end! I tell you what, Abigail Ward, you never saw such a sight. Come right along with me. It beats seeing Percy galloping up and down Long-Acre on his white horse, getting his fine Fusiliers under way for Lexington, that day old Carter dismissed us, and said: 'School's out, boys. War has begun!' Wasn't that a lively day?"

Abigail, Gloriana and Benjamin were soon hurrying along to the Old South, which was quite near

boy. Abigail only peeped into the desecrated meeting-house, though Benjamin was eloquent in urging the grand view from the gallery, which he assured her had been fitted up in fine style for spectators; and refreshments too, of prime quality, had been sold up there!

Abigail stopped her ears and hurried out in horror. Seeing her face of distress, a bold-faced rascal sidled up to her and announced, glibly:

"Deacon Hubbard's pew, silk curtains and all, was carted down behind our wood-shed and made into a pig-pen. Want to see it?"

"You're a naughty Tory boy!" flashed out Abigail; and gathering up her little quilted home-spun skirt, she pattered off over the flag-stones, followed by her laughing brother.

"Let's go and look at the Province House. Our flag is hoisted there. Thirteen stripes! It looks gay, I can tell you."

"Let's," said Abigail, stamping her foot as if the hated British colors were under her heel.

So, with their heads in the air and their admiring eyes on the flag, they sauntered over the Province House lawn, and then climbed the twenty steps that led to the grand entrance. These steps they

remembered gay with gayly dressed gentlemen and officers coming and going from the governor, who lived there in great state. But the governor had vanished, and not a red-coat did they see. They were all gone together.

"Hoorah! Good-by to the lobster-coats!" shouted Benjamin, swinging his cocked hat.

"Hoorah!" shrilled little Abigail, swinging Gloriana till fragments of her wig and petticoat powdered the stones.

Just at this patriotic explosion, the Old South struck twelve, and with a parting glance at the bronze Indian above the cupola, gazing down at them with his glittering glass eyes, the children hastened home to dinner.

"Where have you been, Abigail?" said the prim lady, who was crossing the hall as the small people closed the door behind them.

Abigail explained. Then, for going out without permission, she was obliged to thrust Gloriana back into the panel closet with the moldy fragments of last year's feast; then to come down and sit in her straight-backed chair, and stitch diligently on her sampler one hour by the tall clock in the hall.

THE BEES THAT WENT TO THE SKY.

BY JOEL STACY.



BUZZY BUZZ, Wuzzy Fuzz, Dippetty Flop,
All flew up to the cherry-tree top.

"Pooh!" said Buzzy Buzz, "*this* is n't high!
Let's keep on till we get to the sky."

Upward they went, and they never would stop—
Buzzy Buzz, Wuzzy Fuzz, Dippetty Flop;

"Ah, how jolly!" they started to say—
When ev'ry one of them fainted away!

The next they knew they were down on the
ground,

Three dizzy bumble-bees, frightened but sound:

Never a mortal had heard them drop—
Buzzy Buzz, Wuzzy Fuzz, Dippetty Flop.

Humbled and tumbled, and dusty and lamed,
Would n't you think they'd have been quite
ashamed?

But "No, sir," they buzzed, "it was n't a fall;
We only came down from the sky, that is all."

And now, whenever you see three bees

Buzzing and pitching about by your knees,

You'll know, by their never once venturing high,

They're the very same bees that flew up to the sky!



LEAP-YEAR.

ALL ABOUT LEAD-PENCILS.

BY JAMES W. PRESTON.

THE lead-pencil, as we have it, was unknown to the ancients, and even to the moderns before the reign of "Good Queen Bess," as the English love to call their Queen Elizabeth. Just think how inconvenient it must have been to those old Greek and Latin authors, and to the writers and scholars of Europe from the earliest times down to within about three hundred years, to have no lead-pencils with which to write or to rule their paper—or whatever they wrote upon. They often used a piece of sheet lead, cut as any boy could cut it, into a flat disk, with the edge sharpened all around so as to make a fine line, but of course this was not to write

with, but only to rule lines to write on. And then again, what did artists and designers use to draw and sketch with? Almost all of them used the old-fashioned pen (made of the goose or crow quill) and ink. Some artists, indeed, made use of a kind of pencil formed of a mixture of common lead and tin, and as this composition was comparatively hard and faint in color, the paper was prepared for the purpose of drawing by giving it a coating of chalk. Others, too, made some very fine drawings with chalk of various colors. But the article chiefly in use was the "gray goose quill."

With what delight, then, must the world of artists

and writers of all kinds have hailed the invention of the black-lead pencil, as we have it to-day! I said *black-lead*, but although the metallic part of this little implement is universally called black-lead, there is not a particle of *lead* in it. This black, smooth, soft and glossy substance is properly called *plumbago*, and is a compound of carbon and iron, or, as the chemists term it, *a carburet of iron*.

There are several varieties of plumbago found in the rocks in different parts of the world, some of which are good for one use, and others for other uses, and it happens that one of these varieties is fine-grained, soft, nearly free from grit, and well adapted for writing with, and this kind has received the name of *graphite*, from Greek words which signify *writing stone*.

Some of my readers doubtless remember that in the time of Queen Elizabeth of England, was born the greatest of English poets, William Shakspeare. He came into the world in the year 1564, about six years after Elizabeth came to the throne, and it was in that same year that there was discovered in the county of Cumberland, in the north-west corner of England, a mine of the best and purest *graphite* that had ever been seen. I have put these dates together so that you will be apt to remember them all, when either of them is mentioned. This substance was so solid and firm and strong, and free from grit or sandy particles, that it could be sawed into sheets, and these could be sawed again into little narrow strips without breaking. These little strips of graphite being soft, and smooth, and black, were inclosed in round pieces of some soft wood, grooved out to receive and hold them; and that was the modern lead-pencil to all intents and purposes.

This mine at Borrowdale, in Cumberland, at once became very celebrated, and of course very valuable. Pencils made of Cumberland graphite were to be found all over Europe, and were highly prized everywhere. The manufacture of lead-pencils became a very important branch of business, and in order to keep it wholly within the borders of their own country, the English government passed laws prohibiting the export of graphite to foreign lands. Its value was such, that the average price in London was about ten dollars (\$10) a pound, and the very finest quality sometimes reached forty dollars (\$40) a pound. They took such good care of it that only a certain quantity, enough to supply the requirements of the pencil-makers, was doled out, on the first Monday in every month; and moreover, the government was obliged to keep a military force at the mines, to protect it from bands of marauders and robbers, who attempted to get possession of it.

England thus supplied the world with lead-pen-

cils for nearly three hundred years. It is true that pencils were made of an impure graphite in some other parts of Europe; but they were a very inferior article compared with the English, and artists and all others who required good lead-pencils were obliged to look to England for them.

But there is an end to almost all good things, and so it proved at last with the graphite mine of Cumberland. Its exhaustion was only a question of time, and that time has now passed. It was clearly foreseen that some means must be devised for making the impure kinds of graphite available for the needs of the world, or the world must be content to give up the use of black-lead pencils. All sorts of experiments were tried with the graphite to purify and soften it, and at the same time to give it firmness and cohesion, so that it would not break nor crumble when sharpened and in use. They ground up the plumbago to a fine powder, washed it in repeated waters, so as to separate the sand or grit from it, and afterward subjected it to a great pressure to make it compact and firm. But this did not succeed. They then mixed the powdered plumbago with different materials, such as glue, isinglass, gum arabic, etc., to give it the necessary strength; but this did not answer at all. Then they added to the powdered material about one-third its weight of pulverized sulphur, and this was a partial success, but the marks made with this mixture were faint, and did not satisfy the need, and this was, on the whole, a failure.

But at last, as usual, patience, perseverance, ingenuity and experience solved the problem. Pencils are now made better adapted for all uses, blacker or fainter, harder or softer, than ever could be made of the best Cumberland lead by the old method. The mode of treating the plumbago by which this result is obtained is a French invention. It consists simply in mixing the powdered and purified plumbago with powdered clay, in a certain manner and certain proportions, moistening and drying and pressing and baking the mass, varying the treatment according to the different grades of pencils required. What is meant by *grade* in this connection, will be readily understood if you examine a case of A., W. Faber's finest and best polygrade lead-pencils. You will find upon them certain letters, which indicate the degree of hardness or softness, and the shade whether darker or lighter. For example, BBBBBB means that the pencil bearing that mark is *extra soft and very black*; BBB, *very soft and very black*; BB, *very soft and black*; B, *soft and black*; HB, *less soft and black*; F, *middling*; H, *hard*; HH, *harder*; HHH, *HHHH, very hard*; HHHHHH, *extra hard*.

These different grades are very convenient, and indeed are required by artists; but by the old

method of making the Cumberland lead-pencils, these nice shadings of softness and blackness could not have been obtained. So that human ingenuity and care may make an inferior article answer a better purpose than the purest natural product, unaided by human skill.

There is a very grand manufacturing establishment in Germany, where the best lead-pencils are made: an establishment which a century ago consisted of only one little cottage house by the river-side, but now comprises large shops and tasteful dwelling-houses, a garden and grove, a gymnasium, a fine library, and a beautiful Gothic church, all provided and supported by the proprietors, for the

use and benefit of the workmen and their families, whose fathers and grandfathers have worked on the same spot and for the same family for a hundred years or more.

If I had space, I might also tell you how a most valuable mine of graphite, as good as that of Cumberland, has been discovered in Siberia, from which that great manufactory is supplied with graphite. I could also tell you how the cedar-wood of which the pencils are made is taken from a cedar swamp on the western side of Florida, so that this cedar is transported to the heart of Europe, and there united with graphite from the mountains of Siberia, to be used as lead-pencils by Americans.

THE OWL THAT STARED.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

WHEN young Trotty Derridown went to the country to spend Thanksgiving at her grandmother's last year, she happened to get into the great old-fashioned garret. She was so impatient for dinner on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, that she wandered hither and thither inside and outside of the house (which was very empty and still, because almost every one had gone to church), trying to see or smell something which would be at least half as pleasant as turkey and plum-pudding are to eyes and nose; to say nothing of being allowed a mouthful of either on one's fork. And so, after opening a great many doors, and going into a great many places where she was not expected to go, she at last opened a door at the foot of such a dark staircase that she thought the world had suddenly turned upside down, and that this must be a fairy road leading up into the earth!

Trotty stood in the half-opened door-way quite a long time, unable to decide whether she had the courage to enter a fairy kingdom after all, though she had often determined to do so if she got a chance. Then it came into her head that perhaps dinner would be served earlier in Fairyland than at home, which overcame her fears, and the garret-door closed after her little pink skirt as it whisked out of the sunlight. When Trot reached the head of the stairs she knew she was not in Fairyland, because of a dim light from two windows, which showed her all sorts of odds and ends of furniture,

and bunches of herbs hanging to the many beams that spread beneath the roof like huge roots. But it would do just as well as Fairyland for the present, she thought, and help her to get used to queer things. Very likely there were elves in the dark crannies on every side; and the idea made her almost wish herself in the sunny entry again.

"*There's* something quee-ar!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of a great black velvet bonnet a hundred years old, that looked a good deal like a basket. But it had two long strings dangling down, so she knew what it was in a minute. Of course she scrambled into a cradle standing under the wonderful bonnet, and snuffed out her pretty face with it, as one does a candle, in a trice. Then she made a big bow of the strings under her chin, which took her a long time, as any little girl of five might know it would. She looked very much like an hour-glass now, for she was as broad at top as at bottom, with a little waist in the middle. However, she could not see herself, and had reason to suppose nobody else knew whether she was looking her best or not, since she could not have felt further off from grandmother and all the family if she had stepped over to Japan.

"What can *you* be?" thought the pink skirt and black bonnet, walking up to a spinning-wheel higher than two Trotties. When she saw it was a wheel she thought it ought to go round, no matter how big it was (and it seemed to her as big as the

duck-pond), so she put a finger on one of the spokes and gave a push with all her might. What a rattle it made! Something flew up and something flapped down, and the wheel seemed delighted to have a little exercise after twenty years of snoozing, and kept going round, rattling and banging for some time.

"Ho-hoo-oo!" heard Trotty all at once from somebody behind. She was sure it was a crowd of Brownies or some such fry, for the sound was soft and strange. She threw her head back very far, in order to get a good view from under the wide-

took Dinah into her arms and petted her, as she petted all her dolls. Dinah was on the broad grin, in or out of trouble. She had red flannel lips and white cotton teeth and a black cashmere face. Her dress was red, with a white pinafore, so that she was very cheering to look at; and she had a sweet disposition, as one could see directly, for she held her head on either this side or that, being cloth, and never was stiff-necked like the Israelites. The only stiff thing about her was her hair, and that grandmother had knitted, and ironed, and raveled



TROTTY AND DINAH.

spreading bonnet, and gazed around. Then she sat down on the floor and looked under the bureaus and chairs and sofas. Yes, there was a Brownie, sure enough, hanging by the foot out of the lower drawer of one of the bureaus. It looked uncomfortable, and Trotty thought it very stupid in a creature that was first cousin to the Fairies to allow itself to be in that position. The next moment she saw it was nothing more nor less than a good old negro dolly, with lovely frizzly hair standing up all over its head, as if it were a black thistle.

"Come to me, dear," whispered Trotty, sitting along the floor till she arrived at the bureau. "Has the naughty drawer hurt dolly's foot?" and she

out, so it was not Dinah's fault if it never lay flat afterward.

"You *pressus* doll!" cooed Trotty, after looking at her treasure for a long time; and she was amazed to think she could ever have lived without her.

"Ho-hoo-oo!" sounded somewhere again.

Trotty was not much frightened this time, because she had Dinah for company. She threw her head back once more, determined to find out who spoke. Mercy on us! She caught sight of two great yellow eyes in a corner.

"Pussy?" said she, questioningly. But when Trotty in the big black bonnet, and Dinah in the red dress and white pinafore, came close to the

corner, behold, there were wings under the eyes, and only two feet under the wings.

"You're an owl," said Trotty.

And it was an owl; and he looked cross as if he were biting his own nose, although he was only curling his beak up under his chin, apparently not meaning to speak between now and next Thanksgiving. Trotty was soon tired of having the owl look at her so hard, with his ears standing up straight, as though he heard some one saying unkind things of him behind his back, so she remarked:

"Please shut your eyes a minute. You have no business to keep them open in the day-time, anyway."

"Always listen to what Trotty Derridown says, and give her *plenty* of plum-pudding," answered the owl unexpectedly, holding up the tip of a wing as one does a forefinger. But he did not shut his eyes. Owls are of a philosophic turn; and philosophers are always giving away wisdom (as Trotty's grandmother does the pears in autumn, lest they rot on the grass), because they have more than they can keep. But it is quite another matter for them to find time to act upon their own advice, or to eat their own wisdom, because they are so busy growing it and sending it to their neighbors. Now the owl in the corner looked stuffed to choking with *something*.

"Are you stuffed with wisdom?" asked his young visitor, who had heard about owls and philosophers from her brother Hal.

The owl lifted one of his claws and laid it on the side of his beak. "Goodness!" said he, "was there ever such a clever little girl?"

Since the question was put to her, Trotty thought she might as well answer good-naturedly, so she said she supposed there never had been.

At this the owl shrugged his shoulders even higher than before, and Trotty was afraid she had not answered to his taste after all.

"What do you play?" asked the little girl of the bird, when they had both been silent awhile.

The owl ruffled himself up the wrong way, and looked like a feather pillow turned inside out, for about five minutes, till Trotty's legs ached with waiting.

"I am the Bird of the Philosophers. I play ball with them. We throw questions and answers at each other. Ho-hoo-oo!"

"I could do that. Play ball, I mean," said Trotty.

"Oh, no," said the owl, haughtily. "First, all the philosophers sit round in a circle, each with a long white beard on and plenty of questions in his pocket. I stand in the middle with all the answers under one claw."

"What do you do next?" asked Trot, her eyes

nearly as round as the owl's now. He sighed before answering.

"I try to hit the right question, as it flies over my head, with the right answer, and this must be done before any of the old gentlemen can get hold of it. They wear long beards in hopes that some of the questions may get entangled in them. My eyesight has to be good, and that is the reason my gaze seems, to some people, rather intense."

"Would not you rather play with me than with those old *Sossophers*?" demanded Trotty.

The Philosophers' Bird smiled, but held its wing to its cheek and said, "Hush-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh!"

She was quite startled by the noise he made when he said "Hush," so she took several steps backward and leaned up against something. It was hard and warm, and she soon discovered it was the chimney.

"That's where your dinner is being cooked," suggested some one; she was not sure whether it was the owl or Dinah.

"However, I must be going," she said. "But I should like to send a message to those old gentlemen. Will you take it, owl?"

The owl put his beak a great way under his chin again, and turned his ears forward as if he were listening attentively.

"Why, you see," continued Trotty, looking earnestly into the bird's yellow eyes, and speaking round her thumb, which she had put between her lips, "I guess they'd better play *snow*-balls in winter, and go a-chestnutting in *autun*, and sea-bathing in summer, and —"

The owl broke into a real laugh at this; but suddenly checked himself, drew himself up indignantly, and looking over Trotty's head, exclaimed:

"All my old philosophers go sea-bathing, for-sooth!"

Just then she heard a deep-toned bell ringing good-naturedly down-stairs, and soon some one came calling through the entry—

"Trot! Trot! where have you gone? Dinner is ready."

How Trot ran! Dinah got a flap on every corner they passed; but then she was always contented with whatever happened, and appeared in the entry with as smiling a face as her new mamma.

There was Trotty's mamma, too, laughing at her black basket of a bonnet. All at once her brother Hal stood by her side, and she half believed she had seen him come out of the garret door.

"Well, Miss Derridown," gasped he, quite out of breath, "how do you like the Philosophers' Bird?" and he doubled himself up and went tumbling down-stairs. When he was a great way off, Trotty heard such a shout of merriment! She does not understand what it all means even yet.

LISTENING.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.



I HAVE heard—I don't know whether
Wide awake or fast asleep—
That the stars once sang together
To some shepherds tending sheep.

So, at night, when they are glistening;
Just before I close my eyes,
I look up, and keep a-listening
For the music from the skies.

And the stars shine out so brightly,
That I cannot think but they,
While I listen to them nightly,
Will repeat the heavenly lay.

A QUEEN, AND NOT A QUEEN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A LONG time,—more than seven hundred years ago, and three centuries at least before Columbus discovered America,—there was born in England a little girl to whom they gave the name of Matilda. This little girl belonged to a very high family indeed, as you will think when I tell you who her relations were. For grandpapa, she had William, the great Duke of Normandy, called "The Conqueror," because he invaded England and conquered it. Her father was the king, Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, because he was so good a scholar, though I rather fancy our high-school boys could beat his learning without trouble. Matilda's mother, known to history as "Maud the Good," was descended from Harold, the last of the Saxon kings. Maud the Good was not a very happy Maud. When she was a young girl, they put her into a convent, and there she hoped to spend her life, tending flowers, and telling her beads with the

gentle nuns. But one day, came to the convent King Henry, to order her to put aside her veil and become his wife,—an order not easy to disobey, because in those days kings were very powerful. People hoped that by thus uniting the royal race of the Saxons with the conquering Norman race, an end would be put to the many feuds and quarrels which made the kingdom restless and unhappy. So Maud, with a sigh, left the peaceful retreat, and married King Henry. She had a little son and a little daughter, the Princess Matilda; but she was not happy, and died young, feeling, the old chronicles tell us, that her sacrifice had been in vain, and England was no better off than if she had stayed in the convent.

For in those days England was a sad place enough; even a poet would never have dared to call it "merry" then. Everywhere was confusion of rulers and of languages. The tongue we call

English was not yet in being, and people spoke Celtic, Cymric, Gaelic, Saxon, or French,—according to the race they belonged to, and the part of the country in which they lived. All the materials for the England of to-day were there, but they were in separate parcels, so to speak, and only time could mix and blend them. The Saxons fought the Normans; the Normans robbed, imprisoned, and tortured everybody they could lay hold of who had property of any kind. Everywhere—no matter which party governed—the poor were ill-treated and pillaged. Multitudes fled across the sea to other lands, and “so general was the discouragement of the people, that whenever two or three horsemen only were seen approaching a village or open burgh, all the inhabitants fled to conceal themselves. So extreme were their sufferings, that their complaints amounted to impiety; for, seeing all these crimes and atrocities going on without check or visible rebuke, men said openly that Christ and His saints had fallen asleep.” It is hard, indeed, to realize that the rich, powerful England of to-day can ever have been so miserable.

When little Matilda was five years old, she was married to the Emperor of Germany. A fleet of vessels sailed with the baby bride to her new home, and there was a splendid show in London in honor of her departure. But the people, who had to pay for the show, did not enjoy it much; and, later, when Matilda was a woman grown, they remembered against her the heavy taxes of that wedding-time.

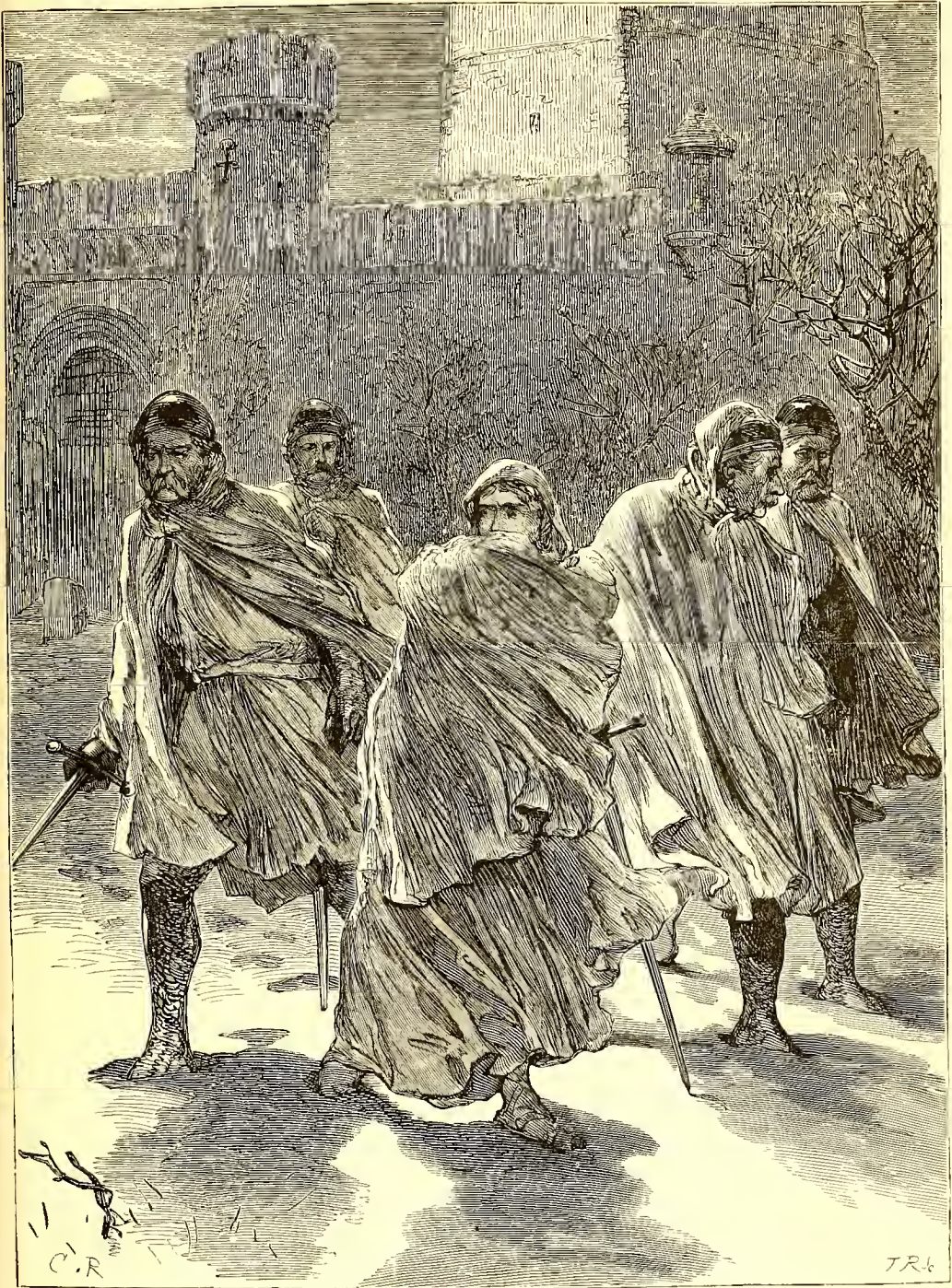
Not long after, a sad thing happened. Matilda's brother, a young man of eighteen, went over to Normandy with his father, and, coming back in a vessel named the “White Ship” was drowned with all his companions, only one surviving to tell the tale. None of the courtiers dared to carry the news to the king. So they sent in a little boy, almost a baby, who, when he saw the king, knelt at his feet, and began to cry. The king asked the child what was the matter, and the little fellow sobbed out that the “White Ship” was sunk and the prince drowned. It is said that King Henry never was seen to smile after that day. Mrs. Hemans wrote some pretty verses on the subject, which some of you have perhaps seen:

“He sat where mirth and jest went round;
He bade the minstrel sing.
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amid the gallant ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Mingled with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep,
He never smiled again.”

The little Empress Matilda was now the only child left to the king, and his heart was set in bequeathing to her the crown of England. Before

his death, in 1128, he called the nobles of the kingdom together, and made them swear allegiance to her as queen. The emperor, Matilda's husband, had died before this, and Matilda was married again to the French Earl of Anjou. After her father's death she came to England and was crowned at Winchester. Daughter thus of one king, mother, as she afterward became, of another, empress by marriage, and Sovereign of England in her own right, you will wonder that I have called Matilda “no queen.” I will tell you why I did so. It was because all her life long she never learned to reign over herself, which for man or woman is the highest and most necessary form of government. Solomon says: “He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city;” and Solomon, as you know, was a king, and understood what becomes crowned people as well as those who are not crowned.

All her life long,—whether as princess, empress, or queen.—Matilda showed herself vain, passionate, vindictive, hasty, arrogant, and inconsiderate of other people. She had none of the womanly tact which often subdues prejudice and conquers influence. She was brave in time of danger, strong of body, firm-willed, and fearless; but these are rather a man's qualities than a woman's. Patience and sweetness she had none. Her haughty manners and cruel speeches offended friends as well as foes. Those who at first were ready to give all for her service, became afterward her bitterest enemies. She exasperated the common people by imposing heavy taxes and making oppressive laws, just when she should have conciliated and soothed them. England had never been ruled by a woman before. Both the nobles and the people disliked the idea of a queen, and Matilda did nothing to make her sex popular. She was ungenerous also. Her cousin, and rival, Stephen, who afterward became king in her stead, once surprised and captured her in Arundel Castle, and instead of detaining, courteously let her go, and even furnished her with an escort to her friends. Later, she in her turn captured Stephen; but, far from remembering his kind treatment and reciprocating it, she loaded him with chains and threw him into the dungeon of Bristol Castle. His wife, a princess of great beauty and excellence, came to beg his release, and Matilda received her in the rudest manner, heaped insulting words upon her, and finally dismissed her harshly, while the poor princess wept and pleaded in vain. A little longer, and it was again Stephen's turn. He made his escape from Bristol, gained one battle after another, and pursued Matilda so hotly, that more than once she slipped through his fingers almost as by a miracle. These escapes of Queen Matilda are celebrated in history. Whole volumes



QUEEN MATILDA'S FLIGHT FROM OXFORD.

of romances might be written about them, so strange and picturesque and astonishing are they.

Once, when the citizens of London rose suddenly against her, she got off by jumping on her horse and galloping out of the city only five minutes before the gates of her palace were battered down. Another time she fled from Gloucester in the same way, the Earl of Gloucester and a few gallant knights remaining behind to keep the pursuers at bay. Again it is said she feigned death, and was carried in a hearse with a long train of mourners all the way from Gloucester to Devizes. But, most romantic of all, and most adventurous, was her escape from Oxford, as shown in the illustration to this article.

Oxford boasted a strong castle in those days. Into this the empress-queen had thrown herself, and for three months had defended it bravely. Then provisions gave out, and no hope was left but flight. But how to fly? Stephen's army lay on every side like cats round a mouse-hole. Every avenue of escape was guarded, and sleepless eyes watched day and night that no one should pass in or out of the fortress.

It was in this extremity that an unexpected ally came to the rescue of Queen Matilda. This ally was no other than that doer of good turns, Jack Frost. One December night he went silently down, laid a cold hard floor across the River Thames, wrapped all the world in fleecy snow, and then, flying to the castle windows, tapped with his crackling icy knuckles, whistled, sang, and made many sorts of odd noises, as much as to say, "All is ready, come out and take a walk." Matilda heard, and a bright plan popped into her daring head. She called four trusty knights, bade them wrap themselves in white, put on herself a white dress and cloak, covered her black hair with a white hood,

and, like spirits, all five set forth on foot. Their steps made no sound as they crept along, and their white figures cast hardly a shadow on the whiter snow.

Through the besieging camp they crept, and across the frozen river. No sentinel spied them; not even a dog barked. If any lonely peasant waked up and caught a glimpse of the dim shapes gliding by, he probably took them for ghosts, and hid his head under the bedclothes again as fast as possible. So, sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback, but always unpursued and in safety, the fugitives sped on, and reached Wallingford, where Matilda's army lay, and were secure.

For a few years longer the struggle lasted; then, all hope over, Matilda fled across the channel to Normandy. Her brief queenship was ended, and she never came back to reign in England, though in later years her son Henry II. became one of its greatest monarchs. We don't know much about Matilda's old age, but I cannot fancy that it was a pleasant one. I imagine that she must have been a disagreeable old lady, querulous, and exacting. The girl makes the woman, you know; youth lays the foundation for after years, and what we sow we reap. Matilda sowed pride, anger, selfishness, and hard words, and her crop came up duly as crops will. She could rule neither herself nor others, and it is not wonderful that England refused to be ruled by her. I wont draw any moral from her story, for I know you will skip it, as I always did with morals when I was a little girl. Besides, you are bright enough to see the meanings of things, and make out their lessons without help, and do not need me to say in so many words that—

"Trust me dears, good-humor will prevail
When airs and flights, and screams and scoldings fail."

BENITA.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

WHEN the summer morning in the sky
Opens like a blossom, pink and pearly,
With the bee, and with the butterfly,
And with the bonny birds that sing so early,
Little blue-eyed, yellow-haired Benita
Trips along the shady woodland ways:
Kiss the little maiden kindly, if you meet her—
She deserves your kisses and your praise.

'T is a lonely path the little willing feet
In the early morning have to follow,
To the spring that bubbles, clearly cold and sweet,
Down amongst the mosses in the hollow.
Still behind the trees the shadows darken,
Chill her baby-bosom with a sudden dread;
Timidly she looks about to hearken,
Fancying she hears a wild beast's tread!

Where its silver web the spider weaves,
 Silver drops like fairy jewels twinkle ;
 Pushing back the tangle of the leaves,
 Face and hands get many a showery sprinkle.
 But she does not stop, the little kind Benita,
 For her coaties draggled and her dripping shoe ;
 Only trips along with steps the flecter,
 Smiling at the pretty sparkles of the dew.

Cool and sweet it bubbles in the spring—
 Oh, be sure the loving little sister
 Hurries back, the healing draught to bring,
 Long before the baby can have missed her.
 By and by will come a mournful morrow
 When she need not rise before the sun ;
 Then it will be comfort in her sorrow
 That she never left this task undone.



“TIMIDLY SHE LOOKS ABOUT TO HEARKEN.”

In its cradle-bed, not yet awake,
 Lies the baby-sister, wan and sickly ;
 Every single morning, for her sake,
 Goes Benita through the woods so quickly.
 For the peevish lips are parched with fever,
 The little pale face is a piteous sight,
 And the water has no coolness to relieve her
 That the mother sets beside her bed at night.

Grief is sorest when it brings to mind
 Bitter memories for heart's regretting,
 Times when we were selfish or unkind,
 Times when all the wrong was in forgetting.
 Like the little loving child Benita,
 Let us do our duty every day ;
 Gladness then will certainly be sweeter,
 Sorrow will the sooner pass away.



STORY OF A "TOLERBUL" BAD BOY.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

MARLBOROUGH COLEMAN sat tying his shoes. They were heavy brogans, and the strings were trips of leather, greased and waxed. It was well they had strength, or they could not have borne the twitching and jerking they received at the hands of the impatient, angry lad. His face was flushed and scowling. This was a pity, for the face was a handsome one when the humor was good.

While he was yet about his shoes, his little sister Sukey entered the room with eager haste, her blue checked apron gathered in her hand. She wanted to show him some beauties of chestnuts her black friend Barbary Allen had given her.

"Oh, Marley! do see ——"

Marley interrupted her savagely:

"Don't come oh Marleying me! I'm mad!"

"Oh, Marley! what're you ——"

"I told you not to 'oh Marley' me. Come here botherin' me, when I'm already bothered to death!"

"Aunt Silvy!" Sukey called to the negro woman who was beating a pile of dried beans on a sheet spread in the passage. "Aunt Silvy, come in to Marley; he wants somebody; he's bothered."

"It's so blamed mean," the boy said.

"Hesh, Mahs'r Mauley! Yer mus' n't sw'ar. T aint right, kase it's wicket." And, with this philosophical remark, Aunt Silvy seated herself on the second step of the stairs, leading from the room to the attic chamber above.

"I don't care what I do," Marley answered.

"It's enough to make an angel swear, or commit murder, or cut his own throat. Pa'll disgrace me forever. But I wont! I wont! I wont!"

"Law, Mahs'r Mauley! what ails yer, honey? Looks like yer wants ter chaw up dis whole plantation. Neber seed nobody so mad sence I was cawn. What is it yer wont, yer wont, yer wont?"

"I wont tote a bag of corn to mill on ole black Betts,—lean, lank, gaunt, mangy old mule."

"I would n't nuther ef I was you, honey; show's yer bawn I would n't. Sakes alive! what would ole mistiss do ef she was ter look down from de New Jeerusalem an' see her gran'son totin' ter mill, straddle a sack uv cawn, like a missibul nigger? She'd feel mighty cheap; neber could hole her head up agin 'fore Sain' Paul an' Sain' Maffer, an' Pilgum Progress, an' her udder soshates up dar. 'Sides dat, yer'd dusgrace you' granpaw, too. Law! we all neber had no sich puffaumances at you' granpaw Thompson's. Takes a Coleman to do sich things. A genulmon ridin' a meal-bag to

mill! I'd a heap ruther do it myse'f den hab ole mistisse's granchile do it."

At the picture of Aunt Silvy's portly figure seated on a sack of corn on a trotting mule, Sukey laughed and ran away to tell mamma.

Aunt Silvy had belonged to the wealthy Thompson family, and when Elizabeth Thompson married Mr. Coleman, Marlborough's father, against her father's wishes, he had given her the slave Silvy, and forbidden her his house. Mr. Coleman was a vulgar man, with little means, whom Aunt Silvy held in supreme disdain. The Coleman children she tolerated because of the Thompson blood in their veins.

"But I reckon you' paw," Aunt Silvy continued, "can't spaw none de han's from de cotton-pickin' to tote dat cawn ter mill. We all wont git de cotton pick 'fore Christmas, ef we don't hurry; an' ef we all don't git it picked, we poor black folks can't hab no Christmas. Mahs'r alays makes us pick cotton all Christmas-day ef 't aint all in de gin-house 'fore dat. Neber had no sich puffaumances es dese at you' granpaw Thompson's. But, law! de Thompsons is a deffrunt breed uv white folks from de Colemanans—show's yer bawn dey is."

"I've heard you say that a million times," Marley said, petulantly.

"Kase it's de troof," retorted Silvy. "I neber knowed no cotton-pickin' gwyne on at ole Mahs'r Thompson's Christmas-day. But law! de Thompson cotton uster be all pick by Christmas, an' ginned, an' baled, an' sold, an' de money ready fer de Christmas-gif's. De Thompson black folks wus smaut. Dey wus a deffrunt breed uv black folks. Dese Coleman niggers aint wuf shucks; but de Thompson cotton wus easier ter pick den de Coleman cotton; come outen de bolls heap easier; it wus a deffrunt breed uv cotton den dis missibul Coleman stuff. Ole mahs'r's plantation was a heap richer 'n dis yere Coleman faum; it wus a deffrunt breed uv sile. Law, a heap uv things wus deffrunt; de hosses, an' bacon, an' hom'ny, an' de cawn bread."

"Well, I want some clean socks an' a clean shirt. Ef I hang myself before I get to mill, I want to be found with some clean clothes on."

Marlborough said this in a light, laughing tone, which pleased Aunt Silvy, as indicating an improved humor; but she little dreamed of the plan the boy was meditating.

"Well, lem me see now. Whar'did I put you'

tuther shirt an' socks de las' time I wash um? I mos' fawgits what I done wid um. Reckon I puts um in one dese yere sideboa'd drawers."

Aunt Silvy crossed the room, and, with her strong hand, stirred up the contents of said drawers, much after the fashion in which she beat up her batter-bread.

"Aint yere," she announced at the conclusion of her search. "Reckons I hung um on dem dar nails hine de door," and she entered upon a remarkable rooting among the coats, and pants, and hats, and aprons, and towels, and baskets, and sun-bonnets, and petticoats, which thronged the said nails; but among the throng, Marley's shirt and socks were not.

"Whar did I put dem cloze uv yourn? Can't fine um high an' low. I jis warren dat dar goodfer-nuffin, regen'rate, jaller-eyed Jim hes wore dem dar cloze off, er-tote, dem cotton bales ter Memphis."

This was Aunt Silvy's next conjecture in solution of the problem.

Jim was her son, some seventeen years old. He had gone to the Memphis market with six bales of cotton. Memphis was seventy miles distant, and a cotton bale weighs usually three hundred pounds. But do not infer from Aunt Silvy's remark about his toting cotton bales to Memphis that Jim was anything of a Hercules. The word "tote" with Aunt Silvy was a somewhat indefinite term, as you might have surmised at learning that Jim had the assistance of a wagon and six mules in getting those six bales of cotton to the Memphis market.

"Don't reckon," continued Aunt Silvy, "he wore um off nuther; b'lieve I put um on dis yere mandul-piece."

Candlestick, snuffers, baskets, knitting-work, sewing, dress-patterns, hanks of yarn, hymn-book, Bible, etc., etc., were moved off the chimney-shelf to a chair, and left there, by the way, for ten days afterward.

"I reckons dat regen'rate Jim is got um on arter all," said Aunt Silvy, when this last search had proved fruitless.

Marley all this time had been looking from the window in a meditative way, seemingly unconscious of Aunt Silvy's movements. Now he said:

"Jim could n't get into my shirt an' socks. Hurry an' find them. If I've got to tote that corn to mill, I want to go an' be done with it. It'll take me all day to do the job. Bring along the socks and shirt. Hurry!"

"Law, Mahs'r Mauley, yer's so unpatient! Ye don't gim me no time ter 'member whar dem cloze is. I mos' 'membered jis now, but yer dun gone made me fawgit. B'lieve in my soul I laid um in de big chis, top' uv de goober-peas. No, I don't

reckon I did nuther; reckons I put um in de litt red chis. I mos' al'ays does put um in dar. Wa tell I looks. Law! now I 'members all 'bout i What a ole black goose I is! I put dem cloze i de pawler on de sofy; ougter looked dar in de fu place, kase I mos' al'ays put um on de sofy. Y see, I knowed nobody would n't come to see u 'kase it's so cole; 'sides, nobody neber com scacely."

"No wonder they don't," Marley said. "Pa digraces us all; makes me pick cotton, and go t mill. All the neighbors think themselves above u There aint a girl in the neighborhood that want me for a sweetheart, an' they aint a boy that want Sukey. Now, las' Sunday, at church, 'fore th meetin' begun, you know, I rolled a May-appl 'cross the floor to Mandy Bradshaw,—the pretties kind of one. She looked at it a minute, then se up straight as a crock with her chin in the air, ar looked like she would n't tech that mandrake-appl with a forty-foot pole. Then, pretty soon, Willi Harnston he rolled her one, an' mine was a hea better, an' she pitched after it like she was goin' t break her neck. An' she smelt it, and rolled it i her hands, an' patted it, an' kissed it, an' tied it u in her handkerchief, an' loafed roun' with it a sorts of ways, all through meetin'. An' I 'm bette lookin' than Bill Harnston the best day he eve saw. Folks think we aint any first family."

"I'll let um know better!" Silvy said, panting and the perspiration starting. "De Thompsons i de bery fustis family. Neber was no sich puffick lady in dese pauts ez you' gran'ma Thompson, an you' maw is a tolerbul puffick lady yit, dough her' been 'gwyne ter wrack an' ruin eber sense he married inter dis Coleman family. I tole Mis Lizbeth so, but her jis wouldorry you' paw, an dat's jis what 's de matter. Laws! I was so shame uv her, 'cause we wus boff young ladies togedder I aint neber helt my head up ez high sence."

"Well, you hold it tolerbul high yet. You walk into church like you owned the meetin'-house an all the congregation and the circuit-rider to boot."

"Law, honey, you ougter seed ole mistiss, you granmaw Thompson, walk inter church! My stars!"

"Well, go 'long, Aunt Silvy. I've heard enough about my grandma," Marley said. "I'll never get dressed."

"Law, honey, aint I gwyne? I's been gwyne ter go dis eber so long, but yer kep talkin'. 'Taint manners to go while company's talkin'. I reckon yer better go on ter mill peaceable, 'cause it's righ ter do you' duty. But when yer gits back, come roun' ter Aunt Silvy's cabin; may be she'll hab sumpin good for yer."

"Of course you will; you've always got some

thing good," Marley said as he shut the door on her retreating figure.

A half-hour later, Marlborough, seated on a sack of corn, was mounted on black Betts, jogging along the mill road, with a manner apparently docile. But ceaselessly his heart was saying, "I wont! I wont! I wont do nigger's work!"

You understand how it was. Marlborough lived in a section where labor was held to be disreputable. It was not, then, the fatigue, or any other physical discomfort that formed the basis of his objection to the mill-going. There was not the bodily hardship connected with it that pertained to the 'possum-hunt, or a 'coon-hunt by moonlight, or to half-day's fishing, or to a dozen things in which Marley found exceeding enjoyment. He was fearing what people would think and say. And his father was not superior to a like feeling. He would have been glad to have it thought at the neighboring plantations that his son did not work. There was a perpetual conflict between this false pride and his avarice—his desire to overtake his neighbors in the road to riches. He was a small planter and a vulgar man; nay, worse than vulgar. Think of a father sending his son to the cotton-field, and ordering him to hide behind his hamper pick-basket, or among the thick cotton-stalks, if any neighbor or stranger should chance to pass!

On this occasion, when he was sending Marlborough to mill, it was with instructions to avoid the big road, and keep to an obscure way where there would be less risk of encountering members of rich planters' families.

Marlborough was now traveling this obscure way, keeping his eye strained ahead and his hearing strained back, that no one might come upon him unawares. It was a lonely road, little traveled, worn by the heavy rains, unrepaired, and impassable to wheels. He felt tolerably secure against encountering any one. But he was determined that at the sight of a human being, he'd leave the road and take to the woods; run away, perhaps, and never come back; he'd go away up North, where people could work without being disgraced.

He had been on the road some twenty minutes only, when he heard hoofs behind him. Pulling his hat quickly over his eyes to guard against being recognized, he turned his head over his shoulder, and himself on the bag, and discovered General Bradshaw and his daughter Mandy, the young lady who had disdained the mandrake-apple rolled across the church floor to her. Marlborough did not think twice. With both heels he thumped black Betts' sides, and dashed into the woods.

Burning with the revived memory of the slight Mandy Bradshaw had put upon him, Marlborough pressed on and on, heedless of the briars and tan-

gles that pierced and tore him. He got on rapidly, for it was all familiar ground, making toward the creek. Bravely old Betts beat through the thick growth of cane and green-briar, of willow and of holly gleaming with its scarlet berries. At length Marlborough descried the broad creek. He plunged into it, and turned the mule's head down-stream, for the creek must run toward the river, and by the river he must escape; for at this time he had made up his mind to run away for good. The day was now so advanced that he knew he could not go to mill and back; for all this time he had been going away from the mill. He knew, too, if he should return home without the meal, his father would cowhide him. Altogether, it was a very bad affair.

As far as possible Marlborough kept to the shallow waters, but they nevertheless often rose about the mule's flanks, obliging the boy to climb to the corn-sack, and cling with hands and knees, squirrel-like. Again, the faithful animal became entangled in submerged brush, and floundered in a fearful way. On one such occasion, the sack went to the bottom of the stream.

In time, he came to the trunk of a tree, completely spanning the creek. After some moments of consideration, he concluded that this was an advisable point for loosing his mule, for he had decided that it would but serve to draw attention to him. He accordingly rode to the farther bank and dismounted on a log, leaving the mule in the water. Then he gave the creature the rein, and stood watching his last friend turn the back on him. It needed but a moment for the loosed animal to make the other shore. Like a deer she climbed the bank, shook her wet flanks, and then started for the home which the boy was deserting. Tears came into Marlborough's eyes. He thought of little Sukey, and his mother, who had ever tried to stand between him and his father's hardness; of Aunt Silvy, who always had "sumpin good" for him stored away at her cabin. Now he was alone in the wide world.

He stooped over the creek for a drink, dipping the water with his hand. That he might leave no tracks, he caught a piece of wood which had drifted against the trunk, fallen across the stream, threw it out on the bank, and walked to its end. Then he leaped up, and, clasping an overhanging branch, swung himself into a tree. This was one of a thicket. He passed from one tree-top to another, leaping and swinging like a squirrel. Reaching a place where the leaves lay thick on the ground, and where there was no mire to retain his foot-prints, he sid to the ground, and pursued his way, following the creek. Now and then he climbed a tree for some late grapes the foxes had spared,

or for the scattered persimmons, shriveled with frost, but very sweet. About noon he came upon a hazel-patch, where he secured quite a harvest of nuts. On these he made his dinner, cracking them between his strong teeth as he walked on and on through thickets and brambles. The day was warm and bright, although it was late in the year; but in the dismal shades of this bottom, the air had a mean, snaky chill that crept up and down his back, and made him ask what he could do when night should come.

The afternoon wore away as he was still following

down her beams through the stripped boughs of the wood. Tired as he was, he determined to pursue his journey. On he walked, stopping occasionally for a rest. There were frequent startling noises that made his heart beat fast; but he encountered nothing alarming until about midnight, as he judged the hour by the moon. He was emerging from a thicket, whose passage had engaged all his energies, and was about to sink down for a moment's rest, when he caught through the trees a sight that startled him as the foot-print startled Robinson Crusoe. It was the glimmer of a light. A light in those



MARLEY AND OLD BETTS IN THE CREEK.

the stream that was to lead him to the great river and to freedom. The black night closed around him, and he was alone in the strange, gloomy forest. He was too weary to feel alarm; the chill air made him tremble; he lay down on the damp ground, his back to a huge cypress-trunk, and his thought with his warm bed in the attic at home. In spite of the cold and strangeness, he fell into an uneasy sleep, which was haunted by boisterous interviews with his father. He woke shortly with a cry that sent a night-bird fluttering through the branches. He was numb and stiff, and very wretched. The moon had risen, and was sifting

dreary woods! It meant that some human being was near. Much as he dreaded the lonely shades, and the cold, and the strange noises, he dreaded yet more the sight of man. Alas for him who must hide from the face of his fellows! Perhaps this light meant that he was in the very clutches of pursuers whom his father had sent out for his capture; or it might be that he had come upon the haunt of a runaway negro. He determined to ascertain, if possible, what his danger was. Cautiously he advanced in a circuit on the light, keeping it between him and the creek, that he might have an open chance for flight, should it become necessary.

He was not long in attaining a point from which his eye commanded a view of the light, and of a limited open space about it. There, clearly defined, was the figure of a man—a negro man—poking and tending the fire. Marley saw him laying something on the coals, and soon there were borne to the hungry boy the savory odors of broiled bacon. How his mouth watered! How he longed to put his shivering back to the glowing fire! How comfortable things did look there! How he did envy that poor fugitive negro! How would it do, he asked mentally, to reveal himself to the black, and make common cause with him against man and bloodhounds?

But he did not yet feel reduced to extremity. With many a lingering look at the cheerful light, it passed on, and soon it was lost to his vision. The moon was his friend during the night, not setting till the dawn of day. By this time Marlborough was foot-sore and faint, almost dead, as he verily believed; but he staggered on till the sun came up strong and bright. Then he gathered some armfuls of the dryest leaves to be found, and made a bed, which seemed very soft to his weary limbs. He might have slept in his comfortable nest all day had not the pangs of hunger waked him. Nuts, persimmons, and grapes, these were the only edibles the stripped woods afforded him, and these were scant and difficult to find. To-day was hog-killing time at home. Thoughts of spare-ribs, and sausages, and pigs' feet, and livers, and kidneys, and pigs' tails, haunted him. Even the disreputable chitterlings in which the poorly-fed negroes indulged appeared to his thought as tempting dainties; and the crisp "cracklings,"—he felt as if he could eat a big kettleful of them. A dozen of them would have bought his birthright, or his anything else. He made a mental inventory of Aunt Silvy's good things,—hominy, sweet-potato biscuit, pumpkin bread, corn-dodgers. Back and forth they all passed through his thought, tantalizing the famished stomach till it felt desperate. He kept himself on the keen watch for any chance food. He saw a squirrel run out from a hollow trunk. Perhaps that was Bunny's storehouse. He hastened eagerly to investigate. Alas for your industry and providence, poor squirrel! The boy's hungry eyes have discovered your hoarded wealth.

A 'possum waddled on its short legs up a winter huckleberry-tree, whose bright little berries sparkled in the sunshine like points of jet. It ran out on a low side branch in pursuit of some stray berries; but the limb bent beneath its fat proportions, and it lay quite still, hugging the swaying branch. Seizing a long stick, Marlborough administered some sturdy blows which brought the 'possum to

the ground with a heavy thud, where it lay curled up with eyes shut, playing dead, as 'possums will. A few more good strokes, and the poor 'possum's play became reality. Marlborough slung it across his shoulder; he scarcely knew why, for he could hardly hope for a chance of cooking it. He trudged on as rapidly as possible. In the afternoon, clouds began to gather, and the air grew cold and searching. It became very dark; the vision could not penetrate one inch ahead. For a few moments, the boy groped his way with outstretched hands. Encountering a tree, at length, he seated himself at its base, and fell into an uncomfortable doze. When he woke, it was to find that the clouds were broken, and the light of the risen moon was struggling through the rifts. Inspired by this, he resumed his journey. A few hours more of travel brought him to a coal-kiln.

The coal-kiln constitutes one of the chief mines from which the slave derives his pocket-money. The green wood is cut and laid in ranks, covered with earth, then fired, and allowed to burn slowly. This makes charcoal, which is sold to the blacksmiths.

At the kiln, Marlborough warmed his chilled limbs. Then he determined upon a midnight feast of barbecued 'possum. With his pocket-knife he dressed the game, or undressed it, as Aunt Silvy always insisted the process should be characterized. Then he dug a hole in the ground, floored it with coals, and suspended the animal over the glowing surface. In due time the cooking was accomplished, and Marlborough ate and ate until he was tired of 'possum. Yet he tied in his handkerchief the remnants of his feast, hung it on his arm, and renewed his journey, it being by this time morning. He still followed the creek, seeing no one but a negro man at a distance, busily engaged in fishing. In about twenty minutes he reached a rail fence inclosing a cotton-field. As he was deliberating his farther course, Marley heard footsteps, and, by the path that followed the fence, he saw a negro man approaching. There was no chance to escape observation, so Marlborough put on a bold face, and advanced to meet the negro, who was evidently the man he had seen fishing.

"Good-day, mahs'r," said the man, lifting his cap.

"Howdy, uncle!" returned Marley. "I believe I'm turned round, so I don't know my way to the road. How far is it to the road?"

"Which road you arter, massa? De Turnpike or de Buzzard-Roos' Road?"

"Which is the best?" asked Marley, feeling his way.

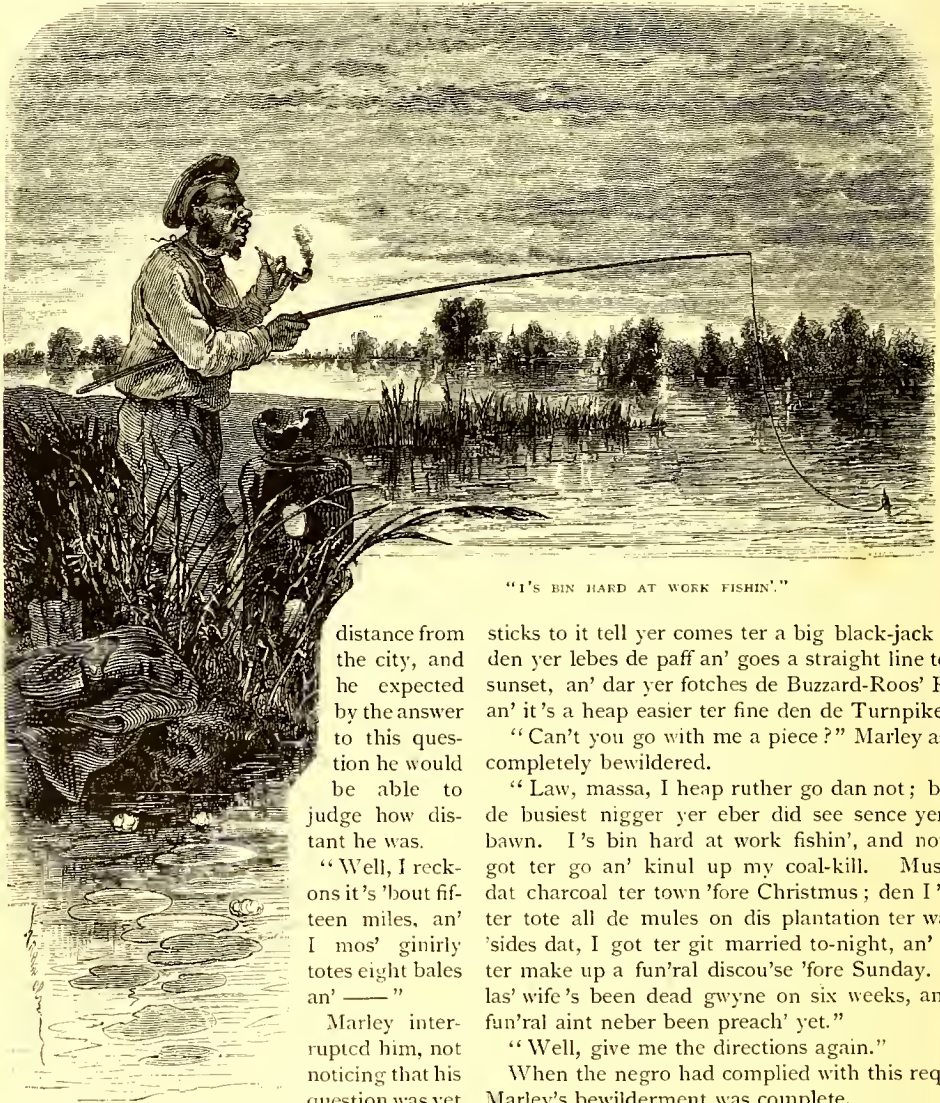
"Boff roads is tolerbul missible, specially dat Buzzard-Roos' Road, all cut up wid cotton-wagins;

but I reckons, arter all, de Buzzard-Roos' Road is pefferbulest. I went de Turnpike de las' time I tuck a load er cotton, an' it look like sometimes when a wagin got stuck in one dem mud-holes dat it gwyne ter take a string uv mules a mile long to fotch her, an' den dey would n't fotch her."

"How long does it take you to make the trip with a cotton load?" Marley asked.

He was satisfied that he was now at no great

fer a quarter of a mile; may be a little fudder,— 'bout a mile an' half, I reckons. Den yer takes crosst de field; den yer sees a big pussimmons-tree dat aint got no pussimmons on ter it, dough dar's a squerl nes' in it. Go a little way to'a'ds dat tree; den keeps on a little fudder, and dar yer fines a paff; yer don't take dat paff; yer keeps on ag'in tolerbul fer; den ycr turns to de lef', an' dar yer fines anudder paff. Dat las' paff yer takes, an' yer



"I'S BIN HARD AT WORK FISHIN'."

distance from the city, and he expected by the answer to this question he would be able to judge how distant he was.

"Well, I reckons it's 'bout fifteen miles, an' I mos' ginirly totes eight bales an' —"

Marley interrupted him, not noticing that his question was yet

unanswered, since he had obtained the information he desired.

"Can you tell me how to get to the road?"

"To be sartain I kin. Yer jis follows dis fence

sticks to it tell yer comes ter a big black-jack tree; den yer lebes de paff an' goes a straight line to'a'ds sunset, an' dar yer foches de Buzzard-Roos' Road, an' it's a heap easier ter fine den de Turnpike."

"Can't you go with me a piece?" Marley asked, completely bewildered.

"Law, massa, I heap ruther go dan not; but I's de busiest nigger yer eber did see sence yer wus bawn. I's bin hard at work fishin', and now I's got ter go an' kinul up my coal-kill. Mus' get dat charcoal ter town 'fore Christmas; den I's got ter tote all de mules on dis plantation ter water; 'sides dat, I got ter git married to-night, an' I got ter make up a fun'ral discou'se 'fore Sunday. My las' wife's been dead gwyne on six weeks, an' he fun'ral aint neber been preach' yet."

"Well, give me the directions again."

When the negro had complied with this request, Marley's bewilderment was complete.

He, however, after a tedious walk, reached the Buzzard-Roost Road, as a friendly sign-board announced. He experienced some quaking as he came upon the busy ground. Before and behind,

as far as the eye could reach, were two lines of wagons to the right and to the left. One line loaded with cotton was moving toward the market, the other wagons were homeward bound with groceries for the plantations. He was apprehensive that among those hundreds of negro teamsters, there might be some neighbor's slave to whom his face was familiar; and his apprehensions were well founded. At the neighborhood church, the planters' families, including the slaves, were wont to assemble. As the whites were so greatly in the minority, almost every one was known to hundreds of negroes whom he did not recognize.

Marley was debating the advisableness of taking to the woods again, when the thought flashed through him that Jim himself.—Aunt Silvy's Jim,—with wagon and mules, was somewhere on this very road. His father always sent the cotton by the Buzzard-Roost Road, though five miles farther than by the Turnpike, to save tollage. Marley kept along the road, calculating the probabilities of meeting his father's team, with a fascinated desire to get sight of it without being himself seen.

Before long, he became interested in watching the efforts of a group of negroes to extricate a stalled wagon from a mud-hole. Mules from other wagons had been hitched to this unfortunate one until there were ten. Three negro teamsters, with long, heavy whips, cracking and lashing, were haranguing the ten brutes with such a volley of gees, haws, whoas, get-ups, etc., as would have bewildered the very clearest head under those long ears. Three other negroes, with fence-rails as levers, were prying at the front wheels of the wagon, which were almost lost in the mire.

"Now, all togedder, boys!" cried one of these negroes. "Heave to! Hurray! Her budged jis now. Whip up dem mules dar, an' we'll fotch her."

The mules strained and plunged, but yet the wagon stuck.

"You all stop dat dar larrypin dem dar mules," bawled an outsider. "Don't yer see he's a-comin', an' fotchin ole Boss? Jis put dat mule in de lead, an' he'll tote you all outen dat dar heap sooner'n yer kin say Jack Roberson."

Marley's heart leaped to his mouth. Boss! That was the name of a Coleman mule! He had named it himself, because it would work only in the lead, and there like a hero.

"Tote 'long dat mule, Jim," called the negro.

Jim! Marley stood for a moment, too confounded to think out a course of action. A kind of fascination kept him there, straining his eyes for a sight of Jim. There, sure enough, he was, the identical Jim with "yaller eyes."

A sight of the familiar face acted on Marley like

a shake to a night-walker; it brought back his senses. He dived behind a neighboring wagon, for the whole line of teams was waiting on the stalled vehicle. But he was too late; he was sure of it; he had seen the "yaller eyes" looking straight into his face.

The negro, remembering that things were unpleasant for Marlborough at home, immediately conjectured that the young master had run away, as he had often threatened. He gave old Boss up to his task of totin' the stalled wagon out of the mire, and went over to where a pair of legs under the wagon-body betrayed Marley's whereabouts.

The boy heard a footstep beside him, turned, and with a great heart-throb saw Jim's face close beside his own. Would Jim tie him up and carry him back home? Would he tell everybody that was Mahs'r Marley, and that he was a runaway? Or would Jim befriend him and help him forward?

"What yere doin' yere, Mahs'r Marley?" Jim asked in a low, confidential tone. "Is yer bruck traces?"

"Yes," said Marley; and then he told Jim all about it.

"Yer looks a heap older dan when I lef' home," Jim said. "Come 'long to de wagon an' git sumpin ter eat."

Marlborough was much comforted in having a friend with whom to talk over his troubles, and to advise with.

"I don't see what yer gwyne ter do 'less yer hab some money," said Jim.

"If I only did have some!" Marley replied. Then he looked at Jim steadfastly, as though taking his measure. It was true—the boy had grown old. Three days before, he could n't have spoken this:

"Say, Jim, suppose you go 'long with me. I'll sell the mules an' wagon, an' we'll get on a boat, an' go 'way off, up North somewhere. Then we'll both be free. I'm a slave at home as much as you are."

"I'll tell yer what, Mahs'r Marley. I made up my min' long time 'go, 'bout runnin' 'way, an' gwyne up Norf. I aint neber gwyne ter do it, kase for why, a nigger don't hab no standin' up dar, an' no 'ciety. Dey aint no niggers scacely, an' de white folks don't soshate wid um, an' it's mighty lonesome. Den, in de nex' place, it's so cole up dar. Now dar's Patrick's Sam, he runn'd 'way an' went to Canady. Den he come back ter somewhars, an' got cotched, an' wus fotchted back to his master. Yer jis oughter hear dat nigger talk. He says it's jis es cole dar foug July es it is yere Christmas. Goodness gracious an' gracious goodness! I don't wishes ter go ter no sech place. 'Sides dat, he could n't git nuff ter eat. He did n't hab no

puffession, 'cept ter raise cotton, an' of course he could n't make no money, 'cause dar aint no cotton up dar; de white folks work dar, an' don't lebe nuffin at all fer de niggers ter do. 'Sides dat, ag'in, I's 'gaged ter git married. Lucindy could n't spaw me. An' I don't want ter lebe mammy, an' Mistiss nuther, an' Miss Sukey, an' my udder soshates. 'Sides all dat, Mahs'r trus' de mules an' wagin ter Jim, an' Jim's gwyne ter tote um back ter him, show 's yer bawn."

"That 's right, Jim," Marley said, cordially; "but I don't know how I 'll make my way without money."

Jim ran his hand in his pocket and drew out a greasy little bag of buckskin, tied with a leather string.

"I puzzents yer wid dis," he said grandly, and he poured into Marley's hand a silver quarter, three dimes, and two five-cent pieces."

Marley did n't refuse it. He said, "Thanky, Jim! You 'll get this back sometime. I'm goin' to be a rich man one of these days; then I 'll buy you an' set you free."

"I reckons I might take up a suscription fer yer when I gits home, 'mung our black folks. Dey all likes yer. Yer could wait roun' till I gits back. Moster 's gwyne to sen' me straight back wid anudder load er cotton. Yer jis wait yere, an' see ef I don't bring yer sumpin."

They talked this plan over for some time, and Marley finally agreed to wait, if he found no good chances offered for getting away to the North. Jim was to caution the black people to secrecy. Marley knew he could depend upon them in any plan against Mr. Coleman. The cotton-shed of James Savage, Mr. Coleman's commission merchant, was decided upon as the place of meeting. Then the two separated, Jim to return home, Marley to go forward to the city.

I do not intend to tell how he passed the time after reaching Memphis, waiting for Jim's re-appearance; how he had to economize, that his purse might not get emptied; how every effort to get work on the up-river boats failed.

After five or six days, he might have been seen

hanging about James Savage's commission house, or shed. This was crowded with cotton bales, piled to the very roof. On some of these he read, with a strange sensation, his father's name.

Almost his last penny was spent when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, he saw far up the street a team that had a familiar look. As it drew nearer, his hopes were realized; it was his father's, and there was Jim. Marley's spirits went up like a balloon; he hastened to meet his ally.

"I's got sumpin fer yer," were Jim's first words. "Mammy sent yer heap er things;" and bundle after bundle was delivered into Marlborough's eager hands. He climbed on to a home cotton bale, and opened them.

They contained, in the main, articles of his clothing. One bundle, however, showed a collection of edibles—beaten biscuit, a huge yam potato, and a half yard of sausage. While asking questions about home, he made a substantial meal, and then he crowded between the bales, and changed his clothes, when he felt more respectable, especially as he put into his pocket the money which Jim had raised for him among the black people.

"They all feels mighty bad 'bout yer," Jim said, "speshly Mistiss an' Miss Sukey, an' Mammy. Mammy says it's gwyne ter kill you' maw. Hei looks mighty downhearted, an' you' paw does too. Never seed Mahs'r look so put out sence I was bawn; an' Miss Sukey, her cries all ze time 'bout yer. But I muss go 'long now; got ter git eight miles to'a'ds home ter night. Reckon Mistiss 'll be more sated when I tells her I seed yer."

"Yes, I reckon so. Tell mother, howdy, an' Sukey too. An' tell Aunt Silvy, howdy, an' all the black folks; an' father, if you've got a notion to. I don't reckon I 'll ever see any of them any more."

Marley was crying.

"Law, Mahs'r Mawley! ef I wus yer, I'd stop dis foolin', an' go back home fas' ez ole Boss could tote me. I would n't go up Norf no more 'n nuffin. You' maw 's cryin' arter yer, an' Miss Sukey, an' Mahs'r 'll be better ter yer, show 's yer bawn."

What do you guess? Did Marley go back?



SEA-FOAM.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

FOAM of the sea! Foam of the sea!
 Stay!—we are weary of calling to thee;
 Weary of hearing the ceaseless beat
 Of thy silver-sandaled, unresting feet,
 Hither and thither, and o'er and o'er,
 Along the level of white sea-floor,
 For evermore!

Thy gauzy garments have swept so near
 Our outstretched hand, but to disappear
 And slide away
 In a silver spray,

While laughter ripples along the shore,
 And the 'broidered silver is changed to gray.
 Sea-foam, rest!

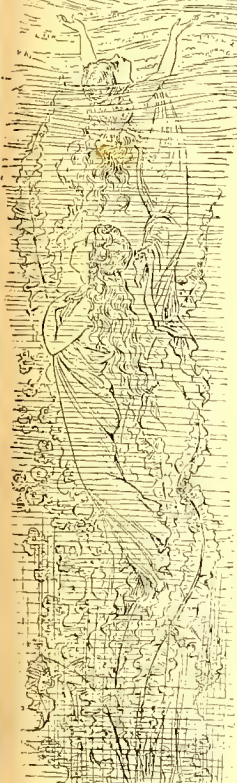
Safe in this circling arm of rock,
 Away from the breakers' shout and shock,
 Rest, O rest!

And tell us the story unconfessed
 Through all the ages to mortal ear,
 Locked from poet, and safe from meer
 In the ocean's breast.

Tell us thy charmed history;
 Unravel the silver thread
 Of the glittering tissue of mystery
 Veiling forever thy head.

Why art thou wooing forever
 The golden smiles of the sun,—
 Wooing and winning, yet never
 Staying thyself to be won?

Low is the light in the west,—
 Sea-foam, rest!



A PARABLE.

BY H. H.

ONCE there was born a man with a great genius for painting and sculpture. It was not in this world that he was born, but in a world very much like this in some respects, and very different in others. The world in which this great genius was born was governed by a beneficent and wise ruler, who had such wisdom and such power that he decided before each being was born for what purpose he would be best fitted in life; he then put him in the place best suited to the work he was to do; and he gave into his hands a set of instruments to do the work with.

There was one peculiarity about these instruments; they could never be replaced. On this point this great and wise ruler was inexorable. He said to every being who was born into his realm:

"Here is your set of instruments to work with. If you take good care of them, they will last a lifetime. If you let them get rusty or broken, you can perhaps have them brightened up a little or mended, but they will never be as good as new, and you can never have another set. Now you see how important it is that you keep them always in good order."

This man of whom I speak had a complete set of all the tools necessary for a sculptor's work, and also a complete set of painter's brushes and colors. He was a wonderful man, for he could make very beautiful statues, and he could also paint very beautiful pictures. He became famous while he was very young, and everybody wanted something that he had carved or painted.

Now, I do not know whether it was that he did not believe what the good ruler told him about his set of instruments, or whether he did not care to keep on working any longer, but this is what happened. He grew very careless about his brushes, and let his tools lie out overnight when it was damp. He left some of his brushes full of paint for weeks, and the paint dried in, so that when at last he tried to wash it out, out came the bristles by dozens, and the brushes were entirely ruined. The dampness of the night air rusted the edges of some of his very finest tools, and the things which he had to use to clean off the rust were so powerful that they ate into the fine metal of the tools, and left the edges so uneven that they would no longer make fine strokes.

However, he kept on painting, and making statues, and doing the best he could with the few and imperfect tools he had left. But people began

to say, "What is the matter with this man's pictures? and what is the matter with his statues? He does not do half as good work as he used to."

Then he was very angry, and said the people were only envious and malicious; that he was the same he always had been, and his pictures and statues were as good as ever. But he could not make anybody else think so. They all knew better.

One day the ruler sent for him and said to him: "Now you have reached the prime of your life. It is time that you should do some really great work. I want a grand statue made for the gateway of one of my cities. Here is the design; take it home and study it, and see if you can undertake to execute it."

As soon as the poor sculptor studied the design, his heart sank within him. There were several parts of it which required the finest workmanship of one of his most delicate instruments. That instrument was entirely ruined by rust. The edge was all eaten away into notches. In vain he tried all possible devices to bring it again to a fine sharp edge. Nothing could be done with it. The most experienced workmen shook their heads as soon as they saw it, and said:

"No, no, sir; it is too late. If you had brought it to us at first, we might possibly have made it sharp enough for you to use a little while with great care; but it is past help now."

Then he ran frantically around the country, trying to borrow a similar instrument from some one. But one of the most remarkable peculiarities about these sets of instruments given by the ruler of this world I am speaking of, was that they were of no use at all in the hands of anybody except the one to whom the ruler had given them. Several of the sculptor's friends were so sorry for him that they offered him their instruments in place of his own; but he tried in vain to use them. They were not fitted to his hand; he could not make the kind of stroke he wanted to make with them. So he went sadly back to the ruler, and said:

"Oh, Sir, I am most unhappy. I cannot execute this beautiful design for your statue."

"But why cannot you execute it?" said the ruler.

"Alas, Sir!" replied the unfortunate man, "by some sad accident one of my finest tools was so rusted that it cannot be restored. Without that tool, it is impossible to make this statue."

Then the ruler looked very severely at him, and said:

"Oh, sculptor, accidents very seldom happen to the wise and careful. But you are also a painter, I believe. Perhaps you can paint the picture I wish to have painted immediately, for my new palace. Here is the drawing of it. Go home and study his. This also will be an opportunity worthy of your genius."

The poor fellow was not much comforted by this, for he remembered that he had not even looked at his brushes for a long time. However, he took the sketch, thanked the ruler, and withdrew.

It proved to be the same with the sketch for the picture as it had been with the design for the statue. It required the finest workmanship in parts of it; and the brushes which were needed for his had been long ago destroyed. Only their handles remained. How did the painter regret his folly as he picked up the old defaced handles from the floor, and looked at them hopelessly!

Again he went to the ruler, and with still greater embarrassment than before, acknowledged that he was unable to paint the picture because he had not the proper brushes.

This time, the ruler looked at him with terrible severity, and spoke in a voice of the sternest displeasure:

"What, then, do you expect to do, sir, for the rest of your life, if your instruments are in such a condition?"

"Alas! Sire, I do not know," replied the poor man, covered with confusion.

"You deserve to starve," said the ruler; and ordered the servants to show him out of the palace.

After this, matters went from bad to worse with the painter. Every few days some one of his instruments broke under his hand. They had been so poorly taken care of, that they did not last half as long as they were meant to. His work grew poorer and poorer, until he fell so low that he was forced to eke out a miserable living by painting the walls of the commonest houses, and making the coarsest kind of water-jars out of clay. Finally his last instrument failed him. He had nothing left to work with; and as he had for many years done only very coarse and cheap work, and had not been able to lay up any money, he was driven to beg his food from door to door, and finally died of hunger.

This is the end of the parable. Next comes the moral. Now please don't skip all the rest because it is called moral. It will not be very long. I wish I had called my story a conundrum instead of a parable, and then the moral would have been the answer. How that would have puzzled you all,—a conundrum so many pages long! And I wonder how many of you would have guessed the true

answer. How many of you would have thought enough about your own bodies to have seen that they were only sets of instruments given to you to work with? The parable is a truer one than you think at first; but the longer you think the more you will see how true it is. Are we not each of us born into the world provided with one body, and only one, which must last us as long as we live in this world? Is it not by means of this body that we all learn and accomplish everything? Is it not a most wonderful and beautiful set of instruments? Can we ever replace any one of them? Can we ever have any one of them made as good as new, after it has once been seriously out of order? In one respect the parable is not a true one; for the parable tells the story of a man whose set of instruments was adapted to only two uses,—to sculpture and to painting. But it would not be easy to count up all the things which human beings can do by help of the wonderful bodies in which they live. Think for a moment of all the things you do in any one day; all the breathing, eating, drinking, and running; of all the thinking, speaking, feeling, learning you do in any one day. Now, if any one of the instruments is seriously out of order you cannot do one of these things so well as you know how to do it. When any one of the instruments is very seriously out of order, there is always pain. If the pain is severe, you can't think of anything else while it lasts. All your other instruments are of no use to you, just because of the pain in that one which is out of order. If the pain and the disordered condition last a great while, the instrument is so injured that it is never again so strong as it was in the beginning. All the doctors in the world cannot make it so. Then you begin to be what people call an invalid; that is, a person who does not have the full use of any one part of his body; who is never exactly comfortable himself, and who is likely to make everybody about him more or less uncomfortable.

I do not know anything in this world half so strange as the way in which people neglect their bodies; that is, their set of instruments, their one set of instruments, which they can never replace, and can do very little toward mending. When it is too late, when the instruments are hopelessly out of order, then they do not neglect them any longer; then they run about frantically as the poor sculptor did, trying to find some one to help him; and this is one of the saddest sights in the world, a man or a woman running from one climate to another climate, and from one doctor to another doctor, trying to cure or to patch up a body that is out of order.

Now perhaps you will say, this is a dismal and unnecessary sermon to preach to young people; they have their fathers and mothers to take care of

them; they don't take care of themselves. Very true; but fathers and mothers cannot be always with their children; fathers and mothers cannot always make their children remember and obey their directions; more than all, it is very hard to make children realize that it is of any great importance that they should keep all the laws of health. I know when I was a little girl, when people said to me, "You must not do thus and thus, for if you do, you will take cold," I used to think, "Who cares for a little cold, supposing I do catch one?" And when I was shut up in the house for several days with a bad sore throat, and suffered horrible pain, I never reproached myself. I thought that sore throats must come now and then, whether or no, and that I must take my turn. But now I have learned that if no law of health were ever broken, we need never have a day's illness, might grow old in entire freedom from suffering, and gradually fall asleep at last, instead of dying terrible deaths from disease; and I am all the while wishing that I had known it when I was young. If I had known it, I'll tell you what I should have done. I would have just tried the experiment at any rate, of never doing a single thing which could by any possibility get any one of the instruments of my body out of order. I wish I could see some boy or girl try it yet; never to sit up late at night; never to have a close, bad air in the room; never to sit with wet feet; never to wet them, if it were possible to help it; never to go out in cold weather without being properly wrapped up; never to go out of a hot room into a cold out-door air without throwing some extra wrap on; never to eat or drink an unwholesome thing; never to touch tea, or coffee, or candy, or pie-crust; never to let a day pass without at least two good hours of exercise in the open air; never to read a word by twilight, nor in the cars; never to let the sun be shut out of rooms. This is a pretty long list of "nevers," but "never" is the only word that conquers. "Once in a while" is the very watch-word of temptation and defeat. I do believe that the "once-in-a-while" things have ruined more bodies, and more souls too, than all the other things put together. Moreover, the "never" way

is easy, and the "once-in-a-while" way is hard. After you have once made up your mind "never" to do a certain thing, that is the end of it, if you are a sensible person. But if you only say, "This is a bad habit," or "This is a dangerous indulgence; I will be a little on my guard and not do it too often," you have put yourself in the most uncomfortable of all positions; the temptation will knock at your door twenty times a day, and you will have to be fighting the same old battle over and over again as long as you live. This is especially true in regard to the matter of which I have been speaking to you, the care of the body. When you have once laid down to yourself the laws you mean to keep, the things you will always do, and the things you will "never" do, then your life arranges itself in a system at once, and you are not interrupted and hindered as the undecided people are, by wondering what is best, or safe, or wholesome, or too unwholesome at different times.

Don't think it would be a sort of slavery to give up so much for sake of keeping your body in order. It is the only real freedom, though at first it does not look so much like freedom as the other way. It is the sort of freedom of which some poet sang once. I never knew who he was. I heard the lines only once, and have forgotten all except the last three, but I think of those every day. He was speaking of the true freedom which there is in keeping the laws of nature, and he said it was like the freedom of the true poet, who

"Always sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings."

I think the difference between a person who has kept all the laws of health, and thereby has a good strong sound body that can carry him wherever he wants to go, and do whatever he wants to do, and a person who has let his body get all out of order, so that he has to lie in bed half his time and suffer, is quite as great a difference as there is between a creature with wings and a creature without wings. Don't you?

And this is the end of the moral.



FAR AWAY.



ONE night, in the bright, warm summer,
 Mother went—oh so far away!
 So very far! Yet quite near her,
 In my pretty bed I lay.

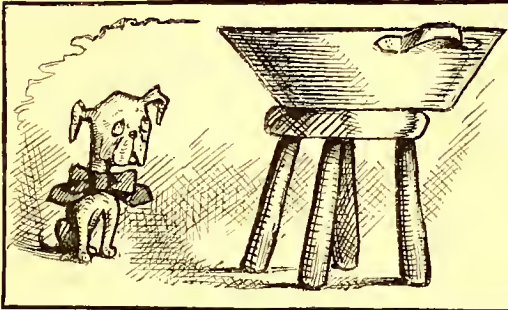
She stood and looked from the window,
 In the moonlight cool and clear;
 I called her as she stood there,
 But mother did not hear.

She did not hear when I called her—
 She was gone so very far!
 I lay and wished I was only
 The moonlight, or a star;

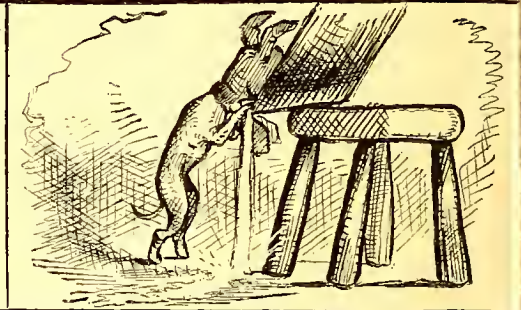
Then she might soon have known it—
 How lonely I was for her.
 But I waited, and waited, and waited,
 And mother did not stir.

At last she turned, and, smiling,
 Said, "You awake, little Jack?"
 But I only could sob and kiss her—
 So glad that mother was back!

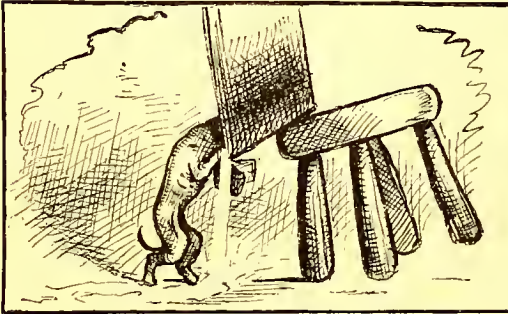
CARLO AND THE MILK-PAN.



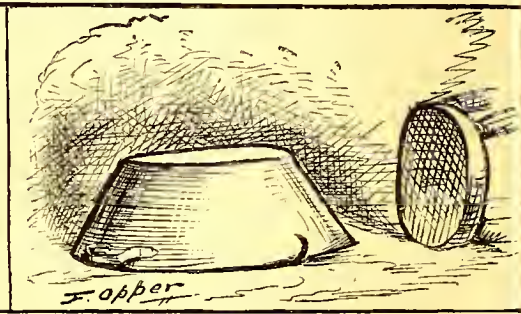
"CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT THAT PAN CONTAINS MILK?"



"IT DOES! IT DOES!"



"MY! THIS IS JUST GLORIOUS!"



BORROWING A GRANDMOTHER.

BY HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

"WE sha' n't have much of a Fanksdivin 'is year," said Sophie to her doll. "You know, Hitty, how we all went to dranma's last year, and now she's dead and buried up in 'e dround, and we sha' n't see her any more, ever and ever, amen!"

Hitty looked up into the little mother's face, with eyes open very wide, but she did not answer a word. Perhaps she was too sorry to talk, and perhaps she was n't a talking doll; at any rate, she kept still.

"Last year," resumed Sophie, "we wode 'way out into 'e country, froo big woods wivout any leaves 'cept pine-leaves, and along by a deep wiver, and 'en we came to dranma's house, and Uncle Ned came out to 'e date and carried me in on his

soulder, and dranma took off my fings and gave me some brown bread and cheese 'at she made all herself; but I did n't see her, 'cause folks make cheese in 'e summer, and 'at was Fanksdivin time. I went out to see Uncle Ned milk 'e cow, and had some dood warm milk to drink, and mamma put on my nightie and put me to bed in such a funny bed, not a bit like ours at home 'at you can roll over and over in and not muss 'em up a bit; but it was a feaver bed.—live geese feavers, dranma said.—and I fought 'ey would cover me all up, I sank down in so. In 'e morning, Uncle Ned built a fire in 'e dreat bid oven; and when it dot all burned down to coals, dranma poked 'em wiv a dreat long shovel, so heavy I could n't lift it; and by and by

she shoveled and scraped 'em all out into 'e fire-place; and 'en she put in 'e chicken-pie to bake, and a big turkey wiv stuffing, and a pudding wiv lots o' waisins in it, and shut 'e door. 'En everybody 'cept mamma and me went off to church, and after 'at we had dinner.

"You 'd ought to been 'ere, Hitty, to see it; but you was n't made den, so course you could n't. There was all 'at was in 'e oven, and bread and cheese, and cake and cranberry-sauce, and apple-pie and mince-pie, and punkin-pie and custard—no, 'ere was n't any custard, for 'e cat dot at it, and in 'e evening we had walnuts ——"

Just here, little "Lady Talkative," as papa often called her, was interrupted by the voice of her mother from the kitchen, where she and Aunt Ruth staid most of the time lately, getting ready for Sophie's uncles and aunts and cousins, who were invited for Thanksgiving.

In spite of the motherly feelings supposed to be strong in the breasts of little girls, poor Hitty landed, head first, in the plaything box, as Sophie sprang up to answer her mother's summons.

"Sophie, I want you to go over to Mrs. Green's and borrow a nutmeg for me. Go quickly as you can. I don't believe in borrowing," she added to Aunt Ruth, "but two of mine proved poor ones, and the cake cannot wait."

By this time, Sophie's sack was on and her bonnet tied. She was an active little creature, very bright for a child of her age, and it was her delight to be of use in domestic affairs.

"Now, what is your errand, Sophie?"

"Please, Mrs. Dreen," began the child, in accordance with previous instructions, "my mamma would be much 'bliged if you will lend her a nutmeg."

"That will do. Now run."

The little feet trotted as fast as they could across the two yards and in at the side gate of Mrs. Green's; but the busy brain went so much faster than the flying feet, that the child blundered in her errand.

"Please, Mrs. Dreen, my mamma wants to bo'ow a dranma for Fanksdivin."

Mrs. Green's eyes opened so wide, Sophie thought she looked like Hitty, and wondered if they were "lations."

"What did your mother send for?"

"A dran— No, 'at's what I want mine own self. Oh dear! I fordot what she does want, and she 's in an awful hurry."

"What is she doing?"

"Making cake, and it can't wait, she said so. I know what it is, but I can't fink."

"Was it fresh eggs?"

"No, ma'am."

"Some kind of spice?"

"No, ma'am."

"What is it like?"

"Like a walnut, and you drate it wiv a drater."

"Oh, a nutmeg!"

"A nutmeg—at's it ezactly. Funny I could n't remember"—and the blue eyes brightened behind the gathering tears like the sunlit sky through a rift in a rain-cloud.

Three minutes later, Sophie picked up her long-suffering doll, and entertained her with an account of the affair sufficiently minute to satisfy a New York reporter, ending by asking Hitty's opinion.

"Oh, Hitty, was n't it funny to tell Mrs. Dreen mamma wanted to bo'ow a dranma? I dest wish I could, don't you? I want one, more 'n anything. Don't you s'pose I could? I'll ask Uncle Ned. He knows 'most everything."

Uncle Ned was in his room writing when he heard little hurrying footsteps on the stair, followed by three little raps at the door. He pushed back the inkstand, stuck his pen up over his ear, and called out:

"Come in, Pussy. Push hard; the door is not fastened."

"I'm sorry to 'sturb you, Uncle Ned," began the small lady, while she climbed up into his lap and threw Hitty on the table, "but you must excuse me, 'cause I dot a very 'portant tvestion."

"Let us have it, little one."

"Can anybody bo'ow a dranma?"

"Borrow a grandma! That's a new idea!"

"You should n't ought to laugh at me, Uncle Ned, for I want one weal bad for Fanksdivin."



"IT'S 'DICULOUS TO SEE 'EM TOGETHER" (SEE NEXT PAGE).

The tears came into Uncle Ned's eyes, for he was the youngest son of the grandmother Sophie mourned, and the pain of loss had not had time to soften. He held her quite still for a little, and then said, softly:

"A sad Thanksgiving we shall have this year, my pet, and the only way to make it a little less sorrowful will be to try and make others happy. That was always grandma's way. I rather like your idea after all. Your own dear grandmother is beyond the tokens of love and gratitude we fain would set before her, and why should we not make

some other child's grandmother happy to-morrow? Whose shall it be?"

"Let me see. Fanny Turner's one. Her dramma lives in a splendid drate house, and she's dot lots o' moncy and servants and everyfing she wants. I dess we don't want her. Mrs. Allen—'at's two; but she's dot lots o' dranchildren wivout us. Oh my! you could n't count 'em. If 'ey should all come at once, 'ey'd fill her little teenty tawnty house wunning over full. Not any woom for we folks, 'nless 't was in 'e door-yard."

Sophie stopped and thought a moment.

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed at last. The funny gravity of the small features chaced away by a sudden smile which lit up all the dimples. "Mamie Hall! she's dest'e one. She lives all alone wiv her dramma down by 'e bridge. 'Ey're dweadful poor, and Mrs. Hall works for 'e rich folks and leaves Mamie all alone a'most every day; but she's dood, and Mamie's dood too, and her house is big enough, only I dess we better carry somefing to eat, for may be she has n't dot much baked."

"Always looking out for your stomach," laughed Uncle Ned. "We will go and ask mamma about it."

On the afternoon of that same day, Mamie Hall sat by the window, wishing some one would come, for she was vry lonesome. Her grandmother went early to help a neighbor, and charged her not to leave the house till her return, as she expected some persons to pay her some money, and they might call when no one was in, and the money was needed at once. She got along very well till her knitting-work was done and her story-book read through, and then she sat by the window and watched the people passing. Hark! Somebody surely rapped. Mamie answered the summons, and was delighted to see her little friend Sophie, who said she could stay till night, and then Uncle Ned would come for her again.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mamie. "Come right in and take off your things."

Uncle Ned stepped inside to charge the children to be careful about the fire—a charge which Mamie rather resented, being eight years old and accustomed to responsibility.

"I brought my doll," said Sophie, proceeding to take off her things too.

"That's right. I'll get Lady Jane, and we will have a first-rate time playing keep house. What is your child's name?"

"Sophronia Mehitable Feodosia Caroline," said Sophie, slowly, and speaking every syllable with precision.

"What a long name!" laughed Mamie. "Do you have to call her all that every time you speak to her?"

"Oh, no! I call her Hitty for short, and if she's

cross I call her Hit. Her first name is for me, and 'e next for Aunt Mehitable, and Feodosia was my dramma's name, and Caroline, my cousin, dave her to me."

"I am afraid she wont want to play with a rag doll," sighed the small hostess as she drew Lady Jane from the rude cradle where she usually slept her little mother being too busy generally to attend to her.

"Oh, no!" cried Sophie. "I teach Hitty 'a when she's dood she's no better 'an a wag-doll 'a behaves herself, and when she's naughty she's worsor, 'cause she's had better 'vantages."

"But she's all dressed up in silk and jewelry, and Lady Jane has only a calico slip and a white apron," said Mamie, just to see what her mite of a visitor would answer.

"'At don't make 'e leatest diffunce in 'e world. All Hit's fine fings were dived to her. She is n't pwoud a bit. If she was I'd spank her. I s'ould n't for anyfing like her to be like Biddy Marty's doll that lives in the brick grocery—so awful big and pwoud. It's 'dicolous to see 'em together. Your child's zactly the right size. And, dear me, how clean she does keep herself! I dess she don't play in 'e dirt like my Hit."

"Oh, she is older, and has learned better. But what ails your daughter's nose? The skin seems to be off."

"'At's where she bumped it 'is morning. She fell wight into my playfing box." And then, instead of telling how she threw her there herself, the small fibber remarked: "She is dest beddin' to do alone, and she dets lots o' bumps."

Hitty took all the implied blame very coolly, for she neither blushed nor winked.

"What made you think to come and see me, little Sophie? I have been wishing you would ever since the good times we had the day my grandma worked for your mamma."

"I fought of it long ado, and teased and teased, but mamma would n't let me, till she had intwired about you to see if you was dood. I knew it all 'e time, but she said she must ask some one who had known you longer. She lets me play wiv anybody 'at's dood," added Sophie, with startling frankness, "no matter if 'ey live in little bits o' houses, and have to wear calico dresses to church. But I came now to bo'ow somefin. You'll lend it to me, wont you now?"

"Yes, indeed, anything I *can* lend. But what can I possibly have that you have not?" glancing inquiringly at her small stock of playthings.

Sophie leaned forward with her fat forefinger lifted in a ludicrously solemn gesture.

"Mamie, you've dot a dramma, and mine is all dead and buried up in 'e dround."

"Yes, I have got a grandma, and the best one in the world too, but what has she to do with it? You surely cannot want to borrow her!" and Mamie laughed at the very thought.

"Yes, I do," persisted Sophie, with the utmost gravity. "You can't have Fanksgiving wivout a grandma, more'n you can Christmas wivout Santa Claus. You need n't fink I'm dreedy. I'll lend you all my 'lations to pay,—papa and mamma, and Aunt Wuth and Uncle Ned, and all 'e cousins 'at are coming. And here's a letter," she continued,

"What is it?" asked Mamie.

"An invitation for us to spend Thanksgiving with Sophie and her friends. She feels so badly about her grandmother, she wants to borrow me! Will you lend me, Mamie, just for that one day?"

"No, indeed," replied Mamie, decidedly. "I should look well lending all the relative I have in the world to a girl who has got a houseful of cousins," and she threw her arms about the old lady.

"She can be yours dest the same, Mamie,"



MAMIE DECLINES TO LEND HER GRANDMOTHER.

tugging at a tiny pocket until she produced a little three-cornered note directed to Mrs. Hall.

"I don't really know what to make of it," said Mamie, "but when grandma reads the note, she will find out, I guess."

So she crowded the corner of it carefully under the edge of the clock for safe keeping, and the playing went on. With riding out and visiting, caring for Lady Jane's fever and Hitty's wounded nose, as well as eating apples and doughnuts, the afternoon flew swiftly by. They were surprised when Mrs. Hall came in. Mamie instantly gave her the note, which she read with a smile and a tremor of lip.

pleaded Sophie. "Do, Mamie, let me call her so for just one day."

"Oh, you may call her so always, if that is all; but I must keep her too. I'll not *lend* her at all, but I'll *give* you half of her to keep for your very own."

"Oh, will you? will you?" cried Sophie, dancing with delight, never noticing that she held Hitty by one foot, to the imminent danger of the rest of her china body.

"You'd better keep the whole of me, and give her, at the same time, the whole," said grandma. "I shall love you none the less for taking this dear little Sophie right into my heart of hearts."

And so it was. The morrow was a very happy day. Sophie introduced Mamie as her new sister, and she was heartily welcomed by all the cousins, big and little. After dinner, the "new grandma," as all called her, told them wonderful stories about the times when she was young, and Sophie would not part with her till she promised to spend the Christmas holidays with them.

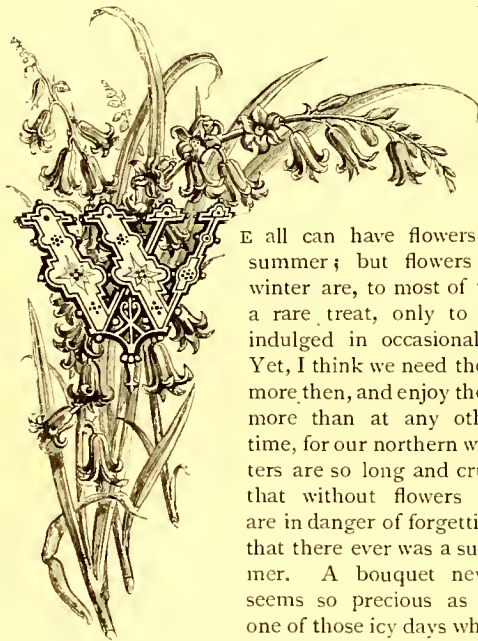
But before the Christmas holidays the "new

grandma" died. It was sudden. She was sick only a week. Sophie's friends cared for her tenderly; and just before the end, her father took the last care from the dying woman's heart by promising to care for Mamie as if she were his own.

So Mamie and Sophie are adopted sisters now, and though they are grown-up ladies, they never forget how the good God provided for the fatherless through Sophie's childish whim.

FLOWERS IN WINTER, AND HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THEM.

By S. C.



Everyone can have flowers in summer; but flowers in winter are, to most of us, a rare treat, only to be indulged in occasionally. Yet, I think we need them more than at any other time, for our northern winters are so long and cruel that without flowers we are in danger of forgetting that there ever was a summer. A bouquet never seems so precious as on one of those icy days when

frozen that it seems as if it never could bear another green thing. We touch the roses and the pinks with tender fingers and a feeling which we do not have for garden flowers, prosperous creatures, who take care of themselves and require none of our love and pity. These few sweet winter blooms are the survivors of a great massacre. Even now their lives are in danger, for if the window were to be opened ever so little, winter would slip treacherously

through and kill them as he did their mates. So we pet and cherish the beautiful things, doing all we can to make them happy, and they reward us in their own pretty way by living twice as long as cut flowers in summer ever do.

There are various recipes for keeping bouquets fresh. Some people stick them in moist sand; some salt the water in the vases, and others warm it; others, again, use a few drops of ammonia. My rule is, to *cool the flowers* thoroughly at night. When the long day of furnace-heat has made the roses droop and their stems limp and lifeless, I clip them a little, and set them to float in a marble basin full of very cold water. In the morning they come out made over into crisp beauty, as fresh and blooming as if just gathered. All flowers, however, will not stand this water-cure. Heliotrope blackens and falls to pieces under it; azaleas drop from their stems, and mignonette soaks away its fragrance. For these I use dry, cold air. I wrap them in cotton wool, and set them on a shelf in the ice-chest! I can almost hear you laugh, but really I am not joking. Flowers thus treated keep perfectly for a week with me, and often longer.

Many persons who are lucky enough to have flowers do not at all know how to arrange them so as to produce the best effect, while others seem born with a knack for doing such things in just the right way. Knack cannot be taught, but there are a few rules and principles on the subject so simple that even a child can understand and follow them, and if you ST. NICHOLAS girls will keep them in mind when you have flowers to arrange, I think



A TABLE BOUQUET.

you will find them helpful. Just as flowers are the most beautiful decoration which any house can have, so the proper management of them is one of the gracefulest of arts, and everything which makes home prettier and more attractive is worth study and pains, so I will tell you what these rules are in the hope that you will use and apply them yourselves.

1st. The *color* of the vase to be used is of importance. Gaudy reds and blues should never be chosen, for they conflict with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark green, pure white, or silver, always produce a good effect, and so does a straw basket, while clear glass, which shows the graceful clasping of the stems, is perhaps prettiest of all.

2d. The shape of the vase is also to be thought of. For the middle of a dinner-table, a round bowl is always appropriate, or a tall vase with a saucer-shaped base. Or, if the center of the table is otherwise occupied, a large conch shell, or shell-shaped dish, may be swung from the chandelier above, and with plenty of vines and feathering green, made to look very pretty. Delicate flowers, such as lilies of the valley and sweet-peas, should be placed by themselves in slender tapering glasses; violets should nestle their fragrant purple in some

tiny cup, and pansies be set in groups, with no gayer flowers to contradict their soft velvet hues; and—this is a hint for summer—few things are prettier than balsam-blossoms, or double variegated hollyhocks, massed on a flat plate, with a fringe of green to hide the edge. No leaves should be interspersed with these; the plate will look like a solid mosaic of splendid color.

3d. *Stiffness* and crowding are the two things to be specially avoided in arranging flowers. What can be uglier than the great tasteless bunches into which the ordinary florist ties his wares, or what more extravagant? A skillful person will untie one of these, and, adding green leaves, make the same flowers into half a dozen bouquets, each more effective than the original. Flowers should be grouped as they grow, with a cloud of light foliage in and about them to set off their forms and colors. Don't forget this.

4th. It is better, as a general rule, not to put more than one or two sorts of flowers into the same vase. A great bush with roses, and camelias, and carnations, and feverfew, and geraniums growing on it all at once would be a frightful thing to behold; just so a monstrous bouquet made up of all these flowers is meaningless and ugly. Certain flowers, such as heliotrope, mignonette, and myrtle, mix well with everything; but usually it is better to group flowers with their kind.—roses in one glass, geraniums in another, and not try to make them agree in companies.

5th. When you do mix flowers, be careful not to put colors which clash side by side. Scarlets and



TASTE AND BEAUTY.

pinks spoil each other; so do blues and purples, and yellows and mauves. If your vase or dish is a very large one, to hold a great number of flowers,

it is a good plan to divide it into thirds or quarters, making each division perfectly harmonious within itself, and then blend the whole with lines of green and white, and soft neutral tint. Every group of mixed flowers requires one little touch of yellow to make it vivid; but this must be skillfully applied. It is good practice to experiment with this effect. For instance, arrange a group of maroon, scarlet, and white geraniums with green leaves, and add a single blossom of gold-colored calceolaria, you will

see at once that the whole bouquet seems to flash out and become more brilliant.

Lastly. Love your flowers. By some subtle sense the dear things always detect their friends, and for them they will live longer and bloom more freely than they ever will for a stranger. And I can tell you, girls, the sympathy of a flower is worth winning, as you will find out when you grow older and realize that there are such things as dull days which need cheering and comforting.



THE SUNDAY BABY.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

YOU wonderful little Sunday child!
Half of your fortune scarce you know,
Although you have blinked and winked and
smiled
Full seven and twenty days below.

“The bairn that is born on a Sabbath day”—
So say the old wives over their glass—
“Is bonny and healthy, and wise and gay!”
What do you think of that, my lass?

Health and wisdom, and beauty and mirth!
And (as if that were not enough for a dower),
Because of the holy day of your birth,
Abroad you may walk in the gloaming's hour.

When we poor bodies, with backward look,
Shiver and quiver and quake with fear
Of fiend and fairy, and kelpie and spook,
Never a thought need you take, my dear—

For “Sunday's child” may go where it please,
Sunday's child shall be free from harm!
Right down through the mountain side it sees
The mines unopened where jewels swarm!

O fortunate baby! Sunday lass!
The veins of gold through the rocks you'll
see;
And when o'er the shining sands you pass,
You can tell where the hidden springs may be

And never a fiend or an airy sprite,
May thwart or hinder you all your days.
Whenever it chances, in mirk midnight,
The lids of your marvelous eyes you raise.

You may see, while your heart is pure and true
The angels that visit this lower sphere,
Drop down the firmament, two and two,
Their errands of mercy to work down here

This is the dower of a Sunday child;
What do you think of it, little brown head,
Winking and blinking your eyes so mild,
Down in the depths of your snowy bed?

PARTNERS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

TIP was the older of the two. I can't really say how old he was, and what is more, Tip himself didn't know. He wore a man's coat and a pair of very small trousers, but neither fitted him. His hat was an old felt affair that he had picked up in back alley, and his head seemed very much as if might have been picked up with it.

Top was the other partner. It was Top who bought the melon, because he had sold all his papers but one, and had an uncommon handful of change. The melon was cheap too, and only a life spoiled, so the partners sat down on a stone and ate it. Then Tip wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve and looked at Top, who had spread his last paper over his knees, and was slowly spelling out the news.

"There's a row somewheres, but I can't make out which side is lickin'; it's the Turkeys or the other fellers. What be the Turkeys, Tip?"

"Base-ball fellers, I reckon; them kind is great t a scrimmage."

"And a freshet carried off a railroad-bridge. A tornado in Dubbs County; blowed all the oats down. Does oats grow on trees, Tip, or bushes?"

"Bushes, and kind o' limber."

"'Tarrible catastrophe.' What would a catastrophe be, Tip?"

"It's a kind o' jumpin' animal. Don't ye mind the one we seen to the circus?"

Top folded up his paper with a sigh.

The circus was the beginning of the partnership. When the two boys, curled up together in a crockery-barrel, had been awakened in the dusk of a May morning by the long train of circus-wagons rumbling away into the country. Half asleep, they followed on, keeping pace with the great brown hulk that strode with swaying trunk after the wagons, and glancing half fearfully at the awkward camels that bared their great teeth viciously, as if they would not at all mind making a mouthful of the two little vagabonds. Once a driver noticed them, and cracked his long whip at them; but they only fell back a few steps.

"I say, Tip, le's go on till it stops," whispered Top; and with a nod the bargain was concluded.

It was ten o'clock before the circus stopped, and the boys, footsore and hungry, hung around the wagons, getting plentiful kicks and abuse, which was no more than they were accustomed to at home, but rewarded by a glimpse of the animals as they were fed, and making a rare breakfast on a

loaf of bread that a girl in a dirty spangled dress snatched from one of the wagons and tossed to them.

Top had risen in the world since then. He had left rag-picking and gone into the newspaper business, and even picked up a little learning at the night class in the newsboys' home. But he was loyal to his partner, and often shared his good fortune with him. He had a plan now for them both.

"I say, Tip, le's you and me go to farmin'."

Tip looked at Top, took off his hat, turned it over as if looking for an idea in it, and then put it on again, and said nothing.

"There's a chap comes down to the home told us fellers if you go out West a bit, the Guvment would let ye have a farm free, jest fer livin' on 't. Best kind o' ground, too. We could raise things to sell, besides havin' all the melons and stuff you could swaller every day."

"C'm' on," said Tip, his mouth watering at the thought. "Is it fur, out West, do ye reckon?"

"A good bit; but I've got some money, and we can walk it easy. Git yer other shirt, an' we'll start to-morrer mornin'."

That night Top drew all his money from the deposit at the newsboys' home—three dollars and sixty-five cents. The first thing he did was to buy two clay pipes and a paper of tobacco. Then he laid in a store of provisions, in the shape of a sheet of stale buns, a triangle of cheese, and a dozen herrings. Tip was on hand promptly, with his other shirt in a wad under his arm, and the two partners started "out West."

"May as well ride ten cents' worth," said Top, paying fare for the two on an omnibus that ran to the city limits.

Afterward, they walked on toward the open prairie, breakfasting as they went, and adding to their stores a turnip and a couple of tomatoes that had jolted from some laden market-wagon. Miles and miles of market-gardens, where women and children were hoeing and weeding and gathering vegetables. They stopped at one house and asked for water, and a woman in a brown stuff petticoat and white short gown offered them some milk in a big yellow bowl, and a piece of black bread. A boy was washing long yellow carrots by the pump. Tip bit one, and liked it. Tip was always hungry. Then they went on, and by and by they came to the end of the gardens. There were great stubbly

fields and a stack of yellow straw. They sat down by this stack to rest, and then Top thought of the pipes. The men whom he knew always smoked when they rested at noon, and so he and Tip tried it. They had tried it before with ends of cigars that they picked up, and once Top had bought a new cigar, a fifteen-center, and smoked it all, though it made him fearfully sick. The pipes did not seem to agree with them. Tip felt particularly uncomfortable, and wished he had not eaten that carrot. They did not make any remarks about it, but presently they put away the pipes and went to sleep in the sun. When they waked it was sunset and growing chilly.

"No use to go any furdur to-night," said Top; and they burrowed into the straw and were as snug as two field-mice.

In the morning there were only a herring and two very dry buns for breakfast; but the partners had seen much smaller rations than that in their day. They asked for water again when they came to a house, but the old lady who opened the door must have been deaf. She only shook her head and shoo-ed them away as if they had been two stray chickens. Next time they had better luck. A fat little woman with rosy red cheeks gave them a big basket to fill with chips, and when it was full she brought them each a thick slice of bread and butter and a great puffy brown doughnut. Afterward, they drank at the well out of a sweet-tasting dipper made of a cocoa-nut shell, and the woman looked up from the bread she was kneading to nod and smile as they went out of the gate. Next came a long strip of woods, without any houses. and beyond that, open prairie again.

"I think this is about fur 'nough," said Top, sitting down on a log. "I should kind o' like to have our farm nigh to the woman that give us the doughnuts. She 's a good one, she is."

"Well," said Tip, "seems to be lots of land, and mighty scarce of houses. Le's take it half an' half. woods and perrary."

Now that the farm was located, the next thing to be done was to build a house. Never did Western emigrants find things more convenient, for near the roadside lay a pile of rails that had once been a fence about a hay-stack. These they dragged into the woods, and proceeded to build a hut against the trunk of a great tree. The result was not exactly a palace, but at least it was clean and airy, and they had slept in much worse quarters. They made a bed of green boughs and spread Tip's other shirt over it. Everything went well until Tip undertook to climb a tree after some wild grapes. A country boy would have known better than to trust the old dead limb from which they dangled; but Tip never suspected that a tree could wear out,

until he found himself crashing headlong through the branches to the ground. He lay there so quiet that poor Top might as well have had no partner at all. Top was frightened, but he did n't give it up. He shook Tip and slapped him on the back; he even lighted a pipe and blew tobacco smoke in his face, all of which remedies he had seen used with success, though not upon people who had fallen out of trees. After a while, Tip began to breathe again in a jerky fashion, and then he got strength enough to groan dismally.

"Is it yer head?" asked Top, anxiously. "Are ye all right in yer bones?"

"It's me laigs, and me spines is all smashed to flinders," moaned Tip.

Top managed to drag his unlucky partner into the hut; but the bed was anything but luxurious, and Tip was no hero to suffer in silence.

"Is it as bad as a whalin'?" asked Top, meaning to be sympathizing.

"Wuss," groaned Tip; but, after all, the suggestion had some comfort in it.

"Tip," said his partner, presently, "be ye sorry ye come out West?"

"No, not if I die," moaned Tip. "I seen a feller die oncet, fallin' down a elevator."

Tip tried to get up, but fell back with fresh howls.

"Don't you give up the farm, Top; and you can have all my clothes and my other shirt."

Top would have cried if he had known how, but just then a man coming down the wood-road stopped a moment to look and listen, and then strode up to the queer little hut, saying:

"What in cre-a-tion —"

"He 's hurt," said Top, briefly nodding his head at his partner.

"Hurt! I should think so! Who are you? and what are you doing here?"

"We 're pardners, and we've took up this farm," began Top; but the man looked at the pair of beggars and laughèd in a fashion that threatened to bring the rails down over his head.

"Well, well," he said at last, wiping his eyes on his shirt sleeve, "if that aint the biggest joke."

Then he sobered down a little, and felt of Tip's bones—and, in fact, Tip was not much else but bones.

"No more meat 'n a ladder! Well, well, well!" And he picked up poor Tip and marched away with him, while Top followed meekly. It seemed to him the man had on seven-league boots, he got over the ground so fast, while he could only limp after, for Top was getting sore and stiff from tramping. By and by, they turned into a green lane and came to the back-door of a house. The man laid Tip on a bench, and a shaggy dog came and sniffed at him.

"Molly Anderson!" called the man, and somebody came trotting briskly to the door, saying, "Well, John!" long before she came in sight. It was the woman who had given them the dough-

himself on a clean bed in a great breezy garret, with the pleasant little woman darning stockings beside him. The man was there too, and he said, in a cheerful voice: "They're made of cast-steel and whip-cords, them youngsters. He'll be right as a top in a day or two."

"The other one is Top," Tip tried to say, but his voice was so queer he did not know it, and wondered who had spoken.

In the end, the partners concluded to give up the farm; but the man who had befriended them gave them both work for a few weeks, and when one day they rode back to the city in a great loaded market-wagon, they felt far grander than the Lord Mayor for whom the bells rang "Turn again, Whittington!"

It was grander yet riding back again at night, with the new delight of returning to a home and a welcome.

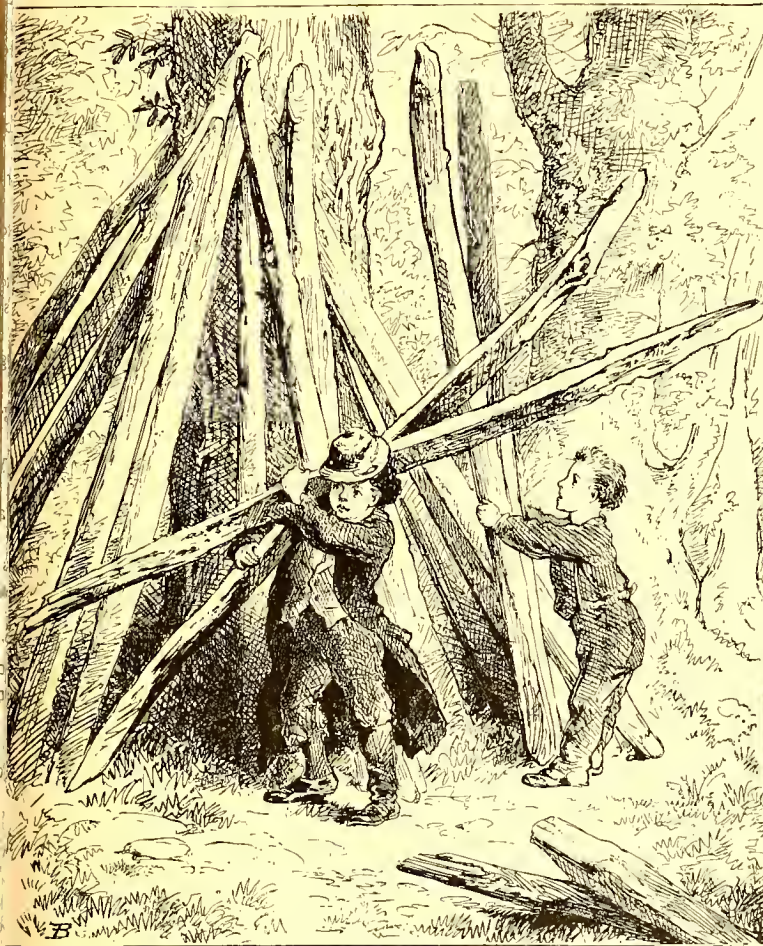
"Tip," said Top, as they crept into bed, "I aint never goin' back to the city. When they wont keep us no more, and nobody wont keep us, I'm

goin' to start along the road, and keep on till I come to somewheres. Roads is better 'n streets; they always goes to somewheres that they did n't start from —"

Top's voice died away, and Tip only answered with a snore. The partners were asleep.

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THE PARTNERS BUILD A HOUSE

TINSIE'S CONCLUSION.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

"DEAR me, what a wonderful hat! feathers and fine things; just a pile!"

"Yes," whispered Felice, trying not to look, yet giving a little glance, for all, at the wonderful hat on the majestic Mrs. Pendilly's head as she moved up to her pew.

"She must be *very* thankful; don't you think so, Felice?"

"Why?" whispered Felice, glancing up the aisle.

"She has such a lot to thank for," said Tinsie, looking down with a bit of a sigh at her own faded dress. "I just wish I had a hat exactly, precisely like that."

"Why, Tinsie Treppet! don't you know you would look like a fright with a hat like that!"

But she checked the smile on her lips, and the words she was just going to say, for she had not come to church to talk to Tinsie Treppet, and so she edged down closer to the pew door, and looked on the other side of the church.

"Felice," whispered Tinsie, slipping after her, "do you think I ought to thank for such mean clothes?"

"Mother says it is sometimes because God loves us that He does not give us fine things, and that He is good; oh, so good! to give us any at all."

"It 'pears to me He might have given them a little better—even like Tebitha Brady's ——"

"Please don't, Tinsie," whispered Felice with a worried look in her eyes; "God is so good, and He hears you every word."

"Sure and true! I never thought of it," said Tinsie, involuntarily glancing around; "but may be He did not hear because so many people are talking. But here comes the minister to begin to thank, and I don't know what to thank for, in my heart, you know, unless it's for my new shoes."

"For George's getting well," suggested Felice, not quite sure if she ought to talk for Tinsie's benefit or be silent.

"Sure and certain, I forgot that!"

"And your father's getting work."

"Yes."

"And the lady being kind to your mother, and giving her sewing, you know."

"I forgot."

"And your having something to eat every day since last Thanksgiving."

"Yes, only we had n't many pies."

"And don't you know how you were lost, and they found you, and brought you back?"

"Yes, but I thanked the *man* for that, Felice."

"Mother says God put it into the man's heart to be kind to you and to bring you back again."

"Well, I never would have thought of that! Let me see how many things that makes; and oh, if I'm to thank for all things like that, I can keep on counting a heap; there's ——"

"Hush," whispered Felice softly, and drawing Tinsie down on her knees.

"There's the pumpkin pie the baker sent for dinner," continued Tinsie, unwilling to be suppressed, but the next instant folding her little brown hands tightly over her eyes, with a new resolution to be still as well as thankful.

Felice tried to follow the service and be thinking about the blessings; but in spite of herself, thoughts arising from Tinsie's question as to thanking for such shabby clothes kept ringing in her head, and every little while the feathers of Mrs. Pendilly's hat *would* bob up so high and so fine that it was impossible not to be attracted by them from the preacher and set to thinking about lots and lots of things which, at another time, would have been no harm at all; but just now, in the middle of the preaching, the praising and the praying, were very distracting, and out of place altogether.

"I do so much want to be good to-day," sighed Felice to herself; "I do so much want to think only about the praises and the prayers;" and tears were quivering in her eyes before she knew it. "My dress is not nice, I know, but then it will do; and my hat—oh, if mother could know the wicked thoughts I had been thinking about my hat, she would say I never, never could expect any better; and yet I am thankful, too, for what I have," and she turned aside that Tinsie, by her side, should not see the tears, and whispered a little prayer, quite apart from the prayers the minister was saying, begging to be forgiven her thoughtlessness, and helped to do better.

"I've been saying them all over," whispered Tinsie as they arose from their knees; "every single bit of a thing I could think of; but say, Felice, don't you hope you'll sometime have a hat like Mrs. Pendilly's to thank for?"

"Tinsie Treppet! I'll never, never bring you to any more Thanksgivings!"

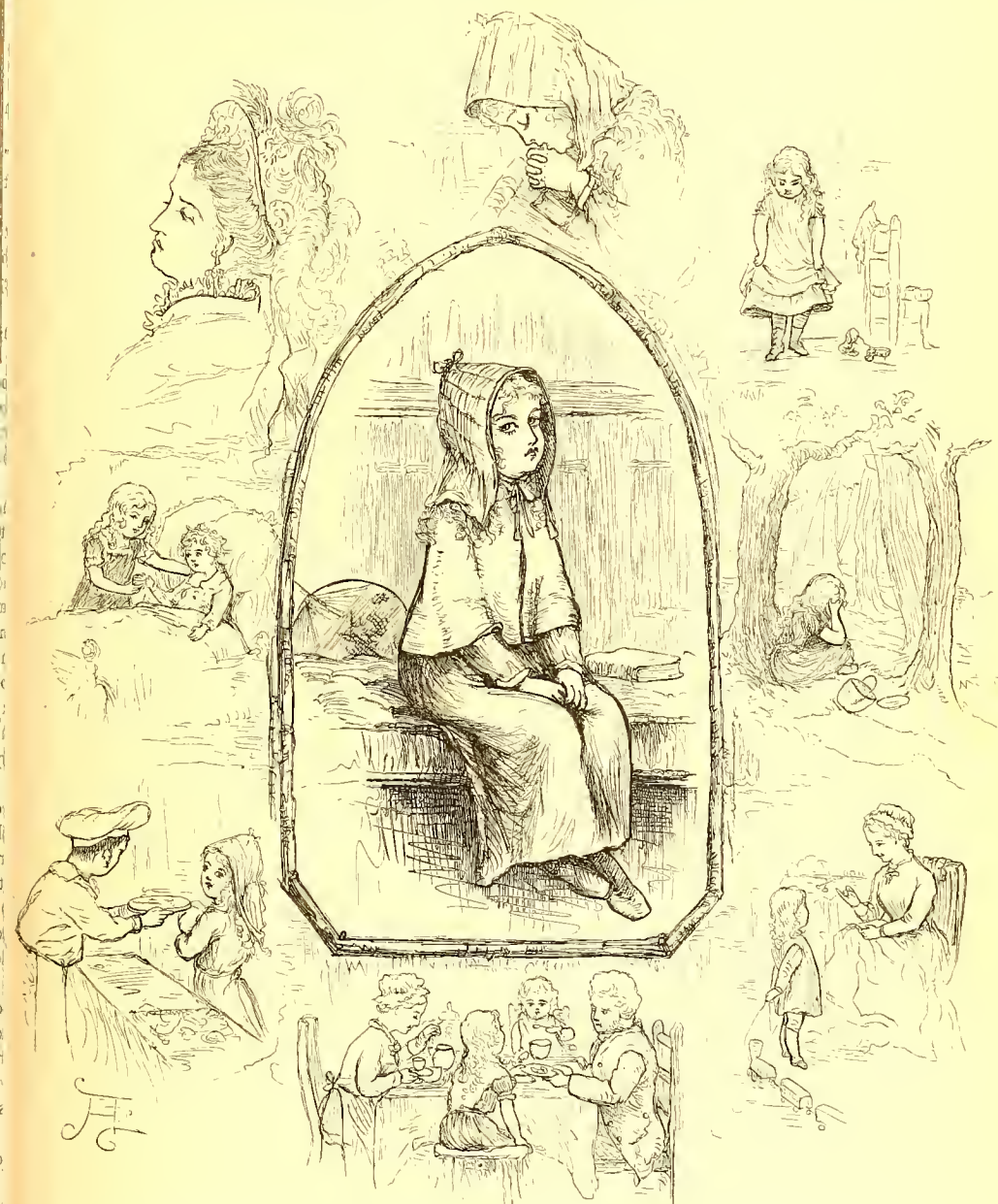
"Why, I've been thanking every minute of the

prayer, except just when I'd peep up, you know, and then it was I got to hoping about the hat."

Felice frowned and shook her head, and gave

"See the feathers, Felice," she commenced again; "were there *ever* any such before!"

Felice looked again in spite of herself, and, as



Tinsie a very gentle nudge, by way of reminder of her duty; but Tinsie kept straight on with what she was saying, and then sat leaning back, gazing up at the windows of the beautiful church, and then again at the wonders of Mrs. Pendilly's hat.

she looked, the proud, vain face of Mrs. Pendilly turned quite around within view.

"I see the whole that mother was telling me now! It is having such fine bonnets and things that give people such faces!" thought Felice, quite

startled with the thought, and, in an instant, entirely content with her own plain attire. "I remember just what mother was saying about fine things: she said they make the heart proud very often, and a proud heart always spoils the face."

So glad was Felice to find herself quite content after the struggle she had passed through in trying to be truly thankful, that she whispered her thoughts to Tinsie Treppet, and when, the next

minute, the vain, proud face under the fine fixing turned around again, Tinsie leaned eagerly forward to take in at one view the whole of the unpleasantness; then, suddenly clasping her hand over her little calico-covered heart, exclaimed just under her breath:

"Felice! Felice! I rather wear a hood or a sun-bonnet forever than to have a hat and a face precisely like Mrs. Pendilly's!"

A CENTENNIAL PEN-WIPER.

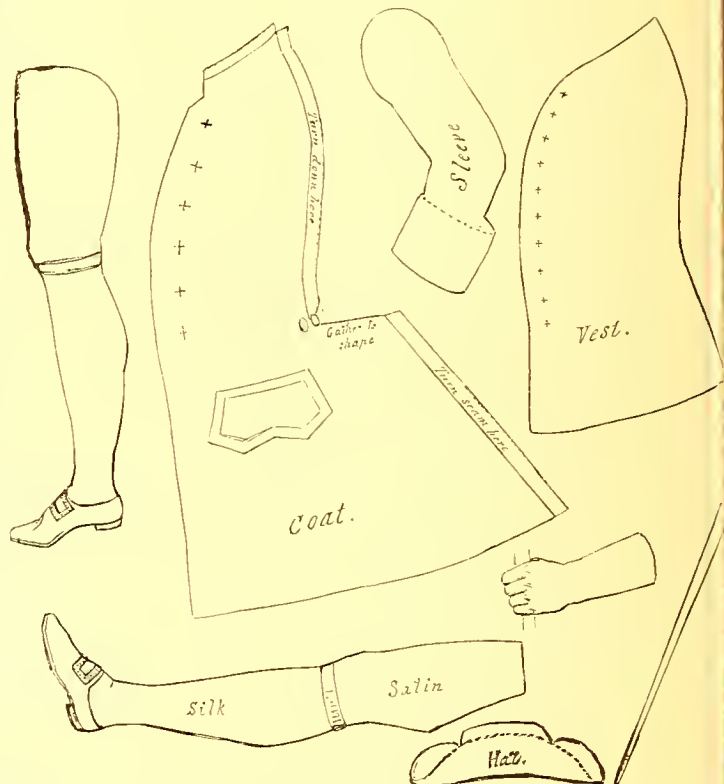
BY MRS. M. H. JAQUITH.

THIS pen-wiper is not warranted to last a hundred years, nor is it so fine that it can be used but once in a century; but it well deserves the dignified name of "A Centennial Bass-relief Portrait," even while it lies upon papa's library table in the humble capacity of a wiper of pens. And just now, while preparations for fairs and gift-making* are the order of the hour, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be glad to learn how to make one.

The first thing required is an oval medallion of broad-cloth, large enough to hold the figure and leave a suitable margin. If it is to be a pen-wiper, the edge of the oval should be neatly pinked or notched with a scissors, and there should be several duplicate layers of soft black cloth under it, all secured together by a stitch in the center of the oval.

To make hare soup, first catch your hare," is a safe recipe, and perhaps I should have said, first get your face, a photograph nearly or quite in profile—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, any honored representative of the olden time, or else a smoothly shaven face of the present day will answer the purpose. Cut out the

face neatly, leaving some of the card-board over the head and on the shoulders as a support, to which the hat and vest may be secured when the



proper time comes. The hair, which should be sewed on after the figure is put together, is a flow-

* See "Letter-Box" of present number.—Ed.

ing wig of flax, or soft white wool, or cotton batting. If a queue is desired, it may be braided at the back and tied with a very narrow black ribbon.

Now come the various parts of the figure, the patterns of which can readily be obtained from the accompanying diagrams. These patterns are to be cut out of card-board and covered neatly on one side, so as to present a proper effect when the completed figure is laid upon the cloth background to which it is finally to be secured.

First comes the vest of buff satin, or merino, pasted over the card-board pattern. This and the coat sleeve must be trimmed with very fine narrow white lace, as shown in the picture. The knee-pieces are of buff or satin, the hose of white silk, pasted on the card-board pattern, with a garter of black or some good contrasting color to hide the joining. The black velvet shoe is cut around the ankle to the shape indicated in the diagram, pasted over the silk stocking on the card-board and trimmed when dry. Make the hat of black velvet in the same way. The dotted line of the diagram shows where a card is to be sewed on to represent the flap of the hat when turned up. After the legs are adjusted and firmly sewed to the vest, the coat is to be put on. This is of bright-colored silk velvet, scaroon, brown, or green; black would do nicely if the centennial hero is intended only for a picture, provided you have a light background; for that matter, it might be, for a picture, mounted on white or pearl-colored Bristol board. The coat is not needed. Put the sleeve in place, adjust the hand, which is cut out of fine white card-board, and your figure is completed. If the face and hands have been skillfully colored, so much the better. Gilt or silver beads may be used for the buttons, knee and shoe buckles, and the star in the hat: or little metal ornaments from old fans can be employed instead of beads. A stiff broom straw will do for a cane; stain it dark, and head it with a bit of tin-foil; then cut the pasteboard piece representing the end of the sword, and cover it with foil, and hang it as shown in the picture.

When your centennial portrait is finished and laid upon its tinted card, or its pen-wiper background of cloth, you will be surprised to see how really

effective it is. Of course great care and neatness are required for getting the best results; but what



THE PORTRAIT, FINISHED.

your girl is not glad to take pains in making a pretty present to hand to some loved friend or relative on Christmas morning?





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW year begins for us this month, my chicks, and we'll greet it heartily, wishing it joy and usefulness and profit. According to the Little Schoolma'am, there are calendar years and solar years, and I don't know how many other kinds; but your ST. NICHOLAS year is a thing by itself. It begins when the forests are shaking down their red and yellow leaves and the children's hearts are beginning to stir with the coming Christmas,—in the grand old November when the winds start a wonderful serial story, "to be continued next month."

Talking of serial stories, I'm told, though I hardly can credit the wonderful news, that Mr. Trowbridge—"Jack Hazard" Trowbridge, "Young Surveyor" Trowbridge—is to give you a great long one this year, full of adventure, called

HIS OWN MASTER.

So look out for it, my chicks. Deacon Green says the name is enough in itself—and he means to read every word of it.

Now you shall hear about

A BALLOON INVENTOR.

NOT Montgolfier, nor any other man, invented this balloon; but a tiny insect which makes no noise in the world. A friend of mine watched her at work making a balloon, then saw her take her children and begin a journey in it. She was a mother spider, whose family name I do not know.

Apparently she had become tired of her old home and wanted to move elsewhere. So she spun a little gossamer balloon, shaped somewhat like one of the natural divisions of a walnut-shuck. As it grew in size it would have floated away without her had she not fastened it by ropes of gossamer to the branch of a tree.

By and by, when all was done, she seemed to

be saying something to the cluster of tiny baby spiders that were clinging to her, probably assuring them that there was no danger. Then she again examined her balloon, to make sure that all was right, and then broke off the gossamer rope. The little balloon gently rose before the breeze. My friend wished the skillful maker and bold navigator of the air a successful voyage, as she sailed out of sight, and he never saw her more.

FLOATING GARDENS

IN the beautiful valley of Cashmere, among the Himalayan Mountains, lies a lovely lake called Dal. Floating about on its surface, sometimes carried by the winds from one end of the lake to the other, are numerous small islands, on which grow the fairest cucumbers and the most luscious melons known. The way in which these floating gardens are made is very curious. All about the main shore of the lake grow quantities of reeds, sedges and water-lilies. When these grow very thickly together, people cut them from the roots which hold them near the shore. The leaves of the plants are then spread out over the stems, making a sort of trestle-work to support the soil with which it is next to be covered. After this has been done, the seeds are planted and the floating garden is left to care for itself until the fruits are ready for picking.

COSTLY CLOTHES.

THE children in my part of the world come out now and then with beautiful new dresses. I use to think such things grew in houses just as flowers grow on bushes, but I know better now, and I've been told what they cost too. Yes, and I hear the Little Schoolma'am reading out of a book that in the time of James the First (of course you know who *he* was; I did n't once) gentlemen wore suits of clothes that cost from one hundred thousand, to four hundred thousand dollars. The best way to get a good idea of this sum is to imagine every dollar a daisy, and then scatter them, I thought, over a field. One that was mentioned was made of white velvet embroidered with diamonds; and another of purple satin, embroidered with pearls. Ladies' gowns to match these were embroidered, and cost two hundred and fifty dollars a yard. The fashionable embroidery was a border of animals, filled in with spiders, worms, rainbows, fountains, and other dainty designs. Lovely, was n't it? I fancy ladies were n't so afraid of a "horrid bug" in those days as they are now.

EATING NAILS.

YOU don't eat nails? Well now, what do you call those round headed, little black things that you sometimes nibble so contentedly? Cloves? Cloves, according to the Little Schoolma'am, came from a French word that means a nail; and they do look like a small nail, you must admit. By the way, do you know the very cloves you ate last were pretty pink flower-buds when they were picked in tropical regions, and dried in the sun? They were never allowed to blossom, poor things!

THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: As your children had a picture of "Old Abe, the Wisconsin Waragle," last month, it occurs to me that it would be well to show them the portrait of another regiment pet. Here he is, a superb creature, and well worthy of the kindness and favor shown him. He belonged to the Forty-second Highlanders (a British company), and he always marched in front of their band. His quick, sensitive ears generally

reared her back at him, and, seized with a strange terror, he jumped over a precipice and was killed.

Yours truly, SILAS GREEN.

SNAKES WITH SPECTACLES!

PERHAPS all snakes do not wear them, but that some kinds do I can testify. You know that snakes spend their lives crawling about among brush-wood and thorns, and it is essential that their eyes should be protected in some way.

So kind nature has given them strong spectacles made of horn, as clear and transparent as the best of eye-glasses. I have myself seen a pair.

You must know that at certain periods a snake casts off the skin which has served him for a coat until he has outgrown it, and makes his appearance in a brand-new suit. This morning I had a good chance to examine the cast-off coat of a snake which was left very near me, and attached to it I saw a pair of the spectacles such as I have described. So I suppose his snakeship has a new pair with every new coat.

Can you tell me anything more about these spectacles?

TIP TOP SHOES.

COPPER toes? Oh, no! These are new affairs. The shoes I allude to are very old-fashioned—time of Queen Bess (how long ago was that?). They were a sort of clog or slipper, worn under the common

shoe to set ladies up in the world. They were half a yard high sometimes, and were made of wood, painted and gilded. In Venice, where everybody wore them, the greatest lady wore the highest chopine, as these tip-top shoes are called.

How awkward they must have looked walking about on such clumsy things. I am glad the Little Schoolma'am does n't wear them, if only for the daisies' sake.



THE PET OF THE REGIMENT ON THE MARCH.

would twitch at the slightest sound, and yet he could bear unmoved the din of his dear regiment's drums and trumpets. Indeed, so proud was he of his band, that he would become very angry if, during a parade, a stranger attempted to pass between it and the main body of the regiment. He was a brave, daring fellow in some respects, and yet, strange to say, he at last was driven to his death by fright. One day, an angry cat suddenly

DICKON HAS A BOAT.

Words by "ALBA."
S. Allegro Moderato.

Music by F. BOOTT.

1. Dick - on has a boat That will sail, that will sail; A Dick - on has a boat, yo, yo,
 2. way o'er the seas We will glide, we will glide; A - way o'er the seas, yo, yo,

ho! yo, ho! And light - ly she will float In the gale, the gale; Light - ly she will
 ho! yo, ho! Borne swift - ly by the breeze And the tide, the tide; Borne swift - ly by the

cres.

f rall. float, yo, ho! yo, ho! yo, ho! *sf* Her sides they are made of the good pine - wood, Her
 breeze, yo, ho! yo, ho! yo, ho! She curt - sies and dips as she dain - ti - ly skims, The
 Her helm it is true to the steers - man's hand, And the

Fine.

f col canto. *sf* *a tempo.* *mf*

sails of white lin - en fine; She broad - ens at the beam as a good ship
 wave like a belle at a ball; She's full of ca - pri - ces, and fan - cies and
 foam ris - es white in her track. As she Lounds to dis - cov - er some gold - en

should, And nar - rows at the prow to a line. A - way, &c.
 whims, As the sau - ci - est flirt of them all. A - way, &c.
 land, And bring all its bright treas - ures back. Dick - on, &c.

D. S. S. al Fine.

WINE OR CIDER JELLY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

HALF a package of Coxe's Sparkling Gelatine, one cup of loaf sugar, one cup of cold water, juice and rind of one lemon, a pinch of nutmeg, and the same of ground cinnamon, two cups of boiling water, and one glass of clear wine or cider.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for two hours. Put it into a bowl with the sugar, lemon-juice and rind, nutmeg and cinnamon. Pour the boiling water over these, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add the wine or cider, and strain through a thick flannel bag, without shaking or squeezing it, into a pitcher.

It requires patience to see the slow "drop! drop!" of the amber-colored liquid without giving the bag just a tiny squeeze to hurry it up (or down). But your jelly will be cloudy if you wring out the dregs. Rinse out a bowl or jelly-mold with cold water, but do not wipe the inside. Pour into this the jelly from the pitcher, and set upon the ice or in a cold place until it is firm. When you wish to turn it out, dip the mold for one instant in hot water—not boiling—and turn upside down into a glass dish. Let mamma or auntie show you how to do this, as it is rather a delicate bit of work.

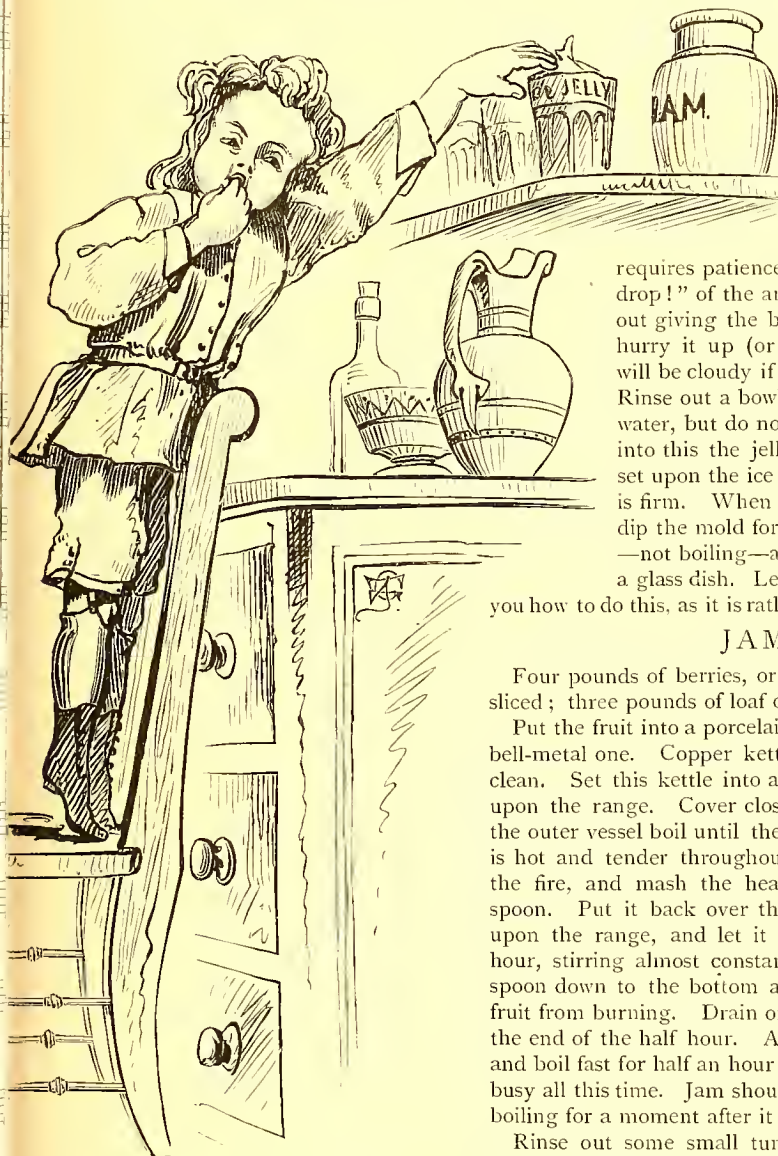
JAM.

Four pounds of berries, or ripe peaches, pared and sliced; three pounds of loaf or granulated sugar.

Put the fruit into a porcelain kettle, or a *very* bright bell-metal one. Copper kettles are poisonous, if not clean. Set this kettle into a pot or pan of hot water upon the range. Cover closely, and let the water in the outer vessel boil until the fruit in the inner kettle is hot and tender throughout. Lift the kettle from the fire, and mash the heated fruit with a wooden spoon. Put it back over the fire, this time directly upon the range, and let it boil steadily for half an hour, stirring almost constantly. Put your wooden spoon down to the bottom at each stir, to keep the fruit from burning. Drain off a quart of the juice at the end of the half hour. Add the sugar to the fruit and boil fast for half an hour more. Keep your spoon busy all this time. Jam should not be allowed to stop boiling for a moment after it begins to bubble up.

Rinse out some small tumblers or cups with hot water. Pour the jam in hot, but let it cool before you

cover it. Cut tissue paper to fit the inside of each cup; press it down smoothly upon the jam; pour a spoonful of brandy upon this; then paste thick white paper over the top of the cup.



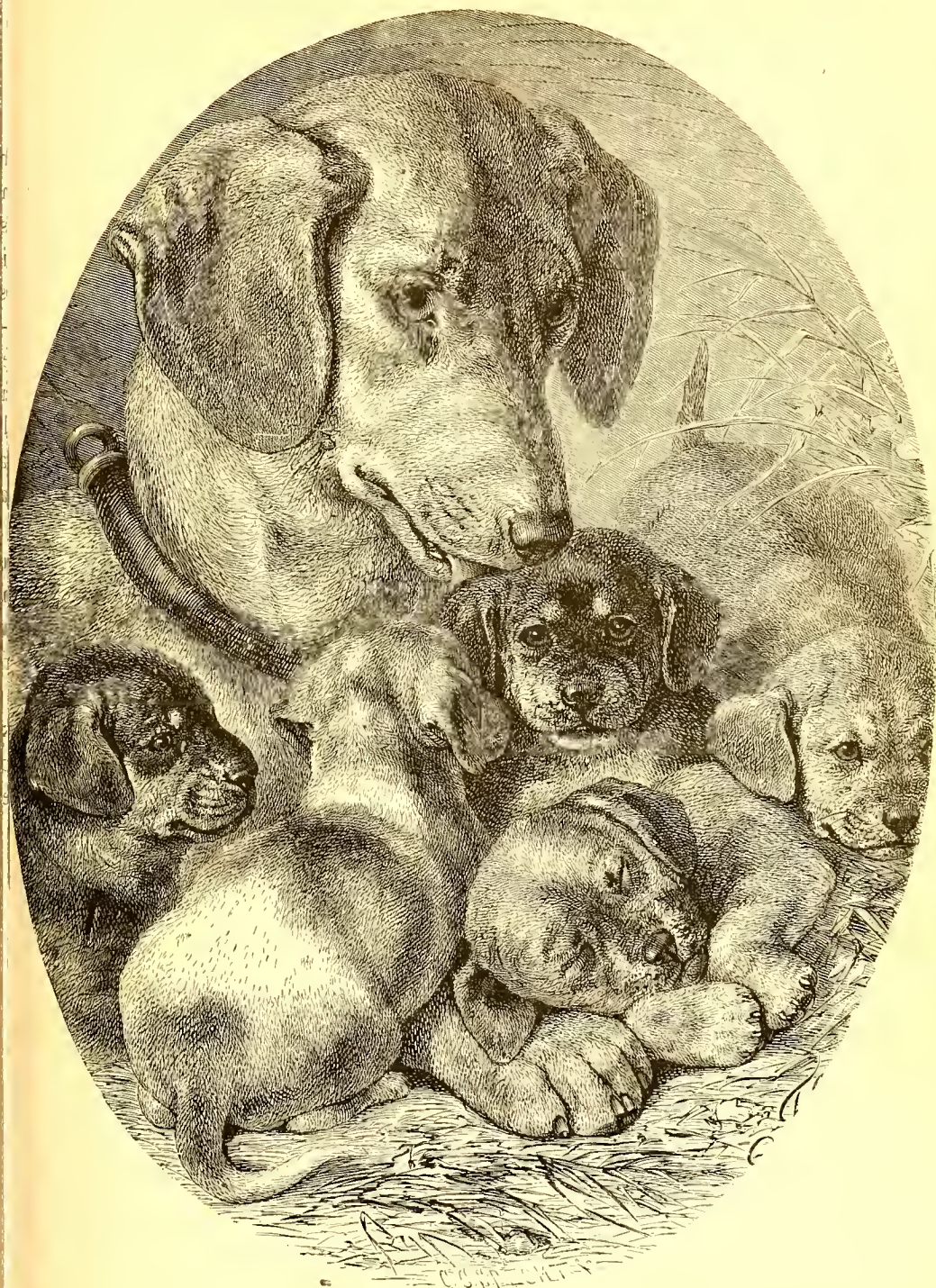
A TRUE STORY, IN WHICH MRS. HOUND TALKS ABOUT HER PUPPIES.

How old did you say? Three weeks. Yes, the lit-tle dar-lings are three weeks old this ver-y day; and, though I do say it, they are the fin-est chil-dren of their age I ev-er saw. Why, do you know they re-fuse to stand up like com-mon dogs! Won-der-ful, is n't it? The way in which their soft lit-tle legs bend and dou-ble up un-der them is the mos-as-ton-ish-ing thing you ever saw! And on the end of ev-er-y leg is—oh! *such* a per-fect lit-tle paw, as soft as vel-vet—just look! At first they would not o-pen their eyes. Dear lit-tle things! Was not that won-der-ful? Then in a few days they o-pened them. Was not *that* won-der-ful? They go to sleep and they wake up just like oth-er dogs. Does not that beat all? And if you put your ear close to their soft fur, you can hear them breathe. Yes, breathe! And they are MY PUP-PIES!

I am not proud, but I do say they are five love-ly pup-pies. I am ver-y care-ful of them, too; but I will let all you good lit-tle girls and boys look at them, if you will be ver-y gen-tle. Don't make a noise and wake up Snow-ball—he is the sleep-y one. Black-ball, here, is wide a-wake. You may touch his nose soft-ly, if you wish. You will find it quite nice and cool. I am so glad they are well and strong! They take af-ter me. Now, my dear friends, if you will please go a-way, I shall be o-blige-d to you. My lit-tle ones need rest and qui-et at first, or they will be spoiled. Any-thing but nerv-ous, fret-ful pup-pies for me!

LITTLE Joe Clacket, he made such a racket
While shelling some corn at the barn,
The Hebid-dy crew, the chickens they flew,
All coming to eat up Joe's corn.

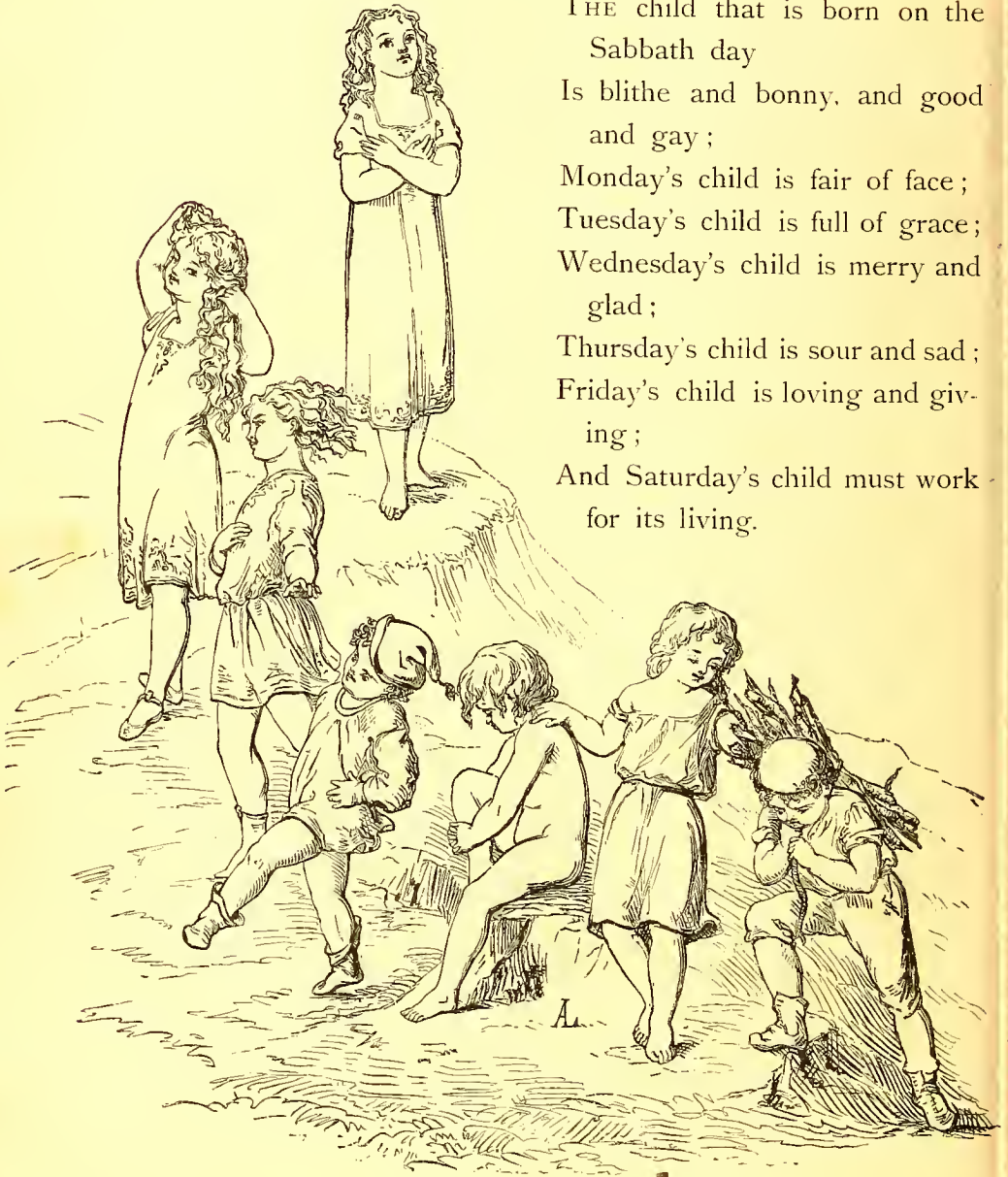
While Joe was shelling his corn in the barn,
His mother was spinning some double-twist yarn.
She made such a buzzing and whizzety whuzzing,
She could not hear Joe at his corn in the barn;
He made such a racket and clicketty clacket,
He did not hear her at her double-twist yarn.



THE WONDERFUL PUPPIES.

CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

THE child that is born on the
Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good
and gay ;
Monday's child is fair of face ;
Tuesday's child is full of grace ;
Wednesday's child is merry and
glad ;
Thursday's child is sour and sad ;
Friday's child is loving and giv-
ing ;
And Saturday's child must work
for its living.



YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

LETTER FROM WINKIE WEST.

Moreland, Oct. 12, 1875.

CHIPPY, old boy, it seems to me that I never had such fun in all my life as I had last summer. It was at a place called Woodbury. You can't find it on any map, I guess; but that is the real name. When school was out in June, we staid about home for a week or two, and then a letter came from Uncle Jacob and Aunt Hannah, asking us if we didn't want to come and stay the rest of the summer on the farm. We've got the letter about dinner-time; but I wasn't hungry after that. Mother would n't let me go and tell Walt about it until after dinner. We didn't have anything extra; but it did take them the longest time to get through.

Well, you can bet that Walt was glad when I told him, and we began to get ready at once. Walt's old rifle had to be got down and cleaned; then we had to lay in some powder and shot. I had to get a new pocket-knife, and then there was a lot of other things we got ready, which I have forgotten now.

It took us two days and one night to get there. We were both of us pretty tired and both of us pretty dirty at the end of that second day. Tom was at the depot with the horses when we reached Woodbury, and after a drive of a mile we stopped at the front door.

There, on the steps, stood Uncle Jacob, and Aunt Hannah, and Aunt Mary, and Cousin Libby, and Sarah, and Hannah; and Walt and I had to kiss all of 'em. Mother said we must when we came away from home. I guess it was n't very nice for them, with our faces covered with dust and cinders.

I don't think this house is a hundred years old; but it ought to be, it's such a good one. It is n't painted, and it was n't built all at once. When Uncle Jacob came here to live, they built the low part. Here's where the dining-room is now. It's a splendid room, I can tell you. You'd think so if you could have some of the good things we eat we have in there three times a day. What would you say, Chippy, if you could pass your saucer the third time for apple-sauce, and have it heaped the last time, without having them tell you not to ask for any more?

There are two lounges, one in the dining-room and one in the hall—and it's a splendid long wide hall, with a door at each end. Did you ever see a door that opened half at a time—the upper half, and then the lower? That's the way they are here. Well, after breakfast, and dinner, and supper, Walt and I lie down on the lounge. I poke first for the one in the hall; so that is mine. The pillow is a real deal softer. I don't know why we lie down always then. Mother says it's because we have been working hard; but that's some of his fun, because we don't work at all. All we do is to have fun.

There's a boy here that we call Smutty. Walt named him. He'll do anything you tell him if it is for fun. He would go in swimming a hundred times a day, if Walt and I would go in with him, but he don't like to bring in wood.

Nobody has to churn out here. It's the dog. There's a big wheel hitched to another wheel, and then there's a crank; so when the dog walks, the dasher goes just as it does when anybody churns up and down. I can see him churn every day. I'm glad I aint Uncle Jacob's dog.

There is a big brook runs down through the valley, and Tom and Uncle Jacob have fixed a place so all the water runs through a box with holes in it. That's for catching eels. You ought to have seen what a whopper we caught the other morning! I had two big pieces of breakfast; and it was good, I can tell you. I like eels.

Walt and I made a water-wheel, and you should see how it goes! The water comes rushing down through the holes into a trough we made for it, and when it leaves the trough it gives one good jump for our wheel. Doesn't it whirl though! After we finished that, we got a little trip-hammer to work; and, quite a little ways off, you can hear it go—rap-rap-rap!

The day we finished the trip-hammer, we had a good time. It was about ten o'clock, and we got hungry. Walt said he was hungry first, and that made me feel so, and I said I was. Then Walt said: "Let's tell Smutty to tell Aunt Hannah we want something to eat." Then I said, "Let's." So Walt hollered to Smutty, and Smutty said he'd go if we'd give him some, and we said we would. Well, what do you think? Aunt Hannah sent us two slices of bread *aficce*, uttered thick with butter, and lots and lots of apple-sauce on it. I felt sorry that we promised to give a part to Smutty when I saw how good it was. We get hungry now every day at ten o'clock, and we don't always have bread and butter either. Oh, you'd like to be here—such times!

I've kept the best till the last. We go bare-footed when we want to, and we don't have to wear any collar or neck-tie.

I can't write any more now, because it is dinner-time, and Walt and I don't like to trouble Aunt Hannah by being late.

Your affectionate school-mate,

WINKIE WEST.

P. S.—We have clam fritters for dinner, and Walt likes them like anything. So do I.

NOTHING TO DO

A ROBIN swayed to and fro
On the old green apple-tree;
He caroled a lovely song,
And this song he caroled to me:

"Oh, maiden fair,
I'm glad I aint you;
I am glad, I am glad,
For you've nothing to do.

"The leaves they do grow,
And the grass grows too,
And the apple-tree blooms,
But you've nothing to do.

"The goslings all swim
In the lake so blue,
And the hen lays eggs,
But you've nothing to do.

"The little birds chirp,
And the dove says 'coo!'
The chauncleer crows,
But you've nothing to do.

"The smoke curls up
From the chimney's flue,
And floats to the sky,
But you've nothing to do.

"To the green of the grass
The flow'r lends its hue,
And blooms in the sun,
But you've nothing to do.

"The clouds roll on
In the distant vein,
And form the cool rain,
But you've nothing to do.

"But now to my nest
I my way must pursue,
And leave you alone
With nothing to do."

Then he spread his wings,
And away he flew,
Singing and caroling,
"Nothing to do!"

I rose from the grass,
And the long hours did rue
Which I'd spent lying there
With nothing to do.

On my chair were the socks,
Full of holes it is true;
But I said to myself,
"Here is something to do!"

CROCUS.

MY SQUIRREL.

MOST children like pets. I do, I know. I have had kittens and birds, and puppies, but I have liked none so well as my beautiful little gray squirrel. I reared him from a baby on milk from a bottle. Our house is in the country, with woods all around, and our bed-room is very large, and on the first floor. My dear father is very infirm, and rarely ever leaves the house, and the window-sashes are always kept down. In this room Bunny has passed his first year of life; he has his cage and bed, but he has never been confined, and his whole time, when not asleep, is spent in mischief and romping. In the morning he is up first, and wakes me by rubbing his nose in my face and purring like a cat, evidently saying, "Get up, lazy bones!" He then examines every chair, table, wardrobe and box; whatever he takes a fancy to he carries to certain hiding-places for future use; my mother's work-basket is always inspected, and her thimbles and spools of thread are carefully hidden away. We know his places of deposit, and whenever anything is missing we say at once, "Bunny has hidden it." When he is ready for a romp he jumps on my shoulder or head, and nips my ear gently with his teeth; then he scampers off, and we play hide-and-seek for

an hour; and the cunning and sense he shows in this play father says is greater than that of most children. He is the most playful and active animal I ever saw.—far ahead of a kitten. If father is asleep on his lounge, Bunny teases him until he sometimes gets a flogging; he pulls father's hair, bites his ears, pulls the newspaper from his face, nips his fingers, and I and mother look on and laugh. In warm weather he slips between the sheets of my bed and coils up exactly in the middle of the bed. He knows a stranger as soon as he comes in, and will snarl and quarrel and scold like an old woman if strange children come in. If I leave the room he runs to the windows to watch me through the glass. He will put up with the roughest treatment from me without minding it, but a stranger must take care of those needle-like teeth; he can jump ten feet from one table to another. He is fed on nuts, bread, fruit, or almost anything that we eat; is constantly hiding away things to eat. When any of us have to write, we are obliged to shut him up; he snatches the pen from the hand, scratches at the paper, upsets the ink, and for mischief he never had his equal. I could write all day, and then not tell all about him. To see him take a nut, run and jump on top of mother's head, sit there and eat it, and then hide the shell in the folds of her hair, is real funny; he has found out that the door is opened by turning the knob, and he often tries to turn it himself; he

keeps me laughing half my time; but when he takes my poor dollies by the head and drags them over the floor, then he makes me mad. I am keeping him to take to New York next summer to a little boy-cousin of mine.

A. C. W.

THE YOUTH AND THE NORTH WIND.

ONCE on a time—'t was long ago—
There lived a worthy dame,
Who sent her son to fetch some flour,
For she was old and lame.

But while he loitered on the road,
The north wind chanced to stray
Across the careless youngster's path,
And stole the flour away.

"Alas! what shall we do for bread?"

Exclaimed the weeping lad;

"The flour is gone! the flour is gone!

And it was all we had!" MINNIE NICHOLS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

We give this month, on pp. 50-51, directions for making a "Centennial" fancy article for a Christmas gift. Our readers will find a few other timely hints in the present "Letter-Box;" and, for further information on the subject of home-made holiday gifts, we refer them to "One Hundred Christmas Presents, and How to Make Them," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me why two small c's are placed at the foot of the eagle on half and quarter dollars? Sometimes there is an s instead of the c's, and on coins of dates previous to 1875 I have never noticed anything. On some dimes I have seen two c's, but I don't remember ever having noticed an s on a dime. If some one will tell me what this means, I shall be much obliged.—Yours truly,

JESSIE J. CASSIDY.

The two small letters c, and the single letter s, sometimes seen on our silver money, mean Carson City and San Francisco, and are put on the coins to show that they were struck at the mints in those cities. Coins from the mother mint at Philadelphia have nothing, and the absence of the letters shows they were made there. By means of these marks the examiners at the Assay Office are enabled to trace the coins if they find any defects in the work.

ADELE sends this pretty song which she has translated for ST. NICHOLAS from the German of Goethe:

THE BEE AND THE BLUEBELL.

A dear little bluebell,
On one gladsome day,
Sprang forth from the dark earth
In brightest array,
There soon came and sipped,
A little brown bee;
They were for each other
Created, you see.

The picture of the "Children of the Week," in our department "For Very Little Folks," was printed some years ago in *Hearth and Home*, but we reproduce it, not only because it is such a good picture, but because it is the very first drawing on wood ever made by our charming artist, Addie Ledyard. The poem in this number, "The Sunday Baby," will give additional interest to the illustration.

Grand View, Texas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Brother Harry and I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS two years. We are all happy when it comes; it is so interesting, I want to write you a letter to thank you for making us

such a nice, sweet book every month. I am ten years old, and brother Harry is twelve. We are both studying United States history. We would so much enjoy a visit to the great Centennial at Philadelphia, but we live many hundreds of miles away in North-western Texas, and never saw a city, nor a railroad, nor many of the wonderful things we read of in ST. NICHOLAS. KATY GRANT.

Litchfield, Illinois.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am about to begin the study of English literature, I have written an answer to the first of the Harvard University questions published in the September SCRIBNER, getting my information from "Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature" (1847) and the "American Cyclopaedia." I would like you to say how it would be received as an answer to the question if it was given in an examination. I did not feel sure whether I should go further back than Layamon, or whether to include the Scotch writers or not.—Respectfully,

MARY L. HOOD (aged 14 years).

Question: What are the principal writings in the English language before Chaucer?

Answer: The beginning of English literature is generally accredited to the latter part of the twelfth century, when the Anglo-Saxon tongue began to be modified by the Norman-French. The oldest known book considered English is Layamon's translation of Wace's "Roman de Brut." This writer is considered the first of a series known as the "Rhyming Chroniclers." Among them, Robert of Gloucester wrote a rhyming history of England, and Robert Manning translated several French books. Besides these were metrical romances, generally reproduced from the Anglo-Norman, among which were "Sir Tristram," "Sir Guy," "The Squire of Low Degree," "The King of Tars," "Morte Arthure," etc. Among the immediate predecessors of Chaucer were Laurence Minot, a ballad writer, and Robert Langland, the author of "Piers Plowman." Contemporary with Chaucer were Sir John Mandeville, who wrote an account of his travels; John Wickliffe, the reformer, who translated the Bible and wrote several controversial works in English; and John Gower, the author of "Confessio Amantis."

We consider your answer a very good one.

"AN OLD GRANDMOTHER."—Thanks for the leaves of the "life-plant." They are flourishing finely, and we have sent some of them to the Little Schoolma'am.

Zanesville, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you yesterday. My grandpa gave me you for a Christmas gift. Don't you think I have a good grandpa? I see many letters in the "Letter-Box," but none from Zanesville. Zanesville is a smoky old town, but I like it because it is my home. We have two rivers here, the Muskingum and the Licking. I am eight years old, and never went to school until last spring. I have two pets, a dog and a squirrel. I have so much fun playing with my squirrel. He is very tame, and eats out of my hand.—Your little reader,

EFFIE W. MUNSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please let me give your young readers a hint for fancy-work for the coming holidays.

Shagreen paper, or egg-shell board, is a new, useful, and pretty material for handkerchief-cases, card-baskets, wall-pockets, etc. It may be bought for twenty-five cents a sheet at framing establishments, here it is used in making passe-partouts. It is found on one side, and gray on the other. The gray side will be white more effectively if fancy-work. The edges of this paper may readily be pinked. The parts of any fancy article can be fastened together by running ribbon through holes punched in the center of each pinked scollop. Pretty colored pictures, wreaths, leaf-sprays, etc., such as are sold in fancy stores for children's albums, may be pasted on the surface, desired.

ALICE DONLEVY.

Beverly, New Jersey.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A young friend, now at Princeton College, and as a New-Year's gift your magazine to my little girls in 1875, and has continued it for this year. The pleasure he has given them the enjoyment of its pages has led me to suggest, through your Letter-Box, to other young men desiring to present a birthday or holiday present to a little friend, sister, brother, or cousin, that they could follow his example and send them a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS. It would be, as my little girls say, "a new present every month." Its pure pages can safely be put in the hands of children, and relieve a parent's anxiety as to what they will read there, while we have so much to dread from many other periodicals, books, etc.

We have made use of several of your charades, pantomimes, &c., with success, in our little school entertainments, and thank you for them.—Respectfully,
MRS. FANNIE M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have tried making candy according to John F. H.'s plan. The candy turned out to be real good. Please let me down as a Bird-defender.—Yours truly,

W. WEST RANDALL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you and like you very much, and being that the other boys and girls write to you, I thought that I could too. Winter before last, I went to Florida for my health, and while I was there the hotel folks used to go alligator-shooting, and they brought in several pretty good-sized ones. They are nice-looking fellows, so I thought, but ugly to tackle.

Aside from this, I had a pretty good time there, and when I was coming home I brought a little gator with me; but when I got to Savannah, on my way home, he got lost in a fountain that was in front of the hotel; and a few days after, he got out and crawled into the cellar of the hotel, where the cat got him and killed him.

But after that I got another one, which I liked better, and he did not get lost or die, but has since then traveled with me wherever I went; and last winter I got a turtle to keep him company, and they sit along nicely together. Besides them, I have a gray squirrel that like very much, and now I am trying to get a young coon.

Hoping that you will not get tired of my long letter, I remain, yours truly,
CLARENCE H. NEW.

Yorkville, Sept., '76.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell the girls that they can make a real pretty Christmas present for their fathers, brothers or sisters, out of a child's slipper. You take a pretty little blue or red slipper, or bronze if you like it better, and glue a little round glass stand fast to the inside of the heel, so that as it stands in there it arches the least bit beyond the top. Then in the toe you fasten in a ball of fine black merino or cloth, gathered just as full as can be. This fills the toe out nicely, while the pinked edges of the fill stick it loosely about three quarters of an inch toward the instand, and run a pen-wiper and ornament at the same time. I ought to have told you to put this in before the instand. If another girl will go along with you in buying a pair of slippers, it is better, as you may want to make two presents so much alike.

My brother saws cocoa-nut shells in two, then cleans and smooths them inside and out, and sets them on rustic stands or legs, which he makes out of twigs and roots. He varnishes the whole, after putting rim of acorns and leather oak-leaves around the top of the cocoa-nut part; and you don't know what a pretty flower-stand it makes. Sometimes he trims the rim with a rustic twist, and finishes with rusticandles. He lines them with red or blue velvet, if they are to be used for knick-knacks or cards in them. Some boys like to make presents for Christmas presents.—Yours truly,
ROSETTA F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went on the coast survey with Uncle Din. I was thirteen years old then. We were delayed at Panama, and Uncle Odin gave me a long, bright day for hunting specimens in my cabinet. He had been there before, and so he knew what to look for. We went to an old mine that has not been worked for more than a hundred years, and found some curious specimens. Up among the hills we found garnets and a shiny black crystal that I persisted in believing was a black diamond; but down in the warm, wet valley

between the mountains, the loveliest flowers were growing, and among them one which I want to tell you about.

Uncle Odin said it was an orchid, but the pretty Spanish name for it is "*La flor del Espiritu Santa*," which, being literally interpreted, means "Flower of the Holy Spirit," though it is sometimes called the "Holy Ghost flower." It grows very much like a tuberose, with fibrous, bulbous root, from which rises a tall stem or stalk. The leaves are long and pointed, wrapping sheath-like about the stalk, and then bending away from it to show the beautiful flowers. They are just as pure white as a water-lily, cup shaped, and about as large as a tulip. Each flower grows on a short stem that droops a little from the main stalk, so one can look straight into the open cup, and there lies a pure white dove, with slightly raised wings, tinted a faint lavender or dove color, and a delicate pink beak on its pretty round head. It is about an inch long, I guess, and as exquisitely formed as though carved from the finest alabaster.

I wanted to bring a root home with me, but Uncle Odin said it would not live if disturbed in the flowering season; that late in the autumn, or early in the spring, the bulbs might be taken up and dried like tulip-bulbs, and then they would bloom again. So I told the pretty thing farewell, and left it there in the wilderness of swamp.

Well, as I said, Uncle Odin called it an orchid when I asked him what kind of a flower it was, just as though that explained the whole matter. Now, what I want to ask of Jack-in-the-Pulpit, or some of your wise people, is—What is an orchid? Do they all bloom white, and have they all doves in their dainty cups? Please tell me something about them, and much oblige your friend,

NAT. EMERSON.

The orchids are a large family of flowers, found throughout the year in almost all parts of the world. They are noted for the peculiar form which one part of the flower assumes, making it resemble some insect, reptile, or bird, as in the case given in the above letter. The orchids are very singular, beautiful, and fragrant flowers. A common specimen is the "lady's-slipper."

Down in the valley, so cool and green,

The lily's head is to be seen,

Beautiful lily, so fair and sweet.

White and pure, you lie at the traveler's feet.

Darlingest lily, I love you so.

I dare not to part with you, dare not to go.

Beautiful lily, so pure and white,

Lies in the valley, lies there all night.

"LITTLE MAY" (five years old).

Two lovers, with very bad colds in their heads, hid away when they heard somebody coming. When that somebody halted close by the spot, the lady called out archly the name of a famous mythological rod. What was it?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, six years old, and my name is Minnie Blaisdell. I am an only child, and have not even a cousin or uncle or aunt, for both papa and mamma never had a brother or sister, and papa's father and mother died when he was a baby, and his aunt took care of him. I wonder if there is any other reader of ST. NICHOLAS who has no cousin.

I am not very strong, and mamma says my health is delicate, so I have to stay in the house a good deal, and can't play as much as most children can; and as I have no one at home to play with, I get lonesome. I am very fond of kittens, and want one very much, but mamma won't let me have any, for she thinks it is not good for me. Do you think it would hurt me?

As I can't have a kitten, papa got me two dogs. One is a great black Newfoundland, and his name is Hero; and the other is just the tiniest bit of a black doggie I ever saw. He is so small, when I go outdoors I put him in a pocket on the outside of my saccie, and you can just see his little head peeping out. He has very bright eyes, and looks very funny, for he almost always has his little red tongue sticking out. I call him Tom Thumb, because he is so small, and he is full of mischief. He likes to tease Hero, who does not think such a little fellow is worth minding. At meals the dogs come and sit one on each side of me, but mamma won't let me give them anything at the table. Hero never asks for it, and if Tom does, Hero takes him by the collar and walks him out of the room, and won't let him come back. But when I feed them, Hero gives Tom the best; and when any one gives him anything, he gives Tom the biggest share. He always lets Tom have the softest and warmest seat. Is 't he kind? Mamma says he teaches us a good lesson, and I try to be as kind and generous as Hero, for I surely ought to do better than a dog. Hero is very grave and dignified, and never cuts up capers as Tom does. If Tom does not mind me, Hero gives him a good shaking or boxes his ears. Sometimes Tom hides things, and then Hero makes him bring them back. So when Tom is naughty, I tell Hero to punish him, and he does. But he is very kind to Tom, and lets him pull and bite his tail and ears, or do anything he pleases to him. When they go out with me, and Tom gets tired walking, he makes

Hero carry him on his back—Hero saved my life once, so we think he deserves his name, don't you?

Besides my dogs, papa got me the prettiest little black pony, for Dr. Lyon said I ought to ride horseback. He is very small; jet black, with a white star on his forehead and white feet, and a long flowing mane and tail; and I named him Charlie. I have a little carriage that holds two, and every pleasant day I ride out in it or on horseback, with Hero to take care of me. Sometimes I take Tom in my pocket. Papa is n't afraid to let me go anywhere if Hero is with me, for he won't let anything hurt me.

Grandpa and grandma live with us, and grandma helped me write this. If you can, will you please print this, so that the others can hear about my pets. I must tell you papa says Tom will never grow any larger. He got ST. NICHOLAS for me, and I like it ever so much.—With ever so much love to you and all your readers,

MINNIE BLAISDELL.

Brockport, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you an answer to the question of H. E. B.: "When did Great Britain acknowledge the independence of the United States, or American Colonies, as it was then called?"

A final treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Paris, on the third of September, by David Hartley, Esq., on the part of the King of England, and by John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and John Jay, on the part of the United States.

The independence of the colonies was acknowledged by Sweden on the 5th of February, by Denmark on the 25th of February, by Spain on the 24th of March, and by Russia in July, all in the year 1783, before it was formally acknowledged by England.

The question of Ruel L. S. about birthdays on the 29th of February I have often thought of myself, but never have been able to find an answer to it. I should think though, that as all other birthdays are 365 days after the last one, this one would be on the 1st of March in all years but leap-year.

I have taken you (does n't it seem funny to say "you"?) for almost a year, and I mean to go right on taking you, you are so splendid. I have a little sister, six years o'd, who was so delighted with "Bobby and the Keyhole," that she has made me read it over and over until I know it almost by heart. I think "The Boy Emigrants" is very interesting, and "Talks with Girls" just as nice as can be; only I wish you came oftener and staid longer.—Your loving reader,

ELIZABETH B. ALLEN.

Several others of the boys and girls have answered H. E. B.'s question correctly.

Rocky Brook, Rhode Island.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you not hit a ball twice in croquet, even if you have not been through your wicket, provided it is a different turn?

ROLONG REDMAINE.

In every turn, at croquet, you begin afresh, as far as the balls are concerned, and may hit a ball the second time even if you have not gone through a wicket since you hit it the first time.

South Pueblo, Colorado, le 26 Juillet.

CHER ST. NICHOLAS: Nous sommes deux petites filles, agées à peu près six et sept ans; qui demeuront en Colorado. Nous sommes toujours si heureuses quand ST. NICHOLAS arrive.

Maman nous a lu l'histoire de Piccola qui était très triste, parce qu'elle n'avait point de cadeau de Noël.

Nous avons gardés nos habits et nos bottines pour elle. Dites, s'il

vous plait à M. Aldrich de nous donner un autre conte aussi amusant que celui de la comtesse de la Grenouillère. Si nous allions en France, un de ces jours, nous espérons voir Piccola.

Vos petites amies, GERTRUDE ET ANNE LEMBORN.

Newsboys' Home, New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About six weeks ago I was up to Cooper Institute, and happening to pick up the ST. NICHOLAS for April, came across an article headed "The Poor Boys' Astor House," and as I am an inmate of that institution, I eagerly examined its contents which I think was very nice; in fact, I was enraptured with all read, especially about Gilbert Stuart.

I am a poor boy without home or friends, and had it not been for the Home, I do not know what I would do. My father died about one year ago, and my mother is in the Insane Asylum, and I have to live at the Home.

I have written several pieces of poetry, and as there is a department for amateur contributors, I take the liberty of sending you the following piece, which I leave to your approval; and if it is fit for publication, it would please me very much to see it in print.

JAMES D. BORDEN.

LIFE.

LIFE! 't is but a little garden-flower,
Growing on a rough and rugged road,
Ready to drop off at any hour,
As if weary of its load.

First in infancy it dangles,
In the gentle summer winds;
Then in youth gets entangled,
And no rest it ever finds.

Now in manhood's happy bower,
In peace and comfort it still grows;
And at old age it lost its power,
Drove by chilly wind that blows.

See now, with death in every zephyr,
Time, its dreadful scythe in hand,
Sweeps from this wicked world forever,
To a far but better land.

Norristown, Pa., June 28, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much. I think it is the best magazine that has ever been published. I have just commenced "The Story of Sevenoaks," bound in a book. I am very much interested in the story of "The Boy Emigrants." My friend J. Craig Crawford, showed me my name in the list of Bird-defenders in the July number. I was very glad that my letter had been received. I thought the "Eight Cousins" and "The Young Surveyor" were elegant. Every piece in ST. NICHOLAS interests me. A friend of mine has had the ST. NICHOLAS for 1875 beautifully bound for me with my name at the bottom.

I was sitting in father's study, and I thought I might as well write to you. I am ten years old to-day. I was born at exactly half-past one in the morning on the 28th of June, 1866. We have only six days to wait before our country will be one hundred years old; but there is no need of me telling it, for everybody knows it. Please put this in the "Letter-Box." I shall watch to see it in print. I will no close.—Yours truly,

HYLAND C. MURPHY.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A YELLOW flower. 2. An ingredient of soap. 3. An aromatic plant. 4. A large animal. 5. A young woman. 6. A custom. 7. A black bird. 8. A silver coin. 9. A measure of length. 10. A useful metal.

The initials and finals form two of Dickens's characters.

ANAGRAMS.

AMERICAN cities: 1. A philanthropic city—Soh not. 2. An enterprising city—On, we cry. 3. A river-spanning city—Crost here. 4. A noted city—In shag town. 5. A seaport city—Let's anchor. 6. A hot city—Boil me. 7. A new city—Up last. OSWY.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a word meaning to unite, and leave a girl's name. 2. Syncopate a word meaning fortunate, and leave a girl's name. 3. Syncopate the name of an opera, and leave a girl's name. C. D.

REVERSALS.

1. I do not — of wearing the prison —. 2. There is plenty — on the —. 3. What a — of words about a —. 4. We that the — in ancient —. 5. I sent a — which he will receive at —. 6. We must get a new — for this block at one of the Southern —. 7. Could you describe the — correctly as being covered by —. RUTH.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and syncopate an article of food, and leave a color. 2. Behead and syncopate an evergreen tree, and leave a part of the body. 3. Behead and syncopate a mournful song, and leave anger. 4. Behead and syncopate a noted epic poem, and leave a boy. 5. Behead and syncopate a precious stone, and leave a fish. 6. Behead and syncopate a forest tree, and leave a malt liquor. 7. Behead and syncopate a relative, and leave a luxury in summer. 8. Behead and syncopate a tropical fruit, and leave a falsehood. 9. Behead and syncopate a part of the body, and leave an article of food. 10. Behead and syncopate a kind of grain, and leave an article of clothing.

ISOLA.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(A large and renowned city.)

My first is in plum, but not in peach;
My second is in oak, but not in beech;
My third is in stone, but not in rock;
My fourth is in door, but not in lock;
My fifth is in old, but not in new;
My sixth is in rain, but not in dew;

G. D. D.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A NOTED ancient city. 2. A means of rising in the world. 3. A dry plant. 4. One of a certain Eastern tribe. 5. A church benefice. 6. A small leaf. 7. A musical instrument.
Diagonals—From left to right: A degree of honor. From right to left: A badge of the honor.

J. P. B.

CHARADE, No. 1.

My first has a large throat, and sometimes swallows,
Though never in the winter, I believe;
And sometimes it gets choked, and then it follows
That only active remedies relieve.

My next you have when anything is broken,
Nor is it often then a welcome sight;
Though sometimes you esteem it as a token,
And give or take it with a small delight.

My whole, when glowing from a light beneath it,
Seems radiant with a warmth it cannot give,
And helps to emphasize a pleasant welcome
In homes where open-hearted people live.

J. F. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A metal. 2. A city in Europe. 3. To leave out. 4. Used in singing.

J. W. H.

GRAMMATICAL COMPARISONS.

1. POSITIVE, an insect; comparative, a beverage; superlative, an animal. 2. POSITIVE, an instrument used in a certain out-door exercise; comparative, a dull companion; superlative, an expression of pity. 3. POSITIVE, payment for services; comparative, apprehension of evil or danger; superlative, a festive meal. 4. POSITIVE, a wild animal; comparative, a loud sound; superlative, cooked meat.

ISOLA.

RIDDLE.

'T was yesterday that you made game
Of me, you stupid bat!
To-day somebody trod on me,
And kicked me, and all that.
Well, well, my troubles last not long!
In spite of every kind of wrong,
I'm bound to have my cheerful song.

L. W. H.

APOCOPESES.

1. APOCOPATE a knot of ribbon, and leave a fowl. 2. Apocopate to a plex, and leave meat. 3. Apocopate a toy, and leave an animal. 4. Apocopate a candle, and leave a plant. 5. Apocopate sorrowful, and leave a plant.

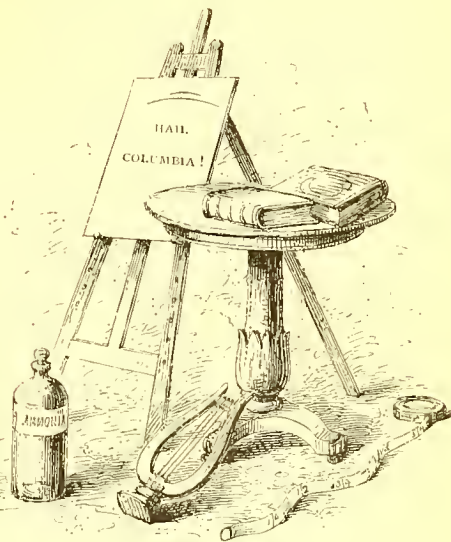
CYRIL DEANE.

REBUS.



PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Of the seven objects shown, arrange the names of five so that the initials and finals shall form the names of the other two.)



EASY ENIGMA.

A 1, 2, 3 saw a 4, 5, 6 in the 7, 8, 9 yard in 1, 2, 3; 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.
CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE, No. 2.

FIRST.

I FRY out a secret,
Devour a book;
I guide the hunter,
And aid the cook.
I'm drilled at the needle,
And "cute" at a hook.
In short, I'm a wonderful creation,
Worthy your study and admiration,
Albeit I'm naught but a perforation.

SECOND.

Faster and faster,
The cruel master
Waves me in air.
Agonized crying
Follows me, dying
In sobs and prayer.
Crying he heeds not,
His hard heart bleeds not
For such despair.

WHOLE.

Lifting so lightly,
Drooping so slightly,
On tender hinge.
Dusting and sweeping
When I'm not sleeping.
Deepening blue tinge,
Height'ning the sparkling,
Soft'ning the darkling,
Yet I'm but fringe!

L. W. H.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A negative. 3. A noted lover. 4. A number. 5. A vowel.

NEMO.

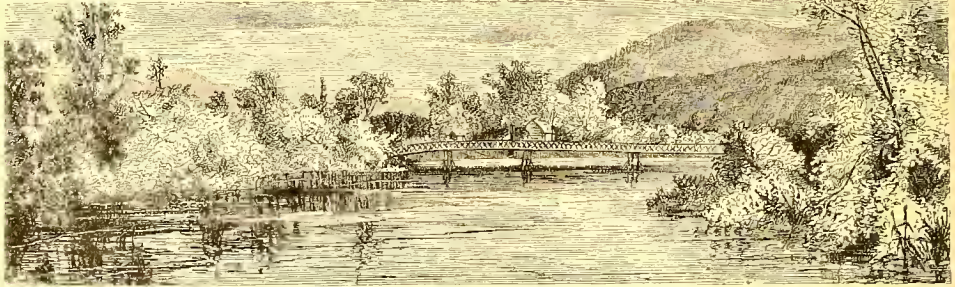
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED of seventeen letters. The 2, 13, 4, 8, 1 is a part of the body. The 4, 12, 16, 3, 17 is a sign of the zodiac. The 10, 7, 2, 13, 9 is a kind of tea. The 15, 11, 1, 5, 17 is an aquatic flowering plant. The 15, 9, 5, 6, 14 is a girl's name. The whole is a natural phenomenon.

ISOLA.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The upper picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Model, ode. 2. Samples, ample. 3. Apathy, path. 4. Slater, late. 5. Earth, art. 6. Eager, age. A HIDDEN TOUR.—1. Bremen. 2. Hanover. 3. Tivoli. 4. Ham. 5. Lyons. 6. Rhine. 7. Cologne. 8. Bonn. 9. Coblenz. 10. Frankfurt. 11. Mannheim. 12. Bingen. 13. Baden. 14. Stutgard. 15. Munich. 16. Tyrol. 17. Verona. 18. Venice. 19. Prague. 20. Dresden. 21. Eisleben. 22. Wittenburg. 23. Berlin.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—

S	C
A C E	E R E
S C A R E - C R O W S	
E R A	E W E
E	S

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—S, Ice, Screw, Eel, W.

RIDDLE.—Looking-glass—Lo, o, O, loo, look, kin, king, in, gee, lass, as, ass.

CONSONANT PUZZLE.—Tennessee, Nevada, Alabama, Kansas, Arkansas, Alaska, Massachusetts, North Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia.

EASY METAGRAM.—Kate, date, fate, gate, hate, late.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Elegy, leg. 2. Grape, rap. 3. Jewel, ewc. 4. Larch, arc. 5. Pasha, ash. 6. Snipe, nip. 7. Steam, tea. 8. Black, lac. 9. Coney, one. 10. Crate, rat.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Caprice, a price, price, rice, ice.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Saratoga, Monmouth.

S	—ache—	M
A	—rg—	O
R	—ob—	N
A	—r—	M
T	—omat—	O
O	—mol—	U
G	—oa—	T
A	—s—	H

EASY ENIGMAS.—1. Bobolink. 2. Grasshopper.

SQUARE-WORD.—

O	P	A	L
P	I	N	E
A	N	N	A
L	E	A	D

PUZZLE.—Notable, not table, not able.

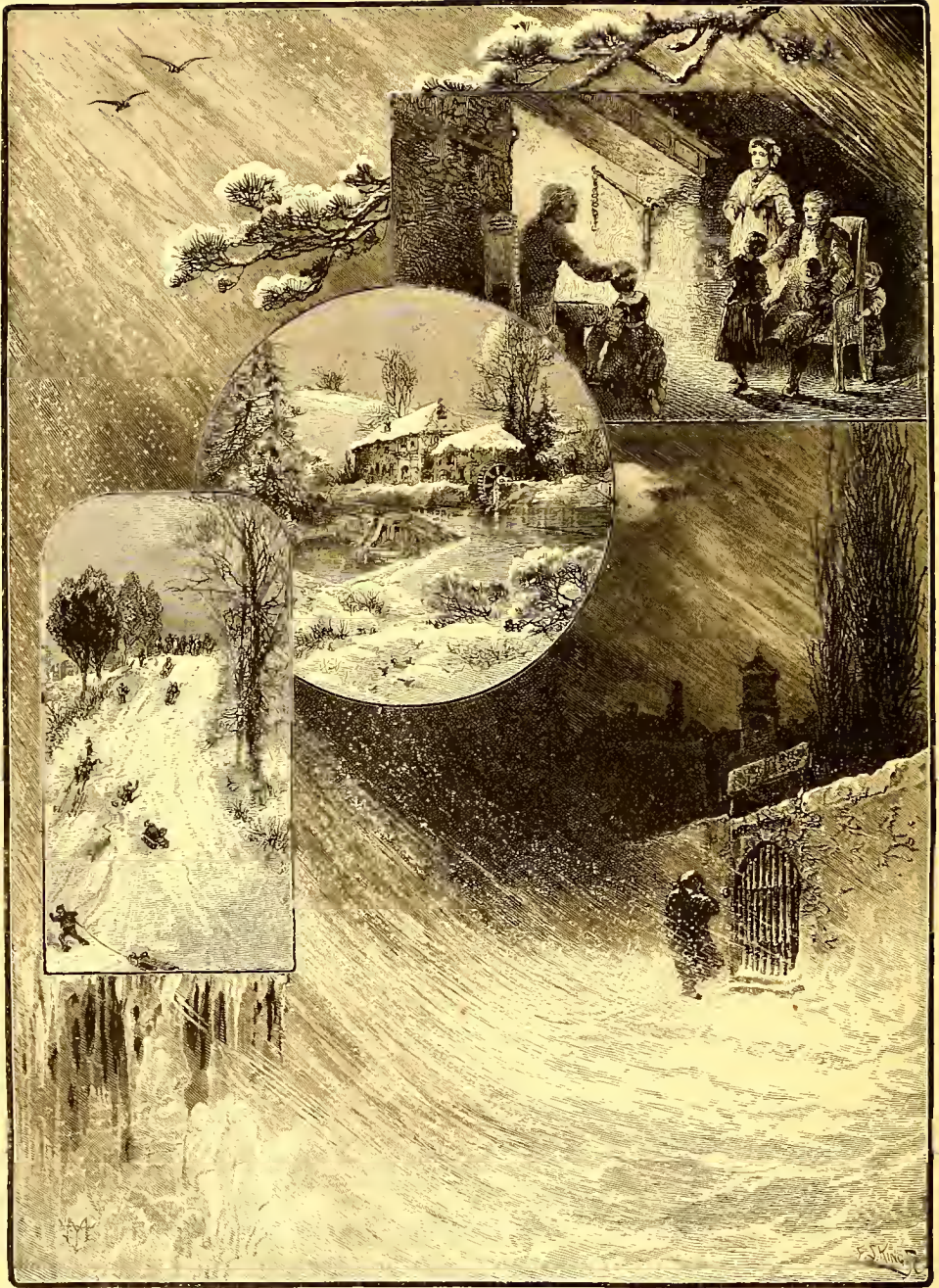
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Charlie.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Aloe, ale. 2. Aunt, ant. 3. Carp, cap. Coat, cat. 5. Colt, cot. 6. Lead, lad. 7. Plea, pea. 8. Reed, red. 9. Rose, roe. 10. Tome, toe.

CHARADE.—Kettle-drum.

GEOMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—Grandiloquent, Entertainin Circensial, Angelina, Quarantines, Connive, the Rubicon, Parsimor Anomorphoboid, Consideringly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to September 18, from Willie Dibblee, Nettie A. Ives, Jan A. Montgomery, Amy R. Carpenter, Virginia Davage, Lucy Allen Paton, "Juliet," Jennie Fine, A. J. Lewis, Frieda E. Lippert, Emma Elliott, Ida M. Bourne, Agnes M. Hodges, Lucy Davis, Johnny Kenny, "Alex," Nellie J. Thompson, C. M. Trowbridge, Nessie E. Stev, B. P. Emery, Howard S. Rodgers, Carroll L. Maney, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green, Clara L. Calhoun, W. C. Delaney, R. L. Groendyck



Drawn by Thomas Moran.

Engraved by F. S. King.

THE HEART OF WINTER.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1876.

No. 2.

POEMS AND CAROLS OF WINTER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child,
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies."

SWEETER carols than bird ever sang usher in the wintry weather. The poem of childhood was haunted by angels on the hills of Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, and its meaning has been deepening in the hearts of Christian men and women ever since.

Dear children, the secret of true poetry, as well as of all other true things, lies hidden in the heart of the Babe of Bethlehem—the secret of heavenly love, without which there is no beauty in the works or words of men. "Peace on earth, good-will to man!" is the hymn which must be sung in the heart before any poem worth keeping can be written.

Is it not beautiful that when the flowers of the wood and field have done blossoming, when the bees are leafless, and no birds make melody among the barren boughs, the whole world breaks out into singing over the cradle of its dearest Child?

Some of the Christmas carols are as simple as nursery-songs, and rude as the ages in which they began to be sung, when Christianity itself was in its childhood. The wassail-cups and yule-fires of the old Saxons were often strangely mixed up with the tender and sacred birthday-story of the New Testament. Sometimes these carols were sung by children at the mansion window or door:

"Here we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green;
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.

Love and joy come to you,
And to your wassail too,
And God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year!

"We are not daily beggars,
That beg from door to door;
But we are neighbors' children,
Whom you have seen before.
God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go."

And some of them show a curious blending of church-music and hunting-songs:

"The holly and the ivy,
Now both are full well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer!
The playing of the merry organ:
Sweet singing in the choir!"

There are others which, through their very simplicity, carry us back to the hills where the watching shepherds listened to the song of the angels, so many centuries ago, so that we hear with them the first notes of that celestial anthem whose echo will never die away from the earth.

Listen to this:

"All in the time of winter,
When the fields were white with snow,
A babe was born in Bethlehem,
A long, long time ago.
Oh, what a thing was that, good folks,
That the Lord whom we do know,
Should have been a babe for all our sakes,
To take away our woe!

"Not in a golden castle
Was this sweet baby born,
But only in a stable,
With cattle and with corn;
But forth afield the angels
Were singing in the air;
And when the shepherds heard the news,
To that Child they did repair.

"The wise men, also, from the East
Were guided by a star,—
Oh, I wonder often, at this day,
Where those good wise men are!"

Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," from which we copy a few lines, is among the grandest of Christmas poems. Written when the great poet was a very young man, it is full of the noble rhythm which makes all his poetry so wonderful.

the "Hymn on the Nativity"—the one, for instance, beginning—

"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:"

or this:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,"—

and you will feel what rhythm is, without explanation.

Milton was a very learned poet, but that has not prevented him from being a favorite with a great many children. Grown-up people cannot always decide for the younger ones what they shall ad-



THE HEAVEN-BORN CHILD.

Now, children, look in your dictionary and find out what "rhythm" means, for you cannot know much about poetry unless you have some idea of rhythm. If you are not satisfied with the definition in the dictionary, we will explain it as the tune to which poetry goes; for the best poetry always has a tune, which is part of itself, like the stir of pine-forests in the wind, or the sound of a mighty river as it sweeps along. There are many kinds of rhythm—flute-like, bugle-like, piano-like; it may have any musical resemblance you can think of. But Milton's poetry seems filled with the deep, strong harmonies of the organ, upon which he loved to play when he became a blind old man. If you have an ear for music, ask any one who knows how, to read aloud to you some verses from

mire, and grand poetry often takes the childish ear and heart more than rhymes prepared expressly for juvenile readers.

This is because a love of rhythm, or harmony, is born with us, and we cannot help enjoying it, whether we understand the words it is shaped into or not. Who understands the roar of the cataract, or the mighty organ-swell of the sea? The aged man knows their meaning no better than the little child. To both they bring wonder, and delight, and awe. And so it is with the voices of great poets in their highest inspiration. Old and young are alike charmed with the music that comes from the soul when it is nearest to nature and to God.

I remember that when under ten years old a school, the favorite piece in the reading-book, with

myself and other school-mates about my age, was Coleridge's "Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni." In the midst of our playing, one of us would sometimes break out with a line of it, another would take it up, and so it would be carried on, until, alone or in concert, we had repeated the whole. Indeed, though I have never seen the Alps, it often seems to me as if I must have visited them in my childhood, through the vision that then came to me, and lingers with me, in the lines—

"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 blue, spread garlands at your feet?"

And I remember also, that the poem I liked best, long before I had outgrown Dr. Watts's "Divine

to this day. And I do not think my tastes were unlike those of many of my child-companions,—nor that the children of to-day are very different from those who lived forty years ago.

The best poetry belongs to those who can enjoy it best, without regard to age. This rule—if it is a rule—works both ways. A perfect child-poem will be one that men and women also will take delight in; for, through poetry as well as religion, we are all of us in some ways—or ought to become,—"as little children."

So do not be afraid, children, to claim your grand poetical favorites, and do not be ashamed of your humble and childish ones. If they are real poets, they all belong to one family.

We were speaking of Christmas poems,—Christmas!—that we all recognize as the loveliest and



"THE SHEPHERDS HEARD THE NEWS."

songs" and Jane Taylor's "Hymns for Infant Minds,"—the classics of my Puritan childhood,—was Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of course I skipped all the learned dialogues that went on in heaven and in the Garden of Eden; but the beautiful garden itself, where grew

"Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose,"

and the wonderful palace of Pandemonium, that "rose like an exhalation," lighted by

"Many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets,"

fixed themselves as unfading pictures in my mind; and the "harpings and hallelujahs" that seemed to roll through the poem, resound in my thoughts

most welcome guest brought us by winter. Merry Christmas! that comes to us loaded with gifts, and that we, in return, delight to wreath with ever-green, and bright autumn leaves, and greenhouse rose-buds, and all fragrant and brilliant blossoms.

In memory of that Flower Divine,
Whose fragrance fills the world.

A very sweet poem, bringing Christmas before us in several different characters, is this, by Rose Terry (now Mrs. Cooke):

CHRISTMAS.

"Here comes old Father Christmas,
With sound of life and drums;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes!

His arms are full of all good cheer,
 His face with laughter glows,
 He shines like any household fire
 Amid the cruel snows.
 He is the old folks' Christmas;
 He warms their hearts like wine,
 He thaws their winter into spring,
 And makes their faces shine.
 Hurrah for Father Christmas!
 Ring all the merry bells!
 And bring the grandsires all around
 To hear the tale he tells.

"Here comes the Christmas Angel,
 So gentle and so calm;
 As softly as the falling flakes,
 He comes with flute and psalm.
 All in a cloud of glory,
 As once upon the plain
 To shepherd boys in Jewry,
 He brings good news again.
 He is the young folks' Christmas;
 He makes their eyes grow bright
 With words of hope and tender thought,
 And visions of delight.
 Hail to the Christmas Angel!
 All peace on earth he brings;
 He gathers all the youths and maids
 Beneath his shining wings.

"Here comes the little Christ-child,
 All innocence and joy,
 And bearing gifts in either hand
 For every girl and boy.
 He tells the tender story
 About the Holy Maid,
 And Jesus in the manger
 Before the oxen laid.
 Like any little winter bird
 He sings this sweetest song,
 Till all the cherubs in the sky
 To hear his carol throng.
 He is the children's Christmas;
 They come, without a call,
 To gather round the gracious Child,
 Who bringeth joy to all.

"But who shall bring their Christmas,
 Who wrestle still with life?
 Not grandsires, youths, nor little folks,
 But they who wage the strife:
 The fathers and the mothers
 Who fight for homes and bread,
 Who watch and ward the living,
 And bury all the dead.
 Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide
 The Lord of Christmas stands;
 He smooths the furrows from their brow
 With strong and tender hands.
 'I take my Christmas gift,' he saith,
 'From thee, tired soul, and he
 Who giveth to my little ones
 Gives also unto me!'"

Another of our welcome winter guests is Happy New Year, brought in like a smiling baby in its white christening-ropes, to be tossed about from one to another with good wishes and feasting and laughter. You might fill many volumes with the poetry that has been written about the New Year.

But the wonder and beauty of winter itself are what the poets of the North have loved to show.

We sometimes think of winter as the most un-

poetic among the seasons; but there is a different way of looking at it. The snow is a blank sheet to some eyes, but not to all. A fresh snow-drift is often molded like the most exquisite sculpture, and its waves and lines and shadows are a joy to artistic eyes. The tints it reveals in the sunset rays are purer than any color we know, and suggest the light that may shine upon us in some lovelier world which we have not yet seen.

And the falling of the snow—how delicate and dreamy it is! There are poems through which it seems to glide as airily as it descends from the sky itself.

This is the way Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," describes it:

"Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends.
 At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
 Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid sun,
 Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
 Is one wild, dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man."

And somebody else writes of the snow-flakes and the blossoms of winter:

Softly down from the cold, gray sky,
 On the withering air, they flit and fly;
 Resting anywhere, there they lie,—
 The feathery flowers!
 Borne on the breath of the wintry day,
 Leaves and flowers and gems are they,
 Fresh and fair as the gay array
 Of the sunlit hours."

Still, again, they are spoken of by a poet (John James Piatt) as flowers exiled from the gardens of heaven:

"The wonderful snow is falling,
 Over river and woodland and wold;
 The trees hear spectral blossoms
 In the moonlight blurred and cold.

"There's a beautiful garden in heaven;
 And these are the banished flowers,
 Fallen and driven and drifting
 To this dark world of ours!"

You will remember Bryant's "Snow-Shower,"

"Flake after flake,
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake,"—

and Longfellow's "Snow-flakes":

"Out of the bosom of the air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent and soft and slow
 Descends the snow."

Is it not true, as he says, that

" This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded,—
Now whispered and revealed
To wold and field?"

A merrier little song, and one that American children have long been familiar with, is Hannah Gould's "It Snows":

" It snows! it snows! From out the sky
The feathered flakes how fast they fly!
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! A merry play
Is o'er us in the air to-day!

" As dancers in an airy hall
That has n't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That waving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of white.

" But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud.
It spreads, it curls, it mounts, and whirls:
At length a mighty wing unfurls,
And then, away!—but where, none knows,
Or e'er will. It snows! it snows!

" To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then out will come the golden sun.
And we shall see upon the run,
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus with life it ever goes!
'T is shade and shine! It snows! it snows!"

How strange it must seem to live in a country where snow never comes! The natives of such countries will not believe the frosty and icy stories told them by travelers from colder regions. Stranger still it must seem to them when, at long intervals, they are visited by a snow-storm.

Bruce, the African traveler, tells us that an aged Abyssinian once drew him aside, to tell him, as a great wonder, that when he was a young man something white one day descended from the sky, covering the earth, and disappearing as silently as it came. Some one has very prettily versified this story of

SNOW IN ABYSSINIA.

" Bruce of Kinnaird could scarce repress the smile
That twitched the bearded ambush of his mouth,
When, in his quest of the mysterious Nile,
Amid the perilous wilds of the swart South,
An old man told him, with a grave surprise
Which made his child-like wonder almost grand,
How, in his youth, there fell from out the skies
A feathery whiteness over all their land,—
A strange, soft, spotless something, pure as light,
For which their questioned language had no name,
That shone and sparkled for a day and night,
Then vanished all as weirdly as it came,

Leaving no vestige, gleam, or hue, or scent,
On the round hills or in the purple air,
To satisfy their mute bewilderment
That such a presence had indeed been there!"

And you may have read of the little Barbadoes girl who, when she came to a northern country, and saw the snow falling for the first time, cried out that the angels were emptying their featherbeds upon the earth!

When the north wind sets our teeth chattering, and pierces us with needles of frost, we sigh for a climate where summer is perpetual. Yet no—not "we" exactly; for there is nothing that a healthy child delights in more than the wild, stormy mirth that winter brings.

Childhood and Winter are the best of playmates. Like some kind, rough old grandsire, he sets the boys and girls running races, tosses them about among the snow-drifts, and pushes them along the ice until they are rosy and strong with the merry exercise. Look at this German portrait of winter, boys, and see if you do not like it:

" Old Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as iron-stone;
There's nothing he's afraid of.

" Of flowers that bloom, or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cosey.

" But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river,—
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver,—

" When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,—
That hates he not, but loves it all;
Then bursts he out in laughter.

" His home is by the North Sea's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer home, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen."

But when any of us dream of summer lands in winter-time, we must remember how much that is rare and curious and wonderful the people of the tropics lose, in never seeing icicles or frost-work, or what Emerson calls

" The frolic architecture of the snow."

as Whittier describes it, for instance, in picturing for us the winter farm-life of his boyhood:

" Strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed;
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;

The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle;"

or as it is given in Lowell's lovely poem, "The First Snow-fall":

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

beauty of the summer woods, shows them to us in their wintry whiteness:

"But winter has yet brighter scenes,—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows;
Or autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

"From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow."

And see how Bryant, who paints so well the

Welcome thy entering. Look! the mossy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move."

And Whittier, in his "Pageant," bids us look

"Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,
The gleaming tree-boles, ice-embossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost."

In the ice-gleaming, sunlit forest, he exclaims :

" I tread in Orient halls enchanted,
I dream the Saga's dream of caves,
Gem-lit, beneath the North Sea waves.

" I walk the land of Eldorado ;
I touch its mimic garden-bowers,
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers."

You see, little friends, that there is a poetry of snow and ice as well as of flowers and fields and rivers. Here is a specimen of it from Thomson :

" An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm ; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river grows below."

That last line, which compares the stream to a caged lion under the ice, has been said to be the best description of a frozen river in the language.

For all the cold, there are live things in the woods in winter. Bryant found them there :

" The pure, keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses creep
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds,
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
Patient, and waiting the soft breath of spring,
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.
The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough,
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle on the earth of withered leaves,
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track
Of fox, and the raccoon's broad path, were there,
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree,
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold, and sway
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold."

And Emerson writes of a little friend he met in the deep forest on a stinging day of midwinter :

" Piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
' Chic-chicadeedee !'— saucy note,
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, ' Good day, good sir !
Fine afternoon, old passenger !
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces '"

Then he tells us that the bird, glad to meet his shivering guest,

" Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress on the snow,
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray."

The titmouse, or snow-bird, you know, has a different song for different seasons,—

" In spring
Crying out of the hazel-copse, ' Phe-be !'
And in winter, ' Chic-a-dee-dee !'"

Dear little fellow ! No wonder the poets have sung of him so often. Doubtless one of your best-known pieces from babyhood is Hannah Gould's

" Oh, what will become of thee, poor little bird ?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard."

She speaks of the snow-bird as the " Winter King,"

' Because in all weather I'm happy and free,
They call me the Winter King. Pee-dee-dee !'"

We cannot help loving the snow-birds, they are so neighborly, calling upon us at our door-steps, as well as keeping company with us in the leafless forest-paths. It does us good to have our little cousins of the woods, who do not know our alphabet, come and ask us, in their own language, for such small favors as we can bestow upon them.

A pretty song, with this idea in it, has been written by Mrs. Anderson, who has made many other charming verses for children :

" When winter winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of snow,
There comes a flock of little birds,
A-flying to and fro ;
About the withered garden,
Around the naked field,
In any way-side shrub or tree,
That may a berry yield,
You'll see them flitting, flitting,
And hear their merry song ;
The scattered crumbs of summer's feast
Feed winter birdlings long.

" But when the snow-drifts cover
The garden and the field,—
When all the shrubs are cased in ice,
And every brook is sealed,
Then come the little snow-birds,
As beggars, to your door ;
They pick up every tiny crumb,
With eager chirps for more.
Like wandering musicians,
They 'neath the windows sing ;
All winter long they stroll about,
And leave us in the spring.

" Off to the land of icebergs,
To islands cold and drear,
They fly before the summer comes
To frolic with us here.
Give them a hearty welcome !
It surely were not good
That they who sing in winter-time
Should ever lack for food."

If there were less beauty upon the outside earth in winter, there would still be the charm of home-life, which is always more perfect in a cold climate.

One stronger reason than all others for being glad that we live in the temperate zone, is that it is the zone of homes.

Greenlanders and Laplanders, it is said, each consider their own country the fairest the sun shines upon, and charming stories of domestic life have come to us from those icy latitudes. But the Esquimaux and Kamtchatkans, and those inhabitants of extreme Arctic regions who must live in snow-huts, or burrow underground for warmth, cannot know the rich and tender meanings the word "home" has for us.

How much comfort there is in our cosy houses alone,—in the clean, warm room, perhaps with a glowing fireside; the white table spread with wholesome and delicate food; the cheerful circle around the lamp at evening; the books, the sewing, the games; the sound sleep of the long, snowy night, in beds as white as the drifts outside; and the many other nameless blessings of a civilized home! These the children of the eternal snows must do without.

There is more poetry in a really beautiful home-life than in the finest natural scenery; but it lies too deep in the heart for words to express. It is poetry that is felt rather than spoken. A happy home is a poem which every one of the family is helping to write, each for the enjoyment of the rest, by little deeds of tenderness and self-sacrifice, which mean so much more than words. This home-poem is all the more delightful because it does not ask or need admiration from anybody outside. The poetry that people live in, of which they are a part, and which is a part of them, is always the most satisfactory, because it is the most real.

Think, little folks, of all the poems and fragments of poems you know, that never could have been written except in a country where tempest and sleet and long hours of darkness drove men and women and children within-doors, and kept them there to find out how dear and sweet a thing it is for a family to live together in love.

The list is a long one, so long that it is of no use to try to fill it out here. But a hint or two, and a few extracts, may put you on the track of a great many beautiful things.

There is Cowper's "Task,"—a domestic poem throughout, and in great part a winter poem, too,—with its famous tea-table picture:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

If you do not care to drink tea with the poet Cowper, you may like to hear him talk of the post-

man, and the budget of news he brings; or of the Empress of Russia's wonderful palace of ice.

Then, there is Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," which it will be strange if most of you do not enjoy; it is so full of pictures. You seem to be inside of the Scottish cottage, where

"The mither, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the new;"

while outside

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh."

There is Emerson's indoor view of a snow-storm:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight. The whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

If you have ever known what it is to be shut in with a happy household through a long, driving winter storm, those last two lines will often be coming back to you, after you have read them, as one of the cosiest of home-pictures. That "tumultuous privacy of storm," how deep and close and warm it is!

Best of all, perhaps,—certainly the finest epic of old-fashioned New England family-life ever written.—is Whittier's "Snow-Bound." "Epic" may not be the right word to use, and yet why not? It is "narrative," and "heroic" adventures are achieved by the men and boys out-of-doors in meeting the snows and the winds; while within, mother and aunt and sisters weave together a web of home-life lovelier than anything to be shown by Penelope, or Helen of Troy.

By such a fireside as that described in "Snow-Bound," with the red blaze flashing up

"Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom,"

one might well be

"Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door."

Children of the old-fashioned days had a hard time, perhaps; but it was worth a great deal to live around one of those deep, log-heaped fire-places. It was "jolly," as you boys would say, to hear how

"When a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed."

We must not forget one poetic thing that winter

docs for us all indoors, however humble our dwelling may be; and that is to decorate our window-panes, making them more exquisite in their white, delicate tracery than the stained glass of ancient cathedrals. This is Jack Frost's work, and we are told, in one case, how he did it:

"He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept.
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stopt,
By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things! There were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees,
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!"

There is a dark and cheerless side to winter, which is not to be forgotten even by the poets. Thomson has written of it, as you will find in the

You bring poetry into a life, whenever you bring it any real happiness. Think of that, dear children, and see how many hearts you can make sing aloud for joy!

There is a legend of the Child Jesus, which tells how he made flowers bloom and birds sing in the midst of winter, by a smile of love given to his mother. A beautiful meaning may be drawn from this. Love is the true sunshine, and all children can make a cold world blossom with it, after the example of the Holy Child.

THE CHILD JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

"Cold was the day, when in a garden bare,
Walked the Child Jesus, wrapt in holy thought;
His brow seemed clouded with a weight of care:
Calmness and rest from worldly things he sought.



THE CHILD JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

"Seasons." He draws a picture of a man lost in the snow, so vivid as to awaken our sympathies very painfully.

And Wordsworth has told us the piteous story of "Lucy Gray,"—

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door,"—

how she wandered up and down the moor, bewildered by the falling snow, and perished at last in sight of her own dwelling.

And Bryant's "Little People of the Snow," although so dazzling in its fairy fancies, contains a sad story of a similar kind.

To the very poor, who suffer for want of food and fuel, winter is anything but poetical. It is the privilege of those who are better off, to make it a pleasant season to them, and to supply the heart-sunshine and home-warmth, without which winter is bitter indeed. A little kindness goes a great way toward brightening dark days and warming up snow-drifts.

"Soon was his presence missed within his home;
His mother gently marked his every way;
Forth then she came to seek where he did roam,
Full of sweet words his trouble to allay.

"Through chilling snow she toiled to reach his side,
Forcing her way mid branches brown and sere,
Hastening that she his sorrows might divide,
Share all his woe, or calm his gloomy fear.

"Sweet was her face, as o'er his head she bent,
Longing to melt his look of saddest grief.
With lifted eyes, his ear to her he lent:
Her kindly solace brought his soul relief.

"Then did he smile—a smile of love so deep,
Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow:
From drooping branches scented blossoms peep:
Up springs the grass; the scalded fountains flow.

"Summer and spring did with each other vie,
Offering to Him the fragrance of their store;
Chanting sweet notes, the birds around him fly,
Wondering why earth had checkered so her floor."

Every season has a beauty of its own, and the poets usually find it out for us, or else show us that

there is a poetry of the gloomy and terrible as well as of the beautiful. So Cowper says :

“ O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy scepter, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,—
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art ! ”

But we come back, in spite of our attempt to look on the dark side, to the brightness and jollity of the winter months. Where is there fun like that of skating? Hear the poet Allingham sing of it :

“ The time of frost is the time for me !
When the gay blood spins through the heart with glee,
When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,
When the footstep rings on the musical ground,
When the earth is gay, and the air is bright,
And every breath is a new delight.

“ Hurrah ! the lake is a league of glass !—
Buckle and strap on the stiff white grass !
Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,
And swiftly turn upon scoring heel ;
And our flying sandals chirp and sing,
Like a flock of gay swallows on the wing ! ”

And sleighing-songs innumerable might be brought together ; but we will only take, at present, a verse or two by Stedman :

“ In January, when down the dairy
The cream and clabber freeze,
When snow-drifts cover the fences over,
We farmers take our ease.
At night we rig the team,
And bring the cutter out ;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it,
And heap the furs about.

“ Here friends and cousins dash up by dozens,
And sleighs at least a score ;
There John and Molly, behind, are jolly,—
Nell rides with me, before.
All down the village street
We range us in a row ;
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
And over the crispy snow ! ”

Now, children, which season is pleasantest—which has most poetry in it? This is so hard a question to answer, it must be settled by leaving it open on all sides, as it is here, in “ Marjorie's Almanac,” by Aldrich :

“ Robins in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass :
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew ;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm, and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March ?

“ Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one ;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun ;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place ;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May ?

“ Roger in the corn-patch,
Whistling negro songs ;
Pussy by the hearth-side,
Romping with the tongs ;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
Bursting through the rind ;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind ;
Mother “ doin' peaches ”
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June ?

“ Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue ;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you ?
Twilight and firelight ;
Shadows come and go ;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells,
Tinkling through the snow ;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball)—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all ? ”



NO POCKET.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.



It was at Katie McPherson's Christmas party that the announcement was made,—in the dining-room, where the scores of bright children were assembled to partake of the good things which Mrs. McPherson had bountifully provided,—Jimmy Johnson made the announcement, and this it was: "Bushy Caruthers aint got no pocket!"

Jimmy delivered this in such tones and with such a manner as he might have used if he had said: "Bushy Caruthers aint got no thumbs!" or "Bushy Caruthers aint got no nose!"

"Has n't he?" said Bobby Smedley, with as much eager concern as Jimmy Johnson, or, indeed, the most exacting news-bearer could have asked or desired.

"Has n't he?" said also Dickey Simpkins.

There was that in Dickey's tone which added, "I'm glad I'm not in Bushy's trousers."

Nellie Partridge, who was one of Jimmy Johnson's audience, opened her eyes roundly and puckered her mouth into a perfect O, and then gave vent to a long "W-h-y!" of astonishment.

"No, he aint got no pocket," Jimmy repeated, with no abatement in his can-you-believe-it manner.

"That's 'cause he 's a little boy," said Tommy Mayneer, who was large of his age.

With this explanation, Tommy thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, drew himself up to the full capacity of his inches, and marched back and forth a few paces with great dignity.

Nellie Partridge, who, I much fear, will in time grow to be a gossip, hurried over to the group of children in the next corner, and repeated, with solemn eyes:

"Say! Bushy Caruthers aint got no pocket!"

"Did you ever?" said one little auditor. "It's too bad," said another. "Why!" exclaimed a third, hurrying away to carry the story to the next group of children. Then the word went to the company of little folks collected at the window: thence to the children outside the dining-room door in the hall, on and on, until everybody knew that Bushy Caruthers was so unfortunate as to be at a party where candy and nuts and oranges and

all manner of good things abounded, and where there was a Christmas-tree, and yet to have no pocket.

What made it worse was, that it was Mrs. McPherson's way at her Katie's Christmas parties always to insist upon each little guest filling his or her pockets with good things "to take home."

Poor Bushy!

After a while the word reached Bushy himself. Of course he knew he had n't any pocket before the children flocked around him with their expressions of condolence and their eager inquiries and exclamations of concern; but until he had heard these, and seen the consternation in the little faces, he had no conception of the magnitude of his misfortune. When this really dawned upon Bushy, he thought he ought to cry; but that seemed too much like baby-conduct. So he perked up his head with an heroic look in his funny little face, and rolled his eyes from one to another of his condolers, as if he would say, "Well, if I aint got any pocket, I'm going to bear my trouble like a man."

"Well, Bushy," Barney Williamson advised, "you eat all the candy and jelly and nuts and cake and oranges you can hold."

"What makes um call you Bushy, anyhow?" asked Henry Clay Martin. "You aint bushy a bit; you're slick as my black-and-tan terrier," and Henry Clay looked the unfortunate over from the crown of his glossy black head to the soles of his polished gaiters.

"My name's Bushrod, and they call me Bushy for short," was the explanation; whereupon a dozen or more children proceeded to tell what their right names were and what they were called for short.

Meantime Bushy, in accordance with Barney Williamson's advice, was engaged in storing away cakes and candies, regardless of headaches and doctors. At the end of fifteen minutes he had probably discovered the limit of his capacity; for at this time he went over to his papa with both hands full of bon-bons, and emptied them in that gentleman's big coat-pocket; and when papa looked behind him for an explanation of the pullings, and so on, Bushy said, pathetically:

"I aint got no pocket, papa."

"You *have* no pocket, you mean," corrected papa, gently.

"Yes, sir, I have n't no pocket."

In a few moments he was back again, and papa felt another tugging at his coat behind, and heard something rattling down into his pocket; again mamma's silk dress were disturbed, and down on top of her lace handkerchief streamed the candy and nuts from Bushy's overflowing hands, attended



GOING UPSTAIRS TO THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

by the inevitable explanation: "I aint got no pocket, mamma. Katie says we must all take home something."

Again and again was the silk-dress pocket visited, for it was roomy, and mamma, busy in conversation, was unconscious of the visitations.

Then Bushy's sister, Minnie, thirteen years old, was petitioned to lend the aid of her pocket to the pocketless boy. Beside this, Bobby Smedley, whose home was just across the street from Bushy's, volunteered the loan of one-quarter of one of his pockets for the transportation of Bushy's nick-nacks. Miriam Endicott, who lived next door to the unfortunate boy, hearing of Bobby Smedley's generosity, forthwith devoted a half of her roomy pocket to Bushy's relief.

But it was when the children had gone upstairs to the parlors where the Christmas-tree stood, that Bushy's concern attained its height.

"S'pose," he said to Barney Williamson, remembering Barney's role as adviser, "s'pose I was to get a great lot of things—that ball"—and he pointed to the spangled, radiant tree, with its wonderful blossoms and fruit—"and that top, and that drum, and that trumpet with a whistle, and oh! them two wrasing heathen Chinee, and that whistle, and that cannon, and that velocipede, and that locomotive, and that there wheel-barrow, and a great lot more, how could I get them all home?—'cause I aint got no pocket, you know."

"Well I'll tell you," said the ready Barney.

came the explanation from Bushy: "I aint got no pocket, papa."

It was not long after this before the folds of

"I'll pack all the other things in your wheelbarrow, you know, and roll 'em home for you."

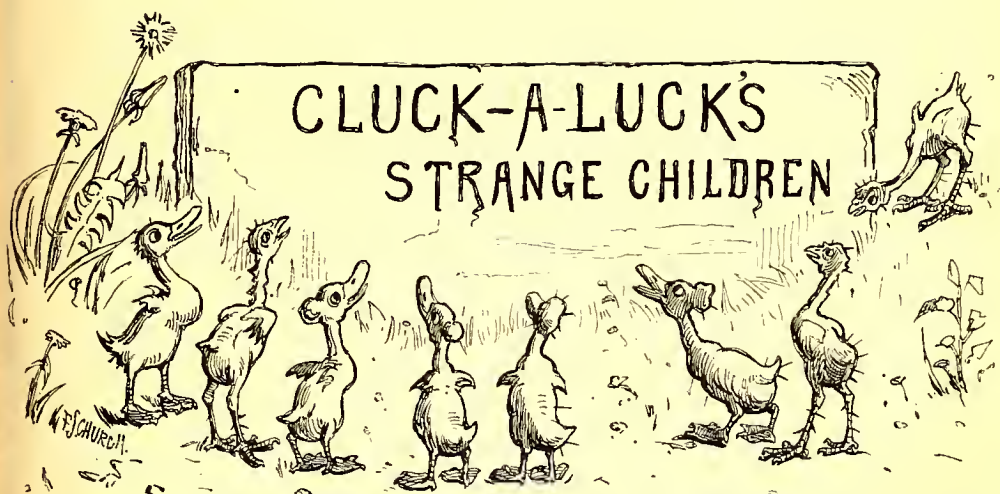
Bushy did get the wheelbarrow, sure enough, and soon had it loaded up.

You may well believe there was laughing at Bushy's house when all the pockets were emptied, and all the boxes and baskets. Such heaps of candy! such piles of cakes! such quantities of almonds and raisins, mottoes, lady-apples, oranges, and other good things, as were displayed! In Bushy's eagerness he had actually smuggled a

chicken's wing and buttered biscuit into his mother's keeping. There was enough, as he said, ecstatically, for another party.

If he had gone to Katie's entertainment with pockets all over his chubby little form, he could not have fared so well.

"Mamma," said Bushy, gravely, as he cracked an almond between his white teeth, his black eyes, meanwhile, sweeping the table which held his collection of sweets, "don't never put no pocket in my party-breeches."



BY E. MÜLLER.

OF course Cluck-a-luck thought she had been sitting on her own eggs. Why should she not think so? There were ten of them, just as many as she had counted when she first began to sit upon them; so when her young brood turned out to be ducklings, she was naturally surprised and disgusted. But that was the farmer's fault. Cluck-a-luck was such a good hen-mother that he chose her to raise the brood of ducklings. For a duck-mother is such a careless creature—such a very careless creature! All she thinks of is her own toes, and how to say "Quack" amiably, and to plume herself. So Cluck-a-luck had to see her fuzzy yellow brood step into the water at a spring-pond, and paddle away from her, while she sat on the shore and scolded at them.

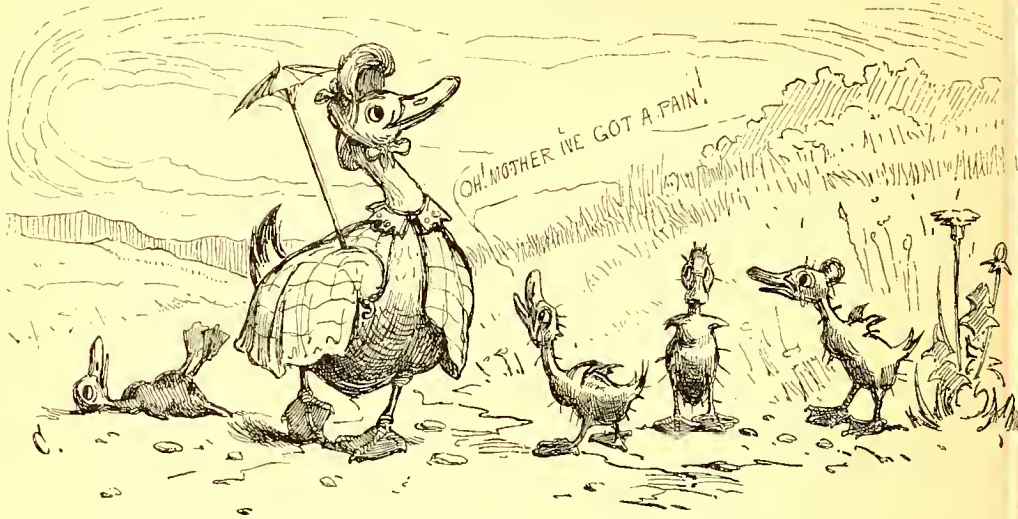
"You'll take your deaths of cold!" she screamed, when she found they did not drown, as she had

told them they would. "I shall have the whole ten of you down with the croup," moaned Cluck-a-luck, and she ran off to consult Grandpa Wattles, the great Dorking cock. "Dear Grandpa Wattles! what shall I do with my children? None of our family ever acted this way before!"

"Took-a-rook-a-raw, raw," said Grandpa Wattles, gravely; he always said that when he felt puzzled. "You must make allowances, make allowances. Young folks are very different, nowadays. You can't always tell how they are going to turn out. Sometimes they are one thing and sometimes they are another. Don't fret. Here's a fine grub for you. Don't fret."

So Cluck-a-luck ate the grub and stopped fretting.

By and by the ducklings grew large and handsome, with fine purple necks and broad yellow bills.



"A DUCK-MOTHER IS SUCH A CARELESS CREATURE!"

"They really do me great credit," said Cluck-a-luck, proudly, as she bade them good-bye, and began to hatch out another brood.

This time the farmer had enough ducks, so he allowed Cluck-a-luck to hatch out her own eggs. A fine brood they were. Nine yellow little fuzzy balls, with a little silvery chirp put inside of each one, to make music for their mamma. Cluck-a-luck was very proud of them, and as soon as they were big enough, she led them out of the hen-house

into the barn-yard, and showed them to everybody while she clucked delightedly. Then she took them to the pond.

"Peep-peep!" said all the little ones, "such a large water-trough!"

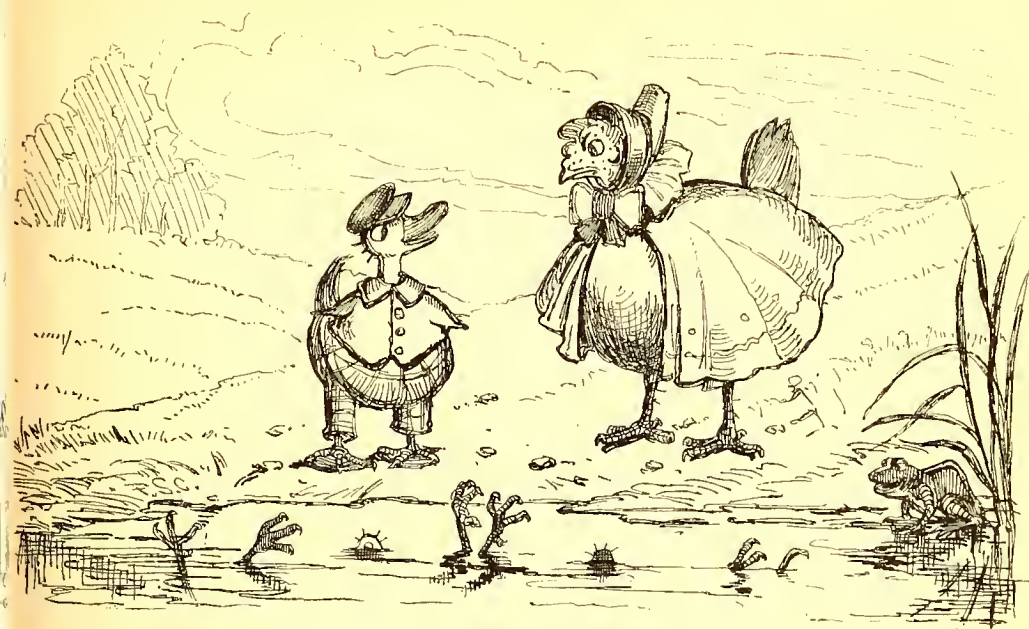
"Well, why don't you go in?" asked Cluck-a-luck.

"Peep-peep! we don't want to," said they.

"What nonsense!" cried Cluck-a-luck. "No want to go in? Why, your brothers and sister



THE WHOLE TEN OF THEM DOWN WITH THE CROUP.



"WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY STAY DOWN SO LONG?"

ran in, of their own accord, before they were as old as you. Go in at once, before they laugh at you."

"What's the matter there?" cried Shiny Tail, one of the eldest duck-sons, coming up. "Afraid to go in? Give them a push, that's all they want."

So Cluck-a-luck led the little chickens to a board that leaned out over the water, and then pushed them in, first one, then another, till all the nine were in the water.

"Peep-peep! it's very cold! It's very wet. Peep-peep, p-e-e-p!" cried all the little ones, and then they went down under the water, and staid there.

"Why do you suppose they stay down so long?" asked Cluck-a-luck of Shiny Tail, who stood near.

"I'm sure I don't know. I never staid down so long," answered he, thoughtfully.

But the little chickens never came up again, though Cluck-a-luck waited all day long for them, and clucked till she was quite hoarse. So she ran to Grandpa Wattles, and told him about it.

"Took-a-rook —," began Grandpa Wattles, but seeing she felt very badly indeed, he stopped before he got to "raw, raw," and said: "Now don't fret, there's a good creature. You have made a little mistake in their education. You can't always tell; sometimes they turn out one thing, and sometimes they —"

"But they are all drowned, gone entirely!" interrupted Cluck-a-luck. "What am I to do?"

"Well, well! Don't fret. Go and hatch another

brood. Here's a fine caterpillar I've saved for you. Don't fret," said Grandpa Wattles, very kindly.

So Cluck-a-luck ate the fine caterpillar and stopped fretting, and began to hatch another brood. While she was sitting, a weasel ate all her eggs but two. These she hatched out, saying to herself:

"It is just as well; there will be less trouble about their education, when there are so few, and I shall not go near the water with them, that's certain."



WACKSY AND WEEPSY.

So, when they grew strong enough, she took them up to the orchard, where there was no water, and there little Wacksy and Weepsy were good

and happy for a long time. Cluck-a-luck gave them these names because one of them always said "Wack" and the other one said "Weep," when he cried.

The little things were very fond of each other, and could not bear to be parted for a minute. One day Cluck-a-luck missed them. She had just been taking her morning sand-bath, in a lovely dust-hole under an apple-tree, and when she got up she missed both her children. She ran to the barn-yard and asked all her friends if they had seen her children.

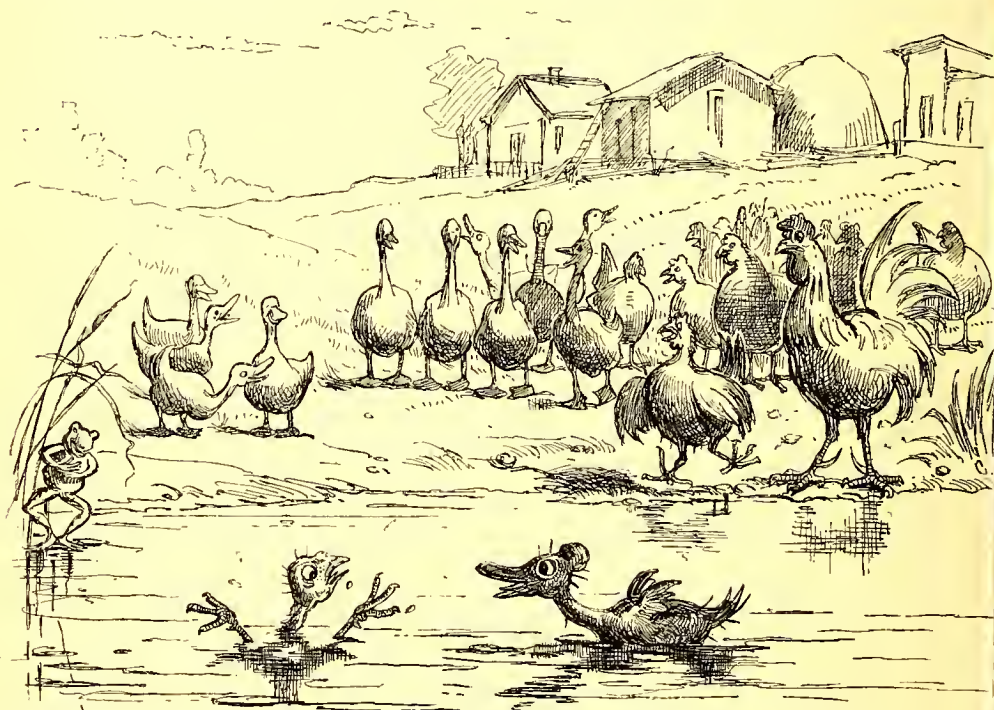
"I saw them a minute ago," said her cousin,

as possible, and he was squawking as only a young Shanghai cock can squawk, because he could not be a duck, like Wacksy, and swim with her.

"It seems to me you have very strange children Cluck-a-luck," said old Madam Brahma. "There must be something wrong in your system of education; my children never showed such dispositions.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried poor little Cluck-a-luck, "I'm sure I don't know what it is. I've done everything a mother could do, and I'm disgraced by them after it all."

Everybody stood watching and laughing at Cluck-a-luck's children. Everybody made remarks.



WACKSY AND WEEPSY IN THE POND.

Pulletta. "It seems to me they were going down to the pond."

"The pond! Oh, dreadful!" cried Cluck-a-luck. "Then they will surely drown!"

She hurried to the pond, and so did every one else, and all the chickens and ducks and turkeys and geese stood in a great crowd on the shore. And what do you think they saw? There was Wacksy, in the middle of the pond, swimming proudly around, while Weepsy stood near the shore, but up to his neck in the water, shrieking for her to come back and play with him! What a disgraceful sight for a proud mamma! Weepsy's long legs and long neck were stretched out as far

"Who in the world but a Dorking would this of hatching one duck and one great awkward Shanghai!" exclaimed an aristocratic Bantam.

"How was I to know?" asked poor Cluck-a-luck, indignantly. "I'm sure I never knew there could be so many different patterns of chickens. I never would have hatched any!"

Grandpa Wattles felt very sorry, but he could not conscientiously advise her to go and try another brood, so he only said "Took-a-rook-a-raw, raw" and stood gazing at Wacksy and Weepsy, who were still making themselves ridiculous.

"I'll never hatch another brood!" cried Cluck-a-luck; "I'll never lay another egg! I'll o

omewhere all by myself, and learn to crow!" At this dreadful threat, all the other hens looked at her and drew up their wings, and nodded at each other.

"You see she's going to crow. I knew a hen who could not bring up her chickens properly could end by crowing. How very shocking!"

"Oh, please don't, there's a good creature," said Grandpa Wattles. "You are an excellent en-mother; don't be discouraged; don't crow;

hens never crow unless they're good for nothing else."

"But I will crow," said Cluck-a-luck. "I feel like doing something desperate. I can't make my children behave, and none of you sympathize with me."

So she went away and got on a high fence, and crowed, and she tumbled over backward while she was crowing, and broke her neck, and her claws all curled up, and she was dead.

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HERO BEGINS THE WORLD.

JACOB FORTUNE, fifteen years old, barefooted, crouched at the knees, and with locks of very light hair showing through the torn crown of his old straw hat, sat on the door-yard fence, looking lonesome.

Jacob had never known father or mother; and it was now three days since his aunt, who had brought him up and given him a home in the old house here, was carried out of it and laid to rest in the old burying-ground, just out of sight over the hill.

Jacob had not thought that he was very fond of his aunt; and if she felt any affection for him, she showed a rather odd way of showing it. She worked hard herself, and made him work hard as soon as he was old enough. She made him go to meeting and to Sunday-school, and would not let him play or be sundown on Saturday. She kept bundles of dried herbs, which she steeped, and was always drinking a little "yarb-drink" herself, because she was sick, and making him take a little, not because she was sick, but because she was afraid he would be.

She had no teeth, and she made him eat all her crusts. Then, too, she took snuff, and was awfully sallow and wrinkled, and had a crooked nose, and sunken black eyes, and a harsh voice and a temper which made him often wish that there was no such thing as an aunt in the world, and which put wicked thoughts into his head of running away, in order to be his own master.

But now that there was no aunt in the world for

him, and he was his own master without running away, poor Jacob sat on the fence there and thought of all her real kindness to him, and remembered with remorse how many things he had himself done to make her cross and unhappy.

How empty the old house seemed without her! How empty and dreary the world seemed! He knew now that there had always been in his heart a great deal more love for her than he or she ever suspected; and he felt very much like going over to the old burying-ground, throwing himself down by her grave, and telling her so.

He was awfully lonesome, and was wishing that somebody would come along and say something to comfort him, when he saw Deacon Jaffers approaching.

"May be he'll have a good word for me," thought Jacob, brightening a little, not caring to be seen looking melancholy.

The deacon, in his white starched linen, black straw hat and cool alpaca coat, appearing every way prosperous and well satisfied with himself, stopped when he came opposite to Jacob, and swung his buckhorn-headed cane.

"So you are a free man now, Jacob—eh?" said he. "And how do you like it?"

"Don't know," said Jacob, with a sorry grin. "It aint so lively as I thought it would be."

"Would you like any better to have a guardeen appointed and put over ye? There's been talk on 't," said Jaffers.

Jacob did not greatly fancy the idea of a guardian.

"Would n't like to be bound out to some good

man, eh? Wal, Jacob, you've the name of being a perty stiddy boy, and I don't know but you can be trusted to look out for yourself. But you must be industrious. Mus' n't set too long on the fence. Keep on going to Sunday-school, and to meeting. Don't be off nutting and fishing with bad boys, in sermon-time; your aunt never allowed that. Don't play cards or drink. That's my advice to you, Jacob."

And the excellent deacon walked away, leaving the boy's mind darkened by the hint of a guardian, and his heart heavier than ever.

Presently a man drove along the street in a one-horse wagon. He was broad as a tub, filling almost the entire wagon-seat. He had a broad hat-brim, and a broad, red face, and a broad smile on it as he reined up by the fence where the boy was sitting.

It was Friend David Doane, the Quaker, famed for his butter and cheese. Jacob had always heard that he was a kind man, and he felt a thrill of hope as he thought, "I guess *he* will have a good word for me."

"How does thee get on with the world, Jacob? The world, Jacob," added Friend David, "is much like an edged tool, good and useful to the wise who take hold of it rightly by the handle."

Friend David looked like one who always held firmly by the said handle, and knew how to use the tool to his advantage. He went on:

"I hear that thy worthy aunt, before she died, gave thee her cow, Jacob. How is it? Has thee a clear title?"

"She gave me the cow in the presence of witnesses, if that is what you mean," said Jacob.

"Thee is very young to be the owner of a cow!"—and the broad, smiling face beamed like a full moon on Jacob. "What will thee do with her?"

"Don't know," said Jacob, to whom the cow's future looked as dubious as his own.

"Would thee like to sell her?"

"Don't know."

"Will thee take twelve dollars for her?"

"Folks have told me she is worth more than that," replied Jacob.

"How much, then?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"Twenty-five dollars!" repeated Friend David, with a solemn shake of the broad hat-brim. "Thee has been told amiss. I will give thee fifteen dollars for the cow. Will that satisfy thee?"

Jacob answered timidly that he did n't think he ought to sell her for less than twenty-five. Friend David regarded him sternly.

"Thee is beginning young, Jacob!"

"Beginning to—to what?" stammered the boy. He was simply endeavoring in his poor way to hold

the world rightly by the handle, and could understand how he had merited Friend David's crushing disapprobation.

The Quaker did not throw any light upon the question, but raised his bid to sixteen dollars.

"That is because I would like to encourage thee in well-doing," said David.

Which seemed so kind in him that Jacob was almost made to feel that he would be an ungrateful wretch if he did not accept the offer.

"Sixteen dollars is a great deal of money for a lad like thee! What does thee say to it?"

Jacob hung his head, and, being pressed further, murmured feebly, "I can't—really—take less than—twenty-five."

"Thee is a grasping lad—very grasping!" said Friend David. "I would have been glad to sell thee, but I find I can do nothing for thee,



"HIS HEART HEAVIER THAN EVER."

thee is so grasping. If I should offer thee twenty dollars, I dare say thee would take it, though he knows it is too much."

Jacob was a patient fellow; but he had the will of his own, which he would sometimes show when provoked, as his late aunt knew to his sorrow, and as Friend David now discovered. He felt that he was being imposed upon, and looking up and seeing something very much like cunning in the broad face, answered in the Quaker's own language:

"Thee thinks wrong, Friend David. I will not take twenty dollars for the cow if I knew was not too much, and I will not take it because I know as well as thee that it is too little."

Friend David contracted his brows, compressed his lips, gave Jacob a terrible look and his horse a touch with the whip, and drove on without a word.

The future did not look brighter to Jacob after his lesson. It was well to talk of holding the world by the handle, but where everybody was trying to get and keep a hold, would there not be trouble?

Some boys now came along, who had a cat in a basket, and a big dog.

"Hurrah, Jake!" said they. "Come and have some fun."

"What?" said Jacob.

"We're goin' to let the cat loose in Towner's woods and set the dog on her. If she climbs a tree, we'll club her off, and see him shake her."

Jacob was excited by the thought of sport. But when a soft feeling rose in his unmanly breast regarding the cat.

"Oh, I would n't, Joe!" said he.

"Would n't what?" cried Joe, the leader and spokesman of the boys.

"I would n't club and dog the poor thing!" and yet Jacob had half made up his mind to go with them and see the fun, if he could not prevent it.

The rebuke, however, nettled Joe, who cried: "Who asked ye to, anyway? We'll club you if you come!"

"You never'd dare to do that, Joe Berry!"

"You try it! Say three words, and I'll heave rock at you now!"

So saying, Joe stooped and picked up from the road, not exactly a rock, but a pebble of the size of a walnut, which he threatened to let fly at Jacob's head.

"Three words!—there!" exclaimed Jacob, defiantly.

The stone was flung, but it hit only the rail on which Jacob was sitting. He made a motion to jump down, whereat Joe, who was really a coward, started to run, followed by the other boys and the big dog. A little way off they stopped and began to jeer him and look for stones—"rocks" they called them—by the road-side.

"Jake feels awful big since he had a funeral to his house!" said one.

"Sober, Jake is; guess he's going to study to a minister," said another.

"He's begun to preach," said Joe. "Here's nothing for his contribution-box," and he let fly another pebble.

Other stones followed, but all so wide of the mark that Jacob sat quietly on the fence and merely looked his contempt. The allusion to the funeral and his low spirits hurt him worse than the stones could. He thought he had never heard anything

so mean and hateful; and, since his own companions had turned against him in this way, he felt wretched and desolate enough.

The boys continued to throw stones as they slowly retreated, until they were quite out of range; then hurried off with the basket and the dog.

As soon as there was nobody to see him, Jacob gave way to his feelings and cried. He had not got much comfort from anybody who came along yet, and it was a bitter thought that he had missed his only chance of a good time by refusing to join hands with the wicked.

"Why should I care for the cat? Why can't I go and do like other boys who don't care?" he asked himself, almost repenting of the scruples which had gained nothing for himself or the cat, and only earned his companions' ill will.

But now the sight of another person approaching caused him quickly to dry his tears.

"It's Professor Pinkey!" thought Jacob.

CHAPTER II.

PROFESSOR ALPHONSE PINKEY.

PROFESSOR Alphonse Pinkey, the dancing-master, was an airy youth, hardly more than twenty years old, in very wide mouse-colored trousers, a light-brown frock-coat buttoned with one button at the waist, and an expansive shirt-front. He wore his black hair in graceful ringlets, and had a mustache and strip of beard which resembled a fanciful letter T. Seeing Jacob, he waved his little cane with a smile, and walked up and shook hands with him.

"I did n't know you were in town," said Jacob.

"I'm not," said the professor. "That is, I'm merely flitting through; a bird of passage. Don't get down; let me get up."

And the bird of passage perched beside Jacob on the fence.

When the professor kept a dancing-school in the village the winter before, Jacob had attended it, and swept the hall for his tuition. The aunt, who was opposed to dancing, had known nothing of this arrangement beyond the fact that Jacob took care of the hall—to which circumstance the professor now made some playful allusion.

Jacob looked sober.

"How is the dear old lady?" cried Alphonse.

"She's dead—I thank you," faltered Jacob.

"Dead! you don't say! Excuse my ill-timed levity. How long since?"

"She has been buried three days."

"How distressing! You lived alone with her, did n't you?"

"Yes,—all alone."

"Well, well! don't feel bad," said the professor,

thinking Jacob was going to choke. "Where do you live now?"

"Here; that is, I stay here and take care of things, but since she died I've slept over there at the neighbor's,—the old house seemed so lonesome!"

"Certainly; I can understand that. But—what are you going to do? What are your prospects?"

"I have n't any," said Jacob.

"What did the—excuse me if I come too abruptly to the sordid business question," said Alphonse,—“what did the old lady do with her property?"

"She had n't much, anyway."

"Was n't the cottage hers?"

"Oh no; she rented it of Mr. Jordan, and paid twenty dollars a year for it. All the money she had saved went to pay the funeral expenses. After she was taken sick, I had to leave the place where I was at work, to take care of her; so I was n't earning anything."

"Then there were the medicines and doctors' bills," suggested Alphonse.

"She was her own doctor, and took her own medicines, till the very last," replied Jacob. "She would n't have had a doctor at all, if it had n't been for the neighbors."

"But—to return to the question of property—she must have left something," Alphonse insisted.

"A little. There's the cow, and the pig, and the things in the house," said Jacob. "She gave everything to me. She was very kind to me toward the last."

"Made you her heir!" exclaimed Alphonse. "Let's go and see what you've got; have you any objection?"

Jacob was glad to have a friend to talk with. He took the professor over the house and ground, and showed him everything but the cow, which was in the pasture.

"Now," said the professor, as they came round to the wood-shed and sat down on a step, "here you are in possession of a certain amount of personal property, and you want to know the best thing to do with it."

"Exactly," said Jacob.

"With all due respect to your late lamented relative," Alphonse continued, taking a knife from his pocket and picking up a stick, "her household stuff don't amount to much. Throw in the cow and the pig and the chickens, and it is n't a brilliant fortune, Jacob. Still, here's a problem to be considered. Have n't you a jack-knife? Well, find a stick and go to whittling, as I do."

"What for?" inquired Jacob, as he obeyed.

"Don't you see?" replied the airy Alphonse. "Nothing helps a man to think like a piece of pine

and a knife. Now my thoughts begin to come," he added, throwing off long, curled shavings from his stick. "I perceive three ways open to you for making the most of your inheritance." He patted his whittling and put up three fingers. "The first is for you to get married, bring a little girl right in here to fill your aunt's place, and go on with the housekeeping on the same humble and inexpensive scale."

"Get married!" laughed Jacob. "Why, marry only fifteen!"

"I hardly thought you would consider that option practicable," said Alphonse. "We'll dismiss it for the present," and he closed one of the fingers. "The next thing is for you to underlet the cottage with your furniture, to some poor but worthy family that will take you to board at a low figure."

"I don't know of any such family," said Jacob.

"Then we will dismiss that notion for the present," and Alphonse closed another finger. "There's only one way left." He held up the last finger and touched it with the end of his stick. "Sell out."

"I've thought of that; but how?" said Jacob.

"An auction. Don't you know how the thing is done? I'll write the posters for you. 'Auction sale of personal property at the late residence of Mrs. Myra Hapgood, deceased. One cow, and a pig, two feather beds, one gridiron, three wash-tubs, one arm-chair with rockers and a stuffed back, two floor-rugs made by her own hands, two pine tables, crockery, flat-irons, one broom, and a little worn, and so forth, and so forth. To be sold unconditionally to the highest bidders. Professor Alphonse Pinkey, auctioneer.' How's that, my boy?"

"It sounds well," said Jacob, laughing. "Are you an auctioneer?"

"I am anything and everything. You have known me as a dancing-master. I am also a music-master, writing-master, fencing-master, and a portrait-painter. I have been a flatboat-man, and a clerk in a grocery, and a stage-driver. I never sold goods at auction; but I do not hesitate to say that I can sell goods at auction, if I try."

Jacob did not know that this lively talk would lead to any practical results, but it made him happy.

"Now tell me about yourself," said Alphonse. "By the way, what's the matter with your arm? I've noticed that scar."

"That's where the old sow bit me," said Jacob.

"Is n't that a rather remarkable place for a old sow to bite?" inquired the professor. "How did it happen?"

"You see," said Jacob, "I was puny when I was a little feller, and my aunt had her own notices of

doctoring me. She used to think there was *varterv* in the ground to cure all diseases; you could get it out of herbs by steeping them, or you could get it out of the ground itself. So she used to bury me in the warm earth of the garden, all but my head, and leave me there sometimes for half a day at a time. It kept me out of mischief, for one thing; I could n't stir hand or foot after she left me. One day, after she had buried me, she went to the neighbor's for something, and a peddler came, and was scared when I hollered to him out of the ground, and went out and left the gate open. Then an old sow with a litter of nine pigs walked in. She went rooting around, and finally came up running to me, with her mouth open, and all her little pigs squealing at her heels. I screamed. That only excited her. She came close up to me, snorting and showing her tusks, and I believe was actually going to eat me, when Aunt Myry came rushing into the gate with a club. She had actually begun at my ear."

"Lucky she did n't begin at your nose!" said Alphonse. "If I were in your place, I should wear my hair long, to cover that scar."

"I shall, now I'm my own master. *She* always kept my hair cut short; I don't know why, unless it was because it took less time to comb it. She never buried me up in the ground after that. I remember how frightened I was; I can see the old sow's tusks to this day. Her mouth looked as large as a fire-place, and the eye that was turned toward me was as big as a tea-cup."

"Have you any other relatives?" Alphonse inquired.

"No very near ones; only an uncle. But he and my aunt did n't agree very well, and I don't think she ever heard much of him of late years."

"Where does he live?"

"He's some kind of a merchant in Cincinnati."

"Cincinnati!" echoed Alphonse, interested. "What's his name?"

"Higglestone," said Jacob.

"You don't say!" cried Alphonse, rising to his feet and standing before Jacob, poising knife and stick. "Your aunt has n't done much for you, but you've a fortune in your uncle."

Jacob wondered how that could be.

"Don't you see?" said Alphonse, whittling fast again. "Higglestone & West are dealers in hardware in the lower town; one of the richest firms in the city; and your uncle is well known as a public-spirited, liberal sort of man."

"Aunt Myry used to call him close-fisted and stouty."

"Your aunt was prejudiced. Uncle Higglestone the mine you are to work, my boy." The professor's fancies flew like his shavings. He rattled away.

"Here's the programme for you. Auction sale—convert everything into cash. Then—Ho for Cincinnati! I'm on my way there now, and I'll take you along with me and introduce you to your uncle. *You* never had any quarrel with him, did you?"

"I never even saw him."

"So much the better. He'll be astonished to find he has such a fine, promising young fellow for a nephew. I see the excellent old gentleman before me now. I say, 'Your long-lost nephew, sir!' He exclaims, 'Is it possible—my poor sister's orphan child!' He welcomes you with open arms. He sheds tears at the recollection of your mother, but turns to you with smiles of pride and affection. A career is open to you at once. Don't you see?"—and the professor laughed as he whittled.

"I believe I will write to him," said Jacob, pleased with the picture drawn from his friend's vivid imagination.

"Why write? If you wait for an answer, you will be too late to make the journey with me. Better take the old gentleman by surprise."

"But suppose it should n't be so pleasant a surprise to him," suggested the modest Jacob.

"That is n't a supposable case. But, even if he should not welcome you, what of that? You are in Cincinnati. It is a great city—a great business center. I have hosts of friends there. We shall easily find something for you to do, which will be far better than trying to get a living in this miserable little country town."

"When are you going?" Jacob asked, with kindling looks.

"I was going right on to-morrow. But I know your uncle will thank me if I wait to help you settle up your affairs and take you with me. Let's see—to-day is Wednesday. We'll have the auction on Saturday. Take the stage on Monday. Steamboat Tuesday—'floating down the river on the O-hi-o!' sang Alphonse. "Cincinnati—when we get there. A delightful trip this season of the year. There you are!"

So saying, he threw away his stick and shut his pocket-knife, as if the matter were settled.

"I'll think of it to-night," began Jacob.

"Think of it? Why, we *have* thought of it. There's nothing more to be said. We might whittle and talk for a month of Sundays, and nothing better would come of it. My valise and violin are at the hotel. Let me see."

Alphonse hesitated, and seemed about to resort to his knife and stick again.

"You'll be there to-night?" said Jacob.

"I was thinking. You would n't object to sleeping in the old house if I should come over and stay with you? Of course not," the professor went on.

"We shall want to be together for consultation. So I'll have my traps sent over. What have you got for supper?"

"Plenty of milk, and johnny-cake of my own making, and I can bake a few potatoes; it'll do for me, but it's nothing to invite *you* to."

"Nothing could suit me better, my dear Jacob! I'm vastly fond of johnny-cake and milk—so simple, so novel! And baked potatoes—how charming! Go and help me bring over my traps, and we are all right."

Alphonse gayly whirled about on one foot, and snapped his thumb and finger in the air.

Jacob could not help feeling some vague misgivings as to the lively professor and his programme. He got up, brushed the dust from his clothes, and wished to give the matter a little consideration. Whittle as he would, he could not think so fast as Alphonse.

"Perhaps you would n't like to have me come and stop with you," said Pinkey.

"Oh, that is n't it,—yes, I would,—but it's so sudden!" replied Jacob.

He was indeed delighted, after his lonely hours and small comfort from old acquaintances, to have a companion whose condescension was so flattering and whose talk so cheering. And he felt that he ought to do all he could for one who proposed to do so much for him.

"Everything happens sudden with me—that's the sort of fellow I am," cried Alphonse, patting him on the shoulder. "Come along!"

And they started for the tavern.

CHAPTER III.

CARRYING OUT THE PROGRAMME.

PROFESSOR PINKEY did not care to have Jacob hear his talk with the landlord, so he told him to stop at the porch while he went into the bar-room. The truth is, the professor's credit was not good at the inn, and he had been requested, when he applied for a room there that afternoon, to pay something in advance.

"Oh, certainly!" he had said. "A rather singular request to make of a gentleman, but it's the same thing to me. I'm going out now to collect some outstanding bills due from two or three of my last winter's pupils. I'll leave my traps here till I come back; then I'll pay what you wish."

As he had not succeeded in collecting any money, perhaps it would not have been convenient for him to advance any to the landlord. But he was not the man to say just that.

"Sorry I sha'n't have the pleasure of stopping with you, my good friend," he cried, familiarly, on

his return, striking the landlord on the back. "Fact is, I've received such pressing invitations to visit the families of some of my pupils—I've had to accept one or two of them—and I've come for my traps."

"Very well," said the landlord, passing out a light valise and a violin-case from behind the counter. He held on to them, however, as he added with a grim smile, "I don't care for you present or future custom; but I should like, before we part, professor, to have you pay me a small sum due for your board here last winter."

"Certainly. I'll call before I leave town and make it all right. When my pupils don't pay me I am sometimes obliged to ask for favors. How is your lovely daughter? She was one of my most interesting and promising pupils; if I could always have such young ladies to teach, and men of honor like you to deal with, my profession would be delightful."

With which little stroke of flattery, and an exquisite bow and smile, the dancing-master withdrew his "traps" from the landlord's yielding hands, and walked gayly out of the tavern. On the porch, he gave the valise to Jacob, and carrying the violin himself, triumphantly retreated; the landlord gazing after him with a puzzled and rather rueful look.

"Do you believe he'll ever pay?" asked the bar-tender.

"I don't know," muttered the landlord. "I meant to hold on to his traps; but somehow he got them out of my hands 'fore I knew it. He's certainly one of the politest men I ever saw; you can resist him!"

The dancing-master made things lively for Jacob that evening. After supper he wrote, in a bold ornate hand, notices of the auction, to be posted at the post-office and store and on the town pump the next day. Then he got a lath and the fire-poke and insisted on giving Jacob a lesson in fencing. Then he played tunes on his violin, and danced and sang, and shouted, until the old house shook and rang, and it seemed to Jacob that his aunt might at any moment appear, and with a terrible look demand, "What's all this noise?"

She never would have allowed any such carrying on there while she lived; and it would have troubled him, even if the shadow of death had not still hung over the house and damped his merriment. Of course Alphonse had no such feeling as to the old lady and the recent funeral, and Jacob excuse him.

The next day Pinkey put up the written notice and also took the precaution to go about and talk of Jacob's plans and prospects with the neighbors. He relied, not without reason, upon his own glib tongue to smooth away any objections on the part

of the boy's friends or the town authorities, and to interest people in the auction sale.

Saturday afternoon arrived, and with it a goodly crowd of men, women, girls and boys. A few came out of good-will to Jacob, but more to gratify their curiosity and to see the fun.

Everything was in readiness. Professor Pinkey had provided himself with a hammer, which he struck upon the head of an overturned barrel in the kitchen, to call the company to order, after some time had been spent in looking about the premises; and opened the sale with the following eloquent address:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with feelings of profound emotion that I step up to wield the hammer upon this peculiar, I may say this affecting occasion. Who can contemplate the home of an aged widow, the humble board where she has partaken of her solitary meals, the flat-iron she has used to smooth the ruffles of her faultless cap, the pillow where she has suffered, the bedside where she has prayed, without the tribute of a tear?"

Here Alphonse actually shook out his handkerchief, and used it. Strange to say, there was a listening moisture in his eyes, and a tremor in his voice. Jacob felt his own eyes fill; and he could not help wondering if he were really listening to the same man who had so lately made the old house shake with reckless merriment.

"This is the scene," Alphonse went on, "of her life-long, silent sorrow, her pious hopes, her anxious cares. In this rocking-chair she has sat and knit, and lived over the past, and" (he gave an urgent upward glance which would have become a lividity student) "contemplated a heavenly future. In that kettle, she steeped the herbs and brewed the drink that alleviated pain. In yonder skillet, she turned her frugal flapjacks for more than twenty years. It is good for at least twenty years more. Everything shows evidence of the most careful usage. Those blue-rimmed cups and saucers, out of which she imbibed the solace of the aged and afflicted during all the years of her widowhood, are as good as new. Purchasers can bid with perfect confidence, knowing that in every sale they will get their money's worth. For, ladies and gentlemen, sacred as these relics are, they must be sold. We have a duty not only to the dead, but to the living."

Here all eyes, following the auctioneer's, turned upon the blushing Jacob.

"The widow prized her home and her household goods," said Pinkey; "but there was one thing she prized still more. That was her nephew. He was the idol of her heart. She showed her tenderness for him, and her appreciation of his worth, by giving him everything, in the presence of witnesses, before she died. She said to him then, almost with

her parting breath, 'Sell!' If she could rise from the tomb and put in an appearance now, she would murmur 'Sell!' Ladies and gentlemen, we shall proceed to sell accordingly. I hope you will all do your duty to the widow and orphan, as I am trying, in a humble way, to do mine. I have postponed a journey of great importance, and am now giving my time and services without remuneration (I should scorn to touch a cent of the orphan's money!) in order to settle up his affairs and give him a start in life. The terms of this sale, ladies and gentlemen, will be cash and immediate delivery. We shall now proceed."

CHAPTER IV.

THE AUCTION SALE.

AT the close of his speech, Alphonse wiped his forehead, thumped the barrel-head, and ordered Jacob to hold up the rocking-chair.

"We shall begin, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "with the old lady's easy-chair—her arm-chair. 'I love it! I love it! And who shall dare to chide me for loving that old arm-chair?' What am I offered? Remember all the sacred associations connected with a chair like that, and give me a bid, somebody."

"Twenty-five cents," squeaked out an old lady, turning the chair around, as Jacob held it up, and scrutinizing it through her glasses.

"Twenty-five cents I am offered. Twenty-five cents for a chair well worth two dollars. Ladies and gentlemen, look at it! Why, the cushion alone is worth more than the price bid for the whole. Twenty-five, twenty-five. Don't let me insult the memory of the dead by knocking down her fine old arm-chair at that ridiculously low figure. Going at twenty-five! Who will give me fifty?"

"I'll give thirty," said a young woman with a baby in her arms.

"Thirty I am offered. Thirty thirty thirty—"

"Thirty-five!" cried the first bidder.

"Thirty-five! You will give more than that, I know," said Alphonse to the younger woman, with a persuasive smile. "What a chair that will be to rock your baby in! Forty I am offered. Fifty! Fiftyfiftyfiftyfiftyfiftyfifty! Halfadollarhalfadollar halfadollar! Going at half-a-dollar. Shall I have any more? Half a dollar—one!" Pinkey swung his hammer. "Going—at half a dollar;" he glanced his eye about the company, and crooked his forefinger into an interrogation point at the previous bidders. "Give me fifty-five?"

Somebody nodded.

"Fifty-five I am offered; fiftyfivefiftyfivefifty-five!—going at fifty-five! Sixty! Sixtysixtysixty-

sixty sixty!"—it is impossible to imitate the rapidity with which Pinkey repeated these words—"going at sixty cents! Will the benevolent-looking lady there in the checkered shawl say seventy? Thank you, madam. Seventyseventyseventy—going at seventy cents—one! Going—going—going at seventy cents—two! Shall I have any more? Going—going—and gone, at seventy cents, to the benevolent-looking old lady in the checkered shawl!" And Alphonse thumped the barrel head.

want the best-known and most influential citizen I can find to do this for him, and give character to the proceedings; and you, Mr. Juffers, are that man."

And so it happened that the deacon, instead of preventing the auction, was present with his notebook, and took the money.

Alphonse now went rapidly through the house, selling everything he could get a bid for, and finally putting up in one lot everything that had been left over. This lot consisted of an old dye-tub, an



THE AUCTION SALE.

The old lady smilingly took out her pocket-book, and offered to pay Pinkey on the spot. He gracefully waved her off.

"I have absolutely declined to touch in any way a cent of the money proceeding from this sale. Mr. Juffers—well-known to the community as Deacon Juffers—has kindly consented to receive money for our young friend, and see to the delivery of the articles. Am I right, Mr. Juffers?"

The deacon nodded assent. That worthy man had been seriously inclined to oppose the scheme of the auction, on moral and legal grounds, until Alphonse had won his confidence by asking him to act as treasurer at the sale. "For Jacob's sake," Pinkey had said to him in his charming way, "I

empty molasses-jug, a vinegar-cask (half full of "mother"), a rag-bag, some bundles of dried herbs, some medicine-bottles, a wood-box, chairs with broken legs, baskets without handles, and other odds and ends. This extraordinary heap excited a good deal of merriment, which Alphonse took advantage of to run up the bids; and was finally knocked down for a dollar and ninety cents.

"We will now proceed to the most important sale of all—that of the widow's cow," said Alphonse; and as he led the way to the shed, he was pleased to see a broad-faced man waiting there, under a broad-brimmed hat. Jacob had told him that he thought Friend David would be on hand to bid for the cow.

Fortunately, others who knew the value of the animal were there too; and the bids rose at once to twenty dollars.

"Twenty dollars!" said Alphonse, mounted upon a milking-stool and flourishing his hammer. Only twenty dollars for a cow like that! Milk as cream, twenty-one quarts a day—not quite dollar a quart! Who will give me twenty-one!" He looked at Friend David, who had not yet offered to bid. Friend David winked.

"Twenty-one I am offered! Twentyonetwentyonetwentyonetwentyone—going at——"

"Twenty-two," said Deacon Jaffers.

"Only twenty-two!" exclaimed Alphonse. Why, gentlemen, you are not going to stand by and see a valuable cow sacrificed, I am sure! Gentle as a lamb—never known to kick or hold up the milk. What is it, Jacob?"

"I wanted to tell you," said Jacob, who had been trying for a minute or two to get in a word, "that you are mistaken about the amount of milk she gives. She *has* given twenty-one quarts; but that as earlier in the season. Now she only gives nine."

Alphonse was not a man to be abashed by the interruption.

"Thank you!" he cried; "I am happy to be corrected. This sale is 'pon honor, and I desire to at all my statements by the exact pattern of the facts. But I am sure, gentlemen, you will not let the boy suffer for his honesty. I understood him to say twenty-one quarts; and it appears that it *was* twenty-one quarts all through the early part of the season. It would be an unheard-of cow that could give twenty-one quarts of rich milk the year round. And I am offered only twenty-two dollars. Twentytwotwentytwotwentytwo! Shall I give twenty-three?"

Friend David winked again.

"Twenty-three! Going now at——"

"Twenty-four," said Deacon Jaffers.

"Twentyfourtwentyfourtwentyfour! Give me another dollar?" cried Alphonse, leaning over affectionately at Friend David. "Give me a half?"

Another wink from the Quaker.

"Half I am offered! Twentyfournaftwentyfouraftwentyfournaf!—twenty-four dollars and fifty cents. Did I understand you to bid twenty-five, Mr. Jaffers?"

The deacon had not bid twenty-five; but he added.

"Going now at twenty-five dollars—and a half!" added Alphonse. Jacob looked on with breathless interest. "Twenty-six?"—the auctioneer crooked his finger at Jaffers. "Twentysixtwentysixtwentysix—twenty-six—and a half I am offered. Twenty-naftwenty-sixnaftwenty-sixnaft! Will somebody

say seven? Going at twenty-six dollars and a half—one! Am I to have any more? Your last chance, gentlemen! Two! Going—going—and gone, at twenty-six dollars and a half, to our worthy friend here in the broad-brimmed hat!"—and Alphonse struck a beam with his hammer.

Friend David smiled with satisfaction. But he was n't half so tickled as Jacob was, who thought it a capital joke that the Quaker had come to the sale and there paid more than the first price asked for the cow.

"Seems I was n't so very grasping, after all!" he said to himself.

The pig and chickens were next sold. Then the garden crops, consisting chiefly of a few rows of corn and potatoes.

Then the auctioneer put up his hammer, and the sale was closed. It had been a brilliant success, and as people went away, many carrying their purchases with them, they might have been heard praising Professor Pinkey.

"What a beautiful man!" said the old ladies.

"Smart, I tell ye!" said the men.

"Aint he nice, though!" was the comment of the admiring girls.

Jacob was almost forgotten; and he was quite contented to be overlooked. Alphonse had inspired in him unbounded confidence and gratitude, and he gloried in his friend's popularity. He had also other cause for satisfaction.

When all was over, Deacon Jaffers reckoned up the proceeds of the sale, which amounted to the handsome sum of eighty-seven dollars.

"Better keep it for ye, had n't I?" said the good man, thinking there was danger of Jacob's losing it.

"A very kind and sensible suggestion," Alphonse answered for the lad. "I am sure, Jacob, your money cannot be in better hands. However, I suppose, if you go to find your uncle in Cincinnati, it will be as well for you to take it with you; indeed, you'll want some of it for the journey. If you go with me, I'll take care that you don't lose it. I always, when traveling," said the professor, turning to Jaffers, "carry large sums"—he spoke as if large sums were very common with him—"in a belt about my person; and I shall advise him to do the same."

"A good idee," said the deacon. "Have a belt, Jacob, as the professor says; and put all the money into it you don't want to use for your daily expenses. Have ye re'ly made up your mind to go and find your uncle?"

Jacob had concluded that it was the best thing he could do.

"Wal, wal; I've talked with the professor, and I don't know but 't is. I suppose, then, I'd better

give ye the money,—though it seems a good deal for a boy like you to have. I only hope you'll make a wise use on 't."

And Jaffers put the money into Jacob's hands. Wonder and pleasure sparkled in the boy's eyes; it seemed to him a small fortune. And it added not a little to his triumphs to know that Joe Berry and the other boys with whom he had lately quarreled were standing by, regarding him with admiration and envy.

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY MRS. HATTIE S. RUSSELL.

THE oak is a strong and stalwart tree,
 And it lifts its branches up,
 And catches the dew right gallantly
 In many a dainty cup.
 And the world is brighter, and better made,
 Because of the woodman's stroke,
 Descending in sun, or falling in shade,
 On the sturdy form of the oak.
 But stronger, I ween, in apparel green,
 And trappings so fair to see;
 With its precious freight, for small and great,
 Is the beautiful Christmas-tree.

The elm is a kind and goodly tree,
 With its branches bending low;
 The heart is glad when its form we see,
 As we list to the river's flow.
 Ay! the heart is glad, and the pulses bound,
 And joy illumines the face,
 Whenever a goodly elm is found,
 Because of its beauty and grace.
 But kinder, I ween, more goodly in mien,
 With branches more drooping and free,
 The tints of whose leaves, fidelity weaves,
 Is the beautiful Christmas-tree.

The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,
 And claimeth our love anew,
 When the days are listless, and quiet, and long,
 And the world is fair to view.
 And later,—as beauties and graces unfold,—
 A monarch right regally drest,
 With streamers aflame, and pennons of gold,
 It seemeth of all the best.
 More lissome, I ween, the brightness and sheen,
 And the coloring, sunny and free,
 And the banners soft, that are held aloft,
 By the beautiful Christmas-tree.

THE HORSE HOTEL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THE GUESTS.

THE guests at this hotel are horses; red horses and white; fiery racers from the prairies of Illinois, and solemn dobbins from quiet farms in West Virginia. They come in squads of twenty and thirty, all the way from Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, and

sort of thing, or they find the stairs uncomfortable, and ask if the elevator is running, and otherwise exhibit a lofty spirit unbecoming in sensible horses. Or, worse still, perhaps they are quarrelsome and bite and kick their neighbors, or display other varieties of ill manners. Certainly, such silly creatures



THE ARRIVALS.

Pennsylvania, in the cars to New York. Then they go to a great stable on Second avenue, there to wait till they recover from the effects of their ride; and then they are invited to visit the great Horse Hotel on Third avenue, to see if they are fit company for the honorable residents of this palace for horses. Here are some of the guests just entering at the front door of the hotel and making the acquaintance of the manager. Perhaps when they arrive they do not take kindly to their private apartments, or they object to the bill of fare, or they express a dislike for the style of work they must do here. Perhaps they wish a private table and that

are not entitled to a residence in the Horse Hotel, and the housekeeper soon sends them away to some poorer horse residence, where they never will find half the luxuries and comforts of this popular house.

The good horses—those sensible ones who know what is good for a horse—stay in the hotel; and if they could tell what they think about it, doubtless there would be a mass meeting of the guests, with a vote of thanks to the managers, or at least a committee of three to wait on the housekeeper and chief cook, with an appropriate set of resolutions expressive of appreciation of their “kindness and

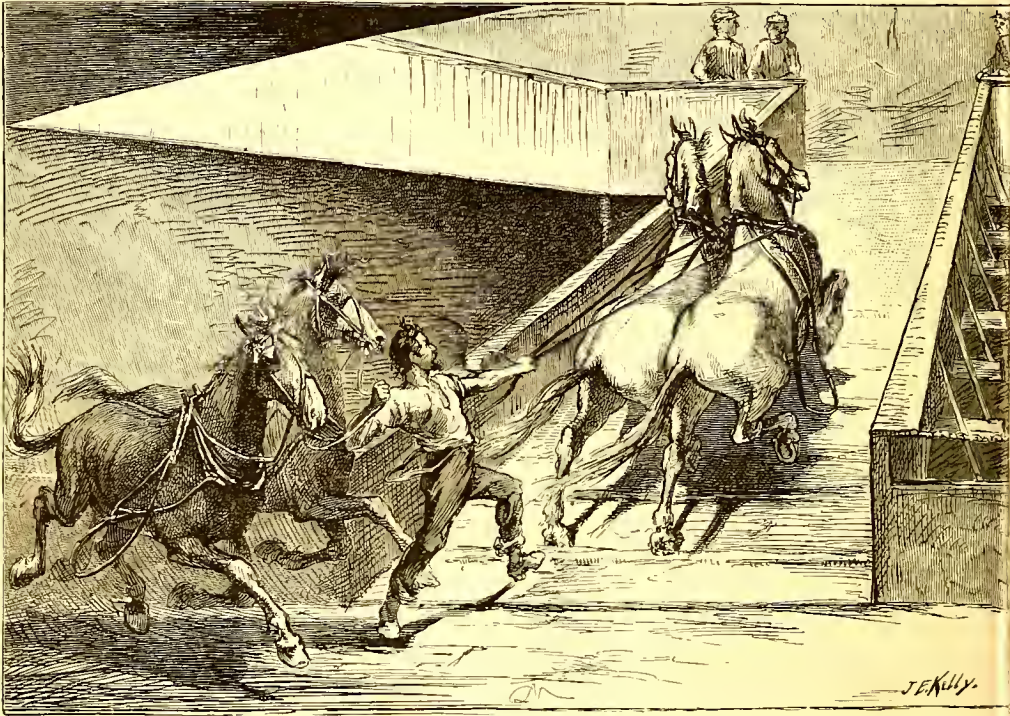
attention," and full of words like "elegant apartments," "choice viands," "politeness," "urbanity," etc., etc., etc.

THE HOTEL.

There are several large horse residences in New York. They each have beds for hundreds of horses, and the dining-tables are a hundred times larger than those of the "Fifth Avenue" and "Windsor" put together. The Horse Hotel, the largest one of all, is on Third avenue, between Sixty-fifth and Sixty-sixth streets. It is one vast iron building, six

assistants. Altogether, the hotel is unsurpassed for horse-luxury and elegance.

The guests destined to patronize the Horse Hotel come cantering up Third avenue in small companies, and with their heads loosely tied together to keep them from running away (they are strangers in the city, and are apt to be frightened at the noise and confusion of the streets), and a man rides on one, and leads the rest to show them the way to the house. When they reach Sixty-fifth street, they pause before a great iron building with eight doors, each as big as a barn-door, in the



GOING UPSTAIRS TO BED.

hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, and covers an entire block. It is three stories high, with a basement, and two thousand horses belonging to the Third Avenue Railroad Company reside there in a style of splendor and luxury quite unknown to horses who have never traveled from their native farms. There are waiting and reception rooms, nice quarters for horses who happen to have a cold or a headache; there is a fine hospital for those who are very sick; there is a house surgeon and shoe-maker, to say nothing of a cobbler to put on new heels or otherwise repair their shoes; and there is a housekeeper and a whole army of waiters and chamber-maids; also, a chief cook, with a dozen

front, and a fine portico in the middle. This is the Horse Hotel. One would think so, for there are dozens of fat and hearty fellows standing about the door, just exactly as men stand about the "Fifth Avenue" entrance, except that the horses do not smoke or pick their teeth in public—of course not it is against the rules of the house. Then the manager appears, and politely invites them in, and they march through one of the great doors and enter the reception-room on the first floor. This room is a vast place, ten times as big as the largest meeting-house you ever saw. There are tracks all over the brick floor, and scores of horse-cars are coming in and going out all the time. There are hors

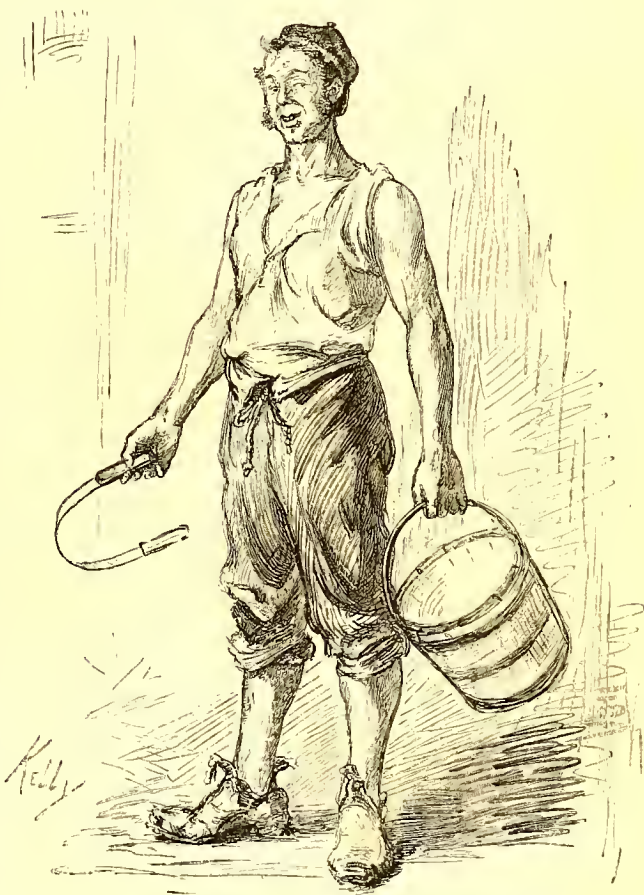
everywhere, some just coming in, others going out, and some standing patiently waiting for their turn to go to work. There is a great well, or open space, in the middle of the room, and here the guests can look up and down and see the whole height of the house. The place is cool and quiet, and the guests are glad to rest a moment from the glare and noise of the street. Presently the manager calls some of the waiters, and each horse is invited to go down-stairs and see the barber and shoe-maker, and to have a wash-up after the journey and get ready for dinner. Going up or down stairs is not particularly distressing. The stairs are wide and easy, and of course very properly carpeted with a choice pattern of hay-seed tapestry, thick and soft. In fact, the stairs in this house are so easy and comfortable, that even a strange horse that never walked up or down a pair of stairs in his life, thinks it only a superior kind of hill-side, very much like those on the old farm.

THE DRESSING-ROOMS.

When the new guests reach the bottom of the stairs, they find themselves in the queerest place imaginable. A vast room full of horses—rows and rows of horses, as far as you can see. The new horses think there must be horses to the right of them, horses to the left of them, and horses before and behind. Twelve hundred horses, all in one great room together. However, the new-comers have not much time to look about, for the waiters invite them to have their shoes taken off. This done, their feet are washed and dressed, and their coats are cleaned and brushed, and then they are marched off to get a new pair of shoes. After this they are taken through the long halls, and shown to their rooms. A light lunch is all ready, and when the guest has eaten and taken a drink of water, he has a chance to look about and see what sort of company he is in.

When one goes to a hotel, one expects to receive proper attention; so at the Horse Hotel there are plenty of servants, but the queer thing about it is, that all the "maids" are men. Here is a picture of one of the pretty chamber-maids, and you cannot fail to admire the charming style in which she

puts up her back hair and the dainty gaiters she wears on her delicate feet. Every horse has a chamber-maid to wait on him, to make up his bed, to sweep out his room, and to set the table and brush his coat, and attend to all the other little horse-comforts. And excellent servants they are, for the guests look as nice and clean as possible. The coats are as glossy as silk, and every table has clean plates three times a day. Besides this, every horse can have a napkin if he asks for it politely.



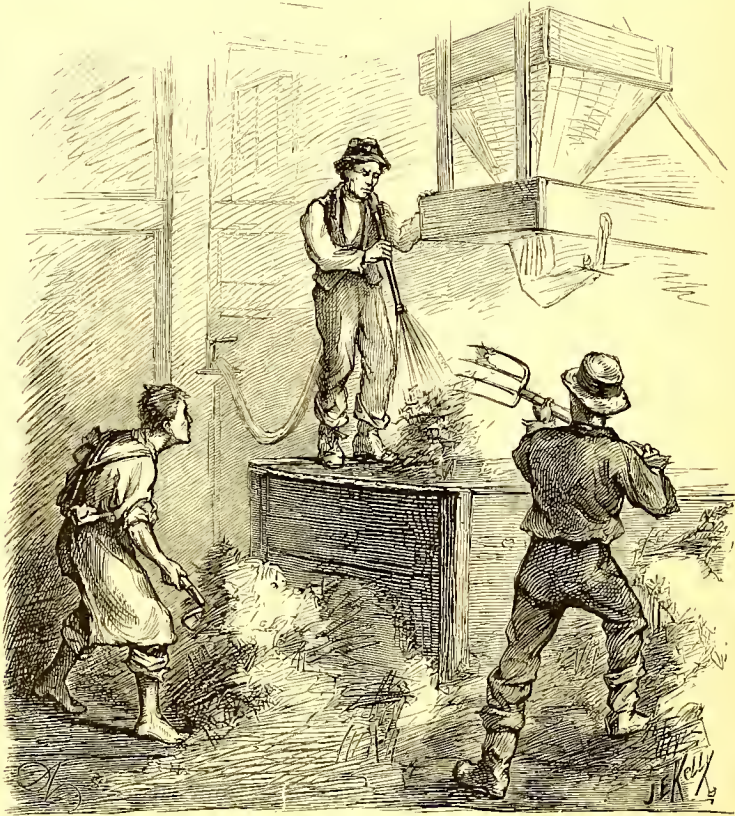
THE CHAMBER-MAID.

THE CHAMBERS.

There are three sets of chambers in the Horse Hotel. One lot of over twelve hundred in the basement, and two more of over eight hundred in the third story. Those upstairs are divided into two sets. One is occupied by the horses that work in the night, and as these fellows sleep in the daytime, they have a separate place all by themselves, where the others will not disturb them by tramping

about in the corridors. The stalls or chambers are placed side by side in long rows the whole length of the great halls, and each horse stands facing another in the next row. The sides of each stall

winter, he has the best of care and all the luxuries any reasonable horse can expect. The new-comer may also amuse himself in looking about at the horses that are coming and going all the time, r



PREPARING DINNER.

are low, and the new-comer has a good chance to see what is going on. There is a broad aisle between every double row of stalls, and plenty of room for the horses to find their way about, or up and down the broad sloping stair-ways. Every set of stalls is numbered, and they do say that an old resident, if let loose in the hotel, could find his way to his own room without once asking the attendants to show him the way. Besides, all the horses belonging to one car are together, and they soon learn to know each other, and particularly the other horse in the same span. If the horse has a room in the basement, his stall is one of a short row running across the building. If he is upstairs, the rows run the other way; but in either case, there is plenty of light, and the air is sweet and comfortable, and free from bad draughts from the open windows. In the winter, every horse has a good blanket; but in summer, he does not need it; and in summer or

he may look out the window over the housetops, or make friends with the sparrows. These fat and lively birds are everywhere, upstairs and down. They sit on the tops of the stalls, and fly up and down stairs, and visit all the rooms just as they please. They even help themselves to the horse's dinner, without once asking leave, and fill the whole hotel with the sound of their twittering, and no doubt the horses find a good deal of fun in watching them.

BREAKFAST, DINNER AND TEA.

The first week the country horse spends in the hotel, he tries the bill of fare to see if it agrees with him. It is a bountiful table, and the corn-steak, the oat-puddings, and hay-dessert, are prime. Besides this, there are tip-top gravies of salt water, and harmless coffee of pure Croton. Twenty-seven pounds of oats, hay, and corn, ground and

mixed, for every horse every day, and equally divided into three meals. The new guest thinks the fare excellent, and is mightily pleased with his good fortune, and eats it all up every time with a good relish. Of course he must go out for exercise every day, and for the first month he makes one trip with the cars to the Post-Office and back each day. After that, when he is well accustomed to the luxurious fare at his hotel, he makes two trips a day, and that makes his day's work,—all that is expected of him. If we visited the Horse Hotel at supper-time, we would see men dragging great hand-carts through the aisles between the rows of stalls, and giving each horse in turn his share, just as in this picture.

Everywhere the utmost neatness and care, everywhere the utmost attention, so that every member of the four-footed company be made perfectly comfortable. In one place horses are coming in from their work, warm and perspiring, and the waiters rub them down, and lead them to their places, but give

Everywhere hither and thither fly the sparrows, up and down stairs and over the horses' heads, and following the supper-carts about, to pick up a grain or two, as if they were the guests and the great house had been erected for their especial accommodation.

THE KITCHEN.

Down-stairs, in a place safe from fire, is the kitchen, where the dinners for the two thousand guests are prepared. In one room is a steam-engine turning swiftly all day, that the mills may grind the tons of corn and oats that are needed. In another room are great wooden tubs, where the corn and oats and cut hay are mixed together. The tubs are as clean as good boards and plenty of scrubbing can make them, and the horse-cooks scatter salt in them, and then pour in the good things and stir them all together till a great pudding is made, and then the waiters come with their trays-on-wheels and take it away to the hungry company up and down stairs. The picture on the



DINNER-TIME.

them nothing to drink till they are cooled off and are perfectly rested and at ease; then they in turn have their supper. Other horses that have had an early supper are going out for a trip down town, and they look fat and hearty, as if on the whole they found the hotel comfortable and life reasonably agreeable.

opposite page shows how the cooks prepare the second course that follows the soup, and the one on this page represents the waiters attending the table. Every day the cooks must prepare breakfast, dinner and supper for two thousand horses, and a great mountain of food it makes—more hay and oats than two horses could drag in a hay-cart,

and more than enough to keep all the horses in some country villages for a whole year.

THE HOSPITAL.

Horses, like men, sometimes have their ill turns and fits of sickness; and the curious part of this is, that they take cold, and have sore throats and the rheumatism, and everything else that men are liable to have if they do not take care of themselves. So there is a doctor constantly on hand to look after the company, and to give them their pills and powders. The first sign that a car-horse exhibits of sickness is a slight lameness when at work. Do you think they whip him up and make him go

gone, the doctor's man dresses the patient's feet and wipes them dry, and the horse feels a hundred times better, and thinks he could try that long trap down town again without misgivings. The shoemaker puts on new shoes, and the convalescent goes to his own room for a good supper and a night's rest, and to-morrow he will be all right again.

Another horse may decline his dinner, or refuse to rise early in the morning, or come home at night and droop his head and leave his supper untouched, and then the chamber-maids say the poor thing is really sick, and that the doctor must be called. The doctor comes and examines the



GIVING MEDICINE TO A REFRACTORY HORSE.

faster? No; they take him right to the hotel, and call the doctor. The medical man looks wise, feels of the poor fellow's feet, and says he is feverish and must have a warm bath. So the doctor's assistant takes off the patient's shoes, and leads him to the hospital for lame horses. This is a cool and shady room in the basement, and filled with comfortable stalls, and each having a big tub of warm water. Here the lame horse with fever in his feet has a foot-bath of warm water and hay-seed. He has tramped many a weary mile over the stones of Third avenue, and the bath is grateful and comforting, and he holds his feet in it with resignation and patience, as if he felt sure that the wise doctor knew what was best. Then, after the fever has

patient, and in a few moments he knows what the trouble, and the horse is led away down-street and out into the yard to another part of the hotel, to the hospital for sick horses. Here he has a double bed given him, and the doctor writes a prescription and gives it to the nurse, and the medicine is prepared in a little apothecary shop attached to the hospital. Now, horses do not like medicines, and big doses are their particular dislike; so the wise doctor is a homeopathist, and administers his medicines in pills and powders that do not taste badly at all, and the horse takes them without knowing it. Sometimes a sick horse, like a sick boy, gets nervous and behaves in ways that are not nice, and then the nurse has to hold the

head while the doctor gives him his medicine in a syringe. In this quiet and comfortable hospital, far away from all the noise of the street and the excitement of the hotel life, the sick horses soon recover, and then they go back to their work again; or if they are old and nearly worn out, they are placed in stalls by themselves, and offered for sale to any one who cares to buy them. They are not wholly worn out, and on a farm and at light work,

give one a better idea of the horse's brains, and show that he is often almost human in his feelings and instincts. Nearly all of the two thousand horses gathered here display a docile and amiable spirit, and actually seem interested in their work. They take the greatest interest in all that is going on in the hotel, and when it comes to real down-right work in the traces, they certainly act as if they had consciences, as if they were proud and willing



A FOOT-BATH.

and with an occasional taste of green grass, they might live for years; so the farmers buy these old horses, and take them away to the country to spend the rest of their days in peace, far from noisy Third avenue and the wearisome jangle of the car-bells.

Some boys and girls fancy a horse a stupid creature, without an idea above oats. A walk through this vast building, with its hundreds of horses in rows beyond rows, with its great variety of animals from every part of the Union, will soon

to work, and wished to show that they appreciated the attention and kindness that were bestowed upon them. They sometimes quarrel among themselves, and display a curious jealousy of new-comers; but they rarely attempt to kick the waiters or bite the chamber-maids. Of course, they have to work, and to work hard; but they find in their great Horse Hotel every comfort in sickness or health, plenty to eat and drink, and the sparrows for company.

THE FLOCK OF DOVES.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THE world was like a wilderness
Of soft and downy snow;
The trees were plumed with feathery flakes,
And the ground was white below.

Came the little mother out to the gate
To watch for her children three;
Her hood was red as a poppy-flower,
And rosy and young was she.

And then she hid by the pine-tree tall,
For the children's tones rang sweet,
As home from school, through the drifts so light
They sped with merry feet.

"Oh, Nannie, Nannie! See the fence
Alive with doves so white!"
"Oh, hush! don't frighten them away!"
They whisper with delight.



THE SNOW DOVES.

She took the snow in her cunning hands,
As waiting she stood alone,
And lo! in a moment, beneath her touch,
A fair white dove had grown.

A flock she wrought, and on the fence
Set them in bright array,
With folded wings, or pinions spread,
Ready to fly away.

They crept so soft, they crept so still,
The wondrous sight to see!
The little mother pushed the gate,
And laughed out joyfully.

She clasped them close, she kissed their cheek
And lips so sweet and red.
"The birds are only made of snow!
You are my doves," she said.

THE BOYS OF MY BOYHOOD.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE conductor of ST. NICHOLAS has asked me for a talk with the boys who read this magazine. If she had not at the same time suggested a subject, I am pretty sure that I should not have complied with the request; but when she mentioned "The Boys of My Boyhood," there was something in the words which carried my mind back to the early years of my life, and made me think that I might be able to hold the attention of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS for a little while in discoursing of those who began life with me.

The boys of the generation to which I belonged—that is to say, who were born in the last years of the last century or the earliest of this—were brought up under a system of discipline which put a far greater distance between parents and their children than now exists. The parents seemed to think this necessary in order to secure obedience. They were believers in the old maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. My own parents lived in the house with my grandfather and grandmother on the mother's side. My grandfather was a disciplinarian of the stricter sort, and I can hardly find words to express the awe in which I stood of him—an awe so great as almost to prevent anything like affection on my part, although he was in the main kind, and, certainly, never thought of being severe beyond what was necessary to maintain a proper degree of order in the family.

The other boys in that part of the country, my school-mates and play-fellows, were educated on the same system. Yet there were at that time some indications that this very severe discipline was beginning to relax. With my father and mother I was on much easier terms than with my grandfather. If a favor was to be asked of my grandfather, it was asked with fear and trembling; the request was postponed to the last moment, and then made with hesitation and blushes and a confused utterance.

One of the means of keeping the boys of that generation in order was a little bundle of birchen rods, bound together by a small cord, and generally suspended on a nail against the wall in the kitchen. This was esteemed as much a part of the necessary furniture as the crane that hung in the kitchen fire-place, or the shovel and tongs. It sometimes happened that the boy suffered a fate similar to that of the eagle in the fable, wounded by an arrow flogged with a feather from his own wing; in other

words, the boy was made to gather the twigs intended for his own castigation.

It has never been quite clear to me why the birch was chosen above all other trees of the wood to yield its twigs for this purpose. The beech of our forests produces sprays as slender, as flexible, and as tough; and farmers, wherever the beech is common, cut its long and pliant branches for driving oxen. Yet the use of birchen rods for the correction of children is of very great antiquity. In his "Discourse on Forest Trees," written three hundred years ago, Evelyn speaks of birchen twigs as an implement of the school-master; and Loudon, in his "Arboretum," goes yet further back. He says: "The birch has been used as the instrument of correction in schools from the earliest ages." The English poets of the last century make frequent mention of this use of birchen twigs; but in Loudon's time, whose book was published thirty years since, he remarks that the use of these rods, both in schools and private families, was fast passing away,—a change on which the boys both of England and the United States may well be congratulated,—for the birchen rod was, in my time, even more freely used in the school than in the household.

The chastisement which was thought so wholesome in the case of boys, was at that time administered, for petty crimes, to grown-up persons. About a mile from where I lived stood a public whipping-post, and I remember seeing a young fellow, of about eighteen years of age, upon whose back, by direction of a justice of the peace, forty lashes had just been laid, as the punishment for a theft which he had committed. His eyes were red, like those of one who had been crying, and I well remember the feeling of curiosity, mingled with pity and fear, with which I gazed on him. That, I think, was the last example of corporal punishment inflicted by law in that neighborhood. The whipping-post stood in its place for several years afterward, the memorial of a practice which had passed away.

The awe in which the boys of that time held their parents extended to all elderly persons, toward whom our behavior was more than merely respectful, for we all observed a hushed and subdued demeanor in their presence. Toward the ministers of the gospel this behavior was particularly marked. At that time, every township in Massachusetts, the State in which I lived, had its minister, who was

settled there for life, and when he once came among his people was understood to have entered into a connection with them scarcely less lasting than the marriage tie. The community in which he lived regarded him with great veneration, and the visits which from time to time he made to the district schools seemed to the boys important occasions, for which special preparation was made. When he came to visit the school which I attended, we all had on our Sunday clothes, and were ready for him with a few answers to the questions in the "Westminster Catechism." He heard us recite our lessons, examined us in the catechism, and then began a little address, which I remember was the same on every occasion. He told us how much greater were the advantages of education which we enjoyed than those which had fallen to the lot of our parents, and exhorted us to make the best possible use of them, both for our own sakes and that of our parents, who were ready to make any sacrifice for us, even so far as to take the bread out of their own mouths to give us. I remember being disgusted with this illustration of parental kindness which I was obliged to listen to twice at least in every year.

The good man had, perhaps, less reason than he supposed to magnify the advantages of education enjoyed in the common schools at that time. Reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, with a little grammar and a little geography, were all that was taught, and these by persons much less qualified, for the most part, than those who now give instruction. Those, however, who wished to proceed further took lessons from graduates of the colleges, who were then much more numerous in proportion to the population than they now are.

The profound respect shown to the clergy in those days had this good effect—that wherever there was a concourse of people, their presence prevented the occurrence of anything disorderly or unseemly. The minister, therefore, made it one of his duties to be present on those occasions which brought people together in any considerable numbers. His appearance had somewhat the effect which that of a policeman now has at a public assembly in one of our large towns. At that time there was, in each township, at least one company of militia, which was required to hold several meetings in the course of the year, and at these, I remember, the minister was always present. The military parade, with the drums and fifes and other musical instruments, was a powerful attraction for the boys, who came from all parts of the neighborhood to the place at which the militia mustered. But on these occasions there was one respect in which the minister's presence proved but a slight restraint upon excess. There were then no tem-

perance societies, no temperance lecturers held forth, no temperance tracts were ever distributed nor temperance pledges given. It was, to be sure, esteemed a shame to get drunk; but as long as they stopped short of this, people, almost without exception, drank grog and punch freely without much fear of a reproach from any quarter. Drunkenness, however, in that demure population was not obstreperous, and the man who was overtaken by it was generally glad to slink out of sight.

I remember an instance of this kind. There had been a muster of a militia company on the church green for the election of one of its officers and the person elected had treated the members of the company and all who were present to sweetened rum and water, carried to the green in pailfuls with a tin cup to each pail for the convenience of drinking. The afternoon was far spent, and I was going home with other boys, when we overtook a young man who had taken too much of the election toddy, and in endeavoring to go quietly home, had got but a little way from the green, when he fell in a miry place, and was surrounded by three or four persons, who assisted in getting him on his legs again. The poor fellow seemed in great distress and his new nankeen pantaloons, daubed with the mire of the road, and his dangling limbs, gave him a most wretched appearance. It was, I think, the first time that I had ever seen a drunken man. As I approached to pass him by, some of the older boys said to me, "Do not go too near him, for you smell a drunken man it will make you drunk." Of course I kept at a good distance, but not out of hearing, for I remember hearing him lament his condition in these words: "Oh dear, I shall die!" "Oh dear, I wish I had n't drunked any!" "Oh dear, what will my poor Betsy say?" What his poor Betsy said I never heard, but I saw him led off in the direction of his home, and I continued on my way with the other boys, impressed with a salutary horror of drunkenness and a fear of drunken men.

One of the entertainments of the boys of my time was what were called the "raisings," meaning the erection of the timber frames of houses or barns to which the boards were to be afterward nailed. Here the minister made a point of being present and hither the able-bodied men of the neighborhood, the young men especially, were summoned and took part in the work with great alacrity. I was a spectacle for us next to that of a performer on the tight-rope, to see the young men walk steadily on the narrow footing of the beams at a great height from the ground, or as they stood to catch in their hands the wooden pins and the braces flung to them from below. They vied with each other in the dexterity and daring with which they

went through with the work, and when the skeleton of the building was put together, some one among them generally capped the climax of fearless activity by standing on the ridge-pole with his head downward and his heels in the air. At that time, even the presence of the minister was no restraint upon the flow of milk punch and grog, which in some cases was taken to excess. The practice of calling the neighbors to these "raisings" is now discontinued in the rural neighborhoods; the carpenters provide their own workmen for the business of adjusting the timbers of the new building to each other, and there is no consumption of grog.

Another of the entertainments of rustic life in the region of which I am speaking was the making of maple sugar. This was a favorite frolic of the boys. The apparatus for the sugar camp was of a much ruder kind than is now used. The sap was brought in buckets from the wounded trees and poured into a great caldron which hung over a hot fire from a stout horizontal pole supported at each end by an upright stake planted in the ground. Since that time they have built in every maple grove a sugar-house—a little building in which the process of making sugar is carried on with several ingenious contrivances unknown at that time, when everything was done in the open air.

From my father's door, in the latter part of March and the early part of April, we could see perhaps a dozen columns of smoke rising over the woods in different places where the work was going on. After the sap had been collected and boiled for three or four days, the time came when the thickening liquid was made to pass into the form of sugar. This was when the sirup had become of such a consistency that it would "feather"—that is to say, when a beechen twig, formed at the small end into a little loop, dipped into the hot sirup and blown upon by the breath, sent into the air a light, feathery film. The huge caldron was then lifted from the fire, and its contents were either dipped out and poured into molds, or stirred briskly till the sirup cooled and took the form of ordinary brown sugar in loose grains. This process was exceedingly interesting to the boys who came to watch its different stages and to try from time to time the sirup as it thickened.

In autumn, the task of stripping the husks from the ears of Indian corn was made the occasion of social meetings, in which the boys took a special part. A farmer would appoint what was called a "husking," to which he invited his neighbors. The ears of maize in the husk, sometimes along with part of the stalk, were heaped on the barn floor. In the evening, lanterns were brought, and seated on piles of dry husks, the men and boys

stripped the ears of their covering, and breaking them from the stem with a sudden jerk, threw them into baskets placed for the purpose. It was often a merry time; the gossip of the neighborhood was talked over, stories were told, jests went round, and at the proper hour the assembly adjourned to the dwelling-house and were treated to pumpkin-pie and cider, which in that season had not been so long from the press as to have parted with its sweetness.

Quite as cheerful were the "apple-parings," which on autumn evenings brought together the young people of both sexes in little circles. The fruit of the orchards was pared and quartered and the core extracted, and a supply of apples in this state provided for making what was called "apple-sauce," a kind of preserve of which every family laid in a large quantity every year.

The cider-making season in autumn was, at the time of which I am speaking, somewhat correspondent to the vintage in the wine countries of Europe. Large tracts of land in New England were overshadowed by rows of apple-trees, and in the month of May a journey through that region was a journey through a wilderness of bloom. In the month of October the whole population was busy gathering apples under the trees, from which they fell in heavy showers as the branches were shaken by the strong arms of the farmers. The creak of the cider-mill, turned by a horse moving in a circle, was heard in every neighborhood as one of the most common of rural sounds. The freshly pressed juice of the apples was most agreeable to boyish tastes, and the whole process of gathering the fruit and making the cider came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible. A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion, and the quantity swallowed by the men of that day led to the habits of intemperance which at length alarmed the more thoughtful part of the community, and gave occasion to the formation of temperance societies and the introduction of better habits.

From time to time, the winter evenings, and occasionally a winter afternoon, brought the young people of the parish together in attendance upon a singing-school. Some person who possessed more than common power of voice and skill in modulating it, was employed to teach psalmody, and the boys were naturally attracted to his school as a recreation. It often happened that the teacher was an enthusiast in his vocation, and thundered forth the airs set down in the music-books with a

fervor that was contagious. A few of those who attempted to learn psalmody were told that they had no aptitude for the art, and were set aside, but that did not prevent their attendance as hearers of the others. In those days a set of tunes were in fashion mostly of New England origin, which have since been laid aside in obedience to a more fastidious taste. They were in quick time, sharply accented, the words clearly articulated, and often running into fugues in which the bass, the tenor, and the treble chased each other from the middle to the end of the stanza. I recollect that some impatience was manifested when slower and graver airs of church music were introduced by the choir, and I wondered why the words should not be sung in the same time that they were pronounced in reading.

The streams which bickered through the narrow glens of the region in which I lived were much better stocked with trout in those days than now, for the country had been newly opened to settlement. The boys all were anglers. I confess to having felt a strong interest in that "sport," as I no longer call it. I have long since been weaned from the propensity of which I speak; but I have no doubt that the instinct which inclines so many to it, and some of them our grave divines, is a remnant of the original wild nature of man. Another "sport," to which the young men of the neighborhood sometimes admitted the elder boys, was the autumnal squirrel-hunt. The young men formed themselves into two parties equal in number, and fixed a day for the shooting. The party which on that day brought down the greatest number of squirrels was declared the victor, and the contest ended with some sort of festivity in the evening.

I have not mentioned other sports and games of the boys of that day,—that is to say, of seventy or eighty years since,—such as wrestling, running, leaping, base-ball, and the like, for in these there was nothing to distinguish them from the same pastimes at the present day. There were no public lectures at that time on subjects of general interest; the profession of public lecturer was then unknown, and eminent men were not solicited, as they now are, to appear before audiences in distant parts of the country, and gratify the curiosity of strangers by letting them hear the sound of their voices. But the men of those days were far more given to attendance on public worship than those who now occupy their place, and of course they took their boys with them. They were not satisfied with the morning and afternoon services, but each neighborhood held a third service of its own in the evening. Here some lay brother made a prayer, hymns were sung by those who were trained at the

singing-schools, a sermon was read from the work of some orthodox divine, and now and then a word of exhortation was addressed to the little assembly by some one who was more fluent in speech than the rest.

Every parish had its tything-men, two in number generally, whose business it was to maintain order in the church during divine service, and who sat with a stern countenance through the sermon, keeping a vigilant eye on the boys in the distant pews and in the galleries. Sometimes, when he detected two of them communicating with each other, he went to one of them, took him by the button, and leading him away, seated him beside himself. His power extended to other delinquencies. He was directed by law to see that the Sabbath was not profaned by people wandering in the fields and angling in the brooks. At that time law, no longer in force, directed that any person who absented himself unnecessarily from public worship for a certain length of time, should pay a fine into the treasury of the county. I remember several persons of whom it was said that they had been compelled to pay this fine, but I do not remember any of them who went to church afterward.

For the boys of the present day an immense number of books have been provided, some of the excellent, some mere trash or worse, but scarce any are now read which are not of recent date. The question is often asked, What books had they read seventy or eighty years since? They had books, and some of great merit. There were "Sanford and Merton," and "Little Jack;" there was "Robinson Crusoe," with its variations "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "The New Robinson Crusoe;" there was Mrs. Trimmer's "Knowledge of Nature," and Berquin's lively narratives and sketches translated from the French; there was "Philip Quarll," and Watts's "Poems for Children," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Mrs. Barbauld's writings, and the "Miscellaneous Poems" of Cowper. Later, we had Mrs. Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant" and "Evenings at Home." All these, if not numerous, were at least often read, and the frequent reading of a few good books is thought to be at least as improving—so useful in storing the mind and teaching one to think—as the more cursory reading of many. Of elementary books there was no lack, nor, as I have already intimated, any scarcity of private instructors, principally clergymen, educated at the colleges.

I have here set down such particulars as may occur to me of the employments, the amusements, and the studies amidst which the boys of my time grew up and were trained for the duties of man.

ood. Of those who set out with me in life there are few now remaining; they are like old trees in a young wood, waiting for a high wind to snap their aged trunks and level them with the ground. They became dispersed to different parts of the country, particularly the new States of the West, whose institutions they have helped to form. They had grown up, in the main, a conscientious generation—laborious, enterprising, strict in the performance of duty, and obedient to the laws; and on this account they were the very men to whom the task of forming new communities might be most advantageously committed. A few of them became distinguished above their fellows. One became an eminent Orientalist, and settled at Athens, in Greece. Another, with whom I used to contend in the foot-race, became one of the millionaires of New York, and died not long since full of days,

leaving an honored memory. A third, my school-fellow in preparing for college, retired from a prosperous mercantile career to become a lecturer on political economy and the author of valuable works on that science. One with whom I had a series of written disputations, migrated to Indiana and became one of its legislators. One was afterward the founder of the American Tract Society, and now, in the calm evening of a long life, employs himself in writing its history. Two went to the East as missionaries, and in the midst of their labors laid down their lives before the approach of old age.

Whatever may have been the merits or the shortcomings of the generation to which these men belonged, they are now with the past, and it is yet to be seen whether the different system now adopted in training the youth of our country will give it a better class of citizens.

THE SECRET DOOR.

(A Christmas Story of Two Hundred Years Ago.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

KNOWLE, in Kent, is an ancient manor-house. It stands knee-deep in rich garden and pasture lands, with hay-fields and apple-orchards stretching beyond, and solemn oak woods which whisper and shake their wise heads when the wind blows, as though possessed of secrets which must not be spoken. It is a real place, and the room which you see in the picture is a real room. That makes the picture much more interesting; don't you think so?

Very much as it looks to-day, it looked two hundred and thirty years ago, when Charles the First was king of England. That was the Charles who had his head cut off, you may remember. Blue Christmas smokes curled from the twisted chimneys in 1645, just as they will this year if the world lasts a month longer. The same dinnery fragrance filled the air, for good cheer smells pretty much alike in all ages and the world over. A few changes there may be—thicker trees, beds of gay flowers which were not known in that day; and where once the moat—a ditch-like stream of green water covered with weeds and scum—ran round the walls, now a trimly cut border of verdant turf. But these changes are improvements, and in all important respects the house keeps its old look, undisturbed by modern times and ways.

In the same nursery where modern boys and girls eat, sleep and learn their A, B, C to-day, two children lived. You see them in the picture—little Ralph Tresham and his sister Henrietta. Quaint, old-fashioned creatures they would look to us now; but, in spite of their formal dresses and speech, they were bright and merry and happy as any children you can find among your acquaintances. Ralph's name was pronounced "Rafe," and he always called his sister "Hexie."

Christmas did not come to Knowle in its usual bright shape in 1645. Gloom and sadness and anxiety overshadowed the house; and though the little ones did not understand what the cause of the anxiety was, they felt something wrong, and went about quietly whispering to each other in corners, instead of whooping and laughing, as had been their wont. They had eaten their Christmas beef, and toasted the king in a thimbleful of wine, as usual, but their mother cried when they did so; and Joyce, the old butler, had carried off the pudding with a face like a funeral. So, after dinner, they crept away to the nursery, and there, by the window, began a long whispering talk. Hexie had something very exciting to tell.

"Nurse thought I was asleep," she said, "but I was n't quite; and when they began to talk I woke

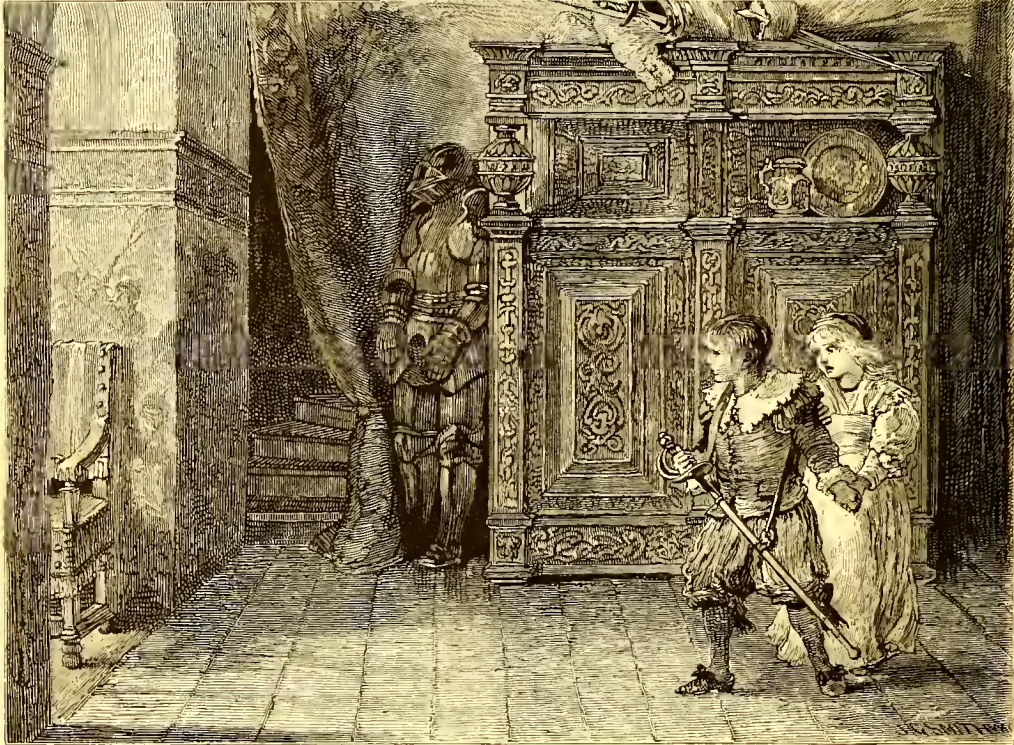
up. That was n't wrong, was it, Rafe? I could n't sleep when I could n't, could I?"

"I suppose not; but you need n't have listened," said Rafe, whose notions about honor were very strict.

"I did pull the pillow over my ear, but the words would get in," went on Henrietta, piteously. "And it was so interesting. Did you know that there were such creatures as Bogies, Rafe? Dorothy thinks we have got one in our house, and that its

replied Hexie. "How long is it, brother?—since Humphrey went away, I mean. Wont he ever come back?"

"I asked Winifred once, but she only said, 'God knew,' that nothing had been heard of him since the battle when the king was taken. He might be dead, or he might be escaped into foreign parts—and then she cried, oh, so hard, Hexie! Poor Humphrey! I hope he is n't dead. But, about the Bogie, how curious it must be to meet one! Oh,



"LET US GO BACK," SHE CRIED.

hole is in the great gallery, because once when she was there dusting the armor, she heard a queer noise in the wall, and what else could it be? It eats a great deal, does the Bogie. That's the reason nurse is sure we have got one. It ate all the cold sheep's-head yesterday, and the day before half the big pasty. No victual is safe in the larder, the Bogie has such a big appetite, nurse says."

"I remember about the sheep's-head," said Rafe, meditatively. "Almost all of it was left, and I looked to see it come in cold; but when I asked, Joyce said there was none. Cold sheep's-head is very good. Do you remember how much Humphrey used to like it?"

"I don't remember exactly, it is so long ago,"

say, let us go to the gallery now, and see if we hear any strange noises there. Will you?"

"Oh, Rafe! I'm afraid. I don't quite like—"

"But you can't be afraid if I'm there," said Rafe valiantly; "besides, I'll put on Humphrey's sword which he left behind. Then if the Bogie comes—we shall see!"

Rafe spoke like a conquering hero, Hexie thought so, though she trembled, she made no further objection, but stood by while he lifted down the sword, helped to fasten its belt over his shoulder and followed along the passage which led to the gallery. The heavy sword clattered and rattled as it dragged on the floor, and the sound was echoed in a ghostly way, which renewed Hexie's fears.

"Rafe! Rafe! let us go back!" she cried.

"Go back yourself if you are afraid," replied Ralph, stoutly; and as going back alone through the dim passage seemed just then worse than staying where she was, Hexie stayed with her valiant other.

Very softly they unlatched the gallery door, and stole in. It was a long, lofty apartment, paneled with cedar-wood, to which time had given a beautiful light-brown color. The ceiling, of the same wood, was carved, here and there, with shields, coats of arms, and other devices. There was little furniture: one tall cabinet, a few high-backed wicker chairs, and some portraits hanging on the walls. The sun, not yet quite set, poured a stream of red light across the polished floor, leaving the corners and the empty spaces formidably dark. The children had seldom been in the gallery at this hour, and it looked to them almost like a strange place, not at all as it did at noonday when they came to jump up and down the slippery floor, and play hide-and-seek in the corners which now seemed so dark and dismal.

Even Rafe felt the difference, and shivered in spite of his bold heart and the big sword by his side. Timidly they went forward, hushing their footsteps and peering furtively into the shadows. Suddenly Hexie stopped with a little scream.

Close to them stood a huge suit of armor, larger and taller than a man. The empty eye-holes of the helmet glared out quite like real eyes, and the whole figure was terrible enough to frighten any little girl. But it was not at the armor that Hexie screamed; the iron man was an old friend of the children's. Many a game of hide-and-seek had they played around, and behind, and even inside of it; for Humphrey had contrived a cunning way in which the figure could be taken to pieces and put together again; and more than once Rafe had been popped inside, and had lain shaking with laughter while Hexie vainly searched for him through all the gallery. This had not happened lately, for Rafe was hardly strong enough to manage himself the screws and hinges which opened the armor; but he knew the iron man too well to scream at him, and so did Hexie. The object which excited her terror was something different, and so strange and surprising that it is no wonder she screamed.

Close by the armor, half hidden by a curtain of heavy tapestry, was an open door, where never door had been known to be. It stood ajar, and dimly visible inside was a narrow staircase winding upward.

"The hole of the Bogie!" gasped Hexie, clutching at Rafe's arm. He started, and felt for the sword. It rattled fearfully, and the sound com-

pleted Hexie's terror. She burst away, flew like a scared lapwing down the gallery, along the passages, and never stopped till she reached the nursery and her own bed, where, with two pillows and the quilt drawn over her head, she lay sobbing bitterly at the thought of Ralph left behind, to be eaten perhaps by the Bogie! Poor little Hexie!

Ralph, meanwhile, stood his ground. His heart beat very fast, but he would not run away,—that was for girls. It must be owned, however, that when a moment later the sound of muffled voices became audible down the stairs, he trembled extremely, and was guilty of the unmanlike act of hiding behind the curtain. He was only ten years old, which must plead his excuse with bigger boys who are confident that they could never, under any circumstances, hide themselves or be afraid.

The voices drew nearer, steps sounded, and two figures came out of the narrow door-way. Could there be two Bogies? No wonder they ate so much. But in another minute all thought of Bogies vanished from Ralph's mind, for in one of the figures he recognized his own sister Winifred.

Her companion was a man. There was something familiar in his form. It moved forward, and Ralph jumped so that the big sword rattled again. Bogie number two was his brother Humphrey, mourned as dead ever since the summer before, when so many brave gentlemen gave up their lives for King Charles at the battle of Naseby.

"What noise was that?" whispered Winifred, fearfully.

"Some sound from below," replied Humphrey, after listening a moment. "Must you go, Winnie?"

"I must, dear Humphrey. I dare not absent myself longer lest I be missed and suspected. Oh, if to-morrow were but over, and you safe on the French lugger and over the sea! I cannot breathe while this hiding and danger go on."

"I suppose I ought to be glad also," said Humphrey, ruefully; "but to me that French lugger means exile, and loneliness, and poverty, for the rest of my life, perhaps. Better have laid down my life with the rest at Naseby, in striking one last blow for the king."

"Don't, don't speak so!" protested Winifred, tearfully. "You are alive, thank God; and once these wars are over we may reunite you, and have a happy home somewhere, if not in the land of our fathers. Now, dear Humphrey, have you all you need for the night?"

"Christmas cheer," said Humphrey, in a would-be cheerful voice. "Beef and ale,—what better fare could be? You are a gallant provider, my Winnie, and there is need, for since I have lain in that hole with nothing else to do, my appetite has raged like a wolf. That sheep's-head was

wondrous savory. I say though, Winnie, what do the servants think of the famine I create in the larder?"

"Oh, the stupid creatures fancy that a Bogie has taken up his residence here. A very hungry Bogie, Joyce calls the creature!"

The brother and sister laughed; then they kissed each other.

"Good-night, dearest Winifred."

"Good-night, brother;" and Humphrey vanished up the stairs. Winifred lingered a moment; then, as if remembering something, opened the door again and ran after him. Ralph marked that she laid her hand on a particular boss in the carved wainscot, and pressed it in hard, whereon the door sprang open. He stole out, laid his hand on the same boss, and felt the spring give way under his touch. Some undefined idea of stealing in later, to make Humphrey a visit, was in his head; but he heard Winifred returning, and hurried out of the gallery. Putting back the sword in its place, he entered the nursery. No Hexie was visible, but a sobbing sound drew his attention to a tumbled heap on the bed.

"Is that you, Hexie? Why, what are you crying about?" pulling away the pillow which she held tight.

"Oh, Rafe! Then the Bogie did n't eat you, after all!" And Hexie buried her tear-stained face in his shoulder.

"Bogie! Nonsense! There are no such things as Bogies!"

"What was it, then, that lived up that dreadful stairs?"

"I can't tell you; only it was nothing at all dreadful. And, Hexie, don't say a word about that door to any one, will you? It might make great trouble if you did."

"I did tell Deborah, when she fetched the candle and asked why I cried, that I saw a strange door in the gallery," faltered Hexie, truthful, though penitent.

"Oh! Hexie, how could you? I don't like Deborah, and her father is a crop-eared knave. Humphrey said so one day. How could you talk to her about the door, Hexie?"

"I—don't know. I was frightened, and she asked me," sobbed Hexie. "Will it do any harm, Rafe?"

"It may," said Rafe, gloomily. "But don't cry, Hexie. You meant no harm, at all events."

"Oh, don't speak so gravely and so like Joyce," said Hexie, much troubled. She cried herself to sleep that night. Deborah, who undressed her, asked many questions about the gallery and the door.

"It was very dark, and perhaps she mistook;"—that was all Hexie could be made to say. Ralph

was disturbed and wakeful, and slept later than usual next morning. He jumped up in a hurry and made what haste he could with dressing and breakfast, but it seemed as though they never took so much time before; and all the while he ate was conscious of a stir and bustle in the house, which excited his curiosity very much. Knocking the sound of feet—something unusual was going on.

As soon as possible he slipped away from nursery and ran to the gallery. The door was half open. He looked in, and stood still with terror. Men in brown uniforms and steel caps, were there sounding the walls and tapping the floor-boards with staves. The gallery seemed full of them, though when Rafe counted there were but five.

"This man of iron was, in all likelihood a Malignant also," he heard one of them say, striking the armor with his fist.

"He is somewhat old for that. Methinks this is armor of the time of that man of blood, Harold the Eighth. Move it aside, Jotham, that we may search the farther panel."

So the heavy figure was thrust into a corner, and the men went on tapping with their wands. Rafe groaned within himself when he heard them declare that the wall sounded hollow, and saw them searching for a spring. Twenty times it seemed as though they must have lighted on the right place. Twenty times they just missed it.

"We were ill advised to come without tools," declared the man who seemed leader of the party. "Come thou to my shop, Peter Kettle, and thou, Bartimeus and Zerrubabel, and we will fetch such things as are needful. Jotham, stay thou here to see that no man escapeth from the concealment behind the wall."

So four of the men went away, leaving Jotham striding up and down as on guard. Presently came a shout from beneath the window:

"Jotham! our leader hath dropped his pouch which are the keys of the smithy. Hasten and bring it to the outer door."

"Aye, aye!" answered Jotham, and, pouch in hand, he ran down the stairs. Now was Rafe's opportunity. Like a flash he was across the gallery, his hand on the boss. The door flew open, and he fell into the arms of Humphrey, who, sword in hand and teeth set, stood on the lower step of the staircase, prepared to sell his liberty as dearly as possible.

"Rafe! little Rafe!" he exclaimed.

"Hush! The man will come back," whispered Rafe. "Come away—hide—oh, where?" Then with a sudden inspiration he dragged his brother toward the iron man. "Get inside," he cried. "They will never think of searching there! Humphrey—make haste! Get inside!"

There was no time to be lost. With the speed of operation, Humphrey unscrewed, lifted, stepped to the armor. Rafe slipped the fastenings to the right, whispered "shut your eyes," and flew back to his hiding-place. Just in time, for Jotham's head was on the stair, and next moment he entered the gallery, and resumed his march up and down, as if dreaming that the man sought for was peeping through the helmet holes at him, not three feet away.

Presently the other soldiers came back with hammers and wrenches, and in a short time the beautiful wainscot, split into pieces, lay on the floor. Suddenly there was a shout. The secret door had been opened, and the staircase stood revealed. Four men, with pikes and pistols, prepared to descend, while the fifth guarded the opening below. At that moment Winifred entered the gallery at the farther end. She turned deadly pale when she saw the open door and the men.

"Oh! Heaven have mercy!" she cried, and fell half fainting into a chair.

Rafe darted across the floor and seized her hand. "Hush," he whispered. "Don't say a word, or she will know. *He is safe.*"

"Who? Who?" cried the amazed Winifred. "What now voices sounded from above. The men were coming down. Winifred rallied her courage, and went forward. She was very white still, but she spoke in a steady voice. Her two brothers, Humphrey in his hiding-place and little Rafe by her side, both admired her greatly.

"What is the meaning of this, Jotham Green?" she demanded. "By what warrant do you enter to spoil our house?"

"By the warrant which all true men have to search for traitors," said Jotham.

"You will find none such here," responded Winifred firmly.

"We find the lurking-place in which one such doubtless lain," said Zerrubabel. "Where they exist, look out for vermin."

"You are less than civil, neighbor. An old man like this has many strange nooks and corners in which the inhabitants may have neither use nor

knowledge. If your search is done, I will beg you to make good the damage you have caused as best you may, and with as little noise as possible, that my mother be not alarmed. Jotham Green, you are a good workman, I know. I recollect how deftly you once repaired that cabinet for us."

All the men knew Winifred, and her calm and decided manner made its impression. Jotham slowly picked up the fragments of the paneling and began to fit them together. The rest consulted, and at last rather sheepishly, and with a muttered half apology about "wrong information," went away, taking with them the injured woodwork, which Jotham undertook to repair. Rafe's first words after they disappeared were:

"Winifred, you must dismiss Deborah. It is she that has betrayed us."

"How do you know that, Rafe?"

Then it all came out. Winifred listened to the tale with streaming tears.

"Oh, Rafe, my darling, how brave you were! You played the man for us to-day, and have saved me—I trust you have saved—our Humphrey. The men will not return to-day, and to-night the lugger sails."

And Humphrey was saved. Before morning, well disguised, he had made his way across country to a little fishing-port, embarked, and reached France without farther accident.

So that strange Christmas adventure ended happily. It was all long, long ago. Humphrey and Winifred and Rafe lived their lives out, and lay down to rest a century and a half since under the daisy-sprinkled English sod. Little Hexie died an aged woman, before any of us was born. But still the beautiful old manor-house stands amid its gardens and pasture lands, with the silvery look of time on its gray walls. Still the armed figure keeps guard beside the secret staircase, the tapestry hangs in the old heavy folds, evening reddens the cedar walls and the polished floor, and everything occupies the same place and wears the same look that it did when little Rafe played the man in that gallery, and saved his brother Humphrey, more than two hundred years ago.



THE LETTERS AT SCHOOL.

BY M. M. D.



ONE day the letters went to school,
 And tried to learn each other;
 They got so mixed 't was really hard
 To pick out one from t' other.

A went in first, and Z went last;
 The rest all were between them,—
 K, L and M, and N, O, P,—
 I wish you could have seen them!

B, C, D, E and J, K, L,
 Soon jostled well their betters;
 Q, R, S, T—I grieve to say—
 Were very naughty letters.

Of course, ere long, they came to words—
 What else could be expected?
 Till E made D, J, C and T
 Decidedly dejected.

Now, through it all, the Consonants
Were rudest and uncouthest,
While all the pretty Vowel girls
Were certainly the smoothest.

And simple U kept far from Q,
With face demure and moral,
"Because," she said, "we are, we two,
So apt to start a quarrel!"

But spiteful P said, "Pooh for U!"
(Which made her feel quite bitter),
And, calling O, L, E to help,
He really tried to hit her.

Cried A, "Now E and C, come here!
If both will aid a minute,
Good P will join in making peace,
Or else the mischief's in it."

And smiling E, the ready sprite,
Said, "Yes, and count me double."
This done, sweet *peace* shone o'er the scene,
And gone was all the trouble!

Meanwhile, when U and P made up,
The Cons'nants looked about them,
And kissed the Vowels, for, you see,
They could n't do without them.

DOINGS OF THE "POLLY'S CHRISTMAS SOCIETY."

(As told by One of its Members.)

BY OLIVE THORNE.



WHAT started the thing, I don't remember. Oh, I believe Nell Taintor proposed it; anyway, it was splendid, and I'll tell you all about it.

We girls had a society, you know, and we had n't anything in particular to do; and Nell proposed that we should make something for Polly Stevens' Christmas.

Polly's a real nice girl, and used to go to our school,

she fell on the ice last winter, and hurt her leg, and she has to lie down all the time; she can't even stand up a minute.

Well, we used to go and see her as often as we could; but, of course, we had our lessons, and practice, and other things, out of school; and so she got awfully lonesome, Nell said, because she couldn't do much of anything, and she had read

every book Nell had,—Nell lived next door, and used to run in. And she staid alone ever so much, because her mother's a dress-maker, and has to go out, and she did n't have things very comfortable; the doctor's bills were so large, that her mother had as much as she could do to get along.

When Nell told us about her, we felt ashamed that we had n't been to see her more, and so we just got up a plan to give her a surprise. We gave our society a new name, "Polly's Christmas Society," or "P. C. Society," in public, so that every one should not know what it was, and we all went to work for her.

Kate Woodbury was president—splendid girl Kate is. She said she would make a nice wrapper for Polly, out of a blue dress of her own that she had burned a hole in; she knew her mother'd let her have it. Mattie Barker said she would give her a quilt, or spread, that she was making out of bright bits of silk. It was log-cabin pattern, and real pretty. Alice Burnett said she would make her a pretty rug to lay before her lounge; the floor was bare, and it would look so pretty. She knew how to make one out of round pieces of black and red and white woolen. You've seen them? A black one, about as big as a tea-cup, at the bottom, a red one, a little smaller, laid on that, and a quite small white one on top; all tied together with a tuft of red thread in the middle of the white one. Then, when she had lots of these made, she sewed them

all on an oval piece of old sacking, and it was real bright and pretty. You can shake the dust out of them.

Nell said Polly needed a curtain for the window at the head of her lounge; she had nothing but an old shade, and it was n't nice, so I said I would make her one like some I saw at my aunt's last summer. It was of unbleached muslin, with two wide stripes of bright red, and bright blue percale across the top and the bottom,—a little way apart, you know. It did n't cost much, and I had a dollar of my own, and it was ever so pretty. It looked like some foreign cashmere thing.

Well, we all went to work with a will. Nelly got Will, her brother, to make a lounge-frame, Polly had a horrid old hair-cloth sofa. He made it out of some timber they had in the yard. It was rough, of course, but stout I tell you; and we nailed some old bagging on it for a bottom, and made a nice soft cushion for it, and a big pillow, and covered the whole with real pretty chintz; and Mattie made a crocheted tidy for it, that could be washed. Oh, I forgot! John Burnett sawed out a lovely set of shelves, with his new jig-saw, and Kate Woodbury took an old stand out of their attic. It was good, and strong, but awfully old-fashioned; and it had two drawers, and leaves to let down. It was just the thing for Polly, because she could keep her things in the drawers, you see; and her shelves could stand on it. And I made a cover to fit it, out of Turkish toweling, the new-fashioned way, you know, with gay figures sewed on; and Alice brought a sweet little vase that she had, to hold flowers, or ferns and grasses, in winter. We knew Polly was very fond of flowers, and Nell said she had to keep them in a tea-cup.

Let me see, was that all? Oh, no; every girl collected all the nice books she could. We each gave one or two of our own, and asked the boys that knew Polly, and most all our mothers gave us one or two, so we had a real lovely library. I remember some of the books—"Undine," "Grim's Stories," "Hans Andersen's Works," a whole set (Johnny Burnett gave that; was n't he splendid!) and "Little Women," and "We Girls," and—oh, lots of others I can't remember, only all nice ones, and in good order. Mrs. Woodbury put in a lovely new Bible with clasps, and there were lots of poetry books; she's very fond of poetry.

And—let me think—Mattie's sister, who's been to Europe, gave her a most lovely photograph,—three little angels, or cherubs, or something. Oh, it was too sweet for anything! I've seen Polly look at it till she cried, and I wanted to myself, though I'm not good, like Polly.

We got a glass, and made a frame for it of cardboard, with delicate lichens glued on. You know

how? they're real pretty, are n't they? Well, we went out in the woods to get them, and we brought home such beautiful mosses,—we tried to think of something to make of them, and at last we did. We got some of the nicest in a box, and covered it with pieces of glass cut the right shape to make a cover like a box, and fastened at the corners with copaper gummed on. We found two ferns very nice, yet, so late as that, and some partridge-berry. Kate put in a slip of her Kenilworth ivy, and I hope you won't think so, but it was just lovely. It grew all winter, and I believe Polly enjoyed it more than anything, she watched it so much. Nell knew every leaf, she said.

Well, I believe that was all. These things took us some weeks to do, and we worked hard. I can't tell you. We had hardly time to make our Christmas presents for our own folks, but I did get time to embroider that cushion for mamma; is it so pretty? I did every stitch myself. But when I was asked I? Oh, all this time the secret was kept so close, though a good many knew about it; and just before Christmas, one day Mrs. Stevens, Polly's mother, was cutting a dress for Mrs. Barker, and she went over to tell her about it. Nell Taintor told her that we girls had a society, and had been making some presents for Polly.

Well, she cried! I do wonder why people were so when they're glad! She said she had been trying to get Polly something nice for Christmas, she had such a dull life, and she was so patient; but in spite of all she could do, everything she could do was used up in doctor's bills and rent. She said she meant to make her a cake, at least, and she said, right off, that she could come into their house to make it, so that Polly should n't know.

We talked the thing over, and we decided that Mrs. Stevens should get Polly to bed early on Christmas Eve. There was a hall between the sitting-room and bedroom, and she thought that she would n't hear us, and we were to go about nine o'clock to fix it all up for her, and then all come there the next morning to see her surprise. A day or two later, Mrs. Stevens told us afterward, Polly was a low-spirited, though she tried to be cheerful, poor thing. She was a good girl, always; but she remembered that our school was getting ready for a festival and a Christmas-tree, and she could n't think of last year, I suppose, when she was sick and had presents with the rest of us.

She did have a present on the tree, too, and she was as the rest of us; and we took it with us when we went that night. It was a real nice work-box, with everything in it complete. Miss Murton made it. Polly was her pet scholar.

Well, we could hardly wait for eight o'clock, you may imagine, and before the clock was

king we were there. Polly was abed and asleep, as Stevens said, and we went right to work. The girls brought in the lounge, and put it in a pleasant corner of the room, and we girls fixed it up with its quilt and nice big pillow; and we laid the rug down in front of it, and hung the curtain over the lounge; and put the stand, with its cover, and the book-shelves, at the head where she could reach it. And we put the moss-thing on it, and the vase filled with grasses, and ferns, and bitter-sweet on top of it.

Then we filled the shelves with books, and hung the picture where she could see it without coming. And then we trimmed the whole room with evergreens left from decorating our church. Over the door we put "Merry Christmas," in holly leaves. Mrs. Taintor made it; she sewed holly leaves upon white muslin, and it looked as though it was right on the wall.

We worked there, if you'll believe me, till twelve o'clock, and when we finished, it was just lovely. All the time Mrs. Stevens could hardly help a bit; she sat in the corner and cried. I never saw such a woman.

She gave Mrs. Stevens the new blue wrapper, and told her to put it on Polly when she dressed, and tell her the girls sent it to her so she would look all fine when we came. I was so excited I thought I should n't sleep a wink that night, but I slept after all—slept like a log, and I had to hurry off for breakfast so as not to be late.

At seven o'clock we were all there—all we girls, and Will and Johnny would n't go—and Mrs. Stevens went into the bedroom and dressed Polly, and brought her out. She was so thin and light she was easily carried. Polly was so delighted with her pretty wrapper that she looked perfectly happy when she came in. The first thing she saw when her mother laid her down was us, and she said, "Oh, girls!" but at that minute she seemed to see something strange in the room. "Why, what?" she began, and stopped short, and looked around. She looked at everything—the walls, the stand, the books, the mosses, the vase, and her self; her chin began to quiver, and her hands to work, and suddenly she just buried her face in the pillow and cried as hard as she could cry. I thought of crying; and I'm sure I don't know why, but I found the tears running down my cheeks, and looked around, and every one of the girls was crying, too. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever saw, but I could n't help it. Soon we began to laugh, though, and make fun of our crying, and we would n't let Polly even try to say thank you!"

Then we all went out into the hall and brought her a surprise for Mrs. Stevens. We told her we

had come to stay to breakfast, and every one of us had a basket full of good things from our own breakfasts—broiled chickens, breakfast rolls, hot coffee (Nell brought that from her mother's kitchen), cold meat, pickles, hot Saratoga potatoes (from Nell's), and ever so many things. We pulled out the table and spread it before Polly's lounge, and before long we sat down to a jolly breakfast. There was ever so much left, though.

Finally about ten o'clock we went away, and after we were gone Polly received the very best present of all from her mother. You see it worried her most to death that she could not help her mother. It was one thing that kept her back. And Mrs. Stevens had taken specimens of her knitting around to ladies who had little children, and had got orders for pretty bright stockings for them;

enough to keep Polly busy all winter. Each lady had furnished her own yarn, and there was a pile of lovely colored yarns for her to begin on.

Polly could knit beautifully, and I do believe the prospect of earning something to help her mother was the best present she had that day.

In the evening, when I was on my way to a Christmas party at Nell's, I passed by Polly's, and the curtain was not quite drawn. I



NELL BROUGHT THE COFFEE.

could n't help just peeping in. There she lay half up on her elbows, a book in her hand, but not reading, looking at nothing, with the most lovely, happy look I ever saw. I've often wished I had a picture of her.

We were careful not to neglect Polly after that. From that day she was the happiest girl I ever saw, busy from morning to night, knitting or reading, or repeating poetry, which she learned by the page. She earned a good deal of money, and she knit so beautifully that she always had lots of orders ahead. Now her mother knits too, and takes in some work, but does not go out any more. I don't know any happier or nicer place to visit than Polly Stevens'.

I think that Christmas was the nicest one I ever had.

THE KINGDOM OF THE GREEDY.

(By P. J. STAHL.)

TRANSLATED BY LAURA W. JOHNSON.

PART II.

SOME of the envious or ill-tempered declared it would be impossible to cook the edifice which Mother Mitchel had built; and the doctors were,

sweetest voice, suddenly there issued from the woods a vast number of masons, drawing wains of well-baked bricks, which they had prepared in secret. This sight silenced the ill-wishers, and filled the hearts of the Greedy with hope.



MOTHER MITCHEL MAKES HER OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

no one knows why, the saddest of all. Mother Mitchel, smiling at the general bewilderment, mounted the summit of the tart; she waved her crutch in the air, and while her cat miowed in his

twinly the first of mankind, and their names worthy of going down with his to the remotest posterity.

All the envious ones were thunderstruck. The

In two days an enormous furnace was built around the colossal tart, which found itself shut up in an immense earthen pot. Three huge mouths, which were connected with thousands of iron pipes for conducting all over the building, were soon choked with fuel, by the help of two hundred charcoal burners, who, obeying a private signal, came forth in array from the forest, carrying his sack of coal. Behind them stood Mother Mitchel with a box of matches ready to fire each oven as it was filled. Of course the fire-drawings had not been forgotten and all was soon in a blaze.

When the fire was lit in the thirty ovens, when they saw the clouds of smoke rising above the dome, the announcement that the cooking had begun, the joy of the people was boundless. Poets improvised odes, and musicians sang verses without end, in honor of the superb prince who had been inspired to feed his people in so dainty a manner when other rulers could give them enough, even of bread. The names of Mother Mitchel and of the illustrious engineer were not forgotten in this great glorification. When they came to His Majesty, they were

ied to console themselves by saying that the work as not yet finished, and that an accident might appen at the last moment. But they did not ally believe a word of this. Notwithstanding all eir efforts to look cheerful, it had to be acknowl- gded that the cooking was possible. Their last ource was to declare the tart a bad one, but at would be biting off their own noses. As for elining to eat it, envy could never go so far as at in the country of the Greedy.

After two days, the unerring nose of Mother itchel discovered that the rt was cooked to perfection. he whole country was per- med with its delicious aro- a. Nothing more remained at to take down the furnaces. other Mitchel made her ficial announcement to His ajesty, who was delighted, d complimented her upon r punctuality. One day was ll wanting to complete the onth. During this time the ople gave their eager help the engineer in the demon, wishing to have a hand the great national work, d to hasten the blessed moment. In the twinkling of an e the thing was done. The cks were taken down one one, counted carefully, and ried into the forest again, serve for another occasion. The TART, unveiled, ap- ared at last in all its maj- y and splendor. The dome s gilded, and reflected the s of the sun in the most zling manner. The wild- excitement and rapture through the land of the eedy. Each one sniffed h open nostrils the appe- ing perfume. Their mouths ered, their eyes filled with rs, they embraced, pressed h other's hands, and ing- ed in touching pantones. Then the people of n and country, united by rapturous feeling, joined ds, and danced in a ring around the grand con- ion.

io one dared to touch the tart before the arrival his Majesty. Meanwhile something must be done

to allay the universal impatience, and they resolved to show Mother Mitchel the gratitude with which all hearts were filled. She was crowned with the laurel of *conquerors*, which is also the laurel of *sauce*, thus serving a double purpose. Then they placed her, with her crutch and her cat, upon a sort of throne, and carried her all round her vast work. Before her marched all the musicians of the town, dancing, drumming, fifing and tooting upon all instruments, while behind her pressed an enthusiastic crowd, who rent the air with their plaudits and filled it



THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

with a shower of caps. Her fame was complete, and a noble pride shone on her countenance.

The royal procession arrived. A grand stair-way had been built, so that the King and his Ministers

could mount to the summit of this monumental tart. Thence the King, amid a deep silence, thus addressed his people:

"My children," said he, "you adore tarts. You despise all other food. If you could, you would even eat tarts in your sleep. Very well. Eat as much as you like. Here is one big enough to satisfy you. But know this, that while there remains a single crumb of this august tart, from the height of which I am proud to look down on you, all other food is forbidden you on pain of death. While you are here, I have ordered all the pantries to be emptied, and all the butchers, bakers, pork and milk dealers, and fishmongers, to shut up their shops. Why leave them open? Why indeed? Have you not here at discretion what you love best, and enough to last you ever, *ever* so long? Devote yourselves to it with all your hearts. I do not wish you to be bored with the sight of any other food.

"Greedy ones! behold your TART!"

What enthusiastic applause, what frantic hurrahs rent the air, in answer to this eloquent speech from the throne!

"Long live the King, Mother Mitchel and her cat! Long live the tart! Down with soup! Down with bread! To the bottom of the sea with all beefsteaks, mutton-chops, and roasts!"

Such cries came from every lip. Old men gently stroked their chops, children patted their little stomachs, the crowd licked its thousand lips with eager joy. Even the babies danced in their nurses' arms, so precocious was the passion for tarts in this singular country! Grave professors, skipping like kids, declaimed Latin verses in honor of His Majesty and Mother Mitchel, and the shyest young girls opened their mouths like the beaks of little birds. As for the doctors, they felt a joy beyond expression. They had reflected. They understood. But—my friends!—

At last, the signal was given. A detachment of the engineer corps arrived, armed with pick and cutlass, and marched in good order to the assault. A breach was soon opened, and the distribution began. The King smiled at the opening in the tart; though vast, it hardly showed more than a mouse-hole in the monstrous wall. Then turning to his people, who, seated at long tables, were stuffing themselves like mad, he whispered in the ear of his Prime Minister, the first mathematician of the age:

"The train is fired. How long will it burn?"

"Six weeks, Your Majesty," replied the man of science.

At this answer, the King stroked his beard grandly. "All goes well," said he, "for him who knows how to wait."

Who can tell how long the feast would have

lasted, if the King had not given his command that it should cease? Once more they expressed the gratitude with cries so stifled that they resembled grunts, and then rushed to the river. Never had nation been so besmeared. Some were daubed on the eyes, others had their ears and hair all stuck. As for the little ones, they were marmalade from head to foot. When they had finished their toilette the river ran all red and yellow, and was sweetened for several hours, to the great surprise of all the fishes.

Before returning home, the people presented themselves before the King, to receive his commands.

"Children!" said he, "the feast will begin again exactly at six o'clock. Give time to wash the dishes and change the table-cloths, and you may once more give yourselves over to pleasure. You shall feast twice a day, as long as the tart lasts. Do it or forget. Yes! if there is not enough in this one I will even order ANOTHER from Mother Mitchel; and you know that great woman is indefatigable. Your happiness is my only aim." (Marks of universal joy and emotion.) "You understand? Noon, and six o'clock! There is no need for me to say, be punctual! Go, then, my children—be happy!"

The second feast was as gay as the first, and lasted long. A pleasant walk in the suburbs,—first exercise,—then a nap, had refreshed their appetites and unlimbered their jaws. But the King fancied that the breach made in the tart was a little smaller than that of the morning.

"'T is well!" said he, "'t is well! Wait till tomorrow, my friends; yes, till day after to-morrow, and *next week!*"

The next day the feast still went on gayly; yet at the evening meal the King noticed some empty seats.

"Why is this?" said he, with pretended indifference, to the court physician.

"Your Majesty," said the great Olibriers, "a weak stomachs; that is all."

On the next day there were larger empty spaces. The enthusiasm visibly abated. The eighth day the crowd had diminished one-half; the ninth, three-quarters; the tenth day, of the thousand who came at first, only two hundred remained; on the eleventh day, only one hundred; and on the twelfth—as many who would have thought it?—a single one answered to the call. Truly he was big enough. His body resembled a hogshead, his mouth an oven, and his lips—we dare not say what. He was known in the town by the name of Patapouf. They dug out a fresh lump for him from the middle of the tart, which quickly vanished in his vast interior, and he returned with great dignity, proud to maintain the honor of his name and the glory of the Greedy Kingdom.



MASTER PATAPOUF.

the next day, even he, the very last, appeared fore. The unfortunate Patapouf had succed, and, like all the other inhabitants of the ry, was in a very bad way. In short, it was nown that the whole town had suffered agonies

that night from too much tart. Let us draw a veil over those hours of torture. Mother Mitchel was in despair. Those Ministers who had not guessed the secret dared not open their lips. All the city was one vast hospital. No one was seen in the

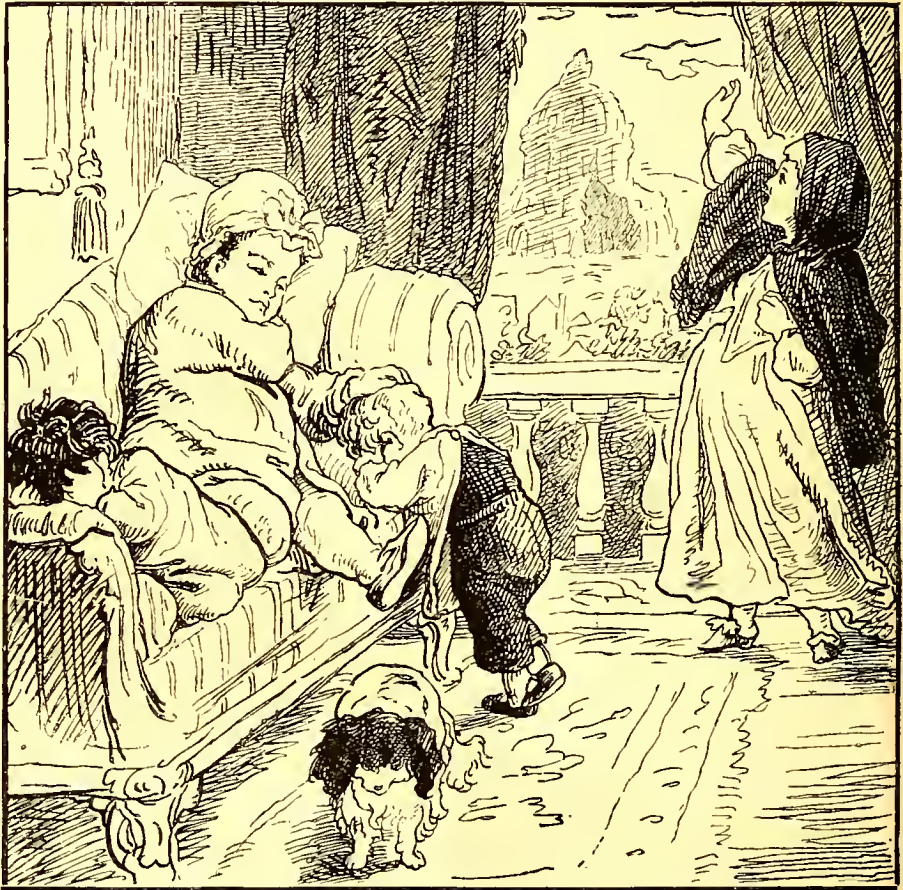
streets but doctors and apothecaries' boys, running from house to house in frantic haste. It was dreadful! Dr. Olibriers was nearly knocked up. As for the King, he held his tongue, and shut himself up in his palace, but a secret joy shone in his eyes, to the wonder of every one. He waited three days without a word.

The third day, the King said to his Ministers:

"What! Your Majesty, *must* we eat it all?"

"You *must!*" sternly replied the King; "Y **MUST!** By the immortal beefsteaks! not one you shall have a slice of bread, and not a loaf shall be baked in the kingdom, while there remains crumb of that excellent tart!"

"What misery!" thought these poor people. "That tart forever!"



THE MERE SIGHT OF THE TART MADE EVERYBODY ILL.

"Let us go now and see how my poor people are doing, and feel their pulse a little."

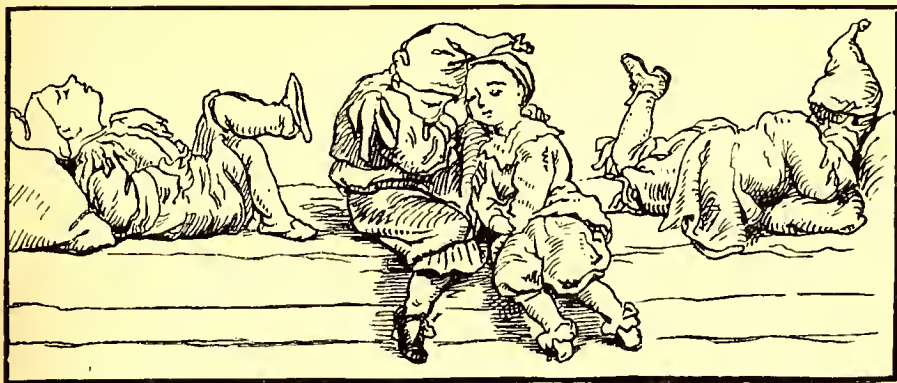
The good King went to every house, without forgetting a single one. He visited small and great, rich and poor.

"Oh, oh! Your Majesty," said all, "the tart was good, but may we never see it again! Plague on that tart! Better were dry bread. Your Majesty, for mercy's sake, a little dry bread! Oh, a morsel of dry bread, how good it would be!"

"No, indeed," replied the King. "*There is more of that tart!*"

The sufferers were in despair. There was one cry through all the town—"Ow! ow! ow!" for even the strongest and most courageous were in horrible agonies. They twisted, they writhed, they lay down, they got up. Always the inexorable colic. The dogs were not happier than their masters; even they had too much tart.

The spiteful tart looked in at all the windows. Built upon a height, it commanded the town. The mere sight of it made everybody ill, and its few admirers had nothing but curses for it now. Happily, nothing they could say or do made it



"ow! ow! ow!"

aller; still formidable, it was a frightful joke for these miserable mortals. Most of them buried their heads in their pillows, drew their night-caps over their eyes, and lay in bed all day, to shut out the sight of it. But this would not do; they knew, they felt it was there. It was a nightmare, a horrible burden, a torturing anxiety.

In the midst of this terrible consternation, the King remained inexorable during eight days. His heart bled for his people, but the lesson must sink deep, it were to bear fruit in future.

When their pains were ended, little by little, through thinking alone, and his subjects pronounced these trembling words, "We are hungry!" the King sent them trays laden with—the inevitable tart.

"Ah!" cried they, with anguish, "the tart again! Always the tart, and nothing but the tart! Better were death!"

A few, who were almost famished, shut their eyes, and tried to eat a bit of the detested tart; but it was all in vain they could not swallow a mouthful.

At length came the happy day when the King, thinking their punishment had been severe enough, and could never be forgotten, believed them at length cured of their greediness. That day he ordered his other colossal pots a superb soup, of which a bowl was sent to every family. They received it with as much rapture as

the Hebrews did the manna in the desert. They would gladly have had twice as much, but after their long fast it would not have been prudent. It was a proof that they had learned something already, that they understood this.

The next day, more soup. This time the King allowed slices of bread in it. How this good soup comforted all the town! The next day there was a little more bread in it, and a little soup-meat.



THE HAPPY DAY.

Then for a few days the kind Prince gave them roast beef and vegetables. The cure was complete.

The joy over this new diet was as great as ever had been felt for the tart. It promised to last longer. They were sure to sleep soundly, and to wake refreshed. It was pleasant to see in every house, tables surrounded with happy rosy faces, and laden with good nourishing food.

The Greedy people never fell back into their old ways. Their once puffed-out, sallow faces, shone with health; they became, not fat, but muscular, ruddy, and solid. The butchers and bakers reopened their shops; the pastry-cooks and confectioners shut theirs. The country of the Greedy was turned upside down, and if it kept its name, it was only from habit. As for the tart, it was forgotten. To-day, in that marvelous country there cannot be found a paper of sugar-

plums or a basket of cakes. It is charming to see their red lips and their beautiful teeth. If they have still a king, he may well be proud to be their ruler.

Does this story teach that tarts and pies should never be eaten? No; but there is reason in all things.

The doctors alone did not profit by this great

revolution. They could not afford to drink wine any longer in a land where indigestion had become unknown. The apothecaries were no less unhappy. Spiders spun webs over their windows, and their horrible remedies were no longer of use.

Ask no more about Mother Mitchel. She was ridiculed without measure by those who had adopted



JOY IN THE KINGDOM.

her. To complete her misfortune, she lost her crown. Alas for Mother Mitchel!

The King received the reward of his wisdom. His grateful people called him neither Charles the Bold nor Peter the Terrible, nor Louis the Great, but always by the noble name of Prosper I., the Reasonable.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE STOCKINGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas we had a Christmas-tree—we always hung up our stockings before. On Christmas morning the baby's stockings was gone, and we could n't find it anywhere. But yesterday it turned up in the funniest place. You never can guess where, so I must tell you. It was tucked into one of the pigeon-holes of grandfather's desk. He found it there on Christmas morning; and as he can't see very well, he thought it was a pen-wiper some of us had put there to surprise him. And this letter, directed to you, was in the foot of the stocking. No one can tell how it ever could have got into grandfather's desk; but you know a great many wonderful things do happen on Christmas Eve!—Yours truly,

MAY MERRIPID

I HAVE a piteous tale to tell,—and where, I should like to know,
But to the good ST. NICHOLAS, should a baby stocking go?
I thought if I told our family wrongs, in good old-fashioned rhyme,
You'd fix the matter up, somehow, before next Christmas-time.
Perhaps you're wondering how it is I look so very bright,
All covered up with pretty stripes of red and blue and white?
Well, when the stockings came last Fall, in brown and navy blue,
Mamma declared, for baby they would never, never do!
The sober things might answer to be worn by Will or May,

But the dimpled darling Lewie's should glow like a summer's day.
So grandma got her needles out, and began me, so I've heard;
And with every stitch she knit, wove in a smile or loving word.

And how I gather round the cunning fact you ought to see!
Why, the toes are like pink sea-shells, and dimpled is each knee!
I've hugged the dainty things with a clasp so warm and tight,
That old Jack Frost has never had a chance to take a bite.
But I must hurry on to show how, on last Christmas night,
The stockings of this family received a dreadful slight.
I'll tell you what my father said—he'll tell it best, I know,
Though I am getting old myself—(there's a big hole in my toe).

I heard him sadly groan that night—his name is Gray Lambswool;
My mother, Mrs. Fleecelined, sighed as though her heart were full.
“Ah me!” he cried, “that Christmas Eve should now be passing o'er,
And I and mine be lying here upon the bedroom floor!
I thought we'd all be hanging up along the chimney there;
How wonderful the things we held last Christmas, I declare!
Such gay embroidered slippers, done in beads and Berlin wool,
With meerschaum, studs, and smoking-cap, till every part was full.
My eldest son there, Seal Brown, ought to have his foot this minute
Pressed out of all its comely shape by treasures crowded in it,—
With ball and top, and soldiers with trumpet, sword and gun,
And everything, besides, a boy would need for Christmas fun.

“And next to him Miss Navy Blue would hang, and proudly hold
A little chain and locket, and a ring of shining gold,
A tiny, tinkling music-box, and, standing over all,
With such fine clothes, and real hair, the very loveliest doll!
And stumpy, dumpy Redstripe would lovingly embrace
A stumpy, dumpy baby, with a smiling rubber face,
A glowing coral necklace, a rattle too, methinks,
And sugar-plums among them, just to fill up all the chinks.
But ah! 't is hard for stockings to fall on times like these,
When all the world is going mad about its Christmas-trees.
We've been a faithful family; I've served my master well;
I've not a darned hole anywhere, as any eye may tell.”

So now you see the reason I have spun a yarn so long—
I want to get ST. NICHOLAS to right this fearful wrong;
I want his prancing reindeer to tear through all the land,
And bring him to each chimney, to fill, with liberal hand,
The stockings blue, red, brown and gray.—the stockings great and small,—
The ribbed, the striped, the plain, the plaid,—the stockings short and tall;
And if you now are weary of the grievances I sing,
Just cry, “Oh, *hang* those stockings!”—that will be the very thing.



A CLOCK IN THE SKY AT NIGHT.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THERE are some old churches in England which have clocks showing the time with only one hand—the hour hand. I dare say that it will seem very strange to active and busy minds in America that such clocks as these should still continue in existence. A slumberous place it must be, truly, where men are content to know time by the hour, and to take no note of minutes. Or, if that is not really the way of it, still it must be a strangely backward world where such clocks, once sufficient for their purpose, have not yet been replaced by time-measures better suited to active, business-like folks. When such clocks were more common, and house-clocks and watches less used (and probably very seldom in order), it would have been useful to know what I am now going to tell you about a clock in the sky,* though at present the knowledge will help rather to teach young folks the stars, than to show them how to learn the time from the stars; for the clock I have to describe has only one hand, and not only so, but that hand goes the wrong way round, and only once round in a day.

The first step toward a knowledge of the stars should be the recognition of the pole-star, because the pole of the heavens being the point round which all the stars are seemingly carried, so soon as we know the stars around the pole, we have a center, so to speak, from which we can pass to other groups until we know them all. Once known, the pole-star can always be found by the learner, supposing he observes the heavens always from the same station; for it lies always in the same position (or so nearly so that the change can scarcely be noticed). If, for example, you have once been shown, or have found out for yourself, that from a certain spot in your garden, or from a certain window in your house, the pole-star can be seen just above a certain chimney or tree, then at any time, on any night when the sky is clear, if you betake yourself to that spot, or look through that window, you will see the pole-star over its accustomed chimney or tree. It is there, indeed, all the time, whether the sky be clear or cloudy, whether it be day or night. Not only does a knowledge of the pole-star give you a known central-point whence to proceed to others, but it gives you the means of knowing where lie the cardinal points round the

horizon; for, of course, when you face the pole-star, the north lies before you, the south behind you, the east on your right, the west on your left.

But to find the pole-star, it is well to begin with the dipper. This well-marked group includes two stars which are called the "pointers," because they point to the pole-star. The dipper is so conspicuous and well-marked a group that it is easily learned and cannot easily be forgotten. Although not very near the pole, it is yet not so far from it as to range very widely over the heavens; and if you look toward the north at any hour of any clear night you will seldom require many seconds to find this familiar set of seven bright stars, though at one time it is high above the pole, at another close to the horizon, now to the right of the pole, and another to the left. In England the dipper never sets; in America it partly sets, but still can be recognized (except at stations in the most southern States) even when partly below the horizon.

Let us inquire, first, where the dipper is to be looked for, and in what position its stars are placed at various hours all the year round. Of course, in a general sense, the dipper lies always toward the north. The student, therefore, will not, like "Bilbo o' Fredum Sawin'," "w'eele roun' about sou'-west" to find it. Still, it saves trouble to have some idea where and how the group will be placed, especially if the night of observation is half cloudy, so that all the seven stars are perhaps not seen at once.

The dipper lies low down to the north (as shown at 1 in Fig. 1) at about six in the evening of December 21st. The seven stars are marked, for convenience of reference, with the Greek letters α (Alpha), β (Beta), γ (Gamma), δ (Delta), ϵ (Epsilon), ζ (Zeta), and η (Eta). The two stars α and β , which form the side of the dipper farthest from the handle, are called the pointers, because they point (as the arrow shows) toward the pole-star marked 1 in the picture. This star is easily distinguished in the heavens, because it is much brighter than any in its immediate neighborhood. It is not at the pole of the heavens, which lies where the two cross-lines of the picture intersect. Consequently, the pole-star goes round the pole, though in a v

* We find traces in the writings of old times that the stars were used to show the time. For instance, the "first carrier" in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." (part i., act ii., scene i.) says, "An 't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged; Charles' Wain is over the chimney,"—Charles' Wain being the group of seven bright stars which is commonly called in America "the dipper."

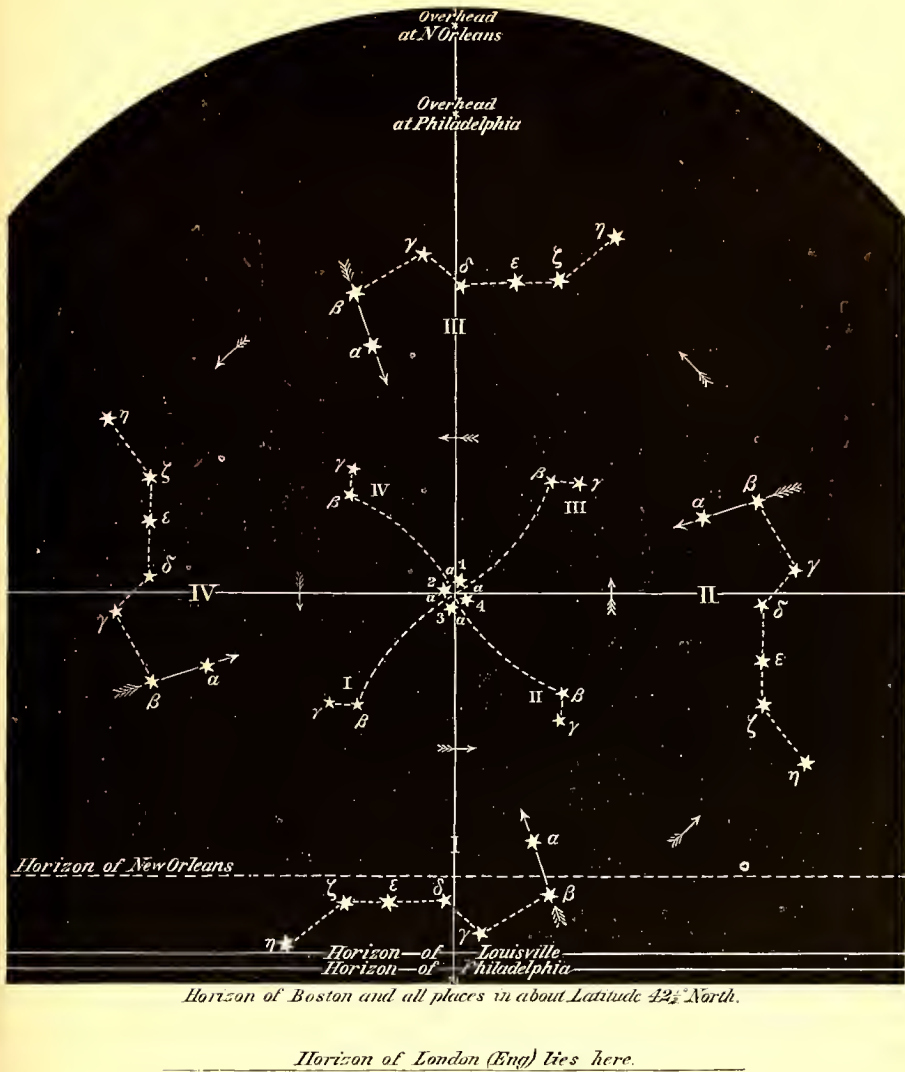


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE VARYING POSITIONS OF THE DIPPER, THE POLE-STAR, AND THE GUARDIANS OF THE POLE, VIZ. AT

I, 1, and 1,	respectively,	at 8 P. M. Nov. 22;	at 9 P. M. Nov. 6;	at 10 P. M. Oct. 22;	at 11 P. M. Oct. 6;	midnight Sept. 21.
II, 2, and II,	"	at 8 P. M. Feb. 19;	at 9 P. M. Feb. 5;	at 10 P. M. Jan. 21;	at 11 P. M. Jan. 5;	midnight Dec. 21.
III, 3, and III,	"	at 8 P. M. May 21;	at 9 P. M. May 8;	at 10 P. M. April 23;	at 11 P. M. April 8;	midnight March 23.
IV, 4, and IV,	"	at 8 P. M. Aug. 23;	at 9 P. M. Aug. 7;	at 10 P. M. July 22;	at 11 P. M. July 7;	midnight June 22.

all circle; * it is shown in four different positions, it belongs. The seven stars of the dipper belong numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4 in Fig. 1. The Greek to the constellation (or star group) called Ursa Major, or the Greater Bear; while the pole-star or α (Alpha) is assigned to it, because it is the the star, or leading star, of the group to which belongs to the constellation called Ursa Minor, or

The actual distance of the pole-star from the pole is about two and a half times the apparent diameter of the moon; so that the pole-appars to go round in a circle having a diameter exceeding five times the apparent diameter of the moon. This is a much smaller s, however, than most persons would suppose from this description, for the mind unconsciously overestimates the size of the moon. three stars forming the belt of Orion will afford a very good idea of the range of the pole-star around the pole; the stars to the right left of the middle star of the belt representing almost exactly the relative positions of the pole-star on the right and on the left of the of the heavens. Or the matter may be thus stated: Orion's belt just about measures the distance between 2 and 4, or between 1 and 3, g. 1. A star placed at the true pole would make, with stars at 2 and 4 (Fig. 1), a set just like the belt of Orion.

the Lesser Bear. Two other stars, also belonging to Ursa Minor, are shown in the picture, at I, with their proper Greek letters, β (Beta) and γ (Gamma). They are called the "guardians of the pole," because they circle around it as though keeping watch and ward over the axle-end of the great star-domc. The best way, perhaps, to remember where the guardians are to be looked for, is to notice that the four stars ζ , ϵ , δ , and β of the dipper are nearly in a straight line, and that if a square be supposed to be set up on this line, as shown in Fig. 2 (on the side toward the pole), the guardians lie close to that corner of the square which is opposite the pointers. You cannot easily fall into any error as to the four stars of the dipper, to be used in thus finding the guardians of the pole, for they are the only four which lie nearly in a straight line. But to make assurance doubly sure, notice that the star ζ , which lies at one end of the line of four stars, has a companion close by (as shown in Fig. 2). Thus we have at one corner of the square the pointers, at another the double star ζ , and at the next corner the guardians.

The dipper, as I have said, is in position I at about six o'clock in the evening of December 21st. The pole-star is at this time placed as at 1, a little above and to the right (or east) of the true pole. The guardians are at 1. The dipper is now at its lowest; but, as the picture shows, all the seven stars are visible at all places in the latitude of Philadelphia. The dotted line, however, which represents the horizon of New Orleans, shows that in that latitude only one star of the seven can be seen, namely a ,* the pointer nearest to the pole. This star is so bright, that even as far south as New Orleans our description of the position of the dipper will serve as a sufficient guide to find the pole, if only the Southerner who uses it notices how Fig. 1 presents the stars of the dipper, which for him lie below the horizon. If this method should not suffice, then let him look for the dipper two hours later, by which time all the other stars except ζ and η will have moved round so far toward position II as to be visible at New Orleans,— ϵ and γ lying almost on a horizontal line very near indeed to the horizon.

If on any night toward the end of December, you were to watch the northern heavens from about six o'clock, when the dipper is as at I Fig. 1, until about midnight, you would see the dipper move steadily round till it had reached the position marked II. The guardians of the pole would by that time have reached the position II; and the pole-star, though it would seem to you to be in the

same position as at the beginning, would in reality have shifted from 1 to 2. If you still went on watching, you would find that by about six in the morning the dipper would have gone round in the direction shown by the arrows until it was in the position marked III, high up above the pole and not very far from the point overhead. If your watch had begun earlier in the evening, say about five, when the sky is already quite dark (in December), you would have seen the dipper in a position between I and IV (but nearer to I); and in the course of the entire night, that is from evening twilight until daybreak, the dipper would have gone more than half way round, from this last named position to a position somewhat farther round (in the direction shown by the short arrow than III).

But in order to see the dipper in these different positions, and also in that portion of its course (on either side of IV) which in December it travers



FIG. 2. SHOWING HOW THE GUARDIANS OF THE POLE MAY BE FOUND WHEN THE DIPPER IS KNOWN.

during the day-time, it is not necessary to keep long watch upon the group, or to study the heavens during those "wee sma' hours ayont the twa" wherein the professional astronomer does the best part of his work. If you come out in the evening (say at about eight) once or twice a week on clear nights, all through the winter half of the year, and a little later during the summer months, you will see the dipper and all the polar groups carried right round the pole. For though, speaking generally, it may be said that they complete a circuit once every day, yet in reality they gain about four minutes' motion in the twenty-four hours, and thus gain further on little by little night after night—gaining an hour's motion in about a fortnight, twelve hours' motion in a month, twelve hours' motion (or half the complete circuit) in half a year, and finally, at the end of the year, they have gained a complete circuit.

* This little star is called by country folks in England "Jack-by-the-Middle-Horse," the stars ϵ , ζ , and η representing the three horses of the "wain," or wagon. The small star was a test of eyesight among the Arabians. It is, however, very easily seen. The star is called Mizar, its companion Alcor.

Thus at eight o'clock on or about November 2d, the dipper is at I, the guardians of the pole are at I, and the pole-star is at 1. At eight o'clock on or about February 19th, the dipper is at II, the guardians are at II, the pole-star is at 2. At the same hour on or about May 21st, the dipper is at II, the guardians are at III, the pole-star is at 3. And lastly, at the same hour on or about August 3d, the dipper is at IV, the guardians are at IV, the pole-star is at 4.

It is because of this steady turning motion or rotation around the pole of the heavens, that the

stars of the dipper (say, for instance, the pointers) form as it were a clock in the sky, by which the astronomers at any rate, though also any one who is willing to give a little attention to the matter, can tell the hour within a few minutes on any night in the year.

A few observations made in this way on a few nights during the course of the year, will give a clearer idea of the steady motion of the star-dome (resulting in reality from the earth's steady rotation on her axis) than any amount of description either in books or by word of mouth.

LÉON MATURIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY C. F. JACKSON.

THE snow was falling thickly and steadily, and the evening shadows were gathering so closely round the house that Léon and Annette were glad to turn from the window where they had been for the last half hour, and nestle down together in the corner of the big fire-place. There was no lamp or candle in the room, but the large fire of oak and brushwood sent forth a ruddy glow, which brightened everything immediately around it, while an occasional leaping flame would suddenly bring to view some more distant object, and send the shadows chasing each other into the farthest corner of the low kitchen.

The pot was boiling over the fire, and Mère Maturin was walking backward and forward preparing supper.

"See, Léon," whispered Annette, "how funny grandma's cap looks on the wall! When she goes over to the cupboard it is quite small, and when she comes nearer here it grows up, up, half way over the ceiling. Look, there it is now, just like the e of Maître Caussin's hay-mows in July!"

"Yes, and see the spinning-wheel change and turn as if the fairies were spinning on it!"

"Do they ever, Léon? Perhaps they are doing now. Oh, if we could see them!"

"You little silly," replied her brother. "Who ever saw fairies Christmas Eve? If it were midsummer now! St. John's Eve is the time for them. Be here, Annette, if you are very good from now on."

"St. John's Eve,—if you do everything I want you to,—if, if," said Léon, wishing to make as good bargain as possible, "if you always drive Blan-

chette home from pasture when I want to play with George, if you will always get grandmother the cresses when I don't want to go to the brook for them, I will show you the fairies on that night; that is," added the boy, thinking, perhaps, he had better not promise too much, "I will let you go with me to the big stones in the middle of the wood yonder, just at midnight, and there—Maître Caussin's Joseph told me so—you will be sure to see them."

"Oh, Léon, I will do anything for you if you will but let me see them! But it is so long to wait; perhaps grandmamma knows if one can see them any other time. Grandmother" (raising her voice), "do the fairies ever come Christmas Eve, and do they ever turn spinning-wheels to help people?"

"Nay, child, who ever heard of fairies then?" said Mère Maturin, "and if they did take the trouble to turn spinning-wheels, it would not be for idle folk like you! Come and put the dishes on table, for the pot is boiling, and it is time we had supper."

Annette speedily obeyed, and there was no more talk of fairies for an hour. After that, the dishes being all washed and put away, and grandmother seated in the chimney-corner with her knitting, the children took their places, side by side, on the hearth opposite to her, and began to plead with her for some legends and stories, such as they loved to hear.

Léon and Annette lived in Brittany, in a little old cottage not far from the sea, and a few miles

from the town of St. Malo. Their eldest and only brother, Louis, had gone as a soldier two years before, and was at Toulon with his regiment. Once in a great while they heard from him, and his last letter but one had told them he was married. They were looking for a letter from him now, for it was six months since the last one came, and they said:

"Louis will surely send us a message for Christmas."

This Christmas Eve, the father and mother had gone into St. Malo, to be present at the midnight mass and Christmas morning service, after which they were to come home, and the children had been left with their grandmother. Since sunset, the snow, which had been gathering overhead all day, had begun to fall, and was rapidly covering up the well-beaten road, on which for many weeks no fresh snow had fallen.

"Tales, tales," said the old woman, "you have heard them all many times, my children. I have no new stories for you."

"Then tell us old ones, dear grandmamma!"

"They say, then, little ones, and I have heard it ever since I was but half your size, that on the holy Christmas Eve, when the hour of midnight strikes, all the oxen and cows and asses can speak like us human creatures, because they stood by when the Blessed Mary laid the Holy Babe in the manger," and the old woman made the sign of the cross devoutly.

"But is it true, grandma?" said little Annette, eagerly.

"I cannot say for myself, as I never heard them speak, child; but why should not poor brutes have a voice given them for once for sake of that blessed night, and that they may praise God? There was Antoine," the old woman went on, murmuring to herself, "sat up on purpose to hear them one night, and at twelve he went out to the stable, but the poor fool made such a clattering in undoing the door, that the beasts in St. Malo might have heard him through their sleep, so the ass and the cow were well warned, and never a word would they speak before him; and they were wiser than some folk if they had secrets to talk about, for everything Antoine heard he went straight and told it; and, indeed, I believe he could not have helped it, if he knew he was to swing for it the next minute; but he is dead now, like many a one I once knew. May he rest in peace!"

"But did you ever know any one else who tried it," cried both the children at once.

"Only Pierre. Pretty Madeline, old Jacques the miller's daughter, waited up one Christmas Eve, and, when midnight drew near, she was too afraid all at once to stir out in the dark alone for anything so strange and wonderful, so she sent Pierre, her

cousin. He had heard nothing, he said when he came back; but nobody thought that counted for much, for though Pierre was a clever fellow enough and could even read in the newspapers all by himself, without the priest to help him, everybody knew he would n't have heard the church bells, if they had all rung at once and he in the tower, if he were thinking of Madeline; and that same evening did n't the miller—Jacques was lame then—as him to give him his crutch, and put a stick on the fire, and did n't Pierre put the crutch on the fire and give Jacques the stick, and Madeline was busy in time to pull the crutch out of the flame and it was scorched ever after. So you see he was not much to be depended on, till he married Madeline and settled down.

"Madeline was only a goose-girl, but she was stout, comely maid, with cheeks like roses, and Pierre from a boy had always been fond of her. He taught her to read while she was minding the geese, and there never was a storm so bitter that Pierre was n't glad to face it if he could only hear Madeline home with her geese. Ah, they've risen a bit since that day, for Pierre turned out a thrif fellow, and — The saints shield us! Léon, what was that?"

"I heard nothing but the night-wind blowing said Léon, gravely. But Annette clung to his grandmother, and the grandmother laughed lightly to think how slight a thing startled her in her old days.

The little girl listened for some time long while Mère Maturin wandered on, telling old stories of the people she had known in her youth, but Léon was strangely silent. A thought was working in his brain. Why should not he, that very night find out with his own ears if this were true? He would not tell Annette, for she might be afraid to cry or make a noise, and spoil all, and he would succeed no better than did Antoine, whom his grandmother knew. So when Mère Maturin said it was time to go to bed, he undressed, and set his prayers, and climbed up to his little mattress in the loft. He had grown too big for it, but it was the best he had, and his sleep was always sound. Grandmother and Annette would soon be asleep in the room off the kitchen, and Léon lay in bed watching the faint glimmers and shadows that fell on the loft stairs from the remains of the fire that burned low in the wide kitchen chimney. There had had a larger fire than usual, for it was very cold weather and Christmas Eve, and Mère Maturin had said, "We must be warm to-night, if we are cold all the rest of the winter." He kept his eyes open for some time, but fell asleep at last, and started awake again in a sudden fright, when the magic hour had slipped away from him.

his sleep, and he would have a whole year to wait before he could try his chance again. The clouds had all cleared away, and the moon was shining brightly in through the diamond-shaped panes in the little window. Léon slipped out of bed and into his clothes, and then softly crept down the stairs. He could just see the face of the old

covered by several inches of snow, and in a few minutes he was at the door.

Very softly now, Léon, or Blanchette will lift her head and look at you out of her large, gentle brown eyes, and old Jeanette will move her long ears and snuff danger near, and you will spoil it all.

So gently he undid the door, so quietly he stole in and stood in the shadow, that neither cow nor ass could be disturbed, yet surely something has aroused and affrighted them both. Léon listened breathlessly. Suddenly both the animals beside him moved uneasily. Presently, from outside the stable, came clearly and distinctly on the night air the bray of an ass. It made Léon start more than when Jeanette answered it from within the stable with another bray.

He was only frightened for a moment, however, and then he turned and went out of the door to see who this midnight visitor could be. There was nothing in the yard; but he crept along by the fence, and when he reached the gate, there, standing in the moonlight, was an ass, her head pushed far over the gate, and her long ears bent forward, listening for some answer to her summons. There was a saddle on her back, but no one on it.

For a moment, Léon paused. He knew she had not come there all alone, but that probably somewhere along that lonely country road she had parted from her burden. The nearest house was four miles off, and

lock in the corner, and he was in time. It wanted five minutes of twelve. He crossed the kitchen so softly that he did not disturb his grandmother and sister, and, unfastening the door, stood alone out in the night. Léon was a brave boy, so no thought of fear came to him, but he shivered in the nipping winter air, and pulled his cap further down over his ears. He could easily see by the moonlight where the path to the stable ought to be, although it was

in a different direction from that by which the ass had come, for Léon saw her footprints in the snow. He might have to walk far ere he should find those whom she had carried, but if he did not go—if he waited till daylight—it might be too late for help to reach those whom cold and snow had perhaps overcome. He opened the gate, then fastened it securely behind him, and gently turned the ass around. To his surprise she made no



PIERRE HELPING MADELINE HOME WITH HER GEESSE.

objection, but somewhat wearily retraced her footsteps in the snow.

They did not have to go far, however. A few yards from the house the road turned, and crossed a little stream where was a bridge; beyond this was a hollow, and then came woods. At the entrance to these woods was one of those way-side shrines which you often see in France, where was an image of the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms; beneath this, on the white snow, lay something dark, and when she reached it, the ass stood perfectly still. Léon came up to her, and stooping down by this dark mass upon the snow, saw lying there a young woman, unconscious, with a baby in her arms.

What was the boy to do? His stout arms could not lift the inanimate form. There was no one but his grandmother and Annette within call, and they would be but little help to him. Yet something must be done. Léon felt her. She was not quite cold, and the baby, wrapped in the mother's cloak and clasped to her breast, was still warm. Léon tried to make the ass kneel down. She did it readily enough, as if she were accustomed to it, and understood the need now. Then he laid his warm cheek against the girl's and breathed into her lips and called to her, and strove in every way to rouse her.

She stirred, but did not open her eyes. The baby, however, awoke and cried. That cry did more to fully arouse the mother's consciousness than anything else, and to Léon's joy she murmured, "Hush, my darling!" Then he called aloud to her, and at last tried to take the baby from her arms. She opened her eyes then, but half understandingly, and with great difficulty obeyed Léon's words when he told her to rise. She could not stand, but Léon got her upon the saddle, and putting one arm around her to hold her firmly there, he guided the ass down the road and over the bridge to the gate. They arrived there safely, though many times on the way Léon thought they would not.

He ran into the house and woke Annette and his grandmother. It was some time before he could make them understand, but at last they did. Fortunately there were still hot embers on the hearth, and Annette heated a little milk, which they poured down the poor woman's throat. This brought her to herself enough for them to lead her into the house, where the warmth soon revived her. Léon put more wood on the fire, which soon gave out a good heat, while Annette and the grandmother warmed blankets and put about the woman and child, and rubbed the mother's cold limbs. When they had quite recovered, and had partaken of bread and milk, Mère Maturin would not allow

them to speak, but put them in her own bed and left them to sleep.

The first red streaks of dawn were seen in the eastern sky before Léon had quite satisfied his grandmother and sister on this wonderful adventure. Then he went back to bed, and did not wake till the Christmas sun streamed in at his window, and he heard Annette calling out he greeting to him from the foot of the stairs.

Their strange visitors slept till quite late in the morning, and had not yet appeared when the father and mother came home. You may be sure there was much to tell and hear about this odd adventure of Léon's, and then Père Maturin held up a letter from Louis, a Christmas letter, which made the children dance with joy. In the midst of it all their visitor came into the kitchen from the inner room, her baby in her arms, and looking quite bright again after her rest. She was very small so tiny that Léon wondered that such a stout boy as he was should have had so much trouble in lifting her on to the ass, and she looked very young indeed. Then she told them her story.

Her husband was a soldier. He had met her at Toulon, her native place, and married her there. She had continued to live at her father's till he died, leaving her a little money. Her husband's regiment was ordered to Algeria soon after, and as she had no relations in Toulon or anywhere else he thought it best to send her and her child to his mother in Brittany. He had written home some time before he left, and said he knew his father would meet her at St. Malo, as he had requested in his letter. But when she reached there after her long journey, she did not find him, and, being a stranger in the place, she thought the best thing she could do would be to hire an ass, and take the straight road to her husband's home. The landlord at the inn in the town where she had stopped to inquire the way, had told her that she could not fail to find the house; but the snow had come on and hidden the path, and she grew wearied. They wandered out of the way many times, sometimes finding the road, and then losing it again, till, worried, she had fallen from the ass right below the shrine in the road. "When I looked up, and saw the gentle face smiling down upon me, I thought," said she, "Heaven would have pity on me and my baby, and I said my prayers, and had just fallen asleep, when the good God sent you, Léon, to wake me. And now, dear friends, I will not trouble you more; if you will kindly tell me where the Père Maturin lives I will go and find him, and my Louis and I will bless you always in our prayers."

"Père Maturin! Louis!" they all exclaimed; and then followed such explaining, and laughing,

d crying, and kissing as never was known before. At last, when all was quiet, the father read Louis' letter to them, and it was the one they ought to have received long before, telling them his Marie was coming to them, and would they love and care for her and the baby for his sake? Oh, how happy they all were together, and how pleasant that the joy should come to them on Christmas Day! When dinner was over, and they had said everything they could think of about this wonderful adventure, and had admired little Marguerite, Antette suddenly exclaimed :

“Léon! did the ass and the cow speak?”

“I did n't hear them,” said Léon, shaking his head ruefully; “but the ass did everything but speak when she looked at me over the gate, and then took me to Marie.”

“Yes,” said his mother, “and though there is nothing in the idle tale to speak of, you may be sure God led the ass to you, Léon, and taught her how to make her wants known to you, though it was not by speech; and He cared for Marie and her babe, for the sake of the Holy Child, laid in His mother's arms in the stable among oxen and asses that first Christmas Night.”

SOME ORIENTAL SPORTS THAT I SAW.

BY FANNY ROPER FEUDGE.

“I SHOULD like to see a boy beat *me* at catching; or man either, as for that,” were the boastful words I heard uttered by a twelve-year old lad, as he tossed up two balls at once, and caught them as they descended, one with each hand. That was certainly very well done; but let me tell the boys who did the ST. NICHOLAS of some “catching” that I have seen in far-off lands,—catching with the mouth instead of the hands,—and they shall judge whether my boastful young friend of the two balls could be likely to carry off the palm amid *all* competitors.

The first time I witnessed these feats of agility was at the palace of the King of Siam, where I had been dining. His favorite band of gymnasts were in attendance that day, and he challenged us to see their exploits, and then tell him whether our countrymen could do anything more wonderful in the way of climbing and catching. So he seated a little party on an elevated platform, where we could see readily the movements of the actors, and the first thing that met our view was a swinging net attached to two slender poles that were planted perpendicularly in the ground. About twelve feet off was another pole, to which was suspended a funny hook a silk net purse filled with gold. The purse was full forty feet above the ground, while the stage swung about five feet lower, and was swaying to and from the pole that held the net, by the action of a long rope pulled by men

standing on the ground. On the stage stood four men, and as it veered toward the money purse, he who stood nearest was allowed one trial of his skill at catching the purse with his mouth. If he succeeded, the money (about sixty dollars in gold) was to be his reward, and he might descend, as he had mounted, by a rope ladder; when the next one would take his turn, till all who wished to do so had made the attempt; a new purse being supplied each time one was carried off by the teeth of a victor.

I thought it a fearful risk, and almost held my breath in dismay; but everybody around me was laughing, and the gymnasts themselves did not seem to think of danger. As easily and naturally as you would catch a ball tossed toward you by your companion, the first man opened his mouth just at the right instant, touched the purse with his lower lip to dislodge it from the peg, and caught the string between his teeth, just as his time was up, by the veering away of the stage. Several others followed, with the same success, each loudly cheered, and appearing triumphantly happy. Then for one poor fellow, who failed to catch the coveted prize, came the usual penalty of being hissed and hooted at by the crowd; but worst of all, he had to let go the stage, grasp the pole to which the purse was attached, and, with hands and legs entwined, slide down as best he could to the ground. I thought, of course, he would fall; but he let himself down as readily as a monkey or a squirrel could have done,



CATCHING THE PURSE. (DRAWN BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.)

and appeared too crestfallen, at the disgrace he had incurred to care about the loss of the money,

or even the danger of a descent that bare pole.

Of course there were only a few seconds of time for him to seize the purse as the stage swung away, and had he halted or hesitated at all, he must inevitably have been dashed to pieces.

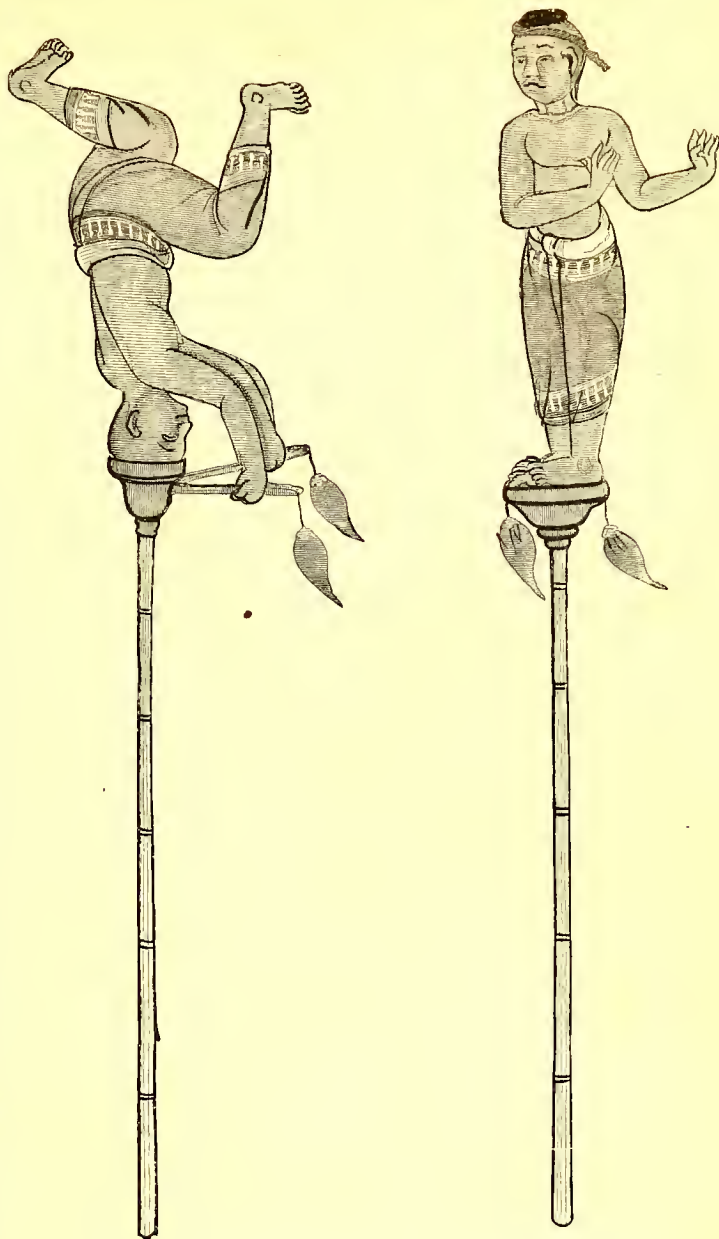
A native artist drew the scene for me, but failed in giving an idea of the great height of the poles.

In another game, two poles forty feet high were erected five feet apart. At the top of each was a small platform sufficient to afford standing-room for a single man. When the performance began, a man stood on one platform with his head upward, and on the other stood one in his natural position. As soon as the signal was given, the two exchanged places and positions at the same time; so that the one who had stood with his head on the platform nearest to me, passed over my comrade and came down with his feet on the platform rather off. This exchange was repeated some two or three times, without a pause of a single moment, and when these retired, the same feat was repeated by other gymnasts.

Then came a game in which four lances or spears were placed points upward at the four corners of a bed or table, sixteen inches wide and about four feet long. At regular intervals along the center, were eight or ten shorter spears, immediately over which, with the point touching his bare back, a man, who in this position supported the weight of

and sometimes four others. These walked, jumped, and danced upon the body of their prostrate o-

Sometimes they turned somersaults, and at last they lay seated themselves on their head and knees, called for beer and drank it, then lighted pipes from a brand which they held in their mouths, and they reached over and lit the pipe in the mouth of the next man, as they all lay on their backs. The men lay motionless as if dead, the spears, seemed not to feel any pain from these acrobatic movements, and I told that no sign of a wound was ever left. The weight was borne mainly by the heels and palms bent outward, and the center of gravity must have been permanently maintained. Occasional swords were used instead of spears, and when this was done they were placed horizontally, with the edges upward toward the actor's body. Some of the feats in roping were odd enough. The dancer always had a wire fastened firmly to his waist, and to this wire the end of a strong cord was attached. The other end of the string was made fast to a ring, and through this ring the actor performed various feats. He turned somersaults, danced, fenced, and put his body into all manifold ludicrous attitudes; and this astonished us all by his escape from the rope and his floating about in mid-air, like a fish floundering in shallow water, the ring and cord preventing him from touching the ground. Then he threw himself back on the ground and walked up and down, carelessly fanning himself with a bunch of feathers which he held in his hand. Presently the feathers were thrown away and the actor rushed up and down the rope again, now pausing every now and then to toss a joke or a bon-bon at those near him; and, when we least expected it, he disappeared from his rope and disappeared with a bound.

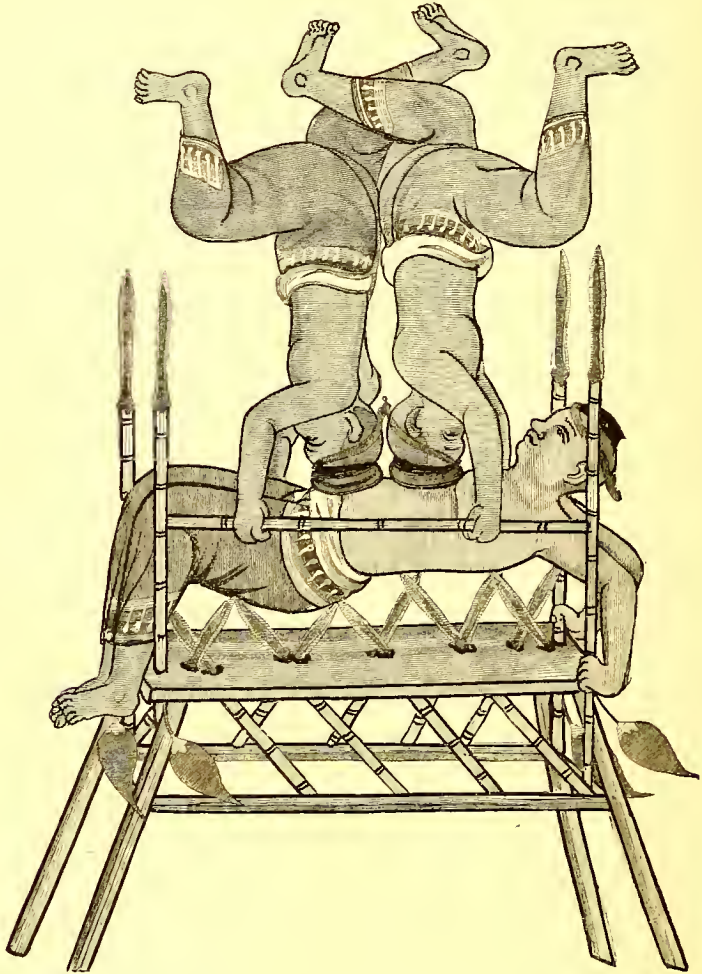


THE PERFORMERS ON THE POLES. (DRAWN BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.)

Next, feats in tumbling and fencing were performed with great dexterity. Some walked on their hands, others on their elbows, and all were capable of putting their limbs into attitudes that seemed, to our Western eyes, equally ludicrous and impossible. One man defended himself against half a dozen others, though his only weapon was a staff about as long and as thick as an ordinary

yard-stick, while his opponents had short swords to use against him. But by his dexterity in parrying their weapons, jumping over their heads, and occasionally putting his feet on their shoulders,

among the gymnasts of our own country. Indeed it is hard to conceive of gymnastic skill and daring superior to that shown on this occasion. All the feats I have mentioned, and many similar ones



THE PERFORMANCE ON THE SPEAR-POINTS. (DRAWN BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.)

and turning a somersault backward, he succeeded in disarming several, and driving all from the stage.

You may judge that after witnessing these exploits, we had to admit to the king that we had never seen the equals of these Siamese performers

are performed by the bands of trained gymnasts belonging to royal and noble Siamese households. But these performers are never seen elsewhere. They are regarded as a necessary part of a man's household, but as not suitable for the entertainment of the laboring class.

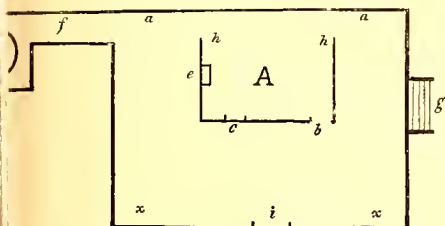
THE HOUSE OF SANTA CLAUS.

(A Christmas Fairy Show for Sunday-schools.)

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE STAGE.

The stage, shown in the diagram, is about fifty feet deep by twenty in width in its main portion. It may vary considerably from these dimensions according to the size of the hall or Sunday-



Front of Stage.

PLAN OF THE STAGE.

room. The room in this diagram is supposed to be forty feet wide. The stage should be less than twelve feet in depth nor less than six in width. The portions of the stage represented at B and *f* may be on the same level of the platform, or B may be higher or lower, and may incline. The beauty of the stage is greatly increased by surrounding it with a fence of pop-corn. The upright posts should be bits of lath ten inches high, the lower end nailed to the top of the platform, and the whole wrapped with strings of pop-corn. Then draw two strands of pop-corn from post to post, to represent the horizontal rails. At *i* there should be a gate with a peaked arch over the top. This should also be wrapped with pop-corn. There should be two strands in the gate and a diagonal brace. Pop-corn fence is not essential, but it is a great addition to the beauty of the scene, giving the whole a weird and fairy-like appearance, and contrasting finely with the dark green behind. At *x*, *x*, small Christmas-trees may be planted.

The house, A, is nine feet in length and six in width. It should be about six feet high at the top. The frame is of studding, and it is first covered with lath nailed six inches or more apart. Cedar boughs are then so interwoven as to rely cover it. The roof is thatched in the same way. At *e* there is a chimney made by cutting out both ends of a packing-box, such as used for shoes. The box is kalsomined or

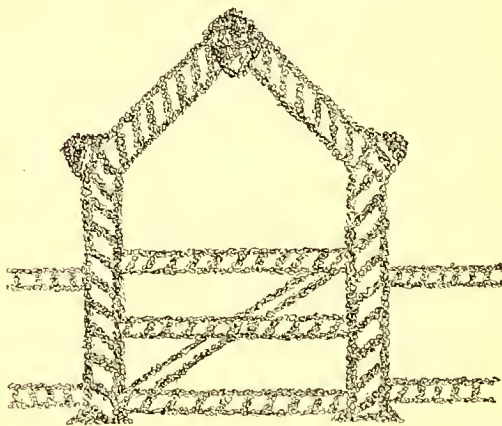
painted to look like stone;* cleats are nailed around this chimney near the top, to imitate ornamental stone-work. The box is securely nailed to the timbers of the house, and there is a ladder inside the house, so arranged that the lad who represents Santa Claus can put his head and shoulders out at the top. At *b* there is a door-way two feet wide, in which is a door on hinges. Make it an open frame covered with pink tissue paper. The window, *c*, is two feet square and made like the door, but intersected with strings of pop-corn for sashes. Over the door-way, *b*, is a transparency like a transom. It reads "Santa Claus," and is lighted by a lantern behind. The house should be provided with a door-bell. Every precaution must be taken against fire. The house should stand about two feet from the wall, and the back may be left open.

At *a*, *a*, two pumpkin faces illuminated are suspended or put upon any support that may be found convenient.

At B there should be either a miniature tent or a dense arbor of evergreens. If the tent is used, a Chinese lantern may be suspended on the top outside.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

SANTA CLAUS should be a boy of fourteen or sixteen years of age, with good acting qualities,



THE GATE.

especially a sense of drollery. He should have any appropriate costume, wig, mask, etc. He carries a

* See "Letter-Box."—ED.

snuff-box, and a red or yellow handkerchief. He is also provided with a whistle.

THE DWARFS are boys of ten or twelve years of age. They wear masks and a red tunic of paper-muslin, stuffed, to give them a hunchback appearance. They carry staves, little tin trumpets, stoop as they walk, and speak in a squeaky falsetto. Their stations are just inside the house, at *h, h*. They appear from behind the house in every case except the very last.

THE FAIRY QUEEN should be a little girl of from six to nine years of age, dressed in gauze, with wings of the same material. Stripes or stars, or spangles of gold paper, add to the effect of her dress. She wears a coronet and carries a wand.

THE COMMITTEE should consist of three girls in ordinary dress. They are represented by X., Y. and Z. in the following dialogue, but their real names should be used instead of the letters. Z. should be a rather small girl.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The superintendent or pastor conducts the introductory exercises from some point in front of the stage. No one must be seen on the stage until the dialogue begins.

At the time of beginning, the house, A, conceals Santa Claus and his two dwarfs, and a grown person who has charge of the lights and who acts as prompter. There is no light on the stage except that in the transparency over the door, and that in the pumpkin faces. There are a large number of tapers or lamps inside the house, carefully arranged to avoid the danger of fire. These are not lighted until the signal is given in the dialogue. The fairy queen is concealed in her bower at B, with some one who has charge of her, and an automatic music-box, which sits upon the floor of the platform, wound up and ready to be started at the proper time. The committee of girls sit in the audience, and not together.

IALOGUE.

After appropriate introductory exercises, a teacher rises in his place and speaks in substance as follows:

Teacher. Mr. Superintendent, I see some very pleasant decorations here, but no presents or refreshments for the scholars. I move that a committee of three be appointed to go up to Fairyland and inquire of Santa Claus. I would like to know why this Sunday-school has been left out.

Another teacher. I second that motion.

[*Superintendent puts this question to vote, and declares it carried, in due form.*]

Superintendent. I would appoint—let me see—girls are better at coaxing than boys, I think—I will

appoint X., Y. and Z. [*calling the girls by real names*], who will please come forward.

[*X., Y. and Z. rise from their places in several classes, and come forward to the superintendent.*]

Superintendent. Girls, you see we are without any candy or anything of the sort for our school. Old Santa Claus has forgotten us. He never comes so before. Now I want you three to proceed to Fairyland and see if you can find him. Tell him we must have something. Don't come down without something. We can't have all these children disappointed.

[*The committee proceed by the steps to the stage. They stop to examine the first pumpkin face.*]

Z. What a strange face! Wonder who it is.
Y. One of Santa's tricks, I suppose.

X. They do say that he's full of fun. But his house must be his house. Let's find the door.
[*proceed to the front.*] Here it is.

Y. Is n't it 'cute? I'd like to live here.

Z. And play dolly-house?

X. Here's a door-bell. Santa Claus has the latest improvements, I declare.

Y. Ring it.

Z. No, don't; I'm afraid.

X. Pshaw! Santa never hurts anybody. You see his name over the door? [*Rings.*] [*a pause.*] I wonder he don't answer. May be he is n't at home.

Y. Gone sleigh-riding, as sure as I live!

Z. I guess he's gone to bed. May be his ma would n't let him sit up late.

X. Let's look around, and see what we can find. You two go around that side, and I'll go around this. See if you can't find him in behind that door that's hanging up there.

[*X. goes to the left, around the house,*

Y. and Z. go around to the right. They proceed timidly to the back of the house, out of sight of the audience, whereupon the music-box blows sharp blasts upon their horns, and the girls all rush back to the front of the stage.]

X. I'm so scared!

Y. and Z. Oh, dear! I'm so scared!

X. What could it be? Guess old Santa made that noise just for fun. I wish the superintendent had come himself, or sent some of the boys.

Y. I'll bet the boys would run from that noise. Don't you?

X. Yes. Boys never are as brave as girls. How. But let's go back again, and see what is there.

Z. I'm afraid.

X. Well, you stay here, and Y. will go to the door and I will go this way.

X. again goes to the right, Y. to the left. They proceed more timidly than before to the rear of the house, disappearing behind it. The dwarfs blow their horns, the girls re-appear, crying out in alarm, and the dwarfs run out after them. The girls hurry back to the front of the house, followed by the dwarfs—one coming round one end of the house, the other round the other. They speak in high, squeaky tones.

1st Dwarf. What do you want?

2nd Dwarf. What are you doing here?

We want Santa Claus. But we did not know were two Santa Clauses.

[The dwarfs laugh long and loud.]

1st Dwarf. We are not Santa Clauses. We are the dwarfs that take care of Santa Claus's stores, full of goodies and presents.

2nd Dwarf. But there's nothing left to take of now. Santa's given away all he had this year.

But we must see old Santa. Our Sunday-school has been left without anything, and we want good old Claus himself.

1st Dwarf. But you can't. He's asleep.

2nd Dwarf. He was out all night last night, now he's tired to death and sleeping like a top. No wonder he wouldn't wake him.

But we must see him.

1st Dwarf. Yes, we must.

2nd Dwarf. If you'd been riding over roofs and chimneys —

1st Dwarf. And climbing down chimneys —

2nd Dwarf. And filling stockings —

1st Dwarf. And Christmas-trees —

2nd Dwarf. And climbing up chimneys —

1st Dwarf. And getting your hands and faces black with soot —

2nd Dwarf. And driving reindeer,—they do —

3rd Dwarfs. I guess you'd be sleepy too.

But we must have something for the children.

1st Dwarf. We must have something.

2nd Dwarf. There is n't a thing left.

3rd Dwarf. Not a thing.

What will the superintendent say?

What will the children say?

What will the infant class say?

And what will the deacons say?

1st Dwarf. Yes, what will the deacons say?

2nd Dwarf. Deacons! Oh, my! Ha! ha!

The dwarfs now give a blast apiece, and retreat into their hiding-places.

Well, I'm going to wake up old Santa Claus.

Maybe he'll be cross.

X. But we must have something. [Rings.] I wonder he does n't answer.

Z. Ring louder.

X. Well, here goes. [Rings three or four times.]

[Santa Claus, appearing at the top of the chimney, blows his whistle.]

X. I, and Z. Oh, dear!

Santa Claus. Who's there? Who rang my bell, I'd like to know? Pity if I can't sleep Christmas Night, when I'm tired to death. Who's there, I say?

X. Oh, you dear old Santa Claus! Don't be angry. Some of your little friends have come to Fairyland to see you. Come down.

Santa Claus. Ha! ha! ha! Some of my little friends come to see me! Well, well! [Blows his whistle.] Light up the house, fairies, light up the house. [Whistles again, and then descends the chimney and re-appears at the front door. The house is lighted within.] How do you do, girls? how do you do? [Shakes hands all round, and then, with great deliberation, takes a pinch of snuff.] Well, I'm glad to see you. What can I do for you?

X. Why, you see, Santa Claus, our Sunday-school is left without anything this Christmas.

Santa Claus [sneezes and uses his handkerchief]. What? You don't tell me so? What's the name of your school?

X. The — Sunday-school.

Santa Claus. Oh, yes! and your superintendent is Mr. —? I know him, like a book. I've filled his stockings many a time when he was a little fellow. I don't know how I came to miss that school. But you see I'm getting old and forgetful.

Y. How old are you, Santa?

Santa Claus. O, now! Do you think I'd tell you that?

Z. You must be as old as the Centennial.

Santa Claus. Pshaw! I used to fill George Washington's stockings when he was a little boy.

Y. No! Now, did you?

Santa Claus. Of course I did.

Y. What did you put in them?

Santa Claus. What did I put in little Georgie Washington's stockings? Well, now, that's more than a hundred years ago, and an old man's memory is n't strong. I can't remember but one thing.

X. What's that?

Santa Claus. A hatchet.

Y. Oh, my!

Z. That same little hatchet?

Santa Claus. The very same little hatchet. [Laughs.] But I did not give him the cherry-tree.

X. Yes, but we must have something for our school, good Santa Claus.

Santa Claus. But you can't. I've given away all

I had, and turned the reindeer out on the mountains to pasture, and the times are so hard that I can't afford to hire a livery team.

X. Yes, but we must have something.

Y. Yes, we must, dear old Santa.

Z. Yes, indeed.

Santa Claus [takes snuff and sneezes]. Well, what *is* to be done? How many scholars have you got this year?

X. About —.

Santa Claus. So many? Why, you must be growing. I hope you have n't any Christmas bummers among them—folks that come to Sunday-school to get something to eat. I hate that kind.

Y. I don't think we have many of that sort.

Santa Claus. Well, I always did like that school, and now I've gone and forgotten it. I wish something could be done. [*Blows his whistle long and loud, and shouts:*] Dwarfs! here! Drako, where are you? Krako, come! Wake up! [*Whistles again.*] [*Enter dwarfs, each blowing his horn.*]

Santa Claus. Now, my little rascals, what have you got for the — Sunday-school?

Both dwarfs [bowing very low]. Nothing, my lord.

Santa Claus [takes snuff and sneezes]. I don't see that I can do anything for you.

X. But we cannot go back without something. The children will cry.

Santa Claus. Dwarfs, go and look again.

[*They go back behind the house as before. After a time they re-appear.*]

First dwarf. We cannot find a thing.

Second dwarf. Not one thing.

Santa Claus [takes snuff]. Well, my little friends, this is very embarrassing—very—but I have n't a thing left.

X. But we can't go back. What will the superintendent say? We must have something.

Y. Something or other.

Z. Yes, something.

Santa Claus. I'll go and see myself. [*Exit into house. After a considerable delay re-enters.*] Yes, I find a box of candy, nuts, and pop-corn in the closet.

X., Y. and Z. Candy, nuts, and pop-corn! Good!

Santa Claus. What have you got to put the things in?

X. Why we have n't got anything.

Santa Claus. Well, then, the children will have to take off their stockings and let me fill them.

X., Y. and Z. Oh, Santa Claus! we could n't, such a cold night as this.

Santa Claus [takes snuff, looks perplexed, walks about the stage]. Well, I don't know what to do.

X. Oh dear!

Y. Oh dear!

Z. Oh dear! dear! dear!

Santa Claus [starting up]. Now I have it.

X. Have what?

Santa Claus. An idea.

Z. An idea? [*Addressing X.*] What's an idea? Can you put candy into an idea?

X. Be still, Z. Let's hear what Santa Claus's idea may be.

Santa Claus. I know who will help me out of this trouble. There's my friend the Fairy Queen.

X. The Fairy Queen!

Y. Oh, my!

Z. Goody! goody! goody!

[*Santa Claus blows three blasts on his horn and listens. The music-box in the parlour bower begins to play.*]

Santa Claus. Listen! She's coming!

X. Fairy music.

Y. and Z. Sh-h!

[*The fairy comes down from B, skipping and reciting or singing:*]

In the secret rocky dell,

There the fairies love to dwell;

Where the stars on dew-drops glance,

There the fairies love to dance.

Both dwarfs [bowing to Santa Claus]. Fairy Queen, my lord!

Santa Claus [bowing]. Hail, Queen of the Fairies! X., Y. and Z. [*bowing*]. Hail, Queen of Fairies!

Fairy Queen [bowing]. Hail, Santa Claus! Hail, little friends!

Oh, stocking-filler, Santa Claus,

I heard you whistle—what's the cause of your rough and shaggy children's friend?

Why did you for a fairy send?

Santa Claus [taking snuff]. Why, you see, I had a Sunday-school forgotten, — hundred children I want to give them something; But they had no stockings to put it in.

Fairy Queen. How would fairy stockings be? White or black or pink or blue?

X. Fairy stockings!

Y. Oh, my!

Z. Goody! goody! goody!

Fairy Queen [waving her hand toward B]. Whatever Santa Claus shall say, That let Fairyland obey.

Santa Claus [entering the house and blowing his whistle.] Fill up the stockings, fairies; fill up the stockings.

[*The dwarfs enter, this time by the front door, and return carrying between them a box full of little pink tartan stockings with candy, nuts, etc., which are then distributed to the children.*]

THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.



LITTLE Nona and her mother were walking together through the wood on their way home from market. The wood was a wild, lonely place enough, but that was not the reason why Nona suddenly turned. She ran back to her mother's side, and clutched her gown with a frightened air. No, it was because Gerstein, the huntsman, had become visible in a side-path.

"Why do you always run away from Gerstein? He is a good, kind fellow," said the mother.

"Oh, no, mother! he cannot be good, he is so dreadfully ugly, and has a hump on his back," replied Nona, shuddering.

"His hump is not his fault; the good God gave it," said the mother severely. "And do you suppose that only handsome and straight people are virtuous and respectable?"

Nona felt ashamed, but she nodded her little head.

"That shows what a silly child you are," went on the mother, "silly and thoughtless, too. When you are older and wiser, you will see your mistake, and discover that ugly forms often cover kind hearts, and that a beautiful person is sometimes the cloak of a bad nature. Now you are but a child and we cannot forgive you for being foolish."

Nona shook her short golden curls and looked unconvinced. Gerstein had now disappeared, so she ran forward gayly and without fear, till the trees were passed, and they neared the brook and the mill, close to which was her home, for Nona was the miller's little daughter.

"Ho, ho!" cried an elf as the mother and child faded out of view. "So you don't believe in ugly forms, fraulein Nona? And you think all pretty people are good, do you? Just give me the chance, and I'll show you the difference." And the elf crossed his legs together, and doubled himself up in a tight fit of chuckling laughter which sounded through the wood like the clink of tiny castanets.

"What are you laughing at, friend Greenjacket?" asked a doe who, with her fawn beside her, was

cropping the grass close to the bough on which the elf sat astride, swinging to and fro.

"At the folly of a mortal child," responded the elf. "Not the first one I have laughed at either. Mortal children are uncommonly silly. This little fool now, because she happens to be pretty herself, imagines that every one who is not pretty must be wicked. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Dear me," sighed the doe, raising her beautiful head with a sniff. "Lightfoot," turning to the fawn, "I hope, dear, you have more sense than that, young as you are."

"Oh, yes, mamma," said the fawn. "I thought the wild cat we saw was so pretty, you remember, till you told me what a cruel beast it is. Now I am wiser."

"I'll teach her a lesson," said the chuckling elf, balancing himself on his thumbs, and flourishing his legs. Then he nodded to the doe, and with a rapid movement vanished into a crack in the ground.

Nona had no idea that the creatures of the forest were discussing her thus. She was a good, helpful child in spite of the small flaws of character which we have seen; and having many things to do about the house, it was several days after this conversation with her mother before she again walked in the wood. This time she went alone. The forest had a bad reputation among the country people, who considered it the home of sprites, dwarfs, goblins, and other unearthly beings. But Nona had lived close to it all her life, and was not in the least afraid. She had never seen a goblin, and did not believe there were any in the wood. So she tripped gayly along the shady paths, gathering flowers, and singing a little song so sweetly that the birds flew after, perching on way-side trees, and joining their shrill pipes to the melody of her voice till the leafy aisles rang with the noisy concert.

Thus Nona wandered on. Hour after hour passed; more birds, more flowers, more distance measured by the busy feet, till suddenly the sun dropped out of sight, the shadows of the trees mingled into one, and Nona awoke as from a dream. To find herself in a new and strange place which she did not recognize at all.

She was not frightened at first; it seemed as though it must be easy to return to the accustomed path, but when moment after moment went by, each bringing fresh bewilderment, deeper twilight, she lost courage. To and fro she ran; searched this

way, that. All was of no use. At last she sat down on a moss-covered log, and began to cry. The wind rose and made strange sounds in the boughs above; her sobs echoed through the lonely wood, and every now and then a queer noise as of soft chuckling laughter mingled with these echoes, and perplexed her. Her eyes were too dim with tears to see where, not far off, an odd little sharp face, surmounted by a pointed cap, was poked from beneath a grass tuft to watch her movements. It was naughty Green-jacket, who, having led Nona into this trap, was enjoying his success.

Presently the moon rose, and Greenjacket drew in his head, afraid of detection. The stars came out in the sky, and twinkled in a friendly manner, which was cheering. Then the moon reached down a long ray like a hand, touched Nona's hand, and seemed to draw her along. She went for a few paces, then paused affrighted, for a small figure stopped the way, and a keen little voice said, "This is the path, Nona, I'll guide you."

"Oh, dear, what is it?" she gasped.

"This way," repeated the voice; and Nona following quite bewildered, Greenjacket led her down a narrow path beset with brambles, which plucked and caught at her dress as though they wished to detain her. Suddenly the path ended in a great rock in which was a black, gaping cave-mouth.

"Oh, what is that? Why did you bring me here?" cried Nona.

"It is the cave of Bruin the bear. He is the ugliest bear in the wood, so you can fancy how bad he must be," replied the mocking sprite. "Ho, Bruin! Come out of your house and see what a nice little tidbit I've brought you."

With these words, the fairy vanished, while Nona, with a moan of despair, sank on the ground, sobbing to herself, "What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Ugh! ugh!" growled a deep voice from the depths inside. "Who is that? Ugh! ugh!"

Nona's heart stood still with fear as she heard a heavy footstep approaching, and saw the red glare of a torch. Presently out of the cave-mouth came a huge black bear, lumbering on his clumsy toes, and growling dreadfully. Another bear followed, carrying in his paws a torch which he held respectfully to light the big bear along.

"Ho, ho!" said the big bear. "Who have we got here, I should like to know?" and he put his nose so close that Nona thought he was going to eat her at once, and shivered with fright.

"You are cold," said the bear, misunderstanding this motion. "It is a chilly night, but inside my house you'll find it nice and warm. Come in, come in, you're just in time for supper."

"Oh dear! he means me. I am the supper,"

thought Nona, and she began to cry bitterly, much to the surprise of the kind old bear.

"Heyday!" he exclaimed. "What's all this? I never saw such a child for crying. Come in and warm yourself, and let me see if I can't find something you can fancy to eat."

"Don't you eat little girls ever?" inquired Nona still drawing back.

"Little girls! Nonsense! They're not good to eat. We like potatoes and ground-nuts much better," said Bruin, and Nona, quite re-assured by his tone, resisted no longer, but took his paw, which he offered politely, and let him lead her into the cave. It was light inside. A big fire burned on the ground, over which hung pots and kettles, from which issued all sorts of savory smells. But Nona shuddered a little as she perceived, seated round the fire, a number of strange and ugly creatures, who all rose and saluted as she entered the cave.

There were brown elves no bigger than a man's thumb, with spindle legs and green, shining eyes. There were dwarfs with heads like pumpkins, and bodies as thin and wiry as that of a daddy-long-legs; hairy creatures who carried brooms in their hands; moon-faced goblins, sprites, wrapped in green little sheets; and tiny men in green, armed with canes tipped with bee-stings. All of them bowed and smiled pleasantly as they made room for Nona beside the fire, and after a few minutes she ceased to be afraid, so easily do we accuse ourselves to what is amiable and harmless when it takes a hideous form.

The pots and pans held some odd food which looked unlike anything Nona was used to eat, but one of the bears supplied her with a bowl of milk and a honey-comb, both of which articles she knew all about. So the supper passed off merrily with her as with the rest.

Supper ended, the company remained by the fire conversing pleasantly. Not a cross word was spoken by any one. The very ugliest of the creatures seemed to have the wish to be agreeable. Nona saw an elf with spider-claws get up to offer his seat to a little dwarf whose corner was chilly, and noticed that in spite of his gruff voice and clumsy movements, the big bear was the life of the party and seemed to have but one wish, that of making all about him comfortable and at home. She began quite to love the old fellow with his shaggy head and blunt muzzle, and when he asked her to sing them a song, she made no objections, but lifted up her voice and sang even more sweetly than when in the afternoon she had charmed the birds. The bears and all the assemblage were delighted, and begged for another and another, till Nona had finished the songs she knew.

After that the big bear himself volunteered a song, which ran as follows :

“ Though I'm a rough old fellow,
 With a shaggy coat,
 With a voice which comes like thunder
 From my wide, red throat,
 With little eyes and fishy,
 And a pair of great brown paws
 Finished and ornamented
 By strong, sharp claws.
 Although I'm very ugly

allowed to light Nona home, so they trimmed their glow-worm lamps, and the good old bear, placing her on his back, trotted through the woods in the direction of the mill. The elves flew beside, amusing themselves with all sorts of droll pranks, pinching the squirrels as they lay asleep in their nests, wakening the birds, and rousing the dreaming owl on the bough by a crack and a loud whoop in his ear. Some of the gentler ones filled Nona's basket with wood-flowers wet with dew ; and one



BRUIN LEADS NONA INTO THE CAVE.

If you judge me by my shell,
 Still my heart is kind and tender,
 And I love all things well.
 And there 's a good old saying,
 Admit it friends and foes,
 That only he is handsome
 Who always handsome does.”

little darling brought her a rose-cup in which were cuddled two tiny butterflies, side by side. So they went along.

As they gained the edge of the forest, a horn was sounded close to them, and Bruin set Nona hastily down on the ground.

“ Here we part,” he said, “ for that is the horn of Gerstein, the huntsman. And a wise bear will keep out of his way, though he's a good fellow and a kind one. Good-bye, dear Nona. Don't forget your friends, the bears, and remember [here

Though Bruin's voice was rough as his coat, this song was much applauded by the company, and he begged to favor them with another, which he sang. Then a great clock struck, and it was time for the party to break up. The elves begged to be

Bruin's voice grew impressive], remember that an ugly creature may have as kind a heart, and be as worthy of regard, as a handsome one."

Nona blushed deeply and felt abashed, for she now understood that her foolish words had been overheard, and that the bear wished to give her a lesson.

"Good-bye. You've all been so good," she faltered; and even as she spoke, Bruin and the elves vanished, and she stood alone in the forest.

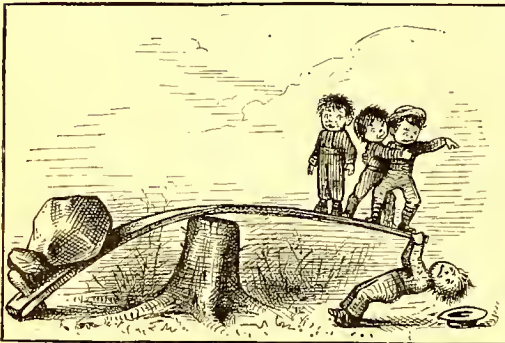
Not alone for long, however. In another moment Gerstein broke through the boughs, and the joyful smile which lit his face when he saw her, made him seem almost beautiful.

"Here is the dear little maiden," he cried.

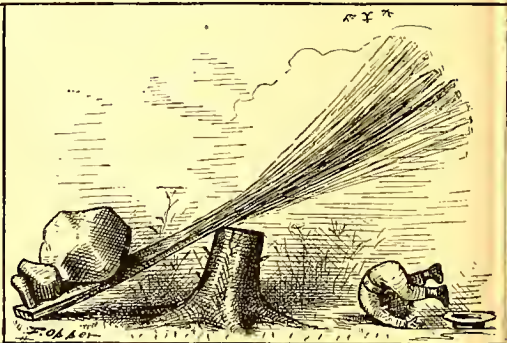
"Well, there will be joy at the mill. Thy mother has wept much, Nona; thy father has searched all night, but now all will be forgotten, for thou art safe, praise be to God." Then he lifted Nona in his strong arms, and as she clung to his rough shoulder she thought of the good bear, and it seemed to her that Gerstein was of kin to him, strong and ugly but kind of deed and tender of heart.

Ever after that day she loved Gerstein. And when her mother saw her run to meet him, and jump for joy at the sound of the horn which told of his coming, she would smile and say:

"Thou art grown wiser, Nona. I told thee one day that so it would be. Dost thou not remember? It was the day we walked together in the wood."



THREE LITTLE BOYS ON A SPRING-BOARD,
JUST GETTING READY TO FLY;



ONE, TWO, THREE! AND NOW YOU CAN SEE
THOSE THREE LITTLE SPECKS IN THE SKY.

THE TRUE STORY OF A DOLL.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

It is a single little doll, laid away by itself in a box—a cheap china doll, such as you buy for a few cents, but dressed in a gay slip, with lace; the sewing on the dress very bad indeed—in some places the stitches long and gaping. I want to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS the story of the doll and the sewing on it.

A year ago, a young girl, one of the teachers in a school in a great city, bade good-bye to the children and went home. The children laughed a

great deal, and the story went about how that Miss Nelly was going to be married soon, and was going home to learn to keep house.

Nelly was one of the merriest girls in the world. In school or at home, everybody tried to sit near to her, to hear her laugh. Nobody was ever so friendly or so full of life, they said. But she was not strong; and when she went home, instead of learning to keep house, she grew thinner and weaker day by day, while the doctors stood help-

lessly looking on. The marriage was put off again and again. At last she could not leave her room. Yet still people tried to come close to her; the laugh was always ready on her lips, and the big blue eyes grew more friendly with each fading day. The valley of the shadow of death was sunnier to her than life is to most people. She held the hands of all her friends as she went through it, and the best Friend of all was close beside her.

It began to be noticed, however, that she was anxious to sew or knit all the time, to make something for little children—soft, white little shirts, or baby's socks. It may be that the thought of a little child which never should rest on her own bosom was the tenderest memory in the world she was leaving. In the city where she lived there is a hospital for sick children, in which there are many "memorial beds" given as legacies by dying women, or in remembrance of them by their friends. Nelly had no money to endow a memorial bed, but her thoughts were busy with the sick babies.

"I will dress a box of dolls," she said, "so that each can have one on Christmas morning."

They gave her the doll, and scraps of silk and lace, and she worked faithfully at it with her trembling fingers.

"I will have them ready," she would say.

But it seemed as if she would not have even one ready, she was forced so often to lay it down. One September night she was awake all night, and by dawn made them wash and dress her and give her her work-box and scissors.

By noon the doll was dressed, and she laid it down, smiling.

An hour or two later, they told her that the end was near. She kissed them all good-bye. Her face was that of one who goes upon a pleasant journey; and, holding her mother's hand, she closed her eyes and went away.

There is the little doll, alone in its box. I thought if each little girl who reads this story in ST. NICHOLAS would dress a doll and send it to a poor child in some asylum or hospital on Christmas morning, that Nelly would surely know of it, and be glad that she and her loving fancy had not been forgotten.

THE PETERKINS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

PRETTY early in the autumn the Peterkins began to prepare for their Christmas-tree. Everything was done in great privacy, as it was to be a surprise to the neighbors, as well as to the rest of the family. Mr. Peterkin had been up to Mr. Bromwich's wood-lot, and, with his consent, selected the tree. Agamemnon went to look at it occasionally after dark, and Solomon John made frequent visits to it, mornings, just after sunrise. Mr. Peterkin drove Elizabeth Eliza and her mother that way, and pointed furtively to it with his whip, but none of them ever spoke of it aloud to each other. It was suspected that the little boys had been to see it Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. But they came home with their pockets full of chestnuts, and said nothing about it.

At length Mr. Peterkin had it cut down, and brought secretly into the Larkins's barn. A week or two before Christmas, a measurement was made of it, with Elizabeth Eliza's yard-measure. To Mr. Peterkin's great dismay, it was discovered that it was too high to stand in the back parlor. This fact was brought out at a secret council of Mr.

and Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza, and Agamemnon.

Agamemnon suggested that it might be set up slanting, but Mrs. Peterkin was very sure it would make her dizzy, and the candles would drip.

But a brilliant idea came to Mr. Peterkin. He proposed that the ceiling of the parlor should be raised to make room for the top of the tree.

Elizabeth Eliza thought the space would need to be quite large. It must not be like a small box, or you could not see the tree.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "I should have the ceiling lifted all across the room; the effect would be finer."

Elizabeth Eliza objected to having the whole ceiling raised, because her room was over the back parlor, and she would have no floor while the alteration was going on, which would be very awkward. Besides, her room was not very high now, and if the floor were raised, perhaps she could not walk in it upright.

Mr. Peterkin explained that he did not propose altering the whole ceiling, but to lift up a ridge

across the room at the back part where the tree was to stand. This would make a hump, to be sure, in Elizabeth Eliza's room; but it would go across the whole room.

Elizabeth Eliza said she would not mind that. It would be like the cuddly thing that comes up on the deck of a ship, that you sit against, only here you would not have the seasickness. She thought she should like it for a rarity. She might use it for a divan.

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would come in the worn place of the carpet, and might be a convenience in making the carpet over.

Agamemnon was afraid there would be trouble in keeping the matter secret, for it would be a long piece of work for a carpenter; but Mr. Peterkin proposed having the carpenter for a day or two, for a number of other jobs.

One of them was to make all the chairs in the house of the same height, for Mrs. Peterkin had nearly broken her spine, by sitting down in a chair that she had supposed was her own rocking-chair, and it had proved to be two inches lower. The little boys were now large enough to sit in any chair; so a medium was fixed upon to satisfy all the family, and the chairs were made uniformly of the same height.

On consulting the carpenter, however, he insisted that the tree could be cut off at the lower end to suit the height of the parlor, and demurred at so great a change as altering the ceiling. But Mr. Peterkin had set his mind upon the improvement, and Elizabeth Eliza had cut her carpet in preparation for it.

So the folding-doors into the back parlor were closed, and for nearly a fortnight before Christmas there was great litter of fallen plastering, and laths, and chips, and shavings; and Elizabeth Eliza's carpet was taken up, and the furniture had to be changed, and one night she had to sleep at the Bromwich's, for there was a long hole in her floor that might be dangerous.

All this delighted the little boys. They could not understand what was going on. Perhaps they suspected a Christmas-tree, but they did not know why a Christmas-tree should have so many chips, and were still more astonished at the hump that appeared in Elizabeth Eliza's room. It must be a Christmas present, or else the tree in a box.

Some aunts and uncles, too, arrived a day or two before Christmas, with some small cousins. These cousins occupied the attention of the little boys, and there was a great deal of whispering and mystery, behind doors, and under the stairs, and in the corners of the entry.

Solomon John was busy, privately making some candles for the tree. He had been collecting some

bayberries, as he understood they made very nice candles, so that it would not be necessary to buy any.

The elders of the family never all went into the back parlor together, and all tried not to see what was going on. Mrs. Peterkin would go in with Solomon John, or Mr. Peterkin with Elizabeth Eliza, or Elizabeth Eliza and Agamemnon and Solomon John. The little boys and the small cousins were never allowed even to look inside the room.

Elizabeth Eliza meanwhile went into town a number of times. She wanted to consult Amanda as to how much ice-cream they should need, and whether they could make it at home, as they had cream and ice. She was pretty busy in her own room; the furniture had to be changed, and the carpet altered. The "hump" was higher than she had expected. There was danger of bumping her own head whenever she crossed it. She had to nail some padding on the ceiling for fear of accidents.

The afternoon before Christmas, Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, and their father, collected in the back parlor for a council. The carpenters had done their work, and the tree stood at its full height at the back of the room, the top stretching up into the space arranged for it. All the chips and shavings were cleared away, and it stood on a neat box.

But what were they to put upon the tree?

Solomon John had brought in his supply of candles, but they proved to be very "stringy" and very few of them. It was strange how many bayberries it took to make a few candles! The little boys had helped him, and he had gathered as much as a bushel of bayberries. He had put them in water, and skimmed off the wax, according to the directions, but there was so little wax!

Solomon John had given the little boys some of the bits sawed off from the legs of the chairs. He had suggested they should cover them with gilt paper, to answer for gilt apples, without telling them what they were for.

These apples, a little blunt at the end, and the candles, were all they had for the tree.

After all her trips into town, Elizabeth Eliza had forgotten to bring anything for it.

"I thought of candies and sugar-plums," she said, "but I concluded if we made caramels ourselves we should not need them. But, then, we have not made caramels. The fact is, that day my head was full of my carpet. I had bumped it pretty badly, too."

Mr. Peterkin wished he had taken, instead of a fir-tree, an apple-tree he had seen in October, full of red fruit.

"But the leaves would have fallen off by this time," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And the apples too," said Solomon John.

"It is odd I should have forgotten, that day I went in on purpose to get the things," said Elizabeth Eliza, musingly. "But I went from shop to shop, and did n't know exactly what to get. I saw great many gilt things for Christmas-trees, but I knew the little boys were making the gilt apples; here were plenty of candles in the shops, but I knew Solomon John was making the candles."

Mr. Peterkin thought it was quite natural.

Solomon John wondered if it were too late for them to go into town now.

Elizabeth Eliza could not go in the next morning, for there was to be a grand Christmas dinner, and Mr. Peterkin could not be spared, and Solomon John was sure he and Agamemnon would not know what to buy. Besides, they would want to try the candles to-night.

Mr. Peterkin asked if the presents everybody had been preparing would not answer? But Elizabeth Eliza knew they would be too heavy.

A gloom came over the room. There was only a flickering gleam from one of Solomon John's candles that he had lighted by way of trial.

Solomon John again proposed going into town. He lighted a match to examine the newspaper about the trains. There were plenty of trains coming out at that hour, but none going in except a very late one. That would not leave time to do anything and come back.

"We could go in, Elizabeth Eliza and I," said Solomon John, "but we should not have time to buy anything."

Agamemnon was summoned in. Mrs. Peterkin was entertaining the uncles and aunts in the front parlor. Agamemnon wished there was time to study up something about electric lights. If they could only have a calcium light! Solomon John's candle sputtered and went out.

At this moment there was a loud knocking at the front door. The little boys, and the small cousins,

and the uncles and aunts, and Mrs. Peterkin, hastened to see what was the matter.

The uncles and aunts thought somebody's house must be on fire. The door was opened, and there was a man, white with flakes, for it was beginning to snow, and he was pulling in a large box.

Mrs. Peterkin supposed it contained some of Elizabeth Eliza's purchases, so she ordered it to be pushed into the back parlor, and hastily called back her guests and the little boys into the other room. The little boys and the small cousins were sure they had seen Santa Claus himself.

Mr. Peterkin lighted the gas. The box was addressed to Elizabeth Eliza. It was from the lady from Philadelphia! She had gathered a hint from Elizabeth Eliza's letters that there was to be a Christmas-tree, and had filled this box with all that would be needed.

It was opened directly. There was every kind of gilt hanging thing, from gilt pea-pods to butterflies on springs. There were shining flags and lanterns, and bird-cages, and nests with birds sitting on them, baskets of fruit, gilt apples and bunches of grapes, and, at the bottom of the whole, a large box of candles and a box of Philadelphia bonbons!

Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John could scarcely keep from screaming. The little boys and the small cousins knocked on the folding-doors to ask what was the matter.

Hastily Mr. Peterkin and the rest took out the things and hung them on the tree, and put on the candles.

When all was done, it looked so well that Mr. Peterkin exclaimed:

"Let us light the candles now, and send to invite all the neighbors to-night, and have the tree on Christmas Eve!"

And so it was that the Peterkins had their Christmas-tree the day before, and on Christmas night could go and visit their neighbors.

A RIDDLE.

JOHNNY looked down in the spring, one night,

And what did he see but a dipper!

The handle crooked, the bottom out,

Yet floating as trim as a clipper.

It was n't broken; 't was good as new;

Yes, fit for a monarch's daughter.

"Ho! you're a funny old dipper!" said John;

"You can't hold a drop of water."

THE CHRISTMAS PUTZ AT BETHLEHEM.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A BUSY December to you, my youngsters! A busy December, full of plans for making other people happy; and then a merry Christmas! The holiday ST. NICHOLAS, I'm told, will reach you this year before Christmas Day. If that's the case, why Christmas, too, will come in ahead of time, that's all.

The fact is, Christmas is n't a golden flash in the children's sky. No, it's a sort of goldy way, bright, beautiful, and holy, that shimmers into view early in December, grows brightest on The Day, and then fades slowly into the New Year. Christmas shines in some hearts as soon as they know it is coming.

Let's see. We must start off with a holiday subject this time. Ha! I have it!

A BIG PLUM-PUDDING.

NOW and then, the Little Schoolma'am reads things to the children that make your Jack almost jump out of his pulpit. Now what do you think of this account which the little lady lately read out of an old book to a hungry group of youngsters who had crowded about her because they had seen her "laughing at something in the book?" She said the June referred to was the summer of 1819.

"On June 8th, at Paignton fair, near Exeter, the ancient custom of drawing through the town a plum-pudding of an immense size, and afterward distributing it to the populace, was revived. The ingredients which composed this enormous pudding were 400 pounds of flour, 170 pounds of beef suet, 140 pounds of raisins, and 240 eggs. It was kept constantly boiling in a brewer's copper from Saturday morning to Tuesday, when it was placed on a car, decorated with ribbons, evergreens, &c., and drawn along the street by eight oxen."

There was a pudding for you, almost as grand as Mother Mitchel's! But they should have saved it for Christmas.

MY DEAR JACK: Will you please let me tell the other girls, and their brothers, how to make something pretty for Christmas?

In Bethlehem, Pa., where mother and I passed considerable time, there is a large Moravian settlement, and some of their customs are very interesting, particularly during the Christmas season. At that time, the Moravians make what they call a Putz, not only for the amusement of their children, but for all who may come to see it.

A Putz is a miniature landscape, with whatever figures you may like to put in it. Some of these scenes are made on a grand scale; but smaller ones, equally pretty, and not so difficult to manage, are made at the foot of the Christmas-tree. The tree is placed on a table, or, better still, it is set in a large dry-goods box, and then boards are put across the top of the box, as a foundation for the Putz.

If you wish to make one, girls, you have only to go into the woods for your materials. Pieces of rock, large and small, mosses, ferns, lichens, vines, and whatever you may think pretty, will answer the purpose. The large rocks, you use for mountains, interspersed with small branches of cedar and pine for trees. A narrow piece of tin-foil, bent into various shapes, will do for a water-fall, across which a card-board bridge can be laid. Lower down, you can have a looking-glass lake, or, better still, a tin pan, filled with water, on which artificial ducks, geese, fish, boats, etc., can float. Conceal the edge of the glass or pan with moss, and put gravel at the bottom of your real lake, as well as gravel walks around it.

With card-board houses, and fences, and miniature sheep, horses, etc., you can make very pretty scenes. Or you can represent the birth of the Christ-child, with small toy figures that come expressly for such scenes. You will find it easy to make a pretty design for Christmas with very little material.

The Moravians at Bethlehem welcome all visitors, whether strangers or not, who choose to go into any of the houses to examine the Putz, and it certainly is a very interesting sight.

I am your sincere young friend,

MAMIE H.

EAST OR WEST?

"DEACON GREEN, please sir, Tom Scott says Aspinwall is west of Panama, and I say it is n't."

"Well, my man, what are your grounds for disputing him?" said the Deacon, mildly, seeing that some reply was expected.

"Why, good grounds enough, sir. He admits that Aspinwall is on the Atlantic Ocean side of the isthmus, and Panama is on the Pacific Ocean, or that part of it known as Panama Bay. Humph! guess 'most anybody ought to know that the Pacific Ocean is west of this continent, and the Atlantic is east of it; and yet he sticks to it that Panama is east of Aspinwall!"

"Well, Thomas is generally pretty sure of a statement before he makes it," put in the Deacon.

"But, sir," proceeded the boy, growing redder as he began to suspect that the Deacon might be on Tom's side, "I don't see any sense in going right against geography. He need n't try to make out that the Pacific Ocean is east of the Atlantic—not on *this* side of the world, sir."

"That's true," said the Deacon. "And now, Joe, I'll tell you what I'll do. You just run home and examine the map closely, and then if you find, on careful inspection, that Thomas is wrong, come to me and I'll fill your hat with the finest apples you ever tasted in your life."

Joe *did* run home; he *did* examine the map closely—and to this day he never has said a word to the Deacon about those apples.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

Germentown, August 10th, 1876.

DEAR JACK: I wish to tell you a little story about a canary and a sparrow. One morning, while my little brother and myself were sitting on the piazza, a sparrow came and perched on my canary's cage, and began eating the seed it found on the outside. My bird was very glad to see a friend, and immediately began singing. My

little brother happened to be eating a piece of bread, and he threw a few crumbs to the sparrow, which it soon picked up and carried to the canary. It was very funny to see it put the crumbs in the canary's beak. I think it gave them to the canary because it was thankful for the seed my bird had given him.—Yours truly,

EDITH M. DARRACH.

A LITTLE HOLLANDER'S BIRD CAGE.

New York, Oct. 12, 1876.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Once, when I was in Holland, waiting in an Amsterdam railroad station for the train to come along, I saw something so very pretty that I made a drawing of it on purpose for you, knowing you would like to show it to our boys and girls. Here it is—a bird-cage, and the very finest bird-cage I ever saw in my life. There is no need of describing it. The children will see the beautiful stand embellished with moss and flowers, the two houses set in the midst of the green, the connecting gallery covered with fine wire gauze, and the birds skipping to and fro enjoying every inch of it. They can see, too, the bell in the pagoda tower which rings sweetly whenever the little inmates choose to pull the string. In fact, while I was looking, one of the birds *did* pull the ring, so I sketched him in the act.

I did not draw the railroad station, you see, Jack, because the person who was taking the cage home

Warren, the ST. NICHOLAS artist. He has done it so beautifully and accurately that if ever I make any more drawings I shall ask him to copy them for the credit of the family.

I am, dear Mr. Jack, yours very truly,

JOEL STACY.

THE SAFETY LAMP.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1876.

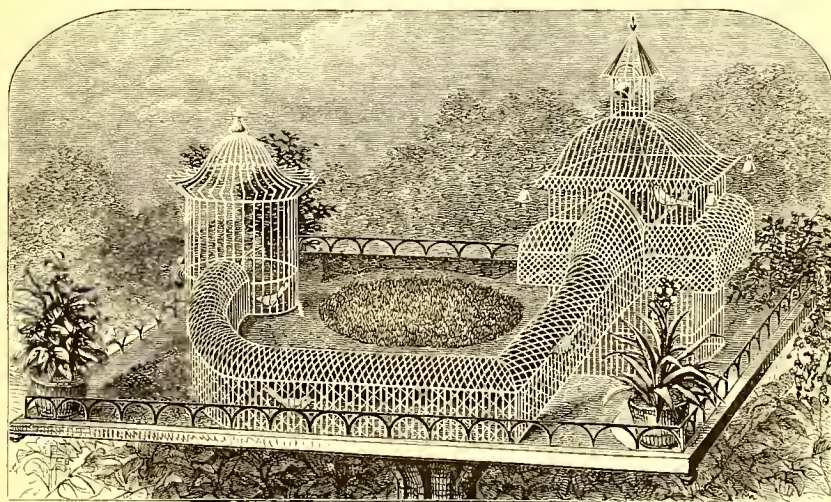
DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I think the omission in C. A. D.'s letter, page 798, of the October ST. NICHOLAS, is the safety lamp that Sir Humphrey Davy invented, by means of which many lives have been saved. In May, 1812, an explosion of gas took place in the Felling Colliery, near Newcastle, which caused the death of ninety-two persons. This prompted a committee of proprietors of mines to wait upon Davy to see if he could devise any way of preventing similar accidents.

Davy had observed that combustion was not communicated through tubes of small dimensions, and, by experimenting, he gradually reduced the size of the tubes till he found that a metallic gauge, with apertures not exceeding one twenty-second part of an inch, was sufficient to prevent the flame inside of the lamp from igniting the explosive gas on the outside. He therefore devised a lamp with a wire screen, which the miners could use with safety.

Your friend,

FRANCIS H. JACKSON, JR.

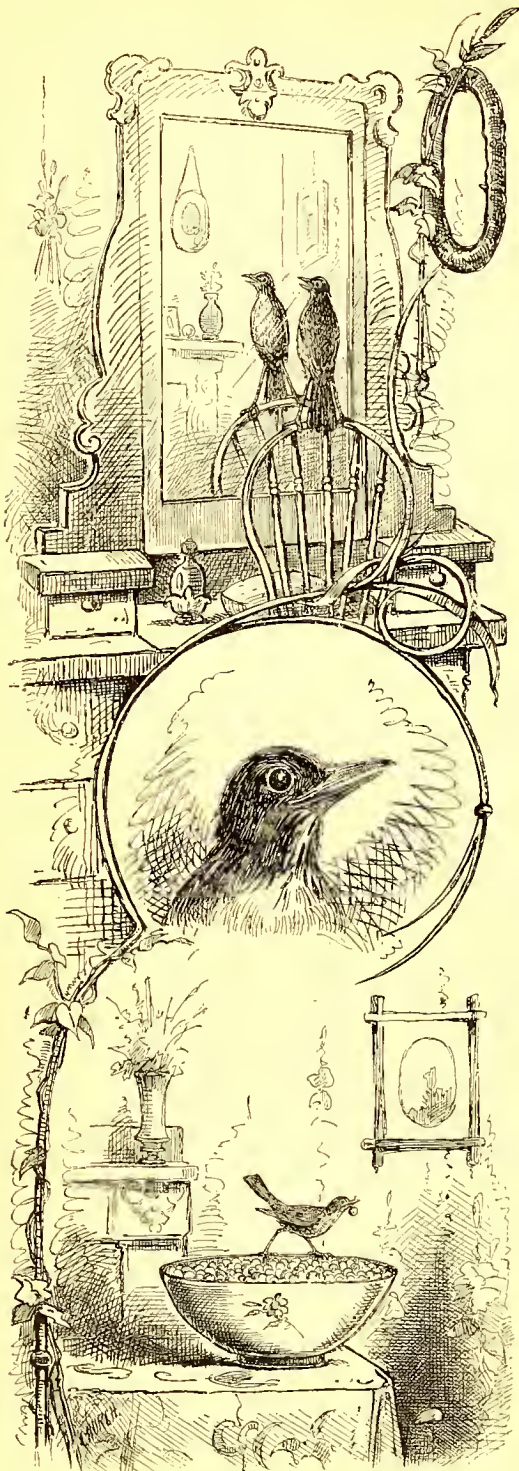
The Little Schoolma'am wishes Jack to thank Master Jackson, Nelly M. Sherwin, Martie S. D., "Ned," R. S. S., and all other young friends who have correctly given the important fact omitted by C. A. D. She wishes you also to know that a new



a birthday present to his little daughter, said it was to be set upon a pedestal in the garden. I could n't help thinking how delighted the little girl would be with his beautiful gift, and how easily the thing could be copied (from the drawing) by some American cage-maker in case I ever should want to give my little girl a superb Christmas present. Then I thought of your thousands of young folks, and how some of their fathers, who could spare the requisite money, might like to have such cages made for them. The wire-work can be so delicate as the birds inside will almost think they are not regarded at all. Perhaps I ought to tell you that the drawing I send was made from my sketch by Mr.

safety lamp, called Landau's New Safety Lamp, for use in mines, promises to be an improvement even on Sir Humphrey Davy's. She says, "Tell them that the chief peculiarity of the invention is that, by an ingenious arrangement, the admission of gas extinguishes the flame, so that it cannot under any circumstances be exploded by the lamp."

Humph! The dear Little Schoolma'am does n't tell us how the miners will feel when they are left in the dark. I should n't like that part of the invention; still, it is better than being blown up. Any intelligent miner would rather have a whole body in the dark, than to be scattered about in fragments in a good light.



THE ROBIN'S VISIT.

ONCE a robin flew into a pretty room ; and just as he went in, the wind banged the window-blinds shut, so he could not get out again.

At first he did not mind, but flew about and lit on the bright picture-frames, and wished his pretty wife were with him to enjoy the pleasant place. Then he rested on the back of a small chair, and then he saw another robin !

“ O-ho ! ” sang he to himself,— “ here is some one else. I must speak to him : ‘ Whew ! Mr. Robin, glad to meet you. My name is Cock Robin. What do they call this place ? ’ ”

But the other robin did not answer. He only opened his mouth and jerked his head from side to side just as Mr. Cock Robin did. You see the other robin lived in the looking-glass, and could not speak.

“ A rude fellow ! ” chirped Mr. Cock Robin to himself. “ Not worth talking to ! Ah ! yonder are some fine cherries ! I ’ll eat some. ”

The cherries were in a bowl on the table. Mr. Cock Robin helped himself. Then he decided to try the other bird once more.

“ My friend, ” sang he softly, as he caught the stem of a fine cherry in his beak and flew to the chair again, “ here is a fine cherry for you — Oh ! oh ! ”

Well might Mr. Cock Robin say "Oh!" for there stood the other robin just such a chair, offering him a cherry in the most polite manner!

"Thanks!" said Mr. Cock Robin. "But, my deaf and dumb friend, we each have one, we need not stand on cer-e-mo-ny."

So both began to eat.

"He is a fine, sociable fellow, after all," said Mr. Cock Robin.

The door opened, and in came a little girl.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Cock Robin faintly to himself.

The girl clapped her hands for joy, and ran toward him.

Up flew Mr. Cock Robin in a great fright. He whisked past the looking-glass and saw that the other robin was badly scared also. Then he tried to fly out of a closed window where there were no blinds; but he only dashed against some very hard kind of air that hurt his sides. If he had been like you, he would have known that it was window-glass, and not hard air.

"Poor birdie!" said the little girl, as she threw open the window. "You shall go out if you want to."

In an instant, Mr. Cock Robin was flying through the sunlight to his little wife.

"Where *have* you been?" chirped she, as he reached the nest.

"Oh, I've been on a visit," said Mr. Cock Robin—and he told her all about it.

Soon Mrs. Cock Robin said, softly: "I *should* like to see that other one. Was he very handsome, my dear?"

"Handsome!" cried Mr. Robin, sharply. "Handsome! Not at all, my dear—a *very* homely bird, indeed! Yes, ma'am—very homely, and as deaf as a post."

"How dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Cock Robin.

WHAT MY LITTLE BROTHER THINKS.

My little brother is—oh, so funny!
He thinks that a king is made of money;
He thinks little cherubs, overhead,
Hold up the stars to light us to bed.

He thinks that near those cherubs, but under,
Are other cherubs who cause the thunder;

They roll great tables and chairs around,
And growl and roar with an awful sound.

He thinks some quick little cherub scratches,
To make the lightning, a million matches;
Another carries a watering-pot
To wet the earth when it gets too hot.

He thinks—my brother is, oh, so knowing!—
A feather-bed cherub does all the snowing;
He thinks the feathers come sailing down,
And make the snow that whitens the town.

He thinks that a painted mask can eat him;
Or pull his hair; or chase and beat him.
Yes, really thinks a mask is alive!
But my little brother is only five.

He thinks little fairies make the clamor
In grandpa's watch, with a tiny hammer.
He thinks *some* fairies can live in a book;
Or dance in kettles, to frighten cook.

He thinks the grasshoppers bring molasses;
That a fairy over the bright moon passes;
He thinks my Jack-in-the-box is alive,
Like witches who go to the sky for a drive.

He thinks our "sis" is her dolly's mother—
My dear, absurd little baby brother!
Yes, thinks he is UNCLE, and feels quite grand
To lead his niece about by the hand!

But, the best of all, he is really certain
He once saw Santa Claus through the curtain;
And he thinks Old Santy'll come by and by,
On Christmas Eve—and so do I.





WHAT MY LITTLE BROTHER THINKS.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

Words by MARY MAPES DODGE.

Music by F. BOOTT.

♩: SOP. SOLO. *Allegro Moderato.*

1. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren dear! For Christ, once born in the
2. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren sweet! The way to find the

TENOR OR BARITONE SOLO, *ad lib.*

3. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren glad! Rare gifts are yours to
4. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren fair! Still doth the one Good

mf

cres.

Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren
Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren

give the Lord, As ev-er wise men had. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren
Shep-herd hold, The feeb-lest in his care. Good news on Christmas morn-ing, Good news, O child-ren

f

dim.

mf

dear! For Christ, for Christ, once born in Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here.... For Christ, once born in
sweet! The way, the way to find the Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet.... The way to find the

glad! Rare gifts, rare gifts are yours to give the Lord. As ev-er wise men had.... Rare gifts are yours to
fair! Still doth, still doth the one Good Shep-herd hold The feeb-lest in his care.... Still doth the one Good

CHORUS.

Good news, good news, good news, good news.

divisi.

Beth-le-hem, Is liv-ing now and here. Good news, good news, good news, good news, good news.
Ho-ly Child, Is light-ed for your feet.

give the Lord, As ev-er wise men had. Good news, good news, good news, good news, good news.
Shep-herd hold, The feeb-lest In his care.

D. S.

dim.

a tempo.

f

ff

sf

sf

sf

sf

rall.

* Words from ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1876.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE best response we can make to correspondents who ask us for help in devising Christmas presents that they can make with their own hands, is to refer them to the article called "ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM," in *ST. NICHOLAS* for December, 1875. A new supply of this hack number is ready, and any one, by inclosing twenty-five cents with full post-office address to the publishers, will receive a copy of the article by return mail. It is so full, so clear, and so copiously illustrated, that do not feel able to improve upon it. Our "Letter-Box" in last month's *ST. NICHOLAS* contains directions for making a few articles Christmas gifts. In fact, suggestions for pretty handiwork abound in *ST. NICHOLAS*, and we always are glad when correspondents kindly add to our stock.

Berlin, Mass., August 29, 1876.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I saw in your March number an account of a doll claimed to be the oldest in America.

A friend of mine, Mary L. Whitcomb, has in her possession a doll which is much older. This, the first doll brought to America, was sent, in 1733, by Captain George Girdler to his daughter, Hannah Girdler, then two years of age.

The doll's body is of wood, to which the legs and arms are tacked with small nails. The doll's head is of wood, painted or coated with varnish giving it an appearance not so much unlike that of those of our day as might be expected.

She was last dressed about thirty-five years ago, and now wears a white lace cap, dress of brown satin, white stockings, and velvet slippers, and looks very like the little old lady it is. I intended to say something long before now on this subject, but have neglected to do so. I think *ST. NICHOLAS* is a splendid magazine.—Very truly yours,

CLARA L. SHATTUCK.

New York, Oct. 16, 1876.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I cut this out of the newspaper, and I do think you would put it in the "Letter-Box." It is so nice, and it makes me feel as if Cinderella, and Jack-the-Giant-Killer, and all the old stories might be true:

Two exceedingly tall people are Captain Bates and wife, the giant and the giantess, who were married in London some years ago. The captain and spouse have retired from public life, and built a house in Rochester, New York. He is seven and a half feet high, and she is an inch taller, and each weighs more than four hundred pounds. The rooms of their house are eighteen feet high, and the doors twelve feet high. Their bedstead is ten feet long, and all the furniture is proportionately large.

Just to think of it! I should n't be surprised if there were a great knocker on the street-door, made like a man's face, and if it snapped its teeth at people when they went to knock.—Yours truly,

SALLY G. CLARK.

Orange, N. J., August 20, 1876.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I have seen a great many things about girls improving themselves and learning to be housekeepers, and so on; but not a word about boys. Now I think that somebody ought to do something for us fellows.—Yours truly,

ARTHUR ROPES.

Arthur, and hundreds of other boys, will be glad to know that his wish has been anticipated. There are to be nine familiar and friendly articles with "Boys" during the present volume of *ST. NICHOLAS*, and I think of them from men who know just what the boys ought to hear. Mr. Bryant tells you this month of the ways of boys when he was a boy himself, and beneath his pleasant narrative you will find many a word of true manliness. Every word of Mr. Bryant's has value for boys, because it comes from one who, by an upright, noble, and the worthy cultivation of fine gifts, has proved an honor to his country. Soon you shall hear from the others. Your friend Trowbridge has a hearty word to say, and friends from the other side of the Atlantic are coming to have a friendly talk with

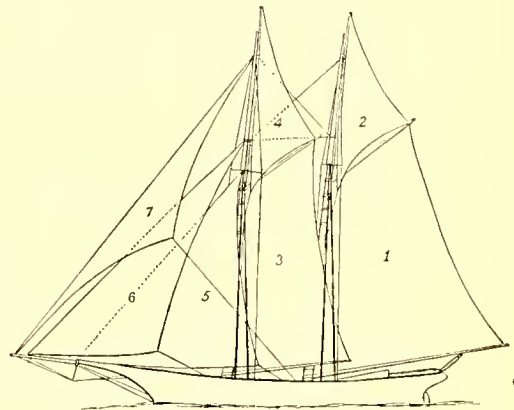
George MacDonald, who wrote that wonderful fairy tale, "The Princess and the Goblin," and the rhyme beginning "Where you come from, baby dear?" will soon be heard from, and before you shall have a word from the school-boy's friend, Tom Hughes, or of "Tom Brown at Oxford" and "School-days at Rugby."

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I live in St. Louis, and get your *Magazine* every month. I have got the hull of a boat, about two feet long, with places for two masts; and I have rigged her like a schooner and have great fun sailing her on a pond near where I live. But I never saw a vessel; only pictures, and don't know how to rig her right. I wish some boy, who lives on the sea-coast, would tell me how to rig her like a yacht. I saw a picture of the "Countess of Dufferin," but I can't make it all out. My father has been to sea, and tries to explain it to me; but he has forgotten, it was so long ago. Do yachts have fore-top-masts, and top-sails? and how is the top-sail hoisted? And do they have ratlines? and do the stays come down over the ends of the cross-trees to the side of the vessel, or are they made fast to the mast? I don't see how they can be made fast to the mast, for then you can't raise the gaff; and I don't see how there can be a fore-top-sail, because it would foul the maintop-stay. I am going to take my schooner to pieces, and rig it up right after school hours, and if you would like, I will tell you more about it some other time.—

LEWIS G. CONANT.

Miniature yachts, when rigged as schooners, have foretop-masts and maintop-masts, and foretop-sails, and maintop-sails. Both top-sails are secured to short "sprits" or poles, and are hoisted from deck. The stay from the foremast to the mainmast is called the



"spring-stay," and in changing the vessel's course, the foretop-sail is lowered till it can pass under the spring-stay, and then it is brought up on the other side. Ratlines are never used on the shrouds. Only the larger vessels use cross-trees, or "spreaders" as they are called; and in every case the top-mast back-stays always come to the deck, and are fastened just abaft (to the rear) of the shroud. Such schooners also have a stay from the top of the maintop-mast to the top of the mainmast.

This outline drawing gives the position of the sails commonly used in miniature yachts; 1 is the mainsail, 2 the maintop-sail, 3 the foresail, 4 the foretop-sail, 5 the staysail, 6 the jib, 7 the flying-jib. The first mast is called the foremast; the short mast above, the foretop-mast. The second mast is the mainmast, and the one above it is the maintop-mast. Two shrouds are given to each mast, and one back-stay to each topmast. The dotted lines show how the foretop-sail passes the spring-stay, and the top of the foresails, and shows how the jibs pass each other, one lapping over the other. This is an outline of the sails and standing rigging only, the running rigging being omitted to save room.

Providence, R. I., October 23d, 1876.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: The lady with the cold in her head, mentioned in the last number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, called to the person who was coming, "Caduceus"—Can you see us?

The Caduceus was the rod of Mercury, the messenger of the gods,

and God of Trade, and also of thieves. It consisted of a short staff, around which two snakes twined, and which bore a pair of wings.—
Yours truly,
CHARLES HART PAYNE.

Annie Manning also answers the question correctly.

We are sure that all our readers who admire a fine dialogue, or parlor-play, will heartily welcome Mr. Eggleston's "fairy show" in the present number, entitled "The House of Santa Claus." The play has been publicly tried in Brooklyn, and has proven a complete success. With only slight changes, it can be readily adapted to home or parlor representation. In its present form, therefore, it commends itself equally to those who are seeking an effective and lively composition for school or public exhibition, and to those who may desire an aid of this sort in the entertainment of a social or family gathering.

Boys and girls wishing to imitate stone, when making scenery such as is described in the "House of Santa Claus," or when making card-houses, etc., can do so by covering the object which is to represent stone with a coating of glue, or mucilage, and then throwing common sand upon it, before the glue has dried. If the sand is applied liberally, a very close resemblance to stone may thus be produced.

Euckland.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've meant to write to you for ever so long, and to join with the rest of the girls and boys in telling how I love you,—yes, I believe I almost love you. I think you're just the freshest, cheeiest, jolliest, and altogether loveliest magazine I know of. I've taken you ever since you were born, and we all enjoy you so much, from grandma to my little three-year-old brother, who looks at the pictures, and takes a great deal of delight in having "Sister Lizzie" read the short, big-print stories to him. There was one in a

previous number—I think the May one—which especially pleased him, and which he is never tired of bearing read. I can't remember its name; but it's about some little chickens, whose mother told them to fly, but, as their wings were not grown, could n't; and none of them tried, except one, who did his best, although he did n't succeed, and was afterward rewarded because he really tried. "Brave" our Centennial Cat," also delighted him very much. For my part, I liked "The Queen of the Moles," and Miss Thaxter's bear story as well as any, though I don't know but Mrs. A. D. T. Whitcomb's "Spinning and Weaving," "Midsummer and the Poets," and so well, I keep thinking of more and more of them,—and all I can do is to repeat what I said before, and that is, that I think the present number is just as nice as it could possibly be.—Yours always,
L. W.

St. Albans

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you a story about my uncle when he was a little boy. He told his mother he was sick, and didn't want to go to school. She said he could take some castor-oil and go to bed. He went to school.
FRANKIE WEBBER

"THE Boy Emigrants," which has so delighted our readers during the past year, is soon to be published in book form by Scribner, Macmillan & Co. Mr. Brooks knows a boy's heart through and through, and his fine story, with its wealth of strong narrative, exciting scenes, and incidents, and true lessons of self-reliance, ought to be read by every boy in the land. No better picture of the gold-seeker's life can be found anywhere in literature than this stirring, straightforward, manly story of "The Boy Emigrants." We know, young friends, that all of you will rejoice at its publication in separate form, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Brooks, and the host of boys who will be eager to own it, on the handsome appearance of the volume. The binding is neat and tasteful, and the pictures are the same that we appeared in ST. NICHOLAS. For you who read the magazine, the book needs no word of praise or introduction, but we feel it both a pleasure and a duty to commend it earnestly to all.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Dame Durden, Little Nell.

D —affodi— I
A —lkal— L
M —in— T
E —lephan— T
D —amse— L
U —sag— E
R —ave— N
D —im— E
E —l— L
N —icke— L

ANAGRAMS.—1. Boston. 2. New York. 3. Rochester. 4. Washington. 5. Charleston. 6. Mobile. 7. St. Paul.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Marry, Mary. 2. Lucky, Lucy. 3. Norma, Nora.

REVERSALS.—1. Brag, garb. 2. Room, moor. 3. Flow, wolf. 4. Mode, Edom. 5. Note, Eton. 6. Strop, ports. 7. Animal, lamina.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Bread, red. 2. Cedar, ear. 3. Dirge, ire. 4. Iliad, lad. 5. Jewel, eel. 6. Maple, ale. 7. Niece, ice. 8. Olive, lie. 9. Spire, pie. 10. Wheat, hat.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Baronet, Coronet.

B A A L B E C
B A L L O O N
B A R T R A M
B E D O U I N
C A N O N R Y
L E A F L E T
T A B O R E T

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—London.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Chimney-piece.
SQUARE-WORD.—

I R O N
R O M E
O M I T
N E T S

GRAMMATICAL COMPARISONS.—1. Bee, beer, beast. 2. Bowure, boast. 5. Fee, fear, feast. 4. Row, roar, roast.

RIDDLE.—Cricket.

APOCOPES.—1. Cockade, cock. 2. Hamper, ham. 3. Rattal, 4. Rushlight, rush. 5. Rueful, rue.

REBUS.—"Great expectations bring great disappointments."

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Table, Easel.

T —un— E
A—mmoni—A
B —ook— S
L —yrt— E
E —l— L

EASY ENIGMA.—Man, hat, tan—Manhattan.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Eye-lash.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
N O T
R O M E O
T E N
O

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The Aurora Borealis.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Stream: Star, arm, ram, aster, mast, tar, mat, rat, rest, meat, ear.

Clarence M. Trowbridge and Robert L. Groendycke answered correctly all the puzzles in the October number.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER were received, previous to October 13, from Walter Raymond Spalding, Mosman, Brainerd P. Emery, Lou L. Richards, John B. Greiner, Emma Elliott, "Ajax and Alex," Bessie T. B. Benedict, Virginia L. Carter, Sheldon Emery, Mary P. Johnson, Howard Steel Rodgers, Lena Devereux, Willie Dibblee, C. H. Delaney, W. C. D. Allie Bertram, Ella M. Kirkendall, Leila Allen, Millie Thompson, Charles N. Wilkinson, Mary N. Wadsworth, "Juno," Mamie B. Howard Steel Rodgers, Osman Abbott, Nessie E. Stevens, Charles F. Cook, C. A. Montague, A. G. Cameron, "Scarsdale," Susie F. Eleanor N. Hughes, Frank P. Nagel, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green.

REBUS.



EASY ENIGMA STORY.

FOURTEEN letters. My whole is a fragrant flower. I went to pick wild 1, 5, 7, 9, 2, 6, 14, 11, 10, 8, 3, 13, and found it coming in the field where they grew. The 7, 12, 1, 13, 1 made the 3, 7 very 13, 2, 14, 3, 5; and I did not care if the 6, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1 ticked my fingers. I 13, 6, 2 a sheep or 5, 2, 12 come and 6, 11, 12, 1, 14 some of 8, 5, 1 leaves. A boy with a sly look (who 11, 12, 13 birds' nests) came by, trundling a 6, 9, 11, 7, 12, 2. He had 10 a 6, 12, 2 and 9, 11, 10, 12, 2, and aimed at the 6, 11, 4, 9, 13, 5 a robin, through the 6, 9, 7, 13. I was 13, 12, 7, 10, 8, 14, 11 than an tell that he hit 8, 5. Then I took my 10, 12, 13, 4, 1 and 6, 14, 11, 8, 4, 1, and went home. B.

CHARADE.

My first is never out;
 My second's but a letter;
 My third will waste your ink,—
 Or, if you like it better,
 My third will hold your sheep;
 My last is impress deep.

My whole is free and bold,
 And will not be controlled.

L. W. H.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

NINE letters. Diagonals—From left to right: A sportive insect. From right to left: A genus of plants which one handsome species his insect lives upon. 1. An ancient kingdom. 2. A very useful household article. 3. A low flower. 4. Small fleets. 5. To attract strongly. 6. Making comparisons. 7. Gay. 8. A small flag on a vessel's mast. 9. A use-piece of furniture. P.

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.

1. My sister Rebecca detests both pickles and pears. 2. Then are eighty children not allowed to go? 3. We made bark frames and skeets for the fair. 4. The great door is broken, actually broken in pieces. 5. Those were the first arts that we learned. Concealed in the above are five words having the following significations: 1. A student at a military school. 2. A place of public conduct. 3. To shut out or exclude. 4. To decree or establish as law. Specimens of a kind of pastry. The five words, when found and properly arranged, will form a square-word. J. J. T.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(The whole is a word dear to all Americans.)

My first is in flour, but not in wheat;
 My second is in dine, but not in eat;
 My third is in bench, but not in seat;
 My fourth is in fence, and also in gate;
 My fifth is in number, but not in date,
 My sixth is in stop, but not in go;
 My seventh is in yes, but not in no.

L. P.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. SHE — her assertion that among all her pets the one valued it was ——. 2. The tired Arab joyfully exclaimed, "I am ——, and I shall be released from my ——." 3. — Indian said of himself, " — through tangled bushes, and — the thorniest thickets. 4. Her — found vent ——. 5. He could not — propensity for writing ——. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

FILL the blanks in their order with words making sense, and which, placed under each other in the same order, will form the square-word. I saw a violet and gold — growing beside a wild — on a little — in the river, and wondered if birds carried the — there. J.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

TAKE one word from out another without changing the order of the letters, and find a complete word remaining. 1. Take to sin from a small dog and leave a row. 2. Take always from a young hare and leave to allow. 3. Take a shoemaker's instrument from unrestrained by law and leave smaller. 4. Take a tree from showy and leave an insect. 5. Take an era from a show and leave a short breath. 6. Take cunning from a checked cloth and leave to brown. 7. Take the last from a cord and leave a weight. 8. Take part of a bird from vibrating and leave to utter melodious sounds. C. D.

ANAGRAM PROVERBS.

MAKE a proverb from each sentence. Thus the letters of "Earns sage's rags" may be transposed into "As green as grass." 1. Earns sage's rags. 2. A bub says, "Ease!" 3. Scold a shy cat, Ira. 4. Asa has a drean charm. 5. Again Sam blows a nice ace. CYRIL DEANE.

RIDDLE.

FIVE of a party of seven are we—
 With our respects to you.
 Now, a part of each of our names we'll tell,
 In a tale both new and true:

Two friends who longed to wed, would fry
 Some fish—so down they sat:
 By set of sun the fish were done,—
 Now what do you make of that?

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a small hound and leave a large American bird. 2. Behead a North American beast of prey and leave a part of his head. 3. Behead a sly, thievish animal and leave a common beast of burden. 4. Behead a common, lively, horned quadruped and leave a grain. 5. Behead common farm animals and leave a beverage. 6. Behead a small, spry animal and leave part of an artist's outfit. 7. Behead an early bird and leave a ship mentioned in the Bible. 8. Behead a wild aquatic game bird and leave one who is in love. S.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A domestic animal. 3. Glossy silk. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant. C. N. W.

CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A BEAUTIFUL Roman girl, whose father slew her rather than have her made a slave. 2. The Grecian Goddess of Peace. 3. A dramatic poet of Syracuse, who flourished during the reign of Ptolemy I. 4. A daughter of King Creon of Corinth, whom Jason married after deserting Medea. 5. A name given to Pluto, Persephone, the Eriinyes, and others. 6. A contracted form of the name of the king to whose court Thetis sent Achilles in disguise. The initials form the name of a celebrated Roman poet, and the initials his masterpiece. SEDGWICK.



THE MINUET.

[Engraved by J. G. Smithwick, from a picture by J. E. Millais.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE MINUET.

BY M. M. D.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me, so I could n't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced!—

Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!—

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!

Really quite a pretty girl,

Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet

Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting Grandpa's stocking—

(Every girl was taught to knit,

Long ago).

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,

Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk

Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,

Everything in proper place,
 Gliding slowly forward, then
 Slowly courtseying back again,
 Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
 Grandma says; but boys were charming—
 Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
 Long ago.
 Bravely modest, grandly shy—
 What if all of us should try
 Just to feel like those who met
 In the graceful minuet
 Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
 Who could fly into a passion?
 All would wear the calm they wore
 Long ago.
 In time to come, if I, perchance,
 Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
 I should really like to say,
 "We did it, dear, in some such way,
 Long ago."

A LETTER TO A YOUNG NATURALIST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

ROME, April 9, 1876.



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: It gave me much pleasure to receive your letter. I am much obliged by your kind offer of sending me specimens of American insects and birds, of which you seem already to have a promising collection; but I do not make collections of any kind of natural history objects. If I can be called a naturalist at all, it must be a very *natural* one, for I never studied any branch of natural history in books, excepting botany, and only the botany of the British Isles. That was to me a great delight and source of health in my early youth as it led me to range far and wide over the country, over hills and fields, through woods and marshes, and along the sea-coasts. But even that branch of natural history was superseded by other constant pursuits, and I have never renewed it me-

thodically. Nevertheless, the acquaintance with I then, and in still earlier years, made with trees, flowers, grapes, and various forms of vegetable life, remains with me. There are few British plants that I do not know familiarly, though their scientific names I should sometimes have to look up. This acquaintance gives me a good guess at many species of foreign plants that I see, and adds to my pleasure in the country wherever I am.

As to animals of all sorts, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, I have a wide acquaintance with them by sight, not by science. The appearance, notes, and habits of most British birds, are as familiar to me as possible. I never hear a song or a twitter of one, as I am walking anywhere, but I recognize it as the voice of an old friend, to the great astonishment of my human friends. Such are the pleasures of an habitual intimacy with the works of God in this his wonderful world. I therefore congratulate you on the taste for natural history.

dry, and hope you will, in classifying and preserving your various specimens, keep alive in your heart all the poetry of nature connected with these innumerable and charming inventions of the Great Mechanist. He must surely be the best naturalist who carries into his cabinet the consciousness of all the freshness, loveliness, and indescribable harmonies of the magnificent world in which God has given them places to live for our mutual pleasure and advantage,—that world which we are too fond of calling “this wretched world,” “this vale of tears,” and the like.

What a vast and varied field you have in the American continent for your inquiries and acquisitions. I have seen something of the beauties of our ornithology in Audubon and Wilson, and of our trees in some handsomely illustrated works. When you have mastered the northern portion of our immense continent, what a second one there is, swarming with all the forms of life, and such life! I never had but a few days' view of South America, but it was to me a glimpse of wonder and delight. A land of palms, cocoa-nut trees, bananas, mangoes and bread-fruits! The trees, the flowers, the birds and insects! Those blue-green butterflies, large as my hand, and the margin of their wings studded, as it were, with jewels, floating amid magnolias and a world of other trees, new to me, with the quaint chameleons lurking in the lickets below!

When you have completed the ornithology and botany of total America, there is Australia, which by that time will be brought very near to you by steam. That, of course, will be a great while hence, and I shall be glad to think that you will attend your researches thither, because you must be then an old man and will have enjoyed a long life of pleasure in the accumulation of knowledge.

In Australia (to say nothing of India and the Isles of the Southern Ocean) there is a totally new world of creatures,—the kangaroo, a whole race of marsupials; that queer nondescript, the platypus (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*), with a head and bill like a duck, the body of an otter, and a tail like a beaver, which is carnivorous and lays eggs. These creatures, which are quick as lightning, disappearing like a flash under water, we yet managed to shoot sometimes, but never found anything in their stomachs but a little fine black mud; probably secreted infusoria. The impossibility of furnishing this food has defeated all attempts to convey them to other countries. There you would find the swan black; emu, ibises, native companions, a sort of tall adjutant or crane, of most comical and peculiar habits. The gorgeous lyre-bird and the superb bird, which amuses itself not only in building a tower, but of making little inclosures of shining

stones or shells, as children do. You have there trees occasionally arriving at a height of 500 feet, and nettles, real *urtica*, growing into large and very dangerous trees. As for insects, they are as the sands of the sea. There is a mole-cricket, which makes a lid to its hole, with a hinge, and as you approach ceases its noise, drops the lid, and shuts itself in. Amongst the oddities, though not insects, you have fish that hop about on land,—I have seen them; and crawfish of a bright red, as if already boiled. But let me tell you about the mantis, and the ants. You have no doubt seen the mantises of South America and India, which are precisely like leaves, with the leaf ribs and foot stalks, too; but the Australian ones that I saw were different. We caught one with a body like a straw of about four inches long, and a pair of small but lovely Psyche-like wings, with rainbow colors. As we had no chloroform, or anything to kill it with, we kept it under water for more than twelve hours. When taken out, as fast as it dried it became lively again as ever. It continued all day just as lively, although pinned down upon a piece of bark. At night a mouse ate off its head and the legs on one side. The next night the mouse ate off its tail and more legs, but it continued as lively as ever. On the third day a bird scooped down upon the table before our tent and carried it away, and possibly managed to extinguish the vivacious remains of the mantis in its stomach, but I would not say.

We had in one part of the country a small house-ant of not half an inch long, that was found on almost every twig of a bush, or hole of a tree. It would jump down our backs, when, as often was the case in hot weather, we had our shirt-necks open, and would kick and sting away until we had destroyed him. This ant was an admirable fly-catcher, and would dart at a fly many yards, and would strike it with unerring precision. Frequently it would dart down from the roof of the tent, as I sat reading; and strike at a capital letter on my open book, taking it for a fly. The ants by myriads, and of many species, are always traveling up and down the Australian trees. I suppose they puncture the tender shoots at the top and suck the juices. Probably this is the cause that at a particular season of the year the manna gum-tree scatters down its manna. As many of these trees are some hundreds of feet high, the daily journeys of these ants is considerable, but as the concentric rings in the stems of these trees make it probable that some of them have lived for 1,000 years or more, I expect such armies of ants have been marching up and down them for the same long period. It would require a large volume to give you an idea of the various and showy birds of Australia. I may tell you two little facts.

We used to be much amused with the family life of a gray bird, I believe a sort of gray magpie. These birds seemed never to produce more than one young one at a time, but then father and mother, uncles and aunts, joined in feeding it, and making a great fuss over it. You could always know where one of these much-rejoiced-over young birds was, by the clamor and cackling of the assembled relatives, as of a lot of barn-door fowl.

In once digging for gold, that lay near the surface, we came upon a small bush containing the nest of a little bird called the "splendid warbler;" it was full of young ones; the father, a gay, fine fellow, brilliant with a variety of colors, but a very great coward, scarcely dared come near us, but three or four brown little birds—I suppose the mother and her sisters, or eldest daughters—fed the young without caring for us. We were so much amused by them that we would not disturb the bush till they had flown, but went on to another place. As soon as we thought the young ones had flown we returned to dig up the bush, but a party of Mormons, from California, had saved us that trouble. We asked them how much gold they found under the bush, and they said four ounces. Four ounces at four pounds sterling an ounce. So we had lost sixteen pounds sterling, not wishing to disturb the warbler's family; but we did not regret it, for they had given us more than that amount of amusement by their proceedings.

Sir John Lubbock of late years has been studying the habits and instincts of bees and ants. I am afraid, however, that he has been doing in entomology what Niebuhr did in history, and rent away a good deal of fact along with actual myth. I think that there is a vast deal that is wonderful in these insects. It always astonishes me to see a young swarm of bees one day put into a new hive, and perhaps carried away to a new place; the next day fly off far and wide over the fields, load themselves with wax and honey, and come back with the rapidity almost of rays of light—come direct to the new hive, though it stand among a dozen others, without mistake or circumlocution; dart past, not only houses among trees, but moving objects;—pass you as you stand near the hive, hundreds of them at a time, yet neither strike you nor each other, though thus concentrating their flight to a point. Independently of their geometric skill in constructing their cells, this seems to me marvelous. And if they fly, as Sir John Lubbock supposes, by scent, what noses they must have!

An old friend of mine, an enthusiastic philo-apian, told me that being at a friend's house one dry summer, when all the field flowers were nearly scorched up, he saw thousands of bees busy in a field of clover then in bloom.

"I wish my bees were here," said my friend.

"Probably they are," replied the gentleman.

"What, at forty miles distance?"

"Yes," said his friend. "On your return homedredge the backs of your bees with flour as the issue from the hives in the morning, and we shall see."

This was done, and his friend wrote to him directly: "There are plenty of your white-jacket bees here in the clover."

But whatever is the fact with bees, ants follow their noses much more than their eyes. In my garden I saw a train of ants ascending an apple tree; go up by one track, and descend by another. As in ascending they passed between two small shoots that sprung from the bole, I stopped the passage with a piece of bark. The ants did not see this obstruction with their eyes, but ran bump against it, and stood still, astonished. Soon a crowd of them had thus been suddenly stopped and were anxiously searching about for a passage. By various successive starts forward, they eventually got around the obstruction and reached the track on the other side. The line of scent was renewed and thenceforward, on arriving at the barricade they went, without a moment's hesitation, by the circular track. I then took my penknife and par away a piece of the outer bark on the open bank where the ants were descending. The effect was the same. The scent being taken away, the army came to a dead stand, and there was the same confused crowd, and the same spasmodic attempts to regain the road, which being effected in the same way, the scent was carried over the shaved part of the bark, and the train ran on as freely as before.

We have a large black wood-ant in England, and probably you have one similar in America. It makes in the woods heaps of small dead twigs, so large as a cart-load. This mound of twigs is a cylinder of ants, almost one living mass. Turn aside a few of the outer twigs, and hundreds of ants are made visible, in a state of great agitation. Put the point of your stick near them, and they will sit up, as if sitting in chairs, and bite and fight your stick lustily.

In my teens I went to ramble much about Shroton Wood Forest, the scene of Robin Hood's exploits. Near the town of Mansfield, on the forest, was a wood called Harlowe Wood. In this I saw a legion of these wood-ants following a track burnt quite bare, as if by the formic acid of their bodies. I followed this line for about a furlong, to ascertain whither the ants were going. At that distance they wheeled around and returned to their nest, without any apparent cause for this march that I could discover. There must, of course, have been a more

for it,—of food or moisture, or something,—but I could detect none. Nearly twenty years afterward, having paid a casual visit to my old haunts, in crossing this wood, to my astonishment, I came upon this line of ants proceeding from their nest to this very same spot, and back again, with as little visible cause as ever; and though it is very many years since that last visit, I feel persuaded that if that wood be not destroyed, the same line of ants is at this day making the same march to the same spot, and thence returning.

Probably the object may be to capture insects that cross their line of march; but they never

seemed to pause or quit the exact track, or to show any disorder, as if engaged in looking out for or securing prey.

I send these desultory remarks, knowing the interest that a young naturalist takes in the smallest characteristics of animal life. A son of ours, as a boy, could tell you every mason-bee's abode in an old wall where there were hundreds; and, afterward, had a pleasure in, and sympathy with, every creature that existed near him.

May you live, learn, enjoy, and make known much of the hidden knowledge of God's humble creatures.—Your friend, WILLIAM HOWITT.

KATINKA.

(A Russian Story.)

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.



“SHE WOULD CATCH UP HER LITTLE SISTER LISA AND RUN HOME.”

KATINKA was tired, and lonely too. All day long, and for many days together, she had plied her distaff busily, drawing out the thread finer and finer from the great bunches of flax, which she herself had gathered and dried, till the birch-bark basket at her feet was almost filled with firm, well-taped “twists,” and the sticks in the great earthen pkin, upon which the thread must be wound, grew fewer and fewer.

The tips of her fingers were sore, and it was dull work with no one to speak to except her faithful cat, Dimitri, who was never content when he saw his mistress working, unless he had a ball of thread for himself; and as she looked about her cheerless little room, so lonely now, she thought of the days when a kind mother had been near to lighten every duty; and joyous, merry children had been her companions in all childish sports. She hated the

tiresome flax now, but *then* the happiest days were spent in the great flax-fields, playing at "hide-and-seek" up and down the paths the reapers made. And when the summer showers came pelting down, how she would catch up her little sister Lisa and run home with her "pick-a-back," while neighbor Voscovitch's children laughed and shouted after her as she ran. Ah, those were happy days! But now mother and sister were gone! Only she and her father were left in the little home, and she had to work *so* hard! She did wish that her life was different; that she was not poor, lonely Katinka, the peasant maid, any more. Oh! why could she not be like the rich Lady Feodorovna instead, whose father, Count Vassilivitch, owned nearly all the houses and land from Tver to Torjok, and had more than three hundred serfs on his estate.

Now, Katinka's father, Ivan Rassaloff, was only an *istroatchick** (sneeze, my dears, and you can say it nicely), and owned nothing but a rickety old *drosky*† and Todeloff, a sturdy little Cossack pony, and drove travelers here and there for a few *kopecks*‡ a trip. But he saved money, and Katinka helped him to earn more; and one of these days, when they could sell the beautiful lace flounce, on which she had been working during all her odd moments for three years, and which was very nearly finished, they would be rich indeed. Besides, the *isba* (cottage) was not really so bad, and it was all their own; and then there was always Dimitri to talk to, who surely seemed to understand everything she said. So a smile chased away the gathering frown, and this time she looked around the little room quite contentedly.

Shall I tell you what the *isba* was like, that you may know how the poor people live in Russia? It was built of *balks* (great beams or rafters), laid horizontally one above the other, the ends crossing at each corner of the building; and it had a pointed roof, somewhat like that of a Swiss *chalet*. Inside, the chinks were filled with moss and lime, to keep out the cold. It contained only one room; but a great canvas curtain hung from the roof, which by night divided the room in two, but by day was drawn aside.

There was a deal table, holding some earthenware pipkins, jars, and a *samorar* (tea-urn),—for even the poorest peasants have an urn, and drink tea at least three times a day; a deal settee, on which lay the winter store of flax; Katinka's distaff, and the curious candlestick which Russian peasants use. This is a tall wooden upright, fastened to a sort of trough, or hollowed log of birch-wood, to keep it erect. To the top an iron cross-bar is attached (which can be raised or lowered at

will), having at the end a small bowl containing oil and a floating wick, which burns brightly for several hours, and is easily lowered and refilled; while the wooden trough below catches the drip.

But the most curious thing in the room was the stove. It was made of sheet-iron, and very large, with a door at one end, into which whole logs of wood could be put at once; it was oblong, and flared on the top, like a great black trunk; and on the flat top, with the fire smoldering away beneath it, Ivan always slept at night in winter; and sometimes, when it was very cold, Katinka would bring her sheepskin blanket and sleep there too. Not one Russian *isba* in fifty contains a bed; where there is a large family, father, mother, and little children all crowd upon the top of the stove in winter, and in summer they roll themselves upon their blankets and sleep outside, by the door!

The lamp was lighted and shone brightly on Katinka, who made quite a pretty picture as she rested awhile from her work to speak to Dimitri. She wore a white chemise with very full, long sleeves, and over it a *sarafane* of red linen with short boddice and shoulder straps of dark blue. On her head she had tied a gay-colored kerchief to keep the dust of the flax from her glossy black hair, which hung in a single heavy braid far down her back. One of these days, if she should marry, she would have to divide it in two braids, and wear a kerchief always.

Her shoes were braided, in a kind of basket-work of strips of birch-bark, very pliant and comfortable, though rather clumsy in appearance.

All the day Katinka had been thinking of something which Ivan had told her in the morning about their neighbor, Nicholas Paloffsky, and his poor, motherless little ones. The mother had been ill for a long, long time, and Nicholas had spent all he could earn in buying medicines and good food for her, but they could not save her life. Then, when she died, Nicholas was both father and mother to the little ones for months; but, at last, he too fell ill, and now there was no one to assist him.

Besides, he did not own his *isba*, and, if the rent were not paid the very next day, the *starosta* (landlord) would turn him and his little ones out-of-door, bitter winter though it was.

That was fearful! But what could she do to help him? Suddenly there flashed across her mind a thought of her beautiful lace flounce, on which she had worked till she loved every thread of it, and in whose meshes she had woven many a bright fancy about the spending of the silver roubles that would be hers when she sold it. She had intended to buy a scarlet *cusackan* (jacket) with gold embroidery,

* *Drosky-driver*, or cab-man.

† *Drosky*, or *droitschka*, a four-wheeled pleasure carriage.

‡ A *kopek* is a coin worth about a cent of American money.

roidery, and a new drosky for her father, so that his passengers might give him more kopecks for a ride. But other plans came to her mind now.

Just then, Ivan came home hungry; and as she hastened to prepare his supper of tea and black bread and raw carrots, and a kind of mushroom stewed in oil, she almost forgot neighbor Nicholas

hands, and a silver crucifix hanging from his girdle, who, on reaching the church to which he bade Ivan drive quickly, gave him his blessing—and nothing more! So Ivan's pockets were empty, and the pony must go without his supper, unless Katinka had some dried fish for him.

Katinka, who had a tender heart for all animals,



KATINKA AND DIMITRI.

was sitting idle waiting on her father, who was always so glad to come home to her and his snug, warm room.

But to-night, for a wonder, he was cross. All day he had waited in the cold, bleak public square at Torjok, beating his arms and feet to keep himself warm; and occasionally, I fear, beating his patient little pony for the same reason. Not a "fare" did he come near him, except a fat priest, in a purple gown and broad-brimmed hat, with long, flowing hair and beard, a gold-mounted staff in his

hand, who carried a great bowlful of fish out to Todeloff, who nibbled it eagerly; for ponies in Russia, especially those that are brought from Iceland, consider dried fish a great delicacy, and in winter often live on it for weeks together. Then she gave him a "good-night kiss" on the little white spot on his nose, and he whispered, "Now I don't mind the beatings I had to day!"—at least I think he must have meant to say that when he whinnied so close to her ear.

When she went back to the house, Ivan was already wrapped up in his sheep-skin blanket on top of the stove, and snoring lustily; so she lowered the curtain and crept softly into her little corner behind it. But she could not sleep, for her mind was disturbed by thoughts of neighbor Nicholas, whose little ones perhaps were hungry; and at last she arose, filled and lighted the tall lamp, then unrolled her precious founce, and worked steadily at it till, when morning came, only one little sprig remained undone, and her doubts as to what she should do with it were dispelled in the bright sunlight.

After breakfast, which she made ready as briskly as though she had slept soundly all night, she said:

"Father, let me be your first fare to-day, and perhaps I may bring you good luck. Will you drive me to the Lady Feodorovna's?"

"What in the world do you want there, Katinka?" said her father, wonderingly.

"To ask if she will buy my lace," said Katinka. "She has so many beautiful dresses, surely she will find a place on one for my founce."

"Ha!" said Ivan, "then we will have a feast. You shall make a cake of white flour and honey, and we will not eat 'black-brod' for a month! But what will we do with so much money, my child?"

Katinka hesitated a moment; then said, shyly: "Pay Nicholas Paloffsky's rent, and send the Torjok doctor to cure him. May I, father?" she added, entreatingly, forgetting that the money would be her own.

"Hum-m-m!" said Ivan; "we shall see. But go now and prepare for your drive, for Todeloff does not like to wait."

Katinka was soon ready. With her sheep-skin jacket, hat and boots, she did not fear the cold; and mounting the drosky, they drove rapidly toward Count Vassilivitch's beautiful home, not fearing to leave their little isba alone, for the neighbors all were honest, and, besides, there was nothing to steal!

A drive of four versts (about three miles) brought them to their journey's end, and Katinka's heart beat anxiously as the old drosky rattled up through the court-yard to the grand hall-door; but she went bravely up to the fine porter, and asked to see Lady Feodorovna.

"*Bosja moia!*" (bless me) "what do *you* want with my lady?" asked the gorgeous Russ who, in his crimson and gold livery, serf though he was, looked scornfully down on free Katinka, in her poor little sheep-skin jacket.

I think Katinka would scarcely have found courage to answer him, but, luckily, his lady crossed the hall just then, and seeing Katinka, kindly

beckoned her to enter, leading the way to her own especial apartment.

"What do you wish with me?" she asked kindly. But Katinka was too bewildered by the splendor on every side to answer as she should.

Truly it appeared like fairy-land to the young peasant maid. The room was long and very lofty; the ceiling, one great beautiful picture; the floor had no carpet, but was inlaid with different kinds of wood in many curious patterns; the walls were covered with blue flowered silk, on which mirrors and lovely pictures were hung alternately; while beautiful statues, and luxurious couches covered with blue damask, added to the elegance and comfort of the room.

There was no big, clumsy stove to be seen (for in the houses of the rich, in a recess in each room is a kind of oven, in which a great wood fire is allowed to smolder all day), but a delicious feeling of warmth prevailed, and a soft, sweet perfume floated on the air.

At last, Katinka's eyes rested on the fair lady in her soft, fleecy gown of white (for even in winter Russian ladies wear the thinnest summer dresses in the house), and she said, softly:

"I think this is heaven, and surely you are like an angel!"

"Not an angel," said Lady Feodorovna, smiling; "but perhaps a good fairy. Have you a wish, pretty maid?"

"Indeed, yes," replied Katinka. "I wish, wish, wish you must always make a wish to a fairy three times) you would buy my lace founce. See!"—and she unrolled it hurriedly from out the clean linen cloth in which it was wrapped. "It is fair and white, though I have worked on it for three years, and it is all finished but this one little sprig. I could not wait for that; I want the money so much. Will you buy it?"

"What is the price?" asked the lady, who said that it was indeed a beautiful piece of work.

"Ninety roubles" (about seventy-five dollars) said Katinka, almost in a whisper, as if she feared to name so great a sum aloud, though she knew the lace was worth it.

"Why, what will you do with so many roubles?" asked the lady, not curiously, but in such a good fairy way, that Katinka said:

"Surely I need not fear to tell you. But it is long story. Will you kindly listen to it all?"

"Yes, gladly; sit here," and Feodorovna pointed to one of the beautiful blue couches, on the extreme edge of which Katinka sat down timidly, making a very funny picture in her gray sheep-skin jacket and scarlet gown. "Now tell me, first, your name."

"Katinka Rassaloff, *barishna* (lady), daughter

of Ivan, peasants from beyond Torjok. Beside us lives a good man, Nicholas Paloffsky, who is ill and so poor. He has four little children, and many a day I have divided my supper with them, and yet I fear they are often hungry. The baby cries all day, for there is no mother to care for it, and the cries trouble the poor father, who can do nothing to help. Besides, unless the rent is paid to-morrow, they must leave their isba. Think of that, lady!—no home in this bitter winter weather! no shelter for the baby! Ah, buy my lace, that I may help them!" replied Katinka, earnestly.

Without speaking, Lady Feodorovna rose and

that he could not get it shut in time to say a word, but opened his eyes instead to keep it company, and stood looking after her till she was seated in the drosky. Then Ivan "flied" Todeloff, who kicked up his heels and rattled out of the courtyard in fine style. When they were out of sight, the porter found he could say "*bosja moia*" again, so he said it; and feeling much relieved, was gradually getting back to his usual dignified manner, when his lady came tripping down the stairs, wrapped in a beautiful long sable mantle, bidding him order her sledge, and one for her maid, to be brought to the door at once.



ON THE WAY TO POLOFFSKY'S COTTAGE.

went to a beautiful cabinet, unlocked the door with a tiny gold key, which was suspended by a chain to her girdle, took out a roll of silver roubles, and hid them in Katinka's lap.

"There," said she, "are one hundred roubles. Are you content?"

Katinka took the soft white hand in hers and kissed it, while such a happy smile lighted up her face that the "good fairy" needed no other answer.

"Hasten away, Katinka," she said; "perhaps you may see me soon again."

Katinka courtesied deeply, then almost flew out the great hall-door, so startling the grand porter, who had his mouth wide open ready to scold her,

When the sledges were brought, Lady Feodorovna entered hers and drew the soft, white bear-skin robe around her, while her maid threw over her fur hood a fine, fleecy scarf of white wool. Then the maid put numberless packages, small and great, into the foot of the other sledge, leaving only just room to put herself in afterward.

While they are waiting there, I must tell you what Lady Feodorovna's sledge was like. It was built something like our "one seat Boston cutters," except that the back was higher, with a carved wooden ornament on top; there was no "dash-board," but the runners came far up in a curve at the front, and where they joined was another splen-

did ornament of wood gilded, and surmounted by a gilded eagle with outspread wings.

The body of the sledge was of rosewood, and in the front was a beautiful painting of Cupid, the little "love-god," and his mamma. The other sledge, which had a silver swan at the front, was not quite so fine, though the shape was the same.

There were no horses to draw these sledges, but behind each stood a servant in fur jacket, cap and boots, with a pair of skates hung over his shoulder.

"I wish to go to the isba of Paloffsky, the peasant, beyond Torjok; we will go the shorter way, by the river," said Lady Feodorovna. "Hasten!"

Then the servants each gave a great push, and the sledges started off so quickly and lightly down the slope to the river that they could scarcely keep up with them. When they reached the banks of the Blankow, which flowed past the Count's grounds, and was frozen over for miles, the servants stooped and put on their skates, binding them by long straps over their feet and round and round their ankles. Then they started down the river, and, oh! how they flew! while the sledges, with their gorgeous birds, fairly sparkled in the sunlight.

Sooner almost than I can tell it they had reached their journey's end; the skates were unstrapped, and the sledges drawn up the bank to the door of the little isba, which Lady Feodorovna entered, followed by the maid with the bundles.

A sad picture met their eyes. Poor Nicholas sat on a bench by the stove, wrapped up in his sheepskin blanket, looking so pale and thin that he scarcely seemed alive; on his knee lay the hungry baby, biting his little fist because he had nothing else to bite, while on the floor beside him sat a little three-year-old fellow crying bitterly, whom a sad little elder sister was trying to comfort.

Nicholas looked up as the door opened, but did not speak, as the strange lady advanced, and bade her maid open the packages and put their contents on the table. How the children stared! The little one stopped crying and crept up to the table, followed shyly by his sister. Then the maid put a dainty white bread roll in each little hand. Then she took the baby gently from off the poor, tired father's knee, and gave it spoonful after spoonful of sweet, pure milk, till its little pinched cheeks seemed fairly to grow full and rosy, and it gave a satisfied little "coo—o," that would have done your hearts good to hear.

Meanwhile, Lady Feodorovna went up to Nicholas and said, softly:

"Look at your little ones! they are happy now! Can you not rouse up and drink this good bowl of soup? It is warm yet, and will do you good. Drink, then I will tell you some good news."

Nicholas took the bowl which she held toward him, but his hand trembled so that it would have fallen if she had not herself held it to his lips. As he tasted the warm, nourishing soup, new life seemed to come to him, and he grasped the bowl eagerly, drinking till the last drop was gone, then looking up with a grateful smile, he said, simply:

"Ah! we were so hungry, my little ones and I. Thanks, *barishna*."

"Now for my good news!" said the lady. "Here is the money for your rent; and here are ten roubles more, for clothes for your little ones. The food there is sufficient for to-day; to-morrow I will send you more. Do not thank me," she added, as Nicholas tried to speak; "you must thank Katinka Rassaloff for it all."

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and little Todeloff came prancing merrily up to the door, shaking his head and rattling the little bell on his *douga* (the great wooden arch that all Russian horses have attached to their collars), as proudly as if he had the finest drosky in all St. Petersburg behind him.

Katinka jumped quickly down, and entering the little isba, stood fairly speechless at seeing Lady Feodorovna, whom she had left so shortly before in her own beautiful home.

"Ah, Katinka! I have stolen a march on you, said the good fairy. "There is nothing you can do here."

"Is there not?" said Katinka. "See! here is the *starosta's* receipt for a year's rent, and there, turning toward the door as a venerable old man entered, "is the Torjok doctor, who has come to make neighbor Nicholas well."

I must tell you what the doctor was like. He wore a long, fur coat with wide sleeves, fur boots and a great pair of fur gloves, so that he looked almost like a big bear standing up. He wore queer blue spectacles, and from under a little black velvet cap, long, silky, white hair fell over his shoulders, and his white beard nearly reached to his waist.

The doctor walked up to Nicholas, put his hands on his knees, stooped and looked gravely at him, then rising, turned sharply to Katinka, saying:

"There is no sick one here! Why did you bring me so far for nothing? But it is two roubles all the same."

"Here are the roubles," said Katinka, "and am very glad we do not want you;" which was not at all polite of her.

Then, too, Ivan had driven off in search of passengers, so the poor doctor had to walk nearly verst (about three-fourths of a mile), through the snow, back to Torjok, which made him growl like a real bear all the way.

Katinka went shyly up to Nicholas, who was frowning crossly at her, and said :

"Are you angry with me? Do not frown so, I beg. Well, frown if you will! the children do not, and I did it all for them; I love them!" and she caught up baby Demetrius and buried her face in his curly hair to hide a tear that would come; for she felt grieved that Nicholas did not thank her, even with a smile, for what she had done.

When she looked up Lady Feodorovna and her maid were gone, and Nicholas stood before her holding little Noviska by one hand, while two-year-old Tottleben (that is a real Russian name, though perhaps you did not know it), clung to his knee.

"Katinka," said Nicholas, gently, "now I can thank you with all my heart, though I cannot find words to speak my thanks. Let the children kiss me for it all; that is best."

Katinka kissed the children heartily, then she laid down the baby and opened the door, but Nich-

Then Katinka hastened to brush her pretty hair, and put on her best *sarafane* (dress), with the scarlet embroidered boddice and straps, and was all ready when Ivan came in, to tell him of their invitation, and help him make his toilet.

"I must have my hair cut," said Ivan, seating himself on a bench, while Katinka tied a band around his head, fastening it over his forehead, then got a great pair of shears and cut his hair straight round by the band. (Even the barbers always cut by these bands, and I do not think one of them could have done it better.) Then, like a good little Russian daughter that she was, Katinka took a bit of tallow candle and rubbed it on her father's hair to keep it smooth, belted down his gray flannel blouse, and handed him his sheepskin jacket, with a hint that it was high time for them to be off.

When the guests entered his *isba*, Nicholas kissed Ivan,—for that is always the custom be-



THE FEAST.

his face was sober then, though his eyes still glistened as he said :

"Come back to tea, Katinka, and bring Ivan with you, and our young neighbor Alexis, who often is angry, we will have a feast of all these good things."

"*Horro sha*" (very well), said Katinka, then ran quickly home.

Dimitri met her at the door, crying piteously.

"Poor pussy!" cried Katinka; "you have had nothing to eat all day! What a shame!"

"Miauw!" said Dimitri to that.

"Never mind, pussy; you shall have all my supper and father's too, for we are invited out to tea, and must not eat anything now."

"Miauw, miauw," said pussy to that, and scampered away to his bowl to be all ready for his fish, milk, and sour cabbage soup (think of that for a feast! but he liked it), that he knew was coming.

tween Russian men who are friends,—then he called to Alexis :

"Heads up, my boy! and help me with the supper."

Alexis, who was turning somersaults in his joy, came right side up with a spring, and soon the feast was on the table, and the four wooden benches drawn up around it.

Ivan and Nicholas had each a bench for himself; Alexis sat beside Katinka, while Noviska and Tottleben were placed on the remaining bench.

Katinka had wrapped baby Demetrius up in his little lamb-skin blanket, and laid him on the top of the stove, where he fell asleep while she was patting his soft cheek.

What appetites they all had! and how quickly the good things disappeared! wine-soup and grouse; cheese-cakes and honey; white rolls and sweet cream cakes ("Charlotte de Russe" perhaps—what

do you think?) vanished almost as if by magic, till at last there was only a bowl of cream left. Alexis—who had acted as waiter, removing all the empty dishes in turn—placed this in the middle of the table, giving to each one a birch-wood spoon and refilling the *glasses* with tea; then he sat down by Katinka again at the plain uncovered table.

(Do you know anything about Russian tea, children? It is made very strong and is drunk always from glasses instead of cups, and so hot that it would bring tears from the eyes of any one but a Russian. Milk is not used; a slice of lemon instead floats on the top. Sugar is never put in the glass, but tea-drinkers hold a lump between their teeth, and then drink the tea through the sugar! Even very little children are given strong tea to drink as

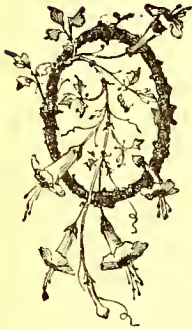
soon as they have teeth to hold the sugar, and they seem to thrive on it.)

There was much to talk about. Nicholas had very, very hard time in persuading Katinka to take the rent money which the grand lady had left, of which he protested he no longer needed, since the landlord was paid, and he already felt well enough to work. Katinka, in her turn, had to laugh at the jokes of Alexis, who was really a funny boy when he was not hungry; Tottleben had to sing his funny little child-song; and Ivan had to tell Nicholas of Todeloff's wonderful ways.

And here we must leave them—a happy, grateful party, though Nicholas still looked pale and feeble, and the company-boy had eaten so tremendous that Ivan still was staring at him with astonishment.

BUDGE'S STORY OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."



H, Toddie,—where *do* you think I've been? I've been to the Centennial! Papa woke me up when it was all dark, and we rode in railroad-cars and horse-cars before it was light; that's the way *men* do, Tod, an' it's lots of fun. My! did n't I do lots of railroad-riding before I got to the Centennial! An' all along the road I saw piles of big sticks laid crosswise ever so nice,

so they looked just like the picture in the big Bible of the altar that Abraham put Isaac on, you know, and I thought they *was* altars, an' after I thought about what lots of little boys there must be going to be burned up in that country, and asked papa about it, he said they was n't altars at all, but only just piles of railroad ties—was n't it too bad! And I crossed the Delaware at Trenton, too, just like George Washington, but 't was n't a bit like the pictures in the history-book that papa reads out of, and nobody there had on hats a bit like Washington's.

But I tell *you* the Centennial was nice; every little while we'd come right up to a place where they sold pop-corn balls, and they made 'em as

easy—why, a little thing went down, an' a little thing came up, and there was a pop-corn ball in a second. An' then they made people pay a cent for 'em! I think 't was real mean; I work a hundred times that much for a penny when I keep my clothes clean all day.

But, oh, if you only could see the big engine in Machinery Hall! I don't see how the Lord can do more than *that* engine; it turns all sorts of wheels and machines, an' don't make a bit of noise about it, an' it don't ever get tired. An' the water—well, if *we* lived in Machinery Hall I guess papa wouldn't ever scold us for leaving faucets open an' wain water, for there's dozens of great big pipes that don't do anything but spout out water. An' there was a whole lot of locomotives, but they had no men in 'em, so you could walk around 'em and look at 'em without anybody sizzin' steam out at you.

An' do you know, papa says all the steam engines and locomotives in the world began by a little Watts boy playing with the tea-kettle on his mamma's stove; he saw that when there got to be a lot of steam inside of the kettle, it pushed the top off, an' that little boy thought to himself, Why couldn't steam push up something that was useful? But if we was to go in the kitchen an' see what the tea

tle would do, then Bridget would say, "Ah, go y an' no't ye be meddlin' wid fings." I guess world was a nicer place for boys when that little ttt's boy was alive.

was awful disappointed in the Centennial, ough; I thought there'd be lots of color there, my centennial garters is *all* color,—red, an' te, an' blue, an' nothin' else but Inja-rubber, the houses was most all just the color of mud-s, except Aggerycultural Hall, an' the top of t was only green, an' I don't think that's a very tty color. It was nicer inside of the houses, ough; there was one of them that papa said had re than twenty-two miles of walks in it; I guess re was, cos we was in it more than an hour, an' b funny things! You ought to see a mummy, d,—I guess you would n't ever want to die after t, but papa said their spirits was n't in 'em any re,—I should n't think they would be, if they tted to look nice. You know mamma's opal ;?—well, papa lifted me up and showed me the gest opal in the world, and 't was nearly as pretty he inside of our big sea-shell.

know what *you'd* have liked,—there was a ure of Goliath, an' David had chopped his head an' he was a-holdin' it up,—I think he *ought* to e had his head chopped off if he looked as hor- as that. An' I saw Circe, and the pigs all ealing to her to turn 'em back into men again, e really believe I *heard* 'em squeal,—an' Circe a sat there lookin' like Bridget does when she t give us more cake. It made me feel *dreadful* think there was men inside of those pigs.

ut what bothered *me* was, every once in a while would come to a place where they sold cakes, then papa would hurry right past; I kept show- him the cakes, but he would go along, and he t just the same thing at the places where they le candy, only he stopped at one place where v was making chocolate candy, an' grindin' the colate all up so that it looked like mud, an' he t, "*Is n't* that disgustin'?" Well, it *did n't* e *very* nice.

here was a whole lot of things from Egypt, e Joseph and Moses lived, you know, and all and the wall was pictures of houses in Egypt, e asked papa which of 'em Pharaoh lived in, an' e two or three people close to us looked at me aughed out loud, an' I asked papa what they ed for, an' he said he guessed it was because lked so loud; I *do* think little boys have an d lot of bothers in this world, an' big people eal ugly to 'em; but papa took me away from e, an' I got some candy at last, an' I think s about time.

hen we saw lots of animals, an' birds, an' fishes, e they was n't alive, an' I was walkin' along

thinkin' that I wished we could see somebody we knew, when all of a sudden I saw a turtle, just like ours. I just screamed right out, an' I liked to have cried, I was so glad. That was in the Gov'ment Building, I believe papa called it; an' I saw all the kinds of things they kill people with in wars, an' a man on a horse that was just like papa was when he was a soldier,—I guess you would n't want to run up to *him* an' ask him what he'd brought you, he looked so awful. An' just outside the door of that house was a big god like the heathens make an' pray to. I should think they *would* keep him out-of-doors, he was so awful ugly—why, I would n't say my prayers to him if I did n't *ever* get anything. I asked papa if the god was standin' there while he made a heaven for himself, an' papa said I'd have to ask Mr. Huxley about that; I don't know any Mr. Huxley, do you?

Then we saw the Japanese things,—I knew *them* right away, cos they always look like things that you don't ever see anywhere else. One of the things was a man sittin' on a cow, an' papa read a card hangin' on it—"Shoki, punisher ofimps and bad boys," an' then he said, "You'd better behave yourself, Budge, for that old chap is looking for *you*." I did n't think he looked *shockey* a bit, an' I just told papa so, and then a lady laughed an' said I was a smart boy, as if it was anything very smart not to be afraid of a little old iron man on an iron cow!

You just ought to see how people looks inside of 'em; I saw some people that was cutted open, only they was n't real people, but just made of mortar. You'd just get tired to see what lots of funny places bread an' butter an' apples have to go in us before they turn into little boy, and how there's four little boxes in our hearts that keep openin' an' shuttin' lots of times every minute without the hinges ever comin' loose an' lettin' the covers drop off, like they do in our toy-boxes.

You never saw such lots of pictures; there was rooms, an' rooms, an' rooms, an' each one of them was as lovely as Mr. Brown's barn was when the circus pictures was all over it. There was one big picture that papa said was all about a lady named Cornaro, that was stole away from her home, and the people that stole her tried to make her happy by givin' her nice things, but the picture looked so much like a lovely big rug that I wanted to get up there an' lie down an' roll on it. An' then there was the *awfullest* picture of a whole lot of little boys—not so very little, either—that was crucified to keep the Lord from bein' angry. I tell *you*. I just said a little prayer right away, an' told the Lord that I was glad *I* was n't a little boy then, if that was the kind of things they done to 'em. I guess I know what people mean now, when they say

they've got the blues, cos that dreadful picture was blue all over.

I think comin' home was about as nice as anything, though, cos boys kept comin' through the cars with bananas, an' figs, an' peanuts, an' apples, an' cakes, an' papa bought me everything I wanted, an' a lovely lady sat in the seat with us an' told about a picture of Columbus's sailors kneelin' down an' beggin' him to forgive 'em for bein' so bad, just like mamma reads to us out of the history-book. An' then another lady sat in the seat with us, but she was n't so nice, cos she said "Sontennial,"—I think big folks ought to know how to talk plainer than that. An' papa said he'd go out a minute or two, an' I was thinkin' what a great traveler I was gettin' to be, an' how I knew most everything now I'd been to the Centennial, an' how I was smart enough to be a big man right away, an' what lots of things I'd do, and how I'd have every-

thing nice I wanted to, like big men do, when at once I got afraid we'd gone off an' left papa, then I got to be a little boy right away again, an' cried, an' when papa got back I just jumped in lap an' thought I'd rather stay a little boy.

I'm awful sorry you was n't there, too, Tod, but papa said such a little boy as you could n't do much walkin'. An' I asked papa when there'd be one that you'd be big enough to go to, and he said, "Not for a hundred years." Gracious Peter, I knew you'd be dead before then. But you see a centennial even if you die, cos the Lord is ever everything nice in heaven, an' centennials are nice so there'll be lots of 'em there, an' you wont get tired a bit lookin' at 'em, an' I don't believe the angels'll laugh at you when you say things, an' you wont be dragged past all the cake and can't get places, so I guess you'll have a good time, even if you was n't with us.

THE STARS FOR JANUARY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is very pleasant to know the stars—to be able, like Milton's hermit, to

"Sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show."

And it is not at all difficult to learn all the chief star-groups,—or constellations, as they are called,—if only the learner goes properly to work. Perhaps I ought rather to say, if the *teacher* goes properly to work. I remember, when I was a boy about twelve years old, being very much perplexed by the books of astronomy, and the star-charts, from which I tried to learn the stars. There was "Bonycastle's Astronomy," with a very pretty picture of one constellation,—Andromeda,—in which, if one looked very carefully, one could perceive stars, though these were nearly lost in the carefully shaded picture of the Chained Lady herself. Another book which I found in my father's library showed a series of neat pictures of all the chief constellations, but gave no clear information as to their whereabouts. And the charts which I found

were not at all easy to understand, being, in fact, the usual star-charts, which give no informati-



FIG. 1.

whatever about the places of star-groups *on the sky* of any place or at any time. So that it was only

working my way from the Great Bear to constellations close by it, then to others close by these, and so on, that I slowly learned the chief star-groups. The object of the series of maps which are now about to be given, month by month (in pairs), is to remove this difficulty for the young astronomers of America. The maps are made specially for America, and for the particular month to which each pair belongs. For instance, they would not be right for London (as, indeed, some writing on each map shows); nor would the January maps which appear in the present number of this magazine be of the least use for me or July.

The two maps printed on pages 168 and 169 show what stars can be seen toward the north, and what stars toward the south, at a certain convenient hour during every night in January. This hour varies, night by night. On January 1st, the hour which the stars shown in these maps can be seen in the position shown will be about a quarter past nine in the evening; on January 2, about seven minutes past nine; on January 3, about seven minutes past nine, and so on earlier and earlier each night: on January 5, at nine; January 8, at a quarter to nine; January 12, half past eight; January 16, a quarter past eight; January 20, eight o'clock; January 23, a quarter to eight; January 27, half past seven; and January 31, a quarter past seven.

Before describing the maps for the month, it will be well for me to note that the black part of each map shows the sky as it would be seen (toward the north in Map I., toward the south in Map II.) by observers living in Philadelphia or in the same latitude. This is nearly correct (quite sufficiently for the purpose of these maps) for New York, New Orleans, Washington, Cincinnati, and all places near or nearly on the same latitude as any of those named. The horizon for Boston, Chicago, and other places nearly in that latitude, is shown *below* the horizon of Philadelphia in the northern map, and *above* that horizon in the southern map. The horizon for Louisville, and places nearly in the same latitude, is shown *above* the horizon of Philadelphia in the northern map, and *below* that horizon in the southern map. The horizon of New Orleans forms the lower limit of the southern map, and is seen in the northern map high above the horizon of Boston. It is to show the young American astronomer that notably American skies differ from English. The horizon of London is shown below the lower limit of the northern map, and high above the

horizon of Boston in the southern map. The point overhead, of course, varies just as the horizon varies. Its position for Philadelphia and Boston is shown in each map; its position for London (England) in the northern map, and for New Orleans in the southern.

In each map the Latin names of the constellations are given; but in the description of each map the English names will be given, and a few remarks on each constellation. The Greek letters used by astronomers are also given; and the young learner who may not happen to know the Greek alphabet, will do well to learn the names of the Greek letters, as follows:

α	is called Alpha	ν	is called Nu
β	“ Bêta	ξ	“ Xi
γ	“ Gamma	\omicron	“ Omicron
δ	“ Delta	π	“ Pi
ϵ	“ Epsilon	ρ	“ Rho
ζ	“ Zêta	σ	“ Sigma
η	“ Eta	τ	“ Tau
θ	“ Thêta	υ	“ Upsilon
ι	“ Iôta	ϕ	“ Phi
κ	“ Kappa	χ	“ Chi (Ki)
λ	“ Lambda	ψ	“ Psi
μ	“ Mu	ω	“ Omêga

Most of the bright stars have proper names, chiefly derived from the Arabic. Many of these will be mentioned as our survey proceeds.

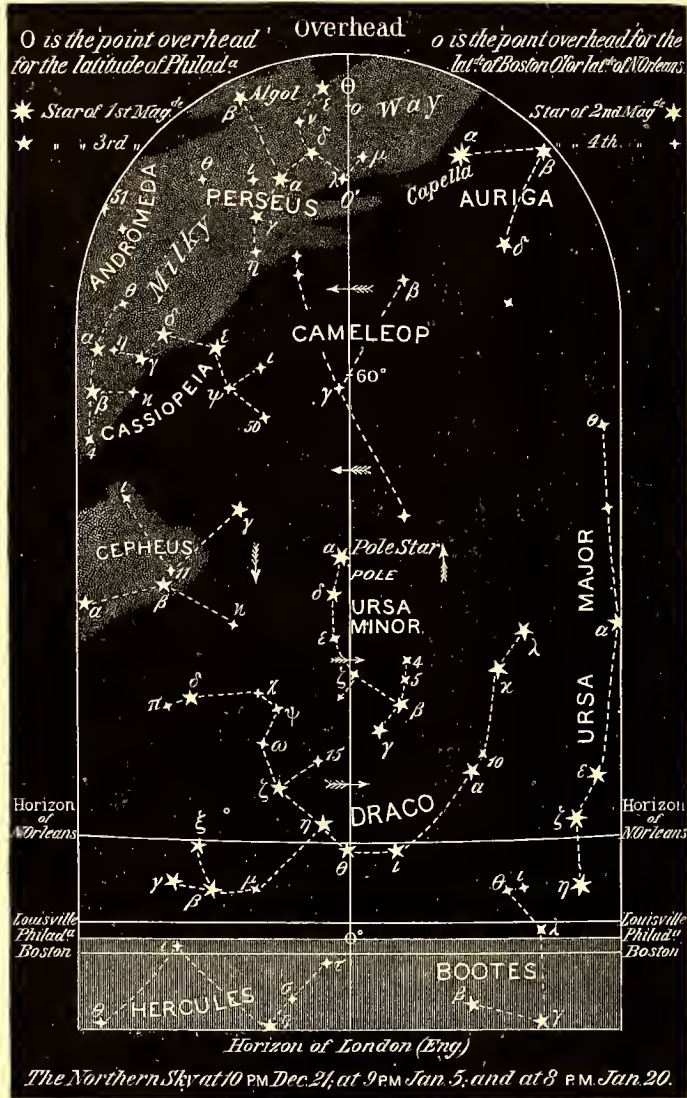


FIG. 3.

Looking northward, we see that Draco, “the dragon,” has usurped the region due north immediately under Ursa Minor, the “little bear.” The full proportions of the dragon are now clearly and conveniently shown, except in the southern parts of the United States,—for the horizon of New

Orleans conceals from view the two bright stars γ and β , which anciently formed the head of the great monster. In those modern maps which show the constellation figures, the dragon is represented differently, and generally somewhat as in Fig. 1 (knots and all). But you cannot *imagine* the stars

of familiar objects out of the stars; but this is certainly a mistake, for I know that when I was a lad and before I had learned to associate the stars with the constellations at present in use, I used to imagine among the stars the figures of such objects as I was most familiar with. In the constellation

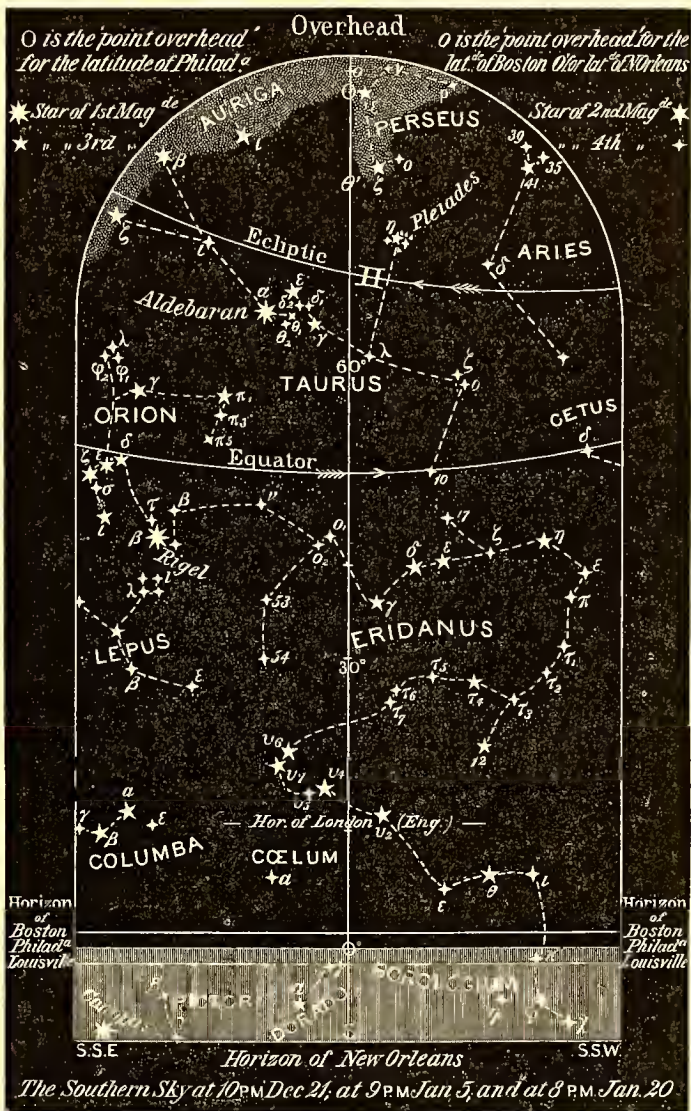


to form a dragon, or snake, in that way. Now we may be sure that the ancients, when they called a group of stars by any name, really imagined some resemblance between the star-group and the figure after which they named it. I have heard it said that the liveliest imagination cannot form figures

the Swan, I saw a capital kite (it is there to this day). In the Great Bear, I saw the figure of a monkey very common at that time in England, representing a monkey that passed over the top of a pole. The three stars forming the handle of the Dipper (η , θ , and ϵ) made the tail of the monkey; and if you

look at the Dipper in the position it now occupies in the early evening, you will readily see the figure of a climbing monkey. In Perseus I could see a garland of flowers such as my sisters used to make. Orion was a climbing giant when rising, but took the attitude of a giant going down hill as he passed

groups really seemed pictured in the heavens. Add to this the consideration that it would not be among the stars overhead, but among those toward the horizon, that they would imagine such shapes, and I think we can understand where and how they saw a dragon in the stars shown in the lower part of our



er to the west. In the Serpent-Bearer and Serpent I saw a monstrous sword, shaped like the sword which Saladin wielded; and so forth. No doubt, in the infancy of astronomy, or perhaps of the world itself, men were fanciful in the same way, and the figures they assigned to the stars

northern map. It was not such a nondescript as Fig. 1 which they saw, but a really snake-like figure; and, for my own part, I have no doubt whatever that the stars beta and gamma were the eyes of the dragon they imagined, and that its head was pictured in their imagination somewhat as shown in

Fig. 2.* On referring to the northern map, you will see that I have borrowed a star from Hercules to make the snake's head complete. But that does not trouble my mind in the least. The idea of separating the constellations one from another was a much later one than that of merely naming the more remarkable star-groups. If one set of stars seemed to resemble any object, and another set to resemble another object, I think the corresponding names would have been given even though some stars of one set were included within the other set. In fact, I think this very constellation of the Dragon seems to me to show that our modern constellation figures have been largely reduced in extent. When I look northward at the Dragon placed as in the northern map, I see not a mere snake with his head as in Fig. 2, but a monstrous winged serpent, as in Fig. 3; only, to make the figure complete, I have to take in a large piece from the Little Bear. The stars thus borrowed make a great wing for the dragon; the stars ω , ψ , 15, etc., of the dragon make another wing; and the neck, body, and tail run from ζ through η , θ , ι and α to λ .

You may, perhaps, think that it matters very little what figures the ancients really imagined among the stars. But you will be disposed to think differently when I mention that the supposed want of resemblance *now* between the star-groups and the figures assigned to them, has led some to form the bold idea that there was *once* a strong resemblance, but that some stars have gone out, others have shone forth more strongly or are altogether new, and that thus the resemblance has been destroyed. When we remember that our sun is only one among the vast number of suns, it becomes rather a serious matter for the inhabitants of the earth if so many suns have really changed. For, in that case, our sun may soon change in his turn, and either broil us up with excess of heat, or leave us to perish miserably from extremity of cold. However, I think the explanation which I have given shows that the resemblance formerly imagined still remains, and that it is only because modern astronomy has doctored the dimensions of the old figures that they no longer correspond with their names.

Above the Dragon we see the Lesser Bear, the two guardians of the pole, β and γ , having swung round a little past the lowest part of their circuit. Approaching the north from the left are the stars of Cepheus, which will in a month or two be more favorably placed for study. Notice the glory of the "milky way" overhead. Looking that way, also, the very bright star Capella will attract your notice. It belongs to the constellation Auriga, or "the

charioteer." There is a nearly vacant space between Auriga and Ursa Minor, which seems to show that in that direction the system of stars which our sun belongs to is not so richly strewn with suns as elsewhere. And although, when a telescope is turned toward this region, hundreds and thousands of stars are brought into view, yet not nearly so many are seen as when the same telescope is directed toward Perseus or Cassiopeia.

And now turning our back upon the pole-star let us look toward the south. A month ago, the "great whale," Cetus, occupied the greater part of the southern mid-sky; but now (at the same hour) that constellation has passed away westward (where it can still be seen), and the mighty river Eridanus occupies nearly the whole space between the equator and the southern horizon. This constellation is a great deal too large; it has not room to tell itself. Observe how poor Bayer (the astronomer who first gave to the stars of each constellation the letters of the Greek alphabet) was perplexed by the large number of stars he had to deal with. There are seven Taurs (in reality there are nine, but the other two are small), and five Upsilons are shown (out of seven), while several stars which ought to have received their proper Greek letters have been only numbered.

Above Eridanus is the fine constellation Taurus, or "the bull," belonging to the zodiacal twelve which mark the road-way of the sun and planets. The sun's path, or ecliptic, is marked on the map, the portion shown being that which he traverses in May and June. The symbol ♉ represents the sign of "the twins," the sun entering that sign, on its course toward the left shown by the arrow, about the 21st of May—which is, therefore, *not* the time to look for Taurus or the Pleiades, seeing that the sun is shining in the midst of their region of the heavens. The sign of Gemini, or "the twins," used formerly to agree with the constellation of "the twins," but now, as the map shows, falls upon Taurus.

The group of stars called the Pleiades is one of the most interesting objects in the heavens. In former times they were thought to exert very important influences on the weather, probably because when the sun was in Taurus, which then corresponded with the end of April, it was a time when all nature seemed to spring into activity. Admiral Smyth says that the passage in Job, translated, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" etc., should be rendered thus:

"Canst thou shut up the delightful teemings of Chimab?
Or the contractions of Chesil canst thou open?"

* Aratus, in describing the constellations, speaks of the Dragon as "with eyes oblique retorted, that askant cast gleaming fire."

himah representing Taurus, or the constellation occupied by the sun (in Job's time) in spring (April and May); while Chesil is not Orion, but Scorpio, the constellation which in Job's time was occupied by the sun in autumn (October and November). It is interesting to notice the ancients thus regarding the stellar influences, as exerted, not when the stars in question are visible in the night-time, but when their rays are combined with those of the sun, which also was the way in which astrologers regarded the stars. Taurus now shines highest in the skies at midnight toward the end of November; but in Job's time, six or seven weeks earlier. Mesiod, speaking of their return to the night skies after being lost in the sun's rays, which in his day would be in early autumn, says:

"There is a time when forty days they lie,
And forty nights, conceal'd from human eye:
But in the course of the revolving year,
When the swain sharps the scythe, again appear."

With the telescope, more than two hundred stars can be seen in this group. To ordinary vision, six only are said to be visible. Yet many persons see seven, not a few can see nine or ten, and Kepler tells us that Moestlin could count no less than fourteen stars, without telescopic aid.

The bright and somewhat ruddy star Aldebaran is in the head of "the bull," formed by the closely clustering group between Aldebaran, ϵ and γ . This group is called the Hyades, from a Greek word signifying rain, the influence of these stars being considered showery. The two stars β and ζ form the tips of the bull's horns.

Facing the bull, we see on the left the glorious constellation Orion. But this constellation is far too important to be dealt with in the short space now left me; and therefore I must defer my account of this splendid group to next month, when, at the hours selected for our evening observations, he shines in full glory upon the meridian.

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER V

PINKEY MAKES A SUDDEN MOVE.

THE pleasant excitement of the auction passed with the afternoon, and with the approach of evening came more serious thoughts to Jacob.

Nearly everything had by that time been removed from the house, and he felt that he no longer had home. Friend David had led away the cow. Two men were lifting his aunt's bureau into a wagon at the gate. Another was ruthlessly cutting by the roots the corn which the boy had planted and hoed that summer, in the pleasant anticipation of roasted ears in August. The ears were not yet green enough to eat, and the whole must go for cider. The half-sized potatoes would also have to be dug; for everything left growing in the garden when he gave up the cottage would belong to the owner. The small price which these things brought at auction had not troubled him, but it made him wince to see so much of his summer's work rudely swept away.

Alphonse, who had stood at the gate, whistling a tune, while the men were loading up the furniture, now returned to the door where Jacob was solemnly surveying the scene of desolation.

"Jacob, my boy," cried the professor, gayly, "I have whittled out another idea."

"What is it?" asked Jacob, trying to look cheerful.

"I leave here to-night—in half an hour."

"Where for?"

"For Cincinnati."

Jacob turned pale.

"You can't; there's no stage."

"I've hired one of these men to take me over to the other road in his wagon; there's a Sunday stage on that road."

Jacob could scarcely speak, so great was his agitation. He had sold out his home, and now he seemed about to lose his only friend.

"What's to become of me?"

"You are to go with me, of course."

That brought back a gleam of hope to his darkened soul.

"But—how can I? It is so sudden!" he said.

"Everything happens suddenly with me, as I told you," laughed Professor Pinkey. "Listen. Though you've arranged to have your bed and a few things left in the house, it won't be pleasant to remain here till Monday. We might stand it one night; but two nights and Sunday—bah! I don't

know how I've endured it as long as I have, under the most favorable circumstances; it was only to keep you company and put through the auction. Now everything is ready. You've got your money. Hurrah!"

"But there are some people I ought to see first."

"Who, for one?"

"The man who owns the cottage. I shall owe him a month's rent on Monday."

"You can send it to him. Besides, there's garden stuff enough left on the place to pay him. Moreover," added Pinkey, "he should have been present at the auction, and bid in something to secure his debt."



JACOB WEARS HIS BEST CLOTHES.

"Then the doctor has n't been paid. His bill for attending my aunt will be ten or twelve dollars."

"That can wait. It is boyish to be in such haste to pay bills!" cried Alphonse with some contempt. "Pay bills always—at your own convenience; that's the rule. Come, put on your Sunday clothes; hang up your old ones for the landlord—they'll be something toward his rent!" Pinkey rattled away. "What do you stand staring there for? I tell you I've whittled it all out; it can't be improved."

He drew Jacob into the house, and, taking down from a nail a small black traveling-bag, which they had saved for the purpose from the old lady's

assets, called for the boy's shirts and stockings to be stuffed into it.

Jacob, bewildered, hardly knowing what he did, began to put on his best clothes, and empty the pockets of his old ones.

"Here's all this money!" he exclaimed in despair. "I have n't got my belt made yet!"

"I'll lend you mine," said Alphonse.

"What will you do with your money?"

"Why, leave it in the belt, and let you carry; you look out for the belt, and I'll look out for you."

"I should n't dare!" said Jacob, frightened at the idea of losing both his own money and his friend's. "I wish you would put my money in the belt, and wear it yourself; I shall feel better about it."

"No, I won't! I'm not going to have anything to do with that money; I've said so, and I'll stick to it," declared the virtuous Pinkey. "I can make a belt for you in ten minutes—only give me a piece of sheepskin, or strong cloth."

Unfortunately, no material of the kind was to be found in a house which had just been cleared by an auction sale.

"Might tear up a sheet," suggested Alphonse. "That won't do though; the sheets are sold with the other bedding. I don't see but that I shall have to take your money in my belt, after all."

Jacob thought it very kind in the professor, to relieve his inexperienced mind of a great care.

Alphonse disposed of the money while Jacob was dressing. When the traveling-bag was packed, the professor said, throwing out scornfully some things his young friend wished to put into it:

"That old jacket? You never will want that, my boy! You are to be a gentleman now, at least you are to travel with a gentleman, and bas much like one as circumstances will allow. Your best clothes are bad enough. Ha, ha!" And Alphonse laughed at Jacob's outfit.

"May be you will be ashamed to travel with me," said the boy, blushing, as he looked down at his pepper-and-salt "go-to-meeting trousers," as he called them, and surveyed his tight coat-sleeves.

He had always thought it a very proper suit for a lad of his years; but now, as he began to vie it with the eyes of the elegant Mr. Pinkey, it looked ridiculous enough. He tried to pull down his waist, which was made too short; then to button his coat at the waist, as Alphonse did, but it was too small, and he only made things worse.

"No matter! you are all right!" said the professor, laughing merrily. "What you lack in elegance of attire, you make up in personal beauty."

"I don't know what you mean by that," pouted Jacob, with a strong suspicion that he was made fun of.

"I mean that you are a right good-looking young chap, in any clothes."

"Pshaw!" said Jacob, coloring redder than before.

"Oh, but I'm in earnest now!"

And, indeed, if you had seen our young friend washed and combed, and with his clean "shirtee" (as he called the false bosom and collar which he put over his coarse cotton shirt), you would have thought the professor not far wrong.

Jacob, however,—who had been bred up by his aunt to the wholesome belief that he was a very comely boy,—did not agree with him; and declared that, even if the dancing-master was not ashamed of his traveling companion, he would be ashamed for him.

"I'll tell you how we'll manage that," replied Alphonse. "You can travel as my servant,—if that will suit your idea of the fitness of things any better."

Jacob did n't know whether it would or not; but before he could make a reply, Alphonse appeared to have settled the matter in that way.

"There comes our wagon! Now are we all ready?" said the professor, taking up his violin-case.

"I want to look around a little first!" said Jacob, surveying with a sad heart the old house which had been so long his home, and which he was now to quit forever.

"What's the use of looking around? There's nothing you want here, is there?"

"Yes—I want a last drink out of the old well-ucket, 'fore I go!"

Jacob was almost choking as he spoke,—with first, probably, for he had been eating a hasty supper. He went to the well, drew up a brimming bucket with the long sweep, set it on the curb, and stooped over it, spattering his newly-blackened toes with the drippings as he drank. Then, having replaced the bucket on the curb, he wiped his mouth, also giving a little dash at one eye with a corner of his handkerchief, and said he was quite ready.

"Well, bring the baggage;" and Alphonse marched off with his violin, leaving Jacob to follow with the bag and valise.

As they went out, they noticed Joe Berry and another of the boys who had stoned Jacob, hanging round the gate. His heart relented toward them, and he wanted to give them a friendly hand at parting. But Joe, moved by envy and malice, called out to his companion:

"Some folks feel mighty big since they've had a auction and sold off their old duds!"

That provoked Jacob, I am sorry to say; and he called out, in reply:

"See here, Joe Berry! There's some cast-off clothes of mine in the house, that I don't want; they're a good deal better than any you've got, or are likely ever to have again, and I'll give 'em to you, if you'll be a good boy and keep your face washed."

This retort had the desired effect; but Joe's angry reply was lost in the loud laughter of Alphonse and the driver of the wagon, as the three rode away.

Having locked up the cottage, Jacob stopped to leave the key at the nearest neighbor's house. The people there had been very kind to him, and it cost him a good deal of pain to bid them good-bye. The professor would not let him make any more stops, although Jacob thought he ought to give warning of his departure to the buyers of some of the things still left in the old home.

"What's the use?" said Alphonse. "They'll find it out soon enough."

And he would not hear a word about their going a little out of their way to see the landlord and the doctor and pay their bills.

Jacob yielded to him in this as he did in everything, but with a heart full of misgivings.

Night was now coming on; the road wound among shadowy hills, and the evening crickets were beginning to sing. Jacob looked back, and thought of his lost home, and of all the friends he was leaving, probably never to see one of them again. Then he looked forward into the future and the on-coming night, with feelings which Joe Berry would not have envied so much, could he have looked into his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN THE OHIO RIVER.

THE home Jacob was leaving was in one of the easterly counties of Ohio, about thirty miles from the Ohio River.

But the river he had never seen. He had never, in fact, been a dozen miles from home. Everything was new and strange to him on that first journey; and when, late Sunday afternoon, the stage-coach, on the top of which he rode with Mr. Pinkey, came out of a pleasant grove on the brow of a hill that overlooked the broad stream winding between woods and farms, and shining miles away by the beautiful Virginia shore, he thought it the finest sight in the world.

They stopped that night at a village on the banks, and on Monday forenoon went on board a steam-boat going down the river.

It was the first steam-boat Jacob had ever seen; and his heart beat high with joy and pride as he stood on the deck and heard the rushing of the

paddles, and beheld the boat swing off from the shore and go gliding away on the stream, bearing him and his fortunes.

"Now you see how it is," said Alphonse. "Who would stay cooped up in a wretched little town like that you've left, when he can put out and see the world as you are doing?" And he added, spreading his hands to the river and horizon to give effect to his eloquence: "Lives there the man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land?'"

Jacob did not quite see the relevancy of this last remark, which sounded very much like a quotation; but he felt that it was something fine.

"Now for our state-room," said the professor, taking up his violin-case from the deck, and walking off, followed by Jacob with their baggage.

The boy was surprised to see how perfectly at home Mr. Pinkey appeared on the boat. He was at once on familiar terms with the captain; and he walked in among the passengers, lifting his hat to the ladies, and making pleasant off-hand remarks, like any old acquaintance. With his trim figure, his wide trousers, his coat buttoned with one button at the waist, and falling carelessly open above, displaying an expansive shirt-front and blue neck-tie,—his pretty mustache, which he occasionally stroked, his hair in ringlets, and his graceful, vivacious ways,—it was no wonder the ladies regarded him admiringly, and seemed pleased with his attentions.

Jacob, too diffident to put himself forward and share his fine friend's triumphs, would have felt quite lonely and neglected if he had not had the novel scenes on the river to divert him, and the passengers to study.

Some of these interested him because they seemed so suddenly to have become intimate with Alphonse,—two young ladies particularly. They were evidently sisters, and looked so much alike that he could not have told them apart, but that one was dressed in green silk and the other in pink. They were rather handsome, and full of gay talk and laughter. In half an hour they were talking familiarly to Alphonse; while a certain tall, dark man, with a black beard, whom Jacob had first seen talking with the sisters, kept aloof from them and paced the deck, frowning frequently at the favored Pinkey.

Jacob was seated on a bench by the rail, looking sometimes at the river and shores, and sometimes at the passengers, and listening to the sounds of merriment in which he could not share, when Alphonse called out to him.

"Oh, Jacob, my boy, bring up my violin, will you?"

Jacob seemed quite to have forgotten that he

was now his own master. He started to obey with the alacrity of a servant, and had reached the state-room before he remembered that Pinkey had the key. He was going back for it, when he met Pinkey coming to bring it.

"Where did you first know all those people?" Jacob asked, as Alphonse stood at the glass, touching up his toilet before returning to the deck.

"I never saw one of them before, you greenhorn!" laughed the professor.

"Why, how could you get acquainted with them so soon?"

"That's the Pinkey style; that's the way to a slow-coach! Walk right in; care for nobody; push yourself—push yourself; that's my motto. Though, of course, *you* can't do that in pepper-and-salt pantaloons. Ha, ha! Come, bring the fiddle."

So saying, Pinkey locked the door again, and tripped airily back to the group awaiting him under the pillared roof of the deck; Jacob following obediently with the instrument.

"There; thank ye, Jacob, my boy; put it down," said the professor, with a condescending smile.

Jacob felt all eyes on him as he awkwardly withdrew, and, rolling his own in distress, saw a bright young girl with merry blue eyes fairly laughing at him.

He had noticed her before. She was sitting with a lady who, as Jacob had noticed, called her Florie, while the young girl had called her, "mamma." She was full of fun, and seemed to know everybody, and to be a favorite with everybody. She was not quite so old as Jacob; and he had thought, as he watched her, that he would give anything in the world if he but had the courage to speak to her. She had looked at him curiously once or twice, and given him no further notice till now.

She was laughing, and her mother was trying to stop her, though she was smiling herself at the time. It was a moment of bitter chagrin to Jacob. He believed that he hated Florie, though only a little while before she had appeared to him so good and beautiful. He returned to his place by the rail, and gazed off upon the water, with a face which was very red indeed.

Professor Pinkey played some merry tunes on his violin, and the sisters in green and pink sang some lively songs. The passengers applauded, and everybody seemed happy except the tall, dark man, who continued to pace the deck aimlessly. We must also except Jacob. He was entertained, but by no means blissfully at ease in his mind, as he sat there, in the distressing consciousness of an ill-fitting coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, and watched the sport, and wondered—many another sensitive young person has done—

like occasion—if he could ever get to feel at home in “company.”

He did not receive another word or look from Alphonse until they met in their state-room after supper. Then the professor overflowed with affability and extravagant praises of “the heiresses.”

“What heiresses?” said Jacob, much astonished.

“Why, the sisters, the twins—the Misses Chipperly; the girls in green and pink, with the big ear-rings. They are the only daughters of the chest man in St. Louis. One’s name is Theodora, and the other’s, Theodosia; ‘Dory’ and ‘Doshy’

what their mother calls them. That’s the stout old lady with the double chin. I’ve learned all about them, and am dead in love!” said Alphonse.

“With which one?” Jacob inquired.

“I don’t know yet,” replied Alphonse, carelessly. “But I’m resolved to offer myself to one or both of them before we leave the boat.”

“Wont that be—rather—sudden?” said Jacob.

“I tell you, things happen sudden with me. How do you like ‘em?”

Jacob felt bound to like ladies whom his elegant friend admired. He could not help saying, however, that he thought them rather rough in their manners.

“That’s Western style,” Pinkey replied. “Did you notice how mad that fellow was at me?”

“The tall, black-bearded man? I saw him look-g daggers!”

“He’s a Kentuckian—Colonel Corkright, a notorious duelist!” said Alphonse, confidentially. “But I’m not afraid of him.”

CHAPTER VII.

NIGHT ON THE STEAM-BOAT.

MATTERS took a singular turn that evening.

Jacob saw Colonel Corkright throw the stump of his cigar into the river, and deliberately walk over where Alphonse was telling stories that made the young ladies in pink and green scream with laughter. He expected nothing less than to see the tall Kentuckian pick up the slight professor and fling him over into the water, after his cigar-stump. But nothing of the kind occurred.

Corkright treated Alphonse with courtesy, deigning even to smile while the sisters laughed. Still Jacob was alarmed on his friend’s account, and he managed to get word with him, to warn him of his danger.

It was a warm moonlight evening, and the company kept the deck, enjoying songs and stories. The fresh breeze, and the beautiful play of light on the water between the boat and the Virginia shore.

“You seem lonesome here by yourself,” said a gentle voice to Jacob as he sat musing.

He was so intent just then in watching Florie as she fitted in and out among the groups of passengers, that he had not noticed Florie’s mother seating herself on a camp-stool near by.

It was she who spoke. Her voice was so very soft that it had a sort of sympathetic drawl.

“I’m not lonesome,” he replied, with a little embarrassment: “though may be I seem so because I don’t know anybody.”

“Are you traveling alone?” she inquired.

Jacob answered that he was traveling with Professor Pinkey.

“Oh yes! I remember you brought up his violin for him.” Jacob was glad that the moonlight did not betray his blushes. “He seems a very pleasant gentleman,” added the lady.

Jacob answered, with a glow of pleasure, that Mr. Pinkey was the best fellow in the world, as well as the smartest.

“You have known him intimately a long while, then?”

This question, put with the lady’s peculiar drawl, set Jacob to thinking that his intimacy with Alphonse really extended over only a few days. But he thought of their first acquaintance, and said: “I’ve known him ever since last winter, when he kept a dancing-school in our town.”

Florie had glided near, and now stood leaning fondly on her mother’s shoulder. The moonlight was on her face, lighting up an intent, curious smile, with which she seemed to be scrutinizing Jacob. He remembered her merriment at his expense, which had stung him so, and he tried to think he hated her still; but he might as well have tried to hate a rose-bud because he had felt its thorns.

“I should think he would make a very good dancing-master,” said the mother. “His manners are exquisite.”

Florie laughed, “You did n’t go to his school, did you?”

“Florie, be still!” said her mother. She was always saying to her, “Florie, be still!” but somehow Florie never would be still. She was not exactly rude, but she had been a good deal spoiled, no doubt; and she had a way of saying and doing always the first thing that came into her gay young head.

Jacob looked her full in the face, and said, with an honest smile:

“Yes, I *did* go to his school, though I suppose you would n’t think so, from *my* manners.”

“I think he must be a very poor teacher,” laughed Florie.

“Be still, Florie!” said her mother.

Jacob was a pretty plucky boy, although he appeared so diffident in society. Opposition roused

his spirit. Florie's presence and saucy bright eyes had troubled him at first. But her pert remarks, instead of increasing his confusion, cured it; and he was now quite himself as he replied, with the same steadfast, honest look and smile:

"He is a very good teacher. But I suppose I was a bad subject. We were all pretty green, and he gave us only ten lessons; I had only nine, for I went in after the first one. Not much of a chance, you see, for a boy that had always worked hard and never been in company! But you can't understand that. You can afford to laugh at an awkward fellow like me!"

Jacob laughed himself as he spoke, while Florie looked more serious.

"I don't laugh at you!"

"You don't now; but you did."

"When?"

"When I carried Mr. Pinkey's violin to him to-day."

Florie's silvery laugh rang out again.

"I laugh at everything—anything; but I was laughing more at your dancing-master than at you—he was so ridiculous!"

"Be still, Florie!" said the mother.

"How—ridiculous?" cried Jacob, frowning up for his friend.

"Ordering you about as if you were his servant—and he such a little fellow, dangling those ringlets! *'Put it down, Jacob, my boy!'*"

Florie struck an attitude, waved her hand, shook her own auburn curls, and made altogether so droll an imitation of Pinkey's manner, that Jacob had to laugh, while her mother exclaimed, "Be still, be still, Florie!"

"I'm sorry you don't like my friend," said Jacob, struggling remorsefully against his merriment.

"Like him—ha, ha! If I were you, I'd get a pair of scissors, or use my jack-knife, and cut off that lowest button of his coat, so he can't button it at the waist and make a wasp of himself any more! And I'd snip out curls enough from his head when he's asleep, so he'd have to have his hair cut," Florie went on, in spite of her mother. "He's so absurd!"

"You don't seem to agree with the ladies who admire him so much," replied Jacob.

"What ladies? If you mean the Chipperly girls," cried Florie—

"Be still, Florie, my child!" said her mother.

"He's just the kind of man to please them," the child kept on. "Have you noticed how—"

"Florie! Florie! if you don't stop, you shall go to bed! Come!" and the mother arose, taking the wayward girl firmly by the hand. "I don't know what this young lad will think of you!"

Florie laughed as if she did n't care, and ran away, like a fairy, in the moonlight.

"You must not think anything of what she says," remarked the mother, turning to Jacob. "She is very thoughtless."

"I don't care for what she says of me or any of the rest, but she really does Mr. Pinkey injustice," replied Jacob. "I can't understand why she don't like him; everybody else does."

"Oh yes, everybody must admire Mr. Pinkey. But in the lady's drawl there was something which sounded to Jacob a little like irony. He had noticed the same when she spoke of Pinkey's manners being "exquisite;" but it did not occur to him then that there could be any sarcasm in the remark. "He is almost too brilliant; there is danger of his dazzling a lad like you."

"Danger—how?" said Jacob.

"You may be blinded to his faults. For I suppose even Professor Pinkey has his faults!"

That was decidedly satirical, though spoken with an innocent demureness, which would have quite deceived Jacob only a few minutes before. Somehow his talk with Florie had quickened his wit amazingly.

"Yes, I suppose he has," he answered. "I only know he is a most generous fellow. He insisted on paying my traveling expenses—though he had done a great deal for me before."

"And did you let him?"

"I could n't help myself, because he has my money."

"Oh!" said the lady. "How happened that?" Jacob told her.

"Very kind in him indeed to relieve you of the care of your money! I ought not to breathe a word against so good and generous a friend! As a truly, I am sure he is a person of some excellent traits as well as accomplishments. But is he truly—*is he altogether upright? Are you sure his influence over you is good?*"

"Oh, very sure!" exclaimed Jacob.

"I am very glad to hear it. Good night!"

Nothing could have been kinder than the lady's manner. But somehow her words implied a great deal more than she said. They set Jacob to thinking of something which had troubled his conscience all along, and which made him feel extremely uneasy just now. There was the doctor's account of attending his aunt in her last illness; why had he not asked for and paid it before coming away? And he ought to have settled with the landlord—it was a small amount that he owed him; he had the money, and it would have cost but little trouble to find him. Why had he not done so? Certainly, because of Professor Pinkey's advice. Was, then, the gentleman's influence over him altogether good?

But while Jacob reasoned thus, and condemned himself, he found plenty of excuses for Alphonse. Florie and her mother had gone. Soon after, the other ladies withdrew, the mother of the sisters having sent for them from her state-room. Alphonse was left in conversation with the Kentucky colonel and two other men, and all of them presently entered the cabin.

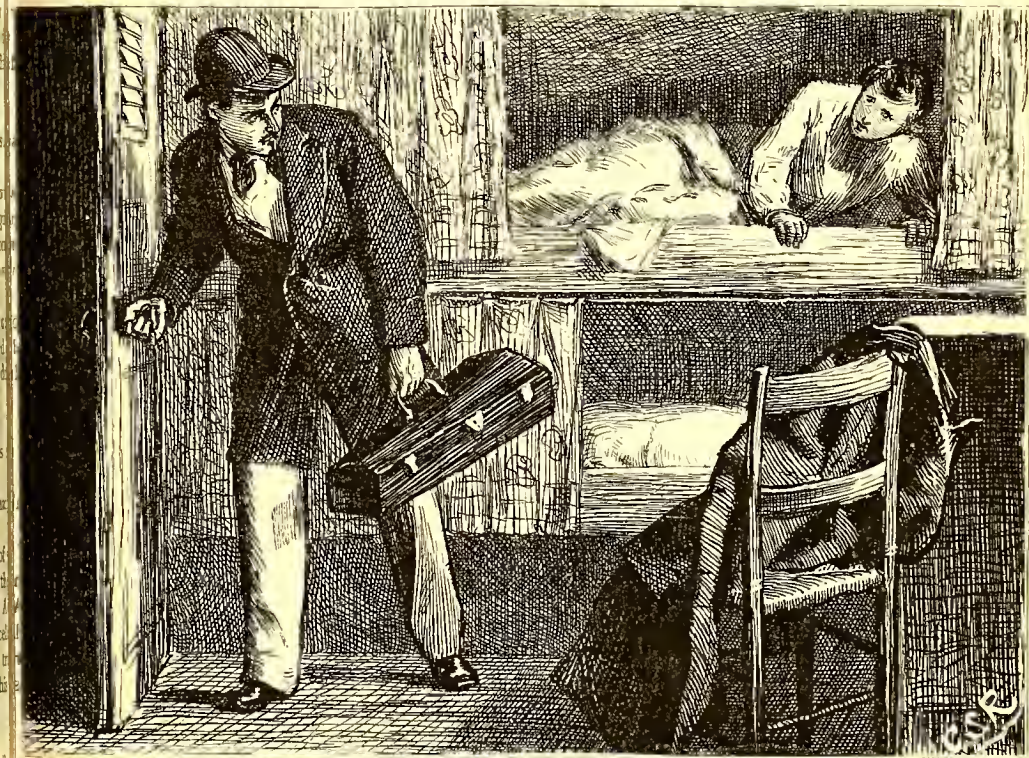
Jacob followed, and found the four engaged in a game of cards, amidst a company of pretty rough-looking men, several of whom were also occupied in card-playing. The end of the cabin devoted

When Jacob returned, he found Pinkey and Corkright engaged in a game; and noticing the skill with which the professor handled the cards, was not surprised to see him win.

It was growing late, and Jacob, who wished to go to bed, saw with some discomfort that another game was to be played.

"Are you coming soon?" he whispered to Alphonse.

"Yes, in a few minutes. Here, take the key; the room is too small for two to undress together; I'll be there by the time you are in bed."



PINKEY GOES OUT OF THE STATE-ROOM WITH THE VIOLIN.

more exclusively to gentlemen had been shut off from that of the ladies by the dividing doors, and was filled with loud talk and tobacco-smoke, which were so offensive to Jacob that he wondered how the delicate Alphonse could endure such an atmosphere and such society.

Hearing male voices in the ladies' cabin, he looked into it; but, finding that he had entered a solemn meeting, where a traveling preacher had assembled a small company for evening prayers, he shyly walked out again.

"Curious!" thought he. "Bible-reading on one side of the partition, and gambling on the other!"

Pinkey and the Colonel were now on such friendly terms that Jacob dismissed his fears on his friend's account. Still he did not like to leave him there in such company; and it was only because he did not wish to displease him that he finally withdrew.

He passed through the other part of the cabin again to his state-room, and went to bed, leaving the lamp burning; then lay awake for a long while waiting for Alphonse. At last he fell asleep, and it must have been two or three hours later that he was awakened by somebody in the room.

It was Alphonse. He was very pale, his eyes

shone, and his fine white forehead glistened like marble. Jacob did not speak until he saw that his friend was not preparing for bed, but going out again with his violin.

"You are not going to play, this time of night, are you?" he said, anxiously.

"What business is it of yours whether I play or not?" Alphonse retorted, sharply.

"I did n't mean cards—I meant the violin." said Jacob.

"Just a tune or two," rejoined Pinkey, in a kinder tone, as he went out and closed the door.

Jacob did not know when next he fell asleep; but, awaking a second time, he found himself in the dark. He remembered that the lamp had been burning low, and that he had seen Pinkey turning up the wick. Had he entered the room a second time, and put out the light? Or had it burnt out?

He listened for any movement or sound of breathing in the berth below. All was silence, broken only by the constant jar of the boat's engine and the rushing noise of the strong paddle-wheels.

Jacob turned, and listened again. Then he reached carefully down to the berth below. It was vacant; the carefully tucked-in coverlet had not been disturbed.

A great fear possessed him, and he was about to get up and dress himself, to go in search of his friend, when he heard footsteps approaching, and a hand on the door. Somebody came in, and without striking a light or stopping to undress, got into the lower berth.

The moon had set; but the first glimmer of dawn was beginning to steal through the small state-room window, and by the gray, cold light Jacob could see that the comer was Alphonse.

(To be continued.)

KING LONESOME.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"WHO is the white-faced old man
Outside, at the window-pane,
That muttered and sighed, as away he ran
Into the sleet and rain;
Crying to some one behind,
Calling to some one before,
One whom he cannot find,
One who will come no more?"

That old man has sisters three;
One he has never seen:
On a throne of roses afar sits she,
And the whole world owns her a queen.
But out of her riches and power,
Nothing has she to spare—
Not so much as a flower—
For the lonesome wanderer there.

One sister beside him delayed,
And tried his thin fingers to hold;
But the storm her garments shredded and frayed,
And she sank, benumbed with the cold.
And ever he prays and cries,
And over her silence grieves;
Behind him, alas! she lies
Buried in golden leaves.

One happy young face before,
 Looks back, between cloud and drift,
 With a sudden smile, and is seen no more ;
 And the pilgrim follows, swift
 As a flash of the noon-day light ;
 With wail, and reproach, and shout,
 He follows, through day and night,
 Till again the face peeps out.



"LO! THERE AT THE PANE HE GLOWERS!"

This fairest sister of all
 Will laugh in the old man's face,
 Will challenge him onward, with merry call,
 To measure with her a race,
 Till, weary and lame, he falls
 Amid rose-buds and springing fern.
 She flies with the wind ; he calls,
 But never will she return.

For the pale-faced pilgrim without
 Is Winter, the lonesome king,
 Calling back to Autumn with dreary shout,
 And hurrying on toward Spring.
 As Summer rules over the flowers,
 Over ice and snow reigns he.
 Lo! there at the pane he glowers,
 And shakes his white scepter—see!



LITTLE TRAVELERS.

BY HARRIET M. MILLER.



WE all are travelers on the journey of life—some of us pleasant and helpful, and some of us cross and complaining, but all with equal speed hurrying on to the end.

Let the older travelers pass on their way, while we take a peep at the youngest of all the little travelers in their first stage, when as yet they have no voice in the conduct of their own lives, but are tumbled and tossed about at the convenience of more experienced fellow-passengers.

To begin where the human race started, let us show the little travelers get on in the far East. The Oriental baby inherits from his grave, ceremonial papa a quiet, thoughtful air, to which our babies are perfect strangers. No laughing, kicking, crowing, and screaming little traveler have we here, but a solemn, quiet, black-haired infant, who looks out at life from his mother's back with a calm indifference that even the grown-up babies of the West cannot equal. Tied up in his wooden tray, in a cradle, he goes with mamma to the field, to bring his dinner, or lying under a tree, with equal repose, contentedly waiting the time when he will waddle around, wrapped in yards and yards of silk and woolen cloth; jackets and trousers, fez and turban, and big shawl around his waist, if he's a Turkish baby; and red shoes or wooden kobaks, blue baggy trousers, loose jackets, and red shoes or tarboosh, if he's a Syrian baby. He makes his journeys in a basket hung on the side of a horse, on a stuffed seat and bar to hold him up, while his mother rides the same animal and keeps him quiet in a lump of opium, if he's a Persian baby; and is carried luxuriously on donkey-back, with his cradle hanging between two upright posts from the saddle, if he's a Jerusalem baby.

The bare-headed baby of China, not quite so free as his Asiatic cousins, is still a contented little traveler, whether he rides on the back of mamma, or is tied on a mat to sleep, or exposed to the door in a bamboo cage, or fastened to his gilded baby-chair, to teach him to sit up. The most important moment in his young life comes when, at the age of one year, he decides his future destiny in a curious way. He is carefully dressed in new clothes, and seated in the middle

of a large sieve, in which are placed many articles, among which are money-scales, a brass mirror, writing utensils, books, silver and gold ornaments, and fruits, while the anxious parents stand by to see which object will first attract his sober black eyes. If he takes up a book or pencil, he is destined to become a scholar; if the glitter of gold or silver attract him, his fate is to amass wealth; if fruits suit him best, he will incline to spurn the rice of his father's table, and feast upon delicate puppy-stew, or bird's-nest soup.

At two years of age he will dress like his grandfather of eighty, and look like that old gentleman seen through the small end of an opera-glass. When he first enters school, he will bring, not a spelling-book and slate, but two candles, a few sticks of incense, and a small quantity of mock money (made of paper), to be burned before a piece of paper having the name of Confucius written upon it. Thus the little Chinese traveler is launched on his school-life.

The little traveler on the shore of the Ganges has a very different life. Bathed every day in the sacred stream, or in a jar of its water; scrubbed with its holy mud—ears, eyes, and mouth; thoroughly purified from all sin, as his parents devoutly believe—how can he help being better than other babies? He is a jolly, happy baby, bright as the sunshine of his native land; not troubled with clothes if he belongs to the poor classes; but wrapped in gorgeous silks of scarlet and blue, loaded with jewels, and weighed down by enormous gold-embroidered turban, if he happens to be a prince. He is betrothed by his parents while he is still in the first stage of his journey, and often is married at the age of six or eight to a bride of as many months, when, according to the custom of the country, he goes to live in the family of his little wife, and be educated—not to learn his lessons with her, as you might suppose, for, alas! the baby-girls of Burmah are not taught to read.

This little Hindoo traveler sleeps in a basket hung from the roof, and rides out on mamma's hip; and, what seems dreadful to us, he learns to smoke before he can walk, his mother often taking a cigar from her own lips and putting it into his. If his life-journey is cut short, his body is carried to the grave in his basket-cradle, which is covered with a fringed canopy and hung from a pole on the shoulders of men, and left at last upside down on his last resting-place.

By the side of the same sacred stream we can see the little traveler of the Parsees, a people who came long ago from Persia, and who worship the sun. The peculiarity of this fair-faced baby in the land of darker colors, is that he is never seen with his head uncovered. Man, woman, or child,—old or young, rich or poor, day or night, asleep or awake, indoors or out,—the Parsee must always keep the head covered. He wears a pretty cap of silk or velvet or linen, which is very becoming. His dress is always of silk, covered with embroidery, gold and jewels, according to the wealth of his family, and the little Parsee is a very picturesque object among the naked babies of the poorer classes.

The little traveler in Italy, with his droll little cap, and dress like his grandmother's, goes in leading strings, or a walking-frame of wicker-work. On the Cornice road he goes to market with mamma, riding in a basket hung to the sides of a donkey, with a brother or sister in a similar basket on the other side. The vegetables, which mamma sells, and the babies, ride very contentedly together; while the mother, with her parasol-hat, crowns the droll load, busily engaged in knitting or spinning as she rides along.

In Algiers, baby rides "pick-a-back," and in Bavaria tied flat to his nurse's back; but if he belongs to the poorer classes, he has the best time in France. Have you heard of that most beautiful charity of Paris called "The Cradle" (*Crèche*), where the babies of mothers who must go out to work are kept all day—bathed, freshly dressed, fed, doctored, and amused till their mothers return home at night? The late Mrs. Field, in her pleasant letters from France, tells about it, and how the children of richer parents are interested in it, saving their money to pay for a cradle in the house, and then going to visit it, and feeling a particular interest in the baby which lies in *their* cradle.

There is another charity in Paris, as well as in many other places, for the little traveler who is "left out in the cold" by poor or unhappy parents. In our country he is apt to start on his life-journey from somebody's door-step, from which he is generally sent by the owner to a Foundling Home, provided for such unfortunate waifs; but in Paris the charitable home for this little traveler has, in its door-way, a sort of box which turns on a pivot. When a mother, from poverty or any reason, feels obliged to give away her baby (and none can tell what a mother must feel before she comes to that), she goes to this door, lays the little creature in the movable box, and turns it around out of her sight, ringing a door-bell as she does so. An attendant takes the gift, carries it to kind-hearted women within, who dress and feed it, and bring up the

motherless baby, in time teach it some trade, and give it a start in life.

The little traveler on our side of the water has a variety of fashions. In Lima he swings in a hammock; in Yucatan he toddles around amply dressed in a straw hat and pair of sandals. Among the Indians of our prairies he begins life as a passive bundle, hung over his mother's back or from the limb of a tree. His head is made to grow flat by means of a board (as you see in the picture), if he is to have the honor of being a Flat-head Indian. Waste no pity on him; it would be the sorrow and disgrace of his life if his head were shaped like yours. He will in future years select his slaves from round-headed races, and proudly declare that no Flat-head was ever a slave!

When the little travelers come in pairs, they may make confusion in the world. Among our Pacific Indians (as I lately read in a Nevada paper), when this happens, it becomes necessary, by Indian law, for the dignified, pompous papa himself to take the care of the superfluous baby. When you remember that an Indian never deigns to notice, much less to touch, a papoose, you can imagine what a mortification this must be to him.

Among some peoples the extra baby is at once put out of the way; but in one African tribe a curious custom prevails. The hut containing the unfortunate pair is marked by a cloth hung before the door, and a row of white pegs driven into the ground in front of it. If any one except the parents goes in, he is at once seized and sold into slavery. The twins cannot play with other children, and no one can use anything out of that house. The mother is allowed to go out to work in the field, to bring wood and other necessary things, but she cannot speak to any one out of her own family. This performance goes on till the unwelcome pair are six years old, when they have a great ceremony—music, marching, feasting, and dancing; and when this is done, the banished family takes its place among respectable people again.

Save your pity for the unhappy little traveler, American born and white, who is abandoned to the tender mercies of nurses. He will be dressed too tightly perhaps, drugged with soothing-sap (or worse), slapped if he cries, and left alone in the dark. He will ride in his carriage with the sun in his eyes, if it is sunny; and with arms and hands uncovered and half frozen, if it is cold. Flies will be allowed to tickle his fat little nose, and pins will be stuck into his tender little back. The strings of his absurd lace cap will choke him till he is black in the face; and he will nearly break his neck falling over the arm of Bridget when she wants to go up with a coney. His troublesome clothes will be twitched down and jerked around; and he will be

id down, set up, turned over, and arranged any
y most convenient to her. Above all, if he dares
en his mouth to complain of any of these tortures,
s delicate little body will be trotted on her hard
ees till it will be nothing short of a miracle if his
ceious little life is not worried out of him.

The calm Oriental baby in his tray or basket ;
e Chinese baby in his cage ; the baby of Burmah,
ked or wrapped in silks, smoking at two and
arried at ten ; the baby of the "Cradle" and the
undling Asylum of Paris ; the Lima baby in its

hammoek, and the stolid Indian papoose on its
boards,—each and every one is happier and better
off than our poor little mother-abandoned American
baby, left to ignorant and careless nurses.

The "mother-baby,"—the happy little traveler
who is not left to the mercies of a nurse, whose
throne is his mother's arms, whose pillow is soft,
and whose needs are wisely met,—he is the hap-
piest of all. Fair, fat, and hearty, the sorrows of
babyhood come not near him. He truly is the one
"born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"77."

BY M. M. D.

ING, dong! Ding, dong!
SEVENTY-SIX will soon be gone ;
SEVENTY-SEVEN 's coming on,—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Tell us, year, before you go,—
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Why at last you hurry so,
Though at first so very slow?
Ding, dong!
Can't you wait a little longer,
Till the baby-year gets stronger?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Why can't years come back again,
Just the same as they have been?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!
Big folks say 't would never do,
None would live the past anew;
But I'd like it,—would n't you?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong!

Just the same? No, I must be
Better with each year, you see,
Old year! Don't you pity me?
Ding, dong! Ding, dong,
Ding!



POPPETS.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

IT was a calm, still evening. The broad bosom of the Thames was scarcely ruffled by the little breeze that stirred the drooping sails of some of the river craft. Over the city and over the forest of masts, the round full moon was rising. Touching the dome of St. Paul's, it glanced down over roofs and under bridges till it lay a broad path of light on the sleeping river. The gas lamps flickered and looked pale before its light, and many a weary pedestrian, hurrying across the crowded bridges which span the river, paused a moment to gaze at the full-orbed globe which even to weary eyes was a wondrous revelation of beauty.

It was dark under the bridges, and the water lapping against the piers had something mournful in its sound. One of the slow river-barges was just passing into the shadow. John Briggs, her owner, leaned against the tiller, guiding his clumsy craft carefully through the arches. Near the bow his nephew Ben was seated, pulling one long oar.

"Steady, Ben!" called out the master, warningly.

"Steady it is," and Ben drew in his oar a little.

Out into the light again the boat came slowly creeping, eagerly watched by a little figure standing on one of the water-stairs. As they came closer, he sent out to them a feeble piping hail.

John Briggs shaded his eyes with his hand. "Why, bless my soul, it's Poppets! Bring her near, Ben, so he can come aboard."

Then a strong hearty shout was sent back in answer, while the boat's head slowly turned toward the stair.

John Briggs took his pipe out of his mouth to welcome the new-comer. "Why, Poppets, we was gettin' oneasy 'bout you, me an' Ben. We thought you'd got lost, mebbe."

"*Me* lost! Why, dad!" and they both laughed heartily in huge enjoyment of the joke, the thin treble of the one ringing pleasantly through the gruff bass of the other.

"Well, Poppets," and John Briggs resumed his pipe, "wot has you bought fur us, fur 't wont be long afore we wants our supper."

The little boy knelt down beside his basket which he had set with great care in a corner, and touching each parcel as he took it out with a caressing little pat, he went rapidly over his list.

"There's the tobacco, dad, and the tea and sugar, and bacon and herrin's—and oh, dad! I got some cresses. They looked so green and pretty, like the fields; I got 'em cos of that."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Ben, who was listening; his uncle frowned him into sudden gravity, then nodded kindly at the little flushed, eager face:

"It's all right, my lad. Cresses is werry good for the health, as my old mother used to say."

"They're too pretty to eat 'most," said the boy touching them tenderly.

"Well, Poppets, what'll we have for supper, bein' it's your watch?"

"Oh, dad, herrin's! They're so good, and I awful hungry."

"Werry good, my lad. Here, steward," to Ben who grinned in appreciation of the never-fail joke, "you hear the cap'in. He says herrin's supper, and consequently herrin's it is."

"Ay, ay, sir!"—and Ben pulled his forelock to the little "cap'in," who clapped his hands gleefully.

"Now, cap'in," said John Briggs, gravely, "it be as you'll mind the tiller a bit, I'll take the helm an' by the time Ben's got supper we'll be ready to anchor."

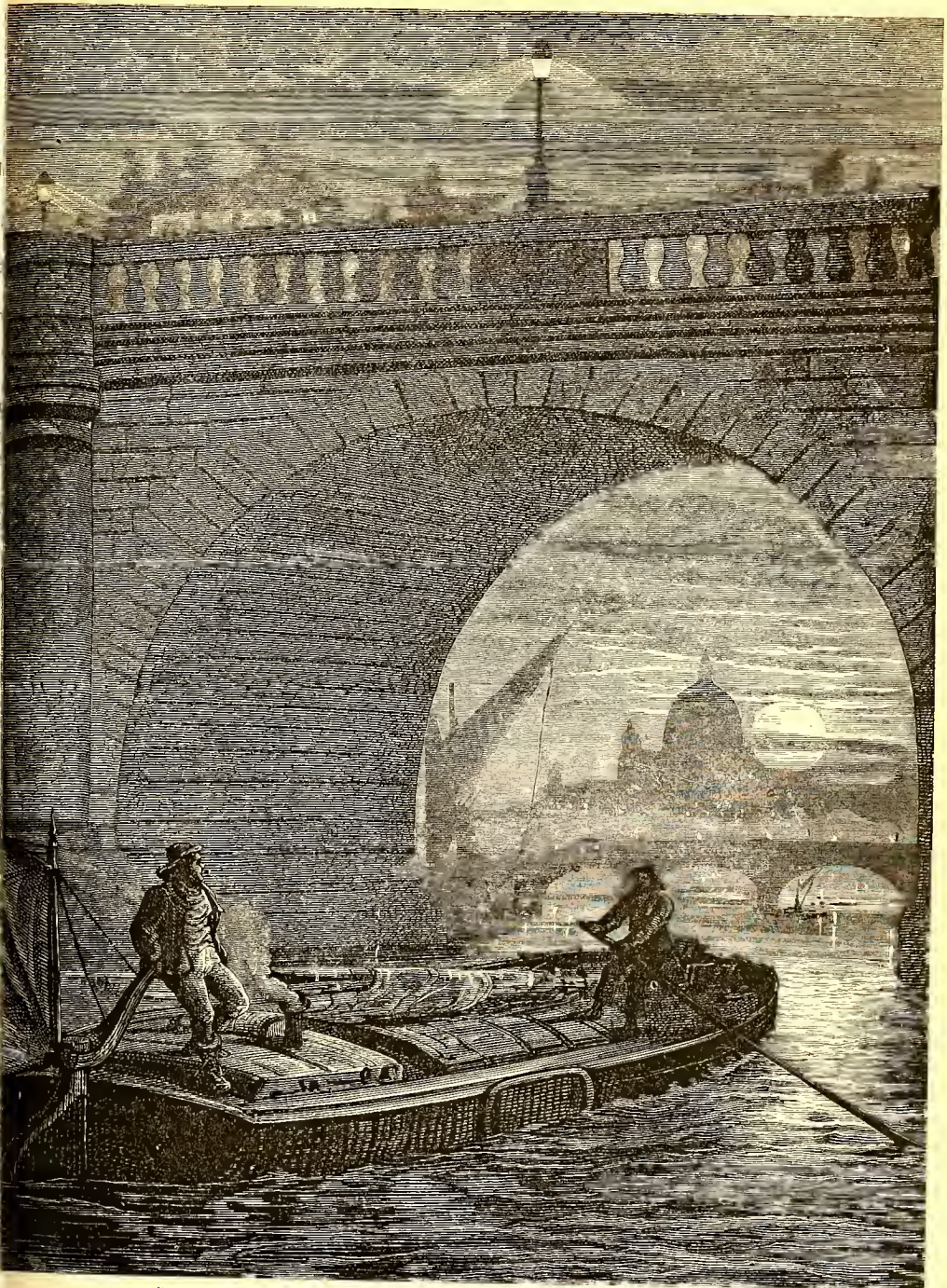
Higher and higher rose the moon, silvering the masts and spars of the many vessels crowded the docks. The barge was anchored now; and Ben, his labors ended, was stretched sound asleep on the deck. Farther aft, John Briggs and Poppets were seated on a coil of rope, talking in low tones—the child holding clasped in both his, the hearty rough hand of the other.

"Now, dad, tell me 'bout that night," he was saying; and "dad," drawing him a little closer, commenced the often told, yet never tired of, story.

"Well, Poppets, it was a night just like this clear full moon an' a light breeze not much more to-night, for I remembers the sails o' the vessel 'round hung just like rags. Well, we was kind o' driftin' along. Ben was at the tiller, an' I pullin' werry slow, for I was feelin' uncommon tired. Poppets, cos of havin' buried my little girl and my mother that werry same week."

Here the child nestled his head down on the speaker's arm. He always did when this part of the story was reached.

"Well, Poppets," stroking his hair softly, "I was sayin', we was driftin' down slow an' steady like. When we come under London Bridge the moon was shinin' werry bright indeed, an' I looked back kind o' natural like to see if we was goin' to clear the bridge, I sees somethin' floatin' on the water, right under the bridge, Poppets, floatin' up an' down with the tide."



"ONE OF THE SLOW RIVER-BARGES WAS JUST PASSING INTO THE SHADOW."

Yes, yes, dad, go on!" cried Poppets, eagerly. 'Hullo, Ben, here's somethin' wants lookin' to,'—
 Ay, ay, lad! I'm goin' on. Well, says I, an' Ben he comes runnin' for'ard; an' by an' by we

gets the somethin' out, an' then we finds a shawl, an' then we finds some more clo'es, and arter a long time we finds a *baby*, an' that baby was——"

"And that baby was *me!*" cries the child, delightedly. "Go on, dad."

"An' that baby was my Poppets"—stooping to pat the boy's cheek. "Well, then, Ben an' me took you off wot you was lyin' on" (he did not tell him—poor baby,—that it was his dead mother's heart), "an' we rubbed you an' wrapped you up warm, an' by an' by you begins to cry; an' my! how you did go on, Poppets! Says Ben to me, shoutin' out cos I could n't hear cos of you,—'Uncle,' says he, 'did you ever hear such a screecher?' An' says I, 'No, Ben, an' I hopes I never shall again.' You may laugh, Poppets, but Ben an' me did n't do much laughin' that night."

"Dad," said the child, suddenly, "did you ever know my mother?"

John Briggs turned away with a little embarrassed cough. "I've seen her, Poppets; but we was n't werry intimate, so to speak."

"Cause you said *this*"—touching a little ring hanging from his neck by a faded ribbon—"was *hers*, and she left it for me."

"Well, Poppets, an' so she did; she was a werry respectable woman, your mother, an' she did n't want to have nothin' to leave you, I s'pose."

"What was she like?" questioned Poppets.

"Well, she was all dressed in black w'en I see her, with a widow's cap on. She was a werry nice woman, I makes no doubt, Poppets, but she got poor an' werry discouraged afore she died."

Then seeing another question moving on the child's lips, he went on hastily:

"Look here, lad; this here is n't goin' on with our story. Well, you just screeched and screeched, till Ben an' me was 'most worn out, but I would n't give you up,—no, I would n't; an' you was that hungry, there was no satisfyin' you; so I says one day, 'Ben,' says I, 'go an' buy a goat;' so Ben he goes an' buys a goat, an' the next day overboard it goes, an' Ben arter it, an' gets near bein' drowned on account of its bein' so contrary. Well, at last I takes you to a woman I knows, an' I asks her wot 's the matter.

"She looks at you awhile, an' then says she, 'He do screech like a good one, don't he?' An' says I, 'Nobody knows that better nor me, mum.'

"Then she looks at you again, an' says she, 'His mind wants amusin', that 's it,' says she.

"As how, mum?" I says.

"Lord love you, man,' says she, 'how should I know? You 'll have to find out. Children is werry different about that,' she says.

"So I walks off with you in my arms, not havin' learned so werry much arter all. Howsomever, I

makes you a soft ball, and I hangs it by a string, an' you'd lie dabbin' at that there with your lie fists, like a kitten for all the world. Arter a while you gives up screechin', an' you'd laugh to me pretty like, you cured the pain in my heart wondrous; an' then w'en you growed, I sent you to school evenin's, and my! how proud you was w'en you could read to yer dad, an' yer dad, Poppets, was just as proud, every bit. Then arter a while you say you wants to do something to help yer dad, so I takes you to the shops and shows you what to buy, an' then you says you wants to go alone, so one day go alone it is. Well, arter you got started, I says to Ben, 'Ben,' says I, 'I bein' awful oneasy 'bout Poppets.' An' says he, 'I knowed it; s'pose you go arter him.' So our story starts. Well, I kept you in sight for a good while, sneakin' 'round corners an' skulkin' behind barriers, for I did n't want you to see me, ye see. If I had kept at that business long, Poppets, I'm sure I ha' took to pickin' pockets. Somehow I felt just like a thief. Well, you goes about, lookin' as if you was as anybody, an' I was just laughin' at myself, but bein' so oneasy 'bout you, when all at once I see a lot o' boys stop you, an' one on 'em tried to take yer basket, but you held on to that, an' by an' by a big fellow steps up an' says he, 'I say, youngster, just give up yer basket, or I'll punch yer 'ead,' an' then you begins to cry, an' says you, 'Oh, I wot my dad was here!'

"I was only waitin' for that, so I sings out, 'Stand by, my hearties!' an' I makes a rush, an' I knocks over the big fellow with a cuff on his 'ead, an' then they all takes to their heels like a lot of little fishin'-boats if a man-o'-war bears down on 'em.

"Well, you walked on quiet for a bit, an' then you says, 'Dad, how did you come here?'

"Well,' says I, 'Poppets, I thought I'd like to take a walk.' Now, dad,' you says, lookin' straight at me, 'you know you come to look arter me, an' I had to say I did. You thought awhile, an' then says you, 'Dad, s'pose you do that fur a little, fur I aint goin' to give it up,' says you, clutchin' yer little basket—'an' then some day you leaves me when I don't know it, an' then I'll feel just as if you was thinkin' you 're there, an' then arter a while I wot your mind.' Oh! you always was a terrible strange child, Poppets!

"So we does that, an' sometimes I'd see you looking back fur me, an' I'd make b'lieve I did see you, an' walk on an' take no notice, an' so you got to go alone, an' now there aint nobody can do it better than my Poppets."

"And that 's all about me, dad?"

"An' that 's all about you yet awhile, my lad. The shadows were denser under the bridge,

and the water lapped the piers a little more quickly, as the tide was coming in. Red and green lights were twinkling in the rigging of the vessels, and the crowd in the streets was thinning, and still John Briggs and the child sat talking together.

Once and again the child's thoughts would turn to his dead mother, and he would ask earnest, puzzling questions, and always gently, always skillfully, would the other lead him away from the subject.

"There aint no use tellin' the child his mother was drowned," he had said to Ben long before. "If she fell in a-purpose,—which aint no ways likely, them London bridges bein' a dreadful temptation to folks as is worried in their minds,—she must n't never know it; an' if she fell in by accident, which may be too, why he'd always be ankin' if there'd been somebody there they might have got her out, so we jist wont tell him at all."

They had sat silent for some time, when suddenly the child spoke.

"Now, dad, I'll tell *you* a story, such a nice, nice one," said Poppets, who had been gazing for some time at the moon shining so quietly down on them.

"Ay, lad, that'll be prime! Why, come to me, Poppets, you've never told yer old dad a story yet."

"Well, I'm going to now," answered the child, holding his head gravely. "Once upon a time—'t's the way all the stories begin in the fairy-book I bought me, dad."

"All right, deary; now then, go on. 'Once upon a time'—"

"Once upon a time, there was a good, good man, who was very, very lonely, 'cause of havin' died his little girl and her mother."

"That's me," said the listener, under his breath, "only I don't know 'bout the 'good.'"

"Hush, dad; you must n't stop me," warned Poppets, shaking his head at him. "Well, this good man was sailin' on the river one night, and he was feelin' very low and very unhappy, and he was soun' to himself, 'There aint nobody left, and I wish I was n't left neither.'"

"Why, Poppets!" said John Briggs, with a gasp, "how'd you know?"

"Never mind; I know. Well, he was thinkin' that, and the moon looked down at him, and she knew all about it, and she'd sparkle up the water, and she'd smile at him, and still he did n't notice her in'. So she kept thinkin', thinkin' what she could do for this good, good man. And by and by a beautiful angel came along, holding a little girl; and the little girl had long yellow curls and blue eyes, and she called the pretty angel 'mother.'"

The child paused a little, for his listener had

shaded his face with his hand, and Poppets' little tender fingers went up to stroke it gently.

"Well, then, the moon and the angel talked about the man; and by and by, the moon made a little boat out of the moonlight, and she put a baby in it, and then she sent it sailin', sailin' down a streak of light till it came to the water; and there it was rockin' up and down, and the moon watchin' it. And then another angel comes along, and she says to the moon, 'Where have you sent my baby?' And the moon says, 'I've sent it to that good, good man, to be a comfort to him.'"

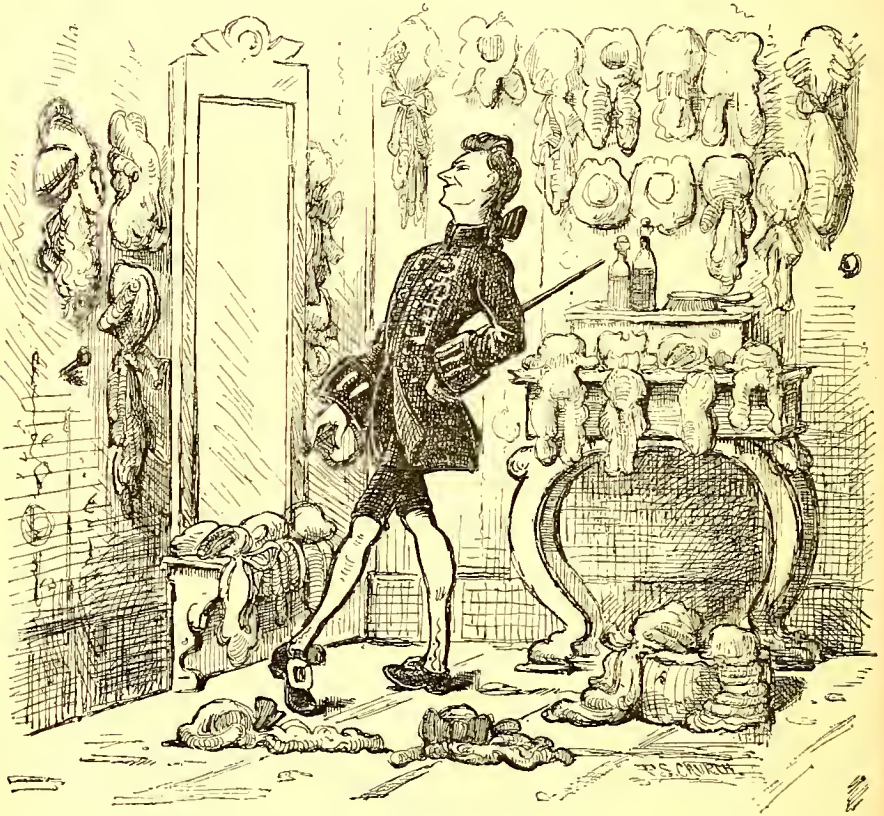
"An' so you are, my blessed Poppets!" murmured the other, fondly.

"Hush, dad; I'm not done. So the moon and the two angels and the little girl all stood watching the man. And when he came to the bridge, the moon shone out very bright and showed him the little baby; and they saw him take it up and hold it in his arms, and then the two angels and the little girl went away together. Well, the baby was a very bad baby for a while, and most wore out the good, good man; but he took care of it all the time. And by and by it grew to be a little boy, and then the man used to send it to school in the winter, so it could learn to read for him nights. And after a while he let this little boy go errands for him—and oh, how glad the little boy was to do it! for he used to lie awake nights, wonderin' what he could do for this good man. Well, the little boy grew and grew till he got to be a big, strong man, and he worked hard and saved up his money; and one day he and the good man, who had got to be an old man then, left the boat with Ben, who was a very good man too. And they went off together, and they got a little home by some trees, and a pretty field near, with buttercups in it, and a brook with cresses. Dad, think o' that! And the little house had a garden, and the young, strong man used to work in it; and then he used to bring all kinds of nice things to the old man, who sat in a big chair by the door. And they had a goat—no, a cow! Dad, was n't that good? Wait, dad, the story's most done. And they lived there together a long, long time, and the little boy that had grown to be a big, strong man was so very, very happy, 'cause now he could take care of the good man who had taken care of him. And the old man he was happy too, and there was nobody in all the world he loved so well as the little baby the moon had sent him. And often and often, dad, the two angels and the little girl used to come there too, though the young man and the old man could n't see them; and they were all so happy, 'cause the good, good man was happy too. And that's all. Dad, do you like it? Why, dad, you are cryin'!"

“Bless my little Poppets!”—and “dad” stooped to kiss the flushed cheeks again and agam.

And still the moon shone softly, steadily down. Ben had long ago tumbled into his bunk, and the two were left alone together. Poppets had laid his head on his protector’s breast, and was watching, half asleep, the sparkle of the light upon the water.

Soon the bells rang out over the city, chiming the hour of twelve. Poppets was asleep. The other only drew him a little closer; he had often slept the night through so before. In his dreams, the child was seeing the little cottage of his hopes, as far into the night John Briggs sat holding him and puffing silently at his pipe.



GREGORY GRIGGS, Gregory Griggs,
Had twenty-seven different wigs.
He wore them up, and he wore them down,
To please the people of London town.
He wore them east, and he wore them west.
But he never could tell which he liked the best.

THE GREYHOUND'S WARNING.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

OLD stories are now in fashion, and here is a Christmas story that was told to my grandmother by her grandmother, who heard it from an old lady once in attendance upon the royal family in the days of King Charles I.

Charles I., you remember, founded a colony in this

country in very early times, and in honor of his young and beautiful Queen, Henrietta Maria, he led it Terra Mariæ, or Mary-land. He gathered fifteen hundred orphan children from the streets of London, and sent them to Mary-land; and these settlers, in the long-forgotten Christmas days, loved to hear and recount the legends of the court of Charles; and so this story came from a young lady who visited Maryland in early colonial times, and who, as I have said, told it to my grandmother's grandmother.

Hampton Court Palace, which is still in perfect preservation, was a grand old English manor in those days that are dim in history. It was the palace of the voluptuous old Cardinal Woolsey; and here, afterward, kings were born, and queens were married, and disappointed princes grew gray and died.

Bloody Mary celebrated Christmas here on one occasion, when she had the great hall illuminated with a one thousand lamps.

Here Charles I. and his beautiful girl-queen passed their honeymoon. Marriages for love are not common in old royal families, but Charles had loved Henrietta Maria ever since he had seen her young face at a splendid reception at the court of France, and when his ministers failed to arrange a marriage for him, he let his heart speak for itself, and offered his hand to the princess, whose beauty he had first enchanted him. So Henrietta was married to him in France while he was yet in England, in the queer old way of doing things that royal families have used to practice. It was called marrying by proxy. The wedding took place one fair spring day in the old old cathedral of Notre Dame, which was hung with rich tapestry and tissues of gold and red satin, figured with golden lilies or *fleurs-de-lis*.

Henrietta at this time was about fifteen years of age, so she was hardly more than a little girl when Charles first fell in love with her.

He cannot stop to tell you of the gala days that followed the marriage, or the gay ship that bore

the girl-queen over to England, to meet the king she had wedded. The pageants faded as she drew near to London, for the plague was in the city, and bells clanged and tolled every minute of the day. But the gay Duke of Buckingham made a splendid banquet for the royal pair at his residence at Burlington-on-the-Hill, and it was on this occasion that Jeffrey Hudson, the famous dwarf of Charles's court, was first presented to the queen, being served in a large pie on the table. When the pie was cut, Jeffrey jumped out, armed cap-à-pie.

But the honeymoon went by, and the best days of the king's life passed, and the storm of the English revolution began to gather. There were riots in London, and long and angry Parliaments, and the queen fled away for safety, and the king found himself a prisoner at last in Hampton Court Palace, where the happy days of his honeymoon had passed, when life lay fair before him.

Two of his children were with him much of the time in these perilous days—the Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester. They were his hand-in-hand companions in his walks in Paradise, as the Hampton Court Palace gardens were called. The Princess Elizabeth was her father's favorite, a tender-hearted, fair-haired child, frail as a flower, her pure soul shining through her pale face like a lamp through a vase of alabaster. It was to her, as he took her on his knee, that the king confided his last messages to the queen before his execution. "Tell her, sweetheart," he said, "I loved her to the last."

The Duke of Gloucester was younger than the princess, but older in heroic appearance and larger in stature, for Elizabeth was a wee, frail thing.

The king had a favorite hound. It was always with him when he was alone or with his children; it guarded the door of his chamber at night; its only delight seemed to be to do the bidding of his royal master, and to receive his caresses.

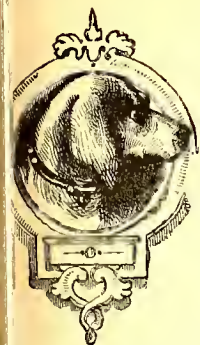
Charles was one day amusing himself with his children in the Hampton Court garden, when a wild-looking woman drew near, and, holding out a thin hand, said:

"Alms?"

She was a strange fright of a creature, and the children thoughtlessly laughed at her, which sent the blood tingling into the furrows of her cheek.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

"They call me a gypsy," answered the woman, assuming a mysterious look. "I foretell events."



The king was not overawed by her air of mystery, but told her that she must at once leave the place.

She moved away darkly and sullenly, when the children uttered an audible laugh. She caught the sound, and turned sharply.

The king was caressing the hound. The fact that a brute was faring better than she, seemed to increase her bitter feeling.

"He can play now," she said, looking enviously toward the dog. "Let him. A dog will howl one day, and then the kingdom will want for a king; then the kingdom will go."

The king seemed to be disturbed by the evil prophecy. He addressed the strange woman in a softer tone, and offered her money.

The black lines faded partly out of her face, and she courtied lower and said:

"A dog will die in this palace one day; then the kingdom shall be restored again."

People were very prone to believe in omens, signs and fortune-telling at this time, and the gypsy's words became known in the palace, and were treasured up to see if they would come to pass.

There was nothing remarkable in the prophecy. If one were to say that a dog would howl in Queen Victoria's park at Balmoral before the Queen should die, or that the cock should crow in the grounds of Windsor Castle before the Prince of Wales should take the throne, it would probably all come to pass, and if so common an event were looked for, it might seem to unthinking people quite a remarkable thing.

The civil war grew more fierce; the king's life was threatened; the king began secretly to plan an escape from Hampton Court, and from this turbulent part of the kingdom. He was really a prisoner in his palace; old friends were everywhere turning against him, and he was sometimes made to feel that his only friend, except his children, was his faithful hound.

"Poor thing, poor thing! he is faithful to me," said the king one day. "But how can I be faithful. I may leave you one day, good fellow, and then a dog will howl. It is a pitiable case when a king cannot be true even to his dog."

The hound seemed to understand the king's great trouble, and at such times would lick his master's hand, and would press his knee and whine, as though to break the reverie.

It was toward the close of a dark afternoon on the 11th of November, 1647. Night came early, with no ray of sunset. The palace gardens were obscured in a deep mist, and the river ran dark below them, with hardly a ray to penetrate the gloom.

The king ate an early supper, and then retired with his favorite dog. It was his custom to go to his chamber for devotions immediately after the evening meal.

It was very still in the palace; very gloomy with the dull sound of the November rain incessantly falling. Occasionally the step of the guard was heard on the corridor. The little duke and the princess were waiting the return of their father in a dimly lighted room near the banquet hall.

He did not come. The foot of the guard sounded firmer, and became impatient.

Suddenly the pitiful howl of the king's hound broke the silence of the palace.

The little duke heard it, and started to go to his father's chamber. The young princess followed him, a strange look of terror in her baby face, and her eyes filled with tears.

The children came to the main stair-way, where they were ordered back by an attendant. In their retreat they again heard the hound in their father's chamber utter the same friendless, piteous howl.

There was a back staircase that led up to the same room. The children passed silently through the empty apartments that led to it, and were startled again and again on their noiseless way by the pitiful howling of the dog, which now began to be piercing in its distress.

Just as they arrived at the foot of the staircase, a heavy sound was heard at the chamber door above. It was answered by a sharp bark from the hound.

"Father must have gone," said the little princess; "what made the dog howl so?"

There was a crash at the door above. The young princess clasped her brother in fear, and tried to draw him back.

"They are breaking into his room," said the prince; "let us go to him; let us defend him."

There was a hurried step and a cry on the stairs. The children drew back; the hound came bounding down and ran up to them and around them in anxiety and terror. There were more footsteps on the stairs, and another cry:

"Give the alarm; the king has escaped!"

Years pass. The stormy scenes of the English Revolution are over. King Charles I. has long slept in the silent vaults of St. George's Chapel, and his separated children have grown to manhood and womanhood in exile.

There came to Hampton Court Palace one summer day, Oliver Cromwell, Protector of the Commonwealth of England. He, too, was attended by a faithful dog. He slept in the old royal apartment, and his dog kept guard at the door. He awoke one morning, but his dog did not come

m. He arose and found that the trusty animal was dead.

Oliver Cromwell was a stern man, but, like most men of that day, he was superstitious. He believed in signs and omens and witchcraft, and he had heard of the withered gypsy's prophecy.

He was shaken in health, and the sight of the mad dog awakened his nervous fears. "Alas!" he said, "the kingdom has departed."

Cromwell soon died, and, as all our school-children know, Charles II., son of the first Charles, came back to the throne, amid great rejoicings and celebrations.

And this is the old story—a curious mingling of true history and superstition—that was told over and over again in the Christmas-tide to open-mouthed groups around Maryland firesides in the old Colonial times.



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S BOOKS AND PICTURES.







BY H. E. SCUDDER.







I HAVE just been looking at an "Indestructible Picture Book of Mother Hubbard and her Dog," which is the first book in my little girl's library. I am afraid it will not last many days more, in spite of its name, and it is very certain that her great-grandchildren will never see it, though I hope they will see one like it; at least I hope they will care for Mother Hubbard and her Dog, and I am pretty sure they will. There are books read by children to-day which their great-grandfathers were reading a hundred years ago; and there is one little book not so much read by children now, which was not only well known to their great-grandfathers but to the great-grandfathers of their great-grandfathers; that is, to such as were born and bred in New England or of New England parents. It is "The New England Primer," a little book not much larger than a baby's hand, which was once almost universally used in New England as the first book for children. You would not think it a very bright-looking book, but it was a useful one, for it had all the let-

ters, which are enough to make one's head ache as they stand in a row:

&, ff, fi, fl, ffi, fl, fh, fi, fk ffi, fl, ff, ft,

The primer was the entrance to spelling and reading for all children: with its alphabet to sta-

A		I N A D A M'S Fall We sinned all.
B		Heaven to find, The Bible Mind.
C		Christ crucify'd For sinners dy'd.
D		The Deluge drown'd The Earth around.
E		E L I J A H hid By Ravens fed.
F		The judgment made F E L I X afraid.

G		As runs the Glass, Our Life doth pass.
H		My Book and Heart Must never part.
I		J O B feels the Rod,— Yet blesses GOD.
K		Proud Korah's troop Was swallowed up
L		L O T fled to Zoar, Saw fiery Shower On Sodom pour.
M		M O S E S was he Who Israel's Host Led thro' the Sea.

ters of the alphabet, not only the regular letters from A to &, which brought up the rear with a lively flourish of its little tail, but a list of the double

with, it gradually led the way, by column and column of easy syllables, up to words of six syllables, and then began the reading. But I do not believe that children then waited to spell all the easy and hard words before they looked at the pictures further on. There was a picture for every letter of the alphabet except &, and against every picture two short lines, which rhymed, were easy to learn, and impossible to forget. I suppose there are thousands upon thousands of grown people now in America who, when they were children, learned these lines, and could say them to-day without looking at the book. But as the New England Primer has been crowded out by the picture-papers and magazines and books, now so plentiful, you may not have seen it. Therefore, ST. NICHOLAS has made exact copies for you of the twenty-four quaint little pictures and stories which great-grandfather

sed to look at. J, you see, is not here, because was only I with another name; U and V, too, were called the same letter; and &, as I said, has no picture; more's the pity, for they might have added:

ANDREW his net
For men did set.







By a little study you can make out all the figures, though the pictures are rather dim.







The pictures are small, and so the one who drew them had to make haste to get in everything that helped to tell the story. The apples are on the tree; Adam is known from Eve by his hat; Noah's ark is the only dry thing in the Deluge; Elijah can scarcely wait for the eager raven; and both Saul and Felix see the judgment as plain as if it were in the same room.

Many of the rhymes, you see, tell the stories which the children had heard from the Bible, and the pictures would make the scenes very vivid; as at troop of Korah's—one can almost hear them cry out as the ground gives way; then how ashamed Korah's friends look, and one shudders at the narrow escape of Lot; while the dripping Israelites are making every exertion to get up to Moses.

I suppose, in the picture below, Noah sees the ark in the midst of the black waters—the old world—and then holds his hand up in admiration as he sees the ark upon dry ground upon the top

The story about him, David and Josias is brief, but it would take great-grandfather's mother a long while to tell the whole story about each. When she finished, she could have summed them up no more completely. So, these three having been

T		Young TIMOTHY Learnt sin to fly.
U		VASTHI for Pride, Was set aside.
W		Whales in the Sea, GOD'S Voice obey.
X		XERXES did die, And so must I.
Y		YOUTH forward flaps, Death soonest nips.
Z		ZACCHEUS he Did climb the Tree Our Lord to see.

N		NOAH did view The old world & new
O		Young OBADIAS, DAVID, JOSIAS All were pious.
P		PETER deny'd His Lord and cry'd.
Q		Queen ESTHER saves And faves the Jews.
R		Young pious RUTH, Left all for Truth.
S		Young SAM'L dear The Lord did fear.

boys, the story of Ruth is suggested, and one sees the house left behind; she is going off with Naomi, and she was sincere.

Sin, in the picture, is certainly not made winning and beautiful, but the meaning is that young Timothy saw sin just as hideous as it really was.

You will not think these pictures beautiful, and they are not; but, like the lines at their side, they are direct. The book was a little book, and when it was made there were very few books at all made expressly for children, so that the makers tried to put as much as they could into this small compass. They did not expect that children would get all their reading out of it, but they meant that when children were learning to spell and to read, they should be taught something about good living, and learn some of the things that were nearest their fathers' hearts. The Bible was the book that their fathers went to most of all, and so this primer is full of bits about the Bible, as in the pictures we have been looking at, and also about religion and duty, as their fathers understood these. Just after this picture alphabet is another "Alphabet of Lessons for Youth, beginning: "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother," and ending: "Zeal hath consumed me,

Ararat, the new world, which he and his sons, are huddled in the corner, are to enter upon. Young Obadiah must be the one without a crown.

because thy enemies have forgotten the word of God." There was a Cradle Hymn, a part of which many children still hear, beginning:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

But this was not in the very old primer, for it was not then written, and there were other verses and short proverbs which those who learnt probably remembered long after they had forgotten larger books.

There was but one other picture, and that was to keep alive the remembrance of terrible times in England, which had been suffered by the great-grandfathers of those who first used the New England primer. It was the picture of John Rogers, as follows:



Beneath it was printed: "MR. JOHN ROGERS, minister of the gospel in *London*, was the first martyr in Queen MARY'S reign, and was burnt at *Smithfield*, *February 14, 1554*. His wife, with nine small children, and one at her breast following him to the stake; with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of JESUS CHRIST."

The first people who came to New England had grave fears lest the times of Queen Mary were coming again in England, and it is not to be wondered at that they should keep alive the memory of these things. How many children have counted that little flock, to see if the nine were all there, and have looked with terror at John Rogers in the fire, and the pleased, smiling faces of the soldiers who kept guard over Mrs. Rogers and her children!

The New England primer was not the only little book which great-grandfather had. There were not many books made in America then, and this was almost the only one made expressly for children; nor were there very many made or written in

England for children alone in those days. In reading the lives and recollections of those who lived at the time of the revolution, or shortly after, one finds mention of a few books for little children which are still read. "Mother Goose Melodies" is an American book, and was made more than a hundred years ago. Many of the rhymes in it, most indeed, are English nurse songs, brought over in the head to this country but there was a real Mother Goose in Boston who sang the little ditties to her daughter's children, and her daughter's husband, who was printer, collected them into a book. Then we read of "Goody Two Shoes," which was quite well known, and there were a good many scraps of history, and anecdotes in almanacs, as there are now. But then, as now, children read the same books that their fathers read. Indeed, that was much more common then, for it is only within the last hundred years, more especially the last twenty-five or thirty, that there have been many books and magazines especially for children. But there were long ago books written, like "The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," the authors of which were not thinking of children at all; and yet these books have come to be read almost entirely by the young. Great-grandfather had these books, and he read besides many books which children to-day, with books of their own, are less likely to see. There was John Randolph, of Roanoke, for instance, a notable Virginian, who was born in 1773. The first book that fell in his way was Voltaire's "History of Charles XII. of Sweden." He found a closet full of books, and before he was eleven years old he had read "The Spectator," "Humphrey Clinker," "Reynard the Fox," "The Arabian Nights," "Tales of the Genii," "Goldsmith's Roman History," and another "History of Braddock's War," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Quintus Curtius," "Plutarch's Lives," "Pope's Homer," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tom Jones," "Orlando Furioso," and "Thompson's Seasons"—a queer lot, but some of them great books, which it would be well to read now, instead of weak and foolish ones.

Then there were parents in those days who thought much of what their boys were reading and thinking about. Listen to what John Quincy Adams—which President was he?—says of his mother:

"In the spring and summer of 1775, she taught me to repeat, daily, after the Lord's Prayer, before rising from bed, the Ode of Collins on the patriotic warriors who fell in the war to subdue the Jacobin rebellion of 1745:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!"

And here is a letter from the same John Quincy Adams, written, when he was ten years old, to his father, John Adams, absent then at Congress:

Braintree, June 2, 1777.

DEAR SIR: I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition; my head is much too fickle; my thoughts are running after birds' eggs, hay, and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me steady, and I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Smollett [History of England], though I had designed to have got half through by this time. I have determined this week to be more diligent, as Mr. Tacher [his tutor] will be absent at court, and I cannot pursue my former studies. I have set myself a stent, and determine to read the third volume half out.

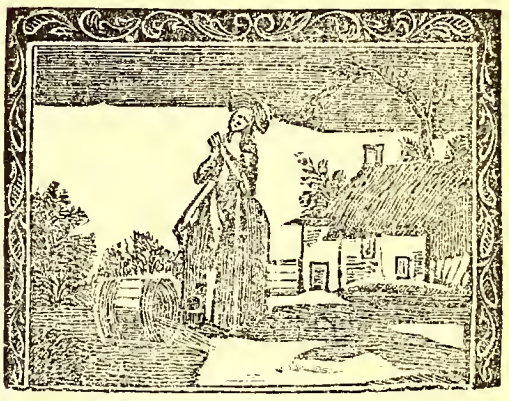
When the Revolution was over, the schools of the country were in a very bad way. The country was poor, there were very few books of any kind, and school-books were of the poorest sort. It was at this time that Noah Webster, who made the dictionary later in his life, and was now a poor school-teacher, determined to make a speller, a grammar and a reader for schools. His grammar and reader were long since forgotten, but his speller is still read all over our country. It is a different book, however, from the first speller which he made. That, like "The New England Primer" of his grandfather, not only taught the alphabet and spelling, but tried to teach the little American some of the lessons in goodness and patriotism, which Noah Webster saw were much needed. It was the only book that a great many children had, and it had pictures—pictures a little bigger than those in the primer, but very much of the same kind. From a very early time fables have been written and told to teach simple truths, and Webster put a few fables into his book, and a picture to each. Here are some of them:

down; but the young Sauce-box told him plainly he would not. Won't you? said the old Man, then I will fetch you down; so he pulled up some tufts of Grass, and threw at him; but this only made the Youngster laugh, to think the old Man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

Well, well, said the old Man, if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in Stones; so the old man pelted him heartily with stones; which soon made the young Chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old Man's pardon.

MORAL.

If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner

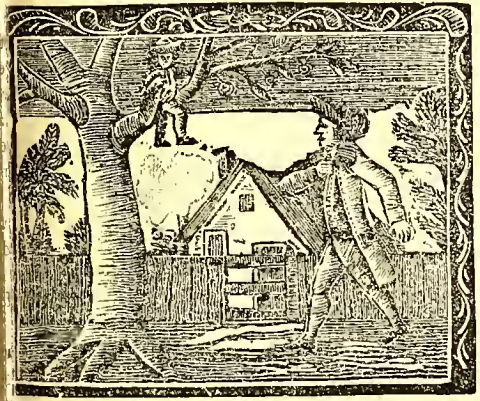


FABLE II.

The Country Maid and her Milk Pail.

WHEN men suffer their imagination to amuse them, with the distant and uncertain improvements of their condition, they frequently sustain real losses, by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

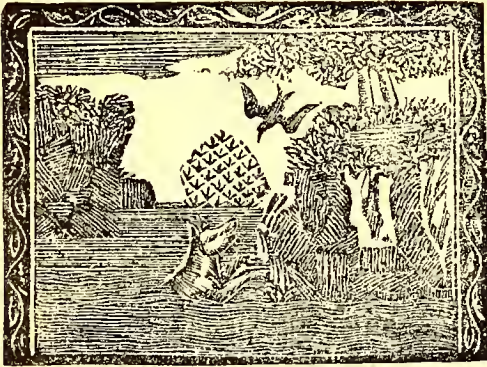
A country Maid was walking very deliberately with a pail of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections: The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bears a good price; so that by May day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new Gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain, toss from them. Transported with this triumphant thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her imagination, when down came the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness.



FABLE I.

Of the Boy that stole Apples.

AN old Man found a rude Boy upon one of his trees stealing Apples, and desired him to come

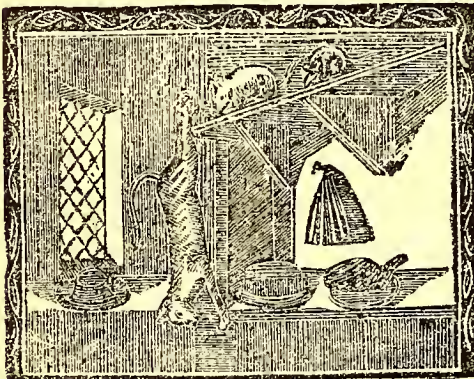


FABLE III.

The Fox and the Swallow.

ARISTOTLE informs us, that the following Fable was spoken by Esop to the Samians, on a debate upon changing their ministers, who were accused of plundering the commonwealth.

A Fox swimming across a river, happened to be entangled in some weeds that grew near the bank, from which he was unable to extricate himself. As he lay thus exposed to whole swarms of flies, which were galling him and sucking his blood, a Swallow, observing his distress, kindly offered to drive them away. By no means, said the Fox; for if these should be chased away, which are already sufficiently gorged, another more hungry swarm would succeed, and I should be robbed of every remaining drop of blood in my veins.

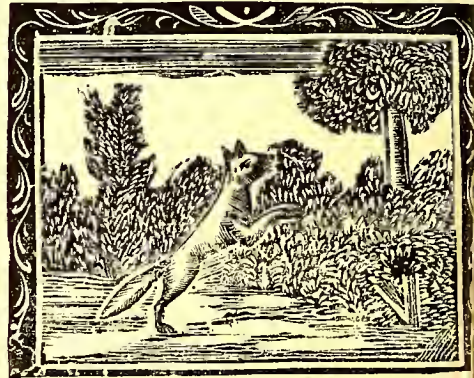


FABLE IV.

The Cat and the Rat.

A CERTAIN Cat had made such unmerciful havoc among the vermin of her neighborhood, that not a single Rat or Mouse dared venture to appear abroad. Puss was soon convinced, that if affairs remained in their present situation, she must be totally unsupplied with provision. After mature deliberation, therefore, she resolved to have recourse to stratagem. For this purpose, she suspended herself from a hook with her head down-

wards, pretending to be dead. The Rats and Mice, as they peeped from their holes, observing her in this dangling attitude, concluded she was nanging for some misdemeanor; and with great joy immediately sallied forth in quest of their prey. Puss, as soon as a sufficient number were collected together, quitted her hold, dropped into the midst of them; and very few had the fortune to make good their retreat. This artifice having succeeded so well, she was encouraged to try the event of a second. Accordingly she whitened her coat all over, by rolling herself in a heap of flour, and in this disguise lay concealed in the bottom of a meat tub. This stratagem was executed in general with the same effect as the former. But an old experienced Rat, altogether as cunning as his adversary, was not so easily ensnared. I don't much like said he, that white heap yonder; Something whispers me there is mischief concealed under it. 'Tis true it may be meal; but it may likewise be something that I should not relish quite so well. There can be no harm at least in keeping at a proper distance; for caution, I am sure, is the parent of safety.



FABLE V.

The Fox and the Bramble.

A FOX, closely pursued by a pack of Dogs, took shelter under the covert of a Bramble. He rejoiced in this asylum; and for a while, was very happy; but soon found that if he attempted to s he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every side. However, making a virtue of necessity, he forbore to complain; and comforted himself with reflecting that no bliss is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the same fount. These Briars, indeed, said he, will tear my skin a little, yet they keep off the dogs. For the sake of the good then let me bear the evil with patience; each bitter has its sweet; and these Briables, though they wound my flesh, preserve my life from danger.

Like the primer, Webster's speller was small. had no room for long stories; but you have seen w

much could be gotten into these little fables with their pictures. In the first one of these funny old wood-cuts there is a story that any one can understand, and it is told in a very lively fashion. The old man in his continental coat has only got as far as words in the picture, and the boy is just reaching out his arm for the round apple near him. If another picture had been given, the old man's coat would have been off, and that boy would have been slithering down the trunk of the tree. But there was only one picture to a fable.

I wonder if the moral of the second fable was printed at the top for fear it would not be read if it came at the end of the story. The poor milkmaid looks rather forlorn in the picture. The toss of her head is there still; she was too shocked with her grief to put her head back again.

Webster was a man who watched politics very closely, and it is not impossible that he put in the first fable with an eye to something then going on in the country. If he had made the fable longer, perhaps he would have made the fox call upon some friend to help him cut the weeds away in which he was entangled. But there is no doubt that those flies, so orderly and determined, would be enough to drive any fox wild.

Did you ever think before reading Fable IV. what was the origin of that phrase, "A cat in the meal?" Was the old experienced rat, you see, that first did it, only he said it in rather longer words. It would be pretty hard to tell from the picture what

all the delicacies were on the table, but there is no doubt that the cat made herself look extremely like a dead cat. Is that a ham hanging on the wall? I can't quite make it out.

I am afraid the artist gave up the difficult task of showing the dogs in the last picture; and without the story it would be rather hard to tell what the picture meant. How different all these pictures are from the new ones which you see on turning the leaves of ST. NICHOLAS! A great deal has been learned in this country about drawing and engraving pictures, just as there has been a great deal more attention given to writing books and stories for children. Yet some of these pictures, like some of the stories, have this about them, that they are perfectly intelligible and are easily remembered. When you compare these old-fashioned books which great-grandfather had with those which you now have,—with ST. NICHOLAS, for instance,—and remember how much greater and more prosperous this country is than it was in great-grandfather's day, do not forget that great-grandfather helped to make the country what it is, and that the books which he read and the pictures he looked at, helped to make him what he was. So, as we have been reading fables and their morals, here is the moral of what I have been saying, and you must not skip it: *Our books and pictures are not only to amuse us, but to make us wise and good; if they do not, then the better they are the worse we shall be.*

THE TWO DOROTHYS.

By C. F. JACKSON.

DOROTHY PATTEN SYLVESTER had come to grandpapa's to make a visit. A visit to grandpapa was to each one of the seven Sylvesters the most delightful thing that could be imagined. They were all of them, always ready to go there when grandpapa and grandmamma sent for one or another of them, only the trouble was to decide which of them should have the pleasure. This time, grandpapa said, Dorothy was alone: I will tell you what happened. Of course, everybody wanted to go to Philadelphia, to the Centennial celebration; and all through the spring, poor little Dorothy was suffering with a fever. When she was well enough to go, she was still thin, and weak, and pale; and

papa and mamma thought a crowded city was not the place in which to find fresh roses for their little girl's cheeks; so they decided to let Dorothy make a visit to grandpapa's, while the rest of the family went to Philadelphia, and although she was disappointed at first, she soon cheered up and began to talk of all the delightful things she would see and do in the country. Then Charley and Frank had promised to write her about everything they saw, and Phil had given her Prince, his black-and-tan terrier, to take care of while he was away. Besides, Bessie, the sister nearest her in age, had agreed that her doll, Alice Rosamunda Temple, should keep a diary of everything of interest that hap-

pened to her, for Dorothy's doll, Susan Araminta Lorraine. Then, best of all, they were to bring back from Philadelphia some one whom Dorothy had never seen, and whose acquaintance she wanted very much to make. Agnes Sylvester, her eldest sister, had married two years before, and was living in Philadelphia, and the children had never seen her baby boy; so you may imagine how much Dorothy wanted them all to come home, particularly Master Dicky Leigh. There were a few tears shed when Dorothy saw them all drive off from grandpapa's, where they had left her; but grandmamma soon comforted her, by taking her over to Mrs. Smith's to drink tea, or rather, as far as she and little Rose Smith were concerned, rich, yellow Alderney milk, with as many strawberries as their plates could hold; and then the walk home through the clover fields by starlight was so pleasant!

The next day, Dorothy ran about the farm till noon; now in the barn to look for fresh-laid eggs in the hay; now with grandpapa to the pasture, to pat the pretty Alderney calves who would come quite close, and lick her hands with their rough tongues, and then jump away and pretend to be frightened when she came a little nearer to them; off again to the dell behind the house to look for wild flowers, until, quite hot, and tired out, she came into the cool front room where grandmamma sat reading in the middle of the afternoon. "You have run too hard, Dot," said grandma, "and have got heated; I can't allow that, or we shall be having the fever back, and then papa and mamma will never lend you to me again. Come, now, go up to your room and take a little rest; then you can come down again when it is cool and pleasant, just before tea."

"I will, grandma; but may I take Fuzzy for company?" Consent was given, so Dot and Fuzzy went upstairs. Fuzzy was a gray kitten, who considered it necessary to be always on the lookout for enemies; for at the slightest noise she would put up her back, and every individual hair on her body would stand straight out. She had met with an accident to her tail in early youth; about an inch had been cut off, and the rest was very thick and bushy; so when she was angry she would make the hairs stand out on it till she looked exactly like a fuzzy ball. Dorothy was devoted to her in spite of her bad temper, which she declared was soured by the loss pussy had met with, and no wonder, for it must be very trying and mortifying to be so different from one's acquaintances. Fuzzy and she were on the best of terms at all times, so when Dorothy caught her up from the porch, where she was comfortably washing herself, she made no resistance, but allowed her little friend to carry her off upstairs.

Dorothy's room looked very quiet and pleasant,

and she nestled down on the soft, white bed, with Fuzzy in her arms, to rest and grow cool.

It was a low, old-fashioned room, with a big bureau and heavy carved cabinet, that had stood in the same place for generations; there was one stiff straight-backed chair, and two or three others not so old, but much more comfortable; a polished floor that had never known a carpet, but which had now a new, pretty rug spread over it; and best of all, a wide, low, western window through which, this hot summer day, came the drowsy hum of insect, the ceaseless distant noise of falling water, and the steady whir of the mill-wheel. The house was the oldest for many miles around, and there had been fewer alterations in this room than in any other. The Pattens had never been a race who loved change, so the high clock that had ticked the minutes, and struck the hours for a hundred years past still stood at the head of the stairs. The long mirror, with peacocks cut in relief on its heavy wooden frame, yet hung over the dining-room mantel, and now reflected the rosy-cheeked Sylvester children as it had reflected the little Ruths, Dorothys, Edwards, of years ago; or the ruffles, puffs, brocade and powdered hair of their elders; there was still in grandmamma's room the rosewood secretary, with its secret drawer, which little Dot held in such awe and about which she had made up so many stories. In the dining-room hung the powder-horn which the private in great-grandfather's regiment had given him, with the plan of his native New England town cleverly cut upon it; the streets laid out in regular order, and the queer old meeting-house steeples, windows, and all marked out with exactness in their places.

All these things, and many others, our Dorothy loved to look at; and now her thoughts wandered back to the little girl who had lived in this same room a hundred years before. Many stories of her childhood and girlhood in those exciting, troublous times of the Revolution were familiar to all the Sylvesters, as were also those of the calm, sweet old age, which she had come back to spend in her early home. Grandpapa had often told them, to the memory of such a life as hers was a better heritage than old house or lands; and it always seemed to Dorothy that something especially bright and secret lingered about the place where so much of this good life had been spent. Now, as she lay in the bed she began to think about the old room that had looked so nearly the same for so many years.

"I wonder," she thought, "what sort of a little girl that first Dorothy Patten was! There's that picture of her down-stairs, in a cap. How funny I think she was ever little like me, when she lived ever so long ago. There was the first Dorothy that lived in this very room a hundred years ago; the

ere was her little Dorothy Patten Sylvester; then er son, that 's grandpa, had his Dorothy; then ere 's me, called for Aunt Dorothea; always a Dorothy for a hundred years. I 'm so glad old Uncle Edward Patten—I 've never told you this, Fuzzy, and you 're so intimate you ought to know—mamma says family affairs ought n't to be talked of to strangers; but I don't mind telling you, Fuzzy, if you promise never to tell Mrs. Smith's Blackey; but you see when Uncle Edward, whom I never saw, 'cause it was years and years ago, died, he said in his will that grandpa was to come and live here; and I 'm so glad, for it 's the nicest place that ever was, and grandma 's said it was so funny that I should have the very room my great—great—great—oh, I don't know how many greats—grandmother, another Dorothy had, a hundred years ago. I wonder did they call her Dolly, or Dot, as they do here? How many names! Dorothea—Dorothy—Dolly—D-o-t; " that was the end of the little girl's inking; and Fuzzy, who had watched her closely, and she was quite sure she was asleep, bounded from the bed, and ran down-stairs to her old place on the porch to finish her washing.

"Dorothy, daughter, come down to me!"

"Yes, mother."

Dorothy answered the call at once, but she thought as she went that something unfamiliar had been drawn like a veil over everything she was accustomed to since the last time she had passed through the halls and down the stair-way. It was Mrs. Sylvester, certainly; but her little girl had never seen her in such a dress. Her dark hair was curled up very high over a cushion; she wore a tight, narrow, brocaded over-dress, with a petticoat of darker stuff showing beneath it; sleeves, tight to the elbow, and flowing below; and muslin draped over her neck, showing her white, slender throat. She held an open letter in her hand, and looked troubled.

"My child, Deacon Peter Johnson has just driven here in his chaise. He left Dalford yesterday, stayed the night at the Red Lion tavern, and came here the first place. He brings me this letter from your grandmother; she writes she is sick, and has a wish to see me; I will go this afternoon, bring you with me. The coach passes through at half-past three, so we must at once put our things in the little hair trunk. Do you go up and lay out the bed your tippet and best dress, together with your bonnet; put out also the other needful things yourself and me against I come up, and be careful that you do not drop upon the floor the fresh sprigs of lavender I laid in your drawer the last Thursday."

"But, mother, in that gown?" rose to Dorothy's

lips. "Assuredly, my child; one must make a good appearance, you know." And her mother looked complacently down on the dress that had struck her daughter so strangely." Dorothy turned slowly to go up the stairs, for the habit of obedience was strong, but much she wondered to herself.

"Grandma sick at Dalford! Why, she had left her but a little while before, perfectly well, down-stairs. Tippet! Straw bonnet! What did it mean? She felt sure that when she opened the old cabinet she would find her pretty brown suit and hat with the daisies. She opened it, however, and looked in. There, folded neatly away, with a white cloth over, on which were scattered sprigs of lavender, lay a brocaded dress with a tippet and black silk apron; and in the closet above, a straw hat of immense size, trimmed with a blue ribbon. Carefully did Dorothy lift them out and lay them on the bed.

"Be quick, Dorothy; be quick. The coach will be here presently. Your knitting, child." Dorothy gave her mother the half-knit stocking, and stood silently by as she rapidly and neatly packed the little hair trunk, closely studded with nails; leaving out the hat for her to wear on the journey. A few more preparations for herself, and then they both came down to the door.

"You will take good care of the house, Deborah, till my return," said Mrs. Sylvester, turning to the old colored woman. "Now call Silas to follow with our trunk. Good-day."

As Dorothy stepped out of the door she was conscious of a strangeness in the objects around her; the country was familiar, and yet not what she had ever before seen. Where was the stable? Where was Mr. Wright's new house? And, why, there was a clover field instead of Mrs. Smith's brown cottage. She would have asked her mother; but Mrs. Sylvester looked so troubled, and walked on so fast, that the child could hardly keep up with her. Silas marched behind, in a blue coat and knee-breeches, carrying the light little trunk. As they went on, Dorothy looked in vain for the station and the railroad, but presently her attention was attracted by a singular-looking object that had just appeared at the turn of the road beyond them. It was some sort of a vehicle, for it was drawn by four horses who were dashing along the road quite fast, while the driver shouted to encourage them, and flourished his whip in the air.

The stage-coach, for this it proved to be, was painted bright yellow, and was very high indeed. Mrs. Sylvester exclaimed in delight at seeing it, and said:

"There, I thought if we came on this road we would just be in time. We should have missed it if we had gone to the tavern. Stop them, Silas."

They moved to the side of the road and waited,

while Silas flourished hat and stick and grew quite hoarse shouting to the driver to stop. He saw them and drew up his horses. The steps were let down, and a gentleman sprang out to help them. Dorothy thought she could never get up into that high thing, but she managed to do it with the assistance of the strange gentleman and Silas. There was one lady in the coach, but she and the gentleman were the only passengers beside themselves. Dorothy looked in wonder at the lady's bonnet. It had quite a small crown, but flared out to an immense size in front, coming away out beyond the face. A

plete suit of drab, made, however, in the same fashion as that of Silas; his hair was quite long and powdered, and fastened in a queue behind.

"Did thee ever travel by coach before, my little friend?" he said presently.

"No, sir," answered Dorothy, timidly, "and do not like it very much."

"Perhaps thee is afraid to go so fast; but we are quite safe—there is no need to fear."

"Oh, that is not it at all," she answered; but stopped suddenly, quite unable to tell the gentleman that she liked the cars better because the



"DID THEE EVER TRAVEL BY COACH BEFORE, MY LITTLE FRIEND?"

yellow ribbon was fastened around the crown, over which curled a white feather, and from it all floated a gossamer veil. She also wore slippers and black mitts, and carried a reticule. For the first time, then, Dorothy noticed that her mother wore a bonnet almost exactly similar, but trimmed with pink. This surprised her very much, but she was on the lookout now for astonishing things. She soon became tired out with the jolting and disagreeable swaying of the high coach, but her mother and the lady talked on serenely, seeming quite at ease and comfortable.

Presently the gentleman looked kindly at her, and she was struck with the benevolent expression of his face; she also noticed that he wore a com-

were so much faster. Somehow she could not remember the words; she felt that they would be utterly meaningless to the serene old gentleman opposite. She kept quiet and listened to what her mother was saying to the lady.

"My husband is at present at New York with General Washington. I expect, daily, news from him, for it is three weeks since I have heard, and there is so much to fear with this continual fighting. Can you kindly tell me, sir," she said, turning to the old gentleman, "what is the latest news from our troops?"

"The last I have heard, friend," said he, in reply, "is that matters are quiet just now. General Howe has established his head-quarters at Stan-

and, and an attack is soon expected. It is much to be desired," he added, earnestly, "that some means may be found for averting more bloodshed, and at the same time preserving us in our rights." Dorothy spoke now, but the words came in quite a different form from that she was accustomed to.

"Honored sir," she said, sedately, "is there not something at present happening in the city of Philadelphia? Many persons whom I know have come thither to attend the C—C—C—" She could not form the word she wanted, and the gentleman came to her assistance.

"Congress," you mean, my child," he said, and though she was perfectly certain she did not mean she was unable to say a single word. "Yes, Congress is meeting there, and we may trust it will find some remedy for our sorrows. The state of our land is indeed miserable."

Dorothy said nothing more during the journey, though she was trying to understand what everybody and everything meant. They did not stay overnight at the inn, as the coach went on, and her father was anxious to reach Dalford. They said good-bye to the kind Quaker gentleman, whose name Sylvester called Friend Timothy, and later in the evening to the lady.

It was quite late when they reached her grandfather's, and Dorothy had not yet been able to ask her mother how it happened that her father was at New York, and there was fighting there. Mrs. Sylvester engaged a man to carry her little trunk over Mistress Patten's, and the little girl followed her and over unfamiliar paths till they stopped in front of a low red farm-house. Her mother paid the man, who went off, and Dorothy and she entered the house. The little girl looked round with curiosity. The room was long and low, with a huge fireplace at one end; the floor was well sanded; on a table in the middle of the room were set plates and saucers, while an old colored woman stood in front of the fire stirring something in a pot. She turned as they entered, and eagerly welcomed her visitors, saying her mistress was much better. Mrs. Sylvester hurried into the next room to see the old lady, leaving Dorothy in the kitchen, and she employed her time in looking round her.

The room was spotlessly neat; in one corner stood a spinning-wheel, and near it a distaff and spindle, and a tall vase of flowers stood in the window.

Mrs. Sylvester soon returned, and told Dorothy to go upstairs and lay off her bonnet and tippet. When she came down again, old Rachel, the colored woman was still at work in the kitchen, but she was doing nothing to the child, who sat down quietly in a chair. Now came a time of confusion to Dorothy.

The room was lighted by one tallow candle and the fire-light; the latter made strange dancing shadows on the wall and ceiling, which took all sorts of forms to Dorothy's imagination. Sometimes they made a tumbling coach and dashing horses; sometimes a lady whose bonnet and feather grew bigger and bigger; sometimes a company of soldiers marching, but always, she noticed, they wore Continental uniforms; and through all she would catch the old colored woman looking at her with a grin, and showing the whites of her eyes. She would speak, but Rachel never would answer; again she would try to speak and could not, and the old woman would laugh harder than ever at her attempts. She would shut her eyes, but all the time she was sure she was being laughed at, and when she opened them again, there was the old woman watching her still. Sometimes it was night and sometimes morning, but Rachel's grinning never changed or stopped. This went on for hours, it seemed to Dorothy, till at last she felt herself growing very hungry, and, after making a great many vain efforts, she managed to say:

"I'm so hungry; when are we going to have something to eat, and wont you please just stop looking at me?"

The old woman, still laughing, answered:

"I's gwine to grin till Congress tells me to stop, and when I gets orders from Philadelphia, I'll git yers suthin to eat. We does everything here by orders from Congress, and I guess we's gwine to git a message now by the runnin' outside."

Sure enough there was a tumult in the village, and Dorothy, her mother, her grandmother, Rachel, and the black cat, all ran out to see what the noise was about. It was bright daylight now; a crowd was gathered in the village around a horseman, who had spurred his weary horse up to the inn door. The man's face was hot and red; his blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and drab knee-breeches, and even his cocked hat, were splashed with mud. He looked quite exhausted, as if he had ridden day and night, as indeed he had, from Philadelphia. He waved his whip in the air, however, and shouted: "Henceforth we are Free and Independent States! The Declaration of Independence is signed!"

Shouting and cheering followed.

Dorothy slowly opened her eyes, and looked about her in a bewildered way.

"How I have slept," she said at last, "and what a strange dream! I've been 'way back to the Revolution."

She rubbed her eyes, and looked down on her dress, to make sure that she had on her cambric, and not that funny straight gown with the black silk apron. Then she looked around the room, almost expecting to see the lady in the queer bonnet, the

old Quaker gentleman, or grinning Rachel; but she saw only the carved cabinet standing in the corner, the high bureau, the chairs, and the rays of the afternoon sun streaming through the window. Dorothy sat musing on the bed, then shook herself fairly awake, and rose to dress for tea.

I cannot explain to you the mystery of my story. Was the dream intended to have fallen gently upon the closed eyelids of Dorothy the first, a hundred years ago; and had it instead lain hidden in the

old room for a century, perhaps in the queer old carved cabinet, perhaps lingering about the wair scotted corners, or in the shadows of the sloping roof, waiting till Dorothy the second should fall asleep in 1876? I cannot tell you how it was, but I am sure it was very puzzling to our Dorothy to leave the sunshine and reality of living childhood and wander back through the shadows of a hundred years, to enter into the life and borrow the dream of her little girl great-grandmother.

THE MODERN AND MEDIÆVAL BALLAD OF MARY JANE

BY HENRY BALDWIN.

[This is a shadow-play, which can be performed in any parlor. A sheet is hung between the audience and the performers, who, by the proper arrangement of light (which can best be attained by experiment), throw their shadows on the sheet. Somebody hidden from the audience reads the ballad aloud.]

I.

It was a maiden beauteous—
Her name was Mary Jane;
To teach the district school she walked
Each morning down the lane.

[She passes and repasses behind the curtain.

Well skilled was she in needle-work,
Egyptian she could speak,
Could manufacture griddle-cakes,
And jest in ancient Greek.



THE STALWART BENJAMIN.

It was the stalwart Benjamin,
Who hoed his father's corn;
He saw the lovely maiden pass,
At breaking of the morn.

[He enters at left.

Deep sighed that bold, admiring swain;
The maid vouchsafed no look—
She munched a sprig of meetin' seed,
And read her spelling-book.

[She enters at left, and ha

A low obeisance made he then;
Right bravely did he speak:
"There is no rose so fair," he said,
"As that upon thy cheek!



THE BEAUTEOUS MARY JANE.

"And many a brooch and silken gown
Will I bestow on thee,
If thou wilt leave thy father's house
And come and marry me."

Then proudly spake that lovely maid :
 " Thy corn-patch thou may'st till !
 I haste to teach the infant mind,
 On yonder lofty hill.

" Though never golden brooch have I,
 Though silken gown I lack,
 I will not wed an husbandman,
 So take thine offer back !"

Oh, fiercely blow the icy blasts
 When winter days begin !
 But fiercer was the rage that filled
 The heart of Benjamin !

He tore in shreds his raven locks,
 And vowed he 'd love no more.
 " Smile on," he cried, " thou haughty maid,
 Thou shalt repent thee sore !"



"HE TORE IN SHREDS HIS RAVEN LOCKS."

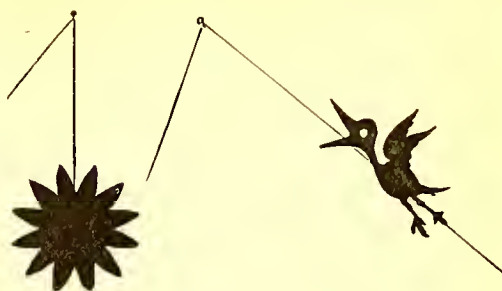
The lady turned, she did not speak,
 Her tear-drops fell like rain ;
 [Tears represented by small pieces of paper.
 Those plaintive words at last did pierce
 The heart of Mary Jane !

II.

Oh, blithely sang the soaring lark ;
 The morning smiled again ;
 Up rose the sun, with golden beams,
 And up rose Mary Jane.

[The lark should be made of pasteboard, and a string, passed through his body, should be stretched diagonally across the sheet. By another string fastened to his head, and running over the upper nail, he may be made to soar. The sun should rise by a string passed over a nail in the center, and at the top of the framework on which the sheet is stretched. The lark should be about as large as the sun.

She gat her to her daily task,
 As on the former morn ;
 Alack ! she spied not Benjamin
 A-hoeing of the corn. [Enter Mary Jane.



THE SUN.

THE SOARING LARK.

No longer, as she trips along,
 Her merry songs she sings ;
 The tear-drops dim her pretty eyes,
 Her lily hands she wrings.

" And art thou gone, sweet Benjamin ?
 Ah ! whither hast thou fled ?
 My spelling-book has charms no more ;
 I would that I were dead !"

But soon her bitter moan she ceased ;
 She viewed her doughty knight,
 Delayed not many leagues from thence,
 And in most grievous plight.

For as he to his husbandry
 That day would fain have passed,
 A monster cow his path beset,
 And sorely him harassed.

Upon the summit of a wall
 He sits, and dares not flee ;
 The awful beast its sprangling horns
 Doth brandish frightfully.

[The cow, made of pasteboard, should be fastened to a broom handle, and poked in from one side. The smaller the cow the better.



THE COW HARASSES BENJAMIN.

" Oh, Mary Jane !" he cried, " if you
 But love me, do not stay
 To weep, but lend a friendly hand,
 And drive the cow away !"

Her apron then she quickly takes,
And wipes her streaming eyes;
Not quicker melts the morning dew,
Than to her love she flies.



MARY JANE WAVES HER PARASOL.

The monster turns at her approach,
It shakes its ample tail;
Take heart, O Benjamin! thy love
Will neither quake nor quail.

Her parasol that venturous maid
Exalted o'er her head;
Thrice waved it in the air, and lo!
Straightway the monster fled.



RESCUED!

Then tarried not that joyous pair
Fond vows of love to make,
But to the house of Mary Jane
Themselves they did betake.

[As the cow runs away, Benjamin gets down and approaches Mary Jane till almost close to her. Then, if both lean forward, the above affecting tableau is produced. They then take hands, and the lamp is moved slowly to one side and obscured; this gives them the appearance of walking, and allows the father to enter; after which the lamp is moved back, and the lovers re-enter.

And out spake grateful Benjamin:
"Forsooth, I had been dead,

Had Mary Jane not saved my life,—
And her I fain would wed."

Up spake her aged sire then;
Full wrathfully spake he:
"How darest thou, thou popinjay,
To ask such thing of me?"

"For wert thou but a millionaire,
Then would I not demur;
Now thou art but an husbandman,
And she—a school-teacher!"

Oh, sorely, sorely did they grieve!
The cruel parent's heart
Inflexible as stone remained,
And they were torn apart.

[He motions them apa



THE AGED SIRE IS WRATHFUL.

III.

And now has come Lord Mortimer,
A-suing for her hand;
A richer nobleman than he
Is not in all the land.



LORD MORTIMER.

Upon his lordly knees he sank,
On bended knee he fell;
"And wilt thou not, fair Mary Jane,
Within my castle dwell?"



"GET HENCE! AVAUNT! I SCORN THY GOLD."

"Thou walkest now with weary feet,
But thou shalt ride in state;
And dine and sup, like any queen,
Off my ancestral plate."

Right scornfully that angry maid
Her dainty nose upturned!
She waved her lily hand, and thus
His tempting offer spurned:

"Get hence! avaunt! I scorn thy gold,
Likewise thy pedigree!
I plightd troth to Benjamin,
Who sails the briny sea."

[Exit Mortimer, enter father.



THE FATHER ENTERS.

"Nay, verily," her father said,
"Braid up thy golden hair;
Prepare to die, if thou wilt not
For nuptials prepare!"

[Flourishes pasteboard knife.

She braided up her golden hair
With jewels bright, eft soon;
She clad her in her twice dyed gown,
And eke her thrice patched shoon.

"Oh, Benjamin! Oh, Benjamin!"
Was all that she could say;
She wist not but that he was dead,
Or thousand leagues away.

IV.

Alack for Mary Jane! the knife
Hangs glittering o'er her head!
Before the altar, Mortimer
Waits his fair bride to wed.

"Who knocks upon the outer gate?
Oh, father, quickly hie!"
"'T is but the grimy charcoal man;
We have no time to buy!"



"HER SHRIEKS NO MERCY WIN."

"Methinks I hear the area-bell;
Oh, father, quickly speed!"
"'T is but a pesky book-agent;
Thou hast no time to read!"

The fatal knife descends, descends!
Her shrieks no mercy win!
When lo, a shout!—the door gives way!
In rushes Benjamin!



"I NOW RETURN, A TRILLIONAIRE."

"Full many a year, a pirate bold,
I've sailed the Spanish main;
I now return, a trillionaire,
To claim thee, Mary Jane!"

Out spake her happy sire then :
 " Can I my eyes believe ?
 Upon your knees, my children dear,
 My blessing to receive ! "

Alas for luckless Mortimer,
 Of love the hopeless dupe !
 He gave up all his title deeds,
 And joined a circus troupe.

But merrily the bells did ring,
 Loud was the cannon's din,
 Upon the day when Mary Jane
 Was wed to Benjamin !

[A low step-ladder, or table covered with a cloth, may be used for the wall. Mary Jane's bonnet can be made of a newspaper. Her father may wear a water-proof cloak, belted in, if a dressing-gown is not obtainable.

MABEL AND I.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

I.

" I WANT to see things as they are," said I to Mabel.

" I don't see how else you can see them," answered Mabel, with a laugh. " You certainly don't see them as they are not."

" Yes, I do," said I. " I see men and things only as they *seem*. It is so exasperating to think that I can never get beyond the surface of anything. My friends may appear very good and beautiful to me, and yet I may all the while have a suspicion that the appearance is deceitful, that they are really neither good nor beautiful."

" In case that was so, I should n't want to know it," said Mabel. " It would make me very unhappy."

" That is where you and I differ," said I.

Mabel was silent for a moment, and I believe she was a little hurt, for I had spoken rather sharply.

" But what good would it do you, Jamie ?" asked she, looking up at me from under her wide-brimmed straw hat.

" What would do me good ?" said I, for I had quite forgotten what we had been talking about.

" To see things as they are. There is my father now ; he knows a great deal, and I am sure I should n't care to know any more than he does."

" Well, that is where you and I differ," said I again.

" I wish you would n't be always saying ' that is where you and I differ.' Somehow I don't like to hear you say it. It does n't sound like yourself."

And Mabel turned away from me, took up a leaf from the ground and began to pick it to pieces.

We were sitting, at the time when this conversation took place, up in the gorge not half a mile

from the house where Mabel's father lived. I was a tutor in the college, about twenty-three years old and I was very fond of German philosophy. And now, since I have told who I was, I suppose I ought to tell you something about Mabel. Mabel was,—but really it is impossible to say what she was except that she was very, very charming. As for the rest, she was the daughter of Professor Markham, and I had known her since my college days when she was quite a little girl. And now she wore long dresses ; and, what was more, she had her hair done up in a sort of Egyptian pyramid on the top of her head. The dress she had on to-day I was particularly fond of ; it was of a fine light texture and the pattern was an endless repetition of a small sweet-brier bud, with two delicate green leaves attached to it.

I had spread a shawl out on the ground where Mabel was sitting, for fear she should soil her fine dress. A large weeping-willow spread its branches all around us, and drooped until it almost touched the ground, so that it made a sort of green, sun-lit summer-house for Mabel and me to live in. Between the rocks at our feet a clear brook came rushing down, throwing before it little showers of spray, which fell like crystal pearls on the water sailed down the swift eddies and then vanished in the next whirlpool. A couple of orioles in brand new yellow uniforms, with black epaulets on their shoulders, were busy in the tree over our heads but stopped now and then in their work to refresh themselves with a little impromptu duet.

" Work and play
 Make glad the day,"—

that seemed to be their philosophy, and Mabel and

were quite ready to agree with them, although I had been idling since the early dawn. But then it was so long since we had seen each other, that I thought we could afford it.

"Somehow," said Mabel at last (for she never could pout long at a time), "I don't like you so well since you came back from Germany. You are not as nice as you used to be. What did you do there for, anyway?"

"Why," I responded, quite seriously, "I went there to study; and I did learn a good deal there, although naturally I was not as industrious as I might have been."

"I can readily believe that. But, tell me, what did you learn that you might n't just as well have learned at home?"

"I thought it was no use in being serious any longer; so I tossed a pebble into the water, glanced into Mabel's face and answered gayly:

"Well, I learned something about gnomes, and gnomes, and elves, and fairies, and salamanders, and —"

"And what?" interrupted Mabel, impatiently.

"And salamanders," repeated I. "You know the forests, and rivers, and mountains of Germany are full of all sorts of strange sprites, and you know the people believe in them, and that is one of the things which make life in the Old World so fascinating. But here we are too prosy, and practical, and business-like, and we don't believe in anything except what we can touch with our hands, and see with our eyes, and sell for money."

"Now, Jamie, that is not true," responded Mabel, energetically; for she was a strong American at heart, and it did n't take much to rouse her. "I believe, for instance, that you know a great deal, although not as much as my father; but I can't see your learning with my eyes, neither can I touch it with my hands —"

"But I hope I can sell it for money," interrupted Mabel, laughing.

"No, joking aside. I don't think we are quite so bad as you would like to make us out."

"And then you think, perhaps, that the gnomes and river-sprites would be as apt to thrive here as in the Old World?"

"Who knows?" said Mabel, with an expression that seemed to me half serious, half grave. "But I wish you would tell me something about your German sprites. I am so very ignorant in such things, you know."

"I stretched myself comfortably on the edge of the lawn at Mabel's feet, and began to tell her the story about the German peasant who caught the gnome that had robbed his wheat-field.

"The gnomes wear tiny red caps," I went on, "which make them invisible. They are called tarn-

caps, or caps of darkness. The peasant that I am telling about had a suspicion that it was the gnomes who had been stealing his wheat. One evening, he went out after sunset (for the gnomes never venture out from their holes until the sun is down) and began to fight in the air with his cane about the borders of the field. Then suddenly he saw a very tiny man with knee-breeches and large frightened eyes, turning a somersault in the grass right at his feet. He had struck off his cap, and then, of course, the gnome was no longer invisible. The peasant immediately seized the cap and put it into his pocket; the gnome begged and implored to get it back, but instead of that, the peasant caught him up in his arms and carried him to his house, where he kept him as a captive until the other gnomes sent a herald to him and offered him a large ransom. Then the gnome was again set free and the peasant made his fortune by the transaction."

"Would n't it be delightful if such things could ever happen here?" exclaimed Mabel, while her beautiful eyes shone with pleasure at the very thought.

"I should think so," said I. "It is said, too, that if there are gnomes and elves in the neighborhood, they always gather around you when you talk about them."

"Really?" And Mabel sent a timid glance in among the large mossy trunks of the beeches and pines.

"Tell me something more, Jamie," she demanded, eagerly.

Mabel had such a charming way of saying "Jamie," that I could never have opposed a wish of hers, whatever it might be. The professor called me James, and among my friends I was Jim; but it was only Mabel who called me Jamie. So I told her all I knew about the nixies, who sang their strange songs at midnight in the water; about the elves, who lived in the roses and lilies, and danced in a ring around the tall flowers until the grass never grew there again; and about the elf-maiden who led the knight astray when he was riding to his bride on his wedding-day. And all the while Mabel's eyes seemed to be growing larger; the blood burned in her cheeks, and sometimes she shuddered, although the afternoon was very warm. When I had finished my tale, I rose and seated myself at her side. The silence suddenly seemed quite oppressive; it was almost as if we could hear it. For some reason neither Mabel nor I dared to speak; but we both strained our ears listening to something, we did not know what. Then there came a strange soft whisper which filled the air all about us, and I thought I heard somebody calling my name.

"They are calling you, Jamie," whispered Mabel.

"Calling me? Who?" said I.

"Up there in the tree. No, not there. It is down in the brook. Everywhere."

"Oh," cried I, with a forced laugh. "We are two great children, Mabel. It is nothing."

Suddenly all was silent once more; but the wood-stars and violets at my feet gazed at me with

"But you know we were talking about them," whispered she, still with the same fascinated gaze in her eyes. "Ah, there, take care! Don't step on that violet. Don't you see how its mute eyes implore you to spare its life?"

"Yes, dear, I see," answered I; and I drew Mabel's arm through mine, and we hurried down the wood-path, not daring to look back, for we had



MABEL IN HER SWEET-BRIER DRESS.

such strange, wistful eyes, that I was almost frightened.

"You should n't have done that, Jamie," said Mabel, "You killed them."

"Killed what?"

"The voices, the strange, small voices."

"My dear girl," said I, as I took Mabel's hands and helped her to rise. "I am afraid we are both losing our senses. Come, let us go. The sun is already down. It must be after tea-time."

both a feeling as if some one was walking close behind us, in our steps.

II.

It was a little after ten, I think, when I left the professor's house, where I had been spending the evening, and started on my homeward way.

As I walked along the road the thought of Mabel haunted me. I wondered whether I ever should be a professor, like her father, and ended with cor

ading that the next best thing to being one's self professor would be to be a professor's son-in-law. it somehow I was n't at all sure that Mabel cared anything about me.

"Things are not what they seem," I murmured to myself, "and the real Mabel may be a very different creature from the Mabel whom I know."

There was not much comfort in that thought, it nevertheless I could not get rid of it. I glanced up to the big round face of the moon, which had a large ring of mist about its neck; and looking more closely I thought I saw a huge floundering body, of which the moon was the head, crawling heavily across the sky and stretching a long misty arm over me. I hurried on, not caring to look right or left; and I suppose I must have taken the wrong turn, for as I lifted my eyes, I found myself standing under the willow-tree at the creek where Mabel and I had been sitting in the afternoon. The gusts, with their shrill metallic voices, kept whirling away in the grass, and I heard their strange hissing sh-h-h-h-h, now growing stronger, then wakening again, and at last stopping abruptly, as if to say: "Did n't I do well?" But the blue-eyed violets shook their heads, and that means in their language: "No, I don't think so at all." The water, which descended in three successive falls into the wide dome-shaped gorge, seemed to me, as I stood gazing at it, to be going the wrong way, crawling, with eager, foamy hands, up the ledges of the rock to where I was standing.

"I must certainly be mad," thought I, "or I am about to be a poet."

In order to rid myself of the painful illusion, which was every moment getting more vivid, I closed my eyes away and hurried up along the banks, while the beseeching murmur of the waters rang in my ears.

As I had ascended the clumsy wooden stairs which lead up to the second fall, I suddenly saw a little blue light hovering over the ground directly in front of me.

"Will-o'-the-wisps," said I to myself. "The sound is probably swampy."

I pounded with my cane on the ground, but, as I might have known, it was solid rock. It was certainly very strange. I flung myself down behind the trunk of a large hemlock. The two blue lights were hovering directly toward me. I lifted my cane,—with a swift blow it cut the air, and,—who can I imagine my astonishment? Right in front of me I saw a tiny man, not much bigger than a good-sized kitten, and at his side lay a small red cap; the cap, of course, I immediately snatched up and hid it in a separate apartment in my pocket-book to make sure that I should not lose it. One of the

lights hastened away to the rocks and vanished before I could overtake it.

There was something so very funny in the idea of finding a gnome in the State of New York, that the strange fear which had possessed me departed, and I felt very much inclined to laugh. My blow had quite stunned the poor little creature; he was still lying half on his back, as if trying to raise himself on his elbows, and his large black eyes had a terrified stare in them, and seemed to be ready to spring out of their sockets.

"Give—give me back my cap," he gasped at last, in a strange metallic voice, which sounded to me like the clinking of silver coins.

"Not so fast, my dear," said I. "What will you give me for it?"

"Anything," he cried, as he arose and held out his small hand.

"Then listen to me," continued I. "Can you help me to see things as they are? In that case I shall give you back your cap, but on no other condition."

"See things as they are?" repeated the gnome, wonderingly.

"Yes, and not only as they seem," rejoined I, with emphasis.

"Return here at midnight," began he, after a long silence. "Upon the stone where you are sitting you shall find what you want. If you take it, leave my cap on the same spot."

"That is a fair bargain," said I. "I shall be here promptly at twelve. Good-night."

I had extended my palm to shake hands with my new friend, but he seemed to resent my politeness; with a sort of snarl, he turned a somersault and rolled down the hill-side to where the rocks rise from the water.

I need not say that I kept my promise about returning. And what did I find? A pair of spectacles of the most exquisite workmanship; the glasses so clear as almost to deceive the sight, and the setting of gold spun into fine elastic threads.

"We shall soon see what they are good for," thought I, as I put them into the silver case, the wonderful finish of which I could hardly distinguish by the misty light of the moon.

The little tarn-cap I of course left on the stone. As I wandered homeward through the woods, I thought, with a certain fierce triumph, that now the beauty of Mabel's face should no more deceive me.

"Now, Mabel," I murmured, "now I shall see you as you are."

III.

AT three o'clock in the afternoon, I knocked at the door of the professor's study.

"Come in," said the professor.

"Is—is Mabel at home?" asked I, when I had shaken hands with the professor and seated myself in one of his hard, straight-backed chairs.

"She will be down presently," answered he. "There is a newspaper. You may amuse yourself with that until she comes."

I took up the paper; but the spectacles seemed to be burning in my breast-pocket, and although I stared intently on the print, I could hardly distinguish a word. What if I tried the power of the spectacles on the professor? The idea appeared to me a happy one, and I immediately proceeded to put it into practice. With a loudly beating heart, I pulled the silver case from my pocket, rubbed the glasses with my handkerchief, put them on my nose, adjusted the bows behind my ears, and cast a stealthy glance at the professor over the edge of my paper. But what was my horror! It was no longer the professor at all. It was a huge parrot, a veritable parrot in slippers and dressing-gown! I dared hardly believe my senses. Was the professor *really* not a man, but a parrot? My dear trusted and honored teacher, whom I had always looked upon as the wisest and most learned of living men, could it be possible that *he* was a parrot? And still there he sat, grave and sedate, a pair of horn spectacles on his large, crooked beak, a few stiff feathers bristling around his bald crown, and his small eyes blinking with a sort of meaningless air of confidence, as I often had seen a parrot's eyes doing.

"My gnome has been playing a trick on me," I thought. "This is certainly not to see things as they are. If I only had his tarn-cap once more, he should not recover it so cheaply."

"Well, my boy," began the professor, as he wheeled round in his chair, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the polished andirons which adorned the empty fire-place. "How is the world using you? Getting over your German whims, eh?"

Surely the spectacles must in some mysterious way have affected my ears too. The professor's voice certainly did sound very curious—very much like the croak of some bird that had learned human language, but had no notion of what he was saying. The case was really getting serious. I threw the paper away, stared my teacher full in the face, but was so covered with confusion that I could hardly utter two coherent words.

"Yes, yes,—certainly,—professor," I stammered. "German whims?—I mean things as they are—and—and not as they seem—*das Ding an sich*—beg your pardon—I am not sure, I—I comprehended your meaning—beg your pardon?"

"My dear boy," croaked the professor, opening

his beak in great bewilderment, and showing little thick red tongue, which curved upward like that of a parrot, "you are certainly not well Mabel! Mabel! Come down! James is ill! Ye you certainly look wretchedly. Let me feel your pulse."

I suppose my face must have been very much flushed, for the blood had mounted to my head and throbbled feverishly in my temples. As I heard the patter of Mabel's feet in the hall, a great dream came over me. What if she too should turn out to be somebody else—a strange bird or beast? No, not for all the world would I see Mabel—the dear, blessed Mabel—any differently from what she had always seemed to me. So I tore the spectacles from my nose and crammed them into my case, which again I thrust into my pocket. In the same instant, Mabel's sweet face appeared in the door.

"Did you call me, papa?" she said; then, as she saw me reclining on the sofa, where her father (now no longer a parrot) had forced me to lie down, there came a sudden fright into her beautiful eyes, and she sprang to my side and seized me hand in hers.

"Are you ill, Jamie?" she asked, in a voice of unfeigned anxiety, which went straight to my heart. "Has anything happened to you?"

"Hush, hush!" said the professor. "Don't make him speak. It might have proved a serious attack. Too much studying, my dear—too much studying. To be sure, the ambition of young men nowadays is past belief. It was different in my youth. Then, every young man was satisfied if he could only make a living—found a home for himself and bring up his family in the fear of God. But now, dear me, such things are mere nursemaid ambitions."

"I felt wretched and guilty in my heart! To be thus imposing upon two good people, who love me and were willing to make every sacrifice for my comfort! Mabel had brought a pillow and put it under my head; and now she took out some sort of crochet-work, and seated herself on a chair close by me. The professor stood looking at his watch and counting my pulse-beats.

"One hundred and fifteen," he muttered, and shook his bald head. "Yes, he has fever. I saw it at once, as he entered the room."

"Professor," I cried out, in an agony of remorse, "really I meant nothing by it. I know very well that you are not a parrot—that you are—"

"I—I—a parrot!" he exclaimed, smiling knowingly at Mabel. "No, I should think not. He is raving, my dear. High fever. Just what I said. Wont you go out and send Maggie for the doctor

stop, I shall go myself. Then he will be sure to come without delay. It is high time."

The professor buttoned his coat up to his chin, and his hat at the proper angle on the back of his head, and departed in haste.

"How do you feel now, Jamie dear?" said Mabel, after awhile.

"I am very well, I thank you, Mabel," answered

here and playing sick," muttered I, "then, of course, I will do anything to please you."

"That is right," said she, and gave me a friendly nod.

So I lay still for a long while, until I came once more to think of my wonderful spectacles, which had turned the venerable professor into a parrot. I thought I owed Mabel an apology for what I had



"GIVE ME BACK MY CAP!" CRIED THE GNOME."

"In fact, it is all nonsense. I am not sick at all."

"Hush, hush! you must not talk so much," commanded she, and put her hand on my mouth.

My excitement was now gradually subsiding, and my blood was returning to its usual speed.

"If you don't object, Mabel," said I, "I'll get up and go home. There's nothing whatever the matter with me."

"Will you be a good boy and keep quiet," repeated she, emphasizing each word by a gentle tap on my head with her crochet-needle.

"Well, if it can amuse you to have me lying

done to her father, and I determined to ease my mind by confiding the whole story to her.

"Mabel," I began, raising myself on my elbow, "I want to tell you something, but you must promise me beforehand that you will not be angry with me."

"Angry with you, Jamie?" repeated she, opening her bright eyes wide in astonishment. "I never was angry with you in my life."

"Very well, then. But I have done something very bad, and I shall never have peace until I have confided it all to you. You are so very good, Mabel. I wish I could be as good as you are."

Mabel was about to interrupt me, but I prevented her, and continued:

"Last night, as I was going home from your house, the moonlight was so strangely airy and beautiful, and without quite intending to do it, I found myself taking a walk through the gorge. There I saw some curious little lights dancing over the ground, and I remembered the story of the peasant who had caught the gnome. And do you know what I did?"

Mabel was beginning to look apprehensive.

"No, I can't imagine what you did," she whispered.

"Well, I lifted my cane, struck at one of the lights, and, before I knew it, there lay a live gnome on the ground, kicking with his small legs——"

"Jamie! Jamie!" cried Mabel, springing up and gazing at me, as if she thought I had gone mad.

Then there was an unwelcome shuffling of feet in the hall, the door was opened, and the professor entered with the doctor.

"Papa, papa!" exclaimed Mabel, turning to her father. "Do you know what Jamie says? He says he saw a gnome last night in the gorge, and that——"

"Yes, I did!" cried I, excitedly, and sprang up to seize my hat. "If nobody will believe me, I need n't stay here any longer. And if you doubt what I have been saying, I can show you——"

"My dear sir," said the doctor.

"My dear boy," chimed in the professor, and seized me round the waist to prevent me from escaping.

"My dear Jamie," implored Mabel, while the tears started to her eyes, "do keep quiet, do!"

The doctor and the professor now forced me back upon the sofa, and I had once more to resign myself to my fate.

"A most singular hallucination," said the professor, turning his round, good-natured face to the doctor. "A moment ago he observed that I was *not* a parrot, which necessarily must have been suggested by a previous hallucination that I *was* a parrot."

The doctor shook his head and looked grave.

"Possibly a very serious case," said he, "a case of——," and he gave it a long Latin name, which I failed to catch. "It is well that I was called in time. We may still succeed in mastering the disease."

"Too much study?" suggested the professor. "Restless ambition? Night labor—severe application?"

The doctor nodded and tried to look wise. Mabel burst into tears, and I myself, seeing her distress, could hardly refrain from weeping. And still I

could not help thinking that it was very sweet to see Mabel's tears flowing for my sake.

The doctor now sat down and wrote a number curiously abbreviated Latin words for a prescription, and handed it to the professor, who folded up and put it into his pocket-book.

Half an hour later, I lay in a soft bed with snow white curtains, in a cozy little room upstairs. The shades had been pulled down before the window a number of medicine bottles stood on a chair by my bedside, and I began to feel quite like an invalid—and all because I had said (what nobody could deny) that the professor was not a parrot.

IV.

I SOON learned that the easiest way to recover my liberty was to offer no resistance, and to say nothing more about the gnome and the spectacles. Mabel came and sat by my bedside for a few hours every afternoon, and her father visited me regularly three times a day, felt my pulse and gave me a short lecture on moderation in study, on the evil effects of ambition, and on the dangerous tendencies of modern speculation.

The gnome's spectacles I kept hidden under my pillow, and many a time when Mabel was with me I felt a strong temptation to try their effect upon her. Was Mabel really as good and beautiful as she seemed to me? Often I had my hand on the dangerous glasses, but always the same dread came over me, and my courage failed me. That sweet, fair, beautiful face,—what could it be, if it was not what it seemed? No, no, I loved Mabel too well as she seemed, to wish to know whether she was delusion or a reality. What good would it do me if I found out that she too was a parrot, or a goose or any other kind of bird or beast? The fair hope would go out of my life, and I should have little or nothing left worth living for. I must confess that my curiosity often tormented me beyond endurance, but, as I said, I could never muster courage enough either to conquer it or to yield to it. Thus, when at the end of a week I was allowed to sit up, I knew no more about Mabel's real character than I had known before. I saw that she was patient, kind-hearted, sweet-tempered,—that her comings and goings were as quiet and pleasant as those of the sunlight which now stole in undisturbed and again vanished through the uncurtained windows. And, after all, had I not known that always? One thing, however, I now knew better than before, and that was that I never could love anybody as I loved Mabel, and that I hoped some time to make her my wife.

A couple of days elapsed, and then I was permitted to return to my own lonely rooms. A very dreary and desolate did they seem to me af

pleasant days I had spent, playing sick, with bel and the professor. I did try once or twice effect of my spectacles on some of my friends, always the result was astonishing. Once I put on in church, and the minister, who had the reputation of being a very pious man, suddenly stood before me as a huge fox in gown and bands. His voice sounded like a sort of bark, and his long coat opened and shut again in such a funny fashion that I came near laughing aloud. But, fortunately, I checked myself and looked for a moment at a couple of old maids in the pew opposite. And, then, I thought you will believe me or not, they looked exactly like two dressed-up magpies, while the old gentleman next to them had the appearance of a sedate and pious turkey-cock. As he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose—I saw his bill—the laughter again came over me, and I had to stoop down in the pew and smother my merriment. An old chum of mine, who was a famous sportsman and a great favorite with the ladies, turned out to be a bull-dog, and as he adjusted his neck-tie and pulled up his collar around his thick, hairy neck, I had once more to hide my eyes in order to preserve my gravity. I am afraid, if I had gone on with my observations, I should have lost my faith in many a man and woman whom I had previously trusted and admired, for they were probably not all as good and amiable as they appeared. However, I could not help asking myself, as Mabel had done, what use such a knowledge would, in the end, do me. It is not better to believe everybody good, until proved to the contrary, than to distrust everybody and by your suspicion do injustice to those who were really better than they seemed? After I had thought, these spectacles are making me stupid and suspicious; they are a dangerous and useless thing to possess. I will return them to their

owner. This was my determination. A little before supper-time, I started for the gorge, and on my way I saw a little girl playing with pebbles at the roadside. My curiosity once more possessed me. I went on to the gnome's spectacles and gazed intently at the little child. Strange to say no transformation came. I took off the glasses, rubbed them with my handkerchief, and put them on once more. The child still remained what it seemed—a child; its feature was changed. Here, then, was really a creature that was neither more nor less than it appeared. For some inconceivable reason the tears came to my eyes; I took the little girl up in my arms and kissed her. My thoughts then naturally turned to Mabel; I knew in the depth of my heart that she, too, would have remained unchanged. How could she be that was better than her own

sweet self—the pure, the beautiful, the blessed Mabel?

When the sun was well set, I sat down under the same hemlock-tree where I had first met the gnome. After half an hour's waiting I again saw the lights advancing over the ground, struck at random at one of them and the small man was once more visible. I did not seize his cap, however, but addressed him in this manner:

"Do you know, you curious Old World sprite, what scrapes your detestable spectacles brought me into? Here they are. Take them back. I don't want to see them again as long as I live."

In the next moment I saw the precious glasses in the gnome's hand, a broad, malicious grin distorted his features, and before I could say another word, he had snatched up his cap and vanished.

A few days later, Mabel, with her sweet-brier dress on, was again walking at my side along the stream in the gorge, and somehow our footsteps led us to the old willow-tree where we had had our talk about the German gnomes and fairies.

"Suppose, Jamie," said Mabel, as we seated ourselves on the grass, "that a good fairy should come to you and tell you that your highest wish should be fulfilled. What would you then ask?"

"I would ask," cried I, seizing Mabel's hand, "that she would give me a good little wife, with blue eyes and golden hair, whose name should be Mabel."

Mabel blushed crimson and turned her face away from me to hide her confusion.

"You would not wish to see things as they are, then," whispered she, while the sweetest smile stole over her blushing face.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed I. "But what would you ask, Mabel?"

"I," answered she, "would ask the fairy to give me a husband who loved me well, if—his name was—Jamie."

A little before supper-time we both stole on tip-toe into the professor's study. He was writing, as usual, and did not notice us. Mabel went up to his chair from behind and gently put her hands over his eyes, and asked if he could guess who it was. He, of course, guessed all the names he could think of except the right one.

"Papa," said Mabel, at last, restoring to him once more the use of his eyes, "Jamie and I have something we want to tell you."

"And what is it, my dear?" asked the professor, turning round on his chair, and staring at us as if he expected something extraordinary.

"I don't want to say it aloud," said Mabel. "I want to whisper it."

"And I, too," echoed I.

And so we both put our mouths, one on each side, to the professor's ears and whispered.

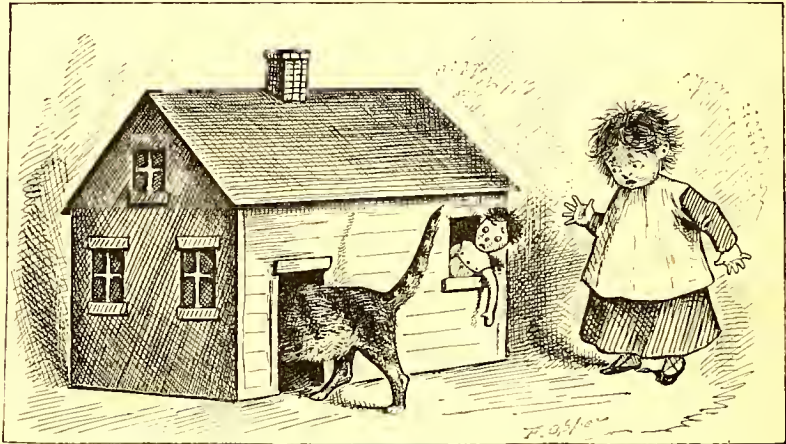
"But," exclaimed the old man, as soon as he could recover his breath, "you must bear in mind that life is not a play,—that—that life is not what it seems——"

"No, but Mabel *is*," said I.

"Is,—is what?"

"What she seems," cried I.

And then we both laughed; and the professor kissed Mabel, shook my hand, and at last laughed.



ANOTHER DAYLIGHT BURGLARY.

THE OLD-TIME MINSTRELS.

By E. B. M.

THE English harpers, or minstrels, were the successors of England's first musicians, the Druid bards. Not only in England, but throughout all Europe, and especially in Denmark, the sacred scalds (or bards) first, and afterward the harpers, were persons of the greatest consequence. They were constantly sought to attend at the palaces of kings, where, to the accompaniment of their rude harps, they recounted for royal ears the praises of kingly ancestors, or sang the stirring national anthems, which should inspire to deeds of future greatness. In return, they were loaded with the

richest honors and rewards, their vocation was considered divine, and in times of war they were unmolested, though traveling freely to and fro between the encampments of hostile armies.

Alfred the Great (and he was not the only one who tried the experiment) found, as you know, the disguise of a harper, admittance to the camp of his enemies, the Danes, and obtained there the necessary knowledge to regain the lost throne.

On the opposite page is a picture of one of the primitive harpers, giving some idea of the shape the instrument used by the musician of the time.

As early as the tenth century we read of minstrels the continent of Europe, who traveled in bands companies, glad to offer their united powers of amusement to any who would give them audience. The Anglo-Saxon minstrels, who come into prominent notice soon after, were called in the early ages minstrelsy by two names—"scop," meaning a maker, and "gligman" or "gleeman," which includes all professional performers for public entertainment. For, to the serious vein of their ancestors, these wandering musicians had added a comic vein of their own, and with the singing of ancient heroic poems they rendered also the ballads and romances of the day, accompanied by exhibitions of their skill as dancers, jocalators or jesters, and jugglers. These obtained admission everywhere.

When we remember how few were the occupations of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, we can imagine with what satisfaction a cheerful party of minstrels, possessing such numerous powers of diversion, would be received at the castle gate or the village inn. They frequented mostly the homes of the great, however; and though the ancient minstrel, singing only the religious or patriotic songs of his race, was held in very different esteem from the modern gleemen, who cared more for supper than for song, yet their society was as eagerly sought and rewarded. In addition to their merry-making and romances, the minstrels served also the purpose of a newspaper, carrying items of news from one part of the country to another, along with the latest news and tales, all of which they offered their patrons for consideration.

They figured prominently also in political intrigues, so that, during the middle ages, the disservice of a minstrel was frequently assumed to enable expected or obnoxious parties to pass through difficulties safely and unchallenged. Some of the class were more respectable than others, however, and devoted themselves solely to the exercise of their profession.

The news of an approaching festival was sure to bring to the castle gates a large gathering of the minstrels. Numbers were no bar to admission, and during successive days of feasting and pleasure, these adroit performers would suit their entertainment to the mood of their hearers. Were the company in a quiet humor, they sang the old ballads of chivalry. If gay, as they lingered over the drinking bowl, they chanted satirical poems or love-romances, or exhibited their mountebank shows and powers of jugglery; and at last, presented their appeals for compensation, sometimes in ways that were neither dignified nor delicate.

In one case, we are told, a minstrel interrupts the story, probably at the most telling point, to

inform his hearers, that "whoever wishes to hear any more of this poem must make haste to open his purse, for it is now high time that he give me something." Another makes a still more peremptory demand. "Take notice," he says, "as God may give me health, I will immediately put a stop to my song, and I at once excommunicate all those who shall not visit their purses in order to give me something to my wife." The poor fellow had some excuse, however, as his poem had already reached over five thousand lines without bringing any response from his audience.

But money was not the only reward sought or won by these wandering musicians. The village fairs, no less than baronial halls, were enlivened by their presence. The first Earl of Chester decreed that all minstrels who should come to Chester fair were secure from arrest for theft or any other misdemeanor, except the crime were committed during the fair. Years afterward, the privileges proved of great advantage to one of the noble lord's successors, for, besieged by the Welsh in his castle of Rothelan, the constable of Chester gathered the minstrels, and, "by the allurements of their music, got together a great crowd of such loose people as by reason of privilege were then in that city, whom he sent forthwith to the earl's relief. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

Many of the minstrels were retained in the constant service of kings and nobles, receiving salaries, and even houses and lands, from their royal patrons.



A PRIMITIVE HARPER.

They were not only required to perform at public festivals, as we have seen, but during disagreeable operations, which kings as well as common people are sometimes obliged to endure. History tells us that Edward I., who was the special patron of the profession, was at one time very ill and obliged to be bled. In order to soothe his majesty while undergoing the operation, his surgeon, Sir John

Maltravers, summoned his chief minstrel, who executed some of his choicest diversions on the painful occasion.

Among the instruments used by the minstrels, the harp, or, as it was called in the old Saxon, the "gléc-beam" (or glee-wood), stood first in their regard. In addition, the trumpet, the pipe (or flute), the viol (or fiddle), the horn, the drum (or tabor), the cymbals, hand-bells, and a portable organ, known as the dulcimer, were all used in the middle ages. The troubadours of Europe, however, were devoted exclusively to the viol.

On this page is a picture of a minstrel of the fourteenth century, playing upon a tabor, an in-



ANGLO-SAXON MINSTRELS AND JUGGLERS.

strument much in favor with the lower orders of society.

The dulcimer, or organ, was much in use, if we may judge from its frequent introduction into pictures.

The bagpipe was an instrument mostly used by shepherds and rustic musicians, who, in common with other classes of society during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were given to the cultivation of music. In addition to the bagpipe, they played upon the pipe and horn; and so late as the reign of Queen Mary, in 1553, they officiated at

village weddings and merry-makings, and "even sometimes excited the jealousy of the professors of the joyous science."

In the effort to raise minstrelsy to a more respectable position, the minstrels of a better class formed themselves into societies or guilds, governed by laws of their own, and open only to the admission of those who by special qualification were fitted to join the company. The most noted of these guilds was the ancient fraternity of the minstrels of Beverley, in Yorkshire. Their officers were an alderman and two stewards, and a copy of their regulations is still preserved.

One of these requires, "That they should not take any new brother except he be minstrel to some man of honor or worship, or wait of some town, corporate, or other ancient town, or else of such knowledge or honesty as shall be thought laudable and pleasant to the hearers there."

Another of their by-laws declares, "That no mylner, shepherd, or of other occupation, or husbandman or husbandman's servant, playing upon pipe or other instrument, shall follow any wedding or other thing that pertaineth to the said science except in his own parish."

In the time of Henry VI., at the building of the church of St. Mary's in Beverley, these minstrels gave one of its pillars, with the design, as shown on the opposite page, sculptured upon it.

But despite the endeavors of such fraternities as these, minstrelsy, degraded by the immoral lives of many of its professors, was, like the state of society in which it flourished, becoming an institution of the past. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, minstrels were styled as "ribalds," "heretics," and were considered a "disgraceful" sort of people; while a little later, they were proscribed by an Act of Parliament as "vagabonds and rogues." Yet even at the beginning of the last century there were many people of rank who retained minstrels in their retinue, employed in duties connected with their old profession.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the date of the story being about the mid-



THE TABOR.



THE DULCIMER.

the sixteenth century, we have a picture of the forlorn condition of the once jovial gleeman :

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day.



A BAND OF MINSTRELS WITH DULCIMER, BAGPIPE AND VIOL.

The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry,—
For well-a-day their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne.
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
A harp a king had loved to hear."

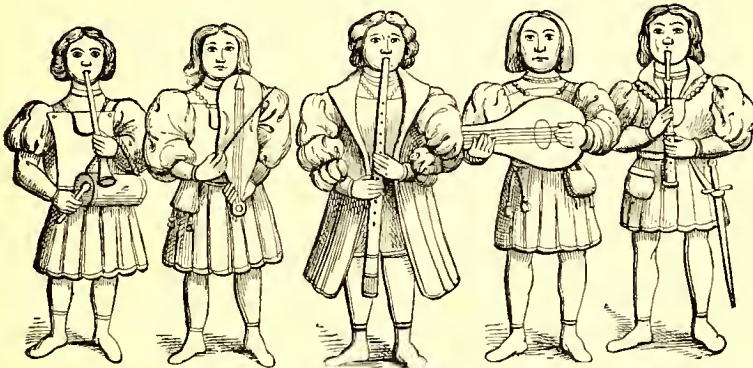
The minstrel, seeing no humbler resting-place at hand, paused sadly at a castle gate. But a kind reception awaited him.

"The duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well."

So kindly was the aged minstrel cared for, and so interested were the duchess and her ladies in his lay, that after singing again and again the songs of the olden time, we see him once more.

"Hushed is the harp, the minstrel gone—
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the minstrel's lowly bower,
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There, sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before."

The troubadours, whom we have mentioned, belonged to the highest order of minstrels. They were a school of poets who flourished in the south of France and north of Italy, from the eleventh to the latter end of the thirteenth century. They were principally of noble birth, numbering kings and warriors within their ranks, who cultivated the arts of poetry and music; their compositions, for the most part, being love romances and ballads. Some of them also wrote books on the art of versifying and the principles of poetry. But, like the minstrel, the troubadour in time disappeared.



FIGURES SCULPTURED ON A CHURCH PILLAR.

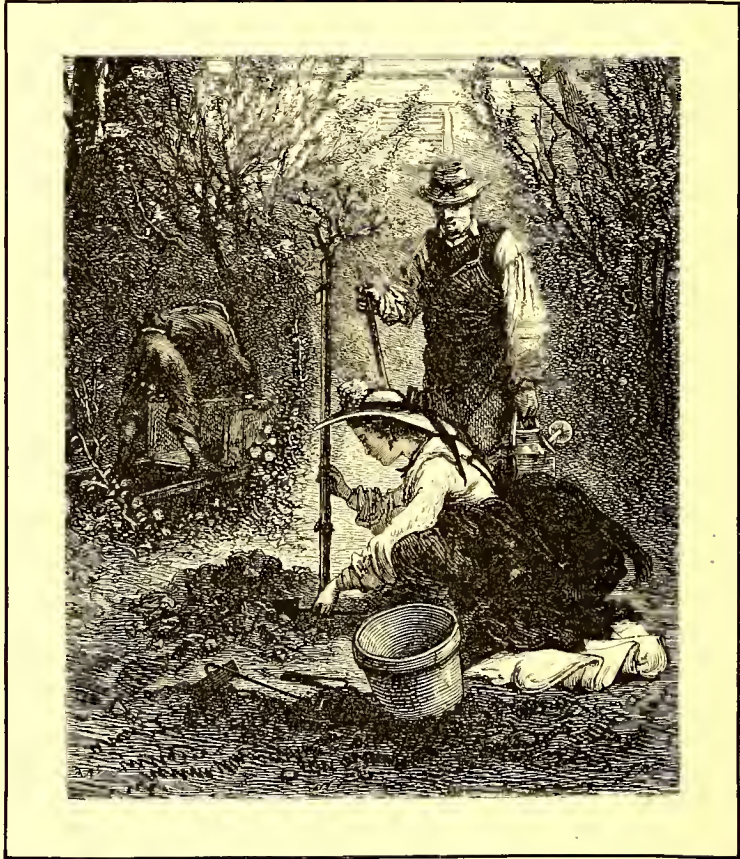
MARIE'S NEW YEAR'S DAY.

By G. W. B.

MARIE, a sweet-faced French girl, was our children's nurse. Her father, an Austrian, had, when a young man, left his native village and traveled to a little town in France. Here he married, and his wanderings ceased. Years rolled on, time wrought

Performing her slight household duties, she sang the charmed gay little airs of her native land, in a sweet voice that made the canary wild with rivalry, while everywhere her presence was like sunshine.

Winter passed,—the sunny days of spring,—and



"SHE WAS DELIGHTED WHEN THE GARDENER ALLOWED HER TO ASSIST HIM."

its changes, and at last his eldest daughter came to this country. She had been but a few days in New York when we engaged her, and she had but few acquaintances, but her modest appearance, her bright cheerful face, were sufficiently good recommendations, and she was soon transferred to our home. Immediately she won a warm place in the affections of the children, so that to listen to French stories, or to chat in French with Marie, was to them no task.

when the heats of summer came we left the city. How happy was Marie in our country home! The squirrel and the robin were not more gay than she, and the honey-bee not more industrious. She was delighted when the gardener allowed her to assist him; but, working or playing, she was always happy. Under the tall pines, and beneath the beeches, her rippling laughter echoed, while the chattering jay-birds ceased their scoldings to listen to its music.

But there came a sad day for our poor *Française*. The performance of some duty, she went into the laundry, her light dress came in contact with the fire—a shriek, a sudden bound, and she stood upon the breezy lawn, enveloped in flames. With desperation she tore away the blazing fabric; help came, but not to save her from dreadful injury. Her face was not harmed, but her arms were shockingly burned.

Her first utterance was: “*Oh, Madame B. ! Madame B. ! je ne pourrais plus jamais, jamais travailler !*”

Kind nursing and tender care were not wanting; the best medical skill was employed; but to save her life it was decided that her right arm must be taken off near the shoulder. Through all her distress and pain the poor girl bore herself with fortitude that awoke the admiration of all who saw her. The amputation took place at the hospital, and it was only during the Christmas week that she came back to us—pale and worn, her merry smiles all changed into a look of anxiety.

During her absence it had been suggested that a fund be got together for her benefit. Kind hearts who heard her sad story gave freely, and before New Year's Day there was a nice sum in hand for her benefit. The glad morning, and the usual exchange of presents of the happy day had been exchanged. Marie received many little souvenirs, had given the children some simple tokens of her love and gratitude, and was quite cheerful. About the house, however, there was an air of mystery.

After the holiday dinner, many children of the neighborhood, whom Marie knew, came dropping in all with some kind word for her, until twenty or thirty were assembled, and playing merry games. Marie, with her black dress, white apron, and white bonnet, with its single rose, moved around among them interesting herself in their play, until no more the color faintly showed itself in her cheeks.

Suddenly, there appears from an adjoining room, an elephant (improvised—two boys and a shawl) bringing with its trunk a white envelope, and this elephant said: “*Marie Schalner ! où est elle ?*”

Going to where she stood, the envelope was held out to the astonished girl, and she saw the inscription: “*Pour Marie ! 500 francs.*”

Five hundred francs ! Who can picture her surprise, the clapping of hands, and the joy of the children as they crowded around her while the elephant disappeared in rather a disordered condition.

Quiet came, the plays went on, when Marie was asked to run upstairs and bring a little box. She tripped away and brought it. It was opened. “*Quelque chose pour vous, Marie !*” and, behold, another envelope with “*500 francs ! Pour l'amour de Jésus.*” Again, laughter and joy and clapping of hands, when appears upon the scene a little old lady, with antique dress, who demands Marie Schalner, for she has again 500 francs, with the motto: “*Dieu vous gardera toujours.*” The poor girl is silent. She cannot express her feelings. She is asked to pass a paper from the piano. Beneath it is another envelope: “*Pour Marie ! 500 francs ! Nous vous aimons beaucoup !*” Tears, unbidden, will come to her eyes. She brushes them away bravely, for she had shed none in all her great distress. Now comes the boy—her favorite—with knapsack, his uncle's war-worn epaulets and sword: “*Je suis soldat de la France ! Où est Marie ?*” And once more: “*Pour Marie ! 500 francs. Le Bon Dieu vous n'oublier jamais !*”

The rush of joy, the strain, was too great,—from sheer happiness she burst into tears. Mrs. B. could wait no longer. Running to their depository, she seized the remaining packages, and placed them all in the lap of the trembling girl.

“Here, Marie ! The good God has not forgotten you. Here are *five thousand francs !* all yours, and with them you have the kind love and sympathy of all who know you !”

Laughter and tears,—how closely they are allied ! and how they mingled on that happy day !

Again the holiday games went on, again song and story, till the shadows fell, ending the beautiful New Year's Day.

Now Marie has resumed her wonted place. She has become quite skillful in the use of her artificial arm, with her left hand writes long letters home, and uses her needle deftly. She arranges her simple toilet jauntily, ties her tasty neck-ribbons without assistance, does a thousand things that would seem impossible, and again the house is musical with her merry songs, which the canary in vain attempts to rival.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, my chicks! and a good New Year too. If I were a French Jack-in-the-Pulpit, you should have a fine New Year's card from me,—a card covered with all sorts of hearty, loving messages and good wishes. The birds tell me how in that sunny land friends send pretty New Year's cards to one another,—picture-cards, showing the sender in the act of trundling a wheelbarrow, or carrying a basket, or leading a pony; anything, so that it can be laden with tablets and bundles, each indorsed with a loving thought or wish. Sometimes he is shown tugging along with great difficulty an enormous sack of money, labeled 900,000,000,000,000,000 francs! This is to give a faint idea of the sum he should like to bring to his friend, if he could get it. Nowadays, the French photographers can take one's likeness in this way, so that the funny card really represents the sender himself.

Now, I should like that. So far, only the birds know your Jack's face, exactly; but a French photographer might be able to show me as I really am, and in the very act of trundling up to your doors \$973,430,240,327,800,432.00½!

Would not that be fine?

STRANGE SCENT-BAGS.

SOME of the children in the red school-house made pretty scent-bags for the dear Little School-ma'am last Christmas, from directions given in ST. NICHOLAS, I believe; and these led her to tell them how, in old English times, it was quite fashionable to use nutmegs as a perfume. Yes, a nutmeg, set in silver and decorated with pearls and precious stones, often was hung from a lady's belt, like a modern scent-bottle.

Another curious scent-bag of those old days was an entire orange-skin, filled with a sponge

saturated with vinegar and spices. It was used to prevent infection, and was hung to the girdle carried in the hands of fashionable people. This was the beginning of vinaigrettes. After a while oranges were discarded, and little jars or cases of silver, with holes in the top, were used in their stead.

FEED THE BIRDS.

HERE is a letter from a kind-hearted lady whose example is well worth following. Take a hint from it, my human birdies! Notice, too, how the feathered creatures, in their turn, cared for the poor little prisoner:

DEAR JACK: Several years ago, we lived at a very beautiful place about four miles from Washington, near Fort Bunker Hill. The house was built on the only level piece of ground on the place; there was a sloping terrace to our kitchen garden, down which in winter the children delighted to coast, and from which in summer we gathered fine strawberries. The winter of '66 was of unusual severity for our climate, and for six weeks we had very good sleighing. During this time the birds suffered greatly. As soon as we discovered the trouble, the children and I filled a large waiter with bread-crusts and seed, and put it on the roof of our porch. After a long time, no birds flew to the waiter and timidly tasted the seed. Then they gathered their heads together and flew off. In about ten minutes they returned with thirty birds, who ate greedily. Then there was a consultation between two, and a brown bird was sent off. He returned, bringing two birds with him, one of which was set in a corner and watched by the brown bird while his companion ate until satisfied. He then escorted the prisoner to the waiter, and permitted him to taste one of the good things. For several mornings this was repeated, and we became convinced that the solitary bird was a prisoner under some sentence of punishment, which seemed to last a week, during which time no bird approached him but his guard. The children fed the bird all winter: the hungry little creatures finally came by hundreds, and at less than the expense we mixed corn-meal and oats with the seed, and so kept our bird-table constantly spread till mild weather set in. Yours truly,

RAYMOND

FIVE "THATS."

DEAR JACK: I heard our school-teacher say that five "that" could be used in succession in a single sentence. She did not consider it elegant English, by any means, but said there was no rule in grammar to forbid the use of them, if any one chose to adopt such a mode of talking or writing. Here is a specimen of "that-iness:"

"Jane said that that that that that boy wrote was a conjunctive."

Now, Jack, how would your ST. NICHOLAS children parse that "that" sentence?—Yours affectionately,

M.

AN ESQUIMAUX HOUSE, OR HUT.

ONE would think that, cold and dreadful as the Arctic regions are known to be, the inhabitants would need every comfort that could be imagined in the way of a house. But no. The first thing the Esquimaux does in his home-building is to clear away the snow and ice from a spot of ground of the right size for his house. This he makes as smooth as he can, leaving one end a little higher than the other. The higher end is to serve as parlor and bed-room; the lower as work-shop and kitchen. Around this cleared spot of earth blocks of hard frozen snow are laid in such a fashion that they form a low round roof, resembling in shape the half of a hollow ball. By way of a window, a small square of rather thin and clear ice is set into the wall.

On the side of the house least exposed to wind is a long and very low passage-way leading to the open air. This passage is so low that the inmates of the house have to crawl through it on their hands and knees. The door is only a loose block of snow.

These huts do not appear to be very charming

idences, but there are two good things about em. One is, that the high winds of that desolate region cannot possibly blow a hut over, though they bury it in snow; the other good thing is that one hut can be lived in longer than a season. The poor Esquimaux are, unfortunately, a very stupid people, and if they lived ever so long in one use they would never clean it. But the snow-use finally cleans itself in the most thorough manner, for as soon as the warm days of summer come it melts away, and its inmates must set about building a seal-skin tent that will shelter them till winter comes again.

SKIPPING-ROPES IN GLASGOW.

Glasgow, November, 1876.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am spending the autumn in Scotland with my mother, and I often see a queer thing in the streets of Glasgow. It is the way the girls jump the rope. They use two skipping-ropes. Two girls turn the pair of ropes, each holding two ends in one hand, and another girl stands between them and jumps.



THE GLASGOW STYLE.

has to jump twice as fast as if there were but one rope, and these Glasgow girls do it splendidly. They beat the American girls completely. I can't draw as well as the fellow who did Washington and Little Hatchet in the Young Contributor part of ST. NICHOLAS, but above picture will show you how the girls do it.

It looked so very easy when they did it, that one day I said, "Oh! let me try." And they did.



This sort of play, however, is only fit for girls.—Your affectionate
er,
GEORGE HENRY WIRT.

WHAT MADE THEM SO?

MUST say it! Human beings, considering how intelligent they are, are very foolish. If not, why do they make other living things afraid of them instead of teaching love and confidence by their own example? Almost all animals who see men for the first time approach them without fear. I am told of intelligent birds, that when the naturalist, Darwin, went to the Galapagos Islands, he there found snakes that had never seen men, and they were so tame that he shoved some of them gently off a perch with the muzzle of his gun, while others came to drink from a pitcher he held in his hand. This is only because, for generations, beasts and birds have been so often deceived and cruelly treated by men, that they have become suspicious of them. In these days, when this becomes a country of bird-defenders, we shall see a change for the better. Real birds may then poise themselves fearfully on boys' and girls' hands; and never again will the ghastly sight be seen of a poor, stiffened gnat stuck on a hat-crown as an ornament.

A FERN THAT LOOKS LIKE A LAMB.

IN China there grows a fern which bears a curious likeness to a lamb. This likeness causes English-speaking people who have seen it, to call it the Tartarian or Scythian lamb fern. It is covered with a dense, soft, vegetable wool, of a yellow color. Its main stem, covered with the wool, lies flat, a short distance above the ground, and other hanging stems, look like little legs supporting it.

BISMARCK'S DOG.

THE celebrated Prince Bismarck, I am told, has a wonderful dog—a large lean fellow, as black as a raven's wing, faithful and devoted as it is possible for even a dog to be. He is inseparable from his dark-browed master, following him everywhere, without taking his eyes from him.

According to my informant, when the Prince is called to the Emperor's presence, the dog recognizes the helmet which he wears (instead of his military cap), and then he does not follow him. He knows also that he must not accompany his master to the Reichstag (the German parliament), whither the Prince ordinarily goes on foot. The dog follows him to the gate of the park, and then his master turns, and, raising his blue cap trimmed with saffron-colored gallow, says briefly, "Reichstag!" The dog understands; he lowers his head, droops his tail, and returns sadly to the house.

THE BIGGEST FLOWER?

HERE is a letter from a bright Princeton boy. The little fellow tells the simple truth of the Rafflesia, but still your Jack stands up for the Victoria Regia. It has beauty and grace, and so is entitled to rank with flowers; but as this big vegetable something has neither, it ought to be ruled out. What say you, my chicks?

DEAR JACK: In the July number of the ST. NICHOLAS, in speaking about the Victoria Regia, you seem to consider it the giant flower of the world. I always thought so too until the other day, when, reading a book called "The Universe," by Mr. Pouchet, I found I was mistaken, and that there was a larger one. The best way to describe it is to quote his own words:

"But the flower of the Rafflesia Arnoldi, a perfect monster of vegetation, leaves all these far behind. It is found in the forests of Java and Sumatra. Its outlines and gigantic proportions separate it so widely from everything known, that in spite of the assertions of travelers, botanists refused to believe, and persisted in looking upon the colossus as a fetid fungus. The discussion did not cease till one of these flowers was sent to London and examined by R. Brown, who dissipated all doubts. Each flower was found to be composed of a fleshy mass weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds. Its border, the circuit of which was not less than ten feet, showed five lobes, forming a gaping excavation capable of holding a dozen pints of fluid."

It also says that it exhales a repulsive, carrion-like smell, and that the Javanese prostrates himself before it and makes it almost a divinity. You also say of the Victoria Regia that the leaves are very large (eight feet); but there are some larger ones yet. The plant known as the Welwitschia Mirabilis has two leaves nine or ten feet long. It is of a pale green color. The leaves are sometimes much larger, being nearly four yards long. It grows in South-west Africa. But I fear I am writing too much, so good-bye, dear Jack.—I remain, yours truly,
A. G. CAMERON.

A DOLL* FOR A SIGN.

IF you were in England, and saw a black doll hung up as a sign, what would you expect to find? Toys? Not a bit of it. You'd find a "rag shop!" What an insult to the dolls! What shall we do about it? And they call it a "dolly shop," too!

THE FROGS' PICNIC.

THERE were once five little frogs who had a holiday. They all agreed that it would be great fun to go on a picnic, and so their mothers told



THE SMALLEST FROG TAKES A SWIM

them that they might go, if they would be careful and not get their feet dry. You know that when a frog is right well, his feet always feel cool and damp. If you ever catch a well frog you can feel his feet, and see if this is not so.

So off these five frogs started, all in high glee, and bound to make a merry day of it. They soon reached a small woods with a pretty

stream running through it, and there they agreed to have their picnic. They hid their dinners, which they had brought with them, behind a small bush, and then they began to play games. They played a good many very nice games, suitable for little frogs, and enjoyed themselves very much, jumping about in the damp grass and among the wet leaves in the woods; for it was yet quite early in the day, and the dew was still on the ground.

But after a while the sun rose higher, and the day became warmer, and then these little frogs did not care so much for jumping and hopping about on dry land. So they all sat down to rest near the edge of the stream.

Very soon the smallest frog said he was warm and dry, and he jumped to the water to take a swim.

"Come on in!" he called out to the others. "It's splendid! I did not know how uncomfortable it was out there."

"Oh, ho!" said the oldest frog, "we're not going in the water. We can do that any day. Don't you know this is a picnic?"

"Yes, I know it is, and that's the reason I want to have all the fun I can. You had better come in before your feet get dry, and you make yourselves sick."

The other frogs thought that this little fellow was very silly. One of them turned her back on him and would not have a word to say to him. The second largest frog grinned at him until his mouth stretched out nearly as wide as his body, and said:

"You must be a simpleton! Going in to swim when we are out on picnic, and want to have a good time doing things that we don't do every day. You might as well have staid at home."

But the little frog did not mind what the others said. He just swam about and enjoyed himself.

The other frogs thought that this was very ridiculous and improper, but as they looked at him he seemed so comfortable in the clear, cool stream, that they almost wished it was yesterday or to-morrow, or some day which was not a picnic-day, so that they might go in too.

Sometimes the little frog came out and wanted to play. But they did not care about playing, and as the day wore on they began to feel so badly that they agreed to consider that the picnic was over.

The minute this was settled the five frogs sprang altogether into the stream and came down *splash!* into the water.

Oh how delightful and cool it was!

“No more picnics for me!” cried the widest-mouthed fellow. “I go in for enjoying myself.”

“Well,” said the little frog, “I don’t see why we can’t have a picnic without thinking that we must do something uncommon all the time. I think that frogs can often have lots more fun doing the things that they do every day, than when they try to do something that they are not used to.”

That was a very wise little frog.



BROKEN TOYS.

A LITTLE girl, just four years old,
Had many a pretty toy,
And did not try to keep them nice,
But only to destroy.

Her mother’s scissors she would get
And clip the things she found,
Till cloth and pictures on the floor,
Cut into bits, lay round.

Her family of dolls, alas!
When they were put to bed,
This one had lost a leg or arm,
And that would have no head.

One day, a darling doll came home,
The prettiest in the world,
Its eyes so blue, its cheeks so red,
Its fair locks neatly curled.

But in one week how sad a wreck,
For all its cost and care!
Its legs and arms and nose were gone,
And its poor head was bare.



THE SHELF OF BROKEN TOYS.

Then her papa hung up a shelf,
And placed there in a row
Her broken toys, and, oh! they made
A very ugly show.

But when the mischiefs she had done
This little girl had seen,
Oh, then she cried and said: "Mamma,
How naughty I have been!"

MOTHER GOOSE OPERETTA.

(In Three Scenes, founded upon the Story of "Bobby Shaftoe.")

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

FIVE or more pairs of boys and girls as peasants—with bright skirts, laced bodices, high-crowned muslin caps, or any picturesque costumes for the girls; knee-breeches with broad suspenders, and white shirts (no coats), straw hats with bright ribbons, for the boys.

HERBERT has a suit of same style as the other peasants, over which he has a short coat trimmed with yellow braid.

BOBBY SHAFTOE also has a coat, much plainer than Herbert's; he has light curly hair, and wears large tin, or silver-paper, buckles at his knees. In Scene III. he wears a sailor's suit.

MARIE, blue skirt, pink bodice, high cap with many ribbons.

All except Herbert carry covered baskets, which (if in season) can have vines of clematis hanging from them and falling over the shoulders of the peasants, many of whom carry them on their heads. One table, three chairs, and one spinning-wheel will be needed. If the actors cannot sing, the singing may be performed by concealed persons.

SCENE I.

The peasants are heard singing outside; the chorus grows loud slowly, and they enter, march twice around and form in a semicircle, and sing, to the tune of "Dearest May:"

"It is the pleasant twilight, the sun is setting slow,
As homeward from our daily task with merry step we go.
Chorus. It is the close of day;
With hearts so light and gay,
In merry row, we homeward go,
To rest at close of day."

After singing, they slowly march out, and the music slowly dies away. Bobby and Marie, who have remained as if in earnest conversation, come forward and sing, to the tune of "Lightly row," "Yankee Doodle," or any other that may be suited to the words:

Bobby. "Dearest, will you marry me?
For you know how I love thee!
Tell me, darling, will you be
The wife of Bobby Shaftoe?"

Marie. "Robert, pray don't make me say
What I've told you twice to-day;
Let us true friends always stay—
No more, Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby. "If you will not marry me,
I will go away to sea,
And you never more shall be
Aught to Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie. "Dear Bobby, you will never go,
For you've often told me so!
You will not go far, I know!
Good-bye, Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby runs away, as if in anger. Marie looks after him, smiling, as if expecting him back; grows anxious, follows the way he went a few steps, then turns and sadly goes in the opposite direction. Herbert enters from the direction in which Bobby ran, and follows Marie, as if he had been listening to the conversation. End of Scene I.

SCENE II.

Marie enters very sadly, goes to the table at left, takes up knitting-work, throws it down impatiently, draws spinning-wheel to the right of the room, begins to spin and sing.

"Toil is sweet when hearts are light,
Sunshine follows darkest night;
Always when the heart is right,
Trouble will not linger."

Peasant girl enters in great haste, and sings:

"Marie, have you heard the news?
Our dear friend has had the blues,
And has sailed upon a cruise—
Our dear Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie rises in confusion, upsets the wheel, and sings:

"Bobby Shaftoe gone to sea!
And no message left for me?
Oh, it cannot, cannot be!
Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!"

She cries, leaning her head on the shoulder of her friend, and the two girls sing in duet:

"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee; (thee,
But he'll come back again to } me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!"

End of Scene II.

SCENE III.

Three years are supposed to have passed. Marie sits very sad at work. Herbert enters and leans over her chair. Herbert sings

"Marie, why so cold to me?
I was ever true to thee.
Bobby Shaftoe's lost at sea;
Give up Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie. "No, he is not lost at sea!
Fate cannot so cruel be
As to tear away from me
My own Bobby Shaftoe!"

Herbert. "Pray, consent my wife to be!
For I know he's lost at sea,
And you'll never, never be
Wife of Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie kneels down, resting her head on the chair, as if in tea and sings, very sadly:

"If he's dead or lost at sea,
I can never care for thee;
Live or dead, I'll faithful be,
And true to Bobby Shaftoe!"

Bobby comes rushing in, dressed as a sailor. Marie runs toward him in rapture.

Bobby. "Darling, I've come back from sea,
I've come back to marry thee,
For I know you're true to me—
True to Bobby Shaftoe!"

Marie. "Yes, I always cared for thee!
And now you have come from sea,
We shall always happy be,
Dearest Bobby Shaftoe!"

Peasants enter and shake hands with Bobby, then form a ring around him and Marie, and after dancing, sing to the tune of "Dearest May:"

"We welcome home our comrade, who wandered far away,
To love and peace and rapture upon this happy day!
Chorus. O happy day! with hearts so light and gay,
We joyous sing in merry ring,
O happy, happy day!"

Note.—In the dialogue, the first singer sings one half of the and the other concludes it.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

A QUEER WAY OF WRITING.

AWAY down in the south-eastern corner of the Mediterranean Sea, Egypt, a country of absorbing historic interest. Before the foundations of the magnificent temples of Athens were laid, Egypt was in its maturity of grandeur and prosperity; and while the site of what we call ancient Rome was yet an uninhabited waste, the land of the pharaohs was already in its old age. Surrounded on every side by seas, and mountains, and almost impassable deserts, it was by nature defended from the approach of enemies, and seemed intended by providence for the abode of a favored people. Watered by a noble river, which traversed its entire length from north to south, it was as fertile as a garden, though rain was almost as unknown within its borders as snow is in the tropics. Every year, the river overflowed its banks, and covered the surrounding country; and when the waters gradually subsided, they left upon the land the rich soil which the stream had borne on the table-lands of Abyssinia. Thus Egypt became the great granary of the world in ancient times, we remember the story of Jacob and his sons as recorded in the Bible, here it is said that when a famine prevailed in the land of Canaan, the patriarch heard that there was "corn in Egypt," and sent down to get some of it. And for many centuries the Mediterranean was dotted with vessels carrying to other nations the products of the valley of the Nile. Do you see that in old times, Egypt was a place of great importance to most all the known world, and you will find the study of its history, as told by its monuments and their inscriptions, one of the most interesting records of the earth.

But what I wish especially to call your attention to in relation to Egypt is one of its systems of writing. I know one, because the Egyptians were not satisfied with less than three; the hieratic, used solely by the priests; another, the enchorial, or popular, used by the people generally; and the hieroglyphic. This system is derived from two Greek words, meaning "sacred" and "to write," and literally means "sacred writing," the priests in old times being the chief, if not the only, writers. It is commonly used, however, in the sense of "picture-writing;" that is, conveying ideas by pictures of animate or inanimate objects. In its earliest use, the Egyptians were probably contented merely to make direct imitation; thus a picture of a man would mean a man, and a picture of a camel would mean a camel. This is very well, so far as goes. If you saw a representation of a man with a big stick running after a small boy, you would once know that the artist intended to be understood that the boy would probably get a whipping. But you would also see that the picture gave you no other information about the matter. Doubtless the Egyptians noticed this, and so the system was further perfected by making the signs symbolic; that is, causing the representation of an object to convey the idea of another. For instance: if the boy in the supposed case were the son of the man, an egg would be drawn beside him, an egg being understood by the Egyptians to indicate such a relationship. Still, however, the system was open to later improvement, and so the next step was to make the symbols onetic; that is, to make them stand for the sound of a letter in an alphabet. Now you will perhaps wonder how a picture of a goose, or a chicken, or a lion, could serve to represent a letter; but I will see that the plan adopted was very simple, and very intelligible. The main principle of it was this: to find out what alphabet-sound is meant by the picture of any object, take the name of that object in the Egyptian dialect, and the first letter of such name the letter indicated by the picture. Thus, in the ancient Egyptian language, tot means "hand;" so that if we find a drawing of a



hand, it stands for T, that being the initial letter of tot. Or, moolady means "owl," and the picture of an owl represents M.

Of course, by this method, each letter of the alphabet could be represented by any object of whose name it was the initial; but the Egyptians did not take any word, merely because it happened to suit in this respect alone. Sometimes they selected names because the objects to which they belonged could be more symmetrically arranged in a picture; sometimes they chose a figure which, while it expressed the desired letter, also denoted some quality which belonged both to the object delineated and to the person or thing whose name it was used to spell. To illustrate: suppose we could bring a mummy back to life, teach him the English language, and then ask him to write the word "America" in hieroglyphics. If he proved to be a very intelligent mummy, willing to adapt himself to new circumstances, he would proceed thus, using English words, and choosing them with reference to their symbolic meanings:

- A. He would draw an asp—symbolic of "sovereignty."
- M. He would select a mace—indicative of "military dominion."
- E. An eagle, as it is a part of our national arms, and means "courage."
- R. A ram—emblematic of frontal power, or "intellect."
- I. An infant would typify the youth, and as yet undeveloped power of this country.
- C. A cake—the consecrated bread of the Egyptians—significant of a civilized region.
- A. The amaranth—typical of "eternal life."

Thus he would have drawn pictures of the following objects:

ASP,	symbolic of	Sovereignty.
MACE,	"	"	Military Dominion.
EAGLE,	"	"	Courage.
RAM,	"	"	Intelligence.
INFANT,	"	"	Youth.
CAKE,	"	"	Civilization.
AMARANTH,	"	"	Perpetuity.

You see that the initial letters of the names of the objects spell the word "America." Under the picture would be drawn a diagram, somewhat like two rough-hewn boot-jacks placed side by side, that being the Coptic character meaning "country." I ought to say, though, that the Egyptians had a disagreeable habit of omitting the vowels in writing hieroglyphics, so that America would be written with the symbols for "M. R. C.," and the sign for "country."

With such a method of writing as this, an Egyptian school—had there been any—would have been a funny sight. Imagine the teacher calling out, "First class in spelling, stand up!" and a row of boys make their appearance, each armed with a piece of chalk, or some similar article that would make a mark. Then, when the teacher gave out a word, a boy would step up to the blackboard of that period—whatever it was—and spell the word by drawing figures of cats, and dogs, and any other objects which his fancy suggested. I think we should have laughed at the sight.

Upon the whole, I rather think our mode of writing and spelling is preferable to that of the Egyptians; but the construction of such a system as theirs, at such an early period in the age of the world, shows vast ingenuity and a high degree of civilization. H. R. C.

ON THE CLOSING OF THE CENTENNIAL.

CLOSE the gates! A nation's grand pastime is o'er!
The goods must be again embarked for Europe's sunny shore.
Send back to England all her large display of products fair,—
Her china, silks, and jewels; her emblazoned silver-ware.
Do not forget the pictures—Landseer's "Lions," and the rest.
We thank thee, Mother England, for the good and kindly zest
And interest thou hast shown us in our bright Centennial gee
And we send thee back thy products in safety o'er the sea.

France! we proffer thee our thanks for thy glorious display
Thou fair and sunny land! how bright has been thy day!
Thy tapestries are marvelous, thy jewels wondrous fair,
Thy dresses and fine bronzes and painted china rare!
Well hast thou done thy part; and we pray that thou mayst see
Full many years of glorious peace. Fair France, farewell to thee!

Italia! thy display has matched the very fairest there;
The peace we have so long enjoyed, may't be thy lot to share!
Thy bronzes and mosaics, thy gems and sculptures old,
Thy wondrous old collections, are worth a wealth untold.
And now we send them back again, in the hope that thou mayst see
Them safely landed on thy shores. Farewell, O Italy!

Germania next, thy fair display has called forth praises rare.
Thy porcelain and thy painted tiles, thy toys and silver-ware,

Are wondrous fair. We give thee thanks for all that thou hast done.
And now, Germania, fare thee well, thou bright land of the sun!

Ye nations all! accept our thanks. God grant ye all may see
Long centuries of prosperous life and glorious liberty!

Nor think America forgets your interest and your zeal;
She offers up most heartfelt prayers for your good luck and weal.
Farewell to all! and Heaven grant that when we meet again,
It may be still to sing that song of peace on earth to men!
A. R. C. (aged 14).



TOTTIE'S CALENDAR.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

THERE are five fingers on each little hand;
Five jolly holidays all through the land.
There is May-day so sweet, jolly "Fourth" with its noise,

Thanksgiving and Christmas, for girls and for boys;
And New Year's so brimful of hope and good cheer,—
Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year! C. A. L.

THE LETTER-BOX.

"THE MINUET"—our frontispiece for this month—is such a beautiful picture, that our young readers will all be glad to know something about the artist. It is copied from a picture by John Everett Millais, a celebrated English painter, born in 1829, who became distinguished even in his boyhood. At the age of nine he gained a medal from the Society of Art in his native town. At eleven, he entered the school of the Royal Academy, where, after three years, he took another prize. In 1846, he exhibited his first picture at the Academy, and the next year, when only eighteen, he obtained the gold medal for the best oil painting. Since that time Mr. Millais has painted many beautiful and famous pictures, and is now one of the most noted of London painters. "The Minuet" is among the most graceful and pleasing of his works. He is one of the founders of the modern Pre-Raphaelite school of art. In addition to his labors with the brush, he has employed part of his time in illustrating books and magazines.

Ship "St. Mary's," off Cape May, N. J., Oct. 17, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It would have done the hearts of the vast army of bird-defenders good to have seen our ship off the New Jersey coast October 15th. The night before, while our watch was on deck, a strong nor'west gale set in, and shortened our visit to the Centennial Exhibition by a number of days, for it drove us out to sea, and we are still some forty miles from land. The gale lasted for two days and nights, being the heaviest the last night.

Our watch was on deck from midnight to four A. M., and as the dawn drove off the mists and clouds, we saw that we were not the only unfortunates blown to sea, for we could see birds on deck, in the rigging, and even on the deck below. Some of the boys commenced chasing them, but the officer of the deck was a bird-defender at heart,

and forbade any interfering with the tired little fellows, and this made them less timid than usual, a few getting so bold as to fly on some of the boys' shoulders, and allow themselves to be caressed and handled. One little fellow, called a Cape May warbler, I believe, discovered the source of the warmth he felt, and spent a good deal of his time; the side of the pipe from the ship's galley, or cooking stove. The following list will give you a faint idea of the number of birds blown to sea in a storm and lost. Four warblers, two chippies, two crow blackbirds, a wild pigeon, two wax-wings, two cat-birds, two small woodpeckers, a robin, a golden-crested wren, and a highbald eighteen in all, of my own counting, and I do not know how many I missed. One was caught by a high wave and drowned, one died in captivity, and another still lives; but the rest stuck to the ship equal to the task, when they left us, the larger birds going first. The morning we were honored by a passing view of six of the largest turtles we ever saw outside of a restaurant, swimming slowly over the great waves, and every now and then cutting queer figures with the white flippers in the air, as a cunning old roller turned them on the broad brown backs.

"All hands" have just been "piped to hammocks," which meant get and make your beds, and go to sleep as soon as possible, so must close this letter.

Oct. 19, 1876.
Since the letter above was written, we got a pilot, sailed calmly the beautiful Delaware River, watching the laden trains carry their living freight to Philadelphia, and are now anchored off Will street, Philadelphia.

Perhaps some of the ST. NICHOLAS young folks would like to visit the ship at Twenty-third street wharf, E. R., New York, next winter and we would be glad to have them come. The ship lies at wharf, is reached by the Twenty-third street cars (red light), and there is nothing but a firm covered "bridge" to walk over to reach

We will get back about the 10th of December.—Yours respectfully
W. L. RODMAN

GEO. E. M.—It is impossible to answer, or even notice, one-fiftieth the letters received from our young correspondents, but we endeavor to give attention to those questions which appear to possess a greatest general interest.

Lyons, October 22, 1876.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: My brother was out hunting the her day; he shot six ducks at one shot, and one of them had four legs, two of them were smaller than the others, and were right at the tip of its tail. Don't you think that was pretty queer! I will send you a few feathers from its wings to put in your hat

LUCY M. EVERETT.

DEAR EDITOR: I have been to see Santa Claus. You see we've heard so much during this last year of panics and specie payments, failures and hard times, and everybody has looked so blue, it I feared a little for my old friend's prosperity. I found him walking up and down his den talking to himself after this wise:

"To give, or not to give?" that is the question. Whether better to suffer the stings and arrows of neglected childhood, or to take s against a row of stockings and to so with fling leave them. I've ever left them, and how can I! Do I not hear my children say, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious Christmas this good St. Nick, and all the clouds that lowered round the year the deep recess of a stocking buried!" Oh, thou departing spirit of '76! thinkest thou because thou art impecunious there shall be no re dolls and drums?

Should'st thou ask me whence these keepsakes,
Whence these presents and donations,
With the odors of the toy-shop,
With the damp and dew of book-stores,
With the crunching of confections,
With the shout of happy voices,
Saying ever "Merry Christmas!"
With their frequent repetitions,
And their sweet reverberations,—
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the baskets of the mothers,
From the needles of the sisters,
From the pockets of the uncles,
From the hands of aunts and cousins,
From the shops of jolly Dutchmen,
From the stores of Yankee Doodle,—
Christmas shall be merry Christmas still.

I travel off across the land
Between the dark and daylight,
I hurry up among the roofs
And slip beneath the skylight.

I clamber out upon the eaves
And pass within the dormers,
By twenty gables, a little store,
And all the chimney corners.

I steal by halls and parlor doors
With many a sweet reminder,
I deck the spreading Christmas-trees
That grow for happy kinder.

And so to all the children bring
My guesses good and clever,
For men may come and men may go,
I'm Santa Claus forever.

R. J.

Finisterre, France, night before Christmas, '75.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you passed a Christmas in a foreign try, without dear nieces and nephews, or brothers and sisters, to you, in your own language, "A Merry, Merry Christmas?" If not, you cannot know how much joy may be expressed—may be communicated to another—by repeating those three words. You do not even realize what joy your Christmas number, with its merry ring, has carried to hundreds who have received it. France, the great fête-day is the first day of the new year, and *vous souhaitez une bonne et heureuse année* seems cold and I to one accustomed to our hearty "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year." Only to utter the Christmas greeting brings visions of "Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,"—of little things placed so near the chimney corner they cannot be overlooked by the generous Santa Claus. I fancy I hear the prancing of a roof of the impatient reindeer. I am tempted to draw the curtains, darken the chamber, and watch for "the jolly old elf."

More than a strong desire, a lively faith, are necessary to enable us to have a visit here from our friend, for St. Nicholas does not come to Brittany. Perhaps it is not cold enough for his tiny reindeer—perhaps his sleigh would not glide on the steep, irregular slate

roofs, without snow. Would it were possible to hear at least an echo from over the sea of the "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night," which will be repeated by a host of your young admirers. This wild and romantic Brittany would please St. Nicholas, I am sure; and then there are hosts of children, and temptingly large chimneys.

But the French children have their Christmas also; and they think the infant Jesus comes to them. Instead of stockings, they place shoes to receive their gifts.

I have seen to-day a new French baby, and a French baby is as pretty as a French baby-doll—not a young lady doll. The babies are so rolled in flannel, and then folded about with muslin, as the petals of a rose are folded, that they resemble in form an Indian papoose, and they may be handled in the same way without the slightest danger of injury. They all wear caps. With the peasant class the caps are retained until they give place to the *coif*.

It is an amusing sight to see little girls of five or six years of age trudging along the country roads with their mothers,—an exact copy in miniature, with long dresses, coifs, and kerchiefs folded across the breast. The wooden shoes or *sabots*, which move up and down at each step, do not seem to impede their progress or engross their attention. I have often seen children six or seven years old walking and knitting at the same time. The habits of industry so early acquired are retained, and when old enough they will go to market, very picturesquely, conducting the horse and knitting, seated in a square two-wheeled car, with fresh green cabbages and golden carrots forming a background; or as fishwomen, carrying the basket on the head—still knitting. There is for a stranger much that is picturesque and interesting in this ancient duchy of Brittany—churches, chateaux, and ruins, all well worth a visit from those who come to France.

The bells are ringing for the midnight mass. Here, as in your midst, it is the same beautiful fête we celebrate.

"There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth."

Sincerely your friend,
F. G. D. DE T.

MINNIE NICHOLS.—Your fraud is discovered. Never send anything to ST. NICHOLAS again.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please write my name down among the Bird-defenders. I have never been to school. I have lain on my back in bed nearly a year, so papa lets me keep birds. We have a canary, a goldfinch, and a boblink. The ST. NICHOLAS is my delight, and I wish very much to see my name in it. I am eight years old.—Yours truly,
JOE H. DENNIS.

MAY A. MILLIGAN, Beulah Strong, and several others, have sent us interesting letters about their trips to the "Centennial."

OUR readers will be interested, we know, in the following letter written by a dear little girl, who died before her pleasant words reached us. Her heart-stricken mother writes: "I thought perhaps the children would like to see the little letter written by my precious child, now an angel in Heaven. She wrote it some time since, being prompted to do so, after reading the letters in ST. NICHOLAS written by little girls of about her own age, but delayed sending it."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Christmas my papa asked me which I had rather have, a large doll or ST. NICHOLAS? I told him that I had rather have ST. NICHOLAS, and he said that everybody was praising it. He commenced taking it for me in January last. As that other little girl says—whose name is Mary Eichelberger—I can scarcely wait until it comes. I had a thousand times rather have ST. NICHOLAS than a doll! I was thinking the other day that I would so like to have the next book. I like that story about "The Cat and the Countess." I would like to know if the countess ever got her cat again. I hope to see my letter in the ST. NICHOLAS. Good-bye. I am only in my eleventh year. My name is Lulie Fowler. I live in the town of Snow Hill, Worcester County, Maryland.

LULIE FOWLER.

Morgantown, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers who have been amused by the account of Mother Mitchell's wonderful tart, would like to hear of a cake almost as large that was once cooked and eaten by real men, very greedy, perhaps, but belonging to kingdoms that we find on our maps. This cake was baked at the Camp of Radewitz, where, in 1730, King August the Strong, of Poland, gave an entertainment, lasting a month, at which Frederick the Great

and his father were chief guests, with a crowd of lesser folk, all the titled people, and the famous people of Europe. It was fourteen ells long by six broad, and at the center half an ell thick. There were five thousand eggs in it; thirty-six bushels of sound flour; one tun of milk, one tun of yeast, one ditto of butter; crackers and gingerbread-nuts, for fillet or trimming, ran all round. After a public dinner, given to all these great folk and thirty thousand soldiers, this cake was brought into the field on a wooden frame drawn by eight horses. It was cut up by a carpenter, with a gigantic knife, the handle resting on his shoulder, who received a signal from the head of the Board of Works before cutting each slice. How Mother Mitchell's tart was cooked we shall not know until December, but I suspect that, like this, it was baked by machinery. The whole account of the Camp of Radewitz, which is very interesting, may be found in Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great," vol. 2, book vii, chap. iii.

MARY F. DICKSON.

OUR many *Little-Corporal* subscribers will be glad to know that Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller has expressly dedicated to them a delightful little book, called "What Tommy Did," and just as full of bright things as a little book can be. It is prettily issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, and we heartily wish it success.

ONE of the brightest and daintiest holiday books that we have seen this season is "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," by H. H., published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. Its few pictures are good, its many stories are better, and its beautiful poems and legends are best of all. Our boys and girls will find some old friends in it.

THE following books have been received:

From Macmillan & Co., New York: "Johnnykins and the Goblins," by Charles Leland—"Carrots; just a Little Boy," by Ennis Graham—"My Young Alcides," by Charlotte M. Yonge.

From S. R. Wells & Co., New York: "David and Anna Matson," by Abigail Scott Dunning—"How to Sing; or, The Voice, and How to Use It," by W. H. Daniell.

From Loring's, Boston: "Sam's Chance" and "Jack's Ward," both by Horatio Alger, Jr.

From E. Steiger, New York: "Friedrich Froebel," by Matilda H. Kriege—"Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations."

From Ward, Lock & Tyler, London: "Bluebeard's Widow and her Sister Anne," by Sabilla Novello.

From Porter & Coates, Philadelphia: "Snowed-up" and "Frank in the Forecastle," by Harry Castleman.

From Carleton & Co., New York: "A Comic History of the United States," by L. Hopkins.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston: "Fret-sawing and Wood-carving," by George A. Sawyer.

From the New York Bird Store, Boston: "Holden's Book on Birds," by Charles F. Holden.

From Hanscom & Co., New York: "Song of America, and Minor Lyrics," by V. Voldo.

From the American Tract Society, New York: "Her Little World," by Sarah E. Chester—"Almost a Woman" and "A Happy Summer; or, The Children's Journey," by S. Annie Frost—"The Romance of the Streets," by a London Rambler—"May Stanhope and Her Friends," by Margaret E. Sangster—"A Night and a Day" and "The Storm of Life," by Hessa Stretton—"Under Shelter," by Annette Lucille Noble—"The Victory Won," by C. S. M.

"Ruthie's Venture," by the author of "A Summer in the Forest"—and "Little Stories for Good Little People."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

REBUS.—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

CHARADE.—Independent.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Butterfly, Asclepias.

B A B Y L O N I A
D U S T B R U S H
B U T T E R C U P
F L O T I L L A S
M A G N E T I Z E
C O M P A R I N G
B L I T H E F U L
B A N D E R O L E
S E C R E T A R Y

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—S

C A T
S A T I N
T I N
N

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.—

C A D E T
A R E N A
D E B A R
E N A C T
T A R T S

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Liberty.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Repeated—a pet deer. 2. It is a camel—calamities. 3. I creep—pierce. 4. Anguish—in a gush. 5. Resist a—satties.

EASY ENIGMA STORY.—Sweetbriar Rose.—Strawberries, roses, air, sweet, briars, saw, two, browse, its, robs, barrow, bow, arrow, breast, bars, sormer, it, roses, berries.

SQUARE-WORD.

I R I S
R O S E
I S L E
S E E D

ANAGRAM PROVERBS.—1. "As green as grass." 2. "As busy as a

bee." 3. "As cold as charity." 4. "As mad as a March hare

5. "As nimble as a cow in a cage."

RIDDLE.—Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.—1. Beagle, eagle. 2. Bear, ear. 3. Fox. 4. Goat, oat. 5. Swine, wine. 6. Weasel, easel. 7. Lark, ark. 8. Plover, lover.

CLASSICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Virgil, Æneid.

V —irgin— A
I —ten— E
R—hiuth— N
G —lauc— E
I —nfer— I
L—ycome— D

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Terrier—er, tier. 2. Leveret—ev let. 3. Lawless—awl, less. 4. Flashy—ash, fly. 5. Pageant—at pant. 6. Tartan—art, tan. 7. Tendon—end, ton. 8. Swinging wing, sing.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Biscay, Naples.

B —aro— N
I —ow— A
S —tiru— P
C —ow— L
A —pp!— E
V —f— S

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—Civil.

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.—1. Spectacle-case (specked A—cLER acc). 2. Cup and saucer (C upon saw—CER). 3. Shawl (SH—aw). 4. Foot-rest (foot—rest). 5. Breast-pin (B—rest—pin). 6. Diary (A—rye). 7. Vase (V—ace). 8. Tidy (tied E). 9. Book—m (book—mark). 10. Portemonnaie (P o'er T—money). 11. Let scales (letters K, L, S). 12. Eye-glasses (I—glasses). 13. Pen case (pence—L K S). 14. Easel (E's L). 15. Boa (bow—A). Ear-rings (ear [of corn]—rings). 17. Bouquet (bow K). 18. Lock (lock—Eg). 19. Checker-board (checker bored). 20. Club ski (clubs—K—ights). 21. Base-ball (B—ace—B—awl). 22. St. Nilolas (ST.—nickel—AS). 23. Jockey Club (Jo—key—club). Candy (can—D). 25, 26. Violin, accordion (vial in a cord—ION).

"Mercury" answered correctly ALL the puzzles in the November number.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18, from Helen Green, Bessie McLain, Marshall Josselyn, Bessie Lyle, Harrie Y., "Alex," Ella G. Condie, Walter T. Lucas, "Beth," Alice B. Moore, Brainerd P. Em "Little B.," Forrest E. Libby, Marguerite B. Newton, J. E. Hill, Archie C. Wellington, Josie M. Brown, Emma Elliott, Nessie E. Stev Rachel E. Hutchins, Elizabeth Sherred, Benjamin Taylor, Howard Steel Rodgers, Allie Bertram, Hildegard Sterling, Ora L. Doy Nellie Emerson, Agnes M. Hodges, Manning J. A. Logan, Willie Dibblee, Clyde Fitch, W. C. Spencer, Mary W. Wadsworth, Katha Chapman, Fred Cook, Willie Dunn, Arthur D. Smith, Sallie E. Hewit, Oliver Everett, and Bessie Taylor.

REBUS, No. 1.



DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

CROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. Distant. 3. A city in Europe. 4. A precious stone. 5. A consonant.
 DOWNWARD: 1. A consonant. 2. A fruit. 3. A city in the United States. 4. An animal. 5. A consonant. BLACK PRINCE.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters. My 1 and 10 is an article; my 3, 4, and 7 is an animal; my 3, 12, 8, and 13 is a kind of bread; my 5, 9, and 7 is a pronoun; my 11, 12, 3, and 14 is a kind of grain; my 2, 6, 3, and 10 is a building. My whole is the name of a President of the United States. J. J. T.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in hand, but not in eye;
 My second is in breath, but not in sigh;
 My third is in pencil, but not in pen;
 My fourth is in peacock, and also in hen;
 My fifth is in plant, but not in tree;
 My sixth is in latch, but not in key;
 My whole is a girl's name. M. S.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations: 1, a liquor; 2, a leave-taking; 3, long, thin pieces; 4, dances; 5, cunning; and leave a diamond puzzle composed of—1, a consonant; 2, something used in backgammon; 3, a part of the body; 4, a fish; 5, a consonant. L. E.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

SYNCOPE a covering for the head, and leave noisy collision; 1, and leave what we all yearn for. 2. Syncope to clutch, and to struggle for breath; again, and leave an opening. 3. Syncope an Eastern monarch, and leave a vehicle. 4. Syncope a divil-yerse, and leave a noted Roman. 5. Syncope an iron fastener and leave a lodging-place; again, and leave a covering for the CYRIL DEANE.

RIDDLE.

I'M a very little thing, but oh, how smart!
 If you do not see my head, then will your heart
 Find me the greatest treasure that the world can hold,
 Far better than are house, or lands, or gold.
 If now my head be changed, you may declare
 I am a pleasant thing for you to wear.
 If to me as at first you add one letter,
 You then would say that nothing could be better
 To pass a happy life in—naught more sweet
 Could ever be pressed down by weary feet. H.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

To shape. 2. A custom. 3. A fruit. 4. An article of furniture. 5. A lift.
 DOWNWARD, from left to right: A kind of tree. Upward, from top to left: A word meaning swift. L. E. D.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. THAT ——— I often hear. 2. ——— trust me, and you will not ——— my sincerity. 3. There is a ——— for a mouse in my ———. 4. I had several ——— of money in ———. 5. I heard the ——— with entire ———. B.

EASY HIDDEN ANIMALS.

Is Eli on the fence? 2. You came late to-day. 3. Give me that 4. Look! what a pen! 5. Do good to all men. 6. Isaac ate apples. 7. Be at ease; all is well. T. D. D.

TRIPLE PUZZLE.

I.—THE following words are concealed in the sentences: 1. Fashions. 2. To eject. 3. The last. 4. At no time. 5. Even. 6. A vowel repeated. 7. A crew. 8. A meadow. 9. A small, flat surface.
 II.—Between the primals and finals there are complete words to each line, save the sixth, viz.: 1. A song. 2. A pronoun. 3. A girl's nickname. 4. A girl's name. 5. Twilight. 6. ———. 7. An article. 8. To consumm. 9. Competent.
 III.—Primals and finals form a double acrostic, and name two things which are only seen at night.
 1. Young Ladies should be modest at all times. 2. Does Lou state the truth, evcr? 3. Come gather flowers for the Little Schoolma'am. 4. Is this cane very strong? 5. I have for sale velvet and satin. 6. Tell George I invented this puzzle. 7. Is Meg angry with either of us? 8. Is he at Henry's new stable? 9. This table totters as if the floor was uneven. CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

My first is a god of mythology,
 Or (making the god an apology)
 A common vessel, small and rude;
 To do my second is much use—
 So thought the famous Robert Bruce;
 My whole is where you keep your food. P.

SHAKSPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

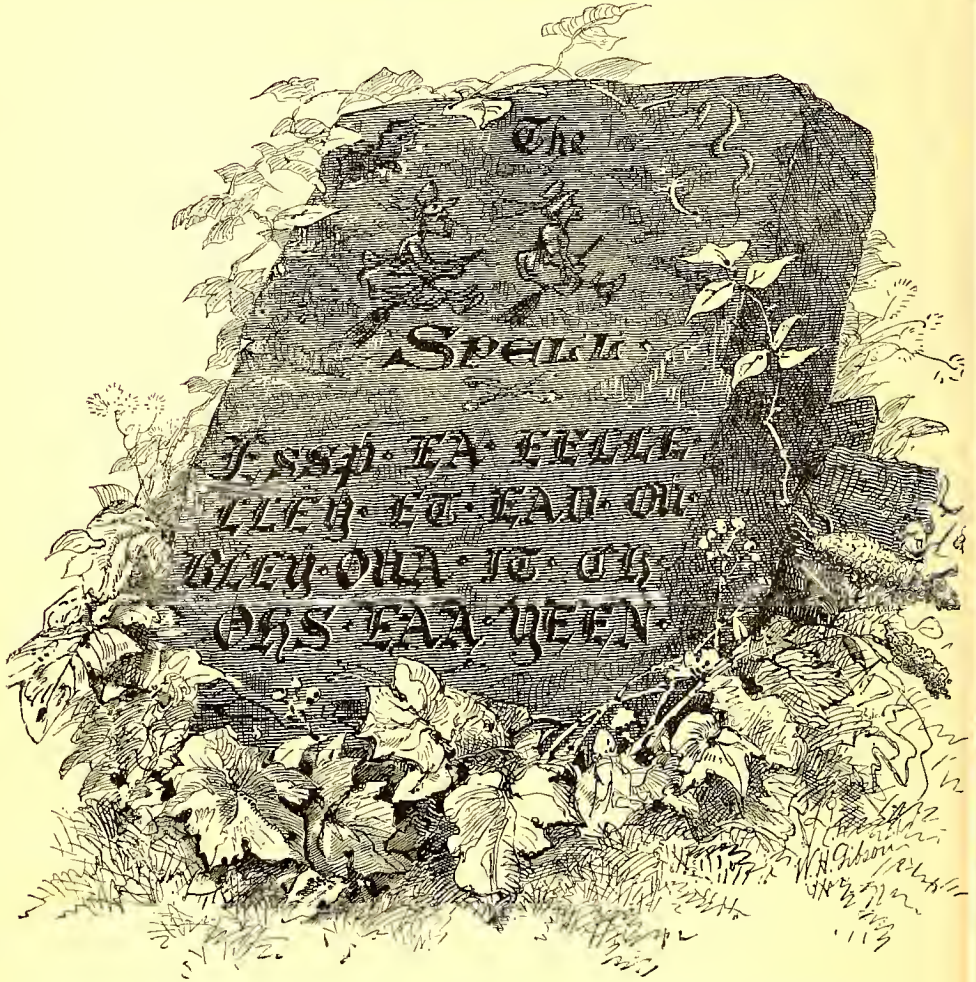
A FRIEND of Romeo's and kinsman to Escalus. 2. A noted fly. 3. The Pope's legate in "King John." 4. The principal character in "Much Ado About Nothing." 5. The rank of a boy in "Richard the Second." 6. A fast friend of Shylock. friend of Hamlet.
 The initials and finals form two of Shakspeare's best tragedies. SEDGWICK.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A GRACEFUL tree. 2. To worship. 3. Regal. 4. A sharp pain. 5. Aids. B.

REBUS, No. 2.

(Read the inscription on this ancient stone.)



PUZZLE.

FIND the first word; drop the first syllable, and add a new syllable to the second, to form the second word. Then drop the first syllable of that word, and add a new syllable to the second, to form the third word, and so continue until you have all the words.

- 1. Rancor. 2. A variety of feldspar. 3. A common bird. 4. Part of a spur. 5. Part of the arm. 6. An arbor. 7. A mission.

SEDGWICK.

EASY ENIGMA.

SEVEN letters. My whole is the chief beauty of a tree. My 1, 4, 6 is a foreign fruit tree. My 5, 3, 2, 7 is a tree found in warm climates, valued more for its juices than fruit.

B.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

- 1. THE capital of an ancient country famed for its statues. 2. The largest country in South America. 3. The largest republic in Europe. 4. The capital of a small country in Europe. 5. A country noted for its handsome shawls. 6. A part of North America.

The diagonals, read from left to right, name a famous Oriental country.

J. J. T.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the names of two cities in South Europe.

- 1. A grain. 2. What murderers try to prove. 3. A lady's sentiment. 4. A boy's nickname. 5. A coloring matter. 6. A place of concealment.

B.

ANAGRAMS.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

TRANSPOSE each sentence into the name of a flower. Thus the letters of "Beaver N" may be made to form "Verbena."

- 1. Beaver N. 2. Love it. 3. He sees a rat. 4. O ripe hotel. To be sure. 6. Run as the colt "Bob." 7. O sur, I am green.

DOLLY VARDY.

CENTRAL EXCEPTIONS.

EXCEPT the central letter from expectations, and leave far implements; from a vision, and leave a measure; from sounds leave parts of the body; from an animal, and leave a row; from waken, and leave a flower; from Indian corn, and leave confiture from trees, and leave something good to eat.

The excepted letters, read downward, name a bird.

CYRIL DEAR





ANDRÉ, THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE ARTIST-SOLDIER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

EVERY American boy has read the story,—has heard how the great fort on the Hudson so nearly fell into the hands of the enemy. The British war-ships had crept up the river, and lay at anchor, silent and gloomy, while the Americans manned the fort, anxious and watchful. At West Point the sentinels paced up and down, up and down, all the long days and nights, that none might come near to take away the fort and destroy the hopes of the country. All this was in the fall of 1780, when our fortunes were low, and many thought the long and weary war soon would come to a sad and bitter end.

One night, a boat crept down the river and approached the war-ship "Vulture," at anchor near Bob's Ferry. There was one passenger in the boat, and when they rowed up to the black sides of the ship, he got out and went on board. After a short delay, he returned to the boat, and took with him a young man, a British officer. Silently the boat crept over the dark water toward the west-shore, as if seeking to make a landing in the woods.

The sentinel, poor, ill-clad, and sorrowful for his country, might pace the bleak parapets, clasp his cold musket, and watch—and watch in vain. The commander was not in his quarters. None knew where he had gone; but far down the river he hid himself among the fir-trees, as if waiting for some one. The boat crept nearer and nearer through the calm, still night. At last, it broke in among the bushes on the water-side. The two passengers got out and climbed the wooded bank, and the boatmen, weary with their labors, lay down

in their boat and soon fell asleep. The British officer soon found some one waiting for him among the trees. So they two met, Major André and Benedict Arnold, secretly in the night, because their deeds were evil.

You know all the rest. How André and Arnold went to a house not far away, and there arranged the miserable bargain. Money and rank for the traitor, the fort and all its arms and soldiers for the British. Not at once and without a fight, but as soon as they chose to come and take it; for the great chain in the river was broken, the fort was torn down in places, the guns were turned away, and everything was ready for an easy capture. Then you remember the morning came, and a party of Americans on the shore began to fire on the "Vulture," and the ship was obliged to slip her anchor and drift away on the tide. André saw it all from the window of the house, and his heart sank within him, for it was his only hope of escape. He was within our lines and liable to capture at any moment. He made an effort to get on board the ship, and it was useless. Then, you remember, the flight across the river and the journey in disguise toward New York, and, at last, the capture. And that was the end; it was all found out, and André was taken away, a prisoner, to the American head-quarters. Arnold escaped on board the "Vulture," and sailed away in safety and disgrace. André was tried as a spy and was executed on the second of October. Finally, so late as the year 1821, his remains were taken to England, and now they sleep in Westminster Abbey.

Such is the story as we commonly read it, but it

tells nothing of André himself. It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he dressed, and what he said and did. Here is a picture of him, not as a soldier, for his sword is laid on the drum, and he has dropped a glove on the floor and is writing a letter. No, making a picture—a pen-and-ink sketch of himself from his likeness in the mirror. Look at the curious fashion in which, like other men of his day, he fastened his hair behind with a ribbon. And his ruffled shirt and cuffs, and the military boots and spurs. He seems half soldier, half artist, and that must be the reason they used to call him the artist-soldier.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed to be his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly. He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier. He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times. Once he found a poor little boy who had been captured by the British soldiers in Westchester County, and brought to New York to be put into the dreadful prisons the British then kept in our city. Such a little fellow could do no harm, and André took him away from the soldiers and sent him back to his mother in safety.

Besides painting and drawing, André could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette. Many of his pictures and letters are still preserved, and could you read the letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively, and entertaining man. While he was in this country he kept a journal, and, it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery, and plans of cities and towns. He used often to give his pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children in the village to draw. One of the Lancaster boys pleased him so much, and displayed so much talent, that André offered to make an artist of him, and to take him to England when the war was at an end. The boy's father would not consent to this, though he was pleased to think the English officer should take so much interest in his son. The prisoners were afterward removed to Carlisle, and André had to leave his pupil. He did not forget him, for he afterward wrote a letter to the boy's father, in which he said that the boy "must take particular care in forming the features in faces, and in copying the hands exactly. He should now and then copy things from the life, and then compare their por-

tions with what prints he may have, or what rules he may remember."

All this was during the war, and André himself was an enemy; but we can hardly think of him in that way. He regretted all the troubles of the times, and, unlike his brother officers, he never called us "the rebels," but "the colonists." Even to this day, his letters and little pictures, his silhouettes, portraits, and sketches and verses are preserved in some families in remembrance of the kind, merry, and cultivated English gentlemen whom we now call Major André, the spy.

When he was exchanged, he went back to the British army stationed at Philadelphia, and there he again displayed his many talents. He painted a drop-scene for the theater that was thought to be very fine, and they said of it that "the foliage was uncommonly spirited and graceful." He also wrote verses to be recited in the theater, and even took part in the plays. Once there was a grand pageant in Philadelphia—a water procession on the Delaware, with gayly trimmed boats, and bands of music, and ladies in fancy costumes—all ending in a grand ball. André took an active part in these pleasuringings, designed the costumes for the ladies, wrote verses, and helped to put up the decorations.

All this happened when our poor and discouraged troops were having a sad time of it, waiting and watching for a chance to strike a blow for the country. At last, the British were obliged to leave Philadelphia. André went away with them to New York, and it was there that he received the commission to treat with Arnold for the surrender at West Point, and that only ended in his capture and sad death.

Look at the picture again. See the old Colonial furniture and the face in the little glass. It is said to be a good likeness of André; he often made pictures of himself for his friends, and many of them were preserved long after he died. On the last day that he lived he drew his own portrait from memory with a pen,—that is, without the use of a mirror,—and the picture is still in existence. While in New York, just before he went up to see General Arnold, he made several silhouette portraits of ladies who then lived there, and were said to be remarkably correct likenesses, and were, of course, greatly prized afterward as the work of the young, genial, and light-hearted British officer.

Those Revolutionary days are now very old, and the handsome English gentleman has been dead long, long years. We can forgive his efforts against us now, and perhaps it will be more agreeable to think of him as the artist-soldier rather than as a spy at West Point.

THE SANDHOPPER JIG.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

SAID a Shrimp to a Sandhopper, one summer's day
 (They were walking along the beach):
 I am told that you dance in a wonderful way;
 Pray, would you be willing to teach?"

And up in the air he proceeded to jump,
 While the Hermit Crab shouted "Hurrah!"
 And old Mr. Lobster applauded so hard,
 He broke off his handsomest claw.



"Quite willing, my dear," Sandhopper replied,
 As merry and pert as a grig;
 All your little ones here, and I'll show 'em the
 steps
 Of the rollicking Sandhopper Jig."

"My stars!" cried the children of good Mrs.
 Shrimp;
 "We none of us, little or big,
 Could learn, we are sure, the very high jumps
 Of the rollicking Sandhopper Jig."

"All alone must you hop your remarkable hops."
 Said Mr. Sandhopper, "I will."
 And I have n't a doubt, if you go to the beach,
 You will find him there frolicking still.

CLEVER JOE.

BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.



VER so long ago, there was a country, and that country had a king, and that king had a lovely little daughter whose name was the Princess Gay. This name had been chosen for the princess by her god-mother, who was a fairy, because, even when a baby, Princess Gay was never seen without a smile upon her face, two dimples in her rosy cheeks, and another in her chin. In those days, too, the king was so happy that he

might with equal propriety have been called King Gay. He was good-natured always, and beamed so with fun that his courtiers and servants, down to the least scullions, beamed also, as if to keep him company. Nothing was to be heard in the palace but laughter and jests, and the giving of conundrums. Melancholy persons, and those afflicted with a passion for gloomy reading and blue-pills, used to be brought by their friends and set under the windows, in hopes that the joyous frolic going on inside might prove contagious and cure them. And all over the world the land had the reputation of being the jolliest in existence and the pleasantest to live in.

This was when Princess Gay was a baby. Before she had grown to be sixteen, all this charming state of things was ended. The king had become crusty, cross, and subject to fits of violent rage. The courtiers were sullen and frightened, the servants scarcely dared speak above a whisper. No more cases of melancholy were brought to the palace windows for cure, and a gloom lay over the land. Shall I tell you the reason of this sad change? Ah, how truly is it written that the love of money is the root of all evil! The reason was that the king's treasury, in which he stored all his valuables, had been robbed, and had kept on being robbed day and night; how, nobody could discover.

New locks were put on the doors, new bars on the windows, the police were instructed to watch the palace, guards were set, the king himself staid up all night, but nothing made any difference. The treasury continued to be robbed, and its contents dwindled so fast, that there was danger, if the thieves were not stopped, that the king would soon be poorer than his own subjects. It is scarcely to

be wondered at if, under these circumstances, the court ceased to be a merry one, and if all its inmates forgot how to smile. All, that is, except the Princess Gay, whose charming nature carried her through all sorts of trouble without a shadow. She laughed and joked, petted her gloomy father, comforted him as well as she could for his losses, and every day mounted her little strawberry-red pony and went forth for a ride in the fresh air, to revive her own spirits for the task, daily growing more difficult, of keeping up an appearance of cheerfulness in the dismal circle which surrounded her.

The palace was built upon a hill, and at the foot of the hill was a baker's shop, behind which, in a small house, lived the baker, his wife, and their son a youth of seventeen. This youth, though honest and industrious, had the reputation of being very stupid; so the neighbors, out of derision, had named him Clever Joe. Stupid though he was, Clever Joe had eyes in his head, and he used those round blue eyes very hard indeed every day when the lovely little princess rode past the shop on her pony. She seemed to him like a vision of fair land,—so gay, so beautiful, so very, very happy. His gaze followed her as long as she was in sight and he thought about her all the time he was kneading his loaves or mixing the ginger-nuts, for which the shop was famous.

"How delightful it must be, being a princess," he said one day.

"I don't know about princesses," replied the mother, "but it is not particularly nice being king,—not when he's like our king, at least. I frets so over his money, and the thieves that steal it, that he can hardly eat or sleep. Better be baker, and keep your appetite, say I."

"How queer that a king should fret!" sighed Clever Joe, opening his eyes wide with wonder at the idea.

Stupid people when they fall in love sometimes grow clever. Joe was in love with Princess Gay though you have probably guessed that already because, being a princess, somebody must fall in love with her, and as Joe's name heads this story of course he is the hero of it. Yes, Clever Joe was in love. He meditated on the princess all day and dreamed about her all night. His romantic soul longed for occupations more congenial than the making of household bread and two-penny tarts, so he invented a new kind of cream-cake, or tart with a dab of quince jelly in the middle, around

rich rose walls of paste white as snow, brushed over with egg, and flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg. Such tarts were never seen before in the kingdom. First, the common people tasted and approved, next the mayor of the city got hold of some, smacked his lips and ordered a dozen, and finally the servants of the palace fell into the habit of coming down the hill to buy them. "The Crown-Princess Tart," was the fine name Joe invented for these dainties, and as they grew in favor, the baker, rubbed his hands and prophesied that fame and fortune were about to descend on the family, and all because of his Clever

One day, when, having missed two gold cups and a bag of money out of his treasury which were there when he locked up the night before, the king was unusually cross, and the courtiers in consequence unusually low-spirited, Princess Gay came on her waiting-maid, seated in a corner and sucking her lips over some article which she pretended to be enjoying very much. She jumped hastily when she saw her mistress, and hid the thing, whatever it was, under her apron.

"You seem to have something nice there," said the princess good-naturedly. "May I inquire what it is?"

"Only a tart, please your royal highness; one of the new tarts which are just now so fashionable." And pray what are they? I never heard of them before."

"Oh! I beg your royal highness's pardon for saying 'oh,' but it is so queer that you should not have heard of them before! Why, they are named after your royal highness; 'Crown-Princess Tarts' is what the baker calls them. They are the most wonderful and delicious tarts ever made on earth, your highness."

"Really? You excite my curiosity. I must have these tarts. Please send or go at once to the baker and get one for me."

"One! I beg your royal highness's pardon, I am sure, but one would never satisfy your royal highness at all. They melt away in your mouth like nothing, please your highness. I could get two dozen of them myself!"

"I could n't," said the princess. "That is, I think I could n't, though really, what with robbers, policemen, and worry and confusion, our meals have been so irregular of late, and, I may say, so that I should really enjoy something nice. Therefore, Beltira, and get two dozen of them, since you are sure that is the proper number. I will probably leave a few, and those will fall to my share. Bring the tarts up here, and I'll have them in my room. You can order the second equerry or the first usher to ask the third lord of the

bedchamber to say to his majesty that I have a headache to-night, and am not coming down."

Off went Beltira, gave her message and sped down the hill to the baker's shop. You can fancy Joe's feelings when informed that the princess was going to try his tarts. His fingers trembled with eagerness, he seized a piece of Swiss muslin and with it dusted out the oven.

"I'll make a batch on purpose," he cried, "and bring them up myself at five o'clock."

When Beltira returned to the palace she found it in great confusion. Another theft had been discovered. The king was raging to and fro with a spiked club in his hand, declaring that he would brain the first ghost of a robber whom he came across. The lord high treasurer had hidden himself, the courtiers had scuttled away like frightened sheep. At the gates stood the guards, armed and doubled, and a proclamation was pinned on the front door which stated that not a soul was to leave or enter the palace that night without being searched.

"And what will poor Joe do?" thought Beltira, "they will open his basket, and then I know well what will happen, for those guards have a passion for pastry! Not a crumb will be left for the poor princess—or myself, unless I can hit upon some plan for getting the tarts in unnoticed."

Just then she recollected that in the princess's work-basket was a little key which unlocked a small garden gate, so hidden by rose-bushes that no one would be likely to remember anything about it. This key she easily smuggled into her pocket, and at five o'clock, creeping out quietly, she unlocked the gate, ran down the hill, met Joe coming up, and laid hold of the handle of the precious basket.

"Here," she said, "I won't trouble you to come any farther. In fact, you can't, for the king has ordered that not a soul shall be allowed to pass the gates to-night. I'll carry the cakes in, and you shall have your basket again to-morrow and the money."

"But," said Joe, keeping fast hold of his wares, "I've set my heart on handing the tarts to the princess with my own hands. If I can't come in to-night, I'll just carry my load home, and fetch them up again in the morning."

Beltira peeped under the lid. The tarts were smoking hot and smelt delightfully. "They won't be fit to eat to-morrow," she thought to herself. So she coaxed, and pleaded, and urged; she even cried, but the obstinate Joe would not give up his point. Either the crown-princess must take the tarts from his own hands or she must go without them; nothing could shake his resolution.

At last, "Come along, then, you obstinate fellow," cried the girl. "I shall lose my place if we

are caught, and you will lose your head. But no matter; I'm not going to have my mistress disappointed of her treat."

So in at the little gate and upstairs they crept, treading softly that none should hear them. At last they came to the private apartments of the princess. They were grand rooms, tapestried with satin and peacocks' feathers.

Joe had no eyes for anything but her royal highness; and how he saved the basket of pastry from falling out of his frightened hands he never could understand.

She was indeed beautiful, in her blush-colored satin wrapper, trimmed with pearls and garnets; diamond necklaces, bracelet, and shoe-buckles, and her crystal crown (for she only wore her gold one out-of-doors) balanced artfully on one side of her curly head. However, she smiled in such a welcome manner that Joe was very soon at his ease.

"May it please your royal highness," said Beltira, "this stupid fellow would not give up his cakes to any one but yourself, so I was forced to bring him upstairs."

She locked the door as she spoke, for she was mortally afraid that some one would come in, and, producing a silver dish, attempted to open the basket. But Joe waved her back and knelt at the feet of the princess, and, lifting the lid, displayed the tarts, arranged in two lines on a snow white napkin. There were twenty-six, two bakers' dozens, in all, and the savory smell which they sent forth would have made a hermit hungry enough to forget his vows.

The princess bent over them and gave a little cry of surprise and delight. No wonder, for she had never seen pastry like this before—nor, for that matter, had any one else. Each tart was made with jam of a different kind, and in each dab of jam was traced in white sugar a letter, which, taking the tarts in order, made up this sentence: "Peace and joy to our all-beloved."

Still more curious, each tart was flavored with a jam whose name began with the letter traced upon it. Thus, *p* was peach, *a* apricot, *b* blackberry, *l* lemon, and so on. It was in fact a declaration of love written in pie-crust; but the princess was so hungry, and the cakes smelt so nice, that she did not at first find out what they meant.

Beltira brought a plate and fork. The princess seated herself at the table, and commencing with the first letter, *p*, began to eat the tarts one after another, while happy Joe stood by and rubbed his hands. At the letter *r* in "our," which was flavored with rose-juice, the princess stopped.

"You can have the rest, Beltira," she said, rather faintly, for sixteen tarts at a time is a good many for even a princess to eat.

Nothing loth, Beltira began her share, and as she gobbled even faster than the princess, the last crust soon vanished between her lips. But just as she ended, and shook out the napkin,—whack! bang! came a terrible thump at the door. It was the king, who, having been told by one of his spies that a strange man with a basket had been seen stealing down the corridor which led to the princess's rooms, had come, war-club in hand, to look into the matter.

"It's papa!" cried the princess, wringing her hands.

"It's his majesty!" cried Beltira, wringing hers "What shall we do?"

"Let me in!" bellowed the king.

"Yes, dear papa,—in one moment," faltered Gay. "Beltira, what is to be done with this poor boy. We must hide him somewhere."

"Yes, but where?" replied Beltira, weeping like a fountain. "You can't stow away a great fellow seven feet long in a bandbox. I shall—lose—my—place,—I know I shall. It's all your fault, you horrid boy! I told you how it would be."

"Let me in!" vociferated the king, with another bang on the door. Crash went the panel; Joe saw one of the spikes of the war-club come through and his flesh crept.

"The window!" whispered Gay. "Quick! I am coming, dear papa; have patience!"—and she moved toward the door. Like lightning Beltira flew to the casement, opened it, pushed Joe out, closed and re-bolted it; and, just as the king rushed in the room, Joe alighted on the lid of the water-but which, luckily, stood beneath the window and broke his fall. He could hear the king raging over his head, and demanding to know where was the thief; the man with the basket; while Beltira loudly declared that no such man had been there, and the princess, with soft words, sought to soothe his angry sire. Unluckily, his majesty, in his furious career round the room, stumbled upon the bake-basket, which Beltira had hidden behind the window curtain. The king glared at the inoffensive object as though it had been a wild beast, and with one tap of his war-club, dashed it into bits while Beltira in vain protested that she could not imagine how such a thing could get there. One of the largest pieces of the basket flew through the window, and in company with a goodly quantity of broken glass, descended on Joe's head as he stooped on the water-but beneath.

Terribly afraid that the king would next look out and see him, he was about to fly, when a dozen hoarse barks were heard, and into the court-yard bounded as many huge mastiffs as big as calves. The noise had aroused these ferocious watchdogs and brought them from their kennels.

"Well," thought Joe, "one needs be clever, indeed, to escape now."

On came the dogs, and above, the king was sticking his head out of the window. There was no way of escape. Joe slipped into the water-tank, and pulled the lid over his head. The monarch looked out from above, but saw nothing.

"Good dogs," cried he, "at him—seize him!" The dogs were worrying the fragments of basket. The king ordered lanterns, and went down to see what they had caught. The dogs had torn the skin which had lined the basket into a thousand pieces; the king flattered himself that these were pieces of the thief's clothing, and that the mastiffs had eaten the rest of him up!

"But he may have confederates," said the kindly sovereign; "so, to make sure, leave the pack in the court-yard all night."

Joe's heart sank within him at this command, and he settled deeper in the tank.

The water was ice-cold. It reached above his chest, and made him so uncomfortable, that a little after midnight, he could bear it no longer, and lifting the lid of the tank he peeped out. The dogs seized him in a moment—ran at the tank, jumped up and tried to seize him. To cool their ardor, he joined his hands, filled them with water and dashed it down their throats. This made the pack snarl and howl, till at last the disturbance reached on to the king's bedroom and interrupted his royal slumbers; at length he sent down to order the dogs chained up at once. This was a great relief to poor Joe, who had half emptied the butt in defending himself from his canine enemies.

Early in the morning came the palace servants, swept the mosaic floor of the court-yard clean, and fished out all sorts of rugs and carpets, which they beat with long canes. The sound of the blows was more terrible than even the howling of the dogs to poor Joe, who cowered closer in his chilly prison as he listened to them.

At last all went away save two, who were beating a large and splendid carpet made of velvet, with an embroidered pattern upon it of all sorts of gems. This was, in fact, the best carpet of the palace, and was kept for the floor of the state drawing-room, and only used when other kings came to tea. Joe was just thinking whether it would not do to appear and throw himself upon the mercy of these men, when, looking about to see if they were observed, they drew from their pockets a couple of sharp knives, and working fast, cut from the jeweled carpet some long, narrow strips, which they wound round their waists under their clothes.

"Aha!" thought Clever Joe, "I begin to see the way the king's property goes. However, it is no use to cry 'stop, thief!' at present, those

knives look quite too well ground to make it safe to do that. But I shall remember their faces, and the time may come when it will do to give the king a warning."

The two men went away together, probably to hide their plunder, and Joe took the opportunity to climb out of the tank. He was so stiff from his long soaking in the cold water that he could hardly stand, far less walk. There was no time to exercise his limbs, however—all he could do was to seek another hiding-place, and this he found in the heart of the roll of carpet, stowing himself away all the quicker, from the fact that one of the mastiffs, spying him from his kennel, began to bark furiously, and tug as though he would break his chain. In fact, he did break it, but Joe was safe in the carpet, and the servants coming back just then, and seeing the dog capering to and fro, and the traces of water on the pavement, fell upon the animal and thrashed him soundly. Then they took up the carpet and carried it in-doors.

"This is a clever way to get *out* of the palace, I must say," observed Joe to himself, creeping from the roll the moment he was left alone.

Beyond the state drawing-room was another magnificent apartment, where stood a table spread for the king's breakfast. The sight of food was too much for Joe after his long fast. He soon made such havoc with the viands generally, that in a few minutes scarcely enough was left to satisfy a fly.

At that moment, while still a cup was in his hand and a last mouthful of ham-and-egg between his lips, a blast of trumpets was heard and a voice in the passage outside cried:

"Make way, ladies and gentlemen of the court, make way for his majesty the king and her highness the princess royal, coming to breakfast!"

In another moment the king and the whole court entered the room.

His majesty's first exclamation was of dismay over the disappearance of the breakfast; his next of wrath, for he spied Joe.

"Who is this villain?" he cried, "guards, secure him!"

The guards, ten at a time, secured poor Joe, who was too stupefied to move.

"Well, abominable miscreant, detestable marauder," began the king, in a tone not calculated to set any prisoner at ease, "what business brought you here?"

Joe's mouth opened. He was about to utter the truth when, suddenly, he caught sight of the princess's face, very pale, and looking so terrified that he changed his mind and told the first lie that came into his head.

"I am the robber who has stolen your majesty's treasure," he replied.

"Wretch!" said the king, purple with rage, "where have you hidden your ill-gotten gains? Who are your confederates? Confess all at once! Off with his head, guards! off with his head!"

"But, papa," whispered the princess, "if you take off his head, he can't confess."

"True!" said the king. "Don't off with his head, guards, till further orders. So you are the robber, fellow, eh?"

"Exactly;" said Joe, "but I am *not* the two robbers who are stealing your majesty's best carpet piecemeal.

"Oh, are not you? Then, pray, who is?"

"That is telling," said Joe, shaking his head wisely, with a side glance at the dishonest servants, who turned pale as they stood among the rest.

Neither threats nor bribes could make Joe say more, so at last the king ordered him to the deepest dungeon in the palace, "for his impudence," as his majesty remarked. He had the consolation of a little grateful look from Princess Gay as the guards led him off; likewise, he had secured a breakfast, which was something pleasant to think of.

And though he was not aware of it, his answers to the king had really been clever. For in the middle of the night, as he lay soundly sleeping in his dungeon, the door opened, and two men stole in. These men were the dishonest servants.

"Hush," said one of them. "Speak low. You are a good fellow not to give up our names to the king. He would have our ears if he guessed that we were the thieves."

"I fancy he would," said Joe. "So it will be well for you to leave the palace before I am examined in the morning, you know."

"Oh, we don't want to leave the palace. There is some excellent picking and stealing here still, and we prefer to stay awhile longer. *You* shall leave the palace instead; that will do quite as well."

"Oh?"

"We will give you a chance to escape."

"That's very kind, I'm sure. But I shall be going away with less than I came in with," said Joe, thinking of his basket and his napkin.

The thieves whispered together.

"Well, then," said one, "since nothing else will content you, you shall have a peep at the Treasury yourself, and as much plunder as you can carry off, provided you will clear out at once, and never come back. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Joe. "But how will you manage about the guard? He comes every half hour to the door, and I have to answer, that he may know I am here. One of you will have to take my place and reply to him for an hour or so, till I am safely off."

"Very well, Buglecord, you stay. Come along my fine fellow. Oh, your chains? We'll soon rid you of these;" and the thief cut the fetters loose with a pair of nippers. "Make haste," he went on. "I'll come back and let you know, Buglecord as soon as he's gone."

So the thief and the baker's son left the dungeon noiselessly. As they passed out of the door, Joe felt for the bolt, and quietly shot it into its staple unperceived by his companion. By many winding ways, upstairs and down-stairs they went, and at last came to the Royal Treasury. There were the guards, bolts, bars, man-traps and signals, all in their proper places; but what good did they do for the old thief simply touched a spring, and went one of the big marble flags of the pavement letting them in as easily as possible. Joe stood in the middle of the treasure-chamber, with his eyes almost popping out of his head for wonderment at the store of gold and silver vessels, coin, and other precious things. It seemed to him that all the thieves in the world might come there daily and steal and steal, and still there would be no end to the riches of the place.

"Hurry! hurry!" said the thief, impatiently.

"I don't know what to choose," said Joe, staring about him.

"Oh, well, get down upon the ladder by which we entered, and I'll hand you the things," said the thief, chuckling over Joe's silliness.

So Joe stood on the ladder under the trap-door and the thief began to pass down the articles which were the least valuable, but which he thought good enough for such a stupid youth as Joe. Joe received a few things, then, while the other's back was turned, he softly lowered the flag-stone and made it fast on his side. The thief, perceiving that he was entrapped, beat on the stone and implored Joe to release him; but Joe went his way chuckling; for the funny part was, that the robber dared not raise his voice above a whisper for fear of rousing the guards outside the door.

Joe hid his booty in his pockets, all except a silver cup. With this in hand, he boldly marched up to the first sentinel he met.

"Hush!" he said. "Here's your share keeping quiet."

The man stared; but supposing that Joe was a new-comer added to the band of robbers, he said nothing, and allowed him to pass unmolested. They were close to an old chimney, and having rubbed his hand upon the soot, Joe made a mark on the back of the fellow's uniform, that he might know him again if he had the chance. Thus he went on, doing the same to each guard he met, till he reached the gate, where he emptied his pocket in paying the porter. To each man who

received his bribe he applied his blackened hands as he passed; and once out of the palace, he took to his heels and ran down the hill toward home.

Early as it was, the baker and his journeymen were already up and kneading bread.

Joe rushed in, wild with excitement.

"All of you come here," he cried, "and do exactly as I say, and we shall make our fortunes."

"How? What do you mean?" they demanded, crowding about him.

helped themselves to out of a neighboring field, the procession rode solemnly up to the palace, and Joe, giving a thundering rap on the knocker, desired the porter to inform the king that the renowned wizard Baricold Maxmaxfarogafarmax, Duke of Shadows and Master of the Night, desired the honor of an immediate audience.

The king, much impressed with this message, made haste to receive the sage in his sleeping-chamber, clapping on a crown over his night-cap,



CLEVER JOE MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Ask no questions, but do as I say," was all the reply Joe would make; but so earnest and decided was his air, that they obeyed, and did as he directed, without farther delay.

What he directed was, that each man should dress himself in some outlandish way at once. Some of them wrapped themselves in sheets, others in fur blankets; two or three who had old masks put them on, and Joe himself improvised a hasty costume out of flour-bags, which, being yellow lettered with red, had a very odd and fantastic appearance. Then mounted on donkeys, which they

by way of grandeur, and sitting up on his pillows, holding his scepter, which he always took to bed with him, in his hand. Joe went at once to the point.

"Your majesty," he said, bowing profoundly before the monarch, "I am come to relieve you of a great perplexity. No natural means will enable you to discover the thieves who desolate your treasury; but I, the great Baricold Maxmaxfarogafarmax, I can, and I will."

"Will you, really, Mr. Barifaxicomaxy?" cried the overjoyed king, leaping up and falling on the

neck of the baker's son. "Heaven indeed has sent you. I have been at my wit's end about those same thieves. Rid me of them, and take what you will, even to a quarter of my kingdom."

"Your majesty," replied the sorcerer in a majestic tone, "I don't want a quarter of your kingdom. I would n't have it if I might. I want only one single thing within your majesty's power to grant, and that thing I must have, or the thieves must go on thieving."

"And what is that?" inquired the king, trembling with impatience.

"The hand of your beautiful daughter, the Princess Gay," replied Joe, with a magnificent bow.

"Well," said the king, who, much as he loved the child, loved money better, and was delighted that the magician's views took this sentimental turn, "my daughter's hand, eh? Well, it is a bargain. Rid me of the robbers, and you shall have her and welcome."

"I must first trouble your majesty to put on your clothes," observed Joe.

His majesty, who was usually something of a dawdle, dressed with the speed of light.

"And now," observed Joe, "to the dungeons."

He led the way, and pausing before the door of that in which he had been himself confined, thus addressed the king:

"The poor youth you shut up here was innocent. By my magic art I have removed him, and have put in his place one of the real culprits who have robbed your majesty."

"What!" cried the king, as the door opened; "one of my most trusted servants! Oh, you villain, you monster of ingratitude!" and he hit him such a rap with his scepter, that it echoed through the vault. "Put chains on him at once!" roared the king. "I vowed that the rogue should feel the weight of my indignation, and he shall."

It was done.

"And now to the Treasury," said Joe.

When that door was opened, inside sat thief number two, with his pocket-handkerchief at his eyes.

"How did you get here?" demanded the king.

"Your majesty, I cannot tell," faltered the man. "Perhaps I walked in my sleep. I used to as a child!"

"I'll walk you!" roared the irate king. "Pack him off, guards, and serve him like the other one."

It was done.

"Now," proceeded Joe, "your majesty will please have all your guards, sentinels, and porters called in and caused to defile before me."

In they came, amazed and wondering.

"By my magic art," said the wizard, "I have set a black mark between the shoulders of all among these men who are confederates of the gang who have so long plundered your Royal Treasury. Right about face, my men; march forward and let us see."

The guilty guards wriggled fearfully, and twisted their heads nearly off in the attempt to catch a glimpse of their own backs. All was in vain; there were the fatal marks, and each in turn was marched off to prison.

By this time, Princess Gay, beautiful as the morning, had joined the group. The sorcerer, with his false beard, red-and-yellow robes, and pointed cap, made her shudder with fear; and when the king, taking her hand, led her forward and said, "My daughter, behold your husband," she began to cry piteously.

"Oh, no, no!" she sobbed, "I cannot,—indeed I cannot!"

"Why not?" demanded the king, knitting his brows. "The only possible pretext for disobeying me would be a previous attachment, and I know perfectly well there is nothing of that sort."

"Oh, yes, there is!" cried the princess, at her wit's end for an excuse. "I have an attachment. I love" (and she racked her brains to think of some one), "I love—a boy who brought me some cream-cakes yesterday. Lovely cream-cakes. Never did I see their like. That boy is my choice, and him only can I wed,"—for, though Gay to herself, "he is miles off by this time probably; and while they are searching for him, can invent some other excuse."

"A baker's boy!" began the king, in his deepest tones, but the magician plucked his sleeve.

"Your majesty, say nothing," he whispered. "My art can compass even this miracle."

Saying this, he tore away his false beard, flung his cloak of flour-bags aside, pulled the conic cap from his head, and stood there in his proper person, rosy and youthful.

The princess gave a scream. The king gave another.

"Is it you?" said Gay.

"Is it you?" demanded the king.

"It is I," replied Joe, winking secretly at each. The king joined their hands.

"Be happy, my children!" said he.

And they were happy. Whether the prince ever knew positively if her husband was wizard or was baker's son, I cannot tell. Sometimes she fancied him one, and sometimes the other. No more money disappeared from the royal treasury. The king recovered his temper, and the court merriment. Gay went on smiling, as befitted her name; and she and Joe agreed admirably. O

ing was observable: on the anniversary of their wedding-day, they always had a private frolic, shut up in their own rooms, with only Beltira to wait upon them. No one knew what was done on these occasions; but the courtiers, listening at the

key-hole, used to hear a clinking of forks and plates, and smell a strange, delicious fragrance, which nobody could explain. Some persisted that this fragrance was the smell of freshly-baked cream-tarts. I wonder if it was?



THE VALENTINE.

THE INDIAN GIRL AND HER MESSENGER-BIRD.

BY GEORGE W. RANCK.

ONCE upon a time, there was an Indian who lived in a big woods on the banks of a beautiful river, and he did nothing all day long but catch fish and hunt wild deer. Well, this Indian had two lovely little daughters, and he named one Sunbeam, because she was so bright and cheerful, and the other he called Starlight, because, he said, her sweet eyes twinkled like the stars.

Sunbeam and Starlight were as gay as butterflies,

She could not play, for Starlight was gone, she knew not where; so she took the bright feather out of her hair, and sat down by the river and cried and cried for Starlight to come back to her. But when her father told her that Starlight was gone to the Spirit-land of love and beauty, and would be happy for ever and ever, Sunbeam was comforted.

"Now," said she, "I know where darling Starlight is, and I can kiss her and talk to her again."



SUNBEAM LETS THE GLAD BIRD GO.

and as busy as bees, from morning till night. They ran races under the shady trees, made bouquets of wild flowers, swung on grape-vine swings, turned berries and acorns into beads, and dressed their glossy black hair with bright feathers that beautiful birds had dropped. They loved each other so much, and were so happy together, that they never knew what trouble meant until, one day, Starlight got very sick, and before the big moon came over the tree-tops, the sweet Indian child had closed her starry eyes in death, and rested for the last time upon her soft little deer-skin bed. And now, for the first time, Sunbeam's heart was full of grief.

Sunbeam had heard her people say that the birds were messengers from the Spirit-land. So she hunted through the woods until she found a little song-bird, that was too young to fly, fast asleep in its nest. She carried it gently home, put it into a cage, and watched over it and fed it tenderly day after day until its wings grew strong and it filled the woods with its music. Then she carried it in her soft little hands to Starlight's grave; and after she had loaded it with kisses and messages of love for Starlight, she told it never to cease its sweetest song or fold its shining wings until it had flown to the Spirit-land. She let it go, and it

lad bird, as it rose above the tall green trees, poured forth a song more joyful than any that Sunbeam had ever heard. Higher and higher it flew, and sweeter and sweeter grew its song, until at last both its form and its music were lost in the floating summer clouds.

Then Sunbeam ran swiftly over the soft grass to her father, and told him, with a bright smile and a light heart, that she had talked with dear Starlight, and had kissed her sweet rosy mouth again; and Sunbeam was once more her father's bright and happy little Indian girl.

"FESTINA LENTE."

BY THOMAS HUGHES,

AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLBOYS," ETC., ETC.

A SUMMONS from ST. NICHOLAS! One of those fresh and sincere voices, which seem to me to be very truly characteristic of the New World, comes across the three thousand miles of sea rolling and rippling under these wild south winds. It reminds me of certain good intentions of mine, of pledges of given years ago, and never even half redeemed. It asks, not indeed for payment in full, but for some small installment, some acknowledgment of the debt, which will serve to prevent the future of limitations from running. It tells me of a crowd of eager and bright young listeners, who think I may have some word to say to them which they want to hear,—an eager, bright young crowd of American boys, from nine to eighteen years of age,—and asks "if I can have the heart to refuse" to say it.

Not I, indeed! For I never had the heart to give anything to such applicants. But how to redeem my pledge—what word to say to such an audience—how to reach the hearts of "the youth that own the coming years" in a land which is not their own, though I can scarcely look on it as a foreign land,—there lies the puzzle.

In the sight of an ordinary crowd, we are told, is to be seen in England, at least—always a sad one, if you take the note of the expression of the faces in repose; though it may be inspiring enough when any strong wave of feeling is passing through or over them. I should say, from my own experience, that "melancholy" rather than "melancholy" is the true word, even for a grown-up crowd, and it most certainly is with a crowd of boys. Who can help being roused and lifted out of the humdrum jargon of the daily life of middle age when he gets in touch with them—lifted, though it may be only for

a short hour or so, by the inspiring contact of overflowing health, and joy and hope, into the breezy, buoyant atmosphere of early morning?

When all the world is young, lads,
And all the trees are green,
With every goose a swan, lads,
And every lass a queen,—
Then heigh for boot and horse, lads,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lads,
And every dog his day.

Yes, pathetic is the true word. For even while looking on the young faces, and feeling the pulse and inspiration of the dawn of life down to one's finger ends, thoughts of another kind will crowd up into the mind,—"thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"—of beginnings cut short, of projects abandoned, of designs marred, of expectations unfulfilled.

But fair, and softly! How soon one's pen runs away with one! These are not the words I meant to say, or the thoughts I meant to suggest, to you, the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS. You will touch the pathetic side of life, all of you, soon enough. Why should I thrust it on you before the appointed hour?

Meantime I say, revel in the dawn. Rejoice in your young strength and life; aim high, and build your castles like brave young architects, only taking care to dig the foundations deep, and to lay them with care and patience. Whether you will ever be able to build on them such brave and lofty towers and halls as you dream of now, matters comparatively little to you or your country. A thousand accidents and chances will determine in the coming years what the superstructure shall be,—accidents

and chances we call them for want of a better name,—which you cannot control in the outset, but which will be controlled and settled for you.

What materials you will have to work with who can say? To one clay, to another wood, to another marble, to another jewels and precious stones, will be served out in the great workshop of the world. You cannot make your choice; it will be made for you. But this you can and may do, and should be doing now: You can so prepare the ground and the foundations, that whatever material shall come to your hand hereafter, shall surely be made the most of, and used in the best way; so that whether you have to build marble palaces, or brick houses, or log huts, the work shall be faithful and strong, and fit to stand the stress of the wildest weather, and the wear and tear of time.

What are these foundations but the principles and habits which underlie the character of the man, and which can only be laid to good purpose by the boy? Truthfulness, self-control, simplicity, obedience,—these are the great corner-stones, to be welded and bound together by the cement of patience. "If I had only one word to speak to my boys," said one of the wisest and best educators of our time, "it should be Patience, Patience, Patience, over and over again." The world is getting into such a feverish hurry, and we are going so fast, that we are all in danger of missing the best things in life—the common sights and sounds which lie by the way-side on every stage of the journey, and nowhere in greater profusion than on the first stage. This is our trouble, and likely to be more and more the trouble of our children.

But, happily for us, our boys are the least affected by the disease of any section of society. The upper-school boy, unless he is a mere shiftless ne'er-do-well (a very small section of any community), is, as a rule, more than content with his daily life; he is rejoicing and glorying in it. And his daily life repays him with interest. He stands there, at seventeen or eighteen, on the verge of manhood,—a boy still in heart, full of enthusiasms and aspirations, but with an intellect and body patiently and carefully trained, looking hopefully to the next step in life, but unwilling to hurry it,—the best poised and most equally developed human creature, take him all round, that our life can show. He has not sold his birthright, and the grand morning hours of life, when boyhood is maturing, have passed slowly over him, leaving behind them a bouquet and fragrance which will sweeten the coming years, and a reserve of strength for the labor and heat of the approaching midday.

"Ah, your boy keeps his birthright, and ours sells it for a very poor mess of pottage," writes one American friend to me; while another says,

"You, in England, have a proverb, 'Boys will be boys;' ours should run just the other way, 'Boys wont be boys,'—I wish to heaven they would, and no one would grudge paying for broken glass and crockery."

"Have you had any American boys under you? I asked of one of the ablest English masters, who has had great experience at two of our best public schools.

"Yes," he said, "I have had several as pupils and have known a good many more; and nice clever fellows they were. Very like our own boys too, but older of their age, as a rule."

"Ah, you found it so!" I said. "I suppose they did n't care so much for games. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, partly so; but not exactly. They seem rather to endure than to enjoy their lives, not only in the playing-fields, but in the schools. There were several promising cricketers, for instance amongst them; but they did n't work at it as much of our boys do, or get the same zest out of it. And it was much the same with their school-work. They did it because they were sent there to do it and did n't care to be left behind. But they could n't throw themselves into the life with an enthusiasm, and so lost much of the pleasure, as well as the profit, of it."

"But might n't that come from early association and training? Our boys have a world of their own which is sufficient for them. To be captain of the school, or of the eleven, or of bigside football, or of the boats, is to be famous in that little world which they have heard their big brothers talk of ever since they were breeched. But an American boy has not been reared in the traditions, and can't care so much for our boy's world. He feels like an outsider at an English school."

"Possibly. At any rate, it's a great loss, and would hinder me from sending over a boy of mine if I were an American."

"What! Not even to learn to write Greek and Latin verses? I fancy that art is ignored on the other side, and you know you think in your soul that life must be a poor thing to a man who can't amuse himself in a leisure half-hour by turning the last popular song into iambs, or long lines and shorts."

"Well, so be it. Great, I own, are iambs and great are longs and shorts; but you may care too much for them, and the Yankee boy, who is afraid, buys our culture too dear. It does n't suit him. It is n't what he wants. Over here he is willing to remain a boy; very likely, as you say, because he feels like an outsider in our boy's world. Probably at home he would find something answering to it, in which he could let himself out, and

isfied, without wanting to discount life, and be a man before his time."

How is it, my boys? Are my correspondents and friends right? Are you hurrying up your own lives, and therefore, so far as you can, spoiling the life of your country? Well, if so, the only word I give to say to you (like my friend above referred to) is—patience, patience, patience! But I am a stranger, and know little of your needs or your hopes. Let me cite, then, one who has the best right to speak to you, and whose words ought to be straight to the heart of every American boy. Take down your Lowell, and look out a little poem, not one of his best in workmanship, but a gem (in spirit and motive) called "Hebe." The gods' messenger descends to earth, bearing in her hands their choicest gift, the cup brimming with nectar—inspiration, and solace, and strength—for the lip

of him whom the gods approve. The youth rushes to meet her—will snatch the cup from her hand. In his haste it is broken, and the precious contents spilled on the ground.

"O spendthrift haste! await the gods:
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.
Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hand would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she shall sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor."

Yes, follow your lives, and you will control them; get ahead of them, and they will slip from under your hand. You are bred with a strong faith in your country and her destiny; justify that faith then, and remember that "he that believeth shall not make haste."

STARS AND DAISIES.

BY LOUIS MUNSON.

THE stars are tiny daisies high,
Opening and shutting in the sky;
While daisies are the stars below,
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.

The star-buds blossom in the night,
And love the moon's calm, tender light;
But daisies bloom out in the day,
And watch the strong sun on his way.

A TALK ABOUT CANARIES.

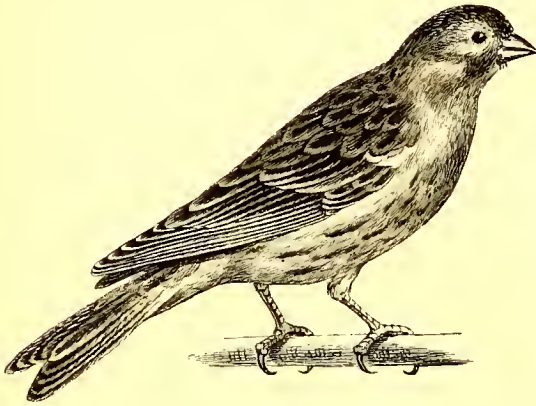
BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

is so long ago, that now we do not know just when the canary-bird first began to be a favorite bird in Europe, but it was some time in the nineteenth century. Its native land is Southern Africa and some of the islands off its Atlantic coast; including Ascension, Cape de Verde, and Helena, where Napoleon Bonaparte was imprisoned. It is curious that it should have received

its name from the Canary Islands, which are also in that part of the world, for it is said to have been unknown there until some tame ones escaped to the shore from an Italian ship which was wrecked near by. Since then "Canaries" have become abundant on those islands.

The plumage of the wild male bird varies from greenish-yellow on the throat and breast, to golden-

yellow lower down; the sides and thighs are dirty white; the top of the head and back brownish-ash, streaked with brown; the wing-feathers are brown-black, with pale edges. The color of the female is more dingy and indistinct. It builds its nest in thick bushes, lays from four to six pale-blue eggs, and hatches five or six broods in a season, the first appearing in March. Its habits are very much like those of our yellow thistle-bird, or



THE WILD CANARY.

goldfinch. This is a very different bird, you will notice, from our larger, clear-yellow cage-bird; yet the one familiar to us in the United States is perhaps nearer the original form than the majority of the thirty or forty known varieties of the canary which have been produced by the skill of persons accustomed to rearing them, many of which greatly differ from the ordinary bird not only in shape, as you see displayed in the group of "fancy" varieties on the next page, but also in the tints of their coats, and the character and arrangement of the markings.

The bird in the upper right-hand corner of the picture is known as the "Manchester copy," from the city of Manchester, England, where it originated; the hooded, or crested, one under it is a "Norwich buff-crested fancy," named after Norwich, England; the big-shouldered one at the left is a favorite in Scotland, under the name of the "Glasgow don;" but the "Belgian" variety in the center of the group, which is so slender that it can almost pass through a finger-ring, is the highest prized and most delicate of all. It is cultivated chiefly in Belgium.

The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird-stores; but many of the varieties are rare, and very expensive; these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however, where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant

shape or brilliant color. Germany is the great center whence the world is supplied with singing birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad chiefly carried on in the villages among the Harz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, when in cups, boxes, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs, secure from all harm. When the breeding season is over all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away round to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voice and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half the cargo perishes before reaching our shores. So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that probably twenty-five thousand came to New York alone last year from Europe.

These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or two birds singing at the top of their voices in a single room, added to the din of a small menagerie of other animals is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

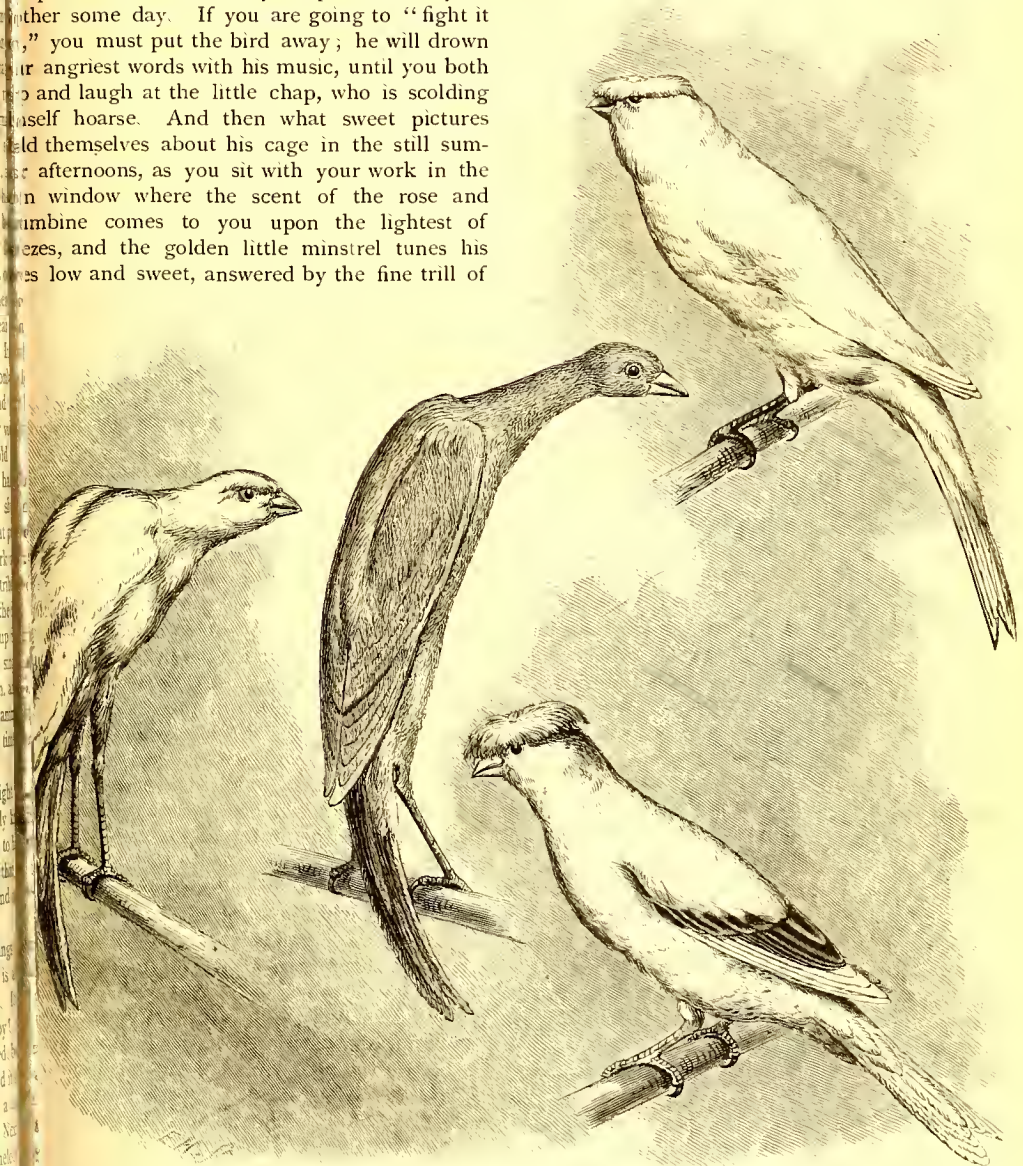
The bird-shops are always a curious sight, and some curious people keep them,—usually kind old Germans, who have become so used to handling tenderly the delicate little creatures, that it is doubtful whether they could be harsh and rough if they tried.

And this is just one of the beautiful things about having a canary in the house, that it is all the time preaching us a cheery little sermon. It says to us, "Be happy, be happy, be happy! Keep cool, keep cool, keep cool! Be contented, be gentle, be pure, be true, be trustful!" And it sets a beautiful example every hour. Why, a canary's good-nature is something wonderful! Next time you are "blue," go and listen to his melody bubbling up out of his throat, the notes tumbling head over heels out of his mouth as though they could not get out fast enough to tell how gay he feels,—and see if you don't catch his jollity and begin to whistle and sing, too, before you know it. He does not bother himself if his breakfast or

ate! Not he. He says, "Oh! well, I 'spect Nellie has something bigger than I am to look for; I'll put in the time singing"—and at it he goes, calling so loud and strong that Nellie soon forsakes him, and rewards him with fresh seed. He is a peace-maker, too. Try to quarrel with your partner some day. If you are going to "fight it out," you must put the bird away; he will drown your angriest words with his music, until you both stop and laugh at the little chap, who is scolding himself hoarse. And then what sweet pictures are held themselves about his cage in the still summer afternoons, as you sit with your work in the open window where the scent of the rose and the honeysuckle comes to you upon the lightest of breezes, and the golden little minstrel tunes his notes low and sweet, answered by the fine trill of

fold the little trouble he costs, by the sunshine he brings into the house, and by the gentle, loving care for all sweet and tender things which he teaches us day by day.

If we keep a canary, of course we want it always



SOME FANCY VARIETIES OF THE CANARY.

happy whispering to his mate in the lilac and the loving talk of pretty warblers which we cannot see, but only hear in the tall shade of the garden! Our Pet pays us a hundred-

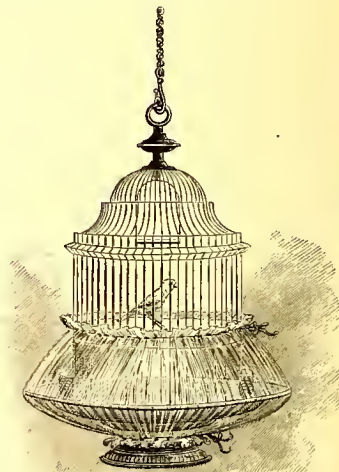
to be just so healthy and happy; but whether it is so or not, will depend almost entirely on the care we take of it; and it is quite useless—or rather very wrong—for us to undertake for our pleasure the

charge of a little prisoner, even though only a bird, unless we are prepared to spend time and labor enough to make its captivity just as pleasant as possible. When even decently attended to, a canary probably does not feel its confinement; and there is no doubt that if it is properly cared for, it has not one hour of sadness all day long.

First as to the cage: It should be suited to the birds which are to inhabit it, setting off their attractions. Airiness, space, light and ease of cleaning, should be the main recommendations, both for our interest and that of the birds. In general, the plainer and simpler a cage is, the better. Fantastic shapes,—Swiss cottages, Chinese pagodas, and the like,—dangling with ornaments and sparkling with points and spangles, are an abomination; they run away with our money, and hide the little fairy within. The bird itself is the first one to discover the bright points, and peck at the glittering spangles, until it poisons or chokes itself to death in trying to eat them; and lastly, the many corners and crinkles are just so many lodging-places for vermin and dirt. This last is the most serious objection of all, for cleanliness—absolute purity—is essential to every canary's health and happiness. A plain, simple cage is therefore the best, and usually the cheapest. But it is better to go to a little greater expense in getting the right article at first, even if you have to have it made to order, than to waste money and risk your birds by experimenting with unsuitable cages. Wooden cages are to be avoided also, because, if pretty, they cost high, but more especially because it is so difficult to cleanse them. The best are the simple, square, German, metallic-enameled cages,—prettiest, lightest to carry, most economical in the end, airy and commodious. The disadvantage is, that it is not easy to get them in this country, where they are rather costly.

The color is a matter of taste, but white, or a combination of white and green, is perhaps most pleasing and best adapted to the colors of most birds; light chocolate is good also. In these German cages the color is burnt into the wires, and not painted on where Pet can peck it off and make himself sick. Brass cages are bad also, because the poisonous green rust or verdigris, which is likely to collect upon them, is sure to be eaten by the bird. Your cage must allow of being taken apart, for thus only can it be thoroughly cleaned. The door should be sufficiently large to admit a good-sized bathing tray. As to food and drinking vessels, the conical "fountains" for seeds are to be avoided; they become foul. Pet can only get at the top seeds, and so starves in the midst of seeming abundance. Tin cups rust, and are otherwise bad, so that the only proper arrangement are cups

of glass or porcelain, square or circular, two inches deep by one across. The perches should be plain round sticks, unvarnished, and no two of the same thickness; if the cage is a large one, a swing-enameled metal or polished wood is a source of endless amusement to the occupant.



A CAGE WITH LACE BAG FOR CATCHING SEED.

Pet scatters seed-husks with a liberal bill in every direction through the wires of his cage, and sometimes becomes so annoying as to prevent keeping him near us in the parlor or library. An ingenious person has devised a cover to catch crumbs. A strip, either of thin gauze, or of what is called "wash-illusion" lace, wide enough to loosely about the cage, when its edges are sewed together, is gathered in a bunch like the neck of an old-fashioned work-bag, and attached six inches above the top of the cage, and all inches below it, where it is tied with a ribbon. Whenever the cage is cleaned the bottom of the lace bag or curtain is untied and the seed-husks shaken out. If you feel that your bird has trouble air by this arrangement, you might suspend the lace from the wires about the middle of the cage, the upper half of which is thus left open, tucked up, and tying the covering below as in the other arrangement.

In aviaries much trouble is often caused by eating the seed intended for the birds, and will even climb down the rope by which a cage is hung, if they can get into it no other way. The fond are they of the hemp and rape. The engraving shows how this thieving may be prevented by passing the cord through a disk of pasteboard, tin, or glass, which will sway with the weight of the mouse and afford him no chance to hold on to its smooth surface.

Another matter is where you put your cage or
 ary. The place should be neither too hot, nor
 cold, nor in drafts. In summer, especially at
 time of nesting, a high sunny window, out of
 reach of cats, and where cooling breezes blow
 out him all day, will bring out Pet's gayest songs
 and warm into their richest beauty the golden hues
 of his plumage. In winter a window would be the
 best possible place for him, for there he is exposed
 to the dozen steady drafts of cold air which ince-
 stantly pour in through the crevices in sashes and
 shutters. In cold weather the best place for birds is
 a well-ventilated room on which the sun shines.
 When their spirits are kept gay by human compan-
 ionship, and, being always in sight, their supply of
 food and water is less likely to be forgotten. Stove-
 heat, however, and particularly the presence of gas
 in the room, is bad for canaries, and to avoid the
 effects of the last, which makes the air near the
 stove insufferably hot, causing the canary to molt
 out of season, to droop, etc., a good plan is to
 hang the cage suspended from a pulley, and in the
 winter to lower it to within four feet or so of the
 ground. An even temperature, summer and winter,
 is, if possible, to be secured for the birds. At
 times, if the room is to become cold, the cage
 should be wrapped in a woolen shawl, or, at least,
 in thick paper, leaving an air-hole. It is always
 better, where possible, to have a little room devoted
 to the birds alone, but this, of course, is only prac-
 ticable where you have plenty of space and money.
 Now, having your pet comfortably and prettily
 housed, comes the duty of his daily care. I say
 "housed," for if we undertake to keep an innocent
 creature in captivity, we are bound to make its life
 as joyous as we can. A canary will manage
 to live for a long time, and even be cheerful now
 and then, surrounded by filth and half starved, for
 it has a wonderfully buoyant disposition; but it
 will not be happy, and no person has a right to
 call himself a bird-lover, or even fancier, who will
 allow his canaries to suffer from neglect.
 The first essential is cleanliness,—scrupulous
 cleanliness all the time. The cage must be thor-
 oughly cleansed every morning, or every other
 day, in all parts, and care should be taken
 that the seed is free from dirt, the water pure,
 and the sand on the floor of the cage well cleaned
 and changed, being previously boiled in water. The corn-
 and wooden parts should be particularly
 attended to, the perches well scraped, and twice a
 week plunged in boiling water to kill any of those
 detestable red mites, that may have got there. Pet
 should have a bath every day in a sufficiently large
 tub, and it will not do to let him bathe whenever he
 pleases, and hence the water must not be left in
 the tub after he has once finished. He must not

lack a good supply of seed and plenty of the purest
 drinking-water. A bird is so tirelessly active and so
 warm-blooded that it uses up its heat and strength
 at a great deal faster than any other animal. It there-
 fore needs constant nourishment, and a simple
 morning or evening meal will not do at all; it must
 have seed all the time, and in return will reward
 you by songs of thanksgiving without end. A
 starved bird not only will not sing, but his coat
 loses its plumpness and gloss, his manner becomes
 listless, and some morning you find him dead and
 stiff in the bottom of his cage.

This introduces the subject of food. Canary-
 seed is their bread and butter—the wild food of
 their native land. They can hardly live without
 this, but they need a variety—not made up of rich
 biscuit, cake, bread and butter, or the like, which
 will soon ruin a bird's delicate digestion—but of the
 seeds and green parts of many other plants, such as



A DISCONCERTED MOUSE.

hemp, rape, millet, linseed and poppy, and the
 crushed seeds of many garden vegetables, mixed
 with the canary-seed, or given separately. Canary
 and rape seed mixed is called "black-and-white
 bird-seed." The seeds of many of our road-side
 weeds,—chickweed, plantain, feathery heads of
 grass,—and fresh, tender young leaves of water-
 cress, plantain, lettuce and cabbage are appreci-
 ated; while a perfectly ripe strawberry or pieces of
 mellow sweet apples and pears are dainties to a
 canary. Plums, cherries, stone-fruits, and rinds are
 objectionable for the acid they contain. The green
 food given should be perfectly fresh, and if you live
 in the city a good plan is to plant a quantity of
 bird-seed in saucers of earth, and when the canary,
 hemp, rape, or millet is sufficiently grown to look
 green at the top, pull it up, roots and all, and
 throw it into the cage. You shall see how quickly
 your pets will seize it! These are so tough that a

canary needs still harder substances to aid his digestion, and will naturally resort to the sand in the bottom of the cage; you must therefore choose your sand carefully—sea-sand is the best, because saltish—and wash it clean. The bird needs lime also, out of which to build the shells of its eggs; supply this want with hens' egg-shells, except during the nesting season. Daily and regularly fed with plenty of seed, and saved from devouring "jim-cracks" in the shape of meat and other un-

stroy his health, or we have been over-indulgent and injured his stomach with rich food, or else we have allowed him to associate with some diseased bird and so catch the malady. It is always one of the three causes that kills our birds,—leaving accident and old age out of the question,—and all three of these we can avoid.

The symptoms by which you can tell whether or not your canary is in the enjoyment of health are: The general appearance of his plumage,



THE CANARY THAT ALWAYS CAME BACK.

wholesome things, there is no harm in once in a while allowing Pet a taste of hard-boiled egg, or a lump of sugar, but such sweets must be sparingly supplied. If you are watchful, you will soon come to know what effect certain food has upon your bird, and to understand that what he can eat at one season is not good for him at another—when molting, for example.

It is disagreeable to have anything to say about disease in such dear little objects as our birds; but, unfortunately, they sometimes fall sick, yet may occasionally become mopish and ill for a few days in spite of all we can do; but permanent disease is *always* due to some neglect on our part. Either we have allowed his cage to be so dirty as to de-

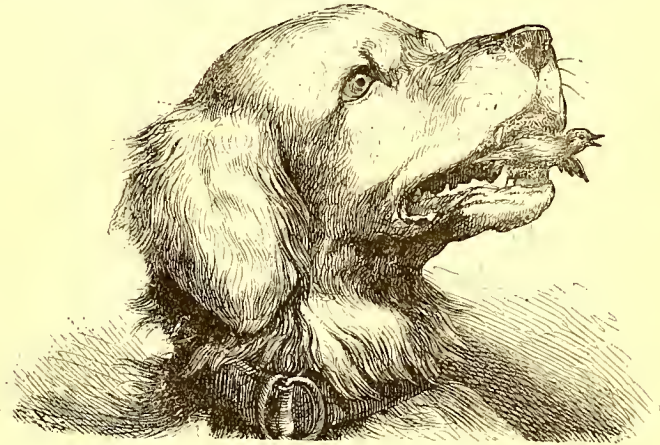
color of his eyes, beak and legs, and last, though not least, his liveliness or his lack of it. A bird's health is usually most delicate at the time of the yearly renewal of the coat of feathers—"molting," which in the Northern States begins in August, or earlier in hot weather. Too much molting should be checked by removal of the bird to a cooler room and by frequent bathing, not by medicine. Unless the time is very far out of the way, however, it is generally best to let nature have its own course, only guarding against chills; for if Pet catches cold at this time, he is a dead bird! Strong light—but not the direct rays of the sun—is of the utmost importance in deepening the colors of the new feathers.

polting, your bird should have plenty of water drinking and bathing; and if he seems to suffer from having a skin so tough that the growing hills will not push through readily, anoint the sore parts with a brush dipped in slightly warm castor-oil. A generous diet, some stimulant in the drinking-water, like a rusty nail or an addition of a trifle of brandy or sherry wine, an extra allowance of seed, and unusual attention on your part, will help your favorite through this trying season.

Sometimes the feet and legs become tender, sore, and scaly. This is caused by foul perches; the treatment is to hold the feet frequently in warmish water, sometimes adding a trifle of arnica to it, and to anoint them with oil. Inflammation in various parts of the body, hoarseness of the voice, and dizziness are not common complaints; but to receive full instruction about half of these troublesome diseases would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS; and where care and common sense do not prevent or cure them, there are books to be consulted on the subject, especially those published in England. After all, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the tender care which her neglects nor frightens the canary is worth a whole college of doctors. So much for their daily troubles.

Canaries show a great aptitude for tricks, sometimes learning to do many amusing and difficult things, and also to sing tunes very well. They will come to know their masters or mistresses, and will often follow them about. I "mind," as a Scotch girl would say, a little lassie who had a bird so tame that in pleasant weather she used every day to open the window and let it go out of the house, for it would always return at evening, clinging on the window-panes to be let in, if the window happened to be closed. An English gentleman had a canary for several years which never kept in a cage, and in summer was always flying out to the gate or down the road to meet its master, perching on his finger, nestling in his arm, or, best of all, clinging in his hair, where it was completely happy; at the same time only another person in the house would it allow to touch it, resenting any attempt at familiarity with the fiercest anger. At last, however, this bold fellow got bewildered in a sudden dense fog, and was lost. Canaries can live out-of-doors in any climate very well in the summer, and some-

times join the families of wild birds; but their house-bred constitutions can hardly stand the cold of winter, and escaped birds probably all perish before spring. They are very affectionate little creatures, always prefer companions, and will make friends even with their natural enemies. A fancier in London had a cat which, with her kittens, would eat out of the canaries' dish in the bird-



OLD TRAY AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

room, and never think of harming them, while the birds seemed to enjoy Tabby's society. The picture of the bird in the dog's mouth tells a true story of a canary in France which really would go into Old Tray's open mouth, and sit there in perfect security; reminding us of the birds which venture into the horrid jaws of the crocodiles dozing on the banks of the Nile, finding some kind of food there, and never being harmed by the lazy reptiles.

On the other hand, canaries are easily frightened. I knew of one which was thrown into convulsions and died simply because a gentleman placed his white hat suddenly near the cage. What must have been the terror of that poor bird I saw in Thirty-fifth street, New York, the other day! Its cage had been placed close up against the broad pane of a front window, outside of which there was a little balcony. A large cat saw it, and thought he had a fine prize; so he crept stealthily across the balcony until he thought he was near enough, when he made a spring, and to his surprise pounced hard against the strong plate-glass, which evidently he had not seen in his way—it was so clear. It was amusing to watch the cat sneak away, abashed, and sore-headed, but the canary was terribly shocked. There is always danger from cats in hanging cages out-of-doors, and also danger from small hawks and butcher-

birds, which frequently drag Pet through the wires and devour him.

To *tame* birds and to train them to perform tricks are two very different things. Any one may do the first by constant, quiet kindness, endless attention, and patience. Accustom the bird to your presence, and let it understand that, whatever you do about it, nothing is intended for its terror or harm. This learned, teaching it to perch on your finger, or come to your whistle and call, is only a matter of time and gentle patience. Some odd tricks may be taught them if they are 'cute,—for different birds differ very greatly in their ability

to learn, as well as in their natural talents and dispositions,—but the astonishing exploits of so many troupes of “performing birds” which are exhibited about the country are all taught to them by a terribly cruel course of lessons, and you ought to make your Pet emulate these performances.

The Germans often teach young birds tunes and the songs of other birds; but the operation is slow and tedious one, and the result not very satisfactory. It seems to me that our highest wish should be to perfect all that is natural to a canary and not try to make him something else than what he is, or was intended to be.

THE FIRST PARTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

MISS Annabel McCarty
Was invited to a party,

“Your company from four to ten,” the invitation said;
And the maiden was delighted
To think she was invited
To sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget
Ran and told the news to Bridget,
Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delight,
And said, with accents hearty,
“’T will be the swatest party
If ye're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-night!”

The great display of frilling
Was positively killing!
And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash so wide!
And the gloves so very cunning!
She was altogether “stunning,”
And the whole McCarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions,
With copious interjections
Of “Sit up straight!” and “Don't do this, or that!—’t would be absurd!”
But, what with their caressing,
And the agony of dressing,
Miss Annabel McCarty did n't hear a single word.

There was music, there was dancing,
And the sight was most entrancing,
As if fairy-land, and floral band, were holding jubilee;

There was laughing, there was pouting;
 There was singing, there was shouting;
 And old and young together made a carnival of glee.

Miss Annabel McCarty
 Was the youngest at the party,
 And every one remarked that she was beautifully drest;
 Like a doll she sat demurely
 On the sofa, thinking surely
 It would never do for her to run and frolic with the rest.

The noise kept growing louder;
 The naughty boys would crowd her;
 "I think you're very rude indeed!" the little lady said;
 And then, without a warning,
 Her home instructions scorning,
 She screamed: "*I want my supper!—and I want to go to bed!*"

Now big folks, who are older,
 Need not laugh at her, nor scold her,
 For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined
 To leave the ball, or party,
 As did Annabel McCarty,
 But we had n't half her courage, and we could n't speak our mind!

PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

INTRODUCTION.

PATTIKIN had a way of calling her home "my house," as if she were the owner of the Parsonage, and all that was in it. Ask her where she lived, and she would say, "Up to my house." Ask where she had her hat, when she was found out bareheaded, and she would point her cunning, red-fingered finger and say, "In my house." So we loved Pattikin, and thought her baby ways winsome and sweet, came to call the old red house that sheltered us "Pattikin's house." I think you will be pleased with the story of some of our good times we had there.

CHAPTER I.

BLACKBERRYING.

The minister tipped the sugar-bowl toward him, and out a lump and put it into Pattikin's mouth,

and then leaned his elbow on the table, and his head on his hand, reflectively.

"We must economize!" said he.

"Now, father," said his wife, "that makes three lumps of sugar you've given Pattikin since we sat down to supper, and it is n't good for her. Besides that, the firkin's empty."

"Out of sugar again, are we! Why, I thought it was only a week ago — But never mind! We may as well begin to economize there as anywhere, perhaps. We can go without sugar."

"Oh no, father!" said Thirza, and Tilda and Pattikin, "we can't!" And "Oh no, father,—not go without *any* sugar!" was echoed by Seth, Samuel, Simon and Sandy.

"We might do with less, I suppose," said their mother.

"Look here!" said the minister,—and he took his wallet out of his pocket, and inverted it over his plate and shook it well. From one of the com-

partments a tiny, shining half-dime fell, and jingled down on the plate. "That five-cents is a happy surprise to me! I thought there was absolutely nothing there," said he. "What do you think about the sugar, and economizing, now?"

"I think we'd better have begun a little sooner," said his wife.

"Pho! you'll get more money right off!" said Pattikin. "You always do. We could n't go 'bout no sugar in our tea."

She might have been rewarded for her hopeful and encouraging view of the matter with another lump, if her mother had not seized upon the bowl and carried it off, and shut it up in the cupboard.

"So much must be kept sacredly for company and the baby," said she, "if we are really to have no more at present."

"But you don't mean it, father?" said Thirza.

"I don't see but I must mean it, unless we have a windfall or a wedding."

"Oh, I hate economizing!" said Seth, in a tone of great disgust. "I'd a great deal rather earn money."

"Well, young man, suppose you do earn some, for a change," said his father.

"I could, if you'd let me," said Seth. "Milan Straw says blackberries are thicker than spatter up in Johonnet's Acre."

"And they're selling for ninepence a quart in Chester," said Simon.

"And you had rather have sugar than the blackberries?" said his father. "I am not so sure I had."

"I'd rather have some sugar and some blackberries," said Seth.

"Well, you can have Old Gray and go there blackberrying to-morrow morning, as early as you please; and in the afternoon you may go to Chester and sell them. And there's a dollar's worth of sugar, and a half-bushel (or less) of blackberries besides, for you, mother, and not a cent to pay."

"Oh, father, don't go to counting the chickens before they are hatched!" said Thirza. "We sha' n't have good luck if you do."

"A fig for luck, and a fortune for faithful, persevering work," said the minister, gayly. "That pony should be caught to-night, children, if you are to get an early start."

"May we all go with you to the pasture, father?" asked Tilda.

"To be sure! The more the merrier, if mother does n't need you!"

"We'll do our work after we get home. It's 'yes,' is n't it, mother? That's good!"—and away they flew from the table in search of hats and bonnets.

"Suppose we all go!" said the minister to his wife, while he stood waiting. "Could n't you?"

"What, blackberrying? And take the baby? No, indeed! But I hope they will get some. You might go with them. The girls will want to go and Pattikin's too little to be trusted with the unless you do."

"Oh yes!" put in Pattikin, who stood bonnet already at her father's elbow. "I *must* go. I need walk blackberryin' 'n all my life."

"We'll see," said the minister.

It was a charming walk to the pasture; and was n't the least trouble to catch the pony. The minister had put some gray beans into a two-quart measure, and when he shook the beans about the measure, the gray pony heard and came running to them, and as her nose went down into the measure the bridle went over her head. The minister was n't cheating, for she liked gray beans, and the minister let her eat them all up. It was, in fact, a bargain, and the pony understood perfectly that she was being bridled for work; but still she wanted the beans.

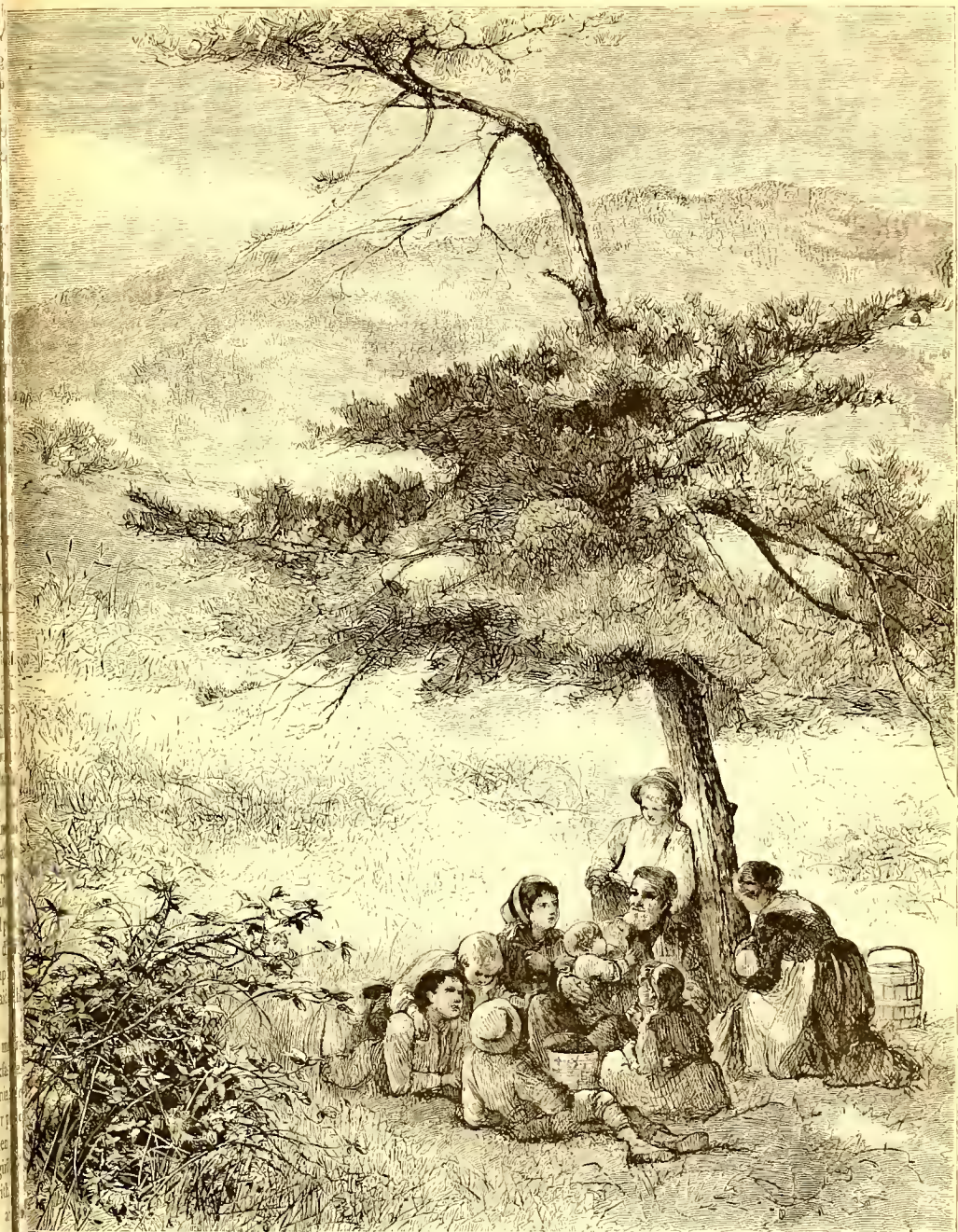
"Now, if anybody wants to ride home on Old Gray pony, let them be on hand!" said the minister.

They were all on hand already, but they crowded up a little nearer and called out, "I do!"—"I do!"—"I do!" to show that they were on hand, and were lifted one by one to the gray pony's back and set in a row from her head to her tail. Pattikin, being the least of the children, sat nearest the head, and held on by the mane with both hands. Her father also held her by one foot, as he was along beside her. Thirza held on to Tilda, Tilda held on to Simon, and the boys all came together, with their knees pressed hard against the pony's sides, and so they reached home in safety.

Then they all worked like bees to get everything ready for an early start. The empty sugar-fats were packed with cold beef, johnny-cake, and pie for their luncheon; and baskets, pails, and dippers were collected, and all the chores done up; then they went early to bed, as Pattikin said, for the morning would come quicker."

I do not know by what arguments the minister prevailed upon her; but when the breakfast was over, in the gray dawn of the next morning, the children were delighted to see their mother put on her green calash (that's what the women call their sun-bonnets when I was a little girl), and wrapping the baby in his blanket, to go with them.

Johonnet's Acre was three miles off, and the wildest, most delightful spot in all Pemigewasset Valley. And it was just as Milan Straw had said. Every bush was bending low under its weight of plump, dark, luscious berries. Baskets, pails, and dippers were filled again and again, and ere long into the firkin after the luncheon was taken



THE BLACKBERRY PARTY AT JOHONNET'S ACRE.

l they ate as many as they possibly could, and their lips and fingers royally purple. Their mother laid the baby down in his blanket under a shady bush, and picked too; and the min-

ister picked faster than any of them. till the sugar-firkin, and another they had brought, were both full. and heaped up so they could n't get the cover on.

Then they sat down on the grass and rested and

ate their luncheon, and wished there had been more, and picked berries off the top of the firkins till the covers would go on. And their father told them the wonderful story of Samson; how he carried off the gates of the city on his shoulders; how he killed the lion, and all about the riddle, and also about the foxes with firebrands tied to their tails. The children never tired of this story, though they had heard it many times.

And then it was time to go home, for the pony must have dinner and a good rest before he went to Chester.

Only Seth and Samuel were to go to Chester. This was so well settled that there was no teasing even from Pattikin. Very manly and important, the two set off, armed with directions how and where to tie Old Gray,—what to do, and what not to do, in every possible emergency.

Very proud and satisfied they came back at sundown, and delivered the firkin, heavy with the coveted sugar, into the eager hands of the bevy of brothers and sisters who came out to meet them.

CHAPTER II.

THE MINISTER'S TOMATOES.

ONE afternoon in the spring, before the black-berrying, of which I told you, Thirza and Tilda went across the road to visit Mrs. Vesta Preston. Mrs. Vesta was young Mrs. Preston's aunt, and lived upstairs, and never got out of the chair because she had had paralysis. Mrs. Preston took good care of her. But the poor lady often got very tired of sitting all alone in her room with no one to speak to, for Mrs. Preston must be about her work down-stairs; so Thirza and Tilda went to see her quite often, and their visits were always acceptable.

They carried their work and sewed this time, because they had not finished their shirt, and Mrs. Vesta liked to see them sew. Sometimes they carried her flowers in the summer time, and in autumn the gayly colored maple leaves, or bunches of wintergreen berries, or, if nothing else was to be found, bits of the red-tipped moss. There was no season that the woods did not yield something to reward their search—no, not even when the ground was thickly covered with snow, for was n't there always spruce gum on the trees?

But this time it happened they had nothing to bring. On the contrary, Mrs. Vesta had something for them.

"It's a new kind of seed," she explained. "My niece sent them from down below. She says they produce a vine that bears a beautiful red fruit larger than a plum or an apple,—not at all like either,—

but very nice, stewed for sauce or eaten raw. The city folks set great store by them. They call them tomatoes, and they must be planted early in a hot-bed, if you want them to do much up here."

"But we have n't any hot-bed," said Tilda.

"But you can plant them in a box, and keep them in the window," said Mrs. Vesta.

"Yes'm; so we can. And we've got earth enough in the box I had my geranium in last fall. It's down cellar yet," said Thirza.

They went home, very proud of the six precious seeds that they carried carefully wrapped in paper.

The minister entered into their project with zeal. He showed them how to make small birch bark boxes, in each of which they could plant one seed. Then when the garden was ready the boxes could be cut apart and the plant set in the ground without disturbing its roots.

The boxes were set in a row along the south window, and watched, and tended and watered and the result was five strong, healthy plants to set in the garden when the middle of May came.

"I hope the 'matos wont smell so, as the vine do. If they do, I sha'n't want any, I'm sure," said Pattikin.

It was not long after that blackberry excursion that the first fruits of the tomato-vines were ripened. The minister went out to the garden in the afternoon, followed by Thirza, Sandy, Tilda and Pattikin, to gather them.

"They are beauties, anyhow; and I'm sure shall like them," said Thirza.

"So am I," said Tilda.

But Pattikin smelled them, and withheld his judgment.

They did n't know about scalding off the skin, so the minister pared them with his pocket-knife. Then they put them into the stew-pan, and very soon they were cooked.

"I wonder whether they should be sweetened," said the minister, bending over them and stirring for in such an important affair he could n't leave the cooking entirely to the feminine department. He dipped out a spoonful and cooled it with his breath, and tasted. He just restrained a wry face. The children, watching, knew that too.

"Run over, Tilda, and ask Mrs. Preston what we should use for seasoning."

Tilda came back in a minute, breathless:

"Salt and pepper, and a bit of butter."

"Oho! Here goes, then."

And he was about to feston the condiments with his lavish hand.

"Let me," said his wife, who better understood the proper proportions to use.

So she salted, and peppered, and buttered, and then they were poured out into the best sauce

sh, which had been brought from the parlor cupboard for this grand occasion.

"I think it smells kind o' good," said Simon, as they drew their chairs about the table. The best ice-plates were out too, and the father served a portion to each. Then there was a general tasting; an queer, doubtful looks at one another; and then a general smiling, which quickened into laughter, and a merry peal rang out through the open windows, the echo of which reached even poor Mrs. Vesta's ears as she sat in her lonely stairs apartment.

"To think we've worked, and watched, and toiled all summer for those things," said Seth, wiping away the tears his mirth had brought.



PATTIKIN.

the minister had laughed with the rest, but he was not, like the rest, inclined to give it up so. They were said to be very healthy; the city people valued them highly, and he *was going to like them*. He tasted, and tasted again, till by dint of persistent trying, he almost thought he did like them.

"What shall I do with those that are left?" asked the wife, when the meal was over.

"Give 'em to the pigs," said Simon.

At Mrs. Jones (have I told you the family name ones?) still looked at her husband and waited for answer.

"Well," said he, "there will be more ripe in a

few days, and then I will try them cut up raw, with salt and vinegar and pepper. I think I should like them better that way."

So the pigs had the remaining portion, which was the largest part of the cooked tomatoes.

The vines were astonishingly prolific. They gave their fruit lavishly, prodigally, recklessly, and still kept on blossoming and forming new fruit, as if there always would be more behind, till frost came. By that time the minister had really learned to like them; and Simon and Thirza and Tilda, who always wished to do as their father did, liked them too. But nothing could induce Pattikin to taste them again.

They learned to dry them, to make catsup of them, to seal them up in bottles; and, in short, the tomato was from this time an institution in the minister's family.

CHAPTER III.

GATHERING CORN.

THE minister had a farm—a very little one—three or four acres. One-half was devoted to corn and potatoes, and a few scraggy old apple-trees. The other half was devoted chiefly to mineralogy. There was plenty of the "testimony of the rocks" there, if the children could have read it. They often wondered about them. How did they all come there?—sugar-loaf rocks; low flat-topped rocks large enough to be called ledges; big, high masses, equal in size to a moderate dwelling-house, cleft down the middle as smoothly as if done with a knife. Was that done when "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and darkness was over all the land?"

There were, too, miniature caves, which the little girls furnished after their simple fashion, and in which they played through many a bright summer-day, where they bestowed their treasure of gray moss and green, and the mineral collections with which they were forever loading down their pockets.

But, more than all the rocks and caves, they prized the frog-pond that lay beyond the ledges, and reached away out into Mr. Iturbide's pasture. Such plays as they had there on Saturday afternoons, or in vacation after the corn was got in! But speaking of the corn reminds me that I intended to tell you in this chapter about work and not about play. For it was all ready to be gathered.

Seth, and Samuel, and Simon cut the stalks. Seth had a long knife with a red handle that he thought looked like a sword, and he led his army out to invade the field, with all the dignity and confidence of a great general. Simon had a sickle shaped like a half-moon. Simon had a nondescript

sort of knife, which had been freshly sharpened, and could be made to do great execution.

Sandy guided the gray pony, which was harnessed to the green wagon to carry up the corn to the barn, where they would husk it. The girls gathered the stalks into bundles, which they tied with pumpkin-vines, and loaded the wagon with them.

Pattikin thought she helped amazingly, but the most she did was to stub her toes against the corn-stubble and fall over the great yellow pumpkins, and gnaw sweet apples. Once she said, "Oh, dear! I keep stubbin' my toes for ever 'n' everlasting."

Then Thirza said, "I would n't work. Sit down, and rest awhile." So Pattikin sat down.

While she was resting, the gray and white kitten came down into the field, and went about rubbing herself against the children. Pattikin caught her and held her in her lap, and whispered in her ear: "You stay here with me, and when the load goes up to the barn, we'll have a ride. They don't low anybody but me to ride; but I'll smuggle you up in my apron so they wont see."

The kitty nestled down in Patty's lap, and purred as if she understood. Pretty soon the load was ready, and Pattikin scrambled up on top by the help of Thirza, who pushed her up from behind. She was a little slow and awkward about it, because of the load in her apron.

And Seth called out, "Come, hurry. We want to get started quick. We've got so much to do."

Because their father was going to Association next day, and must use the gray pony, he had promised them, if they could get the corn all in that night, in the evening he would help them make molasses candy.

When Pattikin was up, she chose her seat on top of a bundle of stalks, and they went bumping along. Once or twice, Kitty, who was n't used to riding over such rough ground, tried to get out of the apron and jump down to run away on her own feet, which, I suppose, she thought much the safer way of getting through the world. At length she really did get out, and gave a daring leap right over the wagon wheel, and coming to the ground right side up, as they say a cat always will, scam-

pered for the house. Pattikin had reached out a little too far in trying to recover her, the bundle of stalks she was sitting on rolled and went off over the wheel, and Patty after it.

There was a deal of shouting and whoaing before the pony was stopped. The children gathered round to see if any bones were broken. To their great joy, Pattikin had escaped with only a little bump on her forehead and a bruise on her knee from some stones that lay in the way.

"They are always coming all over the field those stones!" said Sandy. "We pick them all out clean—bushels and bushels of 'em—after ever plowing, but there are always just as many. believe they grow."

"Our farm will be all stone-wall after awhile, if it goes on so many years," said Samuel.

"I suppose there'll have to be another stone picking this fall," said Sandy.

"Yes," said Seth, "after the crops are all in. You'd better walk the rest of the way, Patty."

"Oh, I don't want to," said Pattikin. "My knee aches awful, and I should n't wonder if I get lammer."

So, as Pattikin was rather spoiled by the rest they helped her up again, and cautioning her to take a safer seat, they went on.

"We're going to dig pertaters, to-morrow," said Sandy. "I heard father say so."

"Pertaters! I can talk better grammar than that myself," said Pattikin.

"Better be looking out that you don't fall off the load than minding my grammar," said Sandy, tickling the bottom of her foot with a straw, by way of retaliation.

"Poh! I'm not going to fall off again," said Patty, curling her feet up under her dress for protection.

"I would n't talk about grammar till I could see association," said Sandy.

"I can—*sosation*," said Pattikin.

All the children laughed.

"There!" said Thirza. "You be still, no Sandy! Father said we were not to quarrel."

They got the corn all into the barn by sundown and after supper, the minister said — But they must come in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE CRAFTY FOX.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

A CERTAIN fox was extremely desirous of gaining admission into a poultry-yard, the lord of which was a cock of good blood and extremely aristocratic ways, so the sly animal soon contrived to secure acquaintance and even friendship.

One day as the gosling (who was a *protégé* of

"Well, sir, you are abrupt in your manners, and overbearing to your inferiors.

"Am I, indeed?" said the cock still more coldly.

"Yes, sir! And then you are excessively quarrelsome, beside being very selfish."

"Hah!" exclaimed the cock, angrily.



THE GOSLING STATES HIS OPINION OF THE COCK.

the cock's), the cock himself, and the fox were together, the conversation turned upon the subject of personal faults.

Said the cock: "I feel conscious that I have many faults, and nothing would I so much desire as some real friend who would show them to me."

"Now, I dare say, gosling," continued he, turning to that humble creature and smiling blandly,—"dare say, gosling, that even you have noticed the presence of some few small faults in me. Is it so? Speak frankly, my little friend."

The gosling was immensely elated at this chance of proving himself the true friend desired.

"Oh yes, sir;" he said, eagerly, "I have noticed the presence of a great many, indeed."

"Oh, have you?" said the cock, coldly, "And what are they, pray?"

"Then, sir, not only do you treat your children badly, but you neglect your wife also. Beside all these —"

"Stop!" cried the cock, in a violent rage, "What do you mean by charging me with faults that I never possessed? You are an insolent scoundrel and a sneak—you—you —" And unable to contain himself longer, he fell upon the unhappy gosling and tore three beakfuls of down from his head.

"I marvel," said the fox, as the wretched gosling made his escape, screaming loudly with pain and terror, "I marvel that one so constantly associated with you could thus malign you to your face. Those are not your faults."

"Well, what are they then?" said the cock, still somewhat ruffled.

“Did I not know your extreme patience under correction, I should hesitate to tell them, or rather *it*, for I have only noticed one in my acquaintance with you. You are, sir, I grieve to say it, but you are, sir, extremely haughty and exclusive in your manners. Your blood, your aristocratic breeding, your culture, and your refinement all tend to cause you to look upon your more vulgar yet still honest fellow-creatures with a courteous haughtiness, if I may so express it. It is a fault to which your superior station may plead some extenuation; still it is a fault. Let me beg you, honored sir, to cor-

he would scarcely deign to notice the other barn-yard creatures.

One day the fox said: “It has always been a subject of much wonder to me why a creature of so much intellect, and with such a proper amount of self-respect as yourself, should submit, as you do, to the absolute rule of human beings. Now here am I, a simple-minded, jog-trot animal, with not one-half the wit and shrewdness of the least one of you here in the barn-yard, and yet I am absolutely free and untrammelled in my movements. I owe allegiance to no one and am my own master, while



THE GOSLING IS FINISHED.

rect this one failing, and so render yourself the model of perfection you would then be. Recollect, sir, that though humbler, we are still your fellow-creatures.”

The cock stood upon one leg meditating for a long while upon this speech; at length he heaved a sigh, and said:

“I feel that you are correct; you have acted the part of a true friend. Yes, I confess that you are correct.”

From that time the cock’s friendship for the fox greatly increased, while his overbearing manners toward the other creatures in no wise diminished.

The crafty fox frequently turned the conversation, in their subsequent interviews, upon the subject of family distinction, and cunningly contrived so to flatter the vanity of the cock that, in time, he became puffed up with pride to such an extent that

you and your humbler associates are dependent upon the very necessities of life upon the will of your masters.”

“That is very true,” said the cock, reflectively.

“Now,” continued the fox, “I have thought of a most excellent idea. I know a delightful secluded spot, sir, where a little colony could be started far away from the habitation of man, where you could soon show the world that intelligent poultry need not be entirely subservient to the will of these miserable human beings. Here you with blood, breeding and great natural dignity of bearing (I need hardly mention such a well-known quality of yours as intelligence), a born ruler of fact. If, now, some of your mentally advanced creatures—such, for instance, as the geese and keys, and even the ducks—would only be persuaded to start a small community somewhere, you,

have the very making of a king or even an emperor in you, and might prove yourself an excellent example of a noble and generous ruler."

This plan pleased the cock amazingly.

"I shall consider your proposition," said he. "And you can guide us, you say, to such a spot as you have mentioned?"

"Certainly, sir! I know the very place," said the fox.

The idea of the colony took root in the poultry-

yard immediately, and spread in popularity amazingly, for each creature imagined that he himself had the ability, mentally, to become in time a prominent politician, if not a leader. One night, accordingly, everything was arranged, and the crafty fox guided the poor deluded creatures to a most secluded portion of the adjoining forest.

None of them ever returned again, yet it was rumored, far and wide, that the crafty fox was subsisting entirely upon the little community.

THE STARS IN FEBRUARY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern heavens present no change of special importance since last month. The Dragon has been carried away from his former *hovering* position, and now appears as if swooping downward, though in a direction contrary to that of his old motion around the pole. The ancient observers do not seem to have attached any importance, by the way, to the direction in which the sphere turns; and, indeed, a motion so slow would not be perceptible by ordinary vision might well be left out of account in forming imaginary groups. Some of the figures go forward, as Orion, the Great Bear, Bōtēs (the Herdsman), the Lion, and so forth; others go backward, as the Dragon, the Ram, the Bull, Pegasus (the Winged Horse), and so on; while others, like Ophiuchus, the Serpent-Bearer, are supposed to face the observer and so travel sideways; and others, again, travel on their head, as Hercules, Cepheus, and Andromeda. It is quite clear that those who invented the constellation figures did not trouble themselves much about the rotation of the star-

sky. There may be noticed in the northern heavens, as seen in February, a vacant space above the Pole, girt round by the constellations Auriga (the Charioteer) overhead, Perseus (the Rescuer), Cassiopeia (the Seated Lady), Cepheus (her royal husband), and the two Bears. In this poverty-stricken region there are no stars of the first three magnitudes, and only four or five of the fourth magnitude. The ancient astronomers could imagine no constellations in these spaces. It is to the moderns, and especially to Hevelius, that we owe the constellations which have been figured in these barren

districts. The Cameleopard, or Giraffe, is one; the Lynx another. I cannot say, for my own part, that I see either a giraffe or a lynx there. Certainly, if you draw the connecting lines shown in the map, you get as fair a picture of a giraffe (inverted at present) as can possibly be made with a couple of lines; but it seems to me—though I do not claim to be an artist—that rather more than two lines are needed to picture a respectable giraffe. Besides, the lines are not on the sky, and the liveliest fancy would not think of connecting these stars by imaginary lines, so widely remote are the stars, and so insignificant.

The Little Bear is now gradually getting round (at the selected hour of evening observation) to a position such as a bear might reasonably assume. Last month, this small bear was hanging head downward by the end of his absurdly long tail. He is now slowly rising from that undignified position, and by next month he will have fairly placed himself on his feet. For the present we can leave him to his struggles; but next month we shall consider his history and the duties which he has discharged for many hundreds of years.

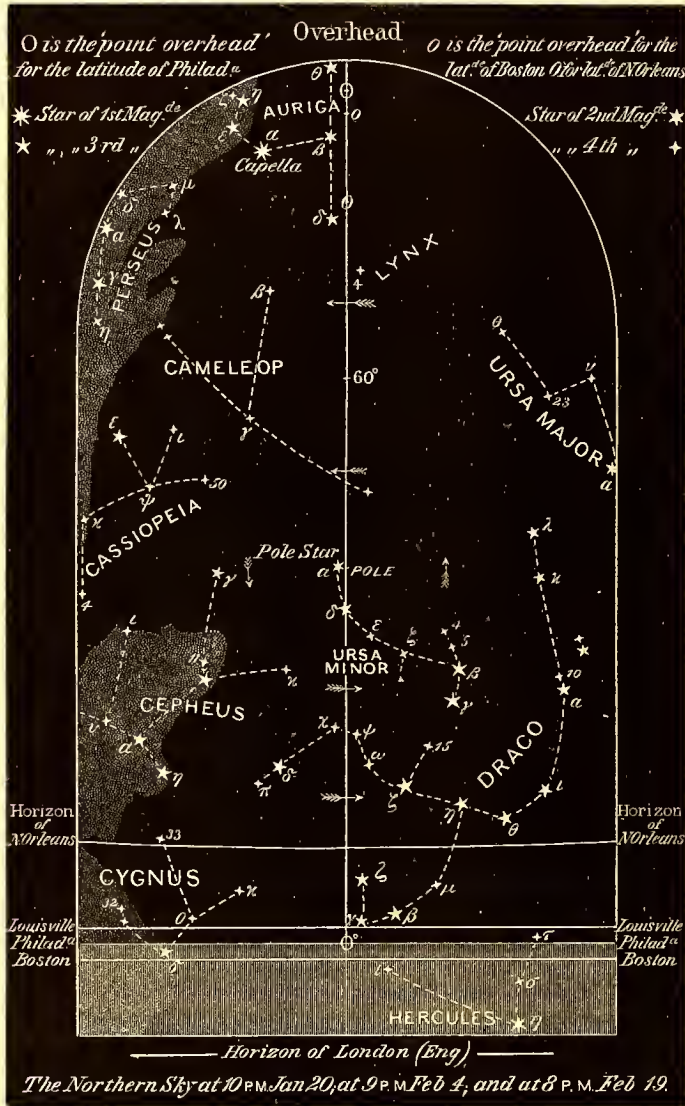
Turning to the southern skies, we find full compensation for the relatively uninteresting aspect of the northern heavens. The most resplendent constellation in the heavens is now in full glory in the south. There, close to the meridian, or mid south,

" Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stands the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast.
His sword hangs gleaming by his side,
And on his arm the lion's hide,
Scatters across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair."

No one can mistake this most beautiful constellation. The two bright shoulder stars, Betelgeux (α) and Bellatrix (γ), the brilliant star Rigel on the giant's advanced foot, the triply gemmed belt (ζ , ϵ , and δ), and the pendent sword tipped with the bright star ι , distinguish Orion unmistakably. But,

say nothing of numbers of faint stars scattered all over it, justify the words of the poet, who sang :

“Orion's beams! Orion's beams!
His star-gemmed belt, and shining blade;
His isles of light, his silvery streams,
And gloomy gulfs of mystic shade.”

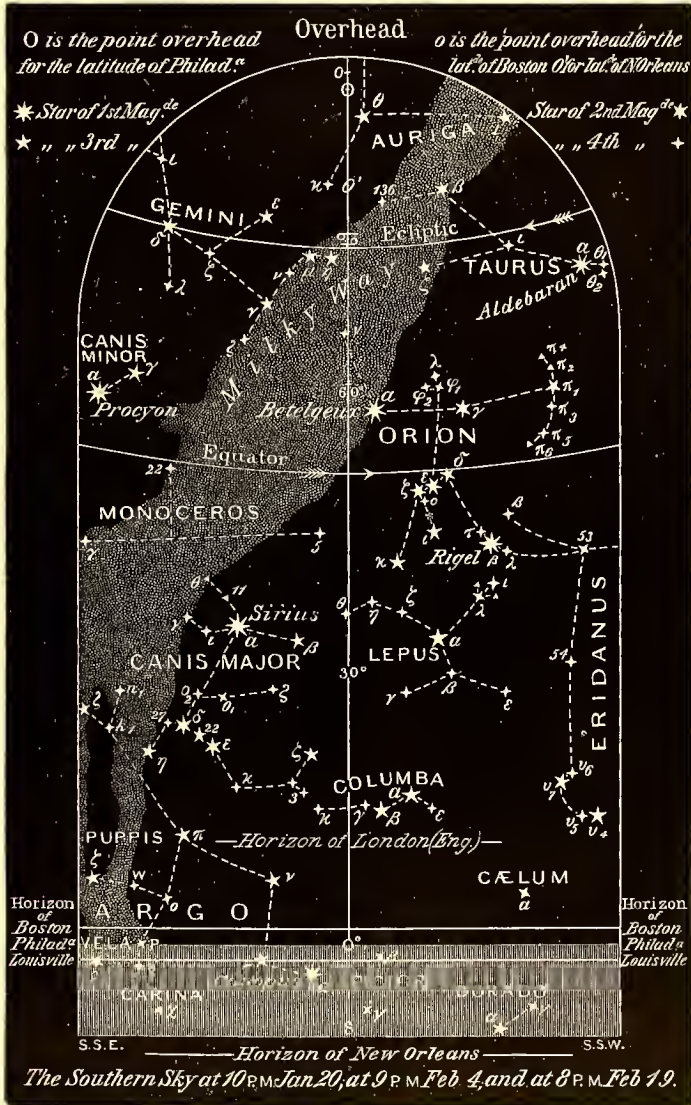


besides these glories, there are others; the curve of small stars forming the giant's shield (a lion's hide), the misty light of the great nebula which lies on the sword (where shown), and on clear nights the dappled light of the Milky Way, which really extends over a part of this constellation, to

From the first beginning of astronomy, and probably long before astronomy was thought of, the constellation was figured as a giant; sometimes as a giant hunter, a sort of celestial Nimrod; sometimes as a warrior. He commonly wielded an immense club in his right hand (the star ν marked the ha

the club), and a shield (formed by the stars π , etc.) in his left. The star β of the constellation Orion really marks the giant's bent knee; and finally the constellation Lepus (or, the Hare) med a chariot in which the hunter or warrior od. In some old manuscripts of the middle

The cut on the next page shows Orion as he is now generally pictured. He is somewhat out of drawing, because of the necessity of keeping certain stars in particular positions with respect to him. Thus Betelgeux is derived from the Arabic *ibt-al-jauzá*, the giant's shoulder. Bellatrix, or the



the stars of Lepus formed a throne for Orion. In fact, this little constellation, although named after a hare from time immemorial, has been called several other names, inasmuch that Ideler, after giving several names, wrathfully adds, "And God knows how many more there are."

Amazon star, belongs of right to the other shoulder, and Rigel to the advanced foot, while the three stars of the belt fix the position of the giant's waist. To tell the truth, he is an ill-shaped giant, anyway, and cannot be otherwise depicted.

Below Lepus (the Hare) you see the neat little

group Columba, or the Dove. This is one of the younger constellations, and was invented by Hevelius, perhaps to show that the ship Argo, which you see low down on the left, is no other than Noah's Ark. In fact, the name given to the small group originally was Columba Noachi, or Noah's Dove. Approaching the mid south, you now see the brightest star in the whole heavens—Sirius, the famous Dog-star. The constellation Canis Major, the Greater Dog (which might much better be called simply Canis), was one of Orion's hunting-dogs, Canis Minor being the other; but we can hardly suppose Lepus was the sole prey pursued by so great a giant and two such fine dogs. The constellation Canis Major is chiefly remarkable for the Dog-star. In old times this star was thought to bring pestilence. Homer speaks of it (not by name, however) as the star

"Whose burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death."

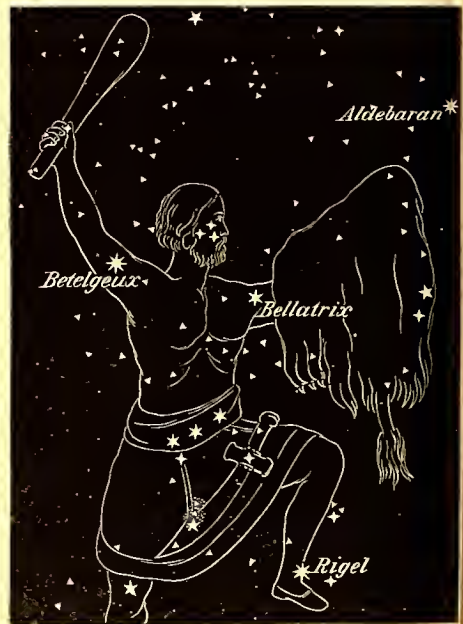
Many among the ancients supposed that this star was in reality as large as the sun. Thus Manilius said:

"'T is strongly credited this owns a light
And runs a course not than the sun's less bright;
But that, remov'd from sight so great a way,
It seems to cast a dim and weaker ray."

It has been shown in our own time, however, that even this estimate, which was by many thought too daring, falls far short of the truth. It has been calculated that Sirius gives out three hundred times as much light (and doubtless three hundred times as much heat) as our sun. So that it would make us rather uncomfortable if our sun were removed and Sirius set in his place. Sir W. Herschel says that when he turned his large four-feet mirror on this star, the light was like that of the rising sun, and it was impossible to look at the star without pain to the eye. Sirius is in reality in rapid motion, though, owing to his enormous distance, he seems at rest. He is rushing through space at the rate of about thirty miles in every second of time! In a year he traverses nearly six times the distance which separates our earth from the sun. But this enormous annual journey is only about $\frac{1}{170000}$ th part of the distance which separates him from our earth; and as he is traveling away from us, we need not be greatly troubled on account of him. He is so far from us that his light has been no less than twenty years on its way to us, so that in reality, instead of saying we see Sirius, we ought to say we see where Sirius *was* some twenty years ago. Most of the stars are even farther away, so that if every one of them were in a single instant destroyed, we should still see them—that is, their light—for many

years, and probably the greater number of them would still seem to be shining in the heavens long after the youngest of us were dead; perhaps even after our great-grandchildren had passed away.

Canis Minor, the Lesser Dog, is a much less important star-group than Canis Major; but still it is one of the old constellations. Its chief star is called Procyon, or the Fore-dog, because this star is seen as a morning star earlier than Sirius. The Arabian astronomers gave it a name of similar meaning, to wit, *Al-keib-al-mutekaadem*; but I think Procyon sounds almost as well, and as it is the name by which the star is usually called, it may, perhaps, be better to use it instead of the Arabian name, though this is very pretty. Procyon, like Sirius, was sup-



THE CONSTELLATION ORION.

posed to be a star of evil omen, especially as bringing bad weather. "What meteoroscooper," says Leonard Digges, the astrologer, "yea, who that learned in matters astronomical, noteth not great effects at the rising of the star called *Litel Dogge*?"

The constellation Gemini, or the Twins, is now approaching the south, but will be more fully within the range of our next monthly map. The star marked \ominus is that of Cancer, or the Crab, when the sun enters at midsummer. You will observe that we have now reached the part of the ecliptic highest above the equator, which is, of course, the part reached by the sun at midsummer. The point marked \ominus is at its highest in the south at noon

about June 21st, and is then occupied by the sun; it is at its highest in the south at midnight on about December 20, and the sun is then exactly opposite to this point, or at his lowest below the northern horizon.

Those who live as far south as New Orleans, see the star Canopus, in the stern of the good ship Argo. There is predicted to them, at this season, a view of more first

magnitude stars than can be seen at any other time in one quarter of the heavens. For besides the splendid equal-sided triangle formed by Procyon, Betelgeux, and Sirius, they see Aldebaran, Rigel, and Canopus, the last-named surpassing every star in the heavens except Sirius alone.

Next month, the great ship Argo will have come better into view; and I defer till then my account of this fine constellation.

[See "Letter-Box."]

A VALENTINE.

By A. E. C.

If you will be my valentine,
My charming little dear,
The sun can never help but shine
Throughout the coming year.

The lessons all will put themselves
Into your little pate;
The hardest sums you have, you'll see
All answered on your slate.

If you will be my valentine,
You'll see in all your walks
Fresh lemon-drops on every twig,
And peanuts on the stalks;

While hot mince-pies, all hand in hand,
Meet you at every stile;
With raisins marching on in front,
And figs in single file.

P. S.—But if from you I never hear,
Nor even get a line,
I'll ask some other nicer girl
To be my valentine.



HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWERIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ACCIDENT.

THE boy lay perfectly still and tried to go to sleep again. But exciting thoughts kept him awake. He lived over again the events of the past few days,—the funeral, the auction, the journey,—and thought many times of all that Florie and her mother had said to him.

As it grew lighter he got up, dressed himself noiselessly, and leaving Alphonse asleep, went out upon deck.

The pilot's bell was tinkling fitfully. The paddle-wheels—motionless for a moment, then reversed—dashed the boiling water into foam. The steamer was coming to a landing at the foot of a large town (to Jacob's eyes it looked large) on the Ohio shore. A few passengers were preparing to land. Among them Jacob was rejoiced to see the tall Kentuckian.

"We shall be rid of him!" he thought, and looked with impatience to see the colonel set foot upon the gangway plank.

But what was that which Corkright carried in his hand? A violin-case! It resembled Pinkey's so much that Jacob observed it with a start of suspicion and alarm. He drew near, to get a closer look at it. He felt sure it was the professor's.

The deck-hands already had hold of the plank, or "bridge," to push it out. In less than a minute Corkright would be gone. There was not an instant to lose. The boy ran back to the state-room, and made a hasty search. The violin was not there.

"Mr. Pinkey! Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" cried Jacob, shaking his friend, who lay asleep in his clothes.

"What's wanting?" snarled the dancing-master, starting up, and seeing Jacob.

"That man—Colonel Corkright—has got your violin!"

"What of it? Can't a gentleman have a fiddle, but you must ——"

"But he is going off with it!—going ashore!" said Jacob, all excitement. "I'll stop him! I'll tell the captain!"

He was hurrying out. Alphonse called after him sharply:

"You wont do anything of the sort! Come back here, you ninny! It's all right."

Perfectly bewildered, Jacob turned and stared at his friend.

"I've sold him the violin," said Alphonse. "He

took a fancy to it, and offered me a right sma' price—and I've a much better one than tha' Don't make a fool of yourself. Let me sleep."

Pinkey sank back upon the pillow, in which he buried his rumpled ringlets. Jacob could not help speaking a word in self-defense.

"I had heard you say you thought so much of that violin—you would not part with it for anything—it was worth twice its weight in gold! So when I saw him going ashore with it, of course I ——"

But here Alphonse made an impatient movement, and Jacob withdrew, reaching the gangway just in time to see Corkright move off with the violin.

Pinkey did not appear at breakfast, nor indeed for some hours after. Jacob looked into the state-room two or three times during the forenoon, and saw him still lying in the berth, with his disorderly curls about his face.

At last, going in about dinner-time, he found him disentangling the said curls before the glass.

"Hallo! Come in, boy!" said the professor as Jacob hesitated. "I took cold on deck last night—had a horrible headache this morning—but I'm all right now."

The charming Alphonse was himself again. The boy sat down on a stool and watched his friend finish his toilet.

"How are the ladies?" said Pinkey, twirling a ringlet round his finger.

"Rather lonesome without you, I should think—for I suppose you mean the sisters."

"To be sure I do. I lay awake half the night trying to decide in my mind which to choose."

Jacob knew that this was a prodigious fib; he was too glad to see Alphonse in a cheerful mood again, to question the accuracy of his statements.

"Lonesome, did you say? What makes you think so?"

"They are not half so gay as they were yesterday; and I heard them inquiring about you."

"No doubt of it!" laughed Alphonse.

"And about Colonel Corkright?"

"Bah!" Pinkey shook his ringlets, with a shrug. "Well, what did anybody tell 'em about me and the colonel?"

"Somebody said Corkright got off the boat to take the cars; and then Dory—or Doshy—I don't know—tell 'em apart ——"

"Dory is the one in green,—no, the one in

s she?" said Alphonse. "I did know, but ———
llo! what in the name of ———"

Pinkey did not finish his sentence, for the reason
that he suddenly went reeling over against the
boards with the water-pitcher, which he had just
used for the purpose of filling a glass.

Jacob also, seated upon his stool, found himself
driven over against the lower berth, with a strange
impetus; and at the same time there resounded
a chorus of screams and a clashing of chairs in the
joining cabin.

It happened that the passengers were just sitting
down to dinner, when everybody and everything
went swaying and lurching all one way, toward the
stern. This singular pressure of all objects forward
lasted three or four seconds, the boat meanwhile
rolling from stem to stern. Then it ceased. The
engine was silent. The steamer had stopped.

"An accident!" cried Jacob, starting up wildly.
"Got aground, that's all," said Professor Pinkey,
coolly proceeded to fill his glass.

CHAPTER IX.

ON A SAND-BAR.

JACOB ran out to make an observation, and soon
came hurrying back with news.

"We're fast aground on a sand-bar, between a
sandy island—what they call a *tow-head*—and
the Ohio shore. There was plenty of water where
there are a few days ago, and they say the bar has
recently been formed."

"The sand-bars in the river are constantly shift-
ing," replied Alphonse. "I've been aground on
one before!"

"The woods here are close to the shore," said
Jacob; "and there seems to have been a sort of
slide in one place, where some trees have fallen
into the water. We had just passed the fallen
trees when we struck. There's a broader passage
on the other side of the tow-head, but there are
rocks there too; and, besides, there was a steam-
boat in there, with ten flat-boats in tow, loaded with
cotton."

"Well, what's the prospect of our getting off?"

Pinkey, putting on his coat and buttoning it
at the waist.

"Poor, I think. The engine is backing water
furiously, but we don't move. I heard the mate
tell the captain—who was just sitting down to din-
ner when we struck—that it's a serious business."

"No doubt," said Alphonse, gayly. "Serious
is the boat, and for people who are in a hurry,
not for gentlemen of leisure like us, Jacob. Be
it in your mind, my boy. Pleasant weather—
good company—and we get our board and lodgings
if it takes a month to make the trip. All ready

now, Jacob, my boy!"—and Alphonse walked out
to dinner.

The passengers, many of whom had gone out
like Jacob to observe the situation, had now re-
turned and taken their seats at the table. Pinkey
found his place with the ladies at the upper end,
where an obsequious waiter had kept his chair
tipped forward for him; while Jacob went humbly
to a seat near the foot.

The accident afforded an agreeable topic of con-
versation; and after dinner everybody went out to
witness the efforts making to get the steamboat
off the bar.

A hawser had been stretched to the shore, and a
gang of men were heaving away at it, while the
reversed paddle-wheels revolved. But all to no
purpose. The steamer did not move.

"If they don't get her off soon, they can't in all
summer," said Mr. Pinkey, cheerfully. "The river
is falling, and we shall soon be high and dry here.
I was once two weeks aboard a steamboat aground
on a bar above Paducah. We had to wait for the
river to rise. We hired another steamboat to help
us off, but it was no use,—it snapped the big cable
like a thread. We had lively times, though; we
gentlemen used to go ashore every day and hunt
wild turkeys. But it was n't so pleasant for old
ladies without any knitting. Think of two weeks
on a sand-bar, Mrs. Chipperly!"

"Dreadful!" said Mrs. Chipperly. "What *shall*
we do?"

"Have some music, for one thing," cried Dory.
"Oh, Mr. Pinkey! where's your violin?"

Jacob watched Alphonse, and wondered what he
would say.

"Ladies," replied the professor, with his sweet-
est smile, "you know how delighted I should be to
gratify you. But I am distressed to be obliged to
say that I have broken three strings to my instru-
ment, and I have n't another with me."

"How mean!" said Doshy. "It's dreadful,
here in the hot sun. Wish we were over in those
nice woods on the bank! Oh, Mr. Pinkey! why
can't we get the boat of these men, and have a little
fun ashore?"

"Oh, daughters! I can't hear of your going in
the boat!" said Mrs. Chipperly, fanning herself.
"It's so dangerous!"

"We shall be perfectly safe in Mr. Pinkey's
care," said Dory.

"Certainly," said Alphonse. "I pledge my own
life, madam, that I will bring back your lovely
daughters unharmed. I'll see the captain. He'll
do anything for me. If we can't have the small-
boat, I'll make 'em launch the yawl."

He went off, and returned presently.

"All right! we can have the boat and a couple

of men to row us over, as soon as they've got some new kink in their hawser, which does n't work right where it is."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey, that's just lovely!" exclaimed Dory. "Now let's make up our party."

The twins having proposed the excursion, and Mr. Pinkey having engaged the boat, they invited, whom they pleased to go with them, and a party of seven was soon formed.

Jacob looked wistfully at Alphonse. Of course he wanted to go too; but Alphonse took no notice of him. And when, after considerable delay, he saw the boat with its merry occupants push off without him, his heart swelled with a sense of wrong.

Avoiding the cable, which was stretched from

not go. He was getting a little acquainted with her now. She came up to him as he stood gazing over the rail at the pleasant woods where the distant laughter was.

"Why did n't *you* go?" she said.

"I was n't asked to," Jacob replied.

"Why did n't you go without being asked?"

"Oh, I did n't like to invite myself where I was n't wanted."

Florie looked into his face with an arch, quizzical expression.

"You are a kind of goose; don't you think you are?"

"Yes, I suppose I am," said Jacob, humbly.

"Do you think," she cried, "if I had wanted to go in that boat, I would n't have jumped in and



JACOB AND FLORIE IN THE SKIFF.

the stern to the farthest of the fallen trunks on the Ohio side, the boat kept on up-stream until it reached a landing-place which suited Alphonse. There the bow was run ashore, and the ladies helped up the slope.

Jacob heard their gay voices as they gathered on the bank, and had glimpses of them as they climbed up into the woods that covered the terraced bluff. He could hear the laughter of the sisters long after they disappeared from view. There was a romantic charm about it all, which kept alive his grief at being left behind.

His only solace was in thinking that Florie did

not go? I mean, if I were a boy like you. A boy can do anything, and nobody minds him."

"Don't you do about everything you take notion to?" Jacob asked.

"Oh no, not half the things!"

"What is there you deny yourself?"

"Oh, for one thing, I'd like to step up to your friend Mr. Pinkey, almost any time of day, and say to him, 'Please, don't make a fool of yourself a more.' It's a dreadful temptation. But I resist it. I shut my teeth hard!" She showed her teeth laughing and shaking her curls, as she ran away.

A steam-tug now appeared, coming up the river

and it was soon engaged in helping the grounded boat off the bar. Still but little progress was made. The afternoon was hot and sultry, and it was very still on board the steamer.

CHAPTER X.

JACOB'S LITTLE TRIP UP THE RIVER.

THE boat which had taken Pinkey's party ashore now lay unused under the gangway. Jacob, boy-like, got into it. When the men came to use it again, he stayed in. He soon began to pull an oar with them. Then when they left the boat, he stayed about in it a little on his own account, keeping it within easy reach of the steamer, in case it could be wanted.

The captain came to the rail and spoke to him. Jacob held his oars, and looked up, expecting a rebuff.

"Can you pull that boat up to the bank where Pinkey's party is?"

"Yes, I think so," said Jacob.

"Well, we don't want it now, and you might pull it up there and keep it till they want to come back. We're fast working off now. Tell Pinkey to blow the whistle for him when we're about ready to start."

Jacob was delighted. He dipped the oars with a flourish. He had never had much practice in rowing before, and it had a great fascination for him. To be put off now with an actual commission from the captain—to pull up against the stream to the boat's previous landing-place—was something to make a boy proud.

"Oh, let me go with you!" cried a girlish voice, and Florie's bright eyes and dancing curls appeared on the steamer's side.

"Be still, Florie!" said her mother, drawing her back.

"I shall be glad to have her go, if you are willing," said Jacob.

Florie was accustomed to having her own way, and she had it now. The mother consulted the captain, who said there was no danger. Florie came running down to the lower deck, where Jacob was pulling the skiff alongside, and she was lowered into it.

"Take good care of her, Jacob!" said the captain, earnestly.

"Oh, I will,—don't fear!" cried the lad as he pulled joyfully away, seated on the middle thwart, with Florie's sunny face beaming on him from the stern.

He ran under the end of the cable, gave the boat, which was astern of the steamer, a wide berth, and then pulled over toward the Ohio shore.

They were soon quite close to the other end of the

cable, but on the upper side of it, just above the fallen trees,—their leafy tops, still green, half immersed in the water; while the wooded hill rose high above.

"Is n't this nice?" said Florie.

"I like it," said Jacob, happier than he had ever been before.

There was no breeze stirring, but the sun had gone under a cloud, and the air seemed cool there by the shore.

"Let's not go for Pinkey's party yet," said Florie, "but row away up the river, and have a nice little adventure!"

Nothing would have suited Jacob so well. But he thought he ought to report to Pinkey first. So he pulled to the landing-place, where he got sight of two or three of the party up in the woods.

"Tell Pinkey the boat is here," he called out to them. "I'll be rowing a little way up the stream till you're ready to start. But you must start anyway, the captain says, when the whistle blows."

Having delivered his message, he pushed off again.

"Oh, now I hope the whistle wont blow for an hour!" exclaimed Florie.

Jacob hoped so too. And they had their wish. Evening was coming on, while the skiff glided in and out and up and down by the shore, in the yellowish current; and still there was no call from the beach, no signal whistle from the boat.

Suddenly Florie exclaimed: "How dark it is growing! Is it night?"

A vast black shadow had fallen upon the river. Jacob looked up at the sky.

"It's near night, but it's that thunder-cloud that makes it so dark. There's going to be a storm. I think we'd better put back."

"Oh yes!" said Florie. "I'm not afraid, but mamma will be afraid for me."

Jacob did not fail to notice this evidence of a tender and thoughtful heart under all the gay young creature's fun and nonsense. He also remembered his own pledge to her mother.

The boat, propelled by his sturdy young arms, glided rapidly down the stream to the landing-place, which it reached just as Pinkey's party—probably alarmed by the sudden darkness—came scrambling down the bank; all but Pinkey himself and one of the sisters.

The blackness of the sky and river became appalling. Just then the steamer's whistle sounded. A vague fear fell upon Jacob, as he sat by his oars, impatiently waiting for the passengers. It was Dory who was missing; and Doshy scolded her and Alphonse well in their absence, and called them with loud screams.

A prolonged growl of thunder shook the sky.

Before it had died away, another signal shriek from the steam-whistle came sweeping across the water, and died in hollow echoes along the winding and hilly shores far up the river. At last Dory and Alphonse came rustling and crashing through the woods and down the bank.

They were soon aboard. But it was some little time before the boat, laden with its full freight of passengers, could be got off. Alphonse appeared to be out of spirits,—perhaps in consequence of Doshy's sharp words,—and did not seem to know what to do. There were two other men aboard, but they were afraid of muddying their boots. The management of the whole matter fell upon Jacob.

He did not lose his wits.

“Get more on to the stern, ladies, if you please!” he cried; and, jumping into the water, he pushed off the bow, which had lodged on the slope of the bank.

As soon as they were afloat, he was aboard, and at the oars again.

“You've wet your feet, Jacob, my boy,” said Mr. Pinkey, standing behind him, between the thwarts.

“I may get wetter still,—so may we all!” said Jacob, straining at the oars, as the first great drops of the thunder-shower began to dance on the water.

“And all on your and Dory's account, Alphonse Pinkey!” said Doshy. “Just think of our silks,—it will ruin them!”

“Don't you want help, Jacob?” asked one of the men. “I never pulled an oar, but I can try.”

“Thank you. We are all right now. We shall go down fast enough with the current.”

Jacob glanced over his shoulder, to look at his course. His face was full of wild energy, and a dark, wild beauty, with the lurid light upon it. Florie sat in the stern watching him, without saying a word.

CHAPTER XI.

SOMETHING SUDDEN.

THEY were not yet in the full current. They were passing almost within oar's reach of the great tree-tops in the water, when a voice sang out from the tug, a few rods off in the stream:

“Look out for the hawser!”

Jacob had forgotten all about the hawser. Or, perhaps, not seeing it anywhere, he thought it had been cast off from the shore and hauled aboard the steamer. He looked again. No cable appeared in sight across his course. But now he heard shouts from the steamer, and again came the

warning cry from the tug: “Look out for the hawser!—the hawser!”

At that moment he caught a glimpse of the shore end of it, attached to the butt of one of the great trees. The cable ran down into the water directly under the course of the skiff. It was slack. But the stern of the steamboat, to which the other end was still fast, and which had been hauled over toward the shore, was now swinging off again, swayed by the current.

The cable was straightening,—the cable was rising!

Jacob saw the danger, and backed water with all his might. The darkness, the splashing rain, the roar of the thunder, and the shriek of the steam-whistle added terror to the scene.

He was too late. The line rose under the bow which it caught, and hoisted slowly and steadily into the air.

The four ladies sprang up with terrified screams and either jumped or fell over into the water. One or two of the men also went overboard. The rest—Jacob and Florie among the number—clung to the rearing boat, until, the strained cable rising to height of five or six feet, it slid back heavily, and fell over, capsized, into the water.

When a frightful accident occurs, it is seldom that anybody can tell afterward just how it took place. Spectators are often more excited than the actors in it. Moments seem minutes,—minutes almost hours. One person remembers vividly one thing, another something quite different; and no two tell the story alike.

We are concerned chiefly with what Jacob felt and saw.

He had not the faintest recollection afterward what happened to anybody else, at the time when he was tumbled into the water by the capsizing of the boat. He thought of Florie and Alphonse, but did not see them, and had not the slightest knowledge of what had become of them.

When he rose to the surface after his plunge he instinctively caught hold of one side of the boat, which was uppermost, and held himself there, with his head above water, while he looked around. Frantic shrieks filled his ears; and he saw at his side two women clinging to the boat, sustained and encouraged by one of the men.

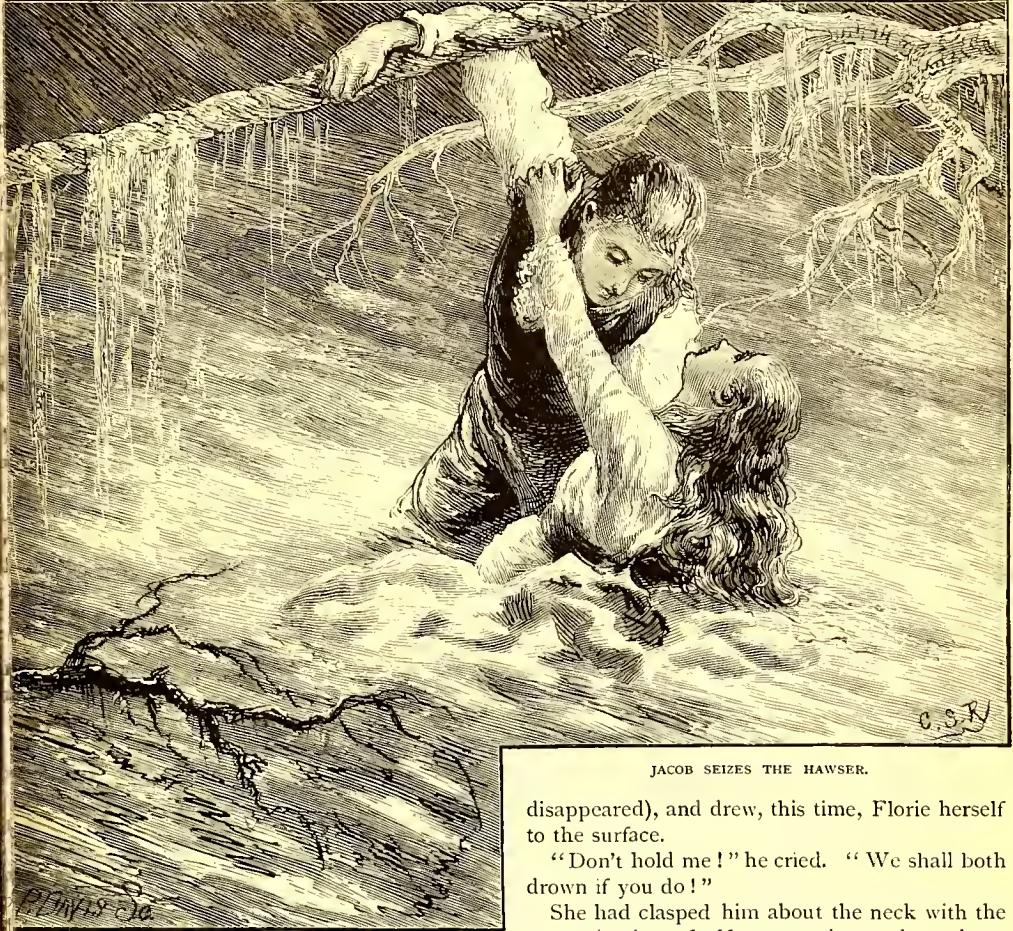
He looked for Florie, and saw the skirt of her dress afloat just within his reach. He seized it and drew hard at it, still holding to the skiff, regardless of the shrieks of one of the women, who selfishly viewing only her own danger, told him to pull the boat over in that way.

Jacob hauled at the skirt, then grasped an arm that appeared, and drew a dripping head to the surface. Everything was so changed by the wat-

the gloom, and the terror that seemed to fill the very air, that it was a moment before he was fully conscious that it was not Florie whose hand he had seized securely on the boat. It was one of the in-sisters,—Dory, as he afterward learned. But where was Florie? He remembered her other's charge. He remembered, also, that it was through his own fatal blundering that the ac-

boat, he might regain it, if he had only himself to care for. But could he hope ever to bring her to the boat, or reach it himself again, should he try to save her?

Such thoughts flashed through his mind; he saw all the danger at a glance; but he did not hesitate an instant. He launched out from the boat, caught the struggling hand (one had already



JACOB SEIZES THE HAWSER.

disappeared), and drew, this time, Florie herself to the surface.

“Don’t hold me!” he cried. “We shall both drown if you do!”

She had clasped him about the neck with the strong instinct of self-preservation, and was dragging him down with her as she sank again in spite of all his efforts.

The boat was at least three yards away, drifting slowly with the current. Two persons had reached the nearest tree-top, where they were clinging and calling for help. But the tree-top was as far as the boat. The oars were adrift. And Florie, who had not heard, or had not understood, a word he said to her, was strangling him in her paroxysm of fear.

He succeeded in unclasping her hands from his neck. Still, she clung to him, and would not let

ent had happened; and for the first time felt all horror of the situation.

He heard a faint cry, and saw—where she had been when he looked before—Florie struggling to the surface. She had sunk once, and would entirely sink again,—she was already going down.

“Oh, mother! mother!” she gasped.

Her voice died to a gurgle. Then only her hands were seen.

He was out of Jacob’s reach. He was not a swimmer. If he had loosed his hold of the

him swim. His strength was nearly gone. He could no longer keep her head above water; he felt himself sinking.

Suddenly, just as he gave up all hope, a great object plashed within his reach. It was the hawser, which, having been strained to the utmost by the swinging off of the steamboat, had now slackened.

He seized it with one arm, supporting Florie with the other. He feared it would sink again, and carry them down with it. But a boat had already put off from the tug; swift strokes of six strong oars brought it to the spot; and Jacob and Florie were quickly taken aboard.

The four clinging to the boat were next picked up. Then the two holding to the tree-top were rescued. The woman was Doshy, and the man was not Alphonse.

Alphonse alone was missing.

Jacob was quite beside himself with terror and remorse as they rowed up and down amidst thunder and lightning and pouring rain, picking up a hat or two, and looking for the lost man.

He did not reflect that he had probably been the means of saving two lives,—that Florie, if not Dory, would certainly have been drowned but for him. He did not consider that they might have been caught by the cable just the same if anybody else had held the oars; or that they might safely have passed it but for the delay occasioned by Alphonse himself. He saw only the frightful fact that he had had charge of the boat,—that he had

taken it into danger,—that through him his best his dearest, his only friend in the world (for he could not now remember one of Pinkey's faults had been drowned.

There could be no doubt of it at last. Great was the wonder that he, the most accomplished man of all, should have been the only one to perish. It was hardly possible but that a youth who knew so many other things, knew also how to swim, and there was but one theory to account for his death.

“The boat must ‘a’ fell on him in the water when it slewed off the hawser,” said one of the tug’s men. “Stunted him, and kep’ him from comin’ up to breathe.”

The capsized boat had been righted by the steamer’s yawl. If Pinkey had been under it, he must have sunk and gone down with the current.

No signs of him were discovered, and it soon became evident that it was useless to continue the search with any expectation of rescuing him alive.

It seemed all a terrible dream to Jacob. The storm, the half-drowned women and girls huddle in the bottom of the boat, their friends watching in terrible uncertainty from the steamer, Florie calling, “Mamma! I am safe!” All this was but the background, as it were, of the awful picture. The loss of his friend was the chief horror. His thought of him, but a little while ago so radiant, so full of life, and now — !

Things happened “sudden” with Alphonse.

(To be continued.)



A JOLLY SLIDE.

TRAGEDY.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

“ YOU queer little wonderful owlet! you atom so fluffy and small!
Half a handful of feathers and two great eyes! How came you alive at all?
And why do you sit here blinking, as blind as a bat in the light,
With your pale eyes bigger than saucers? Now who ever saw such a sight!

“ And what ails chickadee, tell me! What makes him so flutter and scream
Round and over you where you sit like a tiny ghost in a dream?
I thought him a sensible fellow, quite steady and calm and wise,
But only see how he hops and flits, and hear how wildly he cries!

“ What is the matter, you owlet? You will not be frightened away!—
Do you mean on that twig of a lilac-bush the whole night long to stay?
Are you bewitching my chicka-dee-dee? I really believe that you are!
I wish you'd go off, you strange brown bird—oh, ever and ever so far!

“ I fear you are weaving and winding some kind of a dreadful charm;
If I leave poor chicka-dee-dee with you, I'm sure he will come to harm.
But what can I do? We can't stay here forever together, we three—
One anxious child, and an owlet weird, and a frightened chicka-dee-dee!”

I could not frighten the owl away, and chickadee would not come,
So I just ran off with a heavy heart, and told my mother at home;
But when my brothers and sisters went the curious sight to see,
The owl was gone, and there lay on the ground *two feathers* of chicka-dee-dee!

THE PETERKINS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THEY went.

The lady from Philadelphia had invited Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza and the little girl to her own house, promising to find rooms for Agamemnon and Solomon John in the neighborhood, asking them to take their meals at her house. As she lived far down in the city, and Mrs. Peterkin felt she would not want to go such a distance every day to the exhibition. Agamemnon and Solomon John proposed stopping at the Great Hotel just outside the grounds. The little girl wished they could spend the night inside. At the same time, however, a friend told them of lodgings they

could have up-town, on the same side of the river as the Centennial grounds, and Mrs. Peterkin decided for this. She was afraid of fire in one of the lath-and-plaster hotels, and Mr. Peterkin agreed with her.

So a kind and respectful letter was written to the lady from Philadelphia, declining her invitation, but hoping to be able to call upon her often during their visit.

They did not reach their lodgings till late at night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, so were scarcely ready for an early start the next morning. Then they had to hold consultation as to the best method of proceeding, and to ask their fellow-

boarders how to reach the horse-cars, for they were shocked to find that they were nearly two miles from the nearest entrance to the grounds. Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon and Solomon John would not mind walking, but Mrs. Peterkin declared it would be too much for her, and the first day they all wished to go together. Mrs. Peterkin had brought with her, all the way, a camp-stool, as she knew she should want to sit down often and it might be difficult to find a seat.

Elizabeth Eliza had an extra shawl, Mr. Peterkin his umbrella, and the little boys their coats; they found it something of a walk to Lancaster avenue, and they were obliged to take it slowly. By the time they reached it, every car that passed was so crowded there was not even a foothold. But the cars going south were all empty. Agamemnon had heard from one of the returned Centennial visitors that it was a good plan to take a car going down to the starting point of the upward bound cars. This they decided to do, it would give them also a view of the city. They were about an hour going down, and a little while finding the right car, but did reach one with plenty of seats. This soon became crowded, and was slow in its progress, and it was a long time before they reached the grounds. They were then some time in deciding whether to follow the people who were going into the Main Building, or those who went in at the principal gate. Then Mrs. Peterkin, who carried her camp-stool, did not like to have the family separated in going in, so she wanted to manage that all should go through the turnstile together, which was difficult to do and to pay their separate fifty-cent pieces. So when they were all inside, and Mr. Peterkin looked at his watch, he found it was already nearly three o'clock! Now some of their fellow-boarders had earnestly advised them to come back early, as the cars were so crowded at a later hour. And Mrs. Peterkin had made up her mind it would be best as it was her first day, to return at three o'clock. At the same time they discovered they were all very hungry, and Mr. Peterkin proposed they should go back to some of the numerous restaurants he had seen outside of the grounds, and then go home. But they all exclaimed against this. They were now in the broad space between the Main Building and Machinery Hall when, as they walked on, Elizabeth Eliza espied the sign of the "House of Public Comfort."

"This is exactly what we want," said Mr. Peterkin. "We will get our lunch there."

But, unfortunately, there was a very large crowd by the lunch counter. It was impossible for the whole family to press up together, and very difficult to find anything to eat. Solomon John did find some popped-corn balls in magenta-colored paper

for the little boys, and Agamemnon secured some doughnuts for his mother and Elizabeth Eliza while his father succeeded in eating a few raw oysters. The crowd was so great that Mrs. Peterkin could not even open her camp-stool.

"I think now," said she, "we had better go back, we have had enough for one day, and everybody says we ought not over-tire ourselves at the beginning, and I am sure I was over-tired when I got here."

Agamemnon thought they had not yet fairly looked at things. They could hardly say what they went back to their boarding-house what they had seen. So they all went to the center of the large square of entrances by the fountain, and looked at the Main Building on one side, and Machinery Hall on the other, and decided they would do for the first day.

They found a car with plenty of seats, and Mrs. Peterkin felt herself rested for the walk home from the avenue.

The next day they started early, and went among the first to reach the grounds.

They proposed to take the tour of the grounds in one of the railroad cars. In this way they could get an idea of the whole. They joined a crowd of people rushing to one of the platforms to secure seats as a train came along. Mrs. Peterkin was near being left behind, it was so hard for her to decide which seat to take; and the hurry was great, the rest of the family, thinking she was going to be left, all got out again and were obliged to hustle in the minute the train was starting.

The little boys were anxious to get out at the first stopping-place, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin preferred to make the whole tour and see everything first. In and out they went among various buildings. Mrs. Peterkin said she would ask nothing better than to spend the day in this way. Agamemnon had a map, and tried to point out the several buildings as they came to them, but it was difficult to discover the numbers attached to them in the map. Meanwhile Solomon John studied the different colors of the flags. At some time Elizabeth Eliza said:

"I did not know they had so many of the 'Woman's Pavilions.'"

"I think they must have one for each State," said Mr. Peterkin.

"It is astonishing how much they are all alike," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"With so many buildings," said Mr. Peterkin, "you could not expect to have them all different."

"Still," said Agamemnon, "I should not think they would have so many of these statues of heroes with wings."

"They are very fine," said Mr. Peterkin. "No under they repeat them so often."

"They come in pairs," said Solomon John.

"We have seen them five times. I counted," said one of the little boys.

Elizabeth Eliza, started: "We must have made a tour at least five times! I have seen five of man's Pavilions!"

"This is the very place where we got in," said Solomon John.

The whole family made a rush to get out, for they had just reached a platform, and the time for popping was very short. Mrs. Peterkin stooped to extricate her camp-stool, which she had put under the seat, and getting it out with trouble, she looked up to find that the car was taking her on, and all the family behind on the platform! She hurried to get out, but was held back by the other passengers, who declared she would break her neck if she jumped from the car in motion.

But at the next stopping-place she felt so flustered she hardly knew what to do, so she kept on and till she felt she must somehow make up her mind to leave that car, and with a desperate resolution she stepped out on the platform. She found herself in a deserted part of the grounds, a few gentlemen only getting out to go to the Brewers' Hall. Though there was a crowd everywhere else, it seemed very solitary here. Mrs. Peterkin went round and round the Brewers' Hall, uncertain where to go. At last a gentleman noticed her, and asked if he could help her. When she told her case, he asked if her family had appointed any place of meeting in case of accident. Mrs. Peterkin thought she remembered their talking of the Main Building as a rendezvous. The gentleman advised her taking the train directly for the Main Building. She shook her head; she had already been at the morning in the cars. The gentleman hesitated, but asked her to go on with him and he would show her where to get out.

Mrs. Peterkin joined him gratefully, and they took a train at a neighboring platform. But they were not gone very far, and were making another stop, when Mrs. Peterkin gave a scream! There was her family standing in a row ready to receive her! She was so agitated she could hardly get up and almost fainted with delight at the meet-

ing. It appeared that a ticket-seller on the platform had advised the family to take a train back, and to wait on some platform till they should see their mother passing. Mrs. Peterkin shuddered to think how she might have been walking round and round the Brewers' Hall all day, if it had not been for meeting the kindly gentleman.

The next thing was to get something to eat,

though Mrs. Peterkin was too agitated to think of it; they went to the Vienna Bakery, not far away, and found an immense crowd. Only one or two places could be obtained in the veranda outside, and the family took turns in sitting. Then it was that Mrs. Peterkin found she had left her camp-stool in the car! The family in general did not regret it, for it was heavy and inconvenient to carry, and Mrs. Peterkin confessed she found it difficult to use it, as it always tumbled over when she went to sit down. It was one of the three-legged ones.

It seemed now time to go home, but Agamemnon, who had been studying the map, proposed they should pass through the Main Building on their way out, for a glimpse of it, as they had not yet been inside one of the buildings, and it was their second day.

They hastened on with this plan, and went in at the grand middle entrance. And here they felt as if they were really at the Exhibition. The high pillars, the crowded aisles, filled them with wonder.

A seat was found for Mrs. Peterkin near the very middle. Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon, Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza ventured to leave her for a moment while they looked at the famous Elington display, and the little boys stood at her side finishing some popped-corn balls. Suddenly Mrs. Peterkin saw the rest disappear from her sight. She sent the little boys to call them back. She directly left her seat to follow, but she lost sight of the little boys. There was a seething crowd going up and down. She tried to return to her seat but could not find it. Her head was bewildered. She was sure she must have turned the wrong way. It all looked so much alike, stair-ways going up to the dome at each corner, and no signs of her family. The strains arose from the immense organ of "Home, Sweet Home." She felt that now she should never see that home again! She sat down, she got up again! A kindly lady asked if she could help her, and Mrs. Peterkin was forced to explain, for the second time that day, that she had lost her family! The lady turned to one of the guards, who asked Mrs. Peterkin many questions. She described Elizabeth Eliza with a brown dress and cock's feather in her hat and note-book in her hand. The guard pointed out seven ladies in sight, each wearing brown dresses, hats with cock's feathers, and note-books in their hands.—neither of them Elizabeth Eliza.

He advised Mrs. Peterkin to wait awhile in the same place and then go home, as it was growing late. But how could she go? She did not have the address of her boarding-place, and never could remember those numbered streets. It might be one number just as well as another. The policeman asked where she came from? If anybody at

home knew her address? Mrs. Peterkin thought the Bromwichs knew; the Bromwichs planned coming to the same place. He then told Mrs. Peterkin not to stir from her seat till he returned. She ventured scarcely to look to the right or the left. Indeed, she was almost sure the eye of another policeman was upon her. How she hoped the Bromwichs would never know her position! It seemed an age that the policeman was gone, yet she was surprised when he returned with her address, for which he had telegraphed to the Bromwichs. Mrs. Peterkin looked at him in dumb surprise, but he hurried her toward the main exit, promising to show her to the right cars. Slowly and sadly she followed to the door, when what was her astonishment to find, across the door-way in a straight row, her family awaiting her!

They too were under the care of a friendly policeman, who had advised them to await their mother there. Eager to leave, they all hurried away, passed the difficult turnstile, hastened to the cars.

"Let us get home! Let us get home!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, unwilling to listen to any explanations.

A crowd was pursuing the Lancaster avenue car, and the family joined in the rush. Mr. Peterkin succeeded in lifting in Mrs. Peterkin, Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys; the rest had to stand all the way on the edges of the cars.

Mrs. Peterkin reached the boarding-place in hysterics. She passed a restless night, disturbed by dreams of walking round and round the Brewers' Hall, of Mr. Peterkin falling from the steps of the cars and being run over, of policemen watching her, and she declared they must go home, she could not stay a day longer.

But all the family exclaimed against this. They had seen nothing as yet.

They decided to stay, and transfer their quarters the next night to one of the hotels by the grounds. According to the advice of one of their fellow-boarders, after depositing and checking their baggage at the House of Public Comfort, they went to the Massachusetts Building. Mrs. Peterkin was enchanted with the parlor and its cheery wood fire, and declared she would prefer to spend the day there, instead of going into the crowded buildings. She had some rolls and sandwiches that she had brought from the boarding-house that would serve for her luncheon, and it was agreed she should be left there for the day, and that the family would return for her at half-past four, in time for a little walk afterward in the grounds.

The family left her, relieved to think of her comfort. The heart of Mr. Peterkin swelled as he thought she was under the protection of the shield of Massachusetts.

They decided to separate. Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon would take the little boys to the Agricultural Building, and to the American Restaurant for lunch, while Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John planned the Art Gallery and *Les Trois Frères Provençaux*; for Elizabeth Eliza had been studying the French grammar, and wanted to try talking a little French. They had heard of all these places from their fellow-boarders. They were to meet in the Main Building, in front of Egypt, at half-past three.

They did all assemble there, to their surprise but not until much after that hour. Mr. Peterkin and his party were wild with enthusiasm. They had been through Agricultural Hall, and had seen "Old Abe," looking so much like a stuffed eagle that they were astonished when he moved his head. The little boys had bought chocolates and candies at every refreshment stand, and had eaten the bread which they had seen made by the baker of the Queen, and apples cored by the apple-core man, and had bought little tin pails of the Leaf-lantern, and had lunched at the Banqueting-hall of the American Restaurant, and were now eager to try the restaurants in the Main Building.

Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John had not much to report. They were so crushed in the Art Gallery by the mass of people, that Elizabeth Eliza could not even lift her note-book, or examine his catalogue. She believed they had been into every room in the Art Gallery and in the Annex, but she could only look at the upper pictures, and could not stop at any. She was sure there must be more United States pictures than from any other country. The only work of art which she could remember enough to describe was the large bust of Washington, sitting on the eagle. They had found a seat near this, where they could examine it closely and wondered why the eagle was not crushed.

Both Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza agreed with the little boys that they would like another lunch, for their expedition to the *Trois Frères* was not satisfactory, and Elizabeth Eliza fancied the waiter could hardly have been a Frenchman, as did not understand her French.

The little boys were now impatient for the restaurant, and they found seats in one of the galleries where it was so pleasant looking down upon the crowd below, that Mr. Peterkin decided to go and bring Mrs. Peterkin to join them, while Elizabeth Eliza and Solomon John were to order the oysters. He looked at his watch, and found, to his horror, it was now five o'clock! And he hastened away. He did not seem to be gone long for he came back breathless, to say that Mr. Peterkin was no longer in the parlor of the Massachusetts Building!

Mrs. Peterkin, meanwhile, had enjoyed a comfortable nap in the quiet room, had walked about, looked at the pictures, had eaten her luncheon, when the chimes rung twelve, she was surprised to find the day was not farther gone. Still, she sat awhile, and looked out of the window; but she grew weary and restless, and when a party set out from the room to go to the Main Building, she decided to join them.

They made a little tour first by St. George's, the Japanese Dwelling, the Canada Log-house, and at last entered the Main Building, where Mrs. Peterkin found herself in Italy. The party whom she had joined took her to see the Norwegian groups, where they left her to meet a party of their friends.

She stayed awhile in Norway and Sweden, then she went on to China. Here everything was so strange that she sunk into a seat bewildered. She felt she was in the midst of a weird dream,—strange figures, screens and vases, a mandarin nodding at her, and glaring at her. She wished herself back in her safe parlor; she was sorry she ever had left it. How did she but know that at that moment a little boy was trying some ice-cream soda stand near by! Wearily she rose again and hurried the time, to find it was after half-past five! In her agitation, she went out in front of the building, and took the wrong direction. A lady set her right again, but it was half-past five when she reached the shelter of the Massachusetts Building, going up the steps at the moment Mr. Peterkin was announcing the

terrible fact of her disappearance to the astounded family.

Mrs. Peterkin went in, to find every one gathering bags and parcels, preparing to leave. Where should she go? She rushed madly toward the door, and there stood the lady from Philadelphia, who directly declared she would take Mrs. Peterkin home with her.

Mrs. Peterkin hardly knew how to leave her family behind in this uncertainty, but she followed mechanically the lady from Philadelphia and her party. As they went down the steps, they saw in front of them Mr. Peterkin and all the family in a row. Again they had consulted a policeman, who had advised them to visit the Massachusetts room once more.

Mrs. Peterkin spent the next day quietly with the lady from Philadelphia. The rest of the family went to the Exhibition. They went through the Machinery Hall, stopping, as the day before, at every confectionery-stand and refreshment-room, wasting some time in the middle of the day, because Agamemnon preferred seeing the Corliss engine stop, and Solomon John wanted to wait and see it set going. But they had seen a great deal, and, to please the little boys, they had even visited the Fat Woman outside the grounds.

The next day, the lady from Philadelphia and her daughters assisted the party to the station. It was difficult for all to get through the crowd as a family, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin did cling together, and met Elizabeth Eliza, the little boys, Solomon John, and Agamemnon outside the barrier.

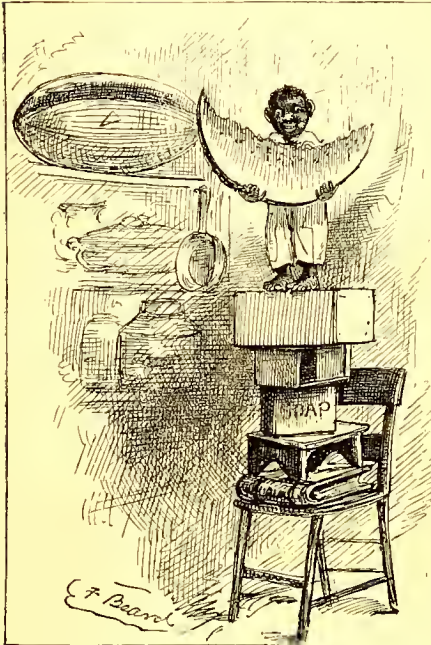
RAIN, HAIL, SNOW.

PITTER, patter! pitter, patter!
Hear the rain
Beat against the window-pane!

Clitter, clatter! elitter, clatter!
Tells the tale;
Now the rain is turned to hail!

Soft and light,
Pure and white!
On the ground
Not a sound!
Now we know
It is snow!

JIM AND THE WATER-MELON.



LITTLE JIM FINDS THE WATER-MELON.



BUT HIS MOTHER SUDDENLY COMES IN.

ESTHER, THE FLOWER-GIRL.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

ESTHER was a little London girl. When she was a baby only fourteen months old, she could run about on her two chubby legs just as well as any child. Her mother was a poor wash-woman, whose whole week was made up of Mondays, and little Esther had to take care of herself a great deal. Just fancy a baby taking care of its own self! Esther used to get very tired of it sometimes; and then her mother would lift her from the floor and call her a poor little chick-a-biddy, and carry her to the door, where she could see the people, and the horses and wagons, and sometimes a happy baby trundling by in his gay little carriage.

One day when her mother was very busy, Esther thought it would be nice to take herself to the door,

and when she had reached the door she thought it would be nicer still to go out into the street and trudge away—just as everybody else did.

Poor little baby! She knew no better than to go right in the way of the carriages, and before any one could save her she had fallen down on the rough pavement, and men had shouted "Look out!" and a pale crowd had gathered about her insensible form. The driver of the horse that hurt her looked on hopelessly, and even the horse looked sorrowfully back at her as he tried to jerk his head away from the men who held him.

She was not killed, but she was always lame ever after that, and had to walk with crutches. In time, she learned to read and write and sew; and she could

ay with her rag doll, but she could not run and jump like other little girls, and she could not sweep or make beds for her mother.

When she was eight years old her mother was sick with a fever, and had to stay in bed a great many days. Esther was a good, kind girl, and she washed, all the time, that she could work and earn money to buy nice fruits and jellies for her mother.

One morning, as she was going to the grocer's for tea, she stopped at the corner to look at old Mr. Sunshine's lovely flowers. His real name was Anderson, but the children called him "Sunshine," because he was so cheery and pleasant, and always had his best flowers out in the sunny weather.

Esther had some pennies she had been saving up to buy a doll. But when she saw the red roses and the bright pinks, the milk-white lilies and the clusters of forget-me-not, she thought she would give up her doll and buy one of these sweet flowers for her mother.

She asked the prices of some of them, and they were all worth a great many more pennies than she could pay. I suppose she looked very sorry about it, for Mr. Sunshine said:

"Now, you'd like one of these roses, would n't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Esther; "but I must wait until I have earned more pennies."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what!" said Mr. Sunshine. "If you'll sit here on this bench and sell this basketful of nosegays for me, I'll give you the rose."

Esther had not been lame, but she would have danced for joy. As it was, she looked up in Mr. Sunshine's face with the kindest smile you ever saw, and said she would go right home and ask her mother.

Her mother willingly gave consent; and in a short time Esther was sitting among the flowers, in a clean white apron and best hat, looking as nice as a daisy herself; and now and then, somebody would stop and buy a flower or two.

About noon there was quite a rush for nosegays. A great many gentlemen bought them. Some put them carefully in their pockets, and some fastened them in their button-holes, and one gentleman bought one and put it in the chubby hand of a little baby he was wheeling in a carriage.



ESTHER AND MR. SUNSHINE.

When Mr. Sunshine came around to look in the basket there were only three left, and Esther had a whole handful of pennies for him. Mr. Sunshine counted them and said it was all right, and that Esther could take her rose and go home to dinner. Then he happened to think that Esther could n't walk with her crutches and carry the rose too; so he went home with her and carried the rose. And when he had reached the door he said:

"You can come and sell flowers for me every morning, if you like, and I will pay you a shilling every noon."

This seemed like a great deal of money to Esther, and she was almost ready to cry for joy when she told her mother about it.

So she went every day and sold flowers for Mr. Sunshine, until by and by she had plenty of money for oranges, and had saved enough to set up a little flower-stand of her own, close beside Mr. Sunshine, who was very glad of her company. And this is how little Esther came to be a flower-girl.

THE FACES OF FISHES.

BY HERBERT E. COPELAND.

DID you ever look a fish in the face? If not, you may now have an opportunity, for here are the faces of six fishes.

No. 1 is a Rock-Bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*, Raf.),* a fish found in many waters, and is our representative of the family of sun-fishes. When only an inch or two long, it is a favorite aquarium



NO. 1. ROCK-BASS.

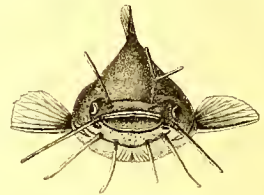
fish, on account of its beautiful sides, marbled in black and bronze. All the family are eaters of flesh, and this front view shows us how admirably they are fitted to cleave the water in their rapid course. This fish and his nearest cousins are the Paul Prys of the water, always wishing to know all about it. They seem, in the aquarium, to be animated interrogation points. Let a snail go up to get a breath of fresh air, and a sun-fish has watched the whole proceeding. A darter, buried in the sand, has moved his tail until the edge of the fin has come through; and a sun-fish is standing on his head over the spot, wondering what it would be best to do about it.

They glide through the water with no apparent exertion, except a gentle fanning of the throat-fins, prominent in the picture.

* The abbreviation *Raf.* after the scientific names of fishes indicates that they were first described by Rafinesque, a very great naturalist who traveled in 1820 in the valley of the Ohio, collecting and describing its animals and plants. He worked without the aid of the Government or of wealthy institutions of learning, often traveling long distances on foot with a pack of specimens on his back. People used to suppose in those days that all the great naturalists lived in Europe; and it therefore happened that he and his fishes were long neglected. Even now these errors are disappearing.

No. 2 is a Horned-Pout (*Amiurus nebulosus*, Le Sueur), belonging to the family of cat-fishes. Living upon the bottom, those eight barbels on his face and lips probably serve as organs of seeing, aiding his little eyes to find his dinner. Boys believe these fishes see best by night, or when the water is muddy, and claim to be more successful than in catching them. That they are slow swimmers is evident from their shape, as seen in figure 2, and a vessel modeled from a cat-fish would never be much of a sailer. They live on worms and other slow-moving animals as they find on or near the bottom, or eat dead food, thus acting as scavengers.

No. 3 is a Log-Perch (*Percina caprodes*, Raf.), one of the family of darters. They are common to the United States, and are found in most Western streams. They swim mostly by quick movements of the greatly expanded throat, or pectoral fins, which, in the figure, look like wings. They have very queer ways, and are constant sources of

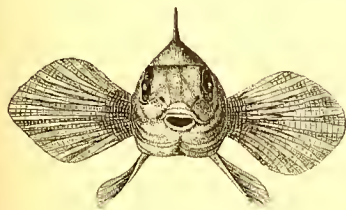


NO. 2. HORNED-POUT.

pleasure and amusement to the owners of aquariums. Climbing weeds, burrowing in the mud, perched on stones, or cracking the shell of a unlucky snail against the glass side of their ponds,

they seem possessed of more than fishy knowledge. Their teeth and habits show them to be carnivorous.

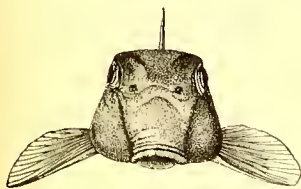
No. 4 is the Stone-Lugger (*Hypentelium nigricans*, Le Sueur), belonging to the family of suckers. It shows its relationship in this front view of its mouth, looking as if pouting. It is found on many ripples, where it lies head up-stream, in small companies; and when disturbed, it darts swiftly away. It is a fish of such singular beauty when small, that it would be adapted for the aquarium, were it not almost impossible to obtain specimens



NO. 3. LOG-PERCH.

of small size; it having, probably, a rapid growth. It is supposed to be by preference an eater of water beetles, but is often caught with a hook baited with worms. It gets its name of "lugger" in the North, and of "toter" in the South, from a supposed habit of carrying small stones on its head. It is certain that it moves stones by inserting its head under them.

No. 5 is called the Goblin (*Pegediethys ictyops*, Raf.). It is the fresh-water representative of the family of cottoids, most of its relatives thrive



NO. 4. STONE-LUGGER.

only in salt-water. It has been found in streams in Kentucky, and also in caves in the same State. It is supposed to enter the caves to catch

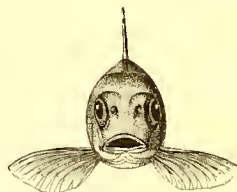
the blind-fish living in them. The specimen from which the drawing was made was found in White River, at Indianapolis. It was the only one caught



NO. 5. GOBLIN.

during many months' fishing, and it may have been a straggler. With its enormous pectorals, mailed head, and little eyes, it looks idiotic; and our specimen never proved its sanity, for it died the first night after we put it in the aquarium.

No. 6 is Rosy-face (*Alburnellus rubrifrons*, Cope), a very indefinite name for one of the great family of minnows, or cyprinoids. They are all toothless, being vegetarians, and are of much value in the aquarium, eating away the minute plants and decaying vegetation. Many of them are very pretty, especially in the spring, when they become brilliantly colored and sprout little knobs on their



NO. 6. ROSY-FACE.

noses. To this family belong the dace, the chubs, the minnows, and, in fact, the greater number of the little fish that fill the brooks and that awaken every one's first interest in fishes. I hope none of us may ever be far removed in spirit from those days when a thread, a bent pin, a hazel rod, and a cup of angle-worms completed our idea of outfit; and a forked stick strung full of "shiners" made our cup of happiness run over. If whatever knowledge we may now have should make us despise these youthful joys, we should never look a fish in the face again.

THE ADOPTED CHICKEN.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived on a farm where there were a great many chickens and ducks and turkeys, and among them there was a brood hen named Yellowfoot, who wanted very much to have a nice family of little yellow chickies; and she knew if she laid an egg every day until there were twelve eggs, and then sat on them patiently three weeks, she would have twelve dear little chicks.

So she laid a nice white egg every day. But she never could have twelve, because every day the cook took her egg away; and so Yellowfoot felt very sadly.

Now another hen, named Tufty, thought it would be nice to have little chickens too; but she was very smart, and she found a place away from the farm that the cook did n't know about, and there she hid her eggs; and one day she surprised all the other hens by walking into the chicken-yard with twelve little chickens toddling after her!

Now I had heard how sorry poor Yellowfoot felt because she had no little chickens, and when I saw Tufty walking about so proudly with her twelve, I felt very sorry indeed for Yellowfoot.

Well, that very afternoon something very funny happened. I was walking about the farm, and I found in the corner of a rail-fence a turkey sitting on some eggs, and running around near her a little lonely chicken just out of its shell, making such a pitiful little "peep-peep." I took up in my apron and ran and asked one of the men what it could mean, and he said that a hen's egg had by mistake been put with the turkey's eggs, and as it takes a week longer for turkeys' eggs to hatch than it does for hens' eggs, the poor little chicken had come out of its shell a week before there was anybody to take care of it.

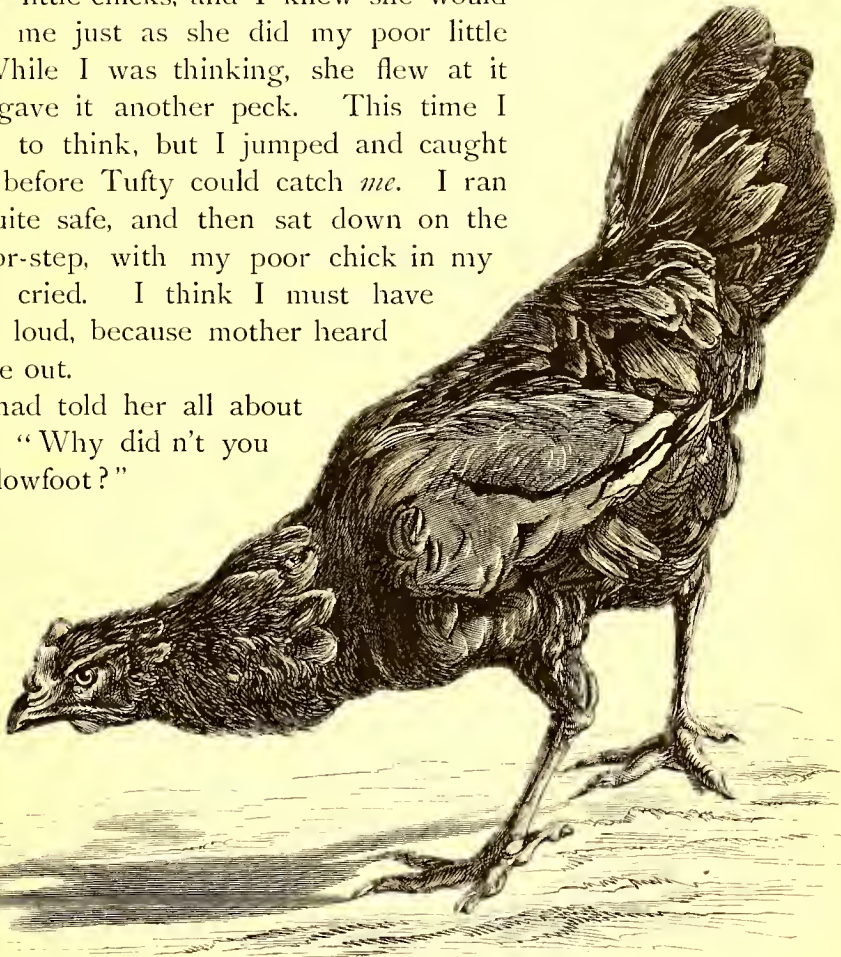
When I heard this, I thought: "Poor little chickie! what *will* you do for I don't know how to take care of you at all, and it will be a week before that ugly turkey gets ready to do it, and you'll be dead by that time?" And then suddenly I thought: "Why, this little chick is just as old as the twelve that were hatched this morning; now I'll take it to the chicken-yard and put it down among them, and Tufty will take care of it." So I ran to the chicken-yard and put it with the other little chickens, and it ran after Tufty just like the others.

But you cannot believe how badly Tufty acted! The minute she saw the strange little "peep" with the twelve other little "peeps," she turned

round and stood still a minute, and then all her feathers began to stick at, and she bobbed her head a minute, and then she pounced at my poor little chicken and gave her an awful peck!

Was n't it cruel? I did not know what to do. I was afraid to go near Tufty, because she would think if I went near her that I was going to catch *her* little chicks, and I knew she would try to peck me just as she did my poor little chicken. While I was thinking, she flew at it again and gave it another peck. This time I did n't stop to think, but I jumped and caught her and ran before Tufty could catch *me*. I ran to my mother and felt quite safe, and then sat down on the chicken door-step, with my poor chick in my apron, and cried. I think I must have cried pretty loud, because mother heard me and came out.

When I had told her all about it, she said: "Why did n't you tell me about old Yellowfoot?"



OLD YELLOWFOOT.

At that, I jumped up and clapped my hands with delight, and my poor little chicken dropped on the grass; but it did n't hurt it, and I put it fully back in my apron, and went to the chicken-yard again, to try mother's plan.

I had a hard time finding old Yellowfoot, but finally I came upon her, sitting very doleful, in the bottom of a barrel. I poked her with a stick, but she would not come out. So, finally, I turned the barrel over, so she

had to come out. But she looked very angry, and made a great deal of noise about it. I waited till she got quiet, and then I put my little chick down by her. And, oh! you should have seen her then! She looked at it a minute, and, when it "peeped," she gave a quiet little "cluck," just as if she were trying it to see how it sounded. And then the little chick "peeped" again, and Yellowfoot "clucked" again and walked ahead a little, and chickie followed her.

So my little chicken had found some one to take care of her, and named her "Lucky" right away. And, oh! how proud Yellowfoot was! She strutted everywhere with her one chick, and all the love and care that she was going to give to twelve she gave to this one. She scratched for it, and "clucked" for it, and fought for it; and gave it all the broad corner of her warm wings at night. And little Lucky seemed to know that she had all the care that was meant for twelve, for she was the happiest little chick that ever lived.

TWO KITTENS.

ONE little kitten
 Scrubbing down its nose;
 The other little kitten
 Smelling of a rose.

One little kitten
 Scratching up a tree;
 The other little kitten
 Nestling close to me.

One little kitten
 Dashing at a fly;
 The other little kitten
 Singing "Baby bye."

One little kitten
 Not a word to say;
 The other little kitten
 Talking all the day.

One little kitten,
Downy soft with fur;
The other little kitten—
Who can picture her?

Darling little kitten,
Rosy, dimpled, curled,
She's my wee, white kitten
Out of all the world!

THE NAUGHTY DOLL.



Little Mother. Now, Dolly, can you look me in the face and say you n't go down to the river while I was at church? You can't say it, I you can't, and you must go to bed without your supper.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, my chicks! Christmas and "New Year's" are gone, and the good, steady, every-day work of the year is fairly begun. All hail to modest little February, with its fewer days and meeker manners!—and health and happiness to every one of you, my Valentines!

WERE WOLVES.

JACK hears queer things out here in the woods. Last summer, there was a picnic under the trees quite near me, and I overheard a tallish man in green glasses telling a party of youngsters that according to the ancient myths, there used to be in certain countries werewolves,—persons who, through some bad influence, had changed into wild beasts.

Just to think of it! It fairly made me shudder; but the story-teller went on to say that these werewolves often became themselves again through a kind word, or by being recognized by their fellow-creatures. To illustrate this, he told the following legend:

"One Christmas-eve, a woman, whose husband had years before turned into a wolf and disappeared, went at night to the pantry to lay aside a joint of meat for to-morrow's dinner. There she saw a wolf standing with its paws on the window-sill, looking wistfully in at her. 'Ah, dearest,' said she, 'if I knew that thou wert really my husband, I would give thee a bone!' Whereupon the wolf-skin fell off, and her husband stood before her in the same old clothes that he had worn on the day when he became a wolf."

Ah, my beloved, I am afraid there are werewolves yet in the world—men and women, and even little children, who, through want and suffering and vice, have become brutal. But underneath the wolf-skin is the human heart, and a kind word in

recognition of the fact that they are still human will go a long way toward changing them to the better selves. The old charm has not lost all its power. Try it. I dare say you girls and boys may some day meet with were-wolves,—coarse, gruff, brutish creatures. Don't be afraid of them, and, above all, don't speak rudely to them. Say a kind word to them, and see if the wolf-skin does fall off.

A FRIEND TO THE BIRDS.

Newburyport, Mass., Oct. 2.

DEAR JACK: Please ask ST. NICHOLAS to put me down a friend, for I have always loved birds, and shall be glad to do anything to help them. When we lived in New York, I always fed the sparrows in Stuyvesant Park during the winter. I used to take stale bread, and crumble it over a certain grass-plot, giving a peculiar cry as I did so. The minute I gave that call, the sparrows would fly down,—sometimes over a hundred of them,—and pick up crumbs, shrieking, and scratching, and pecking one another with their beaks—all trying to get the largest pieces. In spring, when they were building their nests, I used to take them cotton-wool, and which they were still more eager.—Your loving friend,

GRACE ETHERINGTON

SUPPOSING A CASE.

SUPPOSING we could all live without air,—which is very certain we cannot,—but I'm only *supposing*. Supposing, then, that there were no need of breathing, and that there was no atmosphere, could we hear anything?

No, this busy, beautiful earth, and the sky about it, would be as still as the grave. Not a human voice could be heard, nor song of bird, nor the murmur of winds.

Did you ever think of it before? But that is not all. Not only would all sounds be hushed, but, according to certain learned birds, all sight would be lost. Not an image could be carried to our eyes. Not only flowers and faces would vanish; the very light of sun and stars would come to us no more.

These remarks, my dears, are not intended to harrow your feelings, but simply to prompt you to look into this matter of the atmosphere. You will find that authorities differ in regard to the carrying of light and sound; and it is not at all certain that somebody may not be mistaken.

THE BEE THAT SAVED A KINGDOM.

HERE is a fable that has never been told in your country, though it is very popular in the Bee country:

Once upon a time, there was a bad king, and the people wished him to make a certain good law. "No," said he, "I will not make that law,—it is too good. It will make peace. Here is the law I wish to make. Then all my people will go to war."

The two documents lay in front of him on the table all written out, and whichever one he signed would be the law of the land. He took up a big quill pen, drew the bad law nearer to him, and dipped the pen in the ink.

Just then, a bee began to buzz. It was a very small bee.

"Z-z-z-z-z! No zuch zlaw zhall pazz!" buzzed the bee, over and over again; but no one noticed him. "Zign ze ozzzer—ze ozzzer—ze ozzzer!"

The king would not listen; so the wise bee

on his nose and stung him just a little, still buzzing: "Zign ze ozzer,—zign ze ozzer,—ze ozzer,—ze ozzer,—ze ozzer!"

"Open the window," roared the king, "and drive out this bee, or kill him!"

They opened the window. Out flew the bee, and in rushed the wind. It blew in very hard. The papers flapped and flew across the table. The bad king was so mad that he stamped his foot, seized one of the papers, and signed it in a rage. There was his name,—"King Blunderbuss,"—and nothing could alter it. Then he saw that in his haste and rage he had signed the good law. But he was too proud to own his mistake.

The bee hurried to the garden and whispered to the honeysuckles:

"Zome of your best,—zome of your best!"

The good law iz zigned, and all zhall be peaze and appinezz!"

So the honeysuckles gave him all their best honey, and the people outside of the king's palace built great bonfires and shouted with joy:

"Long live the king! Long live the good King Blunderbuss!"

"Oho!" said the king to himself, when he heard this; "that is the best sound I have heard for any a year."

And after that, he was afraid to give way to anger, for fear he might sign a bad law, by mistake. The bee did not have to light on his nose again. The king made only good laws, and to the end of his days his people shouted:

"Long live the king!"

NEW YORK STREET-LAMPS IN 1697 AND 1876.

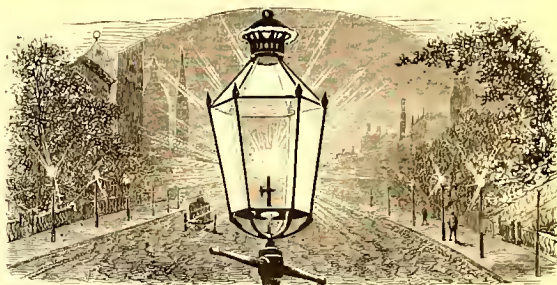
WELL, well! What things a Jack-in-the-Pulpit may hear if he listens to human folk! If Deacon Green and the Little Schoolma'am had not talked about them, as they sat on the willow-stumps last summer, watching the fire-flies, how could you have learned anything about such things as street-lamps?

It appears that in the seventeenth century, when the city of New York was but little more than a village, there was for a long time no system of lighting the streets. On dark nights, each citizen who ventured out-of-doors was expected to provide himself with a lantern; and at long intervals one might see a lighted lamp hung in front of the door of some wealthy citizen.

It was not until 1697 that the aldermen were urged to enforce the duty, "that every seventh wardholder, in the dark time of the moon, cause a lantern and a candle to be hung out of his window on a pole, the expense to be divided among seven families."

This was probably considered an excellent way of street-lighting at the time. But what a change would one of the aldermen of 1697 find, could he follow on some moonless night the double line of gas-lamps extending from the Battery to Flushing, a distance of fifteen miles! Who would like to accompany him as he silently passed

over the well-paved ways, once so wild and swampy, and to see his astonished gaze as the long lines of lighted lamps revealed tall fronts of stately marble stores and brown-stone houses; and on through the



beautiful Central Park, and—still further, over well-made roads—out into the open country beyond it, yet still within the city's limits? Do you think that the ancient alderman would recognize in the great new city the quiet village that he once knew and loved?

A TRUE MULE STORY.

Mt. Lebanon, La.

DEAR JACK: The rescue of a mule in Bienville Parish, La., from a well sixty feet deep, caused so much surprise and interest here lately that I send an account to you.

It is vouched for by some of the best citizens of this place, who witnessed it, and I assure you it is every word true.

This mule fell hind-feet backward into an old dry well sixty feet deep; it is supposed that the edge of the well caved in with him. All efforts to rescue him were fruitless, as he was completely wedged in. Finally, the owner of the mule, supposing that the poor creature was severely injured by the fall, decided that it would be more merciful to have him killed than to allow him to starve to death. Not knowing any other way of dispatching him, he had a cart-load of dirt thrown in upon him. But, instead of allowing himself to be buried alive, his muleship quietly shook off the dirt and pressed it down with his feet; thus raising himself several inches above his original position. Another load was thrown in, with the same result; and then some one said that if the mule would continue trampling down the dirt, it was possible that he might be extricated; it would be no harm to try, any way. Acting on this suggestion, all the farmhands went to work filling the well, carefully pouring the dirt in on the sides, so as not to hurt the mule. It was slow work filling that deep well, but a hearty interest was awakened by the perseverance with which the poor animal tramped down the dirt, and all worked with willing hands.

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, did he ascend, until the great well was filled within a few feet of the top; then, as complacently as if nothing strange had happened, his muleship stepped out safe and sound!

I think, if he could have then been blessed with the gift of speech, he would have said, "All's well that ends well!" Was n't he a plucky old fellow?

PLEASANT RIDERHOOD.

COMFORT FOR SHORT FOLKS.

THOSE tiresome people the statisticians—who, nevertheless, find out so many things that the world is very glad to know—tell us that on all long marches, or undertakings requiring great strength and endurance, it is the tall men who fail first. In Arctic, or in African explorations, and in armies and navies the world over, it has been found that short men are the longest—workers. So, if any of my boys think that they are not growing tall fast enough, let them remember that what they lose in height they may gain in powers of endurance; and in the long run these are worth more than any other personal possession, saving always an honest, open heart and conscience.

HARUM SCARUM.

Words by "ALBA" (Little Folk Songs).
Allegretto (Chorus in unison).

Music by F. BOOTT.

Ha - rum Sca - rum, Win - kum Wa - rum, A ter - ri - ble fel - low is Ha - rum Sca - rum!

p

Up the stairs and in - to the door, Scatt'ring things all o - ver the floor, Thro' the win - dows and

cres. *mf*

out on the leads, Shak - ing the house a - bout our heads, Shak - ing the house a

f

bou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - ou - out our heads.

tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

1st.
mf
Down the chim-ney in clouds of smoke, To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke, While the

2d.
To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke, While the

3d.
While the

mf

house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec-ta-cles,

house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds. And sneezes her spec-ta-cles,

house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, While the house-dame coughs and chokes and scolds, And sneezes her spec-ta-cles,

cres. *f*
snee-zes her spec-ta-cles, snee-zes her spec-ta-cles in - - - to the coals.

cres. *f*
snee-zes her spec-ta-cles, snee-zes her spec-ta-cles in - - - to the coals,

f rall.
snee-zes her spec-ta-cles in - - - to the coals.

cres. *f* *sf* *sf* *sf*
rall.

THE LETTER-BOX.

We are not afraid of congratulating ourselves too much upon having so good and wise a person as Thomas Hughes to talk to our readers. Mr. Hughes is one of England's cleverest writers and best men. He was educated first at Rugby, where the celebrated Latin scholar, Dr. Arnold, was Master, and then at Oxford University; and his "School-days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" are spirited and truthful accounts of his own school-life. These books will be read with delight by young and old for years and years to come. Mr. Hughes has also written several other works, which are equally entertaining in their way, if they do not contain quite as much hearty fun as the college stories. After graduation, Mr. Hughes studied law, attained a high position in his profession, and finally became a member of the British Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his wise and liberal actions. He has always been a sturdy friend to America, and in 1869 made us a long visit, lecturing in several cities, where he was warmly and honorably received.

We have great faith that our boys—and girls too—will put a true value upon the thoughtful words he writes. But let the motto "Festina lente" prompt them to *make haste slowly* as they read the article, so as to take in the full meaning of the honest, strong-hearted Englishman, who is known all over the English-speaking world as the friend of the school-boy.

THERE was a slight error in Prof. Proctor's article in the January number. It is to be found in the sentence concerning Taurus, in the first column on page 171. The statement there made was intended to refer to the Pleiades instead of to Taurus, so that the proper reading is: "*The Pleiades now shine highest in the skies at midnight toward the end of November,*" etc.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers find "The Hidden Flower," in the following verses?

Far from haunts by mortals known,
Long had a tiny floweret grown;
A brook flowed near in noisy strife,
And gave the tender blossom life.
There, happy in its humble sphere,
Naught marred its joy from year to year.
One summer morn the sun rose bright,
The flower rejoiced to see his light;
But now beneath his scathing beam
More shallow grew the narrow stream;
Arose as mist toward the sky,
And left its stony pathway dry;
And soon with sadly drooping head
The little flower lay withered dead.

Explanation—Take the first letter of the first line, the second letter of second line, the third of the third, and so on to the twelfth line; and the name Forget-me-not will appear.

GABRIEL GRAY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, as so many of the girls and boys have written you, I would try my hand at a note, and see if you will be glad to receive it. I have a cat which every one thinks is a model. He is of a very musical turn of mind. He will not be satisfied with any bed but the piano. He also sits on the stool and runs scales with his fore-paws. It may seem to be a large story, but it is true.—Yours truly,
MARGUERITE B. NEWTON.

DEAR, LOVELY ST. NICHOLAS: We like you ever and ever so much, and wish you came every day instead of every month. We see so many letters in the "Letter-Box" that we thought we should like very much to write and thank you for the very great pleasure you afford us, and also those boys and girls whose letters we find it such fun to read. We like Jack, too, and wish he really was a flower that we might gather him in the field, and take him home to keep forever; only that would be selfish.

Can you tell us where we may find the line "An devout astronomer is mad?"
BERTIE AND HATTIE H. BROWN.

The line referred to is in Young's "Night Thoughts"—Night IX., line 771.

Charlestown, Jefferson Co., West Virginia, Nov. 28, 1876.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I broke my bank open to get these three dollars to send you, so you will please send me ST. NICHOLAS for the next twelve months. Please send it to me, and oblige yours,
WELLS J. HAWKS.

P. S.—I would rather have your ST. NICHOLAS than a big dog with a brass collar.
WELLS.

Chester, Pa., 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you, or any of your readers, inform me the date of the day upon which Russia acknowledged the independence of the United States? If you can, I will be very thankful for I have looked in several histories to find out, but they only state that Russia acknowledged it in July, 1783. I like "Jon of Iceland and think the "Boy Emigrants" is the best story ever published.
Your constant reader,
HIRAM HATHAWAY, JR.

Russia could not *acknowledge* our independence. She might have recognized it, but did not do so for a long time after the Revolution. When, in 1777, we applied to several of the European Powers for assistance and recognition, Russia was not called a great Power, and we did not apply to her. In December, 1780, Francis Dana of Massachusetts, was elected Minister to Russia, and he reached St. Petersburg in September, 1781. It was hoped that he could secure our recognition, but he was advised by friends not to press his letters, as he would not be received. For a long time Mr. Dana lived there as a private citizen, and then, in February, 1783, he sent in his letters. After a long delay, he was informed that he could be officially received till Great Britain had received an American Minister. These were hard terms, and Mr. Dana returned home August, 1783. For a long time we had no diplomatic relations with Russia. In 1791, our ships began to call at Russian ports, and a friendly trade sprang up and grew so fast, that Russia, at last, *asked* us to send a Minister to her court. In June, 1809, John Quincy Adams was appointed Minister to Russia, and that was the beginning of our intercourse. The first treaty with Russia was a commercial one, and was signed in 1824. Russia has always been a friend, but she did not formally recognize us till she asked us to send a Minister to her court in 1809.

MRS. DODGE: Please don't make any mistakes in having our delightful magazine in Chicago on time, as I get into all sorts of trouble when the 20th passes without it. Just as soon as that comes, and I get home at night, a crowd of little heads appears at the banister of the stairs, and a perfect chorus of voices demands, "Where is the ST. NICHOLAS?" The last number was a few weeks late, and there was much disappointment among our little branches; and I must concede I shared it with them. But what did come, we were all richly repaid for the delay. It is a perfect casket of gems, and is the most welcome visitor that comes to our house. We talk of it to all our friends; and I believe if every father who loves his pets only knew the delight it would afford them, that our subscribers would be counted by millions.
A. L.

ST. NICHOLAS for December was purposely delayed by the publishers. It was an extraordinarily large number, and was the Christmas number of the present volume.

Monticello, Minn., 1876.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yes, I *will* do it. Do what? Write the ST. NICHOLAS "Letter-Box." I am one of the children between the ages of eight and eighty who have read every number of beautiful and delightful magazine since published. And *isn't* it delightful? Beautiful inside and out? Just look at the gay but covers—so cheerful!

This writing to the "Letter-Box" is what I have been inclined to do every month, after having read and enjoyed the book. I want to express my thanks to the publishers, and to Mrs. Dodge, for the delightful enjoyment it has given me, and those for whom it is intended. I was deterred from doing this when I thought of how many letters had to be read, and how much labor performed. But now, I want to tell, in addition to the testimony of the lady of Beverly, New Jersey, how the good and delight which ST. NICHOLAS affords is being extended, and hundreds of children who are hungry for reading and illustrations may be supplied.

Out in Oregon, I have six nephews and nieces, whom I have never seen. I wanted to make them a Christmas present

brought on a headache thinking what would please them all. ST. NICHOLAS eased the headache, and was just the thing; and so it has gone to them ever since. I cannot begin to tell of the pleasure given and received—the letters and postal-cards coming back, saying: "Oh, aunty, we are so delighted with ST. NICHOLAS! It is just splendid!"

While in Kansas, I managed to let a good many children read my copy before sending it to Oregon; and just here comes the place to say what I am writing for.

I know there are hundreds of kind children who would willingly contribute toward copies for other children who have no such reading, nor means to get it, if only they knew how and where to send. Perhaps many of you have helped to endow the "Churchman Lots" in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and other places, during the last year.

If some wise man or woman could suggest the better way, how many more copies of ST. NICHOLAS can be put into the hands and homes of children who have no such pleasures? Surely to all of us our some child or family to whom a whole year can be made happy very month, by a gift of ST. NICHOLAS, which may be subscribed for at any time of the year. Think of the untold happiness that can be given, if only the army of ST. NICHOLAS's patrons will enlist and scatter the magazine in the homes now without it.

AUNT JANE.

Spencer, Ind., 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl six years old, and I want to write a letter to the Letter-Box and surprise my papa. Papa has been the ST. NICHOLAS for me three years. I think your pictures and stories are very nice. I have a pretty canary bird, but I am a red-defender. I went to the "Centennial," and saw the Colorado woman's museum you told us about. Good-bye.

EDNA FOWLER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this "piece of Poetry," requesting that we sign it only with his "initial:"

THE AURORA.

The Aurora is a balloon of colour yellow,
Able to sail across brooks, rivers, and meadows;
Made of cotton and of cords by human men
And filled about one third with hydrogen.

It rose up in the air; a beautiful sight!
And like a bird commenced its airy flight;
To seaward it went, pushed by a gentle breeze,
And, going, men could see its size diminishing.

Beautiful as the sun shown on its sides,
We men below shouted, yelled and cried;
When Godard, the owner of the balloon,
Waved his hat, but he out of sight was soon.

The Aurora continued on its airy course,
Steady as a mule and swift as a horse,
Until it arrived at the other side of the Seine,
And descended near the edge of the trecherous main.

It was then packed up in a very small space,
And sent away to Paris,—that great place
For balloons, and for voyages to the moon;
And there it could hold up its head and wave its plumes
With the greatest of its race. W.

College Point, L. I., 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please publish an account of the process of the manufacture of marbles in your next number? I have asked several teachers, but have been quite unsuccessful in learning how, and where they are made. I thought I would ask you, as the ST. NICHOLAS is always eagerly read, and the boys will be ever so much obliged for the information. Very respectfully,
CLARA S. MARHOLD.

MAKING MARBLES.

In making marbles, glass, agate, china, or porcelain and crystalline stone or marble are used; and by painting, glazing, polishing, and decorating these materials, over one hundred different kinds of marbles are manufactured. The cheaper marbles are made of crockeryware. Girls and boys pick up small lumps of the wet and skillfully roll them into little balls in their hands. These of clay are then ranged on tables in the open air, or under open sheds to dry. When they are partly dried they are rolled between palms once more, and then placed, one at a time, on tiny three-legged stools or tripods, in a kiln or oven. When the oven is full, a fire is made under it, and the marbles are baked till they are as hard

as a piece of chinaware. These porcelain marbles are made in a number of different sizes, and in a number of shades of blue, white, and brown. Some look like the brown tea-pots used to steep tea on the stove. Others have a beautiful pearly glaze, like the best china tea-cups; some are painted in bright colors on a dull surface; and some have the colors burned in, just as the gold bands and pictures are burned into dinner-plates. You can readily tell the china marbles by looking at them closely, and there you will find three little marks or blemishes showing where the soft marble stood on its little iron tripod in the oven. The glass marbles are made either of clear glass or of the colored glass the glass-blowers use. The clear glass marbles are made by dipping an iron rod in the melted glass, and taking up a little bunch of the white, hot, sticky, paste. By dropping this into an iron mold, or by whirling the rod round in his hand, the glass-man makes little globes of glass that, after they have been hardened or annealed in a furnace, make the big marbles boys so delight to use. Sometimes the glass-man puts a glass figure of a dog, or other animal on the end of his iron rod, and then the hot glass flows all round it, and when it is done there is the dog locked up in the marble. To make the colored glass marbles the glass-maker puts a number of glass rods of different colors together in a bundle, and then holds the ends in a hot fire, and they melt and run together. Then, with a quick twist, he turns the end into a round ball, or drops it into a mold, and the pretty marble, marked with bands and ribbons of color, is finished. You can always tell which are the glass marbles by the little mark on one side where the ball was broken from the rod when it was finished. The agates,—the most valuable of all marbles,—are made of real agate. Workmen pick up bits of the rough stone and hold them against a grindstone. By moving them quickly about on the stone, the piece of agate is gradually filed down into a nearly perfect ball. If you hold an agate between the eye and the light you can see the little facets, or marks made by the grindstone dotted all over the marble. The common marbles are made of marble, or other hard stone, by placing bits of stones in a heavy mill, where they are rolled round and round between two mill-stones, and gradually worn down into smooth balls. Another method is to place a strong wooden barrel on bearings so that it will easily turn over and over on its axis. This barrel is usually placed in a small stream or brook, and is so arranged that the water will turn it over and over like a water-wheel as it rushes under it. Bits of stone put in the barrel then, tumble one over the other for hours, and grind and rub against each other till they come out smooth and round. Such a barrel is called a "tumble," and any boy living near a brook could, without much trouble, make one, and manufacture his own marbles at very little expense.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a year; we all like you very much. I was very interested in that piece in the "Young Contributors' Department," "My Squirrel." I like animals very much. Many thanks to Mr. Noah Brooks for his delightful story. I like all the stories very much; they give so much information. The "Letter-Box" is very nice; I enjoy reading it. There is one question I would like to ask, and that is, Are you ever going to have any more German stories for translation? That was the principal reason for taking the book with mamma, that we might improve in our German. I hope you will have one soon. I am going to try to be "worth my weight in gold" in sewing. I will now close.

Yours truly, T. L.

Vicksburg, Miss.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you told us some time ago how to make a fort, the idea occurred to us boys that a fort should have soldiers to defend it. So, after many trials, we succeeded in making some, which we thought were very nice. And I thought the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS might not know how to man their forts, so I would write and tell you, and then you could tell them.

The way we make them is this: Take a piece of letter-paper, draw a soldier on it in any position you want,—either on guard, charging, etc. Then cut out the paper in the shape of the drawing; after which, cut out some like the pattern from pasteboard, and then cut some small squares of pasteboard with slits in them, and in those slits put the feet of the soldiers, and you will see they will stand up very nicely. Then, by drawing a picture of a gun, and also a cannon, and cutting them out of pasteboard in the same way, your fort will be complete; except a flag, which you paint according to the nation that you want your soldiers to represent. Of course, you must paint your soldiers with a uniform on them.

We have also invented a nice kind of gun for shooting peas. Take a piece of cane and cut a notch in it all round, to which you fasten a piece of elastic, forming a loop over the end of the cane. Then you make a ramrod like a pop-gun handle, and over the end

of it place the elastic loop, so that when drawn back it will have a good spring, and send the pea, or anything that you may choose to load with, with a great deal of force.

Hoping that what I have told you may be of sufficient interest to find a place in your "Letter-Box," I remain yours always,
ROBERT MCDUGALL.

"CHARL" should have been credited with the text of the "Christmas Puzzle," published in our December number.

New York City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I tried that receipt for making candy twice. The first time it was very good; but the second time it stuck to the paper so that I could not even scrape it off. I made it with light-brown sugar, for we did not have any granulated

I want to tell you how frightened I was one evening last summer, in the country. I had been for a ride from the house where we were boarding to the village, with a little girl named Mary, and her brother. Coming back, the boy took out the whip to make Fan (the horse) go faster, and hit her with it. For about half a moment she went quite slowly, as if to gather up all her strength, and then to go as fast as she could. Mary jumped out because she was afraid, and her brother jumped out to stop the horse. I sat as still as I could and held on to the dashboard. I certainly expected to be upset; and it was just God's mercy and nothing else that saved us from it. We had to walk about half or three-quarters of a mile to get back to the house. But I must stop now for my letter is almost too long now.—Yours very sincerely,
NESSIE E. STEVENS.

South Boston, Mass., 1876.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you in this letter a new receipt for making molasses candy, which I hope some of your readers will try. Take one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, half cup of butter, and half tea-spoon of soda; boil fifteen minutes. Put the soda in just before you take it off. We have taken the St. NICHOLAS for ten years and we like it very much. Yours truly,
J. S. D.

Who can send us a good recipe without soda?

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN IN THE HOSPITALS.—The sick children of our hospitals would be glad to have any old books or illustrated papers which our boys and girls have read and no longer want. We they not send all they can spare (express prepaid) to the State Children Aid Association, No. 52 East Twentieth street, New York, which will distribute them in the various hospitals?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CHRISTMAS CAROLS. With music. Anson D. F. Randolph Co., N. Y.
- IN THE SKY GARDEN. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated "Champ." Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston. Price \$2.
- FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN. Henry M. Field, D. D. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.
- FLEDA AND THE VOICE. With other stories. By Mary A. L. bury. Illustrated by the Author. Nelson & Phillips, N. Y.
- LONG AGO: A Year of Child-life. By Ellis Gray. Illustrated Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

THE RIDDLE - BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

REBUS, No. 1.—"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.— S
F A R
M I L A N
G E T
M

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Helena.

SYNCOPTIONS.—1. Calash, clash, cash. 2. Grasp, gasp, gap. 3. Czar, car. 4. Canto, Cato. 5. Clamp, camp, cap.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Maple, Rapid.
M O U L D
H A B I T
A P P L E
T A B L E
R A I S E

EASY HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Lion. 2. Camel. 3. Ox. 4. Ape. 5. Dog. 6. Cat. 7. Seal.

CHARADE.—Pantry.

SHAKSPEARIAN ACROSTIC.—Macbeth, Othello.
M —ercuti— O
A —s You Like I— T
C—ardinal Pandulp—H
B —eatric— E
E —ar— L
T —uba— L
H —orati— O

ENIGMA.—Abraham Lincoln.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—
A—L—E
A—D I E—U
S—L I V E R—S
R—E E L—S
A—R—T

RIDDLE.—Clove, love, glove, clover.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Noise—is one. 2. Do but—doubt. 3. Trap meant—apartment. 4. Pieces—specie. 5. Motion read—moderation.
SQUARE-WORD.—Larch, Adore, Royal, Cramp, Helps.

REBUS, No. 2.—The Witches Spell. Spell it who can.
ess|pea|e|ell|eye|tea|doubleyou|aitch|oh|sea|ay|en
S | P | E | L | L | I | T | W | H | O | C | A | N

TRIPLE PUZZLE.—I. Concealed words: Modes, oust, om, never, level. I I, gang, heath, tablet. II. Complete words between primals and finals: Ode, us, Meg, eve, —, an, eat, able. Primals and finals: Moonlight and Starlight.

M —ode— S
O —us— T
O —meg— A
N —eve— R
L —eve— L
I — I
G —an— G
H —eat— H
T —able— T

PUZZLE.—MALICE
ICESPAR
SPARROW
ROWEL
ELBOW
BOWER
ERRAND.

EASY ENIGMA.—Foliage.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Arabia.
A T H E N S
E R A Z I L
F R A N C E
L I S B O N
P E R S I A
A L A S K A

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Madrid, Lisbon. MeaL, Alibi, Dress, IndigO, DeN.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Verbena. 2. Violet. 3. Heart's-ease. 4. I tropic. 5. Tuberosc. 6. Bachelor's-button. 7. Rose geranium.

CENTRAL EXCEPTIONS.—
H O — P — E S HOES
D R — E — A M DRAM
T O — N — E S TOES
T I — G — E R TIER
R O — U — S E ROSE
M A — I — Z E MAZE
P I — N — E S PIES

Centrals: Penguin.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received from Frieda E. Lippert, Josie M. Brown, Edward W. Robinson, M. Lyon, Willie Dibblee, A. Carter, Nessie E. Stevens, "Alex," William W. Chipchase, "Capt. Nemo," Emma Elliott, Ella G. Condit, Glenn, Yetta M. Smith, Alice Barlow Moore, Bessie V. B. Benedict, J. Montgomery, Mary Holmes, B. P. Emery, "L. E.," Charles Field, W. M. Jones, Laura Hannaberg, Jeannie D. Adams, Elias W. R. Thompson, Harry Otis, Jennie L. Bird, Aggie Rhodes, How Rogers, Carrie Hart, Elizabeth Sherrard, G. B. M., Madge Shepard, Allie Bertram, "J. K.," Lewis Harlam, Louise Hinsdale.

HOURLY-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. DUTIFULNESS. 2. Inclining. 3. Integrity. 4. Part of the body. Found in every dictionary. 6. A lawyer's reward. 7. A giver. 8. A ghost. 9. Endless. The centrals, read downward, name a rare virtue.

ATLANTIC CITY.

ANAGRAMS OF CITIES.

1. Wet lances. 2. Not larches. 3. Warn no eels. 4. Race Susy. Torn meal. 6. Covered pin. 7. Aunt, guess it. 8. To romp us. A. C.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

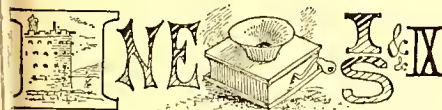
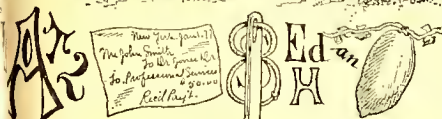
I AM a word of four letters, the sum of which is 1551.

- 1. My 1 + my 4 = 30 x my 3.
2. My 2 x my 4 = 1/2 my 1.
3. My 3 x my 1 = 100 x my 4.

STALKNECHT.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL REBUS.

and the sums expressed in all the horizontal rows, and then add them together, to find the complete sum expressed by the rebus.



W.H.Q.

DIFFICULT DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A VOWEL. 2. A hotel. 3. A shelf. 4. A festival. 5. The power seeing. 6. Reservoirs. 7. Previous deliberation. 8. Delineation. 9. Not easily seen. 10. Receptions of sleep-walking. 11. In-12. Confusion. 13. Guardians. 14. A wonder. 15. Black beverage. 17. A vowel.

ATLANTIC CITY.

ENIGMA.

(By a very little girl.)

My first is in parrot, My second in plate, My third is in carrot, My fourth is in wait; My fifth is in trousers, And also in pants; And my whole is a beautiful City in France.

NELLIE KELLOGG.

DOUBLE MEANINGS.

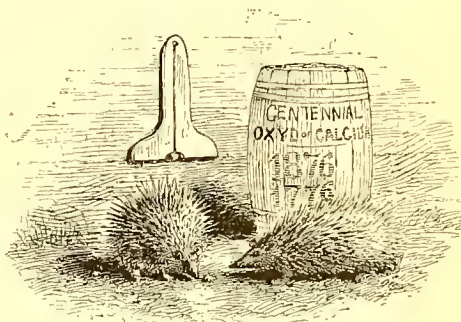
CITY in Wisconsin, or a French author. 2. A city in France, station. 3. A city in Ireland, or a piece of bark. 4. A New York, or an animal. 5. A city in France, or journeys. y in France, or wild animals. 7. A city in England, or a flower. GRUMBO.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer contains twenty-five letters. The 3, 1, 5, 20, 4, 2 is raised. The 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 is what some men dread to do. The 19, 7, 22, 8, 10 is to quench. The 23, 25, 24, 14, 15 is food for the sick. The 21, 18, 6, 17 is seen in factories. The whole is a true axiom. D. C.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.

Find four fruits in the picture.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two cities in Europe. 1. A domestic animal. 2. A bitter plant. 3. A necessary of life. 4. A coloring matter. 5. A noted desert. B. P.

NOVEL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

COMPLETE the diamond with only two letters of the alphabet.



LITTLE BRUNETTE.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A BEAUTIFUL flower. 2. A precious stone. 3. Part of a ship. 4. A girl's name. ISOLA.



PICTURE-PUZZLE.

1. Why is this a festive occasion? 2. Why is it like half the year in the tropics? 3. What public officers do these children resemble? 4. Why is this like a breaking of the dykes in Holland? 5. Why are the children like the dial at noon? 6. Why like the seats in a circus? 7. Why is one of them like a proud lady? 8. Why is her hair like a person receiving a reprimand? 9. Why are her knees like warriors of old? 10. Why does the boy need a new jacket? 11. What would a little child say on hiding that would remind you of two of these children? B.

REBUS.



HIDDEN WORDS.

FIND eighteen French words in the following sentences, without displacing a letter (the accents must be left to the imagination):
 Do drag outsiders from the tent; let them combat only on the field.
 J. S.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A manner of drinking. 3. To look steadily.
 4. A valuable gem. 5. Expresses arrogance or vanity. 6. Denotes conclusion. 7. A consonant.
 E. R.

RIDDLE.

I AM a god, and at my feet
 Lo! kneeling throngs pay reverence meet.
 I sprang from chaos and from strife,
 A primal element of life.
 The fleeting centuries I span,
 A terror and a slave to man.
 I shine at hand, I shine afar;
 I am a sun, I am a star.
 I am a blessing, and a curse;
 I dance in air, I breathe in verse;
 And, when immortal passions roll,
 I glow within the poet's soul.
 Cut off my head—more dreadful now
 I flash beneath the Thunderer's brow,
 When swift his mighty bolts are hurled
 To overawe a trembling world.
 Cut off my tail, I bend and sigh
 Beneath a gloomy northern sky;
 Unknown to me the riches rare
 Of Tropic suns and balmy air.
 The snows lie heavy on my head:
 I plant my feet among the dead,
 Yet wake to life if o'er me roll
 The terrors of my awful whole.
 J. S. N.

EASY ENIGMA.

I HAVE an 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 to 1 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 stating that
 1 1, 2, 3, 4 that 5, 6, 7, 8 should be spelled always with a Z.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. Is found in ships. 2. Is to imitate. 3. Is a deputy. 4. Is a ghost. 5. Is an entrance. 6. Is to endeavor. 7. Is found in vessels.
 STALLKNECHT.

EASY DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

FIVE letters. Left to right: A precious stone. Right to left: A common stone.
 1. A constellation. 2. Alert. 3. The sea-shore. 4. Condition. 5. A bird's home.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

ONCE on a time, a good —,
 Whose mournful tale I now —,
 Feasting, with spirits much —,
 Would not be warned till 't was too —:
 In short, he died of what he —.

CONCEALED DIAMOND AND WORD-SQUARE.

1. FROM the letters of the following words form a five-letter diamond, containing a square-word: *Spent even ten.*

Answer:

S		
P	E	T
S	E	V
T	E	N
N		

2. (For our readers to solve.) From the following sentence form a five-letter diamond, containing a square-word: *Ben O. stole his*
 CYRIL DEANE

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in yoke, but not in pair;
 My second in atmosphere, not in air;
 My third is in drink, but not in sip;
 My fourth is in deck, but not in ship;
 My fifth is in cut, but not in knife;
 My sixth is in woman, but not in wife;
 My seventh is in war, but not in strife;
 My eighth is in swine, but not in cattle;
 My whole is the name of a noted battle.

BLACK FR

METAGRAM.

ADD a letter to a girl's name, and get a man's name. Put on it, and get a title. Drop two letters, and get insane. Change head, and find a boy. Again, and find wicked. Behead another and you have an important article.



LITTLE KAREN'S FRIENDS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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LITTLE KAREN AND HER BABY.

By S. C. W.

THE cottage in which little Karen lived stood high up on the hill-side, close to the edge of a great forest. It was a strange, lonely place for a young girl, almost a girl, to be so happy in; but Karen was not afraid of the forest, and never thought of home lonely, not even when the strong winds blew in winter-time, and brought the far-off baying of wolves from the mountains beyond. Her husband, her boy, her housewifely cares, her spinning-wheel and her needle, kept her busy all day long, and she was as cheerful as busy. The cottage was large, but it was strongly built of heavy beams and stones. Its low walls seemed to hug and wrap the ground, as if for protection, in time of storm. The casement windows, with their very small panes of thick glass, let in little sun, but all summer long they stood open, and in winter, what with the crackling fire, the hum of the wheel, and the boy's bright face, the living-room never looked dreary, and, for all its plainness, had an air of quaint comfort about it. Fritz, Karen's husband, who was skillful with tools, had ornamented the high-backed chair, the press for clothes, and the baby's cradle, with beautiful carving, of which little Karen was exceedingly proud. She loved her cottage—she loved the great wood close by; her lonely life was delightful to her, and she had not the least wish to exchange it for the toy-like village in the valley below.

their heads, and mutter that there was a reason for this unlikeness, and that all good Christians ought to pity and pray for the poor child.

Long, long ago, said these gossips,—so long that nobody now could remember exactly when it was,—Karen's great-great-great-grandfather (or perhaps *his* grandfather—who could tell?), when hunting in the high mountains, met a beautiful, tiny maiden, so small and light that a man could easily carry her in the palm of one hand. This maiden he fell in love with, and he won her to be his wife. She made a good wife; kept the house as bright as new tin; and spun on her wheel linen thread so fine that mortal eye could hardly see it. But a year and a day from the time of her marriage, she went out to walk in the wood, and never came back any more! The reason of this was, that she was a gnome, —daughter of one of the forest gnomes, —and when her own people encountered her thus alone, they detained her, and would not suffer her to return to her husband. The baby she left in the cradle grew to be a woman,—bigger than her gnome mother, it is true, but still very small; and all the women of the race have been small since that time. Witness little Karen herself, whose head only came up to the shoulder of her tall Fritz. Then her passion for woods and solitary places,—her beautiful swift spinning, her hair, of that peculiar pale white-brown shade,—all these were proofs of the drops of unearthly blood which ran in her veins. Gnomes always had white hair.

This was because they lived in holes and dark places. Even a potato would throw out white leaves if kept in a cellar,—everybody knew that,—and the gossips ending thus, would shake their heads again, and look very wise.

Karen had heard these stories, and laughed at them. No fairy or gnome had ever met her eyes in the woods she loved so well; and as for hair, Rosel Pilaff's, and Gretchen Erl's too, was almost as pale as hers. Blonde hair is common enough in the German mountains. Her little boy—bless him!—had downy rings which promised to become auburn in time, the color of his father's beard. She did not believe in the gnome story a bit.

But there came a time when she almost wished to believe it, for the gnomes are said to be wise folk, and little Fritz fell ill of a strange disease, which neither motherly wisdom nor motherly nursing was able to reach. Each day left him thinner and weaker, till he seemed no more than half his former size. His very face looked strange as it lay on the cradle-pillow, and Karen was at her wit's end to know what to do.

"I will go to the village and ask Mother Klaus to come and see the child," said Fritz. "She may know of a remedy."

"It will be of no use," declared Karen, sadly. "She went to the Berards', and the baby died, and to Heinrichs', and little Marie died. But go, go, Fritz!—only come back soon, lest our angel take flight while you are away!"

She almost pushed him from the door, in her impatience to have him return.

A while after, when the baby had wailed himself to sleep, she went again to the door to look down the path into the valley. It was too soon to hope for Fritz, but the movement seemed a relief to her restlessness. It was dusk, not dark,—a sweet, mild dusk, with light enough left to show the tree-branches as they met and waved against the dim yellow sky. Deep shadows lay on the moss-beds and autumn flowers which grew beneath; only a faint perfume here and there told of their presence, and the night was very near.

Too unhappy to mind the duskiness, Karen wandered a little way up the wood-path, and sat down on the root of an old oak, so old that the rangers had given it the name of "Herr Grandfather." It was only to clear her brimming eyes that she sat down. She wiped them with her kerchief, and, with one low sob, was about to rise, when she became aware that somebody was standing at her side.

This somebody was a tiny old woman, with a pale, shadowy, but sweet face, framed in flossy white hair. She wore a dark, foreign-looking robe; a pointed hood, edged with fur, was pulled

over her head; and the hand which she held out as she spoke was as white as the stalk of celery.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked, in a thin, rustling voice, which yet sounded pleasantly, because it was kind.

"My baby is *so* sick," replied Karen, weeping.

"How sick?" inquired the old woman, anxiously. "Is it cold? Is it fever? Do its eyes water? My baby once had a cold, and her eyes —" She stopped abruptly.

"His eyes do not water," said Karen, who felt singularly at home with the stranger. "But his head is hot, and his hands; he sleeps ill, and for these ten days has hardly eaten. He grows thinner and whiter every hour, and wails whenever he is awake. Oh, what am I doing? I must go back to him,"—and, as she spoke, she jumped from her seat.

"One minute!" entreated the little old woman. "Has he pain anywhere?"

"He cries when I move his head," said Karen, hurrying on.

The stranger went too, keeping close beside her in a swift, soundless way.

"Take courage, liebchen, child to her who is child of my child's child," she said. "Weep not, my darling. I will send you help. Out of the wisdom of the earth shall come aid for the little dear one."

"What *do* you mean?" cried Karen, stopping short, in her surprise.

But the old woman did not answer. She had vanished. Had the wind blown her away?"

"How could I wander so far? How could I leave my baby? Wicked mother that I am!" exclaimed Karen, in sudden terror, as she ran to the cottage.

But nothing seemed disturbed, and no one had been there. The baby lay quietly in his cradle, and the room was quite still, save for the hissing of the boiling pot, and the fall of an ember on the hearth. Gradually her heart ceased its terrified beating; a sense of warmth and calm crept over her, her eyes drooped, and, seated at the cradle-foot, she fell asleep in her chair.

Whether it was an hour or a minute that she slept, she never knew. Slowly and dimly her waking senses crept back to her; but though she heard and saw and understood, she could neither stir nor speak. Two forms were bending over the cradle, forms of little men, venerable and shady, with hair like snow, and blanched, pale hands like her visitor of the afternoon. They did not look at Karen, but consulted together above the sleeping child.

"It is *here*, brother, and *here*," said one, laying his finger gently on the baby's head and hear-

"Does it lie too deep for our reaching?" asked the second, anxiously.

"No. The little herb you know of is powerful."

"And the crystal dust *you* know of is more powerful still."

Then they took out two minute caskets, and Karen saw them open the baby's lips, and each drop in a pinch of some unknown substance.

"He is of ours," whispered one, "more of ours than any of them have been since the first."

"He has the gift of the far sight," said the other, lightly touching the closed eyes, "the divining glance and the lucky finger."

"I read in him the apprehension of metals," said the second old man, "the sense of hidden treasures, the desire to penetrate."

"We will teach him how the waters run, and what the birds say—yes, and the way in and the way out!"

"Put the charm round his neck, brother."

Then Karen saw the little men tie a bright object round the baby's neck. She longed to move, but till she sat mute and powerless, while the odd figures passed round the cradle, slowly at first, then faster and faster, crooning as they went a song which was like wind in branches, and of which this trap lodged in her memory:

"Eyes to pierce the darkness through,
Wit to grasp a hidden clue,
Heart to feel and hand to do,
These the gnomes have given to you."

So the song and the circling movement went on, faster and more fast, and round and round, till Karen's head swam and her senses seemed to spin in a whirling dance, and she knew no more, till used by the opening of the door, and Fritz's voice claiming: "Come in, Dame Klaus—come in! Karen! Where are you, wife? Ah, here she is, fast asleep, and the little man is asleep too."

"I am not asleep," said Karen, finding her voice with an effort. Then, to her husband's surprise, she began to weep bitterly. But, for all his urgings, she would not tell the cause, for she was afraid of Dame Klaus's tongue.

The dame shook her head over the sick baby. He was very bad, she said; still, she had brought through others as bad as he, and there was no telling. She asked for a saucepan, and began to brew a tea of herbs, while Karen, drawing her husband aside, told her wonderful tale in a whisper.

"Thou wert dreaming, Karen; it is nothing but a dream," declared the astounded Fritz.

"No, no," protested Karen. "It was not a dream. Baby will be well again, and great things are to happen! You will see! The little men know!"

"Little men! Oh, Karen! Karen!" exclaimed Fritz.

But he said no more, for Karen, bending over the cradle, lifted the strange silver coin which was tied round the baby's neck, and held it up to him with a smile. A silver piece is not a dream, as every one knows; so Fritz, though incredulous, held his tongue, and neither he nor Karen said a word of the matter to Mother Klaus.

Baby *was* better next day. It was all the herb-tea, Mother Klaus declared, and she gained great credit for the cure.

This happened years ago. Little Fritz grew to be a fine man, sound and hearty, though never as tall as his father. He was a lucky lad too, the villagers said, for his early taste for minerals caught the attention of a rich gentleman, who gave him great learning. Often when the mother sat alone at her wheel, a smile came to her lips, and she hummed low to herself the song of the little old men:

"Eyes to pierce the darkness through,
Wit to grasp the hidden clue,
Heart to feel and hand to do,
These the gnomes have given to you."



MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

BY RUTH KENYON.

WINTER had been whistling around with his hands in his pockets a good three months and more; but the violets and daisies, tucked under a thick blanket of snow, had been kept from freezing. People call Winter a very cold, severe fellow; still there must be a tender spot in his heart some-

the branches told the trunks, and the trunks carried the news down to the roots. Maple-trees keep all their provisions in an underground cellar; so the roots finding that, sure enough, the ground was no longer frozen and hard, began to feel about and sent out little rootlets that gathered up the



STIRRING THE SAP.

where, so kindly does he protect all the delicate plants.

But now the great warm-hearted old Sun was coming back, and Winter, afraid of his long bright days, ran off to the North Pole. A flock of blue-birds came to welcome their old friend, and one robin-redbreast ventured out early to sing him a song. A little warm breeze crept through Farmer Cheery's maple forest, awoke the trees from their long, long sleep, and they all began to shake hands and nod toward each other, whispering: "Good! Good! Here comes the Spring!"

Soon the warm air made them feel thirsty and faint; the tiny twigs complained to the branches;

good things,—just the kinds they knew maples and twigs loved best. Does n't it seem funny that they can tell? The maples take one kind of food, the pines another, the birches another, and for each the rootlets pick out just the right kind from the same ground. As fast as the rootlets gather up the food, they sent it up to the branches—a very delicate, sweet drink; and still they sent more and more, the little twigs always taking the first, and sending back what was left over. The branches felt very much revived as they were fed, grew very social, and began to tell of the pretty red dresses they would put on before long; and of the cool spring days, and afterward green for

summer. They were merry planning their new wardrobes, I assure you; you could have heard it if you had had the right kind of ears.

Farmer Cheery came in from his barn chores.

"I say, wife, it's growing warm! Should n't wonder if the sap would run such weather as this; guess I must tap one tree and see."

So Farmer Cheery took his auger and went out into the maple orchard. It did n't take him long to make a little hole in one of the tree-trunks, and put in a little spout; nor was it many minutes before drop by drop came the sap.

"Ah! that's fine!" said Farmer Cheery, and he went home in haste. The next we saw of him, he was driving out into the orchard with a load of one hundred and fifty clean, bright, tin sap-buckets and one hundred and fifty fresh little roughs. Then, in each one of his hundred and fifty maple-trees he bored a hole and put a trough on, and a bucket beneath to catch the sap as it came dropping out.

"Did n't it starve the poor little branches waiting for their food?"

Oh, no! There was enough for them left,—all they needed to keep them very fresh and make them grow. So many, many pailfuls ran up and down every day, that the one Farmer Cheery took could hardly be missed.

Every morning and night for two or three weeks, the good farmer might be seen with his great tank, clean as clean could be, driving around to collect the sap that had run out. He knew that one reason why maple sugar is sometimes dark-colored is because the pails and tanks that hold the sap are not washed thoroughly; so he took great pains to wash his. He knew, too, that if any water gets in,

the sap must be boiled longer to make sugar of it, and the longer it is boiled the darker it grows; so, if he saw a storm coming, he collected all the sap, and turned the buckets upside down till the rain was over.

Farmer Cheery had a great iron pan, which would hold,—oh, I don't dare tell you how many pailfuls,—a great, great many; and this very large pan rested on some stone posts about two feet from the ground. Under this he built a fire, and into it he poured his sap, stirring it while it boiled almost all day long. When he drew it off, such beautiful clear sirup I don't believe you ever saw. This he did two or three times each week for nearly a month; after that, the sap was not as good for people to use, though just what the little twigs needed as they grew older.

Some of his sirup the farmer put up in cans to send to the cities; some of it he boiled more and more, so that it would be sugar when cooled. Then he poured it into pretty scalloped tins, to harden into the round cakes you like so much; and some of it his little grandchildren waxed on snow.

You don't know how that is?

Well, May packed a panful of snow, just as hard as she could crowd it in; then she smoothed off the top as even as a marble table, and she and Sally carried it to Grandpa Cheery, who dropped upon their snow a spoonful of the hot sirup here and there. The little thin, waxy sheets of suddenly cooled sirup, picked up with a fork and eaten as soon as cool, made an excellent luncheon; and the children tugged their pan of snow around to give every one a taste, declaring that "sugar-season" was the very best time in the year.

LUCK AND LABOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

LUCK doth wait, standing idly at the gate—
Wishing, wishing all the day;
And at night, without a fire, without a light,
And before an empty tray,

Doth sadly say:

"To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup."

Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows—

Singing, singing all the day;

And at night, before the fire, beside the light,

And with a well-filled tray,

Doth gladly say:

"To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on wages earned I sup."

CATHERN.

(A Sequel to "The Ash-Girl,")*

BY LUCY G. MORSE.

DOES anybody remember the little ash-girl, Cathern, who wanted a mother so much that she wandered up and down the streets, day in and day out, for a great many weeks, trying to find one? She had been laughed at, scolded and repulsed, until her courage nearly failed her; and the great hope in her heart grew less and less and at last seemed to be fading quite away, just as the color in her cheeks had done.

But now—*now* Mrs. Percy had opened her arms to the lonely child, and was resting the tired head upon her bosom. Only a few days before, a little golden head had rested there, and a face as pure as an angel's had lighted up with smiles in answer to the mother's look of love. But the angels had beckoned to the child and carried her to heaven with them, leaving the mother desolate. Thinking of all this, and looking down upon Cathern, Mrs. Percy saw that the sudden happiness had been too much for the poor child. The little face, looking so worn and white under a mat of dusky hair, but with the light of its new joy full upon it, lay quite unconscious. Very tenderly, with her heart aching for her own darling, Mrs. Percy carried this poor stranger child upstairs, and laid her upon the vacant bed.

It was several weeks before Cathern wakened from a delirium in which she seemed to be going over her weary wanderings again. At one time she would complain that the stones were cold, and hurt her feet; at another, that her bones ached; then, that she was hungry. Sometimes she would mistake Mrs. Percy, who watched over her almost constantly, for some one whom she had encountered in her search. "Wait! wait!" she would plead, pitifully. "Don't shut the door on me. I have n't got any mother, an' I wants one *so* bad!" Then she would cry, and in a moment say, bitterly: "No matter! A *reel* mother would n't drive me away, an' I'm goin' to git on to a boat an' go all over the world till I finds a reel, true mother!"

In this way, Mrs. Percy learned a great deal about Cathern's sufferings, and became so full of compassion for her, that her interest grew very strong. Again and again she thought over her impulsive promise to the child that she would be a mother to her, and wondered if it would be a difficult one to fulfill; but whenever she looked at Cathern, her wondering changed to pity, and she

said to herself: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones——"

Opposite the bed where Cathern lay, there hung upon the wall a beautiful portrait of the two who had died,—Mabel Percy and her father,—and the mother, looking at it, fancied that she saw in the child's eyes, which seemed to look down upon her from the picture, an earnest expression, which resembled the pleading look so intense upon the forlorn little beggar child's face when she had first seen it. It seemed as if Mabel were pleading for Cathern. That thought would make Mrs. Percy bend over the sick child, and try, with all her skill and patience, to restore her.

At last came the day when Cathern opened her eyes, gazed intently at Mrs. Percy for a moment and then, with a radiant smile, put up her little wasted arms, and cried, joyfully:

"Mother!"

She was so happy that she did not notice how the face over her grew sad with a sudden pain at that word. She felt nothing but her own excess of joy, and innocently took for granted, on Mrs. Percy's part, all the feeling of a mother over the recovery of her child.

"I forgot all about it, mother," she said, brightly with a low laugh. "I dreamed all the time that I was a-huntin' for you ag'in. Was n't that funny? An' it aint true at all! I has n't got to hunt any more, has I? Oh, I'm so glad! Aint you? E'er o' course you are, 'cause you have n't got any little girl now, 'cept me." Oh, the pain the mother felt at every word! But Cathern was quite unconscious of it, and went on, and on: "Aint you glad, too, you've got me? I knows you are, 'cause all the reel mothers ever I seen was glad with the little girls, an' called 'em every kind o' word they could think of. Nice names, I mean. O' course they would n't go to call 'em the things Biddy Doan called me! *She* aint nobody's mother. An' you called me 'my darling,'—so I knows, ye see. The first mother I knowed said that. Mother! Mother! You'll call it me often, wont you?"

The pain in the mother's heart was very sharp just then, but the joy and trust in Cathern's words were perfect; and the tones of her voice, weak from sickness, and very touching as she kept repeating this name she had never called any one before, were such as no true mother could have dis-

* For the first story, see ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1876; page 386.

pointed; and this sorrowing one hid her face in the pillow, and whispered:

"I will, my darling."

"Oh, that's the beautifullest, the gooddest thing of all!" cried the little one, in ecstasy. "You're the best of all the mothers,—I knows you are. Lift up your head, mother,—I wants to see you, an' you hides your face so I can't. Oh, mother! mother! you're a-feelin' bad, an' you wants to cry!"

Here Cathern's voice changed to one of the tenderest pity, and, drawing down the mother's head, she patted and soothed it with her weak little hands as if it were a baby's, and she its comforter.

"There! There, my mother!" she said. "Lay down close to me, an' I'll make you feel better. See how I can stroke you an' love you? Yes, indeed I will; an' by an' by you can go to sleep here, on my pillow, an' I'll watch you, an' I wont let nothing touch you nor wake you up till you're all rested. Is that what your other little girl'd do? Yes, I knows she would. An' now she can't, you know. An' if she could ax me to do it for her, she would,—an' I will. She's beautifuller nor what I am, but when I gits well I'll do everything I can think of she'd be axin me to. There! Now you're cryin' reelly, mother! You can hide your face agin mine, an' I wont let nobody see ye. We need n't try not to do it, neither, for it's dreadful hard to keep it in,—I knows it is!"

Cathern had so often squeezed back the tears and swallowed sobs when they wanted to come out, that she understood at once the pain the mother felt in her effort at self-control. All through her little life, as far back as she could remember, she had been forced to do without things that she wanted bitterly, and she had been too lonely ever since the longing for a mother had seized her, not to feel now Mrs. Percy's intense longing for her daughter.

Her words and tender caresses touched Mrs. Percy to the heart, and, lifting her head presently, she kissed the sick child tenderly, and said, with a brighter look than Cathern had seen before:

"There! You make me feel better, darling. You are a poor little waif who has strayed into my path, I think, because I need you as much as you need me. We will help each other, and it shall be good for us both that we have come together."

Then Mrs. Percy sat by the bed, and holding Cathern's feeble hand, told her gently about her own little daughter—how tenderly she had carried for its first walk down the path to the spring at her country home, where the daisies smiled up at the wee dimpled stranger, and the quivering leaves

of the white-barked poplars winked down in baby's laughing face; how baby had come to the city and grown into a happy little girl; and how very still and lonely the house had seemed when, at last, the



BABY'S FIRST WALK.

bright eyes were shut forever. Listening to this, Cathern became perfectly quiet, and at last fell into a sweet sleep.

* * * * *

The cross waiters and indignant cooks who had shut the doors in the ash-girl's face would not have recognized her the following spring, when, restored to health, she was singing to herself one morning while she watered some flowers in the large bay-window of the dining-room. She was dressed in a

blue soft woolen gown, with dainty white ruffles at the neck and wrists, and, with her hair brushed into delicate waves behind her ears, and her face rounded and rosy, she did not look much like the forlorn girl who used to pick ashes and beg from house to house all day long.

Mrs. Percy, who had been upstairs getting ready to go out, returned and stood in the window putting on her gloves, when she noticed that Cathern had put down the pitcher, and was hitching herself nervously, as if she had something to say.

"Well, what is it, little Kathleen?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"It aint nothin' on'y—on'y that ——" faltered Cathern, looking up wistfully.

"Only what?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"On'y that—that other fust mother—*she* took her little girl out along with her,—she did!"

"And you have never been out with me,—is that it?" asked Mrs. Percy; adding: "Well, you are quite strong enough now to take a walk every pleasant day, and you may come, if you like."

Here was a climax of happiness reached. To go out walking with her new mother, and to be seen by the passers-by, in her company and in pretty clothes instead of rags, was a summit of joy beyond which, to Cathern's mind, it was impossible to wish for much.

"Wait till they sees my coat with the torsle down behind!" she said, as Mrs. Percy tied her hat; and when she reached the sidewalk, she stopped a minute to look at her feet and say, triumphantly: "I guess they never thought I'd be having boots what button!"

"Whom do you mean, Kathleen?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"I mean them boys that kep' a-knockin' me away from my barr'ls when I got there fust, an' the people that shut the doors. I wish they'd all see me now, an' see if they'd do it ag'in! I wants 'em to see me an' find out if I wont——there's one of 'em now!" she cried, suddenly; and, before Mrs. Percy could see what the child was about, Cathern had run to the curbstone a little ahead of them, deliberately bounced against a boy who was picking ashes from a barrel, and stood looking at him contemptuously, with her chin in the air.

The boy looked up in wrath, ready to resent the injury, but was taken aback by seeing that it had come from a daintily dressed child, who was already grasping the hand of a fine lady. His expression changed from anger to an indefinable look of sulky submission.

"Why, Kathleen! How could you?" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, in amazement.

"'Cause," said Cathern, scowling at the boy, while she took a few mincing steps before him, and

tried to attract his attention to her dress, "he got rags an' patches, an' I aint! An' he has a pick ashes an' I don't, an' he would n't dare touch me, nohow!" And, to expres her sentiment comprehensively to the boy, she puckered up her mouth and lifted her chin at him again.

The boy, doubling up his fists, made an angry gesture in the air at her. Quick as a flash, she sprang to the other side of Mrs. Percy, clutched that lady's skirts, and drew them around her for protection. Then, thrusting her head out to peep at the boy, she made another grimace at him, and said, in jeering tones:

"Ya-a-ah! Come along and do it, if ye dare!"

All this happened in just about a minute, and Mrs. Percy had not been able to interfere effectually. Now, however, she caught Cathern by the wrist, drew her to a little distance, and said firmly:

"Come! This will never do. This boy has done nothing to you, Catherine, and I will not let you be so rude."

Then she turned to the boy, who, after selecting a good-sized bit of coal from his basket, and holding it behind him, ominously, was moving off as if he meant to throw it at Cathern when he got to suitable distance from them. But his intention altered as Mrs. Percy took her purse from her pocket, and he dropped the coal quietly when she gave him some pennies, saying, with much sweetness:

"I am sorry she treats you so badly, my poor boy. Try to forget her naughty words, and remember that your rags cannot make you a better boy any more than her clothes can make her lady."

With a pleasant nod, she took Cathern's hand again, and walked hastily away.

Her first feeling was indignation at Cathern showing toward another the same resentment and contempt which, from others, had made her own life so miserable. But, after a few moments' consideration, she said to herself:

"Poor child! What can I expect? She has never had any one to teach her, and it is to be her task to try and let the light into her darkened soul."

But their walk that morning was a curious one. After they had gone a few blocks farther on their way, Cathern again let go of Mrs. Percy's hand, darted across the street, paraded hastily, in two or three paces backward and forward, before a beggar-girl who was sitting upon a door-step, and walked back again in an instant, meeting Mrs. Percy and taking her hand as before.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the beggar. "What cares if I haint?"

"Why, what was that for, Cathern?" asked Mrs. Percy, annoyed.

"I did n't say nothin' much then, at all," answered Cathern. "I on'y showed her me hat an' coat, an' shook the torsle at her, an' stuck out me boots to her, an' said *she* had n't got 'em! An' neither she aint."

"Oh, little girl! little girl! How shall I ever teach you all you have got to learn?" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, half to herself and half to Cathern.

They walked on in silence, Mrs. Percy wondering by what means she would be best able to reach his poor little ignorant mind, while its possessor went skipping along at her side, singing gayly to herself.

Presently a handsomely dressed lady met, and as in the act of passing them, when Cathern suddenly stood quite still, planting herself, stiff and rigid, directly in the way. The lady was obliged not only to move to one side, but also to brush close against Cathern in order to get by, and she looked down frowningly upon the irritating child. Mrs. Percy turned to speak, and saw Cathern, with a low, merry laugh, looking back over her shoulder at the lady, in great glee.

"Why are you so glad to make that lady see how rude you can be?" asked Mrs. Percy, in a scouraged tone.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Cathern, more merrily than ever. "Did n't you see how she had to turn out for me? She was n't afeerd to touch me then, her gownd went all over me face, an' she did n't wipe the place where it touched her, neither! That's the way the ladies used to do, though; and the gentlemen used to put out their canes to keep me from comin' nigh to 'em, 'cause they thought some o' me rags might fly off an' stick to 'em. But I'm just as good as they is now. Oh yes, I be! Oh yes, I be!" she went on singing.

"I don't know about that," answered Mrs. Percy, doubtfully. "Come home and let me begin the task that is before me of showing you how you may become so."

And she drew the child's hand into hers, and hurried along, impatient to put an end to the annoyance of such a walk.

But one more incident occurred before they reached home, which helped much to make Mrs. Percy's task a simpler one than it then promised to be. As they reached the corner which was within a few rods of Mrs. Percy's house, they encountered a little child, scarcely more than a baby, struggling, with a mighty effort, to climb from the gutter to the sidewalk. Mrs. Percy, on her guard of time, kept a firm hold on Cathern's hand, and attempted to draw her hastily over the curbstone to a safe distance before helping the little one

upon its feet. But Cathern resisted the action, and again too quick for Mrs. Percy, saying "Git out o' me way!" stuck out her foot and gave the baby a push which sent it rolling backward into the gutter. Its head struck against the stones, and it lay there unconscious. Mrs. Percy stooped instantly and raised the little one in her arms. There was the usual confusion which follows such an accident. Those who happened to be passing stopped to look, and, apparently, would have been contented simply to gaze upon the tiny white face indifferently; and there was a momentary dispute between a huxter-woman and a vender of boot-lacings for the best view of the little drooping limbs. To Mrs. Percy's question, "Where does the child live? Who is her mother?" there was a chorus in answer of, "She aint got no mother," and shouts of "Mr. Daffle! Mr. Daffle!" from various small boys who had gathered around Mrs. Percy, with a determination to see "the whole thing through." A very shabby old man, wiping his mouth on his coat-cuff, came limping out of a grocery-store, and the crowd made way for him.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, Trudy! Is she dead? Is she killed?" he cried, bewildered.

"No, no," Mrs. Percy answered. "She is stunned. It was an accident. Come quickly to my house,—it is close by."

And, without losing more minutes, which seemed long ones, she carried the baby hastily to her own door.

Cathern was there before her, ringing the bell violently; and, by the time Mrs. Percy reached her, the door was open, the housemaid, aghast, asking questions as fast as she could talk, and the small boys, who had every one resolutely followed Cathern, were all answering and pointing at once.

During the next few minutes, Cathern, with a face as white as the injured child's, watched every look and motion of Mrs. Percy's. Her eager hands were the first to bring water when it was called for; and, without a word, she answered every demand for assistance to the best of her small power. In a few moments, amid the wails of the old man, the child opened her eyes, and, as Mrs. Percy bathed her face and put some reviving drops into her mouth, began to move naturally with recovered consciousness. Cathern bounded with delight. The old man held out his hands to "Trudy," as he called the little one, and expressed his joy by cuddling her in his arms and trotting around the room with her.

After a little while, Mrs. Percy drew from him the few leading facts concerning the child's history,—the death of her parents, her dependence upon him as her grandfather, how he supported

her by running on occasional errands for two or three grocery stores in the neighborhood.

"I goes first to one an' then to t'other to git a job," he said; "for it's only leaving things to places that I'm good for, bein' so old, ye see, ma'am, and," touching his forehead significantly, "my mem'ry bein' near gone,—why, I aint no 'count for messages. Whiles I'm off, the children round about looks arter Trudy; but when anything like a target company or a hand-organ with a monkey comes along, she's mostly forgot."

an'—an' — Mother! mother! I feels bad! feels bad!" she cried, quite overcome, throwing herself into Mrs. Percy's arms and sobbing.

It was too much for her,—the sudden change from delight in her possessions and general self-satisfaction, to acute pain at the realization that here was another child, so much weaker and smaller than herself, who was as desolate as she had been and whom she had treated with the same thoughtless cruelty which she had herself experienced. To see this and feel it for herself, did more than a



LITTLE TRUDY MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

Cathern, who had listened attentively to every word, planted herself in front of the old man, and said: "Look a' here!"

He looked, but Mrs. Percy could see more than he did in the changed expression and earnestness of Cathern's manner.

"I'll mind her an' look out for her when you're off, if ye'll let me," she said, earnestly. "I did n't have no mother, neither; but I've got one now, an' she'll let me, if I ax her. She's my mother," pointing to Mrs. Percy; "an' I aint 'Cathern' any more, but I'm 'Kathleen,' an' she gives me everything nice. I'll look out for Trudy, an' I wont never let her get hurt, an' I'll give her nice things, too. She can have the torsle off my coat,

Mrs. Percy's gentle teaching could do. In evening, after Mr. Daffle had come again and cried his grandchild away, she sat down with and talked with her long and patiently about possibility of there being a life for her in the future more beautiful than even her old visions had been in the dingy court.

This was really the beginning of Kathleen's life. Until then, she had been happy in taking the comfort and fresh delight of every day; now her heart went out to Trudy, and, although too young to be fully conscious of what was vealed to her, she caught a glimpse of what joy might bring to her to live and do for another than herself.

Mrs. Percy had given Mr. Daffle permission, in answer to Kathleen's entreaties, to leave the little rudy with them every morning, calling for her every evening when his day's duties should be ended. She had not much confidence in the working of Kathleen's plan, and was also half inclined to suspect that the old man, satisfied with the present of money which she had given him, would not bring Trudy again. But the next morning, while they were at breakfast, the door-bell rang, and great was Kathleen's joy at seeing Trudy's little shaggy head and grimy figure, in a ragged and dust-colored gown made after the most primitive pattern, ushered into the room by the finished maid.

Kathleen was so full of the idea of beginning at once to take active care of the little one, that she was rather impatient during breakfast. It was disappointing that Trudy could not eat more,—Kathleen had piled upon her plate rather more than one would offer to a hard-working laborer,—and that she was rather inclined, in her bewildered state, to do everything and everybody, to forget her breakfast altogether. Presently, however, when Mrs. Percy sent them both to the nursery while the household matters were occupying her downstairs, Cathern thought that her opportunity had come, and, pouncing upon Trudy, exclaimed: "The first thing is to get washed!"

Great was Mrs. Percy's astonishment when, soon afterward, she opened the bath-room door and beheld Kathleen, her sleeves rolled up and a towel tied around her, scrubbing away at Trudy, who cowered just then in some danger of being drowned in soap-suds, but who seemed also to be in a state of so much wonder at the novelty of the situation as to be almost dumb.

Perceiving that Kathleen was really intent upon washing for the child, Mrs. Percy did not interfere, excepting where it was necessary, and avoided, ironically, laughing at the various dilemmas which were presented in the process of purifying Trudy's very primitive person. She even had flannels ready which to wrap the shivering little form, when Kathleen, despising, of course, Trudy's old garments, suddenly cried:

"Oh! I forgot about clo'es! She aint got nothin' to put on her, mother!"

Trudy could only have written the history of that day, from her point of view, her story would have been vastly entertaining. How she was rocked, and combed, and trotted until her brain must have felt like a mold of jelly! How she was caught round the body, carried and pinned, first in one place and then in another! Kathleen pinned and tied upon her all sorts of her own garments until she was half suffocated;

and, finally, how she was penned into a corner by a barricade of chairs while Kathleen undertook to scrub in the wash-basin the heap of rags she had arrived in! But at the close of day there was a pretty story which anybody there might have told when Mrs. Percy appeared, holding up before the happy children the neat little garments which she had made on her sewing-machine.

"Well, well! an' it's a queer wurreld!" said Susan, the housemaid, to the cook. "Not sence the first day when the p'or little Mabel was took down, I have n't sane the mistress look the likes o' that! There she was a-laughin', with her cheeks like the June roses, an' the gay sound in her voice a-callin' the childers! An' there was the owld man coom aft'er his yoong un, a-worrikin' his hands oop an' down with amazement! An' there was this yoong fancy o' Miss Percy's, holdin' onto the table an' swingin' her legs in under it with j'y,—an' all the whiles there was the child herself that they were all gittin' excited over,—there she was, with nothing onto her save K'tleen's long flannel ni'-gownd swaping the floor, shtarin' first at the one an' thin at the tother of 'em with stupefaction!"

When, afterward, Mrs. Percy went to see Kathleen tucked up in her little bed, she was surprised to see her face screwed up into many wrinkles, and tears making their way down her cheeks.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Percy, gently. "You have worked too hard over your little charge, and I fancy you are tired,—is that so?"

"Oh, I don't care for that!" sobbed Kathleen. "But I wisht—I wisht I had n't shoved that boy! May be—oh! oh!—may be he had n't no mother neither! Nor that girl on the step! Oh! an' I was thinkin' on'y about me clo'es an'—an'—the t-t-tor-torsle on me coat, an' I never think about the mothers,—not wunst I did n't!"

"But you have learned a great deal about the mothers to-day, darling," said Mrs. Percy, soothing her, "and I do not believe you will forget them so any more. Be as much like a mother as you can to this poor little Trudy,—just as I try to be a mother to you,—and you will learn more in that way than I could ever teach you. To be to some one else what you want me to be to you, will make you gladder than anything else in the world can."

The light was coming fast now into Kathleen's shadowy understanding. After Mrs. Percy had gone, she sat up in bed and repeated, in a whisper:

"Just as I try to be a mother to ye! As I try! What ye want me to be to ye!"

Then for a few minutes she was so busy thinking that she did move even a finger, and almost held her breath. After a while she said, very softly:

"I never thank before! I think on'y she was goin' to be my *reel* mother forever and ever! An' I don't know even who my own reel mother was, on'y that she was like Biddy Dolan. An' this mother is the reel mother on'y of her—Mabel! An' Mabel was good, an' I was n't,—I was bad. I was n't never good in my whole life, not till this mother showed me how; an' then I was on'y good a little."

Kathleen sat quite still, thinking very hard again, for a few minutes. Then she heaved a sigh, and said: "An' there 's Trudy!"

Another pause.

"She aint got nobody on'y just a grandfather, an' he 's so old,—his face is all rumped up!"

Another longer pause, and then, with another sigh,—a happier one this time,—she said:

"I must be like a little mother to Trudy, my mother says. So I will,—I will,—I will,—I will!"

In the morning, Mrs. Percy noticed a change in Kathleen. She was more quiet than usual, and there was a thoughtfulness in her face which gave it rather an old look, and was rather painful to see, as if it were a shadow of her old dreariness. The smile which was always so bright and sunny came back as Mrs. Percy kissed and pinched her cheeks playfully, and, nestling against her loving bosom, Kathleen forgot the shadows for a time. They came again, and the little face looked older than ever when Mr. Daffle brought Trudy. Mrs. Percy went into the parlor to write a note which she was going to ask the old man to post for her, and accidentally left a little ajar the door which opened directly into the dining-room, where he was waiting with the children, so that she could hear distinctly every word of the singular conversation which followed.

"My mother made Trudy that gownd," said Kathleen; "but I'm going to learn to make all the rest of her clo'es,—every one of 'em!"

"You 're pretty small for that, missy. It 'll be harder than ye think," said the old man.

"No matter!" said Kathleen. "I can do it if I works hard."

"T aint no use, missy, to trouble yerself,—Trudy 's too little. She wont care for 'em, an' she can get along without much of anything," said Mr. Daffle.

"No, she can't," said Kathleen, decidedly; "an' I'm goin' to make her everything she wants, 'cause she aint got no mother, an' by an' by that 'll make her feel bad, when she gets as big as me. So I'm goin' to play I'm her mother, an' see to her, just as this here mother"—motioning toward the parlor—"plays she 's mine."

"If she aint your mother, what is she? and where 's yer own?" asked Mr. Daffle.

"She 's dead, o' course," answered Kathleen cheerfully. "But she was n't this kind of a mother no how, I guess,—she was like Biddy Dolan, an' did n't like Biddy. Oh!" she said, confidentially drawing nearer to Mr. Daffle,—oh! I wanted mother orfle! So I hunted for one. But I had to hunt a long time, 'cause they was n't any on'y just this one, an' I foun' her, an' she took me for her child, 'cause hers was dead, just like my mother. So I foun' her an' she foun' me,—don't ye see An' then I was sick."

"What made ye sick?" Mr. Daffle asked.

"Oh, gettin' tired goin' after my mother and never findin' her, an' always bein' hungry, an' the goin' back to the shanty. Did you ever live in shanty?"

"No,—I live in a tinament," answered Mr. Daffle.

"You better be glad it aint a shanty," said Kathleen, shaking her head, knowingly.

"Tinaments is jest as bad," said Mr. Daffle.

"Are the people in tinaments ever as hungry the people in shanties?" asked Kathleen.

"Law, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Daffle. "The tin floors is mostly hungry."

"Was you ever?" asked Kathleen.

"Hundreds o' times," said the old man.

"Don't it feel orfle?" said Kathleen, drawing nearer still, and rubbing her hand significant over her pinafore, she added, mysteriously: "Don't ye know,—when ye feels as if it was all holes in side?"

"Yes!" said the old man, "an' ye gets weaker! An' then gripes!"

"Yes!" pursued Kathleen, putting her hand to her throat; "an' ye feels a lump come right here, an' yer head goes spinnin' roun' an' roun' But——" here her tones brightened: "Trudy sha' n't feel that ways, 'cause she 'll always be *me* now. An' if my mother don't want her to do things here any time, I can go beggin' ag'in her!"

Mrs. Percy, loath to hear any more of the conversation, came in now, hastily dispatched Mr. Daffle with her note, and took the children upstairs.

From that time, Kathleen was quite serious over her anxiety to adopt Trudy as her own especial charge,—to nurse her, play with her, and "mind" her as well as she possibly could,—and Mrs. Percy wisely decided to encourage the child's fancy.

Mr. Daffle continued to bring the little one every morning and call for her every evening, and accepting for an hour or two daily, when Kathleen had lessons to occupy her with Mrs. Percy, spent nearly all her time in amusing Trudy, tending, as far as her small might was able, to

ld's wants, or, with Mrs. Percy's help, trying to w for her.

It was not long before Trudy learned to trot after r wherever she went, to go to her in trouble, and begin in earnest to return the affection which d so suddenly come into her little life. The st thing, every day, as soon as Mr. Daffle set her wn in the dining-room, she would look all about r for Kathleen. Sometimes Kathleen would le, and then Trudy would run about in great sitement, peeping into every corner, until, spy- g her friend, she would run into her arms with a y of joy that defied the mighty efforts of the nary-bird to drown it.

So weeks flew by until summer-time came, and s. Percy was preparing to go to her cottage the country. The kind lady had not cared for : motherless little ones in vain. It was no new ng now for Susan to discover the "June roses" her mistress's fair cheeks, or sunny smiles out her mouth. When she looked now at the utiful portrait in her bedroom, and her heart rned for her dear ones, the thought of these olate children dependent upon her would comfort , and, still looking at the picture through her rs, she would say, softly :

"I had too much love for you to bless me alone, : runs over to bless these little helpless ones !"

Kathleen had listened so often to Mrs. Percy's criptions of her country home, and had asked many questions about it, that she had grown te familiar in thought with the cottage and its oundings.

A few evenings before they went to it, just after dy had been taken home, she crept up to Mrs. cy, who was sitting alone in the twilight, with ore question which had been on her lips con- tly of late, but which she had not yet had the age to ask.

"Mother," she whispered, "did ye say they was icken-house to the country?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Percy,—"a nice one, as as my store-closet."

"And chickens?"

"Yes, plenty of chickens."

"Don't you think, mother,—say, don't you k ——" Kathleen halted.

"Well? Don't I think what? Out with it ely, my little girl," said Mrs. Percy, who had sed what was in Kathleen's mind.

"Why!" said Kathleen, "don't you think we d clear out the chickens an' give 'em another e, an' I'd scrub the chickens' house; an' d n't we fix a little bed into it, an'—an'—keep ly there nights?"

rs. Percy laughed as she drew Kathleen closer

to her, and answered, playfully clapping the child's hands together :

"Why, how funny! I thought of Trudy too, but I never thought of the hen-house! If I had, I might have sent a bed for it; but, as I did n't, I bought a little crib and sent it to be put into *your* room, right next to mine. What do you think of that?"

Such a shout of joy as Kathleen gave! She had to jump and dance all around the room before she nestled up to Mrs. Percy again, and cried :

"Oh, you are the best mother in all the world! I wish—I wish *all* the little childers that have n't got any mothers could find you, my own mother! I knows you aint my reel mother, but if I get gooder and gooder, you'll get reeler and reeler,—wont you, mother?"

"Stay close to me, poor little mother-hungry child!" said Mrs. Percy, "and I will tell thee where thou canst find some one better than I am for thy true parent!"

And, with the child's head on her bosom, she told her beautiful true stories about the real Father whom there was for her and all of us, and who would watch over her and help her to be good and usef.

Into the happy country they all went, and the rooms where the darling Mabel used to play, the garden, grassy lawns and woods she had made bright with her young life, were less lonely now to the mother, because of the merry song and laughter of two children who had never seen such a Paradise before.

Summer went, and they gathered many of the gay autumn leaves before they went back to the city home.

Trudy did not go to live with her poor old grandfather again. He was easily persuaded to go himself to a quiet place out of town where there was a good home for such as he, and to leave Trudy altogether with Mrs. Percy.

Kathleen began to go to school the next winter, and became a devoted little scholar.

There is very little more to tell about her. She did not grow all at once into one of the good, wise little girls one reads about sometimes. Mrs. Percy had to teach her a great many things which were difficult for a little girl whose beginning in life had been in such a bad place, but Kathleen could be as earnest in seeking after other beautiful things as she had been in seeking after a mother, and, as she grew older, it was her delight to gather about herself other poor little people beside Trudy, to study their needs, and try to show them how to live good, happy lives.

For stronger and stronger grew a purpose in her young heart,—a purpose which she revealed to

Mrs. Percy on one of those evenings when it came to be their habit to sit and talk together in the twilight, long after little Trudy was fast asleep.

"Mother," said Kathleen, "you opened your arms to me that night, long ago, and took me just as I was,—all sick at heart and tired,—tired nearly to death,—and you showed me so much love that

it has been growing and growing in me ever since. And now I feel as if I wanted to seek out all the children who want me as much as I wanted you and open *my* arms to *them*. You have taught me how, and now I want to work, and work, and try with all my might to be like a mother to many little children as I can."

A LETTER TO LETTER-WRITERS.

BY SUSAN A. BROWN.



OW many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS like to write letters? It is certain that some of them do, or Jack-in-the-Pulpit would not receive so many from young subscribers. But I am quite sure that some of them have been heard to say, "Oh, I hate to write letters!" and it is to such as these that I would speak.

As we may safely take it for granted, from the alacrity with which the postman is met at the door, that every one likes to receive letters, it seems to be worth while that boys and girls should learn how to write, with ease and pleasure to themselves, those letters which their friends shall find it a pleasure to read.

Letter-writing is very much a matter of habit, and for that reason it is important that young people should learn early to consider it a pleasant way of communicating thoughts and feelings to their friends, instead of a burdensome task to be got over as quickly as possible.

We often hear people excuse themselves by saying that they have no "gift for writing letters," as though it were something like an ear for music, only accorded to a favored few. But the truth is that any one can write interesting and pleasant letters who will take a little trouble and really persevere in the effort. The grand difficulty in the way is that they are too selfish and too indolent to try. Nothing that is worth anything comes without effort, and if you do not care enough about gratifying your friends to take a little pains for it, you deserve never to receive any letters yourselves.

A few simple rules, carefully observed, will help you over some of the things which you call diffi-

culties. In the first place, *always write distinctly*. It destroys much of the pleasure in receiving a letter if it cannot be read without puzzling over every word. Many an epistle, written on heavy cream-laid paper, with a monogram at the top, is only an annoyance to the one to whom it is addressed, on account of pale ink and careless handwriting.

Be particular in the matter of dating, giving every item distinctly, and sign the letter with your full name. If this habit is formed, you will not run the risk of losing valuable letters, which cannot be forwarded from the Dead-Letter Office, unless accompanied with the full address.

You will find it more easy to reply to a letter soon after you get it than if you neglect it for a few weeks, because you will have the impressions which the first reading made upon you. Tell your friend when you received the letter which you are answering, and take up the topics in the order in which they naturally come, remembering to answer the questions which have been asked. Try to tell what your friend would like best to hear about, and when you undertake to tell anything, do not leave it half told, but finish the story. People who are not careful about this, often give a false impression without meaning to do so. For instance, one of these careless writers, in giving an account of a fire, simply stated that the house was burned, without giving any qualifications, thus giving the impression that it was entirely consumed, thereby causing a whole family much unnecessary trouble and anxiety, as the actual burning in question was very slight.

Do not consider anything too trivial to write about, which you would think worth mentioning in conversation. Writing letters is simply talking upon paper, and your friends will be much ne-

entertained by the narration of little every-day affairs, than by profound observations upon topics which you care nothing about.

In writing to very intimate friends, who will be interested in the details of your daily life, it is well sometimes to make your letter a sort of diary—telling something of how you have spent each day since you wrote last; what books you have been reading, what letters you have received from mutual friends, and what you have heard or seen which is interesting to you.

Write all that you have to say on one subject at a time. That is, do not begin to tell about your garden, and then about your school, and then about your garden again; but finish one subject before you begin another. Do not be afraid of using the pronoun *I*. Some people avoid it, and so give their sentences a shabby and unfinished sound, as, "Went to Boston—called on Mrs. Smith." Never apologize for what you write, by saying that you do not like to write letters. You need not think it quite polite, in visiting a friend, to say, "I do not like to talk to you, so I shall not write much." Keep the idea before you that you are writing for the sake of giving pleasure to your friends.

When your letter is merely an inquiry, or on a matter of business, the case is different. You should try to be as brief, concise, and clear as possible. An elaborately drawn out business letter is out of place as it is inconsiderate.

Do not think what to write, but write what you think, is an old rule, and a good one to remember.

If you are away from home, it is very selfish to share your good times with the family by writing frequent letters. You can tell what you are enjoying so much better while it is fresh in your mind, than you can after you return, when you may not have leisure to go over the whole ground; and these home letters may be a means toward refreshing your own memory, and reminding you of incidents which you would otherwise have forgotten. There are many other things which might be said here, but this will do for the present. A very good rule for letter-writing is the golden one, "Do as you would be done by."

There are two letters, both written not long ago, which illustrate so well some of the things which I have been saying, that I must give them to you. They remind one of the old story of "Eyes and No Eyes," where one boy saw nothing interesting in a long walk, while his brother, in passing over the same ground, saw a great many

wonderful things. Fanny wrote with a real desire to give her cousin pleasure, but Ellen wished only to get a disagreeable duty off her mind.

Here is Fanny's letter:

Ingleside, Mass., April 20th, 1876.

MY DEAR ANNIE: I was very glad to receive your kind letter, which came last Thursday.

We are very busy just now, as we go to school every day. Aunt Alice is visiting us, and every evening she gives us a short lesson in drawing. We have taken only six, and so have not got on much; but I hope soon to be able to draw from copies pretty well. After that, we are going to take lessons of a regular teacher in sketching from nature. After we are through with Aunt Alice, mamma reads aloud to us while we rest our eyes. She has just finished the second volume of "Mr. Rutherford's Children," and I think it is the nicest book I ever read, except "Little Women."

Last week mamma took us both to see Mr. Starr exhibit his magic-lantern in the Town Hall. He had a large white screen put up at the back of the stage, and the hall was darkened so that we could see the reflections on the screen. He showed us the sting of a bee and the point of a cambric-needle, very much larger than they really are. The needle looked like a blunt stick, but the sting was as sharp as ever. He had a little animal which he called a water-tiger. It is really so small that you can hardly see it; but on the screen it looked as large as a kitten, and we could see it eat bits of food which he threw into the water. I cannot remember all the things he showed us; but after that part of the exhibition was over, he pretended to talk to a man in the cellar, and he made his voice sound as if another man was answering him. Then he made believe saw a log of wood and catch a bumble-bee. We never heard a ventriloquist before, and of course enjoyed it very much. You asked me what color would be prettiest for your room-paper. I should think you would like blue best. Next week we are invited to Maggie Alison's party. Every one of the girls must either learn some little piece of poetry or a funny story, to repeat there. After supper, Mrs. Alison is going to show us a set of photographs which have been sent her from Europe. Ellen and I are working a set of bureau-mats to give Maggie.

I wish you could see our new kittens that are playing on the rug. Mine is gray and Ellen's is buff. You know our kitty ran away, and we both felt so badly that our neighbor, Mrs. Williams, sent us these two last Saturday. I wish you would tell us what to call them. We cannot think of any names pretty enough. Next week the garden will be made, and we are going to try and keep our flower-beds in better order than we did last year.

I had a letter last week from Cousin John. His letter sounds as if he was as old as papa. He is going to Phillips's Academy next September. All the family are sitting here, and send their love. Aunt Alice says she shall not make her visit at your house until June. Give my love to aunt and uncle. Thank them for asking me to go and see you this summer.

Your affectionate cousin,

FANNIE A. HOLMES.

Ellen's letter:

Ingleside, April.

DEAR AGNES: We are very busy, so I cannot write much. We take lessons from Aunt Alice. We go to school all day. I study arithmetic and geography and other things.

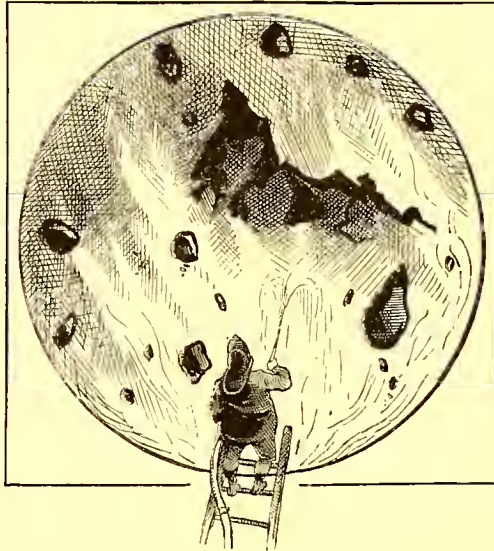
We went to an exhibition, and had a splendid time. The man sawed, and caught a bee. The weather is quite warm now. Warm weather is better than cold for a great many things. We don't have any vacation until June. Sixteen girls are in our class. The man's name was Starr. He had a water-tiger that he fed. Aunt Alice sends her love. I am working a mat. We are going to have a bed in the garden. Mamma sends love to you all. I do not like to write letters, so you must excuse a short one. We are going to plant a great many seeds. We are invited to a party. Mamma and papa are very well; so are Fanny and I. We have two kittens. I cannot think of anything more to say. I hope you will write me a long letter very soon. I like to get letters often.

Your affectionate friend,

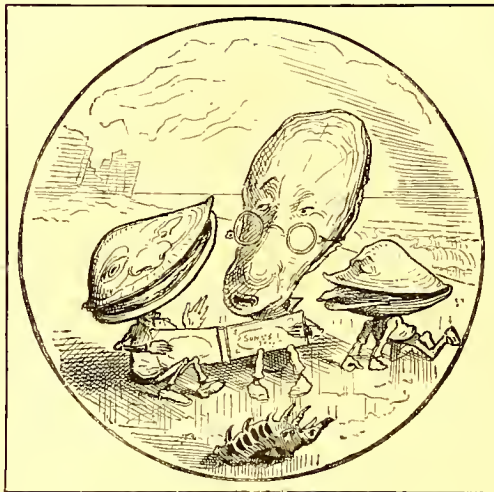
ELLEN.

THE SEVEN AGES.

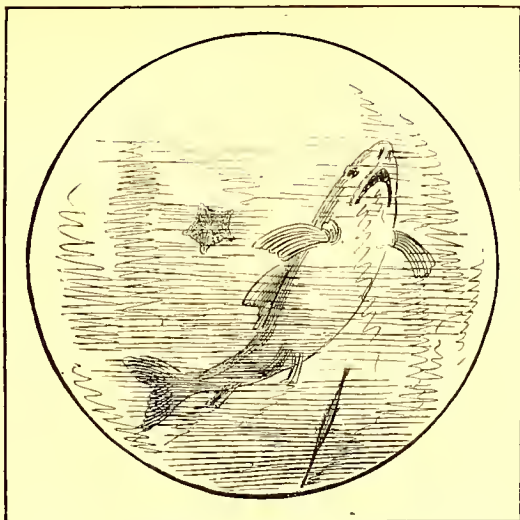
BY M. B. WHITING.

First
Age.

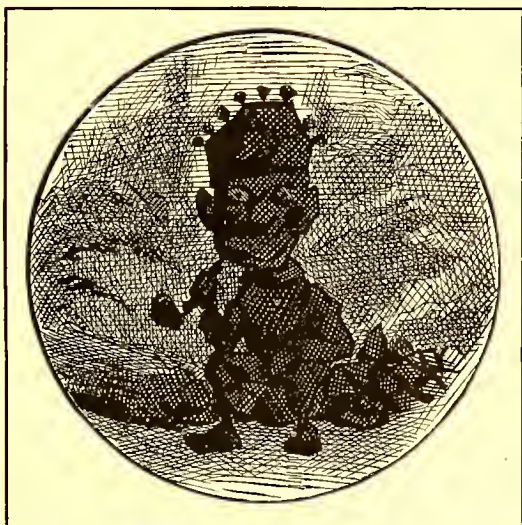
It was an age of Fire,
 Long, long years ago,
 When great melted rocks,
 With earthquake shocks,
 In torrents of flame did flow.

Second
Age.

It was an age of Mollusks,
 Long, long years ago,
 When the clam and the oyster,
 With the mussel much moister,
 By the sad sea waves sang low.



Third
Age. { It was an age of Fishes,
Long, long years ago,
When the shark and the gar-fish,
With the dear little star-fish,
Swam about stately and slow.

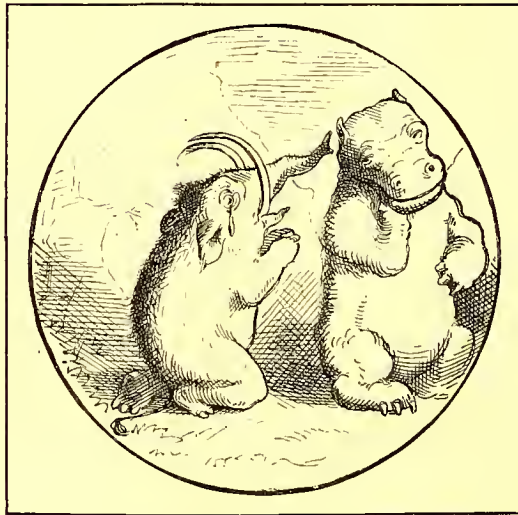


Fourth
Age. { It was an age of Carbons,
Long, long years ago,
When the fern and the pine,
And other plants fine,
Were made into coal, you know.



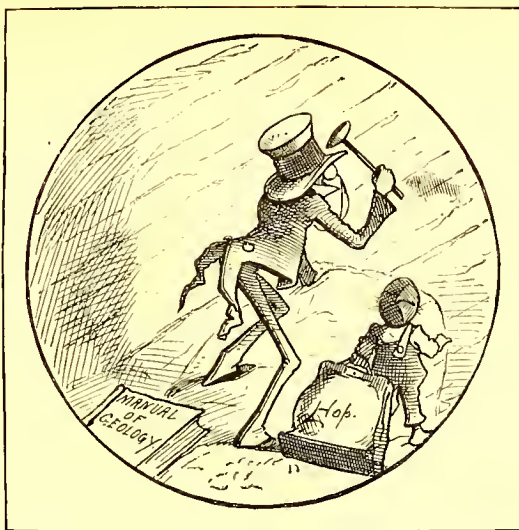
Fifth
Age.

It was an age of Reptiles,
 Long, long years ago,
 When the ichthyosaurus,
 By the banks of the Taurus,
 And the pterodactyl,
 By the gurgling rill,
 Danced in the moonbeam's glow.



Sixth
Age.

It was an age of Mammals,
 Long, long years ago,
 When the wild mastodon,
 With his war-paint on,
 The behemoth wooed,
 And the mammoth sued,
 Where glaciers once did go.



Seventh
Age.

It is the age of Man!
Now tell me, if you can,
Why no more on the hills
March the pterodactyls?
Why the ancient tapirs,
Through the morning vapors,
Chase not the whale,
Or the sportive snail?

And when men have gone,
What next will come on
This peculiar earth,
Which had its birth,
As you surely know,
In an age of fire,
Long years ago—
Yes, long ago?

ON THE ICE.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

"They sweep
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds along."—THOMSON.

FEW persons, however sedate, can look upon a good smooth sheet of ice without feeling a desire to go and slide upon it. Even Mr. Pickwick was backed by this temptation, and he—fell. Indeed, strong within us is the propensity to slide, that we have cultivated it, and refined upon it, and made an art of it,—with rules, theories, and scientific apparatus. Of the latter, the best, the oldest, and the most universal is the skate.

It can only be conjectured when skating was first practiced; but it was certainly very long ago. In an ancient collection of Scandinavian songs and legends known as the "Edda," Uller, the hand-god, is described as being the possessor of a pair of skates. This proves that skating is at

least a thousand years old. It is supposed to have been introduced into England about the twelfth century, and into the central parts of Europe somewhat earlier. It is curious, that although all northern nations possessed the sledge, those of America knew nothing of the skate, while the people of Europe did not have the snow-shoe. The course of invention varied, according to requirements. In America, in high latitudes, the snows are heavy, and open ice is comparatively rare. In the corresponding parts of Europe, there is much more clear ice, and proportionately less snow.

The ancient skates were nothing but the shin-bones of oxen or other large animals, pierced with holes to receive the cords or thongs which bound them to the feet. Fitzstephen's "History of London," written in the thirteenth century, is the earliest

English book in which skating is spoken of; and we learn, from its description, that the performers upon these bone skates kept themselves in motion by striking against the ice with an iron-shod pole. Sometimes specimens of these bone skates have been discovered, in the progress of excavations, in several European countries; and a very well preserved pair, so found in England some years ago, can now be seen in the British Museum.

It is unknown when or where iron was first employed in the construction of skates. It was probably in Holland; for skates, of a pattern very much like that of the ones we have now, not only were known in that country, but were extensively used by all classes of its people, long before the pastime of skating became general elsewhere. Skating is something more than a pastime in Holland. There it is one of the useful arts, and is universally practiced and highly esteemed. It offers a very convenient mode of travel in winter over the canals that almost entirely supply the place of roads in the Land of Dykes; and people skate from farm to farm, and from town to town, and to church, and to market, often carrying heavy burdens. The Russians have constructed an ice-locomotive, with roughened driving-wheels to lay hold of the slippery surface, and it has proved a success; but in Holland, every man is his own ice-locomotive. And so is every woman hers,—for it has long been customary for ladies to skate in Holland; whereas in other countries, until recently, this most excellent of out-door exercises for them has been almost tabooed.

The first skaters in our part of the world were the honest Dutchmen of the "Province of Nieuw Nederlandts," who doubtless brought their skates with them in that celebrated vessel, the "Goede Vrouw,"—which, we are told by the learned Diedrich Knickerbocker, "had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern-post to the taffereel." The Dutch certainly deserve high honor for having introduced skating and Christmas presents into America, if for nothing else. As they did so, the worthy St. Nicholas must be esteemed the patron of all American skaters.

The modern skate has within the past few years undergone many modifications, some of which are great improvements. The skate of twenty years ago was fastened to the foot with a single long strap, which passed through rings, crossed and recrossed, and was finally clasped in a common tongue buckle. The runner was always "square" at the heel, and extended up over the foot at the toe in a great useless curl. A spike entered the heel of the shoe, and the blade was fluted or "guttered" on the bottom. This latter feature,

although it is a great fault, is still occasionally retained.

The old style of skate has been superseded by better ones; and these are so many, and so different from each other, that it is useless to attempt an enumeration of them. It may be said, briefly that the best skates are those without straps, and with solid, broad blades, curving up behind as well as before, and lowest in the center. They should be constructed so as to bring the foot as close to the ice as possible, and thus avoid a great leverage upon the ankle.

Professors of the fine art of skating recognize about twenty-five regular "steps" and "evolutions." All of these, however, may be ranged into two classes: the skating of the "inside edge," and that of the "outside edge;" so called from the relative positions of the blade to the ice when performing them. Outside-edge skating is the most graceful, and at the same time most difficult because it requires that the body be thrown outward from the perpendicular,—thus rendering difficult to preserve the equilibrium. Although skating, as is seen, has its theory, it is purely a matter of practice. No amount of written instruction or advice will make a skater. That happy consummation is only arrived at by going through a thorough course of hard falls, as is shown by statistics. The required number of falls has not yet been exactly computed, but it is well along the thousands.

On the 29th of December, 1860, the river Witham in Lincolnshire, England, presented the novel spectacle of a military parade on skates, in which three full companies took part, and proceeded through a long and complicated drill in excellent style; some of the maneuvers being performed with a motion at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. "Frost Fair," with booths for exhibition and canvas-covered restaurants, has occasionally been held upon the Thames at London, since 1682—the date of its first occurrence. Many ordinary popular amusements, particularly games of ball, have been attempted on the ice, with more or less success. And there is one game that is peculiar to the ice, was invented for the ice, and cannot be played anywhere else except on the ice, curling. It is a Scottish national amusement, and until recently revived in Canada and some communities of our Northern States, seldom has been practiced outside of Scotland. There it is exceedingly popular, and is played by old and young, gently and simple; and there appears no reason why it should not become equally popular here. We have already adopted one of its technical terms,—the word *rink*. This word, which is applied to the houses or rooms that are now used

in our cities for common or for roller skating, originally meant the area of ice upon which the game of curling is played.

Curling, though not supposed to be so old as skating, has a respectable degree of antiquity. It is known to have been played throughout Scotland for at least two hundred and fifty years. The terms employed in the game, however, are all of Dutch or German extraction; and it is thought possible that the amusement may have existed in the Low Countries, and have been brought into Scotland by the people of Flanders who immigrated during the reign of James I.

If skating has been sung by Goethe and Klopstock, curling has been no less honored. Most of

The game is played with large stones, which are very similar in shape to a flat onion,—that is, they are in the form of spheres that have been so compressed that their breadth is nearly twice their thickness. The “sole” of the stone—its under surface—is polished as smoothly as possible; and a handle, shaped like the letter L turned upon its side, is inserted in the top. Such stones are chosen as are least liable to split, and their weights are graded according to the strength of the players. The ordinary average weight is from thirty to fifty pounds. About fifteen or twenty pounds would be heavy enough for stones to be used by boys.

The *rink* is a smooth place marked off upon the ice, about thirty yards long, and ten feet wide.



AT THE CURLING-RINK.

Scottish poets have eulogized it, the most eminent men of the nation have praised it and played it, and even the great Burns speaks of it in his poem “Tam Samson’s Elegy”:

“When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;
When to the lochs the curlers flock
 Wi’ gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?—
 Tam Samson’s dead!

“He was the king o’ a’ the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore;
Or up the rink like Jehu roar

 In time o’ need;
But now he lays on Death’s hog-score,—
 Tam Samson’s dead!”

At each end of the rink a small mark or hole is chipped out, which is most commonly called the *tee*, although it has other names in some parts of Scotland. Two circles are drawn around each tee, with the latter as their common center. The inner one may be made about four feet in diameter, and the outer one six feet. These circles are called *broughts*, and their object is to assist the eye in judging the distances between the stones, when played, and the *tee*. Lines are drawn across the rink, in front of the tees, and about fifteen feet from them; which two lines are entitled *hog-scores*. The rink should be perfectly clear of obstructions, as should also the ice beyond the tees

for several feet. The number of stones is usually sixteen, and eight players upon each side is the common number. There may be any number less than eight, however, if so agreed.

There are thirty-one "points" in the game. All the players stand at one tee, and slide their stones up the rink to the tee at the other end, in succession; and the stone resting nearest the tee counts one, and is called "the winner." If the stone next nearest the tee, and the one next after that, etc., belong to the same party who own the winner, they each count an additional point; otherwise, they are not "scored." When any player fails to propel his stone beyond the hog-score at the opposite end, one is deducted from the score of his party.

On each side, he who plays last is called the *driver*, and he directs and advises the others. The first player is the *lead*. He grasps a stone firmly by the handle, and slides it up the rink at the tee; attempting to place the stone either upon the tee, or a little on the hither side of it. The others follow; attempting to lay their own stones near the tee, or to place them so as to guard the stones of their own party which have been well laid, or to drive away those of their opponents. When all the stones have been played, and the points

counted, the game is resumed by playing back at the first tee; and so on until thirty-one are counted by one side or the other. A *bore* is a stone that lies in the way of a player, between him and the tee. *Wicking* is "caroming" from or glancing off from one stone to another.

Such are the general principles of curling:—a game that affords excellent exercise, is highly amusing, and gives room for the display of much judgment and skill. When clubs are formed, the cost of having the stones prepared is not great for each individual member. There are many cricket-clubs in America, and our English brethren are adopting base-ball. Why should not curling also become an international game?

There is no doubt that the sports of the ice should be cultivated to the fullest extent; for a time is coming, say the wise men, when our whole globe is to be enveloped in a solid casing of ice; and the man of the future (who will probably much resemble the modern Esquimaux) will be obliged to slide, and to skate, and to curl, without cessation, to keep himself warm and comfortable. That "glacial epoch" is some hundreds of centuries off yet, to be sure; but there is nothing like acquiring good habits early. Wherefore the moral hereof is: Go and have your skates sharpened!



A VISIT FROM JACK FROST.

THE TWO WISHES.

(A Fairy Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

PIEROT and Pierotte were a small brother and sister who were always wishing to be something that they were not, or to have something which they had not. They were not unhappy or discontented children,—far from it. Their home, though poor, was comfortable; their parents, though strict, were kind; they were used to both, and desired nothing better. Wishing with them was a habit, an idle game which they were forever playing. It meant little, but it sounded ill; and a stranger listening, would have judged them less well-off and cheerful than they really were.

"I wish I need n't wake up, but might lie still all day," was Pierotte's first thought every morning; while Pierot's was, "I wish Pierotte was n't such a sleepy-head, for then we could get out before sunrise, and gather every mushroom in the meadow while the Blaize children are still snoring in their beds." Then later, at breakfast, Pierotte would say, "I wish I were the Princess, to have coffee and white bread to my *déjeuner*, instead of some porridge. I am tired of porridge. White bread and coffee must be better,—much better!" At all the time she spoke, Pierotte's spoon, traveling between her bowl and mouth, conveyed the tiresome porridge down her throat as rapidly as though it were the finest Mocha; and Pierotte enjoyed it as much, though she fancied that she did not.

"I wish I were the young Comte Jules," Pierot would next begin in his turn. "No fagots to bind, no cow to fodder, no sheep to tend. Ah! a fine horse he leads! Beautiful clothes, nothing to do. Three meals a day, two of them dinners, a horse to ride,—everything! I wish —"

"And a nice yellow skin and eyes like boiled raspberries," chimed in his mother. "Better wish for these, while you are about it. Much you know of noblemen and their ways! Didst ever have an indigestion? Tell me that. When thou hast tried one, wish for it again, if thou canst."

Then Pierot would laugh sheepishly, shoulder his hatchet, and go off after wood, the inseparable Pierotte trotting by his side. As they went, it would be:

"I wish I were a bird," or "I wish we could jump like that grasshopper;" or, "Pierotte, I wish our godfather had left us his money. We should be rich then."

For the children had the same godfather. Pie-

rotte first, and then Pierot having been named after their father's cousin, a well-to-do peasant, whom it was expected would remember his little relatives in his will. This hope had been disappointed, and the children's regrets were natural and excusable, since even the wise dame, their mother, did not conceal her opinion of Cousin Pierre's conduct, which she considered irregular and dishonest. Children soon learn to join in chorus with older voices, and Pierot and Pierotte, in this case, found it particularly easy, as it chimed with the habit of their lives.

One warm July morning, their mother roused them for an early breakfast, and sent them into the forest after wood.

"My last fagot is in," she said. "You must bind and tie smartly to-day. And, Pierotte, help thy brother all that thou canst, for the father cannot spare him to go again this week, and on Saturday is the sennight's baking."

So they set forth. The sun was not fairly risen, but his light went before his coming, and even in the dim forest-paths it was easy to distinguish leaf from flower. Shadows fell across the way from the trees, which stood so motionless that they seemed still asleep. Heavy dew hung on the branches; the air was full of a rare perfume, made up of many different fragrances, mixed and blended by the cunning fingers of the night. A little later, and the light broadened. Rays of sun filtered through the boughs, a wind stirred, and the trees roused themselves, each with a little shake and quiver. Somehow, the forest looked unfamiliar, and like a new place to the children that morning. They were not often there at so early an hour, it is true, but this did not quite account for the strange aspect of the woods. Neither of them knew, or, if they knew, they had forgotten, that it was Midsummer's Day, the fairies' special festival. Nothing met their eyes, no whirl of wings or sparkle of bright faces from under the fern-branches, but a sense of something unusual was in the air, and the little brother and sister walked along in silence, peering curiously this way and that, with an instinctive expectation of unseen wonders.

"Is n't it lovely?" whispered Pierotte, at last. "It never looked so pretty here as it does to-day. See that wild-rose,—how many flowers it has! Oh! what was that? It waved at me!"

"What waved?"

"The rose. It waved a white arm at me!"

"Nonsense! It was the wind," replied Pierot, sturdily, leading the way into a side-path which led off from the rose-bush.

"Is it much farther where we get the wood?" asked Pierotte, for the children had been walking a considerable time.

"Father said we were to go to the Hazel Copse," answered Pierot. "We must be almost there."

So for half an hour longer they went on and on, but still no sign of fallen trees or wood-choppers appeared, and Pierot was forced to confess that he must have mistaken the road.

"It is queer, too," he said. "There was that big red toad-stool where the paths joined. I marked it the other day when I came with the father. What's the matter?" for Pierotte had given a sudden jump.

"Some one laughed," said Pierotte, in an awestruck tone.

"It was a cricket or tree-toad. Who is here to laugh?"

Pierotte tried hard to believe him, but she did not feel comfortable, and held Pierot's sleeve tight as they went. He felt the trembling of the little hand.

"Pierotte, thou art a goose!" he said; but all the same he put his arm round her shoulders, which comforted her so that she walked less timidly.

One path after another they tried, but none of them led to the cleared spot where the fallen trees lay. The sun rose high, and the day grew warmer, but in the forest a soft breeze blew, and kept them cool. Hour after hour passed; the children had walked till they were tired. They rested awhile, ate half their dinner of curds and black bread, then they went on again, turned, twisted, tried paths to right and paths to left, but still the dense woods closed them in, and they had no idea where they were, or how they should go.

Suddenly the track they were following led to a little clearing, in which stood a tiny hut, with a fenced garden full of cherry-trees and roses. It was such a surprise to find this fertile and blooming spot in the heart of the wild wood, that the children stood still with their mouths open, to stare at it.

"How strange!" gasped Pierot, when at last he found his voice. "The father always said that ours was the only hut till you got to the other side the forest."

"Perhaps this *is* the other side," suggested Pierotte.

An odd chuckling laugh followed this remark, and they became aware of an old woman sitting at the window of the cottage,—a comical old woman, with a stiff square cap on her head, sharp twinkling

eyes, and a long hooked nose. As the children looked, she laughed again, and, extending her finger, beckoned them to come nearer.

Timidly they obeyed, setting down their big wood-basket at the gate. The old woman leaned over the window to await them, her hand on a square glass jar full of yellow liquid, in which floated what seemed to be a pickled serpent with his tail in three coils, and the tip in his mouth. Pierotte shuddered at the serpent, but Pierot was bolder.

"Did you want us, good madam?" he asked.

"Want you? No," replied the "good madam." "How should I want you? I saw you staring at my house as if your eyes would pop out of your heads, and I thought, perhaps, you wanted me."



"DID YOU WANT US, GOOD MADAM?"

"It was only—we were only—surprised," stammered Pierot. "Because we did n't know there was a house here."

"There was none last night, and there won't be any to-morrow morning—at least—none for children to stare at," replied the old woman, coolly.

"What *do* you mean?" cried Pierot, astonished beyond measure. "How can a house be built in one night? And why won't it be here to-morrow!"

"Because to-morrow won't be Midsummer's Day—and to-day is," replied the old woman; "and a fairy-house is visible to mortal eyes at that time and no other."

"Fairy-house!" faltered Pierot; while Pierot, jumping more rapidly to a conclusion, said,

reamed: "Oh, Pierot! Madam, then, is a fairy! real fairy! Pierot, think of it, only think of it!" "Very much at your service," said the old woman, with a malicious smile. "Do you like cherries, then? Do you admire my pickled snake? Would you wish to pull some flowers?"

Something in the smile made Pierotte draw back; but Pierot said, politely:

"One rose, perhaps—since Madam is so good." The fairy leaned out and plucked a rose from the vine which grew on the wall close by.

"Now, listen," she said. "Each of my roses loses a wish. You are great wishers, I know;" and her eyes twinkled queerly. "This time the wish will come true, so take care what you are about. There will be no coming to get me to undo a wish, for I sha' n't be visible again till this time of year on Midsummer's Day,—you know."

"Oh, Pierot! what shall we wish for?" cried Pierotte, much excited; but the old woman only repeated, "Take care!" drew her head in at the doorway, and all in a minute,—how they could not tell,—the cottage had vanished, the garden, the gate,—they were in the wood again, with nothing but trees and bushes about them; and all would have seemed like a dream, except for the rose which Pierot held in his hand—red and fragrant.

"What shall we wish for?" repeated Pierotte, they seated themselves under a tree to talk over their marvelous adventure.

"We must be very careful, and ask for something nice," replied Pierot.

"It would be better to wait and think for a long time first," suggested Pierotte.

"Thou art right. We will. Art thou not hungry?"

"Oh, so hungry! Let us eat the rest of our dinner now. I can't wait any longer."

Pierot produced the big lump of bread, and divided it into two equal portions.

"Look, look!" cried Pierotte, as her teeth met the first mouthful. "A cherry-tree, brother,—a cherry-tree here in the woods! And with so many cherries on it! How good some would be for our bread!"

"First rate!" cried Pierot; and, putting their heads carefully on the grass, both ran to the tree. The boughs grew high, and the cherries hung beyond their reach. Pierot tried to climb the trunk, but the stem was both slight and slippery. At last they found a forked stick, but vainly attempted to hook and draw down a branch.

"Oh, dear! I wish we were both grown up," cried Pierot, panting with exertion.

"So do I. If we were as big as father and mother, we could reach the boughs without even standing on tiptoe," chimed in Pierotte.

Luckless words! As Pierot spoke, the rose, which he had stuck in his cap, shriveled and faded, while a queer sensation as if he were being carried up into the air swept over him. He clutched at something to hold himself down. That something was the cherry-tree bough! He could reach it now, and as his eyes turned with dismay toward Pierotte, there she stood, also holding a twig of the tree, only two or three inches lower than his own. Her pretty round cheeks and childish curls were gone, and instead of them he beheld a middle-aged countenance with dull hair, a red nose, and a mouth fallen in for lack of teeth. She, on her part, unconscious of the change, was staring at him with a horrified expression.

"Why, Pierot!" she cried at last, in a voice which sounded as old as her face. "How queer you look! You've got a beard, and your forehead is all criss-cross and wrinkly, and your chin rough. Dear me, how ugly you are! I never thought you could be so ugly."

"Ugly, eh! Perhaps you would like to see your own face," said Pierot, enraged at this flattering criticism. "Just wait till we get home, and I show you the old looking-glass. But stay, we need n't wait;" and he dragged Pierotte to the side of a little pool of still water, which had caught his eye among the bushes. "Here's a looking-glass ready made," he went on. "Look, Pierotte, and see what a beauty you have become."

Poor Pierotte! She took one look, gave a scream, and covered her face with her hands.

"That me?" she cried. "Oh! I never, never will think it! What is the matter with us, Pierot? Was it that horrid fairy, do you think? Did she bewitch us?"

"The wish!" faltered Pierot, who at that moment caught sight of the faded rose in his cap. "I wished that we were both grown up, don't you remember? Oh, what a fool I was!"

"You horrid boy! You have gone and wished me into an ugly old woman! I'll never forgive you!" sobbed Pierotte.

"It was your wish too. You said you would like to be as old as father and mother. So you need n't call me horrid!" answered Pierot, angrily.

Silence followed, broken only by Pierotte's sobs. The two old children sat with their backs to each other, under different trees. By and by Pierot's heart began to smite him.

"It was more my fault than hers," he thought; and, turning round a little way, he said, coaxingly, "Pierotte."

No answer. Pierotte only stuck out her shoulder a little and remained silent.

"Don't look so cross," went on Pierot. "You

can't think how horrid it makes you—a woman of your age!"

"I'm not a woman of my age. Oh, how can you say such things?" sobbed Pierotte. "I don't want to be grown-up. I want to be a little girl again."

"You used to be always wishing you were big," remarked her now big brother.

"Y—es, so I was; but I never meant all at once. I wanted to be big enough to spin—and the—mother—was—going—to teach me," went on poor Pierotte, crying bitterly, "and I wanted to be as big as Laura Blaize—and—pretty—and some day have a sweetheart, as she had—and—but what's the use—I've lost it all, and I'm grown-up, and old and ugly already, and the mother wont know me, and the father will say, 'My little Pierotte—' *Cœur de St. Martin*—impossible! get out you witch!" Overcome by this dreadful picture, Pierotte hid her face and cried louder than ever.

"I'll tell you what," said Pierot, after a pause, "don't let us go home at all. We will just hide here in the woods for a year, and when Midsummer's Day comes round, we'll hunt till we find the fairy house again, and beg her, on our knees, for another wish, and if she says 'yes,' we'll wish at once to be little just as we were this morning, and *then* we'll go home directly."

"Poor mother; she will think we are dead!" sighed Pierotte.

"That's no worse than if she saw us like this. I'd be conscripted most likely and sent off to fight, and me only twelve years old. And you'd have a horrid time of it with the Blaize boys. Robert Blaize said you were the prettiest girl in Balne aux Bois. I wonder what he'd say now?"

"Oh yes, let us stay here," shuddered Pierotte. "I could n't bear to see the Blaize boys now. But then—it will be dark soon—sha' n't you be frightened to stay in the woods all night?"

"Oh! a man like me is n't easily frightened," said Pierot, stoutly, but his teeth chattered a little.

"It's so queer to hear you call yourself 'a man,'" remarked Pierotte.

"And it's just as queer to hear you call yourself a little girl," answered Pierot, with a glance at the antiquated face beside him.

"Dear, how my legs shake, and how stiff my knees are!" sighed Pierotte. "Do grown-up people feel like that always?"

"I don't know," said Pierot, whose own legs lacked their old springiness. "Would you like some cherries now, Pierotte? I can reach them easily."

"Cherries! Those sour things? No, thank you. They would be sure to disagree with me," returned Pierotte, pettishly.

"Times are changed," muttered Pierot, but dared not speak aloud.

"Where shall we sleep?" asked Pierotte.

"Under the trees, so long as the summer lasts."

"Gracious! We shall both die of rheumatism."

"Rheumatism? What an idea for a child like you!"

"I wish I *were* a child," said Pierotte, with a groan. "Here's a tree with grass below it, and I'm getting tired and sleepy."

When the brother and sister woke it was bright sunlight again.

"One day gone of our year," said Pierot, trying to be cheerful.

It was hard work as time went on, and with their constant walking and wandering they never seemed to find their way out of the forest, or that particular part of it where their luckless venture had befallen them. Turn which way they would, the paths always appeared to lead them round to the same spot; it was like bewitchment they could make nothing out of it. The dullness of their lives was varied only by an occasional quarrel. Pierot would essay to climb a tree, and Pierotte, grown sage and proper, would upbraid him for behaving so foolishly—"just like a boy,"—he would catch her using the pool as a mirror, and would tease her for caring so much for a plain face when there was nobody but himself to look at. How the time went they had no idea. It seemed always daylight, and yet weeks, if not months must have passed, they thought, and Pierot at last began to suspect the fairy of having changed the regular course of the sun so as to cheat them out of the proper time for finding her at home.

"It's just like her," he said. "She is making the days seem all alike, so that we may not know when Midsummer comes. Pierotte, I'll tell you what, we must be on the lookout, and search the little house every day, for if we forget just one day that will be the very time, depend upon it."

So every day, and all day long, the two children wandered to and fro in search of the fairy cot. For a long time their quest was in vain, at last, one bright afternoon, just before sunset they were about giving up the hunt for that day when the woods opened in the same sudden way they had revealed the garden, the hut, and—yes—at the window the pointed cap, the sharp black eyes, was the fairy herself, they had found her at last.

For a moment they were too much bewildered to move, then side by side they hurried into the den without waiting for invitation.

"Well, my old gaffer, what can I do for you for you, dame?" asked the fairy, benevolently.

"Oh, please, I am not a dame, he is not a gaffer," cried Pierotte, imploringly. "I am

rotte"—and she bobbed a courtesy. "And this Pierot, my brother."

"Pierot and Pierotte! Wonderful!" said the fairy. "But, my dear children, what has caused this change in your appearance? You have aged remarkably since I saw you last."

"Indeed, we have," replied Pierot, with a sneer.

"Well, age is a very respectable thing. Some persons are always wishing to be old," remarked the fairy, maliciously. "You find it much pleasanter than being young, I dare say."

"Indeed, we don't," said Pierotte, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"No? Well, that is sad, but I *have* heard people say the same before you."

"Oh, please, please," cried Pierot and Pierotte, kneeling on their knees before the window, "please,

There was no deliberation this time as to what the wish should be.

"I wish I was a little boy," shouted Pierot, holding the rose over his head with a sort of ecstasy.

"And I wish I was a little girl, the same little girl exactly that I used to be," chorused Pierotte.

The rose seemed to melt in air, so quickly did it wither and collapse. And the brother and sister embraced and danced with joy, for each in the other's face saw the fulfillment of their double wish.

"Oh, how young you look! Oh, how pretty you are! Oh, what happiness it is not to be old any longer! The dear fairy! The kind fairy!" These were the exclamations which the squirrels and the birds heard for the next ten minutes, and the birds and the squirrels seemed to be amused, for certain queer and, unexplained little noises like laughs sounded from under the leaves and behind the bushes.

"Let us go home at once to mother," cried Pierotte.

There was no difficulty about the paths now. After walking awhile, Pierot began to recognize this turn and that. There was the huntsman's oak and the Dropping Well; and there—yes, he was sure—lay the hazel copse where the father had bidden them go for wood.

"I say," cried Pierotte, with a sudden bright thought, "we will wait and bind one fagot for the mother's oven—the poor mother! Who has fetched her wood all this time, do you suppose?"

Plenty of sticks lay on the ground ready for binding. The wood-choppers had just left off

their work, it would seem. Pierotte's basket was filled, a fagot tied and lifted on to Pierot's shoulders, and through the gathering twilight they hurried homeward. They were out of the wood soon. There was the hut, with a curl of smoke rising from the chimney; there was the mother standing at the door and looking toward the forest. What *would* she say when she saw them?

What she said astonished them very much.

"How long you have been!" were the words, but the tone was not one of surprise.

"O mother, mother!" cried Pierotte, clinging to her arm, while Pierot said, "We were afraid to come home because we looked so old, and we feared you would not know us, but now we are young again."

"Old! young!" said the mother. "What does the lad mean? One does not age so fast



THEY FIND THE COTTAGE AGAIN.

kind fairy, forgive us. We don't like to be made-up at all. We want to be little and young. Please, dear fairy, turn us into children as we were before?"

"What would be the use?" said the old woman. "I'd begin wanting to be somebody else at once if you were turned back to what you were before."

"We wont, indeed we wont," pleaded the children very humbly.

The fairy leaned out and gathered a rose. "Very well," she said. "Here's another wish for you. See that it is a wise one this time, for if it fails, it will be of no use to come to me."

With these words, she shut the blinds suddenly, and in one second, house, garden, and all vanished, and Pierot and Pierotte were in the street again.

between sunrise and sunset as to be afraid to come home. Are you dreaming, Pierot?"

"But we have been away a year," said Pierot, passing his hand before his eyes as if trying to clear his ideas.

"A year! Prithee! And the sheets which I hung out at noon not fairly dry yet. A year! And the goats thou drovest to pasture before breakfast not in the shed yet! A year! Thou wouldst better not let the father hear thee prate thus! What, crying, Pierotte! Here's a pretty to do because, forsooth, you are come in an hour late!"

An hour late! The children looked at each other in speechless amazement. To this day the

amazement continues. The mother still persists that they were absent but a few hours. Whether then, were the weeks spent in the wood, the grass, the hair, the wrinkles, the wanderings in search of the old woman and her hut? Was all and each but a bit of enchantment, a trick of the mirth-loving fairies? They could not tell, and neither can the Fairies are unaccountable folk, and their doings surpass our guessing, who are but mortal, and stupid at that! One thing I know, that the children since that day have dropped their foolish habit of wishing and are well content to remain little Pierot and Pierotte till the time comes for them to grow older, as it will only too soon.

THE GOLDEN FISH OF OWARI CASTLE.

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

OF all the sports at which the boys in Japan amuse themselves, kite-flying seems to afford the most fun and enjoyment. Japanese kites are not plain coffin-shaped bits of tissue-paper, such as American boys fly. They are made of tough paper stretched on light frames of bamboo, and of all shapes,—square, oblong, or oval. They are also made to imitate animals. I have often, in my walks in Japan, seen a whole paper menagerie in the air. There were crying babies, boys with arms spread out, horses, fishes, bats, hawks, crows, monkeys, snakes, dragons, besides ships, carts, and houses. Across and behind the top of the kite, a thin strip of whalebone is stretched, which hums, buzzes, or sings high in air like a hurdy-gurdy or a swarm of beetles. When the boys of a whole city are out in kite-time, there is more music in the air than is delightful. The real hawks and crows, and other birds, give these buzzing counterfeits of themselves a wide berth. In my walks, I often was deceived when looking up, unable to tell at first whether the moving black spot in the air were paper, or a real, living creature, with beak, claws, and feathers.

A kite-shop in Japan is a jolly place to visit. I knew one old fellow, a toy-maker in Fukui, who was always slitting bamboo or whalebone, painting kite-faces, or stretching them on the frames. His sign out in front was—well, what do you think? I am sure you can't guess. It was a cuttle-fish. A real jolly old cuttle, looking just as funny and old,

with its pulpy forehead and one black eye, as much like Mr. Punch, or an old man with a long nose and chin made out of lobster-claws, as such a fellow could.

This is the sign for kite-shops all over Japan. The native boys call a kite *tako*, which is Japanese for cuttle-fish. It is just such a puppet would be played if a kite-maker in our country were; to hang out for his sign the fork-tailed kite after which our kites took their name.

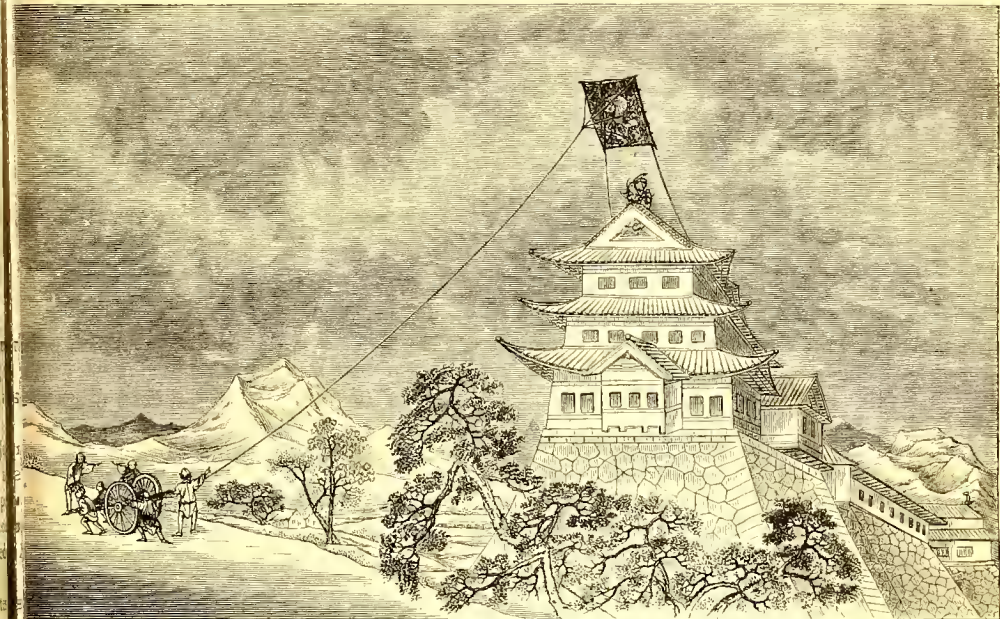
On the faces of the square Japanese kites you can see a whole picture-gallery of the nation's heroes. Brave boys, great men, warriors in helmets and armor, hunters with bows and arrows, and the famous children and funny folks in the Japanese fairy tales, are painted on them in gay colors besides leaping dragons, snow-storms, pretty pictures dancing, and a great many other designs.

The Japanese boys understand well how to send "messengers" to the top of the kite, and how to entangle each other's kites. When they wish they can cut their rival's strings and send proud prize fluttering to the ground. To do this they take about ten feet of the string near the end, dip it in glue and then into bits of powdered glass making a multitude of tiny blades as sharp as a razor, and looking, when magnified, like the top of a wall in which broken bottles have been set to keep off climbers. When two parties of boys agree to have a paper war near the clouds, they raise their kites and then attempt to cross

ings. The most skillful boy saws off, with his
 ss saw, the cord of his antagonist.
 The little boys fly kites that look for all the world
 e themselves. I have often seen ehubby little
 ows, scarcely able to walk, holding on to their
 per likenesses. Would you believe it? Even
 blind boys amuse themselves with these buz-
 g toys, and the tugging string that pulls like a
 fish. This fact, as I have often seen it, loses
 wonder, when you remember that a good kite
 he hands of a boy who is not blind often will
 out of sight. The Japanese blind boy enjoys

boys and young men would make kites as large as
 an elephant. Why do they not permit it? I can
 best answer the question by telling you a true
 story.

In nearly every large city in Japan there is, or
 was, a large castle, in which the prince of the provin-
 ce or his soldiers lived in time of peace, or fought
 in time of war. In Nagoya, in the province of
 Owari, in the central part of the main island, was
 seen the largest and finest of all the castles in Japan.
 They were built of thick walls of stone masonry
 from twenty to one hundred feet high, and divided



ATTEMPTING TO ROB THE GOLDEN FISH. (DRAWN BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.)

man with finger and ear. It is like Beethoven
 g in raptures over music, though stone deaf.
 square kites, with the main string set in the
 er, do not need bobs, but usually the Japanese
 attaches two very long tails made of rice-
 re usual size of a kite in Japan is two feet square,
 ten four feet; and I have seen many that were
 et high. Of course, such a kite needs very
 cord, which is carried in a basket or on a big
 They require a man, or a very strong boy,
 se them; and woe betide the small urehin
 attempts to hold one in a stiff breeze! The
 ing monster in the air will drag him off his
 ull him over the street, or into the ditch,
 he knows it. Tie such a kite to a dog's tail,
 o Japanese canine could even turn round to
 ue string. If the Government allowed it,

from the outside land by moats filled with water.
 At the angles were high towers, built of heavy
 beams of wood covered with lime to make them
 fire-proof, and roofed with tiles. They had many
 gables like a pagoda, and port-holes or windows
 for the archers to shoot out their arrows on the
 besiegers. These windows were covered with cop-
 per or iron shutters. At the end of the topmost
 gable of the tower, with its tail in the air, was a
 great fish made of bronze or copper, from six to
 ten feet high, weighing thousands of pounds. It
 was a frightful monster of a fish, looking as if
 Jonah would be no more in its mouth than a sprat
 in a mackerel's. It stood on its lower gill, like a
 boy about to walk on his hands and head. It
 always reminded me of the old-fashioned candle-
 sticks, in which a glass dolphin rampant, with very
 thick lips, holds a candle in his glass tail. In

Japan, however, the flukes of this bronze fish's tail, instead of a candle, were usually occupied by a live hawk, or sometimes an eagle, cormorant, or falcon. Half the birds in Fukui solemnly believed the castle towers to have been built for their especial perch and benefit. I often have seen every fish-tail of the castle occupied by crows. They were finishing their toilet, enjoying an after-dinner nap, or making speeches to each other, observing the rules of order no better than some assemblies in which several persons talk at once.

We sometimes say of a boy having wealthy parents, that "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth." Now, as the Japanese eat with chopsticks, and use their silver for other purposes, they express nearly the same idea in other words.

In Japan, the better class of people—those who enjoy the privilege of wealth, education, or position—live either within or near the castle. One of the first things a well-born Japanese baby sees and learns to know out-doors is the upright bronze fish on the castle towers. Hence a Japanese is proud to say, "I was born within sight of the *shachihoko*" (the Japanese name of this fish). The princes of Owari were very proud, rich, and powerful; and they determined to erect gold instead of bronze fishes on their castle. So they engaged famous gold and silver smiths to make them a *shachihoko* ten feet high. Its tail, mouth, and fins were of solid beaten silver. Its scales were plates of solid gold. Its eyes were of black glass. It cost many thousands of dollars, and required about twenty men to lift it.

This was at Nagoya, a city famous for its bronzes, porcelain vases, cups, and dishes, its wonderful enamel work called *cloisonné*, and its gay fans. Thousands of the Japanese fans with which we cool our faces in summer were made in Nagoya. Well, when, after much toil and the help of great derricks and tackling, the great object was raised to its place, thousands of persons came from a distance to see the golden wonder. The people of Nagoya felt prouder than ever of their handsome city. In all kinds of weather, the golden fish kept its color and glittering brightness, never tarnishing or blackening like the common *shachihoko* on other castles. Morning and evening, the sunbeams gilded it with fresh splendor. The gold and the sunlight seemed to know each other, for they always kissed. The farmers' children, who lived miles distant in the country, clapped their hands with joy when the flashing flukes on the castle towers gleamed in the air. The travelers plodding along the road, as they mounted a hill, knew when the city was near, though they could not see anything but the gleam like a star of gold.

Alas that I should tell it! What was joy to

the many, was temptation to some. They were led to envy, then to covet, then to steal the prize. A man whose talents and industry might have made him rich and honored, became a robber—first in heart, and then in act. He began to study how he might steal the golden fish. How was he to reach the roof of the tower? Even if he could swim the moat and scale the wall, he could not mount to the top story or the roof. The gates were guarded. The sentinels were vigilant, armed with sword and spear. How should he reach the golden scales?

The picture tells the story. It was drawn by a famous Japanese artist in Tōkiō, Ozawa, and true to the facts, as I have seen, or have been told of them. A kite, twenty-five feet square, was made of thick paper, with very strong but light bamboo frame, with tough rope for a tether, and a pair of bobs strong enough to lift two hundred pounds. No man could hold such a kite. The rope was wound round a windlass and paid out by one man, while two men and three boys held the handcart. A very dark, cloudy night, when a breeze of wind was up, was chosen. When all was ready at midnight, the hand-cart was run out along the moat, the robber with prying-tools in his belt, his feet in loops at the end of the bobs, mounted on the perilous air-ship, more dangerous than the balloon. The wind was in the right direction, and by skillful movements of the cart and windlass, the robber, after swinging like a pendulum for a few minutes, finally alighted on the right roof. Fastening the bobs so as to secure his descent, he began the work of wrenching off the golden scales.

This he found no easy task. The golden scales had riveted them so securely that they defied prying, and the soft, tough metal could not be broken off. He dared not make any clinking noise with hammer or chisel, lest the sentinels should hear him. After what appeared to be several hours of work, he had loosened only two scales, worth scarcely more than fifty dollars.

To make a long story short, the man was caught. The sentinels were awakened, and the crime detected. The robber was sentenced to die a painful death,—to be boiled in oil. His accomplices received various other degrees of punishment. The Prince of Owari issued a decree forbidding the making of any kites above a certain small size. Henceforth the grand old kites which the boys of the province had flown in innocent fun were no more to be seen.

As for the big golden fish, it was afterward taken down from the castle in Nagoya, and kept in the prince's treasure-house. When I saw it, it was in Tōkiō at the museum. It was afterward taken to Vienna and exhibited at the Exposition in 1873.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A
BLUE-COAT GIRL.

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS will find all about the Blue-Coats in my very first article of the first number of the magazine. Girls were educated there as well as boys, but the girls' school after a while removed to Hertford.]

March 30th, 1689.—Oh! what shall I do? Such a little thing as I to be left all alone! Father! Mother! where are you? Can not you speak to me from the better world where you are gone now? It is so lonely, that I must keep this little journal to talk all to myself. I promised dear Mother that I would do it. Little she thought, when she took so much pains to teach me to read and write, that I should soon have no other comfort. It might be possible, that only last week, dear mamma was with me, sitting so pale and gentle in that chair, with her lovely white hair and darling old eyes? And now, where is she? And what shall I do? There is no one to love me, or take care of me any more.

My uncle came to see about the funeral. He is so cold and formal, and not a bit like mamma. He does not seem as if he could be her brother. He is old and poor, and badly dressed, and thin. He does not do anything for me, he says, he is such a poor man. His eyes look wild sometimes; he distresses me. Ah! I cannot stay here. Everything must be sold he says, and I must even part with mother's chair. Her Bible I will keep. No one shall take that from me, if I starve. How it rains and blows! What a stormy night! Mother is lying alone there, in that dreadful church-yard, under the black, dripping trees. Oh, dear! mother!

April 3rd.—All is sold and gone, even mother's room and bed. Uncle John gave me money to pay my aunt and lady, and said, "It is better so, child." I like it; but I've kept the portraits, and mother's clothes, and her Bible and Prayer-Book. Mother was a good Church-woman, if father was a Round Head. I don't know what a Round Head means, but it can't be anything bad, except that poor papa lost all his money very long ago, and I was born; and we were so poor always. Mother's papa gave up his living, mamma said we had a happy home in a beautiful parsonage, by an ancient towered church down in Devonshire, and not far from the great cliffs, with thickets of gorse and fern, and bramble at the top, and the wide sea and shining below. But I was not born there. There were other children, but they are all dead now. How I wish *one*—just one—of them had

lived! I should like to see the sea (I who have never been out of London in my life), and to play on the beach with those little brothers and sisters. But I forget—they would all be grown up now. Mother used to talk so much about Dorothy, who had fair hair like me, and was so very lovely. I wonder if I look a bit like her? She would have been married now, and I should have lived with her. Somehow, I feel as if I would rather have had a brother who was strong and big, to run races on the beach mother told me of. What a baby I talk like! Yet, I'm not much more than a baby, though the neighbors tell me I'm "old-fashioned," and I do feel *very* old, at least fifteen, though I'm only twelve. But nursing poor mamma, and the funeral, and all the dreadful things, have made me feel so very, *very* old.

Uncle says he will send me to school, to Christ's Church "Spittle." I wonder what it's like, and if I shall be very unhappy there? Anything is better than this empty room, with the eyes in the pictures following me about, as I sit on mother's chest; and oh, I *will* not cry so! I will try—

April 6th.—I've been here at the school almost a week, and oh! it's dreadful! So many girls staring at me! And these long rows of beds, and I can't even sleep alone. The high walls seem to shut me in from mother, and the church-yard is far away. The great courts are bare and desolate, and oh, how hard the mistress is! If she beats me, I know I shall run away, I *know* I shall! oh, mother! mother! But where could I go? Our good Kate, that lived with us so long, is married away in Scotland. I could not find her. And the public suppers!—(the dinners are the worst!) The great tables, and the noise and staring of people, and slamming of trenchers, and clashing of knives and pewter mugs, and the great joints of mutton that smell so, and the coarse boiled beef, so salt. Yesterday was Thursday, and there was fresh beef in hunches, and the girl who sat next me, who squints so, said, "Don't you hate gags?" In the morning there are great chunks of bread she calls "crugs," and small beer in great buckets. But the broth, so thick, and slab, and choking, I can't help minding *that*. What an ungrateful child I am, to feel so, when I ought to be thankful to be here, and not think of the nice things I used to make and share with mother. Uncle was very good to get me here. He is a *very* poor man, he says. I know he lives all alone in a dreary old

lodging in a dingy street. I may go and see him sometimes, and I am glad, for he has taken care of the portraits and mother's chest for me, which has her wedding dress and things. How pretty she must have looked in the sky-blue brocade with white roses! She was pretty, even when she died, an old lady.

Ah, well! I'll try to make the best of things. I am young and healthy; and, perhaps, when I leave school, they may get me a place in the country, with lanes and hedge-rows such as mother used to talk of in Devonshire, where the wild roses hang over the red banks, with fern, and briony, and daisies. How she used to talk of those things! Just before she died, she showed me a sprig of speedwell in her Bible, all brown and faded. It was a pretty blue flower once, like Dorothy's eyes, and she gathered it the day she left home forever. My eyes are blue, too. Father gave up his living to join Cromwell, but when the King came in, all was lost, and we were always poor. But being a Round Head must be something noble, after all.

April 11th, 1689.—This has been a very great holiday, for my uncle took me to see the coronation. The King is a very fine man, to be sure, and Queen Mary looked lovely in her robes. My uncle knows a verger of the Abbey, and he put us into a little nook in the clere-story, where we could look down on everything. I never dreamed of anything so beautiful; and the new music by Mr. Handel! oh! it was like heaven! Such splendid lords and ladies! I wondered if I should ever wear anything besides this coarse, blue stuff and a bib-apron. Mother was lady enough to have been there in her sky-blue brocade. Some people that were near us hissed softly and said he was n't the right king, but she *must* have been the right queen, in her robes all velvet and ermine, and she so gentle and mild. She smiled like an angel.

May 15th, 1689.—I don't write much in my journal, it makes me too sad, and I don't have much time. The other day, as we were coming out of chapel, boys first and girls after, I saw a boy sitting on the steps with his face hidden in his hands. It was against the rules to speak, but I *did* linger and ask him what was the matter, when the rest were gone. He said his father and mother were dead, and he wanted to go to sea, but his grandfather would send him here, and it was very unkind. He was to be educated here first, he said, and *then* go to sea. But he wanted to go to sea *now*. He would run away. A great tear trickled through his fingers. I could not help wondering why a big, strong boy should cry, and then I remembered how sad I had been, and how alike we were in our lives. I talked to him a little, and said it would be much better to wait and get an education, and then he

might go into the navy, instead of being a comm-sailor. He said I was a brave girl, and I was right! His grandfather was an admiral, and he meant to be one too. But he believed his grandfather had hated him, and had put him into this bad place, where he was flogged almost every day, and he meant to be a great man some day, on purpose to spite him. "I hated my father," said he, "because he was a music master, and married my mother against her will, and he never spoke to my mother again. I don't think my father was not bad; he was good and kind, and played beautifully on his Stradivarius."

I ran away then, but I had been seen, and I got a whipping and bread and water. I did n't care though, for I was glad to comfort him. His name was Charles Stanley.

June 10th, 1690.—My uncle comes often to see me, and gets leave to take me out for long walks in the country on holidays. I love to walk with him in the lanes near Kensington, and to gather flowers in the fields,—mother's favorite flowers. One day he took me to see the beasts at the Royal Exchange. How the lion did roar and frighten me! Charles Stanley was there, feeding the elephant with apples. I wonder he was n't afraid.

July 6th, 1690.—This evening my uncle took me to see a great illumination and fire-works because of a great victory, the battle of the Boyne. It was a very important battle, he said, and had seen King William and Queen Mary firmly on the throne, and the Papists could not make head against them. I don't know much of politics, but I hope no harm will happen to the Queen. My father never liked the Papists. The illumination was splendid. Every house had ever so many candles; for if a house was not lighted, the crowd was furious, and threatened to tear it down, screaming "No Popery!" I was mad. On the Thames were lighted barges, full of splendid people, and the King and Queen on the steps of Whitehall, and wonderful fire-works of Britannia and Neptune, and Plenty, and Faith and Glory. My uncle explained all to me very kindly.

September 8th, 1690.—Charles Stanley comes to talk to me whenever he can get a chance. I generally get punished for it; but I don't tell him. He says *he* is, though. One day he brought me a nosegay, and wanted me to promise to be his sweetheart, but I said it was nonsense, and went away quite angry. He says he likes school better now, and studies hard, though the master is cruel sometimes. I'm sorry I made him angry.

May 26th, 1692.—My uncle came again to see me and took me to see the rejoicings over the great naval victory of La Hogue over the French, under old King James. He must be very bad, to cause so much trouble, and cause so many people

killed. I hope Charles Stanley went into the navy till there's peace. It was a good deal like the other illumination, only finer. A great, big ship, all of fire, was on the river, and the whole party was as light as day. There was service at St. Paul's, very solemn and beautiful with grand music, and the whole school went. People seemed

May 15th, 1694.—My uncle came to-day, and talked a great deal about something very bad, he called the Bank—the new Bank of England. I could n't understand it at all, but he looked quite wild. He said this banking was a dreadful, fatal thing, a great monster that would ruin and devour everybody. Banks and kings, he said, could never



COMFORTING CHARLES STANLEY.

with joy, the rejoicings lasted three days, and bells never stopped ringing all the time.

18th, 1692.—Charles Stanley ran up to me, and said, "You *shall* be my little wife, my little wife." And he cut off a lock of my hair, just where it shows, and put something in my hand and ran away. It was the half of a sixpence! He would n't! The girls all tease me so. I will keep the piece.

exist together. Some people said that the bank would help the King, but he knew better. Banks were Republican institutions. This was only another of the plots, plots, plots! He raved like a madman. I asked him if it would hurt poor folks like us. He said he hoped not. He "was poor, very poor." I'm sure he looks so—all thin and sickly, and his clothes so threadbare. I wish I was old enough to take care of him. He hardly

looks as if he had enough to eat. Poor, poor uncle!

Nov. 10th, 1694.—I don't like to think of there being so many executions, and plots, and dreadful things. My uncle wanted me to go to the hangings to-day of the enemies of the King, but I would not see one for the world. There is a great deal of small-pox in London now. It would be awful if it got into Christ's Church. Some say the Queen has got it, some the King, some the Duchess of Marlborough. It could not make her much uglier. I saw her in her state coach one day. There were prayers for the Queen in the Abbey yesterday.

Dec. 27th, 1694.—We are all dressed in black. The poor, good Queen is dead. It is a sad Christmas holidays. Everybody is heart-broken, and the King in agonies of grief, people say; for he loved her dearly, and was with her night and day, though she died of that dreadful small-pox. What will happen now? She was so good! They say she has founded a hospital for poor sailors, and helped the Huguenots, who were so cruelly used in France. What a dreadful thing it would be if King James should come back! My uncle thinks he will, and, at any rate, that he and his son will make trouble if they can. There is peace now, at any rate, and the good Queen was glad of that when she died. She was reconciled to Princess Anne on her death-bed. People are very uneasy, and there are plots upon plots. If Marlborough had n't been a traitor, he might have helped us now. My uncle told me all this politics. The Queen is lying in state at Whitehall, and crowds go to see her, notwithstanding small-pox.

Jan. 1st, 1695.—Our good friend, the verger, let us see the funeral in the Abbey. Oh, how I cried! The organ roared like a thunder-storm, and then it was like a sweet, sad voice. The procession was very fine, with four royal state mourning coaches,—all black and silver,—and a grand hearse with six pairs of splendid black horses, and black-and-white plumes three feet high, and embroidered hangings. Almost everybody wept as it passed; but it was horrible! there were some bad people who hissed, and groaned, and even spat. They must have been Jacobites or Papists. The poor King was as pale and white as a ghost. It was a very, very sad day.

July 12th, 1695.—What a big girl I am growing. I must leave here soon and go into service. A great, big, grand city lady came to-day to see about taking me, dressed in a fine tabby gown, with lace lappets, and such a high head! with long pinnars and streamers. She came in a fine coach, and yet she looked so cross and asked so many questions that I was glad she did not take me. Perhaps the next one will be nicer. Oh! why

must I go away from here? I have not been very unhappy, and I am used to it. These old cloisters are pleasant in the sunshine, and I like the girls and they like me. I am never beaten now, and though they make a servant of me, as they do call the big girls, I do not mind that. It prepares me for the future. I do not mind work if it is not too hard. They say, perhaps I shall be 'prenticed. I just wish I did know what was to become of me.

August 15th, 1695.—Charles Stanley came and bid me good-by. He says that he is going into the navy, and that his grandfather is kinder to him now, for he is ill and old, and has no one to take care of him but a sister who is older than he. "This will be my last chance to see you, Millicent," said he, "for I am going to stay at his house, at least from there into the navy. By and by when I am my own master, we will be married, dear Milly, and you shall be a lady, as you deserve."

Oh, how sweet it sounded! But I said I was a poor girl, and I could not promise myself to him for his family would be angry, and when he went into the world he would find some real lady to marry, and be sorry he was bound to me. As he said, I *was* a real lady, and he would never have any other, and I looked too good for him in my blue stuff gown. He showed me his half-pence and I showed him mine, but I did not promise. It was hard.

Sept. 8th, 1695.—My uncle is ill, and I got leave to go and see him. He was lying all alone in a wretched garret, pale and ill, with no one to take care of him, but he said he was better, and would not let me stay. On the way home a number of wild young men, half tipsy, ran up to me and one of them took me by the arm, and tried to pull me away. I screamed and was dreadfully frightened, when who should run up but Charles Stanley! It was strange that he should have been there, when his grandfather lives near St. James's. It was close by Christ's Church, and he gave a whoop, and a dozen blue-coats came running. They gave the young lords (they must have been lords, they were so richly dressed) such a beating Charles Stanley kicked the one who spoke to me quite out of sight. Then he went to the organ and gave with me, and tried to make me promise again but I held out. He will soon be off, he says.

Sept. 9th, 1695.—I felt as if I ought to go home again this evening, but I hardly dares until I thought of putting on a big pair of spectacles of my father's, and carrying a stick. They all laughed, and one said she would n't mirror word from a handsome gentleman; and another said, not even Charles Stanley would know me. I was glad of that. So I went out with the glads on, stooping and walking lame and leaning on

ek, with my hood over my face, and no one even
ked at me. Uncle was better.

Sept. 10th, 1695.—A dreadful thing has hap-
ned. My poor uncle was found dead in his bed
morning after I was there. He must have
d all alone in the night. His funeral is to be
morrow. Poor old uncle! And now I am truly
alone, without a friend. If I could have dared
promise Charles Stanley! But I was right. He
o handsome and so brave that he must go into
ther world from me. I wonder when they will
me a place! If I could only be his servant!

Sept. 11th, 1695.—To-day at dinner there was a
at buzz as I came in, and the mistress came up
astrous polite, and said: "There's great news
you, Miss. Something very wonderful has
pened." I could n't think what she meant by
iss," I was always plain Milly before. "Your
e has left you a big fortune," says she. "His
was found under his pillow, and he was worth,
so much! I don't remember." Everything
a round, and I turned giddy and sick. They
ght me some water and then some wine.
; poor uncle! He must have been crazy to
so. It is very strange; it don't seem real. It
: be! I am afraid the first thing I thought of
Charles Stanley. He did not come near me
day, when they were all wishing me joy, and
so polite.

Oct. 11th, evening.—They have given me a
y room to myself to-night, and it is so still and
ant, after the great, stifling dormitory. There
oriel window looking out upon the court, and
violet and snow-drops in the window, and a
ow-pot on the table of spring flowers. How
ful I ought to be! It is very quiet and still,
the great clock has just struck twelve, yet no
comes to make me put out the light. How
moonlight falls on the cloisters. I cannot
I think and think, and everything seems to
bbling and boiling around me. I wonder if
vine has got into my head? I have never
I it since mother died.

Oct. 12th.—Mistress said this morning that it
not strange after so great a change and such
une left me, that I could not sleep for joy.
n't think I feel any joy. So much money
le a great burden. But I will give a great
af it away to the poor, and then live in a
little house in the country, like mother's,
; green lanes and fields. * * * * *
uncle was buried to-day; all the school was
and it was a very handsome funeral, which
great comfort to me. He was so shabby
he was alive! But I saw nothing of Charles
y. After the funeral, who should come to
s Church to see me but the Lord Mayor's

lady, all in velvet and satin. I was never so much
frightened in my life, and she so kind, and grand,
and polite. And she said: "My dear, don't be
frightened, but there is something that pleases me
very much. A blue-coat boy has had a fortune,
the same as yours, left him on the very same day,
and we think it would be a very pretty thing to
make it a match between you."

I grew sick again, and then I burst into tears,
and she was so kind, that somehow I got bold
enough to say that I loved some one whom, per-
haps, I should never see again, but I could never,
never marry any one else. I was very young, and
why, why need I think about it? And then, she,
so kind all the time, said that nothing should ever
be done against my will, and she wiped my eyes
with her own kerchief, and said: "My dear young
friend, don't be worried. I only ask you to see
this young man of whom I speak, for he is every
way worthy of you, and you may, in time, forget
the other and learn to value and esteem him as he
deserves." I knew better, and I said, at first, that
I never would see him: but she said ever so much,
and insisted that I should go with her, and made
me get into her grand gold coach, and go to her
grand house. To think of my riding in a coach
with the Lady Mayoress! I was so bewildered I
hardly knew anything till she took me into a great
room, and there, standing by a fine harpsichord,
was Charles Stanley! I was wondering, as if in a
dream, how he got there, when the Lady Mayoress
said: "This is the young man, my dear, of whom
I spoke." I gave a cry, and I don't know what
happened next, only we were alone, and Charles
was holding me up. Everything was right after
that. Charles told me his grandfather was dead,
and he had a great fortune, and it should be all
mine. He wished I had n't one too, but that could
n't be helped, and we would be married directly
and be ever so happy. The best of it is that he is
not going into the navy, but we are going to live
at his grandfather's seat in Devonshire. Think of
it! In Devon! Not so very far from Mary
Church, either; and he will take me there.

I wonder how much the Lady Mayoress knew?
Charles could not tell me.

Sept. 18th, 1695.—Such a beautiful wedding as
we have had to-day. There was a grand dinner
for all the school afterward. Charles was dressed
in blue satin, led by two of the prettiest girls, and
I in blue, with a green apron and yellow petticoat
(but all of silk), led by two boys. All the school
went before, singing and strewing flowers, and thus
we went from Chepe to Guildhall, where we were
married by no less than the Dean of St. Paul's!
The Lord Mayor, his lady, and a great many fine
people were there, and I felt very happy, but I must

say rather shame-faced. A great many handsome presents were sent me, and the Lord Mayor gave me a silver tankard, and his lady a silver porringer. All the dear girls gave me something; one a pincushion, another a shift that she had made, and a great Bible from the mistress. And some cried, and all kissed me good-by and wished me joy, and said I

had been a credit to the school. I was sorry to part from them all, and did not know how I loved the place till I left it. To-morrow we go down Hartley End, the grand seat of the admiral Devon. I wish it were a cottage, but I suppose can't be helped. I am afraid I shall be too happy ever to write in my journal again.

MILLICENT STANLEY.

"Two wealthy citizens are lately dead, and left their estates, one to a Blue-Coat boy and the other to a Blue-Coat girl in Christ Hospital,—the extraordinariness of which has led some of the magistrates to carry it on to a match, which is ended in a public wedding. He in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls, and she in blue, with an apron green and petticoat yellow, all of sarsnet, led by one of the boys of the house, through Cheapside to Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St. Paul's, she given by Lord Mayor. The wedding dinner, it seems, was given in the Hospital Hall."—*Puffs to Mrs. Steward, Sept. 20th, 1605.*

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWERIDGE.

CHAPTER XII.

JACOB IS LEFT BEHIND.

It was still pouring heavily when the tug's skiff came alongside the steamboat, and the drenched passengers were taken on board. An excited crowd awaited them at the gangway, among whom Jacob noticed Florie's mother, and the mother of the twins.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Chipperly, her arms extended, "how did it happen? I told you there was danger! You'll ketch your death-colds! And just look at your dresses! They're a sight to behold! Dory, my dear, where's your hat?"

"Don't talk of hats and dresses, when we're half drowned!" said Dory, as she reached the deck and stood dripping. "I thought much as could be I was gone, one spell, but somebody pulled me up where I could hold on to the boat."

Perhaps she did not know that that somebody was Jacob. Nor did he think of taking any credit for what he had done. He felt that he must be an object of horror to everybody, as he was to himself.

"Oh, Jacob!" said Florie's mother, as she received the dripping girl in her arms.

Florie had just said, "Don't blame him or anybody—he saved my life!" But Jacob had not heard that; nor did he know that the mother spoke his name in an impulse of real gratitude.

He did not get out of the boat. When all the other drenched ones were on board the steamer, the oarsmen asked him if he was n't going too.

"No!" said he. "I am going with you to look for *him*."

"It's no use; you can't help," they said.

"But I am going!" he answered, firmly.

The steamer's whistle was blowing. She was at the bar now, and was ready to start. After much loss of time, the captain was anxious to under way. Having helped the others up, he noticed Jacob still in the boat, and called to him.

"Come aboard! We must be off now!"

"Not without finding *him*?" replied Jacob almost savage despair.

"If there was any hope of saving him, or use in waiting, we would stay," said the captain. "But we can do nothing. The tug will continue the search. Come aboard!"

He spoke in a tone of command, but not kindly, for he was the last man to think of blaming Jacob for such an accident.

"Go?" said the boy. "And leave *him*?" spoke as if some utter impossibility, some base criminal act, had been proposed to him. "He is the only friend I have in the world! I can't go."

"Then we must leave you," said the captain.

"I can't help it," Jacob replied, in a passionate grief. "I shall stay with the tug."

"I understand your feelings," said the captain, touched by the boy's devotion and despair. "don't be foolish. Take a friend's advice."

He was not much to blame; and your staying can do no good. I'll take you to Cincinnati. No more about your fare, if you have n't any money."

"Has n't my fare been paid?" said Jacob, coming from his stupor of woe.

"No. Mr. Pinkey said he would pay it. He had n't yet paid his own. He would have it, of course, before he left the boat. Come aboard my lad! You have n't got your baggage."

"That don't amount to much," said Jacob. But I'll go for it," he added, after a moment's situation.

His anguish for the loss of his friend had up to this time been of so wholly unselfish a nature, that he had not once thought of his little black traveling-bag and its modest contents, or of any such trivial consideration. He had indeed felt in how utterly desolate a condition he would be, in Cincinnati or anywhere, without his friend,—if that was selfish. But now, at the captain's kindly meant words, a more serious consideration intruded upon his grief.

Not only were all his clothes left in the little cabin-room,—everything, in fact, which he possessed in the world, besides the drenched garments he had on,—but all his money was in the belt which Alphonse wore about his body.

This was an additional reason for his remaining, which he had not considered before. He thought it mean and selfish a motive, that he did not think of it now.

Please to take charge of *his* things," he said to the captain. "I will take mine." Then to the cabin in the boat: "Wait for me one minute!"—he hurried to the state-room for his bag.

The lighted saloon, through which he passed and repassed, presented a cheerful contrast to the darkness and gloom without. The table was set; the waiter waited. The cheer and comfort he was seeking for darkness and uncertainty, did not find it him; it seemed rather like a mockery of his situation. How could any one eat and drink and be merry in the cabin that night, while he who had so lately been the bright star of all was in the depths of the river?

He knew the room occupied by Florie and her mother. He paused just a moment at the door, trying to know that all was well with the young girl after her narrow escape. Perhaps he would have wished to speak with them,—to beg their forgiveness and bid them good-bye, since he was never to see them again. But he could not do so. He heard Florie's voice, and was grateful. What if she too had been lost? The bare thought that would have been his feelings in such a case was so terrible.

The saloon was almost deserted. Nobody gave him any attention as he hurried out. The passengers in the sheltered parts of the decks were too busy watching the second boat from the steamer to give much heed to Jacob. The yawl had gone down in the rain, searching the river and shore, and the fallen trees along by the shore, the pieces of the body, and was now returning, bringing something heavy in its wake.

He felt a shudder of dread, as he saw it at first in the obscurity. But a flash of lightning, flooding

the scene with one swift, dazzling gleam, showed him what it was.

The water-logged boat was in tow. The passengers, crowding to look over at it, did not notice him. The captain too was occupied giving orders, and he dropped unobserved into the tug's boat.

The men pushed off. Jacob gave one backward look, and felt a sharp sting of regret, as he saw the groups on the deck and heard the muffled rush of the great paddles rolling slowly to keep the steamboat in the stream. The deck-hands were hauling in the hawser. Then came the sound as of a small cataract, as the water-logged boat, raised by the steamer's tackle, bow foremost, poured its contents into the river. Over all was heard the voice of the captain coolly giving his orders for the start. The paddles stopped, then rolled the other way, the whistle gave a wild snort, and the steamboat and the tug parted company.

The storm was now nearly over. It was still raining a little where Jacob was; but the clouds in the west were broken, showing a peaceful sunset sky—a sea of liquid gold overtopped by avalanches of fire-tinted snow. Toward that gate-way of glory the steamer glided away, and disappeared; while over Jacob's head still hung the rainy canopy, bordered in the west with a fringe of surging flame.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEPARTURE OF THE TUG-BOAT.

It was not until the excitement caused by the accident had subsided a little, that anybody thought of making inquiry for Jacob.

"I did n't mean to let him off," said the captain, coming in late to the supper-table. "I thought if I got him to come aboard for his baggage, I could keep him. But I was busy for a few minutes after, and when I thought of him again he was gone. He is certainly a plucky little fellow! How is your daughter, Mrs. Fairlake?"

The question was addressed to Florie's mother, who was also sitting down to a late cup of tea.

"Florence is quite comfortable," she replied, without her usual drawl. "I've been so absorbed in my care of her, that I feel myself quite guilty—I've scarcely thought of that brave boy at all! She is sure that he saved her life, and that she came very near drowning him,—she does n't know what saved them. It is terrible to think of his being left behind! What will become of him? He has no money."

"Are you sure of that?" said the captain.

"He told me that Mr. Pinkey had his money."

"And Pinkey has gone to the bottom with it!" remarked Mrs. Chipperly, taking some nice bits from the table, to carry to the state-room for her

daughters. "No wonder the boy was so anxious to stay and have the body recovered!"

"I don't think the money was his chief motive, by any means!" said Mrs. Fairlake. "He idolized Mr. Pinkey." Something of the drawl came into her voice again as she added: "He thought him a perfect model of a fine gentleman! You can hardly wonder at it; Pinkey's manners *were* extraordinary, and Jacob is very young."

"If my head had n't been full of other matters," said the captain, "I would have kept the boy aboard long enough at least to have a purse made up for him."

"Oh, why did n't you?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairlake. "I suppose I am wicked, but I must own that I am a great deal more troubled about him than I am about Mr. Pinkey. Mr. Pinkey does n't seem to me to be a very genuine character; and somehow his death does n't seem to be real. If he should walk into the cabin now, with that pretty mustache and that exquisite smile of his, I don't think I should be at all surprised."

Jacob was at this time in even a more pitiable situation than anybody imagined. The steamboat was gone; and now the tug-boat, which he had expected would remain, perhaps all night if the body was not sooner found, was going too.

It was growing dark; and after dragging the river-bottom and cruising up and down until further search seemed useless, the captain recalled his men.

The tug was laid up by the bank a little distance down the river. The boat came alongside, the men got out, and it was taken in tow.

Drenched, haggard, broken-hearted, Jacob stood upon the tug, with his little black bag in hand. The moon shone upon the river and the wooded shores. The water gurgled mournfully under the wales. The hands were preparing to cast off.

"Which is the captain?" Jacob inquired.

"There at the wheel," said one of the men who had been in the boat with him.

Jacob approached the little wheel-house, and, standing in the moonlight, spoke to a face that looked out at him through the open window.

"I thought you would stay and hunt longer!" he burst forth with a sob, after trying in vain to control his voice.

"Stay?" echoed the captain. "We can't stay all night. We've done more than we agreed to, and now we must be off."

"Where are you going?" said Jacob, mastering himself at last.

"To Pittsburg. Where do you want to go?"

"I don't want to go anywhere!"

"You are easily satisfied, then," said the captain. He continued more kindly, seeing the utter desolation of the boyish figure trembling before

him in the moonlight: "If you want to go Pittsburg, or any place up the river, stay aboard! I'll give you your passage. It's a hard case now."

"What should I go back up the river for?" said Jacob. "I might have gone on to Cincinnati where I have an uncle; but I can't go back home—I have no home! I have n't a friend in the world, now that he —"

"Well, make up your mind what you'll do," said the captain, "for we're off."

"My mind is made up," replied Jacob.

"Going ashore?"

The boy could not answer. A moment later he stood alone on the bank. The men, who felt a great deal more kindness for him than they knew how to express, called to him, and begged him to come aboard.

He had not a voice even to thank them; there he stood, silent, with only the great river and the solemn woods about him, and watched the steam slowly away.

CHAPTER XIV.

NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

IT was soon out of sight. The sound of paddles and panting steam died in the distance, and Jacob heard only the noise of night-singing insects about him, and the roar of a torrent, caused by the water pouring down the bank into the river just above the fallen trees. Then of a sudden he felt all the loneliness and danger of his situation, and a sense of fear came over him.

He was in a wilderness—he knew not how far from any human abode. He was wet and chilled for the weather had turned cool after the rain. He had declined to share the hasty supper which the tug's men offered him: he was not hungry now, and he was not hungry now—his heart was torn with misery. But he felt the need of food. He felt the need of warmth, and, more than all, the need of human aid and sympathy.

He took a last look at the spot where his friend had been lost,—where the water now shimmered as brightly in the moonbeams as if there had never been such a thing as loss or grief in the world. Then, with a great sigh, turned away.

It was, after all, a sort of relief that he could find what he sought. He would have shuddered to see any human-looking thing afloat, or would have stepped up against the bank. He would have been terrified to meet his dead friend there alone.

He thought there must be a farming couple a little back from the river, and that he might find help and shelter in some house not far away. He at once climbed up into the woods.

The land continued to rise, and he went on and until he reached more level ground; but it was woods—woods—as far as he went and as far as could see. He tore his way through the wet dergrowth; he stumbled at fallen trunks; he zed eagerly forward, and stopped to listen often, th a heart beating hard with fatigue and fear.

raccoon "whinneyed," or an owl filled the hollows of the woods with its unearthly "Who! who!"

The moonlight slanted down through the thick boughs and amidst the tall stems, making little silver patches of light in masses of shadow, and silver gleams on the trunks and bare ground,—gleams which wavered as the boughs moved. He



"ALL WOODS—WOODS—AS FAR AS HE WENT."

or there was something fearful in the solitude. wind swept over the forest-tops with a low, rnfal roar. Pattering drops fell, shaken in showers from the boughs. A limb creaked head. As he moved on, the sound of his own steps on the dead twigs had in it something ious and startling. When he stood still, a

was more than once deceived by these glimmerings, thinking he saw a way out of the forest.

Then came a rush of selfish thoughts and self-reproaches.

What was he there for? He could do no good to himself or anybody else. If Alphonse was drowned, why, he was drowned, and that was the

end of him. As for the money, he wished he had never let him take it; but now, he did not want it—he had a horror of it! Besides, the search for it was hopeless. Why had n't he stayed on board the steamboat, as any other boy would have done?

And again Jacob asked himself, as he had often done before, when his conscience or his good impulses had kept him from things which seemed pleasant:

“Why can't I do as other boys do who don't care? Joe Berry never would have left a comfortable berth on board a steamboat, to do as I have done,—no, not if his own brother was lost in the river! He'd have looked out for himself. What was it made me stop off? Mr. Pinkey was n't always a good friend to me.”

Then he thought of all that gentleman's faults, and even blamed him for getting drowned and putting him to so much trouble.

It is a comfort to know that such unworthy thoughts as these did not continue long. The boy's stout heart soon rose from its terrible depression. He was not sorry that he had stayed, though he had stayed to so little purpose. He remembered only the better qualities of his friend, and felt that he could never have been happy—that he should always have hated and despised himself—if he had left him to his sudden and dreadful fate, and gone on in the steamboat, caring only for his own safety and convenience.

It is sometimes worth the while to obey conscience, and follow our better impulses, at whatever seeming sacrifice, if only for the after satisfaction of feeling that any other course would have been wrong. That precious satisfaction is, to every noble nature, more than all worldly ends unrighteously attained. Many a man, and many a youth, would to-day give up all he has ever gained by unworthy means, to be able to say to his own soul, “I resisted the temptation—I did right!”

But now that he had done all he could do, Jacob saw that he ought to lose no time in caring for himself. He became discouraged, at last, in his efforts to find a house in the direction he had taken, and turned back. Over humps and hollows and through underbrush he went, and was glad to see the shining river burst upon his sight again, as he came down out of the woods.

There were frequent villages scattered along the shores, and he now resolved to keep on down the river until he should come to one.

He had started, walking very fast, when a noise, different from the sound of the wind in the treetops, arrested him. It was the hoarse panting breath of a steamboat coming up the river.

As it approached, its red signal lantern made broken reflections in the water before the rushing

proW. Its smoke-pipe spouted a lurid fountain of cloud and fire. The cabin, with its doors and many windows, looked like a delicate shell full of light, as it advanced steadily up the stream, in the misty moonshine.

It reminded Jacob of the companionship and cheer he had lost, and made his present loneliness seem all the wilder, all the more remote from human aid. It came abreast of him, almost within reach of the sound of his voice, had he chosen to hail it; then passed on, rolling its white wake the moon, and trailing its banner of smoke six ways far off over the darkened water. It was gone, and Jacob resumed his tramp.

He kept along the summit of the bank, which sloped down some forty feet to the river, then its usual summer level, though not very low. The high-water, that lofty bank was brimmed, and even overflowed. There was a strip of grass along its edge, and above that rose the wooded hills.

He walked about half an hour, meeting with adventures, and finding no signs of any clearing settlement on the heights at his right.

Then the curve of the bank which he followed changed abruptly. It took a sudden turn to the north, while the river swept away toward the south-west. The woods, too, receded suddenly; and soon found that he had come to some sort of inlet or broad creek, which lay directly across his course.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVER PEDDLER.

As he stood on the bank, looking across the misty gulf, uncertain what to do, he heard a bark. The sound came from the water's edge below, and only a few rods up the creek.

The moonlight slanted down the slope, and showed him some sort of craft by the shore. The farther end of it, a warm glow—ruddier than the moonlight, and confined to a small space shone upon the bank and the water. The light looked to Jacob like some gigantic lightning-bug.

It proved to be a little box of a steamboat, occupied by a man and a dog. The dog leaped on the deck, and kept up a furious barking at the boy as he approached. The man was soon visible, cooking something at a curious little stove under a projection of the deck, or cabin roof, over the bow.

Jacob stopped at the top of the bank, afraid of the dog. The man silenced the barking, and called to him:

“Want anything in my line?”

“Yes,” said Jacob.

A pleasant odor from the cooking was wafted to him, and he saw that the man was frying fish.

“Come down here, then,” said the man.
 “Wont the dog bite me?”
 “Not without you go to take something from
 Ark.”
 “From the what?”
 “The Ark. I aint exac'ly Father Noah; but
 it's the name of my craft. Have n't ye heard
 Sam Longshore and his Ark? I thought you
 wanted something in my line of business.”

and a mouth about which there was a pucker of
 self-conceit.

“I did n't care to buy anything,” said Jacob.

“Then what do ye want? You see, I'm a ped-
 dler. I used to drive a peddler's cart in York
 State; then as the railroads made trade better for
 the stores and worse for me, I came out here, and
 finally took to the river. It don't make much
 difference where a man is, or what he does,—it's



“I'M GOING TO GRATIFY YOUR ALIMENTIVENESS.”

“What is that?” said Jacob, descending the
 my line of business? Dry goods, fancy goods,
 re, brooms, books,—anything, from one of
 tent stoves to a side-comb,—the best variety
 e river; come aboard and examine. Hush
 noise, Ripper!”
 per seemed to be the dog. At any rate, he
 I, and Jacob stepped aboard.
 ye aint in a hurry,” said Mr. Longshore,
 down on the rail there, and make your-
 mfortable as ye can, while I give this fish
 r turn.”
 ie resumed his cooking, Jacob noticed that
 a man of medium height, but very spare,
 narrow, wrinkled, serious face, small eyes,

all about the same thing. My Ark aint much
 bigger 'n a peddler's cart, and I carry on much the
 same sort of trade in it, and in much the same
 way. Folks are about the same everywhere, and
 want about the same kind of truck; I know what
 they want, and try to furnish it.”

Jacob sat down on the rail, and meekly waited
 for a chance to put in a word. Sam Longshore
 turned his fish and kept on talking.

“I go from village to village along the shores;
 I can go up shaller streams, where big boats can't;
 my boat can run where there's a good heavy dew.
 I'm a great reader, and a great thinker. There
 aint many subjects that I haint thought over and
 come to my own conclusions about.”

And the pucker about the peddler's mouth

showed that he was confident of having come to pretty correct conclusions.

"I don't take anybody's word for anything," he went on, interrupting Jacob, who was beginning to speak. "If I hear of a book I want, I buy it, and read it, and weigh it according to my judgment, and put it by to read it again if it's worth it, or sell it to the next customer. I can always find a customer for a thing I don't want. I know just how to deal with folks. There's a monstrous sight in phrenology, and I've studied the science till I know just how to apply it to my business. I know a benevolent man, or an avaricious man, or a vain woman, or a woman of good sense and taste, the minute I set eyes on 'em, and I approach 'em accordingly. I excite the benevolent man's benevolence, and make him want to make presents to somebody of all my most valuable articles. If a man has large acquisitiveness, I let him understand that there never was such a chance for good bargains before and never will be again. Take a vain person, and I lay on a few touches of flattery here and there,—none to hurt,—and make 'em think there's nothing in the world so becoming to their style of beauty as some of my fancy articles. Then when I fall in with large causality and caution and good perceptive faculties, I come right down to hard pan—talk plain sense, show my best goods, and tell how things are made, and interest my customers that way. There's everything in knowing what organs to excite. The last war might have been avoided just as well as not. But the trouble was, the two parties excited the wrong organs in each other. They went to fighting; and fighting always excites combativeness. Whereas they ought to have tried to excite each other's benevolence."

Weary and woe-begone as he was, Jacob was almost moved to smile at the wiry tone of voice, the quirks of the head and puckers of the mouth, with which the peddler, who was so much of a philosopher, laid down these shrewd observations and rules of life.

"Now, I know just what organs I am exciting in you," Longshore went on, pouring out a cup of coffee, buttering his fried fish, and arranging his little supper on the top of a box used as a table. "I am exciting your alimenitiveness" (learned as he was, he got some of his words wrong), "your hope, and your comparison. Your alimenitiveness—that is your desire for food—suggests to you that fried perch, fresh caught from the river, with a little salt and butter, and a cup of Sam Longshore's coffee to wash it down, would taste good.

The second organ is in a lively state, and make you hope that I will offer you some. Your comparison—which I notice is very large—sets you comparing me with other peddlers, my Ark with their wagons, and my ideas with common men's ideas. I'm going to gratify your alimenitiveness and offer you one of these fish."

The philosophical peddler held out the dish to Jacob, adding, with a shrewd twinkle of the eye and a comical twist of the neck:

"Have I hit your case right?"

"I can't eat now, thank you!" said Jacob.

"Ah! then it is n't so much your alimenitiveness that is excited as your alidrinkitiveness. There is no such word in the books, but I think there ought to be one, to make the distinction between hunger and thirst. In some persons alimenitiveness is small, while alidrinkitiveness is large and active. Have a cup of coffee."

"I can't eat or drink anything," said Jacob, "until I have told you."

"Told me what?" said the philosopher, in some amazement at the failure of his science.

"I was upset in a boat up the river, along with a whole party—a boat from the steamer bound for Cincinnati—we were passengers—and one of us drowned—and I stopped off, because we could not find him, but the steamboat went on, and he was my only friend, and now I have nobody and nothing in the world!"

With which last words Jacob burst forth in a fit of violent sobbing.

The peddler who was a philosopher—the philosopher who was a peddler—became also a man.

"Why did n't you tell me? I thought, if you did n't wish to buy anything, it must be some thing my supper you wanted. You ought to take something the first thing; it will fortify your stomach and restore the loss of protoplasm, wasted by your exertion and excitement. Protoplasm is the primitive substance of all nutrition, and grief will waste it as fast as hard work."

He could not help throwing in this bit of scientific information. But he accompanied it with what was better—a cup of coffee, which he offered the disheartened boy drink without more ado.

"Now tell me all about it—just the main part—and what I can do for you."

Jacob drank, and also ate a fried perch, which he held in his fingers. His body was nourished and his heart warmed. Then, getting contented with his feelings enough to speak without sobbing, he told his story.

(To be continued.)

BRAVE LITTLE FLORENCIA.

(A True Story of Mexican Life.)

BY NEWTON PERKINS.

FLORENCIA TOMAYAO is a brave girl—a brave girl, and only thirteen years old. She lives in a country where there are no schools, and has not the benefit of such instruction, nor the enjoyment of such pleasant surroundings as the children of this country possess. She is an orphan, and lives with her mother in a poor little village in Mexico called Guantla-Morelos. Yet beneath her dark

hours together, while her mother hoes the corn in the field, or plows the ground, holding by the handles a great wooden plow, which is drawn across the field by one or two bullocks. Little girls in that country work as soon as they begin to walk, and they never cease working until they are dead.

Dress? Oh yes! they have dresses, but I hardly think you would like to walk with the best clad



she has a heart full of sympathy; and despite her surroundings and uncultivated life, she is truly a noble little girl. Do you not think from her face that she is bright and intelligent, quick to understand, and just such a companion as you would like to have join you in a game of romps? She knows as little about playing tag and croquet as she does about minding sheep or grinding corn. In Mexico the little girls are not of much consequence, the people think, and they are valued only in so far as they can do a good day's work—draw water from a well, and carry it on their heads in earthen jars, or sit on the ground all day and pound round a large flat stone, under which the maize, or Indian corn, is ground into meal. In her occupation, perhaps she has to carry the baby sister or brother in her arms for

among them for half a block in our streets. They have but one garment, and that is a long cotton robe, with a hole cut in the top, by means of which they can slip it over their heads and let it fall gracefully about their bodies. When they grow up to be women, then they come out in their full attire,—in gorgeous array for holidays and *festa* days,—by adding a petticoat and a shawl folded across the breast. If they are very rich, they have ornaments of gold and silver in their hair, and perhaps wear finger-rings and necklaces.

As to their houses!—well, I hardly think a respectable goat would like to live in one of them. They are not by any means as good as a dog-kennel, and yet these peasant people sleep and eat in them. The walls are made of mud, baked hard in the sun, and the roofs are thatched with the

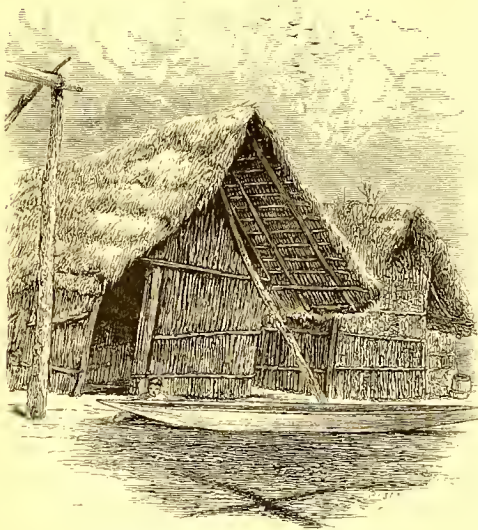
leaves of the yucca-tree, which are long and narrow, like a sword-blade, and have at the end a long black thorn. Sometimes the houses are made of large flat stones, built low, so that the earthquakes shall not overthrow them. There is no such thing as a floor to their houses, except the earth; nor are there any windows or chimneys. The fire is built on the ground, and of course the smoke fills the hut and blackens the walls, and a portion of it escapes at the open door. Perhaps a few of these houses have one square window cut in the wall under the roof, but without any glass in it! The family usually eat, dress and sleep in one room, as well as cook their meals and receive their friends therein; in fact, as there is but one room in the dwelling, they can do naught else. As for beds, the leaves of the yucca are plaited together, and make nice mats, which are rolled up in the day-time and at night are spread out on the floor of the hut. This is the kind of bed used in the Eastern countries, and it is very easy to "take it up and walk," as the man did whom we read about in the Bible.

Food is plentiful, and it would seem as if the more nature provides for the people, the less work they do themselves. Cattle are abundant; goats,

smoke, hunt, and too often plunder travelers. Then there is the great thick-leaved cactus-plant, bristling all over with thorns; it grows everywhere. One would think it useless; but no—it serves to most important ends. You can see long hedges of it growing in the fields, for it makes a most impenetrable barrier; no man or beast can pass over, under, or through it. Its points are like a thousand bayonets, turning down, up, sideways—every way. But the peasants cut off the leaves, put them on a stick, and hold them in the fire till the thorns are burned off, and then feed their cattle upon them.

Now, in such a country lived our little friend Florencia. She had no father, and perhaps no brothers or sisters; so as soon as she was large enough, she began to help her mother take care of the house and field. One day, when she was twelve years old, she heard a man who was gathering a crowd about him in the streets and talking to them. Drawn by curiosity, she followed him, and heard him tell of a good man who had at one time lived on the earth. She heard how this good person had been kind and forgiving to his enemies—how men had cruelly treated him and yet he returned good for the evil he had received. She was interested; it was the first time she had heard of the Saviour, and she eagerly followed the missionary about and heard him talk to the people, until at last, from being a heathen, she became a Christian girl.

Some months after this, the incident happened which I am about to relate. At Morelos, in the province of Guantla, about five miles from the home of Florencia, was a cemetery. In that place an old custom still prevails which was practiced among the Romans hundreds of years ago,—the offering of meats and drinks to the dead. On the first of November (All Saints' Day), the people go to the graves of their dead friends, and place there dishes full of meat, bread, fruit, and wine. They have a curious belief that this, in some way, benefits the dead. We know this to be a heathen custom, and consider it a nonsensical ceremony; but in the country where Florencia lived, the ignorant and superstitious people believe in its truth, it is a part of their religion. On the first of November, 1875, Florencia went to the cemetery with all the other people from her neighborhood for a great crowd had collected there. While walking through the cemetery, she saw her friend the missionary, addressing a little band of people, and she stopped to listen to him. He was telling them that the dead needed no offerings of meats and drinks, and that Christians did not follow such customs. It may not have been wise or courageous in him to talk against their custom just at that particular time, when the people were following



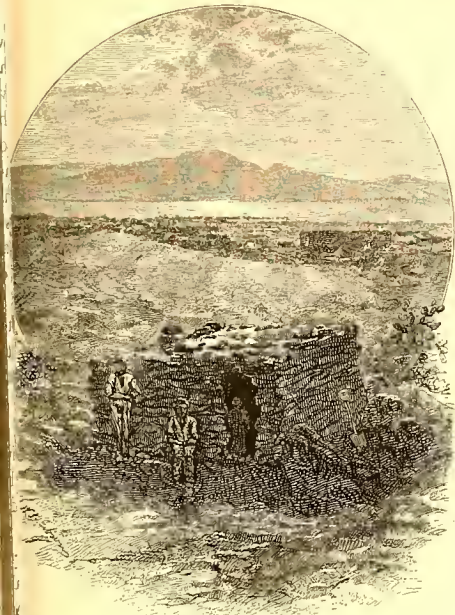
FLORENCIA'S YUCCA-THATCHED HOME.

sheep, game and fowl are plentiful. The Indian corn grows everywhere; potatoes, yams, coffee, tobacco, barley, and the like are also cultivated. Then in other parts of Mexico are to be found the tropical fruits and plants,—oranges, figs, bananas, olives, sugar-cane, palm-trees, apples, and guava,—so that the country is rich, but the inhabitants lazy. The women do the hard work; the men

it as a solemn rite ; but he was sincere, and his spirit was friendly, and his aim was to enlighten his hearers. The crowd resented, however, and even he spoke a man near by threw a stone at him,

down again. Just then, Florencia saw a man holding a large flat stone, running to throw it upon the missionary's head, which, had it struck him, would really have killed him.

Poor little girl ! Her eyes filled with tears. She saw her good friend being stoned to death, and in a moment she rushed through the mad crowd and threw herself down upon the suffering, bleeding man, covering his head with her arms ; the big stones intended for him fell upon her and wounded her, but she clung courageously to her friend and shielded him, unmindful of her own danger, and caring only to save his life. In vain did they try to pull her away ; she held on with all her strength, and cried for help. In a few moments help came ; for the *gens d'armes* drove the assailants away, and took the missionary and little Florencia, both bleeding and sore, to the house of friends, where they were carefully nursed. But for this noble act of self-sacrifice, the man would have been killed. The bravery of this little peasant girl alone saved him. She sympathized with his suffering, and dared to help him at the risk of her own life. Noble impulses of the heart do not always attend on fine faces and gentle living. Many a girl would have run, screaming with fright, from such a scene as that in the cemetery of Guantla-Morelos. But such bravery in a child gives promise of greater things when she becomes a woman ; and in the noble Florencia we look for a kind-hearted, generous, self-sacrificing woman, who, under proper influences, will do great good among her country-people. She is now only fourteen, and is being educated in a Protestant school in Mexico, away from her wild home, and is growing daily in favor with her teachers.



MEXICAN STONE HUT.

wounded him. Then others laughed, and bad men shouted, "Kill him ! kill him !" — others threw more stones, till he was beaten to the ground, wounded and bleeding. Five the poor man arose, and as often was beaten

MARCH.

BY M. M. H. CONWAY.

As surly March ! you've come again,
 With sleet and snow, and hail and rain ;
 Cut earth beneath, dark sky above you,
 What have you, pray, to make us love you ?
 A month is half so rough as you,
 December winds less harshly blew ;
 What churlish ways ! what storm-tossed tresses !
 Your presence every one distresses !
 Haste, haste away ! We longing wait
 To greet fair April at our gate. —
 Cut earth beneath, dark sky above you,
 Surely you've naught to make us love you !

" Ah, see these blossoms ! " he replied,
 Tossing his hail-torn cloak aside, —
 " Though other months have flowers a-many,
 Say, are not mine as fair as any ?
 See, peeping from each dusky fold,
 The crocus with its cup of gold ;
 Violets, snowdrops white and stilly,
 Sweeter than any summer lily ;
 And underneath the old oak-leaves
 Her fragrant wreath the arbutus weaves. —
 Whatever sky may be above me,
 Surely for *these* all hearts will love me ! "

THE STARS IN MARCH.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

URSA MAJOR is now swinging round toward the highest part of his course above the pole. It is his forepaw that you see, marked by the letters θ , κ , and ι , very nearly above the pole; while α and β are the "pointers" whose motion has been already described.

The Little Bear is nearly in a horizontal position, and, according to my promise last month, I proceed to give a short account of this small but most interesting constellation. I do not think that the Little Bear, like the larger one, was so named because of any imagined resemblance to a bear. The original constellation of the Great Bear was much older than the Little Bear, and so many different nations agreed in comparing the group to a bear, that there



THE LITTLE BEAR.

must have been a real resemblance to that animal in the constellation as first figured. Later, when star-maps came to be arranged by astronomers who had never seen bears, they supposed the three bright stars forming the handle of the Dipper to represent the tail of the bear, though the bear is not a long-tailed animal. They thus set three stars for the bear's tail, and the quadrangle of stars forming the dipper itself for the bear's body. This done, it was natural enough that, seeing in the group of stars now forming the Little Bear the three stars α , δ , and ϵ on one side, and the quadrangle formed by the stars ζ , η , β , and γ on the other, they should call this group the Little Bear, assigning the three stars to his tail and the quadrangle to his body. Thus did the constellation of the Little Bear probably take its rise. It was not formed by fanciful folks in the childhood of the world, but by astronomers. Yet it must not be imagined that the constellation is a modern one. It not only belongs to old Ptolemy's list, but is mentioned by Aratus, who borrowed his astronomy from Eudoxus, who "flourished" (as the school-

books call it) about 360 years before the Christ era. It is said that Thales formed the constellation, in which case it must have reached the respectable age of about 2500 years. It is usually pictured as shown in Fig. 1, and a very remarkable animal it is.

But if the Little Bear is not a very fine animal is a most useful constellation. From the time when the Phœnicians were as celebrated merchant seamen as the Venetians afterward became, and as the English-speaking nations now are, this star-group has been the cynosure of every sailor's regard. In fact, the word "cynosure" was originally a name given either to the whole of this constellation or a part of it. Cynosure has become quite a poetical expression in our time, but it means literally "dog's tail;" and either the curved row of stars α , ϵ , ζ , and β was compared to a dog's tail, or else the curved row of stars δ , γ , β , and γ . I incline, in my own part, to think these last formed the cynosure—for this reason simply, that when this constellation was first formed these stars were nearer the pole than was our present pole-star. Even in the time of Ptolemy, the star β was nearer the pole than α , and was called in consequence the agreeable name Al-Kaukab-al-shemali, which signifies "the northern star." (For the reason why the fixed stars thus changed in position with regard to the pole of the heavens, I must refer you to books on astronomy, and perhaps to a later part of this volume.) I only note here that the star-sphere remains the same all the time; but the earth, which is whirling on its axis like a mighty top, is also *reeling* like a top, and just as the axis of a top is swayed from east now west, now north now south, so does the axis of the earth vary in position as she reels. I may add that the reeling motion is somewhat slower than the whirling motion. The earth whirls once on her axis in a day, but she only reels round once in 25,868 years.)

Admiral Smyth gives some interesting particulars about the two stars β and γ , called the "guards of the pole." "Recorde tells us," he says, "in the 'Castle of Knowledge,' nearly three hundred years ago, that navigators used two pointers in Ursa—which many do call the Shaftes, others do name the Guardas, after the Spanish term." Richard Eden, in 1584, published his 'Arte of Navigation,' and therein gave rules for the 'starres,' among which are special directions for the two called the guards, in the mouth of

'as the figure was called." (The pole-star
ld mark the small end of the horn.) "In the
eguard of Sayers' (1619) are detailed rules for
ing the hour of the night by the 'guardes.'
ow often," says Hervey in his "Meditations."
ive these stars beamed bright intelligence on the
r and conducted the keel to its destined haven!"
he constellation Cepheus is now about to pass
w the pole. The royal father of Andromeda is
ented in a somewhat unkingly attitude at pres-
-standing, to wit, upon his royal head. In any
the constellation is not very like a crowned
The stars ζ , ϵ , and δ form his head. (A
lon cockney might find an aid to the memory
oting that these letters z , e , and d spell, after

a remarkable change has taken place since last
month. Orion has passed over toward the south-
west, whither the Greater Dog is following him;
and where Orion stood in full glory last month,
there is now a singularly barren region. Not only
are no stars of the first four magnitudes visible be-
tween Hydra and the Milky Way, but over a large
portion of this space there is not a single star
visible to the naked eye: insomuch that an ingeni-
ous Frenchman named M. Rabache was led to
suppose that there is here a monstrous dark body
millions of times larger than the sun, and hiding
from view stars which really lie in this direction.
He even went so far as to assert that when the sky
was very clear he had discerned the circular outline



THE CONSTELLATION OF THE GREAT SHIP.

"'iz 'ed;" but I think young folks in
the city can hardly imagine the utter demoraliza-
tion of cockney aspirates.) The constellation
Argos was probably simply fitted in, that the
story of the sacrifice and rescue of Andromeda
might be complete; we have Cepheus and Cas-
siopeia, her father and mother, on one side, and,
to be seen later, Andromeda herself, and her
mother, Perseus, on the other. But of all the
constellations Cassiopeia alone seems suggested by the
story of the sacrifice; or rather a chair is suggested,
and the imagination readily suggested a lady seated
in it. Why Cassiopeia rather than any other
constellation in the southern heavens, we find that

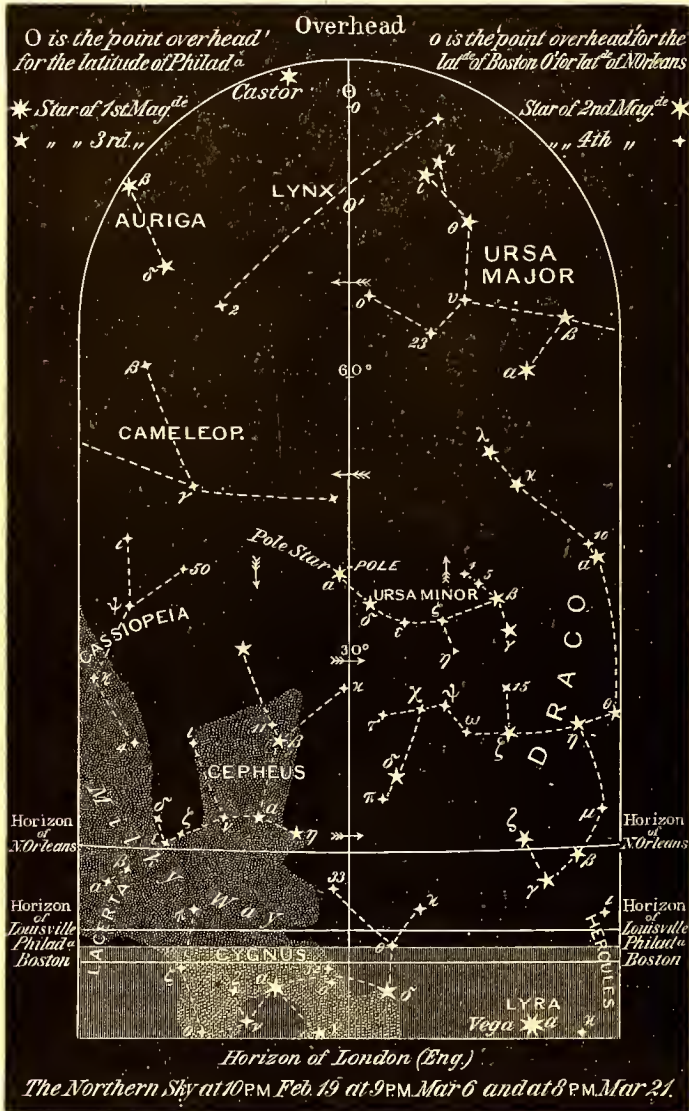
of this great body,*—the center, he said, round
which all the stars are traveling. But unfortunately
for our faith in this little story, the telescope shows
multitudes of small stars scattered over the whole
of this region.

The constellation Argos, or the Great Ship, now
occupies the region immediately above the southern
horizon. This constellation is not at all well seen
in England, or even (as you can see from the way
in which the horizon line of the latitude of Philadel-
phia divides it) in the greater part of the United
States. Only when the latitude of New Orleans is
approached, does the keel of the ship, and the
bright star Canopus in the rudder (or guiding oar),
show out well above the horizon. But, to say the

case of a similar case not a hundred miles from Louisville. A philosopher whose theories required that a planet should travel
closer to the sun than Mercury, and who had somehow calculated that such a planet supposed to have been seen by a Frenchman named
Lacaille in March, 1759, would pass across the sun's face in a certain September, succeeded in seeing it there. Subsequent calculation
showed, unfortunately, that the planet, if it exists at all, would indeed have then lain in the same direction as the sun, but beyond him,
on the other side of him! An old proverb says that certain persons should have good memories: it is at least equally true that one who
invents an observation should be a correct computer.

truth, this fine celestial ship nowhere presents in these days the ship-shape appearance which it had some three thousand years ago. The same cause which has shifted the position of the poles of the heavens, has tilted Argo up by the stern, until she resembles rather one half of a vessel which has

pus, to place the constellation as it now appears above the southern horizon. I believe that in reality the old constellation, besides being better placed, was much larger than the present. The fine group of clustering stars now covering the Dove and the hind-quarters of the Dog, belong



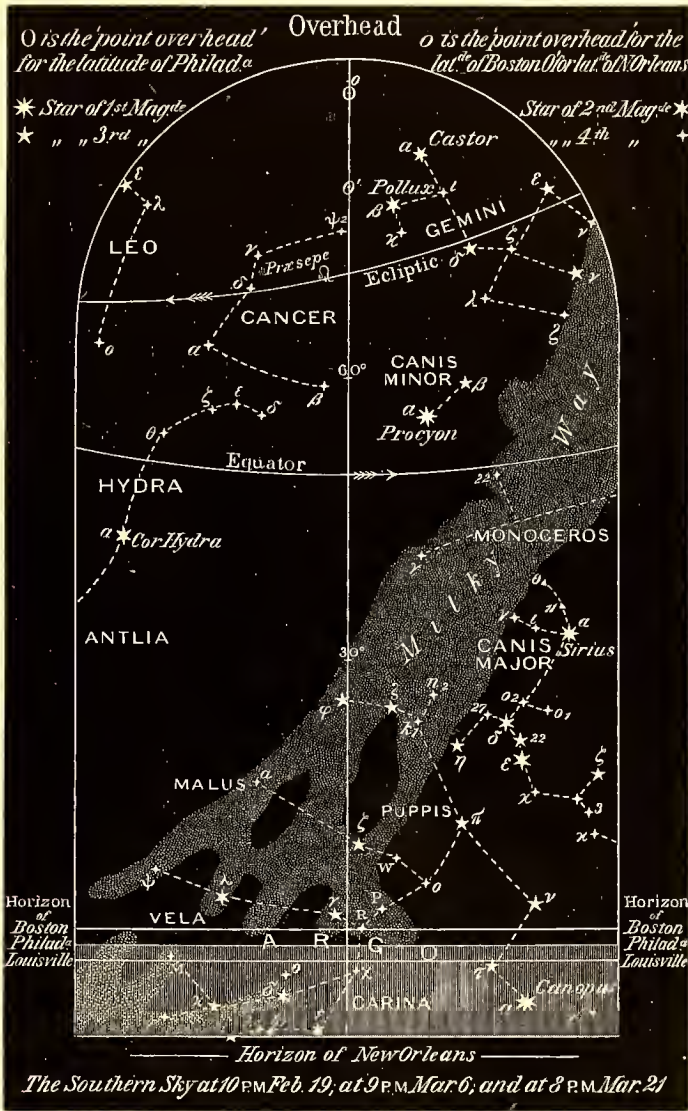
been broken on a ridge of rocks, than as she was formerly described, "the stern half of a vessel drawn poop foremost into harbor." I have drawn her in Fig. 2 as she was placed three thousand years ago. You have only to tilt the picture sideways a little, until Sirius on the dog's nose is above Cano-

I think, to the stern of Argo. In fact, these form the well-marked outline of one of the fashioned lofty poops. The Dove, by the way, is a well-placed little constellation; but the Dog lying just behind the stern of Argo forms another incongruous element in the picture.

The constellation Argo is divided. We have Opus, the poop or stern; Malus, the mast; Vela, sails; and Carina, the keel. Not to confuse map with many lines, I have not shown the outlines of these parts. In fact, they can only be properly shown in a regular star-atlas. (In Map V.

Argus, but the stars close by marked k_1 and n_1 , would be called k Puppis and n Puppis, and so on.

The part of the Milky Way occupied by Argo is remarkable for its singularly complex shape. It is well to notice how incorrect is the ordinary description of the Milky Way as a zone of cloudy stars.



pocket-atlas for schools these subdivisions (own.) Only it is to be noticed that while the letters refer to the whole ship, the italic and n letters refer to the various parts. Thus stars marked ρ and ζ (on the summit of the would be called respectively ρ Argus and

light circling the entire heavens. Here you see it spreading out into a great fan-shaped expansion, separated from a somewhat similar one by a wide dark space.

Above the equator, two zodiacal constellations are seen.—the fine constellation Gemini, or the

Twins, and the poor one Cancer, or the Crab. Cancer used to be the sign in which the sun attained his greatest elevation in summer, or rather it was as he entered this sign that he was at his highest. But you see from the map that all the way through the part of Gemini shown, and onward through Cancer, the sun's course is down-hill,—or, in other words, it is after midsummer that he traverses these constellations. The sign ♌ marks the beginning of the zodiacal sign of the Lion.

The constellation Gemini no doubt derived its name from the two bright stars, nearly equal in luster, Castor and Pollux. Of these, Castor was formerly the brighter, but now Pollux is brighter, nearly in the proportion of four to three. Formerly this star-group was represented by a pair of kids; but the Greeks substituted twin-children with their feet resting on the Milky Way. The Arabian astronomers, in their turn, changed the twins to peacocks; and the astronomers of the middle ages pictured the twins as two winged angels. It would be difficult to say whether the group reminds one more (or less) of kids, or twins, or peacocks, or angels.

Gemini is said by astrologers to be the sign specially ruling over London, though why this should be so they do not tell us. We can understand why sailors should regard the sign as propitious to them, for when the sun is in Gemini the seas are usually calm,—at least summer is more pleasant for sailors than winter. You will remem-

ber that the ship in which Paul sailed from M had for its sign the twin brothers, Castor and Pollux.

As the Twins pass over toward the west, hour by hour, or night by night at the same hour, they come into the position described by Tennyson where he sings of

“a time of year
When the face of night is far* on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west.”

Cancer is a very poor constellation to the amateur, but full of interest to the telescopist. Even with a very small telescope, the little cluster called the Beehive, or the Bee-hive, is found to be full of stars. Galileo, whose best telescope was but a poor one, counted thirty-eight stars in this cluster, which the naked eye looks like a mere fleck of faint luminous cloud.

The weather-wise of old times regarded Cancer with peculiar interest. When it was cloudy and visible they expected fine dry weather, while its gradual disappearance as the air thickened with moisture was regarded as a sign of approaching rain. On the whole, however, I think the Weather Probabilities more trustworthy than this and similar prognostics.

Next month, Hydra, the Sea-serpent, will come fairly above the southern horizon, and deservedly claim our attention.

* This description is truer for European than for American nights, for the pleasant nights of spring come later in America than with us.



SPRING WORK.

Drawn by Mary A. Lathbury.

PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING CANDY.

THE minister said: "Now for the molasses can—Bring the jug,—Seth, Sammy, Sandy,—some you!"

The jug was brought with alacrity, and a full quart of molasses poured into the skillet.

Thirza and Tilda had the dishes to wash, and they wished very much that they were done, so they could sit round the stove with the rest, and watch the boiling of the molasses; and Tiny-toes to rock the cradle, but only for a little while, for her mother was ready to sit down to her sewing, and then she would jog it with her foot.

"Let's never mind to wash the big pudding-dish," whispered Tilda to Thirza. "It's heavy and hateful to do, and we can push it under the sink-board and let it be till morning."

"I won't be a shirk," said Thirza. "Besides, it will be wanted for the candy."

When Tilda was ashamed, and her cheeks grew red because she had been willing to be a shirk; she wiped the heavy dish in silence, and put it away.

The molasses had but just begun to boil when the last dish-towel was rinsed and hung up, and the sink-board neatly wiped sink closed for the night.

"Better butter the dish before you sit down," said their father. "Then it will be all ready when we want to pour out the candy."

"What dish shall you want?" asked Thirza.

"The large pudding-dish," said the mother; and Tilda's cheeks got hot again. They had a way of idening at the slightest provocation. She was now that the dish had not been pushed under the sink-board. When it was well buttered, they went down with the rest, to watch the boiling of the molasses.

"How shall you know when it is done, when there's no snow to try it on?" asked Thirza.

"Oh, I can tell!" said the minister.

"How?" persisted Pattikin.

"By experience," said her father.

"By that big word daunted Patty for a minute, and wondered what it might mean.

"Does anybody have any 'cept ministers?" she asked by and by.

"By what, Pattikin?"

"By experience," said Patty, gravely.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the minister. "Why,

yes, child! Experience is what we learn by trying. I have learned by trying, so that I can tell pretty well when the candy is done."

"Oh!" said Pattikin.

By and by, the candy bubbled clear up to the top of the skillet, and the minister had to take it off the fire and hold it up, and let it cool a little, or it would have boiled over.

"I guess it's 'most done. Get a saucer and a spoon, Sandy, and we will try it," said he.

It was tasted, and worked with the spoon, and the children all judged it done; but their father said, "No, it needs another ten minutes."

At last, he took it off and tried it again, and tasted it, and whopped it over and over with the spoon, and said, "DONE!"

Then he took it to the table, where the pudding-dish stood ready, and poured it out,—the children clustering about like bees to watch every movement.

"Will it take long to cool?" asked Pattikin.

"Very long, if we stand by and watch it. That is, it will seem very long. We will set it by the open window in my study, and then come back here and each tell a story, and by the time we get round the circle it will be cool."

"Well, you begin," said Pattikin, who liked her father's stories.

"No, we will let the youngest begin, and go on up to the oldest."

"I can't think of any," said Pattikin.

"Tell something. It need n't be very long," said her father.

"Once, last winter," began Patty, "you let me go to the post-office. It was a pretty cold day, and before I got there I wished I had n't started. But, coming home, I came across a sleigh, and the man stopped his horse and said, 'Hop in, little girl. You can ride home just as well as not.' So I hopped in, pretty glad. And he said, 'You are the minister's little one, aint you?' I don't know how he knew, for I did n't know him; but I said, 'Yes, sir.' Then he said, 'It must take a lot o' fodder to keep such a flock of boys and girls as there is at your house.' I said, 'We don't eat fodder—we eat bread;' and he laughed. And then, in a minute, we stopped at the door; and he pulled out a codfish from under the buffalo, and said, 'You give that to your pa, if he wants it; and if he don't want it, you can have it to slide down hill on.' And I hoped awfully that you

would n't want it, 'cause it would 'a' been just big enough for me to slide on; but you said, 'Of course, and much obliged to him,'—and that's all I can tell."

"And so you lost your slide?" said her father, laughing. "Well, Sandy, it's your turn now."

"There did n't nothing ever happened to me," said Sandy.

"Tell how you planted the chenangoes last spring," suggested Seth.

"Half a peck in a hill, and then went off a-fishin'," said Sandy.

"Ho! that aint the way to tell it!" said Pattikin. "Can't you make a story of it?"

"We shall have to let Sandy go, and give him up as an incorrigible," said the minister. We might as well try to get a story out of the old gobbler as out of him. Tilda, you can tell one."

"When I was a little girl," said Tilda —

"What are you now?" asked Samuel, mischievously.

"Hush, Sammy! You must n't interrupt," said his mother.

Tilda began again.

"Last summer, Mr. Iturbide's folks had company; and it was Mehitable's cousin from Boston, and her name was Ida Ella Fonsa Iturbide. I thought that was a very fine name. Well, one day, mother let me go over to see Hitty and Ida. I carried my rag-baby, and Hitty had hers; but Ida had a real doll, with red cheeks and curly hair, and she made fun of ours, and said they had n't any noses, and all such things. We did n't like it, Hitty and I, though we did n't say much, because Ida was a city girl, and Hitty's company. By and by we went out into the barn, and we laid our babies down on a little bed that we made in the hay. When we came back for them, Prince (the puppy, you know) was lying beside them, and he had chewed up one of Ida's dolly's arms, and the sawdust was all coming out; and he had licked some of the paint off its face too. You never saw such a mad girl as Ida was. She wanted to whip Prince with a big stick, but we would n't let her. The school-mistress covered the arm over new, and painted the dolly's cheek. Only it did n't look so nice as it did before. And that's all."

Here the minister got up and went to look at the candy.

"As true as I live, it's cool already!" said he. "We shall have to hear the rest of the stories another time."

"Shall we all have some to pull?" asked Tilda.

"Every one that can show a clean pair of hands."

The wash-bowl and the soap and the towels were in great demand then, and such faithful scrubbing

was n't done every day by the minister's children. One pair of hands after another was presented for inspection, approved, and, after being buttered, received a portion of the candy to pull.

And such glee as there was, as they walked to the kitchen, working the candy. The minister's dolly stick a bit, and such handsome yellow strands he would draw out! But the rest did not succeed so well.

"Mine gets all stucked on to my fingers," said Pattikin.

"Keep farther from the fire, and put on more butter," said her father.

Pattikin kept out in the corner after that. She worked like a little hero, but the more she worked the worse it would stick. At last, the minister heard a sound like a little sob, and looking round there was Patty in the farthest and darkest corner of the room, with her face toward the wall, her little fingers stuck together by a hopelessly daubed-looking mass, and her tears falling right down on it.

"The hateful stuff! I did n't think it would act so!" said she, when her father came to her.

"Why, Pattikin! Come out here and let me clean you up. You shall have some of mine to eat, and yours can go to the piggy. Of course he'll want some," said the minister.

"I'll do it, father, if you'll finish mine," said Sandy. "It don't do so well in my hands as it does in yours."

So Sandy took a knife and carefully released her little sister's fingers, and then washed them and wiped away her tears, and by that time the candy was worked enough.

Thirza brought the molding-board, and then the father twisted out the sticks, while Seth cut them off and laid them straight on the board to dry hard.

"Another knife-handle came off to-day," said the mother.

"Another! Our supply must be getting short," said the minister.

"Only three left!" said his wife.

The minister drew a little breath through his lips as if he were about to whistle. But he did not. He said:

"I shall have to attend to that business."

"We all have to eat with knives that have their handles but Seth," said Thirza, with an injured air.

"They would n't have come off so soon if you had been more careful about putting them into water," said her mother.

"Bring out all the broken pewter spoons that are left. I'll see what I can do," said her father.

Thirza found six.

"Now that old teapot with the bottom melted,"
 and he.
 Then he opened the front doors of the stove.
 There was a splendid bed of glowing coals, and he
 put a part of his old pewter into the fire-shovel
 and set it on the coals to melt. Then he got the
 handleless knives and wound some strong, thick,
 brown paper into a little smooth, straight, hollow

And three more verses. Only Pattikin did n't sing
 after the first verse, because she fell to wondering
 who "Mary Turn" was, and what she had done
 that was so bad. She was thinking so earnestly
 that she nearly forgot to kneel down at prayers.

May be you'll think they went to bed without a
 taste of that candy. No, indeed! They had been
 eating it all along, as they worked it and as it was



SANDY TO THE RESCUE!

...de, and tied it on. He had sprinkled some
 powder all over the bit of iron to which the
 lead had been fastened. Then, when the lead
 melted in the shovel, he very carefully poured
 the hollow paper full, and set it aside to cool. To
 keep it in an upright position, he stuck it in a
 crack in the floor of the back kitchen.

"Now, when that gets hard, we'll take off the
 paper and see if it is worth while to try another."

"It's been time the youngest ones were abed
 to-night," said the mother.

They all sat around the fire and sang:

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to insure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return."

cut up, till they really did n't care for another bit
 that night. Only I forgot to say so before.

CHAPTER V.

AUNT SARAH'S VISIT.

IN the morning, the knife was taken out of the
 crack in the back-room floor, and the brown paper
 taken off, and there appeared a beautifully round,
 smooth handle, as white and shining as silver. It
 was a little heavy, to be sure, but on the whole the
 minister was so well pleased with the success of his
 experiment, that he put on the other six that day,
 before he started for the Association, and left them
 in the crack to cool while he was gone, or till they
 should be wanted.

"Will hot water hurt these?" asked Thirza one

day, while they were yet a new thing, examining them with great satisfaction.

"Never a bit!" said the minister; and then remembering his dignity; "Not at all, my dear. Those are good, I think, for the next fifty years."

I must pass by the digging of the potatoes,—though, you may be sure, they made something interesting of the job; and the stone-picking, and the corn-husking.

I think the next thing that happened out of the ordinary course of events was Aunt Sarah's visit. She came about Thanksgiving time. The first snow came that same afternoon, and the big yellow stage-coach, the veiled and fur-clad passengers, were all seen through a mist of fine feathery flakes. Aunt Sarah had to alight into the soft fleece, but three or four brooms were quickly engaged sweeping a broad path for her to walk to the house.

They almost forgot their joy at the coming of the snow for an hour after her arrival. But they soon were tired of sitting quietly and watching the new-comer, and she was too cold and numb, after her long ride, to talk much; so they presently stole out, one by one, to revel again in the new delight. They held up their hands to catch the falling flakes. They made unnecessary paths in all directions, which were filled up in an hour. They pelted one another with snow-balls, and even began a snow man, which they had to leave at the knees, because supper was ready.

After supper, they got off shoes, and stockings, as they always did, unless it was very cold indeed, and their mother forbade it; and a whispering began at Tilda, and passed round the circle to all but Pattikin (who was in Aunt Sarah's lap) and the baby in his cradle, and shortly after they were all missing, and down the hill they went, their white feet flying through the whiter, softer snow, ankle deep already, and their gleeful shouts rousing Mrs. Vesta from her first snooze, and causing her to wonder what had got into the little Joneses now.

Aunt Sarah was horrified when they came back into the kitchen, two minutes after, rosy and panting, and huddling about the fire to dry their glowing feet. She had been living in the city, where the children were like flowers grown in a hot-house, and she had no idea of such sturdy "olive-plants." But their mother took it very quietly, for she was used to their pranks and never needlessly frightened.

"You will slide down-hill on my sled some day, Aunt Sarah, wont you—when there is snow enough for good sliding?" asked Seth.

"I? Why, it's been twenty years since I've been out sliding down-hill!" said Aunt Sarah.

"So much the more reason why you should do it now, then!" said the minister.

Seth being thus encouraged by his father, and assisted also by the importunities of Sammy Simon, and Sandy, prevailed upon his aunt to give a promise.

But they had to wait a good while. One light soft snow fell after another. There was plenty of breaking roads, shoveling paths, and merry sleigh riding to school, but the wind would not make drifts, nor would the sun melt the snow enough to allow the formation of a crust. They made the path from the front door to the road broad and smooth, and did some sliding down the slope. But this was not their sliding-place.

Over west of the frog-pond was a long, not too steep slope. Then a short, level stretch, and then an abrupt fall of the land as in a terrace, and that brought them to the edge of the pond. The impetus of that last leap sent them clear across the ice to the farther side. With such a glorious play as this, no wonder they looked scornfully upon the gentle declivity in front of the house. There was one thing, however, which redeemed it, and gave it some zest. This was the fact that the least inadvertence in steering down that narrow path brought them up in a snow bed at once.

As the time of Aunt Sarah's visit was drawing a close, the boys concluded it must be the slope; nothing; and she being more willing to take the risk of being plunged into the snow here, than to face the dangers of the "flying leap," favored the idea of taking her ride at once. She had insisted that it should come off in the evening. She "was not going to make a spectacle of herself by bro daylight."

So, one moonlight night, they led Aunt Sarah out for her promised slide. She looked at the long, narrow, frail-looking structure they called "the sled," and said:

"You go down once first, while I stand here and watch you. Two or three of you pile on at once. I want to be sure the thing wont break down under me."

"Why, Aunt Sarah! It's as strong as iron. We've all of us been on it at once!" said Seth. "Well, come on then, boys. Let's go down on it and let aunty see if it is n't fine fun."

They were ready,—more than "two or three" of them,—and in a minute the sled was loaded and went gliding swiftly down the slope, and away across the road, where the load resolved itself into separate youngsters, who came trooping back behind the sled.

There was no excuse for delay, so Aunt Sarah took her place, behind Seth, on the sled. Just as they were starting off, the minister himself came down.

"Now steer carefully, Seth! Remember, you've got valuable freight on board," said he.

"Yes, sir!" replied Seth, and they went down. Soothly, gracefully, not too swiftly, they glided till they reached the place where the sled had stopped before; and Aunt Sarah, pleased to find herself right side up and in good order, walked bravely back up the hill.

"I believe I'll try it myself," said the minister. "Sarah, we used to slide down-hill together,—suppose we try it now."

She had gained so much confidence by her first success, that she made little objection to trying again, especially with her brother. Doubtless, if he could steer so well, his father could do still better. So the robes were tucked up again, and they went.

At somehow—not even the minister knew how the sled slewed to one side, and instantly they found themselves floundering in deep snow outside the path. There was a great shout of laughter from the irreverent youngsters at the top of the hill.

"Did you do that on purpose, John?" the vicar asked reproachfully, as she got up and shook her garments and stamped off the snow.

"No, really, Sarah!" said the minister, laughing but mortified. "It takes more practice than I supposed to steer a sled like this down such a narrow path."

Aunt Sarah would go in then. She had had enough of sliding, she said,—should n't get over and twist her neck got for a week, she dared say. She and her brother went in, and the children were glad to have their good time out.

They went away two days after—back to her city home. She could n't stay any longer, because it was almost Christmas, and Uncle Ralph's family, and she made her home, made much account of Christmas. The minister's family did not. It

had not yet become the fashion up among the New England hills; and they were in no hurry to introduce it, because where the families were very large it might be doubtful whether old Santa Claus could fill all the stockings. They were thankful, for their part, to be able to furnish the stockings themselves at present.

They had a fire in the best room the afternoon before Aunt Sarah went. The minister's wife had made a plum-cake, and they got out the strawberry preserves, and made a grand supper in her honor, with the best dishes and all. Nobody was there but the home circle, of course, but that was "a party" any time and all the time. And it pleased Aunt Sarah better than if they could have had a grand ball.

After it was over, they all went back to the best room, and sat round the fire, talking, except the girls, who staid in the kitchen to wash the dishes.

Tilda and Pattikin almost quarreled over a bit of cake that had been left on the table. Their judgment in discerning a hair-breadth of difference in the size of the two pieces into which they had cut it was really surprising; and when it was settled between them at last, it dawned upon their greedy little minds that Thirza ought also to have a share in the leavings.

"Here! we've left none for Thirza! We must each give her a piece of ours!" said Tilda, preparing to divide hers.

"I don't want any cake that's had to be fought about," said Thirza, scornfully.

Tilda's cheeks grew hot, and her cake seemed to choke her; but Pattikin coolly swallowed hers, and then retreated to the parlor, as if her share of the clearing-up was done. And I suppose it was, for she was such a little girl.

(To be continued.)

POOR KATY DELAY.

BY MARIA W. JONES.

WITH cheeks like pink roses abloom in May,
And eyes like the stars, so sparkling were they!

Whose breath like sweet clover, or new-mown hay,
So pretty and sweet was Katy Delay.

As good and wise we should find her this day,
Why, it not been for a very bad way

Had, whenever her mother would say,
"Come, Katy, and learn!" of crying, "I'll stay

Just five minutes more!" or "Dear mother, pray
Wait till to-morrow,—I want so to play!"

Now she is old and wrinkled and gray,
And knows no more than they do at Cathay,—

Foolish and old, and never a ray
Of comfort for her who once was so gay;
And all because she would have her own way.

Somehow or other, 't is always *to-day*;
She never has found, I'll venture to say,
Any to-morrow. Poor Katy Delay!

“MISS MUFFETT” SERIES—No. VII.



LITTLE TRADJA of Norway,
She sat in the door-way,
Eating her reindeer broth ;

There came a big badger,
And little Miss Tradja
Soon carried her meal further north

THE SICK FROG.

HAVE you ever seen a green frog which was fed on nothing but pennie Marie had one. It was made of iron, and painted green, with large black eyes, and it was to be used as a savings bank. It was a curious-looking frog, with its green speckled back ; and when Marie pressed her finger on its left foot, it opened its mouth wide. Then she dropped a penny into the mouth, and let go of the foot. What do you think froggy did ? He shut up his mouth, swallowed the pennies, and winked his two black eyes.

if to say, "That's good—give me another!" It was such fun to feed the frog and see him wink!

But one day poor froggy was sick. He would not eat nor roll his eyes. Marie did n't know what to do. She shook him till he must have been dizzy. She turned him upside down, she pounded him, but it was all no avail,—froggy would not move his mouth or eyes. At last she took him to mamma.

"Mamma, dear, froggy will not eat any more!"

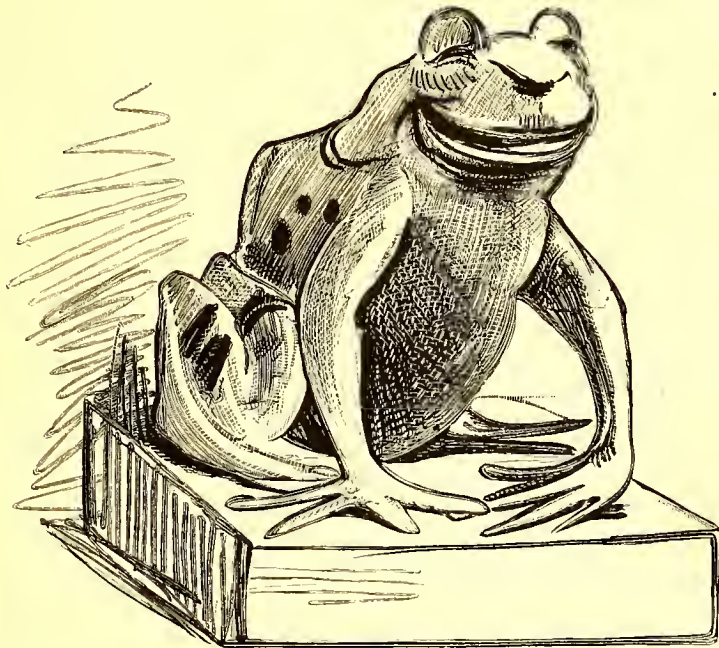
"Too bad, indeed!" said mamma. "Let me see what is the matter."

So she looked in the frog's mouth, just as a doctor looks at little girls' throats when they are ill and cannot eat.

"Why, what is this I see?" said mamma. "Bring me my scissors."

Marie brought the long shears, and mamma thrust them into the frog's mouth, and soon brought out a piece of slate pencil.

"Why, no wonder poor froggy was sick! Now, don't ever put anything in his mouth, my little girl, except pennies, and he will be all right."



At last then the frog gave a wink with both eyes, as he always did when he was well, and little Marie was happy.

"Oh, you good frog!" said she. "Now you shall have a real nice penny," and she dropped a silver ten-cent piece into his mouth, which he quickly swallowed, seeming to say, by his winks, "I'm all right now."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d'ye do, my chicks?

Spring is close at hand, they say; but, if so, she has forgotten to bring her weather. May be it is to be sent after her by express—who knows?

Meantime, here is something that will interest you.

CRYSTALLIZED HORSES.

REAL, live horses encrusted with crystal! Most of my children would think that could not be a possible thing, I suppose; but I have some boys and girls away off in British America, or even in Minnesota, or Iowa, or Dakota, who could tell you that it is possible, for they have seen it.

In these places, as in other cold countries, a horse when resting after a rapid drive in the frosty atmosphere will be found covered with ice-crystals. It is the moisture from his body and his breath which has frozen upon him, forming beautiful little ice-crystals over his whole form. In this condition he looks like an immense toy horse covered with sugar.

Who among you have seen this thing "with your own eyes?"

A FRESH-WATER WHALE.

YOU must know that as the white whale in the great New York Aquarium is at present the only captive whale on earth, he is, of course, a great pet, and always has the best of treatment. He has two bushels of live eels daily, and until the icy winter interfered, he had his enormous tank kept constantly filled with frequent supplies of salt seawater. Of late, this has been so hard to obtain, that he has had to depend on Croton. Yes, for many weeks this great sea-king has been living entirely on fresh water! There's a let-down for a respectable whale! I suppose he considers himself in a very decided pickle, though it may strike us

differently. And how strange he must feel—the great, heavy, floundering, flapping thing—in water so much lighter than he has been accustomed to say nothing of its want of flavor! Still he thrives, and gulps down his two bushels of live eels with great relish. Long may he prosper!

Later.—By Telegraph.—Bad news! The great white whale is no more! He has gone to still fresher waters. He died suddenly on January 27th, while the music was playing and crowds of unsuspecting visitors were looking on, wondering at his unusual liveliness.

SCHOOL LUNCHEONS.

DEAR JACK: Will you allow me to say a few words to your young folks on the matter of school luncheons? (Yes, indeed, Jack will!) I have noticed that new scholars coming to the red schoolhouse, usually, until they fall into the ways of established pupils, bring for their noon luncheons cakes, pies, and even candies. One day a little girl actually brought a pop-corn ball, a whole box of guava jelly and a pickle! Such things, you admit, form very improper nourishment for growing children to depend upon daily from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., and boys and girls cannot be too warmly advised against their use. Fruit in its season, apples and oranges at any time, good bread and butter, meat sandwiches—these always are simple and wholesome. But it occurs to me that there may be many other things equally good, and that the young people can help each other to find them out. Therefore, with this in view, and also in hope of partially ascertaining the extent of the matter to which I have alluded, I have a request to make of one and all:

Will you not, dear girls and boys, each write a letter telling me what you ordinarily take for school for your noon feeding? Tell me of your luncheons you like best, and which you oftenest disdain. Don't write out an ideal lunch, naming things that you would have, if you could, when your most enlightened state. Tell me what you actually take. If it be molasses candy and pickles, say so. If it be mince-pie and sausages, or puddings, apples and crackers, tell me frankly. Consider yourself in the light of workers for the public good, and let the whole truth come out.

A good Boston school lately took occasion in its annual catalogue to say that its pupils suffer from want of nourishing food than from all other matters combined that come into the school-house. They add: "It is of little use to arrange for well-learned lessons, frequent change of position, softened by proper attitude, and pure air, if health is constantly undermined by inattention to food."

Do you not see that it is time for school-boys and school-girls to take the matter into serious consideration? Talk it over with your parents, young friends, and beg them to have fortitude and withstand you when you coax them for meringues and mince-pies!

Who knows what may be the result of

ovement,"—what dainty, excellent things may be introduced into general adoption among you school-children; what sallow, blotched faces may be remedied up; what headaches may be driven away; what rosy cheeks brought into bloom; what school-boys may follow! *All write*, little and big! Press, "The Little Schoolma'am, care of Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York." Write on one side of the paper; give your full name and address ("confidentially," if you prefer it), and above all, let straightforward, simple facts be the order of the day. Now, dear Jack, if the boys and girls respond to my request, I shall indeed be

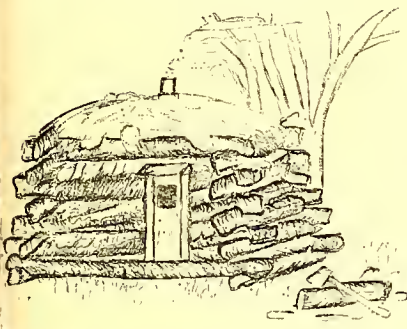
Your happy

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

A REAL BABY-HOUSE.

Talbot County, near Easton, Md.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am going to tell you about our baby-house, because it is built out-of-doors, and some of the dear little schoolma'am's girls may like to make one of the same kind. It is built of rough little pine-logs. It has pine-rushes on the roof to keep the rain out, for, you know, pine rushes shed water. The inside is very dark, for it has no windows except a pane in the door. The door is very narrow, and I have to go on my hands and knees. We have a stove in our house; it is a part of an old hall-stove, but it cooks very nicely on top. There is no place to bake. We cook coffee, tea, chocolate, toast and waffles, and boil eggs there. Our stove is very warm, and it keeps the room nicely when there is a good fire in it. We have a little cart and an old horse; her name is "Dolly." She has a swollen leg. Mother would not sell her to any one else. We haul rushes from the woods for the roof and for the door, and wood for our stove. We go out in our sleds whenever we want to, for Dolly is very easy to catch, and very willing to help us. Alice puts her to (Alice is my sister; she is eleven years old to-morrow.) We have not fixed the baby-house yet, but it is to be of boards, with pine rushes on the roof. I am fourteen and a half years old. I inclose a



which I drew myself. I hope it is good enough for you to show to your dear St. Nicholas cousins. The door of a new one ought to be made of iron, so that escape would be easy in case of fire. But we will be careful.—Yours truly,
MINNIE.

A SEED IN THE WOOL.

A LITTLE bird told me lately of a tiny flower that had appeared, a few years ago, along the railroads of the Southern States. It suddenly and comparatively multiplied the ground. The little Schoolma'am says that it is called *Acanthopeltis*,—she delights in using a large part of the alphabet in one word, you know. It is a

South American plant; and how do you think it happened to be traveling by railroad?

The seeds are supposed to have been introduced by the wool imported from that country.

If the products which were sent to the "Centennial" from all over the world, and from all parts of our own land, have scattered seeds in this way, what startling carpets may greet our eyes this spring!

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

Bangor, Me.

DEAR JACK: Of course you keep posted on the doings of the fairies. If any of the descendants of Cinderella's fairy godmother are with you, will you please ask them about this paragraph, which I cut from a newspaper?

"Was it really a glass slipper by means of which Cinderella triumphed over unnatural relatives and won the hand of the prince? No, that is a philological blunder. The story of Cinderella was a tradition before it was put into print in the French of Charles Perrault. In mediæval French, the phonetic equivalent of *verre* (glass) was *vair*, a kind of variegated or spotted fur. The first man who turned the spoken into the written legend is answerable for the introduction of *verre* instead of *vair*, and hence for changing the slipper of the ancient story into the now universally accepted glass slipper. The *verre* is a manifest absurdity; the pretty Cinderella could not have danced in it. The fur slipper, on the contrary, has abundant excuse for its appearance in the story, for was not the wearing of 'fur and other peltry' rigidly forbidden by the sumptuary laws to all but princes and princesses?"

Now, dear Jack, in behalf of my anxious little ones, I ask you—is this true?

Yours truly,

A CONSTANT READER'S MAMMA.

Dear me! This is sad news, indeed. But it might have been expected. The moment a man of inquiring mind gets hold of a fairy story or a legend, he plays the mischief with it. Now, dear mother of a constant reader, if you take Jack's advice, you'll treat this so-called item of information as a base slander. Let it go. The children don't want anything more of that sort. The fellow may pride himself as he pleases on being able to see through a glass slipper,—but it's no credit to him. Why, he'll be trying next to haul down Jack's bean-stalk! He'd better look out!

THE OLDEST ORGAN IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: In these wonderful Centennial times, when people are eagerly bringing forth their ancestors' treasures from trunks and attics, I am sure the children join in the prevailing interest, and would like to hear the history of the oldest organ in the country.

Portsmouth, down by the sea-side in New Hampshire, is quite rich in antiquities, and one of the choicest relics—better to me than the old houses, or the old chairs or china—is the old organ in the Episcopal chapel. We claim that it is the first organ ever brought to America. Many years ago, the facts concerning this organ were collected, and published in some musical journal, and an extract was cut from the paper, and pasted upon the organ. Though the print is yellow with varnish and time, yet in this way the organ is able to tell its own story; and this is, in substance, what it says:

"The organ was built in England, was purchased by Thomas Brattle, Esq., and brought to America in 1713; and was set up in King's Chapel."

You know what a prejudice existed, in the days of our forefathers, against organs. The record admits that the prejudice was not abated in favor of this instrument. Just think of its coming to us a stranger in a strange land, meeting no cordial reception, but treated to an imprisonment of seven months in the tower of the church! It was finally placed in the church, where it was used until the year 1756. It was then sold to St Paul Church in Newburyport, where it did active service for eighty years. Then, in 1836, Portsmouth became the home of the old organ; the price paid for it at the time of the last purchase was nearly \$450. For one hundred and sixty-three years its pipes have sounded, and it has not yet wholly lost its sweetness or its usefulness,—not so old that it may not at times be heard accompanying the chants of the church. We like to feel that it has found its home, that the pretty recess of the chapel where it now stands shall forever be its resting-place.
L. B. G.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

PANSY'S LOVERS.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

Spring-time.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Wrapped in velvet hues,
 Pansy, little pansy,
 Bathed in morning dews:

Pansy, little pansy,
 I'm your lover true;
 I am gentle Spring-time,
 Come to welcome you.

Summer.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Art thou here, my sweet,
 Waiting for the lover
 Thou hast longed to meet?

I am he, my darling,
 I am Summer gay;
 When I come, my sweetheart,
 Spring-time hastes away.

Autumn.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Dost thou not know me?
 I am glorious Autumn,
 Tinting vine and tree.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Grant me this one boon,—
 Stay with me, my darling,
 Winter's coming soon.

Winter.

Pansy, little pansy,
 Dost thou love us all?
 Then, my darling pansy,
 Answer Winter's call.

Pansy, little pansy,
 I'm the flowers' night,—
 I'll fold you in my arms, pet,
 Wrapped in mantles white.

L. D. D.

SOME CALIFORNIA SCENES.

I LIVE in Oakland, California. Last year dear papa took Harry and Wallie, my two brothers, and myself up to the Summit, Donner Lake and Lake Tahoe. We had never seen snow falling until we went to the Summit House, where we arrived by the overland railroad about midnight. When I looked out of the window in the morning, I saw something flying about, and thought it was mosquitoes. I called to papa, who was in the next room, to look at the great number of mosquitoes; he told me I was mistaken, that it was snowing. When we heard this we all jumped up and were soon out in the snow. The snow sheds (called galleries) over the railroad track, and the mountains all around, were white, and the snow was falling in beautiful large flakes like soft white down. But I do not intend to tell you about that trip in this letter.

Pescadero—which, papa says, is the Spanish for fisherman—is a little village near the ocean. On the first of July we all—that is, papa, mamma, aunt Mattie, Harry, Wallie, with my little playmate, Maud, and two ladies and one gentleman, and myself—left Oakland on the eight o'clock train for the wharf at the end of the overland railroad, where we went on the ferry-boat to San Francisco, and then on the street-cars to the steam-cars; we left the cars at San Mateo and rode in a four-horse coach to Pescadero; the coach was full inside, and papa, Harry, Maud and I rode on top. The road winds along the sides of mountains to Half-Moon Bay; in some places we were hundreds of feet above the little houses in at the foot of the mountains. We stopped for dinner at Half-Moon Bay, and arrived at Pescadero about five o'clock. The Swanton House was decorated with flags, and a large flag was on a pole in front of the hotel, and ropes, with hundreds of little flags on them, were fastened to the flag-pole and to houses across the streets. We children had each a cen-

tennial flag, which we waved as we drove up to the hotel. We did not stop at the hotel, but had a cottage. There are four beautiful cottages, with a green lawn and trees in front; ours was named "Myrtle," the others were "Ivy," "Oak," and "Pern."

The next morning we went to Pebble Beach, a little beach with high bank on one side, and large rocks at each end, over which waves dash with a great booming sound and splash. The beach was covered with beautiful smooth pebbles, white, green, pink and other colors, all washed nice and clean by the waves; some are very beautiful. There are a great many common pebbles, which nobody cares for.

The fun is in hunting for and picking up the nice round colored ones. Everybody squats down, or lies flat down on the beach and has a little bottle, or box, or something to hold the pebbles and they scratch over and dig holes in the pebbles to find the prettiest ones. It looks very funny to see thirty or forty people big and little, squatting or lying down, hunting for pebbles. Children took off their shoes and stockings and ran down the beach when a wave went out, and when a big roller came in we scamper back; we got caught sometimes, and got awful wet, but did not mind it a bit. The sun was very bright, and we all got sunburnt. We went to the beach nearly every day, and brought home several small bottles and boxes full of pebbles. Little Wallie picked up pebbles like the rest, and brought home one of papa's socks full; he put the sock on the floor, and he and I played with the pebbles on the carpet and hunt for the pretty ones, and call it playing "pebble beach."

One day papa, mamma, aunt Mattie, Harry, Wallie, and myself went in a carriage to Camp Spaulding in the redwoods. It is a lovely place; the trees grow very large and tall. Papa stood against the end of one that had been sawed off, and it was higher than his head. There were a great many larger than that one. The ground was covered with ferns, growing five and six feet high, and so high and strong we could hardly get through them. Papa and I went up a little cañon where a little stream of water trickled down over the rocks, to look for ferns for his fernery, and we had a good sport. The cañon was full of old logs, brush, ferns and weeds, which we walked; sometimes we would come near slipping through, and sometimes when papa reached up the steep bank for a beautiful fern, his foot would slip and he would slide down among the bushes and ferns. We saw great quantities of hazel nuts, but they were not ripe, and we only gathered a few to show to the others at the cottage. On the road we passed a steam saw-mill, where they make beams and shingles from the redwood trees. Great wagon loads of shingles are hauled through Pescadero to the landing by mule teams; the mules have bells on their collars which make a merry jingle in the woods to give notice to people in carriages to stop, as the road through the forest is so narrow in a great many places that the wagons cannot pass each other.

LIZZ



St. Paul, Minn.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me to present this picture of the Youthful Rubens Drawing Flies." I drew it as a companion to the Young Contributor pictures—"Father, I Cannot Tell," and "Sir Isaac Newton Discovering Gravitation," in your June and September numbers of last year.—Your young contributor,
 P. N.

THE LETTER-BOX.

is very apparent that Dr. Eggleston's little Fairy Show for Sunday-schools, published in the Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS, is a need precisely. We have received, and still are getting, many pleasant letters from delighted young correspondents who saw it played in their schools, or themselves took part in it, and everywhere it has had a "success." Minnie Whitney writes that the people of her day-school, in Hudson, Mich., "were tired of Christmas trees," and carried out Dr. Eggleston's plan,— "and it was splendid!" In a town they admitted the children free, but charged the parents and mothers ten cents each, and so cleared almost three times the expenses, besides having a deal of fun. In cities, where the theatres were larger, and the best arrangements for getting up and presenting the stages most easily procured, the play seems to have met with greater admiration even than in rural towns, less accustomed to theatrical representations, and the dainties from Santa Claus's sack were especially welcomed by the children of the poor, who always collect at the festival of a city Sunday-school. The Methodist Presbyterian church of St. Louis, for example, brought out their Fairy Show in a grand manner, in the presence of over 500 children and a houseful of older people. The pulpit, we are told, was handsomely decorated with evergreen trees, while on the north side was placed a miniature house, about ten feet by six in size, thatched and trimmed with evergreens, tufts of raw cotton and strings of dried corn, and with a veritable-looking chimney. The front of the pulpit was also adorned with evergreens and popped corn. Five red and six boxes of candy, each labeled, "A merry Christmas, from the North Presbyterian Sunday-school," and 1,200 copies were given away to the little folks, who enjoyed the occasion very much.

ST. NICHOLAS: In your December number it is said that Captain Bates and his wife live in Rochester, N. Y. But it is a mistake. They live in Seville, Ohio. I know this because I am visiting my grandma all last summer, who lives in Medina, Ohio, which is only a few miles from Seville. I am nine years old, and have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for two years and a half from my father's news office here, and I like it very much indeed.—Yours truly,
WILLIE B. GEERY.

ST. NICHOLAS: Can you inform me why pulling candy changes its color.—Yours truly,
JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

ST. NICHOLAS: Can you inform me why pulling candy changes its color.—Yours truly,
JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am not a boy that lives in some place that you would like to hear about, yet I have something to tell you, though it may not seem true. I have a snake all spotted red and yellow, and we keep it in a cage till it gets tamer. Yesterday morning we put my little baby's whistle in the cage and went away. We did it just for fun, when we came back, the whistle was gone and we could not find where. Just then we heard a queer noise, and when we looked, the snake all coiled up and whistling, with a little bit of the whistle sticking out of its mouth. Once I heard of a snake eating two birds and a toad. I would like to know if this could be.—Yours truly,
TOM C. GRANT.

ST. NICHOLAS: This evening I read a letter in ST. NICHOLAS about putzes in Bethlehem, and I was very much interested in it, because I live in Bethlehem and am a Moravian. There were a number of putzes here this year. On one could be seen the Switch-ailroad in the coal regions. On another one we saw a stable, and the angels over it. There were cattle in the barn-yard, and the men standing and watching their sheep. We had a tree and a nut for our dolls. I have a sister, and we both play with our dolls. We got a great many Christmas presents, among them ST. NICHOLAS. I like it ever so much, and wish it would come oftener. I am nine years old.—From your little friend,
ERNE H.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14th, 1877.

DARLING ST. NICHOLAS: As I saw so many little girls were writing, I thought I would send you a few lines to congratulate you on your immense success. I have taken you from your birth, as a writer to your magazine said. I think you are grand, and I hope you will live forever. I like "His Own Master" ever so much. I hope Jacob will marry Florie. I am making up a list of Bird-defenders, and will send it as soon as it is full. Give my best regards to Deacon Green and the Little Schoolma'am, and always remember me as your devoted reader,
MAMIE KING.

Flushing, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a piece of money, on one side of which is: "VICTORIA D: G: BRIT: REG: FID: DEF: MDCCCLVI." On the other side is a British device, and also, "ONE FLORIN. ONE-TENTH OF A POUND." Is this an English, Austrian, Dutch, or Prussian piece of money? How much is it worth?

JOS. F. DARLING.

This is a common English coin, sometimes known as a florin, but usually called a two-shilling piece. It is worth two English shillings.

LILLIE WOLFERSBURGER, HENRY H. SWAIN, AND O. H. B.—The "O" on some coins is only a badly cut "C" (for Carson City). Coins from that mint are sometimes badly stamped, and the C readily becomes an O.

Heidelberg, Germany, November, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a very little boy, and I have not been in dear America for four years. I am awfully homesick at times, and would be a great deal more so if it was not that my papa sends me the welcome ST. NICHOLAS every month from away out in Michigan. I am in Heidelberg with my two great big brothers, studying German. I go to the public school, and can talk the language here like a Dutchman.

This is a beautiful place, full of lovely drives and walks. We live right under the walls of the old castle, and we walk up to the Konigstuhl often.

The big boys are very bad here, and fight awfully, and try to cut off each other's noses with swords. They have big spotted dogs, as large as calves. You ought to see the German girls dance, with their blue stockings. They are lovely.

They drink an awful lot of lager-beer here. Can you tell them in your nice paper that it is very wrong to drink and fight? I am going home to Grosse Ile, Michigan, next summer. I should like to stop in New York and see you, ST. NICHOLAS.—Your friend,
WILLIE S. BIDDLE, JR.

Chicago.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sick and cannot go out, so I thought I would write you a letter. I have a little dog. He has a ball, and I take it and put it in my pocket. Then he will put his head in, and growl until he gets it out. Then he will run away with it, but bring it back for me to do it again. He will get mamma's slipper and try to chew it up; and if we go after him, he will run and try hard not to be caught. I have two pigeons; they are very tame, because I am kind to them. They like me, and when I go in the coop to feed them, they fly down and eat out of my hand. I am eight years old. I like the "Boy Emigrants" better than any story.
WALTER GARFIELD.

PLEASANT letters have been received from Hugh Toland Carney, Lizzie Spencer, Winnie H., Marie L. Haydel, Kittie Blanche, "Kate," Mamie Kennedy, A. T. C., Julia E. Potsford, Hattie and Anna Mack, Allen Browning, Martha L. Munger, and others.

Fort McKavett, Menard Co., Texas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. Occasionally I see letters in your "Letter-Box" from boys and girls living in the army, so I thought I would send you a short letter from Texas. We live at Fort McKavett, one of the best frontier posts in the State. The surrounding country is very pretty. There are five infantry and two cavalry companies stationed here. I have a pony, which I ride nearly every day and enjoy it so much. My papa went on a scout two years ago and brought home this pony; he belonged to the Indians. I think he must have been one of the squaws' ponies, because he is so gentle and likes women better than men around him.

I have a black and tan terrier dog named Nipper, and a cat called Teeny. I could not live away out here without plenty of pets—it is so lonely. I have no brothers or sisters, but there are eighteen officers' children in the garrison, and all under twelve years of age. I have not been North for four years; I am getting tired of living South so long. I enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS so much, and out here it is doubly welcome. I am afraid I am writing too much, so will close for this time.—I remain one of your best friends,

JANET G. LARKE.

INQUIRY: Can any one tell where to find a little poem on the "Snow," commencing:

"Look at the beautiful flakes of snow,—
Where do they come from, whence do they go?"

* * * * *

Quietly, silently, gently they fall;
They do not jostle each other at all.
We in the world are not like the snow,
Jostling and pushing wherever we go.

Little Falls, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have come to us ever since your existence, and we would hardly know how to do without you. Sister Grace is away at school, and says you may come in my name another year. Brother says he will pay for a copy to go to our cousins away on the prairies of Nebraska. I think it very kind in him, for it will be so appreciated by them, as they have had a hard time to get along. It seems hardly true that they lived in a hole in the ground when they first went there!

I suppose you are tired of the many letters you get from the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, but, if possible, I would like you to print this little extract, at least, that I read in a paper a few days ago, asking the young French scholars for a translation, or give it yourself, as you wish. It is styled "A Beautiful Truth." "*Ce n'est pas la victoire qui fait la joie des nobles cours; c'est le combat.*"

Hoping to see it in the "Letter-Box" soon, I remain your little friend,

SUSIE C. B.

West Union, Iowa, December, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school and study the Third Reader. I like the story of "His Own Master" very much. Papa has taken ST. NICHOLAS for me ever since it was published. I have got a little brother named Robby, and a dog named Frank, and a cat named Slammens. Is n't Slammens a funny name? Mamma named him. It is pretty cold out here in winter. I want to see this in ST. NICHOLAS before I write again.—From your friend,

HARRY TALMADGE.

Louisville, Ky.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a little girl last summer who never saw ST. NICHOLAS. I felt very sorry for her. She read "dry old books," and stories of astonishingly good children and impossible grown people, and she never had any real, merry romps.

Oh, no, she was 'nt a "very poor child," either. She had a great many unnecessary things for a little girl, one of which was a little black girl to wait on her. I thought the little black girl was very funny, and used to laugh at her every day—not because she was black, but because she said such very odd things and often got her words wrong. One morning she said: "John he did n't come home 'tall las' night—leas' ways he never slep' in he bed, 'cause it's all untangled this mornin'." Was she wrong to think when the bed was all made up that it was untangled?

Sunday, Bess wanted to do something she was told was wrong, and her mistress said: "Don't you know the Bible says you must not do such things on Sunday?" Bess rolled her great eyes up and said: "Oh! yes, missie, but dey is a heap in things in de Bible what you can't fill full." She saw a small marble bust of Dickens, and she said: "How dis man git he portragrah took so hard 'n' white? Mus' 'a' been awful pale he self, I reckon." Bess kept the flies off the table at meal time. The big fly-brush was fastened over the table, and Bess had to pull a cord to move the brush. I never knew her to get through one meal without going to sleep at her work. She would nod and pull the cord at the same time. It looked as though she had the cord fastened to her head, and pulled it down each time her head came down. It looked very strange to see her sleep standing up and all the time going on with her work. Bess often heard the white people talk of things she did not at all understand, but she would remember the sound and try to use the words afterward. When Bess was sent to do errands away from home, as happened sometimes, she never seemed to have but one idea, and that was to go to the place to which she was sent. Then she seemed to think her errand was done. She was sent to me at another house, one day, and the first I knew of it was when I looked up and saw the queer little thing standing in my room. She had a bright yellow dress on. She never liked any other color. I could not help smiling at her, she looked so contented and

as though her errand was done, although she had not said a word. I knew she had been sent for something, and I said: "Good morning, Bess; what do you want this morning?" She stood perfectly still and rolled her great eyes up and said: "Nuffin." I went to give her time to think, and then I said: "What did you do for her, Bess?" "Nuffin." "Who told you to come?" "Missie." "What did she tell you to do?" "She done tole me to go straight to your room an' stay till you tole me to go home again. How was I to get at the message? I knew one had been sent. After a little I said: "What did your mistress tell you to say for me?" "She say tell you to look at my breas'-pin—that's all, say." I looked and found a note fastened by a pin at her throat. I laughed at this and wondered why she could not have carried it in her hand. I found afterward that she lost everything she was true to carry. I answered the note and said: "Bess, what shall I do with this note? I want your mistress to have it." With a perfectly indifferent face, and still looking any place but at me, she says: "I do," "speak I reckon you better tie it to me. I mout loss it." I took string and tied the note around her neck like a locket, and she seemed very proud of it. Then I told her to go right back to her mistress and give her the note. She made a queer bow and said: "Yes, n' I goin'," and she was gone as rapidly and as quietly as she had come. She went to her mistress as she had come to me, and without a word waited to be examined. If you would like to see Bess, and wish with me to Virginia, you can hear her talk. I think you'd laugh at a good deal. They are used to her where she lives, and don't take her funny. Bess would be surprised if she knew I had written you about her.—Yours truly,

M. A.

Oakland, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write you a receipt for chocolate caramels; I think you will find them very nice:—Quarter pound prepared chocolate; one cup of molasses; one cup of sugar, hot; one cup of milk (or cream); half cup of butter. Boil until done, stirring briskly all the time, and just as it is done put in three or four drops of extract of vanilla. I have not tried Gussie's receipt, but I intend to soon. From your affectionate reader,

FIDDEE M. BELCH

Media, Jan. 10th, 1876.

DEAR JACK: In the January ST. NICHOLAS, "M. S." gives a sentence containing five "thats" in order, and asked how it was to be parsed. At an examination in our school, some time ago, was to parse a sentence of a like nature. The first "that" is a conjunction, connecting "Jane said" with the rest of the sentence. The second "that" is a demonstrative pronominal adjective relating to the third "that," which is a noun, subject of the verb "was." The fourth "that" is a relative pronoun, its antecedent being the third "that." The fifth "that" is a demonstrative pronominal adjective, limiting the noun "boy."—Yours truly,

E. N. FUSSELL.

Leavenworth, Kan.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little anecdote about Kansas that perhaps your readers will enjoy.

During Quantrell's raid, which was in 1864, the town of Lawrence was burned. There were no rats in Topeka. On the day following the fire, they appeared in force, and persons who went over the road between the two places, saw innumerable tracks of little feet, showing that the little quadrupeds had evidently gone in an array from one town to the other. Since that time, there have been plenty of rats both in Topeka and all stations west.—Truly your friend,

MILFORD B.

"SANTA CLAUS," of New London, sends this ingeniously timed answer to Rebus No. 2 in the January number:

THE WITCHES' SPELL.

This remarkable spell
Is devised very well,
On a truly original plan:
If I've not got it right,
In my guessing to-night,
Then pray let him "Spell it who can."

In addition to those who were credited last month, the following boys and girls sent answers to puzzles in the December issue: Prentiss Dow, Clara Lee, Edith Head, "Professor," Tellis F. H. Nellie S. Thompson, Howard Steel Rodgers, Thomas Dykes, Mary J. Tighman, William C. Delaney, Nettie Mack, Bennie S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Mary Brenda Balmaitz, Nettie M. C. Pelly S. Slate, Lizzie Kiernan, "Beth," S. B. H. Hamilton, B. Pollard, "M. E. A." and "L. G.," Chas. Burnham, Allen T. ham, May Ely, Charlie A. Miller, Kittie M. Blanke, Everett M. Ella Blanke, Leonie M. Milbau, Zella Milbau, Bessie M. Helen Green, Jackie D. W., A. G. Cameron, Edith Lowe, C. Delaney, Henry T. Perry, Elinor Louise Smith, "Oliver," "C. A. D.," Clarence M. Trowbridge, and Sheldon Emery.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

BEHEADED ENIGMAS.

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

1. Do you need a 1, 2, 8, 3, 6 to find the place where you shot the 8, 3, 6? 2. While on our 7, 8, 3, 1, 2, we went under an 8, 3, 1, 2. I think it was 3, 8, 5, 2 to fell the 8, 5, 2. 4. She was not 5, 7, 8, 6 to go to the 7, 8, 3, 6 in search of 8, 3, 6. 5. There is a stove in ur school-house. Do you often 9, 4, 6 by 4, 6? 6. He had best 3, 4, 7 off a little of that 3, 4, 7. 7. He wore the 1, 2, 8, 3, 7 as a taction from 2, 8, 3, 7.
Put the nine letters in their proper order, and find a pleasant holi-
LIZZIE KIERNAN.

HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.

IND in the following sentence a Latin motto for puzzle-guessers: A student so thoroughly patient I admire greatly; he evinces t quality which is the basis of all excellence in scientific knowl-
J. P. B.

PICTORIAL LIBRARY PUZZLE.

Who are the sixteen authors represented on the shelves?



INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

Fill the blanks in each sentence with words pronounced alike but d differently and having different meanings.
The beauty of that horse is his _____. 2. A fisherman ____ g in his nets added much to the _____. 3. He _____ the helms- _____ the tiller and start across the _____. 4. William _____ a boy _____ to procure for him some _____. 5. He came through the uth an awkward _____. 6. Once a week the society _____ and ut the _____ to the poor. 7. No doubt the ancient _____ used hields for pillows for many _____. 8. I think rats must have a this _____, for the corn is all nibbled. 9. They had the _____ with a chain of enormous _____. 10. Taking a _____, Mary ted to _____ it with a _____ of scissors.
STALLKNECHT.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

NCOPATE musical instruments and leave edibles. 2. A series s, and leave to arouse. 3. Very important, and leave a bottle. ateful substance found in the sea, and leave a useful substance nderground. 5. A vessel, and leave to spill. 6. Pieces of lay, and leave fastenings.
syncopated letters, read down, form an acrostic, meaning a
CYRIL DEANE.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a river in England. Curtail me, and I am to part. Transpose, and I am a stanza. Omit one letter and transpose, and I am without end. Transpose, and I am to turn aside. Curtail and transpose, and I am a part of the day.
STALLKNECHT.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS, centrals, and finals form three animals.
1. A great musician. 2. Part of Oceania. 3. A shade of color. 4. An earth-worm. 5. A Latin council. 6. A color.
LITTLE ONE.

MELANGE.

1. TRANSPOSE a kind of fish, and give the name of a poet; again, and give an article of food; again, and give a pledge. 2. Behead the fish, and leave a girl's name. 3. Syncopate the fish, and leave to satisfy appetite. 4. Behead the article of food, and leave an Oriental tree. 5. Behead the pledge, and leave to seize. 6. Transpose to satisfy appetite, and find a residence. 7. Curtail the Oriental tree, and find a beverage. 8. Behead the residence, and find what we all do.
ISOLA.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A young animal. 3. A wild animal. 4. A domestic animal. 5. A consonant.
ISOLA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. ANGER. 2. A peculiar substance, obtained from certain seaweeds, or marine plants. 3. More recent. 4. An animal. 5. Empty. 6. One who entertains. 7. A small period of time. Primals and finals, read down, give two boys' names.
Behead and curtail each word, and the following will remain: 1. An animal. 2. An ancient god. 3. A heathen goddess. 4. A verb. 5. A girl's nickname. 6. To ponder. 7. A sign.
CYRIL DEANE.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.

FIND a French proverb in the following sentence which may teach us to be charitable in our judgment of others:
Do I prefer Valenciennes to Honiton laes? O! it seems quite malicious, Amy, to ask me; but I will relieve your suspense, and say "Yes."
B.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FAR Western State. 2. A report. 3. To cast forth. 4. Possessed. 5. A conjunction. 6. A consonant.
LITTLE ONE.

OMNIBUS WORD.

WHAT word of five letters contains:
I.—Two word-squares. First: 1. An animal. 2. A vegetable. 3. An organ of the body. Second: 1. What the hungry desire to do. 2. A verb. 3. A beverage.
II.—A diamond puzzle. 1. A consonant. 2. A period of time. 3. To preach. 4. What the hungry did do. 5. A vowel.
III.—Words which, transposed, will fill the blanks in the following sentence properly: We must _____ up every _____, or they will spoil the crop if they grow at this _____.
IV.—Four reversible words. 1. A state of equality; reversed, a knock. 2. A stratagem; reversed, a portion. 3. A light blow; reversed, to mend a shoe. 4. An animal; reversed, a resinous substance.
V.—Words meaning: 1. Duplicity. 2. Quick. 3. Carried away by excitement or wonder. 4. And a prefix and a preposition.
H. H. D.

REBUS.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Innocence.

O B E D I E N C E
L E A N I N G
H O N O R
T O E
C
F E E
D O N O R
S P E C T E R
P E R P E T U A L

ANAGRAMS OF CITIES.—1. New Castle. 2. Charleston. 3. New Orleans. 4. Syracuse. 5. Montreal. 6. Providence. 7. St. Augustine. 8. Portsmouth.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—Mild.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL REBUS.— 23,008
8,945
82,000,000,808
49,000,006
82,049,032,767

DIFFICULT DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Indistinguishable.

I
I N N
L E D G E
H O L I D A Y
F O R E S I G H T
R E C E P T A C L F S
P R E M E D I T A T I O N
R E P R E S E N T A T I O N S
I N D I S T I N G U I S H A B L E
S O M N A M B U L A T I O N S
I N V E S T I G A T I O N
H U R R Y S K U R R Y
S H E P H E R D S
M I R A C L E
S A B L E
A L E
E

ENIGMA.—Paris.

DOUBLE MEANINGS.—1. Racine. 2. Rouen (ruin). 3. Cork. 4. Buffalo. 5. Tours. 6. Lyons. 7. Lancaster (lank aster).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Idle folks have the most labor.”

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Plum, Lime, Date, Prickly-pear.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Paris, Genoa

P — i — G
A — lo — E
R — ai — N
I — ndig — O
S — ahar — A

NOVEL DIAMOND PUZZLE.— T

N E T
T E N E T
T E N
T

SQUARE-WORD.—

R O S E
O P A L
S A I L
E L L A

PICTURE PUZZLE.—1. It is a ball (bawl). 2. It is a wet sea. 3. Criers. 4. It is an overflow of salt water. 5. Because their lips are together. 6. Because they are in tiers (tears). 7. She needs to unbend. 8. It is upbraided. 9. They are in arms. 10. His eyes are out. 11. “I see hid” (eyes hid).

REBUS.— “Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

HIDDEN WORDS.—Ragout, gout, ou, si, de, te, en, le, combaton, ton, ou, Lyon, ont, fi, fiel, the.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

D
S I P
S T A R E
D I A M O N D
P R O U D
E N D
D

RIDDLE.—Fire, ire, fir.

EASY ENIGMA.—Aversion, a version, aver, Sion.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

S
A P E
A G E N T
S P E C T R E
E N T R Y
T R Y
E

EASY DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Agate, Slate.

A R I E S
A G I L E
B E A C H
S T A T E
E Y R I E

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Prelate, relate, clate, late, ate.

CONCEALED DIAMOND AND WORD-SQUARE.—

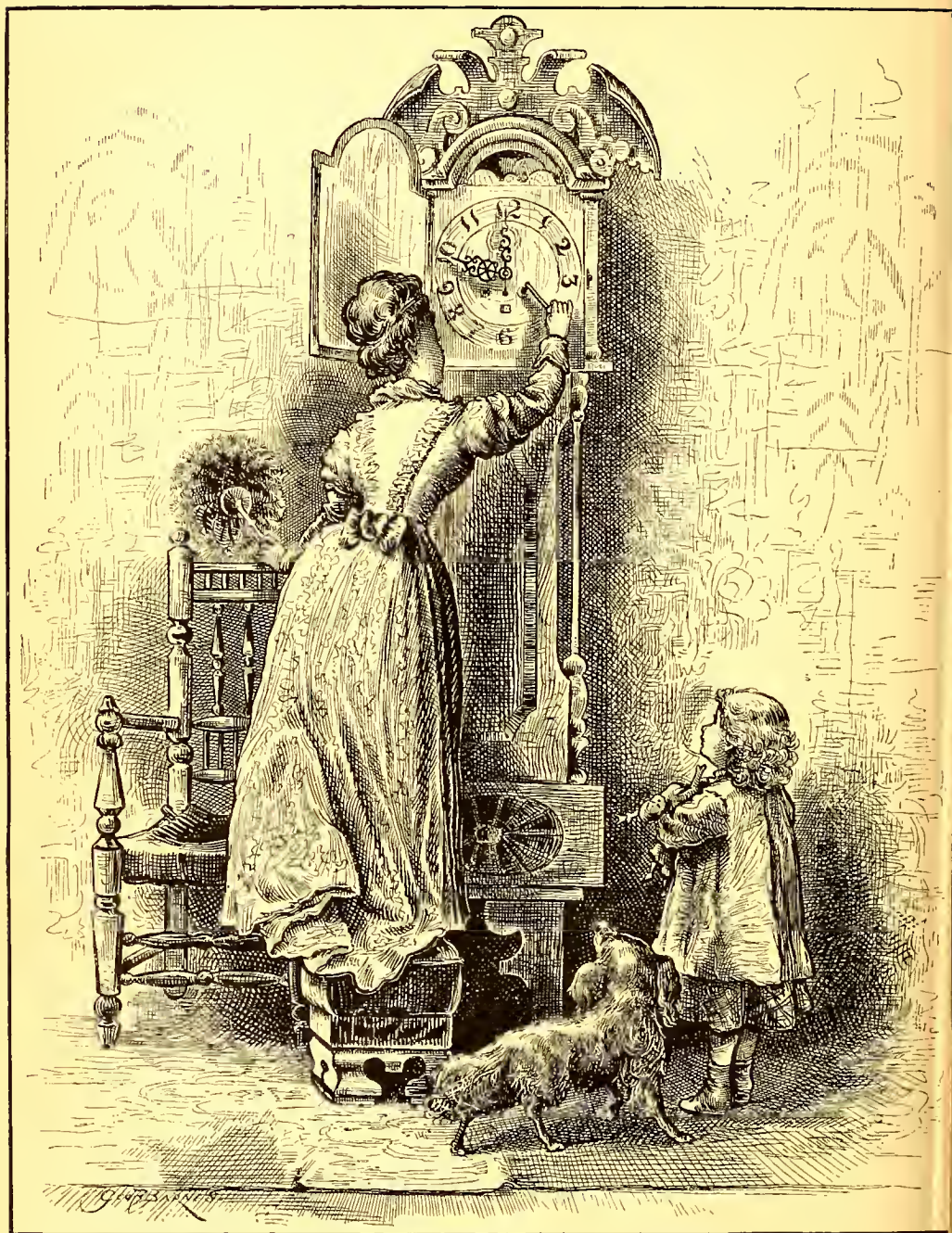
B
T O E
B O N E S
E E L
S

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Yorktown.

METAGRAM.—Ada, Adam, madam, mad, lad, bad, a.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, previous to January 18th, from Fred S. Pickett, Arthur D. Harry K. Merritt, Lydia W. Brown, “Santa Claus,” Sadie Hamilton, Frieda E. Lippert, Josie Morris Brown, “Alma,” Addie Henry A. Bostwick, Jr., M. S. R., “Pandora,” M. H. S., Brainerd P. Emery, Harry Nathan, Horace Read Keay, Alma Bertram May Sherwin, J. B. T., Nessie E. Stevens, “Alex,” Nellie Emerson, “Oliver Twist,” “Norma,” Louie Rodman, Lillie Coggeshall, L. Nye, Alice B. McElwain, Charles Hart Payne, Annie M. Horton, S. N. Knapp, Chas. G. Case, Frank Frick, Ella G. Condie, “Frank Thomas Hunt, Jr.,” Nellie B. Baker, Alice M. Reisig, Clara Lee, Howard Steel Rodgers, Nelly Chase, “Beth,” Emma Elliott, M. W. “Yankee Doodle,” Louis W. Ford, “Lizzie and Annie,” Arthur F. Stone, Grace H. Miller, Alfred S. De Witt, Genevieve Allie Hamilton, Fred Richardson, Willie Dibblee, Eleanor N. Hughes, “Golden Eagle,” Marion A. Coombs, Willie Glover, Mary F. S. M. Louise Cross, “Mercury,” Mamie A. Rich, Edith Lowry, “Telemachus,” Dee L. Lodge, Katie S. Wright, “Professor,” E. D. S. B. Benedict, “Apollo,” Ora L. Dowty, Arthur C. Smith, Willie R. Lighton, “General Butterfingers,” S. S. B. R., John C. Ross, Herbert C. Taylor, Lizzie Wilson, Jennie Wilson, Gertrude Hill, Mildred Pope, Oliver Everett, Willie L. Thomas, Ellen M. Field, Reed, Edwin C. Garrigues, “Perseverance,” Blanche L. Turner, A. G. Cameron, Thos. W. Fry, H. C. Taylor, Leroy W. Nink, Brown, Eddie Vultee, George Herbert White, Bessie McLaren, Helen Green, Amy Shriver, Carroll L. Maxey, George B. Titsworth, W. Chamberlain, W. C. Spencer, and W. Irving Spencer.





AUNT CARRIE WINDS THE CLOCK.

(See "Sam Clemson, the Second.")

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 6.

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SAM CLEMSON, THE SECOND.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

SAM CLEMSON was called "The Second" because he had a cousin, several years older than himself, who was also Sam Clemson, and there had to be some way of distinguishing them. Samuel was a family name among the Clemsons, and, like many other favorite family names, it had created a good deal of confusion. These two Sams lived only a few miles apart, and that made the matter worse in their case; but the plan adopted worked very well indeed.

The only peculiarity about our Sam, apart from his name, was the fact that he owned a twenty-dollar horse.

From his earliest boyhood, a horse had been the greatest wish of Sam's heart,—a horse which should be all his own. So, when a neighbor offered this noble family horse, warranted kind and gentle, and fearless of locomotives, for the trifling sum of twenty dollars, Sam never rested until he had earned the money and purchased the steed.

He had saved fourteen dollars; he sold his gun (number broken) for three dollars and a half; his father went for a dollar; a pair of pigeons and an old one, for another dollar; and his mother gave him fifty cents.

When Sam brought his horse home, he was proud indeed. Not another boy of fourteen in the neighborhood owned a horse. Even Sam the First was not so rich.

On holiday-time, and there was a light cart on the place, which seldom was used, and for our young horse-owner did little but drive about, and take any one riding who cared to go, who felt in a leisurely frame of mind. For it

must be admitted that Ronald, the new horse, was not a fast animal. What once he might have been, I cannot say; but many years had certainly elapsed since he had done any very rapid trotting. However, he was a large, stout horse, and he had an air of having lived well.

Sam had asked some questions about his age, but his owner had replied:

"Now, I don't warrant him to be a young horse. If you want young horses, I have some that I'll sell from a hundred and fifty dollars up. But there's lots of life in that horse yet; and by the time he's too old to work at all, you'll be ready for a younger animal, at a higher price."

So Sam said no more on that subject.

After a time, Sam gave up driving out so frequently, though the horse did not seem to object to jogging along meditatively all day. But, as Sam was a boy who liked to feel that he was of use, he insisted on driving over to Rossville, a little town about two miles away, whenever anything was wanted from the store.

After one or two visits there, he made a discovery, and that was, that a buffalo-robe, which always hung at the door of a small store at the end of the town, was the only thing that old Ronald was afraid of. He never could pass it without getting frightened and trying to run away. But his aged legs and Sam's hard pulling interfered very much with that performance; and so he had never done anything more than caper and shy, and trot off at a fair pace with his head high in the air, whenever he happened to pass the store.

Sam thought it possible that in his youth he

might have hunted buffaloes, and been injured by one; but this was difficult to prove. At all events, Sam took advantage of this weakness in Ronald, and as he found that he never became entirely unmanageable, he always drove past that small store before he went to the larger establishment in the center of the town. The post-office was in the latter store, and there were always people standing about as Sam came rattling up, holding in his spirited animal with all his might.

"Lively old beast!" a man said, one day. "What did you give for him?"

Sam told him, and the man stepped up and looked into Ronald's mouth.

"A dollar a year," said he, "or thereabouts."

Sam walked into the store without answering. He thought some men could say very foolish things.

Not long after the purchase of the horse, a younger sister of Sam's mother came to make them a visit. Aunt Carrie, as Sam and his sister Kitty called her, was about twenty years old, and a very sprightly and pleasant young lady.

Sam was glad to see her,—glad because he liked her, and glad to have some new person to take out to drive. He soon took her to look at his horse, but she did not seem anxious to go riding that day, as Sam suggested. He asked her frequently, during the next few days, but she always had some good-humored reason for staying at home.

But it was not very long before Aunt Carrie wanted to go and spend a day with the family of Sam the First; and then our Sam's chance came in. He promptly offered the services of his horse and himself; and as there was no very good way of doing otherwise, they were accepted cheerfully.

They were to start at ten o'clock, but long before that hour Sam was ready. He took the horse and carriage around to the front door, and having carefully tied Ronald, he went into the house to see if Aunt Carrie was prepared to start.

As he entered the sitting-room, he was astonished to see that young lady, with a feather-duster in one hand, standing on a stool, and winding the old family clock, while his little sister Kitty and the house-dog, Tip, were watching the operation with a vast deal of interest.

"Why, Aunt Carrie!" cried Sam, "have n't you begun to get ready yet? And it's no use winding that old clock,—it don't go."

"From the dust in it, I should think it had n't been wound up since the days of Sam Clemson Minus Two," said Aunt Carrie.

"Minus two?" exclaimed Sam. "Why, who was he?"

"Don't you see," said Aunt Carrie, closing the clock, and getting down from the stool, "that if

you are Sam the Second, and your cousin is Sam the First, that the Sams who came before you your grandfathers and so forth, must have been Sams minus something? I hope the old clock will go. I set it at ten, because I knew it must be nearly that time, when I heard you bring the carriage around. And now I'll be ready in three minutes.

And away she ran.

At about a quarter past ten, Aunt Carrie, whose three minutes had stretched themselves considerably, made her appearance, and Sam was not slow in helping her into the carriage.

They did n't exactly dash off, but still you could easily see that they were moving. Sam did not ply his whip. He knew that it would be of no earthly use, and he preferred to have his aunt Carrie think that he rather liked to go along gently, so as to enjoy the scenery and the weather. But he did not intend to jog along in that way the time. He had his plans.

There were two roads to his uncle's house. One was almost direct, and the other went through the lower part of Rossville. Before they reached the road, Sam asked his aunt if she would like to go through the town.

"I'm not particularly anxious to do so," said she; "but if it's a better road, I don't object."

"Oh, it's a good road," said Sam, and turned into it without further words.

Of course, Sam wanted to go by the buffalo-robe. He not only wished his aunt Carrie to see what a spirit still lived in his old horse, but he hoped, as his uncle's house was not far from Rossville, that some of the fire and dash might remain until they reached there; for Sam the First had never seen Ronald, and it was therefore desirable that he should make as fine a show as possible.

As he approached the little store, he looked for the robe. It was there, but not in its usual place. Having hung out so long in summer as well as winter, and being a second-hand robe, anyway, the owner might have thought he could never sell it if he did not dust it out sometimes. At any rate, it was hanging on a rope, tied to the posts near the road-side, and a small boy was beating it with a stick.

When they drew near, Sam tightened his hold on the reins, and old Ronald pricked up his ears and looked for the buffalo-robe.

There it was, close to his head, and shaking and wriggling dreadfully!

It had been many years since Ronald had given such a jump as he gave then! It astounded Sam and made Aunt Carrie give a little scream. As he went the horse in a gallop.

"Whoa! Whoa!" cried Sam, pulling and jerking at the lines; but the animal would not

whoa." He plunged on, regardless of everything.

"He's running away!" cried Aunt Carrie, extending her hands toward the lines. "Let me help you!"

"No! No!" said Sam, his eyes nearly starting from his head with his exertions. "I can hold him!"

Sam expected Ronald to cool down very soon, he had done always before, after a buffalo race; but he was mistaken. The horse was terribly frightened this time, and Sam's desperate struggles at the lines had no effect whatever. Aunt Carrie grasped the side of the carriage, as it rattled and banged along the road. She did not scream, but she expected every minute to be thrown out.

Fortunately, the horse kept on the road which led to Sam's uncle's place, and which branched off in the main street. Here the way was clear, and Ronald quickly left the town behind him.

As they reached a little hill. Aunt Carrie saw the straps flapping in the air, and she exclaimed: "Something is loose!" The next minute, a snap was heard, and just as they were at the top of the hill, Ronald burst away from the carriage, jerking the lines from Sam's hands and nearly pulling him over the dashboard.

"Mercy!" cried Aunt Carrie, grasping Sam by the coat.

Sam saw the horse, and slowly the carriage rolled backward down the hill, making a turn as it reached the bottom, and backing gently against the fence at the side of the road.

Aunt Carrie and Sam looked at each other, and both burst out laughing. Now that the danger was over, it seemed ridiculous to be sitting there on the road-side in a carriage without any horse.

"Well," said Aunt Carrie, when she had done laughing, "I suppose we may as well get out."

"Yes," said Sam, "I suppose so;" and out they

went. "Well, Sam," said his aunt, "you'd better go and look for your horse. He will soon be tired of running. I expect you will find him eating grass by the side of the road. I see we are near old Mrs. Campbell's little house. I will walk up that far as you, and wait there."

"All right," said Sam; "and when I catch him, I'll go on to uncle's, and get them to send for you."

Sam left Aunt Carrie inside Mrs. Campbell's carriage gate, and hurried on. He walked and looked, but no horse he saw.

At length he reached his uncle's place. The carriage gate was open. Looking back toward the barn he saw Sam the First slowly leading old Ronald toward the stable door.

"Hello!" cried Sam the Second, running to the barn.

His cousin stopped, and looked back. "Hello!" he rejoined. "What's the matter? Is this your horse?"

"Yes," said Sam; and when he reached the barn, he sat down on a log in the shade and told what had happened.

Sam the First, who considered himself quite a young man, stood gravely listening to the story, still holding old Ronald, who was puffing and blowing at a great rate.

"I had no idea this was your horse," he said. "He came walking in here as if he was glad to find a home. But I'll put him up, and then we'll get out the buggy and go for your aunt Carrie."

As Sam the First bustled about, our poor Sam sat rather dolefully on the log. Things had certainly turned out differently from what he had expected. His cousin pulled the buggy from the carriage-house, brought out a gray horse from the stable, and backed him up to the buggy.

"Sam," said he, "that horse is n't a safe one for you to own. I heard you had a horse, but I had no idea it was such a dash-away as this."

"Oh! he's as quiet as a cow, generally," said our Sam.

"Yes, that may be; but you see he is n't to be trusted—for a carriage-horse. There's no knowing when he'd run away. I tell you what you'd better do," continued Sam the First, as he hooked a trace to the whiffle-tree, "you'd better sell him to me. He's a big, strong horse, and would do very well on a farm. Father's given me that field by the woods to work for myself, and I'll want a horse. What'll you take for him?"

"I don't know about selling him," said Sam the Second.

"Well, you'd better think it over."

While Sam the First was in the house he saw his mother, and told her all about the mishap. When he came out, he walked rather slowly, apparently thinking about something.

"Sam," said he, "you had better jump in and go after your aunt."

Our Sam's eyes sparkled. He was another boy in a minute.

"May I?" he said, with his hand on the side of the buggy.

"Certainly," said his cousin. "You're a good driver, with a safe horse like this. When you come back, I'll send our man to take your carriage home."

Sam drove off joyfully, while his cousin, feeling very tall and manly, shut the stable door.

"It don't take much to please a boy," he said to himself, with a smile.

The gray horse was a good traveler, and Sam soon drove up to Mrs. Campbell's gate.

On the way back to his uncle's, Sam told Aunt Carrie all about the buffalo-robe, and his reason for driving by it.

"That was a great risk to run," she said, "just for the sake of showing off a little. But I guess you're only a boy, are n't you, Sam?" and she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I suppose so!" said Sam.

"But, Sam," said Aunt Carrie, "let me give you a piece of advice: Never try to make anything—especially anything that is old—exert itself beyond its strength."

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the house of Sam's uncle, and before he came away, our Sam had sold old Ronald to his cousin for twenty dollars.

After an early supper, a four-seated carriage was brought around, and Sam the First drove Aunt Carrie and his cousin home, with Ronald's broken harness stuffed under one of the seats.

They reached the house before dark, and when the story had been told, and the excitement had cooled down, Sam the First went home.

After the matter had been talked over a little

longer, Aunt Carrie went into the sitting-room where a lamp had just been lighted.

"Why, I had no idea it was so late!" she said "it's nearly ten o'clock!"

At this, everybody exclaimed that it was impossible, and little Kitty declared that it could n't be ten o'clock because she was not in bed.

"Well, you can go in and see for yourself," said Aunt Carrie.

Sam walked into the sitting-room, and soon walked out again.

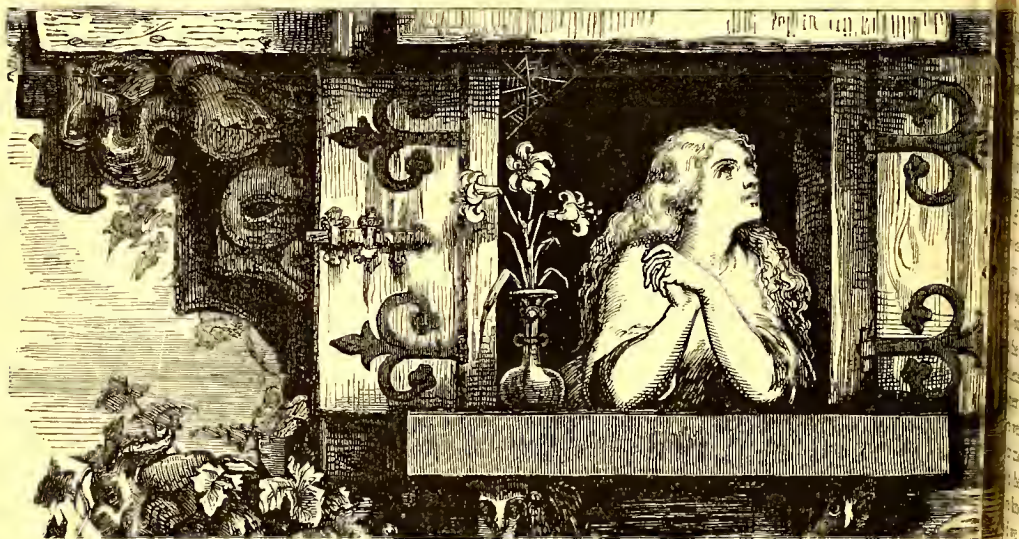
"It's the same old ten o'clock that it was this morning," said he. "That old clock has n't gone an inch."

"But something has gone more than an inch," said his mother. "Just after you left, I heard a snap and a crash of something falling. I expect the cord broke and the weight came tumbling down."

"I hope I have n't injured the dear old clock," said her sister.

Sam the Second arose from his seat and stood in front of his aunt.

"Aunt Carrie," said he, "let me give you a piece of advice: Never try to make anything—especially anything that is old—exert itself beyond its strength."

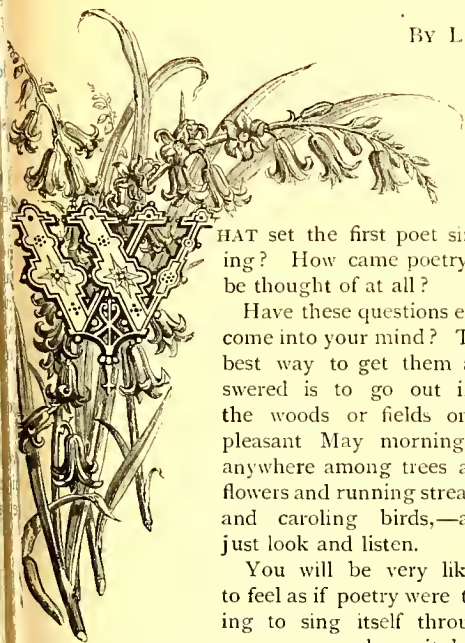


EASTER MORNING.

SONGS OF SPRING.

[PART I.]

BY LUCY LARCOM.



HAT set the first poet singing? How came poetry to be thought of at all?

Have these questions ever come into your mind? The best way to get them answered is to go out into the woods or fields on a pleasant May morning,—anywhere among trees and flowers and running streams and caroling birds,—and just look and listen.

You will be very likely to feel as if poetry were trying to sing itself through you, as you hear it bub-

ing from the bird's throat, and lisped by the splashing brook.

Do you think that the birds were the very first poets. Certainly the sweetest poetry is like their singing, free and fresh and natural,—the singer's soul singing itself out in delight and rapture that nothing can repress.

Never does the unanswerable question, "What is poetry?" seem so foolish as it does in spring, when the air is laden with it,—when it floats upon the clouds, sifts through sunbeams and raindrops, and rises as incense from opening bud and bursting leaf and springing grass, and even from the very earth itself.

What is poetry? Why, you are living and breathing in it, and you can no more define it than you can define your own life. The beautiful smile of Nature is like the smile of a mother upon her child. How glad she is to sadden the little one, who would be no wiser than to be happier for hearing a definition of its gladness, were there one to be given! In the presence of the dear mother Nature we are all little children—happy in her beauty, and blessed with her blessing—though we know not how or why.

But if we cannot define poetry, we can recognize it, as we recognize a face or a voice that we love.

Wherever beauty, strength, or joy is springing to life from sweet and natural sources, there is poetry. It may be found elsewhere, and there may be poetry which never gets expressed, as gems may lie hidden in unopened mines; but there is enough of it around us to make us every day as glad as heart could wish.

And a morning in spring is like the re-opening of Nature's book of pictures and poems, the more charming to us because of the blank white leaves of winter we have been turning; left blank for us to fill up with the poetry of heart-and-home life, which is even more beautiful than any Nature can write upon her tinted pages.

When the winds of March begin to blow open the leaves of this delightful picture-book, young and old are newly alive with joy.

Yes, even March—the windy, blustering month, that everybody finds fault with—has a poetry of his own. He is the advance-guard of Spring; his noisy trumpeters announce her approach, and his hurrying tempests sweep the earth clean, to make ready for the green carpet upon which her beautiful footsteps are to fall.

We all have learned to welcome March, in the old rhyme which must have made itself, since



nobody appears to know just where it came from.

"March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers."

Wordsworth has a little poem about March, of which some lines run thus :

"The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,—
There are forty feeding like one."

That is March as it is in England, where the fields are green earlier than is usual with us.

How is it possible that out of the frozen brown earth even the smallest blossom should rise like a star, or bring up its little cup of perfume? How marvelous that the colorless and shapeless clods beneath our feet should be transformed into flowers by the magical touch of spring! No tale of enchantment was ever half so strange as that which we read in the unfolding leaves of every returning May.

There is only one thing more marvelous than this new creation which we behold around us, and that is ourselves, who are so made that we can enter into it and enjoy it all. You, little child, whoever you are, looking out into the most glorious landscape, can sing to yourself this song :

"Great, wide, beautiful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully drest!

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,—
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you, for thousands of miles?

"Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all.
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
'You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot,—
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!'"

Very early in spring comes the bluebird, that Tennyson calls

"The sea-blue bird of March,"—

the bluebird, forerunner of the violet, which nestles in the grass, and, bird-like,

"Curves her throat
Just as if she sat and sung:"

and of the azure harebell of summer-time, which has always a fluttering, winged look, as if it were shred of the sky, ready at any moment to take flight upward.

Oh! the birds and flowers are first cousins one another! The birds are blossoms with wings and the blossoms sing with the birds,—only the music is too fine for mortal ear to catch.

It must be that the flowers are glad to come out of their underground cells.

"Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house alone,"

as good George Herbert says, and look into human faces again.

Another writer puts it in this pretty way :

"In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerily,—
'Darlings, are you here?'
Till they answer, 'We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring,' they say.
Then she answers, 'He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you,
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you—
Set you free at last!'"

And you remember how

"Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground
The sweet rustling sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chain
Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering rains;"

and how, knowing that she was wished for, and waited for, and needed,

"Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,—
Although the white snow lay in many a place;"

and the rest of Daffy-down-dilly's wise sayings and doings, all which are worthy to be heeded.

As one after another of the wild flowers come back to greet us, peeping out of the grass or reaching toward us from shrub or spray, we feel as if we do when dear old friends return to us after long absence. The flowers are our friends truly for everything that has life in it is related to us in some way, and bears some message of love from Him without whom neither flowers nor human beings would be alive.

All true poets of nature have felt this, and

dress the flowers as if they were companions, neighbors, or teachers.

Scarcely a more beautiful out-of-door poem of this kind ever has been written than Horace Smith's "Hymn to the Flowers," from which these verses are taken :

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

"'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer."

The songs of spring are none the less enjoyable or being old,—very old indeed.



"THE WONDERFUL AIR IS OVER ME."

In Palestine, thousands of years ago, they welcomed her coming just as we do now. A poet-king of that country wrote, rejoicingly: "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Perhaps the violet has had more poems written about her than any flower except the rose. How often we help saying "her" of this lowly, sweet-scented child of the meadow and road-side?

The air begins to be as sweet as if the breezes of another world were blown through ours, when the violets unfold. This, too, was noticed long ago. Shakespeare speaks of

"The sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

And Christina Rossetti writes to-day :

"O wind, where have you been,
That you blow so sweet?—
Among the violets
Which blossom at your feet.

"The honeysuckle waits
For summer and for heat;
But violets in the chilly spring
Make the turf so sweet!"

Do you know Willis's "April Violets?" Here is a part of it. The delicate odor of the flowers seems to steal up to you as you read :

"I have found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind"

Children who have long been grown up used to learn Jane Taylor's

"Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;"

and nearly everybody knows Wordsworth's

"Violet, by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye"

Barry Cornwall says this lovely thing about the violet :

"She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere winter's star has set;
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives as angels give, unseen,—
The violet."

The New England flowers appear few and far between at first, as if they dreaded the east winds, for

"The spring comes slowly up this way."

Pussy-willows, furry mouse-ear, rock-saxifrage, hepatica, starry white blood-root, and anemones peep out one after another, or close together; and

by that time the fields are white as snow with innocence-bloom, or *Houstonia*. There are blue patches of violets on the hill-sides; the gold of the marsh-marigold lies scattered along the brook-margins, with the yellow adder-tongue nodding close by. Jack-in-the-pulpit sits hidden under his green canopy; the columbines and wild geraniums flutter their purple and scarlet along the wood-paths; and, by and by, the wild rose awakens. But then it is June, and we are talking of spring.

summer, long after most other birds are silent, or have flown away.

The songsters gather in throngs, with their gay or tender ballads, each so different from the rest,—wren, swallow, linnet, thrush, oriole,—and none of them dearer or merrier than the bobolink, the Robert Burns among bird-poets, whose warble follows the track of the plow, and ripples along the edges of the corn-field.

The song of the bobolink has often inspired



“REACHING TOWARD US FROM SHRUB OR SPRAY.”

Faster than the flowers, come the birds. As early as the bluebird, honest Robin Redbreast and his wife are here, hopping up and down the garden-walk, turning their heads this way and that, as they consider their prospects for house-building. High in the leafless tree-top,—out of a snow-cloud sometimes,—you hear the song-sparrow’s heavenly carol, so full of hope and gladness! The sweetest and one of the most social of our field-minstrels, he has a song for all seasons, and everybody who listens to him is charmed. It is a comfort to know that he is going to stay with us through mid-

human minstrels to emulation, with its rollicking talkative note. Wilson Flagg has some bright wide-awake verses about the “O’Lincoln Family” which take you right into the midst of a meadowful of these saucy little singers. And Bryan’s charming “Robert of Lincoln” gives you the bird’s manners, travels, and history, to perfection.

Many of you will have a chance to listen to the “merry note” of the bird itself before reading next month’s continuation of “Songs of Spring.” Meantime, if you have not the whole of Mr. Bryan’s beautiful poem, you may at least enjoy this extra

“ Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
‘ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink !
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee !’

“ Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
‘ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink !
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee !’

“ Robert of Lincoln’s Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
‘ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink !
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee !’

“ Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
‘ Bob-o’-link, bob-o’-link,
Spink, spank, spink !
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee !’”



CÉCILE ET LULU.*

PAR A. A. CHAPMAN.

“ QUELLES sont ces drôles de marques noires,
Lulu, que nous voyons partout sur les murs ?”

“ Des lettres, Lulu ; ne les sais-tu pas ?”

“ Non, Cécile, personne ne me les a jamais ap-
prouvés.”

“ Hélas ! que tu as été négligée, ma pauvre
Lulu ! mais quand il faut travailler toute la jour-
née pour gagner son pain, on ne trouve pas très-
souvent l’occasion pour enseigner ou pour étu-
dier.”

“ Moi-même j’ai beaucoup oublié de ce que
j’avais lorsque nous étions heureuses. Mais ce
que je me rappelle encore, je te l’enseignerai, petit
Lulu, selon que je trouve le temps.”

“ Pourquoi sommes-nous si pauvres, Cécile ?”

“ C’est notre malheur, mon enfant : il faut le
supporter avec patience jusqu’à ce que le ciel nous
envoie de meilleurs jours. Seulement, si nous pou-
vions trouver notre oncle, tous nos malheurs fini-
raient.”

“ Pourquoi n’allons-nous pas à sa recherche tout-
de suite, Cécile ?”

“ Mon enfant, je l’ai cherché partout jusqu’à ce
que tout mon argent fût dépensé. Mais ne songeons
plus à cela. Tu vas prendre une leçon, tu le sais.”

Voici une affiche qui nous servira très-bien de livre
de lecture.”

“ Cette lettre-ci,” dit-elle en l’indiquant de son
aiguille à tricoter, “ s’appelle ‘ M.’ Regarde-la
bien ; t’en souviendras-tu ?”

“ ‘ M,’ ” répéta Lulu, je m’en souviendrai. ‘ M,’
—je le sais déjà.”

Et ainsi Cécile apprit à sa petite sœur les lettres
M-A-I-S-O-N.

“ Qu’est-ce que veut dire tout cela ?” demanda
enfin la petite Lulu.

“ Ces lettres épèlent le mot *maison*—le vois-tu ?
M-a-i-s-o-n—*maison*. Mais voilà l’heure qui sonne.
Je n’ai plus le temps de t’enseigner. Je dois aller
à l’usine. Voici un petit panier de fruit que j’ai
acheté pour ton goûter. Partons !”

“ Oh, Cécile ! ne me renferme pas dans cette
pièce sombre et étroite ! Je la déteste. Permets-
moi de te suivre, ou bien laisse-moi ici, où je sens
l’air frais, et où il y a quelque chose à voir, je t’en
prie !”

“ Me promets-tu de ne pas quitter ce lieu, pour
t’égarer dans les rues ?”

“ J’y resterai jusqu’à ton retour, Cécile.”

“Rappelle-toi, Lulu, que si je te perds, je serai toute seule au monde.”

“N'aie pas peur, Cécile, sois sûre j'en prendrai bien garde.”

“Je demande seulement que tu te tiennes où tu

revoir ces merveilles perdues, Lulu courut au coin d'où elle regardait le long d'une large rue, bordée de magasins magnifiques, et remplie de belles vitrines, d'enfants richement habillés, qui s'amusaient avec jolis jouets de toutes espèces, et d'une foule de ces petits drôles que nous appelons gamins.

Pendant quelques minutes, elle eût bien soin de ne pas perdre de vue le mot *maison*, qu'elle pouvait toujours entrevoir. Mais elle n'avait pas encore six ans, et d'ailleurs, elle était bien inexpérimentée, étant récemment venue de la campagne, elle fut née. C'est pourquoi il n'y avait pas très-surprenant qu'elle oubliât bientôt le mot, et qu'elle ne pesât plus qu'aux objets intéressants qu'elle avait sous les yeux.

Petit à petit, elle se rapprocha de ces merveilles, qui l'attiraient insensiblement par leur éclat, jusqu'à ce qu'elle eût complètement tourné le coin, et se trouva au milieu de son nouveau paradis.

Le temps se passa. De plus en plus entraînée par ces charmes nouveautés, Lulu tourna beaucoup de coins, sans se rappeler combien, lorsque tout-à-coup l'heure sonna quand sa sœur avait l'habitude de revenir chez elle ! Ainsi éveillée de son rêve de plaisir, elle comprit qu'elle était perdue dans la grande ville sans savoir où diriger ses pas.

Triste et effrayée elle tourna à gauche après avoir traversé un coin, traversa rue après rue à la recherche du lieu qu'elle avait quit-



LA LEÇON.

peux voir toujours le mot *maison*. Sois sage, mon enfant, et n'oublie pas ce que je t'ai enseigné—au revoir !”

Elle embrassa sa petite sœur, les larmes aux yeux, et s'en alla.

Lulu s'assit bien contente, et se mit à examiner le contenu de son panier ; ne songeant pas, heureusement, qu'il avait coûté le diner à sa sœur. Mais son attention fut bientôt divertie de son occupation agréable par les diverses choses qui se passaient dans la rue. Elle les trouvait si nouvelles et si charmantes !

Enfin Lulu prit son goûter, puis elle relit deux ou trois fois le mot *maison* qu'elle venait d'apprendre, et puis elle commença à s'ennuyer de l'endroit où elle était, qui devint maintenant fort tranquille, car tout le monde avait tourné ce même coin de rue, qui lui semblait l'entrée dans un lieu mystérieux où se trouvaient toutes sortes de jolies choses. Pour

sans savoir comment le reconnaître si elle réussissait à le retrouver, tant il y en avait qui lui ressemblaient. Après beaucoup de détours, elle se souvint du mot *maison* qu'elle serait certaine de reconnaître et qu'elle résolut à chercher.

Enfin elle le revit sur un mur de l'autre côté de la rue.

“Ma maison !” s'écria-t-elle, “je l'ai retrouvée ! bientôt ma sœur me retrouvera.”

Un monsieur qui passait à ce moment, s'arrêta et dit :

“De quelle maison parles-tu, mon enfant ? Ceci est à moi.”

“Je parle du mot *maison*, que voici sur ce mur.”

“Et peux-tu lire ce mot-là ?”

“Oui, monsieur, ma sœur me l'a appris.”

“Et comment s'appelle cette bonne sœur ?”

“Cécile.”

“ Et ton nom, petite ? ”

“ Je m'appelle Lulu. ”

“ Cécile et Lulu ! ” répéta le monsieur ; puis il dit vivement : “ Comment s'appelle ton père ? ”

“ Mon père n'est plus. Il s'appela M. Henri Jolivet, mais — ”

“ Mon enfant, ” dit le monsieur d'une voix très-émuée, “ tu as vraiment trouvé ta maison, car désormais c'est à toi, comme tout ce que j'ai au monde. Mon pauvre petit agneau perdue que j'ai vainement cherchée depuis si longtemps, viens dans mes bras, ”—et il l'embrassa tendrement.

À ce moment une jeune fille, d'une mine effarée, tourna le coin d'un pas rapide.

“ Oh. Lulu ! ” s'écria la nouvelle venue d'une voix impatiente, “ comment as-tu pu être si méchante ? Voilà plus d'une heure que je te cherche ! ”

“ Mais pourquoi n'es-tu pas venue ici me chercher tout-de-suite ? ”

“ De quoi parles-tu, Lulu ? Ce n'est pas l'endroit où je t'ai laissée. ”

“ Mais si, Cécile, ne vois-tu pas le mot *maison* que tu m'as enseigné ? ”

“ Tu te trompes, Lulu, c'est le même mot, mais c'est un autre lieu. ”

“ Elle ne se trompe pas, ” dit le monsieur, “ c'est le lieu qu'elle devait trouver. Ne me connais-tu pas, Cécile ? ”

Elle le regarda fixement un instant, puis elle poussa un cri : “ Mon oncle ! ”

Lulu sait maintenant lire, écrire et faire beaucoup d'autre choses ; mais elle n'oubliera jamais la leçon que sa sœur lui avait donnée et qui avait un résultat si heureux !

FOURTH MONTH DUNCE.

BY H. M. M.

THE curious custom of joking on the first of April, sending the ignorant or the unwary on fruitless errands, for the sake of making them feel foolish and having a laugh at them, prevails very widely in the world. And whether you call the victim a “ Fourth month dunce, ” an “ April fool, ” or “ April fish ” (as in France), or an “ April hulk ” (as in Scotland), the object, to deceive him and laugh at him, is everywhere the same.

The custom has been traced back for ages ; all through Europe, as far back as the records go. The “ Feast of Fools ” is mentioned as celebrated by the ancient Romans. In Asia the Hindoos have a festival, ending on the 31st of March, called the “ Huli festival, ” in which they play the same sort of first of April pranks,—translated into Hindoo,—laughing at the victim, and making him a Huli fool. ” It goes back even to Persia, where it is supposed to have a beginning, in very ancient times, in the celebration of spring, when their New Year begins.

How it came to be what we everywhere find it, wise men cannot agree. The many authorities are so divided, that I see no way but for us to accept the custom as we find it, wherever we may happen to be, and be careful not to abuse it.

Some jokes are peculiar to particular places. In England, where it is called All Fools' Day, one favorite joke is to send the greenhorn to a bookseller



A VICTIM TO THE “STRAP OIL” JOKE.

to buy the “ Life and Adventures of Eve's Grandmother, ” or to a cobbler to buy a few cents' worth of “ strap oil, ”—strap oil being, in the language of the shoe-making brotherhood, a personal appli-

cation of the leather. The victim usually gets a good whipping with a strap.

There was an old superstition in England that prayers to the Virgin at eight o'clock on All Fools' Day would be of wonderful efficacy, and it is seriously mentioned by grave writers of old days.

In Scotland the first of April fun is called "hunting the gowk," and consists most often of sending a person to another a long way off, with a note which says, "Hunt the gowk another mile." The recipient of the note gives him a new missive to still another, containing the same words; and so the sport goes on, till the victim remembers the day of the month, and sits down to rest and think about it.

In France, where the custom is very ancient, the jokes are much the same; but the victim is called an "April fish," because he is easily caught. In one part of France there is a custom of eating a certain kind of peas which grow there, called *pois chiches*. The joke there is to send the peasants to a certain convent to ask for those peas, telling them that the fathers are obliged to give some to every one who comes on that day. The joke is as much

on the monks as on the peasants, for there is often a perfect rush of applicants all day.

A more disagreeable custom prevails in Lisbon on the first of April, when the great object is to pour water on passers-by, or, failing in that, to throw powder in their faces. If both can be done, the joker is happy.

I need not tell you the American styles of joking: nailing a piece of silver to the side-walk; tying a string to a purse, and jerking it away from greedy fingers; leaving tempting-looking packages, filled with sand, on door-steps; frying doughnuts with an interlining of wool; putting salt in the sugar-bowl, etc. You know too many already.

But this custom, with others, common in coarser and rougher times, is fast dying out. Even now it is left almost entirely to playful children and the uneducated classes. This sentiment, quoted from an English almanac of a hundred years ago, will, I'm sure, meet the approval of "grown-ups" of the nineteenth century:

"But 't is a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The one that innocently went,
Or he that him designedly sent."



PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

CHAPTER VI.

THIRZA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

THE minister's wife was n't well. The doctor said she needed rest and a change. The sea-air would do her good.

"You must go to Boston and visit Matilda," said the minister.

"Who'd take care of the house?" asked she.

"I would," said Thirza, boldly. "I am 'most eleven; I can keep house!"

"Who'd take care of us?" asked Pattikin.

"I would," said her father. "Mother would take the baby, of course, and I hope I'm to be trusted with the rest."

"Who'd make the bread?" asked Seth.

Now, raised bread was yet one of the mysteries to Thirza. She could mix up biscuit, and had a general idea how a good many other things were done, but not much experience in doing them. Nevertheless, her ambition was fired at the thought of being mistress of the house, and she answered, but not so boldly: "I would; mother could tell me now. Oh! I shall get along first-rate, I know. I like to keep house."

Her experience in that line was limited to such half days as her mother had been able to devote to Irish visiting.

So it was decided that the minister's wife should spend at least four weeks in Boston.

There were endless instructions given to Thirza so many, indeed, that when she came to want them she could remember scarcely one.

How desolate the house seemed, when having caught the last possible glimpse of the stage. The minister and his children went in! They looked at the empty "mother's chair," and then at the empty cradle, and then, rather wistfully, at one another, a homesick feeling began to creep over them. Then the minister boldly lifted the cradle and set it in the farthest corner of the room.

"It's quite a decent-sized kitchen," said he, in cheerful tone, "when the cradle is out of the way; and Robbie will soon be old enough to do about it."

The spell thus broken, every one instantly felt their courage rise and their spirits revive.

"I can get the dinner, father," said Thirza. "I've only boiled meat and vegetables, and I've

often prepared them for mother. Tilda will help, and we shall not need anybody else."

"That's my brave little woman!" said her father: and after a few cheery words to Pattikin and the boys, he went off to the study, to come out no more till dinner was on the table.

Thirza remembered, as soon as he was out of sight, that her mother had said she would better ask him to get out the meat for her.

"Never mind," she said to herself, "I guess I can get it well enough. I won't call him back."

Tilda went down cellar with her to hold the lamp. By vigorous pulling, Thirza got a piece of corned beef up from the brine and into her pan. Then she had to run up and warm her fingers; the brine was so cold!

She washed the meat in warm water a good while to get her fingers warm. Looking up at the clock she saw that it was nearly eleven.

"It's time it was in; mother always boils it a long time, I know," said she, and plumped it into the pot, which she half filled with cold water.

"Now for some pork," said she. "Oh, how I hate to put my hands into cold brine again!"

But she went down, and took off the lid of the pork barrel, and lifted out the stone that held the meat down. After feeling about in the brine for a while, she got hold of a piece of pork. She could only get a very little hold, because it was packed in so tightly, and her fingers would slip off, and the pork would n't come up.

"Oh dear! oh dear! my fingers are freezing! What shall I do? I'll take the carving-knife and pry it up!"

She ran up for the carving-knife, and stopped a little to warm her fingers again. Then she went back and pried at the pork with the knife.

"Crack!" and the minister's folks had for a carving-knife only a broken blade, and a handle with a piece about two inches long. Thirza sat down on the potato bin and cried.

"Never mind," said Tilda, who was getting the potatoes, "I guess carving-knives don't cost very much. Pa'll get another, I know."

Thirza was pretty sure it would cost much. But she dried her eyes, and prepared for another plunge for the pork. She tugged away again with no better success.

"I would n't get any pork to-day," said Tilda. "Mother does n't, always."

So Thirza concluded she would n't try any more

to get the pork up, but would get the cabbages and beets and potatoes on as soon as she could.

When she got upstairs again it was half-past eleven and the pot was n't boiling.

"What's the matter that it does n't boil yet?" said she, puckering her forehead into little wrinkles.

"I guess the fire 's most out," said Tilda.

The fire was not only almost, but altogether, out.

They hurried to rebuild it, and at twelve the pot began to boil. It stopped, though, when they put in the vegetables. But it began again soon.

Then Thirza and Tilda set the table.

At half-past twelve their father came out to dinner. The table was all ready. The bread was cut, and the glasses filled with water. The pot was yet boiling on the stove, with a cheerful bubbling, and things looked very promising.

"Dinner 'most ready?" asked the minister, rubbing his hands together before the fire.

"I guess so, father!" said Thirza, cheerfully. Then, recollecting her accident, she said, with a trembling voice, "I broke the carving-knife, father."

"Broke the carving-knife?" said he, looking concerned. "How did you break it?"

Thirza explained about the pork. Her father looked at the knife, put the two pieces together, and then, as they would n't stay so, laid them down on the sink-board, and, taking a fork, lifted the lid of the dinner-pot. Just then Seth, Samuel, Simon, Sandy, and Pattikin came in to dinner.

"You did n't call us, Mrs. Housekeeper," said Seth, "so we took the liberty to come. Hope no offense, mum!"

"I did n't call you, because dinner was n't ready," said Thirza. "The potatoes don't seem to be quite done. How blue you look, Patty! Come to the fire. It's growing colder, is n't it?"

"Guess 't is!" said Pattikin, warming her fat fingers. "Going to have another winter, I s'pose."

"I should think so," said Thirza. "It's the last of March now."

The minister was trying the potatoes and meat, with his fork, to see how nearly they were done.

"The meat seems very hard; what time did you put it on, Thirza?"

"It got to boiling about half-past, I believe," said Thirza.

"Half-past ten?" said her father.

"No, sir; half-past eleven," said Thirza. She really thought it was but little later than that, for she had n't kept watch of the clock.

Her father laughed. "I might have known it would n't get done," said he. "The stage went at a quarter past ten. I know your mother boils the meat almost all the forenoon."

"What shall we do?" said Thirza, looking in dismay toward the group of impatient brothers.

Her father opened the cellar door and took down a great ham that hung in the cellar-way, and began to cut it with the bread knife, after he had whetted it a minute or so. At this sight the faces of the whole family grew brighter.

Thirza tried the potatoes once more. They were done now, and by the time she had peeled them the cabbage was done and the ham was cooked. The beets seemed as hard as ever, but that was no matter. They were left to boil with the beef, while the family sat down to their dinner.

"I hope things wont go so every day," said Thirza, looking up at the clock, which told a quarter past one.

"I hope so, too," said Seth. "Though all is well that ends well."

CHAPTER VII.

MORE OF THIRZA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

SUPPER went off well enough. There was plenty of bread, and a gingerbread, baked yesterday.

Breakfast went pretty well, too, only that there was a little too much soda in the johnny-cake which gave it a greenish hue.

"There is n't bread enough left for dinner," said Thirza, after breakfast was over. "I guess I 'd better put some to rising."

"It will not get raised to bake for dinner," said her father. "You need n't expect it. You can't make biscuit, can't you?"

"Yes, sir. I 'll bake biscuit for dinner, then. The bread will get raised for supper, I suppose."

"I should think so; though it seems to me your mother puts it to rise the night before. I'm not sure, but I have some such impression."

"Sometimes she does, and sometimes she does n't," said Seth. "I know, for I've seen her."

It was a relief that somebody knew, for Thirza only "believed," and Tilda "could n't be sure" and a great deal depended on the raised bread. Thirza could n't keep such a family on biscuits.

"You 'd better set it going just as soon as possible, Thirza."

Thirza ran down to the cellar and brought the jug in which her mother kept the yeast.

"The cork is tied down with a string, and the knot is a hard one. Wont you untie it, father?"

The minister gave the jug a shake or two, saying: "There seems to be plenty in it. That's a good thing, for I am afraid we should n't be equal to making yeast. I wonder why she ties it down that way?" said he, as he picked at the knot.

He soon found out why. The knot being untied and the cork loosened a little —

Bang! It went clear to the ceiling overhead.

hile a stream of yeast followed, flowing over upon the minister's hands, on the table and on the floor. "Get a pan!—quick!—we're losing it all!" he exclaimed. A pan being brought, the overflowing was directed into that and saved.

"Well, really! your mother is a remarkable housekeeper! That's what I call lively yeast. Do you know how much to use?"

"Yes, sir; a cupful. Mother told me." And Thirza proceeded immediately to mix the bread.

cutter. Thirza was very happy about the work, and sang all the time she was doing it.

When they were in the oven, she began to set the table, still singing.

"Have you looked at your biscuits since you put them in?" asked Tilda, presently. "The fire is pretty hot. Perhaps they will burn."

Thirza hurried to the oven. "What in the world ails them?" said she, with the little fretful wrinkles puckering her forehead all at once.



MAKING READY TO BOIL THE MEAT.

suppose this ought to be tied down again," said her father. "But I shall be careful how I do it next time."

Thirza's bread rose like a puff. In fact, it was for a second mixing just as she began to get it.

"I can't attend to it now, anyway," said she. "I will have to wait."

Thirza chopped meat and vegetables for a hash, and Thirza made biscuits. It was fun to mix and knead and cut them out with the pretty round cake-

"Are they burned?" asked Tilda, looking over her shoulder into the oven.

"No; but they're such nasty, flat, black looking little things! They don't rise a bit like mother's," said Thirza, wrathfully. "I put everything in just exactly as she told me"—still surveying the cakes with a frown. "Why *don't* they rise?"

"I'd shut the door and let them be a while longer. Maybe they will, by and by," said Tilda, comfortingly.

Thirza shut the door, looking discontented enough; for she had no hope of the eakes rising by and by. "I don't care if they burn black now," she said.

She resumed her work of setting the table, but not her singing. She had used one of the drinking-cups to mix soda in. She went to the pantry for it, as there were not enough without it. There was a little water in the bottom. She poured it out. As she did so, some white powder stuck to the cup.

"What's this, I wonder!" And then it all came to her in a minute. She had never put the soda in at all. She leaned her head against the old wooden pump and cried a little. It was such a little bit of forgetting that should cause her such trouble! Then she went and looked into the oven again, but mournfully, hopelessly, as at something quite spoiled and lost.

Then she thought of the long table full of hungry, disappointed children. Would there be hash enough? A mountain weight of care seemed settling down upon her heart. She visited the bread-box. There was a little old bread and a few bits of eold johnny-cake. She arranged these on a plate, and then took out her biseuit, and put them on a plate. They were as heavy as her poor little heart, and her poor little heart was like lead in her bosom. They were sour, too, and had got quite brown, being left in the oven so long.

"I don't believe they will be very bad," said Tilda, in a vain attempt to cheer her sister. "There—the hash is done. I'm going to eall father."

She called him, and then ran out to the barn where the boys were working, to eall them, too.

The minister came out, cheerful and smiling. He noticed Thirza's downeast faee, and naturally looked at the dinner-table to find out the cause.

"Bad luek with the biseuits, my little maid? What ails them? They are a *lectle* poor, I am afraid, taking up one, and breaking it in halves, and testing it by taste and smell.

"They are n't fit to eat! I'm so sorry! I forgot to put in my soda!" said Thirza, crying again.

"Oh, well! never mind! If you know what was the trouble, it is n't half so bad as it might be, because you will have them all right next time," said her father, eneouragingly. "Don't ery. We'll get along with the hash and the cold bread."

"There's all there is!" said Thirza, disconsolately.

The boys, having been privately admonished by Tilda, made no complaint. They were a hungry little set, and even the leaden eakes went down, and were converted into good rosy blood and sturdy

sinews, easing never a twinge of dyspepsia. The father dined on hash and eold johnny-eake, telling his most amusing stories all the time to eho Thirza, whose heart grew sensibly lighter as the biseuits disappeared, though she could n't e much.

After dinner Seth followed her into the pantry and said: "Anything will do to eat, Mrs. Housekeeper, if you'll only keep a jolly faee. But loo as doleful as you do to-day, and we shall all be doing for mother. Can I help you any?"

"Oh, Seth! I'm so tired of being housekeeper I never ean stand it four weeks! I work all the time, and then I ean't make things decent. I wish I might never have to get another dinner!"

Seth put his arms round her and kissed away the tears, and promised to come up to the house an hour before dinner to-morrow and help; and if things did n't turn out well, the responsibility should be his.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.

AFTER the boys were gone, the minister came out into the kitchen. He wore a very droll faee, and went straight to the row of nails behind the pantry door, where a big linen apron hung, and tied it round his waist.

"Now you'll see how a minister can cook! I finished my sermon, and I am going to help you this afternoon. If we get our work done in season we'll have a ride before supper. What is there to do, Mrs. Housekeeper?"

Thirza actually laughed to see her father with the kitchen apron on, setting about housework.

"Come," said he, "lay out the work, and then we'll divide it up, and get it done in no time. And he looked intent upon business.

"Well," said Thirza, "in the first place there's this bread to mold. It ought to have been done before, but I could n't, because you see it was dinner-time. I'm afraid it's sour."

"Well, what else? I want the work all before my mind, so I ean go at it intelligently."

"All these dishes to wash. Tilda can do that. Then there's that basketful of clothes. Mother had n't time to iron them, and I meant to do it yesterday; but the day slipped away somehow, and I did n't get it done. And we've not had supper. I suppose mother would make a pie, and I would if I knew how; but everybody she told me seems to have gone out of my head."

"Oh, I know how to make a pie," said Thirza. "You just cut up the apples and roll out the crust, and put it in and put sugar on it, and eover it with the other crust and bake it. It's just as ea-

"But the crust—how do you make the crust?" said the minister.

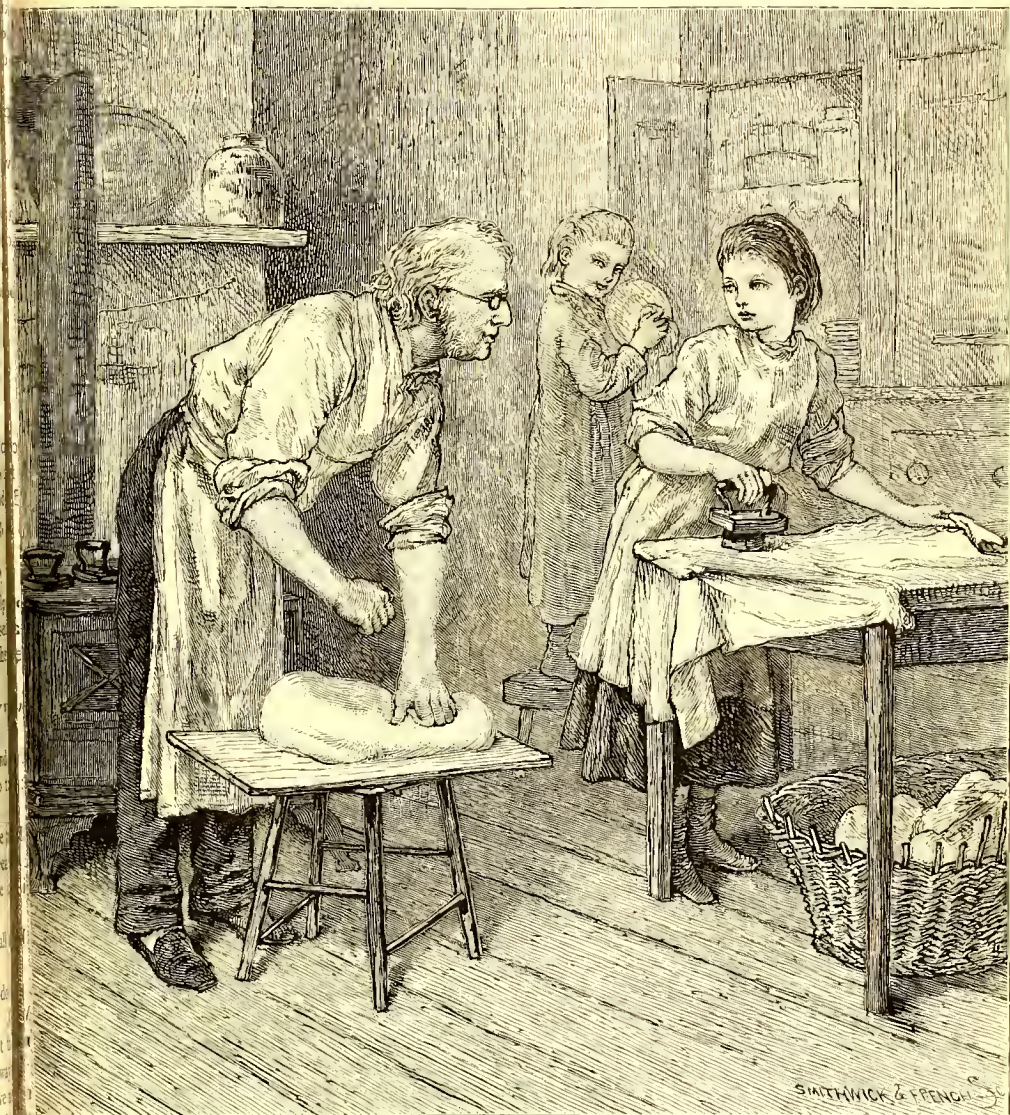
"With lard and flour and water—or milk, I forget which," said Tilda.

"Any soda?" asked Thirza. Tilda did n't know.

"We will try, anyway. We are not going four

we will all go for a grand drive while the pies are cooling."

The bread ought to have been good, after such a vigorous molding as it got at the minister's hands. And when it was in the pans, it did rise in a wonderfully short space of time. Tilda washed dishes



LEARNING HOW TO KEEP HOUSE.

without an apple pie!" said her father. "We fail the first time, we'll try again, and trying till we get it right. I'll mold the lard and make the pies. You, Thirza, shall do the ironing, and Tilda can wash the dishes. Then

with marvelous zeal and rapidity, and Thirza so far forgot her troubles that she hummed a little over her ironing-board. It was such an inspiration to have father working with them.

As for the pies, the minister shortened and sweet-

ened and spiced as if he had always been used to it. He made crust enough for five or six, so he had to send for more apples; but Tilda brought them from the cellar, and pared and sliced, and at last they were all in the oven.

It was encouraging to see four great loaves of new bread arrayed on the pantry shelves, and the pies beside them. The little girls went off to ride with light hearts.

They came home in fine spirits, but the minister noticed Thirza's flushed face and slow movements.

"We ought to divide up the work," said he; "I see that the girls have too much on their hands. How many things are there, Thirza, that have to be done every day?"

"Oh, no end!" said Thirza, laughing. "I could n't begin to tell them. A great many of them are such little things, and only take a few minutes."

"And yet, altogether, they keep you at work about all day, don't they? Tell all you can think of, large or small."

Thirza began, and the minister took his note-book from his pocket and wrote them down. There was quite a long list.

"Then I know there are other things that are always needing to be done once or twice a week, but which don't come regularly every day," said he; "let us have a list of these also."

Thirza began again, and again quite a long list was the result.

"Now, we each can take upon ourselves a part of these duties, and not be heavily burdened either. In the first place, let every one make his own bed, and take care of his room. It is very easy work, and it will not hurt a boy to know how to do such work properly. I think I can make mine up so handsomely as to be a pattern for you. At any rate, I'll try, and if Seth can put me to shame, the girls may cheer him roundly."

"Then I will take it upon myself," he resumed, after a moment's consultation of his note-book, "to see that the lamps are filled and kept in order. Seth may cut the meat, and bring up the vegetables for dinner, every morning, before he goes out to his work. Samuel may sweep down the chamber stairs, and the front entry, and steps. Simon may see that both pails are filled with water, and the wood-box with wood."

"Why, I always do that!" said Simon.

"I thought you forgot it, sometimes," said Thirza, mildly; "and I forget to tell you, so I have to run for wood pretty often, some days."

"If I forget again I'll eat raw potatoes for my dinner," said Simon, resolutely. "But give me some other work, too."

"I will give you nothing else for every-day," said his father, "but twice a week, say Tuesday and Friday evenings, you may bring up a pan of apples and pare them for me to make pies next day. You and Sandy have to churn twice a week ahead so I think that will be your share of the work."

"And I'll help cut the apples," said Sandy.

"Father, we can't trust him!" said Thirza. "He never thinks to wash his hands, and —"

Sandy had a quick temper, and he flared up once.

"You better not say much about that, Miss Tilda, when you forgot to put something or other in the biscuits, and made 'em real bad and sour, yourself."

"Hush, Sandy! For shame! Thirza didn't say that to provoke you, but because it was solemn and awful fact," said Seth, "and necessary to be taken into consideration."

Sandy showed signs of another outbreak at this, but his father interposed.

"There, Sandy! that will do. I will tell you what your work shall be. You can grind the coffee for Thirza every morning, and Saturdays you may sweep out the shed-room. That will be your share."

"And now mine!" said Pattikin.

"I will teach you to set the table for me, if I will be in the house at the right time," said Thirza.

"I truly will!" said Pattikin.

"And you know the dusting is always your work, only you are 'most always out-doors when it ought to be done," continued Thirza.

"I'm truly goin' to stay in my house all the morning for future to come!" said Pattikin. "I need n't laugh, 'cause I'll do it, see if I don't."

"It's quite time Pattikin was making her useful!" said the minister. "She's been a pretty thing a good while. So if the chairs are found covered with dust at dinner-time, nobody shall be blamed but Patty. Nobody must do it for her, or remind her. And she may learn to set the table too. Mother will be pleased when she comes to see that her little gypsy girl has turned into a neat housemaid. We all will begin our new tasks to-morrow, and Saturday we must write to mother and tell her how we are getting along."

"I'm sure Tilda and I will not have hard work to do what is left; you have taken so much of our hands," said Thirza, gratefully.

"I guess it was my bed-time 'bout 'leven last night ago," said Pattikin, gaping; on which hint she bundled off to bed with small ceremony. As it was not long before the rest followed, for they were all in bed by early hours in Pattikin's house.



Illuminated Texts.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THERE are two ways in which texts can be illuminated. You can buy a square or oblong of perforated paper at a fancy-shop, with the text outlined upon it in pale gray, and, with floss and split zephyr needles, you can work the letters, shade them, and produce very pretty effects. Or you can take a bit of Bristol board, measure and sketch your own letters, and make them of any beautiful colors you please with a camel's hair brush and water-paints. Some people practice still a third method with oil-paints and a wooden panel; but this is more difficult, and so few of you boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS have oil-paints, or know how to use them, that it is not worth our while to speak further of this method. Neither is it worth while to say much about the first way, for however pretty the perforated embroidery may look when it is done, and however neat the stitches may be, it can never give the freedom or value of a text done in the second way; nor can the doing of it ever give the same pleasure. Still, since some of you may like to try it, I will add that all the rules of grouping and distributing the colors, according to their symbolic meanings, apply to the embroidered as well as to the painted illuminations, and it will be quite well to follow them in laying out your work.

TEXTS PAINTED IN WATER-COLOR.

The paints absolutely necessary for illuminating texts are four in number: Black, white, vermillion, and cobalt, or ultramarine blue. Most paint-boxes contain these four; but for any of you who do not happen to have a paint-box, I would recommend buying what are called the "half-st" colors, which are the pleasantest and easiest to use. Buy half a cake of each of those mentioned, besides, lemon yellow, carmine, gamboge, Prussian blue, and burnt-umber. If you want to make your list very complete, you may add sepia, green, rose-madder, cadmium, neutral tint, and cerise carmine; but these are luxuries, not necessities, and you can do very well without them. Gold and silver paints are, however, indispensable. The best are those which come in tiny shells or

saucers; but these are also the most costly. A good substitute is the preparation known as "Bessemer's Gold." It is a fine dry powder, sold in small bottles, with larger bottles of a liquid which dissolves it, the price of the two bottles being seventy-five cents. They last a long time, and are much cheaper than the little shells, which cost twenty cents apiece, and barely hold gold enough for a single capital letter.

The Bristol board should be thick and smooth. A pale tint of gray or cream is better in most cases than white. Two brushes are needed, a large and a small, besides a third brush kept exclusively for the gold paint. For other implements, you will want only a lead pencil and ruler; but, above all, you want that care and patience so indispensable for producing anything really fine, delicate, or worth having. There is no royal road to anything, remember. All our little successes must be earned step by step, slowly and faithfully, with nothing shirked, nothing hurried, and we must be willing to give the time which is needed to make each step perfect in its way before we pass on to another.

After the materials, the next thing to be considered is the design. Pretty patterns for letters can be picked up almost anywhere—from signs, newspaper headings, book-covers, or the ornamental work in churches. A little practice will make it easy to vary and combine them. There is a "Book of Alphabets" also, published by Mr. Prang of Boston, which it would not be a bad idea for boys and girls who live near each other to club for and buy. Its price is two dollars and a half; it contains an alphabet of capitals in color, and of small letters in a dozen different styles, ancient and modern, and is a great help to young beginners.

The first step after trimming the Bristol board to its proper size, is to measure the spaces and draw parallel lines, between which the letters can be sketched in with lead pencil. Make the pencil lines *very light*, that they may not show through the color. Next, paint in all the small letters, being careful to keep the edges neat and distinct, to dot the *i*, and to add the commas and period. A mix-

ure of white with the other paints makes it much easier to put them in smoothly. This mixture is known to artists as "body color." After the small letters are finished and shaded, paint the capitals in the same way; and, last of all, add the gold and the ornamental touches, the flowers, vines, arabesques, and little hints of contrast, which add so much to the richness of the effect. I cannot tell you what colors to use, or what designs, for these depend on your own taste and fancy, and every worker must make them out for himself. But if you begin with simple things,—with a single line, for instance,—a line which says something brave or sweet, or comforting (the Bible is full of such lines), painting it in plain gray letters, shaded on one edge with black, and one vivid capital in scarlet, or blue and gold, you will have done a valuable and delightful thing; and going on little by little, your powers will increase, till by and by you produce work which is beautiful for its own sake as well as for that of the thought which it enshrines.

I will add a list of rules for the choice and placing of the colors. Every color has a meaning; did you know that? and there are certain words which must always be painted in certain colors, and no other.

GENERAL RULES FOR COLORING.

Rule 1. Capitals and initials should always be of a different color, or ornamented differently, from other letters of the text.

Rule 2. Letters belonging to words which do not begin with a capital must all be of one color.

Rule 3. It is not necessary that all the letters should be shaded, but the shaded letters in the same sentence should be shaded on the same side. Black or dark brown shading makes a red letter appear more brilliant. If one letter in a sentence is lightened with gold or bright color, the other letters must be lightened to correspond.

Rule 4. Never paint an unimportant word in a striking color.

Rule 5. Sacred names, such as Christ, God, Lord, Savior, Creator, should always be painted in red, black and gold. The letters I. H. S. should also be in red, black and gold, and all personal pronouns referring to Deity, such as Him, His, Thy, Thine, must be in the same colors, which are called *canonical*.

Rule 6. Do not use these colors combined except in words denoting the Deity, or pronouns referring

to Him. Ever since the first gospel was illuminated this rule has been observed, red being used to signify love, and sometimes also creative power; gold to signify glory; and black, awe or majesty. You notice, you will find these colors constantly used in the decoration of churches.

Rule 7. It is not desirable to use gold and silver in the same word. Never put a blue letter next a purple or green one. Gold harmonizes with all colors.

MEANINGS OF COLORS.

Various nations hold traditions about the meanings of colors. Even our North American Indians have ideas upon this subject, and, strangely enough, these traditions agree in the main all the world over. These are some of them:

Red is the color of life and happiness. It is from this idea that the expression "Red-Letter Days" comes.

Blue is the color of heaven, and should be used for words which denote heavenly things, such as piety, truth, constancy, divine contemplation.

Yellow or gold means not only glory, but faith, goodness, marriage.

Green symbolizes spring, youth, mirth, hope, immortality; also victory, as in the palm and laurel which are emblems of a conqueror.

Violet means suffering.

Gray, the color of ashes, means humility, mourning, and penitence.

Purple was the color of pomp and royal state. Kings and emperors allowed this color to be used in churches, otherwise it would have been sacred imperial use. In former days, princes, even in their cradles, wore this color, hence the phrase "Born in the purple."

White denotes innocence, light, faith, joy, religious purity. Sometimes silver is employed in place of white.

Black typifies night, darkness, death, sin, mourning, and *negation*. It is proper to use black in words as no, never, not, nevermore.

You understand that I do not prescribe the colors to be used exactly after these rules, but it is well to know the rules, and, as they may be helpful to some of you, I give them. The rule is *taste*, and that is a thing that grows by use. So don't be discouraged, any of you, if you cannot succeed the first time, but remember Robert Bruce and the spider, and "Try, try again."

APRIL SNOW.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

“WHAT do you say to the snow to-day?”
 “Oh, the robins and roses are coming.
 For South-wind and Sun will find the old way;
 And the brown bees soon be humming.”

“What do you say to the snow to-day?”
 “Oh, the red in the maples is glowing,
 If still in the heart of old woods you delay
 The pale anemone’s blowing.”

You’ve had your revel—you’ve had your day!
 Oh, snow, it is time for leaving!
 For never ’round paths of warm, sweet May
 Should the winter’s ghost be grieving!”

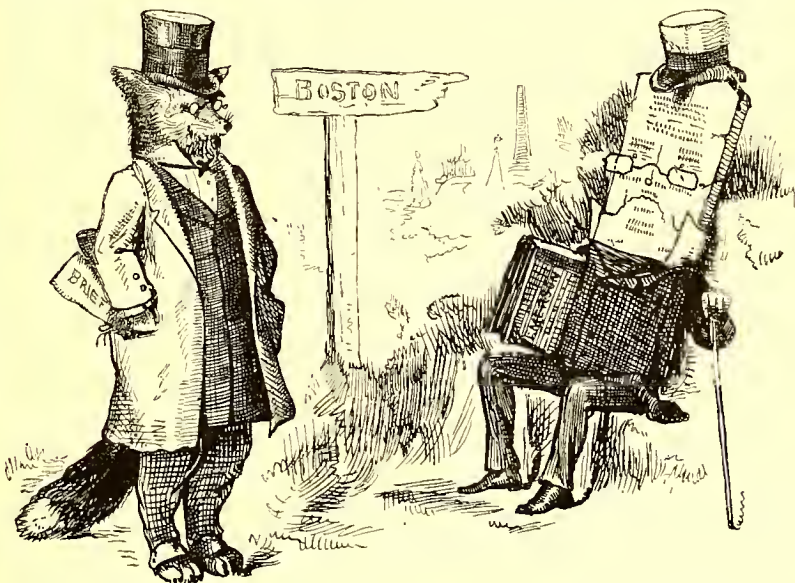
“You’ve held your revel—you’ve had your day,
 To the tune of the North-winds’ humming;
 But there never was June yet that lost her way,
 And the robins and roses are coming!”

THE FOX AND THE TABLET.

BY P. HOWARD.

A TABLET, from Boston, with wise thoughts of Emerson engraved upon its hard substance, and cunning added together.”

le lying by the road-side, saw a fox passing by. “That *may* be very true,” replied the fox, “but



“O! you poor creature!” cried the tablet, with an exalted opinion of its own wisdom, “call you wise and cunning, do they? Behave! I have more wisdom in one sentence of

recollect, if you please, that my wisdom is original, and my own, while yours are the thoughts and ideas of another, and only impressed upon you by vast labor at that.”

CASPAR DEANE AND THE "CINNAMON."

BY C. D. CLARK.



CASPAR DEANE lived in California, upon the border of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. He had been brought up in this wild region, for his father, when a young man, had been one of the miners who drifted from the old "States" when gold was first discovered in California, in the year 1849. Mr. Deane had tried mining in every shape, and had

at last satisfied himself that it did not pay very well after all, and that steady labor at fair wages was the best method for getting rich. He was a man who made up his mind slowly, but when he *had* decided, did not easily change. He worked for two years in a quartz-crushing mill, running the stationary engine by which the machinery was moved. He saved money and soon had a thousand dollars in the bank at Marysville. One day he detected a leak in the "battery" through which the gold passes after being separated from the quartz. It was a very small leak, perhaps a quantity of "dust" equal in size to a bean might have passed out each day since the leak started. He went to the superintendent of the mine, and told him what he had seen.

"Nonsense, Mr. Deane," he said, "how much gold do you think could be lost through a leak of that size?"

"Will you give me permission to wash out for my own benefit the clay under the battery?" Mr. Deane asked.

"Of course; but you will only waste your time."

Mr. Deane said nothing more; but when his six hours of duty were over, and another engineer and fireman came to relieve him at the engine, he borrowed a wheelbarrow, and took four or five heavy loads of sand and clay from beneath the battery. He scraped this dirt up clean, for he knew that gold was heavy and would work through any soil except hard pan. The men looked on and laughed as they saw him at the work, but were not so scornful when he had washed fourteen hundred dollars in gold-dust from the heap of earth taken out. With this money and that which he had in the bank, he purchased and stocked a ranch—as a farm is called on the Pacific coast—of about two hundred acres, in the bottom lands above the Yuba River. He had been a farmer in New York State, and knew the best land to choose for stock-raising. He wanted grass, water and shade, and a better

plot than he had selected could not have been found in that region. Then he found a wife, which was easily done, for a certain pretty girl in Marysville had promised to wait for him until he was ready to establish a home. When his house was built he went to Marysville, and was married; and the two took their horses and rode away, under the beautiful Californian sky, to their home in the shadow of the snowy mountains. Starting at the right time, Mr. Deane grew rich, and at last became one of the most extensive stock ranchers in that part of the State. He had added to his farm year by year until he had nearly fifteen hundred acres of the best land. He raised cattle and horses for the San Francisco and Sacramento markets; and every year great droves from his corrals went down to Marysville, and thence down the Yuba to the sea.

He had two children—the older a boy called Caspar, who was a sort of prince upon his father's land. In stock ranches a great many hands are employed, mostly Mexicans and native Californians. Some of these attend to the cattle, but the Californians in general prefer to work among the horses. Caspar grew up among these rude men, seeing only the miners who made his father's house a stopping-place at times; and it is a wonder that he turned out so fine a boy as he became. But he had a good mother, and a father who knew when and how to stop him in any wrong act. He did not allow his vaqueros and stockmen to use profane language before the boy, and *they* knew that their time at "Deane's Ranch" was short if they disobeyed Mr. Deane, for the present, attended personally to Caspar's schooling, for he himself had had a good common-sense education. Maggie, his little daughter, the delight of Caspar's heart, was a sweet little thing, twelve years old when Caspar was fifteen—the date at which Caspar met with the adventure about to be related.

In the foot-hills, a few miles back from his father's ranch, was an elevated table-land, which was his favorite hunting-ground of the people of the vicinity. Living, as he did, upon the border of civilization, Caspar had early learned the use of a gun, and at fifteen years of age few could beat him at a quick shot. One morning in the wet season Mr. Deane, having business across the foot-hills, invited Caspar to go with him, and, as Maggie pleaded hard, she was allowed to go too.

The vaquero, José, quickly brought their horses, and Caspar was at home in the saddle, and even Mr.

as a good rider, for at that time every one on a ranch in California early learned to ride. Mr. Deane rode a large gray "American" horse, as Californians term an animal brought from the east; Caspar, a light-colored mustang, which he had named Fleetfoot,—a fiery animal, but one which Caspar knew how to manage; while Maggie had a beautiful white pony which had been trained especially for her use.

They cantered away past the stock corrals and deep runs, stockmen's huts and the cabins of matters, Caspar riding at the right hand of his father and Maggie at the left. They passed the place where Mr. Deane had made his lucky strike, and Caspar looked seriously at the sand and clay, wondering whether he could do as well as his father had done if he chose to try. A solemn-faced Chinaman, with a big umbrella-hat and a long pig-tail, was washing clothes by the side of the road, and looked up with a sickly grin.

"How are you, John?" asked Caspar, who knew the man.

"Ah!" said the Chinaman, "I welly good all time; how you?"

"I'm first-rate, John," replied Caspar; "I'm bragging through the foot-hills with father, and if I have more game than I want, you shall have some. How will you like that?"

"Welly good," said John, with the same meaningless smile. "You no got gun; how can you shoot if you no have gun?"

"My gun is down to Ranger's," Caspar explained; "I'm going to get it as I go down."

Ranger kept a store a short distance below the ranch, and Caspar rode up to the door and shouted to the boy inside, who quickly brought out a handsome rifle, with bullet-pouch and powder-flask.

"It takes you a great while to get ready, Caspar," said Mr. Deane. "What do you mean to do with that rifle?"

"I'll tell you, father. You are going across the table-land, and Job Fisher tells me that it is running over with game now. I want you to take me there and take Maggie with you wherever you are going, and I'll have a load of hares and use before you get back."

"That is the reason you brought the gun, is it?"

"I suppose I should," said Mr. Deane, smiling. "Suppose I should like to let you stop there alone?"

"Then," said Caspar, looking blank for a moment, "I suppose I would give it up and go with you."

Mr. Deane did not know that he had any objection to his son's having a hunt, only adding: "You promise to be careful."

"I'll be very careful, father."

They were now riding through the passes of the

foot-hills, as the elevations of land always seen at the bases of mountain chains are named. Up they went through range after range, each somewhat higher and steeper than the one before, until they came out upon a scene so beautiful that Maggie clapped her hands with delighted surprise.

It was a vast table-land, fringed with sage-bushes and aromatic shrubs; but the center, as far as the eye could see, was a mass of flowers of every shape and hue. The air was heavy with the mingled perfumes of the blossoms which a month hence, when the sun had scorched them, would lie withered and brown upon the ground.

"I'm going to picket Fleetfoot here, father," Caspar remarked, "and then skirt the sage-brush. Then, you understand, everything will run into the center and I can get a good shot."

"I shall be gone about two hours; don't forget yourself, and go too far."

So saying, Mr. Deane rode away with Maggie, leaving Caspar to his own devices.

Fastening one end of his rawhide lariat firmly to the pommel of the saddle, he drove the iron pin attached to the other end deep into the sod, where the grass was rich. Then he slung his game-bag over his back, took his rifle and ammunition, and started on a tramp.

For nearly an hour the boy started some sort of game at short distances, and his game-bag was soon full to overflowing. Not caring to make useless slaughter, he sat down to rest upon a mossy knoll, and was wondering when his father would come back, when a peculiar shadow fell upon the grass beside him—a shadow which caused him a thrill of horror, for it outlined the figure of a gigantic bear.

He looked about and could see nothing. The bear must be behind him, and he slipped silently down the knoll on which he sat. There was a shuffling sound in the grass, the shadow moved away, and when he ventured to look up, a large cinnamon bear was trotting slowly across the plain, a hundred feet away. Luckily, the animal had not seen him, and if Caspar could have let him alone there would have been no trouble. But Caspar was proud of his shooting, and made up his mind that he could easily kill the brute, and show the skin as a trophy. He knew the cinnamon bear was a variety of the dreaded grizzly, and that to conquer one in open fight would be no small honor. Sighting across the knoll, he took steady aim and fired. The bear turned a sort of somersault and fell, and Caspar leaped to his feet with a shout of triumph; but, to his horror, the bear also rose, slowly, and with a wicked look in the small, twinkling eyes, came after him in that shuffling, deceitful, loping gait which diminishes distance so rapidly and yet

seems so slow a pace. Caspar knew his danger, and if he ever ran in his life he ran then.

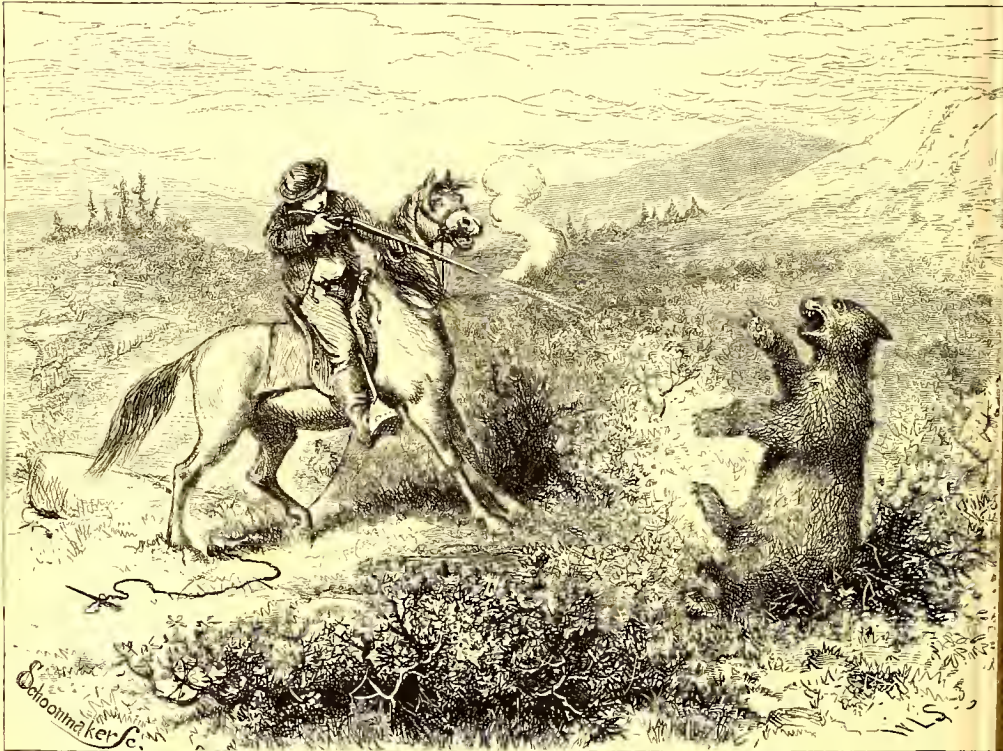
One thing he thought he had learned to perfection, and had practiced in leisure hours,—to load a rifle while running. He tried to do it now, but seeing that he lost ground fearfully, gave it up, and bringing his rifle to a trail dashed on at his best speed. He was a noble runner, and for a little time actually seemed to gain upon the bear; but his breath was beginning to come in quick gasps, while the bear could keep up that long, rolling gait for

to his side. A moment after, Caspar was in the saddle, and the bear, seeming to realize that the horse could outrun him, paused with an angry growl.

"Now then, old fellow!" cried Caspar; "I'll pay you. Just wait until I load!"

He swiftly rammed down a charge, and put on his cap, while the bear stood waving his head from side to side. The rifle was loaded, and throwing his bridle across his arm, Caspar took steady aim at the bear. Crack!

The cinnamon rose upon his hind paws, stru-



"THROWING HIS BRIDLE ACROSS HIS ARM, CASPAR TOOK STEADY AIM, AND FIRED."

hours. He began to wish that he had let the creature alone, but the wish was too late. At this moment, when he had almost lost hope, he heard a distant neigh. It was Fleetfoot, anxious for his return. The sound gave him new courage, and raising his fingers to his mouth, he uttered the sharp whistle with which he had been wont to call his horse. But he did not slacken his speed,—nay, he even increased it, dashing forward, with wild eyes, heaving chest and beating heart, repeating his whistle as he ran. Still the bear gained, when the rush of hoofs was heard, and Fleetfoot, trailing the lariat, which he had dragged from the ground at his master's call, dashed through the sage-brush

wildly at the air, and fell with a crash. Caspar reloaded again, rode very near the prostrate bear, and gave him another shot from the saddle. But the huge body lay motionless. Then he knew that the bear was surely dead, and uttered a shout of triumph which made the foot-hills ring again, and with his arms about the neck of his beloved Fleetfoot thanked him for the life which he had saved.

When, an hour later, Mr. Deane came back he found his son calmly seated upon the body of the giant game, as coolly as if shooting cinnamon bears were an every-day event. But I am afraid Caspar bragged a little that evening among the workmen at the mill and the stockmen in the ranch.

THE STARS IN APRIL.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

IN the northern heavens we now see the Little Bear passing above the horizontal position which, last month, he had not quite reached. The Great Bear is now overhead, but inverted. The triplets stars ψ , μ , λ and θ , ι , κ represent his paws, and I think there is nothing better for his head than the small group ν , θ , and ζ . The dreary constellation α occupies the position shown. It was not one of the ancient constellations, but was invented by Deland, just as *Cameleopardalis*, the Giraffe, was invented, to fill up a waste place in the star-charts. *Cepheus* is now immediately below the pole, and in a very unkingly attitude. The stars γ and κ represent his feet, flourishing wildly upward; ζ , ϵ , and δ , as I mentioned last month, represent his head; and ι marks the place of his left hand, in which he bears a regal scepter. Admiral Smyth, whose "Bedford Cycle" there is much curious information about the constellations, gives the following doggrel account of the true position of *Cepheus*, according to Aratus and Ptolemy:

"Near to his wife and daughter see,
Aloft where *Cepheus* shines,
That wife, the Little Bear, and Swan,
With *Draco*, bound his lines;
Beneath the pole-star twelve degrees
Two stars your eye will meet,—
Gamma, the nomad shepherd's gem,
And *Kappa* mark his feet.
Alphirk (β), the Hindu's *Kalpeny*,
Points out the monarch's waist;
While *Alderamin* (α), beaming bright,
Is on the shoulder placed;
And where, o'er regions rich and vast,
The Milky Way is led,
Three stars, of magnitude the fourth,
Adorn the *Æthiop's* head."

The story of *Cepheus* and his wife *Cassiopeia*, his daughter *Andromeda*, and *Perseus*, the gallant knight who rescued her from the sea monster (*Cetus*), does not belong to astronomy. But if it should not venture to tell it here; for has it not been told already in Kingsley's charming poem "Andromeda?" How *Perseus* found means to gorgon the sea monster with a petrifying stare is more charmingly told in the "Tanglewood" by your own prose-poet, Hawthorne. *Cassiopeia* is following *Cepheus*, a little to the west, of the north. You can always find *Cassiopeia* by noticing that it is almost exactly opposite the Dipper, regarding the pole as a center. δ of the Great Bear, and α of *Cassiopeia*, the two ends, and the pole at the middle of

a mighty arc on the heavens. *Cassiopeia* passes under the pole star in the same undignified position as her husband's. For you are not to suppose, as many (I find) do, that ϵ , δ , and γ form the back of *Cassiopeia's* chair, γ and κ the seat thereof, and ζ and β the ends of the chair's legs. These last are at ϵ and ψ , while ζ and β mark the place of the top rail. Still, in its present position, the group forms a very fair picture of a rocking-chair, θ , α , β , and δ forming the rockers. Next month I shall speak more particularly about this constellation.

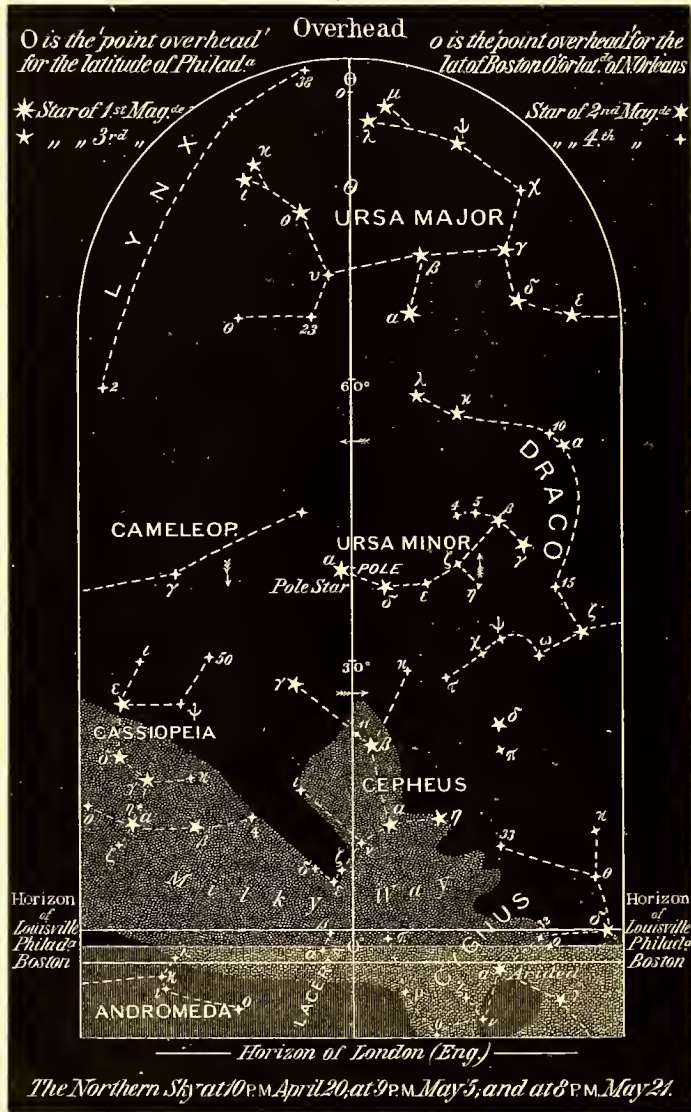
The portion of the Milky Way now under the pole is very irregular. In the constellation *Cygnus* you will see a great opening in the Milky Way. This opening is sometimes called the Northern Coalsack, though it is not nearly as black as the opening in the Southern Milky Way near the Cross, which is the real Coalsack.

The region in which the northern coalsack lies is shown in the map of the northern sky. But a special map is added on page 388, for another purpose. Since first this paper was written a new star has appeared in the constellation *Cygnus* (the Swan). On the evening of Nov. 24th, Professor Schmidt, director of the Athens Observatory, noticed a star of the third magnitude at the place shown by the skeleton star in the special map. Not only was no star of that brightness there before, or any star visible to the naked eye, but it was found when catalogues and charts came to be examined, that no star had ever been noted there, even in lists meant to include all stars down to the tenth magnitude. For instance, Argelander has made such a list, and charts from it, showing no less than 324,000 stars,—that is, a hundred times as many as we can see on the darkest and clearest night; yet his list showed no star where the new one had appeared. Astronomers do not, however, suppose the new star is really new, except in the sense of being seen for the first time. They know that when last a new star appeared in this way it was found to be one of Argelander's army of 324,000 stars, and watching that star (which had appeared in the constellation of the Northern Crown in May, 1866), they found that though it faded gradually out of sight to ordinary vision, the telescope could still follow it, until it had sunk to the tenth magnitude, at which degree of luster it remained and still remains. No doubt if we had had full lists of all stars down to the fifteenth, or perhaps the twentieth, magnitude, we should have found that the new star in *Cygnus*

was simply an old faint star which had brightened up suddenly, and remained for a time as one among the stars adorning our skies.

Examined with an instrument called the spectroscope the new star gave a very strange account of itself. It was found to be emitting the same sort

sun's outer atmosphere, as seen during times of total eclipse. All these vapors surround our sun and it is very probable that if anything caused our sun to blaze out with greatly increased light and heat, folks living on a world circling round some other sun would find the same peculiarities in our



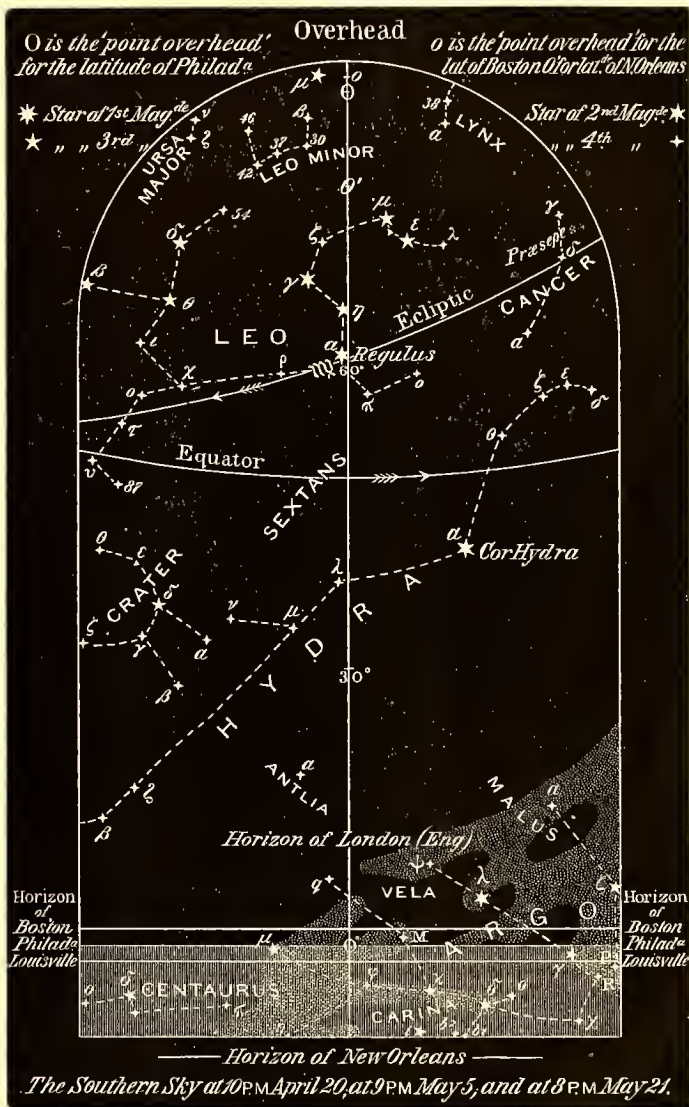
of light as other stars; but, besides that light, it emitted such light as comes from intensely heated vapors. Among the vapors in that star thus (for the time) intensely hot, were hydrogen, the vapors of the metals sodium and magnesium, and a vapor known to be present in enormous quantities in our

sun's light as we have found in the light of the star in the Swan. What caused that star to out in that strange way, we do not know. We should like to know, because we might then determine whether the cause which had so disturbed that sun might not be one from which our own

day one day suffer. Whatever the cause was, its effects did not last very long. In a week the new star had sunk to the fifth magnitude, in another week to the sixth, in yet another to the seventh, since which time (December 15th) it has very slowly diminished, and is still (January 5th) above the

several hundred times its usual heat, it is certain that every creature on the earth would be destroyed, and when the sun returned to its usual luster it would shine on a system of worlds on which not a single living creature was left.

In the southern sky, we find the great Sea-ser-



h magnitude. But although the unusual light heat of that remote sun faded thus quickly, yet if inhabited worlds circled around that the cooling of their sun must have come far late to save those creatures' lives. If our sun to shine even but for twenty-four hours with

pent, Hydra, occupying the leading position. This is the longest, and nearly the largest, of all the constellations. It began to show itself in our southern region last month, and you will not quite see the end of it for three months yet to come; so that it shows itself in no less than five of our southern maps.

This is another constellation which has changed in position owing to the mighty reeling motion of our earth. When the constellation was first formed,



THE CONSTELLATION OF THE LION.

the Sea-serpent extended along the equator; and I think originally represented the great serpent which was supposed to gird round the ocean. I have sometimes thought that when this constellation was framed (and Cetus, too), there may still have remained some few of those long-necked, paddling sea-monsters whose skeletons are found from time to time in various parts of the earth. You know that Mr. Gosse, in a sketch called the "Great Unknown," maintains that there are still a few of these monsters left, who, being seen from time to time with their long necks reared above the sea, have been regarded as sea-serpents. But though this may be unlikely or impossible, as Professor Owen seems to think, one may well believe that such monsters were either known or remembered, three or four thousand years ago.

The bright star Cor Hydræ (or the Serpent's Heart) is also called Alpheratz (or the Solitary One). The head of the Sea-serpent is marked by the stars ζ , ϵ , and δ , which may be remembered conveniently, though absurdly, by the aid to the memory which I mentioned in the case of Cepheus's head last month.

The constellation Crater, or the Cup, is a very neat one, and really like a rather damaged claret-cup. It is now tilted on one side, but formerly came to the south upright, as a well-filled cup should be. It has been regarded as the original goblet out of which Noah first took his wine, though since put to this higher use.

The ruling ecliptic constellation this month is the Lion. You will know it at once by the mag-

nificent sickle, formed of the stars α (Regulus or Cor Leonis, the Lion's Heart), η , γ , ζ , μ , ϵ , and δ . This group is sometimes conveniently called the Sickles in Leo. It is an interesting region of the sky for many reasons, but especially for this, that the wonderful shower of falling stars known as the November meteors, radiates always from this part of the heaven. The constellation of the Lion has been greatly reduced from its former noble dimensions. The figure shows how it is now presented in our charts; but if you look at the heavens you will see nothing in the least degree resembling a lion. Still, if you allow your survey to range over a much larger space you will see a very fine lion, his head lying on Cancer, his mane reaching to Leo Minor, his fore-paws on the Sea-serpent's head, his hinder paws on the two bright stars, shown in the figure (behind his hind-paws), which really belong to the Virgin, and his tail well represented by the constellation Coma Bérénice, the Queen Bérénice's Hair (shown in the figure, but not in the southern map). That this was formerly the real extent of the constellation, is shown by the fact that the star-cluster forming the knot of Coma Bérénice is still called by Arabians the Lion's Tail, and there are vague traditions showing that it was formerly extended to the constellation Gemini.



THE NEW STAR.

The Lesser Lion is one of Hevelius's abandoned constellations. It occupies a space between the Great Bear and the Lion, which might have

vided quite readily between these two constellations. Sextans is another idle addition to the constellation figures. It is so called, apparently, not because there are any stars, even small ones, forming a shape like a sextant, but because over

a space not unlike a sextant there are none but very small stars.

Antlia, short for Antlia Pneumatica, the Air-pump, occupies another desert region. It was invented by Lacaille.

GOOD-WILL.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

ON one of my walks, the other day, I saw two boys of my acquaintance, whom I shall call Orson and Robin, playing a game of barn-ball. I suppose every country boy knows what that is. The ball is thrown against the unclapboarded side of a barn, or any other suitable building, and as it rebounds, the thrower, who stands behind the knocker, tries to "catch him out." Of course, there must be no windows to knock the ball through, or, the way you know, there will be a pane to pay for, and, quite likely, somebody very cross about it. In this little game it is for two; and as I used to be fond of it when I was a boy, and am something of a boy still, I stopped to watch my young friends Orson and Robin.

They played very well, and I sympathized so much with their enjoyment, that I was myself a little disappointed, when Orson's aunt appeared with a letter which she said must go to the post-office at once, and asked Orson to carry it.

Now, Orson was her favorite nephew, and I have no doubt she had given him the very ball and bat he was playing with at the moment. She is always giving him presents or doing him favors. So, of course, as it was for him to leave his sport, I expected to see him, nevertheless, run with the letter, to be the one who was constantly doing things to please her. On the contrary, however, he grumbled out, "Can't go now,—I've got Rob here to play with me," and continued pitching the ball.

"That is very important the letter should go to," pleaded the aunt. "Come, Orson, dear; you can play when you come back."

"I don't want to! I can't!" And he bounced the ball again, tossed against the old barn.

"Oh yes, go!" said Robin. "I'll go with the letter."

But Orson still refused, while the aunt turned sadly toward the house.

"I'll go alone, then," cried Robin. "Mrs. Orson's man! I'll take the letter!" And he ran off to get it.

"Oh, come, now! You'll spoil all the fun!" growled Orson, who was so angry that he would not go with Robin, but stayed about the barn and sulked,—flinging the ball occasionally, and trying to knock it himself,—until his companion returned.

I was walking by again when Robin came back; and I think that if my readers could see what I then saw in the faces of those two boys, it would be a great deal better than anything I can write. I thought of it a few days later, when I received the editor's kind invitation to "talk" to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS; and I wished that I could paint for them that picture instead:

Orson, sullen, gloomy, selfish, unhappy;

Robin, bright, cheerful, radiant with satisfaction and good-will,—until he came within the shadow of Orson's discontent.

As I cannot paint this contrast, I may as well make it a text for my "Talk." The world is full of *Orsons*, boys and men; there is, moreover, an *Orson* and a *Robin* in almost every one,—a spirit of selfishness and a spirit of good-will; and I am going to ask each of my young readers to look for these two fellows in himself,—to get rid of the bad company of the one, and to cultivate the society of the other.

There are many subjects which I should like to talk with the boys about; but it seems to me they may be nearly all summed up in that one golden word—*Good-will*. Robin has this beautiful gift, and it makes him helpful and happy. Orson lacks it; and the opposite quality not only renders him miserable, when things do not go to suit him, but gives him the dreadful power of making others uncomfortable. The good spirit will make a brave, generous, upright, manly man of Robin; the bad spirit—if it be not cast out—will make a selfish, unaccommodating, hard, ill-natured man of Orson. Need I ask you, my dear boy, which *you* would rather be?

I have called the good spirit a *gift*: are those,

then, to blame who have it not? But I have also said—or meant to say—that every one has it in a greater or less degree, and that all can cultivate it. Easy enough it seems for Robin to give up for the moment his own pleasures, and hasten to do a good action; his joy is in it, and he knows that his sports are all the sweeter when, after it, he comes back to them. It is not so easy for Orson, because he thinks too much about himself, in the first place; partly, also, because he is not wise, and does not know the satisfaction there is in generous conduct. Ah! if I could only show him his own portrait, and convince him that even he has a Robin side, which he can show to the world when he will, and make sunshine with it for himself as well as for others!

I suppose you all, my boys, are looking for some sort of success in life; it is right that you should; but what are your notions of success? To get rich as soon as possible, without regard to the means by which your wealth is acquired? There is no true success in that: when you have gained millions, you may yet be poorer than when you had nothing; and it is that same reckless ambition which has brought many a bright and capable boy like you, not to great estate at last, but to miserable failure and disgrace,—not to a palace, but to a prison. Wealth, rightly got and rightly used, rational enjoyment, power, fame,—these are all worthy objects of ambition, but they are not the highest objects, and you may acquire them all without achieving true success. But if, whatever you seek, you put *good-will* into all your actions, you are sure of the best success at last; for whatever else you gain or miss, you are building up a noble and beautiful character, which is not only the best of possessions in this world, but also is about all you can expect to take with you into the next.

I say, good-will in all your actions. You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but, whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose to it. Thomas is put by his parents to learn a business. But Thomas does not like to apply himself very closely.

“And what’s the use?” he says. “I’m not paid much, and I’m not going to work much. I’ll get along just as easy as I can, and have as good times as I can.”

So he shirks his tasks; and instead of thinking about his employer’s interests, or his own self-improvement, gives his mind to trifles,—often to evil things, which in their ruinous effects upon his life are not trifles. As soon as he is free from his daily duties, he is off with his companions having what they call a good time; his heart is with them even while his hands are employed

in the shop or store. He does nothing thoroughly well,—not at all for want of talent, but solely for lack of good-will. He is not preparing himself to be one of those efficient clerks or workmen who are always in demand, and who receive the highest wages. There is a very different class of people, who are the pest of every community, workmen who do not know their trade, men of business ignorant of the first principles of business. They can never be relied upon to do any job they undertake. They are always making blunders which other people have to suffer for, and which react upon themselves. They are always getting out of employment, and failing in business. To make up for what they lack in knowledge and thoroughness, they often resort to trick and fraud, and become not merely contemptible, but criminal. Thomas is preparing himself to be one of this class. You cannot, my dear boy, expect to raise a good crop from evil seed.

By Thomas’s side works another boy, whom you will call James. A lad of only ordinary capacity, very likely. If Thomas and all the other boys did their best, there would be but small chance James ever to become eminent. But he has something better than talent; he brings good-will to work. Whatever he learns, he learns so well that it becomes a part of himself. His employers know that they can depend upon him. Customers soon learn to like and trust him. By diligence, industry, culture, good habits, cheerful and kindly conduct, he is laying the foundation of a generous manhood and of genuine success.

In short, my dear boy, by slighting your talents you hurt yourself more than you wrong your employer. By honest service, you benefit yourself more than you help him. If you were aiming at mere worldly advancement only, I should still think that good-will was the very best investment you could make in any business. By cheating a customer, you gain only a temporary and unreal advantage. By serving him with right good-will, doing by him as you would be done by,—you not only secure his confidence, but also his good return. But this is a sordid consideration compared with the inward satisfaction, the glow and expansion of soul which attend a good action, done for itself alone.

Fifty years ago, a young man opened a dry-goods store in New York. He had been a school-master, but having loaned his money to a friend, in order to start him in business, he was obliged, by his friend’s illness, to assume the business himself. On the morning of the opening he heard his clerk tell a woman that the color of a piece of calico he was selling would not wash. He reproved him for the falsehood on the spot.

"You know they are not fast colors. Then why do you say they are?"

"I thought I was here to sell goods," was the clerk's poor excuse.

"So you are," said the employer. "But you are to sell goods for just what they are, not for what they are not. Don't misrepresent anything, though you never make a sale. Treat every customer just as you would wish to be treated yourself. Ask a fair price for everything, and do not deceive anybody. I believe that is a true principle of business, and I am going to carry it out."

"It is a fine theory," replied the clerk; "but can't be carried out in any line of business. If you are going to try it, I may as well look for another place, for you won't last long."

The employer did try it, however; and when he had a short time ago, he left one of the three greatest fortunes in America. His name was A. T. Stewart. What became of the clerk I do not know. Now, I do not mean to hold up Mr. Stewart as an example to be followed by the boys I am talking to. But he is a striking illustration of the fact that deception in trade is not necessary to succeed. He believed, on the contrary, that in the long run it could only lead to failure. Here is a man saying from the lips of a man who in fifty years has amassed more than fifty millions of dollars:

I CONSIDER HONESTY AND TRUTH AS GREAT
ELEMENTS IN THE GAINING OF FORTUNE."

Such a man, with such wealth, should go still further, and make *good-will* to his fellow-men the chief motive of his life, what a power he might become, and what a halo of glory would crown his name!

Now, my boys, what a world it would be, if this principle prevailed in it,—if on every side we met men ready to help and cheer, instead of being met with men belled always to be on our guard against self-interest and fraud! Now, every one can do his part toward making his own little world such a better one. I have known a single brave, manly, generous boy to influence a whole school, so that it was noted for its good manners and good morals. I have also seen a vicious boy taint a whole community of boys with his bad habits, and set them to robbing orchards and birds'-nests, torturing weaker children and dumb animals, using profane language and tobacco, and doing a hundred other things which they foolishly mistake for fun. *Good-will* should begin at home. How quickly

you can tell what sort of spirit reigns among the boys or in the families you visit! In some houses there is constant warfare; at any time of day, you hear loud voices and angry disputes.

"You snatched my apple and eat it up!"

"Touch that trap ag'in, Tom Orcutt, and I'll give ye somethin' ye can't buy to the 'pothecary's!"

"Ma! sha'n't Sam stop pullin' my hair? He's pulled out six great handfuls already!"

"He lies! I ha'n't touched his hair!"

"Who's been stealin' my but'nuts?"

"Pete shot my arrow into the well,—and now sha'n't he make me another?"

Then go into a house where you find peace instead of war, innocent and happy sports instead of rude, practical jokes,—and, oh, what a difference!

You may always tell a boy's disposition by noticing his treatment of his sisters. A mean and cruel boy delights in tyrannizing over smaller children; but in the presence of stronger boys, he can be civil, and even cringing. A cowardly fellow like that is pretty sure to exercise his ill-nature upon the girls at home.

Now, I know that many of the boys I am talking to have far more good-will than they ever show. Their disagreeable ways are the result of long habit and want of thought. The spoiled child is pretty sure to form such ways. He is accustomed to think only of himself, and to have others think chiefly of him. That is the trouble, I suspect, with Orson. Will he, when he reads this, resolve to break up the old, bad habit, and cultivate the better spirit that is in him?

By good-will I do not mean simply good-nature. *Good-nature* may sit still and grin. But *good-will* is active, earnest, cheering, helpful.

Ah, my boys, I have told you many stories,—and I have no doubt some of you wish I had made this a story instead of a talk. But the real motive of all my stories—the lesson I have always wished to teach in them, but which I am afraid some of you have overlooked—has been this which I am trying to impress upon you now. If I were to write as many more, the hidden moral lurking in every one of them would be the same. Or if I were now to take leave of you forever, and sum up all I have to say to you in one last word of love and counsel, that one word should be—GOOD-WILL.

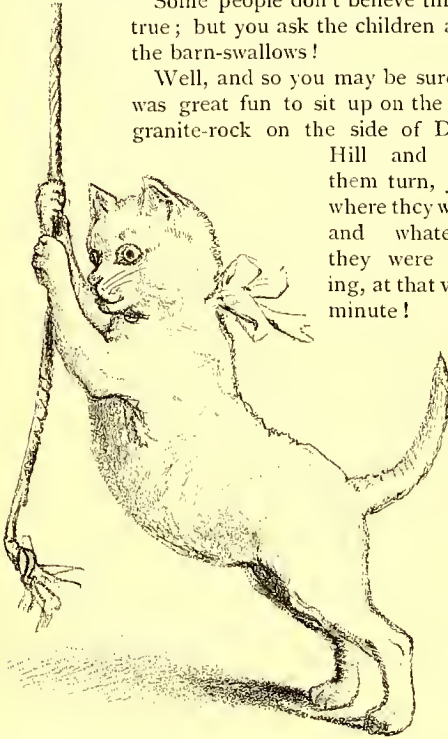
TURNING INTO CATS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

ONCE there was a law that, on a certain day, when the meeting-house bell rang for noon, every-body should turn into a cat.

Some people don't believe this is true; but you ask the children and the barn-swallows!

Well, and so you may be sure it was great fun to sit up on the big granite-rock on the side of Deer Hill and see them turn, just where they were and whatever they were doing, at that very minute!



MR. FADYON'S FOOL.

The minister's son had come into the study, with his hat in his hand, and said:

"Shall Cornelius and I, sir, take our scythes, sir, and go out and mow a little while, sir?"

And then Mr. Fadyon's fool caught hold of the bell-rope.

Mr. Fadyon's fool knew some things as well as anybody; and he knew how to ring the bell exactly when the sun-dial and the noon-mark and his grandmother's eight-day clock said it was noon.

So "ding, dong!" went the bell, and—it was only a Maltese kitten that had hold of the rope!

Just at that hour, Aunt Patty was out in her garden hoeing weeds, with an old hat of Uncle Rodney's tied on her head; and she began to turn, first her nose and then her chin. They were very long and sharp when she was Aunt Patty, and they

grew short and snubby, and whiskers began start, and her ears pricked up as though she heard something, and then, quicker than you could say "scat!" she was a spotted cat chasing Deacon Davis's hens, that were trying to sneak through the garden fence with the old rooster's spurs. After scaring them half out of their feathers, she kept on through Mrs. Deacon Davis's cat-hole and up in the back chamber, where she prowled about and sniffed in all the dark corners and behind the old tea-chests and barrels.

When she was Aunt Patty she always had no trust whether or no Mrs. Deacon Davis had some cobwebs and poke-holes out of sight, for that she kept everything looking neat as wax the outside.

And then the minister's son jumped with a spring on the minister's shoulder, and began to bite the minister's hair and claw off his glasses for he liked rough ways and mischief as well as any boy, only he had to be proper because he was the minister's son.

The minister looked around solemn and dignified, a good deal astonished; and then his glasses grew rounder and rounder, and his arms grew



AUNT PATTY.

slenderer and slenderer; and then he seemed to wink all over; and then there was a great cat, with a white spot on his throat and a

face and four white feet, sitting in the study-chair, snapping at the flies, with one paw on a volume of Jonathan Edwards' sermons.



THE MINISTER AND HIS SON.

It was a great change for the minister. But for Mrs. Deacon Davis, she did n't seem to alter hardly a bit. Her eyes were the least skim-milk before, much more faded than old cat's eyes; and her hair was pale buff and of furry. And she had a way of rubbing her-against the side of her chair as she talked along in kind of purr-purring tone. She stopped work the first time in her life, though, and taking her paw paws out of the wash-tub, went to chasing Melion-down.

It was as soon as ten clocks anywhere in town to look one at the same second, all the cats turned to people again; and you ought to have seen surprised they were to catch themselves doing odd things.

Aunt Patty was rummaging through the minister's bureau-drawer among her best clothes; bad as that looked in a cat, it looked a and times worse in Aunt Patty, with Uncle

Rodney's hat still on her head and a hoe under her arm.

Mrs. Deacon Davis was curled up asleep in the rocking-chair, and she rubbed her eyes and put her hands in the wash-tub again, and did n't know anything had happened. She would n't believe it now if you should tell her. Only, when her clock struck one (it was always a little slow), she felt grieved to see a few cat's hairs on her chair-cushion, and to find she had lost so much good time right out of the heart of the day. "But then," she thought, "my nap has rested me up completely, and with such poor health as I enjoy, I do suppose I needed it. And, all *is*, I must work the smarter to make up."

The minister looked most astonished to find himself playing with a large brown, limp rat. "It is very extraordinary! Most remarkable!" said he. "Gloriana!" he continued, turning to the black serving-maid, who was swinging herself down from the cherry-tree, where, a moment before, she had been a black kitten, chasing a squirrel. "Gloriana! you may take this dead animal and bury the creature in the garden. It will act as a fertilizer."

And then he began to walk up and down the



AUNT PATTY IS HERSELF AGAIN.

footpath, from the door to the gate, with his hands behind him, and to think over the heads of his next sermon.

On the whole, it was funnier when the cats

became people than when the people became cats; they were so surprised and shocked to find where they were and what they were doing.

Now, you just think, some night as you are dropping off to sleep, how the folks you know,

one after another, would look turning to cats, and what they would fall to doing.

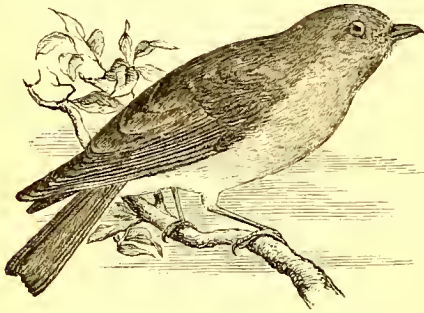
And the next thing, if you don't believe my story ever happened, you will be believing some story not a bit more true.

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

[FIRST PAPER.]

By W. K. BROOKS.

THIS morning, the 9th of March, as I was arranging the papers upon my table, my attention was caught by the notes of the first bluebird of the season. You all know what a welcome sound this



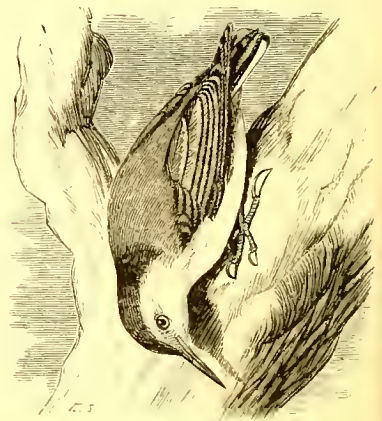
THE BLUEBIRD.

is, and how anxiously we look forward, as spring draws nearer, to the time when our song-birds shall return from their long winter journey to the south. The migrations of birds, their departure in the fall to a milder region, and their return in spring as soon as the weather has grown warm enough to make our northern latitudes suitable, are some of the most wonderful facts in their history, and I hope that a few words upon this subject will form an interesting introduction to what I have to say about "Birds."

WINTER BIRDS. -

Those of us who spend our winters in the city are apt to think that all our wild birds desert us during the cold weather, for the only birds which are found in our parks and gardens at this time are the domesticated pigeons and sparrows. In the country, however, many birds are to be met with during the whole winter, and some of them, such as the hawks, seem to be more abundant at this time than at any other; but this, probably, is owing to the fact that the bare branches do not hide them

as does the foliage in summer. Another reason why they are more often seen in winter is, that at this time their hunger drives them to hunt for food in open fields, and sometimes even in barn-yard. Besides the hawks, owls are found at all seasons and the familiar "caw" of the crow is often heard in the dead of winter. Quails and partridges are also abundant at this time, and as they can be followed by their footprints upon the snow, they are readily taken for market. Although most of our smaller birds migrate in the fall, a few do not. The blue-jay, after his winter stores of nuts and acorns are exhausted, is often glad to make a meal upon the few frozen apples which still cling to some of the topmost branches of the trees, and occasionally a large band of noisy jays gathers in an orchard for this purpose. In the woods the lightning-nut-hatch is found, even in the coldest weather.



THE NUT-HATCH.

tapping the trees with his bill, and examining every crevice in the bark for hidden insects. This bird does not seem to suffer from the cold of

most severe winter days; but when in warmer weather icy rain and sleet cover the branches and limbs of the trees with a thick varnish of ice, he is no longer able to obtain his food in the woods, and is sometimes driven by hunger to the farmer's barn-yard to pick up a little of the food which is given to the poultry. Sometimes in the dead of winter we find a stray robin, or bluebird, or black-

bird, tells of two which alighted upon the courthouse in Cincinnati; and I once obtained the dead body of one which had entered the town of Geneva, N. Y., flying about the streets as quietly as a dove, and finally attacking some meat hanging in front of a butcher's shop, where it was killed. These which I have mentioned are by no means all our winter birds, but they are enough to show that we



THE SNOWY OWL.

looking very forlorn, but still able to endure old and to pick up a scanty living. These are supposed to be stragglers, prevented by some accident from accompanying their companions in their southward.

There are a few winter birds which are not found at any other season, but spend the rest of the year much farther north. The large snowy owl is one of those Arctic regions where the ground is covered with ice and snow all the year; and extends far beyond the Arctic circle. Occasionally in winter it wanders down into the United States, and as there are no towns or villages in the open deserts among which it lives, it has learned to shun them, but often flies into them without understanding its danger, until it becomes a victim to its ignorance. Wilson, the ornithologist,

are not entirely deserted by birds at this season, although it is true that by far the larger number of them do migrate to a warmer climate.

WHY DO BIRDS MIGRATE?

Inability to stand the cold of our winters is generally supposed to be the reason of this migration, and in many cases this is true. A humming-bird or a summer yellow-bird would die very soon if it should be exposed to a winter storm; but we often have very cold and stormy weather after our earlier spring birds have returned, yet they live through it without appearing to suffer very greatly. Birds are very well protected from the cold by their feathers and their warm blood, and the stray robins and blackbirds which occasionally winter with us do not have any difficulty in withstanding the cold.

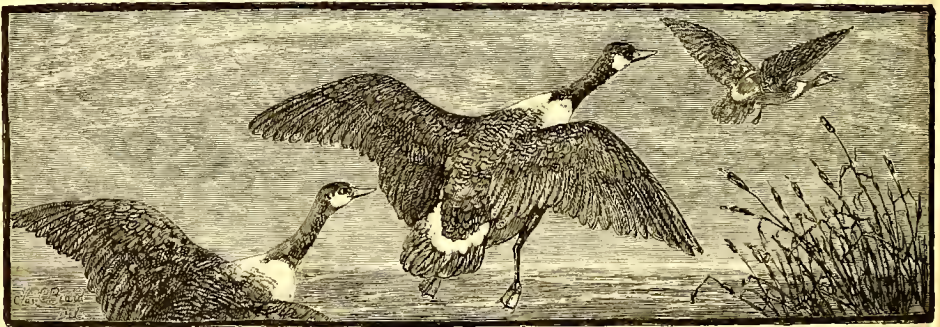
Hence we must look for some other reason for their migration. Most of our migratory land-birds feed upon insects, worms, and small fruits and seeds, and as these cannot be obtained in the winter, the birds must either move southward when the home supply begins to fail, or starve. Lack of food, not the cold, is the reason of their migration. Water-birds seem to be able to endure any amount of cold; a duck will swim contentedly for hours, entirely surrounded by ice, and not seem to mind the cold at all. Many of our common water-birds are met with in summer far beyond the Arctic circle, so that inability to stand the climate cannot be the reason why they leave us in the fall for the south. Marsh-birds, like the snipe, the coot, and the plover, and many of our water-birds, such as the wood-duck, feed upon the small animals and plants which they find in shallow water, or in the mud; but as soon as the frost comes, all the shallow water is changed to ice, so that this supply of food is cut off, and the birds must go to a warmer country.

We can see, then, that birds migrate from lack of food, and not on account of the cold weather, for those water-birds which, like the gull, are able to catch fish in deep water, stay with us through the whole winter. The lower great lakes, Erie and Ontario, are so wide and deep that they usually freeze only around the shores, and the gulls have plenty of open water on which they can fish. Sometimes, however, the winters are so very cold that these lakes are covered with ice as far as the eye can reach, and the gulls then gather in great numbers upon the open water of Niagara River, below the falls, and live upon the fish which they find there.

Every one has heard of the ice-bridge which is formed upon this part of Niagara River during very

moving up toward the falls. You will easily understand how this comes about if you watch the water driven down from a faucet into a tub. You can see from the air-bubbles that the falling stream does not stop when it reaches the surface of the water in the tub, but goes down to the bottom. Now, if you throw a little coarse sand or shot into the water, it will be driven away from the point where the stream is falling, and toward the sides of the tub; but if you put a few chips or straws upon the surface of the water, they will be drawn toward the falling stream. This shows that there is a current away from the fall at the bottom of the tub and another, toward the fall, on the surface. So Niagara there is a strong current down the river to the bottom, and another flowing toward the falls on top. About a mile below the falls, near the point where the railroad suspension bridge is placed, the river suddenly grows very narrow; and from that point down to the mouth there is a rapid downward current on the surface as well as below. The ice which is carried over the falls plunges down with the falling water to the bottom of the river, and then starts down the stream with the lower current, but as ice is lighter than water, it soon comes to the top again, and drifts slowly back toward the falls, like the straws on the water in the tub. As more ice is constantly being carried down by the water, this portion of the river soon becomes well covered with large blocks, which at length become wedged together, and frozen so that they form what is called a bridge, reaching from shore to shore. This bridge continues to grow during the cold weather, and at last forms a solid sheet of ice, nearly a mile long, and thirty or forty feet thick.

Of course this stops all fishing upon this part



WILD GESE: THE RISE.

cold winters. For a mile below the falls the river is wide and deep, and although there is an exceedingly rapid current at the bottom, the water at the top has very little forward motion, part of it actually

the river, and as not all the gulls which have gathered here are able to obtain sufficient food upon the open part of the river below the bridge, many are compelled to join the crows in searching the

and woods for stray squirrels or birds; and a large mixed flock of black crows and white gulls hunting in company, apparently on the most friendly terms, is not an uncommon sight at this time.

clamor is the only sign we have that they are passing. At night, or in foggy weather, they fly much nearer the earth, and when the air is very foggy they often become lost, and settle to wait for



WILD GESE: THE FLIGHT.

Besides the gulls, many other water-birds gather on the open part of Niagara River in the very bad weather; but they are all fish-catching birds, such as the loon and sheldrake. None of our shallow-water or marsh birds are found there, for these have migrated to the south, very clearly because of a lack of food.

HOW DO BIRDS MIGRATE?

So much about the reason why birds migrate. Now a few words as to the way in which the migration is performed.

Some birds fly only in the day-time; others, such as the fly-catchers, king-fishers, whip-poor-will, and night-hawks, do their traveling at night. Many journey alone or in pairs, although most migrate into flocks and travel in company. The migrations of the wild goose are especially interesting.

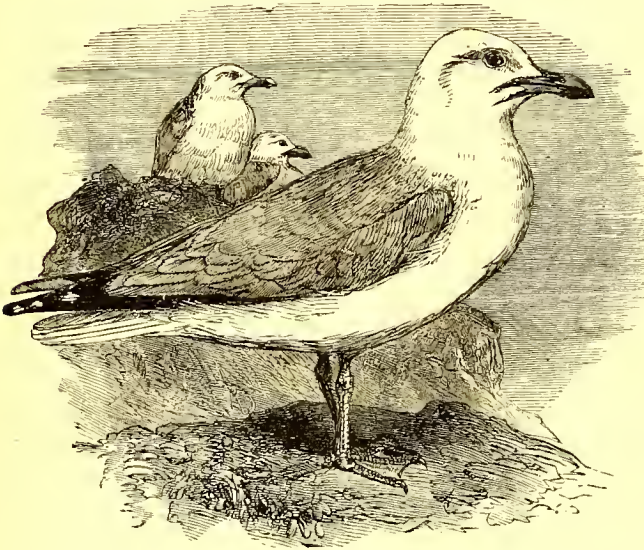
When the time for migration has come, the geese assemble, and spend some time in a quiet and animated discussion of the journey. Then they all rise into the air, and arrange themselves into long lines, meeting like the sides of the letter V. The leader takes up his position at the point where the lines meet, and the birds begin their flight, the point of the V going first, so that the leader is in advance of all the rest of the flock. There is always an old gander; only as this position is very fatiguing, one leader does not occupy it very long; but, as soon as he becomes tired, falls back to the rear, and allows another to take his place. During their migrations, they fly very rapidly according to some estimates, at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, or two miles a minute. They generally rest by some pond or stream a part of the night, but sometimes they fly all day as well as all day. In the day-time, when the weather is clear, they fly at a great height, often so high that they are invisible to us, and their loud

clamor is the only sign we have that they are passing. At such times they sometimes guide themselves by following the courses of rivers; and occasionally a flock, going south along the Niagara River on a dark, foggy night, flies directly into the falls, mistaking for a cloud the mist which rises in front of them. Of course they are instantly killed, and their dead bodies are sometimes found thrown on the rocks at the sides of the river. They often become bewildered by the bright light from a blast-furnace, and fly round and round it till daylight, calling to each other all the time, and keeping up such a constant and loud noise that they can be heard a mile or more away. Many of them become suffocated by the gases from the furnace, and fall to the ground so dizzy and helpless that they may be caught without difficulty. Young ones caught in this way, or in any other way which does not injure them, are easily tamed, and soon associate with the ordinary tame geese on the most friendly terms, appearing to entirely forget their wild life. But when the wild geese begin to fly north again in the spring, these partially tamed ones hear their calls, and all their wild instincts awaken. They become very uneasy and restless, and, unless their wings are clipped, soon bid farewell to their tame companions, fly up into the air, and join some passing flock. Nuttall gives the following story, which could hardly be believed if something similar to it were not narrated by others: "A Mr. Platt, of Long Island, having wounded a female wild goose, succeeded in taming it, and left it at large with his other common geese. Its wound healed, and it soon became familiar and reconciled to its domestic condition; but in the following spring it joined a party of Canada geese, and disappeared until autumn, when at length, out of a passing flock, Mr. Platt observed three geese to detach themselves from their companions, and, after wheeling round several times,

alight in the barn-yard, when, to his astonishment, he recognized in one of the three his long-lost fugitive, who had now returned, accompanied by her offspring, to share the hospitality of her former acquaintance."

The distances traveled by different birds vary very much. The robin, red-winged blackbird, and the like, go only far enough to find warmth and food, and one or two warm days in early spring are enough to call them back, after which they often go south again. The red-winged blackbird is found during the whole winter as far north as Virginia, particularly near the sea-coast and in the vicinity of large rice and corn fields.

Wilson gives the following account of the abundance of these beautiful birds in Virginia during



THE GULL.

January and February: "Sometimes they appeared driving about like an enormous black cloud carried before the wind, varying in shape every moment. Sometimes suddenly rising from the fields around me with a noise like thunder, while the glittering of innumerable wings of the brightest vermilion, amid the black cloud they formed, produced on these occasions a very striking and splendid effect. Then descending like a torrent, and covering the branches of some detached grove or clump of trees, the whole congregated multitude commenced one general concert or chorus that I have plainly distinguished at the distance of more than two miles; and when listened to at the intermediate space of about a quarter of a mile, with a slight breeze of wind to swell and soften the flow of its cadences, it was to me grand and even sublime."

Other birds travel much farther in their annual journeys. In the summer the humming-bird is found as far north as Hudson's Bay, but it spends its winters in those tropical, or almost tropical regions, where the flowers bloom the year through. As spring advances, this bird travels northward from Mexico by short journeys, keeping pace with the opening flowers, which afford it an unfailling supply of honey and insect food. The distance from the shores of Hudson's Bay to the regions of perpetual summer is nearly as great as that which separates New York from San Francisco, and what can be more wonderful than that a delicate bird, weighing less than an ounce, should be able to make such a journey twice a year; and not simply be able to make the journey, but to do it at the proper time, leaving the north before the cold weather has set in, and returning only after the summer is enough advanced to supply all its wants?

Many other birds also make their journey in short flights. This is the case with the robin and the bluebird, although each is able to fly a great distance without rest, for they are said to visit Bermuda, at three hundred miles from the nearest land.

Most birds make their migrations by flight, but a few do not; our ducks and rails perform at least part of the journey on foot. The penguin is a water-bird, with short wings which are almost bare of feathers and are useless for flight, although they serve as excellent fins for swimming. In order that the feet may be more useful in swimming, the legs are placed so far back on the body that the bird is almost

less upon land, and therefore makes its migrations by swimming.

All the birds so far spoken of undertake their journey at certain definite seasons, and their direction of march is north and south; but there are many birds which make migrations of a different character. Wild pigeons, for instance, move in whatever direction they are likely to find food, as often to the east or west as north or south, and these journeys take place at any time when there is a scarcity of food. About fourteen years ago wild pigeons were very abundant over the Western States, and as they do not take them a great while to eat up all the food in any district, they were migrating in large numbers almost continually. No one who has not seen them can form any conception of the numbers that travel together. The approach of a flock

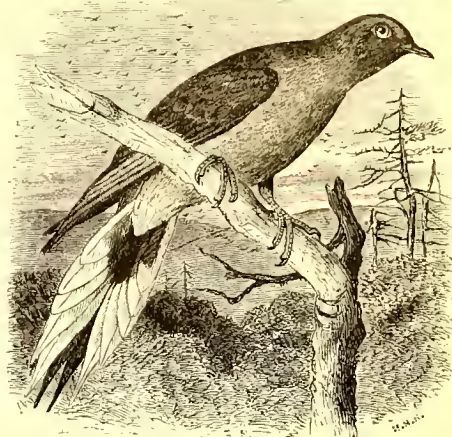
the coming of a thunder-cloud; the sky is clouded by them so that it suddenly grows dark, and the noise of their wings is like that of an approaching tornado. At the time I have spoken of, I think it was in 1864, they were so abundant in northern Ohio that millions of them were forced to cross Lake Erie to Canada every day for food, and to return at night to roost. The lake opposite Cleveland, where I saw them, is about seventy-five miles wide, and their roosting-place was about twenty-five miles from the shore of the lake, so that they must have flown at least two hundred miles each day. The lake shore, at Cleveland, rises abruptly from the water's edge to a height of nearly eighty feet, and on their return in the evening, the birds flew very close to the surface of the water until they reached the shore, when they rose just far enough to clear the top of the bluff, which was lined with men armed with guns, clubs, nets, stones and fish-poles, standing ready to attack them. The flocks were so dense and the birds flew so near the ground that many were killed with long poles; and though thousands were slaughtered every day it did not make any visible diminution of their numbers. So many birds were killed and wounded at this time, that no one tried to collect those which he himself had killed, but each one gathered what he could find. Some did not even load their guns, but only fired off caps, thus saving their ammunition, and claiming their share of the birds. In the corn and wheat fields in the vicinity of Cleveland, pigeons were so abundant that two men and a dog could kill enough in a few hours to load a wagon; and I have seen a man without a dog, but with a retriever dog, gather all the birds he could carry, simply by collecting those which others had wounded and allowed to escape and feed themselves. The destruction of crops which has an abundance of pigeons gives rise to is as great as that caused by the grasshoppers, and it is very fortunate that these immense flocks do not return to the same region year after year.

WHAT GUIDES THE BIRDS?

We have now seen the reason why birds migrate, and the manner in which the journey is made. Now, the question will be asked, "How are the birds guided upon their journey?" It is hard to answer. Naturalists know something about it, but very little indeed.

We know that many birds, the geese for instance, travel themselves under the direction of a leader, and we know that this leader is an old bird which has made the journey often before. Many birds hatch so late in the season that they are too young and feeble to make the journey at the time their friends start for the south. Therefore, they

are left behind, and although they soon grow up and become strong enough to migrate, they do not know the way, and as there is no old bird to show them the path, they are compelled to stay through



THE WILD PIGEON.

the winter, and live upon such food as they are able to find. We see from this that the journey is not directed merely by instinct, but that some experience is also necessary, for if it were not, young birds could find their way as well as old ones. Then, we cannot understand how it is that geese become confused and lost in stormy weather, unless we believe that they find their way by memory of the landmarks. No one who watches a troop of swallows, when they are preparing to leave us in the fall, can doubt that the knowledge of the older birds is very important. As the time for migration draws near, these birds gather in large flocks, and spend several days in preparing for the journey. They keep up an incessant twittering, and often start off for a short flight in order to try their wings; when at last they have learned the surrounding country so well that they will have no difficulty in recognizing it when they return, they mount into the air together, at a signal from a leader, and begin their long voyage to the south.

These noisy consultations and preliminary flights would not be necessary if the migration were entirely due to instinct; and those who have examined the subject the most carefully, conclude that both instinct and experience have part in it.

MIGRATION NOT CONFINED TO BIRDS.

Birds are not the only animals which migrate. The journeys of the salmon are as regular and remarkable as those of birds. The salmon lays its eggs in small, shallow streams of fresh water, often a thousand miles or more from the ocean. These

eggs are left to hatch by themselves; yet when the little fish reach the proper age, they abandon the small streams where they were born, and begin their long trips to the ocean. When they reach salt water they find abundance of food, and grow very rapidly. They remain in the ocean until the time comes for them to lay their eggs. Then, in some wonderful way, they find the mouth of the river by which they reached the ocean, and travel up it, through lakes and over rapids, falls and mill-dams, sometimes leaping over obstructions which are more than ten feet high. Having reached the shallow streams where they were born, they lay their eggs, and then return to the sea, but so thin and haggard that the fishermen at the mouths of the salmon rivers call them by a different name, and it is hard to believe that they are of the same species with those which are caught while ascending the rivers. Once in the ocean again, they quickly recover their lost strength.

The great migrations of insects are so well known

that I need say very little about them. You remember the army of locusts told about in the Bible. Within a few years we have learned that our country is not free from dangers of the same kind, for in the Western States swarms of grasshoppers may come up before the wind, and sweep over the country, changing verdant fields into brown desert, and leaving no green thing behind them. These insect migrations, like those of the wild pigeon, do not occur at any particular season and are caused by lack of food.

It is not generally known that our gray squirrels sometimes assemble in great troops and migrate to a better country. This does not occur very often; but occasionally, when the squirrels are very abundant in a region where food is scarce, they band together and move straight forward, through forests and fields, until they find a place where food is abundant. These, and the journeys of many other animals, show that the tendency to migrate is not confined to birds.

HANS GOTTENLIEB, THE FIDDLER.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

A LONG time ago, in the good old days, when the world was fresher than it is now, when fairies were abundant, and when, were one bold enough to climb the breezy hill-tops, one might see scores of little red-capped dwarfs and mannikins dancing in the magic circle of the moonlight,—a “Nix,” a mysterious water-spirit, had his home in a pond adjoining an old, ruined mill near Westerhausen.

When spring came, and the yellow-stocking storks laid dead sticks crosswise on the high roofs of Westerhausen houses, and so built their nests,—when the frogs at night piped in the lowland marshes, and lambs capered in the moonlight on the misty hill-tops,—the Nickleman of Westerhausen would rise to the surface of the water, and beguile the sleepy echoes of the old mill to strange responses by the magic music of his violin. It was a music that no man with safety to himself might hear,—so piercingly sweet, yet so wild withal, that to listen to it was to be possessed by a strange madness; and the unfortunate being so bewitched would haunt the mill-pond night after night until his body wasted away and he died. This is what some of the good folks said; others affirmed that the music was so gay and rollicking, and yet so

enchancing, that when one heard it, one was compelled, by an uncontrollable desire, to dance; and instances were even known where men had died from the effects of such uncanny waltzing.

Now, there was a certain fiddler in Westerhausen Hans Gottenlieb by name, that used to play the violin at all the fairs and weddings.

Although Hans was an excellent performer, he was never contented with his own music; but when the young men would crowd around to thank him for his fiddling, he would say, sadly:

“Ah, yes! it’s all very well, this playing waltz, but if I could only fiddle one-quarter as well as Nix of Westerhausen, now that would be something like!”

At length, Hans’s continued complaints were overheard by a swineherd, who was a wise man and saw strange sights, and knew curious things that no other man knew.

“So you would like to fiddle a-quarter as well as the Nix, would you?” said he.

Yes, Hans would.

“Very well! On the next St. John’s Eve at midnight, carry a jet black cock to the mill-pond, and, standing with your back to the water, the

n. Then repeat these words: 'Nix! Nix! black
ck in water. I on land, thou in water. Come,
ch me to play one-quarter as well as thou.'
er this, take your violin and play upon it, and
I shall see what will happen."

Hans was delighted. He could hardly curb his
patience until St. John's Eve should arrive. As
in as the old church bell in the ivy-covered belfry

tented now that the Nix himself had taught him;
and he was contented—for a space. But one might
as well expect to see a sieve filled with water as an
unwise man satisfied with what he possesses, no
matter to what extent his wants may be relieved.
So it was with Hans; in two months' time he had
begun to grumble as loudly as ever.

The wise swineherd having assisted him once,



THE SWINEHERD WHO KNEW CURIOUS THINGS.

the hour of midnight, he sallied forth, with
ack cock in a sack, and did as the cunning
herd had directed. No sooner had he com-
ed to play upon his violin than he heard a
in the water, and the next minute a cold,
y hand was laid upon his own.
n that time, Hans Gottenlieb could play
than any man in the region.
ry one said that Hans surely would be con-

Hans hoped that he could, and expected that he
would, help him again. Accordingly, he applied
to him once more.

"If I could only play one-half as well as the
Nix," said he, "I feel sure I should be satisfied."

"I doubt that very much," said the swineherd;
"you had better hold what you have, without
grasping for more. Still, if you will have it, catch
a black cat and do as I told you before."

e could not hear even a word of scandal, was the only one who did not join in the unwilling revel; and, although she wept bitter tears at having misdeafened her ear-trumpet, it was lucky for her as well as the rest of the good folks, as after-events proved, that she was deaf to the alluring cadence; otherwise there might have been a number of dancing skeletons waltzing in Westerhausen to this day.

The dancing community finally made the old man understand that they desired her to consult the wise swineherd in regard to their case, for since it had been indirectly the cause of all the hubbub, she was, in all likelihood, the only one that could give the proper remedy.

The swineherd, who had shown his wisdom by slipping away from the bewitched music, made the woman understand that he did know the proper remedy, but that he would not apply it until the town council had guaranteed to pay him the sum of two thousand guilders.

The members of the town council, who at that time were dancing with the others, freely consented to pay the required sum. They complied the more

readily with the swineherd's demand when they considered that the money was to be paid from the city treasury, and not from their own pockets.

The wise man then stopped his ears with wool, so closely that he could not hear a sound. He then made his way to where lord and lady, burgher and beggar, priest and people, pigs and all,—the great butcher beside the little tailor, every now and then treading on his toes,—were dancing and screaming.

The swineherd drew his terrible, flashing war-knife, and, walking up to the now more than ever terrified Hans, he cut—the strings of the fiddle across. The music instantly ceased, and every one stopped dancing.

They immediately paid the swineherd his two thousand guilders from the city treasury, and from that time he was a rich man.

Poor Hans could never play upon the violin afterward. He died a poor man, while, if he had been contented with his natural talent for music, he never would have been at a loss for notes to his last day.

"GOD KNOWS."

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

[“Perhaps your young readers will be interested in this incident connected with the wrecking of the emigrant ship ‘Northfleet.’ The baby’s grave is in the church-yard of Lydd, near Dungeness, England.”—*Extract from Author’s note.*]

! wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
Just outside of the harbor bar,
The sight of the startled town!
Winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
The little ones on their mothers’ breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.
No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
We were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand:
Men who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain,—
The sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

lay the watchers paced the sands—
Day they scanned the deep;
Might the booming minute-guns
Hoed from steep to steep.

“Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!”

They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby’s fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down,
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor’s marble dream.
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
“God knoweth,” the Pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard’s hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby’s head
With the carven words,—“God knows!”

WHY NELLIE WAS NOT POPULAR.

BY CONSTANCE MARION.

"WELL, Nellie, what is the matter?" asked Miss Percy, as she seated herself in a straw rocker on the piazza, where Nellie sat, chin in hand, pouting over a portfolio of prints that lay outspread before her.

"I'm mad!" was the reply.

"Mad! That is distressing. I hope you don't bite."

"Oh, of course I don't mean *that!*" said Nellie, turning away from the pictures with an injured air.

"I am vexed!"

"Then why did you say *mad?*"

"Oh, you are too particular, Aunt Alice! What do you think Kate Sibley has done?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Her mother gave her leave to invite three of the girls to go with her to the picnic in Cedar Creek, and she asked the Morrises, and Minnie DuBose, and left me out, though I have worked every one of her examples ever since we have been in Denominate Numbers. It is just the way with them all. I do everything they ask me to do, and they all hate me. I'll be even with them, though, — I'll hate them, too."

And the future misanthrope began to sniffle and use her pocket-handkerchief.

"Don't you think it would be a wiser plan to make them love you?" asked Miss Percy, gravely.

"I can't do it," replied a chokey voice from behind the handkerchief.

"I have tried, but I ca-an't. They all like Rosa Guignard, who never does anything for anybody, but—but —"

As Nellie did not seem able to finish what she wished to say, Miss Percy came to her relief by observing, quietly:

"The girls all like Rosa on account of a very rare gift which she possesses."

"Rose Guignard gifted!" exclaimed Nellie, surprised into forgetfulness of her wrongs. "Why, Aunt Alice, she is 'way down in all her classes, and you know she is n't pretty,—that is, until you get used to her."

"But it is a much rarer gift than either intellect or beauty, that which Rosa possesses," returned Miss Percy.

Nellie's red-rimmed eyes asked a question to which Miss Percy replied with brevity, "Tact."

"Tact? What is that?" asked Nellie.

"I don't know any better definition of the word than one a great novelist has given: 'Tact is knowing what not to say.'"

"Don't I know what not to say, Aunt Alice?" asked Nellie, after a short silence.

"No, my dear; I don't think you do. You will take offense, probably, if I give you a few examples as proofs of this; but as I am in your mother's place this summer, I shall take the liberty of speaking plainly. Do you remember who were in the company yesterday when you coolly asserted that 'the Roman Catholic religion was nothing but mummery,' and went on to observe that, for your part, you looked upon a Romanist as no better than a Mohammedan, or a Jew?"

"There were so many—such a roomful—that I cannot — Oh, Aunt Alice! I do remember now! Mademoiselle Durand was here, and she is a Romanist. I am so sorry!"

"And Miss Lyons was here also, and she is a devout Jewess. Did you notice that she kissed Kate Sibley when she went away, and did *not* kiss you?"

"Yes; and I wondered what was the matter. But mademoiselle kissed me."

"Yes, mademoiselle kissed you, although a red flush had not died out of her cheeks which your thoughtless words had called up; and there she showed herself to be, what Miss Lyons is not, a lover of Him who, *when He was reviled, reviled not again.*"

"Well, Aunt Alice, I did n't *mean* any harm, and you know everybody makes mistakes once in a while."

"But you make mistakes a great deal often than other people do. Shall I give some of the instances of your not setting a watch on your lips?"

"If you like."

"Don't be sulky about it. I am 'cruel only because I am kind.' When we were told the other evening that Miss Collins had small-pox, you immediately declared that if you were in her place you would rather die at once than get well and be a freckle all the rest of your life. It was too dark on the porch to see the expression on Miss Adger's de-scared face, but I remember that lady's next remark was, 'I can't endure pert children.'"

"You can't expect me to see in the dark," returned Nellie.

"No; but you ought to have remembered Miss Adger's presence. And you have not darkened an excuse for what you said yesterday before Mr. Pratt—that you believed all red-haired persons to be of bad tempers."

"Of course I meant present company excepted." "It would have been better not to mention red hair at all in Miss Pratt's presence, as her hair, though beautiful, is decidedly of a reddish tint. You made another blunder yesterday, and I think old Dr. Manning had had Elisha's power, you would have stood in considerable danger of being broken to pieces by the bears after your facetious remarks on the subject of bald heads." "Oh, I never thought about *his* being bald!"

and get Minnie DuBose to play that, as Nellie says *she* does play it beautifully."

"Resentful creature! Well, at any rate, I have never said anything against Kate's *looks*."

"No; on the contrary, I once heard you remark in the presence of a dozen of her schoolmates that she was *by far* the prettiest girl in Mr. Radford's school; but then you went on to qualify your praise by coolly observing, 'However, I don't think that is saying *much* for her.' You showed more temer-



NELLIE.

But, my dear child, these are matters that are to be thought about. Let me give you one simple rule, Nellie: *Never remind any one of her personal defects.*"

"I'll try to remember that."

There is another thing you would do well to remember—that comparisons are odious. When Sibley played the 'Beautiful Blue Danube' for me the other evening, it was scarcely in you to exclaim as soon as she had finished: 'Oh, Aunt Alice, you ought to hear Minnie play that! She does play it *beautifully*!' In the evening, when I asked Kate for the 'Mazurka,' she replied, 'Oh, you must wait

ity than I imagined even *you* were possessed of in giving so many young girls to understand that you did not consider them at all pretty."

"Well, I *don't* think them pretty."

"Nor interesting either. At least so I judged the other night when, as they were going away, you observed, yawningly, 'Only ten o'clock.' I thought it was a 'great deal later than that.' You are an unselfish child, Nellie, and always ready to give up your own pleasure to oblige your friends; but you will never be popular until you learn to bear this in mind, that although it is always wrong to tell falsehoods, it does not follow that it is always right to tell uncalled-for truths."

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF EASTER.

BY OLIVE THORNE.



DOUBTLESS all you young folks know why Easter is kept with rejoicings all over the Christian world. I am not going to tell you *why*, but *how*; for though all Christian nations celebrate it, each has its own peculiar customs for the occasion.

I suppose your idea of Easter celebration is to decorate the church with flowers, have extra-fine music on Sunday, and on Monday have colored eggs—you hardly know why. But if you were a little fur-clad Russian, you would look forward to Easter-time as you here do to Christmas. You would expect to have, on Palm Sunday, presents of flowers and fruit, birds and angels, all made of wax, and tied with ribbon to a palm-branch (or a stick representing one). And not only these, but books and playthings, and whatever nice gifts Santa

Claus brings to you here in America. The playthings you would use at once, and the palm; or you would keep carefully till the next morning when it would be your duty, or at least your privilege, to go about the house and whip all the liebeds, who were too sleepy, or too lazy, to go to early church. And when Easter arrived, you would have more eggs than you ever saw. Not only of Biddy's snowy-shelled baby-houses, but wonderful and beautiful things that grew in the glass-house or the porcelain-works. These would be of different sizes, ornamented with gold or colored flowers, and stuffed with candies and other nice things; or eggs made of gilt and silver paper, holding raisins and sweetmeats,—things to be hung up with ribbon and kept with your treasures.

And funny sights you would see in St. Petersburg, though they would n't look funny to you seeing through Russian eyes. You would see the whole city burst out into kisses! Every one kissing all his friends, at home or abroad, in the house, in the street, wherever he chanced to meet them; every general in the army kissing his officers; every captain his men. Every merchant saluting his clerks; every man his household. Even the Emperor kissing, not only his private family and noblemen, but the generals of his army and a whole private soldiers, enough to imply that he kisses the whole army. This would be a curious sight to American eyes, would it not?

But if, instead of Russia, your home were in Emerald Isle (as poets have called Ireland), you would be careful to get up early on Easter morning, to see the sun dance when rising! You do it in America just as well, by the way, and it just as well, too. You need only a great deal of faith, and a small spring or bit of clear water to look into. Try it, and see.

Very different would be your Easter if your mother wore a mantilla over her head, and your father was a dark-haired Spaniard, and lived in Seville. You'd be a Roman Catholic, of course, and you would go with mamma to the grand Cathedral to see the paschal candle—a monster of a candle family, nine yards high, made of wax, standing on a marble pedestal, and lighted with brand-new fire, struck from a flint by a priest.

Then you would hear high mass, beginning behind a great veil or curtain, and at a certain point in the ceremony, you would see the curtain snatched off, and fire-works burst out of the u

ry, and all the twenty-four bells of the tower ring out together in a lively peal, and all bells of the city would join in. Then you would go into the streets, and see people shooting stuffed figures of Judas Iscariot, hanging from stretched across the street. And if you were on the ocean, and could see the ships, you would see the effigy of this same Judas hung to the ship's stern, dipped in the water, and beaten over the head and shoulders when it came up.

At a stranger festival you would see at this time if you were so unhappy as to belong to the Turks. On the break of day, the Pacha goes to an open square away from the city, where he thrusts a knife into the throat of a ram, laid on an altar. Instantly a Jew snatches up the victim, and flings it over his shoulders, and runs for a mosque. The poor animal is alive when he reaches the mosque building, the omen is good, and every Turk believes that the year will be a fortunate one; but if the ram is dead, groans and laments are heard, the year will be bad. That matter settled, there is a strange celebration, which I feel sure must be a painful sight to many. Every man sacrifices a sheep, as he is able, in the open street; the blood of the victims streams down the street. The people dance and sing, shout, and discharge their guns. This lasts for eight days.

Very different would be your customs if your country were Victor or Marie, and your home Paris. On Good Friday you would go with the grown-ups (if you were big enough) to the fine churches in the city, every one of which you would find decorated with flowers and other ornaments, and brilliantly lighted with hundreds of wax candles. There you would meet all your friends, also on a sight-seeing. And on Easter-day you would see *amma come out in a new bonnet!*

Nothing not very unlike this you can see in the most fashionable churches, where it has been introduced among other French fashions, I suspect. Another French custom, originated by so great a monarch as Charlemagne, was that of allowing every man to give an Easter-box (on the ear) to every Jew he met, as a mark of contempt. The custom has nearly outgrown this barbarism, but it is still seen in Paris, where Jews are often thrown through the streets with stones, and their heads broken, on Easter-day.

Nothing more agreeable would be Easter among the Arabs, where the joyful day is announced by the sound of hymns, accompanied by guitars, and sung by bands of musicians adorned with flowers. On the first of the music at the door, every family comes out to join in the chorus, all rejoicing together on this happy day; then the wandering singers go to the next house.

But in Rome you would see the most imposing of all Easters. Hundreds of strangers go to that city every year, to see the grand procession,—the Pope carried through the streets on the shoulders of men, sitting in his crimson chair of state, dressed in gorgeous robes, with silken canopy over his head, and preceded by two men bearing immense white fans of ostrich plumes. After celebrating high mass in St. Peter's, the Pope comes out on a balcony, and blesses the people; and in the evening, the grand dome, and all parts of the grandest church in the world, are brilliantly illuminated.

But as you are neither Spaniard nor Turk, French nor Italian, but American, you will like to know some of the queer things done about Easter-time, by our cousins over the water. In London, public festivals are nearly as rare as in our sober American towns; but in the country some of the old customs still linger.

Ceremonies begin with Palm Sunday (the last Sunday before Easter), when many Londoners "go a-palming." That is, into the country for branches of willow (since they have no palms). They come home with the soft yellow sprigs in their hats and button-holes, and bits held in their mouths. What becomes of the willow, after it has done duty as palm branches, history does not tell; but I do not suppose it is hung over the door to keep away evil, as it was of old in England, nor nailed to a balcony to preserve the house from lightning, as in Spain.

The next celebration is on Good Friday, when nearly all England is waked by the cry of "Hot cross buns!"

"One a penny buns,

Two a penny buns,

One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns!"

In the old times, every family would send out and buy some of the hot, spicy cakes with a cross stamped on the face, for the breakfast-table. This, like other old customs, is fast dying out, and buns are neither so plenty nor so nice as they used to be.

This usage has been traced by some to the pagan custom of worshipping the Queen of Heaven with cakes, which still prevails in China, Mexico, and other countries. In past days, in England, bread was baked on Good Friday to keep through the year, in the belief that a little of it in water would cure any disease. This may be the origin of the buns, which some ignorant people nowadays keep hung up in their cottages.

Easter is the great festival, and what relics of old-fashioned observances still remain, are different in different parts of the kingdom.

Long ago, tansy cakes and tansy puddings were eaten at Easter, in memory of the bitter herbs at the paschal feast. In the same days the clergy

and people played ball and danced in the churches. The highest dignitaries of the church—even the archbishop—joined in this ceremony. A dean, or other official, would begin it by starting a chant, and gravely dancing around to the tune, tossing the ball to others of the clergy who were dancing also. When this ceremony was over, the performers retired for refreshment, of which bacon—to show contempt of Jews—was a standard dish.

Another custom in Durham, is for men to about the streets and take off a shoe from every woman they meet, unless she will pay a small sum to prevent it. The next day, as is but fair, women retort by doing the same to men.

In some parts a still more ridiculous custom is found, called "heaving" or "lifting." On Easter Monday the men "lift" women, and on Tuesday the women are the lifters. It is done thus:



EASTER HYMNS IN THE ALPS.

Of Easter Monday rites various curious relics still linger. One, called "clipping the church," is performed by children of the charity schools, amid crowds of people and shouts of joy. They place their backs against the outside of the church, and join hands till the circle is complete and the building surrounded, when the ceremony is over, and they go to another church.

strong men cross hands in the way we used "making a chair," in my school-days, or the a chair lined with white, and decorated with and ribbons. On meeting a woman in the they invite her to take a seat, and, in fact upon it. They then lift her into the air times, when she must kiss each of her lifters give them money besides. In the time of Ed

s custom was so general that even the king was lifted."

in Kent, the young people on Easter Monday go to a pudding-pieing." That is, go to public-houses to eat pudding-pie, a dish about the size of a saucer, with raised paste rim, and custard inside.

And everywhere, and all the time, are eggs, fresh, boiled and colored; striped and mottled, and gilded; ornamented with names, or mottoes, or pictures. Common ones are variously decorated with designs drawn with a bit of tallow, which keeps the dye from taking on those parts. A better kind of decoration is to scratch the design with a sharp knife on an egg after it is dyed; mottoes, mottoes, etc., can be made very neatly. A common game—which, perhaps, you know—

is played with Easter eggs. The owner of a hard-boiled Easter egg challenges any one he meets to strike eggs with him. If his egg breaks the other, it is called "the cock of one," and its owner has the broken one as a trophy. When it has broken two, it is "cock of two," and so on. If an egg which is cock of one or more is broken, the conqueror adds the number of trophies won by the victim to his own score.

The custom of making presents of eggs is said to be Persian, and to bear allusion to the "mundane egg," from which the world was fabled by certain nations to have been derived. It is a custom among Jews, Egyptians, and Hindoos, and was adopted by Christians to symbolize the Resurrection.

This feast of eggs, therefore, very properly occurs at Easter.

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

REFUGE.

THE peddling philosopher ate his supper by and by snatches, while he listened to the boy's own narrative.

At the close, he appeared chiefly struck by the fact that the drowned person had money in his pocket.

"What makes it worth your while to look for money?"

"Otherwise, and aside from that," he said, "I get a fresh cup of coffee, "I don't see that it is worth much. I take a philosophical view of it. Everything is made up of nat'ral elements. We use them for a while, then they return to nature. Just as we return, after we get through with 'em, and make a particle of difference to the parties concerned. I mean me and you, after we've got off this mortal coil."

Jacob confessed that he was unable to take quite a philosophical view of the subject.

"For my part," he said, "I should n't like to see anything that ever belonged to my friend, and that was a part of him,—not even his clothes,—taken away, and treated without respect."

"That's a nat'ral prejudice," said the proprietor of the Ark. "Not many persons have got above a nat'ral science shows us what we've come from

and what becomes of us, and cures prejudice. Do you see that?" holding up the skeleton of a fish.

Jacob saw it.

"Every creatur' that's got a backbone is a vertebrate animal. Man has a backbone; so has a fish. Man is the highest of the vertebrates; the fish is the lowest. In nature, the lowest forms came first, and the higher were developed out of 'em. Next to fishes come reptiles, then warm-blooded creatur's, up to monkeys; then comes men. Your great-great—'way-back—great-grandfather was a fish. Before the fish there were lower and lower forms, 'way down to the first little simple speck of a living thing that we've all come from. That's the doctrine of *Evolution*. Darwin didn't invent it any more than I did. But he demonstrated it. I can't demonstrate it so well as he does, for I have n't the book-knowledge. He makes a good deal out of *nat'ral selection*, and what he calls *survival of the fittest*. Forms of creatur's all tend to vary, and conditions are always changing; and when there comes a variation that's best adapted to a new condition, that is preserved, while those that aint adapted die off; at the same time the strongest kill off the weakest: and in this way Nature has built on and built up till she's got to man. Whether she'll have time to go any further, and make something as much ahead of man as man is ahead

of a monkey, before the planetary system cools off, is a question I have n't made up my mind about. The earth has cooled off already, so that she is supported by the heat of the sun; and the sun can't keep on throwing off heat into the universe many million-million years longer without losing so much that we shall finally all freeze up here on this little planet; just as the moon froze up long ago, when the earth cooled down. Now, I've told you what we've come from," Sam Longshore added; "would you like to know where we go to?"

"I should like to know where I am to go tonight," replied Jacob, less interested in the remote past or the far future, than in the immediate question of bed and shelter.

The philosopher came back to practical matters.

He regretted that he could not accommodate his visitor on board the Ark.

"I've only just a bunk for myself to tumble into. But you'll find farm-houses a little ways up the creek. There's a village further on, which I'm going to run up to in the morning. If you hurry, you'll find some house where the folks aint yet abed. If you propose to look for the belt of money, may be I'll see you in the morning."

Jacob waited only for a few simple directions as to the course he was to take, and started. The peddler called him back.

"There's so many tramps and impostors traveling through the country, telling big stories to excite sympathy, that may be you wont find anybody to believe you. I believe you, because I've got the science of human nature. I'll lend you a little money. Here's half a dollar,—that ought to pay your lodgings somewhere and breakfast into the bargain. If you find the belt you may pay me back. I suppose you'll offer a reward for it, wont ye?"

"I'd willingly give all the money I have in it to have *him* found," said Jacob.

"That's too much," replied the peddler. "Say twenty-five dollars—that's a handsome offer. Well, good-night! you'd better hurry."

Keeping on up the creek, by a rough sort of wagon-road, Jacob passed a stump-lot, some cleared fields, a house or two in which all was dark, and at last came to one in which there was a light.

Before he had time to knock at the door, it was opened, and a woman with a pale and rather large face looked out at him with a start of surprise.

She was evidently expecting some one else, when she saw this boy.

"Can I stop here overnight?" said Jacob.

"I do not know," she answered, regarding him intently, but not unkindly. "Where does thee come from?"

Notwithstanding his unfavorable opinion of friend

David, the boy felt a thrill of hope at the sound of the gentle voice and the Quaker form of speech.

He set out to tell his story; but before he had got half through she made him come in, and took his hat from his hand, and brought him to the kitchen fire, where she made him sit down and put off his shoes, and warm his feet and dry his clothes.

She did not betray either much astonishment or much sympathy; but her voice kept the calm and even tone of a person accustomed to constant self-control. Her words were kind, however, and her acts were still more kind.

She offered to set out a supper for him, but assured her that he was not hungry.

"Thee must not avoid telling the exact truth for fear of giving me trouble," she said, with a simple, earnest smile. "We have had many persons in distress in this house before, and it is my duty to do for such."

Jacob replied that he had supped with the peddler.

"I think I know the man," said she. "A vain person in his talk; one who has drunk a little of the new wine of knowledge, and it has gotten into his head. But he deals in excellent fabrics, and we sometimes trade with him."

She saw how haggard Jacob looked, and added, "Since thee will not have food, thee shall have bed, for thee is very weary; and the sooner thy clothing is put off, the better."

"Oh, I am almost dry now; walking has warmed me," Jacob replied. He was glad to accept the offer, nevertheless.

With a heart warmed and grateful, he followed her to an upper room, where there was a comfortable bed; also a little stand, on which she placed a candle and left him. He quickly undressed and got into bed; then she came and took his clothes, to hang them by the fire, and carried the candle, bidding him a pleasant good-night.

He could not remember that any woman had ever been so much like a mother to him. Her kindness was a balm to his heart, after his many sufferings; and, soothed and comforted, he fell into a troubled sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

A STRANGE BEDFELLOW.

HE was living over in frightful dreams the evening of the evening, when there came again a sound of footsteps to the house.

The woman, who was still waiting and listening below, once more hastened to open the door. Again she was disappointed. A second stranger stood before her.

"Is there a hotel near here?" he inquired

"There is none nearer than the village," she replied,—“about two miles up the creek.”

As he hesitated before speaking again, she observed him closely. He wore his coat buttoned tightly across his chest; he had a youthful face, and his manners were pleasing.

“I find myself in an awkward situation,” he said at length, turning frankly toward her. “I have been out in the storm, and walked I don't know how many miles, having lost my way. Would it be possible to get somebody, at this time of night, to carry me to the village?”

“Nay, I fear that will be difficult,” the woman

“I got something at a log cabin,” he said,—“all I need to-night. I am so tired, I think I will, if you please, accept the bed you kindly offer me.”

“Then come with me.” Taking the lamp, she showed the way to the chamber. “I think he is asleep,” she said in a whisper, “and it would be a pity to waken him. I have put his clothing by the fire; if thee will place thy garments on a chair outside the door, I will take them too.”

Moving silently, she set the lamp on the stand, and withdrew.

The stranger, left alone, glanced curiously about the room, and at his bedfellow buried to the eye-



“SHE TOOK HIS DAMP CLOTHES, TO HANG THEM BY THE FIRE.”

1. “But we can give thee shelter, and at part of a bed, if thee will accept so much. We have already one stranger guest, a lad, who came but half an hour ago; and he has our only room. But thee can share it with him.”

“This is unexpected kindness!” exclaimed the man, gratefully. “I ought not to trouble thee. And yet he could not resist her urgent request that he would walk in.

“I am expecting Matthew, my husband, to come to-morrow,” she said. “If thee will not take the room, then thee can sit by the fire and dry thy garments till he comes. Thee has had no supper?”

brows under the coverlet; then he began to undress.

For some reason his eyes kept glancing at the bed, as if, being a fastidious gentleman, he felt some misgivings about sleeping with a stranger. At length, having got off his outer garments and his wet boots, he took up the lamp, and stepped cautiously to the bedside.

To protect himself from a mosquito or two which he heard buzzing about the chamber, Jacob had covered his head, leaving only a breathing-place under the folds of the sheet. Just the tip of a nose was left visible, with a few locks of light hair.

The stranger lowered the lamp, and gazed for some seconds with curiously excited interest. Then he cautiously laid hold of the sheet about the head, and drew it down until an ear was exposed to view. It was the ear that had the scar upon it. His countenance lighted up with a strange smile. Then, having gazed a moment longer, he softly laid back the sheet, and stepped stealthily away.

Having quickly put on his garments again, he took the lamp in one hand and his boots in the other, and went down-stairs. He found the woman in the kitchen; and as she looked up at him with a mild questioning gaze, he said:

"I should like to place my boots near your fire; but my clothes will be dry by morning if I leave them in the room. I forgot to tell you that I shall have to take a pretty early start. I will pay for my lodging to-night, so that I can get off in the morning without disturbing you."

He was opening his pocket-book as he spoke.

"Nay, thee is welcome to thy entertainment, such as it is," she answered. "We never take money of wayfarers. I am sorry that thee must go so early; but if thee cannot await breakfast, I will leave something on the board for thee."

"Do you often entertain strangers in this way?" he asked, with a smile.

"Not of late years," she said. "But there was once a time when many a poor wayfarer found refuge in this house."

He glanced at Jacob's clothes and little black bag by the fire, and remarked:

"My bedfellow was out in the storm too, I take it."

"Nay, worse than that; he was in the river."

"Ah! How happened that?"

"The Cincinnati boat got aground above the bend, and some of the passengers had been ashore, when, as they were returning to the steamer, their skiff was overset by the raising of the cable, and one of their number was drowned. It was a dear friend of this boy's, and he left the steamboat—which went on its course—to search for him."

"Was the drowned person recovered?"

"Nay; there was a tug-boat employed to search for him, but with no success. It leaves the lad in a deplorable situation. The drowned man was his only friend in the world, he says."

"How distressing!" said the sympathizing stranger.

"To make the matter worse," she continued, "all the boy's money was in a belt which his friend wore about his body."

"And that is lost too!"

"I fear so. He will get help in the morning, and make further search. But, to do the lad justice, it does not seem to be the loss of the

money that troubles him, but the loss of his friend. I never saw any person more devoted to another. He can scarcely speak of him without tears."

The stranger seemed a good deal affected by this account of his bedfellow.

"I regret that I have business engagements which will take me away so early," he said. "I would stay if I could, and join him in the melancholy task of seeking for his friend. If I don't see him before I start, tell him, if you please, how much I sympathize with him in his misfortune."

Just then he who had been so long expected came to the door. The wife started to meet her husband. The stranger did not wait to make his acquaintance; but, having gracefully uttered the sentiment which did so much credit to his heart, he returned to the chamber.

There, having put out the light, he undressed noiselessly in the dark, and got into bed, taking care not to disturb his weary bedfellow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

THANKS to youth and health, and fatigue of body and mind, Jacob slept well, in spite of his dreams. They waked him once or twice in the middle of the night; then when he opened his eyes again it was day.

A flood of anxious and painful thoughts rushed upon him, and he started up. It was a moment before he could make out just where he was. Then he remembered everything, and had also a strong impression that when he woke at midnight he had felt somebody in bed with him.

He found his clothes dry and hanging on a chair just inside the door; his shoes and bag beside them. The sight of them brought back upon his heart all the good woman's kindness to him, and made him catch his breath and wink hard as he thought, "Oh, if I had had such a mother!"

He hurried down-stairs to meet her, and instead a gravely smiling girl,—a sweet young Quakeress of fourteen. She was placing dishes on the table, when she turned and greeted him with demure composure.

"My mother bade me tell thee that breakfast will soon be ready," she said, in accents which gave a peculiar charm to the Quaker form of speech.

For a moment Jacob forgot his impatience to get back by the river-side, searching for his friend. He never in his life had heard so sweet a voice, nor seen a face and form of such simple grace. He made him think of Florie, not because they were alike, but because they were so different. The little Quakeress was a gracious lily; Florie a red rose, with all a rose's thorns.

Jacob was trying to frame a reply to her, when the mother entered the room.

"I know thee will be in a hurry, and I have hastened thy breakfast," she said, after a motherly rearing.

"You are too good to me!" was all Jacob could say, and that in a broken voice.

"We used often to get earlier breakfasts than is for our guests," she replied. "But until last night it is some time since strangers have tarried with us. I see that thy bedfellow is gone."

"Then I had a bedfellow?" said Jacob. "I was wondering whether I dreamed it."

"Yea, a wayfarer like thee; a civil-spoken young

So Jacob sat at breakfast, waited upon by the sweet young Quakeress. It seemed to the homeless, friendless lad as if he were being entertained by angels; and he felt, as he took leave of them and started for the shore, that, though he should never see them again, he must always be a better boy, and a better man, for having known them.

He looked for the peddler on his way, and, not seeing him, concluded that he had gone up the creek. But, keeping the bank of the river, he soon spied the little Ark moving away under full steam, about half a mile further on. At that distance it looked like a large tub, with a smoke-pipe.

The morning was beautiful after the rain. The trees shook their sunlit tops in the fresh breeze, the shore-grass waved, the river glanced and glittered in the early light. Jacob felt his heart leap with the gladness of youth. Then he thought of his friend, and wondered how he could be happy even for a moment.

The tub was turning and zigzagging along near the shore, and by running on the bank he soon came abreast of it. Sam Longshore, with his dog beside him, was on the bow, holding with one hand the tiller-wheel, which was behind him, and looking over intently at the water. Evidently his philosophical mind was for the time interested in Mr. Pinkey's money-belt.

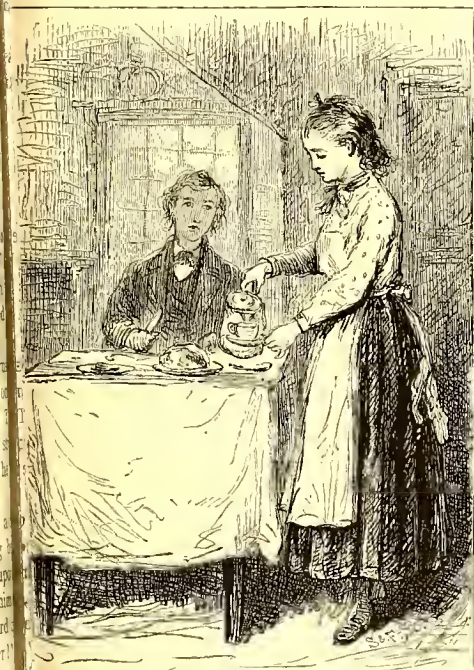
Hearing a shout from the shore, and seeing Jacob, he headed the Ark to the sloping edge of the bank, and called to him to come aboard. Jacob stepped upon the bow as it struck.

The peddler had changed his position, and was now standing in a little pit-like place under a projection of the cabin roof. One hand was on the tiller-wheel before him, while the other reached back to a lever of his little engine in the hold. Ripper, the dog, watched and growled; but Jacob was not afraid of him now.

As soon as he was aboard, the bit of a steamer backed water, fell off into the slow, smooth current, then breasted it again, puffing and panting at an amusing rate, up the river.

"You see, I had a sort of kind of hankering for that belt of money," said the peddler, maneuvering his tub. "I've been up once to the tow-head and the trees you told about. Now I'm just scooting round a little at random. It's a poor show. I calculate it's got lodged on the bottom somewheres; if the water was clear there'd be some chance of finding it. Did ye spend the half-dollar I lent ye last night?"

"I have n't paid it away yet," replied Jacob. "I stopped with some people who were so good to me that I was ashamed to offer 'em pay. But I left my bag with them, and when I go back for it, I mean to make them take the money if they will."



JACOB AND THE YOUNG QUAKERESS.

who seemed touched when I told him thy
He bade me say to thee how gladly he
I have tarried to aid thee in the search for thy
friend, but that important affairs prevented.
food on the board for him; he must have
it, and gone when it was hardly day."
wish I could have seen him and had his help!"
Jacob. "Whom can I get to help me?"
"Matthew, my husband, will find some person
with him in a boat. But he came home late
early last night, and he will not be so soon
as thee. So if thee likes thee can take thy
and go on down to the shore, and he will find
ere. Be seated; Ruth will help thee."

“What sort of folks? Ye did n't stumble on to Quaker Matthew's house, did ye?” said the peddler. “Well, I want to know! If you'd been black, I should have sent you there. Being as you're merely white, I never thought on 't.”

Jacob looked puzzled.

“Don't ye understand? Matthew Lane,” said the peddler, with a dry pucker meant for a smile, “used to be station-master on the underground railroad.”

“What's that?” said Jacob.

“You an Ohio boy, and don't know what the underground railroad is?—or rather used to be, for it's gone up since the war.”

“I guess the tracks were never laid in the part where I lived.”

“Mebby not. But there was a pretty extensive branch down here. Some say Quaker Matthew brought his family on from Pennsylvania expressly to take charge on 't. So ye don't know what the underground railroad was! Well, I'll tell ye.”

Jacob expected to hear one of those curious scientific explanations in which the peddling philosopher delighted. But he was mistaken.

“In the first place, there wa' n't no railroad about it. It was just a private arrangement for running off fugitive slaves. They used to escape across the river from Virginy and Kentucky; a good many got captured and carried back, but some that fell into the right hands got off to Canady. Quaker Matthew and his wife had the name of helping a good many. They did n't seem to be fanatical on the subject, and it was never proved that they induced slaves to run away from their masters. But if one came to their house they would harbor him, and Matthew would help him on his way to some other station-master of the underground railroad, as it was called, who would take him in his team and give him another lift. It was against the law of the land; and when Matthew was hauled up for it, he simply said he was obeying a higher law, and doing as he'd be done by. He was sent to jail, and fined for different offenses about two thousand dollars. That's what makes him a poor man to-day. They wont take any money of ye, so I guess you may as well hand me back that half-dollar.”

Jacob produced it promptly.

“On the hull, though,” said the proprietor of the Ark, after stooping down and throwing a small scoopful of coal into the little furnace of his engine, and taking time to reconsider the subject, “you'll want it some time, and you may as well keep it. Though it's like looking for a needle in a haystack, to try to find that belt. This river is always riled,—digging out its channel and carrying away the earth. It has cut through strata of rocks

and beds of coal and iron ore, as you can see in some places. You think the country is high along the shores, don't ye?”

“It looks so,” said Jacob, absently, fingering the half-dollar.

“But when you get up there, you see that the country aint high at all. It's the bed of the river that's low. Go back a piece, and you find a higher country beyond, which used to be the shore, ages ago. Since then the river has cut this big ditch for itself, sixty or seventy feet deep, and in some places half a mile wide. It's flowing now just along the bottom of the channel; but high-water fills it clean up. When you go to Cincinnati, you'll see on the river-front of the city a long row of immense posts, fifty feet above the present level of the river. You'll wonder what they're for. I'll tell ye beforehand. When the river is high, comes right up to the street, and these posts are tied up the steamboats to.”

The peddler seated himself on the side of the bow-deck, with one hand on the wheel and his legs hanging in the hold, and continued:

“You must know, a pretty considerable volume of water flows through such a channel, time of freshets. The river rises and falls a monstrous sight quicker, late years, than it used to. Do you know the reason?”

Jacob did not, nor did he care much for it then. He stood holding on to the projection of the deck looking with sadly wistful eyes over into the water while the philosopher at the wheel explained.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE OF SAM LONGSHORE'S PHILOSOPHY.

“You see, the country was once all forests both sides. Then, when there came heavy rains or great thaws, the water run off slower, and kept running longer. Now, a big part of the forests has been cut away, and the land sheds water like a duck's back. The river is up brim-full, then down again in a few days. I can't make headway against a very strong current. Curious,” added the philosopher, “how the force of the stream and the force that works a steamboat up against it, both come from the same source. Did ye ever think of that?”

Jacob never had.

“Of course not. Only a few men of science have. Up to the village, a little above where I stayed last night,” the philosophical peddler went on, “they've got some mills. They've dammed the crick, shet back the water, and got what they call a power. Now, not one person in ten thousand knows the origin of that power. Tell 'em the heat of the sun, and they'll laugh at you.

it's just what it is. It's the heat of the sun that makes evaporation. A vapor goes up from seas and wet places, and makes clouds. Clouds make rain. Rain fills the streams, and the streams turn wind-mills. To put it differently,—the sun lifts the water, and the water falling again, turns your machinery."

Jacob saw the force of the argument, and smiled in surprise. Though not a great philosopher, Sam Longshore, he was, like all intelligent men, interested in tracing the reason of things.

"In a good many parts of the country," said the peddler, "they're going back to the old-fashioned wind-mills. On the prairies of Indiana and Illinois, particularly, they're sticking up the patent wind-mills that tend themselves, and pump water for locomotives at railroad stations, and do a hundred other things. Well, ask any man you see what the power is that does the work, and he'll say, 'You fool, you! don't you see it's the wind?' A man said that to me once. Says he, 'It's you that's the fool, and I can prove it.' I tried to prove it I did, to his satisfaction,—or rather dissatisfaction, for it made him as mad as a hop if anybody knows how mad that is. 'The sun,' says I, 'warms the atmosphere, more in some places than others.' He admitted that. 'Heated air,' says I, 'tends to rise.' He owned up again. 'The air rises,' says I, 'more air must rush in to its place.' He could n't deny that, either. 'The sun,' says I, 'it's the sun that makes the current of air,—what you call wind,—and turns the wind-mill. Now, who's the fool?' Oh, I tell ye, I've done a pile of thinking in my day!"

And the peddler smoked and shook his head in deep astonishment at his own vast and profound understanding of things.

"I should tell you of a man who heated his machinery by water-power, you'd smile, perhaps."

"Think I should," said Jacob. "Well, he did, and he did n't. He did—in this way. The water turned his machinery, and he heated his machinery turn a great iron plate which was on another iron plate; the friction heated the plates, and they warmed his shop like a stove. What was it water-power? Strictly speaking, no. It was the heat of the sun that raised the vapor that turned the water that turned the wheels was changed into heat by the friction. Queer, aint it?"

Jacob thought it was. "Now, coming back to what I said of the steam-engine working up against the stream. You call it water-power. I call it sun-power again. For what heats the steam? Water heated. What heats the

water? Burning a little wood or coal. Now, coal is a vegetable product, like wood. It's the sunlight that makes vegetables grow. And it's the heat of the sun stored up ages ago in this little shovelful of carbon,"—he brought up a specimen from his coal-bin,—"that will make steam for me, and propel my boat for the next half-hour. Aint it curious?"

So saying, he chucked the coal under the little engine-boiler, slammed the furnace-door, seated himself on the top of the bow-deck, and laid hold of the wheel again.

"Now you see how the same power that lifts vapor and makes rivers, makes vapor again and drives the steamboat up-stream. I tell you, there's only one great source of power for us,—and that, after all, aint heat."

The peddler smiled quaintly on Jacob.

"What do you suppose it is?"

Jacob was puzzled to decide.

"It's gravitation, probably. Every particle of matter attracts every other particle. Hold up a piece of steel, let go of it, and it falls. The piece of steel and the earth rush together. The steel falls down to meet the earth, and the earth falls up—just a little ways—to meet the steel. When they come together, they make heat. If the steel hits stone, it strikes fire. So we see gravitation makes motion; motion checked makes friction; friction produces heat,—which is only another kind of motion. All the heat in the sun and planets has been produced by the rushing together of the particles of matter of which they are composed. So you see there is only one kind of force, whether you see it in the wind, or in water, or in steam, or in this hand which I lift,—for I get my strength from the same source; I eat the animal, that eats the plant, that grows by the light and heat of the sun, that's produced by gravitation."

"But what is gravitation?" said Jacob.

The peddler smiled his wisest and quaintest smile as he made answer:

"Young man, you beat me there! Some things neither I, nor you, nor no other man don't know."

With which sentence, strong as negatives could make it, he headed his craft toward the shore.

"Now, yender are the trees, I take it, 'longside of which your boat was upset. I propose to land, take an observation, and see what we can see."

This proposal suited Jacob better than philosophy just then; and taking the end of a line which the peddler passed to him, he stepped ashore with it as the Ark grounded, and made it fast to the root of one of the fallen trees.

THE LION.

IF any of you ever saw a lion, I am quite sure that he was in a cage. Now a lion in a cage is a noble-looking beast, but he never seems so grand and king-like—you know some people call the lion the King of Beasts—as he does when he is free. Of course, almost any living creature will look happier and better when it is free than when it is shut up; but there is another reason why the lions we see in cages do not seem so grand as those which are free.

We almost always go to see wild animals in the day-time, and animals of the cat-kind, of which the lion is one, like to take the day for the sleeping time. So, when we see them, they are drowsy and lazy, and would much rather take a good nap than be bothered with visitors. If you could go and look at them at night, it is likely we should find them much more lively.

Lions are natives of Africa and Asia, and there they roam around night and are not afraid of any living creature. They sometimes stand and roar as if they wished all other animals to know that a lion was about and that they would do well to behave themselves.

When a lion is hungry, he kills a deer or an antelope, or some such animal, and eats it. But sometimes he comes near to men's houses and fields, and kills an ox or a cow, and carries it away. A lion must be very strong if he can even drag away a great ox.

The male lion is much handsomer and finer looking than the female or lioness. He has a large head, with a great mane of hair hanging down all around his head and over his shoulders. This gives him a very noble look. The lioness has no mane at all.

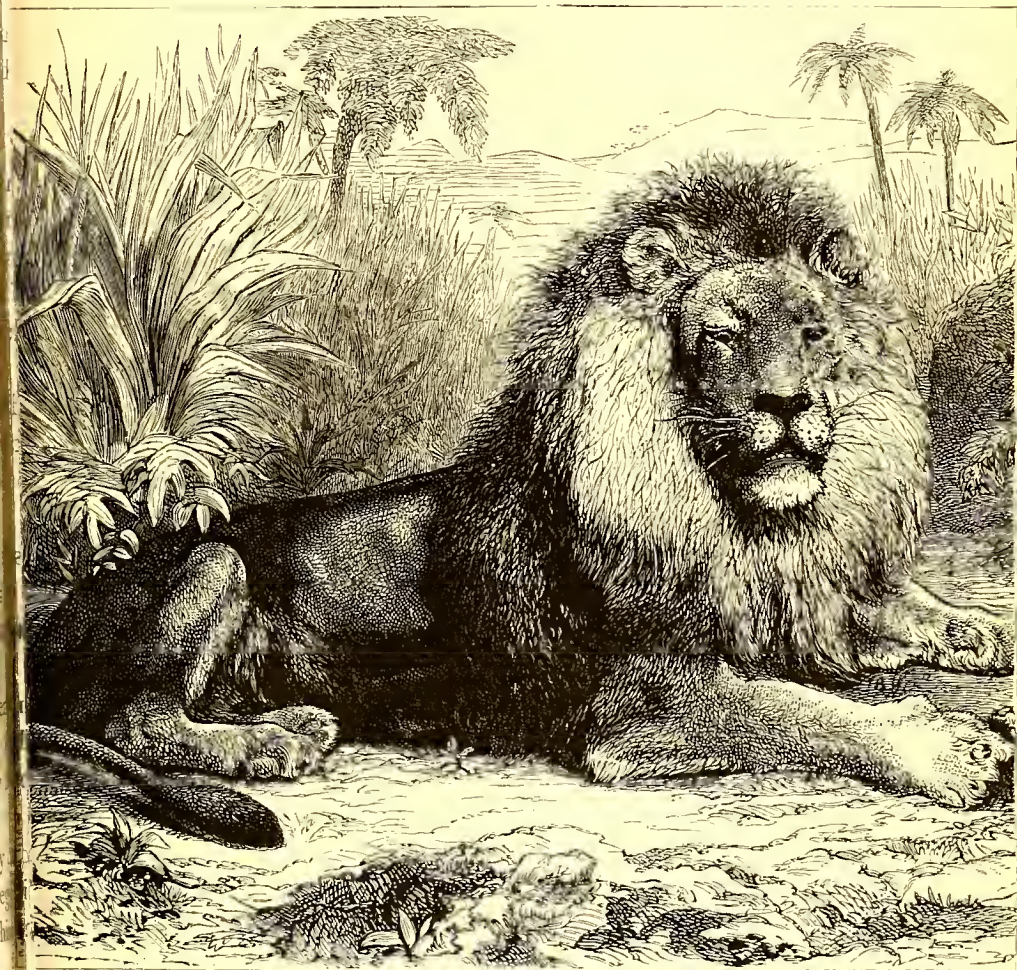
Baby lions are funny fellows. They look something like clumsy dogs and are quite playful. But long before they are full-grown they begin to look grave and sober, as if they knew that it was a very grand thing to be a lion.

Two half-grown lions that I saw not long ago, looked just as quiet and sedate as their old father, who was in the next cage. But perhaps they had their play and fun at night, when there was nobody there to see them.

Some lions are quite easily tamed, and often learn to like their keepers. I suppose you have seen performing lions in cages. The keeper goes into the cage and makes the lions, and sometimes leopards and other animals jump about and do just as he tells them.

As the lion seems to have a better disposition than most other savage beasts, he sometimes becomes so tame that his keepers do not appear to be at all afraid of him.

But he is really a wild beast, at heart, and it would never do to let the very tamest lion think that he could go where he pleased, and choose his



THE LION.

...ner for himself. It would not be long before he would be seen springing
...on a cow or a horse—if he did not fancy some little boy or girl.

So, after all, there are animals which have much nobler dispositions than
...lion, and among these are elephants and dogs—who not only are often
...ted servants of man, but also seem to have some reasoning powers, and
... known to do actions that are really good and kind.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHENEVER I hear country folk rejoicing that the days soon will be getting longer, and laying half of their short-comings to poor Winter because its days were so short, I wink slyly at the birds, and set them tittering. Bless your heart! these cute little creatures never trouble themselves about the approach of short days. Why? Simply because most of them make it a rule to go where the days are longer. Birds have the same intense desire for sunshine that flowers have. Like flowers, they turn their backs to the dark and their faces to the light. When the days shorten in the north, the birds go south. There are other reasons for their going, but this surely is one.

Runeberg, the Swedish poet, during a long illness, occupied himself by observing the habits of birds; and at the end he declared that, like good men and women, birds always are seeking the light. (I get all this partly from the birds and partly from a newspaper scrap that flew about me one day until I caught it for the children.) "When days shorten," he writes, "the birds go to southern climes, where the nights recede. But as soon as the long northern days set in with their luminous long-drawn hours, the wanderers return to their old haunts. It is generally supposed that they move southward to get more abundant food; but why do they leave the rich southern feeding-grounds to return northward? Simply because one thing is richer there; and that is, light. The bird of passage is of noble origin; he bears a motto, and his motto is, *Lux mea dux.*"

As neither the Deacon nor the dear Little Schoolma'am happens to be around, Jack prefers not to translate the Latin—if it is Latin. May be it's only bad spelling, and really means "luck's mere ducks." But there is n't much sense in that. Some of you little chaps who send translations of the Latin stories in ST. NICHOLAS may be able to

make something out of this motto of the birds. In my opinion, however, the birds around here don't take the trouble to lay out rules for themselves in the dead languages.

A PAPER-MAKING SPIDER.

SPIDERS have been noted so long as spinners of the finest of silk, that it strikes one a little oddly to think of one as a paper-maker. But hear this true story that has just been told to me.

In the heart of the African Continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper-maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat surface about an inch and a half square, on the inside wall of a hut; the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this glues the square carefully around the edges.

When all is done, the spider—which is quite a large one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother-spider leaves her nest in the day-time to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves.

AN APE'S DEATH.

DEAR JACK: We are so used to looking upon monkeys and ape as frisky, playful creatures, with no thought beyond their mischievous pranks, that we forget how, in some circumstances, they show real distress, and even a pathetic sorrow that is almost human. Lately, at the Zoölogical Gardens at Dresden, a fine ape named "Mafula," from being full of life and playfulness, suddenly began to droop. It was evident that some mortal ailment had seized her, and that she dimly realized the hopelessness of her condition. She would fully respond to any kind of office in a way that seemed so plainly; "You are kind, but you cannot help me." "This state of things," says the London "Echo," "lasted until within a few hours of her death. Then, as Herr Schopf (the director of the garden) leaned over his favorite, the ape drew him toward her, placed his arm around the neck of her friend, and looked at him for some time with clear and tranquil eyes; she then pressed her cheek against him, motioned to be laid upon her couch, gave her hand to Schopf, as though bidding farewell to a companion of many happy years—and slept never to wake again."

Thinking that some of my ST. NICHOLAS cousins, dear Jack, might be interested in poor Mafula, I have written you this little letter.—Your sincere friend,
ROBBY D.—

A GOOD "BLOWING-UP."

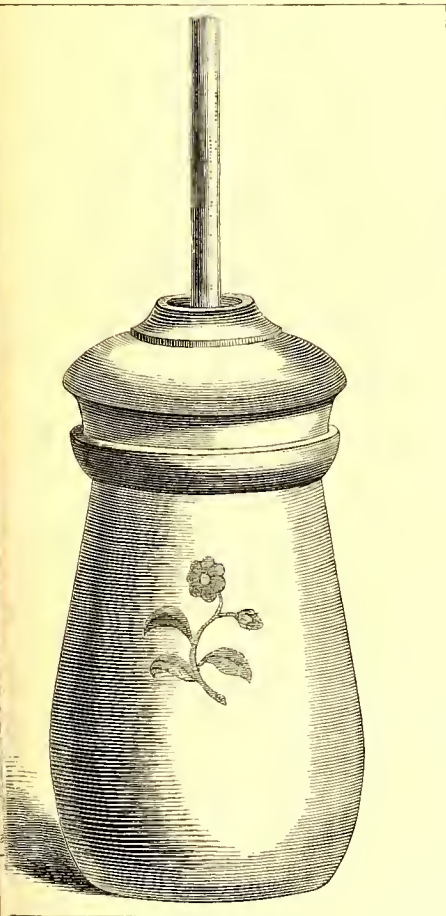
I'VE heard country folk speak of "blowing up" their children in the hope of curing them of laziness and other bad qualities, but never until lately have I heard of blowing up lazy grape vines by way of improvement. Yet, a new contributor to ST. NICHOLAS says that the thing done, and a very sensible plan it seems to be. Yes, Some enterprising grape-growers in Austria have lately used dynamite, a very explosive material, cultivating their vines. In order to loosen the s

let in air and moisture to the roots, holes are made in the ground near the vines, and in them all quantities of this substance are exploded, sending the earth to the depth of about eight feet. How much better than any spading and digging, and how much more easily and quickly done! I cannot conceive of anything more likely to give grape-vines a good start.

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER.

Saratoga Springs, January 29.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I send you an original recipe for butter. When I was in the country, I saw them making butter, and thought that as I had a dolly's churn, I would like to make some



succeeded, and so I wrote down the recipe. I send you a copy of my churn, full size.—Yours truly,

RUBY H. WALWORTH.

you must be sure that the top of your churn will come off; take some sour cream and fill the churn about half full, and when all the butter comes. Take it out and put it on a saucer; take a spoon and some water, and put the water with the butter, stir and work it well; put on fresh water several times to get the buttermilk out; then put a little salt in the butter. Scald the butter before putting it away.

—A churn three inches high will give a thimbleful and a half of butter. It takes about an hour to churn it. R. H. W.

ROYAL, BUT NEVER A KING.

A SCHOOL-GIRL sends your Jack a nice letter, in which she tells of a man whose life was "almost made of thrones, and who yet never sat upon a throne himself." It was Philip the Handsome, of Burgundy, she says, who died just 371 years ago. He was the son of Maximilian I. of Germany, the father of Charles V. and Ferdinand I. (successively Emperors of Germany), and of Eleanor, dowager Queen of Francis I. of France, and Mary dowager Queen of Hungary. Husband of Joan, afterward Queen of Castile; son-in-law of a king and queen (Ferdinand and Isabella), he was never a sovereign in his own right.

A NEW WAY OF COMFORTING.

THERE'S nothing like a comforting word when we are in trouble, and the least thing one can do when one has a necessary hurt to inflict, is to thrust in a bit of consolation at the same time. Jack heard, the other day, of a bright little four-year-old girl in Ontario who has discovered this principle for herself, and who carries it out in a most original manner. A nice long letter, telling of her odd ways, says:

"Mamie—that's her name—was death on the potato-bugs last summer. She would stamp on one, and, with a pitying shake of the head, say, soothingly: 'Poor sing! Mamie'll never hurt oo any more!' Then straightway she would look for others, treating them one by one in the same way, and each time with the same assurance: 'Mamie'll never hurt oo any more!' Very consoling to the striped victims, was n't it?"

JACK-STONES.

DEAR! Dear! What curious things people do find out! Now, what do you say to your pet game of Jack-stones being a very ancient Greek game? Yes; pictures have been found in Pompeii of children playing it. They did n't call them "Jacks,"—no, indeed!—they had a dignified name,—Astragaloi. And the pieces were not glass, like the young Roman's, nor stones, nor cast-iron, like yours,—but the small-joint bones of sheep. They used five of them, though,—just as you do. In England, this game is called "dibbs;" and in Scotland, "chucks."

Now, Jack does n't know, but being a Yankee, he has a right to "guess,"—and he guesses that your name of Jacks comes from that same word "chucks." "Chuck-stones" easily might have been corrupted to "Jack-stones." What do you think about it?

There's a statue in Berlin, I'm told, of a young girl playing "Astragaloi."

AN OLD FLAME.

TRAVELERS tell a great many strange stories. I heard one telling, not long ago, of a fire in Persia that had been kept steadily burning by the Fire-worshippers for over three thousand years, without being allowed to go out during all that time.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO MAKE A BIRD-HOUSE.

A BIRD-HOUSE like the one shown in the picture can be made easily and quickly. The materials for its construction can be collected, if need be, from the mere scraps of boards and slats usually to be found in any work-shop, and the only tools needed are hatchet, nails, and saw.

First, take the widest board you can find, of not more than an inch in thickness, and saw off a piece some two inches wider and longer than you desire your house to be. This is for the bottom or floor of your house. Then take the slats and saw off a number of pieces, making their length equal to the height you have chosen for the sides of your house. Place as many of these edge to edge as, when closely joined, will make up the length of the house from front to rear, and nail a wider strip of wood across the top, on the outside. Repeat this process with exactly the same measurements, and the two sides of your house are ready.

Now for the front and back, which will require more care, as you have here, in each case, to form a gable. As easy a way as any, perhaps, is this: After placing edge to edge as many of the slats as are necessary to make up the width of your house from side to side, nail them to a cross-piece, placed on the inside a little below the middle. Now take one of the two sides which you have already finished, place it edge to edge with the new layer of slats, their bottoms on an exact level, and mark the spot on the edge of the new layer where the topmost point of the completed layer touches it. This, you see, is an end of the gable where one of the eaves will be, and of course, must be of exactly the same height as the sides of the house; therefore, the above way of measuring is safest, unless you are an expert with the rule.

You have now one of the starting-points for your gable. The one on the other side of the house will be on an exact horizontal with it, or can be obtained by the same measurement which was employed to find the first. From these two points you can mark the top lines of the gable to their point of meeting, using any slant you choose, but remembering that the top of the gable should be in a direct line above the center of its base. Saw out your gable along the slant lines which you have drawn, and, along the edge of each on the outside, nail a piece of molding. The way in which these pieces will have to be joined at the top, is shown in the picture more readily than described. This done, all the process must be repeated, as with the sides, to form the other surface, though with this advantage, that you can, if you are very careful, take the completed end as your guide and thus save trouble and delay in measurement.

Having made the four sides of the house, select the one for the front and nail a slat across the bottom of it on the outside. A little above this, make a round or square hole for an entrance, adding, if you choose, a small porch over it as shown in the picture.

The four sides are now ready to be joined together, and the joining is an easy task. If your slats are thick enough, and you are skillful with the hammer, you can simply nail the side of the corner slat of one surface to the edge of that of the other; or, you can place a piece of molding (as long as the side is high), in each corner and nail the corner-slats to its sides. Then set this hollow, box-like house in correct position upon your bottom-board (which, you will remember, is so large that there will be a margin of two inches on every side), and mark on the bottom-board the dimensions of the inside of the house. Along the inside of each of the four lines thus made, nail a piece of molding firmly to the bottom-board; then set your box over these again (if you have done this part well, the four sides will fit closely over the molding), and nail the sides of your house to these pieces of molding inside it. Then your house is ready for the roof.

If you can join them closely enough, this may be formed of slats, screwed to, and projecting slightly beyond, the pieces of molding

which you have fastened already along the slopes of the front and rear. If these fail, a wide, thick shingle, or a piece of thin board sawn to the proper size, will do for each side of the roof, and two easily can be made water-proof where they join. Indeed, a good bird-house as that shown in the picture can be constructed with less labor, by using a single thin board for each slope instead of the slats. In that case, however, the boards for the front and back should be thicker than those for the sides (or the reverse) in order that it may be nailed together the more easily and securely. Or seven pieces are needed for a house of this kind, and after these have



THE BIRD-HOUSE.

been joined together, pretty pieces of bark and lichens can be tacked to the outside of the house so as to cover it completely.

The best and fittest support for the house is a small, stout limb of a tree, with projecting branches; and, probably, one of the proper places can be obtained in any woods. Saw off the main trunk at a point a little above the crotch, and the branches at a somewhat greater distance; place your house upon the end of the trunk, and by being on the branches notice what point of each branch touches the margin of

bottom-board, when the house is on a level. Saw off each branch at that point. Then place the house in position for the last time and sten the margin of the bottom-board to the projecting branches with screws. Set the support firmly in the ground, as you would a post, by dig-

ging a hole, inserting the support, and then filling up and packing with earth until it stands straight and firm.

It only remains to plant vines and flowers around the support, and, in time, you will have the gratification of beholding a real and substantial castle in the air. C. G. L.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Providence, R. I., January 13, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard the other day, from a lady who is living with us, a story, which may interest some of your readers. She had a little girl, this lady had a myrtle-tree, of which she was very fond. One day, a clothes-pole fell upon one of the branches and split it clear to the trunk, and the trunk itself nearly to the roots, completely separating it into two parts, though it did not break it off. The plant was one which she valued very much, and being very unwilling to let it die, she hit upon this way of healing it: cutting the two halves carefully together, she wound a rag round the round the split part, plastered this well with mud and water, and beside this bound another rag. Every one said that the plant would die, and that neither her method nor any other could save it. It never even withered, and before long healed completely, and grew as before.—Your constant reader,

CHARLES HART PAYNE.

Penn Yan, Jan. 1, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell about some puddings; they will not rival Mother Mitchel's tart, but they were pretty large. In New England, before the Revolution, the farmers used to make enormous corn-puddings. It took about ten bushels of corn to make one, and once, one of them fell over and knocked down two men, a law was made, that none containing over four bushels of corn should be made. It is impossible to say how I like ST. NICHOLAS.—Yours respectfully,

X.

MORE ABOUT THE REAL GIANT AND GIANTESSE.

Dyersburg, February 1, '77.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new contributor, twelve years old. I thought I could write something that would please the young folks. I will tell that little girl who spoke of the giant and gigantesse, Estlin Bates and his wife, that I have seen them thrice at fairs here in Dyersburg. They were very pleasant people, indeed. I talked to them frequently. Mrs. Bates showed me a most beautiful set of diamonds that the Queen of England gave her. It was so massive even a gigantesse could not wear them but a few hours at a time. I had a gentleman boarding with us who had to stoop when coming through the door. We children thought he must be a giant; but when Captain Bates came, our tall man could walk under his arm. I was ten years old at the time, and was thought large for my age; still I only came to Mrs. Bates's knees.—I am yours truly,

MADGE CHILD.

Washington, Indiana.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I like ST. NICHOLAS,—oh, so much! I wait as patiently as I can for your come. When I get it, mamma, and auntie, and I scramble to which will read it first. Finally, whoever gets hold of it has to shout to keep peace. I want to tell the girls and boys in the neighborhood about a splendid old dog I had, that died last summer, old age. He was seventeen years old, and weighed one hundred forty pounds. You ought to have seen him. When I was a little fellow, he took care of me. When I went out to play or walk, the old dog would come toward me, he would stick up his ears and growl, as much as to say, "Don't you come near my boy;" and as he was so large and fierce, they generally took the hint, and let me alone. He never hurt me. I used to ride on him, and sit on his back and play by the hour; but no one else could do it. He was such a good dog to watch the house! No stranger could come in unless he first poked to him first. He was so kind to all his friends! When we went away on a visit, when we came home he would be so glad he would run and jump,—show in so many ways that he was us! Before he died, he lost his hearing and eyesight. Poor fellow! just before he died, he wandered off into another part of the yard, and we had to bring him home. Every one in town knew where he was. We miss him very much; and I wish all the bird-dogs would be dog-defenders too. Please put my name down as bird-defender.

W. Mr. Editor, will you please publish my obituary notice?

because I am sure Towser has gone to dog-heaven, and I want every one to know he was good enough to go there; and I want the children and you to know that we boys in Indiana read the ST. NICHOLAS, and love it so much!—Yours truly,

FRANKIE VAN TRUE.

New York.

DEAR JACK: In again looking over the ST. NICHOLAS for December, we found a description of the Moravian Christmas Putz. Now, I merely wish to tell you that it is not necessary to go to Bethlehem, Pa., to see such a Putz, as there is one, and a very handsome one, too, in this city at the present time. My brother made such a miniature landscape, and if you or the dear little School-ma'am would like to take a look at it, we would be only too glad to show it to you. I doubt if Mamie H. has seen a prettier one than ours, and only wish that she could see it. I cannot describe it to you, as it would take too much time: I will only say that it covers a space of 10 ft. by 6 ft., and the larger part of our back-parlor, and contains everything to make a perfect landscape.

Yours truly,
EDWARD B. MILLER.

AMONG THE BOOKS AT THE CAPITOL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: With your permission, I would like to give the little folks a few items about the National Library, or Library of Congress, which has grown to be a wonderfully big collection of books. It is now the largest in the country, containing more than 283,000 volumes, besides from fifty to seventy-five thousand pamphlets. Within the short space of five years, it has added one hundred thousand volumes; so that now the alcoves are all full and overflowing—crowding every available place, corner, perch, and table. One sees, upon entering the central library, long tables at which are seated, in the hottest summer days, numerous students, and literary and eager people, searching books of reference, consulting authorities, examining volumes of fine arts, or reading lighter literature. There are two wings, each as large as the central library, and containing more books, as they have four galleries each, and that has but three. The first floor of this middle room—extending the whole length of one side—is devoted to poetry. Another side of another gallery is filled with scientific works, another with histories, another with works on philosophy, and so on. Ascending the steep iron stair-ways to the third and fourth galleries, there are books to the right and books to the left of you; books before you, and books behind you, whichever way you look. Here are eight hundred Bibles, in eighty different languages. One quaint, curious Chinese Bible is almost without weight, and wrapped around in silky blue covers, fastened with little wooden pegs slipped through loops at top and bottom. Then there are Bibles too big to be handled—ponderous, illustrated, illuminated books; one of these was printed by hand.

The library does not contain a copy of every book published in the country, as many suppose, but of every book that is copyrighted. Sometimes a book is not copyrighted till it has been published four or five years.

The National Library was first called The Library of the United States, and was founded in 1800, with the purchase of \$1,000 of books, which was increased by the valuable library of ex-President Jefferson, who in his old age, becoming involved in debt, sold his 6,700 volumes to Congress.

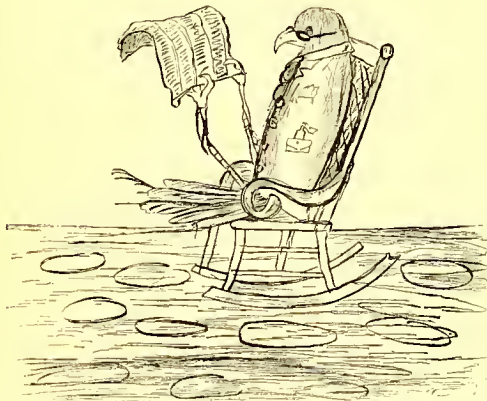
Two fires have occurred in its history; the first in 1814, when the British burned our national capital; and the second resulting from some defective flue, when the collection had reached fifty-five thousand volumes; of these, only twenty thousand were saved. Con-

gress then appropriated \$75,000 for books, and \$92,500 for rebuilding the library in solid iron, adding the two wings, also of fire-proof material. The new building was quickly filled, as the Smithsonian Library, rich in scientific works, and the historical library of Peter Force, were added then to the remnant of the national collection.

The general appearance of the library is very attractive and tasteful; there is perhaps an excess of gilt ornamentation; the prevailing tints are soft-wood browns, which combine with the lighting up of the gilt, and the wrought-iron work, to make a very agreeable effect.

An independent building is greatly needed for the accommodation of this vast collection in all its different departments; and although the public is freely admitted to the privilege of consulting books here during the ordinary business hours, there is much dissatisfaction because Congress does not make it available for the large number of persons who can only go there at night, or outside of business hours. Only senators and representatives in Congress, with their families, are permitted to take out books.—Yours truly,
C. N. F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read your stories very much indeed. Papa bought me a baby-doll last Saturday, and it is real cunning. I went out Saturday and took my baby for a walk; and it was slippery, and I fell down in the mud and got my baby's shawl very dirty; and I got my new red stockings a little dirty too. I thought people tied strings around their fingers to make them remember things. When I tied a string around *my* finger, I could not remember my geography lesson a bit better. Do you know the reason why? I got mamma to write this for me, because I can only *print*. That's all.
MABEL FARR.



A LITTLE GIRL sends us this comical drawing, made by herself, as a portrait of the "Parrot-Professor" of Mr. Boyesen's story "Mabel and I," published in our January number.

OUR boys, especially, will be glad to know that Colonel Higginson is issuing his Young Folks' Book of Explorers in America, containing narratives of discovery and adventure told in the precise words of the heroes themselves. What with its traditions of Norsemen and strange voyagers, its accounts of military exploits, and its stories of peaceful attempts at civilization more adventurous, perhaps, than even war itself, this will be a book well worth reading.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a puzzle which is every word my own composition. It is hard work to make them, but I would rather do it than be a girl and have to wash dishes. Mother does not make me do any the day I make puzzles.

I am in my tenth year. I do not have a school to go to both winter and summer, as some boys do. But our district has voted bonds, and we will have a nice new school-house this winter. I will be glad when school begins, for then I will not have the dishes to wash. It is the worst job I have to do.

I have a little brother Joel. One day he said: "Ma, do you know when our chickens grow up they will be turkey gobblers?" Uncle John has some, and of course they were chickens when they were

little." They had set a hen on turkey eggs, and he did not understand it. We had a big laugh, and he does n't like to hear turkey gobblers mentioned.

PUZZLE.

My first is in road, but not in lane;
My second is in suffer, but not in pain;
My third is in trumpet, but not in horn;
My fourth is in night, but not in morn;
My fifth is in read, and also in spell;
My sixth is in spring, but not in well;
My seventh is in fail, but not in succeed;
My eighth is in blood, but not in bleed;
My ninth is in rat, but not in mouse;
My tenth is in dwelling, but not in house;
My eleventh is in bay, but not in sea;
My twelfth is in piano, but not in key;
My thirteenth is in round, and also in square;
My fourteenth is in cage, but not in lair;
My fifteenth is in home, but not in abroad;
My sixteenth is in cheating, and also in fraud;
My seventeenth is in bridle, and also in rein;
My eighteenth is in window, but not in pane;
My nineteenth is in hill, but not in mound;
My twentieth is in land, but not in ground;
My twenty-first is in my, and also in your;
My twenty-second is in upper, and also in lower;
My twenty-third is in skillet, but not in pan;
My whole is the name of a popular man.
So, boys and girls, please guess if you can.

ARTHUR S. HILL

P. S.—Here is the answer: Rutherford Birchard Hayes.

Ishpeming, Mich., Jan. 22, 1877.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS. I will send you the money with this letter; here it is. I fixed my cart to-day. I am trying to learn "Sheridan's Ride." I have a dog named U-Know. Every time he hears the least noise, he will bark and growl, night and day. Now I will tell you something about my country. It is fine weather; the sun is shining brightly. This is was once a swamp, surrounded by hills. There are three lakes to be seen by standing on a hill. Mine and ma's plants are very pretty; the ivy covers the window. I have a brother, Ben Hill; but he is not the U. S. Senator from Georgia. Will you please send me the January ST. NICHOLAS right away, as I want to read "His Master." I was nine years old the last of December.—Your friend,
FRED D. HILL

P. S.—I forgot to tell you something. I had a mug for my birthday, with buds on each side.
F. D.

North Woodstock, Maine, Feb. 3, 1877.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To you first, and then to my dear uncle, who lives in New York, do I send my thanks for the delightful ST. NICHOLAS. It is one of my greatest pleasures, for I live among the mountains, and do not have many playmates. My father is a doctor, he was sick, and came up here to stay a year or two, hoping to get well. He is better, but he has found a gold and silver mine, and I don't know how long I shall have to live here. They hope to start the mill next summer, and mother says I may send you a piece of the vein as soon as they work some out. Father says it is a true fortune, and will surely be rich. On one side of the vein it is polished smooth as glass. Mother says when we get rich, I may send you my little girls ST. NICHOLAS; and then I hope I can live in the village again. Mother says this is a beautiful place to live in, and girls and boys brought up here can make noble men and women; but it is rather lonesome for me sometimes, as I have no sister. Father has been telling me about geology; he says all the matter of which the earth consists was once held suspended in vapor. If you are willing, I would like to tell the Young Contributors something about this wonderful study. I will close by saying, Long live ST. NICHOLAS and its dear editress!
ABBIE L. BRADLEY

Louisville, Ky.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was looking over some old numbers of ST. NICHOLAS last night, I happened to see a letter from a little girl, in which she sent you a double pansy, and I thought I would tell you about a double flower in our garden. It was a double rose; I mean, two perfectly formed roses growing from the same calyx (I believe that is the right name; I mean the little cup from which the flower grows). The rose was a deep crimson velvet; I don't know any other name for it. The flower, or flowers, was not quite as large as the others (the single ones, I mean), but appeared as perfectly formed as any.

Give my love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and tell him I think great deal of him, and have got much valuable information from him by following up the hints he gives sometimes.—Your affectionate friend and constant reader,
KITTIE B. WHITE

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

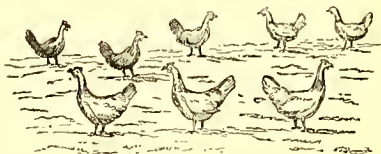
PICTORIAL NUMERICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

A New Puzzle.

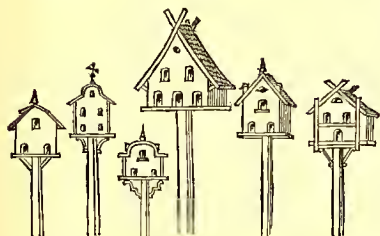
Transpose the letters of the two words expressing the number and name of the objects in each group into a single word which will answer to the definition given below the picture. Thus: No. 1 represents *seven dice*, which can be transposed into *evidences* (or *proofs*).



1. Proofs.



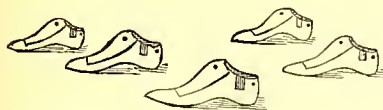
2. Increases.



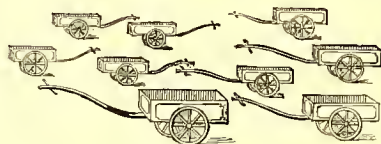
3. Lives at the same time with another.



4. Trifling.



5. Feasts.



6. Delicious fruits.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED OF twenty-six letters. The 1, 22, 13, 11, 15 is a shrub common in Great Britain. The 3, 16, 9, 13, 23 was a female deity, led to preside over rivers and springs. The 8, 4, 9, 14, 1 is a man's name, signifying happiness. The 10, 12, 24, 2, 14 is a winged domestic animal. The 14, 6, 2, 10, 11 is an article of food. The 18, 9, 2, 17, 13 was the goddess of hunting. The 21, 6, 20, 5, 15 is an animal of the deer kind. The 26, 11, 8, 16, 7 is a motive verb. The whole is a proverb. ISOLA.

SQUARE-WORD.

DECEITFUL. 2. Fragrance. 3. A French coin. 4. An expression of pleasure. 5. A painter's implement. JACKIE D. W.

ANAGRAMS.

A GIRL stole. 2. To mice in a pan. 3. I can get pride. 4. Bind to sleep. 5. Mere prison coat. 6. Sid is fast in a cot. J.

DIAGONAL PUZZLES.

—DIAGONAL from left to right: A girl's name, and also the surname of an American general. Words across: Each a girl's name.

—DIAGONAL from left to right: A boy's name, and also the given name of an American general. Words across: Each a boy's name. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals are the names of two cities of Italy. A toy. 2. One of the muscs. 3. A color. 4. What merchants like to write. 5. A girl's name. B. P.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A CONSONANT. 2. A garden vegetable. 3. A river in the United States. 4. A part of the body. 5. A consonant. ISOLA.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.

CENTRALS, read downward, name the inflection of verbs. 1. Surmises. 2. Compounded. 3. A kingdom or state. 4. An army officer. 5. An engraved block. 6. A consonant. 7. A heathen deity. 8. A kind of cement. 9. A sick person. 10. Captives. 11. Durably. X + Y.

WORD-SYNCOPATIONS.

TAKE one word from out another, and leave a complete word. 1. Take a staff from a burlesque, and leave to reward. 2. Take to free from a scepter, and leave a covering. 3. Take to fasten from a sick person, and leave to gasp. 4. Take to fit from a ship of war, and leave fortune. CYRIL DEANE.

CHARADE.

My first contains corn,
Or draws you and me;
You may call it a coin,
Or fowl of the sea.
My last may be coarse,
Or fine as a hair;
A membrane it is,
Or cloth that you wear.

My whole is a snare,—
Little insect, beware!

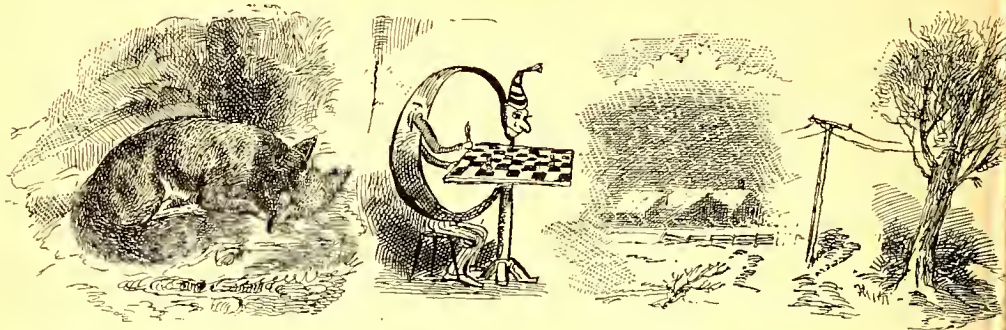
L. W. H.

HIDDEN DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

FILL the blanks in their order with, first, diagonal from left to right, then diagonal from right to left; then each word across, in its order from the top downward.

One rough day in — or —, — said to her brother —, "If I am not as rich as a —, I will yet give a — to every beggar, and the — of my door shall not be fastened against the needy." B.

REBUS.



HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.

FIND a French proverb, asserting the peculiarities of different countries, in the following sentence:

Such aqueducts pay; satisfying all, and proving a safe and undis-
guised blessing.

LOGOGRIPH.

WHOLE, I mean to discourse upon; behead and transpose, and I am a degree of value; transpose again, and I am a weed; transpose again, and I am to rend; lastly, behead, and I am a part of the head.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a comedy, and leave part of a circle.
2. Behead and curtail a precious jewel, and leave a part of the body.
3. Behead and curtail a part of the body, and leave another part of the body.
4. Behead and curtail a part of the body, and leave an instrument for fastening clothes, etc.
5. Behead and curtail a liquid food, and leave a medicinal plant.
6. Behead and curtail an article of food, and leave a number.
7. Behead and curtail another article of food, and leave a measure of length.
8. Behead and curtail an article of clothing, and leave a vehicle.
9. Behead and curtail a lazy animal, and leave a portion of land.
10. Behead and curtail dried fruit, and leave a small stream of water.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

BEHEADED ENIGMAS.—1. Chart, hart. 2. March, arch. 3. Rash, ash. 4. Smart, mart, art. 5. Sit, it. 6. Trim, rim. 7. Charm, harm.

HIDDEN LATIN PROVERB.—“Patientia vincens.”

PICTORIAL LIBRARY PUZZLE.—Spenser, Pindar, Longfellow, Lowell, Harte, Caesar, Burns, Tennyson, Kane, Paley, Bentley, Bunyan, Lockhart, Lamb, Hood, Grimm.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Main, mane. 2. Seen, scene. 3. Sees, seize, seas. 4. Sent, cent, scent. 5. Gate, gait. 6. Meets, metes, meats. 7. Knights, nights. 8. Been, bin. 9. Lynn, links. 10. Pear, pare, pair.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.—

- | | |
|------------|------|
| 1. Pi—P—es | Pies |
| 2. St—A—ir | Stir |
| 3. Vi—T—al | Vial |
| 4. Co—R—al | Coal |
| 5. Si—O—op | Slop |
| 6. Ti—L—es | Ties |

METAGRAM.—Severn, sever, verse, ever, veer, eve.

MELANGE.—1. Skate, Keats, steak, stake. 2. Skate, Kate. 3. Skate, sate. 4. Steak, teak. 5. Stake, take. 6. Sate, seat. 7. Teak, tea. 8. Seat, eat.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—William, Herbert.

- | | | |
|---|--------|---|
| W | —rat— | H |
| I | —odm— | E |
| L | —ate— | B |
| L | —am— | B |
| I | —nan— | E |
| A | —musc— | R |
| M | —omen— | T |

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—B, Kid, Bison, Dog, N.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—“Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Walrus, Badger, Rabbit.

- | | | | | |
|---|--------|---|--------|---|
| W | —e— | B | —e— | R |
| A | —ustr— | A | —lasi— | A |
| L | —ow— | D | —ra— | B |
| R | —ed— | G | —ru— | B |
| U | —ndec— | E | —mvir— | I |
| S | —ca— | R | —lc— | T |

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—

- OREGON
RUMOR
EMIT
GOT
OR
N

OMNIBUS WORD.—Prate.

- | | | |
|------|-------------------------|-----|
| I. | APE | EAT |
| | PEA | ARE |
| | EAR | TEA |
| | P | |
| | ERA | |
| II. | PRATE | |
| | ATE | |
| | E | |
| III. | Tear, tare, rate | |
| IV. | Par—rap, trap—part, pat | |
| | tap, rat—tar | |
| V. | Art, apt, rapt. Pre, at | |

REBUS.—“There’s many a slip ‘twixt the cup and the lip.”

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18th, from A. R., “Moon Face,” Irma Elliott, Daisy Hobbs, “Elizabeth Eliza Peterkin,” “Minerva and Pluto,” Robert Smith, Alice Bartow-Moore, Florence Wilcox, Constance Grand Pierre, Maude L. Edgcomb, Alfred A. Mitchell, Carrie B. Mitchell, Howard S. Rodgers, Louisa L. Richards, Bessie Taylor, V. V., Hallie Mygatt, Lora N., James B. Hamilton, Fannie M. Griswold, Lester Mapes, Frieda E. Lippert, Kittie H. Chapman, Arthur D. Smith, M. O. and R. J. P., Edith Lowry, Brainerd P. Emery, Fred Wolcott, “Beth,” Nessie E. Stevens, Ella G. Condie, Lucy V. McRill, “Tidie and Budge,” Tom Landon, Alice Ostrom, C. A. Walker, Jr., S. N. Knapp, Harriet Etting, John Pyne, “Gennie Allis,” Nellie M. Shaw, Ida A. Carson, Edith Wilkinson, “Capt Nemo,” Madeleine D. W. Smith, Mark W. Morton, Mrs. L. Annie Wickes, A. Hughes Logan, M. W. Collett, Willie Dibblee, “Alex,” Nellie Emerson, Kittie L. Roe, “Mercury,” J. G., “Oliver Twist,” George Herbert White, “Largold,” Carroll S. Maxey, A. G. Cameron, “A. B. C.,” J. Couch Flanders, Harry Nathan, Jennie Platt, Lottie Westland, Pauline S. Ross, Arthur C. Smith, C. F. Cook, Eddie Vultee.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap ;
The wind that through the pine-trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung ;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay fitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse :
" Oh, see," she cried, " the poor blue-jays !
What is it that the black crow says ?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs ;
He 's asking for my nuts, I know ;
May I not feed them on the snow ? "

Half lost within her boots. her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn ;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale ;

Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid; we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou, whose care is over all,
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood!

THE SLEEPING COURIER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

In many countries of the East there are vast territories where such things as public roads, houses of public entertainment, and regular mails are almost unknown. When people wish to travel, or to send letters to a distance, they make their own private arrangements for the purpose, and hire conveyances for the journey, or perhaps use their own horses, or elephants, or camels, or legs, as the case may be. Fortunately, the inhabitants of these regions are not much given either to visiting or to letter-writing.

We must not suppose, however, that the people of the East, even in countries that we consider heathen and barbarous, are now ignorant of railroads, telegraphs, and post-offices. These useful inventions have penetrated to many regions in which, to some of us, it would seem almost absurd to expect such things. In Egypt and the Holy Land,

where, when we think of traveling and travel, our minds are apt to rest on Abraham when he journeyed into Canaan with his family and his flocks and his herds, or on Joseph's brethren traveling down into Egypt with their asses and their sacks,—you can now rush along through many of the old places mentioned in the Bible, in comfortable steam-cars; and steamboats will carry you about on the Red Sea which the Children of Israel crossed.

But, as I said before, in many Eastern regions there are none of these modern improvements or improvements of any date, and in some of these places letters and messages are sent by courier or men who are accustomed to go very rapidly on long journeys. Sometimes they go on horseback, sometimes on camels, and sometimes on foot. These men often perform wonderful journeys, and he

stories told of them are almost too strange to believe. Often a courier will ride hundreds of miles without resting, and, jumping from a tired horse and mounting a fresh one, keep on by day and night until the journey's end is reached.

The pony-riders who carried the mail in our far-western States before the Pacific Railroad was built used to take wonderful rides, but some of the feats performed by Eastern couriers never have been

he should adopt some means to prevent his oversleeping himself.

So he unwinds a portion of a rope which he carries wrapped around his ankle, and slipping it between the toes of one of his naked feet, he draws out the end beyond his foot, to what he considers a proper length for his purpose. This rope is made of some substance which will burn very regularly and slowly, and so the courier pulls out as much as



"WHEN THE ROPE BURNS CLOSE TO HIS TOE, HE WILL WAKE UP QUICKLY ENOUGH."

equalled elsewhere, if we are to believe the stories we hear.

When a courier, or messenger, agrees to go from one place to another, he must calculate very carefully the time he takes for his actual traveling, the time for his meals, and the time for his sleep. Among the expedients for measuring time adopted by some of the men who perform their journeys on foot, is a contrivance which is rather curious.

When one of these men, so tired with a long tramp that he is glad to lie down on the open ground, and perhaps under a burning sun, determines to take a short nap, it is very necessary that

he thinks will burn for an hour, or half an hour, or as long as he wishes to sleep, and sets fire to the end of it. Then he lies down and takes his nap, feeling sure that when the rope burns close to his toe he will wake up quickly enough.

This is a very ingenious plan, and for a man who can run barefooted over the burning sands of the East, it might answer very well; but even the sleepest boy in this country—especially if he be a city boy and accustomed to wear shoes—might well hesitate a long time before adopting it—unless he does not object to hobbling about with a burn on his toe.

MAKING A FAIRY STORY.

BY JULIUS A. TRUESDELL.

WE were sitting in the twilight, when fairy stories best may be told. The thin, faded after-light of sunset came trembling in at the west windows, like the very ghost of full, warm daylight, and mingled with the glimmer from the fire on the hearth.

Everything in the room was clothed in a grotesque fashion of blending lights and shadows. You might have seen a bevy of sprites ever and anon peering and grinning over the rim of the great central vase on the mantel; while a miscellaneous troop of elfish forms flitted hither and thither from one piece of what-not to another, as though they were delirious with the pleasure of some fairy game of hide-and-seek.

Twice I saw a huge shadow-giant leap out on the ceiling and stalk across; one time disappearing down behind the meshes of Miss Amy's ambitious passion-flower; at another, descending so suddenly and violently into the piano, that I fancied I heard the peaceful wires murmur a shuddering protest.

I am sure it was a fairy queen that came fluttering out from behind the folds of the curtain in the north window, and, dancing lightly away on the air to the air-castle (a reality, made of bristles, wax and ribbons), roguishly folded her gossamer wings, and began to swing and climb about in its aerial apartments,—unless you think such merry sport were unbecoming in a fairy queen; and in case of that opinion, I shall stoutly aver that it was at least one of her maids of honor.

But I am not sure that you could not have convinced me that I was wrong even then; for, soon after, the moonbeams plunged in from over the high hill in the east, and sent the shadows drifting and flying away to the corners of the room, where they lay piled upon each other in deeper darkness and confusion. Perhaps my fairy queen, or maid of honor, was only a spot of fluttering moonlight.

Sitting thus, each in his own quiet musing might have yielded to the spell of the twilight, and glided away to the realm of fancy, forgetting home, where slates and books and dishes and chores have their place as well as the fairy tales and songs, had little Miss Gertie not called out for a story.

"Yes, and a fairy story too!" cried both the boys together.

"Oh, I don't know about a fairy story to-night; suppose we each think one out to ourselves in quiet," said I, being somewhat loath to put my fancies into words.

"There's no fun in that," said Everett; "we'd

each have too small an audience; besides, what the use of doing anything we can't share all around. Here are five of us, if Amy stays; if we each think out a separate story, four of 'em are lost entire for one is enough for all when it is told out loud.

"That's so," voted 'Nio, whom we sometimes call "the Judge," as a sort of a joke on his lordly sedate face in the presence of older company. "And we'd all be telling our stories out loud at a while, any way."

"And I could n't think one for myself at all, that is, not a nice one such as *you* tell, uncle Joe," said Gertie.

"Tell a leap-year fairy story," suggested 'Nio. "Oh, uncle!" Everett cried out, with the well-known emphasis of an enthusiast who has just discovered some priceless idea that all men must be made to understand at once,—“I'll tell you what. It would be glorious fun if each of us would make up a part of a story. I don't mean that we should each tell a part of the story and then hand it over to the next; but let's each make some of the persons in it, and have some one make a story of them. Say we have Gertie to get up the fairies and queens and princesses; 'Nio the kings, princes and knights, if we want any; and I'll try my hand on a giant and a dwarf or two; then, Uncle Joe, you can put 'em all together, and put in as many more as you like."

This plan seemed to carry conviction of its excellence by the enthusiasm of its author, without a question or vote in regard to it at all, for Gertie, who has reached that estate of girlhood where she can exercise her taste in millinery, at once forsook her stool by the hearth, and springing upon her knees, proceeded to convince me that it would be just no fairy story at all unless the fairy had on a long trailing skirt made of a calla lily, and a waist and overskirt from a pink geranium blossom.

"And I think she ought to have pretty curly hair," the young lady continued; "and that splendid change of color in her wings, as if there were tiny waves of rainbows in them. And she must have a slender silver wand, with a great big ruby in the end of it."

'Nio offered the criticism that a ruby was n't big enough for a fairy, and thought that a little, bright twinkling star would be much prettier, and more in taste for the white airiness of such a tiny body as a fairy.

Though reluctant to yield to a boy's idea of

was about to begin, by asking Gertie to save the jim-jam strain for some other time.

"Heigho! What a budget you've brought to market!" said I, by way of overture to the story proper. "A doll or a bouquet, I hardly know which, for the fairy,—a jumble of menagerie and meeting-house for a giant,—Gertie for heroine, and a frisky bundle of racket and royster for the prince! *What* a company to put in my hands for weal or woe! Mind, I'm not to be held responsible for the doings of your various characters. I only shall set them going, and we must see what will turn up. Your menagerie-and-meeting-house giants, however, are apt to have a mild streak in them, through all their ferocity. But one can't tell. On the whole, it is well for our real Gertie that she is not running wild under our giant's very nose, but can listen to the story from her cozy nest on the lounge. Now, all look sharp, for I'm going to talk 'just like a book.'"

And, straightway, I began the story of

FUTANTO, THE SILVER FROG.

ON a by-road from the pretty village of Keindorf stands a large white mansion that stares out on the road like a great, dull-eyed boy. Though it is so stupid without, it is bright and pleasant within. The floors are of soft white pine, bare and neat. There are huge fire-places walled with gray slate and curious tiles wrought with quaint pictures of black knights and pink ladies riding on blue and crimson horses that prance on muddy-looking clouds. In summer, these fire-places are the coolest spots in the house; in winter, they glow with great fires of beech and oak logs.

On the mantel over the largest, and really the coziest, of these fire-places is the present abode of Futanto, the Silver Frog.

He stands there pulling at a beautifully polished shell laden with a cluster of purple velvet grapes. But pull he never so stoutly, for many a year he has not been known to budge his load an inch,—except when some mischievous child has helped him along by the nose.

Children delight to watch the Silver Frog, though he is so still. They see him pulling at the shell, and fancy him successful in starting it and setting out on his journey, and then regaling himself on his way with the toothsome load, that has been mellowing and sweetening through all these years. They never have seen the Silver Frog dance, but they often have invited him to join in jigs and cotillions, and have imagined the pranks and capers he would cut on his dapper, lank legs. But the Silver Frog has always declined these invitations with a quiet indifference. He is very set in his way, and

it would not comport with his gravity to be seen jumping and frisking about in a crazy dance. is plainly his duty to pull at that shell, though never move.

Such is Prince Futanto, as you would see him were you to sit by that fireside. But there is to be a pleasant tradition also at that fireside, the days when I knew it, that told of the wonderful adventures and mighty exploits of the Silver Prince among the giant kings of the Baldese.

At home in the cool and peaceful ponds of Froschland, Prince Futanto often had heard long and marvelous stories of Dundernose and Bandypradur, twin-brothers, and kings of the vast empire of Balda. Dundernose, it was said, could hold a castle in his hand; Bandypradur had a hundred thousand men in his army, and a body-guard of ten thousand picked men, none of whom was short enough to take off his hat without sitting down, and all of whom were garrisoned every night in Bandypradur's vest pockets. These stories may have been more extensive than a safe regalia for the truth would allow. Nevertheless, when Futanto heard them, they had traveled a long distance, and he saw no reason to discredit them.

Futanto not only believed these remarkable stories, but determined to behold the scenes and characters that rendered them so entertaining.

Time, who brings all things around, soon furnished our hero with an opportunity to carry out his determination. As frequently occurs in every well-populated community, the inhabitants of Froschland found themselves complaining of "hard times." It is needless to relate the cause of such a calamity; its only importance to us, that it gave Futanto an excuse for leaving home and gratifying his desire to go abroad.

It was a beautiful morning in June; the sun was shining upon the wooded hill-sides, the light heat was trickling down upon the meadows, and the air was warm and elastic, and bubbling with the sweet notes of the birds. Our hero was taking leave of his parents and his little brothers and sisters.

"My dear Futanto," cried his mother between her sobs, "how can I bear to have you go? But if you must, be wise, be pure, be good, and I know you always will be happy."

Futanto's father drew his son aside, and quietly informed him that he was not yet of age, and that it would be necessary for him to purchase his time; if he did not, some stranger might seize him, and finding no proof of his independence, send him home again.

Futanto immediately gave his sire a note for half the net profits of his tour, and taking a receipt for the same to prove his independence to

ny curious stranger, he tore himself away and journeyed toward the land of the Baldese, with



THE GATE-KEEPER, PHELYGYRANDUR.

he usual bitter-sweet of mingled hope and regret in his heart.

Though part of the tradition, there is no time now to tell the adventures of the prince on his long journey. In the course of a few months he came in sight of the wall that surrounds Balda, and in a week from that time he sought admission at one of its many gates.

Here the prince was introduced to the gate-keeper, Phegyrandur, a giant renowned in war and hated in peace, who had been retained as gate-keeper for many years in return for services rendered the government. This official invited Futanto into his palace, and then retired to his private office to read our hero's card. This he succeeded in doing in the course of an hour, when he returned and asked the prince if he had any baggage upon which he would like to pay duty, and at the same time held out his hand for a passport.

This demand staggered the prince, for never once had he thought of a passport. But he was fertile in expedients, and it did not take him long to decide upon an answer. Drawing himself up proudly, and tapping his stomach with a haughty air, he replied:

"I—I—I—I—I—I—I, sir, am my passport."

Phegyrandur laughed. Then he said, impressively:

"My dear sir, I take a different view of things, and if you don't take off your sword, lay down your arms, and accompany me to the royal asylum for tramps, you will very soon imagine your legs dancing a jig in the king's platter."

Futanto drew his sword and ran out by the back door, in the hope that the giant would follow him, and offer battle in clear ground.

After waiting for more than an hour behind a projection in the kitchen wall, the prince concluded that either he had not seen the giant, or the giant had not seen him, and it would be just as well to continue his journey.

That this conclusion was a sound one, is plain, from the fact that orders were given and executed, soon after the prince's departure, for the burning of an unpleasant drug in that kitchen, which must have caused our hero some uneasiness, and perhaps his death, before he could have encountered so worthy a man as Prince Jim-jam, whom he met at the next street corner.

The two princes shook hands cordially, and exchanged cards before a word was said on either side, and then Prince Jim-jam casually remarked:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

"Certainly," replied Futanto, thinking him a harmless sort of lunatic. "Let us go at once to the royal palace."

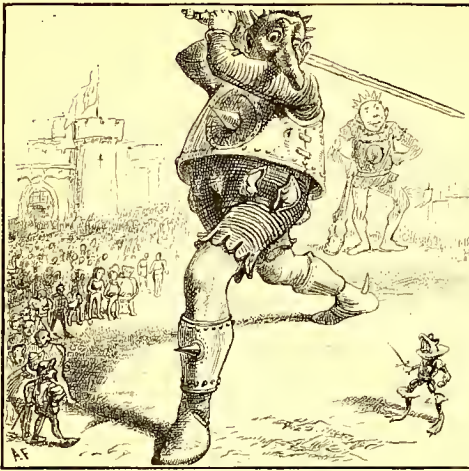
Arm in arm, the two princes proceeded to the public square. Here they found a great crowd of peasants, artisans, and tradesmen, discussing some royal proclamation. After elbowing their way through the excited disputants, they reached the



FUTANTO AND PRINCE JIM-JAM.

gates of the palace, and saw the following proclamation posted up on the royal bulletin-board:

"Be it hereby known to all faithful subjects of our most high and excellent sovereigns, Dundernose and Bandypradur, kings of the Baldese, that this day a spy from the province of Froschland, styling himself a prince, and using the name Futanto, hath surreptitiously entered our realm, and is now lurking within our capital. Therefore,



THE FIGHT.



THE DAUGHTER OF BANDYPYRADUR.

be it also known that any person who shall apprehend and deliver into the custody of the captain of the royal guard the said Prince Futanto, shall be invited to dine at the royal palace at the earliest opportunity."

It was no longer a wonder that the Baldese were so earnestly engaged by this proclamation; for if there is any one thing that will enlist a man's attention more than another, it is the prospect of a good dinner.

But it was now a greater matter of wonder to our hero that he had not been recognized before this. He at once settled into profound meditation upon the subject.

He was interrupted by a criticism offered by Prince Jim-jam, who still was studying the proclamation. What he had to say was this:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

Futanto did not dispute the truth of the remark.

At this juncture, a thought occurred to Futanto that relieved him of his doubt. If this thought had not occurred to him just then, probably he never would have known why he had not been discovered by the Baldese. It is a very good thing to have a thought occur.

Futanto remembered that in the delightful days of his pollywoghood, his mother often had be-guiled him into quiet by

telling him of his fairy godmother Starling, who always dressed in flowers and never grew old. He remembered, also, in that connection, an employe of Madame Starling's, whom they called Jim-jam. This recollection explained it all; Fairy Starling had seen his danger in the gate-keeper's kitchen and had sent Prince Jim-jam to help him, and from that time he had been invisible to the people of Balda.

Come to think it all over, he recalled his astonishment at the indifference of the Baldese who he passed them,—an indifference that was not to be wondered at, now he knew that he had never been seen at all by them.

The prince was very grateful to the good fairy for her provident kindness, and knowing that his invisibility would not render him ludicrous, he

knelt down there in the street and thanked her.

He must have thanked the fairy most acceptably for when he opened his eyes she stood before him dressed in a calla lily blossom and a pink geranium. As Futanto was about to thank her again she blinked his eyes with the light of the star in her wand, and said:

"No more thanking if you please, my dear Futanto; you must get to work. These Baldese giants I hate; it is your mission to slay them. If you succeed, you shall have whatever you choose."



BANDYPYRADUR COMMITS SUICIDE.

sh for inside of ten minutes. I will watch over you, and my jolly Jim-jam shall attend you. Farewell." Futanto opened his eyes once more. The fairy had disappeared.

Futanto immediately placed the following proclamation above the other on the royal bulletin-board:

Be it also known to every Baldese alive, that I, Futanto, Prince of Froshland and heir-apparent to its throne, do hereby challenge our most high sovereigns, Dundernose and Bandypradur, to meet in mortal combat. (Signed) FUTANTO."

Prince Jim-jam read it through carefully, and pronounced his approval by softly humming:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

Another proclamation was soon posted up by

Dundernose and Bandypradur wasted no time, but at once drew cuts to determine who should fight first. The lot fell to Dundernose. He quietly took off his Ulster, took up his sword and steeple, and in a loud voice called upon Futanto to appear.

In order to have a fair fight, our hero desired to be visible,—a state that would also be desirable in case of success. A hint to Jim-jam fulfilled his wish. The fight then began.

Dundernose lowered his steeple carelessly, and poked toward Futanto. It accomplished nothing; the prince coolly pushed it aside, and it swung around a quarter of a mile, struck a knot of spectators, and caused sorrow to a dozen widows and numerous orphans. The giant saw that he must change his tactics.



THE PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE SET OUT FOR FROSHLAND.

captain of the royal guard, to the effect that the challenge was accepted, and the fight appointed for that day.

Futanto smiled at this reply, for it virtually allowed the remarks in the former proclamation but "a spy styling himself a prince," etc., and recognized him as a real prince.

There was an interval of an hour before the fight began. Futanto employed it in throwing away his sword and exhorting himself to do his best.

At length, a shout from the great multitudes of Baldese proclaimed the appearance of the giants.

At a single stride, Dundernose and Bandypradur stepped into the public square together. They wore rhinoceros-hide boots and elephant-skin trousers. Dundernose carried a steeple.

Laying his shield on the ground, the giant gave orders to his Grand Lieutenant to march his army into it and protect it. He then laid down his steeple, and, drawing his sword, brought it down with a terrific swoop that must have divided nearly a thousand Baldese. Futanto heard the shrieking of the blade as it descended, and sprang at the giant in time to escape it.

His own blow was so much for the giant that he lost his balance, and fell flat upon more than ten thousand Baldese.

Futanto ran up and cut off his head leisurely.

At this point, the prince heard his friend Prince Jim-jam singing a glad song of triumph:

"Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam."

When they looked for Bandyradur, he was nowhere to be seen. Some of the by-standers said he had gone to get some refreshments.

Futanto at once decided to consider himself and Jim-jam invited to dine at the palace. They accordingly proceeded thither, where they learned that Bandyradur had committed suicide by drinking to the dregs a cup of restaurant coffee.

There was nothing else to do now but to take possession of the palace and await the appearance of Fairy Starling, which our two friends did with the utmost composure.

When the fairy called next day and took dinner at the palace, Futanto expressed the wish that he might secure the hand and fortune of some beautiful princess, and retire to quiet and seclusion, where he need not exert himself, and might enjoy the fruit of the land.

The fairy arose and beckoned him to the window. Below, in the gardens of the palace, the beautiful daughter of Bandyradur was playing with shells on the beach of a small lake.

Futanto expressed his satisfaction, and Fairy Starling said she would attend to his wish after dinner. They then resumed their wine.

I never fully understood the particulars, but I believe that everything went well; the prince with the lady in question, and they set out for Frostland, he drawing her in a beautifully polished, pearly shell. On the way, for some astonishing reason, the lady became a cluster of grapes—that possibly being the fulfillment of Futanto's wish to enjoy the fruit of the land,—and Futanto himself turned to silver, and Prince Jim-jam went home singing:

“Jim-jam jim-jam, jimmy jimmy jam, jim-jam jim-jam jam.”

The next I know is, that my grandfather brought home a silver frog, attached to a pearly shell filled with velvet grapes; and when a boy of children asked him what it was, he told us the story of Prince Futanto the Silver Frog, and added that it was a pin-cushion for the grandmother.

“There, Uncle Jed,” laughed Everett, “I know you'd forget that it was a leap-year fairy story.”

“That fight was n't much,” said 'Nio.

“It's realer than most fairy-story fights, my way,” said Gertie. “Besides, there's the Silver Frog, to prove that it's true.”

THE CURIOUS END OF THE GENERAL'S RIDE.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

MANY years ago, General Batashef, of the Russian army, was on his way from St. Petersburg to his home in the north of Russia.

He had reached a little village about fifteen miles from his estate, and from this place he had to depend upon private traveling conveyance. But this did not trouble him, as he was expected at home; and, when he arrived at the village, he found his comfortable sledge, with three good horses, and his own driver, Ivan, awaiting him.

As it was not yet noon, and the snow on the road was hard and firm, the general felt quite certain that his horses, which had been in the village all night, and were fresh and strong, could take him home before dark.

So off they started, and for some miles the ride was delightful. But when they had left the village about five miles behind them, their way led through a forest, and they had not gone very far among the tall trees and the snow-covered rocks which lined

each side of the road, before one of the horses began to show unmistakable signs of fright.

“What is the matter with him, Ivan?” asked the general. “I see nothing to frighten him.”

The man answered that he saw nothing, either, but that he thought the horse must smell the wild beast.

“Well, push on as fast as you can,” said the general, who had a good pair of pistols with him, and was not particularly afraid of any wild beasts, although he thought it well to avoid them, if he could be done.

So Ivan drove rapidly on; but soon the three horses became very restless, and then they stopped short, all three of them.

“Why, what can have got into the creature?” cried the general, rising in his seat. “There is nothing to frighten them here. Whip them, Ivan! Make them go on.”

So Ivan plied his stout whip upon the horses.

a minute or two they would not stir. Then of a sudden away they dashed, almost tumbling in off his seat, so quick and strong was their expected spring.

And they did not spring too soon, for they had already darted away before a large bear rushed out from between two great rocks by the roadside. He came with such force that it was evident that he had expected to spring upon either the sledge or one of the horses.

Happily, neither the sledge nor the horses were there when he bounded into the road. But he

"A lucky escape!" said he to Ivan; "for that was a big fellow, and I am afraid that my pistol-balls might not have been heavy enough for him. We are well clear of him."

"If we are clear of him," said Ivan. "I don't think he will give up the chase so easily. The road makes a turn around this rocky ledge, and I fear that that bear will hurry across through the woods and meet us again over there when we have made the turn."

"Nonsense!" said the general. "He would not have the sense to do that."



"THE HORSES MADLY DASHING ALONG, AND THE BEAR TIGHTLY CLUTCHING THE SEAT."

passed them by very little. His side almost reached the ends of the furs that flew out from the back of the sledge.

The general turned in his seat and drew a pistol, intending to fire at the bear. But the wild uproar of the horses had already carried him too far for a pistol to be of use, and he contented himself with watching the discomfited beast.

The impetuous rush of the bear had carried him across the road, and for a moment he stopped to recover himself. Then he looked up and immediately set off in pursuit of the retreating sledge.

But this was useless, for the horses soon left him behind. The general, still looking back, saw them leave the road and re-enter the woods.

Ivan made no answer, for he had his own ideas about the sense of bears; but he urged the horses forward.

As they turned around the bend in the road, the animals seemed filled with frenzy, and dashed madly over the ground.

"They scent him," cried Ivan, who made no attempt to check their speed, "and there he is!"

Sure enough, on a rock, a little higher than the road, stood the bear. In an instant they had reached him. At the pace they were going, it was impossible to stop; but as the horses flew past the rock, they swerved to the opposite side of the narrow road. Yet they could not escape the hungry beast. As they reached him, he sprang; and

although he missed the horses, he caught the sledge. With his great fore-paws, and his head and shoulders inside the sledge, he endeavored to draw up his hind-legs,—a difficult matter, at the rate the horses were going.

The general, who was sitting on the opposite side from that to which the bear was clinging, clapped his pistol to the creature's head, and pulled the trigger.

Click! It missed fire. At this, poor Ivan, who, with a horror-stricken expression, was looking back at the bear, threw down the reins and sprang from the sledge. The bear drew up one of his hind-legs, and at the same moment the general drew up both of his legs, and rolled, sideways, out on the snow. He saw that it was time to get out.

The bear now drew himself entirely into the sledge, and looked about him. The horses galloped more wildly than ever,—if such a thing were possible,—and the rapid motion seemed to please the shaggy brute. He sat down in the bottom of the sledge and looked at the horses, as if wondering which one he should spring upon first.

While he was thinking about the matter, they reached the point where the road left the woods and led out into the open country. The way now, for some distance, was down hill, and as the frightened horses plunged along, and the sledge was whirled around a turn, where it came very near upsetting, the bear had to hold fast to the front seat to keep from being thrown out. On they went, the horses madly dashing along, and the bear tightly clutching the seat, until they reached the level road again. Here the tremendous pace which they had been keeping up almost from the time that they had entered the forest, began to tell upon the horses, and, in spite of their terror, their speed slackened.

And now the bear, finding his seat more secure, leaned forward, as if he could afford to lose no more time in making his choice of the horses.

But already he had waited too long. At a short distance in front of him, by the roadside, there stood two men with rifles on their shoulders. They were hunters. Having heard behind them the noise of the galloping horses, they had stopped and turned to see what it was which was approaching at such a pace. They did not comprehend that a bear was the occupant of the sledge, until it had passed them. But then, raising their rifles together, they took quick aim; two reports rang out, and two balls went through the head of the bear, who dropped dead in the bottom of the sledge. On went the horses, galloping more slowly, but still going at a rapid rate.

"Ho! ho!" said one of the hunters. "Something has happened! If I am not mistaken, those

were the horses of General Batashef, and that was his sledge."

"I think you are right," said the other; "it is hard to see how a bear in it? He could not have let his sledge to a bear, especially one who drives so recklessly. Something has happened, as you say. Let us go back and see what it is."

So back toward the woods went the hunters. When they had proceeded some distance into the forest, they saw two doleful figures approaching them. One was Ivan, who had hurt his leg when he sprang from the sledge, and he was limping along, partly supported by the general, who had rolled into a snow-bank, and, with the exception of a shaking up, had escaped injury.

They were glad enough to see the hunters, and still more happy to hear of the death of the bear, for Ivan had had great fears that the brute would jump out of the sledge and come back after them.

The two men took Ivan between them, and resting his hands on a shoulder of each of them, they found that he could get along very well. The news of the death of the bear really made his leg feel better. The general was strong and vigorous, and so they hoped to get home without much difficulty, although there were six or seven miles to be walked.

Not very long after this, the three horses, putting up their heads, trotted into the court-yard adjoining the general's stables, and stopped before the great stable door. Some of the men, who had been expecting the general, came running out, but when they saw no one in the sledge but a dead bear, they were stricken dumb with amazement.

"What is this?" said one, when he found his tongue. "This beast has killed and devoured Ivan and our master!"

"How can that be so?" said another. "His master is dead himself. If he killed them first, they could not have killed him afterward; and if they killed him first, he could not have killed them."

"True enough," said a big man with a grey beard, who had charge of the stables. "They cannot be hurt, or they could not have shot the bear so well. I see how it was. The general ordered the bear; he shot him twice,—there are two wounds in his head. Then he and Ivan were fitting him into the sledge when the horses took fright,—they hate a bear, dead or alive,—and he sprang off, leaving Ivan and the general standing in the road. Here,—quick! Bring out another sledge and team. Harness in haste; I will go back myself and bring them home. But remember, every man of you: Not a word of this in the house until I return."

The three fresh horses soon met the party in the foot, and, as the sledge was a large one, the

ere taken into it,—the general insisting on the
nters coming to his house and taking possession
of the bear, which was certainly their prize.

When the sledge reached the general's home, it
opped first at the court-yard, and Ivan and the
nters got out.

The general was driven to the main entrance of
mansion, where his wife, hearing the bells of the
rses, ran out to meet him.

After he had alighted, and they were about to
together into the house, she noticed that gray-
arded Michael was the driver, and not Ivan,

whom she had seen start off the day before, and
she asked how this change had been made.

"Oh!" said the general, "I have changed
drivers, and have changed sledges and horses also,
on the way. I even got out of my sledge, because
an impudent individual whom we met on the road
wanted to ride in it."

"And you let him have it?" asked his wife, in
amazement.

"Yes," said the general, "I thought it well to
give it up to him. And now let us go in, and I
will tell you the story."

AN OPEN SECRET.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

"ANEMONE! Anemone!

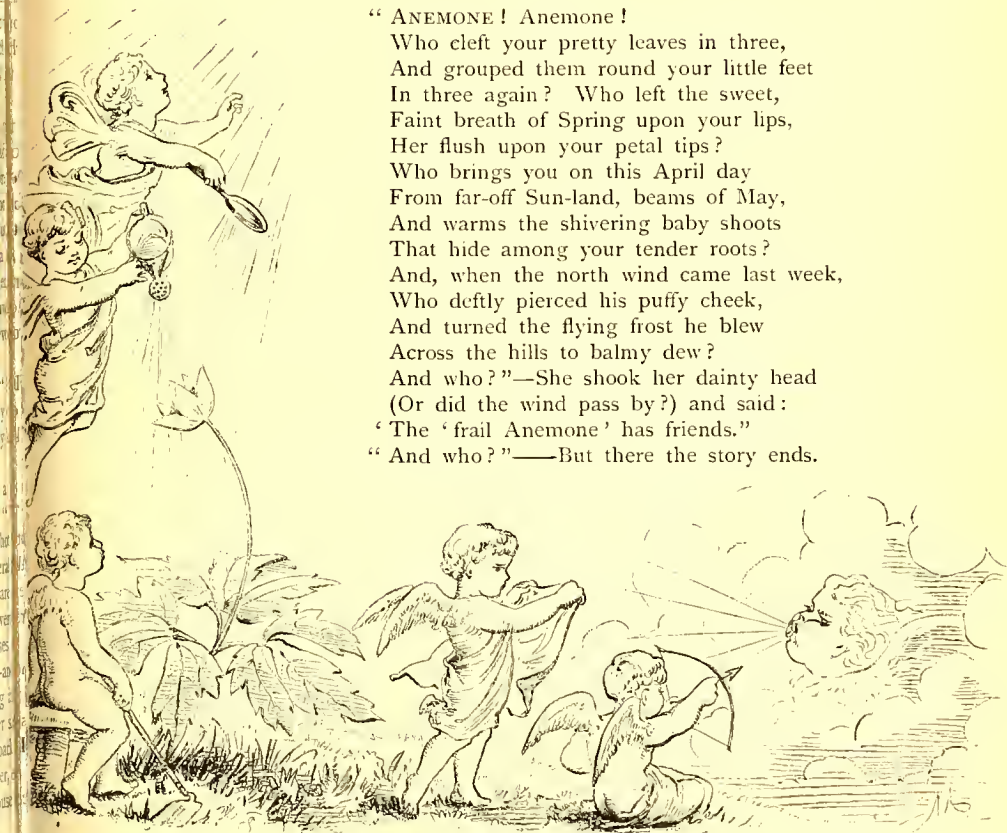
Who cleft your pretty leaves in three,
And grouped them round your little feet
In three again? Who left the sweet,
Faint breath of Spring upon your lips,
Her flush upon your petal tips?

Who brings you on this April day
From far-off Sun-land, beams of May,
And warms the shivering baby shoots
That hide among your tender roots?
And, when the north wind came last week,
Who deftly pierced his puffy cheek,
And turned the flying frost he blew
Across the hills to balmy dew?

And who?"—She shook her dainty head
(Or did the wind pass by?) and said:

'The 'frail Anemone' has friends."

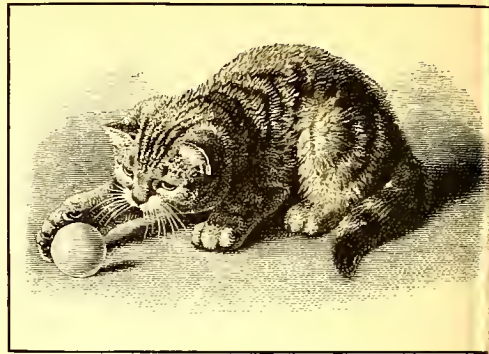
"And who?"—But there the story ends.



A BALL's a ball, and nothing more,
When it lies upon the floor.
See how grave and still its air!
Not a bit of frolic there.

What is this? Can Pussy's touch
Change the quiet thing so much?
See it start, and turn, and hop!
Pussy cannot make it stop!

See them scurry! See them leap!
See the two fall in a heap!
Now they roll! and now they run!
Bless me! balls are full of fun!



OUR LETTER.

BY M. F. ARMSTRONG.

THERE were once three young people, a brother and two sisters, who were enabled, through the love and wisdom of those upon whom they depended, to make a very delightful journey. For six long months they dreamed a dream of swiftly changing wonders, and the crowning wonder now is, that it was all reality; and that *we* three grown-ups were those three children. We actually climbed to the roof of St. Peter's, and into the ball of St. Paul's; we floated in gondolas and bathed in the shining Adriatic; our eyes saw Mont Blanc, and our ears heard the shrill "*Vive l'Impératrice*" of a Parisian crowd!

In truth, we were hardly more than children; and when we found ourselves in England, with permission to wander whithersoever we would, many and warmly debated were the plans upon which our Council of Three was called to decide. And when, finally, our minds were made up, and we had crossed the little strip of ocean whose chopping sea is never to be forgotten, we found our first and most perplexing difficulty in the fact that nobody considered us responsible agents; for that we were either runaways or lost children, was visibly the first impression of all who met us.

But we were equipped with a fair share of the national spirit of independence; we had a moderately well-filled purse, and almost no luggage; so we soon became accomplished travelers, and the dragons and ogres of our enchanted journey only added to its zest.

Before me, at this hour, lies the story of that journey written in three familiar hands, with here and there a sketch of an Italian donkey or a

French fountain,—here and there a dried flower from the Campagna or the Mer-de-Glace; or, again, a bar of sweet music to keep fresh for use a *carillon* at Bruges or a *Volkstied* from the Rhine. On the last page of one of these little books I hid a letter,—put there by careful hands, as being in the eyes of the two young girls who were so fortunate as to receive it, a fitting climax wherewith to close the record of a summer's never-to-be-repeated happiness. And from among all my treasures—to each one of which some pleasant history is bound—I choose this letter, written on coarse blue paper, dated "Gadshill Tenth February 1862," and signed "Charles Dickens, in the confidence that some, at least, of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will find pleasure in the tale that hangs thereby.

First of all, I must tell you that we three young people were brought up to know Dickens by heart. We were like little Miss Thackeray, who, as quoted by her papa, "when she is happy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is unhappy, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she is tired, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; when she has nothing to do, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby'; and when she has finished the book, reads 'Nicholas Nickleby' over again." We had, moreover, the good fortune to know of him as the warm personal friend of our father, and to feel that, by virtue of auld lang syne, we had a special claim upon his friendship. So when, in the late autumn, we came back to England and found that Mr. Dickens had begun his famous readings, it was very plain to us that in one way or another we must hear him. We made to each other a

solemn declaration that we would expatriate ourselves, or take other equally desperate measures, rather than return to America without compassing our end. The difficulty lay in the fact that he was reading only in the provinces, and it was by no means easy to find out where or how to catch him. The Council of Three had a protracted meeting, the result of which was, that my brother wrote directly to Mr. Dickens, telling him of our desire, and asking if he would be kind enough to advise what to do. Quickly came back a little note, inviting us to meet him at Colchester, where he was read on a certain evening the trial from "Pickwick" and selections from "Nicholas Nickleby." My brother, who are feeling now, as we felt then, the earnestness of youth, will understand that from that moment the matter required little consideration. Colchester is distant fifty miles or thereabouts from London, and is the old Camelodunum of the Romans, with ruins and antiquities which ought to have interested us deeply, but which in truth occupied a very small share of our attention.

We were going to see and hear the man whose works had given us hours of keen delight,—the man who had made us laugh with Sam Weller, and cry with Oliver Twist, and cry with Paul and Silky,—ruins and antiquities must bide their time. So, a few days later, in the autumnal twilight, we were met on the platform at Colchester by the young man then officiating as Mr. Dickens's secretary, who took us at once to the queer old English inn,—than which we could have found no other place wherein to meet him who wrote of "the roots at the Holly-tree Inn," and those two dear little runaways.

Can anybody imagine how we felt when, half an hour later, a fat and solemn waiter appeared at our table to inform us that "Mr. Dickens himself had ordered supper for us?" And cannot everybody understand that our appetites were rather taken away than stimulated when we found that our supper was evidently the work of a host who remembered the days of his youth, and had found time to give thought to the young people he was entertaining? Everything that the appetite of a young man was likely to fancy was there,—even to a plain kind of little custards which Mr. Dickens selected as being sure to please the "young folks."

And then we were taken off to the theater, and seated in a corner where we could see and hear better than anybody else, and where we were, more than once during the evening, side-smiles from the world-known eyes and mouth were so quick and keen in their glances and expressions. Of the reading itself I can say nothing. Ask your parents about it; those who have

heard it know what it was to them; while to those who have not been so fortunate, descriptions can only be an aggravation of their ill-luck.

We, at least, were more than satisfied as to the greatness of our favorite, and after the reading was over, it was with not a little trembling that our insignificant feet followed the attendant to the dressing-room, where Mr. Dickens, in his shirt-sleeves, was walking rapidly up and down, as a means of getting through with the cooling and calming process which was always necessary after the great excitement and exertion of his reading.

The thing which struck me first, and which has always remained my strongest impression about him, was his power of putting himself in complete sympathy with other people; and I believe that to be the key-note of his genius. During that hour, and the hours which followed it,—for we went back with him to the inn and sat beside him while he ate his hearty supper,—he was literally one of us,—a boy,—only a boy beyond compare in exuberance of mirth, quickness of wit, and inexhaustible capacity for happiness. He was absolutely never still, mentally or physically; thoughts, words, and gestures followed each other in bright succession, till it was little wonder that my sister and I went to bed thoroughly exhausted, to pass a night of mingled dreams and sleeplessness, under the canopy of our queer old dingy four-poster.

In the morning, we woke to find a smart little snow-storm going on, but none the less cheery was the breakfast with Mr. Dickens; for his was a gayety dependent neither on weather, nor hours, nor people. I wonder if he suspected that the hand of the young girl who poured his tea trembled to that extent that she always since has felt it to have been a mercy that she did not forever disgrace herself by letting fall the cups and saucers,—and I wonder what he thought of the two solemn little Yankee maidens who received his gay hospitality with such serious appreciation.

Through the softly falling snow we came back together to London, and on the railway platform parted with a hearty hand-shaking from the man who will forever be enshrined in our hearts as the kindest and most generous, not to say most brilliant, of hosts. Our gratitude was too exuberant to be satisfied without some speedy and tangible manifestation; so, after some deliberation, we decided to take advantage of our knowledge of Mr. Dickens's special weakness. He was a constant smoker and a connoisseur in cigars, and on the whole, we believed that nothing within our reach would please him more than a box of what he called "American cigars." Therefore, the best that we could find was bought and sent to him; and this is what came to us in return,—"Our

Gads Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Monday Tenth February 1862

My Dear Girls

— For if I were to write "young friends," it would look like a schoolmaster; and if I were to write "young ladies," it would look like a schoolmistress; and worse than that, neither form of words would look familiar and natural, or in character with our snowy riddle that tooth-chattering morning.

I cannot tell you how gratified I was by your remembrance or how often I think of you as I smoke the admirable cigars. But I almost think you must have had some magnetic consciousness? across the Atlantic, of my whipping my love towards you from the garden here.

My daughter says that when

Letter,"—which we keep as a precious memento of our delightful visit to Charles Dickens. I must tell you here that the expression "little public affairs at home" refers to the War of the Rebellion.

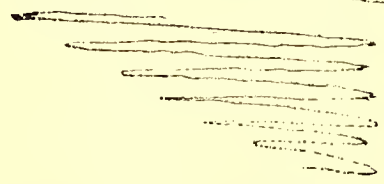
Monday, Tenth February, 1862
MY DEAR GIRLS—For if I were to write "young friends," it would look like a schoolmaster; and if I were to write "young ladies," it would look like a schoolmistress; and worse than that, neither form of words would look familiar and natural, or in character with our snowy riddle that tooth-chattering morning. I can tell

You have settled those little public
 affairs at home, she hopes you will
 come back to England (possibly in
 United States) and give a minute
 or two to this part of Kent. Her
 words are, "a day or two"; but I remember
 your Italian flights, and correct
 the message.

I have only just now finished
 my country readings, and have had
 nobody to make breakfast for me
 since the remote ages of Colchester!

Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens



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 I have only just now finished my country readings, and have had
 nobody to make breakfast for me since the remote ages of Colchester!
 Ever faithfully yours
 CHARLES DICKENS.

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XX.

SAM LONGSHORE SOLVES THE PROBLEM.



THE terrible catastrophe of the night before seemed something far off and unreal to Jacob as he stood again on the shore that lovely summer morning. The thunder-storm, the darkness and deluging rain, the upsetting of the boat, the struggle in the water, the rescue of Florie, the search for Alphonse, the departure of the steamboat down the river, and of the tug in the opposite direction, the appalling loneliness of his situation on the shore and in the great woods,—was not all this something he had experienced long ago, or in a dream?

The peddler, who proved to be rather tall and rather bent, now that he stood on the muddy slope of the bank, walked about in a stooping attitude, looking sharply at everything while he listened to Jacob's explanations, nodding the little head on his lean neck and shoulders, puckering his dry mouth, and appearing wise. At length he said:

"I've heard enough, and I've seen enough. My mind is made up about it."

"About what?" said Jacob.

Sam Longshore stuffed a heavy pinch of tobacco into his mouth, rolled it into his cheek, looked immensely philosophical, and proceeded:

"This hull thing. You can't tell me anything more, or show me anything, that will change my opinion. My mind is as clear about it as it is on the subject of the moon's connection with the tides, which reminds me that there is one kind of force that aint connected with the heat of the sun. You are an Ohio boy, so you never saw what is called a tide-mill. The tides flow twice a day on the sea-coast, and run up into cricks and rivers, and then run out again with the ebb. Dams are built in some places with gates that let the water run up, but ketch it as it goes to run down. That gives a water-power which does n't come from the rain caused by the condensation of the vapor raised by the heat of the sun. But I told you there was a power back of the heat of the sun—the power of gravitation. And it's that that causes the tides, the waters of the sea being attracted by the moon. So you see that, after all, there is only one great source of power, as I told you."

"But tell me about this!" said Jacob, trembling with anxiety. "What have you found out?"

"You see these trees with their tops in the water and their roots in the mass of earth that slid down the bank with 'em."

"Of course I see them!" said Jacob, impatiently.

"Well, see 'em some more," said the positive philosopher, dryly; "for they're a part of my theory. Now notice the gully in the bank, where the water from last night's rain is still trickling. A pile of water comes down there in a wet time. But in a dry time it's dry. It was dry at the beginning of the shower last evening. Ye takit all in?"

Sam Longshore looked at Jacob with an air of philosophical inquiry.

"Yes, I guess so," said Jacob; "all there to take."

"Now, you say this Professor Pinkey had money about him; and, more particularly, some of your money."

"He had all of my money," said Jacob.

"And he had n't paid his fare or yours on the steamboat. But he had played cards with the blackleg. Now, don't you see what I'm dring at?"

"No, I don't," said Jacob; "and I wish you would tell me!"

"Don't be nervous, don't be nervous," said the peddler, with his dry, leathery smile. "Learn to take a philosophical view of things. If you understand the science of human nature, as I have, you'd see what I mean. I wonder the captain of the steamer did n't see it. Which reminds me to say that his stopping his boat to look for a drowned passenger was an unheard-of thing on this river. I was aboard a steamboat once, below Leavenworth, just out of the Horseshoe Bend, when a man fell overboard in the night. I saw him go, and gave the alarm. And how long do you suppose the steamer stopped? About five minutes. They did n't even lower a boat for the poor fellow. 'He's drowned by this time,' says the captain; 'heavy freight, and many passengers; we're in a hurry!' And on went. Oh, I tell you, life is cheap on this river."

"But Mr. Pinkey was acquainted—that is he had got acquainted—with the captain," said Jacob.

"That made the difference, probably. It accounts for the captain's trusting him for his fares, and wanting to get hold of that belt. Otherwise, and aside from that, I'm astonished."

"How, astonished? What *do* you mean?" inquired Jacob.

"What I mean is, your Professor Pinkey is playing 'possum." And the philosophical Sam smiled with the most satisfied and offensive self-conceit.

"Playing ——" stammered Jacob.

"'Possum," said Longshore. "You know the possum, or opossum, one of the queerest creature's nature. The mother has a pouch at her breast, in which she puts her young ones in; she holds them with her fore-paws and drops them in with her teeth. She carries 'em about in it till they get big enough to ride on her back, and hold on to her by twisting their tails about it—the funniest sight ye ever did see! The niggers have great fun carrying 'em moonlight nights."

"So do white boys," exclaimed Jacob, impatient at the point of vexation. "I've seen 'possums; I don't want a sermon on 'em now!"

"But you want to know what I think, and I'm telling ye," was the philosophical reply. "The possum, when caught, has a curious trick of making itself believe dead. You may stir it up with a stick, and I even put your knife into its hide, and it'll lie perfectly quiet, but watching its chance to escape."

"I know all that!" said Jacob, despairingly. "But it is n't possible you can mean that my friend, Mr. Pinkey ——"

"Yes, it is possible," said Sam. "I mean, Mr. Pinkey aint drowned any more 'n you or I."

Jacob stared at him. The peddler continued: "Now see how everything works into my theory. Pinkey had gambled, and most likely lost money. He owed the captain; he owed you. The boat was seized at just the right time and in the right place. In the confusion he got into the tree-tops without being seen. The tree-tops hid him while he got into that gully there, and he climbed up and hid into the woods."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Jacob, almost angrily.

"You don't *want* to believe it," said Longshore, with a quaint smile.

"No, I don't! I'd as lief think my friend was drowned,—almost,—as believe he would be so hardy and so mean!" replied Jacob, with passionate earnestness.

"That accounts for it," said the philosopher. "It's about the hardest thing to get a man to believe what he don't want to believe. You'd better, of course, think that money-belt is in the pocket rather than that a rascal has run away with it. I'd like if 't was mine. There'd be more chance of getting my money again."

"I don't care for the money," cried Jacob. "And I *would* like to know that Mr. Pinkey is n't drowned. But he's not a rascal, and he never

would have left me to think he was dead while he was merely running away! That I'm sure of."

"Just what I expected," replied the smiling Sam. "Your mind has n't been used to weighing evidence in a spirit of philosophical inquiry. But here comes Quaker Matthew; we'll put it to him, and see what he says."

Close by the shore, in a small-boat, two men were approaching, one of whom had a somewhat rugged face, with strong features, heavy gray eyebrows, and a singularly quiet, benign expression. There was nothing about his garb to indicate his character, for he wore a common straw hat, and was without a coat; but Jacob knew at once that this was the father of Ruth.

The other "man" turned out to be a boy, considerably larger, but not much older, than Jacob. He pulled the oars, while Matthew sat in the stern and pushed or steered with a pole. The boat soon grounded alongside the Ark, and the peddler shook hands with Matthew as he stepped ashore.

Jacob left all the talking to his friend, who stated the facts in the case, together with his theory, and then appealed to Matthew's philosophical mind for an opinion. Jacob also looked into that calm and powerful face and the clear gray eyes, and waited almost as anxiously as if the life or death of his friend depended upon the words about to be spoken.

But Matthew Lane, unlike Sam Longshore, did not set himself up for an oracle. He said, quietly:

"What thee says, Samuel, is indeed possible, but by no means certain. Of course, after such a rain, it is useless to look for the marks of footsteps. And it seems to me that search for the body will be equally fruitless. I had made up my mind to that as we rowed up along the shore."

"What, then, shall I do?" Jacob burst forth, despairingly.

"I will tell thee, my lad," replied Matthew, laying his large brown hand, kindly on the boy's shoulder. "Thee shall go home with me, and spend as many days as thee chooses looking for thy friend. We will also have the loss advertised in the towns down the river. It is a question which time perhaps will solve, and I promise to help thee all I can."

The boy's heart swelled with mingled emotions of grief and gratitude.

"But how can I—what can I ever do to pay you for your trouble?" he stammered forth, with difficulty mastering a great sob.

"There will be time enough later to consider that. But go with us now; I would not remain here alone to-day, brooding over thy sorrow."

Sam Longshore grinned in his driest manner, and observed:

"I never found friend Matthew much of a phi-

losopher, but his advice is always good, and my advice is to take it. Anyway, I must go about my business, and try to make up for lost time. If you're goin' down the river now, I'll give you a lift."

The "lift" was accepted. It consisted simply in taking the small-boat in tow after the Ark had got headed down the river. The little engine *chow-chowed*, the paddles flew, the current assisted, and away went steamer and skiff in a style which would have diverted Jacob, had he not felt almost stunned by the result of the morning's investigations.

The passage down the river and up the creek to Matthew Lane's shore was quickly made. There the boat and the Ark parted company, the peddler promising to give Matthew's folks a call on his return from the village above.

CHAPTER XXI.

JACOB AND THE QUAKER FAMILY.

JACOB remained two days with the Quaker family,—days that passed so quietly that there is little to be said about them. But they were very memorable days to the boy. He never had imagined anything so beautiful as the relations of husband and wife and daughter to each other; that humble little home seemed filled with an atmosphere of love; and its influence over him was all the more soothing and durable for the great sorrow that had just softened his heart.

Matthew had a small farm, which he himself worked, with occasional aid from the boy who went with him in the boat. Jacob wished that he could have found work there too. But that was not to be.

On the evening of the second day, as Jacob sat with the family in their little sitting-room, Matthew said to him:

"Mary and I have been thinking a good deal of thy ease, Jacob, and it seems to us wrong that thee should be longer deceived. To-day, when we saw thee going again to the river-side, looking for thy friend, we resolved to tell thee what we think; though I fear the truth may be sadder to thee than the falsehood that has been imposed upon thee."

Jacob turned pale. He could not conceive what was coming. The Quaker's clear gray eyes looked kindly upon him from beneath their bushy brows; he noticed, too, that Ruth gave him a quick glance of concern and sweet pity. Her mother, who sat sewing by the table, did not look up, but kept her eyes fixed upon her work with an expression full of grave, motherly solicitude.

Matthew went on:

"It is often easier and better to lose a friend by death, than to lose our faith in him and in humanity through his misdeeds. I can understand why thee did not wish to accept Samuel's conclusion in

the matter; and for the sake of thy young he I wish we might say it was wrong. But I am well convinced that it is in the main correct."

"You think ——" gasped poor Jacob.

But his heart was in his throat, and he could say another word. All the while he felt the eyes of the sweet young Quakeress fixed upon him with deepening concern and pity.

"I talked the matter over with Mary that evening; and since then we have drawn out from her a pretty full description of thy friend's dress and appearance. So that no doubt remains in our minds that he is alive, and that he was the stranger who came to our house and slept with thee here that first night."

Jacob started as if he had been pricked by a sharp point. He looked appealingly at Matthew's wife, who now laid aside her work, and bent her gaze upon him, with a gentle, tremulous smile.

"Yea, Jacob," she said, "I think there can be no doubt that he was thy bedfellow. He had his friend's mustache and little strip of beard upon the chin, and his ringlets, though they were in a stringy condition from his drenehing, though his coat was then buttoned across his chest, and not with one button at the waist, his description corresponded well with thy description of it."

"Do not be cast down at the news of thy friend's unfaithfulness," said Matthew. "No doubt he has some good excuse for himself; cruel as it seems to him to have left thee to suffer so."

"I know he has," said Jacob. "And I am glad—if he is alive. But I thought so much of him,—I would n't hear a word against his honor, though all the while, in my own heart, I felt there was something not quite true about him; and now, to have him turn out so much worse than I suspected, or anybody said ——"

A sob, which had been all the while coming, though resolutely kept back, finished the sentence.

Matthew went on, with gentle kindness:

"And do not fall into the error of thinking that all the world is bad because the friend of thy trust has deceived thee."

"How can I think that?" said Jacob,—"for I have been in this house!"

Kind as Matthew was, he had appeared calm and unmoved until now. But these words touched him, and his lips quivered before he spoke again.

"Now, thee must leave thy friend's imagination grave, and think of thy own future, Jacob. We would be glad to keep thee here; but that would not be well. We could not give thee constant employment; and I am sure thee can do so elsewhere. We have a nephew in Jackson, the capital of Jackson County,—a man of means, largely interested in the iron-works there; will

ve thee a letter to him, which thee will find of
vice. And I think thee had better depart in
the morning. Ruth shall convey thee a few miles
in the wagon; after which, thee can finish the
journey on foot at the end of the second day."

This was another shock to the boy's heart. Hav-
ing lost his one friend, his impulse was to cling
to these new ones, with all the might of his young
and strong affections.

"If I go to their nephew, I may see them again,"
was the one cheering thought that flashed across
the darkness of his future.

through every doubt and trouble. Remember
that worldly advantages are deceitful, and that they
soon pass away; but that truth, and the gains of
the heart and soul, are real and eternal. Keep
thy youth and manhood pure. Help others. Let
love be thy law. Farewell!"

Mary said less, but gave him a motherly kiss.

"I can never thank you!" he said. "But I
shall never forget you!"

With which words, uttered in a broken voice, he
turned from that hospitable door, which had be-
come so dear to him, and climbed up into the old



"THE HORSE WENT SLOWLY, BUT THE TIME WENT FAST."

That gleam of hope consoled him at the time,
and gave him fortitude to bear the parting from
Matthew and Mary the next morning.

Everything was ready for an early start. Mat-
thew had his letter written, which he gave to Jacob
for breakfast, with a little money, and a few words
of earnest counsel.

He has trusted an outward friend hitherto,
and he has deceived thee. Now thee must rely
on that inner Friend, who will never betray
thee, nor guide thee wrong. Question thy con-
science, Jacob, and follow that single ray, which,
though sometimes faintly seen, will lead thee safely

to one horse wagon, where the little Quakeress, Ruth,
was already waiting for him, reins in hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

A JOURNEY, AND A SURPRISE AT THE END OF IT.

It was still in the dewy morning, and the world
was bathed in sunshine and silvery mist, when
Jacob started on his journey, riding with Ruth in
the checkered light, along by a fringe of birches
on the banks of the creek.

Both were a long time silent. At least, it
seemed a long time to Jacob, who wished to break

through the constraint which deep emotion had cast upon his tongue, and enjoy the little Quakeress's society while he could; for from her, too, he must soon part. She knew that he was thinking and feeling deeply, and would not intrude upon his reverie with any forced or trivial words.

They had not gone much more than a mile, however, when they heard a quick panting of steam, and saw the little Ark coming down the creek.

"There is Sam Longshore!" cried Jacob. "I should like to bid him good-bye."

So Ruth drove in between the trees, close to the edge of the bank, and Jacob stood up in the wagon and showed his little black bag and swung his cap.

"Good-bye!" he shouted down to the peddler, at the wheel with his dog Ripper.

Longshore shut off steam, and drifting near the shore, shouted up at Jacob:

"Off, are you?"

"Yes,—going to Jackson."

"Found out that what I said was about so, did n't ye?" said Sam. "Well, you'll find out, soon or late, that a good many other things I said are so, too. Think on 'em, young man, and remember Sam Longshore."

"Be sure I will!" cried Jacob, heartily.

"There's one other thing I wanted to say to you,—about the attraction of the sun and planets,—which has a bearing on the theory of——"

But just here, the lank form and puckered face of the peddler were shut from view by the projection of his little cabin roof, as the Ark, drifting past, carried him down the creek.

"Is n't he a strange man?" said Ruth, laughing.

"Yes," replied Jacob,—“the queerest mortal I ever saw. But he has set me thinking about some things, and I'm very glad I met him. It seems to me," he added, after a pause, "that I have learned more in the past few days than in all my life before."

"How is that?" Ruth inquired, glad to hear him talk.

"Oh, I knew so little of human nature and life! I started off with the grand idea of being my own master; and I have found everything so different from what I expected!"

"Thee has had a great trial," said the little Quakeress. "Is thee sorry?"

"How can I be sorry," replied Jacob, "since it has brought me acquainted with your folks? Oh!" he exclaimed, "after I had lost my only friend in the world,—and, what was worse, lost faith in him,—I don't know what would have become of me if it had n't been for the kindness, the—— I can't say what I mean!"

"I am so glad thee came to our house!" said Ruth, soothingly.

"Are your cousin's folks—where I am going—anything like you?" Jacob asked, after another pause.

"They are Friends,—what the world calls Quakers," replied Ruth. "And my cousin is a very good man, I believe. But thee will find him full of business, and not very much like my father. Our people are not all alike."

"So I have found. I never knew but one Quaker before,—I mean Friend," stammered Jacob, correcting himself.

"Oh, I don't mind thy calling us Quakers," said Ruth, turning upon him with a sweet, bright smile.

"He is a hard old fellow!" Jacob went on, smiling and blushing at some amusing recollection. "He tried to cheat me, buying my aunt's cow, and I told him pretty plainly what I thought. It was very foolish in me; but he made me mad!"

"Thee should not suffer thyself to be made mad, Jacob," said Ruth, gently.

"I know it. And I ought not to have said Friend David, if he *did* call me grasping, when he was the grasping one, as was proved at the auction, when he paid more than I'd asked for the cow before, and more than twice what he'd offered. He gave me a sort of prejudice against Quakers, but it is cured now! I don't know just what your people believe, but I would give anything to have good a man as your father! It seems to me everybody must feel how good he is."

"Yea, I think so," said Ruth. "Even dumb animals feel it, too. People from ever so far around bring him horses and oxen to tambrake, as they call it. He never whips them; they seem to know at once that he is their friend, and they give right up to him. No dog will ever touch him. I remember the first time we ever saw Samuel Longshore's Ark. Samuel had left his dog to guard it, when my father and I saw it by the shore, and went down to look at it. The dog growled dreadfully, but my father said to me kindly, though in a tone of authority, 'Come here!' and he came right up and licked his hands. Samuel said there was n't another man in the world who could have done it."

Another silence. Then Jacob said:

"I hope I shall see you again sometime. Do you ever visit your cousin's folks in Jackson?"

"I have been there twice, but not very lately. It is more likely that thee will visit us, than that I shall see thee there. Meanwhile, thee must write to us, and let us know how thee prospers."

"And will you write to me?"

"Yea, I think so," said Ruth, simply.

That promise made Jacob happy. His temper was now loosed, and he talked freely with his companion during the remainder of their ride. They

passed the village, and drove several miles along a pleasant country road, while the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and beat down upon them so that Jacob took an umbrella from the bottom of the wagon and held it over their heads. At length Ruth said :

“There are the stump fences, where my father and I would better leave thee.”

“Oh! so soon?” cried Jacob. “Then drive away! I don’t know what will happen to me after part, but I am sure I shall be very lonesome!”

“He did not say just where I was to leave thee, and I think I may drive a little way beyond the beginning of the stump fences,” replied Ruth.

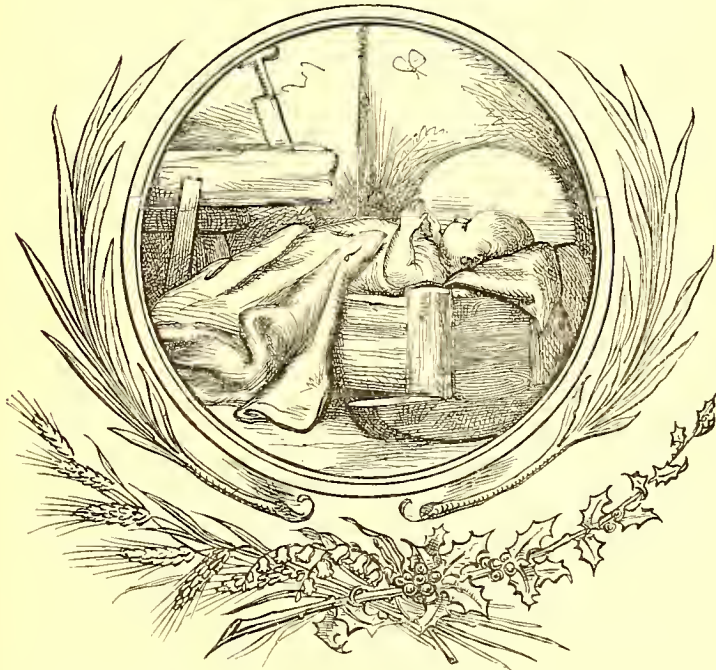
“I thought of that, but was ashamed to ask it—seemed too much. You will have to go back alone, and the sun will be so hot!”

“But I shall have the umbrella, and thee will have none, Jacob. I shall not mind being alone, for I shall have my own thoughts for company. I shall think of thee, walking on with thy bag in the hot sun!”

The horse went very slowly indeed; but the time went fast, and the moment of parting soon came. The roadway was narrow, and Jacob helped to turn the wagon about and head the horse homeward. Then, standing by the wheel, he reached up to shake hands with Ruth, and say good-bye.

After they had parted, he walked on, but stopped and turned often to see her driving away under the little umbrella; and once she turned to look at him. But it was a long way off. Then she came to a turn in the road, and disappeared. And once more Jacob was alone in the world.

(To be continued.)



NOT only in the Christmas-tide
The holy baby lay;
But month by month his home he blessed,
And brightened every day.

He made the winter soft as spring,
The summer brave and clear,
For Christ, who lived for all the world,
Was part of all the year.

IVANHOE.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I DON'T think I shall ever forget my first reading of Scott's story of "Ivanhoe,"—not if I live to be as old as Commodore Vanderbilt.

It was about the time when I was half through Adam's Latin Grammar (which nobody studies now). I was curled up in an easy-chair, with one

old tournament-ground where was held the famous fête that opens so grandly the story of "Ivanhoe" and in going through Sherwood Forest (what is left of it), I think the Robin Hood of Scott's story was as lively in my thought as the Robin Hood of the old ballads.

And now ST. NICHOLAS wants the story laid over in a few pages. A few pages! Ah! there was a time when I wished the two hundred pages could be stretched into five hundred! I hear the young people of our day complain that they can't like the long talks and the long descriptions, and that Scott's books are too slow for them. Well, well! I know that the day of chivalry, and of men-at-arms, and "knights caparisoned" is gone; but there are old heads into which the din of these gone-by times does come at odd intervals, floating musically, and never so musically as on the pages of Scott. What if we try to whisk a little of this music into a page of story?

The first scene shows a swineherd, with rough jerkin; his tangled hair is his only cap, and a leech-band is around his neck, and he is talking with the fool Wamba, who sits upon a bank in the forest. They are the serfs of an old Saxon named Cedric, who lives near by, in a great, sprawling, half-timbered country-house. And when Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba go home at night, there is a great company in the hall of Cedric, their master. A famous Templar knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is there with his retinue; and Cedric has seated by him Rowena, a beautiful princess, who is living under his guardianship; and there is a pilgrim from the Holy Land in the company,—who is a disguised knight (and he is the son of Cedric, but has been disinherited by his father because he has dared to love the beautiful Rowena); and there is a rich old white-bearded Jew,—Isaac of York,—who is buffeted by the company, but who is richer than them all. The timber roof of the apartment is begrimed with smoke, that rises from a great fire-place at the end of the hall. Yet the meats are good, and there is wine and ale. There is talk of the battles of the crusaders in Palestine, and of the valiant deed of Richard the Lion-hearted, who is a prisoner (or thought to be) somewhere in Europe; and there is talk, too, of the great tournament at Ashby, where all the company is going on the morrow.

But no one knows the secret of the disguised pilgrim, who at dawn next day steals out secretly,



THE SWINEHERD AND WAMBA.

of those gilt-backed volumes in my hand, which made a long array in a little upstairs book-case of a certain stone house that fronts the sea. Snowing, I think, and promising good sliding down-hill (we knew nothing about any such word as "coasting" in those days). But snow, and sleds, and mittens were all forgotten in that charming story, where I saw old Saxon England and the brave Cœur de Lion, who was king, and a pretty princess, and dashing men-at-arms, and heard clash of battle, and bugle notes, and prayerful entreaties of a sweet Jewess, and anthems in old abbays.

All these so lingered in my mind, that when years after I went rambling through England, I wandered one day all around the town of Ashby-de-la-Zouche to find—if it might be found—the

-taking Gurth with him, and telling the swine-herd who he really is. He befriends the Jew, too; and so, through his aid, procures a steed and armor for the battle of the tournament.

It was a gorgeous scene at Ashby. Prince John, the usurping king (brother to Richard), was here with his court, and Rowena beautiful as

write their own names, and it was a long time before there was any such thing in existence as a printed book. But yet I think the show of fine feathers and silks, and coquetry, was as great then as it would be in any such great assemblage now.

Well, in all the knightly sports of the early part of the day, Bois-Guilbert was easily chief; but



THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY.

ever; and still more beautiful was Rebecca, the peerless daughter of the Jew," Isaac of York. Of course there was, too, a great crowd of Saxon knights and of Norman barons, and of people of all degrees,—such a crowd, in short, as gathers at one of our great fairs or races. But remember that very few of the great people, even in this gathering of Richard Cœur de Lion's day, could

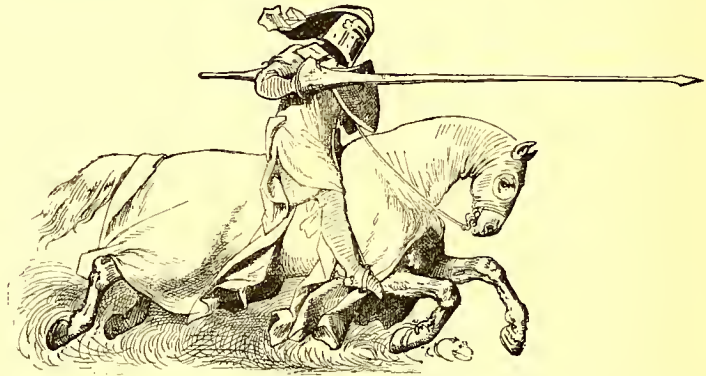
before the day ended, a new knight made his appearance on the field with visor down, unknown to all, and with only this device on his shield,—a young oak torn up by the roots, and the word "Disinherited." Everybody admired his motions and his carriage, and everybody trembled when he rode bravely up to the tents of the challengers and smote the shield of Bois-Guilbert with

the point of his lance. This meant deadly strife; while, before this time, all the combats had been with blunted javelins.

So the knights took up position, and at a blast from the trumpets dashed forward into the middle

This was a most splendid thing for Rebecca to do, we all thought.

The next day, there was a little army on each side in the contest: Bois-Guilbert leading one, and Ivanhoe the other. For a long time the



of the lists, and met with a shock, that must have been a fearful thing to see. Neither was unhorsed, though the lances of both were shattered in splinters. At the second trial, Bois-Guilbert rolled over in the dust, and the strange knight (whose real name was Ivanhoe) was declared victor.

The air rang with shouts, and Ivanhoe rode around the lists to single out a fair lady who should be queen of the next day's fête; of course, he chose Rowena, the Saxon princess, who sat beside Athelstane, who was of royal Saxon blood, and was her declared lover, and favored by Cedric, who sat also beside her.

But neither Cedric, nor Rowena, nor Prince John knew who the strange knight could be, since he had refused to lift the visor of his helmet, or to declare his name. The Jew, Isaac of York, doubtless knew the steed and the armor, and may have whispered what he knew to Rebecca; for when Ivanhoe, at evening, sent his man Gurth to pay the Jew for his equipments, the beautiful Rebecca detained the messenger at the door, and paid him back the money—and more; saying that so true and good a knight, who had befriended her father, owed him nothing.

result was doubtful; but, at last, Ivanhoe was beset by three knights at once,—Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane, and Front de Bœuf; and surely would have been conquered if a new party had not appeared. This was a gigantic knight in black armor, with no device, and who had acted the sly-gard. He rode up at sight of Ivanhoe's need, and with a careless blow or two from his battle-ax, sent Front de Bœuf and Athelstane reeling in the dust. After this, the victory of Ivanhoe was easy and complete.



REBECCA AND THE MESSENGER.

They led him up to receive the crown from Rowena, the queen of the fête; and they unloosed his helmet, though he made signs to them to forbear; and Cedric knew his son, and Rowena knew her lover, and Prince John knew the favorite of the wrong King Richard, whose power he was usurping.

But the poor knight was wounded grievously; and, taking off his corslet, his attendants found a spear-head driven into his breast. And he was taken away to be cared for,—none knew exactly by whom; but it appeared afterward that it was by those the employ of Rebecca, who, like many ladies of that day, was a great mistress of the healing craft.

A day or two later, as I remember, he was journeying in a litter under care of the Jew and Rebecca, who were attacked by outlaws; and after this, claimed the protection of Cedric and the steeple, and their company, who also were

out and report to the poor knight Ivanhoe how the battle is going. She says a giant, in black armor, is heading the attacking party, and that he thunders with his great battle-ax upon the postern gate, as if the might of an army were in



journeying through the same region; but these latter did not know who was the wounded man in the litter. Even if they had known, they could not have protected him against the enemies who presently beset them; for they all were taken captive and lodged in the great castle of Front de Bœuf.

Ah, what a castle it was! What dungeons! What mysterious posterns! What embrasures, and courts, and turrets, and thick walls, and secret passages!

I see in one of its dungeons the old Jew, appealing to Front de Bœuf, who threatens to draw out his teeth one by one, or to roast him by the dungeon fire, if he will not disgorge his money.

I see Rebecca, beautiful and demure, wooed by Bois-Guilbert, as captives are always wooed by conquerors, until, with proud daring, she threatens to throw herself from the embrasure of the window, heading down the walls.

I see Cedric disguised as priest and making his escape, and flinging back bribes in scorn. I see Ivanhoe stretched upon his sick couch, helpless, and listening yearningly to the sounds that come up from the castle walls. I see the beautiful Rebecca—who is in attendance upon him (we boys were all so glad of that)—exposing herself to chance arrows from Robin Hood's band, who are attacking the castle, only that she may look

his hand. She says the men go down under his strokes as if God's lightning had smitten them. He knows who it must be. It is—it can be no other than the Black Sluggard of the tournament—Richard I. of England!

“Look again, Rebecca.”

“God of Abraham! They are toppling over a great stone from the battlements; it must crush the brave knight!”

Poor Ivanhoe! Poor captives!

“But no, he is safe; he is thundering at the gate; it splinters under his blows! Ah, the blood! the trampled men! Great God! are these thy children?”



FRONT DE BŒUF DEMANDING MONEY OF ISAAC.

Yet even now, there are inner and higher walls of the castle to be climbed or battered down.

Never would they have been taken except there had been treachery within. A wretched woman—Ulrica, victim of Front de Bœuf—has set a match to a great store of fuel, and smoke and flame belch out: the defenders have fires to fight, and their outposts are weakened, and the attacking party press on and secure the citadel. I seem to see smoke and flame, and crashing towers, under whose ruins lie buried Front de Bœuf and the miserable Ulrica. Then, upon a patch of greenward, under the shadow of a near grove of oaks, the victors gather slowly to measure their spoil.

The Saxon Rowena is safe—so is the Jew and Cedric. Athelstane has received what seems his death-wound. Ivanhoe has been snatched out of the jaws of destruction by the arm of King Richard, who bids Cedric be reconciled with his son; which bidding the old Saxon curmudgeon cannot deny; and he is half disposed to favor—now that the royal lover Athelstane is out of the way—the pretensions of Ivanhoe to the hand and heart of Rowena. Robin Hood, in his suit of green, gets free grace for all his misdeeds as outlaw, and, with one of his “merry men,”—a certain jolly friar of Copmanhurst (who does not know the secret of the Black Knight),—the easy-going, stalwart king

borne away a captive by a knight who was no other than the wicked Templar, Bois-Guilbert. Whither, none knew; nor does the story of his seizure come to the ears of Ivanhoe (for which, fear, Rowena was glad), who is borne away to some religious house, where he will have more orthodox though not more gentle, care than the tenderness Rebecca would have rendered.

After this, I seem to see a great crowd of mourners in some old monastery or religious house of some sort, bewailing (with good eating and flagons of ale) the lost Athelstane; and in the middle of the funeral feast—which the king had honored with his presence, and Rowena, and the knight Ivanhoe, too! Athelstane himself, with his grave-clothes on him, suddenly appears! Good old Walter Scott loved such surprises as he loved a good dinner. The royal Saxon lover of Rowena was not really dead, but had only been stunned by a fearful blow. But the blow has cleared his brain, and made him see that Rowena cares more for the little finger of Ivanhoe than for his whole body; so he tells Cedric he gives up his claim.

And what does Ivanhoe say?

There is no Ivanhoe to be found. A mysterious messenger has summoned him away, and though scarce able to sit his horse, for his severe wounds, he has put on his armor and dashed through the outlying forests. He rides hard, and he rides fast, for there is a dear life at stake. Whose?

(If we were writing a novel, we should say “CHAPTER SECOND” here, and make a break. Then we should begin—)

We return now to Rebecca. Bois-Guilbert had indeed borne her away, and lodged her in a great house that belonged to the Knights Templar. But the Grand Master of the Templars, to whom Bois-Guilbert owed obedience, was a very severe man, and a very curious, prying man; and he found out speedily what Bois-Guilbert had done; and he found out that this young woman, beautiful as she was, was a Jewess; and there were some among the Templars who said she was a sorceress, too, and had practiced

her sorcery upon Bois-Guilbert. So this Grand Master of the Templars brought the poor girl to trial for sorcery (though she was the most Christian and most lovable creature in the whole book!).

It was a sorry, sham trial: the Templars all on one side, and the poor Jewess on the other; and the miserable fellow, Bois-Guilbert, was afraid to open his mouth in her defense). He told her, indeed, that he would save her, and run off with



“CEDRIC THROWING BACK BRIBES IN SCORN.”

has a sparring-match (which to every boy-reader of our time was delightful), and which ended with putting the great jolly friar sprawling in the dirt. What a brave, stout king was Richard, to be sure!

But the only real grief among all who have been rescued is shown by the poor old Jew—not so much for the moneys which the barons and the church-people have shorn him of, as for his daughter. The sweet Rebecca has not been crushed, indeed, in the ruin of the castle; but she has been

er, if she would go; but she scorned him with a most brave and beautiful scorn. Of course she came off badly at the trial, as they meant she would. She was condemned to be burned! Only one chance for escape was left—she might summon a knight to her defense, who must contend against the bravest and strongest of the Templars.

him that the good knight left the scene of Athelstane's coming-to-life.

The morning came. The faggots were piled up; the match-fire was ready; the Templars were all gathered; the stout Brian du Bois-Guilbert, armed *cap-à-pie*, was ready for any champion; the great warning-bell began tolling—One! two! three—



REBECCA'S TRIAL.

her champion won, she might go free; if he failed, by a hair's breadth, the faggots would be kindled around her.

But who would defend a Jewess? Who would be champion for a suspected sorceress?

She craved the privilege of sending out a messenger, in faint hope of finding a champion. And the messenger rode—a good fellow—rode fast, rode far; 't was he that found Ivanhoe, and 't was with

What dust is that rising yonder? It is—it is a knight—in full armor; he approaches—he comes in plain sight. It is Ivanhoe; but ah, so weak, so wearied, so wasted by his sickness! There is but little hope for poor Rebecca. But he enters the lists; he braves the challenger; the trumpet sounds; the steeds dash away to the encounter, and the crash of meeting comes.

The Grand Master strains his eyes to see what

figures shall come out from that cloud of dust. One is down,—prostrate utterly,—dying. Of course it must be the enfeebled and fatigued Ivanhoe. But no—no—it is not! It is Bois-Guilbert who is dying! And what is this new cloud of dust and tramp of cavalry? It is Richard of England, who has followed hard upon the track of Ivanhoe; for he has heard of his errand, and knows he is unfit to encounter the strongest of the Templar Knights. He has brought a squadron of armed men with him, too, to seize upon all traitors in the ranks of the Templars; and lo! above the roof and towers of the Grand Master of the Templars the royal standard of England is even now floating in the breeze. And Rebecca is safe, and Ivanhoe is safe.

And did he marry her?

Ah, no! He married the Saxon Rowena; and they had a grand wedding in York Minster, where now you may see the pavement on which they walked.

One day after the wedding,—it may have been a week later,—a visitor asked an interview with the bride. The visitor was a closely veiled lady of most graceful figure. You guess who it was? Rebecca. She brought a gift for the bride of Ivanhoe,—a gorgeous necklace of diamonds,—so magnificent that Rowena felt like refusing the gift.

“I pray you, take them, dear lady,” said Rebecca. “I owe this, and more, to the good knight—your honored —” Here she broke down. When she recovered herself presently—kissed the hand of Rowena—passed out.

I think Rowena was glad her visitor did not mention Ivanhoe upon the stairs; I think she was glad, too, that the lovely Rebecca went over seas presently to Spanish Grenada, though she pretended not to be.

I know if I had been Ivanhoe — But we will not try to mend a story of Scott's; least of all, when we crowd one of his novels into a few pages, as we have done here.

TROTTY'S LECTURE BUREAU.

(Not a Trotty Story, but a Trotty Scrap. Told for Trotty's Friends.)

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

“OUR peoples do,” said Trotty. That was reason sufficient to Trotty's mind for doing anything; and whether “our peoples” were three times as big as Trotty and thirty times as wise, or not, was a matter of not the slightest consequence in this young gentleman's view of things.

“Our peoples have a lecture bureau,” urged Trotty. “I want the spare-oom bureau, mamma, vat's got a marble top. Nita said it better have a marble top, and Nate, he said he'd just as lieve play int' the spare-oom as out the tool-house. My lecture is wrotten and ready,” argued Trotty, persuasively. “I wrottened it on some old ongvelopes I found in you' table-drawer while you'd gone to meeting!”

This final argument did not have exactly the effect Trotty had anticipated. He not only did *not* get a marble lecture bureau on that occasion, but his very MS. was unceremoniously taken away from him, and an old French grammar serenely offered to him instead,—this not five minutes before

the advertised hour of one's lecture, was, as any one will see, an interference with free speech difficult for calmer minds than Trotty's to tolerate.

“Trotty,” said his mother, with some solemnity. “I cannot *yet* bring my mind to let you take out your papa's love-letters.”

“Poo' dear dead papa!” interrupted Trotty, softly; “but I did n't know he wrotten his letters in you' table-drawer.”

“Papa's love-letters for a lyceum bureau!” proceeded mamma. “You may have the French grammar, and there's an old bureau out in the tool-house with two casters off. That will do for a lecture bureau. Don't tumble off. Give me back the letters. Send Nate down-stairs, and now run away!”

So Trotty sent Nate down-stairs and ran away, and the boys told Nita about the bureau, and she said she'd rather have had the marble-top, but this would do; so Trotty climbed upon the bureau and Nate and Nita sat down upon a wheelbarrow and

ey shut the door of the tool-house, and Trotty opened the French grammar and delivered the evening lecture of the course as follows :

“MY LECTURE BUREAU.

LECTURE THE FIRST: WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

“My subject, gentlemen and a few ladies, is woman's sufferings. Conjugation the first.

“Vis lecture bureau is a little rickety, and I'll be obliged to you, ladies and gentleman, if Nate would n't just sit, giggling. You can't laugh, too, unless you have four casters. It is n't very safe.

“Woman's sufferings. Hem! Ho—haw—hum! Woman's sufferings, my friends, is an awful subject,—a *norful* subject. It has been often on. It has been lectured to. I've heard ministers pray to it, and my brother Max makes a lot of it. [*Pause.*]

“I never heard it lectured at on such a rickety lecture bureau as this.

“My brethren, women should never vote!—would nev-er vote, gentlemen and ladies. Vey can't know enough. Vey aint strong enough. Vey can-not go to war, ladies and gentlemen!

“My papa went to war. But he died. But he was n't a woman.

“My friends, I tell you girls aint *grown* to vote. Vey wear dresses. They can't play base-ball. Vey see I knew a girl tried to spin a top, but she could n't. It was n't Nita; she need n't fink. Nita was married to me. She knows better. Brethren, I tell you vis on purpose, I,—women can-not vote, I tell you!

“My friends, vis is a solemn subject. Let me say a few words to you as a momentum of this matter. My brother Max, he gave me a nold bad lecture once as a momentum of him, but I frew it up on the well, you'd better fink! My brother Max says if women should vote, vis country would be to—

“If the gentlemen in vis audience don't stop wing paper balls at vis lecture bureau, I will never assume this subject without four casters!

“Brethren, ‘If the donkey of my brother should carry the pink silk umbrella of my sister-in-law’—hum!—*could* woman leave her baby crying in her cradle, I ax you?

“Vat about the donkey is printed in the book,

but I don't seem to stand very straight without giggling, and ven you hit you' head against the cobwebs on top, I fink this lecture is most frough.

“Gentlemen, I *appeal* to you! If—oh—well—if ‘the hat of my father-in-law is in the cage of the monkey of my great-grandmother,’ ven, I'd *like* to know, when woman should voted, if vis country would not go to *smash*, sir! I ax you, fellow-citizens and hearers, in the irregular declension and indicative case, if—I ax you if—ladies and brethren and fellow-gentlemen, whether vis country —”

There was a pause, and then a noise. It was a solemn pause. It was a dreadful noise. What, under the depressing circumstance pictured by the lecturer, will become of the country, I cannot say. But what became of the bureau is quite clear. If the country does not go to smash, that lecture bureau did.

Trotty says it was Nate, Nate says it was Nita. Nita says Trotty stood on one foot too long. Perhaps that one foot was the trouble. At all events, in the midst of an impressive gesture with the left sole of the other, over went bureau—lecturer—the monkey of his great-grandmother—the hat of his father-in-law—and woman's sufferings in one stupendous whole upon the tool-house floor.

Nate picked him up. Nita jumped up and down and cried. The poor little lecturer was dusty and crumpled, and there was blood about his face from somewhere—nobody knew where. All the bureau drawers had tumbled out. Nate thought they'd better shut him in one till he got better. But Nita thought they'd better call his mother.

So his mother came out and picked him up, and washed him off, and dusted him off, and tied him up, and kissed him up, and then they found he was about as good as new, and nothing much the worse for the lecture bureau.

“I fink,” said Trotty, with the air of a martyr who had narrowly escaped translation, “if I'd had a tumbler lemonade and a zinger-snap, I would n't care as much 'bout woman's sufferings without the casters.”

So Trotty and Nate and Nita had a little tumbler of lemonade and a ginger-snap all around, in the dining-room, and mamma locked the tool-house door upon the ruins of Trotty's lecture bureau.

FLUFFY AND SNUFFY.

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.



FLUFFY was a little girl, with some nice clean clothes on ;
Snuffy was a little dog, with a naughty nose on.



Fluffy had a bowl of broth given her for dinner ;
Snuffy, from a stool near by, watched her,—little sinner !



Fluffy thought she heard a noise like an organ-grinder ;
Turned her curly head to look through the pane behind her.

Snuffy, when she dropped her spoon, went to learn the reason ;
Mild respect was in his eye,—in his heart was treason.



Fluffy's thoughts came back to broth, at the time precisely,
That he turned it upside down, just to cool it nicely.

Fluffy cried and ran away, with no nice clean clothes on;
And Snuffy was a little dog, with an injured nose on.

THE "HOLLENBERRY" CUP.

By MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

"MOTHER, what you think 's brokened? Your Hollenberry' cup! All to pieces!" Susie said all in one breath, holding up the handle and small fragment of a clear, delicate china cup, and only one scarlet "hollenberry," and part of a saucer left on it. "But don't scold Will," she added; "he did n't mean to, and he 's awful sorry now."

"How did Willie break it?" asked Susie's mother, quietly, and not looking nearly as much displeas'd with scolding Will as Susie had expected, though in truth, she was more sorry than Susie knew. For that dainty French china cup and saucer—exquisite shape, and bordered with holly leaves and clusters of scarlet holly berries—was dear to her, in fact, and as the gift of an absent and cherished friend.

"Oh, he was arranging the ferns in the tall vase," said Bertha, and Bertha jarred 'em over, whirling about, in the excitement; anyway, they were jarred down, and when she was putting them up straight the silver vase fell against the cup."

"And I wish," said Bertha, who now stood just behind Susie, and was half a head taller, "I wish

everything pretty we care for was made of silver or gold, or else ivory! *Then* they would n't be all spoiled to pieces the minute they were touched!"

Mrs. Gaylord smiled as she followed the children to the parlor. Will was on the sofa, and Bessie, a sweet girl of fourteen, stood by him, trying to fit together the fragments, and waiting for Susie's bit.

"I 'm sorry," said Will, as he looked above the mantel, contemplating the vacancy he had made by upsetting the cup.

Mrs. Gaylord knew that, before he spoke as well as after, so she said, cheerfully, "I learned when a little girl that it was of no use to cry over spilled milk, and I am sure it is too late to begin now." Four pairs of eyes were watching her, and she did not think how well she was teaching them the same lesson.

"You may put the pieces out of sight, Bessie, and we will forget it."

After leaving them, Bessie took the bits to her own room, followed by Bertha and Susie. She found that, although there were half a dozen pieces, they were all there, and she could fit them exactly.

"What a nice surprise it would be to mother and Will if this could be *very* neatly mended," she said, slowly; "and if two little people can keep a secret, I'll do my best to make it all right again."

"Oh, we can," said Bertha.

"We truly will," said Susie.

Bessie got a little vial of cement and looked carefully at the directions on its side. If Bessie had one fault it was impatience. If there were any trait likely to enable her to overcome it, she had this also. It was the joy it gave her to give others pleasant surprises. Her drawing teacher had told her that if anything would prevent her success as an artist it would be her impatience to finish a piece as soon as it was begun. The broken cup proved a test. She first brushed the cement on the edges of the larger piece, and fitted it to the half cup. Then she tried the next in size, but, in pressing it gently in its place, out fell the other piece. This she tried again and again, while Bertha's "Oh's" and Susie's "You never can!" did not lessen her nervousness. At last she said, "I see how it is; it is a long job. I shall have to put in one piece at a time, and wait for that to get dry and tight; and that'll take one day; and then put in another piece, and let that dry, and so on."

"Oh—dear—me!" said Susie.

But it was the only way. The next day the children went up to their secret work. The large piece was in all right. Bessie fitted another to it beautifully. Then she tried one more. Out both fell.

"Oh, dear! I've half a mind to throw it away. Mother thinks it's gone, anyway."

"Can't you make one piece stay? You know what you said," hinted Bertha; "and then we can go down and forget it till to-morrow."

This helped Bessie's patience, and the second piece was put in, and the cup set away. The next day all proved well thus far, as before, and again Bessie tried to "finish the job," but the old rule of

"one at a time" persisted in being obeyed. "Three days more," sighed Susie. But, lo! on the third and last day the one little triangular piece that was left would n't fit in. Somehow it was just a little too large for its place. In trying very hard to press it in, out came the piece next it. The cup was put back easily, and Bessie said, "This little 'triangle hole' is so far under that it will never show, and she walked to the coal-scuttle in the closet and dropped the last tiny fragment of china down among the black coals, sure that no one would ever see it again.

"There'll always be a hole in the 'hollenberry cup!" sobbed Susie, as the bit of china disappeared.

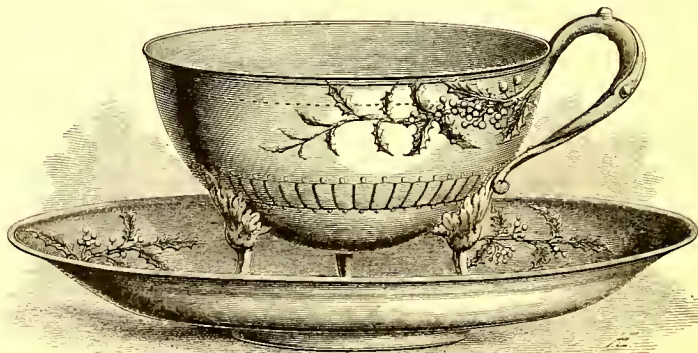
"Wait till to-morrow and see," said Bessie. "We'll finish it yet."

So the little face brightened again. Next day the cup was all right except the one tiny hole. Bessie washed it carefully, and the china looked more pearly than ever, and the holly berries a brighter scarlet. What should be done with the hole? A happy thought struck her. She found some little snowy flakes of plaster of Paris, and with one with her pen-knife, putting it gently into the open place. Then she mixed up a little plaster, and smoothed it nicely over and let it harden. Sure enough it was all right. Taking a brush from her paint-box, with white paint she delicately brushed over the cracked lines, and lo! her patience was rewarded.

"No one could tell it was ever brokened!" said Susie, bending forward, and pressing her hands tightly together as possible to enforce her delight.

"I would n't know it myself!" said Bertha.

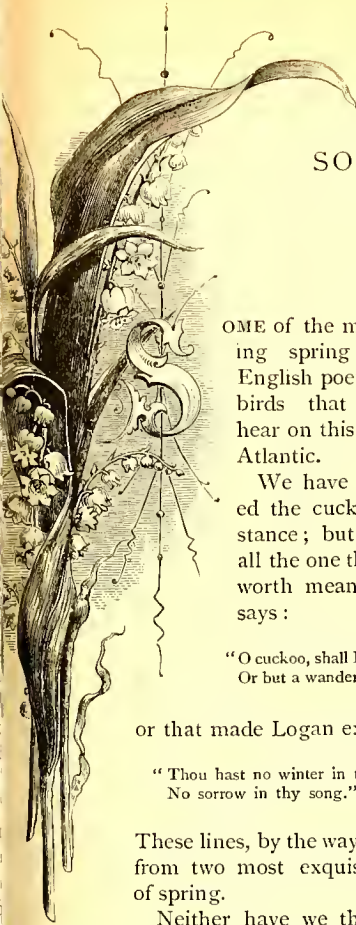
Bessie carried the cup to its old place beside the silver vase, happy in two thoughts—that she had a surprise for her mother (and it proved quite as pleasant a one as she had anticipated), and that she had proved that she could conquer impatience, and learn how good it is to "Labor and to wait."



SONGS OF SPRING.

[PART II.]

BY LUCY LARCOM.



OME of the most charming spring songs of English poets are about birds that we never hear on this side of the Atlantic.

We have a bird called the cuckoo, for instance; but it is not at all the one that Wordsworth means when he says:

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

or that made Logan exclaim:

"Thou hast no winter in thy year,
No sorrow in thy song."

These lines, by the way, are taken from two most exquisite poems of spring.

Neither have we the skylark, which inspired Shelley's beautiful beginning with the lines:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert!"

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd's,

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless;"

Wordsworth's

"A privacy of glorious light is thine!"

yet our familiar meadow-lark has a note tive and musical enough for any poet to take hit in.

The nightingales also, which echo sweetly to us in European poetry, are known here only in song. Their singing is to us like music heard in a dream. But the whip-poor-will and the hermit thrush fill their place pretty well.

An "Answer to a Child's Question," by Coleridge, begins with:

"Do you ask what the birds sing?
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say,
'I love,' and 'I love.'"

And the birds of every country take the same theme for their melodies.

When the swallow cuts the blue sky with his swift curve, we are sure that summer is very near, although a poet says,

"T is not one blossom makes a spring,
Nor yet one swallow makes a summer."

He well may add:

"I know not whether is more dear
The summer bird or vernal blossom."

Aubrey de Vere writes:

"Who knows not Spring? Who doubts, when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not,—nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not,—nor the weed."

A little girl's attempt to learn her singing-lesson from the birds is given in these amusing rhymes:

THE BIRDS' SINGING-LESSON.

Mary took
Her singing-book
And under a tree
Down sat she.
But seconds and quarters she knew them not well,
And what they all meant the poor child could not tell.
But she sung loud and clear,
Just what came to her ear,
While she looked at the notes,
Some black and some white,
And played she could sing them all nicely at sight.
But the yellow-bird up in the tree, said he:
"That is not the song!
Little girl, that is wrong!
'Tshee! 'tshee! 'tshee! 'tship 'tship 'tship away!'
That is the song for a summer day!"
So Mary sung, "Tship away, tship away, tshee!"
And the yellow-bird then flew away from the tree.

Then came bobolink. "I'm ashamed," said he,
"To hear you sing so!
This is the way the song should go:
'Bobolink! bobolink! quank! quank! quadle quo!'
I never make
A single mistake;
So sing, 'Bobolinkum, quank, quadle quo!'"
And Mary sung, "Quank, quadle quo!"

But the robin said: "It is not so;
That will never do,—it will never do!
Sing, 'Turelu! turelu! turelu! lu!'—
This, little girl, is the song for you!
I sing at morn, and I sing at night,—
'T is the only way in the world to sing right."
So what could Mary do
But sing "Turelu?"

Then the titmouse came, with black on his head;
And on a bough,
Hanging now
Upside down, to the child he said:

"I'm sorry to say it, but truly, to me,
That does n't sound sweetly—'Chickadee-dee!
Chickadee-dee-dee! chickadee-dee!'
That is the song for you and for me;
And how you can sing
Anything
But 'Chickadee-dee!'
Is a wonder to me."
Then Mary began: "Chickadee! chickadee!"
But the sparrow, said he:
"It is 'Tshee! tshee! tshee!
Tchip, tchip, tshee!"

Then the swallow flew by,
Quite low in the sky,
And he said: "No, no; that is n't it!
Sing, 'T'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'letolit!'
That's all I think fit for singing,
While my airy way I'm winging.
Sing with me,
'T'le, 't'le, 't'le!'
Sing it, sing it:
'T'letolit!"
And Mary sung as the swallow taught.
"Now I am right at last," she thought.

But the blackbird said: "It is silly, silly, very!
Don't you know to sing, 'Quonk, quonk querrie!
Quonk querrie, d'ye see?
'Quonk querrie, bobolee!'
'T was always easy enough for me."
And Mary sung as the blackbird said.

But the oriole swung on a bough overhead.
"Who taught you to sing, I pray?"
Said he. "Why don't you sing
'Tship, tship,
Tship, tship, tshoo, too, loo?'
Listen, and I will teach it you:
'Tshoo, tshoo, tsherry!
Tship, tship, tsherry!'—
That is very pretty, very.
'Bobolee' is all wrong;
'Tship, tship, tsherry' is the song!"

"Well," thought Mary, "which is right?
Which is here in black and white?
I cannot guess,—no matter, either!
I will mix them all together."
So Mary sung: "'Tship, tship, a-tshee!
Chickadee! and 'T'le, 't'le, 't'le!
Bobolink, quank, quadle quo!
Tship, tship, tsherry! and Turelu!'
Now I'm right," said she, "I know."

"Yes, that's right, and pretty too;
Mind and always sing just so!
Each is a good song,
And not one is wrong!"
Ah! 't was the mocking-bird
That Mary heard.
Said he: "I love to sing that way;
I sing so through the livelong day,—

And down sinks the sun
Before I've half done!
Oh! 't is easy enough to sing—
Easier than anything!
Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! This is it:
'T'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'le, 't'letolit!'
'Tship, tshee too too!
'Turelu! turelu!
'Bobolee!' 'Chickadee!'
'Quonk quadle!' 'Bobolink!'
'Tship, tsherry, tshu, tshu!'
'Dee, dee!' 'Tshoo! tshoo!'
'T'letolit tu! lu!' 'Whew!'"

Very young poets, and others very unobservant, sometimes get the birds and flowers of foreign lands curiously mixed with those of our own country in their verses. Primroses, snowdrops, cowslips, and daisies we shall not find in *our* meadows on the first of May, whoever tells us to look for them there. Our only wild daisy (at the North) is the large ox-eye, that blossoms early in June,—the "whiteweed" of the farmer, and his pest, which takes possession of his hay-field. And our cowslip is not one of Milton's

"Cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,"—

or that Shakspeare's fairy was hastening to hang a pearl in the ear of,—or that Jean Ingelow sings about in her lovely "Songs of Seven:"

"Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow."

What we call a cowslip is the marsh-marigold, which lives on the wettest borders of the brooks here, and in England too. We have the snowdrop in our gardens only; and the "primrose by the river's brim" does not grow beside *our* rivers at all. How beautiful the "daisied turf" of our moor-country must be, judging from what the poet says of it! Do you remember Mary Howitt's

"Buttercups and daisies!
O the pretty flowers!"

and Burns's

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower!"

and Wordsworth's lines "To a Child:"

"Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun?"

The English daisy, we are told, blossoms every where, and the whole year round. Wordsworth, Montgomery, Tennyson—almost all the English poets have written about it; and the first of them who wrote of nature at all, Chaucer, seems to have loved it as if it were something that could sustain his love. He says:

"Of all the flowers in the mead,
Love I most those flowers white and red,
Such that men call the daisie in our town."

tells us that he always rose early on May morn-
 ing, to see it open itself to the sun; and that,
 at sunset, he would hasten to the meadow to
 watch it as it closed its petals in sleep; and that he
 had sometimes stay the whole day in the fields,

"For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
 But for to look upon the daisie."

because it blossoms only in the full light, he

"That well by reason men call it may
 The daisie, or else the eye of day."

speaking, in its spelling, and you will not find it easy
 reading at all.

Spenser, in his "Faërie Queene," has a fine description
 of the Seasons and the Months passing in a
 grand procession; but he also uses a great many
 obsolete words.

Herrick more simply gives "The Succession of
 the Four Sweet Months":

'First, April, she with mellow showers
 Opens the way for early flowers;
 Then after her comes smiling May,
 In a more rich and sweet array;



THE SINGING-LESSON.

Chaucer wrote of the spring with a more child-
 like delight than any poet since. He describes his

"Into the woods to hear the birdes sing"

the tall oaks,

"Laden with leaves new,
 That springen out against the sunne-shene,
 Some very red, and some a glad light greene,"

strolling or sitting by the brook-side, upon the
 soft grass, "powdered" with

"Flowers, yellow, white, and red."

Chaucer's English is not like the English we

Next enters June, and brings us more
 Gems than those two that went before;
 Then, lastly, July comes, and she
 More wealth brings in than all those three."

Of later poems upon this subject, well worth
 reading and remembering, there are a great num-
 ber. Only a few of them can be mentioned, such
 as Mrs. Hemans' "Voice of Spring;" Keble's

"Lessons sweet of spring returning:"

some things from Shelley, and some from Keats,
 when you are a little older; Tennyson's "May
 Queen," and Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times One"
 and "Seven Times Four."

To go back a little,—of course Thomson, the poet of “The Seasons,” is not to be forgotten. But it is most likely that you will not care much for his “Spring” until you are well acquainted with the meaning of the long dictionary-words he uses. Thomson wrote just before people had discarded the idea that they must get upon literary stilts to look at Nature and admire her. Remembering that, we can enjoy him better. But are we not glad that writers nowadays have grown into simpler fashion?

Most of the “Odes to Spring,” written a century and a half ago, are tiresome indeed. To attempt to enjoy them is like trying very hard to get a whiff of fragrance from a bunch of artificial flowers. The reason is that the writers themselves were artificial, and thought they could “make up” their poems without any help from Nature. Some of their productions are, indeed, elegantly made,—finished as neatly as the most dainty millinery; but then—who cares for them?

No, the birds must sing, and the blossoms must smell sweet in the verses, or they are not the real thing. The true poetry of Nature makes you feel as open air, blue skies, dancing waves, shadowy forest, and sunny meadow make you feel,—inspired and revived by their own delicious freshness. The poet whose heart is full of “the gladness of the May,” will make his songs echo with it; and many such poets there are.

Wordsworth has plenty of poems simple enough for all of you to understand. Some of them are about the daisy, the primrose, the small celandine, daffodils,—by the way, Herrick’s “To Daffodils” and

“To Primroses, filled with morning dew,” will not be overlooked,—and these give us an idea of the charm of an English spring. We do not wonder that Robert Browning exclaims, from

“O to be in England,
Now that April’s there!”

Allingham has written many sweet out-of-door poems, but none, perhaps, that little children will like better than

“Ring-ling! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!”

And what child has not learned to repeat G. Macdonald’s

“Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone,—”

and to match it with one by an American writer. Mrs. Bostwick, about a flower which has grown wild with us ever since our ancestors sowed the fields with English grass:

“Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her tender foot,
Telleth her beads?”

Well, in the meadows of poetry we can all “go a-Maying,” and gather blossoms which we can find in our own fields,—snowdrops, daisies, primroses, and lilies-of-the-valley,—to the heart’s content.

Our country is so wide and so long that poetry is a very different thing in its different latitudes and longitudes. There are wild flowers upon the prairies, along the Mississippi, and across the Rocky Mountains, that never have found their way into poetry.

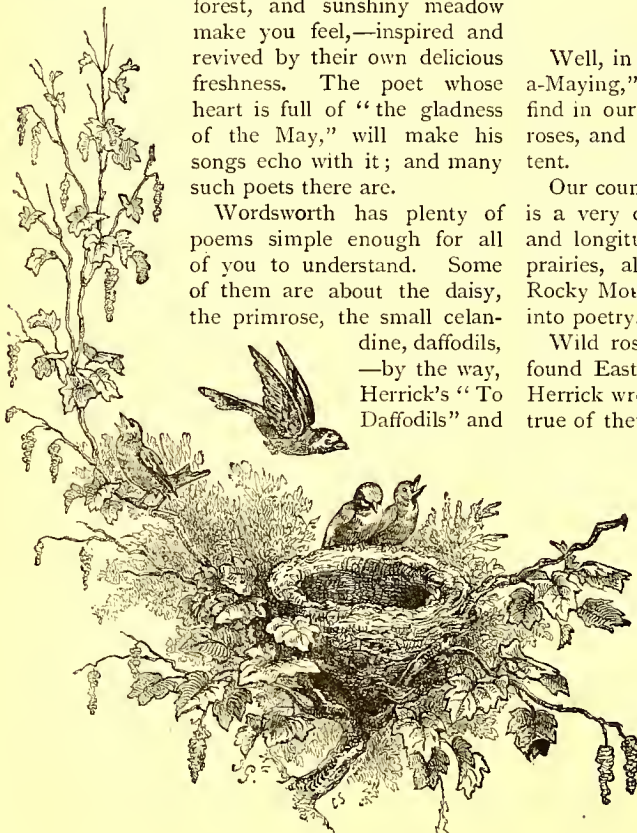
Wild roses, violets, and harebells, however, are found East, West, North, and South; and Herrick wrote of the violets three centuries ago, true of them to-day:

“Welcome, maids of honor!
You doe bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

“She has virgins many,
Fresh and faire;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

“Y’are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac’t
To be plac’t
Fore damask roses.

“Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poore girles, neglected.”



hey are home-flowers to almost everybody; and is the home-flowers that have most poetry in them, after all.

This is why we know the English cowslips and

rose, the shamrock, and the thistle are of our sisters across the water; and certainly this is too pretty an idea to be altogether neglected.

This flower's shy way of hiding its pink and



isies better than our own May-flowers, almost. They have been the familiar friends of poets and little children for centuries; and it seems to us, who read English poetry perhaps more than we do our own, as if we, too, knew them. By and by, when our broad New World is as much a home to its inhabitants as England is to the English, we shall have a home-poetry of our prairies and sierras as sweet to us as theirs is to them. In some parts of the country we have it already.

It is very natural that in New England the Mayflower should be sung of by the poets. The trailing arbutus, or ground-laurel, is our May-flower; the pilgrims, landing from their "Mayflower" ship, must have seen its leaves peeping out of the snow; and the little Pilgrim-children must have gathered its fragrant blossoms in spring, for it is found everywhere in the Plymouth woods. Whittier has a poem which contains such a fancy.

Some one has suggested that the May-flower ought to be our national emblem, as the lily, the

white sweetness under the fallen forest-leaves has suggested many beautiful poems. Here is one:

"Oft have I walked these woodland paths
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

"To-day the south wind sweeps away
The faded autumn splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,—
Spring's children, pure and tender.

"O prophet-souls, with lips of bloom
Outwieing in their beauty
The pearly tints of ocean-shells,
Ye teach me Faith and Duty!

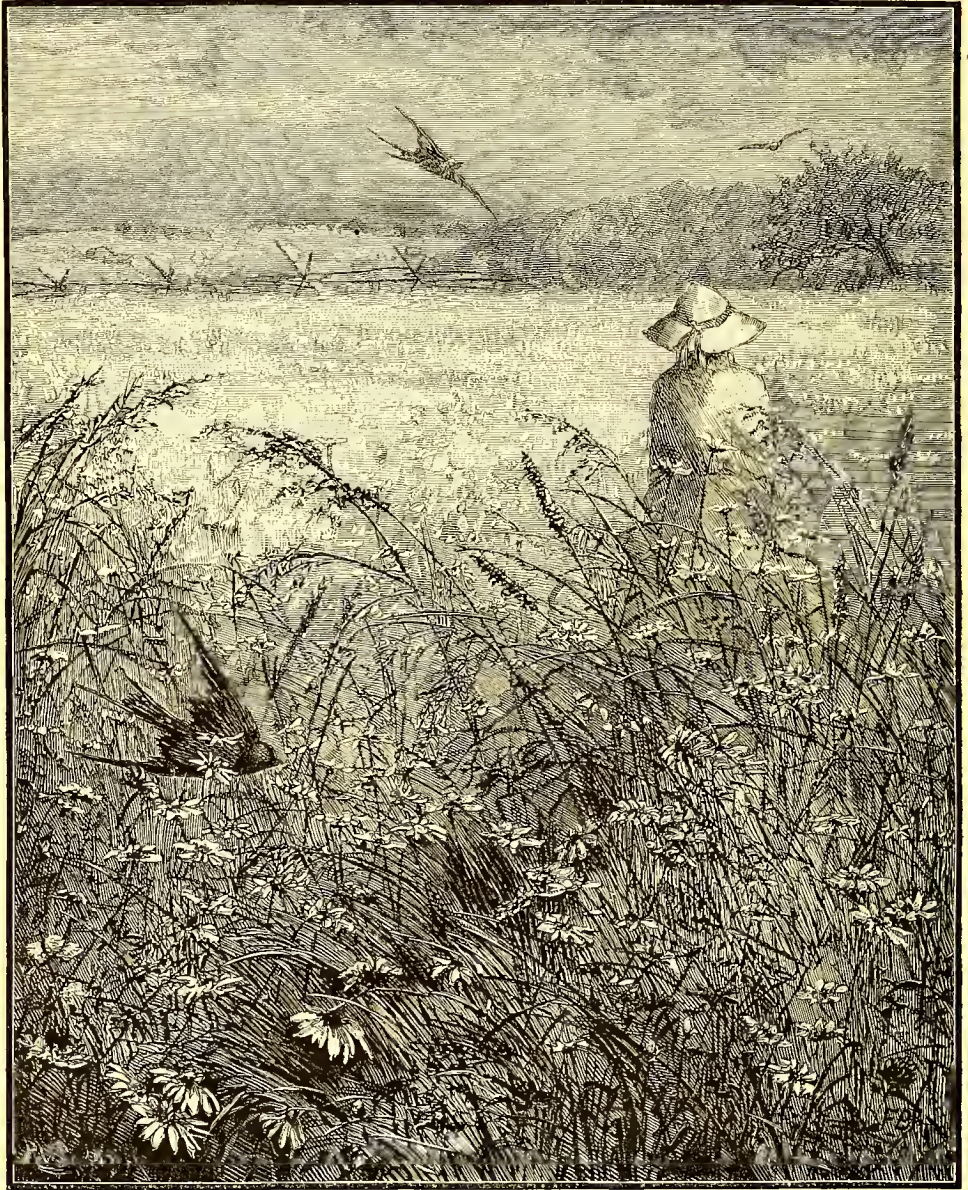
"'Walk life's dark ways,' ye seem to say,
'With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.'"

Have you ever seen the Canadian rhodora, its bare twigs decked with filmy, airy purple gauze, looking from the safe seclusion of a wooded swamp,

like a princess from her moat-guarded tower? One is glad, at such a glimpse, to think that not every flower of the forest can be rudely seized by man and carried away into civilized captivity. The

Two lines from this poem are often quoted their delicate sentiment :

“Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.”



THROUGH THE DAISIES.

rhodora, however, is sometimes found in more accessible places.

Emerson has a poem, beginning,

“In May, when east winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,

The pretty Anemone Hepatica takes its place with the May-flower, under the name of “squirrel-cup,” in Bryant’s “Twenty-seventh of March”

“Within the woods
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath

The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets
Up to the chilly air; and, by the oak,
The squirrel-cups, a graceful company,
Hide in their bells a soft, aerial blue."

snow, instead of sunshine and flowers. We suspect that it is not always a pleasant day even in Merry England; for Hood writes a poem about spring, beginning:

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
O Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season!"

How it often is with us, we are reminded in the first couplet of Mrs. Osgood's "May in New England":

"Can this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!"

But we cannot help believing in May, and every year we hope that she will behave better the next time she comes. For she does make us regret her departure sometimes. This is the way the regret has been written:

"Spring is growing up;
Is not it a pity?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty!
Summer is extremely grand;
We must pay her duty—
(But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty).

"Spring is growing up,
Leaving us so lonely!
In the place of little Spring
We have Summer only.
Summer, with her lofty airs
And her stately paces,
In the place of little Spring,
With her childish graces."

But every season is beautiful in its own way. And the last days of May in New England, when the apple-orchards are in bloom, and the forest-trees have fully shaken out their fresh foliage, and the bird-choruses are complete, are usually more delightful than its beginning.

May fades into June, as the morning-star melts into dawn. Life is exchanged for richer, warmer life, but nothing dies. The violet goes back into her roots to sleep the year out, with her baby-seeds reposing in the earth around her,—leaving the memory of her fragrance wandering like a breeze should kill the violet, in the sweetness she has given to the air, she will live on forever.

Children dear, when we are missed from our places on earth, may it be as the violet is missed and remembered among the roses of June!

We have been saying a great deal about flowers, is it not through them that Spring best loves to make herself visible? And not only that,—they so make the Divine Presence visible on earth.

"Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty Power
In characters more legible than those
Which He has written upon the humblest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight."

As you grow older, and your life deepens within it, more and more will you feel the mystery that lies in the least of the blossoms of spring. Tennyson gives a hint of how *he* feels it, in these (if-dozen lines):

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

If you wish to know some of the best things which American poets have written of spring, by all means read Bryant's "March"; his "Invitation to the Country," and "Yellow Violet"; and, for a bit of pleasantry, his "Spring in Town." You will also find Longfellow's "An April Day," and those verses in "The Birds of Killingworth" where the music in the orchard-trees is so charmingly described. Do not pass by Percival's

"I feel a newer life in every gale,"

Willis's

"The spring is here, the delicate-footed May."

You will also read what Lowell says of May in his "Under the Willows," as well as his capital description of a New England spring, in the old-fashioned dialect, in the "Biglow Papers."

Almost as many beautiful things by American poets have been left out of our list as are named; there is not room for more.

You will also read of the pleasant old custom of choosing a May Queen, and dancing around the May-pole, and of the custom of opening the doors, and sometimes we wish we lived in a climate where such things can be done. But to-day, as you children know, is often a day of disappointment,—fog, and rain, and sometimes



"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER, SING FOR YOUR SUPPER."—*Mother Goose's Melodies.*

(Drawn by Miss Florence Scannell.)

FOUR HUNDRED WHITE COWS WITH RED EARS.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

DID any of the ST. NICHOLAS young folks ever see such a sight as that? I think not. And no one in America ever did; or in England, except on one occasion, and that was a long time ago, when John was king. That hot-tempered sovereign, who was often in a state of anger toward body, had become offended with a certain chieftain, and the poor man's wife—Maud de Bret was her name—fearing that he might lose his throne unless something was done, sent the choices pré

at she could think of to the queen—four hundred white cows with red ears. Just think what a charming sight it must have been, this fine herd, all precisely alike,—small, graceful, quick-motived creatures,—taken along by the wild, shaggy-haired, bare-legged Welsh herd-boys to the park of the place where Queen Isabel lived! If she was fond of animals, and of watching their ways, and petting them, what a happy woman she must have been that day!

Those remarkable cattle must have been rather scarce in Great Britain even then, though it is supposed that they were descendants of the native breed which once ran wild over that country, and were sometimes spoken of as the white Caledonian cattle.

If you were in England now, and should inquire about them, you would hear of only one place where any of them are to be found, and that is only in the border-country, as it is called, next to Scotland, in Northumberland County, near by the famous Cheviot Hills—the region where the brave Percys lived, and where the battle of Chevy Chase was fought. You must ask about these places and events, and read the accounts in history, for that border-land is renowned in story and song.

It is up there that you would hear of the cattle, and perhaps get a chance to see them; they do not range over the country, however, although they are almost as wild as if they did, but are kept on the estate of a great nobleman, Lord Tankerville, and are known by the name of “the wild cattle of Chillingham Park.”

This is one of those immense parks, such as some of the English lords have,—miles of land with the best woods on it, and a “lower, or inner park,” as it is termed, nearer the castle. There are men called “keepers,” who have charge of the cattle and deer and other animals.

Lord Tankerville says that in the summer, sometimes, there are weeks when he never can get a sight of the cattle, for on the approach of any one they will flee to the depths of the woods—their sanctuary,” as he expresses it. Sanctuary, you

know, is sometimes used to mean a safe place. But in winter they are more tame, and “coming down for food into the inner park,” will let persons go among them, especially if on horseback.

He says they have a cry more like a wild beast than like common oxen and cows; and that when they come down into the lower park, they are in single files, with a bull at the head of each line, to protect the others; and when they go back, the bulls are at the ends, for the same reason.

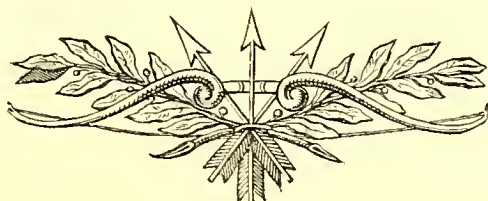
They are timid, and will run like deer; then turn around and face you, come a little nearer, then gallop off again, wheel around and gaze at you again, then flee away once more, and so on, every time getting nearer, and at last the whole herd is ready to charge upon you like a regiment of soldiers, and you are ready to retreat.

There are other curious things about their ways; for instance, “the cows hide their calves for a week or ten days, and go and suckle them two or three times a day.” and if any one approaches a calf, the scared creature will “clap his head close to the ground” and lie quiet like a hare. When one of the cattle is sick or injured or feeble, the others set upon him and gore him to death.

Many visitors go to see them, and everybody describes them as most beautiful creatures. They are rather small, with straight backs, short legs, and fine forms; and they never vary a particle in color. They are always pure, creamy white all over, except that the tips of their horns are black, and the tips of their noses, their eyes, and their eye-lashes black; and their ears are red or reddish-brown in the inside, and one-third of the way down the outside from the point.

Can you imagine a herd of creatures more elegant?

Sir Edwin Landseer, the great painter of animals, made a picture of one of the Chillingham bulls; and, longer ago, there was another made by one of the most famous of wood-engravers and naturalists, Thomas Bewick, author of the “British Birds” and other very fine illustrated books.



THE STORY OF A PROVERB.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

ONCE upon a time,—if my memory serves me correctly, it was in the year 6½,—His Intensely-Serene-and-Altogther-Perfectly-Astounding Highness the King of Nimporte was reclining in his royal palace. The casual observer (though it must be said that casual observers were as rigidly excluded from the palace of Nimporte as if they had been tramps) might easily have noticed that his majesty was displeased.

The fact is, if his majesty had been a little boy, he would have been whipped and sent to bed for the sulks; but even during this early period of which I am writing, the strangeness of things had reached such a pitch, that in the very moment at which this story opens the King of Nimporte arose from his couch, seized by the shoulders his grand vizier (who was not at all in the sulks, but was endeavoring, as best he could, to smile from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet), and kicked him down-stairs.

As the grand vizier reached the lowest step in the course of his tumble, a courier covered with dust was in the act of putting his foot upon the same. But the force of the grand vizier's fall was such as to knock both the courier's legs from under him; and as, in the meantime, the grand vizier had wildly clasped his arms around the courier's body, to arrest his own descent, the result was such a miscellaneous rolling of the two men, that for a moment no one was able to distinguish which legs belonged to the grand vizier and which to the courier.

"Has she arrived?" asked the grand vizier, as soon as his breath came.

"Yes," said the courier, already hastening up the stairs.

At this magic word, the grand vizier again threw his arms around the courier, kissed him, released him, whirled himself about like a tectotum, leaped into the air and cracked his heels thrice before again touching the earth, and said:

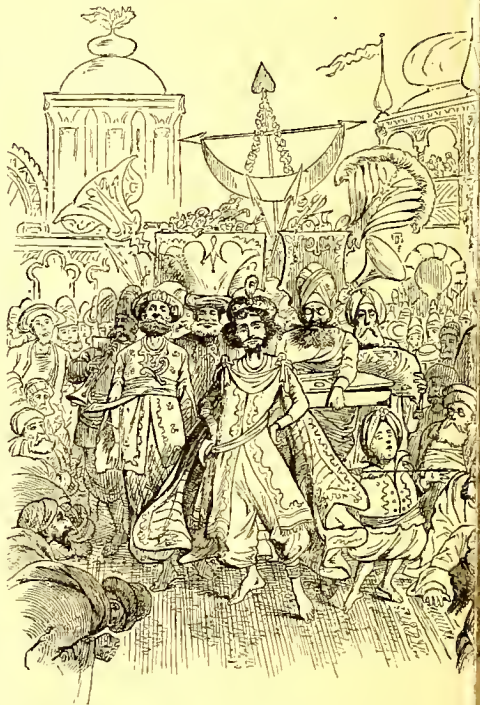
"Allah be praised! Perhaps now we shall have some peace in the palace."

In truth, the King of Nimporte had been waiting two hours for his bride, whom he had never seen; for, according to custom, one of his great lords had been sent to the court of the bride's father, where he had married her by proxy for his royal master, and whence he was now conducting her to the palace. For two hours the King of

Nimporte had been waiting for a courier to arrive and announce to him that the cavalcade was on its last day's march over the plain, and was fast approaching the city.

As soon as the courier had delivered his message, the king kicked him down-stairs (for, not arriving sooner, his majesty incidentally remarked, and ordered the grand vizier to cause that a strip of velvet carpet should be laid from the front door of the grand palace, extending a half-mile down the street in the direction of the road by which the cavalcade was approaching; adding that it was his royal intention to walk this distance, for the purpose of giving his bride a more honorable reception than any bride of any king of Nimporte had ever before received.

The grand vizier lost no time in carrying out his instructions, and in a short time the king appeared



THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

stepping along the carpet in the stateliest manner, followed by a vast and glittering retinue of courtiers,

and encompassed by multitudes of citizens who had crowded to see the pageant.

As the king, bareheaded and barefooted (for at this time everybody went barefoot in Nimporte), approached the end of the carpet, he caught sight of his bride, who was but a few yards distant on her milk-white palfrey.

Her appearance was so ravishingly beautiful, that the king seemed at first dazed, like a man who has looked at the sun; but, quickly recovering his wits, he threw himself forward, in the ardor of his admiration, with the intention of running to his bride and dropping on one knee at her stirrup, while he would gaze into her face with adoring intimacy. And as the king rushed forward with

the attention of the excited courtiers to his majesty's left great toe. It was immediately discovered that,



THE VIZIER IMPARTS THE KING'S DECREE.

in his first precipitate step from off the carpet to the bare ground, his majesty had set his foot upon a very rugged pebble, the effect of which upon tender feet accustomed to nothing but velvet, had caused him to swoon with pain.

As soon as the King of Nimporte opened his eyes in his own palace, where he had been quickly conveyed and ministered to by the bride, he called his trembling grand vizier and inquired to whom belonged the houses at that portion of the street where his unfortunate accident had occurred. Upon learning the names of these unhappy property-owners, he instantly ordered that they and their entire kindred should be beheaded, and the adjacent houses burned for the length of a quarter of a mile.

The king further instructed the grand vizier that he should instantly convene the cabinet of councilors and devise with them some means of covering the whole earth with leather, in order that all possibility of such accidents to the kings of Nimporte might be completely prevented,—adding, that if the cabinet should fail, not only in devising the plan, but in actually carrying it out within the next three days, then the whole body of councilors should be executed on the very spot where the king's foot was bruised.

Then the king kissed his bride, and was very happy.

But the grand vizier, having communicated these instructions to his colleagues of the cabinet,—namely, the postmaster-general, the prætor, the sachem, and the three Scribes-and-Pharisees,—proceeded to his own home, and consulted his wife, whose advice he was accustomed to follow with the utmost faithfulness. After thinking steadily for two days and nights, on the morning of the third day the grand vizier's wife advised him to pluck out his beard, to tear up his garments, and to make his will; declaring that she could not, upon the most



SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIS MAJESTY.

impulse, the populace cheered with the wildest enthusiasm at finding him thus capable of the things of an ordinary man.

But in an instant a scene of the wildest commotion ensued. At the very first step which the king took beyond the end of the carpet, his face grew suddenly white, and, with a loud cry of pain, he fell fainting to the earth. He was immediately surrounded by the anxious courtiers; and the court physician, after feeling his pulse for several minutes, and inquiring very carefully of the grand vizier whether his majesty had on that day eaten any green fruit, was in the act of announcing that he was a violent attack of a very Greek disease contracted, when the bride (who had dismounted and come to her royal lord with wifely devotion) called



THE GRAND VIZIER'S VISITOR.

mature deliberation, conceive of any course more appropriate to the circumstances.

The grand vizier was in the act of separating his last pair of bag-trousers into very minute strips indeed, when a knocking at the door arrested his hand, and in a moment afterward the footman ushered in a young man of very sickly complexion, attired in the seediest possible manner. The grand vizier immediately recognized him as a person well known about Nimporte for a sort of loafer, given to mooning about the clover-fields, and to meditating upon things in general, but not commonly regarded as ever likely to set a river on fire.

"O grand vizier!" said this young person (the inhabitants of Nimporte usually pronounced this word much like the French *personne*, which means nobody), "I have come to say that if you will procure the attendance of the king and court to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock in front of the palace, I will cover the whole earth with leather for his majesty in five minutes."

Then the grand vizier arose in the quietest possible manner, and kicked the young person down the back-stairs; and when he had reached the bottom stair, the grand vizier tenderly lifted him in his arms and carried him back to the upper landing, and then kicked him down the front-stairs,—in fact, quite out of the front gate.

Having accomplished these matters satisfactorily, the grand vizier returned with a much lighter heart, and completed a draft of his last will and testament for his lawyer, who was to call at eleven.

Punctually at the appointed time—being exactly

three days from the hour when the grand vizier received his instructions—the King of Nimporte and all his court, together with a great mass of citizens, assembled at the scene of the accident to witness the decapitation of the entire cabinet. The headsman had previously arranged his apparatus and presently the six unfortunate wise men were seen standing with hands tied behind, and with heads bent forward meekly over the six blocks in a row.

The executioner advanced and lifted a long and glittering sword. He was in the act of bringing it down with terrific force upon the neck of the grand vizier, when a stir was observed in the crowd, which quickly increased to a commotion so great that the king raised his hand and bade the executioner wait until he could ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

In a moment more, the young person appeared in the open space which had been reserved for the court, and with a mingled air of proud self-confidence and of shrinking reserve, made his obeisance before the king.

"O king of the whole earth!" he said,



THE KING ADVANCES HIS RIGHT FOOT.

within the next five minutes I shall have covered the whole earth with leather for your majesty, will your gracious highness remit the sentence which has been pronounced upon the wise men of the cabinet?"

It was impossible for the king to refuse.

"Will your majesty then be kind enough to advance your right foot?"

The young person kneeled, and drawing a bundle from his bosom, for a moment manipulated the

g's right foot in a manner which the courtiers could not very well understand.

"Will your majesty now advance your majesty's foot?" said the young person again; and again manipulated.

"Will your majesty now walk forth upon the stones?" said the young person; and his majesty walked forth upon the stones.

"Will your majesty now answer: If your majesty

along in front of the six blocks, pointed to his feet, and inquired:

"What do you think of this invention?"

"I do not like it; I cannot understand it: I think the part of wisdom is always to reject the unintelligible; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse it," said the grand vizier, who was really so piqued, that he would much rather have been beheaded than live to see the triumph of the young person whom he had kicked down both pairs of stairs.

It is worthy of note, however, that when the grand vizier found himself in his own apartments, alive and safe, he gave a great leap into the air and whirled himself with joy, as on a former occasion.

The postmaster-general also signified his disapproval. "I do not like it," said he; "they are not rights and lefts; I therefore advise your majesty to refuse the invention."

The prætor was like minded. "It will not do," he said; "It is clearly obnoxious to the overwhelming objection that there is absolutely nothing objectionable about it; in my judgment, this should be sufficient to authorize your majesty's prompt refusal of the expedient and the decapitation of the inventor."

"Moreover," added the sachem, "if your majesty once wears them, then every man, woman and child, will desire to have his, her and its whole earth covered with leather; which will create such a demand for hides, that there will shortly be not a bullock or a cow in your majesty's dominions: if your majesty will but contemplate the state of this kingdom without beef and butter!—there seems no more room for argument!"



"HIS MAJESTY WALKED FORTH UPON THE STONES."

ould walk over the entire globe, would not your majesty's feet find leather between them and the whole way?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"Will your majesty further answer: Is not the whole earth, so far as your majesty is concerned, covered with leather?"

"It is true," said his majesty.

"O king of the whole earth, what is it?" cried the whole court in one breath.

"In fact, my lords and gentlemen," said the

"I have on, what has never been known in the whole, great kingdom of Nimporte until this invention, a pair of—of —"

And here the king looked inquiringly at the young person.

"Let us call them—shocs," said the young person.

When the king, walking to and fro over the pavement with the greatest comfort and security, looked inquiringly at him. "Who are you?" asked his majesty.

"I belong," said the young person, "to the class of the poets—who make the earth tolerable to the feet of man."

When the king turned to his cabinet, and pacing



THE KING DISMISSES HIS CABINET IN DISGRACE.

“But these objections,” cried the three Scribes-and-Pharisees, “although powerful enough in themselves, O king of the whole earth, have not yet touched the most heinous fault of this inventor, and that is, that there is no reserved force about this invention; the young person has actually done

will rather betake me to the counsels of the poet, and he shall be my sole adviser for the future; as for you, live—but live in shame for the littleness of your souls!” And he dismissed them from his presence in disgrace.

It was then that the King of Nimporte uttered



“HE GAVE A GREAT LEAP INTO THE AIR AND WHIRLED HIMSELF WITH JOY.”

the very best he could in the most candid manner; this is clearly in violation of the rules of art,—witness the artistic restraint of our own behavior in this matter!”

Then the King of Nimporte said: “O wise men of my former cabinet, your wisdom seems folly; I

that proverb which has since become so famous among the Persians; for, turning away from his palace, with his bride on one arm and the sun on the other, he said:

“TO HIM WHO WEARS A SHOE, IT IS AS IF THE WHOLE EARTH WAS COVERED WITH LEATHER.”



THE FIRST TIME.

BY SAXE HOLM.

PERHAPS I ought to have said, instead of "The first Time," "The first time that I can remember." For I was eight years old when I told the lie which I am going to confess now; and I am afraid I might have told some others before it; but I do not remember one; and on the whole, I do not believe there could have been any, for I cannot imagine how, if there had been, I could have forgotten it. I don't believe anybody can ever forget the misery of having told a lie. It would be as bad as to forget how the toothache feels, after you have had it once.

When I was a little girl, I went to a little school, which was kept by a very little lady, in a very little house. The little lady herself lived in another little house, which was divided from the little school-house only by a little garden. I did not know then of the little houses, and the garden, and my school-teacher were. Miss Caroline seemed large and powerful to me; and as for her femle, it looked larger to me than the big trees of California looked when I saw them a few years ago. But when I turned back, a grown woman, to my old home, and looked past Miss Caroline's cottage and the little old school-house, I hardly could believe my eyes, everything was so tiny; and I could have picked Miss Caroline up under my arm.

The school-house had been a shoe-maker's shop, and some of the shoe-maker's furniture had been left in it. There was the bench on which he used to sit and work; this had a little open box at the end, where he used to keep his tools; this box stood in the middle of the room, in front of Miss Caroline's desk, and all the classes sat on it to recite their lessons. The end which had the open box on it was called the "head" of the class. Here I kept up "at the head," in spelling, a whole week, and I grew so used to having hold of the edge of the box, and slipping my fingers back and forth on it, that when I lost my place, and a boy or a girl on my left side, I had hardly time to get not to keep all the time taking hold of their feet, instead of the box. There used to be also a small drawer under the bench, at this end; but Miss Caroline had that taken off, after she found that it was there Ned Spofford hid the "spitting-stick;" he used to fire up and down all the classes excited in. Oh, what a bad boy Ned Spofford was! But how we all did like him! Even Miss Caroline herself, I think, liked him better than any other scholar in all the school; and yet he gave

her twice as much trouble as all the other scholars put together. But he was so good-natured and affectionate that nobody could help loving him, in spite of his mischief. He never resisted nor struggled when she had to punish him. I really think he got fered up as often as once a week; but he used to hold out his hand the minute she told him to, and look straight into her eyes while she struck him. Sometimes he would bite his lips, and the tears would come into his eyes, but he never cried, nor begged off, as the rest of us did. He was as brave as he was mischievous. Even when he had to sit on the dunce-stool for twenty minutes with his mouth wide open and a piece of corn-cob set firmly between his teeth, he never cried. This was Miss Caroline's worst punishment. I think if she herself had tried it once, to see how much it hurt, she never would have had the heart to inflict it on us. At first, when she wedged in the piece of cob, you felt like laughing that anybody should think such a thing as that could be much of a punishment; but pretty soon your jaws began to ache, and then the back of your neck ached, and then the pain reached up into the back of your head, and into your ears, and it became real torture; there was not a single boy in school that could bear it without the tears streaming down his cheeks, except Ned Spofford. Miss Caroline very rarely did it to girls; I think no one but Sarah Kellogg and I ever had it. We were the worst girls in school; we two and Ned Spofford were the three black sheep in Miss Caroline's little flock.

But you will think I am a long time coming to the story of that lie. The truth is that, old woman as I am, I do not like to live that lie over again, I suffered so much, first and last, from it. But I have made up my mind to tell you the story, sufferings and all, because I think perhaps it may help some one of you, some day, to keep from telling a lie, if you recollect how uncomfortable I was after telling one.

This was the way it happened:

Miss Caroline used to keep an exact record each day of our recitations and our behavior. She used to write this down in an old brown leather-covered ledger which had belonged to the shoe-maker, but in which he had written only a few pages before he died. He left all his things to Miss Caroline's father, who had built the little shoe-shop for him, but never had had any rent for it.

Every Saturday, Miss Caroline used to make out

for each scholar what she called a "report." They were most beautifully written in a fine old-fashioned hand, on small oblong pieces of thin and bluish paper. I can see one before me at this minute, as if it were only yesterday that I carried the last one home to my mother. This is the way they were made:

	Spelling.	Geography.	Arithmetic.	History.	Writing.	Latin.	Punctuality.	Department.
Monday.....	5	5	3	-	4	5	5	5
Tuesday.....	5	5	2	-	4	5	4	2
Wednesday.....	5	5	3	-	4	5	3	1
Thursday.....	5	5	1	-	4	5	2	1
Friday.....	5	5	0	-	4	5	2	1
Saturday.....	4	5	0	-	4	5	2	1

The number "5" was the highest number given. That meant "perfect." "4" meant tolerably good; "4½" was almost as good as "5." Sarah Kellogg and Ned Spofford and I seldom got more than "4½" in "deportment." "3" was pretty bad; "2" was very bad; "1" was outrageous; and there were even such things as "0's" put down sometimes—that was a degree of badness too bad for even the lowest numeral to represent.

When school was dismissed Saturday noon (we never had any school Saturday afternoons), we all went up to Miss Caroline's desk, and received our reports. We were to carry them home, and show them to our parents; Monday morning we were to bring them back, with the name of either our father or our mother written at the bottom, to prove to Miss Caroline that they had examined the report. When we left the school-house, we all used to walk along very slowly together, looking over each other's shoulders, and comparing our reports. Now and then a scholar would get "all fives;" and we used to look upon such a one with mingled envy and admiration. Sometimes we thought Miss Caroline's marks were unjust, and very angry quarrels would arise among us, in consequence. You often might see a group of us standing still in the middle of the sidewalk, with our heads close together, and the little pieces of thin blue paper fluttering from hand to hand, and a Babel of loud and excited voices all talking at once. A stranger passing would have been much puzzled at overhearing such sentences as these:

"I don't care. I was a great deal better on Friday than I was on Thursday, and here she's given me only 'three.'"

"And she's given me 'two' and Ned 'three,' and I did n't fire a single spit-ball; he fired them all; I only laughed."

"Now, that's too mean! I've only got 'four' in arithmetic all this week, and I've never missed more than one question. I think she might have given me 'four and a half.'"

Ned Spofford hardly ever had anything but "twos" and "threes" for "deportment," though he had more "fives" in other things than a scholar in school. But he didn't care anything about his reports; he used to cram them into his pockets as if they were so much waste paper, and never kept them. Now, my mother made me keep all mine pasted into a nice little blank-book; and then, once in two or three months, she would show them over with me, and tell me whether, on the whole, I was doing better or worse than I had done before. I did not much like the sight of this little blank-book; and yet I always had a fine air of how it would look some day when I had whole pages filled with reports—"all fives." I always got "fives" on Mondays,—I began the week with such fine resolutions. I don't believe I ever had a report which did n't have "five" for "deportment" on Monday. I usually held out pretty well through Tuesday also, but by Wednesday I began to fail; and from that all the way to Saturday noon I was apt to get worse and worse. I recollect my dear mother, who was as full of fun as she could be, used to say very droll things about the diminishing lines of figures on my reports.

"Oh dear me, Peggy," she used to say, "these are these poor little rows of figures sliding down the hill again, as hard as they can go, as if they were all running a race with each other, trying to get 'No. 1' first!"

She used to talk very earnestly with me when she made me laugh; sometimes I think she was the very jolliest and wisest mother that ever lived; but, I suppose, all children think so of their mothers. I was never afraid to show her my reports, however bad they were; because she was always so cheery and full of hope that I should have a better one next time. The thing I dreaded, however, was having them shown to my father. He was a stern and silent man. He spent all his time in his study, shut up with his books. We rarely saw him except at meals, and he never played with us. Whenever we did wrong, he would sigh so deeply, it sounded as if his breath would give out; and say—

"My child! my child!" in a tone of voice that seemed to me then terrible grief. Now I know that it was partly dyspepsia which made him have such gloomy views of little things. But it used to seem to me then that, if I did not take care, I would really some day be the death of him by my misconduct. If he had punished me severely, I should not have minded it half so much as I do

se long-drawn sighs, and those foreboding looks of the head, and those mournful tones.

I usually got home from school, Saturday noons, but half an hour before dinner. My mother was always sitting then in the sitting-room, at her little work-table. I gave her my report as soon as I came in, and, after looking it over, she laid it on the top of her work-basket. While the dessert was being brought in, my father always said:

"Where is my little daughter's report for this week?" and my mother would say:

"Run and bring it, Peggy."

Oh, how slowly I used to walk back to that work-table when I had a very bad report to show! I dare say many a soldier marches up toward the cannon with less fear than I used to go to my father's side, and lay that little piece of paper in his hand. When the report was more than usually good, he smiled, and said sometimes:

"Well done, my daughter! I see you are trying to give your parents pleasure." Oh, how happy I was then! When it was bad, he only sighed.

He laid it down by his plate, and, without speaking a word to me, went on eating his dinner. Then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up, and I used to say in my heart, "I'll never receive another bad report as long as I live—never!" I never used to lie awake in the night, and think myself pale and unhappy my father had looked at the report, and resolve and resolve that he would never look so again on my account. I remember once that we had the word "parricide" in our spelling lesson, and Miss Caroline told us it meant the murderer of a parent, and the thought haunted me for days, that if I grieved my father so that he died, I should be a parricide. The name came to me the most dreadful word I ever heard.

I am telling you all this, so that you can partly understand the strength of the temptation which came to me to tell my first lie. It was about one of these reports, the very worst I ever had. I never will forget the Saturday when that report was put in my hand. I was not wholly unprepared for it. I knew I had played truant three mornings in succession, and I knew that I had behaved outrageously every day. Miss Caroline had kept me in at school three times, had flogged me once, and had looked more out of patience with me than I had ever known before. Still I did not dream that my report would be quite so bad as it was. In the sample which I have made for you I have filled in figures about as I think they were in that dreadful report. You will see that for four days I had the lowest number in deportment, and a bad record in punctuality. I always had "all A's" in Latin and geography. I liked those subjects better than any others, and my Latin I

studied at home with my father. Arithmetic I never could understand (and can't yet),—and I hated it so, I really did not try much. However, I never had had a cipher on my report before. The tears came into my eyes as soon as I looked at the paper, and I threw it down on the ground angrily, and exclaimed: "I'll never carry that thing home."

"I do not wonder you feel so, Peggy," said Miss Caroline's mild, low voice, just behind me; "I hope it will be a lesson to you to be a better girl next week." And she picked up the report and laid it in my hands again; she locked the school-room door, and walked away. I stood outside, leaning against the wall, my eyes fixed on the hateful paper. Ned Spofford ran up and looked over my shoulder at it.

"Whew, Peg!" said he, whistling; "that is rather rough on you."

I was too wretched to speak at first. The tears began to roll down my cheeks.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ned. "Don't be such a goose. What's the use of crying? Who cares about her old reports, anyhow?"

"Oh Ned," said I, "it's only showing it to my father. That's all I mind."

"Why, does your father look at them?" exclaimed Ned. "Mine don't; nor my mother neither, half the time. Lucindy signed mine last time. I guess they think they are all nonsense."

For the first time in my life the idea crossed my mind that I might have liked some other father and mother better than mine. But there was no comfort for me in any such speculation.

"I don't mean to go home at all," I exclaimed. "I mean to run away. I'd rather die than show my father that report."

"O Lor'," said Ned, "I'm glad I aint a girl. I never saw such fools as you all are! Why, the worst that can happen to you would be to get a thrashing; and that's soon over. I don't mind 'em."

"That is n't the worst, either," said I, sullenly. "That's all you know about it, Ned Spofford. My father and mother don't thrash."

"Why, Peg! What is it they do?" said Ned, in an almost terrified whisper, evidently thinking he was about to hear of some horrible cruelty.

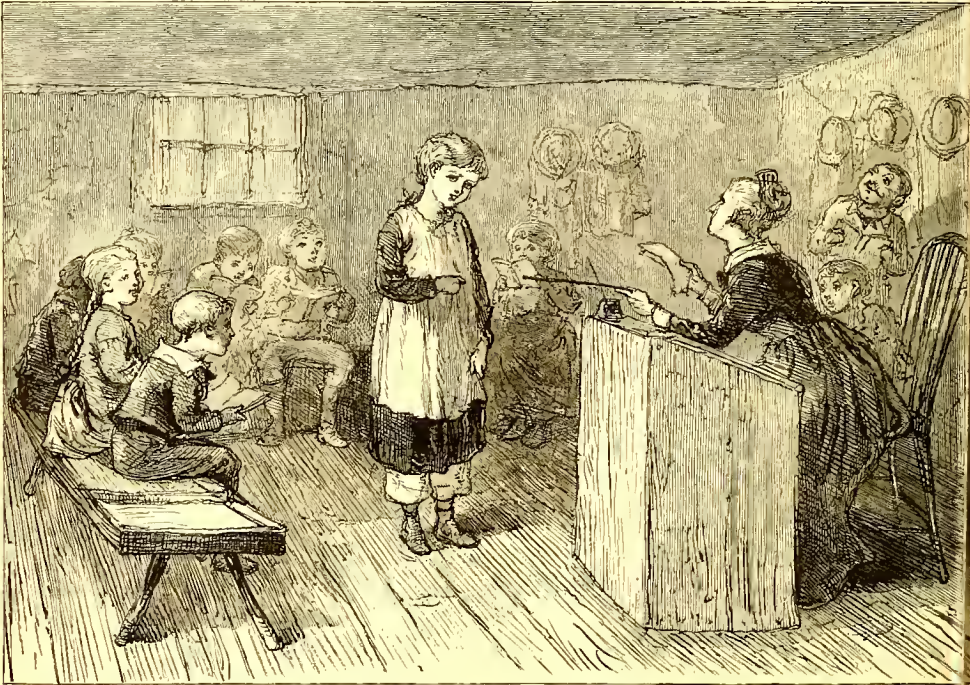
"My father just sighs and looks,—oh, it's dreadful the way he looks!—just as white and sick as anything," I replied; "and once he said that he was afraid I should bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave," I sobbed.

"Fiddlestick's end!" cried Ned. "Is that all? Peg, you're a bigger fool even than I took you to be. Come on. Let's go home. We're going to have boiled rooster for dinner. Come on."

But I would not stir, and he ran off without me. I stood leaning against the wall some minutes longer, and then I walked slowly toward home,—our house was only a few steps off,—our orchard came up close to the south wall of the school-house. A low stone wall separated this field from the street; usually I walked home on the wall; but I had no spirits for walking on stone walls this day.

It was early in March; the snow had lain unbroken all winter, three feet on a level; now it was melting and breaking up, and swelling the rivers and brooks till they overflowed their banks everywhere. Roads were deep in muddy slush, and sidewalks

orchard. Whenever there was a hard rain, there would be a little brook under this bridge, for a few hours,—for we lived at the foot of a hill; in the greater part of the time the ditch was closed. On this day, however, of which I am telling you, it was a foaming torrent. The water came almost up to the planks of the bridge, and leaped and splashed on the stone wall. I stopped to look at it. The wind was blowing hard, and as I held my report loosely in one hand, it fluttered in the wind, and nearly blew away. "Oh," thought I, "I wish it had blown away, where I never could find it!" and then and there, on that very instant, came



MISS CAROLINE GIVES ME A "REPORT."

were almost as bad. Little rivulets of foaming water, carrying along tossing fragments of ice and muddy snow, ran along the sides of the streets. Every child who lives in New England sees just such sights every spring; and I often see school-children now, with India rubber boots on, wading along in dirty streams of melted snow, just as I used to long to wade when I was a little girl, but never could, because in those days India rubber boots had not been invented. We had only India rubber shoes, and very hard it was sometimes to keep from getting our feet wet.

A few steps from our house, a little bridge had been made in the sidewalk, and a ditch dug, to let the water run off the street down into our

the temptation to throw it down into the brook and say that it had fallen in. I did not yield at once. I recollect very well that I stood a long time on the bridge deliberating. I picked up an old raspberry-bush and whipped the muddy, foaming snow with it; I pushed the little bunches of ice into the corners where they had got wedged, and watched to see them sucked under the stone wall. At the time the words were going through my mind

"Throw the report into the brook, and say the wind blew it in, and you could not get it out."

Then other words seemed to try to crowd the first words out. It was just as if two people were whispering, first one and then the other, in my ears. The other words said:

"No. It would be mean. It would be cowardly. It would be a lie. For pity's sake, don't do it."

The longer I listened, the louder the first words sounded, and the fainter sounded the others. That was always the way with these uncomfortable things called temptations: if you listen to them at all, they speak louder and louder, until finally you can't hear any other voice but theirs. At last, I said to myself, "I'll do it," and in a minute more I had done it. I rolled the report up in a tight ball, and threw it in. I jammed it down with the sperry-bush; it rolled over and over, and bobbed up to the surface two or three times. I had several chances to pick it out of the water, but I did not. I watched it swirl in under the stone wall, and then I ran home as fast as I could go. I felt quite light-hearted for a minute, I was so glad to be rid of that report. But my light-heartedness did not last long. As soon as I opened the door to the hall, I saw the sitting-room door wide open; and my mother called out pleasantly:

"Why, Peggy, how late you are this noon! Dinner is just going on the table; have you got a good report to show papa to-day?"

"Oh, how I did feel! I never dreamed that it was going to be so hard to tell a lie. It seemed to me that my very tongue grew stiff, and did not seem to pronounce the words. It seemed to me as if I were age before I could speak at all. Then I only said:

"I have n't got any report."

"You see I was trying to put off the time for the report to come."

"Have n't got any report?" said my mother, in a surprised voice. "Is Miss Caroline sick?"

"No," said I; and it seemed to me my voice grew weaker and queerer every minute. "She went one out, but I lost it. The wind blew it into the brook."

All this time I pretended to be very busy wiping the India rubbers on the mat, and hanging up my coats. Usually I would hardly wait to take them off. I was in such a hurry to run in and kiss my mother.

She did not speak again for some minutes. Then she said, in a grave voice:

"I am very sorry you lost it. Papa will be disappointed not to know how his little girl has been getting on this week. Was it a good report, Peggy?"

"Oh, dear me! Would there never come an end to the lies I should have to tell to prop up that first report?"

She hesitated. The same wicked voice which had whispered in my ear, "Throw the report in the brook," whispered now:

"If you say it was a bad one, then she will be

more likely to suspect you of having lost it on purpose."

But I could not make up my mind to say it was a good one. So I stammered out:

"I don't remember."

My mother did not make any reply. I think she had feared in the beginning, from the very tone of my voice, that I was not telling her the truth, and now she was sure of it.

When I went into the sitting-room, I walked slowly toward her, and she took me in her lap and kissed me. If she had said one word to show that she suspected me of having lied, I should have burst into tears, and told her all about it; but she was too wise a mother to do that. She knew very well that the surest way to make me hate a lie was to let me live along with it fastened to me for a while. So she began to talk about something else, just as if nothing had happened, and in a few minutes we went to dinner.

I hardly could eat a mouthful. It seemed to me, whenever my father looked at me, that his eyes were sterner than ever. A dreadful voice seemed to be dinning in my ears:

"In a few minutes more, dessert will be brought in, and then he will ask for the report."

As soon as the servant began to remove the meat and vegetables, I said:

"I don't want any dessert. May I be excused?"

"Not want any dessert!" exclaimed my mother.

"Why, Peggy, you must be ill. We are going to have Indian pudding and cream."

Now, there was nothing in the world I liked so well as Indian pudding; and my father and mother both knew it. It makes me laugh now, to think how my dear mother must have pitied me in her heart when she heard me reply:

"But I am not hungry; I don't want any."

Then my mother said: "Very well; you may go."

And did n't I run fast toward the door! And did n't I hope, for two seconds, that my father was going to forget to ask after the report! Alas! no such escape for me!

"Peggy, Peggy," he called, "what is all this hurry about? Bring me your report, dear. I want to see that."

Before I had time to reply, my good, kind mother replied for me:

"Oh, Peggy has lost her report," she said.

"The wind blew it into the brook. So we shall not know how good a girl she has been this week."

This was the worst thing yet: to have to stand there and hear my mother tell my lie over again for me.

"What!" said my father, vehemently. "This high wind blow anything into the brook?"

"Yes," said my mother, in what I now under-

stand must have been a very meaning tone; "that is the way it happened. Run away, Peggy dear, and play."

Play! I was thankful to escape out of the room; but I felt no more like playing than I did like drowning myself. I never had felt so miserable in my whole life.

I put on my India rubbers and rolled up my pantalets (in those days all little girls wore long white pantalets down to their ankles). Then I went out, climbed over the stone wall into the orchard, and began looking in the brook after my report. Of course, if I had been older, I should have known better. But I was a poor, ignorant, naughty little child, only eight years old, and I hoped I should find the little roll of paper floating along on the water, just as I left it. I found a big, strong stick, and I fished out every little thing I could see in the brook which looked in the least like a bit of paper. It was very cold and wet, and dismal, and before long I got to crying so that I could hardly see anything. It did seem to me too bad that now I really wanted to get the report back and carry it home to my mother, I could not find it. Suddenly I made a misstep on the bank where it was covered with snow, and plunged in, both feet, into the water, nearly up to my knees. Except for my big stick, I hardly could have got out. I was horribly frightened and dripping wet, but there seemed a sort of relief in having a new kind of misery. It put the lie out of my thoughts for a few minutes. I went into the house crying out loud, and looking like a little half-drowned animal. The muddy water dripped from me as I walked, and I left the wet prints of my feet at each step.

"Mercy on me, child! where have you been?" cried my mother. "Don't come a step farther. Stand still right there, till Mary can get off your things."

"I was looking for my report in the brook," sobbed I, "and I fell in; and I can't find it."

Ah, how loving and sympathetic my mother was then. She understood all about it; she knew just how wretched I was.

"Never mind about the report, darling," she said; "let it go. The little fishes can read it if they want to, and make some like it for their schools."

But I was too unhappy to laugh. I only cried the harder. Then they undressed me, put on my flannel night-gown, rolled me all up in blankets, and laid me on the lounge by the fire; and my mother sat down close by me, and began to read aloud a nice fairy story. Pretty soon, in spite of all my unhappiness, I fell asleep, and when I waked up it was about dark. My mother was still sitting

by my side. I watched her for some minutes before she knew I was awake. She was sitting with her eyes fixed on the fire, and looked as if she were thinking very hard.

"Oh dear," I thought, "I know what she's thinking about. I don't believe she believes me, but why don't she say so? I should think she'd whip me for telling a lie."

As soon as she saw I had waked, she said:

"Well, my little diver, are you rested?"

Then she told me about the way the divers go down in the sea after pearls, and at the end of the story, she said:

"I guess it was n't much of a pearl you were diving after, Peggy, was it?"

"No, mamma," said I. "I don't believe it was, as near as I can remember. I think it was a pretty bad report."

She waited in silence for some minutes after this. I think she hoped I would confess the truth to her then. But I was too cowardly. I lay still, till my face turned to the back of the lounge, trying to take a little comfort to myself, because I had owned up that the report was not a good one. That was the last time she spoke to me about the report, except the next Monday morning, when I was setting off for school, she said:

"Oh, wait a minute, Peggy. I'll write a note to Miss Caroline, and tell her how you lost your report."

I had not thought of this new occasion for another lie. I stood still by her side while she wrote the note. Oh, how mean I felt!

"Peggy MacFarland," I said to myself, "you're too mean to live. That's the second time you've let your mother tell over that lie for you. Why don't you own it up, and have it done with?"

But the terror of my father's suffering and displeasure sealed my lips.

When Miss Caroline read the note, she looked at me very earnestly. Then she said:

"Why, Peggy, your mother says the wind blew your report into the brook. What a pity! You keep all your reports in a little book, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said I.

"But I think your last week's report was a very good one; it won't be much of a loss to the book, will it?"

"No, ma'am," said I, very faintly.

"Ahem!" said Ned Spofford. "Ahem! Ahem!" pretending to have a bad coughing fit. As soon as I looked at him, he put his tongue into his cheek, and made such a ridiculous face, that I knew in a minute that he did not believe that I really had lost the report.

"Oh dear!" thought I, "I'll have to lie to her, too. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

Then he lifted up the lid of his desk, and hiding face behind it, made a grimace at me in the most insulting manner. I knew then that he thought I had thrown the report away, and I felt just as afraid of him as I was of my father. I began to feel really ill from the long strain on my nerves of all the terror and excitement and shame. I watched the clock in misery, I so dreaded to have the class come. It seemed to me the hands never ticked so quick before. If I had dared, I would have jumped in my seat, and not gone out with the children; but I knew that would only be putting off the evil day; I might as well have it over with; so I ran with the rest, but tried to keep out of Ned's way. It was no use. He followed me everywhere, laughing, in tones of mock sympathy:

"Oh, Miss Peggy, she has lost her report in the brook! What shall we do for her?"

Then all the other children gathered around, and asked how it happened. Not one of them doubted the word except Ned. He was a good deal older than the rest of us. He must have been nearly twelve, I think, and we all looked up to him. He used to draw us on his sled and give us apples. His father was a farmer, and had hundreds of barrels of apples every year.

In despair of giving you a fair idea of my miseries for the next three days. Ned did not let me have a minute's peace,—on the way to school, and in school, and in recess, he always was saying something about that report. I honestly think he did not do this wholly out of mischief; he did it only to punish me for having done such a mean and cowardly thing as to tell a lie. That was a thing he despised; he never had been known to tell one. Even if he knew he would have a whipping, he would not do up the very worst piece of mischief he ever did. On Thursday morning I waked with a bad sore throat. When the doctor came, he said I must stay in bed, and be kept very quiet. I heard my mother tell him about my falling into the brook on Wednesday, and then I heard her say:

"I think it is not so much the wetting as it is the punishment the child has been under." And then I wondered still more if she really knew all about it, or if she did, why she did not whip me for the lie. I could only think nothing would have done so much to comfort me as to have had her give me a very severe punishment of some sort: not that I was punished every minute, almost more than I could bear, by my own thoughts, but I would have liked to have somebody else punish me too. However, I had not courage to confess the truth.

I was very ill for nearly two weeks. The first day I went to school, Miss Caroline gave me a report made out for the last three days I had been in school, before I was taken ill. It was "all fives," but it was too late. There did not seem to be any credit in having done anything well, or in having behaved ever so well, so long as I had that lie on my mind. It did not seem as if a liar had any business with a good report.

My mother was much pleased with it, and at dinner my father said:

"Well done, little daughter! I wonder if you could have kept it up all the week if the sore throat had not come."

After dinner my mother pasted it into the little book. I looked over her shoulder while she did it. She left a blank space above it, just the size for another report, and in that she put the date of that unhappy Saturday, and wrote below it:

"Report for this week drowned in the brook."

Then she said to me:

"Now we always shall remember why there were only three reports for last month."

Then she wrote in two other spaces—

"Absent from school this week on account of illness," and then, kissing me, she said:

"And now we'll begin again, Peggy, with a good fresh start, wont we? Poor little girlie, you look pretty thin."

I began to cry, and was on the point then of telling her all about it. But my miserable cowardice kept the words back. I thought I would tell her some night in the dark. But I never did: week after week passed, and month after month, and year after year; and I grew to be a great girl,—ten, eleven, twelve years old,—and yet I never had told her.

Every time I saw the page in the book where it was written, "Report for this week drowned in the brook," I felt very unhappy, and resolved that I would tell the truth; but I was a coward; and I kept putting it off, and putting it off, and before I was thirteen my good kind mother died. That is a great many years ago; but I remember it as if it were yesterday; and I remember that when I looked on her face in her coffin, I thought about that lie, and wished I had confessed it to her before she died. Now, if my confessing it, at this late day, can make one boy or one girl realize what a wicked, mean, cowardly, sneaking thing it is to tell a lie, and what dreadful misery all liars live in, I shall think I have done something to atone for that wicked Saturday so long ago.

THE DISCONTENTED DOWAGER.

By E. L. B.

ONCE upon a time, in the drawing-room of a stately mansion, there hung a very fine portrait all framed in a golden frame and swung from the cor-

It was evident the old dowager must have been a high and mighty person while she lived, not only from this fine attire, but from a very commanding



THE DOWAGER.

nice by a thick silken cord. This portrait, which had been painted long ago by a famous artist, was the picture of an old dowager—which means, you know, a grand old lady—with very red cheeks, very bright eyes, very thick gray hair, and very fat neck and arms. She was dressed in a red velvet gown, with the funniest short waist you ever saw in your lives; she wore a splendid necklace about her throat, bracelets upon both arms, and ever so many rings on her fingers, while her hair was twisted up into a queer-looking bunch on the top of her head, and trimmed with ribbons and rich ostrich plumes.

look in her sharp eyes, and a very proud expression about her firm lips.

But it was years and years since the old dowager had lived, and a great many changes had taken place in the world. People did n't go around with bare necks and ostrich plumes any longer, and did n't do a good many other things it was thought right and proper to do in the old dowager's time, and so, as she looked down from the wall and saw what folks did and how they lived nowadays, she was very much astonished, and also—though she thought not to have been—very much disgusted.

deed, if the family that lived in the house could have heard the old dowager's remarks upon them when they had gone to bed and the lights were put out,—remarks addressed to the other portraits in the room, and especially to a fat, puffy-looking old gentleman in a wig and ruffled shirt, who hung opposite,—I am afraid their feelings would have been hurt very much. It was then the old dowager used to open those tight red lips, and wink those

boy with a dirty face, painted by a Mr. Murillo, or another portrait close by her side, painted by a Mr. Raphael, of a certain St. Cecilia who not only had no ostrich plume to her head, but not even a shoe or stocking to her foot!

Do you want to know what were the things the dowager complained of? Why, there were so many I could n't remember half of them. She complained of the impudent way in which people



THE PUFFY OLD GENTLEMAN.

light gray eyes, and speak her mind freely, about the things she saw and heard, to the puffy old gentleman, who thus was robbed of his rest to such an extent, that it was no wonder he always looked sleepy and stupid.

In short, the old dowager found so many things to scold about, and so many new aggravations occurred every day, that soon she spent the whole of every night in railing, and gave the other portraits no peace of their lives. She never stopped to think how much better off she was than a portrait, on the other side of the room, of a bare-legged

came up and stared at her, and made remarks about her clothes and person; but then she complained even more when they went past and took no notice of her. She scolded now because there was too much light in the room, so that her fine points could not be seen; again, because there was n't light enough. She scolded because the housemaids dusted her face with a brush, as though she had been a chair or a table; but she scolded twice as hard if she were not dusted. She would fly into the most dreadful passion if any one dared to talk too loudly in the room, and yet

she fell into a rage of curiosity and jealousy if they spoke in a whisper, or withdrew out of ear-shot. Then the flies lit on her face, and bit her and tickled her nose, so that—as she told the old gentleman—she felt a constant inclination to sneeze, which spoiled her expression. But, worse than all, spiders!—Ugh-h! black, long-legged spiders!—got behind her frame and crawled up her back; “and she just wanted the family to understand she could n’t and would n’t bear it, and some day she would scream out and tear her canvas.” Again: the family used to go to bed nights and let the fires out, and the house became so chilled that she told the old gentleman she was sure she should catch her death-o’-cold and go into a decline. “Why,” she exclaimed, savagely, “*they* crawl into their warm beds and tuck themselves in, but they seem to think *I* am made of cast-iron!”

But her greatest grievance was the children, who sometimes came to play in the room where she was hung. There were only two, to be sure,—a little boy and a little girl,—but the dowager did n’t approve of their presence, and so she watched them with jealous eyes to see that they did no mischief, though I grieve to say they sometimes did. At first they never thought of the old dowager’s watching them, till one day the little girl took down her mother’s beautiful portfolio,—which she had been forbidden to touch,—and was strewing the pictures all over the floor, when she happened to look up, and caught the dowager’s eye fixed sternly upon her. And what do you think she did?—tremble and run away? No; I am shocked to say she made a grimace. Oh, my, my, what a bold, bad little girl! Think of making a face at your great-great-grandmother! How do you suppose she dared to do it? But that was nothing to what the little boy did; for, once when he was playing with his rubber ball in the parlor, which he had been expressly forbidden to do, the old dowager frowned on him so sternly that he threw the rubber ball—the saucy little wretch—and struck his g-g-g-grandmother in the eye! I really do not know

what might have happened then—very likely the old dowager would have come straight down from the wall, and punished him on the spot,—if his mother had not come in.

This was the last time the children ever troubled her, for thenceforth they were kept out of the room; but none the less the old dowager fell into such intolerable habit of carping and fault-finding that she made not only herself miserable, but all the other portraits as well; and though she found no food for ridicule and censure in the sayings and doings of the people about her, she nevertheless spent her whole time in listening to and watching them, instead of improving her mind by reading the book in her lap, into which she was never seen to look.

At length, misfortune fell upon the family mansion, the furniture, and all their valuables were sold at auction. A rude and curious crowd thronged the rooms, and poked canes and umbrellas at the old dowager, and laughed at her braces and ostrich plumes, and made jokes about her. Then she and the puffy old gentleman were put up for sale, and knocked down at a very low price to a dirty, hook-nosed man, who carted them away to a dark, dingy shop, and there he took the old dowager out of her fine frame and put another picture in it, and sold it; and after a few days he packed the poor crestfallen old lady away in a dark, musty loft, where a lot of rubbish was piled upon her, squeezing her dreadfully. There he lay year after year, whilst the dust gathered thick upon her, and the spiders made their webs all about her, and the mice ran over her face, and the moths gnawed great holes in her fine velvet gown, till at last, when, after a long time, she was taken down, she was such a sorry-looking object that she was ruthlessly torn into strips and thrown into the barrel.

And now, if any boy or girl does n’t know the moral to this fable, he or she must write and ask Jack-in-the-Pulpit about it.



GRASS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

The rose is praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

The oak we say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
Of the willow we say, "How slender!"
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
How slight is the praise we render!

The grass knows well, in her secret heart,
How we love her cool green raiment;
And she plays in silence her lovely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
With sun and dew brimming over;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover!

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves,
From spring until bleak November;
And then—she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember!

And while she serves us, with goodness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly underfoot,—
Yet we never wound her feelings!

Here's a lesson that he who runs may read:
Though I fear but few have won it,—
The best reward of a kindly deed
Is the knowledge of having done it!

MY FRIEND, COLONEL BACKUS.

(A Talk with Big Boys.)

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

WISH you knew Colonel Backus. I think he
ould amuse you. He amuses me immensely.
Colonel belongs to one of our best families,
was once a handsome man. When he is well
snugly dressed, he thinks he is handsome
; but there's no denying it—he's fat. He
short of breath and very red in the face going
stairs. This corpulence of his is a great trouble
him. He says it is constitutional, and he ac-
cuses for it on the ground that an uncle—the very
he was named for—on his father's side, and an
t on his mother's, were fat before him!
e can't eat oatmeal, or potatoes, or bread,
use these make starch, and starch makes fat.
rides a hard-trotting horse in the park, with a
e that would seem to say to all whom he meets:
ow, this is enjoyment!—these breezes, these
s, this beautiful sward, this broad sky, these
-songs, these glassy lakes, how they thrill me

and fill me with delight! I am free from the con-
ventionalities of the town; I am one with nature.
Hurrah!"

What the Colonel really does say is: "Confound
this old fulling-mill! A man might as well ride
the crest of an earthquake; but I'm bound to get
rid of this flesh, if pounding will do it."

But it don't do it, and wont do it. He grows
stouter and stouter, and snaps off more and more
buttons when he puts on his boots, and talks more
and more about his tailor scrimping his clothes.

Now, I suppose I must tell you what the real
trouble is with the Colonel, though he never would
confess it. The Colonel drinks. And what do
you suppose the Colonel drinks for? You can't
make him believe that it has anything to do with
his getting stout. I'm going to tell you, by and
by, what I think of it; but, first, I must tell you
about the Colonel's last experiment. One night

he came home to dinner, radiant. He had found his cure.

"Has it come?" inquired he of Mrs. Backus.

"Has what come?" she asked.

"Why, my—my lift—my machine—my lifting-machine," he responded.

"Something has come," replied Mrs. Backus, "something heavy, and I have had it sent into the basement."

"Just the place for it," said the Colonel. "Now, you see, I'm going to get rid of this fat,"—and down-stairs he went.

When he returned, he had broken off a suspender button, and looked rather limp and solemn. But when he rose from his dinner that day, he declared that he had not felt so well in a year. About five days after that, while sitting quietly at the dinner-table, he suddenly pushed back his chair and slapped his hand in a sharp, vexed way upon his knee.

"Confound it," said he, "I have n't thought of my lift-cure for five days."

And so it happened every day. He was so eager to get at his dinner and his wine, when he returned from his office, that he forgot his lifting-machine. Meantime, he grew stouter and stouter.

And now, boys, I come to my point. Why did he forget the lifting-machine, which he had purchased for a remedy?—and why did n't he forget the liquor, which he also professed to use as a remedy? Simply because he did n't like the lifting-machine, and he did like the liquor. That is all there was about it. That is all there is about it in any similar case. Men may say what they choose about liquor being good for them. They may tell you that they cannot make out a dinner without wine, that water does not agree with them, that they take it as a remedy for some form of disease; but you will notice that it is the one kind of medicine that an habitual patient never forgets to take. You never see a man who takes wine with his dinner, shoving violently back from the table, slapping his knee, and exclaiming: "There! Confound it! I forgot to take my wine!" People forget rhubarb, castor-oil, sulphur, iron, myrrh-mixture, lifting-machines, quinine, Peruvian bark, quassia, squills, and thorough-wort tea, but they don't forget wine, particularly when they have come to regard it as a daily medicine. There must be something in it that specifically stimulates the memory!

Don't you suppose that Colonel Backus knows that it is the liquor he drinks which makes him fat, and keeps him so? Yes, he does know it, and it is simply ridiculous for him to deny it. He knows that if he were to stop drinking he would be obliged to send all his clothes to his tailor to be taken in. But he fights this knowledge. He tries to forget

his own convictions. He tries to deceive people around him, and to deceive himself.

Colonel Backus is a slave. That is the long and short of it. He is a good fellow, but he is a slave. And all these good fellows who cannot let themselves alone, and who make all sorts of excuses to themselves and others for drinking it, are slaves. They are conscious that it does them no good; but they like it. And sixty thousand of them every year lie down in America, in the graves of drunkards. These poor, dead men have all been slaves of the same sort as Colonel Backus. It seems a pity that our good-natured friend, the Colonel, should become one of their number, but that is just what is going to become, I suppose. He has an appetite that will grow with the years. It grows in other men; it will grow in him. By and by, he will stop thinking about his fat. He will stop caring about his clothes. He will stop riding his hard-trotting horse. He will stop caring about wife and children. Then, some pleasant, sunny morning, when all the world is astir, and pure, healthy, temperate men and women are singing at their work, and sweet and merry children are shouting at their play, and God's smile is over the world, there will appear a strip of crape on the Colonel's door, and an obituary notice in a newspaper, which will state that Colonel Backus died suddenly of an apoplectic attack. His good qualities will be generously mentioned, and, just at the end of the notice, there will be a delicate allusion to the fact that the Colonel had but one enemy in the world—himself.

Now what do you think of the Colonel, and of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to catch themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again, if you want to be one of them? No? Of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; it cannot fail; and I think it is worth knowing. *Never touch liquor in any form.* That's the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice. Don't be fooled into the belief that it is good for you. It is not good for you. Good food, pure air, warm clothes, rest, exercise, and plenty of sleep, are all that will be necessary to keep you healthy. It stands to reason that liquor mixed with your fresh, healthy blood will bring you disease, as it certainly will. If you follow the example of Colonel Backus, you will find yourself rummaging around for excuses and

making yourself generally ridiculous by trying to rent a cause for results that can only come from drink. I know you don't drink now, and it seems you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. You will regard it as a manly practice, and, very likely, they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? What will you do? Will you say, "Boys, I'm not of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth a-dozen of that?" Or will you take the glass, with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at length begins to make apologies for itself—just as the Colonel Backus does, and will keep doing so for the rest of his life?

You will hear men, over their cups, talking about temperance men. "Oh, these teetotalers! they always running things into the ground," they will say. "Temperance is one thing," they will say, "and total abstinence quite another." But

that is only another way by which those who love drink try to cheat themselves and others into the belief that they are not doing the most dangerous thing in the world. Don't be misled by them. You may laugh just a little when they say this, but when they offer you a glass you should say, "No, I thank you; I get along very well without it." And if you can say, "Gentlemen, I never drank a glass of liquor in my life, and I know you would not like to have me begin with you," not one of them, even if half drunk, would put it to your lips. Would you want any better indorsement than that?

It is always an unmanly thing to do wrong. Who is the most of a man—he who is willing to do an unpopular thing for the sake of safety and principle, or he who does what he knows to be unsafe and wrong, for fear of the jeers of boys, many of whom in after-life would give worlds, if they had them to give, if they had never seen a glass of wine? Don't be fooled. Don't be a fool. Stand by what you know to be right, in all circumstances. Keep your blood sweet and pure. Preserve your independence. But if you ever become a sot (which heaven forbid), don't try to make yourself believe that liquor is good for you, or that you drink it for any reason but because you love it.



"LOOK! LOOK!"

THE SAD STORY OF HIPPETY-HOP.

BY SAMUEL C. WILSON.

HAVE you heard of a girl named Hippety-Hop,
Who once got a-going, and could n't stop,—
Who once got going with hop and skip,
And started off on a wonderful trip?

This little girl would never stand still,
Nor even walk up the side of a hill;
But on she 'd go, till she reached the top,
With a skip and a jump and a hippety-hop.

For she said, "My name is Hippety-Hop,
And I'll skip and jump, and I *will* not stop,
I will *not* stop for all they say,
Though I should hop out of the world some day."

The very next morn, when the sun arose,
She hopped out of bed, and hopped into her clothes
With a bob and a bounce, 'round the room she went
Light as a feather, and quite content.



"ON SHE 'D GO TILL SHE REACHED THE TOP."

She 'd hop out of her clothes, and hop into bed,
And hop in her sleep, I've heard it said,
And hop in her dreams, could she have her will,
But only then would her feet keep still.

Her father would whip, and her mother would scold,
But her little feet would not be controlled;
They would hop and skip and jump all day,
And, at last, they carried her far away!

"Now I can hop!" said this willful girl,
And 'round the room she went with a whirl,
And down the stairs, with a bound and skip,
As if she were going a long, long trip.

The door stood open, she could not stop,
And faster still went Hippety-Hop;
Her mother screamed and her father swore
As she passed like a bird through the open door.

On through the garden, the fields, and the
lane;

In a second, she passed the railroad train,—
The lightning express, I've heard people say,
But it may have been going the opposite way,—
And the passengers only caught a glimpse
Of a child like one of the fairies' imps.

Her father telegraphed east and west,
But she beat the message—her time was best;
She was going faster than lightning or wind,
And she left the telegrams far behind.

She just touched the grass with her little toes,
For she was afraid she would soil her clothes
If she brushed the dew off the blades below.
And she had forgotten her trunk, you know.

In past village, and vale, and hill,
She skipped so fast that she felt quite ill;
Past cities adorned with a hundred spires,
And full of all that the heart desires.

She cried for a bowl of milk and bread,
Or she left before the breakfast was spread,
But she could not stop, for her feet would go
Faster, when trying to move them slow.

When she heard a voice from the heavens'
Blue top
Said, "Hippety-Hop, you must never stop
To eat a crumb, or to drink a drop
Of milk, though you pass through the Milky
Way,



"SHE CRIED FOR A BOWL OF MILK AND BREAD."

Nor return to your home, till your hair is gray,
And your willful temper has passed away."

She tried to hold back, but her feet were too
strong;
So land and water she skimmed along,
Till she reached the very edge of the world,
And into space was suddenly hurled.

Thus sadly frightened was Hippety-Hop;
She was out of the world, and could n't stop;
Her feet were taking her right to the moon;
At the rate she moved, she would get there
soon.

And the man in the moon grew fiercer and
bigger,
As he saw, coming toward him, this queer little
figure
Hopping along on nothing at all,
And making straight for his silver ball.

So he brandished his club, and shouted, "Stop!"
But she curtly said, "I am Hippety-Hop!
I started to-day from the earth so gay,
That spins down there like a silver top,
And I must go on till they let me drop."

So on she passed like a sky-born rover,
Right at the place where the cow jumped over
When the little dog laughed at the man in
the moon,
And the thievish dish ran away with the spoon.



"ON THROUGH THE FIELDS."



“HE BRANDISHED HIS CLUB.”

That night, on earth there was great ado
Among the wise, astronomical crew,
Who nightly peer through the heavens afar,
For an asteroid, comet, or wandering star.

For they saw a light that puzzled them sore,
A comet or star never seen before,
That moved along near the sky's blue top,
With a skip, and jump, and a hippety-hop.

Brighter it shone than Luna pale,
Its hair streamed back like a comet's tail,
And a round, little face, like Mars was red
With the ruddy light that the sun had shed.

So the wise men brought their telescopes out
To view the stranger, and solve the doubt;
But though they gazed, without wink or pause,
They could not tell what the queer thing was.

One said, "'T is only an asteroid,
A bit of a planet once destroyed;"
Another, "A comet, for see!" he said,
"Its hair streams back from its fiery head."

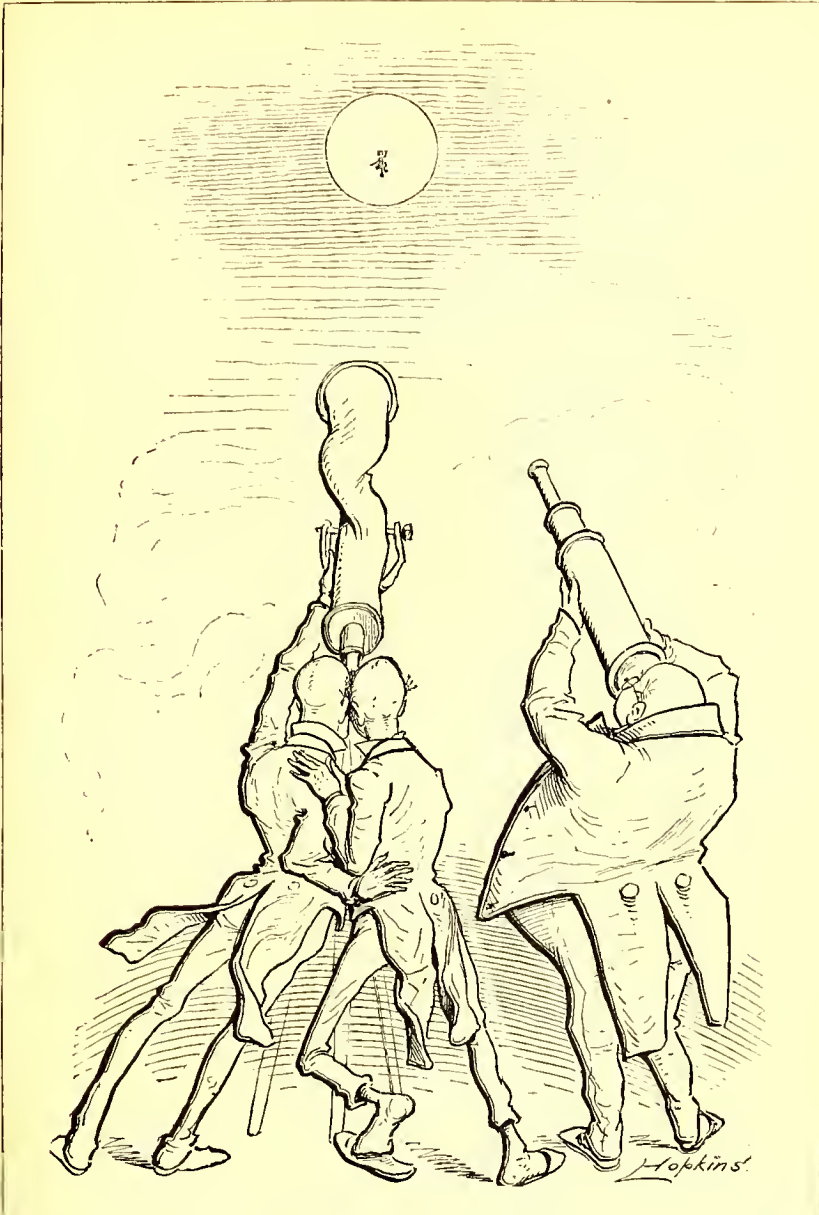
Another said, "'T is a new-born star!"
But the last exclaimed, "What fools you are!
'T is only a little girl gone astray,
Shot from her orbit, as I might say,
Who hops and skips as she did in play,
And see, she is bound for the Milky Way!"

But all the others laughed him to scorn.
And said, "No girl that ever was born
Could move so fast o'er the sky's blue top,
With a skip, and a jump, and a hippety-hop."

So they marked its course, and measured
speed,

They traced its orbit, and found indeed,
From the rate it traveled among the spheres,
It would reach the earth in a thousand years.

So a thousand years must come and go,
Ere she returns to the earth below;
And I know, from what wise people live
said,
Her father and mother will then be dead.



"THE WISE MEN BROUGHT THEIR TELESCOPES OUT."

ard is the fate of this willful girl ;
 thousand years to skip and whirl,
 thousand years before she can stop
 o eat a crumb or to drink a drop.

This is the story of Hippety-Hop,
 Who once got going and could n't stop,
 Until she was punished, and made to smart
 For her reckless feet, and her willful heart.

FLORIDA FISHERS.

BY MRS. MARY TREAT.

IN the retired shallow coves along the St. John's River may be seen flocks of the great blue heron. These coves are their fishing-grounds during winter and spring ; and a beautiful sight it is, when we can

I have heard gentlemen say they could not approach these birds near enough to study them with any satisfaction. This makes me think that the herons are such good observers that they know



THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

approach within a few feet of these magnificent birds. They are about four feet in height, and the long, glossy, plume-like feathers about the neck and shoulders, and the two long feathers on the head, make them look quite grand. Especially magnificent is he when, with bristling feathers and fierce action, he bends to catch his prey. The picture, copied by permission from Dr. Tenney's "Elements of Zoölogy," shows him in the act.

a man from a woman ; for several times I have been allowed to come quite near to them, when the first one and then another would step upon a log and straighten himself up to his full height, and look at me inquiringly, and then go on with their fishing, quite unconcerned. I have observed, however, that when they are feeding among a drove of cattle (Florida cattle often feed in the river) they can approach much more closely than when

tle are near; so, they may take me for one of cows, or for some sort of nondescript animal! If they do, I freely forgive them, and would gladly do anything in my power to protect them against the heartless men who throng the steamers in the North, to kill the beautiful birds of Florida. These herons are very sociable and peacable, hanging together in perfect harmony, and are on good terms with all their relatives. Their cousin the great white heron—is often in their company, and they stand side by side fishing in the shallow water. Some of the birds stand quite close, with their long necks arched, and their eyes fixed on the water until some unlucky fish or small reptile comes within their reach, when they thrust their long, stout beaks into the mud and water, and dexterously secure the prey, which they greedily devour; others wade cautiously and stealthily about, looking closely for crabs and fish; and all, whether walking or standing quite still, are very successful in catching game. But so many of these birds have been shot, it is a wonder that they have no confidence in mankind? They will not take even a meal without the aid of the party acting as sentinel. The sentinel usually stands upon a log, and nothing seems to escape his keen eye. How, all depends upon him whether I—a woman—am allowed to approach! He looks at me anxiously and suspiciously, and I pretend to be wholly unconcerned with regard to his movements. If I get near a gentle cow, I am quite safe. If the heron do not run from me, why should they? So I consult over the matter. The sentinel communicates the fact of my approach, and now a

great white heron mounts the log, his feathers as white as the pure fallen snow, and from his shoulders hang long graceful plumes. What a grand bird he is, and what a heart of stone a man must have to deprive such a glorious creature of life!

Seeming to be satisfied that I have neither murderous gun nor hostile intentions, he steps down from the log and resumes his fishing, but another immediately mounts it. By this time I am on such good terms with one of the cows, that she comes to the log on which I stand and takes the water-plants from my hand; this seems to reassure the birds; and nearer and nearer I am allowed to approach. As long as I can manage to keep a cow between me and the birds, I have no fear of alarming them. They come so near to me that I can see the different kinds of game they capture; now one takes a crab and beats it upon a log and picks it to pieces before swallowing it, but how he manages to do this and escape the crab's retaliating pinch, I do not know; he must understand crabs better than I do.

The color of the eyes and bill in both the blue and white heron is yellow, and the legs are a greenish-yellow. Sometimes one of these birds' legs looks stouter and larger than the other. I find this peculiarity has been observed in specimens that had been shot, and the reason given in ornithological books is, that the birds stand so much upon one leg that it causes it to grow larger than the other.

But the most elegant fisher found in Florida is the American flamingo. It is about as tall as the great blue heron, and is gorgeously attired in bright scarlet! One of these days I shall tell you more about him in these pages, and perhaps show you his picture.

MARJORIE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

MARJORIE hides in the deep, sweet grass;
 Purple its tops bend over;
 Softly and warmly the breezes pass,
 And bring her the scent of the clover.

Butterflies flit, and the banded bee
 Booms in the air above her;
 Green and golden lady-bugs three
 Marjorie's nest discover.

Up to the top of the grass so tall
 Creep they, while Marjorie gazes;

Blows the wind suddenly—down they fall
Into the disks of the daisies!

Brown-eyed Marjorie! Who, do you think,
Sings in the sun so loudly?
Marjorie smiles. "T is the bobolink,
Caroling gayly and proudly."

Bright-locked Marjorie! What floats down
Through the golden air, and lingers
Light on your head as a cloudy crown,
Pink as your rosy fingers?

"Apple-blossoms!" she laughing cries.
"Beautiful boats come sailing
Out of the branches held up to the skies,
Over the orchard railing."

Happy, sweet Marjorie, hidden away,
Birds, butterflies, bees above her;
With flowers and perfumes, and lady-bugs gay—
Everything seems to love her!

PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

CHAPTER IX.

PATTIKIN.

THINGS went better with Thirza after that. She bent all her energies to the task of keeping the house orderly, the little ones clean, and, above all, the bread-box full, and the meals in proper season; and as she was really an energetic little body, she succeeded pretty well. To be sure, accidents happened now and then. Her judgment could not always be relied upon. Sometimes the loaf did not hold out, as she thought it would, and she had to fall back pretty often on those miserable make-shifts that Sandy called "slap-jacks."

But, though Pattikin seldom forgot her dusting till it was quite dinner-time, she did not stay in the house much, and made little headway learning to work. She said it made her "homesick for mother;" so they let her run pretty much as she chose. She liked to sit perched on the top of the wood-pile, in the sunshine, and look down upon her brothers, while they sawed, and split, and piled, breaking forth now and then into a merry "Oh, come, come away! from labor now reposing!"

Sometimes she busied herself with the birch-bark that she picked from the logs, making sheets of paper "for father to write sermons on," or making "canoes," as her mother had taught her.

"You'll let that child catch her death of cold, besides getting as brown as a Malay," said Mrs. Ellenwood, who called to see how the minister's folks were getting along.

But Thirza was doing the best she could, and somehow or other Pattikin never caught cold; and if she did get to be a regular little "nutte-bron mayde," perhaps it did n't so very much matter. Something happened to her, however; so Mrs. Ellenwood could say, "I told you so."

A log rolled, one day, as she was descending from her high perch, and her foot was caught under it, and the poor little ankle got a bad sprain.

Then Pattikin had to stay in the house. You may think she was homesick,—or mother-sick, those days. And so she was, till her father saw how the poor child was pining, and took her to his study. He made her a pallet near the sunniest window, and let her lie there and watch him, as he wrote, and read, and studied, and let her look over

therto forbidden books. And he made her a riddle out of little blocks of wood, and often he would sit beside her on the floor and draw on the slate for her amusement pictures of all sorts of things.

Pattikin had no idea of her father's resources before. He was just as good as a mother to her. When he had to go off parish visiting, he wrapped

with her doll, or sewed on its clothes, making her father quite surprised at the womanly instincts of his little roving gypsy maid, when once they were developed.

Tilda would have liked much to come and play with her; but there was always a good deal to do. Tilda and Thirza still had the hardest of the work and care, notwithstanding the help they now



"THERE SHE SAT, AND PLAYED WITH HER DOLL."

up nicely and took her with him. And such people as they went to see! And the curries, twisted, crispy, delicious doughnuts, and the ruddy-cheeked apples, and the cunning little scolded cakes of maple-sugar that were given her! Pattikin never enjoyed any week in her life more than the second one after she sprained her ankle.

And when she was well enough to limp about a little, lest she should try her strength too much by walking, he set his round green-covered table in the place of her pallet, and let her have it for her use. She had her little chair, and her dolly's bureau on the top of it, and there she sat, and played

had from their father and brothers. It is quite wonderful how many steps there are to take in a large family. It was cooking and washing dishes, and then skimming milk and washing dishes, and then churning and more washing dishes;—large, unwieldy dishes, too. And the clothes must be sprinkled, and the ironing took a whole half day always, and then everything to be sorted, and folded, and put away. It is of no use to try to tell you all. Nobody can know but a woman who has had it all to do, or a little girl who has tried with her inexperienced little head, and her small, unskillful hands, to remember it all, and do it all.

But their father was on the watch, and when he saw the clouds thickening and showers threatening in his little girls' sky, he had some little charm or other to drive away the forlornness, and the homesickness, and the weariness. Sometimes it was an hour's work in the kitchen behind the big blue check apron with his own hands; sometimes it was a bright silver sixpence slipped into the weary hands, or turning up unexpectedly under their plates; and children like Tilda and Thirza, who rarely get money, and make the best use of it when they do get it, know well how to value it. Sometimes it was a ride behind old Gray.

He found a way for them out of every "slough of despond." Once the yeast-jug got empty, and the united wisdom of the whole family could n't produce a supply of this most necessary article. It seemed for a while as if they must live on biscuits and "slap-jacks" the rest of the four weeks. The minister took the jug away at last to a neighbor, and got her to fill it.

He had to pursue a similar course with his "bosomed shirts," after Thirza had privately fretted and fussed and worried two or three days over them, trying to get one ironed for Sunday. He never knew how many tears sprinkled those shirts, nor what a struggle it cost his little girl to give up trying, and own that she could not do them. He only said:

"The shirts!—what ails them? They only need to be starched and ironed like other things, I suppose. But if you can't do them, I'll take them over to Mrs. Preston. She'll be glad of a chance to pay part of her subscription by ironing them."

Thirza only wished he would make the attempt to iron one himself. But he did n't, and it aggravated her much to think it should seem such a simple and easy thing to him, when she had found it so impossible.

"Now, this evening shall see us all busy darning our stockings," said the minister, one day, and the party that made the molasses candy were not merrier than the party that crowded around the lamp that evening, each armed with a darning-needle and a ball of yarn.

Pattikin and Sandy insisted on having some work, too, so darning-needles and old socks were given them, and they worked away with great zeal. Thirza was voted teacher and general inspector, but the minister really did a great deal in that line, and many a "boggle" had to be taken out, and done over in better shape at his bidding.

But even this could not make them believe it was anything but fun, and they were ready to agree to a darning-evening once a week the whole year round. Seth advocated it heartily,—“it would be such a relief to mother,” he said. The minister smiled

warmly at his oldest son,—the boy who was always most thoughtful for mother.

“I shall have to have a pair of spectacles,” said Sammy, “if we are to keep on through the year. I can never see where to make my needle come out. And the strands get all mixed up, so there is no any right place for it to come out, I believe.”

Here Thirza had to bring her chair to sit beside Samuel, and give him a lesson.

“I wish mother could look in, and see how we are,” said Seth.

Thirza looked up gratefully, thinking of the “slap-jacks” at dinner that day, and which Seth seemed to have forgotten. The four great loaves of bread had proved to be sour, too, and the potatoes were leathery, and the insides dry and half cooked. But they all had healthy appetites and excellent digestive powers, and, whatever was wrong with the cooking, there was always the consolation of knowing that the food would soon be eaten up, and a chance afforded of trying again, with the hope of better success next time.

But the longest month will come to an end, and all were rejoiced when a letter came naming the day on which the long-absent mother would return. They all were standing at the gate, a good season, watching for the stage, as they had stood four weeks before watching it away.

At last it came,—the old, slow thing,—rattling and bouncing, and jouncing along down the hill, and there!—they were sure they could see a peep of the green alpaca!—and then the baby popped his jolly little fat face out of the window, and there was mother, holding out both hands to them; and oh!—joy of joys!—they had her in a minute, and were all clinging to her hands, and her neck, and her dress, till the stage-driver said to the minister:

“Do see to your wife, and I'll see that I'm paid, and take off the trunk. She'll be pulled to the ground with all that crazy raft of young ones.”

But the minister only laughed, and joined the “raft of young ones,” and got a hand, and a baby, and a smile and a tear for his portion.

And when they had got inside the door, such a budget of news as there was to tell! And the minister declared that his wife had grown so young and handsome that he was quite ashamed of himself, and that he must go off awhile and rejuvenate too. Also, that they all had got to be such household-keepers that she would have no more such holidays and constant work and care, because they would all help more than they ever had, since they had begun to realize how many steps were necessary to keep a house in order.

And Thirza felt so light-hearted and free, and she laughed and cried for joy, and let all the world

out of the kettle in which the fowl was cooking supper. But of course it was n't spoiled, for mother had got home, and her quick ear caught the sizzle, and the danger was averted. What a supper it was, to be sure! And how sweet to Thirza was her mother's praise of the hot biscuit, the mealy potatoes, and the well-baked custard-pie! It was worth all they had endured, to have the pleasure of that home-coming.

CHAPTER X.

THE MENAGERIE.

THE minister came in, one day in the following week, with a great flaming, yellow hand-bill, and a clerk that said as plainly as words could:

"Now for a treat! Here 's something that will please the youngsters."

"Ho!—a circus-bill! May I have a look at it, minister?" said Simon, wondering a little at his mother's bringing it home, since the circus was a scribed amusement in that home. "Is it going to be here?"

"Not a circus-bill, as you will see, if you look at it," said the father, delivering it over to the minister's hands of the boys. "No circus, but a fine menagerie,—the best that ever came into the State. It is to be at Belleville next week."

"Oh, father, menageries are good! Oh, father, let us go?" said Simon, and Thirza, and Tilda in a breath. "Oh, will you take us, father?"

"It is Van Amburgh's. A rare collection, and will go into the lion's cage, and perform some marvelous tricks," said the minister, coolly, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, that was itself half promise.

"Oh, could n't we go? It's only a little ways to Belleville. Just seven or six miles!" pleaded Thirza.

"Five miles to Belleville," said the minister, smiling. "Five miles,—and five back, are ten."

"You go there and back in half a day, very easily," said Seth, who was secretly as eager as any of them, though he felt that he was too old to tease.

"I think," said the minister, very deliberately,—"I think—I may go. And perhaps you, Seth, you are the oldest, and have never seen many wild animals, can go with me."

"And I! Oh, let me! And me! And me!" cried the rest in chorus.

"And I think," the minister began again, "that Thirza ought to go too, because she was such a beautiful little woman while her mother was gone to London."

"And I!—did n't I help? Was n't I good too?" said a trio of listeners, agonized with impatience and desire.

"And Tilda, because she was always ready to help," slowly continued the tantalizing man. "Let me see; that will take, how many ninepences? Four! Four times twelve and a half is—how much?"

"Fifty cents!" screamed the chorus.

"You need n't pay for me, father. I've got money enough to pay for myself," said Seth.

"And I, too!" said Thirza.

"I should think I might go! I've a whole quarter of a dollar in my box," said Simon.

"And I've got eighteen cents," said Samuel. "I want to go just as much as anybody!"

Pattikin clung to her father's hand, and jumped up and down, saying all the time: "Me too, father! Why don't you say me, too?"

"Pattikin will have to go, I suppose, because she is the little one, and it would break her heart to be left at home. And Simon is so much interested in natural history that it would be a pity not to let him see such a show."

By this time the children had become convinced that no one would be left out, and they only had to wait patiently, and their father would find some reason for letting every one of them go. So they waited more quietly, only laughing and shouting a little when a new name was added to the list of favored ones.

"Samuel *must* go, because he is such a good boy to tend the baby, and mother will want him for that; and Sandy,—I think we must take him, because he's got such fat cheeks that the showman *may* take a notion to *buy him, to put on exhibition.*"

There was great shouting and laughing at this ingenious reason.

"Mother and the baby are going, too!" cried Thirza, delightedly. But mother and the baby demurred.

"I've had my good time for this year, and it would be a hard day's work for me to go, and take Robbie. You all can do quite as well without me, and I'd much rather stay at home," said she. And neither persuasion nor pleading could change her mind.

If it should rain! But that would be too great a misfortune! Of course it would n't.

And it did n't. Never sun rose on a more perfect day. The birds sang, the dew-drops glistened, the violets and dandelions crowded each other in the grass, and the air was balm. Not a cloud in all the sky, except a few great snow-banks that went floating about in the blue overhead.

Every one of the seven Sunday suits was freshly washed and ironed. The boys in brown linen were in a most uncommon state of starchedness, and the little girls, in their pretty light calicoes and shaker

bonnets, looked as fresh and sweet and smiling as the flowers themselves.

The minister had a family ticket. And proud he was of the family that were to go in on it. He chuckled unmistakably, quite forgetful of ministerial dignity as he thought how the showman would say: "These all yours, sir?" And perhaps add: "You get the worth of your money, anyhow!" He quite wished Robbie was old enough to go.

"Would n't you better go, after all, mother?" he asked, just as they were getting into the wagon to start. "Wont cost a cent more, you know!"

But mother was not to be coaxed into a reversal of her decision. So they drove off, leaving her nodding and smiling, and waving the dish-towel, in answer to their vociferous good-byes.

They had plenty of time before them. The gray pony might choose her own gait. Seth and Simon and Samuel jumped out and walked up all the hills, and came back into the wagon with great bouquets of sweet June pinks, and delicate white flowers, not to be despised or slighted because they grew in every field-corner, and bore the very common and homely name, elder-blows.

They stopped at a deserted house, and went in and explored the dilapidated rooms, and wondered who had lived there last, and what sort of stories the walls would tell, if they could speak.

Of course, none of them had wanted any breakfast, and of course Pattikin and Sandy were hungry soon, and must have a slice of bread and cheese, and the rest "did n't care if they had a bit," and the yellow firkin was opened, and they saw that there was a whole chicken beautifully roasted for their dinner, and a pie, beside an unlimited supply of bread and butter,—which did not tend to lower their good spirits in the least.

They were so gay that their father cautioned them. "They must be more sober, or the showman might take them for wild animals, and shut them up in his cages." Inwardly, he was scarcely less gay than they were, however. He had not yet lost the boy's heart,—for all his many cares and duties,—this minister.

They were grave and quiet enough, though, when they went through the narrow door into the great white tent, among the crowds of people standing everywhere, or sitting tier above tier, all along one side of the tent. Gravely and wonderingly they looked into the great iron cages where tigers and lions paced back and forth in uneasy confinement, or bears lay and slept, or gazed back at them with sharp, fierce-looking eyes.

Pattikin clung fast to her father's hand, Sandy held on to Seth, and the rest kept close in the rear, feeling that if they should get separated from the rest, they might not be found soon in such a crowd.

They watched the mother-elephant with her immense baby by her side, and the majestic father-elephant, as he performed his tricks in obedience to that slender little man, his keeper. It was all a wonder, and a mystery. And oh, delight of delights! there was the least of small ponies who danced and pranced and curveted round a ring with a monkey on his back, dressed in a red coat and yellow pantaloons, with gold on his cuffs and gold on his sleeves, clinging tightly to his seat and flourishing his small riding-whip; and though the pony jumped, and reared on his hind feet, and even rolled on the ground, he never could get the monkey off. And at last he just gave it up, and cantered gayly around the ring.

Van Amburg himself came in presently in splendid costume, bespangled with gold and silver, and went into the lion's cage, as the hand-bills had promised, and played with the terrible creatures if they had been dogs; and he opened their mouths and showed the people their dreadful teeth, till the children's faces grew white with excitement.

They went away soon after this was over. There were many side-shows, but they lingered only a little to look wistfully at the pictures on the outside of these, entering none. Their father went to stand where candies and lemons and other nice things were kept for sale, and bought three lemons, and then they made their way out of the crowd of people that were everywhere about the tent, and went out where the gray pony was tied.

They got into the wagon and drove quite out of the town, till they found a good place to eat their dinner, under a shady tree, near a well.

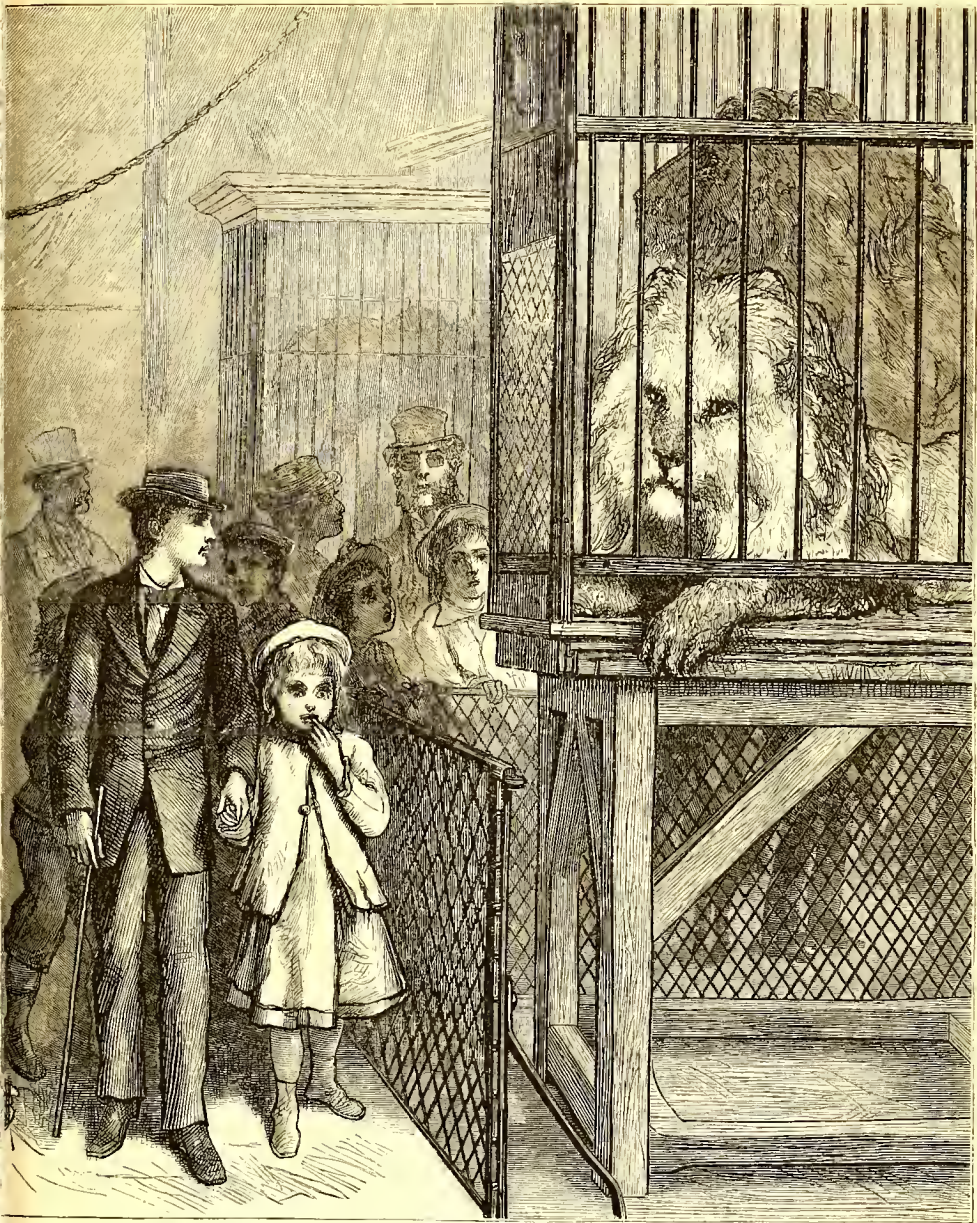
Seth got out the tin pail, and brought a supply of well-water. The minister took a brown paper package from the firkin, which proved to contain some sugar, and made some lemonade; and they were so very hungry, and everything tasted so good, that the eatables disappeared with great rapidity.

After dinner they went back into the town, the minister had some shopping to do. Then the children had another rare treat, looking in at the gay windows, where were dolls that set Pattikin teasing, and made the hearts of Thirza and Tilda restless with longing, and hoops and balls and marbles and tops to coax the boys' money out of their pockets.

Their father had not taken their money to pay for their entrance to the menagerie. Very likely he did not intend to do so, but they were not sure.

"If we only knew!" whispered Tilda to Thirza in a whisper. "I should so like one of those dolls!"

"I have thought of something we'd better do if he does n't take our money," said Thirza, then.



PATTIKIN'S FAMILY AT THE MENAGERIE.

eyes rested lovingly on a rosy-cheeked doll with curling hair, that lay near the glass window. "Dear what father is saying to Pattie."

"No, no, little daughter! We've spent all the money we can afford, for one day."

This was what the minister was saying in reply to Pattikin's teasing.

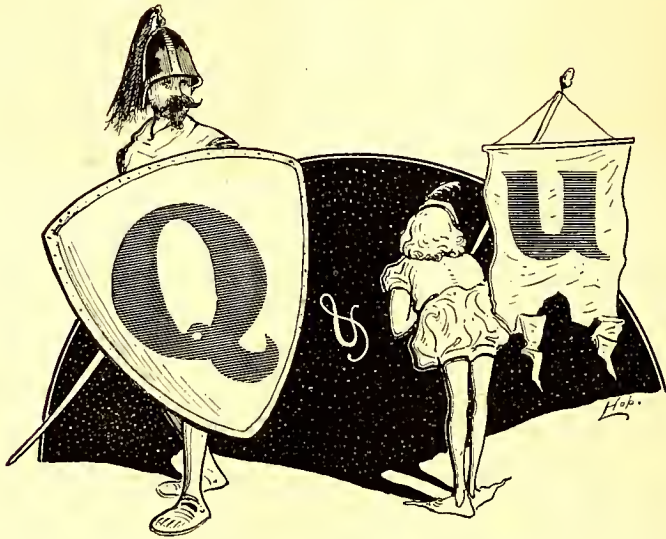
"What have you thought of?" said Tilda.

"I can't tell you now. But very soon I will," said Thirza.

(To be continued.)

Q AND U.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.



ONCE Q and U a bargain made
 ("T was very long ago),
 And they have kept the contract well,
 As you, perhaps, may know.

"I'd like to be your faithful page,"
 Said valiant little U;
 "And I your service will engage,"
 Replied the honest Q,

"If you will always stand by me,
 My ready right-hand man."
 "I'll take delight," said earnest U,
 "To show you that I can."

"If I should in a quarrel get,
 What then?" asked careful Q.
 "Then I'd be there to help you out,"
 Quoth nimble little U.

"If, weary of the strife, I seek
 Rest from the noise and riot?"
 "We'll quell disturbance, and secure
 A safe retreat—in quiet."

So, side by side, U stands with Q,
 Through all the passing ages,—
 Proving, by tireless constancy,
 The very best of pages.

THE STARS IN MAY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

TOWARD the north we now see the Dipper raised directly above the Pole-star; the constellation of the Great Bear occupying a much wider region of the sky. The Little Bear, which last month had passed just above the horizontal position, has its length now in the position of the minute hand of a clock eight or nine minutes past the hour.

Since I wrote the account of the stars for April have come across a singular Arabian picture part of the northern heavens, from which it would seem that anciently the two Bears had their feet the same direction. From the picture of the Little Bear shown last March, you will see that the feet of the animal are toward the stars η and γ , or about

in the Great Bear; and the feet of the Great Bear are toward μ , λ , etc., of that constellation, or away from the Little Bear. So that the Bears are back to back; and whenever one is placed, as in nature, with his plantigrade feet lowermost, the other has his legs wildly waving above him,—



FIG. 1.

which, on the whole, seems absurd. Now, in the old Arabian picture, drawn in the eleventh century, we find the Little Bear turned the other way. His head still lies toward the Pole-star, but his feet lie toward the Great Bear,—the fore-feet at the stars δ and ϵ ; so that the Bears come into their natural attitude simultaneously. The accompanying picture (Fig. 1) is copied from the very rough drawing of the Arabian astronomers, except that the stars are represented a little more clearly than in their original. Only six stars are shown. The bear is a very good-looking one; but he is more like a dog than the long-tailed creature in the account of the stars for March. In fact, astronomy cannot be said to distinguish itself pictorially, though

it would follow a sudden changing of familiar representations.

The constellation of Cassiopeia is well placed for observation,—according to promise last month, I will now give a brief account of this ancient star-group. According to Ptolemy, Cassiopeia and Cepheus were placed in the heavens with their heads turned from the pole, so as to bring their heads downward beneath it, because Cassiopeia boasted that her beauty surpassed

that of the Nereids. It is convenient to keep this in mind, not because her error of judgment (she

had not even seen the Nereids) was of much importance, but as a help to the memory. The star ζ , the remotest from the pole of all shown



FIG. 3.

in our northern map as belonging to Cassiopeia, marks, then, her head, and her queenly robes flow toward ι and ω , though in most pictures of Cassiopeia a raised dais is placed where these stars are. The figure shows the position of the lady with respect to the stars. You will see that, in order to make it agree with the constellation as now seen, the picture must be inverted. Flammarion, in his book on the heavens, strangely mistakes the position of the chair. I quote from Mr. Blake's work based on Flammarion's, and for the most part a translation; but possibly the error is Mr. Blake's. He says "the chair is composed principally of five stars, of the third magnitude, arranged in the form of an M. A smaller star, of the fourth magnitude

(κ), completes the square formed by the three, β , α , and γ . The figure thus formed has a fair resemblance to a chair or throne, δ and ϵ forming the back; and hence the justification for its popular name." But, apart from the agreement of all the old authorities as to the position of the chair, there can be no doubt that the six leading stars of the constellation show a much closer resemblance to a chair, having β and α for the back, thus (Fig. 2); that, too, is the shape



FIG. 2.—CASSIOPEIA.

of ancient chairs. People who lived in the years B. C. did not lol; like Mrs. Wilfer in more recent

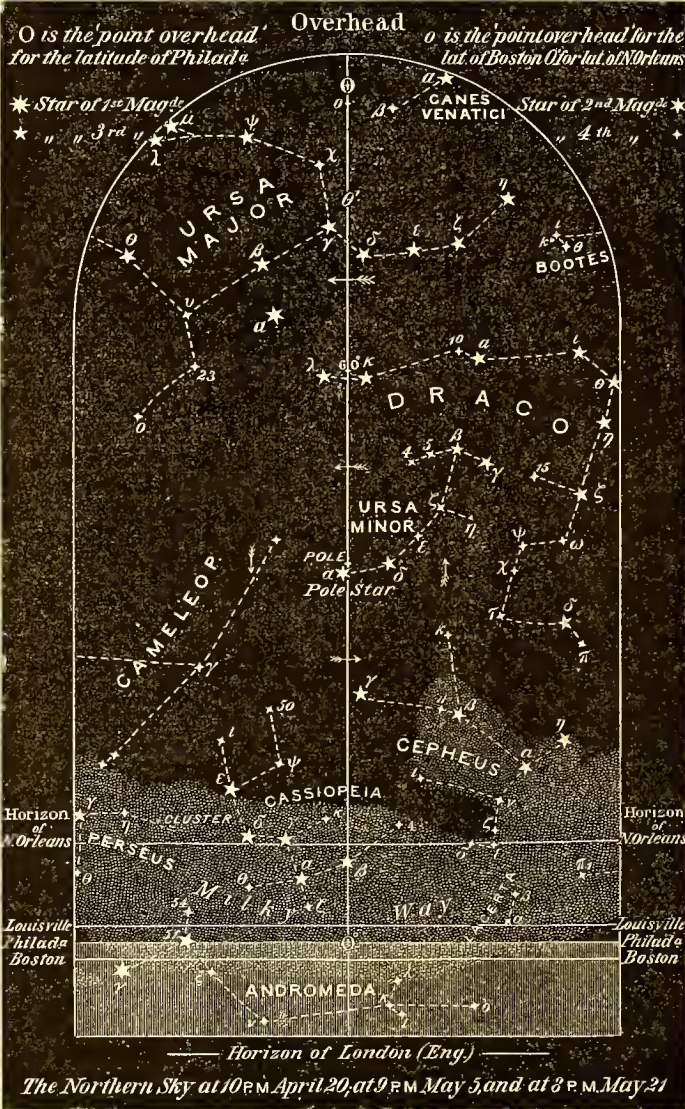
times, they were "incapable of it." Now the group of stars placed as in the second drawing (Fig. 3), forms an unmistakably easy chair.

It is useful to remember the letters corresponding to the brighter stars, and any aid to the memory, however absurd in itself, is worth noticing if it

this aid to the memory so often useful, that I do not hesitate to mention it, like those others related to the heads of Cepheus and Hydra. (I add, passing, that the head of Cassiopeia, like that of Cepheus, has a star ζ in it.) It is not without the least idea of raising a laugh about these absurd combinations that I mention them; though I can see no reason on earth why science should be studied always with a serious face. But these little helps to the memory, or other like them which you can make for yourselves, are often very useful.

For instance, I proceed to show that the two stars γ and δ of Cassiopeia point toward a most wonderful and beautiful cluster of stars, lying about twice as far from δ as δ does from γ. If you remember the names of the leading stars, this direction once shown shows you where to look for the cluster, without referring anew to any map. Of course the northern map belonging to this paper also shows you how to find the cluster, which is marked in its proper place. It is well to remember the way in which δ and γ point to it in the sky, the cluster can only be seen on clear nights as a spark round mist. If, however, you turn a small telescope, or even a good opera-glass, upon it, you will see that it is sparkling over with stars. In a powerful telescope, it is one of the most wonderful objects you can imagine. You see at a single view in that little spot of misty light more stars—that is to say, more suns—than the unaided eye can see in the whole sky on the darkest and clearest night!

The constellation Perseus, the Rescuer of Andromeda, is now approaching the region low the pole, and in England is fairly well seen when thus placed. But in the greater part of the United States, the southern half of the constellation passes below the horizon as it approaches the northern sky. It will be well, therefore, to look for Perseus half an hour, or even an hour, earlier than is sometimes mentioned in the northern Chart V.,

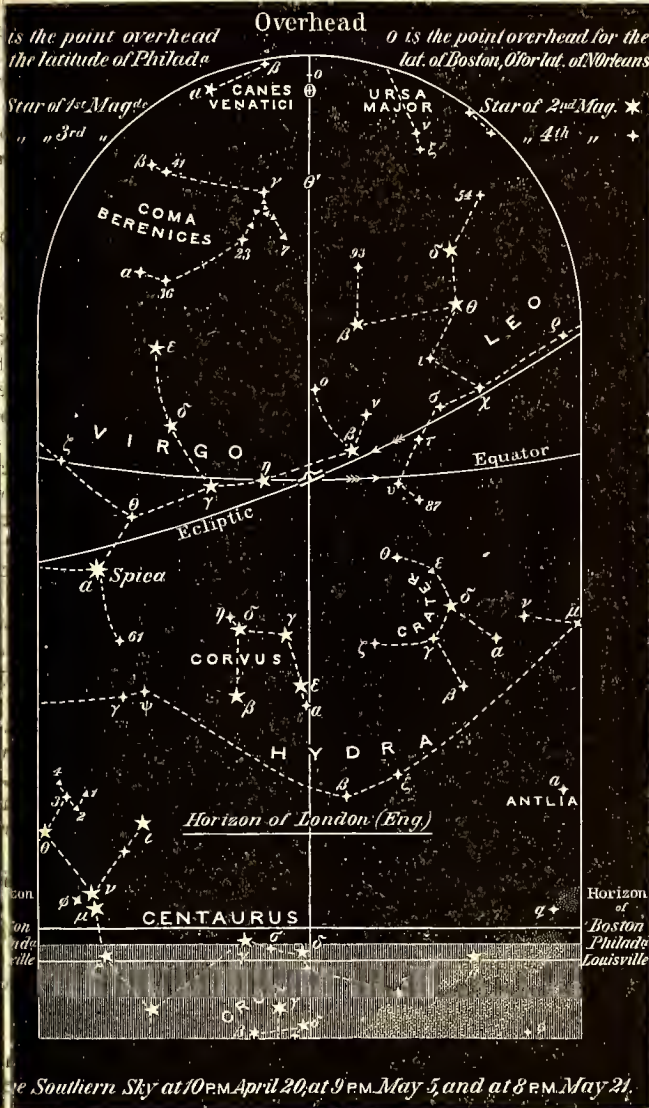


helps to recall the arrangement of the letters. It will be observed that the five leading stars of Cassiopeia have the first five letters of the Greek alphabet. To remember their order, notice that, beginning with the top rail of the chair, they follow thus, β, α, γ, δ, and ε, making the word "bagde," or, in sound, "bagged." I have myself found

low the pole, and in England is fairly well seen when thus placed. But in the greater part of the United States, the southern half of the constellation passes below the horizon as it approaches the northern sky. It will be well, therefore, to look for Perseus half an hour, or even an hour, earlier than is sometimes mentioned in the northern Chart V.,

ing that the stars γ and δ of Cassiopeia—or, later, the stars κ and δ —point toward Perseus. It is impossible to mistake the beautiful festoon of stars, η , γ , α , δ , μ , and λ , with other smaller stars shown in the northern map, which form the northern half of the constellation Perseus. Next month,

as an angel, her head between the stars σ and ν , and β marking the upper part of one wing, while the other wing has its tip near ϵ . She bears in her hand an ear of corn, whose place is marked by the bright star Spica, so that the young lady's feet lie on a part of the constellation beyond the range of the map. It is easy to recognize the constellation by the bright star Spica, and the corner formed by the five third magnitude stars, ϵ , δ , γ , η , and β . For some cause or other,—a celestial reason, no doubt, since no earthly reason can be imagined,—this corner was called by Arabian astronomers "the retreat of the howling dog." The order of these star letters is nearly identical with that of the five stars of the same magnitude in Cassiopeia—Bêgde instead of Bagde. According to the ancients, Virgo represented Ceres, or Isis, or Erigone, or the Singing Sibyl, "or some one else," as Admiral Smyth conveniently adds; some of the moderns have recognized in her the Virgin Mary. Most probably she was at first intended to represent a gleaner in the field, Virgo having originally been the constellation through which the sun passed in August, and Spica very near the place of the sun at gleaning time in the warmer parts of the temperate zone.



Above the Virgin is the pretty star-group called Coma Berenices, or the "Tresses of Queen Berenice." The story ran that Berenice vowed to devote her hair to Venus if her husband, Ptolemy Energetes, was victorious over his enemies. On his return in triumph, he was pained to find her closely shorn, and to comfort him they sent for the priests and astronomers, who found that the queen's hair had been placed among the stars. The story seems open to some little question. Hydra's length still trails onward athwart the southern sky. The constellations Corvus (the Crow) and Crater (the Cup) are now well seen. A cup is rather strangely placed on a snake's back; yet you are not to suppose the cup belongs

all give a brief account of the constellation, and especially of the star Algol, one of the most remarkable variable stars in the whole heavens. For the present, however, we must turn toward the southern heavens. The zodiacal constellation for the month is Virgo, the Virgin. The maiden is usually represented

been placed among the stars. The story seems open to some little question. Hydra's length still trails onward athwart the southern sky. The constellations Corvus (the Crow) and Crater (the Cup) are now well seen. A cup is rather strangely placed on a snake's back; yet you are not to suppose the cup belongs

to the Virgin. The Crow is usually drawn as perched on the Snake, and pecking his back, the bird's head being where the stars ϵ and a are shown. But it has always seemed to me that the little group reminds one more of a crow resting, with his head, as at η , depressed between the raised shoulders, whose top would be marked by the stars δ and γ . This bird has been claimed for Noah's raven.

The Centaur, or Man-horse, is moving toward the south; but will be better placed next month, when I will describe it. The Southern Cross shows about two-thirds of its height above the horizon of New Orleans, but its leading brilliant, the foot of the cross, cannot be seen from any part of the United States, nor any star of the Cross from the Northern States.

The parts of the heavens now in view toward the south, especially the Locks of Berenice and head and wings of Virgo, are very interesting regions for telescopic study, being crowded with clouds of light called nebulae, some of which clustering collections of small stars, others form of some kind of shining gas. We owe the discovery of most of these to the two Herschels, William and Sir John, father and son, each greatest astronomer of his day and generation.

The sun's path through Virgo carries him, you see by the maps, descendingly across equator. When he is at the place marked ω , sign for Libra (or the Balance), the days and nights are equal. This is at the time called the autumn equinox. The zodiacal constellations now to follow are those below, or south of the celestial equator.

"THE WORTHY POOR."

By M. M. D.



A DOG of morals, firm and sure,
Went out to seek the "worthy poor."
"Dear things!" she said, "I'll find them out,
And end their woes, without a doubt."

She wandered east, she wandered west,
And many dogs her vision blest,—
Some well-to-do, some rich indeed,
And some—ah! very much in need.

So poor they were!—without a bone,
Battered and footsore, sad and lone;
No friends, no help. "What lives they've
To come to this!" our doggie said.

"I ought not give to them; I'm sure
They cannot be the worthy poor.
They must have fought or been disgraced;
My charity must be well placed."

Some dogs she found, quite to her mind;
So thrifty they—so sleek and kind!
"Oh me!" she said, "were they in need,
To help them would be joy indeed."

"Was still the same, day in, day out,—
The poorest dogs were poor, no doubt;
But they were neither clean nor wise,
As she could see with half her eyes.

"'Tis strange what faults come out to view
When folks are poor. She said: "'T is true
They need some help; but as for me,
Must not waste my charity."

At home she went, and dropped a tear.
"I've done my duty, that is clear.
I've searched and searched the village round,
And not one 'worthy poor' I've found."

And all this while, the sick and lame
And hungry suffered all the same.
They were not pleasant, were not neat—
But she had more than she could eat!

And don't you think it was a sin?
Was hers the right way to begin?
No, no!—it was not right, I'm sure,
For she was rich and they were poor.

O ye who have enough to spare!
To suffering give your ready care;
Waste not your charitable mood
Only in sifting out the good.

For, on the whole, though it is right
To keep the "worthy poor" in sight,
This world would run with scarce a hitch
If all could find the *worthy rich*.

LA BOUCHE DE MADEMOISELLE LOUISE.

PAR F. DUPIN DE SAINT-ANDRÉ.

La bouche de Mlle. Louise est très-grande. Quand on la voit, on a toujours envie de dire: "Quelle énorme bouche!"
C'est bien, ce n'est pas un malheur. Une grande bouche est très-commode. C'était l'avis du loup quand il a si bien croqué le petit Chaperon rouge, et c'est aussi l'avis de Mlle. Louise. Elle a toujours un bon appétit, et elle ne trouve pas sa bouche trop grande pour tout ce qu'elle a besoin d'y mettre. Une grande bouche est aussi bien commode pour parler. Celle-là n'est jamais fatiguée de causer et de dire des drôleries. Et quand elle a assez babillé, elle chante: c'est alors qu'elle s'ouvre bien!
C'est pour crier donc! Ce n'est plus une bouche, c'est un four, une caverne, un gouffre retentissant. Quand elle est ouverte comme cela, ce que les audi-

teurs ont de mieux à faire, c'est de se boucher les oreilles et de se sauver.

Les cris ne durent pas toujours. Le rire revient, un bon rire qui montre de jolies petites dents bien blanches;—elles n'y sont pas toutes encore, car Mlle. Louise n'est guère qu'un bébé.

Et quand elle a bien ri, quels bons gros baisers elle sait donner, cette bouche!

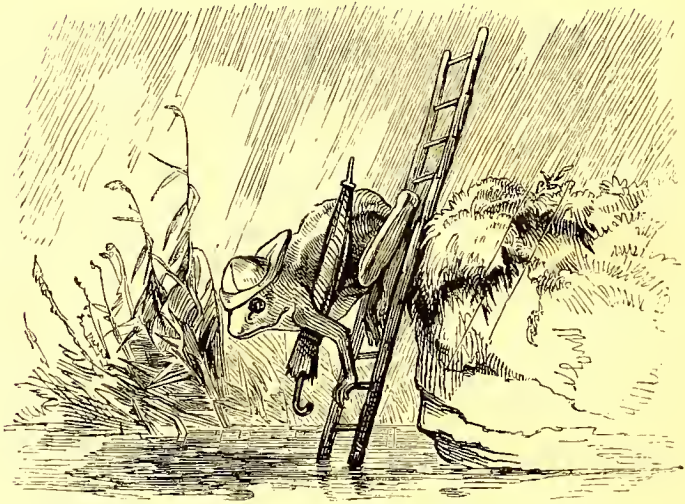
La maman ne la trouve pas du tout trop grande et l'aime comme elle est.

Et plus tard, quand Mlle. Louise sera plus âgée, quand elle sera devenue très-raisonnable, très-spirituelle et très-bonne, sa bouche dira des choses si sensées, si jolies et si aimables, que tout le monde l'aimera et que personne n'aura l'idée de la trouver trop grande.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE GREEN FROG.

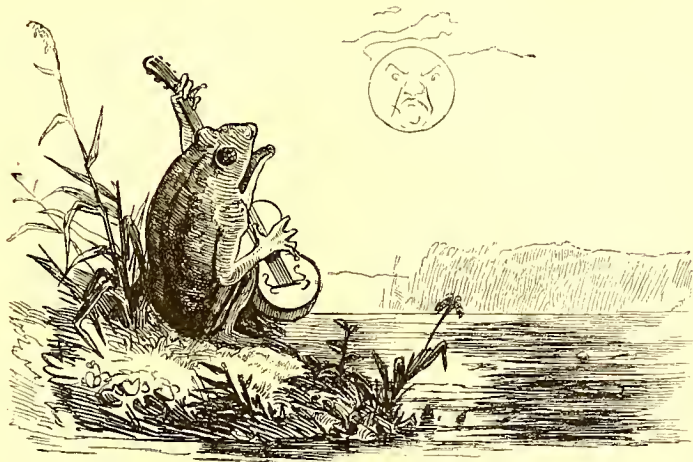


WHEN the clouds above are blue,
Little frog in his bright green coat
Comes up the ladder, clearing his throat,
To greet the sun, "How d'ye do?"



When the clouds above are drear,
And the rain makes the bright sun frown,
Little frog on his ladder goes down,
And waits till the sky is clear.

Little frog can sing a tune—
 He is proud of his voice, I think ;
 He sits and sings, while his dull eyes blink,
 As he serenades the moon.



He likes tender things to eat—
 Quick little ants and butterflies ;
 He snaps them down, and he shuts his eyes,
 As if they tasted sweet.



He sports all the summer through—
 Don't you think Froggie's life is play ?
 How will he live on a winter day ?
 He has no idea—have you ?

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

I HAVE heard that it is the custom of the sailors on board fishing-smacks or schooners lying-to in a heavy blow off the Banks of Newfoundland to pour oil on the waves alongside of the vessels and that it is effectual in smoothing the sea,—not wave breaking within its influence.

This is very wonderful, if true, and might be very useful to know. And I do not see why it may not be true. The great Doctor Franklin says that once, on a very windy day, he quieted the ruffled surface of nearly a half acre of water rendering it as smooth as a looking-glass, by pouring upon it a single tea-spoonful of oil.

I do not vouch for these oily bits of information my chicks, but simply call attention to them. If you find out anything important in the course of your inquiries, please let your Jack know.

THE LONGEST DAYS.

ONE Monday morning the dear Little Schoolma'am gave out "LONG DAYS" as a subject for the children's weekly composition, and I afterwards heard her telling Deacon Green that it was wonderful how much they made out of it. Some treated the subject from a moral point of view, some treated it sentimentally, some repeated the old joke that summer days were longest because the heat causes them to expand, and one little astronomer actually gave the average length of day enjoyed by each one of the planets. Which of you can do this? The young rascal said he would like to spend his school-days on Jupiter, and his Saturdays on Mars. Another industrious little fellow, named Franklin R—, had managed, with the assistance of a gazetteer, or something, to find out the length of the longest days in various parts of the world, and as the dear Little Schoolma'am read his composition aloud to the Deacon, your Jack can give you some of the most interesting points. Here they are:

In New York the longest day, June 19, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes of daylight; at Petersburg, Russia, and at Tobolsk, in Siberia (you have read "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia"—have n't you?), the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five. At London, the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, in Sweden, eighteen and a half; at Tornio, in Finland, the longest has twenty-one and a half; but at Wardhuys, in Norway, where little Frank of Norway was born, the daylight lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July without a break. There are longer days even than these in the world, but the birds tell me, but little Franklin did n't mention them in his composition.

A HOUSE BUILDING FISH.

IN Lake Nyassa, in the far interior of Africa, is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives call "a house." In the mud on the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some six or three feet broad, allowing the earth removed from the hole to form a little wall around it. The



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"ROBINS in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm, and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?"

Of course you do! So do I. Now we'll talk about matters and things in general, beginning with

HOW A LETTER WON A CROWN.

THE Little Schoolma'am knows Noah Brooks, the author of the "Boy Emigrants," and Noah Brooks knows about a young woman who wrote a letter, and wrote it so very well that—that—in short, it made her a queen. Not one of your fancy queens, such as the "queen of the quill," nor even the "queen of letter-writers," but a real crown-wearing queen, sitting at the king's right hand; and Noah Brooks incidentally remarked to the Little Schoolma'am that soon,—perhaps next month, or the month after,—he would tell the whole story in ST. NICHOLAS, giving "the real names of the parties," etc.

Meanwhile, get out your note-paper, girls, and practice. Never mind about the "Young Woman's Complete Letter-Writer;" the Little Schoolma'am does n't approve of that sort of thing. She says there was an article by Miss Susan A. Brown in the March ST. NICHOLAS that is worth more than a dozen "Complete Letter-Writers."

path of the hole and the height of the wall
 assured together make a small basin from fifteen
 eighteen inches deep. In this little lake within
 lake the fish feels secure from all enemies, and
 y quietly keeps house until the eggs are laid,
 en it becomes restless, and leaves the house as
 nursery for successors, while it roams about again
 will.

THE FISH THAT WENT ASHORE.

DEAR JACK: Here are some verses that I send as an awful warn-
 to vengeance-takers, if you allow any such small fry to enter your
 le.—Yours heartily,
 JOEL STACY.

ONE day the fish were so enraged
 At the boys who came to swim,
 They vow'd they'd catch the first who plunged,
 And make quick work with him.

They wriggled and they writhed, poor things!
 They cried aloud with pain;—
 And to the cool refreshing tide
 They never went again.

The farmer stared and laughed, "Ha! ha!"
 The children fairly roared;
 They caught the fish, and had that night
 A feast fit for a lord.

MORAL.

Now here's the moral of my tale—
 And, prythee, well construe it:
 Whene'er you try to vengeance take,
 Be sure that you can do it;
 Or, like the fish who went ashore,
 You very soon will rue it.



But the boy kicked out to right and left,
 And not a fish could stay;
 So they wiped their eyes and wrung their fins
 Until he went away.

"I know!" cried one; "we'll go on shore
 At noon, and let them see
 How we can go and bother them
 If they can't let us be."

So on the shore they went, each armed
 With things that lay around;
 One bore the farmer's old buck-saw,
 And one his pitch-fork found;

Another seized the housewife's broom,
 Another got the scythe;
 And thus equipped they soon began
 To wriggle and to writhe.

ROUTE DU ROI.

I AM told that there is in London a road called Rotten Row; a very disagreeable name, but one whose meaning is as little remembered by those who use it every day, as are the meanings of the names of the Bowery and Canal street in New York by people who daily walk those streets. Hearing the names Bowery and Canal, people remember without difficulty that the first originally ran through the old "Bowerie" farm—or, at least, was once a "bowery" road overhung by trees; and that where the second named street now is, was once a canal. But in speaking of Rotten Row, who would suppose that it once meant *Route du Roi*, "the king's way?" Yet this is the real name, given because it was in former times the favorite drive of some royal person. Yes, "*Route du Roi*," passing from lip to lip, finally became corrupted to Rotten Row, and nowadays nobody ever thinks of calling the road by its right name.

NEW PARLOR TABLEAUX-VIVANTS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

GETTING up parlor tableaux is a very pleasant way for girls and boys to pass an evening. There generally is plenty of fun in it, and, beside that and the pleasing of others, the performers get skill in overcoming difficulties, learn to tell if things are right and in fit places, and find out how best to set them right when that is necessary and practicable.

Here are some new and effective tableaux that almost any company of girls and boys will be able to get up, if they go to work with a will, as the arrangements and requisites are few and simple:

A drapery of dark shawls can be arranged to conceal the back and sides of the room, and curtains may be made to draw away in front of the scene-space upon a rope or wire. At each side of the curtain a shawl must be hung to conceal the persons who draw it and to hide the lamps, which should be placed at the left side. Common kerosene lamps answer very well, standing, some upon the floor, some on a table, and others on a box upon the table; and mirrors or reflectors placed behind them are useful to collect and direct the light. Foot-lights should not be attempted, except under the most careful direction, and with ample wire guards. In such a case, the light from a row of lamps may be reflected by a long board covered with tin-foil, and set at the proper angle, or by mirrors similarly placed.

ROMA.

Roman peasants are grouped about a statue which stands upon a high box or table draped with a sheet, and is personated by a performer, as presently described. A girl is leaning over a corner of the pedestal, holding a bunch of grapes in her right hand. Another girl reclines upon a box, also covered with a sheet, which stands in front of the table, and seems to form a part of the base of the statue. This second girl is reaching for the grapes in a gracefully playful attitude, and is in the act of taking one off the bunch with her lips. At the right stands a girl with a brown pitcher upon her shoulder, and at the left one girl is helping another to poise a large basket of vegetables on her head. In front, two children are at play upon the floor.

The girls wear plain black or red skirts, white waists and bodices; each has a large pillow-case folded upon her head, as shown in pictures of Italian maidens, and all wear aprons made of narrow pillow-cases, upon which many strips of bright and black cloth or paper are sewed alternately, and also Roman sashes, if convenient. The statue is draped with cotton or heavy linen sheets, with a wig of cotton wadding, and the arms and hands are whitened, or else covered with stocking-legs sewed to white cotton gloves. The face is whitened with powder or chalk.

OUR FOREFATHERS.

A patriotic group of four boys, each tending a rag-baby, to the tune of Hail Columbia, sung, or played on the piano.

THE SCULPTOR-BOY'S VISION.

A boy is at work upon a block of marble, imitated with a box three feet high, the end of which is knocked out, and the cover removed, so that the personator of the statue stands in the box in such a way that only the head and shoulders appear above the box, which is covered with white cloth. Suddenly, a screen to the right of the sculptor is removed; the boy drops his chisel and mallet, turns to the right, and,

raising his hands, kneels before a group of fair-haired girls in flowing muslin drapery. They all have wings; one stands upon a table holding a large cross, another kneels upon the floor at the left of the table and a third stands between them, pointing to the cross with her right hand, and touching the shoulder of the kneeling angel with her left hand.

The effect of this tableau is bettered by a concealed person reading aloud the well-known poem called "The Sculptor-Boy." In that case, the screen is removed on the uttering of the word "angel."

THE SPOILED CHILD.

This may be made a very funny scene. A nurse-maid is tending a rag-baby wrapped in a blanket. A knock is heard, and she runs off by the left entrance, laying the baby in the only chair in the room. A very stout old lady enters, puffing and blowing, and fitting herself. She overlooks the baby, and sits down upon it. Just as she has seated herself, the nurse returns, and touches her on the shoulder. The old lady rises, turns and looks at the baby, faces the audience, screams, faints, and falls back on the chair. [Curtain.]

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

An artist sits at the left of the center of the room, just finishing a picture. The picture is imitated with a large frame standing upright upon a box, which should be covered with black cloth and plac eighteen inches in front of the black hangings, and in the center the stage; a brace at the top will keep it steady, as it can be against the foot of the girl who stands behind it to represent the picture. She may be in Roman dress; in which case, another Roman girl must stand at the right, to represent the model, and must be nearly like the other as may be, and in precisely the same kind of costume. A statue prepared as already described stands on a table at the back right corner, and between this and the large frame another picture, represented by a half-length frame resting upon the floor just in front of a little child in a reclining position. Various articles suitable for an artist's room, may be introduced to add to the effect.

GRANDMOTHER'S JEWELS.

This tableau represents an old lady, with a high turban, holding in her hand a casket of jewels. Children of various ages stand about her, one looking over the back of her chair, and a little one kneeling in front, and intent on examining the contents of the casket.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

A short, stout boy kneels imploringly before a very tall girl, who stands upon a desk-stool concealed by a shawl tied around her waist under her skirt, which is thus made to resemble an over-skirt. The boy should be dressed and wigged to represent a very fat man, and the girl should wear a large hat and a bright shawl. The creases in her dress should be straight up and down.

The entertainment may conclude by a group of all the performers of the evening, wearing the dresses they appeared in. The statues stand upon the tables, and the rest are grouped carelessly about. They may sing a good-night song, or a very little child may appear with a candle in her hand, make a little courtesy, and say "Good night" to the audience, as the curtain falls.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Oak Knoll, 1st mo., 6, 1877.

MY DEAR MRS. DODGE: I intended, before this time, to send thee a "Talk" founded on my early experience, but I could not quite suit myself with it. In its place, I send a little poem, which details an incident in our "Winter in the Country," which I hope will prove satisfactory to thy young readers.

Thine always,

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By the above extract from the letter which accompanied Mr Whittier's "Red Riding-Hood," printed in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, our readers will see that the poem was sent as a substitute for the expected "Talk with Boys."

No one, we think, will regret that the dearly-loved poet followed his own mood, and sent the thing that he felt most like writing. And the "Talk" is in the fresh, picturesque verses, after all; for under their beauty lies the great lesson of kindness that is foremost among all the lessons to be learned on earth.

THE beautiful tablet by Mr. Pyle, which adorns our cover this month, tells a true story in its own lively fashion. Its quaint costume of successive centuries, showing how May-day rejoicings have been kept up from age to age, will send some of you a-Maying in encyclopedias and year-books, but it gives its real meaning at a glance, which is, that through all time people have welcomed the first coming of the spring. "Merrie May," meaning pleasant May (for in times "merry" simply meant pleasant), was as fresh and beautiful ages ago as it is to-day; and in one way or another the thoughts of the bottom of all the rejoicing is ever that of the old carol:

"A garland gay I've brought you here,
And at your door I stand;
It's but a sprout, but it's well budded out,
'The work of our Lord's hand."

New York, November 25, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I have taken you for my year. We have a very funny little dog. His name is Pug. My mother John said to call it Pug, because it was so pugnacious. I am going to teach him some tricks; he knows one now. I stand him up on his hind feet, and he can hold a little book on his paws. I am going to go to school, but my mother learns me out of the first primer. I taught her how to spell "Centennial." One day I was naughty, she shut me up in the closet. But after a while I said I was sorry, and then she let me out. This is all I have to say.—From a delighted reader,
FANNIE B. BROWN.



A LITTLE correspondent, Mary N., asks us to print this picture of a "May Moving," drawn by herself.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Elocution Matches" are splendid fun. I wish you would tell all your boy and girl friends about them. They started first in Brooklyn, at the church where Dr. Eggleston resides—the same who wrote the Santa Claus play in ST. NICHOLAS the 1st December.

The judges are appointed beforehand, and, a little while before the beginning, all those who want to compete are asked to take in the front part of the room, and are separated into classes according to ages. Lots are then drawn by the members of each to fix the order of their speaking; and the one who does best in class generally gets a prize. Five minutes are allowed to each recitor. Once, we had more than twenty recitations in about two

hours. The grown-ups also have Elocution Matches, but some of their reciters cannot hold a candle to some of the girls and boys. Father and Mother there are people who will risk their chances in a match, but who would recite otherwise, so that amusing failures and startling successes add to the fun.—Yours truly,
ALLAN R. THURLINGHAM.

Indianapolis, January 28, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be so kind as to answer a few questions for me, and greatly oblige an ardent admirer of your paper? First: Does the crown of England fall to the oldest son, or to the oldest son? Second: When were the Fiji Islands discovered? Third: Why are newspaper reporters sometimes called "clerks?" Fourth: Why are old maids called "spinsters?" Fifth: Will you please tell me what "Charles Wain" is, in Tennyson's "New Year's Eve?" Excuse me if I have exhausted your patience. But these are questions I wish to know so much!
Respectfully,
JULIA.

Blackstone says: "The title to the crown of England is at hereditary; the preference of males to females, and the right of primogeniture among the males, being strictly adhered to." This is a simple explanation should satisfy any reasonable girl; still we add: The title to the crown of England descends from parent to child. Sons succeed in the order of their birth, and, after all the daughters in like order. If all the children are girls, they succeed in the order of their birth. But the children of the first-born inherit before any of their father's brothers or sisters. The king's children cannot marry a Roman Catholic.
The Fiji (Feejee) Islands were discovered by the Hollanders, Tasman, February 6th, 1643.
"Jenkins" is a term of contempt for a reporter who, in his "toadies" to the person or persons he describes.
Inquiring Julia may be interested to learn that the term "toad-eater" was derived from "toad-eater," and that in former times a toad-eater was a lad hired by a traveling conjurer to swallow frogs,

so that his master might cure him of the ill effects, and be praised for his skill accordingly.

Fourth: In olden times, marriageable maidens used to spin yarn for the clothes and linen they would probably require in married life, and were called *spinsters*, or "young spinners," in consequence. "Spinsters" now means, a woman who has never married.

Fifth: English country-people call "Charles' Wain" that star-group which is known by the names "Ursa Major," "The Greater Bear," and "The Dipper." In ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1876, Professor Proctor describes this constellation, whose outline was once thought to be like that of a "wain," which is an old-fashioned wagon.

We print this letter just as it comes to us,—italics, capitals, and all. Underlined words in writing are always printed in italics, double-underlined in small capitals, and treble-underlined in big capitals. Probably our young correspondent, as well as others, will learn a lesson from the following copy, viz: that underlining and double-underlining words in a letter, except in rare instances, weakens rather than strengthens the effect:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Since the arrival of the January no. with its greeting of "happy-new-year," to the present, I've been in a FLUTTER of delight.— I am made indebted to a kind friend, for this charming magazine; and mamma says, she could not have done a more graceful thing, as the advent of each number, only makes her the more remembered, with pleasant thoughts.

Mamma has recently been presented with a beautiful Canary, all day long, he trills his song, and is just as "happy as a bird." We call him "Shade,"—"Sunshine," would suit him better, but I guess, I'M the "sunshine," being the only child of my parents.

"Shade," is not to be OVERLOOKED though, on a warm July day, it is quite refreshing, isn't it?

My home is near the banks of the winding Choptank, and the white sails of the boats, as they ply the waters, are always visible. From our windows, can be seen groups of tall pines, which when snow-capped are so grand to look upon, just now, they are mirrored in the beautiful stream, (spanned by a rustic bridge) which feeds the mill, whose busy hum, awakes me in the morning, and often, seems a lullaby at night.—

True, we have no towering hills, nor mountains reaching almost to the sky, neither have I travelled much (although I DID go to the Exposition at Phila.) but methinks, NOWHERE do the birds sing so sweetly, or flowers so sweet, sky so blue, or air so balmy, as in this, "my own Maryland."
F. F. S.

March 16th, 1877.

We have received several letters objecting to statements made in the item addressed to Lillie Wolfersburger, Henry Swain, and O. H. B., in our March "Letter-Box." According to our correspondents, the facts concerning the letters on United States coins are as follows: The letter "O" indicates that the coin was struck at the mint in New Orleans; the letter "C" is placed upon all coins from the mint at Carson City, Nevada; the letter "S" is the mark of coinage of the San Francisco mint; coins struck at the Philadelphia mint bear no such marks.

San Antonio, Feb. 13, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You did not reach me until the fifth, so instead of answering rebuses, I'll tell you about this quaint old city, for it began in 1715, and everything old is the fashion now, you know. When we left the cars at Marion, we thought thirty miles of coaching was to be fun. We thought of Colonel Kane's coach, and the driver cracked his whip, and we were off. Presently the road grew rough, and we almost tumbled in one another's lap; and when we changed horses for the third and last time, we heartily wished for our journey's end. It was a new sensation for a little New York girl to ford streams and see wild deer, and quail, and snipe, and to ride for miles on the prairie. When we entered the town, we were on a grand open square called the Plaza. A great many wagons like those in the "Boy Emigrant pictures," drawn by six or eight, and sometimes fourteen mules, stood there; the drivers wore big felt hats with beaded bands, and stared at us well. Many little tables stood around, and men and women selling nuts, and a delicious candy made of a dark sugar and pecans. There was the Alamo, and I thought of the story of the brave three hundred slain. A little farther, and there was one of the old Missions, with its stone floors and its beautifully carved baptismal font. I have been here three weeks, and I forget all about your cold winter. I picked violets to-day, and saw five kinds of flowers blooming in a garden near us. A part of the city is occupied by the Mexicans. They build their houses one story high, of mud, and stones, and lath, then whitewash it; they have no windows,—only doors,—because their great-grandfathers did,

I suppose. They are very quiet and inoffensive people; the women wash with two stones on the banks of the narrow rivers. They never wear bonnets, and they and the men wear shawls and blankets wrapped over them. At Christmas, they raise a lantern on a pole and fasten it on the roofs of their houses, and they say it lights Christ to the earth. Where I stay the houses are like those at home, but I live out-of-doors almost all the time. All the children ride here. I saw the teacher on horseback this morning, with two ragged little boys on behind her. She held the reins, and the boys did the whipping. This is an important station for Uncle Sam to send supplies to his forts, and the Arsenal grounds are beautifully neat. There are new Government depot buildings that are of solid stone, and a marvel of cheapness to those who know what public buildings cost in the East. I have not told you of the beautiful churches, whose doors are always open, or of the interesting things at the San Pedro Springs, or of the old Missions; but if you choose to print this, I think a great many children will be interested. The description and pictures in an old SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE are the most correct I ever saw, and helped us understand a great many queer things.

POLOMITA.
Mexican (Little Dove).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is an old charade, but hardly known nowadays, I think. It contains its own answer. The thing is to find it.—Yours affectionately,
MADDIE H.

My first, beloved of many an ancient dame,
From foreign climes within my second came.
Oh! fragrant whole, of which these both form part,
Thou knowest not science, but thou teachest art."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I heard a gentleman telling about the Corinth games the other day, and as they interested me greatly,—never having heard about them before,—I thought that other readers of ST. NICHOLAS might like to hear about them. He was telling about one in particular, and that was about their boxing games. He said: "Instead of the large, soft gloves which they use in this part of the country, they use in Corinth large ones, lined on the inside of the hand with iron or lead, and with these the combatants strike each other. And the injuries received in one of these combats often result in death."—Your ardent admirer and well-wisher.
M. C. S.

We select the following letter as a fair sample of the numerous answers which we have received to James T. Hatfield's question in the March "Letter-Box": "Why does pulling candy make it change its color?"

Dakota City, Neb., March 5, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, some one asked "why pulling candy makes it change its color." I have inquired, and this is the explanation:

When you pull taffy, you beat air into it just as you do into the white of an egg when you "whip" it, and this air swells out the bulk of

the candy with a multitude of minute air-cells. When you pull through, it is larger than when first begun, because each of the air-cells takes up some room. And every one of these little mites of air has around it, and between it and your eye, a thin film, and the more you pull the more it becomes a still thinner film, of the solid substance of the candy. It is this thinning of these multitudes of films that makes the candy grow whiter and whiter the more you pull it.
ALFRED POZEY

Our correspondent has come upon the right idea, but here is a simpler explanation:

When molasses candy is "pulled," air enters, and makes it countless very small bubbles that reflect and break up the light, thus seeming to pale the color of the candy. The bubbles are so small, too, that much light is reflected through them. Somewhat in the same way, frothing dark ink makes it look nearly white. You may know that air has got into the candy, for nothing else can have been taken up, and yet the bulk is greater since the "pulling." You may know that the bubbles caused the paleness, for, when you have taken them out by re-melting the candy, the mass will get its old color.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little boy, Arthur, who is six, attended a Kindergarten school, and for some weeks previous to Christmas has been busily engaged in making mats, crosses, and fancy things—those at home, particularly a very handsome mat for his grandfather, who takes him each day to and from school. The last school-day before Christmas he brought these things home, carefully covered, as supposed, but in such a way that we could see all the packages retained. He placed them in a handkerchief box, and taking a piece of paper and pencil, ran into another room. He then came back to his mother, and asked how to spell "No." She said: "What do you mean, Arthur?" "Why," he said, "to know the word." So she told him, K-N-O-W. In a short time he came again to ask how to spell "mittance," and she innocently told him, M-I-T-T-E-N-S; and that was all that was said. That evening he found the box nicely covered, and a paper on it with this legend: KNOW IT MITTENS.—Yours truly,
W. C. S.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

We have received from S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 East Fourth Street, New York City, two Easter hymns: "Lift your glad voice in triumph on high," and come see the place where Jesus lay," by H. P. Danks; also, "O, Lovely Naples!" a song, one of "Souvenirs d'Europe," by F. Campana; "David's Song before Saul," for baritone or bass, by L. Bordèse; "Haydn's Symphony C Minor," arranged by J. J. Freeman, one of the series of our voluntaries—"Cathedral Echoes;" Carl Faust's Waltz, "From the Empire of Music;" "Angel of Midnight," a *morceau de salon* by Charles de Frees; and "Sweets of Life," Polka, by E. W. Lueders.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED of twenty-five letters. The 1, 10, 13, 25 is a beautiful wild animal. The 2, 11, 16, 21 is a tropical plant. The 6, 23, 15, 14 is part of a ship. The 9, 10, 24, 15 is a musical instrument. The 14, 23, 17, 4 is a favorite bird. The 15, 7, 12, 25 is a heavy metal. The 19, 2, 11, 8 is a story, or narrative. The 22, 16, 3, 20 is a rude, ignorant person. The 25, 12, 5, 18 is a tropical fruit. The whole is good advice, from a good book.
ISOLA.

LETTER PUZZLES.

1. WHAT letter joined to the mark of a blow becomes zealous? 2. What letter joined to a machine becomes a person of high rank? 3. What letter joined to a part of a fish resembles a fairy? 4. What letter joined to a symbol becomes an officer? 5. What letter is made safe by being salted? 6. What letter joined to a standard becomes an assistant clergyman? 7. What letter joined to a collection of paper becomes a title of dignity?
H. H. D.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD talons, and leave rules. 2. Behead a rabble, and not in. 3. Behead a very useful article, and leave a plant. 4. Behead foreign, and leave a legal claim. 5. Behead frigid, and leave a vessel. 6. Behead partly open, and leave a vessel. 7. Behead similar to a boy's nick-name. 8. Behead an article of food, and leave a name.
N.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with another word, not in the first, containing only the same letters, but having for an initial letter the word chosen to fill the first blank.

Example. I — that he did nothing but —
I aver " " " " " rave.

1. Wearing heavy — at the masquerade almost got me —. 2. He passed the many — of that journey without a —. 3. He put on the — with a — of satisfaction.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials and finals give good advice.
 1. A meadow or plain 2. A musical instrument. 3. An author-prohibition. 4. A military badge. 5. A large bird. 6. A wind instrument. 7. A subtle fluid.

ISOLA.

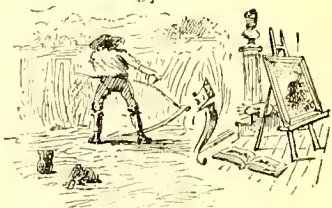
CONCEALED DIAMOND.

1. Did Dan delay declaiming? 2. My cape needs mending. 3. Always respect and help aged people. 4. What degree says the thermometer? 5. This medicine, Ed, you need. 6. Hide your money in a safe. 7. Silas slapped Sarah's sister.
 Find concealed letters and words to form a diamond.

CYRIL DEANE.

REBUS.

(The name of a famous musical composer.)



A WOOD-PILE.

Blocks of wood are big things to hide, but there are ten different hidden in what this boy says: "I have been as busy as a bee, digging wood, for a short time, hoping to give papa and mamma money by earning some money. O, a king would n't be prouder of me, if I could—and give up, I never will! I shall tell Archie and Will Owen I'll shovel more snow for them, and if I raced the village all day, I could pick up a good deal of work."

O'B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. An Italian poet. 2. A tree. 3. Masts. 4. To wait upon. 5. An Italian.

RIDDLE.

I'm a part of a flower, a stem and a leaf.
 The gay love me not, for I'm always in grief.
 The proud and the lowly alike know me not;
 But the lonely and weary are never forgot.
 I am not a day, yet I make up the week,
 And for me in years, not in vain will you seek.
 No musician am I, yet in bells hear me chime;
 And will you but hasten, I'm always on time.

H. H. D.

EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



Four celebrated Englishmen are represented in this picture?

J. C.

METAGRAM.

Extensively used by shoe-makers. Beheaded, I become an active story; behead again, and I am cultivated. Divide me into two equal parts, and each part becomes a reversible word, its meaning a mineral, the second powerful; read backward, it is changed into blows, my second into an island in the Crimean Sea. Omit my first two and last two letters, and I am native of an Eastern desert country. What is my whole? D.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

Fill each blank with the name of a flower or plant concealed in the sentence.

1. Gayly blooming in two old tin pans, I espied some choice —.
2. How can there ever be names enough invented for all the varieties of —?
3. Can costly jewel or chiseled marble rival the beauty of the —?
4. I hope on your partere you sometimes allow an old-fashioned —.
5. I wandered o'er "a stern and rock-bound coast" gay with the —.
6. In spring we search far and near, but usually with success, for the beautiful —.
7. Stretched on the hill I lie, scenting the fragrance of the —.
8. That tall and stately plant I call a —.
9. Be off! or get me nothing but a —.
10. Let us stop in kind old Betsey's yard, for an old-fashioned —.
11. Nancy, press vinegar on your aching brow, instead of a wreath of —.
12. "Upidee-i-dee-i-da" is your favorite song, and your favorite flower a —.
13. At sight of the bush, I cried in ecstasy, "Ring at the door, and ask if we may pick some —."
14. Fading leaf by leaf, ever fewer and fewer, soon we shall see no more our pretty little —.
15. Truly, all I lack in my garden is another hush of —.
16. Aunt Sue says that Uncle Mat is covering the trellis with —.

O'B.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

I AM a word of seven letters, the sum of which is 752.

- My 3 ÷ my 1 = my 7 ÷ 10.
- My 7 × my 4 = $\frac{1}{6}$ of my 3.
- My 7 × ($\frac{1}{10}$ of my 1) = my 3.
- My 3 ÷ 5 = my 6 × my 5.

STALLKNECHT.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- One-fourth of a vessel oft seen on the sea;
- One-fourth of the man heading our pedigree;
- One-fourth of an object you have in your eye;
- One-fourth of a number you next must supply;
- One-fourth of a story now next you must trace;
- One-fourth of a member that sets off your face;
- One-fourth of an item quite new you'll command;
- One-fourth of a sea-bound projection of land;
- One-fourth of a something I use when I write;
- One-fourth of a grain in which horses delight;
- One-fourth of a texture, much for ornament used;
- One-fourth of the man Master Cain had abused;
- One-fourth of a light every night shining o'er you;
- Will tell you the name of what now is before you;
- A capital thing all set down, to a letter,
- That helps make you jollier, wiser, and better.

R. E. M'D.

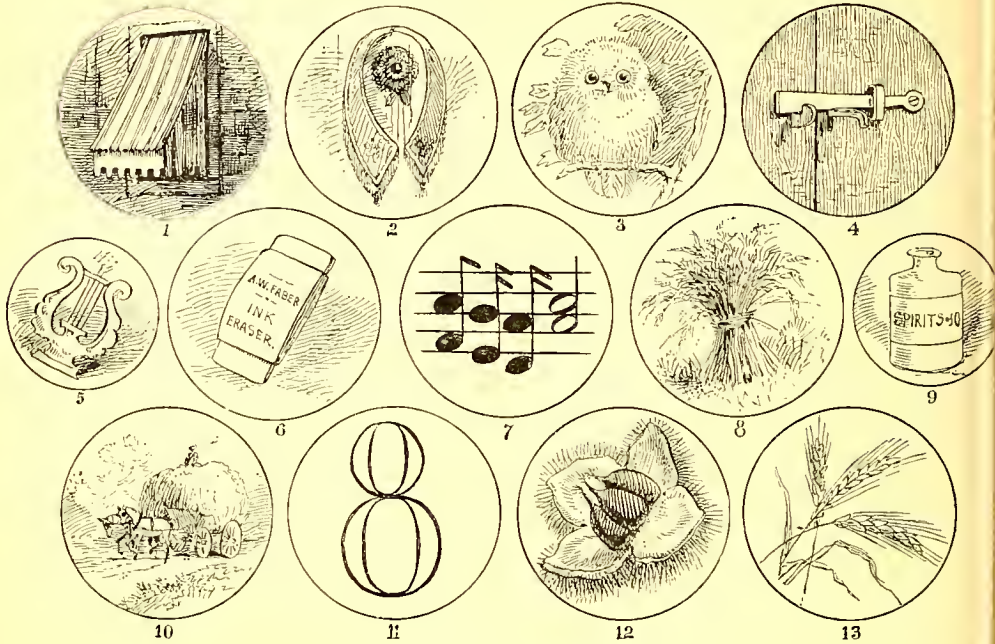
SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPIATE a domestic bird, and leave a female wild animal.
2. SYNCOPIATE a male wild animal, and leave a covering for the head.
3. SYNCOPIATE a shell-fish, and leave a part of a peculiar wheel.
4. SYNCOPIATE another shell-fish, and leave a covered carriage.
5. SYNCOPIATE a fresh-water fish, and leave a young wild animal.
6. SYNCOPIATE another fresh-water fish, and leave an article of food.
7. SYNCOPIATE an evergreen tree, and leave the same article of food.
8. SYNCOPIATE an aquatic plant, and leave a color.
9. SYNCOPIATE an instrument for sharpening, and leave a gardener's implement.
10. SYNCOPIATE a measure of surface, and leave a unit.

ISOLA.

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ACROSTIC.

Each of the small pictures represents a certain word or phrase, and the initials and finals of all the words and phrases (read from top to bottom of initials, and continuing from top to bottom of finals) form a certain well-known proverb.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Evidences (seven dice). 2. Heightens (eight hens). 3. Co-exists (six cotes). 4. Frivolous (four viols). 5. Festivals (five lasts). 6. Nectarines (nine carts).
 NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Handsome is that handsome does.”
 SQUARE WORD.—False, Aroma, Louis, Easel.
 ANAGRAMS.—1. Legislator. 2. Emancipation 3. Depreciating. 4. Indispensable. 5. Contemporaries.—6. Dissatisfaction.

DIAGONAL PUZZLES.—Marion and Robert.

I.	M	A	R	T	H	A
	R	A	C	H	E	L
	D	O	R	C	A	S
	L	O	U	I	S	A
	M	A	R	I	O	N
	L	I	L	I	A	N

II.	R	E	U	B	E	N
	H	O	R	A	C	E
	E	G	B	E	R	T
	J	O	S	E	P	H
	H	U	B	E	R	T
	A	L	B	E	R	T

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.— T —o— P
 U —rani— A
 R —e— D
 I —o— U
 N —in— A

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—P, Pea, Pearl, Arm, L.

LOGOGRAPH.—Treat, rate, tare, tear, ear.

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Farce, arc. 2. Pearl, ear. 3. Heart, ear. 4. Spine, pin. 5. Gruel, rue. 6. Honey, one. 7. Jelly, ell. 8. Scarf, car. 9. Sloth, lot. 10. Prune, run.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Conjugation.

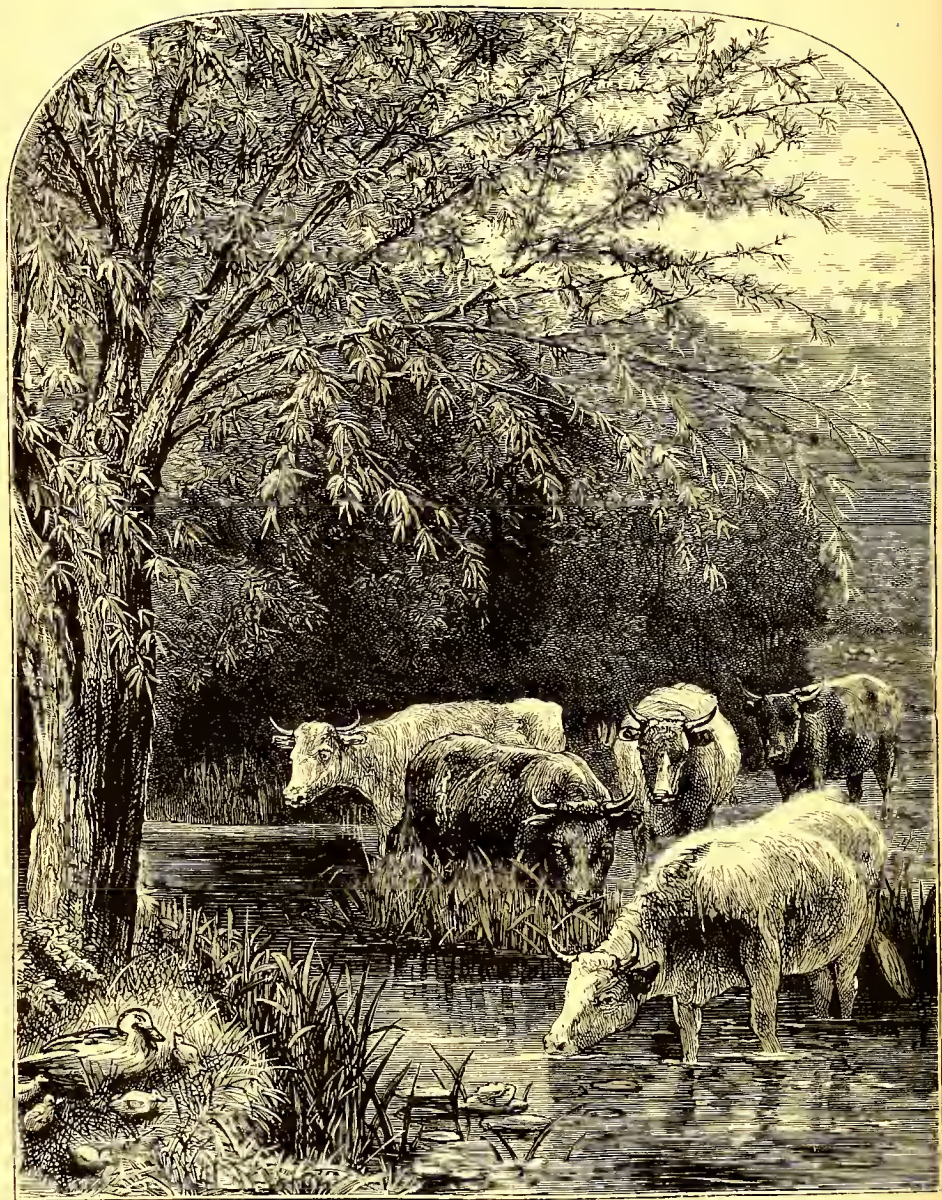
C
O
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N
S

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Parody, rod, pay. 2. Trident, tent. 3. Patient, tie, pant. 4. Frigate, rig, fate.

CHARADE.—Cob-web.
 HIDDEN DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—
 M
A
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I
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H

REBUS.—“A sleeping fox catches no poultry.”
 HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—“Chaque pays a sa guise.”

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to March 18th, from T. A. R., Ruth D. Horsley, (A. Montague, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Warren Van Vleck, Walter Raymond Spalding, Edith Harrison, Frieda Lippert, Lillie H. Vandell, Howard Steele Rodgers, Charlie Bowie, Isabel Jackson, “Telemachus,” “Monmouth,” Nellie M. Lyon, L. Ford, Harriet A. Clark, H. T. B. Benedict, “Professor,” T. B. M., Allie Bertram, Crecy S. Slate, “M.,” Allie P. Mead, Georgiana Mead, “Bob White,” “Kittiwake,” Amy Shriner, Ella G. Condie, A. Carter, Del Howland, May E. Ogden, Louis M. Ogden, Hugh Toland Carney, Arthur D. Smith, “Vic Rose,” Scudder Smith, Pauline Schloss, Henry L. Bailey, George H. Hudson, Mabel C. Chester, Lucy Allen Paton, J. M. Paton, M. W., Lillie Loverage, John W. Nichols, Homer Foot, 3d, Constance Grand-Pierre, Arthur C. Smith, “Alex,” Florence Sheppard, an Hinkley, B. P. Emery, Nina Dalrymple, Charles Fritts, Willie Dibblee, Maud H. Crape, “Hunter,” Nellie S. Thompson, Frank and J. Frick, Edith Lowry, William C. Delanoy, H. M. Howell, Nellie S. Colby, M. C. Warren, S. Lillie Brown, Edward S. Griffing, Annie Larrabee, Carroll L. Maxey, “Vulcan,” Eleanor N. Hughes, Harry Nathan, Nannie Ribheldaffer, Nellie May Sherwin, Wm. Creighton Spencer, W. Irving Spencer, Carrie Spiden, Austin M. Poole, Fred. M. Pease, C. A. D. and S. A. M., Bertha Blanchard, Eddie Vultee, (M. C. Y., Helen Greene, Bessie MacLaren, M. Josie Pope, Archan D. Fillitt, Maude R. L. Hammer, “Minerva” and “Pluto,” Mattie Jennie Platt, Frank J. Brothers, “Oliver Twist,” Anna Stuckewald, Hattie Peck, Jennie Pasmore, George Herbert White.



A JUNE MORNING.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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FRANK.

BY FRANCES E. BEALE.

"MOTHER!"

The loud, boyish voice rang through the quiet use. The mother, sewing in her sunny chamber, heard but did not answer; she knew by long experience that the call was only a courier, sent on in advance to announce the coming of him whose feet were even then bounding up the stairs, and who burst into the room with all the noise it is possible for an active boy of fourteen to make in that simple act.

"Mother, Uncle Charlie is going blue-fishing, and wants me to go with him; may I?"

Her eyes rested upon him a moment before she gave consent. He was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." His father, and several members of his kindred, lay beneath the waves. Perhaps she thought of them as she gazed so fondly upon his face, glowing with health and animation. But he had spent half of his summer life in and on the water; she did not think of refusing his request—only added to her consent a hope that he would be careful.

"Oh, mother! there is n't a bit of danger with me as a sailor as Uncle Charlie; besides, if I do get washed over, I can swim ashore; why, I could swim my head here to the Neck!"

"I should not want you to try such a swim as that, Franky."

Frank turned to go, but paused; perhaps the stern-look drew him back; he stole shyly to the side of her chair, and leaning over her, kissed her forehead hurriedly, and then ran away. The usual caress warmed her heart, and the thought that it was a comfort to him before the day was over.

Captain Charlie was waiting, and they started briskly for their walk of a mile to the shore. The captain was a young man still, but a sun-stroke, received while on duty in a hot climate, had disabled him from active service, and indeed from prolonged or violent exertion of any kind. Frank liked nothing better than to be with him, he had so many stories to tell of foreign countries and hairbreadth escapes at sea; besides, he could tell him stories of his father,—his brave, noble father,—of whom his mother could not speak without tears. Frank had seen very little of his father; he could remember a few brief visits, when he had come like a good providence with wonderful gifts, and the few weeks of his stay had been one joyful holiday time, with visits and merry-makings, the little boy always at his father's side, "to get acquainted," the captain said. Then had come the parting, and the counting up of months, and weeks, and days, until his return. Alas! the last reckoning had ended in the bitterness of despair.

But sorrow, thank God! cannot stay long with the young; and Frank, walking by his uncle's side, with many a skip and bound of overflowing life, was as happy as he could be. Before reaching the shore, they saw a man with lines, apparently bent upon the same errand as themselves. They recognized him as one Josiah Smith, a man of many occupations beside that of a fisherman.

"Going blue-fishing, 'Si?" said the captain, as they overtook him.

"Ya-as, ef I can find a boat: it's a good day for 't," drawled shiftless 'Si.

Captain Charlie thought of the wife and two

little children to be supported by his uncertain earnings, and good-naturedly offered him a place in his boat, which was accepted, and they were soon off and ready for business.

Boys, did you ever go blue-fishing? If so, you would have said there could not be a finer day for the sport than that which Frank and his uncle had taken. It was a cool day in early autumn; the sky was deeply blue, the sun often obscured by flying clouds, and the north-west wind blowing briskly. On such a day step into your boat, give her all the sail she will carry, let out your lines astern, then, as the boat bounds along, the greedy fish jump at the bait, and you have nothing to do but take them in as fast as you please: is not this better than to float lazily about, hour after hour, in the common way of fishing?

The sport proved to be all that the day had promised. Back and forth through the bay the boat flew—the fish shoaled behind; the fishers had all they could do to attend to the lines, and did not notice that the clouds became darker and more threatening, until a gust of wind tipped the boat so much that the water poured over her side.

“We must haul in sail!” cried the captain, springing up and shouting out orders to Frank unhooking a fish, and the slow-moving ‘Siah.

Too late! Another and a stronger gust completely capsized the boat, and her three late occupants struggled in the water. Of course they could swim,—no boy nor man in the little sea-coast town of Dunkirk could not,—and they made for the boat, which floated keel up, and supported themselves as well as they could upon the sloping bottom. The next thing to do was to take a review of the situation, and determine what was best to be done. They were in the channel, distant about three-quarters of a mile from the main shore, and somewhat nearer the “Neck” (a long, sandy cape, inclosing the bay upon its northern side). The water was intensely cold, and so was the wind, as it blew upon them wet to the skin. No other boat was out—their only hope seemed to be that some one might see them from the shore and come to their rescue. But how long would this faint hope sustain them? how long could they keep their hold with this icy numbness creeping over them?

They waited—at first full of impossible plans for escape, then silent. Who can tell what thoughts came to their minds in those fearful minutes? Did not the captain think of his brothers, yes, and his father before them, to wonder if the sea would be his grave as it was theirs?—and the poor fisherman—did he not feel, in a mocking dream, the warm, clinging arms of his babies around his stiffening neck? But Frank’s thoughts were all of his mother, swelling his boyish heart till it seemed

ready to break, as he fancied the bitterness of his grief if he never came back to her. The town people often called him “mother’s boy,” not because he had grown up under her sole care, and it was evident that he was the one precious thing she had still to live for,—but also because a certain neatness in his dress at all times, a gentleness and refinement in his speech and manners, which might have come from that constant womanly influence. Many feared that his character might lack the manly virtues of courage and decision; and even his schoolmates, when the love-teasing was very strong, would call him “mother baby,” and “Franky,” laying an insulting emphasis upon the last syllable, so that he had begged his mother to call him *Frank*, which she did, unless a moment of tenderness the old baby name slipped from her tongue. If the veteran seamen of the place could have known the situation of this forlorn and shivering trio, what hope of rescue would they have found in the disabled captain, the inefficient Smith, or the boy who, according to their prophecy, “would never be good for much brought up so early by women?”

The clock in the steeple of the village church struck; the sounds were faint, but they could count the strokes.

“Uncle Charlie,” said Frank, “is that two o’clock?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t the tide turn about this time?” asked Josiah.

“It has turned,” replied the captain; “it is ebbing now.”

“Then,” cried Frank, “we’ll drift out to sea; everybody will be home to dinner now; no boat will be likely to come to the shore for an hour, perhaps no one will see us to-day!”

“Frank,” said his uncle, earnestly, “keep your courage,—don’t give up. My miserable head is beginning to whirl, and I may drop off soon, but hold on,—think of your mother, Frank, keep afloat as long as you have your senses.”

But even while he spoke, he felt how slender was the chance that the poor mother would ever see her living darling again.

The mention of his mother called up before him her gentle face as he saw it last, smiling at the boy of swimming from the “Neck” to the shore. He had never heard that any one had ever performed that feat; but would it be possible to swim from the boat to the shore, through the icy water and the wide belt of entangling eel-grass? It did not seem so far to the “Neck,” and there was no dreaded eel-grass on that side to catch his feet and pull him down; but the nearest point was fully two miles from the light-house, the only inhab-

use there. He might reach it alone, but could be so mean as to leave his uncle without an effort to save him, and poor 'Siah too?

"Uncle," said Frank, "I am going to swim ashore; here we are right opposite Captain Wentworth's; I can swim ashore, get his dory, and come after you and 'Siah. I think I can do it; at any rate, I can't hold on long in this wind, and I shall soon be too numb to swim."

The captain was silent,—what could he say? To go or to stay seemed equally dangerous; but Frank, loosing the hold of one hand, was already working his stiffened fingers, and trying to throw his boots in readiness for a start.

"Go!" said his uncle; "and God help you!"

the house for the key and return; twenty minutes lost, when every one was precious! He seized something heavy which lay at hand, and showered frantic blows upon the cruel door; at last it yielded, and there was the boat, with oars all in readiness; he had dreaded that the oars might have been taken away. Yes, there was the boat, but it was many feet from the water, and it would be a hard task for a man to drag it through the deep sand, while he was but a boy, nearly exhausted already by extraordinary efforts; but he hardly thought of all that,—he laid determined hands upon the boat, and it moved.

Impossible as it would have seemed to him at any other time, the boat was launched; then he took



FRANK LAUNCHES THE BOAT.

And God did help him as he threw himself into the angry waters and struck out for the shore. He felt resolute and confident, wasted no strength in uncertain, hurried movements, but with deliberate and steady strokes went on. The tide being almost at the flood, he passed through the entangling eel-grass with less trouble than he had feared; on, stroke after stroke, the shore seeming to grow no nearer, until at last, with one final desperate effort, he reached the shallow water; his feet touched bottom, he staggered forward, and fell upon the sand.

Hardly a minute would he take for rest,—the oars must be saved. He sprang up, waved his hands toward the distant boat to show the men that he was safe, and looked about,—no boat in sight; he ran up the sands to the boat-house and rapped at the door,—it was *locked*!

Here was a difficulty that he had not foreseen; it would take at least twenty minutes to run up to

up the oars,—his work was almost done, but he must not rest yet, and with straining muscles, he retraced his way over the rough water. His uncle almost fell into the boat, with the words:

"Frank, you have saved my life. I could not have held on a moment longer."

"But where is 'Siah?" asked Frank.

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he's gone. He declared that if you could swim ashore, he could. I begged him to wait until you could take us off, but I could n't keep him. I think he went down just on the bar yonder."

Frank shed bitter tears; it was hard to give up a life he had done so much to save.

They took up the oars and pulled slowly to the shore. Frank went directly home, sending what men he met at once to the shore; while the captain walked to the nearest house, borrowed dry clothes, and returned to the shore to direct the efforts made to recover their unfortunate com-

panion. Accordingly, the neighbors were startled from their afternoon quiet by the sight of Frank, a few wet garments clinging to him, running at full speed toward home. There, of course, he was received with great surprise, and his story heard with exclamations of deep sympathy and thanksgiving, while grandmother and mother rubbed him, and brought dry clothes and hot drinks, and finally put him to bed among soft blankets, where, tired out, he soon fell asleep. His mother watched him for a short time as he lay warm and rosy, his yellow hair curled by the dampness into hundreds of little rings upon his dear head, safe upon the pillow at home, instead of on the sea-weed under the waves; then, reluctant to leave him, she went forth upon her sad errand of sympathy to poor Mrs. Smith; and the two widows,

each with a baby upon her lap, wept together. In a day or two, Frank was quite well. Of course he was a hero among his playmates, and indeed, in all the village; but he bore his honor modestly, well pleased that the boys never again called him by the old insulting names.

And is this all? No; his mother keeps as a priceless treasure, shining out from a bed of satin in its case, a silver medal, awarded by the Massachusetts Humane Society to Frank P——, for courage and perseverance in saving life. She showed it to me last summer; and as I looked into her face, with its habitual look of sadness, but glowing then with pride in her good boy, I thought that I should like to add to the inscription on the name so deservedly honored, these words: "A MOTHER'S BOY."



TELL me, Daisy, ere I go,
Whether my love is true or no.
One leaf off: He loves me. What?
One more leaf, and he loves me not.

Three leaves: Will he? Four leaves: So,
He never will love me—oh no, no!
I don't care what a daisy says;
I'm *sure* to get married one of these days!

PATTIKIN'S HOUSE.

BY JOY ALLISON.

CHAPTER XI.

THIRZA'S PLAN.

IN the evening of the day when the Pattikin family visited the menagerie, Thirza slipped away, after supper, as they all sat around the table, and going to her corner of the bureau-drawer, took out a little hoard of money from a small pasteboard box with a glass lid.

She picked out just what she wanted, and came and laid it on her father's knee.

"There's my part of the money for the menagerie," said she; "and I'm very much obliged to you, father, for giving me so much pleasure."

"Keep it, dear. I did n't intend to take your money, or the boys' either. You're all welcome to your pleasure," said her father.

That night Thirza disclosed to Tilda and the boys the plan she had hinted to them when in the garden. They would put together all they had, and buy their father a new hat. He needed one. His last year's hat was quite too shabby, and fit only for the garden. The old garden hat ought to have been burned up, or used to scare the crows with, before now.

They all consented, willingly. Seth was commissioned to make the purchase, as his head was as large as his father's. Having obtained a new hat, he was to put it in place of the other, and bring that in turn the place of the garden hat, which he was to abstract and hide in the garret, somewhere out of sight and recollection. It was all done successfully, and their father's surprise and pleasure fully equaled their expectations.

It was some days before the old hat that had been such an eyesore to Thirza came to light. The minister came down one morning from a rummage in the garret, with it in his hand.

"Here's a kettle for you, mother dear!" he said, advancing toward the stove, where she was sitting with her cooking. "Take off the cover and set it in."

As she only smiled, he took it off himself, and set the old hat in over the burning wood.

"Bring some water, Thirza, child,—quick! It's a kettle to stand empty over a hot fire with water in it! Why don't you run? Why will you stand there and laugh when the kettle is boiling?"

The children gathered around, much amused at their father's well-counterfeited distress. The flames

burst through the old crown, and the sides began to cave in.

"It's melted down, I declare! Well, we may as well let it all go in, now;" and he poked the old brim down into the fire, and put on the cover. "You might have had it for a kettle, as well as not, mother, if Thirza had n't been so slow about bringing the water."

"What *are* these children all laughing at?" And he went off into the study.

"Is n't father a jolly minister?" said Thirza.

CHAPTER XII.

TAKING A PAPER.

IT must be confessed that the children of the Pattikin family were models of patience while their mother was absent, for they never complained so long as there was johnny-cake enough for breakfast, beef and potatoes enough for dinner, and warm biscuit for supper, with now and then a taste of maple sirup for sweetening.

But Samuel and Simon, and Thirza and Tilda had another kind of hunger, which even mother's arts could not abate, and which seemed as if it could never be satisfied. It was a hunger for books. They had been supplied with just enough to keep the hunger well whetted. Uncles and aunts knew well what sort of presents were most appreciated in "Pattikin's house," and though the minister had to calculate closely enough, to make the ends meet, still he would, sometimes, buy books for himself, and books for his children.

But Ida Iturbide had shown Tilda some copies of a paper published on purpose for children, full of stories and pictures, and Tilda had printed out the address of the publisher; for from the moment she set eyes on it she was determined to have it.

It was a dollar a year, and a dollar was a great deal of money for her to save; but she was strong of purpose, and sooner or later, have it she would.

For one day and night she kept her purpose a secret, never so much as hinting that such a paper existed. It would be so glorious to have it come, some day, directed to "Matilda Melissa Jones." Very likely it might even be "Miss Matilda Melissa Jones." The very thought was rapturous.

But after she had lain awake half a night studying ways and means, and could contrive no way of increasing her cash capital, which, after the purchase of the new hat for her father, consisted of

three big red cents, a solitary dime, and a half a cent, she concluded to tell Thirza. Their united resources amounted to nineteen cents. And they studied and contrived, and ended by admitting a third and then a fourth partner. Then the capital of the whole company amounted to forty-one cents.

It was hard to see where the rest of the dollar was coming from. In fact they had to wait a good while, and now and then a penny was added to their pile, but it grew very slowly, till blueberry time came.

To be sure, there was no market for the blueberries, but their Aunt Matilda, who lived in Boston, had told them if they would pick some and dry them for her, when she came to visit them she would pay them ninepence a quart. Ninepence, you ought to know, is twelve and a half cents.

It took a good many berries to make a quart of dried ones, but they picked, day after day, and Simon built a platform out over the south door to spread them on; and when the season was over they had fourteen quarts. Fourteen ninepences! How many cents? It took a slate and pencil to solve that problem. Thirza and Tilda and Samuel looked over, while Simon did the ciphering.

One hundred and seventy-five cents!—A dollar and three quarters was the amount.

They had to wait several weeks for Aunt Matilda's visit, but they concluded it would be best to let their papers begin with the new year, and this resolve lessened their impatience. Simon was a splendid penman. He could write almost as handsomely as the school-master. But he could n't spell. He always spelled his words the shortest way. Thirza was a good speller but a poor writer. The letter to the editor would be an affair of much importance. It might as well be begun in season. So, as soon as the blueberries were dried and measured, and put up carefully in a paper bag, and suspended from the rafters in the garret, the letter was begun.

Thirza's spelling, Simon's penmanship, and the united wisdom of the four were to produce a letter fit to send to an editor.

It was written on a slate three times over, and then they tried on paper. It took a week of evenings. When it was done they showed it to their father, and he laughed!

I leave it to you if that was n't a little too bad! Simon looked proud and angry,—Samuel turned his back and walked hastily to the window, where he stood looking out at nothing. Thirza pouted, and Tilda blushed like a peony, and then asked meekly:

“What's the matter, father? Is n't it right?”

“Right! yes, indeed! I beg everybody's pardon! It's well written! nicely written! I guess

you would have got your paper, though, if you had n't made your request quite so humbly,—that all.”

That was all he would say; and, after talking over, they concluded they would send it just as was. No matter if it was humble; better so, than impudent. And I think so, too. Don't you?

So they laid it away till Aunt Matilda came. She was so pleased with her berries, when she saw that she paid them two dollars, because, as she said, one dollar and seventy-five cents does not divide by four so well. How rich they felt!

They set the door open between the two chambers that night, and laid awake hours talking, trying to agree what they should do with so much money. Thirza and Samuel thought it best to send for two years. Simon and Tilda were opposed to this plan, being inclined to get all the pleasure possible this year, and let the next take care of itself. And their counsels prevailed.

Then there were other plans, and the next time Samuel and Simon were arrayed against Thirza and Tilda, and both sides were obstinate. The boys wanted “The Arabian Nights,” and the girls Hans Christian Andersen's story-book. And being able to agree, they concluded to go to sleep, and decide it in the morning by lot, especially as their father shouted up to them just then:

“Children!—must n't talk any more to-night. Time to go to sleep!”

In the morning they drew cuts with some splinters of pine. And the lot fell in the girls' favor. Hans Andersen's story-book was sent for; and what occasioned the writing of another letter.

“I should think you might know how to choose some words after this,” said Thirza, when she spelled the second letter through for him, and beginning to end.

“Write it all over by yourself, and see if you can get many words you will get right,” suggested the mother.

Simon did, and he actually got thirteen words right, and there were thirty-four in the letter.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAIN.

PATTIKIN pattered out into the barn, one bright day in midsummer, and came in—her eyes as big as saucers”—without the egg she had been sent to fetch for the johnny-cake for breakfast.

“What's the matter, child? Could n't you get any eggs?” asked her mother.

“I was a-walkin' along,” said Pattikin, with the most dramatic air, for she fully appreciated the importance such news as she had to tell would give her in the eyes of the family, “and I stopp-

le into the pony's crib, 'cause the red hen lays re, and what should strike my eyes but a little of a mouse-colored colt, lying right down close he gray pony!"—and having finished her story, tikin dismissed her dignity and capered about joy.

he breakfast was forgotten, and they all made ash for the barn. There was n't half so much tement in the family when the baby came. , then, they had never had a colt before.

worked over him, they helping what they could to rub him and pour all sorts of doses down his throat out of a long-necked bottle. Of course he got well.

The minister often told his children that the colt was to be sold some day, to pay an old debt. This was a very sad thought to them, so they forgot it as soon as they could, and went on loving naughty, frolicsome Cain just as well as ever, till at last the day came. The minister told them of it beforehand, and the man was coming to take the colt away. He wished them to be quite prepared for what must be done, but it seemed as if they could not be prepared. They hung about Cain to the last possible minute, and when they were obliged to let go, and he went trotting off behind the wagon to which he was tied, Thirza and Tilda and Pattikin hid their faces in their aprons and sobbed, and Sandy wiped his eyes and nose on his jacket sleeve till they were royally red, and Seth and Samuel and Simon trudged off, each a separate way, with their hands in their pockets and lumps in their throats, and a terrible hatred of the old ogre Debt in their hearts. They "would never allow



CAIN'S CAPERS.

they searched the dictionary, and the "Ancient thology," and the "Hand-book of Biography" a name. And then it was called "Cain" at

That was because he turned out to be such mischievous fellow.

He would chew up the boys' hats or the little girls' bonnets when they left them out on the grass, and he would put his head in at the pantry-window, and if there was a pie, or johnny-cake, or gingerbread, or even butter within reach, he would get to himself. He stepped on Pattikin's toes, and kicked Mr. Iturbide's old Prince in the face, and bit up Cain" generally, and so earned the name. But they loved him! Oh, I guess they did! One night when he was sick, not a child of the family could be induced to go to bed, but sat on the floor beside him half the night while their father

themselves to get into his clutches—never!"

And it is to be hoped they kept this resolution.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRE! FIRE!

"COLD weather, this!" said the minister, as he raised his night-capped head from the pillow one morning late in September.

"Yes," said his wife, "I felt that it was growing colder last night. But we must be stirring, or the children will be late at school."

This suggestion brought the minister's head up from the pillow, and his night-cap off. He reluctantly released himself from the comfortable clinging of the warm bedclothes, and began to dress.

The fire was soon snapping and crackling in the kitchen stove, and by ones and twos the family made their appearance. The kitchen was not a warm room or a pleasant one in winter. There were none but north windows, and when cold weather came these were thickly covered with frost, so thickly that curtains were quite needless except for keeping out cold.

"This morning makes me think of winter," said Sammy, disconsolately. "I don't see why they could n't have put the kitchen on the south side of this house. It's an awful gloomy lookout this way in winter-time."

"I don't think there is any lookout at all on very cold days," said his mother. "But winter's a long way off yet. Still, if all consent, you might build the fire in the study, Sammy, and then we can sit there after breakfast."

All agreed to this proposal with delight.

"We can appreciate our good dry wood these chilly mornings," said Seth. "We thought there was no use preparing such a lot more than we could use last season."

"You never can have too much dry wood ahead in this latitude," said the minister, speaking with pins in his mouth, for he was dressing Pattikin.

Thirza and Tilda were setting the table. Their mother was putting a great broad pan of buckwheat cakes into the oven. Seth was grinding the coffee, and Simon held the baby. Sammy had gone to build the fire in the study. Sandy did nothing but sit on the wood-box behind the stove, and warm his nose and fingers.

The tea-kettle began to send forth great puffs of white steam.

"Thirza, you can make the coffee," said her mother.

So Thirza took the coffee which Seth had finished grinding, and put it into the coffee-pot and took it to the stove to give it its portion of boiling water.

The minister was in his slippers, with one foot on the stove hearth, and the mother said: "Take care! That tea-kettle is very full!"

But the caution came too late. There was an outcry, and then the minister was hopping about the room on one foot, uttering exclamations of pain, and the family were all beside themselves with fright. The mother brought a pail of cold water.

"Put your foot in there, father! Woolen holds heat so long, it will burn deeper and deeper. That'll stop it quickest."

The foot was thrust into the pail, and a short relief afforded. Then the stocking was taken off. The minister groaned as he looked at his foot.

"It will be six weeks before I shall walk outdoors with that, and who'll preach, I should like to know?"

It was a serious burn, and day after day the minister sat in his chair by the kitchen fire, or lay upon the bed in the adjoining bedroom, helpless, taking an involuntary vacation from his work. He didn't know who preached, but I do know that the time seemed very long to him, and he beguiled with many devices. He played games of skill with the children, or made verses, taxing their ingenuity to supply rhymes or adjust meters. He astonished them with such philosophical experiments as could command materials for; and if his dexterity at sleight-of-hand performances did not rival that of the famous Peter Potter, they delighted his children, and confirmed them in the belief that their father was something quite above the average of mankind, and that they were highly favored—being the minister's children.

Poor Thirza, who could never be done repentant of her carelessness, hung about him and waited on him, and racked her brains to think of ways to please him. But she could not help enjoying, with all her heart, the jubilee he made of those few weeks of confinement to the house.

It was about a week after the accident happened before he had even ventured to hobble across the floor by the help of a crutch,—though he had that day made one, in anticipation of the time when he might use it,—that the family were awakened at night by a vigorous pounding at the front door.

"What's the matter? Who's there?" shouted the minister, raising his night-capped head.

"Fire!—fire! We want your help!" came the reply.

The minister threw back the bedclothes, and was about to spring from the bed. But a twinge of pain and the quick hand of his wife brought him down on his pillow again, and it was she who sprang out and went to the door.

"The Willoughby house is burning up! I want the minister to come, and bring his axe."

"He can't come. He has scalded his foot, and has n't walked a step for a week. Go to the stove and take the axe, if it will do any good," she answered through the crack of the door.

"Water-pails! Give us all you have!"

She brought them quickly, and passed them out, and the men were gone immediately. Then she slipped on her stockings, wrapped a warm garment about her shoulders, and went to the study window to look out. The Willoughby house was but a few rods distant, on the same side of the street. It had been the pride of the village for years, with its grand old halls and stately portico, its magnificent garden and greenhouse, its ebb and flow of company, its visitors, the children and grandchildren of the aged lady who alone called the place home.

Vainly they had coaxed and entreated the

ther to leave the house to which she had come a bride full sixty years before, and to dwell with them in their distant homes. Her reply was always, "Here I have lived, and here I will die!"

And now!—this was the sorrowful thought of the minister's wife as she saw from the window the flames already bursting through the roof. She moved to look but one moment. Then she hurried back to her restless and impatient husband, to whose eager questions she replied:

"There is no hope of saving it. I'll go over, if

only go!" he said, again and again, as he moved restlessly about, now resting his poulticed and clumsy foot upon a chair, now holding it down till its painful throbbing warned him to raise it again; now submitting to have it incased in the blanket which Thirza remembered to fetch him, and then allowing it to drop on the floor, as he hurried back to the window.

Seth and Simon were gone, to help if they could; if not, to look on. Thirza would have gone but for the notion that she was taking care of father,



"FIRE! FIRE!"

will lie still, and see if I can help to comfort Grandmother Willoughby. I can't bear to think she will feel."

She was dressed very soon, and calling up the children, and charging them to dress themselves quickly before they came down-stairs to see, she went away.

Everybody disobeyed her instantly, and most obediently. Half-clad, shoeless, stockingless, they hurried down-stairs and crowded about the study windows. Wrapped in his dressing-gown, the minister hobbled, leaning on his crutch, from one window to another, lamenting his helplessness.

"They'll think I might come! Oh, if I could

who might seriously injure himself, in his distress and excitement, if she left him.

"Why-e-e! what will Grandmother Willoughby do if her house burns all up?" said Pattikin, standing on one foot, and trying to pull on a stocking and keep her eyes on the burning house at the same time; and the minister answered with a groan.

The blows of the axes, cutting away the sheds that the barn might be saved, resounded on the still night air, and the crash of the falling timbers, could be plainly heard. There was timber enough in one of those old mansions to build half a dozen of our modern houses, and the rare spectacle lasted longer than similar ones do now.

But it was over at last. The minister went back to his bed, and the children huddled about the kitchen stove, which was not yet cold, waiting for their mother to come back.

When she came, and told her pitiful story of the grief of the poor old lady, and how they had to force her out of the burning house, they were quite overcome, and Pattikin said:

"It's too bad! and to-morrer mornin' I'm just

going to carry her over my Willie book,"—which was very generous in Pattikin, since this was his most precious possession.

By the time the boys came home, their mother had ready a two-quart pailful of boiling hot ginger-tea, of which everybody had to drink a portion, to keep them from taking cold. And then they were sent back to bed, and silence and peace reigned again in Pattikin's house.

THE END.

THE MOTHER IN THE DESERT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

MANY, many centuries ago, in a far-away country, whose laws and customs were different from ours, and allowed men to have several wives at a time, if they liked, there lived an old man who had two. One of these wives was a very aged woman, but she was still wise and beautiful, and the old man loved her very much. The other wife was young. She had been a slave in her husband's family, and was still treated as an inferior by the older wife, once her mistress. This younger wife had a little boy, a fine hardy fellow. He was the only child in the house,—or rather in the tents,—for there were no houses in those days. I will not tell you the names of these persons, but I think most of you will guess them, for you all have heard about them or read of them in that most beautiful book of stories which we call "The Old Testament."

One of the mischiefs of putting two wives into the same home is, that they are almost sure to quarrel with each other. It was so in this case. The wife who had been a slave, was proud of her motherhood, and now and then would say provoking things to the other wife who had no boy to be proud of. Then the older woman would feel jealous and unhappy, and be in her turn unkind and harsh, till the tent resounded with bitter words, sobs and cries. At last a marvelous event happened. God pitied the childless wife, and to her, also, sent a boy, a dear little baby, soft, and sweet, and helpless as our babies are to-day, and just as much loved and rejoiced over as they. For a time the brown tent, standing close to the green pastures where the white, bleating sheep nibbled and wandered, was a happy place. A great feast was given in honor of the baby. Friends and relations came

on horseback and camelback from far away. Kibbles were roasted, rich milk, herbs stewed with butter, and all the dainties known to the time, prepared, and the proud mother was never weary of showing her child, and boasting of his size and strength, and goodness, as mothers have done from that day to this. But after the feast was eaten and the company dispersed, the old disturbances began again. Each wife was jealous; the children quarreled with each other; the good old man tried in vain to keep the peace between them. At last, matters came to a crisis. The old wife said she would do no longer under the same tent with the other, and would not let her boy be brought up with the big domineering brother. Both must go away, she said,—the mother and the child,—and she insisted, and stormed, and urged, till her husband did not know what to do.

And, indeed, it was difficult to know what to do. There were very few people in the world in those days, and those few were scattered about at great distances from each other. The brown tents beside the sheep-pastures were miles and miles from any other tents. One could travel for many days without meeting a human being. There was no particular place to send any one to, saying, "Tell him you will find shelter and food;" and it seemed hard and cruel to say "Go" to a poor woman without telling her where to go. So the old man went to bed unhappy and puzzled,—and wondering.

But in the night God spoke to him in a dream, as often happened in those times, and told him not to fear, but to let the mother and child go. He would take care of them and preserve

es, and the boy should grow up to be the father of a great multitude. I do not think, except for his promise of the Lord's, that the old man could have said "Go," for he was a just and wise man, and tender-hearted. There is a tradition among the people of his nation, that he was the first man

For, rising with the dawn, he called the younger wife, filled a bag with bread, tied a bottle of water to her back, pointed to the desert, and bade her "Go." Poor thing, her heart must have been heavy enough as she turned her face away from the tents. She had not been always happy there.



"WITH A GREAT SOB, SHE WENT AWAY."

all the world whose beard became white, and he asked of God, "What is this?" and the Lord replied, "It is a token of gentleness, my son." The old man's beard was very white as he dreamed that night, and his heart had grown tender with the blanching of his hair; so that it was not cruelty or unkindness, but faith in the Lord's Promise, which, when morning broke, bade him to comply with his old wife's request.

There had been quarrelsome hours and sad hours,—hours of complaining and hours of tears,—but still, the tents were home, there was food in them and shelter, and the wilderness was desolate and lonely. She went, however,—there was nothing else left for her to do. Husbands in those days were masters as well, and had power of life and death over their wives. There were the barley-loaf and the water-bottle; there was the desert track;

and taking her child by the hand, she walked away, going she knew not where or to what.

A long time they wandered in the rough sandy wilderness. When they were tired, they lay down to sleep under the thorn-bushes; when they were hungry, they broke a piece off the loaf and drank from the bottle. Gradually the loaf grew less, the last drops were drained, and still they were in the desert wilds, and as far from human help as ever. The poor boy cried with thirst, and the mother was thirsty too, though she suffered in silence. At last, the boy lay down. He could go no farther. His hands were hot, and his head burned with fever. Each moment he grew more ill. His mother tended him, but what could she do without food or medicine? At last, his eyes closed, he no longer moved or spoke, and gradually the conviction grew in her that, unless aid came from somewhere, he must die.

Where could she hope for help? The hot sand gave none, the blue sky looked pitiless. All she could do was to draw him beneath the shadow of some bushes, put a stone under his head by way of pillow, kiss him, call his name; and for neither kiss nor call did he open his eyes. At last, with a great sob, she went away,—quite a long way off,—and sat down with her back to him. “Let me not see the death of the child,” she said within herself; and with the words came thoughts of what a dear baby he had been; how brave and bright always; how pretty and coaxing in his ways; and she began to cry, gently at first, then loudly, with moans and sobs, as if, in that inhospitable spot, some one might hear and come to her relief. There was no chance of that, she knew; still, the tears seemed to relieve, in part, the misery of her heart.

But some one did hear. “Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity,” a good man has said; and in this poor mother’s extremity, help came to her. A voice called her name. She looked up, and there above her head was the shining form of an angel.

“What aileth thee?” the angel said. “Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift the lad and hold him in thy hand, for I will make of him a great nation.” Then the angel vanished.

“Oh!” gasped the poor mother, “what can he mean. ‘A great nation,’ when I have not even a drop of water to give him to drink!”

She arose, however, for the angel was not to be disobeyed. It seemed as if God led her, for, as she went back to where her son lay, her feet, as if of themselves, turned aside in the thicket, and there, shining out from the sand, was a cool, bubbling spring of water. There it had been all the time, while she sat despairingly with her back to

the dying lad,—there, close by; but she had not guessed it until God’s moment came.

I think, do you know, that there is a beautiful thought here for all of us. Almost every one, at some time or other in his life, has unhappy days when hope seems dead, and all things go wrong. If our eyes were opened to see, on such days, that our faith were stronger, perhaps for us too would be revealed some bright fountain of refreshment which God has set for us to drink from, and which pretty soon, we shall come to, if only we have patience to bear our trouble and to wait His pleasure.

You can guess how glad the poor mother was when she saw the water. She ran to her boy, lifted him in her arms, and laid him down beside the spring, where the ground, carpeted with fresh herbs, made a soft bed. Then she bathed his head with water and gave him drink; and when he felt the cool touch on his lips, he opened his eyes and smiled, and she knew that he was saved.

We don’t know much about the history of the mother and boy after that day. The Bible tells us no more, except that “God was with the lad, and he grew and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.” Later, when he was a man, he married an Egyptian girl. It is from him that the Bedouins of the desert and the wild tribes of Palestine and India are descended. “Ishmaelites” they are called, from the boy’s name; for now that you have guessed, as I think you must, I don’t mind telling that the story is about Hagar and Ishmael, and the old man who sent the boy forth into the wilderness was Abraham, the friend and servant of God, about whom such wonderful and beautiful things are told in the Old Testament.

I have heard just one more curious little story about Ishmael, which I will tell you. It is not given in the Bible, and may not be true; but the Jews accept it as a tradition, or unwritten story handed down from one generation to another:

“Ishmael lived a wandering life with his wife and cattle, and the Lord blessed his flocks, and he had great possessions. But his heart remained the same; and he was a master of archery, and instructed his neighbors in making bows.

“After some years, Abraham, whose heart longed for his son, said to Sarah, ‘I must see how my son Ishmael fares.’ And she answered, ‘Thou shalt go, if thou wilt swear to me not to alight from off thy camel.’ So Abraham swore. Then he went to Paran, over the desert, seeking Ishmael; and he reached it at noon, but neither Hagar nor her son was at home. Only Ishmael’s wife was within, and she was scolding and beating the children.

So Abraham halted on his camel before the door, and the sun was hot, and the sand white glaring beneath. And he called to her, 'Is husband within?'

She answered, without rising from her seat, 'Is he hunting?'

Then Abraham said, 'I am faint and hungry; bring me a little bread and a drop of water.'

But the woman answered, 'I have none for me as thou.'

So Abraham said to her, 'Say to thy husband, even to Ishmael, these words: "An old man hath come to see thee out of the land of the Philistines, and he says: The nail that fastens thy tent is bad; cast it away, or thy tent will fall, and give thee a better nail."' Then he departed and returned home.

Now, when Ishmael returned, his wife told him these words, and he knew that his father had been there, and he understood the tenor of his words; so he sent away his wife, and he took away, with his mother's advice, out of Egypt, and his name was Fatima.

And after three years, Abraham yearned once more after his son, and he said to Sarah, 'I must now know Ishmael fares.' And she answered, 'Thou shalt go, if thou wilt swear to me not to alight off thy camel.' So he swore.

Then he went to Paran, over the desert, seeking Ishmael's tent, and he reached it at noon; but neither Hagar nor her son was at home. Only

Ishmael's wife, Fatima, was within, and she was singing to the children.

"So Abraham halted. And when Fatima saw a stranger at the door, she rose from her seat and veiled her face, and came out and greeted him.

"Then said Abraham, 'Is thy husband within?'

"She answered, 'My lord, he is pasturing the camels in the desert.' And she added, 'Enter, my lord, into the cool of the tent and rest, and suffer me to bring thee a little meat.'

"But Abraham said, 'I may not alight from off my camel, for my journey is hasty; but bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread and a drop of water, for I am hungry and faint.'

"Then she ran and brought him of the best that she had in the tent, and he ate and drank, and was glad.

"So he said to her, 'Say to thy husband, even to Ishmael, that an old man out of the land of the Philistines has been here, and he says: The nail that fastens thy tent is very good; let it not be stirred out of its place, and thy tent shall stand.'

"And when Ishmael came home, Fatima related to him all the words that the old man had spoken; and he understood the tenor of the words.

"And Ishmael was glad that his father had visited him, for he knew thereby that his love for him was not extinguished."

THE GREEN HOUSE WITH GOLD NAILS.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

AMONG the butterflies which flit gayly about the summer flowers, there is one in which I was particularly interested last season, and which I would like to describe to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, so that this summer they may study it for themselves. It has been my "progressive object-card" for the summer, and I do not believe even the most fastidious Schoolma'am would object to my studies. I tell her that no pin or other instrument of torture has been used, either in its capture or in its raising.

How did I catch my butterfly? As I would like to tell all to do who wish for success and a perfect

specimen. Take with you a box; watch for a nice plump caterpillar; break off the leaf you will easily find him feeding upon; and when you have carried him home in the box, put him on a white paper and invert a clear plain-glass tumbler quickly over him; feed him daily with whatever sort of leaf you found him eating, and—you have caught your butterfly. You can see him through the glass, and will find it a source of enjoyment to watch from time to time his great changes.

But it is of one particular kind I wish now to tell you. The caterpillar lives upon the common milkweed, or *Asclepias*, which grows by the road-side,

* For an account of progressive object-cards, see "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1876.

with pinkish clusters of flowers in summer, and curious bird-shaped pods in the fall. This caterpillar (whose true name is *Danaus* archippus*—we

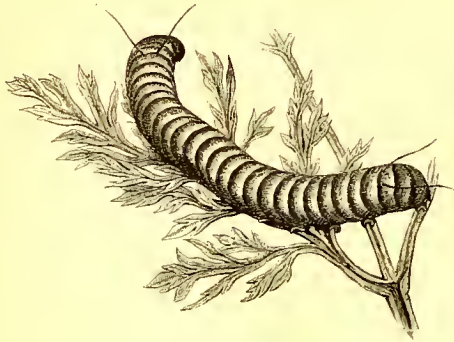


FIG. 1.—THE CATERPILLAR.

might call him Archie, for short) is very pretty, and the butterfly is handsome; but the crowning beauty of all is the chrysalis. It looks like a little green house, put together with gold nails. It is somewhat of the size and shape of a long, delicate pea-green acorn, and has a row of dots half way around what would be the saucer of the acorn, with others about the size of a pin's head on different parts of the chrysalis, and you will say they are not like gold, but are real gold itself.

The caterpillar, when full-grown, is about two inches long. It is cylindrical, and handsomely

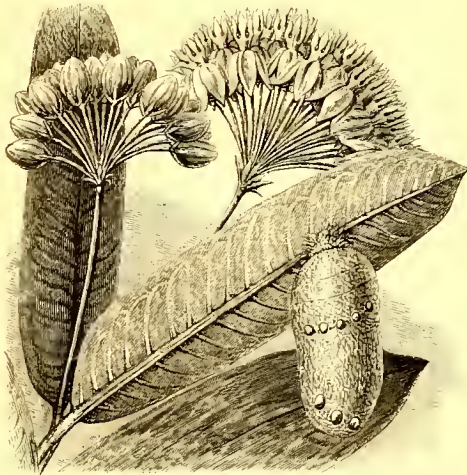


FIG. 2.—THE MILK-WEED AND THE CHRYSALIS.

marked with narrow alternating bands of black, white, and lemon-yellow. The bands are not en-

tirely even, and occasionally run into each other. On the top of the second ring or segment are two slender black thread-like horns, and on a higher ring two more not quite as long as those near the head. You can find it almost any day in July or August, if you look closely on the under side of the broad ovate-elliptical leaves of the milk-weed.

It was the accidental finding of his chrysalis attached to a spray of wild carrot, that led me to study this particular species. It was a secret to me—this beautiful green and gold house. It had something. What, I must know! Cutting the stem of the carrot, I brought the treasure carefully into the house, covered it with a tumbler, and a week it remained just the same. Then the green began to turn to a light purple, and lines began to show through the clear case. The front showed lines like a curtain, parted and folded back every way, like drapery, to the bottom, as shown in Fig. 3. The back was curiously marked off, and

FIG. 3.—FRONT.



FIG. 4.—BACK.



THE CHRYSALIS BEGINNING TO CHANGE.

looked like Fig. 4. The whole gradually took on a very dark purple hue, and I hoped to see it open and give up its treasure. But though I watched very carefully, it stole a march on me, and the next morning I found its secret disclosed and fluttered below the empty chrysalis, now but a clear, transparent tissue, with here and there a pale gold dot.

The butterfly is handsome and quite large (more than three inches across when the wings are spread), but not quite so beautiful as you would infer from his elegant house. He is of a rich tawny orange, bordered with velvety black, on the upper side, and a lighter, nankeen yellow below; he has a large velvety black head, spotted with white.

As I did not know how large he would be when he would come out,—for he did not tell me, as I said, to his “opening,”—I had not given him a glass roomy enough for his wings to expand entirely at the first, as they must, or rather imperfect. So afterward, although he had the liberty of the whole room, he walked about with one wing folded back over his shoulder,

* From the name of *Danae*, the only daughter of Acrisius, who shut her up in a brazen tower, for fear some one would rob him of his gold. Jupiter visited her there by transforming himself into a shower of gold.

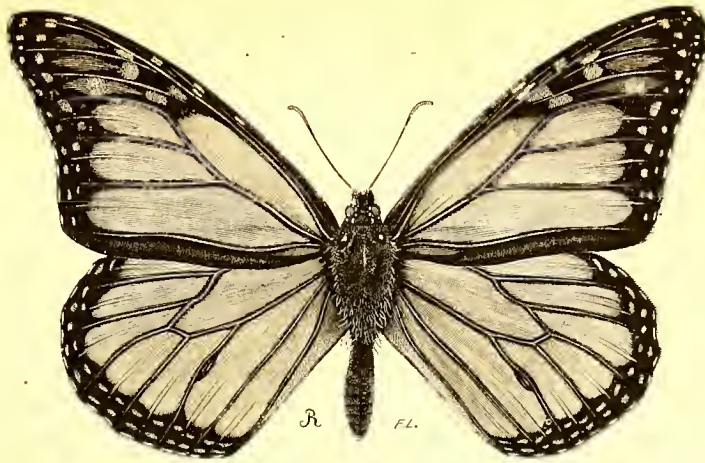


FIG. 5.—THE BUTTERFLY.

his opera-cloak. But I kept him, and, learning he came from the milk-weed caterpillar, I went in quest of some. I was fortunate enough and five in one search—three on one large milk-weed, and two on another. I put them in a glass tery, about one foot long and ten inches high, and fed them with fresh milk-weed leaves daily. When they mounted, one after another, to the top, they began to work on the under side of the glass cover. My curiosity was on the alert to see how each would build his green house. I had seen cocoons of various kinds spun, but the glass-smooth chrysalis would not be spun. Oh, no! It was altogether nice work to be done in sight. There was no need of hammer or sight of tools. It was all finished and painted and ready—and lo! the inner skin of the caterpillar's skin had been the work-
 ing, and the outer skin was taken down and dis-
 carded, like worthless scaffolding, when the green
 gold house was ready. Pretty soon there were

five of these houses hanging from the glass roof, side by side; and now there are five empty homes, still clinging by the little shiny black twist that fastens them firmly to the glass, and five handsome great butterflies, like the one shown in the picture. Only one of all these did I see break the shell and come out, and that only by the most diligent watching. The butterfly was packed, head downward, at the bottom of the chrysalis—wonderfully packed, as all will admit who see him emerge, to shake himself out into something five or six times as wide, a beautiful uncramped butterfly.

After seeing them brighten a bouquet, and watching them eat with their long spiral tongues from a little bed of moss sprinkled with sweetened water, I let them take a nap under a tumbler with a little pillow of chloroformed cotton, and, un-
 marred even by a pin, they were ready to be laid
 away in a glass-covered box in their long, dream-
 less sleep.

THE CATERPILLAR.

BY M. F. B.

I CREEP on the ground, and the children say:
 "You ugly old thing!" and push me away.

I lie in my bed, and the children say:
 "The fellow is dead; we'll throw him away!"

At last I awake, and the children try
 To make me stay, as I rise and fly.

TOMMY'S COUSINS.



BY E. MULLER.

TOMMY had been cross all day. He had pulled Robbie's hair, and taken his pea-nuts from him. He had sat down on Susie's lovely doll and flattened her nose, and he had put the kitten on top of the book-case. He had even been saucy and hateful to his dear mamma, when she asked if her little boy felt quite well, or if his long visit to the Aquarium yesterday had tired him. Instead of answering pleasantly, Tommy had hunched up his shoulders, shoved out his elbows, and snapped out, fiercely:

"No; I aint tired, and I aint cross either."

Every one was glad when bed-time came, and Master Tommy was taken upstairs.

"I do declare, Master Tommy, you'll turn into a nasty, snappy turtle, or a crab, some of these nights, when you're so cross," said nurse.

"Pooh!" said Tommy, "I wont."

"Well, something will happen; you'll see if it does n't. I've read of just such things coming to boys in books," said nurse, as she tucked him into his bed.

Nurse thought he had become very quiet all at once, and as she bade him "Good-night," she wondered if he was up to more mischief. But he was already snoring as she reached the door.

As soon as she had gone down-stairs, Tommy got out of bed, and felt under the bureau for the piece of mince-pie he had hidden there. He had taken it from the pantry shelf, that evening,—a good big quarter of a pie. It was rather dusty, but tasted good, and Tommy sat up in bed, and ate it

all in ten bites. Then he curled down among blankets, and wished he was a crab.

"I'd crawl right down and bite nurse, now, thought. "I wonder how it would feel to turtle, or a crab, or a—a —"

"A very fine specimen indeed," said a strange voice.

Tommy looked around. Where was he? W



TOMMY ON EXHIBITION.

was his bed, and his room with blue paper c walls?

"Oh, my! what *is* the matter?" cried To He was sitting upon a bit of sea-weed, in a

ss case full of water, and a red-nosed man in ctacles was looking at him.

"A fine specimen of fresh-water urchin," said red-nosed man.

"I aint a urchin," cried Tommy, indignantly.

"See him open his mouth! How ugly he is!" claimed a small boy beside the red-nosed man.

Tommy looked around for something to throw at a, but right at his elbow sat a huge hermit crab, stretched out four claws, and said:

"Shake hands, cousin! Glad to sec you!"

cousin! Nonsense! Of course you are. Come along."

He was just stretching out his claws to drag Tommy off the bit of sea-weed, when two little sea-urchins came rolling along, and said:

"Why, here's cousin Tommy!"

"Go 'way!" exclaimed Tommy. "I never was such an ugly, prickly thing like a chestnut bur."

"Ugly, prickly thing, indeed!" cried the sea-urchins. "Did n't you pain your poor mamma with your naughty, prickly temper,—you ugly little



TOMMY'S TORMENTORS.

"I'm not your cousin," said Tommy, drawing self up.

"Oho! He says he is not my cousin!" squeaked hermit crab, so loudly that all the skates came to see what was the matter.

"You're a horrid ugly thing!" screamed my. "I saw you yesterday pinching a poor crab, and poking your old claws into his shell. not *your* cousin."

Now, just hear that!" said the hermit crab, a wicked smile. "Here is an urchin who ches his little brother, pulls his hair, and takes sea-nuts away, and yet he declares he is not my

fresh-water urchin!" And both the sea-urchins gave him great pokes with their sharp spiny sides, and then rolled away, laughing at his pain.

They had no sooner gone, than up came a whole family of thin little alligators, and with them a whole family of fat little seals, giggling, bouncing up and down, and eating mince-pie.

"Tommy, how d'ye do? How d'ye do. Tommy?" said they all.

They looked so mischievous, and so big, that Tommy began to cry.

"Cry, baby.—cry! Have n't any pie!" sang all the fat little seals and thin little alligators,

jumping at him and trying to bite his toes, till Tommy was frightened half to death.

Just as he made sure they were going to eat him, something wonderful happened. A beautiful sea-horse, with a silver bridle, came floating down, led by the loveliest little mermaid that ever was seen. And as she came close to Tommy, she said :

"Poor Tommy! Come with me. Mount my little friend here, and we will take you away from these tormentors."

So Tommy got upon the sea-horse's back,—and he just fitted there nicely, which surprised him, till he remembered that since he had become a fresh-water urchin, he had grown very small.

They pranced away from the seals and alligators, and all the skates smiled pleasantly as they passed. Soon they came to the mermaid's house,—a large pink conch-shell, with sea-weed climbing over it, and a long avenue, marked by rows of pink sea-anemones, leading up to it. The sea-anemones bowed, and waved their fringes to the mermaid, and welcomed her home.

"I have here a poor little urchin who has been naughty, and has been punished; but now he will be good, and happy," said the mermaid.

Then they went into the conch-shell, and around and around, and up the spiral stairs, that were pinked at every step, till at last the mermaid put Tommy into a little bed like a rosy pink sunset and kissed him good-night.

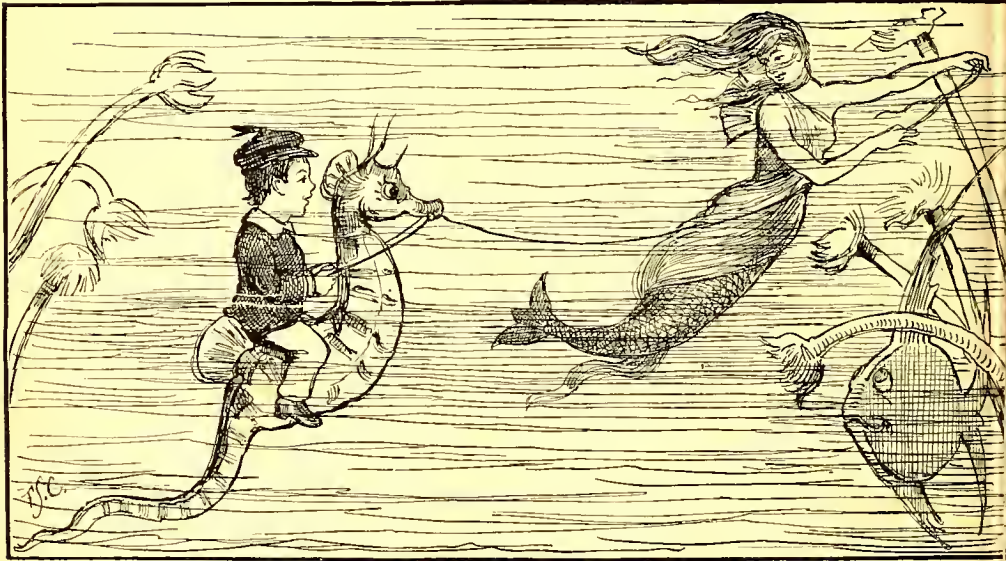
"You won't want to get up and look for me again, will you?" said she.

"I just guess *not!*" answered Tommy; and then he fell asleep, while she sang to him songs about the sea.

When he woke up, the sunshine was streaming over him.

"I did think of giving him some paregoric ma'am," nurse was saying. "But after a little while he stopped crying, so I did not get up."

"Why! I must have dreamed it!" said Tommy to himself. Just then he looked down and saw some pie-crust crumbs in his bed. "I don't know though," he thought. "Maybe it was true. Maybe I really was—a—urchin."



THE RIDE WITH THE MERMAID.

CECILE AND LULU.

(Translation of French Story in April Number.)

BY A. A. CHAPMAN.

WHAT are those funny black marks, Cecile, we see everywhere on the walls?"

Letters, Lulu; don't you know them?"

No, Cecile; nobody has ever taught me them."

Alas! how you have been neglected, my poor one; but when one must work all day long to earn a living, one does not easily find the opportunity either to teach or to study. I myself have forgotten a great deal of what I used to know when I was young. But what I still remember, I will tell you, little by little, as I find time."

Why are we so poor, Cecile?"

It is our misfortune, my child; we must bear it with patience until Heaven sends us better days. If only, if we could find our uncle, all our troubles would end."

Why do we not go and look for him at once, Cecile?"

My child, I did look for him everywhere until my money was gone. But don't let us think of any more. You are going to take a lesson, Lulu, I know. Here is a poster which will serve very well for a reading-book."

"This letter here," said she, pointing to it with her knitting-needle, "is called 'H.' Look at it; will you remember it?"

"H," repeated Lulu, "I will remember it. —I know it already."

And so Cecile taught her little sister the letters H-U-S-E.

"What does all that mean?" asked little Lulu at last.

These letters spell the word *house*,—do you remember it? H-o-u-s-e—*house*. But there strikes the thought.

I have no more time to teach you. I must go to the factory. Here is a little basket of fruit I bought for your luncheon. Let us go!"

Oh, Cecile! don't shut me up in that dark, gloomy room! I hate it. Let me follow you, or let me leave me here, where I feel the fresh air, and where there is something to look at, I beg of you!"

Will you promise me not to leave this place to wander in the streets?"

I will stay here until you return, Cecile."

Remember, Lulu, that if I lose you, I shall be alone in the world."

Have no fear, Cecile; be sure I will take good care of you."

I ask only that you will stay where you can see the word *house* all the time. Be good, my child, and don't forget what I have taught you. Good-bye!"

She kissed her little sister, with tears in her eyes, and went away.

Lulu sat down well satisfied, and proceeded to examine the contents of her basket, happily not dreaming that it had cost her sister a dinner. But her attention was soon diverted from her agreeable occupation by the various things that were passing in the street. She thought them so new and so delightful!

At length Lulu ate her luncheon, then she read over two or three times the word *house* that she had just learned, and then she began to grow weary of the place where she was, which became now very quiet, for everybody had turned the same street-corner, which seemed to her the entrance to a mysterious place, where all sorts of pretty things were to be found. In order to see again these lost wonders, Lulu ran to the corner, whence she looked down a broad street lined with magnificent shops, and thronged with handsome carriages, children richly dressed who were amusing themselves with all sorts of pretty playthings, and a number of those little rogues that we call *street-Arabs*.

For a few minutes she took good care not to lose sight of the word *house*, of which she could still get a glimpse. But she was not yet six years old, and besides, she was very inexperienced, having come recently from the country, where she was born. This is why it is not very surprising that she soon forgot the word, and thought of nothing but the interesting objects that she had before her eyes.

Little by little she drew nearer to these marvels, that attracted her irresistibly by their splendor, until she had entirely turned the corner, and found herself in the midst of her new paradise.

Time passed. More and more drawn away by these charming novelties, Lulu turned a great many corners, without remembering how many, when all at once the hour sounded when her sister was accustomed to return home! Thus awakened from her dream of pleasure, she realized that she was lost in the great city, not knowing whither to direct her steps!

Sad and terrified, she turned corner after corner, crossed street after street, looking for the place that she had left, without knowing how to recognize it if she should succeed in finding it again, there were so many that looked like it. After many turnings, she remembered the word *house* which she would be certain to recognize, and which she resolved to look for.

At length she espied it again on a wall at the other side of the street.

"My house!" cried she, "I have found it again; soon my sister will find me again."

A gentleman who was passing at that moment stopped and said: "Of which house do you speak, my child? This one is mine."

"I am speaking of the *word* 'house,' which is here on the wall."

"And can you read that word?"

"Yes, sir; my sister taught it to me."

"And what is this good sister's name?"

"Cecile."

"And your name, little one?"

"My name is Lulu."

"Cecile and Lulu!" repeated the gentleman; then he said quickly: "What is your father's name?"

"My father is no more. His name was Mr. Henry Jolivet, but —"

"My child," said the gentleman, in a deeply moved voice, "truly you have found your house, for henceforth it is yours, like all that I have in the world. My poor little lost lamb that I have vainly

sought so long, come to my arms!"—and he embraced her tenderly.

Just then a young girl with a wild look turned the corner at a rapid pace.

"Oh, Lulu!" cried the new-comer, in an impatient voice, "how could you have been naughty? Here have I been looking for you more than an hour!"

"But why did you not come here to look for me at once?"

"What are you talking about, Lulu? This is not the place where I left you."

"Why yes, Cecile; don't you see the *word* *house* that you taught to me?"

"You are mistaken, Lulu; it is the same *word* but it is another place."

"She is not mistaken," said the gentleman; "this is the place she ought to have found. Don't you know me, Cecile?"

She looked at him fixedly for a moment, then she uttered a cry: "My uncle!"

Lulu now knows how to read, write, and do many other things; but she will never forget the lesson her sister gave her, and which had so happy a result.

[The great number of translations which the story of "Cécile et Lulu" has called forth from all parts of the country, proves how glad our young readers welcome these stories in foreign languages. Many of the versions received are truly admirable, and one and all so commendable painstaking. We are very glad to see this eager interest displayed by our young correspondents, and we see signs of an enthusiasm over the shorter and simpler French tale published in our last number. For further notice of translations received, see "Letter Box" of this issue.]

ST. NICHOLAS' DAY AND THE CHILD-BISHOPS OF SALISBURY.

BY MELVILLE EGGLESTON.

THERE are few more interesting regions in England than that of which the old cathedral town of Salisbury is the center. A few miles away, upon the gently undulating downs of Salisbury Plain, is Stonehenge, one of the most celebrated monuments of the ancient Britons. Nearer to the city are the ruins of Sarum, a stronghold of the same people, and, afterward, of their Roman conquerors. Later still, it was fortified and held by English kings, and was for a long time a bishop's seat. In the reign of Henry III. its honors were transferred to Salisbury, and there, in time, rose the great cathedral, with its beautiful spire, the loftiest in the land. It is one of the finest examples of the English Gothic architecture anywhere to be found.

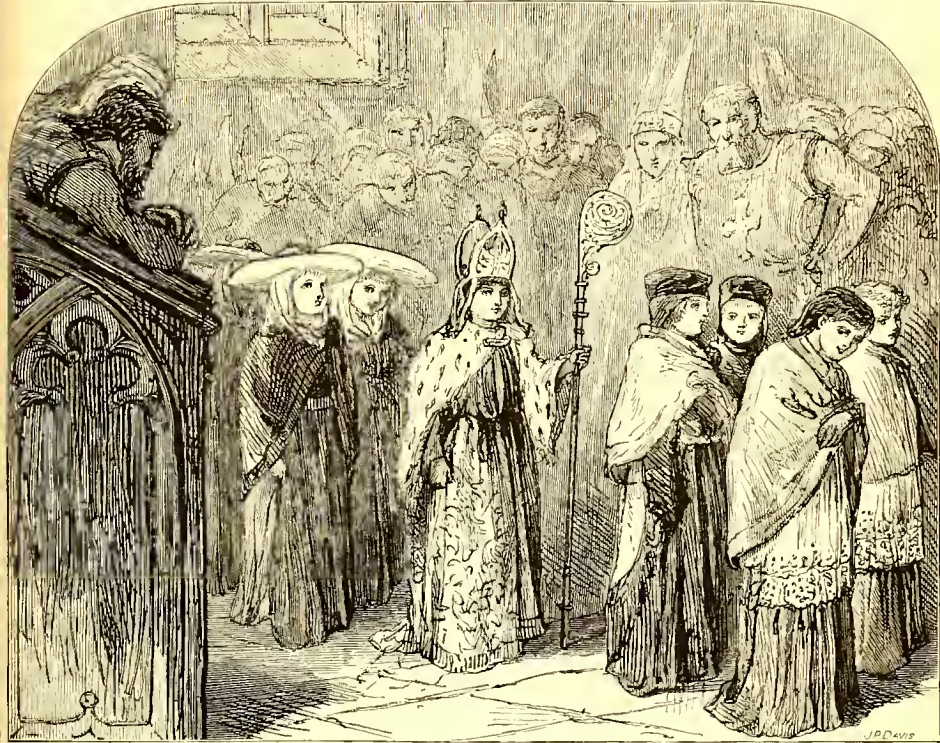
During the middle ages, the cathedral church of Sarum, and its successor at Salisbury, were venerated, and a certain precedence was given to their bishops. The forms of service were widely followed in other places, and the peculiar customs of Sarum were held in high respect. Among these customs were some that were very curious, and some of them will certainly be of interest to the reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

But, first, I must say a little about St. Nicholas for the queer custom which I shall describe is connected with the celebration of his festival. This magazine has already told you that he was a saint of the early days of Christianity, and especially honored in what is called the Eastern Church—

arch of Russia and other eastern countries. He was the Bishop of Myra, a city of Asia Minor, and is often called "the child-bishop," because of the piety and goodness for which he was noted even in infancy. It was said of him, as of Timothy, that "he knew the Scriptures from a child." Very strange stories are told about him, and one of them

high honor in many countries, and that he is especially distinguished as the patron of young scholars and children.

Now you see that, in the old times, when great attention was paid to the observance of saints' days, it was very natural that St. Nicholas' Day, the 6th of December, should be celebrated by the children,



THE PROCESSION.

will give you in the very words of the old book in which I found it,—written in the queer English of our forefathers.

And when he was born, they made hym chrysten, and called hym Nycolas. That is a mannes name; but he kepeth the name of child; for he chose kepe vertues, meknes and symplenes, and not malyce. Also we rede, whyle he lay in hys cradell, he fasted on wednesday and Fryday. These days he would souke but ones of his mother, and therewith held hym pleased. Thus he lived all hys lyf in vertues with this childes name; and therefore chyldren don hym hymn before all other saynts."

But in another old book we find another anecdote, which does not speak so well for the "meknes" of our forefathers; for it is said that at the great council of Nice he had a very lively dispute with another divine named Arius, in the course of which the saint gave his heretical opponent a sound box on the ear. Whatever may be the truth of these stories, we all know that St. Nicholas was and is a famous saint, that he has long been held in

especially in the schools, and wherever many were gathered together for any purpose; and so we find traces of many odd and interesting customs connected with the observance of the festival. But nowhere was it celebrated with greater solemnity, or in a more singular way, than at Old Sarum, and afterward at Salisbury. It was there the custom to choose from among the choristers—the boy-singers of the cathedral—an *episcopus puerorum*, which means, as those who have studied Latin will know, a "bishop of the boys." In old English he was called the "barne byshop," or "chylde byshop,"—that is, child bishop. From the feast of St. Nicholas until Innocents' Day, the 28th of December, this child-bishop was invested with great authority, and maintained all the state of a real prelate of the church. He wore a bishop's robes and miter, and carried in his hand the pastoral staff or crozier, while the rest of the choristers attended him as

prebendaries, and yielded to him the same obedience which was shown by the real officials to their superior, the bishop. Upon the eve of Innocent's Day,—a day observed in memory of the innocent children murdered by Herod,—the boy-bishop, attended by his fellow-choristers in rich copes, with lighted tapers in their hands, went in solemn procession to the altar of the Holy Trinity. As they marched along, three of the children chanted hymns. The dean and canons walked at the head of the procession, the chaplain next, and the bishop, with his little prebendaries, in the place of honor, last of all. The bishop then took his seat upon a throne, while the rest of the children were arranged on each side of the choir upon the uppermost ascent. They then performed at the altar the same service, with the exception of the mass, that the real bishop and his clergy would have performed had they officiated. After service, all left the church in the same solemn order. Such a singular ceremony must have excited great curiosity among the people who filled the cathedral on the holiday, and we can well imagine that there would have been much confusion and disturbance but for a severe law which forbade any person to press upon the children, or to hinder or interrupt them in any way, upon pain of excommunication. One can fancy that he sees the little fellows with their long faces, filled with a sense of their momentary dignity, marching solemnly up the aisle, while the rude crowd on either hand pushes and jostles, each

man trying to elbow himself into a place where he can see the odd and attractive spectacle! What did they think of it, these child-priests of a day? Did they feel that they were taking part in a sacred ceremony, or was it simply a novel kind of play to them? We cannot tell. But as for the boy-bishop although he may have enjoyed the importance of his position for a day or two, I am quite sure that he must have grown heartily tired of his dignity before the three weeks of his episcopate were over. During all that time he was forbidden "to feast or to make visits," but was required to stay in the common room of the choristers, keeping up the dignity of his office. Think of the little fellow compelled to act his part with all the gravity of a grown person, sitting in solemn state while his light-hearted playfellows were perhaps romping the cathedral close, or even making sly attempts to disturb his composure.

In the case of the little bishop's dying during his term of office, his funeral ceremonies were celebrated with the greatest pomp and magnificence, and he was interred, like other bishops, with all the ornaments. At least one such case seems to have happened at Salisbury, for there is in the cathedral a very ancient sepulchral monument, with an effigy, or rather the figure in demi-relief, of a child lying on its back, with a miter on its head, and a pastoral staff in the left hand. The feet are upon a dragon, while over the head is a trefoil canopy with two small angels.

WILD MICE AND THEIR WAYS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

"When every stream in its pent-house
Goes gurgling on its way,
And in his gallery the mouse
Nibbleth the meadow hay;

"Methinks the summer still is nigh,
And lurketh underneath,
As that same meadow-mouse doth lie
Snug in that last year's heath."

—THOREAU.

WALKING about the fields, I come upon little pathways as plain as Indian trails, which lead in and out among the grass and weed-stalks, under Gothic arches which the bending tops of the flowering grasses make, like roads for the tiny chariots of Queen Mab. These curious little paths branching here and there, and crossing one another in

all directions, are the runways of the field-mouse along which they go, mostly after sunset, to visit one another or bring home their plunder; for these thieving little gray-coats of our cupboards, whose bright eyes glance at us from behind the cheese-box, and who whisk away down some unthought hole, learned their naughty tricks from their mother-out-door cousins, whom we may forgive on the score of their not knowing any better. Suppose I ask you about some of these same cousins who live in the woods and fields of the Northern States?

Well, to begin, if you take the *o* and the *a* out of "mouse," you have left, *mus*, which is the Latin word for mouse; but instead of saying "mouse," a Roman girl would have said *musculus*. Put

together, and you have *Mus musculus*, the one we write when we want every person, whether he understands our language or not, to know that we mean the common house-mouse, for all the world is supposed to know something of Latin. This little plague was originally a native of some western country, but has now spread all over the world, forgetting where he really does belong. Sometimes, in this country, he forsakes the houses and takes up a wild life in the woods.

Coming now to the true field-mice, there is first one which, to distinguish it from Old World kinds, is called in the books by Greek words which mean the "white-footed Western mouse" (*Peromyscus leucopus*)—a very good name. A third sort is generally found in meadows through which brooks wander, and its Latin name, *Arvicola agrarius*, just tells the whole story in two words; it is the "meadow mouse." The fourth and last sort of wild mouse was first noticed near the Hudson Bay, and, being a great jumper, received the Latin name of the "little Hudsonian jumping-mouse"—*Jaculus hudsonius*.

These four mice differ in shape, color, size and habits, and of the second and third there are sev-

erest of all is the long-legged jumping-mouse. If you should look at a kangaroo through the wrong end of a telescope, you would have a very fair idea of our little friend's form, with hind-legs and feet very long and slender, and fore-legs very short; so that when he sits up they seem like little paws held before him in a coquettish way. His tail is often twice the length of his body, and is tipped with a brush of long hairs. He has a knowing look in his face, with its upright, furry ears and bright eyes. Being dark-brown above, yellowish-brown on the sides, and white underneath, with white stockings on, he makes a gay figure among his more soberly dressed companions. Various names are given him,—such as the deer-mouse, wood-mouse, jumping wood-mouse, and others.

The white-foot is somewhat larger than the house-mouse; being about three inches long. It has a lithe, slender form and quick movement; its eyes are large and prominent, its nose sharp, and its ears high, round and thin. The fore-feet are hardly half as long as the hinder ones, and the tail is as long as, or longer, than the body, and covered with close hairs. The fur is soft, dense, and glossy, reddish-brown above and white below, while the feet are all white. The most ill-looking of the lot is the meadow-mouse, which reminds me of a miniature bear. His coat is dirty brownish-black, not even turning white in winter; his head is short and his nose blunt; all his four feet are short, and his tail is a mere stump, scarcely long enough to reach the ground. Nevertheless, he is a very interesting mouse, and able to make an immense deal of trouble.

In general habits the three wild ones are pretty much alike, though some prefer dry, while others choose wet, ground; some keep mostly in the woods, others on the prairies, and so on. All the species burrow more or less, and some build elaborate nests. Their voices are fine, low and squeaking, but the meadow-mouse is a great chatterbox, and the white-foot has been known more than once really to sing tunes of his own very nicely. Each one manifests immense courage in defending its young against harm; but I believe only the meadow-mice are accused of being really ferocious, and of



THE HOUSE-MOUSE.

varieties in different parts of the country. The brownish-gray coat of the house-mouse you know very well; or, if you do not, take the next you catch and look at it closely. It is as clean as your pet squirrel, and just as pretty. See how tiny are the little feet, how keen the black beads of the eyes, how sharp and white the fine small teeth, how delicate the pencilings of the fur!

waging battles constantly among themselves. Their food is the tender stems of young grasses and herbs, seeds, nuts, roots and bark, and they lay up stores of food for the winter, since none become torpid at that season, as is the habit of the woodchuck and chipmunk, except the jumping-mouse. This fellow, during cold weather, curls up in his soft grass blankets underground, wraps his long



THE LONG-LEGGED JUMPING-MOUSE.

tail tightly about him, and becomes dead to all outward things until the warmth of spring revives him, which is certainly an easy and economical way to get through the winter! They also eat insects, old and young, particularly such kinds as are hatched underground or in the loose wood of rotten stumps; but their main subsistence is seeds and bark, in getting which they do a vast deal of damage to plants and young fruit-trees with those sharp front teeth of theirs.

The field-mice make snug beds in old stumps, under logs, inside stacks of corn and bundles of straw; dig out galleries below the grass roots; occupy the abandoned nests of birds and the holes made by other animals; and even weave nests of their own in weeds and bushes. They live well in captivity, and you can easily see them at work if you supply materials.

In tearing down old buildings the carpenters often find between the walls a lot of pieces of paper, bits of cloth, sticks, fur, and such stuff, forming a great bale, and know that it was once the home of a house-mouse. You have heard anecdotes of how a shop-keeper missed small pieces of money from his till, and suspected his clerk of taking it; how the clerk was a poor boy who was supporting a

widowed mother, or a sister at school, and the kind-hearted shop-keeper shut his eyes to his suspicion and waited for more and more proof before being convinced that his young clerk was the thief; but as the money kept disappearing, how at last he accused the clerk of taking it. Then the story tells how, in spite of the boy's vehement and tearful denial, a policeman was called in to arrest him, and when everything had been searched to no purpose and he was about being taken to the police-station, how, away back in a corner was discovered mouse's nest made of stolen pieces of ragged currency—ten, twenty-five, and fifty-cent pieces. The everybody was happy, and the story ended with capital moral!

More than one such stolen house the mice have really built, and sometimes their work has destroyed half a hundred dollars, and caused no end of heart-aches. Their little teeth are not to be despised, assure you. I believe one of the most disastrous of those great floods which in past years have swept over the fertile plains of Holland was caused by mice digging through the thick banks of earth called dykes, which had been piled up to keep the sea back. In this case, of course, the mice lost their lives by their misdeeds, as well as the people

ing in the general catastrophe. They hardly ended this; but

"The best-laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

was by the gnawing of a ridiculous little mouse, remember, that the lion in the fable got free from the net in which the king of beasts found himself caught.

Sometimes the house-mouse goes out-of-doors to it, and forgets his civilization; while, on the other hand, the woodland species occasionally come in and grow tame. At the fur-trading posts at Hudson Bay, wild mice live in the traders' houses; and Thoreau—the poet, naturalist and philosopher, whom all the animals seemed at once to recognize as their friend—wrote this beautiful story of how a white-footed mouse made friends

introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch-time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes and along my sleeve, and around and around the table which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between



THE WHITE-FOOTED WESTERN MOUSE.

him when he lived all alone in the woods by Ten Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts:

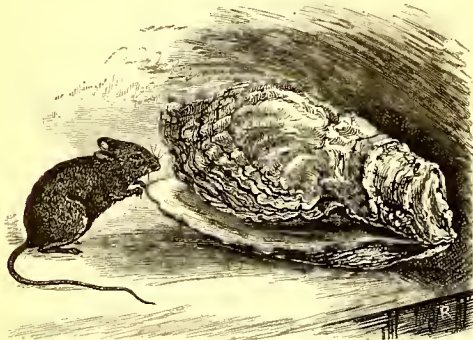
The mice which haunted my house were not common ones, which are said to have been

my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws like a fly, and walked away."

Mice are full of such curiosity. They poke their

noses into all sorts of places where there is a prospect of something to eat, and sometimes failing to find so good a friend as Mr. Thoreau, meet the fate which ought to be the end of all poking of noses into other people's affairs—they get caught. I remember one such case which Mr. Frank Buckland has related. When oysters are left out of water for any length of time, especially in hot weather, they always open their shells a little way, probably seeking a drink of water. A mouse hunting about for food found such an oyster in the larder, and put his head in to nibble at the oyster's beard; instantly the bivalve shut his shells, and held them together so tightly by his strong muscles, that the poor mouse could not pull his head out, and so died of suffocation. Other similar cases have been known.

The most common of all our field-mice is the short-tailed meadow-mouse, the *Arvicola*. I find it in the woods, out on the prairies, and in the hay-fields. In summer these little creatures inhabit the low, wet meadows in great numbers. When the heavy rains of autumn drive them out, they move to higher and dryer ground, and look for some hill-ock, or old ant-hill, under which to dig their home. In digging they scratch rapidly with the fore-feet a few times, and then throw back the earth to a great distance with the hind-feet, frequently loosening the dirt with their teeth, and pushing it aside with their noses. As the hole grows deeper (horizontally) they will lie on their backs and dig overhead, every little while backing slowly out, and shoving the loose earth to the entrance. These winter bur-



THE MOUSE AND THE OYSTER.

rows are only five or six inches below the surface, and sometimes are simply hollowed out under a great stone, but are remarkable for the numerous and complicated chambers and side passages of which they are composed. In one of the largest

rooms of this subterranean house is placed the winter bed, formed of fine dry grasses. Its shape and size are about that of a foot-ball, with only a small cavity in the center, entered through a hole in the side, and they creep in as do Arctic travelers into their fur-bags.

“Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozy here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell.”

Here five or six young mice are born, and stay until the coming of warm weather, by which time they are grown, and go out to take care of themselves. Sometimes one of them, instead of hunting up a wife and getting a home of his own, wanders off by himself and lives alone like a hermit, growing crosser as he grows older.

In the deepest part of the burrow is placed the store of provisions. Uncover one of these little granaries in November, before the owners have used much of it, and you might find five or six quarts of seeds, roots, and small nuts. Out on the prairie this store would consist chiefly of the root-tubers—like very small potatoes—of the spi-der flower, a few juicy roots of some other weeds or grasses, bulbs of the wild onion, and so forth. If a wheat or rye patch was near, there would be quantities of grain; and if you should open a nest under a log or stump in the woods, you might discover a hundred or so chestnuts, beech-nuts, and acorns nicely shelled. All these stores are carried to the burrows, often from long distances, in their baggy cheeks, which are a mouse's pockets, and they work with immense industry, knowing just when to gather this and that kind of food for the winter. A friend of mine, who had a farm near the Hudson River, had a nice field of rye, which he was about waiting a day or two longer to harvest until it should be quite ready. But the very night before he went to cut it, the mice stole a large portion of the grain and carried it off to their nests in the neighboring woods. Hunting up these nests got back from two of them about half a bushel of rye, which was perfectly good. Sometimes they build nests in the russet corn-shocks left standing in the sere October fields, and store up there heaps of food, although there may be no necessity, firmly fixed in their minds is the idea of preparing for the future. But they eat a great deal, and their stores are none too large to outlast the long, dreary months, when the ground is frozen hard, and the meadows are swept by the wintry winds, or packed under a blanket of snow.

(Concluded next month.)



ROSES.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Oh, the queen of all the roses, it can never be denied,
Is the heavy crimson rose of velvet leaf!
There is such a gracious royalty about her vivid bloom,
That among all charming kindred she is chief!

Then the fainter-shaded roses, in their balmy damask pride,
Group like satellites about one central star,—
Royal princesses, of whom we can discover at a glance
What aristocrats the dainty creatures are!

Then those tender gauzy roses, clustered closely on their vines,
They are gentle maids of honor, I am told;
But the pompous yellow roses, these are sneered at, it is said,
For so showing off the color of their gold!

And the roses that are powerless to boast of any tint,
Unsullied as the snow itself in hue,
These are pious nuns, I fancy, who perhaps may murmur prayers
Very softly upon rosaries of dew!

But the delicate pink roses that one meets in quiet lanes,
Gleaming pale upon a background of clear green,
Why, these are only peasant girls, who never go to court,
But are loyal little subjects of their queen!

MRS. PETERKIN'S TEA-PARTY.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

It was important to have a tea-party, as they had all been invited by everybody,—the Bromwiches, the Tremletts, and the Gibbonses. It would be such a good chance to pay off some of their old debts, now that the lady from Philadelphia was back again, and her two daughters, who would be sure to make it all go off well.

But as soon as they began to make out the list, they saw there were too many to have at once, and there were but twelve cups and saucers in the best set.

"There are seven of *us* to begin with," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"We need not all drink tea," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"I never do," said Solomon John. The little boys never did.

"And we could have coffee, too," suggested Elizabeth Eliza.

"That would take as many cups," objected Agamemnon.

"We could use the every-day set for the coffee," answered Elizabeth Eliza; "they are the right shape. Besides," she went on, "they would not all come. Mr. and Mrs. Bromwich, for instance; they never go out."

"There are but six cups in the every-day set," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys said there were plenty of saucers; and Mr. Peterkin agreed with Elizabeth Eliza that

all would not come. Old Mr. Jeffers never went out.

"There are three of the Tremletts," said Elizabeth Eliza; "they never go out together. One of them, if not two, will be sure to have the headache. Ann Maria Bromwich would come, and the three Gibbons boys, and their sister Juliana; but the other sisters are out West, and there is but one Osborne."

It really did seem safe to ask "everybody." They would be sorry, after it was over, that they had not asked more.

"We have the cow," said Mrs. Peterkin, "so there will be as much cream and milk as we shall need."

"And our own pig," said Agamemnon. "I am glad we had it salted; so we can have plenty of sandwiches."

"I will buy a chest of tea," exclaimed Mr. Peterkin. "I have been thinking of a chest for some time."

Mrs. Peterkin thought a whole chest would not be needed; it was as well to buy the tea and coffee by the pound. But Mr. Peterkin determined on a chest of tea and a bag of coffee.

So they decided to give the invitations to all. It might be a stormy evening, and some would be prevented.

The lady from Philadelphia and her daughters accepted.

And it turned out a fair day, and more came than were expected. Ann Maria Bromwich had a friend staying with her, and brought her over, for the Bromwiches were opposite neighbors. And the Tremletts had a niece, and Mary Osborne an aunt, that they took the liberty to bring.

The little boys were at the door, to show in the guests; and as each set came to the front gate, they ran back to tell their mother that more were coming. Mrs. Peterkin had grown dizzy with counting those who had come, and trying to calculate how many were to come, and wondering why there were always more and never less, and whether the cups would go round.

The three Tremletts all came with their niece. They all had had their headaches the day before, and were having that banded feeling you always have after a headache; so they all sat at the same side of the room on the long sofa.

All the Jefferses came, though they had sent uncertain answer. Old Mr. Jeffers had to be helped in with his cane, by Mr. Peterkin.

The Gibbons boys came, and would stand just outside the parlor door. And Juliana appeared afterward, with the two other sisters, unexpectedly home from the West.

"Got home this morning!" they said. "And

so glad to be in time to see everybody,—a little tired, to be sure, after forty-eight hours in a sleeping-car!"

"Forty-eight!" repeated Mrs. Peterkin; and wondered if there were forty-eight people, and why they were all so glad to come, and whether they could sit down.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Bromwich came. They thought it would not be neighborly to stay away. They insisted on getting into the most uncomfortable seats.

Yet there seemed to be seats enough while the Gibbons boys preferred to stand. But they never could sit around a tea-table. Elizabeth Eliza had thought they all might have room at the table, and Solomon John and the little boys could help the waiting.

It was a great moment when the lady from Philadelphia arrived with her daughters. Mr. Peterkin was talking to Mr. Bromwich, who was a little deaf. The Gibbons boys retreated a little farther behind the parlor door. Mrs. Peterkin hastened forward to shake hands with the lady from Philadelphia saying:

"Four Gibbons girls and Mary Osborne's aunt—that makes nineteen; and now——"

It made no difference what she said; for there was such a murmuring of talk, that any word suited. And the lady from Philadelphia wanted to be introduced to the Bromwiches.

It was delightful for the little boys. They came to Elizabeth Eliza, and asked:

"Can't we go and ask more? Can't we fetch the Larkins?"

"Oh dear, no!" answered Elizabeth Eliza. "Can't even count them!"

Mrs. Peterkin found time to meet Elizabeth Eliza in the side entry to ask if there were going to be cups enough.

"I have set Agamemnon in the front entry to count," said Elizabeth Eliza, putting her hand to her head.

The little boys came to say that the Maberlys were coming.

"The Maberlys!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza. "I never asked them."

"It is your father's doing," cried Mrs. Peterkin. "I do believe he asked everybody he saw!" And she hurried back to her guests.

"What if father really has asked everybody?" Elizabeth Eliza said to herself, pressing her head again with her hand.

There was the cow and the pig. But if they took tea or coffee, or both, the cups could not go round.

Agamemnon returned in the midst of his agony.

He had not been able to count the guests, they moved about so, they talked so; and it would not be well to appear to count.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"We are not a family for an emergency," said Agamemnon.

"What do you suppose they do in Philadelphia at the Exhibition, when there are more people than cups and saucers?" asked Elizabeth Eliza. "Could you go and inquire? I know the lady from Philadelphia is talking about the Exhibition, and being why she must go back to receive friends. I think they must have trouble there! Could not you go in and ask, just as if you wanted to know?"

Agamemnon looked into the room, but there were too many talking with the lady from Philadelphia.

"If we could only look into some book," he said, "the encyclopædia or the dictionary,—they would be such a help sometimes!"

At this moment he thought of his "Great Triumphs of Great Men," that he was reading just then. He had not reached the lives of the Steinhilberns, or any of the men of modern times. It might skip over to them,—he knew they were useful for emergencies.

He ran up to his room, and met Solomon John coming down with chairs.

"That is a good thought," said Agamemnon. "I will bring down more upstairs chairs."

"No," said Solomon John, "here are all that will come down; the rest of the bedroom chairs and the bureaux, and they never will do!"

Agamemnon kept on to his own room, to consult his books. If only he could invent something at the spur of the moment,—a set of bedroom furniture, that in an emergency could be turned into parlor chairs! It seemed an idea; and he sat himself down to his table and pencils, when he was interrupted by the little boys, who came to tell him that Elizabeth Eliza wanted him.

The little boys had been busy thinking. They had proposed that the tea-table, with all the things on it, should be pushed into the front room, where the company were; and those could take cups who could find cups.

But Elizabeth Eliza feared it would not be safe to push so large a table; it might upset and break the china they had.

Agamemnon came down to find her pouring out tea in the back room. She called to him:

"Agamemnon, you must bring Mary Osborne for help, and perhaps one of the Gibbons boys could carry round some of the cups."

And so she began to pour out and to send round

the sandwiches, and the tea, and the coffee. Let things go as far as they would!

The little boys took the sugar and cream.

"As soon as they have done drinking, bring back the cups and saucers to be washed," she said to the Gibbons boys and the little boys.

This was an idea of Mary Osborne's.

But what was their surprise, that the more they poured out, the more cups they seemed to have! Elizabeth Eliza took the coffee, and Mary Osborne the tea. Amanda brought fresh cups from the kitchen.

"I can't understand it," Elizabeth Eliza said to Amanda. "Do they come back to you, round through the piazza? Surely there are more cups than there were!"

Her surprise was greater when some of them proved to be coffee-cups that matched the set! And they never had had coffee-cups.

Solomon John came in at this moment, breathless with triumph.

"Solomon John!" Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed, "I cannot understand the cups!"

"It is my doing," said Solomon John, with an elevated air. "I went to the lady from Philadelphia, in the midst of her talk. 'What do you do in Philadelphia, when you have n't enough cups?' 'Borrow of my neighbors,' she answered, as quick as she could."

"She must have guessed," interrupted Elizabeth Eliza.

"That may be," said Solomon John. "But I whispered to Ann Maria Bromwich,—she was standing by,—and she took me straight over into their closet, and old Mr. Bromwich bought this set, just where we bought ours. And they had a coffee-set, too——"

"You mean where our father and mother bought them. We were not born," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"It is all the same," said Solomon John. "They match exactly."

So they did, and more and more came in.

Elizabeth Eliza exclaimed:

"And Agamemnon says we are not a family for emergencies!"

"Ann Maria was very good about it," said Solomon John; "and quick, too. And old Mrs. Bromwich has kept all her set of two dozen coffee and tea cups!"

Elizabeth Eliza was ready to faint with delight and relief. She told the Gibbons boys, by mistake, instead of Agamemnon, and the little boys. She almost let fall the cups and saucers she took in her hand.

"No trouble now!"

She thought of the cow, and she thought of the pig, and she poured on.

No trouble, except about the chairs. She looked into the room—all seemed to be sitting down, even her mother. No, her father was standing, talking to Mr. Jeffers. But he was drinking coffee, and the Gibbons boys were handing things around.

The daughters of the lady from Philadelphia were sitting on shawls on the edge of the window that opened upon the piazza. It was a soft, warm evening, and some of the young people were on the piazza. Everybody was talking and laughing, except those who were listening.

Mr. Peterkin broke away, to bring back his cup and another for more coffee.

"It's a great success, Elizabeth Eliza," he whispered. "The coffee is admirable, and plenty cups. We asked none too many. I should have had my mind having a tea-party every week."

Elizabeth Eliza sighed with relief as she filled her cup. It was going off well. There were cups enough, but she was not sure she could live over another such hour of anxiety; and what was to be done after tea?

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE way now appeared dreary enough to the young traveler, carrying his little bag in his hand along the uneven track.

He had not minded the stump fences at first; somehow they had looked rather picturesque, with their immense and many-pronged roots turned up and interlocked in an endless row on either side, suggesting the bleached and broken antlers of a whole species of some extinct gigantic stag. But they soon made Jacob feel that he was walking through a narrow and interminable prison, shutting him out from all the world beside; and ever afterward the sight of a root fence anywhere, carried his mind back to that hour of his parting from Ruth and setting out on his dubious journey alone.

He came to a more cultivated country before long, a region of orchards, groves, and fields, in which there were men and boys at work. When he got tired and hungry, he sat down on a log in the edge of some woods, where there was a road-side spring, and opened his bag, in which he knew that Mary's careful hands had placed his luncheon. He had many things to think of as he unfolded the neat brown paper covering, and found hard-boiled eggs, and salt, and butter, and biscuit, and cold chicken,—enough for luncheon and dinner too.

After eating, he got down on his hands and knees and drank at the cool spring. A spout led the water to a road-side trough, where travelers stopped to water their teams.

While Jacob was sitting there in the shade, a farmer in a wagon drove up to the trough, and was

about getting down from his seat, when Jacob sprang up and offered to uncheck the horses for him.

"Thank ye, boy," said the man. Then, after Jacob had put up the check-reins again, "Turn in and ride, if you are going my way."

Jacob was going his way, and he "tumbled in." So Jacob walked, and rested, and rode occasionally, without meeting with any remarkable adventures that day or the next. He slept the first night at a farm-house, and on the afternoon of the second day came to the village of Jackson.

Seeing the smoke of an iron-furnace, he made his way toward it; and, taking out Matthew's letter and looking at the back of it, asked some men in the casting-room if they could tell him where to find Benjamin Radkin.

"You mean *Mr.* Benjamin Radkin, don't you?" said a big fellow with grimy arms and face, an every blunt, overbearing manner.

"Y-y—yes, sir," stammered Jacob, quite abashed by the suddenness and strangeness of the question.

"Why did n't you say so, then?"

"I—I suppose—because it is simply *Benjamin Radkin* on the back of this letter. A letter from his uncle, Matthew Lane," added Jacob.

"The Quaker," said the big grimy fellow. "I know Radkin is something of a Quaker, too, but not much of a one but what it'll be safe enough to send youngsters like you to *Mister* him."

And the man turned away, swinging a long iron bar which he carried with both hands.

Jacob followed him along the sandy floor, one side of which preparations had evidently been made for casting.

"Where can I find—*Mr.* Radkin?" said he.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF HAVING AN ENEMY.

"Don't know," said the man, gruffly. "Is this his iron-furnace?" "He's one of the owners." "Is he about here now?" "No, he aint about here now." "And the gruff and grimy one set his bar up just the great chimney with a clang." "Jacob immediately set him down as a sort of a gruff and surly foreman, puffed up by the impudence of his office. He could not help feeling stung and rebuff, which he regarded as a bad omen for the result of his search.

He turned to another workman, who answered his questions rather more civilly, although he, too, something of the foreman's ill manners, performed imitated than natural.

"Mr. Radkin is here generally every day, but I haven't seen him to-day. Anybody in the village tell you where his house is."

Jacob went out, and found the house after a little trouble. A young girl came to the door.

"Is Mr. Radkin at home?" he asked, being careful in the *Mister* distinctly this time.

The girl smiled on him pleasantly enough to seem to be a daughter of the cousin of Ruth. But her reply was by no means pleasant to poor Jacob. "He has gone away."

"When will he be home?"

"I think not for three or four days. He went to Chillicothe, on business, this morning."

Jacob's heart sank more and more. Still he had to know of what Friend Matthew's letter might do for him in the nephew's absence.

"Is Mrs. Radkin at home?"

"Yes. But here is her father; perhaps he can tell you all you wish to know."

Jacob heard a heavy footstep behind her in the hall as she spoke. She slipped out of sight, and a

large man appeared a huge form in a drab coat and a red face under a broad-brimmed hat; at sight of which Jacob's heart, which had sunk low enough before, seemed for a dizzy moment utterly annihilated.

"What, Jacob! is it thee?" said he, with an angry smile. "Where does thee come from?—and what brings thee at this time to the house of my daughter, Jacob?"

"Is this—is Mrs. Radkin ——" faltered Jacob, in a state of utter discomfiture.

"Malome Radkin is my daughter. Benjamin is away. What can I do for thee, Jacob?"

Jacob had turned slightly pale at first, but now he became redder even than that of the well-to-do and grimly-smiling speaker,—who, as the old man has no doubt divined, was no other than the hero's old acquaintance, Friend David Doane, who had been in the unlucky cow-trade.

AS soon as he had recovered a little from his confusion, Jacob said: "I have brought a letter to Mr. Radkin from his uncle, Matthew Lane."

"Very well," replied Friend David; "thou canst hand me the letter, and I will see it delivered to my son-in-law on his return."

Jacob reached out the letter, but immediately drew it back.

"I hoped—his uncle expected me—to hand him the letter myself."

"That thee cannot very well do unless thee comes again next week, or goes to Chillicothe to find him."

This was a new idea, and it afforded a gleam of light to Jacob's bewildered mind.

"How far is it to Chillicothe?"

"I think it is about forty miles by railroad; but perhaps not more than twenty-five in a direct line."

"Thank you," said Jacob, hesitatingly, putting the letter back into his pocket.

Friend David's immense waistcoat still blocked up the door-way, and there was no invitation in that grimly smiling face. Of course Jacob believed that he had made an implacable enemy forever of Mrs. Radkin's father; how, then, could he expect hospitality from her during her husband's absence, or even after his return? For would not Friend David prejudice the minds of both against him, perhaps to such a degree that the uncle's letter would be of no use to him?

"If I could see Mr. Radkin before he sees Friend David, deliver the letter, and, may be, tell him my side of that cow-story first, there might be some chance for me."

The thought passed quickly through the lad's mind, and he asked:

"How can I find him, if I go to Chillicothe?"

"He has business with the firm of Phelps & Walton; everybody, I should say, knows them," replied Friend David.

"Thank you, Mr. Doane,"—and Jacob slowly and reluctantly turned away.

"Anything else I can do for thee?" Friend David called after him.

"Nothing more," replied Jacob, too proud to ask anything of the man he had offended.

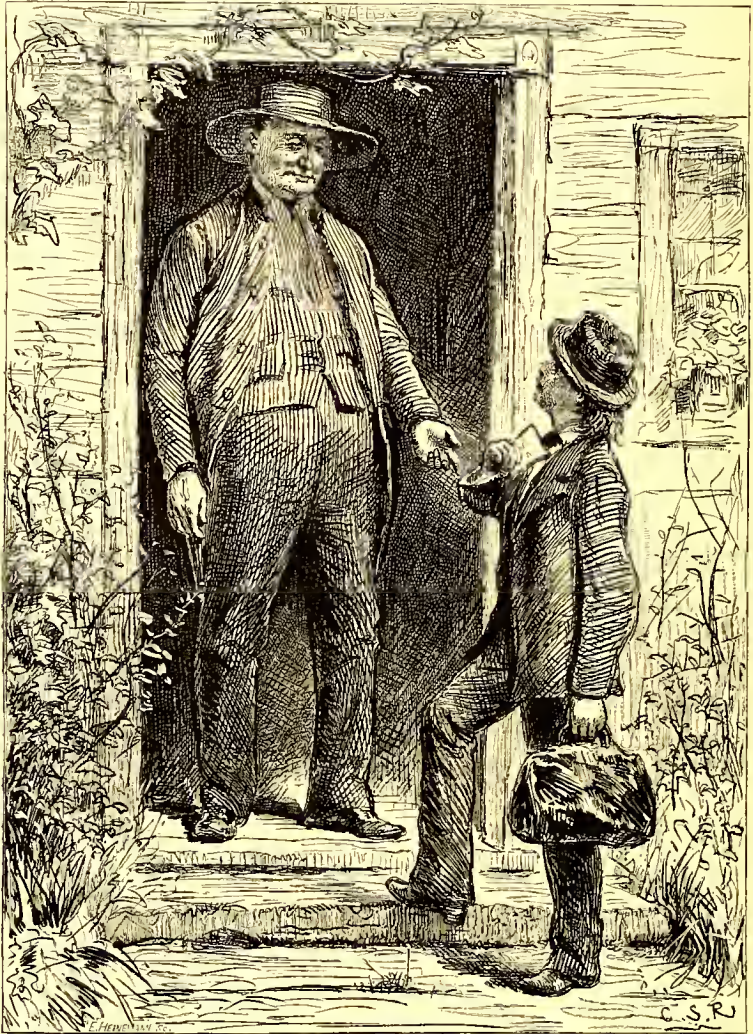
He walked off, still in a state of great anxiety and doubt as to the course he ought to pursue. The money Matthew had put into his hand was all spent, together with a part of the half-dollar which Longshore had given him. He had only thirty cents in his pocket, and it was Saturday afternoon. Experience had taught him that he could make thirty cents go farther in the country

than in a village, and he could see no good reason for remaining in Jackson. "Better be traveling, even if I come back here," thought he.

Then why not go to Chillicothe? He had found out about how far he could walk in a day, and believed that he could reach Chillicothe on foot by

of necessity?"—for he now recalled that convenient term by which the worthy woman used to exhort to her conscience and to him much of her labor on the Lord's Day.

While making up his mind what he should do, he wandered back to the casting-room of the iron



"THEY CAN HAND ME THE LETTER."

the evening of the next day. But the next day was Sunday. He did not wish to travel on Sunday again, as he had on the last Sunday, acting under Mr. Pinkey's advice and influence. That gentleman's free and easy principles were fast losing their power over him, while his pious aunt's instructions were remembered. But would not travel on Sunday, in his present circumstances, be a "deed

furnace, and sat down on a box near the door, it now occurred to him that he was very tired.

"Where is that light of conscience Fri Matthew told about?" he said to himself. "I wish it would show me what to do!"

Meanwhile, there was a great glare of a different light before his eyes. In the back part of the room was the huge furnace, or "cupola," rising to

Before it were ranged a gang of men, with gruff foreman at their head, who with his barbed out the baked mass of clay that closed the Red spatters of melted iron flew at first, and out gushed the fiery flood. This was condensed down channels in the sand to the casting, and led off into side channels, which it filled, the whole of that side of the floor was occupied by one immense gridiron-shaped mass of glowing and smoking metal.

Jacob watched this process with interest, although neat from the casting made his position on the very uncomfortable. But when water was poured upon the floor from a hose-pipe, filling the great hollow building with a terrible hissing and a vast cloud of stifling steam, he could stand no longer, but, taking up his little black bag, he fled out and cooled his face and lungs on the bank of a stream that fed the works.

Meanwhile, there was talk about Jacob in Benjamin Radkin's house. The girl, who was indeed a daughter of Ruth's cousin, reported to her mother a nice-looking lad was at the door inquiring for her father; and Friend David was duly questioned with regard to him, on his return into the house after the interview.

And now, if Jacob could have been behind the door, he would have discovered that Friend David was not so much his enemy as he supposed.

The broad face of the burly Quaker was crinkled with smiles as he re-entered the room.

It happened to be a boy I know, who left our house a week since in company with a scapegrace dancing-master. He had a letter for Benjamin, which I offered to see delivered to him, but he said no, and departed."

"Why did n't thee ask him in?" said Salome.

"I had my reasons for that," replied the smiling David. "I had some little trouble with him just before he left. I desired to buy a cow of him, and he bargained me a round price for her,—which was very natural. I respected him none the less for that. As I was bargaining with him, he mocked me in a very own language. I thought it right to punish him a little for his impertinence. Nevertheless, I think he is an honest-hearted lad, and when he comes back we will see what can be done for him."

"But what if he should not come back?" said the young girl, who had watched Jacob with interest and wandered wretchedly away.

"He will come back, fast enough, Caroline?" said Friend David. "He inquired about Chillicothe, but there is no train to take him there to-day. His pride will be humbled. He will not come with his *thee* and *thy* again very soon." Caroline and her mother looked anxiously to see

Jacob re-appear; and at last Friend David himself began to feel uneasy at his prolonged absence.

"I should like to know what his fortunes have been, and what has become of his flighty dancing-master," he said. "By his looks, I judge he has seen trouble; or I may have been deceived by the confusion he was thrown into by seeing me."

And the broad face crinkled again at the pleasant recollection of that triumph.

"If he were here, he might sit down to supper with us," said Mrs. Radkin. "I am sure Benjamin would wish us to do so much for one who brings him a letter from his Uncle Matthew."

After supper, Friend David, feeling more and more troubled in his mind at what he had done, walked out, thinking he would hunt Jacob up, speak more kindly to him, and bring him to the house. He traced him to the iron-furnace, and there he learned that Jacob had last been seen sitting on the box near the door. But he had now disappeared, and none knew where he had gone.

"I did not think the lad would have been so foolish!" said David, on his return to the house. "He will be back here by dark, I am confident."

But at dark, Jacob was miles away, on the road to Chillicothe.

CHAPTER XXV.

JACOB HEARS PREACHING, AND GETS A RIDE.

FOOLISH or not, the boy had reasons of his own for going off in that way.

In the first place, he had made a great mistake in imagining Friend David to be a worse man than he really was; there being, after all, a kindly heart somewhere within that prodigious expanse of waistcoat,—its chief fault lying in that too earnest inclination we have noticed, "to hold the world rightly by the handle."

Then Jacob remembered how, in the matter of the cow-trade, he too had wished in a humble way to keep a hold on the said handle, and there had been a jostling which did not result to David's advantage. That a lad of fifteen should have beaten that wary old head at a bargain, would seem of itself no slight offense, however blameless. But he had added insult to that injury,—a conscious fault to an innocent victory; thereby putting himself in the wrong. He had gloated over that boyish triumph, fancying the Quaker's burning resentment, and laughing to think that it was powerless to harm him. And now, behold, it was not so powerless!—here was the terrible David, a lion in his path. No wonder he retired in dismay.

He got a supper of bread-and-milk at a farmhouse, for which he offered to pay. The woman who served it looked at him with a sort of moth-

erly interest, and for a moment there seemed to be a struggle in her breast between the instinct of hospitality and the desire of gain. She was evidently poor. She was having a hard struggle, there in a rough country, to bring up her own children and keep them from want.

"We don't often feed strangers," she said, "and I would n't take a cent if I could afford to keep you for nothing."

"I have thirty cents," said Jacob, as he produced three little ten-cent pieces of scrip.

"That all ye have?" said the woman. "Then I wont take any pay. Call it a treat."

But Jacob, fearing she might think he meant to plead poverty, and shirk paying for what he had had, insisted on her making change. This she refused to do, but she finally accepted one of the ten-cent bits of paper, on condition that he would put two of her fried cakes in his pocket. To this he agreed, and with mutual satisfaction they parted.

He now felt that he could not afford the expense of lodgings that night, and as it grew dark, he looked wistfully for a place to sleep in the open air.

Between him and the sunset sky appeared the giant arms and battered trunks of a ruined forest. Approaching it, he found it to be what the Kentucky people, who had settled in that part of the country, called a "deadened." To save the labor of clearing a piece of woods, which they wished to convert into a field, they had killed the trees by girdling with the ax, leaving them to enrich the soil with droppings of bark and limbs, until the trunks themselves should decay and fall. Meanwhile, in this dismantled and almost shadeless grove crops were planted, and flourished well; and Jacob, drawing near, found a freshly harvested field of late grain among the spectral giants that drew their black profiles on the sunset sky.

He sat down behind one of the stooks of grain, and waited some time to see if he was followed or observed. Then, by parting and re-arranging the bundles, he formed a sort of bed, into which he crept, and lay down in a tent of sheaves. Then the solitude deepened, the last gleam of day vanished, and through the open door of his tent, and between the ghostly trunks, he saw the stars in the deep, quiet sky. They had never seemed so far away before. He had never felt so utterly alone,—not even when left by the steam-tug at night on the wooded banks of the great river.

But Jacob was not afraid. And somehow he was not sad. There came to him a sense of wild freedom in this novel situation; and a stream of solemn joy flowed with his strangely awakened thoughts.

The crickets sang him to sleep. Then, in the middle of the night, the wind arose, and shook the rustling hair of the tall sheaves above his head,

and moaned among the dead trees. Jacob aroused, heard also an occasional dull, heavy rattling, which excited his wonder at first, and then his fear. The wind was shaking down rotted fragments of the dismal old forest, and he thought, "Suppose one of the trunks or great limbs should fall on me here!"

He looked out, and saw wild clouds flying between those ruined columns and the moon; then he crept back, with a sense of trust in the Great Power that rules the mighty spheres, and slept again.

The next morning, he decided not to go back to Jackson, but to go on to Chillicothe.

Holding with one hand the stick which supported the bag over his shoulder, and, with the other, one of the good woman's greasy cakes, which he nibbled for his breakfast, our hero might have been seen strudging among the woods and fields, and entering farm-houses, that quiet Sunday morning.

He dined on the other cake, sauced with road-side berries; and kept on, meeting with no adventure until afternoon. Then, feeling weary and hungry, and remembering that he had still twenty cents in his pocket, he stopped at a farm-house, but found it shut and deserted. It was near a mile to the next one; and that he found defended by a dog.

"Folks have all gone to meeting," thought the young traveler, and tramped wearily on.

Country people on horseback or in open wagons had passed him a little while before, raising a cloud for him to walk in. Now the last had gone by. The road was solitary; the silence was broken only by the sound of his own footsteps, the shrill rattle of a locust, the far-off low of a heifer or the bark of a dog, and, at last, by the voice of a preacher.

The meeting-house was not in sight when Jacob first heard the voice rising in a wild wail, and dying away in a sort of sing-song till it was heard no more. Soon he caught sight of the plain white building in a pleasant grove, and saw horses and wagons standing in the shade of the trees. The windows were wide open, and the voice was rolling again in full volume; then it sank as before, running on in a low, monotonous chant.

He entered the grove, and, being faint from want of rest and food, sat down on a log, among a group of boys, some on the log, and others leaning on the ground or leaning against the trees. He did not hear much of the sermon, even when the preacher's voice was at its loudest shout. Yet somehow the tones, and the atmosphere of the place carried his mind back to the many Sundays when he had with his aunt in her pew, and hearkened to the minister's earnest words, like a good boy; when he had had a respectable home, and a place in the Sunday school; and the influence of those days was

ing upon him that he could not help regarding
 self as one of the wicked now, resting there on
 log, dusty, with his stick and bag.

nce, when the voice was low and the grove
 t, one of the boys sitting with him on the log,
 d him if he would like to take a little ride.

Of course I should," replied Jacob, "if it's
 the direction I want to go."

Which way is that?" said the boy.

To Chillicothe," said Jacob.

All right," said the boy. "We are just going
 drive out on the Chillicothe road, and get back
 the time preaching is over. One of the fellers
 has a mule team that'll carry a crowd."

Jacob felt his spirits revive at this unexpected
 fortune. He thought it a little singular, how-
 that he, a strange boy, should be favored with
 an invitation, and helped on his way by fellows
 from their looks, would never have been sus-
 pected of being so generous and accommodating.

grove was still, and moved on again at a time when
 the preacher's voice was drowning all other sounds.

It was a three-scated wagon, drawn by a pair of
 large mules, and it held eight boys,—a rather
 rough-appearing set. Jacob thought. He did not
 like the way they winked at each other, and snick-
 ered now and then, over some secret fun. But
 they were very good-natured and obliging; and, to a
 boy, a ride is a ride,—more particularly to one so
 sore-footed, worn, and hungry as Jacob was then.

The fellow who had been at the mules' heads
 backing them around, having got in last, took a
 seat by Jacob's side. A whip which he had dragged
 behind him he now thrust under the seat. He was
 round-shouldered, and not very well dressed, and
 seemed young to be the owner of a wagon and
 pair of mules. The others called him Josh.

"Just hold the lines a minute till I find my driv-
 ing-gloves," he said to Jacob, and fumbled in his
 pockets, while the mules, moving at a walk, took
 them around out of the grove.

No driving-gloves were discov-
 ered. Indeed, even while search-
 ing for them, Josh appeared to be
 more intent on glancing up through
 the woods at the meeting-house, as
 if looking with anxious cunning for
 something in that direction.

As soon as the building was hid-
 den from view, his attitude and ex-
 pression changed. He straightened
 his stooping shoulders. He pulled
 up the whip from under the seat,
 snatched the reins, shook out the
 lash, and shouted with glee. All
 the others began at the same time
 to laugh and yell like young lunatics;
 and away went the mules at a
 round trot.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BOYS AND THE MULE-TEAM.

JACOB was now sure that some-
 thing was wrong.

"This is n't your team, is it?"
 he said to Josh.

"Mine while I have it!" said
 Josh, and laid on the whip.

"Wont old Dorgan be mad when
 he comes out and finds his mules
 and wagon gone!" screamed a fel-
 low on the back seat. The rattling

of the vehicle and the jargon of voices were so great
 that he had to scream to be heard.

"We'll have 'em back there, fast tied to the
 tree, by the time preaching is over," yelled another.
 "Wont we, Josh?"



"HE LAY DOWN IN A TENT OF SHEAVES."

hat was likewise remarkable, he was given a
 on the front seat, and trusted to hold the
 while the boy was backing his team around.
 o struck him as a trifle queer that the wagon
 ld be turned so carefully, stopped when the

"If we don't miss of it!" shouted Josh, with a wild laugh. "Wake up there, you stingy man's mules!" And *crack! crack!* went the whip again.

The mules had struck into a canter, and the wagon, which was without springs, was bounding at a furious rate over the uneven road. Had the boys been subjected to that ride for a punishment, they would have considered it cruel. But as it was of their own choosing, they no doubt deemed it, if a trifle rough, yet jolly.

"Look here!" cried Jacob, "you are getting into a scrape! I'd rather walk than ride in this style!"

"Walk, then, why don't ye?" laughed the driver, and yelled to the team,—but suddenly stopped yelling to recover his whip. He had somehow, in brandishing it, got the lash caught in a wheel, and it was wound up so suddenly around the hub,—hickory stock and all,—and wrenched out of his hand, that he hardly had time to think about it.

He now tried to stop the team, and begged Jacob to help him tug at the reins. But the large, clumsy mules, having been forced into a gallop, were not to be easily forced out of it. One of them appeared rather inclined to lag, but the speed of the other increased. He was probably frightened at the whip-stock, which at every turn of the wheel struck the whippetree, and sometimes his heels.

Suddenly he too slackened speed a little. But it was only to waste his energies in another direction. That mule began to kick. The heels flew up to the whippetree, and at last clearing the whippetree, struck the fore-board of the wagon, and sent the splinters flying. One of them flew into the face of Josh, and made him put up a hand with a cry.

This was a change of business which seemed to amuse the mule. Having begun, he kicked a great deal longer than was necessary, if he could only have been made to think so. The whip had ceased to trouble him; but still he kicked. Kicking—like many other things—is catching, and at length the other mule began to kick. And now Jacob had to dodge the splinters. Such a rattling of whippetrees and play of mules' hoofs in the air those boys had never heard or seen before. Variety of this sort did not please them so well.

"Hold on to the reins!" cried Jacob, while he dodged. "They've kicked the whippetrees clear off! They'll get away and get killed!"

"Let 'em!" said Josh. "I'd like to kill that off mule!"

Indeed, he seemed to lay all the blame of the disaster and of the pain over his eye to the malice and depravity of that kicking beast.

"We must run 'em into the fence—there's no other way!" said Jacob; and pulling hard on *his* rein did the business.

The fence was what is called a "brush-wattling"—a thick plating of twigs and boughs, twisted and out between slender upright supports. Had the team taken it at right angles, they would have gone through it as neatly as a circus-rider goes through a paper-covered hoop. But they struck obliquely, and it proved too much for them. After tearing out four or five yards of it they stuck fast with the fence between them, the wagon-pole and the broken harness tangled in the reins.

And still that perverse quadruped kicked!

"Run to their heads, or they'll get away!" cried Jacob; and he himself, jumping out, set the example, which nobody followed.

The young rogues seemed hardly to know whether to laugh or not. They flopped out of the wagon all at once and in every direction except that of the mules' heels, and stood around giggling excitedly and casting scared looks at the mischief done and back toward the meeting-house.

"I did n't get the wagon!" said one.

"Nor I neither!" said another.

"I don't care,—I've had the fun of seeing mule-team make tracks once in my life!" said the third. "What ailed your whip, Josh?"

"There comes old Dorgan!" exclaimed a fourth and half a dozen of the boys disappeared through the brush-wattling like squirrels.

Jacob looked up the road, and saw a horseman coming at a sharp gallop, his arms in the air and wings, flapping at every leap of the horse.

His own impulse was to run like the rest, but the mules were still struggling, and he could not make up his mind to let them go. It required small courage, however, to stick to the reins, when "Old Dorgan" charged upon him with a terrific countenance and uplifted whip.

"What are ye doing with my team?" he shouted.

"Trying to hold 'em!" said Jacob, looking straight into the pale, enraged face.

"Where are the other rascals? I see 'em!"

The horseman dashed through the ruined wattling, and soon had Josh and two of his companions marching back under the menace of his whip.

"Which of you stole my team?" he roared over their heads.

"He did! *he* did!"—and they pointed at Jacob. "But you helped him!"

"No, we did n't!" said Josh. "Anybody that sees us start will tell ye he was driving! Ask the other boys."

"They've got away. And what was *you* schooling for?"

"When he run the team into the fence, we were scared," said Josh.

"He'd got us into the scrape, and we wanted to get out of it," said another, rather sheepishly.

The angry man drove the culprits back to the road, and brandished his whip over Jacob, who stood, white and trembling, for he had overheard what was said.

"Thought you could take my team and ask a crowd of boys to ride, did ye? If you did n't have care of my mules, I'd slash ye!"

"You'd better not slash me till you know the truth about it," said Jacob, as calmly as he could.

"Whose whip is that snarled up in the wheel?" Dorgan demanded.

"It's no whip that I ever saw, till I saw it in

afoot from Jackson to Chillicothe. My bag is there in the wagon. I had come into the grove, and sat down to rest, when they asked me to ride. They *did* get me to sit on the front seat and hold the reins, while they were backing the team around and that fellow with a sore eye pretended to be searching his pockets for driving-gloves. But I believe now it was all a trick, to have the blame laid on me if they got caught."

The rogues tried to interrupt Jacob's story, and vehemently charged him with falsehood; but the old man silenced them with a flourish of his whip.



OLD DORGAN'S PURSUIT.

the fellow's hands." replied Jacob. "They pretended that it was his team, and asked me to ride. I tried to stop the mules for him, after he got his horse caught in the wheel and they had kicked the whippetrees clear of the wagon; and I *did* turn them into the fence. Then, when all the rest ran, I tried to hold the team. Where do you think they would be now if I had run, too?"

There was something in Jacob's honest, energetic face more convincing than the united voices of the lying rogues.

"What is your name?" Dorgan inquired.

"My name is 'Jacob Fortune. I am traveling

Without expressing any opinion on the matter, he told them if they valued their skins not to attempt running away again, but to help him get his mules and wagon out of the fence.

They took hold and helped accordingly. But Jacob was the only one who rendered any very efficient service. He found the lost whippetree bolt, and assisted in tying up the broken harness with the rope-halters.

"Now get in, every one of ye!" said the old man, when he thought it safe to start.

"I've had a pretty poor ride, and I think I've done enough to pay for it," said Jacob. "I've

had no dinner, I'm tired, and I should like to continue my journey."

"Get in, I tell ye!" growled the old man.

And, seeing that remonstrance was in vain, Jacob got in with the rest.

Driving the mules with his own whip while the broken one lay coiled up by Jacob's bag at his feet, and leading the borrowed horse by the bridle made fast to the tail-end of the wagon, the old man rode back to the meeting-house in grim triumph.

The meeting was over when he got there, and his return with the captured boys awakened a good deal of interest, and occasioned also some merriment, among the spectators. He restored the horse he had taken for the pursuit, and tossed the ruined whip to the owner.

The names of the runaways were given up by those who had been taken, and the fathers and friends of three or four of the crew came out to conciliate the old man. As soon as he found anybody who promised to take the responsibility of giving one of his prisoners a "sound thrashing" at home, he delivered him into his hands. In this way he soon got rid of them all except Jacob.

"There's nobody to promise any such favor for me," said he, with a ruefully humorous smile. "I'd like to go where I can get something to eat."

"Set right where you be!" said the old man, sternly; and, driving up to the meeting-house steps, he called out: "Mother! gals! come on!"

The "mother," who turned out to be the old man's wife, and three "gals," one of whom was herself a young mother with a baby in her arms and two other young children at her side,—a coarse-featured and oddly dressed family in old-fashioned bonnets and faded gowns,—came and climbed into the wagon.

Jacob was going to get out and make room for them, but again the old man growled to him:

"I tell ye, stay right where you be!"

"You don't seem to believe my story," the boy remonstrated.

"What makes you think so?"

"If you believed me, you would trust me."

"I do trust you. I believe you are the only honest boy of the hull caboodle."

Jacob looked up at the old man in astonishment.

"Then what are you going to do with me?" he inquired.

And the old man answered, still in a sharp voice, but with a kindly twinkle in his black eye:

"I'm going to take you home with me, give you some supper, keep ye overnight, and carry ye up to Chillicothe when I go there to get my harness mended. Does that suit ye?"

"Oh!" said the hungry and weary Jacob, overcome with surprise and gratitude.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CURIOUS CHANCE OR TWO.

It was about four miles to the old man's house and the mule-team was so slow that it seemed Jacob, impatient for his supper, as if they never would get there. The old man whipped enough but he did not whip as Josh whipped. Riding with him, however, was pleasanter, on the whole; and during those last hungry and weary miles, it was vastly better than walking.

"Then they'll have to build a fire and put the potatoes and wait for them to boil, and by that time I shall be starved!" thought Jacob.

But it was not quite so bad as that. When they came in sight of a house which the old man informed him was his "roost," Jacob was pleased to observe a smoke curling up from the chimney, and to hear the comments of the young ladies on the signal of domestic cheer.

"Jim's there!" said one.

"I hope he's got the potatoes on," said another.

"Trust Jim for that!" said her sister.

Jim, as it proved, was her husband; and his confidence in his attention to the family comforts turned out to be well placed. Not only did the kitchen door, as they rode up to it, exhale the steam of boiling potatoes, but it also breathed the fragrance of roasting corn. Jacob was glad.

That exemplary husband and son-in-law had moreover, set the table for supper; and he now came out—a bushy-headed fellow in shirt and trousers—to take the children down over the wheel and kiss them, help the women, and then assist the old man in taking care of the team.

The old man had talked all the way home about the adventure of the boys with his mules and a wagon, and he now had to go over it all again for the edification of Jim. The story was vividly illustrated by the broken harness and splintered floorboard; and at about every sentence the bushy-headed son-in-law broke forth with the exclamation: "Lucky for the scoundrels I was n't there!" The he repeated some fifty or sixty times during the talk, frequently enlarging on the lively treatment the rogues might have expected if he had been the old man's place.

Supper was soon ready; and, though it was served in very homely style, it seemed to Jacob that food had never tasted so good to him.

"My corn at home would have been fine roasting by this time," he thought; and, his mind starting off on a train of rather homesick reflections, he wondered where he would be eating supper when another Sunday came.

What he next needed most was sleep, and he was glad when the early rural bed-time arrived.

"We shall want to be starting for town by up," said the old man, with his good-night.

He showed Jacob upstairs into a low-raftered bet, and left him to crawl into a bunk with the boys. Jacob slept well in spite of too short a nap; and he was up betimes the next morning, ready for the early start the old man had promised. He was now impatient to be in Chillicothe, in-coming out Mr. Radkin.

But it was not until long after sunrise that the old man sat down to breakfast. Then the old man greased his wagon to grease. Then the mules, which were in the pasture, had to be caught and harrowed. More than once, in his increasing anxiety of mind, Jacob had proposed to set off on foot. But the old man had always prevented him, saying: "Don't rush; don't be desperate; plenty of time; we shall be off now in two minutes."

After the two minutes had become about two hours, the mules were at the door at last, and Jacob and his bag were in the wagon. Even then he seemed as if the old man would never be ready. Jacob, watching him with impatience, wishing many times that he had started on foot immediately after breakfast, said to himself:

"I believe that old man never hurried but once in his life, and that was when he came after us on the back, with his arms flapping like wings!" "Could it be possible that this was that once energetic, furiously angry old man? Jacob wished he would get angry at something now.

At last they were off. The women, with red wash-tubs just from their wash-tubs, watched them from the door; while Jim called after Jacob, "If ever ye see any of them young scoundrels again, tell 'em I'm as lucky for them I did n't ketch 'em!"

The distance was five miles to town, and the mules were slower even than when the old man drove them the day before. He said it would n't do to drive them on account of a tub of eggs he had in the wagon. So Jacob, finding it useless to fret, gave up at last, and enjoyed the journey.

The old man's talk was racy and interesting; and all the while the country was growing more and more beautiful. When at length the valley of the Scioto opened before them, Jacob thought he had never seen anything so enchanting.

From the eastern hills they looked down upon it, across to the background of almost mountain-land uplands beyond, refulgent with sunshine and blue haze. Through this broad, fertile, verdant plain, checkerboarded with farms, and rising on every side in magnificent cultivated slopes, wound a many-looped river, with the accompanying hills near its western bank. Chillicothe was in

the distance, with its spires and smoke. A train of cars was flying along their iron track. Over all, superb cloud-shadows were chasing each other.

Jacob could not conceal his pleasure at the view. And even the old man, often as he had seen the same, was not insensible to its charms.

"Looks very much like a scenery," said he.

"Why, it *is* scenery," replied Jacob, not quite understanding the old man's meaning.

"I mean a painted picture," said Dorgan.

"Oh yes!" said Jacob; "only I am sure nobody ever saw a painting so beautiful!"

The old man said that he knew Phelps & Walton's place of business; and on reaching the city at last, he directed Jacob how to find it. Then he went to sell his butter and eggs, and get his harness and wagon mended.

Jacob found Phelps & Walton's easily. But the members of the firm had gone home to dinner. A boy left in charge of the counting-room could give no information regarding Mr. Radkin, except that he had seen him on Saturday. He advised Jacob to wait for Mr. Walton.

Jacob sat down and waited, and walked to the door and watched, then sat down again,—in his restlessness repeating this operation a dozen or twenty times. At last, a brisk, florid little man came bustling in; and the office-boy whispered to Jacob, "That's Mr. Walton."

Jacob stepped up to him with an anxiously beating heart.

"Mr. Walton," he said.

Mr. Walton was already opening papers at his desk, and appeared too busy to give him even a glance. Nevertheless, Jacob went on.

"I want to find Mr. Benjamin Radkin, of Jackson."

"Go to Jackson, then," said Mr. Walton, in a quick, bluff tone, and went on with his papers.

Jacob was struck dumb for a moment. Then he spoke up resolutely: "I have been to Jackson. He was not at home. I was told he was here, and that you would know about him."

Mr. Walton turned partly about, still with papers in his hands, and said: "He has been here, but he left this forenoon."

"To return to Jackson?" faltered Jacob.

"I don't know. My partner does. Here he is now. Phelps, which way did Radkin go, when he left this morning? Back to Jackson?"

"No," said Phelps, stopping to knock the ashes from a cigar. "He took the train for Cincinnati."

Jacob stood for a moment looking dazed; then, as if there were nothing more to be said, he quietly walked out of the store.

SPRAY.

(A Sketch from Real Life.)

BY J. REED SEVER.

“HERE, Spray! Come here, old fellow!” as some of the young guests had never seen the
 The words, spoken in an affectionate tone, were and Spray’s master readily consented.
 answered by a joyful bark. and a large black-and- “Here, sir!” said the gentleman, in a tone



SPRAY.

tan dog sprang into the room, and leaped up against his master, licked his hand and snapped playfully at his feet.

His entrance now, when many little folks were having an evening party, was greeted with a lively clapping of hands; for Spray was a great pet, and had been taught by the gentleman who owned him to do some wonderful tricks. Many of the company begged that he be allowed to show these tricks,

command, after Spray had been introduced around; “show me how big people waltz.”

Spray pricked up his ears intelligently, and, his master whistled some bars of a favorite rose on his hind legs, and began to dance around and around, keeping time with the tune.

While the little folks were laughing heartily this clever imitation of a popular amusement, the gentleman suddenly cried, “Cigars!”

The word was scarcely spoken, when Spray puffed on all-fours, and, raising himself on his hind-paws, walked slowly about the room in that difficult position.

"Now, sir," said his master, when he had done, "I'll do something harder. Show me how the school-master reads."

All Spray's little audience waited with delight to see how he would do this.

Raising himself on his haunches, he stretched out his paws, as if he were holding a school-book, and wagging his head around slowly, with a comical air of severity, as if trying to get the attention of ordinary scholars, he began to open and shut his jaws, so as to imitate reading the lesson.

"Big word, Spray?" said his owner, as his pet thus acted the school-master, reminding him that a long, hard word was near at hand.

Spray took the hint, and with a funny look that made all the party laugh, opened his jaws very wide indeed, to show his scholars how to pronounce the hard word properly.

When the lesson done, and school dismissed, the dog jumped to the floor at a sign, and allowed himself to be petted and praised by the company.

"Tell me," said his master, after a time, "whether you would rather be a wicked traitor or a good citizen?"

Spray, on hearing the question, ran around the room, and at last, finding a soft spot on the carpet, jumped over on his back, curled up his legs, and closed his eyes, to show the company that, if he was his choice, he would die a hero. As he lay thus, the little folks tried to make him move by coaxing and threats; but he did not stir until his master cried "Police!" And then he sprang up and ran to him, as if for protection from the pretended policeman. When told that the policeman had gone away, however, he came out from his hiding-place, and turned a somersault on the floor, as much as to say:

"I'm not a bit afraid! I'll play as much as I like, in spite of all the policemen in the world."

"Now show me how the minister prays," said his master, when the dog had turned a number of somersaults.

The pet went over to a chair in one corner of the room, and sitting on his haunches, placed his paws on the rung, bowing his head between them in a very solemn way.

Again did Spray's little friends try to coax him away, and frighten him with cries of "Police!"

Spray knew his duty, and did not pay the slightest attention to them, but kept perfectly still, until, at a signal from his master, he sprang up, and obeyed further orders.

"Go and open that door, sir!" said his master,

pointing to the parlor door, that stood slightly ajar.

Spray, hearing the command, sprang away from the girls who were petting him, and creeping through the opening into the hall, raised himself on his hind legs, and pushed the door wide open against the wall.

"Now, shut it again, sir!" said his master; and Spray obeyed, forcing his way behind the door, raising himself on his hind legs as before, and slamming it to with a loud bang.

"That's a good dog," said his master, patting him on the head. "Now go over there, and bring me your tail."

With that, Spray went into the corner and began to run around in a circle. After doing this a good many times, he dropped down on his haunches and made several laughable attempts to catch hold of his wagging tail. At last, seizing it firmly in his teeth, he stood up, and went on turning around and around, just as puss does when she chases after her tail. After turning in this way for quite a while, Spray at last reached the sofa, on which his master and several of his young companions were seated, laughing at him, and, at the former's command, let go his hold, and allowed his tail to wag as before.

Presently Spray broke away from the hugs and petting bestowed upon him by his little friends, and ran up to his master, who ordered him to show how he wrestled.

Running to the middle of the room, Spray planted his paws firmly on the carpet, and lifted one after the other several times, to show how boys change their feet about when wrestling. At length, after showing more such feints, he rolled over and over to show how boys tumble about when wrestling in a hay-loft, or on the long grass.

Again escaping from the caresses of the delighted spectators, after this amusing exhibition, he lay down at his master's feet. The gentleman then seized Spray's wagging tail, and making believe to bite it, said: "Shall I bite it? Say 'Oh, no!'"

Spray now became rather refractory, and would not at first do as he was told; but when the order was repeated in a tone of authority, he turned his eyes up to his master's face, and uttered a low whine, which sounded really very much like the words "Oh, no!"

Having thus made him plead to be let off, as well as a dog could, his master told him to jump up and make a figure eight; first, however, patting him affectionately, as a reward for his previous obedience. As his master stood up, Spray walked around, and in and out of both his feet from right to left; thus following the outline of a figure eight, as skaters do when cutting it on the ice.

This ended his tricks for the evening, and after being praised and called a "good dog" by his master, he joined in the sports of his young friends, until his owner called him to go home.

As the readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be interested in Spray, after reading of his doings, we will say that he is a New York dog, whose tricks they

may have a chance of seeing some day in public. At present, however, he is staying with his master, a down-town merchant, romping every day with his young friends, and learning new tricks for the amusement. He would no doubt be very vain if he could know that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are interested in his performances.

THE THREE FISHERS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



JOHN, Frederick, and Henry
Had once a holiday;
And they would go a-fishing,
So merry and so gay.

It was not in the ocean,
Nor from the river-shore,
But in the monstrous water-butt
Outside the kitchen-door.

And John he had a fish-hook,
And Freddy had a pin,
And Henry took his sister's net,
And thought it was no sin.

They climbed up on the ladder
Till they the top did win;
And then they perched upon the edge,
And then they did begin.

But how their fishing prospered,
Or if they did it well,
Or if they caught the salmon,
I really cannot tell.

Because I was not there, you know,
But I can only say
That I too went a-fishing
That pleasant summer day.

It was not for a salmon,
Or shark with monstrous fin,
But it was for three little boys
All dripping to the skin.

I took them, and I shook them,
And I hung them up to dry.
D'ye think they ever fished again?
You don't? No more do I!

BIRDS IN THE SPRING.

BY PROF. W. K. BROOKS.

THE nests of birds afford the naturalist a most interesting subject for study, and every one has admired the wonderful skill with which each bird



THE WOODPECKER.

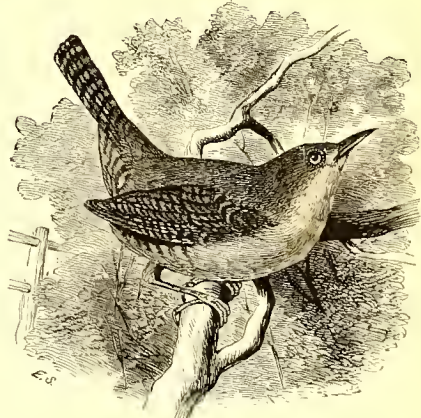
selects a proper place for its nest, gathers the necessary materials, and constructs the cradle in which its young are to find shelter and protection. But the nests of the various species of birds are almost as different from one another as the birds themselves.

WOODEN NESTS.

The red-headed woodpecker and the yellow-hammer bore holes in the decaying branches and trunks of trees, and in these they lay their eggs and bring up their young. The red-headed woodpecker is often molested by man during the spring, for the farmers understand that, although this bird destroys a great deal of fruit at certain seasons, he more than pays for this damage by the service he renders in freeing the orchard-trees from the insects and worms which otherwise would destroy them. The woodpecker knows very well that this is safe, and it is very easy to watch him at his labor. When a pair of these birds are ready to make their nest, they usually choose a large dead limb at some distance from the ground, and on the lower or sheltered side drill a round hole by means of their awl-like bills. This hole is as perfectly round and smooth as if made with an auger, and is just large enough to allow the bird to pass

through it. After the branch has been penetrated to the depth of three or four inches, the birds change the direction of the hole, and bore a tunnel down the inside of the branch for five or six inches, enlarging this portion somewhat at the bottom. Upon a soft bed of chips on the floor of this solid wooden house the eggs are laid, and here the young are raised, perfectly protected from rain and storm, and from nearly all enemies. The nest is so far from the ground that the eggs are in no danger of destruction by a prowling cat, and the entrance to the nest is so small that no hawk or owl can gain admission. Almost the only peril to which they are exposed is, that a snake may crawl into the nest, and eat up the eggs, or the young birds, if these are hatched. This done, the reptile quietly coils himself up in their place, and sleeps for several days.

A woodpecker's hole is such a very convenient place for a nest, that many other birds are glad to find one unoccupied. Sometimes a pair of wrens will watch the motions of the woodpeckers while they are at work, until an unfinished hole is left unguarded, when they will take possession of it. As soon as the lawful owners return, the thieves are driven off, but they are so persistent and



THE WREN.

troublesome that, although a woodpecker is larger and stronger than twenty wrens, the owners sometimes abandon the place, and make a new nest. Still, the wrens are not always allowed to keep the house they have stolen, for the blue-birds are

equally covetous of it, and sometimes fight fiercely with the wrens in their attempts to gain possession of it. Occasionally, both wrens and blue-birds are driven away by the martins, for these birds also prize woodpeckers' holes very highly. The fierce battles between these various birds over an abandoned hole are very amusing, and often last several days; for they all are very obstinate birds, and as each one is determined not to give up, the matter is not very easily settled.

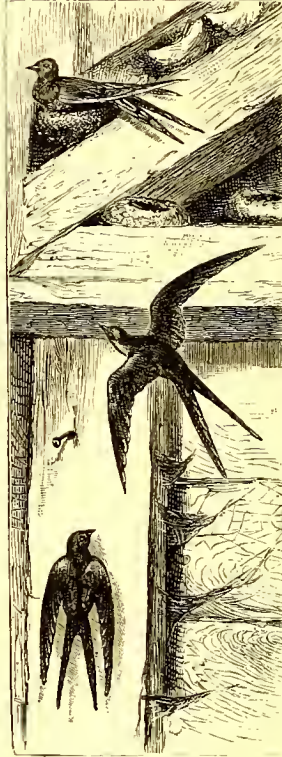
NEST BUILDING.

Another interesting nest is that of the barn-swallow; and as these birds are very abundant, and have little fear of man, there is no difficulty in watching them while at work. Every boy who has passed the summer in the country, and has played in the hay-loft of a large open barn, has seen the nests and watched the birds build them, lay their eggs, raise their young ones, and give them their first lessons in flying; so that I can tell him nothing about it which he does not already know. But some of my readers may not have seen these birds at home. If you will go into any large open barn in the country, and hunt along the rafters close to the roof, you probably will find several large bunches of dried mud, which look like anything but nests. At first sight, each looks as if some one had taken a shovelful of stiff, wet clay, and thrown it up against the rafter with so much force that it was flattened out against the timber, and thus held fast until it had grown dry and hard. If you can find one of these lumps of clay in such a position that you can reach it and examine it carefully, you will find that on the upper side of it there is a beautiful little nest of hay lined with feathers, and that this is held up in its snug place under the roof by the platform of mud upon which it rests, as though upon a scaffolding. In the early summer, you often may see the barn-swallows very busy around pumps and cisterns, and upon the banks of brooks and ponds. They are then gathering material for their new nests. Each bird collects a little ball of mud, and carries this on its bill to the place which it has selected for its nest, moistening the mud, as it flies, with a thick, glue-like fluid, which the swallow is able to form at this season. When the bird reaches the barn, it presses the lump of mud against the rafter, and the glue holds it in its place until it becomes quite hard and firm. The birds continue to fasten new lumps of mud upon the first, until they have made a structure like half of a large bowl, fastened against the rafter, so near the roof of the barn that there is barely room enough for the birds to pass in and out. As the mud dries, it grows brittle; and as the finished nest weighs more

than a pound, it would be in great danger of falling by its own weight, unless the birds had some way of strengthening the mud. You know that masons mix hair with their mortar in order to make it stronger, and you remember that when the Jews were slaves in Egypt they mixed straw with the clay from which they made bricks. The barn-swallow has learned how to give strength to its work in the same way, and mixes small pieces of hay with its mud, so that this is made sufficiently tenacious to be in no danger of falling from

its place. After the nest is finished, the birds carry pieces of hay into the bowl, and so arrange them that they form a soft warm bed, which is also well lined with feathers.

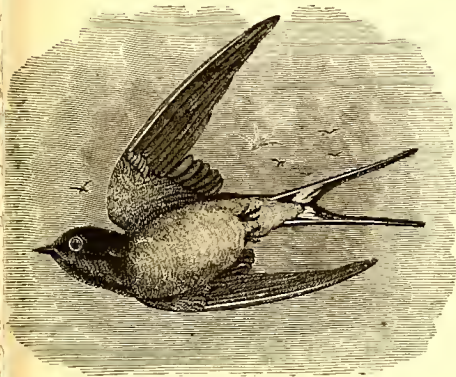
After all the work is done, and the nest is ready, the mother bird lays four or five eggs; and if you will look into some of the nests early in the summer, you may be able to find some which contain the little white eggs spotted with brown, resting upon the soft bed of feathers. The birds are so tight that looking into their nests does not trouble them much as it does many birds; but in looking into the nest, you must be very care-



BARN-SWALLOWS AND THEIR NESTS.

not to touch any part of it, or the eggs; for although the mud is strong enough to hold up the birds, it is very dry and brittle indeed, so that a very slight touch is sometimes enough to bring it down and break it. The birds then lose not only their home, but, what is a much greater misfortune to them, the eggs for which they have labored so long and so faithfully to make a soft bed, out of the reach of cats, and rats, and birds of prey. Whenever you look into the nest to see the eggs or young birds, you must be very careful, too, not to stay too long, but to be satisfied with one short peep; for the old birds will not go into the nest when you are near it, and if they are kept away from

gs too long, these will become cold, and the
ing birds inside them will die.
f you are very careful to avoid touching the
t, and to make your visits while the old birds



A BARN-SWALLOW ON THE WING.

away, and to stay near the nest only a very short
e, you will have no trouble in following the
wth of the young birds until they leave the
t, and I think that you would feel well paid for
r trouble if you should try the experiment.
er the young are hatched, the old birds are very
y for some days finding food for them, and are
ing in and out of the barn continually. As barn-
swallows are very sociable, a great many often
d their nests under the same roof,—as many as
ty or forty being sometimes found in one barn.
Course there are two old birds for each nest,
as they are constantly flying in and out, there
ears to be a much greater number. At first,
young birds are fed inside of the nest; but as
y grow older, they come to the opening and
steh out their heads to take the food which their
pents bring them, and soon they become strong
ugh to crawl to the outside of the nest.

THE FLYING-LESSON.

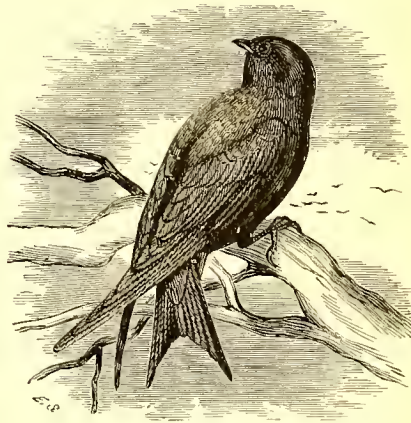
as soon as the young are large and strong
ough to fly, the old birds try to induce them to
ut their wings, but they are rather slow to learn.
is first lesson in flying is a very amusing per-
formance, and it may be seen almost every day in
summer.

he old birds fly back and forth before the little
oy in order to show it what an easy thing flying
is and keep up a constant twittering as if explain-
ing the art, and urging the beginner to make the
tempt. All the other old birds in the barn take
a great interest in the lesson, and neglect their
oy work to attend to this. They fly back and
foa with the parents, and join them in telling the
the bird what to do. To judge from the noise

which they make, one would think that all the
swallows in the country had gathered in the barn;
and as they all talk together, it must be rather
confusing to the young bird; so that it is not
strange that it appears rather puzzled and stupid.
At last, the young bird gathers sufficient courage
to slide off its perch, and to give two or three wild
flaps with its wings. In this way it manages to fly
a few feet to another beam, the whole flock flying
with it, and redoubling their twittering. When,
by several trials of this kind, the young bird has
learned how to use its wings, it flies out of the
barn with its parents, and perches upon some tree
or fence near the place where the old birds are in
the habit of pursuing their insect food.

Their work is now much lightened, for they are
not compelled to make the journey to the barn
with every fly which they capture, but feed the
young near the hunting-ground. Soon the little
swallow becomes strong enough to accompany its
parents, and although it does not yet do much
hunting for itself, by watching the old birds, it
gradually learns how to provide for its own wants.
Whenever it perceives that one of its parents has
captured an insect, it opens its mouth and flies near
the old bird, which comes to meet it; and as the
two pass each other in the air, the fly or grass-
hopper is very dexterously transferred from the
beak of the old to that of the young bird.

Occasionally, a young swallow is so timid or lazy
that it will not try to fly, but stays in its nest and
compels its parents to feed it there until it has
grown quite large and strong. At last, after the



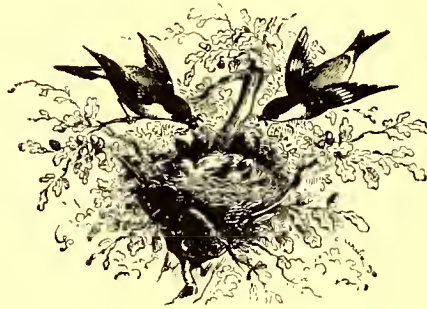
THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW.

old birds have done and said everything possible
to encourage it, without success, they push it out
of the nest, and drive it from one perch to an-
other, until it is fairly out of the barn, when it
usually finds no difficulty in flying.

The chimney-swallow is another well-known bird, which builds its nest inside unused chimneys. The nest of this bird is somewhat like that of the barn-swallow in shape, but is made of small sticks instead of mud. These sticks, like the little balls of mud, are fastened together by means of a glue-like substance which is formed in the mouth of the bird; for almost all the birds which belong to the swallow family are able to secrete this glue, and make use of it in building their nests.

The chimney-swallows are usually not abundant in the large cities, and so are met with there only now and then; but in small towns, and in the country, they are very common, and nearly every unused chimney has at least one nest. The birds feed almost entirely upon insects, and when the young brood is hatched, the parents hunt for food by night as well as during the day; therefore you often may hear, in the middle of the night, the twittering of the young

birds in the chimney when the old ones return the nest with the insects which they have captured. Like the barn-swallows, the chimney-swallows are very sociable, and so many often build in the same chimney that the nests block up the flue and entirely stop the draft. When heavy and long-continued rains occur, the glue by which the nests are stuck becomes softened, and the old birds striking against the nests while flying in and out, break them from their attachment to the bricks, so that they fall to the bottom of the flue. It is said that, in 1853, during a long season of wet, cold weather in June, four hundred and eighty of these birds, young and old, were precipitated down a single chimney in Woodbury, Connecticut. Sometimes the chimney-swallow and the barn-swallow build their nests in caves or hollow trees, but barns and chimneys are so much more safe and convenient, that they are almost always selected in preference.



ANNETTA PLUMMER'S DIARY.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

MY mother told me that it would be a good way for me to make believe that I am telling Miss Annetta Fourteen what happens every day. I asked my mother, "Will she be I? Will Miss Annetta Fourteen be the same I then that I am now when I am seven?"

She said, "She will be the same I, and she will not be the same I."

Then I asked my mother to tell me how I could be the same I, and not be the same I. She said, "You are the same you that you were when you were a baby, and you are not the same you." She

said that if I were the very same you—no, the very same I—that I was when I was a baby, I should want a rattle to shake, and to be trotted, and pat cakes!

That made me laugh out loud.

Then my mother asked me if I should not go to read a little cunning diary, where Annetta Banty White put down when she learned how to pat-a-cake, and when she jumped first time in a baby-jumper, and when she fell out of bed. And I said I should.

I shall tell something now in my diary about my little Banty White. She died this morning.

the pip. She was a little beauty. Oh, she just as white as snow all over, and every one in the family loved her very much. She would come when we called her, and she knew her name. She had four chickens once, and once she had seven. They are sold.

I cried when my Banty died. She was very cunning and very nice. My mother does not think it foolish to cry for something like that. She thinks it foolish to cry when you can't have things that you want, and when you cannot go to the places that you want to. My mother talks to me a great deal about Banty White. The Plaguer talks some. The Plaguer is my cousin Hiram. He is fifteen. He is very tall. He likes to plague us when we do not wish him to do so. He says "Boo!" in our ears when we do not know he is there.

They counted four good things about Banty. The first—that was one of the good things. My cat had three kittens, and two died. My cat had fits. They were running fits. And once she ran away. That was the last one she had, for she did not live so long, and her little kitty was left without a mother. Banty White let the kitty come under her wings, and did not push it out. She was kind to it a great many days. When she called the chickies to eat something, she wanted that the kitty to come too, and she wanted the kitty to run under her wings when the chickies came under; but when the kitty did not come quick, she kept saying "Cluck! cluck! cluck!" till somebody put her under there. Then she kept still.

She was not quarrelsome. This makes two good things. When any other Banty ran to get the same crumble that she was going after, she did not fly at that other one.

She did not pick out the best. This makes three good things. When anybody threw down corn, or beans, or bugs,—my father picked off squashes to give to the hens,—she did not try to pick out the biggest one, and she did not either try to go to the best place for herself. The best hen-place was close to the back door. Banty White was tied to make there, but she was willing the other ones could have that good place, too.

She was not proud. Four good things. The Plaguer was proud of this one. He said some hens are so proud when they lay eggs that they go around cackling very loud, just as much as to say, "See

what I've done! I've done!" He said Banty White never made a very loud cackling. My mother said that she heard the boys "cackle," one day, when they had brought in some large sticks of wood. That made us laugh. Then she said she heard a little girl "cackle," one day, when she had picked some huckleberries than the others did. I know what little girl she meant. Me.

One day, my father and my mother and myself went to see my aunt, and we stayed there all night, and Hiram put my Banty under a barrel to make her not want to sit, and he forgot she was under there, and she starved almost to death, because she had no food to eat.

One day, when our great Shanghai hen wanted to sit, the Jimmyjohns went 'way into a corner of the hen-house and tried to get hold of her legs to pull her off, and she pecked them. Most everybody knows about the Jimmies now, I think, for they are only our two little twin boys who look just alike. One of the Jimmies held out a stick for her to bite, and so she did a little while; but she stopped biting that stick when he began to put out his other hand to take hold of her legs with, and pecked that hand. Then he threw sand in her face, so she could not see his hand; but she could. Then he threw some pine-needles that were on the ground in the hen-house; but they did not stop her from pecking that hand he was taking hold of her legs with. Then he put his straw hat on her head, so that she had to knock her head on the inside of it, and then they both took hold of her legs and pulled her off. This is a very funny story. They could not get out. They let her go back again. The button on the door of the hen-house turns itself around, and they had to stay shut up in there almost two hours. They hollered just as loud as they could, and then they cried, and then they pounded, and then they kicked the door, and then they did all these same things over again. When Hiram put the cow in the barn, he heard them pounding, and heard Snip barking. Snip was lying down outside, and sometimes he got up and barked. One day, the Jimmyjohns went off in a boat, and it was bad weather, and they almost got drowned. This almost makes me cry—for then we could never, never see our little Jimmies any more! Oh! what should we do without our dear little Jimmies?

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE EGYPTIAN.

BY JOEL STACY.



"EVER ON HIS BRONZÈD FACE HE WORE A LOOK OF GLEE."

LONG, long ago, in Egypt land,
 Where the lazy lotus grew,
 And the pyramids, though vast and grand,
 Were rather fresh and new,
 There dwelt an honored family,
 Called Scarabéus Phlat,
 Whose duty 't was all faithfully
 To tend The Sacred Cat.

They brought the water of the Nile
 To bathe its precious feet;
 They gave it oil and camomile
 Whene'er it deigned to eat.

With gold and precious emeralds
 Its temple sparkled o'er,
 And golden mats lay thick upon
 The consecrated floor.

And Scarabéus Phlat himself—
 A man of cheerful mood—
 Held not his trust from love of pelf,
 For he was very good.
 He thought The Cat a catamount
 In strength and majesty;
 And ever on his bronzed face
 He wore a look of glee.

And Mrs. Scarabéus Phlat
 Was smiling, bright, and good;
 For she, too, loved The Sacred Cat,
 As it was meet she should.
 Never a grumpy syllable
 Came from this joyous pair;
 And all the neighbors envied them
 Their very jolly air.

When Scarabéus went to find
 The Sacred Cat its store,
 The pretty wife he left behind
 Stood smiling at the door.
 He knew that sweetly, smilingly
 She'd welcome his return,
 And brightly on the altar stone
 The tended flame would burn.

The Sacred Cat was different quite;
 No jollity he knew;
 But, spoiled and petted day and night,
 Only the crosser grew.
 Yet still they served him faithfully,
 And thought his snarling sweet;
 And still they fed him lusciously,
 And bathed his sacred feet.

So far, so good. But hear the rest:
 This couple had a child,
 A little boy, not of the best,—
 Ramesis, he was styled.
 His little boy was beautiful,
 But soon he grew to be
 So like The Cat in manners,—oh!
 'T was wonderful to see!

He might have copied Papa Phlat,
 Or Mamma Phlat, as well;
 And why he did n't this or that
 No mortal soul could tell.
 He was n't want of discipline,
 Nor lack of good advice,
 But just because he did n't care
 To be the least bit nice.

Besides, he noticed day by day
 How ill The Cat behaved,

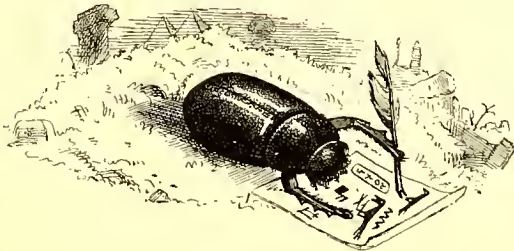
And how (whatever they might say)
 His parents were enslaved;
 And how they worshiped silently
 The naughty Sacred Cat.
 Said he, "They'll do the same by me,
 If I but act like that."

At first the parents said: "How blest
 Are we, to find The Cat
 Glow, humanized, within the breast
 Of a Scarabéus Phlat!"
 But soon the neighbors, pitying,
 Whispered: "'T is very sad!
 There's no mistake,—that little one
 Of Phlat's is very bad!"

He snarled, he squalled from night till morn,
 And scratched his mother's eyes.
 The Sacred Cat, himself, looked on
 In undisguised surprise.
 And here the record suddenly
 Breaks off. No more we know,
 Excepting this: That happy pair
 Soon wore a look of woe.

Yes, then, and ever afterward,
 A look of pain they wore.
 No more the wife stood smilingly
 A-waiting at the door.
 No more did Searabéus Phlat
 Display a jolly face;
 But on his brow such sadness sat
 It gloomied all the place.

So, children, take the lesson in,
 And due attention give:
 No matter when, or where, or how,
 Mothers and fathers live;
 No matter be they Brown or Jones,
 Or Scarabéus Phlat,
 It grieves their hearts to see their child
 Act like a naughty cat.
 And Sacred Cats are well enough
 To those who hold them so;
 But—oh, take warning of the boy
 In Egypt long ago!



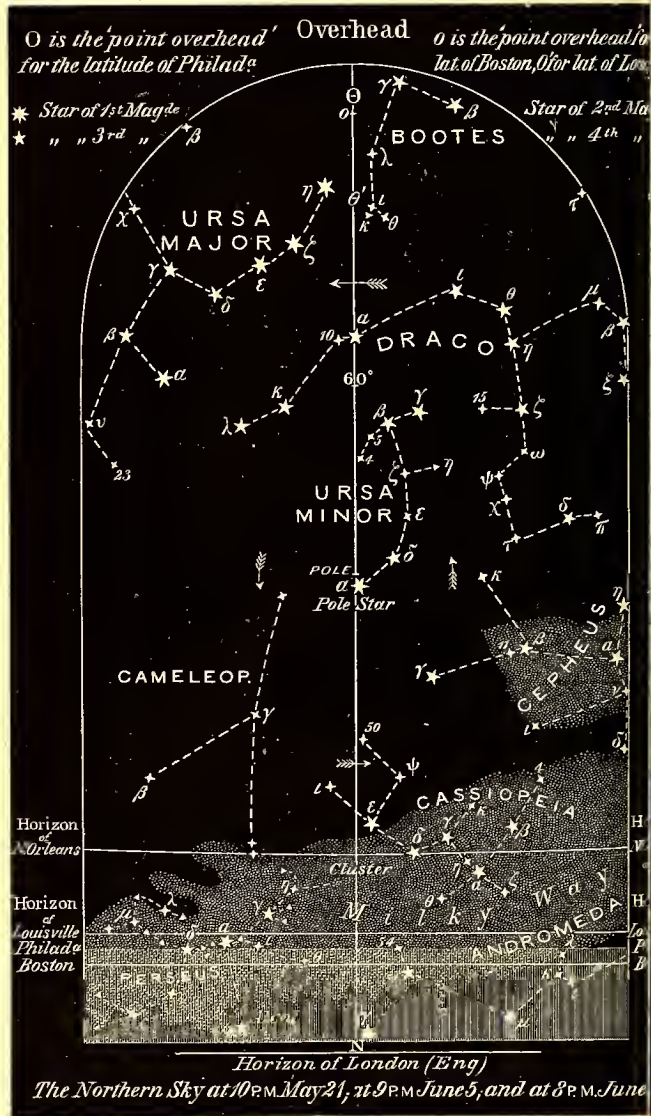
THE STARS IN JUNE.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THIS month, two pairs of maps are given,—two northern and two southern,—partly because we wish to complete the set of twelve maps—one for each month—in the present volume ; but chiefly because the evenings are now getting long, and the stars must be looked for later. Thus, the first northern or southern map shows the stars as they are seen on June 21st at eight ; but at that hour it is not dark enough then to see the stars. Now, the second northern or southern map shows the stars as they are seen on June 21st at ten o'clock. In July and August, also, it will be well to have maps of the stars at later hours than eight or nine. In the first part of June, as you will see, the first pair of maps are still to be used ; from June 5, at nine in the evening, the stars can be well seen.

The constellation Perseus is one of the oldest. It belongs, with Cepheus, Cassiopeia, Andromeda

Taking the first northern map, we find the Guardians nearly above the pole. The Dipper has passed to the left, or west, of due north. The last star of the Great Bear's tail is nearly overhead. Cassiopeia has passed below the pole toward the east, and the five bright stars of the constellation now make a straggling W close to the horizon, and very nearly upright. The festoon of stars belonging to the constellation Perseus is just visible above the latitude of Philadelphia, but better seen above the latitude of Boston. As far south as Louisville, the festoon at the hours named under the map is broken by the horizon ; but half an hour earlier, can be well seen. In London, as you see by the map, we can at these hours see nearly the whole of Perseus ; and also a large part of Andromeda,—a constellation which cannot be well seen within the range of our northern maps from any part of the United States.



and Cetus (the Sea Monster), to a set which been called the Cassiopeian group,—illustrating the story of the pride of Cassiopeia. I have alluded to the story itself, as not belonging to the subject here. But how the story found its way

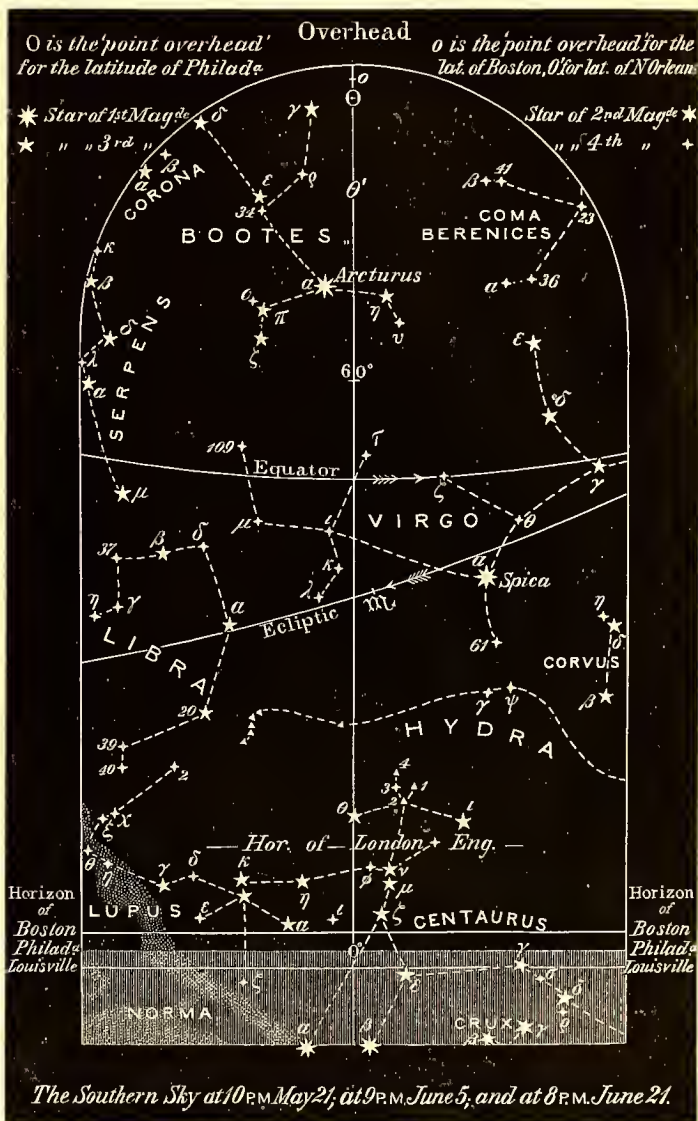
heavens is one of the most mysterious questions in the history of astronomy; and if the answer should be found, we should have made an important step toward determining what nation first studied the stars. A curious story is told by Wilford, in his Asiatic researches, about these constellations. Citing an Indian astronomer, he says, "to show the constellations in the heavens of the constellation Antarmada," he immediately pointed to Andromeda, though I had not given him any information about it beforehand. Afterward brought me a very interesting and curious work in Sanskrit, which contained a chapter devoted to "Upanachattras," or constellations not in the zodiac, with drawings of Capuja (Cassiopeus) and of Casyapi (Cassiopeia) seated and holding a lotus-flower in her hand, of Antarmada charmed with the constellation beside her, and last, of Casyasia (Perseus), who, according to the explanation of the text, held the head of a monster which he had slain in combat; blood was dropping from his hand and for hair it had snakes." Whether the Indians borrowed from the Greeks, or the Greeks from the Indians, or from some other source, I do not know.

Perseus is represented as in the illustration on page 566. Why, instead of a sword, the Rescuer should carry a weapon which is like a reaping-hook, I do not sayeth not,—not known. Admiral Smyth remarks, in an ancient MS. of the astronomical poet Aratus in the British Museum, with drawings of the constellation, it is supposed, in the reign of Constantine, Perseus is represented with no other ornament but a light scarf, holding the head of Medusa in his left hand and a singular hooked pointed weapon in the right.

In the middle ages, an earnest effort was made to dismiss Perseus and Medusa's head in favor of David with the head of Goliath, but the attempt failed. The Cluster on the sword hand of Perseus (see the northern map, also) can be seen easily with the

naked eye. This cluster should be examined with a small telescope, by all who possess, or can beg or borrow one. Nothing more wonderful exists in the heavens than this splendid cluster. In the middle there is a beautiful coronet of small stars.

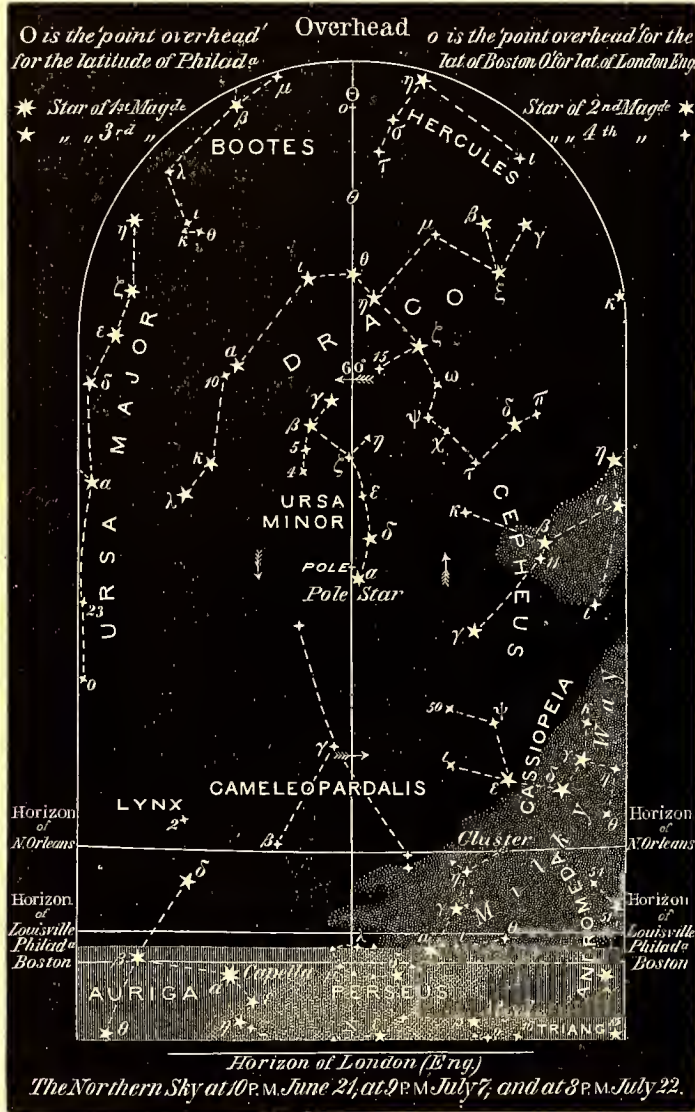
Although Algol, in the head of Medusa, cannot be seen in America, where shown, the horizon of



Boston passing high above it, yet as its place will soon be learned when once the festoon of stars in Perseus (μ , δ , α , γ , and η) is known, we may take this opportunity of describing this remarkable star. It shines most of the time as a star of the third

magnitude. During two days, fourteen hours, it retains this brightness, then, in the course of three hours and a quarter, it is reduced to the fourth magnitude. It remains thus faint for about a quarter of an hour, and then in the course of three hours and a quarter it gradually recovers its usual

The star loses half its brightness for about a quarter of an hour out of nearly sixty-nine hours, and remains in all only six hours and three-quarters below its full brightness. Now, if one side or part of a sun were less bright than the rest, to such a degree that, when that side was looked at, the sun

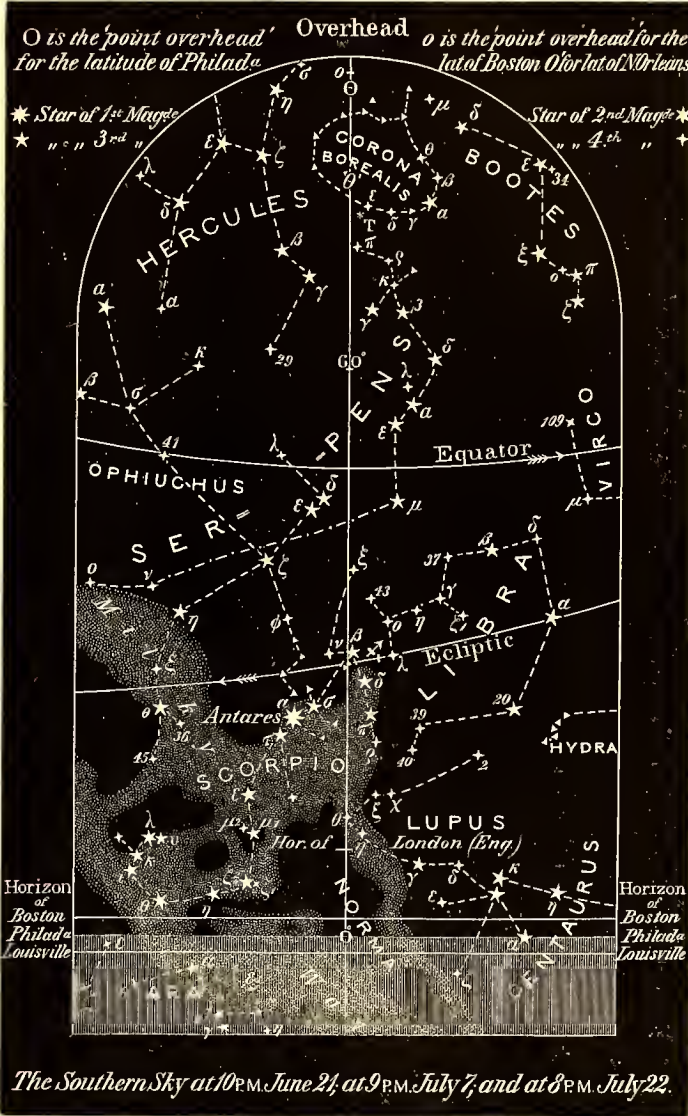


luster. This regular change is accounted for by some astronomers "by supposing the body of the star to rotate on an axis, having parts of its surface not luminous." It is singular that Sir W. Herschel and others who have given this explanation should not have noticed how it fails when put to the test.

shone with only half the luster of its other side then the sun would be certainly quite half the time below its full brightness, and probably longer. The experiment with an orange. Peel off so much of one side that when you look at that side about half is peeled and the other half unpeeled, and

pose the unpeeled part of the orange made intensely bright and the peeled part dark. Now, the orange spin steadily on an axis, either resting a stick through it, or hanging it by a thread. You will find the peeled part remains wholly in view for (roughly) about a third part of

tenth part. This could never happen. The only possible explanation seems to be this,—that there is a great dark orb, like our earth, only very much larger, traveling around that distant sun, once in about sixty-nine hours, and coming between that sun and us once in each circuit. It must be large



entire turning, and partly in view nearly twice long. This is very unlike what is observed in the case of Algol, whose dark part, on the theory we are considering, would remain wholly in view about a three-hundredth part of an entire turning, and more or less in view only about a

enough to cut off about half that sun's light, and must travel at such a rate that the partial eclipses which it causes last nearly seven hours at a time from beginning to end. The discovery that Algol changes in brightness in this strange way is commonly supposed to be-

long to late times; but I think the name of the star shows that the astronomers of old knew all about this star's changes of luster. You see from Fig. 1 how the star adorns the head of the Gorgon



FIG. 1.

Medusa, borne by Perseus, which was supposed to possess the power of turning to stone every living creature that looked upon it. The Arabian name Algor is the same as *Al-ghûl*, the monster or demon. And to this star most evil influences were attributed by astrologers. All this seems to show that the old astronomers had found out how ominously the star looks upon our system, slowly winking upon us from out the depths of space.

Turning to the southern skies, we find Virgo (the Virgin) now the ruling zodiacal constellation. Last month, she shared the honor with Leo (the Lion). Both these constellations are larger than others of the twelve which form the zodiac,—the two together, instead of covering about sixty degrees of the sun's path (one-sixth of his circuit), covering fully eighty degrees, or between a fourth part and a fifth part. The next two—the Scales and the Scorpion—together, scarcely cover forty degrees, instead of covering about thirty degrees, or a twelfth part of the zodiac, apiece. Nothing need be added to what I said last month about Virgo, and her bright star Spica. Libra (the Scales) I shall speak about presently.

The fine constellation Boötes (the Herdsman) is seen above Virgo. He is too high, however, for you readily to recognize his figure. At New Orleans, indeed, and other places far south, about as much of his frame is on the northern as on the southern side of the point overhead. The bright star Arcturus is a very noted one. According to the measurement of its light by Sir J. Herschel, it is the brightest star north of the celestial equator, though to the unaided eye, Vega, in the Lyre, and Capella, in the Charioteer, seem equally conspicuous. The heat which reaches us from this star

has been measured, and is found to be equal to about as much heat as would be received from three-inch cube, full of boiling water, at a distance of 383 yards!

Low down toward the south you see the stars of the Centaur and Lupus (the Wolf). But it is only from the latitude of New Orleans that the bright stars marking the fore-feet of this constellation can be seen. The stars of the Cross marked in former times the hind-feet. You can easily see how the figure was imagined,—the stars θ and ι marking the shoulders, and 1, 2, 3 and 4 the head, of the human part of the Centaur; while the back of the horse extended from ζ to γ , σ , and δ . He was represented as bearing the body of the wolf upon a spear, apparently by way of offering it as a suitable sacrifice upon the altar, Ara,—a constellation which a little later comes into view in the southern places as far south as New Orleans.

But now let us take the second northern and southern maps for this month,—that is, let two hours be supposed to have passed, the summer sky darkening, and the stars in these later maps coming into view in the places shown.

In the northern map, you see that the Guardian has passed over to the left, or west, of due north. The Dipper now has its top—from δ to α —nearly perpendicular to the horizon. The Cameleopard is below the pole. The solitary star marked near the fore-foot of the Giraffe, belongs to the Lynx, a constellation of small stars, set by Hevelius in this barren region of the heavens. The constellation Perseus has nearly passed from below the pole close by the horizon, and a part of Auriga is taking its place. But the bright star, Capella, which is the glory of this constellation, is beneath the horizon at the hours named below the second northern map, for all places south of the horizon of Boston, and even for two degrees or so north of that horizon.

It is toward the south that at present the heavens present the most glorious display. The contrast, in fact, between the northern and southern skies is very strange. Toward the north, the region below the pole shows (in America) not a single star above the fourth magnitude. Toward the south, the corresponding region (that is, the region extending some 40 degrees from the horizon) is singularly rich in large stars, chief among them being Antares (the Heart of the Scorpion), and perhaps the most beautiful of all the red stars. The word Antares means, in fact, "the rival of Mars." You will have an opportunity this year, in August and September, of observing whether Antares can really be said to rival in ruddiness or in splendor the planet of war when at his brightest.

Libra, which by rights should hold sway as to

thern zodiacal constellation one month out of twelve, has passed the south at the time shown in the southern map. The *sign* Libra has thirty stars, like the rest, and probably the original constellation had its due extension. A foolish story told by Servius to the effect that the original Median zodiac had only eleven signs, and that it was made out of the claws of Scorpio. But there is ample evidence to show that both the sign and constellation Libra belonged to the earliest Median and Egyptian zodiacs.

The figures of the Scorpion, Ophiuchus (the Serpent-Bearer), with his serpent, besides parts of

represent Æsculapius, and by others to be another celestial Hercules. Novidius insists that it prefigured the miracle of St. Paul and the viper, in which case the Maltese viper was considerably magnified in anticipation. The figure is a very absurd one, the legs being singularly feeble. But it must be admitted he is awkwardly placed. The serpent is quite enough to occupy his attention, yet a scorpion is ready to sting one leg and to pinch the other. The club of Hercules may be meant for the serpent, and the arrow of the Archer for the scorpion, but they seem to threaten the Serpent-Bearer at least as much.

In the constellation Corona Borealis, a star marked T will be noticed. Here no star can now be seen; but in May, 1866, one blazed out here very brightly, and, though it soon faded in luster, it is still visible with a telescope. Like the star which blazed out lately in the constellation Cygnus, this one was found to be shining with the light of glowing hydrogen gas. At its brightest it appeared as a star of the second magnitude. Its present luster is but about one-eight-hundredth part of that.

You will notice toward the left, or east, of due south, just outside the limits of the second southern map for this month, a star much brighter than any—even Antares or Arcturus—which has yet been shown in these maps. It is not, however, a fixed star, but a planet,—the prince of all the planets.—Jupiter. It will be an interesting exercise for the young observer to track this wandering star among the fixed stars until next month, when I hope, with the editor's permission, to make a few remarks about the planet.

The ecliptic (the sun's path among the stars) still tends downward in both the southern maps. The place marked ♎ in the first southern map is that reached by the sun moving in the direction shown by the arrow on or about October 10, when, passing from the sign Libra, he enters the sign Scorpio, of which ♏ is the symbol. The place marked ♐ in the second southern map is that reached by the sun on or about November 22d, when he enters the sign Sagittarius, of which ♐ is the symbol.

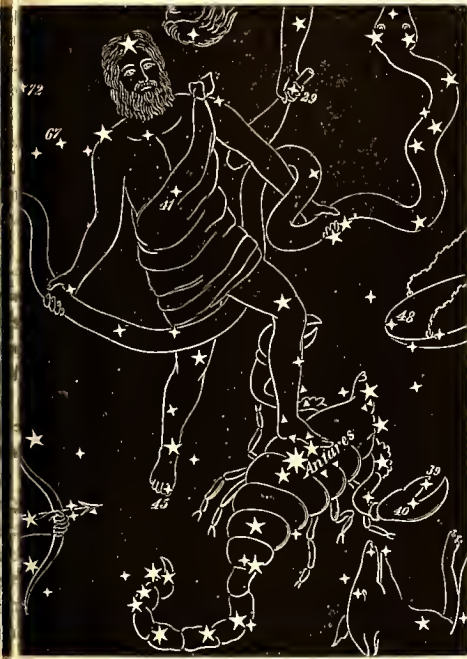


FIG. 2.

cles (head, arm and club), Libra (the Scales), Sagittarius (the Archer), and Lupus (the Wolf), are shown in Fig. 2.

The large constellation Ophiuchus is not specially interesting. It has been supposed by some to

TONY'S LETTER.

PETER was a funny little boy, who had a dog named Tony. This dog was all covered with long shaggy hair, which hung down over his eyes and his mouth, and made him look very wise. But Tony was not as wise as he looked, and he did not know as much as little Peter thought he knew.

Peter was only three years old. He did not know all the alphabet, but he knew what letters spelled his own name.

Peter was very fond of what he called "writing letters." He would scribble all over a piece of paper, and then fold it up and get his sister Emily to write on it the name of one of the family, or else of one of the neighbors. Then Peter would carry it to that person; and he very often got a written answer, which Emily would read to him. Sometimes these answers had candy in them, which pleased Peter very much.

One day, Peter wrote a long letter to his dog Tony. When he gave it to him, Tony took it in his mouth and carried it to the rug in front of the fire in the sitting-room. There he laid it down, and put his nose to it. Then he laid himself down, with his head on the letter, and shut his eyes. He was sleepy, and he found that the letter was not good to eat.

Peter was very glad to see Tony do this, for he thought he had read the letter and was thinking what he should say when he answered it.

So little Peter said, "Tony shall write me an answer to my letter," and he ran into his grandma's room, to ask for a pencil. She was not there, but on the table there was some paper, and an inkstand with a quill pen in it. His grandma always used a quill pen.

So Peter took a big sheet of paper and the inkstand with the pen in it. Then he saw his grandma's spectacles on the table, and he thought he would take these too, as Tony might write better if he had spectacles on.

Peter waked Tony, who was fast asleep by this time, and made him hold his head up. Peter put the spectacles on Tony, and laid the paper before him. Then he set the inkstand down, close to his right paw.

"Now, Tony," said Peter, "you must write me a letter."

Tony looked at the little boy, but he did not take the pen.

"There, Tony!" said Peter. "There's the ink and the pen. Do you see them?" And he pushed the inkstand against Tony's paw.

The dog gave the inkstand a tap with his paw, and over it went!

"Oh!" cried Peter. "You naughty dog! Upsetting grandma's inkstand!" And he picked up the inkstand as quickly as he could. Some of the ink had run out on the paper, but none of it had gone on the carpet.

Peter took off Tony's spectacles, and drove him away; and then, w

at he called the "tail" of the quill pen (by which he meant the feather end), he spread the ink about on the paper.

Then he took the paper up by a corner, and carried it to his mother.



TONY.

"Mamma!" said he, "See the letter Tony wrote to me. He upset the inkstand, but none of the letter runned off on the carpet!"

Tony never wrote another letter, and that was the last time that little Peter meddled with his grandma's pen and ink.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WHAT is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days. I believe some great poet has said the same thing. But, bless you! the birds have sung it every summer since the world began; so it is doubly true and doubly new—for the very truest and newest thing in the universe is the glad note of a bird when summer comes.

There is something that your Jack loves nearly as well, though, and that is the laugh of a happy young heart.

So laugh out, my children—laugh and be happy, in these sweet, warm days; and when the flowers nod brightly to you, as they will, and the grass whispers softly, and the whole earth seems to smile and sing, remember Jack's words: Be glad, glad, glad—and keep your hearts in tune!

THE DEACON'S CONUNDRUM.

"BOYS!" said Deacon Green to a group of red-checked fellows the other day, "I never see a healthy, go-ahead crowd of young folks like you, that I don't say to myself, 'here's a chance for practical religion.' Do you know the reason?"

"Is it a conundrum?" asked three of the boys in a breath.

"Yes," said the Deacon, with the air of a man who had intended to make a speech, but had suddenly decided to keep it to himself. "It *is* a conundrum."

Then the Deacon gave a pleasant nod, and walked off.

"Now, what *did* he mean by that?" said one of the fellows.

"I know," cried Bob King. "He meant that some folks think religion is intended only for Sundays and for sick people, and the Deacon

would like to see more well people trying it on week-days—that's all."

"Humph!" said John Salters. "You know a heap—you do!"

"The Deacon does, anyhow," answered Bob meekly. "You can't get around that."

ASTRAGALOI.

Montreal, April 3d, 1877.

DEAR JACK: In the April number of ST. NICHOLAS there was a paragraph about children in Pompeii playing with Jack-stones, and calling them "Astragaloi." It also mentioned their being made of the small joint bones of sheep. So I thought that *Astragalus*, which means an ankle-bone, might have some connection with Astragaloi. Would Jack kindly tell me?—Your constant reader, NELLIE F.

Certainly. Exactly so. Jack has n't the least doubt of it, Nellie. In fact, I am sure the dear Little Schoolma'am would say that the sheep bone used by the little ancients in the game undoubtedly were those which correspond with the ankle-bone of man. But to find these sheep ankle-bone you'll have to be sharp, or you'll look in the wrong place, may be. There's a study known as "Comparative Anatomy" which will throw light on this matter, if you wish to pursue it further.

BAD NEWS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Peekskill, N. Y.

DEAR JACK: I heard two men talking the other evening in a drug store, while I was waiting for some medicine to be done up. And heard one of them say that in Randolph County, Illinois, they were raising castor-oil beans at the rate of twelve bushels to the acre. It made me shudder. Don't you think it is dreadful?

Yours truly,

ROBBIE N.

A STOCKING REVIVAL.

ALL through the last winter and spring there seems to have been a great stir among the stockings. They have come out in all sorts of colors and almost all sorts of patterns. Here, many a time this past spring, the dead meadows have looked as if they were full of flowers by reason of the children skipping around with their red and blue striped legs. Even the little boys made me think of scarlet-runners, and the Johnny-jump-up were out in great variety.

Whether it was on this account or not, I do not know, but the other day the Little Schoolma'am began to talk to the children about stockings, telling them that in the old, old time the people wore them made of cloth. Up to the days of Henry VIII she said, they were made out of ordinary cloth. The king's own were formed of yard-wide taffeta, and it was only by chance that he might obtain a pair of silk hose from Spain. Then she read something from an old book, which, perhaps, you may like to hear. In fact, the children were so delighted with it that they begged the dear Little Schoolma'am to send it to ST. NICHOLAS; and, if she has done so, I will thank the editors to put it in right here.

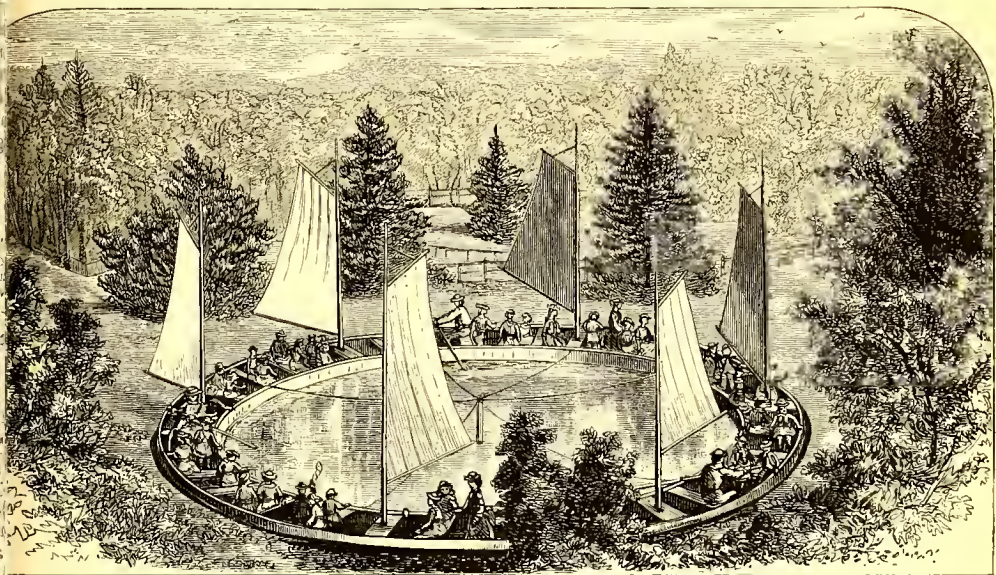
"* * * Henry VIII's son, Edward VI received as a great present from Sir Thomas Gresham 'a pair of long Spanish silk stockings. For some years longer, silk stockings continued to be a great rarity. 'In the second year of Queen

SCHOOL LUNCHEONS.

(A Letter from the Little Schoolma'am.)

DEAR JACK: You were so good in March as to let me "have a say" on the subject of school-luncheons. Now I want to have another,—a short one. May I? (Of course she may. Bless her!) Dozens and dozens of answers have come to my letter, girls and boys, and it was like a geography lesson just to read them; for they were sent from all parts of the country,—California, and Maine, and Oregon,—New York, Illinois, Minnesota, Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, Kansas, Ohio,—and a good many other places which I have n't breath to mention. I don't think I ever realized before how far our dear ST. NICHOLAS travels, or what numbers of small friends he has in far-away places across the prairies and among the hill-tops, as well as nearer home. Well, dear boys and girls, thank you all. Your letters were very interesting, and just what I wanted. One of these days I shall write you a long answer, and say what I think about your luncheons and luncheons in general, and how they may be improved, and made more attractive and nourishing without too much trouble to the kind mammas who put them up. But I won't do this now, because vacation-time is near, and the lunch-baskets are about to be stored away for the summer, and your heads

beth,' says Stow in his Chronicle, 'her silkan, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty a pair of black knit-silk stockings for a New-'s gift; the which, after a few days' wearing, sed her highness so well that she sent for ress Montague and asked her where she had y, and if she could help her to any more, who ered, saying: "I made them very carefully rpose only for your majesty, and seeing these e you so well, I will presently set more in l." "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed e silk stockings so well, because they are pleas- ore and delicate, that henceforth I will wear ore cloth stockings." And from that time to her death the queen no more cloth hose, but only silk stockings."



A GRAND SAIL IN A CIRCULAR BOAT.

A CIRCULAR BOAT.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you of something that in San Francisco, which ought to be introduced in other cities there are boys and girls,—I suppose most cities have boys rls,—and that is the "circular boat." It can be introduced in ounds where a circular lake can be made, and supplied with eather naturally or artificially. boat of which I send you a picture is in Woodward's Garden, rancisco, and you can't imagine what fun it is to sail in it. icture explains it better than I can. I need only say, that the rim of the boat looks over the water, and the outside rim looks e land; there being only just enough space, between the outn of the boat and the land, to enable the boat to move easily. It ided with sails to catch all the wind there may be to send it ; and, besides this, every fellow may take an oar if he chooses. mes hired men row. y might put fish in this lake, and let the boys try their luck at ng them, but it would n't be quite fair to the fish, I suppose. I sure that if such things as this were to be introduced in other e they would be very popular,—among us boys, at least,—and is would like them, because there is no danger of shipwreck. ust tell you that, as nearly as I can remember, it is a flat-ed boat about three feet and a half wide, and that the diameter entire lake is about forty feet. Sometimes the boat goes very metimes very slowly, but that only adds to the variety. ing that you will copy my picture and print this note, I am ruly,

EDWARD C. D.

are full of other things,—as they ought to be,—with a pleasant summer before you; and if we had our talk now, it would just go into one of your ears and out at the other. So I will wait till a little before school begins again.

Meantime, let me specially thank all of you whose initials are given below, for your frank and straightforward letters,—though every word, from every one of the dear ST. NICHOLAS crowd, is heartily welcomed by your affectionate

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

- K. U., M. B., J. B., M. U., M. C. H., A. M. K., A. M. K., M. K., A. H. W., F. W., G. H., M. E., G. B., A. S., A. E. S., K. M. F., H. D. F., E. K. B., M. M. C., R. C. W., "Mattie," L. A. J., H. B. S., C. W. R., J. B. H., H. K. C., O. G., J. G. W., Daisy and Aphra M.—, L. L. P., S. F. P., H. M. H., M. C. C., E. T., J. B. F., G. H. C., A. E. P., R. D. H., M. C., A. McC., M. G. McC., S. D. M., S. G., S. C., M. R., G. W. S., W. W. B., A. M., C. M. S., C. M. A., M. E., L. F. G., J. B. H., "Bob White," F. M., L. P. R., T. M. S., J. B., F. G. E., H. M. A., G. M. M., M. C. L., S. W. B., L. L., C. R., C. W., E. Y. M., M. S. C., M. C., L. P., N. C. W., A. C. T., L. B., L. G. C., G. J., E. B. P., A. H. B., S. S. R., F. F., E. H. H., A. F. H., M. H. B., J. L. S., T. G., N. G. W., S. W., B. F., "B. B.," "G. L. H.," A. H. A., G. H. D., F. G. M., P. M. (no address), "Gulick," "Perry," L. F. G., B. L. W., N. W., M. W., L. F., E. S., H. C., B. L. G., S. B. F., A. H. F., M. F. B., K. W., Lulu G., L. O' C., T. O' C., N. E. S., H. G. N., A. T. P., K. McG., L. F., H. C., M. J. A., A. F. A., G. T. W., Katie and Annie M., Rudolph A., W. T. S., R. M. L., Fredericka W., P. T. S., N. T. U., H. J. B., W. J. G.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

A SONNET.

THERE by the roadside stands the queer old house.
 Deserted it has been for many years;
 And when one enters first one has strange fears
 Of what may be inside. But not a mouse
 Raises its tiny head, or hides, afraid;
 And the sole sound through the deep stillness heard,
 Is the shrill chirping of a mother-bird,
 Who right above the door her nest has made.
 While through bare, lonely rooms my way I wend,
 I feel a kind of pity for the thing,
 Left thus alone, like to some fallen king,
 Deserted both by enemy and friend.
 But life is short; so gently close the gate,
 And leave the house to mercy and to fate

W. H. (aged 13).

A FAIRY STORY.

THERE was once a little girl, named Charlotte, who was very disorderly, never putting anything in its right place. One day a fairy came into her room and asked her why she kept her room in such disorder.

Lottie answered: "Paul says, that it makes no difference where you put things so long as you know where to find them."

"Ah, well," said the fairy, "you believe what Paul says, do you? We will soon find if he is right."

Then the fairy waved her wand over Charlotte's head, touched her eyes and ears, hands and feet, making them all change places, and left poor Charlotte alone.

Charlotte was very much surprised to find she could not see front of her, but could see very distinctly on both sides of the room she then began crying; and trying to put her hand up she was much more surprised to find it was her foot; she then discovered that her eyes and ears, hands and feet had changed places.

She found it was very inconvenient for her foot to be there instead of her hand; but she managed to get hold of her handkerchief with her toes, and on putting it up to her head, wiped her eyes where her ears ought to be.

She attempted to walk, but could not stand, for her hands were on the floor instead of her feet.

She then cried very hard, and said, "What shall I do? I cannot walk, I cannot even crawl straight ahead, for I cannot see straight before me; I cannot eat, for how can I hold my knife and fork. No, I see the use of having things in their right places."

Just then Paul came in, asking for the garden seeds she helped him gather yesterday, but he was perfectly bewildered when he saw her in this condition. "He asked her who did all this? Then Lottie still crying, told him that it was the fairy.

Said Lottie: "I know where my eyes and ears, hands and feet are, but as they are now they are of no use to me. If they were only in their right places how glad I would be!

"If I only had my hands where they ought to be I would always put things in their right places."

Then the fairy, who had been invisible all this time, suddenly appeared, and waved her wand over poor Charlotte's head, touched her eyes, ears, hands and feet, and they all went instantly to their right places.

After that, Charlotte always remembered to have a place for everything and everything in its right place.

Paul also improved his ways, and always put hoe, rake and scythe where they ought to be, for he was afraid if he did not the fairy might make him a visit.

ALICE R. (aged 17).



THE PETERKINS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor, to illustrate the story in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1877.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

ALICE BROOME sends us a translation of the French story "Cécile et Lulu," that was printed in the April number, and adds: "I think that in the article on 'Curious Customs of Easter' the writer should have mentioned the custom of rolling eggs down the terrace of the Capitol at Washington on Easter Monday."

Our correspondent will find a full account of this interesting custom in ST. NICHOLAS for April 1875, under the title "Fred's Easter Mon-

day." From it she will learn how Fred, enticed by the beautiful spring weather and by George Washington Dayspring, a "darki boy, went to the Capitol, gazed at the building, its pictures and statues, helped, with hundreds and hundreds of other children, roll the pretty, colored, boiled eggs down the terraces and eat them when broken, and then roll themselves down hill and have all manner of splendid fun, in which even some of the grown-ups joined.

TRANSLATIONS of the French story of "Cécile et Lulu" were read, previous to April 18th, from Lulu A. Wilkinson, Alice Robb, J. C. Habersham, Julia Lathers, Jessie Pringle, Benj. Merrill, George P. Colton, Hattie Jessie Peabody, Hattie K. Chase, Amy Childs, Lottie Upham, Lily Groome, Eveline Browne, M. L. Cox, T. Granger, Alice Bates, Lizzie K. Tapley, Alice Broome, F. Hussey Lamberton, Martha B. Beck, Jessie O. Lorsch, Edith Strong Perry, F. J. Parsons, Wilson Rockhill, Rose Mabel Cutler, John B. Sedgwick, Louisa Anderson, Maggie Childs, Junius E. Beal, Edith Monroe Pollard, Trudie Whitney, George Moore, Mary Brown, Annie M. Horton, Frances M. Wood-Elsie L. Shaw, Julia H. George, Lizzie V. B. Parker, Virginia Townsend, Fannie Freeman, Laura C. Jernegan, Mae Fiske, Alice Smith, Alice M. Cobb, Hattie C. Fernald, Lillie P. Haydel, Cross, Harry A. Hall, Ella F. Truitt, Nellie Emerson, M. Bella son, Frankie English, Mary P. Barton, Daisy Ramsdell, Nellie Clara Chessborough, Elsie S. Adams, Emily Kent, William Truman Walker, Persifer F. Gibson, A. B. W., Katherine Hamilton, S. Dillon, Mabel S. Fay, Nellie Chase, Minnie B. Chapin, Chase, Kathleen Croasdale, "One of the Little Gallaudets," Mrs. May Parker, Ida Travis, Louis L. Tribus, Aline M. Godfrey, Nettie Woodruff, Alice S. Millard, Jennie Spence, Mamie A. Gould, Stanley Abbot, Annie M. Sloan, Helen Green, Alice C. Moses, Annie Woodbine and Ruth Rivulet," Carrie L. Dinzey, "Ahack," (Name?'), Alice B. Bullions, Mamie S. Littster, Jessie H. Dadd, Julia L. Hopkins, Minnie T. Byington, Sallie E. Macallister, Parker, Geo. W. Pepper, Agnes and Margie Lawrence, W. J. T., George M. Stone, "Alignonne," Fannie E. Blake, Lulu Fetter, Buckley Newbold, Amy L. Massey, Marie W. Robinson, E. Tyson, Mamie Baldwin, Norman L. Archer, Lillie Kent, E. Whitney, Jr., A. L. Cameron, Minnie E. Waldo, Addie Clark, Florence Satterlee, Mazie Wright, Nellie Chandler, Nellie Clark, Madge Wilson, Jennie D. V. Brown, Beulah Park, Minnie Newwood, Bessie Van Rensselaer, Elsie L. Kenney, Russell Clark, Ethel R. Wrightington, Merritt L. Stewart, Minnie M. Walton, Grand Pierre, Lillie L. Preston, Annie S. Kennedy, Silliman, Alice S. Moody, Annie Hatch and Jessie Jones, S. Knox, Anna B. Newbold, Lizzie and Emma Phelps, Susie Clark, A. W. Cutting, May Clare Burtzell, C. A. Cushman, Theodor Brooks, Clara McChesney, — Abbott, Jr., "Louise;" J. P. Clark of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, and Carrie A. Maynard of Long Island; and Beulah M. Hacher, of Geneva, Switzerland.

Our new correspondent, A. W. G., sends us the following:

THE RULERS OF THE WORLD TO-DAY.

Dom Pedro Second ranks, by worth,
Among the wisest kings of earth;
Ruling with a liberal hand
O'er Brazil, well-favored land.

Cold Siberia's frozen coasts,
Trans-Caucasia's manly hosts,
Tributary from afar
Unto *Alexander* are—
Of the Russias mighty Czar.

Prussia's king extends his sway
O'er a mighty realm to-day.
Frederick William First is he,
Emperor of Germany.
This the scheme Count Bismarck planned:
One united Fatherland.

Austria's emperor still remains
King of wide Hungarian plains.
O'er Vienna's gardens gay
Francis Joseph's banners sway.

Battling for their native mountains,
Proudly have the Switzers stood.
Meet the crimson of their banner
For their patriot brotherhood.
O'er the land of William Tell,
Now *Herr Herzog* ruleth well.

Abdul Hamid, Othman's sword
Wields, as Turkey's present lord.

Athens, oft in song rehearsed,
Owns as ruler *George the First*.

Fair Italia's sunny realm
Nevermore shall tyrants whelm.
On her seven hills enthroned,
Shall again her power be owned.
Gone the sway of priest and pope—
Victor Emanuel is her hope.

Stilled the Carlists' rebel battle,—
Dumb the cannon, sheathed the steel;
O'er Spain, laid rent and sundered,
Reigns *Alfonso of Castile*.

Louis First maintains his rank
In Lisbon, on the Tagus bank.
France has *Marshal McMahon*—
Gone the proud Napoleon.
Belgium has *Leopold*;
Holland, *William*, as of old.

On the ancient Vikings' throne,
Christian Ninth now reigns alone;
And the Norsemen monarch call
Oscar, crowned in Odin's hall.

On Britannia's kingdom yet,
Lo! the sun doth never set.
There *Victoria* reigns serene,—
Noble mother, honored queen.

Here at home the people reign;
Ours no crown, or courtly train.
Now the patriot *Hayes* doth stand
Highest servant of our land.

Providence, R. I.

DEAR JACK: I send a "that" sentence that I think beats
"M. S.'s."

"That boy said that that 'that' that that girl that sat on that seat
parsed yesterday was not that 'that' that that gentleman meant."
Yours, etc. STANLEY.

Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

DEAR JACK: I wish to make an addition to your article on five
"that's" as follows:

"Jane said, in speaking of that 'that,' that that 'that' that that boy
wrote was a conjunction."
Thus I write seven "that's" in succession.—Yours truly,
LIDA B. GRAVES.

JENNIE C. KING: Your letter interested us very much, and, in our
opinion, the book that will best answer your inquiries, and be of most
service at the present stage of your studies, is "The Philosophy of
Style," by Herbert Spencer, published by D. Appleton & Co. It is
full of good, practical suggestions, and can be easily comprehended
by a girl of your age. In fact, we would recommend the book heartily
to all students of English composition.

Germantown, March 3, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very sick with scarlet fever one winter.
My grandma brought into my room a beautiful calla. She thought
it would help to make me better. It was watered and cared for just
the same as ever. But it withered, and the leaves all turned yellow,
and it was hard work to make it healthy again in pure air. Grandma
said it had the scarlet fever. Do plants take diseases?
HELEN P. (nine years old).

WE already have received a number of letters showing the interest
which our young readers everywhere are taking in Professor Proctor's
admirable Star-papers; and now that the evenings are growing warmer,
the opportunity of fully enjoying them is increased. A good practical
knowledge of astronomy can be gained readily from these articles;
and we think that all our readers who during these open-air
months occasionally engage in the study of the heavens with these
star-maps in hand, will find it among the foremost of the many pleasures
which our summer evenings afford.

WHEN too late to correct the error, it was discovered that the artist
who made the illustrations for "The Green House with Gold Nails"
had made a mistake. The text of the article shows that the caterpillar
was found upon the milkweed, and the chrysalis upon the wild carrot.
But in the pictures these positions are reversed, and thus the caterpillar
and chrysalis are placed each upon the wrong plant.

Fairyland, March 24, 1877.

MY VERY DEAR JACK: I believe I can help you out of that difficulty concerning the birds' motto—*Lux mea dux*. It means, Light is my leader. Don't you think that fits? I think it is just the thing for the dear little birds, who, as you say, love the sunlight so much.

It is time now to go to our ball, so good-bye.—Very affectionately,
"QUEEN MAE."

Hakodate, Japan, July 4, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed please find a little child-song rendered from the Japanese. Of course, it has no intrinsic merit; but I fancied that my American cousins might like to know what songs their almond-eyed sisters sing. I inclose photograph of a little Japanese girl and her doll.—Very respectfully yours,
F. B. H.

A JAPANESE CHILD-SONG.



Dear! oh dear!
What do I hear
There at the pantry door?
Gon! Gon!
The mouse is gnawing,
Scrambling and pawing.
There's never a doubt about that rat,
But always a doubt about my cat.

At set of sun
She's on the run,
'ill-hie! ho!
'T is cock-crow:
Or she creeps away
(The little sinner)
At midnight gray,
And never comes back
Till break of day;
But she never forgets
To want her dinner.

"*Chop-pi! Chop-pi!*"
Come here! come here!
If you'll only catch those naughty rats,
I'll give you a feast for the best of cats.
There now! You think,
If the sea is bad,
Your favorite fish
Cannot be had;
But I'll bustle about,
And find some trout.
Chop-pi! Chop-pi!
Don't you hear?
Gon! Gon!
Run, my dear."

* "*Chop-pi*" is the Japanese "cat-call," like "Kitty, Kitty."

New Haven, Ct., Nov. 24, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a curious problem in algebra that should like to have somebody explain.

It can be proved that any number equals any other number. For example, let it be required to prove that $7 = 2$:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Now } 49 - 63 &= -14 \\ \text{and } 4 - 18 &= -14 \end{aligned}$$

hence $49 - 63$ and $4 - 18$, being both equal to -14 , must be equal to each other; therefore,

$$\begin{aligned} 49 - 63 &= 4 - 18, \\ \text{or } 49 - 9(7) &= 4 - 9(2). \end{aligned}$$

Adding $\frac{81}{4}$ to both members of the equation, we have:

$$49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = 4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}.$$

Now, since both members are perfect squares, extracting the square root,

$$7 - \frac{9}{2} = 2 - \frac{9}{2}$$

omitting $-\frac{9}{2}$ from both members, then $7 = 2$, which was to be proved.

OTHER EXAMPLES.

$$2 = 1.$$

$$4 - 6 = -2$$

$$1 - 3 = -2$$

$$4 - 6 = 1 - 3$$

$$4 - 3(2) = 1 - 3(1)$$

$$4 - 3(2) + \frac{9}{4} = 1 - 3(1) + \frac{9}{4}$$

$$2 - \frac{9}{2} = 1 - \frac{9}{2}$$

therefore $2 = 1$.

$$4 = 3.$$

$$16 - 28 = -12$$

$$9 - 21 = -12$$

$$16 - 28 = 9 - 21$$

$$16 - 7(4) = 9 - 7(3)$$

$$16 - 7(4) + \frac{81}{4} = 9 - 7(3) + \frac{81}{4}$$

$$4 - \frac{81}{4} = 3 - \frac{81}{4}$$

therefore $4 = 3$.

One of the scholars in our class gave it to the rest of us, and I'll show it to others, but nobody seems to be able to explain it.

Now if the Little Schoolma'am, or some one else, will show us the catch is, it will much oblige
H. STARKWEATHE

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old. I want to send a letter to the "Letter-Box," and supervise my mamma. Your loving friend,
ANNE JENKIN

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Wont you please put this in the "Letter-Box." I cut it out of the paper yesterday. I am sure the other boys and girls will be as much interested in it as I am.—Yours truly,
JOHNNY C. PLATT

"Prof. Richard A. Proctor is inclined to believe the tale of modern mariners are telling about the monster sea-serpent, who coils about sperm whales in mid-ocean. He reminds the public of the monstrous cuttle-fish were thought to be monstrous lies, till 'Alecton,' in 1861, came upon one and captured its tail, whose weight of 40 pounds led naturalists to estimate the entire weight of the creature at 4,000 pounds, or nearly a couple of tons. In 1873, again fishermen encountered a gigantic cuttle in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, whose arms were about 35 feet in length (the fish cut off from one arm a piece 25 feet long), while its body was mated at 60 feet in length and 5 feet in diameter—so that the cuttle fish of Victor Hugo's famous story was a mere baby cuttle in comparison with the Newfoundland monster. The mermaid, too, has been satisfactorily identified with the manatee, or 'woman of the sea,' as the Portuguese call it, which assumes, says Captain Scott, 'such positions that the human appearance is very closely imitated.'"

We comply with Johnny's request. While we admit the interest of this paragraph, we would suggest, by way of general caution, that a newspaper paragraph is not always the best scientific testimony. "The Manatee," in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1874.—E. ST. NICHOLAS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

AFTER eating a 9, 7, 4, the traveler took his 2, 3, 6, which was red 5, 1, and mounting the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, resumed his icy.

1. MACHINES for cutting grain. 2. Paid back. 3. A fruit. 4. A field. 5. Prevarication. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In churches and schools. CYRIL DEANE.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

Fill the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the word beheaded.

1. It is better to — than to — too positively without sufficient. 2. She was the — of the — child. 3. The children took — to the village to visit their —. 4. The boys made a great — in the — room. 5. The — went to — her, in her prepara—. 6. She took off the — and turned it — to the other side. VIOLET.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Use initials name for high and peculiar mental gifts, and the finals general strength of intellect. A precious stone. 2. A kind of puzzle. 3. A metal. 4. Anger. 5. A fabulous animal. 6. A color. ISOLA.

CHARADE.

FIRST.

LITTLE girls are fond of me,
Sometimes boys as well;
Boys do pet me "on the sly,"
But you must not tell.

SECOND.

In a far-off land I live,
Under northern sky;
You may learn about my home
In geography.

WHOLE.

A "fish story" let me tell:
Cupid—saucy rover—
Rode upon my back one day;
Wish I'd tipped him over!

L. W. H.

A NAME PUZZLE.

Place four girls' names in such order that the initials form a fifth LITTLE ONE.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

Read and curtail the words defined, and leave a word diamond. A first never denies himself his worst enemy; although it does seem as if it could be true, he is always complaining of being with; and is often heard to declare that my second are against

After a liberal potation, he goes home in a manner my fourth will be, and wives and my third weep and pray that the curse of may be swept from the land. H. H. D.

GRAPHICAL DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

Read from left to right and from right to left, two countries of Europe. A town in Massachusetts. 2. A city in Germany. 3. A city in 4. A range of mountains in China. 5. One of the United 6. One of the United States. 7. A German capital. JACKIE D. W.

ABBREVIATIONS.

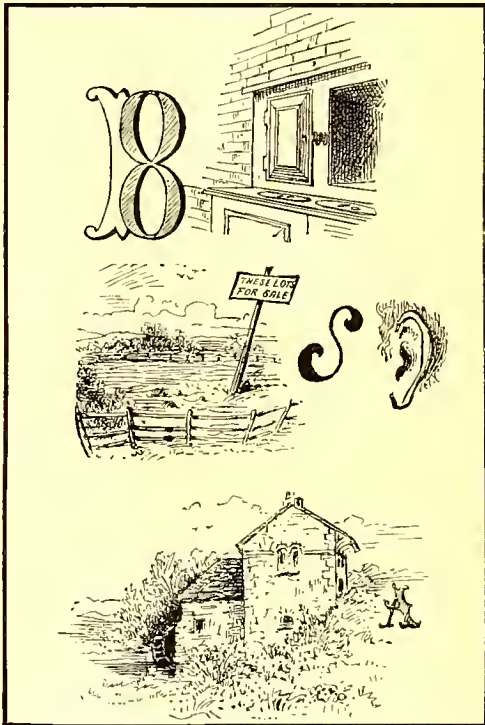
Behead and syncopate a carpenter's tool, and leave a kind of 2. Behead and syncopate a forest tree, and leave an animal. 3. Behead and syncopate a napkin, and leave a carnivorous bird. 4. Behead and syncopate a rapacious bird, and leave a beverage. 5. Behead and syncopate a kind of wood, and leave a lad. 6. Behead and syncopate the church of a monastery, and leave a Turkish officer. 7. Behead and syncopate a map, and leave a covering for the head. 8. Behead and syncopate a low style of comedy, and leave a unit. 9. Behead and syncopate a dried plum, and leave a medicinal plant. 10. Behead and syncopate a part of the body, and leave part of a wagon ISOLA.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. MACHINES for cutting grain. 2. Paid back. 3. A fruit. 4. A field. 5. Prevarication. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. In churches and schools. CYRIL DEANE.

EASY REBUSES.

EACH of the small pictures represents a name of a distinguished man—two of the three persons named being celebrated English painters, and the other a famous German musical composer. X.



SQUARE REMAINDERS.

Behead the words defined, and leave a word square. To purloin. To let. Small barrels. Happy. H. H. D.

RHOMBOID PUZZLE.

HORIZONTALLY: Something from which plants are grown; pertaining to sheep; a common ingredient in bread; what it is desirable fruit should do; mob law.

PERPENDICULARLY: A consonant; an exclamation; a plant; a projecting wharf; a creeping animal; to see; a number; two consonants that stand for one of the Southern States; a consonant. H. H. D.

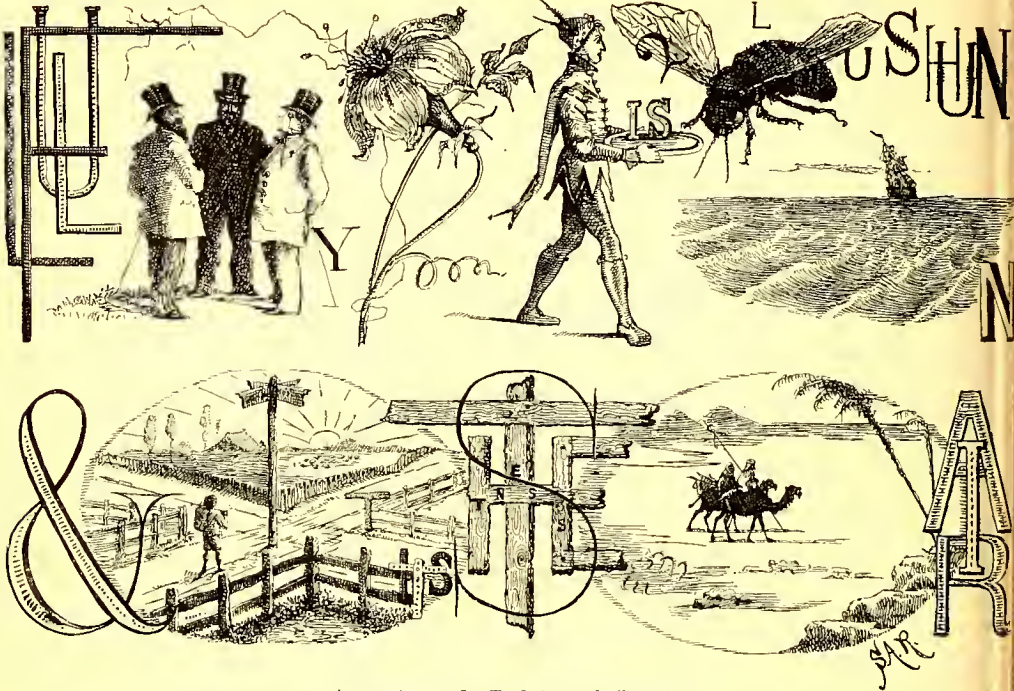
PUZZLE.

FROM a word of five letters take two away, and find one remaining. LOUISE E. ANNA.

ANAGRAMS.

1. KEEN rose. 2. Sore sport. 3. Essex pen. 4. Rap a mason. 5. Sect rule. 6. A poor tin can, Sir T. CYRIL DEANE.

REBUS.



A quotation am I. To find me who'll try?
The reward, I'll engage, shall suggest fine old age.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

- NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Hate the evil and love the good.”
LETTER PUZZLES.—1. R-dent (ardent). 2. M-press (empress).
3. L-fin (elfin). 4. N-sign (ensign). 5. C-cured (secured). 6. Q-rate (curate). 7. S-squire (esquire).
DECAPITATIONS.—1. Claws, laws. 2. Rout, out. 3. Brush, rush.
4. Alien, lien. 5. Cold, old. 6. Ajar, jar. 7. Like, Ike. 8. Meat, eat.
TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Crapes, scrape. 2. Miles, smile. 3. Ring, grin.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—“Love one another.”
L —c— A
O —rga— N
V —ct— O
E —paule— T
O —stric— H
N —cedl— E
E —the— R
- REBUS.—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.
A WOOD-PILE.—Beech, ash, maple, oak, pine, larch, willow, elm, fir, cedar.
SQUARE-WORD.—Tasso, Aspen, Spars, Serve, Onset.
RIDDLE.—The letter E.
EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Fox, Lamb, Crabbe, Swift.
METAGRAM.—Sparable.
A HIDDEN BOUQUET.—1. Pansies. 2. Verbena. 3. Orchis.
4. Peony. 5. Aster. 6. Arbutus. 7. Lilies. 8. Calla. 9. Forget-me-not. 10. Pink. 11. Cypress-vine. 12. Daisy. 13. Syringa. 14. Feverfew. 15. Lilac. 16. Clematis.

- CONCEALED DIAMOND.—
D
P E N
P A G E D
D E G R E E S
N E E D Y
D E Y
S

- MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—CODICIL.
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—St. Nicholas.
SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Dove, doe. 2. Hart, hat. 3. Clam, cam.
Crab, cab. 5. Chub, cub. 6. Pike, pic. 7. Pine, pic. 8. Reed, red.
9. Hone, hoc. 10. Acre, ace.

PICTORIAL PROVERB ACROSTIC.—“A rolling stone gathers moss.”

- | | | |
|---|--------------|---|
| A | —wnin— | G |
| R | —egali— | A |
| O | —wle— | T |
| L | —atc— | H |
| L | —yr— | E |
| I | —ndia rubbe— | R |
| N | —ote— | S |
| G | —rai— | N |
| S | —pirits of— | O |
| T | —ea— | M |
| O | — | O |
| N | —ut— | S |
| E | —ar— | S |

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18th, from R. Townsend McKeever, George Williams, Edith Lowry, Jennie Brown, “Winnie,” A. G. Cameron, Bessie Tompkins, Nellie Emerson, George J. Fiske, Carrie A. Stodda “Margery Daw,” “U. S.,” Ella G. Condie, Allie Bertram, Dee L. Lodge, Arthur C. Smith, Bertie and Evie Clark, Howard Steele Rodg Pauline Schloss, “Bessie and her Cousin,” “Jupiter,” Nessie E. Stevens, Alice Grey, “A. B. C.,” Emma Elliott, Alice Bartow Mac Edgar Moulton, Jennie Platt, and Fred M. Pease.





NELLYE IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 9.

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NELLIE IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

ON the lonely Carolina coast are many small islands, interspersed with sandy shoals and rocky reefs, which render it dangerous for vessels that approach too near. On this account light-houses were established at proper intervals, and it is about these dwellers in one of these that I have a little story to tell.

The name of the keeper of this light-house was John Lattie. His wife was dead, and he lived there with his two children, and a faithful and attached negro couple, whom the children called Mammy Sylvie and Uncle Brister. Sylvie had been their nurse, and both she and her husband loved them though they had been their own.

You may think a light-house on a small island—where no one else lived except two fishermen's families—a lonely place for two children. Perhaps it was; but Jack and Nellie did not think so. In good weather they had splendid times on the beach, running up and down the firm white sand, playing amid the rough rocks that at low tide stood above the water, or picking up pretty shells, and bits of many-colored sea-weed, thrown up by the waves. Sometimes they played with the waves themselves, as merrily as though they had been young playmates. They would go low down to the water's edge, and watch some swelling billow as it rolled onward to the shore, and cry defiantly: "Come on! you can't catch us!" and then, as the white foam-crest curled threateningly over their heads, they would run up the beach, with the billow in full chase, until the foamy crest broke at their bare little feet, and went gently sliding

back into the sea, to give place to another. Sometimes the billow would overtake them, and give them a thorough drenching; but this only excited their mirth. For sea-water does not give chills and colds, and it soon dries; and as their dress was coarse and simple, there was no danger of that being hurt.

One day, by some accident, the glass of the light-house was broken, and Mr. Lattie found it necessary to go in his boat to the main-land, in order to procure materials for repairing it. The little town at which he made these purchases was some five or six miles inland; and he might not return until quite late.

"If I am not back before sunset, Brister," said he to his sable assistant, "be sure to light the lamp in time. You know it will be as necessary to me as to others."

He said this because between the light-house and the shore were many dangerous rocks, some lying beneath the surface of the water, and others above it, to run upon which in the dark would break a boat to pieces. But Mr. Lattie was familiar with the channel, and he knew that with the light for a guide he could steer so as to avoid the rocks.

Now, Mr. Lattie had not been long gone when there came to the light-house, in hot haste, a little ragged boy, begging that Aunt Sylvie would come to his mother, who had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill. There was no doctor on the island, and Sylvie was very clever as a nurse. So she hastened away with all speed to the fisherman's wife, who lived quite a mile distant, at the opposite

extremity of the island—first, however, telling the children to be good and not stray away from the light-house, and warning her “ole man” to take good care of them, well knowing, at the same time, that such warning was not necessary, for Uncle Brister would have sacrificed his own life for the little ones, whom he had helped to carry in his arms almost from the day of their birth. They were gentle and obedient children, though it had always been observed that Nellie, who was only seven years old, possessed much more firmness and decision of character than Jack, nearly two years her senior. She was also more generous; and I am afraid that with all her decision she gave up too much to her brother, and helped to make him selfish. For instance: if they were sent to Jem Long’s for fish, generally it was Nellie who carried the basket, while Jack amused himself with playing by the way; or, if Sylvie made ginger-cakes or “puffs,” and gave the two first baked to the children, it was Jack who claimed the biggest or the nicest-looking, and not unfrequently got a taste of Nellie’s also.

The children played all this morning very happily together, building a fort of loose rocks, like the great stone fort which they could see in the distance, many miles away. In the afternoon they went in-doors, where they found Brister, standing at one of the windows, shading his eyes with his hand and looking anxiously toward the west.

“Do you see the boat, Uncle Brister?” inquired Jack, standing on tip-toe to look out.

“Please de Lord, I wish I could dat,” answered the old man, more as if speaking to himself than to them. “I don’t like de looks o’ dat ’ere sky, and dere aint never no good in dem switchy mare’s tails,” pointing to some long scattered clouds which were moving rapidly up from the west. “Ef I knows anything ’t all, I knows we’s gwine to have a squeelin’, squalin’ storm. Please de Lord Massa and Sylvie was safe home.”

The old man’s prediction was correct. In less than an hour the wind burst upon them, the waves were lashed into foam, and the storm roared around the light-house in all its fury. The children, sitting by the fire, listened to the roaring of the wind and the waves without, and felt the walls tremble with the force of the tempest. Old Brister had gone about and made all secure; and now, as it began to grow dusk, he started up the winding staircase that led to the top of the tower, in order to light the lamp. As he crossed the room the children noticed that he staggered a little, and caught hold of the door-post to steady himself. Then he put his hand to his forehead, and so stood still a moment; then began feebly to ascend the stairs. An instant after there was a heavy fall, and

to their horror the children saw the old man lying at the foot of the stairs motionless and apparently dead.

They started up with a cry and rushed toward him. He was not bleeding anywhere, but his breathing was thick and heavy, and though his eyes were open he did not appear to see them, or to know anything. The truth was, the old man had had a stroke of apoplexy.

“What shall we do? oh, what *shall* we do?” cried Nellie, bursting into an agony of tears.

“*We* can’t do anything,” sobbed Jack, hopelessly. “I wish, oh! I wish father and Mammy Sylvie were here.”

Nellie, kneeling by the side of Brister, seemed to make an effort at composure.

“Jack,” she said, more calmly, “don’t you think we might warm him, and rub him, and give him a little hot brandy to drink? That is the way they brought the drowned men to life again.”

“*He* aint drowned,” answered Jack, with a life expression of contempt for his sister’s suggestion.

“Yes; but it might do him good. Feel how cold his hands are, and rubbing might do him some good. Oh, Jack, let us try to pull him to the fire!”

With great difficulty they succeeded in drawing the old man in front of the great hearth, where Nellie placed pillows under his head, and covered him with a blanket. Then she heated a little brandy, and put a spoonful between Brister’s lips, and the two children then commenced rubbing him with all their little strength, though Nellie trembled and the tears rolled down Jack’s face. But in truth, it was a trying situation for them, alone and helpless as they were.

Suddenly Nellie started up with a cry.

“The lamp, Jack! Oh, Jack, the lamp isn’t lighted!”

It was dark now, and the storm, though subdued, still raged. How many fishing-vessels on the sea, and caught in that sudden storm, were now vainly looking out for the warning beacon that was to save them from danger and guide them to safety; and her father! Did she not remember his parting words to Brister:

“Be sure and light the lamp in good time. It is as necessary to me as to them.”

And the lamp was not lighted! In storm and darkness her father might be even now struggling amid those foaming waves and treacherous reefs, for the child felt instinctively that no danger could keep him back from the post of his duty and his loved ones dependent upon him. Eagerly, tremblingly, Nellie rose to her feet.

“Oh, Jack, *father!* We *must* light the lamp!”

“We can’t,” answered poor, frightened Jack, helplessly. “We don’t know how.”

She felt that it would be of no use to appeal farther to him,—not that Jack was heartless, but resolute and vacillating when thrown upon his own resources. So Nellie—brave little heart—resolved to do the best she could.

“You can stay and take care of Uncle Brister, Jack,” she said; “and rub him all you can. I will try to light the lamp.”

“But you don’t know anything about it, and I don’t want to stay by myself,” said Jack, blubbering; “I wish father was here.”

Nellie went carefully up the narrow winding stair to the top of the light-house. She had seldom been here, and had never seen the lamp lighted, and, as Jack had said, knew nothing about it; and she now found to her dismay that she could not reach the lamp. The wind and the rain beat against the thick glass by which this little room in the top of the tower was surrounded, and swept in strong fitful gusts through the broken panes; and Nellie thought that even were she able to light the lamp, it must inevitably be put out again. What was to be done? If she could only keep a light of any kind burning, it might be of some use. There was a large lantern down-stairs, she knew; and hurrying down she got this, and lighting it, carried it up again, and hung it where she trusted it might be seen. But it shone so feebly, that she feared it could not be noticed, or might even be taken for the light of a fisherman’s cottage, in which case it could serve only to lead astray instead of guiding safely.

Poor little Nellie wrung her hands in despair. Oh, if she only had somebody to help her! How lonely, and forlorn, and miserable she felt! And what then—she never knew how it was—just then it seemed to hear, amid all the roar of the storm, the sweet words of the hymn her dead mother had been so fond of singing, “Jesus, lover of my soul.” She knew it by heart, and now she stood involuntarily repeating fragments of it to herself, until she came to the words—

“Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, oh leave me not alone,—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring.”

A strange feeling of peace and comfort stole into the heart of the child. “God is here: He can help me,” was her thought; and instantly after, recollected that in the wood-shed connected with the kitchen was a great pile of pine-knots. The wind could not blow out the flame of a pine-knot, but would rather serve to fan it. So down the steep, wearisome stairs the poor child again went; and presently returned to the top of the

tower with her arms full of the pine-knots. These she lighted and carefully disposed all around the little glass-covered room—wherever she could find a place in which to stick her torches—so that the brilliant, ruddy glare might be visible in all directions. And there, alone in the dreary summit of the tall light-house, shivering in the cold wind and rain that beat upon her slight figure, stood poor little Nellie, listening to the storm, straining her eyes through the darkness, and trembling with anxiety and excitement as she thought of her father in the storm, and of poor Brister, dying in the room below, perhaps. But still through it all seemed to sound the sweet words of the hymn, “Jesus, lover of my soul.”

An hour passed, and poor Nellie, intently listening, thought that she heard sounds below, and then a faint echo of some one calling her name. Then came a strong hurried step on the stair, and in the red smoky glare of the pine torches she saw her father standing. Oh, with what a sharp cry of relief and joy she sprang forward to meet him, though at the very moment in which his arms were outstretched to receive her—overcome with cold, fatigue and anxiety—she tottered and fell almost insensible at his feet. Very tenderly, with tears in his eyes, the rough light-house keeper bore his little daughter below, and placed her in bed; and there, with a delicious consciousness of safety and rest, poor Nellie fell asleep. She never awoke until the bright sunlight of the next morning fell across her bed. When, opening her eyes, she saw Mammy Sylvie’s kind, motherly face bending over her, with tears streaming down her sable cheeks.

“Bress de Lord, dar aint anoder child in all de Carlinas fit to hold a pine-knot to her,” said the affectionate creature, proudly. “An’ I heerd Jem Long say, when his boat come in las’ night, dat ef it had n’t been for de light-house lamp, he an’ t’others would sartinly been lost.”

“And so should I,” said Mr. Lattie, fondly smoothing his little daughter’s hair, and then he told her how he had watched in vain for the light, and not seeing it had attempted to cross in the storm and darkness, when suddenly a red glare had shone out, and revealed to him that he was drifting fast upon one of the most dangerous of the reefs. From this he had with difficulty extricated himself, and guided by the strange light had succeeded in reaching home in safety, and there had found old Brister as we have described, while Jack, worn out with rubbing and crying, lay asleep by the fire. Where was Nellie? and what could be the meaning of the red fitful glare in the light-house tower? Almost sinking with fear and apprehension, the father had mounted the stairs, and there, at the first glimpse of his little daughter,—pale and trem-

bling, yet standing firmly at her post,—he had read the whole story. And how proud he afterward was of his brave little girl, we can very well imagine.

Aunt Sylvie had been prevented returning home by both the storm and the illness of the fisherman's wife. She had felt no anxiety about the children, believing that their father must have returned.

The little family at the light-house live there so happy and contented. Nellie is a big girl now. Uncle Brister, who entirely recovered, is to this day very fond of telling this story to the people who sometimes in summer cross over to visit the light-house. "Guess it 's de fust light-house was ever lighted up wid pine-knots," he says.



GUNPOWDER.

BY J. A. JUDSON.

I HAVE no doubt you all have seen some of that innocent-looking stuff, like black sand, which is called *gunpowder*; and I think you will be interested, as the Fourth of July draws near, in knowing something about it.

Though it appears to be, and really is, a very simple compound, yet to make it properly is an important art, and its invention and introduction have had quite as much influence as that of steam in shaping the destiny of nations.

The word *powder* is not sufficiently descriptive, since any pulverized substance may be so called. Usage, therefore, has given us the name *gunpowder*, because, among Europeans at least, it at first was chiefly employed to propel balls and bullets from rude guns and cannon, although now we make use of it for various other purposes, such as splitting rocks, throwing life-lines, and in charging fire-works and fire-crackers. I will tell you something about fire-crackers that perhaps some of you do not know. When you boys get your packs on "the Fourth" I have noticed that you separate the crackers and fire them off one by one. Now, this is a very good way to prolong the fun; it is

like nibbling one of your mother's cookies—smaller the bites the longer it lasts. But it is what is intended to be done with the crackers. The design is to touch off the whole pack at once by lighting the end of the braided fuses, or "wicks" as I heard a little boy call them. A pack touched off in this way is so arranged that the crackers explode one after another, with great rapidity, thus representing the sound of a regiment of soldiers firing as fast as they can. If the pack is thrown into an empty barrel, the effect is still more striking. I remember one Fourth of July, when I was a boy, that they were laying water or gas pipes in the town, and there were hundreds of these pipes piled along the sides of the streets. Into the ends of these we threw our fire-crackers, and the explosions made a fearful noise, to our great delight. The best part of it was that we had a deal of fun, and got the most out of our crackers, without having the pipes in the least.

The materials required for making gunpowder are saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. The latter is sometimes called brimstone, or burnstone.

The first great principle is the saltpeter or nitrate

which is found all over the world, occurring naturally in all sorts of places. In some warm countries it is found crystallized on the surface of the ground, and occurs as a salty crust on the rocky walls of caves, and from this circumstance it gets its name, for saltpeter comes from two Latin words meaning *rock salt* or *stone salt*. In other places it is found in veins, and is dug out by the miners as they dig for coal and other minerals. Some plants also yield saltpeter, and it can be made artificially by decomposing animal and vegetable matter mixed with earth, wood-ashes and water. Immense quantities are made in this way in Europe, but the natural deposit in India is so great, and labor is so cheap here, that nearly all used in this country, and much of what is needed in other parts of the world, is brought from there. The niter-fields of India are extensive plains barren of vegetation by reason of their saltiness. During the periodical rains these regions are overflowed, and the various salts in the surface soil are dissolved, when new combinations are formed, and new salts result. After the water disappears, this salty matter is collected by the natives, who wash, filter and clean it as well as they can, and then transfer it to other workmen, by whom it is put into great pots with a quantity of water and heated, the surface being frequently skimmed while the evaporation goes on. Next, the liquor is drawn into deep tubs, where all the matter that will

it has to be refined. Its purity is of great importance, because the purer it is the better the powder and the safer its manufacture. To attain this, the crude saltpeter is again boiled and skimmed, the cook occasionally throwing in a little cold water to "settle" certain salts that are not as easily dissolved as the niter. After several hours, the bottom of the kettle contains a quantity of beautiful crystals. The remaining liquid is then pumped through canvas bags into a trough, where it is stirred until it is cold, when a large quantity of very small crystals is formed. These crystals are collected with a wooden hoe, and shoveled into a sieve, where the water drains off. The niter now looks like fine snow, but must have two or three more baths of clean water, and again be drained and dried, before it is ready for use.

The next thing is the charcoal. This may be made in the same simple manner as the charcoal sold for kitchen uses. A deep pit is dug in the forest, filled with pieces of wood in layers, and set on fire; or a stack is made of the wood, and covered on the outside with wet sod and clay, openings being left for the fire, and for the escape of steam, etc. The pit or stack is constantly attended, certain gases are thrown off, various changes take place in the appearance of the fire, until finally, by applying a torch over certain openings, a gas ignites that burns with a slight tinge of red, when the men



NATIVES OF INDIA BOILING AND SKIMMING THE SALTS.

dissolve sinks to the bottom; it is then put in a shallow vat and left to evaporate, and in three days the long-sought crystals are dried. This is the crude saltpeter of commerce, and the mode of preparing it is pretty much the same the world over. But it is by no means yet to take its part in the gunpowder, for

make haste to close up the holes with sods,—the burning wood smolders, the fire dies out, and the charcoal is done.

But another and more scientific method of preparation is required to produce the superior, uniformly fine quality of charcoal required by the powder-maker; and quite as much care is taken at

every step as with the saltpeter. In the first place, the wood, carefully selected,—willow or alder being preferred,—is cut in the spring while the sap is running, and having been stripped of its bark, is piled up loosely to dry. Only small branches are used, so that the willow plantations in the neighborhood of a powder-mill look very queer, not one of the hundreds of trees having a branch larger than your thumb. although their trunks may be a foot or more in diameter.

After the wood is thoroughly dried, it is cut up into pieces about as long as a lead pencil, and packed into a sheet-iron cylinder as tall as a door, and a little larger around than a flour barrel. When full, a cover is fitted on, and it is ready for the furnace, which consists of a long row of brick fire-places, over each of which is built-in a thick cast-iron cylinder larger than the one with the wood in it. Into these the wood-filled cylinders are placed, the doors closed, and all made air-tight by daubing with wet clay. Fires are lighted underneath, and in three or four hours the charcoal is made. There is a chimney for the discharge of smoke, and a pipe in one end leading to a cistern of water. Through this latter escape certain vapors and gases which are condensed in the water and form tar, and what is called *pyrolignous acid*. That long word comes from a Greek word meaning *fire*, and a Latin word meaning *wood*; which together signify fire-wood acid. This acid, although of no value in making gunpowder, has uses of its own: but for it the pretty patterns of calico would all fade away in the first washing, for the calico printer and the dyer mix it with their colors to “fix” them, or make them “fast colors.” In some parts of Europe they purify this acid, and use it for vinegar, and very nice it is, too—only “a little goes a great way,” for it is very strong.

Unlike the saltpeter that usually must be brought from a distance, the charcoal is made in the immediate neighborhood of the powder-mill, so there is no money spent in transporting it to the works. Indeed, the location of the mills is often determined, among other considerations, by the facility afforded for obtaining wood for making charcoal.

The third and last ingredient in gunpowder is sulphur. It is found alone and almost pure, or mixed with other minerals. The crater of the volcano of Etna, in the island of Sicily, furnishes immense quantities, as do other volcanoes in Europe, Asia and America. In the island of Java is an extinct volcano, where, at the bottom of the crater is said to be, in a single mass, enough sulphur to supply the whole world for many years to come; and it is a still more remarkable fact, stated on good authority, that in this crater “is a lake of sulphuric acid, from which flows, down the mount-

ain and through the country below, a river of the same acid.” The crater of Etna furnishes the greater part of the sulphur used in the United States, but it can be obtained in many ways here. Some of our mineral springs deposit it, and it can be extracted from other minerals found throughout this country,—lead, for instance. This is the crude sulphur, which, like the crude saltpeter described, must undergo a refining process before it is ready for the powder-maker.

The crude sulphur is broken into small pieces, and put in a pot under which a fire is kept burning, and is constantly stirred with an oiled iron rod until the whole is melted. It is then skimmed of impurities, ladled into wooden molds oiled inside, and left to cool and crystallize. Sometimes it is refined in a more complicated way by distillation.

Before being ground for use, a little piece, which should be of a beautiful bright yellow color, is tested by being held over a lamp. If perfectly pure it will



A WILLOW PLANTATION.

all pass off in vapor, leaving no trace behind, except a horrible smell like that of a whole box of lighted matches.

Now we know what gunpowder is made of, we see that, though the materials are few and simple, they are prepared with great care. To mix them together requires even more skill and caution.

A powder-mill is not in the least like other mills. Instead of one great building, it is composed of many rough-looking little sheds,—sometimes as many as seventy or eighty. These are long distances apart, separated by dense woods and mounds of earth, so that if one “house” is blown up, the others will escape a like fate. Of some the walls are built very strong, and the roofs very strong, in the hope that if an explosion happens, its force

will be expended upward only. Other houses have enormous roofs of masonry covered with earth; the roofs of others are tanks kept always full of water.

The constant danger inseparable from the work would be greatly increased were there not strict rules, always enforced. No cautious visitor can be more careful than the workmen themselves, for they know, if an explosion happens, it will be certain, instant death to them. So no lights or fires are ever allowed; no one lives nearer the mills than can be helped; some of the buildings are carpeted with skins, and the floors are kept always flooded with an inch or two of water; and in front of every door is a shallow tank of water. Before entering, every person must put on rubber shoes and walk through this water, for the nails in a boot-heel might strike a spark from a bit of sand or gravel, which might explode a single grain of gunpowder, and cause wide-spread disaster. So the rubber shoes worn in the mills are never worn elsewhere. Then, too, every one is expected to keep his wits about him; there is never any loud talking and laughter, and no one ever thinks of shouting. Yet, with all this extreme care, explosions sometimes occur, and then there is seldom any one left to tell how it happened.

The mode of making gunpowder is nowadays about the same everywhere. The saltpeter, the charcoal, and the sulphur all must be ground very finely. Among rude tribes in Asia, as in old times, the grinding is done by women and children, who pound the ingredients with wooden pestles in wooden mortars, and often finish by rolling up the entire family, house and all. In other places they pass a crank-shaft through a barrel and fix it in a frame. This barrel they partly fill with what they wish to pulverize, and also with a quantity of brass or wooden balls. By turning the crank rapidly the balls and the material are both rolled around from side to side, and finally the grinding is effected. Next they mix the three together in proper proportions, spreading it on a wooden table, turning it with wooden paddles, and rolling it with wooden rollers; then they put it back into the wooden mortar or tub and pound it again, any blow, just as likely as not, being the last they will live to give. If they and the powder survive this, they then spread it on a cloth in the sun to dry, and if it don't blow up before they can gather it together again, the husbands and fathers of these brave women and children soon have plenty of powder. I have been told of a lady, brought up in the East Indies, whose most vivid remembrance of her early life was the blowing-up of a "native" family by such means. But in the modern powder-mills there are deep, circular troughs of stone or iron, around and around in

which travel ponderous wheels. Men with wooden shovels keep the material under the rollers, where it is thoroughly crushed.

When enough of each ingredient is ready to make a batch of powder, they weigh it—about 75 parts of saltpeter, 15 of charcoal, and 10 of sulphur. These proportions, however, vary somewhat, depending upon what the powder is to be used for, and the strength required.

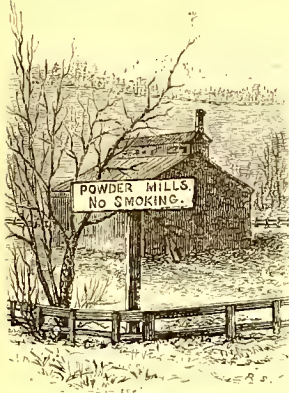
The weighed-out ingredients must now be mixed. Usually, the charcoal and sulphur are put together first in revolving barrels, in which are loose zinc, brass, or copper balls; and when this is completed, the saltpeter is added, and the rolling process is repeated until the whole is well intermingled. In some mills the three ingredients are put in the barrels and mixed in one operation; but this mode is attended with greater risk.

All this, however, is mere *stirring*. The real *mixing* must be done under great pressure.

Now begins the greatest danger. The weighed-out materials are taken to another shed, called the "incorporating mill," where there are more wheels and troughs; but, instead of men with shovels, there are wooden and copper scrapers attached to the machinery, that follow the wheels and keep the mixture in place. The ingredients are placed in the trough, the wheels started, and the men lock the doors and go away. Hour after hour, around and around in the dark, all alone rumble these mighty wheels. So long as the little scrapers attend to their business, evenly spreading the mixture three or four inches deep in the bottom of the trough, all will be well; but if anything goes wrong—*puff—bang!*—that is the end of that mill. If the crushing-wheels and the iron bottom of the trough should happen to touch, the chances are they would "strike fire;" but the cushion of powder between is supposed to prevent this.

The next process is called "pressing." The mixed powder is arranged in layers about two inches thick, separated by sheets of brass or copper, and dampened with water. Piles of these plates and layers are then put in a press, and squeezed so hard that the pressure on every square inch is equal to about six hundred tons. The powder is now powder no longer, but slabs as hard as marble, and of course completely mixed and compacted. So it must again be pulverized, and for this purpose the slabs are taken to the "granulating" or "corning house." This is another very dangerous part of the work, for this house has no water-floor, and the least carelessness would be fatal. The machinery here breaks it into grains by means of successive sets of brass-toothed rollers turning in opposite directions, that chew up the slabs as though they liked them. The powder is now reduced to

hard, sharp grains, and is ready for the "glazing," by which every grain is polished in order to



wear off the corners, which would produce much fine dust when the powder was carried about; and also to render the particles less liable to absorb moisture. This glazing generally is done in revolving barrels, where the powder is put with plumbago, or black-lead. Some manufacturers, however, trust

simply to the polish resulting from the rubbing of the grains together in the barrel. It is then dried by being spread out on sheets stretched on frames in a heated room, and afterward freed from dust by being sifted through hair sieves.

To turn all these crushing-wheels and barrels, and shake all these sieves, steam-engines of course cannot be used, since, with the single exception of hot air or steam needed for drying,—the furnace for which is as far off as possible, delivering its heat through long underground pipes,—fire is not used for any purpose; while, in hot climates, not even this risk is run, but the powder is dried in the sun. In Europe and America, then, the mills are usually driven by water-power; but in India, where immense quantities of powder are made by the British government, the mills generally are turned by either oxen or men. To avoid heat, or sparks from the friction of axles, or other parts, the machinery is generally so built that different kinds of metal work together, such as iron and zinc, iron and cop-

are employed, but I have told you enough to show that people who make gunpowder, as well as people who use it, must keep their wits about them.

You now understand pretty well how gunpowder is made, and that it is something else than the "black sand" it seems. Very much more might be said, and even then you would barely have been introduced to the explosive family. Captain Gunpowder has many cousins,—all much younger than himself, but more terrible,—and they are all of them busy making a noise in the world. Captain Gunpowder is the only one who goes to the war. The others stay at home and dig tunnels, blow up rocks in the harbors, like the great reef called "Hell Gate" in the East River, near New York, and help mankind in various ways. So long as people use them carefully they are great helps; but they punish careless people fearfully. It is said that "fire is a good servant, but a bad master," and the saying is equally true of

these agents that are mightier than any fire. Among these cousins are Nitro-Glycerine, Dynamite and Dualin, Vulcanite, Rend-Rock, Gun-Cotton, and more beside. All look equally innocent and harmless, while each one is, if possible, more powerful and terrible than the other. Yet some of them are put



DESERTED.

to the most peaceful uses. For instance, certain enterprising grape-growers of Austria have lately used dynamite in the culture of grape-vine



A POWDER-MILL—THE BUILDINGS AND DEFENSES.

per, steel and brass, but never iron and iron, or steel and steel. Many other ingenious precautions

Holes are made in the ground near the vines and in them small quantities of dynamite are



AN EXPLOSION.

oded, loosening the earth to the depth of seven
eight feet—thus letting in air and moisture to
the roots.

Then there is another branch of the family called
"fulminates." The powders for percussion-caps
and on shot-guns are made of one of these.
These explosives, properly directed, do so much
more work than gunpowder that the world could
scarcely get on nowadays without them. There is,
for example, through the Alps, a railway tunnel over seven miles
long, so that, in a journey from France to Italy,
instead of undertaking a tedious climb over the
mountains, we shoot through them in a railway
tunnel. This tunnel, and many others in different
parts of the world, could scarcely have been pierced
at all without the help of this mighty family.
Engineers are even seriously considering the propo-
sition to connect France and the British Isles by a
tunnel. Even with gunpowder alone this would be
impossible; and, since the "cousins" have appeared,
it is probable that you and I may live to ride in a
motor-car twenty-two miles under the sea from
London to Calais.

Who invented gunpowder? you may ask.

No one knows. All agree that its composition
and properties were understood in remote antiquity.
Authentic history extends but a short way into the
past, and it is always difficult to draw the line separ-
ating the authentic from the fabulous. Like some
other things, gunpowder, as ages rolled on, may
have been invented, forgotten, and re-invented.
Certainly in some form it was known and used for
fire-works and incendiary material long before any
one dreamed of a gun, or of using it to do more
than create terror in warfare. And yet it is said that
some of the ancients had means of using it to throw
destructive missiles among their enemies—probably
a species of rocket or bomb. Nor does it seem, in
its infancy, to have been applied to industrial pur-
poses, such as blasting and quarrying rock, for
there is evidence that the people who used it for
fire-works at their feasts, quarried immense blocks
of stone by splitting them out of the quarries with
hammers and wedges.

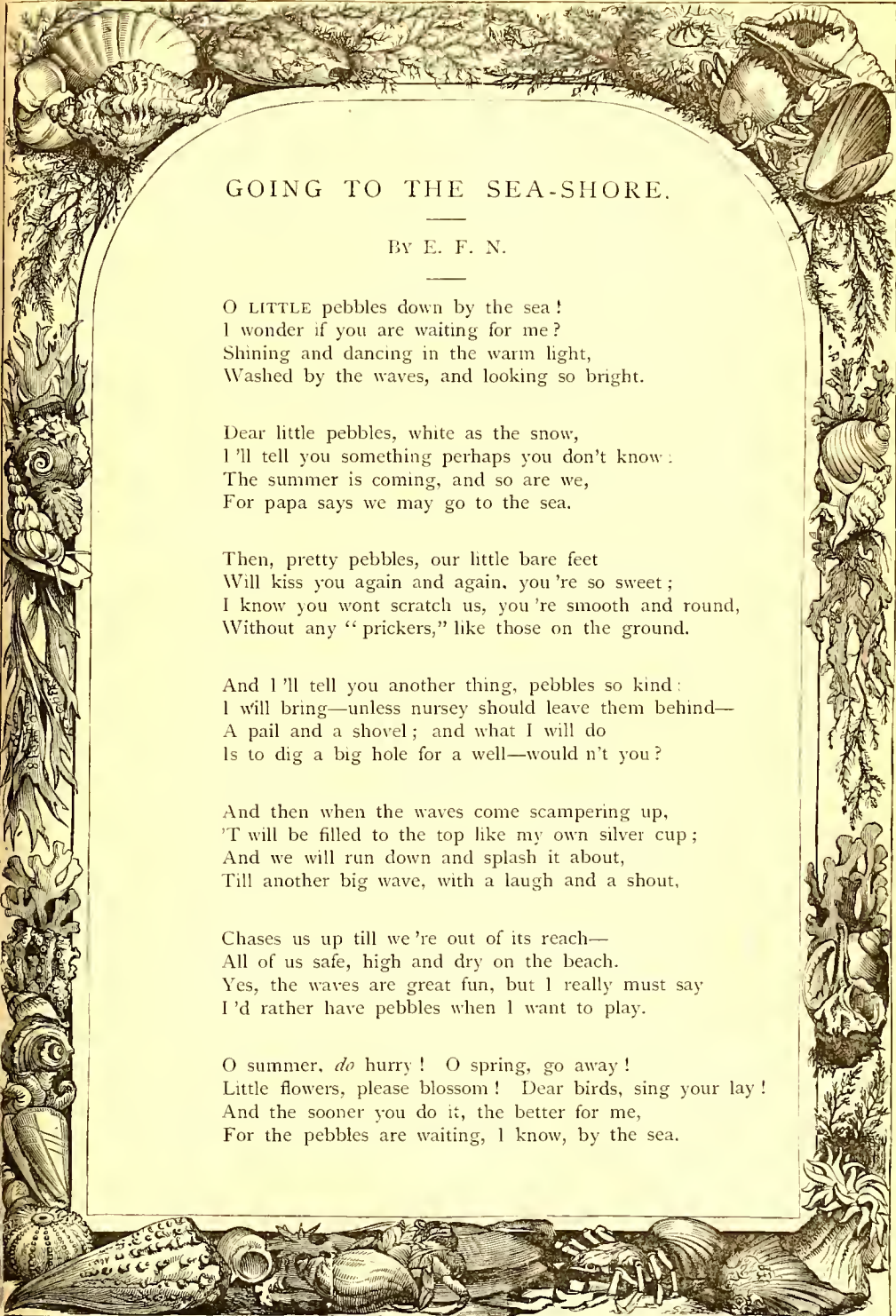
Its first uses probably were connected with the
religious ceremonies of the pagan ancients. An

old tradition taught that those were the most powerful gods who answered their worshippers by fire. The priests, therefore, who practiced upon the credulity of the people, exercised their ingenuity in inventing ways of producing spontaneous fire, which they told the people was sent by the gods from heaven in answer to their prayers. The accounts of old writers still preserved and dating back to three hundred years before Christ, describe a "sulphurous and inflammable substance" unmistakably like our gunpowder. There was a certain place called the "Oracle of Delphi," once visited by Alexander the Great, where this kind of fire was produced by the priests, and it is said that the Druids, the ancient priests of Britain, also used something of this sort in their sacrifices, for they not only produced sudden fire, but they also imitated thunder and lightning, to terrify the people with their power. This must have been more than two thousand years ago. It is known that the Chinese, on the other side of the world, had gunpowder about the same time, but they used it chiefly for fire-works, which then, as now, formed the main feature of all their festivals and ceremonies. In India it was early used in war, for a writer who lived about A. D. 244 says: "When the towns of India are attacked by their enemies the people do not rush into battle, but put them to flight by thunder and lightning." It is said, too, that one of the Roman emperors, who lived just after the crucifixion of Christ, "had machines which imitated thunder and lightning, and at the same time emitted stones." Then, about A. D. 220, there was written a recipe "for an ingenious composition to be thrown on an enemy," which very nearly corresponds to our gunpowder. During the many hundred years that follow, little is recorded until about the ninth century, when there appears in an old book, now in a Paris library, an exact recipe for gunpowder, and a description of a rocket. It is said that in 1099 the Saracens, in

defending Jerusalem, "threw abundance of pots of fire and shot fire-darts,"—no doubt some kind of bombs and war-rockets. History affords account of other wars about this time, in which gunpowder was undoubtedly used in some form. But in 1214 a monk, Friar Roger Bacon, made gunpowder and it is asserted he discovered it independently knowing nothing of its existence elsewhere. It is not unreasonable to believe this, for in those days people kept their inventions to themselves if they could, and news traveled slowly. Some authors say a German named Schwartz discovered it in 1320, and perhaps he did, too, and as honestly and independently as did Friar Bacon, or the Egyptians, Indians, or the Chinese. Others insist that it was invented originally in India, and brought by the Saracens from Africa to the Europeans, who improved it. At any rate, an English gentleman who has made a translation of some of the laws of India supposed to have been established 1,500 years before the Christian era, or over 3,300 years ago, makes one of them read thus: "The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, *or with cannon and guns, or any kind of fire-arms.*"

There are ever so many more curious bits of history, more or less trustworthy, concerning the early history of gunpowder, but I have told you enough to show that it is nothing new, and that no one knows when it was new. Two hundred years ago a pump was made to raise water by exploding small charges of gunpowder. It proved to be more curious than useful, and was abandoned, but to-day a pile-driver is driven by gunpowder, in a similar way. At the siege of Jerusalem, nearly eight hundred years ago (as I mentioned just now), fire-darts were thrown by gunpowder; and to-day the whalers throw harpoons by the same means. In fact, gunpowder is both old and new. To this very day it is being improved and applied to new uses.





GOING TO THE SEA-SHORE.

BY E. F. N.

O LITTLE pebbles down by the sea !
I wonder if you are waiting for me ?
Shining and dancing in the warm light,
Washed by the waves, and looking so bright.

Dear little pebbles, white as the snow,
I'll tell you something perhaps you don't know :
The summer is coming, and so are we,
For papa says we may go to the sea.

Then, pretty pebbles, our little bare feet
Will kiss you again and again, you're so sweet ;
I know you wont scratch us, you're smooth and round,
Without any "prickers," like those on the ground.

And I'll tell you another thing, pebbles so kind :
I will bring—unless nurse should leave them behind—
A pail and a shovel ; and what I will do
Is to dig a big hole for a well—would n't you ?

And then when the waves come scampering up,
'T will be filled to the top like my own silver cup ;
And we will run down and splash it about,
Till another big wave, with a laugh and a shout,

Chases us up till we're out of its reach—
All of us safe, high and dry on the beach.
Yes, the waves are great fun, but I really must say
I'd rather have pebbles when I want to play.

O summer, *do* hurry ! O spring, go away !
Little flowers, please blossom ! Dear birds, sing your lay !
And the sooner you do it, the better for me,
For the pebbles are waiting, I know, by the sea.



WHITTINGTON LISTENING TO THE BOW BELLS OF LONDON,

(Drawn by Miss E. M. S. Scannell)

AND THE SUN SMILED.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"Go away, for a little while," said the rain to the sun. "Don't you see *I am* preparing to visit the earth? And, as you ought to know, the sun should n't be shining when the rain-drops are falling."

"It's such a lovely—such a *very* lovely day," said the sun, "and the earth is so beautiful and pleasant to see, that I don't want to 'go away.'"

"I sha' n't stay long—not more than five or ten minutes," said the rain. "I'll only make a shower-call."

"But I'm not content to lose sight of all this joy and loveliness even for 'five or ten minutes,'" said the sun. "Ever so many new buds and flowers came out to greet me this morning, and ever so many baby-birds sang to me their first twittering, tremulous songs, and the brooks dimpled and

laughed as my rays kissed them, and the daisie looked straight up at me with frank, fearless faces saying, 'Welcome, dear sun!'—and the buttercup proudly showed me their pretty blossoms, that might see it was my color they wore; and they are all, at this moment, as happy as happy can be. Why can't you leave them alone? According to *my* way of thinking, they have no need of you in the day-time, when *I am* here to make life bright and warm. Wait until night lifts her curtain from the other half of the world to throw it over this. Then I shall be shining on far-distant lands, and the moon and stars will be in the sky in my place and I dare say they wont object to your clouds veiling their faces for an hour or two, for their light and power are nothing compared to mine, and the earth will be too sleepy to miss them, anyhow."

"My dear sun," said the rain, "I grant that you make life 'warm,' but, begging your pardon for speaking so frankly, sometimes you make it too warm. Even while we are talking, it is getting warmer and warmer, as it does every midsummer day from noon until two or three hours before night-fall; and soon the flowers you love so well will begin to droop and fade, and the grass to bend wearily toward the ground, and the birds to cease singing, and the brooks to stop dancing, unless I send my merry, sparkling little ones to cheer and refresh them. Hide behind a cloud for a few moments, and when you come forth again you will find the earth free from thirst, dust and stain, and a thousand times greener and more beautiful than now before my pure drops have fallen upon it."

But the sun was obstinate that July day, and refused to be hidden by the friendly cloud, and so kept on shining when the shower began to fall. And, looking down on the earth as the glittering drops reached it, he saw the sweet buds opening their dainty leaves, the flowers raising their languid heads, every blade of grass standing erect and firm, the little streams dancing gayly to a cooing song of their own, and everything, everywhere, wearing a look of radiant happiness.

And he said to the rain, "You were right," and, smiling upon her, his smile arched the heavens, and, bright with every lovely hue that ever glowed in gem or flower, shone there until the shower ceased, and children, beholding it, cried out joyfully, "A rainbow! a beautiful, beautiful rainbow!"

HEVI.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"I HOPE, my son," said Hevi's mother to him, one bright sunny morning when he had come in from play, "I hope you will never forget, no matter how long your life may be, that, if you want our friends to believe that you are in any way better than they are, you must show that you are superior, and not merely talk about it."

Hevi said nothing. He had been telling his mother of a conversation he had had with some of his young companions, in which he had boasted a good deal about himself and his relations; about what his father had done, and what he intended to do when he should get to be as big as his father. He hung his head a little, as his mother gave him this piece of advice.

"But mother," said he, after a few moments, "my father talks about what he has done, and about what he intends to do, too."

"Yes, my dear," said his mother, sadly, "I know that; and although I want you to imitate your father, and be as much like him as possible, I don't want you to get into a habit of boasting. You had better now run off, and take your bath."

Hevi was an elephant—a young fellow, not as big as a horse. He had a good disposition and a cheerful spirit, and was generally liked, though, as he was bigger and stronger than most of the young elephants he associated with, he sometimes showed himself their master in a way they did not fancy. He lived with his father and mother, and a large

herd of other elephants, in a great wood not far from the shore of the ocean. His father was the chief of the herd, and the largest and strongest elephant that had ever been seen in those parts.

"Mother," said Hevi, one day, as he was starting off to take his daily bath, "I saw a whale out at sea yesterday, and when I told father about it, it seemed to make him angry. Why was that?"

"My dear son," said his mother, anxiously, "I do wish you would try and never say anything about whales to your father. Nothing annoys him so much as an allusion to them. Now go along."

Hevi walked away, and his mother, turning to enter the woods, heaved a sigh. She was thinking of her husband. "I wish," she said to herself, "that he could get rid of that silly jealousy of whales. He hates to think that there is a creature on earth bigger than himself. And whales are bigger; I know that, for I have seen them."

In about half an hour from this time Hevi's father came home. It was nearly noon and he wanted his dinner. As he came up to his wife, who was standing by a great pile of fresh grass and tender young leaves which she had gathered together, she noticed that he looked out of humor.

"Has anything worried you, my dear?" she said, kindly.

"Worried me? Of course not. Why should I be worried? To be sure there were two strange elephants, from Tamburra, over there with the

herd to-day, and they were talking such ridiculous stuff, that I felt inclined to give them a pretty heavy hint to go home."

"What did they talk about?" asked his wife, as she turned over the pile of dinner to find some nice bits for her husband.

"Oh, all sorts of nonsense. It seems they have traveled a good deal, and they have entirely too much to say about what they have seen. I don't believe half of it. They have lost their respect for their own kind, and are full of talk about the great deeds of other creatures, especially men. To hear those fellows talk, you would think that a man could do anything he pleased. To be sure he can master most of the smaller animals, but so can I—there is not one of them that I cannot conquer. I can crush a lion or a tiger under my feet; I can dash a buffalo lifeless against a tree; I can even master the rhinoceros, and if I once get my tusks under him, I can push him headlong over a precipice. And as to a man, I have shown how I can treat him. You remember that fellow who came into these woods with a gun, and how he killed a great many deer and other animals, and even fired at some of us elephants. But when I caught sight of him, I quickly turned the tables. I rushed at the blood-thirsty rascal, and although he had his gun in his hand, he did not dare to shoot at me. He just turned and ran away at the top of his speed; and if he had not slipped in between two great rocks, where it was impossible for me to follow him, I would have broken every bone in his body. And then those two strangers had the impudence to talk about some whales they had seen, and their great size. Size indeed! As if a miserable whale could compare with an elephant!"

"But, my dear," said his wife, "I do wish you would try to get over your prejudices on this point. You know whales are bigger."

"They are not!" said he, sharply. "They are nothing of the kind. Let me hear no more such nonsense. Where's Hevi?"

"He is taking his bath," said his wife, very glad to change the subject; "I'll call him."

So saying, she went out to the edge of the wood; but when she looked toward the beach, she stopped, terror-stricken. There was Hevi far beyond the breakers, and apparently floating out to sea!

Without a word, the mother rushed down to the water's edge.

"Hevi! Hevi!" she cried, "come in. You are out too far. Come in, or you will be drowned!"

Hevi, who seemed to be tired and unable to direct his course, called back in a voice which sounded as if he had swallowed some salt water:

"I can't. The tide is too strong."

"Hello there! Hello!" cried Hevi's father, who

now came running to the beach, alarmed by the cries of his wife. "What are you doing out there. Come in, this instant!"

"He can't! He can't!" screamed the poor mother. "The tide is carrying him away! Oh, save him, my husband, or he will be drowned. Drowned before our eyes!"

Hevi's father did not hesitate. He dashed into the water and waded rapidly toward his son. But soon he stopped, his feet sank in the sand, and he found he could not proceed. At the spot where he was struggling to get forward, the sand was very soft, and his immense weight forced his legs down so deeply—sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other—that he could scarcely keep himself from falling over.

The water was always deep enough over this spot for Hevi to swim, but it was entirely too shallow to bear up his father; and so the great elephant, finding that matters were getting worse and worse the more he pressed forward, endeavored to turn back, so that he might find a firmer portion of the beach.

His distressed wife, seeing his sad plight, rushed to his assistance.

"Oh!" she cried, "you, too, will be lost!"

"My dear," said her husband, a little sharply, "will you let go my tail? I can never get out, you keep pulling me that way. I want to turn around."

With a groan, she stopped pulling at his tail and stepped back to give him room to scramble out.

Casting her eyes seaward to poor Hevi, who was dismayed at seeing himself so far from shore, when his father was actually turning back and going away from him, she perceived something which made her heart jump with joy.

Out at sea, but not very far from poor Hevi, she saw a great spout of water rise into the air!

It was a whale! She plainly saw his great back and head above the water.

Without stopping to think, she shouted:

"O whale! whale! come here! Save my son. Hasten! He is drowning!"

The whale raised his head, and seeing the real and dangerous situation of Hevi, who was nearly exhausted by his struggles, he swam rapidly toward the young elephant.

When he reached him, he put his head against Hevi and a little under him, and then, setting his great tail in motion, he swam steadily to the shore, pushing Hevi before him. He seemed to be swimming very slowly, but as he came near he started Hevi shooting through the surf, and the little elephant actually turned over and over, two or three times, before he got on his feet in the shallow water. His mother rushed down to meet him.

"Oh, my dear Hevi! my sweet son!" she cried, as she tenderly twined her trunk around him. "You are saved. I have you again. But how did you dare to go out so far? You know how often you have been told never to go beyond your depth. How you have frightened us! Now run home and dry yourself;" and as Hevi shuffled away, his fond mother could not help giving him a slap with her trunk as he passed. The little rascal, he had scared them so!

Then Hevi's mother turned to the whale, who remained near the shore, and apparently was curious to see how things would turn out.

"My good whale," said she to him, "I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you. You have saved my son, my only child. I can never forget it. I know we can never repay you; but if there is anything whatever, that we can do to show our gratitude, we shall be only too glad to do it. My husband, as well as myself——"

She then turned to call Hevi's father, but he was not to be seen. When he had scrambled out of the soft sand, hearing meantime his wife's frantic cries to the whale, he turned his head seaward just a minute to see the whale pushing Hevi to shore. Perceiving that there was nothing for him to do, and filled with mortification and shame at his failure to save his drowning son, he hastened away to the woods to hide his wounded pride and regain his wonted composure.

"My husband is not here," said Hevi's mother. "He probably has hurried home to take care of the child. But he joins me, I know, in my thanks to you."

"Oh! don't mention it," said the whale, in a deep voice. "No trouble, I'm sure."

"I must now go," said the elephant, "and see what my poor child has something to revive him. I'm sorry I can't ask you up to the woods. But I shall never forget you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said the whale.

When Hevi's mother reached the woods, she found her son in a very wet and uncomfortable condition. She rubbed him dry with a bundle of hay, and gave him some nice roots to eat; and when he felt better, she sent him out to take a little walk in the sun, so that he might get well warmed and not take cold.

Hevi was very glad to go, for while his mother was attending to him she gave him a great deal of good advice and some scolding, too.

He had been gone but a few minutes, however, before he came running back, crying out:

"Oh, mother! That whale's there yet! And I have he's stuck fast and can't get away!"

Hevi's mother rushed out, and as soon as she saw the whale, she felt sure that her son was right.

The great fish evidently had forgotten, or had not known, how shallow the water was where he came in, and in his kind effort to push Hevi as near dry land as possible, had run himself so far up on the beach that he had stranded himself. And, as the tide was running down, his condition was getting worse and worse. He was now more than half out of water, and although he worked his tail so vigorously that it made great waves on each side of him, and twisted himself about as hard as he could, he could not force himself into deep water.

"Mercy on us!" cried Hevi's mother. "The poor fellow has certainly stuck fast on the beach. Hevi! Run for your father."

Away ran Hevi, and his mother hurried down to the water's edge.

"My dear whale," she said, "I am afraid you have run aground."

"Yes," said the whale. "It certainly looks like it. I did n't intend to come so far. But if the tide was n't running out I think I could get off."

"Well, don't tire yourself," said the good elephant; "my husband will be here directly. He will help you."

A kind of smile came over the whale's face. "He can't do much," he thought to himself; but he did not say so, for fear of hurting the mother-elephant's feelings.

Hevi soon found his father walking about by himself in the forest. When the great elephant heard what his son had to tell him, he gave a grunt and seemed in a little better humor.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "I'll go and see about it."

When he got out on the beach he walked straight to the whale, paying no attention to his wife, who was endeavoring to explain the situation to him.

"Well," said he to the whale, "you seem to be pretty badly stranded."

"I am," replied the whale; "and I don't see how I am to get off unless I wait here until the tide rises. And that will be a long time to wait."

"Oh, I'll get you off," said the elephant.

"I don't believe you can do it," said the whale.

"I'll soon show you about that," said Hevi's father, and he walked down through the water, taking care to be sure that his way led over the firm portions of the beach. When he reached the whale, he put his head and one shoulder against the whale's head, and, bending himself up for the struggle, he pushed with all his enormous strength.

As the beach was hard and stony beneath his great feet, he could put his whole force into his efforts, and he pushed like a big steam-engine.

In a minute or two the whale began to move

slowly backward, and then, with a steady motion, like a ship sliding off the stocks, he glided into deep water.

"Hurrah!" shouted Hevi and Hevi's mother, and a dozen other elephants, who had now gathered on the beach. "Hurrah!" they cried again, wav-

Hevi's father came slowly out of the water, with a very good-humored expression on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he said to himself, "that was good sort of a whale. A very good fellow indeed. But, dear me! he never could have got off the beach by himself. A whale is utterly helpless o-



THE MAN WHO WENT TO SHOOT ELEPHANTS.

ing their trunks in the air, while the whale, after a joyful dive, came up to the surface and spouted a tremendous stream of water, high enough to put out a fire on top of the highest steeple you ever saw.

shore. I'm glad I happened to be about. Yes, he's a good fellow for a whale. And I believe is a trifle bigger than I am—though, of course a whale can never be compared to an elephant."

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUPPER BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

FOR half an hour, Jacob wandered about the streets of Chillicothe and along by the canal, amusing himself as well as he could with the strange sights, and trying to make up his mind what to do. But the thought of returning to Jackson called two nightly disagreeable images in the boy's mind,—Friend David triumphantly smiling as he looked up the Radkin door-way, and the casting-iron case of the iron-furnace filled with stifling steam. 'Likely as not,' he thought, 'the best Mr. Radkin can do for me will be to set me to work in that hot place, under that hateful foreman!' And now once more Cincinnati rose in his imagination like a fair land of promise. 'I wish I had money enough to take me there,' said to himself.

He could not, of course, expect to overtake Mr. Radkin; but he might find his uncle. And why not continue his journey to Cincinnati, as well as anywhere else? Still some of the rainbow hues of Pinkey's fancy picture of his fortunes in that city floated before Jacob's eyes. For ten cents he bought a pound of crackers at a grocery on the canal, and dined upon them as he dined about. All the while he kept his eyes upon old Dorgan, intending to ask his advice as to what he would better do.

If he says, 'Go back to my house and spend the night,' I'll do it, anyway," thought Jacob, so decided was he as yet in his own mind, and so much did his future depend upon a slight chance.

Old Dorgan had said to him at parting, "I shall meet you in the street, I can hardly tell where, but you'll find me or my wagon easily enough, if you care to." That was not so easy, as it proved; and Jacob began to begin to fear that the old man had done his errands and gone home, when he suddenly exclaimed: "There's the mule-team, now!"

The team he saw was driving on before him in one of the principal streets, a good deal faster than old Dorgan's usual rate of speed. Jacob ran after it, bag in hand, and soon came up, beckoning the driver, shouting, behind the wagon. If he had not been so good deal excited, he would have made the driver stop very before, which he made when the driver turned the rein and turned to see what was wanted.

It was not old Dorgan's team, and the man was not old Dorgan.

"Want me for anything?" he said to Jacob as he came up. Jacob panted and apologized.

"Excuse me," he said. "I took you for another man—a man I was going to ride with."

The driver was about to whip up his mules again, when something in the boy's appearance seemed to attract his attention.

"Have you lost him?" he inquired.

"I'm afraid I have," replied Jacob.

"Well, you can get in and ride with me, if you are going the way I am."

"Which way are you going?"

"Out on Paint Creek, about six miles."

As they came down over the hills in the morning, the old man had pointed out Paint Creek winding down through the valley to its juncture with the Scioto below the city. He knew that it flowed in from the west, and he spoke up quickly:

"That is in the direction of Cincinnati, is n't it?"

"Right on the road."

"How far is it?" asked Jacob.

"Nigh on to a hundred miles," said the man.

"Do you want to go to Cincinnati?"

"Yes!" cried Jacob.

For his mind was thus instantly made up. And he climbed into the wagon.

Jacob rode as far as his new friend could carry him, then continued his journey on foot.

He ate the last of his pound of crackers for supper, and slept that night under a hay-stack.

The next day was the weariest, dreariest, loneliest he had ever experienced; and at evening, hungry, dusty, foot-sore, disheartened, with but three cents in his pocket, he came to the outskirts of a village.

Unwilling to beg, he had made his money go as far as he could. But the last cent would soon be gone, and what should he do then?

He had relied on getting occasional jobs of work to help him through, and often that afternoon he had asked people he saw if they knew anybody who wanted to hire a boy. But boys did not seem to be in great demand in that part of the country. He found places where he could work for his board, but received no offer of wages. And so he had tramped on.

It was a pleasant evening. Children were playing in the street and in front yards, and through open doors he saw supper-tables set. At the side door of one house a woman rang a tea-bell, and called some boys playing in an orchard. They

were so intent on their sport that they did not care for supper. Poor Jacob marveled at them, and recalled the time when he, too, used sometimes to vex his aunt by coming late to his meals.

"Let anybody ring a tea-bell for me now, if they dare!" thought he. "I'll bet a million dollars I would n't wait for 'em to ring twice!"

He heard the boys scolding as they went in: "What's the use of having supper so early? Why could n't we stay out and play?" And he saw one fling his cap down under the porch with the air of an injured innocent.

"That boy should be his own master once, and see how he likes it!" thought Jacob. "Perhaps he is thinking of running away, so as to be free and have a good time. I'll swap myself for him, if he likes. I'll swap with anybody who has a home, and risk it. I tell ye," he muttered aloud, "boys that have good homes never know how well off they are! Shall I ever have one?"

Still he trudged on, wondering how he should manage to make the most of his three cents. It must do for his supper; for his lodging, he would once more trust to the fields.

As he was passing a cottage door, he saw three children coming out, bearing a kettle with some smoking contents, which they set down on the door-step. The oldest was a boy not more than ten; the other two were girls of six and eight; and there was another child still younger following them with three great iron spoons.

The happiness of these children attracted Jacob's attention, and he stopped and leaned over the fence to look at them. The oldest had a tin cup which he held in his lap, while he sat down on the door-step and the others gathered around him brandishing the spoons.

"What have you there?" said Jacob.

"Supper!" cried the boy, proudly, stirring the contents of the kettle.

"Scup?" said Jacob, wistfully.

"No; mush and molasses," said the oldest, while the youngest added, with a gleeful laugh, "Good!"

"Who cooked your mush for you?" Jacob asked.

"Cooked it myself," said the boy. "Always do. Father's away to work, and don't get home till dark, and I get our dinner and supper every day but Sunday."

"Where's your mother?" Jacob inquired.

"Haint got no mother!" And the boy tasted the mush, to see if it was cool enough to eat.

Finding it would do with a little blowing, he told the others to dip in. It was a moment of jubilee for the hungry tribe. They first touched their spoons to the molasses in the cup, taking up a little, then added to it a good deal of pudding,

which they blew and sipped, talking and laughing all the while with perfect happiness.

Jacob would never have thought that the tired children eating mush with iron spoons out of an iron kettle. But envy them he did. There was no selfish scrambling for quantity; but the eldest one looked out that the younger ones had their share.

"How little it takes to make us happy in this world—if we only knew it!" thought Jacob. And standing there, leaning over the fence, he learned a lesson of heroism and duty from that small philosopher ten years old.

"Have you any more of that mush than you want?" he said, coming inside the gate and leaning into the kettle. "I'll give you three cents for some."

"Three cents!" exclaimed the oldest, thinking he must be joking. They had never had so much money all at once; and when Jacob, by showing the change, convinced them that he was in earnest, it seemed to them that the millennium had come.

They shared their supper with him gladly. Standing on the door-step, he had a spoon all to himself, and was allowed to dip as deep and as often as he liked into the molasses-cup. It was a feast, and even he was happy.

But all too soon the bottom of the kettle was reached, and scraped by competing spoons. Jacob left the little ones scraping, and looking at the money he had given them. Then, after having a drink from the well, he went his way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE OLD MAN OF THE STAGE-WAGON.

HAVING stopped a while on the tavern step to rest his tired limbs, and to inquire of the landlord for a job, Jacob started on again, to look for his night's lodging in the fields.

He was weary enough to lie down under the fence, in the first retired spot; but the night was cool for the season, and he felt the necessity of seeking some sort of shelter from the heavy dew.

He was once more in the open country, looking to right and left in the deepening twilight, when he noticed a dark object and heard sounds of voices before him in the road. Nearing the spot, he found an open stage-wagon broken down in the ruts, and the driver and two or three passengers at work trying to extricate it.

Another passenger, alone in the wagon,—whom Jacob perceived to be a sharp-featured old man wrapped to the throat in a thick shawl,—was complaining of the mishap in a harsh and querulous voice.

"It will be the death of me, exposed to the night air in this way! Just after getting up from a fever! Merciful heavens, driver, you must do something! Oh, who's there? Help!"

It was nobody but Jacob, trudging along the road with his stick and bag.

"Hullo, boy!" cried the sick man, "how far is it to the hotel?"

"Pretty near a mile," replied Jacob.

"In mercy, yes!" groaned the old man. And Jacob, who could not possibly have run for himself, ran for him.

In a few minutes he came back. He had found a kind woman and a kitchen fire, and he proposed to take the invalid to them at once.

"But I can't walk so far!" the old man objected, snappishly.

"We can put you on one of the horses."



JACOB AND THE PASSENGER ASSIST THE SICK GENTLEMAN TO THE HOUSE.

the invalid uttered a groan. "A mile! I shall never get there, at this rate. I am growing st-
t-headed—my feet are cold as ice—I am sure
I shall have a relapse!"

He spoke in a voice, though harsh, was certainly that of a
man in a bad way. Jacob stood beside the wagon.
"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the old man, with an agonizing
sigh. "I feared I was n't able to travel. But
the doctor said the journey might do me good, if I
didn't get chilled, or too much fatigued. Now I
am in a bad way. We should have reached the hotel two
days ago."

"There's a house a little way back, behind those
trees," said Jacob. "Shall I go and see if they
will take you in?"

"I can't ride a raw-boned stage-horse! I may
as well die here!"

"You'd better let him," said another of the
passengers, coming close to Jacob's side. "You
would if you had had as much of his bearishness
as we have."

"But he is really a sick man!" remonstrated
Jacob.

"That's so," the passenger replied. "I only
wish he was sicker! To hear him growl, you'd
think everybody in the world but himself was to
blame for his misfortunes."

"If you will take hold with me, I think we can
help him walk to that house," said Jacob.

"You seem to take a great interest in the old
curnudgeon!" said the passenger.

"He may be a curmudgeon; but you would n't leave the worst man in the world to die here, would you?"

"I rather think I would!"

"Oh, no you would n't!" said Jacob. "And he is n't the worst man. His suffering makes him cross." And so he argued and urged, until the passenger consented to help the old man.

Now, the invalid had stopped scolding and groaning long enough to hear almost every word of this conversation; and when it was finally proposed to him to walk with the help of the two, he consented with a better grace than he had shown at any time since his fellow-passengers made his uncomfortable acquaintance.

Getting painfully down to the ground, and leaning heavily upon the shoulders of his assistants, he found he could walk better than he had at first supposed. Still, when they reached the house with him, he was very much exhausted, and his pinched old face looked ghastly enough, as they laid him on the kitchen lounge. He did not, however, lose consciousness, but took notice of everything.

Thanks to much experience in taking care of his sick aunt, Jacob, boy as he was, knew better than anybody else present what to do.

"Can you make him some warm drink?—a cup of tea? As quick as you can!" he said to the woman. Then to the stage-passenger who had helped him bring the old man in: "Don't go, sir, if you please! We must warm his feet the first thing. Take that one; I will take this."

The old man's boots were off in a moment, followed by his stockings. Then his death-cold feet, seized and rubbed, began to recover warmth from two pairs of active hands.

"Ah, that's it!—that's what I wanted!" were the first faint words he spoke. "It relieves my head; it brings back my life!"

A cup of tea was soon ready, and he sat up and sipped it. Then the woman put some freshly toasted slices of bread before him, and a dish of jelly; and his appetite came. When, in about an hour, the stage-driver returned for him with another vehicle brought from the village, the invalid declared that he felt like a new man.

"But where's that youngster?" he asked sharply, looking around.

"After he had warmed your boots and put them on, and got you to the table," replied the woman, "he went off."

"Went off!" he exclaimed. "Without giving me a chance to thank him!"

"He spoke to you, but you were eating your toast and did n't seem to mind him. Then he came and thanked me for what I had done for you, and went away."

"That's a shame!" cried the old man, with appearance of anger. "I heard him say something about having left his bag out-doors, and going out to get it; but I thought he was coming back. I want to see that youngster. I have met one for many a day I like so well. I want just such a boy to travel with me. He knows what to do for a sick man. I was going to give him a dollar, anyway. Can't somebody bring him back?"

"Wagon's waiting!" shouted the driver, impatiently, at the gate.

Jacob, who had had no thought of doing a good action for a reward, had also no idea of what he had missed.

Had the dollar been presented to him, he would have taken it, no doubt, under the circumstances, out of pure necessity. Nor do I think he would have ventured to decline anything that looked providential as the offer of a situation to travel with the old man. But, expecting nothing, he had gone off contentedly with nothing.

He would have liked an invitation to eat some of the good woman's toast—it must be owned that he thought of that; for mush, though it serves for the moment to allay the pangs of hunger, does not afford permanent satisfaction to toiling mortals. But he who had been so ready to ask of strangers what was needful for another, never thought of asking anything for himself. And, his simple duty done, remembering what he had for a while forgotten,—namely, his own weariness and wants,—he had gone off, picked up his bag and stick, and found a lonely lodging in an old barn.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JACOB MAKES NEW ACQUAINTANCES, AND MEETS AN OLD ONE.

THE next morning he was awakened by the violent barking of a dog close to his nose; and looking up from his couch of straw in the corner, he saw a frightened cur bristling at him, and an astonished farmer standing in the open barn-door.

Jacob sat up, and made a clutch at his stick to defend himself.

"What are you doing here?" cried the farmer.

"Call off your dog, and I'll tell you," replied Jacob, a good deal alarmed, it must be confessed, but not quite losing his self-possession.

After the dog, he expected abuse from the farmer. He got upon his feet, and as soon as the yell was silenced, and he could be heard, told briefly his story,—standing humble and confused, unfrank and honest, and with a touch of simple passion in his tones.

"I came in here to sleep; I did n't know it would do any harm. I should have gone to sleep

ouse, if I had had any money. I have slept outdoors two nights; but last night was too cool."

"Where did you come from?"

"From Chillicothe last. I went there to find a man, but missed him. Now I am going to Cincinnati, where I have an uncle."

"How will you get to Cincinnati without money?"

"I can walk, and I hope to get work enough to do to pay my way."

"And what are you going to do for breakfast?"

"I don't know, but I think I can find a few berries somewhere; and, if I can't do any better, I will go to some stack of wheat, shell a little in my hand, and eat that. It won't be the first time."

The man was evidently interested in this homeless boy and his story.

"Come along with me to the house," he said. "I've no work for you; but I'll give ye some breakfast."

Jacob followed gratefully.

"Is it *that* house?" he presently inquired.

"Yes; why not?" said the farmer.

"I believe," said Jacob, "that is the house where I—where we—took the sick man last night."

"Ah!" The farmer turned and looked quickly at Jacob. "I heard something about that when I was home. Are you the boy? I thought from my neighbor's account of what you said and did that you must have been older,—how you warmed the old man's feet, and all that."

"I suppose I am the boy," replied Jacob, with a blush in the rosy morning light. "I hope the gentleman was better after I left him."

He was well enough to go on to the hotel. He returned when I got home. My wife can tell you more about him; and she will be glad to see you." Indeed, Jacob received a cordial welcome at the house, and there learned from the good woman herself what the sick man had said about him. He rested for a moment, then spoke.

"I am almost glad I was gone, for I am afraid I should have taken his dollar—I need it badly to-night!"

"And why not have taken it?"

"Because, if it was to pay for what I had done, I never should have felt right about it. But I am sure I missed the chance of traveling with him. Perhaps he would have paid me good wages, and brought me around to Cincinnati after a while."

"You might find him at the village, before the morning stage goes out, if you hurry," said the farmer.

Jacob mused again, but shook his head.

"It might look as if I was trying to make something out of him, on account of last night. Besides, it might not have been in earnest. And he's a

grouty old fellow; hard for anybody to get along with, I'm sure."

"So you wont go after him?"

"No," said Jacob, with quiet decision in his look and tone.

After breakfast, the farmer told him that he might stay with them a day or two, if he liked, and do chores to pay for his board. But as nothing was said of wages, he thought he would better go on at once. So, rested and refreshed, with a grateful heart, and in his bag a sandwich which the good woman had given him for his dinner, he resumed his journey.

"There are plenty of good folks in the world, after all!" he exclaimed, winking the quick tears from his eyes, after parting from the farmer and his wife. "I'll remember that when I see other folks mean and dishonest,—I *will* remember it!"

There was some need of this good resolution; for more than once, on that rough journey, Jacob was tempted to declare in his heart that the world was made up mostly of people without sympathy or good-will, who cared only for themselves.

Late in the afternoon of that day, as Jacob was tramping wearily along a lonely road, he was overtaken by a young farmer in a rattling wagon, singing merrily to himself and shouting to his team.

The boy stood on the road-side, and called out to him as he drove past: "Give me a ride?"

"Catch on!" said the man, laughing, and at the same time touching up his horses. "Let's see how smart you are!"

Jacob took him at his word, made a dart at the hind-board, flung his bag and stick over it, and presently, by scrambling and kicking, tumbled himself over after them.

Finding a good bed of straw and a heap of empty bags in the bottom of the wagon-box, he was contented to remain there. But the jolly driver, seeing that he had got on, in spite of the little joke he had attempted to play upon him, now slackened speed, and sat over on one end of the cross-board that served as a seat, to make room for him.

"Get up here!" he said. "If a fellow rides with me, I want his company."

"How far are you going?" Jacob asked, as he took the proffered place.

"About eight miles farther. Hosses are good for it."

Making the young fellow's acquaintance, Jacob learned that his name was Boone, and that he had been to market to sell his father's grain. Having got a good price for that, he had broken the temperance pledge, and was now ripe for any adventure. He invited Jacob to go home with him; but pulled up at the first tavern.

"Oh, you need n't be afraid," said Boone, when Jacob begged him not to go in. "The animals want to breathe; and I'm only going to take some old cheese, with a bite of crackers."

In the tavern, however, he fell in with some cronies; and Jacob was watching him anxiously, when a tall black-whiskered man stepped forward and offered to shake hands with him. The boy was astonished—where had he seen that face before? In a moment he remembered it, and stammered out, "Colonel Corkright!"

"The same," said the Kentuckian, with one of those smiles which Jacob never liked. "I don't recall your name, but I remember seeing you on the steamer with our mutual friend, Mr. Pinkey. And where is Pinkey? Charming fellow! It's enough for me to know that you are his friend."

Jacob overcame his natural repugnance enough to talk with him about Alphonse. But finding that Corkright knew nothing—or pretended to know nothing—of the professor, he turned away to look after his new acquaintance.

Boone was making merry with his friends, and refused to leave them.

"I tell you what you do," he said to Jacob. "Go and give my team the oats in that bag; better water them first—they are cool enough now; then they'll be ready for a brisk trot home."

Jacob went out, slipped the horses' bridles back on their necks, tied them at the manger under the open shed, and after carrying them a couple of pails of water, gave them the oats. Then he began to think of himself.

"What's the use of waiting around? I might go to sleep in his wagon; then if he starts before morning, I shall be sure to start too."

With this happy thought, he got in upon the straw, and, using the empty grain-sacks for coverlet and pillow, soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXX.

A STRANGE RIDE.

HE must have slept several hours very soundly, when he was awakened by a movement of the wagon. He started up, not remembering at first where he was. Then recollection came to him.

"It is Boone, backing his horses out from under the shed. I'm glad he is sober enough to do that. They'll know the way home."

With this reflection he sank back upon his pillow of grain-sacks. His limbs were sore and stiff with weariness, his head was heavy with sleep; and having satisfied himself that Boone was starting for home, he yielded to drowsiness, and was asleep almost before the wagon had left the yard.

The team started off at a slow walk, and the

gentleness of the movement favored Jacob's inclination to repose. But soon the clumsy wagon-began to jolt a little. The horses were quickening their pace. Jacob's head was jounced off the pillow and he was rudely tossed about. The sleep before long shaken out of him; his position in the springless vehicle became painful, in spite of the grain-sacks and the straw, and he sat up.

"Wonder if he knows I am in the wagon thought he; and, rubbing his eyes open, he questioned with himself whether he should make his presence known. His very thoughts seemed jolted by the movements of the wagon. "What—is—the—fellow—driving—so—fast—for?"

The moon had but lately risen, and by its light he soon became aware of something strange in the appearance of the driver on the seat before him. Boone was rather short and stout; this man was rather tall. Boone wore a common straw hat; that of the present driver was black, with the brim broad and picturesquely slouched.

With a shudder, he recognized the hat. It belonged to the tall Kentuckian, Colonel Corkright.

All the courage Jacob ever possessed forsook him at this discovery.

Much as he disliked and dreaded Corkright, he might still have faced him by daylight in a good cause, without quite melting down and dissolving in fear. But now the suddenness of the recognition, the strangeness of the situation, the ghostly moonlight, the lonely road,—everything combined to develop the coward in his nature.

His first thought was to creep over the highboard and drop himself out of the wagon as quietly as possible. But he was afraid to move. So he sat, staring at the tall dark figure before him, until by degrees his reason and courage returned.

He had no doubt that Corkright had stolen Boone's horses and wagon; and now the wish rose in his heart that he might baffle the villain.

But that he could not do by leaping from the wagon.

His resolution rallying more and more, he thought him of lying down again and covering himself with the grain-bags, until the right moment should arrive to start up and show himself.

"Just as he is going to sell the horses; then I jump and say, 'This team belongs to another man!'"

I suppose he had not been more than five minutes fully awake, and sitting up there, before he came to this determination, although it seemed much longer time to him.

The clattering of the vehicle over the rough road prevented the colonel from hearing any movements on the boards behind him; and when he looked around, there was nothing to attract his attention.

the shadowy wagon-box, but what seemed a heap of grain-sacks and straw.

Luckily, Jacob had had time to conceal himself. But he had left a breathing-place under the sack that covered his head, and, anxiously watching through that loophole, he saw the dreaded colonel turn and gaze. What if he had turned a minute before? What if he should detect something suspicious in the straw there now?

"He has n't seen me yet!" thought the boy, with a feeling of relief, as the driver once more faced the other way and touched up the team.

It was a terrible ride to the shaken and jolted Jacob. He suffered less in body than in mind. He was in constant fear lest Corkright should discover him. It seemed as if the sacks were all the time getting off and exposing him. And the moon, rising higher and higher, was shining more and more into the wagon, and beginning to light up the spot where he lay.

And now the moonshine, fading, gave place to a greater danger. The stars had paled; a soft, rosy glow was spreading up the sky. Day had dawned, and it was soon in light that Jacob, peeping from under the sacks, could see the buttons on the back of the Kentuckian's coat.

"How am I going to get out of this?" he thought. "He'll be sure to see me. Can't do Boone any good. I wish I was out of the wagon!"

The little stratagem he had so hastily resolved on did not seem at all practicable by daylight.

"Never mind," he said to himself; "I have got over a few miles, though it has been rough."

The wagon was now going more slowly. Corkright was approaching a large town, and he had ordered the horses to drop into a walk. All at once Corkright turned, and looked straight down into the wagon.

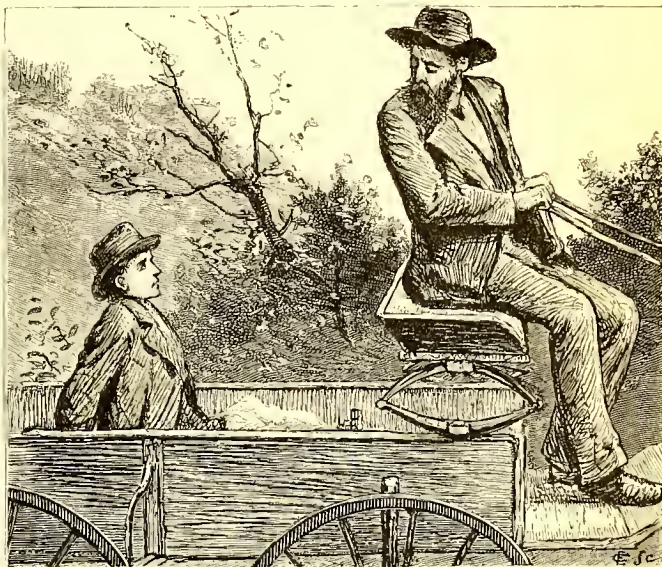
Something attracted his attention. Out of the mass behind him protruded an object which strangely resembled a human leg and foot. He reached over, and was about to grasp it, when up started a lithe figure from under the sacks, with astonishing suddenness, like a Jack-in-the-box.

Even the cool Kentuckian was startled by this apparition. He withdrew his hand quickly, and stopped the horses. Again Jacob thought to jump over the hind-board and escape. But he changed

his mind in the very act. And there he sat, looking up straight at the colonel, while the colonel looked down squarely at him.

"What are you here for?" said the colonel.

Jacob was one of those lads who, though not without the excitability which often makes cowards, possess something of the resolution which inspires the hero. When a danger was left to his imagination, he saw it in all sorts of dreadful shapes; but when the necessity for action came,



"CORKRIGHT TURNED AND LOOKED STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE WAGON."

his spirit rose to meet it. When Corkright spoke to him, he was surprisingly calm, considering the circumstances.

"You brought me here," he said, in a clear but slightly tremulous voice.

"I did n't put you in the wagon!"

"I got in here to sleep. I had no other place, and no money to pay for a bed."

"So you made a bed of the wagon! A rather rough one, I reckon you found it! Slept well, I suppose?"

Corkright spoke in a sarcastic tone; evidently he did not believe a word that Jacob said.

"The wagon was under the tavern shed, and I slept well enough till you carried me off."

"Then why did n't you get out?"

"Because you happened to be going my way, and it is n't often I get a ride."

"What business had you in the wagon?"

"The owner asked me to go home with him."

"I am the owner of this team," said Corkright.

"I don't see how that can be," replied Jacob.

"I bought it. Have you any objections?"

Jacob found courage to say: "I suppose you bought it just as you bought Mr. Pinkey's violin?"

"Exactly. I paid cash for that, and I paid cash for this."

Jacob was surprised that the colonel should deign to explain matters to him in this way. But they were now approaching the town where Corkright meant to dispose of the team, and he thought it politic to win over the lad to his purposes.

"If you'll go with me," said he, "and do what I say, you'll have a chance of earning ten or fifteen dollars."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Jacob.

"I can't tell yet; to hold the horses, or may be just to hold your tongue; anything I require."

"If you require only what I can do," said Jacob, thinking it safe to put his promise in that way, resolved, nevertheless, to slip out of the wagon and escape as soon as it should be well in motion and Corkright's back was turned.

Perhaps the colonel suspected as much.

"Well, get up here on the seat with me. I want to talk to you."

Jacob could not refuse. But, as the horses moved on, he felt bound to speak an earnest word for the young farmer.

"I don't see how Boone could have sold you the team," he said. "He told me himself it did not belong to him, but to his father."

"That's his lookout," replied Corkright. "You don't understand business."

(To be continued.)

WILD MICE AND THEIR WAYS.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE English field-mouse, which is very much like our own, has "a sweet tooth," and searches for the nests of the bumble-bees in order to get the comb and honey.

The *Arvicola* and *Jaculus* seem to be the greatest diggers, while the *Hesperomys* prefers a home above-ground, and constructs its dwelling much like the squirrel's. Sometimes it takes up its abode in deserted birds' nests, such as those of the cat-bird, red-winged black-bird, wood-thrush, and red-eyed vireo. The cradle-nest of the last-named bird (*Vireo olivaceus*), which had been used by a white-footed

mouse, was found toward the end of August, 1875, on the border of a thick forest in the Blue-Ridge

Mountains, by Mr. Trotter. The nest, which second tenant and all—is shown in the picture on the next page, hung from the extremity of a young



LEAVING HOME.

tree a few feet from the ground; and the mouse had completely filled the inside with dry grass, leaving only enough room to squeeze in a comfortable ball in the bottom. The mouse was asleep when found, as its habit in the daytime, and moved away rather sluggishly.

Not long ago, I received a pleasant letter from Mr. John Burroughs, in which he said: "The other day I found the nest of the white-footed

mouse. Going through the woods, I paused by a red cedar, the top of which had been broken

off and lopped over till it touched the ground. It was dry and formed a very dense mass. I touched a match to it to see it burn, when, just as the flames were creeping up into it, out jumped or tumbled two white-footed mice, and made off in opposite directions. I was just in time to see the nest before the flames caught it—a mass of fine dry

of the grasses on each side arching over, conceal the scampering travelers from the prying eyes of owls, hawks, and butcher-birds, ever on the watch for them. The mice seem to fully understand their danger, cautiously going under a tuft of grass or a large leaf instead of over it, and avoiding bare places. In winter their paths are tunneled under



THE MOUSE IN THE BIRD'S NEST.

ss, about five feet from the ground, in the thick-part of the cedar top."

From their tunnels, nests and granaries, innumerable runways, such as I spoke of before, traverse the neighborhood, crossing those from other burrows, and forming a complete net-work all over the region. The mice do not flock together like the prairie dogs, but, where food is plenty, many nests are often found close together. They are sociable little folk, and no doubt greatly enjoy visiting and chattering with one another. The little paths are made by roadways from one burrow to another, and in the places where the tenderest grasses grow to their store-houses. These tiny roads are formed by gnawing clean away the grass-stubble, and leveling the earth down smooth; while the heads

of the snow, so that they are out of sight; and they always have several means of escape from their burrows. You know the old song says—

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

A trotting, gliding motion is the gait of the *Arvicola*, but the white-foot gallops along, jumping over small objects, and leaping from one hillock to another, while the kangaroo-mouse springs off his hind feet, and progresses in a series of long leaps, which carry him over the ground like a race-horse.

But the life of one of our favorites is not all frisking about under the fragrant flowers, or digging channels through shining sand and crystal snow. He has his labor and trials and trouble like the rest

of us. If "a man mun be eather a man or a mouse," it would be hard choosing between them, so far as an easy time is concerned! The gathering of his food, and the building of his house, costs him "mony a weary nibble," and he must constantly be on the alert, for dangers haunt him on every side. One of his enemies is the snake, all the larger sorts of which pounce upon him in the grass, lie in wait for him in his highway, or steal into his burrow and seize his helpless young, in spite of the

Probably our snakes depend more upon catching mice than upon any other resource for their daily food, and they hunt for them incessantly. Most of the mice have the bad habit of being abroad mainly at night; so have the snakes; and the mice thus encounter more foes, and fall an easier prey, than if they deferred their ramblings until daylight. Being out nights is a bad practice! The prairie rattlesnakes are especially fond of mice; mink, weasels, skunks and badgers, eat as many as the



A FIGHT WITH A SNAKE.

frantic fighting of the father, and the stout attempts of the mother to drag her little ones away into safety. A gentleman in Illinois once saw a garter-snake pass rapidly by with a young meadow-mouse in its mouth. Presently, an old meadow-mouse came out of the tall grass in pursuit of the snake, which she finally overtook and instantly attacked. The snake stopped, disgorged its prey, and defended itself by striking at its assailant, which appeared to be beating it, when both animals were killed by the gentleman watching. I am sorry the incident ended so tragically. The courage and affection of the little mother deserved a better reward, and even the garter-snake is entitled to some sympathy.

can catch, and this probably is not a few; domestic cats hunt them eagerly, seeming to prefer them to house-mice,—no doubt they are more sweet and delicate; foxes also enjoy them, dogs and wolves dig them out of their burrows and devour them; prairie fires burn multitudes of them, and farmers trap them. But, after all, perhaps their chief foes are the flesh-eating birds. I hardly ever take a walk without finding the remains of an owl's or hawk's dinner where our little subject has been the main dish.

We have in this country two black, white and gray birds called shrikes, or butcher-birds, which are only about the size of robins, but are very

strong, brave, and noble in appearance. These shrikes have the curious habit of killing more game than they need, and hanging it up on thorns, or lodging it in a crack in the fence or the crotch of a tree. They seem to hunt just for the fun of it, and kill for the sake of killing. Now their chief game is the unhappy field-mouse, and in Illinois they are known as "mouse-birds." They never seem to eat much of the flesh of their victims, generally only pecking their brains out, but murder an enormous number, and keep up the slaughter through the whole year; for when the loggerhead shrike retreats outward in the autumn, the great northern shrike comes from British America to supply his place through the winter. Then all the hawks, from the nimble little sharp-shinned to the great swooping buzzards, prey upon them, and in winter hover day after day over knolls where the mice have been driven by floods in the surrounding lowlands, and once upon every one that is imprudent enough to show his black eyes above ground. As for the marsh-hawk, it regularly quarters the low fields like a harrier, and eats little but mice. The owls, too, are constantly after them, hunting them day and night, on the prairies and in the woods, esteeming them fine food for the four owlets in the hollow tree hard by; while the sand-hill crane, and some of the herons, make a regular business of seeking the underground homes, and digging out the timorous fugitives with their pick-ax beaks. In addition to all the rest, the farmer everywhere persecutes the mouse, as a pest to his orchards and crops. Has the poor little animal, then, no friends whatever? Very few, except his own endurance and cunning; yet he is already so numerous, and increases so rapidly, that all his enemies have not been able to rid the earth of him, but only to keep him in check, and thus preserve that nice balance of nature in which consists the welfare of all.

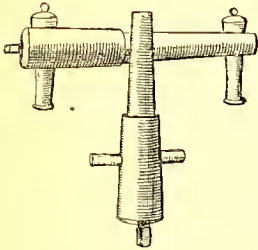
It may not be of much interest to the lively readers of ST. NICHOLAS to hear how destructive these pretty wild mice are to the farmer's grain and fruit, but an important part of their history would be untold if I were to say nothing about their mischief. From the story I have related of the little thieves in the night" who stole my friend's rye, and of their underground stores, you may guess how they make the grain fields suffer. It is done quietly and adroitly, too, that few are ever caught at it, and much of the blame is put on the moles, squirrels and woodchucks, that have enough of their own to answer for. The meadow-mouse of Europe, which is very like our own, forty or fifty years ago came near causing a famine in parts of England, ruining the crops before they

could get fairly started, and killing almost all the young trees in the orchards and woods. More than 30,000 of the little rascals were trapped in one month in a single piece of forest, beside all those killed by animals. Only last spring, again, a similar disaster was threatened in Scotland, where millions of mice appeared, and gnawed off the young grass at the root just when it should have been in prime condition for the sheep; and when that was all gone they attacked the garden vegetables. The people lost vast numbers of sheep and lambs from starvation, and thousands of dollars' worth of growing food; but, finally, by all together waging war upon them, the pests were partially killed off. The mice did not in either case come suddenly, but had been increasing steadily for years previous, because the gamekeepers had killed so many of the "vermin" (as owls, hawks, weasels, snakes, etc., are wrongly called) which are the natural enemies of the mice, and keep their numbers down. Farmers are slow to learn that it does not pay to kill the birds or rob their nests; but the boys and girls ought to understand this truth and remember it. In this country, the greatest mischief done by the field-mice is the gnawing of bark from the fruit-trees, so that in some of the Western States this is the most serious difficulty the orchardist has to contend with. Whole rows of young trees in nurseries are stripped of their bark, and of course die; and where apple-seeds are planted, the mice are sure to dig half of them up to eat the kernels. This mischief is mainly done in the winter, when the trees are packed away from the frost; or, if they are growing, because then the mice can move about concealed under the snow, and nibble all the bark away up to the surface. Rabbits get much of the credit of this naughty work, for they do a good deal of it on their own account. The gardener has the same trouble, often finding, when he uncovers a rare and costly plant in the spring, that the mice have enjoyed good winter quarters in his straw covering, and have been gnawing to death his choice roses. Millions of dollars, perhaps, would not pay for all the damage these small creatures thus accomplish each year in the United States, and I fear they will become more and more of a plague if we continue to kill off the harmless hawks, owls, butcher-birds and snakes, which are the policemen appointed by Nature to look after the mice, and protect us against them.

In captivity the wild mice, especially the white-footed *Hesperomys*, make very pretty pets, and one can easily study all their ways by giving them earth in which to burrow, and the various sorts of food in which they delight.

THE PETERKINS CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



THE day began early.

A compact had been made with the little boys the evening before.

They were to be allowed to usher in the glorious day by the blowing of horns exactly at sunrise. But they were to blow them

for precisely five minutes only, and no sound of the horns should be heard afterward till the family were down-stairs.

It was thought that a peace might thus be bought by a short though crowded period of noise.

The morning came. Even before the morning, at half-past three o'clock, a terrible blast of the horns aroused the whole family.

Mrs. Peterkin clasped her hands to her head and exclaimed: "I am thankful the lady from Philadelphia is not here!" For she had been invited to stay a week, but had declined to come before the Fourth of July, as she was not well, and her doctor had prescribed quiet.

And the number of the horns was most remarkable! It was as though every cow in the place had arisen and was blowing through both her own horns!

"How many little boys are there? How many have we?" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin, going over their names one by one mechanically, thinking he would do it, as he might count imaginary sheep jumping over a fence, to put himself to sleep. Alas! the counting could not put him to sleep now in such a din.

And how unexpectedly long the five minutes seemed! Elizabeth Eliza was to take out her watch and give the signal for the end of the five minutes and the ceasing of the horns. Why did not the signal come? Why did not Elizabeth Eliza stop them?

And certainly it was long before sunrise; there was no dawn to be seen!

"We will not try this plan again," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"If we live to another Fourth," added Mr. Peterkin, hastening to the door, to inquire into the state of affairs.

Alas! Amanda, by mistake, had waked up the little boys an hour too early. And by another mis-

take the little boys had invited three or four of their friends to spend the night with them. Mrs. Peterkin had given them permission to have the boys for the whole day, and they understood the day a beginning when they went to bed the night before. This accounted for the number of horns.

It would have been impossible to hear any explanation; but the five minutes were over, and the horns had ceased, and there remained only the noise of a singular leaping of feet, explained perhaps by a possible pillow-fight, that kept the family below partially awake until the bells and cannon made known the dawning of the glorious day—the sunrise, or "the rising of the sons," as Mr. Peterkin jocosely called it when they heard the little boys and their friends clattering down the stairs to begin the outside festivities.

They were bound first for the swamp, for Elizabeth Eliza, at the suggestion of the lady from Philadelphia, had advised them to hang some flag around the pillars of the piazza. Now the little boys knew of a place in the swamp where they had been in the habit of digging for "flag-root," and where they might find plenty of flag flowers. The did bring away all they could, but they were a little out of bloom. The boys were in the midst of nailing up all they had on the pillars of the piazza, when the procession of the Antiques and Horribles passed along. As the procession saw the festive arrangements on the piazza, and the crowd of boys, who cheered them loudly, it stopped to salute the house with some especial strains of greeting.

Poor Mrs. Peterkin! They were directly under her windows! In the few moments of quiet during the boys' absence from the house on their visit to the swamp, she had been trying to find out whether she had a sick-headache, or whether it was all that noise, and she was just deciding it was the sick-headache, but was falling into a light slumber when the fresh noise outside began.

There were the imitations of the crowing of cocks and braying of donkeys, and the sound of horns encored and increased by the cheers of the boys. Then began the torpedoes, and the Antiques and Horribles had Chinese crackers also!

And, in despair of sleep, the family came down to breakfast.

Mrs. Peterkin had always been much afraid of fire-works, and had never allowed the boys to bring gunpowder into the house. She was even afraid

torpedoes; they looked so much like sugar-plums, she was sure some of the children would swallow them, and explode before anybody knew it.

She was very timid about other things. She was not sure even about pea-nuts. Everybody exclaimed over this: "Surely there was no danger in pea-nuts!" But Mrs. Peterkin declared she had been very much alarmed at the Exhibition, and in the crowded corners of the streets in Boston, at the pea-nut stands, where they had machines to roast the pea-nuts. She did not think it was safe. They might go off any time, in the midst of a crowd of people, too!

Mr. Peterkin thought there actually was no danger, and he should be sorry to give up the pea-nut. He thought it an American institution, something really belonging to the Fourth of July. He even confessed to a quiet pleasure in crushing the empty shells with his feet on the sidewalks as he went long the streets.

Agamemnon thought it a simple joy.

In consideration, however, of the fact that they had had no real celebration of the Fourth the last year, Mrs. Peterkin had consented to give over the day, this year, to the amusement of the family as a centennial celebration. She would prepare herself for a terrible noise—only she did not want any gunpowder brought into the house.

The little boys had begun by firing some torpedoes a few days beforehand, that their mother might be used to the sound, and had selected their spots some weeks before.

Solomon John had been very busy in inventing some fire-works. As Mrs. Peterkin objected to the use of gunpowder, he found out from the dictionary that the different parts of gunpowder are—saltpeter, charcoal, and sulphur. Charcoal he discovered they had in the wood-house; saltpeter they could find in the cellar, in the beef-barrel; and sulphur they could buy at the apothecary's. He explained to his mother that these materials had never yet exploded in the house, and she was contented.

Agamemnon, meanwhile, remembered a recipe he had read somewhere for making a "fulminating paste" of iron filings and powder of brimstone. He had it written down on a piece of paper in his pocket-book. But the iron filings must be finely powdered. This they began upon a day or two before, and, the very afternoon before, laid out some of the paste on the piazza.

Pin-wheels and rockets were contributed by Mr. Peterkin for the evening. According to a programme drawn up by Agamemnon and Solomon John, the reading of the Declaration of Independence was to take place in the morning on the piazza over the flags.

The Bromwiches brought over their flag to hang over the door.

"That is what the lady from Philadelphia meant," explained Elizabeth Eliza.

"She said flags of our country," said the little boys. "We thought she meant 'in the country.'"

Quite a company assembled; but it seemed nobody had a copy of the Declaration of Independence.

Elizabeth Eliza said she could say one line, if they each could add as much. But it proved they all knew the same line that she did, as they began:

"When, in the course of—when, in the course of—when, in the course of human—when, in the course of human events—when, in the course of human events, it becomes—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary—when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people —"

They could not get any farther. Some of the party decided that "one people" was a good place to stop, and the little boys sent off some fresh torpedoes in honor of the people. But Mr. Peterkin was not satisfied. He invited the assembled party to stay until sunset, and meanwhile he would find a copy, and torpedoes were to be saved to be fired off at the close of every sentence.

And now the noon bells rang and the noon bells ceased.

Mrs. Peterkin wanted to ask everybody to dinner. She should have some cold beef. She had let Amanda go, because it was the Fourth, and everybody ought to be free that one day, so she could not have much of a dinner. But when she went to cut her beef, she found Solomon John had taken it to soak, on account of the saltpeter for the fire-works!

Well, they had a pig, so she took a ham, and the boys had bought tamarinds and buns and a cocoa-nut. So the company stayed on, and when the Antiques and Horribles passed again, they were treated to pea-nuts and lemonade.

They sang patriotic songs, they told stories; they fired torpedoes, they frightened the cats with them. It was a warm afternoon; the red poppies were out wide, and the hot sun poured down on the alleys in the garden. There was a seething sound of a hot day in the buzzing of insects, in the steaming heat that came up from the ground. Some neighboring boys were firing a toy cannon. Every time it went off, Mrs. Peterkin started, and looked to see if one of the little boys was gone. Mr. Peterkin had set out to find a copy of the "Declaration." Agamemnon had disappeared. She had not a moment to decide about her headache. She asked Ann Maria if she were not anxious about the fire-works, and if rockets were not dangerous.

They went up, but you were never sure where they came down.

And then came a fresh tumult! All the fire-engines in town rushed toward them, clanging with bells, men and boys yelling! They were out for a practice, and for a Fourth of July show.

Mrs. Peterkin thought the house was on fire, and so did some of the guests. There was great rushing hither and thither. Some thought they would better go home, some thought they would better stay. Mrs. Peterkin hastened into the house to save herself, or see what she could save. Elizabeth Eliza followed her, first proceeding to collect all the pokers and tongs she could find, because they could be thrown out of the window without breaking. She had read of people who had flung looking-glasses out of window by mistake, in the excitement of the house being on fire, and had carried the pokers and tongs carefully into the garden. There was nothing like being prepared. She always had determined to do the reverse. So with calmness she told Solomon John to take down the looking-glasses. But she met with a difficulty,—there were no pokers and tongs, as they did not use them. They had no open fires; Mrs. Peterkin had been afraid of them. So Elizabeth Eliza took all the pots and kettles up to the upper windows, ready to be thrown out.

But where was Mrs. Peterkin? Solomon John found she had fled to the attic in terror. He persuaded her to come down, assuring her it was the most unsafe place; but she insisted upon stopping to collect some bags of old pieces, that nobody would think of saving from the general wreck, she said, unless she did. Alas! this was the result of fire-works on Fourth of July! As they came downstairs, they heard the voices of all the company declaring there was no fire—the danger was past. It was long before Mrs. Peterkin could believe it. They told her the fire company was only out for show, and to celebrate the Fourth of July. She thought it already too much celebrated.

Elizabeth Eliza's kettles and pans had come down through the windows with a crash, that had only added to the festivities, the little boys thought.

Mr. Peterkin had been about all this time in search of a copy of the Declaration of Independence. The public library was shut, and he had to go from house to house; but now as the sunset bells and cannon began, he returned with a copy, and read it, to the pealing of the bells and sounding of the cannon. Torpedoes and crackers were fired at every pause. Some sweet-marjoram pots, tin cans filled with crackers which were lighted, went off with great explosions.

At the most exciting moment, near the close of the reading, Agamemnon, with an expression of terror, pulled Solomon John aside.

"I have suddenly remembered where I read about the 'fulminating paste' we made. It was in the preface to 'Woodstock,' and I have been around to borrow the book, to read the directions over again, because I was afraid about the 'paste' going off. READ THIS QUICKLY! and tell me *Where is the fulminating paste?*"

Solomon John was busy winding some covers of paper over a little parcel. It contained chlorate of potash and sulphur mixed. A friend had told him of the composition. The more thickness of paper you put around it, the louder it would go off. You must pound it with a hammer. Solomon John felt it must be perfectly safe, as his mother had taken potash for a medicine.

He still held the parcel as he read from Agamemnon's book: "This paste, when it has lain together about twenty-six hours, will *of itself* take fire, and burn all the sulphur away with a blue flame and a bad smell."

"Where is the paste?" repeated Solomon John in terror.

"We made it just twenty-six hours ago," said Agamemnon.

"We put it on the piazza," exclaimed Solomon John, rapidly recalling the facts, "and it is in front of mother's feet!"

He hastened to snatch the paste away before it should take fire, flinging aside the packet in a hurry. Agamemnon, jumping upon the piazza at the same moment, trod upon the paper parcel, which exploded at once with the shock, and he fell to the ground, while at the same moment the paste "fulminated" into a blue flame directly in front of Mrs. Peterkin!

It was a moment of great confusion. There were cries and screams. The bells were still ringing, the cannon firing, and Mr. Peterkin had just reached the closing words: "Our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

"We are all blown up, as I feared we should be," Mrs. Peterkin at length ventured to say, flinging herself in a lilac-bush by the side of the piazza. She scarcely dared to open her eyes to see the scattered limbs about her.

It was so with all. Even Ann Maria Bromwell clutched a pillar of the piazza, with closed eyes.

At length, Mr. Peterkin said, calmly: "Is anybody killed?"

There was no reply. Nobody could tell whether it was because everybody was killed, or because they were too wounded to answer. It was a great while before Mrs. Peterkin ventured to move.

But the little boys soon shouted with joy and cheered the success of Solomon John's fire-works, and hoped he had some more. One of them had his face blackened by an unexpected cracker, and

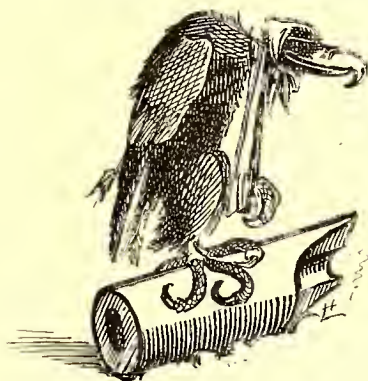
Elizabeth Eliza's muslin dress was burned here and here. But no one was hurt; no one had lost any limbs, though Mrs. Peterkin was sure she had seen some flying in the air. Nobody could understand how, as she had kept her eyes firmly shut.

No greater accident had occurred than the singeing of the tip of Solomon John's nose. But there was an unpleasant and terrible odor from the "fulminating paste."

Mrs. Peterkin was extricated from the lilac-bush. No one knew how she got there. Indeed, the thundering noise had stunned everybody. It had roused the neighborhood even more than before. Answering explosions came on every side, and though the sunset light had not faded away, the

little boys hastened to send off rockets under cover of the confusion. Solomon John's other fire-works would not go. But all felt he had done enough.

Mrs. Peterkin retreated into the parlor, deciding she really did have a headache. At times she had to come out when a rocket went off, to see if it was one of the little boys. She was exhausted by the adventures of the day, and almost thought it could not have been worse if the boys had been allowed gunpowder. The distracted lady was thankful there was likely to be but one Centennial Fourth in her life-time, and declared she should never more keep anything in the house as dangerous as saltpetered beef, and she should never venture to take another spoonful of potash.



A TALK ABOUT SWIMMING.

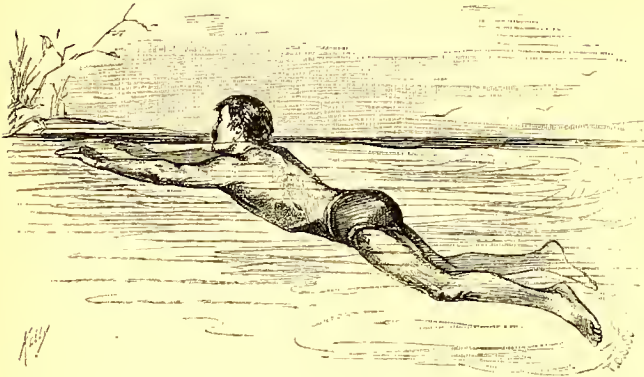
BY SANFORD B. HUNT.

HANGING in the shrouds of a sinking ship on a cold November afternoon, the engine-room flooded on the leak, the steam-pumps not able to work, I lay back tortured beyond endurance with hard labor at the levers of the hand-pump, the deck swept by the bursting seas, a wild and angry sky above, the lee shore perfectly horrible in the tempest of its waves and the thunder of the surf that was rolling and charging by squadrons of billows for a half mile of low sandy bottom, I asked myself whether, if the ship broke up, I could manœuvre the under-tow,—that merciless drag backward in the sea, the topmost wave washing the swimmer rapidly toward the shore, the undermost sucking me down and out. I said to myself an emphatic "No!" But the experiment was spared me, and the next morning in a life-boat. Ever since that awful hour and night, I have had a

sincere respect for the science and art of swimming, in which, next to God, then rested all my hope and trust.

But before we talk about fighting an under-tow in a wicked sea-way, let us discuss the principles and methods of swimming. To drown in a river, with the shore only a few yards away, when any dog or donkey would reach the land, must involve a feeling of personal humiliation as well as despair. To be self-trustworthy is the first thing in moments of danger; but the art of swimming has a high value in the saving of other lives, and is, besides, a luxury and accomplishment worth the having, for the mere fun of the thing. In our civilization, swimming is an acquired accomplishment. It is understood to be a natural function with nearly all kinds of animals, hogs and humanity being the leading exceptions. The in-

ability to swim is in all cases a defect of education. If we do not know already, let us learn how.



THE PROPER POSITION.

To an expert swimmer, sinking is impossible, except from cramp or exhaustion. The weight of a human body is just about that of the water it displaces; but the body weight is unevenly distributed, the lungs being the bladder and the head the sinker,—so that the first rule in swimming is to keep the head well back on the shoulders, where it will rest immediately above the lungs. But before this, the beginner should observe a few rules of safety.

Get accustomed to the shock of water. Wade slowly into a smooth shallow place, turn and face toward the shore, duck under in water deep enough to cover the body, get your head wet, hold your breath when under, snort as you come to the air again, resisting the inclination to breathe in first; and then, in a depth of a foot or two, lie down, face downward, and touch the tips of your fingers on the bed of the stream. You will find that a very slight lift, hardly two ounces, will keep your head afloat, but not your heels. Use them as oars. Drop out backward into deeper water, walking on your finger-tips, and you will find that the more of your body is under water the less weight you have to carry. The only parts to keep in the air are your lips and nostrils. Make these the only exposed surface; hollow your loins, and carry your head well back, so as to have it perpendicular to the lungs.

All this is mere paddling; but you will soon find that keeping afloat is no trouble, unless you keep too high and try to swim as much in the air as in the water. You must remember that you have to displace as much weight of water as the weight of your own body. You cannot walk upon the waves or climb out of them without a support. In

swimming you must lie low. The legs should be well under, and so should the hands. The attitude should be as in the first illustration,—the chin in the water, the legs at an angle of thirty-three degrees. The theory is that you should use the feet as a counterpoise to the head,—the chest, the buoyant part of the body, being the fulcrum of the lever. If your heels go up, your head will go down. Now stop paddling, abandon the grip of your hands on the bottom, keep your head toward the shore, and strike out. The first illustration will show the attitude. Two feet depth of water is enough for the lesson.

Keep both hands well under water. You can't swim in the air. Hold your fingers together, the palms of the hands slightly hollowed, the head well back, the chest inflated, and strike with all four limbs in unison of movement. The hands and the feet will act as propellers, the hands moving backward and downward as low as the hips, and well outside of the body, the feet drawing together and pushing downward at the same moment. Give full spread to your hands and feet. Their resistance to the water is your propelling force. Then gather, frog fashion, and repeat the motion. You rid yourself of the

sense of danger in keeping in shallow water and striking toward shore.

Work in this way a while, and the temptation will be irresistible to swim *from* shore, but it should be carefully indulged until you feel satisfied of yourself.

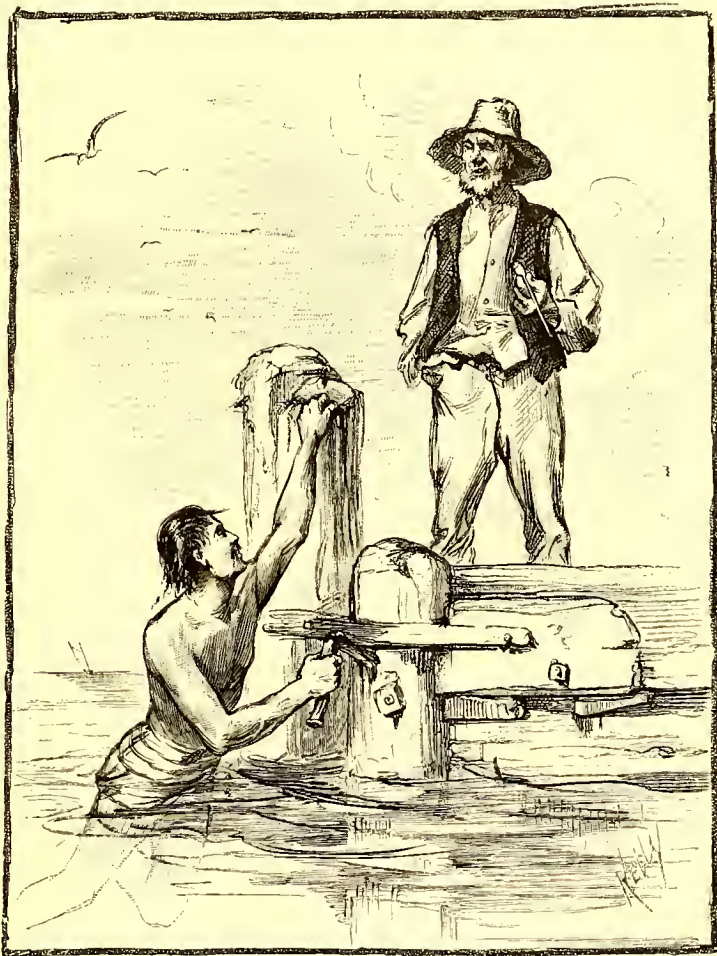
When you have thus learned to swim a half-dozen strokes, all that rest is mere practice in a delightful school, where there is more fun than work. Water frolics are half sport, and the best frolic of all is a good dive.



The fun of a good dive is fun indeed. I have often "fetched bottom" at fifteen feet, and brought up a big stone to prove to my comrades that I had been "clean down." But once, in water like crystal, in the Upper Lakes, where the pebbles could be seen at the bottom, I came rushing up with my head cracking, and saw an old fellow grinning at

lecture of the same length were too much to pay for that one dizzy, sidewise rush through the air. If I had taken my leaden head for a plummet, I should have been spared the blisters on my body. I ought to have dived.

"Floating" is the best illustration of the real buoyancy of the human body. It needs only self-



"HE INFORMED ME THAT THE WATER WAS TWENTY-SIX FEET DEEP."

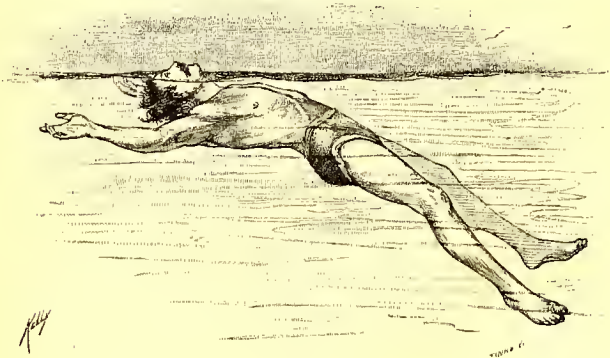
I hung breathless to a wharf-pile, and he fully informed me that the water was twenty-six feet deep, "thar or tharabouts."

Diving from a height is a doubtful job. Recollect that in everything connected with swimming you are top-heavy, and that water is incompressible. You get off your balance while dropping, and fall on your side, either you will be drowned or your mother will need, next day, all the cold cream in the neighborhood. I have painful recollections of that subject. Two days in bed and a maternal

possession and still water. There are two attitudes, one of which seems the more scientific, but which I never worked with any considerable success. It is accurately shown in the first illustration on the following page, in which the position pictured is theoretically correct. I have seen such floating done with not the motion of a muscle, except as the lungs were kept inflated. Only the mouth and nostrils are out of water, and the arms, extended backward, balance the legs, the lungs being at the fulcrum. But as a personal habit I float better

with my legs deeper in the water, and my hands wrapped under the small of my back, the body in a semi-perpendicular position. You have plenty of time to breathe if you are only self-confident.

In "treading water" there is a nice illustration of buoyancy. It is a great rest sometimes. The



FLOATING.

propulsive force of the tread of the soles of the feet against the water below them, with the buoyant power of the lungs supporting the head perpendicularly above them, carry the head clear out of water, and make a lazy but secure support. The hands should rest quietly on the hips, as shown in the picture below. There are a dozen other feats in swimming, such as swimming on the back, which is lazier than any other method.

LIFE RESCUE.

The true plan to follow, when safety is the call, is to swim with everything below the chin well down under water, the head well back and resting centrally on the floating power of the lungs. But what will you do when your comrade is tired out and drowning? That depends. If he is cool and reliable, get in front of him, let him place his hands on your hips (not your shoulders), and you can carry him quite a distance. That supposes that both parties, rescued and rescuer, understand fair play. The weaker party is the one that ought to drown, if he shows any disposition to drown his friend by a miserable, cowardly death-clutch at the only floating thing around him. In the case of the death-clutch, go to the bottom with your man and leave him there. There may be an unpleasant wrestle, but the real drowning man is ready to quit his prey when he strikes bottom. The better man has his right to come to the surface and swim ashore.

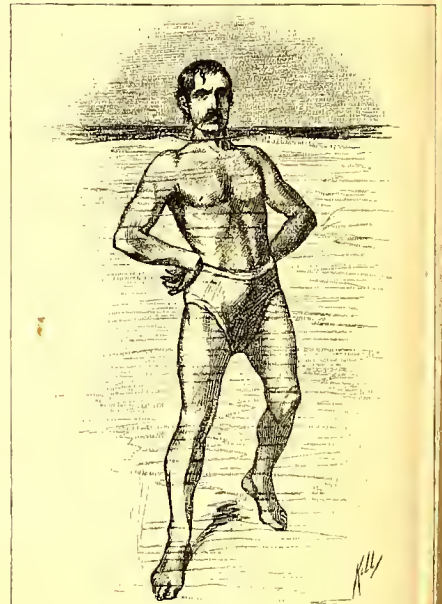
But in a considerable swimming experience, and some rescues, there comes one absolute rule: Never face a drowning man. He welcomes rescue so eagerly that he will hug you around the neck and take you down. The safest and best thing to

do is to get behind him, and, unless you are left handed, put your left hand under his right arm-pit. The lift you give him will be enough in ordinary water. He can be coaxed to help himself, and if he is a reasonable being you can bring him to shore. If he is insane with fright, recollect that you are

to be both prudent and heroic. Get away from him, clutch his ankle with one hand and tow him ashore. If the bank is near, he is not likely to drown on the way. If he does it is not your fault. But a brave swimmer is master of his element. I saw two lads—I saw one of them at least—carry a companion, who could not swim, across a deep, broad and rapid river, just for a frolic. It was a reckless thing to do, and the three were used up when they staggered to the shore. They were crossed from a point up the river where they found a good light place

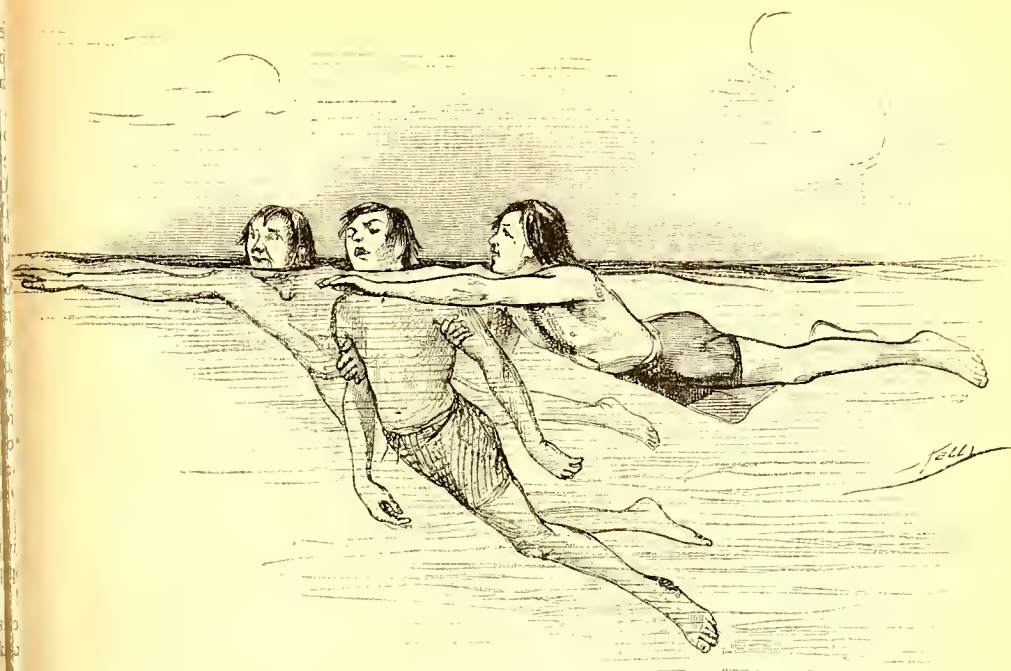
slab, and towed John across on that.

But those same two young scamps once rescued a drowning comrade in a way that was remarkable for its neatness. The poor fellow was in mid-stream, cramped and exhausted, and barely able to keep afloat. Which was first was never decided, but in the critical moment each was behind his



TREADING WATER.

each with a hand under an arm-pit; he was almost a dead-weight on their hands, and they swam



SAVING A COMRADE.

more, more dead than alive. It was a struggle, all they were the masters of the situation.

THE UNDER-TOW.

He began this gossip first with a mention of the "under-tow." It is by no means a "phenomenon," something to be read up and studied. Either on the sea-beach or at the great lakes, all the water that is tumbled ashore in heavy waves must go back in. The top-sea rolls in and the under-sea rolls

Trust to the former. Keep clear afloat and weigh in as you can. Abandon the rule I have given you about deep swimming. Secure the

adship of the seaward wave. Otherwise, if you are in ten feet from shore and suddenly, you drop your legs to the level of thirty degrees, which is the position of a swimmer in a "der-tow"—under water flows out

to replace the waves that run in—will grab you by the ankles and pull you out and down again. Keep clear afloat, your head well down, your heels feeling the topmost of the impelling wave; keep your lungs well filled, and wash ashore. You are not safe until you can easily fasten your hands in the sand or gravel and pull yourself to land. But in shallow water, with a long surf rolling in behind you, the drag of the under-tow can only be avoided by swimming high and letting the waves "buck" you in. The rules for still water and rapid river currents, in which deep swimming is safety, do not apply to mastering an under-tow. Swim shallow

and trust the topmost wave.

Perhaps I ought to add a word about ice rescue, where a fellow skating on thin ice breaks through, and, heading toward shore with a pair of skates on his heels, cracks off successive chunks of ice until he is surrounded by



THE UNDERTOW.



"WELL, FELLOWS, YOU DID THAT NICELY!"

them. It is the coldest kind of a baptism, and the hardest kind of a rescue. I was an actor in one when a college chum "slumped" through. The ice was unsafe, and we fished him out by knocking off fence-boards, sliding them out, lying face-downward on the boards, other fence-boards

being slid out to us. He got hold of one, climbed to the surface of the ice with the ready skill of a practiced swimmer, and said, with rattling teeth in the zero atmosphere: "Well, fellows, you did that nicely!" The remark was rather impathetic, but it was literally true.

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW.

BY IDA W. BENHAM.

A LITTLE brown seed in the furrow
 Lay still in its gloomy bed,
 While violets blue and lilies white
 Were whispering overhead.
 They whispered of glories strange and rare,
 Of glittering dew, and floating air,
 Of beauty and rapture everywhere,—
 And the seed heard all they said.

Poor little brown seed in the furrow!
 So close to the lilies' feet,
 So far away from the great, glad day,
 Where life seemed all complete!
 In her heart she treasured every word,
 And she longed for the blessing of which she heard,
 For the light that shone, and the airs that stirred,
 In that land, so wondrous sweet!

The little brown seed in the furrow
 Was thrilled with a strange unrest ;
 Warm new hope beat tremblingly
 In the tiny, heaving breast ;
 With her two small hands clasped close in prayer,
 She lifted them up in the darkness there ;
 Up, up through the sod, toward sun and air,
 Her folded hands she pressed.

O little brown seed in the furrow,
 At last you have pierced the mould !
 And, quivering with a life intense,
 Your beautiful leaves unfold,
 Like wings outspread for upward flight ;
 And slowly, slowly, in dew and light,
 A sweet bud opens—till, in God's sight,
 You wear a crown of gold !

THE STARS IN JULY.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern sky below the pole is now chiefly remarkable for the absence of large stars. It has always seemed to me that this large, desolate region of the sky is full of meaning, and that when the architecture of the heavens comes to be rightly understood, we shall find why it is that this region thus barren. That the feature is not accidental is satisfied, from a number of experiments I have made on the random scattering of points.

The head of the Dragon is now almost exactly above the pole. Not far from the point overhead lies the beautiful steel-blue star Vega.

Although the map shows a part of Auriga (the Charioteer), and notably the bright star Capella, only the star δ of this constellation can be seen in America at the hours named below the map; nor can even this star be seen from places north of the latitude of Nashville (Tenn.), or thereabouts.

Turning to the south a splendid star is seen, far shining all his fellows. This star, as I mentioned last month, is the planet, Jupiter. He is not shown in our southern map for this month, simply because our map is not meant for this year, 1877, alone; but for 1878-'79-'80, and onward. It will, indeed, present the aspect of the southern skies at the seasons named for many years after you, and I, and my children, and grandchildren, are dead and (let me speak) buried. But in order that Jupiter's present position to this region may not confuse the learner, I have given elsewhere in this number a picture of the planet, and a sketch of the planet himself, which I hope, will be interesting to you.

The ruling constellation of the zodiac this month is Sagittarius (the Archer). In the second figure for this month, his bow-arm, bow, and arrow appear. Do not think it is necessary to give a full picture of

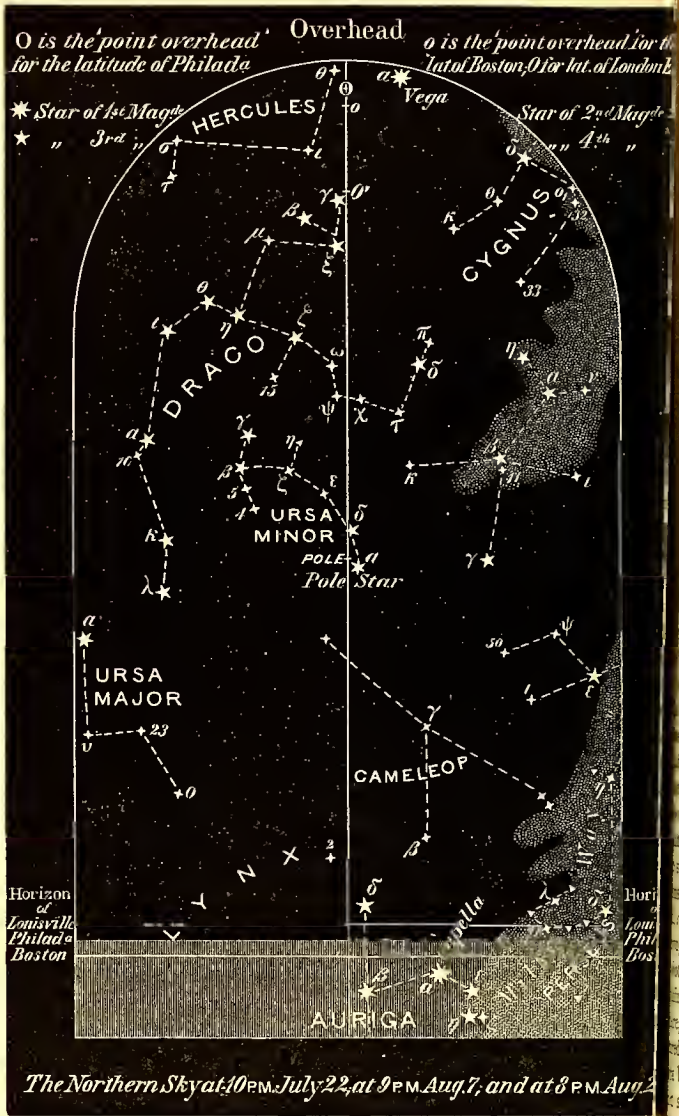
this worthy. He is commonly presented as a centaur, though it is not easy to imagine the figure of a centaur among the stars of this constellation. The bow, however, is fairly well marked.

Admiral Smyth tells us that, in the days of Eratosthenes, the constellation Sagittarius was pictured as a satyr; and so it appears on the Farnese globe.

From places in the latitude of New Orleans, the constellation Ara, or the Altar, can be partly seen. In England, as you can see by the position of the horizon of London, we not only see no part of this constellation, but a large part of the curved tail of Scorpio is hidden from our view. We see more, low down toward the north, than you do at the same time in America. But, on the whole, you have the advantage. For, while all the northern stars which we see in England at hours when they are invisible to you are at other times well seen by you, we never see the southern stars which are shown in the southern maps of this series as lying below the horizon of London. Thus, comparing London with New Orleans, a zone of the stars, about twenty-one degrees and a half in width (extending, in fact, from $38^{\circ} 26'$ south of the equator to $60^{\circ} 3'$ south) is visible from New Orleans beyond the portion of the heavens visible from London. This zone is equal in extent to more than a sixth part of the entire celestial sphere.

The constellation Ara, though now so far south that it cannot be seen from the latitude of Philadelphia, nor *entirely* from any latitude north of 29° S., belongs to the 48 of Ptolemy's time, and was formerly well raised above the horizon of places in latitude 40° S. That reeling of the earth, like a top, of which I have already spoken.—a movement having for its period nearly 25,900 years,—

has, within the last 4,000 years or so (the probable age of the old constellations), so shifted the position of the earth's axis in space,* that this constellation has been thrown out of view from places whence, at the beginning of these 4,000 years, it could be well seen. Probably it was some later astronomer, who had never seen this constellation, who first made the mistake of drawing it upside down. As the constellation was never seen except when due south, just above the horizon, it is certain that it must have been imagined, by those who formed it, as standing an upright altar in the south. But modern pictures draw it so that, at the only time when it was visible, it would have had to be imagined as having its top with the flaming wood upon it just touching the horizon, while its base would have been above. This is so absurd that I ventured, some eleven years ago, in a set of drawings of the constellation figures, to set the altar on its base again. I was confirmed in my opinion that this was right, by the fact that on the Farnese globe, and in a chart by Geruvigus (Harleian MS., 64) the altar is represented in this upright position. Besides, the old astronomical poet, Aratus, describes the Centaur as laying on the altar (not applying to its inverted base) the body of some beast unnamed,—the modern Lupus; while Manilius, a Latin poet (who wrote probably in the reign of Tiberius), speaks of the altar as “bear-ferens thuris stellis imitantibus ignem). An *ing* fire of frankincense, pictured by stars” (Arat., *verted* altar cannot “bear” anything. Besides,



* The young reader must not here fall into the mistake of supposing that the position of the axis in the earth itself has changed in this. This mistake is commonly made, and not by young learners, who may well be excused for falling into it, but by persons who suppose selves in a position to teach. For instance: In Jules Verne's entertaining story, "Captain Hatteras," the following passage occurs, in this error is introduced: "I told you," resumed the doctor, who took as much pleasure in giving as the others did in receiving instruction, "I told you that the pole was motionless in comparison with the rest of the globe. Well, that is not quite true!" "What!" said Bell, that got to be taken back?" "Yes, Bell, the pole is not always exactly in the same place; formerly the North Star was farther from celestial pole than it is now. So our pole has a certain motion; it describes a circle in about 26,000 years. This comes from the precession of the equinoxes, of which I shall speak soon." The actual effect of the precession of the equinoxes may be thus illustrated. Imagine a top shaped like a ball, spinning rapidly on its axis, and very slowly reeling, its axis being inclined about 23 1/2 degrees from the vertical toward a point rather more than one fourth of the way from the point overhead toward the horizon. Let this spinning and reeling be carried around a much larger globe, glowing with light and heat, to represent the sun. Then, if the ball turns 365 1/2 times on its axis it is going once around the large globe, and reels so slowly that it could be carried 25,868 times around the large globe in making a complete reel, it would illustrate the earth's motion of rotating (or spinning) once a day, of revolution (or of being carried around the once a year, and of precession (or reeling) once in 25,868 years. The poles of the earth no more change than the position of the axis of within the wood; but the pole of the heavens (that is, the point toward which the axis is directed) makes a circuit once in 25,868 just as the point of the sky toward which the axis of a top is directed circuits once around the point overhead in each reel of the top.

can see how the smoke of the fire really is pictured by the Milky Way, when once the top of the altar is set toward α , or upward.

Overhead are the Lyre and Hercules; but neither is well placed for observation.

We have now reached the most southerly part of the ecliptic, marked by the symbol ϖ , which indicates the point where the sun, moving in the direction shown by the arrow, enters the sign Capricornus, which he does in or about December 20.

The Milky Way toward the south at this season is well worth studying. It is strange when we look at those complex branches, loops, and curdling masses, to find most of our books of astronomy still asserting that the Milky Way is a faint stream of misty light circling the celestial sphere, and divided into two along half its length. Remembering, too, that the Milky Way is entirely made up of clustering stars, as lands on the sea-shore for multitude, each star being a sun glowing with its own inherent light and heat, startling thoughts are suggested respecting the immensity of the universe when we find clouds of these stars strewn through space.

Not far from the star ξ of Ophiuchus is shown the place where, in 1604, a new star appeared, which shone for a while more brightly than any of the fixed stars. "It was exactly," says the account, "like one of the stars, except that, in the vividness of its luster and the quickness of its sparkling, it exceeded anything Kepler had ever seen before. It was every moment changing into some of the colors of the rainbow, as yellow, orange, purple, and red, though it was generally white when it was at some distance from the vapors of the horizon." These changes



of color were, of course, due entirely to our own air. Similar changes can always be seen in the color of a star shining near the horizon, as you can see by observing Antares. Kepler's star only preserved its full luster for about three weeks, after which it gradually grew fainter, until toward the end of 1605 it disappeared.

A BOY'S LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

A MAN-OF-WAR is a world of wonder and romance to a boy. Everything about it has a charm for him. The imposing hull, hundreds of feet long; the mazy net-work of rigging; the frowning battery; the officers, in trim, flashing uniforms, pacing the decks and giving orders to the active men,—these bring his curiosity and admiration to the highest pitch. In looking upon it all he feels that he would like to go with it to the ends of the earth.

It was a rare event in the life of the boy about whom I am to write, when he came to live on board such a ship. Unlike most boys in naval vessels, he was under no restraint, having no drudgery and but little work to do. His father, a captain in the navy, when ordered to command the ship, brought his little son with him to teach him the ways of sailor life. The boy was named after Admiral Porter, and he loved the sea.

The ship to which he came lay, at the time of this writing, in one of New England's most beautiful harbors. From the shore, she presented a fine appearance. Her freshly painted hull shone like enamel in the bright sunlight, and her yards and spars glistened almost like marble shafts. Sixty massive guns projected from her ports, and hundreds of officers and men filled her decks and rigging with life and movement. The American navy could boast of no more stanch and handsome frigate. Besides, she had a history. She was one of the ships present at the capture of Fort Fisher during the late war, when her bows were badly shattered. That she had been in battle, covered her with glory in the eyes of our young friend, and he stepped on board proudly and reverently.

Before many days, Porter had gained a good knowledge of the ship and of the routine of life on board, and had made many warm friends among the men. They explained the use of everything he saw, and told him such sea "yarns" as only old man-of-war's men can "spin." He followed the sailors aloft, and with the machinists and firemen visited strange depths, where he spent much time wondering at the huge machines and furnaces.

Dressed in woolen from head to foot, with not even a penknife in his pocket, he went into the magazine. In entering such a store-room of gunpowder, not even cotton clothes may be worn, and no metal in any shape is allowed about the person. The magazine was lighted from without by a lantern shining through thick glass. The powder was stowed in little closets on either side, so made that

in case of fire they could be flooded in a moment. Air-tight tanks contained in other tanks, with the spaces between lined with packing, held the powder. Had one of the tanks fallen into a moderate fire, it could have been easily gotten out before the flames should have reached the powder. The need of all this precaution was explained to Porter, and after this visit to the magazine he had but little wish to play with gunpowder.

It was not long before Porter could describe the different parts of a ship as easily as he could the



ON GUARD.

rooms of his father's house, and then he turned his attention to the men. On a man-of-war, the crew is arranged into divisions, watches, and messes, each man knowing to which he belongs, as well as a boy knows his classes in a school. It took Porter some time to learn these; but at length he became familiar with them all, and even knew the duties of the petty officers, from "Jack-of-the-dust" to the captain of the main-top.

So well were the men drilled that in the least possible time each one could be at his post. They had been trained so as to be ready for all sorts

vents. Sometimes, at night, the cry of fire would ring through the ship, and in a few moments every pump would be hard at work, and every pipe spouting water furiously. This was done to prepare the men for prompt action should a fire really break out. At other times the men would be aroused, at midnight, to fight sham battles, and then volley after volley would shake the sea, and to vessels sailing near, a terrible sea-fight would seem to be taking place. Of course Porter joined in these occasions with the utmost enthusiasm.

Every war-vessel of any size has a marine-guard. The men making up this guard are sea-soldiers. They wear the uniform of United States' soldiers, but do duty in the navy. They are a dread to would-be mutineers; for in all their history marines have never been known to join in a mutiny. The shrewd appearance of these men, in full uniform, under the command of a dashing officer, captivated Porter's fancy, and he longed to join the guard. His father let him do this, had a little uniform made for him, and gave him a small rifle and a sapsack. Thus equipped, Porter proudly took his place in the ranks, as much according to regulations, as he thought, as any man of the company. No one ever told him that he was not regularly engaged and actually in the United States' service. In a few weeks, Porter could drill, and did well in parade. He insisted, from the first, upon being assigned to the usual duties of marines; and while in his post he was as grim as the oldest veteran, admitting no familiarity from any one—not even to lady friends who might come to visit the ship. Porter shirked no duty on account of its hardship. Indeed, he seemed rather proud of being called on to do hard or unpleasant work. On cold days he

would stand and drill, with only thin gloves to hold his rifle, and he would patrol the decks with his hands so numb that he could scarcely handle the weapon. Only when on the sick-list would he yield his place to a fellow-marine.

At times, some of the guard would come on board tipsy from "leave" ashore, and would have to sober off in the "brig"—the ship's prison. So, on one occasion, Porter feigned to be tipsy, claimed his right to be put in the brig, and was led to prison by the master-at-arms, while the crew pretended to be awfully shocked! On pay-days Porter would appear with the men to receive his month's "salary,"—ten silver dimes, which, in his eyes, counted as ten dollars. Part of his money went to pay his "mess-bill," and what remained went anyhow.

In one thing Porter greatly excelled,—true courage, and what always goes with it,—fortitude. Like other boys, he was always meeting with accidents. Once he fell overboard, and was rescued with difficulty; another time, he fell and broke his arm. Afterward, by exposure, he became very sick, so that his life was almost despaired of. Yet not a word of fear or complaint did he utter. One day, he cut three of his fingers so badly that the ship's surgeon at first thought they would have to be amputated. His mother and sister were much frightened, which seemed to move the boy a good deal, and, looking up to his father, he said, "This is no place for women, is it, papa?" And while the surgeon sewed up the wounds Porter did not even whimper.

For good conduct, Porter was promoted time after time, until now he is sergeant of marines and still actively employed on one of the finest ships in the American navy.

WHAT MADE MR. TOMPKINS LAUGH.

BY ABEY MORTON DIAZ.

ONE afternoon, when those funny little twins, the Johnnyboys, were playing in the back yard, Mr. Tompkins—the funny man, as we sometimes call him—was jogging along. When he saw the little boys, he stopped and began to push his hat up on one side and to scratch his head, and to twinkle the corners of his eyes. Then he began:

"Oh! You're out here. So you are. What are you doing?"

"Making a flow," they answered, looking up at the mud and water in which they stood.

"Hem!—well—why don't you go somewhere?"

"Ma wont let us."

"Wont she? Oh! No she wont, will she? Well! Hem! Why don't you have a party?"

"'T is n't our birthday yet," cried Johnny, hopping up and down with the pump-handle.

"Well! Why not have a cocoa-nut party?"

"We have n't got any cocoa-nut."

"Oh, I'll find a cocoa-nut" (holding up one).

"See here! Where you going so fast?"

"To ask ma!" they shouted, running indoors.

The funny man's eyes twinkled, and up went his hand to scratch his head again. Presently they popped their heads out and asked :

"When shall we have it?"

"Have it now," said Mr. Doty.

"Have it now," they told their mother.

"Where?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

"She says, 'where?'" shouted the Jimmies.

"Out here on the grass," said Mr. Doty.

"Out here on the grass," the Jimmies repeated.

"Who's to be invited?" asked Mrs. Plummer.

"Who's to be invited?" asked the Jimmies.

"Invited? Well! Hem! Invite—anybody," said Mr. Doty. "I'll come; that makes one."

"And I'll make two!" cried Annetta, looking out of the window.

"What is it?—a party?" asked Hiram, stepping down from a high wood-pile with his long legs. "Oh, I'll come! I'll make three and a half! What kind of a party is it? A birthday party?"

"Oh no, indeed!" said Mr. Doty. "Nothing of that sort. 'T is a cocoa-nut party."

Just then, little Effie came trotting along with her arm-basket. Effie always carries her arm-basket. At meal-times it hangs on her chair; at night it is hung on a post of her crib.

"Can you come to our party?" asked Mr. Doty.

"No, I tant tum," said Effie, very soberly.

"What! Not come to a cocoa-nut party?" cried Hiram.

"No, I tant, tause my tittens' eyes have n't tum opened 'et," said Effie.

"Ask the Jimmyjohns to wait till your kittens' eyes come open," said Hiram.

Little Effie went close to the Jimmies, looked up in their faces, and said: "Dimmydons, will oo wait till my tittens' eyes tum opened?"

The Jimmies laughed; and so did another little fellow who was then coming out of the house. This was Clarence, a poor boy who came every day with his basket to get anything in the shape of food. Some people called him "the little gentleman," because he had very good manners.

"Do you want to stay to the party?" Mr. Doty asked Clarence.

"If the Jimmyjohns will let me," he said.

"Yes! yes! You may come!" they shouted.

"Can't cousin Floy be invited?" asked Annetta.

"She's here playing with me."

"By all means," said Hiram. "And there's Mr. Tompkins—may be he'll come to the party."

Mr. Tompkins, the lobster man, had dropped his wheelbarrow and come to look over the fence.

"Mr. Tompkins can't leave his lobsters," said Mr. Doty.

"Party? Yes, yes. Always go to parties. Boy'll

mind wheelbarrow," said Mr. Tompkins, in a short, quick way. "When is it going to begin?"

"Right off," said Mr. Doty.

"What do you do first?" asked Hiram.

"Set the table," said Mr. Doty.

"The girls must set the table," said Hiram.

"Where is it?" asked cousin Floy.

"There it is. Don't you see it?" Hiram was pointing to a wagon body which lay there without its wheels. He turned it upside down. "There your table!" said he.

After the pieces of cocoa-nut were placed on the table, Mr. Doty told the Jimmyjohns to ask their ma if she did n't want to come to their party.

"I am longing to come," cried Mrs. Plummer, appearing at the door. "I have thought of nothing else ever since it was first mentioned. Would ba disturb the party, do you think?"

"Not at all," said Hiram. "Pray invite Josephus!" While waiting for a name to be given him, the baby was called "Josephus." He was big, bouncing baby, with a big, round face.

"I wish some of you would be kind enough to bring him out," said Mrs. Plummer. "He is tened in his straw chair."

"I will," said Hiram; "and I'll bring chairs."

Hiram brought out Josephus, then a rocking chair, and then some common chairs for Mr. Doty and Mr. Tompkins. The children ran in with their crickets. Caper capered after the Jimmies every step they took, and came near being trodden on.

There were seventeen sat down to table—two that were in plain sight, and five that could not be seen very plainly. The twelve who were in plain sight were Mr. Doty, Mr. Tompkins, Mrs. Plummer, Josephus, Hiram, cousin Floy, Annetta, Effie, Clarence, Jimmy, Johnny, and Caper. The five who could not be seen very plainly were the four kittens and her four kittens. These were invited on Effie's account, and came in their own private box.

Just as the cocoa-nut was being passed around, Mr. Plummer appeared. He was coming from the orchard, and asked what was going on.

"A party!" shouted the children.

"Well," said Mr. Plummer, "I must say that it is rather strange my not being invited!"

"Wont you come?" "Oh, do come!" the children called out.

"In my own yard, too! Very strange indeed," said Mr. Plummer.

"But *wont* you come?"

"I have n't had any invitation."

"Take one!" "Do come!" they shouted. Mr. Plummer laughed and went and sat down on a roller cart close by Josephus.

"Will the party be done right away after supper?" asked Hiram, as they all nibbled cocoa-

"Oh, not so soon!" cried Annetta.
 "It has n't lasted five minutes," said Mrs. Plummer.

"Play charades! Do! Please do!" cried Floy.
 "I went to a real party last night, and they played parades. One charade was 'Mother Goose.'"

"How do you play it?" asked Annetta.
 "Oh, easy enough! Somebody has to be 'Mother,' and then somebody has to be 'Goose,' and then somebody has to be 'Mother Goose' and say, 'Sing song a sixpence, pocketful of rye.'"

"I speak not to be the 'Goose,'" cried Hiram.
 "Who'll be 'Mother?'" asked cousin Floy.

"You be 'Mother,'" said Annetta.
 "Well, I'll be 'Mother,'" said cousin Floy.
 "Who'll be my little girl? There must be a little girl to keep coming in and saying 'Mother,' and kissing me for things."

"I'll be little girl!" said Hiram.
 "Hoo, hoo! He, he! You don't know how! You're too tall!" shouted the children.

"Oh yes, I know how. Come, Floy, let's get ready." And away they went into the house.

In about three minutes, cousin Floy came out, dressed in Mrs. Plummer's things,—shawl, bonnet, and skirt,—and, with a serious face, took her seat in a chair which had been placed upon the wagon. Then came Hiram, with Floy's hat on—the elastic under his chin. For a sack he had turned his coat, which was lined with red, wrong side out; and he pinned a shawl around his waist in a way which made it look like a dress-skirt.

Floy told him he must keep coming in to ask something, and must call her "mother" every time. He did just as she had told him. He kept coming out of the house and back, taking little short steps, asking a question each time, and imitating the voice of a small child.

"Mother, may I have a cent?" "Mother, may I go out to play?" "Mother, may I wear my shoes?" "Mother, may I make corn-balls?" "Mother, may I have a doughnut?"

At each question, the "Mother" would shake her head very soberly and say: "No, my daughter," "Not at present, my daughter."

"Good!" cried Mr. Tompkins. "Very good for Mother! Now who's going to be 'Goose?'"

"I will," said Clarence.
 "Come, then," said Floy. "If cousin Hiram help me, I'll dress you up for 'Goose' the way I dressed up their 'Goose' last night."

When they took an old light-colored calico dress of Mrs. Plummer's, and held it bottom up, Floy told Clarence to put his legs through the sleeves. Next they gathered the skirt around his waist, keeping his arms inside. Then they tied a pocket-handkerchief over his head, covering

face and all. Then they fastened a tin tunnel to the front side of his head, and called that the "bill of the goose;" and then pinned on two feather fans, for wings. Floy told him he must stoop over, and go waddling around, pecking with his bill like a goose.

The instant the "Goose" appeared, all the people began to laugh; and when they saw it waddling around in the grass, pecking with its bill as if it were pecking at little bugs, they fairly shouted: "Oh, what a goose! Oh, what a goose!" Josephus shouted, too, and made his feet fly, and his hands fly, and patted cakes enough for his supper. Caper barked, and ran this way and that way, keeping away from the "goose," though.

The next thing was to put the two words together, and act "Mother Goose."

"Mr. Tompkins," said Mr. Doty, "why don't you be 'Mother Goose?'"

"I don't believe Mr. Tompkins could keep from laughing," said Hiram.

"Oh yes, I could; I could keep from laughing," said Mr. Tompkins, "but my nose is too short."

"That Mother Goose's nose last night," said Floy, "had wax on it, to make it long."

"Nice way that," said Hiram. "But, Mr. Tompkins, are you sure you can keep from laughing?"

Hiram had a reason for asking this question.

"Oh yes, perfectly! Perfectly sure," said Mr. Tompkins. "Make me laugh, I'll pay forfeit."

Mr. Tompkins was so eager to show that he could keep from laughing, that he agreed to pay any kind of forfeit, and to dress in any kind of way.

Hiram dressed him. First, he lengthened out his nose with a piece of warm wax. Then he tied a handkerchief over his head for a cap. For a cap-border he pinned on some strips of newspaper, in great clumsy plaits; and then he put a large, round cape over his shoulders. A black shawl served for a skirt. When all this was done, he told Mr. Tompkins that he might sit down and wait a few moments. He had a reason for telling him that.

Cousin Floy, a little while before, when the "Goose" was being dressed, told Hiram of a way by which one of the actors was made to laugh at the "real party" she went to; and Hiram thought it would be fun to try it with Mr. Tompkins.

So, while Mr. Tompkins was sitting down to wait a few moments, they got a pillow and dressed it up to look like an old woman. First, they tied a string around the pillow, near one end, to make a head. On one side of this head they marked eyes, nose and mouth with a piece of charcoal. Then they took a waterproof, stuffed out the sleeves, for arms, and put that on. Then they went up into grandma Plummer's room and borrowed an old cap, black bonnet, and spectacles, and put those on.

When the pillow-woman was ready, Floy ran and told them all to be sure and not laugh loudly when they saw what was coming, for fear Mr. Tompkins might hear them. The pillow-woman was then taken out by Hiram, and seated in a chair among the other people. He introduced her to them as "Mrs. Mulligachunk." He pinned together the wrists of her stuffed arms, and let them drop in her lap, and placed a bundle on them, to cover the place where there should have been hands. The bundle was tied up in a handkerchief. Then he stood an umbrella by her side, and tipped her head back just a little, so that when Mr. Tompkins should be standing on the wagon, she would appear to be looking him in the face.

"Come, Mother Goose!" cried Hiram; and Mr. Tompkins, in his funny rig, walked from the house, took his stand upon the wagon, and, with a very sober face, began:

"Sing song a sixpence, pocketful of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked into a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds be——"

At that moment his eye fell upon "Mrs. Mulligachunk." There she sat, in a row with the others, and seemed to be listening just the same as anybody. Mr. Tompkins stopped. The people, who were all on the watch, burst out laughing, and he had to laugh, too, in spite of all he could do.

Hiram sprang up. "Mother Goose," cried he, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Mulligachunk!"

Mother Goose replied by taking off her things and throwing them at Mrs. Mulligachunk.

Then Hiram asked the Jimmies if they did not want to take Mrs. Mulligachunk to ride.

"Yes, yes!" "Yes, yes!" they shouted.

Hiram then put Mrs. Mulligachunk into the roller cart—bundle, umbrella, and all. The Jimmies caught hold of the handle, and away they ran, like two smart little ponies, Capar barking behind with all his might.

Mr. Tompkins was about to follow, when Annetta and cousin Floy suddenly called out, "Forfeit! forfeit! You'll have to be judged!"

Mr. Tompkins gave his penknife for a forfeit.

"Then judge me quick!" said Mr. Tompkins. "I've been here 'most half an hour, now!"

"To dance a jig!" cried Hiram.

"To tell a story!" cried cousin Floy.

"Yes, yes! That's it!" cried Annetta.

"Oh no! No, no! Take too long!" said Mr. Tompkins.

But Mr. Plummer and Mrs. Plummer, and the rest, kept shouting, "Story! story! story!"

"Well, well; story 't is!" said Mr. Tompkins. "But a small one, though."

And then Mr. Tompkins began to tell a small story about a hen named Tudleroodlum, who lived in a far-away country, the name of which country was so strange that not one of the people could remember it five minutes afterward. Next morning you shall have Mr. Tompkins's story.

GOING A-GYPSYING.

BY JOHN H. PEEL.

AT some time in his boy-life, everybody who has the true boy-spirit yearns to go on a tramp—or, as the newspapers say, to "undertake a pedestrian excursion." The free, airy, changeful life, with its risks, its joys, and its hardships, has a wonderful charm. If wisely set about, it will bring rest, health, good temper, and a wider mental outlook, and teach one the luxury of doing for one's self and standing alone.

But, of course, one can blunder in this as in most other matters that at first sight seem simple. So ST. NICHOLAS would offer a few hints about walking-tours, suggesting how to make them most easy and profitable.

The first thing to be done in planning a gypsy trip is to choose the kind of country and the season

you can enjoy most. Then decide whether to travel with your baggage on your own back or to be drawn in a horse-wagon; whether to camp in one spot, or move from place to place; and whether to spend much money or little. If the party is large or contains ladies and little ones, the very best thing to be done is to study Mr. Gould's new book, "How to Camp Out."* This will give you all the hints, advice and caution you are likely to need. We now can treat only the question of walking-tours for parties of six or seven young men, about twenty years of age or younger.

It must be taken for granted that the companies made up of good-humored persons, that maps of the route have been studied thoroughly, that the leader's word is law, and that each comrade

* How to Camp Out. By John M. Gould. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.

give up his own wishes and comfort for the good of all. The captain will try to set each man at the work he can do best. At first, things may not run smoothly; but, in a day or two, everybody will have found his place, and will have learned to do his own "chores" first and then help, rather than find fault with, his comrades. So much in a general way.

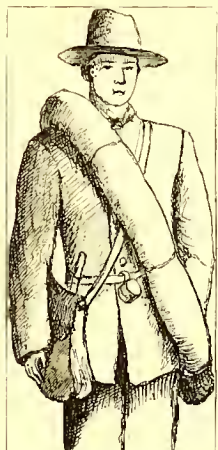
It will be safer on a first trip to choose a country already well settled, and, in any case, a company setting out to cook its own meals should do its own work must be sure that food can be brought along the route.

CLOTHING.

This is a rare chance to get rid of old outer clothes before throwing them away. Long, loose woolen coats, with collar-bands of silesia on which separate woolen collars can be buttoned, are the best; wear two, and carry one or two more, for change and to ward off double in cold spells. Use loose woolen drawers, worn inside out to keep the seams from chafing you, and shoes that lace up well above the ankles and have been thoroughly treated with neat's-foot oil. Let them have iron, not steel, nails. Use leather soles, if you like, and wear socks or stockings of wool or merino rather than of cotton. Pantaloons should be loose, high at the waist, and made of rather heavy cloth. If you have been in the habit of wearing suspenders, don't leave them off; you can hide them very well by passing them through holes cut low down in the outside shirt. Wear what you please, if it be comfortable and will last, and do not be worried at what the "people" say.

THE PACK.

Don't try to carry more than twenty pounds of baggage, or to go more than ten miles a day on horseback. This is fully hard enough work if you are fit to enjoy yourself without risk of illness. You will find the "roll" better than the knapsack in the long run, and it is lighter by at least two pounds and a half. To make a roll, lay out the blanket flat, and roll it as tightly as possible without folding it, putting in the other baggage as you roll; tie it in several places, to prevent unrolling and the shifting of the things inside, and tie or strap the ends together. Wear the ring thus made as shown in



THE PACK.

the picture. You may find it better to fold the rubber blanket about the roll, or roll it by itself so as to carry it linked in the other roll; you may need it before camping, and will thus save undoing the big roll.

The roll is easier to carry than is the knapsack, and is readily shifted from shoulder to shoulder or taken off; then, too, you can ease the burden a little with your hand. Beside this, you save carrying the weight of the knapsack. But, if you take a knapsack, let it have broad straps. A haversack of course you must have.

Beside a rubber blanket, half a shelter tent, and ropes, you must have a good stout woolen blanket, with a lining sewed to it along one side but buttoned on at the ends and other side. You can dry it, when wet, better than if it were sewed all around.

The items of personal baggage are as follows:

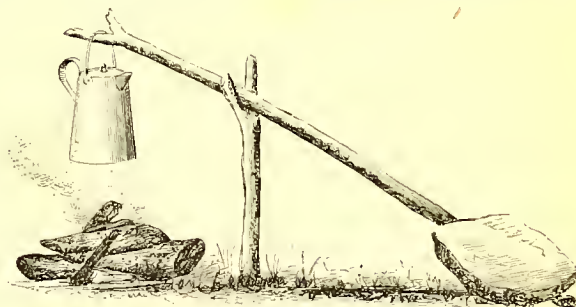
Rubber Blanket	2½	pounds
Woolen Blanket and lining	4½	"
Haversack and Canteen	1½	"
Drawers, spare Shirt, Socks and Collars	2	"
Half a Shelter-tent, and ropes	2	"
Towel, Soap, Comb, Tooth-brush, Salve, } Air-tight Match-safe, Knife, Fork, Spoon, } Dipper, Stationery, a good Book, etc. . . . }	2½	"
Food for one day	3	"
	18	"

Beside these, each must carry his share of the company baggage:

Frying-pan, Coffee-pot, and Pail	3	pounds
Hatchet, Tent-pins, Sheath-knife, case and belt ..	4	"
Clothes-brush, Mosquito-netting, Strings, Maps, } Guide-books, Compass, Song-book	3	"
	10	"

COOKING.

You can do a great deal of good cooking with a frying-pan and a coffee-pot, after a little experience. Have a coffee-pot with a bail as well as a handle, and with a lip rather than with a spout. Of course you will know enough not to put your pot or pan on the burning wood, and not to use pitchy fuel or



THE MODE OF BOILING THE COFFEE.

Let the handles get hot or smutty. Study a good cook-book, and practice well at home as long as you can before starting, or you may have to go hungry when you least expect it.

You will have to guard the food you carry, from rain, fog, dew, cats, dogs, and insects; and you will find it best to clean your cooking utensils at once after every use you make of them.

THE MARCH.

Start a short time after breakfast, while the day is yet young and cool, but don't hurry or work hard at it. On the march, it is well to rest often for short spells, say ten minutes out of every hour. Drink good water as often as you feel thirsty, only don't take large draughts of *cold* water when you are heated, and bear in mind that often you can stop thirst by merely rinsing the mouth.

Bathing while upon the march is not good if you are tired or have much farther to go. Oil or salve, before starting, the parts of the skin reached by sun and air; and, to prevent foot-soreness, treat the feet plentifully in the same way, and keep them thoroughly clean. Eat laxative foods the first few days, but don't dose with medicine. Take time, be cheerful, "take it easy," and you will keep well. Alcoholic liquors will leave you in bad condition, if used; you will find coffee or tea far better.

Let each comrade end his morning nap. Avoid nonsensical waste of strength and gymnastic feats, before and during the march; and play no practical jokes that will make the day's work more burdensome.

THE CAMP.

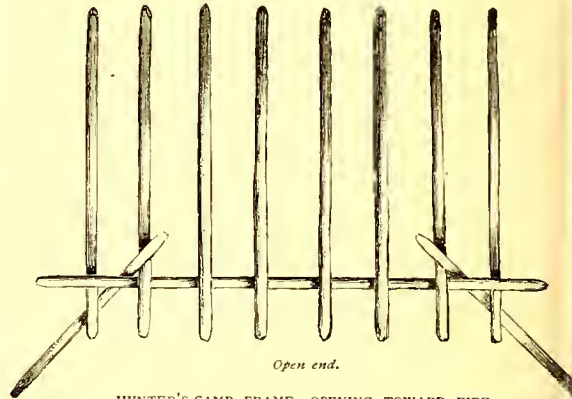
Camp in a dry spot near wood and water. If you have a good axe-man in the party, he will know how to use the hint given in the sketch of a simple hunter's-camp frame. The easiest tent to carry, and perhaps the best in the long run, is the army shelter-tent shown in the engraving. Each man carries half the tent; the pieces are joined with holes and buttons along two corresponding sides, and the tent, when set up as sketched, is five feet and two inches long, by six to seven feet wide. A third man could button his piece across one of the open ends; four men could join two tents at the ends; and a fifth man could

add an end piece. The sharper the angle at which the sides are pitched, the better will the tent shelter from rain.

GENERAL NOTES.

Never sit still when wet; in changing, rub the body dry; and off with muddy boots and sodden socks at once. Don't bathe after a full meal, or when very warm; and in drinking at a brook or

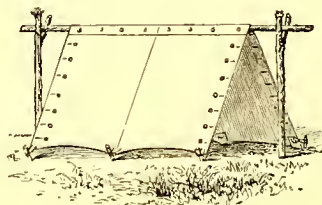
Ends of stakes that are thrust in earth.



the march, wet the face and hands, and taste the water, before taking a full draught. In walking under a hot sun, put green leaves or grass in the hat; wet them if you like, but not so that the water will drop about the ears. At the first signs of dizziness, stop; get into the shade, if possible, bathe the head, face, chest, neck and hands, and rest until the cool of the day. Always have something to eat in your haversack, and never succumb to starvation on any account.

Be polite to all you meet; don't let any one cheat you at a bargain, and don't take undue advantage yourself. There is no reason why a party of young fellows on a gypsying trip should not be as manly and courteous.

The foregoing hints are as full as space allows, but any reader who wishes ampler advice, may readily find it in Mr. Gould's book, already referred to, from which we have been permitted to borrow freely in the present article.



SHELTER-TENT.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

ONE fine October morning, in the year 1760, a young English prince set out for a horseback ride near Kew. Presently a messenger came riding after him bringing a note from a German valet who was employed in the palace of the king. The young prince checked his horse, opened the note, and read it without showing any sign of emotion, and rode on for a space. Then, declaring that his horse was lame, he turned and rode back to Kew. Dismounting, he said to his groom, who had appeared to doubt the lameness of the steed: "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say to the contrary."

This was George, Prince of Wales. The note brought to him was about an affair of no moment, but it bore a private mark, previously agreed upon, which told him that the king, his grandfather, was dead. So, George, Prince of Wales, was now George III., King of England. His father, son of George II., was long since dead. The young prince had been brought up very strictly by his mother; a hard, cold, and ambitious woman, who had taught him that princes must not show themselves moved by the same emotions which sway other people. So, when he learned in this irregular way that he was King of England, he doubtless enjoyed secretly his private knowledge of that great fact, but gave no vent to his thoughts to those about him. And when the due proclamation of the death of George II. came to him, he was, if possible, more than ever placidly in his outward indifference to the sudden, and not unexpected, change in his state and condi-

tion. At this time George was twenty-two years old. He had a pleasant and genial countenance, and a fine portrait, taken about that period, herewith published for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, gives one a fairer and more favorable impression of the young king. In spite of his big cocked hat, comical wig, and ruffled lace, he looks like a very pleasant fellow. It is said of him by "a noble lord of high degree," who knew him well, that he was "strictly honest, and wanting in that frank and open behavior which makes honesty appear amiable." The same author says that he had "great command of his passions, and seldom did wrong except when he mistook himself for right." The bright readers of this paper will see that Lord Waldegrave did not overrate the young king. Indeed, these few words do give us a key to the character of George III.,

whom our forefathers so cordially detested as an obstinate and wrong-headed tyrant.

George desired to be married before his coronation. So a confidential agent was sent about among the Protestant courts of Europe seeking for a suitable princess. It was forbidden that he should take to wife any but a Protestant; accordingly, the choice of eligible young princesses was, as now, somewhat limited. In the list of names brought back to the king was that of the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. This young lady once had written a letter to Frederick of Prussia, complaining of the ravages which his troops were committing in the territory of her cousin, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The letter, which depicted the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, with all the ardor of a girl of sixteen, mightily tickled Frederick. He sent it to George II., grandfather of the young prince who afterward succeeded him. The letter then fell into the hands of George, and made such an impression on him that when he found Charlotte's name in the list recommended to him, he declared that her only husband would be wed.

It is related that the Princess Charlotte was one day amusing herself in the palace garden at Mecklenburg-Strelitz with her young companions. Singularly enough, these girls were talking about marriage. Charlotte said: "But who would take such a poor little princess as I?" Just then the postman's horn was sounded, and Ida von Bulow said: "Princess, there is the sweetheart!" Sure enough, it was a letter from the handsome young King of England, saying to Charlotte that because she had written such a beautiful composition the king must have her for his wife. It was like a fairy tale. We can imagine how joyfully the little maid packed up her wardrobe and sailed away to England in the royal yacht, surrounded by a grand fleet of ships-of-war. Her voyage was a great event for England, as well as for her; and so much anxiety was felt about it, that the king desired a notable physician to compound such remedies for sea-sickness as were deemed of high merit. For it is recorded that the future queen-consort was deathly sick when on salt water. One of these recipes was printed not long ago. If Charlotte's attendants followed directions, she must have dieted on cardamom seeds, cloves, anise, ambergris, and a great variety of high-flavored things. Historical gossips



GEORGE THE THIRD.

insist that King George winced a little when he saw his bride. She was small and very plain. He beheld her first when she arrived at St. James's Palace, September 8th, 1761. They were married that afternoon, and on the 22d of the same month

they were crowned with great pomp and ceremony. The "poor little princess" lived to be a very precise, exacting, and ceremonious queen. For fifteen years she was queen-consort, and, during her after-life, she demanded all the homage a

strict etiquette due to one born to the throne. Once, on the occasion of a royal christening, word was brought to her that an aged and titled lady, who held the babe, was so fatigued with standing that she desired to be allowed to be relieved. "Let her stand," said the rigid little queen, who, herself, would have died rather than abate one jot or tittle of the royal rules.

Nevertheless, the family life of this couple was plain and simple. We get some edifying glimpses of it in the diary of Miss Burney. This young lady, who was the friend of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and other famous people of those times, made for herself much reputation by writing several novels. In stupid reading we should now consider them; but London was wild over her "Evelina" and "Cecilia." So it was thought a good thing to honor such genius by giving her a place in the royal household. To her fond father this was like calling her to a sort of heaven. The poor little girl found it tiresome and dull captivity. She tells us of the early hours and punctual habits of the king and queen. They had their little country dances, card-parties and tea-drinkings, to which a few favored mortals were invited. It was tragically whispered out that the queen was of a frugal mind, and sometimes the guests grumbled because they had no supper. But the king enjoyed himself, and he and Charlotte used to go about among the neighboring villages, when they lived at Kew or Weymouth, and behave very much like common people, in all their royal state. On one occasion they met a thoughtful son of one of the royal retainers.

"Whose little boy are you?" asked the king. "I am the king's beefeater's little boy," said the boy, who doubtless thought himself a much more important personage than the strange gentleman before himself.

"Then kneel down and kiss the queen's hand," was the royal command.

"No," stoutly said the candid infant beefeater, "I won't kneel, for if I do I shall spoil my new breeches."

At another time, the king took refuge from the heat in the cottage of an old woman. She, darkly ignorant of his high quality, left him to turn a piece of meat which hung by a string before the fire. When she returned, the king was gone, and she had left some money inclosed in a note in which he had scribbled, "Five guineas to buy a chair," that useful article of domestic furniture being in his opinion a more labor-saving contrivance than a string. In the same fashion he poked his head into the cottage kitchens; asked how the dumplings could possibly get inside the dumpling; and inquired about the prices of turnips, beef, and hay, and the rates of rent. There was nothing too

small to interest him. He knew all the common folk about Windsor; all the family history of the nobility and gentry; all the traits of the bishops and clergy; how many buttons and how much braid each officer in his army and navy was allowed, and what was the pay of the highest functionary or the lowest servant in the royal establishment.

For one, I love to think of the pure and simple life of George III. As kings go, he was decent, reputable, and well disposed. His palace life must have been dreary and humdrum to the last degree; but it was clean and wholesome, which cannot be said of the life of some of the kings and princes who came before him, or who have lived in England since his day. His daughters were handsome and accomplished: that is to say, they played the piano, worked elegantly in floss silks, painted impossible flowers on white satin, and furnished whole suites of rooms with their own needlework. The sons were big, rough, unmannerly, and much given to rude sports. Of these the king loved Frederick, the Duke of York, the best; and when York visited Weymouth, where the king was living for a while, a portable house was built for him close by his father's. The fond father clung to the arm of his dear Frederick, but the boisterous young prince was stupefied by the dullness of the little court circle: he broke away and fled, after staying only one night in the house which his father had been at such pains to provide. The Princess Amelia was her father's darling, and in all the history of George there is no more pathetic picture than that of her sickness and early death. When her father was old and blind, she was attacked by a lingering illness. The poor, sightless monarch spent hours by her bedside, passing his fingers, from time to time, over her face, as if to assure himself that she was there. She loved him with unalterable affection when he was deserted by others, and on her deathbed he was more than ever assured that she loved him for himself alone. A touching sight it was when the king, one gloomy day, told of the death of Amelia, threw up his clasped hands and cried: "It is too much. This was caused by poor Amelia;" and so parted in agony from his reason.

This is a dark picture. We like better to think of the charming little princess in her father's arms, prattling and smiling as he walked up and down the grand saloons at Windsor. Or we may fancy her at the head of a royal procession, which Fanny Burney describes, when the family took an after-dinner walk on Windsor terrace,—“the little princess, just turned of three years old, in a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves and fan,” as says Miss Burney. “She walked on alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see

everybody as she passed; for all the terracers stand up against the wall to make a clear passage for the royal family the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling." This is a bright glimpse into the life of the king who, years before, sent what seemed a fairy postman to ask the hand of the "poor little princess" in the garden of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

To set forth, in the briefest possible space, the chief events of the reign of George III., would be to write out, as it were, the headings of many important chapters of English history. During his time the star of Napoleon flashed like a baleful meteor in the skies of Europe, wavered, and went out in darkness. During his time the royal power of England had a sharp contest with the aristocracy; and during his time, too, the peace of England was put in danger by a persistent refusal of the Catholic claim for emancipation. To us Americans the reign of George III. is forever memorable as that during which we gained our independence. The king steadfastly refused to change the policy which wrought so much wretchedness in the American colonies. He would hear no counsel from those who believed that his system of taxation was oppressive, and sure to result in rebellion. He firmly believed that only worthless people sympathized with the American colonists. He was a fine illustration of the truth of the saying of Thackeray, that nine-tenths of the tyranny of this world is perpetrated by people who believe themselves to be in the right.

In his earlier years George had so commended himself to the people of New York that they set up in his honor a leaden equestrian statue of him in the Bowling Green, near the foot of Broadway. When the king's obstinacy finally provoked the colonists to wrath, they overturned this statue with great derision. Man and horse were cut up and melted into bullets; and these were fired into the king's troops in the hot struggle which soon came thereafter. You will find, however, a portion of the king's leaden saddle in the museum of the New York Historical Society; and it is said that one of the royal ears was carried off by a bold rebel lad who lived in New Jersey. So King George disappeared utterly from this country. In 1812-15, while the king was in his dotage, England had a second war with America, during which a disgraceful

attack was made on Washington. Later, the battle of New Orleans was fought. So we have abundant reason to remember obstinate King George III and his ministers, Bute, North, Liverpool, and Castlereagh.

But we like far better to recall the crowd of illustrious names adorning the long reign of King George III., and in whose fame all English-speaking people have some share. Of the poets of the period we must remember Cowper, Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Rogers, and Moore. Then, too, flourished such novelists as Godwin, Burney, and Scott—the long-mysterious "Wizard of the North." Of other famous men there were Herschell, Davy, Wollaston, Johnson, Flaxman, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Chantrey, Benjamin West, Copley, Wilkie, Haydon, Bewick, and a host of others eminent in art, literature, science, and war.

The life of George III. was clouded with insanity. He was first attacked by this terrible malady when he was twenty-seven years old. This soon passed away; but, in 1788, when he was about fifty years of age, he was again prostrated. It is sorrowful to read of the madness of a king; it is pathetic to look at the few pictures of this portion of the life of George III. which history gives us. He bark and howled like a dog, attempted to throw himself from the windows of the palace, and was so violent that it was necessary to put him in confinement. He recovered his reason, and was again and again smitten with madness. At last he became a confirmed maniac, and during the last ten years of his life, his son George, Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—was regent, or temporary king. Confinement in a padded room in Windsor Castle, the king passed his years, blind, deaf, deprived of reason, and shut out from all the pleasures of the beautiful world. Charlotte, his queen, and later Frederick of York, his beloved son, died without his knowing it; and still he lived on until January 29, 1820, when the great bell of St. Paul's, booming out on the air of the winter night, told the astonished people of London that George III., after a reign of nearly sixty years, was dead. The happy young prince, who came to the throne when he just turned of twenty-two, endured through nearly four ordinary generations of men, and passed away in his eighty-second year.

DUMB ORATOR.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

SOME people are so hard to take
A joke, I should n't wonder
If every jest and pun you made
Appeared a sort of blunder.

At Farmer Brewster's once I met
A party of grave people,
Each sitting stiffly in a chair,
As prim as a church steeple.

All seemed to be afraid to smile,
Much more be caught a-laughing.
Their faces made me think, "What fun
To do their photographing!"

"Agreed," said I. "But I would speak
'Marco Bozzaris' rather.
They'd think your gestures ridiculed
The pious Pilgrim Father."

So 't was agreed, and so announced.
We took our corner station.
He sat behind, I stood in front,
And made my peroration.

His hands beneath my shoulders peeped,
Queer as a spirit-rapper's,
And moved as if they were a sort
Of human penguin-flappers.



"I DID MY PRETTIEST TO DECLAIM."

The evening grew so long, so dull,—
No music, song, or talking,—
I whispered Spriggs, who came with me:
"I say, Ned, let's be walking!"

Said Spriggs, "Don't go; we'll have some fun
Better than 'crops and weather,'
For I'll propose that we shall act
Dumb-Orator together.

"You'll make the speech, the gestures I,
Up in this corner standing;
They'll surely laugh to see my hands.
Give them 'The Pilgrims' Landing.'"

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,"
And so forth—you all know it.
I did my prettiest to declaim
The verses of the poet.

Meanwhile Spriggs, underneath the cloak,
His funniest gestures showing,—
I scarce could keep my countenance
To see those fingers going.

But not a laugh in all the crowd;
They stared and smiled in pity.
'T was plain we had not made a hit,—
We fellows from the city.

And when we left our corner there,
 Perspiring with exertion,
 Our unappreciated fun
 Received a cold immersion.

Then Spriggs and I together laid
 Our heads in some confusion,
 Quite disappointed and abashed,
 And came to this conclusion :

That I should speak again—*alone*,
 With gestures gravely suited.
 And so I did. And as I closed,
 Applause my ears saluted.

Then some one said, "Miss Sarah Jane,
 D'ye think them speeches clever?"

"The first," says she, "I did n't like.
Such gestures! No, I *never!*"

"All up and down, and fingers spread,
 And playin' with his collar!
 Fumblin' his handkerchief and watch!
 Does that become a scholar?"

"It did n't suit the speech at all.
 The second one was better.
He fitted, as the deacon says,
 The spirit to the letter."

So when you joke, there will be folks
 Suspect the craft you sail in.
 They *will* not feel the point, although
 You drive it like a nail in.

THE GIANT PLANET JUPITER.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WE have been rather fortunate, so far, in our monthly observation of the stars, in having had no planets (at least none of any brightness) in the parts of the heavens which we have been examining. Even the eastern and western skies, toward which we have not specially turned our gaze, have been free, at the hours chosen for our survey, from conspicuous planets. So that none of my young friends have had occasion to ask why some bright orb in the sky has been left out, apparently, from the monthly maps and descriptions of the heavens. This month, and hereafter for several months, the planets will come more into our field of vision; and I think it will be well for me, when this happens, to show where they are. My readers will thus not only learn the stars, and the seeming daily and yearly motions of the stars, but also the planets and those strange movements from which the planets derive their names,—the word planet being derived from a Greek verb, signifying "to wander."

In passing, I may notice the strange mistake, often made in works of fiction, of describing the sky at night as though the planets could always be seen. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has recently written a novel,—his first, I believe,—in which the hero and heroine count the planets and watch the planets at all sorts of times and seasons, as though it were

the business of all the planets to shine all night and every night, whereas one seldom sees more than two or three planets at a time; and often a planet can be seen. I may remark, also, that we owe to Pope, and not to Homer, the errors in the most incorrect description of night in Pope's "Homer's Iliad:"

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head.
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies."

There is not a word in the original about the planets; nor, assuredly, did Homer cause the stars either to gild the pole, or to silver the mountain heads. Tennyson's translation is far more correct and (naturally) far more beautiful:

"As when in heaven the stars about the moon
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars
 Shine —"

The planet which adds at present to the glory of the southern skies, and (as mentioned last month

has for some few weeks past been conspicuous in the heavens, is Jupiter. His path during the year is shown in the accompanying map (Fig. 1). Only, as you will easily understand if you consider that the part of the heavens shown in the map, now nearly *opposite* the sun, was in January, and will again be in December, *close by* the sun, the planet could not be seen as it traversed the parts of its path on the right and left of the map. He was lost in the greater glory of the sun. Jupiter began to be visible as a morning star in the spring, traveling onward over the starry sky to the place marked for April 20. That was what is called his stationary point (or sometimes it is called the *first station*). Since

19, when he was exactly opposite the sun, and came to the south at midnight. I will not here explain how these peculiarities of his motion, and his changes of seeming brightness, are brought about,—because, to do so, I should want more space than could well be spared. Nor will I show in a picture the size of Jupiter's path; because I think the nature of the planets' paths would best be shown in a picture giving all the paths; and for this, with the necessary explanation, there is not room here. I may perhaps mention, that in a little book of mine called "Elementary Lessons in Astronomy," written specially for young learners of astronomy, the scale of the planets' paths is

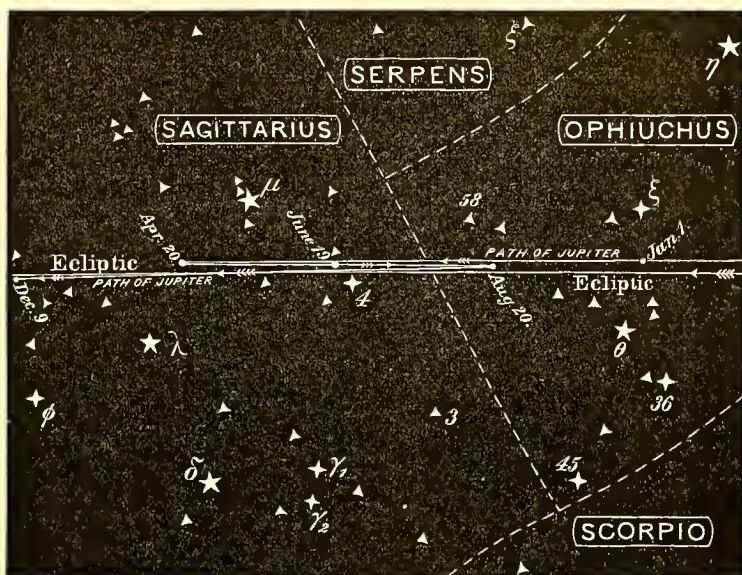


FIG. 1.—THE PATH OF JUPITER.

then, he has been traveling toward the place marked for August 20, where he will again be stationary, that being his second station. During this part of his course he is traveling backward, the arrows on the ecliptic showing the direction of the sun's advance along that track, and the *general* direction of the planets' motion. Only, they do not, like the sun and moon, advance constantly, but, as you see illustrated this year in Jupiter's case, they alternately advance, retreat (over a short arc), then advance again,—or, as Milton poetically expresses the peculiarities of planetary motion, they pursue

"Their wand'ring course, now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still."*

Jupiter was at his brightest on the night of June

shown and described. Let us turn to the planet itself.

Jupiter is the fifth of the great planets in order of distance from the sun; our earth being the third. Mercury is the first, traveling nearest to the sun. Venus, which I described a few months ago, is the second, and travels inside the earth's path. Next outside the earth's path is that of Mars. Outside his track there come the paths of a number of very small planets traveling in a ring around the sun. More than 170 of these have already been discovered; but all these together (besides hundreds more of the family not yet discovered) do not weigh so much as the tenth of our earth. Outside this family of many congregated planets, all together scarcely enough to make a single

*Milton adds, that "in six" planets these motions are seen,—"what if seventh to these,—the planet Earth, etc.?" But the description is true of five bodies known in his time, viz: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The moon, the sixth planet of the Copernican era, is always progressive, never retrograde or standing still.

respectable planet, comes Jupiter, outweighing not only all these,—not only these with our earth, Mars, Venus, and Mercury thrown in,—but all the other planets taken together, no less than two and a half times. Yes; if Venus and Mars, Terra and Mer-

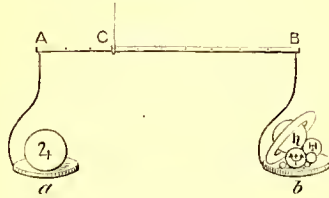


FIG. 2.

cury, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, could all be put in the scale *b* of a mighty balance, as in Fig. 2, and Jupiter in the other scale, *a*, the arm *C B*, carrying the scale *b*, would have to be two and a half times as long as the arm *A C*, carrying the scale *a*, in order that the weights should balance each other. (I do not know where the experiment could be tried, unless on the sun; but without trying it, you may rest assured that the fact is so; for there are few things about which astronomers are more exactly informed than about the relative weights of all the chief planets.)

Jupiter exceeds our earth 300 times in mass or quantity of matter. But, enormous though this excess of mass may seem, it is small compared with his excess of size; for he exceeds the earth 1,233 times in volume. It is only because he travels so much farther away than either Venus or Mars, that he appears less bright than Venus, and not many times brighter than Mars. For these two planets are utterly insignificant compared with him, both in size and mass. But he travels more than five times farther from the sun than the earth goes, so that even at his nearest and brightest, his distance from us exceeds four times our distance from the sun; whereas, when Mars is at his nearest, his distance from us is not much more than one-third of our distance from the sun.

It was formerly thought, or rather it was formerly said in the books, that Jupiter is a planet like our earth; but when we think about all that has become known to us respecting this giant planet, we find strong reasons for believing that he is in quite a different state.

In the first place, it is now known almost certainly that every planet, including our own earth, has in long-past ages been intensely hot, and has cooled down after millions of years to its present condition. Now, large bodies take a much longer time in cooling than small ones; and Jupiter is many times larger than our earth. Therefore, he is not likely to have cooled to the same degree, unless he was made many millions of years earlier,

which is not probable. There are reasons for thinking that he is nearer thousands of millions than tens of millions of years behind the earth in cooling; whence it would follow that he is still very warm indeed. Probably his real surface is as hot as red-hot iron.

This will explain—and I know no other way of explaining—his seeming to be so much larger than he ought to be by rights. I am not now speaking of his actual bulk or mass. I know no reason why a planet should not be ten, or twenty, or a hundred, or a thousand times larger than our earth. But Jupiter is swollen, one may say, much beyond the size we should expect from his mass. It is as though he were made of lighter material than our earth. But we have every reason to believe that all the planets are made of similar materials. Jupiter's mighty mass attracts every portion of his substance toward the center, tending to make his whole frame very compact and dense; yet his frame is not compact or dense, but much more swollen than that of our earth. If our earth swelled to four times its present volume, it would, in this respect be in the same condition as Jupiter. Only he is so much mightier in attractive energy, that the same heat which would thus expand or swell our earth would not suffice to expand Jupiter to the same degree. It so chances that our sun is expanded (no doubt by intense heat) to about the same degree. In his case, a tremendous heat is of course wanted. In the case of our earth, a considerable heat would (we *know*) be required. In Jupiter's case, we may safely infer a very great heat is required, and exists.

Only, instead of supposing that the solid mass of Jupiter is swollen in this degree, I think we may conclude that owing to the intense heat of his solid mass, enormous quantities of gas and vapor are generated, and form a very deep atmosphere all around him, in which float great masses of cloud. It is this atmosphere, laden with immense layers of cloud, that the astronomer sees and measures, not the real body of the planet, which can no more be seen than a peach-stone inside the perfect fruit.

In Fig. 3, you have a picture of Jupiter (as seen on February 11, 1872). Does not the planet as thus seen *show* itself to be inwrapped in a very deep atmosphere, laden with mighty cloud-masses? For my own part, I have long believed that those rounded clouds, which you see floating along the planet's equator, are not only rounded, but globular; have not only length and breadth, but depth also; and not only so, but I believe that these rounded masses of cloud have been thrown up from a great depth below their present position. Now if you remember that on the scale of the picture the white disc in the corner represents our earth

nearly 8,000 miles in diameter, you will see that if these views of mine are correct,—and there is a great mass of evidence in favor of them,—the atmosphere in which these great rounded masses of cloud are floating, and into which they are driven by mighty currents carrying them from yet lower levels, must be at least eight or ten thousand miles in depth.

A curious thing happened on June 26, 1828, which can easily be explained if the atmosphere of Jupiter is thus deep and kept in constant turmoil

minutes after to the telescope, Smyth saw the satellite outside again, or to all seeming just as it had been before the entry, when he had pictured it as in Fig. 3. The same strange thing was seen by Mr. Maclaur at Biggleswade, with a rather smaller telescope, and by Dr. Pearson at South Kilworth, with a much larger one. Now, a moon cannot possibly stop in its course around its planet; still less, if less could be, could a moon retreat and anon advance. Nor could the whole frame of Jupiter shift. Out of all question, the outline of Jupiter changed, and not by a little, but by two or three thousand miles. There would be nothing beyond belief in this if the atmosphere is thousands of miles deep, and the outermost cloud-layers eight or ten thousand miles above the true surface. For a cloud-layer might easily be dissolved into the invisible form by the warm breath of some current of Jovian air. But that the surface of a planet like our earth should change in level even by ten miles, is utterly incredible, far more that there should be an alternate swelling and shrinking through two or three thousand miles. Such a disturbance of the crust would turn all that part of Jupiter into vapor, so intense would be the heat produced by the movement.

The great belt shown dark in the picture is often, perhaps generally, of a creamy-white color. But of late it has often shone with a ruddy color, as though lit up by the fiery heat of the hidden surface below.

The spectroscope, the instrument mentioned in my paper on Venus, shows that the deep atmosphere of Jupiter contains enormous quantities of the vapor of water. It seems to me not improbable that all the water of the planet, its future seas and oceans, now hang suspended in the form of cloud and vapor in the planet's atmosphere. Jupiter, in fact, may fairly be regarded as a young though gigantic planet,—not young in years, but young in development,—a baby planet, the fullness of whose growth will not be attained for hundreds of millions of years, when our earth perhaps will have been for ages a decrepit or even a dead world.

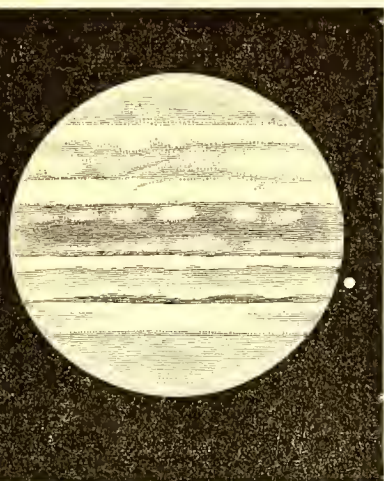


FIG. 3.—JUPITER AS SEEN FEB. 11, 1872.

through the intense heat of the planet within, but cannot possibly be explained if Jupiter is supposed to be in the same state as our earth. Admiral Smyth was observing one of Jupiter's moons, placed as shown in the picture (to which, however, this satellite does not properly belong). It was about to cross the planet's face, traveling toward the left. He saw it make its entry on the disc, and went to record the time in his note-book. He observed that at this moment the planet's outline was entirely outside that of the satellite, which in fact could no longer be seen. Returning a few

JAMIE'S RABBITS.

THESE rabbits belong to little Jamie, who lives in the city almost all the year. A year ago last winter he was very sick, and, when spring came, his mamma took him to the country on a farm, so that he might grow well and strong.

The old farmer was very fond of Jamie, and one day brought home a large basket with a handle at the middle and a lid at each side of the handle.

All the folks soon came around to see what was in the basket, but the farmer said that Jamie must have the first look. Then he set the basket down on the floor, and told Jamie to lift up the lids, and what he should see he could have for his very own! Jamie took a peep with great care, and what do you think he saw? Why, two lovely bunnies,—one all black and the other all white, and the white one had pink eyes. Jamie was so glad that he let fall the lids at once and gave a cry of joy. Then he jumped up and down and clapped his hands, and put his arms about the old farmer's neck, and gave him a good hug and a kiss. After that he took the bunnies to show them to his mamma, and she was glad too, and kissed him, and said he must take great care of them and be kind to them.

Before very long, the old farmer made a small house or hutch to keep the rabbits in, and he and Jamie fed them day by day. They were fond of carrots and turnips and cabbage, and Jamie would go with the farmer into the garden and get these things, and put them in a little basket, and take them to the hutch. Soon the rabbits knew it was meal-time when they saw Jamie come with the basket, and then they would prick up their long ears, and look as if they would like to be polite and say, "Thank you!"

One day, Jamie found them just as you see them in the picture. There was a strange doll with them in the hutch, but he did not know who had put it there. The rabbits did not feel quite safe with the doll. Blackie feared it might hurt, so he kept behind his friend, out of harm's way. Whitey eyed the doll a long time, as if he hoped it might at last prove to be good to eat.

The doll was bald, but he did not look old or worn by care. He did not seem to mind the rabbits at all. If he had known how hungry

ney were, he might have wished to run off, and not stay there and
mile, and hang his head and arms and legs in that loose way.

Jamie loved his little bunnies very much, and when the time came for
him to leave them and go back to the city, he was very, very sorry.



JAMIE'S RABBITS.

But his mamma said her little boy could go to them again next summer,
and the old farmer said he would do his best for them through the
winter.

So Jamie tried not to fret. He is a good boy, and deserves to have
pretty bunnies, for he takes fine care of them.

And—what do you think? Three weeks ago, Jamie was taken to the
country to see his bunnies, and he will stay with them till cold weather
comes again.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OH, my poor birds! Little they think of what is coming. But their Jack knows it and trembles for them in secret.

Yes, the Fourth of July in this part of the world is a hard day for the birds. You see, the poor little creatures know very little, if anything, about American history, and even if they did know all about it, the July racket is dreadful, and they have n't the firmness and majesty of the American eagle to enable them to bear it.

Never believe that your Jack does not rejoice in the thought of this great and glorious nation, or that he would have you overlook its honorable birthdays, or fail to keep them in grand, joyful ways. No, no. But gunpowder is for war, not for peace. If you wished to honor the birthday of a noble and revered grandparent, you hardly would do so by exploding a fire-cracker in his ear, would you?

Ah, well! may be Jack does n't quite understand these things.

AN UNDERGROUND FOREST.

DEAR, dear, what queer things folks dig up in these days! Why, it was only a little while before school closed that the Little Schoolma'am was telling the children about a real buried city, a part of which some person with a German name had unearthed after it had lain under the ground for hundreds and hundreds of years.

And yesterday I heard a fussy lot of sparrows quarreling over news that an ocean gull had brought to them from the home of their forefathers in England. It was about a buried forest, ever so many thousands of years old, that had been discovered lately in Hampshire.

Beside beech, oak, elm and laurel trees, like those to be seen growing in England to-day, there

were found in this forest such plants as the palm, the cactus and the aroids, that now belong only to tropical lands. As the aroids are akin to the Jack-in-the-Pulpit family, I tried to learn from the sparrows how this news was to be explained. But they made such a chatter, I could n't. So, I'll thank some of my chicks to inquire into the matter.

JULY EVENTS.

DEAR MR. JACK: *Our* "little schoolma'am" told us some thing about July, and we wrote them down. Here they are. Wont you please pass them on?

Julius Cæsar was born in this month, so Marc Antony called, after Cæsar's family name, "Julius." May be on this account, St. John Suckling, the poet, thought he could give the name of the month a similar sound. In his "Wedding" poem, of which our schoolma'am gave us some verses to copy, he says of the bride:

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July."

So, you see, he calls July, "Jew-ly." It does n't seem to me much of a rhyme.

Now I will tell you the names of some great people who died, or of some who were born, in July. I know when and where, but you please ask the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls to write and tell you, for me, if they know, too?

Petrarch died in July, and so did the Admirable Crichton, Charlotte Corday, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Robert Burns, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Adams, Madame de Staël, Thomas Jefferson, Hahnemann, Zachary Taylor, Béranger the French poet, and Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

John Calvin and the famous Marie de Medici were born in July, so were Blackstone the great lawyer, and Flaxman the sculptor. don't know any more.

Learning dates by themselves must be dry work, but our schoolma'am tells us about the things and people also, and we like it ever so much. I hope all the boys and girls will have a good time this Fourth.—Yours truly,
BEATRICE B.

THE COST OF WET FEET.

SOME boys and girls were playing near the porch where my friends the water-lilies grow, when an old New York gentleman came along and cried out to the children: "Don't wet your feet,—it costs too much!" Then he went on, reaching out so vigorously for the lilies, that at first he did not seem to hear the cries of the children for an explanation. At last it came, when they ran to him with the hands full of the beautiful flowers. He told them that in New York City, in winter, when the cleaned streets are covered with pools of water the cost to the citizens in time, doctors' and surgeons' bills, physic, boots, clothes and funeral expenses, would amount in one day to two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand two hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$2,754,225)!! This, of that, my youngsters! In my opinion, this water-soaked old gentleman from New York was rather shaky in his facts, though he certainly was strong in his statements.

FOUR LEAVED CLOVERS.

Dyersburg, May 11, 1877.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did the fairies ever whisper in your ear, that a four-leaf clover brought good luck to the finder? I, a little girl when I heard it, and having strong belief in fairies and good luck, I was determined to find one. Two years ago, on a bright sunny morning,—the very best day of the year to me, for it was my tenth birthday,—I was playing on the deep grass, and I found my hand directly on a four-leaf clover, and—oh, joy of joys!—it was followed by a five-leaf one. The fifth leaf proved to be a beaut

een chalice, just to hold my good luck, as I thought. And, dear Jack, if you could see my little blue-eyed sister, that came soon after, you would think with me that the faines were right. I send you an identical clover found on that day, and a cluster of four-leaved clovers found about a week ago, thinking that, perhaps, such things might be new to some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, and that it would like to tell them about these.—Yours truly,

MADGE CHILD.

Jack is very glad to see these beautiful specimens, Madge, and he hopes you may live to enjoy many and many happy birthdays.

So far, so good. Now, who can find Jack two kinds of ribbon-grass exactly alike?

FIRE-CRACKERS.

San Francisco, May 2, 1877.

DEAR JACK: The other day I did wish I lived in China. Father's reading out of the paper. As near as I can remember this was what he read:

"In Canton, and other Chinese cities, one hears fire-crackers on days and at various hours of the night, not fired singly, but by hundreds and thousands at a time. It is a part of their religious services, and they expect that the din will drive off evil spirits." Father said he wished they would drive the evil spirit of mischief of us boys; and I told him if he would buy us a lot of crackers we would try. But he has not yet.

There is a Chinese boy comes to school with us, and he is right smart at learning. He said those smashed-up letters on the packages of crackers mean all manner of things. I said, so they might, but I know about them, because ST. NICHOLAS told me. Then he looked red and said, "Is that an evil spirit?" I told him no, it was a joke. Next day I showed it to him, and how it translated the funny labels, and he said, "That's so!" Please tell the ST. NICHOLAS for us.—Yours truly,

ROBERT W. HALL.

P. S.—It was in the ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1874.

SPARROWS AND HORSES.

SPARROWS are good-hearted little creatures after all, though they do wrangle a little among them-

can. They hop into the stables, hop, hop along the stalls to the horses' ears, tell them all about the grass, the trees, and the cool, sweet shade; then they hop, hop to the floor, and the pails, eat their little "fill," and hop, hop out again. Bless the little sparrows!

ALL THE ALPHABET.

DEAR JACK: Did the Little Schoolma'am ever see a verse that contains all the letters of the alphabet? Here is one, which I did not make, but a girl gave it to me in school. I think it contains every letter.—Yours truly,

LIZZIE GREEN.

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who takes His finest wheat,
Should lift His joyful praises high."

CAN A DOG THINK?

Stratford, Ontario, April 3, 1877.

MY DEAR JACK: I send you a couple of true anecdotes of "Buff," a four-footed friend of mine, which may interest your young folks. Good-bye, Jack! May your shadow never grow less!—Yours truly,

C. W. Y.

CAN A DOG THINK?—Of course not, you will say; but just wait till you hear about Buff. Buff is a heavy mastiff, and a great pet. On Sundays, and when there are visitors, his toilet consists of a stiff white collar and a black neck-tie, which are quite becoming, and of which he feels very proud. One night, a gentleman came to the house, and inquired for his brother Clarence, who was stopping with us. He had never seen Buff, so he was formally introduced as Clarence's brother. Buff accepted the acquaintanceship, and immediately became very friendly. It so happened that Clarence was spending the evening at a friend's house, "Atholecot," that evening; and as the gentleman wished very much to see him, he decided to go there. But how to find the way? It was pitch dark, there were no street-lamps, and the road was very winding. As soon as "Atholecot"

was mentioned, Buff pricked up his ears,—probably visions of good things flitted through his mind,—and when told that the gentleman wanted to go there, he could hardly be kept in the house. "Follow Buff," I said, "and he will take you there." And so he did, and by the straightest road.

Buff's "bump of benevolence" is largely developed. When he has more provisions than he cares for, he hides them away, and when he sees a poor, miserable, half-starved dog-tramp, he brings him into the garden, digs a bone out of the snow, and tells him, in dog-talk, to "pitch in." When he thinks the stranger has had enough, he tells him so; and if he does n't accept the hint and leave, he gives him a good shaking and sends him about his business.

If Buff can't think, he does something very like it.

BLACKSMITHS IN AFRICA.

DEAR JACK: In reading Dr. Livingstone's "Last Journal," the part about native blacksmiths in Africa interested me very much.

Imagine a big negro, with no other clothing than a waist-cloth, squatting before the large, earth-imbudded stone which forms his anvil. Two pieces of stout green bark form the tongs by which he holds the bit of iron that his companion—the master blacksmith—is hammering into shape. The hammer which this master smith is wielding with all his might, is a large stone, bound around with bands made of the strong inner bark of a tree. Of this bark are formed the loops which serve as handles. The hammer thus made bears a rude resemblance to a traveling-valise. The bellows, which is worked by still another assistant, is made of two goat-skins with sticks at the open ends.

With so few tools, and those of the rudest sort, the African blacksmiths hardly could be expected to produce articles of fine workmanship; yet Dr. Livingstone says they have made articles of excellent quality that would have been very creditable to even the best English or American smiths, with all the latter's advantages in the way of fine tools and workshops.—Yours truly,

E. G.



ses. I heard two or three of them holding a joy-riding over the good deeds done by some of their fows in New York—how they make a habit of going to the great town stables where the car horses are kept, and comforting the tired beasts with their very voices and nimble, playful ways. Some of the horses, it seems, have to jog back and forth every day along their rail-tracks for nearly the length of the great city, touching the Battery at one end of the route and Central Park at the other, but ever once being allowed to go into either. Now, that must be pretty hard. Never to run over grass or rest under the green trees! But the rows make up for the privation as well as they

MISS LOUISE'S MOUTH.

(Translation of French Story in May Number.)

By A. R. T.

Miss LOUISE'S mouth is very large. When one sees it, one always has a desire to say, "What an enormous mouth!"

Well, it is not a misfortune. A large mouth is very convenient. This was the opinion of the wolf who so well crunched up Little Red Riding-Hood, and it is also the opinion of Miss Louise. She always has a very good appetite, and she does not find her mouth too big for all that she has need to put into it.

A big mouth is also very convenient for prattling. This one is never tired of talking and saying dull things. And when it has prattled enough, it sings: it is then that it opens well!

And for screaming, too! It is no longer a mouth—it is an oven, a cavern, a resounding gulf. When

it is open, like that, the best thing its hearers can do is to stop up their ears and make their escape.

The cries do not last forever. Laughing comes again—a good laugh, which shows pretty little white teeth; they are not all there yet, for Miss Louise is hardly more than a baby.

And when it has laughed well, what good but kisses it knows how to give—that mouth!

Mamma does not find it at all too big, and loves it as it is.

And later, when Miss Louise will be older, when she will have become very reasonable, very witty and very good, her mouth will say things so sensible, so pretty and so amiable, that everybody will love it, and no one will have an idea of thinking too big.

Good translations of "La Bouche de Mademoiselle Louise" were received before May 18th from: Arnold Guyot Cameron, Amy Reynolds, Annie Rider, W. F. Dana, Milton Hopkins, Fannie Freeman, A. B. W., Grace M. Hall, E. W. B. P., "Helen of Troy Hattie K. Chase, "Cupid bereft of his Chow-chow," Adèle Grant, James E. Whitney, George B. McClellan, Jr., Nellie Emerson, A. Soll, A. Wayland Cutting, Wm. Weightman Walker, Thos. Hunt, Louisa B., Caroline Chase, Harold Steele MacKaye, Lucy S. Bim Maude E. Boswell, J. Lilian Doty, Kitty Stebbins, Hallie P. Adams, Seelye Bryant, Blossom Drum, J. P. C., William A. King, Jen B. Rizer, Harriet A. Clark, Madge Wilson, Francis Irving, Angie Courts, William L. Smith, A. Jennie McNeil, Louise H. K. Bella Robinson, Mabel Curtis Wright, Leslie W. Hopkins, Nellie Chandler, Marian Otis, Frances M. Woodward, Mac Fiske, Katharine Spalding, Eleanor N. Hughes, Bessie Van Rensselaer, Frederick Eastman, Constance Grand-Pierre, "Bob White," Edith R. Smith, M. Richardson, Emma Disoway, Jennie E. Beal, Fannie F. Hunt, Mary Hawley, Fannie P. Blake, Mary H. Sharpe, Lois L. Howe, Sallie Macallister, G. Frederick Harwood, Grace Foster Sewall, Kate E. Dimock, Louise W. Ford, Frank A. Eaton, May Parker, Lodice Porter, Arthur W. Underwood, Wm. H. Parker, Fannie R. Safford, L. E. P., Bessie L. Barnes, Lillie L. Preston, Julia H. George, L. A. Wilkinson, Alice Ashmore Walker, Agnes Frances Walker, G. C. W., Hattie G. Merrill, "Vulcan," Harriet Langdon Pruyn, "Louise Alice S. Moody, B. M. P., Ella L. True, and May Harwood.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR readers will remember that, in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Ingersoll told them about three species of our native American wild mice, namely, the white-footed mouse, called scientifically *Hesperomys leucopus*; the meadow-mouse, *Arvicola riparius*; and the jumping or deer-mouse, *Jaculus hudsonius*. They will remember also that he told them these mice were not uncommon throughout the United States; lived in open fields and prairies for the most part, rather than in the woods, where they dug burrows or built nests, ate seeds, roots and bark, and were themselves eaten by many animals and birds of prey. Having been reminded of these particulars, it will be easy to study more carefully some further points in the life of these entertaining little creatures, as given by Mr. Ingersoll this month.

Covington, Ky., April 2, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old, and am one of a family of five children. We have taken you ever since you were first published, and we like you very much. We also have three nice bound volumes in regular order. December 9th last we organized a society to save and make the proper use of our money. The officers are as follows: Papa, President; Mamma, Vice-President; Del, my elder sister, Secretary; J. Wade, Treasurer; Kate, another sister, Mag, another, and John, my baby brother, are members. In the society, or in another apartment, we have a mission-box, and out of the society money we give it fifteen cents a week. Good-by.

Yours truly and respectfully,

By order of the society.

WADE HAMPTON.

San Francisco, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and of course am expected to write as well as an old girl. I often see letters in your columns from little boys and girls, so I thought you might like to hear about a pet goose I had.

A little while before Christmas my uncle Charles gave my grandmother a goose. When he was brought to us his legs were tied and it hurt him very much. My cousin Ernest made a cage for him and he slept very nicely. In the morning when he woke up, made such a racket that it woke us all up. For a while he was quite lonesome, and would call after everybody who passed his cage but by-and-by he got over it and seemed quite contented. The being no pond for him to swim in, we gave him a bath in a tub often as we could. I think you will laugh at his name. It is "Misery," because he loved company so much. The rats came such numbers after his food that it became necessary to set a trap for my cousin Olive and I used to put him on a box and sit on the side of him and feed him, or we would sing to him. He was very fond of biting the buttons on our dresses, and one day he bit one off, nearly swallowed it. We were very careful to protect our buttons after that.

But "Misery" grew thinner and thinner, and seemed so unhappy in spite of all we did for him, that my grandmother thought it was best to kill him. So one morning before we were up she had him killed. We had him for dinner, but he was very tough. We were going to have a little dog soon, and perhaps I will tell you all about him.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS better than any other magazine I have read.—Yours truly,

P. S.—I did not eat any of the goose.

PEARL HOBART.

Cleveland, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. Having done some about birds in my ST. NICHOLAS, I thought I would tell you about a little canary that I have. Missing its sweet notes the other day, I looked into the cage, and found it lying at the bottom, dead, as we supposed; but papa took it in his hands and said it was quite dead; he then mixed some red pepper with milk; then he held its little bill with a pen-knife and made it take some. I then a piece of flannel and put it into a collar-box. Then papa put in a birdie. Mamma said it probably would be dead before morning, when I got up the next morning and peeped into the box, my little had its eyes open, and I am now happy to tell you that at this time it is singing again as sweetly as ever. I thought this simple remedy might save the birdie of some other little girl or boy.—I am, a little reader,
IRENE L. COREY.

GRACE JOHNSON, a little girl, ten years old, sends us this verse of her poll parrot:

POLLY.

We have a funny polly,
He's 'most as smart as you,
If you stoop down under his cage,
He'll call out, "Peek-a-boo."
If you should come and see me,
He'd say, "How do you do?"
And sing "Pretty Polly Hopkins"
In a cheerful voice for you.

Fort McKavett, Menard Co., Texas, May 2, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My letter in the March number of your magazine has been the means of giving me two kind little friends in the city of New York. They rather felt for my lonely situation, I suppose, and I thank them for their kind-heartedness. They are anxious now about my army home, so I will tell them, and the rest of the young folks, as best I can, how we live in the army:

We have no grand, fine houses like you town and city girls and have; but our houses are built of rough stone one story high, contain but three or four rooms, sitting-room, bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen. No matter how large a family an officer may have, he is limited to this number of rooms; in fact, we are entitled to one room and a kitchen; but this is seldom strictly adhered to in that case we should have to live more like pigs than human beings. Army officers, too, are generally supposed to live like gentlemen; but I am sure it would not look very gentlemanly or lady-like to sleep, eat, and sit in the same room.

The officers' and soldiers' quarters are all built in line and around a square; we have a little plot of ground in front and at the side of our quarters; we have vines trained over our porches, making a look pretty. Fort McKavett is situated on a hill, and is surrounded on all sides by hills; the scenery is varied and pretty. A stream called the San Sabá runs near the post; it is full of beautiful, clear springs; from one or two in particular is obtained all the water used in the garrison, brought up in large water-wagons, each drawn by eight mules; the work about the garrison is done by the prisoners. There is a fine hospital building for the sick, and doctors to attend them. It would seem strange to you, no doubt, to see scarcely any one but soldiers about; but I am used to it, never having seen anything else, for I was not quite two years old when I knew anything about army life; we were then living so near the Rio Grande to Matamoros, we could get so many nice things over there; I may be I will tell you about that place another time.

We have a delightful band here belonging to the Tenth Infantry which plays in the open air three times a week, in the evening, in the stand, and every morning at guard-mounting, and on Sunday mornings at dress parade, which is the soldiers' church; for we have no chapel. I have not been inside a church for four years; is not that dreadful? Some foolish persons think army people live in ease and luxury, and do not sacrifice anything; but just think of not having school, or a church, or anything of that kind to go to, seeing some faces every day and the same things—nothing to amuse us, and yet tired of playing the same games even. The only things I get without tiring of are riding on horseback, and that I do love very much, and taking care of my numerous pets. I study every day, and I am not like going to school; I am afraid I am dreadfully behind the girls of my age. But I fear, dear ST. NICHOLAS, you will be tired of reading so much; so my letter shall stop right here. I think more of you every year, and just long for the end of the month to come.—Your affectionate little reader,
JANET G. LARKE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little boy, Bertie, just three years old, and ST. NICHOLAS sent him by his dear grandma, for his birthday, and we are perfectly charmed with it. We are in the "back-yard" now, so it is a double pleasure. The last number came yesterday, and Bertie went to bed hugging it in his arms at night. Of

course I intend he shall take good care of the numbers and have them bound, and I hope he will be a subscriber for years to come.

He thinks "Cluck-a-Luck's Strange Children" very funny, and I have to read it over and over to him. Last summer I took him to the country for a day, and he slipped away from nurse, and when she found him in the poultry-yard, the little fellow, in his delight, had killed three of the loveliest little white chickens just hatched, and was in the act of "hugging" another when nurse found him. He said he "just loved 'em up tight." He knows better now, and if I had time, I would tell you about his pet canary and red-bird, which love him so much.

He never saw a pig until we came here a few months ago, and when he saw the great black fellow, he came running to me, saying: "Oh! mamma, I s'pect it is a bear!" Do you think any of your little folks would make such a mistake? Bertie sends love, and says I must tell you about "the three piggies;" but I'm afraid our letter is too long now for the Letter-Box.—Yours truly,
"M."

AGNES FRANCES W., Alice Ashmore W., and G. C. W., three little sisters, of Winchester, Virginia, send us three capital translations of "La Bouche de Mademoiselle Louise," published in our May number, and beg us to give them "something a little more difficult in French, and also a German story for translation." It is very evident that they are new readers of ST. NICHOLAS, or they would know that our back numbers have anticipated their request. But we welcome them heartily, and hope in future to give them a goodly share of pleasant work.

Richmond House, Reading, England, May 5, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad my dear papa lets me take your magazine. I like it very much, and I read some of it almost every day. I am reading now "Pattikin's House," and think it a very pretty story.

I went to Southsea the other day, and found such a lot of shells and sea-weed and little crabs on the beach. And I saw the "Victory," the ship on which Lord Nelson was killed many years ago.

I shall be eight years old in a few days.—Your friend,

ALBIN WHITE.

THE long article on "Gunpowder" in this number, written by an ex-officer of the U. S. army, cannot, we think, fail to interest our boy-readers, and give them a useful hint or two.

Philadelphia, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in your next number who is Saxe Holm, who wrote the story, "The First Time," in the May ST. NICHOLAS? I looked in Drake's "Dictionary of American Biography," and in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," but they did not say anything about the person.—Your little reader,
JENNIE MARCH.

The real name of "Saxe Holm" is not known, nor is it likely to be.

1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, about the first of August, Ed and I had planned to camp out for a few days. I was to furnish the necessary articles, which were bread, tea, butter, plates, knives, spoons, towels, blankets, a tent, and cooking utensils.

While, on the other hand, Ed, who did not like tea, brought chocolate, crackers and herring. I also borrowed of my grandmother a large, heavy, buffalo robe, on which we were to sleep. The next morning we got up early, and got the things ready for our trip.

At half-past nine we were ready, and proceeded to the boat-house. Our tools were a spade and an ax, which we took along in case of emergencies. We also took some money to buy milk with.

Once fairly started we put up the sail, for we did not fancy the idea of rowing sixteen miles in the hot sun. A good wind favored us, and we reached our destination about four o'clock.

We encamped on a beautiful beach facing the north-east. After we had pitched our tent, we went to look after the baggage. The provisions were packed in a large basket, which we put in the tent.

I then brought the butter can, and dug a hole in the gravel, two feet deep, and about four feet from the water, so as to keep it cool.

After that we got supper, which consisted of tea, chocolate, crackers, and herring.

After supper we got boughs and laid them on the ground under the tent—over these we spread the buffalo robe. This was our bed. We were then ready for night. After gathering up the things, and putting them in the tent, we got into the boat and rowed a mile farther on, where we met some friends, with whom we spent the evening. After rowing back, and shutting the flaps of the tent, we went to bed. We had some trouble getting to sleep; a big bit of Ed and stung him very badly. The next morning we got up early, built our fire, and had breakfast, which we ate with a good relish. After washing the dishes

and setting things to rights, we took a row. When we got back there were some boys around the tent. They were the friends we had visited the previous evening, and as they had brought potatoes and other things, we were glad that they had come. So we invited them to stay to dinner, after which we took a sail, and saw some more of our friends. Supper over, we spent the evening as before, and then went to bed; but we could not get to sleep. Mosquitoes were very thick, and about twelve o'clock we made up our minds to get up, tear down our tent, pack up, and start for home. When we had got everything ready we pushed off. After rowing about two miles we put to shore, and set up the sail, and then steered for the middle of the lake. We had a fair wind at first, but after a while it died down. As we sat waiting for a breeze to spring up, the sky began to get very dark, and with it came what we wanted, a good wind; but before long we found we had got ourselves in a fix, for the wind began to blow harder and harder, and the waves were so high that they splashed into the boat. As quickly as we could we seized the oars, and pulled for the nearest shore. The motion of the waves made me rather faint, so Ed made me lie down on the blankets. We then took turns in rowing till we had rowed about five miles, when I again lay down. This time I fell asleep. Ed did not wake me, as he should have done, but let me sleep on. At last I awoke of my own accord, and I was surprised to find we had gone so far. I tried to take my turn at the oars, but the more I moved the sicker I got. In half an hour we reached the boat-house, and a happier pair of boys could not be found. When we reached the house I found it to be five o'clock, so that it had taken us just five hours to row eighteen miles.

Having told you the event of the summer, I will bid you good-by.—Yours truly,
R. R. E.

Venice, April, 1877.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you some things about this Italian city. It has no horse-cars or stages, so we have to go around in boats called gondolas, because nearly all the streets are water, like canals, but without tow-paths. The only good place for walking is the great square in front of the cathedral of St. Mark, where the bronze lions are. You will think boys can't run about much or have many games here, but there are lots of boats, and plenty of water, to get fun out of.

We shall stay here for a whole year, and papa says you shall come to us every month just the same.

I must tell you the carpenters here pull their planes toward them, like the Japanese carpenters that we see in pictures, instead of pushing them as our carpenters do at home, in America. I saw this in a workshop, and there was a hollow at each side of the plane, to give a good hold. Please tell this to the ST. NICHOLAS boys.—Your true friend,
WILLIE S.

THE following startling and original fairy-tale—an awful warning to kings—comes to us with this note from the author:

Syracuse, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write a story, and would like it very much if you would publish it in the St. Nicholas. If you think it worth while printing. I am only eight years old.

THE MAGIC CARPET.

(A fairy tale.)

Once upon a time there lived a king. One day he was walking in his garden, looking at the flowers, he thought how rich he was, and how poor some people were. Suddenly it became very dark, at last he distinguished three figures, on the ground. He asked them what they were. They said they were three fairies. Each of them gave him a wish. The first one said he would find ten dollars every time he put his hand in his pocket. The second one said when ever he was in trouble to call for them they would come. The third one said she would give him a magic carpet, she would not tell him what good it was, they went away, in a second he found himself in his palace with all the people around him. He could not find out what good it was. He had it put on his floor. One day he was walking on the carpet he wished himself in Cincinnati he found himself in Cincinnati. He called for the fairies they came he said what shall I do, they told him to be contented with what he had, they vanished, he felt in his pocket, and got one hundred dollars. He spent it for whisky, and got drunk. At last he found that he had to work for his living, every cent he got he spent for whisky, after a while he got so drunk that he was put in prison, and he died there.

A. T. E.

Birmingham, Ct., April 22, 1877.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I had a little kitty that looked something like the picture in the new (May) ST. NICHOLAS, and played just like it. I think the poetry by it is awful pretty. I think the fairy story is nice too, especially the funny old giant, Dundernose.

This is a beautiful ST. NICHOLAS. All the stories are nice. I like them every one. I can read them all. I can't write nor print well, my mamma writes letters for me. I am 'most eight years old. Good-by. That's all I'm going to say.
PAULINE P.

San Francisco, April 5, 1877.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I went to silver wedding, where a Russian nobleman, named Baron von Oste taken, gave the following riddles in French:

First: Mon premier est le premier de son espèce; mon second seul de son espèce, et mon tout est ce que je ne veux pas vous dire.

Second: Mon premier est un animal domestique; mon second est ce que les dames n'aiment pas découvrir en elles-mêmes, et mon tout est une union.

Third: Pourquoi l'Impératrice a-t-elle quitté Paris avec un de tiste?

These are all I can remember.—Yours truly,

JULIA H. GEORGE.

The answers to these riddles will be given in the next number ST. NICHOLAS.

Pittsfield, May 23d, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very glad to see my name in the "Letter-Box" for translating the French story in the April number. Last week I went out every clear night to find the different constellations, with the help of Professor Proctor's maps. "His Own Master" is very exciting, I think, in this number. I am sorry "Pattiki House" ends so soon; I was so interested in it.—Your reader,
NELLIE EMERSON.

H. STARKWEATHER'S problem in arithmetical-algebra (for it is not properly an algebraic problem) in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 574, may be easily explained by the accurate use of a rule which he uses inaccurately. We shall refer to the first example given the explanation being equally true for the others.

The solution is correct until the last equation, which should be

$$\pm (7 - \frac{3}{2}) = \pm (2 - \frac{3}{2})$$

or, as it is usually written,

$$7 - \frac{3}{2} = \pm (2 - \frac{3}{2}),$$

according to the rule that the square root of any quantity is "ambiguous," as the books say; we would say either + or -; not both + and -; nor yet, + or - just as you choose; but + or -, according to the conditions of the problem.

In this case we must take the - sign for the second member of the equation, and we then have

$$7 - \frac{3}{2} = -(2 - \frac{3}{2}), \text{ or,}$$

$$7 - \frac{3}{2} = -2 + \frac{3}{2}, \text{ or,}$$

$$\frac{11}{2} = \frac{1}{2},$$

which is correct.

The example, then, does not prove that $7 = 2$, that $\frac{11}{2} = \frac{1}{2}$.

To illustrate the necessity for a choice between the + and - values of a square root:

Given the algebraic equation $x + \sqrt{x} = 6$. By solution $x = 9$; $\therefore \sqrt{x}$, we might say, $= \pm 3$. But it cannot be + 3, for $9 + 3 = 12$, and not 6; it does = - 3 for $9 + (-3) = 6$, as in the original equation. This we should not have discovered by squaring the members of the given equation, and then finding x ; if we had solved the equation as it stands, we should have found the value of $\sqrt{x} = -3$, first, and then $x = 9$; which explains the reason why, though $x = 9$, in this equation, \sqrt{x} cannot = 3.

It may be noticed of the "other examples" in the ST. NICHOLAS: If it were proved that $2 = 1$, of course $4 = 3$ without further proof.

We would commend to our young readers a variation of Davy Crockett's advice: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Be sure you are right (particularly in mathematics), then stand by your results.

MARTHA L. COX sends the only correct solution to this problem received up to present date (May 25th).

R. W. M. is mistaken in saying that each member of the 5th equation is negative. He will see, by examining the problem, that of them is positive.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



AND in the picture: 1. The Ettrick Shepherd. 2. The plant "Equisetum arvense." 3. A nickname for Boston. 4. A part of a church. 5. A member of a society. 6. A military command. 7. A story. 8. An arrow. 9. A colloquial name for an English servant. 10. Wrath. 11. A fine yellow wood. 12. A period. 13. Storms. 14. A verb meaning "to weary." 15. A verb meaning "said." 16. Chickadee. 17. Over sixty gallons. 18. Something under every eye. 19. Blows with a hatchet. 20. A kind of wine.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

COMPOSED of sixteen letters. The 1, 7, 14, 9, is a company. The 2, 8, 11, is a girl's name. The 10, 15, 4, 13, is a number. The 3, 5, 6, is an examination. The whole is good advice from ISOLA.

EASY RIDDLE.

My first is in cat, but not in dog;
My second is in plank, but not in log;
My third is in rat, but not in mice;
My fourth is in pleasant, but not in nice;
My fifth is in Edith, but not in Mary;
My last is in light, but not in airy;
My whole is a very useful thing,
Found with the poor man, found with the king.

K. U.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1 is a consonant. My 2 is a verb in the present tense. My 3 is who acts for another. My 4 our forefathers fought for. My 5 to bestow. My 6 is obtained from flax. My 7 is a consonant.

C. G. T.

ABBREVIATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail a division of a poem and get an insect. 2. Behead and curtail a very small piece and get a liquor. 3. Behead and curtail a sign of grief and get a knock. 4. Behead and curtail a place of justice and get a pronoun. 5. Behead and curtail a fool and get a subject. 6. Behead and curtail disgrace and get an article of food. 7. Behead and curtail a line and get a journey. 8. Behead and curtail a beggar and get an animal. 9. Behead and curtail some animals and get to gain. 10. Behead and curtail to look intently and get a thick substance. 11. Behead and curtail a kind of meal and get a girl's nickname. 12. Behead and curtail an account book and get a border.

A. B.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

PREFIX the same syllable to—1. A contemptible dog, and make to agree. 2. A kind of beetle, and make one of the largest of birds. 3. Strong, and make to ratify. 4. A fish, and make to comfort. 5. A region, and make an agreement. 6. Worn out, and make penitent. 7. An edge, and make to incline together. 8. A shelter, and make satisfaction. 9. A searching trial, and make a dispute.

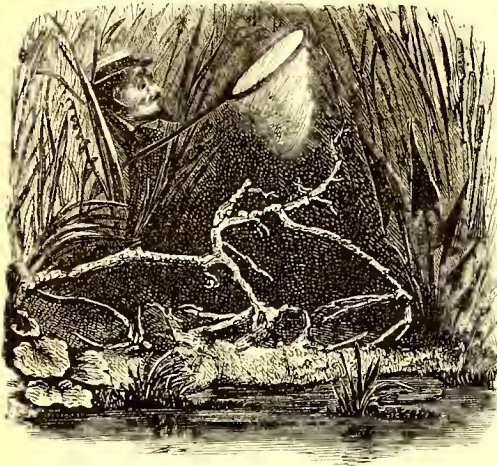
STALLKNECHT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name one of Dickens's characters.
 1. A soft metal. 2. A Shakspearean character. 3. A deity, for whom a day of the week was named. 4. A ferocious wild animal. 5. A man's name. 6. A young bird of prey.

ISOLA.

EASY PICTURE-PUZZLE.



A PAIR of hoppers gay are we;
 Look sharp, and soon our forms you'll see.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.

FIND in the following sentence a French proverb—a warning to persons making secret communications:

Walking among brakes and thistles, I saw some odd-looking birds: a large emu, rail (less than the emu—don't despise the procession) and two or three more ill-esteemed birds, marching toward the shore.

CHARADE.

My first in radiant robes arrayed,
 Or draped in gloom, or drowned in tears;
 My next, as Holy Writ hath said,
 Dwells in the sunlight, moonlight, stars.
 My whole, a flaunting beauty bright,
 Born for the morning's festal ray;
 Floating in colors, bathed in light,
 Dancing the gayest of the gay.
 But when dark hours come stealing on,
 My airy graces all are gone;
 The frail, brief vision of de'ight
 Shrinks fainting, fainting out of sight,
 Phantom of beauty, quenched in night.

M. O'B.

OMNIBUS WORD.

IN a word of five letters find, without repeating the same word and without repeating the same letter in a word, the following:

- I.—A word-square: 1. The juice of a plant. 2. A verb. 3. plant.
- II.—Another word-square: 1. A small venomous serpent. 2. large body of water. 3. A nickname.
- III.—One diamond puzzle, the central letters of which form word-square: 1. A consonant. 2. A monkey. 3. An implement war. 4. A part of the body. 5. A consonant.
- IV.—A word meaning to fight with fists, and which, spelled backward, means quick, smart blows.
- V.—Ten words: 1. A fruit. 2. To peel. 3. To gather. 4. scorch. 5. Lean. 6. To level with the ground. 7. A grammatical term. 8. An epoch. 9. A term used by merchants. 10. To file.

N. T. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Dromedary.
 INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Waver, aver. 2. Mother, other.
 3. Jaunt, aunt. 4. Bother, other. 5. Maid, aid. 6. Cover, over.
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Genius, Talent.
 G—arne—T
 E—nigm—A
 N—icke—L
 I—r—E
 U—nicor—N
 S—carle—T

CHARADE.—Dolphin.
 A NAME PUZZLE.—Charlotte, Orlinda, Rosabelle, Adelaide.
 DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—
 S—O—T
 F—A—T—E—S
 M—O—T—H—E—R—S
 R—E—E—L—S
 D—R—Y

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Holland, England.
 H O L Y O K E
 C O L O G N E
 B O L O G N A
 N A N L I N G
 A L A B A M A
 I N D I A N A
 D E T M O L D

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Bevel, eel. 2. Maple, ape. 3. Towel, e.
 4. Eagle, ale. 5. Ebony, boy. 6. Abbey, Bey. 7. Chart, hat.
 Farce, ace. 9. Prune, rue. 10. Thumb, h'ub.
 HALF-SQUARE.—
 C R A D L E S
 R E P A I D
 A P P L E
 D A L E
 L I E
 E D
 S
 EASY REBUSES.—Beethoven, Landseer, Millais.
 SQUARE REMAINDERS.—
 S—T—E—A—L
 L—E—A—S—E
 C—A—S—K
 B—L—E—S—T
 RHOMBOID PUZZLE.—
 S L I P S
 O V I N E
 Y E A S T
 R I P E N
 L Y N C H

PUZZLE.—Alone.
 ANAGRAMS.—1. Kerosene. 2. Troopers (there was a mistake in this anagram; the words contained an extra "s"). 3. Expel.
 4. Panoramas. 5. Lectures. 6. Procrastination.
 REBUS.—"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Mary Seymour, Cora M. Wesley, Marion Abbott, and "A. B. C.," answered correctly ALL the puzzles in the May number.
 ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN THE SAME NUMBER were received previous to May 18th from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Carr Bigelow, Henry C. Lee, Louie E. Hill, Edith Wilkinson, "Bob White," Nettie C. Howell, Bessie T. B. Benedict, "White Rose," C. Nicholson, Florence E. Hyde, Lester Woodbridge, Alice T. Booth, N. Dalrymple, Maude Calkins, Minnie E. Hobart, Geo. H. F. Florence Wilcox, Edwin E. Slosson, E. R. Platt, A. Carter, Dee L. Lodge, George Moffett, Mary C. Warren, C. V. K., L. Ford, A. C. Smith, Nellie Chase, M. E. Adams, Emma Elliott, "Alex.," James J. Ormsbee, H. B. and E. Hall, Mabel H., M. S. H., Paul Schloss, Harry Richards, Martie and Aggie Irwin, Rachel E. Hutchins, Jennie F. Rizer, Alice Reiss, Nessie E. Stevens, W. Craig Spencer, Harriet A. Clark, E. H. Hoerber, Clarence Hoffman Young, Ella G. Condie, George W. White, "Telemachus," Katie Robert M. Webb, Herbert P. Robinson, Nellie Emerson, Fannie E. Cushing, B. P. Emery, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Jennie Platt, Henry Fetter, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Willie Wright, Bessie W. Frothingham, Maxwell W. Turner, Howard S. Rodgers, Fred. M. Pease, Hux Carney, Blanche Moulton, Edith Lowry, O. T. Farnum, Eddie Vultee, "Vulcan," Bessie MacLaren, Helen Green, Elinor Louise Smith, "Dorkin," "Minerva," "Alma," and Angie Courts, sent correct answers to some of the puzzles, and also to the charade by Maddie in "Letter-Box" of May number.





ST. NICHOLAS.

L. IV.

AUGUST, 1877.

No. 10.

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THE CORAL-FISHER AND HIS WIFE.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

GIUSEPPI BARTO and his wife Francesca were very happy people. To be sure, they lived in the thatched hut that had scarcely anything in it but a square table, two wooden benches, and a chair that looked very much like another chair (a long one, with short legs), but it was a comfort for on it were a straw mattress, with a dark-cover, and two straw pillows, not very much different from good-sized pin-cushions.

What did it matter about the inside of the hut when outside was the glorious Bay of Naples? Giuseppe had built his house just on the shore of the bay, so close to the water's edge that the waves came almost lapping in at the door. He brought his wife and their baby boy Paolo. Until the little home was ready, had lived with Francesca's mother in the Santa Lucia, one of the best streets of Naples.

He can hardly tell you what a delight the new home was to Francesca. All her life she had lived in the close, dusty, noisy streets, only getting a breath of pure, fresh air once in a while, when he had time to run away into the country for a few hours. For she was a good daughter, and worked very hard to support her poor, feeble father, and to lighten her mother's burdens. She plaited white straws, and made beautiful little baskets, and the merchants were glad to buy from her. Sometimes she plaited a few bonnets; but it was not very easy to sell these, even for a very small price (perhaps only a *carlino** or two), though the

merchants who bought them could easily get a *piastro* † for them from English travelers, so fine and beautiful were they.

Now that she was married, and had some one to work for her and little Paolo, besides helping the old mother in the Santa Lucia, the days seemed like one long, happy dream. No more straw-plaiting; no more tiresome steps to climb (like the majority of Italian city houses, the one in which her mother dwelt was six stories high, and they had lived on the top floor). She had but to step outside her cottage door, and behold! on one side lovely green fields stretched far away till they joined the deeper green of the hill-side slope; on the other hand lay the glorious bay—blue, calm, and bright; while far in the dim distance was grand old Vesuvius, whose lofty head is always crowned with a shimmering, wavering smoke-wreath.

Giuseppe had built a kind of little wooden platform outside the cottage door, and there, safe from the approach of the waves, Francesca would sit for hours in the *dolce far niente* ‡ so dear to the Italian heart. Little Paolo played beside her, at the water's edge. His bare feet were always ready for a "wade," and his only garment, a little white linen shirt, was not very much in the way when, as often happened, he wanted to take a bath and a roll on the sands.

When evening came and he grew tired, and perhaps a little cross, as tired babies are sometimes, he would creep into his mother's arms, and there

* All silver coin, worth eight cents of our money.

† Large silver coin, worth about ten carlini.

‡ Sweet do-nothingness.

rest while she sang her evening song in a sweet, rich voice that floated far away till it fell, soft and low, on Guiseppi's ear. And this was the heart-song the fisher's wife sang :

"Far o'er the sea I watch for thee!
Winds, blow gently!—O waves, be still!
Love, return to thy boy and me!
Quick! for the night grows dark and chill.
Moon, shine out with a silv'ry ray;
Guide his bark safe over the bay!"

Then she ceased, and soon Guiseppi's clear, bell-like voice came ringing across the bay; and as she listened, her heart was glad,—she knew he would soon be beside her, for he sang :

"Soft o'er the sea thy voice I hear;
Now I forget the weary day.
God holds the waves, so have no fear;
He'll bring me home safe o'er the bay!
Sing to my boy, and sing of me,
While soft winds waft me home to thee."

Guiseppi's companions called him "fortune's fisherman." Everything prospered with him, but no one envied him his good luck, for he was so friendly and charitable, always ready to share with his less fortunate companions what he earned. He was a handsome fellow, tall and lithe, and brown as an Indian almost. His usual dress was a white linen shirt, and short white linen trousers; on his abundant black curls he wore a little brown cap, and his bare feet and legs looked almost as if they were carved from some polished stone, so firm and smooth were they.

Before he was married he had slept in his boat, like most Neapolitan fishermen, drawing it ashore and turning it over on its side at night; then, when the sun-rays came dancing westward in the morning, he was ready for his work before lazy city-people were even dreaming of waking!

He made ready all his own simple meals, and was so expert in preparing macaroni and making onion soup (the sea-shore was his kitchen, a pile of sticks his stove, and his only cooking utensil a little iron pot), that even Francesca could not excel him. He lived principally on fruit, however, which is very cheap in Naples. Great luscious oranges, fresh picked from the trees each morning, delicious melons, rosy-cheeked apples, and sweet little green lemons can be bought for a few *centimes** each; and the majority of Italian peasants live almost entirely on these, rarely tasting meat or wine, except twice a year—at Christmas and at Easter.

Even at Christmas they do not care so much for meat as they do for their *cotone*; that they must have, or Christmas would not be Christmas to them. And what do you think this wonderful

cotone is? Just an eel fried brown, with his tail in his mouth, and three little green lemons inside the circle he makes! But every one who can buy or borrow or earn a *grano*† has this delicacy for his Christmas dinner.

Curious fish came to Guiseppi's net. Great pieces of red and white coral! For he was a coral fisher, and often went far from home seeking the treasure of the sea. He had even been as far as Capri, and there, in the wonderful "blue grotto"—the water of which is as blue as indigo, and color everything that touches it,—had dived far down beneath the waves, bringing some rare and valuable pieces of coral which were worth many a *scudo*‡.

But this was dangerous work, and Francesca wept so bitterly when he spoke of diving, that he promised never more to go, but to content himself with the coarser pieces which clung to the rocks near the shore, readily seen beneath the clear blue of the water. This kind he loosened easily with a kind of spear, then deftly caught in a large net before it sank.

When Guiseppi had gathered many pieces of coral, he would give himself a holiday, and take Francesca and little Paolo into the city for a day's pleasure. First, he would go to the different dealers to dispose of his coral, leaving it only where he could get the most *scudi* for it.

His next visit was always to the jeweler's to buy something pretty for Francesca, who, like all of our countrywomen, must have jewelry, if she did not have anything else in the world.

Ear-rings and bracelets are worn even by the poorest peasants, and often a necklace as well. Guiseppi loved to see his wife's beautiful brown neck and arms so adorned; and once, when he went to Rome to dispose of some rare pieces of coral that he could not sell in Naples, he brought her home a necklace of Roman coins, which, after made Francesca shine in the eyes of her poor neighbors, whose necklaces usually were only strings of great yellow or blue beads.

After the jewelry, the next purchase was fruit. Guiseppi would hail some pretty dark-eyed peasant maid bearing a *sporta* (a flat tray-like basket) on her head, filled with fruit and roasted chestnuts, and buy the whole of her stock perhaps. This and Francesca carried to the mother's (the poor father was dead now), where they had a royal feast which even the baby enjoyed. But his special "treat" on these holidays was as much pure fish-milk as he could drink, for that he did not get every day by the sea-shore.

I must tell you about the Neapolitan milkmen for they are funny fellows. They do not have

* A French coin (copper), but used in Italy, worth the hundredth part of a franc (twenty cents).

† A very small copper coin, worth

two-fifths of a cent.

‡ A large silver coin, worth a dollar of our money.

milk-wagon and horse as our milkmen have, or even a pail and dipper. They have only little three-legged stools tied to themselves (so that when they want to sit down they are all ready), and they drive their cows and goats before them to the different houses, and milk them at the door in a bowl provided by each customer. No chance of watered milk there, you see.

That is not the queerest part of it, though. As I have said, Italian houses are very high—five, six, and seven stories often, with a different family living on each floor. Even the *palazzos* (palaces) of the rich are divided in this way. To the first floor

spire in the world), there is an immense dome, whence a most glorious view of the city can be had: but leading up to it are many scores of stone steps, too many to climb, so at the foot of these steps are *ciceroni* (guides) with little donkeys saddled, which carry people safely and easily up to the dome for a few *granos* apiece. Is not that a novel kind of elevator?

In the afternoon, Guiseppi would go to the barber's, to make himself spruce. A curious place it was, too: decorated like a church, with an altar in the center—a real altar, but with brushes, razors, and pomade on it instead of incense; and out at



A PLEASURE DRIVE IN NAPLES.

of the ground floor) there are sometimes from eighty to one hundred marble steps leading up to this floor perhaps a duke may live; on the next above, some one lower in rank, till it would not be possible that the noble duke's laundress might live in the seventh story of his palazzo. These poorest families usually take goat's milk, because the goats can go upstairs, even to the very top, and be milked in full view of the customer! Part of little Paolo's pleasure was in patting the goat that came up to his grandmother's door, rubbing its little nose, and giving it roasted chestnuts to eat. After it was milked, the goat would turn and skip down the stairs so briskly that the milkman would not begin to keep up with it.

Clever animals they have in Italy, I think. At Peter's, in Rome (which has the second highest

the door hung two large brass basins, instead of the red, white and blue painted poles our barbers have for signs.

Afterward, he would take Francesca, her mother, and little Paolo for a drive in a *corricolo* out into the country. A *corricolo* is a curious kind of open carriage on very high springs, large enough to hold fourteen people, but so lightly built that one horse can draw them all. Beneath it is swung a strong netting for luggage; when there is a superabundance of children, the boys delight in getting into this net and having a swing and a drive, both at the same time. One often sees a *corricolo* driving rapidly along, with a curious great bundle beneath it, which, if examined, would prove to be three or four boys, all jumbled together but having a glorious time. If the driver is good-natured, he will

take his passengers as far as they want to go for two carlini each, and one carlino for *buona-mano* (drink-money).

Guisseppi's favorite drive was through the *Chiaja* (the Broadway of Naples) out to the *Campo Santo*, the beautiful cemetery on a hill-side not far from the city. It did not make them sad to go there, for the drive was a most delightful one.

Great trees, among them orange and Indian fig trees, lined the road; and lovely flowers grew close up to the very wheel-tracks, giving forth sweet perfumes—all the sweeter if, perchance, some of them were crushed in passing. Sometimes a hearse would be at the cemetery gate; then Guisseppi would bow his head reverently while he softly said an *ave* (prayer) for the dead.

I am almost afraid we would smile if we should see a Neapolitan hearse. It is usually painted white, or some bright color, and heavily gilded. The undertaker, who walks beside it, is dressed in scarlet from top to toe; while, instead of the nodding black plumes we often see, on each of the four corners sits a rosy-cheeked *live boy*, in short blue trousers, white cape, and curious peaked brown

cap; his bare feet dangling over the sides, and his bright black eyes fairly dancing with joy at the prospect of the feast before him! For it is a fixed rule that, on returning from the Campo Santo, these boys shall have a feast at the first small wayside inn. And what hungry little fellows they are! I would seem as though they ate nothing from one drive to another.

One often sees the four sitting in a row on little wooden bench, devouring basins of macaroni, brown bread and melons; while the poor innkeeper looks on in despair, for he does not always get paid for all he gives.

When the evening shadows began to fall, our pleasure-seekers were ready to drive gayly back to the Santa Lucia, where a supper of brown bread and fruit was enjoyed. Then, wishing the mother *felice notte* (happy night), Guisseppi, Francesca and little Paolo (who was as good as good can be) would return, in the lovely, soft Italian twilight, to their little home by the shore, glad to seek the quiet and rest they found there. So we leave them to their simple, happy life beneath the sunny skies of their own beautiful Italy.



HAPPY DAY!

MR. TOMPKINS' SMALL STORY.

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.



LL of you remember that we left Mr. Tompkins last month, at the cocoa-nut party, just as he was about to tell a story.

"It must be a small one," said Mr. Tompkins.

"Oh yes; we've agreed to that," said Mr. Plummer.

Mr. Tompkins then asked if they were willing it should be merely a hen-story.

"We'll take the vote on that," cried Hiram. Then, turning to the company, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is known to you that our friend Mr. Tompkins has paid his forfeit, and that he has been judged to redeem it by telling a story. It was no more than right for him to pay a forfeit, for he laughed at a quiet old lady who never did him any harm, and treated her in an unkind manner. Mr. Tompkins now wishes to know if his small story may be merely a hen-story. All who are willing that Mr. Tompkins' small story should be merely a hen-story, please to say 'Aye.'"

"Aye! aye! aye! aye!" was shouted many times by young and old; and what with the shouting and the laughing and the hand-clapping, there was such a racket as set Caper a-barking at the top of his voice. Josephus crowed, and made his feet fly, and patted cakes, and tossed up so high that he nearly threw himself over backward. The cat popped out of her private box, her tail standing straight in the air; and it is more than likely that the kittens' eyes came open with wonder, which could have been a very great wonder indeed, seeing that the nine days were not much more than half over!

Mr. Tompkins then told the following short and simple story, which was written down upon the spot by the only person present who had a lead-pencil:

There was once a hen who talked about another hen in a not very good way, and in not at all a friendly way. The hen she talked about was named Phe-Andy Alome. Her own name was

Teedla Toodlum. They both belonged to a flock of white hens which lived in the far-away country of Chickskumeatyourkornio.

Now, the one that was named Teedla Toodlum went around among the other hens, making fun of Phe-Andy Alome, on account of her having a speckled feather in her wing. She told them not to go with Phe-Andy Alome, or scratch up worms with her, or anything, because she had that speckled feather in her wing.

One of the hens that Teedla Toodlum talked to in this way was deaf, and therefore could not hear very well. She had become deaf in consequence of not minding her mother. It happened in this way: A tall Shanghai roost-cock crowed close to her ear, when she was quite small; when, in fact, she was just hatched out of her shell. She had a number of brothers and sisters who came out at almost the same time. The Shanghai stood very near, and in such a way that his throat came close to the nest, and he crowed there. The chicks wanted to put their heads out from under their mother, and see who was making such a noise. Their mother said:

"No, no,—no! Keep under! You might be made deaf! I've heard of such a thing happening."

But one of the chicks did put her head out, and close to the Shanghai's wide-open throat, too! and when he was crowing terribly!

Then her mother said:

"Now, I shall punish you! I shall prick you with my pin-feathers!"

And the chick was pricked, and she became deaf besides; so that, when she grew up, she hardly could hear herself cackle. And this was the reason she could not understand, very well, when the hen named Teedla Toodlum was telling the others that the hen named Phe-Andy Alome had a speckled feather in her wing.

One day, the hen named Teedla Toodlum scratched a hole in the sand, beneath a bramble-bush, and sat down there, where it was cool. And while she was sitting there, a cow came along at the other side of the bramble-bush, with a load of "passengers" on her back. The cows in the country of Chickskumeatyourkornio permit the hens to ride on their backs, and when a great many are on, they step carefully, so as not to shake them off. In frosty weather they allow them to get up there to warm their feet. Sometimes hens who

have cold feet fly up and push off the others who have been there long enough.

The cow passed along at the other side of the bush, and by slipping one foot into a deep hole which was hidden with grass, and therefore could not be seen, upset the whole load of passengers. She then walked on; but the passengers stayed there, and had a little talk together—after their own fashion, of course. The deaf one happened to be among them, and after a while, seeing that the others were having great sport, she wanted to know what it was all about. Upon this the others—those of them who could stop laughing—raised their voices, and all began at once to try to make her understand. And this is what they said:

“Think of that goose of a hen, Teedla Toodlum, telling us not to go with Phe-Andy Alome, because Phe-Andy Alome has a speckled feather in her wing, when, at the same time, Teedla Toodlum has two speckled feathers in her own wing, but does n't know it!”

Teedla Toodlum was listening, and heard rather

more than was pleasant to hear. She looked through the bramble-bush and saw them. Some had their heads thrown back, laughing; some were holding on to their sides, each with one claw; and some were stretching their necks forward, trying to make the deaf one understand, while the deaf one held her claw to her ear, in order to hear the better.

“Ah! I feel ashamed!” said Teedla Toodlum to herself. “I see, now, that one should never speak of the speckled feathers one sees in others, since one can never be sure that one has not speckled feathers one's self!”

“That's the way *our* cow does!” cried the Jimmyjohns, as soon as Mr. Tompkins had finished.

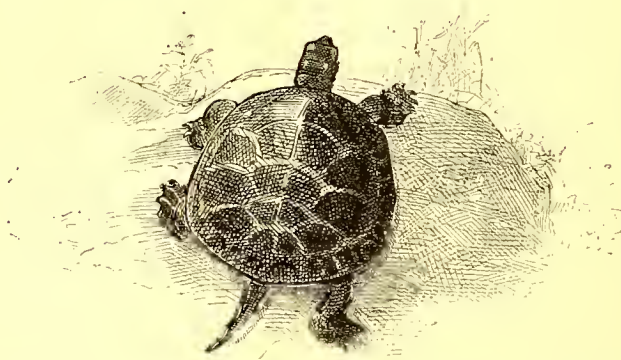
“What! Talks about speckled feathers?” asked Cousin Floy.

“No. Lets hens stay on her back.”

“Her parents, or grandparents, or great-grandparents, then,” said Mr. Tompkins, “probably came from Chickskumeatyourkornio.”

HOW A TURTLE TAUGHT A LESSON.

BY E. S. THAYER.



ABOUT thirty years ago, there was a little boy whose name was John,—a pretty boy, with thick golden hair, large brown eyes, red cheeks, and freckles. One day in summer he was playing by the side of a brook in one of the pastures near his home in the country. This brook resembled the boy in some respects. It was in its first light-hearted youth, and went on its way, leaping and

sporting, like all blithesome young rivulets, we do not think in the least that they are fast running from the green meadows and cool mossy forests to the burdened rivers and tossing seas.

This active little boy first built a dam of mud and turf and stones; then he rolled up his trousers and sailed his little schooner-rigged boat; and finally, waded aimlessly over the smooth sand

through the cool, running water, dashing the sparkling drops to right and left with his frisky feet. In this way, he came to a large flat rock, over a portion of whose smooth surface the stream flowed in a broad, crystal current. A mud-turtle sat on the rock, half out of the water, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, apparently as contented and happy as a turtle could be. But when he saw the boy splashing along at such a rate, he thought it high time to be gone; perhaps he had previously had some experience of the tender mercies of boys, for he made great haste to reach the protecting mud of the bank.

"Ah, ha, you rogue! you think you can get away, do you?" shouted the youngster. The next instant he was kneeling on the slippery rock, with both outstretched hands over the frightened prisoner. John had been carrying his shoes—his stockings stuffed into them—with one hand; but now, in his eagerness to secure the turtle, he dropped them upon a part of the rock covered by the stream, and, turning sideways as they fell, the water rushed in, filling them to the very toes.

"There!" exclaimed John, half in real and half in affected vexation, "you have made me get my stockings wet, and you must be punished for it. I shall turn you over on your back, and you may stay there, sir, until I come back from school to-night."

That night, John came home from school, with a group of school-fellows, over the village road, instead of across the pasture, forgetting all about the turtle he had left on the rock.

Vacation began the next day, and John was to spend a whole month with his brother, who lived in Boston. You can understand the excitement which attends a boy's preparations for his first journey; but a country boy's first visit to Boston exceeds, perhaps, any experience of yours in that line.

The month passed swiftly away, and John returned home with brighter eyes and prouder step. The world had been revealed to him on a broader scale. What had he not seen? He was a hero in the opinion of his school-mates. He had enough stories to tell of his adventures to last through the winter, besides having brought home the most interesting book and the handsomest knife that Boston could furnish. If possible, it was a merrier boy than before who now bounded through the dear old pasture. There were several dams to be visited by their young proprietor, one somewhat extensive, with a miniature water-wheel and mill at the side. The dam had been partially washed away by a violent rain, and an accumulation of moss had clogged the wheel of the mill.

"Ah! I see there has been a freshet, and my mill is damaged. A clear loss of two thousand dollars, and only insured for eight hundred! It must be repaired to-morrow, and I shall have to hire a hundred workmen! These freshets are terrible things for manufacturers, I declare!"

Leaving the scene of this disaster, he approached the smooth white rock, which was always a favorite resort, and near which, on the bank of the stream, there was a structure of brick about



"HE SAILED HIS LITTLE SCHOONER-RIGGED BOAT."

two feet high, which this young man called "my summer residence on the Hudson."

Six yards from the rock, he paused suddenly, with his eyes intently fixed upon some object before him. Step by step, he drew nearer without once moving his eyes, which were now full of horror mingled with a hopeful doubt; but as he proceeded the doubt vanished, and the horror spread over his whole countenance. There lay the turtle on the rock, upon its back, as he had left it,—its extended legs and protruded head shriveled and dry, scorched by the blazing suns of four August weeks.

There was no need of gentle pity now,—no opportunity for showing humane kindness to a dumb, helpless, harmless creature. No more

would it gladly hide itself in the protecting earth, or hasten in fright from the dreaded hand. What vain struggles to regain its feet! What weariness and despair! What agony when the noon suns beat down! What pangs of slow starvation! As all this passed through John's mind, the rock seemed no longer the old familiar pleasant spot, but like a haunted place.

With pallid face, he turned away, and hurried

homeward in the gathering twilight, nor stopped until he reached the cheerful room in which his mother sat sewing and his father reading.

That boy has long been a man, but the years that have passed have by no means worn away the remembrance of this scene, or the impression made on his mind; and on that memorable evening John took his first lesson in thoughtfulness and kindness toward dumb animals.



OPENING THE LILY.

KING TRISANKU.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

VISWAMÍTRA the Magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended
Hurled him downward, and descending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted.
By misgivings downward driven,
Human hearts are tossed and drifted
Midway between earth and heaven.

A DREAM ABOUT FAIRIES.

BY H. H.

I SUPPOSE none of you, dear children, believe in fairies. When I was a little girl, I used to believe in them just as much as I believed in my father or mother. In those days (it was a great many years ago) children did not know so much as they know now. It almost frightens me sometimes to see how very quickly boys and girls are expected to learn things now, how many books they have, and how much they are like grown people in everything except their size. I think that the old-fashioned ways were best; that we had a better time than you have. We had only a very few books, and used to read them over and over and over again, till we knew them by heart; and we used to go in calico gowns to afternoon parties that began at three and left off, with a good supper of bread-and-milk and baked apples and caraway cookies, at six; and we had just one present at Christmas and one at New Year's, and one on our birthday, and that was all.

And last, but not least, we believed in fairies. Many is the time that we have been out in the woods on Saturday afternoons to look for fairies;

we used to take hold of hands and make a circle around the biggest toadstool we could find, and walk slowly around it, and all say out aloud together:

"Fairies! fairies! fairies! we
Have come here fairies to see."

But we never saw a single one. Yet that did not shake our faith in the least. We only thought that we had not gone to the right wood, or that the fairies did n't like us well enough to show themselves.

Now, I dare say you will think that all this is very silly, and that your ways and plays to-day are a great deal better than our old ways and plays; and that it is very stupid for old people to be always saying that the old times were best; and, at any rate, that I would better go on and tell my dream, if I am going to tell it at all. As a general thing, it is not worth while to tell one's dreams; but this dream was such a pretty one. I thought I would write it out. Even if we do not believe in fairies, they are very nice to dream about; and I really

did dream this whole pleasant dream, this very last night, just as I am going to tell it to you this morning.

I dreamed that I and several of my friends were in a most beautiful wood. The trees were all pines and firs, and were so high that we could not see the tops of some of them. There were also beautiful gray rocks piled up one above another in great ledges, so high that the trees growing on their tops looked like little bushes. Almost all the pine-trees had clusters of shining brown cones on their upper branches. They were so high that nobody could reach them. Yet they were low enough for us to see distinctly how pretty they were. They were not like any pine-cones I ever saw before; they were as large as a good-sized tumbler, and looked as if they were made of dozens of bright brown little marbles knotted together.

"Oh, how pretty they are!" we all exclaimed. "How nice it would be to pile up a great pile of them and set it on fire! They would burn splendidly!"

"You shall have all you like, ladies and gentlemen," said a queer little piping voice close by; and when we turned, there we saw a little man, who was dressed in common clothes, and had no coat on. He looked like any common laborer in his shirt sleeves, except that he was only about three feet and a half high, and had an old wrinkled face, with a gray beard; so we knew at once he must be a fairy.

"I can give you all you want," he said in a most friendly tone. "I'll have my people throw them down to you from above there. But stand away, while I let the water on!"

Dear me, how we all jumped! Before the words were out of his mouth, down came a great roaring water-fall from the top to the bottom of the rocky ledge I told you of. I really think it was the most beautiful water-fall I ever saw, for the water was so deep that it came up nearly to the tops of the shorter trees and bushes, so that their leaves made a lovely green fringe on each side of the water. We stood on one side and watched. We were a little afraid of it, it roared so and was so swift; but it all sank into the ground at the bottom of the ledge, and disappeared. The little fairy-man, in his white shirt sleeves, stood at the foot of the fall and caught the cones, one by one, as they came bobbing down on the water.

"Throw faster! Throw faster!" he called up; and faster and faster came the cones. We could see them falling down into the water from the tops of the high trees, as fast as if they were raining down. There must have been a hundred little fairies up in the tree-tops breaking them off and flinging them down. In a very few minutes there

was a pile of them on the ground as high as our heads, and we cried out to the fairy:

"Oh, enough! enough! Don't let them break off any more."

"Enough!" he said, "have you really got enough? That 's the first time I ever knew any of your race to get enough." Then he called out something in a very loud tone, in words we could not understand, and what do you think began to come down that water-fall then!

Beautiful china dishes, and, on them, all sort of good things to eat—oranges and apples and bananas, and cake and nuts and raisins, and great many things that we never had seen before and did not know the names of. It was the oddest thing to see the dishes come sailing down the water-fall, never spilling a single apple, or orange or nut; and when they reached the bottom, almost seemed as if each dish gave a jump into the fairy-man's hands. He gave them to us so fast we could hardly find places to set them; there was only one small table, and how that got there I don't know, for I am quite sure it was not there when we first went into the wood. On this table were piled the dishes one above another, and then under the table, and then all around on the ground, as pretty soon we cried out again, "Enough! enough! Don't give us any more."

"Enough! I should think so," said the little fairy-man. "If you had n't been pigs, you 'd have called out 'enough' long ago."

This mortified us dreadfully, and we were just beginning to explain to him that the only reason we had not called out "enough" sooner, was that we were half frightened, when he exclaimed:

"Never mind! never mind! Leave all you don't want; my people 'll come and get it. Sorry they 're too busy to-day to come and wait on you, and up he ran on the water-fall, like a spider on a wall, quick as a flash to the very top of it, and then in another flash, the water-fall seemed to turn into a sort of sheet of silver, and he drew it up after him as a sailor draws up a rope, hand over hand; and in less time than I have taken to write the words there stood the ledge of rocks all bare and dry, just as it had been before; and we began to wonder whether, after all, there had been any real water-fall there. Then we thought we would taste some of the good things on the table, and we all stood up around it, and I took off the cover of one of the biggest dishes, and just as I was taking out an orange, dear me, if I did n't wake right up out of my dream, and there I was all alone in my own little bed, just as usual, and the moon was shining into my room about as white and silvery as the fairy water-fall had looked.

I was so vexed that I had waked up before I had

taken one bite of the fairy-man's good things! Was n't it provoking? Seeing that it was nothing but a dream after all, it might just as well have lasted till morning, and given us a good feast.

Now, go to bed early to-night, and see if you can't dream a dream as nice as this. Even if we don't believe in fairies, they're lovely to dream about.



A PRETTY little boy and a pretty little girl
Found a pretty little blossom by the way;
Said the pretty little boy to the pretty little girl:
"Take it, O my pretty one, I pray!"

Said the pretty little girl to the pretty little boy:
"I must hold my little dolly, sir, you see:
So, I thank you very kindly, but I'd very much prefer
You should carry it, and walk along with me."

A VILLAGE OF WILD BEASTS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

NOT long ago I paid a visit to a tiger. I did not owe this tiger a call, for I am very glad to say that he had never been to see me; but I wanted to see him, and so I went to his house.

He did not live alone. He had a room in a large building, where there were a good many other boarders. Some of these were leopards, others panthers or lions; there was another tiger, and on the premises might be seen almost every kind of wild animal, from alligators to zebras.

I particularly desired to see this tiger, because he was a very large royal Bengal tiger, and I know of no beast so powerful and handsome as one of these. But there was not an animal in the establishment that I would not have preferred to him as a close acquaintance.

It was near his dinner-time when I called, and I think he would have been very glad to have me come in and dine with him, but I had two objections to this. In the first place, the beef he always had for dinner was too rare for me, for it was not looked at all; and, besides, there were some things which I wanted to do the next day.

So I stood and admired his magnificent coat of

striped fur and his graceful movements as he sat close to a great iron door which led into the next cage, pawing and biting at his reflection in the smooth iron as if he had been a playful kitten instead of one of the most savage animals on the face of the earth; and then I left him, and went on a little farther to see a lion.

The place where these animals lived, and still live, is the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens, which I mentioned last year when I wrote about "America's Birthday Party."

These gardens are in Fairmount Park, on the western side of the Schuylkill River (which runs through Philadelphia), and as they cover thirty-three acres, you can easily see that a great many animals can be accommodated there. The grounds are very beautiful, and are shaded by many fine large forest trees. There is a lake where the swans and the ducks and geese swim about, and where the cranes stand on one leg and watch for little fishes and frogs. Here and there are large houses for the different kinds of animals or birds, and there are a number of smaller buildings; but a great many of the inhabitants of the gardens live out-

of-doors in fine weather. Altogether, there are houses and inhabitants enough to make up a good-sized village.

And now I will tell you what I saw that day, after I had finished my visit to the tiger.

When I reached the lion's cage he was hard at work, roaring. What there was to roar at I could not see. Perhaps he was hungry, or perhaps he wished to attract attention. If the latter was his object, he certainly succeeded, for all the visitors in the house, and all the animals in the cages, seemed to be excited by his noise. The visitors crowded up close to his cage to get a good look at this great beast, standing there, throwing up his head and roaring exactly as he would roar if he were in some African forest, roaming about in the darkness of the night and hunting for a bullock or deer or man, upon whom he might satisfy his bloody hunger. But what a different position he now occupied! Not six feet from his nose were ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, and even some very little children; and although a few of the children shrank back a little as roar after roar came from the lion's throat, nobody seemed to be much afraid. Most of the people there had heard of the roar of

wanted to go see how he did it, or it might have awakened memories, in some of them, of nights in their native land when they had heard that roar while they had been out on hunting expeditions on their own account.

This lion was a very fine fellow—one of the finest I ever saw. He had an enormous head and splendid mane, and although the rest of his body looked a little too thin and lanky for the size of his head, he was a very grand-looking animal, and when he stopped roaring and lay down, there was something about him which seemed to say: "I am very strong and very dangerous to my enemies and to my prey, and if you were out with me on one of my native deserts, I could frighten you nearly to death just by roaring at you. But I am quite mild and gentle now, although I do occasionally make a good deal of noise. If the keeper will let you, you may come into my cage and stroke my mane."

There was nothing about the tigers or the bears or any of the smaller animals, which seemed to suggest this, and it may have been a mistake to suppose there was any such thing about the lion, but he certainly looked as if he would disdain to harm any living creature—except when he was hungry, and



THE TIGER

the lion, and they were very anxious to see how it was done.

The animals in the other cages—the leopards, the hyenas, the panthers, the lynxes, the wild cats, and even the Bengal tigers—seemed disturbed while the lion was roaring. Perhaps they, too,

annoyed, or angered by an attack, or anxious about his dinner when it was a little late, or cross on account of having his room put to rights by the keeper, or in a bad humor, or excited from any cause whatever.

In a cage not very far away from the lions was

bear—not a very large fellow—whose name seemed to puzzle a good many of the visitors. He was called “The Sun-bear,” and many persons sup-



THE LION.

posed this name was given him because he has on his breast a yellow place which looks something like a rude picture of a sun-rise. But the reason for his name is his habit of lying in the sun like a dog. He is a native of Borneo, and is different in his disposition from most bears, especially the polar bear, who adores ice and snow, and would rather never see a menagerie than be obliged to take a nap in the sun on a warm day. But animals have their little peculiarities, just as we have.

This building, which is called “The Lion and Tiger House,” contains a great many animals, most of them savage, meat-eating beasts. There was a lioness there who had a very different disposition from her grave and dignified husband. She was very uneasy and cross, and as I was standing looking at her, she sprang at me with a growl. There were strong iron bars between us, but I voluntarily stepped back. I don't like wild beasts to spring at me.

In the next cage to this lioness was her son, a little lion-cub, with “bandy legs,” and the separation from him may have soured her temper. I am not sure but that when her husband was roaring, she was telling her that there was no use in her showing such a bad temper. She just worried herself by it, and the people laughed at her—after they had jumped back once or twice. There were three half-grown lions near by, but they were very quiet and sleepy-looking.

Half a dozen leopards—some black and some spotted—occupied different cages in the building. Some of these were very fine animals, bounding about in their large cages in the most graceful manner. I also particularly noticed a large puma,

which is, as you may know, an American animal, and is sometimes called panther, catamount, or cougar.

Near the Lion House is a smaller building, which is appropriated entirely to monkeys, and is therefore a favorite resort for the children, many of whom learn a lot of curious tricks by watching these funny animals. Here are monkeys of all colors, and all sizes, and all kinds. There are about fifty of them in a great high cage in the middle of the room, and here you may see them climbing up swinging-ladders, hanging from ropes, dropping down on each other's heads, pulling each other's tails, and doing everything that they can think of to tease and bother each other—all skipping and jumping and tumbling and chattering as if they had been in school all day, and had just got out for a little play. Some of these monkeys look like little old men, with gray hair and beards, and you might suppose that they were much too grave and reverend to ever think of cutting up monkey-shines. But if you watch one of these little old fellows, who is sitting, looking wisely and thoughtfully at you, as if he were just about to explain the reason why the sun gives us less heat in winter, when it is really much nearer to us than it is in summer, you will see him suddenly get up, and instead of taking a piece of chalk to show you on a blackboard the relative positions of the sun and the earth at the different seasons, he will make a tremendous jump, and



THE LIONESS.

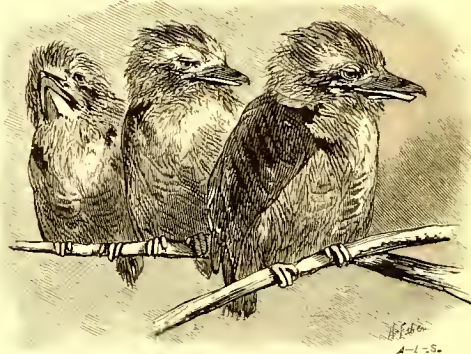
seizing some other monkey by the tail, will jerk him off a swinging ladder quicker than you could say “pterodactyl.”

It would be fun to stand and watch the monkeys for hours, for they are continually doing some new and ridiculous thing; but there is so much to see in

these gardens, that I did not stay very long in the monkeys' house.

The next building I visited was the Aviary, or bird-house. Here are gathered together hundreds of beautiful and curious birds. There seemed to be birds from all parts of the world, who would cer-

tainly never have seen each other—at least, most of them never would—if they had not been brought together in this house.



LAUGHING-JACKASSES.

tainly never have seen each other—at least, most of them never would—if they had not been brought together in this house.

Among the birds which interested me most was an enormous pigeon, the largest of the pigeon tribe. This fellow, who is about as big as a small turkey, is called the crowned-pigeon, and comes from Java and some of the neighboring islands. He is a splendid bird, with a wide-spreading crest on his head, which gives him a very distinguished and imposing air. If size and appearance count for anything, this should be the king of pigeons.

Some other birds which attracted my attention, not on account of their beauty but because of their oddity, are called "laughing-jackasses." The name may strike you as a very strange one to give to a bird, but there is a reason for it. In Australia, where these birds come from, the early settlers used to hear in the woods strange noises which sounded as if they were made by a jackass who had heard a good joke, and was laughing heartily at it. The people could scarcely make up their minds that a jackass could hear enough jokes to keep him laughing such a time, and so they searched for the merry individuals and found that they were these birds, who would sit on a tree and at regular intervals burst into this haying kind of laugh.

There are several peculiarities about the laughing-jackass. In the first place he is really a king-fisher, though he seldom goes near the water. Therefore, of course, he cannot carry on his regular business,—or what ought to be his regular business, if his name is correct,—and so he contents himself with catching lizards and mice, and such

small fry as may be found on shore. Then, again he is peculiar because he acts more like a cat than a bird in hunting for small game. He will sit and watch a mouse-hole just like a regular old tabby cat, and when the mouse ventures out, he will pounce upon it as quickly as any puss you ever

saw. It may be that he laughs so much because he continually sees for himself what an utterly absurd kind of bird he is.

On a long perch, in a very wide cage, sat a long row of dear little birds of different colors and sizes, but all very small. These were African finches, and it was very amusing to see them sit there perfectly quiet until some one came to one end of the cage. Then every one of these little birds turned its head to see who it was. When the person went to the other end, they all turned their heads, at the same moment, in that direction. They moved so quickly, and in such perfect order, that you might have thought they had been drilled by a military officer.

As I had not time to look at all the birds, passed around among the long-legged heron, bright-colored pheasants, gorgeous chattering parrots, pretty little paroquets, finches of all kinds—black, white, red, green and purple,—grossbeak (which are finches with broad, thick beaks, and some of them with beautiful scarlet and black plumage); mino-birds, which come from India, and talk as well as, or even better than, the most conversational parrots; and the weaver-bird, of which you may have heard under the name of the sociable grossbeak, and which seems to be a very good sort of bird, although nothing like so much of a curiosity as its nest must be.

There were also some toucans, about as big as crows, with enormous bills as large as the claws of lobsters, and of very much the same shape. Some of these great bills, half as big as the bird, were red, and others were dark-colored. Some of the

cockatoos were of a beautiful rosy color, and one kind, from Australia, looked exactly as if it had been rosy once, but had been washed and had faded. The cock-of-the-rock, from Demerara, is a handsome bird. He is of a bright orange color, and must look like a ball of fire when he is flying in the sun.

I also noticed a lot of American birds: woodpeckers, robins, thrushes, bluebirds, blackbirds, and many other small chaps with whom most of us are well acquainted.

Outside, swimming in the lake, or rambling about on the shore, are a great many water-fowl, such as swans, both black and white, ducks of various kinds, a great goose from New Holland, cranes, herons, and most other birds who care for aquatic sports.

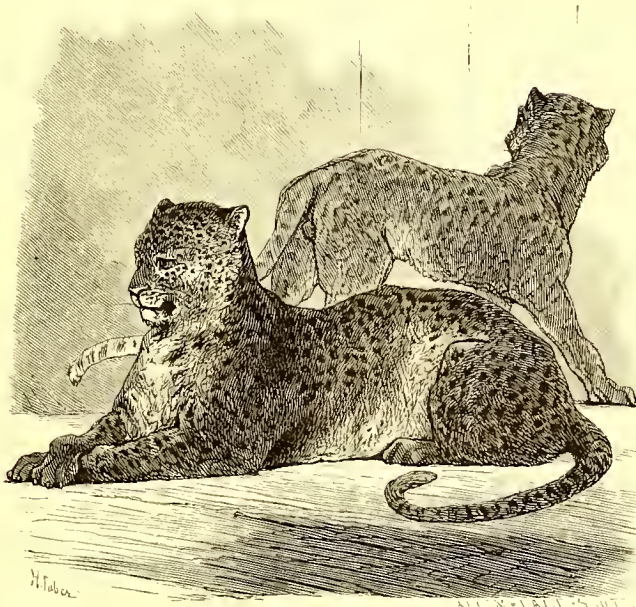
A little farther on were some handsome giraffes. These animals, although they were not all full-grown, could easily reach up to the top shelf of any closet you ever saw. And I think they would do it, if they had a chance, for they seem, most of the time, to be poking their heads up in the air to see if there is anything in the upper part of the building which they have not noticed before.

There are a great many strange things about this long-legged, long-necked creature, but he has

circumstances. So, if this story be true, we may class these creatures among the mutes of the animal kingdom. They have not the advantages possessed by human mutes, for they cannot talk with their fingers. But perhaps animals who hold their heads so much higher in the world than any other living creatures, do not feel the necessity of making sounds to express their sentiments. There are some sentiments which they can express admirably with their heels.

I did not spend much time at the Elephant House, where not only elephants, but some other large animals, who do not care for meat, seem to be enjoying themselves in a quiet way. There were two large elephants and two little fellows—one of them just about big enough for a boy and his little sister to ride. He was about as high as a table, and would have been very glad, I expect, to have had some boys and girls to play with him. But I had seen many elephants, and so I passed on to another animal with whom I was not at all familiar.

This was the rhinoceros, and an enormous creature he was. His body is nearly as big as that of an elephant, though he is not so tall, for his legs are very short. He is of a muddy mouse-color, and his skin seems as thick as a board floor. He has



LEOPARDS.

one peculiarity which is not, I think, generally known. It is said that the giraffe is one of the quietest creatures on earth, for he has never been known to utter a sound of any kind, under any cir-

very small eyes, a big head and nose, and one of the most dreadful mouths you ever looked into. I happened to look into it, for he yawned just as I stopped in front of him, and I assure you that



GIRAFFES.

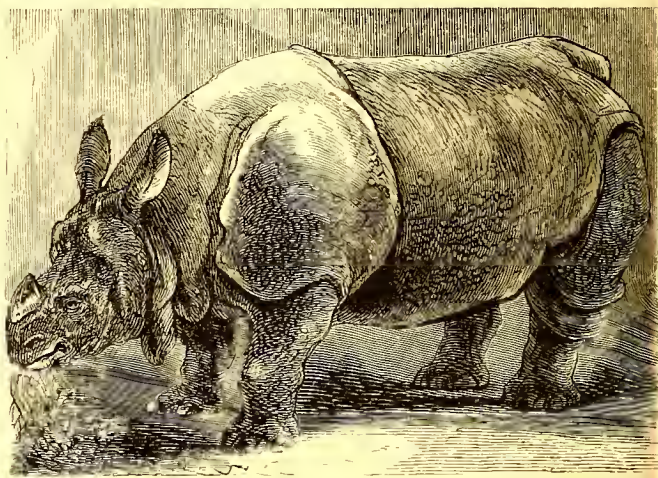
that mouth would hold a bushel of potatoes. I may slightly overrate its capacity, but I will not take back more than two or three of the largest potatoes.

When you look at the cage or den in which this huge creature is confined, you will get an idea of what the keepers think of the strength of a full-grown rhinoceros. The apartment, which is quite large and commodious, is inclosed on each side by strong stone walls, so thick that even a rhinoceros cannot break through them. In front is a row of iron bars,—I might say tall iron posts,—standing about a foot apart, which are many times stronger than those used for any other animal on the grounds. At the back of the den is a strong wall, and so Mr. One-horn is shut in pretty securely. At each corner of the den, at the back, there is an iron ladder run-

work with a spade or hoe, and if the animal cannot have succulent reeds and canes and young trees

front of each of these ladders is a tall iron shield, fastened at such a distance from the ladder as to allow room for a man to slip behind it, but not enough room for a rhinoceros. So, if the beast gets bad-tempered, when his keeper is cleaning his room or making his bed, the man can jump behind the screen, and “scoot,” as the boys would say, up the ladder. Without some protection of the kind few men could climb a ladder fast enough to get out of the reach of a rhinoceros at their heels.

In regard to the horn of this animal,—that formidable weapon of which we have heard so much,—I would say that you must not expect to see, on a rhinoceros in a menagerie, a horn such as you will find in most of the pictures of the animal. In captivity, the rhinoceros rubs his horn against all the stone walls or iron bars that he can reach, and so keeps it pretty well worn down. It looks more like a horny lump on his nose than anything else. I suppose it is the natural business of a rhinoceros to work with his horn, just as a gardener feels it his business to



THE RHINOCEROS.

to rip and tear, he uses his horn on what he can find, even if it be stone or iron. While

I was watching him, he began banging his great head against his iron bars, and the concussion seemed to shake the building. "Bang! bang! bang!" he went, like a great sledge-hammer, and if the bars had been no thicker than those which confined the lions and tigers, that rhinoceros would have walked out of his cage and would probably have had a good time, strolling about the grounds, looking at the monkeys and the squirrels, so different from himself.

But of course I went to the bear-pits. These are three large round pits, with stone walls and floors, and quite deep. They are built in the side of a hill, so that visitors can go up the hill and look down at the bears in the pits. In the middle of each pit is the trunk of a stout tree with a good many short branches left on it, for the bears to climb up and get a better look at the good people who come to see them. If you go down the hill to the back part of the pits, you can stand on a level with the bears, and look at them through a grating. But the best view of them is to be had from the top of the pits. Here were the grizzly bear, the most savage and powerful wild beast on this continent; the black bear, not very ferocious, and common enough in the forests of some of the New England and Middle States; the cinnamon bear, who looks like cinnamon, but does not taste like it, although his flesh is said to be very good indeed, and much better than any other kind of bear-meat; and the brown bear, who is a cross fellow, and next to the grizzly in point of ferocity.

Among the smaller houses on the grounds is a yellow two-storied edifice which looks much older than the buildings I have already mentioned. It is much older and possesses an historic interest. It was built by the grandson of William Penn, and called by him "Solitude," because it then stood, all by itself, out in the wild woods, miles away from the little city of Philadelphia. This gentleman, John Penn, was of a poetic disposition, and wanted some quiet spot where he could be free from all noise and disturbance. So he built his house here. The house now belongs to the city, and is permanently leased by the Zoölogical Society. And who do you think have been living there until a short time ago? Snakes!

Yes, rattlesnakes, and black snakes, and boa-constrictors, and ever so many other kinds of snakes, were lying about there in cages, and some of them were formidable looking fellows. These snakes have a new house now, built expressly for them. I saw them once before, when they lived in "Solitude," but they seemed just as comfortable in their new home, although it possessed no historic interest whatever. In a cage in the center of the house were several boa-constrictors, the largest

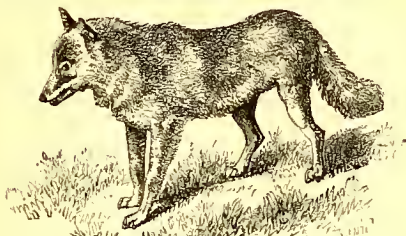
of all snake-kind. One of these fellows was five or six inches thick, and probably twelve or fifteen feet long. That is a good size for a snake, as you



TAKING A CLIMB.

know; but I have always been disappointed in the size of boa-constrictors. I read so much, when a boy, about their swallowing goats and sheep,—and I have even known an ox to be mentioned in this connection (though this was probably a "stretcher").—that I want my boas very large—as thick as barrels, or nail-kegs, at the least.

The rattlesnakes were the most wicked and spiteful-looking creatures there, and they are really the most dangerous, although there are copperheads,



A PRAIRIE-WOLF.

and moccasins, and other poisonous snakes in the collection.

All the cages are made with glass sides, so there is no danger in going quite close to the rattlesnakes, though they may spring their rattles, and dart out their forked little tongues at you, as they did at me.

Besides the snakes, there were in this house some turtles, some young alligators, and an enormous frog.

All these creatures lead very quiet lives, and as far as noise is concerned, none of the recent inhabitants of "Solitude" would have disturbed John Penn had they lived there in his time. But they might have made it lively for him in other ways.

There is a house for eagles, owls and hawks, where these grave birds sit all day and think. They do not seem to care for exercise (though they might be willing to take a good long fly if they had a chance), and if they do not pass their time in thinking, I am sure I have no idea of what they do. Here is our national symbol,—the "bird of freedom,"—called the bald eagle, because the top of his head is white. Here are the golden eagle, the Australian wedge-tailed eagle, and other kinds. Did you know that eagles are particularly fond of cats as food? This taste is said to prevail among all classes of eagles, and shows that these birds are of brave and determined natures. For it can be no great fun to fly away with an angry cat.

Among the owls, the great horned owls are very conspicuous, and the hawks—chicken-hawks, sparrow-hawks, etc.—are interesting, especially to farmers' boys, who have spent many an hour hanging about the barn-yard, waiting to get a shot at one of these keen-sighted, swift-swooping creatures. Here and there are small houses for rabbits, wolves, foxes, raccoons, and other animals, but I did not visit them all. It would take at least a day to get a good look at all the animals on the grounds.

One of the most interesting features of this animal show, and the one which distinguishes it from ordinary menageries, and gives its founders the

right to call it a Zoölogical Garden, is the number of animals who have their quarters out-of-door. There are many large inclosures where animals of various kinds roam about almost as comfortably as if they were at liberty in their native land. To be sure, they cannot take such long walks as they could at home, but as they are here safe from the attack of all enemies, and have all the good food that they need, it may be that they are just as happy as the ever were.

The prairie-dog village is quite a curiosity, as it is the only place where prairie-dogs can be seen at home, except in their native habitations out West. No other zoölogical garden, or collection of animals, possesses anything of the kind. This village consists of a good-sized piece of land, inclosed by wire fence, where a colony of prairie-dogs have made their underground houses. They are great burrowers, and although a wall was built around their inclosure extending ten feet below the surface of the ground, some of the little fellows dug down under the wall and made their appearance outside of their bounds. So a deeper wall had to be built. The houses of these dogs are long, and sometimes roomy, tunnels under the ground, and at the entrance of each the earth is generally thrown up into a mound, with a round hole at the top, just about big enough to let one dog pass in or out by itself. In fine weather the dogs (so called because the



FLYING FOXES (LARGE EAST INDIAN BATS).

bark is something like a dog's) take great delight in sitting a-top of these mounds, or peeping out through the doors. They are lively little creatures, about as big as rabbits, and seem perfectly at home.

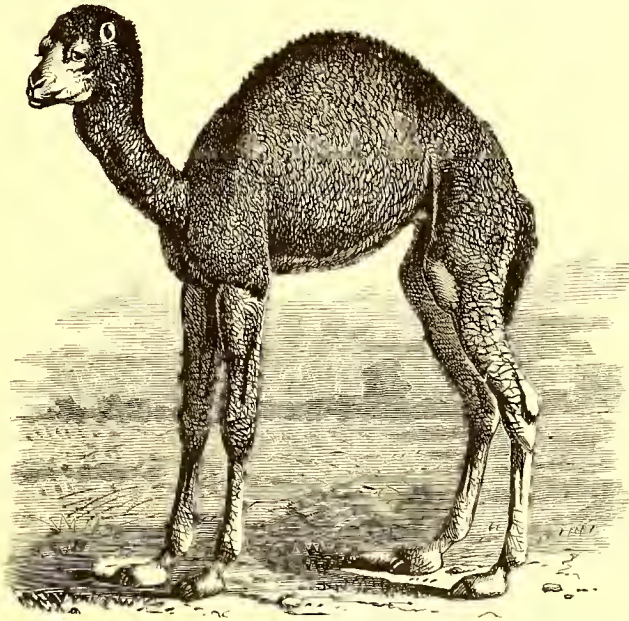
We are told that in the West the houses of the prairie-dogs are frequently occupied, not only by the dogs themselves, but by certain small owls

which like to live in holes in the ground (if they can find them ready-made), and by rattlesnakes! These three animals seem to live peacefully together in one hole, although it may be that the owl and the dog take turns in watching the snake. But as the prairie-dogs here look very fat and happy without the rattlesnakes and owls (for the society has not furnished these), it is probable that they are very well satisfied to live by themselves.

Not very far from the prairie-dog village there is a wide stream emptying into a pond, and part of this stream has been fenced off for a colony of beavers. Beavers are such wise and industrious creatures, working so hard and with such skill to

ugly creatures can wander about all day and never feel obliged to kneel down to have a load packed on their backs. By the way, a camel is never so ugly as he is when he is very young. One of the ugliest infants on earth is a baby camel.

There are several large inclosures surrounded by high fences, and with nice little houses for bad weather, where different kinds of deer, elks, antelopes, etc., have plenty of room to stroll about and enjoy themselves. There are also smaller yards for wolves, foxes, and other animals of the kind that are used to our weather, and can live out-of-doors; and there is quite a field for the bisons (or buffaloes, as they are called out West). There is a herd of



A BABY CAMEL.

am up the streams in their native forests and build their houses, that almost every one would be glad to see them at work, cutting down trees with their teeth, and hauling little loads of clay and earth on their broad, flat tails. But I saw only two beavers out of the water when I was there, and one seemed to be amusing himself by swimming about with sticks in his mouth, while the other was taking a walk on the little beach. A large tree had been felled so that it lay across the stream, and there is every opportunity for the beavers to go to work when they got ready. At any rate, although I did not see any of them hauling clay, which I very much desired, I was glad to know how beavers worked when they were swimming or walking about in a natural way.

There is an inclosure for camels, where these

half a dozen or more of these, and some of them are very large and fierce-looking. I watched a big fellow come up to a tree with his great head down, his fiery eyes glancing out from under his shaggy mane, and a general air of determination about him, as if he had made up his mind that he would put his horns into that tree and tear it up by the roots! But he only rubbed himself against it, although he rubbed so vigorously that, if he had been rubbing against some frame-houses that I know of, I think he would have shaken them down. The truth is that, although the buffalo is one of the fiercest-looking animals on earth, he is really of a very mild disposition, and the biggest one would probably run from a very small boy, if the boy had a stick and the buffalo a chance to get away. So you must not judge these animals by

their appearance. Indeed, you could not engage in a poorer business than to go around the world judging animals by their looks.

The kangaroos have several long yards, with a little house at one end and plenty of room in front to skip and play. I never thought the kangaroo was a funny animal until I saw these fellows. In a cage they have no chance to show what a comical way they have of getting over the ground. Of course I knew that when they are pursued they bound away with great leaps, but I did not know how queerly they bounce themselves along when they are not in a hurry.

One big fellow, who was sitting near his house on his hind-legs and his tail (you know they use their tails to prop themselves up with), took it into his head to come down to the front fence where a group of visitors was standing. So he straightened himself up, with his head high in the air; held up

his little fore-paws under his chin, and came down the yard in a series of funny hops that made everybody roar out laughing. I never saw an animal act so comically,—though he did not intend it,—and I am sure that there is not a church in the world where all the congregation—even the oldest bald-headed members and the Sunday-school teachers—would not burst out laughing if a big kangaroo came gravely hopping down the middle aisle.

I have not told you about all the animals in the place. I have said nothing about the condor—the largest bird in the world; the great bats, called flying foxes, because they have fox-like heads and red hair, and which sometimes measure four feet from tip to tip of their horrid leathery wings. I have said nothing about the pair of handsome young Polar bears, but I have said enough for the present and must stop.



READY FOR A SECOND COURSE.



ROBIN'S RAIN-SONG.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O ROBIN, pipe no more of rain !
 'Tis four days since we saw the sun,
 And still the misty window pane
 Is loud with drops that leap and run.

Four days ago the sky was clear,
 But when my mother heard you call,
 She said, "That's Robin's rain-song, dear
 Oh, well he knows when rain will fall!"

Fair was the morning, and I wept
 Because she would not let me stray
 Into the woods for flowers, but kept
 My feet from wandering away.

And I was vexed to hear you cry
 So sweetly of the coming storm,
 And watched with brimming eyes the sky
 Grow cold and dim from clear and warm.

It seemed to me you brought it all
 With that incessant, plaintive note ;
 And still you call the drops to fall
 Upon your brown and scarlet coat.

How nice to be a bird like you,
 And let the rain come pattering down,
 Nor mind a bit to be wet through,
 Nor fear to spoil one's only gown !

But since I cannot be a bird,
 Sweet Robin, pipe no more of rain !
 Your merrier music is preferred ;
 Forget at last that sad refrain !

And tell us of the sunshine, dear—
 I'm wild to be abroad again,
 Seeking for blossoms far and near :
 O Robin, pipe no more of rain !

THE BLUE-COAT BOY.

BY AUNT FANNY.

THE first time Aunt Fanny was in London she lived in some nice lodgings in a house in Henrietta street, Cavendish square. It is quite necessary to mention Cavendish square in connection with *this* Henrietta street, because there are nine other Henrietta streets in different parts of London.

Opposite the house was a brick wall. On top of this brick wall was another high wall of ground glass. They inclosed the garden of the Duke of Portland, whose mansion was just around the corner and opposite the square. The duke was a great invalid; he could take exercise only in this garden, and he had put up this ground-glass wall to keep out curious and intrusive staring from the people who live on the opposite side of the street.

One day a bright, handsome boy of twelve—the nephew of Aunt Fanny's landlady—came from his school to spend some days with his aunt. Except his handsome face, he was comical-looking enough. He had on deep yellow stockings, and shoes with big buckles. His velveteen trousers were fastened at his knees; he wore a yellow petticoat, and over this a dark blue coat which came down to his ankles. This was buttoned only from the chin to the waist, leaving the skirt to fly open like a lady's polonaise. A broad red-leather belt with large brass buckle, and white bands at his neck, completed this droll costume, which every boy must wear who enters Christ's Hospital—the strange name of the school. In the very first number of ST. NICHOLAS (November, 1873) there is a most interesting account of this school, which is situated in the heart of Old London, close to St. Paul's Cathedral, the General Post-office, and the sad and grim-looking Newgate Prison.

This account gives you the history of the "Blue-coat school," as Christ's Hospital is called by the boys, and so Aunt Fanny need only tell you about her own dear blue-coat boy. Arthur's rosy cheeks, brown curling hair, wide-open honest blue eyes, and pleasant manners, soon made her forget all about his yellow legs and comical petticoats, and they became the best of friends; for, of course, she made his acquaintance at once by shaking hands, and saying:

"I am very glad to meet a blue-coat boy. Do you know that Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge—three great authors—were blue-coat boys as well as you?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; every fellow in Christ's Hospital knows that!"

"How long have you been a blue-coat boy?"

"Two years, ma'am. I was entered when I was ten years old."

"What happened to you when you first entered?"

Arthur's eyes snapped, and the color deepened in his cheeks. He pulled down the waist of his coat, and said, indignantly:

"The boys put me in the middle of a circle, and locked hands. Then they asked me, 'Did your mother ever wash her face and hands?' and when I said, 'Yes, of course she did!' they danced around and hollered, 'His mother is a washerwoman, don't speak to him—she washes!' I doubled up my fists, and was going to fight them; but they held me tight, and made dreadful mouths at me and buzzed like blue-bottle flies, to 'soothe me,' they said. As I could not help myself, I did stand quiet after a moment, and then they asked me 'What does your father do for a living?' and I said he was a teacher of languages; he could speak——' and before I could get out another word, they were all bowing down, and shouting 'His father was a speaker! make way for the son of the Honorable Speaker of the House of Commons!' and oh! I had such hard work not to cry when I said, 'My father and mother are dead. And then some of the boys cried, 'Shame! let him go!' and I got off. Two or three of them asked me if I had any sisters, and if they were pretty and begged that I would give their love to them when I wrote, and then we had a jolly game of leap-frog together."

"But what did you do with your long petticoat when you played leap-frog?"

"Oh, we tucked them up under our belts."

"Arthur," said Aunt Fanny, with a smile in her eyes, but the rest of her face quite serious, "do *you* torment any boys that entered after you?"

His face flushed high, but he confessed in a honest, outspoken way, "Why, certainly I did. I asked all the new boys if *their* mothers washed their faces and hands, and when they said, 'Yes,' I shouted out, 'She's a washerwoman!' and made the dreadfullest faces I could; and I sent my love to all their sisters."

Aunt Fanny laughed a little, and thought to herself, "Well, boys will be boys; there's no help for it;" but she said, "Arthur, I think you were very mean; you did not observe the golden rule at which he blushed again for a minute; then he brightened up, and said: "I licked a fellow who

called me *Miss* Arthur, and said I was a beggar's baby. Was n't that right, ma'am?"

"Well—yes," she answered, "if he was as big as you are; but what made him call you '*Miss*'?"

"Why, he was going to bury a rabbit alive, and burst out crying, because when I tried to get the poor rabbit away from him he flung it against a stone and killed it."

"Well—I'm glad you whipped him, then; such shocking cruelty deserved a sound thrashing."

Arthur and Aunt Fanny liked each other so much, that they went out together on all her shopping expeditions, and to see the sights of the huge city. The first time she asked him to walk with her, they had gone a few steps from the house, when Aunt Fanny turned around and exclaimed, in astonishment, "Why, Arthur, what on earth made you forget your hat? Run back for it?"

"But I have no hat," he said.

"No hat? What do you mean?"

Arthur laughed. "We blue-coat boys never wear hats," he said, "summer or winter."

As soon as his companion understood this, she laughed too, and then they went merrily on to Oxford street.

But the little vagabonds in the streets would never let Arthur alone. They ran after him, pointing and crying, "See the bloocut boy! Look at his yaller legs! Quack! quack! quack! Where's your hat, ducky? Where's your top-knot, ducky? Buy a pork-pie, and wear it home on your head!" which he paid no attention, because it was an old story. He said that when he was first "chaffed," as he called it, he flew into a passion, and picked up stones to throw at his tormentors. But he did not care now, though Aunt Fanny was very indignant, and wanted to call a policeman, or, as Arthur entitled him, a "bobby."

They went first to Marshall & Snellgrove's, a large shop in Oxford street, which looked very much like our shops in New York, with the exception that the floors were nicely carpeted. There Aunt Fanny bought an *aqua scutum*, which is nothing more nor less than a water-proof cloak. The clerk called it by this Latin name, thinking that it sounded finer. Then they went into a little haberdashery shop, where Aunt Fanny said, politely—

"I want some spool cotton, No. 40, if you please."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the clerk, "but *hat* is it you want?"

"Spool cotton, No. 40."

"Beg pardon, but I don't think we have it."

"Why, yes you have, any quantity of it, just on the shelf behind you."

The clerk looked around perplexed, and then, turning back, said: "Oh, it's *reels of thread*, per-

haps, that you mean. Really, now, it's very odd! I never heard them called 'spool cotton' before."

Aunt Fanny laughed, and said that it was only one more of the little differences between English and American ways of speaking the same language. She bought the reels of thread, and out they went into the beautiful warm sunshine; and London sunshine does seem the most beautiful ever made, except October days in our country,—

"Where, through a sapphire sea, the sun
Sails like a golden galleon!"

She was admiring the lovely weather, when Arthur said: "Oh yes; but just wait till November—we have wonderfully nasty days then."

"Arthur, what do you mean by a 'nasty' day?"

"A nasty day—why, don't you know? It rains, and the clouds and fog make the day so dark that we have to light candles to study by."

"We should call that a stormy or foggy day; we never say a 'nasty' day; it is too bad a quality to give to rain water. But we offend you as often, or oftener perhaps, by a misuse of words. I called a pretty baby in the park the other day, 'a cunning little thing,' and the nurse said, very angrily, 'She never did a cunning thing in her life, ma'am—she's as good as gold.' So I looked into an English dictionary, and found that the word 'cunning' meant 'deceitful, artful, fraudulent, crafty, and sly.' Just see how I had insulted that innocent little lamb! and quite unintentionally; for I meant by using the word 'cunning' to imply that she was pretty, and bright, and winning, and lovely, and good."

"How *very* odd!" said Arthur.

By this time they were walking in the broad, beautiful Regent street, and soon they came to a large, handsome shop, where "American cream soda-water" was sold. Aunt Fanny went in, followed by Arthur. "I am going to give you a glass of soda-water, such as we have in New York," she said. "What sirup would you like with it?"

Arthur carefully studied all the labels above the silver faucets, and then chose raspberry sirup, and Aunt Fanny chose the same. The clean, pretty English boy foamed the soda up high, while Arthur watched with curious eyes. When the boy handed him the glass, Arthur took a moderate sip, and immediately exclaimed, "Oh, my! how awfully good!" Shutting up his eyes, he drank his cream-soda, drawing a quick breath or two, with a face expressing such delight, that Aunt Fanny, in watching him and laughing, herself forgot to drink!

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

"I never had anything half so nice in all my life!"

"Well, I don't care much for cream-soda myself,

so I will just take a sip of mine, and perhaps you will oblige me by drinking the rest."

"Oh, now, that would be awfully mean in me," he said, looking with longing eyes at her glass.

"Not at all;" and handing it to him, Aunt Fanny soon saw the bottom of it up in the air, for Arthur did not like to lose a drop.

When they went out of the shop, Arthur turned to Aunt Fanny with an earnest face, and said: "I want to tell you something. When I grow up and get married, I intend to take my wife to the American soda-water shop, and give her a glass of raspberry cream soda-water," and then those little yellow legs of his walked off with an air of manly dignity, for he felt that he could not possibly bestow upon his future wife a greater gratification.

Such pleasant times as they two had!

The last day these two friends spent together seemed especially delightful. Aunt Fanny's trunks were all packed, ready to go on the morrow to Brighton, a great stone-built city on the edge of the Atlantic ocean; and so this last day was to blaze all over, so to speak, with glory and enjoyment.

Early after breakfast they left the house for the British Museum, where you can see everything you have, or have n't, heard of, from a mummy 4,000 years old to a book published only yesterday. As they were walking along Oxford street, talking merrily, a rough-looking boy, just in front of them, stopped for an instant before a fruit shop, where apples, oranges, and lemons, were set in tempting array outside of the door. Giving a quick, furtive look within the shop, the boy took an apple and went on, whistling.

"Oh! did you see that?" asked Arthur, in a horrified tone, "he stole an apple!"

"How dreadful! I'm afraid he has never prayed 'Lead us not into temptation,'" said Aunt Fanny. "I should think that every mouthful he ate would choke him."

"Aunt Fanny," whispered Arthur, his eyes dancing, his hands clasped, "just you wait a moment; I'm going to scare him awfully!" and before she could speak, those yellow legs made a rush up to the bad boy, and, with a sudden slap on his back, Arthur yelled at the top of his voice, "BOO!!!" That stolen apple went into the middle of the street like a flash of lightning, while the boy, with a bounce in the air, and a louder yell, shot off at a regular English steeple-chase speed. He stopped at nothing, leaping over dogs, boxes and babies, with Arthur after him like an express train; the blue coat flying out behind, like the smoke from the funnel, the yellow legs twinkling and winking like the fiery sparks, while Aunt Fanny, vainly trying to keep up with them, laughed and laughed till her sides and temples ached again.

With a wild whoop from Arthur, both boys disappeared around the next corner, and when Aunt Fanny got so far, she saw Arthur coming back breathless, flushed, and laughing, but the other boy was out of sight.

"He thought the bobby was after him, sure!" said Arthur, as soon as he could catch his breath. "He never looked around, but dived down an area, and there I left him. *That* apple went choke him now, will it?"

"I think not. The omnibuses must have turned it into apple-sauce by this time."

After this adventure, Arthur and Aunt Fanny had a serious talk about the wickedness of stealing even a pin, and soon after they arrived at the great museum, where the boy amused himself by making faces at the mummies, the enormous stone images, and the stuffed wild beasts, while Aunt Fanny lingered over the illuminated prayer-books which had been used by poor Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, and other queens and kings, and read many letters,—some of them very sad ones, written by the hands of great personages long since turned to dust.

All these things were very delightful to see, but also very fatiguing; and so, when they left the museum, Aunt Fanny called a Hansom cab, which one can do at almost any moment in the streets of London. These cabs, when empty, go slowly along the streets, waiting for customers to hail them. The driver sits on a little seat high up behind, so that the passenger inside has nothing before him to intercept his view.

Arthur was delighted with the grandeur of a ride though the cab was very shabby, and the poor old fiddle-headed horse a sight to see. His shaky, bony legs paddled out to right and left in a ridiculous manner, like oars; and his tail was nothing but a wisp. But Arthur declared that he was a regular "two-forty," by which he meant that he could run a mile in two minutes and forty seconds; and jumping up, he opened the little trap in the roof of the Hansom, and called out to the driver:

"Cabby, just whip up! and run a race with the first horse and Hansom that comes along."

"No, indeed!" cried Aunt Fanny. "Have some pity, Arthur, on the poor thing. We are going to Kensington, and it's a long drive."

So the old horse paddled along, and was dismissed at Kensington, with an extra sixpence to the driver.

After a nice lunch at a restaurant, they went through the South-Kensington Museum,—whom wonders it would take many pages to tell of,—and then another Hansom brought them back to Regent street, where it was dismissed, instead of taking them home, because Arthur had given Aunt Fanny a very strong hint that a glass of

cream soda-water would be the crowning delight to this "awfully jolly day."

The fixed air must have gone down into his heels, for, instead of walking quietly by Aunt Fanny's side, Arthur took flying leaps over the curb-stones when they came to a crossing, waiting for her to

"Blues" playing leap-frog, with petticoats tucked up. All this he told dancing around her and talking in the most animated manner.

When they arrived near the house, Arthur ran forward to ring the bell, and at the same time he intended, with a light spring, to seat himself



THE BLUE-COAT BOY SCARES THE THIEF.

talk over, with his eyes shining like diamonds. And how fast his tongue ran! He told Aunt Fanny how, on every Easter Monday, the blue-coat boys walked in procession to the Royal Exchange; and on Easter Tuesday paid a visit to the Lord Mayor; and how the street boys looked through the iron railings of the fence in Newgate street, where Christ's Hospital is situated, and watched the

upon the iron railing of the low stoop. But he had sprung too high and too far back, and he lost his balance. With a desperate but unavailing clutch at the railing, he fell back, and over, into the arms of the plump, red-faced cook, who was standing just below, and who, with a howl of astonishment, immediately sat down on the stone flags very much more quickly than she liked, while Arthur,

with his head twisted up in his petticoats, was sawing the air with his yellow legs, like a duck trying to swim upside down.

"You owdacious boy!" screamed the cook, "do you mane to murder me?"

Aunt Fanny had screamed, too, when she saw Arthur fall, but now she was fast getting another terrible pain in her side from laughing at this topsy-turvy rigadon which Arthur was dancing. At last, when the cook, with a good shaking, had placed him on his feet, and he with many chuckles had helped Aunt Fanny to pull her up, and had begged her pardon, and all three had sobered down

a little, they began to feel thankful that the merry, frolicsome boy had escaped what might have been a very serious accident.

"You can't have a stout cook always waiting to catch you, Arthur," said Aunt Fanny; "so don't try so many monkey tricks in future, I beg of you."

The next day Arthur helped his "American aunt," as he called her, into the cab which was to take her to the depot, kissing her good-by with an energy which knocked her bonnet over her ear. She kissed her hand to him as the cab turned the corner, and that was the last she saw of her dear, merry, winsome blue-coat boy.

HIS OWN MASTER.

By J. T. TROWERIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF BEING A WITNESS.

THE colonel talked with Jacob in a bland and flattering way, and proposed, among other things, to pay his fare to Cincinnati, by railroad, from the town they were approaching.

Jacob listened, but did not for a moment give over his resolution to save Boone's team for him, if he could. The cautious colonel, however, gave him no chance for that. He kept the boy constantly in sight at the hotel where they stopped, the team having been put into the hands of the ostler; and finally started with him to take the train, accompanied by a friend he had sent for, named Hampton, and a waiter with the baggage.

"He has fooled me somehow," thought Jacob, wondering what had become of the team.

He now remembered that Corkright's friend had twice been to see him at the hotel, and that, the second time, money had passed between them.

"He has sold the team for the colonel," was the conclusion he came to; and it now seemed to him that he could do no better than to go on by the train to Cincinnati. It was only three or four hours' ride; and, after all his weariness and anxiety, it was a relief to think his journey's end so near.

But just as they were stepping on board the cars, two men walked rapidly up to the platform, the foremost of whom exclaimed, "Here he is!—this is the man!" and made a rush at Corkright.

He reminded Jacob strongly of somebody he had seen; but it was a moment before he recognized, beneath the excited gestures and determined air, the jolly young farmer of the night before.

At the same time, the second man, coming up courteously informed the Kentuckian that he had a warrant for his arrest.

"On what charge?" said the colonel.

"Taking a wagon and pair of horses that did not belong to you," replied the officer.

Jacob trembled with joy.

"This fellow sold me his horses," said the colonel "and I can prove it."

"You'll have a chance to do that before the magistrate," said the officer. "Sorry to interrupt your journey." Then, turning to Jacob, "Is not this the boy?"

"Yes, he's in league with him!" cried Boone very much excited. "He must come too."

Jacob was astonished at Boone's manner toward him. But it was no time to make explanations.

The office of the magistrate was near by, and soon the constable and his prisoner, Boone and Jacob, Hampton and a crowd of spectators, entered and filled it nearly full.

The prisoner was arraigned on the charge of the larceny of a pair of horses and a wagon, to which he replied that he had bought the property of Boone the night before, and exhibited a bill of sale to that effect.

"Did you give him this?" asked the judge.

Boone stared at the paper in blank dismay.

"Never! It is not my handwriting. I never saw it before."

"It is in my handwriting," said the colonel,—
"all but the signature; that is his."

Boone scratched his head with a lugubriously puzzled look.

"I have a faint recollection of signing some paper. But I have n't the least idea what. I could n't have been myself, if this is it; for the team is n't mine, and I could n't have sold it."

"This places the matter in a somewhat different light," observed the judge. "The charge of larceny can hardly be sustained without more evidence, and I advise you to settle with the prisoner."

"All I ask is that he'll restore the property—my father's property," said Boone. "I make no charge against him for winning my money; but the team must have."

"I regret to say that you speak too late," said the colonel. "It has passed out of my hands."

"Then I'll bring a charge of swindling," cried Boone. "That man and this boy are leagued together. They go about the country, and the little one helps the big one. The little one asked me to let him ride last evening, and found out I had money. Then he met the big one at the tavern, and went off with him and my team in the middle of the night."

Jacob listened to this accusation in the greatest amazement.

"May I say a word?" cried he, aware that all eyes were on him, that he was very pale, and that everybody must regard him as guilty.

"Certainly," said the judge. "But it must be under oath. Hold up your right hand. You do solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I do," said Jacob, in a firm voice, but with pale lips and a white face.

"What's your name?" said the magistrate.

"Jacob Fortune."

"How old are you?"

"I was fifteen in March."

By the time he had answered a few such questions as these, the boy had pretty fully regained his self-possession.

"Do you know this man?"

"I have seen him—once or twice too often," Jacob added, with a faint and pallid smile.

He then, in answer to questions, told the story of his first meeting with Corkright on the steamboat, and of his adventure with him the night before.

"He offered me money," he said, "if I would hold my tongue about the horses. But I told him

they belonged to Boone's father. And I only waited a chance to say so, if he went to sell them."

"This is important evidence," said the judge. "It appears that the prisoner must have known that he had no good title to the team when he sold it."

The colonel now asked to have the case postponed until he could bring witnesses and procure counsel.

"When will you be ready?" asked the judge.

"To-morrow," replied the colonel.

"Say to-morrow morning at ten o'clock," said the judge, and proceeded to put the prisoner under bonds to appear then.

"My bail is ready, your honor," said Corkright, his friend Hampton offering to stand as his surety.

Papers were drawn up and signed, and the prisoner was released. The judge then turned to Jacob with: "Can you find bail, my boy?"

"What do you mean?" said Jacob. "I am not charged with any crime, am I?"

"No; but you are suspected of being this man's accomplice. What is to prevent your running off, if the court lets you go? You may have told a correct story; but it is necessary that such singular evidence should be sifted. Can you get anybody to be surety for you—that is, give bonds to the amount of two hundred dollars that you shall appear when the case comes up again to-morrow?"

The boy's breath was taken away for a moment. Then he gasped out:

"If I—can't—find anybody?"

"Then the court must provide for your safe-keeping. According to your own account, you are a stranger here. You've no money, no friends. So I don't see that you can do better than take nice, comfortable lodgings at the public expense."

"You mean—I am to—go to jail!" stammered Jacob, astounded.

"It is no such dreadful thing in your case. Where else would you go while you have to wait?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, swallowing a great lump in his throat. "But it seems to me a strange country, where rogues are let go free, while honest folks who expose them are sent to jail."

The judge and some of the remaining spectators smiled. Others—and among them Boone, eager to find and recover his father's property—were following the released prisoner out into the street.

"Well, it does work rather curiously sometimes," remarked the judge, filling out a paper which he presently handed to the officer. "But you won't find it so bad as you imagine. Mr. Constable, you will please take charge of the witness."

And Jacob was marched off to jail.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUR HERO IN JAIL.

It was with a dreadful sinking of the heart that the boy saw the jailer with his keys come to receive him from the hands of the officer, and then go to opening the great locks and iron doors, which soon closed and clanked behind him. He had not thought that ever he could come to this.

He had asked for his bag, and the officer had promised to have it brought. Meanwhile, the keeper—a plain, genial, easy sort of man, who did not by any means come up to Jacob's ideas of a cruel jailer—showed him the room and bed where he was to sleep.

The room was in fact a cell, communicating with the main hall of the prison through a grated door.

"Am I to be locked up in there?" the boy asked, starting back.

"I trust not," said the jailer. "You are not a very desperate character, I fancy. You can go into the hall, and I'll see that you've all the privileges ever allowed to anybody. We've no very bad cases now—none you need be afraid of."

Jacob had noticed a man lying on a bench in the hall, reading a newspaper, and two others playing checkers, while one or two more looked on. But the dejected lad did not care to have anything to do with society met in such a place. So, after the jailer left him, he sat down on his narrow bed, and, looking dolefully at the bare walls and floor, indulged in dismal thoughts.

"There's no honesty and no justice in this world," he said to himself. "I've tried my best to do right, and get along as well as I honestly could—and here I am! The rogues are free, and I am locked up in jail. What would Friend Matthew and his wife and good little Ruth say, if they knew?—and Florie and her mother?"

Thinking of these excellent people, whom he could not hope ever to see again, Jacob gave way to grief, and buried his face in his hands.

While he was thus plunged in bitter despondency, a voice in the open door of his cell spoke to him.

"Jacob, my boy, how are you?"

It was a strangely familiar voice; but if one had spoken to him from the grave, he could not have been more astonished. It did indeed speak to him from the grave of friendship. He looked up.

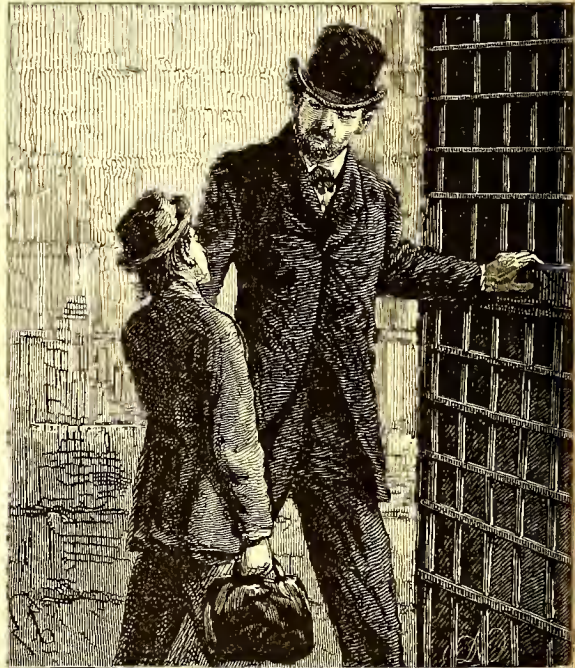
"Don't you know me, Jacob?"

"Yes, I know you," said the boy, trembling with violent emotion, "but —"

"Ha, ha! You take me for a ghost, eh?"

"No, not that!" said Jacob, in a choked voice.

And yet the figure before him seemed more ghostlike than real, a good deal. The vivacious countenance, the coat buttoned jauntily at the waist, the dainty mustache and ringlets—all were the same as he remembered them so well, and yet not the same. He did not know that the change was chiefly in himself. From the crowded experiences of the past two weeks, he had gained an insight into men and things which revealed to him what he had not dreamed of before. He saw through that shallow, smiling face; and the



JACOB LED TO JAIL.

being who had stood to him for all that was charming and graceful and generous in man, now appeared false and affected, and, somehow, sadly faded.

But even then he did not mean to be unjust to Mr. Pinkey.

"You are kind to come and see me," he said. "How did you know I was here?"

"Why, I saw you; did n't you notice me? I was reading a newspaper when you came in."

"Then you have n't—just come—to visit me?" Jacob stammered, as the truth began to dawn upon him.

"Let it pass that I have," cried Pinkey, gayly, coming into the cell and seating himself beside

Jacob. "To go about visiting the fatherless and widowed, the sick and imprisoned, is just my style, you know. But the truth is, beloved,—I'd disguise it or have it different if I could, but I can't,—the sad truth is, I've been here longer than you have. I really feel like an old inhabitant. My cell is the next but one to yours."

"You in jail!" exclaimed Jacob, his surprise changing to pity at finding the brilliant professor, his once admired friend, in such a place. "How did it come about?"

"All on your account, all on your account, Jacob, my boy!" said Alphonse, shaking his ring-fingers with affected seriousness.

"On my account! How so? What is the charge against you?"

"Selling goods at auction without a license; that's all. Officers have been after me ever since. They came up with me three days ago, and, as I could n't pay my fine or find bail, the inhuman creatures of a tyrannical law clapped me into jail."

There was a time when Jacob would have believed every word of this story, coming so glibly from the lips of the accomplished deceiver. He was not so credulous now.

"That's what made me escape from the steamer. I found there was an officer aboard. He came on at the last landing-place, and was only waiting till we should get to the next, when he was going to arrest me. The upsetting of the boat gave me a chance, you see, and I ——— What do you look at me that way for, my boy?"

He was looking steadfastly, with an expression of doubt and trouble, more sorrowful than angry.

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" he said—and that was all.

Alphonse quailed, in spite of himself, before that sad, searching glance.

"What's the matter? You are not the boy you were."

"No, I am not," said Jacob.

"Now don't! please don't!" cried Mr. Pinkey.

"It's too depressing to have you look at me so, while I'm doing my best to raise your spirits and keep up my own. It's perfectly disheartening!"

"You can't raise my spirits in that way; it's disheartening to me," said Jacob.

"Why, how so, my boy? I would n't for the world! What do you mean?"

"If you please, Mr. Pinkey, don't try to deceive me any more!"

"Deceive you, Jacob!" protested Alphonse, with an air of insulted virtue.

"You have done it enough—too much already. You nearly broke my heart, leaving me to think you were drowned,—and that partly by my fault, so! Oh, Mr. Pinkey!"—and the boy's lips quivered at the recollection of that wrong and that grief.

Alphonse bent down his head, and his features worked in an unusual manner for a moment. Their expression was changed when he looked up.

"Well, Jacob, I won't lie to you any more."

"No, don't!" said Jacob. "It's no use. You can't make anything more out of me, and I don't expect anything of you. I don't ask anything—except that you will tell me the truth now. You can afford to do that, I think."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PINKEY MAKES A CONFESSION.

"WELL, by Jove, Jacob," said Pinkey, resuming his air of cheerfulness, "that's an idea! But you speak of something that touches my honor when you hint at my making something out of you."

"Your honor!" repeated Jacob, with some scorn. "Do you mean to say that you did n't deliberately get me to sell off my aunt's goods so as to raise money for yourself?"

"I own," replied Pinkey, "that I was hard up; and it did strike me as a neat way of setting my fortunes afloat again."

"And all that story about the money you carried in your belt ———"

"Pure invention, I confess, Jacob, my boy! I had no belt and—what was worse—no money. Yours went into my pocket-book for current expenses. I hoped it would bring me to a streak of good luck, and I meant—honestly meant—to pay you back every cent, with a large bonus, at my earliest convenience."

"I remember your ideas of paying debts at your convenience," said Jacob. "I think, for my part, it would be better to care a little more for your obligations. How *could* you lie to me so, and get my money, and lose it, and then forsake me in the mean and cruel way you did?"

"Reproach me—blame me—pitch into me without pity or remorse—I deserve it!" replied Alphonse. "But, my dearest boy, you must believe one thing—I did n't anticipate losing your money; that was my confounded luck. Neither had I the slightest idea of forsaking you; that was my necessity."

"I don't see the necessity," said Jacob, with a stern and gloomy countenance.

"Then let me explain. I had lost every cent of your money and my own—to Corkright, you understand. Then I sold him my violin and fine shirts, and lost again. Think of the dreadful situation! How could I say to you,—arrived at Cincinnati, for instance; you, full of hope and anticipation, going to meet your uncle; a shilling wanted, perhaps, to invest in a clean dickey for that occasion; you ask me for it;—I repeat, how could I stand up and

face you, and say, 'Jacob, my boy, I'm busted!' Why, you see, for any gentleman of a fine sense of honor it would have been just awful!"

And Pinkey really seemed to think that he had made a sufficient excuse for himself.

"Did you imagine," said Jacob, "that your desertion of me would help the matter?"

"Well, no, not for you: but it certainly promised to make the thing a trifle easier for me. With all due benevolence for our fellow-creatures," Pinkey added, with the air of a moral philosopher, "we are bound to look out for moral one."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey! if you had only come to me and told me your trouble, I could have forgiven you! But to leave me to suffer as I did! Oh, that night when I thought you were drowned! If you—but you have no heart," said Jacob, passionately, "and you don't know anything about it, and you never will!"

"Have n't I a heart, indeed!" cried Pinkey, a few drops of bitterness wrung from him by these words of Jacob. "I'll tell you now another thing that drove me to despair. Those lovely sisters—you remember them?—the charming Dory and Doshy in green and pink; though which wore the green and which the pink I can't for my life remember now. But no matter. I relied upon them—one of them, I did n't care which—to repair my ruined fortunes. And will you believe it?—can you look at a gentleman of my cut, and say it is possible that both those beautiful but misguided creatures, that day in the woods, declined the offer of my hand—in short, jilted me? That reduced me to despair, you know. After parting with my fiddle and fine shirts, what was there for me on board the steamer—what had I left to live for? An empty valise, empty pockets, you to satisfy, and our fares still unpaid! Then, when such a chance occurred for me to slip out, or rather swim out, do you wonder that I quickly made up my mind to subtract one from the total number of passengers on board that boat?"

"I do wonder!" exclaimed Jacob. "A swimmer like you, to make off so, and leave the women and girls to drown, for aught you cared!"

Alphonse winced, but shook his curls, shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"To explain that, I must confess another thing. I am a man of a good deal of moral courage,—or immoral courage, perhaps you would prefer to call it,—what is technically termed *brass*. But when it comes to matters of life and death, I am—I blush to own it—a coward. So when the boat upset, I obeyed a natural instinct, and made a lunge for the tree-tops. I had got into them, when—I am ashamed to say it—I saw you help one of the twins to the boat, and then rescue that pretty little

Fairlake girl. Somebody else was rescuing twin number two. I saw I had missed a chance to distinguish myself, and perhaps win one of the lovely ones, after all, by an act of heroism. The danger of such a thing, even to a good swimmer, you know, is immense."

"Yes, I know," said Jacob, who remembered well his own peril. "But how *could* you think of that the first thing?"

"That's it; how could I? But I did. Then how could I come down from my perch and show myself? You might have seen me there in the fallen tree, at one time, if you had n't been otherwise engaged; and I might have been seen again when I went through a gully up the bank, if I had n't been for the storm and the turmoil in the water. The truth is, I had no idea anybody would take my loss very hard. I hoped the hearts of the twins would be wrung, but I was n't sure. As for you," Alphonse continued, more seriously, "I was really solicitous that you should continue to think well of me. You loved me, and believed in me more than anybody ever did before. I supposed you would prefer to think me even drowned, to knowing just the truth about me."

"Oh, Mr. Pinkey!" Jacob burst forth again this time with an irrepressible sob.

"But when I found how hard you took it, I must own," said Alphonse, "I was mightily cut up. Did you know I slept in the same bed with you that night at the Quaker's, and heard from the woman a most touching account of your distress at the loss of me? It was sad; but just think of the condition I was in. Cast on an inhospitable shore so to speak,—only a few dimes in my pocket,—tell you, it was rather rough on Professor Alphonse P.! Then, to crown all, I got lodgings here."

"How did you? Tell me true!"

"Well, trying to pick up an honest living, I at last resolved to go back to my old business of portrait painting. Strictly speaking, that was nothing more than throwing up and coloring photographs in a highly pleasing and life-like manner. Having no specimens to show, I found it up-hill work. To get help, I called on Mr. Bottleby, a photographer here in town. He was at work upstairs, and I sat down at his desk to wait for him. I was amusing myself with a pen, when in steps a blundering, stupid boy, and says, 'Mr. Bottleby, I've called to pay Mr. Loring's bill,' and lays twelve dollars and forty-five cents on the desk. Now, twelve dollars and forty-five cents was precisely the sum I wanted—till I could get more. Can you wonder at my wish to borrow it? 'Very well,' I said; 'I am not Mr. Bottleby, but he will be in presently; leave the money, and I will attend to it.' He left the money accordingly; and I may

dd that I attended to it accordingly. Not precisely in a way that pleased Mr. Bottleby. Hence the trouble I am in. For, will you believe it, Bottleby had me arrested, and no explanations on my part could convince him that I took the money as a temporary loan, to be repaid at my earliest convenience? There's a frightful prejudice in the community against a man's borrowing the most insignificant sums in that way. Think of a gentleman of my manners and accomplishments being gagged for twelve dollars and forty-five cents!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOMETHING SUDDEN FOR JACOB.

THE dinner hour for the inmates of the jail had now arrived, and Alphonse proposed that he and Jacob should mess together.

The boy consented, and, over their coarse but wholesome dinner of boiled corned beef and vegetables, related, at Pinkey's request, his own adventures since they parted.

Alphonse had already learned from the jailer, as he was going out after leaving Jacob in his cell, that the boy had been committed for no offense, but simply as a witness in some case. More he had not learned, and he was now surprised to hear how near he had come to seeing Corkright in jail.

He was mightily indignant when told how easily the colonel had got off by giving bail.

"Think of citizens of the place coming forward to be surety for a man like him, while I, with all my arts of pleasing and powers of persuasion, was committed like the basest felon! There's one man I want to see, and that is Loring. Bottleby could do nothing with; he was hard as a rock—human! But Loring, I judge by what I hear of him, might be softened."

Pinkey had already opened his heart a good deal to Jacob, and during the remainder of the time they passed together he made such frank confessions of his various youthful adventures, that the boy got to know him more intimately, and to judge him better, than he ever could have done under different circumstances. Somehow, instead of treating Jacob as an inferior, Alphonse was beginning to respect him as an equal, and to show more and more anxiety to secure his good opinion.

"But, for heaven's sake," remonstrated the professor, after they had been talking together for a long while the next day, "don't look at me in that way any more! What are you thinking of when you do that?"

"I was thinking just now," replied Jacob, "that's such a pity—such a pity!"

"What's a pity? Don't mystify me; don't work on the feelings of a sensitive man like me!"

"A pity, Mr. Pinkey," Jacob continued earnestly, "that a man of your talents could n't learn to make a better use of them. Suppose you had settled down to some serious business, instead of roving from place to place,—given half the time and ingenuity to any honest pursuit which it takes to live from hand to mouth as you do,—what a man you might be! what a fortune and position you might make for yourself!"

Strong feeling concentrated Jacob's thoughts and gave him words, so that his eloquence would have astonished himself if he had thought about it.

"Jacob, my boy," said Alphonse, "every word you say is a nugget of gold! Nobody in the world works so hard for such poor pay, so little real satisfaction in the long run, as a man of my habits. I don't know whether I can change them now—it may be too late. I mean to try. But—talk about my talents! Why, Jacob, my boy, for solid success in life, I'd give more for your slow, sure-footed common sense and sincerity of purpose than for all my showy accomplishments. I'm speaking honestly now, if never before."

Jacob had a good rest in jail, and his talks with Alphonse made him glad, after all, that he had had this taste of prison-life.

At the time appointed for Corkright's examination, the boy was taken to the court; but the case was again postponed, and he returned to jail.

That evening, however, the keeper came to say to him that Corkright had made terms with Boone's family; and that, having recovered the horses and wagon, Boone had withdrawn his complaint, and the case had been dismissed, and Jacob was free.

Much as he would have liked to give his testimony against the colonel and see him punished, the boy was rejoiced at the news of his own liberation. But the thought of quitting his really comfortable quarters and recommencing his struggle with the world sobered him not a little.

"You can remain here overnight, if you like," the jailer said to him, "and then take a fresh start after breakfast,"—a proposal which Jacob gladly accepted.

"I would n't have believed the time could ever come," he said with a smile, "when I would willingly stop in jail, even for one night!"

"There are worse places than this, Jacob, my boy," said Alphonse. "In fact, I'm horribly afraid there's a much worse one preparing for me."

For he well knew that, unless some way of escape were opened, the penalty for his offense against the law would be a term in the penitentiary.

Jacob did not like to think of such a fate for his friend. So he promised to see Mr. Loring next day, and try to induce him to visit the prisoner.

In the morning, when he came to part with the

boy he had so cruelly injured, the airy and shallow-hearted Alphonse showed some real feeling.

"I've done you an uncommonly ill turn," he said, "while you've treated me with perfect magnanimity. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never hope to wipe out—to say nothing of that other debt, which, depend upon it, Jacob, my boy, I mean to repay at my earliest convenience."

Jacob smiled. Alphonse actually blushed, and

Jacob drew back. "Thank you, Mr. Pinkey," he said, "but I can't take any of *that* money. And it was in vain that Alphonse endeavored to urge it upon him.

"Queer boy, you are—a mighty queer boy!" said Pinkey, who could not understand how any body, under any circumstances, could refuse such an offer.

Jacob next parted with the jailer, who told him



THE JUDGE SURPRISES JACOB.

added: "Oh, you'll hear from that when you little expect it!"

"That's so," said Jacob, "if I hear at all!"

Alphonse winced, but shook his ringlets, and continued:

"I can't let you go out of this place without any money. You shall share what little I have."

He took a pinch of fractional currency from his vest pocket, and began to unfold it. Poor Jacob regarded it wistfully. A few *quarters* and *tens* would help him so far!—perhaps pay his fare to Cincinnati.

"How did you get so much?" he asked.

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon," whispered Alphonse: "it's the last of that fatal twelve dollars and forty-five cents."

that he was wanted, for some slight legal formality at the office of the judge. Then once more the heavy doors clanked behind him. He was free.

But what was he to do? Without friends or means, and with a toilsome journey before him, he had good cause to feel but a troubled and anxious joy at his release.

He was far from downhearted, however. He went out into the world again with fresh knowledge and enlarged views of life. He felt now that he could bear up bravely under every trial, and never again be tempted to cry out bitterly that there was no justice on earth. There may be triumph for the wicked—or what is supposed to be triumph; but justice lies deeper than that. The boy was beginning to see this truth.

Not finding the judge at his office, Jacob next went to hunt up Mr. Loring, who proved to be a cautious, deliberative sort of man, slow to make up his mind, and slower still to promise, what he would do. Jacob pleaded earnestly the cause of his friend, but went away at last without knowing whether his appeal had made any impression, and still uncertain as to Pinkey's fate.

The justice was again absent from his office when Jacob returned to it, and he had to wait.

"Gone to dinner, has he? I'd like to go to dinner too, if I had any to go to!"

The day was passing, and it was with ever-increasing uneasiness that he saw himself subject to these delays. At last he said to himself:

"I've done my part; I've come here twice to see the judge, and wasted precious time; now I'm going!"—going he scarcely knew where.

He had extorted from Alphonse a confession that the picture of his uncle which had been impressed upon his mind resembled one of that artist's highly colored photographic portraits. But Pinkey had assured him that there was a plain, prosaic basis of fact beneath the glowing tints he had laid on; and, not knowing what else to do, or where to go, Jacob had resolved to continue his tramp to Cincinnati.

Grim necessity stared him in the face. He would be obliged to find work, in order to earn a little money, the first thing. But he had a vague notion that, if he started at once on his journey, everything he actually required would somewhere, in some way, be provided for him.

"I don't believe I shall starve!" thought he; and he smiled resolutely spite of his forebodings.

But just as he was going out of the office he met the judge coming in.

The magistrate received him kindly, and took some money from a drawer.

"I sent for you to give you the witness's fees," he said, and pushed the money across the table.

Jacob looked at it and at him, astonished, incredulous, overjoyed.

"This is mine?" he said, with sparkling eyes.

"Certainly. A person can't be called as a witness for nothing, and you have appeared twice. The law allows nothing for your detention in jail, and that seems hard; but I persuaded Corkright, who finally paid the costs of court, to add something to your fees. He did it with a bad grace, for it was your evidence that made the case a serious one for him, and forced him to come to terms."

Jacob could still hardly believe his eyes.

"Is here enough to pay my fare to Cincinnati?"

"Yes, and a trifle to spare."

"I don't know that I thank Corkright very much; but I thank you!" said Jacob, earnestly.

"Oh, it's all right," laughed the judge. "A pleasant journey to you!"

Still wondering at his good fortune, which hardly seemed real to him yet, the boy took up his bag and walked away.

The "trifle to spare" went for a lunch at the nearest grocery. Then, grateful, happy, triumphant, Jacob went over to the railroad station and bought his ticket.

"Corkright pays my fare, after all!" he said to himself, as he stepped aboard the train.

That evening he was in Cincinnati.

(To be continued.)

JOHN'S FIRST PARTY.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

IT turned out that John did not go after all to Cynthia Rudd's party, having broken through the ice on the river when he was skating that day, and the boy who pulled him out said, "come within an inch of his life." But he took care not to tumble to anything that should keep him from the next party, which was given with due formality by Melinda Mayhew.

John had been many a time to the house of Deacon Mayhew, and never with any hesitation, when he knew that both the deacon's daughters

—Melinda and Sophronia—were at home. The only fear he had felt was of the deacon's big dog, who always surlily watched him as he came up the tan-bark walk, and made a rush at him if he showed the least sign of wavering. But upon the night of the party his courage vanished, and he thought he would rather face all the dogs in town than knock at the front door.

The parlor was lighted up, and as John stood on the broad flagging before the front door, by the lilac-bush, he could hear the sound of voices—girls'

voices—which set his heart in a flutter. He could face the whole district school of girls without flinching—he did n't mind 'em in the meeting-house in their Sunday best; but he began to be conscious that now he was passing to a new sphere, where the girls are supreme and superior, and he began to feel for the first time that he was an awkward boy. The girl takes to society as naturally as a duckling does to the placid pond, but with a semblance of sly timidity; the boy plunges in with a great splash, and hides his shy awkwardness in noise and commotion.

When John entered, the company had nearly all come. He knew them every one, and yet there was something about them strange and unfamiliar. They were all a little afraid of each other, as people are apt to be when they are well dressed and met together for social purposes in the country. To be at a real party was a novel thing for most of them, and put a constraint upon them which they could not at once overcome. Perhaps it was because they were in the awful parlor, that carpeted room of hair-cloth furniture, which was so seldom opened. Upon the wall hung two certificates, framed in black—one certifying that, by the payment of fifty dollars, Deacon Mayhew was a life member of the American Tract Society, and the other that, by a like outlay of bread cast upon the waters, his wife was a life member of the A. B. C. F. M.—a portion of the alphabet which has an awful significance to all New England childhood. These certificates are a sort of receipt in full for charity, and are a constant and consoling reminder to the farmer that he has discharged his religious duties.

There was a fire on the broad hearth, and that, with the tallow candles on the mantel-piece, made quite an illumination in the room, and enabled the boys, who were mostly on one side of the room, to see the girls, who were on the other, quite plainly. How sweet and demure the girls looked, to be sure! Every boy was thinking if his hair was slick, and feeling the full embarrassment of his entrance into fashionable life. It was queer that these children, who were so free everywhere else, should be so constrained now, and not know what to do with themselves. The shooting of a spark out upon the carpet was a great relief, and was accompanied by a deal of scrambling to throw it back into the fire, and caused much giggling. It was only gradually that the formality was at all broken, and the young people got together and found their tongues.

John at length found himself with Cynthia Rudd, to his great delight and considerable embarrassment, for Cynthia, who was older than John, never looked so pretty. To his surprise he had nothing to say to her. They had always found plenty to

talk about before, but now nothing that he could think of seemed worth saying at a party.

"It is a pleasant evening," said John.

"It is quite so," replied Cynthia.

"Did you come in a cutter?" asked John, anxiously.

"No; I walked on the crust, and it was perfectly lovely walking," said Cynthia, in a burst of confidence.

"Was it slippery?" continued John.

"Not very."

John hoped it would be slippery—very—when he walked home with Cynthia, as he determined to do, but he did not dare to say so, and the conversation ran aground again. John thought about his dog and his sled and his yoke of steers, but he did n't see any way to bring them into conversation. Had she read the "Swiss Family Robinson?" Only a little ways. John said it was splendid, and he would lend it to her, for which she thanked him and said, with such a sweet expression, she should be so glad to have it from him. That was encouraging.

And then John asked Cynthia if she had seen Sally Hawkes since the husking at their house when Sally found so many red ears; and did n't she think she was a real pretty girl.

"Yes, she was right pretty;" and Cynthia guessed that Sally knew it pretty well. But did John like the color of her eyes?

No; John did n't like the color of her eye exactly.

"Her mouth would be well enough if she did n't laugh so much and show her teeth."

John said her mouth was her worst feature.

"Oh no," said Cynthia, warmly; "her mouth is better than her nose."

John did n't know but it was better than her nose, and he should like her looks better if her hair was n't so dreadful black.

But Cynthia, who could afford to be generous now, said she liked black hair, and she wished hers was dark. Whereupon John protested that he liked light hair—auburn hair—of all things. And Cynthia said that Sally was a dear, good girl and she did n't believe one word of the story that she only really found one red ear at the husking that night, and hid that, and kept pulling it out as if it were a new one.

And so the conversation, once started, went on as briskly as could be about the paring-bee and the spelling-school, and the new singing-master who was coming, and how Jack Thompson had gone to Northampton to be a clerk in a store, and how Elvira Reddington, in the geography class at school, was asked what was the capital of Massachusetts, and had answered "Northampton," and

all the school laughed. John enjoyed the conversation amazingly, and he half wished that he and Cynthia were the whole of the party.

But the party meantime had got into operation, and the formality was broken up when the boys and girls had ventured out of the parlor into the more comfortable living-room, with its easy-chairs and every-day things, and even gone so far as to penetrate to the kitchen in their frolic. As soon as they forgot they were a party they began to enjoy themselves.

But the real pleasure only began with the games. The party was nothing without the games, and indeed it was made for the games. Very likely it was one of the timid girls who proposed to play something, and when once the ice was broken, the whole company went into the business enthusiastically.

But John was destined to have a damper put upon his enjoyment. They were playing a most fascinating game, in which they all stand in a circle and sing a philandering song, except one who is in the center of the ring, and holds a cushion. At a certain word in the song, the one in the center throws the cushion at the feet of some one in the ring, indicating thereby the choice of a mate, and then the two sweetly kneel upon the cushion, like two monks St. Johns, and so forth. Then the chosen one takes the cushion and the delightful play goes on. It is very easy, as it will be seen, to learn how to play it. Cynthia was holding the cushion, and at the fatal word she threw it down, not before John, but in front of Ephraim Leggett. And they two kneeled, and so forth. John was astounded. He had never conceived of such perfidy in the male heart. He felt like wiping Ephraim off the face of the earth, only Ephraim was older and bigger than he. When it came his turn at length, thanks to a plain little girl for whose admiration he did not care a straw, he threw the cushion down before Melinda Mayhew with all the devotion he could muster, and a dagger look at Cynthia. And Cynthia's perfidious smile only enraged him the more. John felt wronged, and worked himself up to pass a wretched evening.

When supper came he never went near Cynthia, but busied himself in carrying different kinds of pie and cake, and red apples and cider, to the girls he liked the least. He shunned Cynthia, and when he was accidentally near her, and she asked him if he would get her a glass of cider, he rudely told her—like a goose as he was—that she had better ask Ephraim. That seemed to him very smart; but he got more and more miserable, and began to feel that he was making himself ridiculous.

Girls have a great deal more good sense in such matters than boys. Cynthia went to John, at length, and asked him simply what the matter was. John blushed, and said that nothing was the matter. Cynthia said that it would not do for two people always to be together at a party; and so they made up, and John obtained permission to "see" Cynthia home.

It was after half-past nine when the great festivities at the deacon's broke up, and John walked home with Cynthia over the shining crust and under the stars. It was mostly a silent walk, for this was also an occasion when it is difficult to find anything fit to say. And John was thinking all the way how he should bid Cynthia good-night; whether it would do and whether it would not do, this not being a game, and no forfeits attaching to it. When they reached the gate, there was an awkward little pause. John said the stars were uncommonly bright. Cynthia did not deny it, but waited a minute, and then turned abruptly away, with "Good-night, John!"

"Good-night, Cynthia!"

And the party was over, and Cynthia was gone, and John went home in a kind of dissatisfaction with himself.

It was long before he could go to sleep for thinking of the new world opened to him, and imagining how he would act under a hundred different circumstances, and what he would say, and what Cynthia would say; but a dream at length came, and led him away to a great city and a brilliant house; and while he was there, he heard a loud rapping on the under floor, and saw that it was daylight.

THE STARS IN AUGUST.

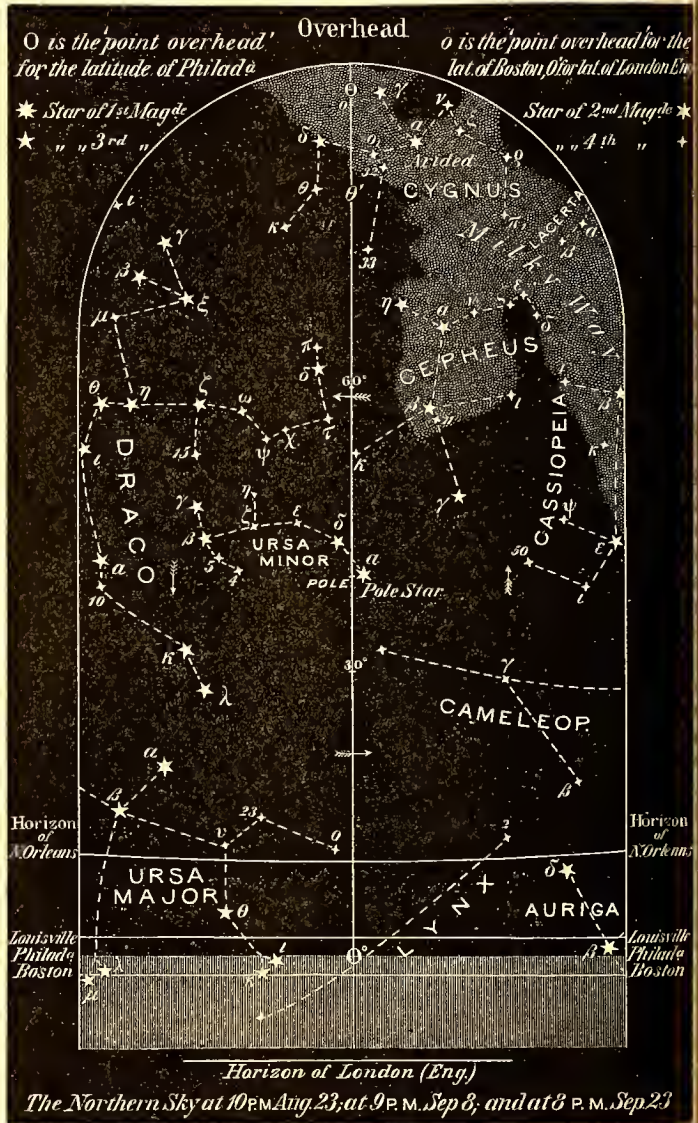
BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE Great Bear is now approaching the north again, low down. The two forward stars of the Dipper, α and β , can be seen in our northern map for the hours named, low down on the left; but I remind the learner that so far as the Dipper is concerned, the picture illustrating my article called "A Clock in the Sky," in the December number (the second number of this volume) is the one to be studied. The Little Bear is now descending on the left or west side of the Pole, and according to our modern pictures is on his back, γ and η representing his feet; whereas the Great Bear's feet are under him at κ , ι , and at μ , λ . Next month I shall have some remarks to make about the Great Bear, the shape of which constellation has, I think, been greatly changed by the map-makers since the shepherds, who were the first observers of the heavens, placed their enemy, the Bear, among the stars.

In the southern heavens we find two ecliptical constellations dividing the honors of the night, Sagittarius (the Archer) and Capricornus (the Sea-Goat). Sagittarius needs no special mention this month after what I said of him last month. I must remind you, however, that Jupiter has not yet left the constellation. His position for every night of August will be readily inferred from the map of his path, with dates, in the last number.

Capricornus was formerly the constellation entered by the sun on the shortest day of the year, when he is farthest south of the equator, and about to begin his return toward it. You will see that at present the constellation includes the ascending sign, marked ♈ for Aquarius (the Water-Bearer). (The symbol is placed on the right or west of the division of the ecliptic to which it belongs.) A

strange superstition was entertained by the old astrologers that, whenever all the planets come



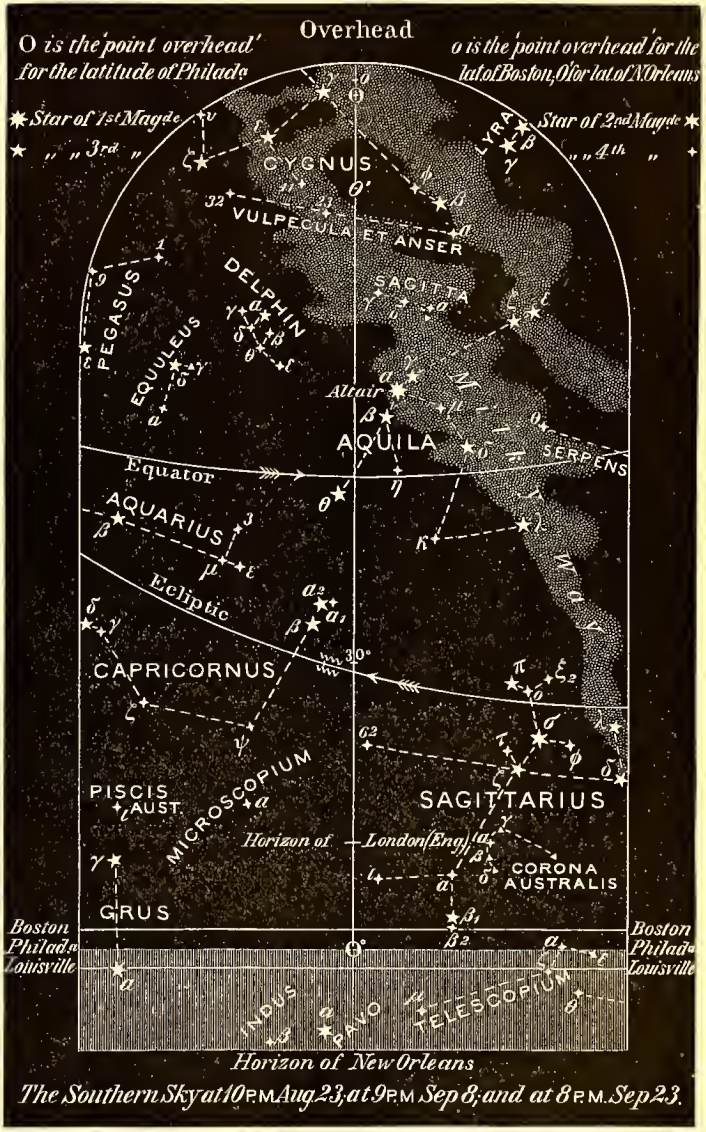
together in Capricornus there is a deluge. Some said, indeed, that the Flood had been occasioned by such a conjunction; and that when all the planets come together in Cancer the world will be destroyed by fire. I suppose the origin of the

perstition was somewhat on this wise: They saw that when the sun, one of the planets of the astrological system, was in Cancer his rays were warm; when he was in Capricorn, his rays were coldest, and the air usually damp and cold. If such effects followed when one planet was in these constellations, much more might heat be expected when several of the planets were together in Cancer, and floods of rain when several were together in Capricorn. But when γ were together in either constellation, then the greatest heat or the worst floods possible might be expected. The tradition is a very ancient one indeed. Admiral Smyth attributes its invention to the astrologers of the middle ages; but in reality it was due to the Chaldean astronomers, and is found in company with a statement that they had observed the heavens for 470,000 years, during which time they had calculated the nativity of all the children which had been born. It is not absolutely necessary, however, that you should believe this. For my own part, I think it quite possible that they omitted some of the children born during that long period.

Capricornus is usually represented as a fish-tailed goat, the head and horns where the two stars α and β are marked, the feet (fore-feet) at ψ , the tail curling off toward γ and δ . Higher up in the heavens were the fine constellation Aquila, the Eagle, usually represented in modern maps as shown in fig. 1 on next page. Formerly the figure of the Bithynian youth, continuous, was included in this constellation; but he is now generally omitted. Parts of the Milky Way, near and in this constellation, are very bright, and even with a small telescope seem to be crowded with stars.

Close to Aquila is the pretty little constellation the Dolphin, called Delphinus, or perhaps better,—in my atlas,—Delphin, which is as good Latin, and shorter. This little group really shows some degree of resemblance to the animal whose name has

been given to it, though our modern maps do not picture a real dolphin, but a creature, as Admiral Smyth well remarks, resembling rather “a huge periwinkle pulled out of its shell; and certainly not ‘very like a whale.’” He quotes a curious blunder of certain Orientalists, who, finding the old Hindu name of the group to signify a sea-hog, considered



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it was not meant to be a fish at all; but the Hindu “sea-hog” was the porpoise. Indeed, the French name, from which our word porpoise is derived, shows that the resemblance has struck others besides the Hindus—that name being *porc-poisson*, or

hog-fish. Smyth himself has made an amusing mistake about the two stars Alpha and Beta of the Dolphin, which bear the pleasing names Svalocin and Rotanev. Of the first epithet, which he calls "cacophonous and barbaric," he remarks that



FIG. 1. AQUILA, OR THE EAGLE.

"no poring into the black-letter versions of the *Almagest*, *El Battání*, *Ibn Yúnis*, and other authorities, enables one to form any rational conjecture as to the misreading, miswriting, or misapplication, in which so strange a metamorphosis could have originated." Of *Rotanev* he simply says that this barbarous term "putteth derivation and etymology at defiance." If he could but have found Arabic meanings for these words, as delightful a story might have resulted as that about Mr. Pickwick's great prize, the stone bearing the inscription,

BILST
UMPSHI
SMARK

or the true story of "Keip on this Syde," mentioned in the "Antiquary" in connection with the stone inscribed A. K. L. L. for Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle. The real explanation of the names Svalocin and Rotanev is very simple. The names first appear in the Palermo Catalogue. The name of the chief assistant there was Nicolo Cacciatore, or Nicholas the Hunter, the Latin for which is Nicolaus Venator. Reverse these names and you get Svalocin and Rotanev. Mr. Webb (whose "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes" every student should possess) seems to have been the first to explain Signor Cacciatore's little puzzle. He truly says that if the above account is not the right key, it is certainly a marvel that it should open the lock so readily.

Above Aquila we see Sagitta (the Arrow), the smallest of the ancient constellations. The present appearance of the stars forming this small group does not very startlingly impress the idea of an arrow upon one. Possibly the stars have somewhat changed in brightness and in relative position since the group was named. In fact, we know that all

the stars are rushing with enormous velocity through space, and though they seem to change very slowly indeed in their position in the heavens, so that most of the constellations have changed very little even during the 4,000 years which have passed since they were mapped, yet a small group like Sagitta would show the effects of such changes readily enough after a few thousand years. It is at least two thousand, and probably four thousand years old.

The neighboring constellation, Vulpecula et Anser, or the Fox and Goose, on the other hand, is not an old one, but was formed by Hevelius (small thanks to him). "I wished," he says, "to place a fox with a goose in the space of sky well fitted to it; because such an animal is very cunning, voracious and fierce." (This is a reason, indeed.) "Aquila and Vultur" (Lyra, the Lyre, was sometimes called Vultur Cadens, the Swooping Vulture) "are of the same nature, rapacious and greedy." He might have reasoned equally well that Anser, the Goose, was fitly placed near Cygnus (the Swan), and that the Arrow (Sagitta), which had passed over the Eagle's head, might be regarded as fairly aimed for the Fox. The real fact is, I suppose, that Hevelius was determined to fit in a constellation of his own in this space between Sagitta and Cygnus, and was prepared to be content with any argument, bad, good, or indifferent, in favor of his plan.

For shortness, the constellation may be conveniently called Vulpecula, or, as in my large atlas, *Vulpes*—that is, the Fox, instead of the Little Fox.

In Vulpecula there is a remarkable object called the Dumb-bell nebula, or star-cloud. It cannot be seen without a telescope, and a powerful telescope is required to show the object as pictured in Fig. 2. It was formerly thought to consist entirely of small



FIG. 2. THE DUMB-BELL NEBULA.

stars, so remote that they could not be separately discerned; but it has lately been discovered that the greater part of this nebula's light comes from glowing gas. The vastness of the space occupied by this cloud of luminous gas will be understood—though no mind can possibly conceive it—when I mention that at the distance of the nearest of the fixed stars the whole of our solar system would appear but as a mere point, even in a powerful telescope. The Dumb-bell nebula covers quite a large space as seen in such an instrument. It is also, probably, much farther away than the nearest fixed stars. It must, therefore, occupy a region of space exceeding many times that through which the planets of our solar system pursue their paths. Yet the

pan of our earth's path around the sun is fully one hundred and eighty-four millions of miles, while Neptune—the remotest planet of the solar system—travels thirty times farther from the sun, having thus an orbit spanning more than five thousand millions of miles. A globe just fitting the path of Neptune would contain many quadrillions of cubic miles,—and probably the Dumb-bell nebula exceeds such a globe in volume (or, to speak more exactly, occupies a space exceeding such a globe in volume) many millions of times.

Very strange is the thought that astronomers should have been able to find out what this mighty mass of glowing gas consists of. Placed yonder amid the glories of the Milky Way, lost to human vision through its vast remoteness, only brought within our view at all by means of powerful telescopes, and only revealing its true shape when seen with the most powerful telescopes men have yet constructed, what at first sight can seem more amazing than that men should be able to tell what kind of substance it is which gives out the misty luster of that cloudlet in space? The very light which comes to us from the Dumb-bell nebula has probably taken hundreds of years in crossing the tremendous space separating us from that object. Yet that light has conveyed its message truly.

Examined with that instrument, the spectroscope,—whose office I lately described in a paper on the planet Venus,—the light of the Dumb-bell nebula presents, not the rainbow-tinted streak which comes from glowing solid and liquid bodies, but three bright lights only. At least three lines are seen if the nebula is examined through a fine slit; if the field of view is opened, there are seen three faint images of the cloudlet. The correct way of describing what the spectroscope tells us about this object is to say that, instead of its light presenting all the colors of the rainbow, it is found, when sifted by the spectroscope, to contain three colors only, all of them greenish, but slightly different in tint. One of the colors is precisely such a tint of green as comes (with four other colors) from glowing hydrogen gas, and shows us that there are enormous masses of hydrogen in that remote cloud; another tint shows, in like manner, that there are immense masses of nitrogen; but the third tint has not yet been found to correspond with a tint emitted by any known substance. The skein of light from that double fluff-ball has thus been unraveled by the spectroscope, after journeying millions of millions of miles, and has been sorted into three tints, two of which have been matched against the known tints of earthly gases, but the third remains as yet unmatched.



A TWILIGHT DANCE.

AROUND THE WORLD ON A TELEGRAPH-WIRE.

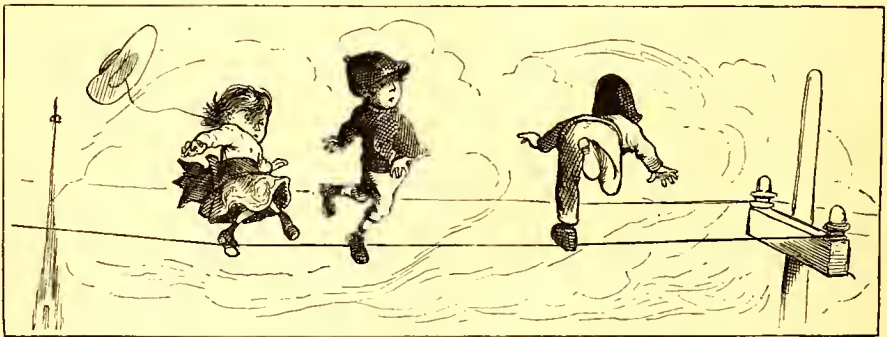
BY E. L. BYNNER.



JIMMY and Johnny and Susy Highflier,
As fine a young trio as heart could desire,
They flew 'round the world on a telegraph-wire:
O Billibald—bunkum—bamboo!
For they went out to play
On a sunshiny day,
When jumpty-jump Jimmy, what does he do
But skip up a pole like a young kangaroo.

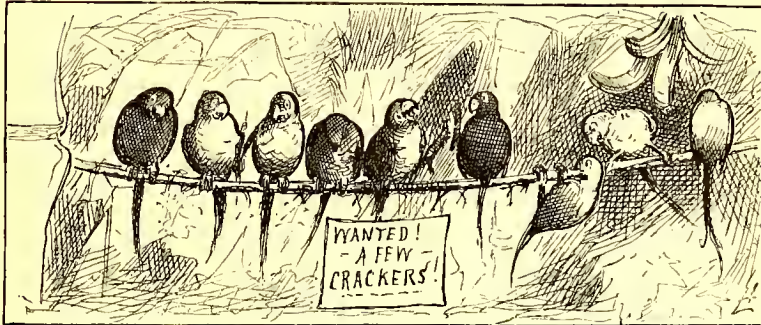
Up a pole, a tall pole, clambered Jimmy Highflier,
Till he got to the top and could clamber no higher,
And found running through it a long slender wire:
Cliticlack—clutterbuck—cray!
Then he cried out, "How queer!
Oh, just look a—here!"
When, tugging and kicking and scrambling away,
Up went Johnny and Susy to see "what's to pay."

Whereupon—guddy zooks!—lo! each infant Highflier
Was seized and possessed with the reckless desire
To leave the stout pole and get out on the wire:
Daffy—down—dilly—heigh—oh!
And at once, when they did it,
Without quip or quiddit,
Whizz! br—r—r! like an arrow shot off from a bow,
Away like a flash these three infants did go.

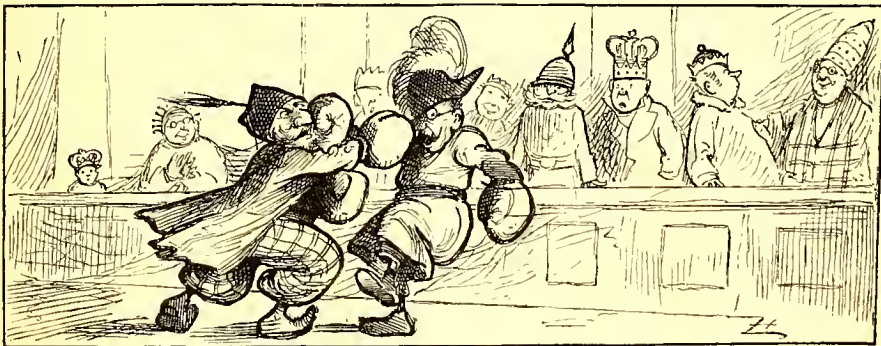


Hilly—ho, hilly—ho! past wind, steam, and fire,
'Round the world, 'round the world on a telegraph-wire,
Outstripping swift Thought or fleet-winged Desire:
Hi—diddle—diddle—dum—dee!
Over country and town,
Now up and now down;
Up high in the air and down under the sea,
Huzzah! hilly—ho! what a ride this will be!

Far down in the south, on their course wild and free,
 They see the broad Amazon roll to the sea,
 Where sport the iguana and gay manatee:
 Whack—fol—de—ruddy—heigh—oh!
 In that sunny clime
 Where the orange and lime
 And banana and olive and cocoa-nut grow,
 And purple-tailed paroquets sit in a row.



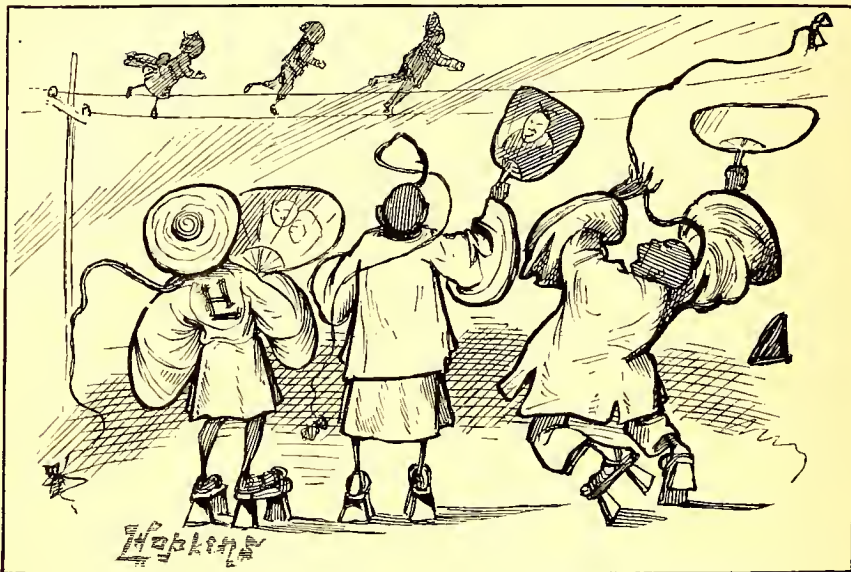
Down into the sea with a dive and a dip;
 How the walrusses, whales, and the porpoises skip,
 And the mermaids stick out their green tails for a grip!
 Tit—ti—late—tanmani—tin!
 Susy loses her bonnet;
 A shark seizes on it,
 And adjusting it deftly by aid of his fin,
 Swims away with it snugly tied under his chin.



Away, o'er the lands of Celt, Saxon, and Scot,
 Through the realms of the Gaul and the Teuton, they shot
 Past Magyar and Slave, till they came to the Ot-
 -Toman Empire—Co—co—coric—o!—
 Where the Sultan and Czar
 Were having a spar;
 While the crowned heads of Europe looked on at the show,
 Each crying, "Look out now!—don't tread on my toe!"

Then eastward o'er Asia they sped like the light;
 Off went Johnny's cap in their hurricane flight,

While Susy, enraptured, cried out in delight,
 "Oh—bitti—bat—buttercup—ban!"
 Next they came to the "Japs,"
 Those queer-looking chaps,
 Who turned out to look at them, every man,
 Each shaking his pigtail and fluttering his fan.



How they flew through the Tropics and regions of snows!
 Saw all sorts of folks, dressed in all sorts of clothes,
 And some without any at all, I suppose!
 Oh—Pillicot—pimpernel—plock!
 Till at last, safe and whole,
 They came back to the pole,—
 Which, alas! sliding down, Susy tore her new frock,—
 Having only been gone just an hour by the clock.

THE "SWOOPING EAGLE'S" FIRST EXPLOIT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

THE "Swooping Eagle," you must know, was a boat—a row-boat. She was the property of De Witt Clinton Yotman, familiarly known as Clint Yotman. This gentleman was thirteen years and three months old.

The "Eagle" was a handsome little vessel, white as a swan, and trimmed with lines of navy-blue—strong and light, buoyant and graceful;

"the prettiest bird that swims," Clint declared And certainly none of his boy-mates could name another boat on the river and call it handsomer, or a better swimmer.

Though it carried the United States flag, and looked spry and gallant enough for heroic action the "Eagle's" career up to the time of its "first exploit," had not been at all dramatic. There had

seen a good deal of paddling about, near the bank; and two trips across the river to "the other shore," which, until we cross over there, always looks so much more pleasant and more beautiful than "our side." There had been some fishing expeditions when a great deal of noise was made, and very few fish were caught; and besides, a trip to the "Upper Island" had been effected, where the yellow lotus, or sacred bean, rises from the shallow bay in dense banks, so gorgeous as to seem like a transplanted lot from the tropics. But the life of the "Swooping Eagle"—there was no doubt about it—had been very quiet. It had never taken part in a regatta; it had never engaged another vessel in combat; it had never run down a pirate; it had never encountered a whale or an iceberg; had never met the sea-serpent; had never rescued a diver from a watery grave. Indeed, it had never been upset, or even threatened with an upsetting, or it knew nothing of cyclones,—nothing about dining waves mountain high. Altogether, it was a very inexperienced, ignorant little thing. But it gaged, in the person of its owner, for a sensation—or a career. Yet the quiet city of Keokuk, on the Mississippi River, was scarcely the place for thrilling adventure, though it is situated at the foot of the rapids.

"Boys don't have half a chance these days," Clinton said one day to his crony, Will Atkinson. "There are n't any bears and lions to hunt, and there are n't any Indians around to fight, and rapsies don't ever run away with a feller's little sister."

"That 's so," assented Will. "We don't have a good show. There is n't even any chance of getting lost in the woods or on the prairie. And a body can't run away, on account of telegraphs, railroads, and police."

"I wish that skiff down there would upset," said Clint, resting on his oars, and allowing his boat to drift along slowly with the current. "I don't want anybody to get drowned, you know," he quickly explained, "but I'd just like to go for somebody like the 'Swooping Eagle,' and haul him in all t dead."

"And have your name in the papers," Will nodded.

That very same evening Mrs. Bartlett sat on her porch, which overlooked the river. She was going to rock her little boy of seven months to sleep, and her little boy of seven months was trying to keep awake. And it was very well that he could not go to sleep, otherwise Mrs. Bartlett might have been in gossiping with some neighbor, and might not have known about the—well, we'll call it, for want of a shorter name, the antecedent—the—"Swooping-Eagle's"—first-exploit,—and she

would n't have, have,—well, would n't have done as she did, and Clint Yotman and Will Atkinson would n't have done as they did, and the "Swooping Eagle" would n't have had the "exploit," and we could n't have had this story.

Well, the baby would n't go to sleep, so Mrs. Bartlett kept sitting out there on the porch, rocking, rocking, back and forth, back and forth. She was singing—"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;" and baby, too, was trying to sing, but it only cooed and grunted, and said, O-u! and g-o-o!—g-o-o!

"Baby!" Mrs. Bartlett cried, taking him with a jerk from her shoulder, where he had been lying, and setting him on her knee, "if you don't go to sleep I'll shake you to pieces," and then she fell to kissing him as though his conduct had been the prettiest and most exemplary possible to a baby.

Then she was suddenly motionless—listening. Did she hear aright? She lifted her head and turned it facing the river. Was it the word, h-c-l-p! that was borne on that wailing, piteous, human tone? Above the solemn beating of the great river against the rip-raps it came, down the rapids—a man's voice, calling over and over, "H-e-l-p! I'm drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p! I'm drowning! H-e-l-p!"

It thrilled the woman's soul. She wished she was a man that she might fly to the rescue. She wished she could leave baby, and run out and rouse somebody—everybody. But there was no one in the house with whom she could leave him. How quiet the streets were! Why did n't somebody come by whom she could call to and send to that drowning man? But baby or no baby, she could n't sit there with that agonized cry "H-e-l-p!" piercing her heart. Gathering baby in her arms, she went with a swift, eager step into the street, and there she set up a remarkable screaming, that is remembered in the city to this day.

"Help! There is a man in the river drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p! A man in the river drowning! H-e-l-p! h-e-l-p!"

Up and down the street the distance of her block she ran, crying out these words, and at every cry baby said, "O-u! g-o-o—g-o-o!" as though a very good joke was in the breeze.

For some moments Mrs. Bartlett did not see a living being on the street, but after a time doors began to open, and window-blinds, and somebody would come down the street, and somebody else around the corner. Then she would scream all the louder, "Run to the river! run to the river! A man's drowning! There's a man in the river drowning!"

And people would ask questions, and listen, and run off down the slope to the river. Yet up and

down the street she continued to run, baby cooing to be out under the sky, she screaming her story to every one who came in sight, urging all—men, women and children—to run, run to the river.

Then came De Witt Clinton Yotman stamping down the street, whistling "Shoo Fly." When he saw Mrs. Bartlett running about and screaming, he stopped whistling, thinking he had encountered a crazy woman. But when she cried out to him, "Run to the river! there's a man drowning!" Clint's heart leaped to his mouth. Here was a chance for the "Swooping Eagle."

Away he ran, at his tip-top speed, for Will Atkinson. That's what he generally did when there was an enterprise under weigh.

"We'll take the 'Swooping Eagle' and go for him," Clint said.

"All right," Will answered, and off they went by a short cut down the bluff to the river, where the "Swooping Eagle" lay anchored.

"You get in first," said Clint, breathing hard and fast as he untied the skiff with eager, trembling fingers.

Shoving her off into the water, he leaped on board after Will in an excited way that almost upset the boat.

A great crowd had assembled and were hurrying up stream, while boat after boat was putting out from shore.

"Hear him! he's in the rapids!" Clint cried, in great eagerness. "There he is, holding on to the skiff. The skiff upset in the rapids when he was trying to cross."

"Has n't he got awful lungs, though! How he does holler!" said the more philosophical Will.

"It's awful!" Clint went on, still greatly excited, and looking as though he was about to leap into the water and swim to the drowning man's help.

"Hold on to the skiff! I'm a-comin'!" he shouted, standing, his face turned up stream, toward the rapids. "Hold on! Help's nigh! Hold on a little longer! I'm a-comin'! I'll save you!" He felt inspired.

Then Will thought he ought to help Clint shout. So he stood up and yelled, "Hold on to the skiff just a minute! We're comin'! We'll soon be along! Don't give up! We're comin'!"

Then Clint shouted some more, and took off his hat and waved it. Then Will took off *his* hat and waved *it*. Then the pocket-handkerchiefs came out, and they were waved, while the boys kept up their encouraging cries of "Hold on! We're comin'."

One boat passed them, pulling as for life toward the rapids and the up-turned skiff, to which the man was clinging, with only his head above water. A second boat glided by the "Swooping Eagle," and a third.

A wild fear shot through Clint's heart—a fear that, after all, he might be cheated of the honor of saving an imperiled life. He resolved to strain every nerve to overtake and pass those three boats, and to keep ahead of those that were nearing him from behind. Then, all on a sudden, he felt like a fool, and looked like one,—like the blankest of blank idiots.

"Will, we have n't any oars," he stammered.

Will looked around the boat in a bewildered way, then up into Clint's face.

"Well, if that does n't beat the Jews and the Gentiles! Are n't we a couple of *genuses*?" he said.

It was true. They had forgotten their oars in their excitement, and instead of "coming," as they had declared to everybody within hearing, they were going, going, down the river to—nobody knew where. Not only would they have to forego the *éclat* of rescuing that drowning man, but they must submit to being themselves rescued from their ridiculous situation. *They* must cry for help. They looked about them. The "Eagle" was below the boats that had put out, and the hurrying crowd had left it behind. The boys marked with alarm the isolation of their oarless boat on the river.

"And it's almost dark," Clint said. "Nobody can see us."

"And there is n't any moon these nights," Will added. "Let's wave our hats and handkerchief till it's plum dark, and shout and yell."

This they did till their arms and lungs were sore. Will shouted, "Help! help!" as lustily as the mar with the "awful lungs" had ever dared to. But no help came. Old Mr. Perseverance Smith, an ex-ferryman, heard their cries, came out, watched them for a moment drifting in the dusk down stream, and then went back to his little house on the bank.

"Just some youngsters mockin' that poor felle that was like to git drowned," he said.

(This ferryman, by the way, was called Perseverance, because he was the last river-man of the section to stop the fight against the ice-king at the on-coming of winter, and the first to re-open the conflict in the spring. One autumn his boat got stuck in the ice in mid-river and had to stay out there till the spring thaw.)

On and on the boys drifted till the lights of Keokuk were lost to their straining eyes, till they had passed the mouth of the Des Moines, and passed Buena Vista, and had begun to reckon concerning the hour of the night they would reach Alexandria and Warsaw. They had stopped shouting and signaling in sheer hopelessness, and Clint proposed that they should take turns in watching.

"You turn in and take the first snooze," he said. "I could n't sleep in this wet dug-out of yours," was Will's reply.

"You need n't lie down in the water. Make that eat your downy couch," said Clint, trying, poor fellow, to be funny, for he thought that Will was feeling depressed, and was sure that he himself was. "I'm not a snake to coil up on that plank." Will spoke with some warmth and some contempt in his tone. "Besides, I might get pitched overboard, for this sea is n't of the steadiest, and the wind is blowing harder every minute. Besides all

"I'm more afraid they wont come in gun-shot of us. We've got to yell and shout with all our might. And you've got to do your share, Will. You must stand up to the shouting like a man."

"You bet," said Will.

Then they sat silent—almost breathless—watching the approaching lights and listening to the sounds of labor as the boat came pushing her broad, brave breast against the strong current.

Before any cries from the helpless skiff could possibly have reached the steamer, the boys entered upon their shouting. On came the great vessel in



THE "SWOOPING EAGLE" TO THE RESCUE!

the rest, I'm too ticklish to sleep. There aint anything jolly about this ride. Why in the name of whose did n't you put the oars in?"

"Why did n't you put them in," Clint retorted. "T was n't any of my funeral—you were bossing the rescue job. A pretty rescuer you are! A nice little man to have a boat! Your pa had better buy a steam propeller and a railroad!"

"See here, Will," said Clint, firing up. "I'm not going to stand—what's that? It's a boat!" Both boys rose swiftly to their feet and listened. A boat was coming up to them was the chuff! chuff! chuff! of a panting steamer, and then a shriek from the engine.

"See! there are the lights. Oh! I do wish I had my pa's lantern," said Will. "They wont see us. What if they should run over us!"

their very path, as it were. She seemed to be making straight for the little shell. The boys were greatly excited; the strain was intense, as the strong boat moved toward them like an on-coming pitiless fate. One of the lads thought of his home and mother, but kept on shouting, "Help! help!"

Will could n't shout for the moment, because there was a great lump in his throat. Then they both forgot everything else in the sound that came over the waters to them from the steamer—a shout, then another and another. Their cries had been heard. Men appeared on deck, with lights behind them, looking out over the waters. The boys called again, and were answered. Then the steamer veered to the right, and began letting off steam; the "Swooping Eagle" had been described—that was certain. The boys cheered and waved

their hats—the steamer cheered and swung the lanterns. Then a yawl darted from under the steamer, as it seemed, like a duckling from the mother wing. The boys called, “Here! here!” a great many times, to indicate their whereabouts.

After a little while, the relief-boat came alongside the “Swooping Eagle,” and the boys eagerly climbed aboard; then, after another while, the yawl lay alongside the steamer, and the boys climbed aboard her, with crew and passengers crowding and asking questions. This caused the boys to feel important. Then a free lunch was spread for the two lions, and they ate something. Did you ever see two supperless boys eat at about eleven o’clock P. M.?

It was after one A. M. when Clint sat down in his mother’s lap, and kissed her with a new happiness; and then went out to look for his father, who was out looking for him. Just around the corner he met Will Atkinson, who was on his way to police head-quarters to report himself found. Clint wandered about from one place to another for a long hour before he encountered his father, so that it was nearly three when he laid his head on his pillow. He had slept scarcely two hours when he heard the newspaper carrier crying “The Gate

City,”—the morning daily,—and then he heard the thud of the paper against the front door as it was thrown on the porch. He stole out and secured it, and then made himself comfortable in bed to look over the local items. He wanted to know about that man—the man whom the “Swooping Eagle” had meant to rescue. Half way down the local column Clint found the item he was looking for.

A man had attempted to cross in a skiff from the Illinois side of the Mississippi. Midway in the rapids the skiff had been upturned. But the man keeping his hold, had clung to the boat for thirteen minutes with only his head above water, as the swift current bore him on and on to the neighborhood of the ferry. Clint read with a sigh that it was one of the ferry company’s boats that effected the rescue, drawing the man aboard just as his strength had failed him and he had relaxed his hold on the skiff. Clint read it with a sigh, because he had seen that very boat, which now wore the ribbon, when it put out; it was a long way behind him—the poor, shamed “Swooping Eagle.” “She’d have beat it,” thought Clint. “I know she would, and my name and Will’s would have been right here before my eyes now, if I only had n’t forgotten my oars.”

HOW BIRDS IMPROVE IN NEST-BUILDING.

BY PROF. W. K. BROOKS.

YOU often will meet with the statement in books about birds and birds’-nests, that each species goes on, year after year and generation after generation, building its nest in precisely the way which has always been followed by its ancestors. It is said that birds build their nests entirely by instinct, and that no improvement ever takes place, but that each bird selects a place for its nest, and gathers the materials, and goes through the process of building in exactly the way which has been followed for thousands of generations. It is also stated that young birds know how to do all this without any instruction, and make their first nest as skillfully as those old birds which have had experience, and have raised several broods of young. These statements are made so often by writers upon natural history, that it would seem as if there must be a good reason for them, and yet not one of them is true. Birds do not always go on building their

nests in similar places to those in which the ancestors built, but whenever better places are offered them, they soon learn to take advantage of them; neither do they stick to the same material for one generation after another, but whenever more suitable material is placed within their reach they often learn how to use it, so that their nests are much better than those built by their ancestors; neither is it true that they never improve the shape of their nests, nor that the young birds are as skillful architects as the old.

You all know that only a few hundred years ago there was not a barn or a chimney within the United States, unless, perhaps, those singular cliff-dwelling people in New Mexico and Arizona, of whom we know so little, had barns and chimneys. At any rate, we know that on the east side of the Mississippi, at the time when the white men discovered and settled the country, there were not

people who knew anything of architecture. The barn and chimney swallows were to be found here then as they are to-day, but of course they were compelled to build their nests in hollow trees and caves, or any other suitable places which they were able to find. As soon as white men spread over the country and erected buildings, these birds, which had never before seen a barn or a chimney, soon discovered that these places are much more warm and dry than rotten trees and damp caves, as well as better protected from storms; and it probably did not take many years for the swallows to discover that snakes and birds and beasts of prey did not dare to approach such places. These wise birds, then, improved upon the habits of their ancestors, and gave up their old savage life in the woods, in order to share the benefits of civilization. It seems as natural now for a barn-swallow to make its nest in a barn, as for a cat-bird to build in a bush or a tree; but it is plain that this has not always been the case, and that these birds have been wise enough to change their mode of life. As an example to show that birds sometimes make changes in the material used in building their nests we may take the oriole. Many snakes are fond of birds' eggs, and in order to place its nest beyond their reach, as well as out of danger from their enemies, the oriole builds far out, near the tip of a branch of some tall tree, upon twigs which are so small that the nest is in little danger from any enemies except those which are able to fly. These slender twigs are swayed by every wind, and it would not answer to build in such a place an ordinary nest, like that of the robin, supported by a platform of sticks resting upon the branches; for the least wind would soon break such a nest to pieces, or throw it down to the ground. Nor would the swallows' plan of gluing the nest into its place be very much better; for even if it were securely fastened, and made strong enough to stand shaking without falling to pieces, the first heavy blow would either break all of the eggs by striking them against each other, or else it would jerk them entirely out of the nest, and throw them down to the ground. It is very clear that an ordinary nest would not answer at all in such a place, and the oriole overcomes all the difficulty by weaving a wonderful hanging nest. This is shaped like a bag or purse, and is suspended between two twigs at a point where they unite with each other. The edges of the mouth of the bag are sewed to the twigs so that the nest hangs down between them, with the uppermost, and in the hardest gale the eggs and young are perfectly safe at the bottom of this soft, well-lined bag. In weaving this nest the birds make use of every string or thread which they are able to find. They pull the lost fish-lines

out of ponds and streams, and gather up the kite-strings which they find among the branches of the trees and on the telegraph-wires. They are often seen tugging at the edges and worn places in the carpets which are hung out to be beaten at house-cleaning time in spring, and they often succeed in pulling out long threads, especially if the carpet is old and ragged. They sometimes carry off the skins of freshly-dyed yarn which the farmers' wife has hung out to dry; they steal the strings which are tied around the young grafts upon the orchard trees, and carry off flax, hemp—everything, in fact, which they think they will be able to make use of in weaving their nest. Tresses of hair, and bits of gold lace from a militia officer's epaulet, are among the things which have been found in their nests. They are able to use their beaks and claws very skillfully, and will untie hard knots in order to gain possession of a piece of string. Hemp seems to suit them better than anything else, and if you will take the trouble to hang out a large bunch of this where they can find it, in the early spring, when they are gathering the materials for their nest, they will return to it again and again until they have carried all of it away, or until the nest is finished. If the bunch of hemp is tied up loosely, the dexterity and perseverance with which they will untie and pull out bunches of the fibers is very interesting, and well worth watching. A finished oriole's nest is a very strange mixture of grass, hay, horse-hair, thread, string, yarn and carpet-ravelings. Sometimes it contains long pieces of kite-tail, and I once found a nest into which the birds had woven no less than three fish-lines, with their corks and sinkers, and the rusty hooks, with dried pieces of the worms which had been used for bait still upon them.

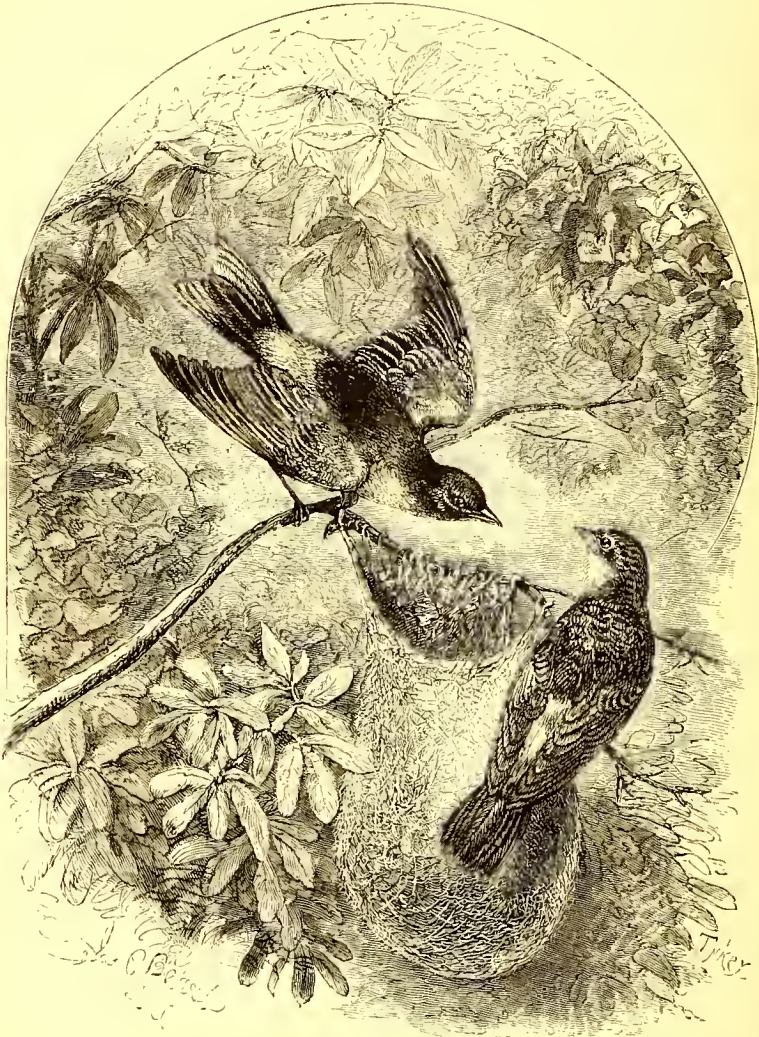
It is very certain that a few hundred years ago orioles could have known nothing about string or carpet-ravelings, and must have confined themselves to such stringy fibers as can be found in a natural state; and those orioles which build their nests at a distance from houses, still make use of grass, flax, the fibres of silk-weed, and other things which they are able to find; but of course a much stronger and more durable nest can be woven from strong thread and string, and the birds have not been slow to discover this and to act accordingly.

It may perhaps be said that both the oriole and the swallow owe their improvement to their intercourse with man, and that the fact that they have made great advances in their method of building is owing to his influence, so that these examples do not prove that birds have any power to improve themselves without his help. At first sight this objection seems to have great weight, but as soon as we examine it more carefully, we find that it

does not amount to much. It is true that man supplies the opportunities of which the barn-swallows and the oriole avail themselves, but this is all that he does; and the fact that the birds do take advantage of the opportunities, shows that they have the power of improvement within themselves,

and their improvement is the result of their own efforts; and there can be no doubt that, if the same advantages had presented themselves independently of men, the birds would have been wise enough to seize upon them.

We have now seen that birds do sometimes mak



ORIOLES AND THEIR NEST.

and ready to show itself as soon as occasion arises. Orioles and swallows are not domestic, like the various sorts of poultry; although they find it to their interest to associate with man, they are their own masters, and in this respect are as truly wild as those birds which live in the woods and swamps; in fact, the oriole is as shy and difficult to approach as a forest bird. Man has not tamed or instructed

improvements in the places selected for their nests and in the materials which they make use of; and I will next try to show you that they occasionally make great changes for the better in the shape of their nests.

A few years ago Pouchet, a French naturalist who was then engaged in writing a book upon natural history, wished to have an engraving made

of the nest of the common European house-martin. The nests in his collection were nearly fifty years old, and, thinking that the artist would be able to make a much better picture from a new and perfect nest than from an old one, he employed a man to collect a number from the walls of the houses in Paris.

Upon comparing these with the old nests in his collection, Pouchet found that there had been a very great improvement in the architecture of these birds within the last fifty years. He says that the old nests are globular, or forming a segment of a sphere with a very small rounded opening, just large enough to allow the passage of the birds inhabiting it; and the accounts of all the ancient writers agree in describing this as the form of the nest in their day. The new nest is in the form of the quarter of a hollow semi-oval, this giving three flat surfaces for attachment instead of one, and affording much more room on the floor of the nest. The opening is no longer a round hole, but a long transverse slit, between the upper edge of the nest and the wall of the building to which it is attached, thus allowing the young to put their heads out and enjoy the fresh air, without interfering with the entrance and exit of the parents. M. Pouchet says that, besides the advantages of more room inside the nest, increased facilities for access and greater strength, it is also more secure from the invasion

of enemies, and better protected from the entrance of cold and rain, and is thus a decided improvement upon the old form.

Many of the naturalists who have studied the habits of birds with the greatest care have satisfied themselves that young birds are not as skillful as the old. Nearly one hundred and fifty years ago Lerory, a French naturalist who spent his life in studying the habits of the wild animals of Europe, published a book, which has lately been translated into English, on the "Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals." In this book he says that it is impossible that a constant and attentive observer should fail to remark that the nests of young birds are almost invariably ill-made and badly situated. He also shows that the best and most complicated nests are made by those species of birds whose young remain a long time in the nest, and thus have more opportunity to see how it is made. Wilson, the ornithologist, who spent his life in studying the habits of our birds, reached the same conclusion—that there is a very perceptible inferiority in the nests of young birds.

I should say more upon the progressiveness of birds, but I already have given enough space to the subject for this month. There are several remarkable nests about which I must say a few words in the next chapter, before we leave the subject of birds'-nests.

A SUMMER RIDE IN LABRADOR.

BY MRS. C. E. GROSER.

"GIRLS, girls! have you forgotten that the Gaspards are going to move to-day?" said Lizzie Wayne, as she shook her sisters vigorously by the shoulders. "I've got the loveliest idea, and I want you to help me carry it out. Do wake up!" she continued, despairingly.

"What's the matter?" said Mary, sleepily. "I'm sure it is not time to get up yet. It is not even fairly light. If you've had bad dreams, turn on your side."

"It is n't bad dreams. It's fun," said Lizzie. "I want to take our own team and kommatie and go with the Gaspards as far as Tucker's. We have n't had a dog-ride for ever so long, because, when we have been at liberty to go, the crust has been too soft; but this morning it is as hard as

ever, and we can be at home again before it can soften. I will speak to papa and get permission. Wake Alice and tell her, and hurry as fast as possible, for every moment is precious."

So saying, the merry-faced girl left the room. Tapping lightly at her father's door, she asked:

"May we have the dogs and the cruising harness, please? The Gaspards are going away to Lac Sallé, and we would like to go with them as far as Tucker's, while the snow crust remains hard."

"I'll tell you when I come down-stairs," said her father.

Back flew Lizzie to her sisters' room.

"What did papa say?" asked both girls in a breath.

"Oh, he wants to be sure about the crust, but

I'm certain he'll let us go, for he said last week that the Tuckers had been neglected, and that he wished it was possible to see them before the ice broke up altogether. I'm going to see how the Gaspards are getting along."

"We will go, too, in a few minutes."

The above conversation took place in the mission-house of St. Augustine River, in Labrador.

The three girls were the daughters of the missionary, who had lived there with his family about four years.

The little settlement which had grown up around the mission-house was used during the winter only. In the summer, the people left their sheltered quarters and lived in cabins on the various islands along the coast. There they caught, salted and cured their fish, and also traded with people from Quebec and Nova Scotia who exchanged dry-goods and provisions for fish, oil and furs.

The Gaspards, at the time of our story, were making their spring move. When Mary and Alice reached the cabin of their departing friends, they found everything in a state of confusion. The men were moving and arranging the large bundles, and articles of furniture. The children were in a state of happiness and hilarity peculiarly trying to their tired and long-suffering elders.

"You, Joe!" exclaimed the exasperated father, as he discovered his second son carrying out a bundle containing garments the children would have to wear on the journey, "if you stir from that 'ere chair, I'll make you walk half-way to Lac Sallé. So there!"

Joe was subdued for the time, but soon began to occupy himself with "washing" the face of a baby brother, who resented the insult by kicks and screams. Mary rescued the poor little fellow, and sent Joe to see if her father was coming,—just as that gentleman entered.

"Almost ready to start, eh, Mr. Gaspard?" he asked.

"Almost, sir."

"You must wrap up warmly," said Mr. Wayne. "The wind will be blowing very hard on the outside bays, I expect."

"Ah, yes, sir; I'll be keerful."

"Well, papa, have you decided to favor our scheme?" asked Lizzie.

"Yes. The crust is hard, and you would better make the most of this chance and call on the Tuckers. But you must be sure to return early, before the heat of the sun has spoiled the ice."

"We will be very careful. It is only a little past four now; by half-past four we must start from here. We can get there by half-past five, pass an hour and a half there, and return in another hour; allowing half an hour for stoppages, we can

be back easily by half-past eight. You see, I have reckoned all the pro's and con's, and have all my plans cut and dried," said Lizzie to her father.

"Come, girls," she added, "we must go and harness up the dogs."

"Ha, dogs! Hi! hi! hi!" they cried as they neared home. "Here, Spot! Mona! Black! Leo! Neptune! come out! Come, Douglas! come along. Hi! hi!"

Out tumbled the dogs, as pleased as if they were being called to breakfast instead of to work.

They capered and danced about the girls, and tumbled over one another in a very lively manner; and when the "cruising" harness, with its bright rosettes and streamers of ribbon, was brought out, they actually howled and yelped with excitement.

They knew, then, that a "cruise" with a light load was before them, and not hard work like wood-hauling. So, instead of running away and hiding in the bushes, as when the work-harness was brought out, they each tried to be first in place.

Dog harnesses are very simple,—only two rings of oxnoe (salted and dried seal-skin), one larger than the other, joined by two straps of the same material. The larger ring goes just behind the fore-legs of the dog, the smaller one around his neck; consequently, one of the connecting bands goes between his fore-legs, and the other along his back. The back strap is continued in a long string or "trace," at the end of which is a loop.

The kommatic, or sled, is made by placing two boards on edge, the fore-ends being turned up somewhat like the runners of a child's coasting sled. These form the runners, and on them are "sewed," not nailed, strips of wood called bars. These bars are generally cut in some fancy form at the ends, and are sometimes very beautifully inlaid with differently colored woods and white whalebone. The bars are placed "close together," and are sewed or lashed to the runners, because nails are apt either to start out or to split the wood when the kommatic leaps from a height upon hard ice, a sometimes happens. The string or lashing gives a little, and so prevents this danger.

The runners are shod with whalebone: not the black material used by corset-makers, but the real white bone of the whale. It is scraped and polished until it is as smooth as ivory, and makes splendid shoeing for the kommatics. No shafts are used. The part of the runner turned up is called the nose. From runner to runner, through the noses, is fastened a piece of oxnoe, so tied as to leave two ends in the middle. On one of these ends is a large whalebone button, and on the other is a loop.

When the dogs are to be attached to the kommatic, the several loops on their back-strap

are threaded on this piece of oxnoe, then the looped end is slipped over the button at the other end, and the harnessing is complete.

Kommatics have nothing to support the arms or back. They are simply long flat sleds, varying in length from twelve to fifteen feet. A buffalo-robe or bear-skin, to sit and kneel on, is lashed to the sled with a long piece of oxnoe, which is much stronger and lighter than thick rope. The dogs are driven entirely by voice and whip; there are no reins. A good head-dog, or leader, will turn at once, when ordered, in ordinary circumstances. When the driver wishes to go to the right, he calls, "Ouk! ouk! ouk!"—when to the left, "Rarrah! rarrah!"

Very quickly did our friends prepare for their journey. The dogs were harnesssed and fastened to a strong post to prevent their running away.

The whip was a curious one. It had a very short wooden handle, to which were fastened layers upon layers of oxnoe. These were gradually tapered down to a lash of one thickness of oxnoe. The whip was sufficiently long to reach the head-dog, whose trace was fully thirty feet in length.

"We are all right now, I believe," said Lizzie, "so let us go and see if the Gaspards are ready to start."

They found that Mrs. Gaspard was just about to be packed into her kommatic in the usual fashion of the Labrador women. On her sled a bottomless box, shaped something like the body of a sleigh, was securely lashed. In this was placed a feather-bed, and then she got in, and, half lying down and half supported by pillows, she was ready for the journey. Her children were stowed about her, and then blankets and comforts were tucked around them to keep them warm.

The girls packed the children in, and then, patting Master Joe on the head, and bidding him be good and not tease his little brothers and sisters, they went back to their own conveyance.

"Oh, the drags!" cried Alice. "We are going without the drags, and we can't stop the dogs suddenly without them."

"I'm very glad you remembered them," said Mr. Wayne, as he brought two large rings of thick rope and tied them to the kommatic. "Now you are all right, I think."

All this time the dogs had been keeping up a series of screams, barks, yells and whines, almost deafening. At last the word was given to start: the dogs were loosed; and away dashed the kommatic down the bank to the river as fast as the animals could gallop.

"Hold on tightly until we are clear of the ridges of ice on the edge of the river, or you will be thrown off," cried Lizzie, who was foremost of the girls.

"All right!" they cried. "We are enjoying the bouncing famously."

The other team had started a few minutes before, and was about half a mile ahead.

"These dogs are nearly crazy, I think," said Alice. "They race as if possessed. I wonder whether we shall overtake the Gaspards before they get to the Pocashoe River?"

"Indeed we shall; we are fast gaining on them now. I don't want our dogs to get mixed with theirs, or we shall have a fight to quell. All the dogs are so fresh that it would be hard work to separate them," said Lizzie.

"Well, let us try to get ahead, out of their way," said Mary.

"Is not the air delightful—so fresh, clear and still?" said Alice.

"Yes, indeed; and see how the sun throws a crimson glow over the snow, and how the little particles of ice glitter and sparkle!"

"Who would imagine that it was the sixth of June?" said Lizzie. "Does n't it seem strange, when we think of sleigh-riding in June? They are eating peas and strawberries in New York, and are probably complaining already of the hot weather. Dear, dear! It seems so strange!" and Lizzie fell into a deep reverie over warmer climes. She was aroused by the dogs uttering quick, short yelps as they found they were overtaking the other team.

"Haw! haw! ha—aw!" cried the girls, endeavoring to stop them.

"Quick! The drags!" cried Lizzie. "Oh dear, I do believe that we must let them fight. It is too bad."

"I can't untie the drags!" cried Mary. "There, I've got them off at last: there they are."

"It's no use," said Lizzie. "They can't be stopped now."

"Don't attempt to get off, or they may throw you down, and kill you in the fight. They don't care who or what is bitten, so long as they bite something!" cried Mr. Gaspard, as he jumped from his kommatic.

"All right!" said the girls. "Be careful about yourself!" they screamed, as the bold fisherman went into the thick of the fight and dealt vigorous blows with the thick butt-end of his whip, so forcibly as to send several of the dogs howling away as far as their traces would allow them. The girls kept these dogs apart by means of their long whip. At last the fight was over, and sore and howling the teams started again.

The Waynes now took the lead at a good quick dog-trot.

Their way lay along the Pocashoe River. It was only a few hundred yards wide, and was shaded by

trees of spruce and fir, so it looked more like a magnificent carriage-way than a river.

All went along peacefully; the two kommatics kept within hailing distance, and a stream of merry jest and banter flowed freely.

"When we get to the portage, I want you to go first, Mr. Gaspard," said Lizzie. "You know the way better than we. We will drive a little way up the river, past the entrance of the portage, so that

remarked. "Me 'n' George drove Spot and Leo, t'other day, and they turned when we wanted 'em to. I just called 'Ouk! ouk!' and they went to the right side, and I called 'Rarah! rarah!' and they went to the left side."

"That was because they were well trained, Joe," said Lizzie. "They did what was told them, and did n't stop to ask why, as boys do sometimes. They obeyed at once and asked no questions."



CAPSIZED IN THE SNOW.

you can enter without having to pass our dogs. When you 're safely in, we 'll turn and follow you."

"Very well. I guess we wont have much trouble, the going is so good," returned Mr. Gaspard. "Here you, Joe!" he exclaimed, "where are you going?" and, catching that young man by the back of his coat-collar, he hauled him off the edge of the sled.

"I want to ride like Miss Lizzie and Miss Mary," said Joe. "They can jump off and run when they want to," he added, wistfully.

"Joe!" cried Miss Mary, "would you like to ride with us through the portage?"

Joe readily accepted the invitation, and in a few moments was snugly seated among the girls.

"Miss Mary, I can drive dogs," he gravely

"How do they drive horses, Miss Mary?" asked Joe, anxious to change the subject. "Do they drive 'em like dogs?"

"They put an iron bit into the horse's mouth, and fasten to it lines called reins. When they pull on these lines, to either the left or right, the horse goes in the direction of the pull."

"How funny!" said Joe. "Is a horse very much larger than a dog? I've seen pictures of horses, but they are all little sizes."

Here Mary gave Joe a full and minute description of the horse—an animal almost unknown in Labrador—and the method of driving it.

According to the plan laid down, Mr. Gaspard entered the portage first; and as the dogs had lost their first freshness and settled into their ordinary

rot, no more fights were feared. The portage was simply a way through the woods, saving a long journey around. Except that some trees had been cut down in this road, there was no difference between it and the forest.

The snow was deep enough to cover the stumps of the felled trees, and as the portage had been used all winter and the snow crust was still hard, the party had no difficulty in following it.

"Is it not lovely in the woods?" said Mary. "Let the dogs walk through, Lizzie, so that we can enjoy it as long as possible."

So they traveled more slowly, talking and laughing and delighting themselves in the free air, and fell back quite a distance behind the others.

At the end of the portage, leading to the bay, was a long, steep hill. So steep was it that Mr. Gaspard decided to take the dogs from his kommatic, and, letting them scramble down as best they could, himself guide the sled down, coasting fashion. This he did, and then, calling his dogs together, he proceeded to hitch them up again.

But the dogs were loath to leave their rolling upon the snow. Therefore, by the time Mr. Gaspard had secured them all, and was fastening them to the kommatic, the girls had nearly reached the top of the hill.

The young people were so engrossed in pleasant chatter that they did not notice how near they were to the end of the portage.

The first intimation they had of it was a wild howl of delight from their dogs, who descried their late foes and rushed frantically toward them.

"Oh, Mary, hand the drags over!" cried Lizzie. "The dogs will be past the top of the hill before we can check them, and we certainly shall be thrown off!"

Mary passed the drags, and Lizzie quickly slipped them over the noses of the kommatic; but it was of no use.

"Hold on as tightly as you can, but have yourselves quite free from everything, so as to be able to jump if the kommatic should be overturned," said Mary. "Joe, hold on to my dress, and I will put an arm around you," she continued.

The sled now began the descent. Fast and masterly it went, and Lizzie saw that it was overtaking the dogs, and, of course, would be overturned.

"Jump!" she cried, and, suiting the action to the word, she sprang from her seat into the deep snow.

The others followed, and, rolling and tumbling, they slid down as far as some bushes and felled trees. Here they stopped, panting and breathless, and reviewed the situation.

As soon as they had recovered breath sufficiently, they laughed heartily at their ridiculous appear-

ance. Lizzie still firmly grasped the whip with one hand. With the other she had caught at a branch of a spruce-tree which had broken off, leaving in her grasp a green trophy of the leap. Mary had one arm around little Joe, who was kicking vigorously to get loose and help himself. And Alice, who had rolled farther, was looking ruefully at a rent caused by Master Joe's feet.

Mr. Gaspard saw the accident, and came running up the hill at a great rate, to assure himself that they were unhurt.

"We are all right, Mr. Gaspard," cried the girls when they saw him; "not hurt a bit."

"How are we to get down the rest of the hill?" asked Alice.

"Slide down, to be sure," said Lizzie. "The snow is too slippery to walk on, the dogs and sled are at the foot of the hill, so we can't ride; therefore nothing remains but to slide."

So they bestrode some loose branches, and down they went, laughing and enjoying the fun, and in a few moments had reached the sled.

After more laughing and joking, they regained their seats, put Joe back with his mother, and bidding one another good-bye, the teams separated.

The Waynes now became very quiet, for "good-bye," even if said for only a short time, has a depressing effect upon the spirits. However, as they neared the island on which stood the cabin of the Tuckers, they became chatty again, and were all right when, after giving their dogs in charge of a boy, they sat around a hot stove asking and answering questions.

Mrs. Tucker piled the already nearly red-hot stove full of wood, and set about getting breakfast.

"I'm sorry not to have anything nice to give you; but all our salt pork is gone, and we've nothing now but some fresh trout caught t'other day."

"Don't apologize at all, Mrs. Tucker. We're as hungry as bears, and can eat almost anything," said Alice.

The fish was fried in seal-oil, and the tea was made from spruce-boughs. Still they managed to satisfy their hunger, even although butter was wanting and the bread was sour, having been made with old leaven instead of yeast.

After breakfast, Alice, who had been told by the children that "down the bay there were lots of clams uncovered by snow," and knowing her father to be particularly fond of these shell-fish, determined to get a few for him; so, accompanied by the children, she set out, leaving her older sisters to be entertained by the other members of the family.

"Don't stay long," said Mary. "We must start very soon, or the crust will be soft."

"I will be very quick," said Alice.

"We will call you in half an hour, and you must return at once, clams or no clams," said Lizzie.

"All right!" said Alice.

Half an hour soon passed, and Lizzie went to the door to call the clam-pickers, but not one was in sight. She called, but there was no answer.

"Oh dear, it is too bad!" she said. "Mary, come and help me call them."

So both girls united their voices, and called over

any quantity of clams, and picked a whole bucketful. I'm sure papa will enjoy them very much."

"Yes, if we are able to get home to give them to him," said Lizzie. "Good-bye, friends! we must start at once."

So our heroines whipped up their dogs and began their journey in right good earnest.

The going was much more difficult now than before. The crust was already beginning to melt, and the dogs had all they could do to get along.



"THE DOGS BECAME FRANTIC AT SIGHT OF THE DEER."

and over again until they were almost hoarse, but to no purpose.

"I would leave her here until to-morrow, if it were really safe; but the river may be open by that time," said Mary.

"Well, we'll put the dogs into harness, so as not to have to wait when they do come," said Lizzie. This was done, and both girls were ready to start; but still there was no sign of the wanderers.

Another quarter of an hour went by, and just as Lizzie had determined to go in search of them, they made their appearance, quite unconscious that they had been giving their friends such anxiety.

"I'm very sorry," said Alice, penitently, when all had been hastily explained to her. "We found

Just as they were nearly across the bay, and the girls were comforting themselves with the thought of a nice ride through the portage, where the sun had not yet been able to soften the crust, their dogs began to whine impatiently. Raising their noses in the air, and sniffing eagerly, the animals with one consent suddenly veered around, and almost flew over the snow.

"Oh dear! they have scented something. We must try to get them turned around," said Mary; and she applied her whip vigorously, and all cried, "Ha, ha, ha, dogs!" to try to stop the excited animals.

"Now, how provoking!" said Lizzie. "I wonder what they have scented—probably a partridge."

"No, it is a deer," said Alice, pointing to a beautiful stag bounding across the bay before them.

The dogs became frantic at sight of the deer, and the girls, knowing they could not stop them now, did not even try to put on the drags.

All held on as if for dear life. On, on went the deer, and on, on went the dogs!

"Where shall we be taken to?" cried Alice, in dismay.

"The deer is going toward the woods," said Lizzie, re-assuringly. "If the ice is good, and we can reach there safely, we shall be all right, for we can stop the dogs then."

The ice bore well, and the sled reached the edge of the bay in safety.

"Now, hold fast, while we go up the bank into the woods," cried Lizzie, "and then we are all right."

Up the bank they went, tumble and bump, and at last reached the woods. Lizzie then dexterously steered the kommatic in such a way that it ran with its front bars against a tree, the noses of the runners being one on either side of the trunk.

So the dogs were effectually stopped, for they could not pull the tree down; and, howling with rage and disappointment, they only tugged fruitlessly at their traces, while the deer bounded safely away into the woods. The girls waited until the dogs had quieted a little, and then turned the kommatic toward home.

It was a weary, weary journey. The sun had melted the snow so much that in many places it was only slush, and the girls were obliged to walk until they got to the bank of their own river, on the other side of which stood the mission-house.

Walked? Why, it hardly could be called walking; it was wading—wading up to the waist in snow slush!

Oh, how joyfully they caught sight of the familiar home buildings!

"I'm sure I can never walk across there," said Alice, gazing at the river. "It's nearly a mile, and I'm so tired I can hardly stand."

"We must none of us try to walk," said Mary, gravely. "Listen! The ice is breaking-up farther up the river; we must get across before it breaks-up here."

The three girls turned pale. This was more than they had reckoned on.

With a silent prayer in each heart, they seated

themselves once more in the kommatic, and started. The dogs, encouraged by the sight of home, quickened their pace and bounded forward.

"Hold on for dear life!" said Mary. "It is *really for life* this time."

Louder and louder grew the sound of the breaking ice, and more and more the girls urged on their dogs. The excitement was now very great, and two-thirds of the distance was already passed, when a loud crack behind caused them to turn their heads. To their dismay, they saw a line of blue water where the ice had parted. The struggle began to seem hopeless.

The people on shore now joined in calling the dogs. Faster and faster they went, but still hardly fast enough.

"Oh, my elams!" cried Alice. "The bucket has been jerked off, and they have been scattered and lost behind."

"Oh, bother the clams!" said Lizzie. "If it had n't been for them, we should be all right by this time."

"Yes," I know," said Alice, penitently. "But 't is too bad, nevertheless!"

And now, in spite of urging, the pace of the dogs begins to slacken. All hearts turn chill with fear. What can they do? The blue line is growing wider and wider. Can they get ashore in time?

Suddenly, the missionary starts forward, and, seizing an axe that lies near, he runs toward the scaffold where the dogs' food is kept. Hastily mounting the ladder, he chops up some meat and throws it to the ground; the dogs on shore gather around and eagerly devour it. Still the missionary chops and throws down great pieces of the whale-flesh, shouting to the kommatic dogs all the time.

The panting creatures see him, and see also the dogs on shore eating as fast as possible; and, fearful of being too late for their share, they make a last desperate effort, and reach the shore safe and sound with their precious freight!

It was a joyful meeting, and everybody felt as if death had been almost in their midst.

Within ten minutes of the girls' arrival, the river was a mass of floating ice.

But, in spite of their grave thoughts, they all teased Alice about the lost elams.

"Well," said she, "if I had not got the clams, we would all have missed an adventure. So there!"

LITTLE PEERY; OR, WHAT IT CAME TO.

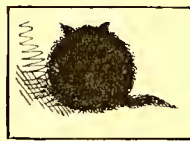
It was very funny, and I'll tell you how it happened. While busy at work, I heard a wee little noise, and went to see what it was. After looking a long while, I saw something like picture No. 1. What could it be? A period? No, for after getting closer, a little tail peeped out, as you



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

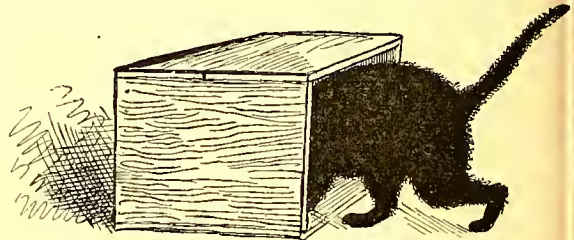
see in No. 2. I thought it must be a comma; but, looking again, it was like No. 3—one long tail and two short ones. What do you suppose it was? I looked once more, and—mercy! One long tail, and one, two,



No. 5.

three, four, five, six short ones. "Perhaps it's alive," said little Johnny, and, sure enough, the next minute out it popped. What! A cat? Yes, here is its picture (No. 5), true to life, and, oh! so black it might

have been in mourning for a whole family. Ethel named it "Peery," because it looked so much like a period when she first saw it; so we all called it Peery. Is n't that a queer name?



No. 6.

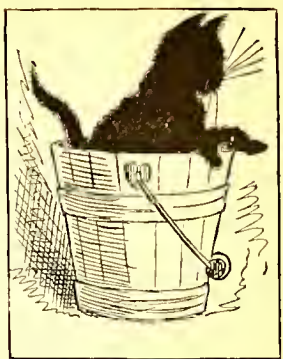
Well, Peery had n't been here long before he crawled into a box like the one you see here (No. 6). Did you ever hear of such a very funny kitty? But when he fell into the pail (picture No. 7), Johnny burst a button off with laughing. You will see in No. 8 how Peery looked in getting out of the pail, all wet.



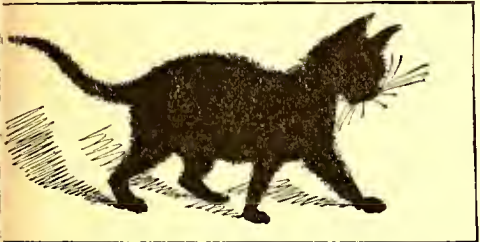
No. 7.

Well, this strange specimen of a cat stayed with us all day, and cut up the oddest little tricks—rolling on its back, getting under foot, playing with Johnny's ball, and running off with mamma's handkerchief. Once it was lost

in the work-box; but when grandma thought it was a ball of black yarn, and tried to pick it up, she soon found that the ball had claws, and dropped it very quickly. And then Peery picked up the real ball of yarn, which had rolled on the floor, and scampered off into a corner, where he tangled the thread so much with his sharp claws, that Johnny had to wind it all up again. When it was all wound, Johnny



No. 8.

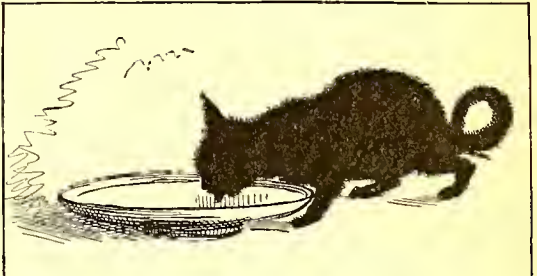


No. 9.

began to scold and tease him, but Peery ran away and hid under the book-shelves. And he would not come out till Johnny tied a string to a little chip of wood, and dragged it before the shelves. Then Peery suddenly

jumped out at it, as if it were a mouse.

When night came, little Peery looked so much like the dark that we thought him lost this time, sure enough, until he began meou-meou-meouing (No. 9), and walking



No. 10.

about like the Black Prince, when they got it some milk; and here's that funny black Peery eating it (No. 10). See his tail curled up like a letter O. Poor Peery! he ate and ate and ate, growing fatter and fatter, until he could hardly see out of his eyes. But you never

could guess where he went to sleep. Why, right in the saucer! See him!

But Peery had an end, and so must my story. He looks so nice and comfortable in the saucer, that we will leave him there sound asleep.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WARM day? Yes, indeed,—quite warm; and so I'll give you a nice cool word to look at:

ICE

As soon as you have looked at it long enough, and begin to feel chilly, run to the fire, my chicks, and take all the comfort you can. Then, when you've taken all the comfort you can, and begin to feel lazy, prick yourself briskly with the freezing-point of a thermometer, and rejoice that your Jack did n't ask you to name the kingdom to which ice belongs,—mineral, vegetable, or animal.

Why, in my opinion, the Jack who would ask his chicks such a thing as that during the dog-days, deserves to be dragged out of his pulpit.

PRESSING FLOWERS.

THE Little Schoolma'am, a few days ago, was showing the children how to press flowers; and she passed around two specimens, in perfect condition, which were pressed last summer in her fashion. Perhaps your Jack may as well give you a hint of it.

Her plan is to take a sheet of thin cotton-batting and lay the flowers carefully on it, covering them with another sheet, and then putting the whole under slight pressure. Sometimes, when the flowers are thick, and contain a good deal of moisture, she puts them in fresh cotton the next day, and after that does not disturb them. But in pressing nearly all the small flowers, the cotton

need not be changed at all, and not even opened until the flowers are preserved.

I noticed that the Little Schoolma'am's pressed flowers had a soft, bright look. She groups the long-stemmed ones prettily in vases, or lays them between sheets of thin glass, and hangs them in her windows in the winter, she says. They have n't at all the poor, pinched, faded, flattened look of flowers prepared in other ways.

The Little Schoolma'am presses green leaves and ribbon-grass in the same way, keeping their color perfectly; and she told the children that when they wanted to pile a number of these double cotton layers together, it was better to lay a sheet of blotting-paper in between the sets. Sometimes she lays tissue paper between the flowers and the cotton; but it is of the thinnest kind.

DISCONTENT.

"DISCONTENT is not always a bad quality. It is well to be contented with some things, but better to be discontented with others,—contented with the good things around you, and discontented with the bad things within you. If there is any hope of your being able to improve yourself in any way, or better any course of action, by all means be discontented with your present plan."

That is what I heard the Deacon saying to the old and young folks the other day. And I could n't help nodding when he added:

"Some of the greatest improvements in civilization, and the noblest advances in human intercourse, have been brought about by a spirit of active discontent."

But be careful, my youngsters, how you handle this bit of advice. If you take hold of it at the right end, and don't swing it too far, it will be useful to you.

ROBIN HOOD CLUBS.

WHAT do you think Jack saw the other day? What but a row of little birds perched on the top of a target? They seemed to be holding a consultation over it. After a while, one of them flew down and began to peck at the bright red and blue rings with which it was painted. At length, he poked his bill into a round hole which had been made by an arrow; he seemed to suspect something, for he instantly flew back to the top and joined his companions. And then such a clatter as there was! Finally, they all flew off with a business-like air, as if something must be attended to at once.

But they need not have been frightened; the boys and girls of the red school-house are nearly all Bird-defenders. Never a little wing shall stop fluttering on account of their arrows.

The youngsters have a Robin Hood Club to which girls as well as boys are admitted, and every Saturday they bring their bows and arrows and shoot at the target in a great prize match,—the prize generally being an orange, or something of that sort,—and nearly every afternoon they practice for an hour or so. It is a great delight to the girls, and no little enjoyment to the boys, although

find that the latter often prefer a good race or a fine of ball, to archery practice.

Jack is glad to see that this beautiful sport is nowadays being revived, and so long as the Robin hoods are careful and do not put out one another's eyes, there is no reason why they should not have a fair amount of fun in the sport.

The boys of the red school-house club wear green tunics for uniform, with little green caps. Each girl also wears a green cap, with the addition of a sash of the same color passed over the left shoulder.

A BOY WITH HIS EYES OPEN.

DEAR JACK: I wish some of your little folks could take walks with a boy of my acquaintance, named Frank. They would find me going on around them that they had ever dreamed of.

A while ago we were out walking, and heard some blue-jays making unusual noise. I thought it was only bird-talk; but Frank said something was wrong with them, and we soon found four blue-jays hitting an enormous owl.

Frank is a bit of a naturalist, and naturalists notice what other people would never see or hear. One evening when it was quite dark, Frank and I were returning from a walk, when he stopped and listened intently. I did the same, only he heard something and I didn't. Presently, he went and threw his hat up into a tree, and when it came down we found that the tree was swarming with beetles. Frank had heard them fifty or sixty feet off!

I wish you could have seen us at another time. We were lying at length in the long grass, and three fine night-hawks (whip-poor-wills) were sailing over us. Every little while they would swoop down quite near to us, like arrows, their fall making a noise at once like the wind moaning, and then quick and clear like the hiss of a bullet; and then they would rise up again with a loud, sharp cry. They were after insects. We found one that had been shot. It was larger in body than a robin. Its wings, when closed, were longer than its tail, its legs were small, its eyes were large and flat, and its mouth opened wide enough to take in several beetles at once. These facts show that the bird lived on insects, catching them in the air, and seeing very well and very far.

Frank carries with him a bottle filled with alcohol, and he may be looking to some one, when off he will rush after an insect of some kind to put into his bottle as a specimen. He will tear around the droom at night for beetles that have flown in.

I do not want to convey the idea that Frank is either odd or a book-worm; no, he is a tall, athletic fellow, with a love for study, and exercise, and sport very equally balanced. He is good at many sports, besides being quite a society chap. Above all, he is a keen observer of nature; and so he enjoys himself, and learns something new every day. Tell your boys about him, Mr. Jack, and induce all to follow his example, who are not already in the ranks of young naturalists.—Yours truly, T. S.

THE FIERY TEARS OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BEFORE vacation, I heard Deacon Green tell some of the big girls and boys that he hoped they could take voyages about the sky during some of the warm summer evenings; for Mr. Proctor's charts and descriptions made it easy work to get acquainted with the queer people and grim monsters the professor finds among the stars.

Then the Deacon got talking about meteors,—remember telling you something about them yourself in October, 1874,—but here is what the deacon said:

"Showers of meteors fall at certain seasons of the year: about the 9th to the 14th of August, and the 12th to the 14th of November. At one time, the August shower was supposed to have some reference to the martyrdom of brave old St. Lawrence, for that good man's death took place on the 10th of the month, and so these meteors were called 'the fiery tears of St. Lawrence.' But the latest news about them is —"

Your Jack did n't catch the end of the explanation, my chicks, and, as the Deacon is on his holiday tour, I'd be obliged if some of you would inquire into the matter, and let me know what you have found out, before this month's shower actually falls. For, when I have learned the "latest news" about these meteors, perhaps it won't be so unnerving to lean back in my lonely pulpit and watch them darting about the sky.

WHICH ARE THE SWIMMERS?

LAST month, I am told, Dr. Hunt gave lessons in swimming to all the ST. NICHOLAS readers who are not swimmers already. I wonder how many of you know of the great numbers of swimmers there are in the world besides fishes and human beings?

Of course you all are aware that most dogs can swim; but how about other animals? Have you ever looked into this matter?

Once the Deacon, in his travels, saw a tiger swimming magnificently. (So you may set this quadruped down among the first on your list.) The creature, says the Deacon, put one paw first into the stream, as if to ascertain the direction of the current, and then plunged in as though water were his native element.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

Montclair, N. J., July 14, 1877.

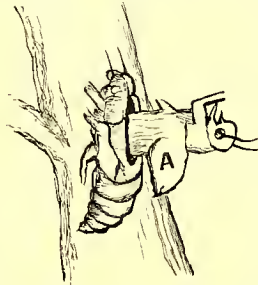
DEAR JACK: The locusts have made their appearance in our neighborhood, but I have not yet heard what extent of country they cover. They are the "seventeen-year locusts," and, correct in their calculations as to the time promised for another visit, here they are. We have been very much interested in watching them emerge from their shells or cases, in which they come up out of the ground, where they have been all these years.

After the larva has attached itself to a tree, or something to which it can cling securely, the locust splits the case part way down the back, and draws out first its head and fore-legs; these parts it throws backward almost at a right angle to the grub. Remaining in this position several minutes (we thought it must certainly lose its balance and fall to the ground), the locust moves its legs, stretching them, and strengthening them by exposure to the air, until it is able to draw itself up. Then it clings to the almost empty case, and, with a strong pull, extricates the rest of its body, when it hangs limp, and apparently tired out with the exertion. The wings gradually unfold to their full size, and in a little while the locust is strong enough to crawl away from its deserted shell.

Locusts are very light in color when they first come out, but they rapidly change, and become quite dark.

The woods are noisy with their whirring, but we do not expect any damage from them. Indeed, some old farmers declare that locusts do not injure the trees upon which they take refuge, beyond killing a few twigs; and it is a common saying that, after a locust year, we have next year an unusually large apple crop, and other fruit-trees seem to profit by the visit.

I wish I could draw the locusts in their various positions. They come out at night, as, in their weak state at first, they certainly would fall a prey to the birds if they should come out in the day-time. Those that we saw, had been brought into the house by my brother in the afternoon, and we looked at them during the evening, holding a candle near them, that we might see all the changes. I can't resist sending you this rough drawing, that you may see how straight out from its case the locust was for a while. The part marked A is the wing as it first appeared.—Yours truly, H. M. D.



THE LETTER-BOX.

Yung Cho, North China, April 4, 1877.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in China, fifteen miles from Peking. One of our aunts sends us the ST. NICHOLAS. We think it is splendid, and mamma says she does not know how she amused us before it came. We read it every evening. I have just read Susie's letter of July, '74. Will you tell her the Chinese are very nice. I have some very dear friends among them. I shall be very sorry to leave them when I go to America to go to school.

I can use chop-sticks very well. I am eleven years old, my sister Abbie is nine, my brother Eddie seven, my sister May is five, and my little brother Tedie is one year old. My oldest brother and youngest sister have gone to live with Jesus.

Abbie, Eddie and May wish to join the army of Bird-defenders. We will not let our cats catch birds; we took away five from them last summer. We feed a large flock of sparrows every day; they have staid with us all winter. The poor Chinese women think it a waste, but mamma says we are taught lessons of trust by the way they come every day for their food.

I send you a picture which one of my friends gave me. The Chinese put them up at New Year to make their homes bright.

We study with mamma every forenoon, and in the afternoon study a little Chinese. I send you a little book which I am learning to read. I help teach the little girls who come to Sunday-school.

I can ride a horse, and have ridden to Peking on a donkey many times.

I went to America when I was four years old. I hope when I go next time I shall see you.—Your loving little friend.

LULU E. CHAPIN.

We thank Lulu for her pleasant letter, and the Chinese paper and book. We wish all our young readers could see this Chinese "Reader" from which Lulu studies, and we shall be glad when she can send us a translation of one of its pages.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR PROCTOR ON THE
SEA-SERPENT.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I see in your "Letter-Box" a paragraph about the sea-serpent, inserted at the request of one of your young correspondents. The paragraph does not quite correctly represent what I actually said; but that does not much matter. I think it may interest your readers, however, to jot down a few facts, some of which are not commonly known, I believe, while others are commonly overlooked or forgotten. In passing let me remark that the circumstances mentioned in the paragraph were quoted from an essay by Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known Scottish naturalist.

1. A great number of foolish stories have been told about the sea-serpent by anonymous hoaxers, so that—

2. Persons of known name are apt to be ashamed, rather than otherwise, to describe any sea-creature (or appearance) which they supposed to be the sea-serpent. Yet—

3. In 1817, eleven Massachusetts witnesses of good repute gave evidence on oath before magistrates (one of whom corroborated the evidence from his own observation) about a serpentine sea-creature seventy or eighty feet long, seen in some cases within a few yards. It presented all the features afterward described by the officers of the "Dædalus."

4. In 1833 five British officers record a similar experience.

5. In 1848 the captain of a British frigate sent to the Admiralty an official description of such a creature, seen (by himself and his officers) traveling past his ship, close by, so that he "could have recognized the features" of a human person at the distance "with the naked eye."

6. Captain Harrington and his officers saw such a creature in 1858 under such circumstances that he says: "I could no more be deceived than (as a seaman) I could mistake a porpoise for a whale."

7. The story last related, marvelous though it is (rejected by myself on that account, when first received, as a probable hoax), has been deposited on oath by all who were on board the "Pauline" at the time. The captain of the "Pauline" writes to me that, instead of being anxious to tell the story, he, and his officers and crew, were in twenty minds to keep it to themselves, knowing that they would be exposed to ridicule, and worse.

8. It is certain that creatures of the kind—*i. e.*, not sea-serpents, which few believe in, but sea-saurians—were formerly numerous. (See Lyell's "Students' Geology,"—*Lias, Plesiosaurus Dolichodectrus.*)

9. Of other creatures, numerous at the same time, occasional living specimens are still found. (See Lyell—*Lias Chimæra.*)

10. Agassiz ("Zoologist," p. 2395) states that it would be in precise conformity with analogy that such an animal as the Enaliosaurus

(which, see Professor Winchell's "Sketches of Creation," p. 178 would precisely resemble the sea-sepent as described) should exist still in the American seas.

11. Of several existent sea creatures only very few specimens have ever been seen (in some cases only one).

With these, and many like facts before us, we may believe that the above-mentioned observers were deceived, and doubt whether any Enaliosaurus continue to exist. But there is no scientific reason for denying the possibility of their existing, and being occasionally seen. The foolish stories told by hoaxers have no bearing on the case one way or the other; at least, they *should* have no bearing with those who can reason aright.

Yours truly,

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Indianapolis, Indiana, June 4, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Speaking of a sentence containing a number of that's as a "that sentence," as "Stanley" did, I send you one that excels Lida B. Graves's.

John said in speaking of that "that," that that "that" that the "that sentence" contained was a conjunction. Thus I put eight "that's" together.—Yours truly,

ALBERT PORTER.

Washington, D. C., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy only thirteen years of age, and live in Washington, D. C., right across the street from the Capitol Park. The day that Governor Hayes was inaugurated there were at least 1,000,000 people over to the Capitol to see him. It was a glorious sight to see the great building all decorated with flags and to see the people there. During the day, the procession passing along in front of the building, left Governor Hayes at the Capitol. They went down Capitol Hill after his speech to take him down to the White House. When he was going to the White House I was in a great crowd, and I managed to get clear up in the front; when the crowd pressed, so as to get a peep at him, they pushed me right up to him so close that the back he was in ran over my toes almost. In the night-time they had a torch-light procession which was a great deal over a mile long,—say, about one mile and three-quarters long,—and about six men across. It was the most glorious sight I ever witnessed. I guess that a lot of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would have liked to see it.—Very respectfully,

WALTER DODGE.

ALICE R.—Your fraud has been discovered in many quarters. The story was stolen from Mace's "Fairy Tales." You will oblige us by never again sending anything to ST. NICHOLAS, as we cannot depend upon your honesty.

Philadelphia, January 21, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me by whom homœopathic medicine was invented and when?—Yours respectfully,

A. E.

The system of medicine known as homœopathy came from the experiments and discoveries of Samuel Christian Frederick Hahnemann. It had long been known that certain substances, if administered to persons in health, produced certain symptoms of disease, and many medical men had experimented in the matter long before Hahnemann was born, so that it cannot be said that any one invented homœopathy. Hahnemann was the first to make thorough examination of this matter, and the first to publish a full account of the discoveries that led to the system of medicine called the homœopathic treatment. Hahnemann was born in Meissen, Saxony, April 10, 1755, and died in Paris July 2, 1843. His first publications on homœopathy were issued in 1796.

THE following are the answers to the French riddles sent by Julia H. George, and printed in our last "Letter-Box:"

First: Mon premier est le premier de son espèce; mon second est le seul de son espèce, et mon tout est ce que je ne veux pas vous dire. (Adieu.)

Second: Mon premier est un animal domestique; mon second est ce que les dames n'aiment pas découvrir en elles-mêmes, et mon tout est une union. (Mariage.)

Third: Pourquoi l'Impératrice a-t-elle quitté Paris avec un dentiste? (A cause de ses dents,—*Sédan.*)

Carondelet (or South St. Louis), Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother has a young setter—he is a Gordon setter. He will bring me a stick, haul a wagon or sled, hold a piece of bread or meat on his nose until we tell him to take it, or when we count five, and then he will catch it in his mouth. He will jump over a stick, through a hoop, and play hide-and-seek with us. He goes down the street every evening to get my brother's lunch-basket, and brings it into the house; and he brings in the paper every morning. We also have two cats and five chickens. My cousin and I play Indians; we have wooden guns, pistols, daggers, tomahawks, and we have bags for blankets; we paint them. We each have a jamois leather cap with fur, feathers, and beads on; we also have bows and arrows. We dug a hole in the ground about two feet deep and built a house over it. We cook eggs, onions, potatoes, batter-pies, and meat in it. We made buckets out of tin cans, and put wire handles in them; we made a gridiron out of wire, and plates out of the bottoms of tin cans. May be some other fellows and their sisters would like to know about it.—Yours truly,
P. D. NOEL.

The Ridge, Dover Plains, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a picture of a horse and a scare-crow which I have drawn with my pen from memory of what I saw last summer. I suppose city children hardly know what a scare-crow is. I will tell them. It is old clothes stuffed with straw or hay to resemble a man, and stuck upon a stick in a corn-field to keep the crows away from the corn when searching for grubs. One day last summer I saw one of our horses go through open bars to our corn-field to examine a scare-crow. You know a horse when he sees anything strange will walk slowly toward it, going nearer and

can readily get at its principle of construction. Instead of Will saying: "Jack, give me a bite of your apple," as Wills sometimes do, he now says: "Ookja, iwega ema a teba of oorya oopplea." "Broadway" is "Oodwaybraw." Of course every new language must have its poetry, and this one has shown its poetic side. The following verse I know you will admit is quite touching:

"OOKJA AND ILLJA.

"Ookja and Illja went oopwa the illha
To etga a ailpa of ooterva,
Ookja fell ownda and ookebra his oncra,
And Illja came umblingta artera."

Mark Twain says the Italians spell a great deal better than they pronounce. Unlike the Italians these, these—"Ookja's" and "Illja's" pronounce a great deal better than they spell.

The only rule I can give you for pronouncing the words in this new jargon is to give the final A a prolonged ah sound, like the A in after. In fact, the language seems to be made up of "oo's" and "ah's." Now that the boys have a secret language, I suppose secret meetings will be in order; and, dear me, I don't know what will come next. What with their initials, slang, and now this new rignamole, why their own fathers and mothers cannot talk to them if it keeps on.
J. B. D.

Brooklyn, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell the Little Schoolma'am as I was wandering in the cemetery at Riverhead last summer, I came across the following history written on a tombstone, which I copied, thinking it might interest her:

"CAPT. JAMES FANNING,

"Died 1776, in the 98th year of his age.

"He was the great-grandson of Dominius Fanning, who was mayor of a city in Ireland (under Charles I); was taken prisoner at the battle of Drogheda, 1649; all the garrison, except himself, put to the sword. He was beheaded by Cromwell; his head stuck upon a pole at the principal gate of the city; his property confiscated, because when Charles II. made proclamation of peace, as member of the Irish Council, he advised not to accept unless the British Government would secure to the Irish their religion, their property, and their lives.—*O'Conner's History.*

"His son, Edmund, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, married Catherine, daughter of Hugh Hays, Earl of Connaught, and emigrated to this country with his family, consisting of his wife Catherine, two sons, Thomas and William, and two servants, Lahorne and Orna. Settled in Stonington, Ct. William, in a battle with the Indians, was killed by King William, who split his head open with a tomahawk. Thomas had a daughter, Catherine Page, and one son, James; this Capt. James Fanning served under Great Britain, which government was at war with France; married Hannah Smith, of Smithtown; had five sons and four daughters, viz., Phineas, Thomas, Gilbert, Edmund, James, Catherine, Bertha, Sally and Nancy.

Phineas had a son, Phineas, who graduated at Yale College, 1768, two of whose sons are now living, 1850, viz: William Fanning in New York City, and P. W. Fanning in Wilmington, N. C. His wife Hannah, son Thomas, and daughter Catherine, buried beside their father. Gilbert settled in Stonington, Ct. Edmund became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, where he held large estate. James settled on Long Island, had two sons, John and James; the latter was a merchant of years, residing three miles east of Riverhead, had five sons, four of whom are now living; the elder, James, died at Moriches in his seventy-second year, 1748. Nathaniel resides in town of South Hampton; two—Manasseh and Israel—reside in Riverhead town, and the fifth son, Joshua Fanning, physician in Greenvort, Southold town. Sally Fanning married Captain Josiah Lupton, Catherine married a Mumford, Bertha married a Terry, and Nancy married Major John Wickham."

Now, dear Little Schoolma'am, is n't that a long inscription for a tombstone? It is said by the old folks of the town that Edmund Fanning brought over the first summer pear-tree that ever was in this country, and that he brought it over in a wash-tub. The tree is now living and bears fruit.—Your friend,
GUSSIE C. DE VINNE.

Schenectady, March 12, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter, and tell you about a paper we have in school. I go to a private school with about five other children. And I thought that perhaps some of



THE HORSE AND THE SCARE-CROW. (DRAWN BY H. M. R. L.)

arer, putting out his head to smell it, and when he is satisfied he always goes away. Our horse did so, and I have tried to draw the scene with my pen for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Excuse all imperfections. I am a little girl not yet twelve years of age.—Your young correspondent,
H. M. R. L.

Compton, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for some time, and we are always glad to see you. I think it is nicer to make butter in a little than in one of those little toy churns. I have made it several times, and I do not think it takes an hour to churn it. I will tell you how to do it. Put some cream (it is not necessary that it should be in a bottle with a large opening, and after tightly corking it, shake well until the butter comes. If you have not too large a bottle, do not make too hard work of it, it is not so very tiresome. You must shake it until the butter is pretty well gathered together, and after washing it, etc., as B. H. W. describes in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, I think you will have some nice butter. I am thirteen years old.—Your friend,
LILY M. COCHRANE.

Cincinnati, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Has the new language reached you yet? I mean the one that is used only by the boys and girls. I have met very few "grown-ups" who attempt to speak it at all; but it is astonishing how quickly the younger people take it up. Below I will give a sample or two of the new "lingo." By analyzing the specimens you

your readers who go to a private school, or whose mothers teach them, might like to do the same thing. Our teacher told us (my school-mates and myself) that she was going to have a paper, and we were to write for it. The next morning she told us to vote for an editor and a name. The name chosen was "The Shooting Star." Our best poet is a little girl ten years old.

My teacher says that the object of the paper is to make us improve in writing, spelling, and punctuation. I forgot to say that the editor writes the compositions with pen and ink. The scholars write notes with their compositions to the editor. The editor reads the notes, and looks over the compositions, and if they are written nicely, and she thinks they are good, she (excusing a few misspelt words) accepts them. I am afraid I have written too long a letter to be printed, but hence. I will now close.—Your faithful reader, CLYDE FITCH.

P. S.—I hope and think that Jacob will marry Florie. I have taken you for about four years from our news-agent here. CLYDE.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our pussy was buried yesterday. We were sorry she died, but we did n't cry.—Your little reader, ROB.
P. S.—I forgot to say that I am eight years old. The pussy's name was St. Nicholas, after you. She was gray, with a white tail.

ROB.

Camillus, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Feb. 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read a great many letters from the little folks in your good magazine, and in the March number I saw one from a little girl in Maryland, with a picture of her play-house, and as I have a play-house of my own, I thought I would write another letter to you telling about it, and perhaps my papa would send it for me. My play-house is in the front yard of our place, and is five feet wide, eight feet long, and six feet high. It is divided into two rooms by curtains, it is all papered and carpeted, and has a large door with a porch over it, and two windows in it. My grandpa built it for me.



MYRA'S PLAY-HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

I have such splendid times in it during the summer. This is the third year I have taken ST. NICHOLAS. I like it ever so much. The stories are very nice, especially the "Eight Cousins" and "Pattikin's House." I will be nine years old in March. I go to school every day and like it very much. I send you a photograph of my play-house, which you may use if you think it is nice enough to put in the magazine.

From your little friend and well-wisher. MYRA E. SAFFORD.

H. STARKWEATHER'S PROBLEM.—Since our July number went to press, the following boys and girls have been heard from in regard to Starkweather's problem: "H," Mary H Buckingham, A. L. Maniere; "B," "John and others" send correct solutions. M. T. F. sends a very confused and unsatisfactory "explanation," and Mary

G. is quite at sea in the matter, as she will discover by noting the solution given in our June number. Mary A. Buckingham's communication is worth printing in full:

Newton, Mass., May 30, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I have found a solution which will satisfy H. Starkweather concerning the problem in algebra which he sent to the June "Letter-Box." I give it below:

Now $49 - 63 = -14$, and $4 - 18 = -14$, then $49 - 63 = 4 - 18$, or $49 - 9(7) = 4 - 9(2)$, adding $\frac{81}{4}$ to each member of the equation, we have $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = 4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}$.

The square root of $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4} = \pm(7 - \frac{3}{2})$.
The square root of $4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4} = \pm(2 - \frac{3}{2})$.
We must take either the positive roots of both members, or the negative roots of both members.

Now $7 - \frac{3}{2} = 7 - 4\frac{1}{2} = 2\frac{1}{2}$, which is a positive quantity. Therefore, $7 - \frac{3}{2}$ is the positive root of $49 - 9(7) + \frac{81}{4}$. $2 - \frac{3}{2} = 2 - 4\frac{1}{2} = -2\frac{1}{2}$, which is a negative quantity. Therefore, $2 - \frac{3}{2}$ is the negative root of $4 - 9(2) + \frac{81}{4}$. If $2 - \frac{3}{2}$ is the negative root, the positive root must be $\frac{3}{2} - 2$. Then the equation reads: $7 - \frac{3}{2} = \frac{3}{2} - 2$, or $2\frac{1}{2} = 2\frac{1}{2}$, which is correct.

Yours respectfully, MARY H. BUCKINGHAM (aged 15 years).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your Christmas number I saw a letter about a doll which was one hundred and forty-three years old. I understood that it was supposed to be the oldest in America. We have one that is one hundred and fifty-eight years of age, and is consequently fifteen years older. This doll of ours is wooden. Time has thought fit to deprive it of its arms and legs, but its owner kindly substituted cloth ones. The last time it was dressed was about forty years ago. It wears a black silk petticoat, black satin dress, white kerchief, and carries in one hand a large blue silk handkerchief dotted with white. Its painted wooden head is covered by a muslin turban. Her complexion is sallow, although she still has considerable color in her cheeks. Her eyes are large, black, and bulging; her nose is worn flat and shiny. Altogether, she is so handsome that her one compliment is, "She looks like a mummy!" This little old lady is a model, for she is as straight as though glued to a board. When placed beside her waven grand-children we fail to discover any family resemblance. It came formerly from Paris. If she could speak, what would she tell? Perhaps she could give the true version of George and his little hatchet.—Yours truly,

ROSA B. DICKINSON.

New York, May 15, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little sick girl, and you are such a pleasure to me, I read you over and over a ain. I am making "Christmas City."* It has a hotel called the Katydid House, after myself, and a church called the church of St. Mucilage, a butcher's shop, a candy store, a grocer's store, and a dry-goods store, private houses, and other buildings, and a paper railway train made by myself. No two houses are alike. I send you some names for the Bird-defenders. When are you going to have another list? My sister, who is in Halifax, takes you, too, and we both like you so much. And now I must say good-bye, from your constant reader,

KATY UNIACKE.

P. S.—Give my love to Jack and the Little Schoolma'am.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a tea-song sung by a Chinese woman to Queen Victoria and copied from a paper. See if any of your readers can translate it. We take several papers and books. As there are three of us, we can't all read the same thing at once very well, and it is better to read to ourselves. We agree to let each one read a certain paper first. I get to read you first, though my two brothers like you very much indeed. I want to surprise my brothers with this letter if you will be so kind as to print it.

Ohc ometo th ete asho pwit hme
Andb uya po undo f thebe st
Twillpr oeam otex cellent ea
Itsqua lit yal lwi lla te st
Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und
Soc omet otet eama rtan dpy
Nob etterc and sewh erebfcou nd
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

MAMIE C. RAINEY.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



The central picture represents the main word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

THE whole is the name of a very popular author.
 Upper diamond: 1. A consonant 2. A personal pronoun, 3. A part of a plant. 4. A boy's name. 5. A girl's name. 6. A word often used by Scotchmen. 7. A consonant.
 Lower diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. A deep hole. 3. Used in medicine. 4. A writer. 5. To step. 6. A conjunction. 7. A consonant.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPIATE a float, and leave a small animal. 2. Syncope illness, and leave a fish. 3. Syncope a metal, and leave connected. 4. Syncope a book, and leave a part of the foot. 5. Syncope to call, and leave a boy's nickname. 6. Syncope solitary, I leave a tropical plant. 7. Syncope a boat, and leave naked. Syncope a plank, and leave a poet.
 The syncope letters, read downward, give the name of a long-legged bird of the Tropics.

EASY CHARADE.

My first of the garden smacks;
 My second of woodland whacks.
 Sturdy and true are these two
 Homely, old-fashioned facts.
 And my whole would appear
 To be sincere,
 But is not, for truth it lacks.

M. O' B. D.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A PLACE of exhibition. 2. A memorial. 3. Older. 4. A relation. 5. Measures of land.

JACKIE D. W.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

LEFT slope, downward: A flower. Right slope, downward: Fruits of a certain kind Center: An instrument used for boring. Across: 1. A consonant; 2, a constellation; 3, a simple person; 4, a kind of triangle; 5, animals one year old.

RIDDLE.

I'm a word of four letters, no more and no less,
 And what that word is I leave you to guess.
 Wherever my first and second you see,
 It will surely embrace you, as it always does me.
 My first, second, and third, though it well may apply
 To the smallest of things that appear to your eye,
 Yet, curiously enough, it is so compounded
 That with my first and second it might be confounded.
 Strange, that what pictures an object so small
 Should be big enough to embrace us all.
 On hearing my whole, you might think it was meant
 To be spoken of one whose vigor is spent;
 But while vigor sustains us, and life is our stay,
 My whole will keep coming and passing away.

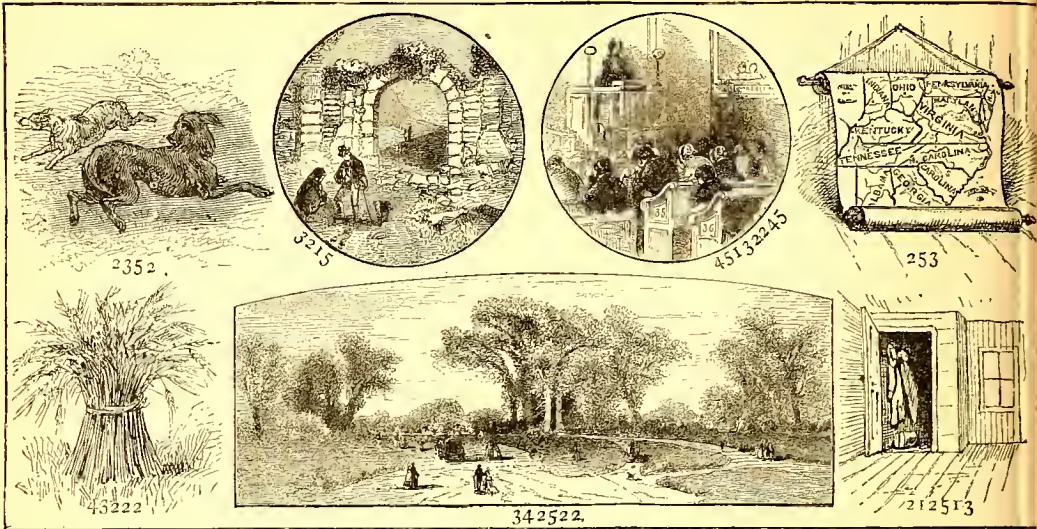
L. C. A.

HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.

FIND in the following sentences an apt remark made by Napoleon to a French lady in time of great political danger:
 Nervous people like Mand, Eve, Zoe and Harriet out-weary me, and prevent my paying them any devoirs; they are enough to utterly waken ten dreamers of matrimonial felicity, and cause them, beset with fear, to utter words of contempt. How old Baron Stoub (lier in wait, like Foote, for oddities to mimic) would hit off their peculiarities!

B.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM-ENIGMA.



Ans. A proverb of five words. Each of the figures underneath the pictures represents a letter in the word indicated by the figure (thus, 5 denotes a letter in the fifth word, 2 a letter in the second word, etc.),—and each collection of figures represents a word which describes the picture above it. From the seven words thus formed, select and group together all those belonging to the same word of the proverb (according to the numbering beneath the pictures). Then transpose these letters to form the word of the proverb indicated by the figure which the letters bear. (Thus, from the seven words, group together all the letters designated by the figure 3 beneath the different pictures and transpose them to form the *third* word of the proverb.) Now, puzzle-solvers, find this familiar proverb!

TRANSPOSITIONS.

METAGRAM.

1. ALL started —, but — to the end of the race long before the rest —. 2. The — was poorly rhymed, and yet it was not —. 3. He stood for a —, — dismay. 4. Before I engaged in this business — comparatively an — life. 5. Why is it — abroad, as soon as a good deed —? 6. How much do you get, girls, for a weekly —? —, — —! B.

WHOLE, I am a poison. Change my head, and I am a grass again, and I am a native of one of Europe's smallest kingdoms; again I am a girl's name; again, and I am a small road; again, and I am found on horses and lions; again, and I am of glass; again, and I am not mad; again, and I show which way the wind blows; once more, and I decrease. SEDGWICK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—1. Hogg. 2. Horse-tail. 3. "The Hub." 4. Nave, or Knave. 5. Fellow (Felloe). 6. "Right wheel." 7. Tale. 8. A shaft. 9. "Boots." 10. Cholera. 11. Box. 12. Pause (paws). 13. Rains. 14. Tire. 15. Spoke. 16. Mouse-car. 17. One hoghead. 18. Lash. 19. Chops. 20. Ho!

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Be just, and fear not."

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

F
A R E
A G E N T
F R E E D O M
E N D O W
T O W
M

ABBREVIATIONS.—1. Canto, ant. 2. Crumb, rum. 3. Crape, rap. 4. Court, our. 5. Clown, low. 6. Shame, ham. 7. Stripe, trip. 8. Tramp, ram. 9. Swine, win. 10. Stare, tar. 11. Flour, Lou. 12. Ledger, edge.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—1. Concur. 2. Condor. 3. Confirm. 4. Con sole. 5. Contract. 6. Contrite. 7. Converge. 8. Content. 9. Contest

EASY RIDDLE.—Carpet.

HIDDEN FRENCH PROVERB.—"Les murailles ont des oreilles."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—
L — ea — D
I — ag — O
T — ho — R
T — ig — R
L — ev — I
E — ag — T

CHARADE.—Morning Glory.

OMNIBUS WORD.—Spear.

I.—Sap, Are, Pear.
II.—Asp, Sea, Par.
III.—S, Ape, Spear, Ear, R.
IV.—Spar, Raps.
V.—Pear, Pare, Reap, Sear, Spare, Rase, Parse, Era, Par, Rasp

"Bessie and her Cousin," Jackie D. W., and "M. W. C." answered correctly ALL the puzzles in the June number. ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES were received previous to June 18th from Bessie White Frothingham, "Bumpy," Laura Randolph Jennie Platt, F. E. Bullard, Emma Elliott, "Daisie," "Mile," Genevieve Allis, Nellie Emerson, F. H. Whipple, Brainard P. Emery Gertrude Vickery, Jessie L. Hopkins, Ellie M. Stanger, Daisy Hobbs, Alice Boott, "Bessie, Lucy, and Susy," Ira P. Rowley, "S. S. and A. S.," "A. H.," Eddie Bryan, Sadie Duffield, Constance Grandpierre, R. Townsend McKeever, Edith McKeever, "Bob White," Zenobia Porter, George H. Williams, Willie E. Wright, Mary L. Howard, Alice Bertram, Bessie Dorsey, Florence Wilcox, Elsie L. Shaw Adèle Mills, Inez and Cadmir, René L. Millnan, Jennie Page, A. P. Fowell, Annie S. Longfellow, Arthur C. Smith, Lilla Stone C. S. Riché, Jr., L. Ford, Henry C. Lee, H. V. Wurdemann, Nessie E. Stevens, "Alex.," Harriet Bradbury, Howard Steel Rodgers Philip Cheaney, B. O'Hara, Bessie R. Virom, Alice G. Bull, Louisa L. Richards, W. Creighton Spencer, W. Irving Spencer, Scudde Smith, A. G. Cameron, Hugh T. Carney, George Herbert White, Louise M. Corbett, Perry Adams, Milly Adams, Harriet A. Clark, Alfred Köchler, Katie Earl, Edith Lowry, Eleanor N. Hughes.





"HURRAH FOR THE COACH!"

(See page 710.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. II.

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YOUNG FOLKS' FUN IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

BOYS and girls who live in the country sometimes tell of the rare good times they have in the meadows, by the brook, in the barn among the mounds of hay, and in the woods. There are the lanes bordered with berries, the orchard with prizes of dropped apples under the trees, the spring violets in the meadows, the nuts dropping down in the woods, the glorious swims in the pond in the summer, the more glorious skating in the winter. All these things poets and story-tellers have told and sung of many times over, till the city boy and girl have learned the story by heart.

Now, really, this is n't fair. Country children do not have all the sport in the world. There is sure to be some fun wherever boys and girls live, even if it is in the city. New York is not all paved streets, stone sidewalks and brick houses, and the children who live in the city have their good times after their own fashion. There are no big barns and piles of hay; berry-bushes are not very thick on the Fifth avenue, and boys never go nutting on the sidewalks, but there are wide and grassy play-grounds, donkeys to ride, dog-carriages with fiery steeds, and swings and slides, and swans and monkeys, lions and bears and sheep-dogs, wooden horses that speed around and sound as if they were alive, and—and—why, there is no end to the jolly things in New York. It is every good of the poets to sing about the sports in the country. They should come to town and see how city boys and girls play, and then they might sing a new song of the gay goat-carriage, the lumbering wooden horse, the lively owls in the deep,

dark cave, and the affectionate donkeys that live in Central Park.

Come, boys and girls! Let us go to the Park. Come, Tommy and Ned, Master Charles and Fred. Come Kitty and Jane,—and baby shall go, too. The Park is the place for fun. This is the entrance, at the corner of the Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. The wide street called the Fifth avenue spreads out into an open space, planted with trees, and looking as if the city came to a sudden end in the country. There is a broad graveled walk, a wide road, and a little summer-house and a two-horse carriage drawn up before it. "Will you have a ride? Only twenty-five cents." Shall we ride, boys and girls? No. Let us walk—it will be more fun. Thank you, sir, for the nice carriage, but we'll walk at present. But baby must ride! Ah! how very nice! A baby-carriage to let. Tuck her in warm, nurse, and then we will start. Think of that!—a baby-carriage all ready at the gate, and only ten cents an hour.

Now, we will go up the broad path by the roads. Look at the horses! How they come prancing along, with flashing eyes and arching necks! They seem to be proud to drag the handsome carriages, and they canter along in splendid style. After a short walk we come to a place where the roads divide. Oh! look there! See the sheep! A whole flock of them in a field. And a shepherd, too—a queer old fellow—and—see! There he goes! That's the shepherd's dog. Some of the sheep try

to cross the road, and the dog scuds after them, barking loudly, and they all scamper back again. That's a sight you do not often see, even in the country.

in, Kitty and Jane, Tommy and Ned. No, Master Charles, you're too old for that fun. How you would look with your legs all doubled — Hallo



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Hallo! Ponies! "Have a ride, young master?" The ponies stand, all saddled and bridled, by the road-side, ready for a run. There is a boy in uniform standing beside each pony, ready to help the rider to mount, and to keep the pony from running away. Our boys think they really must have a ride. Baby can sit in her carriage till they come back, and the girls can sit down under the trees to rest.

What a pretty place this is! The sheep have free range over a wide and sunny pasture. There are broad walks along the road-side, with plenty of seats where we can wait till the boys come back. They have a jolly canter, and then we cross the road and come to a broad, straight walk, with wide lawns on either side, and four long rows of trees. There are here a fine sculptured group of an Indian hunter and his dog, and statues of Sir Walter Scott and Shakspeare.

Oh! what's this? A pair of goats harnessed to a little carriage. The driver runs beside the fiery steeds as they come trotting gayly along. They wave their horns and wheel around in a circle and away they go up the broad path. Now, this is fun! See! Here's an empty carriage coming. How much for a ride, mister? "Ten cents." Jump

They're off! How fast they go! The driver runs beside the goats to keep them steady, and Tommy holds the reins. We will follow them.

Hah! What's that? Music? Yes—no. Master Fred is all excitement. It is the lions. Hear them roar. Let us go and see them. No, you may have heard the band playing. It is both. We can hear the animals roaring, and the sound of the band. Really, here is too much fun at once. We must follow the goat-carriage now, and call on Mr. and Mrs. Lion afterward. What a great company of people! The path is full of boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, some looking about and some sitting down in the shade of the trees. The children finish their ride, and we may sit down awhile and listen to the music.

This does not look like the city. Instead of houses there are sunny fields, a rocky bank covered with shrubs and surmounted by an arbor overgrown with vines, and all about us are trees making pleasant shade from the sun. It is certainly a pretty place, but there are so many more things to be seen we must go on very soon. See! There are parrots in cages, calling to each other, and biting the bars of their prisons as if they would like to get out. We might stop to look at them, and to

admire the curious fountains flashing in the sun, but there are greater wonders just over the road.

There! Is n't that pretty? A great fountain showering down sparkling sheets of water, a broad walk, and a lake and wooded hills beyond, with a stone tower, looking like a castle, in the distance. And there are swans and row-boats on the water. The boys are all eagerness for a sail on the lake, and are ready to run down the long flights of stone steps that lead to the lake. Stop a moment. Look at this stone-work by the stairs. See! It is covered with birds and flowers, carved in stone in the wall. Do look at the duck with a fish in his mouth, these quails and snipes! It is wonderful, but the boys have seen a boat, and they can't stop for stone birds and flowers.

"Can we hire a boat, sir?" "Yes, indeed."

A young man in a sailor suit brings up a boat, and we all get in. Baby must go, too, and we can leave her carriage here till we return. Now, this is

comes another boat, and in it are two children and a nurse who is holding a baby aloft. They sweep past us quickly, laughing and talking as they go. See! There's a swan, with its wings spread out like a sail before the wind, and the baby in the other boat is shaking his rattle at it, and crowing with delight. There are more swans on the banks,—and ducks, too. How tame they seem! They do not pay the slightest attention to the crowds of people. Here we go under a bridge, and into a wider part of the lake, where we can see a number of boats and a whole flock of beautiful white swans.

Hallo! What is that? It is a pelican standing in the water by the beach. Oh! That is too bad. That silly boy is troubling him. Ha! ha! Mr. Pelican could n't stand it any longer, and he opened his great mouth as if he meant to swallow the boy, and the boy runs away dreadfully frightened and frantically chased by the pelican.



TAKING A DRIVE.

n. The boat glides swiftly away, and the children on the shore stand looking at us. Here

So we go around the lake, pushing into little bays where the trees overhang the water, rowing past

the beeches where children are playing on the shore, past rustic arbors on the water-side, and under a stone bridge that echoes to our voices. Here is an island, with flocks of ducks on the grass. See that water-fall leaping with a splash into the lake. Boats pass every minute, and after a delightful trip we come back to the landing and get out.

Baby takes her carriage again, and we look about to see what can be done next. Perhaps nothing more to-day, for the sun is getting low in the west, and it is really time we started for home. This is quite enough fun for one day, and to see more we would better come another time. The boys have had a pony-ride, the younger people had a drive in the goat-carriage, we have seen the sheep and the shepherd's dog, heard the band play and seen the parrots, baby had a ride in her carriage, and we all had a row on the lake. Fun enough for one day.

As we walk back to the gate we pass the goat-carriages again. One is standing empty waiting for riders, and beside it is a company of poor children gazing wistfully on the empty seats. Poor things! They cannot muster ten cents among them all, and the little carriage seems a very im-

Central Park. There are the lions, and the monkeys, the ball-ground, the swings, the croquet field, the woods and meadows at the upper end of the Park, the tower, the Ramble, and many another charming play-ground free to all, rich and poor. Another day we will come again and see more.

Well, Kitty, what are you thinking about? Give these poor children a ride? That's a happy thought. How much will it cost? There are six of them in all. What's your name, little girl? "Gretchen, sir, please." And yours, sir? "Mikey Duffy." Well, Mikey and Gretchen, you may have a ride. Kitty says she has twenty cents and Jane has ten, and Tommy fifteen, and Char offers fifteen. Sixty cents. Just enough. Just in, Master Duffy and Miss Gretchen, and the others shall go, too. Now, really, we must go home. We've had a good time ourselves, and, perhaps, made the gay party in the goat-carriage happy also. At any rate, they drive away in great glee as if they were having a royal good time. At the gate we give up baby's carriage, and then soberly home, well satisfied with our expedition in search of fun.

A day or two after this we start again for the Park, take the baby-carriage at the gate, and go



ON THE LAKE.

possible heaven. It is a trifle hard for them, but there are plenty of things they can do without paying for them—plenty of fun for poor children in

once to the lake. Come! Let us visit the castle and the Ramble. We cross a bridge over the lake and come to a path through shady woods.

Donkeys! A whole row of them standing by the path. What queer fellows they are, with their big ears and shaggy hair! Here is fun! Every one, save baby, must be mounted for a ride. The donkeys are saddled and bridled, and a boy stands

end. A boy runs beside each donkey to look after the young rider, and thus we gayly amble along under the trees, with baby and nurse to bring up the rear of the procession. Look out! We are coming to a hill. The procession goes slowly down



RIDING DOWN THE STEPS.

by each ready to assist the young rider to a seat. Kitty shall have the white donkey, and Jane the black fellow. Get a good seat, and sit perfectly steady. Why! Master Charles, your too lengthy legs nearly touch the ground. You are making a queer spectacle of yourself. There! We are off in a stately procession, the girls in front and the boys next, and Master Charles in the rear, on account of his excessive legs, that threaten to trip his donkey up and bring the ride to a melancholy

a little slope, and then crosses a rustic bridge, where a tiny brook foams over the stones into the lake. There is also a view of the lake, and the boats and swans. Surely, now, we can't go upstairs on donkeys? The path leads to a short flight of stone steps just where the bronze bust of Schiller stands embowered in shrubbery. Ah! Here's another donkey party coming down. Perhaps if Master Donkey can come down-stairs, he may be induced to go up. It will be easier for

us to go up on donkey-back than to come down in that way. Don't you think so?

Then on, past great rocks covered with moss, past rustic seats and bowers, through shady paths and wooded lanes, till we come to a path leading down into a quiet dell among wild, rough rocks. Here we dismount and leave our amiable donkeys to find their way back again with their drivers.

What a queer place! See that stone bridge half hid by flowering vines. And this place? What's here? A cave! The boys go into the black hole in the rock and the girls timidly follow. How dark it is! Stand still a moment and let us see what we can find. Is n't that very queer? A pair of solemn owls blinking and winking in the gloom. They sit on a perch behind a netting and stare and stare, and never say a word. The boys find another door to the cave leading out to the lake, and a long flight of steep stone steps leading to the top of the high bank above the cave. The boys may go up that way and we others will go back, and then they can join us again by another path.

The place is full of winding paths and lanes, up hill and down, twisting and turning in every direction, and the boys soon come back to our party, and then we go on through the woods and over the rocks to the stone castle on the hill. Here we stop a moment to view the wide prospect over the Park, the city, the Hudson River, and the beautiful country round about. Now for a walk through the Ramble. The paths wind in, the paths wind out, now through fields, now past great rocks and through deep thickets. Come, follow my leader through this beautiful garden. Ah! see him run! A white rabbit springs across the path and darts away over the sunny grass. Look! See the beehives! And there is a flock of Guinea-hens stepping over the grass with the utmost dignity. Keep

close together, lest we lose — Why! where Kitty? Kitty! Kitty! Really we must find her. Boys, each of you take a different path and see if you can find her, and then all come back to the

magnolia-tree by the little bridge over the brook!

The boys searched here and searched there and all through the tangled paths, till at last they found her where four paths met undecided which way to turn, and crying bitterly to think she had lost her party. She had followed the rabbit and lost her way, and it was really so dreadful that she had to cry. A peacock sat on a low tree and spread his plumes, and the Guinea-hen offered her their sympathy, and even the rabbit paused in wonder but not one of them had courage enough to show her the way out of her troubles. What a picture,—poor Kitty lost in the Ramble. The rabbit and the peacock and the Guinea-hens might well have a sympathetic expression, to make up for their



IN THE SWINGS.

intense stupidity in declining to help the harmless little girl. Poor things! Perhaps they did not know the way themselves, for, it is said, they never leave the place, summer or winter.

Now we are all together again, let us take a drive. Baby can go back to the fountain with nurse, and the others can go down the hill to the road. Presently a park carriage comes along, and we get in, and away we go in fine style. See the horses and carriages! How they sweep along in endless procession! It is a grand sight, certainly. Hark! What is that? A horn playing merrily. Oh! it's the coach. The "guard" winds his horn, and all the carriages draw up at the sides of the road to let it pass. Here it comes! Four horses running at full speed.* The handsome driver holds the reins with a grand manner, and the great yellow coach sweeps past in glorious style. The top is full of ladies and gentlemen, and the footmen sit behind.

* See frontispiece.

One raises the long copper horn to his lips, and the lively notes spring up in merry music. Hurrah! That was a sight! They're gone, and the sound of the mellow horn grows fainter and fainter.

Then we drive on along the winding road watching the long lines of carriages, and the pretty ladies and children, till we come to a great house on a high bank. Here we get out and go into the house, for it is a kind of hotel. We find a pretty room, with open windows looking out on a beautiful garden and over the city to the river, where the ships and steamers are passing to and fro on the blue water. Here we have lunch, and after that we visit the greenhouse and the gallery of statues, and then take a walk in the woods,—real woods,—deep and shady, and just like the country. There is a brook in the woods, besides water-falls, and rustic bridges, and shady pools under the trees. We might spend a whole day here, but the boys are anxious to go back and call on Mr. and Mrs. Lion. So we take another park carriage, and drive back to the terrace, and there we find baby and nurse by the great fountain. Baby has had a milk lunch, and she, too, is ready to visit the amiable bear and the frisky monkeys. On the way, we meet a little miss just returned from a ride on her pet donkey. She comes out every day with her mamma for a ride, and I dare say, by this time, she has grown quite in love with Mr. Donkey. She puts her arms around his shaggy neck, and the pretty lady gives the old fellow a friendly scratch between the ears. Alas for donkey love! The ungrateful fellow never so much as says "thank you," and he stands there, the central figure of a pretty picture, indifferent as—as a donkey. The keeper of the donkeys told me as much as this, and on the next page you will see the donkey, the little girl, and the pretty lady.

We follow a winding path through lawns and gardens, and soon come to the menagerie. Here both boys and girls are wild with delight over the lions, tigers, bears, and other fierce animals, in watching the festive monkeys, the solemn eagles, and all the other strange beasts and birds. Then the girls go into the museum and see the stuffed birds, the cases of butterflies, and many more queer and beautiful things than could be described in a week. Were we to tell all of it, and give pictures of all the strangest curiosities, there would be no room for anything else in ST. NICHOLAS for months and months to come.

Leaving the museum, we walked through the Park until we came to the dairy, and here we all sat down and each had a glass of fresh milk and a cake.

When we had rested for a few moments, the girls climbed a steep, rocky bank, and found some swings, and a great arbor overgrown with vines and set out with rustic seats and tables, a cool and charming place where one could spend a whole day in watching the children at play in this great play-house. The boys found something else—some fiery wooden horses that went around and around in a circle. There were also little carriages for the girls and others who might not care to trust themselves to such skittish steeds. Kitty and Jane chose the carriage, and the boys, like brave knights, mounted their noble chargers. The horses shook their wooden heads and champed their wooden bits, and around and around they all raced in a mad gallop. A queer waltz it was, in a great circle, every horse doing his best and yet not one out-running the other. Even the girls in their carriage seemed to be swinging swiftly after them, and never able to catch them. Then the whirling race came to an end, and everybody found himself just



A BRAVE AND SKILLFUL KNIGHT.

where he started, which was certainly a singular performance. Then the boys each took a sword in his right hand, and once more the noble wooden steeds pricked up their pasteboard ears and started again, with every leg high in the air. A most remarkable kind of horse,—but, then, this is Central Park, and here everything is a trifle uncommon. There was a post near the race-track, and from it

hung an arm with an iron ring at the end; and as the horses went around and around in furious haste, the boys deftly thrust their swords into the rings and carried them off in triumph. Sometimes they missed the rings, and then the other knights laughed merrily, as well they might. In the picture of Master Fred mounted on his fiery steed

then they went back to the great arbor to recount their adventures to the girls, who rewarded the prowess with smiles, and invited them to a promenade along the side of the arbor. But by the time our company felt they really ought to go home. Baby, too, was tired and sleepy, so we marched in procession to the Sixth avenue gate



A GOOD-MORNING TO THE PET DONKEY.

and charging fiercely at the ring before him, you will notice the tremendous energy of the furious wooden horse, and Master Fred's valiant expression as, with steady aim, he fixes his eagle eye on the prize.

The boys captured the rings several times, and proved themselves brave and skillful horsemen and

The baby's carriage was returned, and we took a horse-car and rode gayly home.

Let the poets sing about the fun and sports of the country. City children have also their good times in their own fashion. There is not much fun to be found in the streets, but in the Park are sports without end.

GONE ASTRAY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

IN some parts of Scotland there are a great many high hills or mountains, crowded together, only divided from each other by deep valleys. They all grow out of one root—that is, the earth. The tops of these hills are high up and lonely, with the stars above them; and the wind roaring and raving among them makes such a noise against the hard rocks, running into the holes in them and out again, that their steep sides are sometimes very awful places. But in the sunshine, although they do look lonely, they are so bright and beautiful, that all the boys and girls fancy the way to heaven lies up those hills.

And does n't it?

No.

Where is it, then?

Ah! that's just what you come to this world to find out. But you must let me go on with my story now.

In the winter, on the other hand, they are such wild, howling places, with the hard hailstones beating upon them, and the soft, smothering snow-flakes heaping up dreadful wastes of whiteness upon them, that if ever there was a child out on them he would die with fear, if he did not die with cold. But there are only sheep there, and as soon as the winter comes over the tops of the hills the sheep come down their sides, because it is warmer the lower down you come; even a foot thick of wool on their backs and sides could not keep out the terrible cold up there.

But the sheep are not very knowing creatures, so they are something better instead. They are wise—that is, they are obedient—creatures, obedience often being the very best wisdom. Because they are not very knowing, they have a man to take care of them, who knows where to take them, especially when a storm comes on. Not that the sheep are so very silly as not to know where to go to get out of the wind, but they don't and can't think that some ways of getting out of danger are more dangerous still. They would lie down in a quiet place, and stay there till the snow settled down over them and smothered them. Or they would tumble down steep places and be killed, or carried away by the stream at the bottom. So, though they know a little, they don't know enough, and therefore need a shepherd to take care of them.

Now the shepherd, though he is wise, is not quite clever enough for all that is wanted of him

up in those strange, terrible hills, and he needs his dog to help him.

Well, the shepherd tells the dog what he wants done, and off the dog runs to do it; for he can run three times as fast as the shepherd, and can get up and down places much better. I am not sure that he can see better than the shepherd, but I know he can smell better. So that he is just four legs and a long nose to the shepherd, besides the love he gives him, which would comfort any good man, even if it were offered him by a hedge-hog or a hen.

One evening, in the beginning of April, the weakly sun of the season had gone down with a pale face behind the shoulder of a hill in the background of my story. And because he was gone down, the peat-fires upon the hearths of the cottages all began to glow more brightly, as if they were glad he was gone at last and had left them their work to do,—or, rather, as if they wanted to do all they could to make up for his absence. And on one hearth in particular the peat-fire glowed very brightly. There was a pot hanging over it, with supper in it; and there was a little girl sitting by it, with a sweet, thoughtful face. Her hair was done up in a silken net, for it was the custom with Scotch girls to have their hair so arranged, many years before it became a fashion in other lands. She was busy with a blue ribbed stocking, which she was knitting for her father.

He was out on the hills. He had that morning taken his sheep higher up than before, and Ellen knew this; but it could not be long now before she would hear his footsteps, and measure the long stride between which brought him and happiness home together.

But had n't she any mother?

Oh! yes, she had. If you had been in the cottage that night you would have heard a cough every now and then, and would have found that Ellen's mother was lying in a bed in the room,—not a bed with curtains, but a bed with doors like a press. This does not seem a nice way of having a bed; but we should all be glad of the wooden curtains about us at night, if we lived in such a cottage, on the side of a hill along which the wind swept like a wild river, only ten times faster than any river would run, even down a hill-side. Through the cottage it would be spouting, and streaming, and eddying, and fighting, all night

long; and a poor woman with a cough, or a man who has been out in the cold all day, is very glad to lie in a sheltered place and leave the rest of the house to the wind and the fairies.

Ellen's mother was ill, and there was little hope of her getting well again. What she could have done without Ellen I can't think. It was so much easier to be ill with Ellen sitting there. For she was a good girl.

After a while, Ellen rose and put some peats on the fire, and hung the pot a link or two higher on the chain; for she was a wise creature, though she was only twelve, and could cook very well. Then she sat down to her knitting again, which was a very frugal amusement.

"I wonder what's keeping your father, Ellen," said her mother from the bed.

"I don't know, mother. It's not very late yet. He'll be home by and by. You know he was going over the shoulder of the hill to-day."

Ellen knew that he ought, by rights, to have been home at least half an hour ago. But at length she heard the distant sound of a heavy shoe upon the point of a great rock that grew up from the depths of the earth and just came through the surface in the path leading across the furze and brake to their cottage. She always watched for that sound—the sound of her father's shoe, studded thick with broad-headed nails, upon the top of that rock. She started up; but instead of rushing out to meet him, went to the fire and lowered the pot. Then, taking up a wooden bowl, half-full of oatmeal neatly pressed down into it, with a little salt on the top, she proceeded to make a certain dish for her father's supper, of which strong Scotchmen are very fond. By the time her father reached the door, it was ready, and set down with a plate over it to keep it hot, though it had a great deal more need, I think, to be let cool a little.

When he entered, he looked troubled. He was a tall man, dressed in rough gray cloth, with a broad, round, blue bonnet, as he called his head-gear.

His face was weather-beaten and quiet, with large, grand features, in which the docility of his dogs and the gentleness of his sheep were mingled with the strength and wisdom of a man.

"Well, Ellen," he said, laying his hand on her forehead as she looked up into his face, "how's your mother?"

And, without waiting for an answer, he went to the bed, where the pale face of his wife lay upon the pillow. She held out her thin, white hand to him, and he took it so gently in his strong, brown hand! But, before he had spoken, she saw the trouble on his face, and said:

"What has made you so late to-night, John?"

"I was nearly at the fold," said the shepherd, "before I saw that one of the lambs was missing. So, after I got them all in, I went back with the dogs to look for him."

"Where's Jumper, then?" asked Ellen, who had been patting the neck and stroking the ears of the one dog which had followed at the shepherd's heels, and was now lying before the fire, enjoying the warmth none the less that he had braved the cold all day without minding it a bit.

"When we could n't see anything of the lamb," replied her father, "I told Jumper to go after him and bring him to the house; and Blackfoot and I came home together. I doubt he'll have a job of it, poor dog! for it's going to be a rough night; but if dog can bring him, he will."

As the shepherd stopped speaking, he seated himself by the fire and drew the wooden bowl toward him. Then he lifted his blue bonnet, or Scotch cap, from his head, and said grace, half aloud, half murmured to himself. Then he put his bonnet on again, for his head was rather bald, and, as I told you, the cottage was a draughty place. And just as he put it on, a blast of wind struck the cottage and roared in the wide chimney. The next moment the rain dashed against the little window of four panes, and fell hissing into the peat-fire.

"There it comes," said the shepherd.

"Poor Jumper!" said Ellen.

"And poor little lamb!" said the shepherd.

"It's the lamb's own fault," said Ellen; "he should n't have run away."

"Ah! yes," returned her father; "but then the lamb did n't know what he was about, exactly."

When the shepherd had finished his supper, he rose and went out to see whether Jumper and the lamb were coming; but the dark night would have made the blackest dog and the whitest lamb both of one color, and he soon came in again. Then he took the Bible and read a chapter to his wife and daughter, which did them all good, even though Ellen did not understand very much of it. And then he prayed a prayer, and was very near praying for Jumper and the lamb, only he could not quite. And there he was wrong. He should have prayed about whatever troubled him, or could be done good to. But he was such a good man, that I am almost ashamed of saying he was wrong.

And just as he came to the "Amen" in his prayer, there came a whine at the door. And he rose from his knees and went and opened the door. And there was the lamb, with Jumper behind him. And Jumper looked dreadfully wet, and draggled, and tired, and the curls had all

come out of his long hair. And yet he seemed as happy as dog could be, and looked up in the face of the shepherd triumphantly, as much as to say, "Here he is, master!" And the lamb looked scarcely anything the worse; for his thick, oily wool had kept away the wet; and he had n't been running about everywhere looking for Jumper, as Jumper had been for him.

And Jumper, after Ellen had given him his supper, lay down by the fire beside the other dog, which made room for him to go next the glowing peats; and the lamb, which had been eating all day and did n't want any supper, lay down beside them. And then Ellen bade her father and mother and the dogs good-night, and went away to bed likewise, thinking the wind might blow as it pleased now, for sheep and dogs, and father and all, were safe for the whole of the dark, windy hours between that and the morning. It is so nice to know that there is a long *nothing to do!*—but only after everything is done.

Ellen lay down in her warm bed, feeling as safe and snug as ever child felt in a large, rich house in a great city. For there was the wind howling outside to make it all the quieter inside; and there was the great, bare, cold hill before the window, which, although she could not see it, and only knew that it was there, made the bed in which she lay feel soft, and woolly, and warm. Now, this bed was separated from her father and mother's by a thin partition only, and she heard them talking.

"It was n't the loss of the lamb, John, that made you look so troubled when you came home to-night," said her mother.

"No, it was n't, Jane, I must confess," returned her father.

"You've heard something about Willie?"

"I can't deny it."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you in the morning."

"I sha' n't sleep a wink for thinking whatever it can be, John. You would better tell me now. If the Lord would only bring that stray lamb back to his fold, I should die happy,—sorry as I should be to leave Ellen and you, my own John."

"Don't talk about dying, Jane; it breaks my heart."

"We won't talk about it, then. But what's this about Willie? And how came you to hear it?"

"I was close to the hill-road, when I saw James Jamieson, the carrier, coming up the hill with his cart. I ran and met him."

"And he told you? What did he tell you?"

"Nothing very particular. He only hinted that he had heard, from Wauchope, the merchant, that a certain honest man's son—he meant me,

Jane—was going the wrong road. And I said to James Jamieson, 'What road could the man mean?' And James said to me, 'He meant the broad road, of course.' And I sat down on a stone, and I heard no more; at least, I could not make sense of what James went on to say; and when I lifted my head, James and his cart were just out of sight over the top of the hill. I dare say that was how I lost the lamb."

A deep silence followed, and Ellen understood that her mother could not speak. At length, a sob and a low weeping came through the boards to her keen mountain ear. But not another word was spoken; and, although Ellen's heart was sad, she soon fell fast asleep.

Now, Willie had gone to college, and had been a very good boy for the first winter. They go to college only in winter in Scotland. And he had come home in the end of March, and had helped his father to work their little farm, doing his duty well to the sheep, and to everything and everybody; for learning had not made him the least unfit for work. Indeed, work that learning does really make a man unfit for, cannot be fit work for that man,—perhaps is not fit work for anybody. When winter came, he had gone back to Edinburgh, and he ought to have been home a week ago, and he had not come. He had written to say that he had to finish some lessons he had begun to give, and could not be home till the end of the month. Now, this was so far true that it was not a lie. But there was more in it; he did not want to go home to the lonely hill-side,—so lonely, that there were only a father and a mother and a sister there. He had made acquaintance with some students who were fonder of drinking whisky than of getting up in the morning to study, and he did n't want to leave them.

Ellen was, as I have said, too young to be kept awake by brooding over troubles, and so, before half an hour was over, was fast asleep and dreaming. And the wind outside, tearing at the thatch of the cottage, mingled with her dream.

I will tell you what her dream was. She thought they were out in the dark and the storm.—she and her father. But she was no longer Ellen; she was Jumper. And her father said to her, "Jumper, go after the black lamb and bring him home." And away she galloped over the stones, and through the furze, and across the streams, and up the rocks, and jumped the stone fences, and swam the pools of water, to find the little black lamb. And all the time, somehow or other, the little black lamb was her brother Willie. And nothing could turn the dog Jumper, though the wind blew as if it would blow him off all his four

legs, and off the hill, as one blows a fly off a book. And the hail beat in Jumper's face, as if it would put out his eyes or knock holes in his forehead, and yet Jumper went on.

But it was n't Jumper; it was Ellen, you know.

Well, Jumper went on and on, and over the top of the cold, wet hill, and was beginning to grow hopeless about finding the black lamb, when, just a little way down the other side, he came upon him behind a rock. He was standing in a miry pool, all wet with the rain. Jumper would never have found him, the night was so dark and the lamb was so black, but that he gave a bleat; whereupon Jumper tried to say Willie, but could not, and only gave a gobbling kind of bark. So he jumped upon the lamb, and taking a good hold of his wool, gave him a shake that made him pull his feet out of the mire, and then drove him off before him, trotting all the way home. When they came into the cottage, the black lamb ran up to Ellen's mother, and jumped into her bed, and Jumper jumped in after him; and then Ellen was Ellen and Willie was Willie, as they used to be, when Ellen would creep into Willie's bed in the morning and kiss him awake. Then Ellen woke, and was sorry that it was a dream. For Willie was still away, far off on the broad road, and how ever was he to be got home? Poor black lamb!

She soon made up her mind. Only how to carry out her mind was the difficulty. All day long she thought about it. And she wrote a letter to her father, telling him what she was going to do; and when she went to her room the next night, she laid the letter on her bed, and, putting on her Sunday bonnet and cloak, waited till her parents should be asleep.

The shepherd had gone to bed very sad. He, too, had been writing a letter. It had taken him all the evening to write, and Ellen had watched his face while he wrote it, and seen how the muscles of it worked with sorrow and pain as he slowly put word after word down on the paper. When he had finished it, and folded it up, and put a wafer on it, and addressed it, he left it on the table, and, as I said, went to bed, where he soon fell asleep; for even sorrow does not often keep people awake who have worked hard through the day in the open air. And Ellen was watching.

When she thought he was asleep, she took a pair of stockings out of a chest and put them in her pocket. Then, taking her Sunday shoes in her hand, she stepped gently from her room to the cottage door, which she opened easily, for it was never locked. She then found that the night was pitch dark; but she could keep the path well enough, for her bare feet told her at once when she was going off it.

So, dark as it was, she soon reached the road. There was no wind that night, and the clouds hid the stars. She would turn in the direction of Edinburgh, and let the carrier overtake her. For she felt rather guilty, and was anxious to get on.

After she had walked a good while, she began to wonder that the carrier had not come up with her. The fact was that the carrier never left till the early morning. She was not a bit afraid, though, reasoning that, as she was walking in the same direction, it would take him so much the longer to get up with her.

At length, after walking a long way,—longer far than she thought, for she walked a great part of it half asleep,—she began to feel a little tired, and sat down upon a stone by the road-side. There was a stone behind her, too. She could just see its gray face. She leaned her back against it, and fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she could not think where she was, or how she had got there. It was a dark, drizzly morning, and her feet were cold. But she was quite dry. For the rock against which she fell asleep in the night projected so far over her head that it had kept all the rain off her. She could not have chosen a better place, if she had been able to choose. But the sight around her was very dreary. In front lay a swampy ground, creeping away, dismal and wretched, to the horizon, where a long, low hill closed it. Behind her rose a mountain, bare and rocky, on which neither sheep nor shepherd was to be seen. Her home seemed to have vanished in the night, and left her either in a dream or in another world. And as she came to herself, the fear grew upon her that either she had missed the way in the dark or the carrier had gone past while she slept,—either of which was dreadful to contemplate. She began to feel hungry, too, and she had not had the foresight to bring even a piece of oat-cake with her.

It was only dusky dawn yet. There was plenty of time. She would sit down again for a little while; for the rock had a homely look to her. It had been her refuge all night, and she was not willing to leave it. So she leaned her arms on her knees, and gazed out upon the dreary, gray, misty flat before her.

Then she rose, and, turning her back on the waste, kneeled down, and prayed God that, as he taught Jumper to find lambs, he would teach her to find her brother. And thus she fell fast asleep again.

When she awoke once more and turned toward the road, whom should she see standing there but the carrier, staring at her. And his big strong horses stood in the road too, with their carts behind them. They were not in the least sur-

prised. She could not help crying, just a little, for joy.

"Why, Ellen, what on earth are you doing here?" said the carrier.

"Waiting for you," answered Ellen.

"Where are you going, child?"

"To Edinburgh."

"What on earth are you going to do in Edinburgh?"

"He thought I was asleep in my bed," returned Ellen, trying to smile. But the thought that the carrier had actually seen her father since she left home was too much for her, and she cried again.

"I can't go back with you now," said the carrier, "so you must go on with me."

"That's just what I want," said Ellen.

"Well, put on your shoes and stockings, my



"WHOM SHOULD SHE SEE STANDING THERE BUT THE CARRIER, STARING AT HER."

"I am going to my brother Willie, at the college."

"But the college is over now."

"I know that," said Ellen.

"What's his address?" the carrier went on.

"I don't know," answered Ellen.

"It's a lucky thing that I know, then. But you have no business to leave home this way."

"Oh yes, I have."

"I am sure your father did not know of it, for when he gave me a letter this morning to take to Willie, he did not say a word about you."

dear. Bare feet and this bleak morning air go poorly together. We'll see what we can do."

Then he heaped in a corner of the cart some of the straw with which it was packed, threw a tarpaulin on top, lifted the little girl upon it, and covered her with a few empty sacks.

"Is n't this near Edinburgh?" she asked, wistfully, for it seemed to her they were very, very far from home.

The carrier shook his head, looked puzzled, chirruped thoughtfully to his horses, and off they started.

(To be continued.)

A BUTTERCUP.

By K. C.

A LITTLE yellow buttercup
 Stood laughing in the sun ;
 The grass all green around it,
 The summer just begun ;
 Its saucy little head abrim
 With happiness and fun.

Near by—grown old, and gone to seed,
 A dandelion grew ;
 To right and left with every breeze
 His snowy tresses flew.
 He shook his hoary head, and said :
 “ I’ve some advice for you.

“ Don’t think, because you’re yellow now,
 That golden days will last ;
 I was as gay as you are, once,
 But now my youth is past.
 This day will be my last to bloom ;
 The hours are going fast.

“ Perhaps your fun may last a week,
 But then you’ll have to die.”
 The dandelion ceased to speak,—
 A breeze that capered by
 Snatched all the white hairs from his head,
 And wafted them on high.

His yellow neighbor first looked sad,
 Then, cheering up, he said :
 “ If one’s to live in fear of death,
 One might as well be dead.”
 The little buttercup laughed on,
 And waved his golden head.

DRUMMER FRITZ AND HIS EXPLOITS.

By HOWARD PYLE.

ALL these events happened in the reign of good old King Stephanus of Stultzburg.

That worthy monarch had but one child, and that child was a daughter. He thanked Heaven duly for the blessing of any offspring whatsoever, but would rather have had a son. Notwithstanding this drawback, however, he would have considered himself happy, but for one insupportable nuisance that, like a peg in the shoe of a rich man, made his existence miserable.

Just outside the walls of Stultzburg, the capital of his kingdom, there dwelt in a castle, perched high upon the summit of a cliff, a robber baron of the name of Todwelt, whose frequent depredations upon the worthy citizens became in course of time rather annoying ; and, finally, when a royal convoy from the court of France—bearing in charge a dress of the very latest fashion for the Princess Rosetta of Stultzburg—was attacked, dispersed,

and the dress captured, the princess stirred up her father, who stirred up the prime minister, who stirred up the parliament, who bestirred themselves in the matter ; and a law outlawing the baron was enacted.

Upon the whole this did not seem to greatly trouble the baron, who continued the evil tenor of his ways in spite of the strong disapproval of good King Stephanus and his parliament ; so at length the monarch, losing all patience, issued a proclamation in which it was set forth that whoever would bring him the head of Baron Todwelt should have his daughter, the Princess Rosetta, to wife, and one-half of the kingdom to boot.

This was, of course, a great temptation to the numerous needy barons, counts, and other nobles, who infested Stultzburg, as well as other similar kingdoms, like so many hungry rats ; but when it was recollected that Baron Todwelt, besides

being extremely irritable, not to say savage, in his temper, stood seven feet three inches high in his jack-boots, they all felt a delicacy in annoying him about such a matter.

Soon after this time a little drummer, named Fritz, came trudging across the heath toward Stultzburg, seeking his fortune. His possessions consisted of a drum, a knapsack, his clothes, two farthings, and a hearty appetite, the latter of which he would willingly have dispensed with had he enjoyed the opportunity.

Upon reaching Stultzburg he bought him a piece of bread and a sausage, whilst eating which and sitting upon the head of his drum, his eyes fell upon the royal proclamation. This he read over carefully, and with a great deal of interest; then finishing his repast with some mysterious purpose stirring within him, he hurried away toward the royal palace.

The king was engaged in a game of piquet with his prime minister, Count Sigismund von Dollinorff, taking relaxation thereby from the cares of state. The drummer, with a military salute, immediately, and without more preface, stated his willingness to undertake to bring His Majesty Baron Todwelt's head.

The king and the prime minister looked at the little chap for a moment with unconcealed astonishment, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"What is your position?" said the king, as soon as he was able.

"A military leader, your majesty."

"Ah! and of what rank?"

"A drummer, if it please your majesty."

"O Saint Sigismund!" gasped the count, and immediately roared again.

"Well, my bold little fellow," said the king, condescendingly, "you may attempt it to-morrow if you wish, or to-night for that matter,—my deal, believe, Count." And so the drummer was dismissed.

II.

BRIGHT and early the next morning the drummer started on his mission in search of Baron Todwelt's head.

On his way toward the robber's castle he sat down to rest beside an old ruin overgrown with vines and briars. In one place a few stones fallen out of the wall opened an aperture into a dark, gloomy dungeon, the passage being just large enough for the body of a middle-sized man.

An idea in conjunction with the ruin seemed to strike Fritz. He carefully inspected the hole, and then hurried away toward the baron's castle.

At first when he presented himself the attendants were of half a mind to throw him over the cliff into the Rhine, but upon his reiterating his demand to

see the baron, they at length thought better of it, and conducted him into their lord's presence.

"Hilloa! what do you want here, manikin?" growled the gigantic baron in a deep and terrible voice, at the same time scowling down on little Fritz as a toad might on a cricket.

"O my noble lord!" answered the drummer, trembling with an only half-assumed dread, "I come to seek employment of your lordship."

"Where did you come from, sand-flea!"

"Stultzburg, my lord."

"Hah!"

"O sir, King Stephanus has dismissed me from court, and all because I was supposed to know about a secret treasure."

"Hah!" ejaculated the baron again—this time with a milder accent than before, for the word "treasure" struck his ears very soothingly; "and do you know where King Stephanus's secret treasure is now?"

"Oh yes, noble sir."

"Now observe me, wood-louse!" said the baron. "If you are telling me the truth and will conduct me to this treasure, I'll make your fortune. If you are deceiving me—by the great Todwelt that ate a whole pig! I'll have you sewed into a sack and thrown into the river like a kitten! Do you mark me, pigmy?"

The drummer nodded.

"And now will you guide me to that place?"

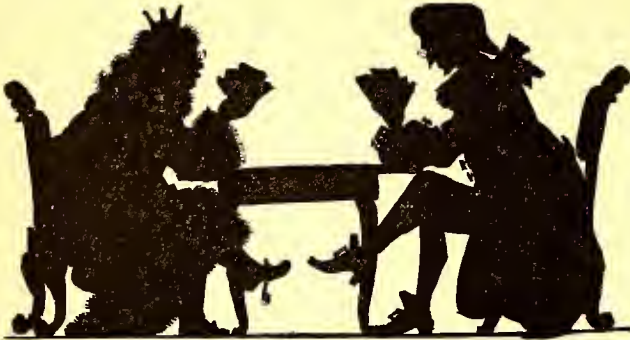
The drummer nodded again.

Upon this the baron took down a huge two-handed sword from the wall, threw a sack over his shoulder for the supposed gold, and motioned the drummer to lead while he followed close behind. Thus they proceeded to the noble old ruin that the drummer had noticed.

"My gracious lord," said Fritz, when they had reached this place, "this is the spot I spoke of. Follow me." With that he dropped on his hands and knees, and scrambled through the hole in the wall. The baron hesitated for a moment, for the hole was very small, but finally he proceeded with some difficulty to follow his guide. Now Baron Todwelt, beside being a very tall man, had, by the use of much beer and sauerkraut, grown to be decidedly stout. Accordingly, when about half-way through the aperture, he found himself plugged in as tightly as a cork in a bottle. It was in vain that he kicked and swore; the kicks tore his clothes, and the oaths mended nothing. He roared to the drummer, as he paused for a moment in his struggles, that as soon as he had extricated himself he would chop him up into small pieces and eat him raw, for guiding him into such a tight place.

"My noble lord," said the drummer, "I did n't

know that the hole was so absurdly small. Let me hold your sword for you while you try again."



THE KING AND HIS PRIME MINISTER.

The baron readily complied, for the sword was very much in his way; but no sooner had the drummer gained possession of it than, seizing the baron by the hair, in spite of his wrathful bellows, he chopped off his head. Then tumbling it into the sack which the baron had so conveniently brought, and, leaving the body where it was, for it was wedged very tightly in, he made his way out of a hole in the ceiling, and so back to Stultzburg.

The king was very much surprised to see the drummer, whom he supposed to be by this time utterly demolished; but he was still more astonished when, with the words, "Your majesty, your commands and the princess's beauty accomplish wonders. I have brought you the baron's head"—the drummer tumbled it upon the floor without more ado.

At first his majesty was delighted to see the head of his old enemy, but then, upon second thoughts, felt very badly about it indeed; for monarchs,

as a general rule, disapprove of their daughters marrying drummers. Accordingly, he desired Fritz to go to the buttery, where he should be well fed, while he stayed to consult his prime minister upon the matter.

III.

THE next morning, when the drummer presented himself in the royal presence, the king addressed him thus: "Brave sir, I have



FRITZ GUIDES THE BARON.

ceded to you the princess and the half of my king-

dom. Of course, you are aware that the crown represents the kingdom, and without that a man is no king. Very unfortunately, your crown is at present in charge of the civil and military authorities of Stultzburg. Now," continued the king further, "these civil and military authorities are very jealous of the crown, and should you inadvertently show yourself to them while endeavoring to obtain it, they may accidentally shoot you on the spot, or clap you into prison for the rest of your natural existence which would be very uncomfortable indeed. If, to-morrow morning, you bring me the crown, the princess is yours. If you do not bring it, and after that time you are discovered in my dominions, I cannot answer for your safety Good-morning."

Now, the truth was, the unprincipled king had caused his crown to be locked in a strong box, the key of which he intrusted to the mayor, and in



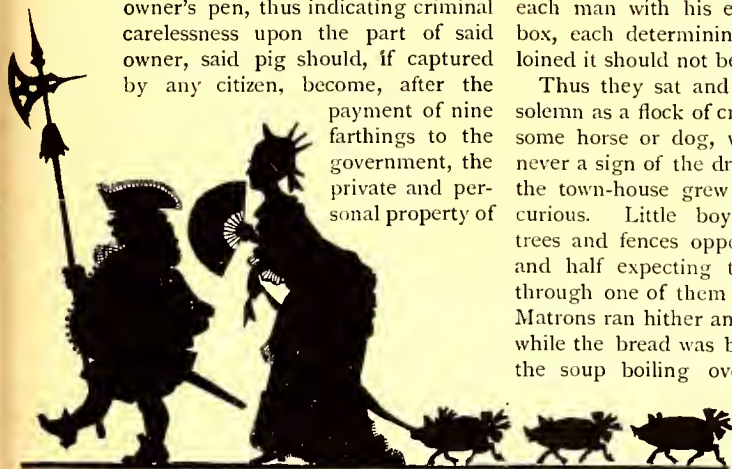
"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE BARON'S HEAD."

charge of these same civil and military authorities with strict orders to arrest any one who should appear in the council-room where the box was to be kept, and convey him instantly to prison.

Now Stultzburg was a great sausage manufacturing town. Every week whole droves of pigs were driven in, and every week whole miles of sausage were carried out of it. Everybody owned pigs, and the more any one owned, of the more consequence he was held in Stultzburg. The Princess Rosetta herself possessed a drove of the prettiest little pink pigs in the kingdom, with blue ribbons on their tails; and the government owned very extensive sties, the pigs from which, by some mysterious means, were apt to find their way into the private pens of the councilors and financiers. All the little school-boys of Stultzburg were taught to write as a motto in their double-lined copy-books: "The pen is mightier than the sword;

and instead of candies, it was customary to give them sausages, or, if a boy was very good indeed, a nicely browned tail of a little roast pig.

In one clause of the constitution of Stultzburg, it was set forth that whenever a pig strayed from its owner's pen, thus indicating criminal carelessness upon the part of said owner, said pig should, if captured by any citizen, become, after the payment of nine farthings to the government, the private and personal property of



THE PRINCESS AND HER PIGS.

said citizen, taxable according to Clause XXVI. It is unnecessary to say that this was one of the most strictly enforced laws of Stultzburg, and one that was not likely to be rebelled against, except by the unfortunate owners of stray pigs, who, after all, always had the consolation of hoping to make good their loss at an early day. The Stultzburg pigs, you see, finding themselves so highly prized, felt that they were no ordinary creatures, and every day grew more impatient of restraint.

The civil and military authorities who had charge of the crown of King Stephanus were composed, the one of the mayor and syndics of the city, the other of a squad of a dozen soldiers, commanded by a corporal and sergeant-at-arms. The crown, securely locked in a strong box, the key of which

carved oaken chair, from which dangled his legs, not nearly reaching the floor. Beside him, on a lower seat, sat his secretary, a tall, big-jointed, hungry-looking man, with a huge queue like an Indian war-club, and around the table the council, each man with his eyes intently fixed upon the box, each determining that were the crown purloined it should not be his fault.

Thus they sat and stood all that livelong day, solemn as a flock of crows mourning the decease of some horse or dog, while all the time there was never a sign of the drummer. The crowd outside the town-house grew constantly more dense and curious. Little boys perched and sat on the trees and fences opposite, watching the windows, and half expecting to see the drummer fly out through one of them with the crown in his hands. Matrons ran hither and thither through the crowd, while the bread was burning in the oven at home, the soup boiling over on the stove, the baby tumbling into the fire, or, scarcely worse, upsetting the crock of sauerkraut.

At length night drew on apace, and yet never a sign of the drummer. The crowd thinned from around the town-house, and by the time the great clock in the assembly-room pointed to nine, the hour at which every good burgher commonly sought repose, the good men winked and blinked in the candle-light like so many owls.

But a sound suddenly broke on the ear!

The mayor was almost in a doze, but at that sound a glitter of life awoke in his leaden eye. He started and clutched the arm of his chair convulsively, as did each and every one of the town council clutch his.

The sound was heard again: It was—yes, it was the squealing of a pig—A STRAY PIG.

The mayor, than whom none ever loved a pig better, writhed in his chair, as did all the council-



"POOR FIGGY LED THE WAY."

the mayor held clutched tightly in his fat, puffy little hand, stood in the center of a table, at the head of which the mayor was perched upon a high,

men, squirming in an agony, their duty calling them to watch the crown, their inclination drawing them to the stray pig.

Again the pig squealed; this time a continuous, long drawn-out squeal, as though some one were endeavoring to capture him by means of the handle which nature has so kindly provided. The mayor's face turned cherry red with excitement, while great drops of perspiration rolled bead-like down his pink forehead.

One more squeal and he would stand it no longer.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried he, sliding off his chair to his feet, "I am taken suddenly sick—deathly sick. Guard the crown, gentlemen, while I am gone, like loyal subjects. There is the key." And without further ado he threw the key down upon the table and rushed out of the council-chamber.

"Gentlemen of the council," cried the secretary, rising hastily,—for he, too, wished to capture the stray pig,—"Gentlemen, I am bound in duty to go and look after my poor master." Thereupon he, too, bolted out.

"Here!"—"Hi!"—"Stop!"—"Stop him, somebody!"—"I'll go!"—"No, I will!" Such were the cries that rose upon every side, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion. Each one of the council called upon his fellows to remain behind while he went to bring back the town clerk, and as the noise grew louder each shouted and screamed at the top of his voice to make himself heard above his neighbors'; so, with much crowding, hustling, tearing of wigs and bruising of shins, each trying to thrust his neighbor back and be himself foremost, they all struggled toward the door. In the confusion, little Johann Blitz was smothered nearly to death, and stout Wilhelm Stuck almost punctured by the corner of a table against which he was crushed by the crowd. At last, each still bellowing to the others to stay back and mind the crown, they one and all rushed pell-mell after the pig, the mayor, and the town clerk, who were just disappearing in the distance. The soldiers also, being poor men with families, followed the steps of their superiors, and, headed by the corporal and sergeant-at-arms, rushed in a double-quick in the track of the others.

When the council-chamber was cleared in this manner, the drummer, who had turned loose a greased pig in the street, walked in, and, finding the key still lying upon the table, quietly unlocked the box, took out the crown, locked the box again, replaced the key, and then made off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Meanwhile, in the street was uproar and confusion, hubbub and scampering. This way and that, with shrill squeals, the poor piggy led the way, and the town council and soldiers rushed helter-skelter after. Never in the memory of the oldest

inhabitant had such a riot occurred in their usually quiet town. Windows were thrown up and night-capped heads thrust forth; some screamed "fire," some "murder," and some "thief;" some shouted for the night-watch, and vigorously sprung their night-rattles; others, seeing the town council and the soldiers apparently fleeing for their lives from some unseen foe, supposed an enemy had gained the town, and shouted lustily for mercy and quarter.

The mayor was a stout, barrel-shaped little man, with legs that seemed telescoped shortly by the weight of his ponderous paunch, yet he skimmed over the ground like a very greyhound, his great magisterial gown flapping behind him like gigantic wings, and his enormous wig pushed askew in the stress of his excitement. Close behind him bounded the town clerk, finding it impossible, long as his legs were, to overtake his superior, and immediately after him rushed the clamorous rout of councilmen and soldiers.

Three separate times did the mayor convulsively clutch the slippery tail of the pig, and three times did it glide through his fingers, until at last, in one abortive attempt, he stumped his toe upon the curb-stone, and fell heavily and at full length in the gutter. At the same moment, the town clerk, leaping forward, fairly clutched the struggling pig in his arms, and bore it away in triumph to his own private pen.

The rest of the crest-fallen dignitaries turned their steps toward the town-house, when, for the first time, they recollected the crown, and began to feel frightened at their neglect of duty; and in direct ratio as they drew nearer, their emotions grew stronger, until, fairly breaking into a run, they dashed into the town-hall with a confusion only exceeded by that with which they had rushed out.

Great was their relief when the first thing that met their eyes was the strong box, standing upon identically the same spot where they had left it, with the key also lying as before upon the table. They never thought of examining whether the crown was there or not. In the first moments of relief, they took immediate measures for discharging the town clerk from office on account of exaggerated neglect of duty, and these were carried into execution by the unanimous vote of the assembly. After this act of duty, they sat with redoubled vigilance around the strong box, which they supposed to contain the crown.

At the earliest peep of the following day, the drummer presented himself at court with the crown securely tied up in a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief.

"Your majesty," observed he, as he untied the handkerchief with his teeth, "I have accomplished

the task you set me. Here is the crown." And, with these words, he laid it gracefully at his majesty's feet.

"Potztausend!" cried the king, starting up. "Am I not rid of you yet? Out of my presence and kingdom! Ho, there! My guards!"

The royal body-guard entered.

"But, your majesty," said the drummer, "I have your own royal promise of the hand of the princess, made in this palace yesterday morning."

"Humph!" said the king, in a calmer voice. "Well, I will not arrest you. Retire to the buttery for the present. As for you, guards, go and arrest the town council, and throw them into prison."

The drummer, with much unwillingness, caused by his anxiety to see the princess, retired to the



THE ROYAL BODY-GUARD.

buttery, while the body-guard marched off to fulfill the king's orders.

Just as the poor mayor and council were beginning to congratulate themselves upon the excellent manner in which they had performed their allotted task, in marched the body-guard and took them all prisoners. Then for the first time they learned that they had been carefully watching an empty box all night. They were immediately clapped into prison. However, the locks being out of order, and the keeper falling asleep over his newspaper in the afternoon, they all walked out again, and joined their bereaved families once more.

IV.

POOR King Stephanus was more annoyed than ever at the pertinacity of the persistent drummer. Twice had he sent him to accomplish the most difficult tasks, and yet here he was again, safe and sound. His majesty now concluded to take his daughter into council on the subject, as well as the prime minister.

The princess was exceedingly annoyed at the affair, as one may well suppose, for she was by no means inclined to enter the matrimonial state with a mere drummer. She rated her poor papa right soundly, but that did not in any way mend matters; so they presently all three set about cudgeling their brains for some expedient by which to escape from their dilemma. At length, thanks to the princess's ingenuity, one was hit upon which they proceeded to put into execution.

According to the princess's plan, the drummer was called to the royal presence, and loaded with distinctions and honors. He was created commander-in-chief of the armies of Stultzburg, and Baron of Dumblebug. The armies consisted of one hundred and twenty-three men, officers and privates, and the baronage, of nothing at all. Moreover, he was created grand equerry, in place of old Count Wilhelm von Guzzle, who, besides having the gout severely, was sand-blind; and he was decorated with the star and ribbon of St. Stephanus.

Drummer Fritz was at first intoxicated with delight, but as this emotion somewhat cooled his wits warmed, and he shrewdly suspected that some mischief was afoot. He requested to be presented to his intended bride, but King Stephanus politely refused his request, telling him that he would meet her first at the church on the morrow. He was then informed, moreover, that, in compliment to himself, the bride-maids were to be selected from the most beautiful burgher-maidens of the city.

The next morning arrived, and the hour for the marriage. The king proceeded to the church with his daughter, the princess. The prime minister, in company with three lords of the court, appeared at the apartments of the newly made baron, and escorted him to the coach in waiting. The drummer was attired in a suit of blue velvet lined with pink satin, which became him exceedingly, and in which he was handsome enough to win the heart of the most fastidious maiden in Stultzburg at first sight.

The king met the bridegroom at the church-door, and himself assisted him to alight.

"Baron," said his majesty, in a playful tone, "what should be done to you, do you think, if you should choose one of the burghers' daughters rather than the princess at the last moment?"

"I should deserve to be stripped of all my honors and whipped out of Stultzburg at the tail of a cart," said Fritz, boldly.

"Very well. Recollect, gentlemen, in case he fails to take the princess herself, he has pronounced his own sentence," said the king.

By this time they had entered the church.

"Behold your bride!" said the king.

One hundred and twenty-seven maidens, dressed precisely alike, stood in a row,—the bride and her bride-maids.

The drummer was rather taken aback at this sight.

"Which is she, your majesty?" queried he. "Recollect, I have never seen, and cannot know her."

"You should recognize inherent royalty whenever you see it," said the king. "Escort your bride to the altar; but should you take any one but the princess, your own sentence shall be surely performed upon you."

Fritz saw the drift of affairs now.

"Madam," said he, stepping forward and bowing,—*"Princess, I salute you."*

Here he looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens, who one and all courtesied at the same moment. The drummer was bewildered.

Collecting himself, he advanced another step, remembering that the bride-maids were all burghers' daughters.

"Ladies," said he, "I thank you for the honor you have done me and my intended bride by your presence. Yesterday I was but a poor drummer. To-day honors have been heaped upon me. I have been created a noble, I have command of the armies of this great kingdom, and soon it will be but for me to stretch forth my hand and wealth will be within my grasp. I am a soldier, ladies, and have a soldier's heart; but never in the wildest dreams of my fancy did I imagine such beauty could be found in the world as that I now see."

The one hundred and twenty-seven maidens cast down their eyes and blushed; and even the princess began to say to herself:

"He certainly is a very agreeable man, and quite handsome, too."

"When I came here this morning," continued the drummer, clearing his throat, "I came with the intention of taking the princess for my wife; but when I see her standing beside beauty that so very far surpasses her own, I feel ashamed of the base motives that then actuated me. Royalty! What is royalty? Royalty is great, but beauty is greater; and one lady here, whom I now have my eye upon,"—here one hundred and twenty-six maiden hearts went into quite a flutter,—*"has so far surpassed the princess in beauty, that all my base intentions I cast aside as worthless dirt, and ask that one peerless beauty who has so suddenly yet so completely conquered my love, will she accept honor, glory, and a soldier's heart?"*

Here he stopped abruptly, and again looked up and down the line of one hundred and twenty-seven maidens.

One hundred and twenty-six maidens, each taking his words to herself, blushed, trembled, fluttered, and looked down. *One* looked straight before her, and was very angry.

Fritz stepped quickly forward to the one, and bowed so low that the curls of his great periwig touched the floor.

"Madam," said he, "forgive your slave for the means he used to single you out. It was my only chance."

It was the princess.



THE FAIR-MINDED MEN WHO WALKED
TO DONAHAN.

BY JOEL STACY.



Two wise men walked to Donahan
Upon a rainy day,—
 Heigho!
With one umbrell' between them.
They hit upon an honest plan
For both to have fair play,—
 Heigho!
I wish you could have seen them.

Says one: "I'll hold it half the way,
And you the other half,—
 Heigho!
And safely we'll go skipping."
But soon his neighbor said: "Nay, nay,
You're dry, and have your laugh,—
 Heigho!
While I catch all the dripping.

"Now *this* we'll try: Your head poke through
And I will do the same,—
 Heigho!
There! nothing could be better.
Now one umbrella'll serve for two,
And neither'll be to blame,—
 Heigho!
If t' other gets the wetter."

And so they walked to Donahan,
Nor found the journey long,—
 Heigho!
Until they fell a-wheezing;
"The bargain's honest, man to man,"
They said; "but something's wrong,—
 Heigho!
As on they went—a-sneezing.

ROBBIE TALKS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

MAMMA was very busy that morning. So she gave Robbie a paper of tacks, and the small hammer, and stationed him away off in the other corner of the room. Driving nails was his favorite amusement, and kept his tongue more quiet than anything else. So, as soon as he was busily at work, nailing away on a piece of board, mamma took her work, hoping to have a quiet hour. But Robbie was especially sociable that morning.

"Mamma," he began, after he had driven a grove of tacks into the board, "I know how to make a wheel." Mamma said nothing, and he went on: "Take a hoop just the size you want your wheel; then have an axle turned, of course, an' holes bored in for the spokes; an' then take sticks, an' stick all 'round, an' tack it on to the hoop. Don't you think that's the best way?"

"I guess so," said mamma, absently.

"Mamma," said he again, coming up toward her, "I can turn a summerset. Do you want to see me turn one over?"

"No," said mamma. "Go and play."

"What shall I play?" he asked. "I've driven all the tacks I want to. It's mis'ble driving tacks all the time."

"Well, then, take your blocks," said mamma.

Robbie ran and pulled out the box where they were, but then said: "What shall I build?"

"Oh, whatever you like!" said mamma.

"Would you build—a—street-car?" said Robbie.

"Yes," said mamma.

"Well, how do you build a street-car?"

"Why, you know how, Robbie!"

"Not 'thout any horse, an' my Christmas horse has got his leg broke off."

"Dear me! Well, build an engine," said mamma, "and *don't* talk!"

"Well!" said Robbie, meekly.

For a few minutes he was still, and mamma became very much absorbed in her work. Pretty soon he began talking, in a low tone, to himself.

"Oh dear! This engine's so loaded it can't go."

Mamma took no notice, and he went on, singing softly to himself, mixing scraps of songs he had heard in a droll medley, to the tune of "Lord Lochinvar," which was a great favorite of his.

"Mamma," said he, suddenly, forgetting that he was not to talk, "don't you s'pose I know how to build a house? You just take some boards, an' nail 'em up all 'round, an' then get on to the roof an' nail on the roof."

"Well, never mind now!" said poor mamma.

"I've got my engine all done," was the next piece of information that greeted mamma's ears, "'cept the smoke-stack an' the break. Oh! an' I have n't got any front or boiler."

"Have you got steam-chests?" asked mamma, knowing that when that engine was done she would be called on to plan a new play.

"Oh! I forgot the steam-chests," he said, meditating rather soberly for a minute, but suddenly brightening up. "This is 'nother kind o' engine; it does n't have any steam-chests at all. Mamma, what shall I do now?"

"Look at some pictures?" asked mamma.

"Yes; the rat-tail book," said Robbie.

"The *what*?" asked mamma.

"The one 'at's got rat-tails an' fishes," said Robbie, earnestly.

"Oh!" said mamma, laughing, "the reptile book! Well, here it is," and she handed down to him one volume of "Woods' Natural History." He laid it open on the carpet, threw himself down before it, and for a short time there was peace. But soon he began again: "Mamma, what's that?"

"A frog," said mamma, glancing at the picture.

"Oh! Don't you wish you could see a frog?"

"No. I know how a frog looks," said she.

"Well, how big would he be?"

"Oh dear!" said mamma, looking up. "Bigger than a flea, and not so big as a horse."

She hoped that would be a settler, and it did quiet him for a minute. But his curiosity soon got the better of him, and he said, "Is he big as a dog?"

"Depends on the size of the dog."

"As big as Tige?" "No."

"Big as half of Tige—the head half?" "No."

"Well, what is a flea?"

"A flea!" said mamma, thinking how to describe that interesting object. "If you see a black speck, and then don't see it—that is, probably, a flea."

That was a poser, and for some time Robbie stood by the window and pondered this mystery. Pretty soon he came up to mamma, and whispered softly in her ear:

"Mamma, there's something funny over the other side of the room ought to be looked at."

"What does it look like?" asked mamma.

"I don't know! Do you think it is a flu?"

"A *what*? What is a flu?" asked mamma.

"I don't know. You said so."

"Oh, you mean a flea!" said mamma, laughing.

"I think not. Now, Robbie, you *must* run away." Robbie slowly walked over to the window and

looked out at the trees, which were tossing about in the wind. There he broke out, eagerly: "Oh, mamma! just see the trees wiggle! An' your g'ranium has all laid down; I guess it's tired."

"Well, I *know* I'm tired," said mamma, laughing, "and I wish you would run out in the yard."

Robbie started; but at the door he met papa, who was just coming in.

"Robbie, what is that?" asked papa, pointing to the block structure on the carpet.

"Why, that's an engine!" said Robbie, amazed that one could ask such a question.

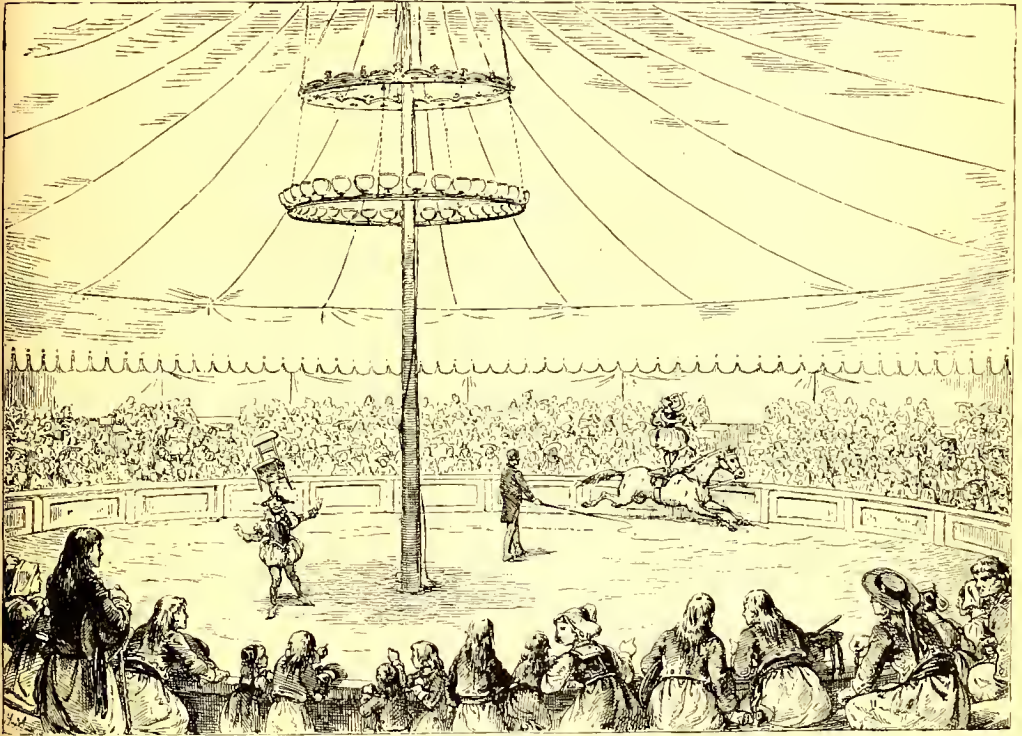
"Oh, is it? I never suspected it," said papa.

"It's a new kind. It is n't like the engines in this world," said Robbie.

"Nor in any other, I think," said papa.

AN AMERICAN CIRCUS IN BRITTANY.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.



LOOK on the map of France and you will see a broad peninsula, rugged and mountainous, jutting out into the sea between the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel. It is the country of the Bretons, a people whose history is full of incident, whose lives are picturesque and wild, and who have an old-fashioned way of being guided by the ways of their fathers. In every part of France the word Breton stands for all that is quaint and uncouth in French life. It is there somewhat as it would be

here if the little band of Puritans who came to our country had kept themselves separated from the rest of America, holding to their traditions and superstitions, and had brought the surroundings of the gallant Miles Standish down to our nineteenth century unchanged. How they would be studied, and what an interesting study they would be!

To-day the Bretons are very much what they were a century ago,—yes, more than that,—perhaps two or three centuries ago. They are superstitious,

bigoted and picturesque. They come to the markets clad in skins in winter and in sackcloth in summer. They cultivate the soil in the rudest manner with wooden plows, and are content in all the ways of life to live as their fathers lived.

We often hear of the son standing in the shoes of the father, and this may be said literally of the

public square, a tremendous yellow-and-red poster has been displayed for a week past, and crowds of admiring peasants, more picturesque than tidy, have stood before it in admiring wonder from morning till night. Its long trains of mottled horses, its hump-backed camels and bulky elephants, have been commented upon until their



THE PEASANTS BEFORE THE POSTER.

Bretons. It often happens that a pair of leather shoes is handed down from father to son. These shoes last a long time, for they are only used on rare occasions, rude wooden shoes, or *sabots*, being commonly worn. Not one in ten of the grown people can read and write, and newspapers are a luxury enjoyed only by the rich. The people are simple-minded and credulous, but in money matters they are not too simple to make exceedingly shrewd bargains.

Now, in a country like this, in a town like this quaint, old-fogyish Quimperlé, just fancy an American circus making its appearance. Here, in the

minutest points are known to every peasant within ten miles. A commotion was created one day by a cynical old one-eyed beggar declaring that the proprietors of the circus were emissaries of the Prussian government, and from that suspicion it came to be pretty generally understood that the man who drove the triumphal car in the painted cavalcade was Prince Bismarck, although the bill announced, in plain English, that it was the Anglo-American circus that was coming. The people did n't quite take in the word Anglo; but American was plain to such of them as could read French, on account of its similarity to the same word in that language.

As the writer was known to be an American, he was called on many times to give explanations of the figures on the bill; and any ignorance regarding them would have thrown doubt at once on his nationality. Was that like an American elephant? Does the President of the United States ride in a coach like that?—pointing to the musicians' car. How many ostriches could a good sportsman shoot in a day in America? Do all the people in America wear feathers like that red Indian on the bill?

All these questions, and many more, were continually put and faithfully answered.

At last the circus came. Bright and early, on that wonderful morning all Quimperlé was up and dressed in its best clothes to see the grand entry of the circus. Tramp, tramp, tramp into the town, from all quarters, the people came. All the *sabots* rattled in one direction toward the great square, where busy hands were putting up the tent. Every town in Brittany has its distinctive *coif*, or women's head-dress, and every variety was here represented. The men came with their huge pockets stuffed with great buckwheat cakes, and women brought loaves as big as the top of a pail, by way of slight refreshment at midday. Every man and woman who had children brought them all, from the carefully

They peered into windows, followed carriages, and stuck to every stranger until he was forced to empty his pocket of coppers to be rid of them.

And the boys! Some of them had saved their sous till the necessary franc had been reached, and they were happy. Some of them had n't a sou to their name, and they were plunged into the depths of misery. In an unlucky moment, remembering that some half a century back I was a boy myself, I gave a franc to a bright-eyed little Breton to go to the circus. In front of my window is a low wall, about fifteen inches high. It is about one hundred feet long, and is a good place to sit; nobody can go in or out of the hotel without being seen by persons sitting on that wall. I gave the franc at three o'clock; at half-past three that wall was covered with boys from end to end. You could n't have wedged in one anywhere without shoving one off at one end or the other. What were they there for? I found out when I left the house. Each one had done me some service—or imagined he had—and came to ask for a franc in consequence. It's astonishing what memories these boys had—upon what pretenses they dared to ask me for a franc. One had handed me a chair in church, another had asked to go rowing with me, and having volun-



"THE WALL WAS COVERED WITH BOYS FROM END TO END."

trapped-up infant to the gawky boys and girls who were always tumbling over their own or somebody else's *sabots*.

And the beggars! It was "corn in Egypt" for them. They came like bees round a cask. There were blind beggars—at least they said they were blind. There were lame beggars, and sick beggars, and palsied beggars,—in fact, every kind of beggars but clean beggars. They beset one at the doors.

teered to pull an oar for a while, had just thought to ask pay for it; another had brought me a daily plate of strawberries, for which his mother had already charged me twice their market price. Those boys were too much for me. I fled.

At last the hour of performance came, and such a scene as I witnessed within that tent—which, by the way, was a remarkably handsome tent—I never expect to see again. On tiers of seats, one above

the other, were rows of the broad, velvet-banded hats, and snowy coifs, and underneath them full-flushed healthy faces of old men and children, young men and maidens, who waited anxiously for the entrance of the ring-master. It was to us, Americans, simply a very good circus—to them it was fairy-land. We saw only spangles and bullion-lace—they saw gold and gems. We saw only painted clowns—they saw mysterious and wonderful beings. They were a lot of grown-up children. They screamed with delight at the antics of the clown, and they yelled with admiration when Mlle. Bell rode around the ring on her

fiery charger. They would have enjoyed themselves a great deal more but for one drawback. They could n't understand the clown's jokes. Such a thing as a French clown is all but an impossibility; and it seems almost equally impossible for an English clown to learn French. So we few Americans and English gathered there were obliged to explain the jokes over and over again for the benefit of our Quimperlé friends, who laughed, but did not understand. But we did it all very willingly, for we were patriotic enough to wish the best impression should be left by the American circus in Brittany.

THE STARS IN SEPTEMBER.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE DIPPER.

I PROPOSE now, in accordance with my promise last month, to give a brief account of the seven bright stars of the Dipper, as they really are, not merely as they appear in the sky. I take them as the most convenient, and in several respects also as the best, illustration of what applies in reality (with changes in matters of detail) to all the thousands of stars we see, and to thousands of times as many stars, which only the telescope reveals to us.

When you look during the evenings of this month at the stars of the Dipper, seen low down toward the north, in the position shown in Map I. for the month, you see seven small points of brilliant light,—each of them seems like the "little star" in the familiar nursery rhyme. If the eye were a perfect optical instrument, and the air were perfectly transparent and still, and if, also, light,

yonder in space, even the seven little stars we see would be very much reduced in seeming size. They would appear as mere points. The most powerful

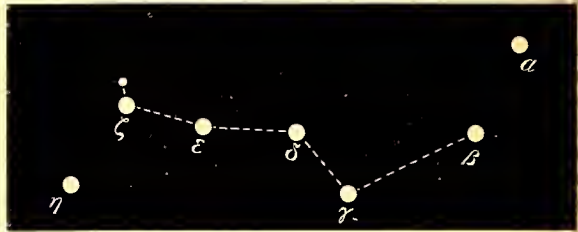


FIG. 2.

telescope men have yet made, and probably the most powerful men ever will make, would not show these seven stars larger than points, such that the human eye could perceive no breadth in those minute disks. Such are the stars, even the leading ones, to the natural eye. In the mind's eye, however, these seven stars are very different objects. I am not going to draw on my imagination in what I am about to tell you. I am not going to show what these stars *may* be, but to describe what science assures us that they *are*.

SIZES OF THE STARS OF THE DIPPER.

In the first place, then, every one of these seven points of light is an enormous globe not only larger than the earth on which we live, but thousands or rather hundreds of thousands of times larger. How large they really are we do



FIG. 1.

instead of traveling to us in waves of many lengths, gave us an exactly truthful account of what is out

not know; we do not even know how far away they are; but we *do* know, they are so far away that our sun removed to where the nearest of them would not look so bright as the faintest of the seven. They *may* be so far away that our sun

the light reaches us in sufficient amount. In the case of the stars, distant though they are, we get the same sort of information. And thus we learn that iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, hydrogen, and others of our familiar elements exist in the atmospheres of the stars, just as we have found that they exist in the atmosphere of our own sun. These seven stars, like our sun and their fellow-suns, are great masses of intensely hot matter, all around which there lies a deep atmosphere of glowing gases, including in the vaporous form many of those elements, such as our metals, which the greatest heat we can use serves only to melt, not to burn, into vapor.* You know

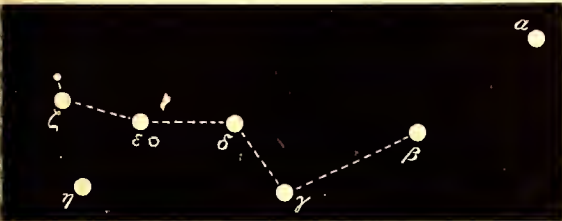


FIG. 3.

removed to their distance would scarce be seen at all, or would even require a powerful telescope to show him; but that he would not be so bright as Delta, the middle one, and the faintest of the seven, is certain. In considering what this means, you should remember that the sun himself looks only a small body. We might well believe, so far as appearances are concerned, that he is no larger than the moon, and the moon no larger than a round hill that hides her from our view as she sets. But the sun is in reality a globe exceeding our earth one million and a quarter times in volume. If such a globe as our earth, only, were set aglow with a brightness so great that every part of her surface shone more resplendently than the piece of lime used in the calcium lantern (and one cannot easily look at that piece of lime so glowing), and his enormous mass of white-hot fire were set traveling away toward the nearest star of the Dipper, it would be utterly lost to view before it had traversed a fiftieth part of the distance. Think of this when you look at the Charles' Wain!

is solid, at ordinary heat it becomes fluid, and at a great heat—much hotter than the greatest the hand can bear—water turns into steam or vapor. Iron only becomes fluid at a heat far greater than that at which water boils. You can imagine, then, how intense the heat must be at which molten iron turns into iron-steam. But in the sun and in his fellow-suns the stars, iron, and substances still more stubborn in their resistance to heat, are turned into the form of vapor. The *air* of every star is a mixture of iron-steam, zinc-steam, calcium-steam, and many other such fiery vapors, besides hydrogen; and all these vapors are so hot that they shine with their own inherent luster. Imagine an atmosphere such as this, where the clouds which form are metallic drops, and the rains which fall are sheets of molten metals!

THEIR MOTION.

But thirdly,—and this is the point to which I want chiefly to direct your attention,—every one of

THEIR COMPOSITION.

Secondly, every one of the seven stars consists of matter like that of our sun, glowing with intense luster. You will remember, perhaps, how last October I described

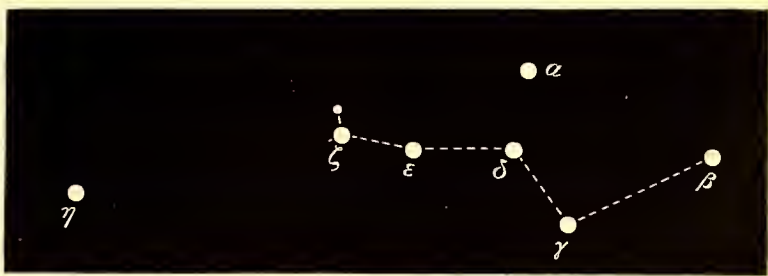


FIG. 4.

these seven suns is in swift motion. It was formerly supposed that the fixed stars really were at rest, because year after year, and century after century, passed without showing any change in their position. But gradually—even before the telescope was much used in observing the places of stars—it

* I must mention—without explaining, however—that by means of electricity, the most stubborn metals can be vaporized in small quantities, and for a brief space of time. But I am speaking above of such heat as we obtain in furnace.

began to be suspected that they are slowly shifting in position on the vault of heaven. Later, very close attention was paid to the point, the telescope being used to determine the exact positions of a great number of stars, and now about 2,000 have had their slow motions on the star-vaults measured, and set down in tables for the use of astronomers employed in observatories. It occurred to me, seven or eight years ago, that it would be interesting to picture these star-motions in maps; for tables, after all, though very pleasant in their way, are not very clear in their teachings. I made, therefore, two charts, one of all the northern stars, the other of all the southern stars, whose motions have been ascertained. These charts are given in a book of mine called "The Universe;" but a sufficient idea of the method I employed may be derived from Fig. 1 on page 730, showing the movements of the seven stars of the Dipper. The little arrows attached to the seven stars show the courses along which these stars are moving. But the length of each arrow has a meaning, too, for it is made proportional to the rate at which the star is changing its place. I have said above that the stars are in *swift* motion; and I have also spoken of the stars as *slowly* shifting in position. I think you will presently admit that both these descriptions are correct. For, first, each arrow in the figure has a length corresponding to the distance its star travels during *thirty-six thousand years*. After this enormous period, the stars will have moved from their present positions to the points of their respective arrows, so that the shape of the Dipper will then be as in Fig. 2.

It will be easy for the young student now to find the shape of the Dipper at any time, past or to

come. Fig. 3 shows the shape it will have 100,000 years hence; Fig. 4 shows the shape it had 100,000 years ago.*

Comparing Fig. 2 with Fig. 1, it cannot but be admitted that the change is small for an interval so long as 36,000 years. Consider that, according



* It may be well for me, perhaps, to explain that my charts of the motions of stars in the Great Bear, etc., were published before M. Flammarion wrote a paper called "The Past and Future of a Constellation," in which he made use of my charts, as I have myself done above. I do not in the least mind any one's borrowing from me without acknowledging the obligation.—an omission which can easily result from carelessness,—but I do not wish it to be thought that I have myself borrowed without acknowledgment where, in reality, I am only using my own material, gathered at the cost of some labor by the way.

four history, and that all the time these slow stars have been creeping over only a sixth part of the short arc on the heavens which measures their motion during 36,000 years, as shown in Fig. 1.

Yet a very easy calculation will show that the same motion which is so slow when thus measured

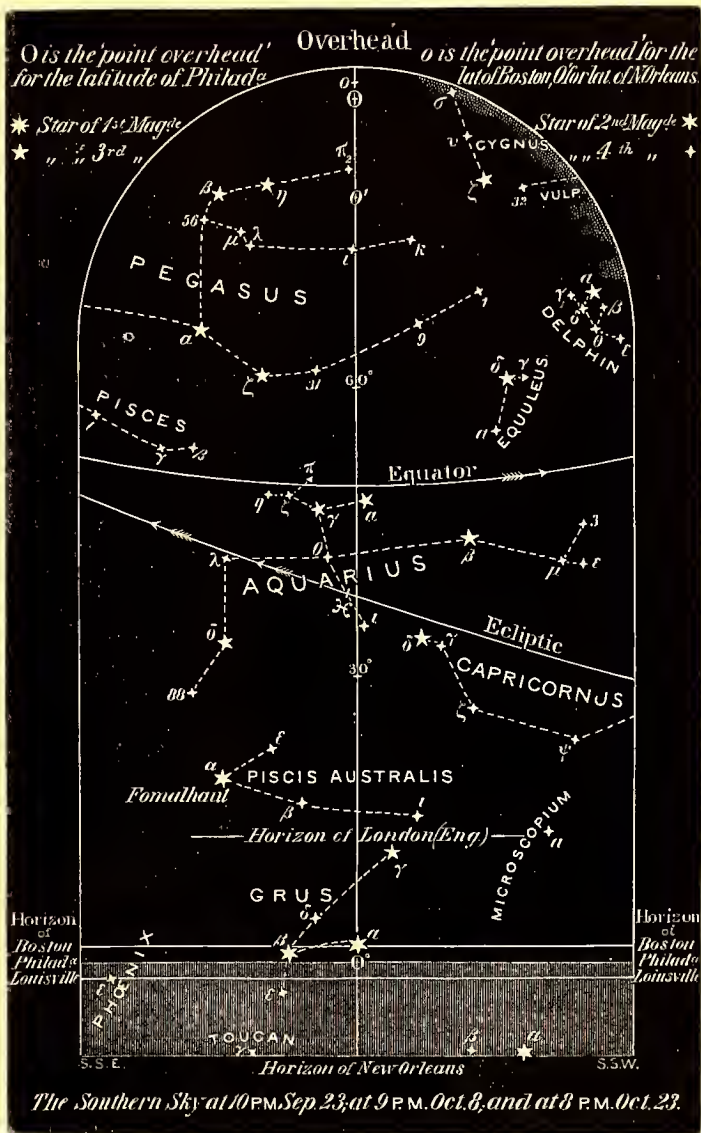
in reality, enormously swift. You notice the arrows in Fig. 1, you see that the length of each differs very little from the distance between ζ and the companion star, Jack-by-the-Middle-orse. Now, this distance is equal to about half the apparent diameter of the sun. Thus, if any of these stars were at the sun's distance from us, its arrow would be equal in real length to about half the sun's diameter, or considerably more than 30,000 miles. But the nearest of all the stars is more than 30,000 times farther away than the sun; and there is every reason to believe that each one of the seven stars of the Dipper is at least five times farther away than the nearest star, and probably farther away still. Thus the arrow attached to each of the seven stars represents a thwart distance of a million times 400,000 miles, or 400,000,000,000 miles at least. So that, if this distance is traversed in 3,000 years, the distance traversed each year is more than 133,333,333 miles. As there are about 31 1/2 million seconds in a year, it follows that the thwart motion of each of these stars amounts to at least one-third of a mile per second. This is about five times the swiftness of a cannon-ball, and for a giant mass like a sun, doubtless with attendant family of planets, presents a truly tremendous energy of motion. But probably the real distance of these seven stars is so great that their thwart motion is very much greater.

We come now, however, to the most wonderful point of all.

THE FAMILY OF FIVE.

In all four figures, it will be noticed, the five stars, $\beta, \gamma, \delta, \epsilon, \zeta$, besides the companion star of ζ ,

occupy much the same position. The breaking of the Dipper is caused by the motions of α and η , not by those of the other five stars, which move as though they were all connected together and formed a single system. Noticing this, and finding that in other parts of the stellar heavens a similar



The Southern Sky at 10 P.M. Sep. 23, at 9 P.M. Oct. 8, and at 8 P.M. Oct. 23.

phenomenon could be recognized, I was led to believe that these are really cases of drifting motions among the stars,—in other words, that there are sets or systems of stars traveling together, each as a single family, through space, and that the five stars $\beta, \gamma, \delta, \epsilon,$ and ζ form one of these families.

Now, it so chanced that a method had recently been indicated for measuring the motions of stars from or toward us,—not the thwart motions by which they change their apparent position in the sky, but the motions by which they change their



FIG. 5.

distance from us. I do not now enter into an explanation of this method, simply mentioning that the light waves as they come in from a star show by their nature whether the star is moving from or toward us, and at what rate. Here, then, was a means of testing my theory that five stars of the Dipper form a single family; for if they do, then all five are, of course, receding from us, or approaching us, at the same rate. The matter was put to the test two or three years after I had suggested the trial; and it was found (by Mr. Higgins, the present president of the Astronomical Society) that the five stars are all receding at the same common rate of seventeen miles per second.

Thus, when you look at the Dipper, the seven points, which you see seemingly at rest, are, in reality, seven splendid suns, certainly much larger, and probably very much larger, than our own; they are all raging with fiery heat and glowing with the most intense luster; they are all rushing with inconceivable swiftness through the depths of space; and, lastly, five of them, though separated from each other by millions of millions of miles, form, nevertheless, a single family (of which the companion of ζ is a subordinate member), and rush as one system through space, each attended by its own family of dependent worlds!

THE STARS FOR SEPTEMBER.

And now let us turn to the stars for the month. You will note that the northern map requires no explanation this month, all the constellations shown in it having already been described. The map is necessary, like the northern map for the next two months, to complete the series. For the observer should be able, from his set of monthly maps, to begin the work of studying the stars, at any part of the year. But for the description of the various constellations shown in the northern map for this month, he can refer to the account given for other months, when these constellations were visible, but differently placed.

The case is different with the southern stars. These change all the year round,—not like the northern stars by merely circling round the pole,

changing in position only as the hand of a clock does,—but new constellations coming constantly into view until the circuit of the year has been completed.

Yet we shall not have occasion this month for any lengthened descriptions, even of the southern stars. It has been for this reason that I selected this month for the account I have given of the real nature of the stars in the Dipper. It seems to me, indeed, that merely to learn the stars is little, unless we know what they are. Then only have the glories of the starlit heavens their real meaning for us.

THE WATER-BEARER.

The chief ecliptical sign this month is Aquarius, the Water-bearer, though the tail of the Sea-goat has not yet passed very far toward the west of the southern or central line of our monthly map. Although many say they can see nothing in this constellation to suggest the idea of a man carrying a water-jar, I think that no very lively imagination is required to portray such a figure among the stars. The man himself, indeed, is wanting; but that is a detail,—the water-can and the streams are there. The jar is formed by the stars η , ζ , π , γ and α , as shown in Fig. 5. I am not quite sure whether originally the mouth of the jar may not have been fancied at α , and the handle at η . At present the jar, as you see in the southern map, comes horizontally to the south, and it matters little which end of the jar we suppose to be the mouth. But some four thousand years ago (and the constellation is at least six thousand years old), it came to the south with the end η considerably higher than the end α ; and as the idea was always that of a man pouring out water, I think the lower end of the jar was probably regarded as the mouth. You can easily see that the set of stars would serve either way—



FIG. 6.

perhaps rather better the old way (as I suppose) than as in Fig. 5, for η and ζ mark rather a stem than an opening, whereas the two stars α and 32 (if not σ also) as in Fig. 6, would serve to represent the open mouth of a jar. Both ways the stars π and γ would correspond to the body of the jar. The streams are not shown in the map because formed of small stars. Nor could they easily be presented, except in a large picture. But if you look attentively, you will see in the sky itself two streams, extending from below the star (rather from below α

man from below η , by the way), one passing wondrously toward the star Fomalhaut,—the mouth of the Southern Fish,—the other flowing wondrously over the Sea-goat, and thence along what is now called the Crane (Grus), a set of stars unquestionably belonging to the old water-streams of Aquarius. The sun in his annual motion passes the point of the ecliptic marked κ , or, in technical terms, enters the sign Pisces on or about February 18.

Little need be said about the remaining constellations visible toward the south. Piscis Australis, or the Southern Fish, is chiefly remarkable for the bright star Fomalhaut in the fish's mouth. It may interest you to learn that the Arabs, before they learned the Greek constellations, called the Southern Fish the First Frog; a part of Cetus (the Whale), who figures toward the south next month, being called the Second Frog.*

THISTLE-PUFFS.

BY INA CAROL.

I HAVE a lovely bouquet. The flowers, as I call them, are large, white and beautiful; the petals, "feathers," wings, or whatever they may be,—you see I am no botanist,—are soft as down, and are just such little things as I often have seen floating in the air on bright summer days, each one carrying, as the legend runs, a message up to the angels. Now thousands of these fairy wings are folded quietly, though I suppose they really are bound also on the earthly errand of distributing seeds,—just looking beautiful while they await their time of flight. Intermingled with these flowers are long, delicate rays of a kind of pampas grass, whose flowers seem the prettiest things that ever grew upon grass lands, for their beauty is enhanced by being surrounded by white, feathery shafts, which look like a silvery veil, through which the delicate flowers look out with a softened beauty. Such is my bouquet, arranged in graceful form. The white, feathery flowers are beautiful enough to have been gathered in fairy-land, yet a little girl discovered them by the country road-side, and I will tell you how it happened.

Katie Gilman was Dr. Pierre's little patient; she had been sick for a long time, and the kind-hearted doctor could not endure to see her die just for the want of pure country air; so he took her from the close, stifled atmosphere of her poor home to a quiet place in the country, where a kind, motherly man would tenderly care for her. By the doctor's orders, Katie lived in the air and sunshine. At first, her bed was rolled close to the windows, where she could breathe the fresh air and feel the warm sunshine rest upon her. By and by, they carried her out to the veranda, and on warm days they often made a cot for her underneath the trees, where she would lie and watch the blue sky and

the beautiful earth, and listen to the voices of the trees as they whispered to her in their soft, sweet, leafy way, and to the humming of the bees, and the singing of the birds, and all those sweet sounds in nature that come so clearly to an invalid's ears.

All these things did Katie a world of good. They stole away her pain and weakness; she grew strong enough to sit up, and slowly she learned to walk again.

Among the many beautiful things that came to Katie during that happy summer was the discovery of thistle-puffs. Just across the road was a hill, and everything grew on it just as it liked. In the spring, there were sunny spots that were blue with violets, and there were plenty of dandelions and buttercups and daisies. In the summer, there were purple flowers near the road-side that looked so pretty to Katie's eyes that she begged Johnny (the kind lady's little boy) to get some for her. He said, "Pooh! they are only thistles, and horrid things to prick." Yet, to please Katie, he filled a little basket full of the purple flowers, and she took so much comfort in looking at them, that when they wilted she did not like to throw them away. So she tied them in bunches, and Johnny hung them up in a corner of the veranda, and many times more he brought her pretty thistle-flowers, and they were always hung up when they had lost their beauty.

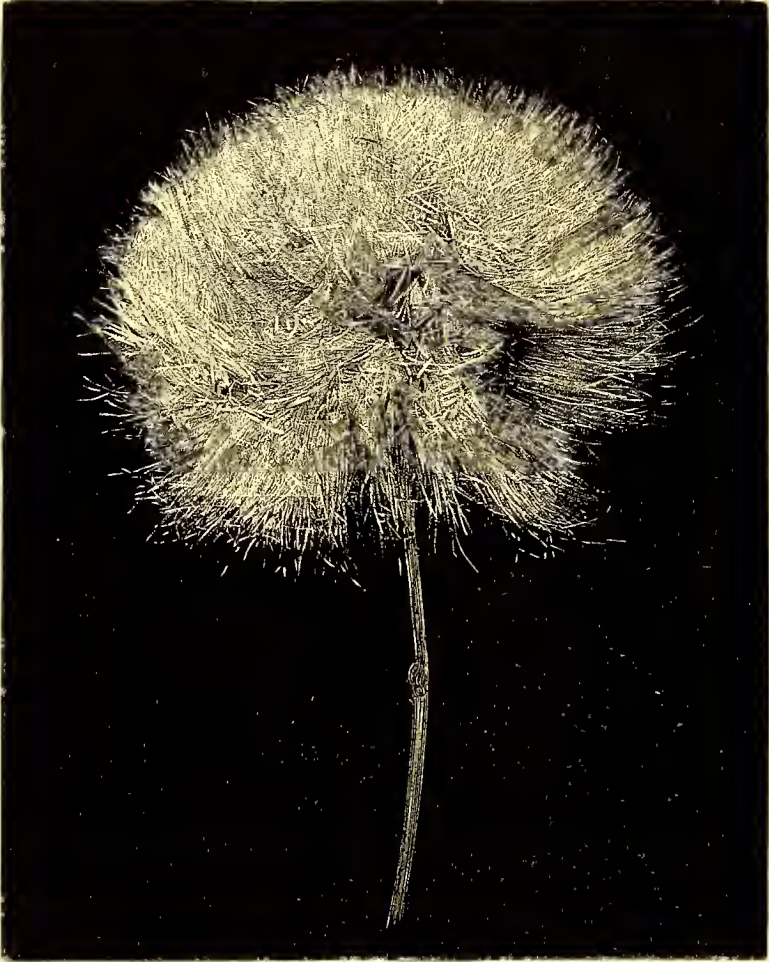
At last, there was such a long row of them that everybody laughed, and they wondered how Katie could love the despised thistle—"the very flower," they said, "with which the ground was cursed when Adam sinned." Only the old Scotch gardener blessed Katie in his heart, and told her he loved the thistle too, for in his native land they proudly wore it as their national emblem—because

* See "Letter-Box."

it once had been the means of saving dear old Scotland from the Danes.

But Katie did not like to be laughed at. So she determined to throw away all of the wilted flowers. But, first, she must say good-bye to the poor little things. As she petted one of the dead flowers, and smoothed over its faded purple petals, she began to pull them out, and discovering there was

delighted with them, and told her she might make beautiful winter bouquets by arranging with the some pretty grasses which he would bring her. So when the promised grasses came, she made a great many of the pretty bouquets, and the garden sold them in a city store, and gave her more money for them than Katie had ever dreamed of possessing. She was glad, for she thought now that



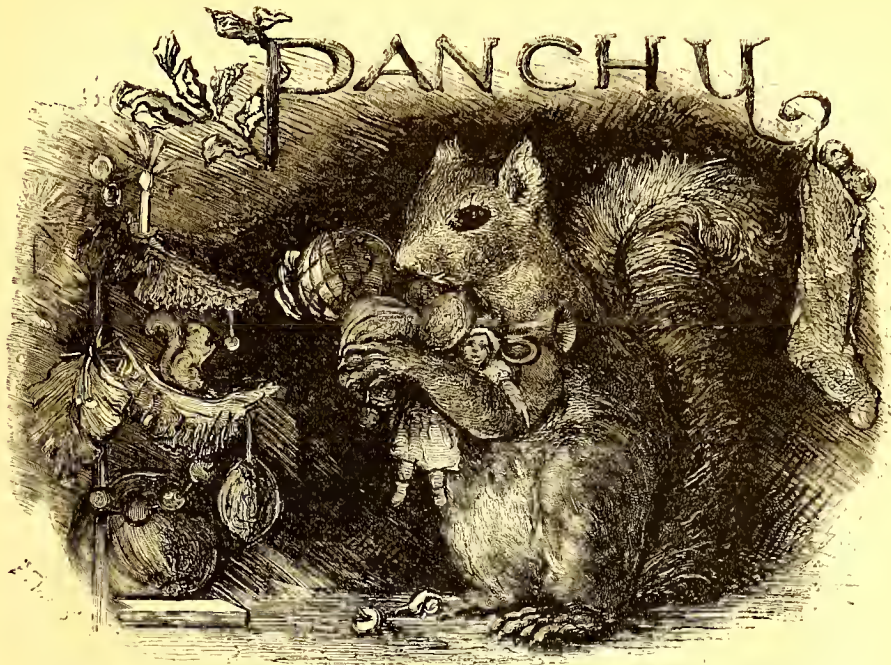
A THISTLE-PUFF.

something within, she picked off the prickly outer coat. And what do you think she found? A beautiful white "flower," that trembled and fluttered as it burst forth. Mrs. Allen (the kind lady) called it the "resurrection flower," and seemed glad that it had bloomed so beautifully after death.

So none of the thistles were thrown away, and from every one there came a fairy flower. Katie showed them to the Scotch gardener. He was

could pay the doctor for a little of his kind care. But he would not touch a penny of the money Katie had earned in such a happy way.

Thus many comforts were added to Katie's home through the thistle bouquets, and in many cities the pretty thistle flowers gladdened many hearts; for all winter long they whispered of summer sunshine and beauty, and promised to many happier blooming in the second life.



BY MRS. FRANCES M. LATHROP.

PANCHY'S home was in a highly aristocratic suburb of New York City, called Orange Mountain. There is a delightful tone in that name to me.

Oranges, in my own young days, were not the every-day dessert of children, as now, when steamers run quickly from port to port, bringing the tropics to our very thresholds. In those days these rich golden globes were rare enough to be put into our Christmas stockings, and their very flavor was of a more ambrosial sweetness—their juice a nectar to be sparingly sipped, as something too rare and precious for common use. Another pleasant association with this name is in the famous Orange County butter and cream, which I cannot help believing always to be better, and of a more golden hue, by virtue of this name. But Panchy cared nothing for this suggestive and pleasant sound in the name of his home. He was a forester, and lived under the old roof-tree that had sheltered his ancestors for generations. You perceive in this last remark that Panchy was not destitute of the distinction of counting a long queue of grand and great-great-grandfathers, stretching far behind him out of sight and memory. However, his having had so many grandfathers did not make him either ashamed or too lazy to work, and he was happy and busy all day long, earning bread for himself and his little

ones. Indeed, nothing would have tempted him to exchange his greenwood home for a five-storied brown stone corner house on Fifth avenue; and as for any one of those white marble palaces, that look cold and as homeless as a monster tomb, I assure you that Panchy would n't have given a beech-nut for one. It is quite time to tell you that Panchy came into this beautiful world with a pair of bright black eyes that twinkled like jet in the sunshine, and found himself clad in a suit fitting like a glove, of warm and delicate gray fur, for it is also time to say that our friend Panchy was a pretty little gray squirrel. His house was the hollow of an old oak-tree, that had room enough for all Panchy's uncles, aunts and cousins, and here they led as merry a life as ever was known in squirrel-land.

When Panchy had fairly opened his bright eyes upon the green Gothic arches of his forest home a terrible fate befell him. A great giant lived near the old oak house. You and I would have called this giant a boy, for he was just ten years old, and his name was Bob; but to poor little Panchy he seemed half a mile high, as he crept close to the old oak one day, and while Panchy was shivering with terror, and trying to hide away under his own tail, Bob, the giant, stretched out a long arm and suddenly pounced upon the little

fellow, and in an instant Panchy was a prisoner, sure and fast. He was a brave squirrel at heart, and instead of crying out or struggling to get free, he looked up into the boy-giant's face with a bright glance that quite won his captor's heart. Bob had really intended to strip off Panchy's beautiful fur suit and sell it for a little girl's muff, but he was touched by the courageous way in which Panchy had met his capture, and while he was half resolving to set him free again in the old woods, the noise of wheels was heard. Bob looked into the road and saw an open carriage in which were seated two ladies, the younger of them driving.

As they came up with Bob, the elder lady gave him a quick look, and exclaimed: "Why, Fanny, there's the very thing we want—a lovely gray squirrel!" "Come here, my boy. Would you like to sell me that little squirrel?" This unlooked-for piece of good luck brought a bright smile to Bob's face. He could receive the full value of Panchy's soft coat, and yet save the little fellow's life. He hurried to transfer Panchy to the lady's hand, fearing that she would take back her proposal to buy him. But, no; she took from her portmonnaie a half dollar, which Bob grasped eagerly, with a sense of having come into a very comfortable fortune all in a moment. The ladies were on their way to town to visit an old friend who had often wished for a pet squirrel, and especially a gray one. This lady's name was Mrs. Hillar. She had neither husband nor children, and led rather a lonely and sad life in the great city of New York.

Her home was one of those great corner piles of brown stone which Panchy could not but despise. It had not even an inch-wide strip of green grass anywhere near it. The area was a solid stone floor, and the little space of ground in the back yard—which would have given a bit of grass, a few flowers, and some climbing vines to conceal, like a mantle of charity, the sin of ugly board fences—was buried under heavy granite slabs, like grave-stones.

But we must see how Panchy fared in the new home. Mrs. Hillar was perfectly delighted with him. She had a companion—Miss Dot—who was called up at once to see the pretty little Panchy. Little Miss Dot had the kindest heart in the world, and she was as happy in Panchy's arrival as if she, like Bob, had come into some sudden fortune. Mrs. Hillar at once promoted Panchy to a higher rank and title, more befitting his aristocratic origin and present state and dignity, and he was called Don Panchito. His own private apartment was a large wire house of two rooms. The largest of them was parlor, dining-room and sleeping-chamber. His bed was a fine silvered net-work basket, and it was swung high up on the wire wall of his cage. This pretty nest was furnished in winter

with soft scarlet wool-stuff for blankets. In this luxurious home, and in spite of his new grand title, our little friend was still only Panchy at heart. He hated his gorgeous prison, and devised a thousand plans of escape. The second room of his house was a very curious place. It was his promenade, his garden, his forest, and in time became his chief delight. There was a contrivance in this room which had the effect of a complete illusion in Panchy's mind. This was a hollow space inclosed by wires, called a wheel, which whirled rapidly around and around the moment that Panchy entered it and began to run. He used to dart like a flash into this wheel and run for miles and miles, all the while believing himself to be escaping to his dear old Orange Mountain. Each morning, as Panchy opened his eyes at the earliest light, his first thought was of freedom in his forest home, and he instantly sprang into the wheel and raced off like an express train, while the wheel only whirled round and round, never of course bringing him a step nearer his heaven.

In time, however, little Panchy began to perceive that he was leading a very easy life. Mrs. Hillar and good little Miss Dot were entirely devoted to his happiness, and left nothing untried for his comfort. Luxurious living soon spoils the best of us, whether boys, girls or squirrels. Panchy soon insisted upon a change in his bill of fare whenever he liked, and would refuse walnuts, filberts, almonds, or fruits, simply because he was bent on a dinner of chestnuts. He knew perfectly how to manage Mrs. Hillar and Miss Dot, for as soon as he began to refuse his usual food, these two good souls were in terror of his starving to death, and they went on trying him with every imaginable delicacy until the right thing was hit on. Then Panchy gloried in his victory, and set about inventing new wants.

Sometimes it was a feast of sweet potatoes, then a bunch of white grapes, and everything must be of the best quality,—fresh and sweet,—or Don Panchito went fasting for a whole day. At night another attendant, Alice, the house-maid, was called to make up the Don's bed freshly. In the midst of all this luxury, Panchy did not forget the native instincts of his race, but preserved a business-like thrift. However great his hunger, he always put aside for future use a nut or two before beginning his dinner. When a chestnut or walnut was given to him, he instantly set out on a journey in the wheel, and after running to what he evidently thought a safe distance, he darted into a corner of his parlor, or leaped into his bed, and hid the nut out of sight, returning instantly to the door of his cage for a new supply. Sometimes when a favorite kind of nut was presented to him, he stored it away for a future choice feast; and if no other

one of the same sort was given, he would eat a commoner kind of food. As years went on, he might have learned to trust the never-failing supply of dainties always ready; but no; this wise little manager never forgot the chances of a rainy day that beset this life, and continued to lay up his second meal before consuming the first one.

A full biography of Panchy's career would make up a little volume, while this is only a sketch of the main events that marked a life full of pleasures invented for him by Mrs. Hillar and her friend. His birthday (that is, the day on which he came into possession of his brown stone house) was a time of great feasting. At Christmas he had his share of holiday joys. Good Miss Dot said that Don Panchito should have a Christmas-tree! And such a tree! It was hung with nuts, grapes, red apples, and I know not what besides. The door of his house was set wide open, and in an instant he bounded toward the tree in an ecstasy of joy.

How he skipped up to the topmost twig, and down again twenty times in half as many minutes! How he nibbled at the grapes, cracked the nuts as if each one was a capital joke! What holes he dug in the earth in which the tree was planted, and hid away treasures of nuts, and scampered into his cage and back again to the tree, and ate a few rose-leaves for a dessert! He was far happier than any king. At night his place was in the room of Mrs. Hillar. His cage was set on a table near her bed, and early morning greetings were always to be heard between them, and then his usual journey on the wheel began, and by the time Mrs. Hillar was ready to begin her toilette, Panchy was tired of racing, and had betaken himself to a late nap. Then the noise of Mrs. Hillar's brushes disturbed his delicate nerves, and he vented his displeasure in a sort of low grumble of complaint very funny

to hear. I am sorry to say that some people suspected him of a quick temper, but whenever a long red scratch appeared upon the face or hands of Mrs. Hillar, or Miss Dot, or Alice, these devoted friends always declared it to have been an accident on the part of Panchy's sharp claws.

When Panchy was eight years old—although squirrels seldom live over six years—he was as light of heart and foot as in the days of childhood. He dived as nimbly as ever into Mrs. Hillar's pocket every day in search of nuts, and no one thought the end was very near. But one day last spring Mrs. Hillar called out her early good morning, as usual, which Panchy did not answer. This alarmed Mrs. Hillar, and she rose to see what had happened.

The worst had happened! Poor Panchy lay in his wheel as if he had just started on the old, old journey to the oak-tree home, of which he had so long and vainly dreamed.

His days were over before any kind of evil had come upon them. The grief of Mrs. Hillar and her friend, Miss Dot, was very real and deep. They determined that Panchy should not rest in the dreary back yard, where the grass had been stoned to death. He was placed in a box, with some white flowers laid about him,—for he always loved flowers,—and conveyed to his beloved Orange Mountain, where he was laid among the trees and grasses.

Panchy had not lived in vain, for he brought sunshine into a lonely life. He had awakened feeling in some hearts that possessed few objects of love. He had given companionship where it was needed, and by his merry frolics and playful pranks charmed away many a care in the days of his mistress, returning thus four-fold for the care given to him in full measure. Will as much be said of each one of us?

HOW I WENT A-DRUMMING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WHEN I went "a-drumming" I did not take a drum with me. That would have been ridiculous, as you shall see. Nor did I go as a "drummer" or a mercantile or a manufacturing concern. Words sometimes mean so many different things that we have to be particular. What I did was to go fishing for "drums," which are certain large fish, found in Southern waters.

I was down at St. Augustine, in Florida,—that most ancient city in this country,—where there is an old fort or castle, built by the Spaniards more than three hundred years ago, and where the narrow streets, the curious stone houses with over-reaching balconies, the ruins of the old city-gates, and many other ancient and foreign-looking things, make it difficult to realize that it is really

an American city. And besides the antiquities, and the delightful climate, and the orange-trees and the roses that bloom out-of-doors all winter, there is capital fishing. Right in front of the town is the Matanzas River, and it is full of fish. You can catch them almost anywhere.

The drum-fish gets its name from its habit of making a drumming sound as it swims about, near the bottom of the river. Sometimes, as persons are rowing or sailing along the river, hundreds of these fish can be heard drumming away, down under the boat. But although there are so many of them, they are not very easy to catch; for they seem to be rather indifferent to food which they see dangling about on strings.

When I had heard about these fish, I determined, as soon as possible, to try to catch one; and one fine morning I went down to the wharf where a great many sail-boats and row-boats were lying,—most of them for hire to visitors,—and I asked an old fisherman, with whom I had become acquainted, if he could take me out after drums.

"Drums?" said he. "Do you want to go a-drummin'?"

I told him that I was very anxious to do so.

"Well," he said, "I can't go to-day, and it aint jist the tide for drums, nuther."

"But the tide will be right before long, wont it?" I asked.

"Oh yes. The tide will always be right if you wait long enough. But I've got other things to do this mornin'."

"Where is a good place to go? You can tell me that, if you can't go with me yourself."

"Well—there's several good places. I kin tell you of a very good place for you to git drums, this mornin'."

"Where's that?" I asked.

"Over there at the fish-market," he said. "You'll run a better chance there than any place I know of."

I saw the old fellow had not much faith in me as a fisherman, but I would not get angry with him. It's a poor business to get angry with people who may be of use to you. So I left him and hired a sail-boat, with a young man to manage it.

In a few minutes we started out, and we sailed away gayly. The young man had lines on board, and he had procured some bait before we started.

"Where is the best place for drums?" I asked, as we were sailing along by the northern point of Anastasia Island, which lies on the other side of Matanzas River, between St. Augustine and the ocean.

"The only certain place for drums is up the North River," the man answered. "That's the North River, over there. It branches off, like,

from the Matanzas. About nine miles up the river you can ketch 'em sure."

"But we can't go nine miles and back this morning," said I, "and I am not prepared to stay all day. I thought you could catch them about here."

"So you can," said he; "but you have to go down the river a long way, and with this wind and tide we would n't get there before night. You'd better fish for whittings; they bite a lot livelier than drums, and here's just the place for 'em. I did n't know you were so particular about drums. I thought you jist wanted to go a-fishin'."

As there was nothing else to do, we anchored and began to fish for whiting. I baited my line with some pieces of fish the man had brought, and threw it out. It was a long line with two hooks and a heavy sinker.

Very soon I had a bite. I gave a jerk, and felt a vigorous pull. Hauling in, I drew over the side of the boat a handsome white fish, about a foot long and quite plump and fat.

"Is that a whiting?" I asked.

"Yes," said the young man; "and they're jist as good eating as drums, only they're not as big."

That might be very true, but as I did n't start out drumming to catch whittings, no amount of such fish-philosophy could make me entirely satisfied.

Directly, I got a gentle bite, and feeling that something was on the hook, I pulled up. There was very little resistance as I hauled in the line, and I was indeed astonished to see come to the surface a great, flat, wide, flopping creature, somewhat of the shape and size of a very large palm-leaf fan, with a long tail like a handle. It was of a dirty-green color above and white beneath, and when it came to the top of the water it flopped and struggled a good deal.

It was a skate, not a good fish to eat, nor a very pretty one to look at. You may see some of them in the New York Aquarium, and they swim about very gracefully there, using their long tails for rudders. But they are not very nice to catch. I unhooked this fellow without pulling him entirely on board, and let him go.

"He did n't pull hard for so large a fish," I remarked.

"No," said the young man. "They never pull. They sneak on you. You ought n't to have let that fellow go. He's jist mean enough to bite at your bait again. They don't mind being hooked."

Sure enough, in a short time I caught this skate again, or his twin brother, I am not sure which. And he came up in the same gentle, Uriah Heap kind of way as when he came before. I wont say that he laughed when I got him to the top of the water, but he had a very unpleasant expression.

When I had caught about a bucketful of whittings

we set sail for home. On the wharf I met the old fisherman.

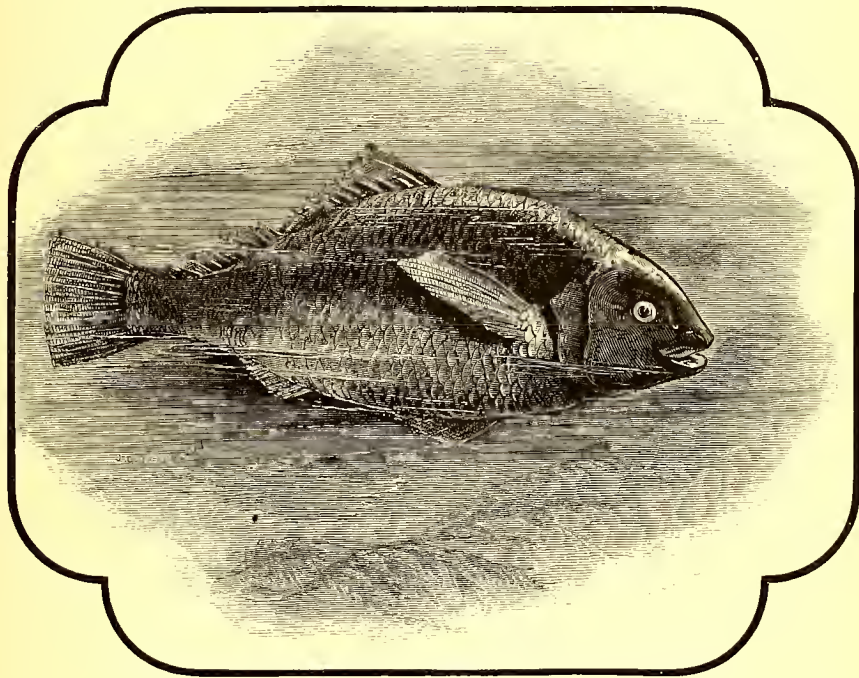
"Well," said he, "did you get a drum?"

"No," I replied; "we fished for whittings, and caught a good many of them."

"Whittings is good fish enough, but they aint drums," said he. "But we oughter be glad for what we can git. There's a row of fellers fishin' on that side of the wharf, that are satisfied with skip-jacks, which is a mean little fish as I take it."

Just then a man came down the wharf with a crab-net. This is a hoop, either of iron or of wood,

sight better eat your bait, and let the crabs alone. You had fish enough there to fry for supper, and beef enough to make a big pot of soup for the whole family, and you've spiled it all, fishin' for that one crab, which aint no good at all, by himself.' 'Yes,' says he, 'but I might 'a' caught a lot o' crabs.' 'That's so,' says I, 'and General Washington might have married Queen Victoria, if they'd lived at the same time, and the families had been willin'.' I tell you what it is, sir," said the old fellow, as he walked away: "there's lots o' people in this world who'd a great sight better



THE DRUM-FISH.

weighted to make it sink, with a small net attached under the hoop. Some bait is fastened in the middle of the net, and the whole is lowered to the bottom by a rope. The net is occasionally hauled up, and sometimes there is a crab in it, and sometimes there is not.

"I knowed a boy once," said the old fisherman, "who came down here, one day, with two crab-nets and a basket of bait. In each of his nets he put a big piece of beef and two or three good-sized fish. He lowered his two nets and tied the ropes to the wharf, and he spent the afternoon first pullin' up one net and then the other. I was a-mending a sail, and I kept my eye on him. He caught one crab that whole afternoon. 'Now look here,' says I to him, 'another time you'd a great

eat their bait before they spile it and get nothin' for it."

A day or two after this, I was invited by two gentlemen to go with them to fish for drum. They had everything ready,—sail-boat, lines and bait,—and we started off soon after dinner. We sailed to a place, a few miles below the town, where one of the gentlemen, a short time before, had caught two splendid drums.

When we reached the spot, and had anchored, we began to bait our lines.

"Why," said I, when I saw the bait, "do you use clams when you fish for drums?"

"No," said one of the gentlemen, "we ought to have crabs, but I could n't get any crabs this morning, and so I thought I'd bring clams."

We baited with clams, but a clam did not half cover the great hook used for drums, and the little fish ate the bait off without pulling hard enough to give us decent notice. So we soon took smaller lines and hooks and fished for black-fish, baiting with bits of some small fish which were in the boat.

We caught black-fish pretty fast, sometimes hauling up two at a time. The fish were not very large, but they bit in a lively, earnest way, as if they were anxious to attend to their part of the business as well as they could.

As I went home, I was very glad that I did not meet the old fisherman, for I did not care to be questioned about this expedition.

The next morning, as I was sitting on a box at the end of the wharf, watching the unloading of a schooner which had just arrived from New York, the old fisherman came and sat down by me.

"Did you ketch any drums yesterday?" said he.

"No," I replied; "we did n't have the right kind of bait, and so we fished for black-fish."

"You ought n't to start out without the right kind of bait. That's no way to fish."

"Well," I replied, "it was n't my affair. I did n't provide the bait, and I supposed everything was all right."

"Yes," he said, "that's often the way. It don't do to trust people much. Them fellers took clams. I heard about it. There's some people who think they know lots. I knowed a boy once who thought he was dreadful smart. I used to take him out sailing every morning. He was a kind of sick, and he took sails for his health. He knew something about sailing, and he used to like to hold the tiller, and sail the boat himself, as he called it. He gave lots of orders; but as I always took care to tell him what to order, it was all right. It would have done you good to hear that feller sing out 'Hard-a-lee!' as if there was a whole shipful o' sailors in my little boat. He used to sit there and tell me lots of things that he thought I ought to know. He would call out to me in a loud, clear voice, which was pleasant to listen to, though there was n't often any sense in what he said: 'Look here, captain! It's a good idea to have your ballast well amidship, as you've got it. It don't do to have ballast too far for-rerd. A boat is n't safe if the ballast is n't fixed right.' And he'd say lots of things of that kind, jest as if he was tellin' me somethin' he'd found out, and that nobody else did n't know. I don't remember all he used to say, but the sum and substance of it was pretty much as if he'd hollered out, 'Look here, captain! You always ought to put the mast of a sail-boat at the bow. If you was to put it at the stern, you could n't steer her very well, with the main-sel a-sticking away out behind,—specially if she was cat-rigged and

had no jib.' Well, one morning, this boy took a friend out with him, to give him a sail. This other boy was n't sick. My boy sat at the stern, and was very proud to sail the boat. He took it into his head that the other boy was a little skeered, and he kept a-tryin' to keep his courage up. He would say: 'Now, you see, when a puff of wind comes, and tips her over, I just bring her 'round a little into the wind, and she comes up all right. There is n't any danger, if the man at the helm knows his business.' And then he'd keep sayin': 'Now, don't you feel a little more confidence?' And the other boy, who was a-sittin' quiet, lookin' as if he was enjoyin' the breeze, and the views, and the sailin', would say: 'Oh! I'm confident enough. I'm all right.' And my boy would say to him: 'I'm glad of that. I don't want you to be afraid. It's perfectly safe.' Well, one day I took that other boy out sailin' by himself, and I tell you, sir, I was surprised. Why, that boy knowed ten times as much about sailin' as my feller. He'd been on sail-boats at the North ever since he was a little chap, he said, and I found he knowed nearly enough to sail a boat by himself. And says I to him: 'What on earth did you let that other boy talk to you that way, as if you did n't know nothin', and you sittin' there quiet, and knowin' lots more about sailin' a boat than he did, all the time?' 'Well,' says he, 'he took me out, and he is n't well, and I saw it pleased him to talk that way, and I did n't care.' 'But don't you care what other people think of you?' says I. And then he said he did n't suppose it mattered much, so that you knew yourself what you knew. Now, I could never make up my mind which of them two boys was the biggest fool. It don't do to blow your own horn too much, and it don't do to blow it too little, nuther. A feller's got to show what he is, for other people aint agoin' to take the trouble to find it out, and it aint always that things is found out by chance, like as when you hook a fish by the tail, accidental. It's all nonsense to make too little of yourself; and then, ag'in, it's just as bad to make too much of yourself."

"That's very true," I said. "It's hard to draw the line at the right place."

"Harder than it is to ketch a drum," said the old fellow, rising to go.

I now made up my mind that I would go about this business of drum-fishing in a business-like way. I first made another attempt to get the old fisherman to go with me, but he declined the proposition. He had sold his sail-boat, and now made a regular business of fishing, going out part of every day in a "dug-out," a long, narrow boat, cut out of a cypress log. As he did not want more than two persons in his boat, and had to have a man to help

him row, he did not wish to take an amateur with him on his expeditions.

Failing in this, I got some friends to join me, and we engaged a man, who knew all about the habits and whereabouts of drums, to take us in a sail-boat to the proper place for fishing, and to fix a day when we would reach said place at the time when the tide was exactly right. He was also to provide proper tackle and the right kind of bait.

The day before we started, I was passing the fish-market, when my old friend called to me.

"Hello!" said he. "Given up drum-fishing?"

"Oh, no!" I said, and then I told him of the arrangements I had made.

"That's right," said he. "There's nuthin like doin' things the right way. I know'd a boy once who always did everything the right way, and your tellin' me what you're goin' to do made me think of him. He was a smart feller, and no mistake. He could swim, and row, and run, and sail a boat, and do everything else that ever I see him do, better than any other boy in these parts, and better, too, than most men. He staid down here pretty nigh all winter, two years ago. I had my sail-boat then, and one day I took him and his uncle out sailin'. The old gentleman and this boy was a-sittin' talkin' and payin' no attention to me as I was a-sailin' the boat, and directly I heard the old gentleman say somethin' that kinder surprised me. Says he, 'Yes, you're a-gittin' along first-rate, but there's one thing I wish you was.' 'What's that?' says the boy. 'I wish you was more of a gentleman.' Well, that jest made me prick up my ears, and as to the boy, he turned as red as a biled crab. I always thought he was gentleman-like enough, and I reckon he thought so himself. I don't remember what he said, but his uncle, he went on and says to him, 'What I mean is this: You kin do most things better than any of your friends, and I'm glad of that; but the trouble with you is, that you keep a-doin' them things all the time, and a-makin' the other boys feel how much smarter you are than them. You don't never let 'em forget it. I've been a-noticin' this for some time, and I wanted to speak to you about it. Now, a gentleman don't do that way. When it's necessary for him to do a thing first-rate he does it, but at the same time he don't try to make other people feel that they could n't have done it. Sometimes, when another feller can do somethin' well enough, though p'rhaps not as well as he could himself, he holds back, and gives the other feller a chance. But you never do that. You always step to the front whether there's any need of your doin' it or not, and that's where you miss bein' as much of a gentleman as I'd like you to be.' I don't remember what the boy said to all this, be-

cause it was n't worth remembering as much as what the old gentleman said, and I don't fill my basket with skip-jacks when I kin get better fish. But I agreed with the old uncle. And I've know'd a lot of boys, and men too, who might 'a' been a good sight better off if they had been there and heard that lectur'."

"That's very true," said I; "but, by the way, did you ever keep school?"

"No; what made you ask that?"

"You seem to have known so many boys."

"Well," said he, "I have known a good many of them, but I generally went to school to them. I've learned a lot of things from boys,—more than I have time to tell you now. And among the things I've learned is not to neglect my reg'lar business to go out with gentlemen who want to see if they can't try to ketch a drum."

The day for our expedition arrived, and we started out early. The sun was bright, the wind was fresh and invigorating, and we had a splendid time. We sailed about nine miles down the Matanzas River, anchoring several times at some excellent places for drum. We fished and sailed all day, and enjoyed ourselves greatly. I don't think I ever spent a more pleasant day on the water. But we did n't get so much as a bite.

There were plenty of smaller fish who, no doubt, would have been very willing indeed to bite, but we had our hearts fixed on nobler game, and we kept our big drum-hooks out all the time.

I asked the captain what was the matter this time. He could say nothing about the tide, nor the bait, nor the tackle, so he considered the matter a minute, and then remarked that the wind was too strong. You could n't catch drum in such a wind. We ought to have gone last Thursday. That was a beautiful day for drum.

But as it was of no use, at that time, to think of last Thursday, we set sail and went home. I hurried up to the house, for I did not care to meet any one on the way. But it was of no use. I had to pass the fish-market, and there he stood.

"Did you git wet?" he inquired, kindly.

"Oh, no!" said I, "not at all."

"It blowed so this afternoon that I thought you 'd 'a' been pretty well splashed with the spray," he said, as I passed on. His silence in regard to the main subject was more cutting than anything he could have said. He evidently considered the drum question settled, so far as I was concerned.

I felt a good deal disheartened myself. I was not at all sure that it paid to go "a-drumming." However, in a day or two, I hired a row-boat and a long-legged negro boy, and, with four crabs and a drum-line that I borrowed, I set off down the river for an afternoon's fishing on my own account.

We anchored a mile or so below the town, and I prepared my tackle and went to fishing. The boy had a small line, with which he angled for whiting, bass, sharks, or anything that might come along.

As for me, I sat for an hour and only got one bite. That was not a very hard one. It was a long, easy pull at my line, and when I gave a jerk and hauled in a little I found I had hooked it into something at the bottom. I did not immediately pull on the line, for I did not wish to break my hook, but, in a minute, the line gave a tremendous pull on me. It jerked me forward, and rapidly slipped between my fingers.

Then I knew that I had a drum! For a minute he fairly ran away with the line. I could not stop him. The line was a long one, and he ran out nearly the whole of it. I tugged at him bravely, but it was like holding a runaway mule. I gave the line a turn around a row-lock, for it was cutting my fingers, and then he began to come toward me, and I had to haul in rapidly to keep the line from getting slack. As soon as it was tight again I hauled on it, and tried to draw him slowly in.

When my long-legged negro boy saw that I had hooked a drum he was wild with excitement. He left his line and came tumbling over the seats to me.

"Gim me hold, sir! Gim me hold! I'll haul him in!" he cried. But I would not trust my drum to him; I let him hold the line for a minute or two, while I blew on my sore fingers.

"Laws ee, boss!" he exclaimed. "He pull like a steamboat! He'll hab dis yer anchor up, yit."

I took the line again, and gradually drew my fish toward the boat. Once he came up to the top, and flashed his tail and back in the air. He was as big as a boy!

How the darkey shouted when he saw him, and how he nearly fell overboard as the fish made a dash toward the bow of the boat, right over his line, I can't stop to tell now. I made him pull in his line, and I still struggled with my prize.

Once the drum dashed around to the stern and fouled the line on the rudder. Then I thought I should lose him, but long-legs stumbled aft and got the line clear.

I played the fish for nearly a quarter of an hour, or it might be better to say, I worked at him, and it was no easy job. At last my drum began to tire, and I pulled him close to the boat. Now came a critical moment. It would not be easy to get him on board. Some fishermen have a "gaff," or strong iron hook on a short handle, which they

slip under the gills of a big fish like this, and so draw him in; but I had nothing of the kind.

So I pulled him close to the side of the boat, not caring now for my smarting fingers, and told the boy to come and get down in the bottom of the boat, in front of me. Then I drew the head of the fish out of water, he flapping and splashing like a good fellow, and telling the boy to slip his hand under the gills on his side, I took a hold on the other side. Our weight, all one side, careened the boat over, so that we did not have far to lift, and then, as I gave the word, we both pulled together, and the great drum slipped beautifully into the boat.

The boy sprang on him, heedless of his flaps and his fins, and took the hook out of his mouth, and there he lay in the bottom of the boat, a magnificent prize.

I had caught a drum!

We did not fish any more. We pulled up the anchor, and the long-legged boy rowed back to the town as if he were working for a wager.

When we reached the wharf and landed the fish, my boy got a wheelbarrow and took him over to a provision store near by and had him weighed. He weighed forty-three pounds and a half. He was not one of the very largest drums, but he was big enough for me.

As I walked behind the boy, while he wheeled the fish to the house where I lived, I looked about for my friend, the old fisherman. I was now very much afraid that I would not meet him. However, everybody in this old town is out-of-doors in the evening, and I soon saw him standing at a corner. When I reached him we stopped.

"Hello!" said he, looking at my fish. "You did ketch a drum, at last, eh?"

"Yes," I replied, "I certainly caught one."

"Well," he said, "I know'd you was n't one of the lucky kind."

"Not lucky!" I exclaimed. "Don't you call that a good drum?"

"Yes," he answered, "that 's a good enough fish, but you 're not lucky, for all that. If you 'd 'a' been lucky, you 'd 'a' caught him the first time, or the second, anyway. You had to work hard for your fish, and that ain't luck. But I don't know but what it 's just as good in the long run. I knowed a boy once —"

"Excuse me," said I. "I must go home, now. It 's getting late. Some other time I 'll come and hear about your boy."

"All right," said he, "I 'll have him ready."

JINGLES.

KITTENS.

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day ;
 A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play ;
 A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call ;
 And a gray-nosed kitten I would n't have at all !

A STIR AMONG THE DAISIES.

PRETTY Lill of Littleton sauntered through the grass ;
 The very birds and butterflies stopped to see her pass ;
 All the daisies nodded to the maiden coming by,
 And leaned across the pathway left behind her.
 "Art hurt?" they asked each other. Each gayly laughed, "Not ! !
 We bowed too low ; but really we don't mind her.
 To see so fair a maiden pass has really quite unstrung us ;
 But we'll straighten up, and ready be when next she comes among us."



OUR MASTER.

(Drawn by Addie Ledyard.)

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN ADVENTURE IN A STRANGE CITY.

FOR the first time in his life Jacob rode on a railroad train. The swift motion, the novel scenes, and the feeling that he was rapidly nearing the goal of his hopes, filled him with happiness. Then appeared the cloud of smoke hanging over the city, visible miles away; then the beautiful suburbs, shady and verdant slopes, villa-crowned heights; then the city itself, rising on its terraces above the river; the Kentucky shore opposite, the puffing steamboats between, plying up and down, and the marvelous suspension bridge a hundred feet above them, uniting State with State, hanging like some exquisite fairy-work from its tall towers, high in air, yet bearing vehicles and speeding trains upon its delicate, firm fabric.

This Jacob saw as he was wandering along Front street, bag in hand, looking for Uncle Higglestone's place of business. Another thing he noticed, which reminded him of Sam Longshore,—the row of stupendous posts along the top of the lofty, sloping river bank, or "levee,"—posts so huge and high, and oddly placed right in front of the row of warehouses, that he would never have guessed what they were there for if Sam had not told him. It was hard for him even then to believe that the river, flowing tranquilly at a level some fifty feet below, had ever swelled to such a height that steamboats had been made fast to those posts on the verge of the sweeping flood.

These and other interesting objects—the throngs of pedestrians, the drays and carts and wagons, the steamboats discharging or taking on freights, the floating wharves made to rise and fall with the stream, the smoke that filled the air from countless factories and kitchen fires burning bituminous coal—inspired the green country lad with wonder and exultation; and his enjoyment would have been complete, but for the certainty of night coming on, and the uncertainty of a welcome from his uncle.

He had not much trouble in finding the hardware store of Higglestone & West; and with an anxious and fearful heart he turned into the door.

With bag in hand, in his short vest and pepper-and-salt trousers, he looked like some rustic customer who had come for a rat-trap or a jack-knife. He approached a clerk, who leaned on the counter and waited to receive his order.

Jacob's heart was in his throat.

"What will you have?" asked the clerk.

"Mr. Higglestone," said Jacob.

"Mr. Higglestone?" the clerk repeated, with a smile. "I'm afraid you can't have him."

"Is n't he in?"

"He is not in. He has n't been here for a month. He is sick."

This was bad news. But Jacob grew calm and firm in face of it, and said: "Where can I find him?"

"At his house, I suppose;" and the clerk named street and number.

"Thank you, sir." And the black bag and pepper-and-salt trousers disappeared.

To find his uncle's house Jacob had to go up into the city. It was literally up, the town rising gradually for a mile back from the river to the base of still mightier hills beyond. He observed that the streets were regularly laid out—that those running parallel with the river, after Front, Second and Pearl, were numbered,—Fourth, Fifth, and so on,—while the cross-streets had names; so that finding his way was not difficult.

He had passed the pleasantest part of the town, leaving many fine residences and splendid retail stores behind him, and the sunset was fast deepening into twilight, when on the door of a gloomy-looking house he discovered his uncle's number and name, and rang the bell.

For a long while he got no response. He rang again, and was beginning to think the house was deserted, when an old negro woman, with a red handkerchief around her head, came shuffling to the door, and opened it carefully a little way.

"Mr. Higglestone is at home," she said, in answer to Jacob's question, "but he's sick, and he can't see nobody."

"May be he will see me. Will you tell him his nephew is here, and would like to speak with him?"

The old negress threw out her chin and showed all the front teeth she had with a grimace, which was by no means encouraging to Jacob, and probably was not meant to be. She went off, and once more he had a long while to wait, a prey to sickening thoughts. At length the loosely shod feet were heard shuffling along the stairs again, and the red-turbaned head and wrinkled, old, black face re-appeared at the half-opened door.

"He says he haint got no nephew he wants to see, but if you likes, you can come ag'in in the

no'nin'. Jes pos'ble you 'll have a chance to speak to him; but I aint sho."

"He wont see me now?"

"No; he wont see you to-night, nohow."

Jacob was staggered. After a pause, he said:

"What time shall I call?"

"I don't say you shall call at all," the old negress replied. "But if you chuse, you can come any time after nine o'clock."

The door was closed, and Jacob turned and walked down the steps.

He remembered that it was Saturday night; the next day was Sunday; what he was to do with himself meanwhile he had not the least idea.

He might have asked the old woman to let him come in and stop overnight; but there was that abiding self-respect in him which would not let him beg, even at his uncle's door.

If he had had a little more experience of life, he would probably have sought out the nearest cheap boarding-house and applied for lodgings, at the risk of being required to make payment in advance. Any grocer could probably have told him where such a house was to be found. But Jacob had no thought of asking for anything which he could not pay for on demand.

The close of the week was not a time to seek for work. The open fields, the stacks of hay or grain, where free lodgings might be had, were far away. Even if he had known that a bunk for the night could be obtained at the police stations by almost any vagabond, I do not suppose he would have been greatly cheered or comforted.

"If I could only find an empty cask to crawl into!" thought he, as he wandered aimlessly about; "or any old shed!"

But somehow casks and sheds were put to other uses, or looked too uninviting.

At last the thought occurred to him that there might be a chance for him to creep under the end of the suspension-bridge, and he started off in quest of it, though without much hope of securing the wished-for accommodations.

It was now evening, but the streets were lighted, and he was sauntering along, gazing into the brilliant shop-windows, like the verdant youth he was, when somebody coming up to him from behind touched him on the shoulder.

Turning quickly, he saw a young woman with a road, bright, foreign-looking face, smiling at him.

She pointed back up the street, and said something in German, of which his ear caught only the words, "*Kommen sie.*"

"Come and see what?" said Jacob.

"Yes!" she replied, smiling again, but understanding him no better than he understood her.

She appeared to have been running after him,

for he noticed that she was out of breath. She had a clear, honest, pleasant face, and he could not suspect her of any guile. There seemed but one conclusion for him to come to concerning her: she must have mistaken him for some other person. He told her so.

"Yes," she said, nodding and laughing, still apparently not understanding a word. And again she pointed invitingly back the way he had come.

Jacob reflected: "I may as well go that way as any—I'll see what will come of it;" and making signs of assent he followed her.

She led him back a block or two, then into a cross-street of modest residences, at the door of one of which she stopped, and with another nod and smile beckoned him up the steps.

Still Jacob followed her, wondering more and more, and asking himself how the matter would end.

The door opened at her touch, and she led him into the charming entry of an elegant house, where the gas was burning with a soft and agreeable light.

Now, when I use the words charming and elegant, I am describing things as they looked to Jacob. If he had ever been in one of the really superb residences of which the city can boast, this into which he was now ushered by his mysterious guide would no doubt have appeared to him but the neat and tasteful abode it was.

But to his inexperienced eye the soft carpets, the darkly rich wall-paper, the winding staircase, the furniture and pictures of a room into which an open door gave him a glimpse, the harmonious, subdued tone of everything,—all this, compared with the interior of the finest house he had ever seen, appeared luxurious and magnificent.

The woman motioned him to hang his hat on the carved black-walnut hat-tree, and he wonderingly obeyed.

"Please tell me what all this means!" he asked, in a sort of perplexed and troubled delight.

"Yes!" she replied, with the same air of comprehending not a word; and, still nodding and laughing, beckoned him to follow her up the stairs. Jacob suddenly remembered stories he had heard of travelers being enticed into mysterious houses and robbed. An alarming suspicion flitted across his mind, but he reflected that a poor country lad like him was n't worth robbing. He hardly hesitated a moment. Firmly resolved to see the end of the curious adventure, he followed the woman up the stairs.

She showed him into a pretty little chamber,—which appeared ample and magnificent enough to him as she turned up the gas,—and gave him a sign that he was to make himself at home there.

As he stood staring about him in astonishment, she quietly took his bag from his hand and set it

on the floor beside the bureau. Then she showed him the marble-topped wash-stand, and turned on the water for him. Then pointing the forefinger of her right hand at her open mouth, she raised her eyebrows interrogatively, nodded and laughed again, and said: "Yes?"

Jacob understood her to ask if he would like something to eat. He smiled and nodded in reply, and she hastened from the room.

After he had washed and brushed off the dust of travel and the soot of the city smoke,—which, falling like a fine black snow, adheres to skin and clothing,—combed his hair and arranged his soiled collar and cravat, she came again, once more made the sign of eating, and pointing the way downstairs, repeated, "Yes?"

Accompanying her again, he was ushered into a neat little supper-room—large and gorgeous to him—and motioned to take his seat at the table, where what seemed a beautiful banquet awaited him. She poured a cup of rich chocolate for him, and with the usual nod and smile indicated that he was to help himself to everything he saw.

"This is for all the world like the Arabian Nights!" he said to himself; and like the hero of one of those wonderful tales, he felt like pinching himself to see if he were really awake.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NOT FAIRY-LAND EXACTLY.

AFTER he had partaken of the banquet,—which, to be quite frank about it, consisted mainly of cold tongue, bread and butter,—Jacob was invited by signs and smiles to enter the room of which he had had glimpses in passing through the hall. Left alone there, he gazed about him, seeking some clew to this pleasant but most perplexing riddle.

As if moved by a sort of inspiration, he took up a photograph album from one of the tables. Almost the first picture he turned to gave him a start of astonishment, and called up a rush of memories both pleasant and painful. He doubted, held the book nearer his eyes and the light, and was bending over it, still wondering, when the original of the picture entered the room, and came up behind him with a quick step and light laugh.

"How do you do, Jacob, my boy?" she said with the same delightfully arch and gay expression which he remembered so well.

The name was trembling on his lips as he looked at the picture. Now he uttered it aloud.

"Florie! Florence Fairlake!"

And hurriedly putting down the book, he took the hand which she so frankly held out to him.

Mrs. Fairlake came into the room immediately after her daughter, and gave him a no less cordial

welcome. They made him sit down, and seated themselves near him, regarding him with interest and curiosity, and embarrassing him with questions.

Where had he come from? where had he been since that dreadful night when the steamboat left him on the lonely shore of the Ohio? and where was he going when the German servant overtook him and brought him to the house?

Jacob was still too much astonished to answer these questions very coherently. He managed, however, to let them know that he had seen hard times, and passed through some pretty severe trials.

"But how does it happen that I am here?" he asked, turning from one to the other with blushes of surprise and pleasure. "I was feeling so homeless and lonesome, and then, all at once, I was in fairy-land! I can't understand it; and it seems too good now to be true!"

"I don't think there is much illusion about it; you are in anything but fairy-land!" said Mrs. Fairlake, with her peculiar drawl. "My husband is a teacher in one of the high-schools, he gets a modest living by instructing classes in algebra and Latin, and this is his humble home. A poor schoolmaster's family,—there can be nothing more prosaic than that, I am sure! But I don't wonder you were surprised at the way in which you were brought here. Florie will have to answer for that. She never does anything like any other girl, you know."

"It's all my fault, of course," laughed Florie; "one of my funny freaks, as mamma says. I thought I was managing with a great deal of—what's the big word?—sagacity, till she told me I showed an utter lack of common sense. That's no new thing for me, you remember. My sense is uncommon. You'll say so when I tell you just how it was."

"I'm sure I shall," said Jacob.

"I discovered you," she said. "I was just going out of our street when I spied you loitering along with your bag, looking into all the shop-windows, and staring at everything but me."

"Why did n't you speak to me?"

"That's what mamma says is so strange. You were a little way off, and as you did n't recognize me,—though I thought you looked right at me once,—I was afraid you might be some other foolish boy."

"Florie, be still!" remonstrated her mother.

"I remember her way of making fun and speaking truth, and I don't mind it," said Jacob, blushing and laughing. "I am certainly one foolish boy, whether there's another in the world or not."

"I don't believe there are many foolish in just your way," said Florie. "If you had n't been foolish,—in your way,—you would have let me

drown, instead of risking your life to get me out of the water. How near we came to going down together! Do you ever think of it?"

Jacob confessed that he had thought of it once or twice.

"But," said he, "if it had n't been for some of my foolishness, you would n't have been in the water at all. 'Twas I that rowed the boat on the cable. *That* has been *my* trouble."

you did n't look as if you had any place to go to, and mamma would want to see you. Then I remembered that mamma was n't at home. I don't believe I was so silly as to think about any impropriety in my snatching up a young gentleman in the street and carrying him home with me when she was away; but, really, I can't tell now what I did think, except that it seemed to me I must go at once and fetch her, and send Else to overtake



JACOB MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

"Nobody ever thought of blaming you except your own foolish self," said Florie. "But was n't it a wet time! And poor Mr. Pinkey!"

"I'll tell you something about him after you've finished your story," said Jacob.

"Oh yes! Well, I suppose I was a good deal excited when I saw you this evening. You turned your face to look into the next shop-window, and then I knew you for certain. I was going to run right up to speak to you, but—mamma says I never reflect, but I did reflect then—I thought if I spoke to you I must take you home with me, for

you and bring you here to meet us. So I ran back to the house—it was only a few doors around the corner—gave her my orders, and then went to find mamma. We had only just returned, when I came in and found you looking at my picture."

"I don't see but that you acted with a good deal of what you call sagacity after all," said Jacob. "But it was the funniest thing!—your German woman and I could n't understand each other except by signs, and I was completely puzzled. You should have seen us nod and gesture and grin!"

"What did you think?" cried Florie, with one of her merry peals of laughter.

"Think?" replied Jacob. "I did n't know but she was leading me into some trap, where ruffians would suddenly rush upon me and cut me up into mince-meat! Though, when I looked at her honest face, I could n't believe that."

"To keep Florie in practice with her German, we have a German servant," said Mrs. Fairlake. "We are so accustomed to speaking with Else in her own language, that we sometimes forget that other people may not understand her."

"Yes," said Florie; "and I never thought about the funny predicament you would be in till mamma mentioned it. The idea of your not knowing who had sent for you, or where you were, until you saw my picture in the album! It is so droll!"

When the mystery had been thus explained, Jacob told of his recent meeting with Mr. Pinkey in jail, and related other adventures he had had, all of which amused and interested Florie and her mother exceedingly.

"Delightful Mr. Pinkey!" said Mrs. Fairlake, with quiet irony in her pleasant drawl; "I am rejoiced to know that those darling ringlets did n't perish in a watery grave; it would have been quite too bad after all the pains he had taken with them. It is sad enough to think of him wasting his sweetness on the desert air of a jail. But don't you regard it as a mercy, Jacob, that you are separated from him? *You* might have gone to cultivating ringlets if you had remained subject to his charms, and they never would have become you as they do Mr. Pinkey."

"Oh, Mrs. Fairlake," said Jacob, understanding the deeper meaning of her words, "I am so glad that I got free from his influence as soon as I did. I know now how bad it was for me. How many times I have thought of what you and Florie said of him, when I would n't believe you—when I was almost angry because you did n't admire him! Now I know how true was every word that you said."

While they were talking, Mr. Fairlake came in. "Some people call him professor," his wife remarked, introducing him to Jacob. "But since the title has been adopted and adorned by such men as our accomplished friend Mr. Pinkey, we feel that he is altogether unworthy to bear it."

Mr. Fairlake greeted their guest very heartily, and took no pains to conceal the fact that he had heard a good deal about him from his wife and daughter.

He was interested to hear an account of the cap-sizing of the boat and of Florie's rescue from Jacob's own lips, which the boy gave with such true feeling, relieved by touches of humor, and with such genuine modesty, that they were moved and entertained by the story, and charmed with the story-teller.

Then Mr. Fairlake wished to know more of Jacob's history, and led him on to the very important consideration of his immediate future.

"I find I have come on a sort of tom-fool's errand," said Jacob; "and I've made up my mind that, whatever happens, I'll never again hunt up a relative for any good he may do me. But now I'm here I mean to find something to do, to earn my



JACOB CALLS ON UNCLE HIGGLESTONE.

living, if I can. I don't care much what I begin with; almost any kind of honest work will do."

"I like that," said Mr. Fairlake. "We will look about next week, and see what can be done for you. Meanwhile, you are welcome to a home with us. But you had better go and see your uncle, and ask his advice, if nothing else. He is well known as a successful man of business, and a person of fitful benevolence, though of an uncertain temper. While he will refuse a beggar a crust, and perhaps complain of his own poverty, he will draw his check the same day for some charitable purpose, or public object, which he takes a notion to aid. You'd better visit him,—treat him with the respect due from a young nephew to an old uncle, but keep your independence."

So they talked until bed-time, when Jacob took leave of these new and delightful friends, and retired to his chamber. He was for a long time too excited and happy to sleep. But by degrees his brain grew quiet, and, from dwelling upon his wonderful fortunes, as he lay awake, he lived them over again all night in pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JACOB VISITS HIS UNCLE.

NEXT morning, Jacob once more mounted the steps of his uncle's house, and gave the bell-handle a pull,—not timidly and anxiously, as on the evening before, but with a confident and cheerful heart.

Mrs. Fairlake had managed to fit him out with some clean linen. He carried no bag. His countenance showed modest independence. His attitude was erect. Thanks to his friends, the Fairlakes, he had not come to ask favors of Uncle Higglestone; and he was prepared for the worst reception.

The old negress with the shuffling shoes and red-turbaned head once more opened the door a little way, and then a few inches farther, on seeing who the comer was.

"You can jes step into de pahlah an' wait," said she. "He'll see ye right sune, I reekon."

She left him in a small, plainly furnished room, the very atmosphere of which made Jacob feel homesick and wish himself away. Truly no beautiful and loving souls inhabited there; no gracieous presence made those bare walls a home. Soon the old woman re-appeared.

"You can go up," she said to Jacob. "It's de front room; walk right in." And Jacob went up.

In the front room he found a worn and faded carpet, a tumbled bed, a mantel-piece crowded with medicine-vials, a table on which were the remains of a solitary breakfast, two or three cane-seated chairs, and one large arm-chair, in which a sharp-featured old man sat propped with pillows. From the sharp features shot sharp glances out of a pair of sunken gray eyes, then came a sharp voice:

"My nephew, are you?"

"I believe so; that is what Aunt Myra said."

"You're the boy she brought up, hey? And now she's dead, you come to me! Did n't she leave you anything? Could n't you manage to live where you were?"

"I could have managed to live there, I suppose."

"Then why did n't you? What are you here for? It's all I can do to take care of myself. Boys are such fools! There's a vast deal more oom in the country than there is in the city; but they must crowd to the city, crowd to the city, where there's nothing under the sun for 'em to do."

Though burning with indignation, Jacob curbed

it, and answered calmly: "I've heard that you were once a poor boy in the country, and that you went to the city to find something to do, and found it."

"That 's different!" snarled the sick man.

"Yes," said Jacob. "You were more fortunate than I; you had no uncle there to discourage you!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that if you,—when you were a poor boy trying to get a living,—if you met a relative who shut you out of his house one night and talked to you the next morning as you have been talking to me, why, I pity you, that 's all."

This cutting speech told on Uncle Higglestone, and he began to look closely and without prejudice at the fine, firm, manly lad before him.

"What would you have me do?" he demanded.

"Give me a kind word and a little advice," replied Jacob. "That 's all I have come to you for."

"Have n't you come to me for a home and to get my money?"

"I don't want a cent of your money, sir; and I have a home which suits me very well for the present." And Jacob was turning to go.

"Come here!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Higglestone. "Let me look at you!"

With a sarcastic smile, Jacob stepped up to the chair and stood in the full light of the window.

"Nephew or not," said Uncle Higglestone, with a changed look and tone, "I've seen you before."

"I know that," replied Jacob. "I knew it the minute I came into the room."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

"I did n't think it was necessary; I've no claims to make on account of old acquaintance."

The boy spoke proudly and bitterly.

"No; you're a chip of the old block,"—and the sick man's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "I like your spirit. I was just like you, at your age."

Jacob could not help thinking, "I hope I shall not be just like you when I am a man of your age,"—but he held his peace.

"You went off that night before I had a chance even to thank you," the old man continued. "I liked that in you, too. I'd have done just so when I was a boy. I asked no odds of anybody. But I wished I had seen you. I wanted you to travel with me. With your care and attention, I might be a comparatively well man now. As it is, I came home sick, and I've been sick ever since."

Jacob remembered how glad he would have been to travel with this man and take care of him, thereby gaining an honest livelihood; but now the very thought of such slavery made his heart sick.

"Call my old woman; she'll give you a room," Uncle Higglestone continued, keeping his keen eyes on Jacob with the greatest interest. "You shall live with me, and work right into my busi-

ness; I want just such a lad as you to take my place. Where's the bag you had last night? My old woman said you brought one."

Jacob hesitated before deciding what to say, and then answered:

"I had my bag—when I called here; but I have left it at Mr. Fairlake's house, where I am stopping."

"Fairlake! I know him; a very fine man. I'm glad you've got such a friend. But you must n't stop there, nor anywhere else except in your old uncle's house,"—and Uncle Higglestone ended with a softened gleam in his eyes and a tremor in his voice.

"I thought my old uncle did n't want me," replied Jacob.

"Ah, that was before I knew!"

"But I am the same nephew now I was ten minutes ago. I told you then I had n't come to stop with you."

"That's like me, too," said the old man. "Proud and resentful,—and I can't blame you. But I carried my pride and resentment too far. I know it now. I was too independent. Be careful, nephew, and don't be too much like me in that respect, or you may find your surly spirit leading you—as it has led me—to a lonely old age. Don't say yet that you won't take up with my offer; for if you say it, I know you'll stick to it—that was my way. Think of it, will you?"

"I'll think of it, and consult my friends," Jacob promised; although the prospect of making his home in that house became, the more he considered it, the more intolerable to him.

The old man then had questions to ask about his late sister, of whom he was inclined to speak harshly, on account of their quarrel twenty years

before. But Jacob stood up for her stoutly, and said all the good he could of her.

"She used to abuse me to you, did n't she?" said Uncle Higglestone.

"I hardly know what you would call it," replied Jacob, with a smile; "but she used to talk about you very much as you do about her."

"And you believed her?"

"It is n't very strange if I did; I did n't know you then!"

"And what do you think now?"

"I think she and you were a good deal alike in some things; perhaps that is the reason you could n't agree any better."

Jacob expected nothing else than that this frankness would raise his uncle's anger; but the old man evidently liked him all the better for it.

Then the conversation turned upon his journey. Jacob concealed nothing. The invalid listened eagerly, and rubbed his thin hands and chuckled with delight over the amusing parts of his nephew's adventures. He was particularly pleased when told of the meeting with Alphonse in jail.

"A slippery fellow—I know him! He once came to me for a subscription to some swindling scheme of his. An introduction from him would n't have gained you much credit with me! I hope he'll get punished to the extent of the law."

"I don't," said Jacob. "For I don't think he *means* to be a scamp."

"Nobody ever does," said the old man. "Rogues are the best-meaning people in the world. They'd have everything their own way, if they could, without hurting anybody, but they can't, so they are—just rogues, and society must look out for 'em. But stand up for your friends; I like it!"

And Uncle Higglestone rubbed his hands again.

(To be continued.)

PETER'S RABBIT-HUNT.

BY PAUL FORT.

PETER KOORIKOF was a funny old fellow who lived in a village in Russia. He did not know very much about anything but his business, which was that of a farm-hand, and the people in the village said he did not know much about that.

But Peter had an idea that he was not only the best farmer in the part of the country where he lived, but that he understood a great many things

about fishing, hunting, gardening and other matters, which were entirely above the comprehension of ordinary people.

The villagers, and the men and women on the farm where Peter worked, were kind to him because he was a good-natured, obliging fellow, always willing to do a good turn for a friend, but they could not help laughing at him when they saw

what a curious way he had, sometimes, of doing a good turn.

But Peter knew what he was about, he said, and perhaps, some day, the people in the village would see that he was not the man they took him for.

deep on the lower floors, so that the people had to live altogether in the little rooms in the upper part of their houses.

The farm-house fared better, for it stood on high ground, some distance from the river; but the



PETER DRAWS IN THE FLOATING LOG.

One summer there was a long series of heavy rains, and the river which ran by the village where Peter lived was greatly swollen. So much so, indeed, that the water ran up into the fields, and even into the woods that lay a little back from the river. All the houses in the village which were near the river-bank were entirely surrounded by water, which in some cases was two or three feet

water came up very close to it, where it had never been before, and the whole country presented a very curious appearance, with the river spreading itself out so far and wide, and flowing swiftly on, over fields and roads and

fences, and even in and out among the trees of the forest.

After the rains had ceased, the freshet still continued, for all the little streams, swelled up above their banks, and loaded with the waters from the hills, came pouring into the river.

But everybody knew that the waters would fall before many days, and so they tried to get along as well as they could meantime.

One day—it was one of the first days after the rains—Peter came rushing into the farm-house, where most of the people were just about to sit down to their dinner, and cried out:

“I say! Look here! Who’s got a boat-hook?”

“A what?” said one of the men.

“A boat-hook,” replied Peter. “Come, don’t keep me. I’m in a hurry. I have something to do while you are eating your dinner. I saw a boat-hook here yesterday; where is it now?”

“What are you going to do, Peter?” asked a woman.

“Now, look here, good folks!” said Peter. “There is a time for all things,—a time for joking, and a time not to joke. I am going rabbit-hunting in a hurry, and I want a boat-hook.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed half-a-dozen people. “That’s good! Hunting rabbits with a boat-hook! Ha! ha! Are you going to hook them by the ears?”

“That’s my affair,” said Peter, “I’ll attend to my business. Now, will anybody tell me where I shall find a boat-hook?”

“Oh! don’t make such a disturbance, Peter,” said one of the older men. “I expect the boat-hook is down in the boat. Go down and look for it.”

“I never thought of that,” said Peter, and away he went.

The farm-hands had another good laugh at him, as he hurried away, and then they went in to their dinner.

Peter had a grand scheme on hand. As he happened to be down by the river near the woods, that morning, he saw a sight which puzzled him a great deal. On logs and branches of trees which were floating down with the current, he saw a great many rabbits, who seemed to be going off together on a grand boating excursion.

“Hello!” said he to himself. “What can those rabbits be about?”

When he had considered the matter a short time, however, he saw through the mystery. The water, in spreading through the woods, had flooded these rabbits out of their homes, and had cut off their retreat to dry land. So there had been nothing left for them to do but to get on such pieces of wood as they might be able to reach, and float along with the stream.

“They’re in a bad way,” thought Peter, “for they don’t like water, and they’ll stick on those logs till they starve to death rather than try to swim ashore. And it’s a dreadful pity to see so many fine rabbits wasted.”

But just then the idea came into his head that perhaps they need not be wasted. Suppose he were to get a boat and go out and catch them all! They could not get away from him. Splendid! He would do it. With a boat-hook he could draw the logs and branches up to his boat, and pick up every one of the long-eared little chaps. Even if they jumped into the water they could not get away from him, for he could row faster than they could swim. These rabbits were now some distance above the farm-house. If he ran and got a boat and oars, and particularly a boat-hook, he could row out and head them off before they got very far down the river.

So away he went, as we have seen, to the farm-house.

When he reached the boat, which was tied to a tree near the end of the high point on which the farm-house stood, he found the boat-hook and the oars in it, for some of the men had been out during the morning, picking up drift-wood. Looking out over the river, he saw that the floating rabbits had passed the farm-house, and, losing no time in pushing off, he rowed vigorously after them.

In about ten minutes he was among them, and, laying down his oars, he took up his boat-hook and began to pull in the branches with their odd little passengers. To Peter’s surprise the rabbits did not attempt to jump into the water. Some of them ran from one end of a log to the other, when he attempted to put his hands on them, but many of them crouched down and allowed him to take them up, and some even jumped into the boat of their own accord.

They seemed to know that anything in the way of a big affair like a boat would be better than the insecure branches on which they were perched. So Peter had very little trouble in catching every rabbit that he could see on the river, for they were all quite near together, and he did not have to row about very much after he had reached the first of them.

When they were all in the boat he sat down and took up the oars, while the rabbits huddled themselves up together in the stern. They kept very quiet, and had a half-frightened appearance, as if they were not quite certain that they were free from danger, although they were very glad indeed to get off those floating logs and branches.

As Peter rowed toward the farm-house he could not help feeling very much pleased.

"What a splendid lot of rabbits!" he said to himself. "I don't believe anybody ever caught so many fine rabbits at once, all alive. Nobody in his country, I am certain, nor in any part of the world, so far as I have heard. I wonder what the farm folks will have to say now. The laugh will be the other way. I knew I should some day show them that I was not the man they took me for."

As he approached the shore he saw a number of the farm people, who, having finished their dinner, had come down to the river to see what Peter was going to do with his boat-hook.

They were astounded when they saw him and his boat-load of rabbits, and shouted to him, asking how he had caught them. Peter rested on his oars a short distance from shore and explained the whole affair. He was delighted to have such an opportunity of making a speech about himself.

"What are you going to do with them all, Peter?" called out one of the women. "You will give us each one or two, won't you?"

"No, indeed," said Peter. "I can't afford to give my rabbits away. I am going to be a rabbit-merchant. I intend to build a pen, and keep them here until they are right fat. And then they will be worth a good deal of money. But if any of you would like to buy a few rabbits now, I will sell them to you."

"All right," said one of the people. "Let us get a better look at them, and perhaps some of us may buy a few, and take care of them ourselves."

So Peter turned his boat around and rowed to the shore.

"Stop, Peter!" cried several of the men. "Don't come too close!" But Peter did not hear this warn-

ing in time. In a moment the bow of his boat struck the shore a short distance below where the farm-people were standing.

And then a strange thing happened. The rabbits had been huddled up very quietly in the stern of the boat, not appearing to be disturbed in the least by the loud talking, or by the noise and motion of the oars, so that Peter was delighted to see how tame and easily managed they were.

But the instant the boat touched the land a change came over them. They twitched their ears, sprang to their feet, and then, with one accord, they made a wild rush for the shore!

Over the seats and over the oars, over Peter's feet and legs, and over the sides and bow of the boat, they went. Peter had the oars in his hands, but dropping them as soon as his surprise would let him, he grabbed at the flying legs and tails, but never a one he caught.

In a minute every rabbit had gone! The people on shore hurried toward the boat, but they were up on a high bank, and before they could get down the rabbits were out of their reach, and all rushing at the top of their speed for a patch of woods and thicket near by.

Then the people laughed and shouted at Peter more than they had ever done before.

But Peter did not say a word. He just stood and looked after the rabbits, until the last of their little tails had disappeared in the thicket, and then he tied the boat to a tree and walked away, paying no attention to the remarks and laughter of the people. When he reached the farm-house he stopped a moment at the door, and said to himself: "Peter, you are not the man I took you for."

SCHOOL-LUNCHEONS.

(A Letter from the Little Schoolma'am.)

WELL, my boys and girls, Summer is making ready to go, and soon Autumn's ruddy brown face will come peeping at us through the boughs; so it seems quite time that we had our talk about school-luncheons. Are you sorry to have the autumn come? I hope not. I am glad, though she *does* bring slates and lesson-books under her arm. Holidays are nice, and fun and frolic very nice; but when holiday has lasted long enough, and we have rested and played to our heart's content, then study and work in their turn become delightful, and we ask nothing better than to take them up again.

That is the way I feel; and if every little schoolma'am in the land can say the same, I am pretty sure that all the scholars will welcome the new term with bright faces and ready minds.

First, I must thank you for your letters. I can't begin to count how many there were of them. They came from east and west, and north and south, pile after pile and day after day, till the postman was at his wit's end, and felt that, if this sort of thing was going on, he must be furnished with a wheelbarrow instead of a bag. I imagine that when he went home at night he told his children

about them, and said he should really like to know what had set all the world writing to ST. NICHOLAS at one and the same time. We, who are in the secret, know that there was nothing wonderful about the matter, and that, so far as letters were concerned, the more the merrier. Now, thanks to you, there is one little schoolma'am who feels as if she had gone to school and dined out of a basket in every corner of the Union. Very good dinners many of them were, too, substantial and wholesome and well chosen. One thing, however, I was sorry for—which is, that almost all of you say that you like pies, and only about half of you mention liking meat.

Pies are popular, I know; but they form a bad diet for children to study on, especially mince-pies, which I notice almost all of you select as your favorite. The lard and butter and heavy sweetness of them have the inevitable effect to make little brains sluggish and dull. Sums wont add up and States wont "bound;" heads ache and eyes droop, and that "horrid" geography gets the blame, or the "old arithmetic," instead of the real culprit, pie! Do notice how you feel after eating pie, and I think you will agree with me about this.

I wish, too, that more of you fancied brown bread—Graham or rye. It is very sound and wholesome, and has a great deal more nourishment in it than white bread, and this is an important point for you who have to grow as well as to live. On the other hand, I am glad to see that almost all of you enjoy fresh fruit. That is nature's own food, and if ripe and perfect, it is good for every one.

Now for the letters. I can't print them all, you know, for if I did, ST. NICHOLAS would be letters and nothing else for a year to come. But here are a few:

Providence, R. I.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: You ask me to tell you what we carry to school for lunch.

I generally take a slice of brown or white bread and butter and a slice of very plain cake. In fruit season I take apples, pears and peaches, and very rarely, a hard-boiled egg.

I often wish for the nice things the other girls have, such as cream-cakes, fruit-cake, cocoa-nut balls and candy. I suppose mother knows best, but they *are* nice.—Truly yours,

STELLA F. PABODIE.

Stella is a wise little girl with her "suppose," and I am quite sure that mother does "know best." I wish though that she could insert a little slice of meat between the slices of bread. A day of study requires more substantial food than bread and butter and cake, and Stella would be stronger at the year's end for having it.

Brooklyn.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I am very much interested in the subject of school-luncheons. I am ten years old and live in Brooklyn, but not in walking distance from my school, so I am obliged to carry my lunch every day. I generally take cold meat sandwiches, or a hard-boiled egg, a piece of cake, and an orange or a nice juicy apple. But my favorite lunch is potted tongue sandwich, an orange, and a piece of mince-pie. Mamma does not approve of mince-pie, so I do not have it often. A little girl that goes to my school once had for her

lunch an orange, a lemon, a cream-puff, and a great big green pickle—one of the largest I ever saw. The girl has gone to California now for her health.

I wish I knew of something else that was nice to take for lunch. I get so tired of the same things. I hope the Little Schoolma'am will get a great many letters and some new ideas about goodies for lunch. A baked custard is very nice, *especially if it is baked in a pretty cup.*

It is the happiest day of the month when papa brings home my ST. NICHOLAS, and I am one of its devoted readers.

MADGIE S. CLARK.

I have emphasized a line in Madgie's letter, because it suggests an idea which mammas don't always think of, and that is, the importance of making a child's school-dinner look attractive. There is something very dampening to the appetite in the aspect of thick bread and butter rolled in a bit of coarse brown paper, with a cookie or two sticking to the parcel, and an apple covered with crumbs at bottom of the pail! Such a luncheon often will prevent a delicate child from eating at all. A little care spent in preparation—in cutting the bread trimly and neatly, packing the cake in white paper, and the whole in a fresh napkin, in choosing a pretty basket to take the place of the tin-pail—is not pains thrown away. Some children are born fastidious, and with a distaste for food. They require to be tempted to eat at all—tempted, not by unwholesome goodies, but by taking trouble to make simple things dainty and attractive to them. We have heard a grown woman, whose fastidiousness had survived her childhood, describe with a shudder the effect which her dinner-basket at school had upon her. The very sight of it took away all appetite, and she went through the afternoon faint and fasting rather than meddle with its contents. By all means bake the custard in a "pretty cup," and do what is possible to give the luncheon an appetizing appearance to the little people who depend upon it for the working force of their long school-day.

Here are three letters with a recipe in each. But we will give Madgie others farther on.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I generally take some bread and butter and meat for my lunch, with an apple; but I get tired of that, and mamma wont let me take any cake at all, and that is what I should like best. When I take cold mutton, I generally chop it fine and put pepper and salt on it, and then put it on my bread. It is very nice that way.—Yours lovingly,
SUSIE.

Elpaso, Sedgwick County, Kansas.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: As you wish all the children who read the ST. NICHOLAS to write what they take to school for their luncheon, I will write what I take for mine. It is simple bread and butter, a piece of cheese, an apple, and occasionally a slice of bread-cake, which mother makes in this way:

A coffee-cup of light sponge as it is prepared for bread, a tea-cup of sugar, a cup of sour milk, half a cup butter, half a cup English currants, three cups flour, a tea-spoonful of soda; flavor with cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, if preferred. Bake in a slow oven about an hour.—From your little friend,
EVA W. PRESTON.

DEAR SCHOOLMA'AM: I am a big chicken to write to you about school-luncheons. In fact I am the mother of two little chicks of my own, too small to write or to go to school. If my children went to school, I would have them come home to dinner, if possible. If not, I would give them plain bread and butter, or broiled beef sandwiches, with a moderately boiled egg or two apiece, any fruit in season, Graham bread or Graham gems. If pie was to be taken, I would

ever let them have a piece of mince, or one where lard or butter is used in the crust. A good, cheap, digestible pie-crust can be made with mealy mashed potatoes, flour and cream, and a pinch of salt. To child will refuse to eat such a crust. A BIG CHICKEN.

Here is a sensible suggestion from that Friendly City in which all of us who went to the Centennial Exhibition learned to take an interest. Try it, boys and girls, and see how it works.

Philadelphia.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I usually take for lunch, apples, bread and butter, biscuits or oranges, and "other fruits in season." Sometimes, but not often, cake. Candy, never. Papa does not allow us to buy candy. I do not expect to see my letter in print, but please tell the girls and boys that experience has taught me that it is not at all dreadful to go without candy, and you relish your meals so much better. I wish some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would try going without candy a few weeks, and see if they do not feel better. —Yours truly,

M. A. LIPPINCOTT.

The next two letters show that sometimes children do follow sensible suggestions, which is pleasant hearing for a little schoolma'am.

Newark, N. J.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: As you told me that mince-pie was not good for school girls and boys to take to school for lunch, I thought I would write and tell you how much I appreciate your advice. For the last three weeks I had been taking mince-pie to school almost every day, and I could n't think why there were so many blotches on my face, but now I know, and I thank you very much for your advice.

I stopped taking it a few days ago. Yesterday I took some Graham bread and butter, some cold mutton and a banana.

I suppose you would say bananas are almost as bad as mince-pie, but I don't take them very often.—Your friend,

MINNIE F. BYINGTON.

Ithaca, N. Y.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I would like to tell you what I take to school for my lunch.

I almost always take some bread and butter (or biscuit), some cold meat or dried beef, a small piece of mince-pie, a piece of plain cake, and once in a great while one small pickle.

Once when there was n't anything in the house but bread and butter, I persuaded mamma to let me get a couple of maccaroons and a cream-puff, but I shall not do it again, for that day I had a dreadful headache.—I remain your faithful reader,

LAURA LYON.

I think you will all laugh over this tragical history of a pickle:

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I generally take for luncheon some crackers, or some gingerbread and cheese, with a little cake sometimes; but once I took some molasses candy which we had had a good time pulling the night before.

One time a girl took some pickles to school for luncheon in a little tin pail, and the teacher made her put it away in a closet, and it is there now, I guess!—Your loving,

M. C. CHESTER.

What do you think of *this* luncheon?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I eat taffy, apples, oranges, caramels, peanuts.—Your little friend,

PERRY.

Or this?

Toledo.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I saw your article entitled "School-Luncheons" in darling ST. NICHOLAS, and as you asked the boys and girls to answer and tell what they oftentimes take to school for their luncheons, I thought I would tell you what I take. I take Graham bread and butter, and sometimes white bread and butter, but I like Graham the best. I take a good many different kinds of sauce, jam, jelly, apple-butter; beefsteak, roast-beef, pickled pig's feet, and dried beef. I sometimes take apple and sometimes mince pie, cookies, gingerbread and snaps, jelly-cake, fruit-cake, and pound-cake.

As to fruit, I take oranges, apples, peaches, pears, grapes and strawberries, according to the season.

I am twelve years old and attend the Orange District School. Mr. Crane is our teacher, and he is a splendid one.—Yours,

NETTIE GRAY W.—.

Or this?

New Hampton.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa takes the ST. NICHOLAS for me, and we all like it very much.

I saw a piece in it this month about luncheons at school, and so I will tell you what I generally take. I take cake,—chocolate is my favorite kind,—canned fruit, apples, and very often oranges. My mamma often scolds me for not taking bread and butter, but I must say I can't eat it at school. If you know of anything better, please let me know.—From your little friend,

CLARA M. ARNOLD.

Perhaps some of you will be puzzled to understand why such luncheons as these last three are improper or insufficient, and I must not feel surprised if you are so. Many grown people go through their lives in complete ignorance of the qualities and objects of food, and of its effect on the growth and health of the human body. They fancy if things have an agreeable taste, that is enough; but a pleasant taste, though desirable, is not enough; for so soon as food has made its way down the throat, its flavor becomes a matter of little consequence. A host of tiny forces wait at the bottom of the passage down which luncheons and dinners go, whose office is to receive what we eat, work it over, distribute and make it of use to our bodies. There they stand at the foot of the long staircase,—these small servants,—and when a mouthful of bread or of beef descends, they pounce upon it, divide it, and carry it off to where it is needed. Some of it goes to the bones, some to the brain or to the nerves. This is turned to muscle,—that to fat; the little servants understand their work, and so long as we treat them well, there is no danger that they will waste or misapply anything intrusted to them.

But how few of us always treat them well! We grow careless or hurried, and forget all about the good little servants. We pay no attention to their calls, let them stand waiting for the food till they are faint and discouraged, and then of a sudden we fling a heavy meal down on their hands. Or we do just the other thing, and keep them busy all the time without any rest at all, till they are worn out. Then the little servants grow confused and angry, and run blindly about, putting things in wrong places; or they sulk, and refuse to work,—and *then* we don't feel well, and "can't imagine" what is the reason; or we fall ill, and have a bad time of it till they choose to make up the quarrel and forgive us.

I am afraid that girl did not "feel well," of whom "P. Marsh" writes, and whose luncheon consisted of six pickles, six pieces of bread and butter, and a bottle of strong tea! And what *do* you suppose these little servants thought of these other girls who take to school "cake, pie (usually mince), turnovers, tarts, plum-cake, cheese, sticky bits of half-done molasses candy, gum-drops, French chocolate, and hot, greasy dough-nuts?" Out of this list, only the cakes, pie, and cheese have *any* proper nourishment in them, you observe, and that of a rich, indigestible sort, which the

little servants will worry over and not know quite what to do with. The rest is sheer refuse; they will cast it aside contemptuously, and it will be in the way of their work just so long as it lies there. Or if, in despair, they try to use it, it is sure to do harm. Every part of the girl cries out at having such stuff administered to it. Her head aches, her eyes ache, her skin feels feverish, her whole system is loaded and oppressed. She goes home at night with the fatal basket empty in her hands, and feels that the day has been a bad one, and that life generally is hard. Her spirits are low,—spirits always are low after such a meal,—nobody seems kind,—nothing pleasant. Very likely she ends with a nightmare. And all this discomfort to pay for the brief pleasure of twenty minutes' gormandizing! Is it worth while? I don't believe any of you will say that it is.

There is another letter which I must quote, because it contains a suggestion:

New York.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Seeing in your last ST. NICHOLAS that you want all the boys and girls to tell you what they take for their lunch, I will tell you that I take *preserves*! Perhaps you will think that a very queer lunch, but the girls have what they call a "spread." Every one brings something. One will bring sandwiches, another cake, another fruit, and so on. Then we spread them all out on a table, and each one helps herself to whatever she likes. I always bring preserves, because mamma's preserves are very highly recommended by all the girls.

With much love to Jack and St. NICHOLAS,—and please keep lots for yourself,—I am yours truly,

ROBERTA C. WHITMORE.

You see this is a sort of co-operative luncheon, and for some of you I should think it might prove a good idea. Suppose, for instance, that six girls agreed to arrange their lunch on this principle,—one carrying bread nicely sliced and buttered, one some cold chicken, one a few hard-boiled eggs, with a paper of salt, one a square of fresh ginger-bread; another a jar of stewed fruit, with a spoon and some milk-biscuit, and the last a supply of apples or oranges. You see what a substantial and varied luncheon they would have, and yet each mamma would have less trouble than in providing a little of several things for her special child to carry. It might be worth while for some painstaking mothers to try this plan. And if any one makes the experiment, and finds it a good one, be sure to write a line to Jack and let us know.

Here is one more letter, and I think you will agree with me that it shows a sad state of affairs in a city which is so sensible in other matters that it ought to be wiser in this:

Philadelphia.

DEAR JACK: Will you tell the Schoolma'am that I am very glad she has taken up the subject of luncheons, and ask if she wont write so plainly about them that teachers as well as scholars shall know what to do? The other day, I visited our new normal school at recess-time, when the children belonging to the "model classes" were taking their lunch. On one side of the lunch-hall was a long counter-table, and any one who chese could buy from it. What do you think was on the table? Cake! Cake in every form and of every flavor, and nothing but cake! Cake for one cent—two—three; crullers, dough-

nuts, ginger-cakes, seed-cakes, molasses-cake; but not a sandwich or an egg, or a single cup of milk, or soup—only cake, and cake only! And this for the normal school of the second city in the Union!

THE FATHER OF TWO SCHOOL-GIRLS.

And now I am going to give a few recipes. They are no better than the things which many of you are in the habit of taking to school, but they will serve to make a variety upon them, and that is desirable, for little people, and big ones, too, get tired of even the nicest food, if they are forced to eat the same every day.

VEAL PIGEONS.

Spread a thin veal cutlet with a stuffing of bread-crumbs moistened with a little gravy or cream, and seasoned lightly with salt, pepper, and a pinch of summer-savory. Roll the cutlet up, tie it with fine cord, and bake till done, basting thoroughly. When it is cold, remove the cord and cut into slices. It is a nice savory relish with bread and butter.

GALANTINE OF VEAL OR CHICKEN.

Take an old fowl, or a knuckle of veal, cover with cold water, and boil slowly all day till the meat is almost dissolved. Strain off the liquor, and season with salt and pepper. Shred the bits of meat fine, or chop them in a chopping-bowl, put them into a shallow mold or pan, pour on the liquor, and set in a cold place for the night. In the morning the surface will be found covered with fat, which must be carefully removed, underneath which will be a firm meat jelly, slices of which laid on bread are extremely nice for luncheon.

VEAL LOAF.

To a pint of cold veal finely minced add a pint of bread-crumbs, two eggs well beaten, a wine-glassful of milk, a very little salt pork chopped fine, salt, pepper, and a pinch of thyme. Bake in a buttered dish, and when cold turn out upon a plate, and serve in slices. Cold beef or mutton may be used.

POTTED SHAD.

Scale three or four moderately sized shad, remove heads and tails, and cut each crosswise into four pieces. Chop four small onions, and sprinkle a layer on the bottom of a stone jar. Then put in a layer of fish, add a few whole peppers, a little salt, cloves, allspice, and a small quantity of onion; then another layer of fish, and so on till the pot is full. Arrange the roe on top, spice highly, and fill the jar with strong vinegar. Cover with folds of thick paper under the lid, and bake twelve hours. The vinegar will completely dissolve the bones of the shad. This is rather a spicy compound for school-children, but a little of it as a relish now and then will be found nice.

WHOLESOME SALAD.

Take equal quantities of cold beef, mutton, or veal, cold boiled potatoes, and a larger portion of fresh green lettuce, all cut fine. Stir a half tea-

cupful of vinegar gradually into a table-spoonful of olive-oil or cream, add a little salt and sugar, and pour over the salad, mixing well with a fork. A bowl or jar of this, with plenty of bread-and-butter, ought to be liked by the pickle-fanciers among you.

A PLAIN RICE PUDDING.

A coffee-cupful of boiled rice, a quart of milk, a half tea-cup of raisins, a half tea-cup of sugar, a table-spoonful of butter. Stew the rice *gently* into the milk for two hours; add the sugar, raisins, and butter, and bake for an hour, stirring once to mix the butter in. This pudding is very nice eaten cold for luncheon.

GRAHAM PUFFS.

A pint of Graham flour, not sifted; a pint of milk. Mix lightly with a spoon for a few minutes, then pour the batter into iron-clad pans made hot, into each of which a bit of butter has just been dropped. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

This is the purest and most wholesome preparation of Graham flour which exists, and I think most of you will like it very much. The puffs are as good cold as hot.

CORN DODGERS.

A pint of sifted meal, stirred smoothly in a quart of milk. Add one egg, beaten lightly, a table-spoonful of sugar, and a very small bit of butter. Bake in iron-clad pans, precisely after the rule given for Graham puffs, and when cold split and spread with butter or powdered sugar.

Some of you would perhaps enjoy rusk as a change from bread and biscuit, so I give a recipe from Marion Harland's excellent manual of cookery, "Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea":

RUSKS.

One quart of milk; half cup of yeast; flour enough to make a thick batter. Set a "sponge" with these ingredients. When it is very light, add one cup butter rubbed to a cream, with two cups of powdered sugar, three eggs well beaten. Flour enough to make a stiff dough. Knead briskly, and set to rise for four hours. Then make into rolls, and let them stand an hour longer, or till light and "puffy," before baking. Glaze, just before drawing them from the oven, with a little cream and sugar.

MOONSHINES.

A quart of flour, a table-spoonful of butter, a tea-spoonful of salt, a small tumbler of ice-water. Mix the water with the other ingredients with a knife on a molding-board, as for paste; beat with the rolling-pin till perfectly smooth and flexible, and roll out as thin as a wafer. Cut into circles of the size of a saucer with a pastry jigger, and criss-cross the top of each circle with the same. Bake on flat tins. This makes a sort of light, crisp cracker, as

delicate as possible, and would be a nice contribution for some one to carry to a co-operative luncheon.

Now, to show you that little schoolma'ams can be indulgent sometimes, I will here add a recipe for a very simple (but good) cake, which I used to like (and to make, too) when I was a little girl.

MOLASSES CAKE.

One tea-cup of molasses, one tea-cup of brown sugar, one tea-cup of milk, four tea-cups of flour, two eggs, a spoonful of ginger, and half tea-spoonful of soda.

Here are some suggestions which hardly amount to the dignity of recipes—in fact, are too simple to require a regular rule, but which some of you may like to try for school luncheons:

Quinces, baked in the oven till thoroughly soft, and sprinkled thickly with fine sugar.

Apples, prepared in the same way.

Apple-turnovers, made with the potato paste described in the letter from "A Big Chicken," and spread with nicely seasoned stewed apple.

Cheese, grated fine, and sprinkled on bread and butter. The cheese must be dry and old.

Grated ham, also with bread and butter.

Dried peaches, stewed and sweetened.

And—I put this in at the special request of a little girl—cold, baked Carolina sweet-potatoes, cut in very thin slices, and eaten with salt. These, she says, taste *exactly* like chestnuts, and she is sure all the ST. NICHOLAS children will like them.

I will wind up with a list, putting into it not only these recipes and suggestions of my own, but also all the good, wholesome things mentioned in your different letters. It will be convenient for you to refer to them in the form of a list; and though each one of you will find articles of food mentioned which are familiar, each one has the chance of lighting on something new, which may come into play for the hungry noons just ahead.

Beginning with solids, we have sandwiches of cold sliced meat, potted meat, grated ham, and grated cheese; chopped mutton, salted and peppered; sliced sausages.

Beef-tea, galantine of veal or chicken, veal-loaf, potted shad, veal pigeons, salad—of meat, potato and lettuce,—cold chicken, cold corned beef, and hard-boiled eggs.

Graham bread, Graham puffs, pilot bread and good fresh crackers with old cheese, corn bread, corn dodgers, cold buttered muffins, milk biscuit, rolls and butter, pop-overs, oatmeal cakes, oatmeal crackers, moonshines and rusks.

Roasted quinces with sugar, roasted apples, apple-turnovers with potato crust, roasted sweet-potatoes, cold and sliced, molasses cake, cold rice pudding, dried peaches stewed, apple sauce, ginger snaps, plain cookies, bread-cake, baked custard, apple butter.

Fruit of all kinds, if fresh and ripe.

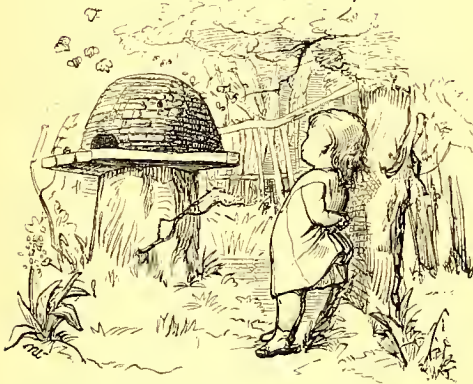
Now, dears, if any of these recipes turn out to your taste, or if anything I have said proves useful, or helps you to an idea, nobody will be so glad as your affectionate

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

ONE! TWO! THREE!



ONE! two! three!
Mamma, see—
Kisses sweet for you!
Here's a kiss,
There's a kiss,
Here's another, too!



Three! four! five!
In the hive
There are lots of bees.

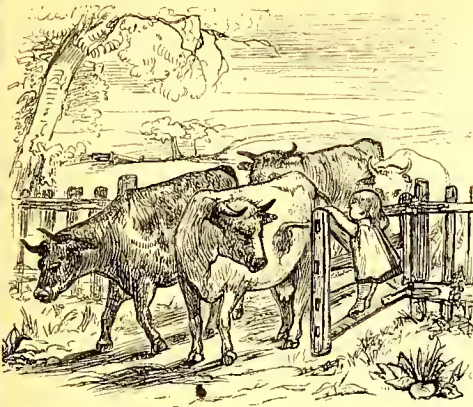
When they fly
They go high,
'Way up in the trees.

Four! five! six!
Little chicks,—
Dear me! how they rush!
See them eat,
With their feet
Standing in the mush!



Five! six! eight!
Through the gate
Come the cows at night;
Brindle, Bess,
Fan and Jess—
Can't I count them right?

Six! eight! ten!
Big, strong men
Rake up all the hay.
There's a load
Down the road,
Coming here to-day.



One! two! three!
Mamma, see—
Kisses sweet for you!



Love you best—
More 'n the rest—
Yes, indeed, I do!

GOOD FRIENDS.

I KNOW a dog whose name is Jack. He is a bull-dog, and he looks very cross, but he is really very kind.

One day Jack went out for a walk with his Master, and they saw two dogs fighting. Jack ran off to them very fast, and his Master was afraid Jack would fight too. But the good dog pushed himself between the others and stopped their fighting. The two dogs then went away, looking very sorry. And Jack came back wagging his tail, as if proud of being a peace-maker.

Most dogs do not like cats, but Jack has a dear friend, a cat named George Washington. George had four little brothers and sisters, but three of them never came out of their first bath, and the other one was given away. The old mother-cat died when George was three months old, and then Jack and George grew very fond of each other. A big dog once flew at the little kitten, but Jack chased it away, and George seemed to know that Jack had saved his life. Jack and George Washington sleep together, and eat off the same dish. When Jack is asleep, George Washington will come and begin to lick his head, and Jack seems to like it. When Jack comes in from a walk George runs to meet him, and purrs, and rubs over him, and really kisses him, they are so glad to see each other. Jack does not like other cats, and still chases them, but to George Washington he is always kind and gentle.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"I THANK you kindly, dear Jack," writes the dear Little Schoolma'am when I notify her that I'll gladly give the chicks any message she may wish to send in regard to those school-luncheon letters; "but I shall need more space this time than you can give me. I must ask the editor to allow me several pages for my talk. The subject of school-luncheons, you must know, is a very important one. I only wish I could treat it better for the sake of the thousands and thousands of little folk and their mothers who read ST. NICHOLAS. But I'll do the best I can."

Do the best she can? Ah! I'll warrant she will. Bless her heart! Why, I never knew another such remarkable Little Schoolma'am as that since I've been a Jack-in-the-Pulpit! There isn't anything she would n't do for you, my pets. I do believe she'd try to eat up all the poor luncheons in the country herself, if thereby she could help matters any. But in that case there would no longer be any Little Schoolma'am, and what would become of us *then*, I'd like to know?

Jack can't bear to think of such a thing. So we'll talk about

FLOWER DOLLIES.

ALREADY the children are writing to Jack about flower-dollies, taking hints from the letter of Marion and Winnie T. in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1876.

One little girl writes to Jack: "I find that those beautiful colored leaves of the coleus, whenever you can beg a leaf from the gardener, make splendid trailing skirts." Another writes: "Tell the girls that a doll's skirt of grape-leaf can be beautifully trimmed with strings of lilac blossoms, or verbenas, or any small blossom of that kind." A third says she "made a big doll out of spruce-wood, with a radish head, and put real lady's-slippers on its

feet, and dressed it up in a gown made of burdock leaves, and it was really quite 'cute." Still another little girl writes that, last summer, she "made the loveliest dolls all out of day-lilies," only she "had to use green sticks for arms." Even the head she made "by gathering and tying up the white petals of a lily and putting on a daisy for a hat." She adds that five little girls and herself made a group of these flower-dollies, and "stood them on the piazza ready to surprise mamma when she came home from her drive. And mamma said, 'the effect was really quite lovely.'"

ELECTRIC CANDLES.

WELL, well—what *will* the birds tell me next? Here's a little candle, throwing its beams through the newspapers, all the way from England, and my birds know of it! They say there's a new kind of candle being tried in London. It is n't sperm, nor wax, nor paraffine, and it has n't any cotton wick, nor is it a tube supplied with kerosene or gas—

What in the world is it, then?

That is just what Jack would like to find out. The birds only hint these matters, you see; but they tell me it is an *electric candle* of some sort, and that the inventor's name is Jablochkoff. He's not an Englishman, I'll warrant. Who knows anything about this matter?

"IS THE CALLA A LILY?"

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: In looking over one of the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS (March, 1875), I have found in the "Letter-Box" an inquiry which I would like to answer. It is from Abby G. Shaw. She asks: "Is the calla a lily?" and says she thinks it is not, giving as authority "Wood's Class-Book of Botany, published in 1848." Now, I have studied botany a good deal, and I think it *is* a lily. Will you please tell me what you think about it?
MIGNONETTE.

If "Mignonette" will think how strange and misleading are some of the "common" names given to flowers within her own knowledge, she will know at once that the fact of a plant being called a "lily" is no proof that it is one. For instance, we have all kinds of roses.—rock-rose, guelder-rose, rose of Sharon, and others,—which are not roses at all, and in no manner related to the roses, except that they all are plants. Strictly, nothing is a true rose unless it belongs to the botanical genus *Rosa*. We must take the same ground with the lilies. We have pond or water lilies, lily of the valley, St. Bruno's lily, and others, including the lily of the Nile. But, according to good authority, none of these are, in a botanical sense, lilies; that is, none of them belong to the genus *Lilium*, for only to such plants does the term "lily," without prefix or suffix, properly belong.

Every true lily has a remarkably regular and symmetrical flower. It is six-parted,—three outer parts and three inner parts,—both kinds so much alike that we do not say of them "calyx" and "corolla." It has six very prominent stamens and one pistil, which has a three-celled ovary. Now, nothing like this structure is found in the calla. It has in the center a fleshy stalk crowded with imperfect flowers, those with anthers only being above, and the others, with pistils only, below, and all very

small, crowded, and indistinct. The showy portion which surrounds all these flowers is not a flower at all, but only a white leaf, which, in our Jack-in-the-Pulpit, is green, often with brown markings. Indeed, the calla and Jack are much more closely related than are the lily and the calla, for these two are so remote cousins that the relationship "does n't count,"—unless one of them should die very rich.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

GRASS SHOES.

SOME of the children in the red school-house have been making bathing-shoes for themselves out of grass, and it is astonishing what capital shoes they turn out.

In the first place, they cut a wide sole-pattern, of the size wanted, out of stout cloth (which forms a good lining to the shoe as soon as it is covered); then they take a bundle of grass and twist it tightly and evenly until it is of about the thickness of a lady's finger. Next, with the aid

sole by over-and-over stitches, then catching the succeeding rows of wisp firmly together, conforming them as nearly as practicable to the shape of the foot. When finished, it looks something like a slipper. Then, all that remains to be done is to add tapes by which it is to be tied about the ankle.

Jack has n't given very explicit directions, because it is n't in his line to teach needlework; but the ingenuity of the boys and girls must make up for his short-comings.

Certain it is that the girls and boys of the red school-house have made these shoes, and have made them strong, and soft to the feet.

"NOT IN" TO TROUBLE.

"THE cheerful are usually the busy. When Trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he will be apt to retire if you send him word you are 'engaged.'"

Who said this? He was a wise man, whoever he was.



ONE OF JACK'S PETS.

of a big needle and very coarse thread, they sew the twist of grass to the cloth, adapting it to the shape of the pattern as best they can, and taking care to lengthen the twist, as they go on, by splicing it with new spears of grass, so as to keep it of about the same thickness. The twist is sewed in such a way that the stitches will hold the grass firmly in shape. When the sole has been covered, the children take a fresh wisp and begin building up the sides and toe, sewing the first row strongly to the

ONE OF JACK'S PETS.

SWEET Billy Buttercup! Pretty little fay!
Riding on the blossoms in the breeze;
Deep in the clover-bloom hiding him away,
Startled at the murmur of the trees.

Children! have you seen him? shy is he and gay,
Sunny as the butterflies and bees,—
Sweet Billy Buttercup! Pretty little fay!
Riding on the blossoms in the breeze.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

POMPEII, THE RUINED CITY.

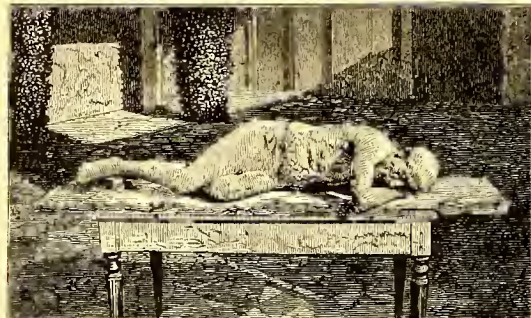
(Extracts from a Little Girl's Journal.)

We were in Naples, and it was a beautiful, summer-like day,—the third of January, 187—.

We arose very early, took a hearty breakfast, and started, in a four-seated carriage drawn by four horses, for Pompeii, the ruined city which for eighteen hundred years lay buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, that treacherous old mountain that is continually keeping the Neapolitans in fear and trembling.

We enjoyed the ride from Naples very much, which was part of the way along the sea-shore and along the mountain-side. We passed through Portici and Kecini, and the gate which leads to the amphitheater of Herculaneum, which was lately discovered, comparatively speaking; and then we saw the palace "La Favorita," where we are going to stop when we go up the mountain.

When we reached Pompeii, we all found it more interesting than any of us had expected. We first went into the museum, where we saw old jugs for water, and rusty locks and keys and bolts, etc., etc.; skeletons' heads and bones, and two or three specimens of the people who had been found in the houses; and their position plainly shows the torture and agony they must have suffered when the scoriae overtook them in their flight. There is one man who looks as though he had been running when the scoriae reached him; no one would know that such an object had ever been a man, were it not for the form, which was bent forward, with his hands up to his face. It must have



A VICTIM OF THE LAVA.

been an awful time; and then, it being so completely dark, with the air full of ashes, many of them must have ran right into the lava without knowing it.

The town is all in ruins; nothing is left but the walls and streets to tell the tale of a once prosperous and thriving city. On many of the richest houses can still be seen the frescoes that adorned the walls, and the beautiful designs of the mosaic floors. One would think, from the walls and floors and ceilings, and the few fountains that are left, that the majority of the people must have lived in more elegance and refinement than the rich people do who now live in Naples. The fountains in the floors served for mirrors.

We went into one house in which was a little chamber barred off from the rest, and in the corner was a pile of dirt, and in it was embedded the skeleton of a man who is said to have been imprisoned there when the calamity occurred; and, his hands and feet being chained, the poor wretch could not get away. It made me feel real sad when I heard the story, but still more so when I saw the skeleton in reality.

We found it was four before we thought it two, and the guards telling us to go, as they close at four o'clock. We returned to the carriage, and reached the hotel late at night, fully convinced that we would again visit Pompeii.

K. N.

BARRED IN.

I SHALL open my true story by telling you that, no matter how or why, a cold December day not two years ago found me, a meek, homesick little schoolma'am of sixteen summers beginning my career in the Smithtown school-house. It was a small, yellow building, with heavy, solid, unpainted shutters. On the inside a single seat ran around the room next to the wall, with desks in front. A rough, movable bench to serve as recitation seat, a great box of a stove, a leaky pail, and a battered tin-cup finished the furnishing.

In this room between forty and fifty boys and girls, ranging in age from four years to twenty-one, were gathered. Even your patience,

my dear old saint, would fail should I tell you all the trials and tribulations that my spirit was heir to in that school-room.

The school had been under my dominion a little over a month, and it was the day before Christmas. At noon that day I was seated at my desk, tranquilly writing, and rejoicing that my "little flock" saw fit so leave me in quiet, and amuse themselves out-of-doors. I looked up as one of the large boys stepped inside the door and took down the key from a nail beside it. I knew what was coming then. "Heinrich!" said I. But he was out of the door and it was closed behind him. Quick as thought I was at the door and my pencil filled the key-hole. Of course it was impossible for them to lock the door; and it was equally impossible for me to open it while a dozen strong hands held it on the other side. Through the door came the question, in the voice of the boy who had taken the key:

"Will you give us a half holiday, and five dollars for a treat?"

The five dollars I could not afford to give; the half-holiday I would willingly give, but I would *not* be compelled to do it; therefore I maintained a dignified silence, and my position—which began to grow a little monotonous.

At the end of twenty minutes it was something more. Then the great shutters swung around, and I could hear the boys planting rails firmly against them; the result was, of course, total darkness. Ten minutes more. By holding my watch close to a wee crack I could see how time passed. Then I heard the rattling of a chain, and the repetition of their demand for "a treat and a holiday." They had given up locking the door and were going to chain it. It was not a pleasant prospect—that of being locked up in darkness all a long afternoon; but, as I dramatically quoted to myself, "I could not fly, I could not yield."

It was no longer of any use for me to guard the key-hole, for the door was chained fast, so I devoted my energies to building a fire, and soon had a bright blaze. I tried to read—the book was not interesting; I tried to write—ideas were a minus quantity. Surely it had been an hour since the door was chained. Fifteen minutes! My watch must have stopped; but no! it was jogging on at its accustomed pace.

I repeated a good-sized volume of poetry that afternoon. I demonstrated the "problem of the lights." I did anything and everything possible to pass away the time, but it was the longest afternoon I ever knew. Now and then I felt a little gleam of vicious satisfaction when a voice outside repeated the demand, and I could feel how aggravated the rebels were by my silence. "You wonder that some passer-by did not interfere in my behalf? 'Barring the teacher in' was a time-honored custom, and teachers knowing this to be the case usually yielded, or at least compromised, in a very short time. In any case, no one thought of interfering."

I began to sympathize with prisoners who are doomed to solitary confinement. I could hear the monotonous tick-tick-tick of my watch in the stillness. Slowly, slowly, the hands moved, as if they were weighted. Half-past three. Once more the old question at the door; then the chain rattled, the shutters and door were flung open—and I was unbarred! It seems that my rebellious subjects had held a council of war, decided that my obstinacy was unquerable, and so given up the siege.

I rang the bell, and in answer to the summons they slowly filed in, some faces looking sheepish, some defiant, some only wondering. When they were seated I said, as quietly as usual, "You are dismissed until next Monday morning."

As they marched out I heard one of the boys say to another, "The ma'am's 'cute un; and she's got the grit, too, if she is little."

LIVE SAXON.

THE WOODPECKER.

TAP! tap! goes the woodpecker's busy bill,
Tap! tap! on the old oak-tree—
He hunts small game
With his tongue of flame,
For a woodman bold is he!

"'T is the early bird gets the worm," he cries,
As he springs from his nest at morn;
And his note so shrill,
The woodlands fill,
Like the hunter's bugle horn!

In their chambers dark,
'Neath the moldering bark,
The ant and the grub lie still—
But he hurries them out
With a terrible shout,
And gobbles them up at will.

R. B. H.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Our crowded columns this month force us to deny our young astronomers a pleasant surprise which Professor Proctor had prepared for them—an article on the two planets Mars and Saturn. But it will probably console them to know that the paper will be given in full in our November number; and, meanwhile, they shall be afforded an exercise which Professor Proctor seems to have had in mind already, for he states, in beginning his article: "I purposely said nothing about these planet-visitors last month, that those who try to learn the star-groups from my maps may have had a chance of discovering the two planets for themselves." He adds that the two will be plainly visible this fall, Mars shining with a bright, ruddy glow, and Saturn with a dull, yellow light. Here's a fine chance, boys and girls, to "repeat famous discoveries made many, many years ago." Keep a sharp look-out at the evening skies, and so be ready for the planet-paper in our November number.

Oakland, Cal., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tom Grant, one of your contributors, hardly believes that a snake could swallow a couple of birds and a toad.

I can tell of a still more wonderful occurrence. While my brother and I were spending our summer vacation about ten miles from Healdsburg, in Sonoma County, while hunting, my brother killed a rattlesnake and cut it open. He found *three young hares* inside of it.

My mother, while living at Pass Christian, in Mississippi, was acquainted with Dr. Savage, a great naturalist. He had a couple of snakes in a box, with a wire netting over it, so all their motions could be watched. One was black, and the other striped green and black.

One day Dr. Savage and several others—my mother among them—were attracted by a commotion in the snakes' box; there they saw the two snakes in a furious battle. The black snake seemed to be victor, for he was gradually *swallowing the striped snake*. Mother said it was not very pleasant to see the striped one gradually disappearing out of sight. At last nothing could be seen. Dr. Savage immediately killed it, for of course it could not live after such a hearty meal.

These two incidents, though rather wonderful, are both true.

LUCY FISHER.

The following letter comes to us, printed with a pencil, from a little girl six years old:

Binghamton, N. Y., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a cat, and her name is Pussine. She is Maltese, with white face, breast, and paws. Pussie rides in my doll-carriage, and don't jump out. She climbs on the shelf outside the door, and rattles the door-knob to be let in. Papa has taught her to jump through our arms and to stand up in the corner. My brother Eddie and I think she is a very wise cat, for she catches mice also. Give my love to Miss Alcott; I wish that she would write another story, for I like "Eight Cousins" best of all, though I like "Pattikin's House" very much. I am more than six years old, and Eddie is past four.—Your little friend,
ANNIE CURTIS SMITH.

Portland, Me., July, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going on a two-years' tour around the world with the Woodruff Expedition. It will start in October next, and I am to be a cadet. Any boy sixteen or older can become a cadet, and I should like very much to have a true-blue ST. NICHOLAS fellow to chum with.

Just think what a glorious trip it will be! We are to travel in a special steamboat, make side trips here and there, and visit Brazil, Japan, Egypt, China, the Eastern Archipelago, Patagonia, Australia, Hindustan, Italy, Turkey, England, Greece, France, Spain, Germany, Formosa—and, perhaps, "wind up at the Scilly Islands," as my oldest sister, Sue, says. I think she is a little put out, though, because she cannot go along; but she might, for the expedition takes ladies, only she is obliged to stay at home.

Think of the jolly times ahead! Hunting, fishing, exploring, making collections of scientific specimens, and, may be, having a tussle or two with savages; learning history, geography, navigation and the "ologies," right on the spot, instead of merely by "poring over miserable books." Oh, it's splendid!

Please tell Deacon Green. He is a traveler and will surely want to go; and the Little Schoolma'am, perhaps she will want to go too. It would be the best fun in the world, but what would the children of the red school-house do? It is for two whole years! Father says,

"No, not two years, but two years *and a day*!" and then he winks at Sue. But he won't explain. I believe there is a catch in it somewhere, only I don't see it.

Well, good-bye now, dear old ST. NICHOLAS, and good luck to you! Perhaps my next letter to you will be written in full view of the smoking vents of King Baloo, or from the top of the Great Pyramid, or the bottom of Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mykenae! I remain, your constant friend,
WALLIE STEPHENS.

P. S.—It is the expedition under James O. Woodruff of Indianapolis that I mean.

A LITTLE girl in Alabama writes: We live in Eufaula: it is a pretty place in the spring. My little brother had a large dog, but some one shot him one night. I have a little twin brother and a white kitten. I broke my mamma's wash-bowl this evening getting some water for her. She will jump through your hands when you hold them up.—Your little friend,
J. F.

We are not very fond of seeing gymnastic feats in hot weather, dear J. F., but we *should* like to see that wonderful mother who can "jump through your hands when you hold them up!"

Broussa, Asiatic Turkey, June 16, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy 10 years old. This is the first time I have written a letter to be printed. I am going to tell you about the way they raise silk. The first thing the silk worms do when they come out of the egg is to eat the mulberry leaves that have been cut into bits for them. At first they do not eat much, but after a week or so they are very ravenous. Eight days after they are hatched they sleep eight days and thus having slept four times at intervals of eight days and twelve days, after the last sleep they commence spinning. In about eight days the spinning is finished. Between that time there are twelve days before they hatch again into butterflies. To keep them from hatching they bake them in ovens I am afraid that this letter is too long. HENRY M. RICHARDSON.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following as an addition to the "Little Miss Muffet" Series:

Von leedle poy Hans,
In de far German lands
Was eating his good sour-krount,
De donkey came up
For von leedle sup,
Said Hans, "You'd petter got out."

New Jersey.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We just write to tell you we love you most as much as if you were our brother. Will you please print this in the "Letter-Box," because Bessie has never seen her name in print.—Your loving little readers,
MINNIE AND BESSIE CHESTER.

The following little account comes to us with this letter:

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed little story is the production of a boy eight years old. Dr. Holland, in "Arthur Bonnicastle," called our attention to the "Gunnery," Washington, Conn., and, in consequence, the writer of the article submitted made the acquaintance of "Pug, the Gunnery Dog."—Yours truly,
F. A. EASTMAN.

PUG, THE GUNNERY DOG.

(A True Story)

Pug is the name of a small, white, fat dog. Fourteen years ago, when a puppy, he was given to a little boy for a pet. They were playmates for a few years, when the little boy died, leaving the poor, unhappy dog in this world. Pug lives in a school with forty boys, but no one can take the place of his lost friend. When anybody tries to caress him, he endures it with patience for a few minutes; but just as you think he is beginning to like it, he suddenly will jump up and growl, as much as to say, "Good people, you mean well, but it is of no use." He makes one exception to this rule. If the father of his late master speaks to him, he shows his pleasure by a wag of his curly tail.

Sometimes he is given more than he can eat, and he goes off to his favorite seat in a cushioned arm-chair, leaving some food on his plate.

The family cat is glad enough to take up with Pug's leavings, and she only looks to see if he is safely asleep before she begins. Pug—the sly old dog—sometimes shuts his eyes, and pretends not to see what she is doing until she gets fairly at work, when up he jumps with a bark and a growl which send poor kitty a-flying. For a minute his face shows he enjoys the fun, and then he becomes as solemn as ever.

BARRETT EASTMAN.

SOMEBODY in St. Louis, signing himself "No Name," sends the following riddle to ST. NICHOLAS. The answers will give respectively the names of fifty authors. As a number of other people have sent this same riddle to ST. NICHOLAS, having found the copies in various papers and periodicals,—and in many cases sent it as an original contribution,—it may be well to explain that it was written originally by the "Little Schoolma'am" of this magazine, and first published in Uncle Tim's department of *Hearth and Home* for Dec. 16, 1871. The names of the fifty authors are given below, as many of the young people may not have seen the riddle.

1. What a rough man once said to his son when he wished him to eat his food properly. 2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water? 3. A good many pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him. 4. Makes and mends for first-class customers. 5. Represents the dwellings of civilized countries. 6. Is a kind of linen. 7. Can be worn on the head. 8. A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings. 9. Belongs to a monastery. 10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them. 11. Is what an oyster heap is apt to be. 12. Is any chain of hills containing a certain dark treasure. 13. Always youthful, you see; but, between you and me, he never was much of a chicken. 14. An American manufacturing town. 15. Hump-backed, but not deformed. 16. Is an internal pain. 17. The value of a word. 18. A seven-footer whose name begins with fifty. 19. Brighter and smarter than the other one. 20. A worker in the precious metals. 21. A very vital part of the body. 22. A lady's garment. 23. Small talk and heavy weight. 24. A prefix and a disease. 25. Comes from an unlearned pig. 26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot. 27. A sick place of worship. 28. A mean dog 'tis. 29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities. 30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot. 31. A manufactured metal. 32. A game, and a male of the human species. 33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?" 34. Meat! What are you doing? 35. Is very fast indeed. 36. A barrier built of an edible. 37. To agitate a weapon. 38. Red as an apple, black as the night, a heavenly sign or a perfect fright. 39. A domestic worker. 40. A slang exclamation. 41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her. 42. A young domestic animal. 43. One who is more than a sandy shore. 44. A fraction in American currency and the prevailing fashion. 45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he mentioned a poet mild. 46. A girl's name and a male relative. 47. Take a heavy field-piece, nothing loath, and in a trice you'll find them both. 48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-beloved poet you'll speedily see. 49. A common domestic animal and what it can never do. 50. Each human head in time, 't is said, will turn to him though he is dead.

Answers.—1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor (Bayard). 5. Holmes (Oliver Wendell). 6. Holland (J. G.). 7. Hood. 8. Burns. 9. Pryor (or Abbott). 10. Southey (Robert). 11. Shelley. 12. Coleridge. 13. Young. 14. Lowell. 15. Campbell—*Camel*. 16. Akenside. 17. Wordsworth. 18. Longfellow. 19. Whittier. 20. Goldsmith. 21. Harte (Bret). 22. Spenser. 23. Chatterton. 24. De Quincey. 25. Bacon. 26. Bunyan. 27. Churchill. 28. Curtis. 29. Proctor. 30. Landor (Walter Savage). 31. Steele. 32. Tennyson. 33. Willis—*Hill* is. 34. Browning. 35. Swift. 36. Cornwall (Barry). 37. Shakespeare. 38. Crabbe. 39. Cook (Eliza). 40. Dickens. 41. Stowe. 42. Lamb. 43. Beecher. 44. Milton. 45. Motherwell. 46. Addison. 47. Howitt (William and Mary)—*Howitt*. 48. Bryant—*Brye-ant*. 49. Cowper—*Cow-purr*. 50. Gray.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a little story just as it was told me by my little three-year old Cora, in exchange for one from myself. The hip disease was suggested by a recent visit to St. Luke's Hospital.—In haste, yours truly, Mrs. E. T. T.

Once there was a little pussy cat, and he had no mamma, and he wandered alone around the sweet, and a wude man came along and kicked him, and he wan down into a little gal's (girl's) basement, and he climbed up and put his little claws around the bell, and wang the bell, and the cook came to the door, and the cat jumped down and the cook said, "what do you want, little cat," and the cat said, "I want to see the children," and the cook took him upstairs, and the children took care of him.

There was Nelly and Pinky and Jenny. They had the mumps and the hip disease, and the stomach ache, and didn't die.

London, England, July 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much, and take great interest in Professor Proctor's papers about the stars. I take a little card and make pin-holes in it to represent the stars of a constellation as the star maps show them. When I hold up one of these cards to the lamp I see bright points where, in the sky, the stars themselves are. I draw rays about the holes with pen-and-ink, and write upon each card the name of the star-group it represents. In order that I may easily find in the sky any "card constellation," I prick an extra pin-hole to show in what direction from the Pole-star the constellation appeared at a given time in the year, which I write upon the card.

It is really interesting to prepare a set of cards of this kind, especially if one tries hard and succeeds in making every card trustworthy. I dare say many American girls and boys would enjoy it quite as much, if they knew about it; so please tell them. It is a great help to getting well acquainted with the look of the starry heavens throughout the year.—Yours truly, LAWRENCE T.

Ogdensburg.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and we like it very much. We have a dog named Brownie, and two little kittens. Mine is black—I named it Rollabout—and the other one is gray, and her name is Daisy. I went out fishing, and we caught mine fish.

BERTHA H. JAMES.

P. S.—I am not quite seven years old.

Fordham, N. Y., 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to write you a little letter, about something that we saw last summer at the sea-shore. We went down on the beach one cloudy night in September, and the ocean looked so beautiful that we all wondered what was the cause of it. Each little ripple sparkled with a glare of light that was wonderful to see, and as each wave broke upon the shore it spread a line of light as far as the eye could reach. Even the sand, as we rubbed our feet on it, left a line of light. I thought that it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen; I could not but wonder at the works of Him who was the maker of such beautiful things.

Will ST. NICHOLAS please tell me something about this wonderful light. I am nine years old.—Your friend,

HELEN C. WETMORE.

Our young correspondent describes a phase of one of the most common, yet most marvelous and beautiful of the aspects of the sea. Along our northern coast such lighting up of the water may be seen almost any dark night in warm weather, when the water is disturbed by light wind, the passage of a vessel, the splash of oars or otherwise. In the tropics the sea is always more or less luminous in the dark. The sources of the light are numerous yet tolerably well understood; but how the light is produced no one knows. All the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have seen fire-flies or other light-giving insects, which are common the world over. But the numbers of such living lanterns of the air are few compared with those of the sea. The ocean fairly swarms with creatures, big and little, that shine with their own light. Some, like the giant jelly-fish, are eight or ten feet across the body, with streamers fifty feet long; and when they glow in the dark water they light up the depths as sheet-lightning does the clouds. The most of these light-emitting creatures, however, are very small—mere specks of slime, visible by day only under a powerful magnifier; but they make up for their smallness by their enormous numbers. Those whose light our little friend describes were probably *Noctiluca miliaris*, which, though separately invisible, are often so numerous as to discolor the sea by day and make it appear at night like a sea of molten silver, every drop and every wave glowing with pale light. In the "Ancient Manner," Colridge describes the phosphorescence of the tropic seas with great power.

GEORGE HERBERT WHITE, of Brooklyn, sends us the following fifteen solutions of the "Name Puzzle," printed in our June number:

Alice	Hannah	Eleanor	Laura	Roxanna
Nora	Olive	Dorothy	Olympia	Ophelia
Nancy	Pauline	Nancy	Isabel	Susan
Amelia	Esther	Amy	Sophia	Annie

Delia	Jemima	Eliza	Mercy	Rhoda
Octavia	Amanda	Maud	Aelaide	Urania
Ruth	Nora	Mary	Ursula	Theresa
Augusta	Eva	Almira	Dorothy	Huldah

Edith	Charlotte	Ida	Nancy	Sophia
Lucinda	Ophelia	Nancy	Olivia	Angelina
Lucretia	Rachel	Ellen	Rebecca	Rosalina
Antoinette	Agnes	Zenobia	Annette	Alberta

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE whole, composed of ten letters, is a word often seen in almanacs. The 1, 2, 3, 4 is a fairy. The 5, 6 is a pronoun. The 7, 8, 9, 10 is an animal.

CYRIL DEANE.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a flower, and leave an article used by printers. 2. Behead a garden vegetable, and leave a beverage. 3. Behead a fruit, and leave a part of the body. 4. Behead another part of the body, and leave a fish. 5. Behead another fish, and leave a card. 6. Behead a domestic bird, and leave a wild bird. 7. Behead a poisonous insect, and leave a poisonous serpent. 8. Behead a military badge, and leave a forest tree. 9. Behead an article of food, and leave a luxury in summer. 10. Behead a kind of boat, and leave a shoemaker's tool.

ISOLA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals each form the name of a celebrated author. 1. An affected and pretentious person. 2. A small animal. 3. A boy's name. 4. An Italian poet. 5. A public house. Behead and curtail each word, and you will have: 1. A negative. 2. A number. 3. To exist. 4. An animal. 5. To affirm positively.

ALMA.

INCOMPLETE DIAMOND.

FILL the spaces with two letters only, to form a diamond, and a square-word within it.

-
- A -
- A - A -
- A -
-

PLUTO.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A RIVER in Russia. 2. A city in Holland. 3. One of the United States. 4. A descendant of Seir, the Horite. 5. One of the East Indies. 6. A name given one of the British Isles by its inhabitants. The initials name the largest river in Europe, and the finals the largest in the world.

SEDGWICK.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.

DEFINE the words given: 1. The upper surface of the earth. 2. Conflagration. 3. Departed. Behead the definitions, and leave a square-word with these meanings: 1. Something our ancestors used at night. 2. Anger. 3. Conducted.

H. H. D.

RIDDLE.

THREE and thirty "what d'ye thinks" sitting in a row, And bigger every day they got as fast as they could grow; All of them had heads, but not a single one an eye, And so, whatever happened, they really could n't cry.

One had on a purple dress, which looked green in the light; Another was a little one, and very like a fright; Another had a crooked back, but most were fat and round, And I saw a mighty army of them sitting on the ground.

Wrapped in and out with foldings, spread loose and thick and deep, They cuddled in among them all when they went off to sleep; Sleep, sleep it was the whole day long, and sleep, too, all the night, Oh they were very stupid things—not one of them was bright.

Yes, three and thirty "what d'ye thinks" sitting in a row.— What shall we call these wonders? Come, tell us, if you know

H. M. S.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 5, 10, 3, is a noise. My 1, 8, 12, gives us light. My 4, 6, 9, is a title. My 7, 2, 4, 11, is what we often like. My whole is a beautiful French motto.

N. B. S.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. AN operation requiring a very sharp instrument. 2. Custom. 3. To make ashamed. 4. A law term for neighborhood. 5. A chemical used to produce insensibility.

SEDGWICK.

BIRD PUZZLE.

1. A TOY made of paper. 2. A consonant and pale. 3. The builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. 4. A burning vowel. 5. A consonant. 6. Used in hunting in the fifteenth century. 7. Part of a fence. 8. A boy's name. 9. A pronoun and a preposition. 10. Has been made famous by an American poet. 11. Part of a house and seen at the Flood. 12. A tailor's implement. 13. To shrink with fear. 14. A consonant and to waken. 15. Used in chess. 16. What we do when eating. 17. What old birds are not to be caught with, and part of a foot. 18. On ships, and a quarrel. 19. Used for raising heavy weights. 20. An abbreviation of a girl's name, and a pastry. 21. A ringlet and a sheep. 22. A country party in Europe. 23. Heard on most farms.

SEDGWICK.

METAGRAM.

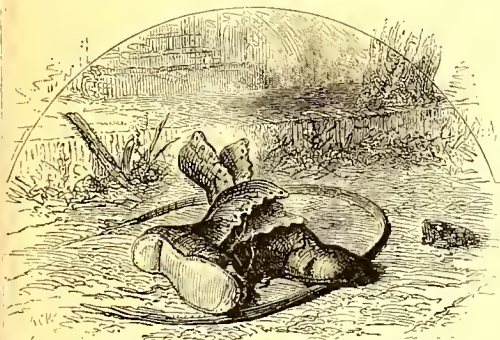
WHOLE, I am a position. Behead me, and I am much prized by ladies; again, I am one spot; restore and syncope my whole, and I am a step; restore, curtail, and transpose, and I am a sharp sound. Besides, I contain a beverage, a head-covering, an animal, a vegetable, and a fence.

N. B. S.

HIDDEN BAYS.

1. YOU must stop! Lent you know has begun. 2. If the thaw keeps off one week I'll be glad. 3. Do not push Arkwright. 4. If you have turbot any more, please tell me. 5. I saw an ant on Gillfillan's neck. 6. Acobemba took his leave. 7. I saw Dela go aboard the ship. 8. It is not red Amelia.

LITTLE ONE.



FIND in the above picture that which represents—1st, The foundation of a good home; 2d, a comfortable abode; 3d, a bereavement; 4th, a greater sorrow; 5th, the sorrow cured.

B.

CHARADE.

My first, the cross I bear; My last, the sea-girt refuge, where My whole, shut out from native skies, Like a caged eagle, droops and dies.

M. O'B. D.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. OLD Abe arrived in Milwaukee yesterday. 2. He found Eli on board the train. 3. He preferred a badge, rather than money, for his services. 4. Where is Ella? Mamma wants her. 5. I found him in hicagoo at an hotel. 6. Oh, Leo! pardon me this time, if never again. 7. Oh! was n't that romantic? Amelia thinks it the best ory she ever read. 8. I abhor secret societies. 9. Was the pan here, as I said? 10. Have you heard the news? Miss Durant oped last night. 11. The anti-German society gave a ball yesterday. 12. We knew it to be a version which was correct. 13. The atle came to a hot termination. 14. Is the soil in Mocha moist? 15. The lamb is on the lawn in front of the house.

SQUIB.

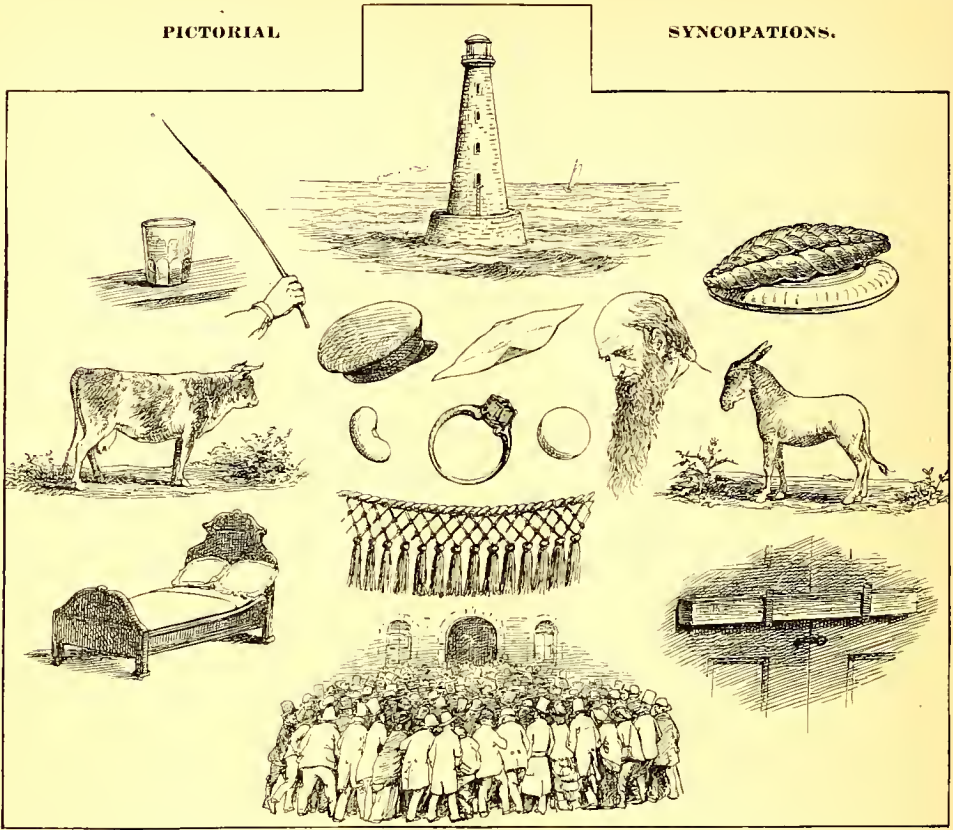
CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

SYNCOPATE: 1. Stops, and leave coverings for the head. 2. Corn, ad leave to show the teeth. 3. Fruits of a certain kind, and leave sheods. 4. A state of the Union, and leave a part of a horse. Long, slender sticks, and leave something used with old-fashioned ms. 5. Highways, and leave instruments of scourging. The syncopated letters, read downward, form a thin plate; read upward, a living creature.

N. T. M.

PICTORIAL

SYNCOPIATIONS.



FIND the name of one of the above pictures and take from it two letters, leaving (without transposition) the name of another picture. For example: Grate, rat; chair, car. Proceed in this way until all the pictures are named.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—(ABSTRACTION).—Coin, crab, bat, stoat, bars, stir, oats, boat, rat, cart

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—Charles Dickens.

C
S H E
S T A L K
C H A R L E S
E L L E N
K E N
S
D
P I T
P I C K R A
D I C K E N S
T R E A D
A N D
S

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. Raft, rat. 2. Cold, cod. 3. Lead, led. 4. Tome, toe. 5. Hail, Hal. 6. Alone, aloe. 7. Barge, bare. 8. Board, bard. Read downward: Flamingo.

EASY CHARADE.—Hoax.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAM ENIGMA.—“Evil communications corrupt good manners.” Curs, ruin, devotion, map, grain, common, closet.

SQUARE-WORD.—

A R E N A
R E L I C
E L D E R
N I E C E
A C R E S

PYRAMID PUZZLE.—

D
A R A
I D I O T
S C A L E N E
Y E A R L I N G S

RIDDLE.—Week.

HIDDEN FRENCH SENTENCE.—“Vous devez tout voir, tout entendre, et tout oublier.”

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Together, three got, got there. 2. Ballad, all bad. 3. Minute, in mute. 4. I led, idle. 5. Noised, is done. 6 Allowance, O! all we can.

METAGRAM.—Bane, cane, Dane, Jane, lane, mane, pane, sane, vane, wane.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO ALL the puzzles in the July number were received from Marion Abbott.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 18th, from Alice B. Moore, James J. Ormsbee, Allie Bertram, Albert Pider, Grace G. Chandler, W. L. M., B. P. Emery, Sarah D. Oakley, Susie T. Homans, George G. Champlin, Charles S. Riché, “Bessie and her Cousin,” Arthur C. Smith, M. Marsden Hill, Emma Elliott, Fannie M. Sawyer, “Charlie and Ada,” Kittie L. Brainard, Edward W. Robinson, Edith Heard, Carrie B. Mitchell, Alfred A. Mitchell, Edward L. Heydecker, Nessie E. Stevens, Constance Grand Pierre, W. C. Hawley, Nellie Emerson, James Iredell, Carrie L. Bigelow, Jennie W. Cook, Lulu Way, Howard Steel Rodgers, Edith Lowry, A. L. Drof, Mamie A. Carter, and Katie E. Farl.



"WAIT TILL WE GET THERE, DARLING."

(See poem "Mother," page 769.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 12.

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MOTHER.

BY M. M. D.

EARLY one summer morning,
I saw two children pass:
Their footsteps, slow yet lightsome,
Scarce bent the tender grass.

One, lately out of babyhood,
Looked up with eager eyes;
The other watched her wistfully,
Oppressed with smothered sighs.

"See, mother!" cried the little one,
"I gathered them for you?
The sweetest flowers and lilies,
And Mabel has some too."

"Hush, Nelly!" whispered Mabel,
"We have not reached it yet.
Wait till we get there, darling,
It is n't far, my pet."

"Get where?" asked Nelly. "Tell me."
"To the church-yard," Mabel said.
"No! no!" cried little Nelly,
And shook her sunny head.

Still Mabel whispered sadly,
"We must take them to the grave.
Come, darling?" and the childish voice
Tried to be clear and brave.

But Nelly still kept calling
Far up into the blue;
"See, mother, see, how pretty
We gathered them for you."

And when her sister pleaded,
She cried—and would not go:—
"Angels don't live in church-yards,
My mother don't, I know!"

Then Mabel bent and kissed her.
"So be it, dear," she said;
"We'll take them to the arbor
And lay them there instead.

"For mother loved it dearly,
It was the sweetest place!"
And the joy that came to Nelly
Shone up in Mabel's face.

I saw them turn, and follow
A path with blossoms bright,
Until the nodding branches
Concealed them from my sight;

But still like sweetest music
The words came ringing through;
"See, mother, see, how pretty!
We gathered them for you."

GONE ASTRAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

ELLEN was so happy, and warm, and comfortable when she found herself going safely on her way in the carrier's cart, that she fell fast asleep.

When she awoke, he gave her some bread and cheese for her breakfast, and some water out of a brook that crossed the road, and then Ellen began to look about her. The rain had ceased and the sun was shining, and the country looked very pleasant; but Ellen thought it a strange country. She could see so much farther! And corn was growing everywhere, and there was not a sheep to be seen, and there were many cows feeding in the fields.

"Are we near Edinburgh?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" answered the carrier; "we are a long way from Edinburgh yet."

And so they journeyed on. The day was flecked all over with sunshine and rain; and when the rain's turn came, Ellen would creep under a corner of the tarpaulin till it was over. They slept part of the night at a small town they passed through.

Ellen thought it a very long way to Edinburgh, though the carrier was kind to her. At length she spied, far away, a great hill, that looked like a couching lion.

"Do you see that hill?" said the carrier.

"I am just looking at it," answered Ellen.

"Edinburgh lies at the foot of that hill."

"Oh!" said Ellen; and scarcely took her eyes off it till it went out of sight again.

Reaching the brow of an eminence, they saw Arthur's Seat (as the carrier said the hill was called) once more, and below it a grand, jagged ridge of what Ellen took to be broken rocks. But the carrier told her that was the Old Town of Edinburgh. Those fierce-looking splinters on the edge of the mass were the roofs, gables, and chimneys of the great houses once inhabited by the nobility of Scotland. But when you come near the houses you find them shabby-looking; for they are full of poor people, who cannot keep them clean and nice.

At length the cart stopped at a public-house in the Grassmarket—a wide, open place, with strange old houses all round it, and a huge rock, with a castle on its top, towering over it. There Ellen got down.

"I can't go with you till I've unloaded my cart," said the carrier.

"I don't want you to go with me, please," said

Ellen. "I think Willie would rather not. Please give me father's letter."

So the carrier gave her the letter, and got a little boy of the landlady's to show her the way up the West-bow—a street of tall houses, so narrow that you might have shaken hands across it from window to window. But those houses are all pulled down now, I am sorry to say, and the street Ellen went up has vanished.

From the West-bow they went up a stair into the High street, and thence into a narrow court, and then up a winding stair, and so came to the floor where Willie's lodging was. Then the little boy left Ellen.

Ellen knocked two or three times before anybody came; and when at last a woman opened the door, what do you think the woman did the moment she inquired after Willie? She shut the door in her face with a fierce scolding word. For Willie had vexed her that morning, and she thoughtlessly took her revenge upon Ellen without even asking her a question. Then, indeed, for a moment, Ellen's courage gave way. All at once she felt dreadfully tired, and sat down upon the stair and cried. And the landlady was so angry with Willie that she forgot all about the little girl that wanted to see him.

So for a whole hour Ellen sat upon the stair, moving only to let people pass. She felt dreadfully miserable, but had not the courage to knock again, for fear of having the door shut in her face yet more hopelessly. At last a woman came up and knocked at the door. Ellen rose trembling and stood behind her. The door opened; the woman was welcomed; she entered. The door was again closing when Ellen cried out in an agony:

"Please, ma'am, I want to see my brother Willie!" and burst into sobs.

The landlady, her wrath having by this time cooled, was vexed with herself and ashamed that she had not let the child in.

"Bless me!" she cried; "have you been there all this time? Why did n't you tell me you were that fellow's sister? Come in. You won't find him in, though. It's not much of his company we get, I can tell you."

"I don't want to come in, then," sobbed Ellen. "Please to tell me where he is, ma'am."

"How should I know where he is? At no good, I warrant. But you had better come in and

wait, for it's your only chance of seeing him before to-morrow morning."

With a sore heart, Ellen went in and sat down by the kitchen fire. And the landlady and her visitor sat and talked together, every now and then casting a look at Ellen, who kept her eyes on the ground, waiting with all her soul till Willie should come. Every time the landlady looked, Ellen's sad face went deeper into her heart; so that, before she knew what was going on in herself, she quite loved the child; for she was a kind-hearted woman, though she was sometimes cross.

In a few minutes she went up to Ellen and took her bonnet off. Ellen submitted without a word. Then she made her a cup of tea; and while Ellen was taking it she asked her a great many questions. Ellen answered them all; and the landlady stared with amazement at the child's courage and resolution, and thought with herself:

"Well, if anything can get Willie out of his bad ways, this little darling will do it."

Then she made her go to Willie's bed, promising to let her know the moment he came home.

Ellen slept and slept till it was night. When she woke it was dark, but a light was shining through beneath the door. So she rose and put on her frock and shoes and stockings, and went to the kitchen.

"You see he's not come yet," said the landlady.

"Where can he be?" returned Ellen, sadly.

"Oh! he'll be drinking with some of his companions in the public-house, I suppose."

"Where is the public-house?"

"There are hundreds of them, child."

"I know the place he generally goes to," said a young tradesman who sat by the fire.

He had a garret-room in the house, and knew Willie by sight. And he told the landlady in a low voice where it was.

"Oh! do tell me, please sir," cried Ellen. "I want to get him home."

"You don't think he'll mind you, do you?"

"Yes, I do," returned Ellen, confidently.

"Well, I'll show you the way, if you like; but you'll find it a rough place, I can tell you. You'll wish yourself out of it pretty soon, with or without Willie."

"I won't leave it without him," said Ellen, tying on her bonnet.

"Stop a bit," said the landlady. "I'll go along."

The landlady put on her bonnet, and out they all went into the street.

What a wonder it *might* have been to Ellen! But she only knew that she was in the midst of great lights, and carts and carriages rumbling over the stones, and windows full of pretty things, and

crowds of people jostling along the pavements. In all the show she wanted nothing but Willie.

The young man led them down a long, dark close through an arch-way, and then into a court off the close, and then up an outside stone stair to a low-browed door, at which he knocked.

"I don't much like the look of this place," said the landlady.

"Oh! there's no danger, I dare say, if you keep quiet. They'll never hurt the child. Besides, her brother'll see to that."

Presently the door was opened, and the young man asked after Willie.

"Is he in?" he said.

"He may be, or he may not," answered a fat, frouzy woman, in a dirty cotton dress. "Who wants him?"

"This little girl."

"Please, ma'am, I'm his sister."

"We want no sisters here."

And she tried to close the door. I dare say the landlady remembered with shame that that was just what she had done that morning.

"Come! come!" interposed the young tradesman, putting his foot between the door and the post; "don't be foolish. Surely you won't go to keep a child like that from speaking to her own brother! Why, the Queen herself would let her in."

This softened the woman a little, and she hesitated, with the latch in her hand.

"Mother wants him," said Ellen. "She's very ill. I heard her cry about Willie. Let me in."

She took hold of the woman's hand, who drew it away hastily, but stepped back, at the same time, and let her enter. She then resumed her place at the door.

"Not a one of *you* shall come in!" she said, as if justifying the child's admission by the exclusion of the others.

"We don't want to," said the young man. "But we'll just see that no harm comes to her."

"D'ye think I'm not enough for that?" said the woman, with scorn. "Let me see who dares to touch her! But you may stay where you are, if you like. The air's free."

So saying, she closed the door, with a taunting laugh.

The passage was dark in which Ellen found herself; but she saw a light at the further end, through a key-hole, and heard the sounds of loud talk and louder laughter. Before the woman had closed the outer door, she had reached this room; nor did the woman follow, either to guide or prevent her.

A pause came in the noise. She tapped at the door.

"Come in!" cried some one; and she entered.

Around a table were seated four youths, drinking. Of them, one was Willie, with flushed face and flashing eyes. They all stared when the child stood before them, in her odd, old-fashioned bonnet, and her little shawl pinned at the throat. Willie stared as much as any of them.

"Willie! Willie!" cried Ellen; and would have rushed to him, but the table was between.

"What do you want here, Ellen? Who the deuce let you come here?" said Willie, not quite unkindly.

"I want you, Willie. Come home with me. Oh! please come home with me."

"I can't now, Ellen, you see," he answered. Then, turning to his companions, "How could the child have found her way here?" he said, looking ashamed as he spoke.

"You're fetched. That's all," said one of them, with a sneer. "Mother's sent for you."

"Go along!" said another; "and mind you don't catch it when you get home!"

"Nobody will say a word to you, Willie," interposed Ellen.

"Be a good boy, and don't do it again!" said the third, raising his glass to his lips.

Willie tried to laugh, but was evidently vexed.

"What are you standing there for, Ellen?" he said, sharply. "This is no place for you."

"Nor for you either, Willie," returned Ellen, without moving.

"We're all very naughty, are n't we, Ellen?" said the first.

"Come and give me a kiss, and I'll forgive you," said the second.

"You sha' n't have your brother; so you may trudge home again without him," said the third.

And then they all burst out laughing, except Willie.

"Do go away, Ellen!" he said, angrily.

"Where am I to go to?" she asked.

"Where you came from."

"That's home," said Ellen; "but I can't go home to-night, and I dare n't go home without you. Mother would die. She's very ill, Willie. I heard her crying last night."

It seemed to Ellen at the moment that it was only last night she left home.

"I'll just take the little fool to my lodgings and come back directly," said Willie, rather stricken at this mention of his mother.

"Oh yes! Do as you're bid!" they cried, and burst out laughing again.

But Willie was angry now.

"I tell you what," he said, "I'll go when and where I like. I don't need to ask *your* leave,—do I?"

Two of them were silent now, because they were afraid of Willie; for he was big and strong. The third, however, said, with a sneer.

"Go with its little sister to its little mammy!"

Now, Willie could not get out, so small was the room and so large the table, except one or other of those next him rose to let him pass. Neither did. Willie, therefore, jumped on the table, kicked the tumbler of the one who had last spoken into the breast of his shirt, jumped down again, took Ellen by the hand, and left the house.

"The rude boys!" said Ellen. "I would never go near them again, if I was you, Willie."

But Willie said never a word, for he was not pleased with Ellen, or with himself, or with his *friends*.

When they got into the house he said, abruptly:

"What's the matter with your mother, Ellen?"

"I don't know, Willie; but I don't think she'll ever get better. I'm sure father does n't think it either."

Willie was silent for a long time. Then he said:

"How did you come here, Ellen?"

And Ellen told him the whole story.

"And now you'll come home with me, Willie," she added, "and we shall be so happy,—father and mother, and all,—so happy!"

"It was very foolish of you, Ellen. To think you could bring me home if I did n't choose!"

"But you do choose,—don't you, Willie?"

"You might as well have written," he said.

Then Ellen remembered her father's letter, which the carrier had given her. And she took it out of her pocket, and gave it to Willie. And Willie took it, and sat down, with his back to Ellen, and read it through. Then he burst out crying, and laid his head on his arms and cried harder yet. And Ellen got upon a bar of the chair—for he was down on the table—and leaned over him, and put her arms 'round his neck, and said, crying herself all the time:

"Nobody said a word to the black lamb when Jumper brought him home, Willie. We were all so glad to see him!"

And Willie lifted his head, and put his arms around Ellen, and drew her face to his, and kissed her as he used to kiss her years ago.

* * * * *

They went home with the carrier next day. Their father did n't say much when he saw Willie. But he held out his hand with a half smile on his lips, and a look in his eye like the moon before a storm.

And his mother held out her arms, and drew him down to her bosom, and stroked his hair, and prayed God to bless Willie, her boy.

“And did she grow better?” I think I hear you ask. Yes, she did; but not very soon.

“And Ellen,—were n't they glad to see Ellen?” They made more of Willie than they did of Ellen.

“And was n't Ellen sorry?” No; she never

noticed it,—she was so busy making much of Willie, too.

But when she went to bed that night, her father kissed her and said: “The blessin' o' an auld father be upo' ye, my wee bairn!”



THERE'S a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night,
Sailing to-night!
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright,
Shining and bright!
Dear moon! he'll be sailing for many a night—
Sailing from mother and me.
Oh! follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea!

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO GREW SMALLER.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

Now, I presume there are grown-up people who are too stupid to understand how anybody can “grow smaller,” but the little children who are going to listen to this story are wise and bright enough to know all about it, I am sure. Therefore, let the grown-up people go away into the parlor and talk their grand talk, while the little folks and I cuddle down by the pleasant nursery-fire and have our story.

Once there was a little girl. She was three

years old, and if you asked her what her name was she always said “Kittyman Tannyman.” Her real name was Kitty Taine, but she never liked that name—she said it was “too quick,” and one day, after she had been sitting very quietly in the sunshine for several minutes, thinking and thinking with all her might, she called out to her mamma that she had “longed” her name, and made it over into “Kittyman Tannyman.”

So, after this, she was called Kittyman Tannyman

—except when she was naughty, and then she was called Kitty Taine, and the name sounded quicker than ever.

However, Kittyman Tannyman was n't naughty very often. Sometimes, to be sure, she did n't like to wear a "dingham" apron in the morning, but wanted to put on a white one, with crimped ruffles and pink bows on the pockets, and then run out to make sand-cakes in the back yard until she was n't fit to be seen. And sometimes she wanted to go everywhere her mamma went, and would stand in the hall and cry with her mouth open so wide you would think she could never shut it again, and angry tears jumping down her cheeks like rain-drops in a thunder-storm. But, taking all the days together, Kittyman Tannyman was more good than bad, and no one in the house could bear the thought of living without her. She was good and kind to all her dollies, and never left them lying about the floor to be stepped on by the big people, and when she gave them baths she was sure to have the water just right, and *never* put soap in their eyes. If she spilled ink, or went to the sugar-bin, or cut off her front hair, or picked the prettiest buds from her manima's plants, she always looked so sorry, and said she "did n't fink about it," and was a good girl for a great many hours afterward. This was the sort of child Kittyman Tannyman was before her big fault came.

You would never guess what that dreadful fault was, so I will tell you. It was the fault of *not going to sleep!* First, she did n't want her afternoon nap any more; and, after a while, she did n't want to go to sleep when bed-time came. As weeks went on she sat up later and later, and her eyes grew rounder and rounder, until her big brother told her if she did n't go to bed like other children he would feel obliged to call her an owl. Kittyman Tannyman, however, did not care. Every evening she sat up a little later than the last evening, and although her mamma put on her loveliest night-gown, told her every story under the stars, and sung her every song she ever knew, still Kittyman Tannyman lay wide-awake in her little bed, looking at the lamp with eyes that never so much as winked.

Her papa would say, "Don't bother with her—she will go to sleep by and by!" and then her mamma would go out into the sitting-room, leaving the door open,—for she felt very sorry for any poor child who would n't go to sleep,—and Kittyman Tannyman would kick about with her little lily legs and sing soft, small songs to herself, and talk to the three dolls lying beside her until—well, nobody ever knew *when* she went to sleep! Certainly she was awake when everybody else was in bed and asleep, and the first sound in the morning was the

voice of Kittyman Tannyman singing to her three dolls.

Papa, mamma and the big brother began to be frightened. No matter how nice a little boy or girl may be, they can't live and grow without sleep, and plenty of it, too; and very soon everybody noticed that poor Kittyman Tannyman was beginning to grow smaller. The doctor was called in. He looked at the little girl's tongue, took her chubby wrist in his fingers, talked with her, and watched her as she ran dancing out of the room.

"Well, what do you think, Doctor?" said both her papa and mamma together.

"She does n't need any medicine," he said. "She 's perfectly well from head to foot. It 's just a clear case of *wont go to sleep*. She 'll get tired of it after a while, you may depend. But you



KITTYMAN TANNYMAN AND HER DOLL.

must watch over her with the greatest care. The only danger lies in her growing *so* small that she will get stepped on, or eaten up by the cat, or something of that sort. When she gets so small that the situation will have become disgusting to her, there will be a reaction. This is a very rare disease among children, and a very interesting one. I never knew but three children who grew smaller. One of them was swept up in the dust-pan by a careless servant, and almost smothered to death; but they are all living now, and are as big as anybody. Constant care is all that your Kittyman Tannyman needs. Good-morning!"—and the doctor picked up his shining hat and went away without leaving even one tiny sugar-pellet, for he was a doctor who had a soul, and he never made

people take his medicines when he knew all the time they had no need of them.

When Kittyman Tannyman ran into the room again she looked all about for the "sugar meds," as she called them, and when her mamma said she was not to have any, her eyes were almost ready to cry. But her papa took a lovely, curly-headed boy doll from his pocket, and wondered how it came there, and whom it was for, and seemed so puzzled about it, that Kittyman Tannyman forgot the sugar meds, and climbed up in his lap to help him solve the problem. As her papa placed the doll in her hands he was grieved to see how small they had already grown, and how loose and large her pretty button boots had become.

"I shall have to make her clothes all over," said her mamma. And sure enough, she not only had to make them smaller, but there was no end to making them smaller. Every day an apron or a dress, or a hat, or a brodered skirt had to be made smaller, until mamma's fingers ached, and the sewing-machine got out of patience and broke its needles; and every day her papa had to buy a smaller pair of shoes and a smaller pair of stockings, until he said it was no use, he could n't spend so much money on Kittyman Tannyman's smallness! So, finally, her mamma made up a lot of cheap calico frocks,—worse than any "dingham" aprons that ever were worn,—and, instead of having new shoes every day, she had to wear just flannel stockings, for these her mamma could cut and sew, several pairs in an hour—being careful to make each pair a little smaller than the last.

Poor Kittyman Tannyman looked very queer in her little calico frocks and flannel stockings, and she would sometimes roll up in a corner of the sofa and cry softly to herself for a while, thinking of the crimp, crispy white aprons and bronze boots she used to wear. But it seemed so jolly to her to be no bigger than a big doll she would soon forget about her clothes in running all over the house and hiding in all sorts of cunning little places and making the big people look for her long and anxiously.

At night, when it was time for everybody to be in bed, her mamma undressed her and put her in a doll's cradle that had been selected for her; but no one ever saw her asleep, and everybody was worried except Kittyman Tannyman herself.

So she went on growing smaller. When she sat in her high chair at table, only her curly top-knot, her two round eyes, and the tip of her nose could be seen. Her mamma put the big dictionary in the chair, with a pillow on the top of it, and for a day or two Kittyman Tannyman's whole face was visible, but after that she was as low down as ever. So her mamma said if she would be very nice and quiet she might sit *on* the table, in a doll's chair,

close by the sugar-bowl, and use a doll's plate and spoon, since her own had become too large for her tiny hands. Kittyman Tannyman enjoyed this change very much, and for a few days sat very quietly in her place, but one night she hid behind the sugar-bowl and played bo-peep with her big brother until she became very wild and gay, and before anybody could say "Kitty Taine" she skipped across the cheese-plate, ran around the castor, and tripping against a salt-cellar, fell head-long into a dish of clear, bright, shaky lemon-jelly.

Of course, such conduct was not to be allowed; but after Kittyman Tannyman was sufficiently punished by being washed and combed and curled for a whole hour, she was ready to promise that she would never—never—run away on the table again. But the promises of very little girls who grow smaller every day are not of much value. Every few days some shocking accident would occur at table, and Kittyman Tannyman was sure to be at the bottom of it. The flowers were upset into the soup, the milk spilled over the salad, the pickles drowned in the water-pitcher, and one day a doll's leg was found in the gravy. Her mamma said it was impossible to watch such a little thing all the time, and as there were no whippings in the house small enough to apply to her, she would be obliged to tie her fast in her chair at meal-times.

After this the table was orderly enough, but I could never describe the amount of mischief done about the house. Every one knows what even one little mouse can do if given the whole house to live in, so it can be imagined how much mischief this mite of a girl did, who had brains to think with and two hands to work with. They were all talking of what *could* be done with Kittyman Tannyman, when something occurred to convince them that something *must* be done.

Kittyman Tannyman had grown so very small, she could now hide herself in the most unheard-of places, and when she was called she would often decline to answer, and make her poor, tired papa and mamma have a grand hunt for her. One night, when an elegant supper had been prepared, and her mamma had dressed herself in her prettiest dress, and was watching from the window for Kittyman's papa,—it being a birthday, or something of the sort,—Kittyman Tannyman got down from the swing which her brother had made for her under the rose-geranium, and, running softly, over the carpet, crawled into one of her papa's slippers that were warming by the fire, and squeezed and crowded herself into the toe of it completely out of sight. Then she put her wee hand over her wee mouth, and laughed a little laugh that nobody could hear—thinking what a task they would have to find her this time.



KITTYMAN HAS BEGUN TO GROW SMALLER.

Presently in came her papa, and he and her mamma both stood before the door talking a vast amount of nonsense, it seemed to Kittyman Tannyman. Then her mamma said: "Mercy—the dinner! Now where is that mouse?"

"Dear me," said her papa, in a discouraged voice, "is she hiding again?" And then he went into the dressing-room, and Kittyman Tannyman never dreamed that he was taking off his damp boots. He came back in a moment, put his foot into one slipper, and stamped it on—for he was very hungry, and knew that the baked whitefish was cooling. He put his foot in the other slipper, and st— But, before he had *quite* stamped it on, there came a funny, frightened little squeak from the slipper. If her papa had been her mamma, he would have screamed, and perhaps kicked the slipper into the fire; but, being a man, he only snatched off the slipper and looked into it.

There was poor Kittyman Tannyman away down in the toe, gasping for breath.

Was this the last of Kittyman Tannyman? Oh, no; she had hurt her papa much more than he had hurt her. After she had been carried to the open air, and had a drop of cologne on her head and chest, she was quite herself again. Her papa, however, could barely taste the elegant supper—he had experienced such a "shock," he said, and added there was very little use in living if we were never to know what was going to happen next. The result of this little game of hide-and-seek was that Kittyman Tannyman found herself next day under a large glass goblet, with a little rocking-chair, a few playthings, and no way of getting out again.

"It is the only way to keep her from worrying our lives out!" said her papa, as he sadly shoved

a cluster of white currants under the goblet and turned away.

Instead of feeling badly about it, Kittyman Tannyman was quite charmed with life under glass, and danced gayly about her little crystal house until she was glad to sit down in the tiny rocking-chair to rest herself and drink the juice of a currant or two. Then she looked about her, and said to herself how nice it was to have a house all window, and felt very sorry for the big people who had to live in great, monstrous wooden rooms full of dust and draughts.

The doctor called, and stood by the table, talking with her papa and mamma, and looking at Kittyman Tannyman now and then. Her mamma had just been asking him if the reaction ever would come.

"It will be queer enough if it does n't," said the doctor. "She's carrying it pretty far, I must confess. Perhaps it would be well enough to—prepare for the worst. If she continues to grow small for another week, I fear——"

But her mamma cried out, "Oh, don't, Doc-



KITTYMAN AT HOME IN THE GOBLET.

tor!" and her papa turned away, biting his lips to keep them from curling up like her mamma's.

"But still there is hope—there is hope!" said the good doctor, hurrying out of the room.

"Oh, Kittyman Tannyman!" said her mamma, kneeling by the table, and putting her face so near the goblet that the little girl was almost afraid of her big eyes with such bright tears shining in them. "Oh, Kittyman Tannyman! why *wout* you sleep? Don't you see how small you have grown? Do you want to grow so small that we can never see you any more, or kiss you, or have any little girlie again as long as we live? And—oh, just think of your beautiful bronze boots, Kittyman Tannyman!"

Kittyman Tannyman thought of her bronze boots, and looked quite serious for five seconds. Then she shrugged her little shoulders, helped herself to another currant, and said:

"Don't bover me, mamma! Me don't *feel* 'scep'y!"

Then her mamma and papa both went out of the room, and both held their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

It was, indeed, quite pleasant under the goblet, for a day or two. Everything was so nice and clean and quiet. The crimson table-cloth on which the goblet sat made a fine, soft carpet for Kittyman Tannyman's feet; a small hole conveniently broken out near the top of the glass supplied her with fresh air; she had a tiny silver bell to ring whenever she wanted anything, and her big brother brought her specks of sugar, and now and then a slice of strawberry. But no one likes to be shut up for long—no matter how pretty one's prison may be, and she was very glad when her brother brought her lunch in a hurry one day, carelessly left the goblet tilted up on the rockers of her little chair, and ran off for a game of base-ball.

Now was Kittyman Tannyman's time. She did not wait to eat her dinner, but crawled out from under the goblet, and ran dancing and leaping about the table as happy as a sunbeam. Her mamma's work-box, with the lid thrown back, showing all the delightful silks and buttons and worsteds, was on one end of the table, and it was n't half a minute before Kittyman Tannyman

had climbed into it and was having great fun. She had never been permitted to touch this work-box, but she did n't stop to think of that. She rolled the bright spools out upon the table, tangled the worsteds, tossed the buttons right and left, put her mamma's gold thimble on her head, laughing to think what a funny cap it made, and tumbled and tangled everything she could find, until she was weary of mischief.

Then she wished she could get down on the floor and find new worlds to conquer. It seemed a great

distance, and she had to think matters over for three minutes. Then she remembered once seeing her brother slide down a long way on a rope in the barn. She climbed into the work-box again, and finding some tape, she spent many minutes in trying to tie one end of it around the key of the work-box. It was a funny knot when it was done, but it held very well, and Kittyman Tannyman immediately proceeded to slide down on the tape.

She found herself on the floor a little sooner than she expected, and her hands felt tingly, but she was soon scampering over the carpet, looking out for whatever mischief might offer itself. Away down in the kitchen her mamma was making currant jelly, and Kittyman Tannyman was in no danger of interruption. She crawled under the book-case, but came out sneezing, for she found nothing but dust. She clambered up among the plants, and pulled and tugged at two bright roses until their petals came down upon her in a shower, and they indignantly pricked her with one of their sharp thorns. She cried a little, but only the plants heard her, and they seemed to think it served her right. She pressed her little nose against the window, and wished she could run outside, like big people. "Well, why not try?" said a little voice in her heart. "I *will* try," said Kittyman Tannyman out loud. She ran to the door leading into the hall; it was open half an inch. "I can *sideways* fru it," she said, and sure enough she did. The outer door was wide open, and in a moment Kittyman Tannyman was out in the big, big world, all by herself. "The straw-



"POP! WENT THE FOOT OF THE PAPER CRADLE."

berry-patch?" said the little voice in her heart. "All right!" said Kittyman Tannyman.

Now, when she was a nice, large child, wearing bronze boots and crimped aprons, she could easily reach the strawberry-patch; but to-day it seemed a long way off, and twice she came near getting lost outright in the winding garden-path, overhung as it was by forests of mignonette and candy-tuft. A great, scratchy grasshopper nearly knocked her down as he jumped across the path, and a burly bumble-bee touched her with one of his loud, buzzing wings, as he was hurrying home with his bags of honey. All sorts of queer bugs peeped out of the candy-tuft forests at her, and she was glad to hurry on and reach the shelter of the broad strawberry-leaves. As she sat there with a beautiful red ripe strawberry in her lap, and had just taken the second bite from it, she heard a sound that is not pleasant to hear when one is out strawberrying, and that sound was—thunder! Kittyman Tannyman remembered that thunder was generally mixed up with rain, and she knew that the rain was very wet. She wished it was not such a long way back to the house. Such a pity—when she had only taken two bites! So she took another and another, and the next thunder that came seemed just around the corner, and down came a drop of rain on her head and ran down her back in a very unpleasant way.

"Oh my! me must have a yumbella!" said Kittyman Tannyman, looking about her; but there was nothing to be seen but the great broad strawberry-leaves bending and nodding under other drops of rain.

Kittyman pulled with all her strength, and succeeded in breaking off a fine large leaf, which she held over her head, but the drops fell thicker and faster, and very often one would strike the poor child so hard that it would almost make her cry.

The red round strawberries bent toward her trying, I am sure, to tell her not to be afraid, but Kittyman Tannyman *was* afraid, and very uncomfortable, too. It was dark and wet out in the big world, the thunder was uncommonly loud, and Kittyman Tannyman wished—yes, she actually wished—that she had never grown smaller, but was her mamma's fine large girl again, helping dust chairs and gather bouquets, and wearing her dear, dear bronze boots and sky-blue sash. And then Kittyman Tannyman put both her little hands to her eyes and cried and cried.

And while she was crying under the strawberry-leaves everybody in the house was hunting for Kittyman Tannyman. They knew she had not been eaten by the cat, for the cat had been sent away when the little girl first began to grow small. They knew she had not been swept up in the dust-pan,

for her mamma was too careful for that. They looked in the water-pitcher; they poked—very softly—under the book-case; they even looked in their other pockets, and in all the boots and shoes and rubbers in the hall-closet, but not a sign of Kittyman Tannyman. Night was coming on. The thunder had stopped, but the rain still came down—not in big swift drops as at first, but mildly and reluctantly, as if afraid of hurting something.

"If she went out-of-doors where do you think she would be likely to go?" asked her father.

"She is very fond of strawberries," suggested her mamma.

The big brother had returned from his base-ball game, and feeling as if he would like to drown himself for having been so careless with his little sister's goblet house, was hunting for her everywhere; and while he lighted a candle and proceeded to the garret, her papa took the lantern and started for the garden.

"Be very careful where you step—both of you!" said her mamma, "and if you keep calling to her that we are going to have cream-toast for supper, may be she will answer—if she is alive," and her mamma wiped the tears from her eyes and continued her search in the china-closet.

Kittyman Tannyman's papa went very slowly down the garden path, holding the lantern near the ground and looking sharply among the wet flowers and grasses on either side while he called, and in a soft voice:

"Kittyman Tannyman."

Presently he reached the strawberry-patch. It was a large patch, and he had walked all about it, taking care not to step on anything that looked like a calico frock with flannel stockings sticking out of it, and he was just going to give up looking any longer—for he did think that with all her nonsense his bright little girl had intelligence enough to go into the house in case of a rain-storm—when he fancied he heard a faint little cry, not much louder than the cry of a five-cent doll, just before him among the strawberries.

"Kittyman Tannyman!" he called, "are you here? Don't you want some beautiful cream-toast, Kittyman Tannyman?"

And up came the little wee crying voice:

"Me wants ma—mma—!"

Her papa set the lantern down very quickly and began putting the wet leaves aside with hands that trembled for joy. There, close beside a big strawberry with only four bites taken out of it, was Kittyman Tannyman, sopping wet and cold as a snail, her beautiful little curls all dripping, her face and hands so stained with tears and strawberry juice that no one but her own papa would have known her, and oh, so small! Her papa took her up ten-

lerly in one hand, covering her with the other—just as some kind boy would pick up a young bird that had fallen from its nest—and carried her to her house.

She's here,—and alive!" he said, hurrying into the dining-room, where her mamma was just beginning to search the last shelf. "Bring some warm water and dry flannels, please, and just half a drop of blackberry wine,—she's about chilled through!"

Her mamma first peeped into her papa's hand, and sure enough there was Kittyman Tannyman all huddled up in a ball. She kissed the little wet head, and hurried away for the things. In a few minutes Kittyman was bathed and rubbed dry, and, dressed in a soft flannel wrapper, she drank the half drop of wine, and, lying back in her papa's hand, stretched her tiny feet toward the fire that had been kindled on purpose for her, and breathed a long, deep breath. Papa saw her lips moving, and he bent his head to listen.

"Me's perfectly tompfortble," she said.

Then her papa covered her with his other hand, and rocked gently back and forth, while he sung a low, gentle song about the "Wind of the Western Sea."

About this time, her mamma happened to think of the poor big brother still hunting about in the garret, and she went up to tell him that it would n't be necessary to search any longer. She was gone some minutes,—for she wanted to help the big brother put in order the barrels and boxes he had overturned,—and when they came down again into the sitting-room — You can never guess the surprise that awaited them there:

Kittyman Tannyman was sound asleep!

Yes, there she lay in her papa's hand, her hair all back into curls again, her small fists cuddled up under her chin just as they used to be when she slept, and breathing soft, comfortable, regular little breaths. With one impulse, papa, mamma, and the big brother drew out their handkerchiefs, and, waving them in the air, gave three silent cheers. Then, going

about on tiptoe, and hardly daring to breathe, her mamma prepared a little cradle of white card-board, made a soft mattress of cotton batting, with a white silk handkerchief for sheets, and then her papa gently laid Kittyman down in it, and they covered her with the prettiest doll-quilt, and set the cradle away in a quiet, shadowy corner.

They took off their shoes, they tied up the door-bell, and the evening paper remained untouched upon the table, for fear its rustling might awaken Kittyman Tannyman.

Such care was quite needless, however. Kittyman Tannyman not only slept all the evening and all night, but slept all the next forenoon; and as her papa and mamma stood watching her, every moment convincing them it was time to send for the doctor,—this prolonged sleep was so alarming,—Kittyman Tannyman sighed, yawned, and stretched herself out, until *pop* went the foot of her paper cradle!

Kittyman Tannyman had begun to grow bigger! The reaction had come!

The news was all over the neighborhood in twenty minutes. Everybody was talking of it. Everybody called with congratulations. The doctor came and went away again, smiling and rubbing his hands. Her papa walked up town as if he owned a bank. Her mamma warbled over her work as if it were all play. Her big brother whistled louder than ever.

And Kittyman Tannyman—you can imagine how quickly she kicked out one cradle-foot after another, and how she outgrew her calico frocks so fast that they had to be changed twice a day, until her mamma declared, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, that by

the time grapes were ripe her dear little girl would be big enough to wear her pretty white aprons and button-boots again. For every day after lunch, Kittyman took a fine growing nap on the sitting-room lounge, and at night her mamma could barely finish one story before Kittyman Tannyman was sound asleep, growing on, like a sweet, healthy child, toward the glad, beautiful morning.



TWO FRENCH STORY-TELLERS.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

In the midst of those bloody times in Paris which were described in a past volume of *ST. NICHOLAS*,* there was living in that city a gentleman just passed the age of fifty, who only a very short time before published a story-book for young people which, within a period of twelve months, passed through fifty editions, and was, within a few years thereafter, translated into almost all the languages of Europe.

The name of the story was "Paul and Virginia," and the name of the author was Bernardin de St. Pierre. He was born at Havre, a sea-port town at the mouth of the Seine, and went to school there until he was twelve; but while he was at school he fell in with a translation of "Robinson Crusoe," and he loved the book so much that he came to love adventure more than books, and begged for permission to go over seas with an uncle who was bound for Martinique.

And he went there, and saw first in that island (which you will find on your atlas among the West Indies) the bananas, and palms, and orange-trees, and all that rich tropical growth which afterward he scattered up and down upon the pages of his story of "Paul and Virginia."

But the boy Bernardin did not stay in Martinique; he grew homesick, and went back to France, and studied engineering in Paris, and before he was twenty had gone away again to Malta, which is a strongly fortified little island in the Mediterranean, lying southward of Italy. He did not stay, however, in Malta, for he fought a duel there, which made it an unsafe place for him.

Not long after this he obtained a position under the famous Empress Catharine of Russia, and had strange adventures in Poland, where it is said a beautiful Polish princess would have married the young French engineer, but her friends took good

care she should not commit what was counted so great an indiscretion.

Then he went to his old home at Havre again, but his family was scattered and the home broken. He next gained an appointment as engineer to the Isle of France, which was another tropical island near to Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean. After five or six years here among the bananas and the palm-trees, he went back to Paris—without business, without money, almost without friends. This was his own fault, however, for he was reckless, and petulant, and proud.

He began now to think of printing books, though he was past thirty-four. His first venture was a story of his voyage to the Isle of France; then he passed many years working at what he called "Studies of Nature." He could hardly find a publisher for this; at last, however, he bargained with Monsieur Didot to print it,—and Didot was the most celebrated printer in France. Not only did he print the book of the adventurous Bernardin, but he gave him his daughter for a wife.

I suppose that this author gave a great deal more of study and of care to his book on nature than he did to the little story of "Paul and Virginia." Yet it was this last—which was published some two years or more before the capture of the Bastille—which gave him his great fame.

Where there was one reader for his other books, there were twenty readers for "Paul and Virginia." In those fierce days, when the Revolution was ripening and a gigantic system of lordly privileges was breaking up and consuming away,—like straw in fire,—this little tender, simple story, with its gushes of sentiment and its warm, tropical atmosphere, was being thumbed in porter's lodges, and was read in wine-shops, and hidden under chil-



BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

* See Vol. III., p. 33.

dren's pillows, and was sought after by noble women,—and women who were not noble,—and by priests, who slipped it into their pockets with their books of prayer. Even the hard, flinty-faced young officer of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, had read it with delight, and in after years greeted the author with the imperial demand—"When, M. St. Pierre, will you give us another 'Paul and Virginia?'"

It is only a simple tale tenderly told. A boy and girl love each other purely and deeply; they have grown up together; they are poor and untaught; but the flowers and fruits are rich around them, and the sweetest odors of the tropics are spent upon the story. Virginia, loving the boy, sails away from the island home to win education in the old world of France. The boy grieves, and studies that he may match in himself the accomplishments which Virginia is gaining in Europe. At last the ship is heralded which speeds her back. In a frenzy of delight, Paul sees the great ship sweep down toward the shore.

But clouds threaten; a wild, swift storm bursts over the beautiful island; there is gloom and wreck; and a fair, lifeless form is stranded on the sands.

Poor Virginia! Poor Paul!

Then—two graves, with the name of the story over them. And the birds sing, and the tropical flowers bloom as before.

This is all there is of it. Do you not wonder that so slender a tale could take any hold upon a people who were engulfed in the terrors of that mad revolution? Why was it?

Partly, I think, because the dainty and tender tone of the story-teller offered such strange contrast to the fierce wrangle of daily talk; partly also because, in the breaking down of all the old society laws and habits of living in France, it was a relief to catch the sweet glimpse of the progress of an innocent life and innocent love—albeit of children—under purely natural influences.

It is worth your reading, were it only that you may see what tender and exaggerated sentiment was relished by this strange people at a time when they were cutting off heads in the public square by hundreds.

It is specially worth reading in its French dress for its choice, and simple, and limpid language.

We come now to talk of the other book of which I spoke. It is by Madame Cottin, and is called, "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia."

Siberia, you know, is a country of great wastes, where snows lie fearfully deep in winter, and winds howl across the bleak, vast levels, and wolves abound. It is under the dominion of Russia, and to this pitiless country the emperor of Russia was wont to send prisoners of state in close exile—where their names were unknown, and all communication would be cut off, and where they would live as if dead.

Well, Elizabeth was the daughter of such a



THE LITTLE PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN THE WOOD.

prisoner, who, with his wife, lived in a lonely habitation in the midst of this dreary region. She grows up in this desolate solitude, knowing only those tender parents and their gnawing grief. She knows nothing of their crime or exile, or judge, or real name. But as she ripens into girlhood, the parents cannot withhold their confidence, and she comes to know of their old and cherished and luxurious home on the Polish plains, which is every day in their thoughts.

From this time forth the loving daughter has but one controlling thought, and that is, how she may restore these sorrowful parents to their home and to the world.

It is a child's purpose, and opposed to it is the purpose of the Autocrat of all the Russias! But then, courage and persistence are noble things, and



MADAME COTTIN. [FROM AN OLD ETCHING.]

they win more triumphs than you could believe. They will win them over school-lessons, and bad habits, and bad temper, just as surely as they win them in the battles of the world.

So upon the desolate plains of Siberia the fair young girl plots and plots. How should this fair, frail creature set about the undoing of an imperial edict, and the restoration of father and mother to life and happiness once more? Over and over she pondered in the solemn quietude of those wintry Siberian nights, upon all the ways which might avail her to find relief for her suffering parents. At last came the resolve—and a very bold one it was—to make the journey on foot from their place of exile to the Russian capital, never doubting, in the fullness of her faith, that if she could once gain a hearing from the emperor, she could win his favor, and put an end to her father's exile.

Ah, what could she know of the depth of state crimes, or of the bitterness of royal hate, or of that weary march of over 2,000 miles across all the breadth of Russia?

She had not the courage to tell of this resolution to her parents, but kept it ever uppermost in her thoughts as months and years rolled on and she gained strength; while the dear lives she most cherished wasted with grief and toil in the wintry solitudes.

One friend she made her confidant: it was the son of the governor of Tobolsk, who, in his hunting expeditions had come unawares upon the retired cabin of her father, and thereafter repeated twice or thrice his visit. He was charmed by her beauty and tenderness, and would have spoken of love, but she had no place in her heart for that. Always uppermost in her thought was the weary walk to be accomplished, and the pardon to be sought.

The young hunter could not aid her, for intercourse with the exiled family was forbidden, and he had already been summoned away and ordered to regions unknown.

At last, after years of waiting, Elizabeth being now eighteen, an old priest came that way who was journeying to the west. It seemed her golden opportunity. She declared now, for the first time, her purpose to her parents. They expostulated and reasoned with her. The long way was a drear one; monarchs were remorseless; they had grown old in exile and could bear it to the end.

But the tender girl was more unshaken and steadfast than they. She bade them a tearful adieu, and with the old priest at her side, turned



ELIZABETH WEARILY PRESSED ON THROUGH THE SIBERIAN FOREST.

her steps toward the Russian capital. Very toilsome it was, and day followed day and week week,

with wearisome walking; and before the journey was half done the old priest sickened and died, she nursing him and closing his eyes for his last sleep in a cabin by the way.

But still she had no thought of turning back, but wearily and painfully pressed on. Week followed week, and still long roads lay before her. It will make your hearts ache to read the story of her toil, of her bleeding feet, of her encounters with rude plunderers, her struggles with storm, and snow, and cliff. There were great stretches of silent forest; there were broad rivers to cross; there were gloomy ravines to pass through, and her strength was failing; and she had been robbed of her money and the winter was coming on; and there was no messenger or mail to tell her of the dear ones she had left in the little cabin of the exile. But through all, her courage never once failed, and at last it rejoiced her heart to see in the blazing sunlight, on the edge of the Muscovite plains, the great shining domes of the palace of Moscow.

Here she was a stranger in a great city, and the wilderness of the streets was full of more terrors and more dangers for her than the wilderness of the vast forests she had crossed in safety. Her very frailty, however, with her earnestness and her appealing look, won upon passers-by, and well-wishers befriended her and heard her story with amazement. And the story spread, and made other well-wishers aid, until at last she came to the feet of the emperor.

They knew, all of them, the tale she had to tell, and the eyes of all pleaded with her so strongly, that her request was granted and the father set free.

Of course the story glides on very pleasantly after this: she has a government coach to carry her back over that long stretch of foot-travel; she finds her parents yet alive; she somehow has encountered again that stray son of the governor of Tobolsk, and I believe they were married, and all lived happily ever after.

It is not much of a love story, however, except of parental love, which, after all, is one of the purest kinds of love.

Madame Cottin, who wrote the story, lived, as I said, in the days of the French revolution, and was married in the year 1790, when she was only seventeen years old. Her husband was very much older, and a rich banker. I doubt if she loved him greatly: there are some things in other books of hers (for she published a great many) which make me think so very strongly. Still, I believe she was an honest woman, and struggled to do her duty. I do not think Madame Cottin's other works are to be commended, or that any one reads them very much nowadays. "Elizabeth"—the book of which I have given you the story—was printed in the time of the First Napoleon (1806), and had an immense success. There is hardly a language of Europe in which it is not to be found printed now.

It is a good story. What devotion!—so rare—so true—so tender!

Read it for this, if nothing else, and cherish the memory ever in your young hearts.

It is as good a sermon on the fifth commandment as you will ever hear, and remember that it was preached by a Frenchwoman who lived in Paris through the reign of blood.

WHICH HAD IT?

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

CHAD and Seth were great cronies, though Chad's father was a lawyer, and Seth's was a blacksmith. But, then, the one was a very good blacksmith, and the other a very poor lawyer, and this lessened the social gap.

There was an opinion floating about the village, that Chad and Seth were bad boys. But the evidence for this was very intangible. People were ready enough to pronounce them "a pair of precious young rascals," but when a man was asked for an instance of their rascality, he could assert nothing

more definite than that they were always up to some mischief.

The truth of the matter was that Chad and Seth were two young democrats, full to the brim of life and spirit, who liked fun better than anything else. Indeed, they considered fun the chief end of boys. They sometimes pursued it thoughtlessly, perhaps recklessly, and often violated the proprieties in its pursuit. But there was nothing mean about these two boys. To use Chad's favorite word, they were not sneaks. They were fair on the play-ground,

often generous, and, Seth especially, had a soft spot under his sooty jacket. He was tender with all the weak. Little boys and "them girls" knew very well their knight.

Chad and Seth were near the same age—just turned thirteen.

The worst thing I knew about Seth was that he did n't keep his hands and face clean. As for Chad, the greatest fault I found with him was that he persisted in his companionship with Seth, when he knew that his mother would have preferred him to look higher for a friend.

His mother had raised no serious objection to the association, but Chad knew her preferences, and should have respected them. But Seth had a great fascination for Chad. He was a more important factor in Chad's enjoyment than all the other boys in the village combined.

"But his father's a blacksmith," Chad's mother said one day.

"How can Seth help what his father is?" Chad asked warmly. "If we boys had the bossing of our fathers, Seth might have had his a lawyer, and I'd had mine a blacksmith. I'd rather be a blacksmith any day than a lawyer. A lawyer don't do anything that I know of except to read old papers, and then go to the court-room and speak his piece. I hate to read writing, and I don't like to speak pieces, any way, if there are girls. But a blacksmith's work's jolly—blowing his big bellows till the forge is red and splendid. I love to see the red-hot irons, and to hear the hammer ring on the anvil, and to see the sparks fly, and the strong iron bend just the way it's wanted to. It's better 'n fire-crackers and rockets; makes a fellow feel like giving three cheers and a tiger. And a blacksmith works with horses. My sakes! I just wish I could be a blacksmith. Say, may I go, mother?"

Chad was teasing to go and play with Seth.

"Why, Chad, I should think you'd feel mortified to be seen with Seth. His clothes are dirty and sometimes ragged," the mother said.

"I aint goin' back on Seth for that," said Chad, stoutly. "He can't help it. His mother's the one to haul over the coals for that. Any way, I'd like to wear dirty clothes myself sometimes, 'stead of being kept all the time starched and ironed. I could play lots better in old clothes. You ought to see Seth play; he just pitches in,—rumblety-tumblety. He can turn the jolliest somersaults that ever I saw. I've seen him turn 'em, one after another, all the way from the top to the bottom of that big red sand-hill—don't you know?—by Squire Bowers's. Tell me, mother, if I may go."

"I'm afraid Seth's a bad boy; people say he is."

"He aint bad," said Chad, warmly. "He aint any sneak. Folks think if a fellow don't stay in the

house and read all the time, he's bad. Seth aint any of your sickly kind. He's the jolliest boy in this town, and I can't have any fun without Seth. That's all there is about it. There is n't another boy to play with. Now!"

"There's Frank Finley," the mother suggested.

"Frank Finley!" exclaimed Chad, with a tone of contempt. "Why, mother, he's the spooniest, the dumbest, the finnikiest, the chickenest milk-sop that ever I saw. He parts his hair in the middle, and wears curls stringing down his back. All the fellows call him Fanny,—all except"—and Chad's cheeks flushed and his eyes brightened with the triumphant vindication of his friend,—“all except Seth, mother; Seth never calls him names; he always stands up for Frank. He takes Frank in his lap on the sled, just like a baby, to keep him from tumbling off. And Seth's the best skater on the pond; but he often loses the race, when we boys race, because he's got Frank Finley, tugging him along. And Seth always chooses Frank on his side in toss-up, 'cause the other fellow wont have him. I tell you, Seth's a high old trump. May n't I go, mother?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I don't see why boys have to catch all the slang that's floating around," said the mother.

But Chad did not hear the remark. With the first word of his mother's reply, he had rushed for the street, slamming and banging the doors after him.

I'm going to tell you of a little incident which occurred in the village where Chad and Seth lived, and then you may answer the question with which this story started: Which Had It?

It was the last night of the year, and there was a watch-meeting in the little Methodist church of the little village. Many country people had come in their sleighs to help the village folks watch the old year out and the new year in. Chad and Seth were at the meeting, and it was a foregone conclusion with some folks that they were bent on mischief.

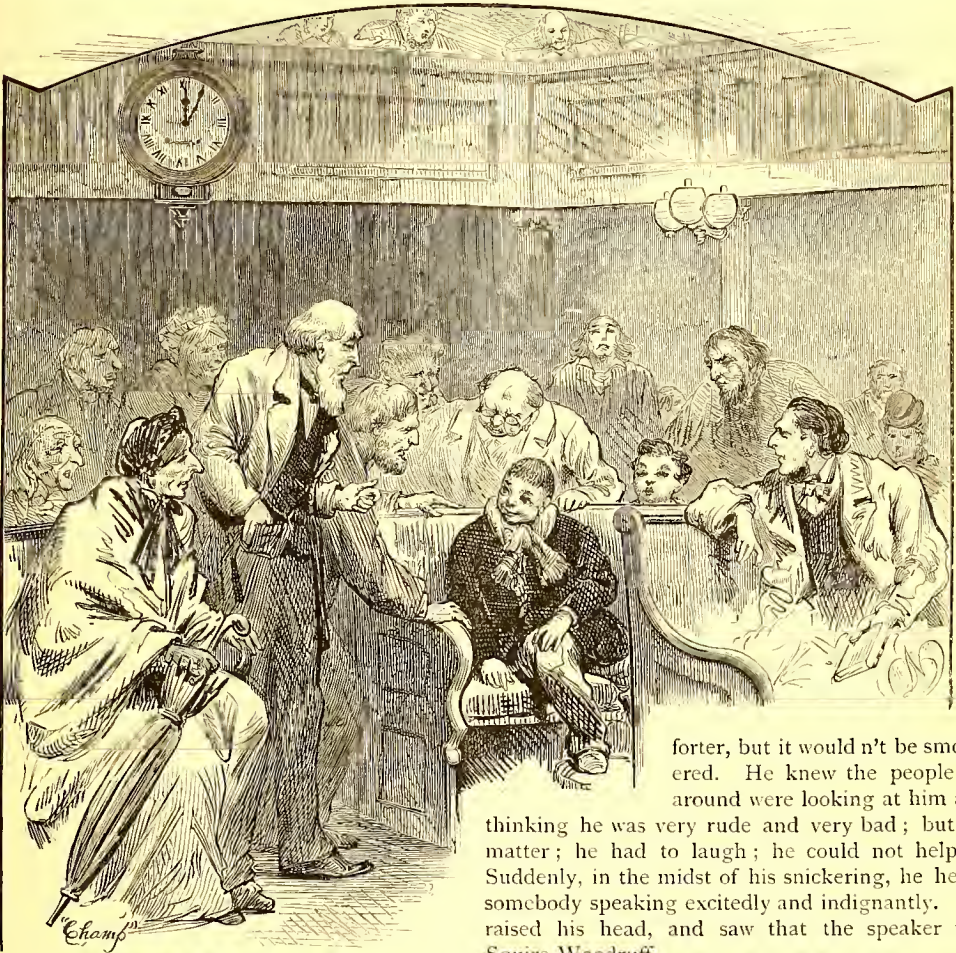
The congregation had been, for some moments, sitting in profound silence, reviewing, doubtless, the failures of the year so soon to end, and making resolutions for the year so soon to begin. The silence was very solemnizing, as we sat there in the dimly lighted church, with not a sound to be heard except the loud ticking of the clock under the gallery, marking off the few last moments of the fleeting year. But five minutes of the old year remained, when the minister, a venerable, white-haired man, rose, and spoke a few solemn words, which made the people feel yet more solemn.

"A few more vibrations of that pendulum," he said, pointing to the clock, which put in a solemn tick-tack, as he paused for breath, "and we shall

all be swung into a new year. Then it will be my privilege and pleasure to wish you all a happy new-year; so, I shall have the best of the congregation. It seems fitting, dear friends, that we should spend the last few moments of the old year in prayer."

The people all knelt. Then came an earnest petition, that the dear Lord would meet his people on the threshold of the new year, and abide with them to the end. When the prayer was ended,

sat down in his chair without a word, and gazed in a bewildered way at the congregation. Everybody turned and stared at everybody else. Seth giggled aloud. Chad, sitting next pew from him, looked scared. Seth tucked his head between his knees and snickered painfully. He wanted to stop, but to save his life, he could n't. He pressed his hand over his mouth, but the laugh would burst out. He tried to smother it in his woolen com-



A COMMOTION IN THE CHURCH.

while the clock was buzzing with preparation for its last announcement for the year, while the amen was hovering about the pastor's lips, ready to alight, before the people had fairly risen from their knees, somebody, determined to get the better of the minister, shouted out, so that every ear heard:

"I wish you a happy new-year!"

Who in the world was it? The minister was so surprised at this stealing of his thunder, that he

forter, but it would n't be smothered. He knew the people all around were looking at him and thinking he was very rude and very bad; but no matter; he had to laugh; he could not help it. Suddenly, in the midst of his snickering, he heard somebody speaking excitedly and indignantly. He raised his head, and saw that the speaker was Squire Woodruff.

"I've got ten dollars here," he said, opening his purse and displaying the bill. "It belongs to the man, woman or child that will give the name of the person who interrupted our meeting." He reached forward and handed the money to the minister, who laid it on the big Bible on the desk.

"And here's another ten a-top of that," said Mr. Alexander, making his deposit.

Then everybody looked all around to see somebody start up, tell who the offender was, and claim

the twenty dollars. Doubtless nobody knew who it was, for nobody spoke.

Then Mr. Lemuel Dyer said:

"I'll make that twenty dollars thirty."

"I go you five better," added Mr. Arthur Matthews. Mr. Matthews was a class-leader, and would have been properly shocked if he had known that he was using an expression of the card-player, and that in church.

Still, nobody elaimed the money. By this time the people were excited and curious. Somebody added another five dollars, making forty now offered for information as to the offender. Seth had stopped laughing for the moment, and looked a little frightened when he saw how in earnest the people were to bring the offender to light.

Mrs. Mason, who had been sitting near Seth and Chad, now went over, and spoke to Seth's father.

"That was Seth who called out," she said; "I know it was. I saw his lips move."

Seth was scared when he saw his father coming over to him. The father looked angry as he charged the offense upon Seth.

"Mrs. Mason says she saw your lips move."

"It's a lie," cried the boy, kindling indignantly. Then he burst out laughing, as the funny part of the affair came over him again.

"Seth, you know it was you," said Mrs. Mason.

"Of course it was," added Miss Palatkin. "I know it by the way he keeps laughing."

"It was n't; I did n't do it," Seth declared.

"It's just like him; he's always up to some mischief," said somebody else. "I know he did it."

"I know I did n't," said Seth.

"Do you know who it was?" asked his father.

By this time a third of the congregation had gathered around Seth.

"Yes, I know," Seth answered.

"Who was it?" asked a half dozen voices.

"I aint going to tell."

Then it looked so funny to Seth to see all that crowd of people around him, that he laughed in their faces. When Seth wanted to laugh he could n't help laughing, any more than Vesuvius could help belching. He was n't one of the kind who can laugh in their sleeves.

"There are forty dollars you can have, if you'll tell," one said.

"He ought to be punished, whoever it was," another argued. "Everybody'll think it's you unless you tell."

"It was n't me, and it'll be mean to blame it on to me." Then Seth giggled again.

"Then tell who it was," said his father. "You're foolish not to, when you can make forty dollars by telling. Think what lots of things you can buy with it. Come, Seth, tell," he continued, coax-

ingly, "and I'll give you another ten. Then you'll have fifty dollars—a half-hundred—about as much as I can make in a month. And you can make it by just speaking a name."

"Come, let us have it," urged Mr. Arthur Matthews. "Who was it?"

Seth just looked at Mr. Matthews, and seemed ready to burst into another laugh.

"Why, how contrary ye be!" said Mother Ketchum, eying Seth over the tops of her spectacles. "Why don't ye tell and be done with it, so the folks can go home?"

But Seth repeated: "I aint goin' to tell."

"If ye was my boy, I'll be bound he'd tell purty quick." Mother Ketchum addressed part of this remark to Seth and part to Mrs. Leonard, standing on the right. Finally the minister spoke:

"We are determined, if possible, to discover the reckless individual who has had the temerity to interrupt our solemn service, and to bring him to punishment. This is the second time our service has been interrupted. We brought the other offender to light, and we shall discover this one. Be sure of that, my guilty friend. That which is hidden shall be revealed. We offer for information of the offender a standing reward of fifty dollars."

Here Seth's father pulled at the minister's sleeve, to say that his offer of ten dollars was only to Seth, and the pastor's proclamation was amended accordingly. Then the people went to their homes, discussing the matter as they went.

"Of course it was Seth," said Chad's father, who prided himself on his lawyer-like ability of seeing through people.

"You'll be willing to give up Seth now, I suppose?" said the mother to Chad.

"I don't believe it was Seth." This was all the answer Chad made.

When Seth had got home, his father scolded him for not speaking and claiming the money.

"You've got to tell," insisted the father. "I'll flog you if you do not."

"I'll take the whipping," Seth answered, with his voice trembling; "but I wont tell."

When Seth had gone to bed, his mother came and sat down beside him. She wanted him to have the money; and no wonder, with seven little mouths in her nest to be fed.

"Just think," she said, "what you could do with all that money. You could get you a new suit of clothes, and new cap, and some boots."

Poor Seth thought of Chad's handsome new winter suit, and of his own shabby jacket, and a great lump came up in his throat.

"I would n't get any good of the money," the boy said. "You and father would take it all; I know you would."

The mother thought he was yielding, and hastened to assure him that he should have every penny to spend for himself. But Seth had no thought of telling when he made the remark; he just wanted to re-enforce himself—to have a better excuse for refusing to tell.

“Then you can look as well as Chad,” the mother added. “He wont be ashamed of you then.”

“Chad aint ‘shamed of me now,” said Seth, with a quiver in his voice. “He likes me better than any the other fellers. He would n’t like me if I was to tell; he hates a tell-tale.”

So the mother soon found there was no hope of getting the secret from Seth.

The next day, as he was going for the milk for breakfast, he was joined by Chad.

“My goodness, Seth, you’re a bully boy! you’re a perfect stunner!” Chad said, in an enthusiastic whisper. “Did you know all the time who it was?”

“Of course I knew,” said Seth. “I heard you and saw you.”

“And are n’t you ever going to tell?”

“Not any,” said Seth.

“Forty dollars!” continued Chad. “Did n’t it make you feel shaky?”

“It did make my mouth water; but it did n’t make me feel like telling on you, Chad.”

“You’re a brick, Seth; you’re a chief cornerstone. But, Seth, you’ve got to tell—you’ve got to have that forty dollars. I don’t mind if they do know; they wont do anything much about it. Anyway, I did n’t do anything wicked; it was n’t anything mean. I just did it for fun, and I don’t see the use of their making a great hullabaloo about it. I don’t care if they do know it was me. They dare n’t hang me, and they dare n’t put me in jail. I’d a notion to get up and tell on myself; I felt like a sneak not to. But I wanted you to get the fifty dollars, you sec. Good gracious! you’ve got to have it, Seth. You must tell.”

“I wont ever tell anything on you, Chad,” said Seth. “You would n’t like me any more if I did.”

“Yes, I would,” Chad declared, cagerly.

“I would n’t like myself,” said Seth.

“But, you see, the boy who did that ought to be punished.”

Chad forgot, for the moment, who “the boy” was, in his eagerness that Seth should have the money. But in vain he argued. Seth declared he never would tattle on Chad. So Chad made up his mind that he’d tell on himself. “I wont be a sneak.” That’s what he said to himself. It was a favorite expression with Chad.

The episode at the watch-meeting was the general theme of talk for the next few days. It was a trifling matter to engage a whole village; but curiosity was excited. They wondered who the

offender could be. Was it or was it not Seth? These people had been interrupted once before in their religious services. They felt that somebody was interfering with their rights—that they were being abused. And the more they talked about it the more outraged they felt. And the more outraged they felt the harder it grew for Chad to confess himself the offender at the meeting.

But one morning he found himself fairly started for the minister’s house. He did n’t go “cross lots,” which he might have done, and saved half the distance. He went roundabout. When he reached the gate, he faced about, and walked away from it as fast as he could for a half block. Then he walked back to it, and went slowly up the terraced steps. Perhaps he would then have gone straight forward up the walk to the house, but for those two sheltering fir-trees on the edge of the terrace. He hid behind one of these till he could gather courage. When he got on the porch, I think he would again have hid behind something if there had been anything to hide behind; or he would have run away if he had n’t seen Mrs. Hemingway, the minister’s wife, looking at him from the window. He tried to think of something to say, so as to put away the real errand as far as possible. But suddenly the door opened, and there stood the minister. “Good-morning, my boy,” he said, kindly. “Come in to the fire.”

Chad walked in, looking like a little sheep. He sat down with his cap hanging on his fist. The other hand grasped his leg for a moment, then it was stuck into the pocket of his trousers. The minister waited for Chad to state his errand. But Chad sat there as if he never meant to let anybody know what he’d come for.

“Is it very cold out?” asked the minister.

“Yes, sir,” answered Chad, taking his hand from his pocket, and hiding it with the other under his cap. Then he crossed his legs, and looked as though he was getting ready to say something. So the minister waited to hear him announce the occasion of the call. But Chad just uncrossed his legs.

“Is your father well?” asked the minister.

“Yes, sir,” Chad answered, hooking back his right foot to the chair leg.

Another period of silence ensued.

“Is your mother’s health good this winter?” said the minister at length, wondering what ailed this boy, usually so much at his ease.

Chad answered “Yes, sir,” as before, and hooked back his other foot. Then, as he realized his awkward position, he brought both feet forward and placed them quite precisely in order, with the toes turned out at dancing-school angle. But he soon fidgeted them out of place, while trying as hard as

he could to think of some easy, pleasant way of telling all about it.

"Do you go to Sunday-school?" was the next question Chad heard. He wound one leg around the other and said he did. Then he unwound his legs, and stood his feet close up to the stove to warm, like flat-irons on end.

"What did Santa Claus bring you?"

Chad jammed his hat between his knees and answered, "A microscope."

"Were you at the watch-meeting?"

Here was Chad's chance. He screwed himself sideways in his seat, and hugged the back of his chair with both arms, as if to hold himself to his object. His cheek was burning, his eyes down-cast, his voice dry and crackling, as he answered:

"Yes, sir; and I know who it was—who it was that got the best of you—that wished the folks a happy new-year, you know."

"You do? Who was it?"

"Will I get the money if I tell?"

"Certainly you will," the minister answered.

"No hoaxing?" asked Chad, growing bolder; "I'll be sure to get it?"

"To be sure you'll get it."

"It was me," said Chad, "but I did n't mean any harm by it."

The minister looked at Chad in a vague way for

a moment, and then he broke into a hearty laugh. "You've got the best of me again," he said. "Well, I'll see that you get the money, but doubtless you'll be fined to that amount, and will have to pay it back. So you wont make anything."

Chad looked a little blank. "Anyway, I feel better for owning up," he said at length, "and I've found out, too, that Seth wont tell on a feller."

When the matter came up before the church it was argued by some that Chad deserved more credit for bringing the offender to light than any other informant would have merited. These advised that he be freely forgiven, and that the money be paid over to him.

I was not in favor of such action, and I happened to be a prominent member of the church society. My heart was yearning toward Chad, but I wanted to make him feel to the bottom of his boots that because a thing is done in fun it is not necessarily blameless. It seemed to me that I would thus straighten the chief crook in his ideas. So I asked that he be fined. He was fined the forty dollars.

Which had the best of it? Chad had to hear this question very often for the next few months. In view of the fact that he learned from this experience to pursue his fun with due regard to the rights of others, the question, Which had it—which had the best of it?—may be promptly answered.



"NOW IT'S YOUR TURN."

HARE AND HOUNDS.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

WOULD you like to hear something, young friends, about a famous out-door game that boys in England play? There, as in your own country, foxes" day after day in the hunting season, returning at night jubilant and enthusiastic, and sometimes waving high in triumph the "brush" (the



ON THE SCENT OF THE HARE.

each season has its own especial sports, and as soon as the warm, sunny May-days come, when the fields and roads are dry and firm, "Hare and hounds!" is the cry from boyish lips, and young hearts beat high for joy in the sunshine, and boyish feet almost spurn the earth as they prance along the highways, and over the hedges, getting in "training" for their much-loved sport.

It is confined principally to school-boys between the ages of ten and sixteen, though often boys who do not belong to the school are members of the "hunt," and very often, too, the little fellows are the best runners in the party.

You must know that England is a great hunting place, and each papa who can afford it keeps his horse and "follows the hounds who follow the

fox's tail, that is) which the huntsman who catches and kills the fox always has as a trophy.

So boys grow up to love and exult in this sport, and to long for the days when they, too, can have a horse for their very own, and go galloping "over hill and dale, through bush and through brake," as the proverbial sly old fox may lead.

Till that happy time comes, however, "hare and hounds" is the joy of their hearts,—as it was of their papas when they, too, were boys,—and this is how it is played.

The boys divide themselves into two parties, each having its "champion runner," and lots are drawn as to which of these runners shall be the "hare" in the first hunt of the season, afterward they go by turn.

The rest of the boys are the "hounds," and the other champion is the huntsman who marshals them to the "meet" (which is usually the school play-grounds), gives the signal for the starts, calls them off by a shrill whistle when they get on the wrong scent, and, in fact, is "master of the hounds," *par excellence*.

The "hare" is provided with a small, open satchel or pouch, slung across his shoulder, and filled with bits of white paper about an inch square—heavy paper that the wind will not carry away. It is the privilege of the small boys who are too little to take part in the hunt to prepare these bits of paper, and for a day or two before a "run" they have great fun in preparing "scent," as they call it.

The hare is also allowed five minutes "head start," and is allowed to choose his own course, but is obliged to scatter the bits of white paper at short intervals all along the way he goes, as they are his tracks for the hounds to follow. The five minutes given him he usually spends in seeking for some obscure place at which he leaves a little package of *yellow* or *blue* paper to denote the starting-point.

This may be some blocks away, or up a side street, or just around the corner; he has his choice, and a free opportunity to seek it, as the "hounds" go within doors till the five minutes are up. Then the huntsman cries "whoop! halloo!" and away they all bound hither and thither, seeking till they find the package of colored paper (which they are obliged to do before they can start); the finder must cry "hark! forward!" then off they go, on the scent.

Sometimes so long a time is taken up in finding the starting-point that the hare makes famous headway, and can "double" on his followers—that is, retrace his way for a block or two on the other side of the street (leaving the bits of paper all along, of course), go round a block, or, if they are in the country, he probably makes for the woods, goes in some distance, then turns back, perhaps, till he finds some leafy tree, up which he climbs and hides himself till the "hounds" have gone by: anything to put them off the track.

When the hare has gone far enough, and wishes to return, especial care must be taken, as, if he is seen, the hounds can rush after him, "cross lots," and woe betide him if he is caught! He is no longer champion, but has to give up his badge to the fortunate "catcher," and cannot even be one of the hounds till he has paid a certain forfeit demanded by rule—usually something good to eat.

If the hare gets successfully home to the play-ground, the opposite party has to "stand treat;" so you may imagine how hard each side strives to win. It is a capital game when really played according to rules, and English boys think the

rules half the sport. It has been played for several generations,—an old game,—not only in England, but wherever English boys have gone, or English games are known. At Vevay, in Switzerland, where there is a large *pension* (school) for boys, it is the regular summer amusement; but it is hard running there, for the roads are so "up and down hilly" (as the boys say), and the hare can never find a good hiding-place.

One bright little English lad said "no wonder 'Swissies' are 'buffers;' no boy can learn to run in a country that is all set up on edge!"

I should not wonder if some of the boy readers of ST. NICHOLAS already know about this game, since so many of their English cousins come to this country. If so, this account must be for those who have *not* heard of it.

But it is not only boys who play "hare and hounds." A gentleman who has just returned from China told me that at Shanghai and Ningpo the English residents—merchants, officers and others—have quite recently introduced the game, with this difference, they play it *on horseback*, and make a whole day's sport of it.

Early in the morning they send out some one who knows the country well (sometimes a Chinaman, and that makes the fun all the better), give him a good fair start, perhaps half an hour, then gallop after him as hard as the horses can go, as if they were indeed back in "merrie England," hunting a fox or hare. They need sharp eyes to discover the paper "scent" when they fly over the ground so quickly, but that only makes them the keener hunters.

In Scotland I think boys enjoy the game fully as much as in England, keep closer to the rules, and welcome each hunting-day as eagerly as the first one of the season. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are usually chosen for hunts; though sometimes an indulgent teacher, if diligently importuned, will give the whole school an extra half-holiday, and go himself to see the start.

Does it seem strange to think of having only a half of Saturday for play? It is almost a universal custom, at least in Scotch country places, to have school on Wednesday and Saturday mornings till noon, giving the rest of those days for a holiday, and boys there seem to like it so. I suppose that is because they have never known any other way.

But they get a great deal of enjoyment out of their "halfies" (as they call those holidays), and after school-hours as well, though school does not usually close till four o'clock. That is late, is n't it? But Scotch summer-days hardly seem to have any end. All through June, July and August (on the west coast principally), it is as light at ten o'clock in the evening as it is in our country at

seven, so games go on all through the "gloamin'," till tired feet turn gladly homeward, where wearied heads seek downy pillows, and bright eyes close in the sound, healthful sleep that comes so quickly to happy childhood after a long, joyous day spent in the pure, fresh summer air.

I once saw a splendid game played in the Scotch town of Ayr, which so interested me that I actually "followed the hounds" myself, though at a very modest pace, and *not* over the hedges.

across the fields to the next station (which, fortunately, was not far distant, but to reach which the train had to go around a long curve), and breathless, but triumphant, caught the unsuspecting hare just as he stepped from the railway carriage, chuckling to himself at the thought of having outwitted all his pursuers.

Wasn't he fairly caught, think you? and did not he have to pay up for his trick? The "hounds," who soon appeared on the scene, carried him off



CAUGHT!

The hare was getting rather the worst of it, and, having nowhere else to hide, rushed into a near-by railway station where a train was waiting, gave the guard a knowing wink, and sprang into one of the carriages, and the train moved slowly off just as the panting "hounds" came in sight. He threw a handful of papers from the window, but kept himself well out of view.

A little cousin of mine, who was huntsman that day, saw the papers fluttering in the breeze, and being as "quick as a wink" to catch an idea, knew in a minute what the wily "hare" had done—so, fleet of foot as he was quick of thought, he flew

to the nearest "sweetie shop" (as Scotch laddies call candy stores), and made him spend every "bawbie" (a copper half-penny, worth one cent of our money) he had, for "toffy" and other "sweeties."

Now, boys, you who know all about "hare and hounds," as well as you who do not, try it—with *the rules*—and see if you do not find it a jolly good game, that will give you that lightness and fleetness of foot so much to be desired by every boy, and will help you to spend many a happy holiday with fun-loving comrades, when old games are "played out" and you long for something new.

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:

“Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of men who once the world possessed?”

“They’re gone with all their pomp and show,
They’re gone the way that thou shalt go.

“O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

“Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!”

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Tears fell upon the page he read.

CAUGHT BY THE SNOW.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ONE day last October, while a party of government surveyors in charge of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, of the United States Engineers, were encamped on the banks of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada, a brown old ranchman came out of his cabin and told us, in a cold-blooded way, that we should have snow before morning. The wind had changed suddenly from south-west to north, and masses of great white clouds drove over the darkening blue of the sky. We had barometers, thermometers, and all the instruments used by Old Probabilities in foretelling the weather, but we knew from experience that it was unnecessary to consult them, and that we might as well take the ranchman’s word for law. Squirrels, spiders, and old ranchmen are the wisest of the weather-wise, and no signs of a storm are so sure as theirs,—the spider ceasing to weave his gossamer across the roads and trails, the squirrels laying in an extra store of provisions, and the ranchman sniffing the air with the keen scent of a pointer.

The sun-burnt old man who spoke to us was as

innocent of scientific knowledge as a chipmunk is, but long life in the open air, and the observation of nature, had developed an instinct in him which, as in the animals, was more sensitive to the approach of a change than the most delicate instruments ever made by human hand.

We had been in snow already,—the snow which never melts, but shines all summer, and drops into icicles along the tops of the rough mountains, whose clasp holds the lake within its bounds. We had played at snow-ball early in September; but we had so far escaped severe storms, such as the one now prophesied for us was likely to be.

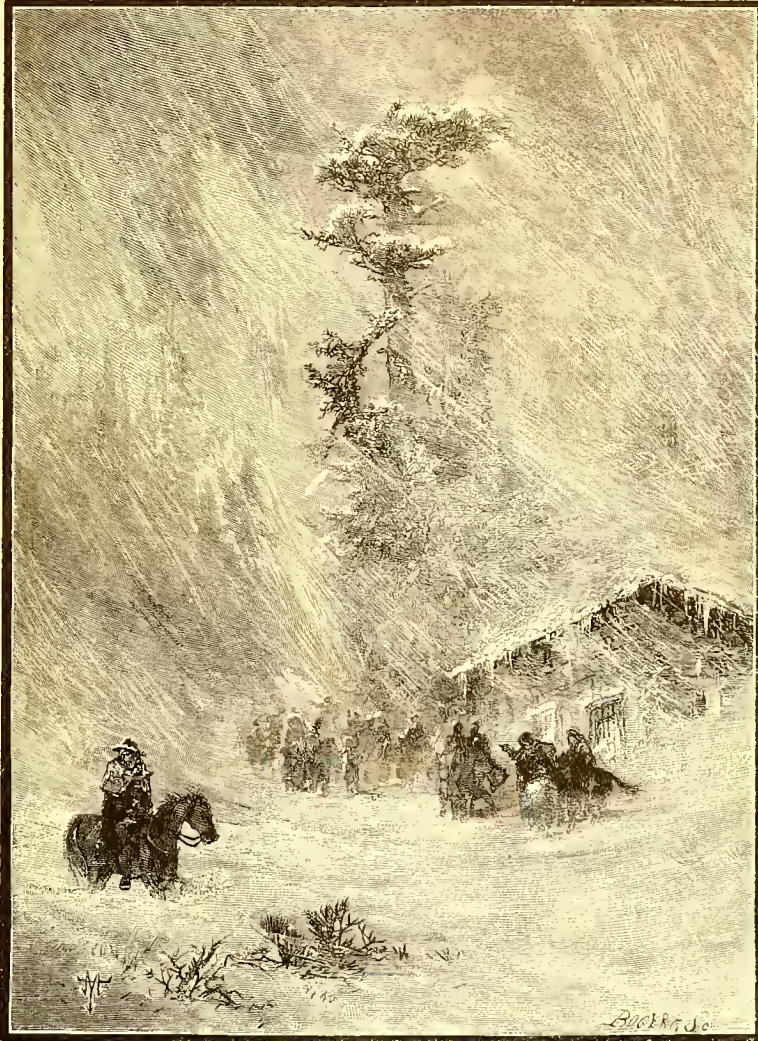
There are more comfortable and complete shelters from bad weather than small canvas tents, and less rheumatic beds than a blanket spread upon the frozen earth; there is more substantial food than a soldier’s rations; but the tents, the blankets, and the rations represented our frugal outfit, and all that we had to depend upon.

A few flakes of white fell, and vanished in the pine-fire that we built at night, and then a heavy

rain set in, and continued to patter on our tents until morning, when we removed our camp from Lake Tahoe to Squaw Valley, which is a deep bay in the mountains, with an outlet leading into one of the high-walled ravines called cañons. We were anxious to occupy a certain peak, and Squaw Valley seemed to offer the best way of reaching it.

of a fir-tree, might have pitied us as we crowded nearer the fire, endeavoring to get warmth, and only getting smoke. For supper we had a slice of bacon and bread, which the rain had reduced to an unsavory pulp, and we crept into our damp beds with longing thoughts of home.

Next morning, as I stretched out my arms against



AT THE DOOR OF THE HUT.

The rain fell without abatement for thirty-six hours, and our tents swayed to and fro in the wind, threatening to collapse each moment, despite the strong ropes that guyed them to the pines under which they were pitched. We were so wet and cold that the sauey-looking chipmunk, which occasionally peeped and winked at us from the hollow

tent, I felt that it was heavy, and heard it crackle, and when I looked outside, the whole country was transformed; the surrounding mountains and the valley—that had been blue, purple, and green—were covered with white; the great pines and firs resembled solid cones of snow; our pack-mules, with tails turned to the wind and

drooping heads, were the picture of misery, and there we were—snowed-in. The storm might continue for days—even for weeks. When once the snow begins in the sierras of California and Nevada, there is no telling when it will stop; it piles itself up in the valleys to a height of forty feet, and it seals the country,—not with wax, of course, but with something that we cannot help admiring for its velvety beauty, and dreading for its treacherous softness. The farmers who have stock on the slopes of these mountains keep two barns,—one in the Sacramento valley, where the climate is deliciously mild, and their cattle can graze all winter, and the other in one of the mountain valleys, which, when the snow melts in the spring, are clothed with a growth of very nutritious grass. We had seen household after household turning westward during the previous weeks, in anticipation of the winter, and now, when it had come, there was not a human habitation, to our knowledge, within many miles of camp, though earlier in the season the country had been overrun with cattle, and overcast with the smoke of many ranches.

How the white flakes fell, and how they chilled our finger-tips and toes! It was as though the clouds were coming down, as a little southern girl said to me when she first saw the fleecy strays of winter drifting out of a sad northern sky. Great phantoms seemed to roll and wreath themselves in the air, and to fling out mysterious rings and festoons. The highest peaks disappeared, and the lower hills, seen through the gauzy veil of the snow, were like the figures in a lace, and as impalpable to look at as puffs of steam. Ah, how we longed and longed for home!

The surveyors, who, under Lieutenant Wheeler, are making the most out-of-the-way parts of the far West as familiar as a New England county, have some pleasant experiences, to be sure, and they deserve them; for it takes a great many pleasant ones to counterbalance the wretchedness of two or three days of storm. The men stood about the camp-fire disconsolately and silently, finding no relief in smoking or in conversation. In the morning our black cook called "Breakfast!" and in the evening he called "Supper!" We would have been happier had we been able to sit down to a respectable meal. Bacon and bread were the daintiest things, however, that our mess afforded.

Smarting and coughing from the pine-fire smoke, we tried to forget our sorrows in bed; tossing and shivering in our wet blankets, we slept a little, and awoke again to the miseries of the situation. When, on the next morning, we turned out, and found no promise of a clearing, our hopes fell to the zero of despair; and we decided that it was

high time for us to make a change of base. Not more than fifteen miles from our camp was the famous Donner Lake, where an emigrant party had been snowed-in many years ago, twenty-eight persons dying from cold and hunger; and while we did not anticipate any real danger of this kind to ourselves, escape from Squaw Valley being possible at almost any time, we knew that to remain at our present camp would cause us much vexation and delay in our work.

So our bedding, food, instruments and tents were packed on the mules, and we went forth toward the Truckee Cañon. A strange and forlorn procession we made! From the lieutenant in charge, who was an officer in an artillery regiment, down to the black cook, not a man in the party had any fancy article in his dress. Buckskins, flannels, felt hats and heavy riding-boots—things for warmth and wear, and not for show—made up our costumes, which would have sadly misled any one not aware of our true character and occupation. Soldiers and scientific men working on the western plains and mountains are not the elegantly uniformed creatures that the illustrated weeklies sometimes picture them as being. A dandy in camp is laughable and intolerable, and there was not a laughable or intolerable member in our party. Perhaps one figure in the rear of the pack-train might have raised a smile among strangers. It was Sergeant Ford, an intelligent young officer detailed from Camp Independence to serve with our party. The mule which he rode dragged a mysterious-looking one-wheeled carriage after it, and as the mule stumbled in the drifts, the wheel was lifted forward and swung from side to side in the most extraordinary fashion, and Ford was occasionally shot from his seat into a soft bed of snow. But clumsy as this carriage appeared, it was one of the most important things of the survey; attached to the wheel was a small dial called an odometer, which recorded each revolution; and as a certain number of revolutions were equal to a mile, we were thus enabled to tell the distances traveled from day to day, and to obtain measurements of the roads and trails in the country that we were surveying.

As we crept along through the smiling storm with a shadowy chain of whited mountains encircling us, and a roof of gray over us, the wind that swept from the summits pierced us with its cold, and shook the pines and firs of their snow, which ascended in the air like a cloud of vapor. Our progress was slow; the mules floundered and slipped at every step, and before we had gone far, the dark day began to edge on to the darker night, though we were still houseless and hungry. We could see only a little way ahead through the dense flakes

which dashed upon us in a fury and seemed determined to encompass us in their icy grip. Now and then a darker spot was visible in the gray, and our hopes rose as our imaginations traced the outlines of a house in it; but it turned out to be a clump of trees, or a massive detached rock, and we were again faced with the gloomy possibility of no shelter for the night.

This happened so often, that we gave no more attention to what was before us, and plodded on with downcast eyes; and it was thus that I had almost reached its front and only door before I discovered an isolated little cabin, before which the leaders of the pack-train had stopped. The doors and windows and every opening had been securely nailed up, and the heavy cattle-tracks leading to the outlet of the valley showed that the ranchman had hastily retreated at the beginning of the storm. He had gone away, not dreaming that any one would appear in the neighborhood until the spring should bring greenness to the country again.

A nice point of law now presented itself to us. It is not probable that felonious intent, or anything that a lawyer could interpret as felonious intent, ever entered the minds of our party before; but there we were,—chilled to the bone, hungry, and completely unhappy; and there was the house, offering both shelter and a dry place on which we might make our beds. We hesitated a few moments,—for burglary is a serious offense,—and then we shook the snow from our shoulders and forced an entrance, knowing that the generosity which grows as largely in the Californian heart as Bartlett pears grow in the wonderful Californian soil, would have made us warmly welcome, had it been present in the person of the owner.

Some of the more curious members of the party immediately made an investigation of the contents of the house, which confirmed the evidence of the cattle-tracks outside, that the occupants had left suddenly; and as each man made a discovery, he shouted it to the others. From the different corners and shelves, I heard the announcements of “half a bottle of pickles,” “basket of potatoes,” “bottle of pain-killer,” “piece of soap,” “a dish-cloth,” “corn-flour,” and other things which the ranchman had not thought worth taking away.

The most enterprising explorer in this direction was Mr. Frank Carpenter, our topographer, who, when I found him, was eating some moldy *blanc-mange* out of a rusty can with a chip of wood.

We were not long in putting up the stove and lighting a glorious fire, and spreading our blankets on the floor. We were not long, either, in putting the cook in the kitchen, or slow in urging him in his preparations for supper; and though we had already eaten a whole basketful of potatoes, sliced with a pen-knife and roasted on the stove, it was astonishing how quickly a fine joint of beef, which was among our other discoveries, vanished when supper was ready.

A little way from the house was a large barn, in which we stabled our mules and fed them with hay. A mule is a weather-hardy creature, that is supposed to be capable of enduring the severest exposures, and is not often treated to lodgings in a stable; and it was a treat, therefore, to see our animals comfortably quartered for once, and to hear them munching their abundant feed.

The storm continued throughout the next day, and in the evening, as we sat around the camp-fire, Sergeant Ford, who had been out-of-doors, rushed into our midst, looking for a shot-gun. In answer to our questions, he said, breathlessly, “Turkey!” and disappeared again. We were within three weeks of Thanksgiving, and the prospect of turkey was almost too much for us. We started for the door, but before we could reach it Ford had fired, and as we put our heads into the snow, we saw him standing with the smoking gun in his hand, and watching a large white owl as it flew away into the night. “Turkey?” we inquired, sympathetically. Ford simply shook his head, and soon went to bed.

The next day was clear, and we moved camp to Truckee, leaving the little house exactly as we found it, and carefully boarding up the doors and windows, to keep out the future storms. More than this, as soon as we learned the name and address of the ranchman, a check on the United States Treasury for a sum equivalent to the value of the food and hay that we had used was sent to him. So it is likely that our party will escape punishment.

AUTUMN POETRY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Is there more poetry in spring than in autumn?

Yes, more that finds expression, for in spring everything has a voice or a look that reveals its gladness; nature then is one grand choral of praise.

The pleasure of simply being alive is the song that resounds everywhere. It is the careless delight of a little child who knows nothing of life,—who feels nothing, except that the sunshine is bright, the air sweet, and that all faces and forms around him are full of love.

In autumn, the world is still beautiful, but its beauty is that of change, and of the memory of change. A warm, dreamy midsummer haze lies between us and the fresh fields and delicate wild flowers of spring, and we look at the gorgeous leaves and blossoms of the season against a dim background tinted with the faded treasures of the past. And, because it has a past as well

as a present, the poetry of autumn is deeper than that of the earlier seasons. It is richer, too, if we keep within us the bloom and the fragrance which

we have enjoyed, and so blend the blossoms of spring and summer with those of the declining year.

You know—or will learn, by and by—that we never need lose anything which has really made our life blessed, except by our own fault. If we have taken the loveliness around us into heart and soul, and not merely glanced at it idly, it has become an immortal possession; for all true beauty is poured into our lives out of the heart of Him who is the Infinitely Beautiful, and every gift He bestows is perfect and indestructible.

Have you ever thought about the shading-off of one season into another,—how gradual and delicate it is, and what a charm it adds to the year? You cannot tell exactly when midsummer has passed into autumn, any more than you can draw a sharp line between the red and the orange in the rainbow. Nature shades her colors more exquisitely than any artist, and it is in this magical blending that half her poetry is found. The four seasons make a visible harmony, like four voices so perfectly accordant that you hear them as one in a song; for there is an eye-music as well as that which enters the ear.

Late in August, you come in your rambles upon some hidden pool of the woodlands, and find, to your surprise, the water-lilies still awake here and there; and on the margin of the pond, the most magnificent blossom of midsummer, the cardinal-flower. What a contrast they make—that pure whiteness, crystal-born, and that inimitable red, which seems a burst of the intensest warmth hid in the bosom of earth! The white clematis, or virgin's-bower, hangs its graceful streamers along the wood-paths, veiling the departing footsteps of Summer, whom Autumn has already come to meet, scattering golden-rod about, as an admittance-fee into the grounds of the dethroned queen.

Beautiful poems have been written about the passing of summer into autumn. Mrs. Hemans sings her regret in one beginning—

“Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.”

And this little song, “Summer’s Done,” plainly betrays its New England origin:

“Along the way-side and up the hills
The golden-rod flames in the sun;



“Frost”

The blue-eyed gentian nods good-bye
To the sad little brooks that run,—
And so 'Summer's done,' said I,
'Summer's done!'

"In yellowing woods the chestnut drops;
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids
Rob him of half his store,—
And so 'Summer's o'er,' said I,
'Summer's o'er!'

"The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty, overhead,—
And so 'Summer's dead,' said I,
'Summer's dead!'

"The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
'The merry farmer-boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn,—
And so 'Summer's gone,' said I,
'Summer's gone!'

"The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day,
But in the mornings still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay,—
And so 'Summer's away,' said I,
'Summer's away!'

"A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun,—
But, for all that, 'Summer's done,' said I,
'Summer's done!'"

"A Still Day in Autumn," by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, takes you into the dreamy atmosphere of the beautiful September days. Here are two or three stanzas of it:

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

"How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst!

"Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold."

In one of Alice Carey's songs of the autumn days, she writes that

"Summer from her golden collar slips,
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,—
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour."

And Whittier paints in glowing words the flowers that blossom between summer and fall:

"Along the road-side, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine, droops the golden-rod;

And the red pennons of the cardinal-flower
Hang motionless upon their upright staves."

Into his "Last Walk in Autumn" he has brought several of his friends well known to American readers; and all through his poems you catch glimpses and flashes of autumnal color:

It is to the poetry of our own country that you must look for the best songs of autumn, and that for a very good reason. Our autumn is a far more cheerful season than that of most other countries. The brilliant colors of the forest-trees, and the days of bright sunshine and soft air, that sometimes linger far into November, are a wonder to foreigners. Many persons find it hard to decide whether June or October is our most delightful month.

Longfellow sings,

"With what a glory comes
and goes the year!"

and he writes of

"The solemn woods of ash
deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple
yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint
old man, sits down
By the way-side a-weary."

And again, in that sweetest of idyls—
"Evangeline":



"Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints. Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood."

And, again, he addresses autumn as coming

"With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand!



AN OCTOBER DAY.

"Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land!"

Lowell's "Indian Summer Reverie" is full of splendid description:

"The birch, most shy and lady-like of trees,
Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves,
And hints at her foregone gentilities
With some saved relics of her wealth of leaves;

The swamp-oak, with his royal purple on,
Glares red as blood across the setting sun,
As one who prouder to a fallen fortune cleaves:
He looks a sachem, in red blanket wrapt."

"The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush."

"The woodbine up the elm's straight stem aspires,
Coiling it, harmless, with autumnal fires."

In modern English poets we get, now and then, a glimpse of glowing color. Tennyson writes of

"Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;"

and tells us how one who watches may see

"The maple burn itself away."

And Allingham must have seen something like our autumn colors before writing this stanza:

"Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,—
But soon they'll turn to ghosts."

George Cooper has a pretty little song about "The Leaves and the Wind":

"'Come, little leaves,' said the wind one day—
'Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold.'

"Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs that they knew:

"'Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your farewell song,—
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah! you will miss us, right well we know.

"'Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?'

"Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads."

Gazing upon the splendors of the autumn woods, we do not wonder that a poet exclaims,

"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf
Agree not well together!"

And of the very latest autumn Bryant writes:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,—
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Even after this period of dimness, the atmosphere grows warm and spicy and hazy, and there is a soft flush over the fields and woods, like the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset. If ever there is poetry in the air we breathe, it is during the Indian summer. We all know those days

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

Do we not love Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and "Fringed Gentian," as we do these last flowers of the year, and the beautiful season in which they bloom,—and as we do the poet himself, who was almost the first to open American eyes to the loveliness of our wild flowers, and the peculiar beauty of our autumnal scenery?

Here is "A Little Girl's Song of Autumn," by an unknown writer:

"The autumn has filled me with wonder to-day,
The wind seems so sad, while the trees look so gay;
The sky is so blue, while the fields are so brown,
While bright leaves and brown leaves drift all through the town.
I wish I could tell why the world changes so;
But I am a little girl—I cannot know!

"The sun rises late, and then goes down so soon,
I think it is evening before it is noon!
Of the birds and the flowers hardly one can be found,
Though the little brown sparrows stay all the year round.
I wish I could tell you where all the birds go;
But I am a little girl—I cannot know!

"O Autumn! why banish such bright things as they?
Pray turn the world gently! don't scare them away!
And now they are gone, will you bring them again?
If they come in the spring, I may not be here then.
Why go they so swiftly—then come back so slow?
Oh, I'm but a little girl!—I cannot know!"

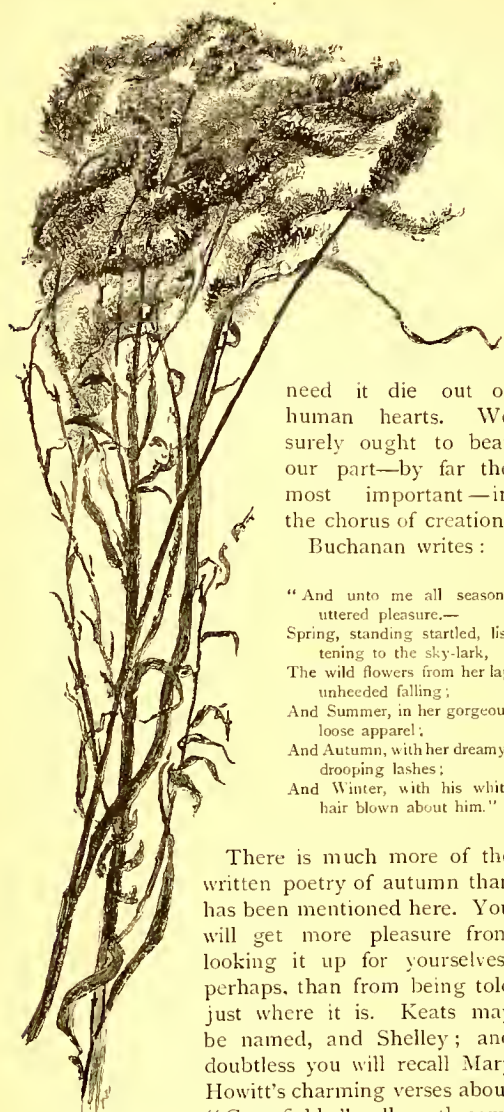


Of one thing we may be certain,—that He who turns the world upon its axis so as to cause the changes of the seasons, meant us to receive some new happiness from every one of them. "He hath made everything beautiful in its time," and if we were but as grateful as He is good, how would the seasons, one and all, ring with hymns of thanksgiving!

It would do us all good to get by heart Thomson's "Hymn of the Seasons." You know how it begins:

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles:
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou!"

"The poetry of earth is never dead," and never



"GOLDEN-ROD."

need it die out of human hearts. We surely ought to bear our part—by far the most important—in the chorus of creation.

Buchanan writes :

"And unto me all seasons uttered pleasure.—
Spring, standing startled, listening to the sky-lark,
The wild flowers from her lap unheeded falling;
And Summer, in her gorgeous loose apparel;
And Autumn, with her dreamy, drooping lashes;
And Winter, with his white hair blown about him."

There is much more of the written poetry of autumn than has been mentioned here. You will get more pleasure from looking it up for yourselves, perhaps, than from being told just where it is. Keats may be named, and Shelley; and doubtless you will recall Mary Howitt's charming verses about "Corn-fields," well worth committing to memory.

There are those who think of autumn only as a gloomy season,—

"The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying;
Old age, begin sighing!"

But to children, and to the child-hearted, the whole year is happy with hope. The fall of the leaf is but a promise of the bright days of winter which are coming, all sparkle and merriment and health; and of the glad spring, over whose

needed sleep the winds of autumn and winter sing lullabies—the fresh, faithful Spring, which has never failed of re-awakening, since the first birthday of man. Yes,

"Sure as earth lives under snows,
And joy lives under pain,
'T is good to sing with everything,
'When green leaves come again.'"

Still, among faded garden-flowers, and under fallen forest-leaves, we cannot but be more thoughtful than when all things are bursting into gladsome life. This, too, has been sung of by one of our poets:

"The berries of the brier-rose
Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping, heavy-eyed.
'T is time to light the evening fire;
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring."

In some hearts there is an ever-blooming spring-time of cheerfulness, which makes all around them forget the flight of seasons and of years. Such hearts never grow old, and they spread far and wide the sunshine of immortal youth. Every man, woman and child of us might be such a fountain of gladness, if we would. Love is the only eternal spring-time—in whatever world we live.

Yet there is mirth for children in what sometimes makes older people sad.

"We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way."

What child's heart does not bound to the music of Marian Douglas's call to the woods in the brilliant autumn days?

"Fire! fire! upon the maple-bough
The red flames of the frost!
Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,
The cottage-roof is crossed!
The hills are hid by smoky haze!
Look! how the road-side sumachs blaze!
And on the withered grass below
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!"

"Come, let us hasten to the woods,
Before the sight is lost!
For few and brief the days when burn
The red fires of the frost.
When loud and rude the north wind blows,
The ruddy splendor quickly goes.
But now—hurrah! those days are here,
The best and loveliest of the year."

Nobody has a better opportunity to know what the poetry of autumn is—the real poetry, unrhymed and unprinted—than a country child whose home is in the Northern United States. Just think of it

—the season of the golden-rod, the aster, and the fringed gentian,—of crimson and scarlet maple-forests, and of oak-groves almost as brilliant,—of beech-woods whose aisles seem covered with a golden roof, as you pass through them,—of pine-forests hung with the twisted streamers and orange-colored berries of the bitter-sweet, and bordered with the red pennons of the sumach, and with coral-hung barberry-bushes,—of ripe nuts on the hill-sides, as well as of yellow grain-fields, and loaded orchards. What season can boast more beauty, or half so great wealth?

In the autumn flowers there is one thing to be particularly noticed—that so many of them are star-shaped and sun-shaped. The wild aster, which makes our road-sides so beautiful with its varied tints,—white, lilac, amethyst, and royal purple,—takes its name, "Aster, a star," from its form. "Frost-flowers" they are sometimes called, and stars of the frosty days they are. The large rudbeckia, with bronze disk, and rays of gold or purple,—the compass-flower of the prairies, the wild sunflower and the coreopsis,—and the golden-rod, every stem of which is a constellation of little suns, all bear the same shape, and nearly all of them glow with the sun's own color. The other late flowers, the gentians, wear the azure of the sky. The world puts on blue and gold, before it clothes itself for its long sleep in the whiteness of the snow.

Is n't it beautiful, children,

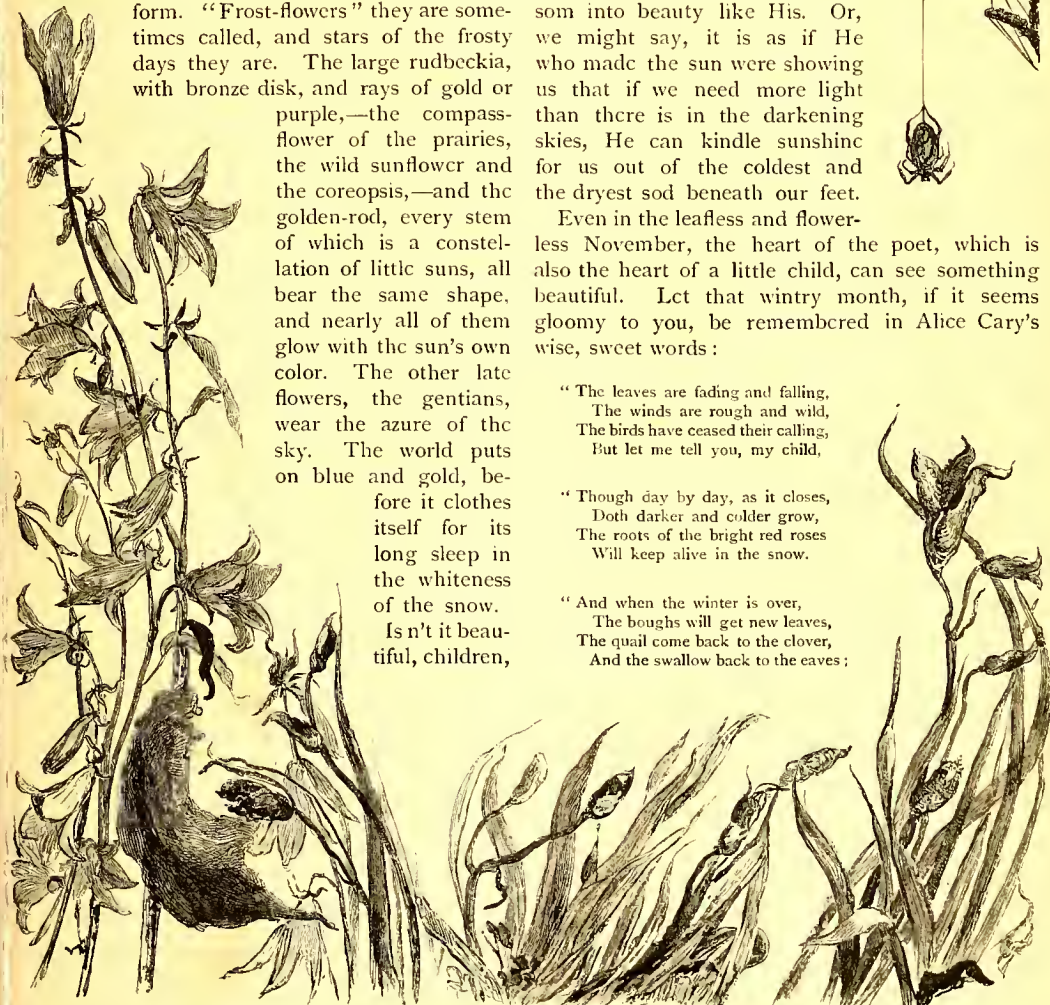
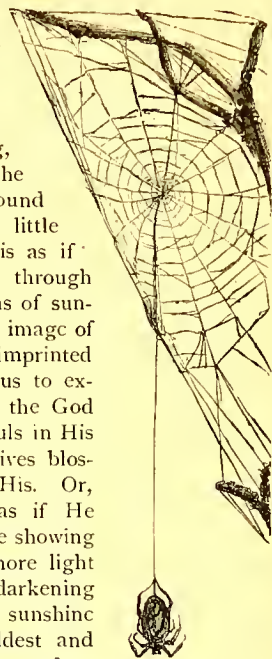
and does n't it give us a glimpse of His wonderful thoughts who has made the flowers grow for us, that when the days are shortening, and we get less of the sun's light, the earth around us blossoms out into little stars and suns? It is as if the dull clod, warmed through and through by months of sunshine, tried to leave the image of its benefactor's face imprinted everywhere, teaching us to express our gratitude to the God who has planted our souls in His world, by letting our lives blossom into beauty like His. Or, we might say, it is as if He who made the sun were showing us that if we need more light than there is in the darkening skies, He can kindle sunshine for us out of the coldest and the driest sod beneath our feet.

Even in the leafless and flowerless November, the heart of the poet, which is also the heart of a little child, can see something beautiful. Let that wintry month, if it seems gloomy to you, be remembered in Alice Cary's wise, sweet words:

"The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

"And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves;



"The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

"The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

"There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child!

"So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!"



A CENTURY AGO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER I.

1777.

"THE British have landed at the Back Cove!" shouted Peletiah Wardwell, one fine May morning in 1777, as he burst into the keeping-room of Captain Joe Perkins' house. Dame Perkins dropped her knitting-work, and, looking steadily over her spectacles at the lad, said:

"Peletiah, you have forgotten something."

Peletiah, with a blush mantling his honest and already flushed face, pulled off his sealskin cap and made an awkward bow. Boys were brought up in that way, one hundred years ago.

Then he added, excitedly, but with less boisterousness: "Yes, the British have landed at the Back Cove. Captain Blodgett has called for volunteers."

"And Mr. Perkins has gone off to the Neck," said the dame, rising and going to the window, from which she could look up toward Windmill Hill. No horseman was in sight. There was no sign of her husband's return. Then, with a flash of indignation in her eyes, she turned to the boy and asked:

"Why stand you there? Go! alarm the town!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"What's that? What's that, mother?" cried Oliver, a boy of sixteen, who rushed in from the

back garden, where he had been spading up the beet-beds. His mother had taken down Captain Perkins' gun from the wooden mantel where it hung, and was looking at the old flint-lock.

"The red-coats have landed at the Back Cove, my son, and we must defend the town."

"You! mother?" cried the boy, with something like a laugh in his eye, but with his face glowing. "You! mother?"

"The time has come at last, my boy. Father said that there was danger that the British would come over from the Penobscot shore and take the town in the rear. They have landed at the Back Cove. There is no force in the little battery between them and the fort. And Captain Blodgett has only thirty militia-men with him in the fort. Everybody must do his share to save the town. I can run bullets for somebody to use with your father's gun."

"Give me the gun, mother! I'll go!"—and the lad's eyes sparkled as he spoke.

"Said like a man, my boy! said like a man! There are the horns!" and just then the sound of fish-horns braying on the village-green showed that the alarm had spread.

The preparations were few and hurried. Oliver hung his father's powder-horn about his neck, put into his pouch what few bullets he could find, picked the flint of the gun-lock, so that it should

not miss fire; and was then ready to run to the green to report himself for duty.

"I shall run some more bullets and send to you anon," said the mother. "The skillet is on the coals and Dorcas will help me."

The lad lingered an instant in the open doorway, and the sun streaming brightly on him gilded his yellow hair and shed a sort of glory over his fair young face. So full of life, so alert and ardent, he seemed for the moment transfigured in the eyes of his mother. She went swiftly toward him; kissed him, and without a quiver in her voice said:

"I cannot give you to your country, Nolly. God gave you when he gave you a country. You will do your duty.

"That I will, mother," and the boy, throwing his father's gun over his shoulder, ran down the village street to the green.

As he fled, two stalwart fellows hurried by, not forgetting to salute Dame Perkins as they passed. Shading her eyes from the sun, she called after them:

"Seth and Jotham Buker! My little Nolly has gone to the defense. Will you have an eye on his welfare in the fight?"

"Aye! aye!" answered the men cheerily as they ran.

Then Dame Perkins softly closed the door, threw her apron over her head and sat down on the stairs, crying to herself, "My son! my son!"

Dorcas, the little handmaid of the house, brought a bag of bullets, all hot from the molds, to Oliver as he stood with the other volunteers on the green.

"And I thought, Nolly, that mebbe you'd like your fishin' tackle," and she produced the boy's tom-cod lines as she spoke.

The young men standing around laughed at the sight, and Oliver blushed with mortification. It seemed to him that he had grown to manhood since he had used that line off the wharf the day before. Curbing his impatience a little, he said:

"Much obliged, Dorcas," and put the reel into his pocket.

"Forward! march!" shouted Corporal Hibbard, and the little company stepped out manfully to the tap of the drum, every beat of which seemed to say to the lad: "You will do your duty! you will do your duty!" over and over again.

Through the fields they went straight to the crown of the peninsula on which Castine is built. There, on the rounded ridge, overlooking the town on the one side, and the pastures on the other, was a rude earth-work, about six feet high, surrounded by a ditch, and commanding a view of the harbor in front of the town, as well as of the Back Cove which bordered the rocky and sloping pastures behind it. This was "The Fort." Thence they

could descry a fleet of boats on the shore of the cove, about a mile and a half away. Half a mile off was a small battery of earth, shaped like a half-moon, behind which a few men might lie concealed and worry an advancing enemy.

"Tell off twenty men for the battery!" shouted Captain Blodgett.

And Corporal Hibbard went down the line and counted out every other man until he had his twenty men. These stepped out to the front. They were old, middle-aged, and young. Each was afire with zeal; each was more than ready to fight for his country. The oldest was the gray-haired grandsire of Seth and Jotham Buker. The youngest was Oliver Perkins. And as they marched cheerily, yet sedately, down the hill, Oliver's heart beat high with pride, and he seemed to hear a soft voice repeating: "You will do your duty! You will do your duty!"

"Seems to me they might have kep' that little ehap at home," muttered old man Buker to his grandson, Seth, discontentedly, though even his aged limbs almost tottered as he spoke. "This is no fit work for children."

"He 's grit," said Seth, sententiously, "and I've promised the dame to keep an eye on him."

"No talking in the ranks!" thundered Corporal Hibbard.

The red coats of the British were already gleaming through the firs and cedars as the little squad filed behind the battery and lay down with their guns in position.

"Wait till I give the word," said the corporal, in a hoarse whisper,— "then fire!"

Oliver's breath came fast, and his eyes sparkled with strange light, as the red-coats came steadily on. On they came, first slowly, then, lowering their guns, with gleaming bayonets fixed, they broke into a run, and charged directly upon the battery.

"Fire!" shouted Corporal Hibbard, as he saw the whites of the eyes of the British regulars.

At the word, a rattling crash tore out from the line behind the battery. The enemy's line wavered and broke here and there. Then came a word of command, and the red-coats dashed up the slope, swarmed over the battery, and, in the midst of firing, smoke, and cheers, struggled to gain the position.

It was a brief fight. A few of the patriots managed to escape into the fir thickets to the right and left of the battery, and so fled back to the fort with the ill news.

The British troops re-formed their line and marched on up the hill. How gallantly the patriots defended this last line behind the town, how well they fought, I cannot say to tell. It was all in vain.

When night fell, the red cross of St. George was flying on the flag-staff on the green, and the British colonel was quartered in Dame Perkins' house.

That night Captain Perkins came back and heard the doleful story. "It was a foolish thing to do," was all he said. But whether he referred to Oliver's going to the defense, or to Captain Blodgett's attempt to hold the battery, nobody dared to ask. For it was plain that his grief was great.

CHAPTER II.

1877.

"SAY, ma! may n't I go a-fishing down to the Back Cove, with Joey Gardner?"

grassy ruins of the old fort on the hill, and, with a wild cheer of savage joy in freedom, scampered down the hill which slopes to the Back Cove.

The robins fled away from the newly plowed ground as the boys approached; and a squirrel that had been scolding at them from the top of Dave Sawyer's fence dropped his tail and scudded away in alarm. Squirrels and robins usually have a wholesome dread of young people, though neither Abe nor Joey was their enemy. These boys had their thoughts on tom-cods, and they scarcely noticed the green and velvety tufts of moss that adorned the pasture-knolls, or saw the pale petals of the May-flowers that sent forth their delicate odors from the very edge of the lingering snow-drifts under the spruce-trees.



"AND HERE IS WHERE THE BRITISH BULLET LEFT ITS MARK."

Lincoln Parker's mother hung two more of her boy's shirts on the clothes-line before she glanced up at the summery sky, and said:

"Why, my son, it is going to rain, I'm afraid. Besides, there's no good fishing in the Back Cove. Better go down on the wharf."

"Oh, you can catch tom-cods off the rocks, if you only have a long pole. Say, ma, may n't I?"

A few minutes later, Abraham Lincoln Parker, with a luncheon-basket in his hand, was tugging after Jotham Swansdowne Gardner, who was two years older than he, and was accounted the most knowing fisherman of all the village lads. The two youngsters cut across the fields, scaled the

"Young Dave," as he was called, was plowing in the little patch which his father had fenced in from the pasture. Summer comes late in Maine, and though this was warm May, the time for planting had only just begun. The air was full of life. The peewit and the chickadee were complaining in the bushes. The water-spiders and pollywogs were lively in the clear puddles that filled the grassy hollows, and eye-brights and yellow violets were blooming on the swale which is still called "The Battery."

"Hullo, Dave! what's that?" asked Joey, as Dave's plowshare turned up a brown bowl from the earth. Dave stopped his horses, picked up the bowl,

and turning it over in his hands, said: "I swan to man, boys, but that 's a human critter's skull!"

"A skull!" cried both the boys at once, with eyes agog with awe and wonder.

Abe drew baek a little.

"Oh, it wont hurt ye," said Dave. "I reckon this belonged to one of them Revolutionary fellers that fit here, a hundred year ago."

"Fought here, did they?" cried Joey, eagerly.

"Yes, fit here, they did," said Dave, and he seated himself on the cross-beam of his plow and looked thoughtfully at the brown relie. "I 've heerd my gran'ther Dunham tell the story many and many a time. He was into the last war, but *his* father *he* was a Revolutionary pensioner."

"What a little skull for a man!" remarked Joey.

"Should think it must have been a boy."

"Should n't wonder! should n't wonder! And here, you see, is where the British bullet left its mark. Drefful good shot that," and Dave regarded the little round hole with real admiration. "The feller that put that there could knoek over that red squirrel yonder just as easy."

"What did they fight for?" demanded Abe. To him it seemed wiked that people should fight and kill each other, and that this remnant of a eruel war should now be turned up in the midst of the life and beauty of spring.

"Wal! you 'll hev to ask your ma about that. She wuz a Perkins, and some of her folks fit into the Revolutionary war. There wuz old Captain Joe Perkins; he wuz your gran'ther Perkins' gran'ther, or great-gran'ther, I don't justly know which. But it wuz a great fight, anyway."

"A fight for independence," said Jotham, stoutly.

"That 's it, Joey. They fit for their country. Many a poor feller bit the dust in that war. But they did their dooty, and it 's all the same in a hundred years."

So, tenderly placing the skull on a roek, Dave took up his reins and went on with his plowing.

"Here 's something else!" cried Abe, as the plow moved on. He picked up what seemed to be a ball of dried grass. It fell into powdery dust as he fingered it, and left in the palm of his hand a little bar of lead.

"A tom-cod sinker!" exclaimed Joey. "And that stuff must have been a fish-line. Tom-cod line, d' ye suppose?"

"Don't know," said Dave, who had turned baek to look. "But I know I sha'n't get my stent done afore night if I stop to talk with you boys. Get up, Whitey!" and Dave drove on.

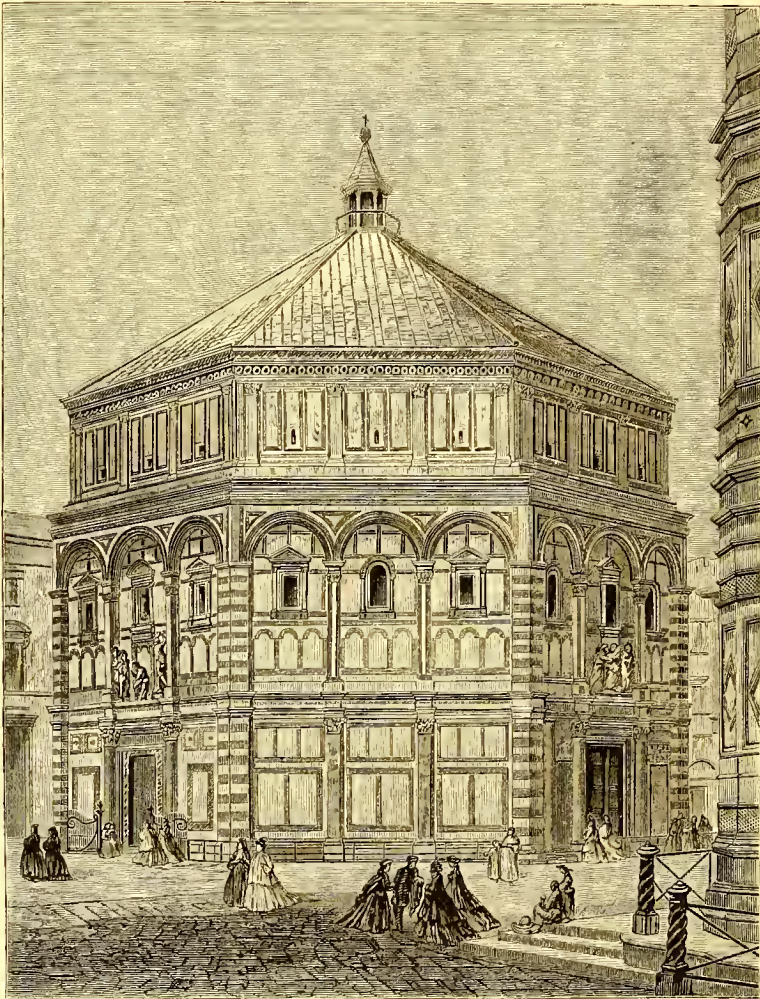
Abe fastened the strangely found sinker to his line, and the lads went to their fishing in the Baek Cove.



"PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME!"

ITALIAN BABIES.

BY E. D. SOUTHWICK.



THE BAPTISTERY OF FLORENCE.

THERE is a curious building in the city of Florence in Italy, which is called the Baptistery; it stands in the middle of the city, and has stood there for many hundred years, being for a long time the cathedral of Florence. It is an eight-sided building, having beautiful bronze doors, about which you will be glad to know more some day. They cost their makers twenty years of labor, and are wonderfully decorated with scenes from the Bible. Inside are five marble statues, ancient pillars, tombs, and painted windows. But just oppo-

site to this building a grand cathedral was built a long time ago, and this one has been used for many years entirely for baptisms—all the babies who are born in the city being brought there. It is a curious sight, and worth going to see. Every day, about four o'clock, they begin to come, and there generally are from eight to twelve at a time. The child is usually brought in a carriage, and taken in with a large mantle of silk, satin, or fine cloth thrown over it—the mantle being richly trimmed and ornamented with a monogram in the

center, or perhaps the baby's name. Then, when the priest is ready, he comes forward, and the godmother holds the infant while he makes a prayer and puts a bit of salt on its tongue; then, laying the end of his mantle over the baby, they walk up some steps to a very large white marble font, having a broad band around the top, and a cover over it; the cover is raised, and child placed standing upon the edge of the basin. Now, as the children are very young, they could not stand at all in *our* ordinary dress for babies, but the Italian baby has a fashion of its own, or one that is arranged for it, which seems curious enough to us. Its little body is bound tightly in a strong strip of cloth, until it is made quite stiff, and only the arms are free to move. Thus all the babies who are brought to the baptistery can be placed standing on the edge of the font while the holy water is poured upon their heads; then a warm napkin is used, to make them perfectly dry; and sometimes a mother sends powder in a box, that some may be put on after the napkin, to insure her darling against taking cold. After the ceremony, the friends of the babies usually spend some time in conversation, then return to their homes. Twelve hun-

dred babies are baptized here every year. Many a time I have watched the bandaging process with pity for poor baby, for I know how they love to kick. The mother puts the bandage around the body just under the arms, and winds it round and round, binding the little legs fast together, and draws it firmly over the feet; then the whole of this little package is bound about like a bundle of goods, with a very narrow strip of cloth, to keep it from unrolling; sometimes a dress is put over all this for show, and for baptism a very magnificent robe.

The little creatures are kept thus bound till they are about a year old; and, as they know no better way of being clothed, seem to enjoy life as much as do any other babies. When they are taken out to ride in their small wagons, they are well protected from the air, even in summer, having thick woolen covers or small down beds over them. Sometimes it is difficult to see that there *is* any child there, there are so many wrappings. The babies of the poor have a very hard life, as their parents have no comforts for themselves, and have to work continually to get enough to keep them from starvation.

HIS OWN MASTER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JACOB WRITES A LETTER AND RECEIVES ADVICE.

JACOB was glad enough to get away from his uncle and return to the Fairlakes. After coming out of that dreary house, the little home of his new friends seemed all the more charming to him. He had never known but one other at all like it, and that was Quaker Matthew's. Different as they were in other respects, the two abodes resembled each other in the pleasant, peaceful atmosphere which pervaded both—the spirit of love which alone, whether in poverty or wealth, in a cottage or a mansion, makes for the human heart a home.

Friend Matthew's hospitality and parting words, and recollections of dear little Ruth and her beautiful mother, were much in Jacob's mind that day; and, Mrs. Fairlake having shown him a desk and writing materials in the library, which she invited

him to make use of, he resolved to write the promised letter.

While he was about it, Florie came into the room, and he turned to speak to her.

"Don't let me interrupt you," she said, with a laugh. "I've no doubt you're writing to some nice girl."

"I am," replied Jacob, proudly; "writing to a very nice girl."

"Then I am sure it is to your little Quakeress, Ruth!"

For Jacob had told the Fairlakes about Friend Matthew's family.

"Of course it is to Ruth," said he.

Florence seemed about to make one of her pert and, perhaps, stinging retorts; but seeing how grave and grateful and sincere he looked when speaking of those who had been so good to him, she had not the heart to wound him.

"Is she dreadfully, awfully good?" she asked; "a great deal better than I?"

"She is different from you. I don't know that she is any better. But she is gentler. She does n't say such sharp things as you do sometimes."

"What makes me?" cried Florie, with a flush.

"I don't know. It is your way, your spirit. You don't mean to hurt anybody's feelings, I am sure."

"Do I hurt yours?"

"Not now," said Jacob, with a smile; "and I don't think you ever can again."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I see how good you are, behind it all! And you have been so kind to me!"

He spoke with so much feeling, that Florie turned away for a moment.

"Well, *Jacob, my boy*," she said, trying to carry it off with a laugh, though her eye still glistened softly as she turned once more upon him, "give my love to Ruth. I know I should like her! Tell her she must visit me when she comes to town." She bit her tongue, and added: "But when you praised her so, you made me think I was n't good at all—or good-looking,—like her! There! I've said it!"

And, with a laugh and a blush, she ran out of the room.

At the dinner-table that day, Jacob described with a good deal of spirit and humor his interview with Uncle Higglestone, and asked Mr. Fairlake what he ought to do.

"It is hard to give advice in such a case as this," said his host; "and before doing it, perhaps I ought to see your uncle. I will go round and call upon him this afternoon. Meanwhile, Jacob," he added in a fatherly tone, "it will be well for you to reflect that we have to do many things in this life, not because they are pleasant or promise to be profitable, but because they are duties. Who knows but you may have a duty to your uncle to fulfill. If you can do anything to comfort his lonely and suffering old age, may be you will choose to do it, and conclude to go to him, for his sake solely, and not at all for your own."

Left to himself that afternoon, Jacob remembered these words. The more he pondered them, the more they troubled him. Was he sorry that he had remained faithful and done his duty to his aunt? Would he ever in the future regret that he had performed a similar service toward his uncle? Might not *he* do something to bring into that dreary house the home-feeling that was wanting?

He was prepared for the result when Mr. Fairlake returned from his mission.

"I have had a long and rather satisfactory talk with your uncle," said that gentleman, sitting down

with Jacob alone in the library. "You have made an extremely favorable impression upon him. He likes your frank manners, even when you disagree with him, and that is a great point gained. If you go to live with him, you will not have to sacrifice your independence."

"Do you think I had better go?" asked Jacob, trembling with excitement.

"Oh, I am not going to say that. I shall leave you to decide the matter for yourself. But I will tell you what I have learned. The old colored woman showed me the room which will be yours if you go. It is a very good room, but I objected to the barrenness of the walls, and the poor and scanty furniture; for I thought, considering his wealth, that we might as well begin right. He said to me that you could have it furnished in any way you liked—he, of course, to pay the bills. Then it occurred to me that, with my wife to assist you in your selections,—she has excellent taste in such things,—you might make really a pleasant room of it. And, who knows? that might prove a starting-point toward a reform in the old gentleman's whole manner of living. When he sees one really comfortable and inviting chamber in his house, I think he will like to have all the rooms furnished with corresponding good sense and good taste."

Jacob listened in a pleased way, but said nothing.

"Another thing. He imagines that he is going to take some pride in you, and he agrees with me that it will be a good plan for you to go to school a year or two, or at least carry on some studies in connection with your business. I am inclined to think he will be liberal with you in that and every other respect, if you suit each other. If you choose, you can go and try; but, even then, you won't be obliged to stay if you don't wish to. Now make up your mind."

"My mind is already made up," Jacob answered. "It was made up before you got back. I said to myself then, 'It may be my duty to go, and I will go,' though it seemed hard. It does n't seem so hard to me now, after what you have said."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN AND ABOUT THE GREAT CITY.

THE next morning Jacob went to visit Uncle Higglestone, and met with a very different reception both from him and the old colored woman.

She was evidently expecting him, and had put on a fresh gown and a smile for the occasion. She had also set the sick man's room in order, and the old uncle himself appeared in clean linen, his head resting against a white pillow in his chair, and the harshness of his features mollified by a fresh shave

and an almost eager look of welcome. His hair was thin and white, his forehead bold and broad, and Jacob was surprised to find him looking so kind and venerable.

He was also pleased to see his coming into the house regarded as an event of some interest.

"Ah!" said the old man, "I thought you would! Mr. Fairlake gives a good account of you,

all so new and strange to me, I don't know where or how to begin."

"That 's right; I should be sorry to see you show a headstrong confidence," said Uncle Higglestone. "Mr. Fairlake thinks you had better not come here to stay until your room is ready, and I think so too. His wife will help you about that. I am willing to leave everything to her. Mean-



UNCLE HIGGLESTONE GIVES JACOB A HEARTY RECEPTION.

and I think we shall get along together. You are to have your room, and do about as you please with it,—only, no extravagance, you understand!"

"There 's not much danger of that," said Jacob.

"No, I suppose not. You are a boy of good sense and good habits; only keep so, and you are safe. But a word of warning to begin with will do no harm. Many a boy like you has come to the city not knowing what extravagance was, and rushed into it all the more recklessly for its novelty and his previous ignorance. Now, to practical matters, the first thing."

"I want your advice," replied Jacob. "This is

while, you should see a little of the city. Visit me when you can; but feel yourself free to go and come. You 'll want a little money."

"Oh! I had n't thought of that!" said Jacob. "But I suppose it will come handy."

"About how much?"—and the old man looked sharply into the boy's blushing and confused face.

"Oh, very little indeed," replied Jacob. "To tell the truth, I hate to begin by taking money of you. But if my friends are to go around with me, I should like to be able to pay any little expenses."

"That 's right!" cried the old man. "Anything else?"

Jacob looked very thoughtful for a moment.

"I came away from home," he said, "leaving some small debts unpaid. They have troubled me ever since. I did a very foolish and a very wrong thing, and I would like to make it right. But I hoped to be able to earn money for that."

"That 's right, that 's right!" again cried the old man, his eyes sparkling with satisfaction. "Pay your honest debts before all things. Earn the money for it before you earn clothes for your own back. But in this case you 'd better not wait. I 'll advance you the money and you can make it right with me by and by. Anything else?"

"I borrowed a little of Friend Matthew Lane. I have a letter written ready to send to the family, and if I could inclose what I owe them I should be very grateful."

The old man gave him all the money he required to pay these small but by no means trifling debts, and something for his pocket besides.

"Now," said he, "when you go out with Mrs. Fairlake, get you a new suit of clothes the first thing. I 'll give you a bit of paper which will procure you credit almost everywhere. Pull that table up here. Give me the pen."

The old man scratched two or three lines on a scrap of paper, evidently torn from an old letter, and gave it to Jacob.

"There!" he said, "you might go and buy a steamboat on the strength of that."

These were the lines: "The bearer of this is my nephew, Jacob Fortune. Please let him have whatever he wants on my account."

A coarse, strong signature, hard to counterfeit, gave the paper its value. Jacob smiled. He was beginning to find something to admire and like about the old man, and he felt a sense of the power there was in that scraggly written name.

Uncle Higglestone also wrote a list of the principal places in the city which he wanted his nephew to visit.

"I have put the Iron-works last," said he, "but they ought to interest a lad like you as much as anything. When you visit them, ask for Mr. Miner, and tell him I sent you. Now, what do you propose to do first?"

"I think I had better attend to having my room got ready," replied Jacob.

"That sounds like business. Well, bring Mrs. Fairlake to see it, and order the things as soon as you please."

Jacob went off with a light heart, and returned in the afternoon with Florie and her mother. He introduced them to his uncle, and then took them to look at his room.

"Why, this is really very nice!" said Mrs. Fairlake, "or will be, after we have had the arrange-

ment of it. The down-look from the window into those back-yards is not very enchanting; but the off-look over the city and into the sunset sky will always be interesting—when the smoke is n't too thick. I 'm glad you 've got a fire-place; it will make everything else cheerful when your little grateful of coal is blazing on a winter night."

"Oh, yes!" said Florie; "and see! his mantel-piece is n't so high but that he can put his feet on it when he sits and smokes his cigar!"

"Florie, be still!" said the mother, while Jacob joined in the young girl's mischievous laugh. "He is not that kind of boy. Here we 'll have your writing-table, with the light over your left shoulder. It will do for the few books you have at first. Will you have the room newly painted?"

"I think not," replied Jacob, in a low voice. "I 've an idea that everything ought to be plain—not at all showy, I mean, so as not to contrast too much with the rest of the house."

"Quite right, Jacob. So we 'll make the paint do, with a little soap and water, which old Dinah will attend to. But the walls must be papered, the floor needs a carpet; the windows want new shades,"—and Mrs. Fairlake went on to name a few other indispensable things. "Let 's see what Dinah can do for us first."

The old colored woman having been consulted, the little party set off to make purchases. Jacob had never been shopping before, and when he saw designs of carpets unrolled, or a multitude of patterns of wall-paper displayed, he was so bewildered he did n't know what to do. Had the plainest things of any he saw been chosen for him, and he had first seen them in his room, he would have been perfectly satisfied. But, among so many beautiful styles, he wondered how any one could make a choice.

He felt that he could not have done anything without Mrs. Fairlake. She let Jacob and Florie argue and discuss, then took what she thought most fit. The carpet having been decided upon, then everything else was made to correspond with that. Jacob was surprised to find how a little experience and good sense simplified this great puzzling mystery of shopping.

At Mrs. Fairlake's suggestion, the new suit of clothes had been put off until the last thing. Perhaps it was her way of showing that she and Florie were not ashamed to go about with a well-behaved young fellow in pepper-and-salt trousers and a coat which he had slightly outgrown. At a first-class clothing store he was fitted, without much trouble, to a neat ready-made suit, which, as the shopman said, would "do to wear anywhere;" and he put it to the test by wearing it home to supper, with Florie and her mother.

"Well, that's a sensible suit," said the old man, when he saw Jacob in it the next morning. "I hope I shall be able to say as much of your other purchases. The paper-hangers are already in the house; but I have n't looked at the paper, and don't mean to till it's dry on the walls. Now you must think of something to do for your friends who are doing so much for you."

"I should like to, if I could," said Jacob.

"For one thing, do you think they would care to go and ride with us this afternoon? If the weather continues fine, I think I should enjoy it; and, if they will go, we'll have a barouche."

"I am sure they will," replied Jacob; "for they said they would go with me to-day anywhere I pleased."

So the ride came off. It was a beautiful afternoon, Florie and Jacob were in high spirits, and it was surprising to see how courteous the crabbed old uncle could be on an occasion of this kind. He showed great respect for Mrs. Fairlake, who occupied the rear seat with him in the carriage, and seemed pleased to see the children enjoy themselves. Jacob was already bringing sunshine to this lonely old man's life.

They drove up through the city, and up, up, by zigzag roads, to the summits of the mighty hills that rise still beyond. They were then in the midst of the finest suburbs in the world—villas, gardens, groves, charming vales and slopes, and heights that commanded magnificent views. Uncle Higglestone, who was full of information with regard to everything they saw, pointed out many things of interest, and did not fail to tell Jacob that these suburbs comprised five separate small cities, each on its hill, where lived the wealthiest people doing business in the great city below.

He took them past the buildings of the famous Lane Theological Seminary (which did not look very inviting to Jacob), and afterward sat in the carriage while Mrs. Fairlake and the young people climbed the cupola of the Mount Auburn Young Ladies' School, on one of the highest and finest hills, and beheld from the top all the beautiful, green, sunlit, blue-ringed world outspread around. Then home, after one of the most delightful days in Jacob's life.

The next morning, he went alone to visit one of the great pork-packing houses for which Cincinnati is celebrated, and saw an endless drove of hogs move up an inclined plane into the building, and come down, through a number of spouts, in the shape of hams, shoulders, sides of pork, pigs' feet, and so forth, at the rate of twelve or fifteen hundred hogs a day. Much of the process by which the drove was converted into pork and lard was not agreeable to look at, but in its order and skill,

and even its neatness, considering the nature of the work, it was all wonderful.

In the afternoon he visited the Iron-works, of which more anon.

Jacob's room was ready for him by Thursday, and Mrs. Fairlake and Florie went with him to look at it. Everything was plain and neat about it; yet he could not help blushing as he entered it from the other part of the house, and found it, after all, so much better and more comfortably furnished than any other room.

Something made him very thoughtful as he walked home with Florie and her mother, and took leave of them at the door.

"No," said he, "I wont go in; it will only make it still harder for me to leave you if I do. My uncle expects me back to dinner, and I must remember *that* is my home now."

"But you are going to be a near neighbor. Come and see us very often!" said Florie.

Jacob swallowed the lump in his throat, smiled resolutely, and said:

"Yes, if you will let me."

The sadness of parting was not all on his side, for these good friends had become no less attached to him than he to them. He could not thank them then for all their kindness to him, but with a last grateful, affectionate look, he turned from them and hurried away. He had many things to think of on his way back to his new home.

Just before reaching his uncle's house, he saw a person come down the steps and advance toward him, with a jaunty air and a graceful flourish, which belonged to only one person in the world. Jacob did n't know whether he was glad or sorry to see him, but he went forward and shook the daintily proffered hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Pinkey?"

"I am cheerful—I am all serene, thanks to you, Jacob my boy! I've just been to hunt you up at your uncle's, and I'm delighted to know that he has taken you into his heart and home, just as I told you he would,—don't you see? I was n't far wrong, after all, Jacob my boy!"

"Tell me about yourself," said Jacob. "What's the news?"

"Why, here I am, and that's good news for one person in the world, at least," replied Alphonse, gayly. "Your call on Brother Loring did the business; you must have pleaded my cause like a young Cicero, Jacob my boy, for he came trotting round to the jail—I mean, to my lodgings," said Alphonse, glancing quickly about him,—“that very afternoon, and allowed me to bring my eloquence to bear upon him. And what do you think? He not only got Bottleby to withdraw his complaint, and procured my release, but lent me money to

get to town with, which I am to repay at my earliest convenience."

"Then I trust his need of the money is not very pressing," said Jacob.

"Oh, I'm going to surprise him and you, and everybody else, by paying up my debts now with the most rigid conscientiousness. Fact! By the way, Jacob my boy, what I want of you more particularly at this moment: I'm trying to make a new start in life, but it's awkward in the extreme to begin without means, and now that you've got your hand in Uncle Higglestone's pocket, please remember 't was I who told you that he was the vein for you to work."

"Please come to the point, and tell me what you want," said Jacob.

"To be brief, then—to come at once to the sordid business question—if you can accommodate me to—say twenty-five or thirty dollars—though more will not be decidedly objectionable—positively to be repaid, with the larger sum I owe you, at my very earliest——"

"Mr. Pinkey," Jacob interrupted him, "I have not a hand in my uncle's pocket, and I have no money to lend you."

"Gracious heavens! has n't he yet opened his heart in that gratifying, practical way,—I mean, soothed your soul with the sight of odd dollars?"

"Yes, he *did* ask me if I was in need of anything, and I told him I *would* like to settle up those accounts at home, which I left standing when we came away so suddenly, you remember. As the money which ought to have been used to settle them had gone in another direction," added Jacob, dryly, "I took some that he gave me for the purpose; for, to tell the truth, those small debts have troubled me more than I suppose much larger ones ever will you."

"Jacob, my boy, give me your hand! I admire your honesty. So, you can't do anything for me?"

"Nothing, Mr. Pinkey. But tell me what you are going to do for yourself."

"Well, Jacob, my boy, I'll take you into my confidence. I'm going to brush up my Latin, walk through a medical school, purchase a diploma, cultivate a little different style of curls, and set up for a fashionable physician. How's that for Professor Alphonse P.? Ha, ha! Well, good-day, Jacob, my boy; I'm off."

Jacob watched him with a smile as he disappeared around the corner; and then walked home to his new quarters in Uncle Higglestone's house.

"Well, how do you like your room?" said the old man, as they sat together that day at dinner, in the old man's chamber.

"One thing about it I don't like at all," replied Jacob.

"What! a room like that?" cried the old man, sharply. "It's positively sumptuous, compared with anything I ever had when I was a boy. Mrs. Fairlake has done the thing in remarkably good taste, I think. I've just been thinking, I would n't object to such a room myself. What is it you don't like about it? If anything in reason, I'll have it remedied, if I can."

"You *can* remedy it," said Jacob. "And I hope you won't take offense when I name it."

"Certainly not. We're going to be plain with each other, you know!"

Jacob paused, gathering courage to speak.

"Well, uncle," he said at length, "it's just this: the room is beautiful, comfortable, home-like,—everything I can wish: more than I ever hoped to have. But I'm ashamed, when I go into it, to think that I, a boy, well and hearty, have such a room in your house, while you, an old man, and sick——"

He hesitated, glancing his eye about the dreary, uninviting chamber, and then added, earnestly:

"It is n't right!"

"No, it is n't!" said the old man, huskily. "But I'm used to it. Living alone, a man sometimes gets so he does n't care how he lives. Now you are with me, I'll see to having things in a little better shape. I had thought of it myself. But now let's talk of something else. What have you seen around town that interested you most?"

"The Iron-works," replied Jacob, promptly.

"Ah! I'm surprised at that. What of them?"

"I found Mr. Miner, and when I gave him your name, he took great pains to show and explain everything. I think I was never so much interested in anything before. Such power!—such machinery!—all through the ingenuity of men!—it is wonderful! I have heard people talk about inspiration; I never in my life," Jacob went on, with earnest eloquence, "had such a feeling, as when I walked through the different shops with Mr. Miner, and saw what was done; a sort of inspiration came over *me*, and I got an idea."

"Well! what's that?"

"You told me, uncle, I must be thinking what I would like to do. I've been two or three times to your store, and seen the trade going on. But it seems to me there is something better than trading,—and that is, *making*. I think I'd rather be one of those who *do* something, than one of those who deal in what others have done."

"You had, eh?" said the old man, penetrating Jacob with his keen gaze. "What do you think of me? I've been in trade all my life."

"I know it. And I don't say but that trade is a good thing. Only I think what's back of it is better. But you have n't confined yourself to trade,"

said Jacob. "Mr. Miner told me you were more of a manufacturer than a merchant,—that you are one of the principal owners of the Works."

"To be sure; I have an interest there; I am one of the oldest iron-men in the city," said Uncle Higglestone, with satisfaction.

"Well," continued Jacob, "when he told me that, I thought perhaps you could get me a chance to do something there."

"At the Iron-works!" The old man looked at the lad in astonishment. "You want to go to work with your hands, in the midst of clangor, and grime, and disagreeable things, rather than be a genteel clerk in a store?"

"The things are not so disagreeable to me; I sha' n't mind the grime; I rather like the clanging," replied Jacob, with a smile. "My idea is, to begin at the beginning, and learn everything, in a business like that; become a perfect master of it; know how to make everything, from a rivet, or a nut and screw, to the finest kind of machinery."

For a minute the old man did not speak. He was trembling with emotion. At last he said, winking the unusual moisture from his eyes:

"I did n't think any boy nowadays would make a choice like that. Boys want to be genteel; they don't like to soil their fingers! Instead of producing anything with their hands and brains, they want to live, some way, and grow rich, on what other people produce. Jacob! you could n't have made a choice that would please your old uncle better."

"Oh! you will let me, then?" cried Jacob, joyfully.

"Let you? I'll give you every advantage. I thought I would like to have you work into my business. But this will be better for you, if it is your choice. It is a noble ambition! And you will be working into my business, in a way, after all. But how about going to school?"

"I've talked with Mr. Fairlake about that," said Jacob. "I want a good education. But that, he says, means something very different now from what it did a few years ago. Then it meant Latin and Greek, among other things. They are good to learn, if any one has the taste and the time for them. But for practical life, he says, other things are taking their place. He advises me to learn one modern language instead, and recommends German. His family talk German just as they do English; and hearing them makes me want to study it."

"Yes; that will be useful. There are a great many Germans in this part of the country," said the old man, listening with interest to all the boy had to say.

"Then there are the modern sciences,—something people knew nothing about when they made so much of Latin and Greek," Jacob went on. "I had some talks with a man I met up the river, —a queer fellow,—a peddler of the name of Longshore."

"What! Sam?" cried the old man. "I know him. An odd chick! shrewd and honest, but a little crack-brained about some things."

"Yes, I thought so. But he has read a good deal, and, though he is n't very deep, he gave me some ideas about modern science that have been turning and turning in my mind, ever since. I've a great curiosity to know more about them. And when Mr. Fairlake told me that—these are his words—'modern science goes hand in hand with the practical arts, which depend upon it in many ways,' I thought I would like to know something about science in general, and a good deal about those particular sciences that have to do with my own business."

"But how are you going to learn all that without going to school?" the old man inquired.

"I mean to go to school. But I don't think it is necessary to give all my time to it. Mr. Fairlake says that when a young man is really interested and determined to get knowledge, it will come to him in all sorts of ways,—through his eyes and ears, and 'even through the pores of his skin.' Now, I want to work, and at the same time I want to read and study. He says there are always chances for that. There is the Mechanics' Institute, where, he says, young men go in the evening, and learn drawing, mathematics and other things, and have a good library where they can find books on all sorts of subjects. I shall go there," added Jacob, positively. "Then, as for German, the Fairlakes say they will teach me the pronunciation, and I can learn the grammar and translation by myself, from books. I've a pretty fair foundation to begin on. At school I was as good as any boy of my age in geography, arithmetic, grammar and other common branches; though I had to stay at home and work more than some boys did. Besides, I've concluded to take Mr. Fairlake's advice about going to school this coming season, if you approve of it. Then, in the spring, when I am sixteen years old, I should like to go into the Iron-works."

"I approve of everything!" said the old man, heartily. "And I confess—I confess, Jacob, I am a good deal surprised at the turn you have taken."

"I am a little surprised at it myself," replied Jacob. "The smelting-furnace at Jackson gave me a disagreeable notion of everything connected with working in iron. But it was n't alone on account of the heat and steam in the casting-room.

I might have been interested if the grouty foreman had been such a man as Mr. Miner is, at your iron-works."

"Well," said the old man, "I am glad you are going to school for six or eight months. That will give you time to think of what you will go at next. Perhaps you will change your mind."

"Perhaps," said Jacob, with a smile.

CHAPTER XLI.

MASTERY AT LAST.

JACOB found that living with his uncle was not by any means so unpleasant as might have been expected. They liked each other more and more. The old man was often sharp-tempered enough; but the boy had made up his mind beforehand not to be disturbed by any outbreaks of that kind. Uncle Higglestone, like Aunt Myra, had a great deal more kindness in his nature than the world had given him credit for, and, like her, he had sometimes an odd way of showing it to Jacob. But the boy looked steadily at the good and noble side of his character, and respected him for that.

It was to Jacob's credit that they were able to get along together at all. Uncle Higglestone's previous idea of a nephew had been a lazy young fellow, invented for the purpose of spending an old man's money. He found that Jacob was not one of that kind. He was delighted to see him choose an independent career, involving hard study and hard work. The less he relied upon his uncle the more anxious his uncle was to help him. The less he cared for the old man's money, the more willing the old man was to spend it for him.

The uncle's health improved fast after Jacob came into the house. The quickening of his affections seemed to renew his life. He was soon able to go about his business, and appeared as well as he had been for years. There is nothing like somebody to love to keep the heart young and strong.

Something else improved too, and that was the old man's housekeeping. The furnishing of Jacob's room was the beginning of a revolution which did not end until every room in the house had put on an attractive and home-like appearance. In the following winter, when Jacob became associated with a club of young fellows for purposes of mutual improvement, Uncle Higglestone's parlor was one of the pleasantest places where they met.

Of course, Jacob saw a great deal of his friends

the Fairlakes; and while he was making many new acquaintances, he now and then met an old one.

He was walking on the levee one afternoon when he saw coming toward him a puckered mouth, a long, lean, twisted neck, and a pair of outstretched hands. The hands grasped his, and the mouth unpuckered enough to say:

"Well! I declare! Glad to see you! Did n't know as ever I should after that morning I saw you starting for Jackson, and I was drifting down the creek so fast I was n't able to say just what I wanted to about the power of the sun; but I've thought on it fifty times since, and I'll tell ye now. Ye see, the bigger the mass of an attracting body —"



"MAY LOVE AND PEACE BE WITH THEE, MY SON!"

"Oh, Mr. Longshore!" said Jacob, who could not help laughing at this abrupt return to the old hobby, "tell me about yourself now. And about Friend Matthew's family. Have you seen any of them lately?"

"About myself I haint much to tell," replied Sam; "'cept that I've had a successful season,—sold more goods, I'm bound to say, than any other six men on the river; and t' other day I got hold of a treat-ise on spectrum analysis. You know, this spectrum analysis is the great discovery of the age;—you can tell by the lines on the spectrum just what any luminous body is made of; and it shows us that the sun is made up of about the same ingredients as our earth, for instance, iron

and other metals, hydrogen and other gases, only in an intensely heated state of liquid or vapor. Now——”

“I shall be very glad to know all about it some time,” Jacob again interrupted his friend. “But I asked you——”

“Oh, yes! about the Quakers; have I seen any on ‘em lately?” said Sam. “I should think so,—if an hour ago is lately.”

“An hour ago!” exclaimed Jacob. “Which of them? where?”

“Friend Matthew himself. He’s in town. And I guess I can take you right where he is now.”

“Oh, I’ll be ever so much obliged to you, if you will!”

“Come right along,” said Sam. “He told me he had heard from you, and that your drowned friend had turned up again. Just as I expected. Did n’t I prove it to ye? Oh, you’ll find a long head has got hold of a subject, when Sam Longshore puts his mind to it!”

Talking by the way, Jacob slipped half a dollar into his old friend’s hand. Sam looked at it, winked, smiled, and slipped it into his pocket.

“Glad ‘t was of use to ye,” he said, as Jacob thanked him for the loan. “And, by mighty! I only wish everybody was as ready to pay their honest debts! Some of us, then, would be rich enough to retire from business.”

They found Matthew Lane in a warehouse in Front street; and there Jacob also had the pleasure of making acquaintance with the man he had once been so anxious to find,—the same who had led him on that wild-goose chase from Jackson to Chillicothe,—Mr. Benjamin Radkin. He was now in a position to laugh over that adventure; and to decline, with thanks, an offer from Mr. Radkin of a place in his smelting-works at Jackson.

He took leave of Mr. Radkin; made Sam Longshore promise to come and see him; then had a long private talk with Friend Matthew. He had many questions to ask, about Ruth and her mother; and many to answer about himself.

“When thee has a vacation,” said Matthew, “thee must surely come and see us. We were right glad to get thy letter; and a visit from thee will be still more welcome. Meanwhile, I wish thee the best success, which is n’t always what shows most to the world. The real rewards and punishments of life are not what we usually see men enjoy or suffer; they lie deeper than that. They are in the mind and heart. May love and peace be with thee, my son!” And love and peace did seem to go with Jacob, in that good man’s blessing.

After a winter of thought and study, Jacob had not, when spring came, changed his mind about going into the iron-works. Nor has he yet had reason to regret that he kept to his resolution. His uncle still lives, and manages his own business; and Jacob is all the more respected by him because he has worked out for himself an independent career.

It was long before he saw Mr. Pinkey again.

Being in Philadelphia on business some years afterward, he was one day approached by a man of slight figure, a jaunty air, and very stringy ringlets, in a rather seedy coat; who thrust a guide-book into his hand, glibly recommending him to purchase it. Jacob glanced at the book, then looked earnestly at the man.

“Mr. Pinkey!” said he, “don’t you know me?”

“What!” cried Alphonse; “Jacob, my boy!—my man, I ought to say! How could I know you, in that fine beard?”

“How are you? and what are you doing?” Jacob inquired.

“You see what I am doing,” Pinkey replied, somewhat ashamed, withdrawing the guide-book. “A mere make-shift, these hard times. Anything to turn an honest penny, you know.”

“That’s right,” said Jacob, approvingly. And to encourage his friend’s humble but praiseworthy effort, he bought a guide-book of him, though he had already several on hand.

When I saw him a few days later, he made me a present of the book.

“I thought I should have a good chance to give it away,” he said, laughing.

It lies before me now as I write. It is a Guide to Philadelphia and the Centennial Exhibition.

And Jacob’s business there? He had in charge one of the finest iron “exhibits” to be seen at that great show. Many of the articles were made by his own hands; a few of the most curious and interesting were his own invention. I found that he was not only a favorite with all who knew him, but that he had already received tempting offers for his future services from two or three large American firms, and one of which he had good reason to be proud—from the Chinese government! He smiled as he spoke of this, but said he was very well contented where he was, and thought he should remain.

All which has to be very briefly told; for it would take many chapters still to relate how Jacob, by the exercise of patience, perseverance and self-control had become not only a master of his business, but finally, in the truest and best sense, HIS OWN MASTER.

THE REVENGE OF THE LITTLE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

All at once an idea struck him,
 And he broke into a smile.
 "I have it!" cried he, joyfully;
 "I'll fix that crocodile!"
 Then he trotted through the rushes
 Until he reached dry land,
 When he crept along quite silently
 To a mound in the hot sand,

Where the crocodile had buried
 Her eggs, because she knew
 The torrid sun would hatch them
 Within a month or two.
 Now, the savage mother-reptile
 Was nowhere to be seen,
 For she was calmly slumbering
 Among the rushes green.

The little hippopotamus
 Moved cautiously and slow,
 Until he saw the heap of eggs,—
 Than laughed he long and low.

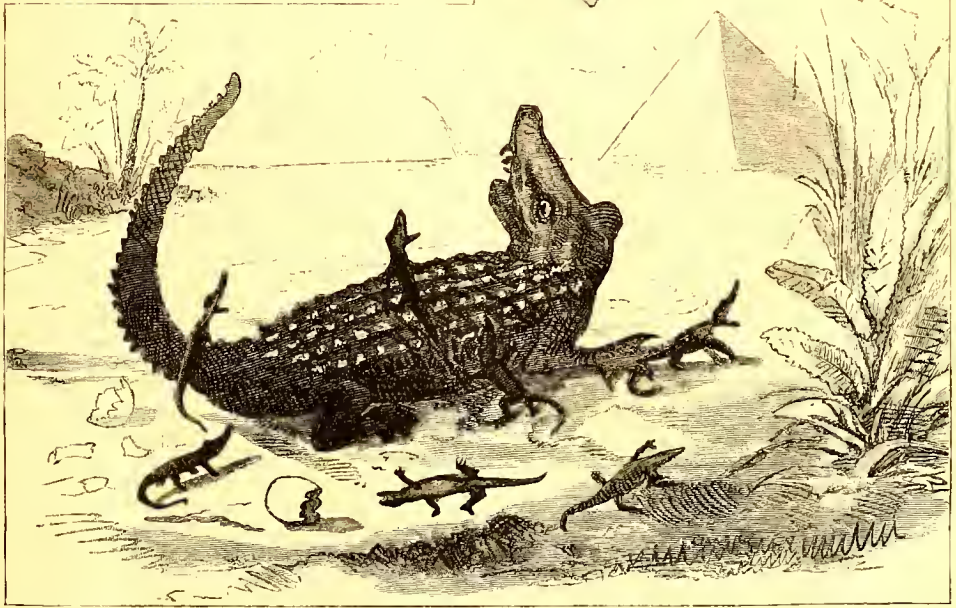
A FAT young hippopotamus
 Sat grimly by the Nile,
 Contriving dire vengeance
 On a lady crocodile,



Who, that morning, for her breakfast
 Ate up his brothers twain;
 So he pondered long and deeply
 How to pay her back again.

Then boldly he marched forward,
 And stamped upon that nest,
 And jumped and kicked and pranced about,
 As if he were possessed,

Till all the eggs were scattered
 And broken every one,
 While all the little crocodiles
 Forth from the shells did run.



The ancient mother-crocodile,
 Hearing her young ones' wail,
 Came rushing from her muddy couch,
 Waving her frightful tail.

But of this you may be certain,
 That if he is not found
 In the air or in the water,
 He's somewhere on the ground.

The little hippopotamus
 Was having then huge fun,
 Stepping upon the babies,
 To smash them one by one;
 So he failed to see the mother,
 Nor dreamed of his mishap,
 Till—whack! against his side so fat
 There came an awful slap.

It lifted him from off his feet,
 And hurled him up on high,
 And away he went careering
 Like a rocket in the sky.
 How far he flew I know not,
 But 't is said that he was thrown
 On the pyramid of Cheops,
 Straddling the topmost stone.

Being too fat to clamber down,
 He may be there this day,
 Unless some one in a balloon
 Has carried him away.



THE STARS IN OCTOBER.*

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE northern map given below explains itself, of New Orleans, a portion of the Dipper is concealed from view. Nearly the whole constellation



constellations which appear in it. The Dipper is well placed for observation at this season for all places in America north of the latitude of Louisville, or not more than about two degrees south of it; but for places between this last-named latitude and that

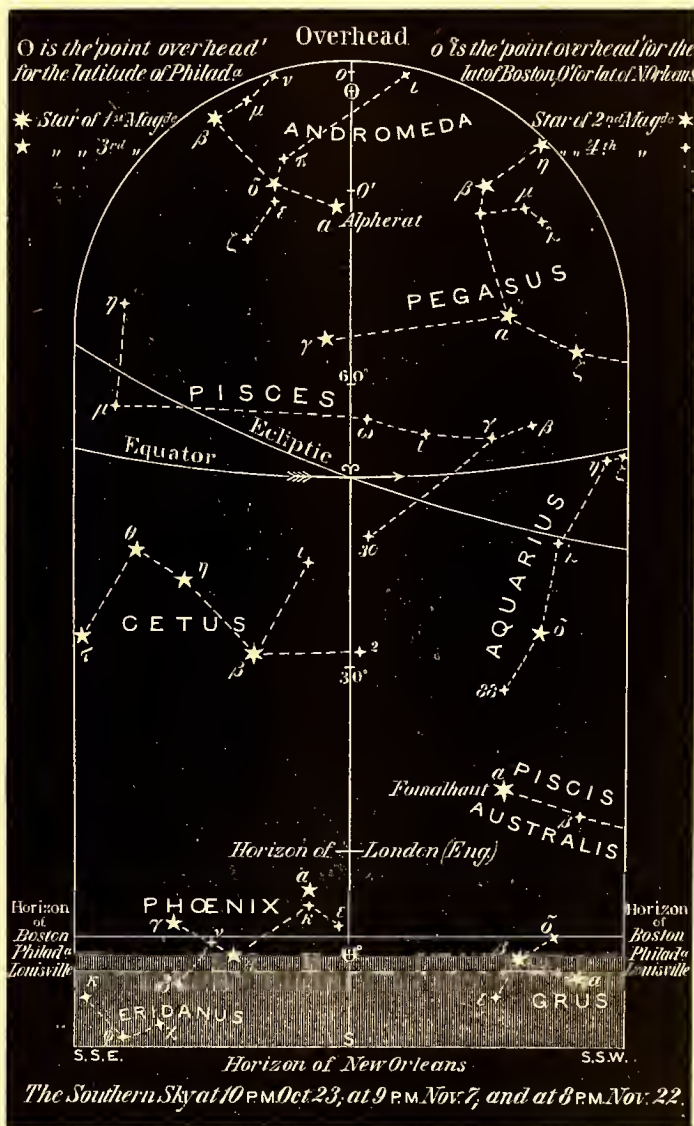
Ursa Major is seen in London, when due south below the pole; but, as you see, the paws of the Great Bear are not seen in America at this time.

Turning to the southern skies for the month we find that the constellation Pisces (or the Fishes) is

* In order to complete this series within the present volume, the stars for November and December are included in this paper.

the ecliptical constellation now ruling in the south. It is usually represented by two fishes tied together with a ribbon, one of the fish has its tail at η , and its head close to Andromeda; the other has its head at γ and β . You must be careful to distinguish the two fishes, Pisces, from the southern fish, Piscis Australis.

The Fishes belonged to the watery signs of the zodiac,—Capricorn (the Sea-Goat), Aquarius (the Water-Pourer), and the Fishes, whose natural home is in the water. Below Aquarius you see another fish. Below Pisces there is the sea-monster Cetus, and close by Cetus, as you will see in the second southern chart for this month, is the watery sign



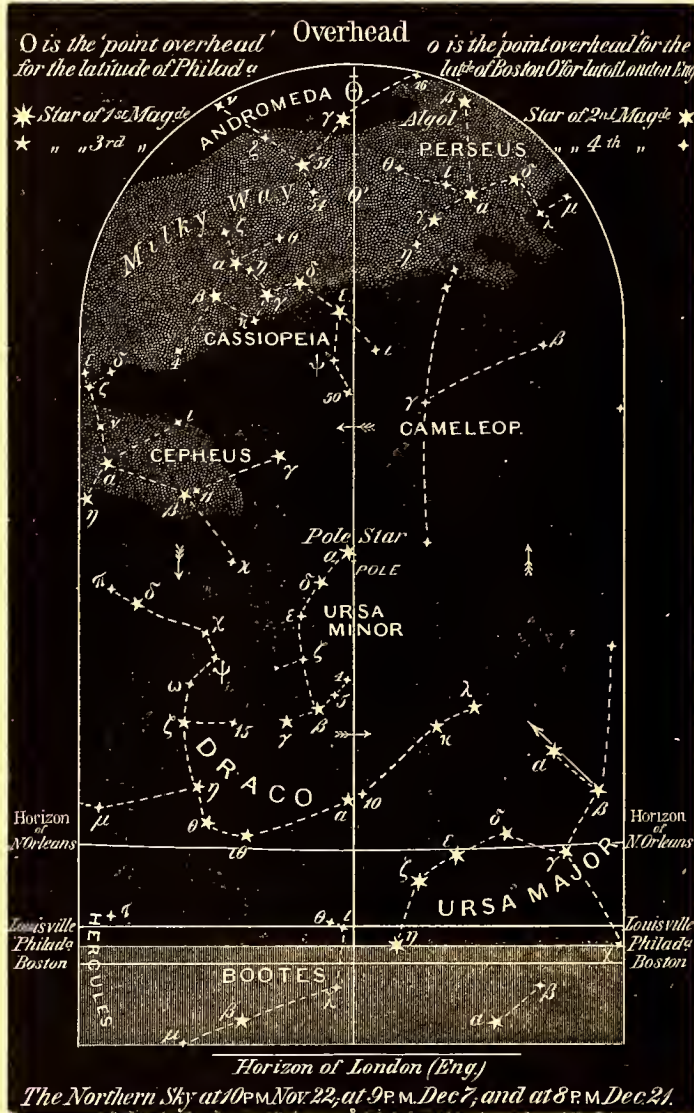
The constellation Pisces now includes the point marked γ which is where the sign of the Ram begins, and was formerly occupied by this constellation; though, more anciently still, the Bull was the constellation occupying this part of the heavens.

Eridanus, named later as a river, but undoubtedly in the older system of the constellations represented as a great stream of water simply, something like the streams which were represented as flowing from the water-can of Aquarius.

I have already mentioned the old superstition of the astrologers that when the sun and moon and the other five planets (for the sun and moon were planets in the old system of astronomy) were conjoined in the watery signs, or specially in Capricornus, the world would be destroyed by a flood. It is rather curious that the history of the flood was,

in the older temples of the stars, on the walls below the dome-roof, which sprang from the circle representing the equator.

The coincidences are curious enough to be worth noticing, though to many the natural thought will be that the zodiac temples represented on their walls a more ancient history of a flood, not that the his-



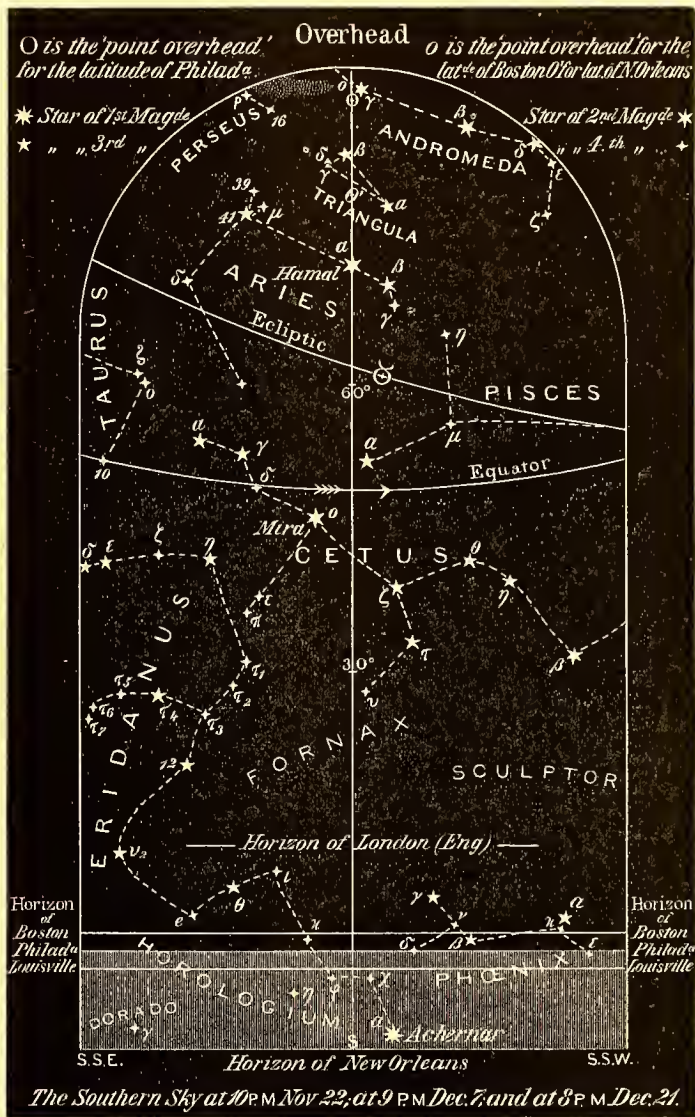
in a sense, portrayed among the constellations which (when the figures were first formed) lay south of the equator, insomuch that some have gone so far as to suggest that the narrative of the flood is an account in words of what was pictured.

tory was a later explanation of zodiac temples made long before.

We have the Water-Pourer casting streams of water downward from the equator, as explained last month, the waters rising until the uppermost

of the fishes rose nearly to the equator (so it would have been pictured in the remote ages referred to), while the great sea-monster and the still heavier streams of Eridanus on one side, with the Sea-Goat on the other, indicate the prevalence of the waters which had been poured by Aquarius over all things. Passing onward (see successively the

hinder quarters of the horse forming the fore part, at present missing, of the great ship). This man was represented bearing a sacrifice toward the altar, Ara, from which the smoke of burning incense rose into the heavens. We know that Noah when he went forth from the ark, builded an altar, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and



southern maps for January, February, March, etc.), we come first to the great ship Argo, which was associated in the earliest ages with the Ark; next is the Centaur, which again we find from early authorities was formerly depicted as a man (the

offered burnt offerings on the altar; and that the smoke of burning incense rose from the altar of Noah may be inferred from the words which immediately follow, in the authorized version of the Bible narrative: "The Lord smelled a sweet savor."

Next after the altar, or rather above it, and in fact in the smoke from the altar, is the bow of Sagittarius,—and corresponding with this we read that God, after the savor of the altar had reached him, said: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth that the bow shall be seen in the cloud." Close by the ship Argo, again, is the raven, perched on Hydra, the great sea-serpent, represented in the old sculptures immersed in the waves of ocean on which the ark was floating. Orion was from time immemorial associated with Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, and accordingly has his dogs beside him; while the first vineyard and vintage may be supposed to be indicated by the cup, Crater. (It seems also that Virgo—close by Crater—was represented of old as bearing grapes, and to this day the star ϵ of the Virgin is called Vindemiatrix, or the Lady Gathering Grapes.)

The constellation Pegasus (or the Winged Horse) is a singular one for several reasons. There is not the slightest resemblance to a winged horse among the stars of the group; and as usually represented the winged half horse has his head downward, the neck joining the body at α and extending to ζ , etc. The constellation is easily recognized by the three bright stars β , α and γ , which with α of Andromeda form what is commonly called the square of Pegasus; for α Andromeda was also, of old, a star of Pegasus, to wit, δ of this constellation. You will observe that the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet has no representative star, at present, in the constellation.

The sun in his annual course along the ecliptic passes the point τ , or crosses the equator moving northward, on or about March 21st.

And now we pass to the last of our set of twelve pairs of northern and southern maps, viz., the pair which, indeed, properly belongs to December.

The northern map contains no new star-groups. It is only necessary to remark that this map makes the circuit of the northern heavens complete, the northern skies for the month following being those already shown in the first northern map of our series.

Turning to the second southern map, the last of the southern series, we see that due south and high up toward the point overhead, lies the group of three stars, α , β , and γ , forming the head of Aries (the Ram). The brightest of the three is called Hamal (or the Sheep). It is not easy to understand why this group was likened to a ram. One can just imagine the outline of a sheep's face looking toward the right (or west) as formed by the three stars α , β , and γ ; but in the maps the face of the ram is turned the other way, looking toward

the Bull, which lies on the left. This has been the idea for many centuries, for old Manilius wrote:

First Aries, glorious in his golden wool,
Looks back, and wonders at the mighty Bull.

Yet there is a tradition that in remoter times the Ram looked toward the west. Aries is one of the constellations of the zodiac, a set of twelve arranged as a zone or band round the heavens, along the middle of which runs the ecliptic, which is in fact the path of the sun. Formerly Aries was the first of the zodiacal constellations, but the same change which has shifted the pole from the Dragon to the Little Bear has shifted the Ram from his former position.

The sun in his course along the ecliptic crosses the point marked δ , or enters the sign Taurus, on or about April 20th.

The stars μ , 39, and 41, at one time formed a separate constellation called Musca (the Fly)—rather a large fly if Aries represents an ordinary ram.

Below the Ram there is the great straggling constellation called Cetus (or the Whale). In reality it was intended, I suppose, to represent some imaginary sea-monster, for the whale could hardly have been known to the astronomers who formed the older constellations. The group suggests rather an animal like the sea-serpent, rearing its head above water, than the great lumbering mass of a whale; and I am almost disposed to venture the idea that either some recollection of the Enaliosaurian or long-necked (and long-named) reptiles was thought of, or that the monster was no other than the crocodile. Slightly to modify the words of Shakspeare, we may say of this star-group,

It's almost in shape of a crocodile.
By the mass and 't is a crocodile, indeed.
Methinks it's like a weasel.
It is backed like a weasel.
Or, like a whale?
Very like a whale.

However, it is more important at present to note that the star marked Mira (or the Wonderful Star) cannot be seen at present. This is one of those strange stars which vary in brightness. It shines for about a fortnight as a star of the second magnitude, then by degrees fades away until at the end of three months it cannot be seen. After remaining nearly five months invisible, it gradually increases in brightness for about three months, when it is again a second-magnitude star. It occupies about 331 days eight hours in going through these changes. During the first half of April next this star will be in full luster.

Above the Ram you will see the Triangles, one triangle formed of faint stars, the other of fairly

conspicuous ones. The constellation Eridanus (or the River Po) is seen to the left of the south, passing on a winding course such as a river should follow, to the southern horizon. At places in the latitude of New Orleans the bright star Achernar (of the first magnitude) shows where the river

comes to an end. (Achernar signifies the latter part or end.) The Bedouin Arabs call Eridanus the Ostrich. The wide region almost bare of stars between Cetus and Eridanus is occupied by the modern constellations Fornax* (the Chemist's Furnace) and Sculptor* (the Sculptor's Workshop).

* These Latin names are abbreviations for Fornax Chemica and Officina Sculptoria.

BO-PEEP.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

WHAT becomes of the baby-stars
That play all night at their game—Bo-peep,
When the moon comes out with her silver bars,
And we little children are fast asleep?

Now, this is why, when the moon is bright,
We scarcely see the little stars:
She puts them to sleep by her silver light,
And fondles them close, behind her bars.

But when the moon has gone away,
And happy children sing their song,
The baby-stars come out to play,
And laugh and twinkle all night long.

They laugh and twinkle the livelong night,
When we little children are fast asleep;
When the moon no longer gives her light,
The stars are playing their game—Bo-peep!



“OH, THE DUTCH COMPANIE IS THE BEST COMPANIE
THAT EVER CAME ACROSS FROM THE OLD COUNTRIE.”

WHAT THE PARROT TAUGHT THE LITTLE GIRL.

PECKY was just a poor poll parrot, with nothing of his own but his pretty gray feathers and sharp beak, that could bite little fingers when they came too near his cage; and yet this same Pecky taught Katie Scott a very useful lesson. When he was first brought home, Katie was just the happiest little girl! "Mamma!" she cried. "Mamma, please, he must be placed where he can see Libbie and Mary play croquet!"

Libbie and Mary lived next door, and, when the weather was fine, the three friends—Katie, Libbie and Mary—used to have fine games on the lawn between the two houses.

There were four friends when Pecky came, for he was put close by the window, where he could see the fun. Before long, he learned many new words. He would cry, "Croquet her away! Take care, Katie! I have won! Ha! ha! ha!" And he could laugh louder than any of them. They thought there never was such a wonderful pet.

Katie told her mamma it was "just the *cunningest*, nicest little polly in the world." So it was; and Katie was one of the nicest little girls in the world when she could have what she wanted, but sometimes little people want what is not good for them. One day, at dinner, mamma said:

"You can't have any more melon, Katie dear; it will make you ill!"

I hope none of the little girls and boys who read this would do as Katie Scott did;—I am really sorry to have to tell it;—she threw herself on the floor, and kicked and screamed so loudly, that Libbie and Mary, who were playing outside, heard her.

"What is that noise?" asked Mary.

"Oh!" said Libbie, "it is just Katie Scott—*Cry-baby!*"

Libbie did not know that she was heard, but such was the case. Mr. Pecky had two little sharp ears open, and turning one up and then the other, he walked up and down chuckling to himself, as much as to say: "I guess I know what *that* means!" And then he cried softly, imitating Katie's voice: "Boo—hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!"

He did not forget it for a whole week, and I am glad to say that, for a while, his little mistress was a perfectly good girl.

But there came a day—a damp, cold day—and mamma said there could be no croquet. Katie forgot that she was trying to be good, and, lying down near Pecky's perch, screamed like a very naughty child.

Pecky thought so, I know. He watched her some time, then jumped

down to the floor of his cage, crying: "Bo-o-o-o! Boo, hoo! Bo-o-o-o!" Katie very quickly stopped crying, peeped up at him, and ran out of the room very much ashamed. Mamma and Aunt Jane laughed, and Pecky thought: "I must have done something very funny. I'll just do it again! Oh, yes, I'll do it again!"

And he did it all that day, whenever any one came into the room.



PECKY.

When mamma was putting Katie to bed that evening, a little voice whispered: "Mamma, *won't* you make Pecky stop doing *that*?"

What do you think mamma said? She whispered to Katie: "When Polly does not see any little girl doing so, I am sure he will forget it."

"Then I'll never do so any more!" said Katie. And she kept her word.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS month, I'm told, somebody gives in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS full directions for making pretty landscape-pictures out of moss, lichen, tiny fern and other lovely things to be found in a country walk.

So your Jack advises you, dear young folks, to look about you as you wander in the fields and forests and to collect carefully and preserve fine specimens of delicate ferns, leaves, grasses, moss, and lichen, for possible future work. It will do no harm, at any rate, to examine these exquisite wonders of nature closely and with an eye to business,—for, even if nobody comes to help you, you can help yourselves, and arrange your treasures in some way, so as to delight yourselves and others.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

THE birds tell me, by the bye, that some folk just load the walls of their living-rooms with stiff wreaths or chains of varnished leaves and pressed Hartford fern, strung about in the stiffest and most absurd fashion,—up one side of the picture cords and down the other, straight as pairs of tongs,—in clumps and bunches in every conceivable corner,—sprinkled on the white curtains,—pinned on, a leaf at a time, without any idea of arrangement,—and, in short, made the most conspicuous things about the room. This, the Little Schoolma'am says, is always wrong, for ornamentation should never put itself forward in that way.

Now, don't do these things, my dears. Be moderate and tasteful in all your doings, and don't abuse those beautiful, beautiful things, autumn leaves and ferns.

Don't pluck any Jack-in-the-Pulpits, either. They don't press well,—at least, I would n't.

But this you can do. If you come across a fine, stately, pleasant-looking Jack in your rambles,

bend low and whisper something nice in his ear. It will please him. All sorts of flowers and growing things like to be noticed. Don't flowers and growing things whisper pleasant things to *you*, my chicks, all summer long? yes, and through the autumn too? Of course, they do!

Now we 'll talk about:

TURKEY AND ROSES.

I DON'T mean the turkey-gobbler; he does n't pay much attention to roses. But I mean the other Turkey, about which Deacon Green was reading aloud the other day. He had come quietly along by the brook with a new-looking volume under his arm and a city friend by his side; and they sat down in the shade close by me and read some remarkable things, of which I will give you the substance.

In the warm plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains, whole districts are covered with rose-plants set in lines about five feet apart, and tended for some years with the greatest care. At length, on some fresh, sweet morning of the early summer, and while the roses are yet wet with dew, the tender flowers are torn off by laborers, and cast at once by heaps into huge coppers, there to boil and boil for hours in water. The fragrant steam is carried along a tube, and, on cooling, becomes a kind of thick rose-water. This is boiled up again, and its vapor cooled into a liquid on the top of which floats a yellowish oily scum that is known as "attar of roses." It takes about four thousand pounds of roses to make a pound of attar. Once a merchant opened a cupboard in his store and showed a visitor thirty large glass bottles in which, he said, was sixty thousand dollars' worth of the precious essence.

This quantity must have taken nearly four millions of roses in the making! Poor roses! But may be, after all, their fragrance in that form would give more and longer-lasting pleasure than could have been given by the flowers had they been left upon their bushes, where they could have cheered only the passers-by.

DOSING AN ELEPHANT.

DEAR JACK: Here is something that I cut out of an old newspaper. I asked papa if it could be true, and he said: "Yes, undoubtedly;" for he himself had seen tremendous doses of physic given to animals; and my brother said: "Pooh! he had often seen men in the country give a horse a pill as big as a big potato." I guess Mr Bergh would object to that. But here is the story I cut out.—Yours truly,
JAMIE SMITH.

"Some of you children may now and then be given a dose of medicine (though, I hope, not often); and probably whenever you do take a dose, you consider it a very large one. Now, just for the sake of comforting you with the contrast, I 'll tell you what does a poor sick elephant was made to take, some years ago. He was a superb animal, and, for a time, delighted crowds at Cross's Menagerie in London by his wonderful intelligence and dignity. But he fell sick at last, and what do you think his keepers gave him? An ounce and a half of tartar-emetic, six drachms of powder of gamboge, twenty-four pounds of salts, twenty-four pounds of treacle, as much croton-oil as could be given to sixteen men, and six ounces of calomel, or enough to supply doses for twelve hundred human beings!

"All these were taken within two days, and the next morning they gave the poor fellow six pounds of melted beef-marrow, as a substitute for castor-oil!

"What do you think of that?

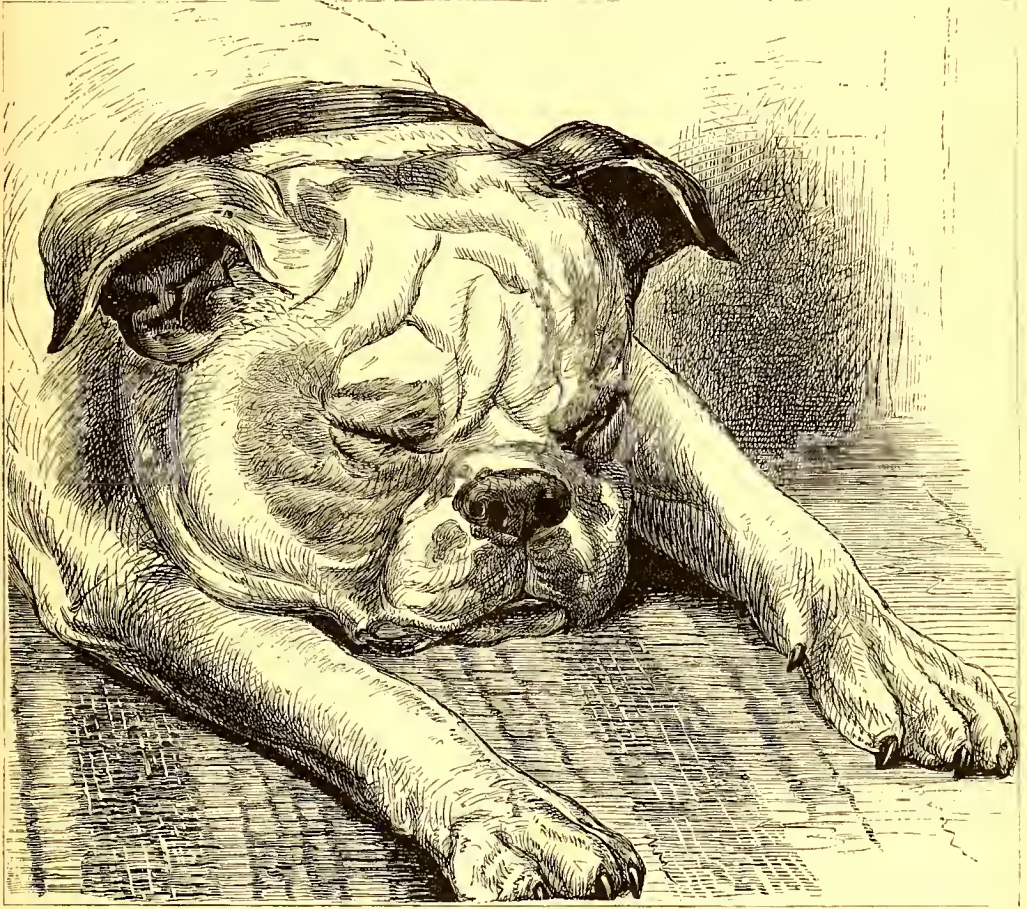
"Eh?

"Yes,—the elephant got better!"

HOME-MADE TARGETS.

TARGETS are expensive things to buy, I have heard, but clever youngsters after once seeing one can easily make them for themselves out of hay or straw. An archery target is generally nothing more than a round straw mat, covered with a piece of muslin or canvas on which are painted the bull's-eye and rings that show the value of the "hits."

any way you happen to prefer. A target can be hung against the side of a barn or out-building, but it is better to set it upon a three-legged arrangement known as a tripod. Any country boy—with a word of help from his elders if need be—can make a tripod. In fact, the boys of the red school-house made theirs by setting three saplings into the ground, in the form of a triangle, cutting off the twigs and tying the tops together.



A SERMON ON AMIABILITY—WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF DEACON GREEN.

It is made very much after the manner of the grass bathing-shoes I described to you last month, excepting that it is much more simple. All you have to do is to keep lengthening your rope of grass, hay or straw, by constantly working in new wisps as you sew it together, round and round like a great flat pin-wheel, until your target is large enough. This is good work for boys as well as girls. The "sewing" is done with twine and a big needle, such as upholsterers or sail-makers use. It is best, for the sake of firmness, to cover both sides of the target with canvas or coarse unbleached cotton cloth. Its face can then be painted in

A NEEDLE-THROWING WEAPON.

CRUEL follows some of those sixteenth-century men were! Now, I have heard about a little machine, small enough to be held in the closed hand, which, on pressing a spring, would shoot out a sort of needle with great force. It could be used from a window, or in a crowd, and was so small it could be easily concealed. The needles were poisonous, and made bad wounds. Such implements would not be popular now. Torture is out of fashion. People have improved, Jack is glad to say, and their hearts are gentler.

MOSS PICTURES.

(A New Style of Fancy-Work for Boys and Girls.)

By J. M. B.

If you will come with me into the woods, the tall, dark pine woods, I will prove to you that pleasure and profit may be found in the material, as well as the sentiment of them. Heretofore you have enjoyed the retirement, the shade, the grandeur, and the songs of birds, all of which give peace to the soul; but when you leave the wood, you leave all that belongs to it. You emerge from the quiet shades and their influences, again to strive with the dry stubble of the heated field, and the dust of an unwatred country road, and you say: "Is it worth my while to twice pass through such as this for one transient pleasure?"

Now I invite you to come with me, and I promise you shall bring back fruit that will reward you for your dusty walk long after the whispering leaves of the forest shall have faded from your memory.

Come with me into this wood road. The wide ruts on either side, where the thin spiral grass is crushed in, show that they have lately been pressed on by the wheels of the hay-wagon. The hay-makers passed through here to reach the meadows beyond.

How many curious and beautiful things one treads upon in passing along! Let us be careful. Ah! do not step upon that little bit of bark! See what a fine ruined castle it would make in a picture. There are the crumbling, moss-covered turrets, and the vacant windows formed by nature's own hand. Put it in your basket. What an agreeable sensation it is to scuff one's feet through this green grass and these cool, dry leaves! I will have a few. They are of use. On the edges of the road are some delicate specimens of moss. Here are cups just large enough to hold one drop of dew, and here is gray moss tipped with coral: take some of each kind—dried or fresh—green, white, brown and black. Take, also, that little dried stick you just knocked away with your fingers. "What in the world am I going to do with that?" Why, don't you see it is the miniature stump of a tree with branches? Trees without foliage are not particularly picturesque, I admit; yet nature can remedy that. Come off the road now, among these giant, odorous pines. There seem to be two kinds—one is smooth-barked, the other is rough. The smooth suits my purpose. Look closely, and you will see round, flat blotches all about the trunk, of a rich green color. "What of it?" Well, upon examination, you will perceive they are like delicate sea-moss when it is spread upon a moist surface. Now take your penknife, and loosen the edges of one of them, then peel it gently off; it is real foliage, you see, and exquisitely defined. We want quantities of this. Take plenty of it. Now we will stroll along again. How slippery the path, and how pleasant to walk upon! This brown, glossy carpet falls from the pine-trees, and country people call it *pine trash*. We will take some of the little spiny things; they make excellent rail fences.

Here we come to birch and maple trees, where the leaves are just beginning to dress in bright colors—dark yellow and golden brown. A little of crimson will be of use also. The brown makes good roads, and the yellow and crimson serve for distant shading.

I think now you have sufficient in your basket to make a fine landscape. "Make a fine landscape out of these things?" Certainly; as effective as many an oil painting; and then, you can make it yourselves. A piece of water is an improvement in pictures; so when we reach the barn we will find a nicely mildewed corn-husk—it makes a better imitation of a lake than oil paint.

This is the fruit I promised; but remember, you have only gathered it yet—and by you shall taste it. We will return and prepare the feast. Sit you down by me at this table, and observe.

I take a square of drawing or card board, and a few crayons—blue,

yellow and white. I sketch a sky on the upper half. It is well to represent a morning or sunset sky, concentrating the deepest yellow in small space upon the horizon, shading it from straw color to blue, with a few scattered white clouds. Now dip the corn-husk in water, to make it flexible, and place it lengthwise upon the card-board, letting the edge meet the edge of the sky. Use mucilage to cause it to adhere smoothly and firmly.

Here is a foundation for a lake, harbor or river: We will call this the sea, allowing sky and water to meet within sight of opposite land. I make a foreground thus: Select some of those dark, dry leaves, and fasten them to the card below the water, all along the bottom and up the sides as far as the corn-husk reaches, allowing the jagged edges to protrude into the sea, as irregularities of the shore. Stick some of these darkest mosses to the leaves, leaving such spaces between as you wish for road or bare ground. You must use your judgment (and a nice, artistic judgment, too) as regards shade, turning the darkest sides where, if you were painting, you would shade your picture. Quite by accident, you now find a promontory near by, formed by the pointed end of a leaf, which was surely meant to support a tree. Therefore erect your little branched stick upon it, carefully gluing the inside to the picture. Pull some of the moss apart, and you see that, separated, it becomes little bushes, and even weeds, to plant about on the promontory, and around the roots of the tree, to hide any awkwardness that may appear. Now is the time to use those exquisite bits of foliage that we peeled from the smooth pine-tree. Separate each little branch, and join them to the twigs of the tree; let them droop and hang over the water. As the foliage advances you begin to see the sky between the rich branches. It will finish into a fine elm. "The opposite side needs our attention." All right; it shall have it. See, that gray leaf has taken the appearance of a bluff. Now is the time for our castle. Slip it down behind, only allowing the turrets and a part of the edifice to appear. There is the blue sky again through the vacant castle windows. The effect is extremely good. If we separate some of this greenest moss, we shall find that each tiny stem represents holly or pine. Set these about the rocky bluff and along one side of the castle.

Now use your good taste, and say where spaces may be improved with a stem for a dead tree, or a faded bit of leaf for a distant hill. Scatter about in crevices scraps of cup or coral moss. Here is a little space that looks like a road leading from the foreground to the water; put a rail fence on each side. An island will look well in the distance. Now we have not spent much time over this, so it is but a rough little landscape, though rich in color and effect. But I have seen the inventor, or originator, of these produce splendid pictures of country scenery, with hill and dale, forest and field, cottage and barn, men and animals, loads of hay, and vessels and boats,—and, in fact, everything that lends to the variety and beauty of pictures, only on a much larger scale than we have attempted. I have seldom seen any artistic fancy-work so beautiful. A few touches now of black crayon, to deepen the shadows in the hollows and curves, and our picture will do.

Take from that wall the horrible portrait of General What's-his-name, or that pretentious chromo of an impossible scene on the Rhine,—the frame is too pretty for the ugly thing,—throw it out, and put this picture—made-up, but very effective—in its place. Then hang it up. Is n't that a decided improvement? A little more practice, and really marvelous effects can be produced by these simple materials.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Montreal, July 2d, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had an Exhibition here on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England by William Caxton in the year 1477. The chief feature of the exhibition was the Mazarin Bible, the first book ever printed. It was produced from Gutenberg's press in the year 1455. A gentleman very kindly allowed me to hold the book, which

was very heavy and in a wonderful state of preservation. A book of Queen Elizabeth's, one of Mary Queen of Scots', and one of Henry the Eighth's, along with the first book printed in Montreal and the first one in Quebec, were exhibited. Of course I could not name one quarter of the books; but I may as well mention Eliot's Indian Bible (the first Bible printed on this continent), Shakspeare's works, and a large volume containing illustrations of his plays; a book with pict-

ures of the different parts of the "Alhambra;" another old Bible, and a large book with scraps cut from newspapers. Type-making, printing and lithographing were going on in one end of the building. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, under whose auspices the exhibition was held, got the affair up in haste. However, there was a very good collection of coins and books.

Like many other readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, I should be very lonesome without it. It would seem like losing a friend to lose it.

Your constant reader,
NELLIE FAIRBAIRN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you think Mr. Joel Stacy wont mind it, I'd like to have you put this picture and the verses into your pages. A funny gentleman who comes to see my sister did them, on account of seeing that nice juggle in the August ST. NICHOLAS about "the pretty little boy and the pretty little girl."

Your friend,
JAMES C. E.

A dirty little boy and a dingy little girl
Once found a bitten apple on the street;
Said the dirty little boy to the dingy little girl:
"Now gim me that! It is n't good to eat."



Said the dingy little girl to the dirty little boy:
"I would, but I am hungry, sir, you see;
So I thank you werry kindly, but I'd werry much prefer
You'd get out o' this an' keep away from me."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know of a very interesting game for children, and I am going to tell you something about it. I suspect many of my young readers are in the habit of playing it, but there may be some who will be glad to learn it. You must think of a bird or beast, fish, insect or reptile, and give your companions its initial letter, calling on them to guess it. The one who is successful in guessing must give some account of the animal, as to where it is found, what are its habits, its disposition, and whatever else seems most interesting; and then proceed to name another. If no one can guess it, and you are called upon to tell it, you are required to give the account yourself, and then have the privilege of naming another. You may call upon the mineral and vegetable kingdoms to furnish subjects for your game of guessing, and I think you will find it instructive, as well as entertaining.

N. M. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can a bird-defender take a bird's-nest after the bird has left it? Because I have taken birds'-nests after the bird has left them.—Yours truly,
MADEL WILBUR.

In early spring it might be better, dear bird-defender, to let the empty nest be where it is, for homeless birds to use, or put it in another and, perhaps, quieter place, where they would be prettily sure to find it. Later in the year the chances would be fewer that a bird-

family would want a fresh home, and if left out all through the winter the storms might destroy it; so it would be kinder to keep the nest carefully until the next spring, and then put it where birds are likely to see it. It would be a pleasure to watch a new couple who had just found a snug home ready for them on their return from the south. They would twitter and chirp and flutter with delight. But there is no real harm in your keeping it if you wish.

Philadelphia, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter. I am one of the bird-defenders, and would like to tell the others about something I saw once. Some friends of mine and myself went out to take a walk. We went through a woods, and all along we saw black feathers. After a short time, we came out in a field. There we saw a great many crows that had been shot. We walked along, and came to a large field back of a hotel. The field was just black with dead crows. One of my friends said there had been a shooting-match the day before. I think it is just dreadful that shooting-matches should be allowed. I hope your magazine will continue for a great many years yet, and that I may live to have the pleasure of reading it. Your loving reader,
ANITA HENDRIE.

Cincinnati, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would be very much obliged if you would tell me why it is that a glass vessel will not break, if, having first put in a silver spoon, any hot liquid be poured into it. I have seen it tried again and again, and mamma cans her fruit in this way. She places in her glass jar a silver spoon, and then pours in her fruit boiling hot. The glass does not break, nor even crack, and as soon as it is half full she takes out the spoon and fills up the jar. I can't see the philosophy of that, but I should very much like to.

We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it started, and think there is nothing like it.—Yours truly,
M. G.

Heat expands things, cold contracts them. The empty glass jar, when cold, has a certain size. When hot water is poured into it the glass expands; it really grows a little larger than it was before. But the curious part of this is, that when the glass begins to expand it often breaks, because the outside of the glass cannot expand quickly enough, and the inside spreads out before the heat can extend through the glass; so away it flies, with a sudden snap. Now, if the glass were heated equally on both sides, if the hot water touched outside as well as in, it is plain both sides would expand together, and the glass would be saved whole.

If the silver spoon assists in saving the glass, which is doubtful, it is because the spoon is cold metal, and greedily takes up the heat from the hot water, makes it cooler, and in this way saves the glass. The spoon also serves to spatter the water about, and thus scatter the heat so that the glass expands at more nearly the same rate in all its inside parts. This is all "the philosophy of that." The spoon has no magical influence on the glass, and it might often happen, if the water were hot enough, that the glass would break in spite of the spoon. The best way, however, is not to use a spoon at all, but simply stand the glasses in hot water while the hot fluid is poured into them.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love you very much. In the Centennial I was in the garden which Mr. Stockton told about. I saw all the animals except the flying foxes, which he told about. These I saw in the New York Aquarium, where they were hanging up and sleeping. I am very pleased with you. Will you please put this letter in your Letter-Box? "His Own Master" is very nice, and I hope Jacob will get his uncle. I am only ten years old, and have kept you a year.—Yours truly,
GILBERT REEDER.

Hartford, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I tell you about our family pet here—my Spitz dog Pip? Pip came to us—a fine, knowing, Spitz dog—when I was three or four years old. This is the first prank of his that I remember: Mania had just given me a nice piece of sponge-cake. Thinking I would enjoy it more out in the sunshine, I ran over to the croquet-ground, and was about to seat myself on a bench in perfect bliss, when Pip, who was playing around, quietly walked up to me, and, taking my cake, ran off amidst my wails of sorrow. Pip is now wiser and more sedate; but I will give one more trick, and then tell of his knowledge and love: One day I was running around the lawn, and had just reached the dusty gravel. I had on a nice, clean dress, and was feeling very happy, when, what was my astonishment and disgust to find myself in an easy sitting position on the gravel! For Pip had acted the part of the goat to perfection, and had butted me down.

Pip soon became curious to find where Aunt Anna went every Sunday. So one pleasant day he watched Aunty (who was his

former mistress), and trotted close behind her. She did not know he was following her, and walked into church, never noticing, till she reached the pew, the pitter-patter of his paws behind her. The organ was finishing the voluntary, there was no time to be lost. What should she do? Driven to desperation, she called him into the pew, and patted him to quiet him. All went on very well through the first part of the service, except that, now and then, a cold nose was thrust into her hand, or she felt a moist tongue kissing her. By and by the minister began to pray. Of course aunty covered her face with her handkerchief and put her head down. Pip began to think something was wrong, and to whine from sympathy. Every available means was used to keep him still, but with no effect. At last, aunty had to rise and go out, with Pip, beginning to feel the mortification, skulking after.

Pip is the best dog in the world, though he seems from this account bad and troublesome. But the story above was when he was a young and inexperienced puppy, and besides, it was his sympathy that got him into trouble.—Yours truly, ALICE HANSFELL.

Stroudsburg, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live part the time in England and part the time in Minnesota. Last summer, I went on a visit to my uncle and aunts at Burlington, N. J., where they gave me some land to have for my own; so I turned it into a garden, with a rustic seat under a pear-tree (they used to call me the "Queen of the Shady Nook"), where I used to read your books with delight. When I came away from Burlington, my subjects—who were the birds, frogs, and flowers—were so sorry that they sent me a "lament" in poetry, which I would like to see in print. With much love, from your steady reader,
HEPSA H. L. SHEARMAN.

LAMENT FROM SHADY NOOK.

The blüthesome frog no longer
Gazes upon the scene;
Nor the festive young mosquito
Plays now his tunes serene.

The notes have quit their dancing,
The bees have ceased to hum,
The ants have found their homes again,
And the summer days are done.

The birdies chirp no longer,
Hopping from spray to spray,
For how can there be joyousness
With their own dear queen away?

O queen who ruled us gently
In the days that now are flown!—
O queen we loved so fondly!
Return unto thine own!

A LITTLE Philadelphia boy, named Crissy H—, lately sent to Aiken, S. C., some magazines to the school that asked for good reading matter for the children. He received in return a letter from the teacher, inclosing a number from the pupils. All these letters, we think, would interest our young readers very much; but we have only space for the teacher's letter and for three of the others. We print them just as they were written by the little ones. Many of our children may know of other children, and perhaps of schools, to which they could send good books and magazines which they have read and no longer need.

Oakwald, Aiken, S. C., 1877.

DEAR LITTLE CRISSY: Yesterday, after I had read your papa's letter, I opened the many nice rolls of paper he sent, and found your "Sunshine." Then I told my little girls and boys about you, and asked if they could not write you a letter. Seven or eight of them raised their hands, and then I gave them paper and pencil, and they went to work; and now you read their letters, and know some of their names.

You would be very much surprised if you could see so many children together, and some of them not more than five or six years old; but they have a slate and pencil, and when they learn the a b c's they learn to make them on a slate, and then when they know how to read they can write.

Most all of my children have black eyes, though a few have blue eyes and very light hair. They are full of fun, and like to play and sing, and then, when the bell rings, all get in line and march in to their seats.

We have some that are as large as your papa, and some nearly as old—but they had no chance to go to school when they were little, so they come now, and work very hard. We have several that walk five miles, and then five miles home again. One little boy, only seven years old, does this every day.

Good-by.—Your friend,

M. SCHOFIELD.

Aiken S. C. Carolina 21 of March 1877

CRISSY I am very glad you have took Much plesasure to Send these papers to me and Ned Smoot and Kitty Branson and Julia

West and Fanny Parker and Mary Smoot. Nathan Phillips S. C. I am nine years old and Miss Schofield Says you are eight years old I comes to Miss Schofield School I did not know my abc and I am in the first Class Shelton Reader do you go to School please send your love to me again
NATHAN PHILLIPS
South Carolina to little Crissy H—.

(This little boy will be nine years old in May. He works hard at his lessons, and writes very well on a slate without lines.—M. S.)

Aiken South Carolina Mach 21th 1877

MY DEAR FRIEND, I want to write to you to thank you for your kindness toward the school Children and to tell you that I did not know that you thought so much of the school I hope that God will bless you. I was very glad for the paper that you sent me I will have great pleasure in reading it the one that miss Schofield gave me it had on it father coming home, I thought that I would learn it. I am but a little girl I was ten the eleven of december and the eleven of next december I have been coming to the Schofield school two years I am learning very fast I am going to tell you something about the school Miss Schofield is a good teacher she have got a 170 scholars we have three teachers and three school houses we have put up a new fence and the girls is planting flowers all around it we have a croquet set and a cistern the boys has a foot-ball and they highly prize it. we had a jumping rope but it is worn out we has a library it has about 450 volumes in it we has an organ and we repeat psalms every morning. Miss Schofield has given us the papers that you sent on and also a verse every morning to say we have a book it is call ragged Dick, I am going to send you a bouquet of flowers so I must close, yours truly
JULIA E WEST

LITTLE CRISSY I got a paper What You Sent us they came on a Wenday I am glad of them. I comes to Miss Schofield school every day I am in addition I Will soon be in subtraction I am Well and doing well and I thought I Would Write to You been (being) as You sent us them papers I am only ten Years old. when I first came to Schofield School I did not know my a b c and I am in addition I can read and spell and Write I am glad of Your present I have a heap of friends one of them is Susie Cohen Who sits by me my sister is name Etta Smallwood and my mother is name Biddy Smallwood my father is name William Smallwood I has a bunch of flowers I Will send You in my letter to You I Wish You Will get these letters me and Julie and Fannie, Kelly Mary Edward We all Write to you and I Wish You Would get them all
Aiken S C 1877.
LIZZIE SMALLWOOD

"SISTERS."—We refer you with pleasure to the "SOCIETY TO ENCOURAGE STUDIES AT HOME," which has been in successful operation for more than three years. (See "Letter-Box," ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1876, and *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1877.) If you are seventeen years of age or older, you undoubtedly can join this society to your great advantage.

M. D.—Yes. We copy with pleasure the newspaper paragraph you send us,—the more so because we have personal knowledge of Miss Silone, and can vouch for its truth:

"A letter from Newport, under date of July 19th, says: 'To-day has been a remarkable one in the history of Newport, for the scholastic honors of the year were taken by a colored girl, Josephine Amelia Silone, who graduated at the head of her class in the Rogers High School. She received the gold medal awarded with the first scholarship, and pronounced the valedictory. Her examinations and recitations have been pre-eminently satisfactory, her averages in every study being within a fraction of one hundred, which is the maximum. Miss Silone, who is quite dark-complexioned, took her last two-years' studies in one year, which makes her case all the more remarkable. She excels in Latin, Greek, French, and German. She is a native of Mattituck, Suffolk County, Long Island, and now goes to college. Her mother is a cook, the young girl earning her own living by working when not at school.'"

Miss Silone is a daughter of Alexander Silone, of Mattituck, Long Island, well and favorably known in that neighborhood.

Lately we heard a Long Island farmer say: "When I was a boy, there was one thing I could do, and that was to repeat Bible verses. There was n't but one youngster in the school who could get ahead of me, and that was a colored girl, who beat everything at remembering. She was so exact, too, never missing a word,—and I hardly ever could match her in the number of verses. If I said ten, she'd give a dozen; if I'd give twenty, she'd come on with thirty. Why, she knew chapter after chapter, word for word! And that girl was Josephine Amelia Silone's aunt."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REBUS.



DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

THE whole is a sweet harbinger of spring in New England.
 Upper diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. Better than tallow candles.
 3. A kind of tree. 4. Cunning. 5. A vowel.
 Lower diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. The fruit of a tree. 3. A
 West India product. 4. A sailor. 5. A consonant. o'b.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

-- A --
 -- A --
 -- A --
 -- A --
 -- A --
 -- A --

FILL the vacant spaces with letters to form words having the following meanings: 1. A fierce look. 2. A hamper. 3. An article of common domestic use. 4. A bird. 5. An over-garment worn by the Scotch. Diagonally downward, from left to right, a word meaning great; upward, to talk foolishly. H. H. D.

RIDDLE.

(Six words of six letters, all to be made of the same six letters.)
 FIND a word of six letters which (transposed) will *run up into the land* and (transposed again) *take measures for going into warfare*. Though (transposed) it is a *superficial, flashy thing*, and (transposed) *still as the tomb*, it will always (transposed) *endeavor to catch the slightest word*, and, finally, in despair, admit itself to be *only one of the forms of a certain active verb*. J. S.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

I.—CONCEALED.

1. Do you suppose John will arrive in time to split the wood?
 2. Near the river Po, Dennis found a seed-case. 3. Shall I dust the cover of the box?
 4. Maria persevered in taming an animal. 5. The hall opens at ten o'clock, so you would better cut the wood before you go.

In each sentence a word is concealed, and the definition of the word is given in the same sentence.

II.—DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- In Peter, not in Saul;
 - In Eunice, not in Paul;
 - In Anna, not in Tim;
 - In Cassy, not in Jim;
 - In Hester, not in Noah;
- Five letters to each word—no more:
 Primals give us much content;
 Finals, a name for you not meant.

Now join these letters to the concealed words, and you will have five words of the following definitions: 1. A shrub. 2. The third, or last, part of an ode. 3. A girl's name. 4. Divisions of land. 5. To escape from.

These, written down, form complete words; beheaded and curtailed, complete words remain; while the letters taken away form a double acrostic.

CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A KING who had more gold than he wanted. 2. Part of a foreign animal, much used in manufactures. 3. A benefactor. 4. Ascended. 5. A dangerous singer. J. P. B.

CHARADE.

FIRST, a part of a column;
 A stamp; or to cease;
 To stain; while in gaming
 I'm never left at peace.

Baby sits on my second,
 Most gladly I think;
 'T is a part of a garment;
 And one way to drink.

Third, a part of a needle,
 A plant, and to view.
 My fourth is an arc;
 A fruit it is, too.

My fifth is a letter;
 A river of fame,
 And a part of a harness,
 Are known by that name.

My whole you will know,
 When the five you are told;
 It is often applied
 To things ruined and old. H. H. D.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

PLEASE to 1, 2, 3, 4 5, 6, 7, 8 of those 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 pictures to me. CYRIL DEANE.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A boy's name. 3. A "Riddle-Box" contributor.
 4. A beverage. 5. A vowel. N. B. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name an event of universal interest throughout this country.

- A pungent spice.
- A man famous in Queen Elizabeth's reign.
- Good for sleepy folks.
- A huntsman's call.
- A part of the throat.
- Something distilled from orange-flowers.
- A New England watering-place.
- A faithful officer under King David.
- A river of Italy.
- A tropical fruit.

PUZZLE.

FROM what word of seven letters is the following sentence made? [The same letter may be duplicated, but none used that are not in the word]:

"A glad lad and a good old dog go along on a load, and nod."

B.

PICTORIAL PROVERB-ANAGRAM.

TRANPOSE the letters in the following sentence so that they shall make the familiar proverb which the picture illustrates:
 "As for events here,—give the sly lad one scrmion."
 AUNT SUE.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Perihelion.
 DECAPITATIONS.—1. Pink ink. 2. Kale, ale. 3. Pear, ear. 4. Heel, eel. 5. Dace, ace. 6. Fowl, owl. 7. Wasp, asp. 8. Sash, ash. 9. Rice, ice. 10. Yawl, awl.

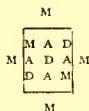
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—
 S—no—B
 C—one—Y
 O—live—R
 T—ass—O
 T—aver—N

PICTURE PUZZLE.—1. A well-mated pair. 2. Good quarters. 3. A broken circle. 4. A little neglected soul (sole) in the broken circle. 5. The neglected soul healed (heeled).

CHARADE.—Enile.
HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Bear. 2. Lion. 3. Badger. 4. Llama. 5. Goat. 6. Leopard. 7. Camel. 8. Horse. 9. Panther. 10. Antelope. 11. Tiger. 12. Beaver. 13. Otter. 14. Chamois. 15. Bison.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Lamina, Animal.—1. Hats, hats. 2. Grain, grin. 3. Lies, lies. 4. Malne, mane. 5. Wands, wads. 6. Roads, rods.

INCOMPLETE DIAMOND.—



METAGRAM.—Place, lace, ace, pace, clap, ale, cap, ape, pea, pale.

BIRD PUZZLE.—1. Kite. 2. Swan. 3. Wren. 4. Flamingo. 5. Jay. 6. Falcon. 7. Rail. 8. Martin. 9. Heron. 10. Raven. 11. Lark. 12. Goose. 13. Quail. 14. Grouse. 15. Rook. 16. Swallow. 17. Chaffinch. 18. Sparrow. 19. Crane. 20. Magpie. 21. Curlew. 22. Turkey. 23. Crow.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

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D—win—A
A—msterda—M
N—evad—A
U—Z
B—ome—O
E—ri—N
    
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HIDDEN BAYS.—1. Plenty. 2. Hawke. 3. Shark. 4. Botany. 5. Antongil. 6. Bembatook. 7. Delagoa. 8. Notre Dame.

EASY SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

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S—O I L
F—I R E
F—L E D
    
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RIDDLE.—Cabbages.

ENIGMA.—Sans Dieu rien.

SQUARE-WORD.—

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S H A V E
H A B I T
A B A S H
V I S N E
E T H E R
    
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PICTORIAL SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Crowd, cow. 2. Fringe, ring. 3. Round, rod. 4. Beacon, bean. 5. Beard, bar. 6. Glass, ass. 7. Scrap, cap. 8. Dread, bed.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received previous to August 8th from A. U. Gust, "Gyp and Jule," H. A. L., B. O'Hara, Florence Wilcox, S. Decatur Smith, Jr., Helen M. Shaw, Martie and Aggie Irwin, "Cousin Sue, Lucy and Nina," Emma Elliott, Lucy C. Morse, Benjamin R. Huske, Kittie L. Tuttle, Lillie May Furman, B. P. Emery, Eddie H. Eckel, Ella P. S. Robinson, Fred. Darlington, A. H. Keen, Lottie E. Skinner, "Yankton," Howard Steel Rodgers.



